



**THE
31ST ANNUAL
BILINGUAL
SCHOOLS
POETRY
FESTIVAL**

***Upper Secondary
February 24, 2005
Colegio Bolivar
Dale Swall Auditorium
7:00 p.m.***

POETRY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

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

Thursday, February 24, 2005

7:00 p.m.

Host: Michael Schille – Colegio Bolivar

Himno Nacional de Colombia & US National Anthem

Unpublished Poetry

Adult Speakers: Michael Schille – Colegio Bolivar
Aaron Malkin – Colegio Bolivar

Published Poetry

Group Poetry

Dramatic Poetry

Refreshments provided by the Colegio Bolivar

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

**Download pictures and programs from
<http://www.colegiobolivar.edu.co/poetry>**

UPPER SECONDARY

Thursday, February 24, 2005
7:00 p.m.

UNPUBLISHED POETRY

Juan Felipe Marquez	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Graffiti</i>
Luisa Fernanda Gallo	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>A Piece of Me</i> , Luisa Fernanda Gallo
Alexandra Cano	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>Baby I Don't Know</i> , Alexandra Cano
Juan Sebastián Marmolejo Egred	Colegio Bennett	<i>From the Distance I Write</i> , Juan Sebastián Marmolejo Egred
Marilynn Holguin	Colegio Colombo Británico	<i>Life</i> , Marilyn Holguin
Felipe Fuentes	Cañaverales International School	<i>Momories</i> , Felipe Fuentes
Alejandro Hurtado Segovia	Colegio Bennett	<i>Nothing Has Been the Same</i> , Alejandro Hurtado Segovia
Angela Racines	Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs	<i>Remember</i> , Angela Racines
Angélica Gutiérrez	Cañaverales International School	<i>This Love</i> , Irene Gómez

PUBLISHED POETRY

Juan Pablo Agudelo	Cañaverales International School	<i>All the World's a Stage</i> , William Shakespeare
Catalina Obando	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>Annabel Lee</i> , Edgar Allen Poe
Daniela Bernal	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>Because of You</i> , Bedford Amy
Manuela Valdés	Cañaverales International School	<i>I Don't Want To</i> , Rose Bud
Alvaro Guzman	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Jabberwocky</i> , Lewis Carroll
Johanna Alexandra Rojas Ruíz	Colegio Bennett	<i>Love to Love</i> , H. Wojciechowski
Ana Ma Aguado Morales	Colegio Bennett	<i>This Is a Photograph of Me</i> , M. Atwood
Pablo Arellano	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Why I Am Not a Painter</i> , Frank O'hara

GROUP POETRY

Claudia García Calvo, Juliana Azcurraín Luna, Ma Alejandra Quintana, Melissa Tanaka Núñez	Colegio Bennett	<i>A Friend Like You</i> , Reese
Ana Maria Cardenas, Gloria Munoz	Colegio Colombo Británico	<i>Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night</i> , Dylan Thomas
Carmen Elena Quiñones, Jennyfer Esguerra	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>Dreams</i> , Natalia Gironza
Eleonora Guzman, Juliana Buenaventura, Juliana Vasquez, Laura Albarracin, Luis Gabriel Trujillo, Maria Camila Andrade, Maria Paula Abadia	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Senioritis</i> , Luis Gabriel Trujillo
Francia Yang, Marcela Peña	Cañaverales International School	<i>Soldier</i> , Francia Yang
Alvaro Chavarro González, Ana Isabel García Meléndez, Ingrid Jasspi Ospina, Ma del Mar Valderrama Paz	Colegio Bennett	<i>Thank You for a Gift of Life</i> , B. Taylor
Carolina Martínez, Isabela Jaramillo	Cañaverales International School	<i>You Don't</i> , Isabela Jaramillo & Carolina Martínez

DRAMATIC POETRY

Carolina Martínez, Isabela Jaramillo	Cañaverales International School	<i>You Don't</i> , Isabela Jaramillo & Carolina Martínez
Christian Zapata, Liselotte Carvajal	Cañaverales International School	<i>Anabel Lee</i> , Edgar Allan Poe
Andrea Toro, Katherine Caicedo	Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes	<i>Memories</i> , Rosenbatt Eli

