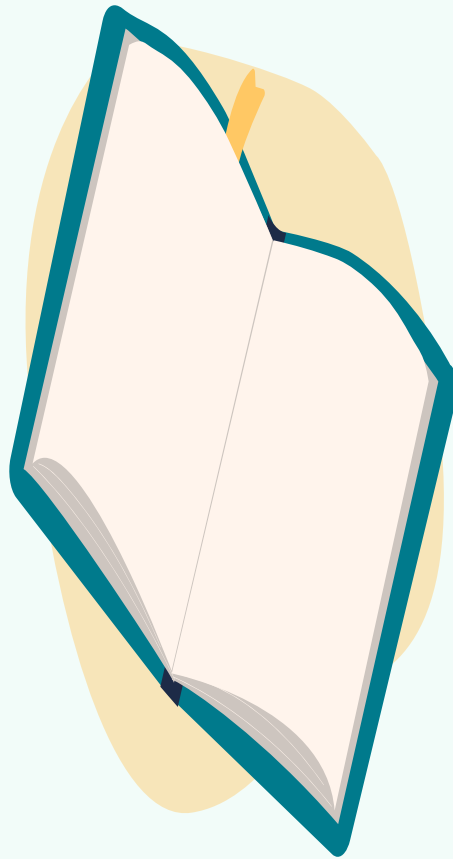


A monarch butterfly with orange and black wings is perched on a yellow flower in a garden. The butterfly's wings are spread, showing the characteristic orange and black pattern with white spots along the edges. The background is a lush garden with green leaves and other yellow and pink flowers.

The Anthology

Elementary and Secondary

Alexandria City
Public Schools
'20-'21



*Your dream is the mole behind your ear,
that chip in your front tooth, your freckles.
It's the thing that makes you special, but not the
thing that makes you great.*

*The courage in trying, the passion in living,
and the acknowledgement and appreciation of
the beauty happening around
you does that. - Jason Reynolds*

The Anthology

Alexandria City Public Schools '20-'21



Introduction

“The Anthology” is a compilation of extraordinary poems submitted by ACPS students between 3rd and 12th grade. The ACPS Poetry Contest originated over 13 years ago and continues as an annual tradition and means to celebrate and honor our student writers. We are delighted that this is the fourth year the contest has extended beyond elementary to include our secondary schools.

Designated teachers, serving as poetry liaisons at each school, coordinated school-level poetry contests and judging for grades 3-12. Each school judging committee selected one best of grade level poem as well as one overall best-of-school poem.

Poetry liaisons forwarded their school’s winning poems to the division contest and a few additional division-level designations were identified, including division best-of-grade level winners, a creativity award (a special award given by our community judging panel), as well as elementary and secondary student ACPS Poet Laureates. The ACPS Poet Laureate award is selected from the submissions of school overall winners.

Winners from each of the above categories are featured in this 2020-2021 edition of “The Anthology.” The elementary version of “The Anthology” also becomes a core text that students in grades 3-5 will study in the poetry unit of the ACPS writing curriculum.

A tremendous thank you to the Poetry Liaisons for their dedication and hard work with which this contest, anthology, and ceremony would not be possible. Additionally, thank you to all the student participants. Enjoy!

Kimberly Schell
ACPS K-12 Literacy Coordinator and
Secondary Literacy Specialist

Carolyn Wooster
Elementary Literacy Specialist



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Our instinct is to turn to poetry when we're looking to communicate a spirit that is larger than ourselves. - Amanda Gorman



*If I feel physically as if the top of my
head were taken off, I know that is
poetry. - Emily Dickinson*



Elementary Winners

Grades 3-5

Grade 3 Winner

Times

Claudia Reading

Times in darkness,
Light and
grey.

Times of war and Times of peace

Near and far you will find time

Hear it chime

Times

Grade 4 Winner

Red and Blue

Luella Faulkner

When the sun goes down I see red and blue,
a sign of our country is what I say,
but when I look back it's all gray.

We have all been through shade,
But when I hear the tree fall I see a sprout.
A fresh start, I take it as a sign of hope.

A fact that we're still here,
and I have learned not to write it, but to be it.
And you only have one life, so why not live it.

Not from what happened in the past,
but from what happens next.
Take us to freedom take us now, take us here!

Grade 5 Winner

It's Hard to Say

Page Vogel

It's hard to say when good moments last
Or when the gears change
It's hard to say "goodbye" and "farewell"
If the world is in such pain

It's hard to say how much I love you
When we're all distanced apart
It's hard to say how to weaken the bridge
If the things we know are close heart

It's hard to say a sweet, sweet prayer
When there is no one there to pray with
It's hard to say "I need to let go"
When there is no one to say it

It's hard to say when the chains fall down
Or when it's safe to look up
It's hard to say if this big world
Is smaller than you thought

Mr. Tertocha
Grade 5

Overall School Winner

Storm

Molly Payne

The world divided,
So is my mind,
Everyone sees one side of me,
But never the one inside,
They see me as the friend with no problems
whatsoever,
But everyone has feelings inside of them just
hidden down under,

It's like a storm in the ocean,
With waves ten feet tall,
They crash over you,
Making you feel like nothing at all,
When will the storm stop,
When will your mind go to ease,

But you see a light,
A way out of the storm,
A way to calmness,
A way to peace,

Think of the memories you cherish the most,
Think of the people that love you ever so,
Think of the things that will never change,
I try to think of these things everyday,

The world is still divided,
So is my mind,
But try to sail out of the storm,
To a place where you can escape your mind.

