Gwynedd Mercy University
Student Poetry Anthology
Spring 2020
Dear Readers,

Within the powerful pages of this anthology, you will find the emotions and observations of my wonderful students of the Spring 2020 Introduction to Poetry course.

As you probably know, our school year was interrupted by the coronavirus epidemic. Before that moment, we had possessed an extraordinary sense of classroom camaraderie. Students were writing individual poems, duet poems, and more. They were also collaborating beautifully on presentations and on interpretations of poetry selections, such as William Wordsworth’s *Tintern Abbey* and Maya Angelou’s *Phenomenal Woman*.

It all came to a halt, or should I say, to a pause? Life continued online. And students soldiered on with great tenacity and spirit. These exceptional pupils have my heartfelt appreciation for the talents and energy they displayed all semester long. I hope you enjoy these glimpses of their work!

Sincerely,

Albert Fried-Cassorla

Lecturer in English

Editors:

Angela Poleck & Logan Grego
# Table of Contents

Monserrat Abreu .......................................................... Pg. 4  
Jessica Barnes ............................................................... Pg. 6  
Thomas Becker ............................................................. Pg. 7  
Ryan Boyd ................................................................. Pg. 8  
Maci DiCicco ............................................................... Pg. 9  
Katie Egerter ............................................................... Pg. 10  
Peter Fabiani ............................................................... Pg. 11  
Albert Fried-Cassorla .................................................. Pg. 12  
Logan Grego ............................................................... Pg. 14  
Haleigh Kaufmann ....................................................... Pg. 15  
Emma Keal ................................................................. Pg. 16  
Justin Keller ............................................................... Pg. 17  
Evan Kirby ................................................................. Pg. 19  
Hugh Lynch ............................................................... Pg. 21  
Bailey McLaughlin ...................................................... Pg. 22  
Madeline Mettee .......................................................... Pg. 23  
Alexis Ohler ............................................................... Pg. 24  
Angela Poleck ............................................................ Pg. 25  
Denise Sacco ............................................................. Pg. 26  
Sienna Schantz .......................................................... Pg. 27  
Cynthia Silva ............................................................. Pg. 28  
Kevin Sinclair ............................................................ Pg. 29  
Victoria Staub ............................................................ Pg. 30  
Billy Suter ................................................................. Pg. 31  
Madison Vanzant ......................................................... Pg. 32
Oceans and Honey
By: Monserrat Abreu

I opened up, I let you in
No matter the mistake or sin
I sacrificed my dark nights and long paragraphs,
My giggles, “scuffs”, and laughs,
for someone who might not last
Our days are getting shorter
But the weeks are getting longer
Starting to miss the times where we grew founder

I fell in love with how the sun kissed your cocoa butter skin
I loved the way your features highlighted your toned beauty
Looking into your pure honey filled eyes felt enchanting,
Even though your intentions weren’t as pure

He showed me what it meant to feel at harmony with myself
How to balance that shelf
Between love and hate
But now I know it’s too late
For any redemption
Because he was the only exception

Having bad days meant nothing
When it was a good day with him
But now I feel obligated to delete the yellow heart next to his name
But if I leave what does that make of this?
Another broken promise
Another broken pattern or
Another broken heart?

He calmed me down like he was the moon and I was the ocean
We were a symphony
A symbol of promise
A symbol of peace
Because he was my peace
From throwing dishes to angry parents
From family issues to weekly breakdowns
He showed me peace can be found even in the darkest cracks of this world
He showed me what peace felt like
Holding his hand was like holding the warm, torrid sand
But I felt the sand getting colder
The sand started to run through my fingers
And as each grain of sand slide from my fingertips
I felt him flee with it

His Moonlight highlighted the flaws of my ocean as if they were perfections
But the moon and the ocean were not in harmony anymore
The difference between the ocean and the moon is that the moon can live on his own but the ocean stays dependent
It’ll live in chaos
What if I’m the ocean
What if I can’t handle losing my peace?

But that’s the gist, I have to.
I can’t rely on you anymore, please
Now I have to find my own moon
My own peace
Dad
By: Jessica Barnes

Every day you are always there,
Right beside me at all times,
You always go anywhere.

