



art + poems = self

Ms Frederick's 6-8 Class Anthology

Manchester School 2014

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MANCHESTER SCHOOL ACKNOWLEDGES THE SUPPORT OF
The Arena Technology Center
California Poets in the Schools & the California Arts Council
GoodBuy Clothes

and Classroom Teacher Aimee Frederick
CPITS Poet Teacher Blake More
and the Manchester 6-8 Class of 2014



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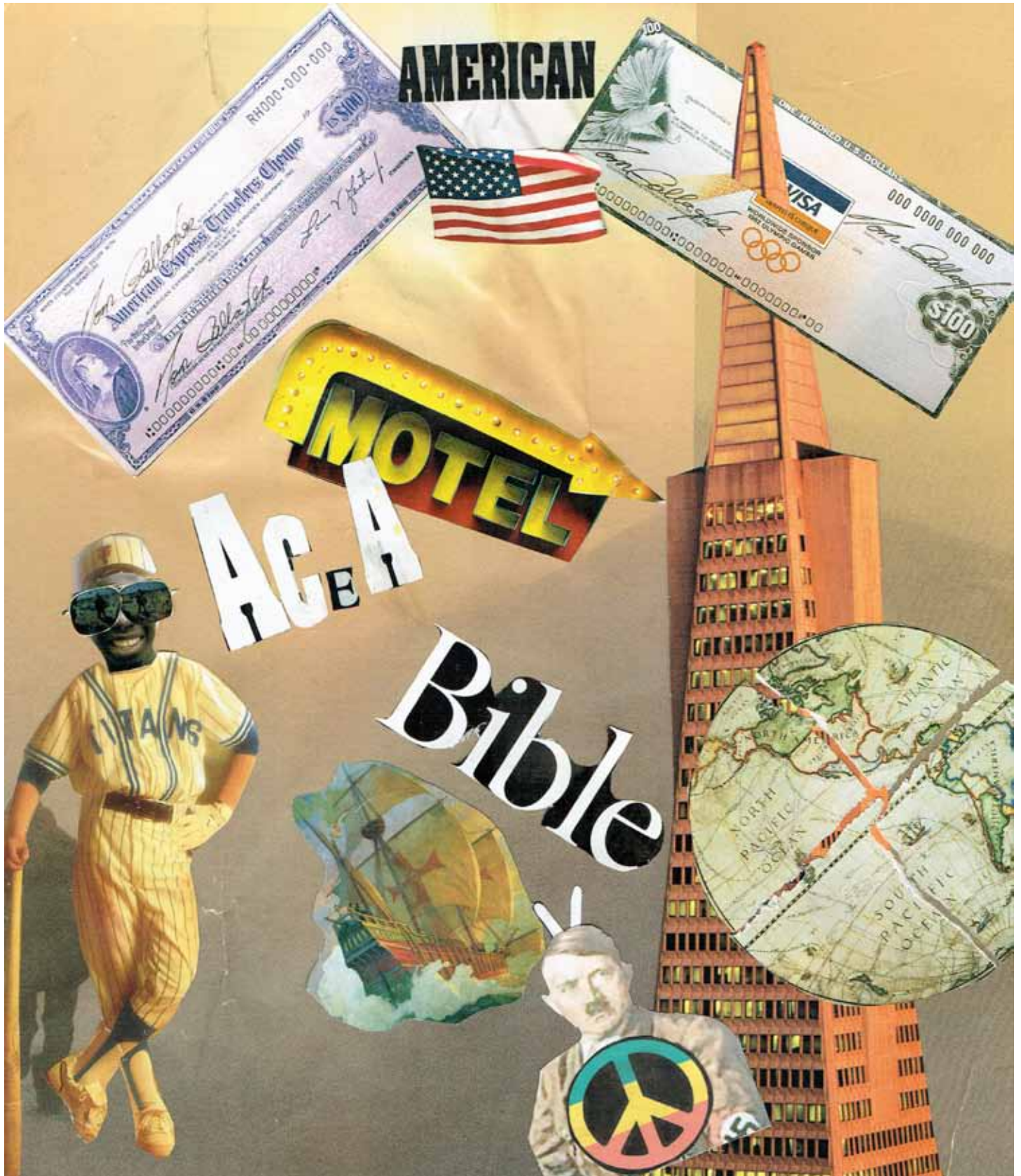
Contents

Ace...	page 4
Alyssa...	page 6
Alonzo...	page 8
Armondo...	page 10
Brett....	page 12
Carina...	page 14
Celia...	page 16
Damien...	page 18
Daniela...	page 20
Elizabeth....	page 22
Genaro...	page 24
Jackson....	page 26
Jazelyn....	page 28
Jessica...	page 30
Kaela...	page 32
Lizbeth ...	page 34
Rachel...	page 36
Ramiro...	page 38
Ms Frederick...	page 40
Blake More...	page 42

once

life

Can I myself close my eyes for a second?
Imagine a place where everything goes.
A place of life, liberty, and freedom.
A place where Adolf Hitler fought for peace.
A place where Jackie Robinson is a friend at a feast.
Somewhere I have money to spare.
Well, I found that place,
It lives not in space
Nor the life after death but right here.
With you and me.
Where I see a star and you see a bee.
My life is happy. There is me,
With love, life and lots of advice.



Alyssa Boyer

The Story of my life

I am a beautiful sunset.

I don't fear cliffs.

I believe in love and peace.

My past is Georgia.

I wish I could fly like the birds to

My future in California and Hawaii.

My art is my word.

My goals are riding horses in Paris.

Oceans connect me to the earth.

The box full of secrets shall never be opened

Or heard.

True love comes.

Family, flowers, strawberries, cream, green beans,

and smiles too!

