

WordWave

Poetry

Anthology

Spring 2024

Thank you to all the students who submitted poems to the contest.

We appreciate the imagination, care and skill you used when crafting your poems.

We left the last page blank in the anthology in the hope that you will not just read the poems but add one of your own.

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Contributing Poets

Sydney McCoy

Anna Metaxotos

Valentine Park

Anna Morelli

Claire Slomski. Kaela Barletta, Sasha Fafel

Maddie Lilley

Gabriella Garcia

Will Rowe

Seamus Reen

Greyson Oppenheim

Olivia Buffard

Andrew Wetmore

I am an Artist

Sydney McCoy (1st Prize HS)

I am an Artist

I am the puppeteer smelling of fresh duct tape on
The new corrugated beast I have created.

Its jaws are rigid and sharp

Made from the uncertain cuts of scissors and blades

Bits of tape unpressed would peel and it would anger
me-

It is not perfect.

I am a Artist

I am the strange poetry loved since childhood

Letters continue to spill onto blank space as I write

My words written begin to shift and

Meld into something entertaining, something

Fiction yet exciting. I find comfort in the disturbedness

Of dark poetry. It begins to feel real. It is joyous-it is

Not perfect

I am Artist

I am the paranoia

Frightened of every pitted feeling and

Shadows moving in the dampness of peripheral night

I feel exhausted as I am watched by invisible forces

Within dark corridors of my

Home, or so I believe. It frightens me-it is not

Perfect

I Artist
I am terrifying myself
From conjured thoughts and racing mind
My mind has begun to spiral into an Abyss of Madness
I ponder on the next Creation, yet
There is only the same insane thought
That I may be creating things unpleasant
Not only for the blankness, yet for myself
It is. Not. Perfect

Artist
I am the
Horrified mind of mine
That is now my newest
Project. I can. Fix it. I will
Make it. Beautiful
It will be
perfect

I
am
Artist.

november

Anna Metaxatos (2nd Prize HS)

the end of november
the gray offset by the sky
the way the leaves darkened and fell,
one by one,
like small, fragile birds in the wind
the way the ocean moved
dead low tide, water cold to the touch
salt floating in the mist
the sunsets
the sunrises
too early and too late
the colors more vibrant than anything imaginable
the final bloom before autumn faded,
and winter enveloped the hemisphere

Prying Priscilla

Valentine Park (3rd Prize HS)

Why do you always leave?

Never at home,

Never around,

Never with me.

I'm sorry I'm not as appealing,

Like those girls who shine on Hollywood magazine covers.

I'm just someone looking for love.

So why do you leave me when you chose me first?

Signs of a burning love,

Are settled and forgotten.

I've been forced to stand alone through life,

Even though I was promised a partner.

So for all your words and gifts,

Tell me,

Tell me now.

Why leave a girl,

who's world was only ever you?

The Friendship of Homura and Hikari

Anna Morelli (Honorable Mention HS)

My fire had finally whittled
Log after log, stick after stick, from the first page to the
last of a newspaper
I had skillfully and carefully crafted that fire
I longed for it, I loved the light and warmth it provided
when I needed it
What started off as an accidental spark, became a
cherished and beautiful thing
I blindsidedly watched as the fire danced, crackling,
each cinder blissfully whispering away into the wind
But even that fire will soon begin to fade
Even that fire will burn you when you try to make it shine
as brightly as it once did
Even that fire will continue to take each log, each stick,
each newspaper headline, still expecting more
Even that fire, will decide when it is finally time for you to
part ways and say goodbye
The chills I fended off for so long crept along the
undersides of my arm

Brushing against my cheeks, breezing against my
fingertips

The bundles of wood and paper now reduced to nothing
but ash

The rain began to pour as I watched it blanket where my
fire once stood

Even that fire could never light again

My shoes by the door, I carefully walked inside

Shivering, soaked, upset

I glanced ahead and stopped, a light, beautifully
shimmering in the hallway, beaconing me towards it

And even that light saw my current state and still wanted
me to follow it

Even that light illuminated the room before me

Even that light would show me an array of beautifully lit
fires

Even that light showed me that they were patiently
waiting for me, eagerly wanting me to return

