

BBMS Entries
for the
HCPSS Our Voice
Literary Magazine
2018-2019 School Year

LITERARY PIECE SECTION

Tests

Study this, Study that
Take the test, please do not chat
Pick up your pencils, do your best
Tests, Tests, Tests, just give it a rest

Waiting for the ding, please just let it ring
Looking at the site, grades come tonight
Refresh, and refresh, I'm coming out of my flesh
Tests, Tests, Tests, just give it a rest

I hear the ding, I run to the screen
My heart is pounding, I'm turning green
I did supreme, but I still feel stressed
Tests, Tests, Tests, just give it a rest

Back to my studies, in just a breeze
What is that I fear, another test is here
I better find my zen, it's time to do it again
Tests, Tests, Tests, please, just give it a rest

Isabella Frankovic
Grade 7

Brown Eyes

I see you
But you're not there
Brown eyes void of emotion
Head tilted down
With no intent to rise again

You walk with no purpose
Your strides are hesitant
Those eyes flitting around
As if pleading someone to tell you
Where to go

Your hands dance at your side
Asking what to do
You don't know why you're here
Don't know where you belong

Why do you hide behind a facade
I can see you spiraling away into the depths of your jacket
Never raising your eyes
Or voice
Or head

I see you carry binders you never open
Books you never read
Pencils that have never been used
Trying to listen to someone who you don't hear
Who are you
Who have you become

Where are you supposed to go
It's evident that you're lost
Your eyes play along with your tone
Just blank

Where have you gone
You're not here
Nor there

Or anywhere
Not anymore at least

Just roaming
Looking for something that cannot be found
What do you want me to do
How can I help

I can't see you just wither away
Or be smudged on a paper like pencil lead
I care
I need you to see
With those brown eyes that never betray
Please meet my eyes
See me as I see you

Gigi Raghava
Grade 8

Ode to a Cookie Cake

Cookie dough in a pizza pan,
A slab of heaven that you can bake
Better than ice cream, better than flan
Arguably better than regular cake

Oh, dessert gods, hear my prayer,
East to the west, north to the south.
Let the cookie Frisbee sail through the air
And land inside my awaiting mouth.

So unhealthy, so delicious.
The sugar rush removes my sorrow.
The chewy paradise fulfills my wishes.
I can't wait to have some more tomorrow!

It tastes so perfect. For goodness sake!
Come over here and give me some cookie cake!

Michael Duffy

Grade 8

What If

What if there was someone you knew, and they just didn't know what to do
To the world, they weren't in their right mind
But that's the world, of course
And its flawed design,
Is to judge the people who work night and day
Going to school
Wanting to play

The ones who work hard and try their best
But are always compared, to the rest

What if there was someone you knew, and they just didn't know what to do
They were viewed as a child
Who wouldn't cooperate
They weren't the problem though
The world, simply didn't
Appreciate
Their talents, granted, they were unique
But the world saw them as plain and bleak

What if this person
Was wise and witty
But the world is so nitpicky,

This person you knew wasn't recognized
For all they could do

Why?
Because the world is a place
Where odd is bad
Where strange is sad
Where people get mad
When they don't
Understand

So, what if there was someone you knew, and they just didn't know what to do
Sure, they weren't perfect
But then who is?
They had a free spirit
A mind of their own
And some could say, a dark soul

But what if the world, not them was at fault
And no one would give the help that they sought

What if there was someone you knew, and they just didn't know what to do
What would you do?

People see the world as a dark, dangerous place
As a trap
That can never be changed

What I see
And what you should too
Is that no matter what,
There is always something to do

So if there's a person who doesn't know, what to do
Help them,
You know what to do
So share that knowledge
With others too

Yildiz Malik

Grade 8

Narcissus

I have been told, I have been warned,
Ego is a deadly thorn,
But when I gaze upon my figure,
It's a lesson soon forgot.

There was an oread, small and slim,
Who followed me like a shadow,
Her name I do not know,
Though it's true she told it.

It bothers me not,
When stark against my visage,
All else falls away,
So with myself is how I spend my days.

In the mountains there is a brook,
It travels clean and true,
And so I sit, and I stare,
At myself just resting there.

Alas I've found it is quite hard,
To tear my eyes away,
Nothing is of such importance,
As lovely as my echo in the water.

But something is not quite right,
I've been here for many years,
I cannot eat, I cannot sleep,
Because I live in fear.

What if danger befalls him,
That me in the mirror,
That I could not bear,
So instead, I just sit,
I just stare.

