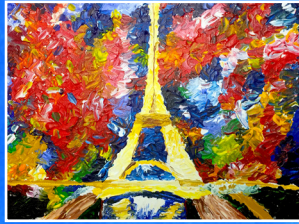




Noa Garfinkel



Laya Moskowitz



Leora Mause

Poetry Power



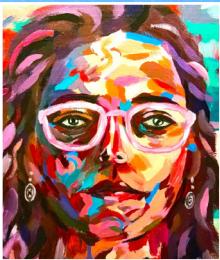
Chavi Golding



Avigail Ovitsh



Chavie Dweck



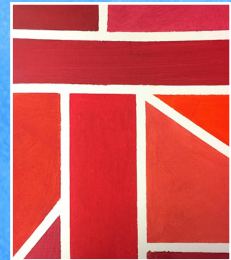
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Yael Grosberg



Michal Haas



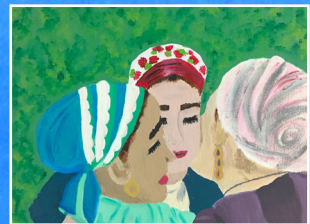
Chaya Sara Malek



Chana Shutyak



Leah Harris



Chavi Dweck

Manhattan High School for Girls
Spring 2018

Poetry Power

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

Spring 2018

“A bird doesn’t sing because
it has an answer. It sings
because it has a song.”

Maya Angelou

Foreword

Poetry Power is a beautiful annual tradition at MHS. For several weeks we join to write and read our original poems, and then we study the selections and organize the publication you are holding in your hand.

A departure from the more formal academic essay which typically commands our attention in English class, Poetry Power liberates our spirit and encourages us to share a personal sentiment in sensory, rhythmic, and atmospheric language. Every year after the Poetry Power assembly in our school library, we are filled with fresh appreciation both for the nuance in our human experience and for the nuance in the way we capture those experiences. Moreover, Poetry Power reminds us that poetry is not a frivolous form of expression; rather it is necessary and nurturing. In the words of Maya Angelou, “a bird doesn’t sing because it has an answer. It sings because it has a song.”

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Estee Friedman Stefansky". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

Mrs. Estee Friedman-Stefansky
Principal
General Studies

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Shooting Star

Abwa Mermelstein

In the navy milky way,
there lies a star.
Her glow shines bright
Like a lighthouse.

She has nothing to say
And silence, fills the gap.
All her friends are in sight
Near or distant.

For children at day,
This star is hidden.
When they retire at night,
She rises.

One by one they pray
Gazing at the heavens.
A gold flash of light
Leaps across the sky.

The star gets no pay
Yet, she dances for them.
Using all her might,
Wishes have been granted.

Still Thinking What To Name This...

Ruchama Biderman

Should I say it?
Maybe she won't like it.
Maybe she will love it.
But maybe she won't like it.

Should I go there?
Maybe she will judge.
Maybe she will be there too.
But maybe she will judge.

Should I buy that?
Maybe they will be upset.
Maybe they will be delighted.
But maybe they will be upset.

Should I do it?
Maybe they will laugh.
Maybe they will roll their eyes.
But maybe they will laugh.

Should I hand this poem in?
Maybe she won't like it.
Maybe she also does this.
Maybe she will be delighted.
Maybe she will roll her eyes.
Maybe I'm overthinking.

Original

Avigail P. Deutsch

Some people read poems
For dark drama
And appreciate melodic muses and strange
Sentence structure and a lack of
Punctuation
And the rambling thoughts of individuals
Struggling to seem wise
Sometimes.
But you
You prefer to say things as they are
And muse in a way that does not declare itself
As deep and intellectual
But rather it is second nature
For you
To learn from your surroundings
And to appreciate the little things
And poetry is not the impetus to that.
And you're not the kind of person
Who is distracted by fancy words
Or words at all
And are not dazzled by metaphors and similes
And other fancy cliches
But you appreciate the substance behind the words
And authenticity.
And they say poems are best written just because
And that bad poetry emerges when it is meant to drive a point
So I guess this is the best kind of worst poem
Because I wrote it to let you know
Just because

My King

Anni Jacobowitz

A few minutes left to the ceremony and that's all it takes
and then forever he will be my date.

As I walk down to meet him I look up into his eyes

My heart begins thumping

To the beat of time.

My hands are shaking

I begin to squeal

As time goes on I started to loose feel.

But to think of a life with him

Is all I need

Because forever in my mind

I will be his queen!

Rain Rain Go Away

Sarah Dan

Rain
You are,
So tiny and light
But Thousands of you
Cause the storm of the night
Light as a feather,source of the storm
Pelting the ground like bullets and swords
Starting off thin, the quiet before the storm
Then soaking everyone right to the bone.
The sun in the sky hides behind grey
And the warmth leaves the day as
The cold pierces the day
So rain rain go away
And come again
Another
day

The Correct Attitude

Aviva Barth

You may call me a pessimist,
But I call myself a realist.
I know it all can't get done,
So why plan to have tons of unrealistic fun.
I'm not trying to burst anyone's bubble,
But why plan crazy things, and then get into trouble.
Being lame,
Is not my aim.
Just no one wants to be disappointed
By having their day be disjointed.
So to all those overly positive or negative people out there
I have something for you to hear
Follow my ways
And you won't ever be phased
Don't have too much glee,
or negative energy.
Then you'll always have hope,
Yet when things go wrong you'll be able to cope;
Because your expectations will never be too high,
And then when they aren't met you'll never need to cry.
Your expectations will never be too low
That people will tell you, "you need to go".
Next time you think you've met a 'debbie downer'
Just take a minute and rethink your encounter.
Being a realist will make you feel
That between being a pessimist or an optimist you truly got the best
end of the deal.

Life's Generosity

Shira Safrin

When life gives you lemons make lemonade
Unless your favorite is punch.
When life gives you pretzels eat them with friends
Unless they're all out to lunch.
When life gives you donuts frost them with love
Until you can't frost anymore.
When life gives you chocolate eat the whole bar
Until it all melts on the floor.
When life gives you sunshine bask in the rays
So the warmth can fill inside you.
When life gives you goodness wish it on others
So they can be happy and true.

A Sister's Birthday Wish

Michal Englander

As she smeared some chocolate
cake on her nose,
the plump, little one year-old
wished for a rocking horse.

