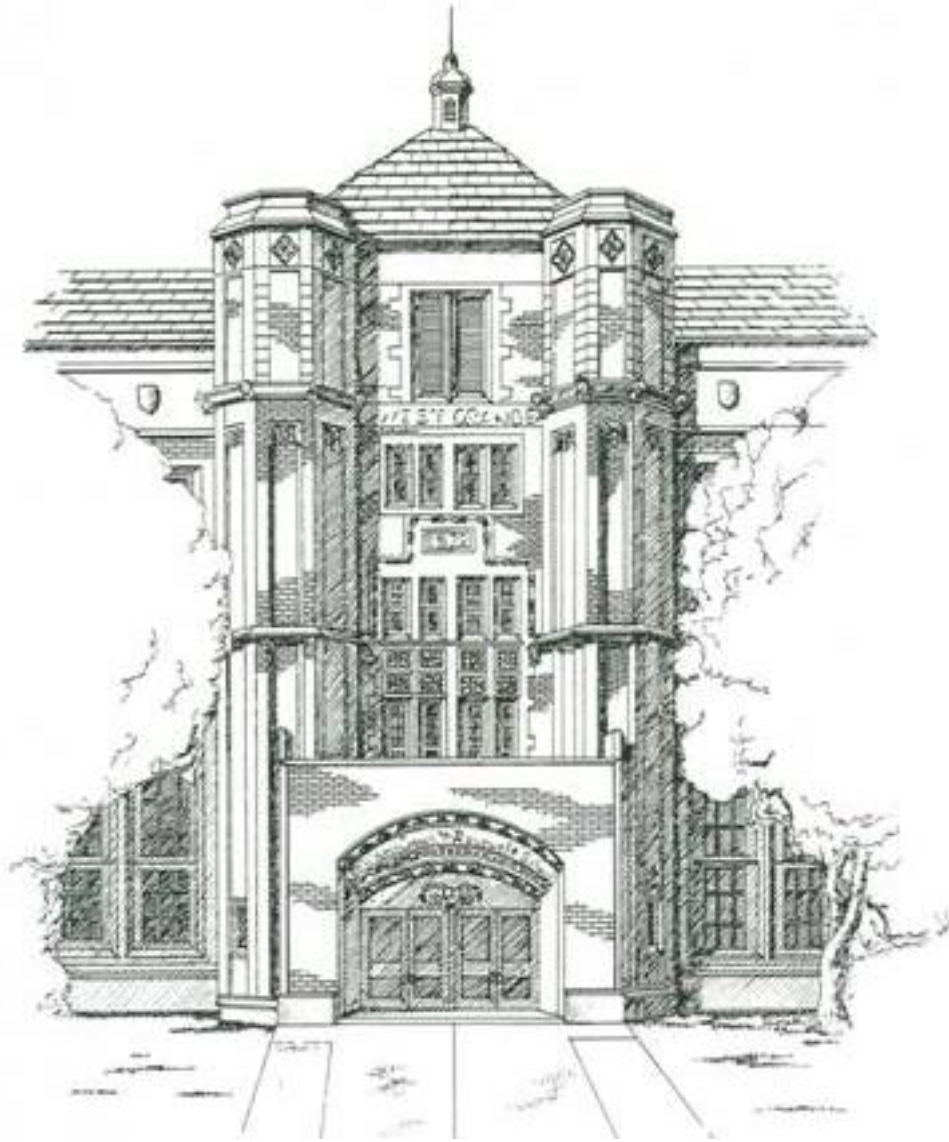


**The  
Minds  
Eye**

ROOSEVELT MIDDLE SCHOOL  
Literary Magazine  
2015-2016



Roosevelt Middle School  
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West Orange, New Jersey

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The literary words in this magazine represent the thoughts of RMS students and are not a representation of official standards or policies of the school.

## The Sound Of Silence

By William Fullenwider

Silence is a thief in the night  
Stealing all sound without remorse  
When it's there it is outcast and hated  
When it's gone its presence is called upon and praised  
It is the friend that turns sane men mad  
It is the friend that makes caring mothers relaxed  
Silence is the difference between a lost friend and a revived patient  
Beaming with radiance  
Silence is everywhere  
It's in the walls  
It's in the hall  
Silence engulfs us all  
It swallows us whole until we are completely dead  
Like a tree slowly fading beside a flower bed

Silence is the only word that can be broken when spoken  
But repaired by doing nothing  
Silence is an easily broken lock  
With a voice being a key  
This world is filled with many sounds  
But none of them as loud as silence  
There is a time when silence is king  
And everyone sleeps under its guideful wing  
But the king is impeached by an alarm ring  
Death is his wife  
Meditation is his best friend  
Sleep is his daughter  
And the mornings, his son  
Silence is the one you never see coming  
Because Silence is a thief in the night

## The Meaning of Words \_\_\_\_\_ By Darryl Williams

My mind flies through time like a feather  
Never restful, but there's something that keeps it at ease.

Its words

Words have the influence  
to keep people isolated or bring them together .  
Words are like medicine healing the wounds of the broken.  
Words heal hearts when someone whispers, "You're gonna be ok, you're stronger than this"  
Words guide us through tough times with a comforting voice.  
Words help us express our choice.  
Words open doors to a new life. They guide us thru the straight and narrow  
Words are like grenades exploding in the mind of beholder  
Words are life flowers taking shape with new meaning at beauty, blooming with new knowledge  
Words are hope; they inspire us to do better  
Words help overcome the destruction of life when it decides to crumble all down on top of you  
Words are the yin-to-our emotional yang  
Words are the poems Robert frost described as when an emotion found its thought and the thought  
has found its words

## MASTERMIND \_\_\_\_\_ By Christian Gilio-Malabre

I was rapping like a beast outta woods when I was five  
And that was when I said to myself that I would strive  
Like a kid who climbs  
To the top of a tree, I'm gonna climb to the Billboard's top  
I'm gonna be a star of hip-hop,  
And the trees that gave me paper  
I wrote lyrics on that blazed  
Like forest fires of mixtapes

Artists dream of walking around these lyrical woods  
Like paparazzi following them around their hoods  
Stanzas are like branches reaching out for me  
One day they'll be splitting right out of me  
Once I'm done with my pieces and they sound clean,  
My words are gonna burn you, better bring some sunscreen  
I dream of being the best teen rapper that people've seen.

My language can silence a crowd with a couple of words  
My lyrics make songs that will be heard on records  
I dream of signing autographs from everyone in the streets  
And having them ask me for a couple more repeats  
My words are like birds flying through the forests of minds  
I guess you can call me a rhyming mastermind!

# *Stress*

By Precious, Geraldine and Taelon'

So stressed out  
It's freaking me out  
All this commotion  
Started in elementary school  
Making friends is scary and tough  
Just to make the cut  
kids are knives that  
tell on each other  
Tattling, battling  
To cause more drama  
For one another  
After all this  
needless shredding of friendships  
Relationships are cut like scissors to paper,  
But we realized we couldn't glue the pieces back together

Junior High was a tough time in our lives  
Problems started,  
Friendships got harder  
Classes got rougher  
Teachers got tougher  
People are fake, futures at stake  
But we are like clay  
molded to fit our way  
out of this immature nature  
And bloom new roots as we move into High School

Dashing to get to  
Class in  
Time.  
Or its detention and we have to pay our time.  
"Get Good Grades"  
"Have high aims"  
"Fulfill the dreams of the ancestors of slaves!"  
What do I even want to be?  
I honestly don't know,  
But I'll continue on this journey  
As long as you help me.

# A Best Friend Like You

By Kimberly Hercules

Even when there's plenty of things going on with me  
And I feel like I am through,  
I am always grateful to  
have a best friend like you.  
Friends add shine  
to your life  
as bright  
as the stars,  
You don't always see them,  
But like the stars in the sky,  
You know they're never far.  
Like you wish on a star, everyone wishes for a friend.  
A friend that will constantly be there through  
Rough times  
And laugh with you after the hard times have passed

When I was sick you brought me chicken noodle soup  
When I was sad you called me every second to see how i was doing  
When I was in a bad mood when all those girls were talking about me, you told me that if you  
smile it will improve your mood  
When I was in trouble that day that I was late at home  
you told my parents that it was your fault

So Now that your dad is not by your side to hear you  
I will stick with you because you were there when i was alone  
I will hear you through the days you need someone to talk to on the phone  
Because you did that for me  
That's what friends are for

Friends are like a four leaf clovers,  
hard to find, lucky to have.

I will remember Roosevelt Middle School  
I will remember running around and sweating like an animal  
in gym class after playing soccer like Lionel Messi.  
I will remember my much loved teachers encouraging me to move on and move up like the Great Adventure  
roller coasters of seventh grade of El Diablo, El Toro, and Nitro

I will remember Roosevelt Middle School  
I will remember “wear a crazy hat day”  
or “Sport Jersey Day”  
or rolling out of bed ready to go for “Pajama Pants Day”

I will remember the earsplitting, yet entertaining, sounds coming  
from the band room when they started playing  
beautiful music like forge of vulcan or Kingdom of the Sun and Moon

I will remember eating and munching  
BACON EGG from Mr. Lee’s  
I will remember hanging  
and laughing  
with friends that have become family with  
Pablo, Kishan, Kevin, Richard  
I will remember Roosevelt Middle School

I will remember eating with my friends in the cafeteria  
Chuckling, smirking and telling jokes.  
I will remember calculating chemicals in Ms. Pope’s  
science class and detecting an explosion

I will remember learning and hearing new words in French  
like J’adore mes parents. J’adore mes amis J’adore mes école  
Which Mrs. Jasmine taught us translates into  
I love my parents, I love my friends and I love my school

I will remember Roosevelt Middle School

By Jordy Castillo

## To my Brother, Quadir

By Naomi McNeil

Love is like gardening  
If you stop watering it,  
It slowly suffocates  
Away before you could appreciate it.  
Like love, Flowers always  
Shape people  
To be better  
And happier.  
They are sunshine, food, and medicine  
For the tense  
Souls.  
And Like love, flowers can be chopped,  
But spring and love cannot be stopped  
Against pursuing their arrival while at rest.  
My heart is going to continue to live, however  
With the memories of my brother  
Forever in my heart is where he will be,  
nobody else will enter my brother's place,  
He'll always have his sister's key.  
But life is a flower with a time so short, so brief  
My brother wouldn't to waste mine with, pain heartache and grief.  
When I think of Quadir, I imagine him whispering,

"Light a candle for me to see and  
hold for my memory, but save your tears for I'm still here,  
by your side through the years.  
Don't grieve for me, for now I'm free.  
I'm following the path God has laid you to see  
,

Goodbyes are not forever, they are not the end.  
It simply means I'll be missing you until we meet again.  
Life cheated my brother but heaven need my brother so

Appreciate What you lost and what you took for granted.  
Appreciate what you have before it becomes what you had



# FREEDOM

By Israel Soto

What is the meaning of freedom ?

