



15 ways of looking
at Sam



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The NEC Poetry Workshop. Fall 2019

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C0n3

Funny how things are placed
Wasted
Space out of every scenario in which I could be
Content with the very thought
Rotting in a space of no desire
Wired to the misconception of unity
Of fragility
I stand in the crowd of misguided souls
Each leaning to one
Another
Day goes by and stagnation strikes
No path to change
No longer phased
My skin glistening in the shifting sprinkle
I smile to hide

-Rahul Carlberg

Fire

Whispering shadows of perpetual motion
Hissing their own little lullaby
A song of
Solitude is refreshing
Seldom am I
Used
Never could I gain
Yet I wait
For each monotonous note
To send me into a trance
Dancing with my yellow
Captivated

-Rahul Carlberg

Motion

Sickness is nice
It makes me
Stop.
Slow down dawg
So much shit weighing down
Yet it somehow makes time
Go faster
Or you'll fall
Behind every trap door there's
A safety net
Catching you as you tumble
Stumbling through
But every time I get
Sick time slows the fuck back
Down

-Rahul Carlberg



Smam

He is not
the grumpy old troll
that lives
under the bridge
but rather,
he is
in fact
quite obviously,
the bridge.

—Dan Hirsch

Sam sits near me
Always with a trombone
Making comments-

Poem for Sam- by Liv Greene

Some kind, some critical
And always well-thought out,
Maybe

Silver hair
And a red trombone case
Makes the look



Wonderling

Weeks breeze by as a child, going by unnoticed

All I could feel was in the moment

Hands against the sand in the box, individual grains slipping through my fingers
Unafraid of the sweat rolling down the valley of my eyes
Rolling down the hill of spiky dead grass, anticipating the spell of dizziness
Changing my view of the vast world

For a few seconds in this life

A smile could alight within me so easily
So as to make others feel the same way
Enjoying the trajectory of imagination
Plotting out a scene, a game with few consequences,
As it repeats until boredom moves us to the next state of play
Weeks breeze by in the present, unable to attain the hour that I am living in

Little wonderling, that I can only see in my dreams now

Moving Out, Moving In

Eyes reborn, as if
I saw the city in new
light, the road stretched far
reaching out to the unknown.

It's all the same, as before
but perception blurs the details
until I looked up, and
the canvas finally emerged.

No longer contained, now seen
the beautiful asymmetry of it all
longing, never-ending,
continues on, so I will.

A Simple Gift

some things are meant
only
to be shared
between you and me,
but you see beyond just that,
rearranging what's given
there's beauty in that
in the veins,
in the print of your fingers, touching
everything that has to do
with the love pouring
out in streams, out to me

OLIVIA GREENE

Matthew Henson

morsel?

why isn't there a
word for the sweetness of
short things?

fallow fields

I fail to fill my fallow
fields. Hungry as they are,
I am,
too. Early waking work can
call up the waves,
but only if the volume on head-home
voices is low.

Today, they deafen,
covering my drought-dimmed fields.

Talk to me

talk to me, often,
while I wait
days passing, heavy.
pages drop burnt leaves,
frozen flakes,
warm water.

talk to me,so
days flow easy,
easier
to see the day on your face,
through your eyes:
kind and
bright.

talk to me,
your voice
the softest place to land,
the cleanest calm.

Take the stairs
In case of fire,
please
take the stairs.

well no shit...

