

**RAINBOWS  
BORN OF  
STORMS**



**Christmas**  
**Abigail Moroney**

Christmas time is coming  
it's the time we must be good  
for Santa to come  
you should be nice  
and never naughty  
with Rudolph leading the way  
and the lights so bright  
Christmas cheer in the air  
the stockings hanging up tight  
the christmas tree so bright  
it's finally here  
Christmas.

**A Day At The Beach**  
**Bella Grochowski**

A day at the beach  
The hot sand touches my feet  
The waves come splashing like a waterfall  
The day consumes me with heat  
Oh what a clear blue sky  
As the waves crash down the water chases me  
Do you hear the oceans song  
We feel the sun rays on our faces  
Long walks down the shore  
Families gather everywhere  
The perfect view  
You can smell the saltwater in the air

**Friday Night Lights**  
**Aidan Sweeney**

The lights shine  
On the newly painted grass.

Students in the band excite the crowd  
With instruments of brass.  
Before the game  
The players get right,  
Ready for this thrill  
They participate in tonight.  
Before you know it  
The first whistle blows,  
The players on the field  
Are no longer froze.  
The players run  
And catch the ball.  
The offense hopes  
It doesn't fall.  
The home team wins  
And the crowd yells a cheer  
The players rejoice  
As they pack up their gear.

## Champ de Mars

### UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER

**By Amanda Mollica**

The rats scurry down the street,  
And they won't hide.  
For this tall metal structure,  
Gustave Eiffel did provide.

Rain or shine there's no doubt,  
Tourists' eyes will not avert.  
Every daybreak and Skyfall,  
There will be crepes for dessert.

At the beginning of each hour,  
Just after dark,  
Sparkling and twinkling,  
Crowds flood the park.

Shoulder to shoulder,  
Eyes on the glistening tower.  
Seductive nights in Paris,  
Hold endless power.

École Militaire to your left,  
Eiffel Tower to your right.  
This city of love,  
Shines it's best at night.

## The Studio

**By Brooke Krakovsky**

A leg extends  
Across the cold white barre  
A girl then folds  
A little too far  
The air is weighted  
From the heavy breaths  
And in this room  
The girls take no rests  
The floor screams in pain  
As shoes slam down  
And bodies leap into the air  
Without making a sound  
As the music slows  
Everything becomes frozen like ice  
And just the dancers remain  
Longing for their turn under the lights

**Smarter Not Harder  
Delaynie Thomas**

Smarter not harder-  
Getting the job done.  
working faster getting it all done.  
If not it will pile up like laundry  
Let it sit and it will go bad-  
Time wasted just to redo it.  
Burning your energy like a car burns fuel.  
Remember smarter not harder-  
One and done.

## **I Have Brigid Huddy**

I have a memory.  
The wind whistles through the air as the sun stares down on  
us  
The grass in the backyard is filled with summer daisies.  
I can hear her soft voice telling me she loves me before leav-  
ing for good.  
My sister's eyes fill with puddles, streaming down her face.  
Too young and confused to know what is happening.  
Can still feel her gentle hands brush my hair out of my face.  
I see her long brunette hair flow in the wind as she walks  
away.  
The last few steps I ever see her take again.  
Had I known at the time, maybe I'd hug her a little tighter.  
So innocent, wondering what could be happening.  
The last memory I have of her now, unfamiliar face.  
A daughter without a mother, is like a puppy with no home.  
Had I known at the time, maybe I would have told her I love  
her a little longer.  
There are stories here made of memory.

## **Christina Morrison The Beach**

The big waves crash  
On the warm sand,  
As you lie in the sun  
To become tanned.  
The sun's rays  
Warm my skin,  
Until the cool ocean  
Beckons me in.  
The salty breeze  
Blows through my hair  
As I sit  
On my blue beach chair.

## **The Smell of Sunshine Cassie Koslowski**

When the rain stops  
Here comes the sun.  
Over by the crops  
We begin to run,  
It is the smell of warmth  
A taste of fresh air.  
And in the north  
The sun is rare.  
The sky is bright  
The sun shines in our eyes.  
And it feels right  
To see the sun rise.