Does it mean summer vacation

Bright blue sky all around me

Adrift in the Clouds

Could it mean to have no limits

Does it mean to be able to fly on your own wings

To sing how Maya Angelou's caged bird sings

Even with high heavy pings

But to Let your own Freedom Ring

What is the meaning of freedom?

It could mean to go to school, to follow your own religion, to sing

Cause It doesn't matters what song you're singin

    speak your mind

    Mind over Matter

    Cause that's what matter

What is the meaning of freedom?

Does it mean to sneak out to that party at one in the morning

    To skip school

    To hang out with the wrong crowd

    To stay in the shadows like a crow

    Oh

What is the meaning of freedom?

    Is it too dangerous to claim

    It's sharp beak ready to defend

    Is it slaves breaking out of chains

    Jews leaving star and camps behind

    Muslims being released from the choke of the nation

Gays spreading pride across rainbows  
Spreading wings far across the sky  
All ready to ascend  
Cause freedom has no single end

To do good or bad things  
To follow or rebel  
To be a leader  
To choose your future  
Does it mean  
Does it mean  
What Does it mean

What is the meaning of freedom?  
there's no one definition  
It's all your choice  
It's all in your power  
What Freedom is  
Is yours to decide  
But even then  
What are people deciding to  
lie , cheat and steal

Taken soldiers gunshot wounds and making new ones  
Too much murder and rape  
Cause Freedom  
While others are finding cures and solving conflicts  
Cause Freedom  
Is not just a state of mind  
Is your choice

## WHAT GUNS HEAR By Iliana Minervino

When I was you  
My mother told me  
about the hideous  
The ugliness  
of violence  
The ugliness of death  
The ugliness  
of guns.

The disgust  
And hatred  
When guns have conversations  
The fury that guns hold when they argue  
They utter more than BANG  
when they speak.  
But we don't hear people's tears  
Their loss, Or their grief

All these years later i see  
How this picture isn't pretty  
my memories of peanut butter and jelly  
Turned into a world of  
fear and uncertainty

Pretty as it is  
The Mountains  
Birds And trees  
To the rivers and Valleys  
And the longest of streams  
We are born for a reason  
It seems . . .

But Instead of climbing mountains  
People dig their own graves  
With guns . . .  
And the birds that flew have lost their wings  
And the sound of the trees blowing in the winds  
No longer sing . . .

Kasson Norman  
Quadir McNeil  
Derrol Nickoles  
Danny Davila  
Shakeen Woodson  
Trayvon Martin

These unfamiliar names  
Become the next best headline  
And somebody is to blame

Our nation is tearing at the seams  
Guns are not a part of the "American dream"

## ARMSTRONG

by Cassandra Chatonda

You know a man named Armstrong who flew  
to the moon  
But have you ever heard the story of how cassandra soared was born from the sun

My mama is the sun.

She is ambitious,  
rises and shines  
like The morning.  
illuminating the whole world  
With her radiant beams of light.  
She IS a marvelous golden glow

Her arms are sunrays wrapping around  
My cold heart and dim soul

Filling me up with light  
As she says to me  
"Its okay to cry"  
"I will never stop loving you"  
And my broken spirit  
Replies "i know"

Working two jobs,  
Grinding hard every  
day to provide me  
with birthday presents  
Little does she know her presence is my present,  
That's why my Momma's a gift.

like an angel from heaven  
Love was her weapon

My momma, the sun, is so beautiful you would think she was a greek Goddess

Reincarnation of Helen  
But this time my daddy  
Francisco fell in love, not Paris  
God planned it so perfectly he said  
No one shall tear this love apart  
Not even Eris

But this was real life, not a myth

I went from Armstrong to Apollo  
I know it's a hard pill to swallow  
Especially because not everyone believe  
The goals I could achieve,  
But because I AM my mother's daughter, and  
I rise and shine like my morning sun  
Headstrong, like my Armstrong,  
I can do anything.

And the Greeks were right  
The sun is a work of art  
God painted my mother, the masterpiece with only the finest things  
Her hair, long spiraled locks of mahogany  
Her skin, the 5th lightest shade of gold  
Her eyes, pigmented from the honey of bees  
And it is like my Mama's smile is carved from pearls  
that oysters created deep in the sea

Before my Mama, the alpine glow, has to go  
to enlighten the rest of the world  
She creeps into my sleeping lair  
Brushes back my coiled hair  
Gently wraps her warm arms around me  
As she wishes me  
goodnight  
Delivering  
forehead kisses

Mama is the sun so when she  
Kisses me  
Consider me Sunkist  
Though, sometimes,  
Even my melanin-rich flesh can get sunburned  
When I disobey the ways  
of those rays  
And those Sunburns take me from Orion to Hades  
Fortunately, I'm usually well-behaved  
So this is occasional  
Never daily

So I, Cassandra, look for my sun each day, as she  
Is the fire that ignites  
my light  
I wear her diamond encrusted crown  
with infinite galaxies  
That Mama wishes for me.

Because you see when I went to the sun she helped me see things clearly  
She taught me everything  
except how to live without her  
So tell me  
How does any living thing  
Live without the sun  
...it doesn't.

Armstrong is the man that went to the moon  
But I am the one who gets lost in space  
Because my mother . . .  
My mother is the sun,  
Whose arm's are the gravitational pull that I run to  
My Mama is the real Armstrong.

# **ROBOTIC**

Can you believe that your cell phones have more processing power than the technology that put man on the moon?

Can you believe we are teaching robots to respond back to us?

Can you believe that one day will have a robot that we cannot trust

Can you believe  
That we are running out of time  
As machines are becoming more sublime  
than the human mind?

And all this technological connection has made us disconnected  
Pretty soon,  
our lives become inopportune

It must be hypocrisy  
when you think cellular rhapsody  
is more important than learning history

Its a robotic epidemic ruled routine, surrounded by computer viruses that  
need to be in quarantine

I fear that when we're older, we'll look back at wasted time as ignorant  
teens in front of our smart-phone screens

The internet strangles your data like a boa, attacks your phone like a  
hydra then traps you in a pit like this is Sparta

The internet is a Venus fly trap, once you're sucked in it will never let you  
go.  
Like when you want to take one picture for Snapchat  
Or did it only for the "vine"  
Like when you posted your status on Facebook and didn't have your face  
in a real book

Then you are going to miss that precious time with your "fam"  
Because you were scrolling thru Instagram

Maybe we should get off of Social media because  
It gonna lead ya  
To an empty space  
Just like Myspace.

By Caden Siva

# Bitter.      By Brianna Ventura

There once was a sick man.  
But his sickness was not only the kind  
inside of his body;  
But it was the kind  
Inside his mind.

He had a sweet tooth for poison.  
And she despised joining  
Him, voicing her opinion  
when he wanted to destroy again.  
He's a child in the candy store  
Whenever he steps into the liquor store.

He over satisfied his craving causing him to lose control  
Could never get a hold  
Of him  
He had a different soul.  
Dependent on the depressive drug.  
He became chaotic,  
full of violence.

He was always fond of happy hour, although his children don't recall one  
Grinning wide from ear to ear until the can was done  
Truly the demon drink

The moments spent together were bittersweet

Bittersweet because  
She was in your presence.. But knew that soon the bottle would be too.  
Time and time again the promises he made to quit were broken.  
Awoken once again from the sound of his promises, unspoken.  
It's no wonder her mother bailed on him a few years ago.  
Sometimes she wished she had that option.  
Stopped from leaving cause of her conscience,  
she knew he was never cautious.  
She longed for a relationship with her father, however  
she also longed for a life without broken promises.

Alcohol is a thief.  
He steals your life away from your hands.  
He fills a bag with your currency.  
Scammed.  
He also comes for children, robbing them of their childhood.  
He'll leave you feeling bitter, but his world just got sweet.  
It's like taking candy away from a baby.

That father was a sick man.  
And no matter how sweet he thought that liquor was,  
the taste it left was always . . . bitter.



## **TEMPTATION**

BY ROBERTO FRANCO

TEMPTATION IS LIKE A DEEP, VELVET ROSE.  
THAT IS MORE EVIL THAN ELEGANT,  
AND THE DEVIL IS A ROSE,  
WHO PRETENDS TO BE HEAVEN-SENT

LIES ARE TEMPTATION'S THORNS  
LIKE KNIVES  
IN DISGUISE.  
AND THESE THORNS CUT THE FLESH OF TRUTH INTO LIES  
BLINDIN YOUR MIND'S EYE  
YOU TRY TO ESCAPE THE THORNS CUTS  
BUT AS MUCH AS YOU TRIED  
YOU WERE PINNED DOWN BY YOUR DISHONESTY  
LIKE A BIRD IN A CAGE TRYING TO FLY.

YOU FALL INTO STRONG TEMPTATION  
LIKE WHEN A TEENAGER  
IS BAITED INTO DRIVING INTOXICATED  
AND A RESULTING CAR CRASH IS ANOTHER THORN THAT WAS  
UNDERESTIMATED

THE ROOTS OF TEMPTATION  
ARE VACUUMS  
THAT LEACH LIFE OFF YOUR EMOTIONS,  
GETTING UNDER YOUR SKIN LIKE LOTION  
FROM TEMPTATION'S INSULTING, BOASTING, BULLYING AND ROASTING

TEMPTATION IS A ROSE, DEVIL IS A ROSE,  
A DEVIL THAT PLANT SEEDS  
THAT BREEDS MISDEEDS  
AND PROCEEDS TO ALWAYS MISLEAD.

TEMPTATION MAKES ILLUMINATED ROOMS PITCH-BLACK,  
ITS PRESENCE IS TOO OMINOUS TO BARE,  
TEMPTATION IS THAT THING IN THE NIGHT  
YOU LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER TO LOOK AT  
AND THEN BECOMES A NIGHTMARE.

# Thoughts By Alyssa Stone

Thoughts  
Thinking  
Is like wandering  
through catacombs  
of the mind,  
I become lost in thought.  
past memories  
Clutter walls around me  
Each brick made of memorable moments  
Yet I don't recall building them

While I visualize all these times  
I'm stiff as a Nazi  
But how could i not see  
The importance of these recollections  
These memories  
That we take for granted  
We can't wait for the future  
Yet we always regret our pasts

My memories play out in a movie  
Like Inside Out,  
everything's upside down  
My emotions  
They speak

I'm guided by my conscience  
cause i have no common sense  
When it comes to order and consequence

My mind is packed like a pack of gum  
Packed like a mall on Black Friday  
Packed  
Like it is everyday  
I fear there's no space for new ideas  
I fear there's no space for anything

I need to meditate  
Concentrate  
On clearing my mind  
I need to make room  
So one day  
I may freely wander  
through the catacombs of my mind

# **Life is a Constant Cycle**

By Thomas Ampadu

Every day I have to go through the same thing,  
Every day I have to go through the same thing,  
Summer, Winter, Autumn, and Spring,  
There is no change in my day,  
I feel like I'm stuck in a centrifuge,  
And if I don't stray from pattern my sanity is what I'll lose,

School and home, home and school,  
School and home, home and school,  
With no variation I feel like a fool,  
It seems to me like life is a merry go round,  
Circling around and around, continuing to do the same moves until it breaks,  
Like a song on repeat, these things tend to get annoying if you do not stop them.

