

The Most Incredible & Biggest Poem on Unity in the World

A California Poet Laureate Project

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California Poet Laureate

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Selections in Blue

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I.

For the Newtown Jewels

Your music

Rain of tears

Drizzle of darkness

Splash of sunshine

I like it when you hang around

Turn the moon around

A true treat

You are my love of sight

Take a way out

Peace is on the way

Chocolate drizzles

Flowers with raindrops

Mist covered cotton

Jingle bells

All is calm

Glass clinks on the ground

Glittering stars

The moonlight shines from above

The grass opens like doors

kiana lin del rosario, 8 yrs old, 8dec12,8pm, San José, California

II. We are Walking for You:

Letters to the People of Boston (after the bombs)

We're Walking for You: A Letter to the People of Boston By Alicia Nyblade

Fresh cold air on my face,
tree branches and cloudy skies over my head,
I walk with my classmates.
We're walking for you.
You, who were so happy to run
and then so afraid as the ground burst up from under you.
You, who raced without a thought
and then could only think of your legs
as they were held in the surgeon's hands,
sawed off with his knife to let you live.
We're walking for you this cold day.
Thinking it could have been us.
Wondering how we would respond.
Thankful we're here and unhurt
with our families and friends.
Praying like Jean Valjean
for those who aren't so lucky.
Bring them home.
We're walking for you.

Letter

By Freddy Lopez

Letter to People in Boston,

My walk for you today made me think, it made me imagine, it made me pause and feel, reflect; you and I met soul to soul today. For a second my soul searched inside the negative space of the explosion to figure out who would have the heart or void of heart to do this to ya'll. All I saw was void. Void? Void!

I hope things get better for ya'll. The united energy and tangible thoughts of my peers and I ask you all to let us dance with you, at least to this song of despair to give you balance, composure, relaxation and love. When they kill people for doing what they live for is a cardinal sin in a cursed blessing.

Sincerely,
Freddy Lopez

Abandoned Everest
By Khalif Gillet

The voice of a crowd
A wind that's so loud
A feeling of unity, peace, and serenity
In these hard times we join
Feeling the warmth drifting away from your body
Feeling the atmosphere grow grim
Feeling that it is about to begin
Feeling that it is coming to an end
But a feeling
So abstract, yet so raw
So idealistic, but so well drawn
And real
Something powerful that you can more than feel:
An abandoned reality
That will take a lot of our time to restore

A Run for Your Life
By Kathryn Holzer

You were at the prime of your life
Athleticism
Running free
Numb toes
Now hospitalized
Victimized

Letter to the People of Boston
Garrett Marak

No more hurting people

Peace

Words written on the poster
he held in his hands
Martin Richard was only six
when his life was stolen
stolen too soon

he could have been
an astronaut
teacher
writer
or the next president

No more hurting people

Peace

Words that some
just don't understand
Martin Richard knew them well
when his life was stolen
stolen too soon

he was someone's
son
brother
student
and best friend

No more hurting people

Peace

Martin Richard
no longer here
lets take his words
lets make the peace

**A Letter to the People of Boston
By Micaiah Johnson**

You were safe, not afraid
A marathon of joy, not fear
Until one white cloud
Changed everything
For a moment
Changed nothing
In the end
Because you're still safe, unafraid
You are still more joy than fear
The white clouds,
Already dissipating
Can't change that
In the end

**For Boston
By Lucy Yenydunyeyan**

Running so fast
Past the debris
With friends and family
There to cheer you-
Such brave souls
We hope that you heal
Finish lines and heartache
Who would have thought the two would be put together?
You are in our thoughts-
You are strong
You are brave
Let time heal you,
Your wounds and your heartache.

Letter to the People of Boston
By Michael Torres

April 16, 2014

We create the breeze, breaking sweat. I remember the run, the sign and people cheering, open hands and smiles; the paper cups and orange peels on the ground; miles and miles of support. Support for all the muscles in one body that ache, and everybody coming down the last stretch before the finish. Everything wants to tighten around you. Everything wants you to stop except you, for fear of what will happen if you do.

I remember my run, in Los Angeles, as I watched yours on TV. It is true: we create the breeze. And when everything comes down on us, like our weight under cramped legs, we get through it. We come back, together, carrying on across the finish, by the pounding of our own resilience.

Michael Torres

A Poem to the People of Boston
By Mallory Phipps

I know you are hurting
because you were conquered by the ground
when the air got shattered
by an explosion;
boom, boom;
the streets were covered
with screams of trepidation,
debris clouding clean air,
and tears filtering out
of eyes that couldn't bear to look
at the sight of death.

Who deserves to have the tables
turn counter-clockwise on hearts
that were so giving?

I'm sorry for the experience that will leave
its imprint on a historic city;
A moment wrecked by stupidity and unnecessary
violence in our nation.
Seek to find comfort in the Lord's hands
resting upon the shoulders
of each individual.
we all feel pain in this world;
but turn to prayer to guide us
back from the shadows with no light.

Sincerely,
Mallory Phipps

Letter to the People of Boston
By Tim Aguilar

People of Boston,

The chill in the air, the hard street beneath the feet of runners, young and old, black and white, men and women, in a city where freedom screamed for equality and peace; to be safe from harm. The blast shall not dampen our spirit, your spirit, my neighbor to the east. We shall shed tears and mourn our lost and say a prayer and we shall stand together as one in the storm of violence and terror. And as the chaos subsides and the streets clear it will not end there, never, because it strikes at the core of our existence, our freedom...as people, as neighbors, brothers, sisters, mothers and fathers. We shall remember this day, April 15, 2013, when hate violated our peace, but did not vanquish our spirit, our resolve to stand together, for we are a country of people that unite under fire, under threat and respond with conviction. We will not live in fear, but in a world that allows every child, woman and man a sense of serenity, vigilant and with purpose, freedom.

My prayers are with you,
Tim R. Aguilar
UCR Student

Letter to Boston
By Ashley Hong

Crack of the wind
Released a fury of
Pain, loss, and confusion

Narrow peripheral scope, finish line
Pacing along, when,
Suddenly
 Quicker than a passionate kiss
Than a blink of an eye
A breath inhaled
 Exhaled for eternity
Trembling question, why?
Shakes our institutional foundation
We will lay to bed
 This day
Remember,
 To lead us to the finish line
Victor to the race of
 LIFE we run.

Letter to Boston
Joshua Norton

Dear People of Boston,

You are not alone
At times like this when reality seems so hostile
And the world is so full of scary people with scary weapons
It is so easy to isolate ourselves
To hide from our pain and fear
But we are here for you
The entire United States of America is there for you
And we will get through this sorrow together
There is always a brighter tomorrow
We love you
Stay strong brothers and sisters
We will get through this together

A Letter
By Kent Schoer

Dear Boston,

I apologize for the atrocity that has recently occurred during your annual marathon. I apologize even though I'm aware that it's not even my fault, but that I am part of the whole of humanity which has

decided to enact such unjustifiable vengeance on these runners. I pray that they find the monster who's responsible and deliver righteous and swift justice, and that the participants and families affected are consoled and given proper care. Please, host the marathon next year: don't let this race's tragedy effect future opportunities for those who want to pursue the big 24.1 in Boston and beyond. Best regards, Kent.

**Before I begin my poem—
By Otto Meyer-Molina**

Before I begin my poem
I would like to apologize.
I am by no means a poet
But I am a writer.
I may not possess the ability
To do you justice
But I do possess the ability
To give you,
My condolences.
I am a hermit
Who does not know much
About what happened.
Sometimes that is a good thing.
It means that I can speak to you
As people
Not victims.

When I lose someone
I never speak about it.
I do not like accepting that
I will never see that person again.

I do not suggest doing
The actions that I would take.
What should be done right now
Is to calm down.
Think clearly.

When I went to my first funeral
I did not shed a tear.

I hated myself for that.
I approached my mom and said
“I don’t know what to do.
I loved this person but I can’t cry.”
I was expecting her to tell me off,
I was a high school boy that was not able to show love.

“That’s good,”
She told me.
“I don’t think she would be happy
If she saw us cry.”
I couldn’t understand why she would tell me that
But then I thought about what I would want
When I passed away.
I agree with her,
I do not my loved ones to cry.

So I say that you should not cry,
they would not want that.
I am not a religious person
But for them I am willing to believe
In a Heaven.

If you argue that my experience
Isn’t as bad as yours,
I’d agree. But that is
Not the point.

What I am saying is:

That is my story,
Tell me yours.

A Letter to the People of Boston **By Lasasha Phillips**

Peer

Mushy grass

Cool Air

Tree

Relaxed

Freedom
 Unity
Walked
 Footsteps
 Quiet
 Motions
Emotions
 Bless you
 I'm sorry
You were:
 happy
 dedicated
 determined
You are:
 loved
 missed
 remembered
 never to be forgotten

In the world's eyes

 All of you

 are first place

 in our hearts.

From where you saw the white line
 on the ground
 it meant finish
from the other side
 before you started
 it meant beginning
your time with us
 won't be forgotten
 or regretted
we'll love you all the same
 those of you lost
 those of you who lost a part of you
we're all here
 we're all still here for you

I may be far away from you
But I am still there
Your life still has an impact on me.

Of Those of You
By Samantha Talbot

Dear Boston,
Of those who have fallen,
Of those who watched them fall,
Of those who lost the fallen.
My deepest concerns.
My prayers ring of you tonight
My heart heavy with sorrow
May those who caused your pain be caught
May God punish those Himself
Of those of you who will read this
Know we stand with you
Even to the coast of the West
We will be dreaming of you tonight
I regret having to send this letter
That there was a need to say such words
But bad things happen.
Beyond our control
The only thing that gets us through
Are those around
Support, the promise of the future
And love.
So I'm sending love
From California, not merely myself.
Love to those who have fallen,
Love to those who watched them fall,
Love to those who have fallen.

-Samantha Talbot

A Letter to the People of Boston
By Danielle Onasch

4/17/13

A letter to the fallen,
The hurt and the confused.
A letter to the souls
Who were taken, killed, and used.

Blood lines the street
And debris fills the air.
Sky and Concrete meet.
Somewhere in the middle is despair.

Sadness fills the sidelines.
Sympathy engulfs the crowd.
Embrace the ones around you,
For love is the most important sound.

Letter to the People of Boston
By Micah Tasaka

Dear Boston,
today I went walking
and the coolness of
the April morning,
the fog that covered the sun
the dewdrops still
resting quietly
before being called back
to the sky
caused momentary amnesia,
helped me reach towards
the beauty in the world
only to remind me that you
are living under darker skies,
that you aren't so fortunate
to take the luxury of walking
for granted
and after hearing the news
of explosions in your
once peaceful city,

I'm on the other side of the country
so far away from the chaos
you're living in but still
my heart goes out to you.

-- Micah

Letter to Boston
By Michael O'Leary

Dear People of Boston,

I want to hold another marathon. This will be a different marathon, a marathon of hugging. I will be the finish line. I promise I won't say a word; language doesn't really mean anything anyways. It's us embracing quietly on an April morning as the noise of the world goes on as usual that is true.

Humbly,
Michael O'Leary

A Letter to the People of Boston
By Melanie Spicer

To the People of Boston,

We walk on the streets of our country, our proud country, and never expect to be hurt. Here, we are supposed to be free and living without fear. You were running for Patriots Day. A day dedicated to the citizens who believe and exemplify that. You were those Patriots.

Other countries may call us naive for feeling so protected and safe here, but I call us all brave. I'm sorry that you will probably never feel that way again. Never run with such a passion as you did that day. I'm sure you trained for weeks only for your shining moment to be ruined. That there was a person bent on hurting you and this country. I'm sorry for the three lives we lost and the many who were injured. I'm sorry there's such evil in this world that they would hurt you.

We don't know the facts like who or why, but I believe justice will come. She's a stubborn woman and doesn't take things like this lightly. Until then, I hope you heal quickly, physically and mentally.

Signed,
Melanie Spicer

To the City of Boston
By Karla S. Lara

See how the our feet
Glides over pavement,
Crossing places we were
Never meant to travel.
See how my lungs fill with
Cold air, burning without care.
See how the afternoon view
Of brightly covered spandex
Shirts, shorts, and shoes
Fade into nothing.
For a moment, we are
United, brought together
By an ache of kindness.
Bang!
Bodies and legs, and
Chaos, and blood.
And blood, see how the
Colors disappear in red?
Watch as a race becomes
Survival, as a test for humanity,
And the cameras watch for all
The wrong reasons.
But even then, we are reminded
Of our heroes: people
Who create when others
Are set on destruction.
People who love
Immensely, and whose
Lives depend on being
Brave.

Letter to the People of Boston

By Alwail Ring

Dear Boston,
You seem so far away from California on the map
But we have roads and highways that draw us together like a bridge
We have family members connected through telephone wires
Who come to visit for thanksgiving and Christmas
We have friends that were there for us when we needed a helping hand in Boston
We have footsteps of a nation born young that links us together with the red, white, and blue

Boston, California stands in solidarity with you,
As citizens for justice, friends that care, family members that love,
and broken hearts that want to help heal yours after this tragedy
Boston, we're here for you we're a shoulder to cry on and a hand to hold during this time and for all
times love, understanding, and healing is all I wish you

With heart,
Alwail Ring

Letter to the People of Boston

By Tammy Li

Dear Boston,
I am saddened to hear of such tragic news. I don't really know what to say because I have never
experienced something that tragic before. The nation is shocked, and I admit that although I am
shocked as well, I am too far to think about the possibility of something like that happening to me.
Boston, you are a reminder that tragedy can occur anywhere even in the first world in a safe
neighborhood, and to good people. I will keep you in my prayers.

Wishes for a better tomorrow,
Tammy

Boston Poem

By Kyle Hale

So a bomb went off.
But you know that.
I'm sorry. But that never does it -- does it?
Eyes of the nation fall on you.
But the weight of loss burdens greater.
Words of inspiration tend to fall short when inspiration cannot be seen.
Only the emptiness of chairs not occupied and voices not heard remain.
But what can be said. What can be said when nothing seems right.
When loss strikes the root. When one moment there's life.
One more, there's not.
You don't know me. Most likely never will.
But I know of loss. I know there's not much comfort to be had right now.
I also know that these things -- don't let them consume you.
Do not envelope yourself in hate, thick as night.
Do not allow the black spiral to take you into the abyss.
Cherish those who remain. Be comforted. Comfort others.

Be there for someone else. Be life.
These things I've written, I say them with sincerity.
Though I'm not there, though this event is not close to me,
I'm drawing from my own well of having made mistakes after loss.
The consuming spiral of the abyss will take you if you let it. Will change you.
If you feed hate. For yourself. For others.
Don't let it. Whatever it takes.
Stay up.

-Kyle

Letter to Boston
By Julienne Parks

Dear Boston

The air was cold and heavy the morning that we took a walk for Boston.
We dedicated the steps we took to hurt lives, and those that lost them.
I worried about my friend who went to the university nearby.
I waited anxiously until he notified us he was alright.
There were jokes made, but I paid no heed.
Entertaining idiots; I felt no need.
My heart goes out to those in pain.
I'm sorry this happened on a charity day.
I don't know what else to express.
I'm sorry, dear Boston. Get some rest.

To Boston
By Monica Arellano

In this place you all fought
celebrated physical and mental victories
the victories of others
until the black dust was brought down
a heavy thing that casted darkness in your city
the destruction of many now
lives taken, broken quickly

Tragedies change us, change the hearts
some turn as black as the dust

they break us all apart.
We must not let our insides rot,
the fallen lives will be with us
saying, the world is still good.
At first reluctance will keep us away
their soul's history keeping us at bay

Letter to Boston
By Erin Simpson

This morning
When walking through
Dew-glazed grass,
I felt my toes
My cold toes.
I felt the wind chill
Down
Down my spine
As thoughts of family drifted
In
And
Out
Of my consciousness like
Waves on a shoreline.
I was speechless.
My nerves, my feelings
Remembered coldness
But not devastation
Until now.

Letter to Boston
By Rita Gituku

Dear Boston,

The shock and tragedy that you have experienced,
we can only imagine.
We empathize and honor you during this moment of horror.
And we walk in support and recognition of the calamity that has befallen you
We are with you in spirit realizing that this
could just as well have happened to any of us.

And we weep for you.
May you have the strength to come through,
May your wounds and tragic loss heal.

With heartfelt condolences

To the People of Boston
By Erick Monrrigo

Sadness overtakes the memories of those
lost.

Taken by the cold morning
of Boston air.

Sweat and tears mix,
a smoky rage.

Anger fills the finish line, the stage
where loved ones would perform.

Stand United people of Boston,
Stand.

The unknown serenity,
the protection and the desire to save,
those you love.

Loss will come and go,
leave upset.

But never forget and sprint to
finish.

But for the most part do not feel hatred,
feel the consciousness of loss, let it fuel you
with sympathy.

For we are only human.

A Letter to the People In Boston
By Yijia Liu

Freedom

Freedom that good things may occur

Freedom that bad moments may sink into our lives

Into the corners of our homes, into our time, into our lifestyles or lives
Surely it's so tragic and many tears have been shed
Surely it's not fearful and many barriers are brought up
Let's break down those barriers together.

Together.

The bad of mankind can bring out what is good; the unity of mankind, what is kind, what is
compassionate. A hand from an unknown person, the comfort of a child's touch, and appreciation
for what we have.

Most certainly not justifying what had occurred,

But instead an trying to ease some pain within

Healing, comfort peace and remembrance

Moments like these tear us physically apart

Moments like these join us mentally together.

These moments join minds, hands and hearts.

I can never say that I know what you're going through

Because I know not of your life's passing images and happenings

But in more ways then different, we are all alike

We are impacted by the circumstances in life.

We are separated by distance and times

But in more ways so, we are in the same place and time

United in deep, true, true love.

Our hearts says thousands of prayers for you tonight and into the future

Letter to Boston

By Joaquin Magos

Dear Boston,

Cold consuming face

Sweater saving arms

Puma pants guarding legs

Yesterday you tripped

Chaos rattled runner's paths

Quaking streets meant for triumph

Fogging finish lines

And I walked for you this morning

Walked with Kya, walked with Garrett

because some of you can't, some won't again

Our worries weren't yours
but our steps were.

To the People of Boston
By Brandon Liu

The start of a race.
Trainers hitting skidded asphalt.
Safety and fear at mind.
Narrowly hitting one another as we rush through the course, as if we are in panic?
Are we in panic?
Should we be in panic?
Do we know of panic?
The hopes of finishing at the line, shattered by fear.
I look to the side lines for my dear.
Fear of the unknown waiting on the other side.
Maybe I might collapse at the line.
But these mighty limbs I once relied on, no more.
Let down. Given in. Pain. Trauma. Scars.
Physical and mental.
Life is forever changed.

