Writers Matter

Selected
Student Work
For 2012-2013

Including 2013 Winners of Writers Matter Annual Writing Contest

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June 2013
2013 Winners of the Writers Matter Annual Writing Contest
La Salle University's Writers Matter Program

First Place Winner

Wagner Middle School

(Please see attached painting that goes along with the poem)

Who is ME: A Family Tree Poem

The Roots:
Blood rushes through each body creating another
1940: from Accomac Virginia to Philadelphia
Speaking English
Saying “clean the house”—not ours, but the house of the other.
Hoping for a better life and fair job
Saving childhood memorials

The Trunk:
Generations change like weather
Singing “I made you a fisherman”
Cooking homemade gravy from scratch and making corn cakes
Hearing about abbreviated assassinations: First, MLK then JFK
Being a part of when blacks were not allowed in school with whites
...And when they were not able to vote
Hoping to take away the violence and be a better world
Memories of going to a carnival and seeing airplanes fly above for the first time

The Branches and Leaves:
My family tree marched on together
I am Maleka Tate
I now live on Bouvier Street in a house of women:
With my grandmom, aunt, mom, and my sister
I enjoy playing games and making art
When I think about my grandma’s family, I feel proud of my past
In the future, I will teach my own about my family and tell them that our history matters
Just like our writing about it matters, too.

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Second Place Winner

Wagner Middle School

Bully, Bully

Bully, bully, you can’t stop me!
I have dreams and a future you see,
You can’t tell me how to fix my hair,
And I won’t give you my care,
Bully, bully, your words may hurt
But my brain pays no attention.

I’ve had enough of this misery and pain,
So now I have to bring my game.
I’ve paid attention to the saying
“Sticks and stones may break my
Bones, but words can never hurt me.”
So now I can stand up with the millions of people and say...

Bully, bully, you can’t stop me
Because I am who I am and you look at me otherwise
I have skin JUST LIKE YOU
With eyes that I can see through

And when I look in the mirror, I see a beautiful girl,
Not what you describe
Your words can be selfish, greedy, ugly, and most of all, annoying!
You might be cool...
For me, some might use nerd which rules!

You hunt me down like a bee,
But all I see is a jealousy.
Bully, bully, you can’t stop me because you are just jealous
And jealousy is not the key
So don’t try to stop me!

Your words make others cry,
But for me I’ll just say sigh.
Bully, bully has someone ever told you
That you’re ugly?
Or that you aren’t cool?
So when you’re an adult, go through your memories.

My dad was taken by cancer
But you have the dream life
I hope that he watched me while you did what you’ve done
But now, I’m laughing and having fun.

So with these last words, you look through your time
Now, instead of a penny, you may think I’m a dime
I’m the boss of me
And that’s something that you can’t be
I’m the robin in the tree

I’m me and you can’t be
You may try to make me cry
But before the tree dies,
Bully, bully, you CANNOT stop me!

Third Place Winner

Amy NorthWest,

PHILLY SPOKEN WORD

I have realized
I have never seen
This city at its best
Scared of tomorrow
No one knows
What will happen next
Young black people
With no education
Black on black crime
Now, worse than segregation

Girls of all ages selling their bodies
To help their families
End up pregnant
And become their own enemies

What’s love got to do with it anymore?
They hit it than quit it
Just walk out the door

Got me convinced
All boys are the same
Lost hope 3 days ago
I don’t think we are ever goanna change

West side, south side
And southwest is “burnin’”
We wouldn’t have this problem
If everyone was in school learnin’

Northeast, Northwest
North side and Uptown
Martins dream didn’t
Include his youth to fall down

9-year-old girls running around
Talking like they grown
You can’t even spell “gangsta”
So how you “bad to the bone”

I’m tired of drowning
In this generation’s sorrows
I keep waiting, and... waiting
And I just can’t find tomorrow!

I keep hoping for tomorrow
But yesterday keeps showing up in its place
They say Philly is supposed to stick together
But yet they turn against their own race

I was told every generation gets weaker and weaker with every crime
And it takes time
To defend
What goes on in the youth’s mind

If your goanna kill your own people
The most you can do is at least  
Show a little mercy  
And let them REST IN PEACE  

Say you love them than mistreat them  
And try to fake a broken heart  
Say you need them than you leave them  
Waste of time from the start  

Once mended heart  
Now shattered to pieces  
And still black on black crime  
Intensely increases  

Sending nude pictures  
For a little attention  
This whole generation  
Is in need of redemption  

Everyone is getting booked  
Everyone is having kids  
Our hope is across the river  
But our ignorance broke the bridge  

People ask why am I so  
pretty, smart, and single  
It’s because I don’t have time  
For another broken heart to mingle  

No time for these boys  
And their silly little games  
Seems to me like everyone’s the problem  
WELL SOMEONE’S GATTA MAKE A CHANGE  

Don’t let your hater’s hold you back  
If you want to show something, let it show  
And just because you’re in the ghetto  
Doesn’t mean you can’t grow  

Tired of teens getting pregnant  
Then turning around and killing their seed  
I guess these young ladies  
Just don’t think the same as me  

If your woman enough to make the baby  
Than your woman enough to raise the baby  
And if you don’t like the idea  
Than just stay young and be a lady  

Something has got to give  
More than it can and will take,  
Because our generation is dropping Faster,  
Than these young ladies can populate
PHILLY’S SUPPOSE TO STICK TOGETHER
INSTEAD, THEY KILL AND HATE EACH OTHER!!

Honorary Mention (9 Winners)

C. W. Henry Elementary School

The Right To Be Heard

Discrimination and prejudice are running wild
As rampant and untamed as a newborn child.
Like a ferocious beast it will not be stopped
Unless a decision is made by someone on top.
Top, top, top, like the president,
To whom good and evil should probably be evident
I hope that this is relevant:
Gays, straights, autistics, and lesbians’ too-
They’re all getting beat until they’re black and blue.
Not just fists and punches, and bullies stealing lunches.
Words.
Splendid characters that illuminate the page
Are being used to take out hate and rage.
It’s hard to believe,
To even conceive,
The things people say and do.
Let me tell you this, from me to you:
It’s real.
It’s there.
Oh yes. It’s true.
Something has to be done.
This disease must be cured.
I’ll do this by speaking up.
I have the right to be heard.

C.W. Henry

Pursuing Your Dreams

COURAGE what that word means to me
I will tell you in my little and short story
There once was a girl who lived down the block
And she didn’t even know what courage was about
Wherever she went she was quiet and shy
Until one day when she opened up about one time
She was 12 years old and had plenty of talents
She had many, many dreams but thought life was a challenge
Everyone at school laughed and giggled
When she told them that she had knowledge
Because all they knew her for was all of her talents
At that point she believed that she wasn’t taken serious
And that she was living in a dream that everyone else thought was hilarious
Then came one day she was walking alone and singing to the beat
That she thought of on her on
Then out of the blue she heard something that she thought was inspiring
An old lady she knew told her
“GIRL, keep on trying, and your dreams filled with many of your talents including your knowledge will come true”
5 minutes later after she thought about
She knew that the words that were spoken came to her for courage
And since that point she made plenty of changes
She felt brave and successful
She’s not afraid to express herself whether she has
Talents
Knowledge
Or other traits
She Express herself in every different way
So let’s go back to the beginning
Courage what that word means to me
C- Change what you want to improve
O- Outstanding at what you do
U- Understood by others
R- Respected by yourself and others to
A- Astonishing
G- Great at your specialties
E- Extra give it something nice
Courage what that word means to you make a new change in your point of view. 😊 !!!!!!!!!