Dream

I don't really know if I'm awake or sleeping.
 All I know is that I'm floating carefully.
 I can tiptoe the deep waters of that lake I once saw.
 There's no light, yet I can see everything.
 I heard no sound at all so I whispered your name.
 When I think of you, loneliness is never the same.
 What a dark night, what a grey voice; yet your name colors my life and leaves no void.
 I have never seen your eyes; I have never heard your voice.
 You have helped me more than once and encouraged me to find poise.
 In all those things that are meant to be, and frightening smiles that I have seen, there's no stronger spark than the one you have created in me.
 As I close my eyes I remember you are everywhere.
 But the senses are anyway limited.
 Even if I know that one day I will be with you, I'm afraid of having feelings I never knew.
 I may have a strong spark, but it's still dark.
 Please don't let me be asleep; I need to tiptoe these waters that seem so deep.
 I don't know who I really am, and I'm not quite sure of what I want.
 Yet I do know that you exist and I hope with my life, you feel pleased.
 God please let me be awake, so that instead of whispering your name, I can shout and be heard.

Natalia Gironza, Bilingual School Inglés de los Andes

Baby I Don't Know

Baby I don't know what to say
 We were together in the past
 And now, there is no look back
 I still remember that day

You said I'm sorry
 But my love has gone away
 I cried all alone on bed
 Well, you were my all

you took it all away
 But don't worry
 There's no hard feelings at all
 I just wish you luck

I knew you were just my illusion
 But it is just the past
 it means nothing at all
 Til the day we meet again

Alexandra Cano, Bilingual School
 Inglés de los Andes

Nothing Has Been the Same

Nothing has been the same since you
 came along.
 Every time I see you, my world breaks
 apart.

Attached is my love to this song,
 Bounded is my soul to your heart.

Never-ending is my love to you.
 Watching dreams of only you and me
 Makes my heart beat harder for you,
 So I can live to be with thee.

Mark my words well:

Never have I felt this way,
 Feeling myself in a fairy tale,
 Hoping to never awake.

Do not doubt how much I love you
 Though my time with you is thin.
 I always think about you,
 Always loving you within.

Alejandro Hurtado Segovia, Colegio Bennett

You Don't

You don't know what you do
 When you look at me that way
 You don't know that way
 You don't know how
 My heart breaks

Every time you say my mane
 You don't see all the tears
 That don't hear how I pay
 That you're safe when we're apart
 Every time we kiss
 You don't know

How you steel a piece of my soul
 You don't know how it falls
 To be the one who loves the most
 How hard it is not to beg you to say
 Then watch you go

You say it's all in may head
 Bat to me it seems so real
 You don't know how it falls
 You might think you do
 But you don't ...

Isabella Jaramillo & Carolina Martínez,
 Cañaverales International School

From the Distance I Write

From the distance I write,
 With no harm but with disillusion,
 And alarmed by the confusion
 My young heart cries,

I can't find a reason,
 But I have made my own decision,
 Life is short when you die,
 But until that moment you can't notice the dimension of the act.

Breathing is easy when your lungs aren't rotten, Rotten by the powder of the machine guns, Rotten by the ambition of the human beings, Rotten by every life that disappears And without reaction Our impotent body with no choice, bleeds through tears.

What time is it?
 Time to understand
 That we don't live forever,
 That our destiny is marked with the corrosive letter of death, And no matter who you are, Your body is going to have the same end.

Transform your feelings,
 Enjoy the greetings,
 Hug when you can,
 And be grateful that you still have hands, Kiss when you love, And revive all of your hopes Because dreams can come true, But you have to take your own route, Because life goes away And you won't be able to say "again".

I'm only an inexperienced teenager,
 With no more knowledge than a sophomore with no mayor, But I can see the battle from the sidelines And give testimony That people lose their lives with no mercy, This is why I suggest With no interest but with faith, That you live your life without binding limitations, because the contrary will not save you from the final destination.

Juan Sebastián Marmolejo Egred, Colegio Bennett

Memories

I see your face and I just smile
 Memories flash on my head
 All the good times we had
 How happy you made me feel
 And How big and strong our love was.

But then other memories pass by
 How you learned to live without me
 As you were my air to breathe
 How you began to stop loving me
 As my love only grew stronger for you
 How you backstabbed me with your daily doings As I just tried to make you happy And how you tried to recover all you left from me As I just kept leaving more and more...

Now it's over and you can do nothing
 It was your fault and you'll never come back.

Now the one who's sorry and gets weak
 While the other gets stronger-is another And now the one who's letting the other go by as the other loves the most-is another And now the one who backstabs with just a smile as the other just tries to recover-is another.

