



Library podcast

WITS Year-End Readings & Celebrations: Elementary & Middle School

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[00:00:36] All right. Thank you everyone and welcome to The Seattle Public Library Central Library. I want to really appreciate everybody's patience while we were doing some test runs. I really appreciate the courageous people who did to read and we really appreciate all your help for that. And thank you for your patience when you were waiting outside. We really appreciate that. So my name is Shelley Mastalerz I'm a Teen Services Librarian at the Central Library and as someone who works with youth and champions writing is especially exciting to have with celebration here tonight. How many people in the audience have been to a Watts event before them. We have a few. Well for those who have not had the chance you're in for a huge treat. All right well thank you for all those announcements and now that I have gotten through that all I'm going to head this over to the widow program director of the wonderful Alicia Craven

[00:01:37] All right. Good evening everyone. Thank you all for coming here. How are you. I'm talking to you on a microphone. That's exciting. Yay.

[00:01:46] My name's Felicia craven and I have the immense honor to serve as the director of the writers in the schools program or wits as we call it with Seattle Arts and Lectures. This is the first night of two year end readings and celebration of all of you the students and writers and teachers and families who have made up the Wits program this year. This is the most special of night. It's a tradition of the wits program which dates all the way back to 1994 in which youth poets and story writers and essayists and comics artists come together to share their work and be published in a checkbook and to give you a sense of the scale of what you are part of this year and how special it is that you individually readers have been selected. Since its inception which has taught over hundred thousand students and in the 2016 17 school year worked with twenty seven public schools throughout the Puget Sound region and Seattle Children's Hospital bringing creative writers directly to over five thousand nine hundred K through 12 students. Additionally visiting spotlight authors came to its schools to connect with nearly fifteen hundred students. To further make connections between the published writers of today and the writers whose names you'll see on all these library shelves in the next generations I think we live in a world where it's important to have people who know how to be

specific and beautiful and caring with language so we're all looking to you the youth writers who will be reading today for inspiration and reminders on that front.

[00:03:14] It really is a superhero power that you're walking around with this command of words sometimes in school your metaphorical capes might be tucked in kind of keeping it a secret that you have this ability but your writers knew they saw your metaphorical cape maybe keep peeking out from your shirt just slightly and they saw you had this power with writing and they watched you discover it in yourself. Also over the course of your time together. So that's why they asked you specifically to be part of this event and so readers tonight we're so grateful that you're trusting us the audience to join your legion of fans as you share this force of writing you have with all of us. Before we get started I'd like to think some of the key players who made tonight and indeed artwork throughout the entire year possible many of whom you can see in this room and they are representative of an even wider group of champions. You have out in the world. I'd like to thank our many partners and generous funders all of whom are listed in our program and particularly those who gave ten thousand dollars or more to support widths including arts fund the Boeing Corporation Candace Chuck and Don Guthrie the Elizabeth George foundation Expedia Inc.

[00:04:23] Glassy baby the harvest Foundation the Medina Foundation the National Endowment for the Arts the Northcliffe Foundation the petunia charitable fund and Virginia Seibert and Peter Byers. A huge thank you to the Seattle Public Library for the use of this auditorium this evening and to cupcake real who provided delicious baby cakes to enjoy afterwards on the stage this evening we also have a display of stunning letter press broadsides. The poems were written by students at Seattle Children's Hospital with wits writers and Ted Glick and Ciara Nelson and the images were designed and hand printed by letter press artists at the school of visual concepts the widow programme is also made possible by Seattle Arts and Lectures immensely supportive Board of Directors and the entire staff staff especially Nicole coats. The beyond incredible wits program associate and our devoted interns a really tan. Yes. Everyone in this room has had. Pleasant correspondence with Nicole. Leave it up to him as possible. So thank you as well as our interns. A really tan series again home my Anderson. All of whom worked so hard in preparation for this evening. A warm thanks too to Ryan Dunn and Sophie Zubair who designed the poster program and chat for the event and of course to our wits writers with writers are accomplished published poets novelists comics artists and spoken word performers who are working on a daily basis with the same issues of inspiration and editing and publishing and performing their work that they teach in their residencies.

[00:06:01] So the passion and craft that they bring to the students is what they live and breathe both in the classroom and out in each writer has prepared custom introductions for their students tonight. So I hope you enjoy their words as well. And finally a huge thanks to our school partners the teachers principals librarians PTA members and parents who generously champion and support creative writing. You recognize the value of students being able to express themselves and advocate for themselves and share who they are through writing and what this means for their lives both in academic and non-academic settings. Down the line you open the doors to make this experience possible. Invest your time resources and energy and thus help form the kind of considerate thinkers and artists and citizens we want making decisions for our city and our world down the line. OK.

Without further ado the moment we've all been waiting for it's time to start the magic and to break. To start off our evening I would like to welcome to the stage bravely.

[00:07:02] It's very brave to start out with Strider. Karen Finney frock and her writers Marieke and Nelson and Olivia Wallach from Lafayette Elementary School and Benjamin green all the way from Blue Heron school in Port Townsend Hello.

[00:07:23] Good evening. I'm really excited to introduce Marieke and Nelson from Lafayette Elementary School where Rick is Nelson and Rican Nelson's poem tonight is called Stormy nights. The language is raucous and full of alliteration and humor. Who but Marika could work the line licking the lemon tree into a poem about the sound of a storm.

[00:07:47] All of Marieke as poems are full of joy playfulness and the celebration of sound enjoy stormy nights laughing in the light roaring like a lion loud light leaning closer loopy like a lollipop racing like a cheetah love the lights laughing leaving the leaf alone laughing at the lion licking the lemon tree rattling the largely lonely like a little lion like lightning the little lion roared Olivia Walliams poetry amazes me with its powerful precise language and its ability to transport me to another landscape.

[00:08:39] The poem you'll hear tonight the barn is one of the finest that I've read during my time with wits. Olivia chose the word barn and asked the question what magical events might happen when you speak this word aloud. Listen especially for the last line of the poem describing knight on the farm.

[00:09:00] Here is Olivia I say barn the whole moon and a tractor load of stars reflect down on the puddle beside the cat tails and tall grass where crickets chirp to wake the frogs inside the barn horses snort and scowl at the night and the leaves that crinkle with the wind and the farmer snores and the farmer snores he sleeps on a haystack inches away from the floor only to be seen by candlelight on a night that's foggy and bitter as Benjamin Green has an eye for description and a nose for story at Blue Heron school in Port Townsend we wrote tall tales inspired by characters like John Henry and Paul Bunyan.

[00:09:52] Tonight Benji's story is about his creation. Henry Hamer a man who at 15 was already as tall as a giraffe and had hands as tough as a turtle's shell.

