

THE BELLOWS 2021

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FOREWORD

We are so very proud to present the eighth volume of *The Bellows*. Herein you will find hopes and aspirations, anxieties and apprehensions, joys and jokes, grumbings and exulations. As a teacher at BASA, I never cease to be happily amazed by the richness of our students' inner lives and their capacity to express it. This year's batch of *Bellows* poems continue a communal conversation that has been running for nearly a decade now, every edition offering new evidence of the complexity, compassion and strength of our community.

It has been a strange and challenging year. Young people, BASA students included, have felt this as strongly as anyone, perhaps more strongly. To witness their resiliency and dedication, to see it written here in their words, is heartening. It exhorts us: keep communicating, keep connecting, keep caring, and keep going. We hope you find, as we have, inspiration to do so here.

Jef Clarke, Head Editor

NEVER

BY CATHERLIN LU

Always
shining down on her—
His love blazes like a phoenix
Emerging from their quarrels,
And enveloping her in a
Scorching daze.
His fiery yang
Was circled by her
Soft underbelly -
A simple dove. She gave
A slim twig here,
A single leaf there,
A wooden woven wreath laid upon his
Inferno hurricane.
Ragged breaths drawn and
Stronger winds blew
As his love became consumed,
Bottled in tighter than
Mount Vesuvius.
But all volcanoes

Explode.

And it did.
Too
Often.
His love imprinted on her
As the midnight blue sun, and
purple viole(n)t spots
that stitched themselves
Across her freckled fields of

Golden wheat,
smudging her shine
And covering her golden
light—

but nothing gold can stay
veiled for long,
she knew that fact.

Because she glows in gold.

For now he cowers behind the
rusty steel, and asks her:
“Did you ever love me”—
 “Yes” she replies
 “But never again”

Never.

MY CAT

BY JULY ZHANG

Rainbow is my cat,
she can swim and she is cute.
Rainbow is my little cute kitty,
she is fluffy and is green!

I like to play cards with my cat,
and throw a ball for her to go get.
My cat makes me feel so good,
I love her.
When she jumps,
I will smile at her.

THE ART OF LIFE & DEATH

BY AMOS ZHU

The art of war makes the
art of death grow.
The art of nature makes the art of
life thrive, to replace death in war.

But death is not bad,
death is the next great adventure in life,
you will find yourself in another world.
Where mysteries await.

Art of life is a different matter.
People have endless greed for time
and wealth. For all us humans care
about are money and love. But neither can
we carry into the adventures of
death.

Death will bring you to the people
you once loved or hated,
but one or the other, you will no longer
feel the need to share it.
You will feel nothing, nothing at all.

FRIENDS AND FOES

BY TERESA PAN

Friends you play with at the playground,
Congratulate your victories,
When you conquer monkey bars,

When you swing high,
When you learn rock climbing.

Cry with you when sad,
When someone vandalized your eraser,
When someone stole your hat,
When someone deleted your project.
Share your stories today and tomorrow.

But you have foes too,
Whom you hate and despise,
Laughs at your sadness,
Sulks at your happiness,
Foes are a different story, oh yes, it's true.

EXAMS

BY KAI YEE LI

Exams are pointless
And I will never in my whole life say
I like exams
I tell everyone that
You have to spend countless hours preparing for exams.
I don't think that
Anyone can find fun in work.
Because
Work is boring.
I disagree that
Gruelling hours of work can lead to success.
I know that
I get to have a break after my exam.
The exam is done
I barely rest before
Another exam comes.

I AM MUSIC

BY CYNTHIA JIN

Yes, I know,
I don't show emotion
I hate affection
Physically
Emotionally
Verbally
It disgusts me
I cringe
Some may say
Bland
Boring
Banal
but I **am** music,
I connect to feelings differently

I can feel
When moods shift
Even the slightest bit
From $\frac{1}{8}$ note to $\frac{1}{16}$
I notice,
Even minor key changes
When you are
Sad
Mad
Happy
Annoyed
Even if I don't ask
I hear beyond the notes
You play, and listen to
The music you create
For I am music,

I observe beyond your mask

I do cry,
I get angry
But like the notes on the page
I don't show it
My expression is controlled
I listen to others
I understand
I empathize
Bursting with unexplainable feelings
For I am music,
And I can't be put into words

WARREN'S TREE

BY WARREN LIU

My first favourite tree is
in the park and I can climb it.
It stays alive for four seasons,
even winter.
I put tools up there
just like my treehouse.

My second favourite tree
is in my backyard.
I found it today.
I knew it was the one that I love
because it has beautiful leaves.
I like the shape of the leaves.
They are shaped like a boat.
The tree is taller than my dad.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD

BY LUCAS YU

As I look around,
Many soldiers have fallen down.
I hope I don't die,
Or else I will be up high.
I see soldiers screaming AAAHHHH,
Hehe, he.
The red liquid is on my best friend, it's blood.
It's just like a huge flood.
There are bullets and bodies everywhere,
It's just not really fair.
Suddenly, a soldier holds up a gun at me,
I hold up my gun and shoot:
"Bang bang bang!"
I had to do this or I would die,
Oh my, please let me be!

WHITE HOLES

BY HUGO CHEUNG

Nobody knows what a white hole is,
Because it's so extreme,
But maybe it's a black hole that consumed so much energy it can't
hold it
(Like a pencil sharpener that is too full)
And it turns so white it expels the energy
And that is how a black hole becomes a white hole.

Or...
After you travel through a black hole

You come out on the other side and it's a white hole?
But there's a catch
It takes an infinite amount of time!
But the immortal jellyfish lives forever...
so maybe it can go through a black hole!
But I don't know if a jellyfish can survive without water...

We don't know if white holes even exist,
But if they did exist we could try making a
traversable wormhole!
But I don't know.
I never went into space
So don't ask me any questions.

DAWN AND DUSK

BY ALISHA TSANG

A shining sun
Gives way to
A glistening moon
It is as dark as chocolate cake
I would not say that
It is bright
Many
Not
One
Star shining from above
I can't see in front of me
Not that
It is very bright
Sleepy
I am not
Ready to start

WHY TRY MORE IN LIFE?

BY ROSELYN TAM

Life is only great if you make it
Is something I'd never state
I hate others' success.
Striving to be better
Is pointless
Relying on others
Is my way of finding success
Working harder
Won't benefit
In the end
Not working to my full extent
Is something so simple
Trying your best
Is something I don't believe in
Being irresponsible and selfish
Are what people say I am
Confident and independent
Is what people expect of me
Perfection
No one's perfect
Rest and take breaks
I've let myself
Fall down the rabbit hole of laziness
I won't
Admit my shortcomings and change
I try to
Find shortcuts
I don't
Listen to constructive criticism and take corrections
There's an empty void inside of me
Without confidence

Avoiding the problem will solve it
I don't think
Life can be so much more
Why try more in life?

(now go back up)

A BLANK PIECE OF PAPER

BY VANESSA CHEN

I've become a piece of blank paper.
My Chinese not enough for my Chinese community,
My English accent gets in the way of the Chinese words.
Reading the characters confuses my English brain
My family knows but
It's always a guessing game for others,
My features don't give me away.

Back in China,
My aunties and uncles try their best to speak English with me,
But they get tired and switch back to Chinese,
I act like I understand, but I don't.
I act like I'm familiar with the ancient stories they tell
and festivals they celebrate,
But I don't know them.

I've learned to quickly adapt,
But still, I find myself awkwardly in the middle:
Not Chinese enough to talk to my 5-year-old piano prodigy cousin,
Yet not English enough to wear a simple blue dress to family reunions
instead of my qipao made of silk with intricate embroidery.
In a wall full of traditional calligraphy and lotus flowers,
I've become a piece of blank paper.

IN THE FOREST

BY LANNA LAN

Deep in the forest
I see a rabbit.
The rabbits are white and black,
and very soft and cute.
Deep in the forest
I hear birds chirping.
The birds are black
and fly.
You can taste the mint leaves,
a very strong taste that I hate.
The forest makes me feel happy and
scared, and
weird.

CARDBOARD HOUSES

BY SAMANTHA CHONG

Cardboard houses form
towns from boxes.

Memories inside,
in there they hide.

They peek at me,
surprised to find me not dusty.

I catch newspaper headlines
and remember how they changed lives.

I wander down the decade
watching first steps replayed,

Once vibrantly painted
now crumpled and faded.

Though the memories seem
Far away, the images gleam

Strangers, friends and family
litter the empty streets with reality.

I walk up 2008
where everyone stays behind their gate.

And remember
that not all members

Will come and join
as they will be traded for coins—

And will find life—
somewhere else.

DIRTY WATER

BY NOELLE FUNG

Kayaks floating
And people falling,
Yelling as they descend into the depths,
Already drenched like a filthy sponge as family hauled them out.
Knowing they would never go kayaking again.

COVID YOU STINK

BY ANDREW HOU

Covid oh covid, I hate you you stink
I wish I could wash you away in the sink!
You stupid and pointless and ugly disease!
I'm coughing and sneezing, GO AWAY PLEASE!

Covid I love you, but not in that way,
I'd love you to use that open doorway!!!
There's one thing I wish for this Christmas to say,
Covid oh, covid, leave us I pray!

TO MAKE A STORY

BY ROSE LIU

Tell me a story, before this all ends,
Tell me something beautiful, something pretend.

Weave in a message, poison it with lies,
Lace it with irony, dose it with hope,
Fill it with laughter, then make me cry!
Who even cares if it doesn't all rhyme!

Make dragons and princesses dance in my head,
Read me to sleep, at the foot of my bed.
Tell me the stories, of the days of old
Of swords and adventures and of tales untold.

Give it a moral, maybe a warning,
Pirates and wizards, parrots and hooks,
Tell me everything you can

About the magic found in books.

It starts easy, dear: "once" and then "time"
But give it action, bring me despair
Give it personality, its own flair

Don't you ever dare, try to make me care.

Don't get caught up... don't start to feel,
Because, remember love, none of it's real.

SIT ON A POTATO PAN, OTIS!

BY KINGSLEY DAI

Sizzle fizzle chizzle in your kitchen
Inside I found a potato pan!
Toot-toot!
Otis! I found a potato pan! Otis!
No way, said Otis,
Apps are dumb, especially this pan one.
Punch it! Here comes Otis!
Oopsies!
Tat tat, naughty, not careful.
Ahhh!!!
Tat, naughty!
Otiiiiis!!! YOU SAT ON THE POTATO PAN! OTIS!
Pat it, Shenz.
ARGHHHH!
Not today, Ot.
Otis! FIX THE POTATO PAN!
Tat, riiight, Shenz.
It was my POTATO PRESENT!!!
Sit on another, and you're gonna be flat on your face!

I LIKE SECRETS

BY JOHN JIANG

I like secrets
Because then
Nobody can
Disturb
Your conversation.

I like secrets
Because they
Are private
And sometimes
You need a password.

I like secrets
Because you can
Share them
With somebody
Special,
Like friends and pets.

SHROUDED

BY DECLAN CARVALHO

My eyes were burning and red
My nose smelled something barbecuing
It tickled the back of my throat
Tasted like steak
My asthma made me stay inside
I could almost touch the burning wood
Crackling fires

I felt like vanishing, disappearing
Smoky grey day
Dull red sun
Invisible moon
No stars, no planets
Mystifying
Is this what it felt like to be a dinosaur?

PEACE VS. WAR

BY JUSTIN FOK

Peace is wonderful
It is when we come together
To share our cultures and traditions
Where we laugh and be joyful.
We say, "We'll get through this together."
Where comfort and joy spread
throughout the world.
But there is always someone there to disturb the peace.

War is terrible
People scream in terror as they go down in battle.
Hatred focuses on the innocent people,
Even those from the country that started the war.
Cries of anger and sadness echo through the battlefield
The earth-shaking booms of the
artillery firing away
showering the enemies with explosives.
Running, screaming, seeing your friends
go down in the lines of battle.
This is war.

A BOND NOT A BEWARE

BY SABRINA DURMAZ

We live defined in numbers.
We see the withered hair of grey
and with grace we turn away.
Not unkind, just fearing slumber.

It's unknown to me what happens after.
Quite frankly, my blood beats breaking dams at its thought.
As a child of a mere six years,
I had sleepless nights of the continuity,
which would not involve me.
The looming inevitable,
society has made a market.
Do not ask the age of a woman, they say,
nor the ingredients of this cream, they say
forbids wrinkles.

Why do we fear this process?
Why do we fear something we all share?
Should it not create unity?
A bond.
Not a beware.

Age creeps like frost on wintered plants.
As the leaves fall, and sun parts,
It's like a disease has dawned,
one of bleakness, bearing death.
Though Mother Nature chose the path,
there is no chance before advance.
It's motions are slow, but freeze us in an
instant.

It becomes too late,
they watched with trepidation, they feared
as we turned grey.

What could have been

a bond

not a beware

?

WISDOM AND STUPIDITY

BY HELENA KONG

Wisdom like the great oak tree,
winds that blow on the face of thee.
"Wit beyond measure is a man's greatest treasure."
Imagine that, it must be a pleasure.

A person sharing wisdom with all,
His popularity is not small.
"Look, she is so much better,
Popular, favoured, and much more wise."

"Did you hear? They said you're stupid,
Since when did you think you were wanted?"
Just because of this jeering,
You become a red herring.
Distracting, misleading, and insecure.

Indecisive much, unsure, worthless,
In time of need, oh dear, you're helpless.
Spreading lies, fake news and the untrue,
Must be someone out there who can change your view.

HANNAH'S UNFORTUNATE BIKE RIDE

BY CHRISTINA KONG

Hannah gets on her bike.
She is not afraid, so
Down, down the ENORMOUS hill!
At the speed of lightning,
Hannah crashed into a wall.
But she found out she wasn't dead,
What an unfortunate bike ride.

Now read from bottom to top and see how brave Hannah can be.

COMICS (AN HOMAGE TO GREEN EGGS AND HAM)

BY NATHANIEL MAR

That Rick, that Rick, I don't like that Rick
He keeps asking me if I like to read his comics
He asks me if I will read them here or there,
But I do not want to read them anywhere.

Do I want to read a *Superman*?
Do I want to read a *Spiderman*?
No, I don't want to read about a hero
I think that they are all a bunch of big zeroes

How about *Sad Sack*, *Beetle Bailey* or *Groo*??
I wish he would just go away and shoo!

Casper, Archie, Calvin and Hobbes??
I can't take it, I'm going to sob.

Ok, ok I will try it, Rick
Give me your favourite comic
Say!
I do like comics, give me more!
Maybe one or two or three or four!
I do like all of your favourite comics!
Thank you! Thank you very much, Rick.

DOGS

BY TIGER HAN

Ruby is loyal
Ruby is the world's best dog
Apart from Waffles

Waffles is Ms. Docker's dog
He is just as loyal as Ruby

Ruby is clever and
She listens when you call
And she's always awesome

Waffles and Ruby are brilliant
Is your dog brilliant?

Ruby is super smart
She learned how to shake paw in
about three tries

Do you have a dog?
If you don't, go get one now!

Q & A

BY EMILY XIN

Questions are confusions, delights,
daydreams, nightmares and wanderings,
they are complex, or simple,
they are a sentence or phrase
used to find out information.

A question is a problem
that tests knowledge
or ability. A question is doubt
about value
or truth. A question
is the specific point
at issue.

It is room
for objection.

A question
is a raised hand
in a class. It is rough,
dry paper. A question
is slimy saliva
in your mouth.

Perhaps the breakfast
that you had?

They could be mysterious ghosts
inside of my computer
creaking and squeaking
as I try

to listen to my teacher
when she says the answer
is a correct
match to a description.

An answer is

a correct response.
It is a solution
to a problem.
An answer
opens doors
to someone
or picks up
the phone.
An answer
is the cool
slippery metal
that you turn.
An answer is
the breeze
that whooshes
in your face.

THE END

BY SOLEIL ZHANG

The trees swoosh around me.
The flowers float around me finding a better place to live.
The ants go underground to hide from harm.
The sea waves beat against the hard rocks.
Thunder rolls across the sky.
Rain pours down on us.
The earth shakes like it can't hold on.
Grass parts away from the ground.
Gas spreads throughout the air.
My teeth chatter despite my coat.
Leaves blow in every direction.
People are evacuating.

A WHIM

BY RYAN WEI

Following,
The road leading home.
I listen to my silent footsteps,
Drowned out by the passing cars.

Until they stop
In front of a crossroad.
Suddenly unable
To make up their mind

The frost of winter
Slips through the openings of my shoes,
Clenching my feet so tight,
Grasping them with pure coldness.

Go straight,
I tell myself.
Go home,
And get warm

But a light breeze,
Tousles my hair to the right,
Almost as if
Urging me to make a turn.

A crow caws unpleasantly,
Perched on a low branch on a nearby tree,
Pointing its beak
Towards the turn I shouldn't make.

A coincidence.
I decide as I take a step forward,

When a crack beneath my feet
Stimulates my consciousness.

Underneath a bare leafless tree
Lay the chestnuts it nurtured,
Bruised, cracked and splattered,
All over the road.

Yet none of them seemed to point
In the direction I was headed.

I forced myself to move away,
Ignoring my frozen fingers
That now seemed to act like a broken compass,
Pointing in a forbidden direction.

I left the tree, the bird, the wind,
And hurried back to the place I know,
Stuffing my feelings into a bottle,
And throwing them back into the sea.

And when the bottle reaches shore,
I'll once again begin to wonder.
Whether those signs had led somewhere,
If I had followed them there.

HAPPY LUNAR NEW YEAR

BY JERRY SHI

It is the year of the Ox
The Ox is very strong
He walks on the grass
And sees the town
He is a happy Ox!

LANGUAGE

BY ZYRA SIDDOO

I only speak one language,
But I am trying to learn others
I hear my friends speak languages
That I have never heard before.

They say
Bonjour in France,
Hallå in Sweden,
Hola in Spain,
and many more.

I never know what they are saying,
But I cannot wait to learn.
For all languages tell stories
About culture, history and how to make a friend.

MOTHS

BY JULIA MEI

On a moody Monday morning,
As I was eating my buttered banana bread,
I saw a little creature flying up ahead.
The little fella flew right into my forearm,
I jumped up in dismay and bashed it with the buttered banana bread.
As my butter flew, the creature first looked like a butterfly.
But as I looked closer,
It was a moth!
And then a dozen more flew over.
Two dozen, then three, all swarming in the light,

My whole entire kitchen was filled with such a sight.
The undulation, the murmuration, the tantalization,
Hypnotizing and disturbing me to the core,
Until I turned off the light.
And I continued eating my buttered banana bread,
On a moody Monday morning.

WHEN I'M OLD

BY BERNICE MAI

When I'm old I shall wear a red coat,
with black goggles and a black t-shirt that doesn't suit me.
I shall wear a black cowboy hat with black boots that make
me look like Willy Wonka.

