Writers Matter

Selected Student Work For 2011-2012

Including 2012 Winners of Writers Matter Annual Writing Contest

Dr. Robert Vogel, Professor and Director, Writers Matter Program, La Salle University

June 2012
2012 Winners of Writers Matter Annual Writing Contest
La Salle University’s Writers Matter Program

First Place Winner

Shalia Miller, Wagner Middle School  6th Grade  Teacher - Todd

The Words Written On My Heart to Change the World

There are words written on the tip of my tongue
yearning to be heard and waiting to be sung
these words that fill my thoughts, that fills my dreams,
they are starting to uncover the dark corners inside of us
but as we open our mouths only silence forever heard.
How can we change the world without violence?

I cry for the people who passed on during the night.
Is life all about killing innocent people?
I, as in we, can change the world
by moving far away from the pain that we are all going through.
We can change the world by helping the people get over their fear.
We can change the world by moving away from the violence.
We all know how it feels to hear a gunshot every night.
We can change the world by making it a better place for people and children.
We know how it feels to live on the streets because of what we feel and read.

What happened to our nation?
What happened to Rosa Parks helping us fight to change the world?
How could we let violence come between us?
What did we do wrong?
What happened to the world?
We need to change it.

Why are kids afraid to walk home at night because of the crazy violence going on in this world?
How can we change the world?
We can make a change by gathering people up
Let people talk about what they went through in life.

The world deserves better so let’s get together
And change the world that people are dying in.
We can change the world by sticking together
And making a change for the people and children
Who are dying for help.

Let’s all change the world for the children.
All we need to do is stop the violence in this society.
The violence is the conflict
And changing the world is the solution.
This world is coming to an end
And change the world
For the dying children.

Second Place Winner

Cynthia Hillyard – Henry School 7th grade - Teacher – Francesca Cantarini

The Dream Lives On

Dr. King once spoke his dream,
It stated, “I have a dream that one day my children will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.”
I, too, have that dream.

I have a dream that I can show people,
That color is not everything
You have to look under the hood.

I have a dream that what my ancestors fought for,
Equality, everyone could have.

People need to understand
Your color or race can make you
No better or worse than anyone else.

I have this dream that
I could just show people
How strong of an impact racism has,
That racism is not just someone saying they
Dislike you because of your race.

It destroys lives,
Keeps them in poverty,
People will try to better themselves,
And their families, and put themselves
In better situations but can’t
Because of something as simple as their ethnicity.

Racism leads to many harmful things,
Such as depression, and all types of violence
Even to wars extent.

I have a dream that one of these days
Everyone of every color would hold hands
Around the world and stop racism

Racism has a very strong ripple effect
It doesn't affect just one person
It affects their whole life!

Racism is just that strong
And can start with only one word.

And I have a dream that one day
The ripple affect will stop,
The falling dominos,
That started with one word will be still,
And that all racism will come to a peaceful halt,
And we can all live in harmony and unity.

Honorary Mention (8 winners)

Ronieq Buxton-Kellam, WG. Smith School -Ms. Cunningham

Bullying

What will I do to change the world?
To keep the world as a Pearl?
I would stop the bullying because it's bad.
It makes a lot of people sad.
It indulges secrets and creates suicide
But, you don't have to run and hide.
Just ask for help when you are bullied,
Because bullying does happen in South Philly.

Bullying is hurtful and it becomes annoying,
It could turn a person cold and they could begin destroying.
Bullying can happen during school or outside.
It's not okay to run, sit and cry.
But please don't say you want to die.
You can always tell your parent or guardian that someone is bullying you
Don't make it a guessing game, don't just give a clue.
Bullying can make you feel unwanted,
It can scare you, creep you makes you feel haunted.
Like you're scared to come to school or even to the park
Come to the light, don't stay in the dark!

Bullying is a form of aggressive behavior that is intentional and hurtful and threatening and persistent.
Bullies have low self-esteem, that's why they are inconsistent.

When you get bullied and pushed around
You don't want to even make a sound.
Many victims are embarrassed, many are shy,
But don't stay low, stand up, get high.
Getting bullied can be very devastating.
It can make you unstable it could be depressing.
Say something positive and don't give them a label.
I’d say, “live life to the fullest and live your dreams”
Make the victim a warrior and root for his team!

Sometimes bullying happens when a kid is new
in a school, at the park, and around the way too.
What if the tables were turned, and the bully becomes the victim?
You think he'd like it if somebody smacked him?
Punched him? Kicked him?
And took his lunch money?
Who's laughing now? That crap is not funny!
How would they like it? Now who's the dummy?
Let's put an end to all this mess.
Treat others with respect and hope for the best.
Think of it as studying before a hard test.

I wonder will there ever be peace
The bullying in this world has to cease.
I’m tired of people getting teased and hurt
People feel like they’re falling to the curb and grounding into the dirt.
Would the world be better if it weren't any bullies?
I think about it often, I’d say “yes”, is that silly?
I want to go to school where I’m free to walk, run and play
I want to be safe at home, school and at play!

Jennifer Gonzalez- DePaul Catholic Teacher – Mr. Clark

Fire (From the perspective of a mother)

I used to like fire,
before it burned my house down.

I used to like the way it changed color,
red, orange, yellow.
Like a chameleon.

I used to like the way you and your family gathered
around, laughing, singing, talking and having fun.

I used to like fire,
Before it changed my life.

I used to *love* fire,
the way it danced around in a circle,
with rocks and sticks cheering it on.

I used to like fire,
before it took her life.

A couple weeks later,
I found out.

I found out how,
she was hurt.
A bully would kick her,
and call her mean names.

That fire was no accident.
To her, it was meant to make her free.
From everything that happened to her.

She wanted it to be over,
she gave me clues but I never noticed.
She looked for help but everyone pushed her aside.

When she lit that fire,
It was meant to look like an accident.
But she wanted to disappear,
and she did.
Now,
she’s gone.

Charjanet White - Wagner Middle School  6th Grade  Ms. Todd

Stand Up and Save the World

This is how it was supposed to be
now I don’t know what I see.
How did it go from
Red to black and white,
Love to hate and fights,
Free to you caught me,
Hugged to mugged and drugged,
Kissed to I hope he’ll miss hitting me with his whips, 
hand and hand to 
“Man you touch me and it will be man to man?”

“What I want to see is a CHANGE for you and me. 
DREAMING TO BELIEVING, 
ACCOMPLISHMENT NO LONGER BEING ASTONISHMENT BECAUSE YOU HAVE ALREADY 
ACCOMPLISHED IT, 
SO YOU’RE USE TO IT. 
CHANGE, IT’S IN RANGE, 
CHANGE, IT’S IN CHATTER, 
CHANGE, IT’S WHAT’S EXPECTED BEYOND THE CLOUDS”

TRAGICALLY this is what others see 
I want a cause and effect situation for you and me. 
Killing to Dealing, 
Failing to no longer being a surprised because you’re use to it. 
It’s all in the bullet to the head, 
Skittles and tea, 
A bowl with no food, 
skin with and without color. 
The computer pathetically needing a single click, 
only a single click.

FRANCHESCA JAMEE MEARS   Wagner Middle School, Room 164 / GRADE: 6TH   Ms. Todd

DIFFERENCE: MAKING A CHANGE

Who cares about the different colors of our face 
or the amount of our race or the purpose of our 
religion? Yeah ....yeah....

I don’t. 
I don’t care about color 
I care about being trustworthy 
I care about compassion, responsibility 
respect and honesty.

So who cares about being different? 
That’s what makes us, us 
Not the same clothes, the same hairstyle 
Different means expressing ourselves the way we want. 
Judge by the heart, mind and soul. 
 Judge the inside of the book
not its cover.

I recommend you spend a little time giving out
Your heart and thinking in your mind.
No matter how old you are
you can't waste time.
Making a change is just right.

People live life hard so give your time
A quarter, nickel, penny, or dime
If we respect one another life can be fine.

You should help to shine
You should help to make things alright.
Whether you speak English, French, Chinese, Japanese,
We can make peace in this world.
Together we are one, we own this world.
Call me when you need to get together and
We stand as friends hand and hand.

Ups or downs round and round don’t
Make a sound just listen to the pound of the Heart
Yeah it’s mine, about time!
So make a change so make a change....

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Dominique Jones  - Wagner Middle School 6th grade – Ms Bloom

Stop Homophobia

When you go to school do you imagine a day of being verbally bullied? For some people this is true. For most people this is exactly what they imagine. This is an every day life for lesbian, gay people, bi-sexual, and trans-sexual. Just about eighty-four percent of LGBT report being verbally harassed (name-calling, threats, etc.) because of their sexual orientation. This kind of bullying can put a permanent affect on someone’s life.

Homophobia affects the lives of many people. Also people can be physically bullied because of being LGBT. For example a student from Wyoming was assaulted and brutally tortured also put on a fence to die. Sooner he was hospitalized then after that he later died. According to the National Youth Association 1/3 of LGBT kids commit suicide. Now that you see our statistics you see Homophobia affect the lives of many people.

There are some groups currently working to help with the issue of Homophobia. These groups consist of Safe Schools Coalition, Human Rights Campaign, and PFLAG. Most of these groups are helping to raise awareness. Also they are raising money. Even though there are groups helping there still a lot of work to be done.
Despite the efforts of these groups, there is still a lot of work to be done to help to end Homophobia. The little things make a difference like if you heard people say things like “that’s gay” and “he/she should have been come out off the closet” you should tell them to stop and think about what they just said. Another thing you can do is try to be aware yourself, don’t feel any hatred for anyone because people are people no matter what shape or size u are.

Over all homophobia is a serious matter and you shouldn’t take it for granted. I feel very touched by this topic and I’m glad I got to share this experience with you. Hopefully you will raise awareness and try to stop homophobia yourself.

Remember: “Be the Change you want to be in the World”  
-Gandhi

Angie Margai-Renner MEARS  Wagner Middle School, Room 6TH  Ms. Bloom

Hatred is Blind

Hatred is blind and carries people away
Hatred is hidden on the corner of everyone’s eyes
Hatred fades away everyday and everywhere but at the same time, 
Hatred grows everywhere in every heart.
Hatred starts on the inside but as time goes by it eventually crawls through to the outside.
We are in a world filled with hatred.
Once hatred is in you, it’s hard for it to go away.
The opposite of hatred is not love it’s indifference.
Hatred at times is a shadow.
A man’s heart filled with hatred is cruel.
Hatred is a poison that kills you slowly.
Hatred is a game that’s played by tricky minds.
Hatred eats you on the inside and then seeps out your pores.
If hatred was erased, the Holocaust, the Civil Rights movement or other events of dispute, 
would never have been written.
Hatred leads to violence
Drive away the hate and aim for peace
The world would be a much better place.

Nisa Hardin - C.W Henry Ms. Pownall

The girl down the street

I met this girl, down the street.
She told me an interesting story.
I wanted to share it with the world
To show life isn’t fame and glory.
Well here it goes, from her point of view.
Put her life in yours.
All the world should find it very interesting, for bullying is no fun toy.

"Whenever I look around,
There’s never a kid who wants to be a kid.
There she goes, trying to be her.
But she doesn’t fit in.
Nobody likes a “natural girl”.
They have long hair
And perfect teeth.
If I don’t have a curvy figure,
That means I’m not being me?
All right, so what?
I’m ugly, I’m stupid, I’m wrong.
People just don’t seem to see that...
Their words are just making me strong.
The name-calling
Hair pulling
The hater-guy quotes.
All of it
Well, most of it
Just sinks into my boat.
Mom says, “They are just jealous.”
Dad says, “Just ignore.”
My friends say, “That’s just plain wrong,”
While I JUST want to fall through the floor!
Down, down, down, I’d fall.
Giving life a chance.
Humph, that would be something,
To give my dreams a glance.
Oh, wouldn’t life be working,
If everybody was perfect?
But since it can’t roll that way,
I guess I’m already not worth it.
People stare, people point
Saying horrible things!
I don’t even know half the taunters
That make my ears ring.
I never wanted to go to school.
Ever in my life.
No, no, no, NO!
I wish that word could make things right.
Sure enough, praying helps me,
I do it everyday.
Sometimes, though,
God’s too slow
To answer me when I pray.
My family can’t even understand,
    Not even my little dog.
So most of the time when I’m depressed,
I pretend the world was lost in a fog.
    If there would be an existence
All you would find is I.
    Me, Myself, and I.
When I actually feel like living,
Instead of being alone until I die.
I don't know why I was born to this life,
    Would God hate me so?
The hurt, the pain, the sorrow,
    Instead of shrinking it grows.
Why doesn’t anybody ever listen?
    Is it because that I never speak
Or because my eyes never glisten?
I really want to know, why a person can be so ignored.
    For obviously everyone cannot be adored.
    So, I guess that's the end.
The end of my story?
    Oh, no, of course not.
Only if I can tell no more.
Which I can, and won’t ever stop.
I could be as happy as the next girl.
    IF I was as pretty as she.
IF I had everything that model had…
Those girls would accept me.
They all know that girl down the street,
    Little, ugly, and gothic.
    ‘Who are THEY?’
You might say,
Just about everyone who took my glee.
    I’m almost out of sadness.
Sadness that I could explain.
    I’ll just remember
From January to December...
That I will always be ‘Little ugly, gothic girl’
    Most probably for the rest of my days.”
IF I were to change the world, I'd start by reuniting the world. Earth has been split apart figuratively and literally. There has been war after war from the beginning of time. We should all be and act as one accord. My picture represents everyone being together and not split apart. Hopefully in the future the issue of one race thinking the other is inferior will be no more.

4-25-12

Morgan Williams
Fire - by Jennifer Gonzalez, 6th grade  (From the perspective of a mother)

I used to like fire,  
before it burned my house down.

I used to like the way it changed color,  
red, orange, yellow.  
Like a chameleon.

I used to like the way you and your family gathered  
around, laughing, singing, talking and having fun.

