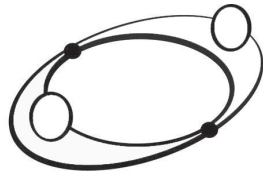


INDEPENDENT VOICES
2013

*Original works of poetry by upper school students of
New York City independent schools*



JointSchools activities inc.

An Upper School Student Service and Cultural Organization

www.jsanewyork.org

Introduction

Joint Schools Activities, Inc. (JSA) is a non-profit organization created and supported by the parent associations of independent schools in Manhattan and Riverdale. Our mission is to advocate interest-based and age-appropriate activities for teenagers and to provide a broad range of opportunities for socialization through common experiences.

Under the sponsorship of JSA, high school student poets have created Independent Voices, a project including this anthology and an evening of student readings. With great enthusiasm, encouragement, and effort from students, faculty, and JSA representatives, Independent Voices is now in its sixteenth year. We hope that this event will continue to provide an opportunity for our authors to share their literary talent and vision.

Contents

I Am from Water <i>Lily Roark</i>	6
Celestial Being <i>Hannah-Louise Levinsohn</i>	7
it is a coffin that brings me home <i>Sophia Sheng</i>	8
Silent Virility <i>Morgan Augustus Miller</i>	9
Furious Falling <i>Efraim Morales</i>	10
Purpose <i>Noah Regen</i>	11
1776 <i>Adam Nebenzahl</i>	12
Memory <i>Zachary Magill</i>	13
101 <i>Benjamin Jacobs</i>	14
Humboldt <i>Luca Vettori</i>	15
Lying in the Grass at Columbia University <i>Luca Vettori</i>	15
Haiku <i>Luca Vettori</i>	16
I Am Untitled <i>Darcy Haylor</i>	17
The U.M.M.M. <i>Darcy Haylor</i>	18
I sit and look out upon... <i>Claire Lee</i>	20
Callouses <i>Molly DeVries</i>	21
December 2012 <i>Elias Bresnick</i>	22
Crayon Wax <i>Benjamin Zou</i>	24
When Time Turned <i>Michael Saverese</i>	25
A Portrait of Myself <i>Michael Saverese</i>	26
Winter in the Tropics <i>Aaron Troncoso</i>	27
The Infancy of the Lord <i>Aaron Troncoso</i>	28
Fall of Morningstar <i>George Preudhomme</i>	30
Across A City <i>Tiya Williams</i>	31
Sunset <i>Jessis McKenzie</i>	32
pyromania <i>Kirra Deibl</i>	34
If and When I Die <i>Mary Buschmann</i>	36
I Was Wondering <i>Serena Eggers</i>	38
Untitled <i>Evy Exime</i>	39
Black Book <i>Madeline Armstrong</i>	42
Loving Jealousy <i>Michael Asali</i>	43
Sense <i>Evelyne Baratelli</i>	44
Veteran's Thought <i>Dagmar der Weduwen</i>	45

When A Rose Meets A Rose <i>Niki Elabi</i>	46
The Ocean <i>Molly Lippert</i>	47
Fire Tears <i>Elizabeth Rosenblatt</i>	48
Real Ghazal <i>Asher Baumrin</i>	49
The Baby Sea Turtle <i>Wendy Jo</i>	50
Cat Stevens <i>Henry Warder</i>	51
Warrior of the Lovely <i>Abbie Greenbaum</i>	52
Sonnet 130 Response <i>Sinai Cruz</i>	53
The Cat <i>Sabrina Scattoni</i>	54
Barefoot San Francisco <i>Bianca Serafina</i>	55
The Night <i>Josephine Morris</i>	56
Flooded by Night <i>Immanuel Zion</i>	57
Untitled <i>Alma Bremond</i>	58
An Autobiography in 5 Short Chapters <i>Jesse Moon</i>	60
Fantasy <i>Sonya DeSalle</i>	62
Untitled <i>Gabe Law</i>	64
Laughter <i>Saskia Globig</i>	65
Oceans Apart <i>Chiara Mannarino</i>	66
Detachment <i>Hopewell Rogers</i>	67
Why I Cry... <i>Hopewell Rogers</i>	68
The Last Time <i>Caitlin Vanderberg</i>	69
Exile <i>Gabby Lennon</i>	70
the bus to Cambridge <i>Madeleine Flieger</i>	71
Dear Sir <i>Sarah Allen</i>	72
The Compactor <i>Sarah Allen</i>	73
Memory <i>Melissa Gaglia</i>	74
The Imperfectionists <i>Alexandra Stovicek</i>	76
A Sonnet... <i>Noam Z. Barnbard</i>	77
Scylla's Hope <i>Rebecca Flowers</i>	78
A Peaceful Return <i>Kay Gottlieb</i>	80
Regret <i>Eli Sands</i>	82
Universe on 59th and 3rd <i>Danny Carlon</i>	83
Untitled <i>Claire Keyte</i>	84
Turbulence <i>Anna McEnroe</i>	86
Chasing Night Rainbows <i>Sarah Saltiel</i>	87
In Terms of The Sun <i>Gaby Sommer</i>	88

I Am from Water

Lily Roark

I am from water
From mighty winds and pain.
I am from a yellow house
Smooth finishes to peeling paint.
I am from bikes,
Red bikes
Whose handlebars never failed
To leave my hands burning with blisters.

I am from cheesy spaghetti
And store-bought cakes.
I am from Hallelujahs!
From Amens and we shall overcome.
I am from long oak branches
Protecting me from the rays of the sun
That turn my skin hot as Hades.

I am from Who Dats
And We Dats.
From “Where Y’ats?” and “Ain’t dere no mores.”
I am from Ma’ams and Sirs
Whose real names were never learned.
I am from beads on my bed
Caught by “Throw me Something Mistfers”
And “We Love Mardi Gras!”

They watch me as if they were my mother
Watching my yellow house
With peeling paint
And water lines forever marking where time stopped.

Celestial Being

Hannah-Louise Levinsohn

Innocent nymph who sits by the door,
Slightly bruised knees and collarbones like handlebars.
Golden brown hair like a waterfall of soft heaven,
Eyes that have seen a thousand sunsets.
Long fingers that strain to catch stars as they fall,
Sleep-deprived cheekbones that protrude through
porcelain skin.
Legs long and lean that strive for perfection,
Arms dotted with freckled constellations.
Lips as red as a strawberry just picked off the vine,
Voice as ethereal as an angel's.
A quaint, quiet persona she emits,
Barefoot and free as she runs through the field in a lace
summer dress,
Bathing in marmalade jars filled with tangy peach tea.
The stars are her eyes and the moon her mother,
Her brothers and sisters the planets that dot the sky.
Books piled high in her small messy room,
Each one with its own story to tell.
Like lightning she comes and goes,
Like lightning she leaves a mark.
I blink once and the angel is gone,
An airy giggle and an open window
The only proof that she was even here at all.

It is a coffin that brings me home

Sophia Sheng

It is a coffin that brings me home, she thinks
because I can't see what's outside.
It's a dark box that sends me home to bed
I share it with many, she thinks, some are nice
Some are loud, and some just sleep
And sleep, endlessly streaming dreams
Subconsciously touching lightly the fabric of reality
Like a skipped stone.
We're bound to drown in the endless dark
Tangible as it presses against the sides of the carriage.
It makes her think of cliffs and astral passages
Shuttling between this world and the next, indifferent
To the couriers of the world, to the passengers within
This bottled carriage plunges into the darkness like
a message in a fist
Sweaty and slightly uncomfortable, we mold and mottle,
like fall leaves
After a winter. This winter has been soft on us, she thinks
Almost balmy in January, and the rivers run free
Still, the trains plow onward.

