

# The Anthology

Alexandria City Public Schools 2023-2024

*London iman*



The Anthology is a compilation of extraordinary poems submitted by ACPS students between 3rd and 12th grade. The ACPS Poetry Contest originated over 16 years ago and continues as an annual tradition and means to celebrate and honor our student writers. We are delighted that this is the seventh 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 2023-2024 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 Ms. Kimberly Brehon, 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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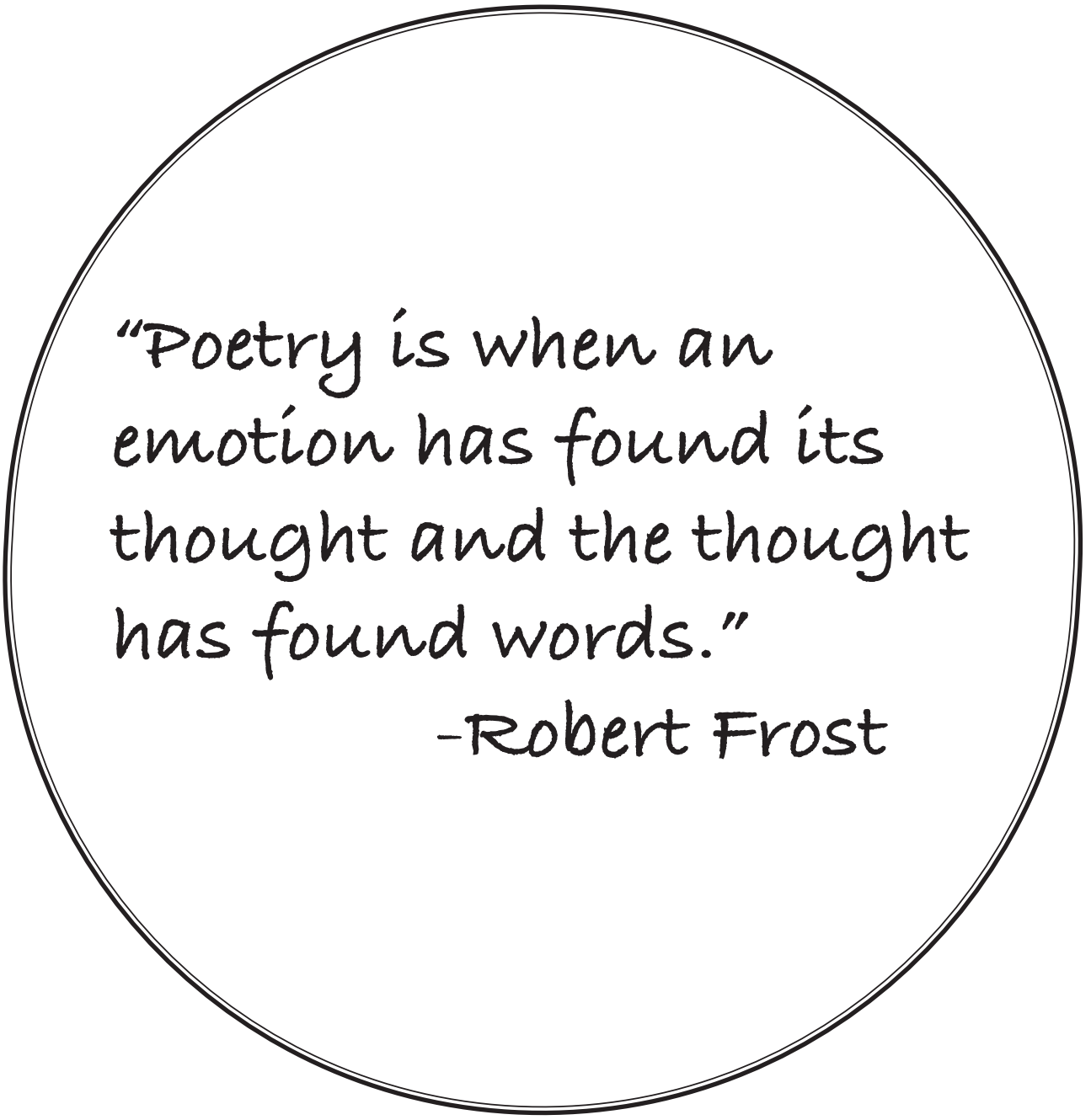
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"Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words."

-Robert Frost



**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“El Sol y La Luna”**

El sol y la luna son hermosas  
La luna es de la noche  
Y el sol de día  
Los dos  
Son hermosas  
Día tras día cada más hermosas  
Verlas tras día y día me hace más inspirador  
El sol me alumbra  
Y la luna me inspira a  
/seguir mis sueños

Translation:

The sun and the moon are beautiful  
The moon is of the night  
and the sun by day  
They are both beautiful  
Day after day more beautiful  
Seeing them day after day makes me more inspired  
The sun shines on me  
And the moon inspires me to follow my dreams

**Martin Perez Lopez**  
**Mr. G**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**



**“Anger”**

A spiral  
A rock  
This swirling emotion  
s p r e a d s inside me  
I feel it everywhere  
In everything

I

g

a

s

p

For breath

Want to

SCREAM

punch

CrAcK

It comes out in

Every

Single

Way

possible

until it...

stops

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“What Spring Really Means”**

Sure, spring is a time when the flowers bloom. Spring is a time for the Birds and trees too! But spring is also a time for thought.

A time that the warm season brought. For some it's spring cleaning, for others it's deep, deep, dreaming.

Dreaming of the flowers after the rain. Dreaming of a world free of all pain.

What a world it would be, if those dreams were set free. That is the spring. Not just a time where birds sing.

Spring is a time when ideas are born. A time when we no longer mourn.

Spring has other meanings that haven't been thought of. Ideas that are still soaring high, high above.

That is why spring is like no other season. Still don't agree? Well, that was my reason.

**Lucille Houston**  
**Ms. Lenzi**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Flight Over Woodlands”**

Woodlands: a place  
 where trees are unique,  
 where a variety of animals live,  
 where lily pads float on a creek.  
 A place that is untamed,  
 and no one there is pained.  
 Magpies sing in the middle of flight,  
 while owls wake in the middle of night.  
 Cardinals have feathers red  
 as the sun-setting sky,  
 while blue jays have feathers  
 that will certainly catch your eye.  
 Canaries have feathers  
 bright as the sun.  
 Hummingbirds have  
 the beautiful ability to fly  
 like no other birds.  
 Peacocks spread their plumes  
 out behind them like a fan,  
 while swans with their elegant  
 yet fragile necks and soft  
 white feathers float  
 white feathers float  
 on a lake gently.

