

Words from the Woods 2023



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April Is

National

pō-é-

Month



Words from the Woods

The Lake Placid Institute has sponsored the Great Adirondack Young People’s Poetry Program since 1998. We have been blessed with enthusiastic support from teachers, prominent poets who have served as judges, parents, and most of all, the freshness and enthusiasm of our young poets. Over 200 poems were received from students living or attending schools in or around the Adirondack Park, grades K through 12, and this booklet is made up of poems chosen for their special merit.



The 2023 Judge

The judge is a local poet, *lover of poetry* and member of **The Poetry Group of Saranac Lake**. The public is invited to their monthly Poetry Gathering at the Saranac Lake Free Library every 4th Monday. You may call (518) 891-4190 for further information

Judith Coopy retired to the North Country after returning from China where she taught English for twelve years and is a published poet and author! As a USN veteran she is an award winning poet in the VA Health Care System's Creative Arts Therapy program. She has participated in poetry readings and storytelling in the North Country. Coopy is looking forward to the publication of her soon to be completed military themed poetry chapbook. In 2019, another of her poems became a song and was registered with the American Society of Composers, Authors & Publishers.



Second Grade

"Cat"

Once there was a cat
that sat on a mat
That cat had a hat
and that is that



Tilly Wellford

Grade 2

Teacher: Mrs. Donna Sawyer

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

"CHARLES THE DRAGON"

I KNOW A DRAGON WITH A WAGON.
HE LIVES IN A LITTLE CABIN.
THE WAGONS NAME IS HARL.
THE DRAGON'S NAME IS CHARLES.
AND THEY BOTH HAVE A FRIEND NAMED PAGUN.



GRADY KRAENGEL

GRADE: 2

TEACHER: MISS MARY FRANCES BECK

ST. THERESE ACADEMY

NICHOLVILLE, NY

Third Grade

“Pie’s Dream”

Pepper pocket goodness
Take a piece of pie
Leave it on the doorstep
Guard it safe by eye
Don’t let feasts aboard it
Make sure it doesn’t mold
Temptations lift up so high
Dance with the widow
Fear, luck, té tai
Look out the window
I dream of sudden warping
Heavy dreams let go
Then I feel the wind, oh
Then it is the end, oh



Oh, the end

**Eloise Ruttan
Grade 3**

**Teacher: Mrs. Winch
Lake Placid Elementary School
Lake Placid, NY**

“Green”

**I see the pretty green trees
I smell a sweet green apple
I taste the sweet green sugar cookie
I hear the frogs ribbiting in the background
I touch the soft grass.**



Evvie OBrian

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Bonville & Mrs. LaBombard

Peru Elementary

Peru, NY

**Buttery Popcorn
Buttery, Weird Shaped
Popping, Grunching, Eating
Yummy Buttery Popcorn
Popcorn**



Annabella Vallee

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Bonville & Mrs. LaBombard

Peru Elementary

Peru, NY

I AM

I am as...

As hungry as an ant. 🐜

As full as a pig. 🐷

As loud as whistle at a basketball game. 🏀

As quiet as a mouse. 🐭

As creative as an inventor. 🧑🏫

As bored as an eight year old on a rainy day. ☁️

As fast as a cheetah. 🐆

As slow as a sloth. 🦥

As sweet as a donut. 🍩

As funny as a puppy. 🐶

As tired as a teacher at the end of the day. 🧑🏫

As smart as an octopus. 🐙

As helpful as a mom washing dishes. 🧼

Maple Jane Judd

Grade 3

Teacher: Ms. Patricia McCormick

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

“PEACE”

PEACE FEELS LIKE SOFT CLOUDS.

PEACE SMELLS LIKE FLOWERS.

PEACE LOOKS LIKE MY DOGS.

PEACE TASTES LIKE CANDY.

PEACE SOUNDS LIKE THE OCEAN.

PEACE SOUNDS LIKE THE WIND.

PEACE LOOKS LIKE ROSES.

PEACE LOOKS LIKE MY ELF, SNOWFLAKE.

PEACE SOUNDS LIKE SANTA’S REINDEER.

PEACE LOOKS LIKE A BRIGHT GREEN TREE.

PEACE LOOKS LIKE THE SNOW.

JULIET BARRETO

GRADE 3

TEACHER: Ms. PATRICIA MCCORMICK

KEENE CENTRAL SCHOOL

KEENE VALLEY, NY



Fourth Grade

"I Got a Story to Tell"

I've been around the fifty states
And I got a little story to tell

I live in Maine and traveled south ...
To learn about the Civil War
I've been to Virginia
Alabama
North Carolina
Mississippi
And Texas too
I've seen the flags go up
and I've seen the flags go down.

I've been around the world
And I've seen so many
War grounds
from WWI to
WWII.

