

I

AM

Poems by
Danielle's
8/9s

Bank Street School for Children
2006

Barr Balamuth
Phoebe Costello
Maya Danzig
Louis Dzialo
Tessa Epstein
Susannah Ferris
Dana Gallagher
Tallulah Kassell
Vikram Kirpekar
Caroline Kravitz
Sage Mason
Madeline Meyer
Abby Miller
Rachel Narducci
Daniel O'Grady
Lena Robinson
Schuyler Roos
Jared Ruiz
Alyssa Smith
Isaac Troncoso
Danielle Morrison

Big City Kid

I am from

Rock

and

Pop

Punk and funk

and

talk

and

New-

York

side-

walks.

I

am

from

the honking of cars and buses in the city.

Honk!

I am from Times Square, the flashing lights and
screens, the **hottest** movies (some cool restaurants)

I

am

from

loud sirens of fire trucks and ambulances,

I

am

from

burning hot Israel.

I am from the 850-page

Harry Potter books.

Any way you put it, I'm a
Big Apple kid..... No doubt
about it.

By Barr Balamuth

ME

I am from **warm** fresh toast every morning, with sesame seeds piled on the crust. I am from Christmas cookies waiting to be eaten and presents being unwrapped. I am from Italian voices surrounding me whole and Leprechauns leaving me gifts. I am feet kicking and water splashing, from kicking a ball and scoring a goal. I am from the setting sun. I am from fire, crackling with anger. I am from light peach skin, drying up in the winter. I am from snowballs pounding your jacket. I am from feathers c^a t^a p^u l^t iⁿ g out of a pillow. I am from waking up on a sunny spring day. I am the flashing lights of 42nd Street, brightening every time you look. I am from my imagination with millions of thoughts stored inside. I am from worries and fear b^o uⁿ cⁱ n^g around my insides. I am from wizardry, and learning magic by the dozen. I am from talent, emotions dripping into mind.

**I am from warm covers when you get under
them at night.**

**I am from dreams waiting to
come true.**

I AM FROM ME!

By Phoebe Costello

Me

I am from sleeping through
breakfast. I am from booby
trapping my door.

I am from biting my
nails.

I am from doodling on my math
sheets.

I am from eating candy
non-stop.

I am from stuff & more
stuff.

I am from screaming when I see
dead

fish. I am from person.

I am from

ME

by Maya Danzig

Me by Louis Dzialo

I am a leopard
waiting to attack.

I am a baseball over
a wall.

I am an eye watching a
basketball going in a net.

I am rain playing with people.

I am a stuffed bear being
loved

by a

boy with cold

hands. I am a

toy long lost.

I am an old man
lost in his thoughts. I am
a sad man. I am a sheet
of blank paper. I am an old
library. I am a school day
that never ends.

Tessa Epstein

I am from rolling around in sweaty blankets. I am from being screamed at to do fifth. I am from books, left there with nothing to do. I am from Broadway music all around my ears. I am from writing papers left blank. I am from hats and blowers with the words "HAPPY NEW YEAR" printed on them. I am from sweaters of all colors with only the green one chosen. I am from watching the Thanksgiving turkey turn into bone. I am from empty seltzer bottles on the counter.

I am
from

I am from tangled up feet, feet doing steps.
I am from a still tree in the park in June.
I am from boots in the streets that were no good.
I am from making up my bed in the morning.
I am from a house of madness.
I am from a sad ball in the street.
I am from old books.
I am from food you do not eat.
I am from a draft that was not finished.
I am from people doing their job in the street.
I am from 42nd Street.
I am from books and books and a world of dreams.
I am from a family.
I am from a warm bed.
I am from mom, dad, and sister.
I am from a street filled with shouting hammers knocking
at 7:00 a.m.
I am from a building of quiet.
I am from three blankets on the end of my bed.

I am from

questions....

and....

Questions!!!

Like it?

