THE
29TH ANNUAL
BILINGUAL
SCHOOLS
POETRY
FESTIVAL

Upper Secondary
February 27, 2003
Colegio Colombo Britanico
Laurence Auditorium
7:00 p.m.
POETRY FESTIVAL PROGRAM

UPPER SECONDARY

Thursday, February 27, 2003
7:00 p.m.

Host: Geoff Watson – Colegio Colombo Britanico

Unpublished Poetry

Adult Speakers: Judith Scanlon, Luisa Humphrey and Matthew Dwelley – Colegio Jefferson; Tim Stone – Colegio Bolivar

Published Poetry

Group Poetry

Dramatic Poetry

Refreshments provided by the Colombo Britanico

PLEASE REMEMBER . . .

• 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
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<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Poem Title</th>
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<tr>
<td>Elyssa Pachico</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td>Untitled</td>
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<tr>
<td>Francisco Eduardo Molina Ayala</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td>Membrane</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ingrid Tsai</td>
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<td>Drifting through the Fields of Summer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Marcela Rojas</td>
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<td>María del Mar Yacamán</td>
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<td>Santiago Amortegui</td>
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<td>Yvonne Valencia</td>
<td>Cañaverales International School</td>
<td>The Many Sunsets I have Spent with You</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alejandro Gallo</td>
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<td>You Can, Taylor Shea Alexander</td>
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<td>Janike Ruginis</td>
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<td>Spirit of the Dead, Edgar Allen Poe</td>
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<td>Catalina Maldonado</td>
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<td>Touched by an Angel, M. Angelou</td>
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<td>Daniela Zuluaga</td>
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<td>Mid-Term Break, Seamus Heaney</td>
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<td>Diana Patricia Rengifo Gutiérrez</td>
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<td>Emma Brickell</td>
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<td>The Cremation of Sam Mcgee, Robert Service</td>
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<td>Marcela Palau</td>
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<td>Phenomenal Woman, Maya Angelou</td>
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<td>Yvonne Valencia</td>
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<td>Excerpt from King Henry VIII, William Shakespeare</td>
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# Group Poetry

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<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hanny Ordoñez, Juliana Roman</td>
<td>Cañaverales International School</td>
<td><em>I’ll be there for you,</em> Ashley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Eugenia Gomez, Isabella Robleo</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Británico</td>
<td><em>The Writer,</em> Sujata Bhatt</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ricardo Andrés Guzmán Arias,</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>Father Williams,</em> L. Carroll</td>
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<td>Manuel Idrobo Salazar</td>
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<td>Emma Urdinola, Katherine</td>
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<td><em>Not Meant for Each Other,</em> Jessica</td>
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<td>Caicedo</td>
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<td>Restrepo</td>
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<td>Felipé Arbolaéz, Pablo</td>
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<td><em>Mushrooms,</em> Sylvia Plath</td>
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<td>Madriñan</td>
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# Dramatic Poetry

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<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lynnetty Mahuku, Luis Trujillo</td>
<td>Colegio Bolívar</td>
<td><em>Table,</em> from the Turkish of Edip</td>
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<td>Maria Palau Cordoba, Catalina</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Británico</td>
<td><em>What a poem's not,</em> John Hegley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gomez</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jennifer Ramos Potes, Valeria</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>The Crime of the Ages,</em> A.C. Bristol</td>
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# Original Poetry

**Drifting through the Fields of Summer**

As drifting through the fields of summer, I discover the colours of life.
I see trees of green, red roses too.*

I'm drowning in an ocean of colours;
Blue in the sky above;
Orange, in an an intense fire.

When I float in a sudden dream,
A rainbow crosses my path.
I'm on an island of shimmering yellow.

Enlo.ing the colours of life,
I appreciate it's beauty,
Live the emotions that it brings.

