

Stone Soup

The Magazine by Young Writers & Artists



"Satyrs" by Lara Katz

Not-Silence

Listening to the rippling life of the world

The Money Tree

Luck isn't something that's made

Special Poetry Issue

Stone Soup

The Magazine by Young Writers & Artists

SEPTEMBER 2017
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Editor's Note

Let me introduce myself: I am *Stone Soup's* new Editor in Chief. And beginning with the September issue—which marks just the first step in our redesign and reversioning of what the magazine can be—we are embarking on a journey of experimentation, exploration, and change together.

I would like to start by saying that, while I grew up reading the print issue of *Stone Soup* and, from there, transitioned into a *New Yorker* subscription to my college dorm, I sincerely believe that no matter how you read a magazine—flipping through glossy printed pages or swiping left and right on a glossy screen—you can still experience the same excitement that I felt as I read and compiled the poems for this transitional September issue, and our first themed issue.

You can see Ashley Class's "Plain Wall," itself a metaphor for the artist's blank page or canvas. You can hear Kate Choi's "Not-Silence," the sound of the world continuing its business around us even as we sit silent and still. You can follow Nargi Golashi's philosophical train of thought from $1+1=2$ to death and mortality. You can lie with Deeba Kord on the "fresh spiky grass with a few flowers circling." You can inhabit these poems, live in them and through them. That is, after all, the purpose of the written word: to transport us. And the incredible magic of words is that they can transport us no matter where—or on what—we read them.

Though not our first digital issue, this is an issue of many firsts. Our first themed issue. Our first monthly issue. Our first issue that does not feature illustrations, but standalone artwork. Our first issue with photographs. We, as a team, are working to embrace the play-

fulness of childhood—to see what works, what doesn't, what to take or toss—and we sincerely hope that you will be in touch with us about our work. What do you love about this issue? What do you wish *Stone Soup* would publish? You can email me at editor@stonesoup.com. I'd love to hear from you.

Happy reading!

— Emma Wood

Subscriptions

As of July 2017, *Stone Soup* is published online eleven times per year: monthly from September through June, with a combined July/August issue. You can read online at our website, or download one of our apps to enjoy *Stone Soup* offline at your leisure. Twenty years of back issues are also available as part of your subscription – every story, every poem, every book review published. Subscribe on our website: stonesoup.com.

Submissions

Read our guidelines at stonesoup.com. If you have submission questions, write to editor@stonesoup.com.

Plain Wall

By **Ashley Class**



Ashley Class, 10
Cincinnati, OH

As I sit here
Staring at
My plain wall
No pictures, desks, or tables near this
Plain wall
I think
It almost seems like I come up with my greatest ideas
Staring at
This plain wall
Over time I have grown quite fond of this wall
I have made many stories by looking at this
Plain wall
My stories are known across the globe
And I am a great author,
My greatest companion,
My plain wall

Not-Silence

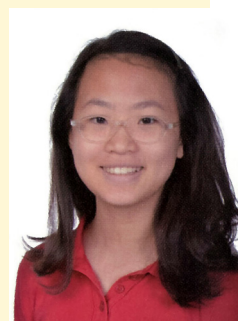
By Kate Choi

It is quiet there
in the great oak tree
by the brook, in the fields —

and why shouldn't it be?
For it is morning —
Dawn

No sound comes
to my ears
but there is no such thing
as silence.
So I listen
and I try to make out
the not-silence.

So I listen,
and then I hear —
the quiet whisper of the
leaves in the great oak tree
murmuring to the awakening world:
Stand strong and steady, strong and steady —
like the oak tree itself.



Kate Choi, 12
Seoul, South Korea

I hear —
the gentle tumbling of the brook
over beyond that stretch of field
the clear waters leaping and gurgling as they chortle:
Fill with life, spirit, and love, life, spirit, and love —
like the vibrant brook itself.

I hear —
the soft rustle of the
tall, swaying grass
in the wind.
Breathing:
Gentle and peaceful, gentle and peaceful —
like the quiet grass itself.

I hear —
the faint calls of the birds
warbling in the trees
to the wan morning:
Wake up! Wake up! and hear our song —
their clear, silver voices rising to the sky in unified harmony.

And I hear —
the deep, golden sound
of bells
rolling low and unwavering
over the rippling fields:
Come, and start, this morning's work — for there is much to do today! —
and I slide from the leafy
grasp of the oak
but I know I will come back tomorrow —
to listen to the rippling life of the world.

I believe in...