By Susannah Ferris

I am from riding the subway to school

I am from soccer for fun kicking

I am from annoying Jay

I am from Manhattan

I am from reading

I am from sleeping

I am from annoying Peter

I am from Harry Potter stuff

I am from I do not know

I am from something else

I am from not liking writing

by Dana Gallagher

I am good at soccer

I am a girl

I am a lover of pink

I am 8 years old

I am a lover of horses

I am fearless

I am in a family of ten siblings

I am in 3rd grade

I am excited to fly

I am feeling happy because I love school

I am cool

I am from the sky that never ends

I am from the stars in the thick black

dark & starry moonlit sky

I am from the gods in the air

I am from the wind blowing by

I am from the cat and the dog fighting

I am from the hoof of a horse running
at the tailwind

I am from the sting of the bite of a werewolf

I am from the sound of rock and roll

I am from the pain of the snow

I am from a house that cracks by one step

I am from a house that is so quiet you
can't hear a sound

I am from 10025

I am from a block with a wind. I shoot magic
in your mind

I am from a dark room with red eyes.

I am Tallulah

By Tallulah Kassell

Vikram

I am a hockey stick.

boom!

crash!

slamming kablooie!

POW!

a puck!

I am from music.
I am from the city that
never sleeps.
I am the color of a tan puppy.
My family: a mother,
a grandmother, a dog,
a cousin, an aunt and uncle.
My family makes me feel like
I'm the youngest.
I am from noisy streets of
laughter and amusement.
I am from

sleeping!!

By Vikram Kirpekar

I am from music loud, low, old, new; pianos and recorders are my thing.

I am from fiction, of magic and made up places, flipping through books for hours and hours.

I am from a world of my own, where I keep my thoughts and feelings.

I am from a phone, gabbing away to my friends. I don't even remember what we say!

I am from a screaming house with walls that clatter, with thumping feet running up and down as loud as an elephant.

I am from the Olympics, playing sports all day long.

I am from a chatterbox, talking as much as my friend Madeline.

I am from a pale peach sitting in a tree, watching movies and TV.

I am from dreidels and gelt scattered and lost.

I am from believe. I never give up.

I am from my Mother, with her hair and tiny body.

I am from my Father, with his dark green eyes.

I am from biting my nails, nonstop.

I am from a body filled with European blood.

I am from homework, and being a person who loves math.

I am from spring and summer with soft breezes blowing over the lake at my country house, boating and plunging right into the water.

I am from a house filled with rough play and laughter, arguments and teasing.

I am from winter, bundled up like a marshmallow, playing in the snow.

I am from hunger, snacking after school.

I am from a sweet tooth; I can't resist sweets.

I am from autumn, raking leaves into piles as big as Mount Everest.

I am from a pet shop. I love animals, and try to help rescue them.

I am from a pig pen— my house can never stay clean for long.

I am from my room; I get sent there for no reason.

I am from art; I love doing projects.

I am from a diary where I write my private things and my anger.

I am from a house with two annoying brothers. Sometimes I just need some time to myself.

I am from an airplane. I love traveling.

I am from a bike; I love biking in the park.

I am from a kitchen; I love to cook what I can.

I am from New York, and I am...

ME!

Me

I am from the day that glows and
the scary night clouds that sneak
up on you. I am from God.
I am a sweet gift from Him.
I am from the best school ever.
I am from the streets of New York.
I am milk chocolate that shines
when the moon looks at me.
I am a hockey player that shoots
and scores. I am like an eraser
that never fixes. I am from the
night that never sleeps. I am a
pencil that never writes. I am from
the internet with two websites. I
am from Dylan's Candy Bar.
I am from the dark waters of the
ocean. I am a Christian.

By Sage A. Mason

I am from a house of music and laughter.

I am from night time skies with

breezes

brushing

through

my hair.

I am from a house lit up with Christmas lights and the tree shining bright.

I am from cold winter nights and

hot

summer

days.

I am from a
playground

a playground with
monkey bars

which fill my hands
sweaty

blistered

hands.

I am from a family, a family which goes

many

places.

I am from dreams of

broccoli

monsters.

I am from a house filled with barking.

I am from

biting

my

nails

non-

stop.

I am from

homework

papers.

I am from a field of

lavender,

a field of lavender which fills my nose.

