

poetry for Haiti

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Presented as a public service by *Happeningnow!everywhere* magazine, its associated publications and its collaborating writers. A fundraiser for Haiti: all money from the sale of this book will be donated to organizations known to be dedicated to the rebuilding of Haiti and the welfare of the people of Haiti.

Except for in-kind donations as noted in support of certain of the several editions, no public funds or private or public grant money have been used to publish this book.

Gratitude is due to L. Soul Brown, director of the Books of Hope, as well as to Beverly Sorrentino and the other teachers who have directed contributors to this project.

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This book is a prayer for Haiti and a gift of encouragement toward your renaissance.

foreword

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul,
And sings the tune—without the words,
And never stops at all,

And sweetest in the gale is heard;
And sore must be the storm
That could abash the little bird
That kept so many warm.

I've heard it in the chillest land,
And on the strangest sea;
Yet, never, in extremity,
It asked a crumb of me.

Emily Dickinson

poetry for Haiti

introduction

What they need is love,
And we can be the ones to give it,
What they need is hope,
And we can be the ones to give it,
What they need is joy,
And we can be the ones to bring it,
What they need is us,
And we are the only ones who can be that

Naomi Rafal

My poem for Haiti

Grace K. Takvorian

Haiti needs money. It also
Needs help. You can help
With a friend. Raise money for
Haiti; be generous and kind.
You will be blessed and so
Will Haiti.

Hope

Erin Thomas

Something that brings you through the toughest times,
Something that warms the heart;
Hope will be your friend
In the best and worst of times.

Earthquake

Maya Goldstein

Ground shaking.
Poofing-poofing-pop!
Crash! Crash! Crash!
Building after building falls.
Ah!!!!
Hard to get around.

We are getting Help

Claire Joseph

We know about you guys
We feel very sad
You guys are getting help
we'll help you as hard as we can
I am from that country
I know how it feels like
I WILL send you guys some supplies
You know like bandages, and health supplies
Everybody here is helping you
for a reason
We aren't going to let you guys suffer
We are going to help you guys live!

Hope for Haiti

Triana McPherson

Hope
Others
Past
Encouragement

Family
Overcome
Ripped Earth

Have Faith
Appalling Destruction
Intense Suffering
Tenacious Love
Inseparable friendship between you and me...

Haiti

Rowan Griffin

to the kids
to the teens
moms dads godmothers
godfathers
friends of Haiti
we are here to help
you. We
support
you hope
love faith
we have
faith in
you Haiti
we have faith
tears must be wiped
a hope and love
is in your hands.

Haiti

Maya Goldstein

Destroyed
Houses,
People.
Helpful
Doctors,
Friends.
Crammed
In.
Sad
Families.
Upset
World.

BOOM

Nora Fortoul

Houses crumbling, what a sight,
Yet still we must fight,
Hand in hand we will find the light,
The quake gave us fright,
Yet still we must have might.

Where were you?

Farah Jean-Baptiste

January 12, 2010

That was the day my world,
and that of my people,
became a massive horror story
played out on the world stage.

It was also the day that the world
opened their eyes and stood up
to help my small country, Haiti.

But why did it take a 7.0 earthquake
to make the world realize
that we needed help?

Why did it take hundreds of thousands
of people—dying, suffering, starving
to make you see that Haiti wasn't all right?

Cause the truth is that Haiti needed help
for as long as I can remember,
from the time of Papa Doc and Baby Doc
and the floods in Gonaives.

I mean did the words,
“Third World Country”
mean anything to you?
I guess not.

Because it took a man starving,
trapped beneath the rubble,
living off cookies and beer,
for you to see the horrific truth.

And as you stared into your tv screens,

I heard my people crying out...

“As the earth shook,
my people died.”

“As you went home to sleep,
I went homeless.”

“As your children entered the world,
my children left it.”

“As you walked into an office building,
a building landed on top of me.”

“And as you went to get a flu shot,
I got my arm amputated.”

But don't get me wrong; I appreciate
what you're doing for us.
All I'm saying is we're a country,
that has been through hell and back
and I was just wondering,

“Where were you?”

My Nation Cried 1 Billion Times

Jaenelle Lauture

A Nation cried 1 billion tears 1 million times
On the darkest day in our new history
Buildings shattered hopes and dreams of revival,
Hopes of future survival

We watched our country lie in decay –
Ashes floated above the camera
And tears floated in the wells of our eyes

The screams were heard in our very homes
Prayers were said
Thoughts of death were made
But all was silent except for horrid cries
Except for the pitter patter of tears
Except for the intensity of hand squeezing hand
And hand wiping eyes

On this day a nation cried 1 billion tears 1 million times
But if there was something you didn't know about my people
It is that we are strong
We are able to overcome the worst
Overcome the pain and reignite the thirst

We are the same people that were held down by chains
Beaten with whips under the West Indian sun
And physically and emotionally this earthquake did the same
But we are more powerful than we attest ourselves to be
Getting through this will be hard and painful but we'll make it look easy
Yes only make it look easy

We'll give back dreams
And rattle up hope
Give reason for survival in this time of despair
Oh my Haiti, Our Haiti

Oh we will be there
We will be there
We will be there
La Union Fait La Force
Yes we will be there

Dear Haiti

Kathia Blaise

Why did this happen to us?
I feel like when things
actually get better
something may knock us
right back down.

