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Mimi Rogosnitzky

Poetry Power



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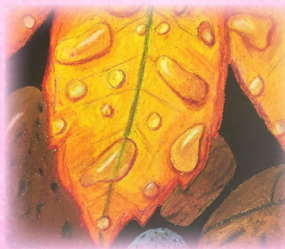
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Yehudit Horowitz



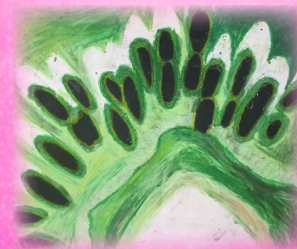
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Sara Grosberg



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Manhattan High School for Girls
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Poetry Power

An anthology of students' original poetry
produced by the ELA department of
Manhattan High School for Girls

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

Robert Frost

Foreword

Poetry has always been the language of the soul, wielding the power to express a human's deepest thoughts and feelings in the fewest space of words. Unfettered from the conventions that structure prose, through poetry, we release nuanced thoughts in the most carefully selected choice of words. Poetry is so precious — we sift and sift and cross out and reconsider until just the right word, with just the right sound, with just the right atmosphere spreads across our paper. And then we whisper the words to feel their form. Are they too feeble? Too fiery? Is our soul satisfied with the way we expressed it?

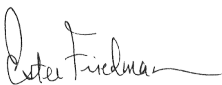
And here's my favorite poem, or one of the hundreds of them. It is not my original but it is someone's. It is said that Frye wrote the poem on a ripped-off piece of a brown grocery bag for a Jewish girl who had fled the Holocaust only to receive news that her own mother had died in Germany. The girl was inconsolable because she couldn't visit her mother's grave to share her emotions.

Do not stand at my grave and weep

by Mary Elizabeth Frye

Do not stand at my grave and weep:
I am not there; I do not sleep.
I am a thousand winds that blow,
I am the diamond glints on snow,
I am the sun on ripened grain,
I am the gentle autumn rain.
When you awaken in the morning's hush
I am the swift uplifting rush
Of quiet birds in circling flight.
I am the soft starshine at night.
Do not stand at my grave and cry:
I am not there; I did not die.

Once again, this year's Poetry Power was a unique experience as we gathered to celebrate our girls' original poetry. Breathtaking it was to observe both their persistence and patience as they sought to assemble just the right words with just the right cadence and make it just the right experience for our audience. My heartfelt appreciation goes to Dr. Shaina Trapedo, Ms. Larissa Dzegar and Miss Ayala Magder for empowering our girls with just the right tools.



Ms. Estee Friedman
Principal, General Studies

The Manhattan High School for Girls
Poetry Power Award

First Place: Michal Treitel

Second Place: Bryna Greenberg

Third Place: Shira Tepfer

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One Girl. One Nation.

Leah Engelman

One girl. One nation.

They are like the tree, weathered by the storm, yet remain whole,
like the caterpillar, suffocated by the chrysalis, only to emerge a butterfly.

One girl. One nation.

They are abused and oppressed, only they persevere.
They are beaten and broken, only they stand back up.

One girl. One nation.

They wonder what His intentions are, yet remain steadfast in their belief.
They are the sheep, and He the shepherd.

One girl. One nation.

They will be pulled from the engulfing waves that yearn to drown them,
saved from the fires that threaten to consume them, from the rod that aims to snap them.

One girl. One nation.

A girl, unwavering and true in her conviction,
A cornerstone of His people.

Hope

Ariella Huberfeld

When the rain keeps falling and the world is gray, there is hope.

When the reports are grim and it's hard to watch the news, there is hope.

When he is forced to pack up his desk and the future seems uncertain, there is hope. When the test results are confirmed and the prognosis is bleak, there is hope.

There is hope because the sun can peek out because it's always somewhere behind the clouds.

There is hope because there are always those who inject the humanity back into humankind.

There is hope because there are always better opportunities if we are persistent. There is hope because there those who are committed to finding the cure.

Hope is sunshine.

Hope is kindness.

Hope is opportunity.

Hope is the cure.

There is hope.

Trespassing

Tikva Nabatian

The house was ours
But no one let us choose
So it was filled with old and broken pictures
Of memories we didn't agree to

The house was ours
But no one let us choose
So it was filled with cold cabinets
Brittle blatant whispers
ear-splitting secrets

The house was ours
But no one let us choose
So it was filled with gifts
Of "try this" and "do that"
And even though we tried
To close our windows
And we tried
To lock our doors
It didn't matter
That the house was ours
Because no one let us choose

Wasted Shame

Chayala Hauptman

Life is too sweet to pass up on a whim,
like roses blooming in a summer's haze,
or sweet soda overflowing a brim,
honey dripping down like a yummy glaze.
To space out and let the world pass you by,
is a waste of talent that you possess;
sharing a gift and not letting it lie,
to let others see and not to impress.
The sun is not afraid to shine so bright,
actors don't fear letting emotions go;
the moon doesn't hide behind the star's light,
nature runs its course and to the world shows.
When we hide behind our own dark shadow,
the great gifts inside us want to bellow.