I used to like fire,  
Before it changed my life.

I used to love fire,  
the way it danced around in a circle,  
with rocks and sticks cheering it on.

I used to like fire,  
before it took her life.

A couple weeks later,  
I found out.

I found out how,  
she was hurt.  
A bully would kick her,  
and call her mean names.

That fire was no accident.  
To her, it was meant to make her free.  
From everything that happened to her.

She wanted it to be over,  
she gave me clues but I never noticed.  
She looked for help but everyone pushed her aside.

When she lit that fire,
It was meant to look like an accident.
But she wanted to disappear,
and she did.
Now,
she’s gone.

**Persona Poem: I’m That Bully’s Target**  by Bria Savage, 6th grade

I’m that target,
She hits me everyday and don’t even have a
word to say,
I’m that target,
O God, Dear God, Please tell her to stop
hitting me, doesn’t she call me her enemy?
Well why is she touching me?
I’m that target,
Stop! Stop! leave me alone, someone please
help! I want to go home!
I’m that target,
My mother doesn’t believe me, my dad hates
me, you see who I’m growing up to be?
They really do hate me!,
I’m that target,
They all bully me everyday, I might as well
hate myself and don’t even pray,
I’m that target,
Believe me it’s true,
When she chokes me I even turn to the color blue,
I’m that target,
Punching, Kicking, and Screaming too, I’m scared
to go outside to even play with you,
I’m that target

**Sing The Song of My Past and Present** by Diana Striplet, 8th grade

La, la, la, la, la, la, Elmo’s world, why can’t it be
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Elmo’s world, filled with peace
Elmo loves his goldfish, his crayons to, that’s Elmo’s world, like it used to be?
Why can’t it be filled with peace like it used to be?
Why is it that every morning that I wake up I have to see a man with his pants half down giving
drugs to another and that hand reaching out saying yes I am a failure I won’t graduate, I won’t
accelerate. I am done, so let me set this straight and put my life to an end.
Every time I wake up the aroma is different, the smell is different, there is no sunshine like it
used to be. Now it’s rainy and cloudy and …depressing because when I was younger it used to
be funner and right know I don’t understand because…
Candy girl, you’re of my world. You’re everything, everything, everything for me. Everything, everything, everything for me. Now instead of candy girl, it’s Mary Jane, violence, money, power, and respect. What does all of that mean when you’re life is cut short? What does it mean when it all hurts you? It hurts others?

You see. I’m talking to you, our future generation this is your nation, this is your land, but I remember when I was younger I used to see boyfriends and girlfriend holding each other’s hands and saving themselves for marriage giving little kisses(kiss) and little smooches(kiss) and seeing the true love now it’s the girls wearing short shorts and short shirts, not holding each other’s hand, but grabbing their butts and saying you were good, baby, but...

I remember when it was the past, where there are at least three people in a family, a mother, a father, and the child, but now it’s the single parent with 2 to 6 kids. What are we suppose to say when a mother is crying, the baby is watching, and the dad is at the bar or somewhere else. I thought when you move forward you take a step for the better, when you press the fast forward button you’re looking for the part you like; when you walk you get closer to your destination, not further.

It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood,
A beautiful day for a neighbor,
Would you be mine?
Could you be mine?

It's a neighborly day in this beauty wood,
A neighborly day for a beauty,
Would you be mine?
Could you be mine?

TO
I ain't gonna eat, I ain't gonna sleep
Ain't gonna breathe, til I see, what I wanna see
And what I wanna see, is you go to sleep, in the dirt
Permanently, you just being hurt, this ain't gonna work
For me, it just wouldn't be, sufficient enough
Cuz we, are just gonna be, enemies
As long as we breathe
Is that what it’s all about? To take a turn for the worst.
To walk farther from your destination
To give up on the Proclamation of ...Emancipation, but not for blacks, but for, wait...you.
You see when I was younger, when we were younger is old
Today is a present, the present, but I would like a return, for the better

Through your eyes I see me - by Ashley Montiero, 8th grade

You call me a name, I call you one back
It’s like shooting a mirror repeatedly and the bullet bounces back.
You make fun of me because of what I wear.
So I do the same back.
You say aero is wack
But I think it’s all that
I say crombie is too expensive
and it sprays too much perfume
You hit me, you punch me, I fall to the ground
I try to stand up, but you knock me back down
I see hate and fury in your eyes. You give me
the stare of death and despise
I think to myself why do you choose to do
this to me. I did nothing to you.
I try to fight back but you call more people
I slip through their crab-like claws and
angry faces, as I crawl to a place in side of a
space. I walk home in pain with warm
tears down my face as the path I am walking
gets blurry and blurry. I walk not run but
in a hurry. I walk in my house rushing
past my arguing parents in the bathroom. I
see fire truck red scars and blood on my
face. I wash it all off to look like I’m OK.
I check my phone and my laptop. You hate
me on facebook and flame me on twitter.
Now my life has gotten bitter and bitter
I lay on my bed and cry my self to sleep
I do this every day a role that I portray
I wake up in a pool of sweat for this was
a dream. But not just any dream a dream of
the past of a girl that I have hurt.
She’s been through a lot with arguing parents
and grades dropping all because of me.
So I have that guilt hanging on me for
it’s too late, too late for sorries, too late
for forgiveness too late for tears for you have
been dead for almost a year. I walk to your
grave to place a rose for your spirit is
still around but your body has arose.

**Fears come with tears** by Phen Kelani Walker, 6th grade

Every night I lie awake
hoping no one will take my life for God’s sake.
I think about every choice I make.
You can’t take one look at me and
call me fake.
Mean people tell me they wish I was
never born.
Do you know how I feel? I feel torn.
I pray for each day to be the one.
The day I say “I’m done”
I’m tired of playing these same old games.
Calling me this and that for a name,
I should take a ugly picture of you
and put it in a frame.
If I ever wrote a book, I'll put the
number of how many dreams you took.
You used to make me glad, but now
you just make me feel bad,
You’re totally rude and mean,
Don’t turn around saying I’m on your team.
You see how much I cry, look me in
the eye and you’ll see why.

Questions: A Pantoum by Rassan Jackson, 6th grade

Why do people keep dying?
How do people live for a long time?
We keep asking all these questions
But we never really get answers

How do people live for a long time?
Why is there bullying in the world?
We keep asking all these questions
It seems like these questions show up everyday

Why is there bullying in the world?
What happens if you bully someone to the max?
It seems like these questions show up everyday
It feels (like) these questions have no answer

We keep asking all these questions
Why do people keep dying?
How do people live for a long time?
But we never get answers?

Bully by Makayla Gray, 6th grade

Small, short
Black, white
It doesn’t matter
It isn’t right.
Tall, big
Brown eyes,
Black eyes
It isn't right.
Older, younger
Same class
Different class
It isn't right
Popular,
Unpopular
Still isn't
Right
Children
Adults
It still isn’t
Right.
Big Mouth or
Small
That person
is still considered
a bully.
What that bully doesn't know is that,
that person goes home crying and hating
their life. So stop bullying.

Bullying needs to stop.

**Bully** (from the perspective of being bullied) by Destinee Mcclelond, 6th grade

You bully me every day.
I never say anything to piss you off.
You always think it’s okay,
But I go through pain and sorrow.
I wish you would stop.
I wish you would leave me alone,
But you always want to pop.
I try to watch the clock,
But you’re always there.
I’m the one you target.
My house is the place where you’re
far from it.

Now I’m crying.
No one helps me.
My mother is dying,
Now I want to die.
I’m alone now.
I have a gun.
I killed myself, I’m happy now.
You **used** to bully me everyday.

**Ms. Berry - De Paul Catholic**

Thinking About What is Happening Now and How It’s Going to Change

*By: Aja Alexander 7A  The DePaul Catholic School*

I’m thinking about you.
I’m thinking about school, if I am going to pass because I think differently than the other kids.
I’m thinking about my dad is he going to turn around and be in my life to see his little girl grow up.
I am thinking about the world is it going to change and we come together as one.
I’m thinking about true friends and not true friends.
I am thinking about why God made me this way.
I’m thinking about me, why do I always bring myself down and not bring myself up.
I am thinking about if I die today will I go to heaven or hell.
I’m thinking about high school on the first day.
I am thinking about my body and is it going to change.
I’m thinking about why God put me with this family and friends.
I am thinking about my mom how she works hard being a single mother and wants the best for me.
I’m thinking about why everybody doesn’t like me.

Aja Alexander 7A

I am thinking about my best friends\ sisters.
I’m thinking about drugs why we have them.
I am thinking about will I ever meet my sisters and brothers on my dad side.
I’m thinking about my grandma why did she have to leave me so soon.
I am thinking about will I be the singer I want to be when I grow up.
I’m thinking about will I ever get taller.
I am thinking about how good I want to do in life and how I want to be the best I can be.
I’m thinking about why I have ADHD.
I am thinking about why I am happy all the time.
I’m thinking about why we have to go through hard times.
I am thinking about why I only see and hear you the most.
I’m am thinking will I ever be on TV or in a movie.
I am thinking about why I don’t get the work the teachers give me in class.
I’m thinking about why all we care about today is name brands.
I am thinking about why I give up on myself.
I’m thinking about why I am so scared of things.

Aja Alexander 7A
I am thinking about will I ever come out of my shell and open up more.
I’m thinking about will I get 1, 2 or 3 honors in school.
I am thinking about will you leave me one day and never come back.
I’m thinking about does my writing explain how I feel every day.
I am thinking about why I can’t be myself.
I’m thinking about how my life is changing every time I get older.
I am thinking about will I get left out in school and people talk about me all the time.
I’m thinking about hope, peace and happiness!
I’m thinking about you, me, them, him, her and us.
I wish I knew all the answers to my questions I just guess I will never know.
I’m just thinking . . .

Ms. Cantarini—CW Henry (7th and 8th grade)
School End of the Year Writing Pieces - Writers Matter: Voices of Teens
7th and 8th grade

8th grade
Anger—Anthony Harper

Anger is the beast inside of me.
Anger is the one thing that makes me do bad decisions.
Decisions like yell, kick, and scream
Anger makes me cause most of my destruction.
Anger is like those two angels that sit on your shoulder.
There’s the angel from Hell and the one from heaven.
When I become enraged that’s the devil speaking through me.
Hell angel is on the devil’s side.
So he tells me to act out in a way that could make me get in trouble.
The heavenly angel tells me to calm down.
To take a breath.
I want to listen to the heavenly angel.
But my anger won’t let me.
I am torn between the two.
Like a child that loves their mom and dad,
But sadly they are getting divorced.
So the child must choose which one to live with.
While I struggle to choose a side, Hell angel shoots the heavenly angel!
When the heavenly angel is dead that’s when I go off.
I throw chairs, I scream, and punch everything in sight.
By the time I am done with my tantrum
The heavenly angel comes back to life.
It is now too late to calm down and think about what I am about to do.
Because by now the damage is already caused.
I beat myself up inside.
Why do I have these issues?
Why am I cursed with this?
The devil and the Hell angel laugh.
Because they know that they have been successful.
The heavenly angel tells me what to do the next time.
But I know in my mind I won’t do it.
And I am angry at the fact that I can’t control my anger.
I hope that this anger will go away forever.
But I know it will come to live another day.
Someday.

I’m Done—India Bey

I’m done with you.
I’m done with me.
All that happened last year is history.
I’m done being your Go Get It Girl when you can go get it Yourself.
I’m done with people yelling at me.
It’s time I start yelling back.
I’m done with excuses when I know excuses are the Tools of the incompetent, which build monuments of Nothing.
I’m done with what other people say when it’s only a matter of Opinion.
I’m serious.
This is not the kind of done like when your mom or dad says this is their last pack when we all know that’s a lie.
I talk a good talk, don’t I?
But we all know humans are creatures of habit.
So I’m done.
But I’ll never be finished.

Living Life—Jann Gunter-Scott

Why would you do that? I was mad for years.
I don’t get it, you left and didn’t care.
Why would you do that? I looked up to you.
But when you left, I didn’t know what to do.
I think I made my mind up...I hate you.
After these few years I wanted to know.
Kept waiting...and waiting but you didn’t show.
When you came back, I was glad.
You step up...start being a dad.
I know you live far, but we get in contact.
We text, we call, we do all of that.
Thank you, God, for answering my prayers, you’re back!
Don’t leave again, or I’ll never forgive you.
You’re lucky this time because I love you.
You didn’t want to hurt me or do no harm.
But now I gave you the key to my heart, and you came back
With open arms.

My Hobby—Tiphani Dickerson

Air going through my lungs as I run.
I ball really hard because victories are fun.
I want to play the game as if it was my dream.
I must play my part, I can’t let down my team.
Win or lose, at the end of the day I must choose.
Is this what I want?
Playing everyday to get more aggressive,
I don’t want to become obsessive.
I know when I’m playing soft,
My game is off.
Coming home in pain
knowing there will be victories to gain.
I play really good, so I barely feel ashamed.
Talking to my friends and we yell out F A M E!!!
I play for Edison High School, my team is undefeated.
I wish the other teams luck, because they are going to need it.
My family is always in the crowd showing support.
I play for four teams, that’s a lot of running on the court.
One day, people will be trying to get my autograph
When I’m in a hotel lobby.
I like playing ball, it’s my hobby.

Teen Challenges—Mariah Jones

Have you ever felt
Like you were neglected
Not seen, not heard
Or even disrespected

By your own father
Who’s supposed to care
Who’s supposed to love you, protect you
Buy you your first teddy bear

But he turns his back on you
Leaves you out in the cold
Without even a hug
Or someone to hold

Leaves you wondering
“What did I do wrong?”
Has you crying, sobbing
Listening to sad songs

You hate him
He abandoned his own daughter
You often have dreams
Of murder, even slaughter

You want him to feel
The hurt he put you through
But I know how you feel
Because I feel it, too.