A flamingo, lost  
 in the middle of a river,  
 wanders to and fro,  
 while yellow warblers sing  
 beneath a canopy of leaves.  
 Eagles fly up high,  
 scouring the skies,  
 while red-tailed hawks  
 fly around the world,  
 their red tails held up high  
 behind them.  
 Skylarks build a nest  
 of poetry, and this  
 is where it ends,  
 and yet begins.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Blue”**

The blue blue sea  
crashes and  
splashes.

The blue blue sea  
swept around me.

The blue blue sea  
washed on shore,  
the blue blue sea  
needs no more.

**Dolores Carolino  
Ms. Andonyadis**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“What Could It Be?”**

What could it be?  
I hear nothing (nada)  
I smell nothing (nada)  
I see pink, white, blue  
purple, black  
I see stars  
I see astronauts (astronauta)  
I feel like floating (flotando)  
I taste nothing (nada)  
space (espacio)

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

“Love”

Hmmm - love - what is love?  
Love is irreplaceable!  
Love is the whole world!

**Nataly Carranza**  
**Ms. Drew**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Endless Faith”**

Open the book  
 Flip to the page  
 The poet  
 Whispers to your ear  
 Your mind rests on poetry  
 The breeze of poetry is in you

Endless Faith  
 Thump Thump Thump  
 Hands knock on your window  
 Your faith is near  
 It's with you, depression  
 Takes over you.  
 No universe no nothing  
 Just you  
 Floating in nothingness

But poetry's magic  
 If you write the poems  
 You will feel a breeze  
 And a whisper  
 You are going to  
 feel like you're floating.  
 Your brain focuses.

Floating brain  
 If you stare in the illusion  
 You will feel like you're floating  
 Your brain is going to relax  
 Your eyes will close.  
 You will calm down.

**Joshua Elliot**  
**Mr. Andonyadis**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Mother Nature”**

A river running by  
As it looked like a swaying tie  
the wind blowing by  
as I seem to wonder why  
fire as hot as the sun,  
but that's our only one.  
the Earth is our home,  
senses we live in it were not alone.  
We shall love Mother Nature design  
because she is just divine.

**Andrew Mimlik  
Ms. Lansing**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

“Age - old oak”

The giant oak behind my school  
is old as time itself.  
Its leaves are emerald green,  
its bark brown as mud.  
When the wind blows, it creeks,  
and when its leaves fall, it leans.  
As it turns to summer,  
It starts to become more lush by the minute.  
As the air gets crisp and the leaves turn red,

one

leaf

Falls, only to rot in the soil. Those nutrients  
will feed the soil  
for years to come.

Oh, how I love  
That Age-old oak.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“What You Can Do For Your Country”  
Inspired by Amanda Gorman’s “The Hill We Climb”  
and Walt Witman’s “O’ Captain My Captain”**

November 22, 1963

That day should’ve gone as smoothly  
as “A, B, C..”

However, at 12:30,  
Someone decided  
to disagree.

With drops of dark red,  
flowing down his head,  
and his body,  
limp and cold.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy was soon pronounced dead.

From Dallas to everywhere in sight,  
people were informed of his death,  
many with faces of fright.

“How could a man  
so bright,  
be assassinated  
just out of spite?”  
they said

But, Kennedy’s death was not in vain,  
He had broken another of our nation’s chains.

From his remains  
and dried-blood stains,  
came a step closer to equal rights for all.

A step closer to a day where colored  
does not mean bad or barbaric,  
like the people who have the gall  
to say such a nonsensical thing.

But as other brilliant,  
brave,  
and beautiful humans that just have a different color  
of skin.

And equality, for new generations of not just white,  
black, yellow, brown  
and more.

His dreams are still our dreams.  
Dreams of our country,  
unifying, as one nation,  
with many religions,  
indivisible,  
with liberty and justice for all.

His quote, “Ask not what your country can do for you  
-ask what you can do for your country.”  
Teaches us how to keep our nation afloat.  
To contribute to the public good of America

To follow one of the seven heavenly virtues,  
kindness.  
To be helpfulness towards someone in need,  
not in return for anything,  
nor for the advantage of the helper,  
but for that the person helped.

“Kindness is love  
that has no direction,  
though it needs to come  
through us to water the world.” - Mark Nepo, Poet

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“A Woodwind’s Wistful Wish”**

Clarinets, flutes and saxophones,  
Always make me feel at home  
Their sweet and gentle melodies  
Always bring a sense of ease

But my peace and calm will shatter  
When a trumpet starts to blather  
Band will be my favorite class  
After we cut out the brass

Go ahead and call me crazy  
But we know their sound is hazy  
Squawks and honks and blasts and booms  
Sounds like geese are in the room!

All of the horns make such a blair  
The racket is beyond compare  
It shakes my bones and hurts my ears  
And makes my eyes well up with tears!

When I grow up I’ll make my band  
With winds and drums and a baby grand!  
I’ll ban all brass back to the past  
And have a perfect band at last!

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

“the morning day”

As the sun is up  
and our eyes are open  
to the skies  
way up high  
we wake up to the beautiful skies  
and the hot burning sun  
we wake up for breakfast  
till our tummies are full  
as the sun is way up high  
noon arrives  
as we eat lunch  
we are done for a.m.  
it's time for p.m.

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“The Egg White”**

White looks for light at night  
to get the sight for night at  
this time it loses it's might but  
keeps going on for light till daylight. Starts  
sunrise and the white looks for the right spot for light keeps on with a flashlight.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Full Bloom”**

Their new true self.  
Blossoming with radiant hues.  
Flowing leisurely as if spoiled with wealth.  
In small bunches like Sonia’s petunes’  
They contrast with the moist grass  
In the treetops blooming with sass.

The ending of the pep in my step  
I stop to look.  
Some are weird and unkept  
Some I can read like a book  
Some still closed stay slept  
Others finished their rest.

One with a tube as deep as a well.  
The meadow is a mouse.  
Quiet and kittish. Not one one noise, Not a squeak, Not a yell.  
It’s time to leave and head back to the house.  
Then I realize there are hundreds  
I could make a thousand bunches.

I’ll come back another time  
I’ll be back soon.  
I might bring some rind  
Grow to maybe the size of a loom.  
But I don’t want to leave, Want to depart.  
Want to come back in a winter.  
Harsh.  
Long to see  
Beyond the bare trees

**Emerson Clarke Hunte  
Mrs. Sarah Cody**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Cherry Blossom”**

An explosion of color,  
Pink and white flowers in bloom.  
A sensation like no other,  
Vibrant colors that fill the room.  
Pink flowers blowing in the breeze,  
Cold air whisking through the trees.