With pigtails and arms swinging,
the terrible two year-old
wished for a ginormous teddy
bear.

Snuggling into her tattered teddy
bear,
the mischievous three year old
wished for polly pockets.

Flashing a sparkling tiara on her
golden hair,
the fashionable four year-old
wished for a princess gown.

Admiring the circus-themed
birthday party,
the cheerful five year-old,
wished for a pink pony.

As she skipped into first grade,
the confident six year-old
wished for an American Girl
Doll.

With pretty blue eyes and rosy
cheeks,
the sweet seven year-old
wished for a rainbow bike.

As she backflipped in the back-
yard,
the athletic eight year-old
wished for a trampoline.

As her four brothers pounced on
her birthday cake,
the desperate nine year-old
wished for a baby sister.

As she cradled her new baby
sister,
the ten year-old forgot to make
a wish,
because she had more
than she had ever dreamed.

This Earth

Neboma Flobr

This land
and these oceans,
they are ours
to preserve
and to cherish.

They are ours to protect.
They are ours to labor,
to save
all those in them.

This Earth is our Earth
We,
humans, animals, plants
every specie since the beginning
of time,
We share this land,
share these oceans,
breath this oxygen,
eat this food.

We
Cannot afford
to lose this Earth,
Our earth.

We cannot afford
to lose
the mountains
and forests
and reefs,

That are so ancient
no human can comprehend their
age
for time is above us

Destruction is not.
And we destroy
all that we touch.
We destroy in the name of
progress,
We destroy in the name of
ingenuity,
in the name of science

But we forget,
We choose to ignore,
that one day
we may be asked
by our grandchildren

What were polar bears?
What were icebergs?
Do you remember when coral
were colorful?
What did the Amazon look like?

But it's okay we say.
They will have cheap food,
and tall buildings,
it does not matter
if we forget color,

or animals,
or trees.
It does not matter if we forget breathing.

What matters is progress.
What really matters is money.
These are things that override
Our health
Our lives
Our existence
Our Earth.

This Earth
That only we can destroy
That only we can save.

Make a Wish

Ayelet Wein

When your dreams and abilities meet,
To the tune of your hearts steady beat,
The warmest feeling fills your soul,
And for a moment in time, it is whole,
But when dreams are set free,
They can outstrip our abilities,
And when all you can do is go fish,
That is when you make a wish,
So a wish is your heart's way of praying,
When all you are really doing is saying,
Right now I know that I do not know,
But that will all change tomorrow.

Lady Like

Bassy Reissman

“Napkin in your lap,”
Nostalgia unravels.
Memories of Bubby
Always a Lady.

“Napkin in your lap,”
More than table manner ductum,
Life lesson learned
Live as a lady.

“Napkin in your lap,”
More than a napkin,
A tag -line for life
Be a Lady.

“Napkin in your lap,”
A verbal light switch.
Meals with Bubby,
We acted like ladies

“Napkin in your lap,”
An unspoken rule,
Everyone followed
And was a “lady.”

“Napkin in your lap,”
Was a rule followed.
It made her smile,
When we were ladies.

“Napkin in your lap,”

Proved to my grandmother
That she raised women
Who were ladies.

“Napkin in your lap,”
Bubby’s guarantee,
That we would be treated
As respected ladies.

“Napkin in your lap,”
No longer something
Done when eating with Bubby.
But on my own, I eat like a lady.

Bubby is gone,
And there is no reminder.
I remind myself,
“Napkin in your lap.”

The Boots that Blacken my Life

Bayla Weiner

Sometimes I wish.

I wish to leave this life of boundaries.

Boundaries set by other people

who mock what I believe

and crush my heart with every step in their shiny black boots.

The boots that led them to my front door

and uprooted me from my home and school.

The rules they place upon us litter my life like garbage that lies on a field of green grass.

My parents try to protect me from their scornful looks

But I know.

I see the hate burning in their eyes, jumping out at me.

But I smile,

and stay strong

for my parents.

Pin-drop Silence

Rachel Berenshteyn

Shhhh.... now.
You're too big to be loud
Too strange to be loud
Quite frankly, you just don't deserve to be loud.

Perhaps when you're
prettier
skinnier
sillier.
Perhaps when you shrink down
an inch
or five.

Shhhh.... now.
Why do you think you can make
an impression
When glib and good wit should
not be your possession
When general attention's too precious to spare
for some
one
like
you.

Ha!
What,
Do you think that just because
the adults like you
and swoon to your character,

knowledge, and poise,
that we'll just accept you? Embrace and respect you?
And let you play with us normal girls and boys?

Well,
No.
'Cuz you'll always be different,
and you can't deny it.
So we can make sure now that
you won't belong.
Shh now, best if you'd just stay quiet
You can't join our circle. Stop singing your song.

Independent

Ariella Seidemann

“No don’t worry about me”

“Thanks I’m fine”

“No, it’s totally out of your wayu”

“Yeah don’t worry I’ll figure it out”

“Yeah, no, like seriously for real I’m good”

“Ma, can you please pick me up?”

The One

Rachel Fogel

Red flower petals.
One small question and a ring.
I wish for a yes.

Cards

Zehava Sanders

I reach into the bag
My eyes shut
The light staining the inside of my eyelids
Lurid pink.
I hear the whispers of the wind
In the silence around me.
We all wait.
Breathless.
Hopeful.
I feel it,
Slim, cool,
Tucked neatly in my palm.
I pull it out
Ready to face
My,
Our,
Future.

Sights

Chana Esther Schwartz

There are many sights I wish to see in the world
Like a sparkly baton that is beautifully twirled.

A waterfall is a pretty sight
Just don't look down it's a bit of a height.

A flower orchard I love to see
With the blue sky and the buzzing bees.

The colors on a little bird
The black and white cows in a herd.

There are many beautiful sights to see
Especially something that is very pretty.