Heaven's Tears

Leora Lehrfield

Late afternoon, strolling alongside her,
Looking at the trees, their blossoms pink puffs,
At the sky painted an indigo blur,
At the sun surrounded by bright white fluffs.
Wind combs through my hair, sunlight licks my skin,
But the beauty's forgotten like a dream;
Grey clouds invade the blue the sky's once been,
Thunder claps, heavy drops tear the sky's seams.
Clouds like ash smoke with blotches of charcoal,
Huddle together, fierce wind whips trees' leaves.
Sodden clothes cling to us, we shudder, cold,
Close our eyes, wish it to stop. But watch these
Falling diamonds, sparkling scraps of glitter,
Kissing our faces—not all that bitter.

Dreaming

Avigalle Deutsch

I shall compare the clouds to thoughts and dreams,
Fluid in size, never constant in shape,
Endlessly weaving a carpet of themes,
Illustrating hope, an airy landscape.
But often looming dark piles above,
And leaving a trail of ruin behind,
And has the power to loosen the love
And unknot the ties, but also to bind.
And sometimes blocking our vision and sight,
But oftentimes clarifying as well,
Allowing light to shine the edges bright,
Keeping us captive with its weightless spell.
Inspirational and endless it seems,
And full of meaning, these thoughts and these dreams.

The Secret Garden

Zabava Sokolow

On the other side of an uncontrollable city, lay a subtle path.
A useless sort of yellow brick road:
It could get you nothing, it would bring you nowhere.
But still, beyond its uncut grass and fallen branches,
It was the sweetest, most mysterious place you'd ever seen,
With climbing leaves and stems so thick they mat together.
When, coincidentally, the girl passed by its mouth, it called to her;
But she refused, as people do, to believe that a strange, new thing can
be anything more.
And as time went on, as she walked by,
She began to hope that along the path there was something more.
Then with her footsteps she saw that there was something more,
And she wondered why she hadn't, earlier, done something more.
Now, in her own secret garden, she'll look up through the trees at the
sky and its sunsets,
Feeling as if something was pushing and pulling in her chest,
Making her breathe faster.
Because, in her own secret garden, everything was made of magic;
The leaves and trees and flowers and birds were secure in their places,
And the calm brought with it a sort of courage and hope.
Then, in her own secret garden, she was grateful.
Grateful for her useless yellow brick road,
Because nothing and nowhere was just what she needed.

My Land

Rachel Jacobi

My Land

Where the bluebirds sing

And the sound of the mockingbird is easily found

Where the sun always shimmers with gold

And the darkness of night never appears

Where fairy's sometimes fly and rollick

And sparkling rainbows are never cliché

Where dreams are fine mist on the green open fields

But never out of reach, or touch

Where safety is never questioned

Because wickedness is merely a myth

Where sometimes it's all too good to be true.

It's My Land.

Come To Freedom

Erumi Cohn

Come dear child,
Come to safety.
Away from the smashed cars, burning buildings,
and gas masks.

Come dear child,
Come fight the darkness and let the nightmare
fade away,
Into a vapor where it will soon join the other
vapors of pain.

Come dear child,
Come into the light,
Where you can succeed.

Come dear child,
Come wipe away the tears of fear from your face,
This is a land of Freedom.

Six Cut Short

Shoshana Farber

Little children playing in the street.
See the smiles upon their little faces,
Hear the patter of those little feet.
Come and watch them play their little races.
Grandparents and parents watch with glee,
Not knowing of danger, to come to pass.
Cruelty will soon force them to flee,
Beginning with the night of broken glass.
Now their worlds have been turned upside down,
Lives at the mercies of their aggressor.
Businesses and shuls burnt to the ground.
Six million Jews have been lost forever.
We can't ever express all we have lost,
All those years ago, in the Holocaust.

1943

Meryl Rubin

I was Peaceful, content
Happy.
I knitted it myself
For 6 weeks - after school
Mother and I
Just kept knitting
Light blue and white angora
With my initials
E.H.
Oh! How I loved
that dress.
My smile,
It was real.
I was happy.
And content.
1943
A time before
The war.
Now every time
I take the picture out
To remember
The dress that I made,
That I had to leave behind-
That same glistening smile unfolds
But this time with tears.

