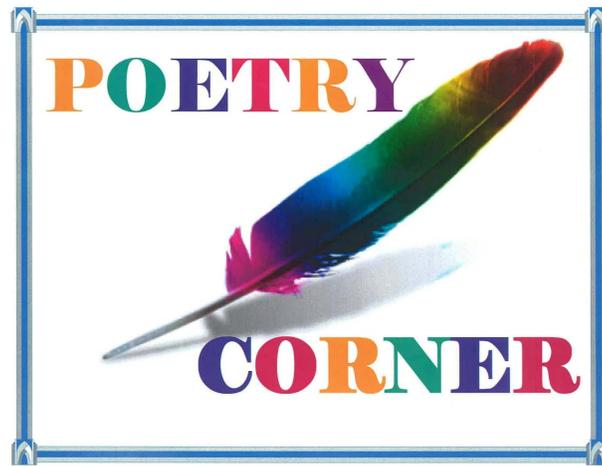


## EAST SIDE MIDDLE SCHOOL



2017-18

### ASK ME

By Nadia Shakibai

Look at the way the  
Leaves shine  
And ask me simply  
Why.  
I'll turn to the trees  
And pull down the leaf.  
Everything seems to have a shine  
Even under the rust.  
I don't know how but ask me why  
A green leaf shines  
And a brown one never truly dies.  
Ask me why the blades  
Of grass continue to stand  
Through storms while trees are  
Pulled away.  
Ask me and I shall stand  
Turn to the trees  
Take the wind's welcoming hand.  
The wind is peaceful and continues to destroy.  
The leaf is brown but hasn't died  
And the green one continues to shine.  
And ask me simply  
Why.  
A love the songs the  
Brown leaves sing  
A scuttle away from wind.

**Being a Person**  
**By Helena Gelman**

Be a person here.  
Stand  
Breathe  
You needn't be loud all the time  
Just absorb the music and poetry of what is already here  
Being a person here will mean,  
however,  
Contributing good to the world  
So,  
perhaps,  
Sometimes,  
disrupting the quiet

For just a few moments

**Be A Person Here**  
**By Colin Simon-Fellowes**

Be a person here,  
Stand in this empty room, pretend  
It's your thirteenth tea room, grand ballroom  
These white walls gilded, this blandness erased  
It's your birthday dinner, and the Archduke of  
Wherever has come, to celebrate with wine and food  
But then like paper, your palace shreds with wind and rain,  
And you find yourself  
Back in that white room

Stand, in the armor of  
A knight on a quest  
But is it keeping that dragon out?  
Or closing you in?  
The dragon torches your castle  
Setting the Archduke's coattails ablaze  
Your dining room, your third salon,  
Like paper, burn away, and you find yourself  
Back in that white room

## What Great Grief Had Made the Seventh-Grade Student Mute

By Yewon

Because it was too early to go up and about  
Because it was too late to get up and out again

Because her shoes were too big for her feet, clunking around in the pavement  
Because her shoes were too small, suffocating every bit of freedom she had

Because the door was too heavy to open  
Because the door had opened itself for her without even asking

Because the teachers asked thousands of questions  
Because the teachers never asked her any questions

Because every movement she made was graded  
Because nothing she ever gave was graded

Because everyone paid attention to her  
Because no one had ever paid attention to her

Because all she saw was herself in the bathroom mirror  
Because she couldn't see anything in the bathroom mirror

Because everything but her was a fault in her life  
Because nothing but her was a fault in her life