



*in·del·i·ble*

/in' deləb(ə)l/

*adjective*

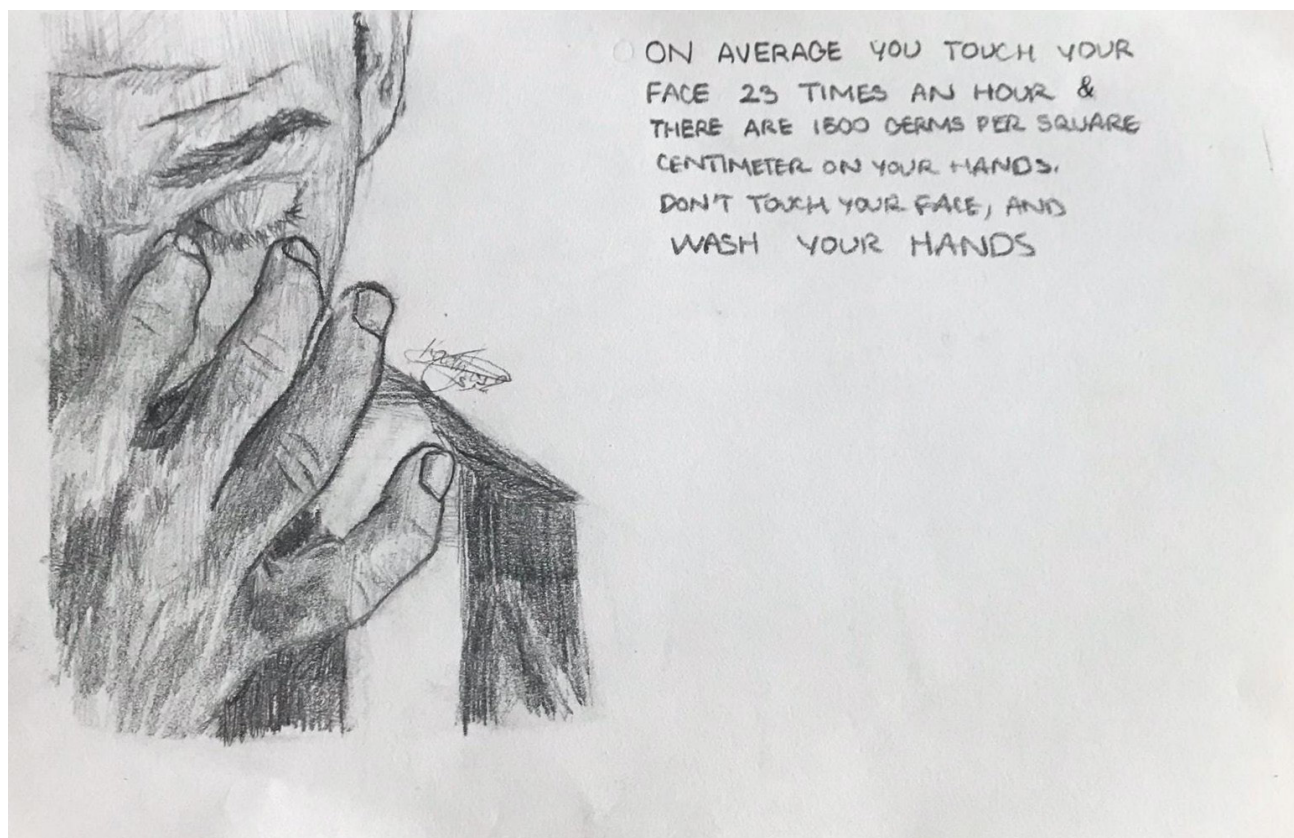
1. (of ink or a pen) making marks that cannot be removed
2. not able to be forgotten or removed

7<sup>TH</sup>-12<sup>TH</sup> GRADE POETRY  
NEW LENOX PUBLIC LIBRARY  
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*Published in celebration of  
the beautiful and resilient young people  
of our community.*

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"Contagion"

Kadmos Hammoud (Grade 11)

First Place, QuarantEEN Art Contest

## The quarantine in a nutshell

One Day I woke with happiness,  
'cause it was almost spring vacation.  
Then I read up on the news,  
'bout a virus across the nation.  
Our school closed till further notice,  
I thought that was a bummer.  
Many kids would love to miss school,  
Unless it cut into summer.

