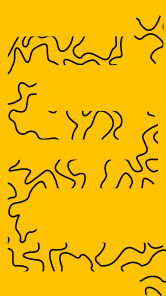
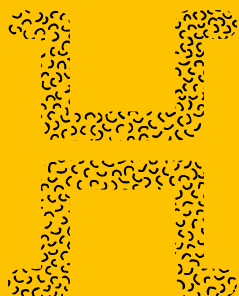
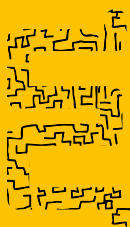
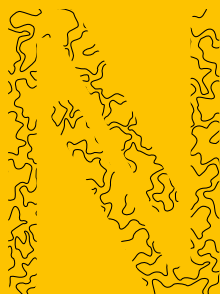
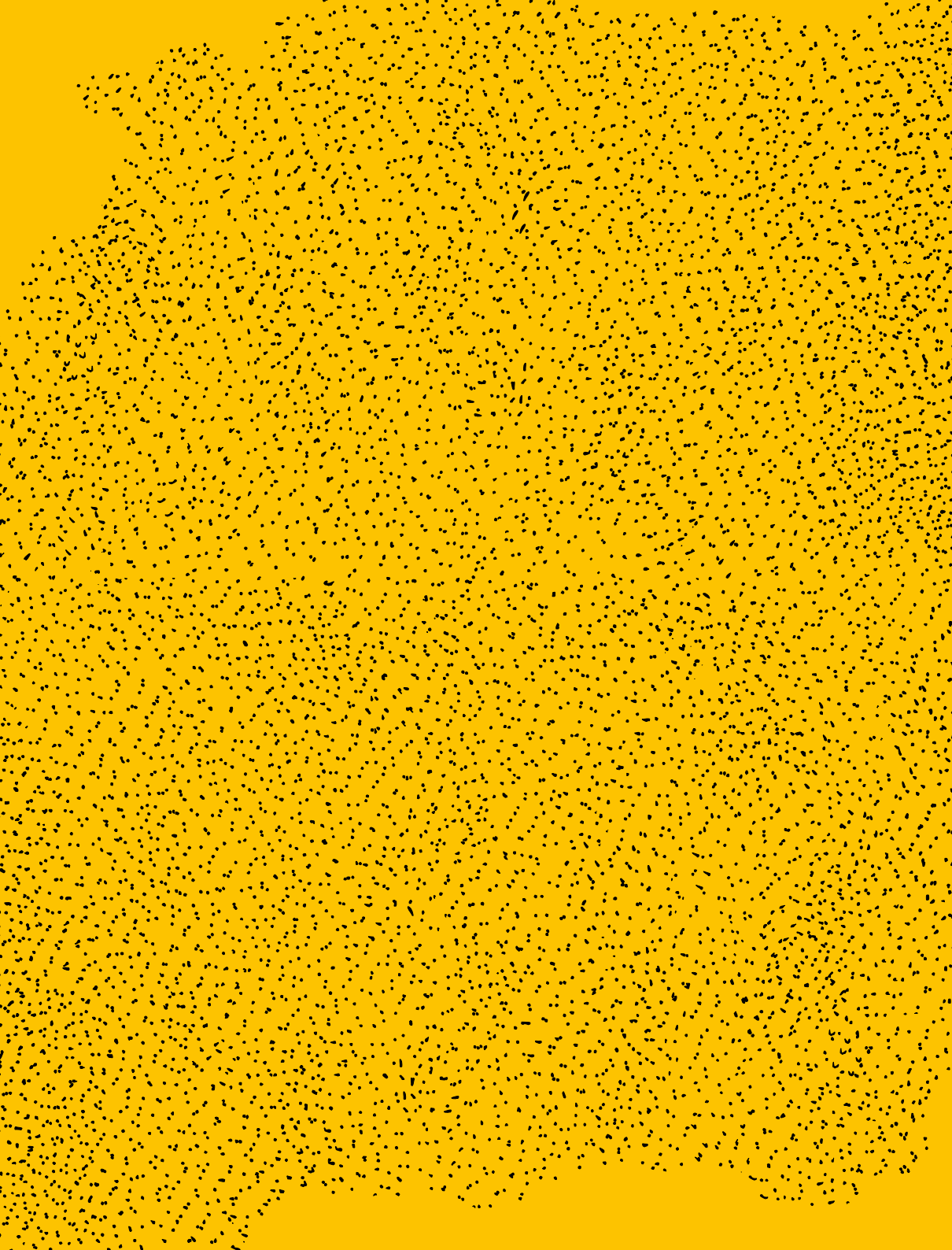


Artists Space  
Expanded  
Art Ide  
as



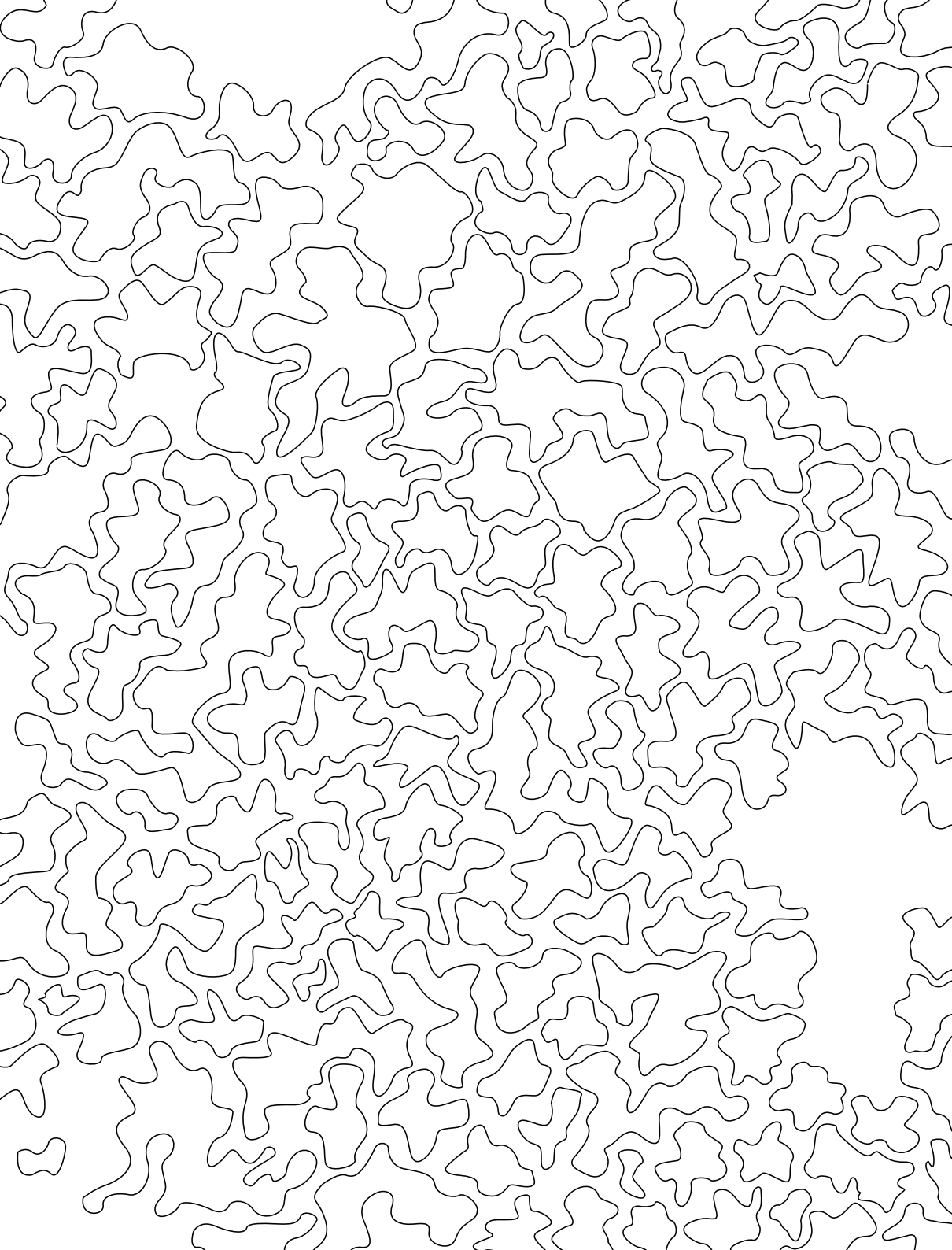


**Artists Space  
Expanded  
Art Ide  
as**

**FIND  
THE BEAUTY  
HERE**

An Anthology  
of Poems  
and Artworks  
by 8th Grade Students

**P.S. 140**





# ARTISTS SPACE EXPANDED ART IDEAS

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 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.

