



POETRY IN  
 *Bloom*

A COLLECTION BY THE YOUNG POETS' SOCIETY  
2017

## **Introduction & Invitation**

-by Mrs. Pomerantz

or,

"Why I leave poetry composition to these experts!"

We meet on Thursdays after school and bring our poet selves.  
Our verse flows most from our own pens; we pick, too, from the shelves.  
Our pages here reveal some Truths: our hearts unmasked and bare.  
These words invite a tear or smile; this way, exposed, we share.

### 2016-2017 Members:

Ceyda Baysal  
Briana Gutierrez  
Gianni Iuliucci  
Danielle Jackson  
J. Alyssa Johnson  
Katilin McGee (Submissions pending)  
Unzila Mumtaz  
Padmini Rao  
Lelah Tekhna (Submissions pending: stay tuned until next issue!)

Co-Leaders: Mr. Bryan and Mrs. Pomerantz

**Cover Photograph by Padmini Rao (2017)**  
**Cover Design by Unzila Mumtaz (2017)**  
**Illustrations by Ceyda Baysal (2017)**

# The Truth

I can't trust you with anything important---  
That's why I trust you with my life.

~Ceyda

## Enlightened

Sometimes Life is a Light,  
A symbol of potential,  
A voice of vitality  
Against Darkness, the greatest defender,  
Light is a hero to all,  
Insistent they do not need such protagonist,  
For,  
What Light forgets,  
What Life fails to remember  
Is that, once extinguished,  
Light may never return,  
That Light can go out,  
Can be broken,  
Shattered,  
That man believes himself  
To be just as capable  
As Nature's reign



I have been enlightened with so  
~Ceyda

## It's only Human

Ridden to a corner of infidelity  
Disloyalty is a universal disease  
One which spreads in the dark  
And suffocates the young,  
Easily lured towards Demise  
And its promises of tranquility and night  
Sky is not a muse  
It is an entity,  
A royalty one's instinct obeys  
Covetousness is not in order  
Yet it is all we can give  
As creatures of the Light  
And fearers of the Night  
~Ceyda



Lament  
By Paul Bryan

My life has stood for servitude –  
A humble violin.  
I choose my fate as much as clothes  
Befall the mannequin.

I cannot choose my partner's strengths –  
His music's but a game.  
Ambitionless, he doesn't care;  
I sit in muted shame.

He doesn't practice basic skills –  
He has no pride, it seems.  
But why? His lack of discipline  
Annihilates my dreams.

My heartstrings yearn for so much more –  
The life of a soloist.  
Instead I'm belching simple tunes;  
I wasn't made for this.

I cannot choose my partner's strengths –  
I'm just expression's tool.  
I moan and wonder what could be;  
This paltry, artless fool.



## The Hopeless Romantic

Gone are the days of the hopeless romantic  
Gone are the days I wait by my window  
And the nights I hang on your every word  
Gone are the days I dream of roses, chocolates and sweet kisses  
Because roses wither and die, chocolates make you fat and kisses are never sweet  
coming from cold lips  
Gone are the days of this hopeless romantic

A Hopeless romantic  
The title branded across my chest  
To dream of love hopelessly  
Beyond reason or explanation

Like a needle in a haystack  
Or a drop of water in the vast ocean  
My dreams of love are lost in a sea of loveless people

It's like having your soul ripped from your body  
Vulnerable and unprotected  
And as it's being tattered and beaten  
It lies just beyond your reach

Maybe I wasn't built for this world  
Of headphones and hashtags  
Where love is mere folk tale  
And romance has its own tomb

Where my passion and rose colored view is criticised  
Where my poems sit on shelf  
And my stories go unfold  
Where convenience and instant gratification reign

But as I said

I am a hopeless romantic

Where great heartbreak is seen through the perspective of Newton's third law  
Every action must have an equal but opposite reaction  
Go ahead and laugh  
While I await my great equal but opposite reaction.