And I shall go to buffets and stuff my mouth and pockets,
with all the food and spend my money on
Brandy Melville clothing and random toys.
And I shall curse on the streets.

You can act like Willy Wonka and grow more fat,
And eat 30 sausages at once,
Or only eat grass for the rest of your life.

But now we shall eat only the amount you can finish,
And wear clothing that suits you and
Not curse on the streets.

Maybe I ought to practice a little now?
So people who know me are not too shocked or surprised,
when I'm old and start to look like Willy Wonka.

TACKY WOULD SAY

BY CHLOE LU

Tacky the Penguin would say,
"Always be yourself."
Tacky the Penguin would say,
"Never give up."
Tacky the Penguin would say,
"Choose your own path."
Tacky the Penguin would say,
"Never let others tell you what to do."

Tacky the Penguin is always himself,
He always chooses his own path.
Tacky will never give up,
no matter what.
And he doesn't let others tell him what to do.

HIGHSCHOOL

BY TASMIYAH SIDDIQUI

Feeling of maturity,
Hormones running loose,
The dream experience non-existent,
Homework all-nighters on Red Bull,
But that's what makes it fun.

Deadlines haunting one after another,
Society looking down upon us,
Rumours and scandals,
Plastic friends,
But that's what makes it fun.

Unexpected glow ups,
Escaping dumb injuries,
Running between classes,
Clothing infractions,
But that's what makes it fun.

Pop quizzes,
5-second judgements,
A metaphor for jail,
Enclosed between walls and people,
But that's what makes it fun.

It's still an interesting adventure,
The overachievers mixing with the slackers,
You can never have the perfect experience,
But that's what makes it fun.

THE SWEET AND SOUR DONUT

BY THEODORE TOYE

The sweetness of my donut makes me cheerful
I love the chocolaty taste
It makes me feel all jazzed up
I can see fireworks in my mind
And my stomach feels satisfied
I slowly reach the middle as I take another bite

Something doesn't taste the same
I taste a big chunk of something crunchy
My teeth work harder at every crunch
The fireworks slowly dissolve
My smile turns upside down
The sour middle of the donut makes me cranky

TERRIBLE GAME

BY BRYAN ZENG

Minecraft is a terrible game
In Minecraft, coding is like a baby that knows nothing.
In Minecraft, chats are an unclimbable mountain
In Minecraft, game modes are like water in a desert, there's none.
In Minecraft, players are elephants constantly snoring loudly
In Minecraft, graphics are soiled baby diapers down the trash can
In Roblox, coding is like Einstein
In Roblox, chats are a tiny bump on the ground
In Roblox, game modes are like a swarm of bees
In Roblox, players are butterflies, just chilling.
In Roblox, graphics are tangible water
Roblox is an awesome game

VANILLA THE POODLE

BY FAYE CHEN

Dogs, dogs, dogs!
I love dogs.
Dogs are so cute.
Dogs are so fluffy!

For two whole years
I've wanted a dog.
I've wanted a poodle
For TWO WHOLE YEARS!

Floppy ears and lots of fur.
Whining, wagging and
Pooping a big poop.

But I will still pick it up.

I will call my poodle Vanilla,
'Cause my poodle will be white.

THIS SCHOOL YEAR

BY KEVIN HAN

Very tiring due to writing a lot
as tiring as running across the country
strict teacher, tired of her shouting
she is a strict military boot camp.

Lots of homework to do, reading, writing.

Short breaks and lunch breaks,
As short as a crayon.

Music-listening after lunch.

I can hear my classmates chatting like 100 automatic pencil sharpeners
During lunch and group studies.

Murmurs during class time,
quiet like mice.

The teacher scolds students for late work
She hates people being late,
Hates as much as you hate someone who hurt you.

This is a very unenjoyable school year
Unenjoyable like listening to jazz all day long, non-stop.

PLESIOSAURUS

BY JUSTIN CHU

Plesiosaurus was a marine reptile
His neck could stretch very straight
He ate meat of fish
He was very big
And could dive under water

If I ever met one
I would never jump in the water with it
Because it's a carnivore and it would eat me

But he eats fish so I think he
Will not eat me

SNOWFLAKES

BY REINA SUI

When we were cramped
in the house
about a year ago,
the curtains were closed
so I couldn't know
what was going on
outside.
A few months of
frost and wind
was all that we had.
Perhaps also freezing rain
splating on your head
one

annoying
drop
at
a
time.

The wind
would blow
into your ears
and make them red
like apples,
turning your hands
into useless
chunks of ice,
still freezing
even inside
your warmest pockets.

When were we
EVER
going to get snow?
I turned around
in my bed
and was too lazy
to get up.

Later that day
as we ran out,
glittery white snowflakes
floated
towards the ground
and we frolicked,
carefree,
and played
the rest of the day.

"A MEMORY."

BY NICY WANG

Sitting in class,
my English teacher tells us to think
of a memory
and suddenly,
I'm eleven again

dripping wet in a purple bathing suit holding my pink Speedo goggles
in my right hand, speed walking to the poolside table for a refreshing
lava flow, feeling the salty breeze, hearing the calming rhythm of
waves crashing on the shore

But my family is not there.
The belongings are there.

There is a towel

But where is my family?

I was scared.

I didn't know this place.

Tears welling in my eyes

I searched frantically for my family

And find my mom talking on the phone. Relief washed over me but her
face was not filled with a bright and happy smile.

It was grave.

"Nicy my dear, I have some important news to share. It might seem
very sudden and you will be in shock but, I want you to know this
because it is important for you, especially you, to know about this."

Confusion and anxiety circled in my head.

Why

especially

me?

Good

or bad?
My heartbeat
raced.

My eyes
Searched for the light in
Her eyes
but all I found was the ocean.
She held back waves and put on a faint smile, the one used for
comfort before bad news.

"Baby I just got off the phone with auntie Laura and I am very sorry
but, James ..."

It hit me like a hurricane.
My heart sank into my empty stomach
which was no longer hungry
rather full from swallowing
unwanted food.

Nausea swarmed my body.

James
is very young was very young
is fighting brain cancer had been fighting brain cancer
Has a son had a son
How does he feel? How would I feel? How do I feel?

I was so young.
It only took minutes for my mom to tell me
But I no longer felt eleven again

And now I am
Sitting in class,
my English teacher tells us to think
of a memory

...ING

BY IAN CHOI

When I am sad I am crying.
Typing is a way easier way to write than writing.
If you dance, you must be singing.
Using Sora is another way to start reading.
If somebody does a great audition you start clapping.
If there is a pool beside or in your apartment you can go swimming.
If you own a car one day you will start driving.
Dancing for a year could give you great skills for dancing.
Most people think that shouting is very annoying.
Playing video games builds up your skills at playing.
Instruments could make you better at playing.
You go to the dentist to check if you are brushing.
If you drew a picture you were drawing.

FREEFALL

BY CHRISTINA CHEN

you run into the water
the way
the world moves
and

in thought
flows
the rhythm
of your fingers
the shaking

stilling

your senses

the strength of
unknown spirits
rock
corpses
to silence

your mind exists

a severed limb
that twitches like
a poisoned body
a spasm
that overcomes
breath
it is

lapping air before there's none left
you're
above a sky full of rippling water
and
somehow you're free

PENGUIN VS. POLAR BEAR

BY ASHTON ALTMAN

Penguin
Feathers, webbed feet
Diving, sliding, beak
Ice, cold, arctic, snow
Swimming, running, snout
Claws, fur
Polar bear

I COULD BE ANY COLOUR I LIKE

BY ANGELINA XU

What's my colour you want to know?

I could be red.

I could be yellow.

I could be blue.

I could be purple.

I could be green.

I could be pink or white or black.

I could be any colour you like!

What's your colour I want to know

You could be any colour **you** like!

You could be pink or white or black.

You could be green.

You could be purple

You could be blue

You could be yellow.

You could be red.

What's your colour? I want to know.

GREENPHOBIAC

BY DANIEL LU

What secret colour am I?

I'll give you clues:

I hate the forest

'Cause it gets all the attention

I hate when it's in eye colour

I want to make sure to mention.

I hate the grass
'Cause I have to help it
I hate the plants moving around
While I stay here and sit.

I am still glad
That I'm around all year
I hate that it's a secondary colour
While I don't know the back of my ear.

I have to help everyone around
I hate that Green does without making a sound
I'm best on chocolate, dirt, and eyes
When I see Green-yuck!-it looks like you'll die!

(Riddle answer: the colour brown)

THE WITCH

BY ANNABELLE HUANG

Once there was a witch
With a pointy black hat
With a purple ribbon
And a fat black cat

She turned a prince
Into a frog
And she saw a
Ghost sitting on a log

She saw a bat
hanging on a tree
And she turned the ghost
Into a flea

NOTHING LIVED IN AN ORDINARILY WHIMSICAL WORLD

BY STELLA MARKOVSKA

Nothing lived in an ordinarily whimsical world
(with grounded trees and clouds all swirled)
day night dawn dusk
he danced his song he sang his dance

bustling people busy and buzz
gave nothing not a second glance
ran away as if he got them lost
sky wind sea frost

children playing
laughing crying fearing dreaming
could see with their eyes gleaming
that everything loved him with the whole of her heart

as sky loves earth as mountain loves sea
she let his absence go and his presence be
rose and thorn sun and rain
she loved him with a love that no one could detain

people with people danced
boring with dull ordinary thought
hurried paced never knowing only sought
dawn day dusk night

frost sky sea wind
(and fire and water

have known in their world
with grounded trees and clouds all swirled)

Everything and nothing for eternity dreamed
rainbow wedding like sun and rain
only forever live to be
frost wind sky sea

ASIAN 101

BY MINNIE MEI

Don't forget to defrost the chicken before your mom comes home, she will get mad. Don't forget to listen to classical music, preferably piano or violin, it will make your mom happy. Don't forget that we do not call Chinese food just food in China, stop asking. Don't forget we can see, our eyes are just smaller than them alright? Don't forget we have feelings too. Don't forget how to make dumplings, your parents are counting on you to keep the tradition going. Don't forget to take AP or IB. Trust on this one. Don't forget because we have the same last name as someone you know, doesn't mean we're related to them. Wang, Chen, Zhang, He. Don't forget, no. Don't forget to take band at school, your parents will have bragging rights during afternoon tea with their friends. Don't forget to NEVER get a fringe, you will desperately regret your decisions. Don't forget not all of us are genius at math, some of us do not have the willpower to do your homework for you when they, themselves physically do not understand the topic. Don't forget bubble tea is good, but when you finally realize how they make it, you might regret it. Don't forget we only use chopsticks for sushi and noodles most of the time, we don't use chopsticks to eat pizza. Also, don't forget to get some common sense as well. Don't forget, for all of us who can drive, not all of us are bad at driving.. ehh most of the time. Now that you know, don't forget you will still be asked; "What kind of Asian are you?"

BUNNIES IN A POOL

BY AMANDA HO

Splishing splashing, water everywhere,
Stuffy Bunnies jumping here and there.

In this little pool they play,
Having fun along the way.

Eating some delicious carrots,
And some cool, yummy veggies.

Tossing willow balls up in the sky,
Then catching them while they're still very high.

Who can jump the highest?
Mommy Car Bunny, Daddy Car Bunny,
Sleeping Bunny, or Basement Bunny?

Who knows? Who cares?
All they want is to have some fun!

LAUGH VS. SMILE

BY EMMA SHEN

Laugh
Funny Silly
Exciting Surprising Welcoming
Open Loud Polite Enjoy
Inspiring Congratulating Encouraging
Warm Happy
Smile

FLOWERS FOR THE DEAD

BY ELIZABETH JEN

There was a comfort knowing it will come for us all
Some sooner
The lucky ones decades later

When we are six feet in the soil we are the same
Our skin disintegrates until all that is left of us are bones
We fade back into where we came from

If you were fortunate and popular
You would receive flowers
Pale baby blue ones and large, droopy white lilies
From mourning friends and families
Eventually they will move on
The flowers upon your grave turn into dust
Joining you in earth

Flowers are the currency of the dead
With no breath left, material possessions become null
Given to those in your will
Still, they would be abandoned
And sit collecting dirt and soot

The fresh petals of a new bouquet melt into the grass
And the skeleton remembers what it's like to be alive
How the grimy air of the city filled its lungs
How the soft razor blades of grass tickled its palms
The memory of faces that have blurred into one
And how wonderful it must have been to simply be

The flickering second of subconsciousness passes
And darkness returned to its place

ABOUT SCHOOL

BY EMMA CHEN

She never wanted to explain things. No one cared
So she drew
Sometimes she would just draw and it wasn't anything.
She would lie out on the pavement and look up in the sky and it
would
Be only the sky that ever needed explaining.
And so she drew the picture.
It was a beautiful picture. She taped it on her wall. For everyone to see
Not that anyone would care about it anyway.
And she would look at it every night and think about it.
And when it was dark and her eyes closed she would still see it.
It was all of her and she loved it.
When she started school she brought it with her.
Just to show to anyone and everyone.
It was funny about school
She sat in a square, brown desk.
A desk she thought should have more space.

And her room was a white square room. Like the rest of them.
And it was big and spacious. And fun.
She loved to hold the pencil and chalk, with her arm and
Her feet flat on the floor, with the teacher watching
and watching.
The teacher came and spoke to her...
She told her to try creating things with different materials.
She said she wanted to and the teacher was happy.
After that she drew. And she drew all yellow and it was the way she
Felt about that morning. And it was beautiful.
The teacher came and smiled at her. "What's this?" she said.
"Why don't you show everybody?"
"Isn't it beautiful?"

After that, her mother bought her pencils and she always drew.
Anything she was feeling she drew.
She hung them all up on the wall.
And when she lay out alone looking up at the sky, it was big and blue,
And all of everything, but she wasn't just anyone.
She was Pink and her hands were graceful.
And she was like everyone else. All things inside her that
Didn't need a saying needed one now.
Everyone was pushing. To not be crushed.
Beautiful.
Like everyone else.

NO MELON, NO LEMON

BY ANNIE LIU

Nini dislikes lemons and melons!
Occasionally, she eats wood!
My mother says that she is crazy, but
Everyone else thinks it's good!

Lucy likes rotten cherries
Opal eats at chapel
Nini can't stand barbecue
Nevatri eats apples

Olivia won't touch fish sticks
Lucia loathes limes
Ella dislikes every veggie
Marie has fries when she climbs

Otto shares oatmeal with Ellen, but
Nini still dislikes lemons and melons!

DEAR APPLE TREE,

BY ANGELA WANG

I love to pick apples from your lovely tree.
Your apples are shiny, bright, and sweet.
They look like redcoats in the summer.
Your apples are shiny, bright, and sweet.
I love to pick apples from your lovely tree.

Love,
Angela

JAPAN!

BY KALYSHA TAI

I love Japan....

In Tokyo the streets are full of lanterns
That hang beside the buildings,
Shining a bright light onto the sidewalks below.

The stores there have models
That people buy to build and take them home
To spray like crazy with paint.

Hello Kitty is waiting in her land
To play with you as you wonder where you are.
Is this Disneyland?

The Sanrio characters wait for you to sit on their rides
They sing and dance like the characters in Small World.

In Cat Cafe, real fluffy and colourful kittens
Snuggle and chase each other playfully
Around your feet while you eat your cold and yummy dessert.

At night in a huge restaurant they serve
Flavourful ramen and sushi
While performers, dressed in traditional costumes and masks
That make their faces look chubby
Dance and sing on the stage.

Good night is where we'll end but tomorrow there is more fun waiting.

DISASTER

BY ANTHONY LI

Staring at the top of the stool
was difficult because
the stool touched
the sky, it was fun
climbing the mini Mount Everest
but it came with a price.
Gravity.

Gravity pulled me
down
but instead of a face
full of snow,
my leg crashed into
the steaming furnace
that cooked
kebabs.

MOONLIGHT SOCCER

BY JAMES HONG

I like to play soccer at the park,
I stay there even when it's dark.
I really like soccer,
Just like Ms. Docker!

We like to practice in the park,
Even when it's absolutely dark.
The moon bathes us,
And the ball is fast, like a bus!

I chase the ball fast as a car.
My wish is to be a soccer star!

ELEGY

BY SOPHIA CHONG

the low hum of the fan, the greyish carpet and
walls painted bright blue in an attempt to distract
from the slow, heavy feeling that hung over the third floor.
another summer spent indoors,
pale fingers gripping mechanical pencils and worn-down erasers
as twelve heads bowed towards thick practice exams
the sheets of paper still warm from the printer.
i sat at the very end of the table, flicking through the pages
of questions about cadences or tritones
and half-diminished sevenths.
i was analyzing the concerto by beethoven on page five
when he snaked his hand up my leg.
i tilted my knees away from him harshly, my shoulders rigid

against the back of my seat, trying to hide the rage that
crescendood through my veins.

i was ten years old when i entered that stale, dreary building
i had told him to stop, the staccato sixteenth notes of my heart
rattling in my chest.

READ THE ROOM

BY EDDIE CHEN

My first grade teachers favourite saying was "Read the room"
So I did...

I observed the classroom, picking up on things that were "normal"
Hmmm..... girls wear pink boys wear blue

Read the room

Girls should have long hair at least to their shoulders

Read the room

Guys should always have short hair

Read the room

A girl can't be friends with a guy it's impossible

Read the room

There are only two genders, girls and boys

Read the room

This was stuff I picked up on when I was in the first grade.

Gender norms were being taught before I even knew how to read

Before I knew how to write

Before I knew how to think for myself

So how was I supposed to know that I was different?

She taught us in a room with closed doors, but that's not what rooms
were designed for.

Rooms are meant to let people in not shut them out.

All kinds of people are constantly flowing through that doorway, so
maybe we should all

Read the room

WANDERER ABOVE THE SEA OF FOG: A RESPONSE IN TWO PARTS

BY RAEHAAN SIDDOO

I

In the distance, you hear eerie fog horns echoing off the cloud
My loneliness brings me a tear
The vultures swarming under the clouds and are chirping loud
I remember the night the boat sunk under the pier
He went missing under the waves but that shouldn't have been allowed
It's been difficult to know that he will never reappear
There has never been a day when he has not made me proud
Standing tall and fierce waiting to face your fear

II

Presiding over the Kingdom
Remembering the victorious battle
Outdoing the other army
Understanding the strategy of war
Defeating the enemy without any casualties

I AM... VICTORIA SHEN

BY VICTORIA SHEN

I am six years old.
I am lucky I am tall like seven years old.

I am creative and smart.
I can make cookies for my baby sister shaped like Mickey Mouse.

I am a big sister, taking care of my little sister,

like a raccoon cares for its siblings. Hugging her and protecting her.

I am good at writing.
I can make paragraphs.

I am in grade one.
I learned a lot there.

I am at Southridge where I love to do art and to draw.

