

# The Paterson Rainbow

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## Poems by the Young People of Paterson

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A cooperative project between  
The Poetry Center  
Passaic County Community College  
and  
The Theater and Poetry Project:  
A Language Arts Enrichment Partnership  
at  
Passaic County Community College

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

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Passaic County Community College  
One College Boulevard  
Paterson, New Jersey 07505-1179



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STATE  
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This anthology is the result of a co-operative project between the Poetry Center at Passaic County Community College, the Theater and Poetry Project: A Language Arts Enrichment Partnership at Passaic County Community College and the Paterson Public Schools. The poems in this book are the winners of the 2011 Poetry Contest for Paterson Students, first through twelfth grades.

We would like to express our gratitude to Dr. Donnie W. Evans, State District Superintendent; Mr. Dennis Vroegindewey, Director, Instructional Technology & Library Media Services of the Paterson Public Schools, as well as Dr. Steven Rose, President of Passaic County Community College, whose continuous support makes projects like this anthology possible.

We would like to thank the principals and teachers who encouraged their students to participate in the Contest.

We also need to express our thanks to the Passaic County Community College, the New Jersey State Council on the Arts/Department of State and the Paterson Schools for their support of the many poetry and writing workshops that inspired the enthusiasm and guided the talent of the students in expressing themselves through poetry.

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## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *First Prize Winners*

#### GRADES 1 THROUGH 4

NAME	POEM	SCHOOL	GRADE	TEACHER
Lana Cahill	My Friends	School 27	Grade 2	Mrs. Ludlum
Giomaira Carvajal	Poetry To Me	CJR #9	Grade 4	Ms. Fodi
Jah'Naya Jones	On My Way To School	School 12	Grade 3	Mrs. Strumolo
Mikyla Torres	Daddy	School 27	Grade 4	Ms. Lee

#### GRADES 5 THROUGH 8

NAME	POEM	SCHOOL	GRADE	TEACHER
Alexia Morgan	Cold	School 27	Grade 7	Mr. Gambutti
Franchesca Ortiz	I Love Reading Buddies	School 4	Grade 5	Ms. Camacho
Damani Van Rensalier	The Inauguration Experience	Norman S. Weir	Grade 8	Mrs. Aquart

#### GRADES 9 THROUGH 12

NAME	POEM	SCHOOL	GRADE	TEACHER
Maria Lantigua	Insecure	Rosa Parks High School	Grade 9	Ms. Goch
Carlos Rivera	My Brother	Garrett Morgan	Grade 12	Mrs. Cope

#### I LOVE READING BUDDIES

*By Franchesca Ortiz*

I loved kindergarten  
I love it even better the second time around  
Don't get me wrong  
I'm in fifth grade  
And it's lots of hard work  
But I sure do look forward to Fridays  
That's when I see my buddy  
And she makes me happy  
I like to read  
I like reading to her even more

Maybe it's the way she hugs me  
And says she misses me  
And loves me  
When I come through the door  
Or just her big pretty smile  
She's only six  
I'm proud to help her learn  
And watch her grow  
I love my reading buddy  
And can't wait 'til she reads to me

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## *First Prize Grades 1 ~ 4*

### **MY FRIENDS**

*by Lana Cahill*

I feel like no one likes me  
I think that everyone thinks I am mean  
When I feel sad and mean....  
I roll my eyes at them  
They think I talk about them

They are good friends to me  
They are nice to me  
They play with me  
I wish that I was never mean to them  
I wish that I could be a good friend  
I wish I could be as good to them as they are to me

### **POETRY TO ME**

*by Giomaira Carvajal*

No need to search for a pillow  
I don't need any arms to hold me for comfort  
All I need is a pen and paper  
And the paper is the best listener  
For poetry is my expression  
And where my true emotions are released  
Where my ideas run wild  
And my thoughts run deep  
Where no one can correct  
I'm neither right or wrong  
It's a true escape  
that takes me away  
And that is my poetry

### **ON MY WAY TO SCHOOL**

*by Jah'Naya Jones*

On my way to school  
I see some scary things.  
I am so scared  
of walking to school by myself.  
People are dying.  
I am scared  
that I will die too.

Humming to myself  
helps me calm down.

Dogs bark  
at me.

I think, what's my song?

Cops are driving  
wild because  
crime is going  
on everywhere.

I think, what's my song?

Now I see  
how people  
live outside.

I think, what's my song?

Now I know  
what to  
bring outside.

I know my song.

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## *First Prize Grades 1 ~ 4*

### **DADDY**

*by Mikyla Torres*

Daddy why don't you love me?

Why do you stand there and watch me cry?

Daddy why don't you love me?

Why do you ignore me all day long?

Daddy you used to hold me, now you look at me in disgust

Daddy take your girl friend and go far away .....

Daddy I don't wanna see your face

Daddy you gotta believe me when I say

I don't love you anymore

I build up these walls to stop the lies

You can't buy my love with a \$5 gift card

So Daddy I've moved on and now I'm in a better place

You can say that you're sorry, but you know that's a lie,

Daddy why don't you love me?

Why do you stand there and watch me cry?

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## *First Prize Grades 5 ~ 8*

### **COLD**

*by Alexia Morgan*

Sometimes I feel like I am not there  
I am just wallpaper no one picked out  
Everywhere I go I feel like I am just there  
Like the world would be the same without me  
I am not one to stand out, so change does not come my way  
I feel like the world would be better off without me  
I would save my parents money, the school, everyone  
Who really needs me?  
After all I am just a kid  
No one hears a kid,  
We are here to be pushed away, hurt, stepped on, unheard  
What's the point of being here?  
What's the point, if you choose nothing for yourself?  
When I get up in the morning  
There are only so many reasons to put my feet on the ground  
Not being needed is never on the list  
It's time I loved myself and make myself heard  
It's time to stand up and be me

### **THE INAUGURATION EXPERIENCE**

*by Damani Van Rensalier*

Inaugurated as our 44th president  
In Washington D.C.  
On January 20th 2009, Obama made history.  
I was an official participant  
At this breathtaking event,  
I got to see the face of our 1st black president.  
The lines were long  
And the wait was longer,  
But the anticipation just made me stronger.  
People were lined up shoulder to shoulder  
Along the Potomac River  
Even with all the excitement and laughter, my body began to shiver.  
We walked for what seemed like miles  
But my enthusiasm never wavered  
Just being there made me feel highly favored  
The crowds got bigger and bigger  
But there was a strong sense of unity  
Because they were all excited about what they were soon to see  
To be up close was everyone's intent  
But we wound up way back by the Washington Monument  
Big screen monitors were all over the place  
So we were able to see everyone's face  
I was so excited when I saw Michelle Obama  
But I was even more thrilled when I finally saw Barack Obama!  
As he spoke to his audience  
So intelligent and wise  
I couldn't help but notice the passion in his eyes.  
His speech included words  
Such as "legacy" and "heritage,"  
As well as important values like "honesty" and "courage."  
After everything was over and we prepared to leave  
I began to reflect on what I had seen.  
An important day in history  
But more importantly  
A U.S. president that looks just like me!

