

Artists Space  
Expanded  
Art Ide  
as

# BIGGER THAN WE ARE

An Anthology  
of Poems  
and Artworks  
by 8th Grade Students

**P.S. 140**



# ARTISTS SPACE EXPANDED ART IDEAS

One of the oldest alternative art spaces in New York, Artists Space was founded in 1972 to support contemporary artists working across many disciplines. Today, Artists Space continues to be a site for provocative discussion and examination, proposing new modes of artistic production and new ideas in a radically changing world.

Expanded Art Ideas, Artists Space's arts education program, was founded in 2001 with the mission of encouraging 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. It does this by providing students with the skills to communicate, document, and publicly exhibit their work. Expanded Art Ideas equally widens Artists Space's commitment to contemporary artists

by providing the opportunity for artists to work and collaborate with different communities in an educational setting.

The program has grown 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 the continuing Portfolio Development. Expanded Art Ideas support students in developing a richer platform of identity from which to speak across a wide range of artistic forms.

This past year, we were fortunate to welcome two new teaching artists. Poet and artist Desirée Alvarez worked with two 8th grade English classes, using the writings of Gwendolyn Brooks, Maya Angelou and Yusef Komunyakaa to explore politics, identity and race, which culminated in the brilliant and moving poems published in this volume. Artist Claudia Sohrens worked with photography students to explore narrative photography, exposing how images are created and manipulated to influence viewer perception. The result was a beautiful slide show and wall installation. Teaching artist Susan Hamburger worked with our students to prepare individual portfolios for the entrance examinations to specialized high schools. In addition to skillfully completing typical visual arts studies and examining works from art history, her students learned to think critically about their own contributions and analyze the work of their classmates.

Our annual Art Day at the end of the school year was a great success, with a poetry slam accompanied by a slide show from the photography students—touching all who were in the audience and inspiring rousing applause. The Portfolio Development students' work was exhibited in the gallery, and

Photo Club's installation on the photo wall was on view for the whole community to appreciate. We are so pleased to publish this book featuring the work of our students, and hope that this work inspires future students for many years to come.

2016 marks the 15th year that Expanded Art Ideas has flourished at our partner school P.S. 140 Nathan Straus. When I initiated Expanded Art Ideas many years ago, the intention was to bring contemporary artists and innovative art programs to middle school students. I am so pleased that the program has been successful—thanks to our teaching artists, and the P.S. 140 Nathan Straus team.

It has been a particular pleasure to work with P.S. 140's Carmen Fulford for the last 14 years. She has encouraged our teaching artists' work from the beginning, and saw Artists Space and Expanded Art Ideas become an integral part of the school's community under the direction of Principal Melissa Rodriguez. Artists Space's commitment to our students at P.S. 140, which enables their creative voices to be heard through poetry and the visual arts, will continue under Kate Temple as incoming Director of Education at Artists Space.

It has been an honor to work with everyone involved through my time with Expanded Art Ideas. Enjoy our book!

Chrysanne Stathacos



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 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 15 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 for 15 years, and now Kate Temple, and all of 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 office staff and the dedicated and talented teaching artists – photographer Claudia Sorens, visual artist Susan Hamburger, and poet Desireé Alvarez – this past academic year. 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 to take risks. The results are amazing, incredibly beautiful and quite touching. Our 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.

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.

Melissa Rodriguez  
Principal



# PHOTO CLUB



# PHOTO CLUB

Over the years I've had the pleasure to teach within a number of exciting Youth Education programs that represent a diverse range of students, goals and outcomes. This was my first opportunity to collaborate with Artists Space and to teach photography to 8th graders at P.S. 140.

My students this year demonstrated great talent. They used photography as a way of storytelling: for personal narrative as well as to express feelings about their families, school, and neighborhood. The images they produced ranged widely. They were broad in scope yet idiomatic—they were part reportage, part social commentary, and combined the personal and poetic. Not afraid to take risks and to experiment, the students were able to develop a new vocabulary of styles and surfaces for their ideas.

I found this group of students to be very dedicated and generous to their peers. Thought-provoking activities and assignments led to constructive conversations about photography, public and private spaces, and our use of social media.

Based on our discussion about different genres of photography, and their professional applications, I was thrilled to witness the effort they put into discussing and editing each other's work and collaboratively producing the photo wall and slideshow for the final celebration and exhibition.

