



cityfore

# From Homer2HipHop Zine

P.S. 69 | 2020-2021

Cover: Snigho Dutta



# Table of contents

Ars Poetica class of Ms. Daly	3
Nusrat Ahmed, Emily Gonzalez	4
Isabella Ramos, Aisa Mei Perias	5
Jacqueline Castillo	6
Ayleen Otero Fernandez	7
Zwe Naing	8
Julian Gonzalez, Camila Torres	9
Navojit Darpon	10
Ghazals, Shreya Dutta	11
Samuel Garcia	12
MST Hossain	13
Lizabeth Chapman	14
Marialejandra Burga	15

## Artwork by Ma Alleonor Manliguez 16

Ars Poetica class of Ms Papazoros	17
Camilo Arango, Julien Bedoya	18
Mikeydis Breton	19
Sadiazzaman Chowdhury	20
Matilda ponce	21
Sarah Nezowitz, Arifa Uddin	22
Kairo Redzepagic Tovar	23
Sarwogya Shakya	24
Cynthia Afreen	26
Sebastian Borja, Zaheera Chaudhry	27
Arpita Gosain, Benjamin Sexton	28
Alicja Harris, Saifullah Amir	29
Tsering Lama, Rihanna Linares	30

Magenta Sabena, Amina Sabur	31
Brad Morocho-Gomez	32

## Artwork by Nayeli Figueroa Montt 33

Ars Poetica class of Ms. Almontero	34
Group poem: Allison Aguilar, Snigdho Dutta,	
Sofeya Nauth, Diego Salmeron	35
Group poem: Keith Chang, Alison Aguilar,	
Mathew Correa	36
Group poem: Ma Alleonor Manliguez	37
Nayeli Rose Figueroa Montt, Mathew Correa	
Ma Alleonor Manliguez	38
Snigdho Dutta	
Group poem: Alison Aguilar,	39
Mathew Correa, Snigdho Dutta, Joshua Maloof	
Group poem: Nayeli Rose Figueroa Montt	
Group poem: Joshua Maloof,	40
Alison Aguilar, Nayeli Rose Figuereo Montt	

## Artwork by Snigdho Dutta 41

Ars Poetica class of Ms. Koinakis	42
Dahlia Cuzo, Ayden Restrepo	43
Matias Flores Londono	
Tayiba Nadir	44
Bianca Isaabella Rojas	45
Valentina Ronquillo	46
Gabriela Rincon	47
Yesenia Batista	48
Tammam Hasanat, Sabiha Ahmed	49
Salman Bhuiyan, Taybah Tasmia	50
Rayyan Muhammad, Kunga Thardoe	51
Kaief Haque, Sania Jahin	52
Tenzin Pasang, Priscilla Mehtta	53

Afifah Noshin	54
Ahnaf Rana	55

## Artwork by Joshua Maloof 56

Ars Poetica class of Ms. Kassimis & Ms. Spetsieris	57
Jasleen Castro	58
Tsering Dickey	59
Emmanuel Franco	60
Axel Carangui, Odhtii Das	61
Diana Alvarado, Abdul Hossain	62
Erza Haxhijaj, Jeremy Guaman	63
Fatema Karim, Rayan Khan	64
Chelsea Paguay, Sofia Vargas	65
Moreno	
Zaara Uddin	66
Anisa Xhemaili	67
Hailyn Pilco	68

## Artwork Mathew Correa 69

Ars Poetica class of Ms. Kazi	70
Christian Cotto, Daniel Taseen	71
Laurencia Lee, Sebastian Solis	72
Ishrat Maliha	73
Fatima Samanta	74
Trinity Hoh	75
Jennifer Koss	76
Ahsan Kabir, Rashmit Pokhrel	77
Nusrat Promi, Wasif Rahman	78
Shaira Matiul, Grishma Rana	79
Magar	
Leo Sobel. Yagmur Sakar	80
Shyan Alam, SM Ahnaf Jawad	81
Sarika Ahmed, Soan Hernandez	82

Poetry is a bright yellow sun, but not in the sky  
It's in the ideas of poets and teachers  
Poetry is the pool of the waterfall that makes  
sounds and makes you relax

Poetry is a wave that sounds in my ear  
and is made of hard work  
It feels like I'm in a dream  
Poetry is not nice or evil, but it is your friend

Poetry is something that relaxes me  
and sounds so cool and fun to the point  
where I want to be in the poem  
Poetry is the painting you find at the museum  
that makes you feel relaxed

Poetry is the yummy slice of pizza and  
a cold drink, but it could not be smelled  
or eaten or captured or even seen  
Poetry stays forever and it is made by the heart.

## Class of Ms. Daly

“I am from...”

I am from a large city  
in Bangladesh. I wish I could've  
remembered the time  
my mother held me in her arms  
for the first time.

I like when a cat comes  
from the large open Red door.

Whenever I didn't want to eat,  
I would put my food in my favorite corner  
in the dining room.

I am grateful for where I lived.

I am from waking up  
and walking to the kitchen.  
I am from a kitchen that smells  
like Roses.  
I am from Mexican food  
and on holidays eating special food!  
I am from Erick and Angela.  
I am from their "Don't do bad stuff."  
I am from my birthday, May 23, 2011!  
I am from Jackson Heights!  
Sometimes I speak Spanish!

But it's more easy to speak English!

Home is my living room and my TV and my couch.  
Home is the smell of flowers and leaves.  
Home is my mom when she cooks.  
Home is The Day Of The Dead.  
Home is Jasmine, my sister's name.

Isabella Ramos

Home is my living room, a couch, TV, and a computer.  
Home is living in a 3-story apartment made of bricks.  
Home is the food from the kitchen that my dad  
or mom is cooking. Home is the smell of food,  
waiting to be eaten. Home is when we are waiting  
for the New Year, and we stay up late at night, and sleep past midnight.  
Home is my parents, my grandparents,  
and my brother that are special to me.

Aisha Mei Perias

I am from a large black door and brick walls. I am from perfume luring in the air and the fresh smell of tacos and soup, I am from a family reunion every 2 years and having a big meal. I am from a very lovely family in Jackson Heights, with 3 daughters and 1 son. I am from taking breaks once in a while, and many congas flying in the air. I am from USA NYC: my birthplace. I am from Jackson Heights and Spanish and English, both very lovely. I am from a lovely place called Mexico, I am from Catholic Christianity, I am from our love for dancing to music. I am from people struggling with money and food, I am from where we stay happy by dancing to music and meeting family. Where I'm from, we always remember:

Love is everything.

Where I am from, I always see fruits and vegetables in my fridge.

Where I am from, there's my awesome family members and my neighbors who I don't know and never will. Where I am from, I always smell the food when it's almost ready for me to eat.

Where I am from, we like to eat white rice with chicken and beans.

Where I am from, me and my family like to watch movies most of the time and go to restaurants most Sundays. Where I am from, there is Sarah, my mom, my stepfather Luis, and my dad Luis, who you can also call Daniel.

Where I am from, adults always tell me to do my homework so when I get older I can follow my dreams. Where I am from is the song I learned as a baby and kept in my mind, a song my dad made for me.

I was born in Dominican Republic.

Ayleen Otero Fernandez

I am from the soap I use to wash dishes and take baths.

I am from the house that looks like a cake.

I am from the smell of my little brother's location.

I am from going hiking with my family.

I am from Zaid, my little brother Faaiz, and  
my mother Rime. I am from:

“Do good in school and get good grades!”

I am from the song Shape Of You. I am from  
being born in a hospital like everyone. I am from  
my neighborhood: really noisy and smells great.

I am from speaking English and America.

I am from where we believe in gods.

I am from where we love to play.

I am from where people struggle with money.

I am from where we stay happy by playing  
and loving each other. I am from

where we always remember to go to have fun.



Home is where I have felt most comfortable on my bed, and the place I can be fine without getting the Covid or getting sick. Home is the smell of fresh food my mom makes, and where we have our Mexican family tradition. Home is the perfect place that God has made for me and my family. Home is where some people may struggle a little with money, and my big bright tan apartment is the best for me and my mom and dad, who always tell me to be calm and that will help you a lot in life. Home is where we dance and listen to music and that keeps us happy, where we love to eat tacos because it's part of our tradition, and you have to learn what you use to live to survive.

I am from green grass and yellow sun.  
I am from inside my mom's belly.  
I am from the dogs licking me non-stop.  
I am from kids who wanted to play with me.  
I am from me loving my family. I am from everyone who wanted me to say my first word. I am from everybody I love being mean to, saying daddy daddy. I am from me crying nonstop saying goodbye to my family because I was moving to New York. Now I am in New York. I've been living in New York 5 years. I am now nine years old, I am about to be ten.

