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## Dedication

*This book was made due to the generosity of The Henry E. Niles Foundation and is dedicated to the teachers at Grace Academy who encouraged us to appreciate and write poetry.*

*It is also dedicated to Ms. Connors, Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Haggerty-Wenz who made our visit to The Golden Thread Gallery fun, inspirational and enabled us to use our imaginations.*

# Student Poetry Celebrating National Poetry Month



## **The Way You Make Me Shine**

*by Paw Say Wah*

I love the way you wipe all the dirty memories away.  
When I am covered with dirty marks and scratches,  
you try so hard to make me shine.

I fantasize about you and write it down, but then they erase them.  
They write mean and horrible things that I just want to get rid of  
but I don't get to do that because you are the one to do so.

You are the only one that can make me shine like I never did before.  
Sometimes I wonder where you are.  
I also wonder if you are going to come back.

The next day I see a new you and always knew  
you were going to come back because  
we are meant to be.

I love the way you make me shine like I never did before.

## **Best Buds Stick Together**

*by Michelle Garcia*

We work together.  
He's my best bud.

As I slowly go through to get an A on the run,  
We work together to make people remember things and  
get good grades.  
Honestly, without us, no one could pass a grade.  
We were the original 'til computers and key boards took over.  
Part of me goes on, my friend.

As the person moves her hand from one end to another,  
the different colors of me,  
Red, blue, black  
Go on.

They are there to stay on.  
I can't erase, sure, you can rip me and my Best bud,  
but I will still be there.  
We will still be here because  
we are Best buds.

## **Inspired by Poem, The Tiger**

*by De'Geal Davis*

Jacob! Jacob! Smile so bright  
Skateboarding down the street in pure daylight  
What kind of person, color or type,  
Can take away that great personality in just one try?

## A Hope For Tomorrow

by Eden Bailey

Everyday I lose a part of my soul,  
For people's own satisfaction  
I am used  
Then thrown away when I cannot  
be used any further.  
Like an old shoe that cannot fit its  
master any longer.  
Every time I hear the word "Sick,"  
I cringe in disgust.  
For I am afraid that I will be used  
*Again*  
But then I hear there's a new kid in  
town who is going to be the next  
big thing.  
The world's hero.  
Better yet, my hero.  
I'm starting to beg and cry that  
she will  
Help me,  
Save the little bit of my soul I have  
left.  
She looks at me in pity and she  
answers,  
"Ummm, sure?"  
I start crying tears of joy and I  
know Together,  
We will fight any "Germs" that  
come our way.  
And I am left to think that I might  
have *Hope for Tomorrow*  
Like I once did.

## Oh Well

By Kaitlee Tellez

Sometimes you show how your  
ego is SO big.  
You say how your skin is always so  
clear,  
But other times, we all know you  
have pimples that everyone can  
see.  
We're from different worlds.  
That's just how this cruel world is.  
You always have that same  
expression on your face.  
It would be great if you could  
change your expression.  
And wash your face.  
And get rid of all your pimples.  
Yup, that would be nice.  
But oh well.  
I wish I could change my  
appearance too.  
It happened once.  
I wore a beautiful scarf, a vibrant  
scarf.  
Now I just wear a beautiful gold  
dress  
That covers my eyes from seeing  
the world.  
But oh well.

## INORDINATE

by Shui Se Phoe

My head spins with purple, and I become aware that I am missing a fourth of my footing stability whilst you have all of yours. However, I swear, I'm just as good, and I can become even better. Yet, the bigger I grow, the larger you become. For I can never become bigger, no one has ever had any hope for me. Yes, they sit on me, just as you do, but you take them to a dreamland of dizziness and comfort whilst I place them on the still ground, not giving them anything but my hard and cold surface. I'm boring and bright, and you're the queen's comforter. However, I will one day overcome you, and I will say, "I am mighty, my armor shines blue and silver, even if I'm not as great as you. The gap in my center shall be filled, and I will defeat you. I can, and I shall."

