



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!)

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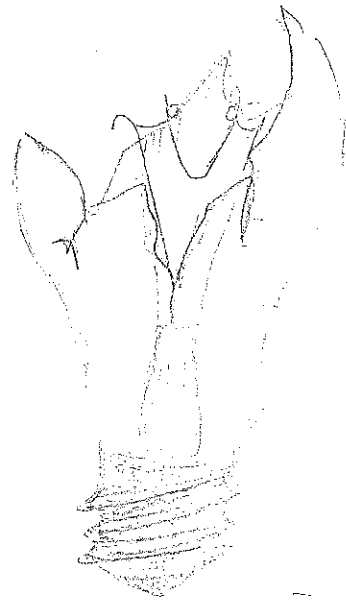
The Truth

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

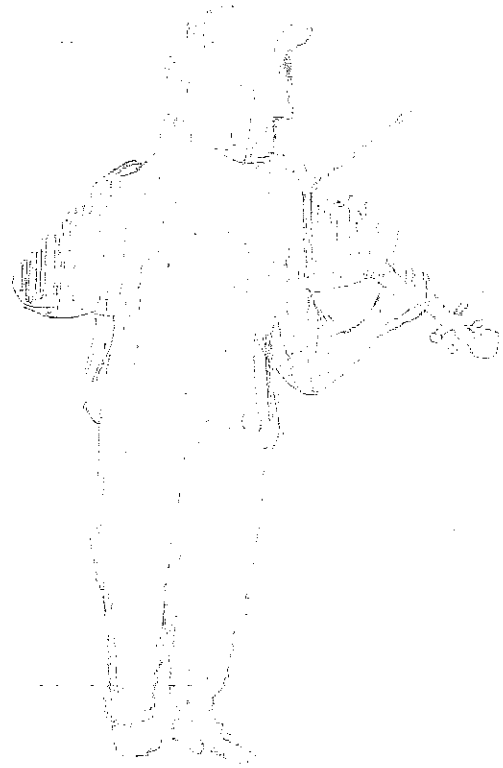
My life has stood for servitude –
A humble violin.
I choose my fate as much as clothes
Befall the mannequin.

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

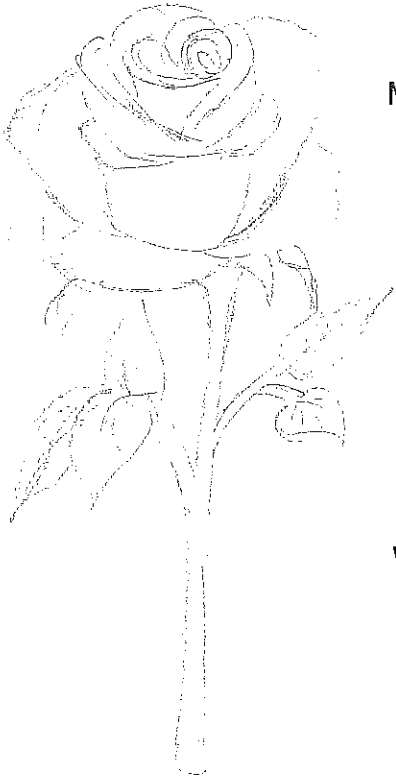
Where my passion and rose colored view is criticised
Where my poems sit on shelf
And my stories go untold
Where convenience and instant gratification reign

~~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

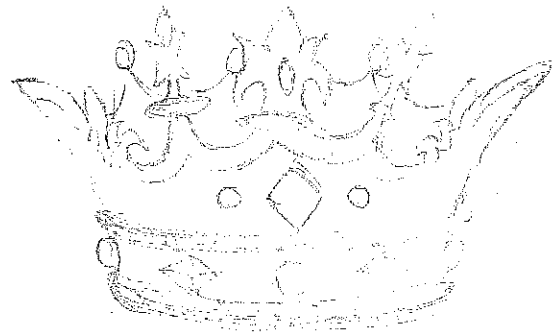
But the thing is
As it happens
I am not
I am too much
Much too big for a boy like him