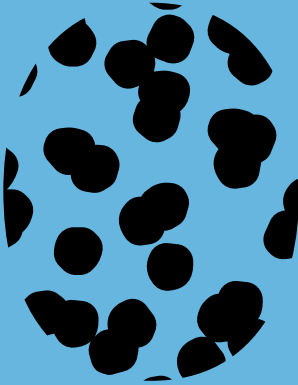
Our school community and I are very grateful for their vision and support and look forward to a long fruitful relationship that will continue to inspire the artists and writers of the future.

THANK YOU, ARTISTS SPACE.

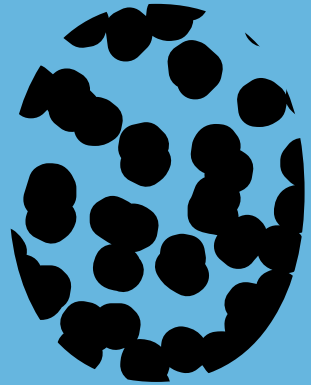
Carmen Fulford  
Assistant Principal



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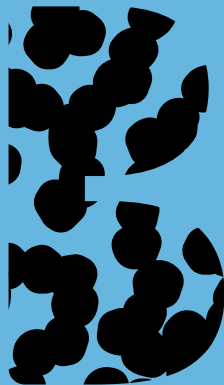


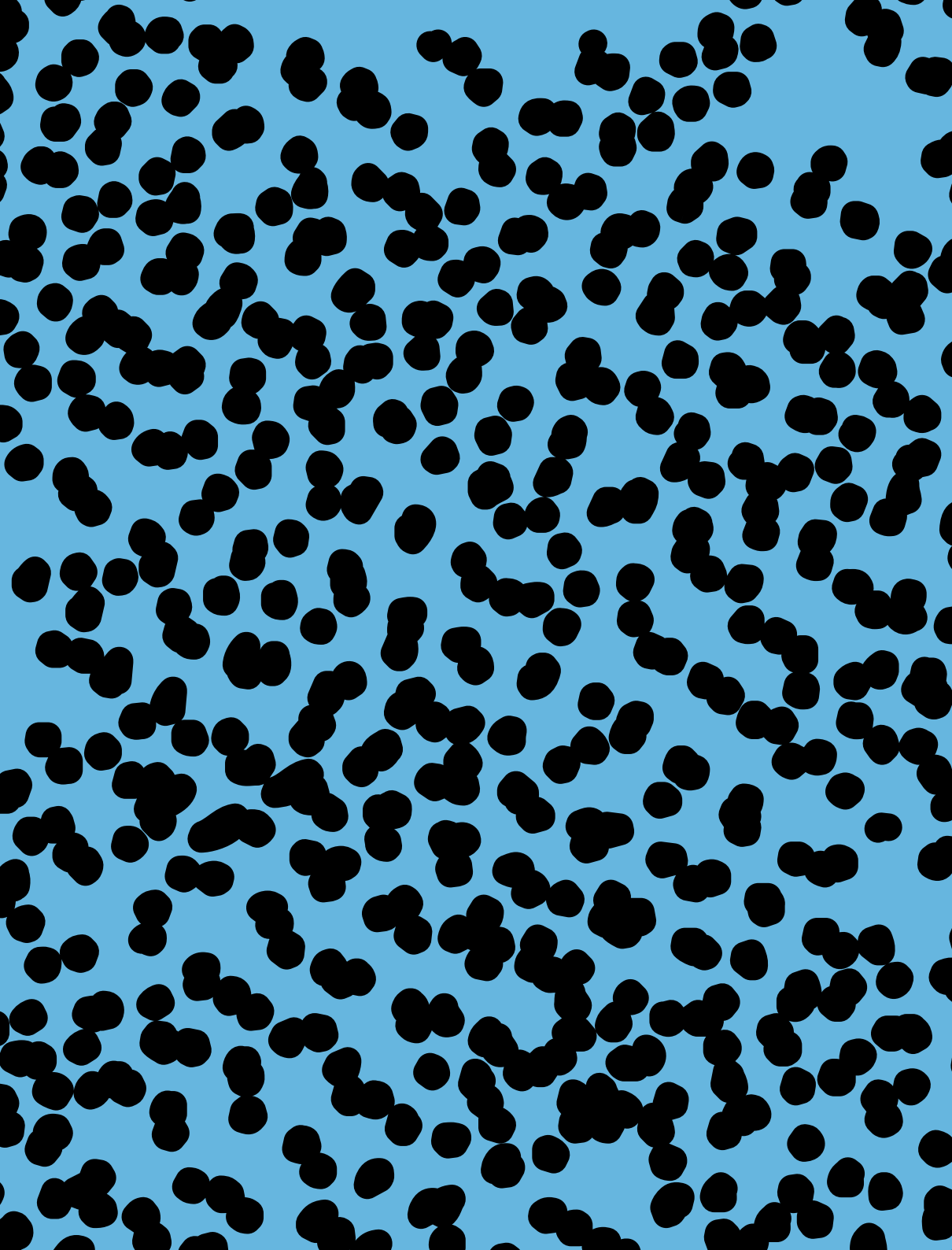
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## PHOTO CLUB