## **The Natural High** **Cyara Thomas**

Find your serotonin, but be smart  
no poppin' , sippin' , or blazin' --  
Don't end up a disgraceful fiend  
searching through trash to find "treasure".  
Washed up and hopeless like a broken shell--  
Lost and alone.  
You will find your bliss,  
your ecstasy without the antidote.  
Using healthy routines--  
sleep, exercise, food, family and sun.  
Crystals that hold health and help you shine  
not ones of filth--  
You will find your true satisfaction.  
No more stooping low to get your high.

## **Practice** **Dan Beldowicz**

If you were to  
Practice everyday,  
You'd get better  
In every way.  
If you were to  
Really hustle  
It could help you  
Build all that muscle.  
If you were to  
Take the risks,  
You will have  
To be very brisk  
If you want to  
Get it done successfully,  
You have to be  
Really good mentally.

## **Memory** **Delaynie Thomas**

I have a memory.  
Living inside me,  
Bringing me back to the past. She's  
back for a moment but when my  
eyes open it's like she disappeared.  
The rain was falling no thought upon  
it.  
"Don't go-- please stay."  
"Don't go-- please stay."  
She just didn't wanna be alone.

Amongst the silence the rain was still falling.  
Then following were the wailing sirens.  
Her eyes once opened, but they were no longer  
the same.  
Within reach but forever gone, there are stories  
here made of memory.

## **The Cold Stone** **Kenny Buonocore**

The cold stone hangs  
Dripping from the roof.  
The dark creatures  
Disappearing with a poof.  
The silence of the dark  
Makes people's ears shatter.  
Only to be broken  
By the animal's chatter.  
Dark and wet  
Drive most away.  
Stay for to long  
You might be something's prey.

**The Hill**  
**Devin Foderaro**

*I have a memory.*

*It's deep down in my body*

*An itch whenever I think about it. It comes from the pit  
Steep down the hill. It lifts me off the ground; the lip  
On the the other side of the hill haunts and taunts  
You hear the rippings of other dirtbikes, the eyes of*

*other*

*spectators, and the roar of a four stroke.*

*So many crashes*

*So many injuries*

*Loud screams from left and right*

*So little success....*

*We have come to succeed*

*Scraps of bikes left behind*

*New bikes following in their tracks*

*Stories that we must not speak about*

*Bikes going up and down the track.*

*There are stories here made of memory*

**Trust**  
**Drin Ukaj**

If you don't show respect

You affect others

If you show hate

It can start a debate.

If you show love

There will be good karma

If you show responsibility

It will show your authenticity.

If you show leadership

People will follow

If you show loyalty

You gain trust.

**Spring**  
**Elizabeth Chan**

Spring is beautiful,

But with beauty comes pain.

We must control our allergies,  
Before we sneeze out our brain.

Insects appear,

Butterflies start to flutter,

As they were once caterpillars

Cameras start to shutter.

Everything starts to come alive,

As they were once dead,

Old becomes new.

The tulips are now bright red.

**“Clear Blue Sea”**  
**By Fiona Lolla**

The morning air,  
So stifling hot.  
The sky so bare,  
Sun’s shining so bright.  
The ground beneath,  
Burning our feet.  
As we approach the endless sea,  
The blue water is there to greet.  
The waves crash on the shore,  
As if to call you in.  
Waste no time to go explore,  
What waits in the clear blue sea.

**On The Soccer Field**  
**By: Gabby Tobias**

Under the lights is the best kind of night.  
Defense is known as the blocker.  
Those lights are so bright.  
When people score it is a real shocker.  
We play on a field.  
I get my cleats from the footlocker.  
The other team needs to shield.  
I love to play soccer.  
Soccer is the best.  
All you do is run.  
But sometimes you need rest.  
But it sure is a lot of fun.