The work in the show reflects personal narratives, as well as the collective experience and memory of the neighborhood and its community. I am so happy to have played a part in this.

Claudia Sohrens  
Expanded Art Ideas

Photography Residency Spring 2016  
Photo Club P.S. 140



Allison Vazquez



Geanet Rogers



Iliana Polanco





Ulianny Fabre



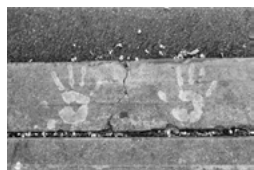
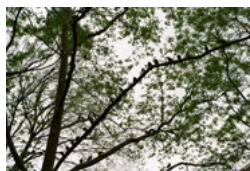


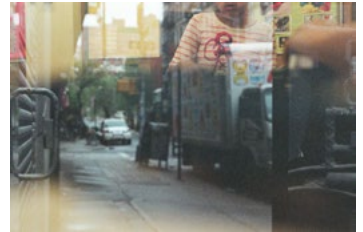
Shaylene Viera

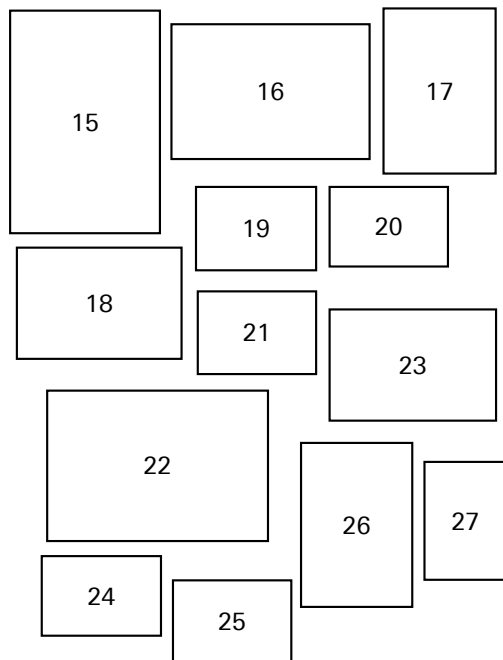
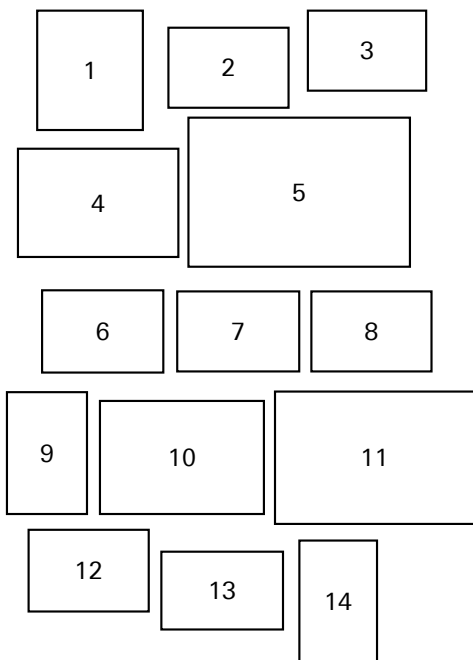


Luis Maldonado









1 Luis Maldonado  
 2 Luis Maldonado  
 3 Cayla Mercado  
 4 Allison Vazquez  
 5 Caitly Dominici  
 6 Cayla Mercado  
 7 Cayla Mercado  
 8 Geanet Rogers  
 9 Shaylene Viera

10 Shaylene Viera  
 11 Cayla Mercado  
 12 Luis Maldonado  
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 14 Cayla Mercado  
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 16 Shaylene Viera  
 17 Shaylene Viera  
 18 Illiana Polanco

19 Caitly Dominici  
 20 Cayla Mercado  
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POEMS





# POEMS

Beautifully brave, the voices of P.S. 140's poets look hard at an uncertain world "to get out of the mirror" and see into ways of being transformed by language.

Together we read Elizabeth Bishop's "Map" poem and students wrote their own maps of family, school, predators, and the developing heart. These new wordsmiths charted fear and friendship with a freshness and maturity of perspective.

We focused on the notion that a poem can be a room and a safe hiding place for storytelling in which anything can happen, a place where fantasy and experience can be made manifest and comprehended by the poetic voice that simultaneously is and is not the "I". Students explored the power of the line by writing lines as simple as one word and as complex as an aphorism.