Goodbye Mama

Shira Tepper

I forgot to say goodbye
When my world turned gray
Papa should have come to the station
To see me off
Instead Mama was there
Alone
Her eyes and smile fading
Away
As her hands shook
I will not forget her but
I wish I had said goodbye
I don't understand why she isn't crying
It makes it worse
Her cold eyes and squared shoulders
Like the soldiers with the weird symbol
The one Mama says
I must hide from
But if I am hiding how will she find me?
And brush my hair
Soothe my tears
Whisper goodnight
All she whispers now is goodbye
The wind is soft today
And the station is littered
With empty paces once filled
By husbands and brothers
And the cries of children

Linger
Although the train is gone
Whispers dance on the
breeze
Goodbye
Mama
Please
Don't forget me

Seventeen

Draisy Friedman

You winced when I told you I was 17,
because you know how difficult that particular age is.
But I wonder if I could ever know what it was like for you,
because yes I know what it means to be 17 and hurting but
I don't know what it's like to be 17 and alone,
kicked out from every place you once called home,
every star a reminder that you are what remains after
the world spits out the dregs of people you called
family. I can't help but wonder if you ever actually read that newspaper
or if it just sat there, discarded with false carelessness on your dining
room table,
its headline glaring at you from across your breakfast meal.
Six million people dead and here you sit eating eggs with your family.
Six million. It's too large of a number for a 17 year old to comprehend,
it encompasses the entire world and swallows it whole
leaving you sitting in an abandoned park, unread newspaper prone on
your lap.
I wonder how you ever managed to get up,
to walk, not away but towards,
to write and draw, to make the unspeakable tangible.
I don't know that strength. My 17 is not your 17 but
when I think of you, standing strong and turning
barren parks into a tree of grandchildren, I remember
that endurance runs in my blood and my
bones carry the strength of generations.

Because He Loved Me

Rachel Klamen

My father looked at me
With his piercing eye
Staring
Straight at me
Not a look of anger
Not a look of harshness
Not a look of aggression
It was a look of disappointment
Because he cared
Because he loved me
Because he wanted me to be the best I could be
But I just looked away

I Will

Chloe Gertner

When the twinkling stars decide to come out of hiding,
And the shadow of the candle light illuminate our faces,
Mom pulls out the tarnished mirror.
It's the only time I see me.
But I never see me alone,
He's there.
He puts his callused hand on my shoulder.
His eyes are red and worn,
And there is a sincere smile etched into his face.
He whispers,
"Carry on son, make me proud up here."
And every night I whisper back,
"I will."

A Tennis Match With Every Meal

Elishava Rosensweig

Ricocheting from one end
Of the table to another as the conversation,
Changing speed and connotation,
Rebounds between father and son.
Echoing louder as the tensions
Rise and fall in a cycle.
As the onlookers question
The father's submission
And the son's motives
Whether they spur from sincerity,
Deepening the furrowed brow of concern
Or a desire to learn
and try his father's knowledge
softening that very crease of unease.
Onlookers stay to watch and wonder,
Questioning the child's reverence
For the man who taught him his trade
The man who taught him how
To refute an argument,
To present both sides,
To root for two teams.
He emerges with a smile of victory
But searches for his father's pride,
His approval.
Both concerned of the other's
Thoughts and motives
And too afraid to provoke
And maybe hear
The answer.

Avalanche To Learn

Rachelle Benedict

Universal father,
I am rocky and steep
I run around water and air
Sit on thrones of dirt
I reach to levels of spiritual domain
Valleys and peaks
I am a Mountain
Not
A metaphor for your son's
Hopes and dreams
I reach tall
Undisturbed by your triumphs or suffering
Why must my shape be your anchor for hope?
Why am I victimized for my over weight curves?

Universal son,
A path going upwards
Is also going downwards
Deciding a direction
Is what makes,
You a son
He a father
And I a mere mountain.

56 Seconds

Gila Klein

They said you wouldn't make it
That I should have given up on you long ago
And save myself from the pain
But I knew you were stronger
I knew you'd prove them wrong
And you did.
For 56 seconds.
I wanted so desperately to trace the lines of your face
But you were so delicate, the weight of a feather could've crushed you
So I retracted my hands and memorized every crease in your eye lids
With every withering breath you took,
I fell deeper and deeper in love
Until you took your last
You left in peace while leaving me here to suffer
They said I should save myself from the pain
But if given the chance, I would do it all again.
Because For 56 seconds,
You made me a mother

Escaping Secrets

Chynna Levin

Each particle simmers in your ear
Bursting to venture outside
Pleading to let the truth be known
Of this act against the tide
May all the rest have not heard
Though you have formulated every word
Do tell, do tell
The secret flutters like a bird
Your lips part
Yet no sound escapes
Those you are talking to
Ponder your mind's place
They continue to converse
And you bite your tongue
And wonder just what could have happened
Had you divulged to everyone
But a secret is a secret
One meant for you alone
So keep it close, don't let it go
And throw the key away
Maybe soon it will escape
Though thank Heavens not today

When She Became the Branch

Hindi Medalie

The energy scurrying through her, pure.
A child's park intricately designed.
Her mind places her in the immature,
The state where she'd hide and they tried to find.
Yet they'd search and search, but they couldn't see
While she was turning, behind, in her mind.
They were focused on the norm, the old tree,
While she was driven to not be aligned.
Put in comparison with the old wood,
She decided to move, make it okay,
Have others look at her, her as she could,
Rather than being the wood—choose her way.
Dance took her over, as parks do the norm,
But she altered it to make it her form.

