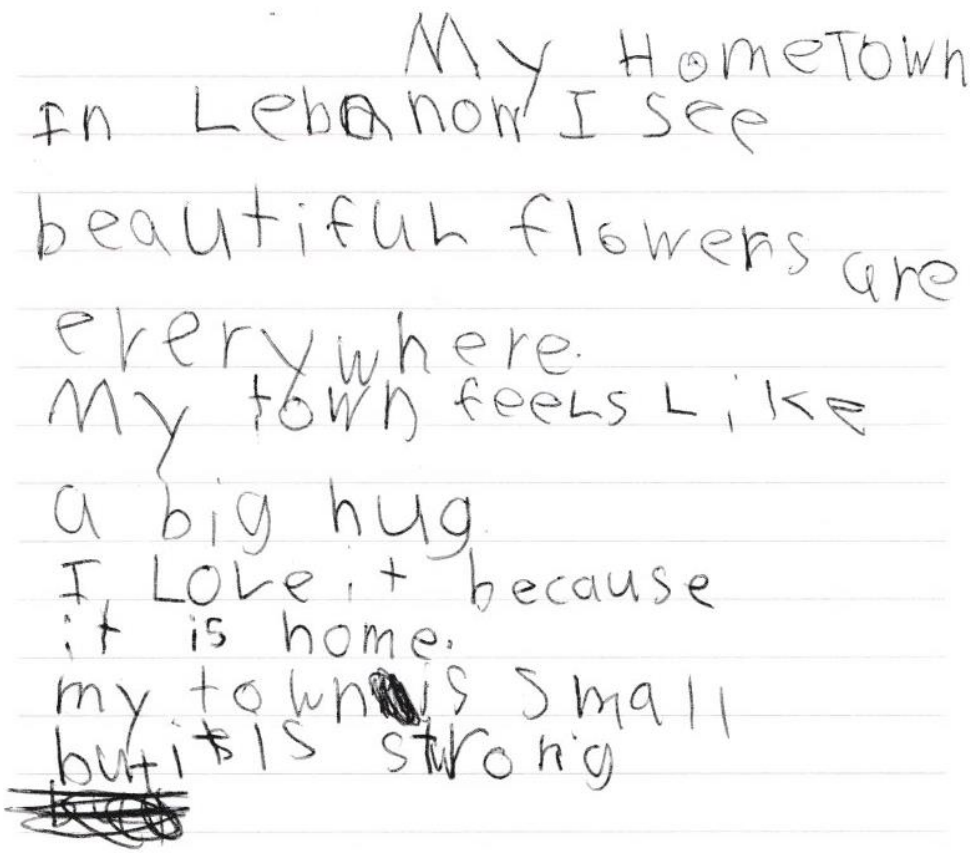
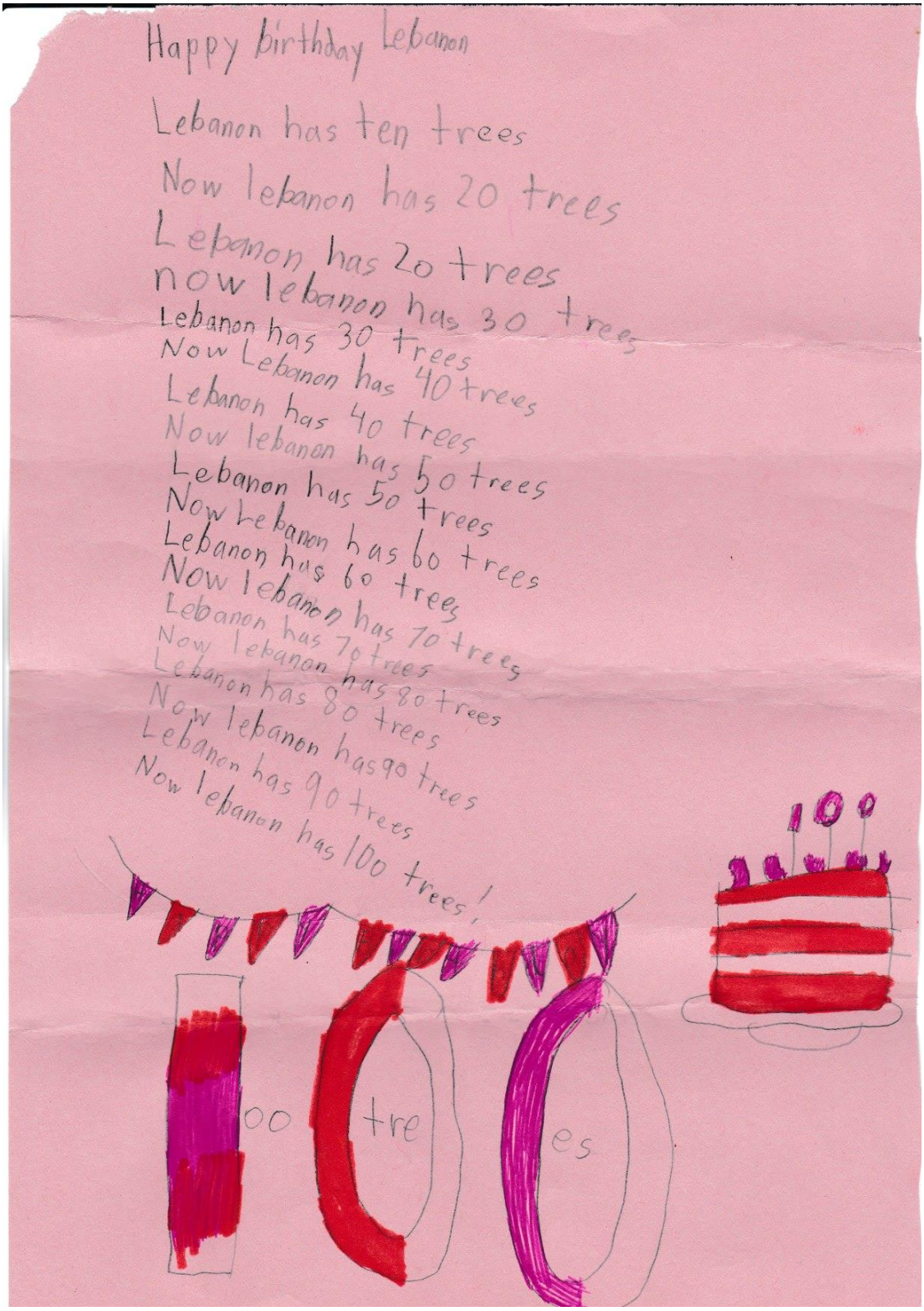