**Follow Your Heart**  
**Ellie Cavico**

Follow your heart  
Wherever it may take you -  
Your heart is leading you where you are destined to go  
Like a river does to a boat  
The boat trusts the river  
The same way you should trust your heart -  
It knows what’s best for you -  
Though logic helps aide your heart to finds its way  
When your heart is set on something  
You shouldn’t fight it -

**Love**  
**Emily Kalin**

Open up but not too much  
Only for the right person--  
Give them your love but only if  
They give you the same back--  
Love is a journey  
Don’t cut the journey short--  
Take a chance on a person  
If you feel it’s right--  
Little do you know that can be the person  
You have for the rest of your life--

**Confidence**  
**Emily Noviello**

Be confident but not  
Nonetheless don't cause a scene--  
Money and looks are worth dirt beneath  
the surface. happiness is enhanced,  
Spread it throughout the world.  
Bragging to ease yourself, While  
turning someone's day blue.  
Stay true-- you are you.

**When They Cry-**  
**Evan Walsh**

The cicadas cry  
From dawn to dusk  
And drops of water drip  
Down the corn's husk.  
The school bell does not ring  
Yet the children still chirp  
In the river that lies  
Right beside the pale birch.  
The water flows slowly,  
Glistening without a seam  
A sight so vivid  
That could fulfill a hundred-year dream.

**The Waterfall**  
**Giovanna Giuffi**

As the water flows.  
The flowers are blooming.  
The wind blows.  
The water crashes through the rocks.  
The birds gaze the water  
As the animals eat the crops.  
The sound makes time stop  
The most beautiful sight to see  
The bunnies hop  
The water in a race  
A beautiful waterfall  
It all falls in the same place

**Goals**  
**Grace Touroonjian**

If you set a goal  
It will not just fall into your lap  
It will not come easy  
If you pursue your dreams  
It will require dedication  
Laziness and hanging around will get you nowhere  
If you decide to start something important  
You need to finish  
Not for other people but yourself  
If you say you can't  
You are right.  
If you say you can; you are also right  
If your overall mindset in life is better  
You can lead a successful life  
A fulfilling life!  
You are able to do whatever you want  
You just need to want it enough.



**Cold Snow**  
**Haley Alexander**

When you look outside,  
You see flakes all around.  
One by One,  
The snow hits the ground.

The kids run out to play  
In the pretty, white snow.  
They roll up three balls  
And their snowman begins to grow.

Soon the water turns to ice,  
And the ground sparkles like glitter  
You step outside  
To the air, cold and bitter.

**Rich**  
**Harrison Swindell**

Open your rich hands to the starved  
and they'll live free of burden  
Keep your hands closed—  
they'll open them for you  
They are the body, you but a leech  
Sucking the blood from feeble skin  
In saving themselves  
From pain and struggle  
The body pulls off the leech  
Losing nothing.

**Stars**  
**Keith Adame**

The stars in the sky  
Shine so bright  
They keep people calm  
In the dark of night  
In the vast wake of the city  
The skyscrapers look down and stand tall  
Like God up above  
As if they could see all  
The noise goes on forever  
Humans running around like sheep  
The cars, the parties, the traffic  
That's why they call it the city that never sleeps

**Lacrosse**  
**By Lciana polizzotto**

When we take the field for our game  
Sticks in hand, looking how far we came  
The other team, ready to score  
This is not practice anymore  
Whistle blows the draw is high  
This game won't end to a tie  
The first goal comes fast  
Use a lot of energy  
Play as hard as you can  
To the best of your ability  
Use your stick and confident  
You will impress everyone with your talents

**Old Tree Park**  
**Justine Panten**

An old couple sits  
On a little park bench  
Looking down together  
At an old pencil sketch

One that was drawn  
All of those years ago  
When man saw a woman  
Sitting where the tulips grow

So he took out his pencil  
And there on the page  
The charcoal danced  
Like it was on a stage

He drew all of her features  
Her eyes and her lips  
The man even drew in her hair  
The blue butterfly clips

And his heart nearly stopped  
When he looked over to see  
That she was staring back at him  
Nearly bursting with glee

So then he walked over  
And asked for her name  
"It's Dorothea" she said  
And his heart was set aflame

**Face to Face**  
**Keith Adame**

When you meet face to face with another  
This person's story you'll never see  
This man, not stranger, nor brother  
This person you'll never be

This person, who you'd call a friend  
Who you'd say you know well  
This person who you'd stay with till the end  
But keep truths you'd never tell

I know this person  
He's so strong and smart, so happy.  
Right?