I have loosely sequenced the poems to arc from explorations of the psyche and the world to odes to loved ones, persona poems in the form of animal portraits, and poems of moral compass. From the tender quotidian of sneakers, pets, and the weather to metamorphoses of identity, intense portraits of family, and visions of a better world, these new poets strike at a lavish range of emotional and sonic vistas. In no uncertain terms they are sculpting the future of language deftly and heartbreakingly, with capable hands and voices.

Desirée Alvarez

## Map

Looking at a map you travel with words.  
You see where you're going.  
You look at the outline of where you are.  
Colors defining each place you go and lines  
representing things that are bigger than we are.

Maps are not only a way of directions to places,  
but also a way into someone's heart.  
You see where you go with fear of what's to come  
but with excitement for what is waiting for you.

Juliana Mendez

## Chasing My Dream

How to breathe if I'm in the sea and not a fish.  
Sometimes it's better just to listen  
but I feel like I'm in a prison.  
I already started, I can't stop.  
If I fall I'll just stand up.  
I can't waste more time, I'm taking a long ride.

Angel Luis Rondon

Wings

I see your golden wings  
In the winter darkness

Spread your wings and change the winter  
Darkness to summer light

And never let darkness rule  
The world.

Angel Espinal

Change of Form

Change the color to black and white and grey.

Why are you full with beautiful colors and I'm  
just plain mystery colors?

Snowing, it's black and cold.

I'm in the back quiet. I hear a whisper.

The noise is silent.

Everything will happen all over again.

Yesterday happened. It will happen today and  
tomorrow.

The only thing I can see is that there are angels,  
the ocean and the world.

Megan Fleming

## Mapped Plans

could you describe yellow?  
what would you tell him?  
he can't see  
to him everything is time  
the rug is at 3 o'clock  
the mug at 4

i've been told what helps  
is a map of life  
not your version but his  
with his eyes wide open  
all he sees is black

the woman is stressed  
how can she go outside?  
she can't even order coffee  
without stuttering  
it's a curse she thinks

one day the two meet  
so different but so alike  
one day the woman  
stops stuttering  
she creates the man's map  
designs it for easy access

the man can't see  
but the woman's beauty  
is perfection  
their love is inevitable  
they can't run  
when all they have is each other

they realize they're not alone anymore  
too happy to process  
they spend eternity together  
through health through sickness and forever  
sappy i know but their life is mapped  
they were bound to meet  
it was inevitable people would say

Audrey Siahaya

## Light & Darkness

The light is beautiful.  
It's full of innocence and trust.  
I wish I could always be with the light.

Darkness is disguise  
filled with lies and hurtful comments.  
I wish I wasn't part of this.

The light and darkness are inside me.  
To help balance I contain my own  
light and darkness.

Ernesto Conde



## The World of Hers

Out of the window there's the world filled  
with mystery. Remaining unknown.

Water could be described  
like a teardrop from you.  
Once it drops it may never stop.  
When you're mad, you look up.  
One drop falls,  
two drops fall.  
Then all fall.  
The rain is crying for you as you let them fall.  
You notice the colorlessness of the world.

Could everything you see be an imagining of yours?  
Colors behind many colors.

Behind the black is white and behind the white is grey.  
So then what's behind the grey?

Carrying an empty bucket,  
putting it aside as you see the world around you.  
The raindrops, once they fall, make a puddle.  
Looking in the puddle you see you.  
You turn seeing the bucket fill,  
wondering if the heart is like a bucket.  
Once it's filled with emotion it's full.  
When the rain stops a smile appears  
as if the rain is helping you.

Karen Jiang

## Her Smile

I never really knew you.  
But when you're here,  
I can hear you.  
I can feel you.  
I may not be able to see you,  
But I know you're there.  
And there's one thing I will always remember  
about you.  
Your smile—  
**OH YOUR SMILE!**  
The smile you had only when you saw me.  
The one that made me smile right back at you.  
The one that tickled me.  
The one that made me happy when I was sad.  
The one that stopped my crying and the one that  
put me to sleep.  
But most important, the one that created memories  
I will always  
Remember.  
Your smile.

Cayla Mercado

Your sweet voice didn't always hurt me.  
Now I hear it everyday. The pain engulfs me.  
I want to go back and relive all our moments  
but my luck is now against me.  
There is no way to describe the feeling  
I get whenever I look into your eyes.  
Your feelings cannot hide from me.  
Try to hide all your pain deep inside.  
We don't need the sky to fly, we can  
swim in the sea as time goes by.  
Even if you forget yesterday  
I will still be there for you tomorrow.