Back then
There wasn't any kidnapping.
Back then
The streets were clean
Back then
We slept with the door open with no worries.
What happened?
Things went the wrong way
Money became an issue
People started to suffer
Then disaster after disaster.

I was there once when I was young
It's a beautiful place.
I want Haiti to come back
The Haiti my parents knew
Because I want to know it too.

Haiti's not gonna break
We're gonna pull through as one
and pray for our country Haiti to become
the Haiti we know and love.

To my surviving son

Zoe King

The earthquake turned cartwheels but you were kept safe
A needle in the hay, you were all I had
What else could I do to keep you protected?
What could I do, besides everything in my power?
Shining gold in a pile of rust
This country, so beautiful
Now its glory shaken
With houses that used to be homes
A reckless natural disaster
Unsympathetic and cruel
Marched forward and destroyed every obstacle
But I would never let you go
You were my glimmer of hope when the world was pitch black
When I couldn't look to the future because I didn't know if there
would be one
We are survivors, and always will be
You are the one I put before myself
With your faith and their help
I made it
You made it
We made it
If an earthquake can't conquer us, nothing can
Your loving mother

Hope

Zoe Goldstein

Hope.
It blossoms like a flower
But struggles to survive.
Like a rose
With soft petals
Beautiful.
But beware
Prickly thorns hide.
A masked evil
Beneath the good.
When you lose hope
It seems you've lost everything.
But really
Hope is in hiding.
Behind every wrecked building
Every pile of trash
Every spirit-broken creature
You can find hope.
And regain it
For good.

Depression on Haiti

Susant Pokharel

The day Haiti was attacked by the earthquake
there was a depression so I wanted to help all the children
and women and all the people that were injured
but what could I do? I was just one kid.

So I asked my dad

what can I do to help Haiti?

And my dad said “You can do anything you want.

Age doesn’t matter. One kid can make a huge difference
so why don’t you donate money to rebuild Haiti?”

Me and my dad donated 200 dollars to the Red Cross
to show Haiti that we care, and you all should too.

I made a difference and so can you.

untitled

Georgina Gerbier

I’m walking down the street

Don’t see much,

But I can feel the dirt and rubble beneath my feet.

I look left and then right.

Not a single living soul in sight.

I hear the cries and the prayers,

The people in pain and despair

You can see the hopelessness and fear in their eyes.

There are people trying to look for family to say their final last
goodbyes...

Even the kids have seen things they will never forget.

And some people’s hearts even filled with guilt and regret...

There are certain things the mind erases,

But there are some memories that just stay right in their places...

I cry my eyes out as I see the people in my country die

Givona J. Dietz

I cry my eyes out as I see men, children and women cry
I cry my eyes out as I see body parts sticking out of the rubble
I cry my eyes out 'cuz this could only be the work of the devil
I cry my eyes out as I see Haiti is facing another disaster
I cry my eyes out as I see Haiti's government is a bastard
I cry my eyes out as I hear the screams cries and pain
I cry my eyes out as I see dirt covering bloodstains

Poukisa moun Ayiti toujou ap souffri?
Poukisa pèp yo an Ayiti dwe mourir?
Poukisa dyab la touye tout moun nou sa?
Poukisa se pa pèp mwen an apre m'isit la?
Poukisa tout moun pa ka fè sa ki sove?
Poukisa tout moun pa ka ap reve?
Jezi poukisa yo pa kapab fè Ayiti leve?

My tears will dry when I see my country pick themselves up
When I don't see anyone trying take over all their stuff
When my fellow Haitians can help one another
When we stop fighting and start to stick together
My tears will dry when the news shows the love my country has
When the TV stops capturing the brown side of Haiti's green grass
When people can see that we are the richest poorest spot
Because we cherish what we have even when it's not a lot

I'm down for Haiti and I'm going to be down forever
It could be bright days or when it's under the weather
It's red and blue all the way
Like Wyclef said rouj e ble

Dear World

Keisha Jean-Louis

I've been the first, I've been the last.
I've seen my people cry but never lose their pride.
I've been the richest and the poorest.
L'Union de La Force.
Is what we were gone by? Our greatest is not gone forever.
My people of African decent have suffered but never lost hope.
First Black Independent Country.
No matter how many floods or earthquake we have,
Nothing can take away the day we made history.
I want to let you know that my people will stay strong, even though we
have lost thousands.
We see that it is possible for the world to come together.
So as you come together remember I have been the first. I have been
last.
Still we stand in L'Union de La Force.

Sincerely Haiti

January 12, 2010

Keisha Jean-Louis

The earthquake shook the land but not the people.
They remain strong.
Some souls rose after the quake.
The sun still rises and sets.
The people call home where there are no longer houses.
They still believe there's hope.
Their sidewalks now shelter the dead and the road is a mattress for
their weary souls.
Kids left with no parents, no food, homes gone, broken down, and
piles of rubble.
They look to each other for comfort and
They look to each other for love and joy.
As I watch television the people begin to sing and dance.
They hurt, they cry, they love. They're still Haiti.