I know this person  
He's got a good life, he has it all, he's so happy.  
Right?

You meet face to face with another  
This person's story you'll never see  
This man, not stranger, nor brother  
This person you'll never be

This person, who you'd call a foe  
Who you'd say you know well  
This person whom you'd wanted to let go  
And keep truths you'd never tell

I know this person  
He's so cheerful, so carefree, so happy.  
Right?

**Kelly Kuehn**  
**Creativity**

Creative ideas are not easy to come by-  
Only the lucky have stacks  
A collection of books that grows with ease  
A library filled to the brim-  
most visitors are overwhelmed  
Search a maze of shelves-  
Hoping to find something new to share-  
Carry the right tools and attitude  
As the directory to the corner-  
A book unseen by the world awaits

**Distant Memory**  
**Kelly Kuehn**

I have a memory.  
It travels on the summer breeze,  
The smell of saltwater  
And sound of laughter dance  
Within its current  
As they Remind me of a happy time.  
A time now long missed  
A time now trapped in screens  
A joy we used to share  
Now stuck in a tangled web of wires.  
The warm touch of a friend  
The sweet taste of melted popsicles  
And the never ending joy of being with those you love  
All trapped deep, beneath the sands of time  
I try to recreate these feelings  
Tell new stories of unfiltered joy  
But these stories are made of memories.

**Haha Funny**  
**Liam Sharo**

Laugh, laugh, laugh it all away  
When things are amiss  
As though it was a struggle--  
A knife in the back  
Laugh it off and realize,  
At least it wasn't a fork  
Humor takes the pain away  
For even just a second--  
To look on the bright side  
Of all the pain you've felt--

**The Waiting Room**  
**Madison Cannella**

The doctors run  
Dressed in blue scrubs  
The scent of steel in the air  
Surrounding my body  
The room was silent  
The door slid open  
Sounds of cries, distant exchange, and  
A hacking cough ceased the silence  
The sound filling the area  
Everyone gazed at the door  
With eager to get summoned  
The woman demanded the presence of someone  
Back to silence  
Back to waiting

**Got to live until you die**  
**Matteo Spinelli**

Got to live until you die--  
Fend off being emptied out dry  
Conduct yourself down a bright walk  
To keep darkness at bay  
Chances give birth to great opportunities--  
So take them  
Happiness is a blueprint ready to be built  
From the ground up  
With all this time here--  
Don't let a funeral help you feel alive.

**Fresh Cut Grass**  
**Matthew Grandilli**

The aroma of fresh cut grass  
Blades spread across the rubber  
Dancing in the wind  
Paths still clear for the runner  
The white lines are faded  
Washed away by weathering  
Like chalk, it's still visible  
Hard to see, the lines for measuring  
The sand pit is a jungle  
Cracks in the track bleed green  
They are a pig sty  
Never Clean

**Time stops for no one.**  
**Matthew Sousa**

Time stops for no one, time cannot be bought  
Time stops for no one, it cannot be fought.  
Time creates history, lessons to be learned  
Repeating history's mistakes will get you something earned.  
Time stops for no one, it's humanity's eternal lesson  
Ignoring history will not make it lessen.  
Time stops for no one, except for those unheard  
Whose words shall soar as though they are a bird.  
They will forever last in history, a lesson to be taught  
Lessons to learn, others should have thought.  
Time stops for no one, especially those most ignorant.  
History shall doom them, as it isn't hesitant.

