

"A Greenway"

By Dana-Zoe Gest

Every morning I walk along the Greenway
A new walkway at the new bus station by home.

I start my day walking along a pathway of
Colors and heights; flowers tall and small.
Walk by the commuters waiting for their bus.
Watching them waiting, walking to and
Even running to catch the bus.

The colors are of the rainbow.
But I like the whites of the queen's Anne lace,
The purpose of the loosestrife
The black-eyed Susans reaching up
Even some red, red roses along the way.

As I go along the pathway,
I see people with their dogs,
People on bikes, people simply
Walking as I am, some exercising
By running, all covered in sweat.
I am inspired by all of us,
Inspired by its' purpose: to care

A special place right outside my door,
I take the bus to the beach,
Take it to the rest of the world at Airport,
Take it to other green spaces
Part of the park systems,
But Chelsea is the only one that
Cares for the greenway as its own.

Everyday, I hear the buses rolling by
A smooth sound, bordered by the wind
Blowing in the seasons all round,
Blowing in hope for the next summer
When all is color and all are out.



The Perennials

By Lisa Santagate

Bloom where you're planted.

Plant yourself where you'll bloom.

"Home is where one starts from." so T.S. Eliot said.

Seeds of Sicily traveling in steerage, sowed in the backyards and sidewalk cracks of Chelsea.

Winnisimmet. Division. Watts. Shurtleff.

Roots stretched all the way across the Atlantic; anchors of love, of fortitude, of strife, of love.

A cobbler, a seamstress, a welder, a tiler, a butcher, a salesman, a grocer, a politician, a teacher. On the railroad. In a factory. In the weeds some days, but always pushing up and through.

Every corner has a story that can't be buried by time or killed by pests.

A vertical garden on the fence of a schoolyard where buds, human and otherwise, form and open. How do things manage to even grow in these small pockets? It's the light and the encouragement.

Bloom where you're planted.

Plant yourself where you'll bloom.



Across The River
By Monterey Rojas

across the river
lies a town, a hub for migrants, a simple home
a trading post, a community, a breakthrough in the revolution
an industrial powerhouse that rose from ashes, metaphorical and physical, proud
across the river lies a city, a place for all, grand and proud



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Concrete poem in the shape of the Chelsea Public Schools “Bridge to Success” logo



CommUNITY

By Amaliena Phonesavanh

What makes a beautiful community?
The most important is diversity and unity.
The different skin tones and different faces.
Different beliefs and different foods.
Different traditions from different places.
Allows a community to be filled with such gratitude.
Don't you love going down the street?
To see different stores, faces
And different food places.
It just makes me feel complete.
I just love seeing diversity.
Because it makes me feel at ease.
Without diversity we'd just have adversity.
I want to live freely by just being me.
I AM Asian.
My boyfriend is Hispanic.
And my neighbors are Haitian.
It's beautiful to be surrounded by different ethnicities.
Learn to appreciate the people around you.
Learn to be open and try new things.
Learn different peoples' cultures too.
And please learn what makes a beautiful community.
Because at the end of it,
We all just want unity.



Chelsea, Tree City, City of Trees!

Poetry in the fashion of William McGonagall, the White Elephant of Burmah

By Lisa Lineweaver

Oh Chelsea, Tree City, you City of Trees!
For trees I am grateful, from down on my knees.
And for this small gateway city that plants trees in the sidewalk
(About their mortality rate, we just simply won't talk.)
But though their survival depends on their fitness,
The beauty of street trees, we are blessed to witness.
Oh, arboreal friends, I entreat you: do grow, bloom and prosper
So we can persist counting you on our roster!

Scarlet oak, Bradford pear, elm and ailanthus,
Maple, dogwood (but not pyracanthus)
You populate our urban forest,
And neighborhood children each of you adorest!
Moreover: Did you know that each tree that is planted
Is a piece of bad news that must be recanted?
For trees release oxygen — from their leaves, not their trunk —
and improve air quality: Who on earth would have thunk?
And that's why our gratitude is more owed
To Chelsea, then to Everett just down the road
Where they plant flowers, and grasses, and dec'rative shubb'ry
But, woe betide their council: Nary a tree!

On the other hand, is Chelsea, though,
Which plants trees by the score, then is smitten with woe:
For alas! Some city trees die, at least a dozen per annum,
Of bugs, blight, drought, or trucks that o'er-ran 'em.

So join me, my neighbors, in thanks to the Almighty,
And also the city who keeps our streets tidy,
and shaded, by planting the trees in the parks,
For the pleasure of children, and also of larks.
But mostly, I pray, give your thanks to the trees,
And wave back when you see them bow their boughs in the breeze.