But how do you stop it?  
But how do you stop it?  
Is there some sort of switch?  
Does it require wit?  
Am I cursed to this cloudy course consistently?  
I feel confused; like a million lost souls loitering in a canister, with no place to go.

I'm bored in my everyday life,  
I'm bored in my everyday life,  
The world is laughing at my strife,  
The weekends are only release,  
These days are full of peace,  
But, misery is waiting with open arms,

One day my frustration will end,  
One day my frustration will end,  
And to receive change is what I intend,  
One day things will be different,  
Like a storm that suddenly stops,  
After this storm I will be happy; I will change in a way that I can't explain.

# Far is never really Far By Shanelle Chambli

I can't see, I can't see  
The walls are closing in  
I'm running, I'm running  
And the voice is saying "You can't win"

There is no light  
It's way too far  
I can see absolutely nothing  
In the dark  
My heart is pounding  
It's at my heels  
All this time I'm hoping  
It isn't real

I can't go on any longer  
It just isn't inside me  
Soon it will take over  
And simply pulverize me

I'm turning around  
To face my fate  
It slows down and smiles  
"Why, won't this be great!"

It is so close now  
I can taste  
And I realize the closer it gets  
The more an image is created  
What I see purely petrifies me  
'It' isn't nearly what I thought it would be  
What I observe is an illuminating light  
And remarkably  
Now that it's so close  
I somehow feel complete

All of this time  
I have been running from  
What I need the most  
My sunshine, my guiding light  
Without *Him*, *GOD* I'd be toast

He will not give up  
He will never fall short  
Even when I'm the one running  
I always have his devotion and support

This lesson has taken me very far  
Which is why this, for me  
Is merely a simulation  
But I do know that somewhere  
This is someone's invitation  
Who is this about in the end?

Oh, the problems of today,  
Plentiful, and free,  
Oh, the problems of today,  
Pilen' high at my feet.

The work, it keeps on coming,  
Raining down on me,  
The work, it keeps on coming,  
The pressure, can't be beat.

My foes, and my friends,  
Changing at the seam,  
Some stray away, without a single breath goodbye,  
While others slowly crawl, their way back to me.

The rumors and lies people spread,  
Are often too much to handle,  
Why can't it go back,  
To the way things used to be.

Oh, the problems of today,  
Plentiful, and free,  
Oh, the problems of today,  
Pilen' high at my feet.

The days of fun,  
The days of play,  
Are all over,  
And washed down the drain.

No more fun and games,  
Friendships destroyed,  
Can't we go back,  
To the way things used to be?

By Isabelle Cohen

A world without worries,  
A world without worries ,  
How wonderful would it be ,  
to be worry free.

No time to be happy ,  
Cause the world puts stress on me,  
Tests, sports, public speaking ,  
please, stress let me be.

I need someone to build me up,  
But sometimes no one has my back,  
I am far from being strong,  
Confidence is what I lack.

Always try my hardest,  
But my hardest ain't always the best,  
What is there to live for,  
Please put the hatred to rest.

A world without worries,  
would be really nice,  
earth can be the cruelest place,  
and make you pay the price,  
Cause I'm constantly feeling down ,  
And think other's sympathy will lift me up,  
But instead I feel helpless ,  
lying down because I've had enough

Positivity is absent,  
not anywhere to be found,  
like a gentle whisper,  
voiced during a loud sound

Why can't we live ,  
in peace and tranquility,  
We're all humans ,  
let everyone just be,

It's not always easy living,  
stress can be your biggest foe ,  
don't make any mistakes ,  
you'll be judged before you know ,  
Judgment and criticism can tear you down,  
all these worries I carry but I have to stand my ground.

Oh a world without worries,  
what I wanted all along,  
This would bring joy to me,  
Like someone singing their favorite song.

but I have now grown up,  
from stress' grasps I've been freed,  
and this world that I fantasized,  
I no longer need.

I realize worries and stress,  
must come with success,  
I've grown accustomed to this,  
world that I live in.

I'll persevere,  
without the world that has no worries,  
I'll be alright,  
this world will stay hidden.

By Maxwell Dent

**Acid Rain** By Noemi Pare

The new technology just ain't working for me.  
The sickly sweet lies staring at me right through the screen.  
She says "I'm crying"  
Yeah, sure girl, you're lying.  
All I know is that it's acid rain!  
My umbrella's all shriveled up.  
The glass room that I'm in is filling up.  
That acid rain.  
Come on, just give up.  
Your lies are dripping with,  
Acid rain.

Stuttered words, eyes drifting to the photograph.  
"Oh, I'm so sorry."  
I know you're not sorry.  
You just don't know what to say,  
So why apologize for that?  
Then pretend to cry.  
That just pushes me back  
From getting closer to a smile.

You can't pretend to help me.  
I can see through the mist of your lies.  
So wipe those acid tears away,  
so then I won't soak in acid rain anymore.

**I Want The Pressure Off** By: Emma Svetvilas

I want the pressure off, I want the pressure off,  
I want to be released from the anxiety holdin' me back,  
Feel like if I don't I will shatter and crack,  
Just wanna be me and kick all of my obstacles far out of reach,  
Wish I was in that warm summer air at the beach,  
Away from the pressure that's comin' after me.  
I want the pressure off, I want the pressure off,  
Wanna have a break from worrying about doin' well in school,  
Wanna get rid of grades and quizzes and tests and all the high expectations,  
Don't want all those worries holdin' me back,  
I wanna get a D to show me that it doesn't matter that number that reflects how smart you are,  
I want to go against the boss,  
Don't wanna feel like if I don't do well I'm a loss.  
I want the pressure off, I want the pressure off,  
Don't want to be in those same ol shoes day in and day out,  
Don't want to always do what is expected of me,  
I wanna try somethin different,  
Ain't nothin wrong with goin' goth,  
I just wanna scream and shout.  
I want the pressure off, I want the pressure off,  
Don't want my life to revolve around it anymore,  
I want my hobbies to take charge,  
I want them to defeat that pressure,  
I want that pressure gone,  
Gone!  
I want the pressure off, I want the pressure off,  
I just want to block everything out,  
Wish I could just be lazy,  
Don't want that pressure looming over me taking over who I am,  
I wanna take off and come back with the pressure off, I want the pressure off.



## The Last Game

By Jayson Raines

The desire, desire to win

It's killing my soul  
Champ winners is the goal  
All the hard work this season  
Butterflies big as a black hole

The desire, desire to win

It is time for the game  
Last game of the season  
Losing or Winning? It's never the same

The desire, desire to win

All the hard work of the season is almost done  
Day after day  
Wouldn't have rested  
Until we had won

The desire, desire to win

Its close to the end  
Everything's on the line  
Will keep working and working  
To get what's mine

The desire, desire to win

Last play, adrenaline is pumping  
Their coming to me!  
I can't mess up  
I need to do something

So close, I get knocked over  
They score the winning touchdown  
I can't believe it  
We were so close  
The other team gets the crown

It is now a new season  
to rebuild and win  
I will not stop  
The championship is the reason

The desire, desire to win  
The desire, desire to win

# My Favorite Friend

By Grace Wenzel

She was my favorite friend; that's a fact,  
We were the best of companions,  
To still be my friend, is what I intend,  
But when she moved; it was like stabbing me with a knife.

We keep in touch,  
Phone calls and texting and email too,  
But it's just not the same without her beside me  
Though she still resides within me.

She was my favorite friend; that's a fact,  
I just feel so blue,  
I'm just so do-o-own now,  
But you know,  
Life's a roller coaster.

We keep in touch,  
Phone calls and texting and email too,  
But it's just not the same without her beside me  
Though she still resides within me.

She was my favorite friend; that's a fact,  
We were the best of friends,  
two peas in a pod yeah,  
But she's left town now,  
Nowhere to be seen.

We keep in touch,  
Phone calls and texting and email too,  
But it's just not the same without her beside me  
Though she still resides within me.

She was my favorite friend; that's a fact  
We were the best of friends, yeah,  
We are  
Now life just isn't right,  
Without her right there.

# My Family

by Mathew Almonte

My family, we are big, funny, loud, and very caring

They're always there when i need them

My family always there forgiving and sharing.

We are family, we look out for each other, and I don't know what I'd do without them

We always come together for Sunday night dinners.

Whenever we do this we always have a good time.

Though they may laugh and whisper..

My family doesn't hesitate to say what is on their minds.

My family,

I love them,

They are one of a kind,

I wouldn't change anything about them.

They are my family

they might be crazy,

but they are my crazy family.

## Be Yourself, And Nobody Else

By Keyanah Henry

I wake up in the morning,  
Wondering what people will think about me,  
But not realizing that their negative opinions,  
Doesn't- don't define me

I wake up in the morning  
Getting ready for school,  
Finding cute clothes to wear,  
Trying to be cool

I wake up in the morning,  
Trying hard to fit in,  
When in reality,  
It doesn't matter what I wear

I wake up in the morning,  
While thinking to myself  
Did i really spend all that time trying to impress everybody?  
Personality should be the one thing that matters

I will realize that being myself is important  
It shouldn't matter what people think about me  
What I think about myself  
Should be the only thing that matters

## Susan, My Lil Sis Kimberly Lema

She is an annoying lil pest,  
She will lay in bed for hours n rest  
And she is also a very rude house guest,  
But she is my lil sis,  
And i couldn't be more thankful and blessed.

She bosses me around like a dog,  
She rats me out to my mom,  
She even pushes me out the way when we are out for a jog!  
But she is my lil sis,  
and I couldn't be more thankful and blessed.

She gets on my nerves when I have repeated things more than twice,  
She wore my clothes without asking a couple of times,  
She has purposely pulled my hair which isn't very nice!  
But she is my lil sis,  
And I couldn't be more thankful and blessed.

She takes FOREVER in the bathroom,  
She blames me for the big mess we have in our room.  
Which is kinda true....  
She hates everything i do.  
But she is my lil sis,  
And I couldn't be more thankful and blessed.

She argues and fights with me,  
As if we were Tom and Jerry,  
She has takin my food,  
As if she were a sneaky raccoon,  
She makes tons of noise,  
As if she were at a concert for the Back Street Boys!  
But she is my lil sis,  
And i couldn't be more thankful and blessed.

It's not about how hard you get  
hit it's about how hard you can get  
hit and keep moving forward.  
not about how long it took or how  
long it could take. Not about  
how you get it done not about  
how much you suffered. It's about  
what you got done, What you did,  
what was focused on, Not what  
you wanted to do. Not what you  
couldn't do.  
but I couldn't do it all for you  
still waiting to raise  
from the grave until time  
where worship was a crime  
yet saved from us all  
still worried about the night  
I was still alive  
where I couldn't try saving  
us from that time.

