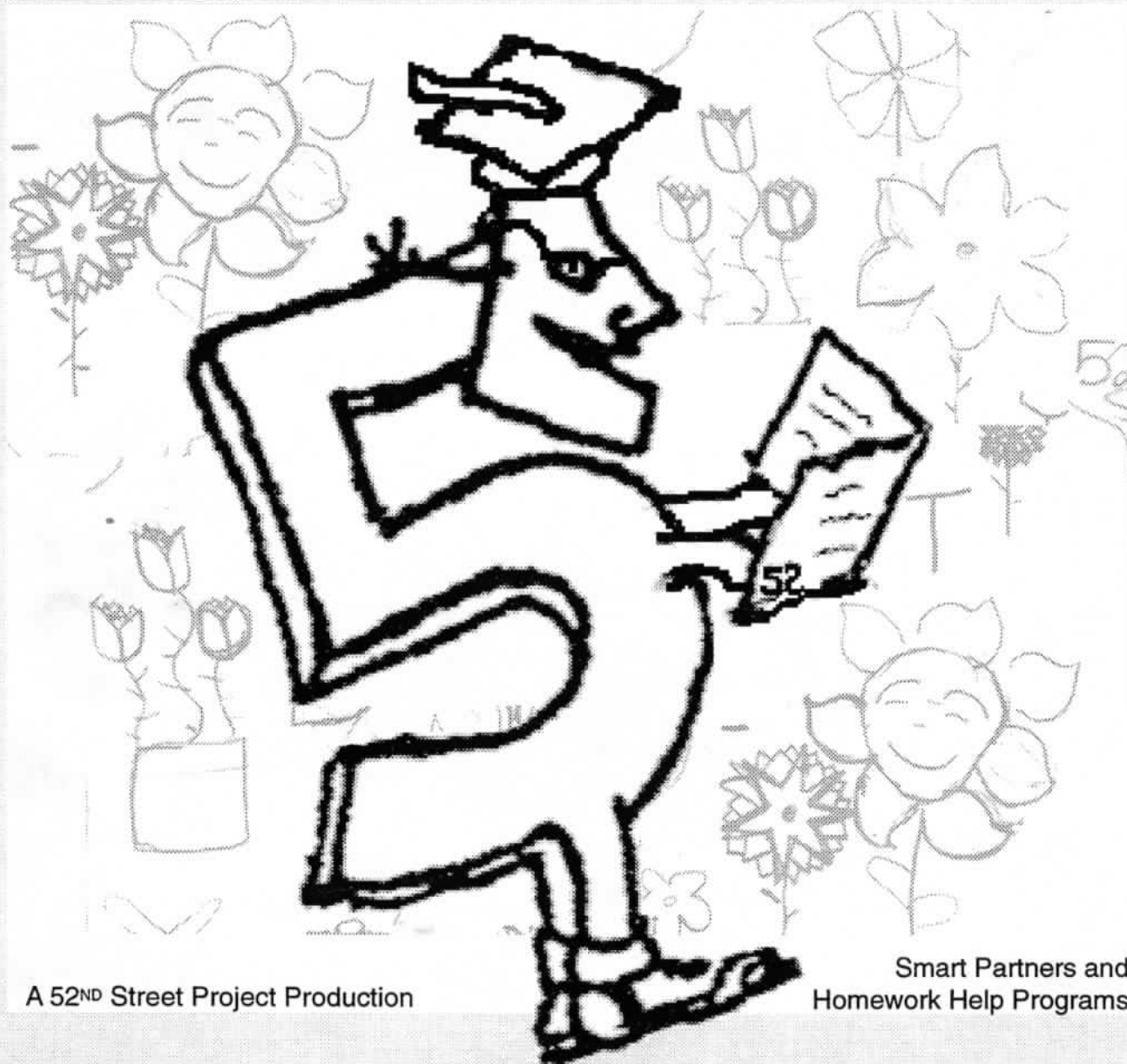


F I V E Y

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE OF THE
52ND STREET PROJECT KIDS

VOLUME 1

JUNE 1998



A 52ND Street Project Production

Smart Partners and
Homework Help Programs

1997-98 Smart Partners

Gloria Trejo and Anne Garcia Romero
Hakim Latimore and Robin Morse
Isaac Trujillo and Jason Valk
Isha Rodriguez and Diana Son
Janice Santiago and Lisa Benavides
Jaya Rosado and Sally Bock
Jayme Rosado and Adam Felber
Jaysunn Rosado and Jose Dominguez
Joseph Mohamed and John Bedford Lloyd
Judith Agosto and Nancy Giles
Lorraine Calderon and Jenny Wiener
Lorraine Zambrano and Paola Fantini
Luis Anthony Maldonado and Gus Rogerson
Mary Vamvoukakis and Peggy Adler
Mayleen Cancel and Katherine Lumb
Noel Polanco and Catherine Brophy
Raymond Ocasio and Stephen Haff
Steven Vasquez and Camilla Campbell Platt
Tanika Parson and Alison Tatlock
Thomas Santoni and Andy Millon
Vionel Ortiz and Eris Migliorini
Yazzy Troche and Jilian Gersten

*Special Thanks to the
Educational Foundation of
America for their generous
support of the Smart Partner
Program*

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Fivey and Twoey

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WHY FIVEY?

People these days are on a first-name basis with their favorite magazines. *Fivey* is informal, yet sophisticated, friendly, yet respectful; just the tone you kids and your work deserve (not to mention we adults). You Smart Partners and

Homework Help kids have been writing and drawing like crazy throughout the school year. Now it's time for everyone to see each other's dazzling creations. The following pages are filled with your poems, stories, dialogues, drawings and essays. They represent quite a lot of work and you all should be proud of yourselves. I invite you to keep contributing to upcoming issues of *Fivey* — the literary magazine by Project kids, about Project kids and for Project kids (with a little help from your friends).

- *Julie Feldman/Director of Education*

IN THIS ISSUE

*Jaya and Sally let us
inside their heads*

*Gloria takes us to
Ecuador to meet the
incredible fish people*

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Español*

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odes to sprouted seeds*

*Noel gives us a look
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*Vionel and Eris write
Haikus*

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*Justin warns us not to be
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Joseph shoots some hoops

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*Mayleen predicts the
weather*

Jonathan tells Thyme

*Hakim does a portrait of
Gus and Robin*

*Thomas and Andy do a
Fibonacci*

and much much more!

Only You Can Get Smart By Coming To The Super Smart Partner Program!

by Joseph Mohamed

The Smart Partner program is about a group of kids and a group of adults learning strictly about school work and/or our problems in school such as conduct, where we sit, how we get along with the kids in class, and our report cards (if we feel bad about them). They're there for us when we need them. It helps us to learn more about who we are and what we're supposed to do in life. And they teach us to learn in school so we can have a good education when we grow older.

Project Rap

by Noel Polanco and Jayme Rosado

The Project is fun
 You're not supposed to run
 Project is the bombs
 Julie is going to tell your moms
 if you don't come to the Smart Partners meeting
 Everybody knows you're to get a beating
 You come to Projects
 to do your work
 But sit around
 Everybody knows you're a jerk

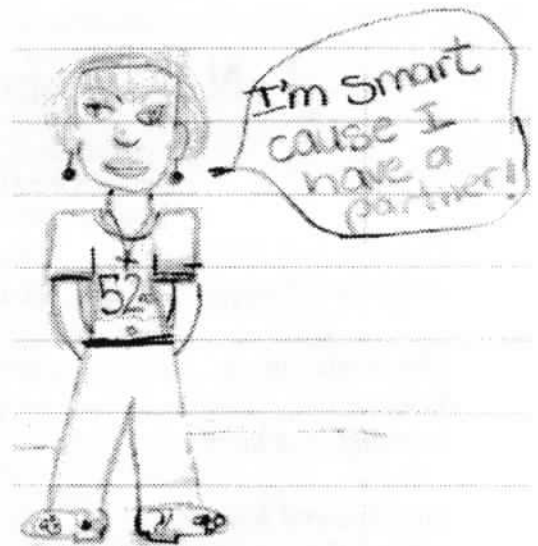


Illustration by
Mayleen Cancel

Writing With Gus!

by Luis Maldonado

I.