Happily burning, happily bright

The chills I had surrounded myself in crept away
again

That warmth always knew how to come when I needed
it most

Silenced

Claire Slomski, Kaela Barletta, Sasha Fafel
(Honorable Mention HS)

The knell sounds as
I walk in the room
Not a color in sight
As the ravens take flight
The red petals pierce the darkness

The talk to me like a baby
Like I know nothing at all
I stealthily walk around
Eyes tethered to the ground
Tears begging to escape

I am also palpable
Yearning for a hug or kiss
A shoulder to lean on
So I don't cry until dawn
Lonely but not alone

They turn and carouse
Drowning sadness in multitudinous liquor
Believing I can only prate
Isolated and irate
I am left by myself

Don't my feelings mean anything
Even if I am still young
Adults equivocate thinking it's for the best
Though I would rather advocate to know the rest
Haunted by my own conclusions

Thrift Store Classics

Maddie Lilley (Honorable Mention HS)

Wandering the aisles
With tiles cracked
I see books
Sitting on shelves
Waiting to be
Opened and discovered
Skimming through pages
I know that
They tell stories
Beyond written word
Their folded corners,
Doodles between margins,
Coffee stains, and
Pages holding onto
That lingering scent
Of cigarette smoke
Adding depth to
Literature and poems

Of all ages
Beloved by many
But known by
A certain few,
Only those who
Live with passion
Will truly understand
What they offer
To the world.

The Worst

Gabriella Garcia (1st Prize MS)

All these scars
They don't see

That the blades
Have seen the worst of me

A smile
Is all they see

But the only way to ease the pain
Is a slit between two veins

When it rains
So do my eyes

Stuck inside
Trapped inside my mind

Trying to not make my arms red
Trying to stop the skin shed

All these scars
They don't see

That the blades
Have seen the worst of me.

The Blood of Freedom

Will Rowe (2nd Prize MS)

It was a typical day in the segregated south
Prejudice words were spread by mouth
Young John Lewis had begun a migration
To try and cease segregation

Hundreds marched from Selma to Montgomery to
fight
For all people to have similar rights.
But many were furious at the thought
That blacks could call some of the shots.

So when the crowd crossed the
Edmund Pettus Bridge
A wall of cops shot them a glare, cold like a fridge.
But the marchers moved forward not blinking an
eye
And the crummy cops beat them and made them
cry.

Whips, clubs, and gas filled the air
They beat their bodies and pulled their hair.
And when the protesters finally had to retreat,
The blood of freedom filled the street.

Money Mississippi

Seamus Reen (3rd Prize MS)

In Money Mississippi, where sorrow grew
Emmett's innocent spirit, forever we knew.
Like a whistle in the wind, his voice did cry
Echoing in pain, reaching the high sky.

A mother's tears, like the mighty Mississippi's flow
Emmett's open casket, a symbol of the show.
His name an anthem, sung in civil rights fight
A spark that ignited, a beacon of light.

In courtroom's stage, justice sought is due
But the scars of prejudice remain,
a truth we can't undo
Injustice unveiled, like a lynching tree's shade
Emmett's story, a reminder, we must never fade.

Beach Haiku

Greyson Oppenheim
(Honorable Mention MS)

The wind blew across
The sun shining on my face
Waves crash on the sand

I Now Don't Have to Cover My Eyes

Olivia Bouffard (Honorable Mention MS)

Blood splattered on their Sunday dresses
Leaving everyone with second guesses
Who knows what power this Klan possess
The explosion cut through the air like a missile
Followed by screams louder than a train's whistle
4 little girls lost lives
The Ku Klux Klan is nothing but exhaust
Now what's the cost
Their lives stolen like trophies
What's the 5th girl's diagnosis?
Live without eyesight
That doesn't seem quite right
What happened right on that sight
Will these girls ever reunite?

March for Freedom

Andrew Wetmore (Honorable Mention MS)

Hopes, dreams, change
Washington DC was about to be taken by storm
The only thing taller than the Lincoln Memorial
that day was people's hopes
Two-hundred and fifty thousand people,
packed like sardines in a can
Fighting for a change
"I have a dream" the words that changed the world
"I have a dream" the words that changed
people's lives
Martin Luther King Jr. spoke to the crowd
They hung on tight to each and every word
as if they were barnacles on the bottom of a boat
Hopes, dream, change

