



# The Anthology

Alexandria City Public Schools 2022-2023



“The Anthology” is a compilation of extraordinary poems submitted by ACPS students between 3rd and 12th grade. The ACPS Poetry Contest originated over 15 years ago and continues as an annual tradition and means to celebrate and honor our student writers. We are delighted that this is the sixth 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 2022-2023 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 each of the Poetry Liaisons for their dedication and hard work with which this contest, anthology, and ceremony would not be possible. Thank you to the ACHS Labyrinth staff and Mr. Taki Sidley, Labyrinth advisor, for creating such a wonderful publication for all ACPS staff, students, and families to enjoy. 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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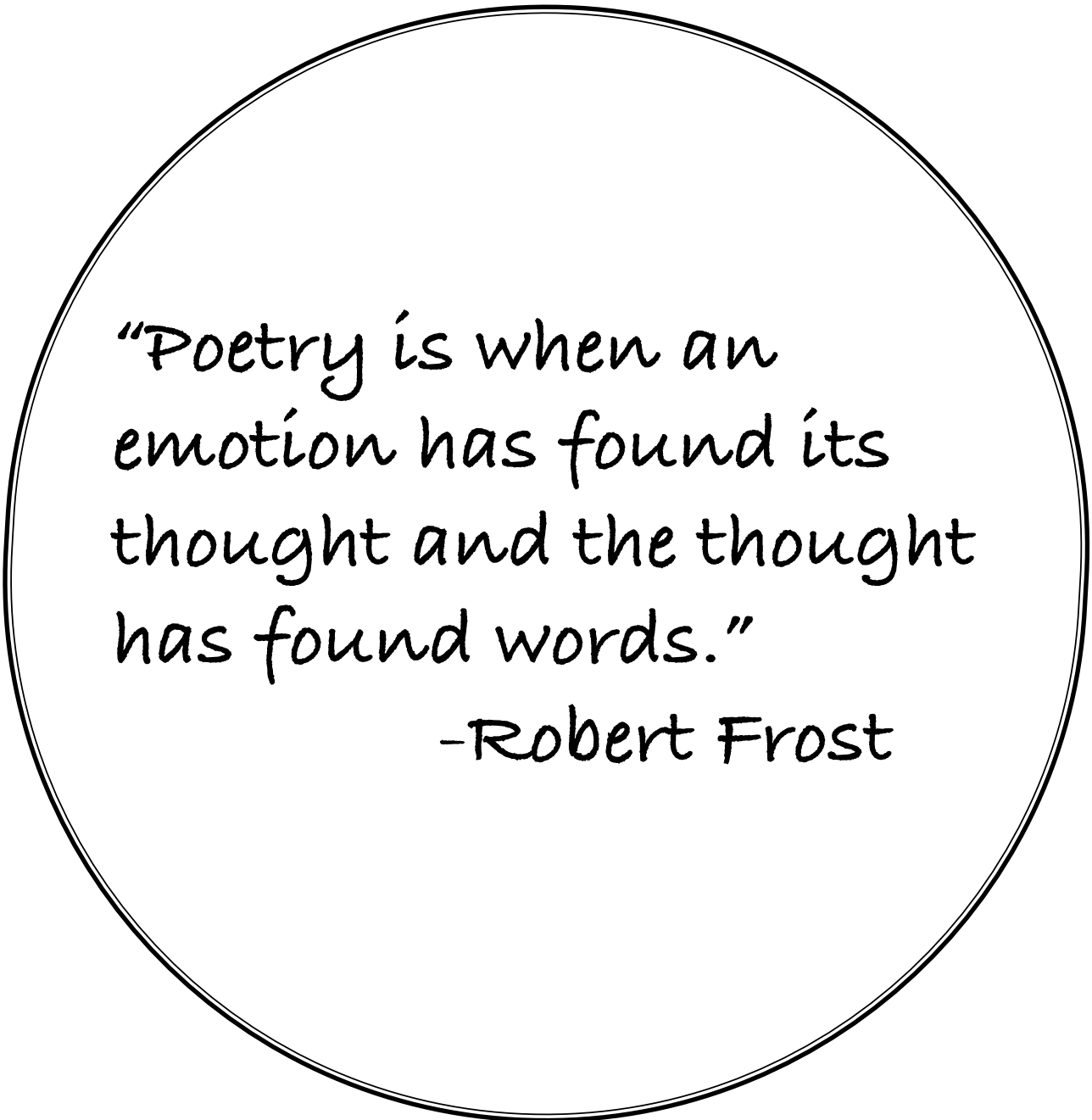
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"Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words."

-Robert Frost



"You can make anything  
by writing."

-C. S. Lewis



**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“A Book”**

A book.  
A wonderful book,  
A beautiful book.  
A book.  
We all  
Deserve  
To see  
A book we love,  
A book we read.  
A book  
That shines  
In our hearts  
Like a star  
In the dead of dark.

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“A Dog Sled”**

With the crack of a whip and the scraping of paws  
With a few commands and bolting dogs  
The tearing of the ice under the feet  
Then watch as the rain turns it to sleet  
Nothing can stop these wild beasts  
As they scrape through the forest full of ferns and trees  
Togo Togo the sled dog lead  
Mush on mush on mush on!

**Sawyer Prather  
Ms. Hinton**

**OVERALL SCHOOL WINNER**

**“I’m Not Little”**

I wish people just thought I was big, like everytime mama’s at a gig.  
I go to bed at the same time as my 5 year old brother, but I’d rather report a big dumb mugger.  
And to say it again, I’M NOT LITTLE!  
So don’t make me live in this dumb riddle.  
Every time at my cousin’s house, I have to sleep with the babies.  
It’s really much worse than getting the rabies!  
Oh, how can I say how much I want to be considered big;  
it’s really just a big dumb rig!  
I’m BIG.

**Isaiah Thulson**  
**Mrs. Bucceri**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Thoughts”**

Thoughts,  
Thoughts,  
Just so much to think about  
What do you have in store for me today, brain?  
**Wait!**  
I was already thinking!