the elevator is broken

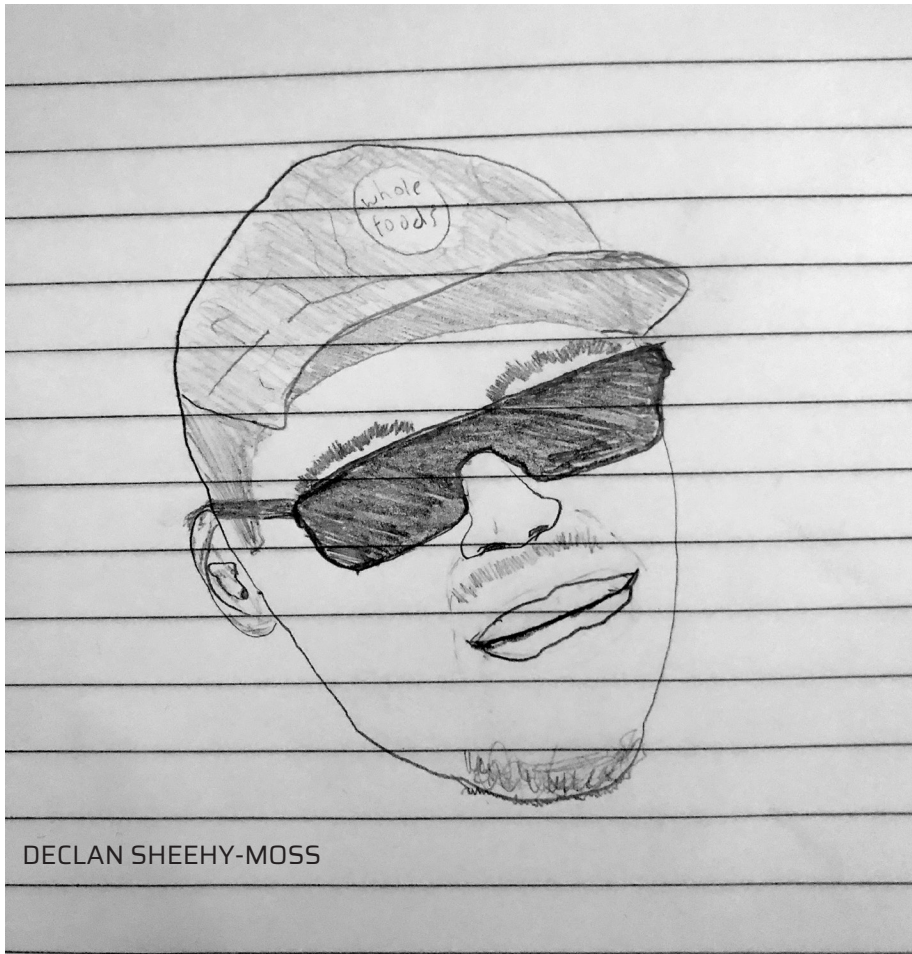
I got stabbed in the leg
Lego car.
I got stabbed in the leg.
Dvorak?

Was he really trying to help?

This never would have happened
if the elevator went to floor 6,
I had gotten more sleep,
and my dad wasn't so damn racist

"Just Sam"

just sam, not another.
how he wonders, if there is one.
he wanders. Through the soggy brush.
searching.
listening.
gaze set, sunset bound.
He steps on something cold and hard.
a hint of gold, could it be treasure?
Looking down, he's found what he's looking for.



DECLAN SHEEHY-MOSS



Lost my hair at age 20
Only the grey
The remains are the warrior
Only there to kill themselves

—YE HUANG

Love Letter to My Friends

My bunch of freaks
sit on the window sill
and wait,
but not for me.

We could rule the world together
and I think they agree
in principle.
Visions are consistent,
but I am absent.

Yet to me
they are still everything,
even when I'm in the way
and I can't help but appreciate them all,
even the ones I haven't met yet.

A Fun Game

I was Florida man
and had
a fun time
discovering
that most bathrooms
don't have
smoke detectors.

Bubble

Wack air
is absent
here

It's soft,
smooth,
leaving a film
on my skin.

The row of kings
stretches far
across the way.

I can grab the sun
while floating,
seamlessly,
to neon glows.

Waiting for the next complaint.