**A Pace**  
**Samantha Weisselberg**

Don't take advantage of the small things--  
Life moves at a fast pace  
The week may just race by.  
Your time could be short  
Don't leave things undone.  
Things will be exciting--  
Make sure you live in the moment.  
Say your I love you's  
Before it's too late.  
Don't take anything for granted--  
Time is a thief and is running away  
The future is unpredictable.

## **The Stadium** **Max Bydyk**

The stadium crowd goes wild  
On a good sunny day  
Kickoff is about to begin  
And the teams get ready to play

The game is very close  
And the fans cheer  
It is very loud  
That you can't even hear

The game comes to an end  
The final ball is tossed  
Fans start to leave  
As their team already lost

## **The Ocean** **Molly Newhook**

The warm breeze blows  
From the clear blue sky  
Where the birds soar  
And the clouds blow by  
Down by your feet  
There is the warm sand  
That the water tries to reach  
But can't as it goes inland  
The fascinating ocean  
where the waves always lap  
with the parents on land  
so they can tan and nap

## **After a Snowfall** **Nadia Krzyzewski**

The world covered in white  
Cold and wetness everywhere  
A bright blue sky  
Leaving the sight to share.  
Each snowflake different  
As flurries fall down  
No more grass,  
No more brown,  
Just the beauty all around.  
Crisp and bitter frost  
So sudden  
From what yesterday lost.

## **Eternal Night** **Neaveha Salgado**

Eternal night  
The cool air glides  
Throughout the street.  
While the leaves fall  
I look at them as they land at my feet.  
The moon peeks out  
Like a sprout.  
The darkness in the room is chill  
as I lay on my back  
well the Moonlight in the room is still.  
The moon tends to takes a nap  
it's in the nice pitch black  
It's relaxed.

**Wintery Snowfall**  
**Nicholas Chavez**

The puffy snow falls  
On the desolate town.

The sidewalks begin to fill,  
The buildings with new white walls.

The soft pearl white snow begins to pile,  
To their houses people file.

Ancient hearts once again sing,  
Now that the children begin to spring.

Tremendous snow trucks begin their path,  
To set sticky salt along the coal colored track.

The soulfull village is at a hush,  
Knowing tomorrow will not be in a rush.

**The Sun**  
**Nicole Kaufman**

As the storm comes near  
The birds disappear  
People run inside  
As the leaves shake by  
Making loud noises  
Scaring the roses  
Hoping the storm passes by  
As people try to pass time  
Waiting for the sun to arrive  
As it's in a disguise  
Waiting for it to come  
As the birds are on a run  
Here it comes  
The Sun!

**The Beach**  
**Nikko Rucci**

At the beach  
Where the sea is blue  
The big waves  
Come crashing at you

The sand so warm  
Between your feet  
The beach is where  
The land and sea meet

You lay back  
And feel the warm breeze  
The beach is where you go  
To relax with ease

**Better than Most**  
**Olivia Farrell**

If you wake up in the morning  
with a roof over your head,  
while waiting for your day to start  
In a comfy bed;

If you have running water,  
clothes on your back  
along with some food  
and people in your pack;

If you have all these things  
And without a boast  
You are doing just fine  
Better than most

## **Animal Rights Julia Ruditsky**

We see them everywhere we go.  
Whether it's running around the house with a toy,  
or galloping gracefully on the gravel covered ground in the snow.

These beings of humanity are no different from a friend that you might know.  
Some have a horn, tail, gill, paw, wing, beak, and snout,  
but that doesn't mean taking their lives away is okay, just for some extra doe.

People treat these creatures like garbage.  
We shoot, then show their lifeless bodies off like trophies.  
If we continue on this road that we are on, then there will soon be less than a shortage.

How would you feel if you were being chased with a pointed bow and arrow?  
Your heart would be racing and filled with anxiety.  
so why should any innocent organism have to go through that kind of sorrow?

If animals had voices that we could understand, I'm sure we would hear it.  
They probably feel like their heads are buried under sand;  
This is something I cannot live with.