Dear Haitians

Priscilla Ribeiro

All I saw on the TV was smoke,
debris,
blood,
and screaming, crying people stuck under houses.
The torture,
pain,
and depression
of waiting to hear back from
Just ONE friend.
You experienced
deaths before your eyes,
Sleeping next to your dead brothers,
The debris on your house,
Aftershocks,
A mass burial of your neighbors,
And more that I can't even bear to imagine.
I can only imagine how the rest of your life will be
With all these memories always running through your mind.
I just want you to know that
Everyone is here for you.
You will always have a shoulder to cry on,
Even if you don't know whose shoulder it is
Because I wasn't even there
And it still affected me.
It brought tears to my eyes
and to the eyes of many others who were not there.
So
We can all only imagine
How it affected you.
We all pray
and hope
For the better
For yourself,
Your country,
And the further well being of both.

*With love,
One of many who care.*

Dear Haiti

Kathryn Long

I feel so bad for you now.
It's not your fault
That the Earth shook
And brought your world
Tumbling down.

Those silly people
Who say it's from your
"Contract with the Devil"
Need a new hobby.
There are people dying,
Both physically and emotionally,
No need to call them abominations, too.
I hope that someday
Your world can be rebuilt
To a new glory,
A new height,
Where Haiti stands
Strong and as a part
Of this worldly stage.

It must make you happy
To see all your friends
And neighbors
Banding together in your
Time of need.
To see them all bring
What they can
To the table.
Money,
Food,
And medicine pour in
Day after day.
Yet it must never seem to be enough.

There is only so much aid,
Yet the world keeps on giving.
They will give
'Til they cannot give anymore.
We want you to know,
Sweet Haiti,
That you have not been forgotten
In your little corner of the world.
Humanity will save you
As best as it can.

A Sad Friend

The disaster that touched the world.

Jenna Corcoran

A disaster hits,
but no one sits.
The world by your side
when you wanted to hide.
But when some were in trouble,
you came out of your bubble.
Because on that unexpected day when your world was taken away,
there was simply no delay.
Help was sent
and away they went.
Just hoping for one day,
that your troubles could melt away.
Because when you feel like you are on your own
we hope you know you're not in it alone.

Dear World

Bridget Lindstrom

As the ground shook
People screamed
Buildings bucked
The earth was caving in it seemed
Children shrieked
And mothers cried
Their world was falling apart
Friends had died
It was more than a simple quake
It shook us all
From the families in lean-to's
To business men in buildings, so tall
We all must come to help
Because we are citizens of the world, as you know
It is our job to help one another up
To flourish and grow

Yours Truly,

A Single Shaken Voice

untitled

Kalvin Janik

Oh guiding angel, guide the way
for those living and those fading away.
Give hope to those who need it most
and have mercy on the country.
Show light on them and their lives,
give generosity to people so they'll give to them too.
Show all your beauty to those who need hope,
for they have lost much.

Hope?

America : Haiti / Brother : Sister

Meghan Klein

Salty tears run in
To dirty rivers
And dirty rivers
to cracked lips

We listen as
The cracked lips scream for help

Rocks tumble down to
humble villages
And broken wreckage
to bruised bodies

We watch as
The bruised bodies run for help

Orphaned children
Bellies aching
Pray with withered hands

We watch as
The withered hands pray for help

Let us help
before
the cracked lips scream no more,
the bruised bodies move no more,
the withered hands reach no more,
For something that isn't there.

Haiti

Rachel Macchi

Natural disaster
Life goes on after
Hopes and heads held high
For this nation we cry

Haiti

Maya Saunders

They are no longer numbers to me
they are people with faces, although those I can not see
It isn't a problem in some distant land
It can't be ignored, it's close at hand

It didn't affect me right away
I felt sad, but little emotion
I felt bad, but tried not to worry; help was on the way
....now it lingers, now it stings, now it's hurting me

Affecting the lives of people I hold dear
the conflict isn't far away; it's right here
God be right by their side
comfort them and dry the tears they cry

I can't understand what you're going through,
because I never have felt this kind of fear.
I'll be there to comfort you, and keep you in my prayers
I can't help but feel the sun will shine on you again
And through your time of struggle, I'll be here for you my friend

Out of the Ashes

Sharldine Desire

Out of the ashes,
All that is torn down
Can be built back up
All that is destroyed
Has the potential to become better
All that seems hopeless
Is actually far from it
All that is lost
Can be found once again
All that has died
Can somehow be reborn
All that seems finished
Has only just begun
Out of the ashes,
New life emerges
Bearing hope
And love
And peace.

Haiti

Wentz-Karl Clerjuste

Haiti Cherie
You, my beautiful little country
Your culture and your style is beautiful
But the fighting and economy is pitiful

Your style is so unique
With your tamboo, your kompas
It's a great thing to speak...
About the love I have for my country

I wish that the economy would increase daily—
A place where kids can't get healthcare
Where it's even hard for a brother to be on welfare
Try to step in their shoes if you dare

No matter what
They say about you
I still love you
Haiti Cherie.