I Am From—Avery Smith

I am from having low self-esteem at times.
I am from talking on the phone and having deep conversations.
I am from where you think you have friends, but you really don’t.
I am from a place called Philly, where you can’t trust anyone, not even your own blood.
I am from where you can’t walk down a single street without seeing a drug dealer, a fight, or a liquor store.
I am from where people don’t even know the definition of good or bad.
I am from where innocent teens are being murdered and committing suicide because someone is bullying them.
I am from young females who are having sex and getting pregnant and raising a child that’s only 10 years younger then them.
I am from a city that’s called Brotherly Love, but doesn’t act like it.
I am from people judging you on who you are and what you can’t do.
I am from wishing that my city had a little more common sense.
I am from my family and friends not always understanding me.
I am from not always getting what I want or never having the best relationship with my family members.
I am from places where people fight and start drama over things that aren’t that
important.
I am from a place where when you hear gunshots, it’s not a surprise.
I am from people trying to make their way out of bad situations, but always end up
in the same place they started.
I am from hanging out with friends.
I am from texting when I don’t feel like talking.
I am from playing games on my phone when I’m bored.
I am from being crazy, silly, and fun to be around.
I am from the body of Avery Smith.

\textit{Drip—Anitra Edwards}

The moon beats against the Pool of my emotions.
It’s reflection dancing against the ripples of the water.
The rain beats into it, feeding it, letting it reach high tide.
The beats of the rain turn into music and my emotions dance to it.
I sit on my knees looking at the water smiling, no frowning, no crying.
Crying from my most recent thoughts of how your reaction to those three words
Would be.

Drip, drip, drip
Go my tears.
Drip, drip, drip
Goes the rain.

Those are the beats my soul dances to.
I slip into the water until it reaches my ankles, my knees, then my elbows.
I look up to the moon, the lunar lights reflecting off my dark brown eyes, gleaming
with fear.
I walk further down until it reaches my neck.
I look down at my reflection, it looks pained.
I walk until it reaches my chin.
I think of you one last time, wishing you were here with me.
Finally the rain pours and I go under, I slowly drown in my sorrows and never come
Back up.

\textit{Hidden Behind Smiles—Hanifah Gillespie}

I smile, laugh, and joke.
But behind those doors I weep myself to sleep.
With the pain I ache, with the hurt I feel.
The love for others with many problems bottled.

I love my family, indeed I do.
But the problems I face, I miss my old life, too.
From friends and games to dad and mom watching scary movies.
Snow Caps, popcorn, and soda pop.
In the Holiday Inn with room service and much more.
Instead of “Hidden Behind Smiles.”

I should not have to feel the way I do now.
Discouraged, frowned upon, and in pain.

Why should others talk about you?
If you smile, laugh, or joke.
They don’t know what problems you face.
They just talk because they think your life is superb.
But, you are “Hidden Behind Smiles.”

As I weep myself to sleep I think.
Think about the pain I ache and the hurt I feel.
I wonder if I take away all things that gives me those feelings,
Maybe I won’t be “Hidden Behind Smiles.”

A Challenge in My Life—Gabriel McGuirk

It always feels like I am a puppet and my teachers and family are all of my puppeteers. I always have to do what I am told, even if I do not agree. I have to be a good student and son. I have to always be respectful in school and to listen to my teachers. Once I get home from school I have to start my homework immediately. After that I need to begin my chores. Loading the dishwasher, clearing it, bringing up the laundry and bringing it down. It really stinks sometimes. But, my grandmother says they’re only trying to help me succeed in life. And, I guess she is right. My teachers are only pushing me to do harder in my studies so I will succeed in my future. And my parents, telling me everyday to remember my morals, health, and studies. So I can be strong when it comes down to it. I guess when teachers and parents do things to make you think you’re a slave, they’re just trying to help you. So, I think I should take more time to understand them.

Voices of Teens—Lamis Ahmad

We scream, and shout.
Voices swarming in our heads.
Thoughts overpowering hope.
LISTEN!
We seek answers that are handed on a platter being served in front of us.
We shriek and cry tears of pain and heartbreaks.
Wondering what did I do wrong?
Why am I this way?
We’re living in a curious ball of missed communication and nightmares.  
Nowhere to escape, nowhere to run.  
But at the end, how are you supposed to?  
How are you supposed to run away from your own thoughts?  
How are you going to escape when the answers are right in front of you?  
Crying out for the voices of teens.

**Justin, Would You Like My Answer?**—Care Paulmier

Justin, the first time I saw you, my heart inflated with your love.  
Justin, when you gave me that shiny smile, I swore I checked to see if my heart was beating.  
Justin, when you first took me out on a date, the flowers you handed me were absolutely exotic, filled with a creamy inside that I apologize for eating.  
Justin, when the Paparazzi brutally attacked us, you held my hand tighter than a fox clutches its dinner, the only difference was I was not going through excruciating pain.  
Justin, when you surprised me on that trip to Africa, even though I fainted when I woke up in the hospital, I was very thankful.  
Justin, when that lying woman accused you of fathering her precious baby, you helped me assure Ms. Cantarini that everything was all right.  
Justin, when you took a fall outside my door on a rainy day and broke your foot, I wanted to tell you, “Sorry, I should have warned you, Tiana doesn’t like you.” (Hint: he did not fall because of the rain—that would explain the bloody eye.)  
Justin, when people doubted you, I was simply always there.  
Justin, when sharks attacked us, at least it was a shared experience.  
Justin, you would always sing to me on any request,  
Justin, do you remember the time when we baked money into cookies and gave them to the homeless?  
Justin, do you remember when we got lost in Fiji?  
Justin, do you remember when you first met me?  
Justin, do you remember asking me to marry you?  
Justin Bieber, my answer is “yes.”

**Superstar**—Tiana Garvin

I’m tough, I know, tell me something new.  
I’m a superstar worth xfinity times two.  
I am the best—especially at basketball.  
I’ll cross you over, make you to the Electric Slide, then make you fall.  
I’m cocky, but I don’t care.  
The ball coming out my hand into the net is music to my ear.  
I love being me.  
I love being fine.
I can do everything.
I can do anything.

Don’t let me drive to the lane on you, because I will get a one and one.
The game isn’t over until I say it is, or until I say it’s done.
I can tap backboard and be 5’5 and still score.
I’ll block your shot even if you’re tall.
One day I’m going to have it all.
Three mansions and 10 cars.
My nickname in lights saying, “Superstar.”

Change—Kathryn Schweingruber

One thing I’d like to change about myself is how sensitive I am, particularly in dance class. I know getting corrected is helpful, and it makes me improve. However, getting corrected on something I should be able to execute flawlessly is very frustrating. I can get to upset with myself because of my frustration; it, at time, can lead to tears. I guess that’s just who I am.

Sometimes I’m criticized for this, which makes me want to change. I’ll be told to just get over it. I’ll be told that I’m taking things too seriously. Both of these things are much easier to say than do for me, because of my sensitivity. Also, at times, the effect of my frustration with myself is a drop in confidence.

If I can’t demonstrate a movement properly, and I receive a very detailed correction because of it, negative thought circulate in my head. Examples of thought I get are: “You’re so bad” or “Why can’t you do that? It’s just a tendu.” This lowers my confidence level, which makes it difficult to get through the rest of class full out. I ponder on why I am this way sometimes, but no answer is ever found. It’s just the way I am, and if I want to change this, I just have to work on it. If I was tougher, I wouldn’t have to deal with this issue, and receiving corrections wouldn’t be so hard to take.

Holocaust reflection—Khilah Clark

I sit in this hell
Imprisoned mentally, emotionally, and physically.
Stripped of my dignity.
Of my home and family.
And, especially, my hair.

Worn down in so many ways.
And forced to do hard labor.
Treated worse than the vermin that inhabits camp.
While they attempt to exterminate me and all my people.

While all this happens to me
People so fair
With long, flowing, lustrous, blonde hair
Walk around without a care.
And lay their pretty heads down at night upon MY hair.
To think, my hair is what stuffs their coats
And makes up their blankets and cushions.

My hair so valuable to me
Is used for multi-purposes by them.
My hair that does so much for them
When they have done so little for me
And so many things to me.

Waiting until the day my torment shall end
Whether it be death or freedom
Scorned, bitter, and bald
I sit.

The Glass Broke—Ayan Nelson

I toss and turn restlessly in my bed
As I listen to the haunting voices creating a huge commotion in my head.
My mother’s last scream before her death
When they took my daddy away I didn’t cry, I held my breath.
Voices of terror sound like this:
Crack! Smash! Shatter! Crash!
Memories, moments, flashbacks of the night of broken glass
It was a long time ago, so long ago it’s impossible to forget.
It all started with a Jewish man, he killed a Nazi officer, and it was something we all knew he’d regret.
It was about 9’o’cloc at night when the first bottle broke.
Nazi’s came and exterminated my people with guns, gas, and smoke.
It felt like God was punishing us for one man’s mistake.
My mother grabbed my hand that night and we rushed out of the house,
Our lives were at stake!
The glass windows in all of the buildings were smashed
Here on the night of broken glass.
Places were torched and then burned to the ground.
I almost passed out with all of this wild disaster around.
And then those looters! They began to loot.
And drunken, evil, or crazy shooters began to shoot.
“Bang!” They shot at my mother and she instantly died.
So young, and scared, I lay next to her soul’s shell and cried.
With my mother dead, my father arrested, and gun fire all around me
I get up and run away, far away, even though I scraped my knee.
I crouch down inside a building, I hide behind a glass door.
“Bang! Bang!” two more bodies dropped dead—I saw those Nazi’s kill them right in
front of a store.
I wake up in a cold and clammy sweat.
I hold in my fears and almost choke.
I walk into the kitchen to get some water and instantly my glass broke.

This is Not Summer Camp—Josh Williams

This is horrible.
I’m packed on a small train
Where it’s boring and lame.
And there’s nothing to do but stand and stare.
When the passengers of the train and I arrived, they told us to calm and settle down.
I was already calmed down because of the nice music that was playing.
Still I felt as though I was in a crowded town.
They started rambling on...saying, “Welcome to Auschwitz!”
Soon they started picking people to go left and right.
I ended up on the left with a couple of big and muscular guys.
Though that didn’t matter to me because all I wanted to do was one thing—and that
was run away.
Life was horrible and scary in that camp.
I worked eleven hours every day with no pay.
I worked with fear in my heart as though every day would be my last.
I always thought only the weak will fall, but even the toughest guys collapsed under
the labor they had us doing.
I grew tired of all this and I knew I had to make a decision that may affect my life
forever.
I ran.
I ran because after all, what else could they take away from me?
I lost my mom and dad because they tried to fight off the German soldiers from
taking me away.
I knew they weren’t strong enough to fight the soldiers.
I knew they weren’t wise enough.
But what I didn’t know was how much I loved them until they were gone.
As I ran, I heard the Nazi soldiers scream, “Kill him! Kill him!”
I knew I couldn’t stop because it was daylight and there was nowhere to hide from
them where they could not see me.
Then I heard a loud noise and the next thing I knew I was crashing to the ground.
I look up only to see a Nazi soldier approach me with a gun and point it at my face.
I cried, “Bitte tote mich nicht. Bitte tote mich nicht.” (Don’t kill me, don’t kill me)
He looks at me with sad eyes and says, “Inc tut mir leid.” (I’m sorry, but I have to.)
Boom.
7th grade

If Only—Jamal Goodwin

If only it wasn’t so hard to make friends.
If only there was someone who could understand me.
If only I could believe things were not so difficult.
If only I didn’t feel so alone.
If only I could get better grades.
If only there was more time to do my work.
If only I had more time to do as I choose.
If only my schedule was not as booked.
If only I had less responsibilities.
If only I felt like I was of use.
If only I had more of a choice in life.
If only I could be more helpful.
If only I had some time to relax.
If only this poem appealed to you.
If only I had more time to write this.

Life—Brianna O’Brien

Life is a credit card.
You can only use it
To a certain point.
You can continuously
Buy a lot of things, but
Once you max it out, you’re
Left with nothing.

Hershey’s Chocolate Bar—Craig Turk

An enter of a candy
Of a big brown delight
It sings a sad song
For the first fallen bite
The choc lately treat
Smoothly melts in your mouth
You must get your last sense
Before it all goes down south
That savory, sweet smelling
Snack on the go
For lunch I can bring it
So kids can now know
The stickiness of the bar
All over your hand
As what’s left of the chocolate
You want more on demand
A party on your tastebuds
That chocolate still throws
A full bar when purchased
In seconds it goes.

And I’m Not Ready—Nazeerah Cromartie

My knees were shaking of nervousness and fear.
My mom tells me he will be nice, I don’t listen.
It feels like chaos in my legs.
Like an earthquake.
My brother says the President cannot be a mean person.
But, what if...
What if I trip and they take a picture?
What if my breakfast comes up all over my dress?
What if the President asks me a question
And I get choked up on my words?
I can feel myself walking into the White House.
I turn around to my mom and say
I’m going...
And, I’m not ready.

Untitled—Bryce Bright

Your light violet leaves,
They are softer than my skin.

You’re a healthy tree, as healthy as me
But we grow with a struggle.
Your many branches, more than I have arms.
Some of your branches are without leaves,
that’s what makes you different from the others.
You’re smaller than other trees.
But, you’re surrounded with friends.
Some friends you’ll keep closer than others.
Your wood has been chipped,
Has someone been picking on you?
It’s starting to rain, enjoy it.

