



**THE
30TH ANNUAL
BILINGUAL
SCHOOLS
POETRY
FESTIVAL**

***Upper Secondary
February 26, 2004
Colegio Colombo Britanico
Laurence Auditorium
7:00 p.m.***

POETRY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

U P P E R S E C O N D A R Y

Thursday, February 26, 2004

7:00 p.m.

Host: Michael Schille – Colegio Colombo
Británico

Unpublished Poetry

Adult Speakers: Michael Schille, Oscar Morales –
Colegio Colombo Británico;
Leonardo Sposato – Colegio
Bolivar

Published Poetry

Group Poetry

Dramatic Poetry

Refreshments provided by the Colombo Britanico

P L E A S E R E M E M B E R . . .

- Turn off all cellular phones and pagers during the performance.
- Participants will be sitting on the right side of the auditorium.
- Stay seated during the recitals.
- No talking during the recitals.
- Try to keep younger members of your family in their seats and quiet during the performance.
- Applause AFTER the recital has been performed.
- Remain seated until the end of the performance.

...Thank You

UPPER SECONDARY

Thursday, February 26, 2004

7:00 p.m.

U N P U B L I S H E D P O E T R Y

Lina Giraldo	Colegio Jefferson	... , Natasha López
Pablo Julián Dickson	Colegio Bennett	<i>A Poem</i> , Juan Raul Grajales
Bonnie Divine	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Cali Poem</i> , Bonnie Divine
Nubia Valdivieso	Cañaverlas International School	<i>Our Doubts and Feelings</i> , Nubia Valdivieso
Juan Sebastián Marmolejo Egred	Colegio Bennett	<i>Reality</i> , Juan Sebasstían Marmolejo Egred
Michael Egred	Colegio Jefferson	<i>The Moon</i> , Michelle Egred, Jorge Mario Ramírez A.
Jeniffer Valdivieso	Cañaverlas International School	<i>Toy Boy</i> , Jeniffer Valdivieso
Juan Felipe Marquez	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Warm Rivers of Fish</i> , Juan Felipe Marquez

P U B L I S H E D P O E T R Y

Nataly Arias	Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs	<i>Perfection</i> , Kira C.
Andres Felipe Blanco	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Negro</i> , Langston Hughes
Ricardo Sanabria	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Dream Within a Dream</i> , Edgar Allan Poe
Maria Fernanda Saavedra	Colegio Colombo Britanico	<i>Amoeba</i> , John Hegley
Alfonzo Mendoza	Colegio Colombo Britanico	<i>Amoeba</i> , John Hegley
María Clara Calderón	Colegio Jefferson	<i>Still I Rise</i> , Maya Angelou
Daniela Cortissoz	Colegio Jefferson	<i>Do not Go Gentle into That Good Night</i> , Dylan Thomas
Luis Fernando Marulanda	Colegio Ingles de los Andes	<i>You, who have come thus far</i> , Peter Nicholson
Marcela Arizabaleta	Colegio Bennett	<i>Do Not Ration Love</i> , Gonzalo Gallo, translated into English by Marcela Arizabaleta

G R O U P P O E T R Y

Paola Giraldo, María Clara Calderón	Colegio Jefferson	<i>A Lie?</i> , Catalina García
Daniela Cortissoz, María Isabel Arcila	Colegio Jefferson	<i>Ashes</i> , Alejandro Tsai Cabal
Melissa Quintero, Sarah Arango	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Drink and Drive</i> , Jane Watkins
Emma Brickell, Luis Gabriel Trujillo	Colegio Bolivar	<i>I Call First</i> , Emma Brickell, Luis Gabriel Trujillo
Vanessa Gonzales, Cesar Pulido	Colegio Ingles de los Andes	<i>I Lie On The Ground</i> , Mike
Jorge Molina, Gabriela Estrada	Colegio Colombo Británico	<i>If</i> , Rudyard Kipling
Diana Nathalie Méndez, Veronica Patiño	Colegio Bennett	<i>Memories</i> , Author Unknown
Juan Felipe Rios, Isaac Kertnuz	Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs	<i>Once upon a Drunken Drive</i> , Holly Jones
Ana Maria Aguado, Luisa Fernanda Camargo	Colegio Bennett	<i>If</i> , Rudyard Kipling
Johana Reyes, Paula Cárdenas, Angélica Gutiérrez	Cañaverlas International School	<i>Why</i> , Johana Reyes, Paula Cárdenas and Angélica Gutiérrez

D R A M A T I C P O E T R Y

Elyssa Pachico, Julie Pachico, Alexandra Arango, Ana Torres, Juliana Carrillo	Colegio Bolivar	<i>All School Does Is Mess You Up</i> , Elyssa Pachico
Katherine Caicedo, Andrea Toro, Yessica Restrepo	Colegio Ingles de los Andes	<i>State Of Mind</i> , Katherine
Alejandra Gómez, Maria Juliana Lloreda, Angélica Naranjo	Colegio Bennett	<i>The Crime of Ages</i> , A.C. Bristol

The Moon

You are the light
In the blind darkness,
That stays during the whole night;
Your face, reflected in the rivers
Is the beauty with who stars fight.