Hope

Wentz-Karl Clerjuste

My little country Haiti
The earthquake hurt us as a country
And killed many people but don't worry
We are going to pull through, together in unity

We could not help ourselves sadly
But other countries stay helping us daily
Bless those countries with a heart to help our beautiful Haiti
We will stand together as a nation
We will proudly fix our country with passion

The earthquake was bad
People lost sisters, brothers, sons, daughters, fathers, and mothers
Haiti's story is sad
But hopefully this will bring us closer
They called our country a failure
But we will show that we have heart and we will stand together

The U.S., Canada and Spain are all working for our gain
The Netherlands, Germany, and Denmark are all doing their part
Italy, Sweden, and China are all doing what they got to...

Do to help Haiti in this hard time
Even brought U.N. soldiers to stop crime
That's how together as a country we will shine
Don't worry Haiti, we'll be fine

Squash Soup

Maishka Antoine

Tonight is *THE* night when I celebrate.

We Celebrate

He, She, They CELEBRATE

Tonight, we drink Soup and cremas

And Children are overtaken by a slight sip

Of Rhum and Coconut.

Grown-ups, Kompa and Corona MIXED

Is a GREAT party within itself

but on the outside is the celebration of

A SLAVE REVOLT, FIRST INDEPENDENT BLACK

COUNTRY

Taking back What IS OURS

And Squash isn't only for the dictators

but for the people who

GREW IT

I AM NOT YOUR prisoner, farmer or worker

I am free after tonight and

I celebrate

We Celebrate

He, She, They CELEBRATE

Tonight we drink Soup and cremas,

Grown-ups, Kompa, and Corona MIXED

Lambi, dije avek pwoe, legume

Family and Friends

CELEBRATE!

Untitled

Jessica Masse

The Earth erupted into rage
Releasing the underground demons from their cage
Opening up our eyes to front center stage
Of the beginning of the apocalypse taking place
Innocent eyes seeing the unthinkable my people our people
Watched in horror & dazed as buildings collapsed like dominoes
As the earth opened its mouth and swallowed
Yo rele nu preye Bondyé sé sauver epi tombé atte!
They screamed in prayer, God is our savior and dropped to the concrete
Thick smoked of dirt and debris disguised the grim reaper filling the crowded
streets in coats of black
Trapped, trapped, my mother, my father, my sisters, and cousins... trapped
Nowhere to run nowhere to hide young children and grown men yelled and
cried
Skipping and tripping over torn ligaments and dead bodies as they piled the
streets of Port-Au-Prince
Hands were used as shovels and tears was what they drank as they searched
under rubble with little hope and immense strength
Motherless child, childless mother holding the remains of what was once
their loving brother
Throughout the night, the gully crept prowling through what was left
Stealing and crimes taking place as looters expressed no disgrace
Here, their fearful yet faithful spirits hang
When Gods angels trumpets sang
The journey to reconstruction finally began

Untitled

Michael Andrew Bordenave

The more I climb, the tighter it gets...
Uncontrollable, unbearable—life in crumbles
No longer a person, *my voice* has no sound
Not a scream, not a shout—*not even* a mumble.

This island I call home has collapsed
my life has become more of a struggle.
The Joy and Happiness once experienced,
Is now *lost* in the rubble.

Across *my* legs, moisture flows.
There is blood, there are bodies
but the time has come
for Haiti's soul, to *go*.

As I ask, "Where is God?" my *bate* for life grows;
Seeing my people, strong & independent, being *towed!*
Body after body, one after another—
into TRUCKS they are thrown!

Never given a chance to live as *they* had hoped.
And yet here I rest, barely clutching my life's rope.
Suddenly as my eye lids prepare to close...

I hear a sound,
 "Anyone there?"

God has saved me

Ignored

Thor Nagel

Ninety-five years
Ninety-five years
Ignored
Most are dead after ninety-five years
Haiti lived

Farmer helped
But he was ignored
Ignored
Twenty-five years of ignored work
Farmer lived

Doomed with poverty
Ignored
Doomed with AIDS
Ignored
Doomed with malaria
Ignored
Doomed with parasites
Ignored

Seven
Seven
Seven
Why did it take a magnitude of seven?

Two hundred thousand
Two hundred thousand
Two hundred thousand
Why did it take two hundred thousand?

Now
Now we see
Now we help
Now we give
But what will you do tomorrow?

2.

We must never ignore
A situation so critical
For ninety-five years
Don't wait for seven or
Two hundred thousand

Don't ignore when the press passes over
Don't ignore when the baskets are gone
Don't ignore when money is there
Don't ignore when the country rebuilt
Don't ignore when AIDS is gone

Watch over your brothers
For you never know
When you will need help
Do you want to be ignored for ninety-five years?

Ede
Swanye
Amou

Hopeful Tears

Remona Kanyat

What an unexpected turn,
That has become one unneeded concern.
Loved and dear all gone with no information,
Their country gone into one big transformation.
What has come upon their lives, help is there, but misery still strikes.
Lives may have been lost,
But hope will always be there at any cost.
We are grateful everyday for our lives,
Praying for Haiti that change arrives.
All we can do now is hope and donate,
That Haiti will have a better fate.