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## *First Prize Grades 9 ~ 12*

### **INSECURE**

*by Maria Lantigua*

I hear the soft silent whispers and murmurs as I pass.  
The eyes stare at me blankly, judging me.  
I'm secluded from others.  
I guess they think I'm the oddball.  
I guess they think I'm some sort of freak.  
I guess they don't care to see the real me.  
I want have others to see past what they  
see on the outside.  
They need to see who I really am,  
See what I see of myself.  
I don't understand why they judge me,  
Making it so hard for me to feel comfortable  
in my own skin?  
They look at me as if I were a species  
from a different planet,  
Like something that is yet to be witnessed by man.  
They will never see the real me,  
They're too scared to even walk near me.  
The seclusion and hopelessness brings me sadness.  
The teasing, the name-calling—  
All just childish games played by the same people.  
The deep awkward silence hovers around the room  
once I walk through.  
The constant feeling that I'm being watched,  
Makes me afraid to speak out for myself, afraid to  
stand up.  
I'm the acorn that the squirrels pick on;  
They bite into the deepest and most sensitive part of  
my rock hard core.  
I crack from harsh commentary and judgments.  
I can't change their feelings or their ways of thinking—  
The way they view me,  
The way they don't understand me,  
The way they will never be able to accept  
my differences.  
And though they may try to break me,  
I will always rebuild myself again.

### **MY BROTHER**

*by Carlos Rivera*

Watching you for the first few months of your life  
while you were in the hospital.  
Waiting for the doctor's approval to take you home.  
Being an only child is over.  
Putting you in a little, pumpkin costume for  
your first Halloween.  
Spoiling you by giving you whatever you want.  
Seeing you snuggle with your bunny every night be-  
fore you go to sleep.  
Watching you go to preschool.  
Picking you up every day so that we can go  
home and play.  
Admiring how you think everything is so fascinating.  
Giving you my iPod or my Wii to pass the time.  
Knowing that you want to be like me.  
I don't mind it; in fact, it doesn't bother me.  
You need a role model.  
I'm there for you.  
My brother,  
My mini me.

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## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Second Prize Winners*

#### **GRADES 1 THROUGH 4**

<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Kevon Fletcher	The Summer With My Dad	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 4	Ms. Hodges
Jadyn Kitchings	My Best Memory	Renaissance One	Grade 3	Ms. Dilauri
Ashley Narvaez	Daycare Days	Roberto Clemente School	Grade 3	Ms. Salinas-Hunt
Ashley Nicotra	I Love Horses	School 27	Grade 3	Ms. Cuippa
Kamar Staton	Dogs	School 6	Grade 1	Mrs. Turner
Oscar Valdez	If I Was a Dog	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 4	Ms. Hodges

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#### **GRADES 5 THROUGH 8**

<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Victoria Cabanillas	Peace	School 27	Grade 7	Mrs. Grabowski
Shubha K. Debnath	Changes of Heart	School 5	Grade 6	Mrs. J Smith
Anika Jishan	Life is a Red and Blue	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Lockner
Qian Zhang	What We Need Most	School 27	Grade 6	Mrs. Harvey

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#### **GRADES 9 THROUGH 12**

<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Jasmine Eaton	My Savior	JFK	Grade 11	Mrs. Smith-Westervelt

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## Second Prize Grades 1 - 4

### THE SUMMER WITH MY DAD

*by Kevon Fletcher*

I miss my dad.  
I remember when I was loved.  
I loved when he took me swimming.  
It was like I had his heart.  
I also miss my baby brother.  
I miss his big fat smile.  
I miss when he let me stay up at night.  
I loved when he let me go anywhere.  
I miss my dad I miss my dad so much.  
And if he was your dad you would miss him too.

### MY BEST MEMORY

*by Jadya Kitchings*

I counted 1,2,3,  
I hoped the quarterback would mistakenly throw the  
ball to me.  
I just had to catch the ball.  
I counted 4, then 5.  
I'd have to dive.  
Finally, it came swirling through the air. Zoom! Zoom!  
I lost all of my fear.  
I caught the interception and I was running free.  
And the crowd was screaming, cheering for me.

### DAYCARE DAYS

*by Ashley Narvaez*

I remember the first time at the daycare.  
Each wall had many pictures of funny animals.  
The halls had pretty decorations,  
The sink had crayons in it and I remember drinking  
delicious apple juice.  
When I was on the playground, I saw lots  
and lots of bugs.  
I liked to play around on the rug near my best friends.  
When I saw the beds in the daycare,  
I remember my little naps.  
I enjoyed putting the toys on my lap.  
I will forever remember my four best friends.  
When I left on the last day, I remember the  
door closing behind me,  
And I started a new story in my life and  
This became my history.

### I LOVE HORSES

*by Ashley Nicotra*

I love horses, when I ride on them I feel so free  
Free like a bird feeling the air under its wings  
I love the feel of a horse  
They feel fuzzy, soft and strong  
Fuzzy like a sweet peach  
Soft like snow that has fallen into a big mound  
Strong as a papa lion  
When you love them, they are like your best friend  
I feel so free when I'm with them  
I feel safe and protected  
When you find their love, life is perfect

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## *Second Prize Grades 1 - 4*

### **DOGS**

*by Kamar Staton*

Dogs are big

Dogs are black

I wish I could go back

and find my dog Jack

### **If I Was a Dog**

*by Oscar Valdez*

Sometimes I wonder

What it would be like

To be a dog.

I would bark

Day till night.

Sometimes I wonder

What dog food

Has in it.

If I was a dog

My owner and I

Would take long

Walks to the park.

If I was a dog

I would like

To be as clean and shiny as

A new gold ring.

If I was a dog.

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## *Second Prize Grades 5 - 8*

### PEACE

*by Victoria Cabanillas*

Destroy the weapons  
You who want war  
Put down your fists  
And fight no more

Nobody's perfect  
Please understand  
Everyone has faults  
Every woman, Every man

All this hate within  
Making us lash out  
There's no peace in this world  
So much anger, So much doubt

Help feed the homeless  
Go plant a tree  
Save abused animals  
Clean our oceans and seas

Try to reach a compromise  
Is that such a hard task?  
Make this world a better place  
Just try, it's all I ask

Give someone a hug  
Give someone a smile  
At the end of the day  
You'll see it's worthwhile.

### CHANGES OF HEART

*by Shubha K. Debnath*

Life changes drastically.  
It's futile to resist its grasps.  
It wounded me emotionally,  
As I lay there in daze of what's happening.  
Now I see this change as "adolescence."  
This change caused a love-stricken heart,  
Becoming fragile by the touch.  
It brought in different emotions,  
Confusion, depression, and jealousy.  
No one stays the same anymore.  
They always change...  
The phrase "They grow up so fast," rings in my ears.  
It didn't seem possible,  
But I'm afraid I've lost her... Strike three, I'm out.  
The sister I once thought I knew,  
Changed before my very eyes.  
'No, No, No!' I yelled to myself  
No response.  
I've waited, thinking it was all just a dream,  
But she changed more by the day.  
She was becoming a monster!

Could I stop this I ask to myself...?  
My mind swirled and gave me visions.  
I saw all the good things that came from this.  
She became mature,  
She knew what to do when times were grim.  
My sister as becoming... An adult.  
I close my eyes and think,  
Will adolescence stride for the best or for the worst?  
Only time holds the answer and I shall wait to find out.  
I will support her change,  
Even if they are  
Changes of heart.

