

MAC
MEDIA ARTS COUNCIL



Pandemic Poetry

In the Fall of 2020, Media Arts Council put out a call to area students for poetry about the pandemic. What they submitted will surprise and delight. Enjoy!

Abby Arana
Nether Providence Elementary School, age 10

Possibilities
There are so many
But I happen to be
Right where they all happen.

In a home
On a computer
Sitting at a desk
Surrounded by ideas.

Books, instruments and tools
A pencil and paper
Is all you need
For a million possibilities.

During quarantine
You have full access to
Magic if you put your mind to work
Even if you can't leave your home.

Gabriel Honan
Springton Lake Middle School, 7th grade

COVID, oh COVID, you might kill people, you might make people sick and that makes me say...what the frick?

So, we will make a vaccine and combat. We will make you die, so you can go bye bye.

Rosalie Rim-Thomas
Glenwood Elementary School, age 7

The covid is a nasty bug. I can not hug my friends.
It is a little thing that makes people very sick.
But some people die. But some people live.
I want to squash the covid bug.

Tyler Sullivan
Nether Providence Elementary School, age 9

COVID-19

School makes the house quite
Sadness fills the air
Boredom is everywhere and people are lazy.
Looks like emptiness in the atmosphere
Everything is black and white
Like a painting in a museum with no movement
Like all the energy is gone

Rebecca Honan
Springton Lake Middle School, 7th grade

THERE IS NO GOING BACK

There is no going back,
A phrase said when you're about to make a commitment,
Being socially distant and wearing masks,
there is no going back,
not seeing faces is the new normal, we have gotten used to being anti social,
people lost, people infected,
we will never regain those lives again,
so please wear a mask, after all there is no going back

Kamryn Ohm
Springton Lake Middle School, 8th grade

I breathe the same air every day
I hear the same birds mocking me about the outside world and the freedom they have every day.
I feel the same every day
I want a difference, I want to go back in time and tell myself
to appreciate the days I had, someone should I have told me I was in the good old days before they passed
away
I miss the smell of wood chips in the park
The excitement of a roller coaster in the scorching summer days
And the security of friends
I wanted to travel and see the beautiful world
Now all that is left is to travel my mind and search for the one thing I have not done yet.
Hopefully one day the
sun
will
shine.

Tara McMonagle
Nether Providence Elementary School, age 10

Quarantine

*Oh so boring
Stuck at home
Like a prisoner within my own walls.
Barely getting to go anywhere
Except maybe outside or for a walk.*

School

*Staring at my classmates on a screen
Makes me feel so tired
Way too much screen time
Burning my eyes into ashes.*

People dying

*Makes me want to cry
A deadly disease
Inside a tiny, spiky ball.*

Loneliness

*Blue like sad, gentle ripples of water
No soul to touch
Except my own family.
Not being able to hug my friends
Makes me so miserable.*

Fighting

*Arguing with my family
Tempers flare, people yell
Stuck inside one measly house
With my whole family
For seven or eight months!*

There are also good things.

*Sleeping in more on weekends
Still getting to go outside
And still getting to travel,
Just more carefully.
Still getting to see people,
Just on a screen or social distanced.*

Now you can see

*That quarantine is a disaster.
Like a raging storm that lasts for
months.
But it can also be good,
Like finding candy in a pile of dirt.
So now is the time to open up a little,
To kind of get back to normal life.
But with precautions,
Until we get fully normal again.
Together
We can beat this virus.*

Raell Colucci
Springton Lake Middle School, 8th grade

Everything was normal until one day
"You must hide away in this house" They say
I can't play with my friends or go to the park
And no more germs not even a mark

Instead of going to school i get to play and do art
But is this really making me more smart
The new school year approaches and i get a letter
Its from my teachers it says this year will be better

Now i work extra hard and things are getting good
I have gotten used to my new life, As i should
Yes things are much better but i don't like this at all
oh how i hope this is gone by the end of fall

I want to be with my friends without wearing masks
I want to go back to school and share all our snacks

This virus had made more grateful each day
So now all i have is one thing to say
Thank u to all the people who have helped me get here this way!

Caroline Behrens
Nether Providence Elementary School, age 11

Online Life

*Get up every day
And roll out of bed
Grab a shirt
And put it over your head*

*Walk to the bathroom
And brush your teeth
Go on your device thinking
Everything is neat*

*Check the death counts...
Ouch! They're high!
How many out of jobs?
Oh My! Oh My!
How will our world survive?
My Oh My! Were all going to die!*

*Online school?
Play it cool.
Video on and I am ready to learn*

*The teacher is teaching a lesson
My eyes start to hurt.*

*After school I eat some carrots
Somewhere online I read they were
good
For the eyes*

*My friend texts me, "Lets meet up"
I worriedly shake my head
"The death counts are too high"*

*I finally decide to go outside
(only in my backyard of course)
I go out
My neighbor coughs
I run back inside*

*I go online and grab my phone,
I start scrolling through apps
I get up to check the time...
It is nine!
My how the days flow by*

Grace Sanford

Springton Lake Middle School, 8th grade

In CE watching CNN 10 Carl Azuz talking to us about corona in China
Learning about it in school never thinking it would come to us
Then all of the sudden it comes quick like lightning
First school shuts down
Then the restaurants and shops
Only aloud to go out to buy what you need
Students left wondering when they will be able to see their friends
Employees left unemployed
Parents wondering what to do with their kids

Zoom meetings, everything is online
Hard to teach
Hard to learn

Masks everywhere, stores slowly opening up like a turtle coming out of its shell
There is hope we will go back to school
Hybrid?
All online?