[00:10:05] Here's Ben to the night the Henry Hamer was born the moon shown brightest white hot metal and the river glisten with fireflies. Now Henry was not an ordinary baby. You see Henry Hamer had hands as tough as turtle shell and arms as thick as tree trunks. Henry Hamer lived in a small village of Port Townsend well known for its many plains and deserts. Port Townsend is a is very dry and sandy due to the dry and standing this Port Townsend the village catches on fire a lot. Anyways back to our main character once Henry Hamra was one year old he was already a size of a full grown cow. Once he was 2 he goes first hammer. It was an eight pound sledge hammer and he was immediately pounding away at a block of iron. The Hammer broke 30 days later his parents Harry hammer and Hannah hammer gave him an iron one instead. By the time Henry Hamer was fifteen he

owned his own blacksmith shop. Now since he was as tall as a giraffe his blacksmith shop shorted the stone around Washington. One day one of his calls fell out is out of his forge and rolled down the hill spreading fire through the village. The village people ran up to Henry and told him what happened sir. One of them said What shall we do. We shall break open the tunnels mountain and flood the village put the fire out Henry said. So the people and Henry walked up the tallest mountain. It's named St. Helens. Henry in the Village People pounded away on the top of the mountain. After three hours of pounding the mountain broke all the water in the mountain came crashing down on the village putting the fire out and destroying the salt factory making a whole lot of salt water. Henry hammer gathered up all the coals and put them in the mountain. They all made home on a on different land and their town never caught on fire again. Well close because Mount St. Helens erupted from all the coals but other than that the village lived by the sea and was very very happy.

[00:11:54] The end Thank you Karen Merica.

[00:12:04] Olivia and Benjamin and Karen is such a prolific teacher she actually has another class right after this. So we say thank her for coming to kick things off

[00:12:12] And for making this work and be part of a special night next.

[00:12:18] I would like to welcome wits writer and tablet and her writers Mary McCain and Wyatt Zander from Seattle Children's Hospital as an additional note one of Mary's poems was part of the broadside project of the school visual concepts that I mentioned and artist Jean session custom design a hand printed broadside behind her.

[00:12:42] They're inspired by her words Hi everyone it is my pleasure to welcome Mary McCann. She will try anything poetically and she gets right down to it. I love her wit. She makes me smile in her poem dear hurricane. She asked the hurricane if it would be OK to send it a lemon meringue pie to soothe its fury. I love the way she recounts her fondest memories in her poem Rehoboth Beach. She remembers pretending to be a dolphin with her sister in those carefree days of digging mile long holes in the sand knitting soothes Mary. Her poems knitting and knitting needles were made into a letter press broadside this year and she was so excited to have them.

[00:13:35] Tonight she will read her poem line of courage and please welcome Mary McCann.

[00:13:49] This one is Lion of courage. I have courage a lion standing tall watching over everyone. I wish I could share my day bravery with all creatures spread it like wave in the ocean but the world is much too big and not all are prepared to accept me. I am orange gold strong and tall. But inside I doubt and worry. This is my secret. Above all always by a happy thought. And can turn these feelings inside out. This is my obsession. I for one can't stand being weak. I have learned they come together and best let one overpower the other. I encourage

[00:14:51] So this is why its sender and I've written with white male times in the classroom. He also makes me smile because he is always smiling no matter if he's had a hard day. He has a silly bone

he once wrote a poem called Eating eyes modeled after Marx Rand's famous poem eating poetry. He loves to play football. In his poem football team he writes playing football makes me feel like running through fire and water. He loves to learn. He knows a lot of stuff. And after I work with him I have to go home and google up all the facts so I can learn more with him. So he's going to read his poem today the forest of Madagascar. Please welcome.

[00:15:40] Why Zander.

[00:15:49] The forest of Madagascar. I imagine I'm in Madagascar. I mean the forest. I see monkeys tigers and lemurs and palm trees that produce coconuts still fly and that live underground and travel more than five miles and bite and they bite could get off of Flint. It smells like the wild I see skittish band in so much pain. The palm tree bark is as scratchy at a point as a pen pencil I hear the sounds of the forest the Birds Singing When it rains the birds. I hear that. I mean those nocturnal. They tapped their fingers on trees and branches for echolocation to see where the bugs are. I see the golden lemurs on a tree branch eating bugs. I wish I could go to Madagascar to see the lemurs and I wish to find the bones of the man named Dax thank you and Mary Wyatt.

[00:17:17] Next year I'd like to welcome wits writer Ciara Nelson and her writers Alia Gutierrez and Craig Randall Junior of Seattle Children's Hospital and Hugo Horne of McDonald international elementary school.

[00:17:40] I had the great pleasure of working with Noelle Yeah Gutierrez over many weeks at Seattle Children's Hospital. Her enthusiasm and sense of humor made each session lively with a lot of laughter side conversations with her mother in Spanish joking with the nurses and her little brother usually zooming all around us during the writing process. In one of her poems called Never Give Up Noelle you wrote about meeting Macklemore and he told her she should have her own TV show. She heartily agreed and I think we're all looking forward to that show. She says it will definitely include jokes and opportunities for kids to sing and dance. But I love that Noelle these poems can be serious too moving nimbly between laughter and pain as quickly as we often do in life. Speaking frankly about painful treatments disgusting memories that later become funny stories quiet moments of shared sadness and full of love for her family. Tonight Noelle Yeah we'll share with you her poem.

[00:18:36] I remember I remember when my grandpa came to Seattle from Virginia when I was diagnosed. I hadn't seen him in five years. I remember him venting my tissue dance. I don't remember my first birthday hands yet in Seattle. It was my fifth birthday. I was dressed as Cinderella. It was a really big dress and kind of itchy from the glitter. I remember I had a clown. I dance on my birthday. I remember seeing the Blue Angels. I remember I was thirty point seven Wait. I remember when I was a hundred and fifty seven years old. I remember my first time going to game works when I turned eight and I won a thousand tickets. It was so fun. We tried and tried until boom big prize. I remember a I remember a favorite artists. One of our favorites died that day. We were going home and the radio announcer I remember my first time eating cactus sell in lemon with the little seaplanes I eating just getting my mom did this myself so good. I remember my first time eating putting disgusting.

[00:19:55] I remember when my mom took a video of a lot of baby little birds when she was working in the garden.

[00:20:03] I remember my brother's first day in the house I remember we tried to train my brother to not use a diaper.

[00:20:11] We bought him a little undies with all love on it but he was all pee on his pants. I remember when I almost drowned in the lake and my mom jumped like a crazy woman into the lake to save me with all her clothes and shoes still on with money and phone in her pocket. Her phone died.

[00:20:34] I remember when I met my best friend Kimberly. I remember my brother's first time opening a chocolate eggs surprise I remember meeting three basketball players of Washington Huskies. I remember my absent

[00:20:49] Baptism and birthday party all in one now it's my great pleasure to introduce you to Craig Randall Junior.