I am funny. I do silly things like "BOO!"

I am wearing black slippers.
I wear them every day. I like them.

I am writing on a piece of paper.
I am writing about going to buy ice cream.

I am good at a lot of creative things like making a rocket ship.

I am reading *Living in Space*.
It is all about science.
It is interesting.

I am a piano player.
I press on the keyboard.
It looks like my fingers are dancing.

I am a golf player and I go in the grass to hit the ball,
swinging to see where it goes.

I am good at sports like basketball and soccer.

I am in Surrey, Canada and I love going to school.

I am planning to go to Victoria on the island.
It is on Vancouver Island.

SOUL KNIGHT

BY DORA WANG

Soul Knight
Non-logical Fantastical
Raging Rampaging Freezing
Gold Mask Fish Secret Drill
Battling Sweating Freeing
Creepy Crazy
King Snowman

HOLD ME UP

BY CLEOPATRA HSIEH

My sister holds me up.
She tells me I am a good drawer whenever I draw.
My grandma holds me up.
She makes my favourite green onion pancakes when I feel good.
My dad holds me up.
He flies me around the house when I feel excited.
My mom holds me up.
She buys books for me whenever I feel silly.
My grandfather holds me up.
He makes breakfast for me when I feel happy.
I hold my sister up.
I help her play music whenever she feels tired.
I hold my ringette teammates up.
I play hard with them.
I hold my mom and dad up.
I help them find their phones when they feel sad because they can't find their phones.

YOU'RE DOING WELL

BY YIFAN YANG

You're doing well

You have been getting top marks in class

Working hard to achieve your goals

And prepared more than enough for each test

You're doing well

You have been helpful and considerate towards all your classmates' questions

Established healthy connections with your teachers

And been there for your friend even when you had countless assignments due the next day

You're doing well

You went to each volunteer meeting despite finals coming soon

Receiving numerous extracurricular awards while still keeping your grades as high as ever

And earning the trust of your family your teachers your friends with little kids looking up to you as a role model

You're doing well

Even when you're not doing well

Even when the pressure explodes and stress overwhelms you like a never-ending tsunami

You kept going

You pushed yourself till you couldn't push anymore, till the last bit of strength faded like a dying flame in the darkness, defeated

But you're still doing well

Because you gave your all and even if that flame wavers

Your undeniable passion will never go out

KAYAK

BY KEVIN WANG

Kayaks on the calm water
Afloat, just like ducks on a pond
You sat here, waiting on the shore
As the day became the night
Knowing that he would never come back.

MY INDOOR TOMATO PLANT

BY RYDER HSU

My indoor tomato plant
Is like a tree

Every time I pass it
I count how many ripe
Tomatoes there are

Right now there are three
And eight in progress
With five greenies.

Three tomatoes are grandmas and grandpas
Eight are adults
And five are kids.
All live in a family
Together like me and you.

With a little bit of fur
On its branches
Its leaves, are
Distinct to the tomatoes

And unique enough to be a tree.

The smell
Is fresh
And juicy
Like a tomato.

The yellow flowers,
Are in many tummies
Some at the hospital
Waiting to be a tomato
And some are still growing.

The leaves feel
Bumpy, with crunch
And tomatoes are
Smooth in a bunch.

I'm guessing
I shouldn't touch the tomatoes
I can hear them say
"Ryder, Ryder, what is that screen?"
I connect to the plants
As they scream
"Ryder, Ryder, when am I gonna grow as big as Boggy?"

Boggy is the biggest of them all.
Boggy is plump
Boggy is red.

They have chopsticks
That keeps them straight and strong.
Now they will never
Fall over, never fall over.

Our indoor garden
Makes everyone fascinated.
I love my indoor tomato plant.

WHAT I LIKE

BY EVAN JIN

I like science because I think it's very magical.
I like nature because it has lots of things to learn about.

I like drawing because I have
A lot of things that I want to draw.
I like LEGO, because I can build the stuff I draw!

My favourite colour is red
because it looks like an apple! Yummy!

My favourite animal
is the black panther. Rowr!

And last, I really really really love my family.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

BY CONNIE JIN

'Hola' 'Hello' 'Hej'
There is a language for each,
But also one for all.

We all understand
This particular language,
For we've all felt it.

Not English or French
Not Chinese or Japanese,
Inert we speak it

A superb language,
A language the deaf can hear,
One the blind can see.

A language so pure,
No matter near, far, short, tall
One for all to share.

WATER POEM

BY NOLAN SO

Water
Healthy Liquid
Sharing Carrying Loving
Yummy Bottle Store Metrotown
Helping Loving Carrying
Water Bottle

UFO TOFU

BY RILEY TAM

"Urgent!" blasted the alarms. We must go discover what has just
landed on Earth.
Finding what it is something we have accomplished.
Oh, WOW. UFO's are real!?! But wait what's inside of this UFO?
Tofu eating aliens!?!
Oh, brother guess we have to
Find a way to not get fired
"Uhh, what is this report?!" questioned our boss. "Tofu eating aliens,"
sounds like something a hamburger would make up.

CASTLE

BY DAVID ZHU

Created during the medieval ages
A king ruled over the land in the castle
Sat on top of a mountain
Tilting a little to the side
Lord after Lord lived in there
Each castle slowly fell apart and the end of the castles came.

VALENTINE'S DAY RHYMES

BY MICAH BASHIR

Roses are red, violets are blue
Sugar is sweet, and I need a few...
...diapers.

On Valentine's I made a heart,
Next Valentine's I'll make a tart.

Happy Valentine's Day to my best friend!
I hope that they'll enjoy the day in the end.

SNOW

BY AARON LIU

Snow is scary
It is wrong to believe that
Snow is fun to play with
But

It causes blizzards and avalanches
Even if
Snow can quench your thirst
When you are buried in snow
Have despair
Do not
Think that there is hope
No one will rescue you
It is not true that
Snow is a good thing
There is not a reason why snow is the flag of winter
It is false that
Snow is great
Snow is dangerous
Don't try to trick me into thinking that
Snow is awesome!

WHO HOLDS ME UP?

BY AIDEN FUNG

Who holds me up?
My mom holds me up.
She cooks for me.

Who holds me up?
My mom holds me up.
She teaches me.

Who holds me up?
My mom holds me up.
She hugs me when I'm sad.

SNOWBOARDING

BY ISABELLA SHEN

I go to put on my snowboard in the snow,
But watch out! Whoosh! The hard wind blows and blows!

But of course, I keep getting up and up,
But whoops I think I accidentally gulped.

My friend thinks there is too much air,
I kind of think she is a liar or... maybe lair?

Oh! There are so many women and men,
Wow! They keep going down again and again,

I am on road green and blue,
But the ice is as sticky as glue!

My fluffy mittens stick on the ice,
WHAT??!! There are of course no mice,
It is too cold for them to live.
I copy my dad and try to dive,

But I tumble and tumble and tumble down!
My dad says we will soon go into town,

I get up and up and go again and again,
With all of the women and men,
All by... MY side ! ! ! ! !
I almost act as if they are my entire guide!

So readers this is the end of MY snowboarding day,
And so this is all I have to say... and I'll come back without delay!

TACO CAT

BY IRIS JIANG

Taco cat was

A cat that had

Cute eyes.

Outside, he always likes to look at people with his eyes. Everyone said, "This

Cat is cute!" Tacocat was delighted to hear these words.

At home, he uses his cute eyes to ask for

The things his owners don't want him to have.

I LIKE TO EAT

BY JAYDEN OU

I like to eat banana Ice cream

It tastes good it is very sweet

I like to eat cookies

They are like poison

I like to eat pizza

Pizza smells like cookie monster

I like to eat banana pants

They are yammy

And I like to drink coffee

Coffee tastes like ice

THE MOST BORING AGE IN THE WORLD

BY GIOVANNI LIEW

When I was 1 year old, I was bored.
I had nothing to do but
Get in trouble by drinking lots of milk
And eat mangoes! I would sneakily
Eat mangoes. It was so hard to get
Mangoes... so I was bored. I wish that
I could have a mango machine that would
Blast out mango juice!
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

When I was 2 years old, I was bored.
There was also nothing to do. I would
Crawl around, talk a little bit, and dance!
It was boring crawling around because
I wanted to WALK around. Not crawl.
I wish that I had already walked all around the world.
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

When I was 4 years old, I was bored.
There were little things I could do. I was still wearing diapers.
I couldn't play in the playground for a long time
Because I needed to change my diapers every 3 hours.
I wish that I didn't need to wear my diapers anymore
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

Being 8 years old, I am bored.
There is a pandemic going on.
It prevents me from going to school with my friends.
I miss playing with them and giving teachers lots of trouble.

I miss the opportunities to visit the principal after being naughty
(Which I love.)
I wish that there was no covid virus so I could master my naughty skills
at school...
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

When I'm 9 years old, I will be bored.
There are too many things I need to do.
I need to practice piano, learn Mandarin,
Finish my school work, and do writing for BASA courses.
It is too much stuff I don't like to do and I have to do it...
So I will be BORED!
I wish that I had nothing to do!
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

When I'm 99 years old, I will be bored.
Everything I have done and that makes me bored.
The games are too easy, the work is not challenging
And I have mastered freestyle skiing.
No one dares or can beat me.
I wish I can be back to a child so I can do all the crazy things I want!
...Then I wouldn't have been bored.

LAVA AND ICE

BY NOAH NG

Lava
Hot Red
Oozing Destroying Burning
Volcano Trenches Arctic Mountains
Freezing Melting Crushing
Cold Blue
Ice

STILL, I STAND

BY CALVIN LIU

Trees, susurrations of leaves. Stale
bark and morning dew on bushes, roll heavy mist, a bush crinkled
by passing small creatures, four swift legs on hunt scent.
Earth's dust and pebbles stifled
beneath my feet. Sharp, chirping
birdsong freshens the breeze
loud gasp of wind breaks restless morning carrying
a slight scent of salt. Turning,
a ceaseless desert of roaring currents
clashing upon the seashore.

Still, I stand, soaked dry.

The parched waves,
washing awe onto my cheeks. Quicker and quicker,
grabbing sand, yanking at land,
I taste desire in the iron claws of the sea.
More, more. MORE.
Eventually, as the last wave breaks surface;
clenched one final desperate handful of grainy sand,
seas turned placid. Ocean relinquishes its grasp,
grows calm.

COLOURING COVID

BY LIAN ZHU

Not a soul, not a feather.
The wind blows, no, it's not the weather.
The world drags on as I trudge down the street,

I hear a screech that makes my heart beat.
Just a car...
It's been so long that I've forgotten what it's like to be where people are.
In the distance, there is a city. I remember when it used to be a metropolis of lights.
Now, it is deserted and there are constant toilet paper fights.
I see the new world and feel empty inside. It's like everything I've known is gone.
How the skies used to be blue, how the grass was green.
Back then there was everlasting peace.
The world is now cold and grey, but covid will not triumph today.
We still learn and we still listen, we don't give up. We are now new versions of who we were before.
Stronger, better, smarter.
So take some paint and make our world brighter.
We will survive because we are all fighters.
Covid will end one day, but until then, we need to colour in the white and grey.

WHAT FLAVOUR IS A JELLYFISH?

BY ARI LO

What flavour is a jellyfish,
peppermint candy cane?
Or does it taste like snowflakes
on your tongue that freeze your brain?

Are they fuzzy in your tummy
and tickle in your throat?
Do their tentacles taste like nothing
or like hundreds of tiny ropes?

OUR NEW DOG

BY SAIFEIER ZHANG

A week ago we got a new dog named Mojito.
He is only four weeks old.
He is the size of a chicken.
That's how long he is.

My doggie is naughty.
He likes to poo in my house,
and he bites me.
He bit me on the finger.
When I was four, a monkey bit
the same finger that my dog bit.

Practicing my poem was a disaster
because the dog was barking
and my sister was crying
and my mommy could not help me
with my poem.

THEY

BY ANGEL ZHAO

They s t a r e at my bronzed skin.
Their eyes are paintbrushes, sweeping
Across my cheeks s m e a r i n g white
Oil paint over my cheekbones.
To them, I am no more than
A ceramic doll,
One meant to sit on a shelf,
Unwanted by children,

With a shelf life of

F o r e v e r .

I am not like the porcelain ones,
Taken away by laughing families,
Because my palette consisted of
Bronzes,

Tans,

Beiges,

Warm tones of jumbled sunshine.

I don't have the eggshell whites,

I don't have the paleness,

Or the frost,

Snow,

Condensing breath in the air,

Ice queens ruling isolated lands.

Winter hid from my skin.

I am summer,

The naked sun, and the colour outside of tan lines,

Lamplight and chrysanthemums,

The sandy warmth of a beach,

As I hold summer in my hands,

And

I will make it far with my ceramic exterior,

I won't shatter even when the heat of a

Kiln grows suffocating.

Because,

Even when all else fails,

Sun

Melts

All

S

N

O

W.

VISIONS

BY KENDRA LEE

Dark, cold breath creeps up my back
An eerie howl makes my body go slack
Shadows moving on the wall
This giant house suddenly makes me feel small

I step out to the night
A candle alight, visions of monsters fright
Dolls, ghosts I don't want to see,
One by one, they will slowly come to haunt me

I'm in the hallways again
Please, help me shake the images from my brain
Too late they're already here
I almost collapse from the all-haunting fear

ART

BY JASON TENG

Art is completely useless
And don't try to convince me that
Art encourages creativity
Because when you take a closer look
Art can show darkness
Even if
Sometimes it feels fun
Your creations have no meaning
And it's not true that
Art makes you independent
Because

CONNECTIONS IN AN ONLINE WORLD

BY NICHOLAS MAR

Perhaps it was the day before,
Communication was afloat.
I slipped atop the biggest bore
Triggering my aggravation.
I beg and plead of talk and text,
Alas they took away the rest.
I wait and wait and wait and wait
I wait until it's very late.
Day by day, week by week,
I wait to see what can be done.
Month by month, I choose to stop
I sit and think, another way.
Now I have my talk and text,
A different way, than the rest.

ASPHALT IX

BY BRIAN LIN

Wait for it to load...
Select your event...
Customize your car...
Make sure it's the best one
The highest quality
Hot handling, nice nitro, super speed
3...2...1... Go!
Accelerate!
Now, knock out the other cars!

Apply boost on the ramp to
Soar through the air
Land softly
Weave through the corners
To the checkered flag.
Victory!

PENNY FOR A SMILE

BY REHAN DURRANI

Baby smiles, just for the fun of it
Father smiles, proud of the kid

Grandad smiles, to mark his legacy
Mother smiles, she just loves the baby

Children smile, the joy of getting
Santa smiles, the joy of giving

Surgeon smiles for the patient lives
Patient smiles for life's but a gift

Hyena smiles, food just found
Dog smiles, spinning round and round and round

Sea lion smiles, some fish coming
Dolphin smiles, more fish are coming

A smile is simple and easy as one, two, three
So smile often my friends, for it happens to be for free

Smile every time when you get an itch
A person who can smile also is rich

TACO CAT

BY OLIVIA CHEN

The cat is eating tacos
A cat is named Taco Cat
Cat is wearing clothing
Olivia has a cat!
Cat has a baby
A cat been friends with the baby cat
The baby cat knows ballet

STUCK IN SUPER MARIO 3D WORLD

BY DANIEL WONG

Parts of me are turning into ones and zeros.
I am both confused and amazed.
I fall, but I land on my feet.
It is nighttime on a grassy plain, and fireworks are exploding.

I am both confused and amazed.
I find a clear tube where I see a tiny fairy get kidnapped by a large
but wingless dragon with a spiky green turtle shell.
I fall, but I land on my feet.
Now I am in a new land, where I must save that tiny fairy.

I find a clear tube where I see a tiny fairy get kidnapped by a large
but wingless dragon with a spiky green turtle shell.
I battle the monster, whose name is Bowser, unlocking a new land.
Now I am in a new land, where I must save that tiny fairy.
Slowly, I make it to the end, where 7 tiny fairies wait to be rescued.

I battle the monster, whose name is Bowser, unlocking a new land.
I fall, but I land on my feet.
Slowly, I make it to the end, where 7 tiny fairies wait to be rescued.
Parts of me are turning into ones and zeros.

ANTHROPOGENY

BY ETHAN CHEN

Years ago there was
Little need for voice
It was easier to just
Outrun or outsmart the
Predator

One, two, three
Creatures swinging
Among the branches
And one second no more
For you to capture their formation

But then for some reason
And somehow
Our feet touched the Savannah
The need for altruism
And the capacity for speech
Became essential

Language is more than ourselves
It is the deal we made with apes
When we lost strength and speed
In exchange for
Grunts and yells

REFLECTION

BY KELLY ZENG

Science 9 taught me...

I remember wishing for those perfect family relationships showed on Friday night TV,
Where *I love yous* were so casually thrown around,
Without the leftover atmosphere of awkwardness and tension.
A utopian white parallel that lived in my unconscious mind.

in reality I was drowning in a pool of your unattainable ideals:
Perfect grades, extracurriculars that never managed to fill my schedule,
unquestionable orders, all characterized by an authoritarian parenting style.

Because according to you, there's not a measurement to be enough,
Your silent sacrifice owed no gratitude,
Every time you said: "We know what's best for you."
Only boxed me further into that pernicious boundary between shame and guilt.

So that night I ran away,
Your berating poured salt into my scraped wounds
Invisible scars were never a temporary pain,
those hurt more than empty vows.
Your way of apologizing always resorted to filling empty voids with pillars of gold,
But that old maxim was right: "Money can't buy everything"
And it certainly can't buy or take back that disconnect between you and me,
Every time we opened our mouths,
Word vomit sputtered out,
Like sharpened knives thrown at unarmed prey.

Until one day I realized,
That we applied the same rules as physics,
The law of reflection
Was the very same
As our attempts to rebound the pain.
Our unwillingness to express,
Shaped the new norm of communication.

That was when I understood,
This messed up way
Was the best you knew,
Because you were not as lucky as me,
To be provided with fuel for your rockets,
Or to sit on top of someone's shoulder,
And visibly see grass from the greener side.

So you learnt to fill those childhood regrets,
And project a mirage so surfacely filled with gold and expectations,

But I didn't give you enough credit for unspoken love

In the middle of all
We were the epitome of human subjectivity.

I LIKE TO EAT

BY CURTIS LEUNG

I like to eat spaghetti and meatballs
They are tasty and chewy
I like to eat fresh broccoli
It looks like a small tree that you can eat
I like to eat vanilla ice cream
It makes me feel good!