Smith School

Take Charge: Change

Little black boys and girls being degraded because of their race and become what they are accused.
Little black boys and girls that used to run and play in the streets are now walking around the streets: Some with guns in their hands, and others with condoms looking for a fix!
When they were young, their parents had such high hopes, but now their parents are on the verge of taking them out themselves.
Blood cutting blood over drugs and addiction.
Uncles killing nephews!
Brothers killing sisters!
Why?
The only question I have for the dissolving race is why?
Why do we present ourselves so negatively?
So disrespectfully?
Why not make a change starting now, with this generation?
Rather than selling illegal drugs on the corner, do something productive.
Why not finish school and become a pharmacist to sell drugs?
If you wish to deliver a baby, why not become an OB/GYN?
You can deliver them instead of going through the pain and later decide to not take care of them.
Stop letting the media control your minds and change!
They want you to fail!
Which is why we need to rise above!
Insist on change!
We as a whole can change!
You can change what people think of you, of us, if we work together and correct ourselves!
We don’t need to be what they say we are. We need to be successful!
Take charge and change the way the other people think of us.
Only we can do it!

Amy Northwest

Her Life Was Taken...

Light Brown skin
Dark brown eyes
Thick in the waist
Heavy in the thighs
Picture herself thin
Just because she wants to fit in
Thinks about herself as someone else
People say she has no confidence, she’s chasing her dream and hardly ever stopping at it
Time and time again she comes to realize that her dreams aren’t real, they’re what she can fantasize.
Looks at herself with insecurity
All people tell her, is that she so pretty
She believes that beauty is not found on her face
Yet she is sweet with poise and grace
No one listens they just keep speaking
She closes her eyes but her mind is still seeking
Beat down by hateful words
Scars that cover her voice unheard
Categorized by her personality
Being hit by her own reality
Tears rolled down her face
She hugged the pillow with embrace
Her mind felt unspoken
Her life left a token
She tried to stay real
As her broken heart tried to heal
Voices traveled through her head
As her soul wandered towards the dead
She went from being a quiet girl trapped inside
To a lonely heart ready to die
Can’t really say why she felt this way
A kiss without a lip to touch
Two hands that push away too rough
A hand without a heart to mold
These lips that tell you her story untold
Forever gone.

Wagner Middle School

My Voice

There are many different ways writing gives me a voice. For example in writing I can say what I feel and I can say it how I want, some stuff I say in my writing I can’t speak it. Meaning I can’t like say it, I don’t
know why but writing just lets me show my feelings better than I can speak it. Lot of people might say if you can write it you can speak it but that’s not always true.

Writing lets me be myself; it lets me say things that I feel. If I could say everything I write it just wouldn’t be the same. In my writings you can understand what I’m saying or trying to say. I know that writing is a big thing and it can get people going on or understand better. Writing shows people a different side of them. If people could speak what they wrote then they wouldn’t get the full effect of what they wrote.

In my writing it’s like I’m telling a story, a story about things that go on in the world and in my life as well. When I write I don’t plan things out about like what I’m going to write about or how I’m going to write it I just go along with the flow and come up with stuff off the top of my head. I don’t know why I do that; I just come up with stuff better like that.

When I write it’s relaxing, I always feel calm when I write. You’re supposed to be calm every time you write because if you’re not calm you start to freak out and become nervous. When you start to freak out and become nervous you don’t know what to write about and you’ll just be stuck. That’s why I always try to be calm and relaxed because mind stays focused.

Writing helps people out with everything. It lets people express their feelings in a different way, people can say what they feel and how they feel just on a piece of paper. When someone writes something it shows people how they really feel and why they feel this way. Especially teens because we are at that age where writing is everything to us and writing matters.

Wagner Middle School

Where I've Been, Where I'm Going

As a teen I have faced many difficulties with finding the right friends and decision-making. I remember when I first entered middle school I was always hyper active and never really followed directions. My grades were ok but I knew I could do better but I never really cared. In my 6th grade year my mother passed away and from then on I promised myself that I would get good grades because I knew she would be proud. It’s not always easy to get good grades and get along with my peers. So to avoid problems I always tried and get along and talk to people I knew I could get along with also I keep a journal to express my feelings.

Writing to me is a very good way to express my feelings whether they are positive or negative. When I write in my journal I feel like my journal is my own secret world. Writing has given me a different voice that I had never had before. I always had a voice before but since I started writing people were now able to see me in a different way instead of always loud and mean. People started to see that I'm a nice person and that's how I was able to make new friends.

As a teen I know it is good for me to make good choices in order to go to higher places. When I grow up I want to be a cosmetologist. I also had to let go my past of physical abuse. My past is not going to stop me from being the best I can. Letting go of my past has made my teenage life easier and better because now I look back at my past and see how much I progressed over the years and I can honestly say I have come out insecurity shell and I am proud of myself for that.

I have changed from always being loud, mean, and insecure but now thanks to my friends and my journal I learned I have to get through my past in order for me to have a brighter future. I am going to make my mother proud of a successful young leader. I am going to a place where I can keep studying and keep going just like Seff Alfriqi. I am thankful to have all of these outlets that I can count on.

In the end I have been up and down just like any other teenager but all of our stories are not the same. I’ve have been from being mean to now being as sweet as I can be. I have learned to have more confidence in myself and to never let my past weigh me down. I know I can be the best I can to be. I am glad have gone through some of these changes because without them I wouldn’t really know who I am.
Carnell Middle School

Where I’ve Been Where I’m going

I’ve been stuck drama trying to overcome it
I’ve been around too much bad influence trying to escape it
I’ve been around teenagers thinking they’re cool, smoking and trying to change others
I’ve been the kind of kid always getting bullied just for being smart
I’ve been in my bed sleeping hoping this world can recover from drama
I’ve been around crying everyday from my whole 1st grade class jumping me
I’ve been around coming home everyday with wounds on my body from getting attacked for no reason
I’ve been around kids with dreams who let words get the best of them

I’ve been around many haters
I’ve been and still am with a dad trying his best to recover from a stroke
I’ve been and still am with a mom coming home from work everyday with her feet always hurting
I’ve been around people wanting to be my friend but then turning their back on me
I’ve been around fights happening over very little conflict

Where I’m going-That’s a good question
I’m going to put my name in history
I’m going to feed and protect my family
I’m going to work hard and accomplish my goals
I’m going to change the world
I’m going to get stronger and stronger facing challenges that may come
I’m going to stand up tall and fight for this nation
I’m going to be successful in what I do
I’m going to help others change themselves, and help them become a better person

I’m going to fight for what I believe
I’m going to be a role model for young children
I’m going to let my voice be heard
I’m going to stop all our nation’s violence
I’m going to one day make this nation join hands
I’m going to make all my friends and family proud of me
I’m going to grow up and have a family of my own
I’m going to help the less fortunate
I’m going to stand tall as the face of this nation
I’m going to be a hero

Wagner Middle School

“The Cracks In Between”

The cracks in between used to be wide
The cracks in between are strong
All the rumbles and little pieces of rocks
Symbolize the obstacles I went through
The cracks in between never hide the secrets
and the lies that stand between
The cracks in between go deep into
The heart of life
The cracks in between tell it all from
Not having a father, to people in my
Family not going to college
The cracks in between are the smoke from the lungs, they are the heart and soul from
The ancestors that come before
The cracks in between show how I've
Changed, it shows passion and desire
The cracks in between show the courage and how
It's used
The cracks in between show the belief,
The love, the grandparents, the great grandparents,
Mother’s, father’s, the children
The cracks in between show the pain, the hurt, the blood, the bruises, the abuse
The cracks in between show that you matter
It shows that your voice matter’s,
The cracks in between tell a story, a
Story about being together
About being a family
The cracks in between tell the story of the life of one.

Carnell Annex

The Change

I've always have been scared, shy, and filled with sorrow.
I've always thought the bad and the good was just an imagination.
My family and friends try, but I never listen.
I was like a feather, drifting in nothingness, avoiding my friends, family, and love.
I was like a lost soul, filled with sorrow.

But now it's time to weigh down the feather, and find joy in the soul.
The chain that was binding me has been broken.
I knew that I could make a difference.
Without courage, happiness, and braveness, I wouldn't have been set free from the chain that has locked
me out of this open world for so long.