It makes me think about the past
And all of the wars
It makes me want to make better decisions
So the wars can end
And peace can be a thing for the world.

Now that's my little story to tell.

Liam Estes
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Brad Clark
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY





“Basketball”

Slam dunk
Left, Right
Jump shot
Crossover
Boston Celtics
3 point shot
Swoosh
Swish
Nothing but net
Free throw
Full court press
NBA
WNBA
NCAA
Basketball

Cooper Favro
Grade 4
Teacher: Mr. Brad Clark
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY

“My Bunny”

I feel her
fur. I smell
her sweet
smell. I hear
her breathing
in and out. I see
her little face
and then I know
she loves me too

Ryleigh Bassarab
Grade 4
Homeschool
Keene, NY



Fifth Grade

"The Adirondacks, a Winter Wonderland"

Hitting the jumps on the slopes.
In the cozy cabin listening to the animals.
Racing on snowshoes with friends.
Making hot chocolate with my Mom.
On the mountain looking at the scenery.



Julia Andes
Grade: 5
Teacher: Paula Jones
J.M. McKenney Middle School
Canton, NY

"I Wonder Why"

I wonder why my hair grows fast,
I wonder why weekends won't last.

I wonder why the moons out at night,
I wonder why they made a kite.

I wonder why I like to run,
I wonder why this is so fun.

I wonder why I read my books,
I wonder why they crack the crooks.

I wonder why we like our time,
I wonder why you like this rhyme.

Ollie Miller-Valovic
Grade 5
Teacher: Ms. Jenn Jicha
Keene Central School
Keene Valley, NY



"SeaWings"

SeaWings

Shimmer in the sunlight
Rule over the ocean blue
Quite a lovely sight
Marine animals they pursue
Swift and quick below rivers
Breathe underwater like fish
In cold water they don't get shivers
Royal members have wing patterns that swish
Speak a secret language
Can be named from some natural disasters
In flooded areas they have an advantage
Some are born as spell casters
They certainly love pools
And also love jewels

Corinne Lindert

Grade 5

Teacher: Erin LaClair

Northern Adirondack Central School

Ellenburg Depot, NY



zTheDragonRebornz.deviantart.com

MOUSE IN MY PANTS

SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SHRIEK!
MOUSE IN MY PANTS,
DO A LITTLE DANCE,
HE HIDES, HE BITES,
AND GIVES ME THE FRIGHTS!
SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SHRIEK!
MOUSE IN MY PANTS,
DO A LITTLE PRANCE,
CALL IN THE CAT
TO CATCH THAT DIRTY RAT!
SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SHRIEK!
MOUSE IN MY PANTS,
DO A LITTLE-
OH, OUT HE GOES!

SULLEY JUDD
GRADE 5
TEACHER: HALEY JUDD
HOMESCHOOL
PERU, NY



"The Forest's Day"

Early in the morning, the trees wake up
Their leaves rustling as they stretch, ready for the day
Drinking the dew from their natural bark cups
They do a swinging dance no signs of dismay
The birds softly sing soprano songs of joy
Elated that the comforting glow of sunrise is back
The foxes play like school girls and boys
The squirrels store acorns with no slack
As morning shifts to evening, the mood does too
Bears are tired after foraging, ready to sleep
Nighttime gets everyone excited to feel new
Once the forest is sleeping, the silence feels complete
The sound of night
Is such a delight

Kiah Cole

Grade 5

Teacher: Erin LaChair

Northern Adirondack Central School

Ellenburg Depot, NY

"In the Shadow of an Oak Tree"

In the shadow of an oak there sleeps a fox pup.
The most beautiful pup,
It's coat silky white and a jade green.
Soft light flakes of snow slowly drift down from the clouds,
the fox sleeps deep in a warm den.
Her mother lies curled up against her breathing in and out deeply.
The fox woke up and slowly yawned,
her jaw stretching wide her eyes peered open full of curiosity.
She looked sound and looked up at the light and smelled scents
that were new to her.
She walked up and out of the den.
She saw a white world, a wonderful white world. Icicles hangin
from the trees snowflakes gently floated in the air.
She breathed in and thought to herself a wonderful white world.

Cora Nebesnik

Grade 5

Teacher: Mrs. Peryea

Northern Adirondack Central School

Ellenburg Depot, NY

Sixth Grade

"FUN IN FALL"

LEAVES FALLING
DOWN

DOWN

DOWN

IN A PILE OF COLORS RED, ORANGE, YELLOW & BROWN, CHILDREN
JUMPING IN THE PILE BURYING EACH OTHER.

HAVING

FUN

FUN

FUN

IN A PILE OF COLORS.

