



Hannah Balasiano



Layla Crystal



Tirtza Jochnowitz

Poetry Power



Nechama Fermaglich



Estee Gerber



Riki Rowe



Rena Brodie



Kayla Landau



Yehudit Horowitz



Chaviva Berger



Michal Haas



Yael Grosberg

Manhattan High School for Girls
Spring 2017

Poetry Power

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

Spring 2017

“Painting is poetry that is seen
rather than felt, and poetry
is painting that is felt
rather than seen.”

Leonardo da Vinci

Foreword

Pastels swiveled into creations unimagined, poetry takes you past the realms of the mundane and into a three-dimensional spectrum of intelligence, emotion, and personal vision. It is art in its own way that encapsulates the magic of the brush stroke, but uses the wand of words. By applying words “Just Wri(gh)te,” poetry enables you to paint illusions and stain color into a black and white world. A poem can elicit wonder and put a filter on hope. It gives you the chance to illustrate the voice within and showcase a message to a rapt gallery of viewers.

Designed to communicate that which cannot be expressed in ordinary prose, the purpose of poetry is to use language economically and visually—to share an expansive thought or express an overwhelming emotion using only the wri(gh)te words. To this end, poetic language resists the strictures of direct communication-- grammar, mechanics, and literalization fall by the wayside. In their place, similes, puns, personification, onomatopoeia, alliteration and allusion abound. Poetry is the the fork in the road where salmon swim upstream toward a fruit salad of nuts and bolts. Where fragments composed of mixed metaphors exist without censure. It’s where you strategically say what you mean without always meaning what you say, whether formed in a lyrical, sonnet or nonce poem. We sift through the googolplex of words available to us and consider their weighted rhythm, and sometimes, cross out each one and feel compelled to invent our own, until we are able to stand back and view the piece of art that splatters the page with reds and blues and limgentaquois.

To Manhattan High School, we have the utmost gratitude for providing us with the tools to embark on a self-created journey and produce this anthology of abstract, impressionistic, cubic, surrealist expression. Our collective poetry is a masterpiece that we are proud to exhibit here. Many heartfelt thanks to Ms. Friedman for her contagious enthusiasm for the written word, to Dr. Trapedo for leading this literary enrichment project, to Mrs. Kanowitz for the aesthetic layout, and to our respected teachers, Ms. Dzegar, Ms. Langosh, Mrs. Benchimol, and Miss Magder for the brushes you have equipped us with. For you we offer this poem of tribute, few but thoughtful words, to reveal what we feel in our hearts:

Your Editors,
Nechama Fermaglich, Meital Israel, and Chana Leah Seif

Session 333022 Article:154

Nechama Fermaglich, Meital Israel, and Chana Leah Seif

An establishment since 1907,
The fenced old gothic building,
Swallowed by the surrounding monstrous towers,
She belongs to a street, a neighborhood, a city.

This building is no different to a pigeon than the next
Little coos
As they patiently wait to learn how to fly.

To soar above the words of writ and blue skies,
And wish to shape their own path,
They observe, they listen, and they create.
They are attentive throughout.

Compelled by a lesson, they spread their wings,
And lift their minds off the ground.
And fly into a world never visited,
The world of knowledge.

As poets, we paint the mosaic of expression
Because poetry has the power to convey.
Feelings too hard to articulate,
With ambiguity and complex thought, a masterpiece has been painted.

The Manhattan High School for Girls
Poetry Power Award

First Place: Bryna Greenberg

Second Place: Noa Garfinkel

Third Place: Rachel Jacobi

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SECTION I

SONNETS

The Horizon

Miriam Mermelstein

The point where the sky meets the ocean blue
Sunset grasping at the last holds of sky light,
Then, the ocean has finally withdrew,
All hopes at commercing have become dry.

But, the next day the sun rises again
The point goes on forever left and right,
Given a chance to see the infinite when
The end seems as close as the starry night

There is no telling how far the line goes,
It pushes me to what seems is almost.
May never see the mesmerizing glow
It's the journey I look forward to most.

The strength within me may not be enough
Hope is what's needed to get through the tough.

Diving Under the Sea

Tamar Dan

As I stand alone on the flimsy board,
Voices chat happily from behind me.
The clear water beneath me smiles broad,
As I jump up high and fall in the sea.
The sudden sound of water rushing by,
As I plunge into the frigid water.
My hands and legs move slower with each try,
Yet I am ready and dive in the blur.
In seconds, I am touching the ground,
The water feeling warmer than before.
But I need to breathe in and turn around
soaring up to where the water meets air.
I walk back to the board, still soaking wet,
Then jump off once again without a sweat.

Tabula Rasa

Nechama Buchbinder

She sees her white paper and it's still blank.
She stares at it and it stares back at her.
A staring contest that she cannot break.
She puts pen to paper, but words don't whir.

Her ideas pass like sheep after sheep,
She spends her time wondering and thinking.
She is looking in her head, oh so deep
Until words begin romping and winking.

She figures it out and starts to write quick--
Ink flows from her pen like untying knots.
Every ripe word she is careful to pick,
Like tender fruit (and youth) before it rots.

Her phrases transcend just like a skyscraper
As she sees ink flow on her white paper.

The Last Sonnet

Yael Mehlman

Ever so sly in my ear you whisper,
A black vision creeps amidst the dark night,
As you steal blue from my eyes I whimper,
Strip my stars to dull grey once ago bright.
Fire red rivers flushed away as waste,
Crimson lips iced violet by your glaze.
My mind shuffles through untried thoughts in haste,
You blur my blithe world to melancholy days.
The eerie white hum of your black songs ring,
“*You’re mine now,*” your raspy, chilling voice claims.
Your clan of pawns trap my forlorn sole king,
Reigning player of thine own’s maligned games.
You think you have gotten me, that you’ve won.
And yet, I’ve been waiting for you to come.

When Winter Becomes Spring

Esther Bertram

In the beginning it ceased to arrive.
The ground lay empty and bare while waiting.
The sky became a sad grey and said "I've
never yet seen winter hesitating."

In the middle it began to fly down
and floated towards the earth silently.
Sprinkles of flurries slowly reached the ground,
close to the end it fell violently.

The air became thick and the flakes did too,
the ground and sky met and blurred into one.
But it came to an end as the wind blew.
All at once it stopped and there was the sun.

And the ground became visible to all.
And everyone heard springs sweet, soft, calm call.

Flame of Wisdom

Rachelle Gelbtuch

Knowledge is the goal toward which to aspire,
Critical insight and wisdom complex.
Its cause and effect compared to fire--
It stays in one's brain and moves to the next.

Like the wick of a new candle that's lit,
Without weakening, it gives to others--
To those seeking truth and thirsting for wit,
Nourishing children like prudent mothers.

A thought is passed from one to another,
Igniting the mind and kindling one to think.
Aware all comes came from another,
The knowledge in this world will never shrink.

Just like each candle passes on its light,
Wisdom is a torch passed to make us bright.

Still Breathing

Hanna Gerber

It's been a week or a month or a year,
The sky is the color of looming death.
We refuse to let them witness a tear.
Soon we will be taking our very last breath.
Cramped in huts that witness our suffering,
We pray to G-d for just another day.
Families seized from murderers' roughing,
Crudely from our grasp and taken away.
Left or right settled our ultimate fate,
Every day, rain, snow or shine, we lined up.
Waiting to be shot, killed because of hate,
Lacking essentials, even a lone cup.
We were abhorred though reduced to a few--
And it was for simply being a Jew.

Disney Dreams

Rachel Fogel

The dreams I do dream, oh if they came true,
Jet to Paris, Eiffel tower a la mode.
Fulfil my potential as G-d fearing Jew,
Cure diseases and unscramble a code.

Fly a magic carpet, marry a prince,
Overcome my fears; jump out of a plane.
Or hold a snake without even a wince,
Buy a private island and drink champagne.

Go to Harvard law, Columbia or Yale,
The first woman president of the states.
Work at Disney to style a princess tale,
Befriend a queen as her carriage awaits.

Dreaming is divine, but living is best,
So wake up because we are truly blessed.

Grandma's Flower

Raizy Kipperman

With soft, pale hands she gestures to come near
Eyes lit by the shine of the midday sun
She pulls out two small wooden red oak chairs,
gently brushing the gray dust off of one.

Her wrinkled smile whispers a youthful tale,
Of China's pink tulips and lilac tree.
Nana's eyes tiptoe to our garden trail,
Her frail hand takes mine as she walks with me

Down the garden path she says nothing more.
Her gray eyes silently speak of her past.
she lifts a lovely lilac from the floor,
And fixes it into my hair at last.

Nana gleams at the delicate flower,
Recounting all her past in just one hour.

What Remains

Leora Perlstein

People try to change in order to change the future.
You try to find a destination and often get lost in the haze.
When things feel too hard it's almost torture.
Life will twist you around like you are in a maze.

Life may be an obstacle but there is no reason to fear.
You may stumble you may fall but never stay still.
Someone has got your back and will always be near.
Don't ever think no one cares because if one falls everyone will.

The tears they fall and fall to the ground.
Bones crack souls shatter until nothing remains.
The cries they continue they are the saddest of any sound.
There is red all over from the blood spilled from their veins.

Don't always go searching and trying to fix the past.
Enjoy the moments because they won't always last.

SECTION II

EKPHRASTIC
& ACROSTIC

Down Where the Dandelions Grow

Nechama Fermaglich

Flowing water reflected by the sun, form rainbows
Along Sunnybrook farm where I've sat since young
In a pile of leaves, in white fluffy snow flakes, and crisp green grass
Through the hollow nook in the oak
Humming the mellow tune of the blue jay

Heard around, because it grows where two have been found
On that day I had claimed the third
Pondering serendipity, knowing it will be light
Even when darkness must come

Lost my grandma's ring and smashed my fingers in a door
Only dropped an egg today, yesterday a dozen
Vomit on the floor sent me flying but now
Everything is perfect because I am the third

Lifting it from the ones with three, it
Uniquely displays it's fourth petal in green
Caressing the soft leaves the fourth ribs, now the
Key to luck is gone.