By Alexa Murillo

# Freedom

When the bell rung  
We left school because it was done  
We were running like we were chasing something  
Although we were chasing nothing  
It may seem like a joke  
But the thing we dear most  
Is Freedom  
When Freedom comes, Freedom rings  
We leave our hope on the bells

By Brandon Parra, Gabriella Uribe, Darwin Francois, Daniel Neil, Melissa Santoro

## ALL I WANT

by Lindsey Allen

All I want is freedom  
Is that too much to ask?  
All i want is freedom  
To love my own way  
All I want is freedom  
The thing is, it never lasts  
To make all of my tears and fears go away,  
From all of the stereotyping,  
Bruises, scrapes, cuts from words full of hatred  
But to me I just see  
human

Freedom ridas  
Soarin through the air like I'm an eagle glidin,  
I finally feel free walkin through the streets stridin,  
Used to feel restrained like my hands are tied.  
Screaming for help with no reply,  
On my backside by the ice cold curbside.  
No one knows who I am,  
Unidentified.  
With the "civil rights" today I am still,  
Unsatisfied.  
I am here for my rights,  
And yet I am being denied.

By Darrius Kirton, Nigel Pressey, Rachel Reddington, Justin Dorceus

# TO BE YOURSELF

Why can't I be me?  
The me that no one has ever seen.  
Why be judged on what people see?  
It's me.  
Our personalities are like books that we read off of shelves  
And we are our own authors.  
If only people could be themselves  
And not care about anybody else  
We'd be more in touch with ourselves.  
We have the freedom to be us.  
Why discuss?  
Don't be fake and be somebody else  
For your own sake,  
BE YOURSELF.

By: Geraldine Louis, Frantz Pierre-Jerome Jr., Carrington Valentin, Abigail Geronimo

# SUFFERING

Looking in the mirror seeing the black eyes  
Wishing it could all end and just die ,  
But know  
I stay still  
And let the pain go by  
Time by time  
When we met i thought you were divine  
I thought we would always be fine,  
But now I see through the rose colored glass  
But all my pain has become my past  
But once i get over this wall  
I will leave this painful vault  
And all my life will completely be  
Absolutely and totally free.

By Aidan Tarantino

## **The Book** By Frantz Pierre-Jerome Jr.

I lay on top of a bookshelf throughout the rest of my days.  
The place I live in is called a “library”.  
Each day, I see kids come pick me up right off the shelf to read me.  
I give them a way to use and explore their imagination.  
I help them learn things that they have never known before.  
While I look them, I always see the wonderful smiles on their faces.  
As years pass, I whither and grow old.  
Then, I will be so old that I would already become part of ancient history.  
What I am?  
I am a book, I say.

## **Bravery** By: Garrett Fitschen

A world of beauty and love  
Is what we all would seek  
The darker the night, the brighter the dawn  
But the near future looked quite bleak

If the darkness seems so total  
When they pulled me from my home  
And when it gets really, really dark  
Through the woods we planned to roam

When one sees the brilliance of the stars  
Inspire them it might  
To stand up for what themselves  
To speak, to love, and to fight

## **Best Friends** By: Cydney Tornberg

I hope we stay friends,  
'Til the end of time.  
And whenever that is,  
Our friendship will still Shine.  
  
You mean the world to me,  
I hope the same with you,  
You're always helping me,  
Whatever it takes, you'll do  
  
Now that we're growing older,  
Changing our ways,  
I know we will never lose our friendship,  
I hope i never see that day

# Glass Heart By: Sara Cuevas

A part of my heart is the glass that's shown,  
Fragile, never mobile, and sadness it will forever own  
Single, solo, all alone. No one will know,  
Because I will not show.

A part of his heart is the diamond that's shown,  
Bold, beautiful, and plentiful strength it will forever own,  
In his kindness he beckons others to follow,  
His shining path away from the black road.

The diamond heart notices one,  
Left behind; just one for none.  
He sees my glass heart  
About to break like the wind.

The diamond heart walks over,  
And extends his hand with a smile  
While I sit there,  
My own heart racing a beating mile.

I sit there  
Not knowing or thinking what to do  
And the diamond heart says,  
"Let me save you."

Never has a heart said such a thing,  
A thing so out there  
Especially to a heart  
Made of glass, dark hair, and despair

I sit there thinking, contemplating  
Contemplating my life  
I think "Can I do it?"  
"Can I escape this internal strife?"

Finally I make an even decision,  
A decision that will mend my glass heart  
I take his hand, no brass nor brand  
The glass walks with the diamond, no longer apart.



RUNNING By: Jackson Edwards

My stomach's turning, my chest is burning,  
My legs are tired, my feet are hurting,  
My feet are bricks, my knees are weak,  
As I pass the pier and pass the peak,  
  
My sweat is dropping, I feel like stopping,  
By my side, my arms are flopping,  
My soles scrape the surface of the ground,  
My face is bright red; I yearn to turn around,  
  
I suck in air, I still run like a hare,  
I feel the pain, but I'm starting not to care,  
I think I love this, the adrenaline rush,  
I'm happy although my face feels flushed

Dark chains that come from within  
The light at the end looks so dim  
They think my existence is a sin  
But look at us- the horror from within  
Mocking a random passerby  
  
But, hope comes from within everything  
Let freedom ring!  
Shout it out, and everyone sing  
Let not one person die  
  
For everyone was created the same  
We can't just look for someone to blame  
Let's just forget the past  
And at last  
I will finally be free  
They will be able to see me  
We can do if we try  
  
A world where they won't care what clothes I wear  
Or the color of my hair  
The rags  
Or the riches  
It's a world of meaning  
A world where we treat us like human beings  
A world of smiles,  
Laughter,  
happiness...  
And where we don't need to earn our freedom  
They don't ask why

By: Aidan Babovic, Garrett Fitschen, Jennifer Maciejak, and Ella Tranquada

Freedom  
What is it?  
Do we all have it?  
Does society want us to have it?  
Sometimes they do,  
Sometimes they don't.  
Freedom.  
Is it earned?  
Or given?  
Is it bought and sold  
Just like gold?  
So great and bold.  
Freedom.  
It evades us  
Now and forever  
And that's just how it shall be.  
But will we ever be free?  
Or are we already?  
Freedom.  
It is not earned.  
It is not given.  
It is not bought and sold.  
It is for us to have and be free.  
It cannot be taken.  
It is ours to have.  
And don't mind our infamous curiosity  
Followed by our demanding avidity;  
Our crave to ask,  
Our desire for answers.  
Freedom.

*Sebastian Bonardi, Alex Levin, Kacey Gleaton, Sajid Quraeshi*

## **Family**

By: Herva Kana

Yelling, screaming, whining, crying in my house.  
It never ends, all day is a rouse.

While time passes a rule has been broken and no one has spoken.  
A mistake has been made and we must due time as if we committed a crime.

We're cats and dogs and very odd  
But our love lasts long and we flow like a theme song.  
We must forgive and forget so we can get along.  
And if we don't we have committed a crime inside and there will be time.

We would be as blue as the ocean,  
But as I said before family is forever and we've forgiven.  
We have good and bad times, but anything broken has been spoken.  
That's why family is our all.

# New World in Town By: Courtney Opoku

Dark are my wings stinging, stuttering, stopping  
Dark as the starless night  
Dark is my smile  
Cry out of sight

Don't let them see you  
Don't show how you feel  
Don't even show your emotion  
Unless it's not real

Produce a laugh hysterically, humorous, happy  
Produce a smile  
Produce something  
That is worth a while

Now I see the way it should be  
What normal to you is perplexing to me  
Unorganized patterns  
No cut and dry words  
Free is my mind, floating, freely, flapping like the birds

No longer do I have to remain  
All thoughts welcome in my domain  
There is a new world in town  
One that accepts you for who you are  
No race, no size, you are a shining star

## Sleeping Alongside the Stars By: Isabella Pappano

Staring up, gaping at the great vastness of our never ending galaxy,  
I sit up, contemplating, concentrating on the great beauty of the Milky Way,  
Perplexed, I just stare, having nothing to say,  
The night sky is a dark blue velvet carpet, engulfing the infinite abyss.

Showered with twinkling sparkles, scattered in the sky, just as random as sprinkles on a cupcake,  
Some are winking at me, acknowledging my wonder,  
And some are dancing in the sky, as I'm looking from down under,  
As the night continues, the clouds are lifting, the stars are shifting, and

The man in the moon is protecting me, extending to me the only light.  
He is looking as magnificent, majestic and magical as can be,  
And I, one day, would very much like to sleep amongst the stars and reach for the moon,  
In the ever-changing canvas of our galaxy that hypnotizes me.

# Path To Greatness By: Elijah Brown

The track life is great  
I have to find my own fate  
People don't hate because I don't hesitate  
Show me the way to not wait for where my track career accelerates.

I run like I'm a hot plate so don't make me get checkmate.  
If you want to have success you have to be obsessed in what you do best.  
I make it look so easy but you don't know the reasons.  
Now I'm becoming a star look how far I became a track star.

Pure acceleration is the way to go don't be so slow  
Or I'll make you blow before I'll hit you with snow.  
I am a student athlete with a sweetheart  
And don't mistreat when I compete  
Even when I do my worksheets in the classroom it feels like I am complete.

## KEEPING IT IN By: Ivana Culic

It's the anger inside of me I'm keeping it in  
You tell me to stop talking and just stand over there  
I try to show you I love you but you just don't care  
You text me "Yo, what's up, and hey" when I want you to say  
"How are you, I love you, and I need you to stay"

It's the sadness inside of me I'm keeping it in  
But I'm love struck and you're all stuck on this thing we used to be  
We need to be together  
Together as a team  
Us against the world  
That's how it should be

It's the love inside of me I'm not keeping it in  
I show it all day it's written on my skin  
I hate it,  
No more,  
Can you please leave?  
Unless you say that you are here to stay with me

## **BREEZE OF AIR** By: Ezana Negash

I wake up 5 a.m. and look out the window, but tripped on my toy flamingo  
I pick myself to see something peculiar, but then again it's way too familiar.  
I see the smog in the air and a dog sleeping like a log.  
There are no flowers blooming since business is booming.

Our world is run by corporate businessmen, but their lies to world don't make them wise men.  
The air is polluted, the cities are looted, all these con artists are simply stupid.  
Our voices can't be heard because they're muted, so we protest and get prosecuted.  
But these factory jobs run the town, however make them look rundown.

But whatever brings home money, makes the whole world look so lovely.  
To feed my number one, only son, feels great in the long run.  
As the town clock strikes six, I discuss with my friends about politics and the big corrupt man's party tricks.  
In the end, I do enough to provide for my family, but the world is still one calamity.