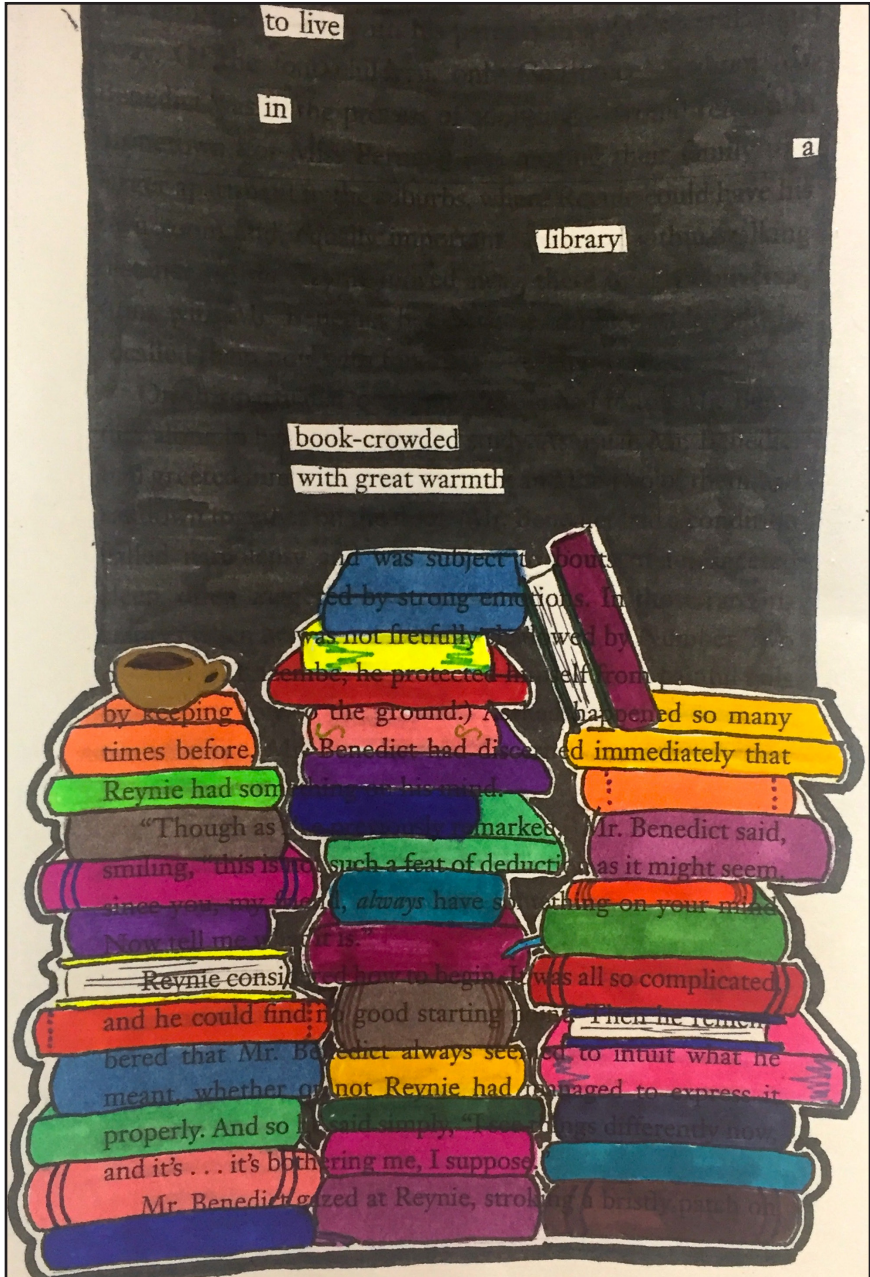
Becoming the Favorite

Chana Leah Seif

She left a vacuum
Giving me one year to take her place
So I took advantage of her absence and filled it with my presence.
I had one job:
To please all And become the favorite
So I became the favorite
The mission, which I chose to accept was
Win over the family by
Attending events and
Just being likeable
A wise penguin once said “smile and wave, boys. Smile and wave.”
So I did just
That.
A year later,
My sister returned
And
I
Was
The
Favorite.

To Live in a Library

Sara Sash



The Conversations In Between

Chana Rivka Herbsman

She talks too little
Is not something they've ever said
We get she's friendly, and it can be tough
But tell that girl she has talked enough

Bamboozled by the
Discombobulated
ramble, bramble, stop.
I connect the missing dots
For others to see, it's not random at all

Mourning Spilled Milk

Channa Gelbtuch

We are always told
don't cry over spilled milk.

But maybe we should.

Everyone cried
over the bottle
that was finished
down to the last drop.

But why cry
when all of that milk
went to good use?

It formed mustaches,
bubbly chocolate drinks,
and wet bowls of Frosted Flakes.

But when the half full bottle
tipped over
the shelf,
nobody cried.

They just mopped it up,
as if they forgot that they were wiping up
empty glasses
and dry Oreos.

Trying Not to Catch Some Zzzzz's

Chavina Berger

A yawn escapes my tired lips
Yet again.
Blankets start to cover my soft blue eyes,
Heavily putting them to sleep.

Not the sweet scent of freshly brewed, highly caffeinated, hazelnut
coffee,
Nor the cool blasting air brushing past me from the windows
The chatter from either side won't do it
And the fire engine, with its loud obnoxious sirens, can't either.

The involuntary need to rest my head
As desk begins to replace my bed
My thoughts retreat to an unconscious stream
Of cotton candy clouds, among other things

My mind drifts to another place
Where the fairies fly and the unicorns sing
And as I lie in my blissful state
I'm dragged back to reality,
Every time,
By the force of the brrrrriiiiing!

The Hunch

Chaya Sara Malek

Back ramrod straight
Shoulders rolled back
Eyes trained directly ahead

Slowly
Cautiously
As if not to disturb the raging
beast perched atop my head
I walk but a mere few steps

Stand taller
and it would be easier

Don't slump
Don't slouch

Just a few more feet to go
And yet with a sickening thud
I knew I was bound to start again

So one by one I pick up the
books
A cookbook
A journal
And the Sunday morning paper
Stacking them up
Building my very own Leaning
Tower of Pisa

Don't slump
Don't slouch

You must get this right
You need to try again
Hunching is definitely not an
option

Stand tall
Stand proud
You're a queen
And besides
Pretty girls never hunch

Dandelion Girl

Chedva Levine

Strands of hair twined into a
braid,
Stream down her narrow back.
Flushed face, running,
Stomping on the grass.
As a joyous expression
Enhances her divine features,
Smelling the spring breeze.