**Jason Jurado Martinez**  
**Ms. Andonyadis**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Roses are red”**

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
They are the coolest colors  
So are you  
You light my day in every way  
You are my pride in every ride  
You look at me  
I look at you  
Two smiles appear  
When we both are here  
You are my friend  
And I'm your friend  
Till the end

**Kimberly Portillo  
Ms. Baker**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Hold On”**

Hold on to life  
Even if it's running  
Hold on to friends  
Even if it feels like it's burning  
Hold on to Earth  
Even if you can see it  
Hold on to you  
Even when it's all ending

**Rachel Cruz  
Mr. Minor**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“At Home”**

At home,  
You don't know  
What to say  
Your family  
Is like a dog  
They say stuff  
That you don't know  
So you listen silently

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“I Wonder Why”**

in a white place like  
sugar every step I  
take getting a little  
tinier I wonder why  
the sky was so high  
lifting me up making  
me want to fly I  
wonder why I wonder  
why

**Eleanor Ebel  
Ms. Johnson**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Poems”**

Why do people waste their time  
trying to find words that rhyme  
Because as we all know, unless I mistook,  
the best thing to write is a good old book

Go ahead and call me lazy  
but we all know that writing poems is crazy  
Have you ever seen a poem about water  
ever go as popular as Harry Potter

Why would you want to read about boring old Mother Goose  
when you can read about Death Eaters on the loose?  
Haikus, limericks, and stanzas are all just fine  
but for me the books are the most sublime

Poems are a gaping black abyss  
and those I will always gladly miss  
So look for me with the book in my hand  
not wasting my time in La-La land

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Speed Limit ”**

Is there a speed limit for horses?  
If so, Cookie broke it  
like a little engine  
not to mention  
her way of tooting around  
Sometimes if you weren't careful  
you'd end up on the ground

Spicy and full of flames  
it's like she proclaims,  
“I'm the best,  
and if you're not up to the test  
better run back to the west”  
DISCLAIMER: She is not possessed

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Anxiety”**

fear  
stress  
friends  
pressure  
work  
yelling

out to get me  
the world blurs  
turns dark around  
me.

empty room of darkness  
with fear snickering in the  
corner  
crying  
screaming  
can't breathe

okay  
not okay  
tears dripping  
on the counter  
hands tangled  
in my hair  
the world  
is out  
to get me

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Behind My Eyes”**

Behind me eyes, there lives a side of mine  
that will never go behind in line.

It is my nice side  
and I'll show it to you through my eyes,  
if you ask me through yours.

And I'll show it to you,  
and you'll never leave without it.

**Jocelyn Villalta Melendez  
Ms. Christine Liesmann**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“The Beach”**

The waves swoosh, cold but  
refreshing. The sand is warm and  
soft, the water moves like the  
clouds. It is so much fun, fun,  
and fun, although the water gets  
in your mouth or in your eyes.  
The refreshing breeze always hits the  
spot. You try to sunbathe to  
get the tan but you may  
end up as burnt as a pan.  
You laugh at yourself.  
But sadly your vacation  
has come to its end.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“I Tried”**

I tried, I tried to run away  
I tried to forget this  
Pain but my  
Eyes disobey  
And these  
Tears fall like rain  
Beacuse I'm  
Not in vain  
I tried to be better  
I tried to be happy  
But things  
Are worse when I'm unhappy  
Tried to bend  
Down  
On my knees and pray  
But I still feel the same  
I tried to be free because that girl is  
Me

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Morning Bright”**

I wake up in the morning bright,  
I turn on the light.

And this guy just said “we’re going  
to America tomorrow night.”

I went to my room and slammed the  
door and I said “OKAY FINE!”

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Thunderstorm!”**

Woosh, woosh, woosh  
The wind whooshing at my ear  
Help me.

Bam, bam, bam  
The earth screaming  
Look out!

Strike, strike, strike  
Oh no! The lighting is going to hit  
Help me!

Click, click,click  
All the lights are turned off.

Shh, shh, shh  
Silent over the earth.

Ffffff  
Ahhhh! It's a flood!

Wow, wow, wow  
That was a very bad dream.

**Emily Jones  
Ms. Pollard**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Death”**

Death  
it comes quick and slow  
it's the end of your journey  
it's the time to rest

Death  
it knocks on your door until you answer  
and when you do  
the battle is over

Death  
it's the peacemaker between fear  
it makes everybody stop and freeze  
it makes it silent  
just like it's gain

Death  
it gains nothing but a point  
it reeks and takes  
as time goes on

Death  
it will never stop  
until  
everything has been taken

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Trembling”**

My mind is always racing and I can't make it stop  
I think about losing my loved ones  
I cry myself to sleep  
I'm scared to meet new people  
I'm always trembling  
I hate myself for it  
I don't know if people like me  
Or if they hate me too  
I don't know if I'm not smart  
Or if I'm too much of a dork  
I'm always trembling  
I hate myself for it  
I try to keep my tears in  
When I'm put on the spot  
All the attention is facing towards me  
I just wish I could disappear  
I'm trembling  
And I really hate myself for it

**Maire Purugganan**  
**Ms. Scartz**

## OVERALL WINNER

### “Divorce”

Mom and dad are talking  
I creep to the window to hear  
    They are fighting  
They have disagreements  
And that’s what I hear

“Let’s take the kids to the movies,”  
“No, let’s go get ice cream,”  
“Let’s go out for dinner,”  
“No, let’s stay home,”  
And that’s what I hear

“Let’s go for a walk,”  
“I want to watch TV,”  
“Let’s go to a concert,”  
“Well I’m staying home,”  
“And that’s what I hear,”

I continue to hear bickering, arguing, and disagreements

“Let’s get a divorce,”  
“Okay, let’s go tell the kids,”  
“But we will be friends, not family,”  
“Right, friends,”  
And that’s what I hear

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Friends”**

Forget that it's your birthday?  
NEVER!

Reveal your deepest secrets?  
NO WAY!

Include you in my plans?  
FOREVER!

Encourage you to dream?  
OKAY!

Need a helping hand or hug?  
I'M HERE!

Don't have your lunch today?  
I'LL SHARE!

Sweet friends, I hope you  
know I care.

**Melanie Martinez Zambrano**  
**Mrs. Phox**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

“Peaceful”



It is morning  
the birds are singing  
The curtains are open and light fills the room  
A breeze sways the branches of the willow tree outside  
Soon my day will be filled with noise and chaos  
but for now I am peaceful

**Teddy Brownback**  
**Mrs. Koz Calvo**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Freedom”**

Me ? I am freedom  
heritage, skin, race, religion  
Who cares cause I am freedom  
school, shop, restaurant  
you are free to go  
cause I am freedom  
free like a horse running on the grass  
cause I am freedom  
no force, no bully, no owner  
cause I am freedom  
free like a Cuban Trogon bird  
I let you know your worth  
cause my name is freedom  
I let you shine like a star  
cause I am freedom  
all I want is freedom  
it is not much to ask  
let you lead like a leader  
cause my name is freedom

**Khadijea Habibzada  
Ms. Walter**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“O’ Freedom”**

O’ Freedom where can I find you?  
I’ve been looking for you a million years.  
How long can I stay stuck in a world full of hatred?