Ocean cool breezes, sunsets of pink, red, purple, orange, and

Gold, awesome.



Olonzo Fuentes

Me, myself, and i

I am a Mexican flag,
Hanging from a pole,
Next to the baseball mitt
In the Loud base ball game
I am Ruler over everything.

Outside sits an i-vtec engine.
Its goal is to roar like a lion.

My future, my past is all in a safe,
Hidden in the shadows.
A shark is trying to brake in.

My workshop,
My creativity,
Is a fist of water
And a fist of fire colliding.
In this space,
I create a frame for my beautiful Virgin Mary.



Armando Granados

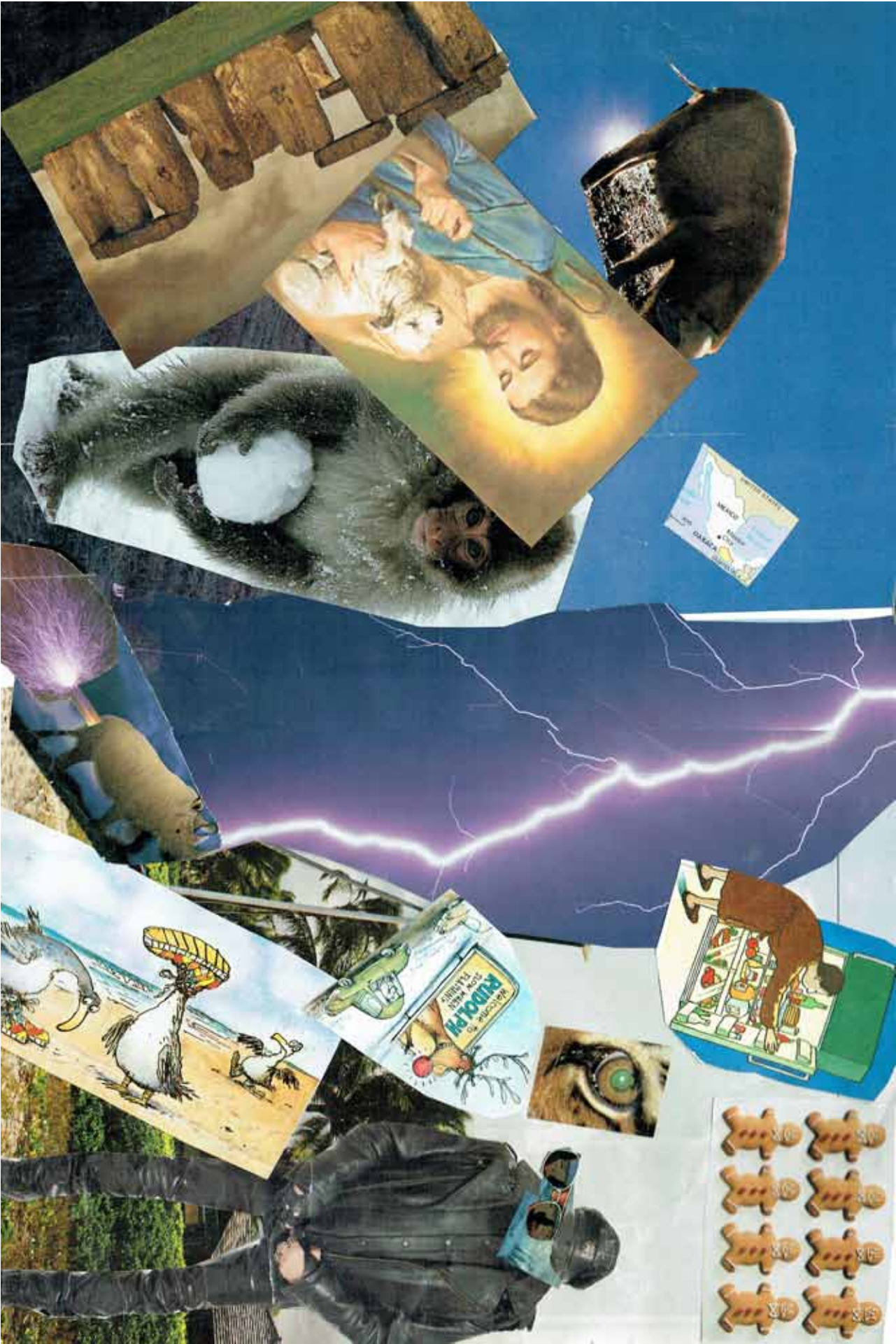
My mind

In my mind many things happen
The leader of all the things is a rhino
Getting struck with lightning
While farting electricity,
The weakest are the cookies,
And the coolest is the biker shark.
The one who controls every thing is our lord
and savior *Jesus crist.*

My biggest thought/dream is that
I'm a proud Mexican
Who loves video games
Loves to eat chocolate
And I can't think of anything better
Than to be back in Mexico
With a burrito in one hand
And a coca-cola in the other
While standing under a mural of Jesus
With my pet standing next to me.

Written by

Armando Granados



Imagination land

Ying and yang.
Life and death.
Can you open the door
To imagination land?
A place of fun,
Freedom and relaxation,
Where all the deep, hidden
Sides of me are locked away.
A place where the
Energizer bunny bangs the drums.
Yet, it's so blissful and quiet
That courage meets fear.
Dogs meet cats
And destruction
Makes creation.
At the center is an
All-star
With my deepest,
Darkest secrets.
Imagination
Is like magic,
Black and white.
Imagination can make you
Fly and laugh
Or make your biggest fears
Come true.
It challenges you and
Shapes who you are.
In the end it only asks
That you
Wake up.