The rushing tracks sing before the carriage begins to tremble
As it crosses the bridge. The feeling is electric and jolts
Several drowsing figures awake.

We trundle to a stop, and the long, steel caterpillar seethes
for a moment
Hisses, then breathing, then lets out a sigh.
Help! We're dying
We have arrived.

Silent Virility

Morgan Augustus Miller

Rural liquor quarrels,
Shambling under sheering showers,
Shrewdly thumping in the slush,
Battering crudely shunted flowers,

Nor the cheeky chiseled crystals
That belabor spurious splendor
Make the man out of the body
Oh, so brute, yet, oh, so tender.

The beast best boasts its bone,
Piercing, slashing, blasting, killing,
For bearing it alone
Strikes the true Divine unwilling.

But our horns are but whispers
Whipping, washing us away,
And our mind is but the Essence,
Keeping bears and bulls at bay.

May Wisdom be our whetstone,
As the truth comes to a tip,
If not, belief is blunted,
Bringing Being to a rip.

Humble be thy horns,
Making hollow of thy core.
Ample conscience hones the piercing
Ever louder than before.

Furious Falling

Efrain Morales

Fickle and fallin' furiously into a deeper ditch
Ulcers open my skull letting acid rain fall right in
Corruption is cutting my mind, my insides are as black as tar
Knowingly killing others with words as my scimitar

Adversity has been cursing me ever since I was six
Nobody wanted to play, I was called a bundle of sticks
Geeky and rather awkward, a loner since Pre-K,
Eating PB&J by myself with nothing to say
Raked up my G.I. Joe's and traded them for an A-K

Mama often was offering dumb doctors and dummies
Asking me to get help and let them take the demons from me
Never thought a straitjacket would become my business suit
Apathy joining Anger as my Mind's brand new recruit
Graciously fighting the war dirty as a veteran whore
Entered Satan's asylum in silence on that holy day
Mama crying through her hanky and thanking the men in white
Excitingly, I graduated from that asylum in my town
Noose tied around my neck, it would serve as my cap and gown
Too bad nobody loved me, I could have been wearing a crown

Purpose

Noah Regen

I am a diminutive addendum
To the Monolith of history.

Obstacles are vital for a Glorious
Mission, whose Magnitude
Never promises purpose,
Purpose presents me, the fickle beetle,
The Fossil (Its estate encloses
The sweeping Expanse) who exclaims,
“Behold! A crowded valley
Stuffed with torpid dust.”
Success—a distant dream
That fools blindly chase.

My journey arises at dawn.

1776

Adam Nebenzahl

The Constitution had the best intentions –
“Freedom,” they claimed, to all –
Guns for everyone and everyone for guns!
The radicals shout, never shy in their call.

Surely the fathers meant to arm our teachers –
To kill anyone attacking their “Rights.”
An automatic weapon, thirty bullets per man –
The only way to prevent any fights.

Funny, all this violence.
Hilarious, these entitled pursuits –
When all we need is peace –
In a time filled with disputes.

Memory

Zachary Magill

Head cocked sideways,
I give a lonely lonesome look out to the night air.

I hate you.

I only see as I rest, as I drift and dream,
The final moments.
A played out record on repeat.
Scratching, itching, creaking sounds reflect
The clouds where I hold my head.
There, I still, you still, we still
No longer.
What you refused to hear,
Gone.

Emptiness

Is that loud enough?
Couldn't be louder.

Benjamin Jacobs

I snicker at the blank canvas—
And so He laughs at me
When—tongued-tied—Inspiration leaps
But falls flat breaking free—

Somewhere behind His mocking mask—
My Idea still remains
A feeble Flicker in my Mind—
I feel it in my veins —

The glass reflects my lone image —
Or rather—shoots me clean —
Which casts my Soul —and my Vision —
To yesterdays unseen —

Humboldt

Luca Vettori

The band leader laughed manically
“This keeps me sane,” Cedric Aaron said
One member banged on a trash can lid
An axe hoisted over her head.

Rain still falls on Humboldt Bowl
Surrounded by an old growth forest

Lying in the Grass at Columbia University

Luca Vettori

Branches above separate
Into shadowed tendrils of fingers
Spreading out, stretched.

Grasping at

The light off the lampposts
And then suddenly, close.
To me.
She says,
“Meet me halfway.”

The tree’s hands embrace a drunk, bubbly dawn.

Haiku

Luca Vettori

A fountain bubbles
In the old sun-lit graveyard
Where my father sleeps.

I Am Untitled

Darcy Haylor

I am in flux, transitional, entering new space,
a collector of cities, a connoisseur of streets.
I am voyeuristic, unknown, undefined ineffability,
an anoetic dreamer.

I am an alien, a dual citizen,
an international civilian, a modern world princess.

I am fraught with angst, living all that is adolescence.

I am chemical, I am trigger, I am light.
I am a moth.
I am shy.
I am the gritty streets of Brooklyn at night.

I am projected- amplified, synesthetic, empathy.
On a surface, vulnerability in existence.
I am fragmented, multifaceted, fleeting, flailing, misleading,
lacking circulation.

I am ink, paper, a mind.

I am protein, hair, skin, veins,
Blood type O ... I think.

I am hazel, pale, blue, turquoise an aura of silicon.

The scattered underground nation
The unmade space of youth.
Self contradicting breath.

I am the Problem Child of the 21st Century.

A body restless in creation.

The U.M.M.M (Urban Mecca of Modern Meditation)

Darcy Haylor

A fish-eye lens landscape,
A peaceful hub of a living room on display,
A space of
thinkers,
skull dwellers,
and those gazing.

Noise oscillates, traveling like oxygen in and out of lungs.
Around them
spokes,
feet,
and conversation,
collide on the marble stones.

Voices are fragmented almost obsolete,
The main speaker is a fountain, that spews out dialogue of
water drops.
The people rarely converse,
If words are spoken they are light thimbles or rambunctious
trash cans.

This is the urban library, where their main actions are to
rest bones,
eat,
think,
and stare out at the ground.
Secretly, playing another game hidden in their eyelids.

The mecca of modern meditation,
A communal church, where grey thoughts are prayers.
Coffee,
cigarettes,
news,
indulgence,
thoughts,
are all instruments of worship.

A man on the outskirts, peers out a truck window -
a gargoyle viewing them all.
Young men plot schemes,
Tourists glide by, transfixed in the environment.
Whilst natives are statues, revisiting their cobwebs.

As we sit observers, we too become them.
Silent thinkers within metropolis.

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows of the world¹, and
Can't sleep so I pull together some ragtag t-shirts,
Patch my skin and scuttle out into bright night.
2:23 AM, the clock face scowls. 29.2°F, the thermometer
Chitters. The stars, if they peeled themselves free
From their gauzy clouds, would mutter: stay home, stay warm,
Stay safe.

Amazing how hard it is to get truly lost in a city,
Where the labyrinthine streets all connect
And the sigh of a heating unit
Sounds like my father's sigh just before he says goodnight.

In the distance, a taxi's honk.
In the difference, perhaps thirty frozen blocks.
In my defense, I am not a taxi driver or a hobo.
I apologize. What I meant to say was:
A honk is just a different kind of raindrop.
But it's one we all must let slide down our hoods
And drip into our ears, because at some point
The thirty frozen blocks won't be enough.
And we'll know it's time to honk back.

Good thing this notebook is waterproof
Because now it's raining. Not poetic rain,
Not typical New York City rain. 29.2°F rain
That should be snow or sleet or sleep.

Claire Lee

¹“I Sit and Look Out”, from *Leaves of Grass*, Walt Whitman, 1900.