Nightfall

Marianne Henriksen

What has happened to this place?
This community, these people, this home;
Crushed down by reasons, unknown.
All they know is they're alone

Darkness seeped over this shadowy world,
Filling it with nightmares, suffering, and pain;
People strive to hold onto their hopes.
All they know is they're alone

Night has fallen once again;
Dewdrops, in their eyes
Lost ones they hold in their hearts
All they know is they're alone

These people we once tortured
We now hold in our hearts, so close
Their beatings have brought our teardrops
All they know is they're alone

Nightfall always brings a new day
Whether good or bad, who knows?
But, to find out, you have to wait
They won't always be alone

There were lilies here

Adam Smith-Perez

Give me my poetry
And with infinite felicity
I'll give you back your pistols.
The jesters at the fair
Mock and jeer at us
From afar
But we don't care.
Share the wealth of mousetraps
With the mayor;
The schoolhouses, city halls
Are infested with vermin and cruel policemen
With no homes.

The rodeo at the nightclub was sad
And the women are growing moustaches
All over the city.
They ration beauty products to the rich
And you can only get shaving cream if you know somebody.

You can't buy a razor without a doctor's note.

I saw all the living rooms with crooked lampshades and I wondered
how they could be happy.
Then we moved into a house with peeling paint
And a rooftop outside our bedroom window
Sturdy enough for the both of us to lay on top of and count the stars
With wine glasses in our hands.
Someone had told me that it was built before the war,
over a field of lilies.

Now they sprinkle pollen on the beauty queens
And make them smile somehow.

Haiti, A Five Letter Word

Alexander N. Ugorji

Haiti, a five letter word
Something you must have heard
A disaster struck their land
Now they need a helping hand
To pick them up while they fall
We can't do nothing at all,
Or else the people will die of starvation
And commit crimes in desperation
Food shelter and water are gone
Not even the lights will turn on
In darkness they must live
Unless we help them and give
A sorry sad situation they are in
They are losing now, but we can help them win
Just help as much as you can
Help out your fellow man
Because if a disaster ever struck you
What would you want the world to do?

Do You Hear The Rumble?

Alexander N. Ugorji

Did you hear the rumble?
It was the earthshaking
Lives were taken
The country is now below poor
Staying alive has become a chore,
But don't worry a new rumble is what I hear,
But this is a good rumble don't fear,
It's the sound of change bouncing in a jar
Collected from people near and far,
People really do care yes they do
People have helped and now it's your turn to.

Listen

Emma Thomas

Listen—do you hear it—
Floating through
Your walls of
Happiness, chorusing around,
In the corner they are flying,
Now shrinking cries—too late, too sad.
But listen now—will you hear it?
Lurking still
Against your will
This world's more than a game.

Don't open your eyes
Don't feel the guilt
Why live aware
When it's simply so easy to
Blind oneself, that one might live
Safely—surrounding yourself
With walls,
With walls—
Of happiness.

You hear a shrinking cry, but not,
But not the trembling sky.
The cries don't cease,
As your grimace leaves,
They crackle near—relentlessly beating,
Beating, against your walls,
Your walls—of happiness.

Smile Hidden in the Dust

Anthony Cimea

BOOM!

It hit like that... real fast.

I thought a truck had hit a tree.

I'm normally *nosey* but I was too tired to care.

I laid back and rested my head
on the dream-bearing pillow.

Then the house trembled a little, then a lot.

My bed danced from one side to the other,
attempting to break through the wall.

I jumped out somehow and started running.

I ran to the door, through the kitchen,
through the corridor, all the way outside.

I don't remember anything past my room.

The same way I didn't remember Aunty in her room.

"Damn!" I said angry with my forgetful self.

"Aunty! Aunty!" I yelled.

I was ready to bathe myself in seawater
when God graced me with a glimpse of her figure.

She was a ghost running like a cheetah,
clumsily dodging pieces of the house
that targeted her like death.

She fell at least five times
before she reached my side.

I've never passed up a chance to laugh
at Aunty Kamelle before.

Today I'm just glad she's somewhat okay.

No harm was done to her body
but the neighbors she knew her whole life,
Have all become dust.

Women, men, children—returned to dust
trapped below a ground of stone.

Her mind scattered with the empty,
ghostly shells, questioning their departure.

She cannot grasp her escape and why
she was fortunate to be granted this continuous life
when they weren't.

We've run away from Port au Prince,
all the way to Gonaive,
in the arms of family who have offered shelter.
But Aunty finds no refuge from the faces
that are unable to find the "gate of heaven"
with their blinded eyes.
She screams and chants their names
as they play busily in her head.
Sadly, her one sign of relief is insanity.
I've yet to find a chance to laugh at Aunty Kamelle
for falling so many times.
I hope a time comes when laughter is suitable
and big enough to share.
Get well soon Aunty; until then
for you, this frown I wear!

No Book For Me

S. Blacklow

I was hoping to be happy by age twelve,
To finally accomplish
A book upon the shelves.
But while I was running,
One of those glorious afternoons,
It suddenly occurred to me
By the cries of the loons,
And the wind in my face,
With the feeling of flying free,
So much could be done that is still undone.
I thought with awesome glee,
That maybe someday I
Would be there to lend out my hand,
To donate a crumpled dollar bill,
Clean the waterlogged land,
Or give golden-grained rice.
I've tried my hardest by and by,
Through risking, yet beneficial journeys.
But I look back and sigh,
The book is not yet finished,
Not yet finished.