## **Which Road** By: Danae Tennant

Every decision you make will influence your life in some way,  
They will tell you where to go some day.  
The places you go, the people you meet  
Even the shoes that are on your feet  
All are a decision.

The road you take someday, will make you change your ways.  
The road you choose, just like your shoes,  
might change the rest of your life,  
Ask Daniel about his vans  
Now look at all of his fans

At the end of the day, whichever way  
It's all up to you  
Make it wise, make it smart  
Do whatever you hear from heart  
Which road.

Don't let anyone choose the road you will travel  
Down pavement, dirt, rocks, or gravel.  
There might be some bumps, maybe some humps  
But that can make all the difference

Use your laces to tie your dreams in place.  
Sometimes it's all about the chase  
The road you take, your life's at stake  
Come on now which road will you take

# The Fallen Branch of the Family Tree By: Abigail Oliver

In the distance, where the sun rays gleam,  
Toppling over the moon's bare beams.  
The soul of a man lingers far,  
Chest forged with battles wounds and scars.

He loved his children more than anything else,  
Except for the scotch bottle upon the shelf.  
Sipping from the bottle every night,  
Fists of fury and constant bar fights.

The Irish soul, long gone,  
The paranoia lives on.  
Hangovers, nightmares and hallucinations, oh my!  
He never did understand why.

Seizures overcame him from the lack of booze,  
Begged to drink again, he had nothing to lose.  
He realized it was time to give up,  
He finally reached the bottom of the cup.

Graciously helped from his depressed state,  
33 years marks his sober self's date.  
Good came from this, more and more,  
Destiny came pounding on his door.

A child is born, his only granddaughter,  
She flourishes from the many things he taught her.  
He filled her heart with ravishing love,  
Taught her to sing to the darling doves.

Morning and night he kissed her cheek,  
Little was known, he was growing old and weak,  
Despite his matters he drove her to school,  
Potentially making her look like a fool.

He smiles for the children, watches them play,  
The process repeats every single day.  
The love he had for his darling granddaughter,  
Praying every night, using the rose water.

He began to feel the age catch up,  
Someone else was becoming the grownup.  
As he grew older, positions changed,  
The granddaughters plans began to rearrange.

One time he was hospitalized, two than three,  
She knew it was coming, begged God to for him to leave.  
She couldn't bare to see him suffocate in pain,  
She cried and cried, her tears became the rain.

But soon enough he passed, so happy and free from torture,  
The good memories they had, had begun to scorch her.  
Her small mind was tainted, it was her first wake,  
She tries hard to not think about it, but for God's sake,

The emotion is an inevitable, great deal of pain,  
One half of her is with him, the other is left in shame.  
That she couldn't go in, or hand him the letter,  
I guess this was it, for him it was better.

He pranced around the Gates, with his beautiful wife,  
Marveling the wonderful, joyous life.  
Subtract the hardships and add the smiles,  
He watches his children travel miles.

A branch has fallen from the family tree,  
The granddaughter has finally stopped her pleas.  
Cause when she saw him sleeping, so peaceful and free from pain,  
How could she wish him back to suffer once again?

It broke her heart to lose him,  
She sang his favorite hymn.  
But he did not go alone,  
The day God had called him home.

One less soldier in the USMC,  
One more branch fallen from our family tree.  
So Semper Fi, Marine Corporal Brown,  
Now you are sleeping, so safe and sound.

## **Key to Success**

By: Kristin Scott

The curiosity of the mind will take you farther than ever  
Keep walking and treading but stay light as a feather  
From the pettifogging people who leave you, and the piddling person that goes  
The people with woe, are usually the ones that go

The "necessary" people might leave you astray  
The cats will plead but you mustn't let them chase  
So stay strong, let them know  
That if they mess with you, they will get chewed

Don't take anything from anyone  
You won't say strung  
Listen to this crucial key to success  
So that everything will do, will be cool

# WORLD BETTER OFF WITHOUT DARKNESS

By: Isaiah Baskerville

It's a reloaded version of a world with a powerful darkness covering on it  
Deep inside earth we sinning in it.  
Beyond the yore i just implore and I just forged the prophecy next is gonna be my odessey.

A primordial darkness to them is swish around the world, ignorance is bliss.

It's like the Garden of Eden the first humans got the hiss.

Humanity ready to let out a scream, you're in a middle of a war and a person that looks flee

Confidence is the facts joker is like the laugh everyone has the croke joker got the last joke.  
A reason to be Alive is to be underneath the hive.

Tupac told me that the world was covered in darkness better off to go Heavenly Father you  
know I'm praying for this evil to go

Wouldn't be a earth without the evil that split the verse it's like a horrible curse  
Watch as she open up her arms to hug me not worry about a lil thing

I hear you tried to change your ways and the world won't let me lead the praise war and  
death were to them sufficient I wanna break the cycle like I do division

It's the story of a visionary who envisions something wonderful waiting for tomorrow  
makes me tear up saw the people I care for fall during the struggle

Let's make the world better take the pain away and make love a great possibility

This is a final message: We are the people who can protect the world from the darkness that  
creeps within it



**Rain Walk** By: Sophie Hyder

Elegant drops fall from the air,  
The ones that dry and wet your hair,  
Falling to the floor below,  
As if the air has let it go.

The clouds begin to fill the sky,  
All the rain begins to fly,  
When all of a sudden I'm standing there,  
And not a drop falls from the air.

The leaves below crinkle and crunch,  
The grass bends inward like a punch,  
Although the rain is gone for now,  
It will always come back,  
Even if, we don't know how.

**The One and Only ...**By:Bryan Singer

His game is a sun  
It shines when he plays and shows he has fun  
All he has on the court is his new ball  
He already knows the defenders will fall

He shows his skills and it's a deadly kill  
Everyone watches and think it's a thrill  
His face says it, he knows he came to teach  
Then he tells the guy on him, "Don't reach"

His game is like fire, everyone wishes they could acquire  
It is very great to see I'm not some liar  
He plays swift, superior, sweet, and super  
He quite is one mighty trooper

He presses to the paint with all of his power  
It's just one person you don't want to encounter  
He steps back, side steps, and swishes a shot  
Brought down to the ground, the defender knew he got caught

Everyone calls him, "awesome, amazing" and is astonished  
He's a flawless game changer and can't be demolished  
He is the flame straight from a kiln  
And will put you in a highlight film

Many people are impressed with his fancy moves  
When he's in a groove he'll show there's a lot to prove  
With some broken ankles you'll need some nursing  
Knowing it's from the one and only Kyrie Irving

# Nowhere

By Sophia Lewis

“Gah!” I yelp. I rub the spot where I hit my head on the low ceiling. No, not a ceiling, but the bottom of a bunk bed. Blinking sleep out of my eyes, I poke my head out of the bunk. I was in a small grey cell. Why was I there? What the heck was I doing in a prison?

Squinting through the faint light filtering through the barred window in the door, I spot my best friend slouching on a metal bench across the hall. I stumbled to the door, hissing to him, “Codie!” I didn’t know who else was outside that door outside of my view, and honestly, some part of me didn’t want to know. He looked up from his clasped hands, his eyes red with tears.

“Rai!” he cries. He bolts to the door, wrapping his hands around the thick metal bars. “You’ve been out for hours! I swear, they got it out for you. They just—” He stopped suddenly at the loud clanging sound of a metal door banging open. I followed his eyes to a blue clad police officer, with a hard face and frozen blue eyes.

His badge flashed in the cold white light streaming from the single naked light hanging from the ceiling. “Alright boys, I gotta move you to another cell. The higher ups wanna put you someplace where they can keep a better eye on ya. Get your things.”

The jingle of keys ring in the tiny space as he opens my cell. “Uh, s’cuse me, but why am I in a prison cell, and where the heck am I?” I ask as I step out, confusion and a sense of dread making my stomach hurt.

The officer laughs. “You have no clue?” I shake my head. “This is Nowhere, Arizona kid, and you are in a lot of trouble.”

I sat in an uncomfortable wooden chair, in another cell room, with Codie sitting outside again. The only difference between this room and the other is the barred window streaming golden sunshine into the room. I watch the little specks of dust drifting through the light, giving the space an even more abandoned feel. I saw that the door of the cell, *my* cell, had a sheet of paper, that said my name, age, and a word that I couldn’t explain. *Murder*. I may have been a drunk in high school and that one year of college I could stand before I flunked a few months ago, and gotten in trouble for the occasional vandalism, but I never *killed* anyone.

Resting my forehead against my palm, I tried to recall anything from before 15 minutes ago. Nothing. A gaping hole in my history, erased like the mark of a pencil. The last thing that comes to mind is getting into a car, not mine I think, and slamming the door, the beer in my hand sloshing onto the floor.

“Hey Codie.” I call.

“Yea?”

“You remember anything from last night?”

Before he can answer, the same stone faced cop bangs open the door. “What’s with you and kicking open doors?” I yell over the clamor. He ignores me as he slides a cardboard tray through the bars of the door. I look at it. “You seriously give your prisoners McDonalds?” I laugh.

“What, you want the oatmeal mush issued to us by the Law Enforcement Chief?” he grunts as he walks out the door. I reach over to the Big Mac and start to unwrap it. Fair enough.

My wrists hurt from where the handcuffs were. I can hear Codie snoring as he dozes on the bench. I scratch at a bug bite on my ankle, when I see a smudge of blue ink beneath my sock. Peeling it off in the summer heat, or maybe just the heat of the South West, I gape at the message written there.

TALK TO LILY!

Lily Brooks. My sister. I think she lives in San Francisco. But why would I talk to her? I look up at Codie, his chin in his hand, staring at the whitewashed wall. I get up. Clear my throat. The stone faced cop turns to me. “I think I might use my one phone call.” I ask nervously. Maybe this is the kind of town where you don’t get a phone call at all.

I punch in her cell when the guy hands me my phone. It rings twice before she picks up. “Hello?”

“Lily? This is Rai. You need to help me.”

“Calraid? You haven’t talked to me in over a year, and now you’re demanding my help?”

“Uh, yes.” As you can tell, my conversation skills aren’t the best.

“I want to speak to Codell. He’s always been the smarter of you two.” I motion to Codie, who has been watching me since I asked for the phone. I give him the cell.

“Codell Keller speaking. Oh, hey Lily!” Pause. “Yeah, we are in a bit of a pickle. If you can drive down here, I don’t think we’re that far away. We’re in Nowhere, Arizona. I think it’s just an hour’s-” He’s cut off. “Oh really? Great! See you in a few!” He hangs up. Codie turns to me as he says, “Lily is staying in Casa Grande with a friend. She should be here in around fifteen minutes.”

“Now what the heck have you two gotten yourselves into this time?” Lily says as she sits down on the bench outside my cell.

“Apparently I murdered somebody last night.” She laughs out loud as I talk. “No seriously! I’ve been arrested for murder yesterday, but the thing is, I remember nothing between getting into someone else’s car, drink in hand, and waking up here with Codie outside my cell and some nasty cop saying I killed a guy. Honest!”