But then —
It all stops.
She freezes.
Her feet pause.
Throat breathes,
Braids stop swaying
In the spring breeze.

A sight to behold,
Moment to embrace,
The whistle of the wind
Settles to a murmur.

Because, she set her sights on
A flower!
But not just any flower,
A botanic miracle
She places her trust in,
Betraying herself.
Her deepest,
Darkest
Secrets.

She huffs,
And she puffs
And she blows all the air
Out of her delicate body.

And then
The wish comes out,
And the flower dissolves,
Floats away in the wind
The girl runs away.

Back to her friends,
And into her future.

Wish in the Wind

Chedvah Lamm

The cold crisp winter ends
Buds began to take root
Degrees rise
Higher, higher, higher
Finally the flowers bloom
Turning monotony into the coloring expanse of the earth
Irises, buttercup, daisy, hydrangea, anemone, daffodil, dahlia, onions,
and angelonia
Freesia, bleeding heart, laceleaf, peony, foxgloves, hollyhocks, cat-
mints, tickseed, and touch-me-not
All are my happiness, my love, my color
All are my sadness, my grief, my prickly mistakes
They belong to others too
The dandelion though is mine alone
It is my hopes my dreams my life
Whispy in the wind
Quick to blow away
Lone in the midst of a plain of grass
A single one can change a life
A single one can destroy a life
The dandelion will be mine alone

Wishful View

Daniella Kurzymann

The birds join together

Looking

 Down

From the high peak of the

VAST tree.

On the right, identical

L u s c i o u s pines

Stand straight,

 Like one awaits their

 Royal Queen.

The wind gusts

 Upon

The flowing river,

Making the current

 Rush.

A salmon pops up

Then pounces

Back into the river.

 Straight ahead,

Mountains m a j e s t i c a l l y

Lay

 In the distance

Creating a remarkable view.

Then, awoken I wish to return to my memories.

Wishes

Esther Bertram

Wishes on flowers
with white fluffy faces.
Wishes on pennys
thrown into wells.
Wishes on candles
blown out all at once.
Wishes on flowers,
Wishes on stars,
Wishes on lashes,
Wishes on nothing.

She's Not Normal

Laya Moskowitz

“Just Act Normal”

A phrase ubiquitous in a society
who prides themselves on inclu-
sion

Accepting everybody for who
they are

Except,

If what you do can be classified
as not normal.

But, what if I don't want to wear
shoes

or make small talk with my mani-
curist?

What if I want to eat a juicy
lamb chop in a fancy restaurant
with my hands, and let the juice
drip down my face into a puddle
on my lap?

Nope, sorry.

That's not normal.

What if I don't want to be nice
Or apologize when it wasn't my
fault?

What if, when I'm angry, I just
scream instead of keeping it
bottled up inside?

Ehhhh you can't.

Because, that's not normal

So what would happen if right
now

I stopped reading

Kicked off my shoes

Layed down on the floor

And took a nap?

What would happen if I don't
apologize when someone else
bangs into me,

Or I don't wear shoes to school

Or I'm silent during a manicure

Or I don't say good morning to
every person I see?

Society would reject me.

And what would they say?

“She's not normal”

Freeform

Esty Friedman

Is my dress right for this affair?
I need to get something else to wear.
Should I wear my hair straight or wavy?
Which bag should I choose, black or navy?
Am I here too early — is it weird?
Can't go in just yet, I'm too scared.
Will I see any familiar faces?
Acquaintances from other places?
Will I know the right things to say?
Or just how long I need to stay?
Is it rude to question the waiter?
Is it okay to eat now or later?
To sit or to stand?
To ask or to —

No
I am tired of worrying
of questioning
of self-doubt
I am done with stressing
with obsessing
with chasing after that perfect answer
or rhyme
no more rules or chants
for once I'll let my brain
be quiet
for once I'll let myself
be free

The Down Side & Up Side of Wishes

Dassi Mayerfeld

** Read the poem down and then read it up- from bottom to top to hear both perspectives*

Wishes are destructive
I will never say that
Wishes brighten up a stormy day
Changing my mood
Upset
To
Hopeful
Wishes have a lasting impact
Wishes
Are
Storms
Inside the eye of
Dreamers that say
believe
Wishes
Make me think about
Everything missing in my life

Inch By Inch

Etta Feuer

Inch by inch
clawing her way up
She held her breath, closed her eyes
With her fist
She made it to the top
That was the end of him

My blobfish story?
Indecisive, genie's mad
I blew my third wish

A Dandelion Wish

Ettie Gwelfguat

Flowing in the breeze
a small white dot,
like a tuft of cotton
catches the eyes of the five year old girl.
Throughout the newly vibrant green grass
little puffs of clouds draw acute eyes.
Another, still planted in the grown is picked up by the small delicate
hands.
Once lifted a wish pops into the head of the naive girl,
to have a little baby sister
or for Bessie to not steal her dolls again.
White flurries all over,
it begins to spread in every direction with the wind's gust.
The excitement on the angelical face illuminates the world
and another is picked up to wish again.

The Great Wall of Grace

Gitty Boshnack

All her life she worked on her wall,
So that never a tear would fall
Stone cold were her emotions
And she seemed to have no fears
Nothing lived, that she held dear
Impenetrable was her fortress
 Guarded with locks and chains
 A gate made of iron and steel
Then I met her and tried to talk to her
And thought with time she'll open up
Because I liked her, Because I cared, Because I knew underneath all
her facade
She
Was
Scared.
But like I said she was a brick wall.
Solid, concrete and ten feet tall.
And I wish, I wish that it would fall.

Peace and Quiet

Leora Lehrfield

My big sister left to her college library,
Daddy escaped to his study downstairs,
Mommy says they're searching, searching, searching
for Peace-and-Quiet kind of somewheres

They leave almost every night,
sometimes during the day, early afternoon.
There were times they spent hours, hours, hours
in Peace and Quiet, until I saw the moon.

I wonder how much it costs, how many times
they get to refill the Peace and Quiet slots,
which companies and shops are the best, best, best,
and what the hours are for those finest spots.

The stores seem to be open daily, round-the-clock.
My sister, brothers, and daddy all pick different times of day
To gather their Macs and car keys and sigh, sigh, sigh,
roll their eyes and call out, "I need Peace and Quiet, I can't stay."