Carina Fuentes

Life Well Lived

Leaving my mistakes in the past,
Looking forward to my future,
Planning to go to college.

Funny, Yellow, Minions
Laugh with me,
Life's Good.

All my secrets
Locked up forever,
Shh!
Don't tell anyone!

Some of my dreams,
Santa Cruz, California,
Meeting my idol...

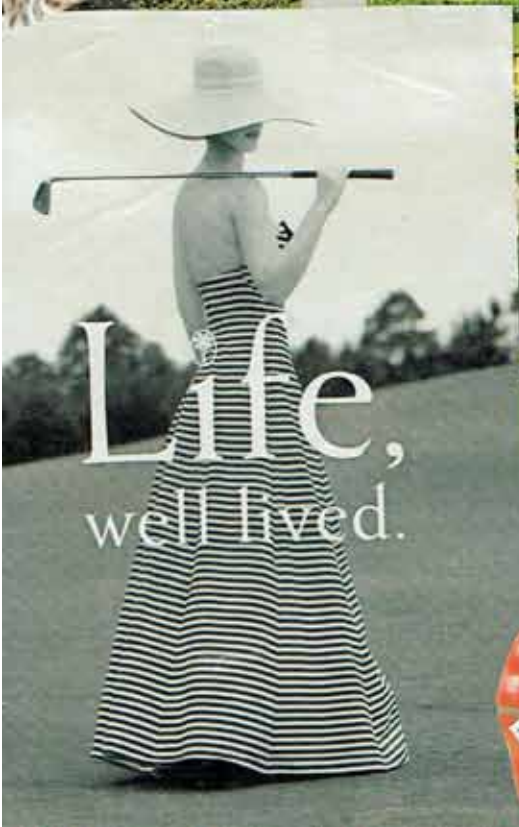
Snakes slithering all around,
Oh No!
Get Them Away From ME!

Fairy tales in my mind,
Catholic in my heart,
Life Well Lived.

SANTA CRUZ CALIFORNIA

JEALOUS

IRONIC



Life's Good

Catholic



TAYLOR

Celia Gonzales

Poem's Beginning

Small person on the face of the earth, lost, helpful, creative
unexplored intelligence, my brain.

Darkness enlightens like an emerald, my color, bright and
wrapped in gold, beautiful.

Flying with the wind and sky, swimming with the sparkling sea,
dreaming.

Traveling around the window of the earth, France, Italy,
finding my origins and exploring my past.

My mind is endless like the universe, unstoppable.

A box, full with my secrets, sealed and only I can open it, keep
it close, don't let them see.

Like a feather drifting, ending. Like impressions, falling like
grapes to the earth.

Creator, savior, god, the giver of life, believe.

Helping the people and animals, save them, protecting them.

Animals are mine, mine to keep safe.

Family, the people I laugh with, cry with and I love.

My poem, my self, my person, me, this is me, sad, happy, joyful,
funny. This is my life.