O’ Freedom I fled even though people are  
Trying to keep me from you. They chase  
Me screaming “where are you going?”

I’m running towards freedom, a place where  
Everyone is treated fairly. A world where people  
Of color are free and people with disabilities are  
respected.

O’ Freedom I’ve finally found you!  
I’m in the generation of love and peacefulness...  
Where I need to be.



## **GRADE 3 WINNER**

### **“Black History Month”**

Beautiful and glad to be me  
Love on the inside and out  
All my ancestors are watching me  
Courage is all i seek  
Kings and Queens smile for me

Happiness and pride  
Independent black people  
Smart and beautiful black people  
Talented beyond measure  
Olden days make new ways  
Reading the facts  
Young forever

Magical black people  
Outstanding people  
New ideas every day  
Timeless moments  
Heavy is the heart

**Cynthia De Jesus Brooks**  
**Ms. Kimberly Tinsley & Mr. Valez-Medina**



**GRADE 4 WINNER****“Why, Universe?”**

Why make something that only knows war and strife?

Can't you make them play nice?

What is the point, I ask you, of making something that will ultimately result in its downfall instead  
of not making it at all?

Is it that you like all the war and nuclear bombs, or are you cherry-picking humanity?

Yes, there is good, but that good is outnumbered 100 to 1.

Why, Universe? Why I ask you.

**Kira Rippere**

**Ms. Deborah Thompson & Mr. Perez Santiago**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“This is Just to Say”**

This is just to say  
I have just failed my math test  
which you hoped for me to pass

It was hard like a lion's teeth  
sadly I would have done better but  
I was looking out the window  
forgive me I was playing all day

I am truly sorry  
but I did score 3 goals outside

**Shun Khandker**  
**Ms. Haley Padgett**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Rubicon”**

Upon the Rubicon which separated the hills and  
 the mountains  
 I stood there ever gracefully  
 And the wind sang to me  
 And the grass blew  
 And every speck of life shouted out  
 “I’m alive, I’m alive!”  
 And I stood there and listened  
 And the animals bellowed their loud bellows  
 And the sky whispered its secrets  
 And the sun crept below the horizon of the  
 valley beyond me  
 And I shouted out  
 “I’m alive, I’m alive!”  
 Upon the Rubicon which separated the hills and  
 mountains  
 I looked up at the starry night  
 And it spoke to me  
 In oh so subtle tones  
 It said to me  
 “Be alive, be alive!”  
 And I smiled and yelled my breath away  
 And the constellations filled me with life  
 And warmth and love  
 And I shouted out “I’m alive, I’m alive!”  
 Upon the Rubicon which separated the hills and  
 mountains  
 I confronted my fears  
 And all through that the universe helped me  
 It spoke in soothing tones  
 It said, “You are me”  
 “I am you”  
 “Your atoms were made billions of years ago in the  
 forge that was the Big Bang”

“And since then they made up planets and moons  
 and animals”  
 “You are love, life, liberty”  
 “You are everything that could possibly be made,  
 any thought that could be thought”  
 “You are a star, a planet, a bee, a grass, a drop of  
 dew scattered across the sky”  
 And finally it left with a single message:  
 “You are alive, you are alive”  
 Upon the Rubicon which separated the hills and  
 the mountains  
 I sat there letting my worries pour away into the  
 sky above

And I became as free as a bird  
 Even freer than that maybe  
 And I crossed that Rubicon  
 And finally I knew I had chosen the right path  
 And I knew that me and the universe were one  
 And all was one  
 And the universe was in all of us  
 And we were all bound by the laws of physics  
 And I yelled out to no one in particular  
 “I’m alive, I’m alive!”

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“I Know!”**

“Dara, make your lunch!”

“I know!”

“Dara, get me the screw driver!”

“I know!”

“Dara, do your homework!”

“ARGH! I know!”

Why do you keep asking me?  
Why? Why? Why? You know  
This isn't your life, it's mine!  
Can't you see the logic that  
Fuels our whole world? I hope  
You do, 'cause you're harassing  
Me!

**Dara Gomez  
Mrs. Harris**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Life”**

Sometimes we ask ourselves what is life? How is life?

Is it cold like winter or is it warm like spring?

Is it bitter like cacao or sweet like chocolate?

Is it fast like a horse in a field or is it slow like a turtle on a beach?

Is it enjoyable like candy or is it painful like stepping on hot coals?

Is it smooth like a jet engine or rough like sandpaper?

Or is it just life?

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Bad Habits”**

I've had you for a while now  
Tried to shake you  
Let you go  
Forget you  
It doesn't work

I've tried repressing you  
It's depressing how it never works  
Tried finding something  
Else to do  
When you call  
It's never worked

There have been periods where I think  
You're gone  
Do you go on vacation  
Just to taunt me?  
So I think  
You're actually gone  
Then you come back

To haunt me once again  
  
You've been gone  
For a while  
Again  
Two months or so  
I should know better  
Than to forget you,  
To think you're gone for good, or  
I know I'll be disappointed  
Once again

Still  
I'll try  
To hope you don't come back

**Lucia Kane Fernandez de Cordoba  
Mrs. Yonkers**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Years”**

I think,  
 about history,  
 the conquerors  
 brave and bold,  
 Caesar, Bonaparte.  
 I think,  
 about the strong and peaceful,  
 Lincoln, Washington.  
 I think,  
 about the wise and powerful,  
 Galileo, Aristotle.  
 And I think,  
 that those are the people I want to be like,  
 who advanced civilization,  
 through the years.  
  
 Years different, years the same,  
 but never for long,  
 shifting,  
 until normalcy is a term,  
 that can describe only a decade,

or a bit more,  
 until the definition changes,  
 over the years.  
  
 I wait until the time this dream is realized,  
 my dream,  
 of being a great writer,  
 not burdened by age,  
 be it behind a podium,  
 commanding a vast audience,  
 or behind a desk,  
 silent,  
 but for the clack of the keyboard,  
 writing the next Macbeth, the next Iliad,  
 but I must wait for time to catch up with me,  
 for who will forget my age for some paper and ink?  
 “He wants to become famous, how cute!”  
 that’s what they say,  
 their expectations lowered,  
 just by my years.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Envious”**

I Want your shoes,  
as shiny as pearls.  
They shimmer in the light.