Adventures are always fun with you by my side,
Climbing the mountains oh so high,
With the ATV’s that we ride.

You are always so tough,
Staying strong for everybody,
Even when times are rough.

When the doctor told us the news,
Everybody’s smiles turned to tears,
The word cancer was said, and we refused to lose.

The best father, son, and brother,
now diagnosed with cancer,
will fight like no other.

You told us not to worry,
I prayed every day,
The recovery would come in a hurry.
My Lucky Day
By: Thomas Becker

This place, full of fruit, but bare of others.
The fragrance of palms, watching them sway.
Sun beaming down, ideal for native lovers.
Where are all the people, one would say?

Could this paradise be solely for me?
Sometime daylight will fade.
Soon, nighttime will hide me under a tree.
In the morning river, I will wade.

Why beauty, bliss and delight so much alone?
My boat glided into the scene.
Can’t find a soul, person or even a bone.
I landed on a desert island I would deem.

Suddenly, I glance upon bodies so far away.
Yes, women all around me with joyful smiles.
This truly is a paradise, my lucky day.
I could now see only women for miles and miles.
Unforgettable
By: Ryan Boyd

There I was on that September Saturday night
Through the crowd of people you were the one that shined bright
People were in my ear telling me to talk to you
It didn’t take much convincing I knew what I wanted to do
The first time we made conversation you were a little shy
I knew I wanted to talk again because you had my eye
Then a friend of mine took me on a walk
There you were outside and we really got to talk
It’s funny that that talk has now lead us here
I wouldn’t change that night for the world because it brought you into my life
Now I get to love you for the rest of my life
Remembering You
By: Maci DiCicco

I remember waking up to the sound of the old radio playing in the kitchen.
The smell of eggs and bacon filling my nose.
Walking into that kitchen to find my best friend standing at the stove
With a cigar between his fingers and a grin on his face where he purposely left some dry toothpaste.
We’d laugh and joke while you’d tell me stories
No matter the mood or category you’d make my morning anything but boring
Which is something I’ll always cherish.

I wish this poem had a better ending but that’s not how it always works
It usually ends up sadder than what you’d read in story books
We can’t live forever no matter how good of a person we may be
But I know you’re up in heaven watching down on me.
Met by Fate
By: Katie Egerter

That day is so fresh in my head.
I remember every night as I was lying in bed,
You were the first thing to cross my mind.
You were the love that I did not realize I was looking to find.
The first day you came into my classroom,
Immediately caused my feelings for you to bloom.
I would tease you and say, “Hey, your shoes look like the Gushers snack!”
And I would wonder if the next day, you would need help and if you’d come back.
It started off with teasing and eventually we became friends,
Still to this day, I never want our relationship to end.
We met by chance, but it feels like it was fate,
I still get the same butterflies as I felt on our first date.
Now we are dating, and we are as happy as can be,
It has been two and a half years, just you and me.
I could never express in words, my feelings towards you,
But to sum it up, I love every aspect of you and everything you do.
Our future will be bright together,
As we support each other through every endeavor.
Our love will grow alongside our ages,
While we continue to turn our upcoming pages.
**Nick Foles**

By: Peter Fabiani

A classic tale of David against Goliath
An underdog story forged in facilities of stone and metal
The ominous king towering over its rivals, ripe to be usurped
Need only a Man with an arm of gold
A will of steel
A lion heart
A champion’s swagger
To dethrone the lord and take his pride
Pride which is a single treasure to rule the league
Many others embarked on the journey
To champion the people of their land and win glory
Only to returned with empty hands and broken hearts
But David took his beating
Sliced Goliath full of holes
Then to the world he bellowed the words “I am Nick Foles”
Flanagan on Lexington

By: Albert Fried-Cassorla

(On seeing the Tommy Flanagan Trio at the Jazz Standard, 27th Street, Manhattan, January 2, 2000)

Here's how it wuz…
Why write? ..Cuz...
Walking towards Flanagan, that mythical jazz pianist trippin' on the Manhattan crust.