Instead of missing school for weeks,  
we would be doing e-learning.  
I thought that would be pretty neat,  
but is soon proved a burden.  
I started feeling stressful on,  
all the schoolwork to get done.  
Worksheets, tests, quizzes, projects,  
I never get to have any fun.

Things have been so hard for us,  
This really is a challenge.  
I try my best to keep up,  
But sometimes, I don't manage.  
There are many distractions in my house,  
Life is not the same.  
Instead of doing my schoolwork,  
I'll paint or play a game.

Some of my homework grades are very poor,  
Because I barely even tried.  
I move on 'cause "I'm bored",  
Which my parents cannot deny.  
Some of my laziness and lack of effort,  
has really come to haunt me.  
Just last week, on my Religion quiz,  
I got an abysmal Eighty-Three.

Yet some of this e-learning,  
is not as bad as you think.  
One of these advantages,  
is working with a tasty drink.  
After finishing all the work for the day,  
What do I do for fun?  
Sometimes it's painting an elaborate project,  
Sometimes, it is a nice long run.

I don't know how long this will last,  
Probably two weeks I am guessing.  
I hope no one I know is infected,  
The virus is still spreading.  
I really hope the scientists,  
will find a cure real soon.  
Because I am tired of E-learning,  
I am ready to go back to school.