Joshua Santiago

## Never Blossom

She once was a moon flower,  
only blooming at night.  
She would never let anyone close enough  
to see her light.  
She was afraid once it was gone things  
would never be right.  
The only thing that will save her is the  
moon's light.  
But she realizes the light is gone.  
Now she is a flower that can never bloom  
on.

Shaylene Viera

Fear

Fear is being afraid

Fear is an incredible thing,  
because of its power

Fear is not one thing

Fear is multiple things

Fear itself is scary

Fear is something you feel afraid of  
but don't want to be.

Ashley Baez

## An Open Door

Open the door!

I can't.

My fears, my life won't let me.

Open it!

Just ajar.

Okay, it's open.

Over and over my consciousness tells me,

Open it.

Too bright outside, too cold.

1945, the war has ended, WWII.

But WWII has just begun in my mind.

Nothing but the sound of children playing.

I watch as the little flakes of snow fall on my front lawn,  
quietly creeping their way into my cold and quiet life.

The wind slams my door shut. BOOM!

I jump back startled. OPEN IT! NO!

I wake up and find myself on a couch, awakened by a snap.

My session is over, I will be back tomorrow.

Mom and dad in the kitchen arguing again.

Yesterday seems like a long time ago.

I hardly remember the last time I saw my parents actually love each other.

No one will ever know what goes on behind my open door.

Kayla Ramos



## Holocaust Witness

My eyes must be deceiving me.  
They must.

Everyone has gone mad, justifying  
genocide, contemplating insanity and  
waving around red, white, and black  
reminders.

Reminders that the world I thought  
I knew is gone. Screaming in native  
tongue, burning in the name of supremacy.

Supremacy personified as a theocracy  
mascaraing as a stable economic compromise.

Yowis Arias

Can I Talk About...

Can I talk about myself?

Can I talk about my friends?

Can I talk about when people are mean to me

And make fun of my English?

Can I talk about myself?

Can I talk about my family and school?

Can I talk about my great poem that doesn't rhyme

But has lots of real world cool?

Let's talk!

Gatta Sylla

Don't Judge Me

Don't judge me  
For my looks

Don't judge me  
For who I am

Don't judge me  
For being myself

Because at the end of the day  
We shouldn't be judged

For doing what we do and for  
looking and being who we really are

Because we should all feel good  
In what we are doing

Janisse De La Cruz

## Trust

Trust is like a cellphone. Once you lose it  
it's really difficult to get it back. After a lie you lose trust  
and its hard to trust again a person  
who lies every time  
they feel you are not important.  
Don't ever get too attached  
to a person.

Michelle Mercado

## A Terrible Loss

One day I lost something.  
Something important to me:  
My name.  
They called me Questions.  
I'm not really sure why they called me that.  
Anyway, that's not the only thing I lost.  
I lost my best friend.  
The one who started the name. Now I'm home  
clutching my blanket so my mom won't see my pain.  
I lost my friend,  
I lost my name,  
I lost my dignity,  
I lost my school.  
I don't want to go anymore  
but I don't have a choice I guess.  
I lost my identity.  
I never wanted to be Ms. Anonymous.

Amandalis Acosta

## Mirror

I look through the mirror,  
I always see with fear.  
Trying to get out of the mirror,  
But first she has to find the key.  
The key is hard for her because she has to love herself.  
Don't let anyone bring you down,  
We all are beautiful.

Nayeli Brito

Stereotype

Different

Bi or not

Lesbian or not

Gay or straight

I am not you

I am different

Geanet Rogers

## Maps

I was behind closed doors.  
A day, 24 hours,  
stuck behind the closed doors.

People surrounding me,  
thinking I'm not gonna make it  
as I feared it was gonna be my last breath.

I saw someone important last week  
who was there as I was saying my farewells.  
Bright colors let me know it's that time of year

and everything coming to an end.  
But family pictures show me  
that people don't want me to leave.