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## *Second Prize Grades 5 - 8*

### **LIFE IS A RED AND BLUE**

*by Anika Jishan*

Red is red and blue  
Red is the color of fire going higher  
It is color of a mean bull's eye  
It is the sound of parents getting divorced  
It is the sound of people cursing at each  
other on the street  
Red is heat  
Red is the sight of cars crashing into each other  
It is a shooting gun hurting someone  
It is people dying  
Red is like a bomb causing children to cry in fright  
It is a magician casting a powerful evil spell  
Red is dragon's blood  
Life is a red, red tree

Sometimes life is blue  
Blue tastes like a blueberry pie that came straight out of the oven  
It is the taste of a muffin  
It is the taste of rain  
Blue is the feeling of ocean waves hitting your face  
It is the feeling of wind blowing through your hair  
Blue is the smell of fresh cut crops  
It is the smell of a salad dinner  
Blue is the sound of rushing water  
It is the sound of a summer day  
Blue is the sight of laughing children  
It is the sight of snow on a rooftop  
It is the sight of peace  
Life is a blue blue tree

Life is filled with reds and blues  
It is filled with sad and happy trees  
We must all try to plant blue seeds  
So that our world will sparkle with happiness

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## *Second Prize Grades 5 - 8*

### WHAT WE NEED MOST

*by Qian Zhang*

Everyone thinks their game system is the best  
But no one seems to really know what we need most  
No one really cares about people in need  
But people in need know....  
They know and care about each other

We are too spoiled  
From birth, we have a fortunate life  
Not everyone has a family  
Some people don't have a mom  
Nor a sister, a brother or a dad

We should feel grateful  
Not worry about our game  
Not worry about what we want to buy  
We must understand.....  
We must understand.....  
What we need most will never change,

And that's our family  
Our family cares for us  
But we ignore them  
For our game  
People need to help and care for each other  
That's how we survive  
Together as one

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2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Second Prize Grades 9 - 12*

### **MY SAVIOR**

*by Jasmine Eaton*

This pen is my savior,  
Removing me of my strife.  
This pen is my savior,  
Helping me in this thing called life.  
This pen is my hero. This pen is my love.  
This book is my gold. These lines are my doves.  
This ink is my heart. This ink is my soul.  
This paper is a testament to feelings I've never told.  
This pen is my savior, helping me survive.  
These words see me smiling.  
They listen to me crying.  
This poem is me.  
Even when I'm dead and gone,  
I'll never truly leave.  
Six feet under and my lips sealed shut, through the words inscribed on this paper  
Again my life will erupt.  
Through these words I will live;  
Reading my words will allow me to grow.  
What comes beyond these pages?  
At the moment, I do not know.  
My love for writing,  
My passion for words,  
Will go on with this pen-  
For this pen is my savior  
Removing me of my strife.  
This pen is my savior,  
Helping me in this thing called life.

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 1*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Yasmeir Barrett	My Skateboard	Academy of Performing Arts	Grade 1	Mrs. Turner
Kelcie Dawkins	My Christmas Tree	Renaissance One	Grade 1	Mrs. Lovell
Kaitlyn Villilona	My Cat	Academy of Performing Arts	Grade 1	Mrs. Turner

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# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 1*

### **MY SKATEBOARD**

*by Yasmeir Barrett*

I have a new skateboard  
I can do new tricks  
like rolling down the rails  
and jumping over sticks  
My skateboard is black and white  
I like to ride it at night

### **MY CHRISTMAS TREE**

*by Kelcie Dawkins*

I see some red and green lights  
On the tree.  
I see some decorations  
On the tree.  
I see some surprises  
On the tree.  
It makes me  
So happy.  
It is so special,  
presents just for me!

### **MY CAT**

*by Kaitlyn Villilona*

My cat is black and white.  
He is small and doesn't bite.  
In the morning he likes to play  
with a yellow yarn that gets in his way.  
Then he gets tired  
and sleeps on the mat  
I love my black and white cat!

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## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 2*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Daniel Abedrabbo	Fixing Computers	School 27	Grade 2	Mrs. Ludlum
Yunis Alibrahimi	My Dog Limbert	CJR 9	Grade 2	Mrs. Coldiron
Timothy Cobb	I Am Special	School 27	Grade 2	Mrs. Donza
Amaya Deberry	My Best Friend	Renaissance One	Grade 2	Ms. Generals
Tajada Douglas	I Miss You	School 14	Grade 2	Ms. Gerry
Sharlyn A. Guerrero	Friznar	Norman S. Weir	Grade 2	Mrs. Hepsen
Mofajjol Hussain	A Cat With A Hat	School 19	Grade 2	Mrs. Henderson
Sherelle Sanchez	When I Look In The Mirror	School 27	Grade 2	Mrs. Ludlum

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# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 2*

### **MY DOG LIMBERT**

*by Yunis Alibrahimi*

My dog Limbert likes to fetch ball,  
because he wants to play.  
When I come home from school,  
he runs straight to me.

### **I AM SPECIAL**

*by Timothy Cobb*

I am special because I am me  
I am special because I help my mom cook  
I make chocolate pie with strawberries in it  
I help dip ice cream that tastes cold,  
delicious and yummy  
I am special because I help my dad work in his office  
I help him make copies on the copy machine  
When they come out they feel warm and smooth  
I am special because I help my sister paint her room  
The room is purple, pink and very pretty  
I am special because I am me  
I like to read books; I like to help people  
I am special because I am me

### **FIXING COMPUTERS**

*by Daniel Cdgftcddq*

My dad promised me to teach me how to fix a computer,  
When I am 8 years old  
I am going to get a job like my dad when I am older  
It is a hard job  
I think that it is a hard, but my dad said I can handle hard jobs  
It looks like a dirty job but I can handle it  
I told my dad I like dirty jobs  
My dad's first job was in 1967  
He was a professional  
He was the leader of the people who fix computers  
I am going to be a leader one day too

### **MY BEST FRIEND**

*by Amaya Deberry*

Far away from me  
Really fun to be with  
It's nice to be together  
Nikey is her name  
Dancing is what we like to do

### **I MISS YOU**

*by Tajada Douglas*

I miss you daddy!  
I miss you for your sweet kisses and hugs,  
I miss your soft chocolate chip cookies.  
I miss your cheesy macaroni and fried chicken.  
I wish you were home with me.  
I feel happy when you are here with me.

### **FRIZNAR**

*by Sharlyn A. Guerrero*

My aunt has a cat,  
It's name is Friznar.  
It's gray and white,  
It doesn't bite.  
It feels soft when I pet it's tail.  
It plays with feathers day and night,  
I feel so happy to see him do it.  
I wish that cat was mine to every day enjoy it.

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## *Honorable Mention Grade 2*

### **A CAT WITH A HAT**

*by Mofajjol Hussain*

Once I saw a cat with a hat.

I found it in my backyard.

I played with the cat and the hat.

He looked beautiful.

I felt sad because he was lost.

I never knew what a cat cost.

I think I'll keep this little one.

He'll be so much fun !

### **When I Look In The Mirror**

*by Sherelle Sanchez*

When I look in the mirror I see myself as a baby

It stands next to me and I get nervous

I look back and nobody is there

When I look in the mirror, I see black only black

I look around and the black goes away

I look in the mirror, I see myself and only myself

I look like a smart second grade girl

My dad said, I look like a smiling girl

That is what I am

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 3*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Destinee Bell	Frenchfry: My Dog	Renaissance One	Grade 3	Mrs. Dilauri
Nicole Chumpitasi	Birds And Ducks	School 27	Grade 3	Mrs. Ferraro
Samantha Lago	In The Cold	School 27	Grade 3	Mrs. McCarthy
Kiara Laureano	I Feel	School 27	Grade 3	Mrs. Ferraro
Elijah Lugo	My Grandma	School 27	Grade 3	Ms. Cuippa
Brianna Zimbal	When I Look In The Mirror	School 27	Grade 3	Ms. Cuippa

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# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 3*

### **FRENCHFRY: MY DOG**

*by Destinee Bell*

He was my great friend.  
He was smart, gentle and sweet.  
I loved him so much.