Home is a knife, hand soap, frying pan, glass cups, TV, charging area, food table, sink, bathtub, and rugs. Home is a “beautiful from the outside” urban apartment, but inside is not beautiful. Home is always smoke, smells of food and sometimes beautiful smells. Home is my mom cooking rice, bread, sandwiches and noodles.

Home is a family tradition: Thursday and Saturday and Monday are days we cannot eat any type of meat, just vegetables and fruits. Home is where we attend temples and celebrate the birthdays of the gods we worship. Home is where Dipali Rani, Navojit Roy Darpon, Sree Chandra Kanto Roy live. Home is my parents saying:

“You are a very good grown boy, you are a good boy.” Home is the songs

Twinkle Twinkle Little Stars, and Happy Birthday. Home is New York, Jackson Heights where I live. Home is Jackson Heights, a neighborhood so fun.

Home is where English, Hindi, Bengali is spoken. Home is where our Bengali and Hindi culture is welcomed. Home is where we believe everyone has a right and are special in some way.

Home is after we left Bangladesh and came here.

Home is when my parents left Bangladesh and in Bangladesh they struggled for money and survival. They remembered the liberation of Bangladesh and the good times back then. Home is where we are happy to live with families and friends.

Navojit Darpon

# Ghazals

Oh, the sun that used to shine on summer days, I can tell that you're shining bright on earth, giving me the light of you.  
Oh, how I long for you.

How you taste like the ice cream that keeps melting and melting.  
Oh, how I long for you.

How you sound like the calm music coming from different houses. Oh, how I long for you.

How when I'm there, I see butterflies and it feels like a garden when I face you.  
Oh, how I long for you.

How I feel positive when I am there, on those days I missed. Oh, how I long for you.

Shreya Dutta

Oh, Split Rock, how you have your fun,  
oh how I miss you.

How you smell of the forest trees,  
oh how I miss you.

How you taste like maple syrup,  
oh how I miss you.

How you sound like the calm calm beach,  
oh how I miss you.

How, when I'm there, I see people enjoying  
the nature, I feel like I am in paradise,  
oh how I miss you.

How, when I am there, you smell  
like pure nature, oh how I miss you.

How, when I am there, you look like the world  
without all the technology and no WiFi, so you  
see that people enjoy nature how it was meant  
to be, oh how I miss you.

**Samuel Garcia**

Oh, my colorful shining bright park,  
how you have your rides swinging in the air  
up high, how fast I slide down  
like a fast car, I promise  
I'll be back soon.

How you smell like hot summer shining  
bright on a hot blazing summer day,  
how the sun pours on me like a shiny day,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How you taste like ice-cream on a bright warm  
summer day, how you melt into my hands  
when I scream in happiness, I promise  
I'll be back soon.

How you sound like birds singing  
on summer days, how you make me sing  
as well as the wind comes back-n-forth  
making me feel cool, I promise  
I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see kids playing like a  
happy day with friends, kids screaming in hap-  
piness, I feel happiness when I have fun,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How I feel the sun melting in my skin on a  
summer day where I play, when I run  
like a shooting star when I play a game of tag,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

Oh, New Jersey, how you have long  
gorgeous trees, I shall wait to go back.

How you smell of rain, snow and hail  
and the beach. I shall wait to go back.

How you taste like sand, salt water and ice  
I shall wait to go back.

How when I'm there, I see beautiful houses  
and really nice cars. I shall wait to go back.

How you sound like nice people at stores  
wanting to help you and no cars honking at  
all,  
unlike New York. I shall wait to go back.

How I feel I'm walking through  
the greenest forest on the sunniest day,  
I shall wait to go back.

I feel as if the wind can swoop me up and I  
could start levitating, I shall wait to go back!

Lizbeth Chapman

Oh, my shaded backyard in Jackson Heights, how you have grown!  
I see all the new flowers, oh, how I miss you

How you smell  
like fresh grown mint, oh, how I miss you

How you taste like  
yummy fresh red baby tomatoes, oh, how I miss you

How you sound like  
little birds tweeting and humming, oh, how I miss you

How when I'm there,  
I see my neighbor Helen planting a new plant, oh, how I miss you

How I feel happy when I run  
into the sprinklers and smell the flowers, oh, how I miss you!



Ma Alleonor Manliguez



## Class of Ms. Papazoros

Poetry is sharpening your pencil  
and making the little scraps come out  
Poetry is a graceful pixie of writing  
Poetry is the way that birds sing  
in a way that we will never understand  
Poetry is the words coming out  
of a book, it is the ray of sunshine on a hot day  
Poetry is the way we flick the switch  
and the light turns on

Poetry is a black and white photo--  
it's beautiful in its own way  
Poetry is words that make you feel  
like you are in the book  
Poetry is a zebra neighing  
Poetry is a tiger roaring  
Poetry is glueing something to the paper  
and making it stick

Poetry is looking into a mirror and  
looking at your beauty  
Poetry is the way the waters move  
Poetry is the love that gets passed around  
Poetry could be about your mom's apple pie  
Poetry is when there are 500 plastic butterflies  
coming alive

“I am from...”

I am from a television.  
A Stove. A couch.  
My desk to do homework.  
I am from a building with 6 floors.  
It is two big buildings.  
I am from a house that always smells  
always like food and candles.  
I am from my favorite food,  
pancakes with egg.  
I am from my Dad, Mom, Sister,  
Grandma.

Camilo Arango

I am from a home where my dog  
gets out of the living room. I am from a home  
where there is a big beautiful tree  
outside my window. I am from a home  
that smells like fresh clean air. I am from a home  
where our favorite food is rice. I am from a home  
that I share with my dog, grandma and my dad.  
I am from a home where I enjoy playing  
with my dog. I am from a home where  
you can hear the song Baby Shark over and over  
again that I learned as a young child.  
I am from Brooklyn. I am from a place  
here we speak two languages of Spanish and English.  
I am from a home where we all believe  
in the magical spirit of Santa. I am from a home  
where we enjoy spending time together  
and doing fun things. I am from a home  
where we will always remember each other.

Julien Bedoya

Where I am from, I see pans and cooking items.  
Where I am from, I live in an apartment on the top floor.  
Where I am from, I smell sauce. Where I am from,  
our favorite family foods are pasta, flan, sancocho.  
Where I am from, we celebrate Día de los Santos Reyes.  
Where I am from, some of my family members' names are Maribel, Jose, Elsa.  
Where I am from, my family always says, "You can be anything you want,  
if you just believe and work hard." Where I am from, I learned a song  
called De Pata Negra by Melody.  
I was born in the Dominican Republic.  
Where I am from, I live in Queens.  
Where I am from, I speak Spanish and English.  
Where I am from, our culture and ancestry comes from Spanish colonists,  
African slaves, and Taíno natives. European, African, and Taíno cultural.  
Where I'm from, we believe in God.  
Where I'm from, we love to dance.  
Where I'm from, we stay happy by sticking together as a family :D  
Where I'm from, we always remember to love.

Mikeydis Breton

Home is flowers that stay by the window in all sorts of colors:  
red, blue, yellow, white, green, purple, teal, orange and more.  
Home is fun memories on the refrigerator, home is 7 floors  
and I've only explored 2 so far, 5 more floors of the unknown,  
brick walls, each brick supporting one another.

Home smells like fresh air and flowers that smell like spring.  
Home is going on a trip to this place where we pray and get lollipops,  
there's also this holiday where you go to a farm and get food,  
and another holiday where you have a feast with food, fruit, family and fun.

Home is brothers, cousins, aunts, and more,  
sweet and kind,  
old and young,  
tall and short,  
wise and creative.

Home is what my parents say to me: "Believe in yourself, be yourself,  
don't give up, try new things, work hard, be kind,  
try your best, it's ok to make mistakes."

Sadiazzaman Chowdhury

Home is my many books that I am yearning to read. Home is the people passing by and our neighbor in a wheelchair, riding down the ramp. Home is the smell of my mother's incense, home is chicharon and arepa and my mother's peanut noodles with tofu. Home is Christmas and everyone in the family playing Secret Santa. Home is Emily, Mom, Dad, Andres, Mathias.

Home is when my parents say:  
"You can do it."

Home is the song called Tu Tu Muchachita that was sang to me as a baby.

Home is Flushing.  
Home is Jackson Heights.  
Home is where we speak English and Spanish.  
Home is where I am Latin American and Jewish. Home is where we believe that the tooth fairy is a mouse.  
Home is having family parties and eating good food. Home is struggling with speaking English.  
Home is listening to music.  
Home is remembering that we are all wise,  
and I love my home!

I am from a plushy that is a cat  
and my family . I am from a building  
that is tall and fancy. I am from the smells  
of lemon pepper and lavender.

I am from bunuelos and pizza,  
and memories of my family and I  
going to Florida. I am from Mabel, Jeffrey,  
Andrea, and Sarah, which is me.

I am from “practice makes perfect”  
and the baby shark song.

I am from New York Hospital and Queens.  
From English and Spanish.

