

The Literary Magazine of P.J. Gelinas Jr. High School



Winter 09-10

Whirlwind



Calling all POETS!

**THE 2nd ANNUAL
GELINAS COFFEE HOUSE Poetry Jam
April 8, 2010**

Join us for a night of fun poetry performances!

**Teachers and students
celebrate
the power of words**

family and friends welcome!

- **Permission slips distributed in English classes March 15**
- **Entry Deadline March 24th**

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You may submit your poetry, creative writing, art and photography for the spring/summer edition.

**Send work to:
your English teacher or Whirlwind Editors at
lpalmer@3villagecsd.k12.ny.us.**

Please join us Wednesdays at 2:30 room 105!

The Whirlwind Staff

**Silvia Cohn
Grace Molino
John Strub**

**Kayla Miller
Maria Scutari
Mrs. Palmer**

Them
Ryan Patton, Grade 8

Up,
Down,
Smile,
Frown,
It matters not to them.

You cannot run you cannot hide,
For in everything they do reside,
Some are helpful they'll be your guide,
While some are as deadly as cyanide.

Jump,
Run,
Be sad,
Have fun,
It matters not to them.

Unluckily, picking one is not as easy as it sounds,
Because though one might seem like the biggest diamond in the mound,
Inside it might be a twisted evil clown,
Laughing its malicious shrieking laugh at everyone around,
It's cold advice can only bring you down.

Swim,
Fly,
Dig,
Sigh,
It matters not to them.

But do not worry and do not procrastinate,
Because others on them for you await,
Those clowns with a grinning uplifting face,
As warm and good as lava cake,
And these are the ones that you should take,
Because no matter how far you go it's never too late.

Eat,
Lie,
Drink,
Sigh,
It matters not to them.

Running and jumping and laughing with glee,
If you pick the right one you can do all of these,
As long as you don't pick the ones that'll bring you to your knees,
You'll be grateful and happy for eternity.

Goodbye,
For I have some of those choices to make,
And some delicious warm lava cake,
To bake.

Nighttime Café

Silvia Cohn, Grade 9

One walks on by

Until they tire

Decide to try

The alluring café

Resting in the warm yellow light

What contrast from the inky nighttime street

Observing the stars above

Awaiting an espresso order

Toying with table cloth

Fidgeting with silverware

Observing small passing crowds

Anticipating brewing cup

Pitter patter on the cobble streets

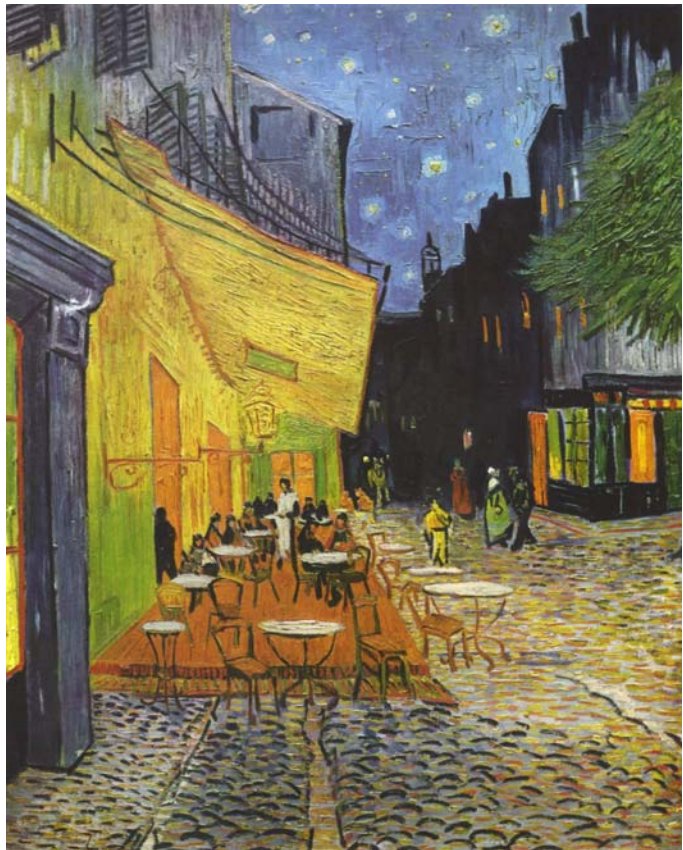
Combined with soft formal whispers

Titter tatter of awaiting fingers

Entwined, forming to the background

It seems so serene

In actuality noises all around



Breathless
Nick Fernandez, Grade 9

My eyes gently closed,
My breaths grew slower,
Then, I awoke at the beach.
I was breathless.