Maybe it's only for grown ups; *I've* never been there
But I've always wanted to see what it's like, to try it
even though they keep telling me over, over, over,
it's because of *me* that they need Peace and Quiet

So when I asked Mommy as we sat in the recliner and sang,
if we can please go visit Peace and Quiet together,
I was quite puzzled when she closed her eyes, chuckled, chuckled,
chuckled,
And whispered, "No. This is much, much better."

Why is it So Quiet?

Malki Einborn

Laughter and buzz fill the air,
The conversation is exhilarating.
Slowly the carefree discussion comes to a natural pause,
And I am left to sit with my thoughts in the silence.

If it were night outside, I'd hear the crickets.
If it were drizzling outside, I'd hear the droplets.
If it were autumn outside, I'd hear the falling leaves.
It's so quiet.

I can't help but say my final thought out loud
And with a chuckle I hear my mother say,
"This is not the first time I'm hearing this from you."
There was nothing to do but agree.

And as quickly as the conversation paused,
It began again.
The chuckles and shouts cloud my head
To the point where I can only hear,
"It is so loud now."

I am still in my head and can't help but wonder,
Why must I state the obvious silence?
Am I too uncomfortable to just sit around them?
Or do I just miss the airy banter of us all?

A Silent Snow Performance

Mia Lubetski

I stood in the snow
I felt alone in the world
As if the world was mine,
Silence
I hear each snowflake fall
Joining the others on the ground
I see eternal patterns of footsteps on the white wasteland
I could hear the snow packing together underneath the weight of my
boots
I see the snow landing softly on the windows like little fairies flying
down from the sky
Snow landing on the trees, each tree adorned with it's own lacy dress
I hear the shrieks of terror and excitement,
as snowballs hurl through the air
Snow lands on my glasses, causing condensation
I hear the roar of trains and cars going past, but the world still feels
silent
My cheeks grow red, as the bitter wind blows across my face
My fingers feel numb as I gather snowballs to toss at my friends
I laugh as girls chase me, trying to run faster in my boots
I see clouds of breath emerging from our panting mouths
As we trudge up the hill to leave, wishing I could stay,
I whisper goodbye to my silent, frosty, winter wonderland!

From a Flame to a Dream

Anna Gross

A cake dressed like a truck
Sitting next to pies of pizza and fries
With colored balloons decorating each side

Music blasting
With smiles and laughter
A Happy Birthday chant is sung

Everyone crowding
All cameras pointing
In the same direction

When the Curtain Closes

Michal Haas

They compare it to angels,
and my face flushes pink.
What I stutter out after seems to be a question,
and what I'm never sure of, they treat like fact.
Do they know more about me
than I possibly could?
No matter what anyone says to me,
I still wonder if they're genuine.
I can't help but wonder about their motives,
no matter how I feel about myself.
And still, when the curtain closes
I am slightly mortified
because the thoughts that storm my heart
should not have been mine at all.
I know I did a good job-
and yes, they know it too-
so I swell with pride,
and they all gush.

but —

why do they do that?

Me and My Worries

Michal Rogosnitzky

I worry
That I will upset someone
Or make them wait for me

At night
I fear that the doors are unlocked
Or the gas is on and no one knows
Or I forgot to turn on my alarm
Even though I checked
Maybe ten times

I'm anxious
When I walk into a store
Always unsure what to say
Even when I know what I want

I panic
When I stand too close to the yellow line by the train station
Or when a baby stands too close to the stairs

I stress
That my Waze will malfunction and I'll be stranded
Or that my phone will die so I have no one to call for help

I even worry
When I'm not sure what I'm worrying about

It's Not a Phase, Mom

Mikki Treitel

I can bang my forehead on the wall
and whisper-scream
angst angst angst
over and over again,
because I put my sweatshirt on backwards
this morning.

I can wallow through nine episodes
of Say Yes to the Dress while
slicing strawberries with a plastic spoon.
And sometimes, cutting the bristles off
a toothbrush is very,
very necessary.
And the feeling
of “just compost me already,”
it's real:
I'd rather decompose into biodegradable waste
than fix my backwards sweatshirt.

I can eat dry muffins mournfully —
a metaphor for my crumbling world.
Find me in a shrivelled garden sipping Mountain Dew
because I'm disappointed.
and therefore, if I really want to,
I'll just let
the shampoo
drip into
my
shower.

My Fingers Move

Malka Hirsch

Up down
Right left
Pressing lightly on the metal strings
In a blissful soft way
The feeling overwhelms me
The soft music speaks to my soul
I put it down and think
The beauty can never be replaced
But the beauty is gone
My fingers don't move
I don't get the feeling
And it doesn't speak to my soul
As the world has taken me away from this beauty
As there are other things that take up my time
But can never reach the same beauty

Chocolate Chip Cookie Poem

Nechama Reichman

Most people don't like me
But after all
I am only here to help.

Sometimes I understand.
They are naive and short-sighted, and simply do not realize
That good is different than bad.
If only they would know how much efforts it takes to run me.
Maybe they would stop a second
And learn to acknowledge

I teach them how to speak
How to read and how to write
I teach them how to calculate
How to measure and divide
I even teach reciprocals
But you don't reciprocate a fraction.

It's time for my recognition
Time for my hello
But after all these years of teaching you
You still don't even know
What the art of giving really is.

Because you are just not fair. You give me too much work. And now
I've had enough. If you can't control your routine, I can't afford to
give you another lesson...

So stop with the complaints
With the we get too much this and too little that
And start with acknowledging the good

And the greatness I do offer.

When you come home to your parents
After a bright shiny productive day
Instead of this teacher was mean
Begin with that teacher was nice.

We all make mistakes
And I am always blamed.

I am the school that you never cease to complain about
The school you will one day have to learn to appreciate.