Damien Nelson

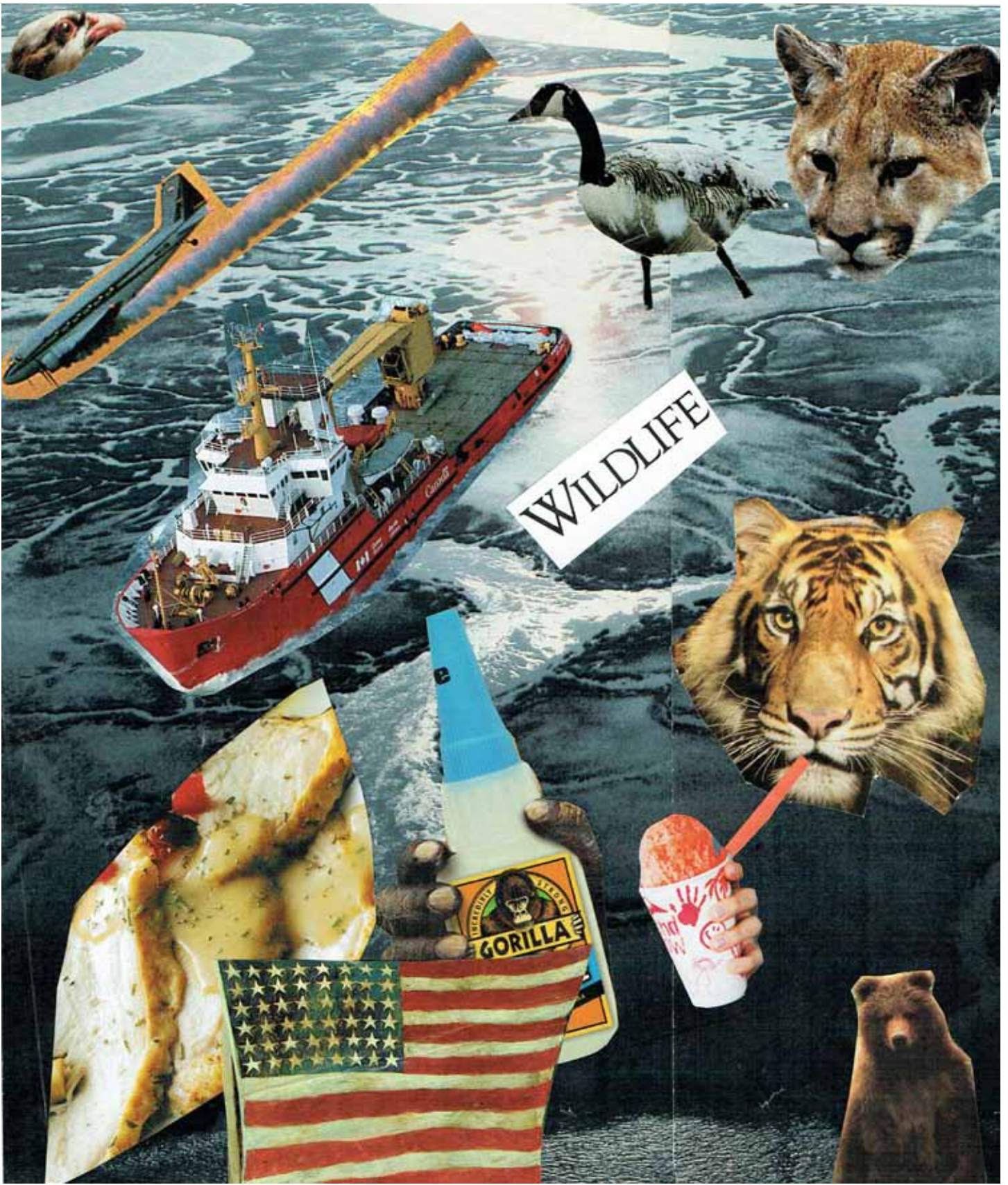
Think

Airplanes flying in the sky,
Leaving the past behind them,
Moving into the future
With no pollution.
"America the beautiful"

Predator after prey,
Running after life in happiness.
But the question remains...
"Who is the faster runner?"

If tigers drank slurpies
And gorillas made glue
Then think...
"What did we accomplish?"

Bears, boats, and chickens
Are three things not alike.
Really think about it
"How are they connected?"



Daniela Kuhn

This Is My Story

*Opposites attract.
Nature's beauty's unending,
Yet I love cities.*

*Memories rise up
Threaten to overwhelm me.
Fight like a tiger!*

*We always move fast
And never slow down to look,
Think like a turtle.*

*Who sees the future?
Future becomes history
As fast as lightning*

*I see the cat eyes
Peering into all my dreams
And through them I look,*

*Ones you've always known
Are ones you ought to cherish;
Abandon them not!*

*I own the sunset;
I can call its beauty mine.
All people own it.*

*I hope not to know
The day when family is
Only words they wrote.*

*I plan for high school
Quickly my thoughts dance away
Like bright butterflies.*

*I hold secrets back,
Spinning away from myself;
Do not say too much.*

*I draw what I feel
Creativity blossoms
In golden spirals.*

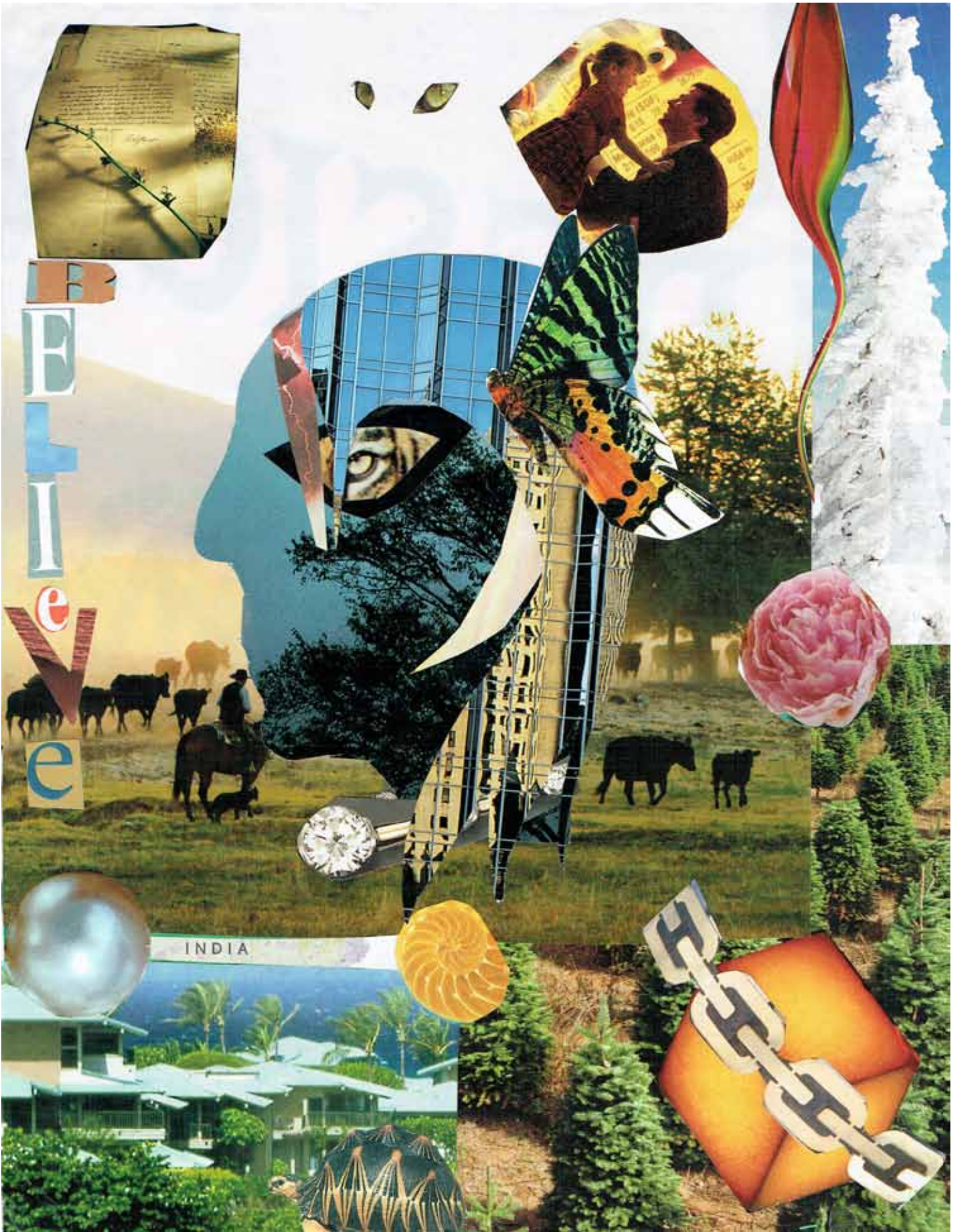
*Soon I hope to see
The land I've always learned of;
Oh, India's shores!*

