Find the beauty here

P.S. 140
An Anthology of Poems and Artworks by 8th Grade Students

P.S. 140
One of the first alternative art spaces in New York, Artists Space was founded in 1972 to support contemporary artists from many disciplines, working to stimulate emerging ideas. Today, the mission of Artists Space is to provide a place for discussion and examination, proposing new modes of artistic production, and shifting focus away from the presentation of artwork alone – ultimately, a center for new ideas in a radically changing world.

Expanded Art Ideas, Artists Space’s arts education program, has the mission of encouraging both mainstream and special education students in New York City’s public schools to develop a personal artistic voice and to utilize their individual creative capacities by providing them with the skills to communicate, document, and publicly exhibit their innovations and talents. Expanded Art Ideas was developed as a program to expand Artists Space’s commitment to contemporary artists by providing an opportunity for artists to work and collaborate with different communities in a school setting.

2015 marks the 14th year that Artists Space has been working with our partner school P.S. 140 to bring arts and artists to the middle school students. The program itself has expanded from one portfolio development residency in 2001 to a full range of projects, including Photo Club, Artists in/ed Space, Art and Literacy, Threads of History, and Portfolio Development.
Our teaching artists’ commitment to their students at P.S. 140 enables their creative voices to be heard through poetry and the visual arts. Poet Sara Jane Stoner’s residency with the 8th Grade classes continues to result in a wonderful compilation of poems that allows us to discover the feelings, images, and hopes of this group of students. In Photo Club, with artist Joy Episalla, the students expand their vision of their surroundings through the photographic image while being taught the basics of photography through an introduction to 35mm film cameras. We thank Joy for inspiring our students and establishing a wonderful residency. After ten years, this is her last year working with us and we wish her the best in all her future creative endeavors! In collaboration with Photo Club, a one-week intensive workshop was held with visiting artist Marco Vera, Founder and Director of Mexicali Rose Media/Art Center in Mexicali, Mexico, to create a video work incorporating their photographs along with new footage shot in their local neighborhood. With the expertise of teaching artist Susan Hamburger, the Portfolio Development students learn how to create an art portfolio with drawings, paintings, and collages for the rigorous admission process to the specialized art high schools of New York City.

In December 2014, a comprehensive exhibition of student work from the past four years, along with archived documentation of key works and projects from the program’s history, was presented at Artists Space Books & Talks at 55 Walker Street. Titled *Welcome To My World*, the exhibition was accompanied by a publication featuring visual artworks and poetry by students. Students made field trips to view the exhibition, which was the first public showcase for many as well as an
opportunity to discuss and critique their work outside of the school setting. The exhibition received a favorable review in the New York Times by critic Roberta Smith, who described the work as both “luminous” and “gorgeous, which is an “awesome” accomplishment!

We celebrate the artwork and poems produced by our students on our annual Art Day at the end of the school year. Students’ work is exhibited in the gallery and on the photo wall in the ground floor school corridor, and is on view for the whole community to appreciate. This year on Art Day we were fortunate to have a poetry slam during which many of our students read their poems, touching all who heard them and inspiring rousing applause.

Artists Space looks forward to an ongoing partnership with P.S. 140. We have enjoyed working with, and learnt so much from, both Principal Esteban Barrientos and Assistant Principal Carmen Fulford, and hope their dedication to the arts only extends as they enter retirement. We can’t wait to continue our work at P.S. 140 where the support and love of contemporary arts and artists alike allows our programs at the school to flourish.

Chrysanne Stathacos
Director of Education
Artists Space
At P.S. 140, we believe that art should be a fundamental part of the daily life of a student. Only when art education becomes an integral element of the learning process – instead of a discrete, project-based exercise – will it succeed in encouraging uninhibited learning by our students. We believe that the arts can open new doors and offer learning experiences that give students the opportunity to look at their world through a different set of eyes.

Our school, P.S. 140, has been honored to have an amazing and fruitful partnership for the past 14 years with such a professional and giving organization, Artists Space. Our students have benefited from the expertise of incredibly talented and committed artists who believe in the ability of students to learn and perfect their artistic ability given the opportunity and support. Chrysanne Stathacos, Director of Education, and all the teaching artists who have worked with us over the years have respected a vision of our school as intricately related to the arts and have continuously helped it evolve.