Haiti

Emma Jackson

He came back and told me stories
of people using other people
and the ground as beds.
Hundreds laying in the grass
and dirt, he stood on the roofs
and watched them strive for a
life below. A life based on nothing
but injustice, pity and sorrow.
“Pray for the girl I couldn’t get out,
and the broken bones we had to
wrap in cardboard. Pray for the
children whose parents have died,
and the women now left alone.
Pray for a country fallen to ruin,
and for the people without homes.”
So I stand hearing his words,
playing them again in my head,
in my suburb lifestyle, in my shoes,
in my bed, underneath my shelter.
Disgusted at the life I’ve pathetically
led. This country that I live in
has more than I need, and constantly
screams of JUSTICE and EQUALITY!,
but where’s our giving heart? When
we see these people in need? Full of money,
yet still full of greed. We fear the loss
of our homespun simplicity, we’re afraid
to give too much love because of
what we might have to give up...
Damage we might do...
To whom? May I ask.
My nation sits in silence without reply.
To whom?
Give me truth.
Please, no more lies.

untitled

Gabi Mathews

Today I was hungry,
Hungry as a bear,
My fingers were like claws,
Grabbing at the food,
That lay in your hands,
But you would not give it to me,
I was angry then,
Like a volcano,
Erupting in the room,
You shook your head,
No no no!
And I was sad,
Sad like a weeping willow,
Bursting into tears,
But you calmed me,
Saying,
All is well child,
All is well,
And bring me the food.

Dreams

Elaine Forbush

People dream like birds fly
When you soar up through the sky
They leave behind the world you trust
To go on journeys that you must

A dream someone has all to one's self
A special meaning, a special shelf
When we wake we are bereft
A wisp of it is all we have left

Sometimes long, sometimes brief
Something that flutters like a leaf
Stored away in the back of a mind
Something someone has to leave behind

A special time, a special place
To find a moment, to give it space
After a while nothing's there
Only corners filled with air

Contributors

Maishka Antoine, Prospect Hill Academy '12, has been an active member of Books of Hope for 3 years. She has authored two bestselling books, been an active presence on BOH stages, and is proud to call BOH her home away from home. She attends Harvard University's Scholars Program in the summers, and is the starting forward on the Massachusetts Charter Schools State Champion basketball team. {Page 23}

S. Blacklow, high school student. {Page 34}

Kathia Blaise, Somerville High School '10, is a graduate of the A.D. Healey School. She will attend Salem State College in September. {Page 9}

Michael Andrew Bordenave of Somerville is one of Books of Hope's newest members and writes prolifically. As he completes his last year of high school, Michael's additional interests are fashion, film, and acting. When he's not performing with BOH, you'll likely find him working at Abercrombie & Fitch at the mall. He'll attend the Art Institute of Boston in the fall but until then, check him out on BOH's *Mystic Ink Tour* and pick up a copy of his book full of surprising short fiction and poetry (May 2010). {Page 9}

Anthony Cimea is a Haitian-American from Dedline, Haiti who currently lives in Everett, MA. A Books of Hope member and sophomore at Salem State College, he has an extreme passion for poetry. He *pumps poems like iron* and has a vault like Prince's full of material for many years to come. His first book to be released by Books of Hope Press is, "Ble Rouge Nwa" (May 2010) Check out this incredible performer's stage presence... He leaves audiences reciting... "*MLK! Your life is my dream, and your dream is my life, incomplete.*" {Page 32}

Wentz-Karl Clerjuste spent the fall of 2009 writing poetry for the first time with Books of Hope. No one could believe it, not even him. During that time, he wrote some gems like these Haiti poems, and contributed to a skit on hip hop, called "Word" that BOH youth performed at Suffolk University. Wentz will be graduating from Somerville High in June and plans to study engineering in college. Hopefully he'll be able to engineer a bridge between science and poetry. {Page 21, 22}

Jenna Corcoran, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '13. {Page 17}

Sharldine Desire, Boston Latin Academy class of 2012, has been published in *Jabberwock*, the Boston Latin Academy Literary Magazine.

"I was born in Haiti and though I haven't been there in almost twelve years, many of my family members were there when the earthquake happened. My country has suffered all types of natural disasters, and though this was by far the worst, I am positive that my people will endure, as they always have, and overcome with an even

stronger spirit... Poetry is my passion... My poem, I think, speaks for the spirit of my country. A spirit that perseveres and always looks at the bright side.” {Page 21}

Givona J. Dietz, Boston Latin School '13, ranks track, writing and independence as personal priorities “I am Haitian, and I have a lot of family that lives in Haiti and that has been affected by the earthquake. I have always wanted to go there, and I still do, just instead of being able to go this year as planned I'll have to wait again. About my poem? Only that it came straight from my heart.” {Page 13}

Elaine Forbush, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '13. {Page 37}

Nora Fortoul is a student at the Cambridge Friends School. {Page 4}

Georgina Gerbier is now completing grade 8 at the Healey School. {Page 12}

Maya Goldstein is entering 3rd grade at the Cambridge Friends School. “I love writing, soccer, and riding bikes with my family.” {Page 2, 4}