Kaylee Beimel - Grade 8

Expectations

“I expect this,
I expect that,
You can do better”
But no, I can't

“I expect work like his,
I expect work like hers”
If you like their work,
Get them to do it

Remember, you can expect
There's nothing wrong,
Just don't compare
I am not him
I am not you

I'll try my best
I'll work my hardest
But they won't do it this way
Because it was reserved,
This way was reserved for me

You expect,
I expect,
but you are you,
I am me,
he is he,
And she is she

We can't just change
Who we are,
What we do,
How we act,
How we live,
Just for the sake of expectations

Shehbaz Khan - Grade 7

Melatonin: A Series of Haikus

I remember nights
Counting inhales and exhales
Staring at ceilings

I remember not
Knowing how to shut windows
How to turn off lights

I remember days
Filled with coffee and chai
My heartbeat racing

I remember cold
Unable to sustain heat
Still my body shivered

“Buy Melatonin!”
Urged my doctor, each tablet
Just five milligrams

Small expectations
Taking it for the first night
Inhales and exhales

I remember dreams
Of less shivers and caffeine
Too good to come true

I remember then
Open eyes in the morning
With a rested head

Ruby Gifford
Grade 8

Shells on a Shore

I see the ocean, with no limits to keep it bound

I hear the ocean's heartbeat, a steady, soothing sound

I see some small shells, lying on the shore

Far, far away, from the ocean's sandy floor

The tide brings the shells closer to the large vast sea

The sea with wind on top, blowing around restlessly

Suddenly a large wave rolls in, giving the shells a ride

The shells are gone forever, lost to the ocean's tide

Samara Rahman

Grade 7

Reflection

Through the woods and over yonder,
The body of water I look upon.
Past the hills and fields I wander,
To gaze into the gleaming pond.

Sit there and summon for her to come,
Look into the mysterious waters.
Her face appears as graceful and young,
As the day when I first sought her.

Mimicking every move I make,
Impersonating me.
Every breath together we'll take,
Imitating me.

Forever she'll be trapped in the pond.
I touch the still and glossy water.
The surface ripples and then she's gone,
Her façade moving farther and farther.

Still, I know she dwells inside me,
We share a bond, a strong connection.
I come to her instead of hiding,
For she is my unique reflection.

Teresa Kim

Grade 7

Silence

Seen but not heard
In the picture but just blurred
Has no partner and not preferred
Funny to say that this scenario always occurs

Rumors why she can't speak
Which leave her feeling sad and bleak
Silence makes her want to shriek
She doesn't know she is so unique

She goes home feeling very distraught
Thinking about all the trouble her silence has brought
She wishes she could speak but she cannot
She thinks bad luck is all she's got

Her sorrows grow and grow
Her voice she wishes to show
Never puts in her opinion
Silence has kept her as a minion

She goes home and opens her mouth
And is not surprised to see that nothing comes out
She wants to speak but she doesn't know how
She hasn't spoken until now

For those who cannot and don't speak
Don't let silence leave you feeling sad and meek
Though you don't make a squeak you are still not a freak
Silence should be your companion and should never leave you feeling weak

MaryGrace Fabode

Grade 7

Yes, Black Kids Can Swim

“Black people can’t swim”

Bryan said to Ruffin,

“Swimming is a white sport”

“My mom told me that black people poison the water”

Sniff, sniff, blow

“Baby don’t cry,”

“But mama, I don’t want to swim anymore”

“Yes you do sugar, don’t listen to the white kids”

“For generations, people say ‘black people don’t swim’”

“But we do”

“They don’t think we can do well”

“But we can”

“They feel the need to explain what to do”

“You know what to do”

“They can look you up and down as much as they want, it don’t mean nothing”

“They can take you ask a joke, look at yourself, you’re not”

“Get in that water and show them what you can do!”

“Yes, black kids can swim!”

Cypress Booker

Grade 8

This Fear

Not feeling the same warmth at my home,
afraid to step foot outside and roam.
The same things I used to do carefree,
are all haunted by this fear inside of me.

Why must I be prepared
of going outside and feeling no emotion but scared.
The same things I used to do carefree,
are all haunted by this fear inside of me.

All these drills to protect students,
Just to have the school make improvements.
Although nobody really cares to think
how everything we love and care for might just sink.
The same things I used to do carefree,
are all haunted by this fear inside of me.

Get me out of this place,
where death is only a race.
The same home I used to define as keen,
is now nowhere to be seen.
It's amazing how the same things I used to do carefree,
are all haunted by this fear inside of me.

Sophie Nasir
Grade 7

Age

Why do adults always use your age against you?

“You are too young to watch the movie.”

“You are too old to fight with your sister.”

“You are too young to go to the mall by yourself.”

“You are too old to not make your bed.”

Why do adults always use your age against you?

Why do adults always use your age against you?

I know they are trying to prepare me,

For the world outside our front door.

But they need to understand how it confuses me.

Am I too young?

Am I too old?

Why do adults always use my age against me?