Now I'm going to live a life full of hope, peace, and happiness.

Other Selected Work

I AM FROM

I am from.... I don't know where I am from.
I am from dumfounded, blank faces, and whiteout friends.
I am from, where the word “FAITH” is replaced with hate
Where the loving houses - are only burned down crisis.
I am from where the light of day - is only a dream because the light is afraid of the days that Belong to
dark.
I am from “LOVE”… wait, hold up
Love is only in a fantasy
My life is way under, below the low grounds of Christianity.
I am from where a walk to the store is only a walk to hell, they have open doors.
I am from Logan, valley, way past reality
The word LIFE will have you shaking; I can tell your body is quaking
I am from black, far away from a whack
I am from where dress down will have you shot to the ground.
I am from where virginity is only in the past, because once you have laid too fast,
You can’t turn around and walk back!
I am from, a sister that tries and a brother that would rather hide,
I am from a dad that drinks, when he should be paying for his daughter to think.
I am from an upside down smile, a backward crowd
I am from low lives and bye byes, broke up fears and unwanted tears
I am from where school is a place that you don’t want to face.
I am from where hearts are broken and also a token, far away from where they have woken
I am from where jumps are punks and punks are always flunks
I am from where mace will always meet your face - when you turn around to a fight that
might be your last night.
I am from when the boys come - everybody grabs their gun and runs.
I am from a place that you shall never come.
I am from unwanted faces
I am from words that hurt and hurting from words
I am from hand-me-down’s, sometimes that can’t be hand-me no more.
I am from if you hustle and bustle you will always make the flow.
I am from the only education you will get is from the uneducated
I am NOT from a home, not from a home, something close to be but not without my peeps.
I am loyal only to the foil of my bones.
I pray only to the voice above, but I lay to the voice of a scramming love,
I am from hope, but the more I spoke of this hope the more hope will not be spoken.
I am from tricks that lead to lies and lies that lead to crimes
Crimes that lead to your hands grinding -behind the cold metal bars of a jail cell.
I am from a place called hell!

Male - West Bank

I want to admit something. In the past, we were very rich; we had two cars and whenever I asked for
something, my folks gave it to me immediately. But now we have become much less rich, because we were
hit by the evil eye. But this doesn’t mean that we have become poor. Thank Allah, we still have everything
and we ask for anything, my folks give it to us. That is to say, we are middle class, just like many others.

I wish to be successful in life. Thank you.

I have written this poem:

He hides away from sight.

He speaks only when he smiles.

I see you under the moonlight.
I see you in the early rays of the day.

My body is becoming bigger and taller

Like a planted seed growing every day.

My body has grown

Like a man who is showing off.

There are kids who are rich.

There are kids who are poor orphans.

There are kids who are rich.

There are boys and girls who are hungry.

Smith School

Changes

I was kind of used to being the only one.  
It never really was all that fun.

My dad’s on weekdays and mom’s on weekends.  
I always was quiet, never really made new friends.

Until one day things changed… they changed.

And my life was completely rearranged.

People stepped into my life without me knowing.

Matter of fact it was the people that were with me growing.

Four new kids came to live with us.

Two weeks already past, it was so much I thought my head was getting ready to bust.

All they do is fight and carry on.

I hate to say this but sometimes, I even wish they were all gone.

But I love each and every one of them with all my heart.

Sometimes I just feel like we all need some time apart.

I get jealous, because I feel like they are trying to take my mom away from me.

Don’t you see?

I really want to speak up and say what’s mine.

But no one hears me, can you see me? Are you blind?

What’s the point, if no one listens?

I feel invisible, like no one can see me.

But what else can I say they’re my family and I love them.

This change made a big impact on my life, my life changed forever.

I hope I never lose them, never.

Family is the most important thing to a person.

And I know my family are the best they can be.

I went from being the only child to having four brothers and sisters.

This was CHANGE enough for me!
Transformation

I have been through changes.
It is a weird thing to me because it is new.
Because I am changing I left some things behind.
I have to leave all of my childhood games,
My friends I have to leave too.
The changes are coming fast.
When I was little I was very silly,
I even used to play all day long until I couldn’t anymore.
I was very mean or in between never could make up my mood.
I must leave that behind so I can prosper and grow.
Transformation is a beautiful thing.
Transformation is like a lion getting his roar,
A caterpillar turning into a butterfly.
There are many types of transformations,
I am waiting for my next one.
But until then I will have to enjoy this change.
Transformation is a beautiful thing.

My Transformations Through My life

It was a good seven months ago when I thought I had friends who really turned out to be losers.
Seven months ago I was 13 and careless. I had made friends who weren’t true or cool. I hung around
them because of how much popularity they were getting. I just wanted to be down with the cool kids
as every kid, I’m sure, once tried to do before. My transformation was as soon as I turned 14, which
was a couple of weeks ago, by the way. I have several fake friends who just use me because they
knew I would do anything to be cool with them. Like when I was thirteen, and they would say, “Aye
Lil, come and go to this party with us!” I would lie to my mom and say, “Yeah mom I’m going to
Raheem’s house for a couple hours,” knowing good and well I was going to that party.
I have been used so much in life for my toys, games, items my mom would buy for me, starting when I
was young. Honestly, I was tired of that. A couple of weeks before my birthday I made a promise to
myself to never disrespect my mother or myself because of the streets. I sometimes have to realize so
people don’t have a home to go to or a mother cooking everyday but I never knew how serious it is
being a boy who is a follower. My mother told me that if you are a follower, the streets would tear
you up and eat you alive.
My goal for my fourteenth birthday was to not let the people who don’t put clothes on my back,
money in my pockets or even food in my stomach, use and abuse me any longer. I have to stop trying
to make these kids, who don’t give two @$$%$% about me, use me up and spit me out. At fourteen, I
am achieving my goal so far and not let these ignorant people rule and ruin my life. I’m doing the
opposite of that and I’m proud and glad I can write this and share how I’m feeling.

A Change: To Be a Man - (Transformation)

I did not have a good life! I had a lot of problems like my family dying and my dad going to
jail, but I can say that when my father went away when I was younger, it really hurt me a lot, however
it made me stronger as I got older. It helped me choose the right path to be a man and treat my
sisters and mother right, Also it’s important for me to be the best son, brother, and father (someday)
that somebody wasn’t really to me. Don’t get me wrong, when he was home he always spent time
with me and did things with us, but that still didn’t change the fact, that he left us. I’ve changed from a
little boy to a young man. I used to be a mean little boy, who used to like getting into trouble and
loved to see people in pain, but as I got older I’ve changed.
I’ve got feelings and noticed that you shouldn’t let your past come into your future and ruin
your life’s plans. So I have plans on finishing school and going to college and trying to make it to the
NBA. If that don’t work out, my other plans are to become an engineer, and begin to build cars and airplanes.

There was a time in my dreams when I wanted to become a drug dealer (That was popular in the neighborhood.) and be the bad man. I’ve changed because I want to be the strong man and take care of my family, loved ones, others, and try my hardest to give back to my neighborhood. There also was a time, I was letting the streets get a hold of me and I had to change because the only way out the streets was in jail or six feet deep. I want to be somebody in life that someone can look up to and want to be liked and loved someday for the good that I strive to possess. As a promise, I’m going to do right and be the best me I can be!

Changed

I’ve changed from one thing to another.
I’ve changed from this and that.
More specific:
I’ve changed from shy to loud.
I’ve changed from sweet to weird.
I’ve changed from hate to love.
I’ve changed from small to large.
I’ve changed so much that I am proud to hold my head up high.
I’ve changed from cute to beautiful.
I’ve changed from elementary school, on my way to high school.
I’ve changed from average to unique.
I’ve changed from a little girl to a young lady.
I’ve changed from a bully to the bullied.
I’ve changed for my family and friends.
I’ve changed for me!
I’ve changed from here to there.
I’ve changed my life.
I’ve changed, not just my looks, but also my insides.
I’ve changed from the student to the teacher.
I’ve been changing since crawling in a diaper.
I’ve changed from tip-toeing to walking with my head high.
I’ve changed the way I look and feel.
I’ve changed the love of life and the life of love.
I’ve changed from darkness to light.
I’ve changed from being scared to being fearless.
I’ve changed a couple of times because I did not like who I was, but I will NEVER be done changing!

