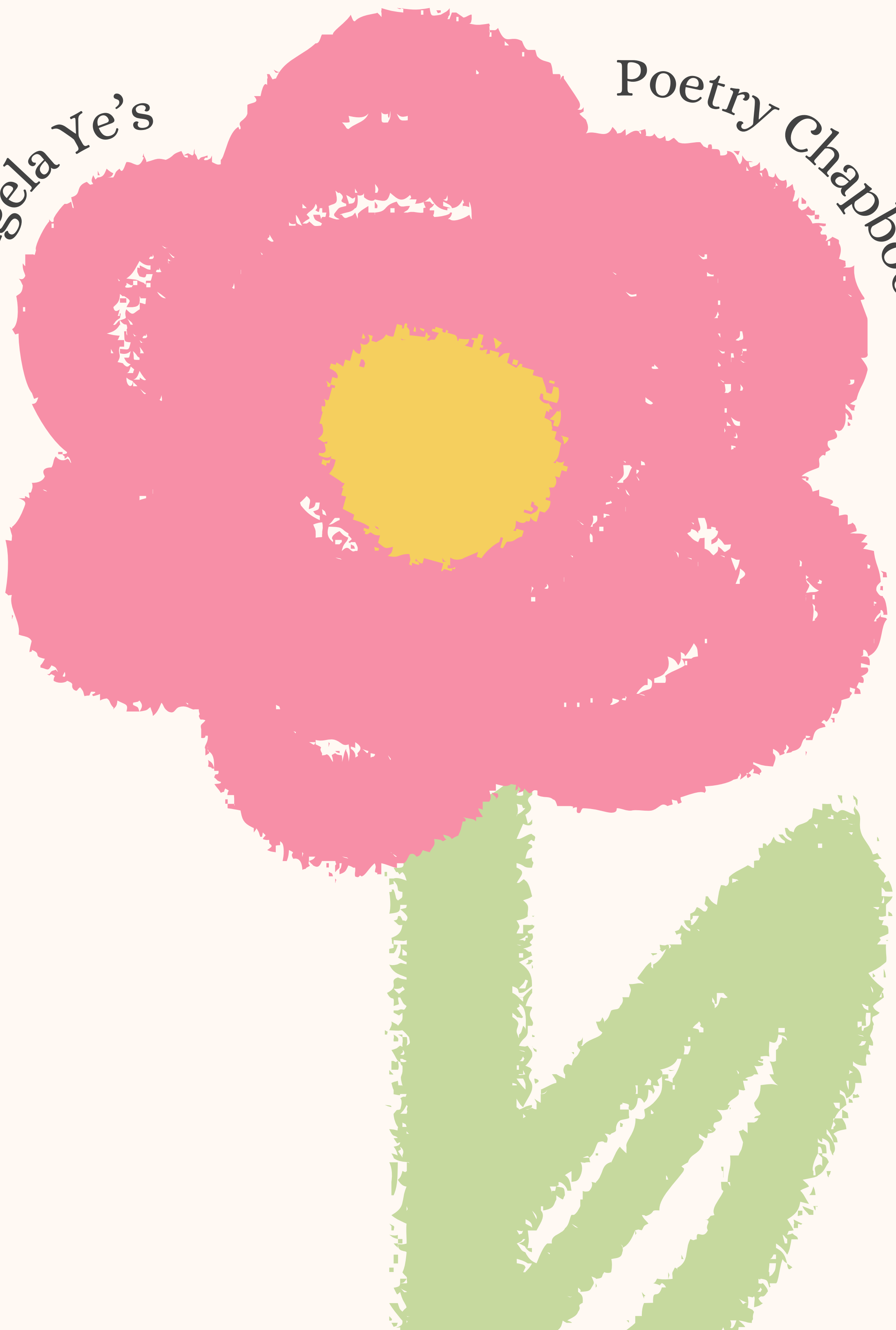


GROW AS WE GO

Angela Ye's

Poetry Chapbook



GROW AS WE GO

by Angela Ye



TABLE OF CONTENTS

yieh
(Name Poem)

From the Dining Table
(Place Poem)

November 30th, 2025
(Most Impactful Day Poem)

A Love for Life
(Love Poem)

Dare to Dream Big
(Last Paragraphs of Your Biography Poem)

Irrational Fears
(Free Choice Poem)

Sonder
(Explain Your Favorite Quote Poem)

yieh

Angela Yeee (No)

Angela YEAH! (Nope)

Angela Yeh? (No...)