Brandon Liu
16 April 2013

Letter to Boston
By Cindy Olivas

□ Dear People of Boston,

I'm sorry that the world is cruel and your lives paid the price. You were all victims. Explosions. Dust. Screams. You never saw it coming. The Earth cries. It bleeds with you. You won't feel much pain or suffering anymore. You are returned to mother Earth. As the birds chirp and the wind brushes by, you are there. You are everywhere. People shed tears for you, you are missed and remembered. Don't feel bad, we will all meet again.

Sincerely,
Cindy □

Letter to Boston
By Alisha Mandry

Dear Boston,

We walked for you today. The whole class. The sky was cold and gray for you. The wind made everything colder. The grass was not as green or fragrant and the birds were somewhere else in mourning.

It's so easy to say that you're all so far away from us, that it might be hard for us to connect with you, but what's a phone connection or a few hour flight? Less than a day away, or a letter. It was easy to pray for you today, and think of you, and wish for you, and hope. We are fighting to be with you.

The quiet and the concentrating of our faces channeling so much for you. The pictures were awful, the videos were worse. All I kept thinking was, what could I ever do to help you? We've got to reach you. You've got to know how much so many care for you. But it's not the same, it's not the same, I know, if our hands are not resting on your shoulders and our arms are not locked about you in embrace. If you could only see the same tears in our eyes as are in yours, if we could only meet face to face- I want this to be real to you. It should never have happened. But please take a chance to stand again. Don't lose hope. We must help each other stand again. I must see you stand again. You can do it. You can do it. Take the time you need first and don't feel pressured. Let us all help you. Let me help you. We love you. I love you. We believe in you. I believe in you.

Please stay strong. We'll help you through. We'll all help you, but you will make it through.

-Alisha Mandry

Letter to the People of Boston
By Aldin Enriquez

Thank you for dedicating your time to help support the people who were affected by the elementary school shootings. Your love and sacrifice will not go unnoticed. I am sorry for your own losses, though. When I heard the news, I was in complete shock. I was honestly scared. Even though I don't personally know anyone in Boston, I feel we are connected in some way and hope for a recovery of sorts. I can't imagine the sadness right now. It is heartbreaking to hear such an outcome

from an event that was meant to inspire and show love for our fellow human. I wish this did not happen, and I hope everyone keeps their heads up. This is a time to unite, and there are many shoulders you could lean on.

Sincerely, Aldin Enriquez

III.

I am the Patience of the Ocean:

Poems for the Philippines After Typhoon Haiyan

Typhoon Haiyan Elegy

By Surazeus Simon Seamount

Who can read names and stories of their lives
carved in red mud by howling typhoon winds,
ten thousand people with eyes sparkling dreams
who fly away without wings in mute night.

Joyful Dolphin

I am the dolphin of joy.
I learned to rule the waves
from the crescent moon.
I taught the rain to fall
as smooth as skin.
I am the patience of the ocean.

Masaya na Lumba-Lumba

Ako ay isang lumba-lumba ng kasiyahan

Natutunan kong pamunuan ang
Mula sa paglaki ng bunan..
Tinuran ko ang ulan na bumagsak
Katulag ng balat na makinis.
Ako ang pasensya ng karagatan.

by Jenna Sta. Maria, Grade 5

Fifth Grade, Buri Buri, South San Francisco
Tagalog translation by Nessie Sta. Maria

lifting my window
greeting the dawn my body
feels a chunk missing

10,000 cells each with a face

speaking to those fortunate
to have known & loved them

echoing in whispers
inbetween these words
& the open morning

look ! between hibiscus
looking right at you
a hummingbird pausing

lifting my window
greeting the dawn my body
feels a chunk missing

10,000 cells each with a face
speaking to those fortunate
to have known & loved them

echoing in whispers
inbetween these words
& the open morning

look ! between hibiscus
looking right at you
a hummingbird pausing

my wish for you

is to find your home
to find your love place
to find your treasure

i want to give you
my passion
my toys
for you to play with

i want to wrap you
in my soft blanket

so you can sleep
peacefully

i wish i can save you
with shells and pearls
warmth from far away

look at my face
i look for yours
i am your sister

~ kiana lin aiko del rosario (8yrs)

Melissa Rae Sipin-Gabon
we can smell the dead

"for the home that is and is not mine"

take silence like the clamped fists
that washed upon the shore: a million
fists sweating in the sun, abashed in waste

we can smell the dead crying, Lord
we can smell the dead scurrying for food
we can smell the dead lying, Lord

fists can only fight for so much
that resilience, isn't it the wind calling?
take our hope, Lord, we will eat it

eat till our guts and loins are full
kumain tayo, kainin natin ito
tayo tayo tayo

we can smell the dead living, Lord
we can smell the dead alive
we can smell the dead eating, Lord

stand before our broken houses
raise your fists as the sun howls
wash our feet, abashed, wash the sounds

and hear us, now, as we pray.

After the storm

Floating in a pool of muddy water is a cup
filled with rain. Stars and birds fly into it, clouds
spill over the rim, sun flashes in its waves.
A hand reaches down and shakes the cup free,
mud dripping, earth pooling. The cup joins other cups
on a plank of wood. The woman washes each one,
drying them slowly on the hem of her dress.
She sprinkles tea leaves in each one
and then pours boiling water into the four cups.
Her husband and son sit down beside her, each taking a cup.
One cup is left.
Her daughter would've loved the green tea,

the color bright as palm leaves or the river as it pours into the sea.

The authorities say she is lost

but the family knows she's there,

their breath mingling with hers in the fragrant steam.

By Anita Endrezze

Chance: Six More From a Tarot

Posted on November 9, 2013 by Luisa A Igloria

This entry is part 12 of 12 in the series Tarot Poems

67

Fishing boats

and trawlers,

broken masts

and mains—

68

What's more

inexhaustible

than what can't

be controlled?

69

Salt crusts, split beams

and backyard shrines:

ledger of the lost

along the seawall.

70

Every stone
will bear a name,
a list that will
go on and on—

71

Trestle and bridge,
fountain from which
the water has fled:
yet we are all drenched.

72

Someday you'll go on hands
and knees, peer through
the stained glass of
the miniature church.

—Luisa A. Igloria

11 09 2013

In response to an entry from the Morning Porch.

"Manalangin tayo na maka-iwas sa kasalanan, sakit at kalamidad"

February 8, 2012, lyrics/melody by lolo bomboy

letra:

paano na nga ba ang bukas para sa ating
mga kapwa tao,
na nawalan ng mga mahal sa buhay
dahil sa lindol, baha, at bagyo,
mga taong nawalan din ng mga tirahan
at walang masilungan,
at di malaman ngayon kung saan ang kanilang
mga pupuntahan...

ano kaya ang puede nating gawin para
tayo ay makatulong,
na sa kanilang paghihirap sila ay unti-unting
makabangon,
sana ipagdasal natin sila, araw araw sa
sa ating Panginoon....
mga buhay nila ay mapabuti uli sa lalong
madaling panahon...

ipanalangin natin sana sa mga oras na ito,
maibsan sana ang dalamhati ng mga
taong sinalanta ng lindol ng baha at bagyo,
mabigyan sana sila ng sapat na tulong para
bumuti ang kanilang mga kalagayan,
sana tayo'y laging tumawag sa Poong
Maykapal, tayong lahat ay iligtas Niya sa
lahat ng mga kapahamakan...

sana dumating ang panahon na wala ng
mga lindol, baha o bagyo,
sana sa lahat ng oras maganda ang sikat
ng araw, buwan, at bituin para sa mga tao,
sana ang buhay nating lahat ay malayo sa
sakit, gutom, at kalamidad,
sa bukid man, sa parang, sa mga bayan,
o saan mang mga siyudad...

hari nawa'y pakinggan ng Diyos nating
mahabagin sa itaas,
ating dasal na tayo sa kasalanan, sakit
at sakuna ay maka-iwas,
sana maging masaya tayong lahat sa mga
darating pang mga bukas,
at buhay ng tao sa mundong ito ay
maging matiwasay hanggang sa wakas...

-

Georgia, February 8, 2012

Angela Narciso Torres

AFTER HAIYAN

~for Juanita

~"As many as 10,000 people may have died when one of the most powerful typhoons ever recorded destroyed entire villages and devastated cities with huge waves and winds of nearly 150 mph."

~Tacloban City, Philippines.

How to imagine 10,000 lives—10,000

lights snuffed out in one gust. How to begin

picturing 10,000 bodies, draped over

jackfruit branches, gliding down-

stream or washed up on sidewalks. Each

someone's mother, husband, or child. It's hard

to even fathom 10,000 days, roughly twenty-

seven years, almost a decade over

Juanita's age when she left Tacloban

to cook meals for our family so she could

feed hers, and so my mother could work.
Afternoons, she'd let me sip from her glass,

a clear Nescafé jar steaming with black
barako, sweetened with milk and
a heaping spoon of sugar. At night,

when sleep would not come, I slipped
beside her on the wood floor, her woven
blanket barely wide enough to cover

both of us, her banig of seagrass
a tiny raft that shoved us surely
into the dark river of dreams.

Elsa Valmadiano

We are alive
As the earth is alive
We have the power to create our own freedom
If we have courage, we can be healed
Like the sun we shall rise
If we have courage, we can be healers
Like the sun we shall rise

Kita mga buhi
Sugad han kalibutan nga buhi gihap
May-ada kita gahom para magka may-ada kita kalibrehan
Kun may-ada kita kailob, mabubulong kita

Pareho ha adlaw matindog kita
Kun may-ada kita kailob, pwede kita an magbulong
Pareho ha adlaw matindog kita

That song
Our song
Can you hear me singing it with you?

I'm wondering again
Where you are

Again
déjà vu
of familiar faces
girls' faces
babies' faces
the once warmgloomycrowded Tacloban streets
a city bustling even during brownouts
that I used to think with a smile
"Nothing can stop this town from breathing."

During my first Tacloban storm years ago
on a rainy December afternoon
I stepped out onto my balcony
and watched the rain fall in sheets
flooding Bliss' sidewalks

creating narrow wading pools.

“It’s so scary,” I told Ate Joy
and she laughed out loud at my American softness,
“You think this is something?
You need to be here during a typhoon.”

I think of her laugh now

hear her in my head

as there continues to be
no word
just frozen Facebook timelines
no answer to:
are you okay?
are your babies okay?
are your Tatangs, Nanangs, Lolos, Lolas okay?

Technology lightnings across the Pacific
instantly delivering images of destruction
but technology (dammit!)
is never advanced enough
to stop Yolanda and her wrath
to deliver my hands to you
to hold you
warm you
clothe you
tell you, “It is going to be okay”
I can only pray,

wire donations,
hoping it'll somehow reach you,
while I wait for you, my lovely girls,
AsyhlAnitaLiliaCarenSenyangRhen-RhenAngelesMei-
AnnManilynAppleLyzielRitcheldaJoAnLuzFlorGemma
to type something
anything
when I'm sure Facebook is the least of
your worries
and yet I remain glued to a screen
writing on your wall:
"I hope you are okay, sweetie,
and that your family and friends are safe.
Let me know.
Missing you,
praying for you,
thinking of you.
xoxoxoxo"

Please know that I am here
that WE are here
waiting for you
waiting
waiting
waiting

Super Typhoon Haiyan (Yolanda) Aftermath

Crushing Winds as it ripping through the Philippine Islands, chaos everywhere

peace and order shattered,Lives are lost yet people though survive
amidst we can no longer how people affected see dawn with hope and fervor
for tomorrow to come with truly a sunshine experience.

Gripping reality how tremendous and wide is landscape where people shared forsaken tales;
the erring feeling to do in little things in offering what is their worth shared tales;
fame, unpopular, rich and poor shared what is meager meal in order to survive
politicians and other opportunists should never thrive;

Reality is how we can help lest not blame;
Collective effort lest self centered popularity;
Shared effort surely alleviate the plight to welcome new dawn be claimed;

New Tomorrow did move forward as we shared in misery ,
uplifting spirit to shoulder as nation of strong spirit living a community spirit
indeed trials and tribulation overcome in sharing one spirit of communion and unity.

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David Saucedo

This Life impermanent

as dew drops
on the fig leaf
fade away
upon the rising
of the Sun

Life also like a
bubble
on a rushing stream
is fleeing
determined to arrive
take solace and abide
in the Refuge
let your
suffering cease
like the
Goose
landing on still
water
between two sella
Trees!

Meena Rose
For all the love washed out
By nature's fury, take my love;
A filament, a strand, a pilot light.

My hands are yours;
To hold or to work
Or simply to hug.

"Hawak-kamay"
(Danilo c. Diaz)

I

Sa kaliwa at sa kanan
sa likod at sa harapan
Mga luhang nakatanaw, saan kaya'ng pupuntahan?
Mayr'ong dugong natitigang, siguro'y di matandaan
Kung paanong naiwasan,
ang daluyong na nagdaan.

II

Unos ay di matatapos
nababalot pa ng takot,
Sino kayang magkukumot sa nalagot at hilahod;
Mga limos na aagos
hindi't h'wag sanang maubos,
Hanggang merong naanod sagipin ang nalulunod.

III

....

Melissa Rae Sipin-Gabon

'With few if any cars and no gas available in Tacloban, Larsen walked about 10 miles to the city's airport. He describe the roads along the way as "death row.'" – LA Times

for tacloban

we walked ten miles to the airport after the winds fell and the storms bent metal gates and 10,000 went missing. we walked ten miles and waited eight long hours in a crowded room spilling with bodies. we walked ten miles and the roads were paved with bodies. we walked ten miles and the churches were filled with bodies. we walked ten miles and we prayed for two days in a basement when yolanda swelled and screamed, and in her loudness, 10,000 bodies went missing, 10,000 bodies we saw lying in the dirt and the debris, 10,000 bodies in a broken chapel, 10,000 bodies for empty coffins, 10,000 bodies under the bamboo and wood and brick and bent metal, and did you know? we walked the island of death and the trees uprooted themselves and the sun came to brazen the wetness and it was ten miles to the airport and eight long hours awaiting a military plane crowded with supplies and food and blankets and pills and bandages and flashlights and cans of packaged meats and bags of rice and all the objects we needed but we call to you to say this, to ask you this, we must ask you this: what can erase the image of bodies lining the streets, the trees and buildings

and lampposts and wooden beams hiding their limbs, separating their hands and feet and heads, the empty coffins awaiting their sleep, tell us how to forget the 10,000 bodies that crowd our minds? we walk the island of death and we walk the roads paved with the smell of flesh and we walk and walk and walk and we remember without stopping, without feeling the pain surging our feet, our lungs, the head, the heart. we walk, one leg lifting after the other, we walk, one arm swaying then the other, we walk, one breath inhaling after another, we walk, one mile after the first. we walk with 10,000 bodies. we walk more than ten miles. we walk longer than eight hours. we walk till the metal gates unbend. till the trees reroot. till the coffins are filled. till the houses are rebuilt. till the roads are paved with our sweat. our will walks us through the island of death, and with our hands, we await the next day and the next, ready to build.

Anna M. Nelson

These words sent on the wind of prayer. I hope
they reach you well. I hope tonight you may sleep
and God will comfort you in dream like a blanket.

His angels protect you under their wings.

Their sweet breath take you in. Exhaling you

You are stronger.

THE VOW WRITTEN ON A RAINBOW

(For the surviving members of the Tenegra Family in Tacloban.)

Simeon, look at the sky, its script of rain/Is part of it somehow, the Christmas vow. --- Simeon
Dumdum Jr., A Ghazal for my Friends at Christmas.

1. Warm Colours of the Rainbow

At sundown, when the sun sets, the Christmas vow
Is clear on the script of rain---a covenant of rainbow.

Après Le Deluge, it was not the vulture sent down

To mark the end of the covenant on the rainbow.

The dove brings the rain script down from an ark
Now stuck on an Ararat of some promised rainbow.

It will be gone before it comes, this curse of living
Without the meaning behind the façade of a rainbow.

There will come from the wilderness of spite taking
Shape in the indigo of that covenant on the rainbow,

Dark, murky, unclean in the cerulean pad of the sky,
An arch with warm colours as vowed by that rainbow.

2. “Go, ‘Ma. Just let go. Save Yourself...”

I shall be with you until the consummation of colour
Upon the stark promise of that covenant rainbow:

I will be with you, forever and ever; I will be with you,
Mother, at the end of the covenant-coloured rainbow.

You are with me until the dying of returning swallows,
But how much have we pledged instead on a rainbow

In this stormy weather, in the expanse of a blue sky?
To bring us all to the house of the covenant rainbow,

The Child warmed by the donkey’s feed in Bethlehem

Will be our promise indelibly inked on that rainbow.

He will still be there holding the hues of the covenant
with you, forever and ever, at the end of the rainbow.

---ALBERT B. CASUGA

How Round Is Your Moon

November 6, 2013 at 1:06pm

MANILA (UPDATED) - Packing maximum sustained winds of 140 knots (259 kilometers per hour), "Yolanda" (international name Haiyan) has reached supertyphoon status comparable to a Category 5 cyclone in the Western hemisphere, American meteorologists said Wednesday.

The tropical cyclone, which entered the Philippine Area of Responsibility early Thursday, is expected to reach its peak strength of 268 kph sustained winds and 324 kph gusts in the next 12 hours, according to the US Navy and Air Force's Joint Typhoon Warning Center (JTWC).

Yolanda will be the most powerful cyclone in the world this year if it gains more strength.

Source: <http://www.abs-cbnnews.com/nation/regions/11/06/13/yolanda-category-5-super-typhoon-us-experts>

i don't know
about you
in your edge
of the world

but in mine
i am bracing
myself for

another hit

yolanda/haiyan

by any

other name

would've sounded

so sweet

but last night

a moon

visited

our sky

silvery delicately

it did not climb

but remained

deathly still

crescent in

its shape

i wondered

aloud if,

in its waxing,

it will again

pull the tides

stir a tempest

to again

batter our
suffering isles

so, i ask
you again,
what is
the waxing
moon's shape
in your part
of the world?

should you,
like i,
carry more
than an
umbrella
and a quietly
soothing psalm?