## **Surrender**

*by Maria Janer*

You have taken a piece of me  
that I can never get back.  
I'm lost, I need to stop.  
I fantasize about you most of my  
day,  
No sense of direction.  
I can't be happy without you.  
You're horrible for what you did  
to me.  
That part of me can never  
come back.  
I surrender to you.  
Have you made me stronger?  
I'm afraid not.  
I'm not the same as one year ago.  
The sad truth is that my life would  
be a bore without you.  
I have to accept you.

## **The Marks You Make**

*by Nevaeh Bland*

I hate the way your odor rubs  
all over me when your nose  
touches mine.  
  
How you get me all messy with your  
vivid colors.  
Just for someone to come and wash  
them away.  
  
The way you pound against me,  
Like I'm a punching bag.  
  
I love when the 10 hours pass  
Cause its all over until they come  
in again  
  
I love when they clean me up again.  
But I know in the morning,  
It's the same vicious cycle.

## **An Escape**

*by Genesis Del Valle*

I continue forward without thinking about the consequences.  
I run with all my strength.  
Frightened and tired, I go my way.  
All reject me because I'm different.  
I ask myself why.  
My feet now covered in bruises and cuts  
I continue my journey forward,  
Towards the end.  
Every footstep weighing my body down, each time with more strength  
I scream as loud as I can.  
No one hears my voice,  
Though they are standing beside me.  
I knew this day would come,  
But, I told myself it was all a lie.  
I blame myself for not standing up to them,  
Getting pushed around by others  
But not once taken into consideration.  
Where are they now?  
I never gave up on them.  
I was always a shoulder they could cry on.  
Never did I leave anyone behind.  
I pinch myself trying to wake from the Nightmare, but instead wake up  
Underwater drowning from the  
Weight of my worries.

## **Hurry Up** *by Nary Oo*

It has been days, you have been sitting there.  
You and I, as friends, are always used.  
Then when we are not filled with joy anymore or when we get in a fight  
Our souls are lost and we are thrown out of our happiness.  
When I cry with boredom, you help clear all the obstacles away  
So people know the different names  
I have  
You're a friend with soft skin like the morning flowers  
You have a home that is decorated  
And so do I, but when people look at me, they say ugh.. In disgust.  
You are now loved and always touched by the skin of pouring hearts on  
the cold winter nights.  
You were once separated from your family, because of your great service.  
I see you less and less everyday.  
When Cinderella loses her glass slipper on the front steps of Prince  
Charming's castle  
That will be the only time I will become myself as one  
Where you would help clear all the obstacles coming towards me.  
Because after all, we are both loved and hated in different ways.  
But when I am alone at the end of fun and boredom  
You will be the one to help me enjoy the world as people judge both of our  
flaws.

## **The Board and the Marker** *by Genesis Del Valle*

I was told to stay clean  
but you and I are like tongue to  
mouth.

We need for each other in the  
same way,  
except there is one difference:  
You dance all over my body for  
ten hours daily.

Though you complain about your  
wonderful life,  
I wish to one day live the way you  
do,  
Get to experience life  
from a distinct point of view.

## **I'll Dry Your Tears and Live In You (Love)** *by Ivania Quintuna*

I love you, you're the one I love.  
You're tough, and you let everyone  
write on you.  
You let them put their lunch on you.  
You are the PB to my J.

I just let everyone pull a part of me  
and use me.  
You would be a perfect place to hide  
in.

You would be my house.  
I would be there if any tears were to  
fall out.  
You wouldn't use me and throw me  
away like the others.

I would be the wife who marries you!  
You, the beloved husband.  
I would be the only one living in you.

## **Magic**

*by Ester Paw*

Every day I see you, making foolish mistakes.  
Do you know who's left to correct?  
Your past would be clean,  
Your future to be bright,  
I have to get up from my cold bed of metal  
Wipe your mistakes with my soft hair  
Making me into a dirty person  
One with a past of dirt  
My tamed hair has turned  
chalky dark.  
I wake up everyday with another mess  
While you, not a single glance.  
Do you cast towards me  
Only your that gift of yours for hideous curves  
Just once, can't you just stop  
and wait for me?  
Traveling so far, so high to tell you the truth  
The happiest day was when  
you died,  
When your colors could no longer shine.  
But, you appear again, all fresh  
and new.  
Leaving poor old me,  
Another task to do.