Grade 3 Winner

At Night

Leah Arias Pineda

I shiver at night
and my dreams come as light
And people singing at night
When I go, at night,
the light is so bright
And I'm confused
And I say why is the light still bright
At night

Grade 4 Winner

Neptune

Alfredo Vasquez Canales

Neptune is as blue as sadness that will never end
just like depression
but even worse
It is cold like the North Pole
but 100,000,000,000 times colder

Grade 5 Winner
Shoes Shoes Shoes
Arianna Marixa Garcia Williams

Can you walk in these shoes?

Can you dance in these shoes?

Put a move in these shoes

Slide to the left slide to the right in
these shoes

and groove and groove

These shoes give us a whole lot of moves

So all you can do in those good old shoes is groove

Overall School Winner

Free Flowing Poem

Genesis Blanco Argueta

I am from books everywhere and puzzle pieces on
the floor and crayons on the table.

I am from leaves everywhere and lots of stairs
and the sky above.

I am from lots of evergreen trees outside and
dead bushes and lots of cement!

I am from my lovely mom and strong dad! I am
from hardworking people.

I am from "Portate bien" which means be good
and "work hard to get a good job!"

I am from Rogelia and Hildo and coffee, eggs,
pupusas, and carne asada.

I am from passports, social security numbers, and
my dog Mason, and my money.

Mr. Ingram and Ms. Moquin
Grade 5

Grade 3 Winner
Seashells at the Beach
Jordan Ince

When I am at the beach

I find seashells by the ocean

They are all different shapes and sizes

Some are so tiny they can fit in the palm of your
hand

Now there are some big ones too

Different colors like orange, green, black and blue

And when I put a big seashell to my ear

I hear swoosh, swoosh, swoosh

Just like the sound of the ocean

Grade 4 Winner
The Day My Love Left Me
Simardeep Ghumman

the day my love left me was my most saddest day
I felt like
my other half of my heart was gone
I felt like
my world was torn apart
I felt like
my everyone had passed away.

when he left me there
and never came back all day
my eyes watered up crying
every second of that day
I started to say
“what will I do without you”

you helped me
with my health when I was sick all day
you helped me
when we had money problems
you helped me
every second of every day

what will I do without you?
can I ever repay you?

will you come back to me please?

Mr. Maccarone
Grade 4



Grade 5 Winner

One More Time

Christina Amaya Zavala

Oh, mother, you're very sick.
When are you going to get better?
"Soon, honey, soon. But promise me this - if I
don't make it,
then just say this: *one more time.*" I promise she
smiled, and then she left me. Our family was
there wearing
black. I brought a beautiful red rose. My heart
sank when I saw her tombstone.
Then I remembered what she said: "*one more
time, one more time.*"

Ms. Watkins
Grade 5

Overall School Winner

Dreams

Audrey Abbam

Open your eyes in this new world

Your deepest desires

Are coming true

The need to retire

To find your passion

Even if it is fashion

Nightmareish bits spill out of your mouth

The wrong move turned everything south

Stuck as you are with no real cure

The snakes that you tried to lure

Are going back in the past

Terrified at last

BANG!

The unicorns run, the Phoenixes fly

Your imagination and your hopes fly very high

The kid screams "I AM FIERCE AND I WILL BE FOREVER"

Power floods your veins instead of blood

As abundant as water inside a flood

As fierce as a Phoenix

As light as hydrogen

As needed as oxygen

Ms. Sanocki
Grade 5

Grade 3 Winner

Wild

Summer Hersey

Wild

Run, run like the wind,
Feel the breeze run through your hair,
Show that you are strong,
Hoofs crashing against the ground,
Making dust storms behind you.

Ms. Slaven
Grade 3

Grade 4 Winner

The Old House

June Denson

In the forest of Emberstone Cove
There was a house that stood alone
Only one lived there, so only one bed
With remains of the blanket being only one thread
Then there's ivy creeping up the side of the wall
And the refrigerator that has no food at all
The house has a mind of its own

Even if you just take a peek inside and leave it alone
But now the house has a taste, a hunger
And you won't laugh as it follows you in a lumber
It will go past the mossy rock forest
Past the crumbling stone horse
Finally, past the rocks of red white and blue
And before you know it the house will find you

Ms. El-Baba
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner

Setting Slowly

Samuel Gunter

Setting Slowly

Over

The ocean crashes

The waves

It saves

Sand

Sharp shells

Pools like wells

Deep

Majestic

Brightness gone

All that's left

The moon turns on

The twinkling nocturnal stars have not arrived

It's a long hard walk

To get here

This place

This grace

Rocks

Slowly breaking

Compilating

Falling

Crashing

Plinking Plunking

Like frozen rain

Stones

Alone

Here

Mr. Gunby

Grade 5

Overall School Winner

La Tortilla Perfecta

Emely Osorio Bonilla

Masa y agua
Corn flour with water
Un poquito de sal
A little pinch of salt

A little bit of wet
A little bit of sticky

Form a ball
In your hands

Into the tortilla press
To make a flat circle

Ahora vamos a calentarla
En la estufa
Now it is ready to be heated
On the stove

La tortilla perfecta
Está lista para comer
The perfect tortilla
Is ready to be eaten

Disfruta!
Enjoy!