Closing the Door On the Past

The only two things in life are happiness and patterns that block our happiness. As patterns become clearer, things seem to make more sense. The choices we make become more clearer and the world we live in appears clearer to our eye sight than we think. As we grow, our minds change and we have bigger and better things we have to do in life. We have a future to build. We can’t keep following the wrong footsteps. You never know where they will take you and block our happiness.

My transformation is taking place as I grow up. As I get older, my body is starting to change and my actions too. When I was 12 years old, I use to get suspended all the time for cutting class and fighting. When I got to the 8th grade, I got into one fight and got suspended three times. After that, I got CATCH
services and I have to take medicine. Of course taking medicine isn’t fun but that’s the only way I can focus on what I have to do. So to prove to them I don’t need medicine; I need to change.

After a couple of months went by, I decided that it was time for me to grow up and act my age. I can still play from time to time but at least I know how to control my behavior when I take it too far. My CATCH therapist told me I went from being on a 10 to a 4.5 with my behavior. That meant I calmed down a lot that also means I went from being mean to the child that my mom raised.

Now that I’m 14 years old, I realize what my mom says to me is true. She tells me that my past record would come back to me when I get to high school, if I wanted to get into a good school I would have to let my past go. When my mom told me that I changed, she meant be more mature so now I’m working on the new doors.

The new doors that I opened provide new opportunities or possibilities in my life. I want to be a teacher or a doctor when I get older. When I get to high school, I’m going to try and do my best and play different sports and make new friends. When I graduate, I want to go to Harvard University and in order to achieve my goal I have to graduate and not have a negative background. A part of me is trying to bring my old past back. I will not let it because, once you go forwards, you can’t go backwards.

AMY NW

Untitled

Here I am, at the bottom where I look upon the people at the top. Their eyes looking at me with certainty. They are certain that I will never make it, where the top is the meaning of success. The look in their eyes will change. I will make it to the top. I will also look upon the people at the bottom that is on their way to success.

The fear of moving to the top is holding me back. My life is a big fancy apartment. I go in to the elevator where I have to pass each level, but I am scared to make it to the pent house. Scared that I might fall back down.

I have to go to high school, the next level of my life. I press the stop button in the elevator because the image of moving up is nowhere to be found. I looked all over, but I can’t see it.

The fear in my heart took over me. Fear is running through my veins and as they do they are causing me pain. I can’t take it, eating me bit by bit. Knowing I’m going to stay the same. Letting people take over me as I stay tamed. Trying to gain courage in myself. Try to see beauty, but it’s in a jar on the shelf. Trying to love, but love is somewhere in the sky high above.

These fears holding me and attacking. The pain keeps coming. Even though, I stopped the elevator I was still thinking. Thinking that I need to overcome my fears, and hold back my feelings and tears. I need to be strong. I need to be confident in myself. I need to see beauty in the eyes of a lady. Love everything that’s on my body. I will forever take these things with me as I go to the next level.
I press the start button. Promising myself to keep going, always look beyond what I can do as a person, be beautiful, and know that when I make it to the top, my definition of a person will be success.

**Untitled**

*Forever moved on*
*Forever mistaken.*
*Her life was taken.*

Now she is gone and can no longer share her glory,
But it’s my job to tell her untold story
Feeling the pain of losing one after another
Struggling; having to forgive while I recover
I loved her like she was my mother
But now I have to stick with my brother
I was forced to move on because she wasn’t coming back,
So much sensitivity, with the first word; I’m ready to attack
Beating myself up; needing an internal ice pack
Wishing bad luck would cut me some slack
Fighting the tears
So out of control, I can no longer steer
The happy life was no longer clear
Overcame my biggest fear
With no apologies sincere
Covered my ears so I couldn’t hear
Begging for her to reappear
Knew I never volunteered
For this here

*Can’t believe that you’re deceased*
*But I wish that you just Rest In Peace*

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**Wagner**

**Transformation – Where I’ve Been, Where I’m Going**

1. I started out a happy, carefree, and proud child.
2. Always looking forward to the future, expecting a better day.
3. Then sixth grade came and changed my entire life
4. There I found monstrous children.
5. Children who burn others confidence.
6. Children that shroud others in a pitch-black cloud that never goes.
7. When I think about my path, I feel like flames of hell boil my blood.
8. But I’ll tell you how I have changed.
9. I entered in, like a giant candle with a great flame, shining proudly.
10. But as I stepped in, my flame began to suffocate.
11. What I saw was nothing like I had seen before.
Not children, but demons, walking around casually.
Demons that didn’t care about anyone.
The ones that extinguished my flame.
The ones that always hurt me physically, mentally, and emotionally.
All were against me ever those of who were supposed to bring justice.
Soon I got used to the sad, black life.
Not caring about the world.
My mother noticed this and finally took me out from the darkness temporarily.
I came to Wagner, still the same me.
But not the original same me.
But my flame relit and I made friends, received good grades and wasn’t bullied.
That moment faded away though.
For it hadn’t lasted forever.
But it’s fine.
I had a feeling it would be like before.
But with the little friends I have.
My flame shines a little, still holding on to hope of finding peace.
Maybe one day ...

My Transformation

My journey began in middle school. A place where my life changed. Not positive but the opposite. I learned a thing or two about the world I live in. that it’s not like a piece of cake. But like a room of darkness, all alone. But there’s always a light to guide you through the dark. When I started six grades, everything was pretty o.k. but as I got further in the year, my life got worse. I was greeted with pain physically & emotionally I had one friend but the evilness of the school got to him too. So I had no friends, nothing to look forward to in Philadelphia. Even some of my family treated me awfully. To me, my life sucked and almost everything about it. I then was taken from my old school and taken to Wagner. I had a blast at Wagner in sixth grade. I made friends; got the grades I deserved, and went on great trips. This was truly a blessing from God to me. I finally got my break that I needed. My confidence and spirit was regained. But those times never last forever. In seventh and eighth grade same darkness came back. I then again experienced bullying, pain, misery, and more. But this time I had some people to help me get through it. I was thankful for this because I didn’t exactly have to re-experience the past. I had some good times and bad times. These times have molded me into what I am right now. I have learned that when you are alone, pain can easily take hold of you. Slowly eating you on the inside until you are an empty and shallow body. But with friends you have people to help you fend off the darkness. Someone to aid you when the going gets tough. This is where my journey has ended for now.

Transformation: Where I’ve Been, Where I’m Going

My time here on earth has been short. Only 14 years have passed since my birth. In this short period of time I have done much, yet I have so much more to do. I have so many more years to look forward to. This is only the beginning of what’s to become of me. I have more growing to do, physically and mentally. My past is only a stepping-stone of what’s to become of me in the future.

Ever since I started school I was expected to do well. My family has always been my biggest supporters. They’ve always encouraged me to be and do better. As a student, I have always done well in school. My grades have always been good, but my goal is to have them become great. Wherever there is room for improvement I would like to become better. The road ahead of me is a long one, but with continued support from my family and teachers, I have no doubt I won’t and can’t succeed.
My mom has always been here to help me with school and life. Although she is a single parent, she never let that stop her from making sure my brother and I have what we need to become better men in the future. Education and respect are very important to her. She talks to me often about things that will help me in the future to become successful at whatever I choose to do in life. She pushes me to be the best at whatever I do, to be organized, and proactive. I intend to make her proud.

My grandfather is also a big influence on me. Like my mom, he also encourages me to do well in and out of school. He teaches me things that I can use now as well as when I’m an adult. At times, when I’m not being my best, my grandfather will sit me down and talk to me. He reminds me of the importance of being a great student, a better son, and a good big brother. Many people tell me I have an “old soul”. I smile because I know I get that from my grandfather.