*Colin Gerlock*  
*Contest for Grades 7-9*  
*First Place*

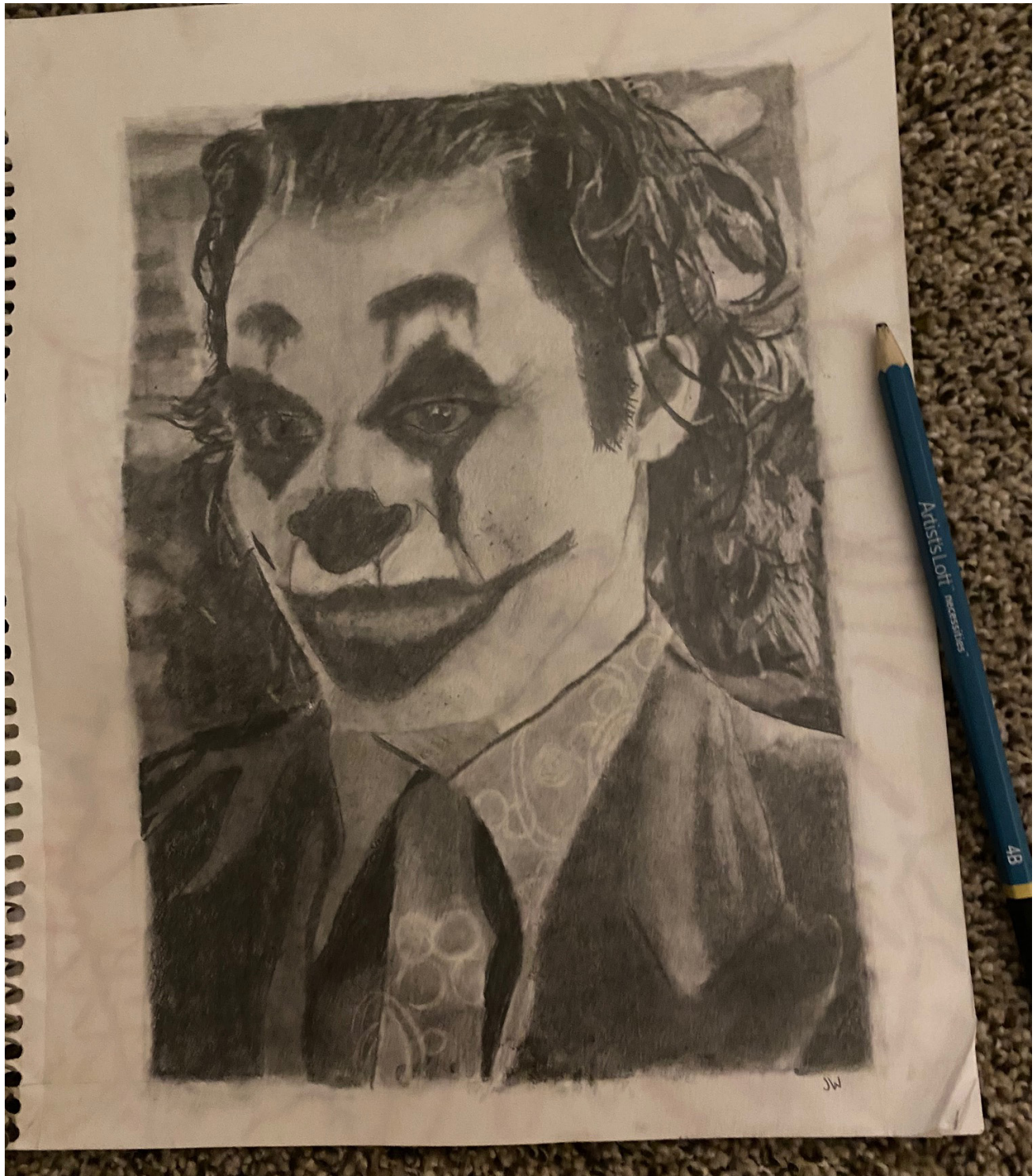
## **It's ethereal!**

It's ethereal!  
The pearl gates open,  
If it were to blind you  
You simply couldn't fathom  
What pure euphoria it is!  
O how I chirp and tweet,  
My heart it beats,  
Like the sun spreads over vast seas  
Enlightening every being  
You.  
O you.  
Angels' eyes gleefully play  
A touch lasts forever  
I wish you would stay  
We pour all we have into each other until we are both heavenly springs  
Blossoms sprout upon every surface we even glance at,  
The simplest kiss creates a bloom,  
Our souls forever intertwined  
We lay  
Soft, unplucked grass,  
The sun searches for her idyllic shore to sprawl every delicate limb across,  
To make sure every grain of sand is embraced,  
Even our warmth livens my freckles  
And births bountiful and enraptured smiles,  
Ones that glance and blush and flutter their wings with romance,  
O what feeling it is to love and be loved!

*Abigail Bencsik*

*Contest for Grades 10–12*

*First Place*



*"Put on a Happy Face"*

Jess Weaver (Grade 10)

Second Place, QuaranTEEN Art Contest



*"Nothing Can Bring Us Down"*

*Jaclyn Duske (Grade 12)*

*Third Place, QuaranTEEN Art Contest*



## **You know one day in life...**

You know one day in life you might not be thinking straight  
And the only things you can think of are things that you hate.  
But just remember whenever you feel down,  
There are people that care about you and would give you a crown.  
If you ever feel like you're lost in the abyss,  
Just put yourself on a pedestal and show your bliss.  
Drowning or crying. Sadness or pain.  
All you have to know is you're not insane.  
Other people have the same feelings; you're not alone.  
Don't whittle your confidence to a small brittle bone.

*Alexis Lamb*  
*Contest for Grades 7-9*  
*Second Place*

## The Color of Sunday

a woman searching for a new surname.  
soon a joyous ring arriving soon her belly ripening  
with kicking life soon  
a jewel born the colour of Sunday.

soon the woman losing herself and and the boy at the brink of ruin  
and and a father who knows his last name is a holy God  
so holy so much silver that he baptizes himself  
at brothels stars shimmering on his lips every night

look here lip stains his wife must never name here  
a gift of silence she must treasure here  
the wages of questioning : glass shards and  
blood whiskey and spittle a breath the smell of death  
all upon her face here she doesn't dare  
here the boy learns a man's sin is holy holier than the colour of Sunday