I want your dress,  
as bright as the sun.  
Shimmering in the daylight.

But then I realize,  
you have flaws like all people.  
Even though your eyelashes curl on purpose.

I realize your hair is cut in such a careless way,  
Your heart is broken just like mine . . .

Take my hand, let's go away.

**Cora Lily McKown  
Mrs. Power**



**GRADE 4 WINNER****“Languages”**

Countries  
 states  
 like Guatemala  
 Mexico  
 Puerto rico  
 Chile  
 a lot of countries.

Languages here, languages there  
 Languages are everywhere.  
 Where can I go?

¿Yo no sé que puedo hacer? Intento, pero no puedo.  
 No encuentro un país sin idiomas en el internet, no lo encuentro.

Será que busco más. No creo que hago, dicen que Brasil no tiene idioma. ¿Será que voy? No sé. ¿Intento? No mejor no.

Should I tell my mom if she knows one, no I don't think so.

I don't think a country without languages exists.  
 Should I tell a friend actually?  
 NO! They are going to think I am a kid.

Mejor salgo a caminar.  
 Creo que me hará mejor, no pensar.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Soccer”**

Before the game nervous was I,  
going against Alexandria’s best.  
Onto the field I walked,  
Confidently... warmed up.  
The ball was ours first. They passed it to me.  
I ran to it, I shot it.  
Blocked by their goalkeeper.  
Five minutes until halftime,  
Penalty.  
I grabbed it and put it on the white line,  
I shot it to the top left corner. I scored...Excited cheers!

Second half...  
The other team’s fastest player zoomed down the line like a lighting bolt.  
He shot the ball, He scored...  
Disappointed sighs.  
Keep your heads up, I say, You’re doing great, I say,  
My team was motivated.

One minute left...my teammate runs down the line,  
He kicked the ball in the air to me.  
I shot it, bicycle kick,  
I fell....Hard...Pain...my ankle,  
Did it go in?  
Who cares... too much pain,  
What? I scored!  
Injured... benched...  
doesn’t matter.  
I scored the game winning shot!  
We won...We are the champions!

**Zion Robles**  
**Mrs. Peace**

**OVERALL WINNER****“My Black Heart”**

Ever since I was a child I loved the color purple.  
A purple dress, a purple bed, a purple heart.  
Purple everything.

My heart didn't stay purple forever.  
Once I grew, my heart became black.  
Not the pretty black but the empty lonely black.  
The black that ached inside.  
The black that had gone through hard times.  
The black that was tired but never gave up.

Even though my heart was black, there was a yellow light inside.  
It was the joy that never died down.  
The joy that helped me survive.  
The yellow light was my friends, my teachers, my birds and the love people had for me.

**Stehissy Navarrete**  
**Mr. Stewart**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Autumn”**

A leaf gently glides with the wind  
then it quietly lands, but  
even with its bright color it is yet to be noticed.

**Allomi Parga  
Mrs. Bradley**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Wild Life”**

Wild life  
Small sprouts growing from the ground  
Until they got cut chopped  
And burned to the ground

Who would do such a thing  
Who would stoop down this low  
If you want an answer  
I think you'd know

For years we have been cutting  
Chopping and burning  
What are we achieving  
What are we earning

Why are we doing this  
Why why why  
If we do not stop  
Wild life may say goodbye

So I ask you this  
Do you want lush green meadows  
with flowers so bright  
That light up endless fields in the dark of night

Do you want large plains  
White with snow  
Little trees  
Just wanting to grow

If you want those things  
It's not too late  
You can make it happen  
From your heart's gate

**Sawyer Blais  
Mr. Hojnowski**



## GRADE 5 WINNER

### “The River”

A black river  
A rushing, violent, hungry black river.  
It swallows every and anything that is unfortunate to cross its path.  
It rushes, always in a hurry.  
It stampedes.  
It has no patience.  
The river is cold as ice.

But...  
It's calm as ice.  
The river is beautiful.  
When it rages, it's quick to settle.  
And there is life.

Moss growing on its banks.  
Plants that sprung from the soil.  
All reaching, grasping for the life of the rushing cold river.  
The river is the source of the forest!  
The river is the source of life and many things in the forest.  
And the same is true for many things.  
So look carefully at everything.  
Because there are always always two sides.

**Noemi Ahn  
Ms. Houston**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Mother Nature”**

I ran into the valley  
My hair blowing in the breeze  
The moon slowly fading, making way for the sunrise in the early morning.  
The cunning little flowers dancing to the wind  
The sky as pink as cotton candy  
The morning dew still gleams on a blooming daffodil  
As I look up lightning streaks in the distance  
Rain trickles down my left cheek as the sky turns a dark, mournful gray.  
The trees become restless, as the wind is blowing hard  
My mouth becomes dry, a gust of wind knocks me over yet the soft grass is there to brace me.  
Rain has soaked the soil, mud slowly trickles down my arms  
The sun comes up, and a stunning rainbow takes place right before my eyes.  
We are not one without nature.

**Julia Johnston**  
**Ms. Houston**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Over Daylight and Night”**

In the daytimes it's all to see darkness inside  
    With a fake smile and forced laughs  
    No one will take the time to look closer  
In the night, freedom rages through the dark  
    Filling my soul with liquid moonlight  
    That empowers me and breaks the bands  
    Around me Beauty is one thing that  
        the day and night must shake But  
    the raw glory of moonshine and water  
Of the stars above me And of the moon  
gazing down on me is something I will  
    never be able to resist  
    They say that in the  
    night, mysteries hide  
    secrets lurk and evil  
Resides in truth, secrets unfold  
    Peace ripples around  
    and life is in abundance

**Tsion Bisrat**  
**Ms. Kelly**



**GRADE 4 WINNER****“Artist”**

I want to be an artist  
Even though I know it's hardest  
Drawing scribbles and squares  
Papers everywhere!  
Using red yellow and blue  
I don't know what other art to do  
Drawing the inner base  
Tracing every trace  
Inspiration to find  
Any art of any kind  
Making art and making mess  
Why would I wear a fancy dress?

I could draw nature,  
I could draw trees,  
I could draw the winter breeze  
I could make drawings that can appeal  
I can draw food in people's meals

I am capable of doing the most  
When it comes to drawing,  
I am the host,

I am capable of drawing the most,  
Art I can Do.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Pretty Girls are Proper”**

Pretty girls are proper  
They always stay polite  
Pretty girls aren't rude  
So stop putting up fights

Pretty girls don't lie  
So don't fib

Pretty girls don't have attitude  
Stop being grumpy

Are those really the things that make you pretty?

