



POURING MYSELF INTO THE MOON

SCHULZE ACADEMY FOR
TECHNOLOGY AND THE ARTS





Dear Students,

It has been an honor and a pleasure to have your words and faces (sometimes) beamed into my apartment this Spring. I have gotten a chance to know you as superheroes, as space explorers, as storms, as rainbows, as young people worried about and caring for your families during COVID-19. We have celebrated and also taken space to talk through and manage our fears about the world. Looking through these poems all in one place, the fears and worries of this year take up a lot of space in these pages and I'm so impressed by how brave and caring you are. I hope you can look into these poems and see your own bravery reflected back to you.

In a year where so much has been at a distance, where it has been so rare to be able to touch and hold the people and things that are precious to us, I hope you have a chance to treasure this book as you hold it in your hands. I hope years from now, when the world is juster and more peaceful, and COVID-19 is just a memory, you open this book and see how you got through it together.

In Solidarity,
Hannah Webster





THIS POETRY
MS. WALLACE'S CLASS I

Keep this poetry like a warm blanket.
Like a family.
Wear this poem like a hoodie.
Keep it like a cup of tea, stay near this poem like a warm fire,
or a lot of gifts.

I would give them my love and to do that I would give a warm blanket.
I would give them love.
I would give them love and the whole earth.

OFFERING THIS POEM
MS. JACKSON'S CLASS I

I am offering you this poem
like a trip to Florida or Arizona or to visit my grandfather's grave.
Keep it like a hug and a listening ear.
Like help with school work.

I'll give you a teddy bear, hug it
and never let it go, show it love,
comfort it, keep it as your best friend.
No matter what you go through some days,
you will have the teddy bear.
Always remember that a teddy bear will always be aware.

I am offering you this poem,
keep it like cold strawberries,
or this butterfly because it is friendly
and reminds me of you. It is a present,
a PlayStation 5, a bowl of hot soup,
some roses, a summer day.

Thank you for what you did for me, helping me in school.
Thank you for motivating me.
Thank you for being there.



POEM

MS. JACKSON'S CLASS II

I am offering you this poem.

Like strawberries and a hair tie. Like money
and gold so you can buy whatever you want.

Like food and snacks, chips and dinner.

Keep it like an Xbox and Call of Duty. Keep it like a two dollar bill.

I am offering you turtles and curtains,

a three leaf clover, cotton balls, and memory foam.

If you are feeling sad and down, I will buy you flowers and candy.

Love peace and hair grease and phone and a laptop.

It's ok. Have good hopes.

Don't give up on hope. Don't let anything bring you down.

Be encouraged.

NOT SCARED

I'm not scared
of rats, always
good vibes. I'm
not scared of
some dogs, always
good vibes.
I'm not scared of snakes,
always good
vibes. I will go and
throw these fears
into the desert.

WHAT IT'S LIKE

Black is like dark inside,
you can't see anything.
Pink is like love is in the air.
Green is like eating an apple.
It makes you happy.

RAIN

I am the rain. I am cold.
I am simple. I am sad.
I am rain. My mom is the water. My dad is the sun.
He evaporated all of the water and there was my sister-cloud.
My sister held me for a while.
When I was just droplets, she let me go,
because I was ready.
There I went pouring onto the earth
like a pitcher of water pouring into a glass.

FIRE

I'm deadly like a knife.
I can be pretty as a rose
I blaze like the sun.
I am hot as the sun.

SNOW

The snow is deep on the ground.
The snow is deep on the ground.
Always the lights fall
softly, fall down on the slippery road.
The snow falls down like a beautiful wonderland.
I was not scared at all.

The wind blew the snow everywhere.

BY THE MOON

I was born by the moon
in a darkly lit, gloomy flat land.
I move around different planets. My favorite planet is Jupiter
because it's the largest in the solar system.
I dream about the weather on earth.
How is it? Is it dry and feels like fire?
I feel like a gloomy person who calms people down and relaxes them.
I would like to take away bad things from people and take pressure
off of people's shoulders and to bring peace.



SOUNDS

My pen scratching on paper as I write sounds like
a dog clawing on a wood door.

A dog barking like shoveling snow in winter.

As my phone gives me notifications, it rings
through my ears like the Big Ben.

As I hum trying to come up with answers, it reminds me of a hummingbird
chirping all day and night.

As I water my plants, the dripping sounds remind me of the rain.

Drip by drip, sounding the same.

The papers flowing like leaves in the summer air as I flip through them.

ONLINE SCHOOL

The water of the fish tank flowing with the sounds
of Niagara Falls next

to the smooth sounds of the fan as calm

as a baby sleeping, awakened by the bark of the dog.