

2025 INTERCOLLEGIATE
POETRY SHOWCASE

**COMMUNAL
RESILIENCE**

2025 INTERCOLLEGIATE
POETRY ANTHOLOGY

COMMUNAL RESILIENCE

Co-Hosted By

Mass Poetry, Harvard Art Museums,
& the Woodberry Poetry Room



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 17, 2025 | 6:00 P.M.

Harvard Art Museum

Boston, MA

KEYNOTE ADDRESS

JD DEBRIS

poet, fiction writer & musician

Author of *The Scorpion's Question Mark*

(Autumn House Press, 2023)

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F E A T U R E D P O E M S

About the Intercollegiate Poetry Showcase | 1

BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Erinn Kim '26

Selling Final Curtain Calls | 2

BOSTON COLLEGE

Morgan Santaguida '25

His mother says, *daj si nohy dole.* | 4

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

Henry Wicks '25

Vespers | 6

BRIDGEWATER STATE UNIVERSITY

Katie Johanson '25

Sunlight in the Cracks | 7

BUNKER HILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Eliana Espinal '25

She Walks Her Entire Life in His Shoes | 8

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS

Elizabeth Clarke '25

Cicada Song – | 9

EMERSON COLLEGE

Sabria Love '27

wrinkled | 11

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Niyathi Chagantipati '26

I'd Want Curtains and Flowers, But the Flowers
Need to Wither. | 12

LASELL UNIVERSITY

Emma White '25

Now it's December, and I Have Green Eyes | 13

LESLEY UNIVERSITY

Alyssa Barile '25

My Grandmother Prays; I Observe | 16

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

Juno Soleil Vieira '26

an ode to the bear on my wall | 18

MIDDLESEX COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Livkate Mejias '25

My Future | 19

NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY

Camila Gallardo '26

They Tell Me the House Was Burning | 21

SALEM STATE UNIVERSITY

Brittany Chaput '25

Reminders | 23

SUFFOLK UNIVERSITY

Isabelle Belice '25

the Invisible Man and i | 24

TUFTS UNIVERSITY

William Zhuang '25

On Faith | 26

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON

Christelle Joseph '25
FLATBUSH, 2022 | 27

UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS LOWELL

Alexandra Perry '25
Confessions | 28

WHEATON COLLEGE

Emily Zielinski '25
Woven, Entwined, Interthreaded | 29

Faculty Mentors | 31

Contributors | 34

Hosts | 38

Keynote | 40

About the Cover | 41

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, 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 this year's event. Thank you to our poets and college and university partners for helping keep this important poetic tradition alive.

Erinn Kim '26

Selling Final Curtain Calls

A-Tisket, a-Tasket

A coffin or a casket?

Decisions, decisions galore!

End stage planning can be a chore.

Plan the afterlife like a pharaoh.

Don't let your imagination be too narrow.

Ensure it goes off without a hitch!

Have a listen to my pitch.

There's no need for it to be a bore

With so many options to explore:

If pushing up daisies is not your style,

A mausoleum could be worth your while,

Or give the ol' taxidermist a turn.

Better than an ugly urn.

Go for a dip in a formaldehyde bath.

Display those parts in jars of glass.

Then donate them to stage or screen,

So one day they can steal the scene.

Hang those bones in a science class,

Rather than hide them under the grass.

If music is your mortal motivation,

Press those ashes into a vinyl destination.

Have that body launched into space

For a cosmic eternal resting place.

Don't let prices spoil your fun.
We've got pay plans for everyone.
While the cost may concern you now,
In the end, you'll want that "Wow."
Better to focus on what matters most
Before it's too late and you give up the ghost.
And now my pitch has come to its end.
We'll get you signed up. Here is my pen.

Morgan Santaguida '25

His mother says, *daj si nohy dole*.

When he doesn't listen,
I tap his thigh and wave
his socked feet down

from the kitchen table.
When they talk around me
at dinner, the words vibrate

like the low hum of a heater.
I listen to the serrated consonants
that give without expecting my answer.