**Braelyn Frempong**  
**Ms. Thomas**

**OVERALL WINNER****“How the Wind Blows”**

The wind is cold  
     So sad  
     So mad  
 It comes with a lightning bolt  
 Until you want to revolt  
 What could come next  
     After there's no hope  
 It blows until you fall  
     It kicks until dawn  
 It never stops until  
 your heart is blown away  
     In a dark spot  
 Where its in a big lock  
     No one can find it  
 Or that's what you think  
     The wind blows  
 Your minds in the air  
 Flowing in the wind  
     Can't focus  
     Can't lock  
 Can't open your eyes  
     Even if you want to  
 The wind breaks your heart  
     It's no wind  
 It's nothing that can feed  
     Someone comes up

A stranger  
 Who you never met  
 Says they can help you  
     When your over it  
     No one can believe  
 No one can see how you feel  
     The wind is not wind  
     It's your mind  
     Your emotions  
     Your thought  
 It can break your heart  
     Put you down  
 It takes a while to turn around

    It's hard  
     But it's true  
     And it hurts  
 But it'll get better soon  
     I promise you  
 Or that's what they say  
     It might not be true  
 The darkness is within you  
     Takes awhile to go away  
     Which is no lie  
     So you have to try  
     And that's no lie

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Knight of the Storm”**

I can feel the storm coming  
Because I am the Knight of the Storm.  
I see my armor shining in the lightening  
Because I am the Knight of the Storm.  
My sword is  
Ready to slice a monster and no one can.. no one can stop me.  
Because I am the Knight of the Storm.

**Max Matias Zamorano**  
**Ms. Uzl**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“The Person I Love”**

Someone I love, liked to smoke.  
I was afraid, they would get a stroke.  
Someone I love smoked a lot.  
The smoke smelled so bad, like a rotten apricot.  
Someone I love knew it was gross.  
They smelled it through their nose.  
Someone I love told me that smoking was bad,  
and they wish that they never had.  
Someone I love finally stopped smoking and now I am proud of  
the person I love.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“She”**

She is the light that I shine through.  
She is the key to my heart.  
She is my love.  
She is my eyes.  
She is my lead.  
She is my hope.  
She is my dream.  
She is my emotions.  
She is my time.  
She is my future.  
She is my favorite.  
She is my moon and I am her sun.  
She is my gift of hugs.  
She is my voice.  
She is my everything.  
I am her twin.  
And she, is my mom.

**Londyn Hill  
Mr. Ortiz**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“From Winter to Spring”**

The winter is melting, spring is blooming!  
The snow is starting to cry like rain, the spring is melting it away!  
Birds are flying back to nests, flowers rising like the sunshine.  
Bears are waking up from naps, and the buzzing bees are collecting honey from  
the pollen trees.  
Children coming back to school, telling people of different highlights.  
The winter breeze is flowing out, and the spring breeze is flowing in.  
No more skating on the ice rink, and no more building any snowmen.  
But only rain and blooming flowers.  
Packing cozy clothes away, and taking out the short sleeve tops.  
No more hot cocoa with a movie.  
The Lady Winter is now leaving.  
And only how here is the Goddess Spring.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“The White Squirrel”**

There was a white  
Squirrel on a gate, whose  
ears were perfectly  
straight, it swam in the  
water and then had a daughter,  
that white squirrel on a gate.

**Rio Viers**  
**Ms. MacMahon**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Let’s Save the Planet”**

You look up to the tree  
and feel a gentel breeze  
you look at the flowers,  
the coloers overpower  
the planet can’t keep on its own  
anymore  
Let’s give more to help  
Earth soar  
look around, there’s not much green  
left but if we all give it our best  
Earth will be blessed

**Andrew Agama Guevara**  
**Ms. Jones**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Dancing with the wind”**

I harnessed the wind but it blew away  
I caught the sun but it burned me  
I captured ice but it melted  
I felt hope but it went away  
I fought for peace but it broke me  
I met my last but it came again  
But in the end it all flew away

**Samyak Desai  
Dr. Booth**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Universe”**

What is the universe?  
Everything and us  
The sounds of life,  
Yet many places not  
Explosions of colors  
The universe expands as we breathe  
Wonder out there, waiting to be seen  
Many yearning for majestic discoveries  
The constellations and trees,  
Those trillions of galaxies  
Day and night  
Smiles and life  
Twilight skies and divine times  
Dreamy ocean and seldom erosion  
Cosmic dust and a Soul's lust  
Our universe is harmonious,  
Yet many times hectic,  
But will there be more behind our world's time?

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Bird”**

Can fly like a diamond in the sky. sing Like a ring.  
as graceful as a flamingo. as proud as a rooster.  
Strong Like an eagle. and they eat fruits too.  
it makes their own kind with a tiny little shine.  
Wings as graceful as they Sing.

**Leonard Charles  
Ms. Selber**

**GRADE 5 WINNER****“On The March”**

Protesters were speaking about the  
Treatment of colored people in  
American society.

Some people even said that colored  
People were even known for impropriety.

There were diverse groups of people all  
ages

If you're protesting just know  
There's a ton of different stages.

Students walked out of school to  
Protest segregation.

Back then, schools even had separation.

People were singing, “I'm not gonna  
Let nobody turn me around,”

Then the cops pinned those  
People to the ground

Even though this was like 60  
Years ago,

Some people still put colored  
People below.

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Fun”**

School is fun  
A lot to learn  
What rush

School you can learn a lot  
You could plant a fern  
School is fun

School you can learn a ton  
Can't wait to return  
What a rush

How much fun do you think it is  
With school you can be a whiz  
School is fun

What to learn  
What to say Learn about it in school  
What rush

So go to school  
And don't forget  
School is Fun  
What a rush

**Izzy Matthews**  
**Mrs. Cheung**

"A poet is, before  
anything else, a person  
who is passionately in  
love with language."

-W. H. Auden

"Start writing, no matter what. The water does not flow until the faucet is turned on."

