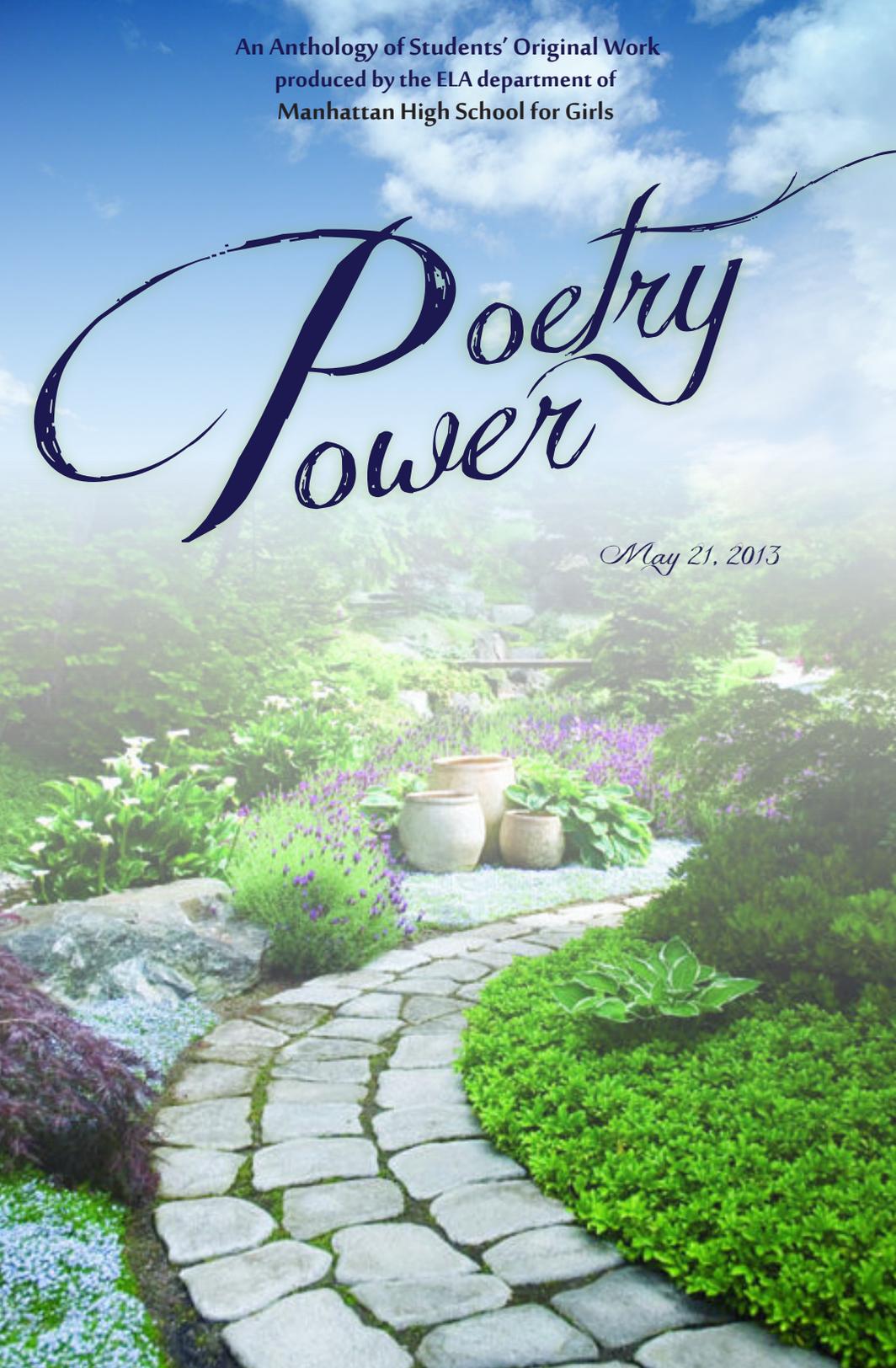


An Anthology of Students' Original Work
produced by the ELA department of
Manhattan High School for Girls

Poetry Power

May 21, 2013



Poetry Power

An anthology of students' original work
produced by the ELA department

Manhattan High School for Girls
May 2013

"Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words."

-Robert Frost

The Manhattan High School for Girls
Poetry Power Award

First Place: Este Stollman

Second Place: Avigayil Rosensweig

Table of Contents

The Maple Tree <i>Talia Alper</i>	15
Everyday Warfare <i>Sara Ben-Zvi</i>	16
To Discovery <i>Leah Bertram</i>	17
To Memory <i>Ayelet Buchen</i>	18
The Needed Enemy <i>Frumi Cohn</i>	19
The Realm of Possibility and Has Happened <i>Gabriella Englander</i>	20
Something is Missing <i>Tziporah Fink</i>	21
The Quiet One Back There <i>Ahuva Forman</i>	22
To Studying <i>Aliza Frankel</i>	23
The Cry Unheard <i>Miri Fried</i>	24
The Color of Monsters <i>Chayala Friedman</i>	25
Picture and <i>Chana Garrin</i>	26
The End... <i>Leah Genkin</i>	27
My Walk <i>Rachel Grossman</i>	28
To Change <i>Hadassa Herskovich</i>	29
To Education <i>Tzipora Hirsch</i>	30

Table of Contents

The Secret You Forget <i>Tayla Horenstein</i>	31
Give and Take <i>Yael Jacobov</i>	32
Epic Fail <i>Gila Klein</i>	34
To Rain <i>Rivky Kreiser</i>	35
Bubby and Me <i>Alyza Lampert</i>	36
I Remember... <i>Devorah Laub</i>	37
And We... <i>Esther Malka Laub</i>	38
All the King Henrys and all of their Men <i>Aviva Lehrfeld</i>	39
A Hunger Games Purim <i>Miriam Liebling</i>	40
To Memory <i>Racheli Manela</i>	41
Shine <i>Rifky Moradi</i>	42
I'm not Picky <i>Shayna Palley</i>	43
To Hard Work <i>Hadassah Penn</i>	44
By the Candles <i>Sharony Polinsky</i>	45
The Kotel Is Never Alone <i>Penny Rabin</i>	46
Ascending <i>Dini Raskin</i>	47
Bring Me Back <i>Mimi Rogosnitzky</i>	48

Table of Contents

Seven—Second Clips <i>Avigayil Rosensweig</i>	49
To Rise Anew <i>Shoshana Rosenthal</i>	50
The Subway <i>Esther Seryl Rotberg</i>	51
Dawning <i>Bella Rubin</i>	52
My Bridge Between Two Worlds <i>Rebecca Russo</i>	53
One Thumb Up <i>Rivka Salhanick</i>	54
The Humming is Always There <i>Atara Samuels</i>	55
public class Helloworld{ <i>Rivka Schuster</i>	56
The Roll Call <i>Naomi Segelov</i>	57
Bedtime—Then and Now <i>Ayala Silverman</i>	58
The Undeveloped Daisy <i>Dena Skydell</i>	59
Remembering to Forget or Remembering to Remember <i>Tova Sobolofsky</i>	60
The Perfectly Beaded Purse <i>Leah Steinberg</i>	61
BDA—Best Daddy Around <i>Este Stollman</i>	62
I am Me <i>Michal Usher</i>	63
To Beauty Standards <i>Talia Weisberg</i>	64

Foreword

My dear readers,

Concise, atmospheric and musical, poetry is the language of the heart. With precision and passion, the poet selects her words and assembles them—mindful of the image and mood. And then she clears her throat, straightens up and slowly begins to read her lines, attentive to the ebb and flow of her voice—is it too thin, too jingly, too heavy?