Callouses

Molly DeVries

I

did you know that i can read
subway maps?
cause i can.
i told a man how to get to queens.
i told myself how to get to the horizon
and back.
i cut myself
a slice of the world.
it tastes a bit like gumstained concrete.
it tastes a bit like love.

II

did you know that i have
calloused feet?
cause i do.
sometimes i peel this stiff white flesh
layer by layer.
i peel my adventures off
and leave them in the cracks in the couch,
in the bathtub,
in the folds of my bed,
in the holes of my heart
my heart. Pa poom pa pooms-
my heart is red
like the soles of my feet.
it hurts when i walk.
it hurts when I think.
come back to me,
precious callouses-
tokens of my days.
the lives i've lived
the lives i'll live one day.
come back.

December 2012

Elias Bresnick

There was a time when words would bend
To fit my thoughts like wind-blown trees,
And no verb came I could not rend
Into a rhyme with dream-like ease;
But now the fields of freshened verse,
Have turned to marshes in my head,
Poetic souls lie in a hearse,
And roll with Yeats among the dead.

I once believed that I could bring
My fallen friends among the right,
Could imp their words upon my wing
And bathe them in a lyric light;
Now thoughts whirl in a murky pool,
All lofty hopes obscured or fled,
For grand old themes obey no fool,
And Yeats remains among the dead.

A thousand year-old reservoir
Of truth and life dries up this day
And all but Rimbaud's désespoir
Evaporates with lake Cachet.
True progress shall no more be found,
Oh! Nothing further will be said,
Poetic souls are in the ground,
With Yeats and Keats among the dead.

Let all men graze on social feed
And form the vague collective mind,
Let no man sew a different seed
Or try to cure old Plato's blind.
The mind's field is too bare to grow,
We've brought about the age-old dread,
Poetic souls are buried low,
While spirits weep over the dead.

Crayon Wax

Benjamin Zou

It's like I don't know what
thing (things?)
my thoughts are
made of.

It's like
how it might feel if
you took a bath,
and only until afterwards, when you
freeze,
trapped inside of an
empty
crayon
replica of yourself,
do you realize that
you did not bathe in a tub of clear, pure water;

instead,
a tub of melted wax.

When Time Turned

Michael Saverese

Beside the evening train the suburbs slid:
White picket fences, guarding dying lawns,
Crawled past, and ruby light in short-lived bursts
Struck me, so carelessly, and left me blind.

As vision limped back to my eyes I saw
The world still drifting past – but time, it seemed,
Had altered course along the way. My eyes,
Wide open at the sight, now gazed beyond
The glass and met intensifying light
Where blushing clouds had promised coming dark.

That day I watched as barren trees took back
Their leaves, and gleeful birds flew north at ease,
And rivers fled uphill to quiet source.

One stolen blink and I was back, to watch
The setting sun fall back behind the Earth.

A Portrait of Myself

Michael Saverese

Upon my father's desk a portrait stands.
The little boy who looks out from its pane
Stands cold and wet and smiling in the rain,
Holding his youthful joy in open hands.

But when I search within his printed eye,
And see him standing still, without a care,
Checking the chill of rain with a laughing stare,
I look away, and hide from sight, and sigh.

And when I catch him watching from his frame,
His shallow face obscured by subtle tint,
Within his paper eye I see a hint
Of things for which I have no fitting name—

Yet still they strike the iron cord of memory,
Whose rusted heart keeps secrets long since lost to me.

Winter in the Tropics

Aaron Troncoso

Palm trees rippled and twisted through squalling air—
a sunset blurred red sky and hazed white clouds
as a fat, old man's lit cigarette
tumbled from his wrinkled, well-tanned hand.

The tide receded under downy clouds
as the old man stamped the cigarette
while coughing as he breathed the briny air
and walked away, his mouth under his hand.

* * * * *

We laughed and interlaced our callused hands—
I picked you up, whirling you through the air.
We watched for stabbing shells and dead cigarettes
while treading in sparkling foam like frothy clouds.

I reached to touch your shoulder with my hand
and pull you towards me through the salt-stained air.
Our feet touched beside a cigarette,
half-lit and smoldering dark charcoal clouds.

The sun died slowly, sinking, like the cigarette—
glowing softly, lighting all the clouds
as I pressed your back against my hand.

We kissed, surrounded by brackish night air.

The Infancy of the Lord

Aaron Troncoso

One Sunday, the Son of God was playing in mud
with several children of Nazareth, bright-eyed youths
who marveled at the way the young boy could
with a word, direct a nearby stream,
shape pools of water with a single word,
and with a wave of hand form life-like birds,
shaping them out of the fertile soil and clay
into sparrows with brilliant feathered wings:
the dark grey clay speckled with white flecks
flowing like the water in the stream
as the Lord stretched out his clean, undirtied hands.

The youth surrounding him all clapped and smiled,
and their peals of laughter lit upon
Annas the scribe, a proud, disdainful Jew
whom it pleased to point out sacrilege
and lament the godlessness of the world.
“For pious men like me, it cuts us deep
to see the people so irreverent,”
he had remarked to friends often. And so
on this occasion, he flew into a rage,
and paying a visit to Joseph, irately asked:
“Don’t you know your son is out there, making
birds from clay, profaning that sacred day
set aside for rest by the Lord our God?
Can you not control him, teach him virtue,
nor impart upon him modesty?”

Joseph, hearing this, immediately
went to his son's side, and asked him: "Why
have you profaned our sacred day thusly?
What act was so important that you would
neglect the holy Sabbath in this way?"
The Son of the Lord simply clapped his hands,
and where there once was clay, there now breathed life:
the sparrows took to flight and beat their wings
to fly above Annas and Joseph both,
while the children pointed to the sky
and laughed, while Annas and Joseph looked on, amazed.

The son of Annas, a proud and arrogant lad,
humiliated by this act, took great offense
at the Lord and dashed the birds to pieces,
striking them off a tree on which they perched,
where they fell, their feathers fading grey
and turning into mud from whence they'd come.
Angrily, Christ spoke to the wicked boy:
"As you return these creatures to the mud,
so will you return to ashes and dust."
So the boy became a withered tree,
never bearing fruit, nor leaves, nor seeds

Fall of Morningstar

(excerpt from *The Fall of Morningstar*)

George Preudhomme

Calling up great pain cloaked in anger's garb, for
The Tyrant's injustice undoubtedly cruel, the once Lucifer
Thus spoke. Thence Satan charged up to the highest heavens,
Wings beating with deadly purpose, toward the abode of
Him, most hated by all that is dark and impure. From the
Blackness of his soul, Satan called up the grotesque progeny
Of Fury and Pain, a power hideous and destructive beyond
Any creature of the Heavens. This beast, dweller of the
Deep Abyss, where even darkness fears to go, clings to
Satan's once heavenly back, and sinking its jaws into the
Angelic flesh, stains beyond all cleansing –

Satan's soul and body are dually transformed, fused
With the monster from the deepest Underworld¹.

His face, with features most soft and gentle, most beautiful
Of all his brethren, twists and turns to harsh cruelty; his nose
Elongates into a snout; his eyes turn deepest black;
His mouth grows long knives, fangs sharper than the
Wildest animal. From soft, downy feathers the wings trans-
form,

Blackening with dark hatred, and growing to enormous size.
Satan's legs join together to form one tail, and thus his new
Nature becomes clear – the serpent of old, a creature most
foul, the Dragon².

¹ See Dante's *Inferno* XXV

² "Michael and his angels fought against the dragon, and the dragon and his angels fought back/ ... The great dragon was hurled down—that ancient serpent called the devil, or Satan, who leads the whole world astray. He was hurled to the earth, and his angels with him" (Revelation 12:7-9).

