The cast of the The Word Citywide Middle School Poetry Jam, Friday May 3rd, 2019 at Coop High School
all photos by Judy Sirota Rosenthal
Schools represented: Fair Haven, Jepson, and Columbus
I am hurting,
a leprechaun
Who’s Gold has been stolen
Feeling hurt, while sliding
Down a lava rainbow.
When I am hurting,
I practice breakdancing
I look like an upside down fan
when my legs are spinning
My head is a spinning beyblade
My body is a tornado
Then I am happy
Like a sun rising
and starting a new day
And now,
I have my GOLD!!!
Donald Trump

Es el presidente malo que todos se quieren vengar,
No puede pensar en otra cosa más que molestar,
Y si acaso un día su cabeza puede carburar,
Va a poner un muro que ni siquiera le va interesar
Por si acaso un día él se quiere vengar
Lo más posible que lo haga en años porque somos bien cracks

Donald Trump

He is the bad president that everyone wants to avenge,
He can’t think of anything else to do except bother us,
And if one day his head combusts,
He is going to put up a wall that will not even interest him
In case one day he wants to take revenge
Which is likely he’ll do years from now
Because we are good people

Donald Trump

No no no no no
Somos más que él y se lo podemos demostrar
Vamos a darle su merecido por no ayudar
Hay países que lo necesitan como Puerto Rico
Pero lo que más le importa es ser rico
Pero no es lo que él diga es el pueblo el que te necesita
Y si no quieres ayudar te dejamos atrás la verdad
No te necesitamos después de dos años nosotros los vamos a vengar

Donald Trump

No no no no no
We are more than him and we can show him
We are going to give him his due for not helping
There are countries that need it, like Puerto Rico
But what matters most to him is to be rich
But it is not how he says
The people are the ones who need you
And if you do not want to help, we leave you behind
And that’s the truth: we do not need you
After two years, we are getting our revenge
Violence is a Volcano.
People get hurt.
It leads to disaster.

Our tectonic plates are shifting.
We need to come together.
The killing is ending our lives too quickly.

Help each other through the smoke.
Wake up and realize the cruelty.
Put a stop to someone’s harm.
Clean up the ashes and stop fighting.

Let our hate turn into love like lava into rock.

We need to be equal and have peace
Or it will be our own people going against us.

Let the smoke turn into sunshine.
The rocks falling will be flowers.

Walking through the clouds together.
To find an island full of oxygen.

All we needed was to become one.
Now we are all parts of a beautiful, sunny day!
Loneliness
by Angel Albarran

My loneliness is a knife
Going through me
Leaving me a big scar,
Telling me
I will always be alone.
The knife comes from a butcher's
slaughterhouse
Full of my regrets
And my low self esteem.
But when I am feeling lonely
I just go on my phone and play games.
My fingers move rapidly,
The engine soars
Up in the sky!
I want to play
With my new PS4,
My fingers are little engines
That are revving up to full speed.

Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal

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Silent Box
by Angel Perez

When I was in the first grade,
I was silent,
And being very quiet.
Being scared,
And not asking questions,
But now that I’m in 5th grade,
No more being silent,
No more silent box!
I am a bomb
Light me on fire
And I'll blow up
Inside of me
I have anger
One thing you do that I hate

POW!

I'm done
But inside of me
I say it's ok
But it's not
at least for me it isn't
Outside of me
I hide my feelings cause
I feel like people are
Gonna judge
When I'm mad
I feel like I'm falling in a deep hole
And can't get out
But when I can't get out
I just draw and it makes me chill out
I draw my emotions to let it all out
When I draw
My fire goes out
I'm in tall grass
All relaxed In silence
Away from all the violence.
My mom was not such a bright light.
My dad was confused,
He came to the point
That he was surprised.
When I walked into the room,
I couldn’t last,
With the pieces of trash,
With all the glass.
My mom cheating on my dad.
I couldn’t last,
The past was too rough,
But at last,
The fight lasted until the night.
That is when I turned on my night light
But no respect for me.
My brother making fun of me.
I tried to fight back those fears,
But all I can hear was the
Screaming in my ear.
I stop to think and look at this point,
And the thought of me breaking it up,
Not brave enough
But look at me now!
I’m safe and I had enough!
Mirror
By: Emmely Garcia