I am Colombian and American.

I am from God and Jesus.

I am from America,  
a place where we love to go on trips.

Sarah Nezowitz

I am from a home filled with amazing smells  
of delicious food. I am from the beautiful, light  
blue walls and wide windows, the home with  
smells of sweet and spicy chicken. I am from  
a home that celebrates Eid. I am from the names

of Antie, Mishti, Nanou, Nanazi, and Moina.

I am from the screams and yells of “Go to sleep!”

I am from the sounds of Twinkle Twinkle  
Little Star. I am from the bold New York.

I am from the streets of Fangam and Moulagan.

I am from the speaking of English and Bangla.

I am from the ancestry Bengali.

I am from the great religious Islam.

I am from the sad, but happy weddings.

I am from the poor people with no shelter.

I am from the fun of playing games.

I am from the memorable memories.

Arifa Uddin

Home is the picture on my wall of the Colombia mountains,  
and in those mountains is where my babysitter's house is,  
and her school when she was in Colombia,  
it was so peaceful with the light raindrops that never felt better.

Home is the outside of the Colombia house, it was painted  
with nice pretty roses in the balcony of the house,  
and the motorcycles outside so loud that it's comfortable for some reason.

Home is the smell of the bandeija with rice, beans, chicharon, avocado,  
plantains that can never feel better, and the smell of the changua soup  
that I would love to eat right now.

Home is the trip of the Colombia train, the train is so clean  
unlike NYC and it's on the concrete floor in the street.

Home is the names of my family, my mom Nairobi,  
the capital of Kenya, and my grandma's name is Kenya,  
and my name is Kairo, like the capital of Egypt.

Home is my mom always saying "Till today, never give up  
on anything you want. She always said that & I learned how to swim with those words.

Home is the little toy dog and the always filled bowl of apples that no one eats from.

Home is my house/my aunt's house/my dad's/my grandma's house where the hard, rocky cement and soft, smushy clay come together representing how we are together.

Home is the beautiful smell of Green Tara Incense burning and the swavy smell of flowers and dogs. Home is the tasty whiff of rice, lentils, chicken curry, fish and vegetable noodles that make me as hungry as the ocean.

Home is the color of the flowers in Tihar and Dhashai that makes me want to jump like a tiger pouncing on his prey, equally with the aroma of Dal Bhat and Samaybaji.

Home is the names I will love forever, even when we are on different continents: Yangchen Lhamo, Samyak Maharjan. Home is the literal quotes of my mom and my elders: Be a good boy, I love you, Be whoever you want to be and Don't let yourself down.

Home is the beautiful melody of Phulko Aankha Ma Phulai Sansara, Kaa Rakho Ankha ma, Kaarai Sansara and The Itsy Bitsy Spider.

Home is the hospital I have been in since the first minute of my life: New York-Presbyterian Queens Hospital in 56-45 Main Street, Flushing, NY 11355.



Home is where we live in my home country that makes me want to jump with joy when my mom says we are going there: Kusunti, Patan, Lalitpur, Chakrabail and Nouduh.

Home is all my languages that I love with all my heart: Nepali, Newari, Hindi, English.

Home is where we celebrate our simple life and culture: Buddhism (Buddha Jayanti) which brings myself to inner peace.

Home is the whole, big explosion of Buddhism and the small explosion of little Hinduism.

Home is doing anything we want such as worshipping god, meditating and playing board games.

Home is having creepy and scary power outages and unclean water.

Home is always caring for others and worshipping god Again).

Home is praying for the wellness of our religion, our special god.

Sarwogya Shakya

# Ghazals

Oh, thrilling but fun amusement parks, how you  
have shown me the big ferris wheel and the huge  
roller coaster of ups and downs, I'll see you soon.

How you smell of sweet cotton candy  
and pretzels, I'll see you soon.

How you taste like the burning heat and cold  
wind surrounding the park, I will see you soon.

How you sound like screams from kids,  
water splashes everywhere, I will see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see all the rides zooming  
past my eyes, I will see you soon.

How I feel as excited as a kangaroo learning  
to jump from all the fun rides I could go on.  
How I feel scared like I just saw a ghost from my  
fear of heights, I will see you soon.

Cynthia Afreen

Oh, Disney World, how you have those rides  
that one can't miss...I will return to you.

How you smell of my favorite candy nerds,  
so sweet, so flavorful and filled with joy and  
happiness...I will return to you.

How you taste like tasty magic potions  
that make me feel like I am in my dreams  
...I will return to you.

How you sound like you are waiting for me  
with the sound of a sizzling steakhouse,  
how when I'm there, I see amazing rides  
and events...I will return to you.

How I feel like I used to live there, and how as  
time goes by I get more desperate to go back  
there again like a shooting star  
...I will return to you.

Sebastian Borja

Oh, Indonesia, how you have the most  
beautiful houses and the stray cats,  
Oh, how I miss you.

How you smell of the sweetest scent  
of the fruits, Oh how I miss you.

How you taste like the sweetest fruits  
and vegetables, Oh how I miss you.

How you sound like the ocean singing  
a lullaby, Oh how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see my cousins  
and grandparents, Oh how I miss you.

How I feel like a bird as beautiful  
as the trees, Oh how I miss you.

Zaheera Chaudhry

Oh Central Park, how you have  
beautiful and pretty flowers. I'll see you soon.

How you smell of fresh air  
and fresh green grass. I'll see you soon.

How you taste of pretzels on a stand.  
I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see fireflies  
flying at night. I'll see you soon.

How I feel like climbing trees  
and seeing the view. I'll see you soon.

Arpita Gosain

Oh Saratoga, how you have large cannons,  
visitor centers and trails. I promise  
I will return.

How you smell of history and beautiful  
natural trees. I promise I will return.

How you taste of the finest water.  
I promise I will return.

How when I'm there, I see tour guides and  
re-enactors creating history.  
I promise I will return.

How I feel freedom like the signing of the  
Declaration of Independence,  
and happiness like the open fields.  
I promise I will return.

Benjamin Sexton

Oh, Rome, how you have impressed me with  
your eternal beauty. Oh, how I long for you!

How you smell of wonderful pizza and tomato  
sauce. Oh, how I long for you!

How you taste like sweet cannolis and gelato  
melting in my mouth.  
Oh, how I long for you!

How you sound like a scourge of mosquitoes  
buzzing around. Oh, how I long for you!

How when I'm there, I see people talking and  
waving their hands around.  
Oh, how I long for you!

How I feel that my happiness is as deep as the  
ocean and my smile is as big as the sun.  
Oh, how I long for you!

Alicja Harris

Oh, Bangladesh, how you have many taxis  
driving around. I will see you soon.

How you smell of deliciously spicy food.  
I will see you soon.

How you taste of delicious jalmuhri.  
I will see you soon.

How you sound of honking cars.  
I will see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see my relatives.  
I will see you soon.

How I feel the hot beautiful sun shining down  
on my face. I will see you soon.

How when I'm there, I am happy  
as a flower. I will see you soon.

Saifullah Amir

Oh, park, how you have given me monkey bars to swing on like a wild monkey swinging from place to place. I will return to you.

How you smell of joy and fun everywhere in the air. I will return to you.

How you taste like cherry ice cream on a hot summer day with Alicja. I will return to you.

How you sound like laughter from a birthday party because of a clown. I will return to you.

How, when I'm there, I see musicians, skateboarders, and rollerbladers rolling through their passion. I will return to you.

How I feel like a kid winning the lottery, also like a kid getting his favorite candy. I will return to you.

Tsering Lama

Oh park, oh how I miss you and how you have many kids playing on you, people selling many different kinds of stuff, oh park how I miss you.

How you smell of the food that people eat, the plants and trees that are around, oh park how I miss you.

How you taste like a popsicle on a warm summer day, and like fresh food that just came out of the oven, oh park how I miss you.

How you sound like birds chirping and singing, bees buzzing around you, oh park how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see the beautiful trees in the wind and the children running around you, oh park how I miss you.

How I feel happiness when I'm there, because I get to run around everywhere and I get to do what I want. So I hope to see you again.

Oh, Virginia, how I missed you. How you have beautiful summer winds like a butterfly fluttering its wings. How I missed you.

How you smell of flowers in the air, like magic in the air, and the sparkles all over. How I missed you.

How you taste like honey on trees, how I missed you. How you sound like birds singing in beautiful harmony and pitch. How I missed you.

How when I am there, I see mountain tops with trees in a beautiful line with the ocean that is quiet. How I missed you.

How I feel like a peaceful neighborhood, and the only thing we can hear is the wind and the birds singing.

Oh, Virginia, how I missed you.

Oh, garden, how you have shimmering views of the sunset at night.

I promise I`ll be back.

How you smell of vibrant flowers and refreshing water and clouds full of water like diamonds falling down.

I promise I`ll be back.