JUMPING, THROWING, BURYING, HAVING

FUN

FUN

FUN

SMILING, LAUGHING & HAVING

FUN

FUN

FUN

AUTUMN

What a beautiful season

JOSIE WHITNEY

GRADE 5

TEACHER: MRS. MEGAN WELLFORD

KEENE CENTRAL SCHOOL

KEENE VALLEY, NY



“Along The Way”

Life flies by
Like eagles in the sky
So don't waste time
Keep your head up high
And you may just thrive

But if you feel mad or even sad,
Keep on going
Life will pick you up along the way.
Like rivers flow, you will grow
When the sun rises
you'll rise along too

Everywhere you go,
All of the traffic jams and let downs
Won't stop you
You'll be fine
Because you know
You'll be on your way.

Brody Harrell

Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Megan Wellford

Keene Central School

Keene Valley, NY

"Lunar Light"

When I look up into the sky,
I see the beautiful moon on high,
Shining like a sun at night
The world bathed in its blazing light.
The cities of the world below,
Reflect its mighty light, I know,
Then I hear the lonely loon
Swimming in the light of the moon.
So when I lay my life to rest,
The moon will shine its very best,
Where the moonlight finds its way,

Maximus Burns

Grade 6

Teacher: Mrs. Kari McCarty

St. Therese Academy

Nicholville, NY

**You are now free to rest.
You have flown from the nest.
Now the wings of an angel reside on your back.
Your love is forever in my heart.
Even when we part.**

**You were strong but it was stronger.
Now you no longer linger.
No one could compare.
The truth is that you are a true angel that always did care.
No matter how hard something was, you were the warrior that over-
came it.**

**Now no matter how dark it may be, you still shine.
You have impacted me in amazing ways.
You taught me to walk.
You taught me how to talk.
I wouldn't be here without you.
Thank you Mother.**


Sophia Iten-Hawxhurst

Grade 6

Teacher: Sarah Kingzack & Kristen Fiegl

Boquet Valley Central School

Elizabethtown, NY



“Thoughts of the Woods”

In the woods I feel free, as if I have a world full of possibility. With the sounds of rushing water, it's much different from a swaying tower. The sounds of chirping birds are much different from human herds.

The feel of twigs beneath my feet is much different from concrete. With the smell that plants produce, it's much different than a sip of juice. With the darkness of the woods, it is more pleasing than canned goods.

With the silence of the woods, it helps me learn that I need no guidance. With the taste of raspberries it reminds me of the bodies I have buried.

Though the woods might make one distraught, or bring to a sour thought, the woods will always guide me.

Peter Church
Grade 6
Teacher: Sharon Bainbridge
Seton Catholic Central School
Plattsburgh, NY

Seventh Grade

"Conclusion"

Everyone gets scared,
Even of fate,
Though some fear comes from dreams themselves.
Someone would want to be a writer,
And might be blind when they're older,
But we all need to work with our disadvantages
sometimes to get our conclusion.
They can use braille, and
They still can reach for the stars.
A deaf person could start a talk show.
Giving up is not our conclusion!
Finding a way to talk with our talents makes us stronger,
Even in the dark times,
There's always a way to make a dream come true.
Make your own path if you need.
That sounds like a conclusion to me.

Callie Mailloux

Grade 7

Teacher: Ms. McKeller-Jones

Chateaugay Central School

Chateaugay, NY

"Change Our World"

If I could change the world
Big bombs wouldn't burst
People wouldn't be driving bonkers
If I could change the world
Homeless would have homes
The beggars wouldn't have to beg
If I could change the world
I'd change it
If I could be the change
I'd be it
But not now
How would I, a 12-year-old, do such a big thing
When I can, we'll all fly

Lexi Bauer
Grade 7
Teacher: Mrs. Decker
Galway Central School
Galway, NY



Eighth Grade

“One Good Friend”

The struggle of your everyday life is
fear of being judged for what you look like.
You always worry about how your hair looks
or how your outfit looks.

People will tell you that nobody cares
about your appearance, that you're just overreacting.
You walk through the halls of the school
that you've known for a while.

You see the people you call friends,
but you never really know what they think of you.
Everyone around you starts to seem
like an unfamiliar blur.

Then there is that one person that
silences all the noise, all the criticism.
That one good friend who is always there
and always will be.

That friend you know you can trust with anything.



