

2024 INTERCOLLEGIATE POETRY SHOWCASE

The background of the entire page is a light lavender color. Overlaid on this are several large, soft, out-of-focus shapes in vibrant colors: a red and orange shape at the top left, a purple and blue shape at the top right, a green shape at the bottom left, and a red and orange shape at the bottom right. In the center of the page is a large, white, slightly irregular rectangle. Inside this white rectangle, the title "FUTURE IN VERSE" is written in a bold, black, serif font, with "FUTURE" on the first line, "IN" on the second line, and "VERSE" on the third line.

FUTURE IN VERSE

MASS POETRY

2024 INTERCOLLEGIATE POETRY
SHOWCASE

FUTURE IN VERSE

hosted by

MASS POETRY



Launched with the 2008 Massachusetts Poetry Festival, Mass Poetry envisions a world where poetry catalyzes connection and understanding. From our in-school poetry residencies to innovative community programs, we aim to build a vibrant, inclusive community that lifts all voices. Mass Poetry now serves as an arts-partner-in-residence at GrubStreet's Center for Creative Writing. Learn more at www.masspoetry.org.

Thursday, April 11, 2024 | 7:00 p.m.
GrubStreet
Center for Creative Writing
Boston, MA

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

DIANNELY ANTIGUA

poet & educator

Author of *Good Monster* (Copper Canyon, 2024)

HOSTED BY
MASS POETRY

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ABOUT THE INTERCOLLEGIATE POETRY SHOWCASE

The Intercollegiate Poetry Showcase began in 1987 as an annual gathering hosted on different college campuses across Greater Boston. Each year, twenty undergraduate poets came together to share their writing, after working side-by-side with their faculty mentors.

After 2000, the event fell into hiatus, but Boston College revived it in 2006, adding the keynote address and anthology to the program. Boston College served as the event's home until 2022, when Boston College passed the mantle to Mass Poetry.

Mass Poetry is thrilled to welcome each undergraduate poet and faculty mentor to our new home at GrubStreet's Center for Creative Writing. Thank you to our poets and college and university partners for helping keep this important poetic tradition alive.

Amina Adeyola '25

sacrifice zone, or, (what is a pipeline but a plaything)

two girls, river-bordered south of our city, hit
jump ropes against gravel and sing, *miss mary*
mack, mack... swinging arms beaded with sweat

& plastic ropes breaking into each other in the sun, oh this heat!–
then, the girls cough, hack, turn a sweet summer song day
into dizziness, a game interrupted for a new one– a game

that will rip open their sky & not a game at all,
they taste a silent sin: a city all too carbon
and corporate owned; when all that is wrong raises above,

falls back into our waters, into our schools' playgrounds, into
our corner stores, & seeps in our pavement– yes the pavement,
melting, still forgotten, grieving all that has fallen here–

we say, *how sad* and turn our heads from a city
we intended to keep ignoring.

//

there are those who inhale water without a word that they
cannot breathe. there are those who yell: i'm drowning.
neither are understood, though– someone sees
glitter in the current, pulls a drain to reach it.

//

everything must always shine new.
knuckles tight white scrubbing for an acrobat's clean.
use that bleach, boiled lemon— we have company.

//

they say it will be good for the economy (someone's
economy it is already good for). they'll strip land in place
for a dangerous thing and bet if a child could still sprout

from its soil. who cares. how long you have forgotten. my
girls swinging jump ropes against all this death.
how long it was said, *what good*

comes from over there? how long we said, *nothing (good)*
nothing here but our people. in need of a gospel sweet rain
to open your mouth to. to soothe a burning sky. to breathe in
all *all*

Vanessa Aiello '24

Marching to the Beat of a Roach Infestation

The pacification of oneself amongst the roaches
That accompany the ash
Hasten across the pavement,
Litter the once freshly paved cobblestone,
As one paints a portrait.

The painter, myself,
Shaken digits illuminating the unnervingly complacent
canvas,
The scent of which brings crackling to the ears and tears to
the eyes,
Pressure forming as the pen hits the canvas.

A cohesive silhouette,
The outlining of which blurs my eyes,
Not just from the garish hue,
But of a painter's audacity.

I don't question the inevitable
Stomping of the roaches.
Why wouldn't they be used for inspiration?