I see a girl
That could do
The same thing,
All the time.
Sometimes I feel
Like people talk about me,
They call me names,
I go through pain,
And sometimes danger.
People talk about me,
But they don’t know how I feel
When I see myself.
I feel empty,
I don’t deserve happiness.
My dream is to hang out with my sisters.
When I look in the mirror,
I see a girl who wants to kill herself
Because she feels stupid and dumb.
When I look in the mirror,
I think that I will never see my father again.
And the girl in the mirror
Starts spilling tears.
Racismo, Racismo, todo el mundo con racismo. nadie se da cuenta. Del daño que les hacen a los Latinos. Entre sufrimiento y felicidad. Hay una persona con maldad construyó un muro sin saber lo que iba a pasar.

No dejes que la gente te discrimine con racismo. criticando a la gente me miro y me doy cuenta que todos le dan una sonrisa falsa a los latinos.

Criticando a los latinos. los miró y con una tristeza. me pregunto si les gustaría pasar por lo mismo. yo soy latina. Puerto Rico. La gente discrimina sinsentido.

Quiero que la gente sepa que soy latina. no nos importa lo que digan. yo sigo mi camino.

No discriminamos./ no eres nadie para discriminar. la maldad te está metiendo en esta sucia sociedad. No se si te has dado cuenta. de que hieren los sentimientos de los demás. Todos somos sensibles. Preocupate por la vida que te rodea.

No eres perfecto ni los serás. la gente no se fija que necesitamos igualdad.

Paren de discriminar lo que hacen no es bueno y se tienen que controlar. El racismo es una suciedad.

Racism, Racism, the whole world with racism. No one realizes the damage. What they do to Latinos.

Between suffering and happiness, there is a person with bad intentions. He built a wall without knowing what was going to happen.

Do not let people discriminate against you with racism. Criticizing the people I look at myself and I realize that everyone gives a false smile to Latinos.

Criticizing Latinos. He looked at them and with a sadness I wonder if he would like to go through the same thing. I am Latina. Puerto Rico. People discriminate without meaning. I want people to know that I’m Latina.

We do not care what they say. I follow my path.

Do not discriminate. You are not one to discriminate. The evil is getting you into this dirty society. I do not know if you realize that they hurt the feelings of others. We are all sensitive. Worry about the life that surrounds you.

You are not perfect nor will you be;
People do not notice that we need equality

Stop discriminating as you do. It’s not good and you have to control yourselves. Racism is a dirty thing.
My name is Hope.
I got my name from my godmother,
But not only that,
I had hope,
If my mother didn’t fight,
I would not be in this world.
Hey, Let’s say my name is Hope,
And it’s so great, and dope!
I’m proud,
Are you?
Because I am,
So you should too!
I love my name
And there is no point to change it,
Love your name,
Be proud
Of it, too!
The Light Truth
By: Iker Salinas

I never imagined,
Waking up To not see my brother,
Not there in his room.

The person
That I thought
Was always going to be
Next to me.

A
Person
More fun
Than a best friend

Someone
That I can
Trust
Forever, but...

It's
Harsh not seeing
Him there
When I wake up.

But, I know,
That even though
He's not here with me.
He will always be in my
HEART.
Prejudice is a wolf, Preys on the minority that it perceives as weak
If nothing gets solved, The future looks pretty bleak
People judge other without knowing the fact
Which leads the prey to feeling scared and trapped
The wolf is ready to pounce the flag
The flag that we wave but it ends up leaving a trail of blood
The blood, sweat, and tears we shed to help fix our society

We are here to ask why we judge our own species
We judge each other without the facts or reasoning behind our logic or thinking
Why do we judge people who WANT to be different or out of the ordinary?