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

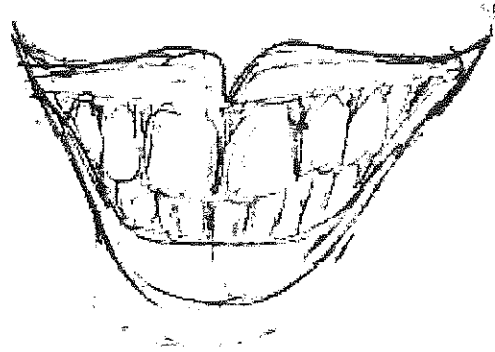
So here's to a world that wants to bleach my
skin and change my hair

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



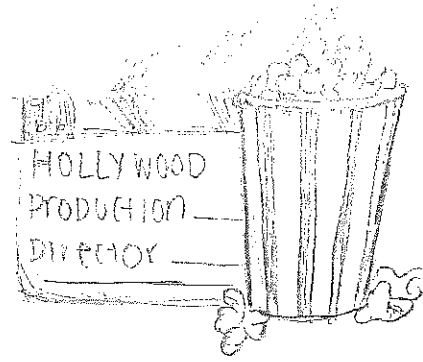
Meaningless mingles
Even chats with cats
Thoughts create beauty
And you don't need to understand
Just enjoy

– Gianni Iuliucci

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 Iuliucci



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?

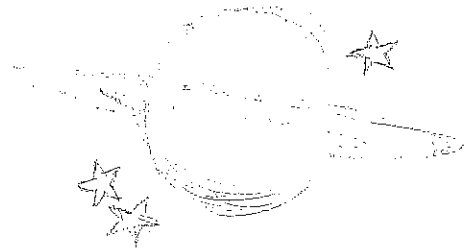
Is it an area in which I use my cerebrum to its utmost capacity?

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

No.

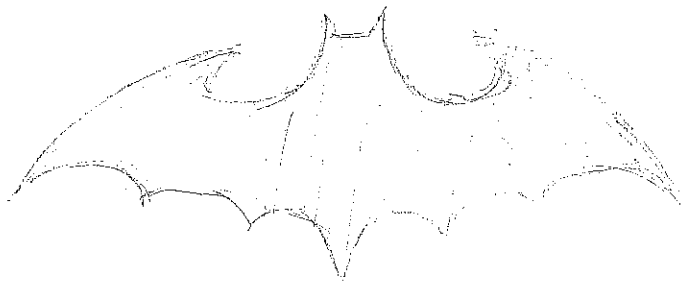
By: Dani Jackson

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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

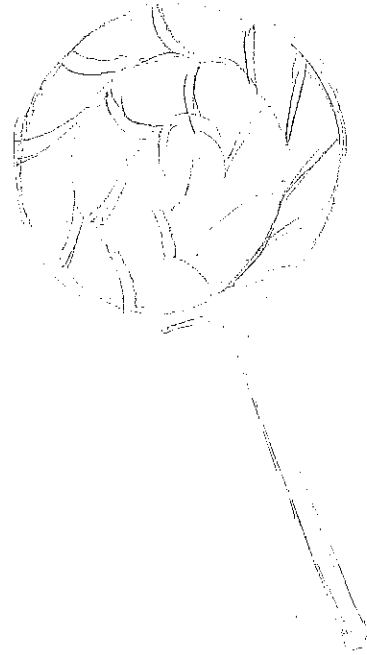


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they met

Sucker

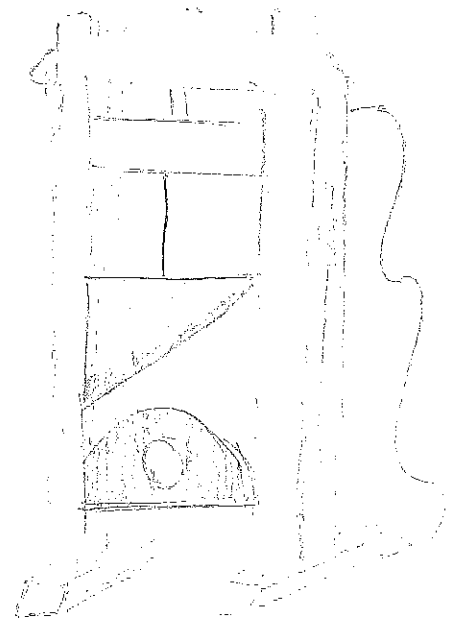
i'm not a sucker
Live like the lollipop
And you will be
Earned by a quick dime
Wasted away over time
Start with the given
Grow strong, stronger each day
Build foundation for the next
Like the concrete
I lie