It has been our privilege to work with Chrysanne, the Artists Space staff and the dedicated and talented teaching artists – photographer, Joy Episalla; visual artist, Susan Hamburger; visual artist, Kate Temple; and poet, Sara Jane Stoner – throughout the years. Our relationship with Artists Space has promoted, enhanced and encouraged the growth of the arts
in our school. Our students are given tremendous opportunity under the guidance of very special teaching artists to express themselves through the visual arts (painting, drawing, and photography) and through writing poetry. These artists support and encourage the students to “discover their hidden talents” and take risks. The results are amazing, incredibly beautiful and quite touching. The students take much pride in their work and are “over the top” when it is shared or displayed in our school, or in art galleries as a result of winning a competition.

A student exclaimed “now I am famous” when she first saw her art work hanging in the Artists Space gallery in *Welcome To My World*, which opened at Artists Space Books & Talks in December 2014, and highlighted artwork created by our students over the past 14 years. It was such an honor and pure joy to watch students enjoy viewing their work as well as learn to respect the work of others.

Our school community and I are very grateful for their vision and support and look forward to a long fruitful relationship that will continue to inspire the artists and writers of the future.

THANK YOU, ARTISTS SPACE.

Carmen Fulford
Assistant Principal
Now in its tenth year, the Artists Space Art / Ed / P.S. 140 Photo Class collaboration continues to introduce the 35 mm film camera to first time photographers. This year’s group of eighth grade students have produced a wonderful body of work. Their enthusiasm and their unique way of looking through the lens to capture their world is truly exciting and evident in their photographs. It has been my pleasure to teach the photo students of P.S. 140. They are inspiring individuals about to make their contribution towards a better world.

Joy Episalla
Photographer and Teaching Artist
Andre Tavarez, Lonely Leaf
Joseph Vargas, *Mysterious Woman*
Ashley Jackson, *Underlights*
Shayna Aviles, Out of the Ground
Mexicali Rose Media/Arts Center was involved in a documentary filmmaking course at P.S. 140 Nathan Straus via Artists Space’s Expanded Art Ideas program. The purpose of this project was to give Lower East Side youth an avenue to express themselves and reflect their environment creatively and positively through the power of digital storytelling. We feel it is imperative that more members of marginalized communities become active participants in the creation and dissemination of experimental and documentary film in order to truly share the many powerful voices and visions that make up the fabric of contemporary life.

Marco Vera
Founder and Director
Mexicali Rose Media/Arts Center
Poetry is where light and dark meet, and where beauty and struggle find such an important place to be seen, to be heard, and to be felt. This year's poets in P.S. 140's 8th grade class are keen to the world and ready to name the challenges of the present and the possibilities of the future: in voices that welcome you to the kitchen for a bite to eat, that engage in the mystery of dreams, and that argue through the potential of language to bring us together.

Sara Jane Stoner
Writer and Teaching Artist
Starry Night

Looking up, millions of stars
Shooting up high in the sky
    A little town close near by
So quiet you can hear a pin drop
    So shiny you can hardly see
The spotlight hitting you...

    Seeking for the attention
You need to be
    A picture perfect sculpture
Trying to make it in this
    Starry night world

    The painter returns
Takes up some purple
    Paints out the stars
Now an orange sun
    Just above the horizon

The sun rises on me:
    It can’t be night all the time.

Angelica Skye Roman
Poem

I’d never heard of him, but I’d never heard of anybody. And I actually understood some of it. Not all of it, but some. And I didn’t hate it. That surprised me. It was interesting, not stupid or silly or sappy or overly intellectual, not any of those things that I thought Poetry was. Some poems were easier than others. Some were inscrutable. I was thinking that maybe “I did” know the meaning of that word. I got to think that poems were like people. Some people you got right off the bat. Some people you just didn’t get and never would get.