*Adapted from Vanessa's accepted submission to The Wingless Dreamer's
"Memories" edition*

love as a nameless thing

everytime I'm asked my name I bite back my tongue
and everytime I see the police-car parked
dead in the middle of the roundabout I smile
without you. and certain men are dropping certain hands
into proudly orange buckets of confidently red paint
as the perfectly glassy sides of that city on the horizon
make the trash at your feet a foreground. you
have stood in this manner twice, once while smoking
and once with a camera. a broken window
is beautiful, and solid, but evidence of movement
the way the pavements break like branches
and the police-cars cruise slowly before settling
into a silent but shining cordon around our campus.
in mirror, in reverse: the uniform shuffles into a scream
and wakes a man asleep on a university bench. beauty
in the obscenity of an advertisement. you are shooting opposite
pictures with a roughness like the hand painted signs
and a similar urgency to a scream that is not singular
but a multitude and I have lost you in this crowd but know that
I will not shout your name.

Dylan Ever '24

give me a kiss

You. small stoned skipper You
flat snapped wire tapped
made of peanut brittle You
ding dong ditcher, emotionally. there's
never anyone to answer.
what a waste. chronic sewer rats make
pacts to don hats and coats and
moonlight as suitors.
give me roses. promises
lie between buck teeth beneath
fat wanting eyes. present
gifts they have fished out
of street trash and
rewrapped, done up in bows
of shoelace and twine.

You, Mr. Backbone of a Bandaid in a Public Pool,
i formally decline.

the blue hour

the rest of the world seems to have gone quiet
street lamps illuminate an orange glow on the pavement
whispers of a quiet wind hum against my window sill
can you imagine

the honking of the taxi cabs interrupts my fictive dreams
i wonder if the bar was selling blue moons for cheap
the pain is getting deep again
sweet silence, your touch is not lost upon me

the rain is soft
it reminds me that i never got to tell you
how beautiful i found you
the garden of my soul expands tonight

the touch of water absorbs into my skin
its as if the sky knew i needed it
the blue hue of the world was like a reflection
an uncanny mirror that frightens me

i need to start admitting to my faults
i wish to be unflawed
my cheeks turn bright red from the friction
i remain on the steps next to the orange cat

staring at my shoes.

Katy Gilmore '24

I never stopped walking once I stepped out of that hospital

I walked through riverbank fog thick as grief
and rising waters swallowing the city whole.
I walked down a graduation aisle
in an empty church, polyester on my face,
faux flowers between my hands.
I walked through New England streets
older than anyone I've known,
bricks stained with snow and dirt.
I walked across quads teeming
with children drunk on freedom
from the people who raised them.
I walked into dimly lit rooms with bass
that commands the heart to its war drum;
I moved through convulsing bodies
churning to music in an imitation of prayer,
over aluminum and sweat on a concrete floor.
Across the ocean, I walked
down cobblestone labyrinths,
Mediterranean sun warming stone and skin.
I walked the same moors and isles
that generations before left behind;
I walked into pubs and drank two-pound cider.

I walked through a desert at night
and looked up at the terrifying stars.
I walked until my ankles swelled
and the skin of my heel flapped and bled,
then I kept walking on damaged limbs,
slugging through blizzards and heatwaves,
because if I stopped, I would fall back into
that waiting room chair and never stand again.

Elly Guzikowski '24

My blood is black

in the toilet
putrid. I wonder
if my body has
recognized I am
hostile,
turned against
me. The other
morning I went under,
into anesthetic
drifting, like I wouldn't
wake up changed
by hands of another
person,
In habitus I am
as I have been, will be.
On a sterile table
covered in gentle yellow
blankets. I look
alien, spread out,
marked a specimen.
Deep ink, blue
marker on my skin
heavy fluorescent
light emanates
from my sapped body.
I woke up crying
just in case I had done
something worth mourning.

The Morning After

As dawn disperses last night's biting chill,
The morning light gingerly peeking through
To see my aching form sink deeper still

Into cocoons of quilts I stole from you
(Despite your bleary-eyed whining). You reach
Out, keen to pull me close and cling like a glue

That I can't peel off. Sluggish silence breached,
You mutter (musty morning breath against
my neck) how morning had swiftly approached -

And here I lay curled up, all cramped and tensed,
Recounting the night's blunders - the poor meal,
The drinks...and you. And though I lie, now fenced,

I pray the coming of Today will bail
Me from your sickly hold: I pray I'll heal.