Katie Robbins
Grade 8
Teacher: Melissa Orzechowski
North Country School
Lake Placid, NY

“In the Apple Tree”

**Running from the yard,
down the muddy spring path.
Whether I was
sad,
happy, or
confused.
It is there.
And I race
towards it.
My arms wrap around it.
I embrace my apple tree.
It smells
like bark and unripe apples.
My heart beats
against its trunk.
And I feel safe.
So one foot
after the other,
I climb.
Up to my special spot.
Dangling my feet.
And I tell the tree
my troubles,
my triumphs.
I tell my tree
everything.
And sometimes we just sit.
Calm, quiet, and
happy.**

**Sadie Burgess
Grade 8**

**Teacher: Sarah Kingzack & Kristen Fiegl
Boquet Valley Central School
Elizabethtown, NY**



**Love, Banter, Memories
I could love you
I do love you
Our banter, our memories
I would never give them up
But you can't love me
You don't love me
Our banter, our memories
You'd give them away
any day
the thoughts in my head
are better off dead
Never making it out of
my mouth
to your ears.**

Arianna Sartell

Grade 8

**Teacher: Kristin Sheridan
Hudson Falls Middle School
Hudson Falls, NY**

Ninth Grade

"The Pond"

▪Spring▪

I walk along the stone path
To end up at the pond
The smell of flowers in the air
Rain clouds in the distance
I look around me
I see trees dancing in the wind
Birds swooping all around
Deer frolicking in the long grass
Fish jumping to catch airborne insects
The first taste of sun and warmth
After a long winter
The water is thawed and full of life

▪Summer▪

I ride my bike down the path
I end up at the pond
I smell the barbeques in the air
Fresh cut grass all around me
The sky is clear and bright blue
Not a cloud in sight
Sweat forms on my brow
I look around me
I see trees as still as statues
Baking in the summer sun
Rabbits hopping near the pond
The birds resting in the trees
The water warm and clear
Yet somehow cool and refreshing all at once

▪Fall▪

I walk down the path
I end up at the pond
The scent of freshly fallen leaves lingers in the
air
I look around me
Leaves swirling in the autumn breeze
The trees will be bare soon
Piles of different colored leaves scattered across
the ground
I see the squirrels collecting food to store for
winter

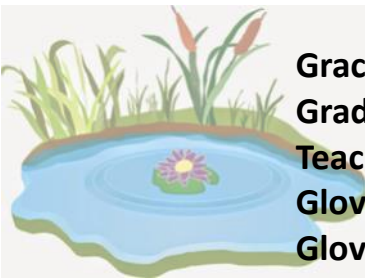
And the fish start to slow down
The water is colder but still clear

▪Winter▪

I walk down the path
I end up at the pond
I feel my face getting cold
Condensation forming on my scarf with every
breath I take
There's a frosty chill in the air
The sky is gray and cloudy
I look around
I see trees with no leaves
White covering every surface
People ice-skating
On the thick frozen pond
The water, dark underneath the ice
▪End▪

Gracie Moore
Grade 9

Teacher: Ms. Stephanie Alam
Gloversville High School
Gloversville, NY



Wishes and Dreams

I wish I could bake.

All the sweet confections, i'd make.

I wish I could be someone.

But dare I become one?

I wish I could have a hammer.

Maybe I could build myself anew, would it stop my stammer?

The day I stop wishing, is the day I grow.

Like a flower from the soil, deep down below.

Sss. The soil hisses at me as I pass through.

And it asks who?

I don't know.

Aedin Durant

Grade 9

Teacher: Ms. Stephanie Alam

Gloversville High School

Gloversville, NY



“BROKEN LOVE”

I FELL FOR A BOY
HE WAS MY FRIEND
MY BEST FRIEND
HE DIDN'T KNOW MY FEELINGS
TIME WOULD SOON REVEAL THEM
I TESTED OUR FRIENDSHIP
AND CONFESSED
I TRUSTED
HE LIED
WENT TO SEE HIM
AND GOT FALSE HOPE
I FINALLY SAW THE TRUTH
HIS ACTIONS PROVED HIS WORDS WRONG
I LOST MY FRIEND
MY LOVE
I'M SHATTERED AND BROKEN
I WILL HEAL AND STAND AGAIN
THE FIRST HEARTBREAK IS OVER

JADYN KLOSTER
GRADE 9
TEACHER: LESLIE SHELDON
WATERTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
WATERTOWN, NY



Tenth Grade

“On Spring”

*People always write of spring
As if it's some miraculous thing,
Never heard or seen before,
Even though there seems to be more
Poems about it than anything else
Except, maybe, death.*



*I don't want to be like everyone else, so—
I'll tell you how Adirondack springs go:
Snow, then no snow, and leaves as brown as fall;
You put on a sweater, and find you don't need it at all;
A stream that's flowing, and then it's not;
The weather's freezing cold, then a very dry hot.*

*BUT something must be said for those poets of old:
For I find that I, despite the cold,
Love spring almost as much as each of them did,
And am just as glad to finally be rid
Of the ice and snow
And the whipping winds that blow
In winter.*