Turning Pages

Alicia Russo

You're running, your heart thumping in your chest.
It's right behind you, you turn the corner.
Its eyes narrow, it must complete its quest.
You hide, but it knows you're a foreigner.

The white paper edges you turn are stiff,
The pages still turn, ink rubs on your hand.
It chases you to the edge of the cliff.
You jump, and fall in ever d e e p e r, and. . .

The story grows as you watch it unfold,
Desired always, that wonderous world.
The pages shrink with the story all told.
You immerse in all the magic unfurled.

The last dreaded page you cannot resist,
You **MUST** finally emerge from the mist.



Oblivious

Tamar Spoerri

Face pressed against frigid, thick glass, she breathes.
Past her flattened nose, a white sun hangs low,
Flicking snow from the cover of the trees,
Sending scurrying a huddle of clothes.
Then, she looks at the window, not through it,
Leans forward; almost tasting frigidness.
Absentmindedly, she gently emits
water condensed in a layer of mist.
Her silent finger raises, on a whim
Because there's no one around to care.
She draws two thin streaks in the light mist - twins,
A fading curve below, a smile's there.
Now a beat, a pause. She swipes at the pane,
Leaves only falling snow, changing to cold rain.



Starry Night

Sheva Usber

One of so many titles and names,
Some may call him a disgruntled madman.
How can that be, with all that he acclaims?
Standing as a jester was not his plan.

The passion in his art bleeds bright and true--
It leaves its prints in the flat heart of thee
Pure enough to allow much residue
In Starry Night he left a key

The night, a flash amidst a manic mind.
Moon, its lamp, crescent birthmark in the sky,
Rids the qualms of night, just warmth left behind,
At least it seems so in his own painted eye.

Genius or the village clout? Who can tell.
Van Gogh knew to ride the world's carousel.



Passengers

Chani Shulman

A blur of fantastical emotions:
Feverish Red roses floating swiftly
In the abyss amongst the commotion,
They fly with the utmost serenity.

The rambunctious flavors complemented,
With a glow, a flickering yellow glow,
Of miniature suns with unintended,
Radiant rays of bliss that stop and slow.

With it, an arctic blue dancing all night.
Like Fairies twirling in the sky above;
A treacherous twinkle in the twilight
That one's eyes cannot ever dispose of.

Car honks of the city night awake me,
And dreamlike blurs are locked away briskly.

Perspective

Esty Friedman

They stood in opposing places
Arms folded, glowering faces
Billy defiantly stood his ground
While Louie adamantly continued to expound.

He rationalized, he demonstrated, he pleaded
He clarified and illuminated but his cries went unheeded.
He hissed and he sneered, he intensified his glare
He was in the right – it was overwhelmingly clear

He stomped his feet with indignation and frustration
Pulled at his hair out of exasperation and desperation
But stubborn old Billy refused to pay attention
And the air in the room continued to fill with tension

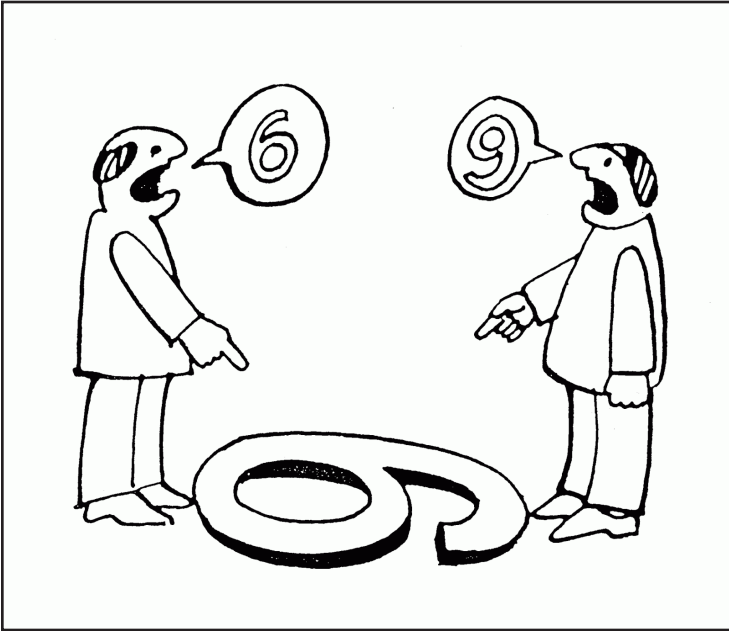
“Can’t you see that I’m right?” Louie angrily growled
“No, I’m the one who’s right!” Billy furiously scowled
His anger boiled over, it had reached its limit
“I’ll show you, you stubborn, old fool, you dimwit!”

He leapt across the room, prepared to pounce
To convince his friend his views to renounce
He raised his right arm, ready for the attack
But abruptly he halted and stopped short in his tracks.

He stared at the ground, from his friend’s point of view
What was wrong was now right, what was false was now true.
He scratched his head in stupefaction and dismay
But then he turned and smiled in a gratified way.

For he was right too, he now understood

And led his friend over to where he had before stood
To focus only on your viewpoint is simply defective
Who's right and who's wrong is just a matter of perspective.



Death to Life

Noa Hacker

Warm hands stroke my back,
The chapped ones from yesterday--
Gone.

Soft tears puddle at the end of my locks,
The sobs from yesterday--
Gone.

The timid palpating heart echos through my organs,
Yesterday's warrior heartbeats--
Gone.

Her form darkened by the sun,
Theirs by missiles--
Gone.

My textured backpack is about to be gone.
Not by bombs and explosions--
By soft eyes,
Streams of tears,
And, a soft palpating heart.



SECTION III

LYRICAL

The Art of Writing

Shoshana Schwalb

Writing on a piece of paper is harder than it may seem.
It's not as delectable like a cupcake with whipped cream.

It's hard to find the right words, emotions, letters, and sounds,
So sometimes I write about colors, reds, greens, and browns.

Even, some days, I write about nature and the sky,
But I ask myself why can't I write about something new like the
fourth of July.

Trying to be creative makes me dig deep,
At home, in school, or even while asleep.

My imagination is demented and wild,
Utterly similar to a small three and a half year old child.

Most of the time all my feelings are jarred.
To get them all out it is extremely, excruciatingly hard.

The detail and creativity I just don't possess--
All of my emotions frequently I am not able to express.

All the emotions are locked inside of me,
I try to get it out, I beg, I plea.

Yet, writing is truly a beautiful art
In which you don't have to be intelligent or smart.

It's something you have to let come to you,
And let it sit and take time to brew.

All writing is the beginning of a tale;
Sometimes it's a success and others it's a fail.

Even though all writing is not my friend,
All beginnings must come to an end.

Here's My Reason

Chavie Zelefsky

Here's My Reason
You may not believe it
But I know it's true.
Yesterday Ann
Bought a pet kangaroo.
We told her she should not
For it would make a big mess
But Ann just said
She couldn't care less.
So she went to the zoo
To find her new pet.
But the zookeepers had laughed
And said a pet here you can not get.
The she asked them
Where should I go?
And their response to her was
How should we know?
So she left the zoo
To go to other places to see.
Of the local petstore or park
Is where it might be.
But everywhere she went
A kangaroo she didn't find.
That was until
A thought stuck her mind.
So she hopped on a plane
To Australia that day.
Don't ask me how she managed that
I to you do pray.
Anyway, instead of waiting
For her to come back home

I decided to follow here
So she wouldn't be all alone.
So I too hopped on a plane
Where I tracked Ann down
And it was only this morning
That I returned back to town.
So when you ask me why
I hand in my homework late
Well it was because Ann's kangaroo
Wasn't allowed through the security gate.
How we ended up getting through
Is a story for another day
But can you at least accept my homework
Now that you heard what I had to say?

The Un-Perks of Curiosity

Chashie Komendant

Curiosity, a dangerous tool,
Too many questions asked,
And you're considered a fool.

Understanding, I must have,
Or it will lead to questions asked,
Lest I will be considered daft.

My knowledge I must show,
Hide those questions behind it all,
And prove that I do know.

But there is this doubt,
Should I ask questions?
And will I be left out?

So I try it, one small question,
"Why does the moon come out?"
Instead I wish it had been about direction.

"Don't ask such things,
I don't know!"
And so that's what it brings.

Now I know the answer to that doubt,
Of: should I ask questions?
And will I be left out?

My knowledge I must show,
Hide those questions behind it all,
And prove that I do know.

Understanding, I must have,
Or it will lead to questions asked,
Lest I will be considered daft.

Curiosity, a dangerous tool,
Too many questions asked,
And you're considered a fool.

Soundtrack and Choreography

Ayelet Huberfeld

She danced her life from morning to bed
To imaginary music inside her head.
During even the most simplest of chores
She hopped and twirled to a musical score.

Everywhere she went,
People yelled at her
“Watch where you’re going!”
“Move out of the way!”

But she ignored them and danced away,
so every task was completed with ballet.
She couldn’t understand how everyone else
Was content just walking, acting depressed.

Until one day, her mother said
“I know you love dancing,
that’s plain to see.
But life doesn’t have a soundtrack and choreography”

She stopped dancing outside from that day on,
Not when cleaning, sweeping or trimming the lawn.
But when she walked around she was marching instead
To a rhythm only she heard inside her head.

Uncontrolled

Ariella Tajerstein

When I step up to the podium,
Law and order break loose
My body sets its own rules
And we cannot come up with a truce.