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 Tavares, *Lonely Leaf*

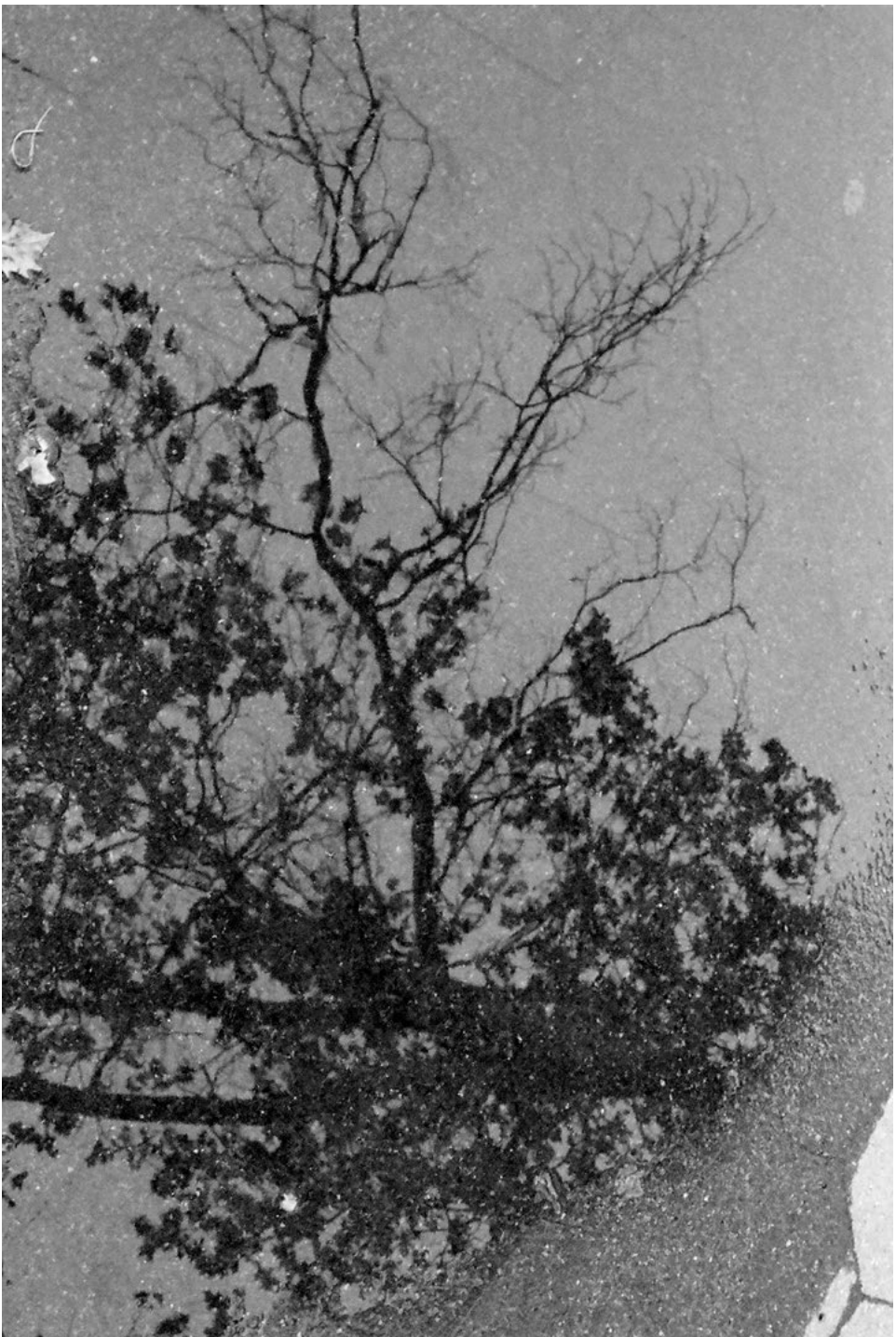


Joseph Vargas, *Mysterious Woman*

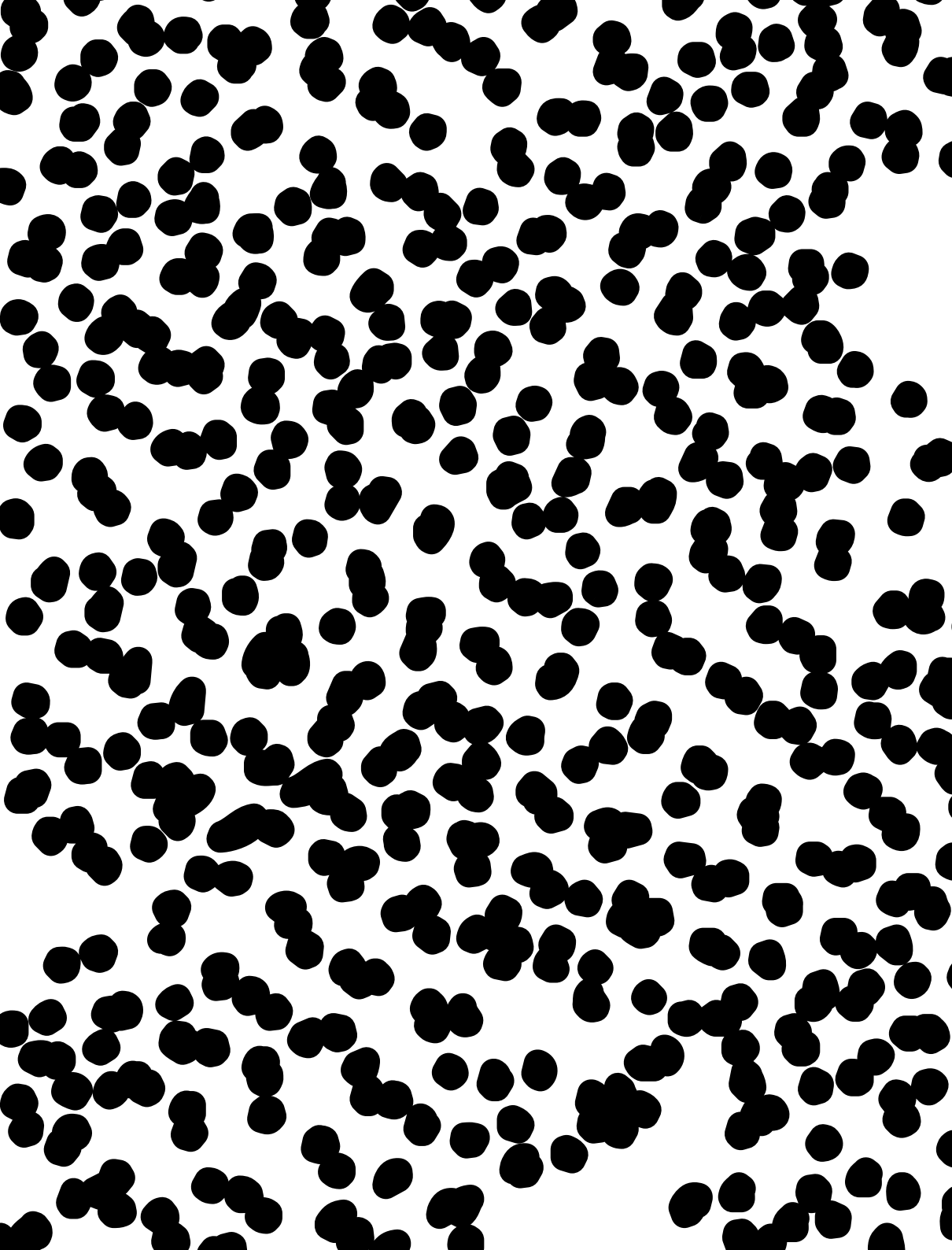


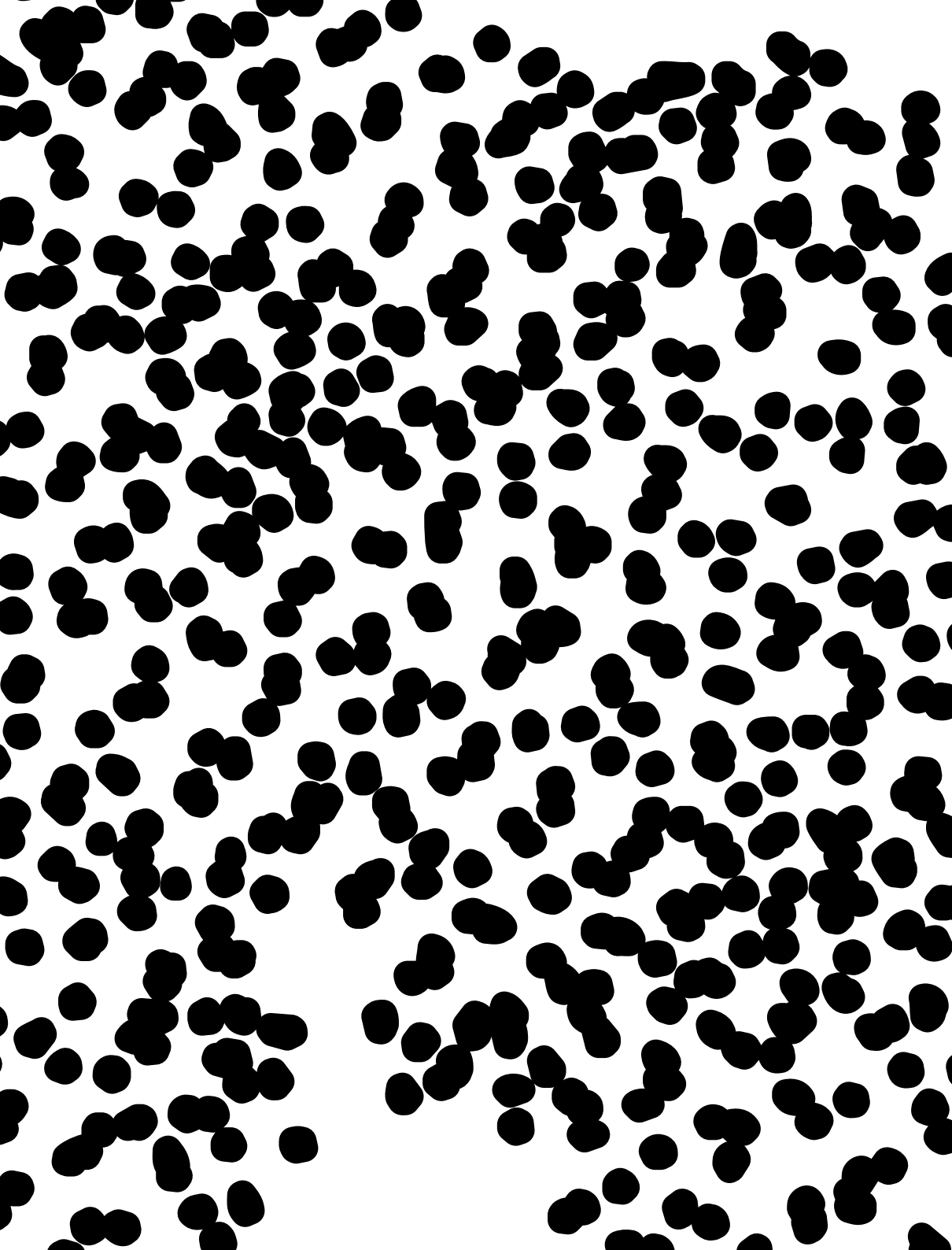


Ashley Jackson, *Underlights*



*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



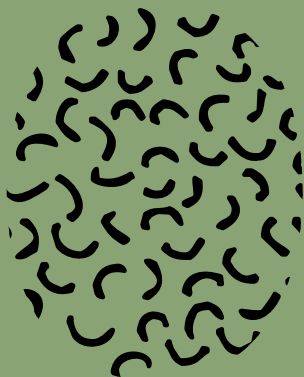


NATHAN STRAUS  
SCHOOL



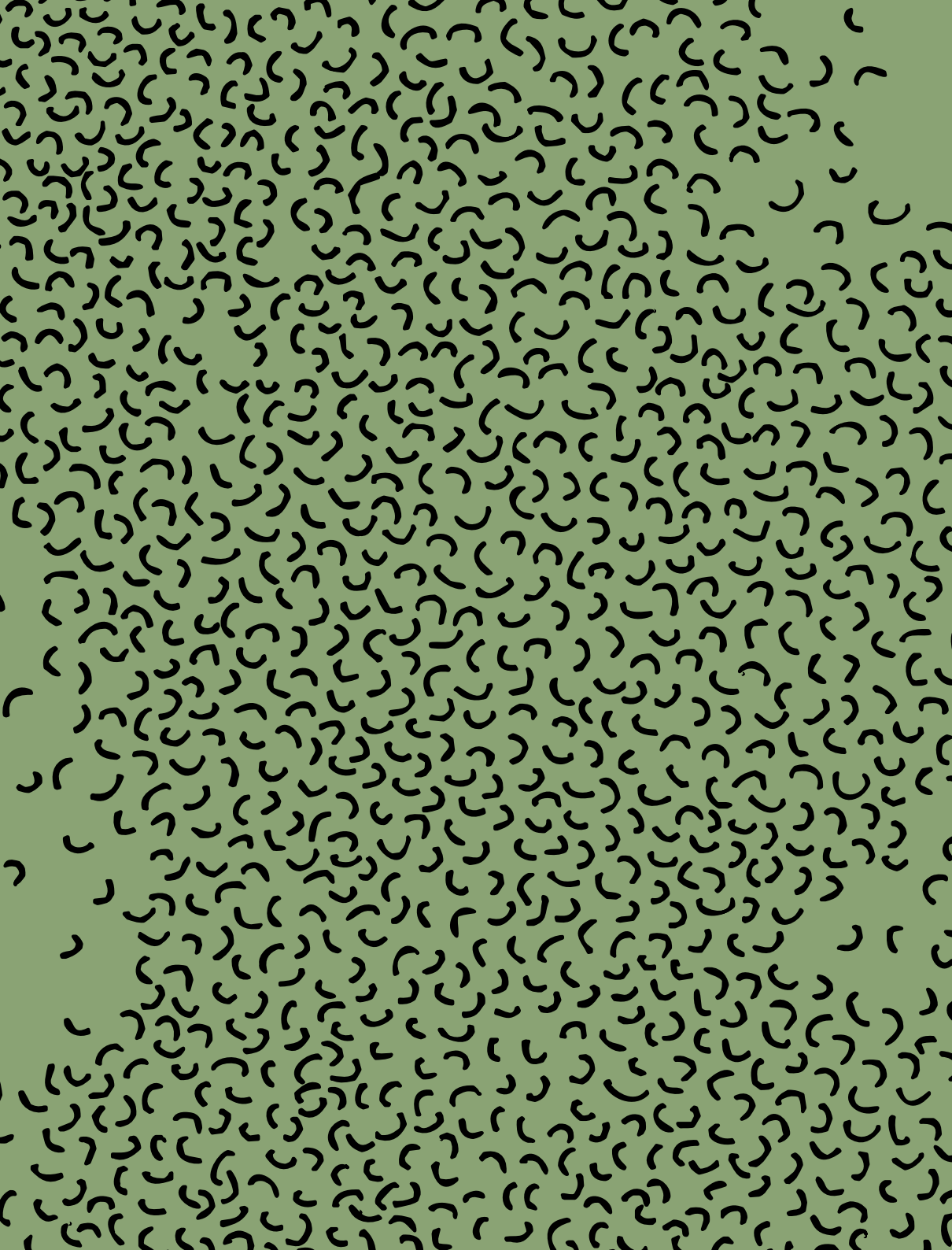






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# POEMS

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 Delasnueces

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  
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  
Here came five, I felt so alive, cleaning the floors and begging for more  
Six came quick, I never got sick and I made new friends, one named Rick  
Seven and eight were my lazy states, but I always knew that errands were my fate  
Nine came along and I caught on to songs and began to get a lot of things wrong  
Finally ten and I met my best friend Ben  
At eleven I thought of heaven and wanted to be seven again  
Then came twelve and I knocked down shelves  
Finally thirteen and I began wearing skinny jeans  
Now I'm fourteen and I know I'm a queen

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 sataninity

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  
and power to fight. But you hold on to  
that little light and sometimes it's not  
enough to keep you going.