Evelyn Garcia
Mac N Cheese

It’s yellow and bright
like the sun.
It’s so good
that one taste can take you
to the moon.
When I eat it
I relive a dream,
fighting for the
police. Mac N Cheese
is the best
better
than the rest.

Dienedy Delasnuces
Treble Clef

I’m afraid, afraid to step on the platform the fear of being swallowed whole. The fear of rejection. I’m not good enough, is all that surrounds me.

I tell myself to break and fall but I somehow still manage to stay afloat, listening to the sound of the Treble Clef.

Caytlin Napoleon
Mommy

My mom has the most beauty of all. Her smile brightens up my day, like a ray of sunshine or a hot day in the summer. Even on a rainy day she can make it shine. She’s the happiest person ever, which makes me smile like someone who won the lottery. But, when she’s not, it makes me frown. Love my Mom with all my heart.

Jani Bostic
Inspiration

Inspiration isn’t things that just pass by your eyes, it’s what you experience and notice on a daily basis. Just being able to take a look around trying to find something that just catches your eyes and becomes the center of your attention just enough that you just can’t wait but to share it with one person, or two people or even the world. Something that you see as one thing but having the possibility to turn it into something much more meaningful enough to make it someone else’s center of attention just for a moment. Having the possibility to just stop and take a look around yourself and to just enjoy life and things that it can bring you as you put hard work into it. Just looking and wondering what next will become the center of my attention?! I wonder!?

Britney Felicier
How Did This Happen?

When I wake up
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I go to lunch
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I get out of school
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I go to dance
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I go to the salon
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I get home
I eat platanos con huevos
  When I go to sleep
I eat platanos con huevos
  But then I looked in the mirror and
I was platanos con huevos

Amy Yanibette Gomez
Adventure of the Mind

In the beginning it was empty
Full of curiosity.
Wondering who was who
And who was you.
Years passed and your mind fills up
like a person writing a dictionary
like a director playing a movie.
All you want is more
and more to know what’s 4 + 4.
To know it all, to be the
One that can fly, drive and cry.
All you want is a haunted
mind, making yourself feel so... so fine. “Sweety, Sweety” it’s okay
to feel this way, to want to
be the star, with the cool cigar
but you’re not and you may not be.
You don’t have to
agree.

Nydine Berroa
Rainbow

I know you go
to through pain
I know you been hurt
just know I’m here for you
no matter what
I’ll hold you down
through ups and downs
if you leave
I’m leaving with you
I know you are stronger
then what people think
and you could manage
proud of you
just keep it going baby
we always have bumps in the road
but it will be okay baby girl I’m here for you
we each have those raining days
But a rainbow will appear.

Heaven Rodriguez
Love Challenge

Believe what I say is true:  
Love shouldn’t exist.  
Love is a pain worse than  
a bullet to the brain.

It’s a striking pain,  
a striking pain in the heart…  
a bullet of hard, cold feelings.

Why do humans have feelings.  
Just why do we have feelings.  
They give nothing but despair and  
sadness and hatred, it’s all  
one big love challenge.

Josiah Santiago
Little Brother

My little brother
just loves peanut butter
and jelly, and it is
my obligation
to feed his little belly.

I stroll into my sundrenched
kitchen at high noon
singing my little brother’s
favorite tune.

Dajahnique Nixon
Violence

Drugs all over the ground
Guns, people crying, putting each other down
Peace nowhere to be found.

People every day do crazy things
Buying fancy cars and a lot of rings
All the sorrows they sing.

You have nothing to show for yourself
You’re dying on the inside, you have bad health
Maybe you need to find yourself.

Diondre Monroe
Maze

As life goes on and on
You never know what might happen
Life is like a mouse trapped in a maze
Wanting to find that piece of cheese
He is confused, doesn’t know which way to go
He keeps on going finding all the dead ends
But unless you keep going
You never know when it’s going to end

Pamela Espinal
Beauty Is

Beauty is not looks
Beauty is not how your smile looks
How beautiful your skin looks
How tall or short you are
How straight your teeth are

Beauty is something else
Beauty is personality
Beauty is taking something bad
and making it good.