Zippin' with my son past everyone down old B-way,
Going our way, with the Pakistans, Uzbekistans, and all stripes of fellow ameriKANs.... headed to the east side, passing at 44th below the Concorde hanging model, angled like a forlorn seabird,
Below great Northern Lights of giant cinemas in the sky....
Down the tube to the Times Square shuttle, on the fly...
   Watch your step!
Hop the gap between platform and car, two stops later and there we are --
not far.
Jazz Standard, club cool and dimly lit....
Peter Washington on bass, now thumbing it, fingerling the everlasting soft-hand-rhythm...
Flanagan, smooth, bald, avuncular Afro dude, ancient avatar so humbly smooth...
Lyrical as a Parisian streetlamp by the mist-enshrouded Seine,
making melodious sense
Painted backdrop of 12-inch scratched glass squares, setting the scene as if by unawares.
Now 2 tunes by Bud Powell --
and then Giuseppe Verde's "Body and Soul "


o, didn't you know? - that's johnny green, in his lyrical mode. note by plangent
note, in thoughtful mode, until playful fast-paced melody ...

A tune from Gershwin's "Girl Crazy" and Tommy asks...
what else is there is go crazy about?...
A woman in the throng meets the task - "Boy Crazy," she avers
Right on, the ladies infer
Capper now by dizzy g., dontcha see.... where tommy rolls on spiritedly,
Louis Nash drums hand-rappingly,
  fingers on skin, so seamlessly
Uplifted, powered we feel, by this night's Flan-Energy
The Storm that Hurts
By: Logan Grego

The evil clouds manifest slowly over my table
The clouds grew closer and closer as I packed up
Time passed like a snail racing for shelter
The thunder rolled like pins in a bowling lane
Drops came down hard and slow
I lock my gate as fast as I could
Run into the big building watching the storm wash away the dirt
Like washing away the sins we left behind
Watching it wishing I could sit out there without being struck
Watching the rain looked like the way it did
The way it looked when she told me to leave
The way she pointed her finger out the screen door
She has completely disowned me
Every time I see the dark evil sky
I see the night she stopped wanting me
The clouds rolled
They screamed
They made me feel safe
Now it makes me want to run
I used to see the rain as a soothing sound
Now I fear the sounds
The sounds bring me back her words
I want to heal
But the rain roaring so loud bring me back to the bad memories
The storms are my new fear
My happiness and fear
Momma Rox
By: Haleigh Kaufmann

My mom and best friend all in one
Whenever I’m with you, it is so much fun
I can come to you when I am feeling blue
You have my back with whatever I do
Coming home in scrubs, always tired and late
Always at games, supporting your number eight
Jamming out to some country is our favorite thing
Especially when snapchat can hear you sing
Waking up early to head to the beach
We stay there until the sun is out of reach
Matching tattoo of waves on our feet
Whenever I’m with you, I’ll never miss a beat
Your love I’m sure I’ll never lack
I love you to the moon and back
Basketball
By: Emma Keal

When I first saw that ball bounce
It made my heart pounce
As I dribbled day and night
I no longer felt fright
The excitement of the game always kept me on my toes
But it had its lows
From sprained ankles to bruised bones, oh how my body burned
Every victory was earned
The bond of teammates is a relationship indescribable
They keep you accountable
Who knew an orange ball could impact a life so much
Because it did mine a bunch
Lying like a pancake on the ground
When he's there, all the crickets go around
Bathing in the sun
I guess, for him, that's fun
Even if it's just an artificial light
To him, it seems to feel just right

Taking him out and make sure the water's warm
And take out his towel uniform
Into the sink he goes
And it soon touches his toes
We pour it on him easy
And make sure he doesn't get too breezy
When his bath soon comes to a close
We dry him off on a towel the color of rose

He can't see the worms in the sand
So we move them to another land
With a white paper beneath
He's ready to eat and chew them between his teeth
We add in some lettuce as well
Though when he's done he may try to rebel
He'll run into a dark corner
And sit there and stare, as if he's a mourner
When we catch him and bring him back
He'll sit on his log, though we soon may hear a "thwack"
'cause he pushed his log down
Acts like he did nothing wrong—won't even frown
But that's my bearded dragon
It's a species of lizard
Who puff up their "beard"
To make them appear feared
To any predator that may appear
Even if he can't always see clear
His name is James
Sometimes called Beardy
Though I know I won't frown
When playing with him
Even though my time at home
May soon come to a close
Whenever I can, I make sure we're together
We play around and have fun
The Comeback
By: Evan Kirby