Leila Torres

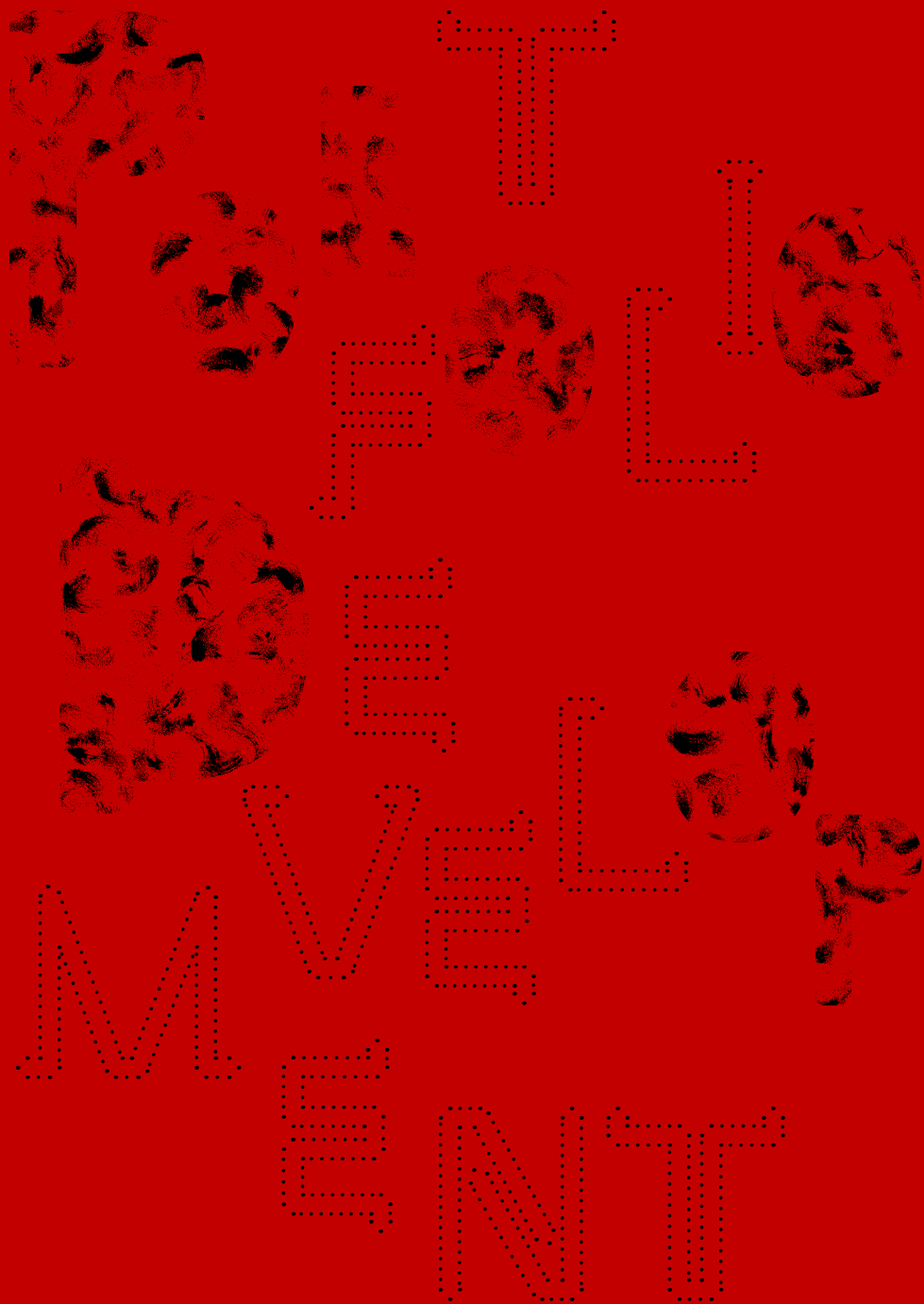
## The Rainbow

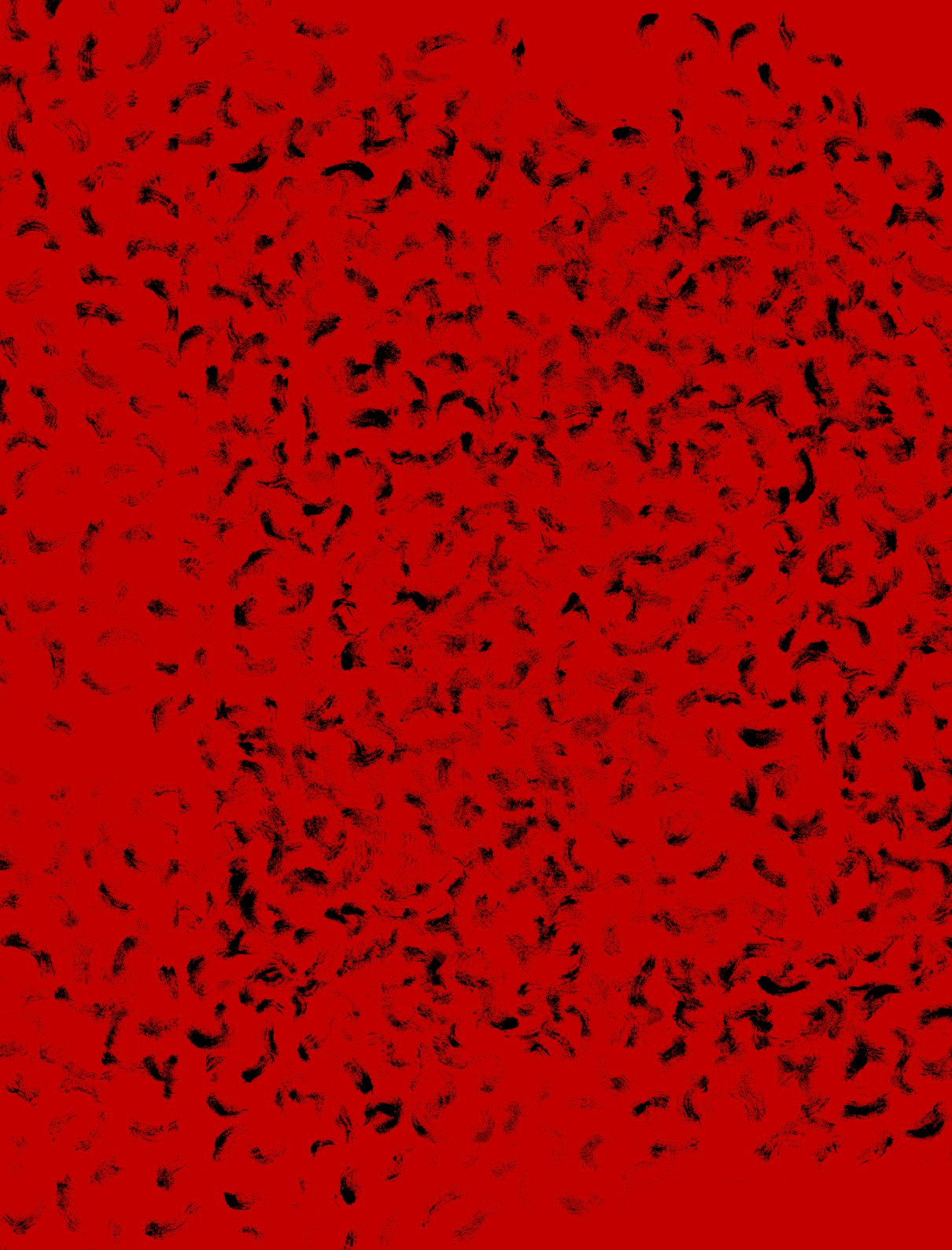
The rainbow would be bright,  
like a light. It would hold  
all the colors in the world  
in every shade. The rainbow  
would be endless, you could  
never get to either side.

