

***WordWave***

***Poetry***

***Anthology***

***Spring 2024***

*Thank you to all the students who submitted poems to the contest.*

*We appreciate the imagination, care and skill you used when crafting your poems.*

*We left the last page blank in the anthology in the hope that you will not just read the poems but add one of your own.*

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# Contributing Poets

Sydney McCoy

Anna Metaxotos

Valentine Park

Anna Morelli

Claire Slomski. Kaela Barletta, Sasha Fafel

Maddie Lilley

Gabriella Garcia

Will Rowe

Seamus Reen

Greyson Oppenheim

Olivia Buffard

Andrew Wetmore

# **I am an Artist**

Sydney McCoy (1st Prize HS)

I am an Artist

I am the puppeteer smelling of fresh duct tape on  
The new corrugated beast I have created.

Its jaws are rigid and sharp

Made from the uncertain cuts of scissors and blades

Bits of tape unpressed would peel and it would anger  
me-

It is not perfect.

I am a Artist

I am the strange poetry loved since childhood

Letters continue to spill onto blank space as I write

My words written begin to shift and

Meld into something entertaining, something

Fiction yet exciting. I find comfort in the disturbedness

Of dark poetry. It begins to feel real. It is joyous-it is

Not perfect

I am Artist

I am the paranoia

Frightened of every pitted feeling and

Shadows moving in the dampness of peripheral night

I feel exhausted as I am watched by invisible forces

Within dark corridors of my

Home, or so I believe. It frightens me-it is not

Perfect

I Artist  
I am terrifying myself  
From conjured thoughts and racing mind  
My mind has begun to spiral into an Abyss of Madness  
I ponder on the next Creation, yet  
There is only the same insane thought  
That I may be creating things unpleasant  
Not only for the blankness, yet for myself  
It is. Not. Perfect

Artist  
I am the  
Horrified mind of mine  
That is now my newest  
Project. I can. Fix it. I will  
Make it. Beautiful  
It will be  
*perfect*

I  
am  
Artist.

## **november**

Anna Metaxatos (2nd Prize HS)

the end of november  
the gray offset by the sky  
the way the leaves darkened and fell,  
one by one,  
like small, fragile birds in the wind  
the way the ocean moved  
dead low tide, water cold to the touch  
salt floating in the mist  
the sunsets  
the sunrises  
too early and too late  
the colors more vibrant than anything imaginable  
the final bloom before autumn faded,  
and winter enveloped the hemisphere

## **Prying Priscilla**

Valentine Park (3rd Prize HS)

Why do you always leave?

Never at home,

Never around,

Never with me.

I'm sorry I'm not as appealing,

Like those girls who shine on Hollywood magazine covers.

I'm just someone looking for love.

So why do you leave me when you chose me first?

Signs of a burning love,

Are settled and forgotten.

I've been forced to stand alone through life,

Even though I was promised a partner.

So for all your words and gifts,

Tell me,

Tell me now.

Why leave a girl,

who's world was only ever you?

# The Friendship of Homura and Hikari

Anna Morelli (Honorable Mention HS)

My fire had finally whittled  
Log after log, stick after stick, from the first page to the  
last of a newspaper  
I had skillfully and carefully crafted that fire  
I longed for it, I loved the light and warmth it provided  
when I needed it  
What started off as an accidental spark, became a  
cherished and beautiful thing  
I blindsidedly watched as the fire danced, crackling,  
each cinder blissfully whispering away into the wind  
But even that fire will soon begin to fade  
Even that fire will burn you when you try to make it shine  
as brightly as it once did  
Even that fire will continue to take each log, each stick,  
each newspaper headline, still expecting more  
Even that fire, will decide when it is finally time for you to  
part ways and say goodbye  
The chills I fended off for so long crept along the  
undersides of my arm

Brushing against my cheeks, breezing against my  
fingertips

The bundles of wood and paper now reduced to nothing  
but ash

The rain began to pour as I watched it blanket where my  
fire once stood

Even that fire could never light again

My shoes by the door, I carefully walked inside

Shivering, soaked, upset

I glanced ahead and stopped, a light, beautifully  
shimmering in the hallway, beaconing me towards it

And even that light saw my current state and still wanted  
me to follow it

Even that light illuminated the room before me

Even that light would show me an array of beautifully lit  
fires

Even that light showed me that they were patiently  
waiting for me, eagerly wanting me to return

Happily burning, happily bright

The chills I had surrounded myself in crept away  
again

That warmth always knew how to come when I needed  
it most

## **Silenced**

Claire Slomski, Kaela Barletta, Sasha Fafel  
(Honorable Mention HS)