Pretty Words

Bryna Greenberg

My life as an ordinary person
can give pretty words a home
And I can give you more ways to know
that surely we all die
Or I can write about
how I am different
how theres a pain
in me
that's just like yours
but it's
different
than yours
and it's covered in pretty words like:
mellifluous
and
nefarious
and it can make you feel
something

Because we're the kind of people
That see how the art
Is modern
And know that the eggshells
Are more than just eggshells
but nobody
checks
on what "all natural"
Means
Even in boldface
On a carton
Of

juiced oranges
We ask questions
We like to know
Why
And we like how the feeling
of knowledge
rolls down our
backs
and keeps our heads high
And we never
want
to feel left out
but we never give way
to let anyone in
Or let in change
Or
Let change in---semantics
And there's a petrichor
every time it pours
and it's like brown sugar
and metal
and it's warm
foggy
like a dream---pretty words
just thought you'd like to see
because my house has computer paper
in stacks
of 500

and I'm wasting them;
Papers

with spines of trees
For the selfish need
Of words
That demand to be read
And if somehow
The mouth of my pen
Drops a
Pretty word or two
I pray it finds its way
Between the minds
And lines
Of brain
To be pretty enough
To matter

From Deep Down We Fly

Rosie Katz & Chava Milo

Like a deep pit, you fall, with no way out
Descending further, heat begins to rise;
Questioning what is ahead, feeling doubt,
Your eyes gleam and shine, awaiting a prize.
Now done, I hold the book against my chest,
Reflecting on the great experience.
Made it out with knowledge, a smile, the best! --
So many characters, so marvelous.
From a pit to new exploring spaces,
Books can let your imagination fly
Through stories you can explore new places,
Though many endings can cause you to cry.
Bored, one cannot be with a book in hand,
Read and you will travel to a new land!

A Sonnet of Words & Wind

Noa Garfinkel

Shall I compare to words the air we breathe,
Surrounding us, invisible, not seen?
We use both from the morn until the eve,
Words to describe all of the places we've been.
And air allowing the words to come forth
To be absorbed by another person,
Whose sighs, yawns, and coughs are winds in the North,
Letters float around for us to immerse in.
There for us to take and form into words,
From letters to words and from breaths to wind,
Trying to breathe and speak too much like birds,
Let the many words settle in your mind—
Add to them meaning and you will find that
Understanding comes not to be laughed at.

Uncoupling

Rebecca Russo

This poem must be perfect it must be excellent
Since everyone is listening I must be eloquent

The rhymes must be exacting, the rhythm systematic
The story should inspire but not be overdramatic

My vocabulary choice shall reflect my complex thought
While my meaning shall be hidden smartly in the plot
Perfection is expected and deliver it I must

For if I don't I fail and I will feel disgust
Success is unattainable as my goals are always higher

Moved up as they are reached – so I'm a frequent flyer
Make eye contact and smile, keep reading clear and strong

Project your voice don't falter, not one word may be wrong
Their eyes are glazing over, I've lost I've failed, Oh dear!

Breath Deep ... Relax ... Shake off the fear
Shake off the chains of perfectionism
Shake off the claims of meticulousness
Shake off the restrains of expectations

Just let go and free yourself!

Keep reading clear and strong - Your voice will carry

It is your smile they have come to see
It is your story they want to know

It is you they have come to hear

Four Letters

Chaya Sara Malek

Night or day all I think about is you.
“Sick” they said, “it will all be fine,” they said,
As if being sick was just like the flu.
It’s more than that. Something you leave unsaid,
Yet it’s not something you can always fix.
Like the wind it flows and ebbs as it wants.
Your best friend is hope, throw that in the mix.
As your best friend, it is something to flaunt,
Slowly, the pain returns, hope doesn’t last.
Four letters with unlike definitions,
“Hope” is the fix, “sick” can crush a world fast.
A word is made by letter position.
Letters are just shapes that signify sound,
But words carry meaning that can astound.

The Girl With a Cautious Life

Ruchama Biderman

I don't notice the sweat dripping down my sleek, oily
brow.

I don't notice my broken railroad track.

Day by day another part of me gets

Yet I think, "I will never fail."

Nothing will let me slam the brakes on my ongoing train,

Write.

Rewrite.

Toss.

It will never be good enough.

Not unless it's perfect.

My engine starts to rumble, something sounds off.

But that doesn't stop me.

It never does.

My stomach becomes a knot,

Twisting tight.

As if to form a dam

Against all the feelings pouring in.

I ignore it,

I'm almost at the finish line.

But in truth, this train doesn't have a final destination,

Because all I strive for is perfection.

Sounds of joy from the neighbor's yard

Are to me, a wailing siren.

Never will I be like them,

Why waste a life with nonsense,

When perfection may be imminent.

I won't fail, because I don't let myself.

I never failed,
Except every day of my life.
I was the girl who lived the cautious life.