[00:21:08] The first time I worked with Craig it was a hard day. Some days are just hard especially when you were in the hospital but with his mother's encouragement he gave writing a try anyway and I'm so thankful that he did. By focusing on one of his favorite activities football and remembering a time when he got to meet one of his football heroes an incredible day. The door to creativity began to open and the hard day started to shift to something else. I love the details Craig included in his poems all the little moments where we imagine we are there to catching a ball making an interception and if we could be so lucky getting to meet Marshawn Lynch when I checked in with Craig the next week the doors to creativity had been flung open even further. He'd written even more memories of football things he was thankful for and other proud and happy memories too. And we even started a brand new poem that day as well so it just goes on and on. Poetry doesn't fix everything that's wrong but it can help us better remember who we really are. What's important to us what we remember and what we choose to cherish.

[00:22:13] So you'll get a great glimpse of that tonight in Craig's poem and I'm so excited for you to hear his writing.

[00:22:25] I remember when we went to SeaWorld. I remember when I was a lead drummer. I remember when I rode a rollercoaster and when I was a lead hip hop dancer I remember when we went to a parade. I remember getting an A.M. math test. Think before a match. And I'm thankful for clothes. I remember playing football. I remember when I made a touchdown. I remember when I made a block and I remember football being fun. I remember my dad being my coach. Are you married. I remember him being loud. I remember I played by receiver. I remember I caught the ball. I remember making an interception. I remember when I play catch with Chris. I remember when I played catch of Isaiah and I remember beating my best friend in Navy and I met and. I remember playing basketball Marshawn Lynch I remember eating lunch with him at their practice site. I

remember him putting my name on his locker. I remember the whole team's signing my football. I remember doing a play with him

[00:23:34] Next. I loved working with all the students in Mrs. Rosen and Ms Oakley third grade classes and McDonald international elementary and language immersion school where students spend half the day learning in either Spanish or Japanese. There were so many wonderful young poets Ben and Mrs. Rowan's class. Hugo Horne's poem stood out with an extra bit of sparkle. For example in the way he writes about a soccer ball with wondrous details he writes the fine thread running through the dark red with white as bright as the sun. Soccer balls are like plates of gold thread. When writing a poem about happiness he begins with social social justice while also including what he can do in a personal personal way to affect those he meets. He writes I want equal rights for everyone. No racism no guns or war. I give smiles hugs my mood brighten someone's day. Thank you Hugo for that tonight. Hugo will read to you an animal poem inspired by an assignment where we explored different names for different animals in different languages imagining how each name or word might have a different effect. So listen carefully and Hugo's poem and you'll hear the word for Fox in Spanish Japanese French and until Layla le shoot seat.

[00:24:49] Hugo Fox as Julie you say this word a spice up so a Zorro moose. Like a spot in the forest Keystone sounds like an animal catching its prey. Larry Renard moves in the forest unseen. So who has a moon in his eye.

[00:25:28] Thank you Sierra Leone. Craig and Hugo Sierra along with and was the other wits writer who inspired the poems for the broadsides on display here so please take a look. After the reading next please welcome writer Danny charade and his writer yo Hannah will degrees from Broadview Thompson Cape school the astrophysicist.

[00:25:56] Freeman Dyson reminds us in his book many colored glass that there are two kinds of scientists hedgehogs and foxes hedgehogs burrow deep down until only a few problems and spend their lifetime working on them whereas foxes scurry about attempting to study and solve problems all over the place. I would say the same can be said for fifth grade writers of science fiction and my fifth grade science fiction short story intensive. There were many hedgehogs and there were also many foxes but only one person was both the Yohannes story was able to cover much ground from teleportation to speaking with animals and manifesting food out of thin air to a personified fire that destroys entire villages. But her vast topics delve deep into poetic emotion and lyrical imagery based description. They showed the development of a young author exploring and chiseling an already unique gifted and often humorous voice. It is my honor to introduce you ohana. Please join me in welcoming her

[00:27:05] And he was drowning in your thoughts. She constantly bumped into piles of rubble and once she got this mad look on her face and kicked out the air. Just kidding. She kicked at my leg. Ouch. She did not seem to notice that she did that. So it is kind of funny when I exaggerated and hopped all over the place saying ouch ouch ouch. And she still did not notice I was said anyway. I only had one family member left and now is my aunt. She used to pull me out of the ocean have said.

Make sure I don't get to it from the waves from my eyes crashing onto the shore my face. So any time she was not there to comfort me this storm would rage on and the ocean of sadness would carry me away. But I really hated to cry in front of other people.

[00:27:52] But my aunt so I never showed up on the outside.

[00:28:04] Thank you Danny and your Hannah. Next up please welcome wits writer Emily Bedard and her writer Tatum Stevens of Broadview Thompson Kate school everybody I think there's more of you this year before.

[00:28:25] That's amazing. Tatum Stevens has a magic pencil. She holds it near the paper and words just start leaping out of the end of it the day she began this story she'll read from tonight. I was circulating and looking over shoulders three sentences here a paragraph. They're going great I thought. Then someone said You should see Tatum's and I should have seen Tatum's because when she held up her page with a little shrug and a grin the whole thing was covered with vivid descriptions believable dialogue and crazy plot twists. When a student writes it out willingly you just have to ask what is the secret. Tatum's advice. Think of something that really happened to you. And then just make up some parts. Also don't try to write while eating lunch. It's way too distracting. But something crunchy to snack on while you're making your magic. Now we're talking.

[00:29:21] Please help me welcome Tatum Steve in Hello.

[00:29:30] I'm going to be reading the big trip. So in the beginning my dad he was going to take us on a trip and he was telling us where and I was really mad at him for not telling me and my mom and my big sister was going to New York and I was really jealous. So we started driving and so we drive to a really long time.

[00:29:56] Then we went to this lighthouse I was really pretty view. Then we started driving again and like a few days later we came to this like black gate. And my dad said we were going to like the safari with animals from Africa.

[00:30:16] And so when we our car drove in the Black Gate we saw zebras roaming free on the road and we made sure we didn't hit them. But it was so cool. And then we sold zebra

[00:30:34] And we didn't go that close to them.

[00:30:37] And then we went to bed the next morning my dad took me out and we went to see a tour of the safari.

[00:30:46] And so we went in and there was this girl named Sarah. And we went outside and she showed us her truck and the truck looked sad.

[00:30:58] The roof was bent. The paint was ripped. And when Sarah turned it on it made it sound like it was having a fit. We got on the sad truck and we went to see animals. We saw zebras that lived with goats mountain zebras gazelles and animals that looked like a lamb but leaped really high. Finally we drove toward the drafts when we got out and we got really close I looked at them. They were taller than when we got to the safari. Sarah gave us potatoes to feed to the giraffe. If you put them in your mouth the giraffe will give you a kiss to eat them said Sarah. So I put the potato in my mouth got really close to a giraffe. And then I saw the giraffe lean over and I saw big purple tongue and the giraffe gave me a big kiss yuck. I said we fed the giraffes for a little longer and then we got in the sad Jeep and Sarris drove us towards our cabin. We we grabbed our stuff and got in the car and we started to drive towards San Francisco and never forgot. When I got my first kiss.

[00:32:12] Thank you thank you.