Now put the weapon down and take a step back, you might see them in a different way.  
These uniquely defined creations can actually be really cute,  
And it's definitely not worth taking their lives away.

Please take my word into consideration and think about what I've said.  
Animals are an amazing addition to earth's already abstract scenery.  
They shouldn't have to worry about being tucked away in a permanent dirt bed.

Our world's natural features are beautiful; let's not change a thing.  
However, if you can't stop using these creatures as target practice,  
Then don't start complaining when there are no woodpecker nailing trees or hummingbirds left to sing.

## **Being Happy With You Sarah Plummer**

Be confident and you'll shine like a star-  
People will look and think--  
I want to be how you are  
Deep inside people fake it  
You have to look your soul in the eye and not let anything tear you down  
It's like a dying flower because it doesn't get much rain-  
People degrade themselves and compare themselves to others-  
It's like a battle in your head--  
You're a flower and there's always some days it doesn't rain-  
but you have to stay strong and go with the wind  
When people see you bloom and grow to love yourself  
You'll shine-  
You'll be that star--  
You'll be that blooming flower--  
But mainly you will love you for just who you are

## **The Woods Sarah Ruggiero**

In the woods,  
There are trees all around.  
Each one full of leaves,  
That soon hit the ground.

The plants shake  
And you feel the breeze in your hair.  
You take a deep breath  
And smell the fresh air.

As you walk through,  
You hear the animals run.  
You continue your hike  
In the warm, summer sun.

**Assumptions**  
**Taina Muhammad**

Don't judge a book by its cover  
Tattoos mean they're unprofessional-  
Not to be employed  
Sagged pants mean they're a thug-  
Not to be trusted  
Books have pages in between their hard shell  
The picture on the front doesn't explain what's inside  
All of it is a symbol  
Just like his tattoo  
Those are his symbols of living  
And someone's pants do not explain who they are  
Their actions do.

**Anxiety**  
**Kamryn Dehart**

The feeling of anxiety can come in different waves--  
Butterflies fluttering through your stomach  
Making you jittery and nervous to even take your next step.  
It can also come in like a tsunami.  
Making you overflow with emotions  
Too much to handle sometimes  
Your hands getting extremely sweaty making you anxious to  
even speak a word.  
The only thing you can do is wait out the storm  
Count to 100--  
Sing the ABC's--  
Take a minute to catch your breath  
Do something to keep you occupied while you are waiting  
under your umbrella.

**Resting and Working**  
**Thomas Cannon**

If you can keep your head and all  
without making a mess  
And keep your mind relaxed  
with the best  
If you can tirelessly work for your job  
and be not distracted  
Drawing in on your great accomplishments  
with the rest of the thoughts contracted  
You will retire  
with a great story  
And-- you will leave Earth  
with everlasting glory!

**After the Snow**  
**Thomas Pullen**

Gray clouds subside  
Cold air blows by  
Trees covered in snow  
Where the birds lie  
Winter is treacherous  
With all this snow  
Roads are iced  
Everyone needs a tow  
People dress up  
To be warm  
The cold will do  
No harm



## **Tommy McChesney**

You look up  
At the mountains so high.  
As you shoot down the hill,  
You feel like you can fly.

The clouds come in  
There's snow all around.  
Little by little,  
The flakes hit the ground

The lifts bring you up  
Until you reach the top.  
You ski back down  
And wish you could never stop.

## **Space** **Xavier Lau**

An endless void  
At the edge of known  
Black and every consuming  
Where entropy sits atop the throne  
A sea of scrap  
Meteorites soaring by  
An infinitude of stars  
Makes us seem as small as a fly  
And as we look up  
And explore our universe at rapid pace  
Let us remember the name of the night sky  
The emptiness of space

## **Masterpiece** **Tyler Domanico**

The kids run outside,  
On a sunny day.  
Their parents call them  
In from play.  
The smell of supper  
Fills the air.  
As mom's new cooking  
Comes from dad's affair.  
The brown bricks  
Stood up strong.  
Birds on the roof  
Singing a song.  
Come to the door  
The opening to a masterpiece.  
Your family will always have your back  
Like a flock of geese.  
A bunch of bricks  
Can mean so much more,  
Because it is what is inside  
That you have to account for.