It matters not that there is no stage in her bedroom. It matters not that she is not on a prairie, that she is not a bird in the sky or a Sergeant at war. As the writer, is she not her first audience?

She knows that listening is essential to her craft. It's not enough for the words to stand right; they must sound right, too.

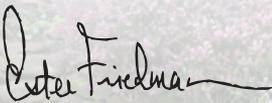
MHS enjoyed these weeks of poetry writing—the catharsis and creativity and skill. We enjoyed reading our poems aloud at the Poetry Power event, giving to and growing from one another.

How empowered we were by our fellow writers and their fresh perspectives on life and people and seasons and stuff. What power hides in the prosaic! What power hides in the pen!

Assembled in the school library, I enjoyed watching each girl clear her throat and straighten her posture as she reached for the microphone. I enjoyed listening to the silence take over the room. I enjoyed sensing the esteem for the written and spoken word. And I enjoyed observing our Poetry Power Heads emcee the event with distinct flair. Kudos to Leah Garrin, Gabriella Englander, Shayna Friedman and Este Stollman.

Poetry Power is a collection of our poetic inspirations. We hope you will enjoy the poetry and be inspired to write your own, recite your own, and read your own aloud. With eternal gratitude to our team of fabulously talented English teachers, Mrs. Lieber, Ms. Ginnetty and Mrs. Kuhn—

Sincerely yours,



Ms. Estee Friedman
Principal, General Studies



The Maple Tree

Talia Alper

The Maple Tree

It is both a monstrosity

And a masterpiece. A gentle

Breeze tickles the back of my neck like

A feather, and forces the crunchy brown

Leaves, smooth with sweet sticky sap, to the

Ground. Its dark arms reach out to me,

Beckoning. Do I dare to advance?

Or should I remain in

The shadows,

Hiding?

Slowly,

I step

Forward,

Towards

The

Great

Tree,

And begin to climb.

Everyday Warfare

Sara Ben-Zvi

You
Shoot down Confidence
With your bullets made of words.
You
Strike at the weak
At the helpless.
You
Put those
Too afraid to even scream
On the stand
And Justice isn't judging.
Even though Truth is on trial
Battling for Innocence
In a never-ending war of words.
You
Say they're harmless
Quoting that old line about
Sticks and stones.
Why are you
Any less of a murderer
For assassinating Character?
And it's not just a joke
No one's overreacting
This is serious
When a poor soul
Has become so morphed
So changed
So twisted
That it can even fathom being
A Bully.

To Discovery

Leah Bertram

You are the core of every human being.
Ever since Prometheus brought forth that first spark,
We have chased you,
Followed you to all ends of the world.
Because we know,
When at last we reach you,
We will have scaled the highest peaks
Dug to the deepest depths
And seen all there is to see.
You slip through our fingers
When we are nearly there,
You hide behind smoke, eluding and blinding us.
But that only fuels our search,
You know that you cannot escape,
That one day we will reach that mountain top,
And breathe in those airs of clarity.
We will be sweaty and bloody and exhausted
And exhilarated
And our flame will burn
Brighter than ever.

To Memory

Ayelet Buchen

You speak in my brain without notice;
From just a glance, you have heaps to say.
Without you I would not recognize those dearest to me.
Yet sometimes I wish to shut you out.

Why must you remind me of the horrid nightmare
That cost me hours of sleep?
Is it too much to ask you not to mention my tragic slip
While dancing with my sister at her wedding?

I drown in your sea and burn in your flames,
But still you are the air from which I breathe.

You tell me the answers while taking a test,
And remind me which house is my home.
You are my personal seeing-eye dog
Who answers my daily wonders.

The Needed Enemy

Frumi Cohn

In a still black room, filled with the soft breathing of two sisters
Each sleeping in a soothing, unhurried, utopia
With lids innocently closed and creases smoothed,
A vibrant enemy reigns.

It slithers through the darkness.
Then with the burst of banging metals
My stomach crumbles into
A pile of old autumn leaves.

My lids stay sealed, shading the dazzling glow
As groans reach my ears; a body flips over.
Lazily a finger triumphs over the foe
And I awake into a world where the lack of sleep cannot be forgotten.



The Realm of Possibility and Has Happened

Gabriella Englander

In the realm of my subconscious mind,
I am standing on
The Crest of decision...
The Peak of possibility-
And below, all the grave uppers stare from the Ravine of impossibility
Up at the lone figure posed over the lip of the Crest...
little me.
The slope of has happened is before me,
Leading towards those--future--ranges I see off in the distance and dare I....push
off
down the slope--towards the ranges...the future.
Will I and dare I--
push off. Decide. Is it possible?
Clusters of clouds sail smoothly by the crest, undisturbed,
And I am--
amidst soundless bliss and limitless--possibility
And the sun's rays pour dazzlingly down through an opening in the clouds,
onto the Slope--
of what is possible...and has happened
that I can.
And I do--
simply push
off the Crest onto the Slope of has happened. It
has happened and I am
on the Slope, below the Crest, towards the Range--
of the Future.

Something is Missing

Tziporah Fink

A memory that stains
The hearts and minds of many.
Men, women, children
Survivors
Of shattered and broken
Glass, iron and steel.
Destruction of beauty,
The epitome of power.
Buildings of benevolence
Bonding together like brothers.
Twins.
A frown buries itself
Underneath the streets
Lights
And glory
Of what once was.
The city of New York,
Home of the Twin Towers.