A Poem for Chelsea

By Lee Farrington

Ancestral longings linger
in the margins of time.
They tap on my window
making music in the night.
whispering, singing, shouting
a drumbeat through the ages
soaring from the bricks
into the footfalls and alleyways of time.

The sunrise merges into the murmur of dialects
rising and falling
pulsing, moving, beginning



Growth in Chelsea

By Marcos Jadiel Reyes (8) Kelly School

Grass and plants grow,
Road workers on the go,
Over hill past parks,
What a wonderful place to start.

The boys and girls of Chelsea grow,
In Chelsea we always know,
No one is ever alone,
Cos a community we growth.

Have a nice day in Chelsea,
Alike or not we're still friends.

Liking our friends and plants,
See the wonder in Chelsea.



Reflections of the City

By Jahaira Rivera

Beneath the cracks and scars
Lies beauty and history.
An old soul with a vintage heart .
So much love and grace
Opening its arms to the diversity of life.
Appreciating the cultures of the ones who came before us
that left their prints on the same streets we walk on today.
If Chelsea were a person,
I would say I am she.
For we both have been knocked down by flames that were meant to destroy us,
Yet we still rise from the love that was poured into us that helped us grow
into becoming who we are.



CHELSEA- Good Spring Nearby

By Flor Alvarado

Cuanta belleza en un solo lugar cuánto por ver y explorar
Sus casas distintas y en su gente cuánta diversidad

Cuantos idiomas en un solo lugar cuantas culturas que dan curiosidad
Una ciudad que no podría olvidar

Llena de sueños con ganas de mis alas al fin despegar y el cielo tocar sin siquiera saber
como volar mi corazón latiendo con tanta velocidad , las pájaros cantando parece que un
diferente idioma saben hablar

Los peces en el agua pareciera algo irreal tanta belleza en un solo lugar,
algo mágico que es difícil de expresar ,sus puentes que te llevan a otra ciudad ,su gente
que parece nunca se cansa de trabajar

Una ciudad que me hace soñar que me inspira a mejorar y una nueva
vida empezar su briza que acaricia tu cara al pasar y te hace despertar no
es un sueño es una realidad ,
de la que hoy tengo la oportunidad de disfrutar

Hoy con certeza puedo decirte esta es mi ciudad con un paraíso terrenal
con tanto que brindar sin cuestionar qué idioma sabes hablar esta es
nuestra ciudad en la que volvimos a empezar y nuestros sueños depositar

Esta es tu ciudad la que no te vio nacer pero sabe el valor de tu
comunidad,
Esta es nuestra ciudad sin importar nuestro color o nacionalidad

Esta es nuestra ciudad!



A Brief Remembrance

By Nikiya Rivera

I think of her often
The false expression of a well put together woman
Although she lived not so long ago
I feel a vast difference between us
In comparing photos we are physically similar
The major changes lay within
It is as if maturity has brought forth a new age puberty
A blossoming of the soul of which the body could never compete
Looking back I believe it was her greatest woe
A blossomed body without soul unable to properly grow
She was incredibly flawed
But aren't we all
I honor her
That version of myself now lives in memory
All her pain and suffering was not endured in vain
My sweet girl
I will continue on as I carry our name
Your mistakes have become our blessings
Life lessons I am fortunate to gain
Sleep well for our past can no longer haunt
All that we are today.



Message From the Thin Green Edge

By Marianne Ramos

Seed to flower, flower to seed,
We've been here long before:
Before a wall or parking place,
Before the concrete and the KEEP OUT
Before some called this Chelsea.
No one spoke English then.
We met the people of Before.
The first ones knew that we belonged,
and thanked us for our gifts.

Seed to flower, flower to seed,
Now we live like outlaws,
taking root in broken side walks
some folk spit words like "Nasty Weeds,"
condemn with "Hierba Mala."
But people if you hurt us,
you just might hurt yourselves.
We have some things to teach you,
to show you...will you see?
Root. To root, we grow together.
Flowers of Chelsea, send out seeds
That ride the winds
To everywhere
Around and round this Earth



The Chelsea Senior Center

By Michael Marks

Bingo!
I just found a new place to go
Just down the street
A couple blocks away
When you arrive
You're greeted with a smile
From really great workers
that wear crazy socks
Growing old together
can be a lot of fun

The Chelsea Senior Center
they have a table full of magazines!
You can color pictures
or play tic tac toe.
I just found a new place to go!

Forget going to the beach
and burning in the sun
Conveniently located
Near the bus!
Come on down!
Put away that frown

The Chelsea Senior Center
Go online you can find us there
Beats hanging-out
In Bellingham Square!