**I am from!!!**  By Benjamin Twiggs
I am from a loving family
I am from fighting
I am from friends walking down the street trying to jump people
I am from people asking me to do drugs at a young age
I am from friends trying to wreck things
I am from people telling me I can go a long way in life
I am from helping people
I am from people judging me by my height and color
I am from having to duck and hide from bullets
I am from my mom telling me to play basketball and get on the right track
I am from the saying laugh now cry latter
I am from trying
I am from having a very, very good attitude
Am from working in First born Baptist church
I am from getting Baptized at the age of 7
I am from going to the church and seeing my love ones laying down not breathing
I am from having freedom
I am from being bullied and I am from bullying
I am from being called every name in the book
I am from being yelled at by teachers and family
I am from a g-pop and sister who preceded me in death
I am from family who is a tall as the twin towers
I am from knowing my rights from my wrongs
I am from getting what I want and need
I am from a good cooking g-mom and mom my aunts not so good {lol}s

**Mrs. Pownall – C.W. Henry School**

**Right Now**
Right now there are a lot of bad things in the world.
Right now there is someone in the world hurting because of all these bad things.
Right now we are trying to change the world so it can be a better place.
Right now I want to change the way people see each other not by their color, but by their personality.
Right now I just want the racial slurs to just stop.
Right now there is a young person trying to stop bullying in their community.
Right now we need to know that every single person in the world is equal.
Right now there is a person in the world who takes part in clinics and special events to stop violence.
Right now I want to make people believe that if we work to make the world a better place we can make it one.
Right now there is someone who wants to make a change for his or her country or state.
Right now there is a way that people can come together and do great things.
Right now there are so many ways people are trying to change the world using TV and radio.
Right now I want the world to be the way I always dreamed it would be.
Right now I feel that there are many things that I can do to make the world a better place.
RIGHT NOW I WANT CHANGE! Bullying by Brendan Hear
Bullying by Brendan Hear
Bullying, bullying makes people cry
If I were a victim I would negatively reply
If someone hit me constantly everyday
I would go home get down on one knee and pray
Bullying, bullying it’s a never ending hole
You rip through my skin and seep through my soul
The people who bully really need to chill
If I were a victim, I would stand up and tell them how I really feel
As I stand before you writing this poem
Bullying, bullying keeps on going.
You know this topic really makes me mad
I hate it, I just hate, so very bad
It gets to the point where it really needs to cease
Just calm down and relax
We just want peace
Peace that we all probably will never get
Unless we stand up and make a change
That’s a well spoken bet
Bullying, bullying such a stupid and ridiculous act
As you have been beat up, brutalized and talked to like that
As you use logic, but they understand
You can do nothing but defend yourself as best you can
Something, yes something is going on in their mind
that makes you wonder if they never the chance to be divine
and as good as they could have been
Maybe the person thought they always used lose and they never won
Maybe that’s why they take it out on other people
And make their bullying a never ending sequel
The bullying they are doing may effect their future
And may grow up be a loser
I wonder if they ever had dreams
It appears to me that’s not what it seems
You try to give them compliments, but they just don’t care
You try to get through to them, but its just not fair
Then later in life they think that it was completely foolish
They regret what they’ve done and say I did not mean to do it
The victims are just living alone with fear
Being humiliated and destroyed by their peers
You know they have feelings too
When you think about it they are kinda just like you
The days go by and bullying gets steeper
They tear people down from their head to their sneakers
Then you are hurt walking up the stairs
People walk by, but no one cares
Everyday you are beat up and harassed
They get into your mind and treat you like trash
Next they go back to hurt some stranger
And what they don’t see is that they are in danger
So what is next you steal my money
Its not right that you think it is funny
Im living in a dark world
It is never sunny
Why don’t you be mature you stupid little dummy
That’s what they would do if they had been studied
Lets try to work together and get bullying banned
Why don’t we all rise up and make a stand
Bullying, bullying make people cry
We can put a stop to bullying if we just give it a try.

**Why by Jameraquai May**

Its time to stop this, I want peace!
Why do people have to bully?
I think it’s a pathetic way to get what they want.
Pinning them up, yelling “Where’s your lunch money.”
I’ve always wondered what’s the point?
Jumping people, they come to school as a beautiful soul and leave out like wolves have attacked them!
WHY? WHY? WHY? ! And all I can say is wipe the tears off your eyes.
Fighting back is just a peace of crap.
WHY?
Because time is elapsing and the ones who started aren’t passing.
WHY?
Because all they focus on is Bullying.
Why is it so hard to be nice?
Why is it so hard to care?
WHY?
All these questions but they’re not making sense.
WHY?
Because there are kids that still do it anyway.
WHY?
Because it’s a way to make themselves look all-tough, big and bad.
WHY?
Because people don’t care!
They have no feelings for their surroundings.
I care!
I have feelings so does the one that you always find on the ground or pinned to the wall.
There’s more going on and the way some people in the world handle it isn’t the right way.
I wish I could come to school without being bothered by bullying!
Everyday, watching the tears roll down their eyes.
Bullying isn’t the answer to get what you want.
The consequences I see isn’t what I had in mind.
They get detentions, but they don’t care.
They probably feel that that’s where they belong.
You got people that laugh when it’s not very funny.
The victim feels like an insect trapped in a spider web.
It hurts, that I ignore day after day while I’m seeing the same thing.
Everyday they probably bleed from the cuts so deep.
Is this a game that they all think we play?
Do they feel the pain and tears of some that shed away?
Even though it doesn’t affect all in this world,
it still happens and it continues to be ignored.
Is it possible to stop?
How about you show the ones that think it’s not.
I just walk on past thinking what to do.
No magic ever surrounds.
Imagine if this were you.
I’m always dreaming, you see.
As they get torn down they my smile turns into a frown.
This is all being caused by kid’s thinking they’re the best,
but don’t they realize the people their hurting in their chest.
Animals, humans they’re all part of life with the rest.
They take it for granted,
but when they get hurt they won’t be the ones who feel the burn.
I’m tired of waking up to a horrible day.
WHY?
Because people bully and swear they run that way.
I can’t deal with them anymore!
It’s time for them to stop.
I’m going to go home and think of what I got to make this stop!

**Forms of Bullying by Jasmine Walker**

Quiet, loud, and even aggressive.
Bullying starts and never stops.
Bullying is an everyday situation.
Can it stop? "Yes"
Can we help? "Of course"
Will we help? "NO"
Bullying hurts us.
Ignoring us, Teasing us, Beating us.
How does it feel to bully someone? It probably feels empowering.
Funny? Cool?
But when you're being bullied... I know it hurts your feelings.
When I was bullied, it was really "terror-able".
I was hurting inside.
I was so scared that I didn't want to come to school.
Would you rather bully or be bullied?
Think about it!

Violence Is A Disappointment  by Jhayda Washington

Everyday you see a lot of weird people,
like crack heads, junkies, troublemakers, and homeless people.
So you think to yourself what you can do to make it better.
The world today is going through some rough times.
People are just giving up!
People complain and complain about every little thing,
But some just never do anything about it.
There’s murderers and drug dealers causing so much commotion to the world.
Some of them get away with it and it needs to end now!
To some people violence is their everyday life, but not to me. So when it happens to my family
it breaks my heart even more........

Tarina Price,
my god sister,
her life has ended so soon.
Psychotic, psychotic her husband was psychotic.
He shot and stabbed her multiple times and he ruined her easygoing life.
3 kids, 3 kids, Thyri, Deion, and Dylan.
They ask their grandmom is my mommy going to heaven.
Ever since she passed away they cry their nights away.
They say things like, I want my mommy, I miss my mommy, I love my mommy, is she ever
coming back, why would my own dad do that to my mom?

He beats us and threatens us, the kids would tell their godmom.
Tarina planned to leave him because she knew it was wrong.
Plans, plans he planned this murder, when my family found out we wanted it to be over.
When it happened the kids were in their room asleep
My mom was next door and she didn't hear a peep.
She’s running down the stairs trying to run away.
She was sliced, stabbed, shot and the noises bang, bang from the gun.
The next-door neighbor called the police, but by that time Tarina was in so much pain.
Thank god the ambulance came because they got to her by fate.
She got to the hospital still trying to hang in there, but it was almost too late.
Prayers, prayers and more prayers were said about her,
but by the next morning she was gone.
It was a goodbye,
she says farewell her life has ended,
but her spirit is still alive.

It’s sad she’s gone and we loved her so very much.
We miss her,
Her family misses her; especially her kids.
They now have no mommy or daddy; their dad is in jail for life.
Thank God!
We may be upset about the fact that she’s no longer with us,
but it’s still a blessing to know that she is up there in heaven with god and our other family members.
It’s a devastating thing to share, but her story is a wake up call.
People need to stop the violence or at least try.
What happened to my sister is not the first and unfortunately is not the last.

They’re Still People  by  Katherine Burns

Before I start anything, I would like to dedicate this to my brother and all the gay, lesbian, and bi people in the world.

I walk through the halls and hear them, “That’s so gay,”
So I walk faster wanting to run.
Cringing as it seems everyone is saying it.
It’s not about me, it’s about someone else.
Just making fun of them as if they don’t matter.
When you use “gay” as a negative word every person who is gay, looses a little pride and hope for them in the world.
What?
Can I not love someone because we are the same gender?
What if I’m Bi?
Can I not love both?
Sorry, if it’s a problem because this is how you are.
Don’t throw away your family.
You don’t need to hide yourself.
You need to be yourself.

I don’t see the need to satisfy myself by calling out someone else.
Someone who’s different than me.
It’s horrible.
Just standing there not able to do something, kills me as I look at the poor person, who’s almost telling me to do something with their eyes.  
This is when I get scared.  
Almost so scared that I wonder if we are all in danger.  
I imagine my brother on Septa.  
I get scared that he will be harassed.  
He comes home fine everyday,  
having good days when everyone accepts him for him.  
I realize that he is better off than most gay kids in the world.  
Not having to leave his family,  
Or being treated differently than we would treat him if he weren’t gay.

People are Earth’s worst creations, starting war with each other.  
Well, what if we were all the same?  
No one would be normal.  
We would have no one to make fun of.  
Well, though it seems great,  
We wouldn’t have the people who make the world unique.  
We need these people.  
We need the ones who are “different.”

I don’t understand homophobics.  
A person hating another person because of something they can’t control?  
They can say what they like because if they do hate gay’s, lesbians, and bi’s,  
They are the real problem in society.  
It’s just so sad having people being what others call outcasts.  
If you are lucky enough to find love in this hopeless world, you should be happy.  
It is a good thing to find love no matter how you find it.  
I bet homophobics are too worried about gay people to actually find love themselves.

If I were gay, I would be confused,  
Why are we “bad” people in someone’s eyes?  
I bet most of them are.  
Can’t we all just get along?  
Is it because they’re different, or because you just don’t like them?  
If you have a problem with them, I have a problem with you.  
Gay’s are the most bullied in my eyes.  
But if you only remember one thing in the world, make it this-  
THEY ARE STILL PEOPLE!

Life by Miles Johnson-Foeman

Today is just another day of mean comments, death notes, bullying, and being picked on.
Nobody wants to support me everyone hates me, and everyone laughs at me as I walk down the hallway.
I am alone in a pit of darkness and there is no way to escape.
It seems like death is certain, there is no reason for my life to be here.
Pain never vanishes, it never leaves it’s never over, it’s just another day of tragic displays of me being bullied and pushed around.
They took everything away from me and some day they will feel my sorrow and sadness.
If only I could stand up to them and show them that they have no control over me.
But I can’t do that!
The only thing they will do is bully me harder and harder.
To them I am just a speck of dust floating.
A weak being I am.
Someone who has gotten all self confidence beaten out of them.
They shred me to pieces with their mean and harsh words and it’s not just at school,
It’s EVERYWHERE.
At home, the playground and everywhere mean text messages being sent all around about me.
They don’t bully others, only me.
Could I be the one they want to be depressed perhaps for life?
Probably so, they don’t value me, they just use me and abuse me.
I am like a punching bag who they can beat up and destroy.
There’s no reason why they bully me, they bully me for their own laughter.
It makes them happy to know that I am in a bad mood,
It makes them happy to know that I cry all the time because of their constant bullying.
It’s up to me and only me to stop them.
I have no friends.
My parents don’t support me and no matter how many times I report the people who bully me nothing gets done, it is no use.
Sometimes I wish I was never born at all and when people tell them to look at the bright side I tell them: there is no bright side, there is no joyful time for me!
All times for me are anger and sadness.
Life without me would probably go on,
Nobody would care in fact, if I were to just vanish, nobody would notice.
They probably want me gone no, they do want me gone!
They don’t want me around for their company,
They just want me around so they can beat me down to the point where I don’t want to live anymore.
Sometimes I want my death to come sooner.
Every time I get sick, I hope the sickness will kill me and everyday, this goes on.
Everyday the bullying gets worse, the punches get harder.
At recess I sit by myself and cry and think what is wrong.
I try to think what could I do that would make them like me,
But then I think why must I change who I am in order for them to like me.
Even if it means my death, I will not change myself!
Having to change yourself in order for someone to be friends with you is not true friendship.

**When Your Gone by Reggie Daniel**

Yea...
It’s my life...
My own words, I guess
Have you ever hated someone so much you would kill them for a penny?
Not a couple,
No, a single penny!
When they know they are your darkness,
And you know you were their play toy,
The one everyone tried to pick on.
But what happens when I turn right around and bite you?
And everything you did turns on you to spite you.
What happens when I become the main source of your pain?

“Yo, look what RJ made”.
Can you leave me alone Dey?,
“Aww what’s wrong, RJ you don’t wanna play today?”
No Dey! I never wanted to play, cuz I’m always the one getting played.

But then he turns around and tells me, I’m going to play
And puts his hands on me and says, “You’re going to play all day,"
But I balled up my fist and said not today or any other day,
matter of fact never again
Dey
But that’s RJ; yeah RJ’s crazy, but crazy is his middle name baby...