## **A Poem**

*by Mu Ket Po*

I smile at the ground and think about you.  
My memory erases as the smile starts to  
Fade.  
I think about you twice, not once.  
When I lose you, if you were in my hand  
Again I would hold on to you and I would  
Look right through your eye and thank the  
Lord how much I need you...

## **The Life of Nature**

*by De'Geal Davis*

The pointiness of the grass  
The pollen that flows in the air  
The deadly sting of bees  
The red ants that can bite  
Oh nature, oh nature, oh nature.

## **Fried Chicken**

*by Unknown*

Fried  
Rabbit aka chicken  
Inseparable  
Ever  
Delicious  
Chicken  
Hot  
Indifferent  
Creamy  
Kentucky  
Eating  
Now

## **Fried Chicken**

*by Leanne Edwards*

So much depends  
Upon  
Some  
Fried  
Chicken  
Soaked  
In  
Hot  
Sauce  
Beside  
KFC  
And  
Popeyes

## **A True Life**

*by Destiny Hughes*

Poems, poems  
Are  
My life  
Sometimes  
I picture them  
In my sight.  
Life is a house  
Life is a tree  
Life is something people  
like to see.

# Ekphrastic Poetry with Poet Laureate, Ginny Connors



## ekphrasis

noun ek·phra·sis \ 'ek-frə-səs \ *Greek* \ plural ekphrases  
also ecphrases

: a literary description of or commentary on a visual work of art.

## Ekphrastic Poetry:

A vivid description of a scene or, more commonly, a work of art. Through the imaginative act of narrating and reflecting on the “action” of a painting or sculpture, the poet may amplify and expand its meaning.



## The Blue Umbrella

By Jackie Ordaya

Drop, Drop, Drop  
Went the rain on the umbrella  
The clouds gather and it starts  
To pour

The red umbrella grins  
And the blue umbrella smiles back  
Then they go separate ways  
The blue umbrella loses control  
and says Good bye

They meet up again and  
Laugh and grin and smile  
Though the rain still pours on  
the streets of adventure.



*Sunflowers* by Vincent Van Gogh

## SUNFLOWER

By: Elaina Nelhari Rodriguez

This Sunflower  
This one of a kind Sunflower  
Swaying in the spring breeze

Can get picked up from the ground  
And get twirled around  
Just because of us

But when it dies  
It gets all dry  
Doesn't mean there aren't more

And when they're all gone  
We haven't found what we  
Have been searching for

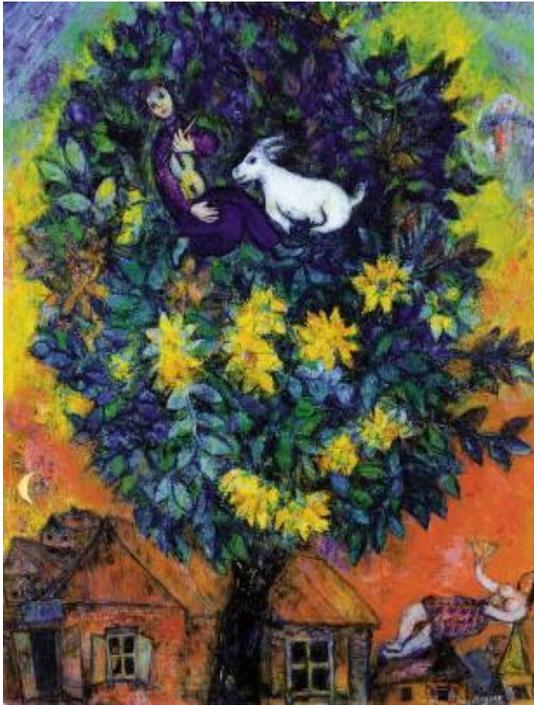
## Untitled

by Paw Shee

Standing on a rock, look so high.  
Standing right here, wishing I can fly.  
Taller than anyone, I think I might have won.  
Staring into the distance, cause of the fog  
I couldn't see.  
Sitting down, imagining what I can be  
because  
I have the freedom to be free.



*Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog*  
by Caspar David



*Autumn in the Village* by Marc Chagall

### **In the Tree**

*by Samantha Allen*

Looking at my owner playing her violin  
Purring at her feet as her hair blows in the wind  
She pauses for a second then that  
sweet music begins again.

### **Hidden Colors**

*by De'Geal Davis*

The villages in the spring  
For everyone to be  
Hidden up in the tree  
For no one to ever see  
Quietly playing the violin  
With the goat to keep her company  
On the side listening to her play  
Softly humming the tune away  
Very happy with the way she lives  
To always be in that tree to stay  
With the moon so soothing every day.

### **Untitled**

*by Adriana Ordaya*

In the shadow of the house  
She sits down,  
Opens up her book  
Eyes, curious  
Stretches out her arms  
Puts them behind her head  
As she lies down  
Sits up, startled  
Watches a squirrel  
Run by  
Lies down again  
Knows there is nothing to fear



Water Lilies by Claude Monet

## The Pond

by Samantha Allen

The pond!  
What a beautiful day to be at that pond,  
It couldn't have been more beautiful with a  
wave of a wind,  
Full of colors, in rays of blue, what do I do?  
Feel like if I touch it, I would stick like glue

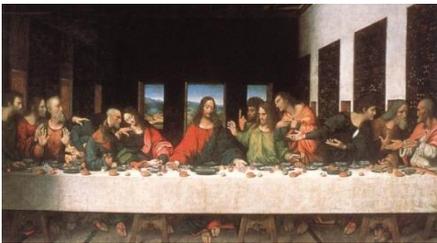
## Four Senses

by Leanne Edwards

I see, I hear, I feel, I smell  
everything around me is a living hell.  
I can not deal with it, bruise after bruise  
when will it end I am on edge,  
because I can see, hear, feel, smell.



Weeping Woman Seated on a Basket  
by Vincent Van Gogh



The Last Supper by Leonardo da Vinci

## The Last Supper!

by Unknown

Table Cloth  
People  
And the man who DIED for our sins  
Who changed 1 loaf of unleavened  
bread into 12 pieces for his Disciples  
Forgiveness  
Wealth  
The WINE for his BLOOD and  
The BREAD for his BODY  
Cherish this forever  
The COVENANT  
The BREAD and  
The WINE.

## Marc's Painting

by Karla Oyola

The man who makes people happy,  
Through media and gameplays.

He always adds a smile on peoples  
faces,  
Elders, adults, and children too.

I wish that I could see him one day,  
And you might too.  
His face gives off a sense of happiness,  
Maybe inside it could be different.

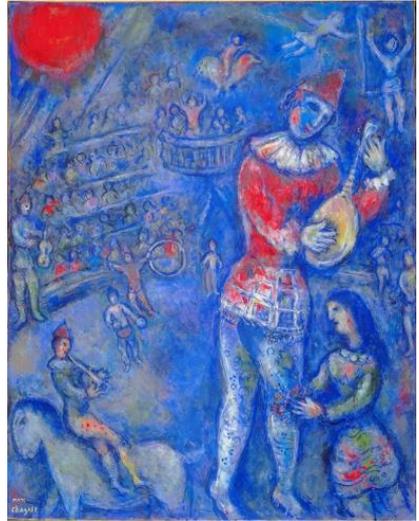
Stories unfold,  
Waiting to be told.

He never stands in silence.  
Hair colored crimson blue,  
Smile brighter than the sun,  
I've never known someone who held the sun for a soul.

The colors in the picture explain a lot.

From the green and purple giving a sense of his  
growing ambition and royalty,  
And smudges of white express his innocence and purity.

He really is a diamond,  
Shining in the light,  
Shining so bright,  
He always teaches us right.



Le Cirque by Marc Chagall



Cape Cod Evening by Edward Hopper

## Inspired by William Carlos Williams

by Grace Valdes

So much depends  
Upon  
Someone's home  
Safety,  
Protection  
And joy  
This is what I  
Need,  
Love



Marilyn Monroe by Andy Warhol

## The Beautiful Lady

by Amanda Ogando

Blonde Bombshell people used to call her.  
Her red lips smiled that look confident  
Pretty blue eyes that would capture  
people's hearts and that would put a  
smile on people's faces.  
Her fashion was beautiful, especially when  
the wind was blowing on her hair.  
We will still remember her, the beautiful  
Marilyn Monroe.