Ms. Mehrman
Grade 5

Grade 3 Winner

My Dad

John (Jack) Murphy

On Father's Day I said,
Hey Neener, do you know,
I want to meet my dad. It would make me glad.
A few days later, a kit called "23 and Me"
A test to find my ancestry
Neener called me upstairs, I went up.
She pulled out a container, I spat in a cup.
A few months later, I got a letter in the mail.
It said who my relatives were.
With plenty of detail.
By Christmas time I had met my dad.
His name is Rob. It is a nice name.
I love my dad. My heart is warm like Flame.

Ms. Hurley
Grade 3

Grade 4 Winner

Extinction

Gemma Cordts

Like the wolf I rise and fall.
Like the eagle I soar and see.
Like the polar bear on ice I will cry and cry until I die.
And when I die I will run like the wolf .
And once I die I will soar like an eagle.
And once they hear my sorrowful plea I will protect
them and they will protect me.
Once they protect me they will be protected by all
that they see.

Ms. Fusilier
Grade 4

Grade 3 Winner

I Love Tennis

Adriel Marconi

A tennis racquet feels hard and it looks like a big circle with a handle.

Tennis is also cool and it is fun to play.

I feel happy and excited when I am playing.

Running back and forth to hit the ball. I hope I never

fall. When I play I say to myself don't lose.

I love playing two on two.

When I play I see my opponent trying to make a move.

Then I serve it up, then hit the ball with a BOOM.

Win or lose I try my best.

When I am done I need my rest,

I love tennis.



Grade 4 Winner
Mrs. Makin Loves Bacon!
Johanna Averi Brooks

Mrs. Makin loves bacon.
She consumes every day.
She's always using it
in her own special way!

She just adores the smell
And she eats it by the pound;
If you give Mrs. Makin bacon,
She'll practically scarf it down!

When the bacon runs right out
She'll head down to the store.
She'll hunt down every aisle
Until she can find more.

She uses bacon grease for lotion
To keep her skin so soft.
She even uses some of it
To give her lips a shiny gloss.

She makes bacon accessories,
Like earrings, belts and shoes.
She's wears any outfit
That she doesn't start to chew!

Mrs. Makin really loves bacon
As we can all agree!
She's more interested in bacon
Then I will ever be!

Mrs. Makin
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner

Sorry, Not Sorry

Nour Yassein

"Hey Nour!" my sister shouts, "What do you want?" I quietly pout.

She repeatedly does this. Now I'm getting annoyed. This is a situation which I just can't avoid.

I shove her weakly, "owww" she said extremely bleakly.

She dramatically falls. My heart starts to race, I try to stall my mom from going in. "I wish I had a twin."

"Say sorry." My mom says "Sorry" I say As my mom walks away.
"Not sorry" I whisper.

I did absolutely nothing serious to her!

Overall School Winner The Industrial Revolution Hayden Wixom

Hear Ye, Hear Ye!

This is the age of invention!

And I shall call it
THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION!

Shops shall rise! Factories shall rise! Cities, towns and bridges
shall rise! Chop down trees! Haul those logs! Forge that metal
and make those cogs!

Build machines of every kind!

Machines that saw! Machines that grind!

Machines come smashing! Machines come crashing!
Machines that bash and lash!

Iron, steel! Copper wheels!

Cranks and river banks
and windmills and oxen!

Box in those products!

IMPORT!
EXPORT!

Every day!

(continued to 31)

The Industrial Revolution *(continued from 30)*

Hayden Wixom

Trucks come speeding down
the street

Every day!

Cram it!
Ka-blam it!

Build it!
Gild it!

Grind it!
Rind it!

THIS IS THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION!!!

Mrs. Tinsley
Grade 3

Grade 3 Winner

Grilled Cheese

Leo Palavecino

Will somebody help me please?
I am craving a grilled cheese
My tummy has been growling
This isn't something we should be allowing

I want my sandwich made with cheddar
Unless anyone has something better?
Next, comes toasting the bread
Be sure not to burn- it or I will go to bed

We could make it a whole party
But please don't be tardy
Only my closest friends are invited
I want to make sure everyone is delighted

I think I'm coming down with a congestion
Plus, with COVID this is now a out of the question
But will somebody actually PLEASE
Just give me a grilled cheese?

Mrs. Reidinger
Grade 3



Grade 4 Winner

A Storm
Carina Katz

The wind whispers, knocking on the window.
Quiet like a ghost.

A storm is coming, A storm is coming.

Rustling through the leaves on the ground, like a
snake moving towards its prey.

A storm is coming, a storm is coming.

Snapping at branches, letting out a howl.
It screams, Clouds gather.

A raindrop falls. Then a couple more.

A storm is coming, a storm is coming.

The wind again lets out a howl.

Animals are taking shelter.

A crow caws.

A storm is coming, a storm is coming.

Power goes out, but flashlights are ready.

Thunder and lightning crackle and crash.

Rain is pouring down.

The storm is here.

Mrs. Yonkers
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner

Why?

Nina Mendoza

Why do we need labels
That separate us all
When it just disables

Why do we care
If female or male
Is that really fair?

Why do colors
Keep us away
Turn us against each others.

Why do we care if you're white,
Or black, Or purple
Or green, or light?

Why do we care if you're
Orange or blue,
Surely you must agree with me too?

What if we stop saying why?
And let everyone be
Who they are on the inside?

Mrs. Corbi
Grade 5

Overall School Winner

The Meadow

Evelyn Pollard

The meadow, was alive with noises and life,
The sun shining down on all of the creatures of
the field.