When your gone,
I’ll carry on,
won’t mourn
rejoice every time I don’t hear the sound of your voice.
Just know that I don’t have to look at you smiling,
you didn’t feel my pain cuz you couldn’t feel a thing,
I won’t smile back.
(Repeat)

I keep having this dream, he’s pushin’ me off the swing and kept screaming that he owns this swing and mom is saying:
“You making RJ cry,
why?
Why is RJ crying?”
“Ms. I’m not pushin’ him off no more”
“Dey your lien’ you always say that,
you always say that was the last time,
your not pushin him off no more Dey, “he’s crying”
She got parents in front of the swing trying to block me
“Dey please, Dey don’t do it, Dey, No stop it,“
I go in my pocket and pull out a balled up fist and lock it.
It has a target,
better hope that I don’t launch it.
But when I really look at him, its just me standing in the mirror.
These walls must be talking cuz man I can hear them sayin’
“He had one more chance to do right and it was that night.
Now go out there and show him that you want him gone”
And just as I go to walk out the bathroom door,
I see that he’s gone and the celebration can finally go on and I’m singing:

When your gone, I’ll carry on won’t mourn.
Rejoice every time I don’t hear the sound of your voice.
Just know that I don’t have to look at you smiling.
You didn’t feel my pain cuz you couldn’t feel a thing,
I won’t smile back.
(Repeat)

Bullying is all around by Saisha Wilson

It’s the sound of sadness and depression
When walking down the hall there are other kids staring, pointing, and spreading rumors about you
Bullies are kids who take away your happiness
Make you feel like crap everyday, one way or another
You don’t deserve to get bullied
You wonder what you did to deserve it
You pray to god that the miserable days will end
Some people end it themselves but its not the right way to end it
Bullying is like waking up to another day of pain
Bullying is something you don’t want to gain
You can’t complain
You can’t explain how much it hurts
It feels like it will never end
Crying instead of flying
Feeling like dying
Never telling the truth about it but lying.
Scared to say, “I’m being bullied”
Or Scared to stand up for yourself
Bullies seem like heartless creatures that take away your spirit
Being worried about what they will say about you next
Being scared to leave your own house
Because of bullies you are afraid to be free
They call you names and play the worst games
They know it hurts but don’t care about how you feel
They don’t feel bad
They want you to feel bad
And it makes you mad
That you had to be the one who is being bullied
You’re mad that bullying was even invented
You’re sad because of how bad they treat you
You’re sad because they don’t think twice before they do what they have done
It’s not fun for you or me
But they can’t see
How bad it is
Can they? No!
They call you the worst names they can think of
They physically and mentally hurt you inside and out
No matter what, they won’t stop until you do something
Until others see what kind of people they are
Until they are in your shoes they’ll never be you
They hate you because of some reason
Which is why they wait for you to come to school so they can criticize you.
Hurt by words you can’t take it anymore
Which is why you stand up for yourself
And be who you want to be
Instead of hiding from the sun
Become yourself again
Let yourself be happy again
Only when you stand up to bullying instead of going the wrong path
You can be a better you
I can be a better me
Can’t you see we all can stand up?
Be happy
Instead of being glum
You can be yourself
Only we can make a change in the world
And that change is making sure there is no bullying anymore
For the best and for the kids who try to commit suicide we can end it the right way.
You don’t have to be bullied
We don’t have to get bullied
We can end bullying
We can stand up to bullies
Because we all have a voice
It’s our choice to make a change
We can be happy and shine bright
If only we make it right
So hold on tight
And stand up to you’re bully
And fight for your freedom
End the sorrow because there is a tomorrow.

NOT ME! By Tyannah Pleasant

Getting bullied is not a joke
And some people play with it like it’s a game
But when it’s all said and done
Who’s to blame.
Who wants to be treated like that?
Not me.
Who wants to be called ugly and fat,
Not me.
Who wants a dirty napkin thrown in your face,
not me.
Who wants to feel like crap,
A worthless person,
Not part of the human race,
Not me
I have a story to tell
For everyone to see I’ve been going through
He!*.
Everyday is a rollercoaster for me,
But people don’t understand.
Since the first day
Of school I’ve been filled
With hurt and pain.
No one knows what I’m going through.
So why are they doing this
To me, hating me
Killing me inside.
And the disease will soon
Spread to the skin.
It’s crazy how just a pencil
Can go to a knife,
Then a rope hanging on my basement pipes.
Even watching movies
Is not the same.
I see a rope,
And a girl and
It reminds me of shame.
I hurt so much I bleed inside
Look at me and you see suicide
If it wasn’t for the good people in my life
That tiny voice in my head
Wouldn’t of told me to
Put down the knife.
If its wasn’t for the little thought
I would have been hanging on that hurtful rope.
I dream about
What the world would be
without me.
I dream about what the world would
Be if everyone looked like me,
Short hair,
Thick, light-skinned
And in my eyes beautiful.
Personality is the key
Not how you look and what they
Expect you to be.

Ms. Bloom – Wagner Middle School
“Best of 2012”

Hatred is Blind  By-Angie Margai-Renner

Hatred is blind and carries people away
Hatred is hidden on the corner of everyone’s eyes
Hatred fades away everyday and everywhere but at the same time,
Hatred grows everywhere in every heart.
Hatred starts on the inside but as time goes by it eventually crawls through to the outside.
We are in a world filled with hatred.
Once hatred is in you, it’s hard for it to go away.
The opposite of hatred is not love it’s indifference.
Hatred at times is a shadow.
A man’s heart filled with hatred is cruel.
Hatred is a poison that kills you slowly.
Hatred is a game that’s played by tricky minds.
Hatred eats you on the inside and then seeps out your pores.
If hatred was erased, the Holocaust, the Civil Rights movement or other events of dispute, would never have been written. 
Hatred leads to violence
Drive away the hate and aim for peace
The world would be a much better place.

Stop Homophobia
By: Dominique Jones

When you go to school do you imagine a day of being verbally bullied? For some people this is true. For most people this is exactly what they imagine. This is an every day life for lesbian, gay people, bi-sexual, and trans-sexual. Just about eighty-four percent of LBGT report being verbally harassed (name-calling, threats, etc.) because of their sexual orientation. This kind of bullying can put a permanent affect on someone’s life.

Homophobia affects the lives of many people. Also people can be physically bullied because of being LBGT. For example a student from Wyoming was assaulted and brutally tortured also put on a fence to die. Sooner he was hospitalized then after that he later died. According to the National Youth Association 1/3 of LGBT kids commit suicide. Now that you see our statistics you see Homophobia affect the lives of many people.

There are some groups currently working to help with the issue of Homophobia. These groups consist of Safe Schools Coalition, Human Rights Campaign, and PFLAG. Most of these groups are helping to raise awareness. Also they are raising money. Even though there are groups helping there still a lot of work to be done.

Despite the efforts of these groups, there is still a lot of work to be done to help to end Homophobia. The little things make a difference like if you heard people say things like “that’s gay” and “he/she should have been come out off the closet” you should tell them to stop and think about what they just said, Another thing you can do is try to be aware yourself, don’t feel any hatred for anyone because people are people no matter what shape or size u are.

Over all homophobia is a serious matter and you shouldn’t take it for granted. I feel very touched by this topic and I’m glad I got to share this experience with you. Hopefully you will raise awareness and try to stop homophobia yourself.

Remember: “Be the Change you want to be in the World”
-Gandi

Speak [Themselves] Out By: Aaliyah Windle

Why should we brag and complain of a pain that will fade, won’t be remembered?
We should speak ourselves out. 
Allow ourselves to be “heard” through writing.
For the world to become conscious and appreciate our tribulations, to overlook their own lives in search of ours.
Throwing the other function of them that is self-centered, in the garbage.
Who should understand our ethnic background and our atrocious life?
But available problems create an [un]available world of peace.
We shall speak ourselves out.
We’re living in a life of danger, in a world of dishonesty, violence, war, and disregard.
Black vs. White shall be left Underground.
6 feet to freedom.
Like Ink vs. Paper, without one another there’s no salvation.
Inside and out, we are the world.
Like a once splintered pencil (life), that has transformed to being the sharpest tip sharpened.
This could be us: united.
For better or for worse, an ancestral phantasm.
Life is reality, waiting for freedom.
Our world will reverse, by speaking ourselves out.

The Skin I’m In by Kyleaf Holland

I am the charming bull running for the red flag.
I am like the heavenly notes you can’t deny.
I feel confident even when I walk through the shadow of death.
I am the odds and the even.
The skin I’m in is lovely, faithful, passionate, and comfortable.
The scars remind me of fathers dying and babies being born,
the beginning and end.
In my brown eyes I see innocence and help, like a mother bear keeping its cub warm.
In my own smiles and frowns I see up’s and down’s.
Looks may not always look nice but, never the less love is never ugly.
From my lips I say to the world is that, while being Urban is a great part of African-American culture, but being ghetto is not, there is nothing cool about ignorance, rudeness, or being uneducated.
People out side me think I’m weak, and that they are better than me.
In my ears, I hear the out side the world or at home I hear ghettoness, prejudice, and gangs and innocent people getting killed.
Inside my skin I feel confident, strong, and positive.
My skin doesn’t show the real me.
The real me is peaceful, cheerful, and quiet.
Some day soon I’ll love the skin I’m in.

Racism by Byron Landham

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Racism
Segregation is the destruction of civilization
Prejudice is like disrespect
Wait, prejudice is disrespect
To some racism causes anger to run wild through their street
Through their veins.
Get ready to feel the heat
Don’t judge or they’ll fight you “POW”
They’ll hit you so hard you might ask how?
Or, you might say nothing in the first place
So it won’t be a disgrace
Sometimes there’s a time when you’re right and you know you must fight
And, sometimes “silence is golden.”

Salvaged From History By: Aaliyah Windle
“We have rights!”
I can hear the voices of the protestors inside of my head.
Like an evaporated once distinct ocean, many are now dead.
“I have a dream!”
He gave a speech with the help of his team.
“Follow me, come this way.”
Travel on the Underground Railroad and envision walking for more than a day!
“We will fight without violence!”
The Freedom Riders refused to remain in silence.
“I want to be as intelligent as they are!”
Before, Medgar Evers students felt as though they were below par.
“I demand respect, I will sit where I please!”
It wasn’t fair, but she helped so that 21st century children would not be teased.
“I had crossed the line. I was free; but there was no one to welcome me to the land of freedom.”
A stranger in a strange land, Harriet Tubman emanated courage and rose to the occasion.
In their legacy I remember and fight for my Civil Rights, like Maya Angelou “Still I will rise!”

Looking for My Hero By: Aaliyah Windle
Fade in: Interior: New Jersey Detention Center. “Jerry, Jerry!” You can hear the voices of the chaotic and boisterous crowd filled with excitement waiting to see some action. Guards watch over prisoners like a pack of hyenas hunting for their prey. The open field is nearly empty like a drip of soda left in a can. The only left there is a lone chip wrapper blowing in the wind. Prisoners are waiting for their free time, having to share a room—like kids being stuck on punishment but worse. Almost everything salvaged including uniforms and nightmare-beds. This is the home of suspects charged with crimes like murder, robbery, and drug dealing. Living inside of their dark, boring, newspaper-walled rooms with the tally marks to keep track of the days spent lonely in a jail cell. Shared and repeatedly used horrifying and destroyed cells. This is how I imagine my father’s new home.
As a young women, I have always been a “Daddy’s Girl”. To me, there is no shame in saying my dad is my rock—mainly because he is one of the people that have inspired me to do the impossible and because it is true. My parents and I had a very close bind, which was similar to gravity colliding two planets together. I could not even imagine what my life would be like without my father, until it happened.

Still to this day, I’ve never forgotten the time I received the call. It was March 7th, 2006 on my older sister, Taeler’s birthday. My siblings and I were heartbroken. What seemed to be the perfect evening ended up reversing into a dark, gloomy, and cold evening. Inside I was incomplete. Like a long-lost couple, my heart was broken. Reminiscing, I find myself going back to the same thoughts that were flying through my mind at that very moment. “Wow! Now I know why I haven’t spoken to him in what seems to be forever. What could MY daddy possibly do to be imprisoned?” I would continuously question myself. Maybe he wasn’t in his right mind, but my only question was... what comes next?

Over the next few years, my mother struggled. It was difficult being a single mother raising three children who once lived in the fantasy world. However, she managed to get back on her feet. Even though many valuable things were lost, including a three-story home and several expensive clothing, we got it all back. For this reason, I have to say she is a wonderful influence and both a dependable and strong women. However, how did I solve MY problem?

By growing older and becoming more mature, I’ve learned several strategies to overcome this barrier. I’ve learned to gain commitment, courage, forgiveness, determination, integrity, persistence, and last but not least, excellence— all apart of Jackie Robinson’s Nine Values. By using determination, courage, excellence, and commitment, I’ve learned to hold my head up high no matter what negative thing comes my way. While using consistence and integrity, I’ve educated myself into learning that there will always be someone in the shadow blocking my path. Also, by understanding the importance of forgiveness, my father and I are now closer than ever. However, these are not the only areas recovered by these strategies.

SLAM! I can hear the old home of my father’s prison bars joining and collapsing to remark the removal of my father. And as a “Daddy’s Girl”, I’m more proud than ever to announce that my father and I are now communicating in ways I have once never imagined. Also, I am glad that my father has learned his lesson. He is not the only one, though, who has learned a lesson. I have learned a very dependable life-lesson, which will help guide me over the course of the years to success. I have learned that forgiveness can make things much better in your life. He knows what he did was wrong and I am mostly proud of his accomplishment while in parenting class. While in jail, he has managed to never forget about his children and always remained a strong man that wants his children to do better. The parts were two estranged people now reunited as a happy couple. Nobody’s perfect, and therefore, I love my father.

Truth is
by: Kyleef Holland

Truth is freedom,
Truth is the happy and sad,
Truth is the good and bad,
Truth is the misunderstood,
Truth is the life that supports like a wife,
Truth is the lime light that comes out at night,
Truth is the sorrow for today and tomorrow,

Truth is a statement that can be un situated,
Truth is the human being that will be hated,

Truth is some thing that will be evaporated and then examinated,

Truth is the hidden lies that can bring good clouds and skies,

Truth is a story for victories,

Truth will be honored in stead of being sponsored by monsters,

Truth will rule for ever and shine like treasure,

truth will swallow all good deeds and pleasure,

Truth shall rule and duel all pressure.