*My thoughts wind and weave
All colors of the rainbow...
Red, green, yellow, blue!*

*Don't go quietly
Fight the night and stay the day
And truth be with you.*

*Beauty comes from all.
It's from within and without.
From roses to pearls.*

By Daniela Kuhn



Elizabeth Vazquez

My Life

We can't undo the past. I regret not telling you, dearest grandpa, how much I love you. Sometimes I just stare at the sky like an idiot trying to find you grandpa. No success. I wish we had an album labeled 'Throwback', but its too late now.

People shall not know my secrets, if I don't thrust them.

I don't know why but I'm scared of the ocean.

I always try but never accomplish. Just remember I will learn how to swim.

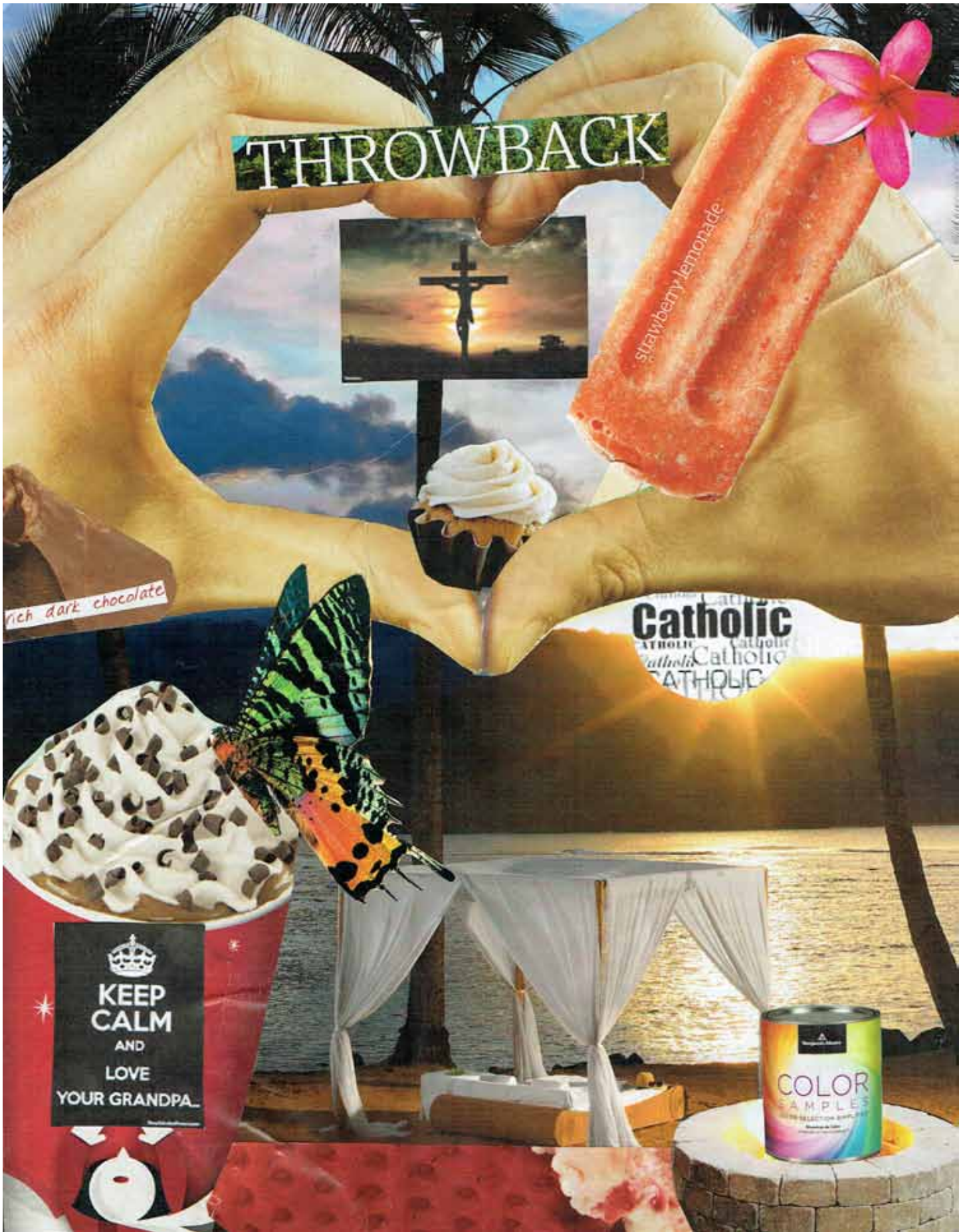
Imagining and daydreaming, people might say its dumb, but is it really?

My dreams float around the sky until becoming clouds.

Everyone wishes to be free like a butterfly.

God, I know you watch me everyday and never forget about me.

Beloved chocolate, you are dark, semisweet, you melt in my mouth and comfort me.



Genaro Bermudez

My future and the Past

Hondas are what represent me.

An Integra is my future.

Mexican is what I will always be.

Snakes are weird but they are not my biggest fear.

V-tec impresses me but it is not enough to get my attention.