Birds swooping in and out,
Their small wings lifting them higher and higher
Into the sky

A mother deer with her doe, cautiously
Drinking by the stream.
They sprint off into the shelter of the forest,
The cool shade is refreshing

Many beautiful butterflies fill the field,
Frolicing in the blowing leaves,
Their lovely, vibrant colors shining in the sun,
Flying around the heads of flowers.

The sweet smells of flowers,
stunning and blooming, swaying in the wind,
The cool summer breeze refreshing after the hot
sun
beating down all day long.

The little mice running beneath the tall grasses,
Weaving their way through a maze of whistling
stalks.

Squeaking with pleasure as they carry home
A feast of grains and seeds.

As the sun begins to set, all of the animals of the
forest

Settle down for a good night's rest,
For tomorrow it would be another busy
Day in the meadow.

Mrs. Corbi
Grade 5

Grade 4 Winner
If You Read a Book
Tess Sciana

Open a book,
It's feels thin and smooth,
The smell old and musty,
It's purple too.
With big red letters,
And old black shading,
And then you're lost,
In the maze of the story,
The feelings it gives you,
Brave, fearful, or sad?
But if you read a book,
You're sure to have a blast.

Mrs. Fernandez
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner
The Four Seasons of the Year
Estrella Henton

As the wind blew and the colorful leaves fell, the smell of autumn was magical. The acorns fell and the leaves crackled, while people prepared feasts in their homes with turkey apple cider cranberries. It was a dream.

As months passed, the snow fell from the sky. The snow fell like rain, while boys and girls played in the snow making a winter wonderland. And as the snow fell and the wind blew, the icy cold winter was like Antarctica.

As the snow melted and the trees grew, it was spring as the bees buzzed in the trees and the sun shined on the flowers. The cherry blossoms sprouted and the roses bloomed. People rode their bikes to the nearest lemonade stand.

As weeks passed, the sun started to climb as the grass grew the clouds never cried and the sun was always beaming. The people swam, while the birds chirped. It was a good summer.

Overall School Winner

The Fire

James Vetrini

The fire was devastating.
The evil sparks of light.
Just watching the trees burn.
The fire will twist and turn.
Until a red truck came zooming by.
Water came pumping into the sky.
A gleaming bright hat with big black boots.
In 30 minutes the fire was gone.
As ashes turned to light.
Like fairy dust at night.
Sparkling trees by dawn.

Ms. Lugo
Grade 3

Grade 3 Winner

The Sun and The Moon

Frances Phelps

My sight sees the sun
but it's so bright i can barely see the night
my kite sores thru the light
hoping not to touch the bright sun
when a storm sores through the sky
the warm sun will shine in the light
when the night comes
the sun will bite the night
when it's time then the bright light will shine
my sight will be all white
when the night comes the sun might go away
but i have no say
in what the sun does
when winter arrives
the sun get short and fades in the night sky
night comes early and sun goes fast day light
does not come too much
the day is very short
winter is when the night gets it revenge

Ms. Martin
Grade 3

Grade 4 Winner

The Mouse

Amelia Marfori

The room was quiet.
Nobody moving,
clocks not ticking,
chargers not charging,
printers not printing,
markers not marking.
Nothing moving at all,
except for a mouse
in the Timberlake's house.

Ms. Rauginane
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner

Cold Living Room

Kelly Jiminez Guevara

My living room is colder than an ice cube.

And we are freezing inside our home.

It could be colder than an ice cream.

Then I go up stairs and get my blanket.

And now I am fine.

Not even cold but now it's getting hot like an oven.

So I put my pyjamas on. Now I am really fine.

Ms. Rose
Grade 5

Overall School Winner

Destiny
Jailyn Maines

Destiny is a gift.
Some search their entire lives seeking in helpless
desperation, looking for the truth.
They never know when they hit the limit.
Some don't see the true meaning in life.
They search for destiny.
Some try to find destiny as something they can be
proud of, and be thankful for.
Others move on with their heads held head high,
thinking of all the things they accomplished and did.
People searching in quiet desperation never see the
many other joys in life.
They miss out on the present by waiting for
the future.
You can't make destiny appear when it's ready.
Destiny is always ready for you.
But you have to be ready for it.

Ms. Koch
Grade 4

Grade 3 Winner
Toussaint the Great
Toussaint De Marco-Rax

Taking my time

Organizing my mind

Unmuting and sharing my screen on ZOOM

Squinting my eyes during online school

Searching for snacks during breaks

Ask the teacher for breaks

I like Friday movies they are great!

TOUSSAINT, good job-be great!!

Mrs. Kwakye
Grade 3

Grade 4 Winner

Snow Here I Am

Ayana Rivera

Walking outside through the snow
Hearing my shoes crunch with
The cold breeze go pass me

Making a snow angel snow falls on me
Getting back up to go home the
Snow still crunching as I leave

Ms. Appiah-Kubi
Grade 4

Grade 5 Winner
Underwater Mysteries
Saida Idris

Life is a bunch of mysteries
Whether you're in the jungle or in the forest or even UNDERWATER...
Blue waves crashing along
Staring into the deep blue water wondering what can I see under there
I take my dive into the sea of mysteries
Silence is what I hear
But what I saw can't compare to what I heard
There are many beauties here and there
But beware...
The old legends tell a story
One shall not go far
Or you'll end up with something bigger than a knee scar
As no man or woman has made it out alive
But one was the first to take the dive
And right then I believed that I survived
But what I saw can not be forgotten
Scary monsters and a couple of things that were rotten
I swam away seeing horrendous things
Got bitten and I thought "It really stings"
I was brave to go down but...
How will I come out....?