So I think again
 And try to go on
 Forgetting all the bad memories

As the good ones too
 But besides of all
 Getting new memories to remember life-long
 Felipe Fuentes, Cañaverales International School

ORIGINAL POETRY

Soldier

The dawn of the coming day sits in thinking, Tomorrow will be the day that he shall leave.
Head held high witnessing through the eyes of courage and fear, Undeserving to die, but saving the selfish souls of bodies that of his we shall retrieve.

What was his question again?

Oh yes, Does God love him enough to allow him to return home?

Or to finally leave towards his final destination, Or to close his mind and feel he is left alone.

Silent tears grasping his death of life, And his life of fear grasping him.

The flames of hell is mere touch of the expecting act, The sunshine in his eye went dark and dim.

He's gone away to fight and conquer the enemy, For the nation that created his beloved passion.

God bless his soul, his heart, his mind, his thoughts, Our debt to him for his brave action.

The evening sky is falling right upon him, The shouting, the crying, the shooting is all he'll ever hear.

For there is nothing braver nor greater, Than the heart of a volunteer. (together)

Francia Yang, Cañaverales International School

Life

Life is a road, short or extended
Sometimes smooth, sometimes bumpy unneeded
But if not lit by hope and inspiration
The path can start vanishing into empty
desperation

It's not just a deep enchanted sea
It's a clear and shaded ocean only few can see
Abundant with colourful features
But polluted with grey self-centred creatures

Life is somewhat like Colombia
Amazing spiritual and physical beauty
Not always corrupted by cruelty all over
An unknown treasure hidden under a dull cover

But life brings us love and friendship
Love, a deep warmth that deprives us of our
duties
With the minimum illusion of a mutual glance
Enforced and supported by friendship and not by
chance

Life helps and pushes us in many ways
Placing human angels in our struggling maze
To give us a hand and indirect wisdom advice

That can be picked up to complete the puzzle of
life

Only time can reveal things life teaches us
To praise every instant as if it were the last
The perfect future will never come and reach us
Just enjoy, appreciate and enhance the little
things you can

Because not the big things but the little ones
matter

For the big ones evolve from the smaller
How can a simple virus or bacteria when
released

Cause such an extremely deadly disease?

But sometimes part of life I don't want to be
In spite of my human intelligence and supposed
superiority
Killing and destroying nature is no my
concoction
I don't want to keep constructing my own
destruction

Marilynn Holguín Clover, Colombo Británico

ORIGINAL POETRY

Remember

I remember you,
Because you always are with me
You always take my hand
And you always look at me.

I remember you,
Since I was a baby
I see you all the time,
in everything in everyplace

I remember you
Because my heart told me,
That I love you
My eyes always look for yours
And my hands always want to hold yours

I remember you,
Because I know everything about you
I know when you are sad
I know what you like
I know what you love

I remember you,
Because you are always in my dreams
And my whole life is for you

I love you because my heart begins to beat, When you are here
with me I remember you because I don't live without you I
remember you because you are everything to me

Angela Racines, Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs

Senioritis

Twelfth grade finally arrives
There's no more need for lies
You feel the torture is almost done
You're only up for fun!

Turns out we were mistaken
All the fun had been taken
And since the first day we were back
The stress began to stack

The schedule was the first blow
How cool an AP course!
But like 4 hour exams would show
Our head was all remorse!

Applications were a blast
They didn't ask for much
10 essays seemed to be the task
"A résumé adds just that touch!"

And College Board would mail
Your SAT's are out!
Is 900 enough for Yale?
The answer makes you shout!

And what about the senior trip?
There's no way it will slip!
But when the school said "no way!"
We all decide to stay!

Skip day was a catfight
Between the patas and the becks
Discussing who had the right
To make the problem more complex!

Because of colombinos
We could not be so finos
Club Campestre said get out!
The senior party was in doubt

The finals were so easy
We could have done them dopey
Somehow exams seem cheesy
When you already have a copy

Then comes the senior project
It took us all year long
Reading 20 books about your subject
Seems just a little strong

We cry so many tears
When we have to write our will
Saying goodbye to all our peers
Produces such a painful thrill!

As a result of these events
Senioritis starts to show
And in this way presents:
The first symptoms of this woe

Twelfth graders with no need
To study up till dawn
Do calculus or read
Or explain their morning yawn

When graduation draws near
There is no need to fear
We're over all this "fun"!

Luis Gabriel Trujillo, Colegio Bolivar