

POETRY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

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

Thursday, February 23, 2006, 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Unpublished Poetry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>

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

Homework

Whenever I come back from school
After an everlasting day,
I take my bag, close my eyes
And after this I Pray:

Oh God I pray to you
So there's no homework for today,
For I have no books right now
And I imagine what my parents would say:

Why didn't you bring your books
You lazy little creep,
I've thought you to be responsible
And your school isn't very cheap

School is not so easy
As I can simply recall,
But its you responsibility
Not to let your grades fall

You shall be punished
From this day to September,
From there you'll get a second chance
But only till December

No parties, videogames
TV or even chat,
Forget about Gorgona
And say goodbye to your baseball bat

I prepared for final grades
And imagined what I'd get
That horrible cero
Left my eyes soaking wet

Like a little girl
I would give my last pray,
Please No Homework
Crying I would say

If your grades do not improve
No more Lemon Flavored Tea
You will start to work
Because you'll loose your monthly fee

But like I've given you
The opportunity to improve
You better start that working
And I suggest for you to move

After this awful prayer
I said hello to death,
Prepared for the worst
And decided to hold my breath

Time passed and like I had expected
All the time, if you may
The ugly looking notebook said:
No Homework for today.

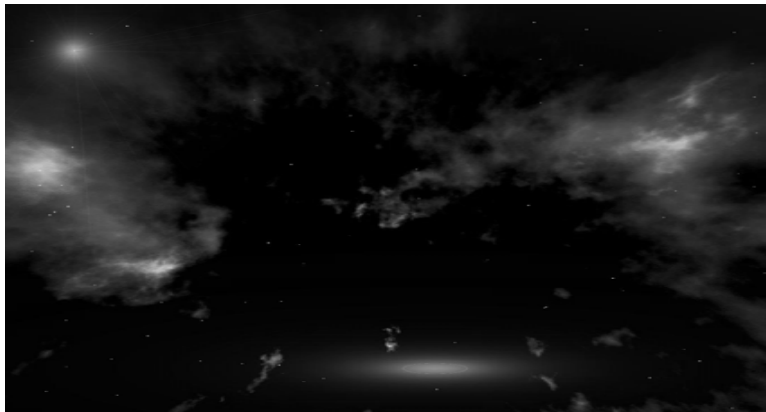
By Sebastian Moncada, Colegio Bolivar



The Darkness

When the night sets
And my life falls with it
There was no moon
No light for me.
I was lost in the darkness of my soul
And my sorrows had drown me into it.
The pain had come into my life
And It wasn't ready to leave.
I was blind by the past that once was perfect, But later on, it became my
only nightmare, the secrets that haunt me are the memories that I don't
want to remember It is the past that I want to forget, And must not be
mentioned, I must tell I once committed a crime, a sin You must know, full
of evilness, cruelty and anger.
An unreasonable fact that
will always be apart from me.
It is the dark side of my life
That hides in the deepness of my mind.
It tries to rest, but memories come back, and my life is no longer the same,
I'm down by the cruelty of a god It is the past that shall not be told And
must conceive unknown.

By Gabrielle Martinez, Cañaverales International School



THE 32ND ANNUAL BILINGUAL SCHOOLS POETRY FESTIVAL

Upper Secondary
February 23, 2006
Colegio Bolivar
Dale Swall Auditorium
7:00 p.m.

UPPER SECONDARY

Thursday, February 23, 2006
7:00 p.m.

UNPUBLISHED POETRY

Felipe Fuentes	Cañaverales International School	<i>What's This Feeling</i> , Felipe Fuentes
Gabrielle Martínez	Cañaverales International School	<i>The Darkness</i> , Gabrielle Martínez
Lia Nessim	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Iraq</i> , Lia Nessim
Natalia Gonzalez	Colegio Ingles de Los Andes	<i>To My Father</i> , Natalia Gonzalez
Sebastian Moncada	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Homework</i> , Sebastian Moncada

PUBLISHED POETRY

Cristina Dominguez	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Everybody Knows</i> , Leonard Cohen
Eliana Zuluaga	Cañaverales International School	<i>Love Is Never Easy</i> , J.S. Bach
Jennifer Losada	Colegio Ingles de Los Andes	<i>Do Not Go Fentle Into That Good Night</i> , Dylan Thomas
Oscar Díaz	Cañaverales International School	<i>Dead Boys Poem</i> , Tarja Tüürinen
Ricardo Sanabria	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Alone</i> , Edgar Allen Poe

