



Wild Rose by Tianyang Jiang

Blue Marble Review November Poems 2023

Swimming By Aanya Goenka

The water beckons with its siren call,
An invitation to escape it all.

My limbs reach out, eager to explore,
As I dive in and begin to soar.

The cool embrace of liquid blue,
An endless world that feels brand new.
My strokes are strong, my breath is deep,
As I glide through the water with a graceful sweep.

There's something magical about this sport,
Freedom and release of every thought.
I lose myself in the rhythm and flow,
And let the water's current take control.

With every lap, I feel alive,
A sense of joy that I can't describe.
So here I'll stay, in this watery realm,
Forever captured by swimming's spell.

Aanya an 8th grader at the Edgemont Jr/Sr High School. She loves to play sports and is on the Edgemont varsity swim team. In her free time she loves to read, draw, play the piano, and write poetry/stories, and hang out with friends and family.

On the Island of the Dead* By Stephanie Fuentes



***Island of the Dead (Arnold Böcklin)**

If anything. If light is another / way to meet your
body, now / understand the thinning of it
everywhere else. I suppose / I am in the most /
beautiful era of becoming / sacred: my palms
gashed / from my body, prayer / still seared on my
teeth only / for its holy cloth of language. If we /
were anything at all, you must understand: / I am
terrified and so / fevered with sorrow. The slight /
shadow of this silent, small / boat a mouthed
desire for something / past capable breath. And
the water: a flat chest of blue wall. / I wave this
orchestral minor into the / dark. Suppose you
lived. /

Stephanie Fuentes is a Mexican-American poet and writer from New York City. Her work is published/forthcoming in Columbia Quarto Magazine, Breakbread Magazine, Eunoia Review, and more. She attends Barnard College of Columbia University, where she is a Staff Editor at 4×4 Magazine.

My Country is No Haven By Sa'ada Isa Yahaya

In this poem, I do not want to hide my country's failure between metaphors.

I will try not to robe the dirt off my people's skin.

I no longer want to sing prayers into a dead thing.

You see, my country is no haven.

The gods have languaged their lips into "Let there be night here."

And our tongues have become too heavy to chant songs or offer "Amen."

Beneath my sister's neck, scars have sewn themselves into a portrait.

In my dream, my country rolls away with the night, into emptiness.

The next day, we became living things.

Sa'ada Isa Yahaya is a fifteen year old Nigerian teenage author, poet and a spoken word artist. She hails from Okene Local Government Area of Kogi State. She is a proud member of the Hilltop Creative Art Foundation and a student of Jewel Model Secondary School Kubwa, Abuja. She is a second runner up for the AS ABUGI National Prize for Short Story and for the 2023 National Creative Writing Competition for Secondary

Schools (Poetry Category). Her poem “Nothing beautiful lasts forever” came second in the Creators of Justice Literary Award 2023 (Youth Category). She has her works forthcoming or have appeared in Kalahari review, Stripes Little Magazine, World Voices Magazine, Eboquills, Synchronized Chaos and elsewhere.

The Last Drawer By Minnie Wu

Over tomato and egg soup, Mom said
She still remembered going
To the post office, twenty miles
North from her dorm, to mail
Each letter to Jack. *Xi'an*,

1997, five pages per envelope.
But I've never thought of her
As talkative. Often silent in our house—
Housework, my homework and expenses. Debating
Which grocery store carried cheaper carrots, though
I never even liked them. (Too earthy, their bodies made
My mouth so soapy that I had to drink
Each time I swallowed.) But still, she brought
A bag home every week – *for Vitamin A*.

While slurping carrot soup, forcing myself, I tried
To ask her what she wrote. I'd never done that
Before. We moved when I was five, and still
She packed up those withered-yellow letters.
Torn during the move. I was too young then
To care about her past. Now I wanted to, and we had
No place between us to start.

I watched her, in and out of the kitchen, sweat dying
Her lavender shirt to eggplant. Her white hair
Passed by the girl who would complain
About those rainy Xi'an days, from the girl who would write
Five pages brimming with love to my dad.