Silence

I don't know where I have gone
A thing I always wanted to
But sometimes not able to
The quick pleasure
The little time
The small talk
And silence

“Get up and crawl”
no I'd rather hide
“Do this or be gone”
no I'd rather be alone
“Shut up and work”
no I'd rather speak my mind
“Say it loud and clear”
no I rather be
silence

All eyes on me
So I can walk
Hold your breath
So I can see
Stand up and salute me
Gigantic applauding
then silence

One day the world will tumble
Sky falls and earth quakes
Only me living happily
In my little imaginary house
Laughing and laughing
Never felt this alive
laughing and laughing and laughing
until silence
takes me away

Blinded Love

I was blinded by love
Like a beam of light
Shines so bright
so powerful
Hurtful even
Led me into a strange world
Colored by black and white and red
Only way you can get out
Is when you tear yourself
Hurting the most important one
Lie to your conscious
lie to your heart
Scars after scar
Scar on the scars
only thing that heals
is your bank account

Garden rose

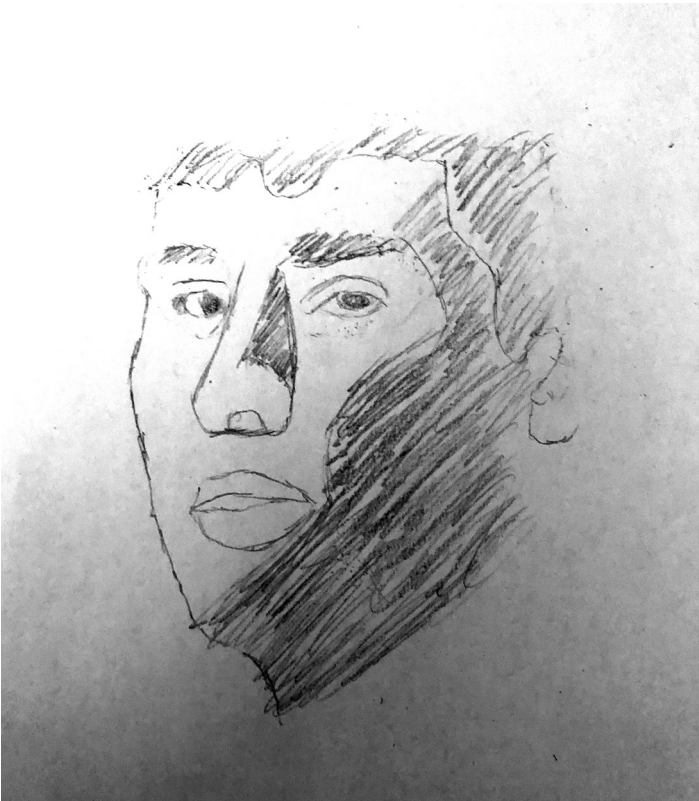
Throwback in time
When I once was

A petal in a garden rose
Answering nature's call
Greeting another fall
Feeling was a burden
Destined to be Shown
Couldn't tell if it was rain or snow
And I never dropped a single tear
Knowing only the toughest petal
Could withstand earth's shower
Nature is my friend
Nature is my foe
Those are the only memories
A petal can hold

Sam

Look like an interesting guy,
But totally no clue,
Who is he,
What's he talking about,
How old is he,
What does he like,
What does he play.
Just like every stranger in my life,
I don't know him,
But wish him a happy Thanksgiving.

by Davy Wang



Sam

Randomness perceived by one entity,
What are we doing this for?
Why does one do anything for anything?
An entity which was captured
By the randomness we created, this Sam

by Tiffany Chang

A Sunset

Deep was the sky
Red, glowing, like a broken watermelon
Splashed into the water

Endless September.
The incessant flow of changes
As the wind went by
Quenching the flamed heart

Deep was the sky
Blue with streaks of blood
By the window
Cried

A Chopin Nocturn
Sounds not sentimental
In the hope of consolation
But in vain

Getaway

Meandering out
Of the woods of music
Till it was exclaimed
[to cross mass ave. and st. Botolph street]

I wanted to
Plunge into the sea
While lolling on the clouds
You were gazing at me

Looked up
Fire was burning in your eyes
A spasm blossomed inside of me
I run and run

Warm lights hanging
Emitted from the jar fraught
With coffee beans
Shining

Phones and laptops
Seated me
Somewhere here
Longing, how can you
die inside of me