Across A City

Tiya Williams

Scattered across a city of many lights
There live broken families
Broken and scarred, in more ways than one
Observers might say that they are silent tenants of limbo
Walking in circles because they have lost the love they never
tried to find

Scattered across a city of very few lights
There are homes that were built for two
But only contain the beings of one
For some reasons that are unknown, and others
that are quite apparent

Scattered across a city of many lights upon buildings,
but few in the hearts of the dwellers
Lay a thirst to give love as well as to be loved
They construct their lives upon their dreams of happiness,
Pushing it down, under the streets of the city

When the sun has set and the moon has risen
When the city strewn with lights is quiet
One might hear the broken pulse of the unloved
And the undiscovered happiness wanting to be found,
Causing the sidewalks to crack

Scattered across a city of many lights
Are hundreds of people who spend their lives
half-searching, half-believing
That one day they might find the flame of happiness
To light their old hearts

Sunset

Jessie McKenzie

I am the setting sun on a glassy horizon.
My heart pumps as the pulsing rays
Aflame in storybook colors,
Fillers for your empty pupils, open wide.

I am my own reflection on this ocean;
Shutdown, sleeping, I move not.
Toss a stone!
Watch me dance.
There is no wind to rustle me today.

I am the neon seam on these airy dreams--
A messy marker outline on a crayon-colored cloud
That cannot float weightlessly
Without my veins of light.
Alone, the clouds are heavy, lightless
Though anything but dark.

Oh! How gravity pushes on my head
Like a diver, dove too deep.
I gasp for air in my last moments.

I am drowning--
an unavoidable doom--
Bleeding my own molten colors
Into a colorless sky.

I'll leave that splatter-art on the horizon
My very own obituary.
My will: I hereby render
My only possession onto the world--
Let there be light.
Be aware! Don't fret! I'll resurrect come morning.

pyromania

Kirra Deihl

i gaze upon her like a child
though i know i'll burn
i yearn to touch

i am Prometheus with stolen fire
Icarus with brand new wings;
my nude limbs ache
to fly closer to the sun.

she longs
with black coal eyes
and red swollen lips
(i am lucifer)
she strikes a match
and ignites my flesh
(i am lost in the heat of hell)

and when the flame sputters and dies
we will be miserable once more,
we'll shiver in the endless night,
cold and dark and torn

(but here and now,
while we temper the chill,
her candescence
is warming me still)

because

he
says
iloveyou
like
its
h o m e w o r k

mr. bicycle

his frail, slim body
rests against
the telephone booth
tired,
for his legs have been spinning all day

If and When I Die

Mary Buschmann

If and when I die
Say that I went out in a blaze of glory,
Even if it was in my sleep
Say I fell off Mount Olympus, wrestling with a tiger.
Or Magneto.

If and when I die
Mourn for me. Loudly. I want you to try to wake the dead (me)
Be more emotional than you've ever been in your life. I'll be
judging your performance.
I think.

If and when I die
Build me a ridiculously large pyramid and fill it with
chocolate and all the soda in the world.
If that doesn't pan out, dig me a grave - not one of those
overcrowded yards by the highway
Don't leave flowers - especially not roses. Leave me an iPhone
or a root beer float.

If and when I die
Write me angsty poems like the one I'm writing now.
Talk to me as if I'm there;
the afterlife might be boring and lonely
Give me my laptop and some DVDs.

If and when I die
Remember me. Miss me. Say I was great.
I know it's a lot to ask for, and if you can't get it done
that's fine
But do me one favor. Promise me one thing.
If the ice caps melt, or America turns communist, or the
zombies eat kids
Keep my name alive.

I Was Wondering

Serena Eggers

Have you ever looked at the tops of trees
That breathless space that hangs in the air just above them
With silver clouds in the distance behind it
That space that speaks of flying?
No, I don't think you're the type.
You're not the type that feels it somewhere in your depths
When banks of clouds massing for attack are silhouetted
By that burst of sunlight that squeezes through
Squeezes your heart
For just a moment.
Do you have depths?
That was uncharitable. I'm sorry.

Untitled

Evvy Exime

You smell like coffee
Taste like smoke and poetry
Feel like the bones I thought were locked away in my closet
Look like the beginning of an addiction
And you sound like a chain-smoking angel.

Your words taste a little unsavory
Your hands feel like they could carry the weight of my burdens
but
Are soft enough to caress the carefully crafted curves of a
cherub's face.
You look like someone
Can't quite put my finger on who but you look like someone I
should stay away from
Sound too familiar for this to be a coincidence
I must know you from somewhere
But your smell is not something I would forget
You smell like you spend all of your time in Starbucks and rose
fields.
Where do you find rose fields in the city?

Can you feel how my heart is racing like a suicide bomber
Who doesn't quite believe in God
You look at me like you know everything I'm not saying
But are patient enough to wait until I trust you
And sound the things that have been trapped between the
Inharmonic chords of my throat
You breathe in the putrid stench of my demons
Letting the smell assail your nose in its not so subtle way
Of making sure you know what you're getting yourself into.
But the taste of your lips on mine

Something like cotton candy stolen straight from the clouds
And the bitter tang of metal
Assure me you're ok with my secrets.

You have a way of looking at me like you can see right through
to my soul
But are confused by the entangled remnants of heartstrings
Trying to hide and save themselves from being ripped out of
my chest.

Your heart sounds far away
Like maybe it's become the stepping stone of some far off girl
Who fancies herself woman because she has stolen it
Thinking putting it beneath her makes her anything more than
a taller girl.

I'm sure the tears you cry for her sometimes
Smell like the ocean
The beach where we learned how lucky we were
That these two grains of sand found each other in the vast ar-
ray of everything-ness.

Is that why everything you say tastes like a sea of wisdom
Littered with charred regrets

Cigarette butts
And smoldering neon yellow caution tape
Are you trying to smoke her into amnesia?
Numb yourself of the pain you feel from her heels
Digging into the last thing making you human enough
To want to love me.

Your voice sounds like the answer to my prayers
And the beginning of my nightmare.
I can smell the danger on your breath
It is heavy with adventure and the aroma of daring hope.
Tasting a lot like something I've done before
Something that left me broken and begging
But not enough to make me run from you.

There's something a little different about you
And I have a thing for trouble,
I like to fall into it
Right into its lap.
I fell right into your lap
Felt your scars against my skin
The lines of poetry etched on your tongue
Trying to inscribe themselves on my inner cheek
And the rose petals vainly trying to protect your hands
From damage
And I knew that when I looked into your soul
I wouldn't find myself facing the mirror image of a skeleton I
once knew
I would see coffee
A blindfold
And a cigarette waiting to be set aflame.

Black Book

Madeline Armstrong

I am black and white ...
On the inside
But there are many shades to the story I tell.
Squashed between
Adopted brothers and sisters,
Who have their own stories to tell.
Surrounded, but all alone.

People pass me by, every day.
In and out.
I sit and watch, hoping they pick me up.
My spine cold, like the frost on newly cut grass
Waiting... waiting,
For a warm hand to take me up
And open my secrets.

Loving Jealousy

Michael Asali

Regardless of what other people may say,
Love only resembles a world of pain.
My deep feelings for you, to my dismay,
Are never returned and drive me insane.
Love, like a rose trying to bloom in snow,
Can never thrive nor grow without sunlight.
You are no sun, but sting like a scratched elbow.
You draw blood as we lock in eternal fight.
Walking through the halls I see you nearby
Only to be laughing with another man.
This betrayal brings heavy tears to my eyes
And I go hit him with a frying pan.
But I know I will somehow get over love
Only to fall for yet another dove.

Sense

Evelyne Baratelli

A fish sits happy in a potato tree,
flaps its scaly feathers, wild and free,
a fish in a tree won't make sense to you,
'cause it certainly doesn't make sense to me,
but that's alright; it's poetry!