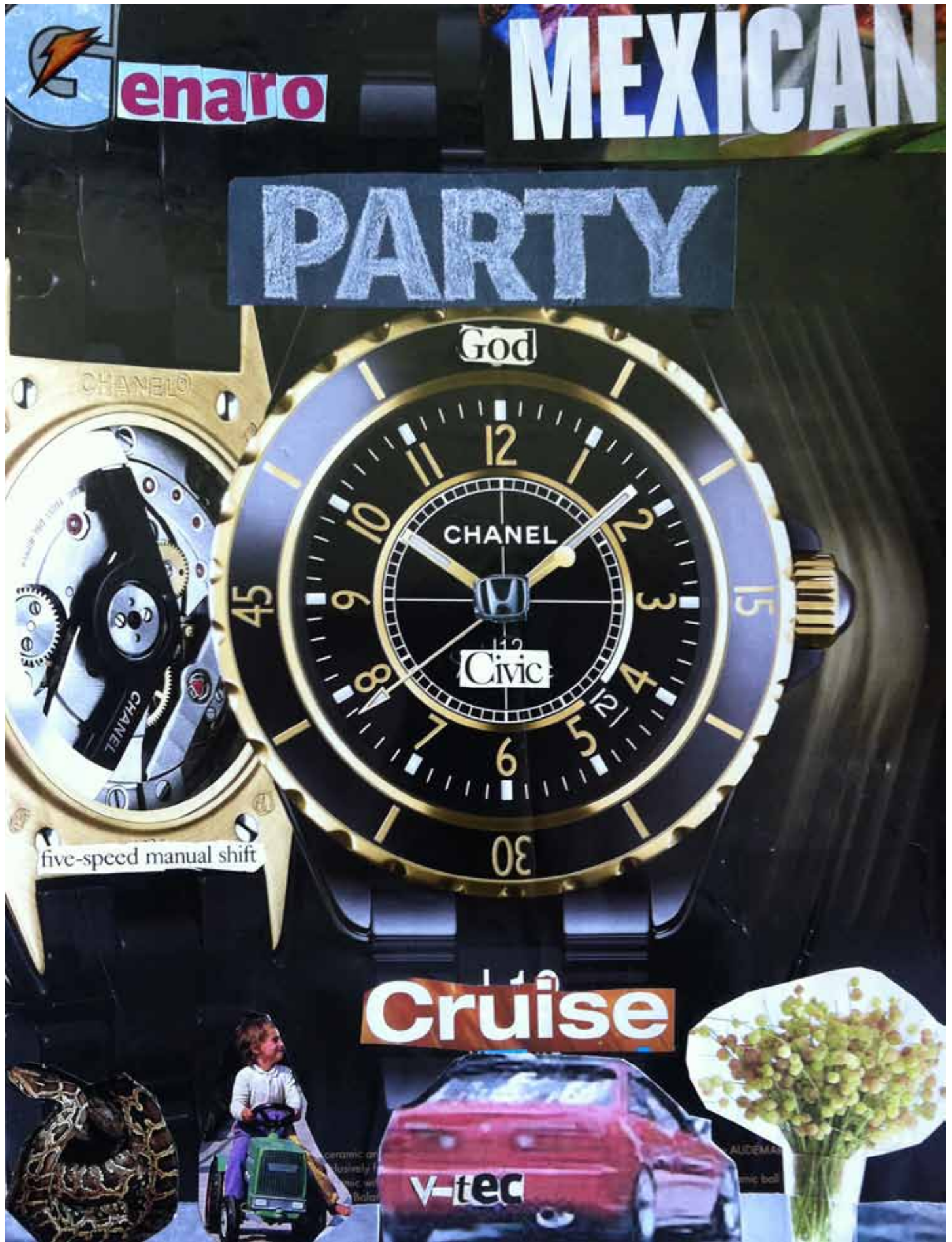
I believe in god.

A watch keeps my time.

I like to party with friends and family.

Plants are in my garden.

I regret my lightning words.



Jackson King

My Imagination

If you can make it in the mountains,
You can make it in the jungle.

Words to inspire.

Words to think on.

Lock them in your mind with all your

Other secrets,

While your greatest desire becomes

Ice cream, with

Double Devon cream.

You can eat it while at the

Space party looking at the

White dwarf absorbing the red giant

On the horizon.

The DJ is playing music from his phone

And you remember all the good steaks

You've had and the next day you build the

Memories that you save on your computer.



IF YOU CAN MAKE IT IN
THE MOUNTAINS, YOU CAN
MAKE IT IN THE JUNGLE.

Jazelyn

My World

I am a bright fiery star that likes to
Dream.

Bright lights are my imagination.
They light my mind up like a
Bright flashlight in your eyes.

I have a box that holds my secrets
And my hand holds the key.

I live in a world where not
Everyone's happy. Some are sad,
Some are happy, some are
Both.

Dreams are stars that you
Must reach and succeed.

The world is full of roses that
Will bloom one at a time.

My hand holds a big diamond
It shines bright like my future.

*Dreams
Come
True*



Jessica Mata

My Dreams

Weekends are watching the sun
Shine on the grass
While spiders crawl
Up on me as I get on
A chair and sit
On it closing my eyes imagining myself lost
In a beautiful island where the waterfalls are
Falling down, full of noise, and I am hearing
The dolphins shouting with happiness.

Then I open my eyes
And think of when I went
To Oregon. I had my suitcase
And went to the zoo and saw
That the turtle was really slow,
Like my nightmares.

My secrets, in a special box,
That shall never be opened.

One day I will travel all of California
And I will help animals with their fears.

Finally I will go to a place
Where there are just flowers.
I will jump in them and scream
"LIVE!!!!!"