Changing Times by Lawanna Williams

Our world needs to change,
It needs to rearrange
Less pollution
More solution
Less violence
More tolerance
Factories for jobs,
But not for kids
Where people’s lives are not up for bids,
We should try bidding on something besides lives
Our world can change,
We can clean up, and rearrange
More beauty,
And more sparkle
So we can make a change
I world, 1 sky
Our world can go sky high.

“I Am From” by Jewell Mavi

I am from romance, from happiness and sunshine.
Where love is expected and when you’re there your accepted.
I am from sounds. From music. From R&B, Jazz and hip-hop.
From streets to houses. I am a melody.

I am from the past. From the heart that never cracks.
Glass that doesn’t shatter.

From Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love.
From the streets of littering, the house of siblings.
I am from life. From where you take one breath at a time.
I am from the concrete stained from dead people. From ability and non-ability.

I am from passion, from experiences. From the love and betrayal of others.
I am from California earthquakes and tears, from moons and sun.
I am from winter, summer, fall, spring.
I am from love gifts.

I am from hope from chances. Where life is a question these days.
I am from where hearts barely pump. From where lives are wasted.
From equality. From where we matter.
I am from where your house is not always the safest place.
I am from escaping. From childish games.
I am from where if you are nice you’re also six feet in the ground.

I am from complications.
From when these days just talking to others is no sensation.
From keeping secrets and having yours read out loud.

Ms. Todd - Wagner Middle School

The World by Benjamin Twiggs
Trees walk like a baby taking its first steps they always stumble and fall.
People are trees in the woods they stand and do not move.
Parents scream at their child like kids on the playground.
Students in math class work as hard as a slave in the cotton fields.
Drugs get sold as fast as a cheetah could run.
People drive as slow as people participating in a funeral.
People get robbed and stay as quiet as a mouse.
When cars crash they go boom bang bam very fast.
Teachers are lions and the students are their prey.
Track stars run as fast as a car on 309.
The street is an ocean it is very big and hard to pass threw.
Our soldiers die in war as fast as a student could spell Mississippi.

What Needs To Change by Jada Robinson
It doesn’t matter the color of my skin
I’m not made of stone
Sticks and stones do break my bones
But words DO hurt me
They hurt everyone
Everyone has tears
From a 6-year old kid to an 80-year old man
Why are we still killing?
Killing sisters and brothers
Lil’ girls becoming mothers
It’s not cool, or cute!
Messing up your life like that
What about stay in school?
Nobody says that anymore!
The world needs to change
Girls in my own school pregnant
Boys smoking weed, jumping people just because they feel like it
I honestly believe this world will change, and it will be taken care of
Even 5,000 years from now!

Heal The World by Cyree Taylor
Our world today is very dirty.
But we can work together and make it perty.
Bubble gum and drippy drops.
We’ll clean and clean all day and night.
The world is falling, falling low
But we will work together to make it glow.
You can see it now it’s plain to see
We’re falling into a dirty destiny.
Clean up it’s all I ask
Before we live in everyday trash.

Cyber Bullying by Dymeerah Fuell
Lying in bed, watchin’ TV
I hear my computer ring
Looking at the message
Thinking why me?

Suspect threatens me
They will fight me
I am scared
I’m not the type that fights

Can I tell my mom?
No she wouldn’t do anything.
I keep on getting messages
It makes me want to cry

I don’t want to do it
I just wonder
I believe I will be fine.

Bullying Rebellion by Kierra West

The one thing kids fear on the first day of school
That one person who makes you feel like a fool
The bully that always pushes you around
You try to run and hide but they’re always around
You try to tell people but they never listen they make it worse
Now bullies are even bullying us online, the one place we think is safe
They’re saying things like “you’re fat!” and “you’re ugly” and it’s wrong
Sometimes you want to just die
But, you can’t say goodbye because people love you and they want you here with them
Even when they kick, punch and bite
You have to be prepared to fight.

Another Dimension by Malik Rodgers

My life is like a spinning circle
Going round and round
It’s like being teleported to another Dimension
I met a bunch of mirrors
Who say the same old things I say
They laugh and giggle at me
So I break them all and more come
They held me down and beat me up
They laugh and cry
They punch and kick
Until I get mad
    Then I throw and slam
    And pull out a nerf gun
    That I was playing with in my room
I shoot and shoot until real bullets
Start to come out

I shoot until there are no more
Mirrors
I found out that it was test
But it wasn’t a test
It was real life.

Title: Believing in Someone By: Malik Rodgers Grade 6

I saw a light
A light that lifted me in the air
I went to heaven in human form
I was like a cat in a trap

I saw a bright light
So bright of a light
I talked to god
He said behave

I was sent back down to Earth
Flying fast through the sky
I didn’t have a parachute
But a hand grabbed me

I love you God
I love you Jesus

ANY DIRECTION BUT MINE by CHARJANET WHITE

I’M HURT I FELL TO THE DIRT, YOU LOOK DOWN AT ME BUT YET YOU
STILL DON’T SEE ME, YOU HAVE BROKEN ME OF ALL LOVE , BUT YOU STILL MISTREAT ME.

I FEAR THAT IF I RUN TO FAST I MIGHT PAST YOU BUT I GUESS YOU WANT ME TO SO I WONT
MULTI TASK YOU.

ITS NOT MY FAULT IF I’M SO AFRAID TO ASK YOU,..... DO YOU LOVE ME?
YOU STARE AT ME AND YET NOW IT DAWNS ON ME YOUR LOVE HAS ALWAYS FALLIN ON ME WITHOUT MY NOTICE NOR FOCUS.

The one life of confusion by Destyny Brooks

“YES” I know I love my mom and I know I love my dad and they are trying to give me the life I want to have. They can see me sad even when I smile even when I laugh. The can see it in my eyes deep inside I want to cry. ’Cause my dog, she’s not here. My Willo is with me in my prayers. I try not to cry, wipe them tears. My Willa is here, no nightmares. I got to pull it together, I’m going to do it. My family is crazy, aren’t they? “YEAH” but they better know it. I only have one chance in this world when it spins, when it swirls. I’m daddy’s baby girl. I look puzzled in a daze. It’s confusing. My family and I are always stressed. It seems my life is a really big test. Things always happen for a reason something we have no control over and that’s what DESTINY is. I try not to worry, rest my head and go to sleep. Maybe one day I will wake up and this will all be a dream.

This is crazy right?!

I remember last year in 2011 my dad had no money. Mommy wrapped the presents up and stuck them under the tree and said some of them were from your daddy cause daddy couldn’t buy them. I will never forget that Christmas he sat up the whole night crying. See daddy your just dumb, daddy has a job. Instead he bought stuff for Jordan and my little bro, and not his little daughter. See now me and my dad’s friendship just started breaking apart. My family is seeing me grow up, it’s like a flower has just developed. I’m still talking to you, Desi is still here. “Yeah”, It’s got a ring to it, shh, I’m only here just for this moment.

This is confusing right?!

My family is so crazy I can’t stand it! One of my cousins just got locked for shooting somebody just because of something. It’s really confusing. See before I was born, my aunt (I forgot her name) her and her husband got into fight in the house and the neighbors heard and her husband killed her for something really stupid. See I will never also forget the time my De De Wanda’s house got robbed. They tried to steal everything even the wii and her 42” plasma TV, but (ha-ha) to bad you little thieves. See my life is just retarded. My life is falling apart I wish I can go back and have a brand new start but...duh! This is life you just have to keep going until you finally die.

Let The Light Shine On Us by Saalih Tyson

The light carries on like time and space
With great care we can send the light upon us

As our people, the world is a violent place
In the hood with a BANG people kill and curse

Send the light upon us
Send the light upon us
Let us share peace and prosperity with our race
But with love and trust

Using violence seems not to be the case
We will win the war against havoc

Racism by Malik Rodgers
In this world there is so much racism.
Racism to me is like terrorism.
By organizing against it we can stop it.
I dislike racism and we should encourage unity.
We can talk to each other and love one another.
We can stop the negative talk.
Kids get emotionally scared and they may want to fight.

It doesn’t matter if your black or white
Racism is not right.
Bullies use racism to bring people down
And tear apart their confidence.
I like to help people by encouraging them.
This is reality not an m &m commercial or cartoon.
I believe racism is serious.
I think we all should love each other to make peace.

DIFFERENCE: MAKING A CHANGE by FRANCESCA JAMEE MEARS

Who cares about the different colors of our face
or the amount of our race or the purpose of our religion? Yeah .....yeah....

I don’t.
I don’t care about color
I care about being trustworthy
I care about compassion, responsibility
respect and honesty.

So who cares about being different?
That’s what makes us, us
Not the same clothes, the same hairstyle
Different means expressing ourselves the way we want.
Judge by the heart, mind and soul.
Judge the inside of the book
not its cover.
I recommend you spend a little time giving out
Your heart and thinking in your mind.
No matter how old you are
you can’t waste time.
Making a change is just right.

People live life hard so give your time
A quarter, nickel, penny, or dime
If we respect one another life can be fine.

You should help to shine
You should help to make things alright .
Whether you speak English, French, Chinese, Japanese,
We can make peace in this world.

Together we are one, we own this world.
Call me when you need to get together and
We stand as friends hand and hand.

Ups or downs round and round don’t
Make a sound just listen to the pound of the
Heart
Yeah it’s mine, about time!
So make a change so make a change....

Stand Up and Save the World by Charjanet White

This is how it was supposed to be
now I don’t know what I see.
How did it go from
Red to black and white,
Love to hate and fights,
Free to you caught me,
Hugged to mugged and drugged,
Kissed to I hope he’ll miss hitting me with his whips,
hand and hand to
“Man you touch me and it will be man to man?”

“What I want to see is a CHANGE for you and me.
DREAMING TO BELIEVING,
ACCOMPLISHMENT NO LONGER BEING ASTONISHMENT BECAUSE YOU HAVE ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED IT, SO YOU'RE USE TO IT.
CHANGE, IT'S IN RANGE,
CHANGE, IT'S IN CHATTER,
CHANGE, IT'S WHAT'S EXPECTED BEYOND THE CLOUDS”

TRAGICALLY this is what others see
I want a cause and effect situation for you and me.
Killing to Dealing,
Failing to no longer being a surprised because you’re use to it.
It’s all in the bullet to the head,
Skittles and tea,
A bowl with no food,
skin with and without color.
The computer pathetically needing a single click,
only a single click.

Skin Color by Tyron McGhee
My skin color is light skin.
Your skin is different.
We all bleed the color red.
We all come from a person,
the one who made us.
We all are no different from each other.
Why do you hate me?
We all are brothers and sisters.
You might hurt us because our skin is different,
but you will not break our sprit.
Me and my brothers and sisters will stick together no matter what!
To change this world around,
we have to believe in each other and respect each other no matter if you’re white, dark or light.
We all are the same.

The big world by Destyny Brooks

Our big world when it spins when it swirls
How our big flag flies and it’s gently swaying against the big blue skies
People shooting their guns “Powing” in my ear it hurts my soul and it brings down tears
A waterfall of blood drowns the world everyday by killing or sacrifice
Whites still having hatred for blacks and blacks still having hated for whites

Looking at the flag with its red, white, and blue stripes and it’s gently swaying through the skies
day and night
The big bright yellow stars where our patriots rose to the heaven above
Haiti begging for our help and want the life we have
It just breaks the world and my heart in half.
We have a world of darkness and a hint of light while some people’s freedom is still in a fight
I love our big world no matter with its shame in the land of the free and the home of the brave.

**The World’s Turning Point by Rafiq Perkins**
The world is dirty.
The world is full of despair.
The world is full of misery.
This world that we share.

We can make a difference.
We can clean it all.
Take the trash and have a removal.
Give the people a reason to be happy.
Remove money, the source of all evil.

We can make a difference.
More people staying together and keeping peace,
Having freedom and having love.
No more house payments so you don’t have to worry about a lease.
When you have all this, nothing is above.

We can make a difference.
We treat each other selfishly.
We treat each other rudely.
But I will wait patiently.
For the day we will all live in harmony.
We can make a difference.

**The Words Written On My Heart to Change the World by Shalia Miller**
There are words written on the tip of my tongue
yearning to be heard and waiting to be sung
these words that fill my thoughts, that fills my dreams,
they are starting to uncover the dark corners inside of us
but as we open our mouths only silence forever heard.
How can we change the world without violence?

I cry for the people who passed on during the night.
Is life all about killing innocent people?
I, as in we, can change the world
by moving far away from the pain that we are all going through.
We can change the world by helping the people get over their fear.
We can change the world by moving away from the violence.
We all know how it feels to hear a gun shot every night.
We can change the world by making it a better place for people and children.
We know how it feels to live on the streets because of what we feel and read.

What happened to our nation?
What happened to Rosa Parks helping us fight to change the world?
How could we let violence come between us?
What did we do wrong?
What happened to the world?
We need to change it.

Why are kids afraid to walk home at night because of the crazy violence going on in this world?
How can we change the world?
We can make a change by gathering people up
Let people talk about what they went through in life.

The world deserves better so let’s get together
And change the world that people are dying in.
We can change the world by sticking together
And making a change for the people and children
Who are dying for help.

Let’s all change the world for the children.
All we need to do is stop the violence in this society.
The violence is the conflict
And changing the world is the solution.
This world is coming to an end
And change the world
For the dying children.