I was thinking of what to write for a story. I thought of a brick wall and started to write about it. It was big and red, with black bricks and yellow bricks. The brick wall had a word on it. The word was "think" in big letters. As I wrote and while I was writing, Gus just went to sleep on the desk. When Gus got up, he read my story and laughed.



II.

One day, I went to the 52nd St. Project and I brought some ice cream for Julie, George, Gus and myself. Gus said, "I don't eat sugar," so we left his ice cream in the fridge. Gus and I talked and started to spell words like "ostentatious" and "rougher." Gus had to go to the B.R. (BATHROOM), so I got an apple and waited. We came back to the room that we were working in and it was writing time, so I wrote.

When I finished writing Gus said, "Can I read it, or will you read it to me?" I said, "I'll read it to you." When I read it to Gus I said, "One day I went to the 52nd St. Project and I ..." etc.



Adam Felber's Intimate Portrait of Jayme Rosado

Adam: I'm here with 11 year old actor/playwright /athlete Jayme Rosado. Jayme, thanks for coming down here to talk with me.

Jayme: No problem, Adam.

Adam: Now, Jayme, I understand that you've been living around here all your life. Is that true?

Jayme: Yes it is. I've been living here all my life.

Adam: So, you do a lot of things; acting, and writing, as well as playing sports, but what is your favorite thing?

Jayme: Well, I like doing both, but - I'm sorry, Project, no offense - I like doing sports better,

Adam: What is it about sports that you love?

Jayme: I like being energetic, and the more you play sports, the more you know about it.

Adam: Tell me about your favorite sports.

Jayme: Let's see... my favorite sport used to be basketball, I used to play it every day. But now, my friends got me into baseball, and I like it better because you have to do more and it's harder. This will be my third year playing baseball.

Adam: What's your position?

Jayme: Shortstop. Because a lot of people say I'm short and fast, and you have to be kinda fast to play that position.

Adam: Okay, what about theater. Do you

see yourself more as an actor or a writer?

Jayme: Well, I probably see myself as a writer, 'cuz I'm wack at acting.

Adam: But everybody says you're an excellent actor...

Jayme: No I'm not.

Adam: Yes you are.

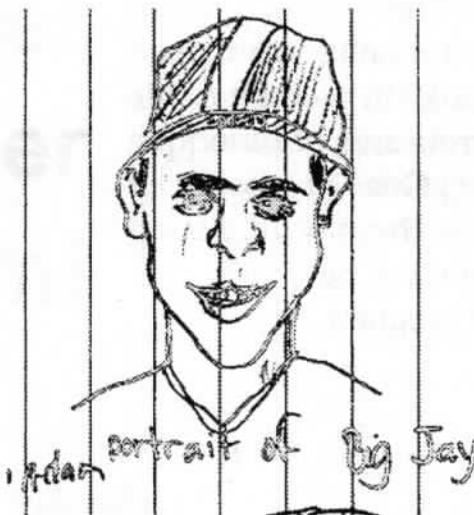
Jayme: No I'm not.

Adam: You are so.

Jayme I'M NOT!

Adam: Are.

Jayme: No. But I really like acting. Especially the One on One's. The best play I ever did was with Adrienne Shelly. It was about friendship.



Adam: So, what does the future hold for Jayme Rosado?

Jayme: I wanna be a lot of things. I want to be a baseball player, and I want to be an artist. I want to be an actor. And I want to write plays. But the two things I really want to do is be a baseball player and an artist.

Adam: You draw really well.

Jayme: Oh, stop it.

Adam: No, really.

Jayme: Well, thanks for the compliment.

Adam: Jayme, thanks again for your time.

Jayme: No problem. I'd like to give a shout out to MTM. Peace.

Jayme Rosado's Intimate Portrait of Adam Felber

Jayme: People around Midtown, my guest today is Adam Felber.

Adam: Hi everybody. It's a pleasure to be here with you, Jayme.

Jayme: So Adam, tell me about your life. I hear that you are a writer for Dr. Seuss. Is that true.?

Adam: Well, yes, it was. I just finished writing for "The Wubbulous World of Dr. Seuss" on Nickelodeon.

Jayme: You also wrote the game Math Rock?

Adam: Yeah. I've written a bunch of CD-ROMs.

Jayme: I hear you're working on a new one called "Girl Talk."

Adam: Yes, Jayme I am. It's a game for 8-13 year-old girls.

Jayme: Tell me about the game.

Adam: It's really girl stuff. "Truth or Dare" type questions, Leonardo DiCaprio...

Jayme: Give me some details.

Adam: I just gave you details.

Jayme: But how much does it go for?

Adam: I don't know. It's not out yet.

Jayme: I hear you beat a lot of Playstation games.

Adam: Yeah, I love video games. I have worked my way through "Final Fantasy VII" and both "Tomb Raiders."

Jayme: Do you have a girlfriend?

Adam: You know I do.

Jayme: I'm asking you though. Can't I ask?

Adam: Okay, settle down. Yes. I have a girlfriend.

Jayme: What is her name?

Adam: Her name is Jeanne. I told you that a long time ago.

Jayme: Why are you being so rude to me?

Adam: Well, you're acting like we've never met, and we've been Smart Partners for like nine months now...

Jayme: Let's change the subject. I hear you are a funny actor.

Adam: I guess so. I do a lot of improv and I have a sketch comedy duo with the Project's own Michael Bernard.

Jayme: Do you like acting?

Adam: Yes, I love it.

Jayme: Do you have any kids?

Adam: No, but I'd love to have kids someday.

Jayme: What kind of kids?

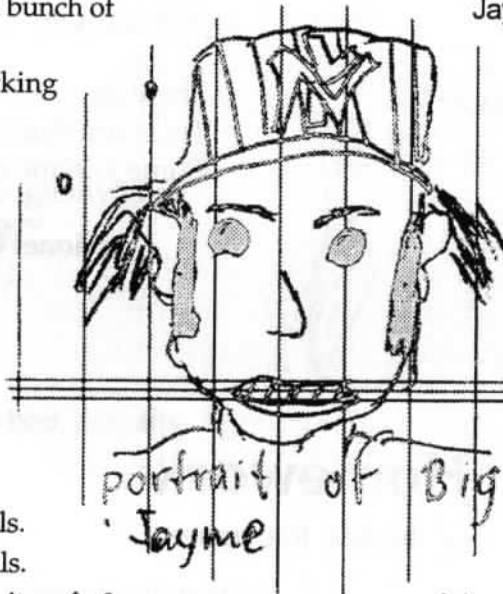
Adam: The furry kind that take care of themselves and go, "meow."

Jayme: That's not a child, that's an animal.

Adam: Oh. Then I guess that's it. I want an animal. I actually have a cat already. His name's Horatio.

Jayme: Do you have anything else to say?

Adam: I wanna give a shout out to Jeanne and Horatio. Peace.



Our Haikus

by Vionel Ortiz and Eris Migliorini

My partner is smart
I'm jealous of Vionel's
Brave, young womanness.

Merrily we row
Along the brutal river
Of the seventh grade.

To make a good soup
Add twenty-six and thirteen
in pot fifty-two.

-Eris Migliorini, age 26

She has old token
Earrings that hang down her ears.
Eris is her name.