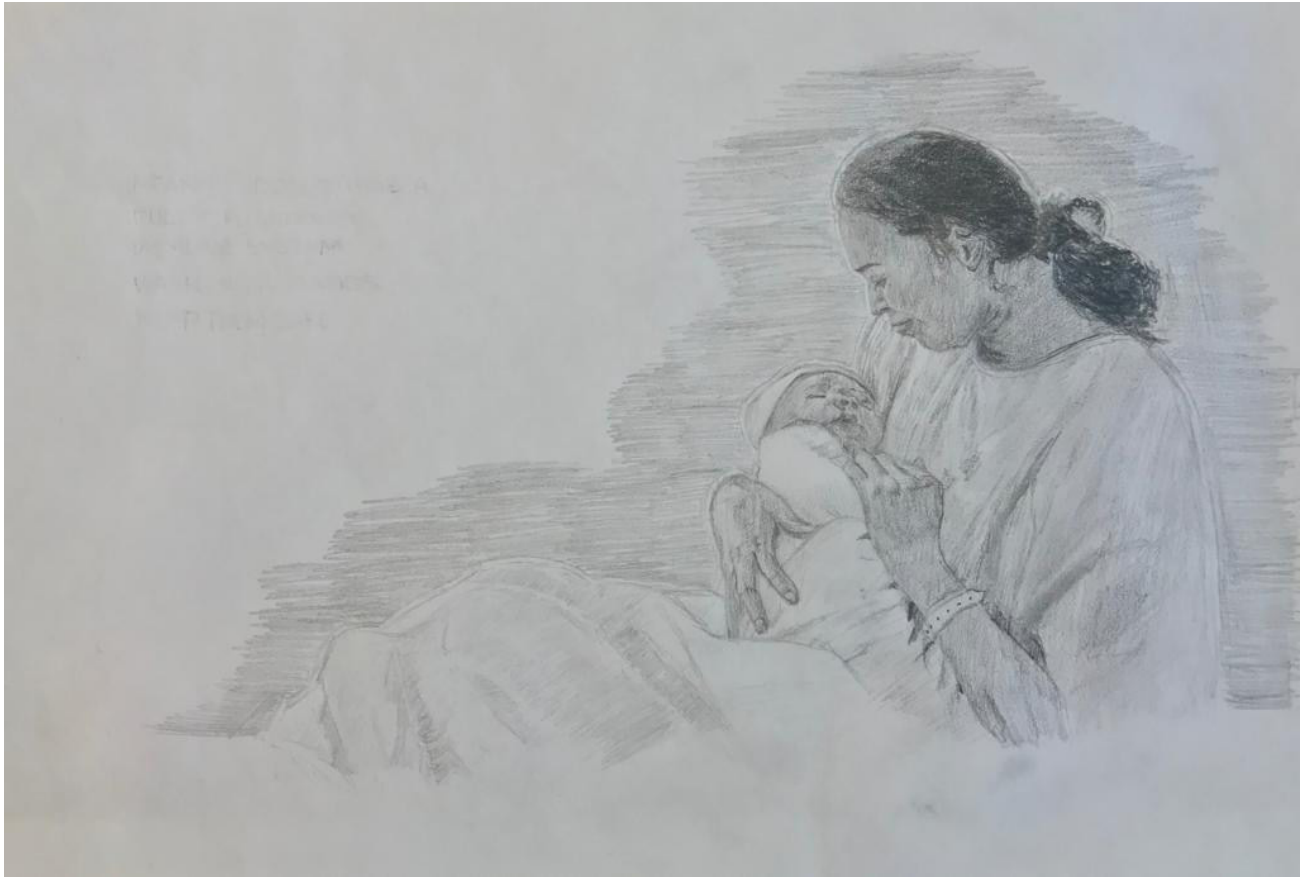
here dying is leaving dying is living what better way  
for the woman to die than to shed off a weighty surname's silver  
to sprinkle death into her man's wine oh bless bless blessed be the God of wine  
the woman reaps the texture of intoxicating joy and and the boy  
after mourning is clothed with truth the weight of  
dawn:

child is permanent marriage is not and and  
mothers must seek permanence and and  
cherish the silver of a begotten last name and and  
doesn't that smell like burning like the kitchen flames  
of their mothers and mothers' mothers who  
endured who stayed and stayed  
who ran and  
ran until the minute the second  
they dropped their breaths old as grief or  
young as a child's laughter and and  
reached heaven's gate.