Lily Gorgas

Grade 10

Teacher: Cynthia Gorgas

Homeschool

Vermontville, NY



“HALF-HEART SHAPED BOX”



you hold my heart in your hands,
like it is yours to keep

you bear your torch to light my heart;
kissing all my ugly scars

you heal my soul with every touch,
every word is just
enough.

but when your torch
is no longer bearing any light;
kissing all my ugly scars

you humiliate my soul with every touch,
every word is not enough

every kiss a new scar on my heart;
slicing it in two,
like half belongs to you

so I'll cry.
beg.
plead.

plead for you to stop holding my heart,
for it is no longer yours to keep.

but it's like a shiny new toy,
and your such a selfish boy

watching you play with my heart
until you grow tired

watching you take out a half-heart shaped box

and place mine inside

so I'll cry.
beg.
plead.

plead for you to take my heart out of that box,
for it is no longer yours to keep

but like always
you don't hear my pleas;

taking your stupid half-heart shaped box away from me

watching you place your box in the closet,
Like a dull old toy you'll soon learn to forget

leaving me and your stupid half heart-shaped box

in the back of your closet
left to rot.

Kaydance Bernard
Grade 10
Teacher: Nicole White
Brushton-Moira Central School
Brushton, NY

“Decay.”

last lithe layer of leather
sloughing off in supple streaks
down the drain, drying to a dull.

not a knife to do such a trick,
but time itself, and it's hunger for young.

flesh.
flea bitten to forgotten Rot.
disease-ridden till pulled apart
in the arms of a mass grave.
maggots mouthed into your throat,
choking chunks of white worm.

Disease does not debate of the many mysteries
lying under that last lithe layer of smooth skin,
waiting to spread its thick fingered hands hoarsely upon throat and gut and
the inside.

Pestilence and Pathogens and Poison.
do not ponder the blood-borne streaks and illness that their ire brings,
breathing its evil effect down, down, until half-living tissue is grey,
and dead tissue is dirt.

This is the essence of Decay.

Ell Van Deusen
Grade 10
Lake Champlain Waldorf School, VT
Lives in Essex, NY

“high tide”

in you I found the peace not a single other soul was able to find
in you I found hope that you were true and kind
all I had to do was take the time
but slowly I realized that I'd only seen the top of the wading water
that underneath the surface lay a whirl pool of lies
I never fully uncovered them
before you were you sucked underneath the tide
I watched you drown because there was no hope left to help me
save you
winter came leaving a blanket of ice over the memory of you
but once that ice melted there you were
a different person, unrecognizable
the water that had filled your lungs brought something new
you've come to understand that it's not safe to go into the high tide
you understand to the deepest of depths that you hadn't swam hard
enough
But I can tell that the time you spent frozen
you finally let go of the inhumane creatures holding you back
but even though the creatures left
I know you still look for them in me

Alexa Markowicz
Grade 10
Teacher: Eric Dubay
Peru Central School
Peru, NY



Eleventh Grade

"Moon"

I have only ever squinted
Fingrily at the sun,
while I appreciate the warmth,
I cannot stand to look for longer
Then a glance

But the moon
I look at the moon
My gaze that
Of wonder,
I would watch
The moon all night if
I could,
At night when the world is quiet,
And the moon speaks,
A beautiful sonnet,
With no one to bare witness.

I wish I could look at the sun
The way I look at the moon,
I wish I could be awestruck
By the beauty,
But I sit with sun-soaked skin
From my time spent in its rays,
Longing for a peek at the
Stories of the past a story in a sonnet
Something the sun could never
compose.

Vivienne Way

Grade II

Teacher: Mrs. Jennifer Goodwin

Beekmantown High School

West Chazy, NY

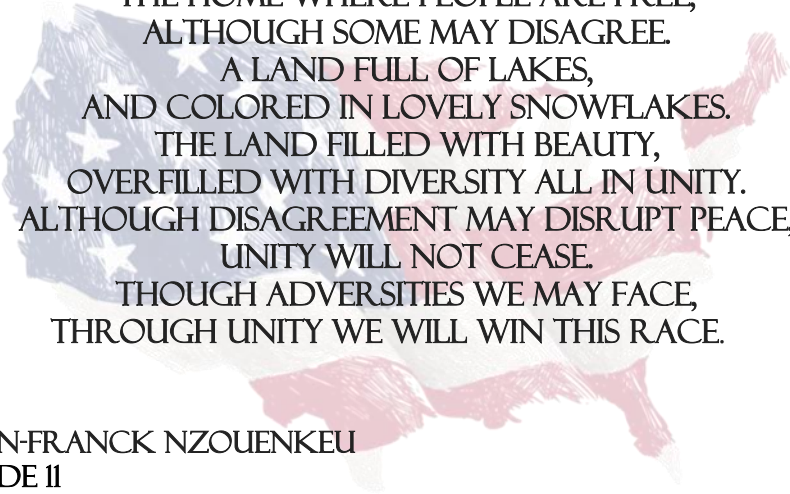
“The Strength of Commonality”