How you taste like berries and peaches growing, growing like a kangaroo hopping away. I promise I`ll be back.

How you sound like birds coming and going, like the sun setting and rising, how when I`m there, I see my aunt and cousins and friends waiting for me. I promise I`ll be back.

How I feel butterflies in my stomach because of excitement, and so relieved like a lion that finally gets to get out of its cage.

I promise I`ll be back.

Oh, Ecuador, how you have the beautiful grass in the meadows  
and birds chirping in the summer with flowers of many shapes and colors,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

Oh Ecuador! How you smell like lavender and mint flowers  
which are sometimes fresh and the delicious pizza  
and sancocho (the one with the chicken), I promise I'll be back soon.

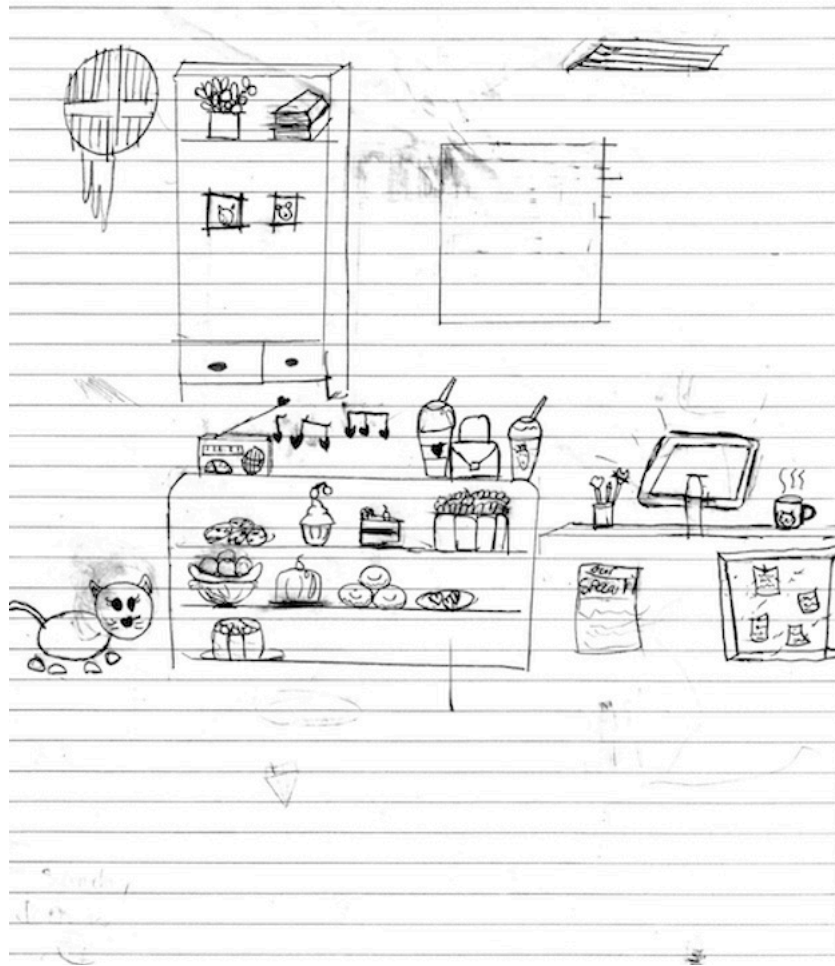
Oh Ecuador! How you taste like pure water from the lake with a satisfying sound to it  
and fresh mote right out of the kitchen and hot hot chicken soup, I promise I'll be back soon.

Oh Ecuador! How you sound like birds singing their beautiful songs and hearing kids play  
and giggle and the waterfalls splashing down on the river, I promise I'll be back soon.

Oh Ecuador ! How when I'm there, I see my lovely family who always supports me in anything,  
and see my dog and the house where dreams come true. I promise I'll be back soon.

Oh Ecuador! How I feel the excitement as if I won a soccer trophy with my friends  
and the smiles on their faces and seeing my cousins relieved that I'm there to help them,  
I promise I'll be back soon.





Nayeli Rose Figueroa Montt

Poetry is life written on paper  
Poetry is on the street  
Poetry is endless creativity  
Poetry is seeing your bed  
after a long restless day  
Poetry 400 dogs walking away

**Class of Ms.  
Almontero**

I am from my grey bed,  
my medium candles on the microwave,  
my warm unicorn blanket,  
my big pillow with red flowers.

I'm from roblox games with my cousin,  
cereals with my family every morning,  
traveling with my family,  
birthday celebrations in November,  
going places with my family.

I'm from green & yellow filled tacos,  
I'm from my aunt's arroz con pollo on Wednesdays and Thursdays,  
I'm from more chicken tacos,  
I'm from chicken nuggets that make me happy!

I'm from stories of the Mexican war,  
I'm from Dad reminding me to go get some sleep -- anytime!  
I'm from white and scary ghost stories at night,  
I'm from Japan in my background.

Alison Aguilar,  
Snigdho Dutta,  
Sofeya Nauth,  
Diego Salmeron

I make my voice out of a mouse  
so you'll listen.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
how strong you are.

And if you listen,  
you can hear me squeak.

And this is what I came to say.

Keith Cheng

I make my voice out of ice cream,  
so you'll listen.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
happiness.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
excitement.

And this is what I came to say.

Alison Aguilar

I make my voice out of making music  
so you'll listen.

And if you listen you'll learn  
how to appreciate different types of sounds.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
how to feel different types of feelings.

And this is what I came to say.

I make my voice out of singing  
so you'll listen.

And if you listen, you'll learn painting.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
how to play instruments.

And this is what I came to say

Mathew Correa

I am from Nintendo Switch,  
my printer and my I-pad.  
I am from a short brick house  
with a brown door,  
a 6 story brick apartment building,  
a building with snow on top,  
and snow in the back garden,  
and snowflakes covering the flowers.

I am from the smells of incensio,  
the smell of lavender from the heater,  
and the smell of chicken.

I am from sushi and soft steak salad,  
from cheesy spaghetti and pretzels.

I am from traveling to Colombia,  
La Cumbre, for Christmas,  
opening up new dolls on Christmas,  
traveling to Canada to see Niagara Falls.

I am from Mom and Dad,  
from Christina and Camilo,  
from Nanay, Prince, Paul,  
and Alleonor, and Jet.

I am from hearing “I love you”  
from Ms. Tamoor.

I am from New York City and Jackson Heights,  
from English, Spanish, Italian, French, Hindi.

I am from the Philippines,  
where sig means go ahead,  
the Dominican Republic, and Colombia.  
Where I’m from, we believe in God.

Where I’m from we love to eat,  
sleep, clean, and relax,  
and put candles around the house  
with plants and incensio.

Ma Alleonor Manliguez, Nayeli Rose Figueroa Montt, Mathew Correa

I make my voice out of beatbox  
so you'll listen.  
And if you listen, you'll learn about the  
unique roaring sound.  
And if you listen, you'll learn how to scare  
away COVID-19 and be back to normal.  
And this is what I came to say.

I make my voice out of my parents' loud  
words so you'll listen.  
And if you listen, you'll learn about the  
mystery box and the hidden game PKXE.  
And if you listen, you'll learn their purple  
and blue and green stories.  
And this is what I came to say.

I make my voice out of neptune  
so you'll listen.  
And if you listen you'll learn  
better than before.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
more knowledge.  
And this is what I came to say.

I make my voice out of blue diamonds  
so you'll listen.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
about the shining colors.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
about the sparkles.  
And this is what I came to say.

Oh, the places I miss, how you have weights  
and machines and people and the smell of  
sweat, Oh, how I miss you.

How you have games like ski-ball  
and the smell of pizza hangs in the air,  
Oh, how I miss you.

How there is a Mickey Mouse theatre,  
and a Disney Junior Party, and fun rides  
at Toy Story Land, Oh how I miss you.

How you smell like fresh clothes on the rack,  
and sound like the voices of people talking,  
Oh how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see big buildings  
and get to play in the snow, and be in a brand  
new place, Oh how I miss you.

Alison Aguilar, Mathew Correa,

Snigdho Dutta, Joshua Maloof

Oh, dear home with your backyard, how you  
have a blue and white rectangle pool  
with your hot-n-cold water, I promise I'll be  
back soon.

Oh, home with my family and siblings,  
how you taste like sushi, I promise I'll be  
back soon.

Oh, Dominican Republic, how you smell like  
the warm sun and fresh water, I promise I'll  
be back soon.

Oh, Mexico, how you sound like tall trees  
with coconuts like drums, I promise I'll be  
back soon.

Oh, China, how you feel like my mother's  
country, I promise I'll be back soon.

Nayeli Rose Figueroa Montt,  
Keith Cheng, Sofeya Nauth,  
Diego Salmeron

I make my voice out of thunder  
so you'll listen.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
all about unicorns.

And if you listen, you'll learn  
how to speak loudly.