I see trees of green, red roses too.*

* Ingrid Tsai, Colegio Colombo Británico

* poem inspired by 'What a Wonderful World' by Louis Armstrong.
The Many Sunsets I Have Spent with You

The dying embers of the sun, tinting your face with gold
As you gazed joyfully into the setting sun.
With its cotton candy clouds as light.
As the soft touch of your hand upon mine.
The vibrant colors of the sky signify its sweet goodbye to the setting sun.
Yet, I sat there sadly pondering as to how I could tell you.
Tell you that you mean everything to me.
That you are the light in my life.
The sun of my day.
And the start of my night.
That if it wasn’t for you, supporting me in my times of need.
Regardless of me childishly pushing you away.
When I was to arrogant to admit that I needed help.
I would have been lost by now.
How can I make you see.
That just as the sun say goodbye.
So must I.
Not for just one night or one day.
But for the rest of our lives
Now that I am here I sometimes feel as I am dying inside.
At time, my strength falters me and I feel as I cant go on.
Yet, just the thought of the circumstances I see.
The children of the street.
The people too cruel to help their own.
And the thought of your warm embrace.
Makes my realize that I have no right to give up just to go on.

Yvonne Valencia, Los Cañaverales International School
**END OF THE WORLD POEM**

With the world so close to ending  
It does no good to keep pretending  
That it inspired in me a passion  
When it was just a front I fashioned  
So let us speak the truth now then  
I never liked my fellow men  
The things they preached of, God and Soul  
Only left me sick and cold  
And all the things meant to inspire  
The sting of ice, the bite of fire  
Never did but dull and ache  
And seem to me another waste  
Perhaps it’s only my disease  
Or rather, my immunity  
I, alone, exhausted, numb  
In a world so cruel and dumb  
As we know, in dangerous days  
To feel and love is but to play  
It does no good now to pretend  
With the world so close to end.

**Juxtaposition**

Star gazing for me, is a sentimental voyage among the heavens, it is a communion with beauty and the immensity of the universe, it isn’t overwhelming- it’s exhilarating.

As I lie beneath  
A canopy of pipe dreams  
As I unsuccessfully try  
to understand  
The magic of the glistening stars  
I realize that  
To comprehend  
The bizarre ceiling  
Is quite the same  
As understanding your  
Starch made feelings  
Putting together  
All of the formidable  
Twinkling lights  
So they make sense  
In such narcissistic night  
Is quite as complicated  
As assembling  
All the  
Misty Enlighting details  
Of  
Your  
Smile  
The universe  
Is just as epiphanic  
As our love  
We don’t know quite  
How it started  
Nor how it will end  
We know nothing  
Of what it hides  
Neither how  
To understand  
All  
That lies  
Behind  

To be in love is a sentimental voyage among life and feelings, it is a communion with the delights of emotion, it isn’t overwhelming- it’s exhilarating.

Maria del mar Yacaman, Colegio Bolivar
Membrane

The certainty water in its clearness belongs to the
individual mentality

Is this membrane which everyone sometime does have,
So strange, too mean, so obvious, so hidden.
Crust of no physical appearance, neither of death,
And chained with such questioned liberty jailed in
true lie,
As wasted life, inside the senses of our weak and own
will.
The blind eyes, deaf ears, and doubly hearts, human
they are still.

The rock and the flesh, the mind and the steel,
The things that can’t be understood, the soul that I
can’t feel,

See through your eyes, tell yourself if they can see
Know the fakeness and search for what’s pure
The love and the care that fills the jar of the being
And the ailing soul, the matter, the reason, the cure.

Although, just only God, what’s dark easily can shine,
The truth is not the truth neither the lie.
Time elapses like the tears of the rain that falls
We can’t stop it, while the raring evenly runs.
By each drop, each chance, each memory that for help
calls

Is this membrane, which blocks IT from us,
Maybe a rising sun,
Or maybe a cloudy night?
Like when you try to see throughout the window
And what you see is a reflection of yourself.

Like a mirror of double side,
Like water, that’s always clear,
Like life, that in loss ends
Like the membrane,

My membrane and of all of us.

Francisco Eduardo Molina Ayala, Colegio Bennett
FOR THE ONE I LOVE

When I look deep into your eyes
I realize how much I love you
And I wonder why.
So, many reasons come to my mind

You’re the one who makes me sigh
You’re the owner of my love and my entire heart
You’re the only one I want to have.

The one who sails in the ocean of my dreams and desires
The one who bewitches me with his scent.
The one who walks with me at night
And shows me the wonderful sky.

I can’t tell more because it is impossible to end
The only thing I know is that you’re for me and I’m for you
We will be one forever
Because you are part of my life.

Marcela Rojas, Los Cañaverales International School