



POET'S CORNER AT AMERICAN STUDIES By Chelsea Boccagno(10)

Among the many history nerds residing at the High School of American Studies are students with another passion—poetry.

The Poetry Club, which began in September 2009, is an after-school activity in which students feel protected and encouraged to read their poems, write their poems, and listen to other people's writing.

The Club was founded so that those who enjoy writing poems can feel at home in a group that loves the same activity.

Every Thursday, from 3pm to 4pm, students gather in Room 125 and partake in group activities such as "Mood of the Week," in which students may freestyle or write out their pieces for five minutes describing their predominant mood of that week.

During the meeting, students read poems ranging from intimate topics to hilarious



The stage is always open at the Poetry Club's weekly meetings.

topics. They speak about personal relationships as well as what food they crave at the moment.

It provides a chance for students to open up and learn more about one another in a fun, loving and dedicated-to-writing environment.

The Poetry Club is also an outlet

for one who writes poetry but may feel hesitant in sharing; the group urges him/her to read and reveal his/her emotion until finally, the student feels comfortable sharing his or her thoughts.

In addition, the Club invites people who may not be interested or may not

believe they are skilled in writing poetry to sit down and listen to others or attempt to hone in on the craft as they receive inspiration and encouragement.

Since the school's one time literary magazine, *Uncommon Sense*, went under there has not been a chance for students to display their talent and enthusiasm towards creative writing.

The "Poetry Corner" is the new addition to the school newspaper; the poems assembled in this section are a combination of poems written at home and written at the Poetry Club.

After revitalizing your mind as you learn about the current news within the school, take the time to read the students' poems.

As poet Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote: "The difficulty of literature is not to write, but to write what you mean." That is exactly what members of the Poetry Club have done and will continue to do. ✎

UNTITLED

By Chelsea Boccagno('10)

*Baffled and anxious, consumed by
such anguish,
Don't know what to do next, there's
so much in which I must invest,
College admissions gripping me by
my perspiring neck,
Feeling such disconnectedness from
freedom as I try to get by,
But how can I, when the essay I
just wrote may not satisfy?
They never told me senior year
would be like this,
Spoke of such bliss,
now, we seniors can't wait for
Christmas,
Even if my break may be devoured
by my "things to do" list,
So, where in life should I go?
Who should I know?
And is waiting two days to
complete my application too slow?
Should interviews be conducted, yes
or no?
It's hard to imagine, but it's true,
The future's in my grip
...how I cannot wait to get through
with all of it,
So in this way, maybe the
Christmas tree will shine a little
brighter, stand a little better,
As I send out my last application
letter. ✎*

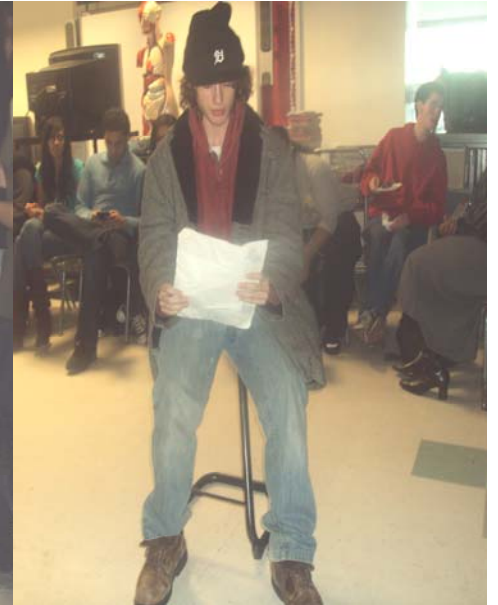
LET IT ROLL

By Ariana Solis('10)

No person is worth the tears nor
the pain
No person is worth going insane
-
No person is worth the frown on
my face
No person is worth making me a
disgrace
-
So let them say what they say
and do what they do
It can be just them or their whole
little crew
-
When will they realize it's just
more time they spend on me?
These people need to grow up,
seriously
-
Every day it's a little comment or
a smart remark
They hope to start a flame with
those little sparks
-
Nuh-uh honey, not this chick
All those things they do are just
cheap tricks
-
It just shows how much they need
to mature
Or does it just show how they're
insecure?
-
Either way, I get their attention
And at the same time, they try to
build up so much tension
-



J. Williams('10) & I. Lang('12) share their work at a recent event.



But to me it just rolls like Spanish
R's do
And if it rolls off me, then it can
roll off of you
-
Don't let anyone ruin your day or
your mood
And don't sink to their level and
start to be rude
-
Be mature. Just laugh, and then
walk away
Don't give them a response. What
more can they say? ✎

CONFUSION

By Alex Emmanuelli('10)

The phone sputtered and gargled her
words into my ear,
My brain, confused and scared, refused
to hear.
Some songs stick to one tune,
Breathing joy into their mood.
But this one had a change of heart,
What I call lies, she calls art.
Feelings change, people do too.
This one used to be my muse.
So once again, here I was,
Failing to grasp what's going on,
Not understanding that I had been torn,
My dreams one day again will soar.
✎

TO MAKE SUBMISSIONS
PLEASE SEE:
CHELSEA BOCCAGNO('10)
OR
ARIANA SOLIS('10)