Just two letters Y and E,
but for some reason
pronounced
yieh.

Every name I have
traces back to *yieh*.

yieh placed me at the end of every attendance list,
forever waiting through roll call.

“Angela” was chosen
for the occasional miracle
of calling attendance
on a first name basis.

A simple choice,
when compared to my Chinese name.

Like Mandela once said,
some languages reach the head,
but your own reaches the heart.



My Chinese name, 叶兰 (*yieh lan*),
has always lived in my heart.

As I grew older,
I realized my family's names
were not separate meanings at all.
Together,
they created a lovely painting:

叶炆 (*ye yang*), the sun

凌雯 (*ling wen*), sky & beautiful clouds

叶林 (*ye lin*), a forest

叶兰 (*ye lan*), orchids

叶蓬 (*ye peng*),
a thriving home.

What once was a blank canvas,
is now filled with life
with dad, mom, brother, auntie, and me.

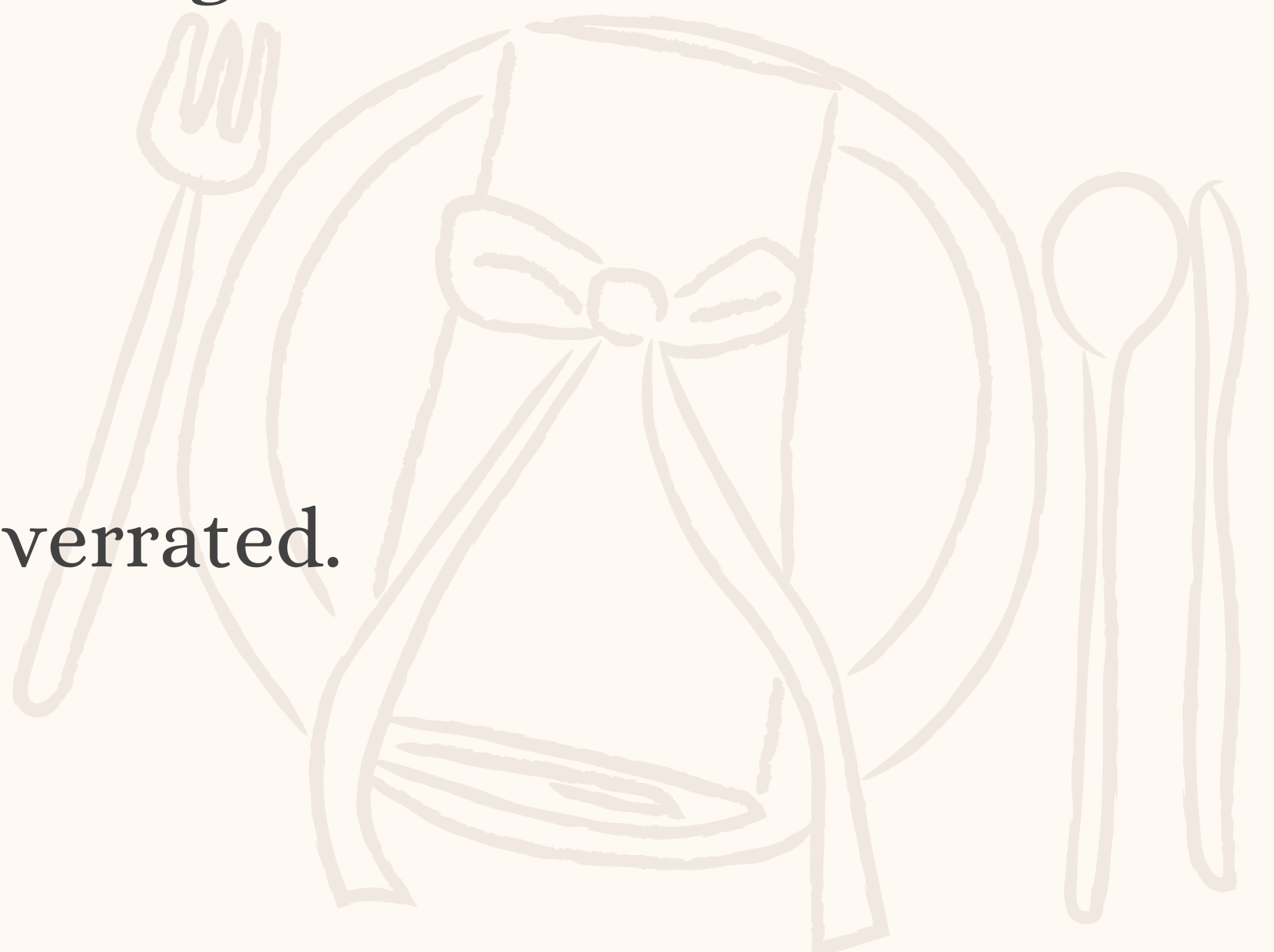
Funny how two letters,
Y and E,
could hold
an entire family inside them.

