

The Invisible Thread



An Anthology of Art and Poetry by Young Artists

Expanded Art Ideas

Kate Temple
Director of Education

The Invisible Thread features poetry and artworks by middle and high school students and young adults in Artists Space's Expanded Art Ideas, now in its 25th year. Grounded in collaborative creative inquiry across New York City, Artists Space recognizes artists and young people as central activators in responding to the concerns and issues of our time.

In The BRIDGE photography program, students from City-As-School and The Door used vintage manual 35mm cameras and color and black-and-white film to slow down, creating moments of quiet amid the frenetic pace of city streets. Through museum visits, street photography, and studio work, Claudia Sohrens supported conversations about technology and time, focus and attention, perceptions of the Other, and a recognition of our collective spirit.

At M.S. 324 Patria Mirabal in Washington Heights, Esperanza Cortés worked with bilingual students on poetry, observational drawing, and collaborative sculpture. Their plant and nature studies centered on butterflies, honoring the Mirabal sisters, who opposed the dictatorship of Rafael Trujillo in the Dominican Republic. *Entre Las Mariposas* offered students a chance to celebrate and mark their school's namesake.

In his second year at P.S. 140, poet Matthew Bussa worked with the entire eighth grade on cut-out, collage, and game-like poems with multiple endings, tracing the speed and fragmentation shaping young people's lives.

What Are the Songs from the Lower East Side?, a mixed-media inquiry project with Robert Sember, wove many of these strands together. Like our poets and photographers, students spent time creating cut-out poetic works based on neighborhood walks, gathering fragments of sound and image, weaving them together with a playful attention to reclaiming cast-off materials.

Across all of these projects runs a finely tuned call and response—to surroundings, to one another, and to the invisible threads that connect us. *The Invisible Thread*, taken from a line in one of the poems speaks to the yearning for better listening, for slowing down, and for noticing what is not immediately visible so we may document and often re-invent what keeps us connected to ourselves and our communities.

Thank you to our youngest artists for their honesty and imagination!

Slow Encounters

Claudia Sohrens
Teaching Artist

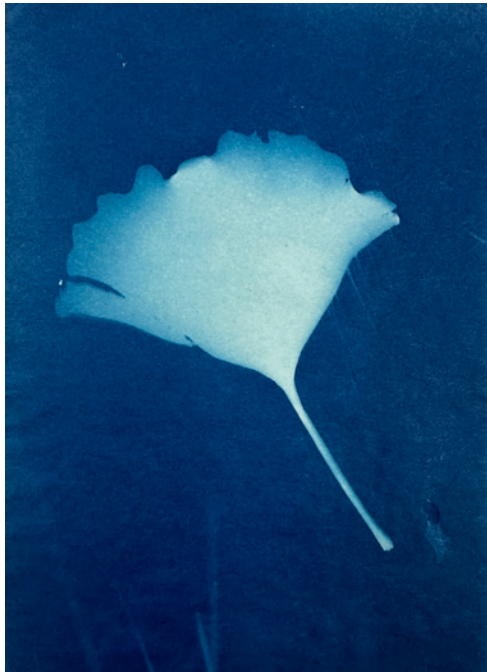
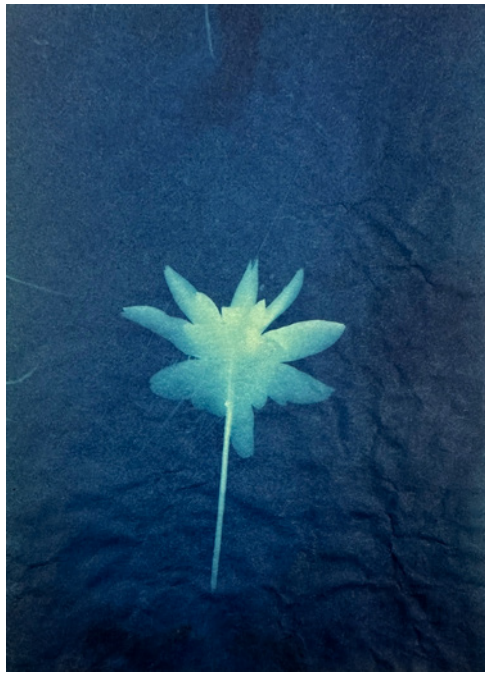
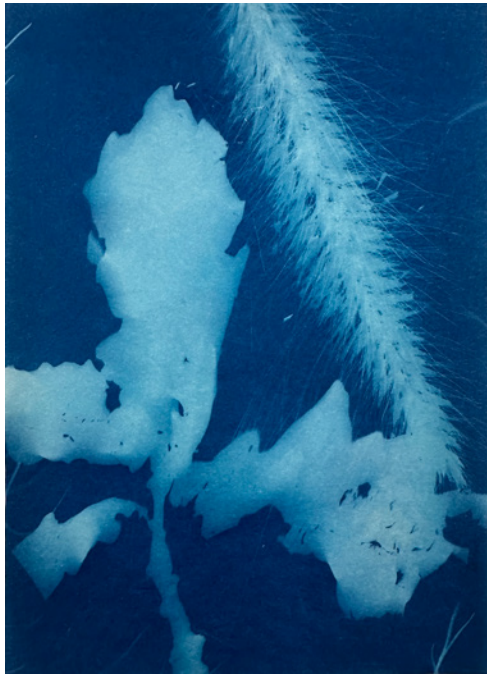
Slow Encounters invited City-As-School students to decelerate, to look with care, and to use photography to explore relationships between self, community, and environment. The core intention was to move away from rapid capture toward an embodied and reflective practice in which students could inhabit time differently, notice small shifts in light and season, and recognize themselves as active participants in their surroundings. Centering questions of environment and belonging, the program aimed to support students in navigating multiple communities and identities, and articulating how and where they locate themselves.

The curriculum foregrounded analog 35mm film to slow down image-making and introduce delay, anticipation, and risk into the process. Students learned to frame and focus and to understand exposures, which encouraged more deliberate seeing and decision-making.

At Hudson River Park, students foraged fall flowers and plant materials to create sun prints; and at The Met's *Man Ray: When Objects Dream*, students situated their own sun-printing and cameraless work within a longer avant-garde tradition.

Working across the city was essential, and visits to different neighborhoods and cultural sites were designed to help students notice how architecture, signage, parks, and street life shape their sense of inclusion and exclusion. At Tanya Bonakdar Gallery, Lisa Oppenheim's *Ourselves and the Expression of Ourselves* opened conversations about photographic histories, appropriation, and archival reworking; at Yossi Milo, Samuel Fosso's *Autoportrait* introduced performance for the camera, self-representation, and the politics of authorship.

Our visits to Artists Space to see a group exhibition of emerging artists in the fall and to review our own works served as a critical anchor, connecting these experiences to ongoing dialogues about photography, institutions, and belonging.



Rachel Seher
Principal,
City-As-School

City-As-School is a public alternative high school in Manhattan that attracts students from all five boroughs of New York City. Its function as a transfer high school means students often seek us out to finish their education in an internship-based learning environment. They come to City-As-School seeking a second chance to succeed and move toward graduation.

Students earn a substantial portion of their academic credits through participating in internships throughout New York City with partner organizations like Artists Space. The collaboration between external learning mentors and City-As-School teachers and the relationship that develops between students and their mentors are essential elements to a successful learning experience for our students. Our internships, advisories, and classes are explicitly culturally responsive and sustaining, so all students reach their full potential.

Artists Space and City-As collaborated for a seventh year in the Photography program for new students with Teaching Artist Claudia Sohrens in the Fall of 2025. Claudia helped students find their stories through photography and to see their surroundings in new ways. Students beautifully expressed their thoughts, experiences, and feelings through the medium of photography and presented exquisite portfolios.



People Riding on the Train
 From the series *Freedom, Loneliness, and Companionship*

What inspires me as an artist is seeing the meaning behind the images I capture. My sense of emotions tends to make their way into my art. I enjoy taking pictures of nature, miscellaneous stuff that interest my eyes, the moon, the sunsets, people..etc.,

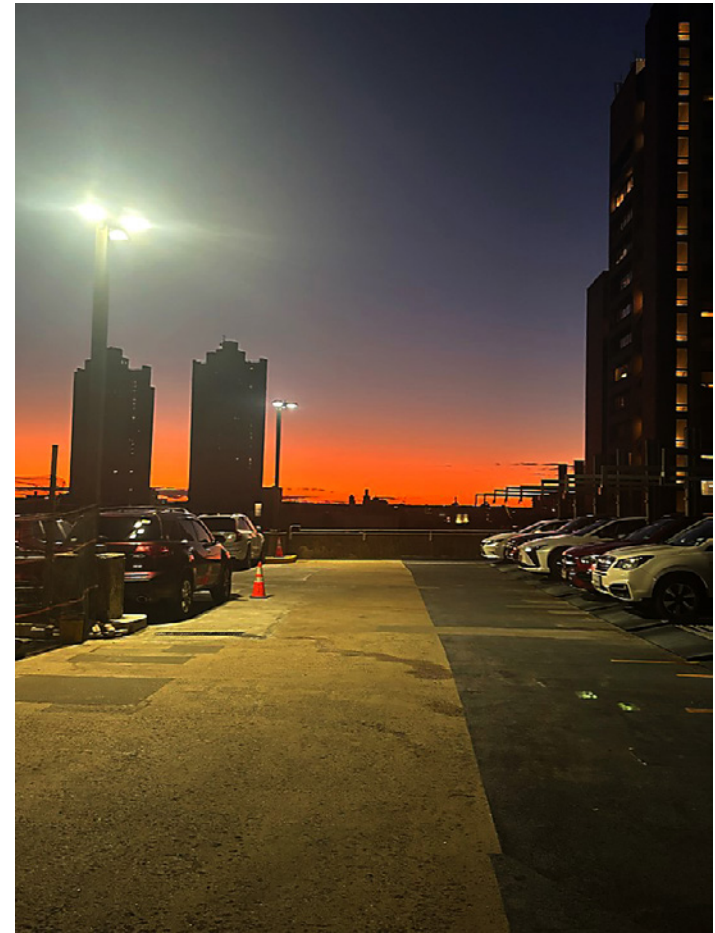
I hope art will take me to more creativity and an open mind to express my artistic eye.