J Likha Yatco

The Solitude of the Dead

November 9, 2013 at 2:40pm

A resident passes by dead bodies that lie on the street after powerful Typhoon Haiyan slammed into Tacloban city, Leyte province central Philippines on Saturday, Nov. 9, 2013. AP

--caption for a photo in today's issue of Philippine Daily Inquirer

the picture said it all
harking back to

what auden had written

about the nature

of suffering--

how it can take place

"While someone else is eating or opening a window or just walking dully along"

the cab driver who

took me home after

another chilly

night of planning

meetings

almost hit

the brakes

when he overheard

on the radio

how the lifeless

children were

laid on

the road

their broken

bodies still

uncovered

but he had a customer,

a passenger

who just wanted

to get home quick

& weep in her

own solitude

but he was moved,
oh how he was,
down to his very guts,
the father that he is,
even how he counted
our fair city in the North
lucky for its exemption
from this endless thread of
catastrophes

strange how the branches
of pine trees
are being pushed
upwards by
november's winds
on this the day
of worship

they almost look like
hands and arms
rising in supplication

please please
not another calamity
not another tragedy

can this
seemingly cursed

country of
petty tyrants
and grander thieves
bear another?

how like a tree
i sometimes
want to be
stolid unmoved
impassively
watching
a view

no matter
what it is

J Likha Yatco

Herbert siao
Time Of Sorrow

I hear a soft moaned in the wind
This silent cry in a broken alley
Like two lovers meeting in the dark
The clouds were gathered pours cold rain
Covers the teary eye of a shirtless child
Expecting his father face came out
Amidst this hysteric crowd in fear
What life would be for an infant dear

That asleep soundly from a lullaby
Whose mothers life paid the price
That was because of unconditional love
How could I utter a poem on my lips
While my heart mourned silently inside
How can I sketched the dead body
That lay cold somewhere alone
That fate concealed to have a one last stare
On his children and wife that he adored
Before he depart of no come back
No more laughter may be hear
Same joy it shared beneath their roof
Nor the warm arms that carry them to stand
The hand that caress the crown of their head
From someone that cared their innocent
There is nothing left for them
Only sorrow and the agony of this storm.

DODOTH JETHROW

11/10/12

TRIBUTE SHORT LAMENTATION
FOR MY FELLOW KABABAYAN
WHO BEEN HIT BY THE STORM
OF THIS CENTURY...OH GOD..

"Have mercy on us..."

TROUBADOURS OF HOPE

in the horizon of discontent

glide the vapor-laden clouds
as billion stars lament
at the pale, waning moon
the somber night gnaws
my tormented soul
as my mind swims
in the labyrinths of hope
forevermore i will sip
the sparkling dewdrops
in every blade of swaying grass
as the whispering morning wind
licks my heaving, revolting breast.

yes, strength of spirit i need
to rekindle in my loins
the fire of undying faith
blazing must be the flames
in every day and night
to be a troubadour of hope
to weave lyrics of joy
and hum with the whirling wind
melodies of awakening songs
for the oppressed
miserable-nameless class
in my exploited, barren land
yes, resolute i must be
to continue weaving
fiery, liberating lines.

my mind now a pendulum
in the shrub of contradictions
but crystal-clear purpose
would keep me going
swimming, struggling
against the rampaging river
of injustices and despair
my bloated, selfish ego
would i drench and cleanse
in the torrents of blood
of the victims of the ruling class
yes, let's all be troubadours of hope
in this forsaken, wretched land!

=== Rogelio L. Ordonez ===

PUSO'Y WALANG DAING

SA lubhang madilim na kapighatian,
Kahit pa malanta ang dahong luntian;
Sa tatag kakapit ang baging ng buhay:
Puso'y walang daing hindi magdaramdam.

KAHIT pa ang isip tumandang dahilan;
Ngunit ang pagasa nitong kabataan,
Tuloy na liliyab hindi mapaparam:
Puso'y walang daing hindi magdaramdam.

PAGKAT bawat isang sa lupa mabuhay,

May dapat suongnging pagpatak ng ulan;
Sa naritong ulap sisikat ang araw:
Puso'y walang daing hindi magdaramdam.

*mula sa aklat na Tagalog Magic Poetry
by Manuel C. Ambrocio, Copyright 2013
Balagtas, Bulacan, Philippines

PATAY NA BULAKLAK

Kahapis-hapisang araw na dinanas
Bitbit ng bagyo ang tubig ng dagat
Nalumbay ang lupa sa hanging humampas
Ang tao sa dibdib nawala ang gayak
Ang niyog ng buhay ay bungang nalaglag
Sa tubig Nobyembre'y ulan na pumatak
Pumait ang ngiti nang pamumukadkad
Kumalas ang araw nang ito'y sumikat
Tangay ang talulot bawat halimuyak
Ngunit kailan lang sa ganda'y busilak
Hindi akalaing maglaho ang galak
Sa lusak ng dilim ngayo'y nakasadlak
- Aking natagpuan minahal kong liyag
- Napigtal sa sangang patay na bulaklak.

*mula sa aklat na Tagalog Magic Poetry
by Manuel C. Ambrocio, Copyright 2013
Balagtas, Bulacan, Philippines

Alee Imperial Albano

These lingering thoughts linger...haiku in Iluko/English

panagpegges ti taaw--

kas naiyuper a kur-kuribot malsok

metten ti dakulap ti langit

raging ocean--

as in soaked baskets the sky's

hands give way

ulimek...

ti sabangan ti led-leddang

agan-aningas

silence..

the sea of sorrows straining

for voices

anniniwan ti kabus...
sapsapulen ni Neneng
ti angel na

new moon's shadow...
Neneng looking
for her angel

Alee Imperial Albano
without a face
only bones tinkling
as he steps
over other's bones...
thousands without a face

her bench
a felled lamp post--
the little girl
watching the dead pass
her by counting names

pressing on his heels
a shard of frosted windows...
empty eyes
on men emptying walls
of other empty men

tanka inspired by "Tacloban Diary" at www.rappler.com

Georgina Claveria

Now, indeed, the words "when it rain, it pours"
Have sounded more like a curse
But God is there knowing what was lost
So mightier as he is to die for all of us in a cross.

God knows our needs, Filipinos are made strong because of their faith and love.

Alee Imperial Albano

What's on my mind? a haiku sequence on Haiyan

rain chilled rain
the insistence of endings
in dead leaves

white clouds...
Haiyan wintering
in the tropics

over their heads
the tropic sun glimmering
on tears

she lets her baby
suck on her thumb...

fractured bamboo

árbol de fuego

once flaring canopies here...

who remembers?

the girl from Basey

her laughter sparkled

on curly hair

drying so

my withered fingers

cannot hold water

Amang Reyes

Now it's the time to do it - before it's too

Late

With all that is happening in our poor

Native Land, one natural disaster after

Another and other disasters brought

About by our own kind should make us

Go a thinking perhaps Somebody Up there

Still cares, reminding us to get our acts together,

Plan for what's going to happen next and if

We persist in our old ways, maybe we deserve

A just punishment or chastisement, more than

Just a bolt of lightning from the sky - but a big

Spanking with more natural calamities from which

We cannot hide – of biblical proportion if we
We care not to change our ways.

Let's get our acts together, not too much of pulling
Each other down, we have been doing that for so
Long a time and God must have gotten tired, and after
These several warnings and signs maybe it's about time
For us to recognize it's not just natural disasters we
Have to squarely face but more the disasters from our
Kind - the show of contempt for each other's rights,
The massive corruption, and to –each- his- own attitude,
Really too much in-fighting, and now that we are confronted
With a double whammy of a natural disaster – Are we still
To play the game of politics and not realize, for survival's
Sake, in heaven's name, that we should our acts together?
Now is the time to do it, perhaps God is telling us before it's
Too late.

Amang Reyes, November 10, 2013.

Amang Reyes

Dear God, please take care of our
People in this hour of need - our help
May not be enough

For the people out there homeless,
Hungry, devastated, hit almost to
Hopelessness by the fury of the strongest
storm ever to hit our land, I realize that no

Amount of consoling thoughts would really
Console them - who would? Nature's wrath
And fury for those who directly felt it can
Be very unforgiving - especially the already
Wretched ones barely able to survive from
Day to day, they may turn out to be like
Doomed men and in desperation may forget
That they too are God's creation, and if they
Beasts turn to be now in this hour of need,
They may not even blame God, just accept
Their fate and turn their ire on others who may
Also be victims like them - and the law
Of the jungle then prevails.

Ah dear God, to you I turn now for help in this
Hour of need. I can sense the desperation of people
In dire need, and I fear that if you will not extend
A helping hand, many won't care if they go to hell
For hell it is they are in now, and they may turn callous
And turn into beasts and forget some of your basic
Commandments - thou shall not steal, or kill or
Or commit hara-kiri, even in despair.

Please dear God take care of our people in this hour
Of need - our help may not be enough.

Amang Reyes, November 11, 2013.

Joshua Ryan

Blue Matter

Precisely recorded 10,000
Man and Woman death toll,
taxes, fees, loans

The other guys paid up.
(They got tragedy instead)
1.7 million sacred names,
pumping hearts, wide smiles
Late on their toll,
Someone forgot to pay their taxes

Concrete, fire, smoke, screaming, bloody legs,
Abusive water, molester, sledgehammer, shotgun
You know that sweet
Emiliano, (birthday in 2005, April 26, 8 years)
lost all of his front teeth
Falling down new rocks,
“Mommy...” Scream, tearing heart
Just wiped away,
An echo.

Unkempt angry wings, pounding the air, tossing
Human fish
Corporate dishwater, no toll

Spasms sending homes, schools, fish eyed hybrids
Corpses hang from useless limbs,
leaves shadowing open bluish faces
On the street like garbage bags

Buildings slid, people looking up, water sprayed faces,
“look, a building is falling.”
Steel, wind and glass, it said so much
10 seconds, brevity is best
nothing was ever said again
Death “toll”
Ri-

SING

HAWAK KAMAY

Child toll

1.7 million balls not being played with today
1.7 million dogs not called, or dressed up
1.7 million knowing the dark, we, knowing that they know, hitching backs

Reality ripped, unfastened, crushed
So much quiet now, even in the midst of war

1.7 million children are not sacred
1.7 million and 10,000 are not scared.

Amang Reyes

A prayer and some thoughts after

The storm

The morning after the super typhoon came
And here in far-off Manila it seems, we braced
Ourselves to feel some of its brunt, heavy, continues
Rains and strong winds maybe though we're not
Expected to be directly hit - surprising then that as
I look outside my window, the morning is calm,
A little sway from the trees outside, a puff of wind
Here and there – no strong gush, no shower even,
And this is supposed to be the strongest typhoon
Of ever to hit anywhere in his planet.

Yet it cannot be denied how we saw some areas hit
Directly by strong winds how, and in anger it seems
The brunt of the typhoon hit hard and we just can
Imagine how the people there felt - in silent resignation
They must have accepted their fate, as many times
They had to do and just endure, and wait for the sun
To come out again - for them to rebuild and start anew,
Living their normal lives, living from day to day with whatever
Little they have, still smiling and singing and dancing -
In celebration of life, and at times of death , the end of
Their miserable lives as children of God, in this golden
Paradise, our islands in the sun.

Now we await with bated breath what the statistics will
Reveal, how many roofs were blown , how many broken
Limbs, how many in evacuation centers had to be fed, how
Many drowned - but the tears of those left behind, and the fear
And misery of people who through the day and night could hear
The howl of the winds and the rains that fell and the thought
That when they return , their houses and earthly belongings
may all have gone – and next for them to do to rebuild
Their lives all over again - some may have to start by just begging,
Others by stealing.

Oh God of Mercy, sometimes it makes me wonder - Is this the price
We have to pay for living in paradise? In these golden isles in the sun?
With the people all smile as they live from day to day? and if they cry
Do you really hear them? Or, just let them be to help themselves -
and if perchance they recover, and recover well, expect them to give thanks
And build churches where they can pray for their lost souls in the process?

Ah my God, pardon me for some sordid thoughts, just after the big storm
Which appears to be a big-let down from where we stand here from far-off
Manila, where the bay is still calm. But we cannot just say thanks for our minds
And our hearts are still there with those who suffered and are still suffering.
But if you my dear Lord can spare us a little, just give us a space to breath
And we'll gladly give our thanks. This we ask in heaven's name. Amen.

Amang Reyes, November 9, 2013.

Amang Reyes

Some thoughts before the big storm

Yolanda comes a visiting -

Sometimes I wonder why mere mortals
That we are we still persist playing God
Or the role of the immortals and not just
Accept our fates and when the heaven
Roars and throw bolts of lightnings from
The skies, just open up our breasts and even
Pray that we are hit, at least we end up dying
A glorious death not in the hands of mere
Mortals but from a bolt of lightning coming
From above.

Ah, just a thought now that again nature
Threatens to remind us of our mortality.
But if we do like to play Gods with our human
Intervention really we cannot be blamed for
That too is part of the role assigned to us in
The law that nature laid – the basic law of survival
Governing for all those given life - if threatened
One must find a way to adjust or survive lest he
Perishes from the face of the earth. God
Must have designed it that way and thus if we
Have to play God or the role of the immortals
In order to survive, we really cannot be blamed,

That too is allowed under the rules laid for us
When we were given life.

So friends, fellow mortals, if rains from from the sky,
Open your umbrellas or put raincoats on, or run like hell
For cover lest you end up with pneumonia or whooping
Cough. If the mountains threatens to go tumbling down
Flatten it before it does, build a subdivision in its place
For people to live by, and if big tsunami or earthquake
The ones that you can't prevent come, just close your
Eyes and pray and perhaps at some point in time accept
You're not really immortal or a God, though at times
You are allowed to play the role of one. Perhaps just
Enjoy the sight while you still can?

Still one and all, there's nothing wrong with playing it safe
When nature threatens with a big wham - like this storm
a-coming - just don't come out with plain umbrella lest
not only will the umbrella be blown away, but with your head
too, brains and all. You don't play the role of an immortal with
this one.

Amang Reyes, November 8, 2013.

Jennifer Santos Madriaga

You have become driftwood.
Only the sea knows the full story
of how you were battered and

shaped into death, limbs twisted,
the lungs saturated with brine.
Then you were tossed aside
as the sea retreated and forgot
its viciousness.

But you are loved
though I do not know your name,
only that you were too frail
for the fury of the sea.

I love you in your stillness as
the living cover you with cardboard
to shelter you from the sun and
the gaze of shocked survivors.

I love you and the Universe
you once contained, which include
memories of the sea and its splendor,
its varying shades of blue and gray
depending on the day.

You are precious to me, and
you are not forgotten.
You still ride in the current of life
as I type this, as my heart feels full
at knowing the ending of your story.

Roberta H Martinez

Because our hearts are heavy, we hold hands, To offer consolation that words can't carry, we hold hands, To let you know that you are not alone, we hold hands, To wish you hope, we hold hands.

Gary Gach

HAWAK

KAMAY

lifting open my window
greeting the dawn my body
feels a chunk missing

10,000 cells each with a face
speaking to those fortunate
to have known & loved them

echoing in whispers
inbetween these words
& this new morning

listen ! across hibiscus
flowers looking right at you
a hummingbird pausing

HAWAK KAMAY / HOLDING HANDS / TOMADOS DE LA MANO

for our brothers and sisters of the Philippines
after the devastation caused by typhoon Haiyan
also known as “Yolanda” by Filipinos

by Francisco X. Alarcón

Tonantzin, Mother of all of us
macehuales, the common folk
of the native peoples of Mexico

Lady of Guadalupe, Queen of Mexico,
Empress of the Americas.
Patroness of the Philippines

hold on your tender loving hands
our brothers and sisters of the Philippines
after Haiyan, the worst typhoon ever in history

that ripped their cherished island homeland
in the darkness at 4 o'clock in the morning
taking away beloved relatives, neighbors

wipe their tears, turn them into diamonds,
stars illuminating their path in the darkness,
console them, o Great Celestial Mother,

cover with your warming mantle of stars
the fathers, the mothers, the children
now wandering homeless in deep grief

give them strength to overcome their great loss,
protect them from cold, from hunger, from despair.
may you open the hearts of strangers for their rescue

o, Tonantzin, Lady of Guadalupe, Mother of all
Mestizos and Filipinos, help us all to hold hands,
hawak amay, in solidarity to face this great calamity

© Francisco X. Alarcón

November 11, 2013

HAWAK KAMAY / HOLDING HANDS / TOMADOS DE LA MANO

a nuestros hermanas y hermanas de las Filipinas
tras la devastación causada por el tifón Haiyan
también conocido como “Yolanda” por los filipinos

por Francisco X. Alarcón

Tonantzin, Madre de todos nosotros,
macehuales, la gente común
de los pueblos indígenas de México

Virgen de Guadalupe, Reina de México,

Emperatriz de las Américas.

Patrona de las Filipinas

toma entre tus amorosas manos

a nuestros hermanas y hermanas de las Filipinas

tras Haiyan, el peor tifón de toda la historia

que devastó a esta querida patria isleña

en la oscuridad de las cuatro de la mañana

robándoles la vida a parientes y vecinos

enjuaga sus lágrimas, vuévelas diamantes,

luceros iluminando su sendero en la oscuridad

consuélalos. oh Gran Madre Celestial,

cubre con tu tibio manto de estrellas

a padres, madres, niños y niños que ahora

deambulan sin hogar en hondo dolor

dales fuerza para sobrepasar esta gran pérdida.

protégelos del frío, del hambre, de la desesperación;

abre los corazones de extraños para su rescate

oh, Tonantzin, Virgen de Guadalupe, Madre de todos

los mestizos y filipinos, ayúdanos a tomarnos la mano,

hawak kamay, en solidaridad ante esta gran calamidad

© Francisco X. Alarcón

11 de noviembre de 2013

Altars of the Dispossessed

11.11.13 - Aimee Suzara

This morning

I drink my coffee

see the sky opening up clear

and blue in Oakland

While "over there"

the 7,000 islands

- where my bloodline traces me

keeps me linked

to a collective soul -

bodies are gathered among the debris

ten

thousand

lost

churches become morgues

where parents pray over their new saints

homes swept away or smashed

splintered into kindling wood

the corrugated metal, once a roof

or a siding

juts up like a shark's fin

ocean of broken objects
and disassembled parts

altars of the dispossessed

a profound
homelessness

a wailing
in the open wind

I dreamed of water every night this week
A warm tidal wave over entire villages
but I was spared:
swimming
aimlessly.

Kim Shuck

Everything can seem so
Solid and the
Precious moments of calm or
Work that press these
Communities we sing into
Solid matter and when things
Break like a storm at
Landfall and the pattern of
Lives like voids in

Smoke and other songs

Move across the same

Water

Conchi Flores

agua,

fuerte, poderosa,

remolino tomando vidas,

distruyendo la ilusion al fijo,

somos agua,

somos lagrimas y sangre,

sal de la tierra and the ocean.

cuerpos testorsados

Miles de almas entregadas

dejando en su despido

el agua de nuestras lagrimas

y

no olivdo.

c/s

Ellen Esb

Heartbeats for Philippines

my heart pounded strong

when the wind woosh all the more

rain pours so heavy

it scares like death pass tremendously

the night proved its darkness

no current to light the evening fright
only God's spirit 卍 that shines bright in hope that everything will be alright

ohhhh but i awake at the tragedy that befalls my country
everything was washed
houses n bricks were totally crashed
a phenomenon 10 times of Katrina ripped our world
10 of thousand lives were vanished in the splash of a single storm
my heart bleeds in despair...tears run unending
...wishing time runs back again
as i watched how my countrymen left living without anything
no help can reach them
no food nor water nor shelter
but only their grasp for breathing
ohhh i cry out for help
ohhh i cry out for prayer
ohhh i cry out humby please my God rescue my beloved Philippines
#heartbeats #ellenesb

Thomas R. Thomas

my brother I

feel your tear

across this

great sea

as it rolls

down my cheek

let me take

your hands to
pull you up

bringing me
to my knees

Santiago Villafanía
after the storm
a rush and rage to rebuild—
ant colony

dopo la tempesta
in fretta e furia a ricostruire—
colonia di formiche

(trans. Mario Rigli)

Danilo C. Diaz
"hawak-kamay"
(Danilo C. Diaz)

reaching arms
with ruined hearts
no names or flags to recognize
a common stand
with verse to shout
joining hands and holding tight

dcd/dodie

12Nov'13

Thomas R. Thomas

Leyte, this fragile
orchid endures a fierce wind
roots cling to the breeze

Danilo C. Diaz -

Thy Breath

The wealth you breathe
for whom to keep
if underneath you couldn't sleep
While still awake
the priceless wealth
that you can breathe is LOVE to give.

dcd/dodie

12Nov'13

Genny Lim

Wind and Water

How do we know
the sand beneath our feet
is a carpet pulled from underneath
until we take our first step into
thin air?