From the Dining Table

Before,
solitude sulked around dinnertime.
Lonely, like Harry Style's
From the Dining Table.

Now,
after the rollercoaster of college decisions
after school cooled down
after relearning how to rest without feeling guilty,
one became three.
With plates being pressed from palm to palm,
with *The Big Bang Theory* buzzing in the background,
conversation crowded the corners of the room
where silence used to live.
Mom smiled at the noise and said,
*It's been a while since we ate together
at the dining table
everyday.*

Truly,
comfortable silence is so overrated.



November 30th, 2025.

8:37 PM. In my room.

In my head.

Q: Why do I long to go to World Juniors?

To prove I'm a top player. To prove that I am still capable. To prove to everyone that I never fell from the top. To prove to all the parents. To prove to my coaches. To prove to everyone. To prove. To gain back my face, after falling from the top. To gain back my face.

Q: Why do I play badminton?

Because I love badminton.

Q: Okay, why do I love badminton?

Because it keeps my body healthy. Because of the unspoken trust between doubles partners. Because of the teammates who celebrate my achievements more than I do. Because of the gym falling silent before the shuttle kisses the floor. Because of the roaring cheers after hitting the perfect smash. Because of the *pow* and *ching* of clears and slices. Because of feeling like An Se Young after endless practices of footwork. Because of the deep breaths before every point. Because of smiling after a dumb mistake. Because it improves my mentality.

Because it improves my mentality.

Because badminton taught me not to pursue achievements just for the face. Because now I know, now I understand, that I do not need to prove my worth to anyone.

A Love for Life

Vincent van Gogh said
“What’s done with love is done well.”
Do you live with love?



Sunlight trickling in
A slept-in Sunday morning
Refreshed and grateful



Finals in winter
Seasonal depression hits
But you fight with grit



clink clink! “Cheers to us!”
The table blooms with laughter
as friendships deepen



Not giving up on
Dreams that everyone told you
Never to pursue



You might not feel it
But you live with so much love
Every single day

Experiencing
Nature, laughter, sadness, warmth
of the whole wide world



Putting every ounce
Of ourselves into big goals
With zero regrets



Living with love
Is what helps us fall in love
With being alive.



Dare to Dream Big

My aunt singlehandedly revived the MARVEL Cinematic Universe.

Avengers 10, Guardians of the Galaxy 6, Shang Chi 3,
I love it when I see “Technial Director: Angela Ye” in the end credits.

That’s my aunt! echoes in my heart.

The person that changed MARVEL’s entire production pipeline.

Her glass shelf holds great accomplishments. But to her, being *great* was never the goal.

As a kid, every time she took the Hogwarts Sorting Hat Quiz,

she wanted to be known as *The Wise*.

On the edge of her shelf sits a notebook

Named

Live Laugh Love and LEARN.

Her prized possession, worth more than Emmys and Oscars

A list of learned mistakes and Don’t Do Agains,
a list of Do This Next Times and words of advice.

Though her achievements are stellar,
her main priority
was always
to learn.

The contents of the book include (but are not limited to):

- Next time, get the red velvet bundt cake instead of the lemon!
- Delusion is not the solution
- Ask for 50% sugar when ordering Maruwu Seicha
- Every joke has a kernel of truth in it
- During calls or meetings, write down EVERYTHING
- Always take a step back and ask why
- The first *BEEEEEP* on the air fryer does not mean it is done

And of course, (my favorite),

- Dare to dream big. And have the courage to chase it.



Irrational Fears

After coming home at night, I dread
the walk from my car to my house door.

I always prepare to sprint
after turning off the last light downstairs.

Before sleeping,
I make sure the curtains are drawn,
and every closet door
clicks shut.

I know we're not living in worlds like
Weapons, Sinners, or Scream.

But real horror stories exist too.

I know the
tap tap tap
in the house guest room
is from the wind.