Zoe Goldstein is soon to be in 6th grade at Cambridge Friends School. She won First Prize (Fourth Grade), Cambridge Public Library and Cambridge Tree Project Eleventh Annual Poetry Contest, 2009, Title of Poem: Inaugural Poem. “I love reading, writing, and playing sports (especially soccer). I also really love listening to music.” {Page 11}

Rowan Griffin is in Ms. Bernat's 3/4th Grade at the A. D. Healey School. {Page 4}

Marianne Henriksen will begin 8th grade at the West Somerville Neighborhood School. She wrote “The Story of Jessica McDonald” which appeared in the premier issue of *12!* and also modeled the prize Kool Aid shoes as the first-ever Kool Aid writing award winner. “When I heard what happened to Haiti, I was close to tears. And, when my English teacher told my class about Poetry for Haiti, I knew I had to at least submit something. I truly hope that Poetry for Haiti can make a difference for Haiti (though I'm sure it will). And, I just want you to know that, even if you have no relation at all to Haiti, please try to help! Even donating \$1 can make a difference!” {Page 28}

Emma Maxine Jackson of Greenwood, Indiana, will have poetry in an upcoming *Happeningnow!everywhere*. A 2010 graduate of Lutheran High School, she will attend Earlham College in September. She has performed mission work, which she will continue in Reynosa, Mexico. “We all have a heart, and I plan to use mine to make a difference. My poem is dedicated to my father's dear friend, Doug Hardy; I know you made a difference in Haiti, thank you for your work.” {Page 35}

Kalvin Janik will be a student in 8th grade at the Healey School in September. {Page 18}

Farah Jean-Baptiste has been writing with Books of Hope since 2006. At 19, she has already authored three books of poetry and short stories published by BOH Press, *The Many Voices Inside of Me* (2007), *Simple Words Hide Amazing Secrets* (2008), and *Stuck Between Dreams and Reality* (2009). She is working on her fourth book to be released in May, 2010. Farah writes from her vivid imagination and real experiences about life, love, humanity, “and just random stuff!” {Page 6}

Keisha Jean-Louis, Somerville High School '10, is the author of *Love Hurts*, a book from Books of Hope, 2009. For her, writing is second only to playing basketball. “I do it to express myself or to relieve stress and talk about whatever I am going through at that very moment.

“I am Haitian-American and both my parents and their parents were born and raised there. I learned so many things about my country and its culture. My family and I take great pride in being Haitian even though I am Haitian-American I still see Haiti as my country. After the earthquake I lost a couple family members but it only brought the rest of the family closer. Now my family in America is doing their best to bring relatives into America.”

Keisha will begin freshman year at Babson College in September. {Page 14}

Claire Joseph, who is going into 5th grade at the Healey School, was published in *Green!* when she was in second grade. {Page 3}

Remona Kanyat this year has finished 8th grade at the West Somerville Neighborhood School. “I don’t [have a personal connection to Haiti]. But I just understand it must be terrible for them.” {Page 27}

Thomas Kennedy, Somerville High School '12, has written for *Highlander Highlights* on topics including the SHS musical production of *Beauty and the Beast*, how to start listening to jazz, places to eat in Davis Square, Bike Path Safety, and the arrival of the Green Line to Somerville. He plays piano, acts, runs cross country and track, and plays Frisbee. {Page 5}

Zoe King, Somerville High School '12, has had poetry and music columns published in *Happeningnow!everywhere*. She is a graduate of the A.D. Healey School and was an early contributor to *Happening at the Healey*. She has pursued piano, softball, part-time job, etc., in addition to academics. {Page 10}

Meghan Klein, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '13. “My aunt is a doctor and volunteered to help out in Haiti a week after the earthquake hit and my dad was stationed in Haiti for the Navy in the fall of 1994. I have been traveling since I was 6 months old and look forward to continuing to travel to other places, possibly in the form of a doctor without borders. In showing my support to a country or countries in need through writing, I hope to start to help out our world before I have even started my medical training.” {Page 19}

Jaenelle Lauture, Prospect Hill Academy '12. "I love writing and hope to be a poet when I'm older. I always think and over think things, which is probably the reason for my love of writing. I'm able to release my thoughts so there's space in my brain.

"Both of my parents are Haitian and a large majority of my family are from Haiti. The homes of my relatives in Haiti are all destroyed. Fortunately none of our family members have died but many were badly injured; but I know my family will overcome."

Regarding her poem: "Every time I think about Haiti I think about its renewal, the shape Haiti will be in 20 years from now. Just hope things get better." {Page 8}

Bridget Lindstrom is a 2010 graduate of Somerville High School, where she has been first chair flute for the SHS concert and marching bands. She has written reviews and has been a special correspondent for *Happeningnow!everywhere* almost since its beginning. She will matriculate at Smith College in September. {Page 18}

Kathryn Long, Somerville High School '11, has been published in SHS's *Visions*. "I love to read and write and hope someday to become a journalist." {Page 16}

Rachel Macchi, Boston Latin Academy '11 has been published previously in *Dragon Tales* and the BLA *Jabberwock*.

"I love art, animals, and science.