Many people gather ‘round,  
To see this precious sight.  
Pink petals making their way around town,  
Thousands of them in flight.  
Children watching them pass by,  
As they float across the sky.

Each petal is a new beginning.  
A chance to move on.  
Each possibility spinning,  
Your past near gone.

Pink trees swaying from side to side,  
Like a synchronized dance.  
All the townsfolk full of pride,  
The trees still in their dance.  
A single cherry blossom flutters past your window,  
But you know this is a way spring says hello.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Grandma and Grandpa’s Home”**

home  
fun calm chill  
feel at peace  
smell dinner  
from the loft  
waves crashing  
sound asleep

grandma  
grandpa  
biking with me  
hiking around  
until I smell dinner  
feet crunching on sand  
rocks clanking  
coming through  
the itchy grass

home at last!



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“The Wind”**

The wind is peaceful  
The wind is silent  
The wind is nice in morning air  
The breezes through my hair.  
When I am feeling down, I sit down in nature,  
where the wind can help me

The wind is cool,  
the wind is nice  
And if I love someone,  
It's the wind I like.  
The joy of my life,  
The apple of my eye, because  
Without you, I  
Would probably cry. It's you I  
Like wind, so don't leave me...

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Chains That I will Brake”**

They call me names  
I hold back  
what I want to do  
Crush them  
Turn them to dust  
Get them out of my life

I tell them to stop  
To stop everything.  
They don't care  
the pulse of their fist  
it feels like a routine  
a schedule

I look at my calendar,  
Days  
Months  
Nearly a year.  
But today that stops  
This will no longer be my average day.  
It is now a recommendation,  
that I will not take

**Max Peña**  
**Ms. Michelle Odom**

**OVERALL WINNER**

“Untitled”

Untitled  
the odd one out  
standing aside at recess  
never being known  
kids laughing with joy, me standing here alone  
bad luck always comes to me  
untitled, the odd one out

**Susan Glade**  
**Mrs. Jennifer Pawlenko**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“My Shoutout”**

This is a shoutout to everything I love

Thank you class for getting me through the year  
I made a ton of friends, you all are very dear

Thank you family for loving me  
Doing stuff for me and caring about me

Thank you friends for having my back  
You care about me deeply and I respect that  
Thank you for being nice to me

Thank you everybody for making my life 10x better  
Without you my life would be very very bad  
You all make me very happy so thank you

Thank you all!

**Yoel Abebe  
Mrs. Jackson**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

“Abuela”

Oh abuela cuánto te amo.  
Tu eres la mejor abuela en el mundo.

Oh abuela you make the best food.  
Everytime I go to your house, I always show gratitude.

Oh Abuela como te amo  
Las cosas que tu haces para mi me hace feliz.

Oh Abuela everytime I see you, you make me show my real smile.  
Even though you're in El Salvador I'll love you forever and ever.

Oh Abuela, I hope you don't go soon. I'll send you a colorful balloon.  
Abuela,Abuela,Abuela everytime I hear your name I look,look.look.

Abuela qué bonita eres y yo quiero ser como ti.  
Ay Abuela como puedes ser todo lo que tu haces.

Abuela yo te amo mucho.  
Yo voy contigo if you go.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“The Fight We Are Fighting”**

The fight we are fighting, not against anyone else but against ourselves  
We elect a president hoping for the best  
Hoping they stay honest and true  
But they never seem to follow through  
Some try hard and others not really  
Politicians can never be fair it is just such a pity  
We just hope  
That someone will step up and do the job correctly  
But when our wish isn't granted we just keep  
Hoping  
Hoping  
Hoping  
For someone who is friendly  
For someone who will protect me.

**Jace Hogwood**  
**Ms. Walters**

**OVERALL WINNER**

**“Art Is My Passion”**

Art Is My Passion.

It lets me express my feelings on a canvas or a piece of paper.

I always feel safe whenever I’m drawing in my sketchbook.

I’m a creative person full of ideas,

swimming in a sparkling ocean filled with imaginations.

If you ever look at my artwork, you catch a piece of my heart.

I protect specific parts and keep it to myself, but others I’ll share to the world.

I shine bright for my creativity that the world can see.

Art runs through my blood and veins like a river flowing through landscapes, and it’s like energy to me. I’m all these things that mixed up into an amazing, talented, and unique Artist!

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Pandas”**

When I go to the  
zoo I go see a panda  
at the zoo and they say pandas are endangered  
And I say people  
should stop cutting down bamboo  
because pandas need  
to eat and need a home  
And people should build  
homes somewhere else  
Pandas should be able to live just like  
a human

**Lillian Tan  
Mrs. Tinsey**



**GRADE 4 WINNER****“Into The Deep End”**

On the fringe of this bottomless pit  
With a scarf over your eyes  
Who will take the risk?  
Must I step into the unknown mist  
Or withdraw back into the light?

I'm not certain what's in there  
Whether it's ground or fall  
I don't know if I dare  
Take the step and risk it all.

If I decide to turn back  
Into the comfort of light  
Forever I will miss  
The comfort of sight.

Now is the time I make my decision  
Shall I jump into the darkness  
I put one foot reluctantly  
And step in the dark,so I can see.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Books”**

Books are portals to worlds anew. You can go anywhere, everywhere, all at once. They harbor beauty and intelligence. They are fiction and fantasy made all to real. Books are perfection, great and pure and tell you things you never knew before. You are the character, strong and proud or you are the narrator, expressive and loud. The worlds or a book are worlds to explore and nothing is as it was before. Each book is unique, one of a kind and the only true crime is to leave one behind. Books are portals to amazing new places that shall be discovered throughout the ages.

**Kira Rippere  
Mr. Sean Perin**

**OVERALL WINNER****“World Peace”**

If little kids from different countries can get along no matter the difference  
     Why can't everyone else  
 If I can look at a person from an enemy country and find them as a friend  
     Why can't everyone else  
     Everyone says differences are good,  
     Don't tell me show me  
 If they really cared they would make it happen  
     Don't stand around and say it  
     Enforce it  
 Don't get mad and say “why can't they just get along”  
     Think about the problem  
     See it in their eyes  
     And then you can speak  
     But don't speak of rage,doubt,and regret  
     Speak of kindness,peace,and contempt  
 How come they have the strength,power,will, and want to fight  
     But don't have the kindness and sincerity to let it go  
     Leave it be  
     Or just forget it  
 Maybe one day this can come true  
     Not today  
     But someday  
     Any day  
     Just a day

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“Hawaii”**

Beautiful Hawaiian bird cheeping.  
Nice clean, clear, cyan water.  
Volcano is burning the island and we are losing  
Hawaiian birds.  
Big wave storm.  
I've never seen  
Something like this  
So we took cover underground,  
We found out  
That it was in Maui  
So we came back up  
From the bunker in Honolulu.  
And we went to Maui to check the damage  
There.  
After we went to Oahu to  
Go to the beach, we went scuba diving.  
And now it comes to an end  
Of a beautiful  
Clean, clear cyan water and waves.  
  