Just a Leaf Blower Chillin'

My project was mainly about focusing on different types of people with jobs that are hard working. The people in my photographs are what inspire me to find a job where I could always focus- and on being on top of my A game.



For me, sunsets are more than just a pretty view, they're a moment to breathe and think. When the sky turns orange, pink, and purple, everything feels calm for a little while. It's like the world slows down just enough to remind me that no matter what happened that day, it's almost over, and tomorrow is a new start.



The Dreamer: People of New York Series

I wanted to emphasize that we come from different places and enjoy different things, but we somehow end up at the same place. We don't need a correlation to each other to be at the same place at the same time, being a human is explanation enough.

The same way that decisive moment in photography is the split-second in which the photographer gets the right composition, focus and timing: the strangers portrayed in these photos and I shared a single fleeting moment with each other, through pure chance, never to see one another again..



One day I woke up wanting to go out into the streets of downtown New York for an adventure so I decided to go out, but I didn't just want to go for a walk; I wanted to take away memories of that day.

So I took my camera and took pictures of what I thought would remind me most of this adventure. But taking pictures didn't feel enough, so I went to a photography museum to admire other people's art and what art meant to them.



Something that inspires me as an artist are the beautiful things that are in this world, for example nature, buildings, or space views. It will be awesome if I collect memories of this beautiful world for future generations to see it.

An aspect of me that I think makes a way into my art is the beautiful childhood I had and the pictures I take remind me of my childhood.



The Hardest Working Man In New York
Honorable Mention Scholastic Award in Photography

In New York City there is a lot of color and everything is in your face, so the only choices are to pay attention to it or just leave it alone. People are always rushing to the place they are trying to get to and they are really money hungry.

In New York City, you really can live out your dreams if you put your mind to it and never give up on yourself, but you will not get a lot of help from others.



People Of New York: Mona Lisa
Silver Key Scholastic Art Award in Photography



People of New York: Vinny And His Dog
Honorable Mention Scholastic Art Award in Photography



Hudson River Park



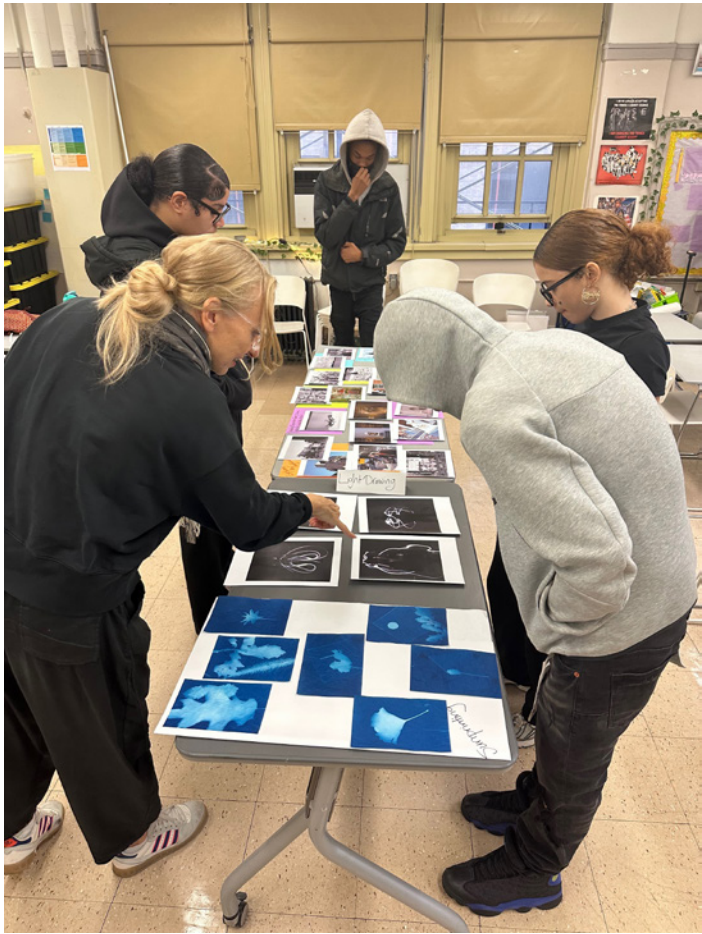
Samuel Fosso: *Autoportrait* at Yossi Milo



Lisa Oppenheim: *Ourselves and the Expression of Ourselves* at Tanya Bonakdar



Final Presentation



Poetry

Matthew Bussa
Teaching Artist

For this year's residency, we set out not to write poems, but rather to cause them to happen. For the 8th grade poets of P.S. 140, this began with a series of prompts:

Arrange: loose words in any order (from the word bank)

Notice: What sounds do you hear in the photographs (people at a parade)

What words do you use to describe how an object feels to the touch?

What would your day look like as a line moving across a page?

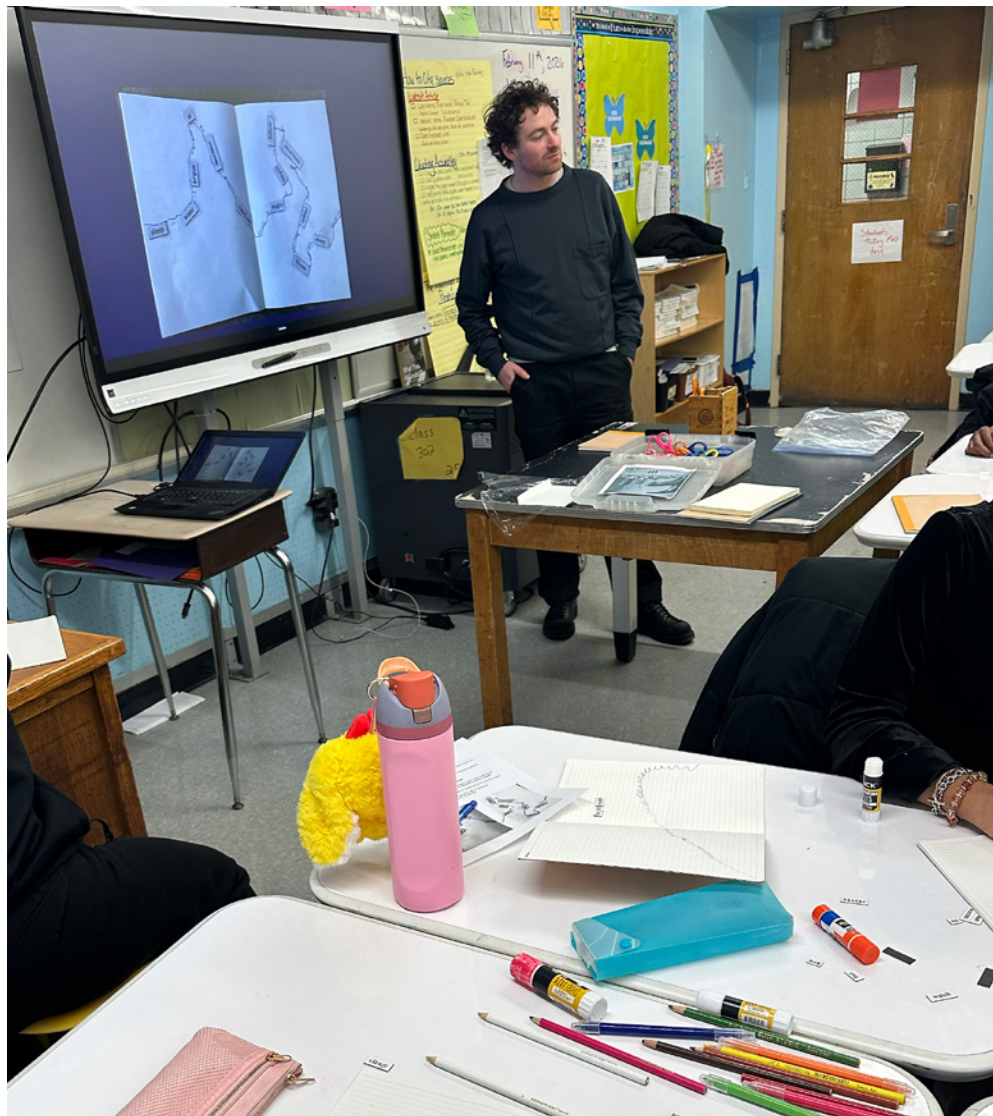
How would you write about your day using a single sentence?