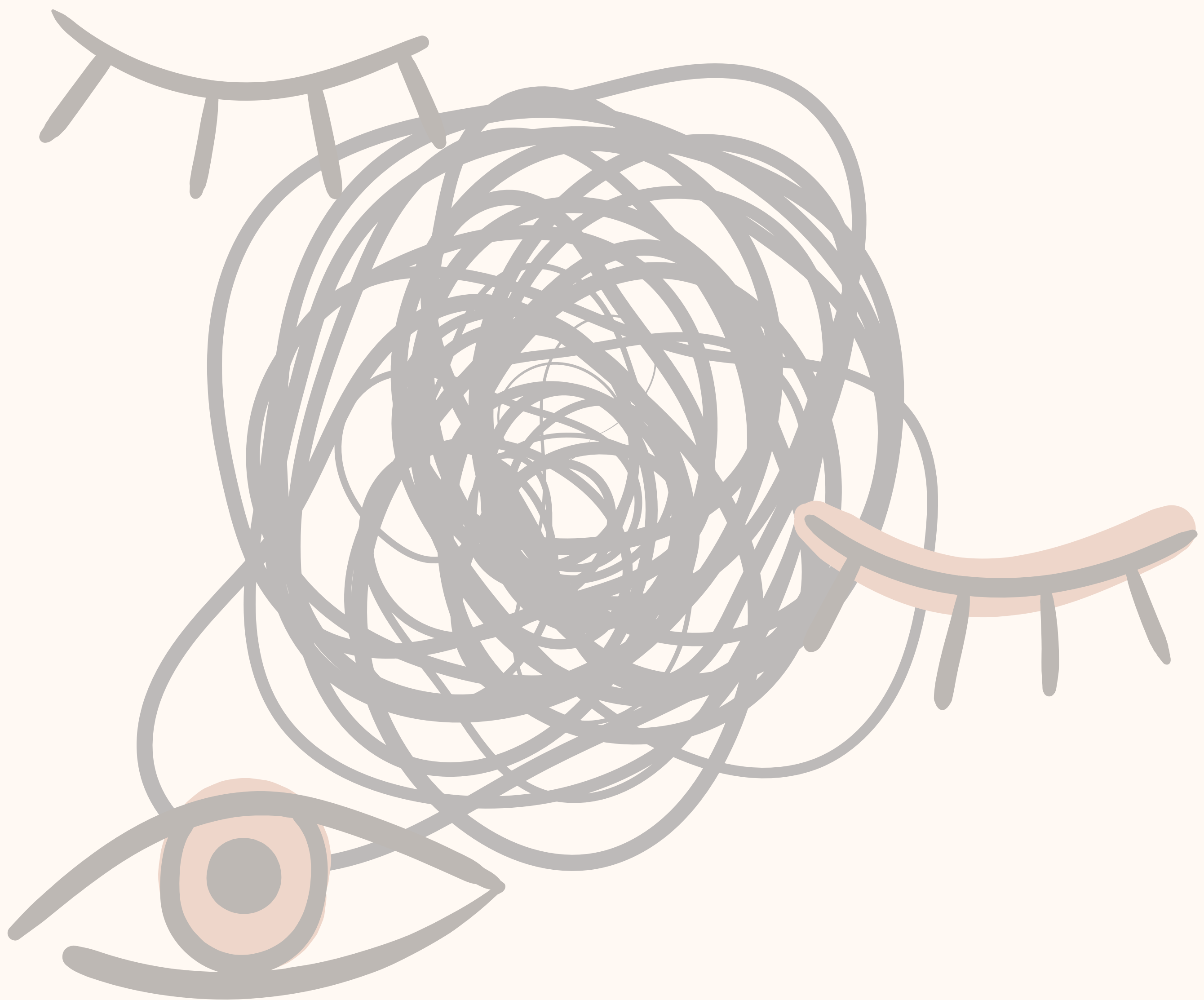
Is it really?

I am safe. No one is watching.

Are you sure?

Stop being paranoid.
Stop being paranoid.
Stop---

But you can't help it, can you?



Sonder

“Because so many of the poems tonight
felt a little like our own stories.
Like we saw and were seen.
And how crazy would it be
if I did that for someone else?”
(Acevedo 282)

Art carries countless kinds of meaning.
But my favorite part of art,
is that it reminds us of sonder:

Every stranger holds entire universes behind their eyes.

Through poetry,
Xiomara felt the feeling of
being seen.