Goodbye HONOLULU.

**Jace Jenifer  
Mrs. Harris**

**GRADE 4 WINNER****“Grand Canyon”**

The sun was red and pink  
Like my heart on valentine's day  
Saw a beautiful sunset  
Rode half a mile on a bus  
To a cactus area

The sky was orange and brown  
The sun reflected off the river  
Forming a burnt sienna rainbow  
While birds flying pass the sun

The silent waves of the Colorado river  
Crashed against the gigantic rocks  
While drones flew high above the skywalk  
And animals below licked the fresh water

Fish jumping in-and-out of the water  
Trees waving goodbye  
As we walked by  
For the last time



## GRADE 5 WINNER

### “Silver Mouse”

Inspired by: e.e. Cummings.

Silver mouse  
I saw you.  
At the dusk of dawn. Down below the massive feet that  
Threatened to step you down.  
You  
Skurried  
Away  
The  
Dangers  
that still follow your every perfect step.(Pitterpatter)  
Dangers.  
That follow you.  
Silver mouse  
I saw you.  
Your ears far too big.  
Your eyes black as night.  
Your strangebeauty that others don't under stand.  
Silver mouse I saw you.  
And you saw me.  
For seconds we stared.  
And then you scurried away.  
Silver mouse I saw you.  
And you lived another day.

Rivera T. Kelley  
Ms. Yonkers

**OVERALL WINNER****“The Constitution”**

In 1776,  
And many years before,  
The Fathers of our Country,  
Said British rule would be no more

They said instead of kings and queens,  
And their unfair reign,  
They decided that the people,  
would lead every land and domain

But how would they stop one person,  
From getting too much power,  
And taking over the country,  
Like the monarchs of the hour

Checks and balances they said,  
Would be a working solve,  
But how would they ever categorize,  
The intricacies of it all? So they put it in a book,  
Of all the rules and laws,  
But still they knew this book,  
Might have its share of flaws

So they opened up a way,  
For modern ideas to flow,  
And that should truly tell you,  
How much our leaders know.

**Leo Klophaus**  
**Ms. Yonkers**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“We Grew”**

Everything big started as something.  
Something small, but something.  
Then we grew.  
And those small things grew with us.  
We grew and grew and grew.  
And so did they.  
They grew and grew and grew until they burst.  
And now, in this wonderful world that we have,  
We can thank all those wonderful inventors and Scientists.  
Men and women from around the world.  
We thank you,  
for growing those ideas and bursting them into reality.  
Thank you.



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“All Because of Us”**

Everyone thought this is the way it's gonna be.  
Everyone thought that it would never change.

But now we are free.  
But now we are not restrained.

We were oppressed.  
We were mistreated.  
Even though we were depressed.  
Even though it seemed we were close to being defeated.

We made a difference in history.  
We built a better future.  
We won a great victory.  
And it's all because of us.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“The Day”**

I am sitting here writing,  
While it is snowing.  
I am close to my closet.  
The kitchen is filled with food of our ancestors.  
The fragrance is in the air.  
Thoughts turn into whispers and laughter.  
Rumors of a town far far away.  
Dancing and scoring from the tv for our football team.  
Creativity sparks,  
1-2-3-4 the games of the kids laughing outside in the snow.  
Inside,  
Children running for pieces of sour bread and cookies.  
And the spell of happiness,  
Despite the anger.  
It's the day.

**Audrey Anderson**  
**Ms. Kaylan**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Let It Wash Over You”**

As tears rush down your face or a lump forms slowly in your throat, those feelings that eat your joy  
from the inside,  
the odious kind of feelings aren't bad.  
They're feeling the profound pain that you feel.  
They feel lonely because no one likes them or even cares about them.  
Let those feelings wash over you,  
because when they do  
those feelings transform into joy and serenity.  
When you force them to leave  
they always come back  
with more force and in bigger, sadder waves.  
Sometimes, when you have been good to your feelings,  
they come back to give you advice when you most need it.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“The Big Game”**

It's October 13, 1960,  
The game is tied 10-10  
It's the 9th inning and the deciding game of the World Series. You're at bat.  
A minute later  
It's a 3-2 count,  
as the pitcher winds up  
time slows down.  
You hear a clock  
tick tick, ticking  
as the ball comes toward you.  
You then hear your heart  
thump thump thumping,  
as the ball hits the bat!  
The crack echos off the bat,  
and the ball  
fly fly flies  
over the fence!  
You score the game winning home run  
the World Series is won

**Ollie Strauss**  
**Ms. Deanna Rohrer**

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

“SUMMER”

Shoes running across the grass. Laughter.  
The dew-kissed flowers shine as their beauty is shined upon all.  
The tall, green grass is the perfect hiding place for a small field mouse.  
The sun shining upon the pool water. Children enjoying popsicles on the porch.  
Sun blazing hot upon the gravel. A rabbit hops through the grass.  
Birds make nests in the tall trees.  
Summer, my favorite time of year.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Rain”**

The breeze in my hair  
The trees start to sway  
The rain is on its way

The clouds start to darken  
I can smell the humidity  
The rain is coming

The drizzle starts to come  
The pitter patter on my hood  
The rain is here

The flowers open their petals  
The melons in the garden  
They double their size and color  
And the rain just pours on down

The squish-squash of my boots  
On the mud that lays beneath me  
I rush home and peer out the window  
And watch the raindrops fall

Then comes the sun  
The beautiful rainbow pokes through the clouds  
And the rain has stopped

I rush outside  
Glance around  
And thank the world for  
Rain

**Axel Cohen**  
**Ms. Houston**

**OVERALL WINNER**

“Dear My Best Friend”

I don't know what the world has in store for us. But I do know that we will face it together.

Even when the tides of life cast us away and you feel astray, remember this.

There's a big world out there .

Waiting to see you.

Ready to listen to you.

Watching to see your wonderful face.

Waiting to hear your joyful voice.

So am I.

I'm here with open arms, ready for a warm embrace.