From these prompts, we gathered language to use as source material. We cut out sentences and phrases from our writing and reordered them like connective tissue to create new poems in our notebooks. Inspired by the "quilt" poems of Layli Long Soldier and Alexa Patrick's poetry grids, we created forms that offered various paths, threads, meanings to follow.

On our final "writing day", students wrote poems on a topic of their choosing. Despite a wide variety of student backgrounds, languages, and interests, a shared topic emerged: that of Love.

Romantic, platonic, familial love, self love; how it feels to have it, move with it, lose it, find it. With raw honesty, these poems express the layering of discomfort, joy, and hope felt during moments of transition. They show us the strength of moving through life with Feelings, as well as the self confidence found in sharing them.

Deepest thanks to Mr. Vircillo and Ms. Alvarez for all your vital help and support. To the 8th grade poets of P.S. 140, I am constantly in awe of your creative spirit, your humor, and immense generosity letting me into your classroom to discuss and write poetry.



Debra Stern
School Counselor
P.S. 140

We at P.S. 140 are immensely grateful for the ongoing partnership with Artists Space that we have enjoyed for the past 25 years. Through this partnership, our students have been given the opportunity to think, work, and act creatively in so many different ways. Kate Temple, the Director of Education, and the Teaching Artist staff of Robert Sember and Mathew Bussa have been tireless advocates of P.S. 140 students.

Matthew Bussa is in his second year residency, working with our 8th grade students on poetry, inspiring students to take risks, express themselves, and to use poetry as a tool to connect with each other. The class culminated in a performance called *YAP: Young Artists Perform* where the students share their poetry with the entire middle school community.

Listening to the LES is a sound and mixed-media inquiry-based project with Robert Sember, an artist and professor at the New School. With this program, our middle school students experiment and explore the neighborhood and community of the LES with a variety of multi-media tools. They utilize the city as a classroom culminating in a sound and installation project that includes sculptures, collages, and recordings of the neighborhood installed in an old telephone booth here at the school, called *The Listening Booth*.

The Teaching Artists mentor, coach, and inspire our students to think beyond their perceived limitations. Over the years, with the support of the Artists Space team, our students have been accepted to some of the most prestigious art schools, have been recipients of many Scholastic Art Awards, and have been published in citywide poetry publications.

Artwork created through all these projects is displayed in prominent areas all over the school for students, staff, and community members to enjoy. I can't wait to see what this collaboration brings to our community next!

Feeling Blue

When I close my eyes,
I feel afloat as if I'm floating in a pool.
Everything is blue,
Just like blue means peace,
My heart is as light as feathers,
When I open my eyes I feel nice.
I'm as cool as ice,
My body feels like boiled soft rice,
As I start drafting away from reality,
I feel away from tragedy
I realize it was all a dream,
Back to the tragedy
I don't have the capacity
But I try and try,
The dry place made me feel like a baked pie
Soft and sweet
Even when people feel like a dried leaf,
Success can give them a relief.

Jayden

**Un poema de oda dirigido a una parte del
cuerpo por la que estás agradecido.**

Estoy agradecida con mi boca por que puedo
hablar cosas como Hola cómo con esa boca
aparte de sentir es sabor de la sopa.

Raquel

al saltar por el aire
se senta
algo

paciencia, confianza

en una amistad
necesito confianza y

buen corazón

Andriu

Photograph Poem

"Smile through it"

Why are you here?

"A celebration or something."

I celebrate the day.

"Art is deeper than just being creative it's true,"

he said as I walked away with the parade

and all I could hear was

a bustling crowd.

Case

Quisiera poder ser un ladrón para haci
robarme tu corazón !

Luicelis

Because I Love You

You weren't supposed to be mine, not the way stories
say it happens. With hospital bracelets and matching last names,
you arrived without ceremony, without promises written
down, without anyone telling you that you had to stay.
And I arrived carrying questions. Edges worn thin
by wondering whether love had conditions I hadn't
read yet. I studied myself through your eyes, waiting to
find the flaw that would finally send you away. I
rehearsed goodbyes in silence, taught myself not
to lean too hard, not to need too much but you
never asked me to earn you. You never weighed
my worth on my best days or worst ones. You
didn't love me for potential or gratitude, you loved
me in the quiet ways. In showing up when
no one was watching. In staying when leaving
would have been easier. In choosing me again
on days I couldn't choose myself. I learned that
motherhood doesn't always begin with birth that
sometimes it begins with seeing a child
and deciding to be their soft place. You
taught me that love isn't fragile it, doesn't
disappear when mistakes are made. Slowly
I stopped bracing myself for less, stopped asking
if I was enough because you answered that
question everyday you stayed. You weren't
supposed to be mine but you chose
me and in that choosing you became
exactly what I needed.

Aleena

It's Not About Me

Maybe I don't love you anymore
Maybe the feelings
I once felt for you
Are gone

Maybe
I'm finally over you
Maybe I no longer await
A call
Or text

Maybe
I've finally realized
The berating
The manipulating

I loved you
So why did it hurt?

Daniel

My Bed

As I walk on the side of the
road
I start to doze off,
Eyes getting heavy,
Eyes starting to water like a dripping
kitchen faucet.
My last thought before I dropped was, "I
just want to be in bed."
I jolted awake, sweating, heart racing
like a lightning bolt.
I looked around to see if I was really
awake
I'm glad to be in my bed

Justin

Eso Se Trata de Mis Dos Nacionalidades

soy de dos paises
de Colombia y Venezuela
me gusta Colombia
por su cultura y los lugares
y Venezuela
las playa y las comidas y por qué
ay esta mi familia y
todas las personas que
quiero
la comida de Venezuela
me gusta a sopa y
los platos navidenos la
hallacas y el pan de
jamón y otras de la comidas
las arepas y la comida
de Colombia el chocolate con
queso y el arroz con
carne frita y el jugo de
lulo.

Fraimaris

mi país su sonido es tan
tranquilo y me hace sentir muy
bien el sonido de las plantas
me hace sentir muy bien el
viento el sonido de las mariposas

el sonido de las mariposas los
pajaros cantando la comida es muy
buena el encebollado el ceviche
son unas de las mejores comida a
pudo haber en todo el ecuador

unos de la mejores lugares de
ecuador es su parque central a tiene
un barco puedes sentir el aire

Milley

Poema de la Amistad

La amistad son dos persona
que se quieren mucho lomo
los esposos y los novio per son amigo
Una buen corazón
The color of trust is rojo
por que asi es el corazón

Rafael

When I get up
I feel like my heart is delicate like the
speckled shell of a sparrow's egg.

When ever I try,
I always go down.

When I feel dry,
I feel like a dry fish without water.

When I go to school
I always see these people laughing like
glass plates that are shattering.

When there is a nice day at school sometimes
it's ruined like a thunderstorm.
That's always negative.
No matter what, I always think positive.

Jacob V.

Wrong Universe

I can see it in your eyes
you miss it, the
waves are crashing and the sky is
blissful

funny cause I did more than
I really should

And all I could really do
is miss it

This is not my life

Wrong universe

How I wish I could travel to

a universe
where it all
goes good.

Jonah

¿A qué sabe una sombra?

Momento donde se puede descansar

¿cual es la canción favorita del cielo?

El cielo se partió por la mitad

¿cuando suenan las estrellas?

Probar algo nuevo

Can I ask you a question?

¿Vienes por tristeza, felicidad o como?

Where is the love?

Comida

Roberta

Home

I see bikes in the hot sunshine
some of them are blue or red

I smell Pica Pollo outside in the street
I can smell the seasoning, and the spice

I hear the sounds of bikes, and
cars all day long in
the afternoon

BROOMMMMMM

I feel like I'm back home
in my home city, Santiago

It feels nostalgic inside my
heart from the memory
when I was little

I remember the old days
playing basketball on the hot cement
in the apartment complex
with my friends and family

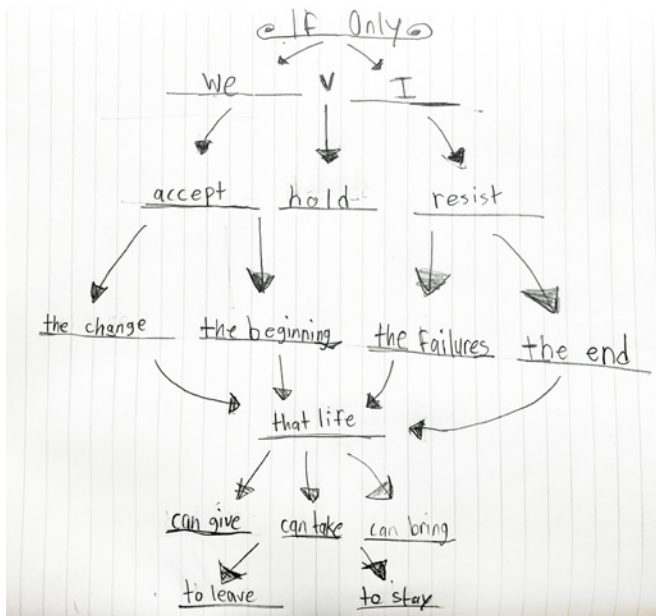
I feel proud to be Dominican
and be from where I'm from

I want to change DR policy
so people can live freely, and
with no worries.