Panic Attack

As if
Woke up
From sweet dreams
Frozen and bewitched
The tides inside rushed

Drowning in the marsh the
Nymphets
Tangled me
Swam up the ejaculation
Of the tears wanted
To scour my face

Breath frozen bathed
In the last warmth
Of the glaring sun
Another day
Gone

Longing

Just as you are conjuring something exciting in your head
The bus passes by and you have to wait another fifteen minutes

Sweet imaginations
Clouded by the dust of reality

The distinguished businessman perched on his high throne
Perusing his book with care

Is really just a child
In a stroller looking at a book of stickers
Of cars
Being pushed by his father

Constitution

My love for you is buried
In the hours of books I've consumed into my being

Words as real as the wind
A consecration so weak
You can snap me in two

How many hours must I see you
To replace the void of fantasy?
How do I feel something I've never really known?

Your presence fading
All I see is Red Riding Hood
Where's her prince?
Maybe the wolf was lonely too

She said
It's too much work to care for flowers

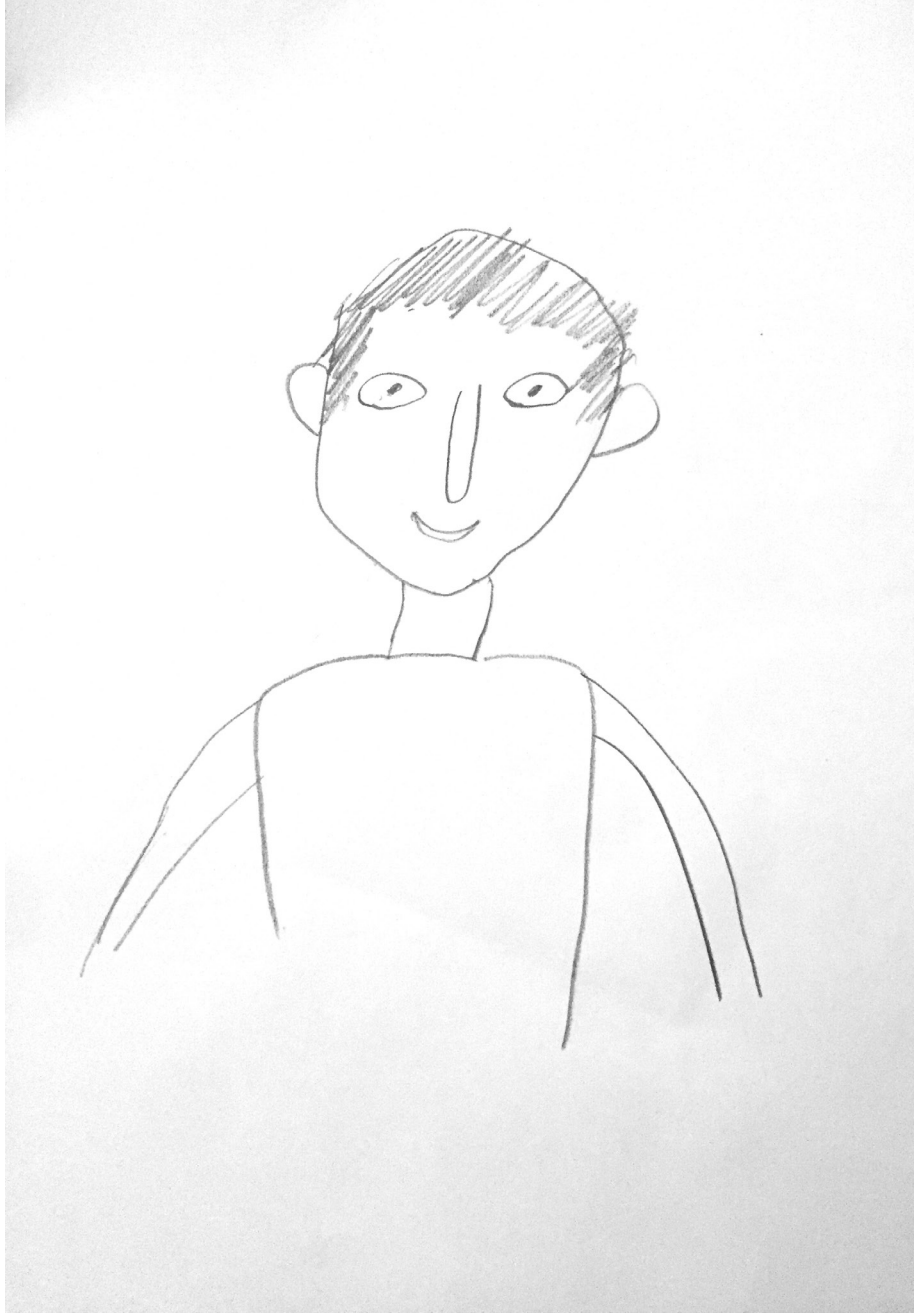
But do you like them?