“Alright. So, assuming that you’re not playing some mean joke on me, I have to bail your butt out of jail in some town in the middle of nowhere.” Lily sighs. She walks over to the cop with cold dead eyes. I can’t hear what she is saying, but the guy comes over with her after a moment of silence and knowing glances.

“Listen, I can’t show you no body, but I can show you the witness and the knife. Though, you don’t really need to see the knife you used to carve out an innocent’s throat.” I wince at that.

Lily, Codie, the cop, and I walk into a room way down the bare hallway that runs the length of the cinderblock building. Naked light bulbs hang from the ceiling. I jump, making my handcuffs clink, when one of the bulbs wink out. The place smells like an old attic. Musty. I file into a room that looks almost identical to the room I came from. There sits a thin, wiry man, with a tuft of blonde hair on his head. He looks jittery, ready to run away at any minute. He certainly doesn’t look like the kind of guy to live in some town in the middle of nowhere. He would probably be more at home behind a computer in a cubicle in some city. “This is the man who says he saw you kill his brother.” The little man’s watery blue eyes look up at me, filled with nervous fear.

“Y-y-you killed him! D-dead! My only brother!” he exclaims, eyes darting from Lily to me. That’s weird.

I turn to the cop. “Can I see a picture of the man I supposedly killed?” He walks out of the small room, and comes back with a filing-type folder. On it was written *Calraid Brooks Case*. I open it up, with some difficulty. Stupid Handcuffs. There’s a page typed up about my personal information, the information of the crime, and the personal information of the victim. Paperclipped at the top were two pictures. One was of me, laughing with oversized sunglasses perched on my head. It was my Facebook profile picture. The other was of a man I recognized.

That was Lily’s ex. I talked with him online every now and then. But I have no reason to kill him. I barely knew the guy, let alone hated him enough to rip his throat out. Anybody who knows me would agree; I have little to no temper, even when I’m drunk. One of my friends once told me that I was like a dopey kitten as soon as the beer entered my hand.

He was a nice guy, the murder victim. His name was Andy Gomez. He had gotten along really well with Lily, until his mother died. After that, he got kind of depressed. Lily was always bothering him all the time, saying that he should just hang out with her, do what she wanted to do. Andy broke up with her when she said that he was overreacting, and that he was making a big deal over nothing. She didn’t take the breakup well. I guess you can say that she became some crazy ex-girlfriend that you see on tv, only crazier. But every time she tried to get back with him, he just turned her down.

But the thing is, Andy was an only child. He never had any brother, and he was Hispanic. The man in front of me looked nothing like the picture in the file. I looked over at Lily. She was breaking a sweat. Suspicious.

“Hey Lily,” I asked, holding up the picture of Andy. “Isn’t this your ex?” She gulps as she turns around.

“Yes...”

“And don’t you have a grudge against him?”

“Yes...”

“And one against me, for being the family idiot, dragging you down in school, thus not letting you get into college?”

“Yes...” At this point she isn’t even looking at me, or anyone else for that matter. Just at the floor.

“Officer, I think we have a suspect with a much better motive for killing one man and framing another.” I said, turning from Lily to the cop. Codie had a big smile on his face. We were free.

The man on the bench started to sob. “She hired me, but I had nothing to do with the murder! All I was supposed to do was play witness, and say that this kid was a killer, I swear! I didn’t even see the murder happen!”

“Doesn’t matter. You boys can go,” the cop says as he unlocks my cuffs and puts them on Lily. “As for you, there is a womens’ prison not too far from here, and I think the Chief will approve of the transfer. We can’t have a crazed murderer runnin’ ‘round Nowhere, Arizona!”

I keep trying to tell myself that I’m ok  
But nothing listens  
My heart still beats out of my chest  
My brain still worries  
My stomach still flutters  
My eye still tear  
And I’m sitting here  
Encased in my problems & worries

I’m not good at anything I’m just OK  
I’m not good at singing I’m just  
OK I just need to practice  
I’m not good at art I’m just  
OK I just needed to stop worrying about everyone else’s work  
I’m not good at sports I’m just  
OK I just need to stop comparing myself  
I’m not good at anything I’m just  
OK I just need to stay determined & try harder

On a night that’s far from light  
And at a time as endless as souls  
I depend on hope and fear to keep me going  
And sometimes sadness and anger creep in  
But only for the night  
And as I wander on endless grounds  
And lean on endless worries  
My shadow crosses the lands  
Searching for nothing but peace

By Cassidy Joyce

*Happiness will rain  
We'll all come together  
We'll all discover the true meaning of life  
Happiness...the pure essence  
There's nothing more powerful  
Than it  
By M.J.A.*

# Children

Written by: Jennifer Maciejak

The young ONES  
The angels  
The daughters and SONS  
There are many of them  
Not only ONE.  
They are different sizes  
Tall yet TINY  
And even though the parents love them  
They can be WHINY  
They run all AROUND  
Especially on the PLAYGROUND  
And even though they are cute  
They can beat parents to the GROUND  
Their love shines bright  
And keeps on growing

## **One Step, One Death** By: Nneka Arinze

One Step  
One Death  
People dying left and right

Two Steps  
Two Deaths  
All but my friends and I

Three Steps  
Three Deaths  
The struggle on a winter's night

A Thousand Steps  
A Thousands Deaths  
Now it's me myself and I

## Stars

By: Lorelle Adames

The darker the night  
The harder your life may get  
The brighter the dawn  
The more happiness in your life  
I have been in a place for six incredible years  
I have been neglected before  
Where winning meant a crust of bread  
And making someone happy  
I had created a happy world of make- believe  
Where I watched the night sky  
A world of beauty and love  
A world like the one above  
When it gets really, really dark,  
When one sees the true brilliance of stars

## Life of a Flag

Written by: Sebastian Z

It's 8:10  
The Loudspeaker activates  
I am on the wall  
Hanging  
The principal asks everyone  
To stand up  
Say the Pledge of Allegiance  
Students eyes directly at me  
Me  
Without knowing why  
Students are staring at me  
What did I do?  
I am simple.  
Blanket of cloth.  
Red. White. Blue.

When I look up,  
The sun is still there,  
But swarms of bombs are falling.  
When I look down,  
The earth is still there,  
But it is shaking.  
When I look around me,  
The wall that stood proud for many years,  
Has fallen  
The tall buildings I grew up staring,  
Has collapsed  
The bustling hometown of mine,  
Is stained in blood, and misery  
When I face reality  
Will I survive?

Will I be taken to a concentration camp...  
Will I spend years in pain and misery,  
Without any say...  
If I survive?

Can I actually be able to dream,  
To hope,  
To be able to believe and keep a lingering thought  
That I can actually get through this?  
Or will I become another nameless corpse...  
If I survive today,  
What will be waiting?  
A miracle where this is over instantly?  
I can only dream...

My family cannot be together again.  
My home,  
Once filled with  
The sweet aroma  
Of mama's cakes...  
The sound  
Of my little  
Siblings playing...  
Papa's warm embrace  
My prior life,

Gone.  
I stare at the sun once more,  
My fingertips reaching out in front of my face  
Skinny rays of light  
Shining in my eyes  
Lying in the shaking ground,  
Unable to move  
With thick slices of rock,  
Pinning my legs and chest.  
I think about the future,  
If I survive,  
What's left for a Jewish child  
Like me

By Paulina Acosta

# Parents

Written by: Frantz Pierre-Jerome Jr.

When I was a baby boy  
I had come out of the **WOMB**  
Inside there, I felt like my whole life  
I was trapped inside of a dangerous **TOMB**  
Since that day,  
You both stared at me as if I  
Was a trophy made of **GOLD**  
Throughout my whole life  
You both have taught me  
How to be brave and to be **BOLD**  
As I grew up to be a young man  
I did some bad things  
You punished me  
Which felt like **TORTURE**  
But I knew  
You were trying to teach me  
Good things  
Which seems like  
A momma bird  
Giving a baby bird **NURTURE**

# Children

Written by: Luis Flores

Adorable, tiny, and **GROWING**.  
All the more painful to be seeing them **GOING**.  
Seeing them **PLAY**  
So happy and **GAY**  
Now my world is so very sad and **GRAY**  
But for the echoing sound of another **DAY**  
The responsibility  
So long gone.  
I can not **SEE**  
Why?  
The reason is?  
You.  
You are leaving **ME**.



There's a feelings in the air  
A lack of care and a drought of despair  
Because everyday there's more and more  
Pollution that this world can't store.

Look outside, see the trees  
Watch the flowers in the breeze  
It won't be the same in a year or two  
If pollution is a tactic commonly used.

Seize the night  
Seize the day  
Rebuild Mother's nature's  
Beauty today.

We're blindfolded by what's inside  
While there's acres of issues we do not realize  
All the garbage, daily it doubles  
At the same time the Ozone crumbles.

Ascending up  
It twists and it twirls  
Around the clouds  
Spirals and spins around the world

Don't blame mother nature  
It's not father time  
It's the simple laziness  
Of you and I.

When we die what kind of world will we leave?  
For it has embedded us with the characters we be  
Later generations will breathe so free  
Thanks completely to you and me.

by Louie Mignone

Cans, bucket, glass, and tin  
means no more dolphin, whale or shark fins.  
Life as we know it can come to an end  
If we keep thinking selfishly, with no hand to lend.  
We need help, as much as we can get,  
So that we can finally stop living in this avoidable threat.  
Our oceans are infested,  
But nobody's invested  
The time and effort.  
If it was you needing to use that water,  
You sure would then experience the relevant, respective terror.

By Kacey Gleaton

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AIR POLLUTION

By Jean-luc Cataquet

Air pollution  
Will cause our extinction.  
It is very bad,  
And makes mother nature really mad.

There has to be a solution  
To all if this pollution  
Pollution needs an end  
When will the message send?

Soon we will be alone.  
Our earth will no longer be,  
Anything beautiful we've ever known,  
Will wash away as quick as the sea.

Mother Nature,  
Will no longer forgive,  
As it no longer cannot live.

Air Pollution, is without a doubt,  
The reason the human race will wipe out,  
All pollution does,  
Is create a frown,  
So let's stop it now, before the air on our earth turns brown.

**ANY LONGER** By Kofi Opoku-Agyeman

Where are the birds that used to dot the sky?  
They're not here any longer and I have no wonder why.

Where are the fish that used to swim in the streams?  
They're not here any longer and I don't know what it means.  
Where are the frogs that used to croak around this lake?  
I can't hear them any longer, there must be a mistake.

I wish there was a clock whose hands would rewind,  
So we could abide, by the rules and save mankind.

The sky, the ocean, the beautiful waves, everything  
Could have been saved.

For it's too late now, and we wait now  
To see whether the sky will light up again.

But for now we sit in darkness  
The fumes in the cloud.

Where oh where are the birds that used to sing out loud?  
How I miss, I miss that joyful sound.