By **Nargi Golashi**

I believe in simple truths,
Like $1+1=2$.
I believe in facts, theorems, and postulates,
For they are tools,
That helps us understand,
The world around us just a little better.

I believe in the laws of thermodynamics.
Energy can not be created or destroyed.
So the same energy in me right now,
Has been here since the beginning of time.
And will continue existing,
Even when I die.

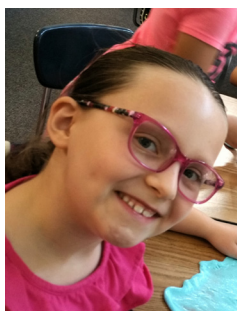
And I know that I said “simple truths”,
And to some people what I mentioned,
Are everything but simple,
They’re huge, immobile, stone statues,
And that makes them simple,
For even if everything around me,
Is in ruins and ashes,
They stand strong and unchanged.
Still just as simple, just as beautiful.



Nargi Golashi, 13
Durrës, Albania



"Garden in the Day"



Kathleen Werth, 7
Silver Spring, MD

Up the riverbank where the flowers bloom

By **Deeba Kord**

My basket swings around my bare muddy feet
I run up the rushing river with my basket swinging around
I give my voice to the wind as calmly as it moves
I run freely along the brown mud with the sparkling water
 next to me
trying to get to the flower meadow where the river flows
I see my footprints way behind me as they try to catch up
There is that pretty meadow I start to pick
 the blooming flowers
I rushed to the river and then I quickly put my feet into
 the crisp water
I lie on the fresh spiky grass with a few flowers circling
the hot sun shines all around me and I close my eyes
The fish start to nibble that makes me tickle
I close my eyes as hard but the sun still shines
I open my eyes and look around
Where is the river and flowers?



Deeba Kord, 10
Louisville, CO

Ode to the Common Weed

By **Katy Meta**



Katy Meta, 13
Pittsburgh, PA

A cousin pointed you out
to me
when strolling calmly
to the abandoned playground.
“A weed!” she falsely exclaims
while she prods at your
emerald
leaves.
However, my eyes
must be deceiving me,
for I see
the most enchanting creature
that is known to man.
Your velveteen leaves,
with drops of morning dew,
are mirages,
transforming
from a freshly spun
creamy golden foam
to an arctic forest green
as deep as the night itself.
Your indigo bud,

hidden behind blankets of green,
is a freshly washed gown
hidden in the back of a dress shop,
anticipation flooding through
every one of Nature's stitches,
waiting for that someone to see it for
what potential it has.
A gift from Heaven itself,
masked behind the role
it has been granted.
Instead of plucking it
from where it has begun to
flourish,
instead of pressing your immaculate
body against the coarse bindings of my scrapbook,
instead of trying to alter
your stunning figure,
I let you go
silently,
for it is not my choice
whether your kind may stay alive
or not.
There is nothing I can do,
except for to hope
that my memory
of you
will not fade away.

Today, I continue to see
your long lost brothers and sisters
on evening strolls,
in sunlit valleys,
and inside the inner workings
of my
heart.

The Money Tree

By **Sabrina Guo**

There is a money tree
In my living room
With a braided
Fishtail trunk
And of these five
Interwoven strands
Only one of them
Has visible veins
Pumping water
For these plumed
Green leaves
Like dollar bills
But for the Chinese New Year
We don't hang coin garlands
Or paper cranes
For prosperity
For Liu Haichan
The toad in the moon
The God of Wealth
No, my mother waters
The leaves
And my cat likes to



Sabrina Guo, 11
Oyster Bay, NY

Eat them
While my father
Chases her away
For fear of bad luck;
Me, I just notice
The tree bending over
And sometimes I lay
A crooked leaf over
A straight one
In the hope it might
Correct itself
Because isn't
Luck something
That's made.



“The Rosy Color of Dawn Spreads All Over the Sky”



Julia Li, 12
Mason, OH

A Letter to a Chickadee

By **Griffin Byrne**



Griffin Byrne, 8
Cambridge, MA

I wake up to the sound of music, a tiny fluttering sound
Flutter in my ears 'til the sun drops down
Perch on my windowsill and wake the waiting sun
Take flight, bird, be free
Feathers round my mind, 'til opposites meet.

White Upon a River

By **Griffin Byrne**

A shimmer of light
cast upon a blue mirror.
I see my spirit reflected on a ripple.
Light upon a river,
when wind comes,
it is blurred into illusion.