Mrs. Thomas
Grade 5

Overall School Winner

Please Don't Lie

Sky Slaughter

Please don't lie
Why would you? Just Why?
Lying isn't nice
It's colder than a bag of ice

You should tell the truth
Even if it's hard as pulling out a tooth
Telling the truth is good
I know I would

Please don't lie
Just please don't lie
It's not as cute as a butterfly

When you stop lying I won't feel the pain
As if you were standing alone in the rain

Please don't lie
Just please don't lie.



Grade 3 Winner
Green Icy Juice
Brooke Bevins

I get home
from school
Parched
I ask my
mom if we
have anything
to drink I
look in the
Fridge
dunt
dunt
dunnnn
There's green icy
Juice
Juice
Juice
I can hear
the bubbles popping
and the green icy juice soping
The juice spinning and jiggling
around I touch it
Aah
Aah
Aah
I scream

it feels
like some
gross icy
green
soup
soup
soup
I try it
gross
gross
gross
I spit it
out it taste like
spinach and some
green icy slime

I see my life flash
before my eyes
I put the juice down

I AM NEVER
trying green juice again

Mrs. Uzl
Grade 3

Grade 4 Winner

The Pencil

Nathaniel Rosenblatt

The pencil is the undefeated,
Writing stuff you always needed,
Unlike the pen you can erase,
Leave no sound, leave no trace,
Like a black comet in the sky,
Drawing stuff up, up high,
So remember if you need a handy utensil,
Always ask the pencil.

Grade 5 Winner

Helping Dogs

Arman Abbas

Rescue Dog
help care for a friend
find a home
help him mend.
has a heart of gold
has to move
so he's told.
find a place a nice new home
where people care
he can roam.
his eyes are lonely
can't you see
just wants love
somewhere to be.
holds no grudges,
has a happy heart
looking for a family
a brand new start
care for your friend any way you can
a helping hand
a ride in a van
just a warm wish tossed his way
it may be all he needs to make his day

Mrs. Granzow
Grade 5



Overall School Winner

Black Lives Matter

Maya Adams Rothrock

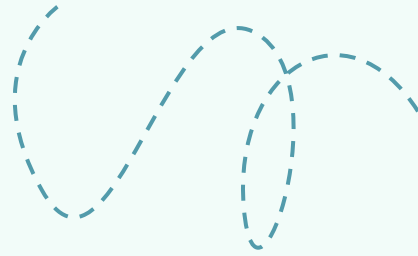
I can't breathe
I can't breathe
We want equal rights
We want to be free
from the judgement of the color
of our skin
from 1822 to now
blacks are still mistreated
nothing has changed
since 1822 maybe longer
NOTHING HAS CHANGED
about the judgement of the
color of our skin
We keep protesting peacefully and
What do you bring
out your guns, tear gas, face covers, shields, fists
Acting like blacks are killers
Acting like we're covid 19
When we're lovers
We don't fight
We love
When people hit us
We don't give them a hug
We say what are you
Going to get out of me
When you kill me
When you should be holding love
Respect, Kindness, Noticing people
That are in the room and
NOT Judging people by the color of
Their skin
Mrs. Uzl
Grade 3

Overall School Winner
Going to Another World
Heela Basharat

You sleep you dream you go to another world
you go to the world that you like

Things that you love are in the other world
you see Someone that you miss

Sleep is what you want in your world



*Poetry is language at
its most distilled
and most powerful. –
Rita Dove*



Secondary Winners

Grades 3-5

Grade 6 Winner

Growing

Elkanah Kumulachew

The dawn cracks, right on time
It's a brand new day, rise and shine.

Energy displays, and you can't bear
The hunger
That lies in there.

Absorbing the energy, you go on
Another vast path that life
Would like you to take on.

Well I must say
This isn't challenging
And hey, just so you know
There's nothing I'm battling.

But do you really realize
The time that lies
In your world
It's most likely
Dark, deep
And cold,
But you must not fear
For the path that your world
Takes you on
It might not be near
But trust me
This road
Is worth running on.

Grade 7 Winner

The Time Will Come

Zahin Bigzad

The time will come when we will have made an ideal world for all humans.

The time will come when illness and food safety will be one of our least worries.

The time will come when poverty and hunger will not be a part of our lives.

The time will come when we will have a government in which the people will have an easier time living. We will not have a democracy in which the “people” choose the wealthy

The time will come when we will not have a dictatorial state in which we only focus on materialistic goals.

The time will come when Education will be as free as oxygen.

The time will come when racism and hatred, sexism and injustice will be abolished. We will not have a society in which your rank is based on how much melanin your skin has or what type of reproductive organ you have.

The time will come when we will have a good understanding of what justice and injustice is.

The time will come when we will not be worried about when the sea will rise and drown our houses.

The time will come when we will not suffocate on greenhouse gases.

The time will come when Muslims, Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Hindus, Sikhs, and Atheists will all be a part of one force to create a better world.

The time will come when impossible becomes I'm possible.

The time will come when money will not make a person rich or wealthy.

(continues to page 57)

The Time Will Come *(continued from 56)* Zahin Bigzad

The time will come when war will still rage on but now our foe will not be one another it will be evil itself.