**Ava Norman**  
**Mrs. Andrea Houston**

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“I Love the Butterfly”**

Fly away as you flash.  
Come in my beautiful hands like a bird.  
Fly as high as the birds.  
Smell as beautiful as a flower.

**Sayeed Obaidullah Majeed**  
**Ms. Nye**



**GRADE 4 WINNER****“The Travel Lane”**

Oh how the sun  
comes up at 6 o'clock  
in Washington DC.  
Come to all the food trucks,  
mama says we can get  
some fries,  
lets play until the night  
I can't wait until next  
day for us to go to Pompeii  
we see all the buildings next  
stop Rome  
I eat so much pasta I'm  
ready to sumo wrestle!  
Next stop Korea! Choo choo  
So much paint so much  
pancakes my stomach's full  
at least my painting's cool!

**Isabel Thornton**  
**Ms. Torrance**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“The girl on the Wall”**

People everywhere never stopped to stare at the girl on the wall  
    Passing by  
    Time to time  
    The girl on the wall  
    When the sun sets  
    the moon becomes her light  
    The light for her  
    The light that helps her see what she’s capable of  
    The light that helps her see how beautiful she is  
    How wonderful how magical she actually can be  
Till One day a quiet girl was passing by and saw the girl on the wall  
    She then sat there and stared  
    As night became and the sun set  
    The quiet girl was still there  
But that whole time she figured out that no one ever cared  
    Cared to stop for just a bit  
    Or stop to see her glory  
    Her power  
    Her voice  
    And as the moonlight hit perfectly  
    The girl on the wall was now perfectly seen  
After that the whole world came to see the girl on the wall  
    And she knew she was shining after all.

**Mallory Mahoney  
Ms. Padilla**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“My Mom”**

In the end  
it was my mom,  
who made the terrible days feel awesome.

It was my mom  
who painted the sky a pretty blue when it was gray  
and drew fluffy clouds in the shape of a heart.

It was my mom  
who pushed the clouds out of the way for the sun to shine  
and brighten up my day.

It was my mom  
who held an umbrella above my head  
when it rained  
and sang the rain rain go away song.

It was my mom  
who grabbed thunder  
and put it away  
so i could sleep for school the next day.

It was my mom  
who helped me with my first homework  
when I didn't understand it.

It was my mom  
who kept me going  
when i was going to give up  
and after all that,  
I love my mom!



**GRADE 3 WINNER**

**“The Night Sky”**

When you hear the sound of Owl’s hooing,  
and you see stars smiling at you,  
REJOICE!  
And when you hear crickets chirping.  
You know the night sky has come to take its place.

**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“Silence”:  
A Haiku**

Silence is happy  
Silence satisfies the heart  
It is inner peace

**Jack Lanza  
Ms. G. Mondelli**

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Brown”**

I am brown.  
My brown is everywhere.  
My brown is my feet, my eyes, my nose, my hair.  
My brown is everywhere.  
He complimented my brown.  
He complimented my eyes, my nose, my feet, my hair.  
He said my brown is beautiful.  
He said he'd love me forever.  
But then came pink.  
Pink was not eyes, not hair, not anywhere.  
It's hair would be artificial toxic bad  
But my brown was beautiful growing and proud.  
So why pick pink instead of brown?  
It's like a mystery. I know the answer to.  
I wish I didn't.  
It's like a hundred shards of glass piercing my heart.  
Maybe instead of pink, he would've picked brown.

**Zainab Koroma  
Ms. Campbell**

**OVERALL WINNER**

“Daisy”

Daisy nibbles and sniffs all day long.  
Only stopping to rest if there's a song.  
She runs and plays all night and day.  
Every evening she lays in front of the heater.  
In the morning we play tug of war and I try to beat her.  
Every day when I take off her leash,  
she runs like crazy when she's set free.  
When someone comes in through the door,  
she used to jump at them  
but that's no more.  
Daisy is the best dog ever,  
I will love her forever and ever.

**GRADE 3 WINNER**

“Spring”

Spring is near.  
Spring is here.  
Everybody claps and cheers.  
Come along let's hum a song.  
It's the sweetest time of year. Flowers fall and the trees grow tall.  
It's the sweetest time of the year.

**Sedra Khalaf**  
**Ms. King**



**GRADE 4 WINNER**

**“After a Storm”**

Splash crash goes the rain.  
After shall come a beauty;  
The rainbow will shine

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“The Good Monkey”**

This monkey loves to help.  
He doesn't like to eat kelp.  
This monkey loves to swing through trees.  
And he loves to speak Chinese!

This monkey loves to sleep with bananas.  
But this monkey hates bandanas.  
But he loves his grandma.  
And his best friend is a Llama!

This monkey loves to play in the mud.  
But he thinks he's a stud.  
Because he is shy,  
This good monkey is saying goodbye!

**Elivania Gomes-Silveria  
Mr. DeBlon**

**OVERALL WINNER**

“Flower’s”

Flowers grow where  
A story is to be told.  
The roses are sold but  
Sunflowers shine like gold.

The crocus look crazy,  
But not beautiful as a daisy.  
Snowdrops are calming  
Yet poppies are bold.

Touch me not could be poisonous  
However monstera have holes.  
Marigold,tulip,orchid and Jasmine,  
a beautiful bouquet I made to hold.

**GRADE 5 WINNER**

**“Things I Like To Do”**

I like to play with my friends inside of a game it might seem boring but trust me it's not the same  
If you walk in the hallways or in the hall of shame don't look behind or you will be out of the game.

In the dark hallways it's just so lame it's kind of a trick to manipulate the fame.

I never got the power to go to the end of the tower but I tried all the time and that's just what matters.

The scary monsters peeking around the corner, I got to experience all of the horror.

It seems like these things will never end. At least I tried to not scream and cry until the very end.

**Rakeb Mulugetta**  
**Mr. Hawkins**

"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**

**“Life is Mysterious”**

Life is a mystery,  
Comes from the future,  
Sprints from the current  
Life is a mystery

It runs like the wind but stops with the tree,  
Some things just come and go on a boat and in the sea,  
You know “She sells seashells by the seashore”?  
It’s mysterious how words can fiddle with your mind,

Things can be sharp and can make you POP!  
Then the balloons will start to drop  
We are just like a tree,  
The rings in the tree shows how we enjoyed and lived

Its close to the end and I probably won’t see you,  
But I enjoyed my time reading my poem to you,  
The end of something can be the start of the new,  
In the end it’s all a part of you

**Jethro Bareo**  
**Ms. Riggs**



**GRADE 7 WINNER**

“Loneliness”



I remember the day I caught loneliness,  
It was the day we moved away, it layed like a stone in my lap,  
No matter how I tried, prying, tearing,  
It simply would not go away, I never knew emptiness until I moved away,  
I remained a pebble lost in this world, so vast and uncaring, cast aside,  
Passed by, left astray, I took steps to destroy it, before it snapped me, crushed me, left me victim, I  
pulled harder, ripping that stone right from my heart, I threw it all back into the void from where it  
came,  
Yes I have thrown the loneliness away.