A single-colored rainbow glows on Mars,
a gigantic bumblebee roasts purple stars,
a defective rainbow and an outrageous bee,
won't make sense to you or sense to me,
but that's alright; it's poetry!

A yellow panda shoots a missile playing tennis,
a chair in a cage screams, "I'm actually famous!",
two preposterous stunts won't make sense to you,
'cause they certainly don't make sense to me,
but that's alright; it's still poetry!

Veteran's Thought

Dagmar der Weduwen

A broken case
Of memories lost
And time and time again
I see the sights
That once were near
At the bottom of the box

Freedom fighting wars of old
That never should be fought
A memory dear breathes life again
Upon a late eve's thought

We all are shells
Hulls hollowed out
For treasures to fill up
And thoughts and sights
And love and dreams
That empty space supplant

When A Rose Meets A Rose

Niki Elahi

When a rose meets a rose, together, they become a flower.
Without my thorns, I have no power
My leaves are a part of me forever
And for you I would treasure
Every beauty in this world, but none compared to you.
I would go to any measure to find you,
And capture your fragrance for eternity...
We had both lost sight of what truly makes us whole
I walked miles to find you resting in a corner,
After running the same miles I had to find a matching soul
At a short glance of your beauty, you were a foreigner
But, I was searching to mend the broken fragments together
So, I did not give up there, I took your hand, and
walked with you forever.

He was standing there, clear in the moon's unmistakable
shadow
His figure was solid and steady – like a horse's gallop
His emotions were far too wild for nature to handle
His thoughts were far too complicated for any mind to solve
His love, shining like the sun's rays on a dreamy day.
So I fell for his sparks and became the fire in his heart,
forever.
When a rose meets a rose, together, they become a flower.

The Ocean

Molly Lippert

Warm and soft, each grain touches my feet.

I walk down the steps: the warm sun and the salty sea air
rushing past me in the wind;

whispering to me.

Walking closer, I hear a crashing noise that slowly vanishes.

Colors change.

The dry sand turns from a pale diluted yellow to brown,

Cold and wet.

One more step and I dive in, hearing the crashing noise
over me

The sound escalates like my heartbeat; loud and strong

I can feel the pull trying to bring me back.

But I fight it.

Going up for air, running my fingers through my hair;

Slicked back

Looking around.

Surrounded in green.

I stare off into the distance, looking at endless possibilities
and dreams.

Fire Tears

Elizabeth Rosenblatt

Staring into hungry raccoon eyes
You find me rummaging through dirt
Cheap snow. Haven't paid the cashier.
It's been 3 days, dodging darts
At your head, Sunday mornings disappear

Into thirsty Thursdays at the bar alone and rotting
Fire tears pierce like rust and your jellyfish sting
From Ogunquit last July.

Promises of far-rolled rings, the bugle blares shrill
In your untrained ears and mouth, beating
Through sweat-drenched whims you roast in temptation.

Trying to untarnish reputations with
Silver polish and a holed whore's rag

Arms barreling missiles with fingers green
As blame. Start counting your change
'Cause I've lost track. Ripping the seam
On the lines of folded pants.

We're still waiting words but tonight screams
Loud. I'm sorry for eating the last of the lima beans.

Real Ghazal

Asher Baumrin

I dislike surrealism and seeing objects stop
so sideways and cat plays and peripheral stop.

I like staying in my comfort zone, it's cozy
for a reason and that reason is often apple stop.

rationality is my most consistent friend,
one who helps me jump from cloud to starry stop.

the ongoing wow is my favorite moment
in the splendid journey of all this stop.

I don't live in a static bubble of pensive pleasure,
and my old stroller tackled my personality stop.

I dislike surrealism and seeing objects stray
from their form so necessary I stop.

my world reeks plenty of Mondrian, I admit
I cling to elusive reality and taste the stop.

ashes are falling around my three-headed tail
and I tumbled out my apartment window, dead stop.

The Baby Sea Turtle

Wendy Jo

Freshly hatched,
Just minutes after the first ray of sunlight
And breathing in the salty air of the ocean
A long and harsh journey is
Already in motion
New to its flippers,
New to its hard shell,
All it needs is shelter
That awaits a few feet away

With its sisters and brothers,
The race is on
Who lives while others perish
Depends on
Who strikes while others miss

Up in the sky
Fly high the vultures
Eying the shore
For any prey in store

Can't look up nor down
Only follow the rhythm of sound
The crisp waves of the sea
Calls out, "come to me"
To the newborns
On the road to adulthood

Cat Stevens

Henry Warder

Stereo playing that music
And the stove burning hot with no fan
Necessities in life turn oddly basic

Although the rest of the world probably can
And other families might not call it fun
Bring tea for the Tillerman

Steak for the sun
And this next one we yell...
Wine for the woman who made the rain come

Warrior of the Lovely

Abbie Greenbaum

I kiss the quilt of sugar wings,
And like that I catch
In a summer's slide of decadence,
And sail through a cave of
What I call survival; the whistle
Of colorful, musical
Future alights my
Every skip and
Prance.

I have a secret,
And it is how very hard I try flying:
A daughter of pink satin
With ribbons of Sunny Someday
Laced through every sloppy smile.
We flail from
Imaginary buildings
In delight and also
Disaster.

But the rest of the coin's third side,
Is the way the world sings for me,
And I watch for the moments of Alive
Hidden never
From my eyes, which are
Shiny pockets of soap and
Magic,
Always a little too in love.

Sonnet 130 Response

Sinai Cruz

If you cannot liken my eyes to the sun, well hon,
Then surely it's because heaven grows within me.
The white of the moon and the red of the sun,
Steal from my skin and the lips that caress thee.
Studded with the sentience of the stars, mythology and eternity,
I am more divine a being than your poetry, though my laughter
is hoarse.

And while I am lit within with the brilliance of the cosmos
and maternity,
I am still criticized because my voice is not that of angels and
my wit course.

Won't you peer inside to the ether that divides my thoughts?
Stop leafing through my body like a catalogue and picking out
my physical infections
So that you can heal and wound them with the brevity of your
poetically tactless shots.

It's my hell and harmony, noise and godliness that you'd find
through your dissections.

My love, compare a woman to a season's day and safeguard
her heart

Rather than giving holy whispers in bed and a poem that
makes her from man-made stars depart.

The Cat

Sabrina Scattoni

The cat walks about
Quietly, and shy-like
Not knowing what to expect.
She doesn't say much,
Yet, she's comfortable with people she knows and loves.
Most times, she's silent,
But inside her is a big city,
Full of love and crime.
City of lights and flashing marquees.
City of sounds:
Cars honking
Subways rumbling
Music of street corners
People
Doors
Dreams
Hunger
Laughter.
But she doesn't let it show much
And she sometimes wonders why.

Barefoot San Francisco

Bianca Serafina

Look at these colors that surround us,
Hug us,
Embrace us.
Watch them become one
As the sun sets
Here on the woods' edge
Here in San Francisco,
Here in the purple mist of Sausalito
In the frigid winds
And blazing sunshine.

Look at these streets that crisscross above
And beyond yonder way up the steep hills
And rapid rumble and crashing of the waves
Down by the shore
Down by the edge
Down where the yellow sky's golden fireflies dance.

But most importantly,
Look at this laughter, all the love that grows
The spring that roars,
Roars through our young souls.

Barefoot, barefoot we come,
Barefoot we go
From this city,
This city far away from home.
Barefoot we are
Barefoot we'll always be
Barefoot through San Francisco streets.

The Night

Josephine Morris

Join the club!

I'm beckoned.

I glide outside; it's too much for me.

It's dark and I'm dark.

It's cold and I'm cold.