GROUP POETRY

Daniela Baena, Daniela López	Cañaverales International School	<i>A Travel to the Moon</i> , Keite
Daniela Martínez Rendón, Laura Arboleda Mendoza	Colegio Bennett	<i>Born Old</i> , J. Roberts
Daniela Arbelaez, Javier Alejandro Mosquera, Jorge Alberto Arias, Jose Fernando Aguirre	Colegio Ingles de Los Andes	<i>Fern Hill</i> , Dylan Thomas
Ana Sofia Gonzalez, Laura Potes	Colegio Bolivar	<i>Macavity</i> , T.S. Eliot
Andrés Felipe Herrera, Lukas Rueda	Cañaverales International School	<i>My Love</i> , Tasha Shores
Alejandra Tarquino, Catalina Piedrahita, Maria Alejandra Hincapie	Colegio Bolivar	<i>The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls</i> , Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

DRAMATIC POETRY

Mariana Aparicio, Cristina Dominguez	Colegio Bolivar	<i>The Problem With Love Is</i> , Anonymus
Lisselotte Carvajal, Marcela Peña	Cañaverales International School	<i>A Dream</i> , Edgar Alla Poe

ORIGINAL POETRY

IRAQ

Alone waiting for an answer
It's a small little boy.
He dreamed to be a doctor
He dreamed to have a life.

All his dreams are vanished
All his life has no sense
But he still awaits,
Sitting alone
Waiting for his death.

He is looking at the nothing
He is breathing on death
But he is still there
Sitting alone waiting to be saved

Memories now fly in his head
Feeding on his brain,
Calming his pain

Now his gaze is not in the nothing
His questions still not being answered
But he is still there hoping,
Hoping to be himself again.

He moves his head
To his dead friend
And he remembered his voice, his smile, his walk
But he didn't move, he just stayed there
Seeing how dead is consuming and feeding his pain
But he doesn't react, 'cause everything he wants
Is to stop being in war
Seeing how he lose his sense, his life, his hopes, his friends
But he still doesn't move
Cause he is waiting to be dead.

That little boy
Who dreamed to be a doctor
Now is dreaming to be saved.

By Lia Nessim Macia, Colegio Bolivar



What's This Feeling?

What's this feeling I've been feeling?
That makes me go to heaven
See the angels and feel happy with everything
Maybe it's the place you're from.

What's this feeling I've been feeling?
That heals all pain
And turns a dark day into a beautiful one
Maybe it's because you're an angel.

An angel who felt from heaven into this world
And angel so beautiful that could only be shaped by God himself
And angel whose smile was made by the own nature
An angel so perfect that only with seeing her you will feel happy with everything.

So, what's this feeling I've been feeling?
That makes me want to be with you all the time I can
Because time with you is invaluable
Maybe it's because you're my angel.



By Felipe Fuentes, Cañaverales International School

Untitled

How do I describe what I feel for you
Its so difficult
I feel so many things for you
And I cant hide it but I prefer to run
You are like the night in my heart
You are so dark and you make me bad
But you love that, you make the moon carry my dreams
You are everything but you do nothing for me
Your presence makes my heart howl
But I dont know if he howls because I dont know
If I'm scared for the future or for you
You make me live but you dont want see me living
You make the sun shine every morning
But what you really want is to illuminate my eyes and dissolve my soul
You dont love me
You want to engrave your name in my skin
In my heart, in my eyes, in my soul
You want me like a trophy
You want me like your soul in body
You take refuge in me
You find in me what you would like to be
You are the reason that I dream
You are everything till the end
You are the A but want to be the Z
You want my life
But I dont see myself in it.

by Angela Racines, Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs

My Song

This is my song
The song of my life
It has guitar, saxophone and piano
It's in jazz

The peaceful jazz
I love jazz
Because it's my favorite music

Music, music, music
The great music
I love music

It really makes me happy

My song expresses feelings
Feelings like friendship

Songs, songs, songs
I love to have a song

By Abraham Stern, Colegio Hebreo Jorge Isaacs