The Quiet One Back There

Ahuva Forman

She just sits there in the corner, quietly
Absorbed in thought, thinking, observing
Fascinated with the lecture presented before her
And then—a question is asked
Her fingers twitch upon her lap
Up, down, up, down, up, down
Should she?
Should she not?
Scared
Of stumbling over her own words
Of being misunderstood
Of giving an incorrect answer
So
She just sits there in the corner, quietly
Her teachers and friends misunderstand her
They call her stupid, stubborn, slow
They don't understand
She wishes that she could be like everyone else
Having the freedom to express herself clearly
To articulate her own thoughts
Like everyone else around her
She wishes that the words could just flow from her mouth
Like droppings of sweet maple syrup
Which everyone reaches out to grab
But she can't
The words are trapped inside of her
Desperately trying to break free
So instead
She just sits there in the corner, quietly

To Studying

Aliza Frankel

You bring me sleepless nights.
And being with you
Leaves me in the center
Of a whirlwind of books.
But without you
I'd be left in a bottomless pit.
Your end results
Raise me to the moon,
Leaving me with the sweet
And sour taste of contentment.
You navigate me through the maze:
Branded as exams.
Holding information
Only you can help me comprehend.
So for now
I revel in the joyfulness
And say, "Until next time"
My dear friend.



The Cry Unheard

Miri Fried

I feel a wonderful breeze,
It's a perfectly normal day.
With the coast of Ireland in my sight,
All worries will soon fade away.

Then suddenly I feel pain,
Radiating from my right.
What on earth can this be?
This ache that I cannot fight.

Then soon once again,
I feel that same sensation.
Far worse than the first,
I can't bear its irritation.

I sense a commotion inside me,
Intense pounding I can't explain.
It's as if little people are running around,
Escaping the horrors which I contain.

Now I start to feel cold,
It chills me straight to the bone.
This torture is overwhelming,
I begin to wail and groan.

I feel extremely heavy,
My mind fills with fright.
I am now forced to bend over,
For I can no longer stand upright.

I can take this no more,
So I then begin to cry.
My tears gush forth,
As precious time flies by.

I'm lying on my side,
Helpless and afraid.
I slip beneath the surface,
Feeling utterly betrayed.

I keep on falling,
Till I finally hit the floor.
Here I lay to rest,
The Lusitania is no more.

The Color of Monsters

Chayala Friedman

Away all beasts and nighttime things
go back to your caves and dark, murky rings.
To your shadows and creeks wearing black capes and red.
To empty hall closets
And under old beds
Leave monsters go!
To cellar corners and rusty rails.
Trailing sticky, long rags and yellow finger nails.
Go where the moon is full and the trees moan like wolves.
And where black shapes atnight sound like sharp beating hooves.
Take your burly green boots.
And your creaking little canes.
Get out and go!
To where the nighttime is tame.
And the sky is a purple mass and there is no sun.
Where the grass grows in short stumps and the clouds drip and run.
Go! Go somewhere far away nighttime things,
things that howl and shriek and scare in night's wings
along the creeping fence.
Towering over my bed.
Making loud steps in the hall.
In the light of moon's red.
Tapping their canes and hurling their boots.
Fat, stubby nails and loud yellow hoots.
Wearing all black.
Away nighttime things.
To ugly green ponds where the moon never sings.

Picture and

Chana Garrin

This is a poem about:

Commerce bank pens (remember those?).

A six block walk that should have been awkward
but was totally funny and relaxed instead.

A classmate, next to me in algebra one, peeking at my paper,
making fun of me,
the tutor, of all things
smirk.

A stolen diet coke, a frenzy of letter writing at senior dinner.
Six bags of potato chips and Styrofoam basketball and going out for French fries.
Laughter, and frolicking, and happiness.
Starbucks for iced tea, and shopping sprees for Hershey's Cookies and Cream
bars,

and a picture in our yearbook where
I sit on your lap, and we smile.

And this poem could go on, and the words could never end.
They could be inscribed on your heart,
approximately the size of Texas,
yet never run dry.

And this is a poem about Macs, both huge and average-sized
(for the record, mine was the huge one-
you two just got the regular sized desktop.
What a shame.).

It is also about sentimentality,
and loss,
and hope,
and love,
and hurt,
and envy,
and guilt.

I should have tried harder.
I should have kept calling.
I should have cared, just a little bit more.
So, I ask of you, please come back to me,
and we'll frolic and beam and draw and scheme and live and dream.
Because, after all,
this is a poem about friendship.
I will never let you go.

The End...

Leah Genkin

The people chatter softly among themselves,
As they watch the bright colors shoot up,
Creating day at night.
The colors sparkle against the dark night sky.
They bud like flowers, flare then fall.

Music is playing.
With each firework exploding it becomes louder. The melody reaches my ears.
Though my body tries to block it out,
The music is stubborn and penetrates me.

A soft breeze brushes against my cheek.
The situation so serene and perfect—to have all this in one
Causes an ache to build up within me,
Something nagging me,
Yet it doesn't want to expose itself.

It has to reveal itself soon,
And as it does I begin to understand
That my perfect world has ended;
That it's time to return to life as it is—noisy, nerve-racking, and hectic.

My Walk

Rachel Grossman

I am stepping onto the dripping pathway.
Droplets of rain sparkle on the low hanging branches
The crisp scent of the grass
And the night around me
All envelop me in a cloud
There is a glowing feeling though the night is cold.
There is welcoming light from the windows
As I press my hand on the chilly knob.
I feel coldness that turns to warmth
As I enter my ears are not numb
My clothes are not damp and icy.
I am home.



To Change

Hadassa Herskovich

Oh how I hated you.
Avoided you.
Trying to shun the inevitable
I told you
I didn't want you,
But you persisted
In our one sided relationship,
Like a best friend who stays even when she knows she's not wanted.
Until I accepted you.
Hey you're not actually that bad!
You know, after you kind of stopped hanging around for a short
While.
I thought it was clear that I was comfortable.
You obviously didn't get the memo,
And you decided to befriend me once again
Against my will
And I ever so kindly declined the offer.
You told me it wasn't an option
I tried to disagree
I gave up.
Thanks
Friend.

To Education

Tzipora Hirsch

You seem to waste my time,
Bore me in subjects that I do not care about.
You require me to work hard and study.
Thanks to you, I come home and collapse into bed.
I have perpetual purple bags under my eyes.
You cause the day to be lengthened.
You squish my brain with information,
Like a python squishes its prey to death.

I am told you are trying to help,
You will help me get a job,
You will help me get married,
You will help me build a family,
You will help me have a full life,
I am told you are not truly terrible,
You need time to bloom like a flower,
I believe I will soon see with my own eyes,
And finally reap the benefits that I've been waiting for.

The Secret You Forget

Tayla Horenstein

Sledding down enchanted mountains
in the backyard
mouths open to the cold white con-
fetti sky
till fingers are bright red and lips
dark blue

Giving in to dreamy chocolate steam
andpajama pillow-fights
listeningto the giggling chimes of elves
tinkering in the silver pipes

In time spring delivers an invitation
for Lady Pink and Miss Green and
Madam Yellow
to peep in and say hi

Lying on daffodils
watching for floating bunnies
listeningas tinkling fairies whisper
their secret in honey-breath breeze

It's a secret you forget
along with the magical language
left behind in the land of bright spar-
kling mystery

The giggles fade
and the dancing slows
and the curtain falls
you wake up in the Real World
of Day In and Day Out
Rules and Reality
and grown-ups.