[00:32:19] Emily and Tatum next up we have with writer Evelyn Garcia and her writer Zeke Rowe of Cuesta del Sol Elementary School Bus all souls a fully Spanish speaking schools so everyone will read her introduction first in Spanish and then in English as well Zeke with his poem.

[00:32:39] Good evening Madiba Gandolfini.

[00:32:46] I'd like Lassie quail meadow in Levantine lamb I know but indica can carry a land look. Yes Greta your and your Marlo pronounce your marks. Nobody here or here is so. So can all be that. It can nobody be a rapper on whose cereal my are lost. Yes get yes cereal pre middle income party risk little better. The guests can reveal I let does not give Amazon sea lanes to tanto Denton El Maestro dental maestro command me knows can only mosey on croak if we're in as a momento cuando soupy gas area I canister here a key is energy the first day when the glass was over he was the first to raise his hand to indicate that he wanted to learn to read.

[00:33:54] And then when I call him I pronounce his name badly and he correct me.

[00:34:03] And that may or may not forget it. And they did not pronounce it badly again. Every day he wanted to be the first one to share what he wrote.

[00:34:17] But the day that he wrote a boil Amir we were all silent but the teacher and I gained the emotions I think it was then that I know it will be him who will be here tonight seek Roe I will Mia I will be an aggressor or Travis I will Mia that aggressor I like Tierra Bueno Mia go with them Alba how will I Mia gather the AK noise does and Mundo said well they must negatively the DEA up when Mia.

[00:35:12] Savage quantity over a boy like Mia the aggressor. Well Travis aggressor. I like theater. I'm object to it a so ash on the loony vigil. Well I'm here Greg out.

[00:35:24] Travis grandma of mine grandma of mine.

[00:35:35] Come back again. Grandma of mine come back to the earth. Grandma of mine. How I loved you grandma of mine. Every day that you aren't here. The world turned darker and sadder. Grandma of mine. You don't know how much I loved you grandma of mine. Come back again. Come back to the kind earth you are the heart of the universe.

[00:35:59] Grandma of mine come back again thank you everyone.

[00:36:13] Next please welcome to the stage with strategy Nene Walker and her writers Donte Williams Junior and Minaya Rosalia fu king of less shy Elementary School as well as Livia Phillips and Milo Stover of al-Qaeda elementary school and I just have to say that Livia and Milo came back from summer camp to participate in this reading this evening.

[00:36:35] So thank you guys for making that journey.

[00:36:38] Recently Dante reminded me of our first day of poetry in 4th grade November 2015. He said I told you I don't like poetry. I like rap. Soon he said he learned that rap is poetry or can be. And he started making poems and good ones too. Dante is a celebrated basketball player chosen for the AA you team whether he draws from the rhythm of the court the rhythm of rap turned to poetry or the rhythm of making friends. A task I might add. Dante seems to be enviable good at his poem. Tonight moves with admirable swiftness from the realities of his fight for rights to the realities of x box and a cup of noodle. I love this young man's mind.

[00:37:21] Please welcome Dante Williams Junior.

[00:37:31] I am from a family seated tree that is in my backyard. I am from my x box that lets me explore the Internet. I am from the hood. That should never be spoken of. I am from a life that makes me fight for rights. I am from eating a couple of noodle. Every day I get home. I am from the Evergreen playing for the basketball team. Seattle Sonics.

[00:38:01] I am from a house that is protected by food and family man I have food.

[00:38:18] King. For the past two years I poetry has stood out to me her lines contain careful details and startling insights as well as humor and delight in her work reflects in its precision her intense love of reading. When I asked about a specific book she's immersed in men I launched into the play by play her memory for detail is remarkable. You'll see that in her poem tonight called 50/50 a piece rich with nostalgia sadness and joy with the last line that makes me do a double take on a recent school event a students were dressed as characters they created Minaya wore all black. What are you. I asked her. I'm a shadow. She said to me Minaya is the star that cast the shadow.

[00:39:06] Please welcome Minaya food king.

[00:39:15] You can have the beautiful china and send it back and have that first dance that help your dreams. You can have the leafy green trees that can have the golden brown. But all departments you

can have the amazing have wonderful I can have all the stinky fish you can have the light blue sky. If I can have the baking done at the end of the moon you can have the lantern light that can have the old love letters. You can have the colors of the one only I Grandma's ashes. You can have the purple cut in the middle. I mean the cat though I can get.

[00:39:52] The problem is in the Morning Rob you can have my seeing eyes that can heavy lifting shelves whether she's categorizing the universe as quote the heart of the dreamer.

[00:40:11] The goal of the stars describing the girl who picked up the anchor and flew away or asking Am I loved. Am I lonely. LIVIO brings a sensibility and sophistication to her poetry that is well beyond her years. Livia composes first in her head and then in one fell swoop puts onto paper a poem so profound that every class. I couldn't wait to take it home to read it again in the piece she'll share tonight. The speaker asked the moon questions of the world and delivers the answers other worldly magical in a poem that gets entirely to the heart. Libya is the moon will stay with you long after the sun has risen.

[00:40:51] Please welcome Libya Phillips the moon.

[00:41:00] The moon is more than dust in the corner of the sky. The moon's family is the stars that fall into my arms every night I fly to the moon and ask the questions of the world. And every night he tells me the same answer.

[00:41:14] We fall from our similarities and bind together from our differences Milo made his love for poetry known to me early on first with a fire that came from his pencil every time he wrote and then in week three of last year in a poem called what is a poem that used the word happiness in three out of five stanzas. For example a poem is peace and fills you with joy and happiness and makes you want to roll in the grass while the sun shines on you. Yes let's just say we poets know and we found a kindred spirit. Milo believes it's important to always try your best. Never give up. That optimism is ever apparent in the poem he'll read today which begins with pure joy and ends with pure wisdom.

[00:42:10] Please welcome Milo Stover the fluffy song of nature.

[00:42:20] I am the sunset on a summer night. I am the blue baby monkey that surfs on the ocean. I am the arctic fox that is lonely. I am the shadow of a pug dancing by. The powerful light shining on the glistening water of the horizon. On the unicorn the war. On the stars and afar galaxy. I'm the ice of a cold drink. I am the sparkle of the night. I'm the nice touch of the moon. I'm the flame of seven souls that are gone. I'm the mysterious zebra that no one pays any attention to at the zoo. I am the field of fluffy sheep you see you notice I have a soul. I have a soul. Take care of yours. Cherish it believe in it. Make the most of it. I have a soul.

[00:43:08] I have a soul.

[00:43:18] Thank you so much Janine Donte.

[00:43:21] Libya in my next please welcome to the stage with writer Jordan Keith with her writer Ada Perry of Cascade cake community school.

[00:43:33] We're gonna do a little duet so I want to tell you something amazing about Ada and her work. I was teaching how and why stories and fables and most people think of those stories as very simple and they only hear the most aren't uncomplicated question in it not the truth of what we're asking how and why are we going to live and survive. Ada who never was the first to raise her hand or was quietly writing the most amazing story that will be in this library someday I guarantee. It's called Why wolves live in packs and we're going to do this together share this story.