Bullet Whole

Michal Treitel

I hate writing, but love having written,
and I'm not alone, though it seems absurd.
Past logophiles were likewise smitten
by the sweet torture of the written word.
Stories are reversed bullets in the heart;
they strike me from within, square in the chest--
can't move, can't breathe, I fear I may depart.
To survive, my thoughts I must manifest.
I pour out the ink surging through my veins,
build people and places so intricate.
Words keep me sane, so I write hurricanes
until my words and I are infinite.
I drop my pen--whole again--and portal
to where words armor, and I'm immortal.

In Sarasota

Mimi Rogosnitzky

It was sunny.
And the free rays
Streamed into
The classroom
In Sarasota
Where the children
Sat 'round.
Black clouds
Billowed over
The entire country.

But nobody knew
That a storm was coming
Because in Sarasota
Where he sat
It was sunny.
One whisper
Unleashed the horror.
But there he sat
In Sarasota.

Unleashed Monster

Tirtza Jochowitz

My fear is unleashed, reality forms,
Anticipating what my future holds.
Venations kick up an endless sandstorm,
People's' worst nightmare begins to unfold.

Gladiator sandals laced up too tight,
Bloodthirsty roars excited for fresh blood.
Arm shield trembling in hand, quite a sight,
Many stomping feet result in a thud.

Straggly beard, unkempt from sleepless nights,
Feeble muscle, my attempt at training.
Unnecessary blood spilled in these fights,
Unlike my captors, muscles are straining.

Monster is unleashed, kicking up burnt sand,
Huge head seeking the comfort of my hand.

My Personal Groundhog Day

Yaeli Berkowitz

Cross-legged in my hollow,
I am in solitude.
But don't feel hollow.
The dwelling which you call stifling,
I call comfortable.
The four walls I erected, lend me a mother's womb.
The rays of sunshine grab me
And pull me out.
Wrenching my chamber away from me.
Yes.
I am frightened by my own shadow.
The beams coax me;
They tell me there are infinities beyond my hollow.
Let my thoughts roam free in the spring air.
I oblige.
I emerge.
My doubts saunter toward the horizon.
In the absence of my shadow.

No Room

Chayie Safrin

Once copper now sea green, she welcomes all.
Unlike humans this statue is perfect.
No imperfections, like a straight stone wall,
Lady Liberty stands like a suspect.
People may feel her love, but it's not real,
Only humans can truly touch a heart.
Like a man who proposes and will kneel,
Not like the lifelessness of abstract art.
She appears tall and certain like soldiers,
While humans falter as if a drunk man.
Fears as if he wears them on his shoulders,
And insane like the face of a madman.
Though flawed humans may strive for perfection,
For statues there's no room for correction.

To Those Tempted By Revenge

Serene Klapper

He lurks in the darkness and in grief,
Feeding flames to the hollow hearted.
While I toil without relief,
To bring justice to those that have departed.

I have been called a man of inferior taste,
Whose methods are impersonal and done with much haste.
Yet I beg of you- let my force drive your will,
And once justice is served you will have had your fill.

Revenge may be more passionate, more creative than I,
But I can more sensibly settle the affair.
And when justice is served, and we see eye to eye,
You can be sure you have escaped Revenge's snare.

Though I am a man of inferior taste,
With methods that are cold and done with much haste
I still beg of you- do not see his path to the end,
Lest you be consumed by my fiery friend.

I Don't Want To Build A Snowman

Shoshana Rosenthal

I fell deeper and deeper in love
I raise the beaker to eye-level,
and take in the yellowish-green color that makes my mind go places
not suitable for polite company.
And I'm supposed to drink this.
They say "Anything for beauty"—
Ha!—
They mean "Anything to fit in".
The liquid sloshes of its own accord,
and I start to get concerned.
What will happen when strong-willed me
ingests this potion with a mind of its own?
Dr. Jekyll keeps popping into my mind,
telling me to vanquish my demons on my own,
that it's better in the long run.
But that's why I developed this concoction
in the first place,
because hearing voices is a great, one way, journey to a psychiatrist,
even when you know the voices aren't there.
People are strange that way.
I put the beaker down,
my hand twitching,
the glass shaking,
because this is not some simple ritual.
This is more than an elaborate mask.
It's a violation of my very self.
I watch two bubbles attach
and join,
floating up to the surface,
breaking it,
taking part of me with the vapor.

My eyes track these wisps until they disappear
through the ceiling vent.
Hush, little one!
This will be good for you.
I pick up the beaker again
and a spasm shoots up my arm,
so I jerk the stuff to my lips,
and force it down.
It fizzes my mouth,
but I lock my jaw.
My throat closes around it,
so I choke on both that vile liquid and my own throat
at the same time.
My stomach churns and begs me to hurl it up.
I refuse.
My brain cries out “NO! No! no! no!
as it hazes out.
And now I’m ready.
The smile takes over my face
And I gush
“Oh my gosh!
That nail polish looks amazing on you!
Where on Earth did you get it?!”