Sometimes I can understand,
his sister had too much sugar, no dessert.
Use your knife, not your fork to cut Resnik.

Other things I cannot know:

the feeling of riding a motorcycle
through Bratislava's emptied streets,
of reading Kafka untranslated,
of holding one's nose through lavender fields
because they're scented like bathrooms during communism.

I try to learn as they did,
when borders double-dutched across their villages
and their mouths contorted to follow.

If I succeed, I'll hear differently, the way their tongues
roll into R's as if the sound trills their flesh first, how phrases
seem to dribble from beneath their bottom lips, how

V's suture the seams between words
and clothe them in velvet.

Henry Wicks '25

Vespers

there is
a crucifix

nailed to the
stucco wall of the
neighborhood pizza joint—

carved from dark
wood, ivied in gold
and with a third plank
askew, beneath his feet

his eyes: downcast,
surveying the linoleum,
the red booths—this one
cradles a squirming child

whose mother quietly
chews her bread and
olives

Sunlight in the Cracks

Apathy is like a fungus
growing thicker and twisted
when it is not halted it is encompassing—
It overwhelms and condemns.

But I still remember the frogs
That rested near backyard ponds
nestled in wait for sunlight to bleed through the foliage.
And ignorance breeds through blindness

The little ones lie in wait
hoping to be sheltered from the storm.
If only eyes could be opened
To the little frogs nestled in pondwater,

Maybe they would then be made aware
Of the sunlight that bleeds through the cracks.

She Walks Her Entire Life in His Shoes

She was young when she learned that something was missing. He was missing. And she talks to him. He's a God, an entity, a mythical creature that swims beneath the surface of her adolescence. He has made her cry even when he's far away. She used to wonder if she was missing out. Wasn't it so strange?

And her mother looks at her. The young girl with the face of a man who had left her to walk home from the supermarket way back when. And the young girl looks into the mirror and sees the face of a man who had torn things apart with his hands. She sticks her chin up as she pays reparations for his sins.

Like all the women that had come before her, she lets it pass.

*

She finds herself walking on eggshells, on ice, and she wavers with every step. She looks up at the moon shining dimly over a city foreign to her, she wonders if it is familial.

She wonders if her father's face will separate from her own.

Cicada Song—

Cicada Song—
The true calling
Of the End!
August goes gently
To sleep—in time
With those strange
Creatures' music.

Once in every seventeen—
They crawl from the ground—
An orchestra of screaming
Musicians—each buzz,
A ferocious cry—
I am alive!
Do not ignore me!

And then—just as they came—
They go—suddenly—
A great apocalypse—
All that is left are the shells—
Of what they were—
And the hum—
In your ears.

I am like the Cicada—
I wake from the Winter—
Somewhere buried deep—
My life has been

My life has been
A whooping, wailing infant—
I am alive!
Do not ignore me!

And then—as quietly
As if I had never made
A sound—I go—
To Die—
And find—all I have left—
Is the shell of who I was—
And a hum in your ears.

wrinkled

i was talking to dad the other day,
and he confessed something to me.

he tried to move your clothes
from your side of the closet,
but it was harder than he thought it would be.

he said it made him feel like
he lost you all over again.
“it was the last clothes she ever wore,” he whispered.

“i thought i was ready, but i guess i wasn’t.”
at that moment, dad made me realize—
grief is just love with nowhere else to go,

and no matter how much time passes,
it lingers,
forever intertwined in ways we’ll never know.

so instead of responding,
i just held his hand,
as silence
lled the air
and tingled.

knowing we’ll each climb into our bathtubs of grief,
just as we’ll keep loving you—
until our skin is wrinkled.

I'd Want Curtains and Flowers, But the Flowers Need to Wither.