Xiomara realised
her words could reach someone else.

And even though I never truly felt seen,
even though I don't know how I can help other's
stories,



even though I can't imagine having this much of an impact

I hope,
I really, relentlessly hope,
that one day,
I can do that for someone else.



Acknowledgements

Thank you to:

My family, for their neverending support and never looking down on my dreams.



Mrs. Reddy, for showing me the beauty of poetry during class discussions and fostering my creativity through this project



Olivia, Chenyi, and Amay, for all the laughter and joy when sharing each other's poems



Badminton, for training my ability to self-reflect, as well as my level of self-awareness



Spotify, for storing all my music playlists, listening to a different mood while writing each poem

Author Bio



Angela is a high school senior who is about to enter her college years. She is currently in the “coming of age” (otherwise known as bildungsroman) era of her life, not being afraid to make mistakes and learning all there is to learn. She lives in a suburban neighborhood in Fremont, California, treasuring the beautiful golden hours during quiet evenings. She loves to play badminton, make short films, play piano, and her favorite, dream big. Attending the University of California, Berkeley this upcoming fall, she is slightly dreading her studies in computer science but excited to experience everything, everywhere all at once, while getting one step closer to her goals!

Reflection

I have never read slam poetry before, and I have to say, I absolutely loved it. To visualize and understand so much meaning in so little words is a beautiful thing. I do not remember writing a lot of poetry during my years in high school, so it was difficult to get into the specific rhythm and mindset during the beginning of this unit. However, reading Acevedo's The Poet X and the mentor poems introduced me to just how many forms poetry can be found in. These pieces of writing drew me to this form of art, and gave me a feeling of hope and encouragement to try it myself. Writing all the poem drafts, I could sense that I was trying my absolute best to convey a specific emotion or theme through my words. It was almost as if I was eager to connect with my readers.

During my revision process, I ended up changing a lot of the sound devices in my poems. I tried to add more alliteration, consonance, and internal rhymes, rather than just sticking with onomatopoeias. I am especially proud of my place poem, where I added these phrases during my revision: "plates being pressed from palm to palm" and "conversation crowded the corners of the room." The most difficult part of revising was racking my brain for ways to better describe the sounds, actions, and feelings of the specific atmospheres I was trying to convey. It took a lot of patience to come up with new ideas, but I am glad I stuck through and kept trying to write new descriptions. Furthermore, sharing my Love Poem and Last Paragraphs of My Biography Poem with my group helped clarify phrases that sounded awkward to the audience, even if it made sense in my perspective. For example, I changed the title of Choice Poem #1 to Dare to Dream Big instead of The Red Velvet Bundt Cake, because the "bundt cake" had no other significance in the poem until the last line. I also asked for feedback from Mrs. Reddy regarding the same two poems; with her help, I was able to further connect the stanzas in my biography poem to convey prioritizing learning over always having stellar accomplishments.

My favorite poem to write was the Most Impactful Day Poem and Love Poem. Regarding the former, it felt fulfilling to express why I truly love badminton and also reinforced the positive effect this sport had on my character and growth. I was able to write my heart out and express all of badminton's beauty; I will definitely keep looking back to this poem in the future and share it with all my teammates.

Regarding the latter, I tackled the concept of loving life, and I am proud of myself for how well I expressed it. This poem was inspired by the Pixar movie *Soul*; every time I reread this series of haikyas, I feel the same sense of comfort and gratefulness that I get after watching the movie. I had the hardest time writing the *Last Paragraphs of My Biography* poem. At first, it felt odd because I did not want to “predict” my own life. However, I remember all the movies I watched and poems I read about dreaming big. After I changed my perspective, it was nice to dream and imagine my future, without feeling a sense of pressure to achieve it.

With the help of poetic devices, I am now more experienced with creating new ways to describe how beautiful a moment is. I experimented with repetition in my *Most Impactful Day Poem* and *Choice Poem #2* to practice emphasis and express reassurance. By using personification (“The table blooms with laughter”) and allusions (“like *Weapons, Sinners, or Scream*”), figurative language helped me express emotions in a less direct and more meaningful way. Trying new structure and spacing helped me learn that line breaks and formatting can affect the pacing and rhythm of a poem, which I used to my advantage in all of my poems.

After writing these seven poems, I am proud to say that I am a poet. I tried to make emotions, memories, and experiences feel alive to my readers, and I became more comfortable with expressing my vulnerabilities and passions. I am truly so thankful for this project.