Beauty is caring
Everyone is beautiful
no matter what.

Mark Richard Gomez
Hold On

Hold on to your keys
or don’t lock your door
keep it as open as an open door

But keep it open all day
and you’ll lose
everything

Like a door to a house
You can’t keep it open too long
or else—you’ll lose everything

Kelsey Spalding
Basketball

Basketball it’s hard and fun and lots of hard work. You have to be dedicated. You have to play hard and work hard.

Miguel Quiroz
Tired

Being tired is being sleepy.
I wanna go to bed.
Have to close my eyes so I can sleep.
then I wake, but I’m more tired.

Brian Torres
Cookies ‘n’ Cream (Ice Cream Cake)

I go to Dunkin Donuts
I buy the cake
I buy it because it is delicious
I go home
I eat the whole thing (sharing is not caring)
I’m mad full
But happy at the same time

Bryan Estevez
Masterpiece

Lifted to the heavens with great care
A red-handled brush—thin as a hair.

The brush which twirls,
The brush which makes
A masterpiece—at a snails pace.

Just then—a click.
The carelessly scratched record’s skip.

Furiously turning, the clock hands—
a scream sending agony thus to the artist’s dream.

Kai Liang Yong
Devotion to Beauty

Beauty is a cliché in itself—
the “beautiful” become pretentious,
people see them as conceited,
but they don’t know
they’re filling a void.

People are trying to match
their appearance with others or
match the unobtainable idea
in their heads.
It’s quite redundant.

Why wouldn’t you want to be
the person god made you?
Why would you reject His
greatest gifts in order to appease
your self esteem?
There are many hypocrites in this world that deny their obsession with physical perfection, but that only harms them.

They’re being fraudulent and will never admit their devotion to beauty.

Marbelyn Valdez
Superhero

Pookie for short
he’s very spooky, proud, punctual, popular
Poogachan is his name
and he has lots of fame

12 pounds
and black as coal
more than a zero
he’s a superhero

laser beams coming from his eyes
dressed in the finest silk ties
dressed in the finest shoes to date
he’s always on time, never late
Poogachan is a ladies’ man
and I’m his biggest fan
he saves people from the greatest dangers
he even makes fear a stranger

for when he arrives
the fears flee
his mighty bite
will always be seen

Andrew Tavarez
Dream Poem

There was a mist.
I couldn’t see.
I jumped up to see where I was.
I was flying, soaring through the clouds.

Sean Rodriguez
Mind Roaming

Roaming your mind is like discovering a new world. Discovering fascinating stories history and secrets. The “flaws” you say you have aren’t flaws. I don’t see any flaws, just beauty.

Jeffrey Espinal
Who Knew It Was Coming

Days, weeks, and months had passed by, I was determined not to care.

But it was you who succeeded.

Could it all have worked? Was it you who just ruined it all?

I need answers or these thoughts will remain in me forever.

The whole thing, our “feelings” was something I was making up in my head.

Who knew it was coming? My truth and your lies.

Damaris Lee Rivera
Beauty

Beauty is

All over

You can find it

In people

Find the beauty

Here

Luis Antonio Dejesus
Daddy

One thing that I completely got.  
I got why my father fell in love with her.  
Why she fell in love with my father was something,  
I still couldn’t wrap my head around.  
Once, when I was about six or seven, I was really mad at my father because I wanted him to play with me and he just seemed so far away. It was like I wasn’t even there. I asked my mom with all my boyhood anger, “how could you have married that guy?” She smiled and combed my hair with her fingers. That was always her thing. She looked straight into my eyes and said calmly, “Your father was beautiful.” She didn’t even hesitate. I wanted to ask her what happened to all that beauty, but that was too crazy, cuz I could make her feel bad.

Evelyn Garcia
I Know

Everyone thinks that we are different
We are all equal
Our eyes our clothes our skin color too
You can’t judge me If you can’t judge you

I don’t really know how
you people think?
Don’t you know that
We’re all men

I can’t really make you guys listen
Because this is just a poem
That a blackgirl made
But I’mma put it like this. I’m not afraid.