Genny Lim

George Szirtes

SINGULAR

All our singular
voices were joined in the choir
of the vanishing.

We were not ourselves.
We were a single body
and so we vanished.

It was a single
terror, indivisible.
We could not know it.

Out there the planets
were counting themselves. Their eyes
were looking away.

The terror out there
was happening inside us
individually.

We had dreamt it all
before. It was quite common.
It was what joined us.

We were united
in our singularity,
our dreams and dying.

We dream all the time
of this commonality,
the wild singular.

So when the water
rose and the wind gathered
we knew it as dream.

The wind was wailing
with us. I too was wailing
with others as choir.

So things vanish: we,
our invaluable dreams,
our terrors, our lot.

We can't grieve ourselves.
The water and wind will have
to do it for us.

We are the dreaming
congregation. Our voices
are yours now. You grieve.

George Szirtes (with thanks to Su Layug)

Please see over at my place for notes. In the meantime my deepest sympathies.

Maria E. Cuthbert

Angels Hawak Kamay

Thousands and thousands of angels

Now float around you

Like kayaks they are resting

Over the waves

Like small fish

They are diving in the waters around you

Like seagulls

They are flying in the breeze

Hawak kamay

They are watching you

Taking care that you will not dismay

And all of you, survivors

Hawak kamay

Will work full of hope

With a brand new future in front of you

One that was never before designed

A future you get to create

Where you will get brand new families together

Children will be loved by others

Whose blood they do not carry

May your pain
Become strength
And creativity
to create a new place

May you become the inspiration
For the rest of the world
Forever

Hawak kamay
You will stay

© 2013 María E. Cuthbert

Manuel Ambrocio
BAHAGHARI

NAGDUSA ang lupa matapos bagyohin,
Lamig ang iniwan ng tubig at hangin;
Sa 'taas nang luksang langit na madilim,
Isang bahaghari ang biglang nag-ningning !

PAGKAT walang bagyong higit tatlong araw,
At pangsamantala saya't kalungkutan;
Kahit lumilipas ang lahat sa buhay,
Ay may bahagharing magbibigay kinang !

PANGAKO sa lupang kaluwalhatian,
May tanda sa langit sari-saring kulay;
Sa dulo ng sinag ay kislap na banal,
Darating ang tuwa, matapos ang lumbay !

*from the book: Tagalog Magic Poetry
by Manuel C. Ambrocio, Copyright 2013
Balagtas, Bulacan, Philippines

Trinidad Escobar

Niki Escobar

,SAID THE ISLANDS

after Saul Williams' "the continent / last night"

That night you came to me
gave in to your nation's temptation and entered my country
pressed your lips against my eyes and breathed deep reached into my wet
oil and played with the thick between your fingers you found me
covered in jasmine and fingerprints you wanted my flavor
in the corners of your open mouth wanted to sugarcane the ascent
of my valleys rice terrace my spine
and with your tongue flick my kubing
to a wedding song you overheard
till death do us part of my Bisaya tongue knew
you weren't from around here
knew you'd try to steal my heart
I thought you'd only stay a while

You did me one better: you stayed forever, in this country
running down my mountainsides, echoing your freedom
in every cave, alongside every river
flowing south You being free to suck my Cebu
blow on my Bataan lick my Leyte till there was no Leyte left
Won't be any left overs when you are done
Won't be anything left when you are done
Just a remembrance of that night
when you entered my country
seeking relief from your nation's temptation
and that's all we'll have
that, and a few thousand stranded children to read this poem

Von Torres

tumaas ng araw

mama during 1989's typhoon elsie you rocked me
in your malong as my baby whimpers echoed
against the cascade of water and wind gusts
this time let me envelope you and listen
to our breathing and place your ear on my heart
as we wait for the sun to rise

Charlie Dell

"Depths of Sorrow, Glimmers of Hope"

As more news of tragedy
Hit our stateside airwaves
It's clear that the islands

Are in for tough times

Yet it also appears that
World is scrambling to help
Probably not enough soon
Eventually rebuilding occurs

One's heart grieves at lives lost
Knowing some will not be found
But also grateful for survivors
Wishing for them light quickly.

Mel Gar
Wet earth, breathe relief now
peace wrapped in red-magenta sunshine,
the land is awake.

Strong arms, build tall houses
glad hearts perspire hope:
seek that flame keep going.

Philippines, keep minds
steady, blossom of courage
orange strength inside.

Better days will come,
breathe relief now, keep feet
firm on land you own.

-Melisa Garcia

Lucette Bailliet

I can't even start to put my head around this tragedy

I can only comment on the

Lack of empathy

The utter uber storm,

A spiral of global annihilation

The mother of all storms visible from space

The biggest one ever to touch ground

Has hit hard the news announced

The media like it huge and nasty

Beating the drum of notoriety

For all it is worth

In the aftermath the toll

Is mounting in the ten of thousands

But halt : two Australians so far

Have died there, RIP to them

They have become the symbol

Of the storm's awesome power of destruction

Even in its path of desolation

There is such inequity

Why worry about unknown people

When our national victims have morphed

Into glorious heroes in death?

Lucette C. Bailliet ©

Andrea Hernandez Holm

Miracles and tragedies

From the center of chaos

life and beauty

find their way.

Angelo Ancheta

aninag

sa lagas na dahon ...

paghilom

Leticia Hernandez

We are with you, sending prayer and strength and hope to the Philippines.

Hymnal, para Oya

E oya wimi loro e (the tearer tells me to keep the tradition)

oya kara orisha aleyo (the great nosy tearer)

The wind speaks to us in a clamor

sunspots on the earth insult her intelligence

ruthless hand tearing shore from water like the claw of a hammer

Howling a tempo that began melodious

turning the instrument the other way

bang bang at the edges of a narrative, too long to its spirits reticent

A slam and a shake and a sway

when the firm is blow out from beneath your foundation
space is removed between restless cloud and laughing cicada

Oya brings all her names, demands incantation
whistle unearthed from the cyclone trapped in her ribcage
branded a scourge, arranging the letters to plead for resuscitation

What have we done to the sky, scurry building from her outrage,
when I pull the waves over the sand, how will you hold your heritage.
Like · · Follow Post · Share · 29 minutes ago

Lucette Bailliet

How can one be thankful?

Despite for that momentous hitch
Creating utter wanton calamity
Life natural rhythm returns
Indifferent to the devastation
That it brought unpremeditatedly

How one can be thankful

When the sun rises

On the flattened ruins of one's life

How can one be thankful

When every beloved have perished

How can one be thankful

When utter devastation

Has rendered one's life

The sole possession

How can one be thankful
Walking alone lost
Moaning in shocked lamentations
When the sum of one's loss
Is greater than one's worth
How can one be thankful?

Lucette C. Bailliet ©

Arlene Biala
offerings from joshua kalani (10yrs) & carlen kai (13yrs)

if i could reach you
i would give each of you
three wishes
food water life
i would give you
the whole damn genie

if i could reach you
i would tell you
not to worry
here is some pandesal
a drink of cold water
i will always be here

Migration
By Su Layug

marbled waterscape
mosaic of fields—
The Great River
has witnessed birds, seeds, humans—stories
before "migration" was a word

Pagdayo (Tagalog translation)
By Su Layug

marmol na tubigan
patse-patseng patag—
Ang Dakilang Ilog:
saksi sa ibon, punla, tao—
kuwento
bago pa naging kataga
ang “pagdayo”

hainaku! by felix fojas
November 11, 2013 at 9:20pm
it is the bleak eye
of the killer storm mirrors
death destruction grief

IN THE EYE OF THE STORM BY FELIX FOJAS
November 11, 2013 at 9:50pm
A CASE OF DROWNING

They were drowning

In poverty anyway
So when the real
Killer typhoon came
They were fully prepared

Los Angeles
Nov. 11, 2013

THE EYE OF DEATH

By Felix Fojas

The eye of Death is the swirling
Cyclops eye of the Superstorm,
Her fatal gaze fixed upon her hapless
Victims like the telescopic sight
Of a high-caliber assault rifle loaded
With armor piercing dum dum bullets
Held by a mass-murderer whose
Clammy, trigger-happy finger is

Itching for the kill. She is now
Scanning the Pearl of the Orient Seas
From a bird's-eye point of view,
From above, akin to the heartless
Goddess Kali herself--this queen
Of typhoons whom the brown-skinned
Natives named "Yolanda," who
Is about to unleash her full fury by

Rolling to the sound of thunder
And blinding flashes of lightning,
Her juggernaut of wind and water.
Wind strength: 195 miles per hour
Near the eye. Air pressure: extremely
Low at 895 hectopascal. Cloud cover:
500 miles long. Yolanda, the mother
Of all storms, the most powerful

Cyclone in the history of humanity
Has come to wreak havoc in South
East Asia, across six of over 7000
Wondrous, emerald, tropical islands.
Directly within the radius of her eye
Are the Philippine islands and cities
Of Bacolod, Catbalogan, Cebu,
Dumaguete, Iloilo City, Roxas City,

And Ormoc. At exactly 4 am local time,
On November 8, 2013, the colossal
One-eyed Category 5 tempest made
Landfall. Winds howl like a hundred
Wolf packs. Communications and power
Lines snap like strings. Building collapse
Like matchboxes. Houses are flattened
To the ground. Tall trees are uprooted

Like tender shoots. Suddenly landslides
Bury victims without proper ceremony.

Tidal waves fifteen to twenty feet high
Submerge buildings, including evacuation
Centers. The dead litter the surreal
Landscape like trash and fecal matter.
Dead bodies dangle from walls and trees,
Dead bodies scatter on the ground.

Dead bodies floating in the floodwaters.
Dead bodies lie buried under collapsed
Building and houses. 4 million people
Battered by tsunami fists. 1.7 million
Children scamper like rats in the vast
Wasteland. Give or take 10,000 dead,
Although 800,000 have been quickly
Transported to safe zones away from
The storm's area of responsibility three
Days before she started her rampage.
Those who survive cry for help, too
Weak to raise a fist against an unfeeling
Heaven. They shiver in the cold rain,
Resigned to their savage fate. The dying
Moan, gasp and breathe their last,
Their eyes and mouths wide open.

Panic. Lamentation. And the stench
Of death that threatens the living
With a grave epidemic. Hesusmaryosep!
The One God in Three Divine Persons
Must be fast asleep throughout this

Inhuman carnage. Picture this true
Scenario during the grim aftermath
Of the cloud churner: a ship sprawls

On the beach, flicked by giant waves
As a young girl sitting upon a bent metal
Pole gazes at the apocalyptic nightmare
With mixed amusement and indifference.
"Even me, I have no house. I have no
Clothes. I don't know how I will restart
My life. I am so confused. I don't know
What happened to us," lamented an

Unidentified woman in sheer despair.
"The water was as high as a coconut tree,"
Said a tricycle driver with bated breath
And amazement. "I got out of the jeep
And I was wept away by the raging
Water with logs, trees and our house,
Which was ripped off from its mooring.
When we, (referring to his wife, young

Daughter and himself) were being swept
Away by the water, many people were
Floating and raising their hands and
Yelling for help. But what could we do?
We also needed help." "The roads lined
With uprooted trees," exclaimed a news
Editor . "So many bodies were strewn

Along the muddy main road where

Survivors huddled together with
The few possessions they managed
To save...The relief goods from Manila
Were gone in an instant. The airport
Itself was wiped out...I saw devastation.
I smelled Death. I fear anarchy."

"There is no power, no water, nothing.
People are desperate. They're looting,"

Grumbled Philippine Defense Secretary
Voltaire Gazmin. Such is the epilogue
To Superstorm Yolanda or Haiyan
Who was born off the coast of Micronesia,
A tiny island in the South Pacific which
Spawned this mega cyclone, this Leviathan
Hurling towards Vietnam and Southern
China, leaving a swath of death and

Destruction in her wake. Now the only
Structures left standing are those
Embedded in the traumatic memories
Of survivors of a once beautiful city
By the sea, a town square teeming
With promenading gay folks, or
A nipa house whose window swings
Wide open to an idyllic, rustic view

Of golden stalks swaying in a rice
Field where children ride their snoring
Carabaos under the keen watchful
Button-eyes of a grinning scarecrow
Who is himself swaying where the wind
Blows, startling a flock of maya which
Wings to all the directions of a compass
Which has mysteriously gone haywire.

Los Angeles

Nov. 11, 2013

MAN & HORSE - a haiku

man and horse of stone
sink in blackish water
no problem they'll be back.

Via Negativa

Landfall

Posted on November 11, 2013 by Dave Bonta

Landfall

that one English word
in Philippine news reports about Guiuan
where Magellan landed in 1521
where the Americans made their first beachhead in World War II
in the swirl of Tagalog I don't understand
that word keeps floating to the surface
landfall

where floors shook
where roofs blew off
where concrete columns toppled
where wind gusts reached 195 miles per hour
where a 13-foot wall of water swept ashore
landfall
where the eye took a brief calm
sightless look & moved on
where a stone church was flattened
landfall
where “100 percent
of all structures were damaged”
where evacuation centers collapsed
where 47,000 souls had been living
land
fall

Notes from Leyte

By Su Layug

(found poem from the news)

<http://www.gmanetwork.com/news/story/334829/news/nation/buhi-kami-tanan-yolanda-survivors-send-messages-to-loved-ones>

On the rippled edge
of a half-moon paper plate —
perhaps kept dry in a bag
for a wedge of a birthday cake —
the scribbling says,
“Buhi Kami Tanan.”
(We’re All Alive)

On a narrow-ruled page,
ripped from a spiral
that used to bind school notes,

in curly manuscript:
“We’re fine. No house, no food.
Nothing.
Still looking
for Big Diding.
Don’t worry.”

A piece of brown bag,
kept neat, perhaps, to wrap
kan-on, sinugba or a sandwich
that mother or father would have made:
in bold, block letters, says,
“Ate, mom and dad are dead. Please
tell everyone.
No connection.”

I wish the world to write them back:

Mga Sulat Mula sa Leyte

(Translated to Tagalog from English by the author)
Ni Su Layug

(natuklasang tula, mula sa balita: <http://www.gmanetwork.com/news/story/334829/news/nation/buhi-kami-tanan-yolanda-survivors-send-messages-to-loved-ones>)

Sa alun-along gilid ng hating-buwan
na papel na pinggan —
na maaaring itinabi
para sa isang hiwa ng birthday cake —
nakasulat ito:
“Buhi Kami Tanan.”
(Buhay Kaming Lahat)

Sa makikitid na linya ng isang pahina
na pinunit mula sa alambre
na dati’y nagkukupkop ng mga tala
sa eskwela,
sa mapalabok na panulat:
“Ligtas kami. Walang bahay, walang pagkain.
Waray.
Hinahanap pa rin
si Diding Laki.
Ayaw la kabalaka.”

Sa pirasong paper bag

na masinop ang tiklop, siguro'y pagbabalutan
Ng kan-on, sugba o sandwich
na gagawin sana ni nanay o tatay:
Sa malalaki't makakapal na letra,
"Ate, patay na si mommy at daddy. Pakisabi
sa lahat.
Walang koneksiyon."

Pagnanasa ko ang balik-sulatan ka ng mundo:

This poem is part of the Hawak-Kamay Project, a facebook page set up by the poets Jose Felipe Herrera and Vince Gotera to gather poems to help heal the survivors of Typhoon Haiyan in the Philippines:
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/PoemsForThePhilippines/>

It also appears on the author's blog: <https://waterjug.wordpress.com/2013/11/11/notes-from-leyte-found-poem-from-the-news/>

World on Fire

The world's on fire!

From Oakland to Ferguson

Sanford to Santa Rosa

Los Angeles to Jacksonville

Kiev to Gaza City

Urumqi to Ngaba

Bagdad to Damascus

Smell of gunpowder

and burnt flesh trails time

behind walls that incinerate dawn

With just a look in the eye

you can see Black, Brown, yellow souls

dancing their dreams in the shadows of flames

where there is no room for

them to be in a world on fire

No room for their tomorrows or

their yesterdays in the now of their now

No stones of imagination or

self-immolations to strike the match

against bullets and bombs

grenades and tanks

There are no heroes or martyrs

only boys gunned down

in the prime of their youth

in the hoods, on the streets

As it always happens

something snaps and

the line goes slack

As it always happens

a pin drops like a cigarette butt

on a early Saturday morning or

a hot barbecue Sunday night and

the flame suddenly ignites

in your face

It's that fire, that fire down below

Red, white and blue
rusting on a barber pole
like fallen soldiers
over a field of wet grass
their faces hidden from
a world on fire
melting hot as the
Kalahari falling into your mouth
or the Amazon and Yoruba
crying out from the tunnel of grief
It's that fire, that fire down below
From Oakland to Ferguson
Sanford to Santa Rosa
Los Angeles to Jacksonville
Kiev to Gaza City
Urumqi to Ngaba
Bagdad to Damascus
in a rainforest of stifled laughter
in a world peeled back in time
in its everlasting search for
the flock with open wings
that flew into their dreams with
sacred fire

by Genny Lim

IV. After the Fire

El Dia De Los Muertos

By Loretta Collins, Hornitos, California for Kevin

Sometimes I took the drive alone, past
the burned flour and woolen mills
near Lake McSwain. In the summer
the ranch women of Agua Fria, Indian Gulch,
watch the sky for fire planes banking
out of Fresno, away from the high Sierras.
Days after the grass fires have gone out,
the blackened foothills smoulder
near the road's edge.
I was amazed by the burnline,
so close to ranch houses, where women still
hung wet bedding on the clotheslines.
Sometimes,
hugging my car around abrupt bends,
the window down, the sweet, burnt wind
whipping my hair, I wanted to be a ranch woman,
leaning her face against the veranda screen,
the bright unstoppable fire, a fermata,

holding her life, kindling
the one memory that flares briefly for her then:
a late night kitchen, a yellow table she sits at
with spiced tea, the dark rain beating
at the window pane. Is that all she can wish for,
rain? She watches the red fire curl over the berm
of the trenches, her husband's last attempt
to stop the flames. Her baby wakes
now in its bassinet.
And this can't happen.
The ranch woman packs up the pickup.
She gets out.