Writing this writing
That, I am writing a play.
See it on Broadway.

52nd Street Project
All day every day hard work.
Fun and play and laughs.

There are good days and
There are bad days but fun days
Come join me one day.

-Vionel Ortiz, age 13



Homework

by Isha Rodriguez

'Homework is work
given to students every day
Some are enjoyable
Some are hard
They come in many different ways
They are said to reinforce lessons
learned in everyday class
While others just see it
as a pain in the —
Some students protest
they won't do it!

They don't care!
They end up passing class
and others complain
It's not fair!
In the end
it still stands
the task must be done,
no exceptions even if it's not fun.
You may hate it, that's o.k.
'cause in the future
it will pay.

Poem

by Jaya Rosado & Sally Bock

Multiply, multiply, multiply
 Why so many times?
 I hate it, hate it, hate it
 Don't they know I don't get it?

Counting my fingers
 One by one
 And when I'm finished
 Everyone is already done

Then comes divide
 It usually takes all night,
 The only thing going through my head
 is "does it fit?" "Does it fit?"
 Then none of this helps
 So I just feel sick

All those things are not so bad, actually
 When I don't have 'em
 I get kinda mad
 But there's always that
 someone to help you out
 I almost feel I'm in Girl Scouts

Remember when I said there is always that
 someone to help you out?
 But then you look again and they're out.
 So there I'm sitting all alone
 Looking at these things to do all on my own
 But no need to worry
 Someday, somehow, somewhere
 That same someone will come and help you out



Numbers float
 Around inside your head
 You stall and complain
 And refuse to see
 Their order, pattern and beauty

We're Sisyphus and the rock
 Facing one big hill
 Scraping along by our nails
 Losing again to gravity

I can't explain the tricks
 Of seeing how 8 fits
 Inside that awkward 56

Half past eight
 Everybody's gone
 Talkin' shoes, lime green and stuff
 Your wise observations
 Sitting together, we talk on
 I know it's more than division
 We're counting upon

All about Sally

by Tanika Parson and Alison Tatlock

Characters:

Sally: A girl played by Alison

Susan: A girl played by Tanika

Place: 52nd Street Project

SALLY

Man, I am leaving tomorrow.
That's not fair.

SUSAN

Why are you going away for?

SALLY

Cuz I got another job and I
want to live with my
boyfriend.

SUSAN

Sally, why do you have to go
away from the 52nd St.
Project? Why can't you stay
with meee? Stay Sally.

SALLY

Bye Susan...

(crying)

SUSAN

Bye my best friend.

(cry)

SALLY

(waving bye with her hands)

SUSAN

I know! We could make her
sad so she could stay.

Part 2

SUSAN

Hi Sally.

SALLY

Hi.

SUSAN

Can I ask you a question?
What is more important,
friends or your job? Bye
Sally, tell me tomorrow.

Tomorrow

SUSAN

Where is she? Man, she's
mad at me... Sally is that
you?

(no answer)

SALLY

Hi Susan.

SUSAN

Hi.

SALLY

I thought about what you
said and I pick my job.
I'm so sorry Susan. Bye.

(crying)

SUSAN

I am going to miss you a
lot.

(They hug)

THE END

Thomas Santoni and Andy Millon's Dialogue

Andy: How have you enjoyed the smart partner program so far?

Thomas: I'm happy I have had the privilege of being in the Smart Partner program. Working with you has been fun.

Andy: Has it been anything other than fun? Have you learned anything?

Thomas: Yes, I have learned how to do a Fibonacci.

Andy: Can you tell me now what that is?

Thomas: Fibonacci is a group of numbers.

Andy: What kind of group of numbers?

Thomas: I don't remember.

Andy: It is a series, where each number is determined by some relationship to the previous numbers. You figured out how the series was made by looking at it. The series was 0,1,1,2,3,5,8,13,21,34,55,89,...and so on. I encourage readers to figure it out. What else have you learned?

Thomas: Oh yeah, the Map, I got a good grade. I got a one fifteen on the test.

Andy: What is a one fifteen?

Thomas: One hundred fifteen percent. In other words, I got everything right, and extra credit.

Andy: If you saw a map with the names removed, how many do you think you could still name?

Thomas: I don't know, like, probably...ten, because I'm not used to that.

Andy: Do you remember a trick I showed you for remembering?

Thomas: Like for Minnesota, it looks like a soda, that's the shape.

Andy: Any other trick? There's one in particular I want you to remember.

Thomas: Can you give me a hint?

Andy: I'll just tell you. I divided the map into...

Thomas: Into shapes?

Andy: That's close. I wanted you to say groups, but each group did have a shape, and that helped. Anything else?

Thomas: Oh! Poetry! Remember that Dylan Thomas poem you helped me with, "Do not go gentle into that good night"?

Andy: What did that mean to you?

Thomas: To die with pride.

Andy: Do you remember what I said right after you said that?

Thomas: No, what did you say?

Andy: Live with pride.



Robin and Gus
by Hakim Latimore

Anne Frank

by Yazzy Troche

The Diary of Anne Frank was a very touching play. The reason why I liked the play was because Anne never gave up, she made the best of the worst. The play was based on her life in the attic. Anne Frank kept a diary; she wrote in it every day. She was Jewish, and the German people didn't like Jews and were starting a war so her family and three friends hid in an attic. They were there for over a year before the German people came for them.

While they were there she kept her diary, which she called Kitty. She wrote all her feelings in it. Her family had a Dutch friend who brought food and other supplies for them. They had to walk bare-foot and they couldn't flush the toilets much. The ruler at the time was Hitler; he believed everyone should have blue eyes and blond hair. Towards the end of the war, the German police found the attic hideout and took Anne and her

family and friends away; they were all separated.

A few days before the war ended, Anne Frank died of a disease called Typhus which she got in the concentration camp. The only person who lived was her father, so when he went back to the attic to get his belongings he found the diary. And now it is published. Today in Amsterdam they allow people to go and see the attic, and in the museum there you can see the real diary.

I like Anne's character. She was nice but if you make her mad then she gets really angry, and then writes in her diary. One of my favorite parts of the play was when she is bothering Peter, because you can tell he was annoyed. I also liked the end of the play when they showed the words from Anne's diary on the stage. It looked cool and also it meant that thanks to her writing she wasn't forgotten.



Cici the 52nd Girl

by Jennifer Jimenez

Cici is here and she is going to help save the Project just like she helps save the universe. She is strong and she will fight for all the kids of the future especially for the kids of the 52nd Street Project. No one will ever be able to try to touch any kids there. She is looking out for everyone at all times. She is the goddess of good. She was found by an old woman named Claire who found her in the street on the corner of 52nd. The lady had a bowl that was shiny, she had told Cici. She was soon to leave the earth and was sent to



find Cici to give her the shiny bowl because she was the Chosen One. Cici asked Claire (the old lady), what she meant but Claire just said, "There's no time to talk, put this costume on and put your hand out in the bowl. You're due to stop a boulder right now. Hurry you'll know where to go. Bye." "Wait!" said Cici. She was too late. Right after, Cici did what Claire told her to do. She stopped the boulder but never saw Claire again. No one knew who Cici was but they thanked her very much. Cici knew she would never see Claire again.

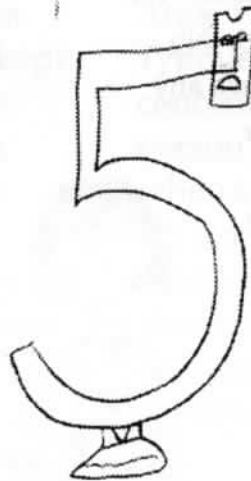
My Play

by Noel Polanco

When I went away to Upstate New York to do my play, it took hard work. First of all practice; it took a lot of practice to do the play. You wouldn't believe how much practice it took. I went three days to practice. We practiced Friday, Saturday, and Sunday from ten o'clock in the morning to 1 o'clock in the afternoon, then we ate lunch. We practiced again from 5 to 6 in the evening, then we ate dinner. Their food was great. We had real cheesy homemade macaroni, lasagna, and one night we ate lobster with rice.