Skylar Jacobus
Balloon

Inside a water balloon
is where I want to be
It doesn’t weigh much
It’s orange and
if you squeeze too hard it will
POP!
and water comes out
Inside a water balloon
feels as if I’m trapped
and about to drown
No way out!
But if I’m thrown to the ground
I’ll be free

Aliyah Santana
Up in the Sky

Looking up in the sky
Looking at the clouds as they pass by
Just trying to find a way to deny life
As the day goes by
You see the difference in the sky
Now it is nighttime for you and I
Looking up in the sky
Looking at the stars
Oh how bright they are
Just laying down on the grass
With you by my side
You finally begin to think
At last

Michael Nuñez
All I Want

I don’t care about
   Money
   Fame
   or Jewels

All I want is
to be standing
   on the grass
   on a perfect
summer day
knowing that
   I made it

All I want is
on the final day
of October
to win that ring

All I want is
to win that
National Championship
for the
Dominican Republic
All I want
is to hit
that walk off
homerun

All is want
is to make
that great defensive play

All I want
is to be a
baseball player

But it’s going to be
a long journey

Juan Urena
Weirdo

I walk down the street
and you whistle at me
you ask me my name
my age and then you say
damn girl can
I get your number? I say
no I’m only 13 you weirdo

Elissa Grullon
Money

Something people need

Money can make or break you

Money, good or bad.

Christopher Gomez
Time to Disco

To be inside of a disco ball
that is my request.
Who wouldn’t?
It seems so happy.

It’s bright, shiny, and colorful.
It’s cloaked in little mirrors.
There are many different lights
bouncing off the exterior.
And it’s turning, spinning, rotating.

Yet, nothing like that inside.
Flowing with inky blackness,
you are basically blind,
feeling nothing besides the walls
surrounding you, as if they’re closing in,
creating claustrophobia.
So dark that now you fear the light. 
You are alone with your thoughts, 
scared, bored out of your mind, 
inside the most party-starting object, 
turning more maniacal after 
each second passes.

Abdul Wahab
Society

Your eyes are swallowing me.
Mirrors start to whisper.
Shadows start to see.
My skin is smothering me.
Help me find a way to breathe…

Ariel Rivera
Today and Tomorrow

Today I saw you,
Tomorrow I won’t.
Today I saw water in your eyes,
Tomorrow they’ll be dry.
Today I saw you once,
Tomorrow I’ll see you last.
When will you come home again?
Because today I realize was the last time.

Daniela Peña
i (pen)

i
am
nothing
for every dusty fading glitters i fear
i am nothing
for every empty soul i caused fell into tears
i am nothing
for every drop of blood i caused you pain
i am nothing
for every white-black robe i brought you shame

yes inside me is emptiness
is ugliness
for i am nothing
except one day
in silence
i looked inside
yes inside me
i saw something
oh yes something so so oh so beautiful
oh yes yes oh yes i saw everything
a new-found ink
that filled the gap
and filled me up
from top
to bottom
to the
tip of
me

Rosa Gonzalez
Where Do I Start?

A dream is a chalk board
That could be drawn into diamond rings
A dream is like the ocean
That could contain many things

A distant memory
That’s on the tip of your tongue
That frightening dream
From when you were young

A dream is a friend
Who shows you “it’s like this”
It gives you courage
When you dreamed of a kiss

A dream is your stress-ball
It’s a place you can always fall
Get back up and take a bend
And if you want to you can fall again

Joseph Vargas
I’m Gone

The way I walk or talk,
LOOK!
I don’t understand. The whispers
behind my back.
Why not say it to my face?
Come on, I can take it.
Come on!
Or are you embarrassed.
Did I call you out?
Sorry, I think.
Should I even say that?
I don’t want to fight
just understand.
When will it be ok for me to be
myself?
Never? You’re kidding!
What’s the big deal?
I’m comfortable in my own skin.
I won’t change for you.
Now that you understand that
I’m gone.