The sparkles die. Somehow, they die between us too. I'm not arguing that anyone threw stones at this house, but that doesn't mean that they didn't up-end us for their own amusement. And, you watched. And, I watched you. I waited for the snow to melt and for spring to ease; maybe the bees would chase them away and you would carry drying dandelions home. But winter is unending. I used to wish to be trapped with you in our own little bubble, in our own little world—I want that bubble to pop now. Why are we encircled by glass and not glycerin? Maybe next time I can pick out the decoration for this home. I'd replace the ostentatious-looking tree with a garden that I could tend to (hopefully, the flowers die). I'd also get rid of the snowman.

Now it's December, and I Have Green Eyes

My favorite month often varies. For a long time—probably most of my childhood—it was June. It's obvious. With June came summer and with summer came freedom. Or perhaps it was July, as it was a full month of respite. But something about June feels sweeter than July. The morning air is still a bit brisk, the scent of spring fingers on dew that glazes the renewed grass. Going to school as a child during this time was different: more convivial. We all knew what was coming.

Come to think of it, it was May. May felt different. There was nothing like it. Similarly to June, everyone knew what was nearing, but this was the first taste. The appetizer, the finger sandwich, the primer, the sunscreen, the seed. Walking home without a jacket for the first time in months. Bugs show themselves once again. A ladybug on the windowsill. An ant in the kitchen. Life is more present. The flowers awaken from a deep winter's sleep. I awaken from the same profound rest.

If I had a daughter, I have a list of names in the back of my diary to sort through and choose from. Ultimately making the longest-lasting decision of my life. Of her life. How can you name a person you don't even know.

I've thought about June or May. Except it would be Mae. M, a, e. I couldn't name her July. Julie. Julia. Juliana. Juliette. Juniper. Jude.

Though it begins to morph into June and then you can understand.

One day in May I swam in a lake. Though the lake wasn't ready to swim in; cold and quiet. Not expecting visitors quite yet. May makes you want to jump in, face first into the calling warm glow. I went all the way under trying to throw myself into it. It was so cold I lost my breath. I climbed out of the water, pulling myself up onto the dock and rolling over to my back, my body spread out upon the wood.

I sat there with bare feet and my belly out. Next to my bag of grapes. Red ones. I bit one in half, sucked the juice, and ate the guts. Leaving nothing but the skin, soggy and frail. That's why I like May. It's unpredictable, aimless.

One day in June I went strawberry picking with my aunt. I wore thin jeans that bled a deep red. My fingertips the same color. I was picky about which ones I threw into my bucket. I understand if it were now, I wouldn't be so selective.

I stared down long rows of little bushes that went only to my shins. I imagined running through it all. Berries squished between my toes. Naked feet slamming against the earth, landing on small rocks or sticks or weeds. Unable to tell the difference between blood and juice. I went home and washed them. The berries. They jumped under the pressure. I laid them out and began smashing. The juice went everywhere. I pushed hard. It was the Summer Solstice. That night we ate strawberry shortcake on the porch.

One day in July (hot, muggy, fleeting) was like all the rest and I realized it could never be my favorite month. There's nothing new about it. The end of June flows so effortlessly into it, if you didn't have a calendar you wouldn't know the difference. Everyone is eating fruit barefoot. Everyone is swallowed by the thick air. Everyone has sweet sticky hands. And I, I am hot and resentful. Jealous of the time before.

Alyssa Barile '25

My Grandmother Prays; I Observe

Grandma lives through only god and lilacs.

Sees them through her vision—

like rose-colored glasses,

quiet, she wants nothing less.

I don't see

in roses, or violets,

certainly not lilacs.

I do not believe in god,

I never tell her so.

She tells me that when she speaks to him,

he listens.

And I can't help but wonder if he was listening while she laid

in her hospital bed?

Why do I have this bruise?

I am afraid

of elderly and their brittle

hands. Like porcelain dolls.

I remember the bones jutting out of her skin,

like a disease I couldn't go.

I can still see the lilacs growing all around her.