### **DITFUCPF'FWEMS**

*by Pleqrg'Ej wo rkcik*

I am so sad  
When I look out of my window there is a pond  
When I look at it I feel sad  
People throw cans in the water  
The water gets polluted  
I am afraid that the ducks might get sick and die  
There is plastic floating in the water  
I am afraid that the ducks and birds will choke  
I hope that nothing happens to the birds and ducks  
I hope that people will stop throwing their  
cans in the ponds  
So my beautiful animals can live

### **IN THE COLD**

*by Samantha Lago*

When I am in the cold I feel like ice  
Like I am frezzzing in the freezer  
Not warm in house with my family  
Not playing with my cousins and friends  
When I am in the cold, I am a snowflake falling from the sky  
Just falling all by myself, melting before I hit the ground  
  
I don't feel like hugging anyone in the cold  
I stay there like an ice cube  
I don't feel well in the cold  
My hands feel like popsicle sticks  
My feet feel like bricks that I can't lift  
When I am in the cold, I feel sick everywhere in my body  
When I am in the cold, I feel like getting into my bed...  
Hugging my blanket and staying there till I become me again

### **I FEEL**

*by Kiara Laureano*

I feel magical when I look at the golden sun  
I feel the wind blow in my long, brown, silky hair  
The water is clean and pure. I can see my reflection  
I look at the blue sky and I see puffy white clouds  
The gentle wind blows in my face  
I see trees  
I have sparkling sunshine in my eyes  
I feel like I am floating in air  
I am a beautiful angel putting my wings around life

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 3*

### **MY GRANDMA**

*by Elijah Lugo*

I feel bad because my grandma is sick  
I try to help her  
I give her water and ginger ale  
Sometimes my mom comes to help me,  
so I don't get tired or forget to do my homework  
I love my grandma  
I hope she gets better soon  
Once she went to the hospital  
I felt bad  
When she came back I was so happy  
She told me she felt better  
We watched T V and got a drink of ginger ale  
We had so much fun!  
I hope my grandma never gets sick again!

### **WHEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR**

*by Brianna Zimbal*

When I look in the mirror I see a girl  
Who has short hair and a pony tail  
Who is that girl looking in the mirror?  
Oh it's that girl who almost never wears earrings  
The girl that really hates her uniforms but still wears them  
When I look in the mirror I brush my hair  
I brush my teeth and put on my lip gloss  
My mirror is shiny; It is my alarm clock  
It shines on the window to my face in the morning.  
Just because the mirror is not alive doesn't mean I don't love it  
It is a reflection of me  
Me the most important person in the world

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 4*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Brandon Banks	Journey	Norman S. Weir	Grade 4	Mrs. Gates
Talaha Bernard	Acrostic Poem	Norman S. Weir	Grade 4	Mrs. Stone
Leslie Borrero	The Best Fall Of All	Roberto Clemente School	Grade 4	Ms. Blasi
Baswick Burt-Miller	Sky Colors	Renaissance One	Grade 4	Mrs. Pio
Chalisa Curtis	My best friend is gone	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 4	Ms. Hodges
Isabelle Flores	Bonito Puerto Rico	Renaissance One	Grade 4	Mrs. Pio
Mohammad Hamed	The Yankee Game	CJR #9	Grade 4	Mrs. Jackson
Mark Heber	Niagara Falls	Norman S. Weir	Grade 4	Mrs. Gates
Mariana La Cotera	The Beautiful Sunset	Norman S. Weir	Grade 4	Mrs. Gates
Jinelly Peralta	I Wonder.....	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 4	Ms. Hodges
Breily Rodriguez	My Grandma	School 19	Grade 4	Mrs. Cash
Simay Serbest	The Future	CJR 9	Grade 4	Mrs. Fodi
Jesse Serrano	Sour	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 4	Ms. Hodges

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 4*

#### **JOURNEY**

*by Brandon Banks*

I'm on a long road with no exact destination  
I traveled through different cities, states  
and from nation to nation  
With this journey came fun & excitement  
that you can't even imagine  
I was traveling to places so far that  
I thought I was Aladdin  
I saw mountains that were high  
and valleys that were low  
But I still had no exact place to go

I can't believe the miles that I had traveled  
From the deepest ocean to the widest sea  
Where in the world can I be?

I wake up to find myself still in bed  
You mean to tell me that this entire journey  
was all in my head?  
I hear my Mom calling me Brandon,  
Brandon get up for school  
Boy oh Boy did I feel like a fool  
I really thought I was on a long journey  
But the journey had come to an end  
And now it was time for my day to begin...  
I can't wait to tell my friends  
about my journey to nowhere.

#### **SKY COLORS**

*by Baswick Burt-Miller*

The sky is always changing colors,  
Just like a chameleon.  
Puffs of gray and white and then its inky night.  
Also I see little sparkles in the sky, like water.  
The sky is like a big blanket of blue.

#### **ACROSTIC POEM**

*by Talaha Bernard*

T errfic  
A dventurous  
L aughing  
A wesome  
H appy  
A ttention

#### **THE BEST FALL OF ALL**

*by Leslie Borrero*

It was a windy Fall.  
I was skipping to the mall.  
I had my coat, a scarf, gloves and all.  
I skipped by a tree very tall.  
I caught a pretty leaf.  
The stem was pretty small.  
I was desperate to call.  
My friend to the mall.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 4*

#### **MY BEST FRIEND IS GONE**

*by Chalisa Curtis*

I miss my best friend named Leslie

I miss when we used to share lunches I miss her more

Then I miss my four sisters

I miss her more then I miss my cousin JESTIA

She lives to far away for us to see each other

Even though she lives in Paterson it feels like

She is as far away as Paris I miss her like

My teddy bear named Lisa my sister has it now

Leslie and I used to live close to each other

but she moved and it seems so far away

I really miss Leslie

She is my best friend

#### **BONITO PUERTO RICO**

*by Isabelle Flores*

I'm going to Puerto Rico in the night I see ,  
those beautiful stars playing hide and seek .

The warm breezy wind starts to put motion

In the deep blue ocean .

Puerto Rican music playing to the sound of Bomba y Plena ,

So everyone starts to dance and say to me "Dale nena".

The beaches are so beautiful ,so blue,so bright,so clear,

and in between two coconut palm trees, is a hammock

swaying near.

Throughout the night you hear, a beautiful sound coming

from the bushes and trees,

It's all from our famous little frog called El coqui !

Now it's time to leave , all these

good thing's behind ,

But to this Enchanted Island I

will never say goodbye.

#### **THE YANKEE GAME**

*by Mohammad Hamed*

Getting tickets and clean seats

Snacks, drinks, and other things

Like chips and soda

Like chocolate, candy, and dairy treats.

Foam fingers here and there

Hotdog stands everywhere,

People cheering with lots of smiles

People sitting in numbered aisles.

The warm juicy hotdog's scent filled the air

And popcorn was flying everywhere.

The aroma of burgers, comdogs too

With comdog sauce that smells like glue.

Feeling excited and crazy, too

Jumping in dirty gum and goo.

At the end of the game a team loses or wins

Fans leave with happy grins.

The Yankee's game is fun and cool

If you don't go once, you'll be a fool!