ROTATOR

BY TYLER MA

Rotating endlessly
On its journey
To nowhere
As it rolls in place
Thinking it's progressing
On its way to
Rotating endlessly

ICARUS

BY GRACE HU

twice my journey took me too far

once to the grand bronze gates at the feet of a city of gold, where i was swept away by a sea of steel and men, all my rings and sculpted jewels thrown into the salty wind, carried by the beating of the ocean waves to its very depths, where the childhood of a lonely boy and his ill-fated father lay

then, as we plunged through the streets with wings on our backs, wonderful contraptions of wax and feathers that creaked from side to side, we pushed through the stalls and emerged from the dust, launching ourselves from the edge of the cliff like two birds in first flight

and against the warnings, defying his caution, i pushed on, i pushed on into the sea above us, the one where the creatures of silky white billowed stagnant, the one at the feet of the bronze sandals of the gods

as the feathers started to strip away, surrounding us with man-made clouds of silver plumes that glistened in the sky, i pushed on, i pushed on towards the glowing chariot of Apollo who welcomed me with open arms and the rosy fingers of dawn that streaked the sky with seafoam

even when the wax frame burned against my back, searing me like a welder's hammer, the blistering gold in the sky clenched my throat shut and snapped my eyes to its glorious face, so struck with utter wonder at the boy with the soot coating his outstretched arms and an ashen black face, the boy who pushed on, he pushed on

only a crowning was next, a bestowing of the laurel wreath to the victor of the games—but this was the highest honour in the highest games, at the highest point in the sky, forever reserved for the one who pushed on, who pushed on until the feathers crowned him like Olympian rain, leaving him awash in melted wax like the pure honeyed wine of Dionysus

i push on, yet i fall. i reach up, yet i tumble farther. my father's cries are but a trifle to the victor of the games, his tears are nothing next to the Olympian crown and the face of the gods

as the rush of falling tickles my nerves, the thrill of brushing against the divine tingles in my blood, lingering in my veins which burst like ripe grapes on a hot summer day, boiling in my arms and legs which feel the strength of a young god leaving in their smoking wake

driven by pride so human, by a scorching desire only so manifested by one who lives to die, they write a tragedy

not so

i push on, i push on

MINECRAFT AND ROBLOX

BY BLAIR MAI

Minecraft
Violent Creative
Fighting Surviving Building
Skins Game Friends Followers
Addicting Playing Dressing up
Fun Tough
Roblox

ELEGY FOR NORMAL DAYS

BY EMILY CAO

The days of freedom are gone,
Once able to hug, handshakes, and high-fives
Is replaced with virtual actions,
Virtual hugs,
virtual handshakes,
virtual high fives

The distance of two meters
Cemented to our minds,
Naturally, yet unnaturally
And we are bereft
Closeness,
Contact,
and connection

Normal isn't reality now,
Loss of elements,
That are very detectable.

Making its way into reality,
And sinking in.
Replaced on top of the gravestone.

TACO CAT

BY DORIS LIU

Tiara on my cat
Arms are holding my cat
Cat is called Philip
On his nose he balances a ball like a seal
Cat and I are hugging
And I love him
The kitty is very cute!

THE BEACH

BY ERIC WU

I hate the beach. The sun scorches the sand with her angry glare. Mosquitoes buzz in delight at the sight of their human buffet. Children scream and cry, parents groan, and boat engines roar. What a catastrophe. Ocean waves wash up gently smoothing the coarse sand, creeping ever closer. The sun starts to dip under the horizon finally granting relief after a scorching summer's day. The hum and chatter of children playing, BBQs roaring, and footsteps spraying sand begins to subside. As a bonfire begins to crackle, the close of day gives way to calm. Night has fallen. With it, comes a soft kind of chaos, a wonderful simmering of friends telling stories, cracking jokes and reminiscing on their time together. It burns away all your worries and leaves you with peace. Actually, the beach is wonderful.

INKY THE OCTOPUS

BY EDDIE CUI

I am so brave,
braver than any other creature.
I am so sneaky,
as sneaky as a mouse.
I am not afraid of
people spying me - ever!
I escape from everything.
First I make sure to whisper,
whispering underwater sounds like bubbles.
It sounds like
Indfiuenedwjn deiwo fbbfsbfbubbsbrrrrr.
Next I need to be very sneaky.
I have to be as sneaky as a mouse or I will get caught.
I need to sneak out at night.
If I get caught I will have to go back to my cage and get locked in
there.

THE ROAD TAKEN

AFTER "THE ROAD NOT TAKEN" BY ROBERT FROST

BY ARYAN SABLOK

Two roads combined to a fork where I stood
A decision that I must quickly loathe
As a single traveller, a path of wood
I had to make a decision, as fast as I could
I had to choose one, one not both

I took one and I was off with a prayer
Choices must be rapid, life's a ball game

One must choose paths that others tear
A path that one, and many others share
So no new dangers will come in your frame

No time to think, do not stay
Remain at the fork, and you will crack
Take the easy road! That's what they say
I did just that, and I turned out okay
I aligned with others, I followed their track

I shalt say that I did not cry
I made it out, it all made sense
Two roads combined into a fork, and I—
I took the one more traveled by
And I did this with zero expense

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BORROWING AND ROBBING

BY PAUL PHILLOS

Bring it back

Only one item at a time

Request first

Replace if it breaks

Old items get care

Win their trust

Oder a fake one to keep the original

Rebuild the cracks

Run away fast

Obliterate the evidence

Bury to hide it!

TOGETHER

BY ANGELINA SUNWOO

Friendship is warm
Like a cat purring
It can help us in the darkest of times
binding everyone together.
When we are together,
everything else goes away.
True friends are people we can trust.
Trees, squirrels, cats and dogs have friends.
Lonely for too long,
we start to feel colder.
It's like trying to walk to the end of the world. You can't.
We always think we can find methods to cure loneliness.
It's hard to recognize and label.
Like a backpack weighed down with books—
An enormous weight you shouldn't have to carry.
No one can tell if you are alone or lonely—
You could be with people and still feel lonely.
Loneliness is empty.

TIME MIRROR

BY HOLLY ZHANG

It snowed so hard
when I was eight or seven or six
when I stepped in the snow my leg was gone
But that was when I was younger
And shorter, so the snow felt higher
when I was tubing and I was nine
It was the deepest snow I ever felt

The snow was so deep that my leg disappeared.

It was the deepest snow I ever felt
when I was tubing and I was nine
And shorter so, the snow felt higher
But that was when I was younger
when I stepped in the snow my leg was gone
when I was eight or seven or six
It snowed so hard.

THE NEON FISH

BY CLEAVON WANG

There was a fish who swam in the frothing waters of the great blue sea.

The fish who always jumped and was full of glee.

The fish had unbelievable immunity, and he was always there to tell the story.

The fish who had neon scales that shone like the sun,

The fish who got attacked many times, but survived, and not at all that stunned.

But the day when the fish got caught, it was flipping and flopping to get free of the hook.

It was the fish who had determination in his eyes, but could not get free from the hands of the burly crook.

It was the fish whose stomach puffed up and its neon scales dimmed...
it was no longer immune.

The fish encased itself in a grey cocoon so somber and stormy that it now looked like a balloon, and when it opened...

it was as good as new.

There once again was a fish, who swam in the waters of the great blue sea...

ODE TO A LASER

BY ETHAN KAPOOR

Oh laser, oh laser,
There are countless wonderful things you do for me,
And the world.

You are there when I measure,
Or scan my credit card

Oh laser, oh laser,
I remember the time I got my cat,
Oh how she loved my pointer.
She would bounce off walls and cover it with her paws.

You helped me get my glasses,
And print all my papers.

The whirring,
The stirring,
The noise
Oh laser I love it all.

Your smoky air lets me know you're working hard.

Your light beam is as hot as the sun,
And you're as beautiful as a sunset.

Light
Amplification
Stimulated
Emission
Radiation

You're a beauty of technology, laser.

You print,
You swipe
You point,
You measure
You whirr
You stir
You cut
You blast
But most importantly,
You help.

Laser, you are in my heart.
You'll always be mine.

Oh laser,
You make my life complete.

Oh laser, oh laser,
You help the world in so many ways,
You help give surgeries,
And you help people see,
There are countless ways that you help.

Oh laser, oh laser,
There are not enough words to express how I feel about you,

Oh laser, oh laser,
I don't know what I'd do without you.

Alas, my good friend, this poem must end,
I love you laser.

PROUD-OEM

BY ANTHONY LAW

I am proud of myself when I finish a BASA performance.
I feel as happy as I do on Christmas morning.
Reading the piece to keep it memorized,
making the audience laugh.
Because I get a certificate, my mom is proud of me.
She says, "Good job!"
Then I get to play some games when I get home,
my favourite one is Roblox!
I like playing with my friends in the game,
and choosing what our characters will look like.
There are so many games.
I am proud of myself.

SEASONS COME AND GO

BY REINA THIO

Winter comes
Not long until
The snow falls from the sky
Like slow motion ballerinas
Touching the ground
And melting.
I hide in my
Warm clothes
To keep me dry
And comforted.

But I cannot wait until
The warmer seasons come

When the sun shines so bright
Floating in the sky
Like a water lily floating in a pond,
Seeing the flowers bloom
On the ground.
I look forward to
When summer comes.

GRUDGES

BY JIAXUAN QI

It is impossible to not hold a grudge
Even if
Forgiveness alleviates the mental burden
When anger builds up over time
The fact is that it's noxious to health
Only to not to have the chance for retribution
People spend extensive time ruminating
An alternative
In the end resorting to
The satisfaction of revenge but
We should not be lured by
Forgiveness, the gentle breeze that quells the flames
Superior is
Vengeance, the furious gusts that incite the flames.
In comparison to forgiveness
Revenge provides one with purpose.
It is false that
People focus on the positives in life
Everyone is haunted by dark memories of the times when they were
wronged
It is not true that
People should learn to forgive

I BLAME IT ON YOU SO I DON'T BLAME THEM

BY CHOMI KIM

Crouched down
Towered over, surround,
Surrounded by danger
Head rested on your knee
Neck nailed down
You can't bear to look up
You can't bear to scream for help
So all you do is sit there and become the one I blame

I can see a puppet who can't do anything but be controlled
I can see a wallflower who wants to dry out
I can see life feels worse than a mayfly's life
I can see everyday feels like a gloomy, rainy and humid day
I can see your neck feels sore every night

I can see the fear in your eyes
I can see the frustration through your eyebrows
I can see the fright in your face
But all I can do is watch
I'm sorry,
I blame it on you so I don't blame them.

Remember the time I spilled chocolate milk all over your hair?
My mom had chocolate milk every morning before—
Before she passed away.

Remember the time I blocked your way to your house?
The thought of a happy family dinner
Reminds me of my dad's normal self before my mom's death
You couldn't possibly know what I come home to

I come home from school to a garbage-smelling house
With a table full of leftover Chinese takeouts my dad ordered weeks
ago

The tears and fears you show, brings me back to my past
The past I never want to relive
The hospital bed my mom was lying in
The second my mom's heart monitor stopped, completely
The look on my mom's face
The last word she said to me

I can see your tears
I can see your frustration
I can see your misery
I can see me

I can see It's your fault that my dad lost all hope in life
I can see It's your fault I'm on the verge of getting expelled
I can see It's your fault I hate this world
I can see It's your fault my mom died
I choose to blame you

I miss you mom.

THANKFUL

BY SOPHIE LUAN

I am thankful for my mother and brother
Because they always play with me
Especially my brother
These are some things we play
We play catch
We have a pillow fight
And we play mind your own business

DIVIDING US TOGETHER

BY IDEN FARZADEH

Coronavirus, COVID-19, vaccinations, Fauci ouchie,
All things that we have heard recently.
Anti-vaxxers, anti-maskers, anti-lockdown protestors,
All people who I happen to despise.
This unnecessary loss of lives
Due solely to another's lunacy,
Makes me begin to question humanity
And even some's sanity.

SOMEONE TO BLAME

BY CHARLOTTE HO

When we got slight colds
We always wore our masks
The nonwoven fabrics
Protecting you and everyone else

And you needed someone to blame

If we left our homes
To walk the crowded streets
Our bodies would blend into a sea
Of unlike faces

And you needed someone to blame

Yet in early March
When people lost their jobs
The homeless community grew
The hospitals overflowed

And you needed someone to blame

So you drew all over our restaurants
Tainted our houses and broke our cars
You stopped buying our products
Since aren't we all the same?

And you needed someone to blame

It doesn't matter
If China's 9000km away
Because if we look Asian
We're only a vessel of the virus

And you needed someone to blame

And so we wore our masks
The nonwoven fabrics
Protecting you and everyone else
Waiting until the promising end

When we're no longer just someone to blame.

DRAGON & UNICORN

BY SERENA WANG

Dragon
Powerful Huge
Flying Shining Playing
Fire Sphinx Rainbow Pegasus
Flying Jumping Shining
Magical Multicoloured
Unicorn

MACARONI

BY ANBO WANG

Tasty, good, smells like chocolate
Looks like square knots
Feels like you are eating broccoli
My tummy grumbles
It's hard to eat
But it's delicious.
It's mac and cheese!

POLAR OPPOSITES

BY MARCUS CHU

He... the pessimist.
Sitting under a tree,
In the shade,
Alone.
Staring at the vast blue sky,
Wishing to float away
Like the clouds.
But reality is cruel,
Corroding your hopes and dreams
Until there is nothing left but
Loneliness.
He does not talk
Does not socialize
Does not care about other people.
He only thinks about how life could get
Even worse than it already is...
Is there anything for me?
I hope he is alright...

She always saw the best in people.
She never thought
"This world is dreadful"
Only
"Let's do the best we can".
Her spirit invigorates everything around her
As if heaven took a human form.
Always bustling with joy and happiness.
And having fun with friends
Always smiling
One could even say her happiness was a fabrication
But if you really got to know her,
Then you would come to know her radiant personality.
The one brimming with hope and joy.
And everyone around her would just love her
As if they were in a trance
'Cause, after all, she was the embodiment of love
And she was...
...the optimist.

PUPPIES

BY SOFIA HUR

Puppies are the cutest thing ever
They have unique nose prints
And they leave them in their food bowls

Puppies are like stuffies
Fluffy, warm and wiggly

I always wanted a puppy,
And today I got my own!

THE FLAT CAKE

BY BRIGETTE LEE

I was taught to think that
asking for help and showing up
was enough,
that they would tell us what to do
and we would get better

And yet with this list in my hands,
and the smiles of those around me
I have yet to rise,
the light in the oven still hums as it
waits,

Waits, for the batter to rise and grow
because that's what the recipe said it would do,
"Why isn't it working?"
I ask.

PLAYING BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY PENELOPE OU

Today I am Belle.
I wear a yellow and red dress.
I wear sparkly shoes like Belle.
I read one hundred books, because I like to read just like her.

Beast likes to eat with Belle.
My sister is just like Beauty and the Beast.
We play together.



BY ANDREA LUI

Fat
And that's that
Not a delight to glance at
Walked over like a worn door mat
Bending over his standards like an acrobat
But amending means you're just a forlorn copycat
Mirror mirror on the wall says "you'd never be ready for combat"
Beauty is unattainable.
 Even when I lose it all, waist cinched, get that butterfly tat
 I'm still begat as a "piece" to some puzzling stat
Then suddenly "women are as a blind as a bat"
 Skin thin, want to be like "she's all that"
 Add the "L" so men can pat
 And that's that
Flat

STEP ON NO PETS

BY KENNY WATT

So, don't step on any pets or you will kill them
Together, we can stop people from stepping on pets
Everyone should never step on pets
People step on pets
One person will step on pets
No animal should be harmed
No pets should be stepped on
Over 100 people have stepped on pets (not true)
People should always be careful with pets
Everyone should stop stepping on pets
Together, we will stop pet stepping
Stepping on pets is not allowed.

I'M IN LOVE WITH VIDEO GAMES

BY RYAN TENG

I'm in love with video games.
So do not ever tell me that,
At least I like reading books.
Video games give me joy and amusement but,
Because even though I do what I like,
My parents know reading is the best for me.
Knowing this, I still deny the fact to listen to them
But at the end of the day
All my friends ask me to play video games
So the one issue is that
It is hard to remind myself that I still have to learn

Because reading books is boring, and stressful.
So rest assured I will never think that
Playing video games will waste my time
Because at the end whenever I get on my computer, I think
Are video games worth my time?

FINDING A PLACE

BY ELISABETH LAU

I do not take pride in being Asian
And I refuse to say
I am Canadian.
"We are all different, and that's OK"
Is never heard, but it's often said that
"You all look the same"
Black hair, black eyes,
What they see me for is
Set in stone,
This label is attached to me.
I don't believe
When people look at me,
They try to be inclusive, diverse, respectful,
What's on the inside is
not important, but
What's on the outside is
I don't belong here.
And I'll never believe
I have a place
"Being unique is accepted"
is a lie, and
"My identity is a mistake"

Until we change perspectives.

"OH! ARE YOU REALLY CHINESE?"

BY CYRENIUS YUEN

Do you have to share every single food dish you order at a restaurant?
Have you tasted any insects before?
Why do you need to eat rice with every meal?
So when they see me enjoying a cheeseburger at lunch,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Do you speak Cantonese at home?
Have you learned how to write your Chinese name?
Why do all Chinese kids go to Mandarin lessons?
So when they know that I like to speak French more than Chinese,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Do you spend hours studying every day?
Have you already memorized your science textbook?
Why do you like doing homework?
So when they find out that I have not even finished the easy English
assignment,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Do you like copying ideas from others?
Have you been a math genius since you were born?
Why are you in creative writing?
So when a peek at my report card shows an "A" in English but a "B"
in math,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Chinese people are always shy and quiet
Chinese people are too obedient and agreeable
Chinese people do not know how to speak up and stand up for
themselves
So when they discover that I was in the counselor's office because of
a fight

"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Chinese people must be wealthy
Chinese people are so materialistic
Chinese people only know Chanel and Gucci and Valentino
So when they notice my Gap T-shirt and Converse shoes,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Chinese people are cold
Chinese people are emotionless
Chinese people are reserved
So when they see me hugging my mom,
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Chinese people are noisy
Chinese people are rude
Chinese people have no manners
So when they hear me saying "please,"
"Oh! Are you really Chinese?"

Chinese girls have small eyes
Chinese girls have flat noses
Chinese girls all look the same
So when I see them staring at me,
"I am a Chinese girl, but do you really know who I am?"

LEGO

BY KAI HU

Light bulbs shine and dim
Every house is tall and short
Go-karts zoom on track
Octopuses wiggle and squirm.

SEA AND SKY

BY IVAN YANG

Sea
Blue Beautiful
Waving Calming Floating
Fish Coral Cloud Stars
Changing Raining Shining
Starry Sunny
Sky

PEACE AND WAR

AFTER "FIRE AND ICE" BY ROBERT FROST

BY EMMA SENGOTTA

Most people think
The world will end in war.
Few people think
that it will end in peace.
But from what I've seen from this world,
I believe that it could end in war.
A war that will have no end
To the gunshots,
The screaming,
The crying.
But if the world had to die twice,
I would like to think
That it could die in peace.
In total serenity,
The world quiet and in harmony.
That if it were to die like that,
Would it really be a death?

