

## Fairylands and Hammocks

Anna Uehlein

Eastern Middle School

I am from fairylands and creaking hammocks,  
from the chair covered in cat fur,  
That always comes back,  
No matter how much I clean it.  
I am from the brown couch,  
And the red couch,  
that I laugh  
And draw  
and live on,  
even though they aren't my own.

I am from shoo bop doo bop doo bop  
and the Grateful Dead.  
From Joe Hill and the U-Liners.  
I am from Zed's Cafe  
and singing songs none of my friends  
would ever know,  
and afterwards a gasp of "you can't possibly eat that whole slice of cake!"

I am from the secrets and memories  
in my jewelry box,  
to "Leave some bacon for everyone else!"  
From the Magic Carpet  
and pink  
And blue  
And purple lollipops.  
A rosewood piano and a the trickling creek.  
From a faded stuffed rabbit and a bean bag pig.  
From hats  
Upon hats,  
Upon hats,  
and "No hats in school!"

I am from Reina  
rice and beans,  
and Spanish cheese.  
The tree that never got a tree house  
(no matter how many times I asked.)  
From the gray bouncy floor and mats like a pac-man.

Laughing as my feline friend rolls in wrapping paper,  
from “Merry Christmas!” and pancakes,  
then “Happy Birthday!” and cake only hours after.

From shelves of books nobody reads,  
from old records nobody listens to,  
giving me a look at times long gone.

I am from little porcelain bowls,  
Swarmed by unappreciated beauty.

I am from everything I know,  
Everywhere I’ve been.

Everyone I’ve loved.

## MY SKY, SKY OF MY PEOPLE

Helen Zhao

Robert Frost Middle School

Same sun

Shining fierce and strong

Same sun who cast his golden rays  
Onto the dragon land of my ancestors.

Same stars

Twinkling and laughing

Same stars formed the glittering bridge  
Connecting two lovers torn by the immortal queen.

Same moon

Cold and pale imprisoned lady

Same moon poured her soft silver light  
Over the rippling black water where dragon-boats race.

Same sunset

Rosy and blushing

Same sunset who spread her fingertips  
As the people rejoiced, red dragons dancing through the streets.

Same sky

Wide and mysterious river of eternity

My sky

Sky of my people.

**Street Poem**  
Che Moorhead  
Takoma Park Middle School

As of late  
I've been speaking no evil  
But seeing a lot of it  
Funny how now my conglomerates  
Viewing the news  
Are amused by the politics  
Funny how quick we forgot about Martin  
Allowing us blacks to be shot again  
Or moved us by mille to prison  
While cops killing children  
Kept walking up out of them

My skins darker than flint water  
Similar to the hue of a leaf  
During late autumn  
The same agua  
That took ten of them to see grandfather  
Pretending y'all didn't know there was lead  
That's a manslaughter

We trust monsters  
And law and order back from the grave  
But what's a stick or a stone  
To a descendant of slaves  
He was a  
Threat to the throne  
So we remembered the name  
And now the  
Way we perceive the chief  
Forever be changed  
Cause now he  
Ruling homes  
Taking 'way ACA  
Cause all that matter what the colleges say  
Tu quoi?  
Pardon my French

I keep it guttural  
Cause that's where my heart at

I'm living in a world  
Where I'm criminal while black

Keep my eyes open  
And my ears to the pavement  
Telling me lies spoken  
To the common man as truths  
But 'till my wills broken

Don't expect me  
Not to speculate  
Bird told me 'bouta flash grenade  
We aren't safe at the moment  
A street poem