**Yoselin Achulle Pachacama**  
Ms. Boyle

**GRADE 8 WINNER**

**“Life”**

Life is just crazy  
I don't have to lie  
Time is money

And money is time  
Life can get cold  
Cold as ice  
You don't think I know  
Just look at my eyes

Life can be good  
Got a lot of nice friends  
Life can get bad  
We tie up loose ends

Life gets depressing  
There are some really mean folks  
Someone doing you bad  
Is what people call jokes

Life is just life  
wearing good feelings covered in depression  
Got to take the coat off  
Stop giving it attention

Sadness is real  
Got me crying rivers  
The good things are paper  
The sadness is scissors

Sadness can happen  
It just stays groomed  
But when the good things happen  
It is just a big boom

Life is just crazy  
I don't have to lie  
Time is money  
And money is time

**OVERALL WINNER****“Nature’s Glory”**

Nature’s beauty a sight to behold  
A treasure more valuable than silver and gold  
It whispers to us tales of ancient lore  
Its beauties waiting to be explored

The sun kisses the Earth with its golden light  
Painting the sky with colors so bright  
The flowers bloom like a peaceful riot  
Loud in hue, but oh so quiet

The water flows like a shimmering veil  
Wet footsteps leaving a trail  
In the heart of the forest, where trees stand tall  
The beauty of nature reveals itself to all

The mountains rise like giants proud  
Their peaks wishing to reach the clouds  
And for the clouds that move lazily above  
Their shapes changing as swiftly as a dove

So let us adore this gift of nature  
For which the beauties rise greater  
And one day when our eyes can’t seem to see  
The beauty of nature won’t flee  
From our hearts that hold much more  
The memories of nature will rise and soar



## GRADE 6 WINNER

### “Lies”

Everyone is a liar, we live in a false reality.  
Not one person is honest, our mind is constantly  
haunted.

We all pretend, we all lie, only to try to live our  
best life.

Complete honesty, veracity, morality, does not  
exist; never has, never will.

We hide behind a mask, a facade, our demeanor:  
the exact definition of insecurity.

Waiting for our turn, no one showing concern.  
We perform on a stage, never any change.  
Giving the world what they desire, believe, but  
allowing ourselves to be led astray.

We eventually drown in the ocean of lies,  
Tides of anguish above our heads,  
If we make it to the shore,  
We're lost, we've forgotten the past,  
Now roaming strangers forevermore.

We're now confused, not knowing, nor remember-  
ing.

With memories existing, but forgotten, hidden,  
We don't know how to be the past,  
All because we lied.

Who you think I am,  
Is not who I am.  
Who we think you are,  
Is not who you are.

The world loses itself, trying to be the stereotype.  
We no longer know what we desire,  
We don't know who we are, what we were,  
All because we lie...

Honesty is always a fake,  
Personality is bound to eventually break,  
Our true selves are now a dim light,  
Us now only acting for the spotlight.

We are strangers, and we are in danger.  
There is no savior, no cure for this variation of  
you.

Once we drown along with our performance,  
We're gone, to return nevermore.

When you lie, hide, refuse to be truthful,  
The inevitable modification must and will always  
happen.

**GRADE 7 WINNER****“O’ Alastor, Altruist”**

O’ Alastor, altruist died for his friends,  
 Yet not a single soul has died for him.  
 His bright future snatched from his fingers.  
 The secret regret in his voice still lingers.

An empathetic and enthusiastic soul  
 Who always made others feel whole.  
 A smile that went wider than his ears,  
 But the internal wounds were far too severe.

A poor old sinner cast out to the shadows  
 Like a dried out rose ripped apart by crows.  
 In the dim nights when the moon would peek through the clouds,  
 he’d cry oceans unlike any river.  
 And when confronted his lips would quiver.

He was unregarded and blamed as vociferant.  
 An outcast, black sheep, indifferent.  
 Yet he still remained considerent.  
 He was like clear blue skies,  
 Sweet and somewhat dry.

But once he died, he realized no one cared, and cried.  
 The memories he holds dear became so clear.  
 The rose tinted glasses came off that day,  
 And he made sure it would stay that way.

O’ Alastor, altruist wishes he never died for his friends.



**GRADE 8 WINNER**

**“Father Earth”**

The warm woman in the sky kisses his heart,  
The chocolate man blushes a flustered green and extends an olive branch.  
Farther and farther his appendage stretches,  
Farther and farther her lips seem to go.  
Forevermore she remains in his grasp.  
Further and further he extends his arm,  
Forevermore she seems unreachable.  
Yet her kiss still grew his seed.  
Because of her warmth a bud is grown anew.

**Jada Lawrence Ashun  
Ms. Nicole Shaw**

**OVERALL WINNER****“Standing High I See: Our Sweet Darling Tree”**

I stare up at  
 pretty brown eyes,  
 dark, roughen lines  
 of bark,  
 as hollow breezes through  
 inside, echoing out.  
 Your pretty green hair,  
 dyed auburn red  
 like dusk during autumn,  
 flows through the breeze,  
 just like mine, I see.  
 Your roots dig down,  
 grasping on to our Earth,  
 our Mother.  
 Hard to believe that your seeds  
 will bore your own daughters  
 who will be as bright, grow as high  
 as you do.  
 Hard to believe that you once  
 were like them,  
 sprouts, waiting to grow,  
 a child as Mother nurtured you  
 with tainted soil and  
 water coiled  
 from the sky.  
 Now you reach up to that very sky,  
 as you also stand, as you fly  
 with the birds,  
 your oaken bark arms  
 spread open  
 to embrace this world.  
 To embrace  
 our own world.

**Luniva Desar**  
**Ms. Nicole Shaw**

## GRADE 6 WINNER

### “The Old Brick House”

In an old brick house a piano's music plays  
Flowing through  
Windows  
Doors  
Floors

In an old brick house music stops  
No longer is the piano's music playing  
No longer does music flow through the  
Windows  
Doors  
Drawers  
Floors

In an old brick house a baby cries the sound flowing through  
Windows  
Doors  
Drawers  
Floors

In an old brick house a mother's lullaby flows through  
Windows  
Doors  
Drawers  
Floors

Reminding the old brick house of the piano's music that once played

**Taylor Reid**  
**Mr. Michael Tiffin**



**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“Summer”**

Oh summer how I long for you,  
Every year you help me be born anew.  
The birds are out the breeze is cozy,  
What's so good is nobody's nosy.