That night, I found the letters in the last drawer
of the book shelf. I skimmed
Rushing from inner Mongolia to Xi'an, as smoke
From the stoves shrouded her from sight.

Minnie Wu is a high school sophomore at The Pennington School. Her poetry and prose have been previously published in “Teen Ink”, “Pennyroyal”, among other literary magazines. In the 2022 and 2023 Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, Minnie was recognized as a Gold Key recipient and a Gold Medalist for her poetry and photography. She is an alumna of Iowa Young Writers’ Studio Summer Residential Program. Minnie loves spending time with her cat and dog, and she also enjoys watching *K-dramas*.

All the girls in your city have a dog,
have something to ghost their
loneliness. You plant a rose by the
sea but it grows into a flood. No one
knows that water is an unforgiving
god. No one sees your hand holding
an apple bob, slipping into the gown
your mother died in. The bulbs are
blinking and the night flies are
gathering for the moon's funeral but
tonight, you have run out of candy
the way you run out of childhood.
The star from the yard looks like a
bone. A boy said the dead are
coming to read a poem.

Born on a Friday in December, Fatimah Quadri Eniola is a young Nigerian poet whose work has been featured in The West Trade Review, The Shore, Agbowo and elsewhere. She is a nyctophobic gathering experience in Law in the Premier University of Ibadan.

six By Megan Baffoe

six, and all hard bones: chin jutting like a ship's prow,
determined to go out dawn-treading – otherwise,
all unruly curls. my mother said it was a crown, a halo;
I was no angel yet, though.
sure, we nearly never made it to seven,
me and my clawed, hungry hands – she was a goblin girl,
a gremlin girl, giggling with the garden snails, chewing up stories

like corner-shop sweeties – never content to just have
sickness between my ears, I packed a thousand books
beneath the roof of my skull. and I never went near
heaven, no –
I stayed digging down in the mud
till six turned seven.

Megan studied English at Oxford University, and is now moving on to a Masters in Creative Writing. She likes fairytales, fraught family dynamics, and unreliable narration; she does not like Twitter, but can be found @meginageorge. Her published work is all available at <https://meganspublished.tumblr.com>.

Morning Routine By Haley Marks

i. wake in the five things i can see. my soul, leaving wet footprints on the hardwood floor. the blue and green network of a dragonfly's wing feeding my pulse. coffee mug—hosting a housewarming for the next brain-eating bacteria floating on the surface. drawing of myself (why did i draw my head so large?) thoughts disclosed in a bubble: TRUST THE PROCESS. google search: does korea do skull reduction surgeries?

ii. insides are TV static. grab the first face i see in the mirror; defrost the muscles. double cleanse. crack an the yolk is so perfectly circular and orange, i suddenly think about the sun god Helios, and how the myths have survived in my kitchen. dishes in the sink quiver for attention—ceramic indignance; i eat my egg on a napkin. i beg for my volta, the dash that will spin me on my axis. diffuse me with soft light, drink the blood, gain a messiah.

iii. step, step kool-aid sky sears my retinas. feeling like a skinned knee, white spots perform a ritualistic dance in circles across my vision. at the park, there is a girl who mistakes me for her mother, though i am much too young. is it my crescent moon eyes or the weariness pressed into my face that confuses her? raw and uncertain like the first day of school. my heart makes tentative moves—a rare moth pinned to a collector’s wall. flutter and flap. and then! then, wash, rinse, repeat.

Haley Marks is an English major at West Valley College from the Bay Area, California.

Snail By Nikita Chanda

I wish I could get rid of the soft, sluggish entity that
inhabits my body
Infecting my blood streams with its
Slime
My legs feel numb
My shell is hard but the mucus
taking over my body has complete control
I was once confident but now I know
I can't do this. I never could
I am a useless piece of goop
Hoping no one sees through it
Because everyone is better than me
And I am alone in this the
Ooze is omnipotent.
My name means invincible but this substance is
unconquerable.