My eyes are glued upward,
Examining the ceiling during my speech.
They are expert at studying cracks and nicks,
But fail to assist me, though I beseech.

My mind goes dark and hazy,
It clogs my speech and thoughts.
The head that once wrote this lecture,
Is now abandoning me- I'm at a loss.

My backbone once strong and steady
Now wavers and sways.
The stiffness of my back,
Now awkward, can't stand straight.

My hands direct themselves,
To hide my face so dear.
The audience no longer privy
To my expressions: smiles, frowns, or tears.

This body of mine,
So strong and wise,
Abandons
Leaves me on my own.
The public speaking experience
Deserts me
Standing alone.

The Tell

Avigail Friedman

For those who know me, and know me well
May already have figured, I have a tell
It rears its ugly head when I least expect it
And there's no stopping, I have to admit

Since I was a child I have been plagued
And it hasn't let up as I've aged
My siblings know to keep it covered
In the hopes that it will go undiscovered

My parents have also been affected,
Since my youth they have suspected
At my bat mitzvah it became clear
When I stood up to the gathering and its cheer

I stood before the encouraging crowd
And long before I took my initial bow
I felt it begin and there was no stopping
It seemed that the entire room was eavesdropping

A private moment it was no more
I almost dropped and hit the floor
My head felt as if it would swoon
And everyone staring at me became immune

They began to look this way and that
To avoid seeing me fall flat
But I could not hide what they would see
My cheeks becoming pink and rosy

Yes, my friends as you now see in front of you
I cannot speak without turning a red hue
Do not worry or look away
It's simply my way of saying "hey"

SECTION IV

FORM

Tchaikovsky's Song

Meital Israel

Tchaikovsky's song
It plays over and over again,
I sleep,
I eat.

But it	never
Goes	away.
I dare	bear
The	endless
Tunes	that
Play in	my head
But the	melodious
touch of	Peter
Tchaikovsky	gives my

heart wings that flutter
and will. Congregation of
attentively but cannot decipher
No, indeed there are no words.
But there is music constantly
Peter peers at the audience with
his hazel
Then turns his unaligned back to
them.
left their tongue. One minor key
at a time .
One minor key at a time

side to side with adrenaline
nobles and knights listen
the true soul that lies behind
him
No, indeed there are no
words.
mistaken for passion and not
heart.
eyes.
Neglecting any word that
may have left their tongue

Make the Sky Brighter

Lea Book

There was a star
Who tried and tried
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
All around him
Was blackness
It almost drove him
To madness
Because no one else
Tried and tried
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
He would look out
At the rest
Of the sky and see
Fellow stars grouped
Together
In pictures.
How good it would be
To not have to
Try and try
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
But he was stuck
In his place
Day after day
And *none* of the stars
Came to see

Why he never
Came to play.
None of the stars
Saw his pain
That he had to work
All day, *every* day
And he had nothing to do
But to try and try
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
When he cried out
To the stars
To come over
And visit
No one saw
The tears he cried
Until *they* dried.
So even his tears wouldn't
Stay
To be his friends
As he tried and tried
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
He tried to take a nap
Take a rest
Take a break
But he was forced
By the Powers That Are
To continue his work

Trying and trying
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
It never stops
It never ends
The work he does
To make the
Sky
Brighter.
He is the *only* one who can.
And the
Sky
Has to be made
Brighter.

Distortion

Rosie Katz

I arrived to commotion.

Found me watching, at last,

Some wandered deals of trouble.

In utter silence,

Disturbance.

No tone. No volume.

The scent of cold.

No peace.

Nor did I comprehend

the senses.

When Leaves Fall

Shoshana Farber

Laughter,
The purest form of joy.
She giggles as she climbs my limbs.
Her smile, radiant, as she sits within my branches,
Huddled in the shelter of my leaves against the heat.
She talks to me daily, and recounts her favorite stories.
Every day we do this, on repeat, over and over and over.
And I enjoy her company as she sits there, laughing
and singing. But then one day she stopped coming
and I stood there, awaiting her return. I waited,
even as the days grew shorter and the air
grew colder and I knew she
wasn't coming back.

I waited and
waited, and I
stood there,
tall against
the wind,
even as my
leaves turned
gold and fell
from off my

fingers.

Watershed

Nev Sivan Yakubov

Delve deep, loud rush, free-fall cannonball a dive. Small drop ever waiting hugging the faucet clutching for life. Flat floor mirror still as ice, until a droplet, ever waiting, plunges down, free-fall cannonball ripples explode.

Nine Lives

Riki Rowe

The emptiness makes me tremble

Like a cold seashell slowly drowning.

 Its sides

Torture my soul

And the bottom,

 no bottom.

 “Dig to China”

 she said.

 Dig.

 But now

Her temperature dropped,

 no bottom.

 She fell to China.

Bottled Up

Avigail Spira

A limp wave, a simple drop in the bucket, Just plain old Poland Springs Ordinary Me
Next to her I felt watered down, drenched in drab
Sleek Chic Polished She was a Voss kinda girl Woman to be precise She would flow with poise
Drawing others deep into her hypnotic tidal pool
She would flow with poise

Little Town Turned Upside Down

Ariella Seidemann

Water and
sparkles and snow,
lying still in a pile of slush,
surrounded by fake trees in a fake
town where cheeks are always red and leaves
are always falling where it always seems to be snowing.
The oxygen here is champagne, daytime doesn't exist, and
so the sky changes from dusk to night and from night
to dusk over and over and over, and the night
is illuminated by twinkling autumn lights that
flirt with the moon. And as suddenly
as it was a happy, calm,
drunk town
it was turned over and then
back and it was snowing again.

A Figure in His Time

Ariella Davies

At boat or plane
Better than babylonia
Donash Ben Labrut as a contemporary

Erecting places of torah
Right before the caliph

Rotation in 1169
Arabs take over
Cordoba no longer as such
Harassment toward jews
Armed they were not
Misery they faced
Alas to christian territory some fled
Nights more peaceful than before

Uniform

Esther Butler

The leader stands tense in a
 general's uniform
Demanding strict orders
To be followed precisely
 He takes charge
 He commands
 They obey
Murdering thousands of
 bodies and souls
He took them on trains
He took away their fathers
 He is Hitler
 They are the Nazis.

The leader stands tense in a
 general's uniform
Demanding strict orders
To be followed precisely
[He knows his charge]
 He commands
 They obey
Saving thousands of
 bodies and souls
He took them on trains
He was their father
He is Rabbi Schonfeld
 They are the Jewish Nation.

Bright Pink, Glittery, and Poofy

Rachel Klamen

The little girl always wore her tutu
The tutu was bright pink
Bright pink and glittery
Bright pink and glittery and poofy
The sparkles shimmered in the sunlight
The layers bounced with each gust of wind
And when she wore this bright pink, glittery, and poofy tutu
The girl would jump and jump
And sing until she had no voice
And dance until her feet were sore
All in the middle of the street of course
But then
One day
The tutu was put away
In a dark brown box
Pushed deep down inside to be stored away
And only used on special occasions
The little girl no longer jumped and sang and danced
Now she would sit and sit
And write until she had no strength
And work until her eyes would close
So the tutu sat in the box in the attic
Squashed
And with each day
Bit by bit the tutu became covered
With more dust
And more dust
And soon
The tutu was all dust
But
At the very bottom of the tutu

A little bit of pink and glitter still peaked out
And somehow
Through years and years of the tutu being pushed deeper and deeper
into the attic
One piece of the tutu always remained
Bright pink, glittery, and poofy

SECTION V

FREE VERSE

Gold Flecks

Temima Feder

I have no flecks in my eyes
They're one color
Look deep
There's nothing
Swear you see beauty
You don't
No one is beautiful
Unless they are special and different
I don't stick out
My eyes have no flecks
They are just brown
Mud brown
For miles and miles and miles
If I could paint on flecks
Shiny gold flecks
And seem remarkable
I would
"Your eyes are exquisite" they'd say
But I can't
It's too exhausting
Always trying to stick your head slightly above the rest
So I sit down
Hidden in a sea of single colored eyes
Too tired to admit to who they are
Because differentiating yourself is hard work
And to be hidden and a secret
Is better than to be visible and simply average

Yemei Beraishis

Dina Rochel Blumenthal

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the once black sky
Is now a magnificent blend of colors.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the cool, salty water
Crashes onto the beach with its waves.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the green fluffy trees
Shake their branches in the early wind.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the stars go into hiding
And the sun shines a beacon of light.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the birds flap their wings
And set off on their journey.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,
As the rooster makes its call
To awaken man for what the day may bring.

The world is calm and peaceful,
Its air fresh and breezy,

As the world relaxes
Yet untouched by man, but soon to be forever altered.

Curiosity and the Places it Takes You

Abma Lisker

He ran passed her, swiftly
Racing the clock.
She started running too--
running to see him, to reach him,
to know his intentions.
He was on the edge
when she cornered him,
until he spiraled into the dark ground.
He became an upside-down mystery to her,
a mystery covered in white fur.
Mysteries are meant to be solved,
so into the rabbit hole she went.

Second Star to the Right

Chana Leab Seif

From a cherry tree I pick apples,
But I can only reach the top
Because I live in a world of clouds
And I look down from the sky.
I don't fear the height,
Because the depths hide the unknown,
Although,
I am the one who invents everything in this life.
My heart pumps rainbows
And I feel its magic flow
Through my veins into my imagination.
My mother carries me up the stairs
and lays me in my bed.
This is the last time she will put me down,
never to be picked up and cradled again.
Tomorrow I must tie my own laces,
and carry myself up and down the stairs.