The time will come when we as a world will unite not only to break the barriers of nations but we will also break the barriers of earth and unite with all other creators and beings. We will not be nationalist or even internationalists we will be Universalists.

The time will come when we will give balance to feelings and logic to bring humanity.

It is never too early or too late to create that time.



Grade 8 Winner

The Mask Angie Silvera

i see her open the door to her class
i see her face begins to change
the change that everyone thinks is normal
the change that only she knows if it's real
i see her feet tapping
i see her waiting till the bell rings
i see that she has on her mask

the mask that only gets off when she is alone
the mask that has the power to change her
that mask she thought was going to make her
problems go away
the mask that lies for her
i see her open the door again still with the
mask on

i hear her parents say "how's school".
"did you pass the test", her parents say
i hear her lie to not make her parents worried
i see her lies overwhelms her
i see her open the next door with no mask on
this time

i see her face starting to fill up with tears
i see she looked at herself in the mirror
i see she didn't eat dinner that night
i see she didn't sleep that night
i see her bones getting thinner each week
i see her losing herself
i see her mask has never been on since the
night she took it off

i see her feel alone
i see her feel like she wants to disappear
"but why can't they see my pain behind my
smile" she says to herself
i see her fail again and again and not wanting
to get up again
i see her getting tired
i see her stop trying
i see people trying to help her but it was too
late
then one day all i saw was her with me
the one thing i didn't want

Overall School Winner

Humans

Zion Foulcard

I might've made a mistake,
Although I may not have,
But I'm not sure,
I'm only human after all.

I accepted the punishment,
Which was isolation,
And a constant feeling that I needed to
repay them,
Because They're only human after all.

We had been friends before,
Joking, laughing, and playing games,
But then all that changed,
Because We're only human after all.

Humans judge each other for the most
insignificant things,
And see nothing wrong with it,
Which might sound ridiculous,
But they're only human after all.

Some people aren't like them,
Although they're not good people,
They're just better humans,
Than they are.

I did something that humans won't do,
I looked at all the life that humans ignore
and destroy,

Like the plants that gave us oxygen and
the animals that keep this fragile
ecosystem stable,
And watched humans destroy them.
I even looked at the human race, which is
a threat to itself,
Where humans complain about
everything wrong in the world, but do
nothing about it,
And blatantly ignore problems so they
won't have to deal with them,
And chastise others for doing bad things,
but just as quickly do another,
And be a part of the problem because
they're convinced that they're the
solution.

I'm not like them,
So I'm either the only alien on a planet of
humans, or the only human on a planet of
aliens,
Although I'll probably never know, since
there's nobody like me, and it probably
doesn't matter.
As I said, humans are a threat to their own
existence,
Because even the earth we stand on isn't
safe,
From the infectious cancer,
We call the human race.

Overall School Winner

The Power of Will

Camila Muñoz

Let me tell you about us...

We will be the greatest generation... because we
have

Motivation

Dedication

Determination

Imagination

Try telling us it can't be done, try telling us we are
too young

We are here to prove you wrong

We will show you how we stand tall, how we aren't
small

How we get through it all, how we won't fall

Because we have the **will** to succeed

W is for the winning attitude pushing us ahead

I is for integrity, doing everything we said

L is for the loyalty we possess over time

And L is for the leadership we need in order to
climb



Grade 6 Winner

Abay (Nile) Fenet Gurmu

She flowed through Africa peacefully
Beautifully looking to the sky
She moved so easily
Watching birds go by.

She flowed through Africa peacefully
While the animals would splish and splash
Others would slurp and sip
But they would never cause a clash.

She flowed through Africa peacefully
helping many as she moved
giving herself to others
She was always used.

She flowed through Africa peacefully
Night and day
Helping all equally
She was lavish in every way.



Grade 7 Winner

Ode to Ramen

Dava Boyce

On February 24th, 2021.

I had sat down at my dining table, a steaming cup in front of me.
It had corn and other vegetables inside, and small, curly, noodles.
I try using my spoon, but the noodles fall right out.
So I switch to my fork, a much better utensil.
I lift the fork up, up, up.
And take a bite of the ramen.

An explosion of flavor hits my mouth.
Salty, sweet, all things I love.
I quickly devour the rest of the noodles.
An idea for a poem, now in my mind.

Ramen, so delicious, on the 25th.
Class is starting soon, so I bring you up with me.
Soon, it's over,
In the blink of an eye.
I knock you over,
And my keyboard says
"Oh no," and then,
"Goodbye."

Why, dear ramen, must you betray me?
For half of my keyboard, is all stuck and sticky.
This makes my science assignment a lot harder to complete.
Thanks, ramen.
I thought you were sweet.

Grade 8 Winner

THERE'S A LIGHT

Adeline Davenport

Previously winning is no guarantee
People need hope, they don't care about a streak
In times of depression and unprecedented loss
It becomes a burden to even carry on

But tons of us are forced to
Tons of us must
Be the ones to rise above the barriers we lost
The barriers that fell when chaos arrived
She wasn't invited, but that's part of life

Have you ever wondered why the world can't work out
Why we have such trouble changing
Why with every decision comes a sickness of doubt
And people have a hard time behaving

But it's always important to look for a light
For we are smart and blind and cowardly
And in the words of all of the fights ever in your life,
"We are human. We lose almost hourly."

Losing is just in our nature
But behind every fall, there's a light

Overall School Winner

Yesterday. Today. Tomorrow Nina Wolf

Learn from yesterday

From the days that we played for something that may.