#### **NIAGARA FALLS**

*by Mark Heber*

The Niagara Falls is a beautiful sight,

It looks amazing day or night.

The sound of the water hitting the rocks,

It sends a vibrant message through many blocks.

The mist from the cascade was everywhere,

A feel of dampness fill the air.

During a hot steamy day when you feel so blue,

The refreshing spray from the falls feels

like drinking a Mountain Dew.

The Niagara Falls is the doorway

of two different nations,

Canada and U.S. such a peaceful combination.

I remember seeing on the Canadian side,

A marvelous rainbow in the sky.

The Niagara Falls is such a beautiful sight,

I could not sleep a sound the following night.

The visit of this exciting place,

Is such a thrill like winning a race.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 4*

#### **THE BEAUTIFUL SUNSET**

*by Octkpc'Nc'Eqvgtc*

As I lay on the sandy beach  
I feel the warm rays of the sun  
I look up and my breath is taken away  
Above the water I see a beautiful sunset.

Colors dance across the waves  
The colors: orange, red, yellow  
Like ribbons of fire across the sky  
As the sun sets the sky turns pink then dark blue  
I watch as the sky slowly turns dark  
Night is upon me  
I feel empty.

#### **I WONDER.....**

*by Jinelly Peralta*

I wonder how it is to be a president  
I wonder if I will be rich someday  
I wonder how people live in China  
I wonder how it is to be a poet  
I wonder if Earth could be clean like a shiny crystal ball

I wonder how it is to be a parent  
I wonder if I'll know that in the future  
I wonder if I'll be a teacher for my career  
And be as smart as Ms.Hodges  
I wonder about so many things  
And I wonder which is true

#### **MY GRANDMA**

*by Breily Rodriguez*

I miss my grandma  
Like a tree misses its leaves.  
I miss the way  
Every morning she remembered  
To make me my special breakfast  
With the mangoes that we picked  
From the mango tree.  
I remember the last time I saw her.  
We were saying goodbye and  
She had tears in her eyes.

#### **THE FUTURE**

*by Simay Serbest*

Oceans apart day after day and I slowly go into a daze  
The waves hit the sandy beaches  
I can still feel the cold and the rain  
The water swings my moods back and forth  
I think in my mind the way things used to be  
Birds fall from the sky and fish and creatures hit the beaches  
I wonder in my mind what the future might be.

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 4*

### **SOUR**

*by Jesse Serrano*

I miss my old turtle

I miss Sour

I miss Sour because he used to act dead

He was tiny like a baby mouse

He had a green shell

I miss my old turtle

He was the best turtle ever

He had tiny and chubby legs

Sour had a small head like a drop of rain

I kept him in a little cage

I miss my old turtle

I will never forget sour

I wish Sour was still alive

I wish I could hold him one more time

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 5*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Ka'tiyannah Benton	Special Person In My Heart	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Santana
Irelys Clifton	Outside My Window	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Santana
Berenise Guzman	Autumn	New Roberto Clemente	Grade 5	Ms. Martyn
Sarah Hamoud	The Blue Sea	CJR 9	Grade 5	Mrs. Fodi
Rubianni Rodriguez	Mystery Superhero	Renaissance One	Grade 5	Ms. Mc Caffrey
Claudia Romani	Life Is...	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Kelly
Jadon Watson	Behind Bars	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Kelly
Yassmeen Youssef	When I First Saw Her	CJR 9	Grade 5	Mrs. Fodi
Yan Zhang	My Nightmare	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Kelly
Ying Zhang	Feeling Like a Star	School 27	Grade 5	Mrs. Kelly

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 5*

#### **SPECIAL PERSON IN MY HEART**

*by Ka'tiyannah Benton*

There's a special person in my heart.  
He is tall, brave, and strong.  
He fills me with laughter and joy.  
He got shot when I was six years old.  
It was a drive-by shooting.  
Four days later he died from damage to his spine.  
At first I didn't believe he passed away  
When my mom took me to the hospital and I saw him  
Tears came down my eyes like a lake  
was surrounding me  
I longed to give him a kiss  
I was angry and afraid of the person who shot him  
Now he is history  
It was my beloved father who got shot  
Any time I get sad I think of him in my happy place  
I love him so much!!! I will pray for him  
until the day I die.

#### **OUTSIDE MY WINDOW**

*by Irelys Clifton*

Outside my window I see beautiful murals along walls,  
Murals of swans, rivers, volcanoes,  
Outside my window, I see flocks of birds  
swaying back and forth,  
Cars zipping past my house back and forth,  
Outside my window I see people making snowballs,  
And having snowball fights,  
Outside my window I see droplets of snowflakes,  
People giving gifts and receiving gifts,  
People taking days off from work to be with their families,  
I see the world outside my window

#### **AUTUMN**

*by Berenise Guzman*

Peeking through a curtain of cold,  
Autumn leaves hide, ripped and old.  
Yesterday's colors red, yellow, and brown  
Guess what's next winter story  
For you and I to be found!

#### **THE BLUE SEA**

*by Sarah Hamoud*

Splish splash the ocean goes  
Colorful fish roam the ocean floors  
Each tide dancing side by side  
Seagulls and birds in the air they ride  
All the animals in the water tumble  
For the secrets of the sea the mermaids mumble  
Old pirates sail the deep blue sea in search  
For any gold and treasure that's free  
But long before this beauty is gone  
A disastrous BP drill had went wrong  
All the animals of the sea hurried  
and scurried for their lives to flee  
Harsh black clumpy oil had destroyed all their homes  
Now we need to help and restore the beauty of the sea  
Come and discover what through my eyes you will see  
Let's turn back the clock and count back  
and count with me to ten  
To turn this ocean as the way it started again

#### **MYSTERY SUPERHERO**

*by Rubianni Rodriguez*

One sunny morning  
Josue became a  
Mystery superhero  
He fell into a radioactive sewer  
He mutated into a  
Mystery super hero  
He came out of the sewer  
He was lighting fast  
Mystery superhero  
He fought the villains  
To save the town  
Mystery superhero  
He has four arms, wings and lighting fast speed  
Mystery superhero  
He fought the super villains  
He saved the whole world  
Mystery superhero  
I wish I could be him!!!

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 5*

### **LIFE IS...**

*by Claudia Romani*

Life is like a book.  
You judge a book by its cover,  
Like you do with life!  
You get to learn different important things from a book,  
Like you do from life  
You begin as a child, grow to become an adult,  
and then pass away  
As in a book you have a beginning, middle, and an end  
In a book as in life, you will meet all kinds of people,  
Some good and some bad  
In a book you will find that some pages are torn!  
There are times in your life when you may feel  
like everything is falling apart  
In a book you can find happiness and sadness,  
Like you do in life  
In a book you can discover many adventures  
and journeys along the way!  
Life is all about facing others and your fears  
and always working diligently  
Life might be as sweet as chocolate  
and as sour as a lemon,  
However it tastes you'll get used to it  
because that's how life is!  
Just like in a book there are lessons to be learned  
Life will sometimes be rough and calm,  
but you have to deal with it.  
Everyone goes through dark nights,  
but at the end you will find the light!