We had to learn a lot of things. We had to learn to be serious, learn the lines, and all the moves in three days time; it was a lot to remember.

Of course, it took a lot of people to make one play. If it wasn't for the volunteers, we



couldn't do the play. We need the prop people (people that make stuff that we as actors need for a play). We need the lighting people, back stage crew, people for slides, and last, but not least, the costume designer



Jazzlyn Hernandez

I finished practicing and we had our lines down pat. Me and William (my acting partner) performed in the Ensemble Studio Theater. The people that trained us are called The 52nd Street Project. When it was opening night, the tickets were sold out. The name of the performance was called "The Button." I was playing the part of an insane person. William and I were nervous but we performed excellently!

Who am I?

by Lorraine Zambrano

Who am I?
 I'm a natural person
 that doesn't like living in any body's shadow
 Who am I?
 I'm a natural born queen
 who's trying to live up to her parent's expectation
 Who am I?
 I'm loved as well
 as hated
 Who am I?
 I know who I am
 but, who are you?

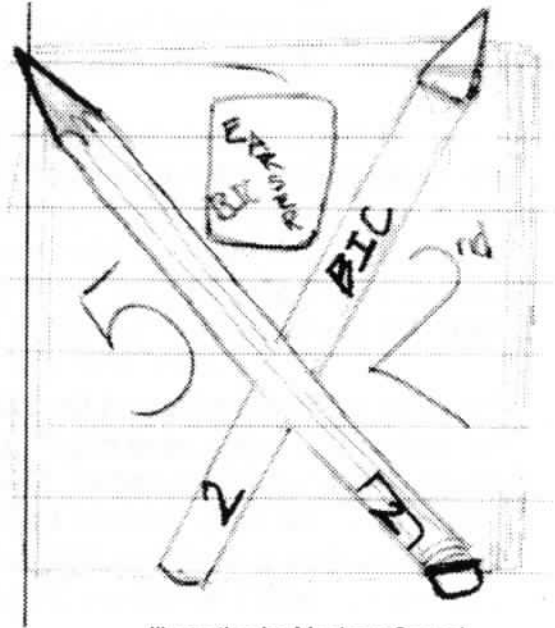


Illustration by Mayleen Cancel

Wishes

by Hakim Latimore

My Dreams
 The Things I wish for
 that make
 me still
 joyful today
 Hoping my
 future will
 turn out as
 my wishes
 and my dreams
 where the place you can't
 seem to reach

Fear

by Hakim Latimore

As I ran and
 ran..
 not looking back
 afraid to
 look back
 on my fears
 heading to my wishes and
 dreams
 my fears followed
 I figured that I had to face my
 fears, I ran back

My Dream

by Steven Vasquez

One night when I was sleeping in my bed, I had a dream. A happy dream. I was dreaming about when I was rich. I had a cigar in my mouth and it tasted nasty, very nasty! I was vomiting and I felt ill. I had a huge bed. A waterbed, and there were fish inside the bed. There was one dead fish inside the bed. I had a slave and I asked him, "Where are my parents?" He told me, "You don't have any parents." And I said, "What?"

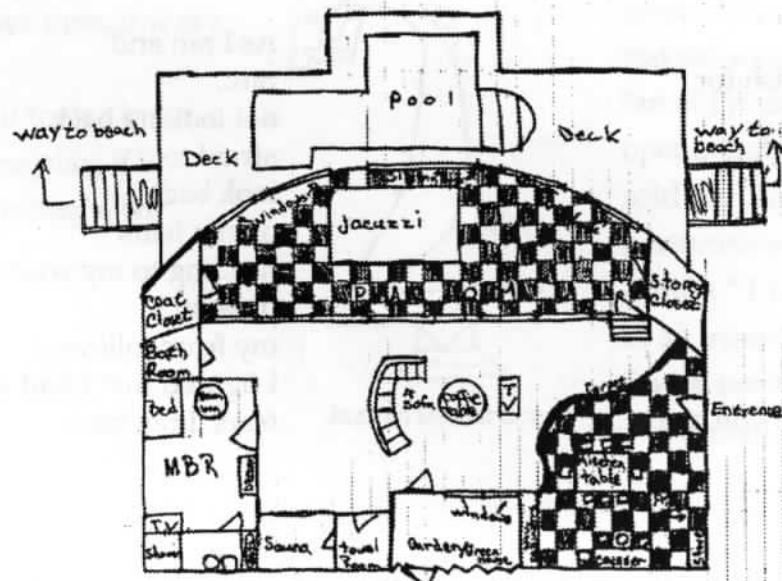
I was walking outside in the woods and I saw a rabbit with green eyes. I was scared. I was about to cry but he ran away. Then I kept walking and I saw a man with a gun. The Bad Man's hair was sticking straight up. His teeth were yellow and he was wearing ripped up clothes. The Bad Man covered my mouth and took me to this old place in the woods. I was crying a lot and screaming for my Mom. Then he tied me up tightly with a rope. My blood was pulsing. The Bad Man wanted to kill me in the morning.

It was six in the morning and the Bad Man fell asleep. Another man outside looked at me and said, "Do you need help?" I said, "Yes." So the Good Man came inside and hit The Bad Man with the hammer. The Good Man untied the rope and I said, "Thank you very much." He said, "I think I know your parents," and I said, "You do?" And he said, "Yes. Your parents live in Puerto Rico," and I said, "I have enough money to go to Puerto Rico. I can't wait to see my parents."

When I got to Puerto Rico, I went to this rotten house. It was filthy and my parents were there and my brothers were there too. I was so, so happy to see my parents and I stayed there forever, and ever and ever.

My Dream House

by Joseph Mohamed



The Lost Child

By Ray O.

The child is lost.
He needs help.
Who will help him.
No one knows.

One person is brave and doesn't hide.
Supports the kids and teaches them right.

Thanks to you.
You made a change.
You know who you are.
You're so great.

Whatif?

by Jaysunn Rosado

Last night while I lay thinking
there
I started saying to myself,
Whatif
Whatif this, whatif that
Whatif I smelled
Whatif I fell
Whatif I dropped my cat
Whatif I lost my hat
Whatif I died

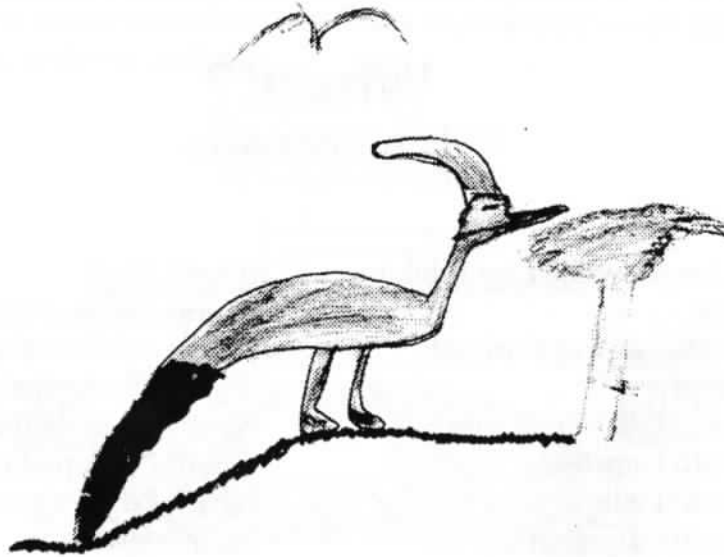
Whatif I lied
Whatif I am not there
Whatif I didn't care
Whatif I broke the chair
Whatif my mom didn't see it there
Whatif I dropped my soda
Whatif I didn't get taller
All those whatifs,
Whatif they're just
misfits?