"My great aunt's husband is from Haiti and his mother and I believe other family members still live there and were affected by the earthquake. My poem is a 4-line haiku I wrote as a part of a peer lesson in my creative writing class." {Page 20}

Jessica Masse, Somerville High School '10, has been blowing up the pages and stages for Books of Hope for the past three years. JMass "writes from the heart about life as she's experienced it. No holds barred; no nuance missed." She has published two books and is currently editing a third book of plays written by BOH youth. JMass is New England's top female athlete in the shot put; "the sky's the limit with pen and put!" {Page 24}

Gabi Mathews has just completed 7th grade at the A.D. Healey School. She has published poetry, fiction and nonfiction in *Green!*, *12!*, *Happening at the Healey* and *Happeningnow!everywhere*. She plays piano and cello and sings in the Boston Children's Chorus. {Page 36}

Triana McPherson is set to begin 7th grade. She lives in Florida and is pursuing a customized educational plan at home. She has been published in *12!* and *Happeningnow!everywhere*. "My passions are horseback riding, drawing, modeling, fashion design, Davidic dance, playing violin, and participating in a youth band at my house of worship.

"I have an empathetic connection with the Haitian people because they have suffered loss and so have I.

“Composing this poem is my way of saying I care and helping you in your time of need. I wanted to write and add my voice to the writers who want to extend a helping hand to smooth any obstacles that lie ahead for you.” {page 3}

Thor Nagel, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '13. {page 26}

Susant Pokharel is a student completing grade 8 at the Healey School. {page 12}

Naomi Rafal is entering grade 6 at the Healey School, where she has been a reporter and contributing editor for *Happening at the Healey* for 3 years. She has been a contributing editor to *Happeningnow!everywhere* for as long and has written on a wide range of topics. She is also an actor with Arlington Children’s Theater and sings in the Boston Children’s Chorus. {page 1}

Robert Rendon, Somerville High School '12, is interested in comics. {page 5}

Priscilla Ribeiro, Somerville High School '10, looks forward in many years to publishing a book about a story she has started writing. “I am not Haitian but a majority of my friends are Haitian and I actually had some friends that were in Haiti at the time of the earthquake including one of my really good friends. When seeing everything on TV about what was going on, tears poured out of my eyes day and night as I watched it everyday since the first day I heard about it. I tried calling my friend, calling his dad, going to his house, and calling other friends to see if they had heard anything. No one had heard of any response from him. As the days went by, I spent every night watching the news and looking at the pictures of the quake online to see if I saw him in a picture on TV or in pictures just so that I would know that he was still alive. I just wanted to know. As about a week went by, I had gotten probably 4 hours of sleep total, and spent everyday online, calling the Haitian embassy, the US task force, going to my friend’s house, etc. and had absolutely no luck. Finally, I got a phone call, heard his voice, knew he was alive, and it felt as if the world was reborn. We waited very impatiently for another week until he finally came back.

“My poem was to show the hurt, pain, torture, and depression that the Haitians actually living in Haiti felt because Haitians that don’t live in Haiti, non-Haitians that didn’t live in Haiti and they were extremely affected. Some killing themselves, not sleeping, not going to school, not going to work, sending every dime they had to Haiti and all the sad that these other people felt were just by what they saw because they didn’t experience any of it. So one can’t even imagine what the people in Haiti thought or felt while watching thousands of people being buried into one big hole knowing that no one knows they’re dead or even who they are. They watched their brothers, sisters, friends, get crushed by buildings. They slept on an open field of dirt lying next to dead bodies and their life flying by them as pieces of debris.” {page 15}

Maya Saunders, Boston Latin Academy '11, has been published in *The American Library of Poetry*. A book, *Loveless*, is in the works. “The full impact of all that had occurred and was taking place hit me through the tears and pains of my Haitian friends. This poem is dedicated to them.

“I write poetry almost everyday. It comes naturally, like breathing. I have recently joined the track team at my school. I also participate in a dance group and a number of youth programs ranging from church to community based.

“I have friends from all different religions and ethnicities. When the events first occurred in Haiti, I was unsure of what to think.” {page 20}

Adam Smith-Perez, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '10, has been published in BB & N's Literary Magazine *The Spectator*... attended the Iowa Young Writers' Studio in the summer of 2009. “I very much enjoy singing, acting, photography, yoga, and baking in addition to writing!

“I am half-Dominican, and have heard of my family down in the DR knowing a lot of people who were affected by the earthquake. My cousin Raimundo has many relatives from Haiti; they had to come live with him for some time.

“My poem was written around the time of the earthquake. I was inspired by the image of a community going through dystopic chaos; this community was one where words and poetry were forbidden, where brutality and corruption reigned. I also thought about what this community was like before the destruction, and how the narrator of my poem holds onto the blissful memories of the past in order to survive. I was just overall inspired by the courage people use as a survival tool in times of adversity.” {page 29}

Grace K. Takvorian is, as of this printing, finishing third grade at the A.D. Healey School. She has recently joined the staff of *Happening at the Healey* and will be contributing articles on animal protection and other concerns. {page 2}

Emma Thomas, Boston University Academy '12. {page 31}

Erin Thomas is completing third grade at Cambridge Friends School. {page 2}

Alexander Ugorji, Buckingham, Browne & Nichols School '13. “I would like to thank my friends, family, and my English teachers for giving me this opportunity to help out, and do my part. Don't make excuses for anything, my lowest grade is in English!” {page 30}

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