As I look back on the last 14 years and look forward to the next 8 years I realize there is a lot of work to be done. I have gone through many phases in my life so far. From a newborn to an infant, a toddler to a child, to where I am today as a teenager headed for manhood. As I head to the next phase in my life, high school, I look forward to taking everything that I have learned and applying it to my future. Everything that I have received from my family and teachers will help me not only in this next phase of life as a high school student, but also as a college student as well as in my professional career. Sometimes the things I learn don’t always make sense right way, but as I grow and mature into the man that is expected of me, it will all come together.

I’m looking forward to my future experiences. I want to continue to make my family proud of me. One day I will be able to pay my mom and grandfather back for all that they have invested in me physically, emotionally, and financially. I can’t imagine how hard it is to raise a teenager, but I will make it as easy on them as I can.

**To Infinity and Beyond**

I’ve been here and there
But it feels like I’ve been everywhere
From thoughts to feelings from feelings to actions
From backwards to forwards I’ve learned how to move towards my goal and I don’t even need to sell
my soul
I’ve got my lord and savior Jesus Christ to help me get through the big fight.
The fight of life been began so I need to hurry up and make my game plan.
I am competing with all the other 8th graders so I need to make sure I’m that girl on top
Therefore I’m never going to stop
They say the sky is the limit but whatever happened to outer space?
I’m going get in my rocket ship and leave this place
To new possibilities and even more space to move, think, pray and even wonder what’s going to happen next
Or about the next test that I’m going to ace so I can feel that warm loving smile on my mother’s face
Up above in the heavens so high when I’m old and gray I’ll be by your side
Until then I’m going to strive for the best
And never settle for less!

**Where I’ve Been, Where I’m going**

As a teen I have faced many difficulties with finding the right friends and decision-making. I remember when I first entered middle school I was always hyper active and never really followed directions. My grades were ok but I knew I could do better but I never really cared. In my 6th grade year my mother passed away and from then on I promised myself that I would get good grades
because I knew she would be proud. It's not always easy to get good grades and get along with my peers. So to avoid problems I always tried and get along and talk to people I knew I could get along with also I keep a journal to express my feelings.

Writing to me is a very good way to express my feelings whether they are positive or negative. When I write in my journal I feel like my journal is my own secret world. Writing has given me a different voice that I had never had before. I always had a voice before but since I started writing people were now able to see me in a different way instead of always loud and mean. People started to see that I'm a nice person and that's how I was able to make new friends.

As a teen I know it is good for me to make good choices in order to go to higher places. When I grow up I want to be a cosmetologist. I also had to let go my past of physical abuse. My past is not going to stop me from being the best I can. Letting go of my past has made my teenage life easier and better because now I look back at my past and see how much I progressed over the years and I can honestly say I have come out insecurity shell and I am proud of myself for that.

I have changed from always being loud, mean, and insecure but now thanks to my friends and my journal I learned I have to get through my past in order for me to have a brighter future. I am going to make my mother proud of a successful young leader. I am going to a place where I can keep studying and keep going just like Seff Alfriqi. I am thankful to have all of these outlets that I can count on.

In the end I have been up and down just like any other teenager but all of our stories are not the same. I've have been from being mean to now being as sweet as I can be. I have learned to have more confidence in myself and to never let my past weigh me down. I know I can be the best I can to be. I am glad have gone through some of these changes because without them I wouldn't really know who I am.

My Voice

There are many different ways writing gives me a voice. For example in writing I can say what I feel and I can say it how I want, some stuff I say in my writing I can’t speak it. Meaning I can’t like say it, I don’t know why but writing just lets me show my feelings better than I can speak it. Lot of people might say if you can write it you can speak it but that’s not always true.

Writing lets me be myself; it lets me say things that I feel. If I could say everything I write it just wouldn’t be the same. In my writings you can understand what I’m saying or trying to say. I know that writing is a big thing and it can get people going on or understand better. Writing shows people a different side of them. If people could speak what they wrote then they wouldn’t get the full effect of what they wrote.

In my writing it’s like I’m telling a story, a story about things that go on in the world and in my life as well. When I write I don’t plan things out about like what I’m going to write about or how I’m going to write it I just go along with the flow and come up with stuff off the top of my head. I don’t know why I do that; I just come up with stuff better like that.

When I write it’s relaxing, I always feel calm when I write. You’re supposed to be calm every time you write because if you’re not calm you start to freak out and become nervous. When you start to freak out and become nervous you don’t know what to write about and you’ll just be stuck. That’s why I always try to be calm and relaxed because mind stays focused.

Writing helps people out with everything. It lets people express their feelings in a different way, people can say what they feel and how they feel just on a piece of paper. When someone writes something it shows people how they really feel and why they feel this way. Especially teens because we are at that age where writing is everything to us and writing matters.

Poetry, poetry where are you?

Back in the willow tree?
What can I do?
Save you from nature,
Or leave you to die?
Poetry, poetry what can I do,
Call the police men to come save you?
Save you from the chamber?
How are you?
Poetry, poetry when might I see you?
You tell me you love me,
Poetry, poetry where are you?
Come save me from the darkness,
Poetry, poetry what can I do?
I just need help from you,
Poetry where are you?
I’ve been waiting for you,
Waiting for you all my life,
Poetry, poetry where are you?

I miss you dad!

Closing the Door on the Past

Why should I focus on the past
if I don’t have a good one?
I grew up with no mom,
she was there but her mind wasn’t.
I couldn’t do a thing about it.
So this is why I am closing the door on the past.

My past is fighting with the present.
The past is winning the battle.
This is not so easy.
Why is it so hard to close this door?

I grew up without a dad but it wasn’t his fault.
When I try to think of a happy time my brain just halts.
This puts me beyond blue I’m feeling purple.
Closing this door is as slow as a turtle.

I’ve been kidnapped from my dad by my own mother.
She put me in the car and hid me from my father.
I’m trying to close this door but my brain doesn’t bother.
What should I do I’m trying to solve a mystery like Scooby-doo?

I’m not feeling purple.
I’m myself like Steve Urkle.
Since then I’ve been good.
The door is closed welcome to my hood.

I Have A Voice Too...

I have a voice
But refuse to hear it
You walk over me like a piece of trash
I look away hoping you just walk right pass me
I sit in the corner
Quiet as a mouse
Hoping for the time to go faster
I rush to my locker looking down the whole time
I try to make friends, but they just push me away

I walk home praying
That the next day will be better than the last
I try to tell teachers but they never believe me
I have a voice

You slave me around
I try to put my foot down
But you laugh at me more
I have a voice
But you won’t even give it a chance
Scared to tell my family
So I just say they don’t understand me
I jump in bed and cry myself to sleep
And pretend everything is fine

I cry and cry
Wishing I could just die
I have a voice
But you hate to hear it
You push me against the wall and say hahaha
I feel like a butterfly that can’t even fly

I put my foot down again and you finally say:
let’s be friends
I have a voice

Transformed

Bugs in my ears talking, singing
You’re not going to be that or keep on dreaming.
I think and say maybe it’s true and maybe
They know what they’re talking about.

But those days are over,
They’ve vanished.
Every time those bugs spoke
I, me, myself said go away you’re
Done!
Transformed and decided that those
Words were irrelevant, non-factors
That didn’t matter to me anymore.

Transformed into a lion,
The leader of its pack,
but I’m the leader of me, myself and I,
I am the boss...
Of my dreams and everything about
Me.

No one can tell me what's my limit
Because I only know my future.
And the skies the limit they say,
I say

I would love to scream and shout and let
It all out
Scream and shout let it all out...
Oh oh, oh, oh, let it all out!