The air,
Smelt so sweet like lavender in the summer breeze
The wind was gentle—it rapped my skin making it soft.

The sand,
Was white it was the surface of the moon,
And formed dust when the wind swiped it off the ground.

I started to walk towards

The water
That glistened like the stars,
It was liquid diamond flowing tenderly in the sea.

The sky
Was so striking that it left me winded
The sun was brilliant
The vast star was an electric blue
And there were stars in the morning sky
It was dazzling

I did not know where I was
Was I in bliss or a dream?

Photo by Silvia Cohn



If I were in charge of the world
By Billy Spitz with thanks to Judith Viorst

If I were in charge of the world
I'd cancel paid programming,
Spinach,
Math class, and also
Monday.

If I were in charge of the world,
There'd be ice cream,
Burritos, and
White Castle cheeseburgers.

If I were in charge of the world,
You wouldn't have maniacs.
You wouldn't have terrorists,
You wouldn't have weapons,
Or private school,
You wouldn't even have expensive college tuition.

If I were in charge of the world,
A piece of pizza with sausage would be breakfast,
All G movies would be terminated unless they were Disney,
And a person who sometimes forgot to sleep,
And sometimes forgot not to creep,
Would still be allowed to be
In charge of the world.



Sandy Shores
Stephanie Schmitt, Grade 9

Step onto the sand
The grains scratch my toes
The salty mist
Sprays my nose

Feel the tingle of the warm sun
The serene ocean breeze
Twisting and twirling of women's dresses
Children building castles with ease

A woman bends down
Searching for shells
Turning up treasures
Oblivious to the children's yells

The water undulates
Slapping the shore
It comes crashing in
A king lion's roar

Mothers in their long elegant dresses
Sprawl in the sand
Two things that seem so different
somehow go hand in hand

Umbrellas arms open wide in hues of red and gold
Shading the owner's eyes from the sun
Parents dine on home-packed sandwiches
And tell their kids not to run

Sail boat in the distance
Gliding along slow
Inflated clouds against the sky
Balls of snow

Painting by William Merritt Chase



Unbalanced World

**A poem inspired by the art of Georgia O'Keeffe
Ilana Zwerling Grade 9**

The light beams from below
The sky rumbles above
Cracks and crashes of lightening bangs of thunder
The ocean flows

Gloomy clouds empower the ocean
The light charges within
The clouds take over
The glow of lingering light fades

Stuck in an unbalanced world
Tranquility and hazard battle
The light urges through Only to be conquered by the ink darkness

Peace-corrupted lightening shocks the heavens
Light departs
The sky and heavens take over
The dark powers over

Ochre bolts shock the azure water
Clouds thunder below the sun
The heavens open defeating the light
Stuck in a unbalanced world

Heavens fight back and forth
The Light advances forward
The dark chokes in combat
Still life— the light and dark
Forever stuck in an unbalanced world

Entrance

Brent Swike, Grade 9

I step on water
But it does not quake
It does not tremble
It does not move.

The waves gently roll on sand
As fire glistens on darkness
The water reflects the glare
But the liquid remains vacant.

I take another step
The water rolls under my feet
Unmoved, I'm not even there
Too dark to see the fire I set my sights on.

I approach the open flame
Its light dancing
On the waves,
And upon the sandy beach ahead.

Closer and closer I come,
But the light
Neither brightens
Nor dims

Finally close enough
To touch the kindle
The world I stand on
Awakens.

The sun comes out just
So that I may see
What lies before me
A massive structure.

Ominous, and in shambles,
It seems to be the whole world.
I fear what lurks inside
I stare and study

Its walls just wood
Its foundation just sand
Its doorway black as the midnight gloom.
A light flickers

In front of me
A door stands open
A welcome to the dark abyss within
Its lights shine on what is hidden.