-Briana Gutierrez



Here's to Us by Briana Gutierrez

### Here's To Us

I am bright and bold  
Loud  
Sarcastic  
And mercilessly myself

I am colorful and clumsy  
Quirky  
Empowered  
And completely confident

There was a boy who loved these things  
But not enough to accept them  
A boy who made a mold for me  
And expected me to be his Galatea

He thought I was loud  
Opinionated  
Annoying  
And overdramatic

Maybe if I was an Egyptian Princess  
Who swam in the Nile River  
Or an African Queen who sang for her  
people  
Or just another girl with blue eyes and  
alabaster skin  
Maybe then I could be enough

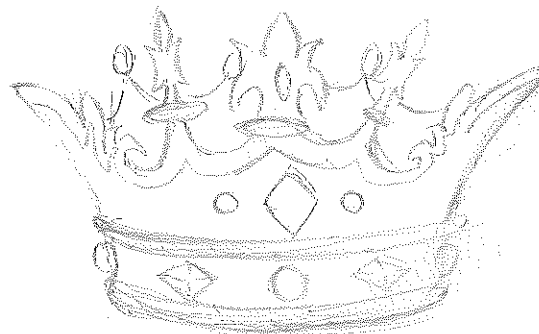
But the thing is  
As it happens  
I am not  
I am too much  
Much too big for a boy like him

Because I want to touch the sky  
I want heart and soul  
I want everything  
I want the world  
I want every ocean known to man  
And he's content with the waves

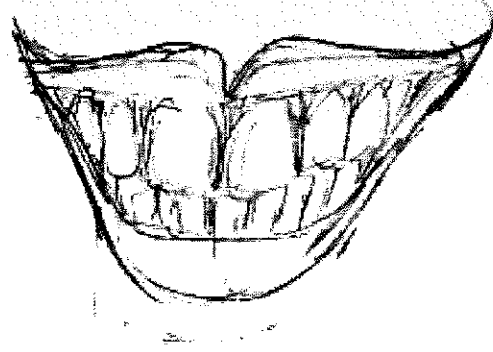
So here's to a world that wants to bleach my  
skin and change my hair

To all the little girls who think that they  
breathe fire  
And to all those still learning  
Here's to the color that runs in my veins and  
the passion I wear as a crown

Here's to the boys who never knew how to  
love us  
And to the ones that will  
Here's to the girls that built their own castles  
And slayed their own dragons  
Here's to us



Synthetic Sympathetics  
Converges with  
Aesthetic Empaths  
Diverging thoughts  
Structuring answers  
Constructive criticism  
All leads to nothing  
Or so it may seem



Meaningless mingles  
Even chats with cats  
Thoughts create beauty  
And you don't need to understand  
Just enjoy

– Gianni Iulucci

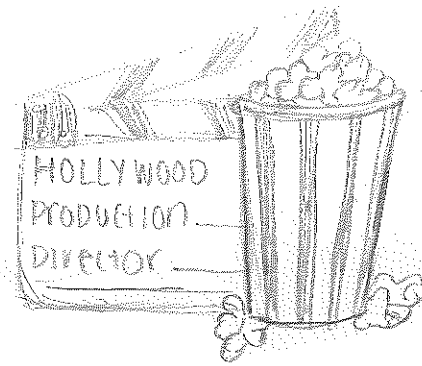
My mind moves  
as waves crash  
My mind has  
no design team  
It's a cluttered office  
Sometimes  
I feel the waves,  
in a flow,  
makes me feel the need to  
Go.  
Impressed by the inspiration  
yet, suppressed to devastation



–Gianni Iulucci



limelight.  
I hate movies.  
I hate how they're glorified, quoted, and watched.  
I hate how society worships actors.  
They're actors!  
They pretend for a living!



They transform into other characters so well, that it makes the consumer question their sanity.  
Is Abraham Lincoln really dead, or is Daniel Day-Lewis him reincarnated?

I hate how movies cause debates between people.  
Who shot first Han or Greedo?

I hate how I can start to say something and someone who I've never met before can finish what I'm going to say.

Person 1: "I'm going to make him an offer-"  
Stranger 2:- "He can't refuse."

I hate how books can be brought to life and be made to feel so real.

I do have to admit, characterization in Hunger Games was dead on.

I hate how places can be immortalized and made tourist attractions.

Tiffany's on the corner of 5th and 57th isn't even all that nice.

I hate how--oh who am I kidding, I love the movies.

By: Dani Jackson

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S p a c e

What does space really mean?

Is it the empty air between you and me?

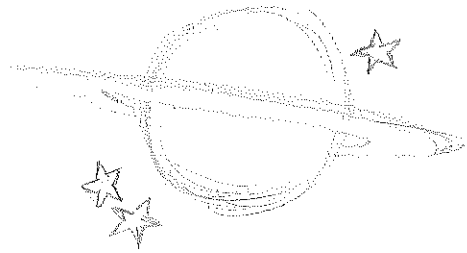
Is it a place beyond the sky, higher than imagination, a portion of the heavens?

Is it an area in which I use my cerebrum to its utmost capacity?

Is it confined to being personal, an unexplored frontier, or a thought process?

No.