Shelf Life in the Library

Esther Guelfgnat

Take me
Too, won't
You? I might
be dusty,
disheveled
and dirty but

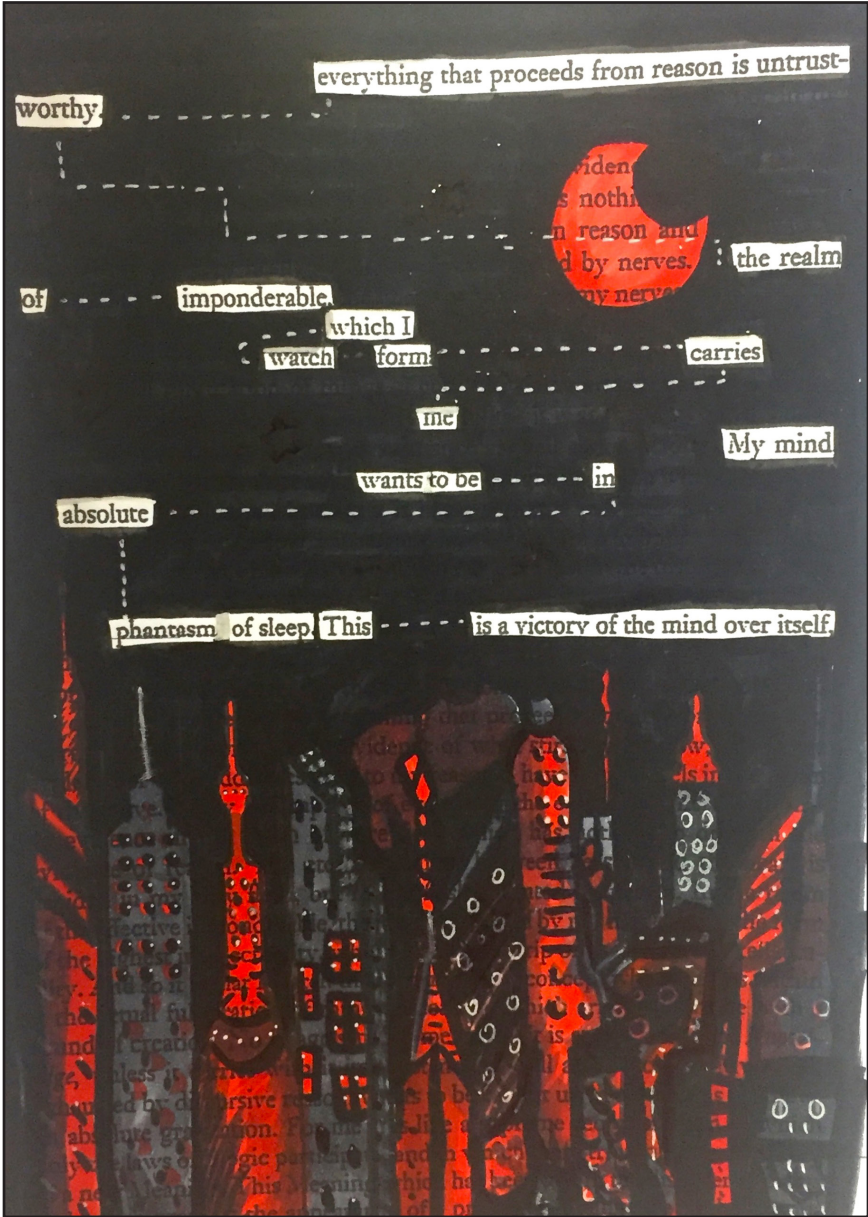
Inside are
contained vast
seas of knowledge.

Pick me off the shelf so I too can transverse the universe you
contain.

Perhaps you have grown accustomed to my neighboring books but
perhaps you can try me once?

Imagination

Leab Harris



The Candy Store

Sarala Levy

I look in the window and what I see,
Is but a small little child looking back at me.
And in the background there he be,
The chocolate master busy as a bee.
With my nose pressed against the window I lick my lips,
While glaring at the chocolate and licorice whips.
Carmel, coffee, white chocolate and more.
With nuts, without nuts, the fudge he dose pour.
Nuggets and clusters, and a marshmellow smore,
Oodles bon bons and cookies galore.
Red velvet, triple chocolate with whipped cream on top,
Snow cones and ice creams with a big chocolate plop.
When I look again at the window, the child is no more,
Just a feeble old woman at the candy store.

Wishful Thinking

Sari Dubin

I wish I went there.

I wish I said this.

I wish I did that.

Think before you act.

So you don't need to make a wish.

I am with You on a Sunny Day

Nechama Mandel

I am with you all the time on a sunny day,
When you find some time to go out and play.
Sometimes I follow you, and sometimes you follow me,
Sometimes we're side by side but you don't even see.
I'll live when you live,
I'll die when you die,
For it is you who keeps me alive.
To know I am there the sun must be bright,
Since my entire existence depends on the light.
I will be with you wherever you turn,
You can't get rid of me, and that you must learn
For I am your shadow and I'll join in your fun
As long as the clouds don't cover the sun

I Wish Upon a Certain Star

Noa Klein

I wished
Upon
A certain star

As it drifted through the sky
Like a paper carried by the wind

I wished upon a certain star
As it twinkled through the sky
Like the city of lights
After it has become dark

I wished upon a certain star
Which glowed with knowledge
Of a thousand other wishes

I wished upon a certain star
That travelled through the black sky
Like the first peak of sun
After a long night

But now my certain star
Along with my wish
Is gone
Swallowed into the dark
Never to be seen
Again

Guilt Giving

Rachel Liebling

I can't stand up straight
but I'll run
as you asked
but the wire branch roots
are barbed baby thumbs
claiming my neck captive
but choking is not an option
so I'll give
you
got it
Yes,
Guess
I'll keep my ponytail waving
Hello
along with my fist
gouged by grapefruit juice at the
rips
tear
myself away
so I could say I
did
and give
you
More
of myself away
but not because you ask
not because you'll implore, adore
me
so I could say I
did
All

in my head
ahead
push up
push higher
sit up
Sit -

but I'm already standing
spitting out More
of myself in
Oh, sweet selfish superlatives
and if I don't
standing will tilt
guilt
just got to
don't want to, mind you
find you
doomed at the stump
of its palm

There Are Stars

Ayala Cweiber

At the edge of one of nature's most prized wonders
I stood and watched the sun slip away
The sky itself changed fiery orange and pastel pink
To match the fading light of day
I wish I was a better artist
Who could paint the images in my head
The gorgeous hues of the sunset
The ombré of purple and red
Slowly rose the moon
Smiling into the night
And the fireflies flutter around
As the stars shone so bright
Heading back home I glanced out my window
And saw them in the sky
millions and millions of tiny white specks
Sparkling for no reason why
As we drove away from my little stars
My eyes began to tear
Because I realized that in the city
You can't see them this clear