### **BEHIND BARS**

*by Jadon Weston*

All that's on my mind is my brother  
All that's in my heart is hurt  
Six years have passed, he was sentenced to 39 years  
When I was six I would come home, get a picture of him and cry  
So I try to control my anger but it still reveals itself  
As I close my eyes and count to ten, it starts to go away  
My brother calls twice a day  
When we are on the phone he says, "I'm coming home soon"  
All that is left is his 8th grade ring  
I say "When? When?" again he says "Soon."  
In my hand with his picture beside me

### **WHEN I FIRST SAW HER**

*by Yassmeen Youssef*

When I first saw her she was like an  
angel in the middle of the water.  
I think she is as smooth as silk, but at the same  
time as huge as Mount Everest.  
She is green and holds a torch.  
To me she represents freedom and is  
a mother to all that come and see her.  
When my visit has ended and it is time  
to say farewell, I feel sad.

"TAKE CARE LADY LIBERTY"

I say, as she will always be in my heart.

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 5*

### **MY NIGHTMARE**

*by Yan Zhang*

In my nightmare  
It was darker than ever  
I saw yellow eyes everywhere  
They were staring right at me  
I was terrified  
My eyelids were so heavy  
I didn't want to continue this dream  
But I did  
I felt goose bumps everywhere  
The animals started coming towards me  
Then I saw something chasing me  
It was a shadowy creature  
With an irregular shape  
I started running  
My heart started beating so fast  
I didn't know what to do  
I was worried  
Then a drip of sweat fell down my face  
I opened my eyes  
I found myself in my room in the middle of the night  
I escaped from the creature  
My nightmare was finally over  
I was safe  
Safe in the warmth and comfort of my room

### **FEELING LIKE A STAR**

*by Ying Zhang*

The talent show night  
I felt like a star  
Lights were all on me  
It was my show and my day to perform  
I was dancing in a night sky  
I felt like flying  
It was a weird feeling  
My heart was pounding as fast as a cheetah  
I felt like a star  
I wish that night would come again  
My cheeks were as red as a cherry  
I felt like a star  
My legs seemed to melt on the stage  
It just seemed like I was part of the stage  
The music was on, I knew it was my turn  
It was time to perform  
I glanced at the stage  
I sang and danced  
I felt like a star,  
It is like being in heaven  
that feeling was so good  
Feeling like a star  
I wish that night could come again!

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 6*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Victoria D. Gary	The Only Baby Girl	Norman S. Weir	Grade 6	Mrs. Aquart/ Mrs. Cox
Ivana Gavrilovic	My Dear Grandma	School 27	Grade 6	Mrs. Rinbrand
Jazmin C. Morales	The Devil In You	School 7	Grade 6	Mrs. Cirillo- Delgado
Michell Ortiz	Why I Love To Sing	APA 6	Grade 6	Ms. Johnson
Mahjabeen Siddiqi	Life Of Emotions	School 27	Grade 6	Mrs. Guarneri
Carter Warren	The First Time I Sang	Norman S. Weir	Grade 6	Mrs. Cox Mrs. Aquart

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 6*

#### **THE ONLY BABY GIRL**

*by Victoria D. Gary*

I am the only girl in my

WORLD.

MY world is my mother and father where I am the only baby

GIRL.

OUT of five boys I am as precious as a

RING.

WHEN I entered this world I was the most you can

BRING.

Just as precious lovely

THINGS.

I am only human but I am the perfect person to ever

SING.

I am beautiful I am bright that's why my family is

TIGHT.

MY family has taught me to do everything

RIGHT.

MY teacher are there to make sure it's

RIGHT.

NOW I'm the bright shining

LIGHT.

WITH this being said, out of all things in the World .

Do not forget I'm the only baby girl.

#### **MY DEAR GRANDMA**

*by Ivana Gavrilovic*

I love my grandma sooo much

She is always nice to me

I love it when she makes homemade cookies

Sweet and delicious

They smell like strawberries

Now that she is old,

She can't make cookies anymore,

She is sick and her back hurts

She is sooo special to me

I want to take care of her

I will take her to the Adriatic Sea

She will cover herself in mud

So she will feel better

Her back will stop hurting

She will make cookies for me again!

#### **THE DEVIL IN YOU**

*by Jazmin C. Morales*

The devil in you is a disgusting monster.

The devil in you will always cause pain.

The devil in you will always make me suffer.

The devil in you will not stop until I'm gone.

The devil in you will never bring me down and if you do  
my spirits will always rise.

The devil in you will never be as strong as me.

I will be as mighty and stay tall like the Statue of Liberty.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 6*

#### **WHY I LOVE TO SING**

*by Michell Ortiz*

I love to sing because it's a dream I've had since I was a child.  
I've always wanted to become famous for my singing even  
though my mom thinks my dream is very wild, but even though  
she says those things I still am myself.  
Singing every day singing every night I sing in my dreams and  
sing while I'm brushing my teeth I will always sing.  
There is one season when I sing my songs, it is in the spring. Why  
do I like to sing on that day?  
Well it's because I always feel happy in that season for some  
reason, in that season I wake up happy I don't know why but I do.  
I just wake up early and put on my clothes I sit on the roof and I  
just watch the sun come up and I sing a song while the stars in the  
sky begin to disappear.  
The song I sing is "everyday" it is a very beautiful song. That  
very song fills me with a lot of joy and makes me  
feel happier in every way.  
That is why I love singing it reminds me that every day is a  
wonderful adventure!

#### **LIFE OF EMOTIONS**

*by Mahjabeen Siddiqi*

Tears are the rain  
That drips down your eyes  
Happiness is the sun  
That brightens your life  
Anger is the forest fire  
That burns you down  
Love is the beautiful sunset  
That takes you off the ground  
Confusion is the fog  
That makes you feel lost  
Fear is the ice  
That freezes you in frost  
Emotions are the rainbows  
That come in all sorts and kinds

#### **THE FIRST TIME I SANG**

*by Carter Warren*

The first time I sang I was 5 years old,  
I was on the big stage and I felt all alone.  
I was very nervous and I could feel butterflies,  
and all of that excitement made me want to cry.  
The choir had my back and it was time for me to sing,  
I sang Jesus Loves Me, with a twist and a ring.  
My voice was amazing and I sounded really good,  
when I looked into the crowd everyone stood.  
I sang louder and louder as everyone cheered,  
it was the first time I sang and it was oh so dear.  
My mother was excited and she started to cry,  
my sister was embarrassed and wanted to die.  
My father kept his cool and he gave me a high five,  
I was just so thankful I made it through alive.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 7*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Richard King	Thankful	School 6	Grade 7	Mr.Pawlowski
Janeen Slade	Christmas	Norman S. Weir	Grade 7	Mrs. Aquart
TaTyana Williams	All About Me	School 27	Grade 7	Mr. Gambuti

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 7*

#### **THANKFUL**

*by Richard King*

I am thankful for a father  
A little sister that bothers  
I am thankful for a grandmother  
an aunt that is like no other  
And a cousin that's like a brother

I am also thankful for a teacher that care  
Kids that play fair  
A principal that's loyal  
A family that is royal  
And food that is good for me like soil

I am also thankful to be able to read and do math  
To have a sense of humor to be able to laugh  
Know how to tell the truth not lie  
Not scared to show emotion to know how to cry  
To be able to learn and fly by

That is what I am thankful for  
My poem is now over so I am about to hit the door

#### **CHRISTMAS**

*by Janeen Slade*

Walking in snow  
Feels so good  
Make snow angels?  
I think I should  
Christmas carols all around  
Oh, how I love the joyful sound  
Pretty lights on the Christmas tree  
So many presents, wonder what they'll be?  
December 25th, I can't wait  
Why does that have to be such a far date?  
"We wish you a Merry Christmas", we would sing  
So many surprises, tomorrow would bring  
Bake the Christmas turkey  
Burn the Yule log  
Maybe even make Grandma's special eggnog  
We watch "Christmas Story" all day long  
Spending time with our family  
And singing our favorite songs  
Merry Christmas!