Shayna Aviles
Bronx Wood

Here comes Tyrell
Living in Bronx Wood
Tight red pants
With a little black hood

He’s a drug addict
Who lives with his dealer
Also his girlfriend
He tries to fool her

Gets smacked in the face
And then the girl
Calls him a mistake
Tyrell says

You’re a disgrace
Then Tyrell gets punched
in the face
He pulls out the mace
His father just got out of jail
Tyrell isn’t happy
He always gets unhappy
Just remembering his father’s lips
They were chappy

His mother was never there
So she never understood
If Tyrell had the chance
to kill his father, he would

But Tyrell is just a teen
in a little black hood.

John Rivera
A Chosen Child

7th grade was the time
I was a chosen child.
The person who gave birth to me
is unknown.

The one who loved me
and raised me, showed me
I was a gift.

When I was reading through
documents and paperwork
I was full of confusion
and alienation.

I always thought
that I was a stranger to myself
I was lonely, I had emptiness
in my heart.
Never being understood
the shame and guilt
for why I’m not able to change
and maybe never being a whole.

But the most important thing
to remember is that
they love me.

Adoption is not as bad as it seems
I’m a gift
that will always be open.

Stacey Melany Mejia
Maturity

Since I was two, I said thank you and bless you
When I turned three, I ate all of my greens
When I hit four, I asked for chores and didn’t mind closing doors

Finally thirteen and I began wearing skinny jeans
Then came twelve and I knocked down shelves
At eleven I thought of heaven and wanted to be seven again
Finally ten and I met my best friend Ben
Finally nine and I caught on to songs and began to get a lot of things wrong
Nine came along and I caught on to lazy states, but I always knew that errands were my fate
Seven and eight were my friends, one named Rick
Six came quick, I never got sick and I made new friends, one named Alive
Five came five, I felt so alive, cleaning the floors and begging for more
Four hit four, I asked forchores and didn’t mind closing doors
When I turned three, I ate all of my greens

Since I was two, I said thank you and bless you

Dakayla Holmes
Beauty is a Videogame

Beautiful landscapes
made up of tiny pixels
The landscapes we explore
without continuing the story

The landscapes
we destroy in battle
We go through caves,
mountains, fields, and cities

Beautiful characters
made up of tiny pixels
The character you take
to hell and back

The character who can be
good or bad
The character you make die
by doing stupid stunts

The character that has a story
and creates a new story

Sean Bielen
If You/If She/If He

If you see her, you see her
If you don’t, you don’t
If she smiles, she smiles
If you laugh, you laugh

Noel Caba Garcia
Dream Poem

I dream of dragons
flying with pixies
I dream of knights
fighting with gypsies
Mermaids and mermen
crossing the oceans
For once they arrive
they fill you with potions
Ogres and goblins
drink down their insanity
for the world has been mad
since medieval satanity

Emmanuel Crispin
Classifications

Individuality—is what everyone deserves
People classify and judge
based on stereotypes
They judge one’s religion
They hate another’s race
They despise one’s sexuality
They say appearance “matters”
in this society
Companies see education
and not one’s natural skills
Hierarchy looks down upon
those who have no say
Society steps on people
to get where they want to be
They use gender to say what
one can and cannot do
They look at the amount of digits
on one’s paycheck and
determine what life
you get placed into
Society only cares
for physical attraction
idolizing their favorite stars
They care for the ones with power
The ones who have no hearts
Greedy and self-centered
They care for their desirable “needs”
They’d rather get plastic surgery
and forget the bills they have to pay
Society is out of whack
I’m sorry to say

Mariselis Rivera
My Dreams

Falling through
black rooms
it never ends.
They keep coming
and I keep falling
wondering why
it never ends.
Until I drop
into a room
pitch black
it’s a room
of mirrors
but I can’t
see myself
it’s like I
never existed.
But inside
those mirrors
I see something
that should have
been there.
And there I go
falling
into darkness
all over again.

