The 30th Annual Bilingual Schools Poetry Festival

Lower Secondary
February 25, 2004
Colegio Colombo Britanico
Laurence Auditorium
7:00 p.m.
Lower Secondary

Wednesday, February 25, 2004
7:00 p.m.

Host: Oscar Reyes, Cañaveralas International School

Unpublished Poetry

Adult Speakers: Mary Downey – Colegio Bolivar; David Arias – Colombo Británico; Michael Schille, Oscar Morales – Colombo Británico

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
## Lower Secondary

**Wednesday, February 25, 2004**  
**7:00 p.m.**

### Unpublished Poetry

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Poem</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Maria Antonia Carvajal</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>How to Win a Bet</em>, Maria Antonia Carvajal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brian Durango</td>
<td>Colegio Jefferson</td>
<td><em>I Wrote Your Name</em>, Brian Durango</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maria del Mar Galinda</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>I’m All Alone</em>, Maria del Mar Galinda</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrés Monsalve</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>Movies</em>, Andrés Monsalve</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Klinton Hurtado</td>
<td>Colegio Ingles De Los Andes</td>
<td><em>My Dream</em>, Klinton Hurtado</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andrés Felipe Marmolejo</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>My Guardian Angel</em>, Andrés Felipe Marmolejo E.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isabel Aristizabal</td>
<td>Cañaveraleas International School</td>
<td><em>My Language</em>, Isabel Aristizabal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carmen Quinones</td>
<td>Colegio Ingles de los Andes</td>
<td><em>Never Again</em>, Catherine Hernandez</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martin Arango</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>Things I Would Like to Have</em>, Martin Arango</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marilyn Holguin</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>Untitled</em>, Marilyn Holguin</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Brickell</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>The Sorting Hat</em>, J.K. Rowling</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Published Poetry

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>School</th>
<th>Poem</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dominique Combeau</td>
<td>Colegio Jefferson</td>
<td><em>Always Remember</em>, Jim Topoke</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juliana Rivera</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>Drinking and Driving</em>, Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian Mondoza</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>Giuly, Giuly</em>, Nicholas Gordon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Catalina Valencia</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>Homework, I Love You</em>, Author Unknown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andres Velez</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>How to Eat a Poem</em>, Eve Mierriam</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Danny Trujillo</td>
<td>Cañaveraleas International School</td>
<td><em>In the End</em>, L. Park</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roxanne Esquenazi</td>
<td>Colegio Hebreo</td>
<td><em>Just because</em>, Marial J.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manuela Nieves</td>
<td>Cañaveraleas International School</td>
<td><em>Nicknames</em>, Noel Stallard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Julina Marin</td>
<td>Colegio Ingles De Los Andes</td>
<td><em>Squirrel</em>, Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adriana Osorio</td>
<td>Colegio Jefferson</td>
<td><em>What to Remember in School</em>, Kenn Nesbitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Javier Donaldo</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>When the Teacher’s Back Is Turned</em>, Author Unknown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mesa Cintrón</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GROUP POETRY</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jennifer Garcia, Ana Sophia Gonzalez</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>Cereal</em>, Shel Silverstein</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sebastian Moncada, Fernando Montoya</td>
<td>Colegio Bolivar</td>
<td><em>Mr. B.'s Large Homework</em>, Sebastian Moncada</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maria Andrea Chamat, Juliana Raffo</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>Hippo Poem</em>, Margaret King</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricardo Rojas, Juliana Villegas</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>Goodby</em>, Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Estafanía Velasquez, Angelica Quintero, Margaret García</td>
<td>Colegio Ingles De Los Andes</td>
<td><em>September 11</em>, Anonymous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viviana Vivas Peña, Diana Marcela Arango, Natalia Farfán, Luz Angela Gómez</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>I Finished My Homework</em>, Author Unknown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carla Isabella Andrade Pereiro, Catalina Valencia</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>What to Remember In School</em>, Ken Nesbitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Steven Sarria, Daniel Botero</td>
<td>Cañaverales International School</td>
<td><em>The Petal of a Flower</em>, Steven Sarria and Daniel Botero</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentina Libreros, Daniela Baena, Andrea Posada, Eliana Zuluaga</td>
<td>Cañaverales International School</td>
<td><em>Can't Wait for Summer</em>, Kent Nesbit</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th><strong>DRAMATIC POETRY</strong></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Laura Zarzur, Brian Reyes</td>
<td>Colegio Colombo Britanico</td>
<td><em>To My Grandfather</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valerie López, Catalina Arango, Daniela Benedetti, Manuela Herrera</td>
<td>Colegio Jefferson</td>
<td><em>Homework I Love You</em>, Ken Nesbitt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juan José Coronado Rebolledo, Natalia Mendoza, Carolina Sánchez, Manuel Santiago Moreno</td>
<td>Colegio Bennett</td>
<td><em>Turn Off the TV</em>, B. Lansky</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Valentina Irurita, Oscar Saavedra</td>
<td>Cañaverales International School</td>
<td><em>Sponge Bob Square Pants</em>, Valentina Irurita</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Movies
Movies, movies, movies,
There are many types of movies
Movies that make you scream,
movies that make you dream,
Movies that make you mad,
Movies that make you sad.

Why do we go to the movies,
You might ask?
To take a great task,
To have much fun,
Not to make yourself yawn,
To take you out of your seat,
To wake you up when you’re asleep.

Movies are sometimes boring,
When you know where it’s going,
They’re sometimes happy,
Which means funny
Even in some scenes that are crummy.
But one thing you should kno,
That before a movie it’s important to have
popcorn, yummy!
So, sit back, relax, and get ready for the show!