Ms. Andrews – Wagner Middle School
Who Am I? by Larry Powell

Who am I? I am a young black man chasing a dream,
Who am I? I am a young black man trying to get some “Cream”,
Cream? “Cash rules everything around me”,
I do a 360 spin and see bad things surround me,
Who am I? Larry Powell, I go to a school called Wagner,
I live in a world that gets faster and faster,
Girls get faster and get pregnant by the day,
What can I say? They all want to play,
Who am I? Some call me Mr. “RipTheStage”,
I get the pencil and go crazy on the page,
I write rhymes, feelings, and bars on the paper,
I’ve got one motivation and I call them “haters”

Who am I? I’m am young man who lives in East Oak Lane, when I go to the block I see ladies strung out on cocaine, it amazes me to see the decision they chose, got the white devil sniffed up her nose,

Who am I? I’m “L”, the short black boy with great ambition, the rapper young cannon who kills his competition,

What am I? “Thurl” is what I am, I live in a world where “Benji” is your only friend, but how money is going to be your friend when it’s the root of all evil, all you want to do is show it and stunt like Evil Kenevil, but that’s not what you do, you don’t got a clue, you’re suppose to spend time, not money with your family and friends; well that’s what I do, now I’m not you, but I believe you should do it, I know you hear me but you aren’t listening, but that’s nothing new, Who am I? A person who “chills” with his team, in many poems its many frauds I’m going to just “keep it a bean”,

Who am I? I’m not a poet, I’m a rapper, it seems all my “Ol-Heads” are “trappers”, I don’t trap, that’s not the life I want to live, I want to be successful and be in the music “biz”,

Who am I? The son of Larry and Tanya, I go to a school where your social life is based on your clothes designer, like your shirt hot and his shirt not, lets STOP! but I can’t blame cause sometimes I do the same, all I want is brains, knowledge, education, kids taking kids out like the answers on the process of elimination,

Who am I? Someone who gets good grades,

Who am I? Mr. Rip The Stage,

Who am I? Someone trying to make it out the hood,

Who am I? As far as talent I’m like Campbell’s Soup I’m good,

Who am I ?

Rumors by Kiana Tat

Nowadays news travels fast,
He said, she said
Spreads around like a forest fire and
People get burned too
Of the most talked about stuff is just a rumor
Which has been spread from one false source
People automatically believe things even when they know it is not true
Then make false accusations and spread the too
Things that people say and do hurt the ones that thought
You were true

It’s funny how things come and go, to and from an unknown
Source that you think you’ll never know, but in the end when all is clear,
you’ll find out that the process of elimination is
never near hear.

Lost for Words

Sometimes I am lost for words
My mind is frozen I just don’t know what to say
It feels like I am invisible sometimes up in space it feels like
I am in a cage with all the thoughts and words that I won’t say, can’t say
Something is holding me back
Like a cat from jumping in water

Love doesn’t live in my house anymore
Where I’m from, you get it on your own
Because nobody is going to get it for you
It’s like this you gotta look out for yourself!

Everybody always on my back I’m never drama or trouble free
Cuz trouble always seems to find me
Sometimes I am sick to my stomach
It feels like my heart is bleeding tears and my eyes are crying blood

I try to toss my thoughts and words in a locked closet
I lock it so tight but the lock always seems to slip off

When I say, what I have to say
No one cant take it
That’s why I feel like I’m lost for words.

Shahida Parker-Johnson
Wagner Middle School
8th Grade

Logan Poem

I live in Logan,
This is a mischievous place
Where people blow, roll, or smoke and
It causes them to race
The valley of many, the home of few,
New is old and old is new
When I go home
New is old, and old is new
When I go home, I have got to be careful
Guys trying to steal often stare at you
We play ball and have much fun
Enjoying our days under the sun
Don’t get me wrong
Logan will keep you stumbling
Physically, mentally, it’s like your mind is
Rumbling
This is the neighborhood where we live
Never be afraid, keep your head up and be strong
Always stay forward and stay on your feet and keep
Going
That is all to the mystery of Logan

Daniel Schuler
Wagner Middle School
8th Grade

Counterfeit Friends
I wish friends were like money,
so you can hold them up to the light to see which ones are real
and which ones are fake
Friends are people who care for you, and take up for you
Not people who turn their backs
To me friends rent just friends their family
But friends cant always be there
Friends change like seasons,
They come and they go
As you age friends either become rotten like an apple
and become plastic or as some say, just fake
Maybe they’ll stay real and stick by you
I think you should never get too
Close to a friend
Friends can be there hours, days, months, or even years
You may get lucky and even be friends forever
But you’re gonna lose some friends as life goes on
Like I said, friends can’t always be there
I’m riding solo.

LaShanda Rivera
Wagner Middle School
8th Grade

Living a Lie

Living a lie
Is what I do everyday
Living a lie
Is how I make friends
Living a lie
Is how I fit in at school
Living a lie
Is how I get out of trouble
Living a lie
Is what hurts me the most
Living a lie
Is how you can be popular
Living a lie
Is how I get out with my friends
Living a lie
Is how I get through the day
Living a lie
Makes me think about God
Living a lie
Is when all I want to do is get out
Living a lie
Is how I live my life
Living a lie
In a wonderful world that is sent from heaven
Living a lie
In this life is unfair, sad, painful, and full of sorrow
Living a lie
Is how you get people in trouble
Living a lie
Is how I get what I want
Living a lie
Is how people hate against you
Living a lie
Is how I stay up all night with friends
Living a lie
Is how I change an F to an A
Living a lie
Is how I get excluded from eighth grade activities
Living a lie
Is like putting your life on HOLD !

Shannon Jones
Wagner Middle School
8th grade

Is it Me

Look at me
You may think you see who I really am
But you’ll never know me
I don’t want to feel pain inside anymore
I don’t want to look in the mirror and say how do I look
Do I look pretty
Am I pretty
I don’t want to say is it me on my knees
Trying to climb a tree
I don’t want to feel jealousy seeing another human being
Trying to enjoy their time while they can,
because unlike me I’m a human
and I deserve misery.
I have good days and I also have the worse
Every time I cry or get mad
I just want to burst
I hold pain inside because I thought it would be better
but trying to do that just makes me cry
my family is hard work.
Nowadays we have problems only because
I’m a child and they are adults
As time flies by I sometimes lie
I don’t mean to lie,
but sometimes trying to
Live in the truth is worse
Is it me Aliyah who was born as a gift
From God or is it me just plain old me.

Aliyah Annette Riley
Wagner Middle School
8th Grade

Basketball

Dribble Dribble
Bounce Bounce
Up the court I go
Gonna take it to the rim, putting on a show
Try and stop me try again
I am unstoppable
I am Run
My moves are kim cause
They are
They are impossible I’m not too flashy
But I am quick
Hit me with the ball
I throw it up and make it swish I am the best
No one compares or even measures close
And if anyone even dares it will be
All she wrote
I proudly stand above the rest
And if anyone don’t believe
Just put me to your hardest test
An A+ I will receive
And if you watch and start to see how everything makes sense
Inside my head easily
Wait until you see my defense

Christina DiPaolo - Bensalem

I Am From Philly

I am from North Philly
Where mirrors show the outside, but never the pain inside
I am from death, graves, and suicide,
Where if you don’t understand my silence, you’ll never understand my words
I am from where gunshots at night is never anything new
Where there are people who act like they don’t care, so they don’t listen,
But they will listen when you are gone
I am from where there are a lot of teddy bears on the sidewalk to mark where people were shot
And there are a lot of people digging their own grave
I am from pain, hurt, bullying
I am from Thomas Holmes Elementary School where my real friends are
I am from where streetlights turn on and the drug dealers come out
I am from people that run away from pain
I am from North Philly
But one thing I love about Philly is it doesn’t change me,
It only makes me stronger

I Am From

I am from a place where I have four friends
Where the good kids are bullies and I eat two meals a day
I am from a place where my mom left and my dad got sad.
My grandparents forgot about me and we live alone.
I am from Creekside, a very nice place.
I am from Puerto Rico, where shots fly through the sky, but no one cares.
I am now from Bensalem

I Am From

I am from the country with the eagle on the flag
I am from a loving mom, a hardworking dad, and a happy baby brother on the way
I am from 3:00 am exhausting parties
I am from vicious violence everywhere you go
I am from bull fights to soccer matches
I am from the dark alleys of blood, crying and assassination
I am from nasty, cruel narcotics officers
Who look to kidnap the next lonely child in their frightening white vans
I am from a country that is trying to be safer every minute
I am from Mexico

Family Matters

Family Problems
Kaitlyn

I don’t like being lied to, especially by my parents! When will they stop? I remember my mom lied to me about being pregnant with my brother until she was six months pregnant.

My family is never together; I wish they were. My mom, step dad, and dad are always saying how they will stop smoking and they never do. My dad cares more about my two step sisters than he cares about me, his real daughter. Me, my sister and my little brother all have different dads.

My dad is there but he doesn’t care. He doesn’t call; he didn’t even get me a birthday present. When I go over to my dads house, he goes to the mall or store and leaves me and my step sister home all day alone.

My mom and step dad are always arguing. They drink every night. They told me they would quit last January, and they never did. My step dad was in jail for three years; my mom almost went to jail. She had a DUI and she lost her car for two years. My dad was in jail for six years. He was in jail when I was born. He didn’t meet me until I was 6 years old. My step mom was the only one who made a good choice in life. She went to college, got a good job and she doesn’t smoke.

My family is separated and I don’t like it.

Siblings vs. Parents by Sam

Who is the boss in the house? Who makes the rules in the house? Do you have siblings that fight with mom...well I do.

It happens off and on and sometimes they fight over the dumbest things. One time my brother David told my mom to turn down the volume on the TV. They broke out in a big fight all because mom wouldn’t turn down the volume. David punched the wall over it; the mark is still there to this day.

On Christmas day, David will be 17 and I think they will fight. He wants money for his present and mom doesn’t have money to give him. David will punch something else. He’ll yell at me, but I know he doesn’t mean to. I know he loves me, mom and GoodBoy (my dog). Someday he will get along with mom and me.
When they fight, I try to ignore it, but other times I get really upset. If I could change it, I would. I tell them not to talk to each other without yelling at each other. I tell them that their fighting really annoys me. There are people in the house besides the two of them and we don’t need to hear it!

Two Houses by Jonathan

Have you ever had to live in two houses because of family problems?  
Living in two houses has its good points and bad points. The bad part is I can’t see my dad like I see my mom. My father threatened my sisters at times and even more, my mom. I was only about one when this was happening. My mom says he choked her; but he says differently. I don’t know who is being honest, my mom or dad.

The good part is I get more Christmas presents that the average child. Also, now I don’t have to worry about whose side to be on, or what parent to be loyal to.

Living in two houses can sometimes be hard, but at least with two different houses everybody gets along.

Addiction by Glen

Hi, my name is Glen. I have long, dark brown hair and I am not so tall. I have a family, a good family, but they have an addiction; an addiction to drinking. Do any of your family members drink? All of mine do. It sucks. Only my grandma drinks on special occasions like birthdays, New Years, and other holidays.

I’m used to it but sometimes it goes too far. Like sometimes they will get too wasted to drive or do anything. If this happens, I have to sleep in the house that we are at. It’s not fun to have to sleep at someone else’s house. Sometimes it can be fun because at least one person in the party will be so wasted that he doesn’t know where he is or what he is talking about. My brother and I will start to talk to him and they start talking about unicorns or other fantasies.

It sucks to have a family like that, but I love them. I can deal with their addiction. I would rather play video games at my dad’s house or just sleep.
Life Metaphors by Dennis

Life is a video game
Sometimes you win & sometimes you lose
Sometimes you get to cheat to get an easy way out
Sometimes you fall, but you got to start over again.
Maybe sometimes you have a hard level in life
Sometimes you have to try to get past an obstacle in life
Sometimes you have to fight out of problems
At one point in life & a video game you have to die

Life is a lump of clay,
You can make it into anything you want.
You can make it a bad situation, or a good Situation.
You can remold it to something else
Or you can leave it alone and let it dry.
When you are tired of that life or clay you have.
You can remold it into another lump of day
And start over.

By Samir

Life is a prison
You just got in and you are being scared straight
Surrounded by constant strangers
Waiting for another chance
Waiting for years to pass
Ready to leave by 2020
And when you’re out, you feel free.
You’re happy it’s over but you still need help.
Life is never ending and s is your memory in that jailhouse and the cell.

By: Everardo

Mr. Waters- Smith

David Banks
David Banks 310 came to class at 10:30 with a lot of negative energy. He was exceptionally playful and not concerned at all with work. He refused to complete the critical thinking questions from the story and refused to complete the constructed response as well. He was redirected several times and due to the impact of behaviors on the classroom. I asked him to focus and to control his behavior.......I escorted him to Ms. White’s class with his work to calm down before lunch so he could get a grip on the importance of school. After lunch, he
was cursing, ”I don’t give a fuck”…”Black pussy bitch…” and more obscenities directed at peers and myself because of the constant talking and attempted fighting. He’s thrown things at students today upon arriving from lunch and since he was so off I asked him again to go to Ms. White’s room for the remainder of the day to complete his assignments. He refused saying he wasn’t “going to that fucking room.” “I don’t fucking care!” “Bitch, pussy…etc.” He has repeatedly defamed and violated my space and my professionalism with his degrading antics and remarks. However, I must add that this isn’t the first or second incident of his repeated cursing and swearing I’ve witnessed. I held him afterschool, at lunch, spoke with his mom numerous times and she even visited the school to pick him up but he wouldn’t go with her. He’s even threatened his mom in front of Ms. Morgan and myself.

My Dream
Do you know my dream when I get older?
I hope I succeed and change the world because this world getting colder.
My dream is to become a basketball player.
A lot of people going to hate, that’s why they call them haters,
You don’t have to wait sooner than later.

People open up and close on you like a folder.
A lot of people don’t care so, they shrug the shoulders.
This world has a lot of hatred
Don’t try to fight it, just face it.
Don’t trip on your shoestrings, lace it.

Achieving a goal is easy if you believe in yourself,
It will feel like you’re going around the world like a belt.
They say, “Hard work is paid off”
And its true, it felt like you made a lot of success.
Don’t try to be all in the Kool-Aid, you don’t want to be in the mess.