But once in a while
when the fairy dust stirs
andyou can almost hear Peter Pan
in the nursery
you sit up
and you strain to remember
whatNeverland looked like -
and you almost can.

But the shadow slips through the
crack in the window
and the curtain flutters shut
and whether or not you realized it
you've said goodbye
to Childhood.

Give and Take

Yael Jacobov

The couch potato can never understand
Those cheery and excited at seven in
the a.m. ready to run—
A 26.2 mile run,
A marathon.
Hydrated, electrolyzed but especially
spirited,
The run is one of the mind,
Even the body's strongest muscles
cannot match the mind's infinite
power—
Ready to fight the puffing and panting
on its onset,
Because those 26.2 Boston-streets-
miles are elite miles—
Miles that only the best can run.

On the sidelines is the patriot,
Loud and proud,
Demonstrating his love for the land,
For the streets—
The ones fought for at Lexington and
Concord
On this very day,
Boston's Independence Day.

The congressman revels in this day—
Possibly for the extra day off,
But more likely for the victory and
the freedom earned on that day.

Past the 5k line,
And then the half-marathon line,
Just 13.1 more miles to go

Before the crossing line,
Before the personal triumph,
But she feels the ache in her legs—
And that's when her mind steps in
Telling her to push just a few more steps,
And a few more,
Until she forgets about the pain,
Or at least she believes so.

Cheering the runners on
And supporting his hometown—
That's how the congressman spends his
day off.

Young and old stand by the sidelines,
Signs in their hands sprawled with en-
couraging words—
"You can do it"
And "Just a few more miles to go."
Some extend their arms to hand out a
drink—
A refreshing bottle of water
Along with a warm smile.

Amongst the supporters is the runner's
best friend,
Waiting at the finish line, by the flags,
For the chance to embrace her friend on
her victory—
A three-and-a-half hour victory.

Mile 19 and her feet just seem incapable,
One more step and they might just give
up under her,
She steps inside a medical tent just for
an Advil—

The couch potato can never understand
Those cheery and excited at seven in
the a.m. ready to run—
A 26.2 mile run,
A marathon.
Hydrated, electrolyzed but especially
spirited,
The run is one of the mind,
Even the body's strongest muscles
cannot match the mind's infinite power—
Ready to fight the puffing and panting
on its onset,
Because those 26.2 Boston-streets-
miles are elite miles—
Miles that only the best can run.

On the sidelines is the patriot,
Loud and proud,
Demonstrating his love for the land,
For the streets—
The ones fought for at Lexington and
Concord
On this very day,
Boston's Independence Day.

The congressman revels in this day—
Possibly for the extra day off,
But more likely for the victory and the
freedom earned on that day.

Past the 5k line,
And then the half-marathon line,
Just 13.1 more miles to go
Before the crossing line,

Before the personal triumph,
But she feels the ache in her legs—
And that's when her mind steps in
Telling her to push just a few more
steps,
And a few more,
Until she forgets about the pain,
Or at least she believes so.

Cheering the runners on
And supporting his hometown—
That's how the congressman spends
his day off.

Young and old stand by the sidelines,
Signs in their hands sprawled with en-
couraging words—
"You can do it"
And "Just a few more miles to go."
Some extend their arms to hand out
a drink—
A refreshing bottle of water
Along with a warm smile.

Amongst the supporters is the run-
ner's best friend,
Waiting at the finish line, by the flags,
For the chance to embrace her friend
on her victory—

Epic Fail

Gila Klein

I try to participate in the pre-class banter
But I get distracted.
It's as if I am sitting alone.
I can only focus on what lies ahead.

I then notice a figure in the window.
My teacher has arrived.
My leg quivers,
While waiting to receive my grade.

I inch towards the teacher's desk
Knowing what awaits me at the end,
Head bowed,
Arm outstretched,
I slowly grasp the paper.

I can already feel the grade
Burning through the page like a flame,
Yet another fail.

I retreat back to my seat
With a fake smile on my face
But I can tell my friends know
The truth behind my smile.
20 pairs of beady eyes
dart around the classroom
"occupied and immersed" in something else
Anything to avoid eye contact with me.

I peer at my classmate's paper-
An A
A symbol that throughout high school
I have not yet received.
I take a deep breath,
And reassure myself;
There's always next time.

To Rain

Rivky Kreiser

You ruin my hair
And get my papers all wet
Yet when I spend time with you
I hear the world's hidden secrets

As I wonder where life
Will take me
Your drops already know
Where they need to land

I dance with you
I spin and twirl
Letting your drops race down my nose
And onto my lips

I stick out my tongue
And I throw my umbrella to the side
Because my eyes sparkle
When you ruin my hair



Bubby and Me

Alyza Lampert

It rings.
I jolt out of bed.
Yet the drowsiness seems to be pulling me down
Like an intensified gravitational force.

It beeps.
The bus is calling.
The chorus of a good morning melody
Welcomes me aboard.

It rings.
I answer it.
The voice is at a distance, but oh so close.
The morning is cold, but oh the warmth she transmits.

I hear her voice, it's like music.
I can sense her scrumptious cookies and taste the melting chips.
Her words are oh so comforting
As her hand seems to be stroking the locks in my hair.
Her warm smile is so bright, radiating from the sun itself.
Expressing, sharing, or laughing together.
She keeps my secrets locked like a charm.
Safe, with a hidden key.
It is this moment that I cherish.
It is this moment I await for every day.

I slip away my phone for now
I am encouraged and excited to embark on today
For She and I have a lasting relationship,
"How can I get through the day without Bubby?"

I Remember...

Devorah Laub

I remember...

Warm, filling meals
At least twice a day...
...Rationed carefully,
In small metal bowls.

I remember...

Elegant dresses
With satin trim...
...In black and white,
And a hint of golden yellow.

I remember...

Endless fields
Of lush green grass...
...Confined within a fence
Of sharp, twisted wire.

I remember...

Carefree playing
Floating, flying...
...Collapsing under the weight
Of heavy boulders.

I remember...

Gentle soothing
And sweet words...
...Amongst rough barking
And terrifying ultimatums.

I remember...

Rosy cheeks
And wide grins...
...Upon skeletal corpses
Lacking life.

I remember...

...And will not forget.

And We...