Andrés Monsalve, Colegio Bennett

My Guardian Angel
My Guardian Angel is very important to me He
is the one that protects you When you are
lonely... and sad.
He helps you when you are feeling bad
And when you are feeling better
you feel a white light in your heart
Telling you to get up and step forward.
The guardian Angels are like the air that you
cannot see But they are always protecting you
and showing you The right way.

Andres Felipe Marmolejo Egred, Colegio Bennett

Sponge Bob Square Pants
You live in a pineapple
Under the sea
You're yellow like no one can be.
Sponge Bob's your name
Square pants you wear
Patrick and Crusty Crab are your friends A
crabby Patty you eat everyday with Jellyfish
you like to play and with Arenita there's always
a new day.
Your eyes like the sea,
Your smile as big as it can be
And with Squidberg and Nickelodeon
Your show is the best ever seen.

Valentina Irurita, Cañaverelas International School

The Petal Of A Flower
It's like a girl
that always is happy
smells like a girl
that always is open
to the heart of us
that always is warning
of your presence
that is the petal of a flower

Smelling the petals
in the cold morning
the birds are singing
in total harmony

A girl cuts it, smells it
and understands
that the best in the world
is the petal of a flower.

Steven Sarria and Daniel Botero, Cañaverelas International School
You Were
Every moment that I stood there, looking at you
Even when you didn't notice me
Every moment that I was there
Thinking about you, without forgetting that you were the sense of my life, that you were me you were my thoughts, you were my spirit, you were my life
Every night that I stood awake, I looking toward my life, my feelings, and the most important of all: YOU
Even when you didn't realize that you were the one that makes me suffer the one that makes me lose myself the one that was meant to be My torture, my pain, my most precious secret My inspiration, the meaning of my life The purpose of waking up everyday And knowing that my life is perfect with you
Even when you were thinking that nothing was worthless and the sense of the life has gone I was fighting for you while you drag me to the end of the world to the end of my life, you were destroying me and nothing matters even when you were hurting me I stood there thinking about you without leaving you alone even when my tears fell down I stood there letting you know That my love for you was really deep even when you were hurting me I wouldn't stop loving you.

Gabrielle Martínez, Cañaveralas
International School

My Language
In the conquerors time
my language began
in the rhombus country yard

Where every culture
brings us a mixture
of nature and legends
Spaniards and natives

In this crazy country
where politics is absurdity
Language is the only thing
that could save us from burning

So that's why
we have to keep in mind
the verses of Carranza
the Nobel of Aracataca

Choose one thing
Make your own team
You decide if our genealogy
loses in the kingdom of mythology

Use Spanish
'cause if not, it will vanish
Live in Colombia;
be sure this is Heaven
of the Angels forever.

Isabel Aristizábal, Cañaveralas
International School
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.

By: Alejandro Tsai Cabal, Colegio Jefferson

Do You Know That...?

Do you know that in my dreams, I try
To be bigger.
I try to see the moon, because when I go to sleep, the moon looks like a locked door.

And I ask myself: do I know what a poem is? I don’t know I just now that a poem is like My dreams.

One day I woke up. I was going to eat,
And my Mom asked me: Son, how was your dream?
And I asked my Mom: Do you know what a poem is? She said I don’t know.
Then I said: poems are just like you.

Then when I went to school we were having Valentine’s day, so I asked to my girlfriend:
Do you know what poem is? and she said:
I don’t know and I said poems are like you in my dreams.

Klinton Abraham Hurtado Garcia, Colegio ingles de los Andes
Mr. B's Large Homework

Mr. B's large homework was,
To discover what the antiques garbage's real mass
To find the prehistoric "Era"
To look for the worlds oldest "Pera"
To discover the wives of king "James the First"
To find out why Napoleon had so much thirst
To review completely 199 pages
To re see the wars through out the ages
To look at the history of Greece
To find out why there isn’t any peace
To look at the quotes of Judy Blum
To measure the height of a hot air balloon
To see how many bullets fit in a machine gun
To look for the elasticity of bubble gum
To find the history of Waterloo
All of this homework, I didn’t do.

Sebastian Moncada, Colegio Bolivar

I Wrote Your Name

I wrote your name in the sky,
but you never ever came by.
I wrote your name in the sand
but you never gave me your hand.
So I wrote your name in my heart
Where it will always, always be art.

Brian Durango, Colegio Jefferson

Simple Things I Wished to Have

Some simple things I wished to have:
A pencil when I enter my Math class
Balls when I enter my tennis class
A Ferrari for my pet
And for me a Corvette
Two new Harleys
And two human Barbies
An apartment on Beverley Hills
And there 1000 turkey meals
An Air Force One
And a golden table to play one
Big transatlantic boats
And a Zoo full of goats
A pair of flying shoes
To drink a European imported juice
A walking talking pet
With its own mansion set
A gigantic Steinway piano
And in the beach a big banano
Before I get all these wishes
I need to wash the dishes

Martin Arango, Colegio Bolivar

The Shepherd’s Night

Dusk was falling
as the shepherd was going
to an abandoned church
where he had to spend the night.
It wasn’t the best place to sleep,
but with a book as a pillow
and seeing the starts
through the half-destroyed roof,
he fell asleep
and dreamt fantastic dreams
and forgot how uneasy he was.
So he woke up to start the day,
and with a mutter and a little prod,
he woke up his sheep
and started his trip again.

Catalina Arango, Colegio Jefferson