Or could it just be
The perfect ending,
To a peaceful beginning?

MY DELIGHTFUL DRAGON

BY PARNAV KUNDI

I have a dragon
The name I imagined
Is Glitter of the Moon
I named him in June
He glitters like stars.
Rainbow coloured stars
Marvellous, exciting
He's as fast as lightning

His tail has rainbow lining
And a little sharp horn shining.
His eyes wide open
With some purple glitter chosen
With scales rough as carpet.
They shine like the big tall shiny apartment
His wings soft and furry
I hear him worried
Me and him eat ice cream together.
As I smell the warm breeze come forever

We are inseparable
My bond is unbreakable and
He is my favourite thing ever
He will be loved by me forever
We swirled and whirled
He is the best dragon in the world

COLOURS

BY MAX LIAO

BLUE makes me excited because it is very light
Like the round pebbles in Mr. Whiskerton
Like my little sister's favourite queen, Elsa!

RED makes me feel happy because
It's the colour my favourite book
And my binder.

GREEN makes me feel energetic because
It's my favourite colour!
It's like my little notebook!
And the grass where I run and run and run and run!

PINK makes me feel bored because
It's my little sister's favourite colour
And I don't use it very often.

ORANGE makes me feel sunny because
It's the colour of the real sun close up
Which you could see with a powerful mega-telescope!

SUCKED INTO BOWSER'S FURY

BY ALEX WONG

Everything around me is blurry like I'm in a portal
I try to grab onto something, but nothing was there
Suddenly I am surrounded by a castle and trees
I follow a path that leads to a puddle of black stuff

I try to grab onto something, but nothing was there
I get sucked into another portal
I follow a path that leads to a puddle of black stuff
It was a dark and stormy night

I get sucked into another portal
Suddenly a HUGE black, spiky shelled, fire-breathing monster
appears out of nowhere
It was a dark and stormy night
I find a shiny red-and-gold cat head and touch it

Suddenly a HUGE black, spiky shelled, fire-breathing monster
appears out of nowhere
Suddenly I am surrounded by a castle and trees
I find a shiny red-and-gold cat head and touch it
Everything around me is blurry like I'm in a portal

WHAT, WHERE, WHY?

BY RAYMOND CHEN

What sound does my fiery sword make?
Can I use my wooden sword?
Which wasteful sword makes fire?
Does the colossal sword go KABOOM?

Where is my miniscule backpack?
Where do I fight armoured people?
Where is my hard-earned money wasted?
Why am I swimming in the green grass?

Does the creaky door teleport without moving?
Why is this isolated place so old?
Which battle song is hopefully not copyrighted?
Does a rainbow sword have sparkles that make things disappear?

THE LISTENING MEDITATION

BY VALENCIA CUI

I open my ears and listen
Wind blows through my hair
Swoosh, whoosh!
Small fans make it cool for the city

But in the sky...
Squawk squawk squawk!
Crows go nipping grass
For their prey

Cars go leaving a pile of smoke
Ptuu! Ptuu! Ptuu!
It makes my nose tickle.

Ding-dong! Ding-dong!
The church's bell can be
heard thirty blocks away
and I open my eyes smiling.

MY MOOD CAN NOT BE HINDERED

BY BELLA SUK

My mood can not be hindered
For today I promise
All the bad has gone
And do not try to convince me that
The light in my day was just a trick

Today my bully did not snicker
Don't tell me
My friends did not want to play today
That the school lunch was horrible
Let me tell you
Don't try to convince me otherwise
My mood can not be hindered

DEAR SCHOOL

BY ANGELA LU

I'm tired
But tbh
I'm looking forward to my classes the next quarter
I've said to myself
"I can't wait until quarter 3 starts so I have no more STEM courses this year,"
And
"When 2021 starts, I'll be the productive-est person on this planet,"
Lies such as "I don't have enough time,"
As well as many more,
Would be left behind
Those of us who don't quite understand what's going on in math class
Have been told by teachers
Reassurances like "Email your counsellors questions and they'll get back to you"
I've realized that indeed – they do!
This may come as a shock, but
Many people have complained that long classes and cut curriculum harm learning
I never quite understood it but
I guess that's just how ppl be.

THE MEAN MAN AND THE NICE LADY

BY ELYNN WANG

Once a nice lady
Lived in a lighthouse.
In front of the pretty lady's house
Lived a mean man
Who lived in a dark house.
The mean man lived in a very
Dirty house .
The nice lady stayed
in a pretty new house.
The man's house was quiet!
The lady's house was loud!
The lady's house was HUMONGOUS!
The man's house was quite miniature.
The nice lady loved yummy food
But the mean man only likes DISGUSTING food!!!

WHAT IS BLUE?

BY FIONA CHEN

Blue is hope, that spreads its wings at night.
Blue is the moon that illuminates the dark with light.
Blue is as calm as the majestic waves that roll upon the sea, sputtering,
foaming, frothing.
Blue is the foggy tipped ice mountains that tower over the land, the
wind that sweeps up the sand.
Blue is an emotion full of depression and sadness, which can fill you
with fright.

Blue is the colour of the sky when there isn't a cloud, giving room for sunbeams and sun rays to streak across the ground.

Blue tastes as sweet and wonderful like bubble gum ice cream in a bubbly dream.

Blue is a feather of a graceful peacock.

Blue can cover hatred and lies.

Blue can be the colour of true brilliant eyes.

Blue is confidence that takes its place after determination acted.

Blue is beauty, so easy to be attracted, its elegance is unbreakable, its blooming grace is everlasting.

Blue is the sound of the hastening sea as it rushes up to eat the muddy shore then slips back into the waves to return once more, but as a thunderstorm arrives blue transforms into the howling wind, beating up trees and sending up the seas.

Blue is love in its saddest way when you're suffering, and aching, with unendurable pain.

Blue is honesty that might not course through everyone's veins.

Blue is the smell of a gorgeous rose, its delicate petals giving out a lovely scent.

Blue reminds me of when I went to a quiet beach, my stroll along the shoreline.

CRAZY RACE

BY CYNTHIA GUO

Racing cars around the track
A winning rider stops to scratch
Canadian racers come back!
Elephants enter racing on racks!
Competing catfish have a water lack
At an early point, a rider acts
Ronald the winner wins with a flash!

SYNAESTHETES

BY ERIC GUO

You see a shiny bracelet and you smell brown, sticky muck,
and whenever you see your friend's dark brown eyes you feel cardboard
crunching between your finger tips.

You look at the green scissors that always sit on your desk, and
you hear screaming on the blades.

If you smell chicken wings you'll feel the tip of a scissor on your
tongue.

You hear the rustling of the leaves and you see a bear lumbering
toward you

and the sound of car wheels speeding past are the colour red crimson.

Whenever you hear people talking amiably and you smell rotten,
gooey apples,

and when you touch the smooth surface of a computer and you see
your dad sleeping hungrily.

A big, jagged rock feels like anger.

The surface of a cottony tissue is the taste of meat.

Unfortunately, ice cream tastes like sadness.

Blank water tastes dazzling.

Sometimes all your senses swirl together on stressful days—

Smell school lunch and you hear a scream,

You smell rotten tomatoes and you see

your blue water bottle on a table,

Fear is the touch of a book,

fear is also your mom smiling at you,

disgust when oily slime slithers on your hand

and you hear strong wind, feeling happiness

happens when you won the prize

and then you taste rotten eggs.

To be a synaesthete is to feel two senses or more

at the same time, to be misunderstood, is to be unaware

of others' senses, is to experience intensely

the world around you, is to yearn for others like yourself
So you can talk about the strange lives you lead.

SAVE AND IGNORE

BY IRIS ZHENG

Determined Percy sets out on a quest
To defeat a monster and bring the peace
Whatever it takes, he will not give up
For this is a quest to save mankind
The wavering Apollo sits on a throne
Having fun while the mortals suffer
Not aware of the dangers he has to face
The Roman emperors come from the dead to chase Apollo

THE DETECTOR

BY STEVEN CHEN

If I could build anything I want
I would build a very tall building with a satellite dish.
Inside the building
you could see a lot of views.
You could see the ocean view.
You hear the waves
and see the clouds moving on the mountain.
The satellite dish can detect things in
the sky.
The building has daylight detectors that detect solar energy
so it doesn't need electricity.

FIREFLIES AND GOLDFISH: A PANTOUM

BY WENDY WEN

Past the rockery and the gilded pavilion
We stumble upon a secret pond of goldfish
Beyond that, a circle of red lanterns
Each a firefly in the absolute darkness

There was a hidden pond of goldfish
And as we sprinkled food to the mirrored surface
Each became a firefly in the unspeaking darkness
Ravenous mouths opening and closing

Food was sprinkled on the surface
Wine glasses clinked
Mouths opening and closing
Speaking noises of business and politics

And the wine glasses clinked
I laid on my father's lap
He spoke of business and politics
Noises incomprehensible to my ear

I laid my head on my father's lap
Glancing outside to the balcony
The noises behind me were not words
Words printed on the red lanterns

Looking from the balcony
We were but just one lantern
Characters, words were printed on the lanterns
Shimmering like hearts in a passionate crowd

We were but just one of the millions of lanterns
One in many
One heart glistening in a passionate crowd
Together, fireflies in an unspeaking darkness

THE RABBIT HOLE

BY BOWEN WANG

I sleep.
I wake in front of the mirror.
I sleep only to wake to a nightmare,
it's the mirror once again.
I see it both in my dreams and when I wake.
It's not I that's reflected.

Just another memory.
In the mirror, a true mirror as they call it
I enter the mirror
lie awake once again,
the same old place, the same old mirror.

I sleep.
Enter the mirror over and over.
Things don't remain the same.
I don't remember having life support.

I don't remember these muddied walls.

I notice their laughter.
Their eyes.
I wonder what they think.

HOW THE BEAR ESCAPED ITS CAGE

BY JASPER LUAN

I am a bear, trapped behind metal bars.
I want to escape into the wild.
I want no more than simple freedom.
I want to be a bear in the woods,
With my family like I should be.
I hate the feeling of being stuck here,
Pacing back and forth as I watch the crowd cheer
I want to be a bear in the woods,
Instead of a bear who is forced to stay.

COLOURS POEM

BY EVELYN CAO

Red makes me angry
because my face gets red
and sweats when
I bonk my own head!

Brown makes me bored
like watching my brother's shows
on iPad!

Pink makes me happy
because I play monkey bars-
skipping one bar!-
with my friends!

Blue makes me sweaty
Because sweat is sometimes blue
When I run and get tired.

Yellow makes me feel like
I'm in the sun
At the beach.

Grey makes me tired
Even if some nights
I don't sleep at all!

Black makes me frowny
Because it's an ugly colour,
Except when it's on Batman!

AS CUTE AS A BANDICOOT

BY LANXIN ZHANG

My snail is as cute as a bandicoot
My snail is as hungry as a cat that hasn't eaten for 39 days
My snail is as stripey as a zebra
My snail is as slow as a sleepy sloth
My snail is as happy as a kid that just got into a party

My snail has eyes as long as a yardstick
My snail has a shell as big as a hermit crab
My snail has a tail as white as paper
My snail has as many feet as a circle or an oval
My snail has a shell shaped like a triangle
My snail is as cute as a bandicoot

SUPERHERO VS. VILLAIN

BY PAXTON TAM

Superhero
Strong Brave
Protecting Fighting Flying
Hulk Thor Joker Thanos
Plotting Running Scheming
Evil Wicked

THE SPIDER IS ON YOUR FACE NOW!

BY YOYO LU

Here comes a spider!
It's climbing higher and higher!
But where is it going?

It's starting on your toes,
And heading for your knees,
Moving up your legs
Toward your butt!

Then it crawls on your belly,
Going for your neck,
Then tickling your chin,
And you yell, "Oh no! Get down, spider!"

The spider is on your face now,
And wants to mess up your hair!
"Mom! Get this spider off my head!"

And mom washes you there.

And the spider goes down the drain!

HOW MY MOM AND DAD WORK

BY BEN SHI

Dad
Energetic Hard-Working
Running Watching Helping
Friend China Car Shop
Driving Helping Working
Helpful Kind
Mom

MINECRAFT SONG

BY ETHAN TCHENG

I really like to play Minecraft
The monsters constantly attack
But my skill and tactic is the finest craft
I shoot them with my arrows from horseback

My ultimate victory was slaying the Enderdragon
Although I lost five hearts
I was allowed into the enchanted wagon
And drank a leaping potion to make colossal farts
Of Minecraft playing part that's mine
Is building houses that turn out ghastly
My sister constantly the one who'd whine
She runs away and slams the door fastly.

THE LETTER S

BY SARAH POON

The letter S is simply the star!
Without an S you could not see snow,
or eat a snack
Seas would disappear
And strawberries would not exist
The seasons spring and summer
Would run away like a bear
In performances you'd never see a stage
And earth would be a bubble floating in air.
And space?
It would not be there.

MY CATS

BY YUMENG ZHONG

Sophie is my pet cat,
Her fur is very soft.
She likes to chase a rat
Upstairs into the loft.

She likes to play
Like she is the queen.
Her fur sheds in May,
And she is very keen.

ThoTho is the other ragdoll.
He is very fluffy.
He likes to play with balls.
I made him a stuffie.

My cats like to fight.
They are very cute!
So that's why I write,
And I'd like them to mute.

RACECAR

BY JUSTIN ZHANG

Roars around the oval track
Adds carbon dioxide to the Earth
Crowds are cheering
Echoes wake up bats miles away
Cars screech past
And maneuver around the track
Rubber tires go Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

MAMA AND DADA

BY AMAYA LAVIN

DAD

During moments always snuggles me
Always there for me
Dada loves me

&

MOM

Makes me feel snuggly
On our bed we always snuggle
Me and my mama are best friends!

IF, WHILE THINKING OF DONALD TRUMP

AFTER "IF" BY RUDYARD KIPLING

BY GEORGE WANG

If you find yourself at a dead end,
And see that your situation has worsened,
The smartest solution is simple;
Just blame another person.
If you keep your head when all about you
Continue being modest in TV interviews;
Stop, as boasting is a given right,
And the idea of humility is complete doo-doo.

If you can win, but not accept failure,
And try to frame the results as a hoax,
Then you, my friend, will have a very bright future,
As that is the way to go!
If you do before you think,
And your actions are frowned upon:
Simply tune out the criticism,
Because what you do is never wrong!

If you share the money you make,
And attempt to have it dispersed,
That's just completely stupid,
As you should always think of yourself first;
If you can force yourself to have a heart of steel,
And spit out lies in order to appeal,
And hold on tightly to every penny,
And double-cross all of your friends, if any,

If you can put on an act with crowds,

And never think your true thoughts out loud,
But deep inside you come to realize,
That sharing the same values as a pleb is never allowed.
If you think of yourself as a superior being,
All knowing and all seeing,
And follow these steps every minute and every hour,
Then you, my son, will be a man of power!

SUMMER

BY MATTHEW ZHANG

I hate summer
And don't even try to convince me that
It's the best season
I'm always sweating
In the heat
When school's off in the summer
I can freely wander with my friends
When the heat outside sizzles the patio and
With the air conditioners broken,
All we can do is just to sit there and
I try to enjoy my melted ice cream cone
While shooing annoying bees away
When I can go to sleep later than usual in the summer
I usually end up with
A headache which
Is totally my favourite thing to do on break with
Mosquitoes trying to suck my blood
It really sucks
And you're never gonna hear me say that
I love summer

SUNNY DAYS

BY MICHAELA TSENG

On sunny days

I smell sausages cooking on the barbecue at the party in the park.

I see my dad happily cooking burgers and sausages as I wait hungrily at the table.

I hear the waves crashing from our hotel room in Parksville.

I taste sweet chocolate ice cream I eat at the shop with the goat on the roof.

I feel the hot sand on my feet because I didn't wear my sandals at the beach.

MY SUMMER MEMORY

BY KARIS CHAN

COVID-19 ruined my summer!

Wanted to meet our grandma

Airplane was dangerous.

Borders were closed,
like a puppy trapped in a cage

Dad suggested hiking

Drive to Golden Ears Park

Trip so long it felt like a year

We counted the trucks

Dad checked the map

We walked on the main trail

As easy and flat as a book

We started exploring side trails

Halfway through,

a side path led us to a glistening stream
Toes touched the freezing water
Like an ice bath for the feet
We saw a tadpole swim by

We saw a waterfall
Rushing, splashing, river from a rock
So many slimy slugs
passed puddles, and a den.
cool mist of the waterfall splashed over us
Saw a cheeky squirrel

Time to go, hike back to the car
The best trail ever!
This summer wasn't that bad after all.

SUGAR LAND

BY SOPHIA ZHANG

A long time ago, Sugar Land disappeared
A traveller came and picked up a strawberry
Out popped the spirit
A legend said a spirit lived in the strawberry that protects the life and
food of Sugar Land
Land of flowers and sugars came to life
People on the land went in to the meadow, singing and dancing
Eating from flowers that have nectars
They did not need to cook
People on the land didn't know how to cook
The food was delicious and unthinkable
It was a wonderful land with Candy and flowers
Have you ever heard of Sugar Land?

MINECRAFT AND VALORANT

BY RYAN KONG

Minecraft is the BEST video game ever.
It is as adventurous as taming a tiger
I play with my friends and we stick together like glue
You are as free as heaven
You can build the tallest tower ever that stretches into space
It's also as free as McDonald's WiFi
In Valorant, my teammates are as horrible as tomatoes
You're lagging and freezing for ten years
The community is as toxic as acid
The maps are as terrible as being sick
The guns shoot weirdly, like spray paint
Valorant is the WORST video game ever.

CREAMY VS. DONUT (DOG FIGHT)

BY BETHLYN CHIANG

Creamy is cute
Creamy is as cute as an otter
Creamy is like a cat since she loves to scratch people
Which will give you red scratch marks
Creamy is kind like an angel
When Creamy is kind
She licks your body with her tongue
But when she is mad
She bites or scratches you
Creamy is as brave as a lion when intruders come in
But when friends come

She is as excited as a kid going to Disneyland!
Creamy is like a stuffed animal
When she sits there stationary
She looks at you with her round eyes and button nose
When you are playing fetch with Creamy
She runs as fast as a cheetah to get the ball!

Donut is unwanted
Like thousands of moose, cows, and pigs
Coming into your house.

LANGUAGE

BY HAILEY MAH

The shattered sound of a new language,
Splintered,
Snapped,
Slowly we structure the pieces.

The commanding sound of a teacher,
Crisp,
Clear,
Calling us to action.

The glimmering sound of friends,
Gallopig,
Gleaming,
Glittering as we play.

The cozy sound of family,
Comfy,
Cushy,
Cuddling us with love.