Esther Malka Laub

The clock will strike five o' clock,
And we will leave the house.
My soft, delicate hand in your large,
warm one.
We will walk out into the sunshine
and breeze,
And they will greet us like old friends.
We will walk through the grasses, tall
and green,
And you will pick me up, so the hem
of my dress doesn't soil.
We will walk down the stone paths;
smooth yet rough,
And you will show me the old, crooked
tree, and touch its soft leaves, and I
will do the same.
We will walk through the woods; the
tall sycamores will guard us,
And you will stand next to the trees,
and together we will take in their rich
smells.
We will walk to the stream; cool and
clear,
And you will stick your feet in, and I
will follow.
We will walk through the meadows;
the heads of the buttercups will nod
as we pass,

And you will race with me and let me
win.
We will walk up the hill and hear the
birds call after us,
And you will sit under the crab apple
tree, and I will join you.
We will sit for a while, and breathe in
the sights,
And you will stand up and dust off your
trousers.
Then you will take my slim hands into
your rough ones,
And you will pull me up to my feet.
Then I will look into your ocean colored
eyes, and plead to stay a moment lon-
ger,
And you will smile; your deep dimples
will look like mine when I show them.
And you will say 'Not today.'
And we will walk down the hill, and the
sweet smell of honeysuckle will kiss my
cheeks,
And you will lift me on your shoulders;
though it is becoming difficult to do.
Then we will retrace our steps; this
time, with the inky, blue sky over us.
And you will show me the diamonds in
the sky,
And I will show you the owl arising for
breakfast.

All the King Henrys and all of their Men

Aviva Lehrfield

Last night while I was studying
The same old boring stuff
The kings and knights decided
Sitting pretty just wasn't enough.

They hear-ye'd and gathered and galloped
On slick horses made of ink,
Across the pages of my history book
And up at me – just think-

Those lords and dames and who-knows-who
(Those names I could never recall)
Brandished their swords and declared endless wars
'Twas quite the violent brawl.

Some King Louis issued a tariff
To a particularly bloody response
And three countries made an attempt at peace
In the Treaty of -- whatever it was.

There were large-scale revolutions right there at my desk
Some stubborn religious sect rebelled
There were Mongols and vassals and too many slaves
And manors where the snooty lords used to dwell.

So they seized and they dueled and established
And acquired and declared and amassed
For hours and hours, re-enacting events

Of the very same stuff we sit through
in class.

And after two hours of real hands-on study
(and being poked in the eye with a miniscule sword)

I figured the emperors, the Marxists, the Dutch
Have had way more fun than they could afford

I guess I really can't blame them-
I mean, they live in a history book
But their to-dos and riots were just way too drawn out
Just think of just how much time it all took!

So I (forcefully) closed my book on them all
(You could hear their rude protests and cries)
And I stowed the big book way back in a drawer
Away from any inexperienced eyes.

For although you may not believe me
(I don't really care if you don't)
I study history like this most every time
'Stead of reading plain boring notes.

Every time I open my history book
The night before a test
There's a full blown revolt, right there in my room
That no standing army can put to a rest.

So yes, my book revolted
It happened, for real - I swear
And just 'cause you don't see it
Doesn't mean it's not there.

A Hunger Games Purim

Miriam Liebling

We are Katniss and Effie,
For Purim this year.
The reason for each item,
We will make very clear.

We'll start with the chocolate rocks,
For District 12 works in the coal
mine.
A town sprinkled in soot,
To an evil Capital that was fine.

To snowflakes let's move on,
The symbolize President Snow.
He makes fatal Hunger Games,
Where 24 children must go.

Already up to the bottles,
Haymitch drinks a ton.
And the second Quarter Quell,
He had surely won.

The fireballs are for Katniss,
For she is "the girl on fire."
After hard work as the Mockingjay,
She must be ready to retire.

Pitas, we're sure you can guess,
They are for Peeta Mellark.
He fell in love with Katniss,
Right from the very start.

The watch candy represents Wiress,
Beetee's partner from District 3.
"Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock,"
From her mind it would not flee.

Winkies are like morphling,
They symbolize Finnick Odair.
Being separated from Annie Cresta,
He was not able to bare.

Candy money is for Coin,
The rebellion she had led.
But like many others,
She too, ended up dead.

Ready for the silver bags?
They're used a few times in the book.
Run to the library,
Go take a look!

Last but not least, the berries!
How can we forget?
Starting a revolt against the Capital,
Katniss will never regret.

We hope you liked our poem,
And to the book it gave you a flavor.
We just have one thing left to say,
"May the odds be ever in your favor!"

To Memory

Racheli Manela

With every passing day I create new memories
Expanding upon the catalogue of my past,
Leaving me a road map for the future.
Learning from past experiences makes life more rewarding.
Imagine a future without a past to build upon,
It would just be a series of singular days
With no common thread tying them together.
You take me back to places I want to revisit,
Help me recall relaxing moments when I need it.
You help me remember what I never want to forget
While at the same time bringing back memories I try to forget.
Although you may pop up at inopportune times
Bringing back visions I wish never would have taken place
I'll take you with your imperfections
Over not having you at all.

Shine

Rifky Moradi

She was always known for her long, gorgeous hair.
Jet black, shiny, and mid-back.
Always tucked behind her ears by two bobby pins.
Curls that you could pull back like a slinky.
Unfortunately, one day that all changed.
She had gotten sick a few months ago.
She underwent treatments.
Now, there were no curls.
No shine to the blackness.
She now had a bandana covering her bare head.
To her, she had lost her identity.
At least that's what everyone thought.
But oddly, she was ok with it.
She woke up every morning and smiled.
The shine was now on her face.
Thanking G-d for taking away her hair and not her life.

I'm not Picky

Shayna Palley

You call me picky,
faker,
wimp.
But I'm
not.

I want to
eat that
but I
can't.

I want
to
do it
but
having
no
air
holds
me
back.

You can.
I wish I could,
but I
can't.
I'm not
the weak
one.
You are.

I'm not picky.
I'm just careful.

I can
do it.
I
have
the stamina
it takes
to handle
it.

Can you do it?
Or are you
just jealous
of my
inner
strength.

To Hard Work

Hadassah Penn

I want to tell you the things
That you hear all the time.
I want to say
That you make me better
Or that you
Build my character.
I want to say
That you are satisfying,
Stimulating,
Exhilarating.
That you give my life
Meaning
And purpose
And direction.
But I can't say these things
And mean them.
Call me shallow
Or petty
Or narrow-minded,
But I don't understand all the hype
Surrounding you.

This what I really think of you:
That you make me anxious
And that you
Exhaust me;
That you are overrated,
Thankless.
Unfulfilling.
That you give my life
Stress
And pressure
And restlessness .
But perhaps I am wrong about you.
Looks can be deceiving.
First impressions are not always correct.
Maybe you can be all of these things -
The bad and the good
Together.
I suppose I'll have to accept you as a
package deal.
And maybe you will be worth it
In the end.

By the Candles

Sharony Polinsky

I watch her eyes
as they stare into the candles' glow.
The flames dance in her empty pupils,
but do not ignite them.

Strains of song,
I release from my lips.
The seventh day holiness descends.
All the while,
I watch her eyes.
Still,
no fire.