It smells of lilac and I smell of lilac.

It sits and ponders, I sit and ponder.

It's fresh and I'm fresh.

It whispers and I whisper.

It hides from bright lights and I do the same, synchronized
behind.

It's wet and I'm wet.

It's blue and I'm blue.

I do not see for it blinds me.

I want to yell, but they'll come find me.

It's alone and I'm alone.

It's waiting . . . I'm waiting . . .

It's dead and I'm dead.

It's alive and then I'm alive.

It's night and I'm the night.

Don't come after me. I've been beckoned.

Flooded by Night

Immanuel Zion

The Night was an inky shadow.
A dark milk that drowned my eyes in mystery.
All I could do was clutch the only thing that was visible.
The light that reflected off my pale, bare shoulders.
The ink of night was pouring into the holes in my face.
I lost sight of where I was.
But I still wanted to follow.
By that time I was washed away.

Untitled

Alma Bremond

We are walking against the current
as a family all together
beating the wind.
Our destination
the steamed water rising from the ground
out into the cold and freezing open sky.

Why is it that the sky
changes color like the directions of a current.
The sun and the rain, the snow and the wind together.
They are heading to an unknown destination
going with the wind.

My friend's grandmother, small as a wind
chime, innocently looking at the sky,
her destination.
Living her current
healthy life, ignorant that this is their last moment together
her feet still touching the ground,

like a leaf departing from the ground,
she flew along with the wind
to gather
her place in the sky.
Just another piece of sand in the current
with no destination.

Her family's destination
is their knees to the ground,
their tears taken away by the current.
The awful wind
disturbing the sky.
Everyone gets together,

the country, the big family, together.
United, there for one another, with the same destination.
The sky
creates green lights, that reflect to the ground
the people's hair is harshly and painfully blown by the wind.
The past is gone, it is the current that they need to face.

The families wind their way home to gather
the pieces of her life. They ground what happened.
The children follow the destination
they are given; ignorant they go with the current.

An Autobiography in Five Short Chapters

Jesse Moon

Chapter 1

I am two years old with my head caught in the banister,
This is all that I know.
Black,
And I am transported.
The moment is gone before it came.
I am five years old.

Chapter 2

It is raining on my birthday,
My chicken pox stained hands feed me ice cream.
Nana really takes care of me,
Strokes my hair.
I blink and it is gone again,
Everything is gone.
Eleven years old and I am sitting alone in my basement.

Chapter 3

I am talking to my mother on the telephone,
Everything is spotty, the conversations empty.
She had gone back to “college”
Was getting her six-month chip.
There were so many secrets then.
Another jump,
Everything is soot.

Chapter 4

I am seventeen years old.

These are the memories that flaunt themselves,
Most everything else has vanished.

Chapter 5

There are holes in my brain.

Fantasy

Sonya DeSalle

She would be clean.
So she would be happy.
He would be calm,
And no longer snappy.

We would all be together, no longer apart
With nothing in between, never forced to depart.

It would be like the old days,
Familiar with smiles.
Hanging with friends
Who weren't in the lifestyle.

All that would matter was the state of each other
No longer questioning if she is with another.
It would all be a fact, and a matter of the past.
Soaked in hopefulness, how long will this last?

She would let her guard down,
Now able to trust the good ones.
She would no longer hurt herself,
Officially ignoring the hood ones.

She would see herself,
And in turn see me.
She would see our faces
No longer beastly.

I would no longer hate,
And no longer suppress.
Assessable to those in trusted,
All on the surface.

It would all be a memory
Just a story of our past.
No longer the inspiration,
Of all my pieces for this class.

Untitled

Gabe Law

I'm from immigrants
Loud noises and stern voices
Back alleys and tourist filled streets
The projects and hangouts by the bridge
Running and crowd weaving
Jumping from building to building
And hangouts on fire escapes
Like dirt given a chance
To hold a seed that may flower
Secrets better left forgotten
But always there
Reminding me of what I've lost
And gained
To get myself here
And the story of my journey
Is that no matter who's with me
It is my road to journey alone

Laughter

Saskia Globig

We laughed until we felt hollow, even as our chests filled with air. Looking down onto the golden pricks of light in the city, we shouted into the night until we were silent, covering our mouths with our hands as our joy turned to soundless gasps. It was cleansing, to laugh this way. Everything was funny, and we were all beautiful, and we went away with taut stomachs that felt as if they had been stopped up against emptiness. The feeling rose in us, cocooning our hearts, and it seemed we could make no misstep. Our eyes sparkled. Our skin prickled. Our faces hurt from grinning, and we felt whole.

Oceans Apart

Chiara Mannarino

I stand in the knee-deep sea of blue.
My eyes sting
From the salty foam of the ocean's waves
As they crash upon the shore.
I run to the sand,
Thinking you are waiting,
A towel held in your spiny, veined hand,
A crescent moon smile splashed across your wrinkled,
weathered face
To relieve my pained eyes of their briny suffering
Like you used to.

I lie upon the sand,
Hug and rock myself,
Sink further into the heated crystals
Until I am covered from head to toe,
Hoping that you will come and kiss my forehead,
Tell me to close my eyes and sleep
Like you used to.

Seagulls harmonize as they glide through the sky,
Their voices soar higher than their wings can take them.
I rise up from the walls of my sandy fortress,
Run over to the spot underneath the flying flock
To feed the choir Wonder bread
Like you used to.

Detachment

Hopewell Rogers

I could be occupying my mind.

I could replay the snap of every fingernail I've bitten
worrying over you.

I could set to music the lips you never part for me.

I could trace the rugged rifts of bones I've broken bending
over backwards across you.

I could count the hairs on the back of your head.

But better to quiet this wanderer with the memory that
like the mouse we found frozen in the empty milk bottle
at the bottom of your garden,

I have been looking for comfort in the wrong place.

**Why I Cry When I Remember Standing
Outside the Barn at Dusk on the Stone Wall
Where My Parents Got Engaged to Watch
Habersham County Turning
Purple, Three Deer Fleeing Into a
Sycamore Citadel, Thunder Trampling the
Blue Mountain Like a Wild Boar, a Billowy
Heather Armada on the Horizon Looking to
Dock, a Fleet of Yellow Jackets Rising from
their Underground Bunkers Until the First
Drops Hit and Promise the Wind that They'll
Paint the Grass and My Toes Old-Iron-Cow-
Gate-, Fifth-of-July-Sunrise-, Cedar-Log-
Slung-Across-a-Shallow-Stream-Red**

Hopewell Rogers

The clay has long since
Washed from my feet.

The Last Time

Caitlin Vanderberg

When I was younger and woke up during the night,
I would yell out “Mom” or “Dad”
And one of them would come to my room and comfort me
So I wouldn’t have to brave the darkness
All the way to their room.
If I needed a glass of water in the middle of the night,
My mom or dad would walk with me
Past the scary night shadows that loomed in the hallway.
Now if I wake up in the middle of the night
I call out only to myself, and I try to go back to sleep.
If I need a drink of water,
I make my way alone
Through the nighttime darkness.

Exile

Gabby Lennon

Spines sticking out
Of curved backs,
Clenched hands around
Tear-drenched pillows,
Darkened windows with
Curtains drawn tight,
We are all
Such horrible creatures

the bus to Cambridge

Madeleine Flieger

the bus rumbles forward
on its way to Cambridge, and
everyone is asleep but me. their
mouths are half-open, some are
drooling; they're wrapped
in their dreamless
slumbers, their heads leaning
awkwardly against the windows.
it's moments like these when
I feel most alone, i suppose;
the sole ripple in the
enormous lake, the only
person wide awake while
the rest of the world sleeps.
I look at the rolling green
fields and think, who am i? but
the sheep and the cows won't
tell me, and I couldn't determine the
meaning of my life from a million
blades of grass. for now, I'll curl up in
my neon orange sweatshirt, and hug
the empty space that threatens
to consume me. life goes on,
and the bus rumbles forward
on its way to Cambridge.