Café Terrace at Night by  
Vincent Van Gogh

## Ekphrastic Poem

by Destiny Navarro

They walk the streets at night  
Wondering which path to take,  
The hard path that makes it  
feel like you have a house on top of you.  
Or the easy path that makes  
it feel like you're floating in the clouds.



## Thunder

By Ayanna Kiser

Crash boom  
I hear and drop the broom  
Pitter patter  
The rain hit the door and  
My dog growled, getting madder  
and madder  
Shhh I say as the rain goes away.



Poppies and Butterflies by Vincent Van Gogh

### **Butterfly**

by Leanne Edwards

So much depends  
Upon  
Butterflies  
Pretty  
Beautiful  
In  
Sun  
In  
The  
Summer  
B-fly



Over the Town by Marc Chagall

### **In the Air**

by Samantha Allen

In the air  
"Up, Up, and away," they all say,  
"Follow me I'll lead the way ..."  
This is very hard for me.  
I think I saw a bee!



Adeline Ravoux by Vincent Van Gogh

### **Help**

by Leanne Edwards

*Help!!!*

They tell me to change,  
but I don't think I need to  
I tell them to leave me alone,  
but they do not stop.

I go home sad and say it's nothing  
Inside, I am hurting so much  
Inside I am screaming,  
"Help me, help me!"  
But no one hears me because it is  
all in my head.

I feel so isolated, I still scream,  
"Help me, help me!"  
I feel locked in a cage where  
there is no escape,  
Only my dreams to keep me busy.

No one can help me but me,  
So I try to be a better person but  
It just keeps coming back.

My heart stings like it was  
stung by a bee.  
My mind races around quickly.

Rock me, love me and I will be ok,  
Because now  
I am not screaming help.  
But now I am just ok.



*Mona Lisa* by Leonardo da Vinci

### **Mona Lisa**

*by Abigail Islam*

Her mystery smile, what's the story behind  
her eyes?

To me it's some sort of disguise  
that gets harder to memorize.

Faded colors in the background emphasize  
her whimsical-like features

### **Mona Lisa**

*by De'Geal Davis*

The darkness of the sky,  
The dryness of the ground,  
Everything in a ghostly manner,  
Oh how could this come to be

But up in the front, with always a smile  
on her face

Jolly Mona Lisa through the tough times will  
stay whole,

Usually wearing the dark and gold dresses,  
Doesn't mean she'll have a less of  
a presence.



*The Harbor* by Leonid Afremov

### **The Village**

*by Clairise Owens*

A beautiful village full of pretty colored  
lights. The lights reflect on the water.  
The sky is like a big rainbow, that will  
never end. Two boats sit in the water  
waiting for people to ride across. It is  
time to end the day, but will be back  
tomorrow for another great day.

### **Starts, Raining**

*by Grace Valdes*

Starts, Raining  
Starts, Walking  
Starts, Changing  
Starts, Floating

Stops, Raining  
Stops, Walking  
Stops, Changing  
Stops, Floating

Trees were colorful as Rainbows

The light was bright as sun  
So beautiful that I wish it's real  
"Yawn" well to bad is was a  
Dream

Its was the best dream ever  
"Wow" I'm late for class!!  
Good bye we'll never fall  
Asleep

# Ekphrastic Poetry at The Golden Thread Gallery





*Hope* by Ali Lineman

## **Flowers**

*by Samantha Allen*

Flower,  
Nice and colorful  
Sweet, beautiful, and nice  
Look out, for the bees drink you dry!



*Piece of Mind* by Sunil Howlander

## **Untitled**

*by Sande Min*

I lay across the unwinding of the sky.  
I breathe in the Heavens,  
Awakening in truce.  
My skin unravels,  
Casting away her glass bones screaming.  
Drawing away its possibilities,  
I arise from the ashes.  
The emerald split her skin and bones,  
The porcelain colors my laughter and pain.  
The glass carving of my sorrow and  
suffering,  
Its glisten and glow  
Just a moment of a rise  
Melodies sink into the abyss of my skin and  
bones,  
The ashes grimace at the legacy of my  
presence.