But suddenly,
Off.
The lights go on and off.
On.

I look back at the fire,
To huddle by it now,
Is all I wish.
The fire clattering away.

I look back at the door,
Searching for a clue.
The only hint
Must lie within.

Each step the lights flicker more savagely.
Step.
Step.
Step.

My heart throbs in my chest
My breathing short-noted
I am so close,
Just a mere foot away,

I enter.

Jacek Yerka



The Wonders of Baking
Rowan St. Clair, Grade 9

**Crack an egg,
pinch and toss the
salt, throw the sugar,**

whip the milk, **beat the butter. Mix** mix mix. Let the ingredients dance together. **Each** intertwined with each other's flavor. Combinations, tastes and textures all come together. See the transformation. Smell the masterpiece. Watch the sugar melt with butter, the cream puff like powder. Mix Mix Mix. Let the audience watch. Let each sense tingle. Relax, let the aroma run wild through the kitchen. Look closely as the milk begins to churn...heat on...heat off...low heat...high heat...stir to a bubble...add...take away. A science, an art a beauty... be careful the slightest erroneous measurement could throw it off. IT is a creation... one only to behold after two...three...four hours of strenuous work. Beep...beep...beep the last sound of the adventure, open the door a blanket of heat hovers over...an armada attack of scorching perfume advances to your face as you peer in. A slight burn is worth the trouble. If cooked for a second longer, all would be lost.

Chain of Peace

Rachel Martin, Grade 7

Think, really hard

Hush, just one moment and take in what I have to say

There are many people in this world

And when we consider how many there really are

We begin to realize that in the whole scheme of things

We are really insignificant

As individuals

When we separate ourselves from everyone else, no matter how much we accomplish

Not much good becomes of it

But, when each of us takes the hand of another

The hand of a mourner, a griever, a loner, a sufferer

We become stronger, both of you

You become understanding, insightful, sensitive

You gain the strength needed to move on

And now with hands locked, you can both

TOGETHER

Walk out into the world, with good imbedded in your hearts

And sweet thoughts in your mind

Only to find many of you who have the best intentions in mind

That is how accomplishments are made

If you could only reach out and do that,

It would be your most shining glory

If we all joined hands, think of the endless possibilities

Think of the peace

Now, go out and find a hand to hold

I'm sure it will gladly grasp yours.

Vermont
By Meaghan Sugrue, Grade 9

Vivacious, viciously vivid, vast, valuable Vermont. Home of large, lovely, luscious, luxurious, lucid lakes. Framed by majestic, magical, mighty mountain masterpieces, covered in steep side-winding ski slopes. Vermont; where I feel free as I swish while I ski. Where feathery, frothy flurries and blustery, beautiful, big blizzards blanket the cute, cosmic countryside, which is wrought with wiry winding roads. Vermont, home of endless, enthralling, eternal, excellent, riveting reminiscences of spectacular, spacious summers spent splendidly and wonderful, wildly wacky winters which were not wasted. Vermont, home of my summertime heaven. A site where simplicity and happiness are the lay of the land and peace and originality flow all over. Home of pleasant picturesque pastures populated with cheerful, clumsy cows and fantastic forests made from monumental maples, tapped for syrupy, sweet sap. Home of Burton, Ben and Jerry's and Cabot cheese. Where Burlington and Brattleboro have whatever you please. When here with our weak winters and somewhat sedentary summers, I dream of returning to vivacious, viciously vivid, vast, valuable, virtuous, Vermont.

Broken Heart

By Bali Kumalo

Just let feelings flow
please, don't let them go.
Never, ever let it stop
when the love stops, your heart stops
when your heart stops, starts to fall.
and fall, and fall...
don't let it fall, don't let it stop.
Stop it before it stops you
because once it stops, falls, and breaks,
you can never replace the broken heart.

Photo by Silvia Cohn



Nature's Song

By Bali Kumalo

The song flows
Just like the wind blows.
The birds sing,
You can hear their gentle high-pitched ring
A sweet song, a beautiful song,
Hear the melody all in perfect harmony
The birds, the trees, the grass the sky, the sun,
They all create nature's song.

Photo by Silvia Cohn