Caitly Dominici



## Long Lost Sister

I love my father and what he does  
I know I need help but I'm doing fine  
The next day I wait for dad  
Waiting  
Waiting  
Waiting for him  
The door opens, my mom is at the door  
She tells me that daddy left us  
I go into a mental state  
I finally have a plan to run away  
Run away from my life  
Run away from my fears  
Run away from myself  
I write a diary saying I hope I have a sister dad  
Someday we will meet and I will love her

Jazmin Bernard

## Precious Daughter

I may not have talked with you a lot, I feel bad.  
But you are always a part of my thoughts.  
If you are ever feeling down,  
Mommy will be here and won't let you down.  
And will never be wrong.  
You are beautiful and kind,  
and will never leave anyone behind.  
Even if you try to be evil,  
you are an angel, not a devil.  
You are one of mommy's precious little girls  
who are as special as pearls.

*Dedicated to Anna Vang*

Diana Li

R.I.P. Grandpa

Grandpa you passed away yesterday. I wasn't there to give you the last hug.

You suffered so much that my pain for you is worse.  
But you gave me advice  
and taught me to open my house and be more wise.

Can't believe you would leave me, never healing.  
You was my backbone man!

You will never be forgotten, I thank god for making  
you the age of 99.

RIP grandpa.

Angela Pena

Love is like a stream flowing fast.

My feelings are strange, like the first time I met you.  
I smiled then frowned, knowing you're not going to  
be around.

I will be standing here watching you pass by.  
I wonder when will you say hi.

We make eye contact but don't say a word. You're  
on that bike all day.  
Come and take a break before it's too late.

Mia Mejia

## Anniversary

It's our anniversary.  
A single rose in my hand as I visit you.  
Sitting in the grass, wet from rain, I sigh.  
"I love you," I say quietly, "I hope you see that."  
Then, with a single tear, I stand,  
leaving the rose there. Red, dark as blood.  
"It was supposed to be our anniversary, " I mutter.  
I swiftly walk out of the cemetery.

Raylyn Rivera

Trigger

Trigger To my sorrow

Trigger to my smile

Trigger to my sadness

Trigger to my sympathy

Anabel Sanchez

## Basket

On the side table there is a basket  
waiting to be filled with fruit.

Will anything ever be put in the basket  
so it won't be empty?

One day they say this lonely basket won't be  
so empty anymore.

Nevaeh Washington

Friend

Listen,

You like her and that's perfectly fine,

I just want you to be happy

even if I'm not the reason.

I want you to be happy with her.

Show her love but please,

don't do it when you know I'm looking.

Yanelly Gomez



## Dangerous Beauty

You get yourself caught  
In her elegance  
Her sweet aroma  
As she silently  
Seduces you into her  
Everlasting trap.  
Your desire to embrace her  
Makes you  
Unable to  
Discover her thorns  
Covered by her  
Beauty  
Her perfection.

When you realize  
Your mistake  
It will already be too late  
You have been stabbed  
Ten times  
Hundred times  
Thousand times  
By her thorns  
You are unable  
To do anything  
But be devoured whole

Amy Lin

The dark fox walks where life hasn't lived yet, it hides  
in the shadows  
but never dies.

The young lizard has just seen life, it hides but can't  
get away. It looks around,  
it stands aside as it watches the forest go by.

You're too dark to be good. Be brighter as you  
should. I'm bright and you're dark, please don't break  
apart, let me help you if you would.

The clouds with rain, then the sun with leaves falling  
by the pond, it's beautiful.

Please change, it's peaceful, and now we're the  
same. Tomorrow, we will change even better than  
yesterday.

With dark clouds in the rain, there is a lot of  
darkness, but with you I saw a light,  
a light bright that changed you and me.

Remember me when I dropped you in the snow,  
you ran away. I remember when  
we were playing in the park, it was cold and it got  
hot as I saw the family picture.

The wind is lighter than a feather. I can't see it but  
I feel it. It keeps me cool  
through the night as I dream of it to rise.

Elijah Cetino

## Tigers

Tigers are fast.

Some are slow, they hunt with their eyes,  
smell with their noses,

but they have a choice to kill or to die.

Look closer to their eyes,  
then you'll feel their pain.

Noel Guzman

## Gorilla

Big and strong like a gorilla.

Brave with no disease.

Showing its true color as being a beast  
that has the strength to throw things across the jungle.  
Able to fight anything without fear.

Jeff Espinal

## Tiger

A tiger is a  
predator but to  
the tiger we are the  
predator.