Why do things have to be ordinary?
Why do we judge each other for things we cannot control?
Why do we judge each other for people wanting to be something that they couldn’t choose for themselves?

We judge each other for our race, religion, sexuality, gender orientation, illnesses, looks, the way we express ourselves?

After all, “in the end, the love you take is equal to the love you make.”

Are we going to let the wolf win?
Private Box
By: Jaden Belanger

I go in my room
I never leave.
But when my mom calls
Me down
But I stay in my room
Because I am
A private person.
My mom says
To be social.
To meet new people,
But I told my mom,
I am just private,
In my private box.

Photo Credit: Judy Rosenthal
2019 Citywide Middle School Poetry Jam
Rain,
Sprinkling on the window
Right beneath the shadows
Where the screaming
And yelling
Used to happen.
Bangs,
In the room
Like gunshots.
Stuck in a corner,
Listening
To what is going on.
Yelling
Screaming,
Then walking out
Of the house.
Waiting.
To see...
If your father
Was coming back.
On your bed,
Waiting,
And your mother's face
Is right there
In the moonlight.
Not with the person
Who you cared for and loved
As your soulmate.
When you walk into the room
You become suddenly doomed.
Cause all you see,
Is a chair,
Empty...
That you used to share.
You hold your breath
Grab your chair,
And sit and stare,
At the empty chair.
Niñez / Childhood

BY JEDRIEL ALBINO FERNANDEZ

When I was a child
they gave me a cute, adorable colt and
the next day they gave me a snake.
I was afraid of it but I didn’t give up. I
moved forward and I learned that if
you take care of the animals they will
take care of you.

And I noticed the other day
I was not afraid because
I remembered not to be
afraid because if you're afraid, they'll
know and they'll toss you aside for
being afraid and being a coward
and if you mistreat them
they will hate you and kill you
and go far away and die and you will
realize that by treating them
badly you kill them you spent a lot for
nothing you were stupid
to treat them badly.
Depression is a crumbled cone
That cannot go away.
The depression comes from my body.
When I go to sleep,
My face presses into the pillow,
So I go to bed
Acting like I am dead.
I really can’t move my head.
It’s a storm,
That never is going to end.
Wake me up,
I’m really running out of luck.
My dream was the pain of stepping on a nail,
That was a big fail.
Now I see a desert sand in my eye,
I can’t lie.
I’m feeling pain I need to go to the driving lane.
Finally, I’m okay, I’m out of my dream.
If I can’t, and it wasn’t, I will turn into steam.
I was not clean, I was going crazy,
And acting very lazy.
Like a messed up tornado, I can finally move,
My body and get in the groove!

DEPRESSION
BY JEREMIAH SANTIAGO

Photo Credit: Judy Sirota Rosenthal
I was in disguise,  
I met her on the bus.  
She is a nice Puerto Rican,  
I would call her up on the weekend.  
We would talk on the bus,  
But someone separated us.  
I need a guide,  
For where to hide!  
We won’t fight,  
I just want to call  
her in the night!
Technology is my thing.
No one can take it away from me.
It is my thing,
I have been playing
With technology,
Ever since I was three.
I like technology,
It is my thing.
My body is made from Technology.
You should see me with Technology.
I’m the best.
You can call me by my name,
The Hacker, Every day!
Mi Madre / My Mother

BY JOSÉ PEREZ SUAREZ Y ADONIS LUIS PEREZ

Mi madre se fue de viaje.
    Al día siguiente sufrió un accidente.
        y se partió los dientes.
La llevaron a la enfermería para salvarle la vida.
    `Después se fue a mi país para verme feliz.
Y luego fuimos al cine para ver la película de los
    martínez.
Luego fuimos a mi casa para hacer un pan con la masa
    Después se tuvo que ir.
A santo domingo
    Porque tenía muchas cosas que decir.
Después me fui a mi habitación.
    Porque estaba llorando y mi padre me pregunta.
Hijo ¿estás agonizando?