[00:44:25] Oh wolves in the lush forest. My territory has gotten small and prey scarce. I had a dream that told me what to do about it. We wonderful wolves need to build up a reputation as one they have to stop this.

[00:44:38] He paused and there were numerous reactions. Some booed some clapped but most wolves stood and thought about what he'd said.

[00:44:49] Then one Wolf called out. Well what do you want to do about it. More wolves yelled YEAH. WHAT. Lightning Moore had been waiting. We need to be stronger. I suggest that we join into packs then we could hunt together have company or we'd all be healthier. Let us join together at this.

[00:45:08] All the wolves gasped they would not think of such a thing. But lightning Wolf was a good member of the hostile community and they knew he meant good. There was a vote each raising his Paul for four not for lightning Wolfe's idea. The results came out tied.

[00:45:35] There was much arguing to lightning Wolf's dismay. And then when all hope was fading an old wolf stepped out of the shadow and said My name is Campbell Wolf and I vote yes to lightning plan.

[00:45:49] Then Hall was very silent. Lightning Wolf spoke. He said well then Wolf that settles that.

[00:45:58] And he began separating them into two packs when it came to choosing leaders out of gratitude. He'd made Kabul Wolf the leader of one pack.

[00:46:07] He led the other than the two packs went their ways. It took a while but they learned not to be hostile and to work as a team for everything. And that is why wolves live in packs.

[00:46:26] Thank you Jordan and the next please welcome wits writer Kathleen Flanagan and her writers Kiesha also fellow and Sebastian vigil of view Ridge Elementary School.

[00:46:40] Hello.

[00:46:43] I've been lucky enough to work with fifth grader Kiesha as a fellow since third grade rather than attempt to describe Kiesha I let a poem she wrote last year in fourth grade speak it's written in a form called trill Lei a wish the horse. I wish I had gallops in the breeze but for my imagination I'm glad for the horse. I wish I had. Sometimes he makes me sad as he heads into the trees. The horse I wish I had gallops in the breeze Keisha's palm tonight very eight varieties of princesses happened to be written just before the women's march this spring.

[00:47:29] Please welcome Kiesha as a fellow there is a princess who has her servants do everything for her.

[00:47:43] There is Princess Leia who is quick lady and smart and there is a princess to sit in the reading of reading Harry Potter all day and your peaches and slippers is the variety of Princess that is a toddler dressed up in her plastic tiara with fairy wings. Here is a princess fit. There is a princess that is always in her backyard with a soccer ball. Princess I know spend your time in the horse stable near on the soles of her riding boots. Some princesses feel hot and full of themselves. Some princesses could be qualified as nerds or weirdos some princesses or princesses.

[00:48:18] In a way no one else understands all princesses are queens and rulers in their own personalized Kingdom Sebastian Selby over gel came to fifth grade as a new student at Vue Ridge this year on my first day in service class I noticed him over there. Curious attentive he wrote like he was in a zone and I think he shared his poem that first day I immediately recognized the hallmarks of a writer. Special care with word choice. A strong voice and that's something that comes through a kind of velocity in his lines that could be described as Joy said his poem.

[00:49:09] Tonight Paris street rainy day is his response to a painting by Gustaf Kai but Paris street rainy day thousands of cobblestones place for miles as polished black shoes walk along them horseless carriage is driving along the road like canoes and canals men opening their umbrellas and walking at a brisk pace hoping to get out of the dream weather birds spread their wings lifting off into the cloudy sky. Buildings and shops act as a destination allowing the strollers to always have a place to be. I sit down and stare at the lampposts all align perfectly and standing still and wonder if the men and woman know they are trapped in this beautiful but still world thank you Kathleen Kiesha and Sebastian.

[00:50:20] And now to kick off the comic's portion of the evening. Please welcome wits writer and comics artist Greg stump and his comics writers Collette postal and Isaac Tim still of McClure middle school and Sasha Stewart of B.F. day elementary school.

[00:50:44] Like a lot of brilliant sixth grade cartoonist Collette Postel is disturbingly modest about her talents but although she declines to toot her own horn I'm more than happy to sing the praises of her wide range and attention to detail. Collette can move with ease from the realistic and autobiographical to the whimsical and imaginative to everything in between. In short she can do it all and always with an unpretentious intelligence that runs throughout her work. Tonight she'll be presenting the more a comic about a true life tale of her house pets stalking its prey during the summer.

[00:51:20] Our backyard gardens and my cat Ginger was determined to get so after a few days of her standing outside waiting to get the all she got it. But how did I know. Here's how I was walking to the basement. And I glanced at the ground near the door and I saw blood. I screamed and ran to my mom and brother I told them what I saw. There's blood on the floor. I then walked upstairs. I saw Ginger playing with the more she had gone. So I told my mom to come. Mom come. There's a dead mole in the house. My mom and my brother came up.

[00:52:09] Then my mom set them all outside on the porch for Ginger to admire. Even though we were all disgusted. It was nice to see Ginger proud it proud of herself.

[00:52:21] She worked very hard to get that.

[00:52:33] This is Isaac Palestinian and he's also from McClure element from McClure middle school. You'd be hard pressed to find a more enthusiastic cartoonist than Isaac among the entire sixth grade. MCCLURE And you can feel that joyous energy in every line when you look at his work what I like best about Isaac's comics is the way in which it dissolves the boundaries between words and pictures. Blending them together seamlessly to form his own unique visual language. I could read Isaac's odd silly and deceptively simple work all day long and his voice would likely still be echoing in my head. Loud and clear for the rest of the week here's Isaac reading the comic that he made for his classes comic book anthology entitled The sad cat this cat has no food for me.

[00:53:30] Give me some food. Meanwhile at the pet store you. Know. Michele. The cat can't wait for food. He's meowing loudly here.

[00:53:50] This is Fred Oh dear.

[00:53:57] I guess I was in there for too long.

[00:54:01] Fred is worried. Fred's back.

[00:54:07] Per Per and so he parks and walks in with food. Per

[00:54:29] But where's the litter. So it goes out again. And get this. He brings within two. Or four double per

[00:54:57] Happy cat.

[00:55:10] Next up we have Sasha Stewart. Sasha is a fourth grader at BFA elementary school and her comic stood out immediately from my very first visit to a classroom for their warmth charm and clever writing. Without fail she pursued every assignment throughout the residency with a quiet determination that was both inspiring and heartening to observe. She was always quick to incorporate suggestions and receptive to feedback the results of her laser like focus are consistently light funny

and eminently readable tonight. She's presenting the dust up the comic that first caught my eye at the start of the residency a story about a cupcakes aversion to particulate matter in appropriately enough a library

[00:56:02] So much dust cough wheeze it's so annoying. Sheesh. Well I made it my mission to clear it all gasp impossible. Much later it has been two hours and there's still does sighs He and my duster has failed. Sorry I'll go back to the bench. I should have stayed home and slept. Sighs

[00:56:43] Thank you. Greg Collette Isaac and Sasha next in the comics realm.