And this is what I came to say.

Joshua Maloof and Alison Aguilar

I make my voice out of a tiger so you'll listen.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
to be brave and not afraid.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
to be brave and not afraid.  
And this is what I came to say.

I make my voice out of gems so you'll listen.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
to hear new things.  
And if you listen, you'll learn  
to have good dreams.

And this is what I came to say.

Nayeli Rose Figuereo Montt





Snigdho Dutta

## Class of Ms. Koinakis

Poetry is the jam from a peanut butter sandwich  
Poetry is when you get hurt but your wounds heal,  
when you make friends but also enemies  
Poetry is an echo asking a shadow to dance  
Poetry is a feeling when you fly away

Poetry is the sun drying off the rain  
Poetry is the breeze crashing on the ocean  
Poetry is the sea when your calm  
Poetry is gravity

Poetry is a tiger's stripes on its' body  
Poetry is the fire  
Poetry is a swan starting to fly,  
or a wish that you want.  
Poetry is a root in a tree.

“I am from...”

I am from a country that has food  
that you never heard of.

I am from a world where people love me  
for who I am.

I am from a place where my family lives  
that I love.

Dahlia Cuzo

I am from a place where there are red  
bricks on most of the buildings.

I am from Ariana, Katherine, Carlos.

I am from adults saying:  
“Don’t do that, you might get hurt.”

I am from New York  
and Jackson Heights.

I am from English and Spanish

I am from a place where  
we love to play soccer.

Ayden Restrepo

I am from the coffee maker,  
paintings on the walls, and Harry Potter books.  
I am from the smell of febreze,  
from bandeja paisa and arepa con queso.  
I am from trips to La piedra del Peñol,  
from Isabel, Andres, Tomas.  
I am from: “You can do it!” and reggaeton music.  
I am from Medellin, Colombia and Bayshore.  
I am from English  
and Spanish  
and Colombian culture.  
I am from a place where we believe in god,  
the virgin mary and in the angeles.  
Where I’m from, we love to play soccer.  
Where I’m from, people struggle  
with learning English.

Matias Flores Londono

I am from Afghanistan. Where I'm from, it's like a ghost story so we moved from there. I was born here when we moved.

Where I am from, my mom cooks most meals so it always smells like spices.

Where I am from, it smells of: turmeric, black pepper, and cumin.

Where I am from, we fast for a month and we make a big celebration called Eid: our family comes over and we eat a big meal.

Where I am from, we enjoy grilled corn and chaat.

Where I'm from, we also like to play games together as a family. Where I'm from, we love to have guests over.

We make sure the house is clean and presentable, and we set up a nice table with sweets and tea.

Where I'm from, we speak Pashto.

Some family favorite foods are Kabli, Montu, and Koofa.

Where I'm from, family and friends are important.

Where I'm from, we stay happy by being together as a family.

Where I'm from is the blooming tree in the summer,  
growing and growing. Where I'm from is sweet, sweet candy.  
Where I'm from, there is a story about a girl,  
and girls that are sisters named Sarah and Millie.  
Where I'm from, a person is talking to me about school  
and my education. Where I'm from, there is a phone  
where old friends can be together again from the old past.  
Where I'm from, there is a boutique that tells a story from the family  
trying to work through this coronavirus.  
Where I'm from, there are animals that tell the story of a girl being born,  
who have been there since day 1. Where I'm from, there are beds  
and blankets for a dog named Molly.  
Where I'm from, there is a dog that is like Flash.  
Where I'm from, there are pictures from the past  
of a dad and a girl and a mom and sister together, as a family together.

Bianca Isabella Rojas

I am from the oatmeal that has the steam when it's just made  
I am from green beans with some nuts covered in sweet potato  
mashed with some chicken covered in maple syrup  
I am from going somewhere around the world every year, but  
since it's covid-19, we can't go anywhere this year  
I am from Lyanna, mom, dad  
I am from adults telling me that they love me  
I am from lullabies, from the United States and Jackson Heights  
I am from speaking Spanish, French, German, English  
I'm from Peru, mainly known for Machupicchu and the deli-  
cious Ceviche  
I am also from Puerto Rico, known as la Isla del Encanto and  
well known for the Salsa and the beautiful beaches  
I am from a place where we love to dance and wear certain  
outfits  
Where I'm from, we believe in god  
Where I'm from, we love to bake  
Where I'm from, people struggle with heat  
Where I'm from, we stay happy by cooking  
Where I'm from, we always remember to behave well.

Valentina Ronquillo

Where I am from, there are water bottles in the kitchen to make my fresh lemonade, and the tub where I take a bath and to relax after going out for a walk. Where I am from, there's a backyard where in the winter me and my brother make forts, snowmen and have snowball fights. Where I am from, it smells sometimes sweetish or spicy. Many smells to my nose. Where I am from, me and my famil go to the park every summer and have a picnic and celebrate my dad's birthday.

Where I am from, my family members are Jose, Monica, Santiago, Alejandro, my uncles Rafael and Freddy. Where I am from, they always say to me: "Put effort on all you do," and "participate in every class," and "say please and thank you," and "say hello to people." Where I am from, I learned the song "Las Mañanitas" as a child.

Where I am from, my family nationality is Mexican, where we believe in freedom and for people to be equal to each other.

Where I am from, we love to respect each other.

Where I am from, people struggle to be respectful to other people.

Where I am from, we stay happy by the family staying together and healthy.

Where I am from, we always remember to do the right thing.

# Ghazals

Oh, my shining back yard, how the flowers  
bloom, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you smell of hot air like the steaming sun,  
I promise I'll be back soon. How you taste  
like my favorite snack for the night,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How you sound like the nice breeze  
of the wind at night, I promise I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see my cousins  
playing in the backyard, I promise  
I'll be back soon.

How you make me feel excited and relieved,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

Yesenia Batista



Oh, Niagara Falls, how you have water  
and waterfalls, oh, how I long for you.

How you smell of fish water and fresh air,  
oh, how I long for you.

How you taste like waterfalls,  
oh, how I long for you.

How you sound like the water moving mildly,  
oh, how I long for you.

How when I'm there, I see people staring  
at the waterfalls, oh, how I long for you.

How I feel good because looking at a waterfall  
just makes me feel good, when my feet touch  
down on your soil, oh, how I long for you.

Tammam Hasanat

Oh, Bangladesh! How you have  
hotness, I'll see you soon.

How you smell like sand,  
I'll see you soon.

How you taste like jhalmuris,  
I'll see you soon.

How you sound like the rickshaws  
and CNG, and other vehicles  
beeping, I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see my aunts  
and uncles and my cousins,  
I'll see you soon.

How I feel happy seeing my cousins  
and playing board games such as ludo,  
I'll see you soon!

Oh, my beloved cool and windy park  
in the summer, oh how I miss you.

How you have that feeling of ice cream touching  
everybody's tongue, oh how I miss you.

How you smell like beautiful flowers like daisies  
and roses, oh how I miss you.

How you taste like there is a rainbow  
in everybody's mouth when they walk there,  
oh how I miss you.

How you sound like beautiful birds tweeting and  
the wind blowing, and all the kids dancing and  
playing their music. Oh how I miss you.

Salman Bhuiyan

Oh, the place I was last seen,  
how you have the bright sun,  
I want to come. After this,  
I'll come back soon.

How you taste like the rice being boiled,  
After this, I'll come back soon.

How you sound of kids playing around  
with laughter and joy,  
After this, I'll come back soon.

How I loved seeing  
my grandparents and cousins,  
After this, I'll come back soon.

How I feel happy and excited to see  
my grandparents and my cousin more,  
After this, I'll come back soon.

Taybah Tasmia

Oh, California, how you have the warm climate  
that melts the snow, Oh, how I miss you.

How you smell of the ocean water making  
a breeze on my face, Oh, how I miss you.

How you taste like Dunkin' Donuts on the side  
of the road, and the donuts are so sweet,  
Oh, how I miss you.

How you sound like the ocean when you swish  
yourself side to side, Oh, how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see my friends  
calling to me, Oh, how I miss you.

How I feel happy when the air gets zapped  
through me, Oh, how I miss you.

Rayyan Muhammad

Oh, Tibet! How you have mountains, houses,  
animals, oh how I miss you.  
How you smell of cold air, trees, oh how I miss you.  
How you taste like ice cream and chicken, oh  
how I miss you. How you sound like birds,  
animals, talking, oh how I miss you.  
How when I'm there, I see friends, cousins, family  
How I feel happy with the animals and the trees,  
oh how I miss you.

Kunga Thardoe

Oh school, how you have pencils and erasers and have lunch, recess, and shows in the auditorium, I'll see you soon. How you smell of cupcakes when it is someone's birthday, and pencils and erasers when there is a test, I'll see you soon. How you taste of my mom's yummy cheesy burgers and her crunchy french fries and creamy cupcakes when it is someone's birthday, I'll see you soon.