Like a princess in a big castle
Surrounded by silver guards
Still waiting for the warrior
That will take her to new lands.

You are the silver illumination
For the creatures of the night;

The inspiration of the poets,
With your shiny holy white.

But happiness is not for ever
And her beauty some how will die;
When the brilliant warriors kills her,
And arrives into the sky.

Michelle Egred, Jorge Mario Ramírez A., Colegio Jefferson

Warm Rivers of Fish

When jousting in some prairie
Somewhere only me and my dog
Have been
I realize you have been there as well
Cause there's your debris, some smell
Of fish
That's right, Salmon,
Pink as Salmon
On a boat fishing, in my prairie
Staring at your big beautiful earrings,
And how they might as well match your eyes
I know, that something lies there
Just like a dead corpse floating on water,
Just like a man's feelings after a family slaughter
And in a brick wall, a
I, I
Graffiti your name
With a pause and a comma,
Just so
Passerbies and Bystanders
Get a good look at you
The whole you, sort of like pie
Warm apple pie,
I noticed my
Complexity of mind
Too vexed
Too unkind,
But hey,
Sweet apple pie, on display in a county
I beg for a bite,
One just might
Go insane,
Listen,
Elaine?
I am here, supposedly alone with my dog
I can still notice your face painted
In sole black
Enamored of me,
Or my dog
Or something, ohhh God I wish it was me
Apple pie, Im eating my slice,
Up in heaven Jesus rolls his dice
EUREKA
He just won a million dollars
I just want my apple pie
Sweet, sweet apple pie
And Salmon
Hi
This is my dog
Timmy,
I'm Tommy,
Interestingly stupid
I believe Cupid
Just hit me in the ass
You smell just like

Grass n a prairie where I joust,
I'm getting into my car
Driving very, very far
90 miles an hour
I roam,
I've grown
And so have you
I've lost the little childish dimples,
Your breast have fallen,
It all has risen
To the resurrection of Jesus
Hammer me down too,
I love you
Much to much
But just there.

Juan Marquez, Colegio Bolivar

Silence

Rough noise, loud noise
The sound civilization screams humanity Birds tweet,
beasts growl, the wind whispers Tender and pure sounds
For the sound of nature proclaims God

But can there be the sound of silence
For in silence we long for sound
For in silence we stop questioning and start
understanding

In the path of life men make noise
The most Powerful of them all... We produce words
Words that not only communicate but create and
destruct Words intended for other ears But only those
strengthened by the power of love beyond doubt reach,
The pureness of their goal.
Only those emitted by men with a strong spirit are
meant to reach us all.

Our own thoughts can blind us
For men are deaf... deafened by their own words It
doesn't matter how wise can other words be.
Men are deaf... deafened by the thought of their own
words And most of our words are mute to all ears
except our own .

So can we ever understand? Yes, we can .
In the depth of silence, we listen
In the humility of silence, we understand In the
quietness of our mind, our eyes are open to the real
colors of life

The silence of a touch,
the silence of a hug, or in the silence of a kiss Or even
in the silence of your lover's eyes Never can love be
screamed louder than when we are silent

In the silence of a prayer from the heart we can hear
God lets understand before we long to be understood

Juan Raul Grajales, Colegio Bennett

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y

A lie?

As the shadows keep passing by
I notice that my life is a lie,
Or is it just a sad dream?
Sometimes my thoughts sound like a dead scream

I wish I could say everything I need,
But I don't want them to laugh as I bleed, I feel used,
and sick, so small And your dirty irony isn't sleeping
at all.

Your mind is like an empty, cruel song
I try to stand up but I'm not strong,
With those words that pretend to be nice I know I can't
trust your charming eyes

Remember when you came like a soft whisper?
You're stormy lie, my world now is a twister, When I
cry, I can feel your happiness in every tear, I swear I
try, but all I know is misery and fear

I'll wake up from this long nightmare and see That
things happen and you'll mean nothing to me, But,
why do I worry if I know it isn't real?
Maybe I'm trapped,
Maybe I'm wrong,
Maybe this isn't a lie as I thought.

Catalina García, Colegio Jefferson

WHY

Why, Why do you kiss me,
say that you love me
and then make me cry?
Why do you give me that kiss
when your thoughts are not with me?

And how do you pretend to fix
all what we missed?
Do you think that with a hug
you will remove all this mud?

But you're wrong
'cause I don't want to see you in my world And I'm
trying to forget that I'm addicted to you, so I can't do
all the things you want me to.

But now I have a new love
that is giving me all that you don't.

Johana Reyes, Paula Cárdenas and Angélica Gutiérrez,
Cañaverlas International School

...