Johandrick

If Only

	We	I	
	Accept	hold	resist
the change	the beginning	the failures	the end
	that life		
	can give can take can bring		
	to leave	to stay	



Someday I'll love what I see in the mirror just like you said, you helped me when no one did, even cried in front of me. You said all those things that work, I will keep them as I go on and as you slowly leave my side and then I'm alone, you said "I need to love myself before I love another" you said "I need to make sure I'm okay before others" you said "I don't need to show off after I hated what I saw in the mirror" sometimes I wish I could stay but soon I have to leave and let go. I will someday love what I see in myself all the small flaws and broken parts that look like shattered glass. You helped me heal the scars and fight the pain away but now I'm realizing you will not stay you will be the next one that goes away but still I will like what I see in the mirror someday because you chose to stay and if it wasn't for you I wouldn't know what to say so please stay while you can.

Alyse

Ashley

I asked
Are you happy?

They said
I think so

It's loud

I hear laughter. Kids' voices. The sound
of wind, and trees rustling.

I asked, what is art? They said,

Art is many things. Music, dance,
anything that makes you feel something.

This is
young hope.

Anatalie



I asked
Are you happy?

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I think so

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this is
young hope

No Title

I adapt
forever, for the future
he changes
we grow
to find, the future
to find the love
she hopes
they lost
forever
their love
continues to grow
slowly
with emotions

Relationships
end and
leave
you jaded

Love
takes
a lot of
forgiveness
and
patience

LG

Fever Dream

As I enter the parade I hear
Screams, babies crying, music
So I ask them, "What is going on?"
They reply with

"I don't know Twin, why you asking me?"

So I say
Art is Interesting...

Shiann

Skyland

Far in the sky, higher
than the clouds, trees
above rocks, with the sounds
of birds flying on top but it's
my little secret spot
I fly on birds but it was a dream.
All of a sudden my world started
crumbling, then I fell and landed
in my bed.

Tyler

Dear Heart

Dear heart thank you for
taking the beatings of life yet
still beating for me

Thank you for taking all the hits
from all those people and still
pumping blood for me

I know your state is as broken
glass because no matter how
much I fix you, you will
never work the same again

I'm sorry my dearest heart
I failed to save you the same
way you saved me

Cambia

¿Cual es la canción favorita del cielo?

The sun dreamt of childhood

How was your day?

Different.
No, it was like another day.

¿Cómo suena un sueño?

When are you going to sleep?

What does a shadow taste like?

The moon is a rock of cheese.

Isaac

Masks

I'm a kid from New York
of course I use slang lingo, in text
and IRL

I'm a kid from New York
of course I wear a Covid mask
when I want to...

speaking of Covid masks

I wear it when I feel
insecure not because I'm
about that, as in I don't
think I'm tuff, I just
wanted respect from day one

I wore a ski mask
on my hair because my
hair was messed up
not because I'm a thug

I had slashes in my
eyebrow because
I wanted a clean
look not because I'm a
thug or wanted to be.

People change when I
changed I was
shamed I was a
thing people think they

made but respect is key
it goes both

ways

Jacob M.

te busco como
el ave busca el viento
con la urgencia de quiere
llegar pues eres tú mi único
sustento y el faro que me guía frente al
Mar

Jhoniel

aque sabe uno nombre

La nombre, al ar uno zona de
recuerdo creado por la actuación de
la luz no tiene un sabor ficuito

Samira

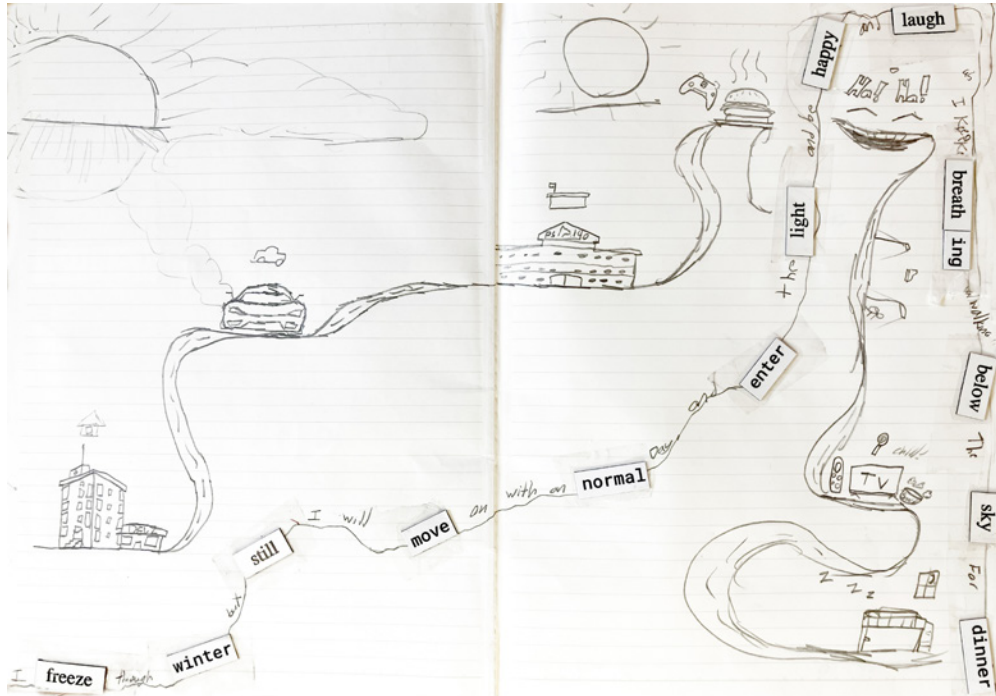
En los atardeceres se escuchaban las historias.
Vuelve el color a la viola.
Me siento única.
Una casa en el árbol.
Los árboles bailaban bajo la luna.
Quien vio su vida pasar echa pedazos
cuánto he cambiado?
cuando tenía 8 años y bailaba bajo
la luna.

At sunset, stories were heard.
Color returns to life.
I feel unique.
A house in the tree
The trees dance under the moons
Who saw their life pass by in pieces.
How much have I changed?
When I was 8 years old and danced under
the moon.

Damily

¿Cómo estás?	cuando tenía 10 años pase por una selva esos días cumplí los 11 años pero tres de mis familiares murieron en ríos.	mi capucha me hace sentir seguro en la escuela
Un pescado bien rellaquito		Me quedo viendo las piedras en silencio al igual que mis zapatos los veo muy fijamente
	Un lugar que me gustaba era ir a las piscinas con luces de colores	

Moises



Tyairé

Jar Poem

You open the cap and jump in

Burning but cold

You fade into nothing

You disappear into the stars

Mason

Container

Just hop in

You feel

Too Slimy

Teleport back out

Jackson

Glitter, Pink, and Glow

I dive into the bottle, covered
sparkly pink.

Blending into the
tiny sparkly gloss and
fruity smell.

You slowly merge with
the liquid perishing into
something pink and glittery

Abby

I wrap around
the wand to the
gloss.

It's warm and
airy but cold when
it's open.

When I'm spread
on someone's lips
I itch and burn
 tormenting whoever
 tries to use me.

The Gardener

To enter my garden
you simply walk.
It's a place to go
to sit and talk

In my garden
it's nice and calm
you hold your
heart in your palm

It's not perfect
but it has its perks
it's where I stay
that's how it works

It's nice and quiet
not too hot, not too cold
you become comfortable
your actions become bold

You become a tree
you sit and grow
you learn new things
things you've never known

each feeling grows a new leaf
on this new journey
you take a leap.

Jazz

The door is a little busted
I step in
The floors are wood
It cracks like branches when I step
I see my monitor and Dad's bed

I feel chill happiness as I play
I feel sad at the end of it
My eyes start to close

I got to cook dinner for myself
It takes long
I eat at 9
I sleep at 10
Then I repeat all over again

Isaiah

My Day

Woke up
Heard my alarm, my body went limp
Brushed my teeth
I go to school
I hear the wind and the tree branches
I enter the school
I hear kids talking and laughing
I walk upstairs
And see my classmates
I sit in my seat
I think to myself " I want to go home"
I get through the day