How you sound of songs in the auditorium and paper and pencils getting rubbed and getting written on paper, I'll see you soon. How, when I am there, I see my awesome friends who have supported me for many years, and I see teachers with their students in a line going to their classes, I'll see you soon. How I feel really happy when I see my classmates and sometimes nervous and shaky when it is the first day of school, I'll see you soon.

Kaeif Haque

Oh, mall, how you have all your clothing and accessories, a variety of different stores many people come to shop and spend time together inside your walls, I'll see you soon.

How you smell of new clothes, and the store where scented candles fill the air, the sweet smell of pretzels that roams around the mall, I'll see you soon, mall.

How you taste like pretzels, chocolate candy I'll see you soon, mall. How you sound like people talking, and the sound of music you hear on each floor. I'll see you soon, mall.

How when I'm there, I see many people, and so many stores on each floor. I'll see you soon. How I feel calm and good when I wander through your stores, like a small breeze in spring. I'll see you soon, mall.

Sania Jahin

Oh, Tibet, how you have freshwater lakes, and chunks of snow. I'll see you soon.

How you smell of barley, and wheat.  
When my feet touch your soil. How you taste like snowflakes falling on my tongue and I feel so cheerful. I'll see you soon.

How you sound like cows mooing, cats purring, and dogs barking. I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see relatives, friends, and other Tibetans. I feel happy. I'll see you soon.

How I feel happy to play with the animals, and do the chores, and see my family. I'll see you soon.

Tenzin Pasang

Oh Bangladesh, how you have lots of trees and lakes that are so big and as blue as the ocean, oh, how I miss you.

How you smell of fresh leaves and beautiful red roses, oh, how I miss you.

How you taste like cool, different new flavors of ice cream and bright colored candy that can sometimes taste like chocolate, oh, how I miss you.

How you sound of hummingbirds humming and the cool breeze blowing, oh, how I miss you.

How when I'm there I can see all my aunts, my uncles, and my cousins, and we can all play together, oh, how I miss you.

How I feel so happy and excited, like when it's my birthday, oh, how I miss you.

Priscilla Mehta

Oh, Mecca, how you have birds flying all together, I'll see you soon.  
How you smell of hot bright red pizza and the smell of bread  
people feed the birds. I'll see you soon.

How you taste like chocolate soft sweet ice cream  
with sweet cherry toppings, I'll see you soon.

How you sound like the fans which blow air on all the hot days  
and the sound of tons of girls, boys, men, and women walking  
all around and the colored clothes people wear. I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see stores with sparkly bags that sparkle  
in my eyes with the baby blue sequins on them and the tall blue  
buses with dark brown leather seats and food boxes passed  
around from the long bus ride we go on all day. And the ginormous  
clock tower with beautiful writing and designs. I'll see you soon.

How I feel happy when I see the sun so bright and the sparkly  
white floor and colorful designed buildings so high. I'll see you soon.

Afifah Noshin

Oh, Meadow Park, how you have  
all your green trees, that make me happy  
and green that help people breathe.  
I know that you are in Queens. I'll be back soon.

How your smell makes me happy and I taste  
fresh air from the sky, and it reminds me  
of my toy that is a bear that snuggles me  
in my sleep. I'll be back soon.

How you taste like candy that I eat with  
the beautiful trees. I'll be back soon.  
How you sound like water flowing through  
the waves coming through the beach.  
I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see people that see me.  
That want to play with me, and be happy  
with the trees. I'll be back soon.

How I feel happy every 2 weeks I see you  
again with your green trees. I am happy  
to see you again, to see your blue waves  
following me and catching me through  
the waves. I'll be back soon.

I will always miss you.  
But I will be back soon.

Ahnaf Rana



Joshua Maloof



Poetry is the love that gets passed around  
Poetry could be about love to hate,  
Your life and your feelings and  
your memories.

Poetry is how a bird flies in every direction  
in the sky, poetry is the way the waters move.

Poetry is love and care that makes  
your heart melt.

Poetry is life

Poetry is sweet and tasty

Poetry is a sun that goes high  
and makes you happy

Poetry is the way you do things  
in your imagination.

Poetry is a rose blooming

Poetry is how you want it to be

Poetry is a feather in the air.

## Class of Ms. Kassimis & Ms. Spetsieris

“I am from...”

I am from the living room sofa to sit down on after a long day of school,  
TV to watch my favorite movie after school,  
and bedrooms to go to sleep to get ready for the next day.

I am from a basement built with bricks, and a little space for me and my friends  
to have a playdate, I am from the smell of strawberries -- my everyday snacks.  
I am from seafood, pupusas with salsa, pasta, tacos, and pizza.  
I am from eating chicken on Easter because the Bible says it is disrespectful  
to eat other meat in Easter. I am from Jackie, Jasleen, Jean, Juan, Nuria,  
Melinda and Sabrina. I am from my mom saying: “Never open the door  
to strangers when you’re home alone.” I am from the music of Prince Royce,  
the songs Darte un Beso, give u a kiz, lEt iT gO, and Black Pink.

I am from my birthday, July 13, and Spanish, English, and Russian.

I’m from New York, I believe in happiness.

I’m from New York, I love to hang out with friends.

I’m from New York, where people struggle with COVID.

I’m from New York, where we stay happy by being with our families.

Jasleen Castro

I am from the photo in my living room where the mountains rise up high.

I am from the Buddhism that goes into me throughout the generations of my culture.

I am from the food my dad makes: the brown smell of chicken and the white smell of rice, the inside of my sister's brain where it's like a party, thinking about the food: "It will be yummy."

I am from the way my mother gave birth to me in Elmhurst Hospital, where my mom first held me. I am from the way my cousins always say, "Try your best, don't give up!"

I am from the way the water moves when I get deeper and deeper every time I walk.

I am from the beautiful lavender soap that makes my hands smell delightful.

I am from the way my mom and dad wake up on a very special day, we get into our culture outfits and dance till our legs get tired.

I am from the pani puri my mom gives to me that goes into my tummy.

I am from the monks that prey under the waterfall. I am from the green, yellow, blue, red, and white flags that represent what I am.

I am from everything around the world, even outer space, that relies on me being alive.

I am from the clear ocean,  
to make my depression  
go away from school stress.

I am from the air,  
giving people wind.

I am from my house,  
chilling in my room,  
dreaming of happiness.

Fayja Nujim

I am from a big piece of meat in a pan.  
I am from a glowing pile of marbles  
surrounding me. I am from a big palm tree  
that waves around on a beach.  
I am from a golden wolf that cannot die.  
Who am I?  
What am I?  
I am a big piece of the world.

Emmanuel Franco

# Ghazals

Oh, Florida, how you have amazing rides in  
Disney World and very nice people,  
I promise I will be back.

How you taste of lobster and octopus, oh how  
slimy but delicious you taste,  
I promise I will be back.

How you taste like the wind and the heat  
together, blowing against the stores and  
the rides, I promise I will be back.

How you sound like the characters talking from  
every Disney movie created, oh when you talk all  
together, it is as loud as a carnival,  
I promise I will be back.

How when I'm there, I see many people selling  
light blue, pink and so delicious fluffy cotton  
candy, or hotdogs at stands outside,  
I promise I will be back.

How I feel as excited as a dog getting his first treat,  
and when I see people selling food I get as hungry  
as a lion, I promise I will be back.

Axel Carangui

Oh India, how you have beautiful temples and long, huge trees, I'll see you soon.  
How you smell of yummy food on the streets and of chewy candy, I'll see you soon.  
How you taste like spicy rice with the yummy salty chips, so salty, I'll see you soon.  
How when I'm there, I see many people buying, talking and laughing, I'll see you soon.  
How I feel the cold types of huge mountains in the morning and the cold breeze at night,  
I'll see you soon.

Odhiti Das

Oh the beach, how you make sand castles,  
get a tan and even embarrass yourself.  
How I miss you.

How sometimes you dance in the dark on the  
beach till the sun rises, and sometimes  
just come to admire the ocean and sand.  
How I miss you.

How you smell the coconut water  
or coconut milk made of coconuts on the palm  
trees planted in the sand. How I miss you.

How you taste the yummy ice-cream to beat the  
heat, and sometimes get a brain freeze.  
How I miss you.

How you sound like the music you dance to,  
and your friends, too. How you see the stars in the  
dark in the starry night sky. How I miss you.

Diana Alvarado

Oh, Pennsylvania, how you have snowed  
and rained, I will return to you.

How you smell of pies and baked cake,  
I will return to you.

How you taste like rice and water,  
I will return to you.

How you sound like birds and cheetahs,  
I will return to you.

How when I'm there, I see people happy  
playing with snow,  
I will return to you.

How I feel happy like a bird,  
I will return to you.