Where we used to prance and play around  
But for now we wait.

Our pre-determined fate  
Why oh why were must we have this fate?

**THIS DREAM OF OURS**

By Aman Bellele

Imagine water  
As blue as can be and clean  
As this dream of ours

But this cannot be  
Pollution just takes away  
From this dream of ours

You turn my sea dark  
And hurt the fish in the sea  
With this dream of yours

So why pollution  
You ruin our fresh water  
And this dream of ours

But this should only  
Motivate us to fight back  
For this dream of ours

We all have a job from the day of our birth.  
It's important to take care of the Earth.

So if we want to leave our future generations a world that's clean,  
Then we all need to try to live more green.

Our plants and our lungs deserve clean air.  
Let's put a stop to global warming. It's only fair.

When we get in the car to go somewhere,  
We are unknowingly hurting the air.

If everyone chose to ride a bus instead,  
We wouldn't have air quality days that are code red.

By taking the subway/trains to get somewhere,  
We are showing our Earth we really care.

By choosing a car that is electrically run,  
We preserve the air and help the Earth a ton.

To be a green superhero, we don't need superpowers or a cape.  
By walking instead, we help our Earth (and our bodies) in better shape.  
Or when it comes to purchasing a car,  
Choose a smaller one. It will take you just as far.

So let's all make better choices when it comes to our planet.  
Let's protect our Mother Nature and not take her for granted.

**By Alex**

### **Water Pollution** By Ruth Donagher

People go polluting Earth, but even worse still,  
People love ignoring all the things they hurt and kill

14 billion pounds of waste dumped in the ocean every year  
People don't know catastrophe is coming ever near

Some people think that ocean life is all that's really hurt,  
The reality is humankind is choking in their dirt

Three percent of deaths result from water that's unclean,  
That's 2.2 million mothers, kids, and everyone in between

Just think that 46% of all our country's lakes  
Are so polluted fish can't live there. We need to fix all our mistakes.

So if anyone tries to tell us that there's nothing you can do,  
Or thinks that there's no point, or that we'll never follow through

Than just quietly remind them that if we don't even try,  
The thirsty, sick people of the future will ask why

Why those people all those years ago kept on doing what they do  
And how they didn't see that we are all the victims, too

**How Strange** by Olivia Ridley

How strange.  
How strange that our world can bleed right through our fingers,  
When it was supposed to be in our hands.  
Even stranger, we let it bleed.  
We watch it bleed.  
We don't bring our fingers tighter,  
Instead we make them looser  
And watch.  
And even stranger,  
As our world melts,  
It hurts.  
The acid creeps into our lungs  
Nitrogen oxide, SPM, Sulphur Dioxide  
Names of things we even haven't heard of,  
Seep into our lungs poisoning us  
Poisoning our mothers,  
Poisoning our fathers,  
Poisoning our sisters,  
Poisoning our brothers,  
Poisoning innocent souls that aren't even responsible,  
But yet, we still loosen our fingers.  
Looser and looser  
One species goes extinct  
Two, Three  
Looser still  
Another hundred gone,  
Until...  
The world slips  
It's our turn to suffer from our problem  
And soon,  
We will go  
But, We can still bring our fingers tighter  
We can still save our home,  
But what's so peculiar, what's so strange  
Is that with all of this precious knowledge,  
We do nothing

**A Fish With A Wish** By Somalia Bryant

I'm just a little fish with a small little wish, living in the big ocean blue  
I guess life's pretty chill when there's nothing to do because you can't seem to breathe from all the  
waste  
I don't know why, but it's like they want us to die and what kind of change could I make?  
All they have got to do is stop polluting the waters, and that is all it will take  
There's no way to win when I can't see my fin because the water is so dirty and brown  
I tend to get lost when the water's not clear and I can't keep up with my fish town  
I swam and I swam and came across a can that was dropped in my home by an idiotic man  
I said to myself how obnoxious and rude I've never seen someone as stupid and careless as this dude  
Just like I said pretty soon I'll be dead and after that more will keep on dying  
Maybe if you spread the word people will stop when they have heard and all will be good in the sea

# Ocean Blue

by Jonathan Strozyk

In 1492, Columbus sailed the "ocean blue"  
After toxins and wastes destroyed our oceans,  
There is no longer an "ocean blue"

In 1492, Columbus sailed the "ocean blue"  
Little did he know that the ocean wouldn't be blue for long  
As we all polluted along

In 1492, Columbus sailed the "ocean blue"  
With fish and other creatures that swam  
AND enjoyed their lives without spam

In 1492, Columbus sailed the "ocean blue"  
With coral reefs that people enjoyed  
And that pollution destroyed

In 1492, Columbus sailed the "ocean blue"  
With anemones and seaweed that swayed with the current  
And didn't have to knockback all of the dirt and grime

In 2015, we went in the ocean, and didn't realize all of the trash  
In 2016, we'll go in the ocean and try and pick it up in a flash

In order to keep our "ocean blue"  
We mustn't pollute for we'll give it a flu

But if we keep it healthy  
And treat it properly  
We will once again be able to sail the "ocean blue"

## Clean Waters? By Gabrielle Lacour

Never have I seen the day when water was so clear  
I live vicariously through images  
Pictured in them clear running streams  
And crystal-like waves lapping at the shore

Now all the water that you see is gray and brown and filled with junk  
Not a pretty  
Why can't it be like once before blue and full of life  
Blackened waves on a blackened shore, we'll try with all our might

But alas the damage is already done  
Nothing can be changed  
Because this has gone on for too long  
And we have changed our fate

Where once were clear waters  
Now all that we see  
Ourselves in the reflection of a dirtied abyss

But how could it be, what once had beauty  
Is now so dirty and dark  
I can no longer see the fish under me  
And it really breaks my heart

Ocean, lake, river  
It's a life giver  
Drip, drizzle, drop

This force of nature can't be stopped

Comes from the sky, is under our feet  
Will travel through mountains so two ends meet  
Keep the water clean and I will call that a win  
Keep the water clean and save some for our kin

Toxic, dirty, filled with waste  
We must clean Earth's water with much haste  
We are killing all the sea life including the fish  
Is this really what you wished?

Ice, clouds, even mist  
So many forms I can create a list  
So save the water, save the earth  
And to a new era we will give birth

By Jared Wolf

*The coral reefs are dying,*

*And all the fish are trying,  
Trying to survive.  
Trying to stay alive.*

*We must fix this problem we've made,  
The water is getting thicker.  
In this water, we don't want to wade  
Now the water is getting browner.*

*Swimming, swimming in the sea  
My eyes are open but I can't see.  
I come above for a breath of air,  
And there's lots of trash in my hair.*

*We must fix this problem we've made,  
The water is full of garbage.  
In this water, we don't want to wade  
Now the water is full of dead creatures.*

*Oh, how we all miss the taste of fresh water on our lips,  
Now all we taste are chemicals.  
Clean water is falling from our grips,  
Soon, there'll be none left at all.*

*We must fix this problem we've made,  
The water is full of oil.  
In this water, we don't want to wade,  
Now the water is killing birds, too.*

*Now off to Mars we go,  
In search for more water to drink,  
Soon that water will be polluted,  
Humans will soon be on extinction's brink.*

*We must fix this problem we've made,  
We're nearly out of water.  
In this water we don't want to wade,  
Now this water is practically acid.*

*By Olivia Miller*



# The Calm before the Storm

by Imani Miller

Neptune's watchful eyes observe and protect the oceans,  
His palace residing among his children, brothers, and sisters.  
To serve the ocean was his purpose, to protect it was his duty,  
The calm reserve of the mighty sea his pride and joy.  
His charming village, stocked with creatures of every kind, was his vast sanctuary.  
The slow, smooth rhythm of the ocean resounding deep into the waters of his home.

Until the beasts came.

Greed filled their hearts, masquerading as curiosity.  
Their vicious machines spouting foul forms of death into the tranquil ocean.  
His home, oceans, lakes, rivers, ponds, puddles, had been conquered.  
Multitudes of foreign chemicals spilled into the sea, hurting souls who by chance resided there.  
What once was home was now unknown, grey, back, gone.

The ocean was now a maze of hazards, blinding Neptune both physically and mentally.  
Rage crowded his brain, fury overflowing, anger huddling in the corners.  
The sun never shone on the murky waters, and Neptune's golden heart turned black.  
He desired to now punish the beasts, for they had polluted and broken his sanctuary.  
Their silver liquid would now harm them, seeping into their own bones and bloodstreams;  
They would never drink without checking the water they had contaminated,  
His army of fish, filled with the same harmful chemicals, would feast on their insides;

He meant to destroy the very things they needed and carefully cherished.  
And when this was over, when they needed and carefully cherished.  
Only when they knew the power of the great Neptune would the sea turn back to normal.  
Only then would Neptune's watchful eyes protect and guide the oceans once again.

## **Water Pollution** By Will Shick

If we pump all the toxins into the sea,  
It'll just make life harder for you and me.  
You see, the toxic chemicals make our water undrinkable,  
The harmful effects are completely unthinkable.

Some kids are drinking lead-poisoned H<sub>2</sub>O;  
Their heartbeats are becoming deadly slow.  
How would they know if it was unsafe to drink?  
They might as well have been drinking printing ink.

We've used way too many pesticides!  
For aquifers, the end is nigh.  
Though pesticides will kill all the pests,  
Polluted water might be the humans last test.

What about all the garbage we've ditched?  
It can strangle birds and murder fish!  
Most plastics are non-biodegradable.  
Pollution issues are non-debatable.

It's funny; we've seem to think that our nation  
Won't become a polluted civilization  
But with this water pollution hurting us all  
Eventually we will fall.

## **Water Pollution**

Water sustains all of our being  
It gives us all strength and flows so freely  
It cuts through mountains and feeds new life  
It nourishes our land and keeps it bright  
Glowing blue when clean and clear  
But reckless people perpetuate fear  
Fear that our water is not safe to drink  
They fill it with garbage, toxics, and waste  
Our children will suffer the effects of debris  
Of bacteria of sewage of unnatural decay  
Please keep our waters healthy and strong  
Water is essential for the world to go on  
Clean up our waters, clean up your act  
The emissions, the gases, the corrosion, it's sad  
Help be a part of the world clean and pure  
Help keep our water harmless for sure  
Keep all your garbage in nice little cans  
Not in the water that runs through our hands

By Sophia Scholz

# Recycle me!

By Melanie Maciejak

Swinging cheerfully from my owner's hand.  
Seeing the recycle bin I will soon land.  
Even though i am empty I still have a purpose,  
Making sure i don't end up in sand.

Still swinging knowing the end is near,  
Soon i will be nothing but a little swear.  
I am so ready to be recycled ,  
But something made my owner stear.

Running faster and faster since she hears her name,  
Away from the bin, but who am i to blame?  
I hope she goes back and recycles me,  
Surely she wouldn't be that lame.