My mother went on a trip
The next day she suffered an accident
and she broke her teeth.
They took her to the clinic
to save her life.
Then she went to my country
to see me happy.
And then we went to the cinema
to see a Martinez movie.
Then we went to my house
to make bread with dough.
Then she had to go to Santo Domingo.
I had many things to say
I went to my room
Because I was crying
and my father asks me,
"Son, are you suffering?"
Between money and wallets,  
A wall yells with its dry mouth and says,  
“You shall not pass through!”  
The wall moves its big toes.  
A wall is death  
With anger on the inside.  
A lost soul trying to escape  
The anger,  
And death is to be free.  
A wall is there standing and watching,  
People trying to cross over to get to the other side,  
Just to see their family.  
To them the wall says, “Go away and never come back here, or there will be consequences.”  
I don’t like walls.  
They say to me, “If you pass, bad things Will happen to you when you cross over!”  
I like the opposite of a wall.  
It is a guard dog.  
A guard dog can smell weapons.  
If someone bad tries to hurt people on the other side,  
The guard dog will protect them.
I went outside,
Momma was inside.
Dada was outside.
I went up to my dad,
Man, he was so drunk.
Me, sitting in the trunk.
I was holding back
My tears
But they came out,
And I looked down.
There was an empty can,
It was a beer
With a painting of a deer
I got so mad.
I went inside,
Momma crying,
Brother hiding his tears.
Little brother had no clue,
What was happening.
Ha, ha,
Very funny...
But not funny for me though.
Then I asked myself,
“Why Dad?”
“Why did you do this?”
You always blame it
On your friends,
But in the end,
It was your choice.
BULLYING IS A THUNDERSTORM

BY: LIZ OJEDA

Bullying is a thunderstorm.
It can go on and on.
Even when it cannot be seen,
It can still be heard.
Lightning strikes then disappears.
But the storm still stays.
The damage is done.
It makes everyone around it uncomfortable.
But no one will make a sound.
People see the destruction that’s been caused,
But they continue on.
They strike more lightning,
Harming even more.
As the storm leaves,
the sky is still gray.
Confidence is gone in a landslide.
Everything you once had is lost in the flood.
But when that one person speak up,
The clouds begin to part.
Let the sun peak through and shine upon you.
This beautiful weather won’t stay for long,
Unless we make a permanent change.
Be that flower that shows through
on someone’s darkest day.
mi hermanito

tenía un perro

Y el perro lo mordió

Y después se lo comió

Y sin mano se quedó

mi perro

era blanquito

y muy flaco

era chiquito

y muy bonito

Y su corazón

era muy pequeño!

y el perro consiguió

una perrita llamada Cremita

y terminaron en una cita

y la perrita se veía muy bonita

y también era una chihuaguita

y el perro compró comidita!

my little brother

had a puppy

and the puppy bit him

and ate him

and my brother had no hand

my puppy was white

and very skinny

he was small

and very beautiful

And his little heart

was very tiny!

and the puppy got

a little dog called Cremita

and they ended up on a date

and this little dog looked very pretty

and also there was a little Chihuahua

and the little dog bought her food!
Cuando yo tenía 5 años/When I Was 5

BY MARIA GONZALEZ VILLAVERDE

Cuando yo tenía 5 años, yo veía bien
Veía hoyos grandes, y borrosos
donde pisaba
y cuando yo iba a una cascada
o un río me tenían que decir
cómo era y yo me lo imaginaba
y mi vida cambió cuando me
dieron lentes
y ahora ya puedo ver bien
y ya no veo borroso ni hoyos ahora puedo ver
los lugares a donde voy como las cascadas y
también todas las cosas
Que están alrededor de mí
Veía hoyos grandes y borrosos alrededor
de mí y pues ya no aguanto más
y ahora, (cuando me acuerdo yo me siento mal)