Winding up and down her arms, creating a crown around her
head,

then just like that she was gone, I digress.

The blood in my arm has shattered,
like the bones of my elders;
I am facing the outcome of her disappointment.

All grandmothers die,
and god does not exist,
simply because grandmothers believe in him.

What does it mean, that a cross hangs from her neck,
when nothing hangs from mine?

an ode to the bear on my wall

big bear, let me make a home in your
 body, show me how you walk through the woods without fear
 without regard for the birds and the moose and the deers walking by you.
 i want to be the fearless beast navigating the trees like they stand just for me,
 not the scared child, wincing at the falling leaves, tiptoeing amongst the trails hoping
 to stay hidden. i have only seen your desecrated corpse, violated by arrows emerging
 from your ribcage. how can you stay brave? when you can be hunted with no warning?
 beautiful beast, i have looked up at you for seven years, watched you hang from
 the wall. when you were killed, did you get scared? did you feel the
 piercing pain or did you just drop immediately? did the end bring you
 relief? How hard is it to stay strong at the end, looking up at another
 desperate mammal, with no other option but to hunt for survival. Did
 you feel sympathy toward the fish in your stomach? For all the fruits
 you pulled from the bushes, the carnage you caused just to stand
 for another day. to watch the sun rise once more? The cycle of
 violence you have carried just to make it through, i have
 felt it too, the guilt you must feel for having to kill, all of the
 branches you break, the moss you trample just to
 take another step forward into the light of
 yet another day in the place you just
 want to call home, i cannot help but why
 understand you ache.

My Future

At the age of 19 I finally figured out what I want to be.

A writer.

Suggested by my mother, I gave it a shot.

Through the process I learned I was born with a gift.

A gift to use my words bringing light to the world and self.

I never thought this would happen.

I've admired artists, poets and authors for years through their works.

It never occurred to me I had a mind like them.

I always created drawings with my pencils, writing out stories, daydreaming fantasies.

I talk in ways that are both beautiful and beastly.

I always thought I was alone, until I met you.

Poets.

Big and small, you all have given me strength to create.

Words coming out from my vices, wants, needs, love, everything that's me.

I acknowledge my life as their own.

We want to shine and use our words to create change.

We want to take the world and reshape it.

Redefine its purpose and make us all seen.

Duende is inside us.

We all have energy that burns with passion.

We use it to our advantage and create away.

2025 is the year I've made changes.

Thanks to you, I've become open.

I invite people to join in.

I take risks.

Change my life becoming anew.
I found my purpose here.
To write stories of my life and creations.
I'm forever blessed and grateful to you.
Thank you for a chance in life.
I mean it, thank you.

.

They Tell Me the House Was Burning

They tell me the house was burning, and I see it in my dreams—
flames licking curtains, wallpaper peeling like open wounds.
The air was thick with heat, fear, and ruin.

They say I was five, hands gripping a heavy bucket,
metal edge biting, water spilling onto blackened wood.
I stood in the doorway, trembling, tiny, unsure,
a soldier in a war I didn't begin.

They say I screamed, but the grown-ups turned away—
maybe deaf to me, maybe drowning in their own fire.

At seven, I swept the ashes with raw red hands,
knees bruised, lungs burning with the weight of soot.
I told myself if I worked harder, it'd be fine.

At eleven, I patched walls, covered cracks with plaster.
I covered mirrors too—I couldn't bear the reflection—
the fire had carved me down to nothing.

At thirteen, I crossed my arms, jaw set, eyes blank.
The flames licked closer, the floor groaned beneath me.
I told myself I didn't care, but I burned.

At fifteen, I built walls to hide the glowing embers.
I told the world it was fine. I was fine.
But the fire was clever—it slipped through every crack.

At seventeen, I carried it with me like shadow—
in my smile, my sleeves, the places they couldn't smell smoke.
I kept moving, perfect and practiced, burning underneath.

