

WordWave

Poetry

Anthology

Spring 2023

*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 hope everyone will be inspired by these poems and not just read
them, but write one of your own.*

*We wish to thank ReachArts Community Arts Center, the Swampscott
Public Library, the Swampscott High School, the Swampscott Middle
School and the Tin Box Poets for their generosity, help and support.*

***The WordWave Poetry Contest and Chapbook are supported in part
by a grant from the Swampscott Cultural Council, a local agency
which is supported by the Mass Cultural Council, a state agency.***

Contributing Poets

Tommy Healey

Anna Metaxatos

Vivian Schaffnit

Michael Reiling

Anna Morelli

Izzy Honig

Alexandra Reames

Gavin Campbell

Teddy Karounos

Maxine Mintzer

One Tuesday Sophomore Year

Tommy Healey (1st Prize H.S.)

ten dollars for a helmet full of ice cream at Fenway
hours sitting at the kitchen table for a perfectly crafted essay
canceling plans for a Friday night at the movies with you
a devastating phone call for the tears that stained my mother's cheeks

I still do that Trump impression that drove you to crying laughter
songs you played in the kitchen remain on my playlist
ties that you wore to hearings now hang in my closet
that busted up '03 Camry you gave me, I totalled

there's no more Sports Center playing in the den
no more Patriots season tickets
no more summer house in the Cape
and no more one shift a week the ice cream store

i held onto you for months after you left
you let go of me as soon as you could
you were my father since the age of six
but it's me who sits at the head of the kitchen table now

I lost a man

I kept his mold

and I paid in tears

It's hard to tell what you lost, what you kept,

& what the price really was

The Day the Woods Burned

Anna Metaxatos (2nd Prize H.S.)

The day the Woods burned

I was out of the city-

Landlocked and aloof.

The day the Woods burned,

Fire swirled from below

Catching the trees in flames from the roots.

And the summer was dry,

Dry as a desert,

And we prayed for rain-

Took a week before rain was present.

Fire took the roots, burnt fauna into embers-

Damn you those roots forged me,

Those roots holding me together.

Social groups

Vivian Schaffnit (3rd Prize H.S.)

There's the jocks, the nerds, and the populars.

The jocks wear weird socks,

The nerd was unheard of until today,

And the similarity doesn't matter, only the popularity.

Everyone worries what group they're in,

And everyone hurries to find out where they are placed.

Where do you sit at lunch?

You don't want them to think you're unfit for their table.

Do you wear glasses or do people look at you weird?

Are you scared to walk past the popular kids?

Where do you fit in?

I wonder when I will find out.

Ode to Fire

Michael Reiling (Honorable Mention H.S.)

Oh fire!

Why must you burn everything in your path?

What gives you the drive?

Is it because you are the change of this world

and all those that are forgotten and lost

meet your flame and burn

until they are no more?

kotori

Anna Morelli (Honorable Mention H.S.)

the feeling of drowning had chained her soul
a fire, burning for 10 years, had finally gone cold
fears forgotten, she's finally free
they were gone and it feels so good to be seen
words remained inside her head
but she pushed through until the end
the colors she had known were only black and white
but now the colors had finally come alive
visions of a young kid standing alone
but that time is no longer she has new friends to call home
an astounding mind for a kid her size
left second guessing and tossing it to the side
she's no longer trapped by the vines and twine

her wings had finally sprouted, she's now able to fly
this little girl sits by my side and pats my shoulder
she's assured now life gets better when you get older
a new fire has arisen, the chains long gone
this new bright light will be twice as strong.
this little girl can now dance and sing
with her friends by her side, she can spread her wings

“The earth is round”

Izzy Honig (1st Prize M.S.)

Why do some people think the earth's flat?

Really, what's the proof behind that?

How does it look from the moon?

Why do they have pictures, then,

Of the earth round as a balloon?

What would happen if you walked over the side?

“It makes no sense!” I confusingly cried.

What about people who dig up holes?

Could you roll the earth up into cinnamon rolls?

I give up.

And are mountains flat?

How could flat earth support that?

What about the grand canyon?

It would go right through the ground!

What would happen if the earth got unwound?

What would it look like on the other side?

Could the moon still pull the tides?

Why are oceans deep, then?

I give up (again).

How would the world even form that way?

When other planets are round, why'd earth stray?

How can you refuse careful calculations

With your insipid impulsations?

How would the equator have any worth?

What if an airplane flew 'round the earth?

Are the meridians discarded as just a crime?

I give up (for the last time).

Dear Bully

Alexandra Reames (2nd Prize M.S.)

I'm sorry for whoever hurt you,
And whoever squashed your dreams.

I'm sorry that you might not know,
What being loved could really mean.

I wish I could have helped you,
Before you went and hurt me.

I wish I would have known,
What you refused to tell me.

I'm sorry for the attention you needed,

But sadly didn't get.

I'm sorry for your broken heart,

That hasn't healed up yet.

I'm sorry for your fear,

And your heart full of doubt

Letting anger cover your tears,

Is that why you lash out?

This never ending cycle
Of hurting those you need,
Will only bring you sadness,
It will never bring you peace.

But in the end,
You're full of pain,
And I'm still standing here.
The only thing you'll get from me,
Is sorrow for you, dear.

TOM

Gavin Campbell (3rd Place M.S.)

There once was a guy named Tom,

He sat on top of a bomb,

He got shot into space,

Won a five mile race,

And then got slapped by his mom.

As The Sun Rises

Teddy Karounos (Honorable Mention M.S.)

As the sun rises, the day comes alive,
Nature's beauty, it's impossible to contrive.
Birds sing a symphony, trees dance with glee,
The world is alive, for all to see.

Let's be kind, let's spread love and light.
And make the world a little more bright.
In harmony, let's take this ride,
With nature's blessings as our guide.

Let's cherish every moment that we're given,
And see the beauty that's all around us driven.
For there are wonders in every corner of the earth,
And each one has its own unique worth.

From the majesty of mountains high,
To the gentle breeze that whispers by,
From the ocean's endless expanse,
To the daisy in the meadow's dance.

Every living thing, big or small,
Has a role to play, it's nature's call.
Let's appreciate, and let's protect,
Our planet's beauty, let's not neglect.

So let's choose love, let's choose care
And spread kindness, everywhere
In harmony, let's take this ride,
With nature's wonders, by our side.

“Like a Movie”

Maxine Mintzer (Honorable Mention M.S.)

When I think about her, a bittersweet feeling fills

My chest and sends a flood of memories to my

Brain like a screen loading a movie.

The memories, play in my head, each one connected to a
different feeling.

Some are comedies, some dramas, some are mysteries.

Some remind me that I can't make any new memories

then the dam behind my eyes gives out

and water drips like a broken sink.

I remember when I would go to her small apartment

that smelled like fresh chocolate chip cookies and butterscotch
candy.

We would prepare the treats for Passover or Rosh Hashanah
dinner.

Whatever magic she had when baking

could turn any normal baked good

into something that made you smile from ear to ear.

That movie ends
and another one starts,
I hate this memory,
it makes me feel sick inside and out,
this memory was the day that I lost her
I stop this movie
and I put the remote down with my buttery fingers
Even though I can't make any more movies with her,
I can always go back to the couch
and press play as many times as I want