Summer, you are the best season of all,  
You much overpower that measly season fall.  
When the days are hot and school is out.  
Now when you're here I must not pout.

Summer you really deserve a medal  
For putting the pedal to the metal.  
When you're here there are fruits galore.  
You really make me want some more.

Thank you summer for all that you do.  
I never knew what you were going through.  
Goodbye summer I will see you soon,  
I will see you later in June.

## GRADE 8 WINNER

### “Blue”

Blue the oasis in a sea of sand  
Blue the rain falling from a sea of clouds  
Blue the tsunami coming in from the sea  
Blue the dainty bunting  
the noisy jay  
the majestic heron  
Deeply Blue the frolicking, frantic, freely waves  
Juicy Blue the small, sweet berries of the earth  
Meaningful Blue the flags of unions across the globe  
Blue the marble where all of us exist  
Blue, all of them, all flowing together into one shade  
as if something  
Blue them away  
Flowing, flipping, fluttering, flying into the  
Blue infinity of the sky

Sam Gunter  
Ms. Kisha Britt

## OVERALL WINNER

## “Where will I stay?”

I've moved  
 I've changed  
 I've replaced  
 I've replaced old friends with new ones  
 I've replaced old houses with new houses  
 Big houses with smaller houses  
 Small rooms with bigger rooms  
 But I'll never be replaced there  
 I will never replace, there.  
 that is where I will stay  
 I've been to 7 schools  
 I've resided in 6 houses  
 I've moved 5 times  
 I've lived in 4 different states  
 I've stayed in each 3 years  
 I've been in 2 time zones  
 I have one move left  
 But then, I'll stay.  
 It's always  
 “In Connecticut..”  
 “Oh, in Georgia!”  
 “Everyone was so nice in Hawaii”  
 “When I was in Norfolk...”  
 “Oh, my friend in Mystic”  
 But soon I'll be there  
 Is that where I will stay?  
 It's always  
 “Do you know where this is?”  
 “You probably don't know what this is”  
 “How do you not know what this is? Everyone does!”  
 “I've been here longer”  
 “I've known her longer”  
 They act as if I've never been asked the same questions  
 and told the same things times before.

I know you've been here longer  
 I know you have known them for a long time. All of  
 them  
 But that doesn't change anything  
 I can't go back in time and meet people  
 I can't go back in time and study maps and history.  
 I can't know everything about everywhere  
 I can try my best  
 I can try to figure it out  
 But I will never know like you know  
 I've had 4 states to memorize  
 I've had 6 cities to remember  
 You've had one.  
 I will never know this school like you do  
 I will never know this place like you do  
 I will never have the same life as you do.  
 but still, I wouldn't want to  
 To be aware of how similar we all are  
 and ignorant of how different  
 “Was your old school like this”  
 “I bet your old school was so much better”  
 “Are we better than your old friends”  
 My friends and my school are no different from you  
 They asked them questions  
 They made the same remarks  
 I am not new to this life  
 I know how it goes  
 But for once  
 Let me be here.  
 Because I will move just one more time, and then I  
 graduate  
 Just one more city  
 Just one more state  
 Just one more school  
 Just one more time.  
 That is where I will stay.

**GRADE 6 WINNER**

**“Save This Earth”**

Our Earth is suffering with all of this smell  
Pollution is not healing  
Each day the smell is getting worse and worse  
Animals are dying and factories won't listen  
The plans are speaking for less contaminated soil  
Cars are still roaring with their loud engines  
Water isn't even water  
It' mud

Let's find a way to stop this  
Every little thing can change a lot  
So with the 7 billion people we have on this Earth  
Let's for once work together so this will never happen  
If we do this  
Animals won't die as much  
The plants won't scream for less contaminated soil  
Water will turn back into water  
So let's do this together!!

**Ruth Berhanu**  
**Mr. Ross**

**GRADE 7 WINNER**

**“Jo Mama”**

There once was a lass named Jo  
She was hideous, but didn't know  
    She arrived at the dance  
    She pranced and she pranced  
And every young man went home

**GRADE 8 WINNER**

**“Lost and Found”**

I was lost deep in my mind  
I didn't try to find a way out  
But someone just pulled me out  
I regained my smile  
I regained my confidence  
I regained my love  
And I regained my hope  
I was lost and then found  
They took away the rivers in my eyes  
They put all the broken pieces of my heart together  
And they loved me even though I didn't deserve it  
They made me feel worth living  
They made me grow into a beautiful butterfly

**Alejandra Jacinto Rubio**  
**Ms. Zwisler**

**OVERALL WINNER**

“Constriction” (Septet Poem)

Kind and so upbeat  
confused and uninspired  
Full potential to grow and aspire  
Aid and support not given  
Turned corroded sour  
Left to spoil

**Varenya Middough**  
Ms. Zwisler



## GRADE 9 WINNER

### “The Weight Between Two Worlds”

I stand before you with weight of two worlds on my shoulders  
I wear a tapestry woven with the threads of Ghanaian gold  
Every stitch in the fabric indicates the pain felt as the needle pierces through the many layers of black  
struggle and mixed with the muted hues of America’s forgotten past

“Where are you from?” They ask, and I pause, caught, stuck in tension between worlds, between the  
land of my ancestors and the country of my birth  
I stand torn between claiming Ghanaian roots only inherited but not lived, or simply American while  
surrendering to a label that falls short of encapsulating the complexity of my identity

Amidst the cacophony of English, my mother tongue echoes faintly, singing a melody  
While terribly attempting to recite the echos I hear, my tongue, a slave to colonial chains, trips over  
every syllable  
Each word feels like a dance over a tightrope with the pressure of generational whispers laying heavily  
on

When returning back to the homeland I feel as would a guest or a stranger  
The locals adjust their speech treating me as a visitor rather than kin  
Their eyes fail to acknowledge the blood of their own ancestry in my veins  
Yet in America, among my own brothers and sisters, I am an outsider within, my Ghanaian roots  
marking me as “other” making me a foreigner in the land of my birth

As I stand at the crossroads of these two cultures, they create a collage of hues and contain histories of  
both

I continue to wear the cloth designed with the intricate patterns of my heritage, each thread now with  
a story of resilience and the stitch serving as a testimony to the strength passed down through gener-  
ations

Will I ever know what it truly means to belong to one people? Maybe not, but I will always uphold the  
pride of my heritage, carrying it like a lampstand through the maze of identity

I will do all this knowing that in celebration of my roots, I am carving out a space of belonging all my  
own

**Clara Duah  
Mr. Fredricks**







## GRADE 10 WINNER

### “EMBRACING”

In the quiet spaces of my mind,  
I found a truth that's one of a kind,  
For years, I thought I was just shy,  
But now I understand, I can't deny.