Now, I kneel in the rubble and find her there—
the girl with the bucket, the broom, the plaster.
She's still small, still tired, hands blackened by battle.

I cup her cheeks. "I'm sorry no one came."
She doesn't cry. She stands steady, silent, determined.
She watches the fire, still believing it can be stopped.

They tell me the house was burning,
and some nights, it still is.
Some nights, I am still five,
still seven,
still thirteen,
running through flames I cannot escape.
Some nights, I am the house,
and some nights,
I am the fire.

Reminders

I see glimpses of you in the crimson cardinals that decorate
the trees every morning. Their song an ode.

While the tears that prick my eyes are no longer for you,
there is a longing in me
constricting my heart like a lemon boa.

Mustard yellows and angry purples blotted on your skin.
Miles of tubes and IV's stretched and exhausted.

The smell of the hospital singeing my nostrils.

Sweat beading at the nape of my neck gliding in slow motion down my back.
Our goodbyes came long before the call ever did.

That is a day I won't ever forget.

One I wish I couldn't remember.

It owns my grief and walks it on a short leash,
but I refuse to believe that you are owned by the day that claimed you.

the Invisible Man and i

i would like to possess a plethora of possibility —
universes that i can cross into
whenever i so please
there is only so much salvaging
my imagination can do
the Invisible Man and i
are now interchangeable
the disintegration of individuality
as a cause of malevolence—
there are no honorariums
for compliance—
but only a rupture of the black soul
while freedom,
screams Your name—
spaces held for—
Your stretched arms and legs
Your rights and lefts—
mine screams
of the debts inherited
from a collective fatigue
the sighs of Nat Turner
our endless sphere of anguish
alas, i exist within a space in time—
one that remains
despite lives laid down in attempted prevention
where simple luxuries
those my counterparts experience—
i am not granted

i brew a storm towards its guards
a storm that retains my future peril
and so, these words allow me
to see a beauty, in myself
that isn't reflected upon me
when the mirror and I—share our gaze
as i am now a beacon of my truth
i inhibit the space in my heart
that once was crafted for humanity
slowly i fade into obscurity
as the chains unravel to the Hymn of Freedom

William Zhuang '25

On Faith

A sudden want of it this morning,
preceding coffee, shoulders
to stretch my right arm over.

It disturbs me.

Artificial coloring disturbs me. Rattle of heating pipes
straining to keep me content disturbs me. Baby talk
disturbs me. Pharmaceutical advertising ending with lists
of fatal side effects disturbs me. What constitutes
purity or filth disturbs me. Who

gets to draw those lines disturbs me. Web cookie
disturbs me. The compulsion to always end
on an image disturbs me. Sugar disturbs me.

The never-ending suggestion of irrevocability disturbs me.
So this want of faith.

Detached from spires, from mammoth bodies of religion,
from the church bells down the block that inform me
it is time to cook some dinner. A want of words.

A want of worlds.

A want of impossibility. A want of moths molded from light,
choosing to land on me.

FLATBUSH, 2022

Morning comes with angels resting their halos on tombstones. During their visit they're just like the rest of us, straining to hear the priest's rites while battling the stench of weed and whiskey. It was casket open to casket closed to casket buried—cremation is just as bad as going to hell. despite the dead heat of summer baking us alive, a man in a wool suit pours Cognac on my dead uncle, the perfect image of dying how you lived, free falling from crystal decanters found at the pawn shop. Still—the DJ plays on. We're dining on food so good you'll forget your grief. Dance 'til the sun comes up, leave with hearing loss. Forgetting, forgotten. The man that was with him when he died strikes a new deal in front of the cabrit. A palm of cash for a few grams. The goat's meat can't speak. His grieving mother turns a blind eye.