Viviana Infante '25

The Cast of Grief

You wake
Day after Day it is
you versus the new world versus
the same old cast iron skillet.
There is nothing to do.
You wash the skillet under water
hot enough to boil your fingertips and leave,
shaking and red telling yourself
the tears are just from the pain. It is just pain.
Do not ask which one.
So you try new foods and fill your gut to bursting,
Cry in the bathroom when it rushes up
in a flood of grieved upheaval. Here you are:
Living. Wasting every breath.

And so
Day after Day
You plate out your time to friends
who attempt to be soothing as soup
on the sickened belly. Who watch over you,
some checking in, some hovering
as if you are a pot on the cusp of boiling
into an overflow. You spend weeks chewing
through food like a green soldier trudges
through a trench. Thinking of your loved ones
of all things hopeful, and inevitably,
The Dead.

And so
You practice smiling as you eat
The cast iron, the body, the heart, they never let go
but to live you must keep cooking. Keep chewing
keep trudging and trying and waking and crying as if
the crumbs of love on plates will ever be enough
to fill in his place.

Wanting Jiao '25

IS JULY, AFTER ALL, THE TOUGHEST MONTH?

With a shovel in my hand,
I lower my head, loosen up soil for the succulents in the
yard.

The raging sun
is like a flame, it burns their leaves.

I bury myself in blank paper,
start another page, try to think, hope a sentence
can sprout in my heart. I may write too early,
thoughts fade easily in the hot summer.

Too much eagerness will make them wither.
I want them to blossom
like sunflowers,
grow as sweet as ice creams.

Fate weaves in at the beginning: the soil,
may become too dry to grow, then weeds occupy the yard.
I fear my eagerness
will disturb their growth.

Ink dots diffuse. July challenges the nerves
with its steaming heat,
though relaxed by ice drinks,
is it—am I—tough after all?

Ways of Being

A way of being
A selfless force that renders
Compassion to thy foe
That fawns as your friend
Love is as love does
A pistol of volition
Piercing the foe's heart
Revealing the vulnerable
Intrinsic desire
Caved within deep
We all innately have
Yet roam lifeless til found

A way of being
Rare as it seems
Strange til familiar
We find our true-selves
Encapsulated under Egos
False premonitions of love
Backtrack into ones hurt
Enabling blame and loveless sorrow
Moans of lust blaring
From screen mirrors
To abide fears of being alone
Exchanged for brief relief
And the death of true affection
The night remains
Isolating til desolate

Tending to your own
Despite our birth in communion

Come back to your roots
Depleted as they may be
Damped with despair
That selfless force
Accepting for all that you are
Underlies an affirming truth
Practice to be
The way of being
Create to find
Serve others

&
Love will engulf you
Catapulting for the better
Ricochetting impact
Extending from another to another
to another to another.....

*

The setting sun in the rearview mirror of a Sedan
Dashes onto the highway towards the airport
Full 90 miles per hour
Love tends to make people reckless

A father passes away and the sea of mourners part
Standing idle row by row
While reminiscent times elude the mind as the montage
ensues

The widow and her son make way
The capsule of grief may never wither
But the memories embrace fondness back to their hearts
Love invokes grief to lessen from time to time

The birds chirp to each other in between the chestnut tree
Each branch extends towards them
Birds fly to each others nest
Bees buzz with joy
Nectar sweet
To be with their own
And to each their own
A love less scorned by the rays heat
As time progresses
Love can make life harmonious

To fear love
Is to fear yourself
And to fear yourself
Is to fear life
Lifeless flowers don't bend towards the sun
Brittle and bent weary
Edged in doubt

They remain
Imprisoned by their frame
Dark & afraid
Extending from another to another
to another to another.....

Sarah Omar '25

One Night in the Sudanese Desert

our bellies rumbled— so we
silenced it with small handfuls
of sand. When it was time to
continue our journey the
coyotes would shout at us,
Get up!
Quickly!

The small ones were
then piled atop each other
in the bed of a pickup truck.
The engine started, and would
not stop. The drones in the
sky served as a reminder,
Do not stop.
When bodies flew
off the back and left
clouds of sand—
we did not stop.

When that boy's hands failed
him, he held on to the bumper
pleading to be let back on.
We shot him
and did not stop.

