

Framingham Cultural Council 2016 Awards Reception

Poems by Potter Road School Students

Dormant and Chained

By Sam Cahill-Farella

Inspired by "Three Ceramic Forms" by Leza McVey

These pieces of artwork
 Bound to the stone
 Not free
 To do as they please
 They strain
 But it is fruitless
 To struggle.
 But what if
 Their character
 Wasn't stripped from them
 With these chains?
 Would they be unsure
 As of what to do
 With this new freedom?
 Or would they simply act
 As though they were still
 Chained, continuing
 Their life
 As they always had?



Thoughts

By Ruby Guillaume

Inspired "Probst 1" by Franz Kline



Number 10

By Jordan Summerfield

Inspired by the painting by Jackson Pollock

Black splatters of fear cover
 The canvas
 they cover in the corner
 Outgoing splatters of white
 Punch the canvas
 With their brightness
 And bold brown scatters
 It's self around
 With a slight drizzle
 All of the colors gather
 Together on the canvas to be
 Number 10

A long streak
 of pain
 of wonder
 your
 Thought
 stops abruptly
 leaving
 a deep mark
 on your
 Soul

More streaks appear
 making your mind
 Fly

Happiness
 Stress
 Sadness
 Wonder
 until suddenly
 everything
 behind
 Returns
 to the
 light pinks and yellows
 that were there
 Before the
 Mind
 was damaged
 Permanently...



Triangles

By Potter Road School Fifth Grade Student
Inspired by "Trapeze" by Estelle and Erwine Leverne

Triangles,triangles
Everywhere!
Triangles

Here

And triangles

There

Triangles,triangles
Everywhere!

Green

Yellow

Gray

And

White

Overlapping without a fight
Cool like the ocean on a summer night

Pyramids
of color, neatly
stacked on top each
other. A family! A sister,
A father, a mother, a brother



Room in Brooklyn

By: Vy Hoang
Inspired by "A Room in Brooklyn" by: Edward Hopper



The clouds outside clear up
but her mind does not.

She sits in a room,
Saying sorry to inanimate objects,
Because the vase that sits at her side,
Is her mind.

It is beautiful, but does not know.
Does not think that her happiness is beautiful.

She is not alone
I am alone

She is accompanied by wisps of sadness.
She is not aware of the people who care about herself
So she sits inside,
Lonely.
In a melancholy room
in Brooklyn.