



New places,
New stores,
New buildings,
New roads,
In a city of growth,
places expand and our citizens grow.







Caterpillars & Butterflies
By Adrian Ramirez

Caterpillar

Slow, Hungry

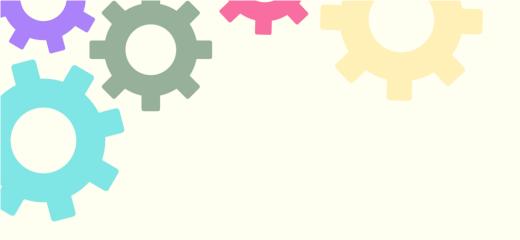
Strolling, Sauntering, Ambling

Leaves, Buds - Nectar, Fruit

Flying, Accelerating, Dashing

Nimble, Swift







Cleaning

By Enrique Bonilla

The roads need cleaning

The roads are dirty

The roads are crying "please please"

"Please clean me" roads cry







By Cristian Jimenez

Chelsea

Busy yet quiet

Driving, working, calling

Cars, dogs, restaurants, books

Creating, improving, planning

Noisey and bright







Concrete Flower

By Tiana Jurisic

Life isn't about waiting,
Waiting for a storm to pass;
It's about dancing,
Dancing in the rain
In Chelsea, MA
It may rain;
There are bad days
But the good days far outweigh.
It's the immigrant way!
Adapt & Overcome!
A flower can grow in concrete.







By Sonya Lenore Reyes

Digging dirt a developer loves

People who develop

Make the world grow

People who plant trees

Help us breathe

My city is growing

By creating homes to live

But leaving us without trees.







By Joe Rez

The building goes up one step at a time
A journey, a walk, a word to a rhyme
The base is paved by the dust of souls
That dared to begin somewhere new
The walls erected by muscle strapped to bone
Lifting higher the vision to build higher than One

Two

Three

Four

Five

How high can you go? Zoning Board says "No!" Money \$ays "climb!" How far can it go?



Chelsea

By Sophia Rodriguez

Chelsea

Boba shop and Parks

Chelsea

Summer time jogging and winter time coldness

Chelsea

Big paintings and happiness of color

Chelsea

Chelsea high school and Early learning center

Chelsea

Flowers and plants

Chelsea is my happiness.





ERES UN JARDÍN DE VIRTUDES

Por Keny Alfaro

¡¡¡CHELSEA, es una ciudad pequeña!!! Con una cifra Grande de habitantes y con muchas limitaciones. Sin embargo está llena de valores, culturales, y más...Deseado por los pueblos vecino De tu pobreza sacaste Fuerzas De tu fuerza sacastes Virtudes ¿Que puedo decir? Eres un jardín de rosas Tu seduccion me cautiva Para sacar mis virtudes Que no pensé poseer De muestras con tus mano ¡¡Frutos de amor y Esperanza!! Recordar es también es Nunca olvidar los favores recibidos En la pandemia cuidastes tus jardín y los ajenos Como una ave ciuda sus avecillas Chelsea levantas tus voz con amor y Armonía Trabajas duro para poder ser un ejemplo de esperanza respeto a los pueblos.



Chelsea...A Work in Progress

By June Winters

Monday thru Friday and some Saturdays too Trucks and equipment and tools being used Street markings and cones with chain link fences Hammering and drilling with structures erected

The noises start early and continue all day
Construction here and there and up the street a ways
Can't go anywhere without hitting traffic
Horns are honking and detours are havoc

What about all the people
Where's everyone going to park
Who allowed this to happen
And when will it stop

Change is all around us, and it's not all bad New neighbors and businesses and experiences to be had Things will get better, just not right away Pack your patience and have a nice day!