Kevin, this time I wanted to take you with me,
to see the winding procession of candles,
the lit faces climbing the hill, Francisco's
grave, as if it could have meaning for you.
In this photograph, you stand by an hornito on the hill;
hornitos, for "little ovens," the dark adobe graves.
You hold the candle so close to your face.
The fine incisions high on your buttocks
still bleed and hurt. I can't touch you,
slip my hand into the hollow of your back,
the way I want to. It will be two days
before your surgeon calls to say the word
we each think quietly to ourselves that day:
Leukemia. Like a chant, like Alleluia.

We gathered our candles when the light fell,

climbed with the others. A cedar fence post marked
Francisco's grave. I put my candle on it.
I wanted to tell you about him then,
but the Spanish mass, prayers for Doña Calendaria,
drifted toward the goat fields. I watched
each face take on its own quiet light.
When I was five years old, my parents
brought me to Hornitos nearly every Sunday.
Francisco Salazar ran the jail museum,
a one-celled granite block. It held
a few joss sticks, a "Burning Judas" doll,
a lynching rope. I remember touching Francisco's
white trimmed beard, wearing his prospector's hat.
He told me about Rose Martinez' Fandango Hall,
all underground, with wagon wheel lanterns, an entrance
to Joaquin Murietta's secret cave.
Francisco saw Murietta's head,
pickled in whiskey in a jar in San Francisco,
right before the 1906 fire. The face
was bloated and the long hair swirled
against the glass.
I always begged Francisco
for the story of la Patricia,
a dance hall girl known as Shoo-Fly,
a song she sang at the fandango hall.
She had a daughter, who at just my age,
died in a fever. The daughter lay in a hornito
on the hill. Shoo-Fly saved fandango tips
for a better grave, one dynamited into the rockbed.

She opened the hornito herself, prying out bricks.
Her daughter's small bones crumbled in her hands.
The next day, in the town plaza, Shoo-Fly set
herself on fire and danced herself to death.

I wanted to tell you these things, Kevin.
But it was quiet, and we stood with los muertos.
I didn't know then how the disease
would require its own litany of rage;
how your quiet sentence, "Loretta,
I don't want to die," would become the one cruel
motto of our lives. How in the night
you would take out that rage, first on objects.
How I would sweep glass, plaster sheetrock, calm
alarmed neighbors, and then, finally, lock my son
and myself in his room.
Did I think a woman
couldn't leave a dying man?
I have one box
of your things. I'm shipping them, with these photographs.
It's cooler here in the mid-west.
I am driving slowly behind the Amish buggies.
I'm taking my son to the river.
In November homeowners rake leaves on their driveways.
They prod small fires they watch over.
The fires flare up and flare down.

Grace by Jennifer Jean

*Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven...
Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth. ~Matt. 5:3-5*

1. Indian Summer

We heard rumors of razors in apples
and needle holes in wrappers.
But, we peeled a trillion sweetmeats
hungrily, as a three alarm fire
gnawed the San Fernando Valley hills
on Halloween. The smoke
tumbled right
into nearby Simi Valley where rich people lived
in stucco split levels
just below the old Manson Family caves.
We knew, where there's smoke
there's snakes—
rattlers, copperheads and more settling over Simi
like the black billows.
You just can't tell where
the wind blows, I guess.

2. Trick or Treat

That year, we were homespun
pirates or gypsies
draped in fool's gold.
We were cheap sheet-ghosts—
our pillowcases nearly empty for taking
in the skyline. Flames
fanned the air in praise.
They hustled—made a halo of those sharp licks—
while buckling brush clapped
and free candy paled
when free candy was everything to us.
We lay in bed before they snuffed the fire—

3. Lights Out

we lay open
armed in the relative dark,
our bellies gnashing and moaning
for food, our weak teeth chewing one last
Tootsie pop or Skittle.
We needed more
jaw breaking treats to last like this
mean season gone gracious.

We needed every red-engine knell to slumber
and a neighborhood cease-fire
and then we could wake stoked
to survive—stretch and run
into the All Saints Day dawn.

Yolanda Padilla *Mother nature is always in command. May the fire of faith survive. Mis respetos para los bomberos. Mis oraciones para sus familias y todos aquellos que luchan por contener a la madre Naturaleza. / Mother nature is always in command. May the fire of faith survive. My respect for firefighters. My prayers to their families and all those who struggle to contain to mother nature.*

Michele Russo "Never despair. But if you do, work on in despair."

The Butterfly War
by Kim Shuck

Never ended this
Tension and the
Sierras keep burning
Flame pressing tips into each
Hidden place that
Tenaya knew and as the
Fires pass the people
Scatter grass seed to
Hold the earth down hold it
Down in the valley in
Mariposa Grove there is this
Fire and it reads the
Stories of these hills out loud in voices too
Terrible too airless for
Understanding takes the
Trees by the throat and
Reads them ring by ring into every
Fingerhold that water has and the
Beating of indefinable
Wings of flame these
Winds of burning take
Non-human prayers to
Other gods on that

Smoke and every bit of
Hope and history is
Told and retold in
Cracked rock and
Charcoal stands of
Trees

Thomas R. Thomas

stand the line
sweat blood filth

build the gap
with flames
licking your face

rest for just
five minutes

then rush the
line to do it
again

exhaustion
can wait
another day

AFTER THE FIRE
by Wendy Esteras

You rise.
This time

You imagine
What you will change

When you are allowed home.
Waiting for containment

You walk on sandy shores
Reconstituted dredging

Alternating a perpetual flow
Mountain and ocean exchange

Seaweed and driftwood to the tides
In water meeting land

You are tangled, rounded, reformed
Sure of only one thing:
You are servant, not master, to this earth.

Sure of only one thing,
You are tangled, rounded, reformed
In water meeting land

Seaweed and driftwood to the tides
Mountain and ocean exchange

Alternating a perpetual flow
Reconstituted dredging
You walk on sandy shores

Waiting for containment
When you are allowed home
What will you change?

You imagine
This time.

You rise.

Fire line

by Connie Post

The fire starts like a bad conversation
spreading through wilderness
jumping from one tree to another

people watch from miles away
the smoke rising
like sin from a body

weeks later

the charred earth remains
like a welt on the land

eventually the soil understands
the language of submission
how to stay quiet when night comes

planes will fly overhead
noticing the edges of black
—how a loss is contained

as summer leaves
the fields seem to heal
the deepest green seeps to the surface
like old discolored blood from a bruise

everyone is quiet for a while
months pass
everyone forgets
drives by the quiet hills
as if they are redeemed

then in fall
the rain begins
continues on and on
like a story without chapters

how easily a mud slide happens
how easily a mind succumbs

and when they come to look for you
they will have to move
the granules of earth aside
with their bare and swollen hands

Edward A. Vidaurre

Run little squirrel
Run little coyote
Fly little bird
Fly little butterfly
Swim little fish
Roll little rocks

Come back soon

Come back home

Hope little tree
Hope little bush
Fall little leaves
Breeze push it through

Water come on down
Rain be generous
Rain be generous
Little tree hopes

Nature runs
Nature flies
Nature swims
Nature rolls
Nature hopes
Nature sings

Fire!
Fire!
Fire!

Go!
Go!
Go!

Ventana Summer

by Ocean Jones

window on a wildfire
raging destruction
threatening, destroying
thousands of acres
licking at the heels
of coastal paradise
no respite from the storm
evacuation, exodus
wildlife running
with measured abandon
seeking new shelters
singed ridgetops, ravines

fires cresting
ebb and flow of smoke
twisting into crevasses
of the mind
never to be forgotten
scent of the burn
on the eternal wind
fear, destruction
slowly awakening phoenix
will only rise
when the fog clears

In the Poem of Myself

In the poem of myself,
I see light
in the darkest cave,
hear a butterfly's
wing beat,
feel the earth
around me.

Tiarri Washington, Grade 2
Lakeshore Elementary School, San Francisco

IV. Humility

Humility

Dahyun Na

In an overlooked town for a week,
where neighbors are all family.
A stranger among them.

My host refused to let me do the chores,
cooked dinner for his grandma and me,
as the head of the family, always serving others.

A great Ping-Pong player,
good enough to make it to Regionals,
still he let me win.

Wears the same shirt for days,
gives his clothes to the less fortunate.
Saves money for months to buy food for the homeless.

Appreciating his fluent English and Spanish,
carefully chosen words spoken with power and sincerity.
Even as others wound him.

Rough hands and scarred face.
His neighbors whisper hurtful comments.
Why does he smile as his ears burn?

Born and raised in Mexico.
Fifteen years of age,
an overlooked boy.

Verdad

David Lopez

es necesario saber
lo que se encuentra
en lo más profundo de tu corazón.

no es obligación,
ni un poco de perdición,
pero el odio de tu parte,
me mata.

abre los ojos,
cierra la boca,
tus palabras,
como mil cuchillos al ombligo,
me sacan los suspiros sin permiso.

escucha los latidos de mi cuerpo,
que quieren,
como quieren,
cuando quieren,
donde quieren...
Vivir.

sambútete en lo más helado de mis miradas
y toma reposo en mis entrañas.

Conóceme.

no me hagas,
no me digas,
no respondas,
no dilates.
solo mira,
solo oye,
un instante,
de alguien más.

es necesario saber,
si cuando sueñas,
me sientes,
como calor de sol ardiente.

si cuando duermes,
me sientes,
como amenaza,
recien descalza.

anda y dime de una vez.

no es obligación,
ni un poco de perdición.

pero es verdad.

el odio de tu parte,
me mata.

A Letter to A Mother Who Spoke No English

I had promised to write you in this new tongue. This new tongue works well with the nightmares. They keep on whispering to me that I must write to you even though you are no longer a flower of this earth. Here fruit vendors tell me that I must get used to my loss. I'll never know the rules. In order to be part of these new people, I must spell, I must read, and write well.

Now I have a new tongue. I know English. But you won't understand my words. I sit at my desk with dictionaries and grammar books. I remember that morning at the hospital when the nurses persuaded you to accept food through long tubes. Now I know that the smell of your scarf and wrapped long skirt matters.

When you receive this letter, kindly ask the city's morning sun to read it to you. Go to the mosque and say it is urgent! The fathers have something to say. Maybe they'll ask for bread! Maybe they'll ask for cola nuts for the weddings. I'll write again and next time I write, I'll translate for you. I'll wisely stick to the letter. If not, I'll write in *Wolof*. I'll turn my letter into the language of the tribe.

Let the off-duty soldier read this long-broken tongue at his boy's funeral. Ask him to let me carve words of my new tongue across her open grave.

Baba Badji

The Magic I learn about Language

Its concepts are not spatial. It is not a grammar or syntax. It is a way of moving the tongue.

At school, they tell me to speak correctly. I am losing my mother's *Wolof*, and my father's *French* has now become this English.

I try to sound like an American, but I am displeased about what I have betrayed.

I want the words before the alphabet. I still want the magic. I still want to be in mother and father's mouth.

- Baba Badji

I Am With You

By Rafael Barón

I am with you, *hombre*
when you beckon the sun to join you
in another day of harvesting a paycheck
with dry swollen hands and a stiff back
to provide for the *familia*

I am with you, *hombre*
when you claw at the dirt road to your dreams
as the sun clothes you
as the sweat caresses your neck
before it lays to nurture *la tierra*

I am with you, *hombre, mujer*
when you glide through the vast dryness
thirsty to be arrived, attempting again and again
to escape, hoping for a better life
and always *aguantando*

I am with you, *mujer*
when you join the fields
plucking out exhaustion
and thoughts race your *manos*

I am with you, *mujer*
when silent nights
are filled with shrieking hopelessness
louder still the pain in your body
and your calloused hands donate *carisias*

I am with you, *hombre, mujer*
when you are denied a raise
when you receive no healthcare
when you receive no promotions
because you have no citizenship

I am with you *hombre, mujer*
when you are beaten darker shades of brown for being brown
when you are mocked for speaking the language of accents
when you are denied acknowledgment
in the halls
in the buildings
on the sidewalks
because you exist in obscurity
when you inhale venom, free of charge – *gratis*
when concerns are for production – not you the human
when laws restrict your choices, your freedom, your pursuit of happiness
when laws protect those who exploit you
because consumerism is alive

I am with you now
in that understanding
that we are *nosotros*
that we exist in the same separateness
in the same discrimination
in the same obscurity
in the same shaming

I am with you then
in those moments
when you doubt
the American dream
when you doubt
the better life *del norte*
when you doubt
the importance of you
I am with you
siempre.

RECOGNITION

A name learned, removed,
reclaimed for its perfect fit.

Your figure frozen mid-stride,
a snapshot held up to its negative.

Alike – and yet not –
I can't be positive it's you.

Yet when you speak, evoking a dream,
I recall the premonition of your coming:

A cross-legged silhouette in whose
voice so polished and familiar

I hear my own reflection glint
as we split into kindred selves.

Wendy J. Esterás, IVC Class of 2000

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Identity

Sibyun Na

Boat slowly sinking
carrying hundreds of people with it.
Families torn apart.
Heartache in both worlds.

A boy places his ID card
in between his teeth—
a last act of kindness—
thinking of his family.

Come with me to
walk through a garden in bloom.
where there isn't news of tragedies
where kids are embraced with love.

Come with me to where passengers are
shivering, crying, and begging,
no exit from terror found.
Helping hands disappearing.

Come with me to
the meeting place within the sea.
Eyes of passengers close—
they are letting go, and gone.

Hold on to who you are.
Hold on with your teeth.

We are stuck on this endless wheel,
blind and deaf by ourselves.
We have become our own God,
pure reason veils infinity.
We believe in nothing except us:
everything is compressed in the singularity.

by Emil Sinclair (1999 -)
July 2014

V. Contagious with Stars

UNITY. UNIDAD. TONGYI. DAYANTAKA

BY

MICHELLE "JUNGLEBABY" ANDERSON

(future UCR Master's student)

The elusive trait that humanity lacks

Each one goes his own way

Thinking what she does is the right way

With technology we think we move forward

When in our hearts and minds all we are is going back

UNITY.

PEACE.

ONENESS

Can only materialize through and from the thicket of

Hatred, complacency and apathy

Like a dance, one can't go east and the other west

And still flow with fluidity and grace

On Dancing with the Stars, you they will eliminate

Unity and oneness can only be established

When one willingly gives up their will

In order to put the wants and needs of others ahead of themselves

One can't be self-centered and live in harmony

Or be difficult or stubborn and work in unison

One must be self-less and sacrificial

Joyfully letting you go ahead and winning the prize

That should've rightfully been mine

Seeing danger ahead, pushing you out of the way

Saving your life, knowingly forfeiting mine

Unity starts as small steps

Each person making the choice to give of themselves

Before we point fingers at leaders for not bringing peace to the Middle East

Or anywhere else in the world

Turn your face to the mirror and see what contribution

you've made to unity in your sphere of influence

Sonnet 346 - DEAD GIRL ON FACEBOOK

by John Oliver Simon

The little girl carried limp in Daddy's arms
photo on Facebook maybe from yesterday
in Gaza or last April in Syria
dusty pink dress, bare feet no longer kicking

lank hair falling plumb, but I can't see her face
of which I'm glad because I'm sure it would be
the face of my granddaughter Isabella
her Daddy's face is contorted in rage

in my complicity I have no answer
no blade to slice Gordian complexities
no closure for the war that goes on and on

no rhetoric to loft her into heaven
no angels to sing her to sleep in Hebrew
she dangles so limp in her Daddy's strong arms.

to be united
by cindy c.

together with two arms
two legs, two eyes
together with a torso
a mouth, a brain
together in different hues
of human we touch
heart to heart
ear to ear
hand to hand
to tell each other
brother, sister
i love you
to say that I am no
different than you
you are no different than me
from a mother we traveled
to be a part
of one great earth

CONTAGIOUS WITH STARS

by Diana Henning

Pick a pocket of nighttime and everywhere you reach is deep with light.
The gods caution that to hold luminosity you must first strip of all pretense.
These days those deities are out bungee jumping, in Uranus or Mercury.

Who sleepwalked with the Milky Way, drunk on distance, its expanse?
I wanted to write with a torch but ended up with a stubby pencil with no eraser.
Maps are of no use when you hibernate. Because the sky is contagious

with stars, nighttime is best for viewing that dust which is us. I want my ashes
to create their own planet. One where people or whatever life-form exists will live
with peace. I cannot cry for what we are. But I am saddened by what we are not.

Maybe the children and women

would like to give thanks for being alive
in your church on a bench in your park
for enduring day-to-day persecutions
a five year old stands in front of the judge
no english no mother no father the little girl
pioneers in the immigration court
the bus with sealed windows maybe

you could open your sacred doors
they will give gracias there and send
prayer to their families can you offer that
they will sing in their hearts even though
many push them back pass cunning
new laws new blame new rationales
so many miles of violence centroamerica
mexico now driving to your city outside your
city inside your city there is no going back
my friend everyone of us is here and
comes one after the other
- Juan Felipe Herrera

To See

A leg for a leg
Son for son
Daughter after daughter, we

fall into the blind
misery of unmarked graves.

No shoulders
No hands.
Elbow for elbow,
Heart for a heart,
beat by beat. Let us
tear unborn twins
from a mother's womb
to keep things sym-

metrical.

Ear for an ear—
we are trapped now

in silence, thick like a lead box.
We listen for seven billion
pairs of footsteps that march de-

tached from their legs

toward an abyss without angels.

Wing for wing
Feather for feather
Let us occupy this space between clouds

pulled by capricious gravity
invisible and urgent like

memory.

It has been told
that the blind can read
with their fingertips—

Ten
f i n g e r s d a n c e
across

braille mountains, then

crumple
parchment scrolls,
light
them to fire, light many fires.
Smoke spirals to
sting dark eyes of new rain

while Earth awakens.
Billions upon billions of
eyes pulse and glimmer on her
moon-drenched seas

between tides of
 re-
venge.

by Karen K. Lewis
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Karen leads workshops with California Poets in the Schools and encourages poetry as a pure form of nonviolent direct action and creative resistance.

Unity Tanka (Numero 10)

You are a One that
takes air and food for yourself
in return for words
that come out as the cosmos -
just like Ones have done before

-Jonar Isip

Cathy Barber
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Venus

Suppose the whole world were
mother-of-pearl beautiful
stained with shine and glitter
a huge shell of desire and

having.

