

The City of Rivers

I am the **City** of Rivers, with skyscrapers standing tall like giants
of metal, glass, and brick.

Loyal fans gather in my stadium to watch the Steelers. I stand **proud**,
feeling like I'm living the dream. I am a proud mother,
watching the city grow over many years.

I am a wonderful city that creates spectacular **opportunities** and
gives them away like candy on Halloween.

The **people** who are part of me are as creative as the greatest authors
in the world.

I am protected because my **rivers** stand beside me.

The **bridges** that attach to my arms help my people cross the rivers that
flow more confidently than the happiest man on earth.

My **hills** roll like waves in the ocean—but they don't move.

I'm like a puzzle, out and in, everything connected; everything together
in a big **neighborhood**. Nothing left behind; every piece being used.

Editor's Note: Eight Pittsburgh Gifted Center students, who participated in the PHLF workshop on October 31, 2016, contributed to this group poem. Each person imagined being the city and developed an idea using one word he or she selected. That word is noted in bold face. Everyone's sentences were then arranged in a meaningful way.

Pittsburgh Proud

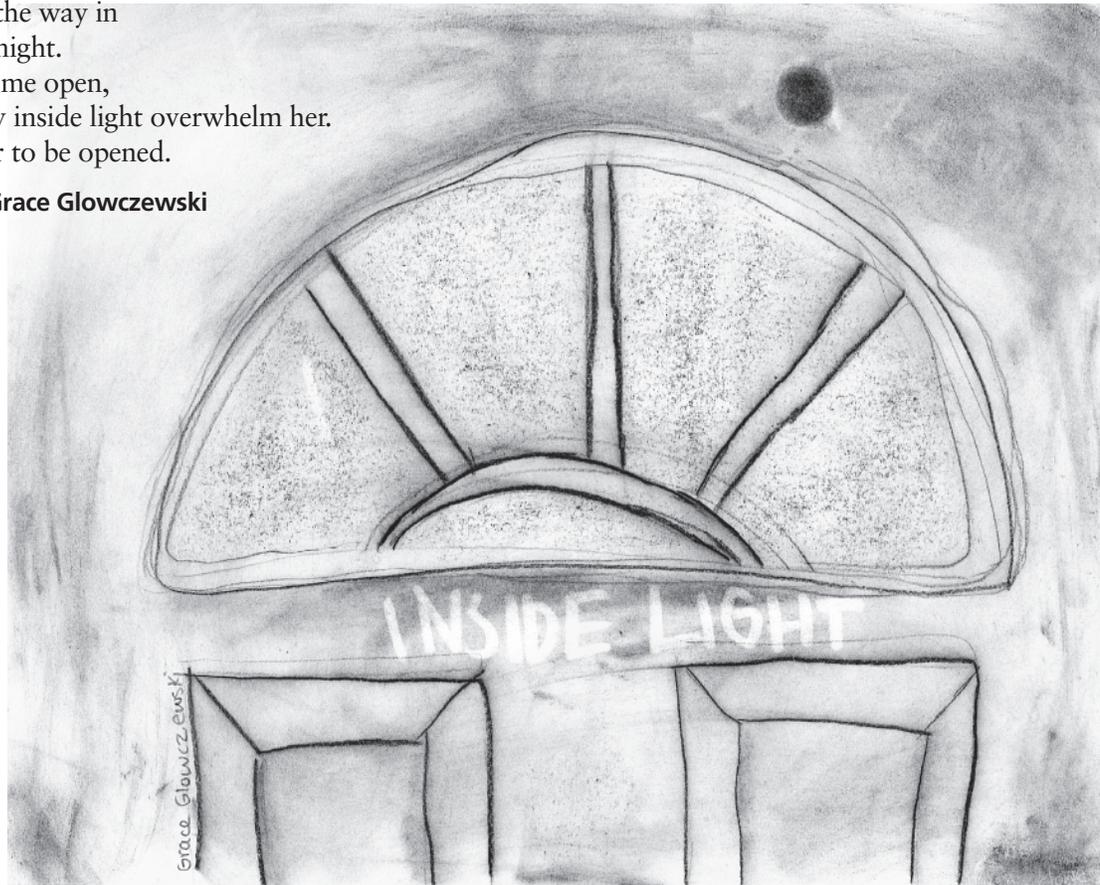
I am a strong, **active** place where people build, create, and recreate me,
like a fountain shooting up and coming down and going up.
Here I am like a soldier, fighting for freedom, **hard working**. Here I am,
ready to be heard like a child who's ready for nap time.
I hold **promise**—for jobs, families, children—promise in my bridges
and rivers; promise, like a blossoming yellow flower of possibility.
My City of Pittsburgh is as **memorable** as the day my whole family got together.
I am like a centerpiece at a wedding, right in the middle,
seizing your attention with my bold, **triangular** land.
My **land** is pointed like an arrow, splitting the water like an axe splits wood.
I am water, **flowing** from the Monongahela, joining my friend the Allegheny,
and drifting together to form the Ohio.

Editor's Note: Seven Pittsburgh Gifted Center students, who participated in the PHLF workshop on November 1, 2016, contributed to this group poem. Each person imagined being the city and developed an idea using one word he or she selected. That word is noted in bold face. Everyone's sentences were then arranged in a meaningful way.

Inside Light

I am a door to be opened,
like all doors.
They are meant to be opened.
Inside—promise, love,
food, light, laughter.
I see people passing by every day.
All types of people
talking like buzzing bees,
always in a hurry
to get somewhere,
just to leave.
One day a girl
stops in front of me,
staring into my fanlight,
her face reflected in the glass,
her eyes, candle lights,
showing the way in
the dark night.
She pushes me open,
letting my inside light overwhelm her.
I am a door to be opened.