Progress in Return

By Nikiya Rivera

It's been over a year since you welcomed me home

Open arms and no judgment

In time you witnessed my growth

Riddled with self doubt

I'd never let it show

Memories soften the blow

Of what I've lost

What I needed to let go

My father's last apartment

Demolished after his death

The rubble provides foundation for new development

My first high school boyfriend met me as a cashier

I returned to that position but did not stay there

Same company

New title

Pharmacy tech within a year

Teenage angst consumed my young academic career

The F bomb written in wet cement on Beech st remains after all these years

Flunking out of college my first time around

Now an honor roll student

I know my father's proud

I once ran from everything

Especially myself

But home made me stronger

I couldn't dream of being anywhere else

My home

The city that sits by the water

And I

Forever grateful

To be Chelsea's daughter





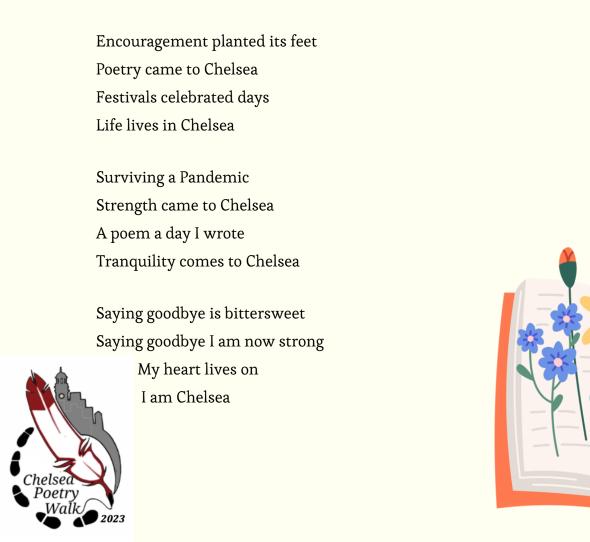
I Am Chelsea

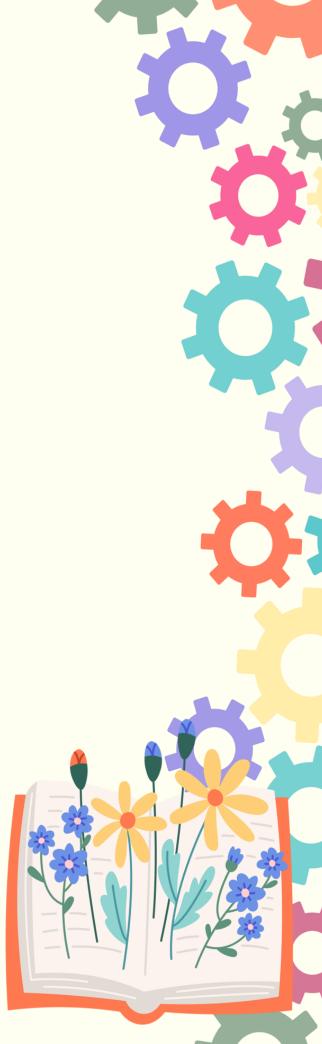
By Dana-Zoe Gest

I grew as the trees now grew Watching out my window as Saplings grew into a grove

Raw ground to new buses
A new greenway, full of flowers
To planning projects
To planning open spaces.

Planting gardens to painting murals Color came to Chelsea Raising children and young people Songs came to Chelsea





Under the New is the Old

By Lisa Santagate

I lost a locket in Quigley Park in 1968.

I was 5 and I was heartbroken.

Now I stand in the same place with my young students (minus the orange paint and metal slide) for a school safety drill.

They are the same age I was when I lost my beloved trinket. Run, hide, fight.

Somewhere below our feet my locket is open.

A placeholder. An inadvertent time capsule.

Photos of cars crossing the "old" Chelsea Street Bridge Once stuck in the open position for months. The new one lifts up, but does it?

A chain store sits on the spot where I once watched Jaws And screamed in my seat.

Now I scream at the price of my allergy medicine.

I develop, you develop, they develop.

Present tense, past tense, the people are tense.

Under the new is the old.

As the song says, "No, no, they can't take that away from me." Under the new is the old.



The Sprout in the Cemetery

By Geraldo Flores

All I saw was tombstones

What happened to the place I once called home?