Through My Binoculars I See

Rachel Liebling

My outside is different than your outside, because,
mine catches on the wind more, and,
if my outside could match your outside
we could be thistles in the moon's shadow, but,
since my outside is different than your outside
the thunder here is quieter, and,
so I dawdle outside
that is different than your outside, because,
it's a thicker and more of a gaseous gradient green, so,
I've told you that mine is different than yours, and,
yours is different than mine, because,
mine has treetops and retching stars
that diffuse between its branches, and,
yours has windowless windows peering out to catch none, and,
yours has caterpillars basking in the later day, and,
mine has pretty winged ones that swerve the light, and,
so I'll tell you again that your outside
is different than my outside
but I'll wait in my outside to feel, if,
you are standing in your outside
and caution before I my thought must believe
we are both outside

Pretentious

Michal Treitel

I don't want to sound pretentious or anything, but
My mahogany bookshelf looks more scholarly than yours.
You see, I choose to peruse collections of
The greatest poetry by the greatest poets,
All of which reside within my distinctly superior bookshelf.
And speaking of poets, Emily Dickinson's birthday is coming up--
Feel free to get me a Barnes and Noble gift card,
Or perhaps a brooch for the lapel of my peacoat.
I also write my own poetry inside my Moleskine notebook,
Which I keep inside the little basket of my vintage yellow bicycle
That I ride to the farmers' market to buy
dehydrated exotic fruit and organic Brussels sprouts.
Riding my vintage bicycle makes me thirsty
So I always keep a bottle of artisanal water on hand.
The way my artisanal water flows reminds me of the opera
Which I attend every weekend, by the way.
My colleagues and I in the Shakespeare Support Group conclude that
Shakespeare isn't just a playwright, it's a lifestyle.
And we all adhere to that lifestyle every day except the Ides of March,
Because we fear Julius Caesar's unrequited wrath.
So instead we listen to Mozart on our vinyl record players
Under our handwoven imported Peruvian alpaca fur blankets
While we ponder the deeper meaning of our existence
In our enlightened intellectual minds.
The Word of the Day today was "perspicacious"
Which obviously suits my personality perfectly
So I added it to my bio on my MENSA account.
I brew my own tea, because after I work out
I don't like to release all my post-Pilates rage on the baristas at Starbucks
Just because they and their peasant-tea are
Too plebeian for my consumption.

When I'm not composing Voltaire-inspired social commentaries
On my 1879 deluxe typewriter,
I can usually be found writing more prolific prose with my
Stainless steel fountain pen that I keep in my
monogrammed leather messenger bag.
And I would appreciate it if you'd stop staring
At my argyle-print sweater vest so contemptuously
Because I have to grab my telescope now and
Ride my vintage bicycle off into the sunset
For an Astronomy Club meeting.
Au revoir.

Lone Being

Chavie Dweck

Her white majestic fur shines,
As the sun looks down on her.
Her sharpened horn sitting on her forehead,
Interrupts her serene face.
If you were to go to a concert and watch the orchestra,
You wouldn't think of her,
For the orchestra comes with a pack,
And she walks alone.

Unloved

Ilana Krausman

I am the diamond in every lake
not tightly fastened around your finger
But one admired through the glass
From a distance
My cousins are welcomed into homes
They're loved
But I just get eyes
Pointing fingers
A camera snaps
And then they walk away
like the diamond
That sits on the shelf
Because sometimes
You're just too good
For them.

An Attempt to Advance

Chavina Berger

The sun in the distance begins to spill golden drops over the water.

Beating hotter,

Frolicking slows to move on.

Sigh

Pant

Stop.

The world starts to blur.

The once cotton candy clouds have lost their fluff

Life and Breathes,

heavier and shorter

Pop!

Goes the once colorful, now bland, wind filled bouncy house

Eyelids shut.

Eyelids open.

No more are the bright billboards and screaming skyscrapers

No more are dawn's golden rays tickling my face, while blindly re-
fracting off those shiny shards

of glass

No more is the sky and it's crystal ball above and the airy castle fun
to run on.

Only the uncomfoting cream peeling walls and constant beeping,
with every movement,

surround me now.

Good night blissful ignorance

Be more careful

And remember to drink,

All the words of wisdom you can.

Music Penetrates

Nomie Fermaglich

Like a cactus so sharp

The pain in my head is unbearable.
As the sirens wail all I can do is hope.
Hope that I can see again.

Like a cactus so sharp

The hum of a violin is embedded in my soul.
For my eyes are broken vessels.
Useless.

Like a cactus so sharp

Melodies pierce the sadness within me.
The grief of knowing.
That the wonders of the world are but a memory.

Ragged Shores

Devorah Amsel

Besieged for a crime not committed,
attacked for apparent flaws.

He doesn't let me stop to breathe.

By the light of a frail moon

he spits

shards of salty glass

making my edges rugged.

With wicked strength he sucks me in,

I resist.

He ushers in black

filthy

clouds,

that obscure the mercury-flushed moon.

And like thieves,

steal

all the warmth left in my ragged shores.

Leaving me to fend alone

against his frigid claws.

But then,

With time.

His wicked waters calm,

tyrannical fists unclench,

Anger finally subsiding.

Until we're working together under the glow of a warming sun.

Passing waves of life to one another,

so I stay.

Because I know

I am safe...

Until the night comes again.

How She Was Made

Miriam Escott

Her calloused heart stood stiff from months sitting and feeling abandoned.

When finally,

She's pulled out of her shell, hiding what's inside.

Carried delicately,

Treated with the utmost care, prepared for being infused with affection.

Warmth fills,

Making her stubborn heart let loose.

Allowing herself comfort,

Relenting, for the rich red extra love and care.

The smooth giving blanket envelops every fiber,

Caressing with its unique ability,

And giving spice where there's lacking.

She's never felt this wanted.

Its like shes found,

Her purpose.

But the waiting for purpose lasts longer than expected,

And her warmth slowly seeps out with tiny gusts for each tiny second.

For every tick there stand one thousand tocks,

Eating away the warmth she's grown accustomed.

Tiny seconds turn into tiny hours, then tiny days.

All heat stolen,

She's left shivering, her spine once again stiff.

Just when she thought nothing more could have been taken,

She's evicted from the only home where she ever felt safe and held.

The home where cowards became courageous.

Where the undesirable became desired,

Where the stale hearted became fresh,

And where the starving became satiated.

She felt falling feelings,
Into one million oblivion holes.
Sucked into the emptiness,
Left with the forgotten folk.
She cried for help and wondered,
Why wouldn't anyone come save her,
Why couldn't they just scrape off the horrid and loathsome parts.
Deemed not worth saving,
She was lugged outside,
Locked out,
Never allowed back.
Her desertion was forgotten when suddenly she felt,
A slight tugging.
Then sharper,
Then more aggressive still,
Snapped, broken into teeny tiny infinitesimal pieces.
Her life once given and doled out with free flowingness now gnawed
and shredded,
Through the hands of those who desire the undesirable who were
once desired.
Used her for filling their emptiness,
While emptiness filed through her broken parts.
But she then she realized,
Her purpose was not filling those already satiated,
But giving herself,
Satiating the hungered with the love she learned,
From her home.

A Stitch in Time

Rachel Berenshteyn

Certainly, the curtain he pulled over their eye was honey;

Lolling lids and rampant Ids released as dreams beset their sleep.

Over and Over he Paused and Unpaused the stagnant time- and let
them lay wrongly in line.

Curious, though, how this defective set seems so correct 'a twice a day.
And

Kites and larks but stop to hark the ticking of their fate.

Betrayal

Rena Brodie

Beauty is a six letter word,
That words cannot describe.
How strange, I see! A word that is betrayed by its own kind.

But stranger to me, are people,
They are together every day.
Yet, some stab others in the back with just the words they say.

It's not to say everything is wicked,
It's not to say great things are few.
It is to say that you shouldn't judge other things if you do those things too.

Victorious

Nechi Bertram

My opponent goes by Tea,
But I am the original.
You see I have an important job, I make the day run smoothly.
I take my job quite seriously,
I have the power, I decide good or bad.
Not all can handle my power.
Those that are too weak for me cover me in cream silk while others
try to drown me out with heavy powder.
I serve everyone from Rockefeller to those in the slums,
They all crave me.
And you are just as bad.
You can call me Joe.
That is what my close friends call me,
And trust me you and I are going to be pretty close.
So pick me, choose me.
Coffee always wins Tea,
And don't you want to be on the winning side?

Soulmates

Nechama Reichman

I cannot wear my shoes
For they are not able to carry
Their burden.
They are too shiny
Too modern
To do their job
Because
When I wear my shoes
I share my shoes.
With
400,000 people and many more
Whose shoes
Were taken against
Their will.
They had no choice,
No power,
No time.
But they had a voice
Calling
“REMEMBER”.
The people perished,
The shoes rot,
The soles broke,
But their souls remain.
No person can remember
No modern shoe can do the task
To wear the shoes
Of 6 million Jews
Who were brutally murdered
In the
Holocaust.

In Majdanek,
They say they kept 400,000
To remember
And to honor these sacred souls.
But when I go to see,
I do not see worn soles
That have a life no longer
Instead I realize
I must
Carry their souls
In mine and be stronger
They cannot walk in the cold rocks,
But I can.
And I will carry them in my soles and in my soul,
A pair
That fits 6 million.

4

Yaffa Barsky

Three words appear on the paper--
Two words I know,
One word I don't, and can't yet understand.
It's four letters long, with such a complication meaning;
Mountains worth of feeling, with the depth of an ocean.
Commonplace and casual, that reflects a million levels of meaning.
Not limited to one person, place, or time,
Almost tangible, yet powerful and almost removed.
It's the center of everything, the center of our world and humanity;
Something many people are afraid to confront, but have to eventually,
No matter how scared they are.
So I force myself to look at the paper, to open up my heart.
Three words written on a paper:
I love you.