Sobriety on the Strip

I miss the person that I was back then
Hiding under the table at Omnia
Counting the points of womens' heels again

Slipping along into the manic when
Pale lines make homes next to the nausea
I just miss the person I was back then

Finally more myself than costume, spinning
My mask from white-hot rain: my own andromeda
Counting those points of womens' heels again

I wait, emerge from under there and bend
My knees onto the floor, scraping insomnia
I miss that stupid person I was back then

Standing and holding draped thighs and arms of men
Breathless swaying, sunken as a cornea
Dancing on the points of sharpened heels begins

To bleed against another palm, another swallow ends
With new old friends behind my ear and hypochondria
Of losing the person I was right then
Counting those points of womens' heels again.

Talos Prophet '24

My Shine

hon' oh honey
slice o' pie
Fetid slosh of
menthol brine
Darlin' gremlin
ending gaze
Stunned pretending
autumn haze
Kitty litter
box of grape
Stapled paper
office tape
Pistol grimoire
devilspawn
Wistful remnants
glitter dawns
Eye to eye I
i I I
Stumble to a
steep decline
Red and beating
vegetable
Dull and fleeting
genital
Persecuting
officer

Fertile Shooting
frolicker

Passive parting
lonely cloud

Drip of muck and
drift of south

Puckered pustule
misted rot

Blister custard
rugged snot

Love oh love oh
love of mine
How I wish you
saw my shine.

Hanan Tuffaha '24

Sonnet for Palestine

Olive branch wields unrelenting teardrops
To water the soil of its foundation
Fingers outstretched as a shield for its crop
The skin of ancient bark awaits cremation

This land gave birth to my bloodline
Before the Nakba, when it was taken
Where my *جدو picked fresh grapes off the vine
And built the home his children would live in

Now, explosions ring promise of morning
White phosphorous fog clouds once-blue sky
Hands that shaped life are left with a warning:
Evicted from home or destined to die

(...)

(...)

*pronounced “Jeddo,” meaning grandfather in Arabic

Carlos Yu '24

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A GHOST AWAITING RESURRECTION

The reflection says *You've seen*
 better days but it's just
This bathroom light bears down
 Bleak-cast, shadow-sad.
You're so winter-faced, hunger-light,
 take a vitamin D
Supplement won't bring back
 island-skin, remember-sun.

I knocked on June's door every morning
 but she was gone.
I hallucinate summer-echo, that sundrop sound
 Promising good heat, copper spill
On my skin bleeds-brown I asked the reflection
 Is it winter-still, early-dark?
Have you seen your face? So new-mooned
 empty-filled I feel a death-set
On the horizon soul-sink, another cold night
 I feel a fade, awake with bitter-tongue
Memory-hibernation. I knock on a door but
 forget. Who lives here again?

Cindy J. Xie '24

Praia

The sidewalk heat clings to your body like a force,
a vise you don't realize until it's gone. Everyone jokes
that Cabo Verde isn't really *verde*. I heard stories
about the drought in '46, the famine in '47. Folk tell me

That *in this country, rain is special*. Cabo Verde isn't *verde*
except in the rainy season, when the famished
dirt hillsides of Praia exhale a relief of green grass
each September. But many poems exist already

On this resilience. So instead, I think of the
gray concrete houses growing Praia's lines
by the day, spilling down into the valleys, down
to the unrelenting waves of the Atlantic.

Of the million-some scattered
across Portugal, Holland, New England,
searching for fortune beyond
these ten islands' bounds. I think

Of the camphor trees with the same
crisp green leaves as my backyard
in Los Angeles. Of the music,
Mayra Andrade weaving out

Of a guitar and a drum and a circle
of hands and voices in a crowded bar
after midnight. Of Kebra Kanela,
losing yourself in reflections

Of the moon while your toes scrape
rocky sand, chest-deep in pitch-black
ocean water. Of the flame trees,
planted curbside in a city

Of eternal summer, dusting the streets
with a patchwork of red blossoms.