I am from cold

sledding days.

I am from a field filled with candy. I am from papers left
unfinished.

I am from a
violin that is played everyday.

I am from a pet shop, a pet shop with
cute
little
animals.

I am from a math
mathematician.

I am from a book that can't
turn its pages,
a poem that can
never be written.

I am from a class with great friends.

I am from a
biography
about

Charles Lindbergh.

I am from folders full of finished papers.

I am from
loving parents. I am from
10025.

I am from
ice
skating
rinks that are
skated on. I am from a silver, shiny
retainer that lives in my mouth.

I am from a house of
happiness
and
love,

an
Earth that is
peaceful in every way. The End

By Madeline Meyer

I am from

I am from latkes cooking,
dreidel playing and candle lighting.

I am from peachish, tannish skin
that is always dry.

I am from kitchens, grocery
stores, anything that has
food, french fries, potato chips.

I am from comfy
chairs that just
say “sit on me.”

I am from violins and recorders
playing all sorts of songs.

I am from sore feet,
goals and soccer balls.

I am from the bookstore
and the library, getting all kinds
of books.

I am from playing games
with my brother, cries of
“You cheated” and
“That is so unfair.”

I am from noisy cities,
summer beaches in Cape Cod,
just loud restaurants, oceans, ponds
and bays.

I am from the candy shop
any store with junk food.

I am from Planet X
with all my dreams, thoughts
and stories.

I am from shouts
and laughter and calls of
“I’m bored.”

I am from flipping through
pages of any book—
fiction, non-fiction, whatever.

I am from
squishy toys that people
throw out.

I am from the craft
store, old pencil stubs,
and pencil sharpening.

I am from loud
laughter and talking
which leads me to my own world.

I am from
places that nobody
came from.

I am from pens jumping
out on me.

I am from me.

By
Abby
Miller

I am a Person. by Rachel Narducci

I am a chestnut blur gliding from side to side until blisters and soreness takes over.

I am a long grey road twisting and turning towards the skies ahead.

I am a daydream as quiet as a whisper as far away as space.

I am as wild as an animal shouting for joy in the sunlight.

I am a star flickering into the darkness.

I am a frozen rope swinging from tree to tree
sweeping from sky to sky.

I am an insane flame sweeping the world
into ashes.

I am an ice cube floating around.

I am madness, a thought yelling silently.

I am a teardrop falling down on a warm cheek.

I am a PHOENIX a dream.

country
boy

By Daniel O'Grady

I am from
a home with crowing birds in the sky.

I am
a boy of the wilderness.

I hear
the light thud of a woodpecker in the country.

I am from
a rundown house under the sunlight beams.

I am
a boy of no tiredness.

I hear
the falling of trees.

I am from
a house with sloping ceilings and cracked walls.

I am from
a family of four.

I am
a five religion boy.

I hear the wind blowing in the sky.

I am
a nice boy Daniel.

I am

I am nine years old

I am in 316

I am a lover of horses

I live in two houses

I am good at horseback riding

I am a lover of basketball and snakes

I am good at Super Mario 3

I am a girl

I am a lover of Bank Street

I am China

I am Japan

I am good at the violin

I am good at the guitar

I am a lover of my teachers

I am good at math

I am a lover of my family, Liza and David

I am a lover of my friends

**I am Lena!
I am adopted
I am bad at gymnastics and writing
I am a lover of rabbits, dogs and cats
I am a lover of nature, the trees are fun
I am a lover of Asia
I am good at drawing
I am good at Yahtzee and Blackjack
I am good at science
I am good at poker
I am a lover of me
I am a building that is falling
I am a lover of riding my bike
I am a pillow that lost all its feathers
I am a leaf that never leaves
I am a lover of strawberries
I am a bird that broke its wing**

By Lena Robinson

I am ME

by...Schuyler Roos

Jared RUIZ

I am a boy and the youngest in my family. I am a basketball lover, I am a baseball lover, a football lover, and good at soccer. I am eight years old, a child and a son and a brother. I am not afraid of the dark; I am afraid of dying. I am not good at listening; I am smart and fast. I am half American, half Puerto Rican. I am a student at Bank Street. I come from a family of many talents. I am from a house of music. I am a tiger resting in the wind, and a fish swirling through the ocean. I am a sleeper. I am from traveling place to place. I come from a house of TV and no screaming or yelling. I come from a lot of family members. I can be crazy at times and nice at times. I am made of strawberries dipped in chocolate. I am an iron boy. I come from saying “No!” sometimes and also “Yes!” and “Yeah!” Sometimes I can be tired. Who am I ?