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

POSTAL  
MOVEMENT  
EXHIBITION

A collection of ten circular, textured objects, possibly stones or seeds, arranged in a circular pattern around the text. The objects have a mottled, brown and tan appearance with a rough, granular surface. They are positioned at various points around the central text, creating a ring-like effect. The background is a solid, light beige color.



## PORTFOLIO DEVELOPMENT

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







Dajahnique Nixon, *Still Life*, Charcoal on paper, 20 × 18 inches, 2014

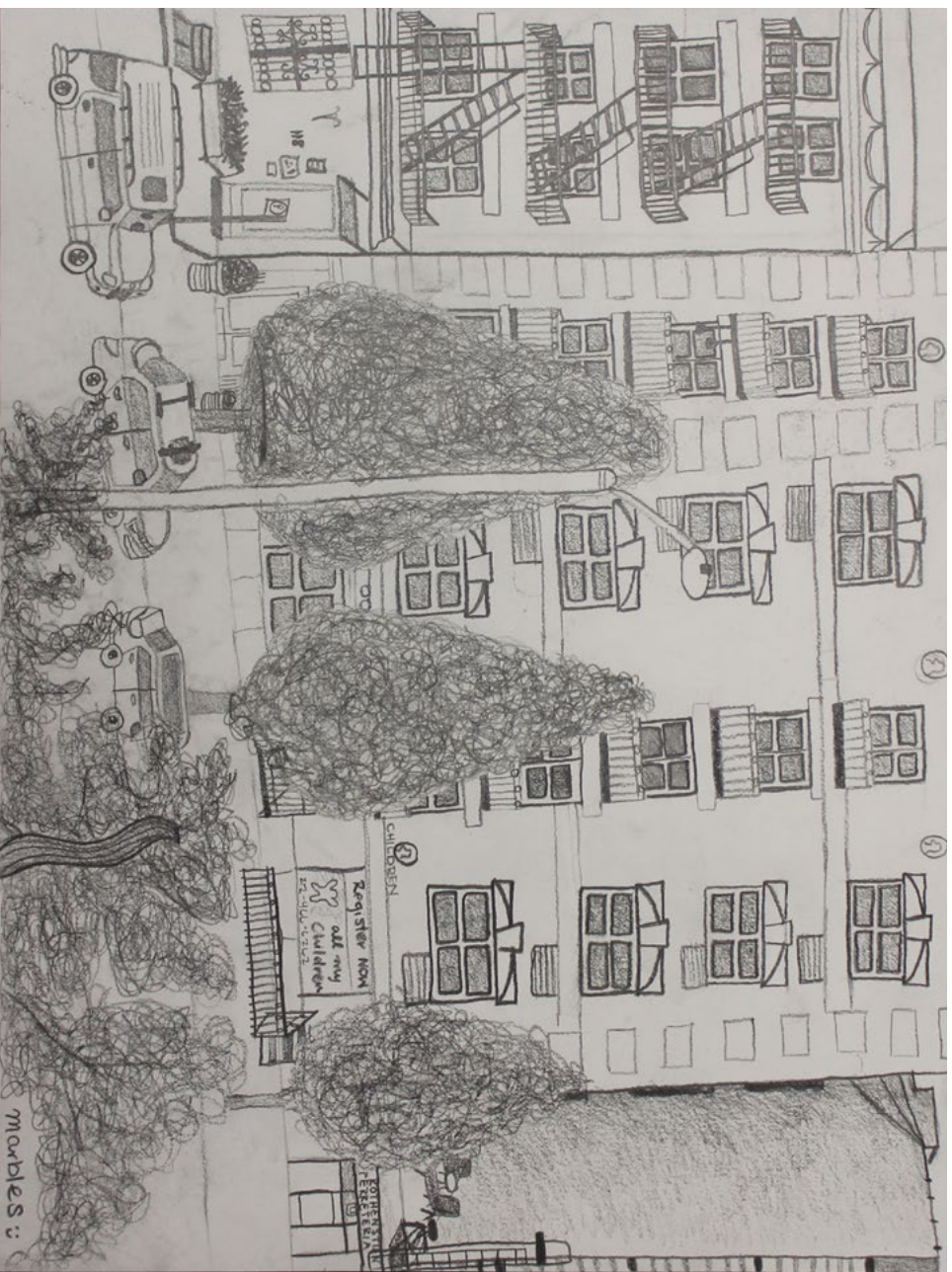