Fabien

Floaty Vibes

It feels floaty

Like I'm on the moon

The first thing I see are stars

The stars glow

It feels unreal

A space ship explodes

A black hole appears

And I get sucked into

A different world

Full of grass and

Land until

I couldn't

Finish this

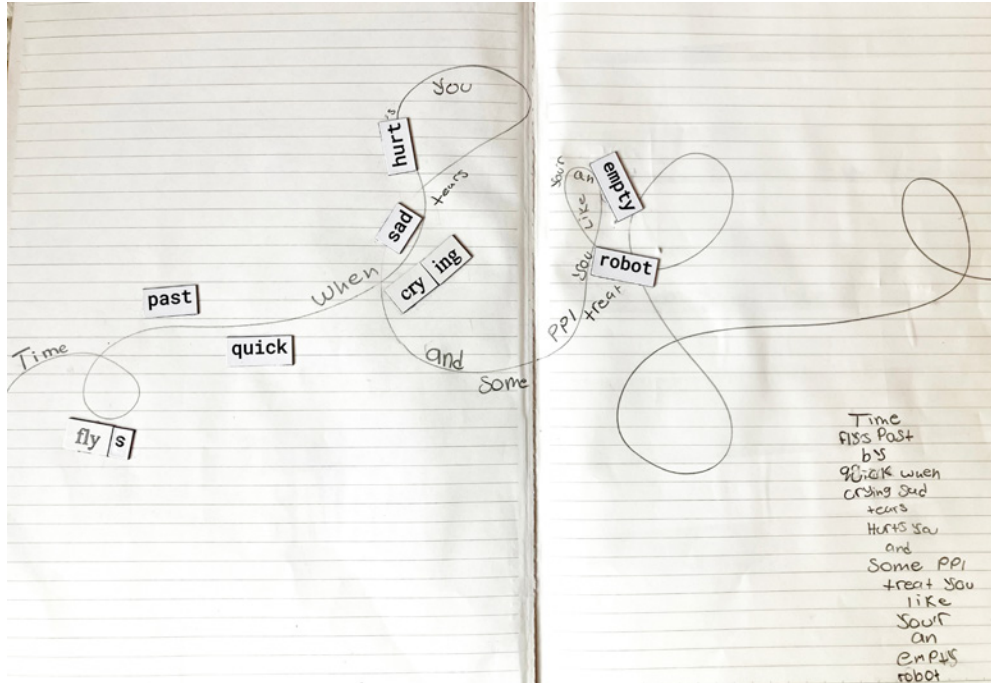
Poem because

My paper flew

Away and a big foot

Stepped on it

Marvin



Maribel

The halls feel smaller now,
like they've already begun forgetting us.
Doors closing softer than before,
footsteps echoing like someone else's memories.

We used to think time was something we had,
something that stretched
like the last minutes before the bell
like the laughter that didn't check the clock

but even the best things have quiet endings.

Not loud, not like in a movie.
Just a slow loosening of hands
you thought you would never let go of

There was a version of us
that existed without endings.
Passing notes, sharing glances,
believing in "always"
like it was something you could promise.

But "always" turned into...
hallway avoidance,
unsent messages
a name that feels heavier
now that it's yours alone again.

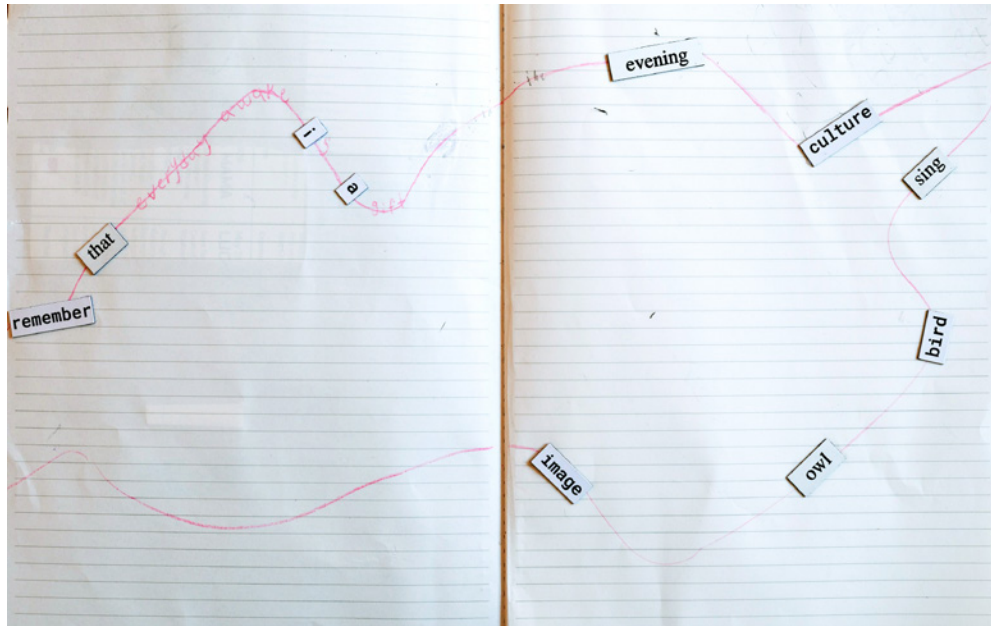
Now everything feels like a closing scene
desk emptying
names being called one last time
the invisible thread pulling us all in different directions

We are all ending without really knowing how
And I think that's the hardest part, not the leaving
Not even the losing

But knowing there are pieces of this life I will never
Be able to return to. No matter how much I miss them.

Even good things end
And all we're left with are the version of them
We carry quietly forward. Unfinished. Unchangeable. And ours.

Sarena



Jashley

If Only
 We shifted into the light
 but she dissolves for reasons I can't describe
 Because he waits Half-heartedly all the time
 for love for love for love
 Briseis

The Egg's Life

Life is like an egg you're gonna
get broken.

After that broken stage, your life
continues to flow like the yolk
in the egg.

That yolk falls into a pan, that pan
bubbles up everything.

Expressing all that emotion, making
the world vibrant.

Skylee

Maybe?

Maybe it's all in my mind?
Maybe we'll meet up tonight
Maybe we could make up for all our lost time...
Maybe...

I want peace
NO, I want to make peace
All of my pain and all their excuses

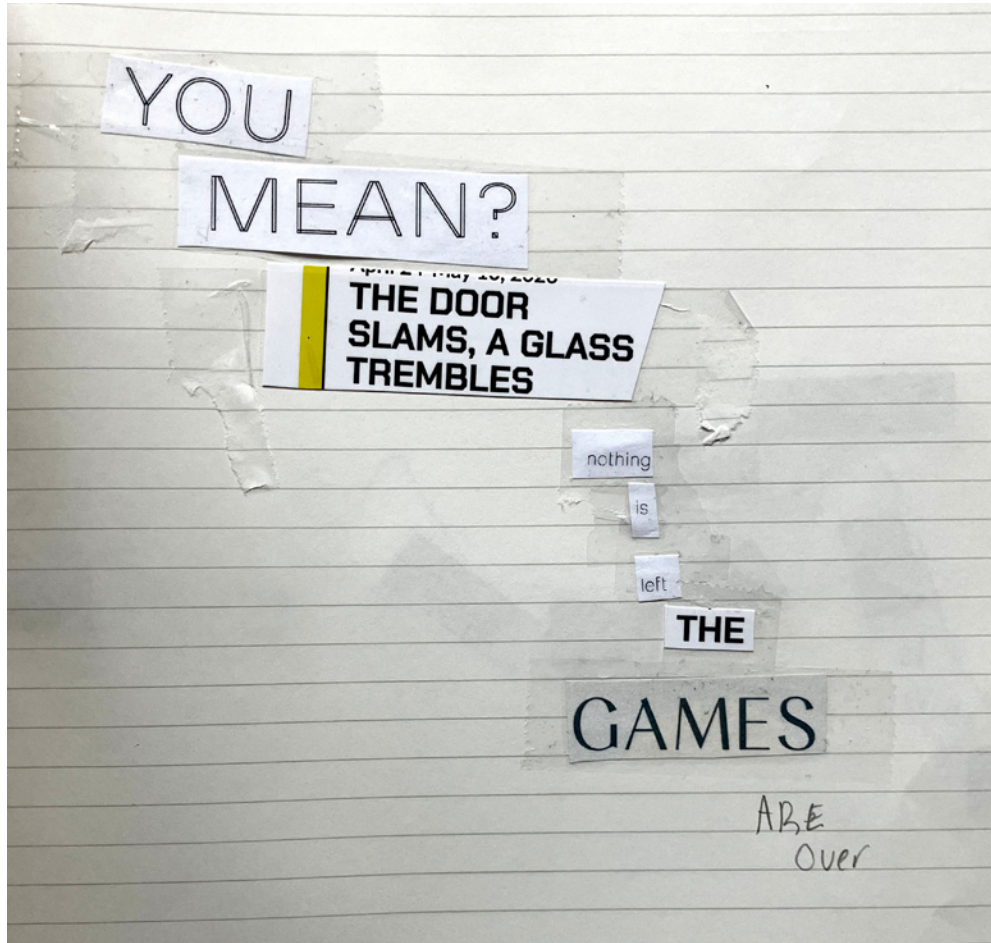
Maybe.
Maybe someday they'll understand.
They'll understand how messed up they are
Using me to keep your throne...

But with everything you said
Everything you've done
It's time to let it go
But what's in the future we don't know

Maybe you'll change
No one ever stays the same
But you really are the one to blame

Maybe nevertheless less, only maybe

Elizabeth



Siara

In order to

Understand Magically

I swim I grow I fly

Through a lake Through the night Through a wall

Lee

Jar Poem

I shrink very small,
But still valuable to all
I see a jar
And it's not very far

I crack open the lid
And see a very deep pit
Do I jump in the abyss?
Or do I run away being careless?

I pounce inside
Feeling bounces on the side

I close my eyes and try to rest

Ian

Friends

Some jokes don't feel like jokes at all,
they hang around they start to fall
not on the ground, but
somewhere deep,
in my quiet thoughts I try to keep.

Some voices talk, then pass things on,
Add little twists when truth is gone,
forever and forever the truth is gone,
maybe one day,
they'll learn what they did wrong.
They build their stories, loud and fast
but never think how long they'll last.