-Louis L'Amour





**GRADE 6 WINNER**

**“Blue River”**

She tries to fit in  
But feels dull under her skin  
The shadows might sympathize  
But she who has not come to realize  
That she has nothing else to lose  
And that she is sadness; tears and blues  
Their time was not worth her  
And her life had turned into a blur  
Her tears only matter to the river whom was once green but now blue  
But she was not one to argue  
Depressed and lonely she came to a hurry  
Of worry

Now something fell into place  
That she had to embrace  
That no longer was she a girl  
That will fall behind  
But she was a whirl filled of love that can be blind  
She no longer feared the lone feeling  
That she'd endured many times  
Now she was slowly healing  
From all the futile crimes

Regardless of the regret  
She opposed to forget  
Again she had nothing else to lose  
But the choice she had to choose

**Harott Asnake**  
**Ms. Riggs**

**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“Dear Mirror”**

Learning to appreciate you has been hard  
Knowing that it's my reflection every time  
Even though I don't really like what I see  
And every day I wake up disappointed to just see me  
But I cloud my thoughts to try and radiate positivity  
A better mindset is something that I try to find  
To stop these negative thoughts from clouding my mind  
One day I will appreciate the mirror  
Then loving myself fully  
Would be something I would consider

**Saida Idris  
Ms. Boyle**



## GRADE 8 WINNER

### “Midnight Sun”

Do you remember  
How your words burned,  
While the oak tree, so silent  
Reciting an ode to feeble sins  
Crafted with enlightenment.

May you recall  
When you thought cruelty  
Was sure to overcome?  
The blinding truth of the midnight sun  
Shall only be seen by those  
Drained of impurity,  
And never to run.

O Father, can you look back  
To all the times;  
And trees would shake,  
While your personality  
So mightily quaked?

While your death was not in vain,  
You must remember the cause,  
And our pain.

So rest now peacefully,  
Alongside the oak tree,  
And under the midnight sun.

**Elkanah W. Kumulachew**  
**Ms. Weis**

**OVERALL WINNER****“The American Dream”**

Was it worth it?  
 It flowed through their minds and filled them with hope  
 Charged their desire to leave it behind  
 Left their passion, loved, and pride  
 All to give me a better life

Packed their bags, said goodbyes, walked through the door and into a new life  
 Stepped through the port with a flush of fear-  
 People walking, constant talking, cases rolling, tears start to appear  
 A sense of regret played with their emotions  
 Is it too late to back down and return home?  
 Not having to deal with this stress or commotion?

We have finally made it to the “promised land”  
 30 cents of change and ambition in hand  
 The smell of freedom and opportunity pass through and from the air  
 Starting anew, turning over a leaf  
 Find a job, get a home  
 Should be easy enough- or so they thought

Sweat drips, no new tips, working day and night  
 Hope begins to drift despite efforts through might  
 Struggles and endless fights  
 No one to call on nor lean to  
 No one to help form a breakthrough

This glamorized, shimmery, and effective scheme  
 Shines like crystal with the sun as it’s beam  
 Trickery is its speciality

That hope and desire lasts no more  
 Earned back their love and pride, which is to be adored  
 Found the love of their life-  
 Blessed earth with yet another

I’m proud of your work and immense dedication  
 To give me an easy life in this new nation  
 You have finally done it or as they say, “woayɛ deɛ” (you’ve done the deed)  
 Even through all the challenges and tribulations  
 The triumphs and celebrations  
 The question still lingers through the next generations  
 Was it worth it?

**Clara Duah**  
**Ms. Weis**



**GRADE 6 WINNER**

“Life”

Impervious cycle  
Faithless rollercoaster  
Erratic commotion  
like an angry protest  
Mundane but stimulating  
Intriguing  
Dynamic  
like raindrops dancing astride a window

**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“Butterflies”**



Warm, light, sweet honey drips from my soul.  
Raw  
Smooth and the color of soft amber.  
Enters my system and sweetens my once iron and rusted flavor blood.  
Creeps between the layers of my skin.  
So when I scrape that the concrete, wood, or pebbles are coated with my sweet secretion.  
Let larva chew my tissue,  
inching piece by piece .  
Nourishing off my admiration.  
May the larvae grow and continue to feed off my flesh,  
let them climb up to my rib cage.  
As they venture, their youthful legs carry them throughout their journey .  
Once the summit is reached may they build a cocoon for their slumber,  
dousing themselves in my warmth.  
Sliding slick into their temporary abodes,  
each collision of their maturing wings matching the tempo of my heart.  
May my palpitations give life to them,  
as my love bugs emerge and their cocoons break open and their wings adjust.  
Fly free my loves.  
Tickling my innards when he is near.

**GRADE 8 WINNER**

**“Double Sided”**

There's always two sides to a coin,  
Heads or tails?  
Good or Bad?  
Fake or Real?

You show what you want others to see  
Look around, the people you are surrounded by  
Your friends, your family  
What side do you see?  
Heads or tails?  
Good or Bad?  
Fake or Real?

For me, I see fake  
Fakeness all around, like a pandemic  
I wonder if the mask is ever going to come off?  
Isn't it hard to breathe under the mask?  
Don't you get tired of the lies, the unrealness?  
Oh I see right through the mask  
But I choose to be silent  
Like they say,  
Don't waste your words on those who deserve your silence

Time is ticking, Take off the Veil  
Take off the mask before it's too late!  
Before you drown in your own pool of lies, the one you built  
You know, taking off the mask won't hurt  
Maybe just a little scratch but you will survive,  
Then tell me how it feels to breathe fresh air!

**Clifford Wobil**  
**Mrs. Jones**



**OVERALL WINNER**

**“The Effects of Time”**

**11:59**

Just another deadline  
Underlined and written in bold  
Due today as I have been told

Behold, I present to you idiocy at its finest  
A given time and if not abided by  
Punishment  
We have been given an ultimatum  
Pass or Fail  
A two sided scale  
In which only those who act in accordance will prevail

We are dictated by time  
As our lives flash before our very eyes  
This predator in disguise  
Gets to us after it's many tries  
Successfully keeping us aligned  
Leaving many tied to a 9-5  
Till the very day of their demise

As time ticks by  
We try  
To make the best of our every moments  
Abiding by time's guidelines  
And unwillingly paying the fines  
If caught doing otherwise

Though in every instance that we try  
To break free from this concept that we are utterly controlled by  
We are struck with the truth  
Humanity hasn't the ability to fight inevitability  
The Effects of Time are inescapable.