2024
FACULTY
MENTORS

EMERSON COLLEGE

Porsha Olayiwola

REGIS COLLEGE

Julia Lisella & Jonathan Fitzgerald

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Ellen Noonan

BOSTON CONSERVATORY

Judson Evans

BRIDGEWATER STATE UNIVERSITY

John Mulrooney

BOSTON COLLEGE

Suzanne Matson & Allison Adair

LESLEY UNIVERSITY

Aaron Smith

BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Pat Pattison

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

Elizabeth Bradfield

SALEM STATE UNIVERSITY

M.P. Carver

BUNKER HILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Deborah Schwartz

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS LOWELL

Sandra Lim & Maggie Dietz

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON

Jill McDonough

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

Cheryl Clark

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

Jose Araguz

WHEATON COLLEGE

Kent Shaw

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

Garnette Cadogan

BIOGRAPHIES

AMINA ADEYOLA is a poet, playwright, and filmmaker. She creates, teaches, and curates spaces for live music and the arts, and was the first Youth Poet Laureate of Richmond, Virginia. Amina explores how art can be used to protect and uplift the youth of her communities by working to sustain spaces of resistance through art.

VANESSA AIELLO is a writer and student at Regis College. She is focused in Secondary Education and English. She is from Springfield, MA. Vanessa is determined to instill a love for reading and writing onto her future students. Vanessa has recently completed her student teaching experience where she taught eighth graders ELA. She was a part of Regis College's Hemetera, where she was an editor and contributor. Vanessa's writing and photography has been published and upon completion of her studies, Vanessa will continue to further her passion and dedication to writing and the creative arts.

PATRICIO PINO ARAUJO is a writer and person from Watertown, Massachusetts or Arequipa, Peru—whichever you prefer. They strive to embody and actualize the negation of distances, furthering of life, and dismantling of oppressive systems which our collective liberation requires, whether that is through writing or not. They are ostensibly studying English and Cultural Anthropology at Northeastern University, where they are involved with Spectrum Literary Arts Magazine and The Interrobang Poets. More than anything they hope you are having a good day.

DYLAN EVER makes poems out of folklore and fiction, interweaving characters, creatures, and confused twenty-somethings. In her art she loves exploring combinations of music, visuals, and writing, and can often be found plucking at a guitar, building spaceship-esque synthesizers, or out writing poetry for passersby on her typewriter.

BIOGRAPHIES

SAMANTHA GIBSON is from Douglas, Massachusetts. She is a senior at Bridgewater State University studying English and Creative Writing. One of her biggest passions is poetry and she believes it is one of her strongest skills. She hopes to be able to make connections in the poetry field as well as have people listen to some of her work. She just recently lost my father and would like to take the time to dedicate this poem to him. She would not be who she is today if it wasn't for his support and patience. With that being said, she hopes you enjoy this poem!

KATY GILMORE is a senior English major with a concentration in creative writing at Boston College who adores poetry. Her work has appeared in BC's Stylus and Laughing Medusa. Next year, she will pursue an MFA in poetry. When not writing, you can find her working on a crochet project or reading at the Boston Public Library.

ELLY GUZIKOWSKI is a poet and graduating senior at Lesley University receiving a BA in creative writing. Currently he is an editorial intern at Hanging Loose Press. Born and raised in New Hampshire his work is resonant with nostalgia, questions of the body, and a love of the natural world. They have been published in a handful of local lit mags and anthologies and are currently writing their senior capstone collection.

ACACIA HUI, a Cantonese-American poet hailing from New Jersey, is a senior at Berklee College of Music, majoring in music therapy and minoring in psychology. Acacia channels her passion for creativity into various forms: from poetry and songwriting, to even knitting, Chinese knotting, and jewelry-making. In the coming fall, she will be working as a music therapy intern at Kennedy Day School at Franciscan Children's Hospital in Massachusetts. Acacia hopes to continue her endeavors in songwriting and poetry post-graduation and is thankful for the invaluable time she has had under the mentorship of esteemed Berklee professor and songwriter, Pat Pattison.

BIOGRAPHIES

VIVIANA INFANTE is a Colombian-Dominican poet from New Jersey, who is currently a Junior at Brandeis University. She enjoys expressing herself through a multitude of creative ways--whether it be through art, speech, or written word-- and is trying to explore writing about herself and the world in the " here and now." The poem she will be performing was written in January, in honor of her grandfather who passed away on the 27th of December this year. She found poetry to be the only medium that had enough room to hold both her love and her grief in the same moment.

WANTING JIAO is an international student from China. A student at Nanjing Normal University, now she is studying at Salem State University. She loves the simplicity of poetry as well as its complexity. Poetry, in contrast to prose, has fewer words but can bring deep emotion, and it allows her to feel the charm of words. She enjoys experimenting with different types of poetry writing, including variations in content and structure.