*Ife Olatona*

*Contest for Grades 10–12*

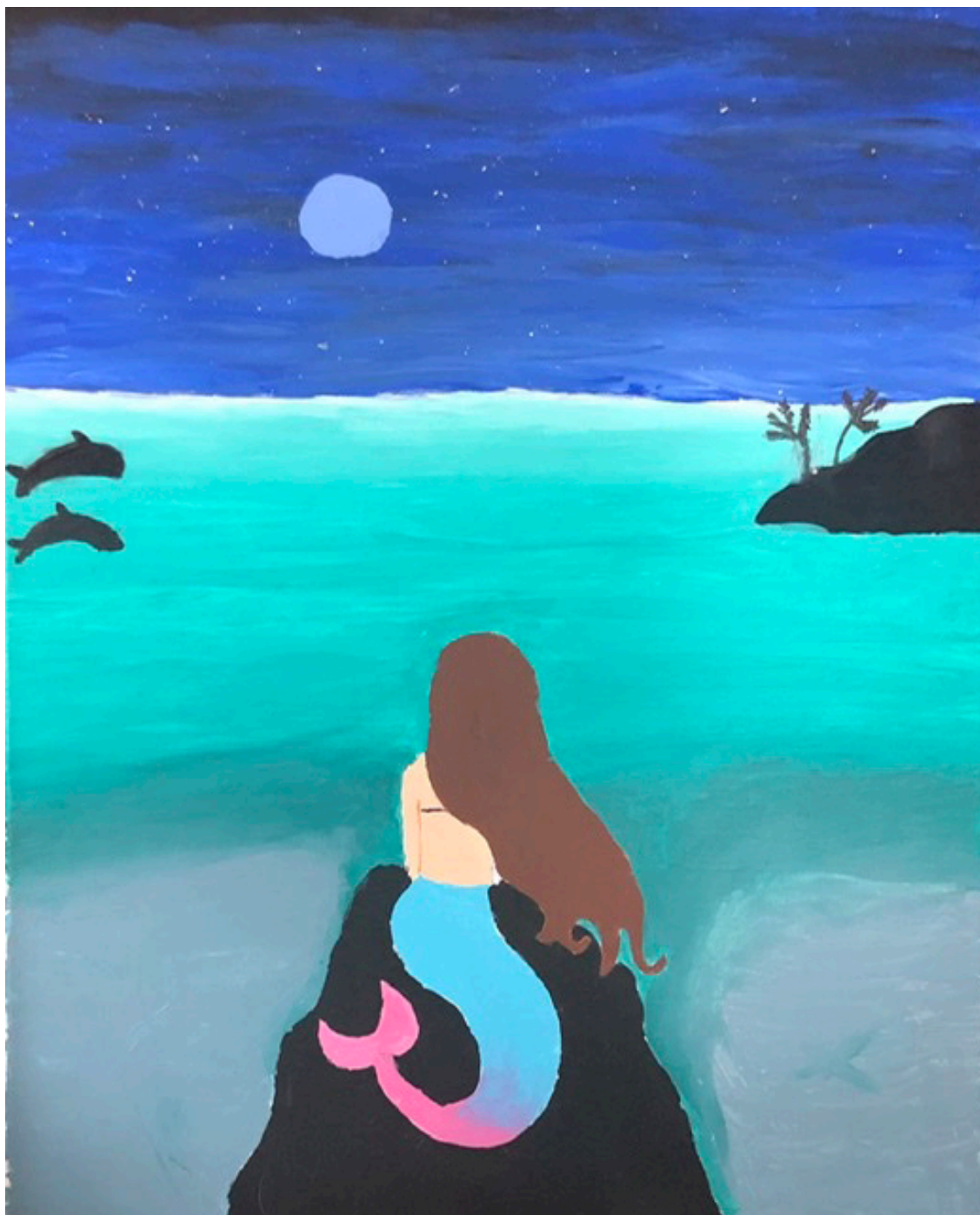
*Second Place*



*“Life”*

*Kadmos Hammoud (Grade 11)*

*QuaranTEEN Art Contest*



*"Deep Sea Thoughts"*  
Siena Adducci (Grade 7)  
QuaranTEEN Art Contest

## Incomplete

Our lives are not finished  
They're barely even started  
So why does it feel like the  
end of the world  
Everyone is gone  
But they're all still here  
Everyone feels sad  
So they're all being nicer  
I'm around people I love  
But I feel so lonely  
I feel like I'm breaking  
And I don't know how to fix it  
They say this will look like  
a speck in our lives  
But that doesn't make it ok  
The year is already over  
And this poem is incomplete