**GRADE 6 WINNER**

**“I’m Sorry”**

I’m sorry when I make the mistakes  
That causes your heart outbreaks  
I’m sorry how I cross the line  
And after you feel “fine”

I’m sorry I can’t do anything right  
And now you cry yourself to sleep at night  
I’m sorry that I don’t know what to do  
And that everything that comes out my mouth is untrue

I’m sorry that I ruin everything  
How after all things I leave you worrying  
I’m sorry that I’m useless  
Once again I leave you with a sense of coldness

But something I notice as I come to a halt  
Is that I was never the one at fault

**Miles Lundeen-Moseley  
Mr. Matthew Ross**

**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“All Men are created Equal?”**

All men are created equal?  
How hypocritical of them...  
They hunt, burn, kill us  
While claiming to fear us.  
They judge us by outdated standards, hold us accountable for our  
ancestor's wrong doings.  
IT'S NOT FAIR!  
They hunt, burn, kill us.  
Nobody cares until they're in danger.  
Look in the mirror and tell me who the true monster is now  
And don't be afraid say that stupid phrase to my face again.  
SAY IT.  
All men are created equal...

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“I am human”**

This is the way I am  
I was born colored  
But I'm still a Human  
So why?  
Why am I seen differently from others?  
Why does the color of my skin define my worth?  
Why must my existence be priced at all?  
Why is it that the color of my skin tells you?  
If I'm smart  
How I look?  
How I talk?  
Or if I even have any meaning at all  
I too am a Human  
Why is the color of my skin tragic?  
Why does my skin color represent violence?  
Why is my presence in the night a threat to you?  
I am human  
Why must I pay the price of  
Discrimination  
Pain?  
The worry of being called a word made specifically for my race  
I am Human  
Why is it amusing when we fight?  
Why have we been caged like animals in zoos?  
Why do the stories that I hear in history lessons force me too to sit there in silence?  
And hear about the miserable life people like me had to go through  
Why has the news on the TV become a death toll of what they call “my kind”?  
Why can't I just be seen as human?  
Because just a human is all I am.

**Nia Williams**  
**Ms. Keisha Britt**

**GRADE 6 WINNER****“Sojourner Truth”**

Who knew she would grow up to be so brave?  
1826 Truth escaped slavery with her daughter.  
Listening to what god taught her.  
Isabella changed her name to Sojourner Truth in 1843.  
walking across the country tryna be free.  
Sojourner Truth was an American abolitionist.  
Listen up slaves hold up your fist.  
1851 truth led out a speech at the Ohio women’s rights convention.  
the title was am I a woman. So that’s right so give Truth your attention..  
when escaping truth had no one to call.  
in 2009 a memorial bust was made about truth in the emancipation hall.  
Truth had at least 10 brothers and sisters.  
As a slave Truth had to work through the cold winters.

**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“Vicious Minds”**

Minds confused and split  
Violent thoughts seen within  
Actions shown no better  
Mindset callous nowhere glee  
Ruthless and careless routed

**Varenya Middough**  
**Ms. Tamara Miner**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Fiesta”**

Big green mountains sway  
Waves jump, skip, and twirl around  
Nature’s fiesta

**Honey Lopez  
Ms. Tamara Miner**

## **OVERALL WINNER**

### **“Water”**

Water don't know where it is going to flow  
Water just knows there is somewhere to go.  
A droplet in a pond is still to understand,  
Life may need his droplet to stand.  
No matter where you are, your purpose is endless.  
You may flow forward or left or right,  
As long as you move you'll understand purpose in life.  
If you're stuck in a fountain  
Understand that up is still an option.

**Phillip Williams**  
**Mr. Ronnie Fleming**



## GRADE 9 WINNER



### “The Summer I Almost Froze”

Everyone. Everyone misses summer.

I used to see the appeal  
But since my summer of sadness  
I’ve lost sight of what’s real.

For me, summers been tainted,  
Painted over in red ink,  
Cheeks a rosy pink, but hollow,  
Tan skin, but it’s frost bitten.

Blue fingers on the beach  
Sunk in the sand  
Untouched drink by my side  
“I don’t like it” I lied.

These memories haunt me  
In the dead of December.  
And everyday I remember  
Something I don’t want to

I like January’s cold,  
It’s not artificial like July.  
It’s natural, it’s clean  
It’s not a product of my body’s demise.

The temperature’s dropped,  
The world white as it snows  
But I’m warmer than last summer,  
The summer I almost froze.

**Julia Gwin**  
**Mr. Kountz**



## GRADE 10 WINNER

### “Ode to a Penny”

As I strolled along the  
endless path  
this daybreak,  
something seized my eye.  
Brilliant as  
fireflies in the night, I saw you  
nestled between the rocks of the street.  
As I plucked you from the path,  
turning you over in my fingers,  
I noticed your enormous worth, precious penny.

From hand to hand, you have traveled.  
In perpetual motion,  
an eagle in the daylight.  
From hand to hand  
and place to place,  
You have seen so much that I have not.  
And yet, you truly amount  
to nothing  
in the eyes of many.

As I ponder your meaning,  
I tuck you  
into  
my pocket  
to save your journey for another day.

**Harlow Babic**  
**Mr. Sidley**

## GRADE 11 WINNER



### “The Ways We Reflect”

I pause  
Where the waves meet the sand  
Where the water meets the earth  
Somehow, I manage  
To live in both worlds

I run faster with the strong wind  
Reaching towards my destination  
In a blink of an eye  
I am falling off mountains  
Life is well balanced on my procrastinations

Those tall green trees  
The leaves soaked with rainwater scent  
They have raised and protected me  
From the eyes of those who wish to kill

Above me  
The sun shines light  
I am always blinded with beauty  
A lifetime of beauty which I have never seen

The mysterious sounds surround my trail  
I spot a pair of blonde eyes  
An owl soars through the night  
Extraordinary bird  
Bold, brave and brilliant  
Fearlessly heading towards the future

The bright stars glimmer throughout the dark sky  
Infinite possibilities that are impossible for me  
My eyes glance up, sparkling with tears to cry  
Oh those forgotten dreams of mine

**Semhal Dade**  
**Ms. Bentley**



## GRADE 12 WINNER

“{me}(you)[i]”

On the other side  
Of the brilliant bright-white door  
*(My ever-present search for sleep) are clouds –*  
Those clouds that cover the sun –  
That sun which shines on your face, which is  
The face that glows brighter than the moon --  
The moon which drowns out the stars *(those twinkling stars) –*  
That are older than every one of us –  
Us, we, both, all, I, you –  
You, who glows brighter  
Than the sun and moon combined  
Ever have and ever will be.  
*(But you are really me,*  
*For I can only see myself in dreams*  
*and I can only love myself in dreams*  
*And I can only love myself*  
*When I am not truly thinking about it)*  
For us to be is for me to not,  
For I disappear in your shadow  
As you glow more the more they see you  
And I glow less the less they see me  
See? We are *We*, and yet!  
We truly means Me *(because We are One)*  
Above all other differences,  
It is that I am entombed *(trapped)* on Earth --  
The earth from whom I am born  
And to where you descended,  
That truly marks us,  
You, fallen angel –  
You!  
*[but you are me?]*