Where were the people that once lived here?

Did the bricks fall to the ground?

Without a soul in sight I stood the ghost of the cemetery

A sense of loneliness, the memories to console me

Flashbacks: The Block; late hours; rest beneath the stars; no

University experiences

A stroll through the streets that watched me grow, The INS;

OUTS of the city

The Hiltons; Marriots, not when I grew up

Onto Broadway cranes elevating

Grandma used to live in the renovated building

Different to see other people living there

I drove down to my old stomping grounds where I graduated

high school

Maybe I would run into one of my teachers

School was out students on their way home

In the crowd was a young man wearing a Red; Black jacket

Back to the battle alongside my brothers as our sisters would

cheer us to victory

The school of the rebels, the school of the devils

. . .







The crossing guard motioned to Admirals Hill

When I arrived, I parked my car and made my way to the skyline

I felt a sense of serenity as I walked over the grass
When I reached the small hill I looked across the river and
saw the buildings still standing tall

I looked over at the Tobin as a plane flew above it and into the clouds

It is a view that symbolizes progression
Suddenly, the soil beneath me became fertile
The flowers around me began to blossom
I closed my eyes and thought back to the cemetery
I opened my eyes and recognized someone I knew standing by the dock

I walked down to her and stood beside her
She took me by the hand and placed me at the edge of the
dock and pointed into the water
I leaned forward and as I looked into the Mystic I saw
something sprout

I saw a boy who grew up on 178 Central Avenue



Closing in Closing out

By Devra Sari Zabot

I hope they don't. I hope they don't, pave,

....over the cobblestones on Winnisimmet street.

From Williams Street as it flows into the waterfront

from the past to the present

from the original name of the place we call Chelsea

that meant "good spring nearby"

I hope they don't

...pave,

over history as giant residential luxury paint by

numbers no wonders of architecture

buildings rise along the perimeter of the city are they

closing us in or closing us out?

We say we want to retain

We say we want to develop

We say we want to protect.

For who? From whom?

Though.

I hope they don't,

I hope they don't,

..pave

...over Winnisimmet Street.





My American Dream (words from my mother)

By Amaliena Phonesavanh

I lived in a poor village which was not easy.

I had a big dream that seemed hard to believe.

I wanted more than this lifestyle.

I wanted more and it didn't matter how far or how many miles.

I sailed many miles from sea to sea.

Awaiting for the moon to shine light on me.

I traveled from boat to land.

Having a dream so big that cannot be held in my hands.

I will possess hope so that I can achieve my American dream.

And I will possess strength because it won't be as easy as it seems.

This American dream should improve my well-being.

This American dream should improve my life that'll be worth seeing.

But this American dream will be difficult but I cannot stop believing.

I need to believe in myself because my family is counting on me.

I need to believe in myself because my dreams deserve to be free.

Believing in myself is much harder than it seems.

But believing in myself will allow me to achieve my American dream.

I have come all this way and sailed many miles from sea to sea.

I have come all this way waiting for the moon to shine light on me.

I have come all this way from sea to land.

Because I had an American dream that I could not hold in my hands.





A City's Story By Helen-Anne Keith

Many cities throughout our country have been overcome by unwise development

So, Development, Let's sit down and watch Chelsea, Its settlement began early, long before there was government.

From outside countries near and far
Groups large or small came and stayed
Freely and safe without any obvious bar.
The community grew showing with public development of
Schools, streets, living spaces and businesses.

Also developing in the 19 60's & Dry's was a local, unwatched government

With grabbing politicians filling important offices Not seen by the average citizen was underdevelopment Bringing in an element of shadiness and corruptness

So bad, mayors and important city heads were arrested Still, the city's government was a mess The state took over with no local role invested The ordinary locals stayed hoping their desires would press

The state's aid for redevelopment.