Life As A Diamond

Rachel Retter

Life as a diamond
Is not as great as it seems
Sure,
You are perfect.
Stunning.
The envy of all who see.
Intricately carved,
Flawlessly etched.
The gasp and gape at your beauty.
Every facet shines
With perfect clarity;
Every angle strikes the light, and scatters it
Among distant stars.
But you are colorless,
And bare.
They can see right through you.
Straight to your core.
Every nick and scratch
Is analyzed;
Evokes whispers. And raised eyebrows
At anything but
Cold
Crystalline
Perfection.
Is that what you want?
Life as a diamond
Is not as great as it seems.

A Royal Fake

Rachel Liebling

Princesses and petticoats
Velvet, silk, and fluff
I'd rather wear
A shirt to tear
For me that's enough

Chains of pearls and ruby rings
Treasure inlaid with gems
By some other means
I've got my jeans
Without some girly hems

Maids to cook and servants to clean
Drinks only a butler can pour
I cannot despise
A coke and fries
And I can open my own door

With money to spend and places to go
A chauffer ready to wait
A window seat
Shuffling feet
Paying the subway rate

Early morning a bit of lilac
Some honey in her tea.
I'm just fine
With what's mine
And besides, that's not me

Extravagant entrance prior
Immediately stop to stare
If I walk into a room
Please just assume
The attention is what I can spare

Assistance provided by ladies in waiting
Displaying the utmost concern
But who am I kidding?
I guess I'm admitting
Every girl dreams of her turn
Assistance provided by ladies in wait
Every girl dreams of her turn

In Their Shoes

Nechama Melohn

She feels her phone buzz and swings her bags over her shoulder,
The hot coffee drops,
She freezes in frustration.
Her bags hit the gentleman's face and it all becomes blurry,
The expensive glasses smack the ground,
He curses her clumsiness.
The little boy across the hall reads the man's lips,
His ears are silent, he wishes he could hear.
He would feel elation to experience any sound at all.
Through the glass door, the girl sits outside and watches the boy walk
down the hall,
Her feet are stuck to the wheelchair, she wishes she could walk.
She would be grateful to take even a few steps.
The elderly woman watches the girl in the wheelchair eating her
lunch,
The pavement is cold, she needs a home.
She would love some warmth and a roof over her head.
From inside, he gazes out his window at the homeless woman on the
curb,
His breathing is slow, his life is ending.
He dreams for the hope to live another day.
Coffee stains on her shirt, bags looped over her arm, she enters the
room.
He looks like a puppet, limbs hanging loosely on wires.
Holding desperately onto life, knowing her brother is losing the war.
Stammering to tell his sister how he feels,
He reaches out and tells her he loves her.
She made it in time.
All her problems are insignificant.

Victim

Goldie Goldberger

In a small corner all alone he sits,
A better life is all he can dream of;
Hearing his parents fight rips him to bits,
Wants to feel a little something called love.
But no, in school the pain can never show,
In the park fighting those who have no strife;
Acting tough on the outside, insides about to blow,
He's jealous of those with a better life.
Treating everyone poorly to feel good,
But really hates no one more than himself;
Making others cry like his whole childhood,
His tears kept in a box, locked on the shelf.
How would they act if they knew what goes on?
Would it be different? Would he feel safe?
NO. They can never know who he is truly,
And that's why to others, he is a bully.

Invincible

Temima Feder

Sometimes high school hurts; kids are cruel; life's mean.
I go home with the right to be angry.
I'm cold, smiles few and far in between.
My mouth clamps shut; my eyes refuse to see
that I'm acting selfish always wanting
and letting painful stuff put out my spark.
Pain is real but life's constantly taunting.
I shut friends out and sink into the dark.
Pathetic! Stop crying! Grow up! Be strong!
None of that matters. Tomorrow I'll scoff.
Problems recycle. They go on and on.
So why pay attention? I can be tough.
I will let these problems be trivial.
I will stand up and be invincible.

A Little White Lie

Daniella Cohen

It is quite complicated to build trust,
In a world full of people who deny.
They say they will only slip if they “must,”
But I know this to be an outright lie.
They walk around as if they are sincere,
They are fake and mean without knowing it.
They do not realize they are causing fear,
But the words that they say do not quite fit.
They think that people truly respect them,
As they attempt to cheat their way through life.
Their main goal in mind, to shine like a gem,
Little do they know they are causing strife.
But I will not judge their pitiful ways,
I hope you understand, this is a phase.

The Minds of Generations

Esther Mehlman

If life demanded of me nothing,
I'd build a perennial fortress
Stack my pillows just right.
Get comfortable,
Too comfortable.
I'll rise, nevermore!

Diving into the wreck of my archives
Of an unseen world,
Into a swimming sea of words and wisdom
I hold my breath till my lungs give way.
But the center cannot hold.

All sorts of idiocy,
They beckon me with outrageous requests.
“Kid, you'll move mountains!”
Do this, do that, with muchness.
If it were up to me,
The only place I'd go would be right here.
But it isn't.

So I tear down my fortress
Feather by feather,
Leaf by leaf,
And back I go,
Into thou bitter sky,
Which we call our home.

I've read that words are lovely, dark and deep,
And I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
But pages must turn so I can reap
The minds of all generations.