They call us the one who follows lines,
Like I don't think what's truly mine,
but I just choose a calmer way,
not every thought needs words to say.

I try to move a different way
With kinder words in what I say.
While others laugh and don't quite see
how sharp their funny words can be.

It's strange how loud some people sound
yet miss the way their words go around.
They don't hear how it all comes out
or why it leaves so much doubt

If I wrote all the things they do,
the way they talk
the way they tie their shoes
maybe some word would break loose
but I keep it soft and with no clue
I wouldn't name so they might
just feel the same way too.

Samaiyah

Oreo Milkshake

I open the door, the spot is usually empty

He asks what I want, I say an oreo
milkshake when ready.

Crushing oreos in the machine, with
milk and ice cream.

He serves it to me right, done faster
than light.

I take it with grace, leaving without
a trace.

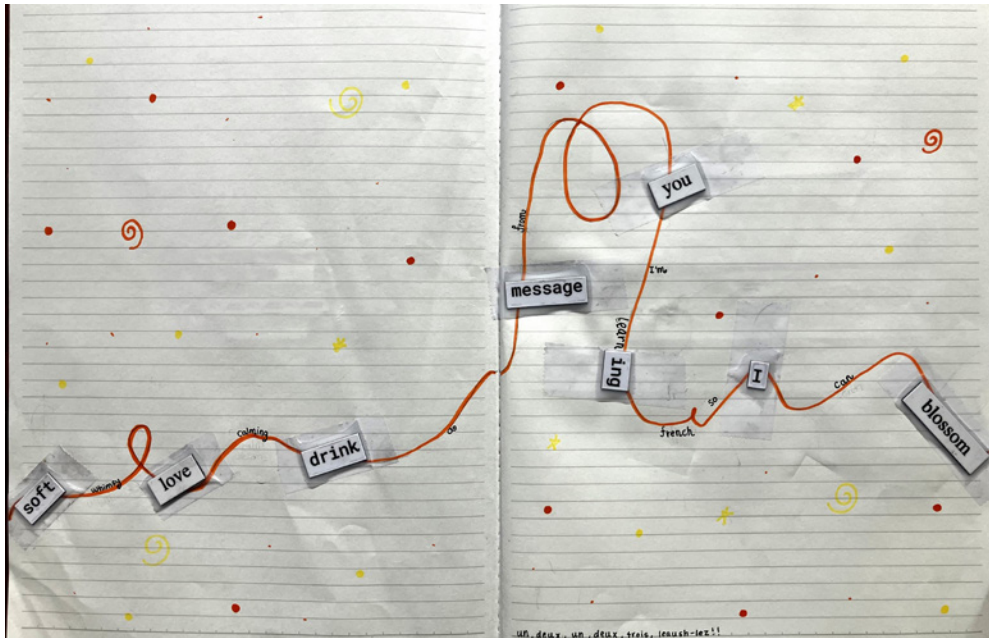
One taste is all it takes, for me to
realize the beautiful grace

Appreciate what you have, might
be your last

Be grateful for
what's given, because
time moves while
you're livin'

and nothing lasts long.

Juelz



Sophia

Spring of Suffering

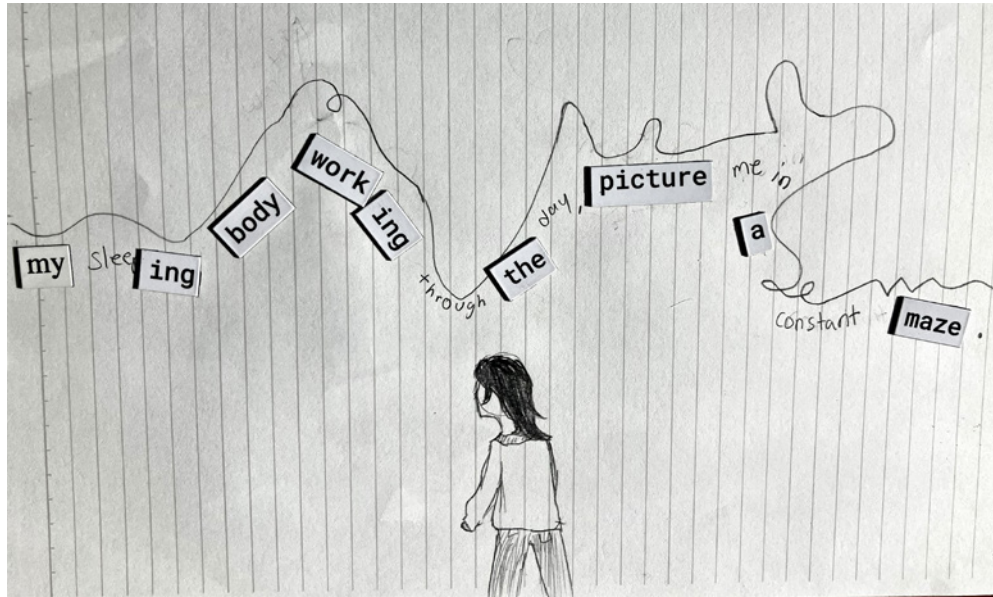
Weather here is bipolar
 Sickness is my enemy
 Pollen is one of its friends
 I despise my allergies
 Once my eyes were like fireballs
 My sneeze is a bomb
 These exacerbate
 The symptoms, warmth is late

My face burns
 Nasal cavity has bled
 Pure crimson red
 Now into school, the morning turns

It seems that in the eyes of some
 I am minuscule
 My words meaningless
 But over any opinions, truth rules

This year's spring; merely suffering
 But is this really so?
 The mood today is low
 But tomorrow, there is no buffering

Skylar



Skylee

Not a Magician

In today's world
 sharing your opinion
 feels like being locked inside a magic trickhands
 tied
 no way out,
 everyone watching
 but no one helping.

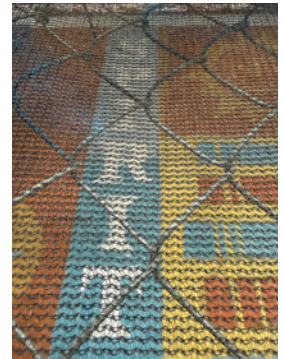
I don't want to be a magician,
 I don't want to escape,
 I just want my voice
 to land somewhere and stay

Now it feels like
 Friendships are built
 on agree or disagree
 not laughter
 not memories
 not who we are.
 And if I mess up,
 say one wrong thing
 suddenly I'm not me anymore
 I'm just wrong.
 A disgrace.
 A burden.

Sophia

Listening to the LES

Robert Sember
Teaching Artist



Listening to the LES

What Are The Songs Of The Lower East Side?

Walking through the neighborhoods surrounding P.S. 140 is an important part of every year's *Listening to the Lower East Side* project.

These outings provide the inspiration and materials for the art making we do in the classroom, which means that our creative process is part of a long tradition of artists using found and repurposed materials to create new things.



It was therefore appropriate that this Fall we visited Artists Space's exhibitions of works by Brad Kronz and Ralston Farina.

Brad Kronz uses old pieces of wood, cardboard, and broken equipment in his sculptures



Ralston Farina collected all kinds of candy wrappers and other small, everyday objects for some of his artworks.



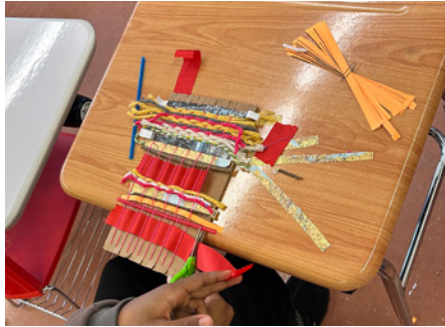
Every year we begin with a question. This year we asked: What are the songs of the Lower East Side? On our walks, we used audio recorders to collect sounds and cameras to collect words.

Cities are filled with words, including the names of streets and buildings, lists of things you can buy in a corner store, parking rules and regulations, and stickers, flyers, graffiti, and so much more.



As we notice these words while we walk, we can arrange them into poems, Walking Poems.

When combined with the sounds we hear as we walk, these poems become songs. Our task this year was to create a set of songs for the Lower East Side.



We began by learning to weave with Kate Temple, using looms made from recycled cardboard and string.

We wove with all kinds of found materials—shopping bags, food containers, grocery store flyers cut into strips, pieces of rope and yarn, and twigs and leaves.

Songs are like the weaving together of words and sounds.



We then wove photographs of our found words into all of this other stuff to create a series of walking poems.

Having learned to weave on the small looms, we transitioned to bigger looms and used these to capture something of the experience of our walks.



To make our poems into songs, we assembled an orchestra of sound making devices using found and repurposed materials beginning with our bodies: we can whistle, hum, yell and yelp; we can stomp our feet, clap our hands, and beat on our chests.

Blowing into bottles makes another kind of sound, as does pouring or dripping water from one container into another.



By filling used discarded cardboard tubes with spirals of tin foil and different sizes of dried beans, we created rains sticks.