Gianna
Lentini

Gianna Lentini
First Grade



Teju
Second Grade

The Heartbeat of the Borough

The New Year starts with a steady pace; the first marathon begins the race.
Then by the fire, our spirits rise, as Christmas trees burn under winter skies.
When frozen winds blow down our way,
On Cherry Street, we laugh and play—
The hockey rink is bright and loud,
A joyful, winter-loving crowd.
At Dunkin' Donuts, we start the morn,
Where neighborhood friendships are reborn.
Train horns echo morning, noon, and night,
A constant pulse that feels just right.
Our crossing guards keep the children safe,
As the Walking School Bus leaves its base.
The fire alarms sound out clear and bold,
Reminding us of humility, young and old.
The Garden Club team,
Plant spring's first flowers like a colorful dream.
Come Easter, the Garden Club gathers once more,
To welcome the season we adore.
Then comes the town-wide garage sale day,
Where treasures are found along the way.
And twice a year, the trucks roll down,
For bulk garbage days to clear the town.
Church bells ring out on Main Street at noon,
With inspiring sign messages to keep us in tune.
Memorial Day brings a solemn refrain,
"God Bless America" echoes again.
Then comes July, the town's true crown,
When a sea of red, white, and blue hits the town!
The biggest parade in the county steps out,
To the cheer of the crowd and a patriotic shout.
The fire trucks wail at the start of the day to wake up the town in the grandest way.
With decorated houses and flags flying high, the best of small-town America passes us by.
We gather for movies out in the park, as the screen lights up right after the dark.
The Lebanon Pub is our local staple, with familiar faces at every table.
The Dolly Madison Ice Cream sign we all know and love
will re-emerge when the right owners love.
And when times get hard and the winters blow cold,
Our food pantries show a love that is bold.
By autumn, the Halloween contest takes hold,
With creative decorations, both spooky and bold.

And when it is done, to spread holiday cheer,
We donate our candy to the firefighters here.
Then Santa and Mrs. Claus drive through our space,
Bringing holiday magic to every home place.
To kick off the season and end our long year,
In the town we call home, full of comfort and cheer.
Yet heavy hearts now mark the spring as memories of our Captain cling.
The station flags fly half-mast high, for Kevin Saharic under May's gray sky.

Submitted by:
Courtney Mezinis, 2026

A Brunswick Avenue Summer
By Joe Cuthbert Jr.

dull black blades
grind down at the edge of the lawn
the mower won't run

bees trace
each dandelion oasis
short shadows

Independence Day
a parade of townsfolk cheers
broiling brass band

rain trickles
through overgrown grass
frantic ants

kids zigzag
bikes in gnatty low sunlight
school on the horizon

Home Away From Home

One day, destiny decided to roll the dice,
and I embarked on this journey without thinking twice.
The voyage led me to catapult across the seven se
to reach the destination,
and here I reached a town, home away from home,
called LEBANON.

Not a soul did I know, but that's just the way how
life gives the bounty,
the surreal nature encompassing the town makes it the
best in the county.

The streams and creeks gush over spilling their beauty
in the alley,
all their harmonious paths like a symphony merge into th
round Valley.

Everyone hustle & bustle around their mundane lives on
any given day,
but looking out for each other? Yes, that's the essence of this
town to keep the problems at bay.

Although everyone is unique with their own charisma & energy,
The spirit of boro gathers all of them like the beads on a rosa

Amidst the chaos happening in the world,
the safe haven for oneself is family & home,
the Epitome!
Crossing the social construct called borders
I've reached in the lap of Lebanon,
for it is my HOME AWAY FROM HOME!!



Submitted by Sitara Chagi