I grope for her hand
and stir it in motion,
to the beat of her own steady heart,
yearning to draw out the song within her.
I watch her eyes.
Sparks fly;
only to smolder before igniting.

The notes of song at my lips tiptoe by no more.
Volumes rise.
The beat is a drumroll.
Our hands
kick up dust.
I watch her eyes.
Two solitary flames,
one
with the Shabbos candles' glow.

The Kotel Is Never Alone

Penny Rabin

The Kotel is never alone
Troubled ones pouring out their hearts to Heaven
Old women weeping against the aging stone
Young boys and girls smiling hopefully at the holiest site

The Kotel is never alone
A hand from one corner reaches up to touch the wall
A beggar sleeping soundly here at his home
A finger softly places a crumbled note between the cracks

The Kotel is never alone
Voices of song echo off the muralled rock
Cries of mourning atone
In the light of the moon swallows fly calmly through the glorious sky

The Kotel is never alone
Lost souls scream out in agony to Hashem above
As soothing winds never fail to be blown
Soldiers fighting for Israel seek protection from the enemy

No matter the day the hour or the minute
The Kotel is never alone



Ascending

Dini Raskin

Clink, clink the stairs whisper in their
austere manner

My leaning partner makes no gesture to
help me

Colder than the rest, with a most unfor-
giving manner

I still attempt to slip my arm thru the
pointed corner

The ghost of my sagging eyes tries to pull
me into darkness

My bright comrade snaps them open
with one glare

For, it is a blessing that it is never absent

My sack of stones pushes on my curved
bone with laughter

It is constantly hungry

Swallowing up everything in its midst

The mountain is not snowing at the top
Succeeding the climb was worth the wait
For, at the top is when you can sit and
ponder

The black cats ease into a jaunty
stride

The sharp angles of their eyes are now
wide

They slither together with ease and
comfort

The single cell has so many different
molecules

But now, they are one chromosome
Twisting into perfect pairs

If the eyes in the gate loom down, they
will see

The descending pit moves into the
nest of bees

The bees are making the sweetest
honey alone the bee makes a dull
sound

But together I revel in the roaring
buzz

This is the nest where I belong

Bring Me Back

Mimi Rogosnitzky

Sometimes
I'm lounging
On the back of a wet hippo
With my lemonade.

Other times
I'm drifting through a thick black blanket, lost among the galaxy
Where the stars glimmer and spark
In the dark.
I gaze at the horizon, dazzled at where coal blends
With the vibrant pastel of the sunlight.
I'm laying back- where there is no gravity
To pull me down.

BEEP.
A black hole?
BEEP.
Is this where it ends?
BEEP.
I groan.
I'm being drawn back... somewhere.
The sound is reverberating.
My head is throbbing, and my eyelids hurl open...
To the blaring siren
Flashing six a.m.
I force my eyes shut.
Bring me back to where there is no gravity.
Bring me back to where I can stay
Lost among the galaxy.

Seven—Second Clips

Avigayil Rosensweig

My childhood smells
Like old books
And warm grass
And cinnamon
And cranberry cough drops from small
paper boxes

But memory's written on acid paper
Each time I turn the pages
I find
The edges have crumbled just a little
more

Some of the passages have been traced
Over and over
But the ink is a different shade
And I can't see the original words
Anymore

Sometimes, single lines alone
Are still clear
They stand out from among the grey
Random moments
Suspended in my mind

Memory by memory
Memories of memories
Seven-second clips of my childhood

Swinging my legs over the edge of the
shul bench
Liturgical chanting in the background
Light falls through colored windows
I try to slip on my grandmother's brace-
let
But the catch is too large
For my small hands

Leaning my head over the tricycle
handlebars
Shoulder-length strands snap in the
breeze

A white dress with frilly sleeves
Jelly candies
In the shape of the aleph-beis

A heavy dusk and hot sand
Filling empty soda cans
With grains from the park

My head is lifted towards the plaster
ceiling
The swivel chair spins faster and
faster

Did you know?
A blanket makes a wonderful tent

Falling asleep on the rough brown
couch
I hear
Aramaic words run into each other

The words don't find their way into
my dreams
But somewhere beneath the layers of
memories
That have piled up since
Their rhythmic cadence is following
me
Lulling me to sleep

To Rise Anew

Shoshana Rosenthal

Floating through clouds inside my head,
Darkness holds me in my own world.
Flying through memories of days,
With a mighty hand, silence rules.

A shrill call summons me to move,
To shed my cloak of indifference.
The darkness calls to me "Come back,"
Temptation is great, but resist.

I bid the moon and stars farewell,
As I transform from owl to lark.
While others remain in the fog,
Brightness fills the room, a new day.



The Subway

Esther Seryl Rotberg

I take my usual spot
the one by the door
and I let out a sigh cuz
I've seen this scene before.
That man, with the paper
nothing else hits his eyes,
and that mom keeps yelling
at her baby who cries.
One guys loudly snoring,
must've had a hard day,
and a young girl beside him
is texting away.
Some tourists are standing
in awe of this all
keep on snapping some pictures
holding on to the walls.
2 girls reading notes
wonder what's on their test,
and the woman beside them
needs a good rest,
4 teens are sitting
side by side in one row,
they seem to be friends
but I wouldn't know.
cuz their ears are all plugged
and their ipods in hand
everyone's in their own world
I just don't understand.
we are all then informed
that there are some delays
the watches come out
and some people pray.

Then 3 guys come on
to put on a show
with boombox in hand
and their jeans slung low
The music is blasting
they are flipping in the air
but no one really notices
and no one really cares
still reading, still yelling
and snoring out loud
still texting, still snapping
what a lovely crowd
still studying, still tired
still have headphones in ear
still blasting, still dancing
till the next stop comes near.
cuz this is New York
nothing comes as a surprise
everyone is weird
if you open your eyes.
Except people are busy
stuck in their own bubble
and to just look around
is way too much trouble.
The train pulls to my stop
with a click and a clack
and I exit the train
and step over the gap.

Dawning

Bella Rubin

Six a.m. and I'm jogging in the rays of the rising sun.
The sky, the beacon brightens,
and glad to see me out
welcomes me with watercolor.

Six a.m. and I'm sprinting under swaying palm trees.
The waking ocean stretches,
and runs up to my feet
to wash them with waves.

Six a.m. and I'm racing a dolphin in the dawning day.
The seagulls screech and cheer,
and hope that I beat the swimmer,
to victory at the sand castle.

Six a.m. and I'm tearing up the pavement in a panic.
The deserted streets still in slumber,
and darkness rules the sky,
as night reigns.

The bus will not cheer,
will not welcome,
will not wait.



My Bridge Between Two Worlds

Rebecca Russo

At the end of my day
When I'm almost home
I have one more hill to climb,
The hill that is my bridge.