By: Dani Jackson

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In the Dark Night

**It's dark, foreboding.**

**It can hurt and disable,**

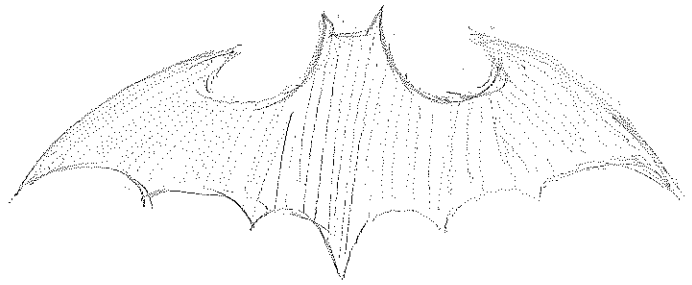
**It can threaten and scare.**

**It can rescue and save,**

**It can fight but not fly...**

Yes, I'm talking about Batman.

By Dani Jackson



W b  
O e  
R c  
k k  
I o  
N n  
G s  
  
M b  
A o  
N y  
  
L w  
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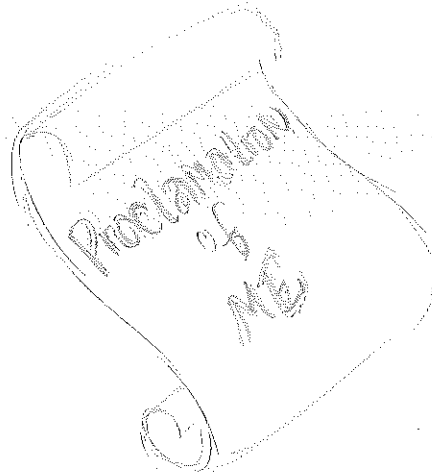


they met

Sucker

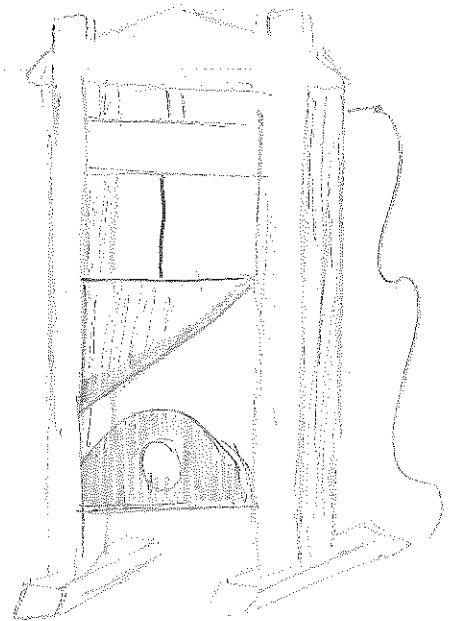
i'm not a sucker  
Live like the lollipop  
And you will be  
Earned by a quick dime  
Wasted away over time  
Start with the given  
Grow strong, stronger each day  
Build foundation for the next  
Like the concrete  
I lie

If I know me  
But not know who I am  
Is the me I know of fiction  
Is that why I feel affliction  
Toward the affection  
I hold for myself  
Fixation I hold to learning of such  
Infliction made on me  
Which I can make citations  
to my family and me  
But not the me I put on registration  
Unrecognized by the administration  
And maybe, me,  
So is, my me. The me I want to be.  
Or a mom me version  
Finding, I, different then fining, me.  
Devastation from this revelation  
ravaging this attraction to this subconscious deprivation  
is beyond my comprehension  
or maybe-needs cohesion of confusion and approbation.  
Good and Bad to find my  
Proclamation  
Of me



--by J. Alyssa Johnson

Face the rising sun,  
for it shall be your final grace when the day is done,  
live and discover who you are  
be judged  
unworthy peers will pave your path  
Yea, though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death  
You will fear no evil  
Strangers watch you bridle and saddle in hand  
Those acquainted think they know you  
Whispers upon their still wagon  
Authority of the mob brought you here  
Thrusted forth to be judged they have the right as does Judy  
Dark robed cloaked faces  
Not seen, not told whose tongue speaketh  
Hold strong, your opinions they cannot withhold,  
No more than you can to them.  
Eat your meal  
Drink as your stoned  
Bleed-  
Bleed tears,  
Blood,  
Bleed out what you need  
You have only one day left to be true.  
Be. You.  
My rod and my staff-  
Do they comfort you?  
Or does your brass persona bring thine anguished blight  
Your guillotine awaits  
Supporters laid a bed of feathers ad cloth  
Gaze around, onlookers  
Everywhere.  
Actions brought you here either,  
Your own or others/  
the sun sets,  
it's time for your rest  
stay true and be bold, cherishing.  
Unshamed by what you did,  
For it shall hold you steady  
When the blade falls,  
Lay your head.  
Rest your neck to complete the semi circle  
Face the setting sun  
As it is your final grace.  
Shining a dimmered glimmer