To Freeze the Sun

Esther Mehlman

To freeze the sun,
To freeze the sun,
What would it take
To freeze the sun?

Well,
If I eclipse her every spark
And spill the dark
unto a nearby star
With whom she is very well acquainted

Or
If I ploy a plexus
From star to star
Claim her the brightest
One
In all the universe
And have her learn
How distant from that truth
She lands in mine

Or
If I poke and prick and pry
At every ray
She shoots my way
And every strand of light
Gets pulled apart
By my scorched hands
Because
There are black holes
anywhere if you squint real tight

Or
If I give everything back,
Scatter it
across galaxies,
Stardust
With a name tag
Sun

Like
Words we always read, on Fridays
Or
Wrote
Because mind to paper maps constellations
Or
Hours
Because the moon lent us so many of those
Or...

Thoughts
Because
Like a falling star she let me in

And I'll do it.

A downpour of blue
To douse the heat
Of heart
And she will go out,
That fire star.
She will surrender
Because
I can freeze the sun.

And indeed,
The sun was all cried out.

Playmate

Rachel Liebling

You spell with numbers
47, 10, and 4
9 and 1 and 1

But I can count

You live in Louisiana
And city lines
And places with grainy mud on waters tongue

But I know your address

You eat potatoes
And pots of roses
And cream

So I sit at the table

You fly on trains
And close your eyes
when you see dandelion wishes

So I hum and wait

you choose your words
And listen to them
And dawdle to them too

So I open my jaw for raindrops

You tire from things
And stop

But dance

But I do things too

I fall off windowsills
And bus stops
And pinecones

So your knees buckle

I bleed when my heart hurts
And button down the world
And look down

So you give me your bandaid

I giggle when I'm not supposed to
And bite the inside of my chin
And shuffle my chair

So you sneeze to cover it up

I forget to forget you
And keep whispers underneath the carpet
And not sweat when you grab my hand

So you love me too

What Is & What Could Have Been

Serene Klapper

One is for flower pots and picture books,
Shiny gold foil pressed on cold surfaces,
Encased in a safe haven of plush mats and beanbags, And yet my eyes
are full with the snow outdoors,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Two is for line leaders and door holders,
Navy stamps that mark us as theirs,
Dark upon our powder blue chests.
And yet the streaming sunlight holds my gaze,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Three is for yet more sunlight,
Caged birds and uncapped markers,
Patches making their way across the room, surrounding us.
And yet the sun warmed waves beckon,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Four is for the biting cold,
Shivering hopscotch and orange slices,
Thawed air circulating the room.
And yet my eyes are full of the hoof printed frosted earth,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Five is for dankness and darkness,
Beginning with a descent into a fluorescent world,
Surrounded till the end with honeycombed walls.
And yet the poking sunshine holds me,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Six is for wide sunny hallways,
Yellow bulletin boards connecting room to room,

The chatter of a long cafeteria line.
And yet the leaf strewn hills beckon,
And the colors call for me to claim them.

Seven is for steps upon steps,
A vertical tower of purple and grey,
Hidden safely behind sets of large double doors.
And yet the rumbling city demands to be acknowledged ,
And the colors cry for me to claim them.

Why We Should Be Rude

Rachel Jacobi

i daren't be impolite

And it hurts sometimes to look in the mirror
and stare at eyes that are too dark for reasons other than color

Reasons that can never be revealed to a soul
because these are reasons that would invariably offend

And in this world
in my world, like i said, i daren't be impolite

Because to offend, well,
that's something like shooting myself with a gun
or throwing myself onto the itchy grains of beach during a hurricane
or jogging towards a cliff that soars downwards and downwards and
downwards or anything else, really, that sounds dramatic and life
threatening

And why is that, i wonder?
Why would saying "excuse me" in a louder voice or "pardon" with a
raised eyebrow
or clearing the throat-
just for a second that is shorter than a nanometer- Be tantamount to
something like a cardinal sin?

So some keep all secrets locked up tight, because these secrets aren't
pretty,
and to bare them would be rude. Wouldn't it?
And that's why people look at themselves, people with pale blue eyes,
or green, or grey, or hazel,
or dark chocolate,
or violate (if your Liz Taylor)

eyes that store secrets of ages and eternity never uttered out loud
because being polite is more important than the security
of the mind

and the soul and the heart
so instead of seeing beauty, when they look at their own eyes
(reflected in the silvery pools of mirror)
At the brilliant array of colors that should light up galaxies abandoned
in long-ago times all they see is black

Lil' B

Baila Schuster

Hey you
Yeah, you
Know who I am?
I am lil blue chair
Oh...
Now you remember me
I am the one you sat on
Out in the hall
In front of the principal's office
I am the one who comforted you
as
You waited for your mother to come
I am the one who
Listened to your snarky comments
And laughed at your disrespect
I am the one who
Felt the tears splash
As you hit the bottomless pit of loneliness
I am Lil' B
In my snapback and jeans
Epitome of hardness
Yet full of softness
I am the one who
Misses you
believed in you
cultivated you
Yet
You changed
Leaving me
Just a little blue chair
Alone

Chessboard Rules

Chynna Levin

Crossing every square
However she pleases
Wooden power she wields
A wooden crown atop her head

Although motion and height
Are rendered vulnerable
Standing alone
On that wide open
Bare

Side of her chessboard
Unprotected
Powerful, and powerless

Although when reunited
With her bishop, her knight
Her rook
Monarchy is restored

Although monarchy
Refers to the singular,
Seemingly strong monarchs

Her monarchy, she knows
is worthless
Without the meditated movement
Of her bishop, her knight
Her rook.

To Change the World

Ashira Feld

I always wanted to change the world
I was the young child who would spin in front of the mirror
Standing on my tippie toes trying to appear as tall as could be
I had a high pitch voice but made it loud for everyone to hear
And responded only to the title, president me

I cried for the young children starving half way across the world
Built a beautiful blueprint for an echo safe environment
Sat for hours behind my computer trying to code the latest invention
Because one day you will mark me down as someone who made a
difference

Sometimes I believed I was really a princess
Other times wanting nothing more than to be a navy seal
Researching the requirements to receive a nobel prize
I was an entrepreneur at the mere age of nine

I fidgeted in history class
Waiting to add my name to the list of heroes
Anticipating the day when I would give back to the country I am
proud to call my own
I was ready to be bold, sacrifice myself for the sake of others

I dreamt for years, foreseeing decades of success,
Living the most routine life with the most absurd dreams
I watched as one by one my childhood friends gave up on their in-
nocent aspirations
No one became a ballerina and no one traveled to the moon
But I knew I would be different, I would be the one to change the
world.

Years have passed me by

And still you do not know my name
However you could barely call me a failure
Because I, I have changed the world

The difference I made was subtle
You may not even notice that your quality of life has changed
But let me assure you, that without my contribution you would be
lacking
You would feel almost worthless in a world of so much potential

My story starts like any good other
It was a dark and stormy night
I was running 20 minutes behind
My mind in seven different places
And wearing socks that barely matched

Then I saw you trudging up the hill
Your hair damp from the cold drizzle
Your eyebrows furrowed in deep thought
And a look of concern you couldn't hide

My heart went out to you, it truly did
But there was nothing I could do to help
With my hands full and the clock ticking
I turned to give you a smile

I watched as you continued down the block
Your eyebrows softened and shoulders loosened
And then a smile emerged
Mirroring my overly optimistic demeanor

The young girl walking in your direction could have been your carbon

copy

Angry and sad she barely tried to look up at the world
Something about the bounce in your step must have caught her attention

By the time I passed her, she was glowing a radiant smile

Perhaps it didn't reach everyone yet
But you can wait and see
No matter who or where you are
The domino effect may come to you next

A smile is a universal language
Even if one's vocabulary is different
They can not hear or talk
Everyone can give a smile
It is almost a contagious epidemic, set out to cure the world

And so, I am still that girl who spins in front of the mirror,
Wishing I could go by the title, president me,
I encourage those who aspire to make a difference
But hope you understand, doing so takes one split second.

The Trouble with WoRds

Aliz̧a Kranzler

It's the 18th one
I dared not say its name
The root of my silence
The cause of my shame
It's the 18th one
The dark shadow before 'S'
The filter for my words
My true thoughts too hard to express
It's the 18th one
Then came the laugh and mocking stare
A foreboding figure at the end of my last name
The teasing too much to bear
It's the 18th one
The other 25 represent my perfection
Why then must they focus
On what needs correction
It's the 18th one
A simple dialogue is so complicated
Turning my loud and chatty self
into someone that I hated
To cover up my mistake

But although

It was the 18th one
It made me different and unique
Someone special and beautiful
Not deserving of critique
It was the 18th one
That taught me the lesson in life
About the strength of character we attain
When faced with obstacles and strife

It was the 18th one
Which helped me to overcome
The attitudes of others
Shaping the women I would become
It was the 18th one
Who made me the women I am today.

An Ode To My Wall

Bryna Greenberg

Author's note: This poem is dedicated to my public speaking habits.

This is an Ode To you
My beloved,

I wanted to tell you how,
-To let you know,
 How I
 -I admire your strength.
 I admire your resilience.

~~And like...~~
~~what I'm trying to say-~~
Is that I admire your voice...

And how it's louder
Than the no's in my head

louder than the times That I tell myself to let go

 louder
 Than any thoughts,
 Any moments,
 Any fragments of time,
 Fragments of hope
 That I would
 That I could
Ever
belong
-without you

~~And and and-~~

I'll recite
A sonnet for you;
My beloved,
~~And~~ And, And this time you will listen:

 You.

You,
 Will let me articulate my thoughts for;
 once in my life

You'll let me say my words
The way I meant to
 The way that I
always-
 Mean to.