On my way up the air is thin
The crispness bites my lungs
I'm gasping for my every breath,
Reminding me of my friends biting
comments,
The pangs I feel in my heart.

The hill is steep.

On both my sides are trees and shrubs
swishing in the wind
The smell of fresh and icy winter lin-
gers in the air
The wind is howling. The pavement is
cracked.
The ice and snow are crushed beneath
my feet.

As I pass the magnolia tree
Noticing the just awakening buds,
A blue jay lands on a close by branch.
Expecting it to sing, it merely caws,
But then it spreads out its wings and
flies.

I watch.

A weight is lifted from my shoul-
ders.
I am soaring through the sky.
My heavy load from school is gone,
Replaced by peace and content-
ment,
Like a runner reaching the finish
line
My mind is at peace.

The wind guides me up the last
part
And gives me one big shove at the
end,
A playful push.
Not like in school where I am
jostled at every step,
Thrown around like bits of flotsam
in the storm

I know the harmony will soon be
gone
Replaced by the bustle of my house
The chaos and noise that soon will
be upon me
So I embrace myself,
And take a final breath.

Then I crest the hill.

One Thumb Up

Rivka Salhanick

People are dreamers. Looping swirling photo shots of
daydreams and
nightdreams, cloaked in one form.

Wisps of purple fog spin out of your ears as you
sleep or daydream or nightdream.

And if you'd look closer (but of course you cannot)
or captured the fog in a flask,
you'd see you are a
Fantasy Dreamer,
Contents: Blue rhinos and yellow mushroom melons
or a
Song Dreamer,
Contents: melodies of swaying daffodils with jaws wide open to catch the stray bee
or a
Light Dreamer,
Contents: A silver plated palace of rhinestones with wet washed stones in thy
moat
and hundreds of hot pink flamingos, all standing with
One leg up.

Or maybe you're a
Dark Dreamer,
Contents: Swirling bits of...
Maybe... could be....
probably not.

No.
You dream of peppermints and rabbits and four-leafed clovers
and lots and lots of...
Well, there it is!

You must be a
Hope Dreamer.
It's tricky to place you but what gave it away,
is the fact that you sleep with
one thumb
Up.

The Humming is Always There

Atara Samuels

The humming is always there
If you listen intently, you will hear it
That tune she hums all day
 She hums it when she cooks and cleans
 She hums it when she holds us near

Humming is the comfort she turns to
The tune sometimes changes
It's the background music of her life
 She hums it through the hardships
 She hums it as she cries

Is there a replacement for her song?
It's a melodious tune that makes your day
Low notes that wrap around you
Embraces you in the warmth of its hug
 She hums it with her grandchildren
 She hums it before bed

Always, the tune is there
Even when she is weak
When she hums you wish it would never stop
It never gets old, yet it is constantly there
 She hums it when she is sickly
 She hums it in her last few seconds
There, on her deathbed

And when her song ends
The world goes quiet
Listening to the song that is no longer there.

public class HelloWorld{

Rivka Schuster

```
HelloWorld {
    hello today
    for (each item: iCheerArray)
        if (theTime == 6)
            bed = OFF_LIMITS;
    while (time != 10pm){
        public double TakeExam( ){
            if (score>65)
                System.out.print ("You made it out alive!")
            else
                catch scoreErrorOutOfBounds;
            time++;
            return score;
        }
    }
    public abstract class MakeItOnTime{
        public abstract late( );
        private int eight29;
    }
    public class StudentRecord implements MakeItOnTime{
        StudentRecord yourName = yourName.late();
        time++;
    }
    public void headUpToLunch(){
        for (int steps = 108; steps>0; steps--){
            yourName.talkToFriend();
            yourName.studyTap();
        }
        time++;
    }
    public void goToClass(Student yourName){
        yourName.doYourBest();
        yourName.dontFallAsleep();
        time++;
    }
    while (school != OVER)
        yourName.goToClass();
        if (school==OVER){
            goHome();
            doHomeWork();
        }
    public boolean goToBed(){
        if (time== 10pm)
            return toBed;
    }
}
```

The Roll Call

Naomi Segelov

A classroom packed with rambunctious boys
Lower class, ill-mannered, and deficient
of poise
Spitballs flying
Screaming, not trying
Snickering as each consecutive teacher fails.

Given up on
Never to succeed
Forgotten
Downtrodden
Which teacher dare proceed?

Young, idealistic Miss Mitchell strides
in
Takes one look at the roll book
And confusion sets in

After each name, random numbers appear
IQ scores seem way up high
Why aren't these boys zooming reports
to the sky?

She sits them down
And with commands she does show
What she expects them to produce and
to know

"Live up to your potential!"
"This life isn't for you!"
"Is being a garbage man truly what you
want to do?"

Slowly her message began to effect
Order restored
Confidence reigned
Each paper submitted with pride,
without shame

Headmaster Hyde had his mouth gaping wide
Eying the test scores from side to side
"How did you do it?"
"What did you do?"
"We gave up on these kids, everyone,
except you!"

"These kids are simply the smartest
I know
I put them to work, made them strive
to grow
I expected no less than their IQ's displayed
Here in the roll book, on the very front
page!"

"Those ain't their IQ scores, you
dreamer, you fool!
It's their locker numbers to keep their
books tidy in school
But you taught me a lesson - one for
all time
Believe in your students (keep them
away from crime!)"

Bedtime—Then and Now

Ayala Silverman

Reluctance

Unwillingness

All leading up to that dreadful moment

When my head must hit the pillow

The lights are off

The darkness swallows me in

A deep, dark hole

My blankets engulf me

Trying to suffocate me

Silence rings from the hallway

Giving me chills

As if the boogey monster could be
creeping up on me any minute now and

No one would know

I'm not ready for sleep yet

Anticipation

Eagerness

All leading up to that incredible moment

When my head finally hits the pillow

The lights are off

The darkness covers me

Protecting me from the day

My blankets wrap me up

Giving off warmth and comfort

Silence fills the air

Giving me time

To reflect over my day and relax my
nerves

And everyone could know

I'm ready to go to sleep



The Undeveloped Daisy

Dena Skydell

The girl was beautiful,
not in the way that the media thrived on
she wasn't blonde or willowy
her eyes weren't big or blue
but they were expressive,
deep with stories and secrets and pain.
Her eyes were deep like the books
she read,
the books she drowned herself in,
to distract herself
from her mother's disappointment
that her only daughter,
her darling flower,
hadn't blossomed.
She was still a bud, an undeveloped daisy.
The teachers never had nice things to say and
the boys never called,
she didn't go to parties
and scars decorated her wrists instead of bracelets.
Mother didn't understand why her daughter sat alone
so she chose to ignore it and pretend
like everything was okay.
But her mother didn't know that
if she watered her little flower,
the flower's petals would part
and reveal her loveliness.

