Beautiful Sea Urchin

sea urchin, sea urchin
that spiny sea urchin
you’re made out of glass
you live in the sea.
you are as blue as the water,
so stay with me.

Sophia Pietrzak
Kindergarten
Katonah Elementary
Katonah, New York
the spikes sparkle in the way of the sun
    the spikes sparkle on the logs
the logs are in the way of the water
    the water is calm
the rocks might wobble
    ducks come in and quack
let's all shout—water

Ryan P. Corey
First Grade
Setauket Elementary School
Setauket, New York

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I see two checkerboards
inviting the water to play with them.
The blown glass sheets
in different colors of the rainbow
play hide and seek with the sun.

Ariya Mukherjee-Gandhi
Second Grade
The Spence School
New York, New York
Macchia Forest

The long, long vines
and all those trees,
my eyes fall upon these
beautiful petals, all different sizes
and all different shapes. And all of
the colors, I hope there are
many others.

Annabelle
Third Grade
Earth School
Brooklyn, New York

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Neon 206

Neon 206
Bright beautiful sticks
Colors everywhere
The sticks don’t even care!

Neon 206
Bright wacky sticks
Colorful crazy hair
The sticks don’t even care!

Neon 206
Bright lightning sticks
Colors popping everywhere
The sticks are crazy anywhere!

Emily Herra
Third Grade
P.S. 149 Q.
Queens, New York
Skillfully Sculpted

Glistening in the sun
The way water does
On days where
The sun
Like a diamond
Sparkles
On its throne in the sky

Fountaining up
With bubbles
Perched
Where the
Column of water
Breaks at the top
Into a petal array
And cascading down
Sending ripples out
From its landing point

Delphinium Sibley-Wilson
Fourth Grade
Bronx Community Charter School
Bronx, New York

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The Koda
shines above the rest
glimmering in the distance
it reflects with
the beam of light
Creating happiness
You feel as if
you can fly
as you witness
the mesmerizing colors
A grid filled
with panes of wonder

The water flows
gently underneath
then it
splatters
as it hits the surface
The majestic glass
shines
sparkles and
gleams
as it enters your dreams

Ashton R.
Fifth Grade
P.S. 56 Q.
Richmond Hill, New York
Sapphire Star

Oh Sapphire Star, your beauty and grace
To see you completely
I'd have my eyes, detached from my face.
You are simple and complicated, but never overrated
Whenever I see you, my amazement is automatically instigated.
To pronounce your greatness, I'd have to say it with my mind
When I first saw you
You put your signature on my subconscious
Which will forever be signed.
You are a fine work of art, seeming to be made by da Vinci
You have my awe, and everyone else's
Across every sea.
Sapphire Star, you have also taught me a lesson
That of which my heart and mind is taped
To be yourself
No matter who you are
Or what type of abstract shape.

Marcus Lopez-Pierre
Sixth Grade
Success Academy Midtown West
New York, New York

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Sapphire Star

You lose control
Unable to handle it anymore
It gets unbearably hot
So you blow
and blow
and blow
And look at what it turns out to be
The sapphire
Blue and white Crystals
coming alive
From all different directions
Hovering over the landscape like a god

Declaring power
As if the rage of the star has
Begun
The tips of the crystals turn a hot light orange
As if soaking up the sun's heat and radiation
And it soaks up all the light from the sun
And nothing is left but
The unlit star
Everything is in darkness
But the one
blazing
Sapphire star

Adonis
Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York
Past the Breaking Point

A sapphire star of Glass
Blue, a radiant blue,
Alas, it is a sight to behold.

A star,
The work is a star
The artist is a star
Glass is a star

How can I just believe
That art can be made of Glass
And the icicle-like spires,
Can make me feel something inside?

Blue, radiant blue, a shine
That only the finest Glass can create.
That only the best artist can illuminate.
That seems in itself to tempt fate.

Why Glass?
Why not some other material?
Why not something more durable,
Less fragile?

Is it because Glass is like the world:
Easy to break with just one simple touch?
Or is it the artist,
Who may be fragile himself,
That the Glass is reflective thereof?

AJ Walker
Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York

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Night Club

“I want people to be overwhelmed with color
And light in a way they
Have never experienced”

So I continue to burn bright
Throughout the night and the day
But in a different way

I’m sober in sun and drunkenly
dancing throughout the night
Because I am both

A work of art and a dancing line
And my outstretched hands can still reach heaven
Vibrant light shines out of the dancing lines

I call myself
Twisting and turning in perfect motion
intricately dancing back and forth

Except only at night can you see my light
At day I’m dull and hardly bright
But sometimes even at night my reflection

is blurry in the crystal water lake
I can’t see myself because I’m waiting
So that at night only I can see me dancing

At night I am the jagged colorful beams that
overwhelm even the brightest of stars
I reach up towards the highest of skies
And when I dance I can touch the heavens

Essence Johnson
Seventh Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York
Sol del Citrón

Sol

Spirals like the way dance makes my hips move left and right
Overjoy people's faces with the vibrant colors, allusions
Loops like the way natural hair does in its natural state bouncy and coily

del

Dazzles you with brightness that may blind your eyes in a snap of a hand
Exquisite like the sparkles sparkling on a disco ball
Luxurious for everyone to enjoy going beyond what they can imagine

Citron

Curves like the way a worm slithers back into its habitat
Injects you with freedom into a new world like Chihuly
Ties all the pieces together to make it unique
Rams all the ideas, differences in your mind that it suddenly goes “poof”
Ongoing into my brain was first a little thing that wasn't possible
Now it's a large scale glass curling sculpture

Sol del Citrón

Essence Sanders
Eighth Grade
Harlem Academy
New York, New York

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