Kai Yong, *Self-Portrait*, Oil Pastel on paper, 24 x 18 inches, 2014



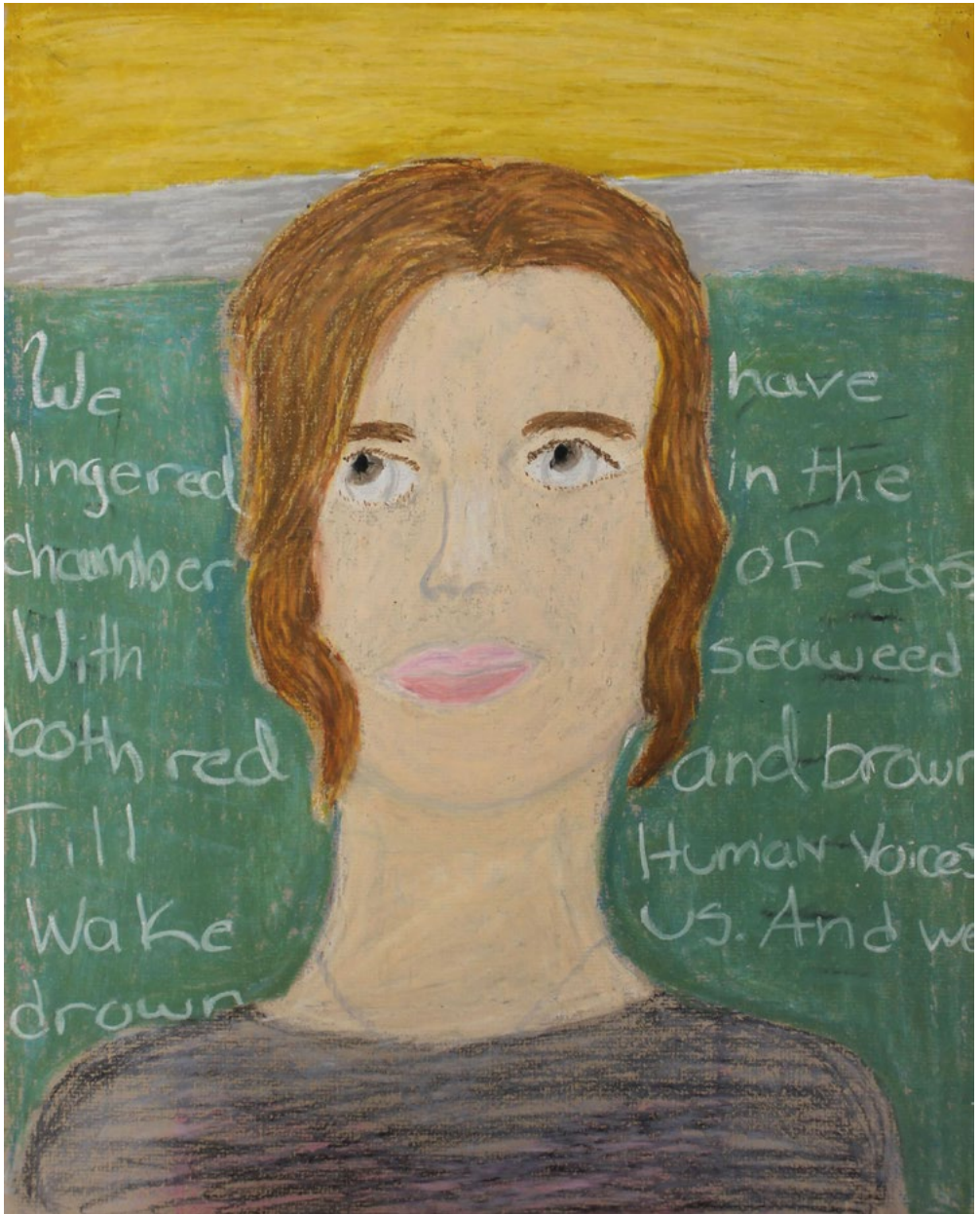


Mariselis Rivera, *Painting*, Acrylic on bristol, 14 x 17 inches, 2014



Marbelyn Valdez, *Cityscape*, Graphite on paper, 11 x 14 inches, 2014

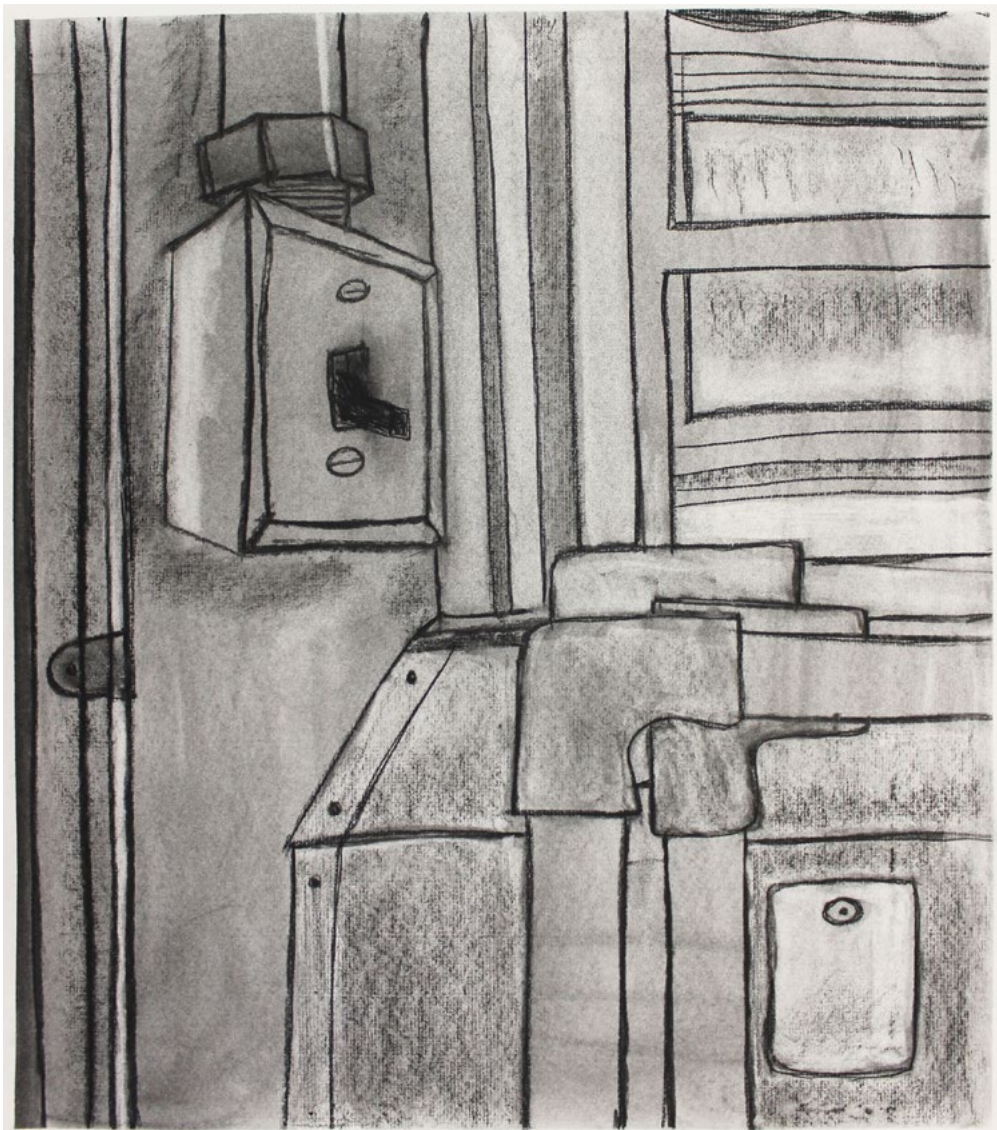




Leila Torres, *Self-Portrait*, Oil Pastel on paper, 24 × 18 inches, 2014



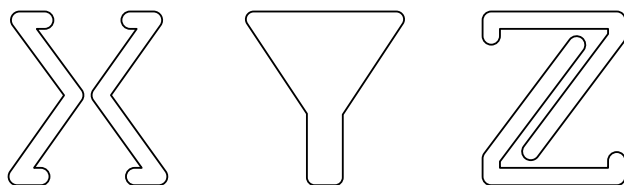
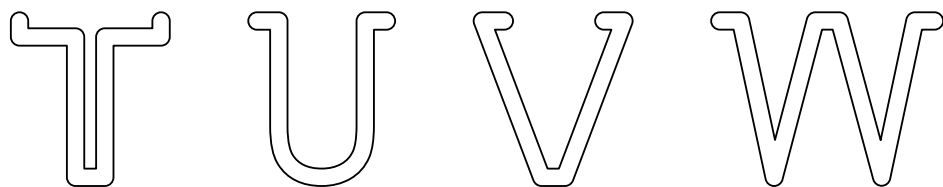
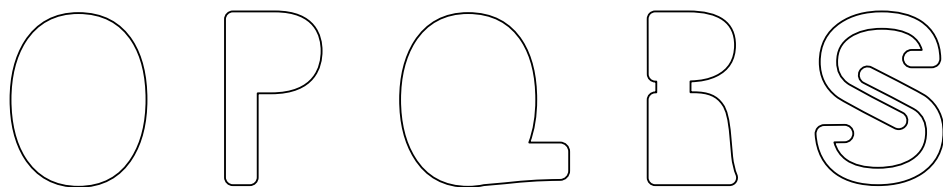
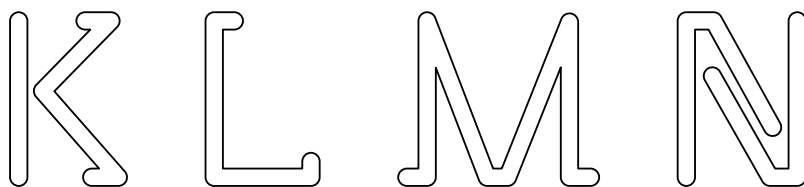
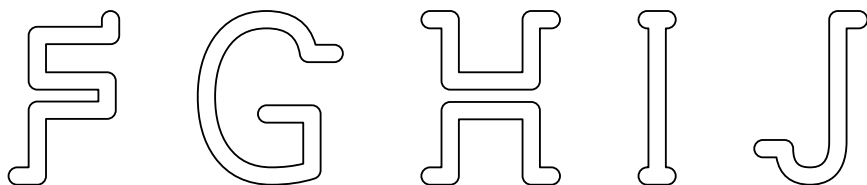
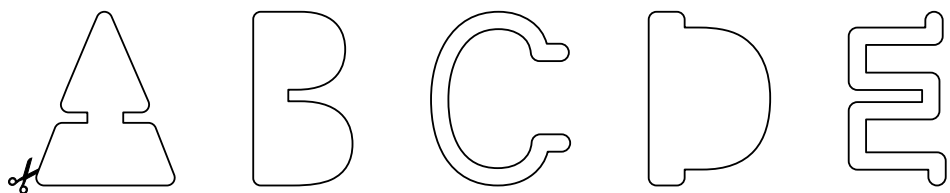
Melanie Hernandez, *Painting*, Acrylic on bristol, 14 x 17 inches, 2014