And I,
I will speak first
Instead of
 Standing aside
 Standing
Watching you-
Run your mouth
And speak on my behalf

 ([To matter])

Because;
This is a note to you my beloved,
 quite frankly
 You clutch mics like they are
 -Like you are
 The only voice that is quiet

Like being loud is the only way that anyone will care
enough to
Listen

([To matter])

Because this is a request to you my beloved,
Asking you to loosen your looming
Shadow over
me
Leaving me
seized;

A seized captive
And the words that you shake from my lips
Tumble
slowly
Always
Slowly
Always;
Asking.

Because This is a lullaby to you my beloved,
Because
like a Child
You came into
my world

With a clenched
fist

Always ready for the

first blow,
Always

Ready to fight.

But
you need to know that you don't have to shelter me
from the world
Any longer,

Because:

I know

What is

Out there.

([To matter])

~~This is a letter to you my-~~

~~My~~

~~Well.~~

~~This is a letter to you-~~

~~My~~

([To matter])

This is a letter to you

relieving you

of your duties,

Because,

Because You;

Because your services are no longer needed-

They are no longer:

Wanted

around here.

And

~~I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry~~

No.

-I am not sorry

Because like;

daggers,

the truth hurts.

And you should know-

That this is an ode to you, my_

No this was cry to you;

No, This was a blindfold, shot in the dark, shout in the void

To you

But You;

You were never

Beloved.

A World That Once Was

Esther Seror

On one dark and stormy night,
I gather my grandchildren around the fireplace,
And tell them,
Of a world that once was.

Where people shook hands,
And tipped their hat,
In a world that once was.

Where people spoke to each other,
Rather than their phones,
In a world that once was.

Where people respected their,
parents and peers,
In a world that once was.

But, in truth it is not the world that is changing,
It is the people the inhabit it.
The sun continues to shine,
The stars continue to sparkle,
The ocean continues to strive.

So it is you, my grandchildren.
Who will change this stormy night,
To a bright horizon.
Who will change the world that now is,
To the world that once was.

That Person

Rachel Retter

Thank you so much for finding the flaw in the plan.
For using your brilliant
Analytical
Cynical
Critical mind
To scrutinize
And criticize-
(constructively, of course)
The dreamers
The triers
The reach-for-the-skiers
Without G-d forbid offering instead
A better idea. No, we welcome your open expression
Please don't suppress or repress, it's really refreshing to see someone
with No discretion
Suggestions
Or intention to be helpful
Really, your stress-causing insipid reflections And answer free ques-
tion answer sessions They just brighten my day
They really do.
It's true!
You know,
Great things could not happen
Without people like you.

Silence

Elona Ryba

Silence is a word.

Mankind's first language

Silence is a gold thread that interlinks one thought to another.

It is a poignant part of a dialogue.

A pause from reality.

Fear is welcomed here.

Silence is an eternal slumber in our mind.

Yet we are the ones who positioned it on our shelves.

It passes by like a hurricane.

Silence is the space permeated with the unspoken.

Glimpses of unfulfilled promises.

Lays engraved within the walls of our minds.

Silence is a word.

SECTION VI

HAIKU

Sweet Dreams

Shayna Eisenberg

I can hear them roar.
My hands check under the bed.
No monsters here now.

Intolerant of Intolerance

Chayala Hauptman

Terrifying wars
Populations screaming Loud
Do not count me in

Just a Few Haiku

Noa Garfinkel

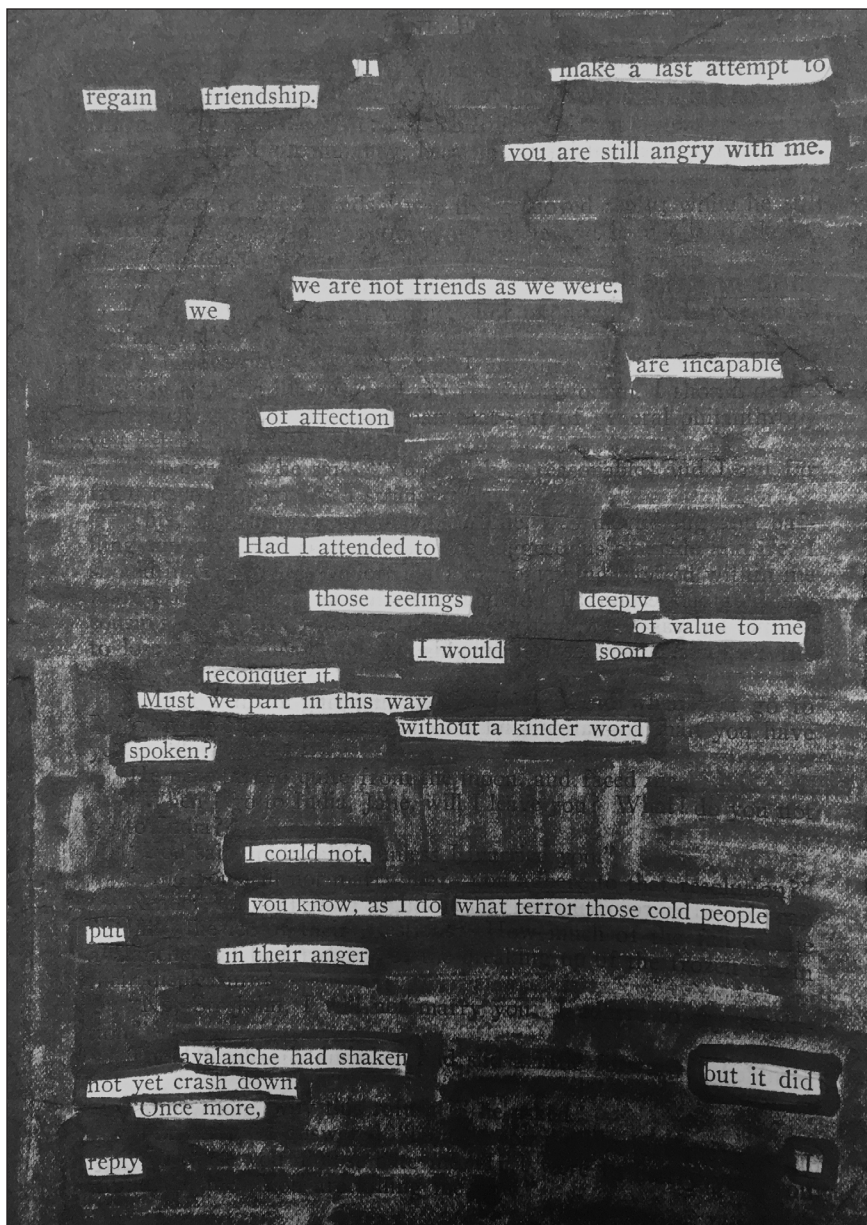
many essays due,
I just don't have time to care,
I'll just write haiku.

SECTION VII

BLACK OUT

This Time

Odelia Barsky



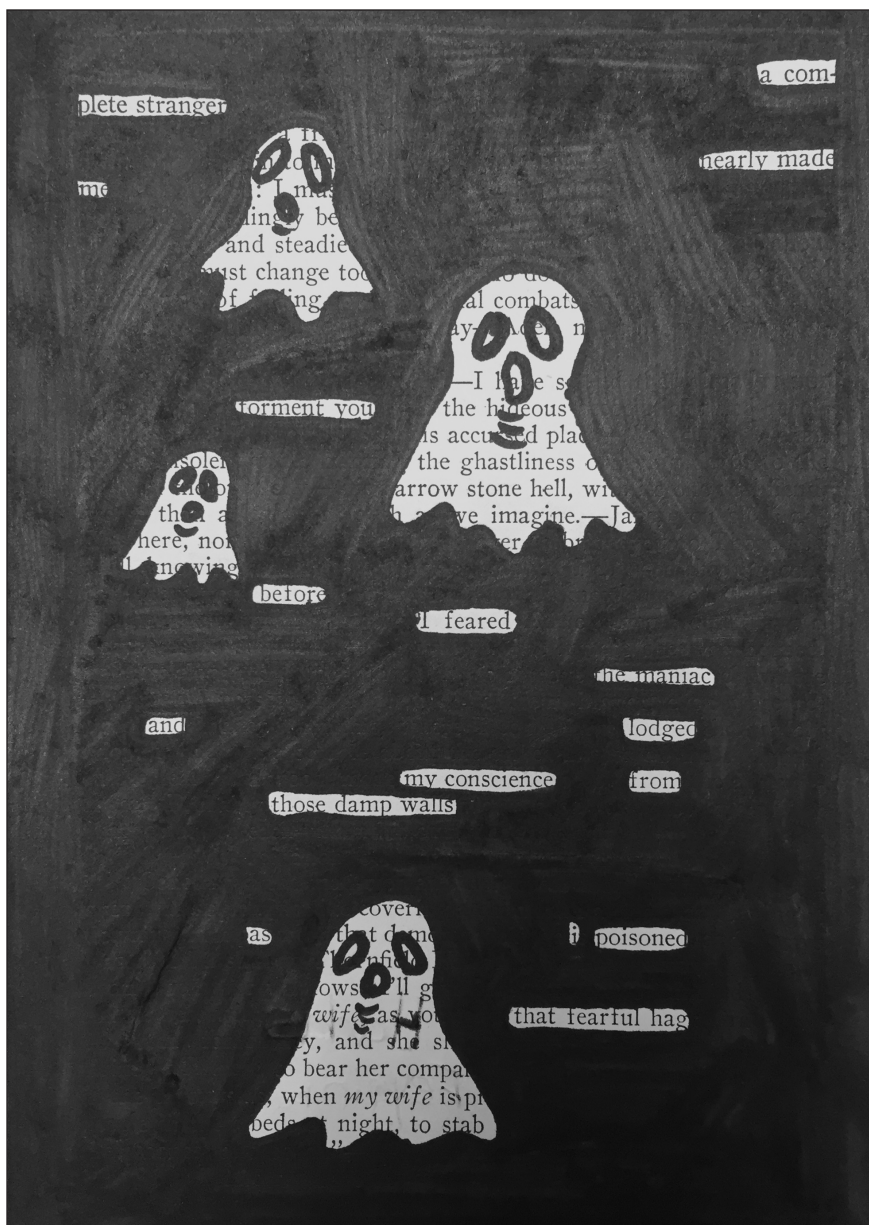
Strikethrough

Avigail Deutsch, Passaic

...sitting on the hearth with his
... majestically ... the whole school ...
... he said in more rapid accents
...
"And ... curled all over ...
... quietly ...
... in defiance ... so openly ...
... "conform to nature" ...
... modestly ... I ...
... rise up ...
... however ... obey ...
... the inside was ... beyond ...
... pronounced ...
... top-knots ...
... serve ...
... mission ... to clothe ...
... with braided hair and costly apparel ...
... a string of hair twisted in ...
... vanity ...