Upon your shadowed peace,  
I will not cover your head.  
Like I should,  
Be reborn as a phoenix  
Brighter, beat your grace.  
Set the feathers and cloth  
Ablaze  
Able to rise and reveal all you've done  
Nothing but content and love  
Fear not, your head shall lol  
The blade shall fall,  
And you will die.  
Trust that you shall  
Rise again  
In glittering ash,  
Over and over,  
You shall fall,  
Again and again

And we will meet tomorrow,  
Bless you by your setting grace  
Phoenix

--by J. Alyssa Johnson

*VIOLIN*

In the dreadful silence  
Every inhalation  
Sounds like the roaring winds  
Of a hurricane.

Until a brief but sharp note  
Pierces the air, trembling,  
Preceding a keening sound  
Of delicate, desperate anguish;

The sound of a lone tear  
Traveling the vast expanse of cheek,  
And tumbling to a hasty demise  
At the mandibular cliff

Hollow be the voices  
That croak in the almost still hall,  
And hers that seems to choke  
On every word,

Ah, but this is music!

A tentative dance  
Back and forth, alternation  
A rise and then a fall,

Each crescendo growing  
More and more dramatic  
Edging closer and closer  
To that final precipice

The free fall

~ *U.M.*





*DROWN ME IN A RIVER OF MEMORY*

Drown me in a river of memory I beg you  
Flood the darkened streets of my dreams  
Until the pavement caves and skewers  
Tear away skin from bone at its seams

Fill up the spaces in between my heart  
A deluge upon the area of my lungs  
Between the shriveled and expanded parts  
Curse me in the sharp words of harsh tongues

Light the match, darling, and hold it steady  
Let it fall while I lay prostrate in prayer  
When the lights begin to fade, I'll be ready  
Hands stretched towards paradise in despair

And when I've disappeared into thin air,  
Remember to burn all the oceans, all the skies,  
Set fire to the world and let it flare,  
Remember foremost, to whisper your goodbyes.

~U.M.



*MIDAS*

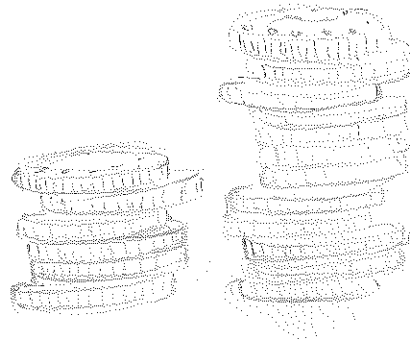
Come and take me,  
My soul is fractured still,  
I broke away from everything  
Of my own free will.

I am dangerous, hazardous,  
I kill with just my touch,  
A life alone, my sentence shown,  
I beg you; it is too much.

All the riches, all the gold,  
Could not me satisfy,  
Not now that I've lost you  
My world is dead hereby.

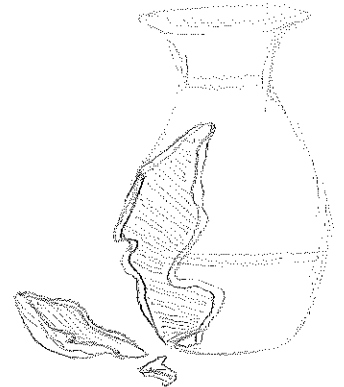
Oh death  
Come and take me  
Young Midas does cry.

*~U.M.*



## Love

I have always lacked allurements  
So, I deserve this debasement  
I'm nothing but a husk of an ingénue  
Anticipating in lust for you  
You being the dark brooding husk of a man  
A man who ties me up when he shan't  
Or makes vanilla love to me  
I've dreamt about it, read it, seen it  
But never felt it  
I've experienced heartache  
But not the kind caused by love  
Every emotion I have felt has been painless;  
Maybe, emotionless  
But love, oh love sounds magnificent  
Maybe vehement  
And I can't help but pore  
Could he love me without being broke?  
Being broken makes me look at the world positively  
Everything, everyone seems lovely  
Even I who is incapable of that  
Some would say I am cursed  
I call it a periapt  
I try not to dwell on this