I remember the time when we were down by one,
Most of the team thought that we were done,
Five minutes left in the game,
Losing in the state cup finals would be such a shame,

Coming out of the game for a quick rest,
Knowing I gave it all and did my best,
Suddenly my teammate went down hurt,
An injury where he couldn’t just rub on some dirt,

My coach subbed me back in to play,
Hoping I could possibly save the day,
“This is your chance” he said,
I knew I could get this team out from the dead,

I went to my position up top,
Knowing I was the player they had to stop,
I was passed the ball at the top of the box,
This was a moment that was going to get people out their socks,

I kicked the ball with such a threat,
I looked up and saw the ball soar into the back of the net,
Game tied with a minute to go,
Ball went out of bounds, it was our throw,

I backed up and threw the ball in with all my might,
It was my teammates’ job to jump up and take flight,
My friend Matt got his head to the ball,
It helped that he was so tall,
The ball ended up crossing the line,
By the end of the game we did fine,
We had won the game in the last second,
I was the difference-maker, I had reckoned,

I realized that it was important to just play your role,
You just got to work hard because it’s out of your control,
At the end of the day I was labeled a state champ winner,
And the whole team when out for a victory dinner.

http://www.sportpsychologytoday.com/?attachment_id=3966
My Girl

By: Hugh Lynch

Blonde hair and blues eyes, she caught my attention,
It was hard to get her to like me because I was always in detention.
Not everyone knows when they see the right girl.
For me it was easy, she was the only one in the world.
It was not easy to make the first move,
I was a shy guy when it came to being smooth.
By senior year I knew I had to try,
Otherwise I would have to say bye.
A year and eight months later we are happy as could be,
Always thinking and dreaming about our future family.
She is my soulmate, my best friend,
That’s the only thing that matters in the end.
My Finest Treasure
By: Bailey McLaughlin

Reposing on amber grains,
And emancipating the tension from our brains
The melodious ocean whispers my name
I gaze at its cobalt ripples, until the sun loses its flame

Sauntering toward the sea,
Its song overtake me
As though a siren were in the deep blue
Summoning me away from you

Inspecting my sandy toes,
A rush of water catches my feet at its close
The sky illuminates one last golden glow
I find myself yearning over the distant waves in which I could only hope to know

Inhaling the salty air—I take a breath, ready to submerge,
But I displace my urge
To go would mean I’d leave forever,
Though I’d never leave my finest treasure.

“A photo of me and my finest treasure at the beach.”
Lost and Found
By: Madeline Mettee

I remember being called your little girl

You did some things

I try to call you now, the phone just rings

I remember hearing you say
you would never leave

Are you still there?

I don’t know what to believe

You don’t care
I sometimes shed a tear

But I’m bigger now,
Working towards a career

You walked out the door
I’m not so little anymore

You don’t look back
Dad, I been so off track

It hurts to think about old times
Told everyone stuff at home was fine

I remember when you were around
Was lost then, found now
Aloha Cousin,
Beautiful O’ahu the main island of Hawaii
You are dear to my heart
Always relying on you to keep me warm in the month of December

I remember visiting you for the first time…
Seeing the great sunshine
Big palm trees
Light ocean breeze
Swimming in the bright blue seas

Watching the motion of the ocean
Waves carrying my body on the shoreline
mist bushing against my face

Snorkeling with the beautiful fishes
Wishes soon to come true
As I will be spending December with you

See you on my 21st birthday
The magnificent island of O’ahu
And What a Princess You Were...