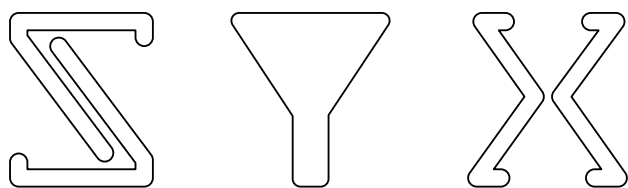
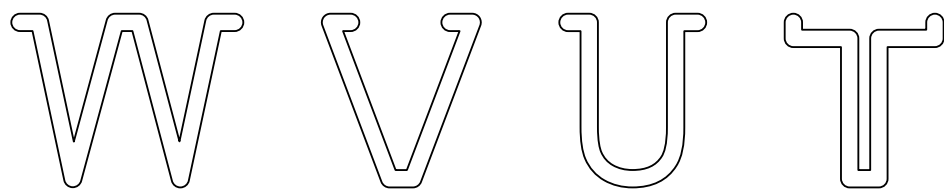
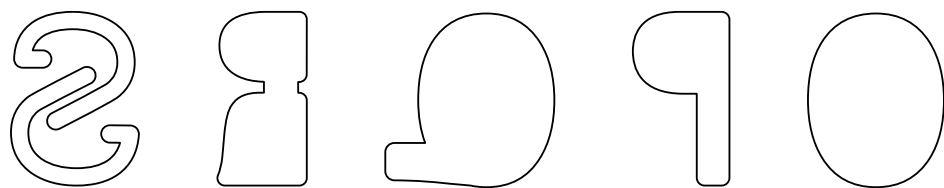
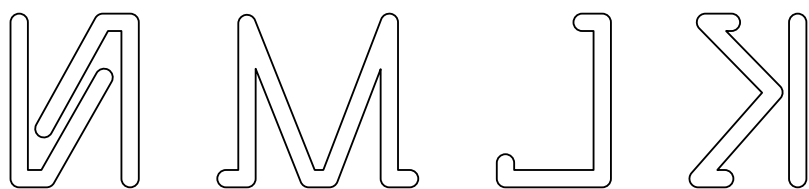
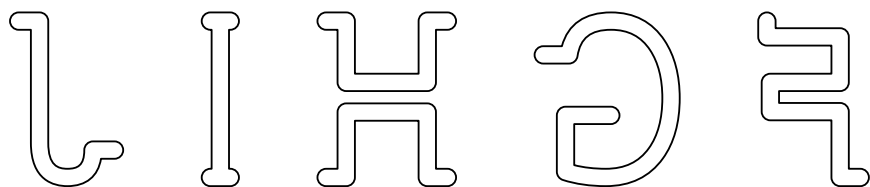
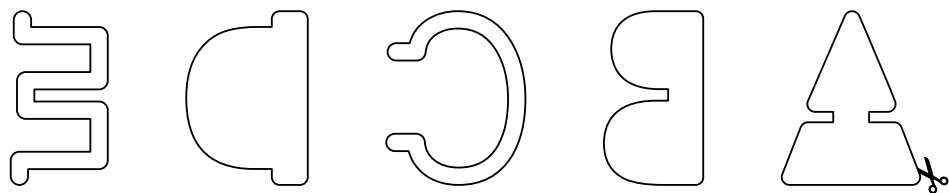


Pamela Holguin, *Still Life*, Charcoal on paper, 20 × 18 inches, 2014









# FIND THE BEAUTY HERE

An Anthology of Poems  
and Artworks by  
8th Grade Students

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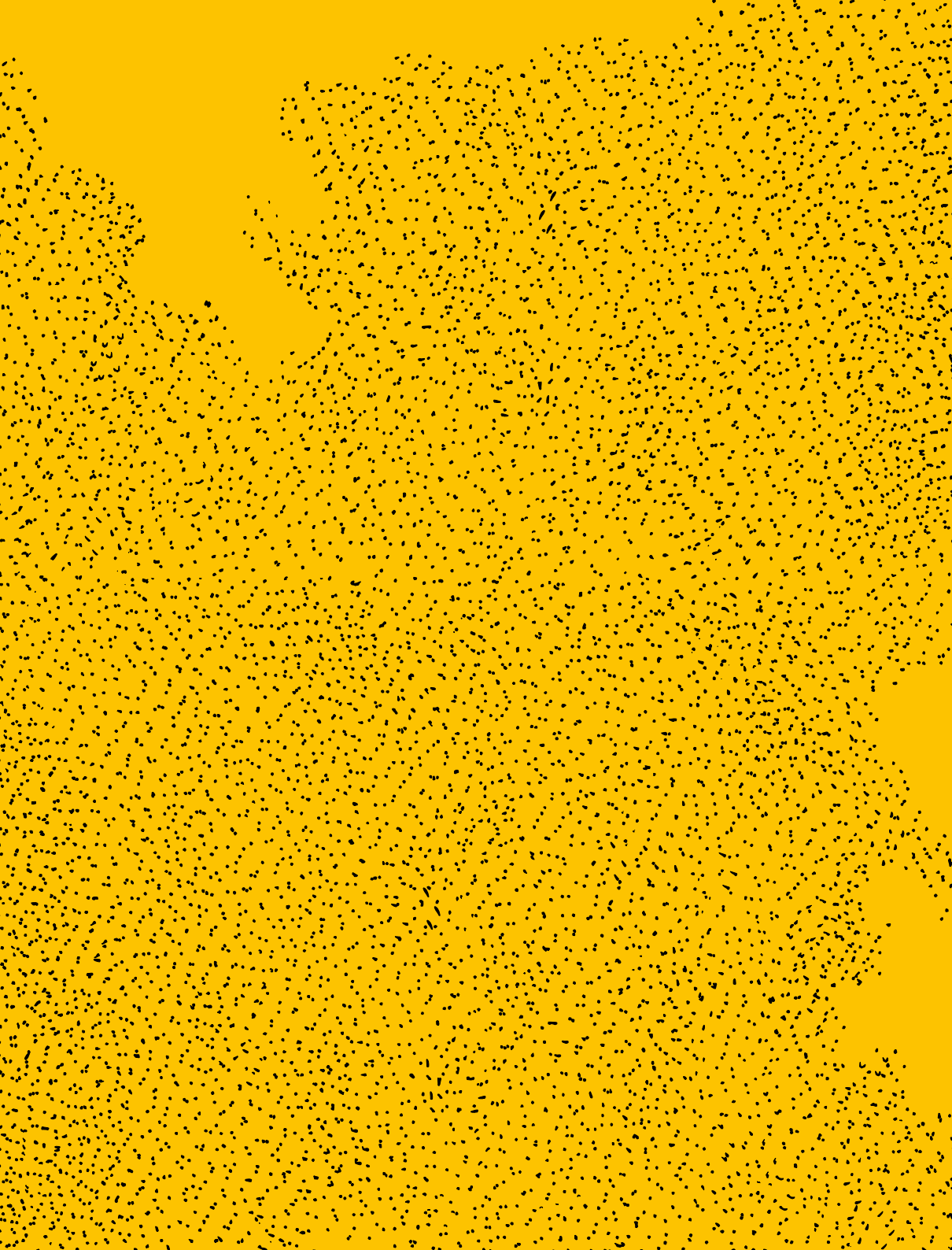
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