Melanie Hernandez
Everything is Nothing

Everything is nothing
Is not what it seems
What’s worth today
Will become worthless tomorrow
U come n go
Go n come
Pretend nothing’s changed
That will fix everything, right?
Go away
Disappear
We don’t need u near
Listening to u hurts my ears
Don’t reappear
Living with u is like
having hell real near
U will soon be gone
But I won’t be alone
Ur not the only one
Who I have to learn to love
I will move on
On, n on, n on
With or without u
Ur so worthless
Ur not even worth it

Pamela Holguin
Hatred

Hatred lives within souls,
traveling to one body and spreading to the next
As soon as someone fights it,
all of hatred is focused on that person,
taking people out, one by one
Yet, all know that what’s required to defeat hatred
is to unite together and be as powerful as hatred
as one

Michael Ramirez
Ask

Whenever we’re asked if we walk
upon water
we answer

To be sure

Whenever we’re asked if we walk
on water
we answer

Of course

Crystal Fernandez
What I Want

What I want is a chance to express my feelings.

To pick up a microphone and sing my heart and soul out.

To be cheered when I’m finished to know I made everyone’s day.
To travel to the places
I’d like to be
where no one
can bother me.

Life is hard
and not everything
is guaranteed, so here
I lay my childhood dreams.

Jennifer Cortes
Writers’ Block

blah, blah, blah, writers’ block
la, la, la, writers’ block
writer, writer, writer, writers’ block
block, block, block, writers’ block

Julia Morant
Just a Ball

Close your eyes now think
Think of a baseball
Now go inside don’t blink
It looks so dull and dead
But look closer what do you see
The way it flies and smells
The way it stops and when it’s hit
It rolls and rolls
To the end of the dirt to see it
Be picked up and shot to first
It smacks the glove and goes
Back to the pitcher and thrown
To the batter to see them
Whack the ball and
At the end of the game
Left on the field
Now you ask it how it feels
Now think

Isaac Nunez
Lessons Learned

From the time we are born we are taught to be a version of ourselves that shows the world, this is who I am. And this is who I want to be.

And then you are taught that that version of yourself is not acceptable in this society and we have to learn to mold that version of our innocent minds to be something we are not but will get us by until the day we die. It is a confrontation between your soul, your family, and the school community you are brought up in.

And your fragile soul tells you what is right. And your community tells you what is right, but to use your words. But to limit those words to what society thinks is right. And you are not allowed to fight with all your might but only with the
little light they allow to shine on your little ideas that are born in your little young and innocent mind.

And I don’t know about you, but my family taught me to fight for what is right and to use all my might and to tell my opinion using the highest height and the peak of the light of what I think is right.

And the battle between might and right and fight and light can be so overbearing that you give up your right and might and power to fight. But you hold on to that little light and sometimes it’s not enough to keep you going.

Leila Torres
The Rainbow

The rainbow would be bright, like a light. It would hold all the colors in the world in every shade. The rainbow would be endless, you could never get to either side. Outside the rainbow you see the world one way, but inside, the world will be totally different. Inside the rainbow you will see the world in every different color. You will see it in every different way.

Nayely Deleon
The graduating class of 2015 at P.S.140 represents the first portfolio group that I have worked with from start to finish. I was proud and privileged to be with them for the many milestones of their final year at school, including their graduation ceremony and their exhibition at Artists Space. Unique in their opinions, beliefs and artistic expression, they were, as a group, serious, funny and sometimes defiant, but were most memorable for their commitment and determination. This is reflected in the high percentage of the group accepted into New York City arts high schools and the two honorable mentions received at the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. Several students have returned to visit during the fall of 2015 to share their experiences with an enthusiasm that has been infectious. We all wish them well, and will I’m sure see much continued success as they follow their creative paths toward the future.

Susan Hamburger
Teaching Artist
Kai Yong, *Self-Portrait*, Oil Pastel on paper, 24 × 18 inches, 2014
Mariselis Rivera, Painting, Acrylic on bristol, 14 × 17 inches, 2014
Marbelyn Valdez, Cityscape, Graphite on paper, 11 x 14 inches, 2014
Leila Torres, *Self-Portrait*, Oil Pastel on paper, 24 × 18 inches, 2014
Melanie Hernandez, Painting, Acrylic on bristol, 14 × 17 inches, 2014
An Anthology of Poems and Artworks by 8th Grade Students

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