Nikita Chanda is a senior at Singapore American School. She enjoys science, reading, and creative writing, and has found herself in poetry after using writing as an outlet for her creative expression. Looking ahead, Nikita aims to merge her passion for science and creative writing, aspiring to bridge the gap between the two worlds through her unique voice and perspective.

An Ode to my Mother- Thank you By Liberty Brooke

To my mom-

Thank you

Thank you for the midnight conversations and late night drives

Thank you for always making sure that I was okay after an argument

Thank you for remembering my favorite candle scents and the way I like my hot chocolate

Thank you for understanding that sometimes the only way to let out emotion is with a good old fashioned swear word

Thank you for hyping up my favorite sunglasses, even though I know you don't like them very much

Thank you for keeping all of the gifts I made you in elementary school. I swear when I made your favorite clay cat, I really thought it looked like a cat!

Thank you for not only making my lunch for school everyday, but for also writing notes in it to remind me of all the things you love about me

Thank you for teaching me how to paint my nails and braid my hair

Thank you for letting me tell you about my favorite book characters over and over again with no complaint

Thank you for helping me dye my hair each time I decided I needed a new color

Thank you for making lemon cakes on each of my birthdays

Thank you for teaching me about the power a tough looking pair of boots can give you.

Thank you for always being there to remind me that my worth is never based on what someone else may think of me

Thank you for making sure I always have my chargers before I head to class

Thank you for guiding me, but still letting me pave my own path in life

Thank you for teaching me the difference between treating someone with respect and actually respecting them

Thank you for showing me that it is okay to disobey authority when it is needed to ensure that I have done all I can for those around me

Thank you for making sure that I know no matter what I do, you will always be proud of the person I am

Thank you for loving me and teaching me to be a strong independent woman

But most of all,

Thank you for being my Mom

Liberty Brooke is a poet from Ludington, Michigan. She uses poetry as a form of self expression, of connection, and community. Many common themes in her poetry include love, gratitude, anxiety, longing, and heartbreak. You can find her on both Instagram and Tiktok @apoetinflames.

An Ode to Mini Iron Man By Chace Sun

When I was 4,
I carried
Legos
in my
pocket everywhere:
the bathroom,
McDonalds,
Kids Bay pre-school,
Under the
living room table.
Minifigure Iron Man,
my favorite treasure
I built.
Jumped
Up and down
when I clicked
his shiny
gold mask
on top
Of his
ruby helmet.
His blue heart
pale in his
armored body.
Let Him

always be close.

One June day,

my parents

And I

went to gray blue

Miramar

Lake Reservoir

where they

snapped pictures.

I sat nearby with

Iron Man

on a bench

the pale

blue sky,

seagull swooped

and snatched

my tiny man

and glided

above the

lake.

Splattered

Iron man

in the water,

Forever

Far from

Me.

Chace Sun is an eighth grader at The Bishop's School and a musician and writer. Winning first place in Math Olympics three years from third grade to fifth, he creates memorable poems and poignant stories.

The Language of Love By Shreya Minocha

My lover doesn't speak my mother tongue.

So when I tell him being with him feels like getting on a train right before the doors close, he doesn't understand if I mean the thrill, the danger or the satisfaction.

I asked my Spanish teacher if there was a word for that feeling and she stared at me, without a response.

I searched the Korean language to see if the strokes and circles could paint that picture that would make him understand how every day with him feels like a victory.

I watch him bite into his favourite food after a long time and ask if it comes with a side of fulfillment.

He tells me it only comes with a side of homemade ketchup.

Later, I tell my lover “te amo” and “saranghae jagiya” and hand him some leftovers so he could have a taste of my day.

He doesn't say anything back but smiles and squeezes my hand a little tighter.

My lover doesn't speak my mother tongue but he knows I love him when I look at him and say something softly.

He doesn't speak my mother tongue but he speaks the language of my heart and for today, I think that's enough.