Kaola

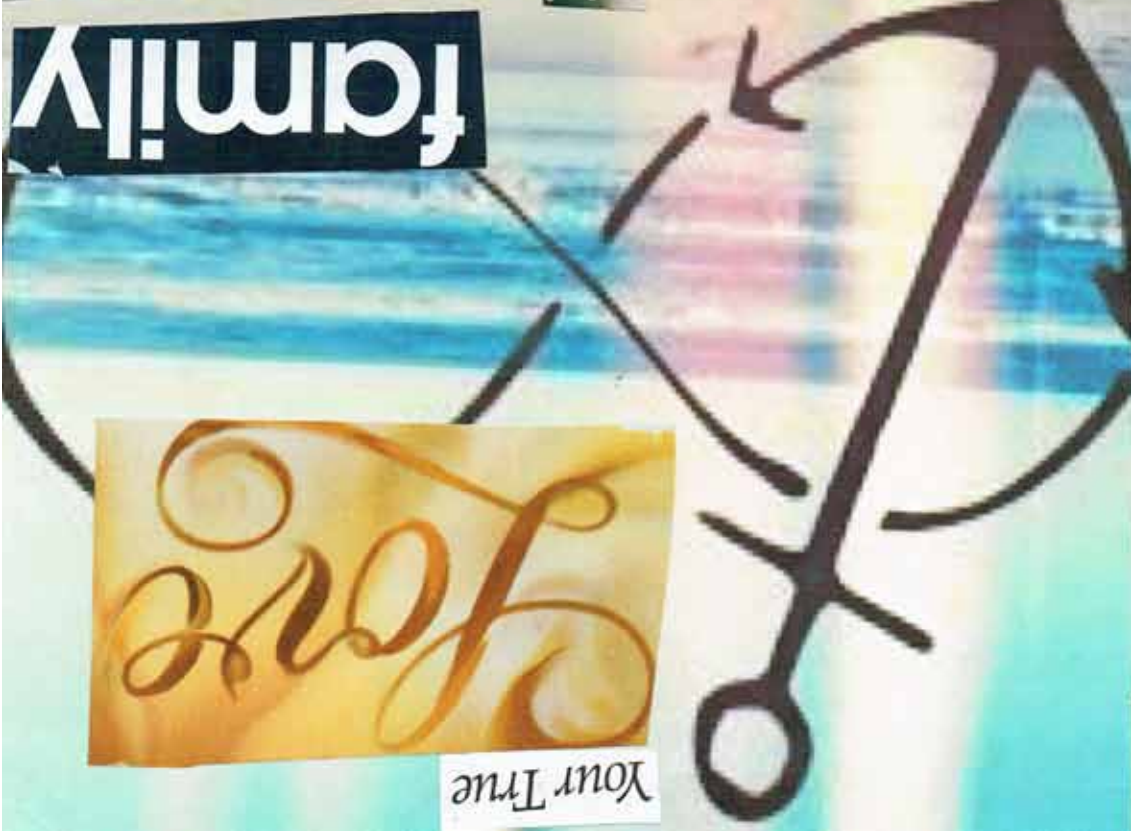
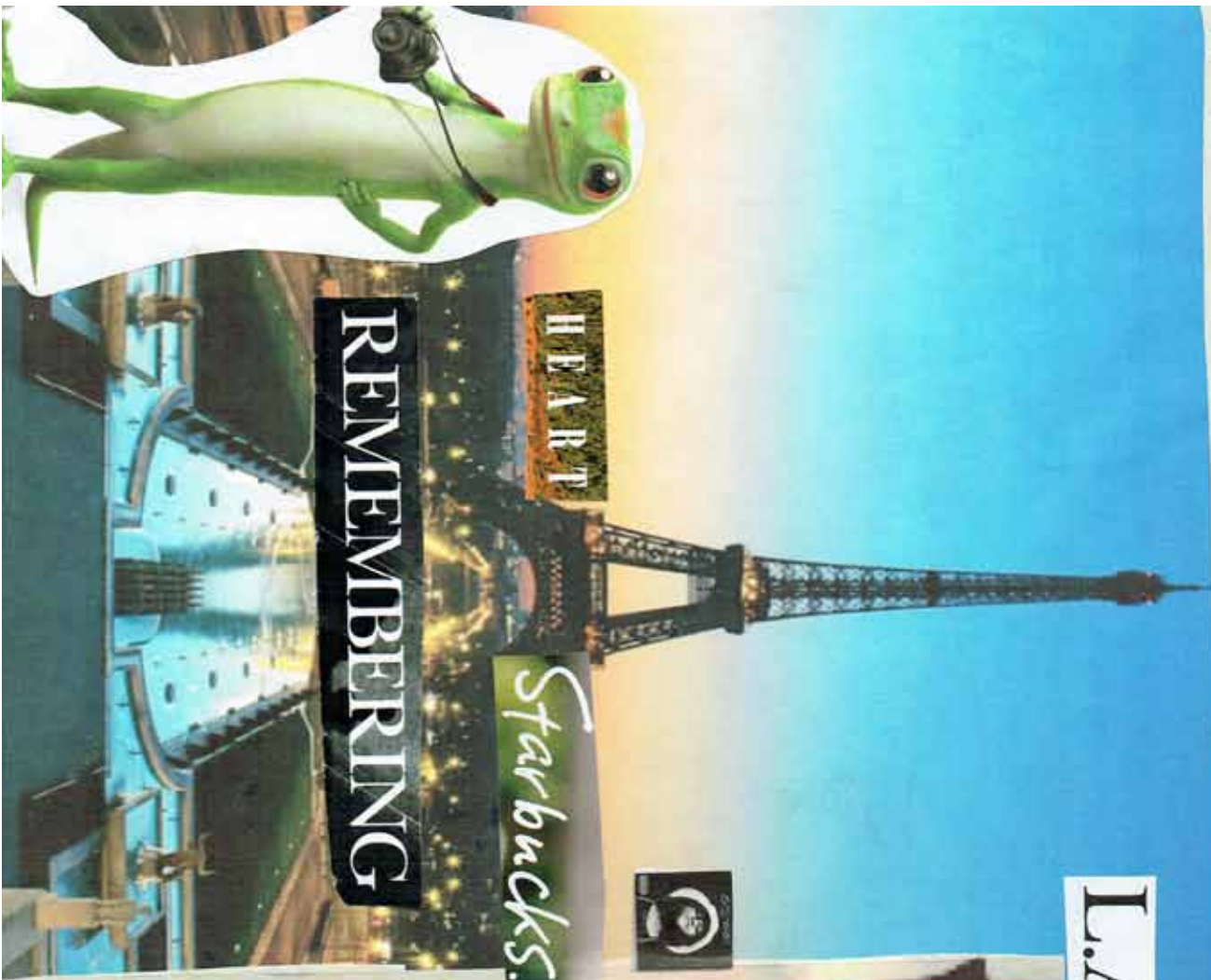
Happiness