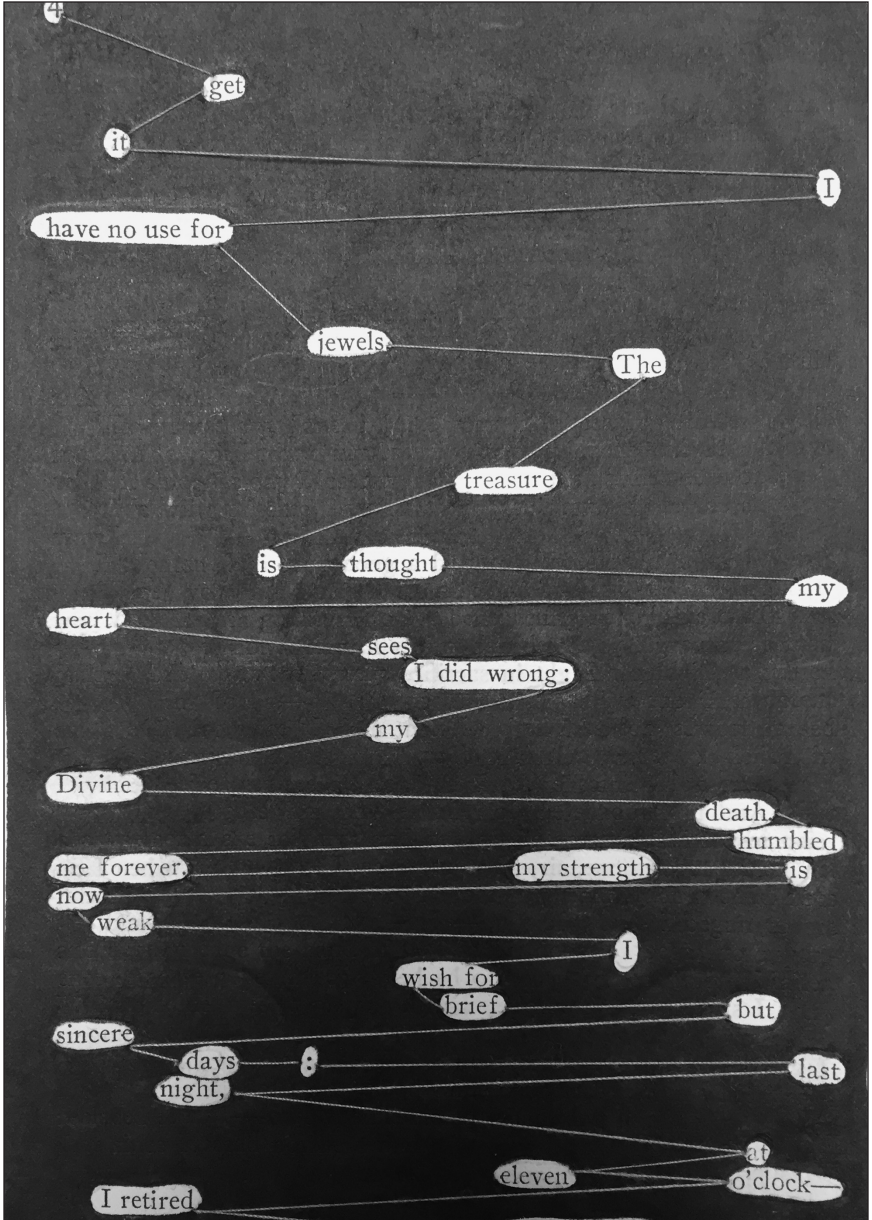
The Voice in My Head

Hadas Feygin



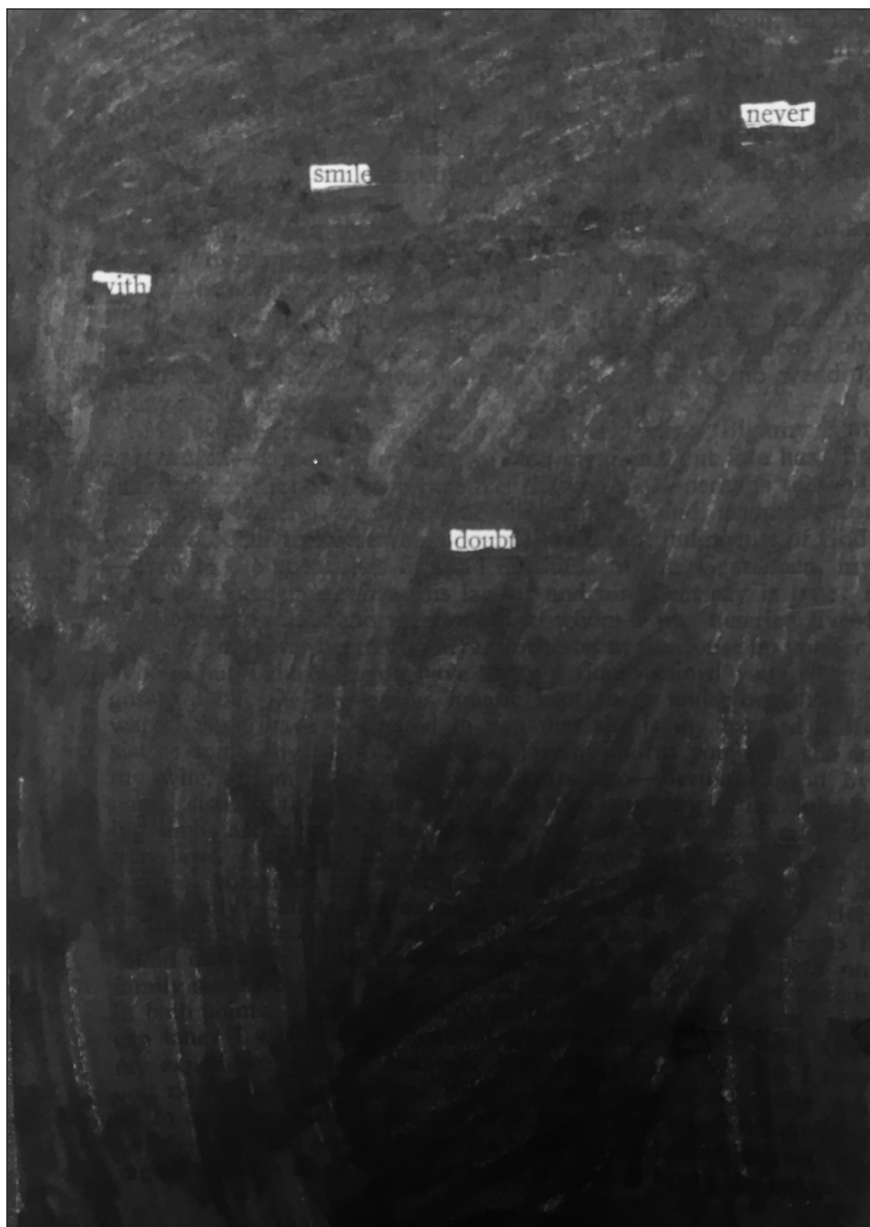
To Err

Noa Garfinkel



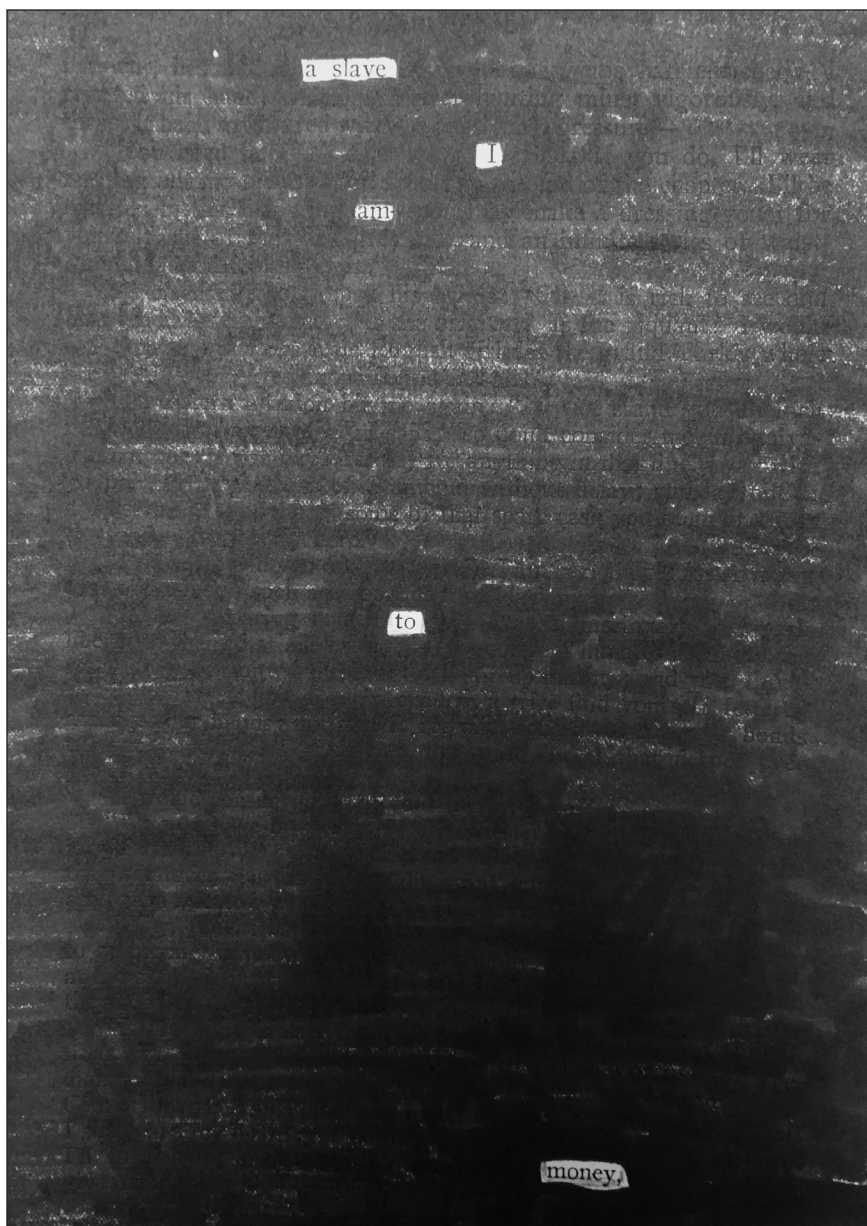
Dispelling Darkness

Elisheva Hollander



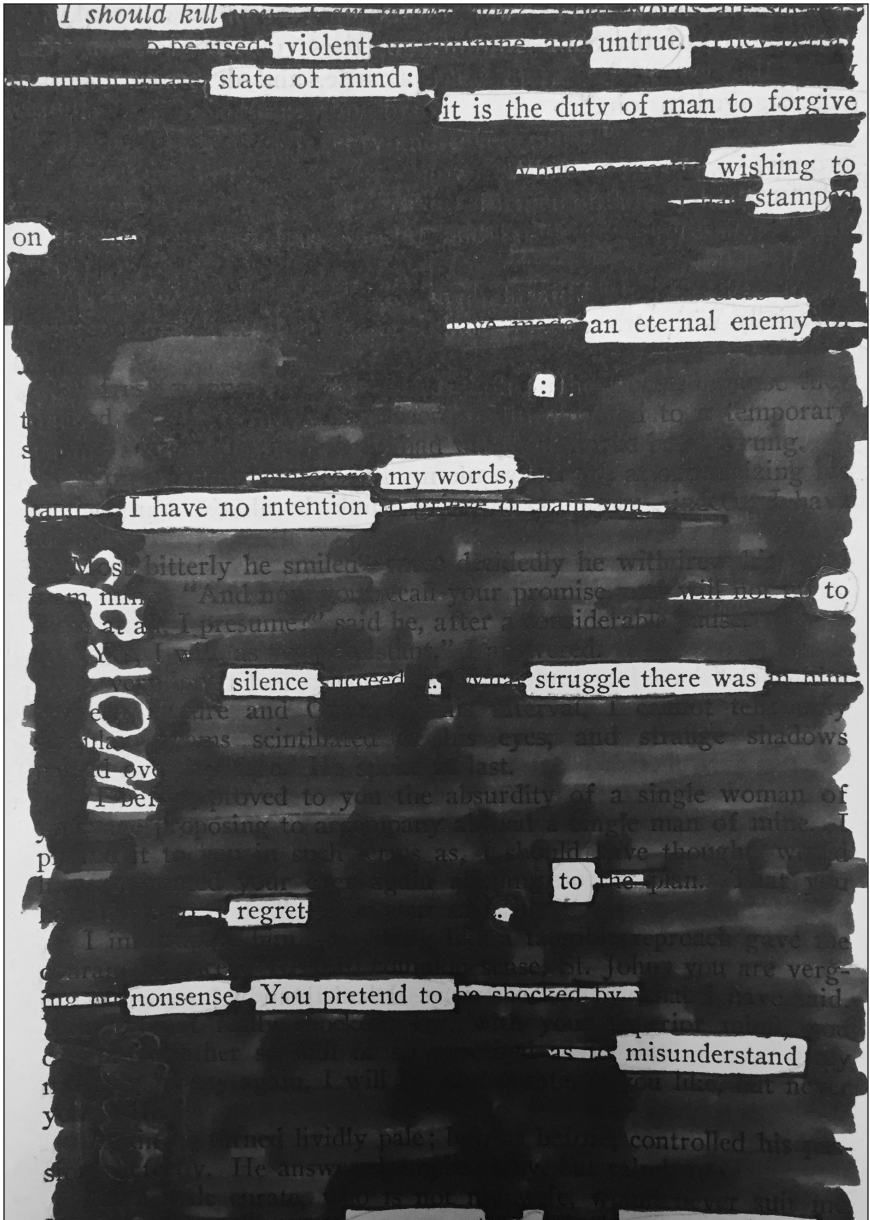
Greed

Rivka Lax



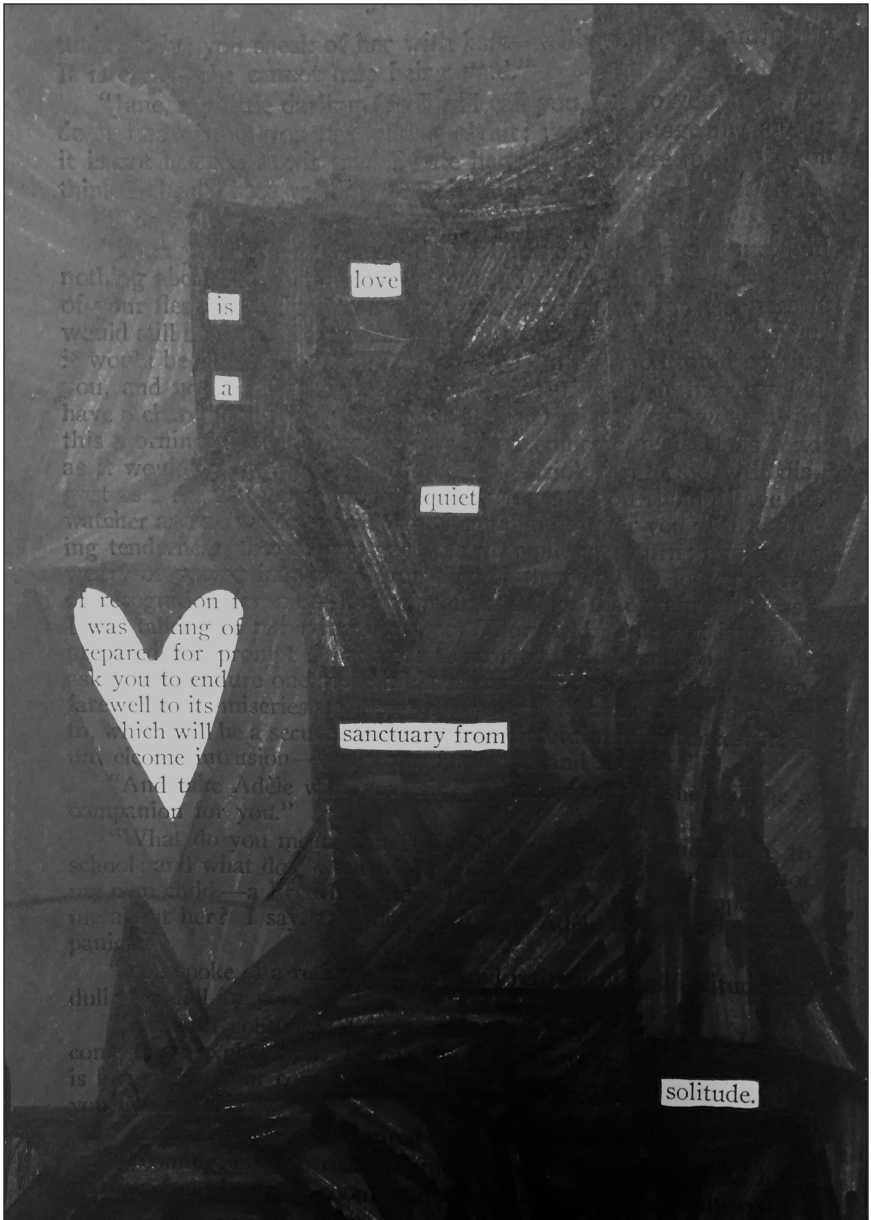
Sticks and Stones

Leora Lebrfield



Silent Refuge

Tzophia Ulano



The End

Chava Milo

408

JANE EYRE

he anticipated his sure reward

And why weep for this? No fear of death

his mind will be unclouded

his faith steadfast

“My Master,” he says

“Poets have been mysteriously
silent on the subject of cheese.”

G.K. Chesterton



Rachel Retter



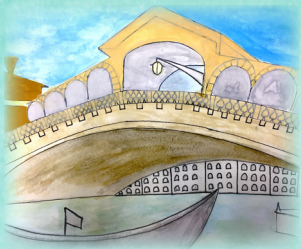
Chayala Kazarnofsky



Nina Melohn



Elisheva Rosensweig



Esther Seror



Morielle Tolchin



Chavie Dweck



Suri Deutsch



Miriam Escott



Shani Hans



Daniella Schulhof



Shana Chechik



Leora Mause



Shalva Gozland



Chloe Gertner



Tirtza Jochnowitz



Yael Grosberg