A BOY

A BOY
WHOSE DREAMS COME TRUE
A BOY
WHO HAS THE ABILITY TO DO THINGS
A BOY
WHO'S STILL LEARNING HOW TO BE A MAN
A BOY
WHO DOES GOOD IN SCHOOL
A BOY
FROM THINKING HE'S ALL OF THAT TO NOTHING
A BOY
WHO'S CALLED NAMES EVERYDAY
A BOY
THAT HAS TO DO BETTER THAN HIS FATHER
A BOY
WHO RESPECTS A GIRL
A BOY
WHO KNOWS WHAT IT FEEL LIKE TO BE A BULLIED
A BOY
WHO FEELING ARE HURT BY THE WORDS DUMB AND STUPID
A BOY
WHO IS IN THE JUNGLE LOST IN HIS FEAR
A BOY
THAT'S HEART IS BROKEN WHEN HE MAKES A MOVE
A BOY
THAT HEARS THE WORDS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT
A BOY
WHOSE BRAIN IS LIKE A MACHINE
A BOY
WHO REFUSES TO JUST STAND THERE AND LET YOU JUDGE ME
A YOUNG MAN
THAT ONE DAY WILL BECOME A REAL MAN

WHAT COULD I DO?

What can I do?
When I get treated like a dog that
Doesn’t exist 
Do I act like one? 
Or do I stand up for myself 
What could I do? 

What could I do? 
When someone compares me 
To my sister and brothers 
Do I believe the opinions? 
Or do I just brush it off 

What could I do? 
But just be me 
Or be somebody someone 
Else wants me to be. 

What can I do? 
I can open up my 
Future not anybody else’s 
Open up my eyes and 
See that I am somebody 
Open my eyes AND 
See that it is I fighting 1,000,000 
People but I will win! 
So, what could I do? 
People but I will win! 
So, what can I do? 

My Family 

My family is not the best, 
My family has zest. 
Sometimes I feel deceived, 
But I still hope for the best. 
My family is like fish hunters, 
They pick and choose. 
But I’m the only one in the dark. 
Anger and outburst come and go, 
Like a train moving slow. 
A cloud of anger 
Is in my sky. 
Where is the sun? 
My life is an iceage, 
How does it heat it? 
Where has my life gone? 
Will I find it? 
Will it stay in the shadows? 
Or will it disappear, 
Not to be found?
I HAVE A VOICE

A problem happened,
A problem that can't be fixed.
I can't stop thinking about it.
Deep inside my feelings are crushed.

MY VOICE NEEDS TO BE HEARD!

Being bullied is my problem.
I am tired of being called names.
I can't even walk down the street without being called names.

MY VOICE NEEDS TO BE HEARD!

People come after me with words,
But I run away from them.
Their words are like bullets.
They try to kill me with words
But I dodged them every time.

MY VOICE NEEDS TO BE HEARD!

IT'S COMING OUT
MY VOICE IS BEING HEARD
YOU UNDERSTAND MY PAIN
I AM NOT ALONE

MY VOICE IS HEARD!

YOU STOP BOTHERING
I FEEL FREE
FREEDOM AT LAST
YOU DON'T CONTROL MY LIFE

MY VOICE IS FINALLY HEARD
15 Years Later

15 years later
I hope to be
The best person
I can possibly be
I could be a barber
Or maybe a butcher
I could be a football player
But I’ll have to wait 15 years later
15 years later
I might be
A hilarious person
In my family
I could work at a bar
Maybe work on a car
But I’ll need to wait 15 years later
15 years later
I think I could be
A college graduate
At LaSalle University
But that’ll be 15 years later
15 years later
My family could be
The ones always cheering for me
I want to be, the very best
But I’ll have to wait 15 years later

2 Kinds of Love

I both call you mom
One gave me life
One taught me how to live it
One gave me beauty
One taught me how to show it
I try to forget my past and put it behind me
But you were always beside me
The shadows of regret that cross my mind
God? I think of you all the time
One was my guide
One gave me the tour of life
Where I’m going
Many places
Your ignorance will not get me discouraged
Will not doubt my way into college, a life, a job.
You named me Hope
To Hope I would, should, or could be something in this world
That you messed up in, you screwed up in
You were the first to see my sweet smile for a while until you gave me up to a woman I call Mom.

Just 2 kinds of love
I have a mom that gives me so much love, so much care, so much you couldn't
2 kinds of love mixed in one
Things in my past? ...are last in my mind
I'm still living and the clock is ticking
I'm moving on with 2 kinds of love
I learned that I have the power to succeed in life
That I have the freedom and the rights to fight for what's right
I'm still moving on, learning day by day
Moving on with 2 kinds of love in each way.

LETTING GO!!

This thought in my head,
I always wish of letting go.
But it's stuck in my head,
It's a secret ...
That my friends wouldn't believe.

It's time to move on I say to myself,
But once again its back like a rash it irritates me
Makes me think, what can I do?

And it's hard to try to be happy everyday
When this thought is stuck in my head but
I'm supposed to be moving on.

If only this thought would just stop talking,
talking to me.
Shh.... I'm trying to concentrate
On moving on,
but it's still here renting my brain out.

One day this memory will want to leave,
but I won't let it because you put me through so much
for it to leave now... why leave now
the party has just begun.

Making Your Voice Count

Before:
I have a voice,
But I am shy.
My mouth can't be moist.
It is dry.

I have a voice.
I can't share it with the world.

I am a quiet girl.
Don't lend me your ears.
So you can hear.

I have a voice.
I will not shout it out.
So the world can hear.
To the top of my lungs,
I will not shout.
Because there is still quietness here.
I have a voice.

That the world will not hear me use,
I will not stand tall in my pretty shoes.
I will not scream it.
I will not shout it.
After:
I have a voice.
I won’t be shy.
I want my mouth to be moist.
And not dry.

I have a voice.

I want to share it with the world.
I will not be a quiet girl.
Lend me your ears.
So you can hear.

I have a voice.

I will shout it out.
So the world can hear.
To the top of my lungs I will shout.
No more quietness from here.

I have a voice.

That the world will hear me use,
I will stand tall in my pretty shoes.
I will scream it.
I will shout it.

And I will make it count.
I Have a Voice!

I want my voice to be heard.
I can go back to the time when I didn't
Have a voice.
I want to make my voice heard.

When I was three you told me I
Was short.
Now I am twelve and I started to escort.
Escort people to their destination ports.

I was the one that was mature.
Indeed I was smart, indeed I was sure.
You gave me the name of Xzavier because
It was uniquely spelled.
I need to come out from under the shell.

I have a voice that will be heard.
I won't be left on the sidewalks like the
Crumbled up curbs.
I will not fall because my pride keeps
Me up.
My dignity and courage gives me luck.

I will not go down, without making a sound.

I HAVE A VOICE!
Do you know where your voice is?
Well I hope you can transform.
And please, please help me out of this rainstorm.

I HAVE A VOICE!
That lies under the mountains, with
Great pride I shared my voice
At least 3 times in counting.

Get out of my face so I can rise,
I will scream out loud until I die.
I want you to hear my voice
feel it and continue sharing it until
My reign deprives.

I have a voice, I would want to share,
You've just heard it.
I dare you to be rare.
WE HAVE A VOICE NOW!

The Day My Life Changed

Have you ever had a time when you were going to some place really exciting then the next thing something really bad happens? Well, this happened to me it took courage, I had to be brave, and I had to try to move on. Not only did I have to move on but also I had to try to let go of the past even though it was hard. It is hard for someone to be brave. It is also hard for someone to have courage and to let go. For people who
have trouble struggling to let go, it is hard. People should close the door on the past. Well, for me this all started on a Saturday afternoon 2008 at a skating rink called Jams.

It was a Saturday afternoon when it was my cousin’s ninth birthday party. All my cousins were there and we were having a blast. When my oldest cousin and I were on the skating floor she was helping me skate because I was eight years old and I didn't know how to skate yet. While my cousin was teaching me how to skate, my roller skate went behind her roller skate and we both fell. When I was on the floor my cousin was on my right leg and I couldn’t move, so my cousin got up and I was crying and I still couldn’t move. So, the DJ told everyone to leave the skating floor then my parents came rushing to the floor like a lightning bolt to help me. Once my parents tried to help me move. They had to call the ambulance, I had courage, I wasn’t scared I was a survivor that wouldn’t back down. I could have courage but I was also brave, harsh obstacles couldn’t stop me.