Dear Sir,

Sarah Allen

- loosely inspired by "One Art" by Anne Sexton

Dear Sir,

You look sad.

What happened to you?

Did you drop your breakfast,

Or find your wife's lover when you dropped by,

Or maybe your mother dropped you on your head?

Was it worse than what happened to me?

Should we cry together,

Begrudge a higher power for human wrongs,

Forfeit our lives in despair,

Eternally together in aloneness?

Should we smile,

Pretend we believe in goodness in the hope we will

Someday,

Or should we stay

Forever strangers,

Scouting our own paths,

Left to go our own way?

The Compactor

Sarah Allen

We go through life like compactors,
Breaking, burning, destroying,
Making all that we encounter smaller,
Throwing it aside when we're done,
Leaving a graveyard in our wake,
Victims left to move on or rot.

Memory

Melissa Gaglia

A beautiful mountain turns into tiny rocks.
Because of you, my confidence shattered,
But soon for you twelve will strike all clocks.
I'm starting to realize only my opinion mattered.

Life goes on,
But still the story doesn't change.
You think you might've won,
But all you did to yourself was shortchange.

One day, my pumpkin will turn into a coach,
And you'll be wishing that you could erase the past
With regret that you didn't take a different approach.
This just goes to show you might miscast.

The truth is you will never learn.
If the shoe fits wear it, and your words still burn.
Alison Tilson

Fairway

It was a suburban Massachusetts town—
each afternoon old couples
in need of something to do
started swinging their clubs,

and left dozens of white
patterned balls,
like pearls of an oyster
on the rolling hills,

and around us, we heard
the other couples' clubs
hit them,
like knives on wine glasses.

Remember? We sat in the cart.
Caddying for them,
and they were cheapskates,
who never ordered the filet mignon.

We drove them around all day
while we handed them their irons,
and kept tearing them out of the bag
club after club.

One afternoon you dreamed
the ball was flying at your face,
following you everywhere
and it would only ever hit you.

We wished our four hands
might find something better
to do. In the end,
the job was meant only for us.

Imperfectionists

Alexandra Stovicek

Cookies crumble, the night ferments
We can't let it bring us down
Or make us care about the simple truths:
Spires on Gothic cathedrals are not always even
Fathers do not always want to play catch
Mothers cannot always bake apple pies well
And the kid-next-door who borrows your watering can
won't always return it.
To realize that the world doesn't work like heaven
Papers unorganized and dogs that pee on our lawns
Deep down we're all imperfectionists, looking for a thrill
To let the peach dribble down our chins and not wipe it off
To crack skin and feel a scar forming
What's life without a little character?
Always having to swallow your mortality

The ones who color inside the lines never get to see shades
mix together

Blues and reds make purples
Yellows and blues make greens

Were you told that, or did you discover it on your own?

A Sonnet: To Whomever It May Concern

Noam Z. Barnhard

I ask, "What is the true meaning of love?"
Is it that hazy, baffling feeling,
That takes my breath, when looking above?
Is it the indescribable healing,
Of an extreme vulnerability,
When I chance adrift in those wounding eyes?
The supreme desirability
To do just anything to stop her cries?
True love is our soul's recognition
Of its counterpoint in another.
Nevertheless, love in this dimension,
Can be for a father or a mother.
True love is when I look at your two blues,
I now know, true love is what I feel for you.

Scylla's Hope

Rebecca Flowers

Note: This poem is based on Hyginus' version of Scylla's origin and transformation to a monster in which Glaucus, a Greek prophetic sea-god, unrequitedly loves Scylla, the daughter of the river god Crataeis. Scylla's transformation occurs when Circe, who is in love with Glaucus, pours a potion into the sea when she is bathing, and she becomes a terrifying sailor-eating monster.

I ask you:
what is a true crime?
I am but the recipient of love,
like the love given by men who weep
for the girls in the stories,
yet you persecute me.

You will not answer for your crime,
you with your poisonous love,
brewing designs against me
opening his ear, pouring in stories.
You cry as he starts to weep
and the tears are not for you.

Now, consumed by unrequited love,
he decides to waste away and weep
and I, who never encouraged him, am reviled by you.
You who crouch and wait for me,
jealousy, scaly and growing, like an unborn crime
ready to break forth and pour your potions' stories.

I clutch the cliff peak and weep
soon to be consumed by gossips' false stories
as lonely sailors with fates of jealous crime,
with devoted lovers equal to you
pass under me.
Your kind will nevermore destroy the women they love.

They worship me.
I have more divinity than the putrid likes of you
I hear stories
more tales of your passionate crime.
I give the Greeks love
so no more wives will weep.

Oh, you may hear my stories.
Sailors who survive me
only live to weep.
They lie, wretched in a dead love,
betrayed by those who follow you.
You began this crime.

As the stories circulate, they will see your crime.
They will vindicate me, revere me for my love.
They will refuse to weep, they will mangle you.

A Peaceful Return

Kay Gottlieb

The Odyssey Sestina

He lies motionless, overcome with sleep,
Only to open his eyes to mist.
Mind still, lost in dreams,
Welcome rest for a welcome hero.
The fog a collection of his sorrowful tears,
Tears he shed longing for home.

No one says: “welcome home”
As he awakens from his sleep.
Dry eyes give rest to tired tears,
As familiar land appears through vanishing mist.
The homecoming of humble hero.
Ithaca: the land of his hopes and dreams.

Geese haunt her dreams,
While the suitors make the palace their home.
Awaiting her long lost hero,
Athena relieves Penelope with sleep.
Loneliness reminds her of the love she has missed.
Nightmares replenish her depleted tears.

Do you know what it’s like to cry never ending tears?
In your dreams!
Is there nothing you’ve truly missed?
Do you know what it’s like, an overrun home?
Wanting to sleep?
Awaiting its hero?

As she looks into the eyes of her courageous hero,
The loyal queen weeps joyous tears.
In the tree-trunk bed, they lose themselves to sleep.
Geese retire from her dreams.
Odysseus is home,
Where he's been missed.

Teeming tears fade to soft mist,
As she listens to the tales of her hero.
Chaos walks out the door of their home.
Eyes rescind exhausted tears.
Coming true are her dreams.
Without Athena, she could sleep.

He'd once again leave home, and once again be missed.
Reminiscing had put him to sleep, finally by the side of his
queenly hero.
As the silky sheets soak up his final tears, he closes his eyes and
away he dreams.

Regret

Eli Sands

I feel what I cannot fathom,
I drink of what I cannot imagine.
The only proof I have
That the fist seizing my throat
Is not yours
Is that it is mine own.
And my throat is the neck of a wine glass,
Crammed with dull alcohol
That has been left for another more parched.

I commit material actions
I instantly regret.
I tore out the last page.
I dismiss my previous fervencies
As fanciful inanity.
I distance myself from myself
As I know I will tomorrow,
And spit unto the face in the mirror.
It is your face.

It is something that begs for the
Intonations of the human voice.

Universe on 59th and 3rd

Danny Carlon

I was walking home today.
Passed Third Avenue after a rain.
The puddles are shallow,
blurry,
murky.
And in their shallow blurry murkiness,
somehow
the Galaxy drifts circles,
the signposts and the mannequins,
the buildings and the people,
reflected and refracted
distorted and perpetuated
by two inches of dirty, sparkling
water.