Alexandra Perry '25

Confessions

The spruces stand straight as
a congregation, their
spaces widening be-

tween the sweet brush, swaying
through the tolls of the wind, solemn
but safe, too. The lake

along its primitive edge tastes
the cold stones it comforts, as birds
bathe in stained glass water, tired

bottleflies pray for spring
prey, relics from
the harbor, foreign blood

from the cities. Believers
traverse for convenient
salvation, or peace

from human congestion. The mountain's
vista, like a stone prayer's
bench aligns with the eastern

horizon. Only lofty canopies and hymns
from morning gusts separate
Heaven.

Woven, Entwined, Interthreaded

Death has a certain pattern,
A texture that feels leathery, like gator skin shoes draping over
The wispieness of my ankle socks.
My toes can hardly bear the corseting.
This torture fits true to size, to what it must feel like
To drive off the road on I-75 at dinnertime in Alligator Alley.

I died long ago, before my feet fit into anything real,
Before the thought of dying made sense,
Before the thought of living did not make sense.
Between it all, a decision was made: To die, or let suffer?

Which is the greatest suffering, death or torture?
Staying alive, to the Greeks, and suffering for your sins,
Was far greater than any death a mortal could know.

Prometheus' liver was pecked away for far too long to disagree.
I wonder if he is still there, wherever 'there' is,
Wishing to die even the cruelest of deaths
Just to salve the ache of life.

God as Judeo-Christians know Him is an annihilator,
The Great Flood to really
Nail home the point of life is to die
At the hands of your most beloved.

But the Greeks thought differently.
Death was too swift, too kind, hurtful as it might have been.
Athena kept Arachne alive
To forever be indebted to the knowledge that she lost.

To kill her, would grant her victory.

The texture of life is fleeting,
A drape in the wind,
A sheet off the laundry line
You just can't seem to catch hold of.
It slips through your fingers, evasive, elusive,
And so you capture every lightning bug in a jar
No holes, no escape,
To remind you of the light.

2025
FACULTY
MENTORS

BERKLEE COLLEGE OF MUSIC

Judson Evans

BOSTON COLLEGE

Suzanne Matson & Allison Adair

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY

Elizabeth Bradfield

BRIDGEWATER STATE UNIVERSITY

John Mulrooney

BUNKER HILL COMMUNITY COLLEGE

Deborah Schwartz

COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS

Oliver de la Paz

EMERSON COLLEGE

Mary Kovalski Byrnes

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Josh Bell

LASELL UNIVERSITY

Sara Large

LESLEY UNIVERSITY

Aaron Smith

MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART AND DESIGN

Cheryl Clark

MIDDLESEX COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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Ellen Noonan

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TUFTS UNIVERSITY

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Sandra Lim

WHEATON COLLEGE

Kent Shaw

CONTRIBUTORS

Alyssa Barile is about to complete her degree in Creative Writing at Lesley University. She has been studying and writing poetry for eight years now. Alyssa hopes to get her short collection of poetry published in the near future, and has an immense passion for the art form.

Isabelle Belice is a senior at Suffolk University with a deep passion for literary arts and writing. Specializing in poetry as her medium, she explores her sense of self while critically analyzing society, both past and present. Dedicated to her craft, Isabelle aspires to inspire others through both her words and her future career in education. With a love for storytelling and expression, she hopes to share her knowledge and enthusiasm for literature with the next generation of writers.

Niyathi Chagantipati is a junior at Harvard College studying English with a secondary in Global Health & Health Policy. She started writing poetry a few summers ago after researching Asian American Poetry and having spent most of high school competing in Poetry Out Loud competitions. She is now a member of The Harvard Advocate's poetry board and executive board as well as the Spoken Word Director for Harvard Ghungroo. Her work is primarily in critical conversation with novelists and poets, as well as being centered around disability writing.

Brittany is an Undergraduate in her Senior year at Salem State University, studying English as her Major. Her Minor is in Educational Studies, and she hopes to teach English in Secondary Education while obtaining a Master's Degree in Creative Writing. For previous work, she has been named runner-up for two consecutive years for the Claire Keyes Undergraduate Poetry Contest. She also has publications in Volumes #46 and #47 of the Soundings East Literary Journal.