When I got in the ambulance they rushed me to the nearest hospital called St. Nazareth. When I was at the hospital my parents informed the two ladies at the front desk. When the doctors rushed me back to the Emergency Room they did an X-ray on me, when the doctors found out I broke my right Femur (the hardest bone to break in your body) they transported me to St. Christopher Hospital because the other hospital didn’t have the right equipment to do the surgery. When I arrived at St. Christopher Hospital they rushed me to the Emergency room to do the surgery. When the doctors did the operation they gave me medicine to fall asleep. A couple of hours later when I woke up I saw all my family and they looked blurry. My family asked the doctor why my eyes rolled up in my head and stayed like that. The doctors said it was because of the medicine they gave me. They used a tranquilizer to put me to sleep, they only used it on me because I broke the hardest bone in my body and that was the only way to cure me. After I saw my family I went back to sleep. I was in the hospital for a few weeks but I survived it and I was brave. I was a brave strong soldier surviving the pain, it was hard but I kept moving forward, I was a tough bull surviving.

As a few weeks passed by the doctors eventually said I could go home, while I was in the hospital it felt like being on a wild and crazy journey that would never end. That afternoon when the doctors said I could go home the ambulance put me in the back of their truck and drove me home. When I reached home everybody threw me a party, everybody signed my hot pink cast and I had a good time, even though I was in wheelchair and had a cast that came from my waist to my toes. I got money, get well soon cards, and teddy bears. After a couple of weeks I had gotten used to the cast. I moved on and let my situation go. I had my cast on for more than three months. I had thought this would be a vacation, but I was home schooled. Being homeschooled was easy, like I said; I got through it and eventually got my cast off. When I got my cast off I got crutches and had to go to physical therapy. Therapy was easy, I had to get on the treadmill and I did more exercising. After the therapy, my walking skills got better. I still run with a limp and I have two scars on my leg, but the point is I moved on and let go of the past.

Overall, even though breaking my leg was the worse thing that happened to me, I survived it. I had courage, I was brave and I move on. Most people don’t move on, some don’t have the strength to do it, but I did. I wasn’t scared at all. I just kept with the flow and moved on. People who go through tough and harsh situations are brave. That’s how all people should be. Now this is my story of how I had courage and bravery and was able to move on.

Letting Go

It’s so hard to let go of the past.
It’s like a path that never ends.
When I try to move forward it’s
Like it’s right they’re holding my hand.
Sometimes my past is so close I can hear
Its heart beat.
My past is like a shoe and I’m the bug.
Squish ... Splat... I’m gone!
My past is like a tree that keeps growing
So every time I try to let go it pushes me
Back into its hole.
It's like a bee that buzzes but never dies...
It's like a fire that never goes out ...
It's like a sickness that comes but never goes...
It's like the biggest blackest secret that everyone
Now knows.
So now let me see you try letting go.

I AM A BABY BIRD

I am a baby bird,
Looking for my mother.
When I was born
She would bring me food
And fly into the sky and fly away
One day was the end of my life.

I am a baby bird,
Being left alone with
Brothers and sisters.

I am a baby bird,
Flying, singing, for my mother.
I cry and fly sky high
One day...
I found out she got
Killed from a fright.

I am a baby bird.
Who flew very far
and found a home
With my brother.

I am a baby bird,
Who sings and plays.
I play with brother bird
And sing with him

I am a baby bird.
I am like the five letter word
Called alone

I am the baby bird.

GET OVER IT
People lose loved ones all the time. 
They do bad things, 
Things they'll regret, 
But what they need to do is 
Get over it!

Have you forgot to feed your cat? 
Or have your lost your favorite hat? 
Have you ever failed a test? 
Even though you tried your best? 
Well I've got news, 
Get over it!

Don't keep these things in your brain. 
Let them out let them out let them rain. 
So do not let it make you slow. 
They'll mush you up like cookie dough. 
Instead how about you 
Get over it!

I just want you to understand, 
That everything can't go your way. 
You can try all you want 
But it's easier to just say... 
Get over it!

In the end the pasts no more, 
Now it's time to fight the now. 
But if you know someone like this, 
Give them my advice... 
Get over it!

**Why Dad Why...**

Why dad why 
Did you have to leave me? 
You caused me so much pain. 
Like you stabbed me in my chest, 
This is how I feel.

Everyday I cry and weep, 
Hoping you would return. 
There are endless holes in my heart. 
You make me so sad.

Some nights I cry myself to sleep, 
Why did you have to go? 
Do you know how I feel? 
I cry, I weep.

Please take my pain away, 
You are as mean as a bull. 
Why dad why 
Did you make me cry?
You are 50 times meaner than the meanest thing.
It's hard but I'll forget you.
You caused me so much pain
We all know.
Now it's time to start letting go

**Appreciate Lifecycles**

My life
The most important...

I have to encourage and protect it
Each day is a good day...

Appreciating one another
Looking forward where to start...

Some of our lives may fall apart
But some of them appreciate...

My family is very powerful
Like a note of lighting...

My family starts to cry when I sing
Then they are so proud of me...

For always being myself
My powerful strength...

From cheering to yelling
As proud as a hype child...

Looking at the judge's heart
Everyone will appreciate...

I would like to share this poem with ya'll
Oh wait... I just did.

**Staying Brave**

Staying brave is my fear.
Hear the facts of my tears.
Not seeing my dad is the truth.
The truth is the real thing.
But really!
I don't need to now.
The truth shuts my heart in every way
Degrades my soul.
I am full the truth already.
Sometimes people don't hear what I say
Speak stronger: still can't hear.
Pretending that everything was all right when nothing could be further from the truth.
The truth is reckless, realistic and demanding and strong.
Hands on the ball dad the truth still stay strong.
Still stuck in the green light
Remember money is not always right.
Pockets full of money mean nothing in a dark sell I hope they leave the light on.
I'll try to stay brave for you.

Obstacles

Obstacles should only slow us down
Never stop us.
They try to pull us down
When we're reaching up.
Not even in
Death!
Just take a deep breath and be determined!
People will give you doubt and hate,
even when there's no one to congratulate.
Don't keep friends that keep you down,
go your own way even at the end of the day you'll have a frown.
You could be a monarch its only obstacles that keep you two apart.
Violence is one of the biggest like crime,
Being the suspect you'll waste time,
Being the victim you'll be all out of time.
Don't let something symbolize you always be unpredictable.
It's hard to overcome an obstacle
There's one obstacle each and everyone of you have FEAR!
Fearing fear itself is another big obstacle.
You'll have to overcome our fears someday, if so you can overcome anything.
Take my advice and follow my saying:
“Obstacles should only slow us down never stop us!”
Doing the Right Thing is [not] Hard

Doing the right thing [isn’t] hard.
We struggle to make the right thing
Choose the right choices
Say the right thing with our voices
In the home hearing arguing and screaming
Out in the world,
What do you think kids will do?
Show anger because mom and dad are always fighting
Trying to hold it in but it’s too hard
At night, shooting, people sleeping
Can’t sleep because of too much noise.
And violence on the TV screen
Making decisions, making a better choice for the future

This is My Voice Being Heard

My voice is hollow.
It’s needs to be heard.
My voice is vain small and weak.
but in still strain to be heard.
I speak my mind and nothing but the truth.
Is that enough to make it in this cold-blooded world.
Kids need to be seen and not heard.
Still sound coverts the eye’s sight.
I fly in my own flock and yell in my own voice.
But is that good enough?
Our voices are hollow and needs to be heard.
Our voices are vain, small and weak, but we still strain to be heard in this dark, cold world.