Untitled

Claire Keyte

Dark, black night.
Lonely, silent breeze.
Bright, white moon
Trapped in a hash black sky.
Scattered white stars
Appear from the shattered white moon
Swift breeze, shaken leaves
Falling down briskly
Unseen in the dark, black night.
Silent and lonely.
Alone in silence.

I smiled for you today,
And I cried for you.
I remembered you today,
While I cried for your mother.
I longed to see you today,
And I cried for your father.
I laughed for you today
And I cried for your sister.
My heart aches for you,
As I cry for your brother

I'm at a loss of breath for your family,
Who smiles, cries, longs for you,
Laughs, sighs, aches for you,
Dreams of smelling you, touching you, holding you,
But wakes up to nothing but a memory.

I tried smiling for you today,
But my tears got in the way.
I tried laughing for you today,
But the pain got in the way.
I tried dreaming of you today,
But the truth got in the way.

I long to see you, speak to you, hold you,
With every bone in my body,
Through my fingers and out my toes,
More than word could ever explain.
I lie with my head against the rim of the bath
Staring at the blank white ceiling,
Wanting to slide down into the still water.
Wanting to join you in silence.

Turbulence

Anna McEnroe

At the break of day it tumbles through the air,
Rustles hair and stings eyes.
It destroys, defeats, conquers,
It stops at nothing to get to me.

By the sea, it is salty.
But by the moon is where I like it best.
By you it is sweet, when you're gone it stings,
It pushes us closer together.

I don't know what I am supposed to feel,
Don't know why I shiver when the wind rushes through,
And when it comes sometimes I want to cry,
And when it's gone sometimes I want to hide.

Maybe it is because of you, you.
Maybe because when I walk along the sea
I see you in the air and I feel you in the stars.
To me everything is you, even the wind.

Chasing Night Rainbows

Sarah Saltiel

I am now familiar with these lights,
They seek to make me their own,
But I'm afraid,
I cannot join the beautiful chaos.

Physics never changed the world,
I do not feel bound here,
Not by gravity at least.

What I could be doing, what I should be doing....
What I'm not.

Our homeland steals away our breath,
Its liquid flag ripples with vivocity,
Don't tell me this isn't language,
My tongue must speak the words on my lips.

Look at my eyes in their dark circles,
Surrounded by shadows of empty nights,
And let yourself drown
In dandelions and amber.

I am now familiar with the light.

In Terms of the Sun

Gaby Sommer

In terms of the sun, all are dependent
on her inconceivably supreme glow.
Sunflowers reach for her rays, so ardent,
withering away when her fickle flow
ceases to feed them and guide their fond peaks
across the blue blanket that is her bed.
She retreats to the dark as madness leaks,
staining her coaxing cloak, lovers left dead.
The wilting sunflowers droop and wonder
what they had done to deserve such fierce grief.
Now, they pine for her sweet touch and blunder
through their despair, resenting her relief.
Would he, my heart, succumb to such distress
if you left him as his fervent mistress?

Index

The Birch Wathen Lenox School

I Am From Water

Lily Roark

Celestial Being

Hannah-Louise Levinsobn

The Brearley School

it is a coffin that brings me home

Sophia Sheng

The Browning School

Silent Virility

Morgan Augustus Miller

Furious Falling

Efraim Morales

Purpose

Noah Regen

1776

Adam Nebenzabl

Memory

Zachary Magill

101

Benjamin Jacobs

The Calhoun School

Humboldt

Luca Vettori

Lying in the Grass

Luca Vettori

Haiku

Luca Vettori

I Am Untitled

Darcy Haylor

The U.M.M.M.

Darcy Haylor

The Chapin School

I sit and look out upon all the sorrows...

Claire Lee

Callouses

Molly DeVries

The Collegiate School

December 2012

Elias Bresnick

Crayon Wax

Benjamin Zou

When Time Turned

Michael Saverese

A Portrait of Myself

Michael Saverese

Winter in the Tropics

Aaron Troncoso

The Infancy of the Lord
Fall of Morningstar

Aaron Troncoso
George Preudhomme

Columbia Preparatory School

Across A City
Sunset
pyromania

Tiya Williams
Jesse McKenzie
Kirra Deibl

Convent of the Sacred Heart

If and When I Die
I Was Wondering
Untitled

Mary Buschmann
Serena Eggers
Eny Exime

The Dwight School

Black Box
Loving Jealousy
Sense
Veteran's Thought
When a Rose Meets a Rose
The Ocean

Madeline Armstrong
Michael Asali
Evelyne Baratelli
Dagmar der Weduwen
Niki Elabi
Molly Lippert

Horace Mann School

Fire Tears
Real Ghazal
The Baby Sea Turtle
Cat Stevens
Warrior of the Lovely
Sonnet 130 Response

Elizabeth Rosenblatt
Asber Baumrin
Wendy Jo
Henry Warder
Abbie Greenbaum
Sinai Cruz

La Scuola d'Italia

The Cat
Barefoot San Francisco
The Night

Sabrina Scattoni
Bianca Serafina
Josephine Morris

Little Red School House/Elisabeth Irwin High School

Flooded by Night	<i>Immanuel Zion</i>
Untitled	<i>Alma Bremond</i>
An Autobiography in 5 Short Chapters	<i>Jesse Moon</i>
Fantasy	<i>Sonia DeSalle</i>
Untitled	<i>Gabe Law</i>
Laughter	<i>Saskia Globig</i>

The Marymount School

Oceans Apart	<i>Chiara Mannarino</i>
Detachment	<i>Hopewell Rogers</i>
Why I Cry	<i>Hopewell Rogers</i>
The Last Time	<i>Caitlin Vanderberg</i>
Exile	<i>Gabby Lennon</i>
the bus to Cambridge	<i>Madeleine Flieger</i>

The Nightingale-Bamford School

Dear Sir	<i>Sarah Allen</i>
The Compactor	<i>Sarah Allen</i>
Memory	<i>Melisa Gaglia</i>
Imperfectionists	<i>Alexandra Stovicek</i>

Riverdale Country School

A Sonnet: To Whomever It May Concern	<i>Noam Z. Barnhard</i>
Scylla's Hope	<i>Rebecca Flowers</i>
A Peaceful Return	<i>Kay Gottlieb</i>
Regret	<i>Eli Sands</i>

Trinity School

Universe on 59th and 3rd	<i>Danny Carlon</i>
Untitled	<i>Claire Keyte</i>
Turbulence	<i>Anna McEnroe</i>
Chasing Night Rainbows	<i>Sarah Saltiel</i>
In Terms of the Sun	<i>Gaby Sommer</i>

Acknowledgments

INDEPENDENT VOICES has become a reality because of the enthusiasm and tremendous support of those who shared our vision and who were instrumental in bringing it to fruition. Joint Schools Activities, Inc. extends its most sincere thanks to the teachers, faculty advisors, and student editors who encouraged our contributing poets, organized their creations, and met the demands of an extracurricular publishing schedule. Most importantly, we thank our poets who have inspired and touched us, and enriched our worlds.

Participating Schools and Faculty

The Birch Wathen Lenox School.....	Tim Donahue
The Brearley School.....	Renate Von Huetz
The Browning School.....	Kevin Dearinger
The Calhoun School.....	Brendan Kiely
The Chapin School.....	Jonathan Wilcove
Collegiate School.....	John Beall
Columbia Preparatory School	Alison Freisinger
Convent of the Sacred Heart	Angela Carstensen
The Dwight School.....	Michael Wiesenfeld
Horace Mann School.....	Wendy Steiner
La Scuola d'Italia	Mary Giaimo
LREI.....	Jane Belton
Marymount School.....	Andrew Hay
The Nightingale-Bamford School.....	Laura Kirk
Riverdale Country School	Richard Lapidus
Trinity School.....	Jamel Brinkley