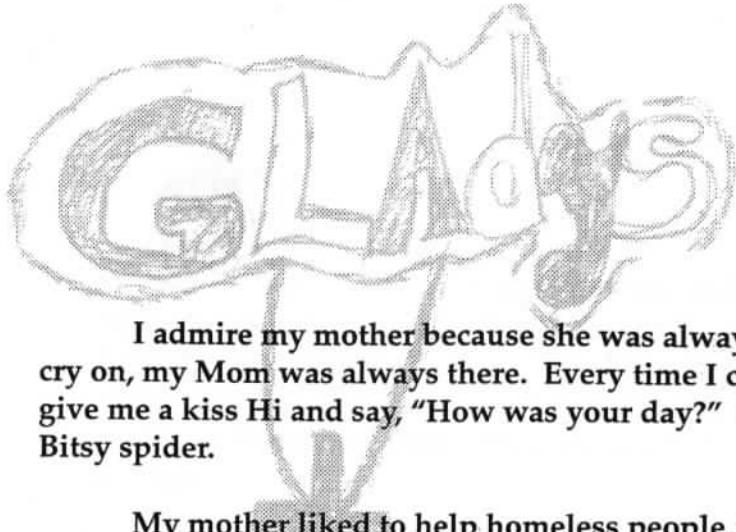
In the Dominican Republic

by Justin Aponte

One day when I was very little, my mother took me to the Dominican Republic. My mother said to me (in Spanish) to go to get coffee and I didn't know what she was saying. And then I started to curse in English because I didn't know what she was saying.

Then it was time to go to bed. And then I had a dream that I was talking Spanish. The next day, I was talking Spanish! So nobody wanted to talk to me because I learned Spanish so fast. They were thinking, "How did this boy learn Spanish?"





Who I Admire

by Jaymaree Rosado

I admire my mother because she was always there for me. If I needed a shoulder to cry on, my Mom was always there. Every time I came from school, she was the only one to give me a kiss Hi and say, "How was your day?" My mother taught me how to do the Itsy Bitsy spider.

My mother liked to help homeless people, like give them food and make them food. When I grow up, I want to be just like my mother. Me and my Mom had a lot in common. My Mom had four different colors of hair and I do too. My mother liked the color yellow and I like the color yellow.

Every time on Fridays my mother used to like to tell us scary stories because she liked to scare us because Saturday is no School. If you didn't know, my mother died.

To People I'll Never Forget

by Mary Vamvoukakis

Jessica, do you remember when we were four, that time we got along so well while everyone was yelling, "Mine."

When we got in trouble we still stuck with each other even through hard times with your mother.

Through good and bad through happiness and sorrow we still stick together and things we do borrow.

How can I leave you and leave Paola too, why can't you come, Paola, it won't be the same, without you.

I can't wait to start high school and you will come too, I'm worried about Paola, How will she do?

Paola, I've known you two years, we weren't close then, now I feel close to you, it feels like ten.

Under My Bed

by Noel Polanco

Under my bed, there's a whole universe
I wish I can take it and turn it in reverse.



Under my bed, kids can really have some fun,
Under my bed, kids can jump and skip and run.

No parents to tell you, "Go to school,"
Under my bed, you can act like a fool.

Under my bed, you can climb up a tree,
Under my bed, you can be free.



This brings us to the end of my poem,
Without your parents, you don't have a home.



Let's Get Invisible

by Johnathan Roldan

In the story, it says the boy disappeared.
When he looked in the mirror, he
disappeared. I wonder where he went. The
boy who disappeared's name was Max. I
wish I can be like Max. And if I disappear, I
wish I was in Hawaii. I wish I will see girls
in Hawaii. I wish I was invisible, because
then no one will see me.

Poems

by Jaymaree Rosado



I was talking to Love and then Pain interrupted and Love said, "Why are you interrupting?" and Pain said, "Cause I feel like it," and I said "Stop fighting" and then that's when Mrs. Happiness comes in and says with a smile, "What's going on?" and Pain said, "Nothing," and Love said "Pain is bothering us," and Mrs. Happiness said, "Pain, come with me now," and you should see the look on her face.

Joy is sweet nice
 Joy you in joy it
 Joy it's confused
 Everyone said Joy Joy
 Joy Joy pretty nice sweet
 Joy is like Romeo and Juliet Joy.



Valentine's Day

Valentine, Valentine is just for love, if you break it you will be smuch.
 Valentine, Valentine, love is in the air, like you just don't care,
 but beware, it could break your little charming bear.
 Love is beautiful, love is nice, love is friendly, and so is ice.
 Valentine's day is almost going away
 Pick your girl or boy and say I love you today.

Chocolate Cake



Chocolate cake, it tastes so sweet.
 If you eat it, I think you will be beat.
 If I get a piece, I'm going to freak.
 Chocolate cake — don't eat it.
 It's wanted for murder and I think you should beat it.
 If you don't, I don't care
 I'm going to have to put it in your underwear.
 If I do, I'm going to
 "Whew!"
 Chocolate cake, stay away from it,
 Or be a part of it.

Poemas de amor

por Lorraine Calderon y Marlene Moran

Me engañaste

Me dijiste que me querías
Me dijiste que me amabas
pero nunca me dijiste que
con otra me engañabas.

Las mujeres

Las mujeres ahora no saben
hacer Sancocho, pero sí saben
decir, "Papi, espérame a las
ocho."

No comprendo

No comprendo por qué me
dejaste, pero sí sé por quien
me dejaste.

Nunca supe

Nunca supe por que dijiste
sí, cuando nunca me querías.

Como me quieres

Como sabré que me quieres,
cuando nunca me dices que
me quieres, cuando me dices
que me quieres nunca lo dices
con amor.

Estar junto

Estar junto es estar afuera
del espacio, contigo, solamente
sabiendo que me quieres, sabiendo
que me amas con toda tu alma y con
toda tu fuerza.

Chocolate

Chocolate, es lo que yo más
quiero pero yo siempre te voy
a quererte a tí mas.

La luna y las estrellas

La luna y las estrellas son los que
veo en tus ojos cuando te miro,
Cuando yo te beso tus labios se
sienten como rosas suaves.

La noche

La noche es roja cuando estamos
en tu cuarto besándonos y
queriéndonos
hasta la medianoche.

Te amo

Te amo con toda mis
pasiones y
con toda mi fuerza
Pero tu nunca estás
conmigo cuando
te necesito.