CONTRIBUTORS

Eliana's poetry has been published in TELL literary magazine, the award-winning BHCC literary and art journal, where Eliana was also an editor for the magazine, alongside Professor Alison Ruch and other wonderful students. Eliana is also a member of the Sum Poets collective, a queer women's poetry group at the college that supports each other to publish and uplift our poetry. They've performed at Mass Poetry Festival and at the Mary Ellen Greenway Art and Music Festival in East Boston. Eliana is also involved in BHCC's Writing Place program, as tutor and mentor for other college students. As a first gen college student, Eliana is so thrilled to have their voice be part of the Greater Boston Collegiate choir of voices.

Camila Gallardo is a Management major with a Computer Science minor at Northeastern University. While she doesn't consider herself a poet, she writes to understand the world and her place in it. Her work often centers on mental health, family dynamics, and the quiet forms of resilience we rarely talk about.

Hailing from Weymouth, Massachusetts, **Christelle Joseph** is a senior at UMass Boston, studying Communications with minors in Creative Writing and Cinema Studies. When she's not studying or working, she's writing, her works drawing on her own life experiences, Haitian heritage, and people-watching on the Red Line. When she's not writing she is either running between her various extracurriculars or playing the Sims4. In her free time, she likes to collect CDs and find funky earrings.

Katie Johanson is a senior at Bridgewater State University who is majoring in English with a minor in communication studies. She is Editor-in-Chief for Volume 22 of The Bridge Journal, a two-time award-winner for Volume 21 of The Bridge Journal, and news editor for The Comment Newspaper. She is president of Ink & Poet Society and had poetry accepted at the 16th and 17th annual intercollegiate undergraduate literature conferences. A collection of her poetry will be published in Volume XIX of The Undergraduate Review. Katie will be doing graduate work at The University of Oxford in England in July 2025.

CONTRIBUTORS

Erinn Kim is a biracial Korean American aspiring poet, singer, and playwright. They hail from Mississippi. His vocal background is based in choral and theatrical arts. He studied abroad in Valencia, Spain and created a poetry club. They are a council member of their Boston campus' poetry club, The Garden. He is a member of three other clubs: Karate Club, the Crepusculum Choir, and the Sync & Music Supervision Club. Erinn has been featured in multiple magazines and one gallery exhibition for their poetry and mixed media art.

Sabria Love, a poet from Queens, NY, is currently pursuing her BFA in poetry at Emerson College. She began writing at the age of five and is now focused on completing a manuscript that delves into the theme of grief over the course of one year. Through her poetry, she captures the complexities of loss and healing, reflecting on her own experiences and the transformative journey that accompanies mourning.

Livkate Mejias is a student at Middlesex Community College, Lowell MA majoring in Creative Writing Concentration. She never thought writing was her thing, until finishing her first year at Middlesex Community College. She writes poetry, fiction, anything coming to mind. Using her words, she hopes to inspire others by connecting her life through her creations. Her free time consists of reading, writing, gaming, or going to bookstores and cafes. She hopes to own a bookshop someday!

Alexandra Perry is a senior English/Creative Writing major at the University of Massachusetts Lowell, and an alumna of Middlesex Community College. Her work explores the themes of grief, nature, and faith. Her work has previously been published in *Venture*, *Dead River Review*, *The Offering*, and the *La Guagua Poetry Anthology: The Path Belongs to Us*. She enjoys attending spoken word poetry events throughout the greater Boston area. She resides in Lowell, Massachusetts, and in her free time, can often be found thrifting, reading, or baking.

Morgan Santaguida is from the Mushroom Capital of the World. She took a creative writing class on a whim sophomore year of college and now writes in all three major genres: poetry, creative nonfiction, and fiction. She's inspired by Li Young-Lee and George Saunders. Other than writing, she enjoys cooking without reading a recipe, being a middle child, and discovering new flavors of tea.