—Grace Glowczewski



Absence of Color

I am mad.
I have no color
as a person should.
I see faces looking up at me.
Their colorful bodies make me mad.
My eyebrows, pressed together,
my face, wrinkled in frustration,
my terra cotta face
107 years old,
yet I've never moved.

I show off my amazing architectural mold with
my other brothers who are placed around my building
with a different perspective on the world.

I am an old Indian face.
I have been wrinkled since I was born.
I want to touch the ground like you do.
I want to live a full life.
I want smooth skin.



—Eryn Dowd



Always Pittsburgh

Look at me! Look at my family of beautiful buildings and people.

I am a piece of **artwork** like one of the pictures in my museums.

See my **brick** buildings, steady and strong like the steel I create.

See my **steel** building rise above all.

I'm **Downtown**, and I represent my city like a pupil represents her class.

I am Downtown Pittsburgh. My citizens **celebrate** like a stampede
and they celebrate into the night.

Noise in my city is **constant**, like the sun in the sky. People come,
people go, and some say "Bye bye!"

And there are constant hill-hopping hares!

My **trees** sway gently in the passing breeze, their leaves a grassy green.

I sing for the people, splash for the people, I'm all for the people
who come to my shimmering **fountain**.

My **diverse** bridges gleam and glimmer.

Cars **crossing** my bridges look like tiny ants. My bridges are made of steel—
pieces soldered together like fiery stars. Children wiggle as they walk my bridges.

My bridges are famous and great like the Golden Gate.

I am **changing** from a fort, to steel made in my factories, to the wonderful
bridges of today.

People will **always** remember the stages I went through. I will always
remember who helped. Always use this word to represent me.

I will always need you. You will always need me.

Editor's Note: Twelve Pittsburgh Gifted Center students, who participated in the PHLF workshop on November 2, 2016, contributed to this group poem. Each person imagined being the city and developed an idea using one word he or she selected. That word is noted in bold face. Everyone's sentences were then arranged in a meaningful way.

Made for Learning

I am a building made for learning.
I am made of steel and stone,
so I'm safe from burning.

I'm as tall as a giraffe,
as immobile as the ground.
People may litter on me,
but I don't make a sound.

I'm only 80.
I'm kind of old, but I'm still standing,
so I'm very bold.
I see people come.
I see them go.
I even see people whom I know.

I'm a big, bad, bustling building
who has seen and done a lot.
I can see some buildings as small as dots.

I want to see and help children succeed,
and hope they grow to be as old as me.
I someday hope to see a football game,
and if I ever see one, I will never be the same.

I am for learning.
I can teach you.
So, please come in.
I would like to meet you.

—Tayshaun Johnson



Stone Career

I watch the people walk or drive.
I see them laugh and cry.
They look at me in fascination
as I try to wave “goodbye.”

They take pictures
of my slate and stone.
They all love me,
but I am still alone.

I was carved.
It took some time,
but because I am stone,
they do not see my tears.

I see people come and go,
yet I am still here.
I am a memory in many minds,
and that is my career.

—Yara AlMoussa



Celebrate the Memories

Remember.
Remember the memories.
No, I won't.
The tragedy,
broken hearts and holes in our soul
to never be filled again.
To that I say "Ha!"
To that I say "Stop,"
for I am Memorial.
I stand strong,
been through it all.
I've seen people visit my angels and me.
Yes, they cry like the great Lord sending down tears of his own ...
But I calm them.
I celebrate their strong, brave soul
through my inscribed words.
Celebrate Me.
Celebrate Them.
Celebrate the love and
Remember her
Remember him.
Memorial.
The memories of Life.

—Skyelynn Irwin



Ever-Changing City

I am Pittsburgh, a city of **glass**, steel, and stone,
reaching out to the rivers.
I'm **living** a dream in this big merry place.
I have had many **buildings**, some new, some old,
and some not yet here, still to be created.
My creaky buildings and **architecture** stand still. The sooty, foggy air
contaminated my land. Steel, stone, brick—I have it all.
But there is something missing—a wish or two.
I wish to be shiny, brand new and renewed.
I'm **watching** over people build my city. In fact, I'm watching
as I get built. I am Pittsburgh being formed. I'm a
200-year-old city and I watch myself grow and grow.
So many **energetic** people, living inside of me, make me who I am.

Editor's Note: Six Pittsburgh Gifted Center students, who participated in the PHLF workshop on November 3, 2016, contributed to this group poem. Each person imagined being the city and developed an idea using one word he or she selected. That word is noted in bold face. Everyone's sentences were then arranged in a meaningful way.

Memorable Pittsburgh

I am the city of **steel** beams and big dreams.
My **buildings** are tall and prim, as if they were ballerinas
performing at a recital.
My hills have **moving** animals, whooshing trees,
and below are flowing rivers three.
My **rivers** keep on flowin' as my bridges keep on growin'.
My houses packed onto my **hills** are like firm brown sugar:
Beechview, Spring Hill—they are ingredients in my recipe.
My rivers and neighborhoods are so **memorable**.
No one can forget Downtown or my houses.
My highest priorities are health and education.
My place, Pittsburgh, is a place you won't forget.
I am a big city and I **wonder** what I will look like in the future.
I hope time protects the neighborhoods within me.

Editor's Note: Seven Pittsburgh Gifted Center students, who participated in the PHLF workshop on November 4, 2016, contributed to this group poem. Each person imagined being the city and developed an idea using one word he or she selected. That word is noted in bold face. Everyone's sentences were then arranged in a meaningful way.