[00:56:48] Please welcome wits writer Kelly Farrow and her comics writer Mayor Raymond of the Renaissance School of Art and recently I'm a lucky comics teacher who gets to introduce my dream in Maya is an incredible student is the incredible student who takes every lesson to heart. She brings her special personality and creative spirit into every exercised and project. And for that reason I was able to see her work grow over the nine weeks that we were together. Her sense of humor comes through in the funny and touching comics she made and she exhibited the confidence to experiment with the medium as you will see in her abstract comics panels though this will be a fast read. I encourage everyone to pay attention to her drawing the characters story and intuitive pacing. I hope she continues to use comics for storytelling and self-expression and I wish her all the best in her future education. Thanks for being here tonight.

[00:58:11] Now THUD What are you waiting for. Jump high.

[00:58:18] I don't know. What are we doing. I mean is being a house can't really so bad. Are you crazy as nice as it may seem. It's still a prison. A prison where we can't hunt. By run where we can't be free. Step. Step. Quick. She's coming.

[00:58:39] It's now or never I. Click. I won't let you do this alone.

[00:58:49] And then they're running.

[00:58:52] What was the point of all this. Are we any happier you tell me was it worth it.

[00:58:58] Drink Chip. Tweet. Tweet. Was. Russell Russell

[00:59:04] Yes. Yes. It was worth it and always will be. We're free at last.

[00:59:18] Thank you so much Kelly and Maya. Next please welcome wits writer Katie Ellis and her students Tali pop Anne Barker O'Dowd Getty and friends while Ray Coco Debbie Patterson from Broadview Thompson I think tally pop Anne Barker was born to write even though she's in kindergarten.

[00:59:45] She could fill as many pages as you said before her with line after line of thoughtful poetry from finding joy in taking care of sick friends to writing from a kittens point of view. Talley uses her senses to capture details. Not everyone might notice when I asked Talley how poetry helps the world. She said poetry helps people read and to learn the world's history because the planet can't see so the people see and speak for the world.

[01:00:15] Please welcome Talley puffin Barker blue whale.

[01:00:26] As soon as you say this word Water flushes to the sea and the bubbles form in the sea makes big waves blue whale. This world swims in the ocean and sings cute music across the page. Blue whale

[01:00:53] A dog today had a hard time believing that his poetry was any good. After I told him I really enjoyed the poem he wrote on our first day together he had the look of someone who needed to pinch himself to believe he was not dreaming. And he continued writing incredible poems. When I asked at all how he how poetry helps the world he said it makes people feel calm and safe but that it also makes people excited to learn something new. These things are definitely true of adults poem blossoming which is an act drastic poem based on his impressions of a poet of a postcard of a Japanese would block print please welcome at all

[01:01:43] When I step into this picture I see flowers blossom then a bird comes along I hear it tweet as beautiful as a hummingbird I want to build a birdhouse to protect it and keep it safe and happy. At night I go to bed tonight. I might do that. My bird is gone. Someone help me. Nobody hears. I wake up.

[01:02:22] I've had the honor of first working with France while Ray my cocoa Debbie Patterson. When she was in kindergarten learning to make words and cents on the page. Since then she has grown exponentially in her confidence to read aloud and in her writing skills. But what is most remarkable to me is her ability and willingness to revise her poems. The poem she is reading tonight. Blue Diamond was first framed as a field guide for an imaginary and personified cloud in our class on revision France Soir fearlessly made this poetic form her own cutting out the framework and adding details and then cutting some more to make her poem stronger.

[01:03:06] Even in our last practice session she still had some edits she wanted to make please welcome Francois blue diamond she only flies through the moonlight and she is never to be seen in the sun. My class dreams is to make things with herself like diamond earrings or even shoes. She will turn it into a gooey slimy icky paddle if she sees the sad at daytime. She'll just disappear with her powers. If you see my cloud at night you'll have really good luck.

[01:03:46] You might even get a present like a diamond crystal or Emerald Thank you Katie Talley doll and Francois.

[01:03:59] Next please welcome with Spider Laura Amash and her writers her Mela birth site of Broadview Thompson Kate's school and my Dao of blue heron school so her Milla is a fourth grader and she goes to.

[01:04:23] Thompson When I went to work with her fourth graders in helmets and kneepads were riding bikes around the gym. The kids gathered around who's our wits writer. They asked when her Miller said I am. The kids applauded wildly at tribute to this fine poet and also to the warm community. Her teacher Ms Winkler has fostered. I asked her mellow. Her favorite thing about widths. She said when we got to curate our own poems She's in fourth grade. Emotions is her favorite words and what she likes expressing and the end word of tonight's poem. Please welcome her Milla

[01:05:18] How my dreams grow I find my dreams near the juicy berry bushes by smelling the flowers I hope my dreams grill watering the plants drip by drip my dreams grow bigger by reading poems my dreams get better and more creative.

[01:05:36] Well I'm on a fluffy cloud my dreams blown the wind with different emotions so Maya Dow is reading astrophysics for people in a hurry by Niels DeGrasse Tyson. He's an astrophysicist and Maya wants to be an astrophysicist too. She loves math science and solving the mystery of how the universe works. Isn't this exciting prospect. She's also in the midst of reading my own words by Ruth Bader Ginsburg and is writing a musical about Bader Ginsburg inspired by Hamilton in the poem she's sharing tonight. Maya's mind is a library like where we are now with a musty scent and soft lighting. There are ancient words and a bubbling happiness that consumes all the sorrows of the world.

[01:06:44] Please welcome Maya.

[01:06:52] My mind has silver wings sometimes it flies away and I am left with nothing to hold onto a vibrating darkness. It is the library a musty scent with soft lighting that matches the light wings amount on your tongue a fluttering desk lamp above the melody. Sometimes the library is silent devoid of life only the squeak of a wooden floorboard under a barefoot. A brush of blubber against the ancient words of our predecessors. Sometimes the library is bustling with activity a shout that crosses us cross a golden day. The warmth of summertime sunlight piercing the window and dancing on my face a bubbling happiness that consumes all the sorrows of the world but at night when the scarlet pastels have faded from the endless sky and the luminescent stars have emerged like pinpricks in a drop of rain my lively company fades away leaving me alone again to bask in the stillness of the pristine darkness as I turn the lights off again.

[01:07:55] Thank you Laura. Her Mela and my.

[01:07:59] Next please welcome wits writer Peter Bamford and his writer C.L. McDaniels of blue heron school located about halfway through my residency at Blue Heron C.L. McDaniels raised his hand and said Excuse me Peter can I tell a joke. Sort of a story it won't take long.