**Pennsylvania**  
**Emily Noviello**

I have a memory.

It screams far in the distance,  
Green lands as long as a river, spread throughout the state.  
Quiet surroundings; enhance the sound of horse “clicks” on  
black turf grounds.  
Fresh vegetables descended from nature, to be bought.  
Farmers engaged to the lands for replenishment. Pennsylvania,  
carries my memory.

Laughs of joy were a given upon this day.  
Family brought together talking up a storm, while the sun  
shone bright.  
Love fulfilled the air, and happiness was absorbed.  
The perfect day, that was soon to be over. Unforgettable.  
Pennsylvania, carries my memory.

**Star**  
**Julia Eidenberg**

I have a memory.  
I hear it sing  
With blinding lights  
And overpriced food.  
They shined like a star.  
The lights danced around them.

As everyone is in awe  
To see their favorite artist perform.  
Everyone is in sync singing.  
Taking in the moment.

Then to realize a rare chance  
That to be in the same space as them.  
The exhaustion hits as the last song plays.  
Then to never forget that feeling of happiness. There are  
stories here made of memory.

## **Why I Compose Harrison Swindel**

*I have a memory  
It lays in my room, by my laptop  
Late at night, with but a bottle of water  
My hand lay upon the mouse, clicking in notes and chords  
I was feeling it, this was a good one.*

*The piece started low, in the cello  
Walking in was the strings, then the brass  
Crescendo, diminuendo, woodwinds, violins  
There's a motif, it repeats, over and over  
Hours pass by, The night wanes into the morning  
8 minutes and 12 seconds, the music was gold*

*It's a rare experience, one that is often hard fought for  
It's memories like this that motivate me  
That remind me why I compose.  
For when I lay in my room, late at night  
There are stories here made of memory.*

## **The Beach Kamryn Dehart**

I have a memory,  
That reminds me of a cloudless day.  
The waves crashing, and a tide of laughter coming over my  
family and I.  
Feet in the soft golden sand.  
The warm bright rays of sunlight reflecting upon our fair skin.  
The ocean was begging to dance with my family and I.  
Everything was so still.  
The first feeling of serenity we all had felt in awhile.

Everyone wailing around with laughter, and playing in the  
crashing waves.  
It made me realize my love for the beach.  
Two things standing right before me are the two things I love  
most.  
That is, my family and the beach.  
The memory of everyone being present.  
The memory of everyone feeling extreme happiness.  
The memory of feeling on cloud nine.  
This is a memory I will like to hold onto forever.  
There are stories here made of memory.

**Pumpkins**  
**Samantha Weisselberg**

I have a memory.

The pumpkins smiling at me,  
We start looking for the perfect pumpkin one by one. And found a few,  
that weighs a ton. The leaves on the ground are almost as orange as the pumpkins.

The air was cold and crisp. The wind whispering in my ear.  
Smelling the warm doughnuts, and apple cider waiting for us.  
As we bring our two large pumpkins up to pay,  
We are told it's as much as an arm or leg!

On the outside it seems cold, but with my warm sweaters,  
and boots make me feel warm inside.  
We feel so much joy from the pretty leaves,  
and the cold breeze.

The tall scarecrows were staring down at us,  
as we walked through the haunted maze.  
It all felt so spooky, but that's what made it fun.  
There are stories here made of memory.

**Florida**  
**Sarah Plummer**

I have a memory

It talks to my future,  
Plans a fulfilled life.  
It follows along the gulf coast, it may catch your eye.  
From New Jersey to there,  
the states change in a blink, before you know it  
I arrive. I feel the sun calling my name,  
the palm trees dance for me.  
Everyone around lives life around the ocean.  
A boat, college, family, and summer all around  
Is everything I see for future me.