America is composed of the ordinary
We see stars and celebrities
Captured in news and in print
But who really matters is the common man
Yes, the teacher, the truck driver, the milkman
The oil rigger, the bricklayer, the farmer
The dreamer, the freedom fighter, the poet
Lives not documented in the limelight of fame
Existences that serve as the foundation of our land
Stories as diverse as the sundry landscape they occupy
E Pluribus Unum
The decree that rings out across the land
Out of many, one
That is what Mr. Adams said
That is what Mr. Jefferson said
That is what Mr. Roosevelt said
That is what Dr. King said
That is the motto that echos in the heart of every steel worker
and every Congressman
Out of many, one

Tyler Wood
Grade 11
Teacher: Mrs. Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY




“THE AMERICA OF TODAY”



THE HOME WHERE PEOPLE ARE FREE,
ALTHOUGH SOME MAY DISAGREE.
A LAND FULL OF LAKES,
AND COLORED IN LOVELY SNOWFLAKES.
THE LAND FILLED WITH BEAUTY,
OVERFILLED WITH DIVERSITY ALL IN UNITY.
ALTHOUGH DISAGREEMENT MAY DISRUPT PEACE,
UNITY WILL NOT CEASE.
THOUGH ADVERSITIES WE MAY FACE,
THROUGH UNITY WE WILL WIN THIS RACE.

JASON-FRANCK NZOUEKOU
GRADE 11
TEACHER: MRS. KERRY BURDO
BEEKMANTOWN HIGH SCHOOL
WEST CHAZY, NY

“Frosted Pasture”



Summer days shorten
Autumn creeps up
The mornings cool
Spring lambs are grown
The leaves have turned
Pasture slows its grow
Morning dew is heavy
It begins to be chilled
The light shines
The frosted pasture
It glistens in the morning
Scattered with ewes
Grazing the Frosted Pasture

Colin Anderson
Grade 11
Teacher: Kristin Ostrander
Galway High School
Galway, NY

Twelfth Grade

“The Life of a Tree”

Starting out simple, just a seed in the ground
Soon becoming a sprout, mostly hidden and unfound
After months and years of unending development
The sprout becomes a sapling, quite elegant
Many years soon pass
The tree growing ever so fast
A mature tree now stands tall and proud
Surely the tallest in the crowd
The years continue to fly by
The tree's children slowly rise to the sky
Eventually growing taller and stronger
Than their parent, who grows no longer
Moss grows slowly and decay creeps in
The mature tree becomes a broken stag, very thin
Eventually, after decades pass along
The tree returns back to the soil, where it belongs
And as the old stag steadily departs
A new seed is planted, and the cycle restarts

Caleb Eagan

Grade 12

Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown High School
West Chazy, NY



“Depression”

I wake up
Drowning in black
Too heavy, can't swim
Therefore I am trapped

This is my life
My hell on earth
My life's punishment
For daring to exist

There are people
Walking above
They can't see me
So I don't yell

Slowly I sink
Surrounded in darkness
I cannot breath
This is the end

But I'm still here
Somehow alive
No crashing or thrashing
I don't understand

Why am I here
I don't want to be
I'm hurt
And I want it to stop

But alas I remain
The pain numbs
I can breathe
I begin to rise

I now walk above
With the others
My feet still sink
So I'm left short

Nobody knows
I don't tell them
They don't notice
Or they just don't care

My smile returns
Albeit small
It is there
But nobody cares



Depression Continued:

Who needs them
They're all fake
They claim blindness
But I saw them stare

When I was drowning
They paid me no mind
They saw I was dying
But they moved past

I'll make it alone
Despite my pain
Take it on the chin
Ignoring it all

Some days I sink
Back into the black
These days I struggle
But I always come back



I met some people
Who struggle as well
I call them "friends"
They make me tall

They don't know
They saved my life
I shouldn't be here
But I'm glad I am

My time once short
Has now become long
I died in the night
But I rise at dawn

I've grown so much
Feel 1,000 feet tall
And though I may sink
I will never fall

Riaien Gavin

Grade 12

Teacher: Sharon Leavens

South Glens Falls Senior

High School

South Glens Falls, NY

"Satellites"

My Mother is a Moose.
She is majestic and caring, calm and powerful
Her presence shines through the trees, a glowing aura of hope and inspiration
She stands, resolute - impossible to ignore

My Father is a Bear.
He is strong and protective, mighty and mild
The slightest snap of underbrush sends him to my side, his care thinly masked,
but I know better
He stands, a barrier - a force to be reckoned with