Abdul Hossain

Oh, Albania, how you always have  
palm trees blowing in the wind, day,  
evening and night, I will return to you.

How you smell of a grill making  
kabobs, I will return to you.

How you taste like a nice plate of shrimp  
that a restaurant is making for me, and salt  
water and chlorine, I will return to you.

How you sound like laughing  
and screaming when me and my cousins  
and friends are playing hide and go seek,  
I will return to you.

Erza Haxhijaj

Oh, Florida, how you have such a nice  
climate, the sun is so bright,  
I'll see you soon.

How you smell like coconuts,  
I'll see you soon.

How you taste like the best thing  
I have ever eaten, I'll see you soon.

How you sound like people shouting  
'yahoo!' I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see the sunrise  
coming up, pink red yellow colors,  
I'll see you soon.

How I feel unspeakable, I feel like a rainbow,  
I feel like a tiger eating its prey,  
I'll see you soon.

Jeremy Guaman

Oh, Bangladesh, how you have beautiful  
lily flowers in the water, floating. I'll see you soon.

How you smell of rose and lavender  
in my house. I'll see you soon.

How you taste like polaw and biriani  
across the street. I'll see you soon.

How you sound like the waves in the river.  
I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see my friend  
Thisha and my grandma. I'll see you soon.

How I feel joyful as a paint in a canvas art,  
with creativity in a candy cane popping colors.  
I'll see you soon.

**Fatema Karim**

Oh, Las Vegas, how you have all the nice foods  
that taste like beef steak. I'll see you soon.

How you smell of excited people in the streets  
saying 'Yahoo!' I'll see you soon.

How you taste like lemon and beef  
being created. I'll see you soon.

How you sound like people laughing  
and singing songs, I'll see you soon.

How when I'm there, I see my cousins  
gambling, which reminds me of the colors  
pink and green, I'll see you soon.

How I feel like butter melting on bread,  
I'll see you soon.

And how you make me smile when I see you,  
I'll see you soon.

Rayan Khan



Oh, Mexico, how I miss your delicious tacos.  
I'll see you soon.

How I see people in Mexican clothing and  
playing the guitar. I'll see you soon.

How you taste spicy and salty, like having  
good food. I'll see you soon.

How when I am there, I hear my two dogs  
Babas and Charlie barking, and my cousins  
screaming. I'll see you soon.

How when I am there, I see my grandma, my  
grandpa, my cousins, Zoe and Ethan, and my  
dogs. I'll see you soon.

How I feel happy that I am back home  
with the best family and with my grandma's  
cookies. I'll see you soon.

Chelsea Paguay

Oh Orlando, how you have made so many good  
memories,  
oh, how I miss you.

How you smell like popcorn and cotton candy,  
oh, how I miss you.

How you taste like fruity drink and coconut  
milk,  
oh, how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see happy faces and peo-  
ple enjoying life,  
oh, how I miss you.

Sofia Vargas Moreno

Oh, Florida, how you have great sunny adventure days.

Oh, how I miss you.

How you smell of purple and blue fresh air and delicious spicy food.

Oh, how I miss you.

How you taste like the sweet, spicy, and delicious food  
that my mom feeds me that makes me happy.

Oh, how I miss you.

How you sound like the birds that sing all day long in the tall trees.

Oh, how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I see animals from many places, like that ostrich  
that was at my doorstep, and how I see my family and my brother's friends.

Oh, how I miss you.

How when I'm there, I feel as happy as a puppy when it gets its first walk,  
and as energized as a fast-running cheetah.

Oh, how I miss you.

Zaara Uddin

Oh, Macedonia, how you have looked so beautiful  
with the trees and the sun, I will see you soon.

How you smell of watermelon and bread with tea, I will see you soon.

How you taste like fresh fruit and veggies, I will see you soon.

How when I am there, I see flowers and bees buzzing through my ears,  
and family that I love so much, I will see you soon.

How I feel a hot summer day and a breeze washing my face,  
I will see you soon.

How I see kids on bikes and kids playing hide and seek,  
I will see you soon.

How I feel life and birds around me and water  
dripping on me like rain, I will see you soon.

How you make me happy as a clam opening its mouth, I will see you soon.

Anisa Xhemali

Oh, Ecuador, how you have the summer heat and my favorite wind,  
not too hard or not too soft, I will return for you.

How you smell of the beachy water and perfume that girls wear  
and my favorite dish, hamburgers, I will return for you.

How you taste like the salty water in the rivers, and people selling mango  
with salt and lemon, I will return for you.

How you sound like kids asking their parents, “Bring me to the pool on  
this hot summer day,” begging them until they say yes, I will return for you.

How when I’m there, I see my uncles and aunts and my favorite friend  
Ashley, and someone that is not part of my family but I think they are,  
I will return for you.

How I feel like a horse eating what it likes when I eat my favorite food,  
and I feel like a kid crying when they do not let me go to the pool,  
I will return for you.

Hailyn Pilco

# Travel to Colombia



Poetry is a garden full of wonderful  
creatures that makes you happy  
Poetry is a puzzle that you can piece  
together in different ways  
Poetry is like you have 100,000 lego pieces  
and turn it into a huge robot  
Poetry is hot chocolate when you are cold  
Poetry is the nail to a broken chair

Poetry is a meteor burning up in the atmosphere.  
Poetry is a happy feeling in a pandemic  
Poetry is the brain to a robot  
Poetry is way better than 2 words  
Poetry is taking a mask off after a week

Poetry is a cherry on top of the ice cream;  
it is the sweetest part  
Poetry is the start of 2021  
Poetry is the the creamy part of an oreo  
Poetry is winter after years of summer.

Poetry is going out from a million years in space  
Poetry is a life size lego plane  
Poetry is beating your favorite video game  
Poetry is a star in the night!!

## Class of Ms. Kazi

“I am from...”



Home is where we celebrate life,  
Home is where I always smell vanilla,  
Home is where I grew up,  
Home is where I relax with my family  
and watch TV,  
Home is where I do online class,  
Home is where I eat my favorite food  
like pizza,  
tostones, and broccoli with chicken,  
Home is where we thank God and Jesus.

Christian Cotto

I am from the place with a store right next to it  
and a few trees and also a few cars.

I am from the smells of rice, chicken, and beef,  
I am from always making special foods for Eid  
days, I am from Labeeb Yousuf,  
and Zareefa Islam.

I am from the adults saying: “Always find  
a solution instead of arguing.”

I am from January 16th 2011,  
and Jackson Heights,  
from speaking Bangla and English.

I am from believing in god  
and special holidays with special foods,  
I am from where people struggle with money,  
I am from where we stay happy  
by always staying positive,  
I am from a lesson: to always remember  
to never waste food.

Daniel Taseen

Where I am from is my couch, a bean bag chair.  
the apartment made from brick  
and the smells of house plants,  
from ramen, almost everything from Korea.

Where I am from, is my family: my mom  
Katherine, my dad Tong, my brother  
Andre, my cousin Willa, my grandma Joanne,  
my uncle Jung, and my uncle Elliot.

Where I am from is: America, is New York City,  
is English and barely any Korean,  
is Korea-birth, and born in America.

Where I'm from, we love to dance  
and listen to music too. Where I'm from, people  
struggle with healthcare and leadership too.  
Where I'm from, we stay happy  
by looking at each other,  
to realize we're in it together.

Where I'm from, we always remember  
we should always come together.

Laurencia Lee

I am from New York City, the city  
that never sleeps, from the glistening  
lights at night, from the Empire State  
Building and the skyscrapers up above.

I am from New York City, the city  
that never sleeps, from the familiar sirens  
outside my window, from the sound of the  
clarinet player practicing his music.

I am from New York City, the city that  
never sleeps, from where cracker jacks and  
peanuts fill the air of CitiField, from the  
home of the Mets.

I am from New York City, the city that  
never sleeps, from the Big Apple,  
from the place where everyone  
wants to be. I am from New York City.

Sebastian Solis



Home is the toothpaste in the bathroom, butter in the fridge  
the kitchen as smooth as a dolphin's skin, the TV in the living room  
with hundreds of shows including my favorite show,  
and the closet in the bedroom with tons of clothes.

Home is my apartment looking like a big building with a door  
and lots of windows the shape of big rectangles.

Home is masala french fries with yummy seasoning, cooked chicken  
as regular food everyday and tea smelling as fresh as it could be.

Home is mom cooking our favorite food: kichori, birani, egg chop.

Home is every year celebrating Eid, feeling like it's the best day in my life.

Home is the people in my house living every day: my baby brother  
Farhan, my dad MD Haque, and my mom Mossamat, always saying:  
“If you don't do your homework you won't get a good job.”

Home is the songs I learned when I was little: Johnny Johnny yes papa, baa baa black  
sheep, and Mary had a little lamb.

Home is the languages I hear everyday: Bangla and English.

Home is always a sweet tweet of birds from the window in the living room.