Our wrongs will be justified in the hands of time,
with our willingness to climb, and to rise.

Acknowledge our failure, not to be inferior, but for the next day
where our knowledge can be used to be superior.

Our existence is established on our ability to
accomplish and flourish in a world that is curious.

Live for today

Another point in time that we can restart and take part
in the present and not ponder on the past.

Do not be afraid to ask or take a risk
that might surpass a barricade of bias.

Leave despair and become aware

of your significance and your chance to dance in the dark.

Enjoy the sparks of light that illuminate your night and hold them tight.

Hope for tomorrow

Desire a day to grow and know more than before.

Intimidation from what is to come is inevitable,
but it's your choice to begin or abandon the unknown.

Decide to persist, there will be possibilities that are endless.

This is the outcome from the past that may or may not last.

This is when and where you might stand,
because tomorrow is not guaranteed.



Grade 9 Winner

Make-believe Naomi Abay

I am nostalgic,
When I do not want to be.
Drowning in memories
made of tears
These past two years,
that you took from me.
I.
I am grateful.
Grateful that someone would want to be
friends with me.
Cause I don't pick my friends, my friends pick me.
Me, the girl who's not all she pretends to be
going through life playing make-believe.
So believe me when I say I'm fine.
Perceive me, only from the outside.
Appreciate this custom made persona
that I designed,
to keep us aligned.
To keep us inside this box you call our friendship.
And for that
I am grateful.
I wonder.
Wonder when I got comfortable.
Comfortable enough to speak.
Speak without rehearsing each sentence over in my head.
Without making a script of potential conversations before bed.
Speak without fear of judgment,
without the constant paranoia of being read.

(continues on 65)

Make-believe *(continued from 64)*
Naomi Abay

Social anxiety, written in big red letters across my forehead.
I wonder when my mask started to crack?
When did I stop keeping track?
I hear,
hear hushed murmurs.
Heads together and backs turned toward me,
when I sit down they tell me to leave.
But not to take it personally,
"It's a private conversation," they say.
But their expressions hint
it's about me.

I feel.
feel left out,
out of place,
a place resembling a barren field
frozen with snow.
I'm not ready to let my hues show.
I know what's coming
But that doesn't soften the blow.
I cannot see.
see the regret in your eyes.
That night you showed me,
I was never your friend.
You rubbed it in my face and watched the irritation produce,
tears.

(continues on 66)

Make-believe *(continued from 65)*
Naomi Abay

I want..
Want to start this year anew.
I don't want to,
drown in memories
made of tears,
to relive those past two years.
I want to see
my hues show,
In a better place than
a barren field
frozen with snow.
I want to pick my friends,
ones who'll stay by me till the end.
I wonder what this year will be,
But I'm done playing make-believe.



Grade 10 Winner

The town that never was Ana Acevedo

You ran without thought. And so I followed you,
far, far into the meadows
We laughed together.
Gazing far into the heavens
I hold your hand and you hold mine
"You and me."

The sirens fall to the ground
The colors evaporating from our sight
Faster, we run
Even faster than our own legs.
Soon,
Very soon,
We'll be in the land.
The land we always dreamed of.

The town, just barely out of
our reach
All life danced in the harsh wind
Just a bit closer, a bit closer!
I can see it. The passing train called out to us-

Atop of the cliff,
Your legs criss cross and mine hang over,
The endless abyss below us stared
with its dark, vicious eyes.
And with its own rhythm,
It'd reach high for my feet
to pull me down with it.

And I just sat still,
Looking far into nowhere,
with my eyes full of nothing.
And so did you,
with your eyes full of sorrow.

But no need to worry,
Or even shed a tear,
It's all okay, I'm sure we'll see each other soon,
Because I died in your arms.
And this town? This town was never meant to be.
"You and me." Only became: "You."



Grade 11 Winner

Blanket

Fiona Donovan

First we walked with our mother arms,
Swaddled in a soft blanket, out of all harm.

Then we walked on our knees,
The blanket went away but came back for night so we wouldn't freeze.

Then we learned to walk on our feet,
And the blanket became a cape, super villains we would defeat.

Then we walked with longer strides,
Going to school and hiking up slides.

The blanket grew less and less and life became more and more,
For when we grow old, we forget what we adore.



Grade 12 Winner

Day of the Dead Emma Lally

The circumference of the sun sways
as three old woman parade past,
pushing their wire laundry carts up the hill,
strung out like an archipelago
of pearls
on a grandmother's neck.

My grandmother once described the trailing headlights
as they arced over the circumference of the world
as a string of pearls.
If past is a foreign country, she is otherworldly,
an archipelago of stars
held still on a wire and pressed flat between sheets of butterfly glass.

The day is hot and the wire muscles of the dog's legs twitch in sleep.
My dream grandmother offers me a glass of water,
while on some distant archipelago, other people die of thirst.
A great swath of clouds paint a circumference
while flies wave past,
a thousand tiny pearls trapped in their eyes, and I wake

to the pearls of my mother's necklace swinging from her throat.
It's Sunday, time to get to church and sit, wire-bent as the hour hand drags.
On a past Sunday, I remember or maybe dreamed
my grandmother, slicing pears from her garden,
knife puncturing each smooth circumference,
while her archipelago of liquor bottles wait under the sink.