There you are
hurting me deeper and deeper
like a needle
on my broken lips,
like an anguished, acidic, and aflamed
afternoon
that is constantly
buring my skin
while here...
here I am
loving you every day more
than one week ago
like a kid that wishes
a chocolate ice-cream
which would twister
his stomach later.
Natasha López Read by: Lina Giraldo, Colegio
Jefferso

O R I G I N A L P O E T R Y

Toy Boy

I am not your toy to play with
to do with as you please
I will not bow before you
Nor get down on my knees

You're not the rule of my world
You cannot make my choice
I will control my own thoughts
and you will hear my voice

Listen to these words I say
they will not be repeated
Poor you and the games you play
you are so conceited

I'm not your doggy on a leash
I will not come for you
Don't think that I will beg or stay
You and I are through

So step down from your high horse
Please step off your throne
don't talk to me tomorrow
come back when you've grown

Jeniffer Valdivieso, Cañaverlas
International School

Reality

Doctor! Doctor! I have a problem
I am an experienced worker,
I earn a lot of money,
My family is marvelous,
And I own a sensible shelter
Through which new horizons can be
projected.

But I can't understand this feeling
That is oppressing my chest,
My lungs are swallowed by my fears,
And every night a frozen blanket
Hypnotizes my body and altercates my
movements

Doctor! Doctor! What can I do?
Is there a cure for my illness?
How can you explain my disease?
I can't stand any more this sickness,
And my last option is the magical hands of
knowledge.

"You're not going to die"
You are already dead.

I can't be dead,
I can still breathe and my heart beats
Correct your prediction.
You are not dead physically,
But you are dead in spirit,
You need a specialist, not me.

The depth of your problem needs to be
solved By the beautiful power that rules
your heart And knows your thoughts, This
being that is so far from sight But so near
spirit,

When he touches you,
Then you will be cured,
And calm will come like in mystical dreams
And you will be able to live On Earth or in
Heaven.

Juan Sebastián Marmolejo Colegio Bennett

ORIGINAL POETRY

All School Does Is Mess You Up

All school does is mess you up, it makes you wonder why you try
They claim we're special, every one, but they sit upon a throne of lies!

In Kinder 4 they told us "Share, your toys and food, you have so much"
So one kid stole my teddy bear, another one ate all my lunch

In Kinder 5 they told us "Learn, the alphabet, and learn it all"
So after I could read bad words written on the bathroom wall.

In first grade they told us "Make peace, the country has seen too much blood"
They didn't say that kids would beat me up and throw me in the mud

In second grade they said "this teacher will be the best you'll ever get"
She said when I went to meet her I was the dumbest kid she'd ever met

In third grade they told us to "Play, these healthy sports, you won't regret"
It was LIFE or DEATH, it was no game as kids threw balls straight at my head

In fourth grade they told us that "Math, is easy, friendly, fun and neat"
I'd stare at problems during class, wondering if they were Chinese

In fifth grade they told us that "Sex, you shouldn't ask, you're far too young
You'll end up pregnant, sick, or dead, or married before twenty one."

In sixth grade they said "Now it's time, to act your age and stand up tall"
But then they said it was crime, to write grown up words on the wall

In seventh grade they told us "Friends will never stab you in the back"
The trick, I learned, is to stab them, and act surprised when they get mad

In eighth grade they told us "Inside, is inner beauty all can see"
So how come all those girls would try to get some plastic surgery?

In ninth grade they said, "Speak the truth! Live a life that's full of honor!"

Every single time I tried to, they sent me to the counselor

In tenth grade they told us "Now's the time to take responsibility"
I'd do my homework on the bus and study while I watched TV

In eleventh grade they said "Beware! It's almost done, the end is near!"
I felt an inexplicable joy, mingled with regret and fear

School's a metaphor for life; I will tell you now, my friend
It's miserable, bizarre and long, but still you don't want it to end.

Elyssa Pachico, Colegio Bolivar

ASHES

When it's dark enough,
I can see no more
When there's so much snow.
I can freeze no more

I have lost my faith
As I've lost my heart
I will live again
When the sun comes out

When the fire burns
Ashes born from death
I'll be born again
From the dying woods

As when ashes burn
And the wind blows up
I will visit spaces
I will visit hearts I can see
the stars

In the ocean's reflection
Dying out in sadness
Lacking satisfaction

Shall I search for love?
Shall I then believe?

She was born in space
She's a dying star
Flying through the wind
She's a crying ash

Like two youthful flowers
Like two dead flood sounds
We will born again,
When the sun comes out.

Alejandro Tsai Cabal,
Colegio Jefferson

Our Doubts And Feelings

Many times I don't understand myself,
because as I love you I hate you,
as I kiss you,
I regret it,
and as I speak sweet words to you
I feel I'm not being sincere.
Why must I ask myself every night,
Why do your kisses mean the world to me, Why are
your words so gently whispered to my ear, and why do
you love me, in you own unique way.
But I guess this love is not a matter of doubts, but a
matter of enjoying and feeling every moment.

Nubia Valdivieso, Cañaverlas International School