They sit atop my bed, however far from home I may be
Little stuffed animals with glass eyes and fuzzy feet, worn from years of comfort
I see them in these little creatures, however silly it may seem

The calming reassurance that I am loved
My mother is the Wind.
The perfect balance between a raging hurricane and a soothing breeze
For some, she demands you seek shelter; for others, she offers comfort in the
lightest of touches
She is the gentle force against my back, leading on to better days

My Father is the Water.
He has built me a boat from hope, lashed together by unwavering support
He guides me with gentle currents, never demanding more than the
promise that I stay afloat
Suggesting and conceding as quickly as the tides, limitless in his power

My Mother is the Earth.
She holds glittering gems in her palms, offering them to me in all of their
glorious potential
She holds my hand through the underground, full of its pitfalls and mountains,
up to the sun
rest high above the ground in the tree she has grown for me, carnelian in each
eye and hand

Satellites Continued:

My Father is Fire.

His temper rivals my own, a gift from birth, but I am happy to burn
He weaves tapestries of pirates on vast seas and eyes crawling in the
darkness from every corner
His words stoke the fire in my chest, lulling me to sleep, cozy and
comfortable despite the cold

They work together - wind and water, earth and fire
The calming guide in my sails and under my feet, the hand ever
faithfully pointing North
The ocean leads me to the island for hurricane days; the wind takes me
where the water cannot
The earth created the ever-burning passion in my chest; the fire stokes it

My Mother is the Sun.

Shining with life and love. Burning and inventive, driven and purposeful.
She blinds if you look too long, undoubtedly destined to create daring
worlds and dreamscapes
She is all I want to be.

My Father is the Moon.

Looming against the black sky. Strong and loving, powerful and diplomatic.
Wherever I am, he will always be there amid the darkness, a force of calm and trust
He is all I want to be.

Sun and Moon. Night and day. Work and rest. Excitement and peace.
My hopes and dreams are theirs, just as satellites gaze upon the earth
Watching with joy and pride, a constant reminder of everything I want to be
My Moose and Bear. My Mom and Dad.

Sarah Dworman
Grade 12
Teacher: Ms. Stephanie Alam
Gloversville High School
Gloversville, NY

“Earth’s Memory”

I spent many hours of many nights digging through familiar soil,
Digging until the Sun awoke and cast bountiful light,
I would create something beautiful; a gift to humanity.
Like flame, I would take them from the dark,
And open their minds that are ever fractured,
Awaken creature!

Tis I, born horrific, dejected at my very own sight, the creature,
No matter how open my eyes, I feel as if I can only see dark,
A thick blackness, derived from nothingness, buried underneath the soil.
I only wish to find the light;
Though the light is far, further than the bridge into humanity.
I am the furthest from them, those worms that call themselves human,
yet their own meaning is fractured.

With no choice but to run after viewing my abhorrent creation,
I fled into the dark,
Not to come back until my footprints fade from the soil.
Only after reconsideration, I should make my way back,
expecting to find my laboratory fractured.
I found myself in shock, as Clerval found me, the savior of my humanity.
He and I returned, there was no damage but an anxiety bloomed within me,
as powerful as God’s light,
I needed to find the creature.

Outside is cold, unforgiving, and dark,
Only if I could find some light,
But my feet feel sunk into the soil,
And there are mysterious sounds coming from the woods around me,
I think I see a creature,
I stepped on a branch, and it fractured,
The creature ran, thinking I must have been part of humanity.

Earth's Memory Continued:

**A letter from my Father, dearest William has been murdered,
making my family grow dark,
An event such as this would leave us forever fractured,
Possibly even to lose our humanity.
William will be buried beneath the soil,
I thought of the creature,
And how I dug up corpses and took them from Heaven's light.**

**Before that insolent child's death, I found light
Hiding in the cottagers hovel, watching as they made me
fall in love with humanity,
Even so, when revealing myself to them,
they resented my appearance and my heart fractured.
I quitted to my hovel, to sit in the dark,
I knew then, that I was to hate humanity,
and they were taken from their pedestal in the light,
I followed Victor, my creator, watching his life in the
memory of the Earth's soil.**

**I hate you creature! I abhor your face, disgusting and fractured,
Then I shall send you deep into the abyss; to the dark,
never again to see the light!
Cover me in soil, you cannot strip me of my humanity.**

**Nathan Danton
Grade 12
Teacher: Mrs. Kerry Burdo
Beekmantown Central School
West Chazy, NY**

“love”



Lots of people think their
In love

Do they love each other
Or love being in love?

The touch. The feeling. The comfort

I love my mom

I love my dad

I love my dog

But being in love is different
Than loving someone.

My first love wasn't real

He was, but the touch,

The feeling and the comfort wasn't.