(continues on 70)

Grade 12 Winner

Day of the Dead *(continued from 69)* Emma Lally

The ink dries. Sometimes archipelagos made of words tumble out;
mostly they sit pearly on my tongue, waiting for the sand to gather
while the circumference of my life waits
on a wire for visions.

And my ghostly grandmother says—
find this foreign country and wake the dead. Go past memory,

go past word and dream
every archipelago in my eyes.—
Grandmother, you painted sunflowers on my walls,
took drink like pearl divers take air
and left, wire stiff
and circumference still undrawn.

Grade 12
Mr. Eaton

Overall School Winner

Reality of a Bookbound Bird

Kaitlin Peters

'a sheet of grey clouds tucks over the sun
stealing the blush from her pink cheeks
and concealing the color its folds,

with each touch he softens into her arms
and her into the smooth clear sand...'

painted in the barren trees,
yellow breast pressed to the sky
the warbler braces
releasing a lonely call;

ringing through cracked rocks,
diving through curling waves; it flies
on a western breeze, muffled
under the tire of a passing car.

without response he calls again,
is there another lonely friend?
waiting for me beyond the waves,
or hiding behind the sun?

here birdie birdie, she beckoned
her words: the wind
tugging at his limp wing

he was supposed to turn to her
'gliding down the tree,
landing on her outstretched finger'

he was supposed to sing
'a new song, this one much less lonely'

'and the two would watch each other
as they grew old; soaking up the ever-setting sun
until both were worn into small pebbles
washing up on a divine shore...'

but the warbler flew away.



Poetry is ordinary language raised to the Nth power. Poetry is boned with ideas, nerved and blooded with emotions, all held together by the delicate, tough skin of words.

-Paul Engle





Special Awards

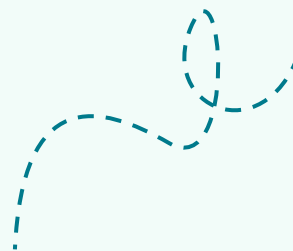




Elementary Creativity Award

Johnna Brooks





Johnna Brooks is a fourth grade student at John Adams Elementary School. Her favorite subjects are English, Virginia Studies, and science. When she is not playing with her two pet bunnies, Cottontail and Chica Chocolate, Johnna enjoys music and making movies on her iPad. Inspired by class discussions about her writing teacher's favorite food, Johnna created the poem, "Ms. Makin Loves Bacon".





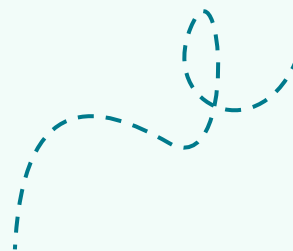


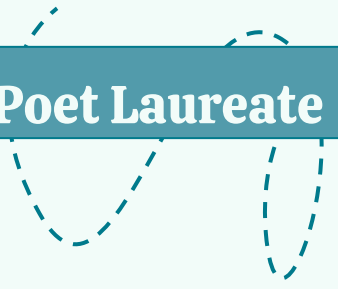
Secondary Creativity Award

Emma Lally



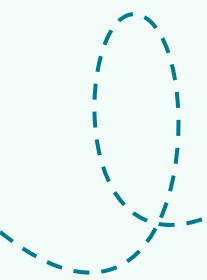
Emma Lally, the 2018-2019 ACPS Secondary Poet Laureate, is already an accomplished poet and the winner of numerous poetry competitions. Her numerous friends think of her as hardworking and studious. Emma enjoys spending time with her dogs, Banjo and Mac. She plays the violin and is an avid reader of fiction and nonfiction.






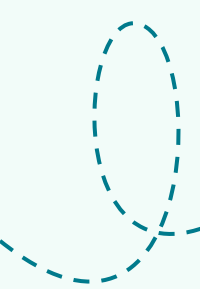
Maya Adams Rothrock

Maya Adams Rothrock is a third grade student at Samuel Tucker Elementary School. Her favorite subject in school is math. She loves playing golf and going go-karting at the Manassas Mall. What is going on right now with Black Lives Matter has inspired Maya to write this poem. She wanted to write something that would hopefully inspire people to do something different than killing innocent people that haven't done anything wrong.



Naomi Abay

Naomi Abay was one of the first students in her freshman Word Literature classroom to turn her camera on. From that moment, her teacher knew she was going to be something special. Naomi is a well-organized student with a clear focus on her goals. Her talent for poetry was evident from the first day when she composed her “I am” poem to introduce herself to her English class. Naomi possesses both strong academic skills as well as leadership, and it is with great pleasure to award her this honor for her stellar poem submission “Make-believe”.



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Mr. Jacob Bennett, Ferdinand T. Day Elementary School
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Ms. Katharine Woolsey, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School
Ms. Mary Reuter, Cora Kelly School for Math, Science, and Technology
Ms. Karrie Kay, Lyles Crouch Traditional Academy
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Ms. Kathryn Harrington, James Polk Elementary School
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Ms. Katharine Woolsey, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School
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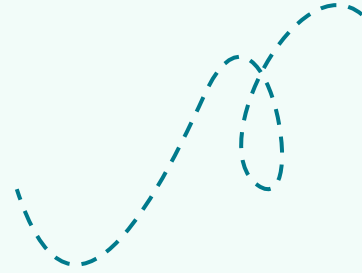
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Ms. Hebba Abulsaad- Arabic

Ms. Kidanekal Adal- Amharic

Mr. Habtom Tekle- Amharic





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Equity for All: Empowering All Students to Thrive in a Diverse and Ever-Changing World



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