Maybe the Moon

Esther Mehlman

When we were nine,
There was so much light
That we'd stuff our pillows,
and
Rest our chins
On rolled down windows and
Play games with sunshine
speeding passed the broken yellow stripe
Toward summer

When we turned 13
The sun hardly ever wanted to
play
Or show up to parties
So we'd trace the walls
To find some sort of switch
That would chase the clouds
Until behind the horizon

And with crickets and
Blue background music
We'd strike a match
Crouched on the cold wood
floors
Of an old new house
And remember

But the wind would want
That little bit of light
We thought we deserved

The disappointed moon,
Asks why
We spend our days
Searching for things
that don't want to be found
And why not close our eyes
And decide
That *Maybe the moon*
is happiness

On the Platform

Noa Garfinkel

across the noise and subway tracks,
I see you at long last.
close friends I'm sure we could have been,
please don't go hurry past-

a train comes and removes you from
my transitory view,
so why waste time and wish you'd stay?
I'm evanescent too.

Maybe One Day

Rachelle Gelbtuch

Maybe there will be a day
That things will appear to change
People will be different
And the world will rearrange

The homeless will be settled,
Enemies will make peace,
Violence won't be heard of,
Living standards will increase,

But this is only a wish
One that is hard to come true
It may seem like it's easy
But there is a lot to do

There are unhappy people
And many countries at war
There are many more problems
That people can just ignore

But if we make an effort
And recover piece by piece
Maybe we can make a change
And accomplish some world peace

The Arrival?

Rivka Lax

Today he will come
I just know it
I tiptoe into my brother's room to tell him this great news
He wakes up, eyes bright ready for any adventure
When I tell him who's coming he jumps out of bed, faster than I've
ever seen
He begins packing
Everything goes in the bag
We just take it all out of our drawers and into the bag it goes
We make some noise with all of this
Mommy wakes up
She asks what is this about, we tell her he's coming
Her face lights up with joy, then the light dims a bit, she tries not to
show it
She says OK, we go check by the door to see if he's here
We wait
And wait
And wait
It seems like forever, but mommy says it was only five minutes
I ask her why he didn't come
Mommy says it's because we didn't put enough bricks on the bais
hamikdash yet,
Maybe we need to put just a few more...
I say I can do that and I'll try again tomorrow

Time is of the Essence

Rivka Sabel

I wish to be able to grasp time in my hands.
To not let it fly by.

Because two days pass like four and
One one minute passes like nine.

They use watches to keep track of time,
But can not believe every time the clock chimes.

Time is like a child hiding from their mother while at play,
She looks and looks for him and suddenly it is the end of the day.
We race against time with watches on our hands and clocks on our
wall.

But in truth if one spends their time trying to keep track of it, why
do they need the time at all.

Prepared

Avigail Ovitsb

A carefree third grader stands on the school bus line,
Weighed down by a backpack bigger than her entire body.
A tortoise with an oversized speckled shell,
Carrying the weight of its life on its back.
Throwing her overstuffed bag on the floor at home,
The contents spill out for all the world to see.
Color-coded notebooks of every single subject.
Pens, folders, snacks, and drinks of all shapes and sizes.
Surely the seven multiplication problems for homework tonight,
Do not need the company of every other object strewn on the floor.
But, she needs to be prepared. Always. For anything.
A responsible high school senior runs off the bus,
Shouldering a backpack just slightly smaller than her fully grown
frame.
A camel with a hump the size of a house,
Carrying the weight of its life on its back.
Tossing her schoolbag on the table,
The zipper opens to reveal the contents of her entire locker.
Surely the one physics book she will study from tonight,
Does not need to share space with locker books she uses once a
month.
But, of course, she can't not be prepared.
For anything. For everything. For life.

The End of All Dreams

Sara Nordlicht

Ever wonder
What
Would happen
If all your dreams
Came true?
If they
Simply
Ceased
To exist
Having been fulfilled?
Like a
Shard
Shattering
The inner world
Of a
Raindrop.
What would
Happen
Then?
Would you
Stop
Dreaming,
Hoping,
Wishing?
Seeing as
You had
Nothing
Left
To wish for?
If so,
I think

I would rather
Keep on
Dreaming,
Hoping,
Wishing,
Than
Having all my
Dreams
Come true.

Dragon Tales

Sarah Setareh

I wish

I wish

With all my heart

To fly with dragons in a land apart

I wish

I wish

With all my heart

That every child gets a new start

I wish

I wish

With all my heart

That I could yodel in Walmart

Time Travel

Sboshana Escott

Sometimes I wish
that I could go back in time
and relive happy times,
good times.
But then,
I would have to do everything over again.
Including
that essay I stayed up writing
till the wee hours of the morning,
the first day of school,
and other things I'd rather not mention.
I think I'll stay in the present.
Though,
maybe I'll go a couple weeks in the future
so I'll have already written
the next essay.

Dandelion

Tamar Spoerri

I don't think I've ever walked past
a dandelion without turning around

The Day I Was Born

Avigail Deutsch, NYC

I wish I can remember the day I was born
The day I started to breath
The day my eyes opened
The day I got my identity.
If only I can remember that day
The joy it brought to so many
Just a little baby girl
With dark brown hair
If only I can remember.

Sometimes you wish things would come true
Unicorns
Fairies
Dream houses
But then
you flash back into the real world
You realize that it was all just a wish
A wish you hope to come true.

The Doodler

Temima Feder

I want to hear you
But the dancing pink elephants are vying for my attention
I don't have enough space in my skies
For your boring sentences
My palace is grander
My face is more fascinating
It's more pigmented in my notebook
Than the wispy apparition
That sits in your class

The Wish Granter

Musia Kirschenbaum

Among the wishes of the world
The Granter sits alone
Hoping, praying, that one day
Someone will grant a wish of his own

Just One More

Yael Grosberg

I'll tell you a tale;
I assure you it's true.
I'm embarrassed to say
this bad habit I do.

It's snack time again;
I'm ready to munch.
All the cookies and cakes
I'm excited to crunch.

Here lies the problem,
Can you relate?
I feel I must finish
all that's on my plate.

I start out with one
And say, "that will do,"
But then I decide,
well what's wrong with two?