With their stripes  
being used as CARPET  
with their FUR being worn on the  
backs of famous people  
with their HEADS  
being hung on walls  
with their nails wrapping  
around our necks as we  
walk down the red carpet.  
We are their predator.

Iliana Polanco

## Butterfly

I am a little butterfly who's ready to fly up  
in the sky. I want to feel free like my family used to be.  
I don't know why all these things are happening to me.  
I want to be equal to them.  
It doesn't matter my wings' color, we're all the same.

Brian Parra



## Small Dog

A small dog  
Just wants to be free  
Just wants to be happy  
Just wants to be loved  
By other animals

The dog just wants to play with everyone  
With no problems  
The small dog tries and tries  
To stay good  
To be nice with the whole animal kingdom

But others want to fight with the small dog  
Want to bother and annoy the small dog  
Want to bully and put down the small dog  
So the small dog tries to stay calm  
And ignore them  
But they have to leave the small dog alone

So the small dog can run down a meadow  
With no care in the world  
So the small dog can peacefully sleep on his owner's bed  
So the small dog can play with his friends  
And live a happy life of  
A small dog

Yailene Rodriguez

You hurt me once  
You hurt me twice  
That's all I need in my life.  
You made me laugh  
You made me cry  
But now it's time  
to say goodbye

Naya Plajas

## No One Knows

No one knows the things I've seen.  
No one knows the things I've done.  
There are things I want to tell my friends  
but can't tell them.  
I have so many things on my mind,  
that's why I'm failing school.  
Too many things on my mind I can't focus.  
I don't care about being popular.  
I have friends I can hang out with  
even if they don't like me.  
Two are beautiful and one is just very peaceful.  
I like them the way they are.  
I care about them,  
but they don't care about me.  
I trust them but I don't trust them enough  
to tell them everything I can't tell anyone.  
No one can know,  
no one will know  
EVER.

Michayah Rogers

Bella, bella, they sing.  
The beat plays from my feet.  
I start to twirl  
and the beat and the color red start to meet.  
The time flies from 1993  
to tomorrow.  
I feel the breeze from the beat.

Ulianny Fabre

Thunder falls, so does my love.

Success is not about winning; it's about staying in the game.

Birds can be your best friends if you show them love.

You better taste your words before you spit them out.

If you have love then you can feel other people feelings.

Zain Alzindani

## Sneakers

3 PM waiting until 7 AM waiting  
for sneakers. I was the 89<sup>th</sup> person  
in front of 100 people behind me.  
I was so nervous and worried because  
I didn't want anything bad happening.  
The time went by, the store opened,  
I waited for my number to be called out.  
When my number was called out I got in  
the store and asked for a size nine and a half.  
As soon as I got out, I felt calm and left.

Jordon Quinones

## Clothespin

Life is like a clothespin  
You can't grab everything  
There's only so much you can handle  
Big dreams, small possibility  
Grab what you can  
Make it count  
Reach for the stars

Jade Fernandez



Bend low again night of summer stars  
So near you are sky of summer stars  
So near a long armed man can pick off stars  
Pick off what he wants in the sky

Roniel Brito

## Map

How can a map help with no destination?

Map is not just a paper

It is not something that everyone has.

It's something we make on our own.

It's not something that is given,

It is made by our decisions.

Sokhna Lam

## La Vida Difícil

At times my life suddenly opens its eyes in the dark  
I feel a spark  
like Lois and Clark  
just trying to make a mark  
and it makes my head swirl  
even though at times I just want to curl  
up in a ball  
cuz I'm scared I'm gonna fall  
into a life with no meaning  
no feeling  
like those people in the streets  
popin' pills  
not paying their bills  
going day by day  
where all they say  
is I need a fix  
from your bag of tricks  
or be a man with a dead end job  
or be part of the mob

I don't want a life  
where everywhere I go  
I gotta carry a knife  
now I don't want to sound like a preacher  
or try to be a teacher  
I just want it to be nice  
and actually live in the place people call  
Paradise

Fauri Estevez

## Unreal Dream

On my mind is a world full with pink sky  
And pink flowers,  
A castle with people singing and dancing,  
I wish this is true.