Remembering to Forget or Remembering to Remember

Tova Sobolofsky

How will I remember to forget the day?
The day when I watched them rip my
father's angelic beard.
The day when they dumped my holy
books in the town square to be devoured
by flames.
The day when I was thrown out of school
because I was "dirty."
Day ends abruptly like an automobile
screeching to a halt. Night takes over the
world, my world.

Shall I sleep through these nights like a
bear in the winter? Shall I remember to
forget?
The night when my mother was shoved
onto a train with three hundred hysterical
women,
Being torn away from their children like
a farmer forcefully pulls the wheat from
its chaff.
The night when my two siblings, whose
life was more precious to me than mine,
were smashed
like a broken mirror, shattered purpose-
fully by an invading monster.
The night when my stomach grumbled
like a whale's mating call because I
couldn't find potato
peels in the garbage dumpster.
The night when my shaking body woke
up the other girls on my barrack like a
ticking clock.
The night when I watched smoke rise
from the chimneys of Auschwitz, smoke
that was the ashes
of the bodies of my childhood playmates.
Those that played in our park were now
burning alive.

These are the days that I try to re-
member to forget. However, they can
never fade my mind.
I wake up each night sweating,
screaming, shouting, shaking as
these scarring memories return
To my mind and replay themselves
over and over again.
Though I may remember to forget
these memories of the past, there are
some things that I must
remember to remember.

I must remember to remember
The pleasant singing of Shabbos
melodies every Friday night in the
barracks.
Making wicks for Chanuka candles
out of the sleeves of our striped
uniforms.
Baking Matza for Pesach, while one
girl stood guard to ensure no dogs
would catch us.
The lovingness expressed by my
bunkmates towards me. The love
outshone the world darkened
by evil.

Remembering to forget and remem-
bering to remember.
All come back as painful memories
of the six years of my life that should
be a dream—
Are a reality
Yet, consume my dreams of today
My dreams for the future.
What must I remember to forget and
What must I remember to remem-
ber?

The Perfectly Beaded Purse

Leah Steinberg

It came a long way
For years she held it by her side
The perfectly beaded purse
A lipstick, tissues
Some cash and receipts
Filled the perfectly beaded purse
Soft, sweet, aging hands
With fire red nail polish
Held the perfectly beaded purse

It came a long way
For years she played with it
The perfectly beaded purse
A Barbie, a hair bow
Some crayons and a notepad
Filled the perfectly beaded purse
Sticky, small, young hands
Stained with purple paint
Held the perfectly beaded purse

It's come a long way
For years it's been sitting upon the dark shelf
The once perfectly beaded purse
Dirt, lint
Some broken beads and crumbs
Fill the once perfectly beaded purse
Busy, nimble, growing hands
With bitten nails and chipped nail polish
Barley ever hold the once perfectly beaded purse

BDA—Best Daddy Around

Este Stollman

We go out into the fresh air.
I hold Daddy's thumb.
He laughs
I giggle
And he tousles my hair.

Daddy teaches me a game
That Zaydie taught him
when
He was a little boy.
Daddy tells me how it works
And we start to play
This really fun game that
Starts to tickle my brain.

It's called the License Plate
game.

Daddy gives me the first try.
I spot a shiny silver car.
It's initials are PEB.
So I think
What starts with a P?
Uhhh...Please
What starts with an E?
Umm...Eat
The B is a bit harder
So it takes me a little
More to think.

But I finally get it.
I crane my head up to
Daddy
And shout out,
"Please Eat Broccoli!"

"Good one!"
Daddy and I laugh together
Because it sounds so silly.

Daddy spots the next
one—
A navy car across the
street.
It's license plate is DAS.
His eyebrows
Scrunch up into a v.
"Hmm..."
He says.

"What can be DAS?"
The wheels in my head
start
Turning round and round.
Hmm...
"Don't Ask Sally!" I say
Beaming from ear to ear,
Proud that I came up
With something on my
second try.
"Doorknobs Are Squeaky,"
Daddy says.
And we both laugh to-
gether.

We walk
And get closer to the park.
We do a few more:

BTB—
Daddy says
"Business To Business."

I say
"Be there, Bobby."
DDR—
I say
"Danny Doodles Rabbits"
Daddy says
"Dunkin Donuts Rules."

We're almost at the
park and
I spot a baby blue car
with
OCH on it.
This is the hardest one
Out of all of them.
We think in quiet for a
Few minutes.

I say "Overalls Come
Handy."
Then Daddy says
With a smile
"Onions Cause Halito-
sis."
Sometimes Daddy uses
some of
His funny doctor terms.
They make me laugh.

We reach Welcome to
Woodside Park
So Daddy says
"Let's do the last one."
Daddy chooses WSI.
There's a twinkle in his
eye
As he waits for me to
Say what I think up.

"We Sell Igloos"
I say.
And Daddy says with a
smile
"Want Some
Ice cream?"

I am Me

Michal Usher

Names ring over and over in my head
Expectations, unrelenting, smoldering,
“Be more like him or her,” they say
Leaving me forever pondering,

“Why can’t you be intelligent like him?”
“Rise up talented like her,”
“She could do it, so can you,”
To them, did it ever occur?

I have a sole name,
I AM ME,
Sent to astound the world
With my own unique identity

How much they don’t know,
I wonder if they even tried,
To see beyond the outer glass,
Too see just what they’ll find,

The powerful Ocean,
Sings its own spectacular song,
Majestic and beautiful,
All life long,
The magnificent sun,
Holds its own glory and splendor,
Like a king of the sky
Yet no one dares to render,

The sun is useless compared to the
moon,
Quite overshadowed in the dark,
Because when light comes again in
the morning,
The sun once more leaves its scorch-
ing mark,
They are two different identities
Serving two different tasks
Making the world brighter in each
their own way.
Both holding two different masks,

I am Me,
For all the world to see,
Different in each and every way,
I am Me.

To Beauty Standards

Talia Weisberg

I always knew
you were a waste of time. If
you didn't have such impossible
demands, I might buy into
you, but what
you want from womankind is just
crazy.

Thick, straight blonde
hair.
Bright blue
eyes
that sparkle, but don't look too
intelligent.
Peaches and cream
complexion.
Size two
body.

But this look is almost impossible
to achieve.
What's a curly brunette to do?
Or a brown-eyed,
dark-skinned girl?
How about the one
whose body type simply won't let
her
get below a size six?

I could try to adhere to you. I could
buy
a bottle of Clairol
and a flatiron
and use every skin product on the
market
and go under the knife dozens of
times.

But I've realized that
I don't really want to.
If I and every other woman out there
have to change to such an insane
degree
just to be considered "beautiful,"
well,
I can't believe in that
beauty standard.

I'd say that it's been nice knowing
you,
but it really hasn't.
Come and see me
when you've gotten more realistic
when you've refined your values.