*Smiling* by Karen Kalkstein

## **The Laughing Woman**

*by Leanne Edwards*

The laughing woman;  
She stands there and smiles.  
She is a work of art.  
The work of art withered,  
She is there no more.  
All there is, is her legacy.  
Her soul is alive but her mind is dead.  
Even though she is not here,  
She is still the laughing woman.



*Mother With Child* by Josie Dellenbaugh

## **Untitled**

*by Shannon Scott*

A busy  
Great mom  
Who's pregnant  
With twins  
Independent  
She is.



*Cambodian Girl* by Robert Markey

## **Life (Inspired by Joyce Alcantara)**

*By Paw Shee*

People say living life is very easy but  
I don't think living is easy at all.  
But I will stand tall and I will not fall.  
If you make a mistake, take it as a lesson.  
Life gives us so many things we need to learn.  
This is the life you earn.  
Don't waste it!



Goddess Ishtar by Alice Mizrachi

## Untitled

by Unknown

What is it that has sparked curiosity and questioning?

As if I had walked through this very universe and have seen the magnificent king.  
Maybe it's hearing the wonderful and joyous dance of their unique voices.  
Or the soft melody and movement of those muffled noises.  
I awake everyday with a new color, a life, and being.

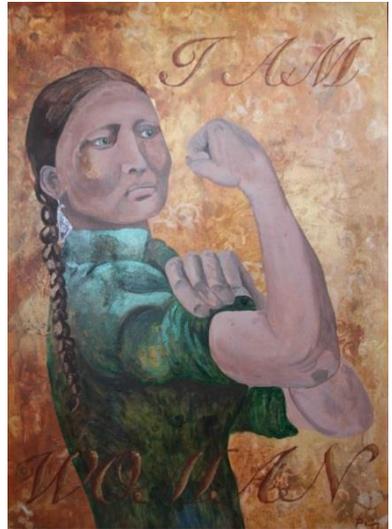
What exactly is this strange emotion and downcast I am feeling?  
Maybe if I could shut out this world it'll all be different.

Turns out it's reality, where ordinary is frequent.

## I Am No Weaker Than You

by Brianna Collazo

You are stronger than me in almost everything.  
But I'm stronger than you emotionally.  
I comfort people while you hurt people.  
I am more sensitive than you.  
When I fall, I dance in the sky until I have reached the floor  
But you become a meteor.  
When someone cries, people come to me first  
But you are the last resort if no one can find me.  
I can sometimes sing, if someone leads me.  
I can sing with humans, you can scratch them.  
I can help erase problems, you can erase memories.  
Many people love me the way I am.  
I am the feather in a pillow,  
While you are the hail in hail storms.  
I can be as strong as you .



I am Woman by Renee Harthson

# **Epephanie Reads Poem at The Golden Thread Gallery's Closing Public Reception of Exhibit, **WOMAN: A FIERCE BEAUTY****



*Mother With Child* by Josie Dellenbaugh

## **A Mother's Child**

*by Epephanie LaBoy*

Her skin as smooth as silk,  
And hair as rocky as the mountains.  
She was gifted with a child,  
A baby girl.  
A baby she will love and take care of  
As her own.

**Special thanks to The Henry E. Niles Foundation for the generous financial support to provide us with the opportunity to Celebrate the Arts and National Poetry Month in such a unique way. Due to the foundation's support, our teachers were able to enhance the student curriculum by collaborating with West Hartford Poet Laureate, Ginny Connors and The Golden Thread Gallery of West Hartford, CT.**



*(Shown above: Epephanie LaBoy (Grace Academy 5<sup>th</sup> grader) poses with Tess Wilson (Grace Academy Development Coordinator) in front of Mother With Child by Josie Dellenbaugh at The Golden Thread Gallery's WOMAN: A Fierce Beauty Exhibit)*