By: Angela Poleck

At just four years old, I remember bringing you home. Pacing around the house, I was glad to see you roam. Adventures awaited us, as we grew, Growing fonder each moment, my love, as you knew. Since a puppy, you’ve played the role of a mother, Through every other animal, sister and brother. As time passed for us both, we eventually knew Our friendship would end, your life would subdue. Sixteen short years later, my beloved best friend, I had to let you go, for near was your end. Your shiny black fur, now splotched with gray, I just hope that you know you brought the best to my days. You’re better off now, no longer in pain, My memories of you, I’ll always retain.
Senior Year
By: Denise Sacco

My college years with you have brought me many cheers
We laughed until our bellies hurt and walked away in tears
Two girls from different states
Somehow, we always relate
So many things in common like our sense of humor
Two of the funniest girls is the steady rumor
Playing basketball has been an adventure
So many memories that I will always remember
Freshman year seems so long ago
Now we are seniors with only weeks to go
You are filled of joy and it makes everyone smile
Your humor and jokes make everyone stay awhile
Gwynedd Mercy has built our friendship
And our future is going to be electric!
The phone rings and you dread answering it knowing it’ll end in a fight. Waterproof make up ain’t made for a breakup on a Saturday night. The hurt inside of me only starts the fire. The rage in me will only grows like an amplifier. The look on your face as I succeed, Is sweet revenge guaranteed. I told you that you made your bed now you can sleep in it. There is no longer and room in my life for you to fit. I’ll continue to grow and flourish This lesson learned has given me enough courage. A chapter closed and a lesson learned.

“The X Lover
By: Sienna Schantz

“Heading in the right direction”
The first time I saw you
Instantly I knew
A new home is what you need
Away from that cage with the other breeds.
So small, you could fit in the palm of my hand
But quickly grew long and grand.
Archie the dachshund,
Who wags his tail often
Loves to play
All night and day.
The sweetest little hotdog boy
Fills my heart up with joy.
The perfect new addition to our family
You fit right in very naturally.
Once a little puppy, now three years old
You complete our home with your heart of gold.
Running around so happy and gleefully
For the rest of my life, you will be a piece of me.
Waiting for the water
By: Kevin Sinclair

Drink in my hand, breeze in the air
Waiting for the water to reach my chair

Lovely blue ocean
Gotta put on my sun lotion

Pearly white sand
You adhere to me against my body’s command

Drink in my hand, breeze in the air
Waiting for the water to reach my chair

The winged monsters lurk nearby
Trying to steal my French fry

Children beside me building a sandcastle
It keeps crashing, what a hassle

Drink in my hand, breeze in the air
Waiting for the water to reach my chair

Boats sailing by
Messenger planes in the sky

Dolphins bobbing in the sea
The tide brings in lots of debris

Drink in my hand, breeze in the air
Waiting for the water to reach my chair.
Khalif

By: Victoria Staub

From being friends on Instagram, to meeting in person.
Having no clue who each other were, to knowing everything.
Who would’ve thought an app could bring two strangers together?
Meeting you that hot summer day, anticipation built, my stomach fluttered with butterflies,
I was so excited to finally meet you.
From that day forward, our connection grew stronger and stronger.
From our first kiss in Burger King, to our first Valentine’s day, I still love that gigantic teddy bear.
My feelings only grew stronger,
I never knew someone could make me feel the way you’ve made me feel.
Every moment I cherish.
Your beautiful smile, your big brown eyes, your amazing personality, your big heart.
Oh, how time flies.
It’s been 7 years knowing you, and 7 of the best years of my life.
I love you.
Scraping the Sky
By: Billy Suter

Your hands scrape the sky like giants.
From snowy peaks to rocky bases, you stand proud.
No matter the season thousands bask in your glory.
In winter you sparkle, in spring you glow.
The pureness of your beauty, some will never know.
Towering over the world, nothing will match your greatness.
From the smallest bird to the mighty lion, many creatures call you home.
Nothing will ever match the mighty mountain.
You were here before us, and you will be here after us.
As winter fades, you shed your white powder for green grass.
This year’s journey to you won’t be my last!

www.Pixels.com
With All My Love
By: Madison Vanzant

The pictures on the fire place spoke in soft voices
Even though a couple weeks ago we were speaking face to face
Now all I hear is your voice through the pictures

All I wanted was your pain to go away
I prayed for peace to come swiftly for you
No one wanted to say goodbye
So, we were all just stuck asking why

Your smile was as bright as the sun
Your kindness was something that touched everyone
You may be gone but you will never be forgotten
With all the joy and laughter you brought in

Now, we may be apart
But pop-pop you will forever be in our hearts