And then I wonder,
what is the fuss?
To have a third cookie,
and a fourth I just must.

And so it goes on
until I see
the box almost empty.
Wait! Was that all me?

And so now I do vow,

"never again!"
This bad habit of mine,
I declare it must end.

"No more junk food," I say —
not even a peep.
This has gone way to far;
new limits I must keep

I stand strong and proud,
until I smell something unreal.
Fresh donuts on the counter!
Oo just one bite, what's the big
deal?

Deer in Headlights

Yaffa Barsky

I'm sorry, but I'll have to start this with an apology...
I'm sorry if that's not what you wanted to hear...
I'm sorry
But who am I sorry to?
To you?
To me?
To both of us?
To the world?
Why, time after time, do I apologize?
It's a reflex,
a survival instinct
of a deer being cornered by the hunter.
So she becomes smaller, minimizes her beauty,
only to realize the hunter isn't real.
It's inside of her-
The hunter is her fear.
Her fear of being wrong
in her mind, to others.
So, she covers up,
pretends something she's not.
She's not always sorry.
She doesn't always want to feel small,
so as not to step on anyone's toes.
She doesn't always want to feel as if walking on eggshells.
So,
next time
I forget to do something for you, or
YOU step on my foot,
YOU bump into me,
YOU're the one that should be apologizing,
I will stay silent.
The little deer inside of me will hold her head high, stretch her neck
and just walk away.

Birthday Wishes

Yebudit Cohen

A huge cake appeared before him
Five candles
One for each year of his young life
He closed his eyes
And began to blow them out

One
I wish for a bright red race car

Two
I wish for a pen covered in stars

Three
I wish for a shiny new guitar

Four
I wish to ride in a streetcar

Five
I wish for a bed with no safety bars

The little boy opened his eyes
And proceeded to take charge
Of the rest of his life

The Light

Tikvah Pollack

I am lost in the dark you say
Just to realize in dismay
That you are lost in the light.

If Only I Could

Zabava Giloni

If only I could, I would.
I would do anything to reveal it.
Covered in tar, blotched over its true shining colors.
Its shine has rusted for years and years,
Until it seemed to have nothing left glowing.
I cry over the past that has moved on like yesteryear.
Missing the empowering touch that kept the real me going.
Only I can renew its lost glory.
I would do anything to reveal it.
If only I could, I would.

A Moment

Alicia Russo

Like cotton candy, the sweet night air whisps
Around the nape of my neck.
My eyes drift close, my heart steadfast
As my head sinks into the grass.

The crickets chirp, my mind a wanderer
Seems to find its way a far.
The leaves whistle, as they fly to the ground
The stars twinkling above.

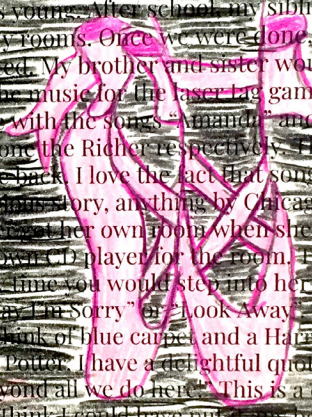
My breath slow, my body completely still
I look up at the dark sky.
I see a light, that zooms above my head
A shooting star, wish for me!

My wishes stream like an unstoppable river

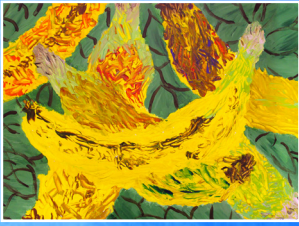
I wish for a song,
I wish for tranquility,
I wish for a moment,
A moment just like this.

Music Power

Becky Bral



to me, life is a musical. I've made myself a world where it's perfectly normal to have random bursts of song and dance. It's those moments of my life that I love the most. Any time I'm feeling down or out of sorts, I just turn on my iPod, and suddenly I feel so much better. I guess it all started in my childhood. I remember singing along to Bonnie Raitt, Sade, Journey, Cars, and Meatloaf with my dad. My mom and I would listen to Garth Brooks, Shania Twain, and Martina McBride. These wonderful people were the ones returning to my love of music. I didn't limit myself to one genre either. Classical and country were just the beginning for me. I now listen to pretty much everything but rap. My dad was the manager of Putt Putt Golf and Games when I was young. After school, my siblings and I would do our homework in the party rooms. Once we were done, we were allowed to do anything we wanted. My brother and sister would go carting, but I chose to grab my music for the laser tag games. It was during this time that I fell in love with the songs "Mamma" and "There She Goes" by Rodan and Sixpence None the Richer respectively. The mere mention of these songs now bring me back. I love the fact that songs collect memories. Much like the pie man story, anything by Chicago reminds me of my dad. My sister, in her own room when she was around 9 years old, and she had her own CD player for the room. The only CD she had was a Chicago one. Every time you would step into her room, you would hear a song like "How to Slay," "I'm Sorry," or "Look Away." Whenever I hear those songs, I think of blue carpet and a Harry Potter bedspread. Speaking of Harry Potter, I have a delightful quote from the first book, "The music, a magic beyond all we do here." This is a quote from Albus Dumbledore, and I don't think I could have put it any better myself. There's something about music that just makes life better. Imagine if you were a life without music. There would be no dancing or suspenseful movie moments, all songs would just be poems. Don't get me wrong, I love poetry, but once you put it to music you truly understand what the poet is trying to say. I myself try to express what I truly feel through songs. I've even had a song that was along with everything. If I can't find one, I try to write it myself. This is the only way I think I actually connect with my feelings. I've heard it said that music expresses what words cannot. This is true. Sometimes just by slowing down the tempo you get a whole other meaning to the song. I would like to take all the



Elisheva Lesser



Chaya Sara Malek



Racheli Neuman



Riki Rowe



Nomie Fermaglich



Tirtza Jochnowitz



Chavie Dweck



Chavi Dweck



Bassy Reissman



Laya Moskowitz



Tirtza Jochnowitz



Chava Milo



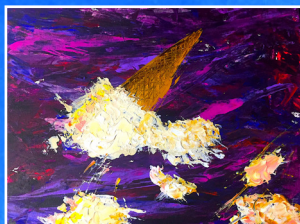
Leora Mause



Aviva Barth



Temima Feder



Riki Rowe



Shani Hans