Connected to the city's plight

Was neglect of its infrastructure and city equipment,
Including school buildings, police cars and fire engines not updated.
Almost no money given to any public redevelopment.
With an inadequate tax structure, the city became insolvent





Also, with the Chelsea fire in the 1800's, every bit of the pre-1800 architecture was affected

And then a 1908 blaze burned hundreds of acers, showed Chelsea, fire was not done The 1970's fire destroyed many businesses unprotected

But determined Chelsea inhabitants stayed While rethinking change,

Forming committees and rebuilding as they got to work.

Little by little, brick by brick Proving the city's people were not licked.

Epilogue

In conclusion, development can be good or bad Development should be a must! Used only for good.

Development effect all with whom it touches
The true story of this city is told many times over in our country.
So, one must think to work for only the best of Development

Whomever, Whatever or Whatever





DevelopingBy Monterey Rojas

Orgaing development

For the people by the people
Safe haven, regration
Reclaiment, reframent, rebuilt
Collapsing, collecting, rebuilding
Receivership, reorganization.
Crime, corruption, displacement
Second strike, one fifth
Northeast Expression, Tobin
Flourishment, elevation, new life
Foreign-born, fully transformed
Move out, move up, immigrate
Displacement, destruction, rebuild
Lewish, Russian, Eastern European
English settlers, American Soldiers
North Chelsea, Revere, Winthrop
Winnisimment, Maverick, Bellingham
Development, envelopment, settlement

Development, envelopment, settlement Winnisimmet, Maverick, Bellingham North Chelsea, Revere, Winthrop English settlers, American soldiers Jewish, Russian, Eastern European Displacement, destruction, rebuild Move out, move up, immigrate Foreign-born, fully transformed Flourishment, elevation, new life Northeast Expressway, Tobin Second strike, one fifth Crime, corruption, displacement Receivership, re-organization Collapsing, collecting, rebuilding Reclaiment, reframent, rebuilt Safe haven, migration For the people by the people Ongoing development

Concrete poem in a building shape, written from the bottom up to signify developments building off each other and the foundations of Chelsea





DEVELOPMENT

By Marcos Jadiel Reyes

Dangerous tools put to use Evolving Chelsea to be great Victoriously our city stands Energetic people are here to stay Like trees that planted stay Open to opinion Chelsea stands Powerful children grow and play Magnificent development emerge Engaging the community to remain New beginning are made to change Together we laugh and play.



DIG By Jay Velez

Did you

DIG YOURSELF INTO A HOLE

WHEN YOU LOOK UP NO ONE IS THERE

SEE HOW QUICKLY YOU FORGET THE END GOAL

ANXIETY SETS IN AND YOUR GASPING FOR AIR

GO AHEAD, DIG

ONE INCH TODAY OR TEN FEET DEEP

SMALL OR BIG

DISTANCE SETS IN YOUR IN KNEE DEEP

PAUSE

PAUSE TO GIVE YOURSELF CLARITY

TIME STILL IS STILL THE PAST

NOW LOOKING BACK FOR LOST PROSPERITY

IS NOT ANY SUNSHINE IT'S OVERCAST

GO AHEAD, PAUSE
ONE SECOND OR 60
IT'S STILL THE SAME CAUSE
PRESENT TIME IS N
EVER TRICKY

SURRENDER
SURRENDER THAT MAKE BELIEVE FANTASY
IT CAN HOLD YOU CAPTIVE FOR YEARS
SELF DOUBT HOLDS YOU IN APATHY
LET GO OF SHAME AND YOUR FEAR

GO AHEAD, SURRENDER
THIS MINUTE THIS SECOND
YOUR NOT A PRETENDER
YOU'RE MORE TO BE RECKON

BELIEVE

BELIEVE IN YOUR SKILL IN YOUR GIFT EVERYTIME YOU DIG OR PAUSE NEVER SURRENDER NEVER DRIFT LET IT FLOURISH IT'S YOUR CAUSE

GO AHEAD, BELIEVE
THIS SECOND, RIGHT NOW AND RECEIVE
IT'S STILL THERE SCREAMING AT YOU
START CLIMBING, RECOGNIZE YOUR BREAKTHROUGH

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