The knell sounds as  
I walk in the room  
Not a color in sight  
As the ravens take flight  
The red petals pierce the darkness

The talk to me like a baby  
Like I know nothing at all  
I stealthily walk around  
Eyes tethered to the ground  
Tears begging to escape

I am also palpable  
Yearning for a hug or kiss  
A shoulder to lean on  
So I don't cry until dawn  
Lonely but not alone

They turn and carouse  
Drowning sadness in multitudinous liquor  
Believing I can only prate  
Isolated and irate  
I am left by myself

Don't my feelings mean anything  
Even if I am still young  
Adults equivocate thinking it's for the best  
Though I would rather advocate to know the rest  
Haunted by my own conclusions

## **Thrift Store Classics**

Maddie Lilley (Honorable Mention HS)

Wandering the aisles  
With tiles cracked  
I see books  
Sitting on shelves  
Waiting to be  
Opened and discovered  
Skimming through pages  
I know that  
They tell stories  
Beyond written word  
Their folded corners,  
Doodles between margins,  
Coffee stains, and  
Pages holding onto  
That lingering scent  
Of cigarette smoke  
Adding depth to  
Literature and poems

Of all ages  
Beloved by many  
But known by  
A certain few,  
Only those who  
Live with passion  
Will truly understand  
What they offer  
To the world.

# The Worst

Gabriella Garcia (1st Prize MS)

All these scars  
They don't see

That the blades  
Have seen the worst of me

A smile  
Is all they see

But the only way to ease the pain  
Is a slit between two veins

When it rains  
So do my eyes

Stuck inside  
Trapped inside my mind

Trying to not make my arms red  
Trying to stop the skin shed

All these scars  
They don't see

That the blades  
Have seen the worst of me.

## **The Blood of Freedom**

Will Rowe (2nd Prize MS)

It was a typical day in the segregated south  
Prejudice words were spread by mouth  
Young John Lewis had begun a migration  
To try and cease segregation

Hundreds marched from Selma to Montgomery to  
fight  
For all people to have similar rights.  
But many were furious at the thought  
That blacks could call some of the shots.

So when the crowd crossed the  
Edmund Pettus Bridge  
A wall of cops shot them a glare, cold like a fridge.  
But the marchers moved forward not blinking an  
eye  
And the crummy cops beat them and made them  
cry.

Whips, clubs, and gas filled the air  
They beat their bodies and pulled their hair.  
And when the protesters finally had to retreat,  
The blood of freedom filled the street.

# Money Mississippi

Seamus Reen (3rd Prize MS)

In Money Mississippi, where sorrow grew  
Emmett's innocent spirit, forever we knew.  
Like a whistle in the wind, his voice did cry  
Echoing in pain, reaching the high sky.

A mother's tears, like the mighty Mississippi's flow  
Emmett's open casket, a symbol of the show.  
His name an anthem, sung in civil rights fight  
A spark that ignited, a beacon of light.

In courtroom's stage, justice sought is due  
But the scars of prejudice remain,  
a truth we can't undo  
Injustice unveiled, like a lynching tree's shade  
Emmett's story, a reminder, we must never fade.

## **Beach Haiku**

Greyson Oppenheim  
(Honorable Mention MS)

The wind blew across  
The sun shining on my face  
Waves crash on the sand

## **I Now Don't Have to Cover My Eyes**

Olivia Bouffard (Honorable Mention MS)

Blood splattered on their Sunday dresses  
Leaving everyone with second guesses  
Who knows what power this Klan possess  
The explosion cut through the air like a missile  
Followed by screams louder than a train's whistle  
4 little girls lost lives  
The Ku Klux Klan is nothing but exhaust  
Now what's the cost  
Their lives stolen like trophies  
What's the 5th girl's diagnosis?  
Live without eyesight  
That doesn't seem quite right  
What happened right on that sight  
Will these girls ever reunite?

## March for Freedom

Andrew Wetmore (Honorable Mention MS)

Hopes, dreams, change  
Washington DC was about to be taken by storm  
The only thing taller than the Lincoln Memorial  
that day was people's hopes  
Two-hundred and fifty thousand people,  
packed like sardines in a can  
Fighting for a change  
"I have a dream" the words that changed the world  
"I have a dream" the words that changed  
people's lives  
Martin Luther King Jr. spoke to the crowd  
They hung on tight to each and every word  
as if they were barnacles on the bottom of a boat  
Hopes, dream, change