The infinite sunset
Over the horizon
Makes me feel free
And happy.
My golden true
Love makes
Me feel amazing.
Starbucks coffee
Brings happiness
To my taste buds.
The little anchor
I am holding
Will always
Remind me of
Where I'm from,
By the ocean.
Sunset in Paris
Is the beginning
Of a new life.

TOGETHER FOREVER

creaky

L.A. TATTOO Warriors **Well. hell.. kids**



lizbeth Mejia

The Wonders

I am like the stars that light up the world when it's dark.

I am sweet like a bird and as fierce as a tiger.

Space and time collide and form

The tiger's eyes staring into infinity.

Friendship is watching T.V with my homies K and J.

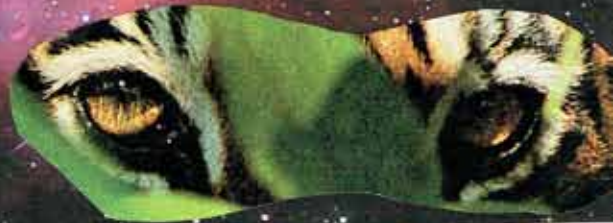
Love is family, they have the most faith in me.

Just like Paris, the city of love,

The sunset awakes for a beautiful day.

'Tis the time to share the wonders of love.

'Tis the TIME to share the wonders



Paris



Faith Family



Rachel Malik

MY LIFE

I'm an American girl
With a piano in front of me

Sweet memories...
A box closed up
Secrets no one knows
Minions are my best friends
Laugh louder!

July, near Independence Day
Is my birthday
In my future
I plan to learn guitar,
Go to college,
Become a small animal vet.

Slithery snakes creeping up on me
No!
I'm a Christian
On my journey to Heaven.

Places I've been,
Memories I've made,
Meeting new people
Trips to Maui...

All are there,
In my mind
While I'm sitting
With a piano in front of me!



Sweet Memories...



12



COLLEGE



July

california

American Girl



Laugh Louder!

earth

Ramiro Mejia

Dreams

Fast, like a cheetah,
Flying, like an eagle,
Cash is what I am.
Batteries are what I need.
Ford is what I have and
Eye is what I see.
#1 is what I am.
Ducks on a surfboard is what I'll be.
Cars are my life,
That Integra is what I want
And that motor is what represents me.
"Just do it," is what I say.
"Wanted," I'll never be.
It's in your blood,
It's in my blood,
We do what we do for some crazy/insane reason.
I don't need a watch
To tell me the time,
I got the time in my mind.



Be OK

MY

cash



MIAAMI

#1

Sup



JUST DO IT.



WANTED:

...IT'S IN YOUR BLOOD!!

World's Best



It Is Life



Araco 2005

Ms Frederick, classroom teacher

Open Mind

My eyes are windows to
paintings and maps,
dust and skulls,
rain and stones.

I see swimming summers,
soaring balloons
and gliding
taut tigers.

I catalogue quiet
winters, leaping
rabbits and
watchful owls.

My mind gears are turning,
growing branches
expanding
out, skyward.

Other times, my thoughts are
horns puncturing
tunnels, clear-
cutting fear.

Either way, blood flowing,
exploration,
a teaching...
a learning...

Flowers, blooming, shifting
with the seasons
of my mind
opening.



TEACHING US

Open Mind

Blake More, Poet Teacher

What Picture Am I Today

~ a study in black & white, circa 2014

Silhouetting sky expanse
the dark reach of her rests
one-legged upon the future
both woman gazing upward
and with one shared hand
tossing twilight stars
into the earth mirror
planting seeds, kernels of language, food for their forgotten limbs
sweet liquid communion drawn into light
by the hummingbirds in her mind
standing still, yet moving
as another woman, perhaps her alter angel
younger, no longer distant
illuminates the clouds
does anyone truly understand the flower
emerging from her silence?
resting in between the monochromatic lines
like a Buddha seeking sanctuary
above horizontal racket
she fears no and immediately inhales
so her breath can exhale the coal hearted voices
as they fall upon the blades of their lies and half truths
shouldering her bag of compassion
she puts on her pile of shoes
and continues on with chameleon fishing
forgiving them all
her dreams beckoning
past the gallop of horses
to the secret marching band
prancing confidently across a never-ending journal
something in her wishing to hypnotize
every last morsel of this day
bend it into a smile
that matches her eye
open in the windows





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