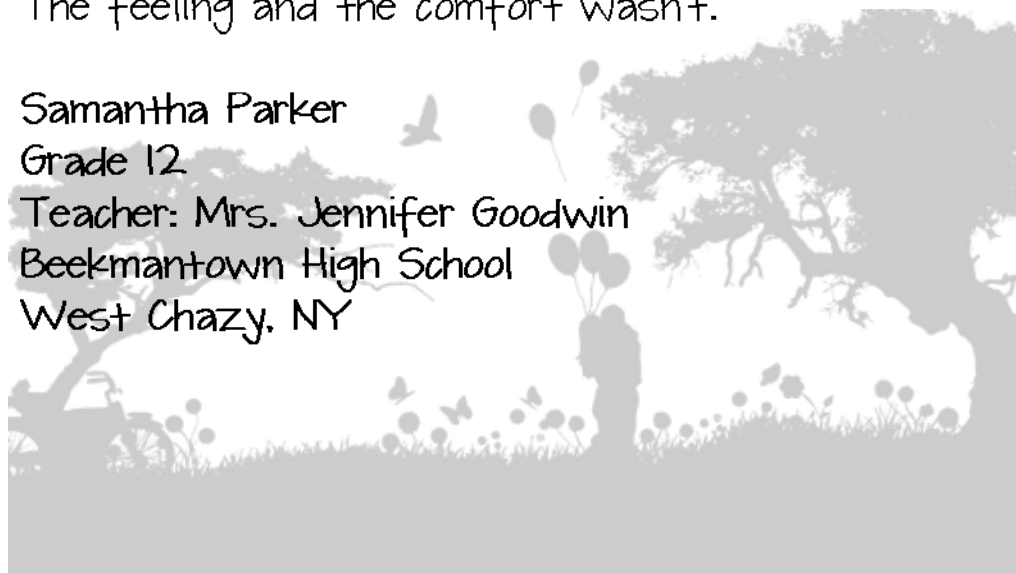
Samantha Parker

Grade 12

Teacher: Mrs. Jennifer Goodwin

Beekmantown High School

West Chazy, NY



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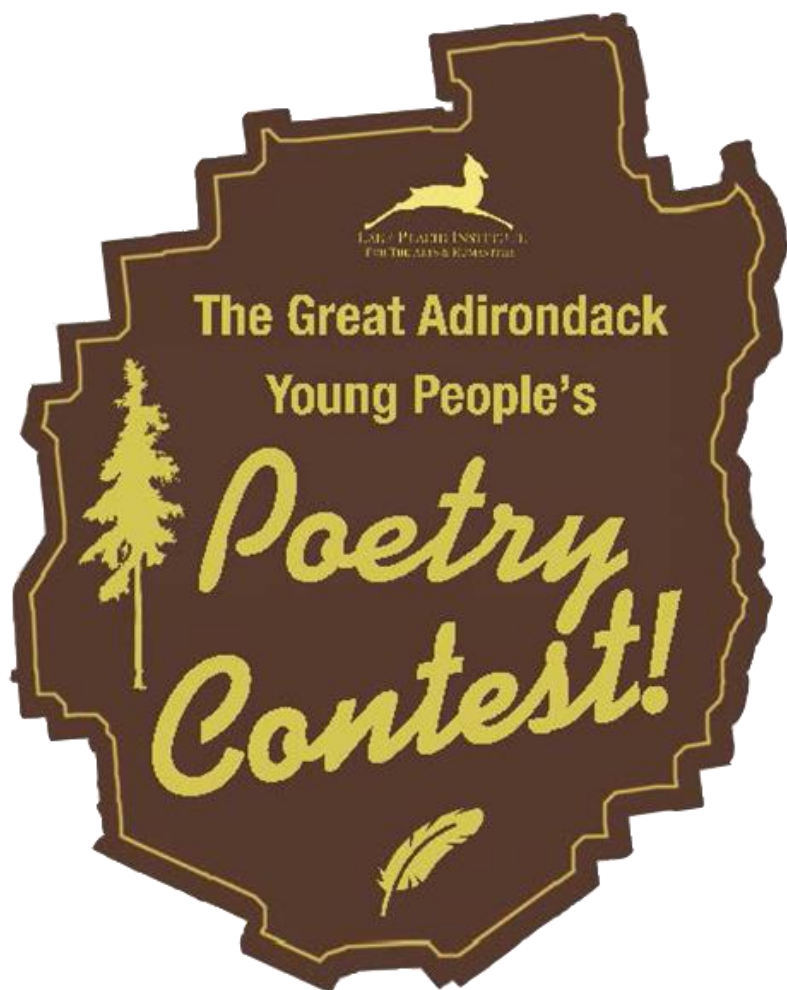
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Thank you for your participation!

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2023-2024

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