Suppose you could drop yourself whole
into that world and wrap
yourself in its wonder

Suppose you could clear your
throat of all its excesses,
its blather and intellectual rust

You could shake
that stoop out of your shoulders,
strip back to the beginning
and spend the rest of your life
absorbed in polishing nacre.

VI. We are Champions

Port of Los Angeles School-wide Poem—Published in June 2012

Peter Reil, teacher, coordinator of Unity Poem project

We are Champions; as people first, students second, and athletes third.--Mizzy

We are just beginning.--Mrs. LopezLavalle

We are the protagonists of our favorite novels.--Ms. Von Slomski

We are never given more than we can handle.--Ms. Shummon

We are family with a big heart that never stops beating.--Jeffrey Miranda

We are Products of our experiences.--Mrs. Attefat

We are different waves on the same shore. --Mrs. Fitzpatrick

We are over- achievers who go past expectations.-- Brandon Kim Whittle

Somos estudiantes con esperanzas de ser alguien importante en el futuro.--Erick Medina

We are the ones who could make a difference.--Jorge Gonzalez

We are the key to the future.--Kelya Lucas
We are friends but also family.--Denzel Saravia
We are a heart that always beats.--Andrew Vasquez
We are dreamers who dream until our dreams come true.--Claudia Garcia
We are comfortable at POLAHS.--Hector Martinez
We are the eye of the tiger.--Janeth Ambriz
We are the ketchup in your fries.--Cynon Fernando
We are taking new steps to a great future that God has for us.--Guillermo Espinoza
We are the perfect example for future high school students.--Valentina Medina
We are magma and we know it.--Erik Jimenez
We are one of a kind.--Jeremiah Villegas
We are the chow in chow mein.--Antonino Russo
We are starting anew.--Mr. Martell
We are the ones who get what we want but not what we need.--Jose-Luis Perez Jr.
We are the glitter that sparkles.--Imelda Pina
We are the ones who start school at 8:40am on Mondays.--Steve Ramirez
We are cucumbers soon to be pickled.--Jerry Tucay
We are the athletes who make a difference.--Courtney Williams
We are sometimes making bad choices that leave us with regrets.--Moriah Wilkes
We are the last door you walk through.--Josh Rodriguez
We are just kids with temptations; it's part of being human.--Sandy Casillas
We are all a riddle.--Sierra DeLaCruz
We are cake.--Wyatt Freels
We are the solutions to tomorrow's problems. --Lettie Pena
We are all looking at an awesome future.--Joey Solorio
We are not to be judged.--Haylie Sigler
We are the music notes that people sing and play.--Jonathan Pepper
We are tired.--Ms. K. Wang
We are individuals.--Michael Vert
We are the brightest polar bears in the South Bay.--Karen Mota
We are the sound waves of a guitar.--James Guerrero
We are going to make a change.--Maggie Inlow
We are defying the status quo...--Mr. Walden
We are creative individuals.--Angelica Perez
We are artists in school, drawing out our lives.--Joseph Juarez
We are young.--Andrew Sierra
Nosotros somos el reflejo de nuestros padres hay que representarlos.--Mrs. Sandoval
We are the middle part of bread.--Jean Tarlac
We are more than a short answer.--Mrs. Clark
We are the aspirations of future generations.--The one the only Senor Edgar Armenta
We are the hope of every nation.--Ashley Clark

We are caring faculty, keen minds, clean walls,
 learning, sharing, growing, expanding through POLAHS halls.--Mr. Yourman
 We are dust in the wind.--Ms. Childers
 We are the guys, at POLA High, who challenge our students to always ask why.--Ms. LaBouff
 We are tired and in need of a summer vacation.--Mrs. Costa
 We are only human.--Cheyenne
 We are bound for greatness.--Mr. Collins
 We are pure potential.--Roughen
 We are excited and hopeful to see who our students become.--Mrs. Reynolds
 We are what we choose to be.--Mrs. Liverpool
 We are the mundane and the extraordinary.--Anthony Trejo
 We are the people striving for success while resisting to break.--Ignacio Sepulveda
 We are different riffs on the same beat.--Mr. Riehl
 We are our own main characters in our book of life...--Andrea Tafolla
 We are the light in the darkness, when it feels like all else is fading.--Tabby Eddy
 We are the actors of our own movie.--Karolina Reyes
 We are all imperfection aiming for perfection.--Jackie Perez
 Somos el producto de nuestro esfuerzo.--Priscila Tapia
 We are the CHANGE...for the better.--Eliana Garcia
 We are what past generations will look up to.--Morgan Flores <3
 We are the only ones that can save the planet.--Delilah Correa
 We are a song, collectively changing the music of our world.--Jelani Bentley
 We are fierce warriors, each with a girl to enabling us to a glorious victory, leaving behind our
 legacy.--Jarzha Medina
 We are sharks who search for peace, not afraid to attack and devour any obstacles in our path.--
 Sarah Villegas
 We are God's children, so why fear?--Marilyn Orantes
 We are the people made of the past, learning from the present, and becoming the future.--Marilyn
 Orantes (again)
 Nosotros somos estudiantes, somos en el futuro, y somos la esperanza.--Jasmine Anaya
 We are seniors in high school who are ready for the next level.--Jasmine Anaya (again)
 We are the entertainers, bringing life to parties everywhere!--Robert Yates
 We are the exception to the rule; 2012.--Casey J. Dillon
 We are the generation divided by zero;for which our aspirations and accomplishments will remain
 undefined, but will contribute to a better tomorrow!--Abraham A. Mata
 We are the ink to life's blank page, transcending culture, class, and age.--The Voice of POLAH
 We are the players that know how to function.--Cole Micek
 We are the one, the only, the almighty.--Ryan Handwerk
 We are the key minds of a bright up-rising future.-- Alberto Lopez The Great
 We are humans that learn from our mistakes.--Lisette Pena
 We are the planet who makes a differences for the world.--Jacquelyn Valdez

We are the essence of every sheet of a book with great goals.--Natalia Villamil
We are the ones that contributed to the past, built our society today and dream about our future.--
Ryan Handwerk
We are a Brave New World.--Raul Gonzales
We are Gods tears running down his face.--Raul Gonzales
We are the players that GO BIG OR GO HOME.--Cole Micek
We are the conquerors of knowledge of this world.--Sergio Caraveo
We are the leaves falling off a tree on Autumn Day.--Raul Gonzales
We are the students that have to write a poem.--Cassie Salgado
We are the ones who go through the most but, brush it off like if its the least.--Estefania Gutierrez
We are the ones that always achieve through the obstacles that get in front of our dreams.--Tanya
Lopez
We are the gatekeepers of our own destiny.--Angel Valentin
We are the ones who didn't start the fire, it was always burning since the world's been turning.--
Dante Davis
We are the fuel that ignites the fire of our evolving world.--Ebony Reedburg
We are the soul of the future, the death of the past, unclear and infinite, steadfast, and live for the
sight of love.--David Jacobo
We are the change of our pasts letting go and starting new chapters.--Alyssa Contreras
We are the melody that makes up a song.--Karla Rivera
We are brave for going to college.--Ariana Dominguez
We are ready to graduate.--Elizabeth Velazquez
We are an unsolved puzzle, that doesn't need solving.--Big Ben Ruszczyk
We are the ones traveling the road less traveled and that makes all the difference.--Margarita Bolanos
we are all fighters in our own different way.--Juan Vasquez
We are kids just trying to have fun.--Amanda Englebrecht
We are all striving to be the best that we can be.--Vania Alvarado
We are all puzzle pieces looking to create a bigger picture.--Miranda Gamez-Moreno
We are all human beings trying to all fit in.--Megan Russo
We are moving to the beat of life.--Belen Vargas
We are the generation that voices our opinions and proves that we can make the impossible, into the
possible.--Anthony Naranjo
We are the future of our country and we can change it for the better.--Kamill Ulrich
We are tigers, mighty mighty tigers.--Michael Harrison ;)
We are all different searching for one goal; success.--Everly Dominguez
We are the children at war with our inner selves seeking for the definite light in the infinite
darkness.--Liseth Mendoza
We are the words flooding the pages of our book, one word at a time.--Valeria Morales
We are the voice that needs to be heard and we will not be silenced.--Krystle Weinstein
We are the children of the fallen, of those who tried to change a system that makes men torture, and
we are their hope and aspirations.--Daniel Jacobo

We are the improvement of yesterday's failures and the hope for a better tomorrow.--E'vet Vigil
We are the creatures of the night.--Jasmine Javier
We are the saviors of tomorrow, ready to redeem the world of corruption.--Gabriela Hernandez
We are vessels of the American ideals which will continue to steer our nation to prosperity.--
Anthony Melgarejo
We are the generation rising to bring change.--Georgina
We are champions in training.--Nataline Flores
We are an aglet to a shoelace.--Carl Esquivel
We are fresh spring flowers after a rain shower.--Neahn Batiste
We are your future.--Brandon Ciaramitaro
We are life savers.--David carballido-Jeans
We are roses with thorns.--Yesenia Lara
We are the strength needed to break the chains that tie us down.--Kassandra Llamas
We are the climax of a never ending story.--Layanna Taufaa
We are all we strive to be.--Vincent Delgado
We are the champions.-- Maritza Ramsden
We are birds flying freely.-- Alma Garcia
We are the roots of a growing tree, soon to be chopped down sliced into paper. Save the
environment!--Lizelle Florez
We are stars always shining never far.--Pilar Ek
We are Ink.--Chris Marshall
We are the light at the end of the tunnel.--Kevin Melgoza
We are the cheerios in your bowl of milk.--Carmen Meza J
Nosotros somos orgullosos por ser Mexicanos en un pais Americano- Gabriel Martinez
We are the change to the world.--Jazmine
We are the freedom to your writers.--Cameron
We are the star to your burst.--Aubree Ponce
We are the Rainbow to your Skittles.--Selena
We are the love to your machine.
We are the out to your siders and we will prevail.--Ryan Pekins
We are the chips in your bag of air.--Jelani Bentley
We are the Young to your Money.--Yahaira
We are the brush stroke to your masterpiece.--Mark Rodriguez
We are the lyrics to an anthem.--Nicole Medrano
We are bright stars in the dark sky.--Arlene Hurtado
We are the instruments in an orchestra.--Anthony Meek
We are different fish in the same pond going different directions.--Connor Wright
We are the road less traveled.--Sonia Mosqueda
We are not a word. We are not a line, we are a generation that can never be defined.--Ivan Real
We are the smile to your face!--Chris Rosales
We are the Directioners.--Nayely Barajas

We are the salsa on your chips!--Ryne Beachley
We are the crisp to your bacon.--Moises Fraere
We are the key holders to the future.--JEFFREY V
We are the light that shines at the end of the tunnel when you think theres no light left.--Nicole Sierra
We are anything we strive to be.--Anthony Zankich
We are rare jewels, ready to be discovered!--Cindy:D
We are indescribable like the taste of water.--Christian C.
We are all part of a bigger picture.--Zefora Kemp
We are cows thriving to jump over the moon.--Allison Bayer
We are the image of our generation.--Gracie Anderson
We are the sugar that makes life sweet.--Kenneth Bacos
We are the knowledge that transpires through the world.--Jacky H
We are the inspiration, of future generations.--Cecilia Jimenez
We are the heart.--Raven Johnson
We are together despite any distance.--Alex Helwig
We are the angels that bring passion and knowledge.--Cedric Genavia
We are the revolution yet to come.--Cesar Guerrero
We are the molten rocks of lava shaping an island.--Lexi Ceballos
We are the budding roses, waiting to bloom.--Danielle Davis
We are the sun that shines as a new generation.--Shana Tuibeo
We are the writers of our lives, the ones to make a better day.--Jonathan I.
We are the peace in a time of war.--Sam Foxworthy
We are the hope that inspires change.--Jeannette Hurtarte
We are diamonds unbreakable and beautiful.--Ivie Slaton
We are the beginning to every end.--Lia Lopez
We are the sweet melody to the unfinished song.--Natalie Patey
We are the next chapter in the book of life...--Stephanie Gomez
We are ready to face a challenge.--Alex Espinoza :p
We are the future.--Robert Taylor
We are the athletes.--Michael Pirozzi
Somos una familia unida.--Ms. Zaragoza
We are the spirit to our loved ones ..--Vianey Valdez
We are the fire that set the government ablaze.--Carlos Gomez
We are kids, full of life and mistakes.--Tyler Gloyne
We are the students who strive for success.--Jennifer Garcia
We are the new life in the world.--Matthew Lavarini
Nosotros somos el fuego en el alma.--Oscar Ramirez
We are the jimmies that remain un-rustled.--Joe Centeno
We are people who want to succeed.--Viri Lopez
Nosotros somos la luz de nuestros padres.--Zaira Gurrola

We are the queso to your quesadilla.--Teiara Buford
We are the people who will be the future.--Jennifer Alvarez
We are the pride to our Hispanic community.--Nohemi Payan
We are in session.--Miguel Salgado
We are the cherry on top.--El presidente
We are the voices that cannot be ignored.--Angela Wade
We are trees being drawn on paper.--Melissa Hurtado
We are superstars.--Skyler Bennett
We are like numbers, never ending.--Augie
we are the ones that dream of the future.--yani:D
We are the ones who stand out from the shadows.--Leslie Valentin
We are the raindrops that cause the flood.--Angel Morales
We are the kids who dare to dream.--Brittany Gomez
We are one in many.--Brianna Arquette
We are the dreamers that create the dream.--Jazmin Langarica
We are the swell before the wave.--Isabella Owen
We are the pens that continue to write history.--Khaliah Rahh
We are the sunshine to the world.--Julissa Ibarra
We are the misunderstood kids.--Ricky Harmon
We are the leaders of tomorrow.--Adrian Garcia
We are who we are.--Alex Martinez
We are the fire that burns.--Marqese Dabbs
We are the pillars of freedom and democracy.--Jamie Poulos
We are those who find comfort in the presence of the sharing and smiling sun.--Cristin Franco
We are not a graceful Sunday morning sunrise or a slow Saturday afternoon but rather a rushed Monday morning; overwhelmed and preparing for days beyond our years.--Christina Ceja
We are POLA bears.--Michael Kucura
We are young.--Kris Holznagel
We are a unit.--Michael Saenz
We are role models of the future.--Raphael Rodriguez
We are a smart school.--Michael Landeros
We are the stars in space.--Juan Solorio
We are bears that don't give up.--Vanessa Nava
We are the future.--Christopher Ortega
We are the younger generation.--Justin Cuevas
We are unique, rare, and one of kind.--Cesar Farias
We are the sun in a sunset.--Jesus Medina
We are still young; live life the way you want, but don't mess it up for yourself.--Justin Giordano
We are proud to POLAHS students.--Jerry Marquez
We are the POLAH bear champions.--Andrew Aburto
We are the future of the world.--Dominic Aldridge II

We are hard working students at POLAHS.--Abriana Cazares
We are educated and hard workers at POLAHS.--Jennifer Vargas
We are reaching for our goals.--Edith Hernandez
Somos el futuro y la esperanza de nuestros padres, abuelos, nuestro pueblo y nuestro mundo.-- Elias Valenzuela
We are all warriors that never give up in a fight.--Raymond Afanador
We are proud to be called the polar bears.--Caitlyn Bennett
We are achievers and not quitters.--Christopher Salazar
We are what we are.--Isaac Zuniga
We are POLAHS; our spirit is the polar bear, an animal with no fear and lots of courage.--Maria Ortega-Perez
We are responsible to the next Seven Generations.--Ms. Bruhnke
We are all different.--Carissa Preister
Somos una familia.--Cynthia Angel
We are.--Anthony Romero
We are all people no matter how different we act.--Christian Sanchez
Somos la luz del dia.--Alondra Medina
We are our own image.--Brian Cevallos
We are people who make bad choices but always get back up on our feet.--Nailah Kendrick
We are all people, plain and simple people.--Garrett Acuna -Taylor
We are the bright future.--Lucille Rickard
We are our future.--Xavier Garcia
We are some of many.--Evan Rezai
We are the champ in champions.--Matthew Sparks
We are what we eat.--Raymond Flahiff
We are all beautiful in our own way.--Mahananaim Rabanales
We are hunters and gatherers.--Samantha Camacho
We are blinded by the world attractions.--Elizabeth Vargas
We are all smart even when we think we are not.--Ashlee Reed
We are the future of strength and wit.--Laura Leos
We are the next superheroes waiting for our chance to shine.--Melissa Navarro
We are our own kind of soldier, blessing or cursing each other with wisdom, justice, and love.-- Geovanny Mayen
We are brave enough to do anything.--Clarissa Raya
We are trying to do our best.--Gabriela Gomez
We are all capable of triumph.--Valeria Marrufo

We are courageous in our goal of being leaders.--Shane
We are as humans entitled to nothing, yet are responsible for the world.--Tristan Rojas
We are sun rays brightening the world one shine at a time. We are committed.--Jessica Rosales
We are different pigments on the same canvas.
We are champions.--Gareth Young III

We are the rebels in the world.
We are all players reaching for the trophy.--Karely Mora
We are the product of our realities.--Nathan Pierce
We are all hungry for success, but some will starve for others to binge eat.--Omar Ochoa
We are different on the surface, but deep down we are all the same.--Rusty Mate
We are all products of our environment.--Niara Johnson
We are the road to the future.--Nathaniel L. (Per.3)
We are the future.--Tyler Lee
We are all only human.--Erdinel Mangubat
We are all making a difference.--Mia Tippet
We are all tiny pieces to a bigger puzzle.--Ciara Harris
We are made in God's image.--Jennica George
We are all the future of this world.--Mariela Espino
We are the light of the world.--Adrianna Garcia
We are young warthogs running through the fields.--Dylan Zinkiewilz
We are the voice of the future.--Micayla Britton
We are all successful in our own way.--Claudia Castaneda
We are equal to one another.--Kalvin Pettengill
We are the world.--Angelina Grijalva
We are unwanted children in a desolate wasteland.--James Enriquez
We are foolish. We are many.--Adam Chavez
We are the unwritten pages to an endless book.--Jackie Dair
We are infinite.--Rumor Daluisio
We are the next generation that will create our dreams and hopes into our footprints.--Lilibeth Barron
We are God's children.--Leslie Acosta
We are the future presidents, senators, musicians, dancers, teachers, oil drillers, and burger flippers that make up the United States of America.--Ashley Kapski
I know us teenagers lie and all of us cry, but we will try to get pass by life.--Joseph R. Mancha
We are who we are, young boys and girls, signified as the next generation of this world.--Jaylin Morgan
We are the foundation of the future.--Anthony Martinez
We are forever young.--Ilene Alcaraz
We are the future.--Breelyn Kamppila
We are young and reckless. We are one and the same.--Jessica Anaya
We are young, heart ache to heart ache we stand.--Jennifer Alva
We are Nihilists.--Melissa Gurrola
We are each our own individual.--Patrick Garcia
We are the world.--Brianna Grayson
We are the future.--Anthony Carson