I'm not held back by fear's tight rein,  
I simply thrive in a different domain,  
An introvert, with thoughts to share,  
In solitude, I find my care.

My mum, my guide, revealed the way,  
To see myself in a different light today,  
It's not a flaw, this introspective view,  
It's where my strength and wisdom grew.

In a world that's loud, I found my voice,  
In the stillness, I made my choice,  
To embrace the quiet, the thoughtful art,  
And let my words flow from my heart.

Let's celebrate the introverted soul,  
Whose depths and insights make them whole,  
For in our silence, there's much to find,  
A world of wonder, rich and kind.

**Terry'ion Brisco**  
**Ms. Camm**

## GRADE 11 WINNER



### “UNWAVERING”

The sky is blue; yes, it's true.  
The clouds cloud it when they come out,  
But do you see it too?  
The seeds will sprout, blooming soon.  
My heart still bleeds red; yes, it's true.

The days are not cold,  
Though they are starting to warm.  
I've started becoming more bold,  
Using my tone, and it's shown  
No matter how many times they're told,

Nothing has changed; same old, same old.

There's a river close by.  
Though I know the sea divides us just fine,  
Through the white lies,  
I will keep being bold,  
My indulgent tone,

Until something has changed; no more same old, same old.  
When the flowers bloom,  
With the clouds and the rain,  
The heart still unwavering,  
Through it all, you will see.

What now seems like a whisper,  
Will become a shout.  
Until you become a listener,  
And you will, no doubt.  
Then, for my heart, you will treat the blister.

Things will have changed; no longer the same old, same old.

**Samah Shummo**  
Ms. Kiyak



## **GRADE 12 WINNER**

### **“IN THE SHADOW OF LOVE”**

In the shadow of love, I seek to be  
Nearly elusive, but somehow near me  
I run so far, but still beyond my reach  
Thy love, the landmass, island, land, and sea.

As I lie, heart in the palm of my hand  
Realness hits like a kite caught in a tree  
To give, without regard for a first glance  
I pull, I embrace tears, and never glee.

Love, a misery that keeps me company  
I yearn to ensnare, to trap with my blade  
Dreaming to strike it down, a whim indeed  
How do I take grasp of love's harsh decree?

Leaving the past, looking to the future  
Crafted by me, one where I feel so free.

**Armani Boucard  
Mr. Rosenfeld**

## OVERALL WINNER

### “Generation”



The guts you have to have to have  
To stand on solid ground  
To hold your flag high in the air  
While ashes fall around.

To receive a blow across the face  
And still you try again  
To continue giving everything  
And still maintain your zen.

To stand by the things that you believe  
To fight for yourself  
While bosses boss the world to death  
And wave around their wealth.

The guts you have to have to have  
To talk back to the hand that feeds you  
That supplies the dough that pays your bills  
And cares for those who need you.

The guts you have to have to have  
To approach a CEO  
To question concepts long in use  
To slay the status quo.

The funny thing about this hand  
Is not only does it feed you  
It hits and slaps and reprimands  
All while trying to please you.

To swim upstream a raging river  
Water in your nose  
Unsure of what you may confront  
Yet holding onto hope.

Trying to hold you close and warm and tight  
Make you feel at home  
The guts you have to have to have  
To want to be alone.

To breathe the air of revolution  
Thick and hot and sweet  
To start at a run, then forced to finish  
Crawling on your knees.

The guts it takes to walk away  
To survive manipulation  
These are the guts I hope will grow  
In my generation.

To climb the mountain solo style  
No safety net below  
To fight a world of misogynists  
And vicious homophobes.

"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







## **Elizabeth Jones**

Elizabeth Jones is a 4th grader at MVCS in Ms. Macmillan and Ms. Phennice's class. Elizabeth enjoys hanging out with her dog Aegis. She also enjoys listening to different podcasts. The poem she wrote, Let it Wash Over Me, was inspired from her move to the US from Spain. After the move it was hard for her to make friends and the poem speaks to those feelings.

## Creativity Award Elementary

## **Susan Glade**

Susan is a phenomenal student and a kind friend to all. Others respect her ideas and like being her friend. She is a natural, beautiful writer. She got her writing idea for this poem from the movie Inside Out when the main character was in San Francisco. It is obvious that Sara is a powerful writer.

## **Adeline Davenport**

Adeline (Addie) is a creative, kind soul who is always going above and beyond in every sense of the word. In addition to her stellar grades in the four AP courses she's taking this year, she excels in both 3D and 2D art and is a member of the crew team. She's a rising senior with a lot to offer. We can't wait to see what she does next year too!

## Creativity Award Secondary

## **Samah Shummo**

Samah Shummo, a junior at ACHS, truly excels at all they do. Samah is a leader of Titan Robotics, participates in the Model UN, and excels in a rigorous course load (four AP's and 1 DE). Poetry is a beautiful and important part of Samah's life, for they are always looking at the world through that lens - what words best capture this moment, this person, this place, or this feeling. Someday soon, Samah Shummo will be our National Poet Laureate!

## Acknowledgements

### Elementary Poetry Liaisons:

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**Ms. Mary Reuter**, Cora Kelly School for Math, Science, and Technology  
**Ms. LaTrania Martin**, Douglas MacArthur Elementary School  
**Ms. Jonea Mathis**, Ferdinand T. Day Elementary School  
**Ms. Alana Stratton**, George Mason Elementary School  
**Mrs. Krystal Gray**, James Polk Elementary School  
**Mr. Brian Hawkins**, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School  
**Ms. Michelle Nettleton**, John Adams Elementary School  
**Mrs. Karrie Kay**, Lyles Crouch Traditional Academy  
**Ms. Maria Fletcher**, Mount Vernon Community School  
**Mrs. Re’Nia Batson**, Naomi L. Brooks Elementary School  
**Ms. Erica Kulas**, Patrick Henry 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  
**Mrs. D’Jaris Woody**, George Washington Middle School  
**Ms. Tamara Miner**, Jefferson-Houston K-8 School  
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celebrate our students and hear their voices because  
of your dedication to education day in and day out.  
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Plan and our vision statement:

**Equity for All:** Empowering All Students to  
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