The Best Words

Esty Friedman

This sonnet will be the best one ever!
I'll tell you why that is, I'll tell you why.
It's because I'm just so smart and clever.
No one's as great as me, myself, and I.
It's going to be amazing, you'll see—
Everyone loves it already for sure.
Very amazing, just listen to me.
I've made billions like these and then some more.
I know words, I have the best words, I do!
I'm here to make poetry great again.
I'm going to make it better for you,
I'm a winner; I'm the best of all men.
When they see my name people point and jump,
I'm the real deal, my name is Donald Trump.

Pleading the Fifth

Leah Rothman

Coming home from school Friday afternoon,
Smelling scents of your mother's homemade food.
The anticipation of the bright moon,
Transforms the evening and uplifts the mood.
Spending time with your friends and family,
Sleeping, eating, relaxing, having fun,
Transcends you into a rich fantasy,
That elevates and inspires everyone.
Sitting around the beautiful table,
With tablecloth, china and silverware,
Anticipating soup from the ladle,
Prepared and cooked with tender, love and care.
Shabbat brings joy, excitement, contentment,
It all began with the 5th commandment.

Possession of Myself

Miriam Escott

I really don't understand why you must
Speak for me, hear for me, express for me.
Can't I be in my mind and earn your trust,
Living my life with rights, how it should be?
Why are your walls steel and mine glass?
Me, inspected from the closest distance,
You, no entrance to the fortress, no pass.
I could pound the walls, days with persistence.
It's said by people that I'm a recluse.
Is that who I am or what you have said?
Do you close me off so I am of use?
Why must you put all these thoughts in my head?
I despise when you take over my mind.
Lost forever, like the rest of your kind.

Four-ever A Soldier

Nechama Reichman

Although struck with illness he would shine through,
With his smile that turned darkness into light.
His courage that made his dreams all come true,
And optimism that made the world bright.
The four-year-old boy always loved to play,
Eagerly waited for the car to come
To pick him up and go down the driveway,
Despite being sick he remained cheersome.
To see him happy throughout was true bliss,
All the doctors agreed he was clever.
He played hockey and scored without a miss,
And gave everyone the best time ever!
He did fight until the battle was done,
Though he is gone, he remains Champion.

The Impact of Twelve Seconds

Yael Grosberg

Just twelve seconds that is all it will take
A whisper, a giggle, and ten heads turn
Please just leave her alone for heaven's sake
I can't bare to watch her face slowly burn
Just three seconds that is all it will take
Her beautiful smile transforms to a pout
Poor child she can never catch a break
Her sweet innocent soul begins to shout
Just one second that is all it will take
Her shaky legs drag her outside the room
Smirks form on ten faces, what a mistake
They're probably satisfied I assume
Was it worth it? You think you're so clever?
You may forget this, but she will never.

I Hate Poetry

Ariella Seidman

“Please write something about your emotions,”
“Write fourteen lines with ten syllables each,”
I was very annoyed at this notion!
“Raise your hand,” “Don’t call out,” commands the teach.
Er, I don’t like being told what to do.
The rules that you enforce are restricting.
It does not allow for anything new—
Oh, the looks you give me are convicting.
I shall simply do whatever I please.
See, no emotion will be evoked here!
And I will write one hundred lines with ease!
Oh, the ten syllable rule I can’t bear.
But I followed the rules, here is my tale,
Because if I don’t, I simply will fail.

Raw Emotion

Michal Haas

To trust is
to believe in
to rely on
you

To lie is
to lose that trust
to not get it back
from me

To forgive is
to hide that lie
to protect us both
really, you

To mislead is,
forgiveness aside,
to trick the fool
that is me

To forget is
to mislead myself
to think it's okay
what's done by you

To realize is
to see the truth
to truly think
about me

To end is
to break away
to save myself
from you

To end is
to forgive and forget
to trust in someone
real

To end is
to forgive and forget
to trust in someone
me.

The Trek

Esther Guelfgnat

Shall I compare life to a bumpy road?
The road to achieve a precious thing;
The trekker must ride with a heavy load,
Stumbling over even a small string.
Higher and higher the trekker must climb,
Sometimes the road is smooth and others it is not.
Quiet and peaceful the climb has downtime,
Suddenly there is a bump, it has rot.
This is a test that the trekker must pass,
And from this test he will become greater.
Although he may feel that he is low-class,
He has turned into a navigator.
Tests come only to help one grow higher—
Hashem will give us gems to acquire.

Life Through the Lens of Endurance

Chedvah Lamm

A tree starts its life at its weakest roots,
The seed is planted and begins to sprout,
Soon enough it is taller than the newts,
The leaves blossom and the trunk becomes stout.
At its peak the trunk is undefeated,
But as it ages it weakens and rots;
A baby begins life uncompleted,
It makes footprints, untying hidden knots.
As it grows it stands stronger and taller,
It laughs, giggles, screams, and shouts, young and free,
At its climax it's a budding scholar,
It dies with finished goals for all to see.
Both trees and people begin young and weak,
They strengthen their roots and have wants to seek.