[01:08:27] I said yes but you know be quick which we have because we have a lesson plan. We have things to get to. And it was not 10 minutes his story but it was in the direction of 10 minutes

[01:08:42] And he told it was so much aplomb and competence and charm half of me was like my gosh I wish this guy would stop. We have Twitter we have a class to get to and the other half of me was like oh my goodness this guy knows how to tell his story and where on earth does an eighth grader get confidence like this as you will soon see for yourself. S.L. Is hyper articulate sensitive astute and like any great fiction writer he's highly attuned to the emotional frequency of people in his stories and in life. He wrote this story about a disabled rabbit and its unlikely friendship with a wolf. When seal told me his idea. I asked if the animals spoke to each other and he shook his head at me as if that were an absurd question. Animals don't talk. He said. It's actually true they don't. The story was so fully realized and sophisticated and once again I had to pause to marvel at the quality of his sentences and the complexity of his characters and the moral complexity of their situation.

[01:09:48] It's my great honor to welcome SEO McDaniels to the stage the wolf was a solitary fellow.

[01:10:00] It preferred to be alone. The members of the members of its pack were a playful bunch but it was more reserved. It didn't like roughhousing. It didn't like to talk but among all the oddities it rejected the art of the hunt. The wolf's kin were savage with brutal takedowns and stealthy approaches. But this arctic wolf was different when the little wolf was assigned to go hunting. It would often get distracted licking the morning dew off the long slanted grass the little wolf was ridiculed by the other young confident wolves and shunned by the older more experienced hunters. It was the outcast of the pack the odd one out and it had quickly learned to accept that and it's eleven months on this planet. Everything. Well sometimes a little irritating were just regularities that I had learned to live with it knew that it would just never be like the other wolves but it embraced that sadly because of how different it was from the others. It found that no matter how far it trailed off from its pack it was never of any importance. So as the young pup got older it would spend more time more and more time away from its pack while the other native animals of the land cannot verbally communicate with the little Wolf. They grew to appreciate its lack of ferocity and it was loved from a distance by every creature that was not a member of its own pack. It was because of this very reason that it was one day able to approach the very being that would forever change its life. To be continued

[01:11:35] Thank you so much Peter and C.L. just as a reminder for the students that are prose pieces. There is a longer version published in the chat books so you can catch up on the taste of what you got during the reading. Thank you. Next up please welcome writer Rachel Kessler and her writer Indigo gold of blue hair

[01:11:59] Um so Indigo gold has traveled very far and missed his final soccer game to bring you this poem. I am the leaf in the wind. Indigo is a fifth grader in Amy Wilson's class of blue heron school in Port Townsend. This poem you'll see is full of images from nature and from his life. The first line in fact you said you just sort of stepped into it walking home from school. But there's some unique twist to listen for. There's lines like I am the rebus puzzle of a cloud. I had to go look that up if you guys

want to know what a reverse puzzle is. So according to Webster's it's a riddle or puzzle made up of letters pictures or symbols whose names sound like the parts or syllables of a word or phrase.

[01:12:49] So please welcome Indigo gold.

[01:12:59] I am the brave squirrel charging toward the deadly warmth of man. I am the attention that all crave. I am the cheese melting in the oven. I am the elk charging the hunter. I am the peaceful sound of the flute. I am the twinkling of a distant light. I am the pages flipping in a book. I am the cat slaughtering the rodent. I am the fridge coolly and drink for a hot summer day.

[01:13:27] I am me. I am me.

[01:13:29] I am the dog begging for a tummy rub. I am the purring of kittens Joy. I am the ant seeking sugar. I am the bird calling to its friends. I am the cold tendrils of the wind.

[01:13:42] I am me. I am me.

[01:13:45] I am the falling sand of time. I am the smiley face finding no reason to frown. I am the evil slipping through the net.

[01:13:54] I am me. I am me.

[01:13:56] I am the life that is given to all. I am the leaf in the wind. I am the rebus puzzle of a cloud. I am the roots of the tree. I am the sound of a bear roaring in pride. I am the bow spewing arrows. I am the scales of a fish I am me. I am me. I am also the writer of this poem. Next please welcome wits writer Ramona Sal and his writer Kai Moni heir of MacDonald international elementary school

[01:14:47] Rachel your name tag bell. Just kidding I'm kidding. It's not that big a deal so big a deal. You get on the mike on me. Good so good. All right. All right. My things on my phone that's Chi

[01:15:05] Chi. Oh

[01:15:09] I got an extra round of applause. You're welcome guys one of those kids in the closet like like you've never raised your hand like you never raised your hand you just quietly smiled and just got about your work. It was amazing. And so one day I'm doing the rounds and I was like Let's see what this kid's up to. I go and check in on this guy. And he handed me like nine pages of just glowing brilliance writing that was funny and and ethical. Believe it or not I swear to God and just and just really just fantastic endlessly inventive and completely completely completely un conflicted. It doesn't help also that we're both half Japanese so we could actually just speak Japanese to each other behind the teacher's back which is I'm just kidding.

[01:15:54] As long I know you're in here aren't I. I was just for you. That was just for you. I see they are right. Anyway well I'm going to get out of the way and let Kai blow your guys minds away. It is. I

never thought it would come to this. I honestly never thought I'd end up jealous of a fourth grader but that's where we are.

[01:16:09] So ladies and gentlemen I'm here at this story is called Why snakes don't have legs. And this is a story about a small but curious young lizard who lived a very long time ago. And had a strange encounter with some nasty monkey is that James A Natural History of reptiles and this ancient conflict lies the answer to the mystery of how snakes came to be and this is the one part that I thought was

[01:16:47] Stood out and so so far. Before this happened a young lizard got on. Someone long deceased nerves and. Then one of them. Randomly shouted out we should make a bakery that bakes lizards and this is the part where they're trying to decide if they're going to actually have a bakery or not

[01:17:25] In the middle Central Falls deep down a pitch black hole is Mongoose territory. The mortgages will not let anyone get close to their beloved hole and then their side. Group among dishes among them was easier Capra. Come on. We don't really have to starve the Hmong. Is the one that's the craziest daddy ever heard or another. They all started to break into an argument.

[01:17:46] Everyone shut your mouth cruddy on Mondays. The crowd became silent. Caesar's not saying anything. We can do what we want. The crowd cheered. Then at that moment teachers suddenly parents scratched the longest in the face. He fell down out cold. Really thought I wouldn't talk he cried. This is my decision and mine only. The crowd shudder. Don't you want to get revenge. The crowd roared. Let's get this mortgage bakery out. The crowd chanted revenge revenge revenge as they marched out

[01:18:25] They hear a moaning cry. And last but by no means least.

[01:18:29] Please welcome writer Somare Abu Hassan and her students Hayley Jones of blue heron school Emily Acosta and Jenna so they be of high school and Lucia Albertson and Audrey Peppino of B.F. day elementary school stay with us kind audience I met Hayley Jones last December and Melissa Nagy sixth grade class at Blue Heron school in Port Townsend.