But it is pure bliss

I think you are out there

Beyond yonder, somewhere

Waiting for me to come to you

Waiting for the day I shall say yes to you

The day we discover, and uncover

Each other's secrets, and each other

All day and night

Leaving marks of love bites

On every inch of our bodies

We leave fire, we leave curiosity

So the fire within can calm

Your warm touch is my balm

You always leave me needing more

More of the comfort when you leave me sore

And when you growl my name in ecstasy

I will know your love is content and safe with me

Defend it I will with all my might

Even if I have to use all of it, I will do what is right

We might have days with agony, anger

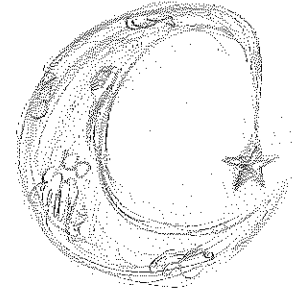
But it will only bring us closer

Because it's true, love does make you blind

It makes me try hard to remain entwined

I will take in all the pain, save you the pleasure

Because as long as you're content, I'm no longer unsure



Because when I'm with you, I'm spellbound

My wits are nowhere to be found

Your love has captured my everything

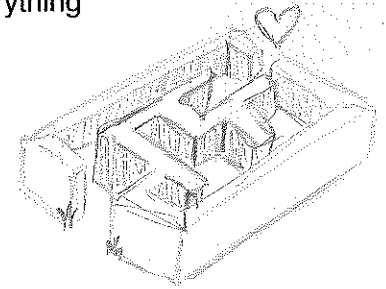
I cherish it more than my life, because you are my everything

My bad, my good, my home

My more, never let me go

And let me solve you, my love maze

So you can be mine forever, and always.



- Fin -

- Padmini Rao.

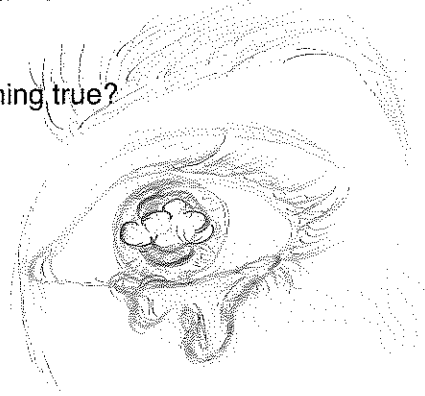
## Silence

Suddenly a being once articulate, is at a loss of words  
What stopped her from always chirping like a bird?  
She used to radiate an energy that felt brighter and merrier than bliss  
Now she is a dark, vantablack abyss  
She has never taken isolation well  
She engulfs all color in her black soul to over dwell  
How did her chaos turn into silence?  
It is as though she has been stabbed in the back by your demilance.

Maybe it is all her failure?  
Maybe it is the lore she wholeheartedly believes about dreams coming true?  
Maybe it is her curiosity to find the real you?  
Can you not see?  
Her eyes once filled with dreams are now teary,  
Her contingency is fading  
Her voice no longer existing  
She has turned mute  
Is this her vengeance? Her retribute?

It has forced me to think  
You broke her and now she needs fixation from shrinks  
You turned her crazy  
Made her quiet and hazy  
This is not a blame game  
But you are everywhere, like a parasite  
All her fresh wounds, her screams whisper your name  
You sucked out all her life  
By repeatedly bruising her, stealing all of her virtue  
Is that why she keeps crawling back to you?  
To become herself again?  
To return to you all the pain?

She reiterates her cry for help to you  
Hoping you might be humane  
Yet you keep isolating her  
In a room filled with her deepest fears  
You have asked her to be grounded and not dream  
By digging her underground, causing her to no longer breathe.



## Night

Paint me a wish on the black velvet sky  
Lure me in with your black velvet eyes  
For thee hath stolen my grief  
My tears, fears, my will to beseech me  
Hold me close when it be cold  
For my heart only warms when you are bold  
Dark night is brighter in your light You are spontaneously benevolent, a true dark knight  
The moon shames limpidly  
For thee hath stolen her title, omnipotently  
Paint me a wish on the starry night  
When my blood cools  
Warm me, for I am but a fool  
A foolish thing is love  
Which gives thee the freedoms of a dove  
Freedom to make me spellbound and gnarled  
Methinks not straight, my wits be marred  
Wilt the obstacles that come in between  
Bloom the strength of thee  
To brighten my darkest nights, to brighten melancholy  
And should death consume you whole  
A hole shall be formed through my heart  
For it is forever you and I  
Our souls remaining entwined.