Home is the color beige and the apartment that has a lot of windows, balconies and a big black gate in the front. Home is smells of spicy fish and sweet mishti, biryani, khichuri, chicken, fish, and spinach.

Home is a holiday in Bangladesh on February 21, when we stay up until 1:00am and celebrate. Home is my dad Sohel, my mom Sadia, my grandma Sharifa Khanom, my brother Fahim, and me Fatima. Home is an adult telling me: “Be nice to others and they will do something in return.”

Home is songs of ‘Mary Had a Little Lamb’ and ‘Johnny Johnny Yes Papa,’  
Home is Kushtia, Bangladesh and the neighborhood I live in now,  
a Bangali neighborhood called Jackson Heights.

Home is talking in Bangla and English. Home is Language Movement Day on February 21 and Independence Day on March 26. Home is believing in Allah for help and forgiveness.

Home is people having fun outside in grass, home is filled with disease because of pollution from factories. Home is staying happy by remember the thing or person we love.

Home is remembering things or people that are important to us from the past,  
like your ancestor who helped in the past.

# Ghazals

Oh, China, how you have beautiful apartments  
with shining windows,  
I promise I will be there again.

How you smell like bakeries with delicious  
cakes, I promise I will be there again.

How you taste like sushi and hot steamy rice,  
I promise I will be there again.

How you sound like birds chirping sweet songs,  
I promise I will be there again.

How when I'm there, I see my cousins  
and my great grandmother and grandfather,  
I promise I will be there again.

How I feel an explosion of happiness  
like a dancing dog when I'm there,  
I promise I will be there again.

Oh, New Mexico, how you have what I love, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you smell of dry air, but also seeming like love is in you, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you taste like tacos, filled to the brim with delicious meat,  
never failing me. I promise I'll be back soon.

How you sound like the wind whirling while I complete my art project  
by the window, making a beautiful painting, I promise I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see my mom's side of the family, her sister, her cousin and her dog:  
they are always there for me, no matter what happens -- and so are you, New Mexico.  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How the sight of your beautiful mountains are breathtaking, the mountains are light brown  
in the sun. You can see the teature in the moonlight, so I promise I'll be back soon.

How I feel happiness and joy, and the feeling I'm safe like when I'm there, it's like a big hug from  
my mom, I promise, and I promise, and I promise I'll be back soon!

Jennifer Koss

Oh, the fun I have with my closest friends,  
I'll see you soon.

How you smell of amazing food such as  
biryani, candy and ice cream,  
I'll see you soon.

How you are games such as paper airplanes,  
video games and many others,  
I'll see you soon.

How you sound like the sound of joy, birds,  
and airplanes, I'll see you soon.

How when we are together, I see  
all the best joys here, such a sight,  
I'll see you soon.

How I how I smile like a happy panda  
when I see them, I'll see you soon.

Ahsan Kabir

Oh, Nepal, how you have places to play  
like the park, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you smell of red flowers just blooming  
in the spring, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you taste like hot spicy food just right,  
and also sweet, I promise I'll be back soon.

How you sound like people talking  
and buses diving, I promise I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see my grandmother  
and grandfather talking about old times in Nepali,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

Rashmit Pokhrel

Oh, Arabia, how you have those beautiful white hijabs, and those dark blue skies, the scent of rose, sweet jasmine, and the spicier ambiance, how you have the taste of Kabsa in the air, and have the plains as if it were a subtropical desert, how you sound like the busy streets and markets, so loud but yet so peaceful, I miss you Arabia.

How when I'm there, I see:  
the beautiful blue moon shining in the night sky, lighting up the darkness inside of hearts  
the people I love, that truly love me  
how I feel oh so happy,  
I miss you Arabia.

**Nusrat Promi**

Oh, Bangladesh, how you have cool transportation, I'll be back for you soon.

How you smell of dirt and amazing trees, I'll be back for you soon.

How you taste like mangos and smoke across the streets, I'll be back for you soon.

How you sound like rain falling all day, I'll be back for you soon.

How when I'm there, I see people with normal clothing, people with friends, I'll be back for you soon.

**Wasif Rahman**

Oh, Bangladesh, how you feel like hot summer days every day and the sun is always out, I will see you soon.

How you smell of ice cream sweets and treats being eaten, I will see you soon.

How you taste like salty rice, chicken, beef, and meat, I will see you soon.

How you sound like kids playing, jumping around, and having fun, I will see you soon

How when I'm there, I see my uncles, cousins, and aunts, I will see you soon.

How I feel loved and cared for when I am there, I will see you soon.

Shaira Matiul

Oh, Nepal, how you have your beautiful sun, I long for you.

How you smell like fresh food being baked, I long for you.

How you taste like deli Ouse sweet snacks, I long for you.

How when I'm there, I see my grandfather and grandmother, I long for you.

How I feel so energetic and happy when I'm there, I long for you.

Grishma Rana Magar

Oh, Kansas City, how you have big parks of  
beautiful green grass, I will be here next year.

How you smell of fresh trees, flowers,  
and plants, I will be here next year.

How you taste like the hard and soft  
and nutty part of the banana bread,  
I will be here next year.

How you sound like the sweet chirping  
of many cute birds in the trees,  
I will be here next year.

How when I'm there, I see my grandparents  
and many other pretty sights and places,  
I will be here next year.

How, when in Kansas, I like watching TV as my  
grandparents are gone, and going to Legoland,  
I will be here next year.

Leo Sobel

Oh, Turkey, how you have your beaches  
and the sunlight, I promise I'll be there soon.

How you smell of fresh flowers and leaves,  
I promise I'll be there soon.

How you taste like the fresh breeze of the air,  
I promise I'll be there soon.

How you sound like the silence of nature, I  
promise I'll be there soon.

When I'm there with you, I see the smiles  
of my friends and the sweet faces of my  
grandparents, I promise I'll be there soon.

How I feel calm and happy, when my feet  
touch on your soil, I promise  
I'll be there soon.

Yagmur Sakar



Oh, Las Vegas, how you have nice  
hotel rooms and swimming pools,  
beautiful palm trees and nice clean air,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How you smell of the beautiful nature  
and flowers, and the sweet red roses,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How you taste like nice bagels and butter  
and pancakes with syrup,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How you sound of waves crashing gently,  
and people talking, I promise I'll be back soon.

How when I'm there, I see people swimming and  
having a nice time, I see my family and I going out  
having fun and exploring,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

How I'll feel so happy and feel so much joy  
to finally be there and have a nice time, how you  
are like the rainbow that brightens up my day,  
I promise I'll be back soon.

Shyan Alam

I am from the smell of sweets in my house, I am from my favorite food rich and fish,  
I am from speaking Bangla and English and always finding food in my kitchen and living room,  
I am from a rubber duck toy in the bathroom and celebrating Eid with my family.

I am from the beautiful smell of the soap when I come out of the bathroom from my shower,  
I am from my heart in the middle section to my left of the chest, it beats fast when I am scared,  
and sounds slow when I am happy. My house is a small looking wood-made private house.

SM Ahnaf Jawad

Oh, Bangladesh, how you have beautiful houses,  
great fancy restaurants, and lots of fun  
amusement parks, Oh how I miss you.

How you smell of fresh green grass, red roses,  
Oh how I miss you.

How you taste like beef curry, chicken curry,  
shrimp Chinese food, sushi, Oh how I miss you.

How you sound like the rain so hard, water drops  
falling down, ricksha driving in the water,  
thunderstorms so loud, Oh how I miss you.

How your cars go beeeeppp, the sound of fireworks  
all the way up to the sky, chickens going Cluck Cluck,  
waking everyone to pray and have breakfast.

How when I'm there, I see my grandparents, cousins,  
aunts,uncles and other family members, how I feel  
so happy and calm because I can go outside  
and play in the rain, Oh how I miss you.

Home is my couch in my living  
room, and the bathtub  
full of bubbles out of it, and my mom  
always making the food,  
the sidewalks and snow on the roads.

Home is the smell of spring flowers  
that have just bloomed.

Home is Pozole and tacos,  
celebrating the day of the dead and  
God's birthday every Christmas.

Home is where we love to do jokes,  
have fun, and make drawings of the  
Mexican culture.

Sarika Ahmed

Soan Hernandez

Edited & designed by:

Teaching Artists Samira Sadeque & Libby Mislan

Special thanks to:

Arts liaison Ms. Cregan, Principal Vasquez, teacher-collaborators Ms. Almontero, Ms. Daly, Ms. Kassimis, Ms. Kazi, Ms. Koinakis, Ms. Papazoros, and Ms. Spetsieris, and guest artist Joel Francois

Made possible with funding from

The  
Pierre and Tana  
Matisse  
Foundation

**NYC** Cultural  
Affairs

NATIONAL  
ENDOWMENT  
for the **ARTS**  
[arts.gov](http://arts.gov)