CONTRIBUTORS

Juno Soleil Vieira is a poet and narrative visual artist working in clay based in Boston, MA.

Emma White is from Portland, Maine. Emma currently lives in Boston and studies English. Emma has loved writing since she was a little girl, especially poetry and she hopes to write children's books one day. Emma finds that there are stories in everything and is constantly inspired by the people and places around her.

Henry Wicks is a poet born and raised in the Boston area. They are currently studying English and Creative Writing as a fourth-year student at Brandeis University. Henry's poetry reflects his interests in mythology, nature, Americana, and the strangeness of the modern world. Their work has previously been published in the UCD English and Literary Society's Caveat Lector magazine.

William Zhuang is a senior at Tufts University from Qingdao, China. He is the head editor of Future Histories, an arts & literary magazine that focuses on uplifting marginalized voices. He is currently working on a creative thesis in poetry about mortality, people-watching, and the mundanity of violence.

Emily Zielinski is a creative writing major from Orange, Connecticut studying at Wheaton College (MA). She is the captain of Wheaton's Track and Field Team, a peer writing tutor, and a literary editor to Wheaton's literary magazine, Rushlight. She has had six poems published in Rushlight as well as one published in Pfeiffer University's literary magazine, The Phoenix. Emily is currently undertaking the second half of a year-long honors thesis in poetry as well as conducting an independent study focusing on ekphrastic poetry pieces in Wheaton College's permanent collection.

CO-HOSTS **MASS POETRY**



MASS POETRY envisions a world where poetry catalyzes understanding & connection. Our innovative programs—such as U35, the Massachusetts Poetry Festival, and our Teen Spoken Word 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.

HARVARD ART MUSEUMS

THE HARVARD ART MUSEUMS is proud to host Mass Poetry's Intercollegiate Poetry Showcase 2025! We have been eagerly preparing to put on this showcase for a month and are excited to see it come to life and be taken home through the anthology. It's a rare occasion to fill our museum with poetry, but inviting poets from colleges across Boston to join us here feels just right. We are grateful for this partnership and the fruits it has flourished.

WOODBERRY POETRY ROOM

Founded in 1931, the WOODBERRY POETRY ROOM at Harvard Library is a vibrant center of literary activity and a landmark audio-visual archive, housing one of the oldest and largest collections of poetry-related recordings in the United States. The Poetry Room's on-going mission is to create, preserve, and provide access to an ever more inclusive library of voices and to foster a space of creativity and curiosity for poets, students, scholars, educators, and all members of the public who wish to encounter the transformative power of the spoken (and written) word.

KEYNOTE

JD DEBRIS



JD Debris is a poet, writer, and musician from Massachusetts, known for his unique live performances incorporating poetry, live music, and storytelling. His debut collection of poems, *THE SCORPION'S QUESTION MARK*, was selected by Cornelius Eady for the Donald Justice Prize, and was published by Autumn House Press in 2023. An ex-boxer and working musician, he attended Bunker Hill Community College and Salem State University as a nontraditional student, and went on to receive his MFA from New York University as a Goldwater Fellow. He has received further fellowships from Mass Poetry and Disquiet, and has been named to "Best Emerging Writers" lists from Narrative and Ploughshares. He is currently living in the far reaches of Chicagoland, working on a play about con artistry, cranberry bog blues, and Stevie Wonder trutherism.

ABOUT THE COVER

***Communal Resilience** is a community's consistent ability to adapt and grow after moments of hardship. This reminds me of the idea of a "resilient sun." The sun's daily cycle of rising and setting is a symbol of hope, renewal, and possibility of a brighter future. No matter the struggles or weight of the world, the sun still finds its way to rise again.*

—Sydney Singh, Cover Designer

Sydney Singh is a fourth year civil engineering and architecture student at Northeastern University. She loves reading, photography, and any kind of graphic design. She has had the pleasure of working as the design intern at Mass Poetry for the past couple months and looks forward to continuing to contribute to their events!

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