When I was 5 years old,
I did not see well
I saw big holes, and fuzziness
where I stepped
and when I went to a water fall
or a river they had to tell me as it was and I imagined it
and my life changed when
they gave me glasses and now I can see good
and I no longer see blurry or holes
now I can see the places where I’m going
like the waterfalls and also all things that are around me
I saw big holes and fuzzy around me
and I could not stand it anymore
and now, (when I remember I feel bad)
My dear Aunt Barbara Ortiz,
You know,
You are everything to me.
When I held your ashes,
It was so painful,
Deep inside of me
I was so sad,
I was crying,
But you were next to me.
Even though I was sad,
I never gave up.
A bullet hits me,
I needed to duck.
I wanted to hug you,
Take care of you...
But I had bad luck.
I need you forever,
But you’ve passed away.
I have been really clever,
I hope you can see me,
And are proud of me.
I’m in fifth grade,
About to go into sixth!
I have friends
That are always there for me.
When I am outside,
I feel happiness is on my side.
Every time I go down the slide,
It is like I’m dancing in the sky.
I want to be an actress,
Just like you wanted to be.
I hope you are happy
In Heaven.
I have a good teacher,
She is always there for me.
I want you to know
That you, and my teacher,
Are always in my heart!
I used to be shy,  
When I finally got my glasses.  
I thought that  
I would get bullied.  
I thought I was going to get called names.  
Like nerd.  
Once I wore my glasses to school,  
I felt like everyone was staring.  
I felt that I was alone,  
All alone.  
Unable to stop the staring,  
Unable to get out.
My feelings are an inflated balloon.  
Thinking about my brother,  
I don't know what to do.  
When somebody asks me to play a game,  
I say I'm not in the mood,  
and saying it like I have an attitude.  
People making fun of me.  
That was so rude  
And not really cool.  
When I was younger,  
somebody tried to drown me,  
In my own pool.  
He tried to push me,  
In the pool.  
That was just very cruel.  
My feelings are a deflated balloon.
THE WALL
By: Sarai Ampie

Between people and children
A wall yells with his big mouth.
A wall moves with his metal legs
A wall is strong and has big metal arms.
This wall yells with his big dry mouth
Yells, “Get off my property!”
Hate is a wall.
Love is a flowing river
Like a space or light
A wall is hateful and separates families
To us it says, “Get out, cry and suffer!”
I want to throw the wall into lava
So it can burn and suffer
Like the people were made to
suffer and got hurt.
I always have fun playing in my chair
Technology is like my life
and I will always remember you
You are like my hut,
my home despite the fact that you're just a thing
Even though you're only a thing
if I die, I'll play with you in my grave
because I will never forget you
If it's not technology,
I don't know anything about it
and what matters is that I will always play you
because without you technology
I will get bored
and not have any fun
Inspired by Bad Bunny’s lyrics:

The other day I was in Miami
and many other airport runways
that I climbed with a knot in my throat.

My Puerto Rico rises up.
And my tree grows,
and rocks in its chair.

These are our words:

I lost my people
and my land
But my love overcomes.

I do not want to take you out of my mind
I have stewed rice in my mind.
I have mofongo in my people.
I have Loíza in my mind and I have
orocovis in my teeth.
And Puerto Rico rises.

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Inspirada por estas letras de Bad Bunny:

otro día Que no se De Mami
y ya son las Tantas En Otras Tarimas
que me trepó con el nudo en la
garganta Después
de garganta mi PR
se levanta.Y mi árbol crece
en su sillón se mece

Estas son nuestras palabras:

Perdí mis Pueblos
y Mi tierra Pero mi amor se vence. Pero
no quiero sacarte / De mi mente Tengo
arroz guisado en mi mente Tengo
mofongo en mi Gente tengo
A Loíza en mi Mente y tengo a orocovis
en mis dientes.
Y ya se levantó PR