

**SUPER**

**ULTRA**

**MEGA**

**VANGUARD**

**POETRY**

**BOOK!**

## Acknowledgements

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**The Centre for Literacy of Quebec**  
Le centre d'alphabétisation du Québec



## Poetry Is...

Poetry is art, it's a way of seeing in a different perspective.

Poetry is unique, it defines us, makes us different from others because it is what you make out of it and only you.

Poetry is your thoughts formed into words that flow through your pen to make art, it is a way to express your feelings in another form.

Korina

## I Am From

I am from never liking to sleep in that awfully scary crib.

I am from sleeping on my grandma's apartment floor with my millions of stuffed animals.

I am from taking apart our living room to build a house out of the cushions from the couch, never wanting to put it back.

I am from being pushed down the stairs at the age of four by my demented sister who didn't care.

I am from taking train rides and eating cinnamon buns with my grandfather.

I am from extreme pillow fights with my sister to laughing so hard when I fell off the bed.

I am from trying to climb the monkey bars to succeed only to make a face plant in the sand.

I am from getting my first haircut to crying because it was too short.

I am from stealing candy off the Christmas tree while my sister stuffs it in her mouth.

I am from sleepless nights after reading under my tent of pillows and blankets.

I am from painting my first portrait on the floor to have my mother want me to wash it off.

I am from dressing up Barbies to losing their little shoes and accessories to the horrible, evil, hungry, vacuum cleaner.

I am from watching Johnny Test on my godparents' TV while eating mango ice cream.

I am from kicking my first goal in soccer to twisting my left ankle.

I am from painting Easter eggs with my mother after a competitive chocolate egg hunt with my cousins.

I am from popping popcorn for a Sunday night movie.

I am from cold winter afternoons after building snow forts, to coming inside to play Monopoly.

I am from strumming my first guitar to seeing my first shooting star.

I am from sneaking into my sister's room to draw a moustache on her face with a permanent marker.

I am from waking up Saturday mornings to the smell of freshly made pancakes.

I am from being taught to read music notes to writing my own.

I am from going to my first concert to wanting to kill myself from waiting in line.

I am from taking my first picture with the camera my parents got me, knowing I wanted to become a photographer when I grow up.

I am from falling to crying, to laughing and jumping.

I am from being loud and funny to shy and quiet.

I am from fighting with my sister to her becoming my best friend.

I am from daydreaming of the future to wishing of being in the past, not wanting to be in the present.

I am from expressing my thoughts in the painting I paint on a dark stormy night.

**Korina**

As I was walking along

I stumbled across a painting

It only took a second to remind me of what the painting was

It was a painting of Old Montreal

As I stared into the painting

I felt as if I was going back in time to the early 1900s

I thought I heard voices of people crying and shouting

The people were poor and hungry

And could not even afford a piece of fruit.

**Matthew**

## The Poet's Bio

I was born and raised in the Cote-Des-Neiges area.  
MTL is my city and place to be.

I'm 14. Born in 1998, February 9.

My hobbies are to play hockey and chill with friends.

My life goals are to play in the NHL as a goalie for my Montreal Canadiens.  
If that doesn't work out, I want to be a vet tech.

I've collaborated with Greg Santos.

I volunteer at animal shelters.

I LOVE DOGS!

Josh

## Poetry Is...

Poetry can be used in a form to express yourself in a creative way.  
Poetry to me is always around, like when I listen to music for hours on the bus and Metro.

I usually listen to rap, but the GOOD rap.

I hate some of today's artists, but I listen to who I like.

Poetry is anything the person wants it to be and some people really get into it.

Poetry is awesome.

Seb



## It's a Good Life

It's a good life.  
Right beside the water.  
Dark colours all around you.  
A small building, lit up like the city.  
Cars parked near the water just like in the movies.  
So quiet, I can hear the voices in my head.  
It smells old and dry.  
I have never felt more at home.  
Life is only meant to be enjoyed.  
No matter where you are,  
Life is great.

Tyler

## Alone in the Darkness

I am very sad, lonely here on this deserted grassland  
Depressed, hopeless, lonely and single like that tree over there

I am just like this picture, spiritless and down

Its different shapes of clouds is the way of life for me

I am a lonely, sad tree waiting for something exciting to happen  
far far away in the grasslands next to the white glowing clouds

I taste the mid-air smog

I smell like nothing because there is nothing

I feel depressed and unwanted

It sounds like birds are chirping

It looks like I am truly unlikeable

Madi

## What is Poetry?

What is poetry? What is it?  
Poetry is deep, happy, or fun.  
It can be music like hip hop or rap.  
Just rhyming things together  
Or not rhyming things at all.  
It's just that way.  
It can be really fun to write poetry  
Or it can be really sad  
To write it down on paper  
And turn it into a poem.  
It can be good or bad.  
It doesn't matter.  
It's what you make of the poem  
and as for me,  
I don't know what poetry is yet.