Annette Haynie  
Mr. Zahn

**OVERALL WINNER (MINNIE HOWARD)**

**“Nothing”**

Do you know what I hope death is? Nothing.  
I hope death is nothing. I hope it's like a dream.  
I hope it ends the pain that continues to rip open the seams  
I'm not sure what it means, to hope death is nothing.  
To ponder the relief that I hope it shall bring, I am leaning over, I am tipping  
I am falling apart! All I have left is this writing I call art  
But what am I really? A mass? A being? Why do I feel so much pain when others seem to just  
enjoy living?  
I hope death is fast. I hope I don't suffer.  
But at the same time, I don't want this to be over.  
I want to continue living. I want to love my life! But how can I do that when true joy seems to be  
so far out of sight?  
I am holding to a rock that is so heavy I am bleeding  
And I am walking up a hill that I could so easily just stop needing  
I could drop the rock and watch it roll back down to the bottom  
But where would that leave me? Alone? Forgotten?  
Knowing me I will go back down and grab the rock start again  
But I will be causing myself more pain, more suffering, more of this.  
I don't not want to be alive, but it would be nice to know there's something more  
To know that the tide won't keep coming, won't keep drowning me, won't keep coming ashore.  
Do you know what I hope death is?  
I hope death is a dream. I hope it is everlasting, I hope I feel everything and nothing.  
Do you know what I hope death is?  
I hope death is nothing.

## OVERALL WINNER (KING STREET)

### “a modern epic”

People always proclaim  
That “youth  
Is wasted on the young.”  
I propose, however  
That (more often) hope  
Is wasted on the hopeless.  
Wasted on me.

Wasted on me on the days  
When the welling, swelling, story-telling  
tides  
When the fear, the fire, the unrequited  
desire  
Eat me up from the inside

Wasted on me at those times  
When my ribs  
Truly do become a cage  
When the bluebird of my inhale pounds its  
wings in desperation  
‘Gainst the rusted metal grating in panic

Wasted when this very life I hold  
Dissolves into nothing but a march  
towards death  
When the only thing dragging me along is  
the grim reaper’s scythe  
‘Round my neck.  
He pulls me down the dirt path.

Then and only then  
When I am positively depleted:  
Nothing but a husk,  
Nothing but a dragonfly with no wings,  
All too aware of my potential but unable to reach it.  
Nothing but a shell,  
Does a flame enter scene  
Climbing up from beyond the parapet

Then and only then can I discern  
A flicker of light  
O’er the sea of satin  
That sea of ink,  
Of liquid coal.

A modern Prometheus and his burning reed  
One unburdened by eagle,  
Unburdened by rock and chain.  
He reaches up and ignites the weary sun,  
Splatters the night sky with stars,  
Poking pinpricks in the universe,  
Peepholes to the heavens.

From behind him, glistening waters  
abound  
A sea of crystals  
Waves crested by diamonds

He tells me that  
“With this never-ending grief that troubles  
you so  
comes never-ending joy,  
Never-ending bliss.”

After every valley, there is a new mountain  
that you must climb,  
But each one comes with a new view of the  
sunrise,  
A new view of the horizon,  
A new view of life  
If you only dare to look up instead of down.

**Ruth Christino  
Mr. Hendriksen**

"Good writing is supposed to evoke sensation in the reader – not the fact that it is raining, but the feeling of being rained upon."

-E. L. Doctorow

"Every secret of a writer's soul, every experience of his life, every quality of his mind, is written large in his works."

-Virginia Woolf





## **Noemi Ahn**

Noemi Ahn is a 5th grade author who attends Naomi L. Brooks Elementary. She gets her writing inspiration from the books she enjoys reading in her free time. Her favorite author is Aaron Hunter. Noemi is a dedicated Girl Scout and pianist; however, most people would be surprised to know that she is a fencer. She resides in Alexandria with her mom, dad, two younger brothers, and beloved beagle, Ruthie.

## Creativity Award Elementary

## **Stehissy Navarrete**

Stehissy Navarrete is a fifth grade student at Mount Vernon Community School. She loves nature, drawing and the color purple. She also has a little sister named Hazel and 7 pet birds. Stehissy's favorite subject is Science. She was inspired to write her poem "My Black Heart" after she was listening to sad music and thinking about the color black.

## **Ruth Christino**

Ruth is finishing her junior year at ACHS, where her effervescence, diligence, and intellect have earned her the respect and admiration of her peers and teachers. When she's not too busy serving the school as a Writing Center tutor and as vice president of the National English Honors Society, Ruth shares her love of language in her poetry, short stories, and non-fiction prose.

## Creativity Award Secondary

## **Harlow Babic**

In this age of the ubiquitous cell phone, Harlow, a 10th grader at ACHS, seems rather always to have a book in her hand, and every few days or so a new one, sometimes a *Legendborn* fantasy or the like, sometimes a work of classic literature. In addition to being a voracious reader, a poet, and a short story writer, Harlow plays piano and violin, and enjoys spending time with her dog Phinney.

## Acknowledgements

### Elementary Poetry Liaisons

Ms. Michelle Nettleton, John Adams Elementary School  
Mrs. Juliet Harris, Charles Barrett Elementary School  
Mr. Jacob Bennett, Ferdinand T. Day Elementary School  
Ms. Dorothy Kwakye, Patrick Henry Elementary School  
Ms. Tamara Miner, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School  
Ms. Mary Reuter, Cora Kelly School for Math, Science, and Technology  
Mrs. Karrie Kay, Lyles Crouch Traditional Academy  
Ms. LaTrania Martin, Douglas MacArthur Elementary School  
Mrs. Kara Mehrman, George Mason Elementary School  
Mrs. Re’Nia Batson, Naomi L. Brooks Elementary School  
Ms. Maria Fletcher, Mount Vernon Community School  
Mrs. Kathryn Harrington, James Polk Elementary School  
Dr. Anne Smith, Samuel W. Tucker Elementary School  
Ms. Molly Black, William Ramsay Elementary School

### Secondary Poetry Liaisons

Mr. Khris Hutson, Francis C. Hammond Middle School  
Ms. Shannon Stuckey, George Washington Middle School  
Ms. Tamara Miner, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School  
Mrs. Kelly Miller, Patrick Henry K-8 School  
Ms. Fara Leigh Cepak, Alexandria City High School- Chance for Change  
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