TACO CAT

BY EMILY YAN

Taco cat likes tacos
A very weird cat he is
Cat is his name
Other cats don't like tacos!

Cats usually love fish but not water
A fat cat he is
Two hundred and five pounds!

2020: THE YEAR OF THE SWITCH

BY JOJO YANG

It's been rough so far
What was meant to be an endless vacation
Is now exploding volcanoes, fires and of course
The virus
I will not mention his name

It was going from bad to worse until
A switch was made
A Nintendo Switch
My heart flipped when we turned it on
A mini magic box full of dreams

Stuck inside, the Switch is my best friend
She tastes like victory!
I pass a level, pig in mud

Squeals as she beats
Her brother yet again

Passing more levels and more levels,
Playing seriously in each one,
Click, click the buttons go,
Woohoo! as I pass another level,
Unlocking a new world.

Reaching the final boss level,
Working hard with my brother to pass,
As we finish the final level,
I smell all the hard work put into it,
At last, everything was worth it.

PISCES

BY JENNY CHEN

Mellow, yet radiant colours melting into one everlasting sky
Gossamer clouds drawn through the vast expanse
My eyes scan across the atmosphere following dark crows as they fly
Stygian colours get dragged across Earth's canvas.
Brightening with every glance
My stares get sucked into the 20 stars of pisces
I lift my finger and trace the scintillating outline of a fish
Reflecting enchantingly on the seas
I look up and make a wish
That this mysterious, crepuscular empyrean
Always comes back after the sunset melts into the mountains
Filled with fulgurating stars that catch the eyes of pedestrians
And reflects in all the fountains
Topped off with the Pisces constellation
That shines bright for everyone's satisfaction

I WANT A RABBIT

BY CHLOE FUNG

First, I'll ask my Mommy to drive to the pet store.
I'll choose a rabbit that is very nice.
I'll buy a cage so when I wake up I can pet it.
I will feed her carrots and other vegetables.
I will also pick up 1000 rainbow goldfish and 2000 pink goldfish.
My mom will fill up a box with water and I'll put the goldfish in.
I will also buy a nice Monster Guard.
He will protect my whole family from bad monsters and SHARKS!!
I will make a very fuzzy cozy bed with lots of pillows and rocks for him.

THE FISH

BY EMILY QIAN

The city lights glimmered
Like a thousand candles
Shining at me
Like a parade of lanterns in the sky
It's hard to imagine
That these shining bright orange dots
Can power
An entire city

Small as they can be,
They are beautiful light fairies
Illuminating our world.

The glorious sun
Sets over the horizon
Over mountains,

Hills,
And slopes
Still shining
As if it were still
Mourning

I look at the fish
I am carrying
Its scales are as beautiful as
The sky
It reminds me of the ocean
The clouds
Nature
And the iridescent world

I see something in the fish's eye
Love,
Protection,
Beauty,
And words.

This fish seems to be saying something to me
And I will soon find out.

RACECAR

BY AUGUST XU

Racing around the track
Always running in an oval
Crashes into other racecars
Everyone cheers for racecars
Clapping hands around racecars
A bunch of cheering around racecars
Racing for days and days

A WEEK OF PROJECTS

BY ANNIE SHEN

Monday we have heritage fair, hundreds and hundreds of paragraphs,

Tuesday we have Rube Goldberg, many steps to do a simple task, driving me mad.

Wednesday we have What In the World, complicated questions and long strings of words.

Thursday we have French presentations and memorization,

Friday we need to read to make sure we don't fail our reading, else we'll go fleeing.

Saturday, so many classes, short and long, with agonizing tasks waiting for me.

Sunday, not as free as it used to be.

Monday we are back to heritage fair, but it's not the same as playing. It's UNFAIR.

STEP THROUGH THE INVISIBLE DOOR, JR.

BY GRAY DICKSON

I step through the invisible door
And on the other side I see more
Candy than I've ever seen before!

On the ground I see some snow
But I smell it and I know
It's ice cream, let's go!

Chocolate, vanilla, coffee toffee and more

So many different flavours
I've never tried before!

A car made of candy,
The driver's name is Randy
And boy does he look dandy.

I see some gummy bears
They're giving me some funny stares
But they're the ones with candy hairs!

ARCTIC FOX & RED FOX

BY MIRABELLE AI

An Arctic Fox once said to a Red Fox,
"Let's be friends!"
And the Red Fox replied,
"Yes, let's!"
They planned to go on adventures
And their first one was in the snow.

The Arctic Fox wore a white coloured coat
But she saw that the Red Fox was shivering
She asked if the Red Fox was cold.
The Red Fox replied,
"Not a lot."
So she asked, "Are you scared?"

And replied the Red Fox in turn,
"There's a shadow behind us there!"

So the Arctic Fox turned around
And saw a spikey shadow.

EVERYTHING GOLD CAN STAY

AFTER "NOTHING GOLD CAN STAY" BY ROBERT FROST

BY EDEN YUAN

Life's gold caught in mind,
Like swift mountain winds unrefined
Memories, blasting past skies and stars aligned.
Forever held in the heart,
Nature's memory work preferred than art.
Some say all has an end;
After the moment's spend
passes without a trace.
Then the moment fades.
Unless memories live.
As nights shift to days.
Everything gold can stay.

MOCHI

BY RILEY CHEUNG

The mochi is
As white as snow.

The ice cream is
As cold as ice.

The skin is
As clear as glass.

The skin is
As sweet as a piece of candy.

Mochi is my favourite
Ice cream in the world.

UNICORNS

BY AVA XIAO

Unicorns are fantastic
They are Rainbows with Sparkles
Unicorns can fly
They can shoot out rainbows
From their eyes

My favourite thing about unicorns is
That they are made from magic
They can read bedtime stories
And also make wishes come true!

JOANNA AND THE SHEEP

BY JOANNA LIN

Once upon a future time
there was a sandwich machine planet
and on it lived Joanna
and Lolo the sheep.

They played hide and seek
but there were no hiding spots
so they planted seeds
and made trees
and bushes to hide in.

Lolo found Joanna and he won.

PIECES

BY CONNOR TSOI

I start weak, but by the end of my journey
I can be transformed
Small steps are all I can make
Do not underestimate me

Mounted in shiny armour
In a land of castles and damsels in distress
Represented by my steed
Agility is my advantage

My mitre is my symbol
God is my witness
My allegiance is to my colour
But I am not very straight forward

Two towers that flank the army
Defenders of the royalty
Mobility is our strength
Fortresses that protect our land

Moving anywhere I please
The powerhouse on the board
I, the empress, am elusive
The dominant defender of the crown

The male monarch basking in majesty
Regal in every sense
Defensive at the start but offensive near the end
Slow, deliberate, and unhurried

My opponent's sovereign is trapped

Flanked on all sides
Like a cornered animal
Checkmate

LLAMAMALL

BY GEORGE HUANG

llamas lining up to buy pet llamas
leaping over llama cages
alpacos drinking hot chocolate
magnetic toy llamas to give to pets
achieving llama goals
messing around with dirty cages
aiming for the best llama litter
looping around the halls
laughing all the way

MY FALL POEM

BY ELVA ZHANG

I see red leaves
I see a broken tree
I see large sticks
I see different-coloured leaves
together:
Red, yellow, and brown
I see tall trees
I see some grass that's still green
I see the wind blowing the leaves
That changes them into different colours

THE WEIRD-LOOKING POEM

BY OWEN YUAN

I saw a weird-looking alien,
driving a weird-looking spaceship.
The alien was feeding a weird-looking chip
To a weird-looking dog.
The dog was sitting on the weird-looking log.
Just then, the spaceship crashed
in a bunch of stars,
right beside the planet Mars.

BABY BELUGAS

BY CHARLOTTE LANG

Baby belugas are called calves,
And they love to play and laugh.
Some calves like to play with giraffes,
In the sea that's deep and blue.
Baby belugas make great stuffies,
Even if they are a tiny bit scruffy.

Baby belugas love to swim,
Backwards and forwards they skim.
They use a language which involves clicks,
Just like a complicated password.
A password that only belugas know,
Even though some other animals use similar ones,
Those ones just aren't quite the same,
as the beluga's unique flow.

The word comes from a Russian word,

Bielo and it sounds like beluga.
Other animals purr when touched, but
Belugas blow bubbles which means they are happy,
And that's why I like belugas so much.

BEST / WORST KID IN THE WORLD

BY ETHAN WANG

My mom thought I was the best kid in the world
When I began school,
I was eager to learn new stuff,
I responded fastest to the questions in class,
I had the cutest smiles on my face
I won compliments from all my teachers

When I went to middle school,
I never finished my homework on time,
I fell asleep when teachers were talking
I started food fights in the classroom
I got Cs on all my report cards
My mom thought I was the worst kid in the world

PEEP

BY SAMANTHA PON

Peeking through the curtains at a show
Every pair of eyes locked on me
Everyone staring intently, I finish and go back behind the curtains
Pondering the audience's reaction

THE TACO CAT

BY GEORGE WANG

Taco cats are not real

Apes don't eat tacos.

Cats won't eat tacos

Oranges can be included in taco cats for a source of protein.

Cats sacrifice themselves for tacos.

APPLES ARE IN SOME TACOS.

TACO CATS love dry cat food.

SUMMER MEMORIES

BY NATHAN LEE

It's been crazy—
Global-mayhem-creating virus
Like Boxing Day at the mall
Whistler and Kelowna.
Some of BC's finest -

First Whistler,
Five other families,
We make one bubble
Safe and sound just like I'm at home
We biked, hiked and saw the sights
When the snow melts
Town turns into tourist paradise

Then came Kelowna,
Four hours turned to seven
Due to my motion sickness,
Dizzy, flipping, horrible

Famous for its lake
Looks like liquid diamonds
Crowded, happy family staying apart
As hot as can be,
Adults say “comfortable”
What was comfortable about it?

Home now,
Back to our regular old routines
Just waiting for doom

VICTORY

BY ERLENE CHIU

Energized with adrenaline coursing through my veins,
I take my place behind the starting line.
It was the big race, and I could hear victory screaming my name.
Two laps around the school—
easy peasy!
Not that I’ve ever done it before.
Or ran recently at all, but
I got this.

The horn blows and we’re off!
I take the lead, zooming past everyone—
That feeling of pure pleasure beating everyone?
Lasted about 10 seconds.
I begin to run out of breath, heaving for air.
I make it halfway down the first block,
Stop,
choke down as much water as I can and later return home exhausted,
beat, and
disqualified.

UNDECORATED

BY CHRISTIAN TIAN

The beautiful, colourful Christmas tree
It's colourful and bright
Like the lights at a disco party
With a star on the top
Bright, pointy and made of silk
It has a nice, maple-syrup-like smell
And decorations on it
Lights, ornaments and fake snow, too
Little specks of styrofoam that drape the tree in winter

The Christmas tree that everyone sits beside
Talking, laughing and telling stories
The presents underneath
The pines on the ground
A nice place to sit and have a chat
But once the fun is had
And Christmas is over
Something replaces it:
The plain old everyday furniture

GAMES

BY ASHLYN HO

Genshin Impact is the best video game ever.
The music hums in the background
As I proceed to aggressively tap my screen
So it will load faster.
As it finishes processing data I
Am greeted with a bright sunset and

Birds in the distance as wind blows softly
In my avatar's face.
A view I know I'll never experience in reality.
Fortnite is nothing compared to Genshin.
All it has is guns.
You never stop to take the time,
To pause and observe.
Plus the 9-year-old players are the worst
So,
Fortnite is the worst video game ever.

THIS IS A PALINDROME POEM

BY MELISSA PENG ITAQUI

I love poems
And there will never be a day where I say
I hate writing this
Especially today with this palindrome poem
They are complicated codes
Line by line
They stick with you
They play with one's mind
And some say that's what makes them amazing
The end result will not be what you expected
From the moment you gifted yourself to the pages
You will not have your way with these poems
In a way that will give you goosebumps
The paper controls your pen and
Your pen controls you and
I love this feeling of conflict between you and your paper.
And Mr. Wong will never hear me say
I hate poems with a passion.

MOM POP

BY HARCUS YANG

My mom likes skiing
On the weekend
My mom likes
Pancakes
On the weekend
Perhaps.

SIDEWALK CHALK

BY LINCOLN KWAN

Sidewalk chalk, sidewalk chalk,
that we see on our walk.
First we draw a happy face
then we use the black chalk
to make hair on the happy face!

Sidewalk chalk, sidewalk chalk,
that we see on our walk.
Next we make a Christmas tree
on the sidewalk
for everyone to see!

Sidewalk chalk, sidewalk chalk,
that we see on our walk.
Draw a star on top of the happy face
then draw a neck
then draw the body!
Then the feet
then the arms

then everyone can look!

Sidewalk chalk, sidewalk chalk,
that we see on our walk.

When the rain begins to fall
the chalk goes away.

Only a little bit sad because
we can draw again.

WORLD OF WHITE

BY TINA GU

So cold so white so peaceful
Like a carpet covering the earth
Flakes falling slowly from the sky
Each different from each other
Every one unique
With different shapes and different patterns
So peaceful... until the children wake
Happy shouts from children in the morning
When seeing the world of white
Slipping into jackets, toques, mittens and scarves
Then rushing out the door
To join friends in a snowball fight
Balls of white
Flying here, flying there!
Dodging here and there.
Sounds of screaming and laughing fill the air
Hands grab at the snow, greedy to get more
To fix into snowballs, to throw at their friends
All so happy, so filled with joy.
At the end of each day,
All wish that the next would be the same.

LEVELS

BY LIAM YU

Level 1

Liam plays a game with levels in it
Every level gets harder and harder
Very frustrating to play,
Ever since he started this game, he always gets mad
Last level is hardest of all. He steams with fire and wins the diamonds!

Level 2

Liam plays Candy Crush
Each level is easy
Valentine candy is a boost
Every boost gives you lucky candy
Liam loves Candy Crush

DANIEL'S BEAR STORY

BY DANIEL SUN

This is a REAL story.
One night in my backyard,
Coming out of the garage
With my Dad,

I SAW A BEAR!

We went up the wood stairs,
And I said, "Dad! Look at that
Big, black, furry animal!"
My dad said, "Where?!"

HE COULDN'T SEE THE BEAR!

So I said, "There!"

Pointing at the bear.

"There's nothing to worry about,

We have gates," he said.

BUT I SAW A BEAR!

TACOCAT

BY TOM CHEN

Tacos are amazing

Adding hot sauce makes them better

Cats making tacos make me laugh

Of course the tacos take a long time because their paws are small

Cats' loose fur in the food

At Tacocat the portions are really small

The tables at Tacocat are really high

THE DANGEROUS COUCH

BY ELAINE LI

I have a silly couch.

It makes me say "Ouch!"

The couch has lots of teeth.

It bites me underneath!

It bites me on my bum-bum

Like it thinks it's made of bubble gum!

So the doctor I have to go see

To stick my bum back to my body!

PEEKIE THE PARROT

BY CONSTANCE MOK

Peekie the parrot was flying in the sky.
The sun shined on his feathers and it made him rise.

Tweet tweet, cheep cheep, dance along.
Join these dancers one by one.

Turn around, have some fun.
Let these parrots move along.

QUARTERBACK

AFTER "WIDE RECEIVER" BY MARK HALLIDAY

BY ENZO HWANG

As we huddled I said to my teammates, "Go long—get open"
And as everyone quickly sprinted to a position
I ran around looking for somewhere to throw
And I was sure that I did not see anyone open
With the opponents running towards me I faked them more than once
And I was satisfied with what I saw downfield
Until I saw the wide receiver hit the turf and struggle to gain balance
I saw him as he dashed right and left with someone close on his tail
I saw him yelling and waving but I shook my head as he was
definitely not open

It would be easy for me to throw it to him
But the thought of him not catching it stopped me
I saw him running around waving for the ball
I watched the other team as they lost their interest in him
No one is on me and if I fail

The consequences will be dire and harsh
We have a bit of time in the game
And I think that it would be safer to have
A few little first downs as we are above the team by a lot

But as I watch my frantic teammate
Running up and down the field
Not even touching the ball throughout the entire game
I can't help but sigh
Because I know that if I throw
It will be impossible for him to make the catch.

HALLOWEEN FRIGHT

BY ERIC MIAO

Trick or treating on Halloween night,
When ghosts came around the corner.
They flew at me while I darted around a
Building, jumping into a garbage can.

The hours flew by and it seemed pretty safe.
So I jumped out, smelly and cold,
running home and cursing under my breath.
When ghosts appeared out of nowhere

And chased me 'round 3 blocks
Through the market they came and
I thought it would NEVER end.
As daylight showed its warm face,

While I was in the forest and still running away.
When the ghosts all disappeared I was so happy!
I tripped and fell in a ditch,
I woke up in the hospital with stitches on my shin!!!

CHINESE LUNAR NEW YEAR

BY JONATHAN LI

Chinese Lunar New Year is a great festival
and don't you tell me that
Chinese Lunar New Year is boring
During Chinese Lunar New Year you can get Red Envelopes that are
overflowing with money
It is incorrect to assume that
Chinese Lunar New Year is very noisy
Chinese Lunar New Year is very fun
It is wrong to think that
Chinese Lunar New Year's Dragon Dance is dull
Chinese Lunar New Year is the most epic festival ever
And don't try and convince me that
Chinese Lunar New Year sucks
Chinese Lunar New Year has colourful fireworks
And don't say to me that
Chinese Lunar New Year is the worst festival that ever existed

CAN YOU CATCH 'EM ALL?

BY CAMERON TSOI

Is that a monster in the mall?
Did you say you spotted one down the hall?
I thought I saw one in the pool!
These creatures are so cool!

High-pitched squeaks,
Cherry-red cheeks,
Bright sunny yellow,
This Pika is pretty mellow!

Purple and silver with feline feature,
Have you seen this creature?
Carrying a silver psychic spoon,
Perhaps Mewtwo lives on the moon?

Articuno dominates the skies!
With brown and piercing eyes,
Beautiful bright blue wings!
Snow and ice are all it brings!

You will never catch them all,
Even with your Master Ball.
They definitely keep you on the run.
That's what keeps Pokémon so fun!

SIGHT SYNAESTHETE

BY CECILIA YU

The morning light is egg yolk on my tongue,
And Earl Grey is the vision of daffodils and lemons.
I bend to pet my dog, his soft fur sounds
like harps ringing in the air.
I take him on his leash,
and walk to the forest, his collar tinkling
with the birdsong.
I can hear the rustles in the bushes,
that sound like the velvet of moss green notes in the mind.
As I jogged back to my house,
I hear jagged sirens scratching my ear drums,
that tasted like dirt and rock on my tongue.
I go home to my room,
and take out my canvas
The colour red tasted like sweet candy,
and the colour orange looked like a starry night.