Zack

**I Put the OWA in OH-58 KIOWA**

I put the OWA in OH-58 KIOWA  
The ghillie in ghillie suit

I am so stealthy, so ghost-like  
I bring an end to the enemy  
With the pull of my trigger

I am so quiet  
You don't know I'm there  
And when it is your turn

I will put you where you belong

**Chaim**

## Out Far Kids Have Freedom

Out far kids have freedom.

Freedom, that everybody wishes they had.

Silent, relaxing, free, and feeling like there's not a worry in the world.

Smells like winter, tastes like nothing, feels cold.

It's empty, but the kids still wander happily.

Yellow and green lights pop out of the dark blue night sky.

Dark shadows on the trees and ground, all I can see is darkness.

But still with hope, there are little stars popping out of the sky.

Everyone walks around not knowing the fears of the outside.

But there's nothing really wrong with that.

**Michelle**

## The Devil's New Job

So, they told me after all the years of mean things I have done, I should be punished.

They made me do community service...

How do you think the Devil likes that?

I was born for evil, not good!

Helping is not my thing.

They say I can't make people feel bad, or make other people do my work.

But what do I care?

What will people think of me?

"The Devil is actually a nice guy?"

"The Devil really changed?"

That isn't me at all!

**Michelle**

## **I Am**

I am a hyper man.

I wonder what the government hides from us.

I hear a monster growl.

I see my future career.

I want a perfect life.

I am a hyper man.

I pretend to be in another world.

I feel like a man.

I touch my heart.

I worry about my life.

I cry when I feel hurt.

I am a hyper man.

I understand how you feel when you are down.

I say what I feel.

I dream my future career.

I try to live a better life.

I hope for a perfect life.

I am a hyper man.

**Antonio**

## Seeing Through the Picture

I see nothing. No life. No people.

No happiness. No fun.

All I feel is the cold attacking my ears until numb  
and my hands till they turn blue.

All I smell is the awful smell of loneliness.

All I taste is the bitter taste of cold air.

My nose is starting to drip drip drip drip.

I think I am getting a cold, oh no!

This will be my last time visiting that school in the New York park.

**Jamie**



## Nature Equals Beauty

I see a majestic creature standing in the big, wild forest with a dazed look  
in its eyes.

It stands with beauty, pride, and lostness.

The air tastes fresh and warm.

I can smell the natural humidity of the deep, scary forest.

It feels so wild and free.

I hear the sounds of the forest animals coming from deep in the trees.

It looks like such a deep, wild scene to be in.

Nature is beauty. Cherish it. Save it.

**Julianna**

## **I Am From**

I am from playing with Barbie and Ken.

I am from the spotlight of dancing by myself.

I am from going to Los Angeles to meet Zac Efron.

I am from sitting on the curb eating gummies.

I am from winning the latest season of American Idol.

I am from solving mysteries with Nancy Drew.

I am from watching morning cartoons with my younger cousins.

I am from being in the kitchen baking all night long.

I am from dreaming of worlds made of candy.

I am from closing out the world while listening to music.

I am from designing clothes online.

**Ricki**

## **I Am a Drifter**

I wonder what is in the other car.  
I hear cars fly by.  
I see cars behind me.  
I want a true experience.  
I am a drifter.

I forge my signature.  
I feel like the best.  
I touch the wheel.  
I worry about crashing.  
I cry when I lose.  
I am a drifter.

I understand I can lose.  
I say "I like drifting sideways."  
I dream about winning 1m dollars.  
I try to do my best.  
I hope to be the best in the world.  
I am a drifter.

**Patrick aka Pat Drifto**

## Jack Sparrow's New Job

My name is Jack Sparrow, Cap'n Jack Sparrow  
I'm a pirate, used sail the seas  
Until I lost the keys to my ship  
So I left with rum and took a sip  
I guess you can say I'm sea sick  
So I walked into Port Royal with one destination  
That is the bar, in case you weren't listenin'  
Walked in and said, "Ay, mate, could I... get a job?"  
The bartender said, "Sure, Jack, welcome back!"  
So I walked into the cellar, and my dreams came true  
Rum barrels were stacked to the roof, and I yelled "Yahoo!"  
Thing is, I drank it all, before someone could order at the bar  
Next thing you know, the Redcoats are chasing me  
Why can't they just let me be?!  
The next day, my face is on every wall  
So I wrote a letter to Barbossa, while hiding in the bathroom stall  
Who was I kidding?  
I was born to be a pirate -  
ARRR!

Abraham

## The Mountains

As the sun rises  
The darkness disappears  
The mountains are covered with light  
I can see again  
I feel the nice cold wind  
I can feel again  
I hear the leaves move  
I can hear again  
I am awake from a long slumber  
I can walk again  
I smell noodles in the morning  
I can smell again  
I see my mother again  
I hug her  
I can love again

Emmanuel