The Chelsea Senior Center
We got coffee
We got cable
Come on down
and sit at our table

The Chelsea Senior Center
We got Yoga
and we got dancing too!
We got ceramics class!
With non-toxic glue!
Come on down



Mi ciudad
By Flor Alvarado

Si vieras su fortaleza y su amabilidad
Si vieras su generosidad a la hora de ayudar
Si vieras su gente al trabajar con tanta tenacidad
Si vieras su colorido al despertar
Si vieras sus murales al caminar notarias su cultura y diversidad

Si pudieras ver su diversidad podrías notar que hay
Mucho más de lo que podrías imaginar
Si pudieras no solo oír, pero también escuchar te darías cuenta
de su magia al hablar
Si pudieras escuchar a los pájaros cantar, podrías notar que hay tanto por lo que celebrar

Si pudiera notar que la ciudad no tiene miedo a cambiar para avanzar lo imitarias, para tus
sueños alcanzar en una ciudad que tanta ayuda te puede brindar

Si pudieras ver la capacidad de una ciudad que te impulsa a tus metas hacer realidad para que
toda su comunidad se pueda superar

Si recordaras su historia te inspirarían a cambiar, a luchar como esta' tu ciudad ala
Que hemos visto llorar por gente que nunca se debió marchar
A luchar contra cosas que fuera de nuestras manos llegaron a estar y aun así luchamos
junto a nuestra ciudad en medio de la adversidad

Una ciudad que nos acogió sin preguntar nuestra nacionalidad ,
sin preguntar en qué idioma nos queremos expresar
esta es nuestra ciudad en la que volvimos a empezar



Listen

By Jay Velez

To my palpitations
Needing salvation
Listen
To my fear
Wanting to disappear
Listen
To my yearning
Forever burning
Listen
To my thoughts
Feelings of exhaust
Listen
To my exhale
Longing to prevail
Listen
To my heart
Wanting to depart
Listen
To my cries
Echoing in the sky
Shhhhhh
Listen
Just listen.



Untitled

By Shawn Patrick Murphy

Opportunities are like options,
but only for a limited time.

Don't waste them with poor disciplined behavior.
Or do we not worry about what the world has for us?

I found that 'doing' made me happier
and gave me something to be proud of.

I see the old die
when they become done with trying.

Always keep trying.



El Senior Center

By Juana Longa

Yo me siento feliz
Cuando estoy en el Senior Center
Porque ahí es donde hago
mi ejercicio.
y
mi zumba
que me hace feliz
en mi corazón



Chelsea Onward and Upward

By Helen-Anne Keith

Chelsea is surely growing
It's changing day by day
Anyone going from Prattville to Admiral's Hill
In some way can feel what this line is creating

As many streets are being re-tarred for better future driving
Older buildings are being re-groomed, when possible
While new construction looms
All this for our citizens' future living

As of now, crosswalks are clearly marked as are bus stops
Broadway, always busy, with cars, buses and taxis,
Bicycles and importantly walking adults and their children
While the stores beckon with each new signage calling for all to shop

The buildings of Chelsea's government are close for residents
All within walking distance of the Broadway stores
The Fire station, City Hall and the Senior Center are close by
In the City Hall there is a gallery of famous former inhabitants

A short walk to Library St., unsurprisingly, brings one to the library
Known for its many volumes, historical Chelsea papers and the Children's Library room
Where lately truly innovative programs have been exhibited.
An exhibit of Mr. Latimer, instrumental in creating the light bulb, is exemplary

Most importantly, the heart of the Chelsea People is shown by their vote
Memories of the dismal Chelsea past actions grow less and less each year
And so it is, with the present population, in the elections of Councilors
As they seek different new ideas and thoughts to promote

And so, the City of Chelsea keeps growing
May its special uniqueness never be lost
As it keeps welcoming wave after wave of people seeking shelter
To this end, may our City's future be forever glowing

CHELSEA ONWARD AND UPWARD



Song of Chelsea
By Vincent Ferrini

Isaac Nahambkin

where are you

*the bridge is your lid
It is open above and below
Chelsea is breathing hard
as you are*

in your grave

Isaac

your phoenix

is brooding

on Chelsea's

eggs

*Vincent Ferrini, an American writer and poet, was raised in Lynn, Massachusetts, where he published his first book of poetry in 1941 entitled "No Smoke". Mr. Ferrini moved to Gloucester, MA where he lived and worked a frame shop while continuing to publish poetry until his passing in 2007. To commemorate a visit to Chelsea, Ferrini penned the above poem.