POKÉMON TRAINER VS. POKÉMON

BY NOAH LO

The pokémon trainer directs his Pokémon
To fight his frightful rival
He wants to claim his right as the champion
But he has no idea how the Pokémon feels
As he requests the Pokémon do
Flamethrower:
A burst of fire straight toward the target
Hydro pump:
A laser of water shooting right at the target
Petal dance:
Waves of leaves firing everywhere
Night slash:
A pulse blasting the power of the night at everybody in its path
Through all the pain and all the suffering they must succeed
Win the battle with no reward
The Pokémon must follow

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE...

BY ALISA WANYAN

Sometimes I feel like a horse
Because when I was a baby
I loved to run and play and kick.

Sometimes I feel like a wolf
Because I like to shout like a wolf.

Sometimes I feel like a penguin
Because I am very slow getting to the car.

Sometimes I feel like a cow
Because I love to eat lunch
And dinner and vegetables.

WHO AM I?

BY OSCAR GU

I am a secret spy
Master of moving quickly in dark
A black suit and a shuriken are all I need
Nice movement and great camouflage
Information collector and strong fighter
Number of years training to make me a master
Japan is where I come from
A whole world now hears my legendary story

Who am I?

RACECAR

BY KALUM GILL

Racing down the track.
Acing the track like a maniac
Curving around the curves
Exciting to watch
Carefully trying not to crash
Arnold the doughnut is watching with Mr. Bing
Russian drivers win the race

TWO STRANGERS

BY STEPHANIE CUI

Two strangers
Returning to
Their respective homes
Both leaving for
The train that departs at dawn
Boarding amidst the morning fog
To another ordinary day
Through the long and weary journey
Both remain silent
Rather than talking to each other
They put on music in their earbuds
Until the twentieth day
After smiles and formal greetings
They resolve to small talk
Something is starting to change
They discover their similarities and many differences
Revealing their strengths and weaknesses
Wary of the future and afraid of moving forward
Suffocated by the fear of being alone
Day after day
They sit next to each other
Dozing off on each others' shoulders
On the late-night train
Sharing sorrow and joy
And they whisper secrets
They pour their souls out
And they learn to trust
Placing each other above themselves
Grateful that they are
Boarding the same train
Two strangers who happened to be

At the right place
At the right time
A love story
Now begins

THE LETTER I

BY ALVIN YUAN

I love the letter I
There are so many great words with this letter
Such as, the incredible Inland Taipan
Or the Eiffel Tower
I like this letter so much that I think it's the best letter in the alphabet
A world without I would mean no
Igloos, ice cream or interesting facts
Individuals would be gone
No more piano, as instruments would be silent
A world without the letter I
Would be incredibly itchy

THE WAVE

BY ELYANA LEE

The wave was running toward the sand
Like long lost friends
Curving, splashing and clear blue
He was loud,
Booming as he crashed
Cold like ice,
Giving life to the sand
Salty, refreshing and free

THE LETTER K

BY KAIROI CHAN

The letter K is awesome!
Without a K, you couldn't stand
Because you wouldn't have a knee and a kneecap.
You wouldn't have a kidney to filter your blood.
You could not fly a kite in the sky.
A chef would lose a knife and kettle.
Neither a king nor knights could
protect citizens in the kingdom.
A key would not exist,
robbers would kick open the door.
There are no kind people and kisses.

ANOTHER SIDE OF US

BY JUSTIN LI

Who we are's revealed in times of dispute.
Though we perhaps think we know who we are,
We never know for sure in absolute.

From pandemic to conspiracies of disrepute,
The world has seen enough chaos so far.
Who we are's revealed in times of dispute.

Amidst turmoil we stood up to brutes,
Yet our very government we love to char.
We never know for sure in absolute.

All the troubles we wish to substitute
Only reflect our side that's tarred.

Who we are's revealed in times of dispute.

Our problems we hide within fruits
Of success, but the gentle pry of panic reveals our true scars.
We never know for sure in absolute.

We were once haughty and truly resolute;
To only realize we have not seen far.
Who we are's revealed in times of dispute.
We never know for sure in absolute.

THE BEAUTY OF GOLF

BY HERBERT ZHU

The beauty of golf is,
A famous golfer says,
Is that there are eighteen holes,
Each with a numbered pole.

Eagles and birdies and pars,
Make some aces for stars.
Pitch and putt and swing,
Golf is for all things.

Stay off the rough and
The bunkers are full of sand.
Watch out for hazard trouble,
You might need a hand.

The soul is the green,
Of course, you are keen.
Hit so many putts,
You just might make the cut.

THE CHESS PIECES

BY ARMAAN VARMA-VITUG

The powerful king commands his forces,
Watches his "I got the muscles" soldiers fight.
He sits in the corner almost doing nothing.
As all around him, soldiers die.
The front-line pawns, aggressive and fearless,
Almost die every time.
Bishops, knights, and queens.
All around them, fighting with them
The pitiful pieces must obey.

BASKETBALL SOUNDS

BY JONATHAN JIANG

Dribbling is a calm pond
suddenly
light rain showers
onto the surface of the water

Shooting is a firework
getting lit
goes into the air
and explodes

Communicating is seagulls
interacting
while soaring through the sky

Running is like horses
sprinting

through dry
mushy dirt and sand

Getting dunked is like a phone call ring
while you're sleeping

SPRING TIME

BY REESE MA

The birds singing,
The clock dinging,
Butterflies prancing,
The flowers sprouting,
Spring is coming.
Getting up late
Will make my mom lose her hate,
So going outside to the gate,
To celebrate
Spring.

RACE CAR

BY ELLIE LUM

Route to
A
Car
Event
Car
At the
Race

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A BIRD (AND A HUMAN)

BY HELEN MAXCY-EVANS

If I was a peacock,
I would have very, very bright feathers.
I would walk around and
honk at everyone.
I would go and visit people if I wanted to,
so I could say, honk honk! (That means hello.)
My feathers would be bright and high.
The peacock says,
If I was a person,
I would like a beautiful house
that doesn't have too many toys.
I would not want to clean up
if I was a person.

MY FAMILY

BY KEVIN ZHANG

Strangers,
Not like dad, mom, or my brothers.
Most weirdest peeps.
I don't feel whole at all.

I have a family
My dad, mom, and brothers.
My precious peeps.
Wow, lucky me!
My family shows coolness.

My family is rich
In kindness.
We have bronze bottles,
Books and round bathtubs,
And we go on field trips together.
I adore my family.

THE HOT TUB I WANT

BY SAMUEL SHIEH

My hot tub
is a rectangle as big as my bed,
made of red and white bricks,
in an ice and fire pattern,
And a steel edge
which looks veeery cool!

It has a waterproof trap door
so the water won't leak into my house.
It opens with a sensor,
the sensor knows WHO you are.
If it's me,
it will open the way to my house,
but if it's a stranger,
IT WILL LOCK ALL SYSTEMS DOWN!

The trap door leads to
my bedroom,
my kitchen,
my living room,
and my bowling alley!
Most important of all...
there is a secret base under my hot tub!
You are welcome to visit any ~time~.

J

BY JINMING ZHANG

Jack and Jinming were just telling jokes
The joke jumped over and over
It jiggled into the jam
And jabbed Jack in the jaw
Jinming juggled his joke
And it turned into a jellyfish
The jellyfish jumped on Jinming's jacket
Now Jinming's job is to
Feed the jellyfish
Jam

PEACHES

BY AUDREY WEI

Peaches
Some are crunchy
Some are mush

Orange, pink, ombre

Unrealistic mystical taste
Like some animal wandering about

When spoken to comes alive
As peaches like attention

Bright and shiny
Fur coated
Fruit pets

SMALL AND TALL

BY MADISON WIDJAJA

Small is the shortest
It can make you as sad
As a lonely pup
It's the beginning of your life.

You can feel happy
Like at Christmas
Or New Year's
I know that I will grow
Into a tall wonderful person.

NO MELON, NO LEMON

BY DORIS ZHU

No melon, no lemon,
With**o**ut melon, there is no lemon
Melons are sweet,
Lemons are sour
Mel**l**ons, lemons, melons, lemons
Oh, melons! I love
mel**l**ons and lemons
 Oh, what sweet melons and lemons
No melon, no lemons
Oh, what will I eat with no melons and lemons?
Mel**l**ons are juicy
Lemons are sour
Oh, lem**l**ons,
Oh, melons
The **e**nd.

MY MOM IS...

BY ICEY WU

My mom is
Brave, kind and caring
She once rode a bicycle
and when she fell down
She didn't even cry
She is kind because
When we make mistakes
She uses her nice voice to talk with us
When we are hurt and need a bandaid,
And it's in the cupboard so high,
My mom will help us get it
Thank you, mom!

THE SUPERIOR S

BY ASTON WAN

I love to use the letter S
It is right down in my heart.
With no S you couldn't go to school,
and you wouldn't study smart.
You'd never have a skull
to protect your brain,
or ever have sesame seeds
to go with your grains.
Speakers would never appear again,
and socks would be missing from your feet.
You'd also never see the sun anymore,
and have a basketball for you to yeet.
The salty taste would be absent

from your chicken,
or you'd never have a salad
With my bacon.

A SINGULAR PATH

BY HANA HELMS-SHORE

Two roads merged into a singular path
Where? I don't know. Looking back,
I'm glad I didn't travel the other road
Because it led to the same place.
The single path stretched into an open field.

Before, there were muddy paths, rocky ones
Steep paths—artistic paths, theatrical paths,
Sporty, academic—short paths, long paths
Electives to pick that will determine where you go
Money paths: mortgages, bills, fines, housing—
Which friend paths to keep, which to ditch...

All become the same path.

It doesn't matter if they have equal claim.
Just as worn and grassy;
But, the walking on that path over there
Had worn one slightly more,
And no one could tell.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads merged into one
I took the one less traveled by,
And in the end it didn't matter.

FRIENDSHIP

BY LUCY LI

Friendship is unbreakable,
Ready to fight enemies,
It's just like a ship of love,
Even in the rain.

Not an enemy,
Don't ever fight with each other.
Sunrise to sunset,
Hot, cold, and warm,
It never breaks.

Peeking with hide and seek
Is never a problem.
They never argue.
Friendship is like love.
It is magic.

INFINITE APPLES

BY AIDEN YE

I'd like an infinite supply of apples
Because they contain vitamin C
Which will help me fight illness,
And be as healthy as I can be!

I would want them all to be Galas
Because the Gala ones taste really great.
There would be so many, I would
Have one million crates!

Also, apples have lots of seeds,
And new apple trees will grow.
So if I put them in the ground,
I'll have lots of apple trees to show!

THINGS YOU SHOULD NOT AGREE TO

BY ELINA ZHANG

Don't nod to strangers

On the list of don't dos, nod to strangers is 1st

Nodding to mom and dad is ok

TNT is not something to nod to

Nope, don't even think of nodding to wild snakes

Oh lunch time!

Don't nod, remember that!

PALINDROME DOUBT

BY ALYSSA LIU

I am scared

I wouldn't say

I am good at palindrome poems

I won't make mistakes

That's a lie

I will mess up

I wouldn't say

I can do this.

PALINDROME PAIR

BY AVAN XIAO

Three word poem

Lollipop
Obsessed
Lion

Accident

Bam!
Oops
BAM!!!

TODAY

BY JESSICA LIU

Today was such a bad day
I will never ever think
Today was a good day.
Today was the worst day of my life
You will never ever hear me say
Today was the best day ever

WATER LILIES

BY AIDAN TSENG

Turquoise water lilies graciously float on the pond like ballet dancers silently tiptoeing on their slippers. Juxtaposing the rusted fences and fractured sculptures, the pond of water lilies contrasts the backyard

with its idyllic, serene presence. Shadows on the pond reflect the life we live. Beautiful. Precious. Irreplaceable. Hues of baby blue, mixed with glaucous, colour the pond exquisitely. It is as if parts of the sky splashed themselves onto the water, decorating the waterscape dazzlingly. Delicate white lotus flowers sit atop the pond in a staturory manner. Like children in a stupor. Gentle winds subtly flutter the moss green grass and it waves back and forth, gleaming at you as if welcoming you into its utopia. You feel tranquil, luxuriated, watching the sunset evanesce below the distant horizon. Staring at the mesmerizing scenery, you feel yourself drifting into a lucid dream, images like paintings, brushing through your subconscious one canvas at a time. But just like that. The enchanting fantasy breaks its spell. Silence strikes, calmness flowing. This is what you now call home.

MY TRIP TO HAWAII

BY JERRY WANG

I walked on a black sand beach
There was a nearby volcano.

I saw a few turtles sleeping and laying eggs.
I was walking
As if there were landmines
Hoping not to crush any eggs.

It was my first time seeing turtles on a beach.
I was worried they might attack me.

The water was really salty
Like the Dead Sea.
As warm as a swimming pool.

It was clear and I could see
Black and white fish.

SMILE

BY ISABEL WANG

A smile is like a ray of sun.
A smile is like a sunny day.
A smile is like birds chirping cheerfully.
A smile is like a comforting, "How are you doing?"
A smile is like a light to brighten the sadness inside.
A smile is like a sun shining on us.
A smile is like flowers blooming to say, "Hello."

LIBRARY POEM

BY ELIZABETH FENG

A calm wave of vast blue
Inside room of books
Stories about a chick, and a cow crying, "moo"
Quiet and peaceful, a world of tranquility
No screams, and roughness, only harmony
Just like a farmer milling the till
I relax and plunge into a story
And I read away the day
Where it takes me to all the world's glory
Of books, and library

Musty and strong
The books' smell belong
With the world of pages
With sages
Crusty and wrinkled
The pages don't twinkle
But add imagination

Beware of these drooling monsters
Who lurk behind the shelves
They slobber and fight
Rip books with their might
And kick the librarian's foot

SUN & MOON

BY ALLISON MOH

The melancholy moon will always chase the bright sun rays
No matter how hard the bitter moon tries to steal the joyful sun's light
They never seem to be able to grasp it
The bitter moon's shadows are sent out during the day
No matter how hard the shadows try to grasp a bit of light
The light will always evade their clutches
The blazing sun brightens people's days
The bright sun rays give out hope and joy in people's hearts
The light chases out darkness when the time is right
No matter how hard the moon tries to steal the sun's light
The light will always defend and defy the darkness

THE SUN AND THE MOON

BY ISABELLA CHEN

The moon and the sun are very different
The sun is as old as time
It has enough gravity to pull a star out of the sky!
The moon has barely any gravity
You can jump right up to the stars!
The sun and the moon are very different
They are as different as fire and ice.

UNICORN AND FAIRY CITY

BY MIRANDA MA

Unicorn and Fairy City is a big city.
The fairies live in toadstools
and the unicorns live in the clouds.
The unicorns and fairies used magic too much
So they ran out of it.
They used magic too much because
they loved doing magic
and it was so popular in unicorn and fairy city.
So they went on a journey to find more magic.

THE BIRTH OF METAPHORS

BY KADEN CHEUNG

The sun is like a bright yellow ball shining happily in the sky

The sun is a lollipop delicious and sweet as a doughnut

The sun is lemonade from the lemons in the tree

The sun is a flashlight guiding me in the cold spooky night

The sun is a movie projector making everyone happy because

The movie was so funny and full of excitement

The sun a dandelion

Waiting to be blown away

The sun is a light bulb shining as bright as lightning

The sun is a yellow box

Keeping the world's light organized like

Electricity and fire

The sun is a volcano

Getting ready to explode
Dimensions of flames

The sun is a bike going fast as the wind through the windy forest
The sun is a pillow so comfy and soft
The sun is a lion roaring in the crowd
The sun is a watch telling you the right time so you can keep track of time
The sun is a lucky star guiding us day and night
The sun is a plane zooming in the air
The sun is a big heart giving everyone warmth and HUGS

GOLFING

BY AMBER GUO

I walk onto the green
Endless shapes and shades of emerald sparkle
I pick up the golf ball
Bulbous, white and round
Like a shooting star
As I hit with all my might
It flies past the clouds
400-600 yards feels like a world away
I walk slow
Like a turtle that doesn't want to waste energy
As the wind whips by
I taste the cold air
Birds are singing,
Clubs are swinging
There is my ball,
Hiding in the bushes
I grip my hands, the soft gloves help
As I swing for victory!

RED LIGHT

BY ELISE SUK

Dad once told me that he
Aced his
Driver's test.

Really? I asked.
Absolutely! he said.
Can you prove it?
Elise, I would love to!
Chase that purple car!
Around the town we went...
RED LIGHT!!!!!!!!!!

DEATH / LIFE / DEATH

BY AIDAN ZHANG

Death will live in life.
Death
Is Death.
You cannot change death
Into life.

Death can last for eternity
Until death takes on your mind.
Death will end
But not with life.

No mind
Or even an inner world
Knows what is among death.

An inner world
Will know death
When it happens.

The inner world can think on its own
About its inner thoughts.
But when death occurs,
Life of the inner world dies.

There may not be an afterlife
You may just leave existence.
But your inner world
Does not leave existence.

All we know
Is that
As long as we live life
Life will live in death.

BLACK / WHITE

BY LUCIANA LU

White
White is a light colour
I will never say it's a dark colour
White is the opposite of black
A dove is white
Pieces of paper are white
The night is black
Some tarantulas are black
Black is a sinister colour
Black feels lonely
Black is the opposite of white
Black

VIDEO GAMES

BY IRENE CHOI

Infinite Stairs is the best video game
It's as easy to play as memorizing the multiplication tables
It gives me energy, like I'm walking up the stairs myself
I can focus on the stairs like I'm concentrating on my homework
I press the button as if there were a prize waiting at the end
I press the button as if I were playing the piano quickly
In Fortnite, you shoot guns as if you were killing people
There are gun sounds everywhere as if a war were happening
You kill people as if you're a disease
You steal things after you kill as if you are a thief
You use weapons as if you were a hunter
Fortnite is the worst video game.

COLOUR POEM

BY KEVIN ZHANG

RED makes me feel very angry
Like a police car siren.

BLACK makes me feel evil
Like a robber.

GREEN makes me feel calm
Like the soft grass.

BLUE makes me feel sick like
Eating a witch's brew.

ORANGE makes me feel adventurous like

Going on a Journey.

PURPLE makes me feel like there's a
Mystery that has to be solved.

HAMSTERS

BY ELLIE ARGUE

I like hamsters even more than birdies!
Hamsters are small and cute and fluffy
but birdies have feathers and have beaks.
They eat birdseed
and sometimes they eat worms!
That's why I like hamsters.

WAIT, I'M NOT EVEN THERE!?

BY KINGSTON TAM

I am lost in a store with nowhere to go.
Running down the aisles row by row.
I'm looking for my Mom but I got lost.
I followed her closely but they weren't my mother.
The store is closing, I'm filled with fright.
Will I have to sleep here tonight?
I begin to panic, I wait by the door.
Wait... I'm not even in a store.
I look around, totally confused.
I realize wait I'm in... class?
Suddenly I see a note that was passed, it says
Wake up.