LULETA MEHARENNA is Eritrean-American and is proud of her heritage....especially the food! She is also a student at Bunker Hill Community College getting an associates degree in Spanish and in pursuit of transferring. Poetry for her became a way to make an understanding of the world and learn of life's true deeper meanings. In her free time, she sings and works on music. She aspires to publish a collection of poems that help others when feeling lost or overwhelmed with stress. Tiramisu is the ultimate love of her life and it can't be bargained.

SARAH OMAR is an English major at the University of Massachusetts Lowell. She enjoys incorporating the beauty from travels into her writing as inspiration.

BIOGRAPHIES

KACE PHARRIS is an undergraduate student pursuing a degree in English at the University of Massachusetts Boston, where Kace currently serves as president of the Creative Writing Club. Pharris moved to Boston from Houston over a year ago and has since begun to get involved with the local creative community through visual art, dance, and writing. Predominantly a short fiction writer, Pharris enjoys using narrative storytelling as a basis for writing poems. Previously published in *The Watermark Journal*.

TALOS PROPHET was born purple, fighting umbilical cord strangulation in Sunderland, MA. Not long after, his family moved to a condo one town over in South Deerfield. Here, Talos grew up inundated by *The American Dream*: faith, consumption, prejudice, hypocrisy, dishonesty, you name it. His household inspired critical thought, mutual respect, and personal growth, which are lessons he has carried into life as a young adult. His practice is often subject to childlike impulsive experimentation. Anything he sees, smells, halfway remembers, or finds on the ground may be incorporated. Talos will continue making things until he's murdered or dies.

HANAN TUFFAHA (she/her) is a senior at Suffolk University with an English/creative writing major and a minor in women and gender studies. As a poet, she focuses a lot on the intersections of her Palestinian American identity, queerness, mental health, and womanhood.

CARLOS YU is a Posse scholar and senior majoring in creative writing at Wheaton College (MA). He is the founder of a literary magazine called *Smudge*. He has work published in *EcoTheo*. He was recently awarded the Watson Fellowship. His guilty pleasure is gaming.

CINDY J. XIE is currently an undergraduate student in the MIT Department of Urban Studies and Planning. On campus, she is involved in student advocacy and has led dialogue, storytelling, and co-creation efforts on topics ranging from climate justice to culture and identity. Her poems have been published in *Sine Theta* and *Allegheny Review*. She is from Los Angeles, CA.

HOST

MASS POETRY



MASS POETRY

envision a world where poetry catalyzes understanding & connection. Our innovative programs—such as U35, the Massachusetts

Poetry Festival, and our Poet-in-Residence program—empower diverse communities across the Commonwealth. Mass Poetry's newest initiative, a teen spoken word program, aims to lift all voices and spark self-expression. Learn more about Mass Poetry on our website (www.masspoetry.org), or visit us in-person at GrubStreet's Center for Creative Writing (50 Liberty Drive, Suite 500, Boston, MA), where we serve as an arts-partner-in-residence.

KEYNOTE

DIANNELY ANTIGUA

ANTIGUA is a Dominican American poet and educator, born & raised in Massachusetts. Her debut collection *Ugly Music* (YesYes Books, 2019) was the winner



of the Pamet River Prize and a 2020 Whiting Award. Her second poetry collection *Good Monster* is forthcoming with Copper Canyon Press in 2024. She received her BA in English from the University of Massachusetts Lowell, where she won the Jack Kerouac Creative Writing Scholarship, and received her MFA at NYU, where she was awarded a Global Research Initiative Fellowship to Florence, Italy. She is the recipient of additional fellowships from CantoMundo, Community of Writers, Fine Arts Work Center Summer Program, and was a finalist for the 2021 Ruth Lilly and Dorothy Sargent Rosenberg Poetry Fellowship. Her work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and chosen for *The Best of the Net Anthology*. Her poems can be found in *Poem-a-Day*, *Poetry*, *The American Poetry Review*, *Washington Square Review*, *The Adroit Journal*, and elsewhere. She currently teaches in the MFA Writing Program at the University of New Hampshire as the inaugural Nossrat Yassini Poet-in-Residence. She hosts the podcast *Bread & Poetry* and is currently the Poet Laureate of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the youngest and first person of color to receive the title. In 2023, she was awarded an Academy of American Poets Laureate Fellowship to launch The Bread & Poetry Project.

AUTOGRAPHS

With love,
MASS POETRY