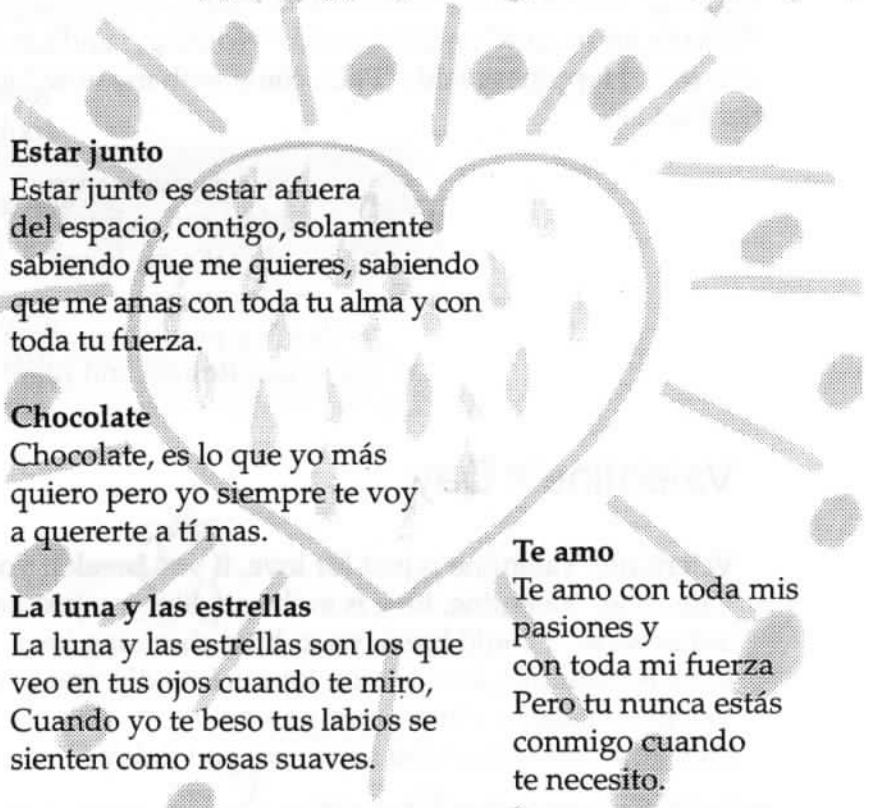
No sé

No sé si me quieres, no
sé si me amas pero
cuando yo te necesito
tu siempre estás
a mi lado.

Escuchar

Cuando yo estoy
contigo yo me
siento como si no me
escucharas.

COLD SNOW DRIFTING DEEP
I SEE MY GOLD HEART SHINING
TEARS MELT DOWN MY EYES



MARLENE

Punky Breath

by Isaac Trujillo

Flipping an eraser, oh punky breath

Two bullets in my back, oh punky breath

Suck it, punky breath

Oh punky breath, you smell like a dress

Oh big nose, you have little toes

Basketball

by Joseph Mohamed

Basketball is phat.
 Because I know I am all that.
 If you think that you can compete with me
 let me see,
 what you got.
 We can do this in the old school parking lot.

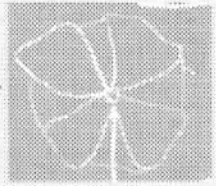
The rim is high.
 Now let's see who can touch the sky.
 Will it be you,
 or me?
 We'll just have to see,
 game to - 22 - ,
 Don't forget to bring the loot.
Boy I am gonna bring you back to school
 or as you call it, the Zoo.



Illustration by Jayme Rosado

Garden Poems

by Jaymaree Rosado, Joseph Mohamed, Justin Aponte, Noel Polanco, Joel Lind,
Lorraine Calderon, Marlene Moran
Raymond Ocasio., Raymond Harold., Michael Feliciano, Johnathan Roldan.



We
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The birds find a way to get their **seeds**. They always have **serenity**. They have a lot of **courage** and a lot of **wisdom**. The reason I say this is because when I try to catch them, they fly away. They have girlfriends to give them **kisses**. They whistle on the **Grandma Tree**. I like birds and when I see them my heart fills up with **joy** and then I have **serenity** too.

Serenity is like this garden. The plants have **courage** to grow. The sun is like **kissing** the plants. **Grandma's tree** has the **wisdom** to grow tall. The flowers bring **joy** to this garden. The **seeds** grow in **serenity**.

One day I was going to my Grandma's house. Suddenly I saw this guy named **wisdom**, he told me that the **serenity** tree had magical powers. **Kisses**, kisses will come true if you want more say the truth. Show yourself that you have **courage**. Then a little part of the **serenity** tree opened and **seeds** of **joy** came out then all the little girls' wishes came true. Then she saw a **bunny crossing**.

One day this girl named **Joy** was sending **kisses** to her Grandmother's tree and **wisdom** came upon her. All of a sudden a bear named **Pooh** appeared and had the **courage** to say "Hi", and when **Joy** found **Pooh** they were in total **serenity**. And the garden became total **serenity** too.

One day I saw a rock that said "**seeds**". Three days later I saw a little rock that said "**wisdom**". Six days later I saw a water fountain, the stone that said "**joy**". That day I saw a **Grandma Tree**. When you will go through the woods you have to have **courage**. We will give you **kisses** of **wisdom** that will bring you **joy**.

The Story of the Mimosa Plant

by Justin James Aponte

One day my father brought me a plant and I said to him, "What is it called?" He said, "It's called Mimosa." I said, "Can I plant it?" He said, "Sure you can." Eight days passed. When I came from school, I went home and I went straight to the plant and my sister was messing with the plant and I said to her, "Don't play with my plant." When I said that, I turned around and I saw the plant moving. I ran to my father and I said to him, "The plant is alive." He said, "No, no, no. It's because when you touch it, it moves. Isn't that great?" "But you didn't tell me that," I said. "Because I wanted to surprise you," he said.



Rain

by Mayleen Cancel

Good

When rain falls from the sky, it wipes out all the Lies, the flies and even the cries.

Bad

Rain is a pain. Can't go outside to have fun until it's done.

Good

Rain gives you a chance to rest, crest, and bless

Bad

Rain is so lame can't chill, it's so ill. The light turns to fright.

Good

Watch the rain fall and pour down and shower on the doors and walls. The lightning is frightening but exciting.

Those were all points of view about rain and what it does as it changes our world

Sunshine

Sunshine, bright at one time. Not the time when there is crime.

Growing

by the garden poem growers:

Johnathan Roldan, Justin Aponte, Jonathan Villanueva, Jennifer Jimenez,
Marlene Moran, Lorraine Calderon, Julie Feldman, Alysia Reiner
and Nicole Fisher.

At first I didn't believe it:
the plants turned into monsters!
They grew and grew and grew.
I don't think that's true.

Nature amazes me, always changing, growing.

We had a lot of plants.

All different kinds, each one unique,
especially the Mimosa!

Touch it and it closes.

The Nasturtium grows high up to the sky.

You can reach it, if you jump up high.

Marigold, once it grows looks like a sun,
and turns the chicken egg yolks yellow.

But when you add a little Jello, it tastes very mellow!

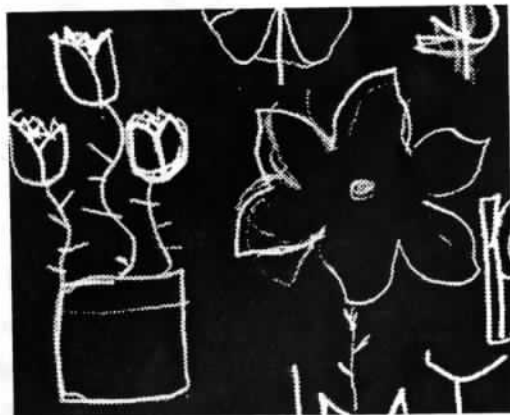
The Mint plant smells like Mint...



I am Thyme

by Johnathan Roldan

When they first planted me
I took three days to grow
I like being in this place
where they always water me
Today is a bad day to go out and play
because it's raining outside
If you go outside today you can get sick
I like being a plant because it's fun 'cause
you grow big.



La historia de pez

(The Story of the Fish People)

by Gloria Elizabeth Trejo

I was driving from Manta to Portoviejo, Santana. I was going to see *los niños de pez*, the fish kids. What I mean by the fish kids is two boy twins and their bodies are covered with scales. Their eyes are just like fish's eyes. They're yellow in the middle. Their mouths are like a fish's mouth. They walk and their arms move like a human. They do not talk like humans. They talk like sick people, meaning they try to talk but they don't pronounce well. They hum.

When we got there, the kids weren't there. We went to find them where they always stay and sleep on the beach/ocean, because that's where my mom found them when she was a little girl and they were little too. My mother said that she screamed when she saw them because she was only three. She said she saw them a lot of times.