VALENTINA: SKI RACE QUEEN OF THE WORLD!

BY VALENTINA LIEW

Victory is what I feel when I ski
A mochi is what I love to eat
Love to ski!
Everyone thinks I am great at skiing!
None of the people can beat me even my own brother!
Time to ski race!
I am the fastest skier in the whole wide world
No one would dare come up to race me
A Ski Race Queen, I am! Here I come!!!

A SIGH OF RELIEF

BY MASON YIP

Rays of light glistened off the rustic steel beams
(Pink) North Face bag (tugging),
(on the girl of the Monday morning).
(A sunlight as artificial as her plastic insert dreams).

Lumbering trees (whistled wind).
An adventure (lurking, waited to be peeled),
(Like the vibrant oranges rind).
The blessed girl trek(ked) (to the car in her high heels).

(Aussie man damned by hell),
Cursed by the devil to damnation,
His torturer was insistently cruel,
Aspirations crushed by her Juicero.

Rugged branches clawed at the semi-plastic exterior of the car.
Scents of pine engulfed by the stench of gasoline.
Constant annoyance, sting on neck,
Painful as the scorpions of Australia.

Sane as a leprechaun, the guide pulled over,
Over the shimmering blue lake below.
And so, leaned over, iPhone in hand,
Idiot is a mindset.

As Icarus fell from grace,
Rocks with the slightest scent of gasoline,
And as she screamed her last,
A sigh of relief could be heard from above.

FIVE REASONS

BY MATTHEW LAU

Genshin Impact is free and fun!
The storyline is as fun as free time during school.
There are as many characters as ants in an ant colony.
The boss fights are as dangerous as poison.
The graphics are as interesting as a TV show.
The content is as new as a newborn baby.
Family Feud is as repetitive as a song stuck on a loop
Family Feud's graphics are as bad as a half-finished paint job
Family Feud is as boring as watching paint dry
Family Feud's AI is as strong as a bodybuilder
Family Feud's questions are as weird as having the craziest dream
Family Feud is horrible.

THE ROLLER COASTER CAR TO SUMMER

BY AIDEN TANG

Looking up at the tall mountain,
The slow glass box approaches
The doors open and I climb in
A sudden feeling of excitement fills my body
I feel like a fish in a tank dangling on a string

I arrive, there is my little yellow car
Turning on the engine, it whirs like a machine
That doesn't belong here
My heart beats as the coaster slides down
I fall further into the green
Lower, lower until the cart stops

The wind is bitter as it slaps my face
My tummy rumbles,
Is it lunchtime yet?
And with a final blow the cart starts again,
Quick like a fox then slow like a turtle,
This is the Ride to Summer.

THE MONSTER UNDER THE BED

BY INDIRA FAIR

Ever wonder about the monster under your bed?
They quietly whisper right under your head:
"I am the one hiding under your bed!
My teeth are sharp and my eyes, glowing red!"

I can hear the rhythm of its evil breath,
And tuck beneath the covers, fearing my own death.

Then my mom comes in, discovers me
Under the sheets, frozen and half dead.
She takes me into her room to try to sleep,
But I wonder about the monster under *her* bed.

TRICKERY VS. LOYALTY

BY LOREN HWANG

Stealing the ball
Faking out the opponent
Waking up early
To free my friend's pets
Taking your money
To give it to the poor
Or throw it away
Stealing a Nintendo Switch
From your older brother:
These are the things
A trickster does!

Cheering on friends
Working as a team
Asking permission
Before you act
Buying gifts for loved ones—
Treating others the way
They want to be treated:
These are things
You do when you're
Loyal.

AS WIND BLOWS THROUGH WILLOW

BY AISHA HSU

Alone on the waterside
gazing at the coastline,
observing with eyes of gold,
silently.

Waving her ribbons
in the dance,
responding to the sea, as
birds call out irregular

rhythms.
Like her hair.
Like the green lines on
the water's reflection.

Like the waves lapping
the rocky shores.
Her whispers on a bright day, carrying
across the ocean.

Her silent wails on a stormy night,
seeing sailors
crash onto shore, looking
desperate and bedraggled.

She lends them shelter
and stands, unmoving—
Watching them with sightless eyes,
Touching them with leafy fingers.

Murmuring her stories
Gesturing her arms,
perhaps in greeting—
as wind blows through willow.

ADVENTURES

BY SAMUEL YAN

Trekking through the Amazon
Riding your dirtbike
Rafting down a river
Fishing with the pros
Bungee jumping
Exploring mysterious caves
Swimming in the deep sea
Planning a trip to Afghanistan
Touring Yellowstone National Park...

Staying at home during quarantine
Reading simple alphabet books
Being a couch potato
Walking in circles
Lying on the ground
Boooooorrrring!

THE ROSE

BY AMY ZHAO

In the moonlight,
The colour and smell of the rose
Seems far away.

I MAKE A FRIEND EVERY DAY

BY CATHY ZHANG

I feel excited
My whole body shakes a little
I feel like I do before I run a race

I want more friends
I want everyone to be my friend
I want everyone on Earth to know me
(Or maybe just my school).

I start talking to a new person and
I relax—I feel free
Like I'm sleeping on my bed

I feel happy that I make a new friend
I feel enjoyment
Like—I'm eating an ice cream—

I eat one bite, two bites, three bites, four—
It's gone!

That's how quickly I make friends.

MIRROR TREE

BY MATTHEW NG

My friend and I used to fly airplanes under our tree
They always got stuck
It was fun getting the paper planes out of the tree
The tree fell down after a really strong wind

Small branches grow on the stump that is left
Maybe the tree will become big again.
Small branches grow on the stump that is left
The tree fell down after a really strong wind
It was fun getting the paper planes out of the tree
They always got stuck
My friend and I used to fly airplanes under our tree.

GOING TO YELLOWKNIFE

BY ZIYU WANG

Going to Yellowknife was a fun experience to see the aurora light.
At night,
we went to see the northern lights.
It was below -50 degrees!
My family and I were really lucky to see the lights on the first day.
There were neon lights,
there were pink,
green,
turquoise,
and a little hint of purple and yellow.
They were all dancing like stars.
We stayed inside a tipi that night.
It was a big tent that was yellow.
Inside there was a wood fire and hot chocolate and tea.
I had hot chocolate.
On the second day we went on dog sleds,
and tasted roasted marshmallows.
We even went on an ice slide that was really big and steep.
After that,
the winter vacation was over.
We had a wonderful time!

THE ANIMALS IN ME

BY VINCENT KAPOOR

I am not like one animal from the kingdom, but three.
Which sometimes makes my parents want to flee.

I am like a monkey because I like to climb high.
Also, one of my favourite treats is banana cream pie.
I am naughty and I like to keep people on their toes.
Sometimes I get in trouble, but that's just how it goes.

I am like a sly cheetah without the dots.
My friends and I like to make up crime plots.
When I am playing tag I run fast
And I always get tagged last.

I am like an octopus because I am a good spy and sneaky.
But not only that, I have very quick comebacks because I am cheeky.
One of my favourite games is to play hide and seek.
And my friends like me because I never peek.

SAKURA VS. ARIA

BY CLAIRE NI

Sakura is quiet and peaceful like the pink cherry blossoms
The serene sound seeps into the room, filling it with calm music
Like if cherry blossoms were gently swaying in the blowing breeze
The music continues playing the soft, high notes
But sometimes music can change
Aria is strong and happy, fast and jolly
The stronger breeze makes the cherry branches bend and sway
Like cherries are dancing joyfully in the wind

Happier and happier they get
Like notes skipping cheerfully

THE UNCERTAINTY OF WHERE YOU BELONG

BY NATHAN KONG

The feeling of being safe yet unsafe at the same time. The stereotypical way of living, the stereotypical mindset. What you're supposed to do and what not to. Those curious enough to see what happens when they choose something different. I'm scared for them. The realization that something isn't right or not the way it's meant to be. Most people that touch base on that, I'm scared for them. I want to help, but then hesitate on what the aftermath will be, yet still curious on what the true colours of our country is like.

MAGNIFICENT

BY ELISA SUI

Mothers are perfect
Awesome at drawing
Gorgeous from her slender neck to her beautiful toes
Never old
Incredible mother
Fabulous at dressing up
I have an extraordinary mom
Chic & stylish clothes
Elisa's mother
Nothing but elegant
Talented at baking treats

NOD ON NO DON!

BY MARKUS KWAN

No nodding on Don!
Only nod on other people,
Don is my name!

Out if you nod at Don,
Nodding at Don is against the rule!

No! No! No!
Out of the way!

Don's temperature goes up when you nod!
Only nod at other people,
Nodding at Don is against the rule!

THE ROAD USUALLY TAKEN

AFTER "THE ROAD NOT TAKEN" BY ROBERT FROST

BY KYLE SHANG

Two roads diverged in a black wood,
And thankfully I can not travel both
And be one man, not long I stood
And looked up both on the internet
To my surprise, no wifi

Then took the other, cuz I felt like it
And having perhaps the worse claim
Because it was muddy and wanted no wear
Though as for the passing where?
Had not worn them not really about the same

And both that afternoon unequally lay
In paper step had trodded white
Oh, I kept the second for another day!
Yet not knowing how way leads on to way,
I did not doubt if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a yay!
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood and I—
I took the one more travelled by
And that made no difference

DIVIDED

BY SOFIA VARMA-VITUG

light keeps the world alive
light things are easier to think about,
but also easy to brush off and forget
light disperses the dark
light reveals what hides in darkness
it's hard to find darkness in the light
sometimes dark wins against light in your mind
dark is best when you want to do things without being seen
dark thoughts can feel heavy and weigh your mind down
dark is best when you want to do things undercover
sometimes dark wins against light in your mind
it's hard to find darkness in the light
light reveals what hides in darkness
light disassembles the dark
but also easy to brush off and forget
light things are easier to think about,
the light keeps the world alive

MY APPLE-PICKING DAY

BY SOPHIE LIU

A tiny caterpillar, black with orange stripes
Red apples: dark red and some that were green
People talking, loud and surprised
There were pumpkins and a barn:
Red with wood crossings on it.
Leaves that were delicate.
I touched apples. They were solid.
Some were really sticky.
I didn't taste anything while I was there.
The apple in the car on the way back was sweet.
The apples didn't smell that good.
They smelled like the skin of the apples.

COMES THE DAWN

BY GEOFF GUO

After a while, you learn there is a fine line
Between loneliness and what is needed.
And you learn that love does mean support
and assistance.
And company means together with others,
Spending time...
Smiling...
Laughing...
And you begin to understand, love is an essential
For who you are.
Today's roads are safe... but... dull,
The future is full of uncertainties that
Are ready to be explored and ventured in.

You begin to look forward to the future,
Instead of what your past might bury.
You understand that there are challenges to come,
But you have others who will stand by you.
With head held high and eyes open.
You begin to learn that others are here,
They help you decorate your imaginary gardens,
Bring you flowers and seeds of happiness,
And help rebuild what you have lost in the past
...Your broken heart...
You learn that you really are strong with others,
You learn to forget what was lost.
You learn to cherish the future with others.
Then, with your head held high and eyes open,
You begin to learn.

MY BIKE

BY KASPAR NI

My favourite thing I like is my bike,
I always ride in the forest, instead of a hike.

When I ride at the beach, I feel good!
I jumped in the bike park as high as I could!

I can balance on a thin piece of wood,
I can stand on the bike like my brother did.

I wish I could do all the tricks I want.
Biking makes me more excited than
Going to my favourite restaurant!

SOCIAL MEDIA

BY MASON PAN

Social Media is Bad

Cyberbullies send messages like drops of rain.

Harmful comments destroy childhoods.

Scrolling causes severe procrastination.

Staring at a screen replaces activities

And every user faces FOMO.

But, we develop better social skills.

We learn how to boast with pride.

We feel less isolated when no one's around.

We bond with friends and others.

We learn about what is happening in the outside world.

Social Media is Good.

YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY GOING TO LOVE WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.

BY ERIC JIN

Before we get talking, I gotta say that you're gonna feel so proud of yourself afterwards

I mean, you're really gonna feel amazing, and I'll get straight to the point when it's time

And we gotta talk about this because it's gonna be an epic game changer

I don't have to worry about talking to you about this, I can hardly keep it in

It's because I just can't keep it together and

I should just tell you what's on my mind right now

And you'll be jubilant when you hear I'm gonna say

It's going to be so nice you will have to hide your happiness
Giving people good news is a satisfaction to me
I recommend you sit down, don't get too excited
I think you might know what I'm going to say now
I'm so excited for this moment
You're going to hug me when I say the goodies to you
I don't even know if I can say this or not
Ok, you ready for the good news
I can't be hiding this excitement of yours anymore
You will absolutely love what I'm going to say.
It's such good news I'll have to get a drink and prepare myself first.
I'll be right back.

SPRING

BY RYAN KOSSARI

Spring is alive.
The bee in the hive.

The birds are singing
While my alarm is ringing.

The bear is awake
And so is the snake.

The butterflies fly when
The sun is not shy.

I always wonder
how the days get longer.

The winter is in the past
And summer is coming fast.

TWO SEASON POEMS

BY KARSTEN TAI

Spring

Flowers bloom and grow
Animals wake up and eat.
Birds chirp loudly.

Fall

Orange pumpkins glow.
Trick or treating for candy.
Red Orange Yellow.

MY PET DRAGON

BY SICHENG WANG

If I had a little pet dragon it would be a cute one.
It is red and only as big as my hand.
It is nice and never gets mad.

The good thing is it never blows fire
higher and higher.

It has two small wings but cannot fly yet.
I found an egg and used my hands to catch it—not a net.

When I go out, I let him be in my hoodie to sleep.
He goes inside—deep and deep.

At night he sleeps on my table.
His blanket is a leaf of maple.

IMAGINARY COLOURS

BY AIDEN MAI

BLUE is...

Blah blahs

They look like a tree

But they are blue.

BLACK is...

A black-yawah fish

With two fins

And twenty-hundred eyeballs!

GREEN is...

A gra-gra pen

That turns you silly

When it touches you!

ORANGE is...

A wa-wa, a light

That makes you die!

PINK is...

A pa-pa like

The baby version of Dad!

PURPLE is...

A pee-pah, a purple tissue

That makes you very sick!

RED is...

A rah-rah, a red pencil

Like a knife with blood on it!

Watch out!

THE DOG WHO DOESN'T LIKE EGGS

BY LANCY LAN

No way! I'm not eating that.
Get it away from me!

They're smelly,
They're weird,
And they are yellow and white.
How does everyone like that?
Like how do they even swallow it?
I bet chocolate is better.

Eggs are disgusting.
Like rotten apples.
Like dangerous volcanoes.
Like... um...
Like....mmmm....
Rotten eggs! Oh wait, they are eggs.
Maybe, I could run?
Oh wait, I can't run. Where's the door?
Get the eggs away from me!
Run!!!

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE...

BY LANICE CHEN

Sometimes I feel like a frog
I like to swim.
I like to jump.

Sometimes I feel like a penguin
I like the snow.
I like making snowmen.

Sometimes I feel like a bird
I like to chirp.
I like to sing.

OGOPOGO

BY ELEANOR LIN

Ogopogo
Grand and big
Okanagan Lake is where it lives
Pretending to be a log floating around
Ogopogo
Grand and Big
Ogopogos are real, aren't they?!

UFO TOFU

BY DANIEL LIN

UFo tofu. Looks tasty!"
Frankly, it's rather bitter."
Oh, really? That doesn't seem true."

TTrue? Not true? It IS true!"
Oh. Nevermind. I'm going to eat it."
Forget about eating it! Don't! No, no, no! Don't!"
Ugh, yuck. Darn. Why did I eat that? Eww."

LIFE ON MARS?

BY ALYSSA MORITZ

There could be life on Mars
I do not believe
Astronomers are joking
The government should spend more money
I don't think
We are the only living life out there

RACECAR

BY MARIO MIN

Red
And he is really fast.
CRASH!
Eliminated.
Cry
And
Red racer loses.

RUNNING

BY NEILAN CHOW

My silk-like fur, rustling in the wind,
Golden and bronze, reflecting the sun.
Ears laying back, flopping left and right,
Like golden banners, fluttering in the wind.
My tail, a blur in the wind,
Wagging and wagging like there is no end.

Tongue lolling out a pink hose.
Running like the wind off to the unknown.

THE END IS RARER

BY WILLIAM HOU

Working hard at home,
Working hard during the day.
The long tiring work
Is brutal and has yet to show a perk.
Practicing as the sun rises,
All the way 'til it sets.
I cannot wait 'til it's over,
The end is rarer than a four-leaf clover.
But I keep on going,
And practicing and playing.

I WANT AN ELEPHANT

BY KRYSTAL HAN

I want an elephant.
First I will go to the zoo.
I will choose the biggest elephant.
We will walk home together.
I will collect the rainwater
and put it in a bucket.
He will put his trunk into the water
And spray it all over my hair.
I will name him Ellie F.
I will go outside and pick some grass for him to eat.

THE PROBOSCIS MONKEY

BY JAYLEN YANG

Some may say he's ugly,
Others may say beautiful
But whatever you say,
It doesn't matter anyway.
He looks like a Squidward monkey,
Soft ginger fur, combed for a day outside
A nose as long as the Minecraft villager
Slender, sleek and smooth.
He is a gentleman with manners as he speaks,
Always using please and thank yous.
He smells like the forest,
As lush as the Amazon.
Snacking on sweet fruits,
Peaches and bananas will do.

THE PLAYDATE

BY SOLOMON ZU

HAhAHAhaaaaaaaaa...

HaHAAhashaaaa...

I walk there, goes us, and I see,
Her, F.B.I. OPEN UP! with a leaf in her paws
She inches, to that Stygian chambre, chamber, room

HAHhAHAhAHaHA...

I turn, the other rushes by, peeks with her bag, and gone she is.

Where are..Where are..Where are you!

HAhAHaHaHaHAHAHaHaHehEhE...

Wherefore art thou, no, non, niet, nein, where are you, devil, speak in these chambers!

LEAVE!

Oh but there is that boy, oh but he plays tricks, unlike the deceitful witch, who runs, in mon/mein/my ear, she laughs, like the sponge, did she go?!

But yess, that boy, he, the silent one of no virtue or appease, last I saw, he was, nothing but a pack packer, is he a vision as well?

Halt! Who goes there? None shall pass! But he now rises, lacking in energy, he walks, cannot listen and d i s a p p e a r s...

Mine mother comes, she yells on the phone! And she asks me "How's your playdate, dear?"

Am I going mad! But, she tends me, feeds me oatmeal sweets, I sleep, and I see him, that wretched boy...

He packs and leaves, leaving me with my cookies.

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