I am Jared A. Ruiz, a person who doesn't take "No!" or "Stop!" for an answer. So don't say "No!" or "Stop!" to me or I will say "Why?" or "Right back at you." I am an athlete.

I don't wait 50 days until I get to play. I come from 10470; I'm from the streets of the big fat NYC. I am from April 21, 1997. I am from kicking a soccer ball back and forth, booting it into the goal and scoring. I am from a house of electronics and from moving to a house. I come from generations and generations. I am from Kids of Color. I come from bad mood people. I am from watching movies and listening to the radio. Sometimes my family can be annoying, but I still love them. My sisters are funny, my mom is serious, and my dad is cool. I come from jumping on curtains and everything else.

I am

I am a song in the shower

spinning through the curtains and jumping off

the walls. I am a ball of powerful songs in the

mornings. I am a leap and a hop on the ice. I am a pencil

sliding through the air onto a piece of paper. I am a
g stomach ache in the morning groveling on the ground.

I am a headache at night when I get home.

I am a dreamer at night spinning and leaping in my dreams.

I am a piece of cheese in the afternoon.

I am a slice of blueberry pie.

I am a soccer ball being kicked as hard as a rock towards
the goal. I am a pianist pounding the keys playing music.

I am a ball of chocolate going through teeth.

I am a dark shadow at night galloping through the clouds.

I am a warm spring for all the sports who need me.

I am a box full of toys, clothes, and junk.

I am a pig, rolling on the ground laughing so hard you could hear it for miles and miles.

I am the sun rising over a mountain top early in the morning.

I am a chocolate chip cookie cracking into two pieces on the table.

I am a piece of mocha trying to take over my skin when my skin says “No”!

I am a big cherry on an ice cream sundae Friday night.

I am a swimmer dashing through the water.

I am a space shuttle blasting off to outer space.

I am a cup of hot chocolate on a cold winter’s day.

I am a goldfish trying to survive on land.

I am myself, and I’m me.

By Alyssa Smith

Myself

I am half Jewish, half Christian.
I am from the Torah and the Bible.
I am from mythology, gods, and
titans. I am hot chilies and
Mexican desserts. I am a quarter
Russian. I am the sky.
I am flying free as an eagle.
I am from shells on the ground.
I am from Legos and technology.

I am from hot, crunchy toast and
big cities with hot bacon roasting.
I speak English and Spanish.
I like snow. I am from the stars.
I like punk and rap music, my
brother introduced them to me.
I am a shadow lurking around.
I am a lion and a cheetah.
I am from sports.

By Isaac Troncoso

I am from silver headphones

pumping

punk

rock

raps

smooth folksy

melodies, old

and new.

I am from Christmas trees

made of palm

and dreidels left

unspun,

sideways on brown carpet.

I am from purple midnights down

empty

city

blocks,

Sunset Strips and windy lake

b r e e z e s

across my face.

I am from homes of screaming

cracks

my eyes counted

alone

in my room.

I am from a beating of car horns
and echoes of laughter,
dark voices
that soothed me to sleep
until my mother's voice called me
to morning, dressing in front
of a heater in the hallway.
I am from sore muscles and
blistered hands, falling off beams
and pushing through bars,
pulling my body
to-gether
in t-w-i-s-t-s and
t-u-r-n-s.
I am from pale skin that wrinkles
in the cold winters,
far removed from
the winters of Europe long ago
and
the family that was forced out.
I am from children's shuffling feet
and forever
lost
pencils,
chairs that don't quite push in
and
black coffee sips with eyes closed.

By Danielle Morrison