My Tenth Summer

Part One: What I Learned About Hard Work

By **Zoe Lynch**



Zoe Lynch, 10
West Lake Hills, TX

I've learned this week,
Something
I knew already
But not well

My mother,
She sits at her desk.
Typing.
Writing.
Scribbling furiously.
I felt sorry for her.
I thought she hated it.

My father,
He used to sit at his computer,
Frowning.
He's good at numbers,
But he's tired
My mom hates to build trails.
He helped her.
He learned.
He's still learning

Everyone is.

Me,
I found two things,
They are sort of one,
Violin and poetry.
They go hand in hand
It takes a long time to do either
I love projects

We,
Found something
Something we loved to do
As long as each of us are happy,
We all are
We work at our joys,
Have fun,
Daydream.
Now I understand
It.
Makes.
Sense.

Tuesday at the Shore

By Molly DellaValla



Molly DellaValla, 10
Jackson, NH

Sitting on a towel atop the sizzling sand,
I'm warm, wet, and a little tired
Absentmindedly searching for shells with my damp,
sandy, hand
I look up to see the wine-dark ocean chomping its
foamy mouth
Gobbling at the jam of people skittering around the beach clutch-
ing their boards
And gulping for a breath in the water
Pretty sure it is about to take my brother
Instead it just gives him a free joy ride

I push my pink cheeks in, feeling for a burn
Sandpipers rush to pick clams out of the murk, jumping back from
the waves
Seagulls shout and bicker over a half-full bag of Doritos
Mom snaps at us to hide our snacks
My little brother defiantly holds up a Pizza Flavor-Blasted
Goldfish
Hoping to lure a bird to his hand
Cheese dust staining his tiny, pruny, fingers

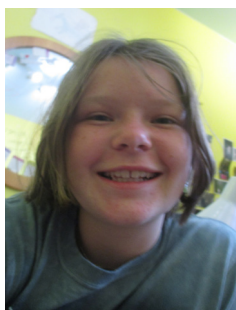
My cousins, with salt-soaked hair and rough red sand rashes,
Beckon me to Boogie Board with them,
And to search for sand crabs with Grandpop
(Even though Nana yells at him “not to go out too far!”)

When we come back, I sneak a second soda and a
 bag of Popchips from the snack bag,
Hiding them from Mom behind my cousin’s drip castle
I watch as her hand dips into the bucket,
Then lets the wet drizzly sand dribble through her fingers,
Shaping tall towers of mud

A moment later my two little brothers bumble over the castle
Like little dragons careening into warm, wet, hugs from Mom



"Look at the waves!"



Ula Pomian, 11
Ontario, Canada

Just me

By Ilya Ivanovic

When I first saw the dark of night
I knew who I was.
I was another shard
Of my birthstone.

I was the king of curiosity.
I was a bitter one with danger.
I was a monkey going tree to tree
And the "Ouch!"
When I fell out of a bush.
I tossed and turned to get up
And I climbed out of the bush.

Then a few years later,
I move away too sad to say,
"Will we go back and have fun?"
"Yes," says my mom, "Some day..
but not for long."



Ilya Ivanovic, 10
Santa Barbara, CA

Over the Shadowed Hill

By Genevieve Gray Fink



Genevieve Gray Fink, 9
Hoboken, NJ

We drove over the hill
In the dark lamplight night
My grandma in front
Full speed ahead

The warm flowing breeze
It showed me the way
As the mauve sunrise
Shown bright ahead

Past the farm
Watching the cows eat
My grandma and me
Drove swiftly away

As the sunrise followed us
It began to fade
As the warm swift breeze
turned cold
And it scurried away

That sweet sunrise
left us all
The town came clearer
The people filing away

They didn't seem to notice
My grandma and me
They didn't seem to see
that beautiful things fade

Poem Review

Reviewed by **Catherine Woods**

“Baseball’s Sad Lexicon” by Franklin Pierce Adams



Catherine Woods, 13
Frankfort, IL

Warm air, shining flowers, golden sunlight—summer in Chicago. And what summer would be complete without baseball? At historic Wrigley Field in Chicago, baseball has been a central part of summertime excitement for generations. I must confess that I am an avid baseball fan. I watch baseball, play baseball, listen to baseball, and read about baseball.