Yes, she says
But I'm always the one
Who has to change the water

It's not worth it
Temporary care
Growing only to die
Eventually

It will be less work
To not trim them at all
Then it wouldn't be me

Who killed them



Lost my hair at age 20
Only the grey
The remains are the warrior
Only there to kill themselves

by Yucong Huang

Window Gazing

Young and wrinkled
Listens with no response
Feeds and feeds
Shelter and shelter
We cannot move, yet
We bounce
We wave
We breathe among the living

Trapped

I am old
and I like it

I'd like to live longer,
but not again

People often say that they feel
Reborn
Does that mean they had to
Die?

A spirit once claimed that through death, knowledge is gained
Knowledge is like a bacteria, and I am a host

Sickening

That young ones feel superior
Young ones often graze over facts
One by one they will learn,
Or not, but
That's the lyric of reality

Ordinary

Begging for change
Hoping that other worldly beings will grant them change
Change is near impossible for the old lady ranting to her friend
As the common wealth walk by, watching her speak
To thin air

Air is near impossible for the ones who have run
Themselves into the ground, or were taken
By force

Human ill will is to blame for
The will of the ill grows
Ever so weak

Life

6:58 in the evening
On a metro in New York

Hope is in the handrail
Grasped by hands of different colors
With many lives clinging onto

But there are others in the middle
Who could only push up the ceiling
If they don't want to fall
In the indifferent faces of those
Sitting silently

And there is also me
Drowned in the crowds
Having nothing to hold onto
I could only stand
With my feet
Firmly

Poem

They told me
Poems are the only cure
For every soul so lonely
And every life hopeless

But how would you know
The person walking in desert drinks wine
Is to quench his thirst
Or because all he wants is just to
Get drunk and
Dream

如果 【席慕容】

四季可以安排得极为黯淡
如果太阳愿意
人生可以安排得极为寂寞
如果爱情愿意
我可以永不再出现
如果你愿意
除了对你的思念
亲爱的朋友 我一无长物
然而 如果你愿意
我将立即使思念枯萎 断落
如果你愿意 我将
把每一粒种子都掘起
把每一条河流都切断
让荒芜干涸延伸到无穷远
今生今世 永不再将你想起
除了 除了在有些个
因落泪而湿润的夜里
如果 如果你愿意

Translation:

If [Original poem by XI Murong]
The four seasons could be arranged very dull
If the sun wishes
The life could be made very lonely
If love wishes
I could appear never again
If you wish

I have nothing else
Except my yearning for you
But, if you wish, I will
Shovel out every seed
And cut off every stream
Let the barren extends infinitely
For the rest of my life
Never again thinking about you

Except
Except in those
Nights moistened by teardrops
If
If you wish

Sam
Sam Margolis
I hardly know her
Like the backdrop of a
Wall mural his
Attitude is chill
Soccer playing the
Distant notes of a
Trombone speak
Let's all draw Sam
15 ways of looking
At a brass player.

by Parker Olson

Beach Day



Sam
What a
Sam Sam
What a ..? Sam :(
What
What
A?
What
Sam!
Sam what
A!!!!!!
Sam
Haha \$\$\$
Hehe
Lol
Sam:)
What a Sam
Fun ha lol hehe
Sam
Luv?