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

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 loll
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,

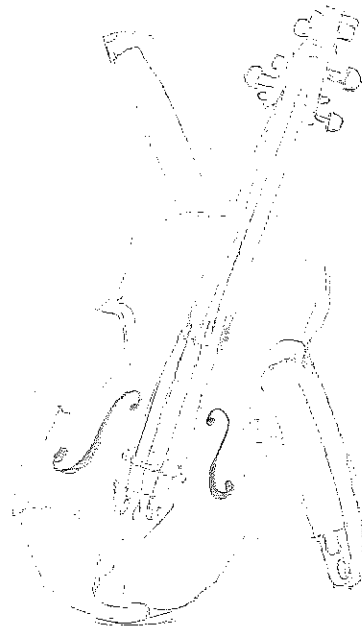
Ah, but this is music!

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

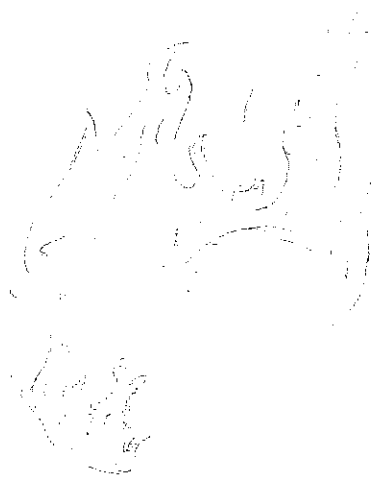
Drown me in a river of memory I beg you
Flood the darkened streets of my dreams
Until the pavement caves and skews
Tear away skin from bone at its seams

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

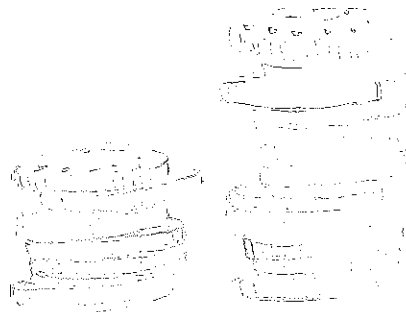
Come and take me,
My soul is fractured still,
I broke away from everything
Of my own free will.

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.

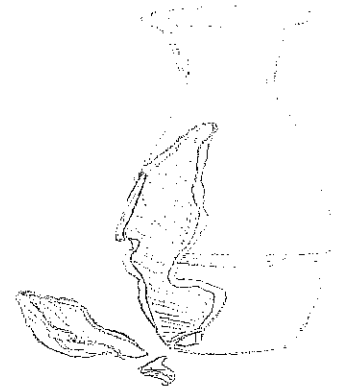
Oh death
Come and take me
Young Midas does cry.

~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

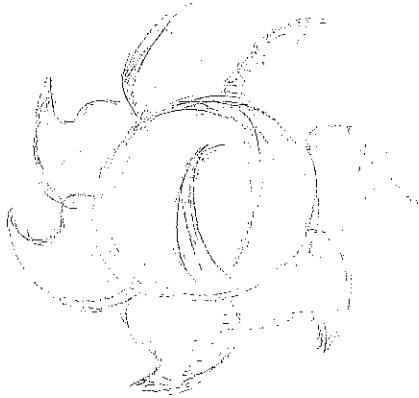
But it will only bring us closer

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

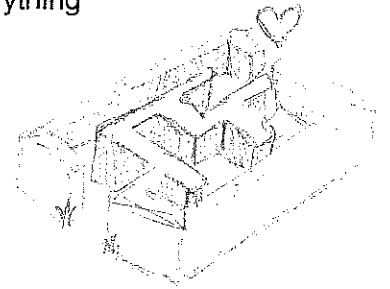
I cherish it more than my life, because you are my everything

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 contingence 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.