The Fall

Gitty Bosbnack

On a black pedestal,
There lies a secret treasure
So stunning and shiny,
Valued beyond measure.
When looked upon by everyone,
They call her a prize,
But her inner beauty
they fail to recognize.
An amazing transformation
Has made her like this,
From coal to diamond,
A sparkling shimmering kiss;
Only her face they care for,
Only her glisten and gleam,
For if one she fell on the floor
What would her pretty mean?

Handful of Trust

Dina Rochel Blumenthal

Her pudgy little hand
Balled into a tight fist
Hiding that which is enclosed in it,
Refusing to show anyone who asks
Because this is her secret.
Hers alone, not to be shared.
No one can take it from her,
No one can even take a peek.
But soon sleep overwhelms
And the grip loosens.
There is a space between those fingers now
But no one dares to look
Because this is her secret,
And they don't want to lose her trust.

Just In Case

Nina Melohn

Mommy was taken away,
She wasn't feeling well all day.
Daddy doesn't know what to say,
For the past three months in bed she lay.

Tubes and wires tie her to the bed,
I have so much worry in my little head.
Why is Mommy's face so hot and red?
"When you get home, we'll have ice cream," Grandma said.

Daddy squeezes my tiny fingers tight,
My tummy's turning, I'm not alright!
The doctor comes out and I'm ready to fight,
"It's a boy," he announces, his face filled with delight.

I grip the edge of Mommy's bed as she smiles back at me,
"He's my little green pea, we are calling him Charlie."
But I'm her little green pea and this is not how it's supposed to be!!
Please, please take him back, I plea.

Flush him down the toilet, give him away,
Throw him in the bay, it's not that cold in May.
Leave him in the freezer section, aisle six in Fairway
How come I didn't have a say?

Why are they staring at me so horrified?
Daddy picks me up and pulls me aside.
"You know you're my princess, our joy and pride.
Charlie won't change that at all," he cried.

I look down at the baby, at his cute little face,
I wouldn't mind beating him in a potato sack race
Or when we play house he can be the dad in my place
It might be good to have a little brother, just in case.

A Sister's Love

Morielle Tolchin

Touch as the clouds condense
Over and over
It grows tighter and tighter
Entangle as the wind blows
Over and over
It grows tighter and tighter
Lock as the storm hits
Over and over
Forever

Top 10 Tips to Survive, Minus 4

Chaya Sara Oppenheim

1. Avoid the mirror

Not because of the face surrounding the eyes you see
But because of the mass of negative space
Reflecting back

2. Know your statistics

Not because your did you know?'s will save someone's life
But because you don't need Darwin to tell you
That knowledge is power

3. Don't speak up

Not because you have nothing to say
But because people don't have to be deaf
To be unable to listen

But despite this--

4. Observe the mirror

Not in search of the people you know won't be standing behind you
But because you need to know the face
Of the person you're fighting for

5. Throw facts away

Not because your opinion is valid without proof (it's not)
But because sometimes you have to remind yourself
That your heart is still beating

6. Speak up confidently

Not because you want the attention
But because you have a message worth delivering
And you've decided that you're worth it

The Disguise

Hwi Rosenkranz

My smile supports me
It is my mask
My disguise
My protection.

I offer my smile to others
To make them feel at ease
To show people that I care
To cheer up those around me.

I offer my smile to myself
To camouflage my insecurities
To conceal disappointments
To cheer myself.

My smile never leaves me
It is my armor.
Without it I might crumble
I might lose myself.

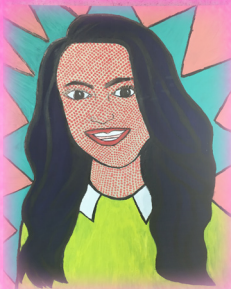
This shield doesn't always protect
It doesn't always provide security.
Sometimes it brings harm and
Not just to myself.

My smile should be genuine
It should be used with discretion
Sparingly
So when it appears, it's authentic.

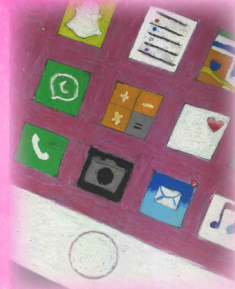
I have to step out of my armor
And trust that I can stand without it
When it's used with intent
It will protect.



Chaya Sherman



Dafna Stern



Huvi Rosenkranz



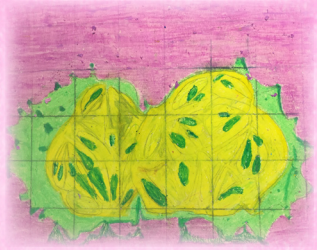
Leah Engelman



Ashira Feld



Ariella Mause



Bella Rubin



Elisheva Rosensweig



Aliza Frankel



Hadassah Penn



Ayelet Huberfeld



Malkie Rubin



Tziporah Braunstein



Shira Tepfer



Rikki Siebzener



Shaina Reissman



Nina Melohn