Shreya Minocha is a creative writer and independent producer who loves writing about politics, pansexuality, dysfunctional relationships, and immigrant stories, among other depressing themes. She is currently finishing up her MA degree in an attempt to accommodate her love of comedy into serious themes. She can be found on Instagram @sighofthesea.

what makes me sad By Emily Hembruch

A poster

With tickets

For a suicide hotline

One lonely remainder

About to be plucked

Teachers steering

Baby sixth graders

Away from the railing
Because they know
Most kids
Are tall enough to get over
If they really wanted

Doors closed
Doors locked
Not for silence
But for safety
From the evil
That threatens these young lives

Bathrooms
Locked at lunch
Those porcelain havens
Also a death trap
For middle schoolers
In petty fights

Someone standing
Guarding
A club for everyone
Because more haters
Want in
Than lovers

This world
Is messed up
Even I know that

Deep in the heart of Fremont, California, there is a fourteen year old named Emily Hembruch. She has been writing since she could hold a pencil, and has been published by Young Authors, California Coastal, TeenInk, and The WEIGHT Journal. When not scribbling away in a journal, you can find her playing basketball, knitting, or watching her favorite shows. One day, she plans to be a full-time writer of all different kinds of fiction.

requiem for the lost boys By Grace Zhang

your ancestry is immortalized in a silver bullet. cut
the rotting carcass of your mother tongue & seal yourself

into an empty promise. a silent bid for your grandchildren: ripen the
soles of your callused feet, hide your footprints so that they won't

tell you to go back to your country. erasure comes in many forms: the tail end of a
nebula, the purposeful censorship, the fatigue. when

you first arrived in this country, you told me about the golden arches hanging
like effigies in a stolen sky. you listened to swan lake on the radio because it

was the only english song you knew, threw your body into the depths of
the hudson to shred your sanguine wings. to be american is to fold

your body into a sacred song, to be a martyr plastered on front-page headlines, beloved
for your sacrifice in the name of patriotism.

when your corpse is buried, you are only remembered by your
four grandchildren: one for each year you lost in service to this

battered country. they nail your obituary to the ginkgo tree in
your garden. outside, a lone dove sings into the night.

Grace Zhang (she/her) is a poet and student from the United States. Her work has been recognized by the Alliance of Young Artists & Writers and the Live Poets Society of New Jersey. She is an editor for Polyphony Lit and editor-in-chief of The Lunar Journal. When she's not writing, she enjoys making new playlists on Spotify, grape hi-chews, and mystery novels.

take-off at Beirut-Rafic-Hariri By Jessica Zhang

At parting, our questions mirrored each other:
Where are you going?

You said that we met too late in life.
But I protest; these circumstances

May prostrate at our feet.
Like Nizar Qabbani, I too

Name you my country, dictionaries
Flinging themselves to sea

To hear your greeting,
Each Arabic syllable unraveling

To caress your exhaled breath.
The difference between our words

Is only a small diacritic.

On the page, we are still together,

Stringing verses into song,

Guided by the sway of Beirut breeze,

Your palms upturned

As if in prayer. And in memory,

The dusk folds and collapses

Against the heat of a slow gaze;

My fingers lingering on your brow.

Even now,

I can take short breaths

And still smell the sweetness.

Jessica is a poet from Shanghai. She loves art, music, and Arabic poetry.

Wild Rose By Tianyang Jiang



Wild Rose

Tianyang Jiang is a high school student who goes to school in Ontario, Canada. They are a National Gold Medalist in the Scholastic Art & Writing Awards, a Gold & Silver Awardee in the Queen's Commonwealth Essay Competition, and a 2024 Best of the Net Nominee. Some of their works have either appeared or are forthcoming in the Eunoia Review, the Penn Review, the Toronto Public Library's Young Voices Magazine, and the 2023 Collection of Canadian Poetry. They are also the editor-in-chief of the Demystify Tribune, a virtual news journal that has published over 100,000 words of bilingual youth journalism.