We are flowers waiting for the perfect time to bloom.--Arias Guadalupe
We are citizen soldiers ready to protect what we love.--Jorge Lauzman
We are all seeking for the same goal. To succeed in life.--Jennifer Santillan
We are all sailors on the same ship. Soaring through the winds.--Xavier Valenzuela
We are all unique.--Magda Madera
We are like a snowflake, unique without mistake.--Clint Jennings
We are the smart students and faculty of POLAHS, that care about each other.--Cynthia Perez
We are making history.--Ernie Alvarez
We are the champions.--Paulina Mancha
We are light that shines upon others.--Michael Casarez
We are the light that blinds many.--Mike Montejo
We are special in our own way.--Gina Dipietro
We are just getting started.--Ramiro Sanchez
We are too school for cool.--Uriel Hernandez
We are cute.--Jazrin Ybarra
We are the true heroes.--Noah Pierce
We are the kids who abuse YOLO.--Amanda Gonzalez
We are a school that cares.--Richard Velez
We are the future.--Ruben Samudio
We are the "POLA" in pola bears.--Jacquelyn Chor
We are weird and that's better than to be normal.--Kassandra Albarran
We are cool kids.--Lili Arguello
We are the drummers who keep the beat going.--Miguel Zermeno
We are the voices that make a difference.--Ariana Archuleta
We are the conquerors.--Cristian Carrillo
WE ARE!--Mr. Zrucky
We are the better school.--Isabela Van Antwerp
We are one.--Bryan Centeno
Somos una familia grande.--Francisco Gurrola
We are going to succeed.--Charles Bennett
We are creative by being weird and random.--Stephany Ortiz
We are lost in this world and afraid to figure out who we really are.--Jerimiah Gregorio
We are all the silver lightning that breaks the darkness from its curse.--Emmanuel Soria
We are human.--Alexandra Gardea
Somos los que juega el juego por sobrevivire la vida.--Jannet Olvera
We are the fireworks that light up the night sky.--Jeremy Bellman
We are young, wild, and free.--Amra Brucelas
We are the ones that make our future better.--McKenzie McDowell
We are all weird, socially awkward, yet special in some way.--Christina Beauchamp
We are the comet escaping the darkness into the light.--Casey Kane
We are never going to surrender.--Araceli Castellon

We are the light of the world.--Leann Barajas
We are the flowers that make the world beautiful.--Myra Munoz
We are all good looking because we're good looking.--Jesus Diaz
We are brighter than the sun.--Aylin Yahuaca
We are the world.--Stephen Alvarado
We are the eyes of your future.--Octavio Salazar
We are preparing for our future.--Andrea Sanchez
We are the physical manifestation of humanity's love and compassion.--Diana Zaragoza
We are a voice waiting to be heard.--Brittany Barksdale
We are rebels with a cause.--Noemi Palacios
We are different.--John Harvey Kellum IV
We are scientists.--Amalia Diaz
Nosotros somos como flores; de muchos colores y de muchos sabores.--La Senora Digna Gonzalez
We are free.--Samantha Walker
We are all Jedi.--Quincy Van Antwerp
We are trees.--Alex Gonzalez
We are one.--Angela Battaglia
We are smart individuals.--Alondra Crespo
We are the future.--Errica D. Loera
We are the next generation.--Jackie Alvarez
We are all crazy.--Angel Florez
We are trying to function.--Jonathan Saenz
We are just taking a walk on the wild side.--Samantha Gurrola
We are all hurt.--Christian Avalos
We are smart people.--Sofia Morales
We are unique.--Alexis Maldonado
We are chosen.--Rashad Anderson
Somos la nueva generación.--Jhoana Ruelas
We are the future.--Everardo Ramirez
We are raza.--Ramses Hernandez
We are young, wild, and free.--Greg Ambriz
We are believers.--Marisa Lopez
We are POLAHS kids.--Alan Saravia
We are in uniform.--Ayana Cortez
We are who we are and nothing can change that.--Daniel Rubio
We are seeds that grow up to be big, strong trees.--Henry Estrada
We are all one of a kind.--Jasmine Ramirez
We are the sunshine to our day.--Stefanie Lemus
We are a wolf pack.--Alex Bonzo
We are the yore of the future.--Ricardo Perez
We are the green of the earth.--Kelsea Short

We are that little bit of hope in everyone's lives.--Victoria Martinez
 We are the best of the best.--Devan Sparks
 We are united as a whole.--Edith Virula
 We are sprinkles on a cupcake.--Sarai Romero
 We are the lucky penny you accidentally stumbled across.--Zachary Gardner
 We are all a family.--Sarah Nichols
 We are the swarm of bees on a hive full of honey.--Sofia Smith
 We are diverse.--Andrew Wiest
 We are the future.--Sean Young
 We are sandwich lovers.--Christian Garcia
 We are the future leaders of the world.--Jorge Rojas
 We are the new beginning that everyone has waited for.--Victoria Hernandez
 We are yesterday's tomorrow.--Albert Wand
 We are the success of the future.--Celeste Montanez
 We are the success of the non-believers.--Jacqueline Padilla
 We are plants grasping every photon of knowledge.--Darryl Lewis
 We are impeded only by our disbelief.--Miguel Espinoza
 We are the young beings coming to society.--Jeremiah Radisic
 We are the brain of our generation.--Cesar Garcia
 We are the remnants of the new millennium, a new age.--Nick Martinez
 We are the new generation.--Arturo Arce
 Somos quetzales entre muchos cuervos.--Aimee Ortiz
 We are the next generation of Power Rangers.--Patricia Devine
 We are the few, the proud, the Pola Bears.--Lyouboslav Tzanov
 We are the animals in a jungle.--Eric Salgado
 We are always misunderstood.--Stephanie Ramirez
 Noi siamo I leader futuri di San Pedro.--Jennifer Rosas (Italian)
 We are all about trying new things in life.--Karen Coronel
 We are the black sheep in the herd.--Andrew Toscano
 We are the music in your ipod.--Siloe Soriano
 We are never wrong, even if we may not be right.--Augustus E. Jernstrom
 We are the view far from the mountain top.--Andres de la Pena
 We are green,black, and white.--Regina Merced
 We are party animals.--Natalie Nava
 We are looking at the glass half full.--Jessica Fausto
 Somos el mundo entero sin nosotros la planeta no existara.--Marilyn Rivas
 We are the lines of a Zebra... unique and different.--Tearjia Gomez
 We are the best around.--Daniel Goodroe
 We are the heart of L.A.--Rebecca Valiente
 We are one another.--Betty
 We are and always will be a POLAHS family.--Jackie Rosas

We are the people, and it is up to us to make the world better. We should take care of our planet with love and respect.--Synthia Brown
We are the wakes in the lakes.--Colby Kaopua
We are the beat to our music.--Lesslie Rascon
We are what puts color in this world.--Kaela Soriano
We are polar bears.--Nick Razo
We are fighting until the war is won.--Kenneth Proano
We are stars that shine in the moonlight.--Jessenia Pineda
We are people filled with mistakes.--David Olvera
We are Krabby Patties and you're just Chum.--Angel Rodriguez
We are dreamers.--Karen Martinez
We are the kids who believe in education.--Dorian Garcia
We are the cats in the cradle with the sliver spoon.--Zak Keller
We are the American dream.--Juan Espinoza
We are authors writing stories as we go on in life.--Star Smith
We are the sound that evokes the movement.--Odyssey Hamling
We are color in this black and white world.--Janelle Taylor
We are unique in our own way.--Ulises Quintero
We are the frosting to the cake.--Nicole Chavez
We are vulnerable to stubborn mistakes.--Bobby Strum
We are different minds with similar goals.--Nick McCabe
We are under pressure.--Destiny Immerso
We are imaginative, creative, and unique.--Belisaria Sidener-Mercado
We are hopeful that our absolute best is good enough, and that while our mistakes help to make us who we are, they don't define us.--Ms. Barron
We are players, we are coaches, we are legends.--Mrs. Kelly
We are strong, brave and courageous.--Zoe Bartlett
We are bound for success.--George Camou
We are the outcome of our past.--Camille Franczak
We are one big family walking the road of success.--Brooke Harmon
We are undefeatable.--Kent Ishijima
We are a team that never gives up.--Chelsea Jennings
We are creations which create.--David Kaufman
We are the class of 2015, we will shine and blossom as we grow.--Norma Mancha
We are champions who never give up and fight to be the best.--Tiffany Mercado
We are the inevitably high achievers and love seekers.--Maria Mohan
We are brave performers in the spotlight.--Alicia Moser
We are yesterday's past and tomorrow's future.--Yadira Ortiz
We are adventurers starting to explore the world.--Julius Ortiz
We are farmers...dun dun dun dun dun dun dun.--Nathan Rivera
We are the Bears who strive for our goals.--Reanna Rivera

We are buds that bloom into roses.--Mayan Rodriguez
We are those who strive to achieve greatness.--Adam Rugerio
We are the authors of our own story.--Liana Sanchez
We are the ones who decide the future.--John Sestich
We are the next generation.--Justin Skeen
We are the leaders of the future.--Jonathan Soto
We are the fire that lights the torch of success.--Rebecca Thomas
We are the sun that outshines everybody and everything.--Tiffany Torres
We are Polah Bears.--Ricardo Vasquez
We are doors waiting to unlock our true potential.--Eric Velasquez
We are a bright light at the end of a dark tunnel.--Shannon Webb
We are fetch.--Melissa Yanes.
We are brighter than the sun.--Jorge Anaya
We are the children of the past and the parents of the future.--Leah Becerra
We are butterflies breaking out of their cocoons.--Riley Beres
We are lyrics of a song.--Emmanuel Capulong
We are the ones who can overcome any challenge.--Tiffanie Duarte
We are the future foundation to a better nation.--Ana Figueroa
We are the light that burns brighter than the universe.--Casey Galapon
We are the moon that rotates around the Earth.--Vivian Garcia
We are the rainbows after it rains.--Jessica Jones
We are fighters, lovers, believers, and dreamers.--Kelly Ko
We are and can be "the change we wish to see in the world.--Natalie Lizalde
We are the salmon swimming upstream.--Austin Mares
We are who you wish you were.--Angel Munoz
We are 950 leaders with the potential to change the world.--Adrian Padilla
We are the ones who live like there is no tomorrow.--Ariana Quihuiz
We are the words on the unopened pages of a book waiting eagerly to capture the heart and emotion of the reader before us...Waiting to show that we are more than just words in a book...we are portal to aspiration and imagination that leads to a new world of dreams and goals.--Lori Quijano
We are the world.--Joel Quintana
We are characterizing ourselves everyday.--Savannah Rodriguez
We are the Beyonce to your Jay Z. --Jhan'e Rozier
We are bound together by love, hatred, and fear.--James Scognamillo
We are discovering who we are as people.--Angela Ulrich
We are are champions with one goal in mind.--Briana Valencia
We are a special blend of people taking a different approach while respecting each others' uniquenesses.--Mr. Cosgrove
We are all turtles until we try to get out of our shells.--Louis Zarate
We are newborn babies trying to walk.--Ricky Banuelos
We are POLAH Bears, we fight till we win.--Adriana Vargas

We are athletes.--Oscar Torres
We are the Princes of the Universe.--Matthew Showler
We are Men in Black.--Jesse Robles
We are ferocious. We are POLAH Bears.--Carolina Real
We are college prep.--Enrique Orantes
We are who we are but we can be what we want.--Arthur Pacheco
We are the heroes of the near future, trained only to succeed.--Brenna Oles
We are the shell to your turtle.--Ruben Navarro
We are fools for love.--Jazmin Maya
We are the future.--Gabriel Martinez
We are the wood to the fire.--Tommy McGinnis
We are fierce, intelligent, the future, overachievers.--Dulce Guterrez
We are a family , we come together to make the impossible, possible.--Jacqueline Garcia
We are the light that brightens your day.--Rien Estrada
We are the bomb that sets off a brighter future.--Vanessa Enriquez
We are all beautiful creations, here on this Earth for a purpose.--Genesis Duarte
We are fighters and will stop at nothing to succeed, We are the Kings!--Claudia Domicoli
We are eagles soaring to succeed in life.--Julissa Cueva

We are a ticking time bomb, waiting to explode.--Mitchell Smith
We are the united pack of POLAH Bears.--Anydenisse Cerezo
We are the next generation of intelligence.--Chris Barron
We are still learning to become what we want to be. Learning from our mistakes to be one step closer to our career.--Rohanny Aguire
We are what you would call unique.--Jyni Wyse
We are brothers and sisters together forever.--Jose Zamora
We are peacocks trying to fly.--Noah Wilson
We are complex and well educated.--Maria Simmons
We are plants still waiting to grow.--Michael Saucedo
We are proud to be called POLAH Bears.--Amanda Ortiz
We are important, like the lyrics to a song.--Noemi Rodriguez
We are the future.--Chris Moten
We are an epic school.--Cameron Nena
We are the nerd of all schools.--Brianna Minton
We are a family in our home, POLAHS.--Marsha Martir
We are young with the drive to do better.--Brian Mata
We are shining young people who burn brighter than the stars.--Kimberly Madrigal
We are a family standing up for each other.--Carlos Guterriez
We are ride warriors on record breaking roller coasters.--Daniel Kesel
We are just the beginning, we have to move forward to the end.--Jip Lordkaew
We are called POLAH Bears for a reason.--Sierra Hubaty
We are the light that makes the stars shine at night.--Cassidy Hart

We are not only a family, but a team.--Jennifer Guerrero
We are the icing on the cake.--Francisco Garcia
We are a flock of birds flying free.--Samantha Franco
We are young, we won't set the world on fire, we'll build it higher.--Robert Del Rio
We are our own problems in many ways.--Diego Ugalde
We are the brightest star among all the dim ones.--Dania Villagran
We are stronger than a herd of bulls.--Samantha Soria
We are the ones who know right from wrong.--Josselin Ruelas
We are the new beginning.--Aileen Rodriguez
We are just trying to live our lives to the fullest.--Kaela Razevich
We are Hunger Game freaks.--Vanessa Perez
We are the ones who will clean the world and make it beautiful again.--Kelvin Montiel
We are one school, one big family.--Joey Razevich
We are fearsome athletes that stop the ground and rise as champions.--Ariella Martinez
We are independent and hardworking.--Alex Harney
We are a society of kids who destroy pop culture.--Victor Martinez
We are the stars that burn bright in the night sky.--Mellie Guidry
We are the up and coming generation.--Samantha Espinoza
We are the S in success.--Francisco Cervantes
We are the 5 mile to your day.--Eliseo Cisneros
We are the happiness that brings hope to everyone around us.--David Carter
We are small fish in the big sea.--Jonathan Barrientos
We are Chuck Norris' children.--Marco Bendetti
We are all finished dreaming and have now started living.--Julie Anaya
We are one in a million.--Jasmine Amador
We are shining stars that don't burn out.--Joshua Alberto
We are fly, like on another level.--Dylan Cortez
We are resilient.--Mr. Dikdan
We are creative, inspiring, and admirable.--Justin Hernandez
We are courageous, happy, authentic, and determined! --Chad Gidaya
We are one.--Calvin Jennings
We are in the eye of the storm.--Hope Daley
We are like a team, dedicated and committed.--Rafael Gonzalez
We are hopeful to succeed in our future.--Lauren Prizlow
We are the kids of America.--Angel V.
We are the future.--Valorie Alvarez
We are eternally young at heart.--Ms. K Wang
We are the eggmen, goo goo g'joob.--Hannah Guerrero
We are unstoppable.--Luciana
We are the jelly to our sandwich.--Cynthia Angheven
We are the paradox you pretend to understand, but we don't even understand; just live in the

present, but don't use that as an excuse for your life.--Nichole Stolz
We are one love, we are one heart, let's get together and feel alright!--Mr. Gutierrez
We are a family.--Lauryn Dodd
We are the future leaders of the world.--Samuel Vasquez
We are artists with a thirst for imagination & creativity.--Justin Burris
We are the generation that will change the world forever.--Nia Webster
We are the generation that will survive a zombie attack.--Jonathon Ortiz
We are what we are.--Daniel Jaquez
We are the future.--Briana Espinosa
We are the number one generation.--Adrian R.
We are dreamers of the future to make it happen.--Drucilla G.

We are like notes on a staff, working in harmony together.--Mrs. Shrock
We are the generation that can make a change and take this world to the top so don't stop.
We are souls searching for a body.--Nicholas Mata
We are the imagination of the creation.--Josue Ortiz
WE are, the graduating class of 2012.--Calene Salgado
We are, the biggest class yet.--Roy Marcias
We are starving.--Jeshua Avila
We are stars shining our light onto the world.--Bianca Martinez
We are beautiful.--Sarah Maldonado
We are living each day like it's our last.--Bella Salas
We are the disease.--Gerardo Montejo
We are the cure.--Luis Enriquez
We are the 4th graduating class.--Rigo Bancelos
We are the tide that will bring about change.--Gina Kaline
We are the inspiration for the future.--Corin Sowers
We are the inspiration for souls in despair.--Andreas Jimenez
We are worth it.--Amanda Berliner
We are rewriting our stories every day.--Nikki Masaki
We are the moon half full.--Anne Radinsky
We are uncooked hot dogs.--Jan Bautista
We are the answers to our own questions.--Ariana Romero
We are not ready.--Micah Montoya
We are hunters.--Dennis Lewis
We are just kids enjoying the last years of sheltered life.--Ev Serrano
We are at your neck, like a violin.--Robert M.
We are unique.--Gustavo
We are the generation to not give up.--Eve
We are voices who refuse to be unheard.--Taylor Dupuy
We are the kids of the future.--Marco Ramirez
We are the generation with no place in history.--Kevin A.

We are who we are, and don't let anyone tell you differently.--Ruby H.
We are the next generation to change our nation.--Sarah Tuibeo
We are our own worst enemy and our greatest triumph.--Angie Callau
We are as weird as they come, but as normal as it gets.--Allyson Mulcahy
We are an armada of talented troublemakers destined for greatness.--Kamille Parks
We are as triumphant as long as we have confidence in ourselves and never doubt our actions.
We are a dream within a dream... Buuuuum BuuuuuM!!!!!--Chong
We are the product of a good time.--Daniel Ohlaug
We are the pinnacle of all things extravagant.--Justin Galloway
We are the future; the next generation in line to make a difference & overcome all obstacles.--Jose Flores
We are the future.--Annette Navarro
We are NEVER late!--Andrea Trujillo
We are the amazing class of 2012.--Aryn Dixon
We are on the pursuit of happiness.--Jake Vasquez
We are about to embark on a serious journey.
We are one, we are anonymous, we are legion, we never forgive we never forget... Expect us.-- Mathew Downs
We are procrastinators.--Rachel
We are awkward.--Lauren C.
We are the ones that would never let you go, we'll be there to hold on tight.--Jackie S.
We are amazing.
We are Barcodi Breakdown.
We are that which remains, beyond time immemorial.
We are the light at the end of the tunnel.
We are proud to graduate.
We are who we set our minds to be.
We are one.
We are everything we dream we can be.
We are who we are.
We are what we want to be.
We are the fierce and passionate generation.--Ariana Aritelli
We are dreamers without a goal.--Juliette Jones
We are all naturally wicked creatures.--Kevin Pettengill
We are our own inspiration.--Peter Ditucci
We are what will bring peace to the world.--Stephanie Santillan
We are the start to a better future!--Christian Salazar
We are young.--Kimberly Cazares
We are the hope of the future.--Lizeth Moreno
We are an igniting spark waiting to start a fire.--Michelle Munoz
We are the people that will brighten the future.--Karla Medina

We are the pulse of our generation and we shall change the world one step at a time.--Gabrielle Calandrina

We are a new beginning.--Diana Gomez

We are ready to take a step for change.