Once, my fifth birthday was celebrated in Ecuador, on my uncle's house roof. Downstairs in his house, these two women rented the house. They had a little girl (not together, because they were two women) and their little girl was *la niña de pez* 'cause she had the same thing *los niños de pez* had, only she could talk better because her aunt and her mother had money to pay a teacher to come teach her at home 'cause the kids made fun of her and wouldn't talk to her.

When I saw her, I was about to scream 'cause she frightened me. That's why her mother and her aunt closed the door of the house so that my guests wouldn't get frightened. When I saw her, the thing

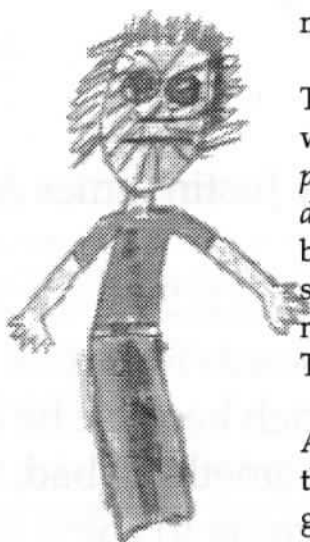
that mostly frightened me was her face because of her big eyes, because they were crossed, and her hair was long because they were shy to go to a hair salon so they were hairy all around.

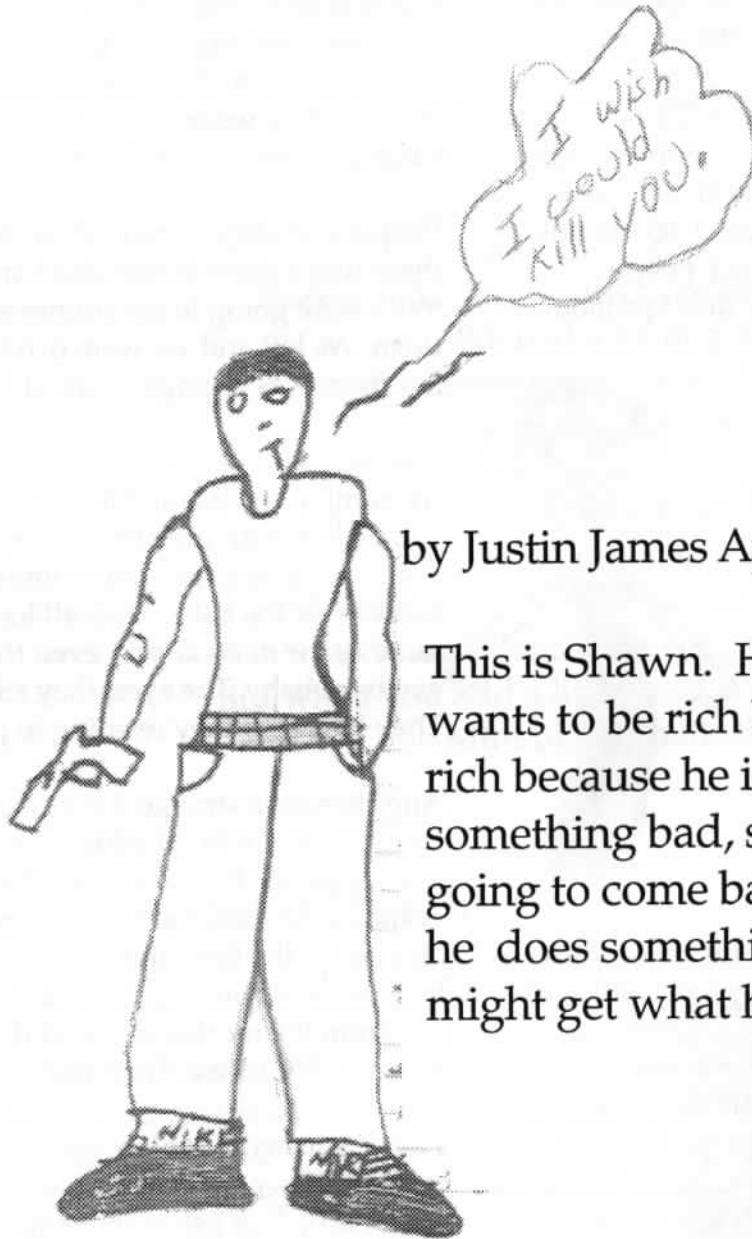
People said they weren't there because there was a party in the street and the tours were going to get frightened of them. We left and we were driving and my mom was telling me about them.

The next day when the party was over, we went to see them. We saw *la madre de pez*. She was giving birth to a new *bebe de pez*. *El padre de pez* was coming with a blanket for the baby. They all looked the same as the *niños de pez*, even the newborn baby. The eyes, they stick out. They look as if they're going to pop out.

And then on a strange donkey through the bush, came the *abuelitos de pez*. The grandparents' hair was gray. The grandma handed the mother a pair of clothes for the *bebe* and then, on like hundreds of donkeys came *la familia de pez* from the mother's side and the father's side to see *el bebe de pez*.

I felt disgusted but okay because its like disgusting seeing people that could really walk like fishes and smelling like them too. And it feels okay because it's cute seeing like a whole family that looks the same and they're happy the way they are. They hum a lot and they understand what each is saying.





by Justin James Aponte

This is Shawn. He is bad. He wants to be rich but he cannot be rich because he is bad. If he does something bad, something's going to come back to him bad. If he does something good, he might get what he wants to have.

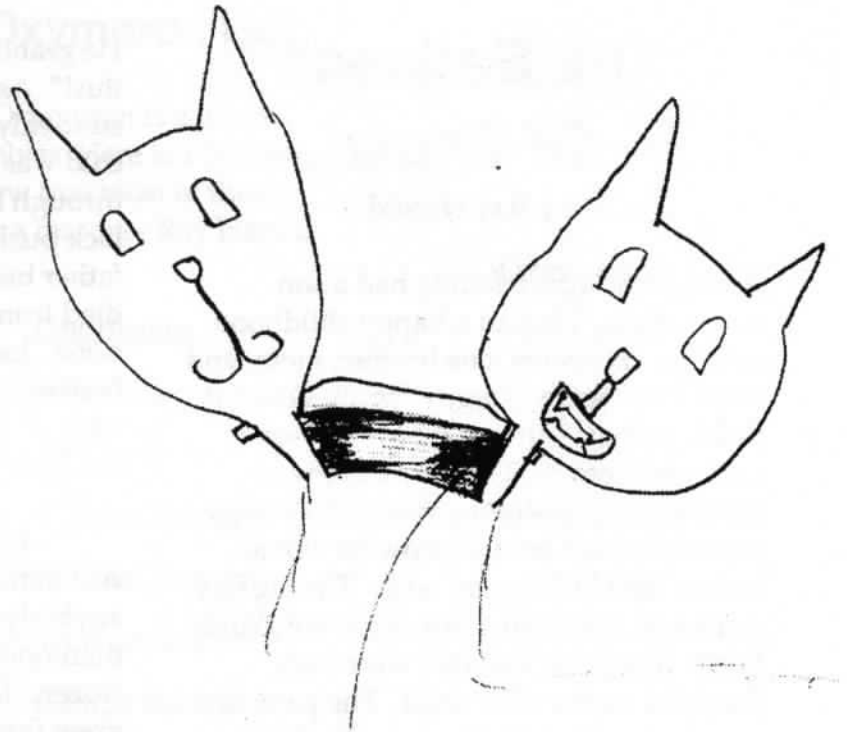
Double Cat

by Michael Feliciano

One day there was a Double Cat that came from hell and he was for sale. A little girl said, "Let me get this cat with two head's, please ma? Ma, buy me it and I will feed him everyday." "OK," Ma said. "Yipity!" the girl said.