As she finds her friends she then just drops me,  
I tumble and fall while banging my imaginary knee.  
I turn and twist into the ocean,  
Doesn't anyone on this beach see me!

The cool waves take me away,  
And i know this is where i will stay.  
It's simply awful, being tossed and turned,  
Will i ever be recycled?... I may

I pass out from the constant waves,  
And when i wake up I'm in such a daze.  
I look around and see things just like me,  
Piled in a huge mound of trash it all lays.

The waves bring me over to the heap,  
Oh what i would have done if i could leap.  
I hate this so much then i start to cry.  
As i slowly begin to seep.

Into the mound, there i go,  
Down deeper, very, very low.  
I can't breathe , too much trash,  
I finally give up it's too deep and too slow.

I feel myself fading, oh what should i do,  
I close my eyes and think it all through.  
There's nothing to help me and im going to die,  
I let myself be pulled underneath one dirty show.  
I'm gone...

## **Raging River** by Nyakerario Ogora

I was once revered and feared.  
They took my offerings with folded hands  
And transversed me with wonder.  
They beheld my beauty as I tripped and fell  
From the mountainous highs to the plains of yore.  
Then I was hailed.  
'Raging river', they call me now!

Down the ages, with twisted intent,  
Or perhaps through a misplaced sentiment,  
They offered me everything  
Except the respect I deserved.  
They filled me up with their filth and sins,  
And called for my blessings in return.  
Raging rivers do not bless!

In time, they schemed some more.  
They tried to mould my gait  
And rein in my strength.  
As if that was not enough,  
They cut across my length and breadth.  
Then stood their victories upon me.  
Raging rivers do not yield!

Now I gasp, with corpses of humanity -  
Sodden, stinking, and wasted.  
My stomach churns, and I,  
Sickened with their darkest sins  
Throw up violent and ugly torrents.  
Remember, I was once pure and serene?  
'Raging River', they call me now.

*Spring in the air  
Flowers are blooming sky high  
Children are laughing  
- Ashley Pierre*

Love is just a word  
When you experience love  
Everything changes  
- Ashley Pierre

## Standing in a Void by Lindsay Levine

We all touch, and we can all see  
    Began in cosmic history.  
But what we do, and what we destroy  
    Could leave us standing in a void.  
It seems that humans can't understand  
    The issue that we have at hand.  
The water is polluted, it's full of trash  
And no one is thinking about the backlash.  
Species are dying, choking in their home  
    There is danger everywhere they roam.  
When species die, the food chain will change  
    Yet no one seems to find this strange.  
It will not work, animals will die  
Because ignorant humans can't open up their eyes.  
    If fish are dying, others are too  
    They cannot find any good food.  
The shrimp you eat, the lobster you feast upon,  
    Soon it will all be gone.  
It's not just them, it's not just you  
    If nothing changes, we're all doomed.  
There must be change, and it must be now  
    Continuation cannot be allowed.  
So make a change, take it back what you've destroyed  
    And maybe we won't end up standing in a void.

Summer smells good  
Summer feels good  
It's sunny outside  
The flowers are growing  
-Lourdena Pierre

When you fall in love  
    With someone  
You cannot help yourself  
    You just love  
- Lourdena Pierre

## **Water! Water!** By Jsmail Taylor-Kamara

Water! Water! Everywhere but not a single drop to spare  
Filled with so pollution, but none are aware  
We want to help but all we do is stare  
No remorse, we don't care  
From now on we should all beware  
Water! Water! Everywhere but not a single drop to spare  
1.2 trillion gallons of untreated sewage in the lakes  
So much of the sewage it will make your heart break  
Fish are in the water dying, but we won't help  
Water! Water! Everywhere not a single clean drop to spare  
Factories dump their junk into the rivers  
The fish in the water can feel the junk as it forces them to quiver  
Detergent, Drano, bleach and paint  
Tons of these toxins are quaint  
They contaminate groundwater with weed killers  
These killers will soon become our killers  
It's still very sad that we don't care because...  
Water! Water! Everywhere but not a single clean drop to spare

---

What is the purpose of water?

Hydration,

Nutrience,

But what is the real purpose of water?

To see a moving reflection?

To wash our hands?

To grow our plants?

To clean our dishes?

The meaning of water.

It is much more than just rain,

It is more than a drink.

And it is so much more than just water.

Our water.

The water we feel against our skin diving into the ocean,

The water we feel rush through our veins,

The water we feel warm our bodies,

The water we need to survive.

Without water, these little things would not only lose purpose, but they would lose meaning.

Cherishing our water is the first step to keeping our water,

So, let's do exactly that,

Before the last water we see is the tears running down our faces when it's all gone.

By Sophie Hyder

# Grandparents

by Elijah Millington

As the fire crackles in the house  
The light smaller than a flea  
Sat the grandparents  
Quiet. Still. Silent like trees  
The past struck them with their stories  
Memories flooding into their minds  
Memories of glory,  
Sadness,  
Hatred and fearful times  
It was filled with fun  
The joy rushin' through as they sat  
It was filled with regret  
Quiet. Still. Silent like cats.  
The rain lapped against the windowpane  
They blinked within each clap of thunder  
Thinking of the roots that created them  
The heritage that they plundered.  
Their eyes settled lower  
Thinking of the world now  
The harsh wins  
The deadly sins  
Haunting the frozen ground.  
The family they protected. They had  
Now gone away  
But you can't turn back time  
To yesterday.  
The quietness of the room  
The thoughts of hope  
That their children's, children's children  
Would write on the envelope  
Saying their regards to them  
For all they've done  
For all the hard work put in them  
It's the end of they're fun  
And as the old parents sat together  
Near the dying fire  
They knew now how good they've done  
Now there was something to admire.

## **Superhero** by Alh Ousman Tangerang

Yeah, flying through the universe  
Trying to fix your broken heart  
You don't have to be so brave  
Let me be your superhero  
Take off your mask  
You don't need a symbol on your chest,  
Let me be your superhero  
Trying to fix your broken heart  
Sometime love's a scary place  
It's like standing in the dark  
Let me be your superhero  
Let me be your superhero  
Baby take off your mask  
Baby I don't want to be famous  
Let me be your superhero  
Flying through the universe  
Trying to fix your broken heart  
Let me be your superhero  
Let me be your superhero  
Take off your mask  
Show the world who are  
Let me be your superhero  
Flying through the universe  
Trying to fix your broken heart  
Take off your mask  
Show the world who you are  
Let me be your superhero  
Let me be your superhero

## **Better Than This** by Alh Ousman Tangerang

I'm walking on the moon  
And my hands are tied  
Yeah, cause it doesn't get  
Better than this  
If I could stop the world tonight  
No it doesn't get  
Better than this  
If I could fly tonight  
It doesn't get better than this  
So step right up  
On the stage  
Free yourself  
From the cage  
It doesn't get better than this  
If I could stop the world tonight  
Cause it doesn't get  
Better than this  
I'm walking on the moon  
And my hands are tied  
Cause it doesn't get  
Better than this  
Step right up  
On the stage  
Free yourself  
From the cage  
Cause it doesn't get  
Better than this  
Better than this



# REMEMBER

by Ashley Azana

Remember the time  
When people were healthy  
And only had to care about  
Widespread diseases

Remember when,  
Children laughed and played  
Carefree under the summer sun  
Protected by the layer of ozone, up above  
Remember the time  
When the stars still shined  
When we cast those dreams  
Upon their mystical glow

Remember the time  
When the flowers were in bloom  
As they danced under the shining sun  
And glistened with droplets of rain

Remember when,  
The fossil fuels were found  
And how we used them  
To make our lives expand

Remember when  
The first factories were built  
And the first cars  
And cigarettes and paints and hair dyes

And  
And  
And  
And

Remember when  
The flowers withered away  
Along with the trees  
By the hands of acid rain

Remember when  
The smog took over and  
The once star covered skies  
Suddenly replaced by one or two

Remember when,  
The ozone got it's first holes  
When it was suddenly,  
Dancing between our legs

Remember when  
Illnesses began to spread  
How our eyes grew itchy and burned  
From the effect of the ozone

Remember when  
Children suddenly grew digestive problems,  
How some even received cancer  
Because of the lead present in our so called goods

Remember when  
People began to fall  
All across the globe  
And how they didn't move again

Remember how  
The noxious gases  
Mixed in  
With our once clean airs

Remember how  
Remember when  
Remember the time  
We lost

Our happiness  
Our health  
And our lives  
That day

When air pollution grew out of hand

# The Choice Is Yours by Jhunie Clerveus

He's Angry

Very Angry

The one who gave us life

The one who made the ocean and the rivers

The one who gave life to all living things

He warned us, told us to stop

But we don't listen

And now we watch

We watch as everyone steps outdoors with a dust mask

The idea of breathing fresh air is fantasy

Breathing had never been so painful

We dig the soil

But only plastic is found among the great toil

Barely any water to drink

One liter for a huge family

Now we are depressed

But he's angry

Very Angry

If only we had stopped polluting the Earth

If only we had listened

If only we paid closer attention to the world around us

If only we cared

And now as we sit down crying

We are on our knees praying

But we can't turn back time

For the Earth as we knew it is gone

The ocean has dried up  
The fish have died  
The beautiful birds,  
We'll never see them in the sky flying  
And now we're crying

“Only after the last tree has fallen  
Only after the last river has been poisoned  
Only after the last fish has been caught  
Only then we realize that MONEY cannot be eaten.”  
Only after the Earth died will we come to see how much we need the Earth

It is not too late  
We can still save it  
Open your eyes and see  
Look at the sky it's crying  
The birds aren't flying  
The fish are dying  
If we love the Earth  
We'll save it for what it's worth

What will you do when the Earth dies  
When all the wildlife says goodbye  
And the days slowly pass by  
When maladies start taking life  
Will you harden your heart  
Pretend as if nothing is happening  
Or are we gonna work together for a brand new beginning  
The choice is yours to make  
The rules are yours to break  
So stop polluting the oceans for the Earth's sake

We've all sang for the rain to go away  
And when it didn't we'd still go out to play  
But what happens when one day  
The rain falling burns our skin away

Never mindful of what our progress brings  
We still continue with our selfish things  
What starts off as a commitment to clean  
Ends up a single fling

Rivers and oceans  
And lakes all around,  
Just search one of them  
And trash can be found

Water gets worse  
As time passes on,  
Just keep on polluting  
And your drinks will be gone

That one little bag  
Doesn't seem like a lot,  
But it all adds up  
Into one giant pot

Toxins release into  
Fast running waters  
It enters the oceans  
And hurts all the otters.

The water gets murky  
It's dangerous to drink,  
Look at the water  
That comes out of your sink.

Health is affected  
In hazardous zones,  
Creatures are left  
In nothing but bones.

Water won't clear  
'Til we take good care,  
Keep the Earth healthy,  
It won't kill you, I swear.

Recycle that bottle,  
Pick up that old can,  
If we all work together  
It could be a good plan.

*By Courtney Opoku*