We are rebels.

We are the ones ready to risk.

We are powerful.

We are becoming adults with fresh minds.

We are under preassure.

We are free.

We are different.

We are set free to accomplish many goals in life.

We are the next generation to reach our goals and dreams.

We are the last APES standing!

We are full of unknown opportunities.

We are the keys to heaven.--Pravinesh Chand

We are reckless.

We are creative.--Mrs. Barfield

We are unified.

We are the ones that'll make a difference in the future.

We are farmers.

We are human, we make mistakes to learn from them.

We are young.

We are hope.

We are class of 2013. Yay!

We are smart, kind, and important.--Shyonna Jones

We are the spark that makes your idea bright.--Jordan Bonner

We are victims of a self propagating system.--Matthew Benedid

We are nonexistent entities in an insignificant abyss.--Adryan

We are infinitely malleable.--Jonathon Burne

We are paving a path to a new generation of both complete brilliance and utter destruction.--Laura Anderson

We are striving towards something better.--Madison Davis

We are unstoppable.--Steph Anaya

We are the mighty mighty bears.--Susana Sanchez

We are complicated.--Marissa Sanchez

We are inspirational.--Gabrielle Bowman

We are the future.--Elizabeth Lizardo

We are speaking louder than before.--Sierra Haase

We are a sea of mindless drones conforming to mainstream society.--Ariel Belton

We are the ones that will be remembered.--Elena Desanto

We are the ones who will live for every moment.--Alexandra Desanto
We are the new.--Nat Maldonado
We are the world's next leaders, artists and innovators.--Sydney Beres
We are the Finn and Jake on a never-ending spontaneous adventure.--Sara Klak
We are the Grinches who stole Christmas.--Lisa Ricard
We are artists.--Kaelan D.
We are talented and able to make change.--Bailey Duarte
We are all unique.--Marie
We are a new generation and the salt of the Earth.--Mariela Payan
We are the Avengers.--Elaiza Masangkay
We are empowered youth.--Ana Saavedra
We are the lost generation able to destroy the world with responsibilities that we can't handle.--
Joseph Diones
We are the platoon, ready to move out when needed.--Kyle Agovino
We are raindrops lost in an ocean.--Vicky Gonzalez
We are on purpose...we live for a reason.--Christopher Farias
We are unreachable.--Cesilia Hernandez
We are legit.--Justin Langer
We are legends.--Melissa Zaragoza
We are the people who build up the world.--Jason Acosta
We are rays that complete the sun.--Vicky G
We are America!--Nick Milin
We are the students who are smart and learn more to be in college and school, so if we are not smart
then that is on us but if we do are best and put are mind to it then we do what we can and we all in
POLAHS united as a school and always a community.--Letty Sanchez
We are strong and united.--Andrew Lazo
We are unbreakable.--Miguel Meza
We are forever young.--Michael Perry
We are the world others have never seen.--Hiroshi Roan
We are a work of wonderful art; crafted by different emotion, beauty, and experience.
We are responsible for our actions.
We are the wind beneath your feet, the germs on your hand, we are we.--Carlos Reynoso
We are the only hope left in the world.--Bertha Morales
We are the people of hope for a better life.
We are players of the same game.
We are strong and have so many dreams and will succeed.--Julianne Escobar
We are all cheetahs—same animal, different spots.
We are a community of Americans full of dreams and faith.--Julia Elizarraraz
We are the creation of this nation.
We are the next.
We are the start of change.

We are young and we are strong.--Jessica Welch
We are anonymous.
We are the roots of trees that will grow tall and plentiful.
We are all superior in our own way.
We are filled with faith on something we cannot see but we can feel.
Somos los creadores de nuestro futuro.--Sra. Marin
We are the future.--Xitlali Prianti
We are God's gift of love, sent to the world.--Heather Marsell
We are more than conquerors.--Anisa Delgado
We are young yet we age and one day we will say, "Man, those were the days."--Moises Salgado
We are the sound that evokes the movement.--Odyssey Hamling
We are on the road to a bright future.--Jose Avila
We are the ecstatic emotion that is passed on to the future.--Sandrina Grajeda
We are the future.--Lauren S.
We are one.--Gus
We are the newfound revolution.--Noemi R.
We are fearlessss.
We are the annoying itch you can't scratch in public.--Anthony Bedolla
We are the lost, the sick, and the broken.--J.C.
We are all robots, searching for a weakness.--B.H.
We are is a song that I know.--Julian Feldman
We are the future of the world.--Isabel Verduzco
We are on the road to a brighter future.--Jose Avila
We are one.--Gustavo Hernandez
We are the future.--Joe Salcido
We are fearless.--Jacob Fisch
We are, what we are.--Jacob Ybarra
We are God's children, the difference, the world/complicated people, people with dreams and imagination.--Cynthia Vargas
We are the lost, the sick, and the broken.--Joel Cruz
We are all robots, searching for a weakness.--Brittney Hernandez
We are Individuals.--Fortunato Martinez
We are It.--Derek Pereya
We are the newfound revolution.--Noemi Rodriguez
We are #1. -- Aspi
We are lucky to have met each other, even for a brief time.--Lucia Valdivia
We are who we are, when we are being ourselves.--Jo Walker
We are what circumstances have made us.--Erin Wilber
We are the heart that beats through the nation.--Christina Aldapa
We are unique, we are united, we are super heroes, we are smart, we are beautiful, we are unstoppable, and we are beyond genius.--Jessica, Gloria, Cassandra

We are voldemort's flowers.--Alex Muckey
We are Jam jars' followers.
We are misunderstood.--Rob Romero
We are... Independent Exceptional People!--Ms. Gonzalez
We are the rhythm and the lied too.--Anthony Sandoval
We are kind and respectful.
We are the world to make a better place.--Norma Lemus
We are smart individuals that mean good and only good in this world.
We are an inspiration to all; we are intelligent and different in all sorts of ways.--Danielle Torres
We are always facing a challenge.--Naomy Rabanales.

We are a promise for tomorrow.—Mr. Cross
We are inspired to become someone who others look up to.--Teresa Espinoza
We are invincible.--Amelia
We are Farmers ba ba um bah bah.
We are all special in our own way =).--Ms. Joni
We are the controllers of our own future.
We are the potatoes of 'merica.
We are Yolo.
We are young.
We are the discriminated.
We are the American Dream reinvented.--Ms. St. John
We are the great generation.
We are all robots searching for a purpose.
We are the future parents of our kids.--Alexander Medina
We are all different people here on earth to make a difference.--Jessica DeLuna
We are athletes who strive through the challenge.
We are the dream.--Jay Galindo
We are the future generations obligated to create a more defined world.--Derrick Sasaki
We are all dreamers who refuse to wake up.
We are all Michael Jordan on April 20, 1986.
We are the future.
We are free to choose our own path in life.--Mr. Mora

We are an ocean, different with every wave.
We are all divergent with the same needs.
We are strong and adventurous, we are POLAHS.--Marisa Silva
We are independent.--Stephanie Pena
We is getting better at life.--Mr. Baucum
We are all trying to achieve our dreams.
We are the children lost but not forgotten.
We are young.

We are gnar.

We are awesome.

We are cool.

We are those with a will to win through respect and discipline.--Ivie

We are a jump above the rest.--Ms. Angelica

We are here to win this struggle, for the fight to the finish.--Ms. Naqvi

We are the cute bears!--Nicolle Miranda

We are the youth of the nation.--Emily Mercado

We are the investors in our future.--Tori Leos

We are future leaders.--Mr. Ben

We are the salt of the earth.--Mr. Morfin

Nosotros somos la admiración de nuestros hijos. No los juzguemos ellos hacen lo que ven.--Mr. G

We are the love in their soul.--Natalie Aguilar

We are mathematicians, solving the world's problems one equation at a time.--Mrs. Albitz

We are aliens seeking for peace. – Sabrina Rosales

We are all psychotic, young, and intelligent individuals who exceed the fullest in life . – Megan Giordano

We are asinine.

We are birds in a tree ready to fall off and fly into life.-Michael Perez

We are ants getting trained.- Eras

We are the best.-Joey

We are scare but brave.

We Are The Brain Cell To Give You An Idea. – Jacob Dominguez

We are the light that lights up a room.—Ariah Solorzano

We are the front cover of a book.- Fabian Ixta

We are seeds that are waiting to grow.-Eras

We Are The Inspiration To Create A Dream. – Jacob Dominguez

We are going to die but die in honor

Nayeli Tapia
Watsonville, CA
Cabrillo College

Because Shakira is making a controversial music video

Because Alex just learned photography.
Because Michoacan is infested with drug cartels.
Because Mexicans always believe in la Virgen de Guadalupe.
Because my uncle is doing landscaping.
Because my cousin is cooking.
Because parrots are speaking Spanglish.
Because raspberry plants are reaching for the sunshine.
Because Tapia goes with Tapatio.
Because my sister is studying criminal justice.
Because in the United States people look for a dream.
Because in California dreams become a reality.
Because in Watsonville most of the population is Mexican.
Because my mother believes that we should keep our culture alive not forgotten.

VII. Emphasis

Emphasis

It's all a matter of emphasis, you see.

I could look at you and perceive

only the differences
Clothed in harsh, convenient labels:
gender, skin color, religion
Rich? Poor? Immigrant? Or not.

I could speak with you and hear
what we might share
Described more tellingly:
lover of music, reader of novels
Traveler? Theater goer? Football fan? Or not.

I could turn to the sciences and know
what inalterably binds us
Down to the sub-cellular level:
genomic patterns, anatomical structures
Physiology? Neurology? Blood type O? Or not.

What joins us, however
Deserves more study and attention
Seven billion people share the Earth
Each person having
a mind
a consciousness
a soul

Emphasis should be on what matters most
And it is on these three things.

Janet Napolitano, UC President
February 2014

VIII. Borderless Blue

**PARA LAS FILIPINAS
TRAS EL TIFÓN YOLANDA**

por Francisco X. Alarcón

tras el gran vacío
de Yolanda, todos hoy
somos Filipinos

**FOR THE PHILIPPINES
AFTER TYPHOON YOLANDA**

by Francisco X. Alarcón

in the wake of great void
left by Yolanda, we are now
all Filipinos

bajo la noche
nos besamos como amantes
supervivientes

under the cover of night
we kiss like lovers
like survivors

que el Sol filipino
surja y dé otra vez calor
y esperanza a todos

may the Filipino Sun
surge up again and give
warmth and hope for all

12 de noviembre de 2013

November 12, 2013

¿está lloviendo
o llora el mundo entero
de luto aún?

is it raining
or is the whole world weeping
still in mourning?

25 de noviembre de 2013

November 25, 2013

no más lágrimas –
ahora aliento humano para
las noches solas

no more tears –
now human breath for
lonely nights

sosteniendo
a la Tierra y a todos –
el espíritu humano

sustaining the Earth
together and everyone –
the human spirit

28 de diciembre de 2013

December 28, 2013

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FILIPINO HAY(NA)KU

*tras los poetas Vince Gotera
y Eileen Tabios*

por Francisco X. Alarcón

azul
azul Filipino

FILIPINO HAY(NA)KU

*after poets Vince Gotera
and Eileen Tabios*

by Francisco X. Alarcón

blue
Filipino blue

lleno de esperanza	full of hope
Sol Sol Filipino brillando para todos	Sun Filipino Sun shining for all
nunca todos solos – nosotros con ustedes	never all alone – we're with you
sin importar distancias – siempre con ustedes	despite the distances – always with you
pensando en ustedes como familia juntos	thinking of you as family together
<i>26 de noviembre de 2013</i>	<i>November 26, 2013</i>

© Francisco X. Alarcón

Vince Gotera writes: “*The HAY(NA)KU is a poetic form invented by Filipino poet Eileen Tabios. It’s a word-counting three-line form: 1 word in line 1, 2 words in line 2, 3 words in line 3. Sometimes also in reverse: 3 words in line 1, 2 words in line 2, 1 word in line 3. Reverse haiku can be used for emphasis or for a change in the dynamics and movement of a poem. The form depends on good lineation ... not just the division of six-word groups into the line pattern, but actually useful, sense-laden line breaks.*”

AZUL SIN FRONTERAS BORDERLESS BLUE

por Francisco X. Alarcón

by Francisco X. Alarcón

azul
como el mar
al amanecer

blue
like the sea
at dawn

azul
como el cielo
al atardecer

blue
like the sky
at dusk

azul
como la tristeza
la soledad

blue
like sadness
loneliness

azul
como la esperanza

blue
like hope

la felicidad	happiness
azul	bonding
sin fronteras	borderless
unificador	blue
azul	blue
como el puntito	like the little
azul	blue dot
visto	seen
desde la lejanía	from afar
sideral –	in outer space –
la Tierra	the Earth
joya reluciente	shining
azul	blue jewel
entre	amid
la vasta	the vast
oscuridad	darkness
<i>28 de julio de 2013</i>	<i>July 28, 2013</i>

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IX. Quake Haiku

Quake Haiku

two butterflies
make love with such a fury
the Earth shakes

dos mariposas
hacen el amor con tanta furia
la tierra tiembla

© *Francisco X. Alarcón*
After the 6.1 magnitude California earthquake
with epicenter near American Canyon August 24, 2014

Subduction

this is what they call subduction:
tectonic plates
(craving pangaea)
float on the asthenosphere
reversing eons of a subtle drift apart, they slowly
inexorably shift towards each other
and
collide

the oceanic plate will submerge where it meets the continental crust
and plunge
back toward the mantle where it was born
slipping in slow increments and striking bolts of fiery release
freeing rivers of lava to rise up and penetrate the willing surface,
welding the two bodies together into a new whole

this converging, this re-formation -- it's messy, monumental
the original puzzle pieces have changed,
eroded, accreted
they have been shaped and reshaped by geodynamic forces
stretched and bowed by the sun and moon
rippled by the currents of sea and sky

negotiating the fit creates friction
so deep we can't touch it,

we only
feel the ground tremble,
hear our windows rattle

when the tsunami comes, we drown,
flee to higher ground
or learn to swim.

By Susan Schaefer Bernardo

some will be the story

others will tell the story
some will color dominion
as a math people with needles

in our future with a woven
tongue adding and subtracting
breath until day passes
through our knitted speech
like fire
like son
add burn to us
we saturate fiction making
keepsake stories
under our blues for the glory of
rhythm
we turn tenements to temples
making adobe dope made vein
transcendence
as oracle conduits
between shimmy and shake
we speak with tenor soul
like urban astronauts we play
stories
till we all get up
moving
like fire
like sun

- Ben Herron

X. Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

A Unity Poem Written and Performed by the Unity Fiesta Children's Voice Ensemble from Mary McLeod Bethune Elementary in Moreno Valley. Ms. Joan Frost's 4th and 5th Grade Class. October 9th, 2014 UC-Riverside. California Poet Laureate Unity Fiesta. Sponsored by the GLUCK program – UC-Riverside.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change!

Peace is love

And with love people become one.

The whole wide world becomes one.

Solo:

Unity is totality.

Unity is a beautiful thing.

Unity is kindness.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

If we unite, we don't have to fight.

If you see the light, go to the sight.

Never fight for love.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change!

You and I becoming friends

Together is balance.

We are friends

Undivided.

Together

In unison.

In balance.

In unity.

Solo:

Unity-

A beautiful way of making peace.

When people play basketball

It is all about t e a m w o r k!

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

Unity

Beauty

Harmony

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change

Together we are equals

Not enemies

Chorus:

Roses are red, violets are blue

I love unity and so do you!

These broken parts have come together

But now are complete forever.

Children will stay and live at a place

To eat , sleep, and play in grace.

Solo:

Unity-every heart becomes one.

America, being free is its specialty.

There is one lesson to this poem-

There is no I in a team.

Unity is about peace, friendship, and working all together.

It is about companionship.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

Unity means working together.

It only takes a feather,
Never separate
Never divided
Only united

Chorus:

U-unique
N-nice
I-intelligent
T-together
Y-you can make a change

No fighting
Just uniting
Friendship is awesome
It's cool to be happy!

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue
There's only one unity between me and you!

Unity will bring peace to this world.
These broken parts have come together
Now we are completed forever.
We split up and now we are back

Chorus:

3 little girls by a water fountain.

They say that they'll hike a big 'ol mountain.

But they said that they need to unite

When people work together

It is unity.

The sun settled and it was night.

Solo:

Unity is like being a team.

Without one another

We would not be in harmony.

Totality is what we need to succeed.

We need not to be divided;

But, instead, we need to stay united.

We all work harmoniously and with peace.

There are many people but we all work like one.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

If you see a fight, break it up.

If you fight, that is not good.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change

Once I saw a soccer team working together.
They were trying to get the ball on the other side.
They worked together.
They scored.

Melancholy will be no more with harmony.
Unite for there will be peace.
A community is a unity for all.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue
There's only one unity between me and you!

If you are friends with someone from a different culture
Just make peace and set aside our differences

Just work together to help have harmony
With all friends.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change

One person likes another
And the other person likes that person
And they turn into a beautiful family

Solo:

You have unity with your family.

You have unity with your friends.

You and I coming together
to make something beautiful.
Come together to make
Something beautiful.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

We laugh, we dance, we have a ball
As we gather all.
Today we shall celebrate that we come on this date.
Not broken or weak
Standing strong
Because together we will bond.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change

3 little boys by the mill

Suddenly they're standing still.

What is that on the hill?

That is my Grandma Jill.

We stay still,

When suddenly she says, "Come up here.

You working together is true love to me and you."

Solo:

When you are friends with someone

Work in peace.

Just leave out the differences

And just work together

Manchester City was playing against Liverpool.

They wanted to win.

They gave it all they had.

They played hard, they scored a goal because of teamwork.

Chorus:

Roses are red violets are blue

There's only one unity between me and you!

Solo:

Don't be afraid

Just be brave.

It's unity.

Chorus:

U-unique

N-nice

I-intelligent

T-together

Y-you can make a change!