Ma picked up the cat and told the girl to take the cat home. The girl went home with Double Cat. Double Cat was hungry and the girl didn't feed him. The girl didn't know Double Cat was hungry. So she said, "Do you want a name? Your name is Double Head." The cat was still hungry so he started running around. He started getting crazy.

The girl went to sleep. When she woke up, she had no toe. She cried, "AHHHHHHH!" Her mother came home, then the cat killed the girl. She went to hell. The cat said, "You are dead, sucker. That's what I do. So how you like it down here? It's where you going to live. You sleep with Bony." The girl screamed, "AHHHHHHHH!"



The Sadness Of Snow

by Ray Harold

A long time ago, a family had a son named Jack. He had a happy childhood with his six sisters, one brother, mom, and dad. They were a happy family. One day Jack's parents came to them with some very good news. They were going to have a baby. Everyone was really happy especially Jack because now he would have a new kid to play with. The big day came and they had a new baby boy, Yugly Frost. The Frost children were very thankful for the new child. The parents were not as thankful because Yugly was a very ugly child.

Well, life went on as it always did, until one day Jack came home early from playing with his brother and sisters and found a terrible thing happening. He found his parents beating his younger brother Yugly. He did not understand at first. He asked, "What are you doing?" Jack saw his brother in great pain and wanted to help him. Then he saw Yugly hunch over as if dead. Jack ran in with a cold fire in his ice blue eyes. He punched his father and pushed his mother than ran to Yugly. "All I did was spill some water," Yugly said dying in Jack's arms.

Jack let out a deafening scream the likes of which nobody had heard before. His cold heart and soul shone in the blue flames in his eyes. As he charged his father the cold radiated from his body.

He grabbed his father and yelled, "You did this!" As Jack's father fought to get free, he suddenly found his arm was frozen and the cold was going through his body like the blood through his veins. Jack had frozen his father. Jack pushed his father to the floor and his father broke into a million pieces. Mrs. Frost died from the shock of seeing what her son had done. Jack was devastated as he looked to his brother and said, "No one will hurt you again." He took his brother and buried him in the back yard to pay his respects.

Jack left for a tropical island called Antarctica so he could not hurt or be hurt by anybody ever again. His only friends were the diamonds that he found that could not be frozen. Jack lived there for many years and grew from a happy, playful child to a bitter old hermit. One day Jack was moping around and some birds were flying overhead. Jack thought that they were trying to take his diamonds from him. So he ran around like a fool and tried to chase the birds away. Because he was so old, he became tired very quickly but he kept going. Jack died from exhaustion as the birds flew over head. As he lay there, the land around him began to freeze until the entire island was frozen. The scavengers came down to pick on Jack's bones. The diamonds he was protecting got caught in their wings. The birds also took pieces of Jack with them for their chicks. So where ever the birds flew over, snow fell, and where the birds stopped and dropped some of Jack, the land froze.

It is said that you can still hear the flapping if you listen real close. So, the next time you hear it's going to snow, look up at the sky. Those birds could still be flying around trying to get the diamonds out of their wings.

The 52nd Street Project Oxymoron List

For those of you who don't know, an Oxymoron is a phrase that uses words that contradict themselves. Here is a list that we Project people came up with to show that most of those phrases you hear don't make sense for a reason. - Ray Harold

Oxymorons

Stupid Smart Partner
Doing Nothing
Little Big Man
Military Intelligence
Living Dead
A Terrible Beauty
Smart Athlete
Cruel Kindness
Pretty Ugly Person
Tiny Giant
One Time Commitment
Completely Fractured
Deafening Silence
Jumbo Shrimp

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Now that
you know
what an
Oxymoron is,
why don't
you
come up
with some of
your own?



The Jungle
by
Michael Feliciano

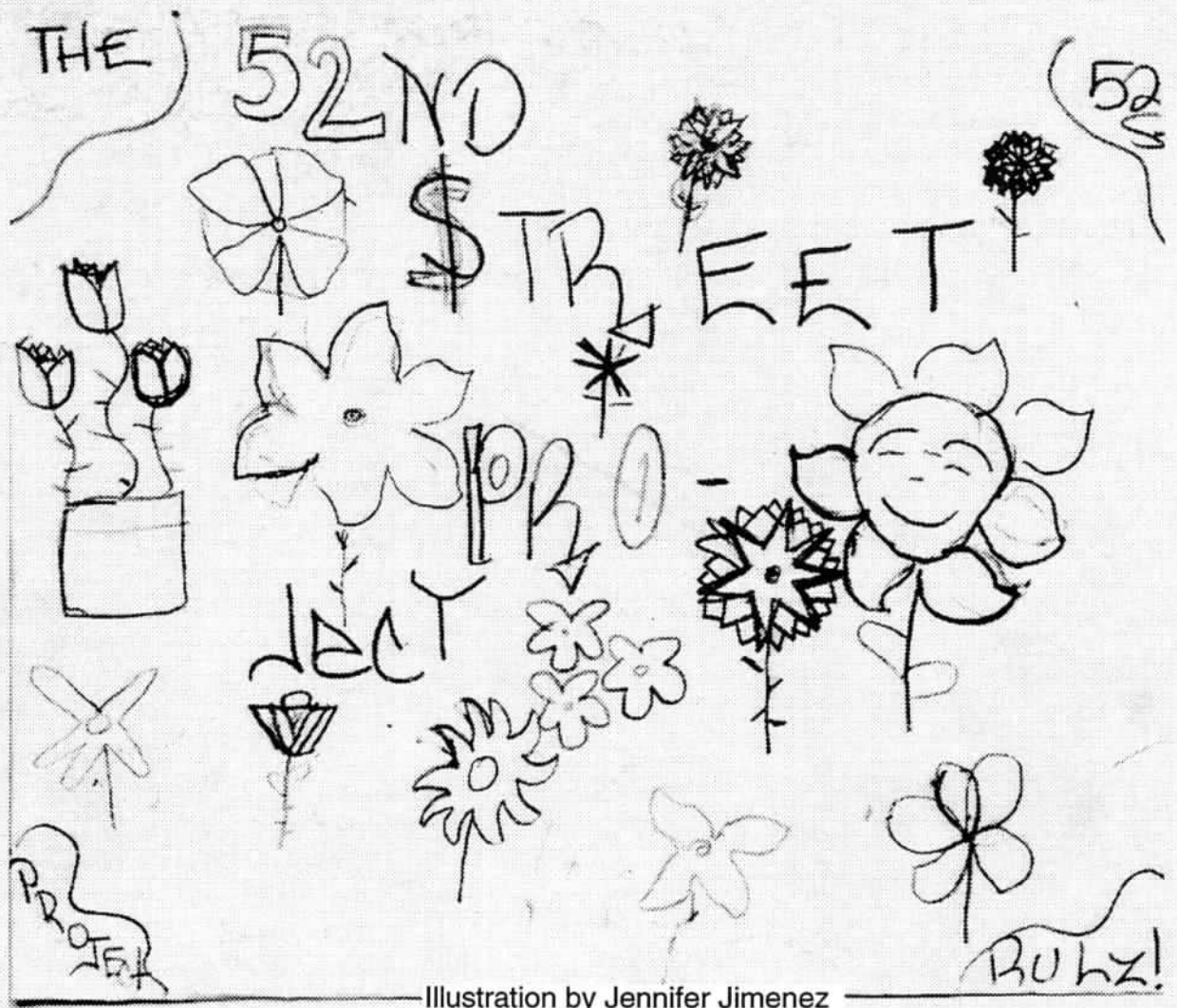


Illustration by Jennifer Jimenez



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