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 7*

**All About Me**  
*by TaTyana Williams*

I'm a different girl,

Who loves to twirl,

Am I in the right world?

Some things are hard to fight,

On the inside I'm always bright

Different things are going through my mind,

My world is getting harder to find

I wonder how my life would be,

I hear my future calling me

I dream to be what I want to be

My grades can't be a mess,

This causes me to stress

My mind could never rest

I love to twirl,

In my world,

Because I'm a different girl

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 8*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Lourdes Abreu	Live It	School 20	Grade 8	Ms. Doyle
Donavon Joe	What Is My Purpose?	Norman S. Weir	Grade 8	Mrs. Aquart
Mone McDuffie	Yale University	Norman S. Weir	Grade 8	Mrs. Aquart
Norva Wedderburn	The Word	Norman S. Weir	Grade 8	Mrs. Aquart

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 8*

#### **LIVE IT**

*by Lourdes Abreu*

Life, its violence for us  
The hurt of our broken hearts, the sour smell of dropping tears  
It never ends; it's like the waves in an ocean

Love, it comes once, hatred appears  
It comes again, but we fear the same mistake  
It never ends; it's like the never ending trees in a forest

We live through obstacles everyday...  
We fall in a puddle of love, once in a while, but then regret it  
Our sorrow hearts, crying, waiting until it ends  
But it never, never does

#### **WHAT IS MY PURPOSE?**

*by Donavon Joe*

Who am I?  
What is my purpose in life?  
If I don't have a purpose, do I exist?  
I find myself walking through a long dark tunnel trying to find  
and grasp that purpose for a very long time.  
Yet, I still don't see at least a sign of what I am supposed to do.  
Can anyone help me?  
The tunnel I find myself in is getting darker and darker  
until I feel as though I'm walking in a void.  
When I feel as though all hope was lost for me, there was a  
small but glimmer amount of light.  
When I touched that light, it felt so warm and I just had to  
Grab it to my heart.  
That was when I finally, knew what was my purpose.

#### **YALE UNIVERSITY**

*by Mone McDuffie*

Over the summer my family and I took a  
3 day trip to Yale University  
While there, I visited Yale's Gym for my  
sister's basketball tournaments  
-I actually enjoyed it  
Usually, I would have a fit but my lip it was I bit  
We vacated in LaQuinta Hotel and got a  
pretty decent room  
Oddly it was something we didn't assume  
Every day was the same thing  
Get up, get dressed, eat breakfast with the team and  
Leave for yet another exciting game  
Majority of the team's parents and siblings came  
However, it was confusing to remember  
everyone's name  
In between all of the excitement of games  
My family and I visited the Yale book store and  
brought tons of books  
Then we went to the pizza parlor and were  
fed by awesome cooks  
By the end of the weekend, my sister and her team  
won 4 games and lost 2  
I think that's great; how 'bout you  
Yale University was so much fun for me  
Yale University is definitely the place to be

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 8*

### THE WORD

*by Norva Wedderburn*

It's a feeling you get deep down.

It burns into your soul like hot coal under your feet.

It causes hatred, pain, lust and death.

All because of one simple word.

There are accidents and mistakes because of this

There are stabbings and shooting,

Sickness and Pain, Poverty and Animal Abuse

Sad, isn't it.

Just because of that one word, all of this happens.

So many evil people in the world...

Murders...

Rapist...

Killers...

And Abusers.

All this because of this word.

Stupidity!!!

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 9*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Ayonnah Jackson	True Beauty	Rosa Parks H.S.	Grade 9	Ms. Goch
Maricely Nunez	Growing Up	Eastside H.S.	Grade 9	Ms. Rosen
Lamont Drew Pearson Jr	Watching the Sunset	Rosa Parks H.S.	Grade 9	Ms. Goch

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# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 9*

#### **TRUE BEAUTY**

*by Ayonnah Jackson*

A rainbow is beginning to shine in  
the dullness of America's land.

These colors mean nothing to those  
who don't understand.

The laughter suppresses my tears,  
And this... this makes me scared.

I am the rose in the garden of weeds.  
I'm the hair bow in the bucket of beads,  
The diamond in a pile of coal.  
My heart can't handle this emotional toll.

My differences is a scab that never heals,  
No one can understand how that feels.  
It's like every day the wound is ripped open,  
I'm the weirdo that everyone never stops poking.

My uniqueness is a part of my life,  
And I know things may not always be right.  
I will never be able to shake it,  
But I know that I will make it.

#### **GROWING UP**

*by Maricely Nunez*

If the city is bad,  
Will the people be bad?  
No!

I think the older you get,  
The more  
You change.

Homework is going in the trash.  
Mobile phones are being used in class.  
Remember when getting high meant  
On the swings  
And a race issue was only about  
Who ran  
Fastest?

#### **WATCHING THE SUNSET**

*by Lamont Drew Pearson Jr.*

I watch the sun poke the horizon slowly.  
The scent of the salt water brushes against my nostrils.  
Birds ride the waves of the sea,  
And the moon carries the stars into the night.  
Glory catches the sun and hides it until the next day.  
I make my return to see the light arise;  
It will put the darkness in its pocket,  
Only his time I record the moment in my mind so I  
will not forget it.  
And nature will take me by the hand  
and drag me into eternity.

I watch the sky change colors like lights in a nightclub.  
The sound of the ocean caresses my face.  
This is, by far, the best feeling in the world.  
It is even more stupefying than the universe itself.  
I embrace the earth with all of my might,  
And we become one with each other.  
I believe I have found love in watching the sunset.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 10*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Emidur Choudhury	Rollercoaster Ride	John F. Kennedy H.S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Wojick
Mahruza Choudery	Follow Forever	John F. Kennedy H.S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Wojick
Susana Irizarry	La Isla	John F. Kennedy H.S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Wojcik
Genesis Santos	My Grandma	Eastside H. S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Van Houten
Samia Uddin	What I Really Missed	John F. Kennedy H.S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Wojick
Janna Williams	Superstar	Eastside H. S.	Grade 10	Mrs. Van Houten

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#### **FOLLOW FOREVER**

*By Mahruza Choudhury*

She searches for a way to leave  
But she still chases after what she runs from  
She's not in the same place as everyone else  
Her heart is strangled by a thread of hope that the light exists  
Under a watchful eye  
Surrounded by walls  
The walls don't keep her from being free  
It's the eyes of a woman that can never let her be  
Crying she closes her eyes, hoping the nightmare leaves  
A shady dark room is all she sees  
When she opens her eyes, she sees darkness  
Not around her but in those eyes  
The same eyes that watch her every move; that suspect her every intention  
There's nowhere to go  
In school those eyes follow her  
Her shackles are the cover on her head  
Her emotions are forced to be compressed  
Looking down, nowhere to go, she runs  
Searching for an escape, she looks up to see where she has ended  
She finds that she's in the same place she was before  
Running in an endless race, the search for a nonexistent light  
Forever will those eyes be dark

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 10*

### **ROLLERCOASTER RIDE**

*by Emidur Choudhury*

It's humorous how love at times resembles a  
rollercoaster ride

The ups, the downs, the side to side.

Give me the break and I'll surely pull it quick,

Let me off, let me off, I think I'll be sick!