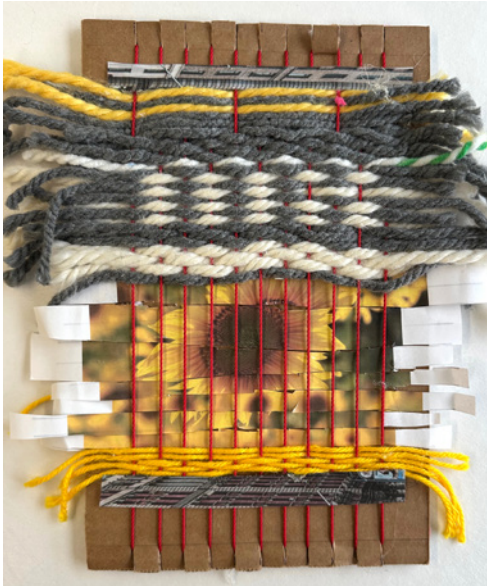
Once they had dried, inflated balloons covered with papier-mâché become a series of drums on which we tapped with fingers or small cardboard tubes.



Finally, we made harmonicas with icecream sticks, chenille stems, and rubber bands.

Our orchestra of sounds, combined with the audio recordings we made during our walks, accompanied the reading of our poems.

This is how we created *Street Songs from the Lower East Side*.



Aiden



Katelynn



Jaqueline



Brandon



Adam



Dante



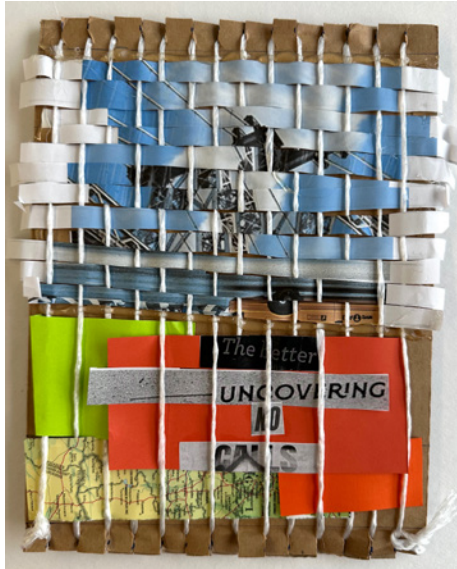
Kevin



Delilah



Riley



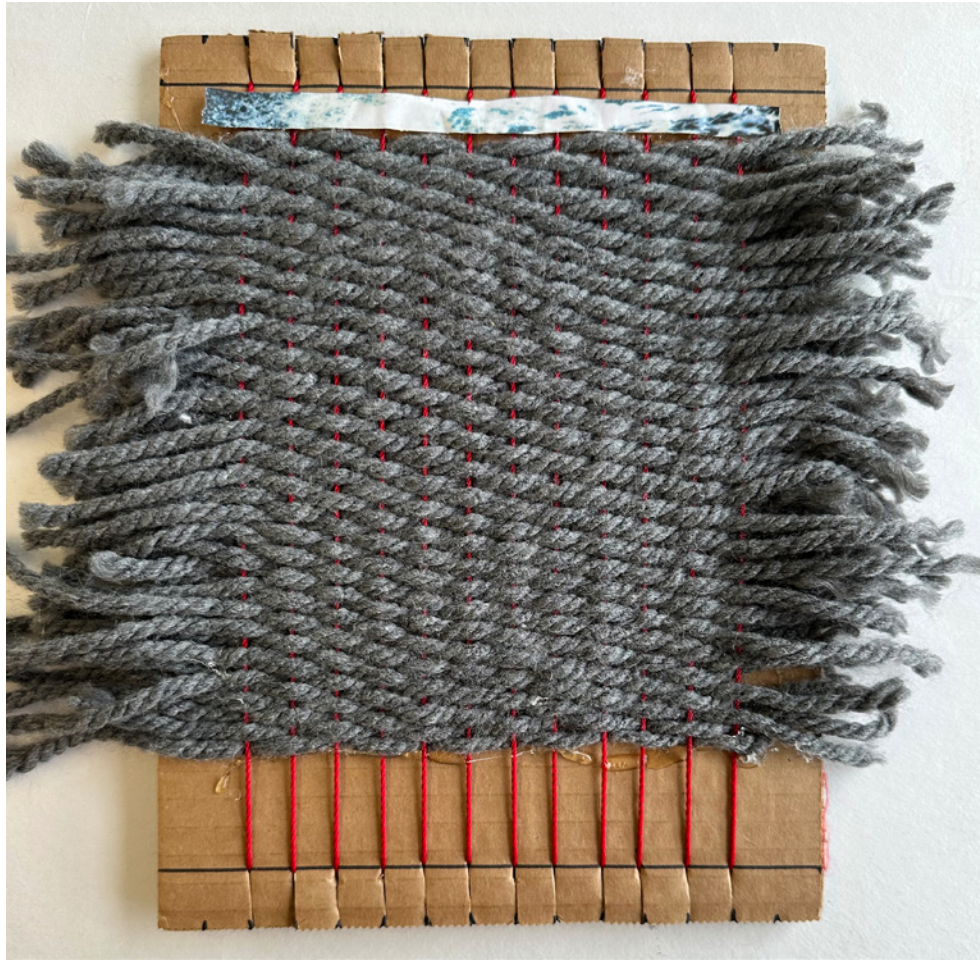
Jayden



Jaylee



Miguel



Chaasadyah



Christian

The *Orchestra of Sounds* team included our wonderful and wise elders, Ms. Hanoman, Ms. Davis, Mr. Eric, Ms. Sanchez, Ms. Hernandez and Mr. Vuyisile, and artists Robert Sember and Kate Temple and the talented and courageous students from 790 and 890.

Threads of History

Esperanza Cortés
Teaching Artist

Los estudiantes del salón 621 y el maestro de Idiomas del Mundo, Beny Rodríguez, dieron forma a un proyecto para explorar los temas de identidad, herencia, comunidad y medio ambiente a través de una obra colaborativa de técnica mixta titulada: *Entre Las Mariposas / Among The Butterflies*.

Este proyecto de arte visual fue inspirado por la valentía y el activismo de las hermanas Mirabal, originarias de República Dominicana. Las hermanas fueron llamadas "Las Mariposas" y ampliamente reconocidas como símbolos de resistencia política y feminista. Utilizamos el simbolismo de la mariposa como punto de partida para investigar el papel de este insecto dentro de un ecosistema saludable.

Los estudiantes exploraron técnicas de dibujo, pintura, armonía de color, creación de patrones y composición, al colaborar en pequeños grupos de trabajo. Estudiaron la obra de Chiharu Shiota y Gabriel Dawe, y la forma en que el tejido y el uso de materiales simples, como el hilo, pueden evocar sensaciones de conexión y memoria. Iniciaron el proyecto haciendo autorretratos con pintura acrílica, acuarela y collage.

Durante las salidas al parque High Bridge, dibujaron inspirados por la naturaleza y crearon poemas. Pintaron plantas, flores y mariposas evocando a las hermanas Mirabal, cuyos nombres se mencionan en M.S. 324.

Incorporando objetos recolectados en nuestras exploraciones, como ramas, cuentas de vidrio, flores de seda, estambre y mariposas dibujadas a mano, ensamblaron piezas escultóricas en técnica mixta — inspiradas en nuestras conversaciones sobre la naturaleza y la interconexión.

Entre Las Mariposas fue un día muy especial de presentaciones en español e inglés, en el que pudimos compartir el simbolismo que inspiró nuestro trabajo, así como narrar la experiencia a compañeros y personal de M.S. 324.

The students of 621 and World Language teacher Beny Rodriguez began a project to explore the themes of identity, heritage, community, and the environment through a collaborative mixed media project titled *Entre Las Mariposas/Among The Butterflies*.

This visual art project was inspired by the bravery and activism of the Mirabel sisters in the Dominican Republic. The sisters were known as Las Mariposas/the Butterflies, symbols of political and feminist resistance. We also used the symbolism of the butterfly as inspiration for our research into the butterflies' place in a healthy environment.

Students were introduced to drawing techniques, painting, color balance, pattern-making, and composition while working collaboratively in small groups. They looked at the work of Chiharu Shiota and Gabriel Dawe and the way that weaving and using simple materials such as thread can evoke feelings of connectivity and memory. They began first with self-portraits using acrylic and watercolor painting and collage.

On excursions to High Bridge Park, we drew from nature and created poems. Painting plants, flowers, and butterflies evoked the Mirabel sisters whose names are memorialized at M.S. 324. Incorporating found branches, glass beads, silk flowers, yarn, and our hand-drawn butterflies, we created collaborative sculptural mixed-media pieces inspired by our discussions of nature and connectivity.

Entre Las Mariposas was a wonderful day of presentations in Spanish and English, where we were able to speak and communicate the symbolism behind our work to multiple school audiences and staff at M.S. 324.