In person?
When will we see the light in the tunnel...
School is now hybrid, stores and restaurants opening up!
Keep hope, stay safe, mask up!

Grace Rim-Thomas
Springton Lake Middle School, 6th grade

Deservence

We deserve this, all of it
The human race is getting karma
Shootings, Lies, disrespectfulness
That is why we have to go around scared
That is why we have to wear masks and stay 6 feet away from other people
You probably did not care or pay attention to the shootings on TV
But when it's your family dying you care a lot
I know most of us have been perfect little angels leading up to the pandemic
But let's go back to elementary school...
One person slips up and no recess for any one
The only catch this time is It's more than recess this time
You can't keep playing with people's lives
You gotta shape up or karma will ship you out

James Akulov
Springton Lake Middle School, 8th grade

Wearing masks wherever you go,
Are you smiling or frowning? No one will know.
People are frightened and staying at home,
Don't go outside, no time to roam.
No touching people or trouble could come,
You don't want to end up at home being glum.
But think of a fun thing to do,
You'd rather not get sick by the flu
So play a game or bake something good,
Going outside you say? You could!!
Just be safe and stay 6ft apart,
You know all the rules now go out there, BE SMART!!

Stephanie Foulke
Springton Lake Middle School, 8th grade

China treats an abnormal amount of pneumonia patients with an unknown cause.

Fear grows

The first death happened today the virus called the coronavirus

Fear grows

Cases are in the United States and other countries

fear grows

We are in a global health emergency be careful- WHO

Fear grows

The first death outside of china

Fear grows

The numbers climb the worry grows schools, restaurants, movies, fun all gone

Replaced with masks stay home wash your hands

empty shelves are all around where's the food where's the fun

Panic comes

Panic grows 100 thousand 200 thousand it's impossible to tell when the light will come I hope it comes

Fear stays Panic is around

Where's the light

Arohi Patil
Strath Haven High School. Age 16

Stages

Originally it was something far away, oceans away, one of those things you hear about and your heart frowns about but still something far away, oceans away, with enough of a distance between the two of you that you're confident you will never meet

Eventually, it was something closer, in the country, even, one of those things you hear about and your heart frowns about and okay you have to admit you're getting a little scared but you still haven't seen it so you can say with just a smidge less confidence that you two will never meet

One day, it was at my doorstep, hand in hand with my dad, one of those things I had heard about and my heart had frowned about and okay I had to admit I was a little scared and *fine* I was past scared because I swear I had never seen my dad look so sick and I didn't even need the test to declare the truth because my gut was truth enough and now I'd run out of excuses to avoid it because us two were face to face.

When it was visiting, it was one of those things you're sick of yet there is no outlet for your worrying or anger so instead you feel like a hot air balloon rising, rising, grounded to nothing and empty and full all at once, empty because despite having met and despite it all it still doesn't feel real, full because despite what was just said it feels *horribly real* when you can hear your dad hacking up what sounds like his lungs and then you're lost again, in a storm of worry and a sea of anger and honestly you prefer the sensation of rising because at least then you're free

Then it passed, and it was one of those things I will always remember, even if I try my hardest to forget, one of those things I had heard about and my heart had frowned about, one of those things that became too, too real too too fast, but at least I can say that my dad is okay and that (with a carefully balanced confidence) this chapter of my life is behind me, and one day I'll look back on the time it was visiting and eventually it won't be the scary thing it originally was but simply another memory, something to keep me both grounded and

free, grounded because it was real and free because in the end my dad and I both made it out okay.

We're okay.

Media Arts Council

MISSION

The Media Arts Council works to further its mission to actively support local artists and integrate a wide range of arts into the life of the entire community. **M.A.C. seeks to:**

- Support artists by increasing opportunities to exhibit or perform their work in Media
- Create opportunities to communicate information about art happenings throughout the area
- Contribute to community arts events that appeal to all members of the community

Our overriding passion is the importance of arts in the community, and the Media Arts Council seeks to support all who take part

HISTORY

A group of artists and residents of Media and surrounding communities met during 2004 to discuss the opportunities and challenges facing artists, art supporters and the community at large regarding the role of the arts in the community. This group evolved into the Board of Directors who moved to incorporate the organization as a 501c3 non-profit and establish it as a resource for the community. The Media Arts Council now has 14 volunteer board members and several volunteers working on multiple committees and connecting with other regional organizations to promote the arts where possible. In 2010, the Media Arts Council hired its first Executive Director, Judy Fowler, one of the original founding members and first president of M.A.C.