*Gillian O'Donnell*  
*Contest for Grades 10-12*

## An Ode to the Sky

'Tis a long night on summer's eve.  
One.  
Two.  
Three,  
Could be seen.  
It seemed out of the blue.  
Out of the ordinary.  
Aberrant.  
But stay, won't thee,  
To hear of the story that counts,  
One.  
Two.  
Three.  
To start, thou must share a memory with me.  
In the morning thoust woke.  
The sky, young and blue.  
Does thy remember what appeared next thee?  
Yes. 'Twas the sun. So you do remember.  
Now I beg thee to think a little harder, for there was something more.  
'Tis but a faint memory of the night.  
Did thyself see the faint white moon?  
Yes.

One, the memory of the faint white moon in summer's light.

Now join me as we head yonder onto two.  
The night has begun,  
And we look to the sky.  
Twilight it may look, yet don't allow thyself to be distracted.  
Yes, I understand that the creatures of the night glow spectacularly.  
I understand that thou may be persuaded by the heat on a summer's night.  
But please look to the sky and tell me what thou sees?  
Now think hard, this one is difficult.  
No answer?  
Well, let me lend a hand to thee.  
What thou is seeing is that of a beautiful kiss.  
The kiss of the universe as it crosses the sky.  
A comet?  
Ah, now you are catching on.

One, the memory of a faint white moon in summer's light.  
Two, the kiss of a comet in the fading night.

Three is not far over.  
Just a few hours away.  
We must wait for the lights to dim.  
We must wait for silence to creep in.  
Now I plead you to listen,  
Push through your fatigue and listen now, won't thee.  
A whisper you hear?  
Quiet correct.  
But what of.  
Not the trees, or the shuttering grass.  
Nor that of the sleeping sun.  
'Tis that of the stars at night.  
Whispering sweetness to you.  
Although harsh at times,  
With their splintering edges and multitudes of patterns.  
Tonight they whisper only of goodness in the world.

One, the memory of a faint, white moon in summer's light.  
Two, the kiss of a comet in the during the night.  
Three, the whisper of the stars holding thee tight.

I'd like to thank thouest for joining me on our counting of,  
One.  
Two.  
Three.  
May these three follow thee, for if thy is ever finding thyself lost,  
A familiar,  
One.  
Two.  
Three,  
Shall guide thee.

*Chloe Schiffka*  
*Contest for Grades 10-12*



*"Unprecedented Time"*  
Lluvia G. Alcantara (Grade 12)  
QuaranTEEN Art Contest



## **The Healing of a Broken Girl**

The Broken

The Boy sent a text without a thought,  
The message read that “He led Her on”,  
Creating a Girl sprawled across the floor,  
Without a heart to feel any more.  
She searches for answers,  
As if She should have known,  
That the Boy who once loved Her,  
Always had a plan to let Her go.  
The phone calls put to silent,  
Trying to keep emotions inside,  
So many screams coming from,  
The Girl who had just died.

*Karoline Chidester*

*Contest for Grades 10–12*

%%

falling in love is one thing,  
but falling out of love is another.  
though, i've haven't been a victim of it,  
i had been a witness.

to see the compliments turn into insults.  
the affection diminish.  
the caring eyes once given become eyes that don't.  
all the trust just becomes lost.

love is a mysterious thing.  
it's a strength that only some people are capable of taking in all  
at once.  
some might have trouble controlling it,  
while others may just need more time.

i've heard that people get frightened to fall in love.  
they say it's a scary thing to do.  
but have you ever thought that,  
falling out of love was even scarier?

*Mya Javate*

*Contest for Grades 10-12*

*Thank you to our participants:*

*Siena Adducci*

*Lluvia G. Alcantara*

*Abigail Bencsik*

*Karoline Chidester*

*Jaclyn Drake*

*Colin Gerlock*

*Kadmos Hammoud*

*Mya Javate*

*Alexis Lamb*

*Gillian O'Donnell*

*Ife Olatona*

*Chloe Schliffka*

*Jess Weaver*



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