Xing Li

## Imperfections

Pink and silky  
Tied and perfect  
Nothing can ruin it  
IF it unravels...  
It's still pink  
And silky  
Not tied but  
still perfect  
It's not ruined  
Just torn inside  
But it could be re-tied  
And everything will be alright  
The person who untied it  
Will feel guilty  
While it sits there  
Being proof that nothing can ruin it  
If it's hurt it will bounce back  
Like the perfect ribbon it is

Anjalis De La Cruz

PORTFOLIO





# PORTFOLIO

The graduating class of 2016 at P.S. 140 simmered at a slow burn, but once they decided to get serious, they were on fire. I was privileged to share many special events with them during their final year at school. These included a memorable, eye-opening visit to Frank Sinatra High School, acceptances for one and all to specialized arts high schools in New York, a moving graduation ceremony, and two honorable mentions conferred by the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards. To each of these independent, funny and determined individuals, I wish growing confidence and success in the journeys they take to expand their horizons and pursue their dreams.

Susan Hamburger





Ashley Baez, Untitled fashion illustration, colored pencil on paper, 28 x 24 in



Elianny Fabre, Still Life painting, acrylic on paper, 17 x 14 in

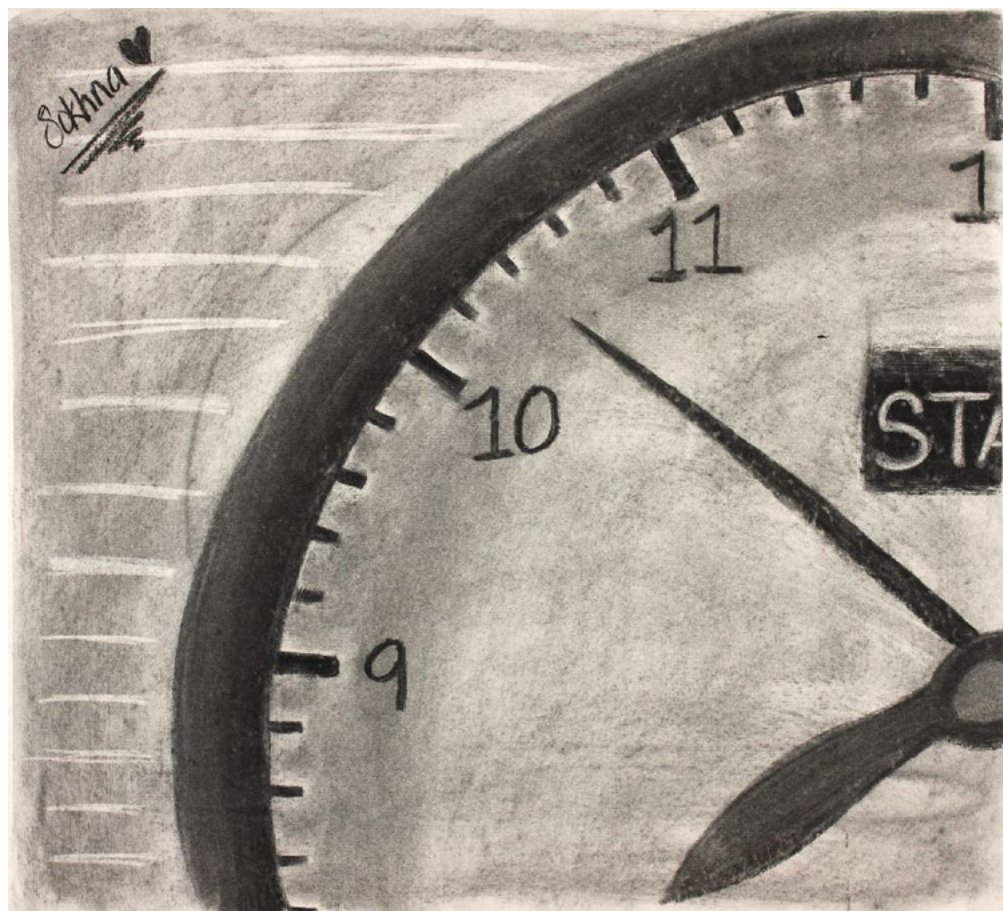




Elianny Fabre, Self-portrait, oil pastel on black paper, 20 × 18 in



Fauri Estevez, Still life, acrylic on paper 14 x 17 in



Sokhna Lam, Untitled, charcoal on paper, 19×20 in





Ulianny Fabre, Self-portrait, charcoal on paper, 18 x 24 in







# BIGGER THAN WE ARE

An Anthology of Poems  
and Artworks by  
8th Grade Students

P.S. 140 Nathan Straus  
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