Katie Green

Grade 7

Playing Position

Notes to make a melody
Each one itself
Notes that flow so swiftly
All over the silence

A rush of air
Air that creates a sound
Loud enough to wake the town
Loud enough to shake the crowd

Hands briskly moving
Creates different sounds
To cause a motion
Swiftly and smoothly
To break the silence with a soft sound

Back straight up
Hands in position
Eyes counting the measures
In playing position

Chikamara Obioha
Grade 7

A Short Kiss Goodbye and a Long Walk Home

I've cried far too much to feel real pain
Maybe I really never was sane
Much too cold for compassion
too far gone for reactions
not worthy of all of this time
this life is much too sublime
Let the world just forget me
Tell the world she never met me
I would say that it breaks my heart to do it
but Death's the only thing that will let me pursue it,
Life threw stuff at me that I couldn't hope to bear
Rest assured that God's shed many tears
Over this everlasting nightmare
And every time I look back I swear
My fragile soul deteriorates at a faster rate
I'm done fretting over my forgotten fate
For once I'm taking my life into my own hands
the Hands of God couldn't carry out my plans
I've felt too much sorrow to be sorry
I hope your tomorrow goes on without me
Looking back will only cause more pain I cannot feel,
Memories I cannot break, and yet I cannot heal
Yes, when I use hindsight and try to look back
I realize I always try to make up for what I lack
But what I lack is all there is to find
Suffice to say I've got a less than perfect mind
And I try to fill the gaps with tenacious haste
But it only makes the Devil laugh as I fall from grace
I'm out of time and out of life
goodbye

Tomi Folorunso
Grade 8

Puzzle Pieces

People are complicated, like a thousand puzzle pieces
You try and fit them all together as the difficulty increases
Each piece only fits with a couple, not everyone
But people try anyways, they have already begun
Chipping away at their own pieces, repainting themselves
Because they think fitting with someone else, is a trophy to put up on their shelves

But chipping away at yourself is never fun
One day you look up and you see what you've done
You've changed too much and you're hardly glad
These people you try to fit in with, are not your comrades
And it's not just them chipping away at you...

But you've forced them chip at themselves too
Bringing your hammer down to take parts of them away
So they can maybe fit with you, but still you all stay
You're afraid to lose them, you're attached forevermore
Because you know in your heart you can't close this door
As you've lost all you're real pals, your buddies, your good times
You're left with a only paper, a mere poem that rhymes

Ashley Bui - Grade 8

Smile

Smile.

It's something you wear on your face.

It's what other people see.

It's what you feel.

Or is it?

Frown.

No one sees us frown.

Not anymore.

Not after trying to explain it.

Not after they did it.

Mask.

Smile.

Those two words are perfect synonyms.

Frown.

That is the only antonym.

We all do it.

Hide that is.

Behind the mask.

Behind the smile.

Behind the rest of the world.

But.

What if for one day, one moment,

We took the masks off.

And showed who we really were.

But no.

No one ever could.

And you may ask why, but that is exactly why.

Why would we show our own colors, when we can wear the ones provided.

The ones that don't keep us from colliding.

But they keep dividing.

SMILE.

I almost forgot to smile.

Grace Nanni - Grade 7

Underwater

No air. Just floating in a cool body of matter. But it isn't matter because you reach out and grasp it. But you aren't grasping anything but your own hand. Why? Your movement is subtle because if you move too quickly, you cause a disturbance. If you open your eyes you cannot see. Only the blur of a deep blue, rushing around. The only sound you hear is the soft movement of nothingness. A small time when there are no sounds to hear, so you decide to hear a ringing sound that bounces across your head. The ringing grows loud, somewhat unbearably loud. You breathe quickly, never is it fast enough to suck up the small oxygen there is. Your lungs fill, but with what, beauty? Once beauty for a second, now a threatening sight and feel? You move, disrupting the elegant softness. It was so pleasing, but now it isn't. You grab the air above that you can reach and go back under. Beauty once again. Isn't it lovely?

Emily Greenwald
Grade 8

You Wouldn't Be Here Without Them

Life can be eye-opening,
People might upset you
They might annoy you
You might get into a fight with them
You might want to avoid them
But they are your family,
You wouldn't be here without them

Life can be overwhelming,
You might get mad at people
They might get annoyed with you
You might not want to talk to them
You may feel you don't have them anymore
But they are your friends,
You wouldn't be here without them

Life can be aggravating,
People might cause you to feel overwhelmed
You may feel stressed because of them
You may worry about the grades they give you
You might want to leave the class
But they are your teachers,
You wouldn't be here without them

Grace Henderson

Grade 7

Yells

Memorize this, memorize that!

Yells a director

That was supposed to be a flip not a turn-over!

Yells a coach

You have to study!

Yells a teacher

Get better grades!

Yells a parent

That's a sharp!

Yells a conductor

When did yelling become so critical

Alexis Sherman

Grade 7

PHOTOGRAPHIC PIECE SECTION

Land of the Free
Christian Do
Grade 8



Flower
Amanda Kreger
Grade 8



Knotted
Anna Mueller
Grade 8



Unforgettable Peace
Jocelyn Pleitez
Grade 8



A Misty Illusion
Srishti Sanjeevkumar
Grade 8