BY RAHUL CARLBERG

Deliverance

What does it mean to be a great man?
Thinking in bed early in the morning
Do my actions line up with my values?
A daily struggle to put things in perspective

Caring for family, friends, my work
Being honest with how you feel
When your identity is lost and
Found once again
How do you retain it amidst
The stress of work and life

To be a great writer is to be
A great thinker
The capacity for mental toughness
Overrides the stereotype for physical dominance
To love truly means to be vulnerable
To being rejected
How can you be compassionate in a world
Of swiping, hookups, constant
Sirens wailing outside through the city

On a Rooftop

Climb the ladder
Just don't look down
Lights flicker from houses in the distance

I look around the city
Wondering how I got here
How does anyone get anywhere?

Stories unfold while people on the ground walk by
What is it like to fall for someone?
Sometimes words are dull

We sit on a jacket on top of coals
Feeling cold in the night air
My shoulder warm from her head

I breathe deeply, and she yawns
Going down the ladder seems worse than up
And we try not to be seen from the restaurant next door.

Sun sets the River

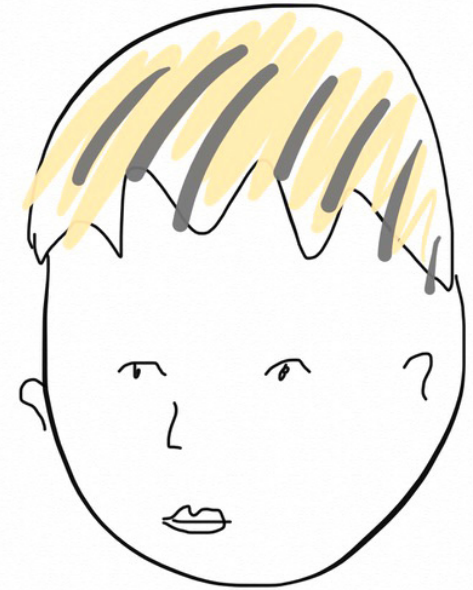
The sun sets the sun is
Setting water reflects the
Image of the sun

An orange pancake blown
To scale across the sky
Calling your name it says
Multitudes through the tree with
Flower blossoms budding against
The changing horizon at dusk

The lily pads float lazily
Along the channel river
Winding its course beside busy streets

Earlier in the year the kayakers
Paraded in streaming sunlight
The air hotter by midday
Feeling the breeze still
Ducks waddling against the bank
Of the river channel the kayakers
Float under small bridges.

They too experience a sunset
But of different proportions the
Dynamic of summer not of spring



Sam

How do you write about a puzzle
Or tell a story of a mystery?

Wariness
I wonder if he likes to be the center of attention
His stoic look
The peppers of hair

Who is the Sam I don't know?

— Adrian Liao

“Grow it Out”

It's essential -
not to think lesser
a vessel -
the decline eventual

Gardening it -
grows and blossoms -
don't use scissors
keep out the possums

A pattern that adds character
pitter-patter, it falls at a hairdresser.

“Time”

That this
Here then
Past now

Just begun
It's gone
But how

Remember
Don't forget

Not tired
Just spent

untitled viii

Simply another mystery,
at least to me.

for Sam



Reeds

Warmth of dreams dissolves into noise
Of reality, harsh, unalluring
Sleep stench hangs heavy in the room
Suffocating hopes, desires
Yet Light
Young and joyful itself
Sighs through the window.
Promising novelty, adventure, heartened,
I sit up and see my

Ho ho! Hee hee! You cannot forget me!
My cane, my bark, and my wires three!
If you dislike me I will torment thee!
Friends we would be, but for your vanity!

Hours long and arduous
Soak into an unassuming, generic room
Lungs burning, willpower crumbling
There remains no reason to stay
Because progress
Shines above the decay of weariness.
Music serene and vivid
Visited, blessed this space
But my tone is quite thin, maybe it's my

Ha ha! You fool! You arrogant slime!
You need to pay homage to me in due time!
This disrespect isn't exactly sublime!
Your practice is wasted, an egregious crime!