My heart comes to foresee what I have ahead for me.  
My heart comes to foresee what I have ahead for me.  
My future has hopes and dreams.

The state calls my name and always greets me with a bright  
yellow smile  
My family looks and sees a forever home,  
Leaving behind nothing and taking the boat  
It as a future for me as I walk around my soul tells me this is  
it,  
You need to come home.  
Everytime I hear future, I stop and my heart talks to me  
Only one thing to ever say,  
Florida is on its way.

There are stories here made of memory.

## Meeting My Internet Friends Taylor Davis

I have a memory.  
Lost in a large crowd looking for someone to call a friend.  
For almost a year.  
And finally finding and seeing them is a memory I will never forget.  
Through my phone and computer I hear their voices close to me even if they are all far.  
Looking through many crowds, a screaming fighting crowd.  
But one crowd is peaceful.  
Crowds of people that look alike, but our crowd is different.  
A group of all different people.  
That ranges from New Jersey to Illinois to other places.

When times are rough we help each other out.  
We slowly rebuild each other even if we are miles away from each other.  
For us distance doesn't matter.  
Even if we are far apart we consider each other almost as a family.  
A small family.  
But the smaller it is the more memories to be made.

The lights that guide us are the lights from our phones at the moment, but I know we will meet again.  
The crowds are different people we meet everyday.  
Even if we are almost an hour away or a few states apart from each other, when we talk, I feel like I'm closer.  
Soon enough that vision will come true.  
One day.  
One day we will be able to walk around Six Flags together again, go to Texas and Illinois and even more places now.  
We can travel together or go farther.  
Maybe go to new places we have never been to before or met anyone from before.

## Blue Cyara Thomas

I have a memory.  
Cold white sand, cold white lies.  
Where the breeze is strong yet gentle,  
loud crashing water, yet still and calming.  
Adrenaline runs through our veins  
Runs like the blue with lights that follow.  
  
Respiring from the fall; the bush has my back.  
Lights of neurotic essence follow.  
Restrained in silence while my mind is splitting ears.  
My forebearer is a house that protects me.

Eyes begging to be free.  
Drowning in failure.  
Hope perched throughout the soul.  
The mooned smiled at the stars in the sky,  
And sudden release, my agitation was my hero  
and then it was over, like nothing ever happened.

**Elk Lake**  
**Matteo Spinelli**

I have a memory.

One night, we laid our words down to rest.  
Centered within the mountains of Pennsylvania.  
Elk Lake circled by Old Glories, Upon each vessel.  
There was no Left, or Right, we were united.  
Cheering for our home team, and their valor to  
protect.  
We introduced a boom and crackle of indepen-  
dence.  
On this night, we were one. Celebrating what we  
become.  
We were hungry for pride.

The pride screeched along the commonwealth,  
and the nation, for the whole spherical world to  
catch.  
The racket never reached its limits, it wasn't  
enough.  
Over the echoing bangs, was the strain of pride.  
We as a pack chanted along, with nothing short of  
pride.  
Along the ripples, appears a tint of red, white, and  
blue,  
There are stories here made by memory.

**Puppy Love**  
**Ellie Cavico**

I have a memory  
of my heart jumping for joy,  
excitement blanketed over everyone in the car,  
Trees flying by as we go.  
As we get closer  
I can picture her face.  
The face of our new family member.  
We arrive.  
We release her from her cage  
and we realize,  
that this dog will be in our hearts forever.  
Even after she is in the ground we will look back  
and remember that she had changed our lives in the best  
way possible  
there are stories here made of memory.

**Dance**  
**Emily Kalin**

I have a memory  
  
Of a place I have known my whole life.  
A place where I feel the most at home.  
With my dance teachers as my role models.  
And my team as my best friends.  
I feel like I am in my own world.  
Stress is released off my shoulders.  
Nothing else matters.  
The music moves through me.  
All of us synchronized.  
We fly with our feet.

There are stories here made of memory.