Plant Observation Artworks

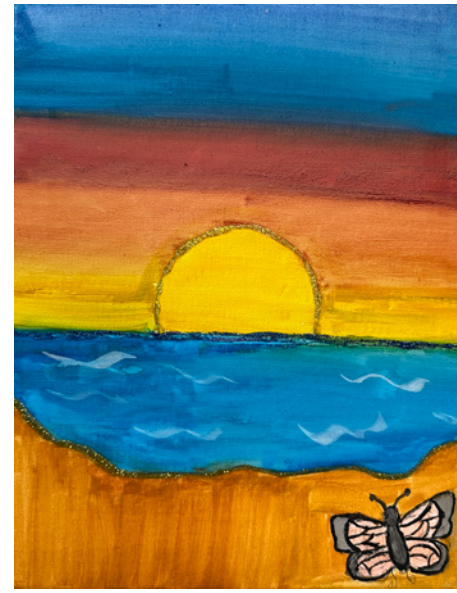




Iaan



Jesus



Zhaira



Santiago



Jesus
99



Alan



Marialba



Kamilla



Scarlet



Dharrel



Edison



Kendry



Tahanne

Llecely Mendoza
Assistant Principal

At M.S. 324, we believe that art is a vital part of a student's education. When creativity and expression become a priority in the learning process, new doors open for our students. We have been delighted to partner with Artists Space for more than fifteen years, during which time we have seen incredible program growth and impressive student achievements.

Artists Space's program, *Threads of History*, expands 6th grade bilingual students' knowledge of their individual histories and the composition of their communities, and provides them with skills to communicate, record, and exhibit their discoveries through collaborative paintings, sculptures, and books. Classes are taught in English and Spanish to serve newly immigrated students, and to foster language acquisition.

This year, *Threads of History* students worked with Teaching Artist, Esperanza Cortés, and World Language teacher, Beny Rodriguez. They explored the world of symbols using plants and butterflies as metaphors for family and connectivity and explored self-portraits through painting. The works were presented to our staff and other classes through student oral presentations and multiple exhibitions called *Nuestro Reflejo* at M.S. 324, and in the community at Word Up's *Recirculation* and at the Morris Jumel Mansion in Washington Heights.

We are extremely grateful to have this long-standing partnership with Artists Space's Director of Education, Kate Temple, and Teaching Artist, Esperanza Cortés.

We are looking forward to our next collaboration in 2027.



Self-Portraits



Tahanne



Emill



Nashly



Scarlet



Edison



Kendry



Kamila



Santiago



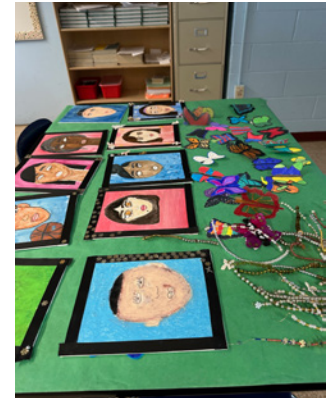
Kristhel



Marialba



Zhaira



BRIDGE

Claudia Sohrens
Teaching Artist

CURA

This year, I kept returning to the word *curiosity*, rooted in *cura*, meaning care. To be curious is to pay attention, to look closely, and to remain open to what unfolds in front of us.

Working primarily with 35mm film, both color and black-and-white, The BRIDGE Photography cohort brought a spirit of curiosity into every session. Their enthusiasm, generosity, and collaborative energy shaped a space where looking became a shared practice. During this extended cold winter, we turned inward, discussing representation through works by Deana Lawson, Carrie Mae Weems, Dawoud Bey, and Tyler Mitchell, photographing friends and staff at The Door, and creating cyanotypes with drawings and pressed plants using UV light in the classroom.

At the International Center of Photography, students responded strongly to *Hard Copy: New York*, which extended into playful self-portraits at the photocopier in ICP's café, as well as the vivid color work in *Latitudes*, and the atmospheric, historical images by Atget.

At Artists Space, Jay Sanders and Kelly Taxter led us through David Armstrong: *Portraits* with care and insight. David was one of my teachers when I first came to New York, and sharing his work with students felt especially meaningful. Our conversation made clear how deeply his images continue to resonate.

Despite unpredictable weather, we moved through the city whenever we could. In Chinatown and at Coleman Skatepark, students practiced approaching strangers and making portraits. Closer to The Door, we walked along the Hudson River, visited Little Island, and photographed the shifting energy of Washington Square Park.

The resulting images are thoughtful and affecting. Each student developed a distinct perspective and a way of engaging the world with attention and sensitivity.

I keep returning to the relationship between teaching and curiosity. Can curiosity be cultivated? Can it be taught? How can curiosity help us imagine ways of repairing systems shaped by harm?

Alejandro Rodriguez
Assistant Director of
Arts Programming
The Door

For over 50 years, The Door has pursued a vision of creating an innovative youth development model to address the complex needs of young New Yorkers. Today, the organization serves up to 11,000 youth annually across our four New York City locations: our lower Manhattan and South Bronx youth centers and two supportive housing sites on the Lower East Side.

The Door's success lies in its commitment to meeting young people where they are and providing them with the comprehensive and integrated services they need to reach their potential.

What The Door accomplishes is made possible by amazing partners like Artists Space! Artists Space thoughtfully and creatively embraced The Door and decided to work with a new group of young people. These Door participants enjoyed a wholly unique experience exploring expression and artistry through photography, led by the amazing teaching artist, Claudia Sohrens, and the Artists Space BRIDGE program.

THANK YOU Claudia and Artists Space!







Jada B.



Jamie B.



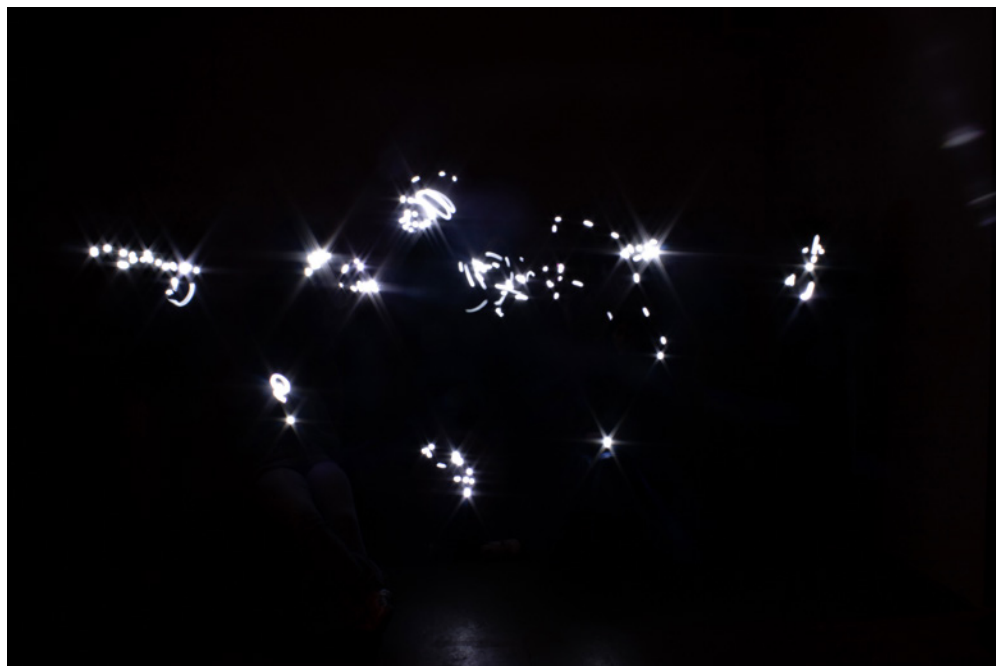
Jamie D.



Janiyah O.











Coleman Skate Park



MoMA field trip

P.S. 140 Nathan Straus
Lower East Side, New York

Clty-As-School
Greenwich Village, New York

M.S. 324 Patria Mirabel
Washington Heights, New York

The Door
SoHo, New York

Since its founding in 1972, Artists Space has been a catalytic force for experimental, interdisciplinary, and underrepresented practices that extend the possibilities for art and ideas. We provide artists with the resources, time, and space to realize ambitious new work and to engage audiences in urgent dialogues. Our curatorial vision emphasizes art that crosses boundaries—whether of medium, genre, or socio-political context—and champions art's intersection with activism and collective histories. From performance to installation, writing to video, and through our venerable education program Expanded Art Ideas (EAI), the artists we work with create experiences that challenge dominant narratives and open up new imaginative and political possibilities.

Founded in 2001 and entering its 25th year, Expanded Art Ideas is emblematic of Artists Space's mission to offer powerful and inspiring alternatives to the status quo. Through a series of 10-20 week intensive residencies led by innovative artists such as Robert Sember from the sound art collective Ultra Red, Colombian-American mixed-media artist and Guggenheim awardee, Esperanza Cortés, photographer Claudia Sohrens, and poet Matthew Bussa, projects aim to take both generative and responsive positions to creativity and living in the world.

Support for Artists Space exhibitions and programs is provided by Lambent Foundation Fund of Tides Foundation, the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, the Horace W. Goldsmith Foundation, The New York City Department of Cultural Affairs in Partnership with the City Council, The New York State Council on the Arts with the support of Governor Kathy Hochul and the New York State Legislature, The Keith Haring Foundation, I.A. O'Shaughnessy Foundation, Helen Frankenthaler Foundation, Cowles Charitable Trust, The David Rockefeller Foundation, Milton and Sally Avery Foundation, NYU Community Fund, and the Friends of Artists Space.

With special thanks to Artists Space Teaching Artists, Artists Space staff, and to the artists, Brad Kronz, Ralston Farina, and David Armstrong, whose exhibitions provided so much opportunity for reflection and conversation for these young people, and to our partner school staffs for giving their time, patience, and attention to the EAI program.

Special thanks to German Herrera for Spanish text translation.

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Managing Editors
Kate Temple
Rezarta Seferi