Basketball is an aggressive sport,
All you have to do is put the ball in the court.
And your team going to give you support.
Sometimes, The press conference tell lies
Your first game can have your stomach feeling like butterflies.

Making the last second buzzer beater can feel good inside
Always play with confidence and stay on your feet
You can always be hot like Miami Heat.
People going to always hate
But, don’t care about them, give it your all and when you win say, “check mate.”
**Constructed respond by Vera’Scott**

In your opinions which of the poems best convey what really matter in life? Explains your answer using examples from the poem you choose.

The poem that best conveys what really matters in life is “my fathers song “ I picked that story because the author really talks about how he is in pain that his father isn’t here any longer in the story he says “ I miss my fathers voice, the slight catch, the depth, from his thin chest, the tremble of emotion in something he has just said to his son”. That to me was the most meaningful part of the whole poem.

Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass…It’s about how to dance in the rain
This quote to me means, every difficult obstacle that comes your way, you’ll need to learn to deal with it, almost like overcoming it. The easy part is saying you’ll overcome it, the hard part is overcoming it. One obstacle that made me frustrated is when my grand dad passed away, and every time someone insults my granddad, I take my anger out on that person. One thing that made me overcome it is to control my anger by doing stuff like counting back from 5 to 1.
Another example I can take out my life story is when I played for a football team over the summer and my first game I played, I was starting in as a tight end, and I was exited. I was disappointed with myself, I couldn’t keep up with the other players, and this made my teammates criticize me, and then my coach took me out the game. That day I was determined to get better in football. I’d practiced day and night, and I ate very healthily.
The next week at the game, I was much better at it. I didn’t get out of breath when I tried to chase after other people. These are some examples why this quote means never give up!
Rahmeek Buxton-Kellam

I will not lose, for even in defeat, there’s a valuable lesson learned, so it evens up for me.

I believe that this quote is saying that there is a lesson learned in every mistake you make. I say this because one time I was racing my sister and she told me that I run too slow to beat her, so while we were running ran out of breathe but I had confidence in myself and I kept running and I beat her, I learned something that day I learned that I can do anything if I put my mind to it. There was another time when I was first learning how to ride a bike without training wheels, so I asked her can she help me she yes, so we went outside and started. At first I was a little scared but my sister said don’t be scared, so I got on the bike and was riding while my sister was holding the back of my seat and she let it go and I didn’t know it and when I turned around she wasn’t there so I fell, I got up and realized that I can learn how to ride but I have to ride but I just have to keep trying.

To: My Dream
From: Ronieq Kellam
Subject: Hoping
Date: Forever
Hoping: That means so many things to me, but this is written to something I hope for. I want my dream to become reality. I stay thinking about my dream and wondering is it really going to happen one day? My dream is to go to the NBA. I believe in myself. I just need practice and hard work to be successful and go to the NBA. My mom always told me “never give up on your dreams, you can always get right back up and do it again.” Can my dream be an illusion? Do I really want to do this when I get older? I wonder am I going to have a back up plan if my dream doesn’t work out, but there a saying “never give up on your dreams, you only live once so, you should live it to the fullest.” A lot of dreams do become reality. There are so many goals I want to accomplish in my life. I want to be known for my successes, determination, courage, and for helping others. To make sure my dream come true, I will stay focus in high school. I will do all my homework, class work, and have good behavior because I don’t want anything to destroy my chances of being successful. Then, when I graduate from high school and go to college, I would try my hardest to achieve my goal. I will attend as many classes as I can. Hoping is a good thing and you should always hope on something that you want. You should never run away from your dream because if you do, you probably run into a nightmare.

Bajah Barnes 4/13/12

“I want to have too many parents demanding excellence in their school.” - Arne Duncan

My quote means that parents should not just sit around and not do anything. Parents need to be more involved in their children’s education. They should not be afraid of what other parents are going to say. They should stand by their children for the betterment of schools and the betterment of their children.
I also believe Arne also want parents that are going to control things and not just sit back. Arne wants parents to show excellence and greatness in their schools. Parents need to show they are capable and worthy of doing they job. Arne doesn’t want the kids running over the parents, they want the parents to let the kids know who is in charge and who “runs” who without being to out of control. That is why some people want parents demanding excellence in their schools.
No one wants the parents fighting with the students, fighting with each other or fighting the teachers. Society wants the parents to let their children know what they can do and not do. For example, my parents, they come to some school meetings, they participate with the school council, they support me and my brother at report card conferences and when we get into trouble, which is not very often, we get “checked” immediately. It's important for them to see how the school is going and steps that are being taken in the right direction in my school. My parents also demand excellence from me, my teachers, my principal, my district because they care about our interests and our education is paramount in our family.
Valerie Evans

STUPID LOVE

I Loved You And You Said You Love Me To,
I Gave You My All And You Took It Forgranted,
The Day We Met I Found My Other half,
We Talked About Mostly Everything Together,
I Will Always Remember How You Lips Felt Against Mines,
I Thought Is Was Just Us But.........
You Left me Standing In The Rain All Alone Waiting For You To Come,
You Never Showed Up !!
I Loved Your Touch, You Smile, And Everything Else,
I Kept Wondering Where You Went??
But You Left Me For My Friend,
Now Your All Alone But You Still Have My Heart !!

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

10 – 13 – 11                                    8-2                                                  Ronieq Buxton – Kellam

Loss/Death of a love one

Loss of a loved one is when somebody died in your family.
Loss of a loved one make you feel sad because you loved that person so much, you wont never forget him/her.
I have so many deaths in my family, my great – grand pop and my god sister Raven.
I still think about them.
I miss Raven so badly.
She died so young, at the age 3 months.
Her full name was Raven Emani Kellam.
We have so many memories together.
I burst into tears when I heard my god sister died.
At the funeral, she looked so pretty inside the casket.
It seem like I knew her my whole life.
I have dreams about her like twice a month.
Every time I go to my god mom house, I look at her picture. 
If I had one wish, I would bring her back to life. 
She was the cutest babe, she was light skin, had good hair, eyes was light brown. 
When I have a baby, I want a daughter because I want to call her Raven Emani Kellam. 
I always used to change her diapers and feed her. 
It seem like she lived with me. 
She was like a blood sister to me. 
For her baby shower I bought her some diapers and small earring.

Ms. Cunningham - Smith School

Voice of Teens - Alexis Woods

While I’m getting older I know what I want to be. 
I want to be America’s Next Top Model and be seen on T.V
See the flashing lights and hear people screaming to me
This all started by following my uncle’s dreams
Taking amazing pictures walking down the run-way
I hope my future be successful and I make it some day
I’ll try my best even on my worse days
Making sure my walk is the best and everything is okay
Hoping for my dreams, aspirations, and future
Knowing and believing that I won’t abuse it
Going to New York, France, Paris, and London
Doing different poses making my arrival noticed
My education comes FIRST modeling come SECOND
I choose modeling because that’s what I’m BEST in
People will hate cous I’m doing better things then them
Talking about me behind my back a

What I Would Do To Change The World

If it were up to me what I would to change the world is stop the bad activities like bullying and cyber bullying and other bad activities that involves hitting or physical contact. 
Bullying is not excepted in school but yet alone they let it happen. There’s most bullying then cyber bullying. The world start falling apart because of stuff like this. Parents aren’t supposed to let things like this happen but they still do. They’re are supposed to be stopping the violence in this community. But to me I think there bringing more violence into the world by letting there kids bring guns and drugs to school to me that’s bullying. You are letting your child do whatever he/she wants to do. Things like this is why bullying is being excepted in this world. People are always walking around jumping each other see me I stay away from people like that I keep myself out of trouble and sometimes the people I’m with. Try to convince me to bully people with the but I do the right thing by walking
away and going to play basketball with other people. But now since we got a black president maybe our environment would change a little bit. Cyber bullying is not as bad as regular bullying but its still bullying. If you don’t know what that is I will tell you. Cyber bullying is internet bullying which is sending threats over the internet and off of websites like facebook and twitter and instagram. Those are the main websites were bullying is going on. First there was adults killing each other now there’s kids killing adults to me I think that’s bullying. Treyvon Martin was a 16 year old kid that was killed by a white man because of his skin color the murder thought he had a gun but truthfully he had a bag of skittles and a Arizona ice tea. Now to me I think that is bullying but in other peoples eyes that’s self defense. That’s a whole bunch of lies he killed him because he was black. Now do you see what I mean when I say bullying is unexpected. But if it were up to me I would put people like that behind bars. That’s would I would do if it were up to me. To change the world but this is why the world needs to change. Busing on each other making people cry what’s that world they say I think it’s could giving people hell this is why it all needs to stop. The world is not falling apart its just that there trying to take over which is why I wont let it happen I’m going to do whatever it takes to stop bullying and cyber bullying. If it takes me protesting and or writing a letter to the president I will. Life is not fair to some people because they’re getting abused.

Growing Up Without A Father Has Taken An Interesting Toll Out Of My Life.
My Dad Has Been In Jail For Fourteen Going On Fifteen Years, Basically All My Life.
I’ve Been Through Every Phase From Not Knowing Him To Knowing Him, Loving Him To Hating Him.
I Think Many Things I Went Through Wouldn’t Have Happened If He Weren’t Incarcerated.
It Sucks To Know He Is Missing Out On All My “Big” Events That I’m Very Proud Of.
You’ve Heard The Downs About It Now Here Is Some Ups About My Father And My Relationship: When We Actually Did Get To Talk To One Another We Found Out That We Had More In Common Then We Thought.
It Was Really Heart-Warming To Know He Really Wanted To Have A Relationship With Me. In March, For The First Time Ever We Got To See Each Other.
Even Though I Know He Won’t Ever Come Home I Still Keep My Hopes High And Wish That He Could.
It Took Me A While To Adjust To Not Only A Relationship With My Father, But Also A Friendship, It Took A While To Say I Love Him Because I Couldn’t Get For The Life Of Me How You Could “Love” A Stranger.

His Father Has Given Me A Father Figure To Look Up To, And Knowing That He Sculpted Out The Wonderful Man My Father is, He Will Take His Original Place As My FATHER.

Pamela Soto
Life is a side walk that never ends,
Sometimes it’s as smooth as a plat form with no cracks and life is easy,
but other times it’s rough and bumpy and it comes with a lot of cracks,
life can be complicated or easy and you think it never ends
but right when you think it doesn’t end
it very sadly does.

By: Pamela

Life is like a coloring book
Sometimes it gets scribbled on
Other times you get ripped and torn
Treated like Trash
Then your not ripped and torn
Not treated like trash
Life if perfect
Then your owner throws you out
By: Kaitlyn

Amy Northwest – Ms Bickley

Trust - By D’Avian Butler

Trust is something that you can’t hide.
It’s not jus some random thing buried inside.
Trust is something everyone does.
They just push it aside and ride.
They push you, kick you and boss you around.
Until it’s your turn to knock them on the ground.

Trust is not something everyone can do.
Not everyone trust people.
Like me and you.
So stand up, push them aside,
And let your trust take you on a long ride.

Our Earth By D’Avian Butler

Fire bursting all inside, I try to fight to stay alive.
People irking all around.
If you listen you can hear it all around jealousy, envy, hates.
Can everyone just be nice for one day?
It’s the world we live in

Friends and family they all hurt you.
Just when they say they are starting to trust you.
It’s the world that we live in.
It’s burning inside!!!

You try to run,
But you can’t hide. The world we live in does revolve,
But one day we will all drop and fall.

**Living Life**  
Do you feel as though your life has improved since you started writing in your journal.

Yes I think that reading, listening, and writing these journals shows me that I have found a way to cope with the stress I go through each day. I think that hearing other people’s problems and situations made me go through both a mental and emotional change. I guess I never really had a chance to take the focus off of me. I guess I was too naïve to see that I wasn’t the only one with problems.

Looking at myself I see how a boy that doesn’t have to get mad over every little thing that happens to him. I am actually very lucky to have the people that I have in my life. Before I started writing these journals I wouldn’t have had the opportunity to let out my emotions that were locked up in my chest, lodged deep into my heart. These journals have acted like a therapist for me. Who do I to thank for that, Ms. Bickley. So to properly thank you,
Thank you Ms. Bickley.

**I Used to Think   By Crystal Taylor**

I used to think Santa was real  
And that he ate up the cookies and milk  
I used to think all people were kind  
Personalities smooth as silk

I used to think rainbows were magic  
And people would never be teased  
I used to think boys were icky  
And that they carried a nasty disease

I used to think that I had powers  
And I would run throughout the house  
I used to think that animals could speak  
Like Jerry the clever mouse

But now I know that Santa isn’t real  
I know that Santa is my mom  
But now I know that people are cruel  
I know they swear they the bomb

But now I know the cause of rainbows  
I know people are bullied  
But now I know I have boys as friends
I know hey can be silly

But now I know I am a human without powers
I know they aren’t real
But now I know that animals don’t speak our language
I know they are as buggy as beetles

Now you know the things
That I used to think and feel
Although I know these things aren’t true
I will always still believe them, yes, yes I will

What can you do? By: Daniel Faulkner

What can you do for me?
Nothing but see.
See the fact that I’m no longer a baby
I won’t be the person who is trapped in his own house
I would rather be with my girlfriend, helping her pick out a blouse
I am way over-protected
Smothered like a flame in water
I wish I could go shopping with friends, not with my mother
I have many more words, but I have to wait and see the outcome of sending this letter to my father.

Dreams By: Daniel Faulkner
They are joyful
They are calm
They are tempting
They are wild
They can be fun
They can be scary
But don’t let dreams fool you
Don’t take them as guides
Instead take them as inspiration
Because what hides behind the door of your future isn’t what you dream for, it’s what you strive for.

Trust By: Daniel Faulkner
I can never be trusted
Who can
Racing in your mind is
“You can”
“But no one can be trusted”
is what I have to say
Because everyone had deep dark secrets at bay
resting