Recently, while flipping through a book about the Chicago Cubs, I came across a short, comedic poem written by Franklin Pierce Adams in 1910. Adams was a newspaper writer for the New York Times, and also a Giants fan. He wrote the short, woeful tale, “Baseball’s Sad Lexicon,” while at a Giants and Cubs game. It tells the story of three Cubs infielders, Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers, and Frank Chance, who were notorious for turning double plays (getting two runners out in the same play). The poem laments the strong teamwork of the trio, and how they always took the championship from the Giants. The Cubs won the National League Championship four times between 1906 and 1910, so Giants fans had good reason for their frustration. This is expressed well in the final few lines of the poem:

Ruthlessly pricking our gonfalon bubble,
Making a Giant hit into a double—
Words that are heavy with nothing but trouble:
“Tinker to Evers to Chance.”

When I first read the poem, I was very curious as to what “gonfalon” meant. I discovered that it means “pennant” or “banner.” The winner of the Championship would always receive a pennant, which always eluded the Giants.

I love poems that accurately reflect the spirit and thoughts of people from long ago. It gives a clear window onto history and helps me understand how people really felt about historic events. When Mr. Adams’s poem first came out in the New York Times, it was wildly popular. Fellow New Yorkers understood and agreed with Adams’ complaints. The poem turned Tinker, Evers, and Chance into double-play legends and is a big part of why they were elected to Baseball’s Hall of Fame in 1946.

To a baseball fan, “Baseball’s Sad Lexicon” provides a historic and fascinating view into the talents of these three players. Even someone who is not a baseball fan can appreciate the rich history the poem brings to life. It connects us with the events of the day, makes us feel as if we were there. When reading it, imagine yourself at the ballpark in the early 1900s, cheering on Tinker, Evers and Chance. The warm air, clear blue sky, golden sunshine—summer in Chicago.

Poem Review

Reviewed by **Sonia Bhaskaran**

“Allowables” by Nikki Giovanni

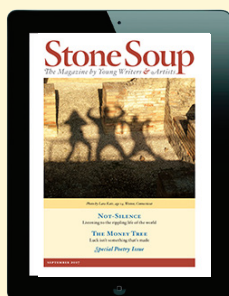


Sonia Bhaskaran, 14
Glendale, CA

Has anyone here ever killed a spider? Actually, I have a better question: has anyone here ever not killed a spider? The battle to keep spiders and other bugs out of the house is a fairly constant one, and most everyone, at some point in time, has found the easiest solution is to simply pick up a shoe and smash all small invaders—which is why I was so intrigued by Nikki Giovanni’s “Allowables,” a poem that describes the author’s shame at killing a harmless spider she finds in her house.

The poem is written in free verse, with no rhyme or obvious rhythm, but the author nonetheless draws the reader in with ample repetition and a choppy style that reflects the emotions she describes. In order to better explain her feelings, she uses imagery to describe the spider as harmless, explaining that it was “sort of papery.” I was rather surprised to note that there was no punctuation in the entire poem, but decided that the lack of grammatical breaks mimicked the thought process the author is going through. Giovanni gives “Allowables” a very memorable ending with the simple, straightforward phrase “I don’t think / I’m allowed / To kill something / Because I am / Frightened,” using enjambment to give emphasis to certain parts of the sentence.

What really drew me to this poem, however, is less the style of the writing than the way in which I connected to it, both on a personal level and on a larger scale. I can't deny that there have been times when, given a choice between capturing a spider I just encountered in my bathtub and taking it outside or washing it down the drain, I have chosen to kill it. I always regret it after, but I continue to make the same mistake, refusing to overcome my initial fear response and act reasonably. Giovanni's poem may seem to be making a big deal out of an inconsequential event—until one considers its implications in light of current events. Much of racial discrimination and violence in our world is due to people allowing fear to rule them, causing them to strike out at all the people of an ethnicity because they are too afraid to remember that most of these people mean them no harm.



Honor Roll

Bonus Materials

At StoneSoup.com

- Twenty years of back issues in the *Stone Soup* Archives. (Every story, every poem, every book review!)
- Blog posts by the editors and by guest bloggers, filled with great ideas for teachers and young writers.
- Video interviews with *Stone Soup* authors and illustrators. Meet some of your favorite contributors!
- Video interviews with beloved children's book authors, including Madeleine L'Engle and Rick Riordan.
- Video performances by talented young musicians, dancers, and poets.

On Our YouTube Channel

- *Stone Soup* authors and illustrators talk about their work.

In Our Apps (Apple & Android)

- All of the above in mobile form!

Welcome to the *Stone Soup* Honor Roll! We receive hundreds of submissions every month by kids from around the world. Unfortunately, we don't have space to publish all the great work we receive. We want to commend some of these talented writers and artists and encourage them to keep creating.

— *The Editors*

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