[01:19:05] Hayley was a lamp in the classroom a wise prophet and soothing voice during the shortest days of the year. She is an honest and deep writer reflecting on the workings of the mind giving voice to the passing visions and images we witness and says she's surprised by the fluidity of the creative process. Once you start writing she's inspired by both day and night sunsets and sunrises nature and animals. Listen carefully for her quiet and hopeful vision. You won't forget her words.

[01:19:46] My poem is called a girl's head in it. There is a flower blowing gently by the wind kept company by passing caterpillars and there are three keys. Only one of them holding the answer the other two holding misery and despair. There is a marshmallow trampoline and trees that grow downwards. There's the dream of no more homework and the hope of what you'll become and

accomplish. There are scattered and broken musical notes waiting to be picked up. You watching them out of your doughnut window perched atop a hill of ice cream in it. There is a wise kitten living in an ocean of milk dressed in a Santa hat for I believe that the only key. Strong enough to unlock any door is love.

[01:20:37] I believe that only the truest and pierced of minds can truly understand the prospect of peace during so many of our homemaking hours and Melissa Walsh's primary class at the Hutch school.

[01:21:00] Emily a co-star was always raising her hand to ask can I have another piece of paper. Her green widths folder with exploding with poems full of long elegant lines. This eight year old poet seemed to know that if you gave yourself permission to write without stopping. Of course you would discover jewels along the way. She told me this week that she thinks there's a difference between the childishness of speech and the written word. Writing she says is its own factory making its own letters nearly all of her poems have a special power to summon. And tonight is no exception.

[01:21:40] Please welcome Emily a perfect spring day. I'm going to rise up like the sun. And a daffodil growing sprouts on transforming snow to a bright day and blooming friends of growing the Friends of spring and giving lilies and dahlias back

[01:22:04] And giving up winter for spring and giving a smile to spring and bringing the sun back and defeating snow and preferring the glitter inside Spring River. I'm screaming for spring. I'm not learning in anymore winter. I'm shouting for more flowers.

[01:22:23] I'm looking at the birds and a bright busy me and they knew whether I'm a new complete son Janet's other bee brought a wonderful spark to frankly the middle school class at The Hutch school her writing visit her writing vision.

[01:22:49] It's curious and unafraid funny and unique. I never stay in one spot very long. Jenna told me I'm drawn to trying new things. She's seamlessly moves between writing and drawing and is both spacious and focused. She told me she can focus on a single word and then spill on the page and one of her poems not the one she'll read tonight. She hypothesizes that quote man has gone deaf to trees wispy songs. End quote. She invites you to close your eyes at the end and sink deeper into awareness. But for this moment and this poem suppose you are the artist she is addressing. Enjoy the marvelous visions of paper pencil and ink that Jenna creates.

[01:23:41] My poem is called instructions to the artist. I wish my head to be preferably round balloon heads out of the question. The paper should be fairly thick yet waxy if you must use printer paper. I will accept my face should show bone structure but not too much detail watercolors are desired. Paint my face in buoyant bright colors using abundant yellows reds and greens but my eyes must be perfectly detailed and charcoal as if it were the only clear thing you can see out of window my lips to be sketched in an indifferent expression. Yet your color palette is bright and expressive inviting and I fire in the hearts of those who view my portrait. The body is not insignificant. You would need to paint

my shoulders as desperate hunched over yet my soft cautious hands thinly inked. If you are familiar with advanced human anatomy that would be fantastic. The background is no laughing matter. It will tie everything together. I would prefer dark shades but do not make it like I am sitting in a dark hole. Also if you could add butterflies fluttering out of my cupped hands that would be effervescent. Don't leave me alone empty handed standing in a dark room. Some final recommendations. I would like to be looking off at wispy wings but not with my back turned. That would be odd. Finally I would have your name written in thin white paint on the back of my neck to forever commend your work of art.

[01:25:20] Remember do not despair in hard times writes 8 year old Lucia Albertson in one of her poems. Remember help your earth for you are it. She continues. Lucia is a third grade writer from Janet Sawyer's class at the FDA and she approached each poetry lesson with confidence enthusiasm and a willingness to explore. She told me her poems are inspired by time to think nature and nighttime dreams such as a dream she once had of becoming a cloud and which inspired a poem during wits. Today's poem contains her signature music and vision that we are seen and not separate and that we can be uplifted in any moment. Please welcome Lucia let the music Let the music move through the streets let the music come inside your brain let the music play inside Robin's head as it flies let the music distract flowers until they stop blooming let the music tickle your face let the music see into your heart let the music be wisdom to you let the music glow let the music splash in pedals let the music laugh let the music giggle let the music dance let the music be what it is. I was lucky enough to meet Audrey Papp in nose writing and Randy nurturing second grade class at the FDA she tried every writing experiment and a spirited and whole hearted way and celebrated everyone's voice in the class while her own poems felt like wondrous gifts. Surprising optimistic and generous. Audrey has a tall list of muses friends paintings songs mom dad and cats. She also finds deep inspiration from camels which move in and out of her poems like a lighthouse a place of rest. She writes Let the camel be a silent figure galloping across the lawn. Let the camel touch you softly That's columnists followed him today are very last poem of the evening. It's a buoyant poem full of invitation and music. I dare you not to jump out of your seat.

[01:27:54] Please welcome Audrey to escort them in to wish to ask to whisk the men to fly to soar to light up the moon Wash. Tap. Rattle tap tap the tree the tree the tree and did them. Try everything to store to store to store the light to fly to whisk to make light wash tap. Flick. Tap tap the moon woman the moon filled with light try everything to fly to fly to fly above the moon to store to whisk to light up to tree wash tap murmur tap tap. Thank you Somare Haley Emily Jenna Lucia and Audrey

[01:28:52] Oh my goodness OK my my heart is full of my brain is now made with images that I have literally never considered before. So thank you guys all I'm going to do three quick things and then get you guys to cupcakes

[01:29:10] And I'm gonna ask the Wits writers and students to come up for a group shot to after those three things. So readers and writers we have gift bags for you at the. At the registration table. There's lots of goodies including a gift certificate to open books your checkbook when your name which is an ABC order by your last name so you can find it easily. Ice cream card from Molly Moon so look through that carefully and members of the audience if you're not here with the reader please stop by

the registration table to pick up a complimentary copy of the book to four families. We'll have pictures from Libby Lewis where you are amazing photographer hiding in the corner now. Oh well we will send a link to those for you to download as well as an audio recording of the podcast provided by the library. And last but not least families on your way out please stop by our registration table and pick up information about our creative writing camps for the summer. And we have book bingo cards for adult and youth readers to inspire your summer reading endeavors. And last but not least will be cupcakes after the photo. For both readers and audience members alike. But despite the dust up comic cupcakes in libraries don't actually mix so will consume them here and then you'll be on your way. So writers and readers would you please come to the front. Really quick for a picture and a round of applause. Okay on the count of three. Take a bow and then let's have a final round of applause. One two three. All right

[01:30:59] Thank you all so much for coming in. Have a wonderful night. Thank you for being part of what this year

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