The loops full of passion, turns my world  
(up side) down.

My toes to the sky, my head to the ground.

Faster and faster there's no turning back,

All of the excitement my world once use to lack.

A sudden halt, and the rides reached a hill,  
Click-a-ti-clack, the ride seems ever so still.

A solemn silence (over takes) all the screams,  
We're above the clouds, a feat one can merely dream

But where is the track, why can't I suddenly  
see anymore?

Where is the ground, where is the floor?

Swoosh! I fell as it took my breath right from under.

I'm beginning to fly! Oh with such wonder!

"Thank you for riding, we hope you  
enjoyed your time"

And without a single warning, they escort me to the  
back of the line

No, no, I must go again, no matter the cost  
or how much I must spend

No matter how sick it makes me,  
it is all worth it in the end

### **LA ISLA**

*by Susana Irizarry*

Feel the breeze, feel the passion  
of your heart in that island.

See the heart of the island through  
the eyes of the cities'.

Gentle waves of the ocean clear my  
thoughts and my feelings.

See the palm trees dance away as the coconuts Fall!

Fall! Fall!

Sunrise sunset all you project is beauty.

Hear the water drip, drip, drip, feel  
the shiver in your skin.

Hear the flowers sing of joy as the birds sing along.

Taste the delights of the island  
through the customs it brings you.

Feel the soul of the dancers in routines  
of their country.

Like an angel in the sky has the beauty from above.

Sweet paradise what more can you be.

See the landscapes from above as  
they greet you from down low.

People come people go with great memories ever told.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 10*

#### **MY GRANDMA** *by Genesis Santos*

My grandma is,  
102 years old.  
It is going to be,  
hard to see her go.  
She's loving & caring,  
to everyone around.  
She loves to bake,  
cookies and sweets.  
For all her grand kids,  
to enjoy and eat.  
She has a way with me,  
I cannot explain.  
She is in my soul;  
she is the air I breathe.  
She is my heart,  
and I love her so.  
She is always there for me.  
Eternally I will be,  
grateful for her love.  
She has taught me,  
unconditional love.  
Love as pure and white,  
as a dove.  
My Grandma

#### **WHAT I REALLY MISSED** *by Samia Uddin*

I laughed at his corny jokes  
And accepted all his cyber pokes  
The way he'd say "Everything will be fine."  
His soft lips pressed against mine.  
His warm hugs and his greeting kiss,  
These things I admit I missed.  
When I stared into his ocean eyes,  
I flew in the sea and swam the skies.  
I made him my whole world  
Until I found out about the other girl.  
I try not to remember this,  
But he's what I thought I really missed.  
For him I lost most of my friends,  
Is it too late to make amends?  
I expected them to really hate me,  
But they accepted my sincere apology.  
They hugged me and they weren't pissed.  
This is what I really missed.

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 10*

### **SUPERSTAR**

*by Janna Williams*

Flashing lights,  
Camera's flicking.  
Knowing that you are here,  
Keeps me ticking.  
Flashing lights,  
Cameras rolling.  
I'm like a river that's always flowing.  
Flashing lights,  
Music playing.  
My heart beats so fast,  
Without me saying.  
Flashing lights,  
People dancing.  
The vibe is so live,  
With the music playing.  
Flashing lights,  
Fashion show!  
I'm showing off like,  
Someone you may know.  
Flashing lights,  
Home I go  
Time to go to bed,  
I know, you know.  
Flashing lights,  
Right now a dream.  
But one day I will make it,  
As big as it seems.  
Flashing lights,  
You will see  
In Bright letters  
My name it will be.

# The Paterson Rainbow

2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

## *Honorable Mention Grade 11*

<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Amanda Rankine	The Deadly Silence	Eastside H. S.	Grade 11	Mrs. Van Houten

### THE DEADLY SILENCE

*by Amanda Rankine*

The silence is deadly,  
It bites,  
No beautiful medley.  
Eyes piercing your heart,  
Is all you get?  
In this colorless house,  
Filled with regret.

Four years old,  
Two feet high, with brown curly hair.  
Uses "I'm younger"  
To get more than his share.  
He tries to fight me,  
For the phone each day,  
As I squeeze his twig of a neck,  
As he pulls away.

The silence now breaks,  
As he screams like a pig.  
For him a big black hole,  
One day I will dig.  
My father's brown eyes,  
Barked for awhile,  
I just walk away,  
Hatred covered with a smile.

Back to the silence where nobody speaks,  
The curly haired demon is fast asleep.  
Its Déjà vu,  
All over again,  
Homework, TV, laptop,  
Then time for bed.  
My house is sparkly clean,

I must say.  
But no warm kitchen,  
No memories of yesterday.  
No twinkle in your eyes,  
No twinkle in mine.  
No chocolate cake,  
Nothing sweet or divine.

The subject of work,  
Is brought to the table.  
No hugs, no kisses,  
Just food water and cable.  
No fancy dinners,  
No gifts on Christmas.  
Rudolph and Santa must really hate us.  
No green Christmas trees,  
Or any blue lights.  
No beautiful costumes,  
On Halloween night.

This long "glass" table,  
Creaks with pale faces.  
The fried chicken and potato salad,  
All ate without graces  
All eyes on the ticking clock,  
To see when it's time to go,  
Will ever anyone ever listen?  
To the song that's playing slow  
But because of all this silence,  
No one really hears,  
There is hardly conversation,  
In this house that lacks true care.

# The Paterson Rainbow

## 2011 PATERSON STUDENTS' POETRY CONTEST

### *Honorable Mention Grade 12*

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<b>NAME</b>	<b>POEM</b>	<b>SCHOOL</b>	<b>GRADE</b>	<b>TEACHER</b>
Victoria Jefferson	Words Of Life	Garrett Morgan	Grade 12	Mrs. Cope
Marc Rodriguez	Football	Garrett Morgan	Grade 12	Mrs. Cope

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#### **WORDS OF LIFE**

*by Victoria Jefferson*

Life can be like a garden of wildflowers,  
Red, Yellow, Purple, Green,  
Roses, Sunflowers, Violets, Lilies.  
There are angelic spirits and vile spirits,  
Authentic and fake people.  
Life can be as sweet as honeycombs,  
Or as tough as rusted nails.  
As you traverse on smooth sidewalks,  
Concrete will grab your ankles,  
Pull you to journey on multiple paths.  
Why does life feel like a rollercoaster?  
Up and down.  
No one is there to say,  
“Enjoy the ride!”  
No one is there to give you comfort.  
Life is what you make it.  
Walk.  
Create your own path.  
We all fall down.  
Have the strength,  
To get back up.

#### **FOOTBALL**

*by Marc Rodriguez*

With its bright lights and bad weather,  
I should hate it.  
With its injuries and overbearing fans,  
I should loath it.  
With its long practices and heavy equipment,  
I should deplore it.  
With its dirty players and unfair refs,  
I should abhor it.  
With its hard coaches and simple-minded players,  
I should despise it.  
  
But the fact is I secretly love it.  
  
I love waking up in the morning and eating a big  
breakfast before a game.  
I love the way my jersey fits like a glove  
and the pride it represents.  
I love how it feels to square off with another human  
being, opponents seeking a common goal.  
I love the feeling of a well-deserved win  
and the glory that comes with it.  
I love my brothers on the field  
and the coaches on the sidelines.  
  
The day that it's over,  
I'll just be a fan.  
A spectator in the stands,  
Reminiscing on the day,  
It all began.