College Applications

Disappointingly
There is no release
Following
Hours poured into apps
Splashing into transcripts
Soaking into essays, essays
Dollars dissolved to nothing
As many takes as as many tapes

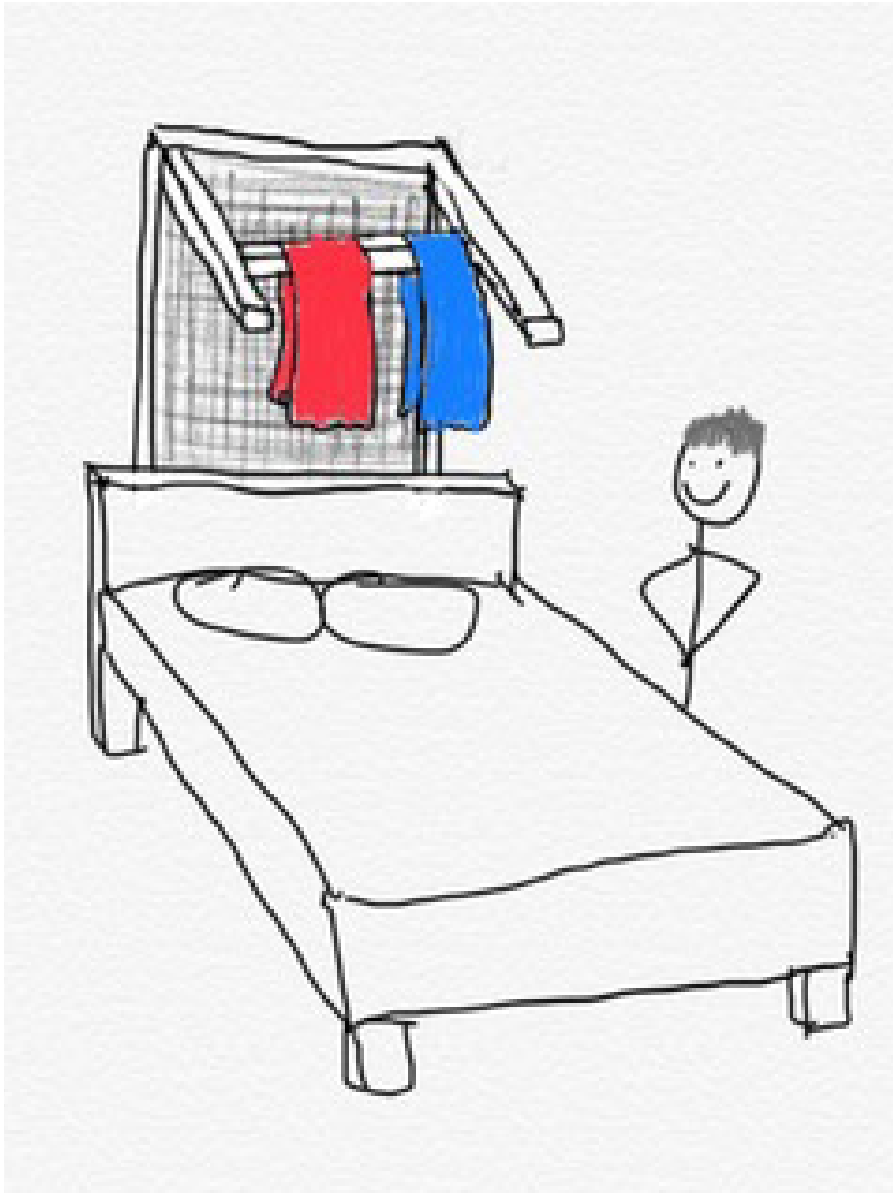
The ecstasy of results
The apparition of success
Have fled my control
Suspended
By agents of indifference
Profiting on my stress

No, this is not winning
This apprehensiveness
This agonizing tension
Angry and aggressive
Awoken by what should have
Provided Relief

Snow in the city

Elves the shade of milk
Move and dance as they laugh
On a mellow descent
Magical to behold
Wistful yet nostalgic
Inspiring warmth in their gentle chill
Hopeful, naïve
Seeking to move and soothe

Are devoured and defiled
Wrenched and butchered
By the treacherous
Traitorous
Artificial Ecosystem
Fatal for elves
Quartering their corpses into
Terrible grey sludge
Smothering the
Terrible grey world



What is a roommate?

It is strange
There's a bed beneath
The rack for
My laundry

As if two live here
One in this bed
One in my cave

Is there another?
One who
Uses this bed?

Concerns me not!

My laundry needs dryness
I need my cave
Peak jazz

by Ryan Turano



“Sam Margolis”

sam he is

sam he were

spitting down his brass tube

slides and swoops and golden songs

Tyler Wagner

large&small

how fortunate the sun to not know the shadows it casts
the lives that shrivel in the shade behind skyscrapers

how fortunate the ocean floor to only know patient, slow, cold
to be altogether hidden from action, turmoil, and unforeseen
change

how fortunate the stars to only see us on clear nights

for us to be obscured when the rain pours on those without
shelter

how fortunate the hundred dollar bill to only know abundance

only cashed paychecks, birthday cards, and miraculously
generous tips to waitstaff who need it

DAVY WANG

A beautiful legend

In my dream,
The familiar face.
You're the softness,
I promised to ward.
Even if the tears drowned the world,
I will not let go.

Every moment of loneliness that I suffer,
only because of the promise,
The familiar touch between you and me.
Love is about to awake.

Thousands of years and cycles,
Only the love is the eternal legend.
Turns of pain,
Nights of struggle,
Hold tight,
Don't let go.

The snow on the pillow,
Is the frozen love.
Only hug with full heart,
Can melt them.
The shaking fire in the wind,
Never go off,
Never rest.

Waiting for flowers to bloom,
Spring passed and approached.
Merciless time let me,
Out of my mind.
Heart like the steel,
Leave the world decay.
Memories will follow.

Time with grief and happiness,
Only love is the eternal legend,
No one forgets the ancient, ancient promise,
Your tears turn to colorful butterflies,
Fly and cover the sky.
Love is the wind under the wings,
Two hearts follow, and flows freely.
You're the only beautiful legend,
In my heart.

Marriage

The spring breeze
Awakens greenness.
Love's pouring,
Out to me,
Out to you,
Try to approach,
Try to touch,
Prelude of life.

The heat of summer,
Brings silence,
The shiny dots
Flow in stream,
Synthesis into Milky Way,
Sit on the rock,
Stares into eternity,
Through the silence.
Fugue of life

The golden autumn,
Turns on memories,
We dance,
We jump,
We waste,
Wonder around.
No one tells us no,
Or where to go,
Bourree of life.

The coldness of winter,
Whitens the world,
Along with your temples,
White shards fall,
From the sky,
From the heaven,
It's the double.
The end of our suite.

Night of Ulan Bator

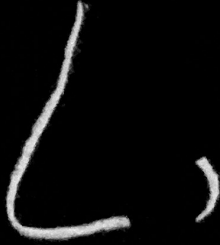
The wind that cross the field,
Don't leave too fast.
I use silence to tell you,
I'm a little tipsy.
Night of Ulan Bator,
So calm, so calm.
Can't hear anything,
Not even the whisper of the wind.

The cloud that flows,
To the other side of the sky.
Don't leave too fast,
I am running to tell you,
I'll never look back.
Night of Ulan Bator,
So quiet, so quiet.
Even the cloud won't know
Never know.

Night of Ulan Bator,
Exists in every corner of,
You cross the wind,
the cloud,
Cross everything,
to come back.
What did the world change,
What was our world expecting,
What's left in our world.
Only the endless desert.

The wind that cross the field,
Don't leave too fast.

ZHIQIAO ZHANG



sam he is
sam he were
spitting down his brass tube
slides and swoops and golden songs

by Tyler Wagner