Being Brave All By Myself

Bravery is something everybody has
Some think they don’t have it,
But it is buried deep inside
Bravery is in you
You have got to let it out
When it comes out you will feel it
For me, it feels like a black hole
Deep inside of me
Making my eyes rush like a long waterfall

What does it mean to be brave? To me, bravery is something you have to have in you. You are either born with it, or you are not. There have been many times that I have had to be brave in my life, but the first happened over ten years ago on August 2, 2000. So let's take it back...

It all started when I was taken away from my from my birth mom in a New Jersey hospital room. My mom says that they just came in and took me right out of her arms before she could even say “hello.” They took my brothers and sisters too, and moved us all to a big house where a lot of other kids who were taken away from their mothers were also taken to until they had new homes.

I know that they say that babies don’t have memories, but I swear I remember this day, details and all. We all
sat in that house until three women came walking in— one tall, one big, one small. The big one took two of my brothers, the small one took two of my sisters and one of my brothers, and the tall one took only me. She took me to a house where there were already two boys (they were the tall lady’s sons).

When I got older, the tall lady eventually told me that she was my aunt. She said she got me that day because my mom she was a smoker and a drinker and that she didn’t live right so she couldn’t be expected to treat her daughter right either. She told me that my dad was in jail and that she didn’t know why. We moved to Philadelphia and soon she put me in a new school.

She started to let me talk to my dad and through the years, I got closer to my dad even though he was still locked up. My mom, I got to talk to her on the phone too, but she started to say that she wanted to see me. I didn’t know if I was ready. So we waited.

When she wanted to see me
The world stopped
And now it’s just me
It seems like I’m in a trance
But then a little bright light came
And it was breaking
Then, I knocked on the door
And now it feels like
I’m walking on water.

My dad got out of jail, but not for long. He was back in before we knew it and again, I don’t know why. I did get to visit with my birth mom and saw that she had a new life and was married to a wife. I didn’t like it at first, but they seem alright.

Through all this, I’m trying to go back to me and show people the real Hassana. I don’t like hurting anybody—I just want to be heard. So I’ll just keep being brave and being me.

Voices Being Heard

Population: 7.1 billion
Living on this earth
One single voice can stand out
Democracy, power in the words
What they are talking about
Writing to make life better.

The ups and downs of the words,
The inner dialogue,
Words are not just weapons
But they are peace keepers,
They say the youth grows wiser with age
As they get on the stage
Of life
Out goes the old, in goes the new.

A voice counts as self-defense,
When you have,
Younger siblings you got to represent,
I want my word’s to have feelings,
Meaning to be known like mlk’s,
Knowing people using them every day.
Ya voice leads itself,
Guide itself,
And makes your voice stand out from
Anyone's

**Finding Daddy**

Cold world
Daddy gone
Try to make up for this paper to get my momma strong

Yea, I’m writing rap
Trying to find where daddy at

He didn’t tell how to treat a girl
Now mommy’s telling me I don’t even need a girl
Now you got me in the house with all these girls
And if I had a poppa he would change my world

Yea, I’m writing rap
Trying to find where daddy at

Yea, and I’m everywhere
But I still can’t find my daddy anywhere
Now you got me and mommy by our self
And you got her paying for all my health

Finishing up the end of this rap
Still don’t know where my daddy at.

**Transformation**

Everyone is a tiny seed
To rise into a stem; and begins to grow leaves
And the growth continues
But what if the stem dies
Bye to the next generation
But they continue on
To be heard
To be respected
The tiny stem grows
And continues to grow
Then the flowers bloom
Welcoming the sunrise
Being unique
I am a tiny seed
I have sprouted into a stem
Someday my leaves will grow
And a unique flower will bloom
Beautifying the world
Teaching you
To be you
To shine
Listen To Me

"Leave a message after the beep." (BEEP)
Then all I hear is silence
Dad, I don't have time for you to talk now- just like you haven't had all these years
I walk in fear everyday
You make my sun go away
I need you to look at my shadow
I want you to listen to me
And I need you to read the tone of my voice
Daddy, I have fear on things that you do to Tavis, mom, and me
Because of you, I keep my door closed
I feel scared when I'm around you
This is true.
Are you listening?
I need you to listen to me
You always say that you know me
But now you are going to see me
I can't sleep because I think of you
But I want to think about something new'
Dad, I need you to listen to me
The voice on the other line:
"If you are satisfied with your call press “1” or hang up now."
(CLICK)

The Mystery of My Father

I’m sitting here thinking what to write about when it’s clear that the main wrong in my life is growing up without a father. So, let’s get it started...

Growing up
Without a father is terrible
I am like the weed left after a beautiful flower
When I say my daddy died people have sympathy
Why?
I wonder, do you care really care?
But I’m solemn either way.

My daddy, Johnny, died when I was 7, but before that, he never really spent time with me. I don't even know my dad’s last name (sad right) but before you judge me...

Don't think I’m a child
that falls because
My life now is as beautiful
as a water fall
So before you even say
I've been through
It all
I do always stand high, mighty, and tall.
My heart stays...

It’s just that little spot were my dad supposed to be, but I guess, in the end, it is filled with my mom and me.

**MY UNSPOKEN LIFE**

Trying and trying to forget your past  
Trying to forget my mom and I wonder where she is and who?  
So confused between right and wrong  
Always trying to forget where you came from  
Trying to forget the terrible things in life and focus on now  
Trying to be brave so the little ones or your parents won’t see the pain  
But like daddy always says, “just keep going don’t worry bout nobody else”  
Trying not to think about how I got here and why my life now is beautiful  
I couldn’t ask for more  
Yeah, it’s true: my past life was the worst  
Living in a crack house not knowing my mom  
Sometimes  
I wonder why and sometimes I think I was the worst  
Kid for her that’s why she couldn’t handle me  
That’s why she’s gone  
Now, either way,  
I feel better knowing I’m safe with a smile on my face  
In a new loving and caring home.

**Doing The Right Thing**

Everybody should do the right thing,  
It's a pleasant season,  
Pleasant things to bring.  
Why be angry over everything that happens.  
Then it causes problems that start spreadin’.  
We can do things all together.  
We can’t be against one another.  
This world is full clever and bad.  
We can make it better, and we all can be glad.  
Some people need help, then help them.  
If you don’t they can’t be welcomed.  
Pray about things, it can work out.  
Instead of always having someone to shout.  
Dream about the things that can be better.  
Do the right thing and we all will be together.

**The Paper is Finished**

I picture myself as a blank sheet of paper. With no writing or drawing, I hide my feelings and hatred on its blank white lines. No longer scared, and having hope, I feel like a paper should be colored in. On it, you would see the image of a face with no mouth. This face represents me.

My friend told me that she was going to commit suicide. I didn’t say anything as if I didn’t know. What would have happened if she had followed through? I got bullied by so many people, and I shut my mouth. I wonder now, how much could I take? When my sister was on the street selling dope, I didn’t say anything. How many lives had been damaged by her rage?
I felt that if I kept it all in for so long that all the pain would eventually go away. I saw myself as a liar, backstabber and a snitch. Then people came to me with hatred in their tears saying, “Why, why didn’t you tell the truth, why did you sit there and not say anything?” I became a stupid friend.

But now, you should know that sheet paper isn’t just blank; it has color. It has love, strength, and most of all power because when I wrote this paper, I finally stood up and said something for a change. I didn’t sit there like a mute. I said something and now it is written sideways, up and down, and all over the once blank sheet: a collage of all that lives inside of me.

**Strong Enough**

Am I strong enough to get over my fears?  
I feel like no one even cares.  
Am I even strong enough to say I’m melancholic?  
My daddy was an alcoholic.  
I am not crying.  
There’s no need for dying.  
I know I am not strong enough to fake my smiles.  
I may be dreary.  
But listen,  
Can you hear me?  
Am I strong enough to pursue my dreams?  
Yeah, I like writing.  
I can go on without,  
Timing.  
Am I strong enough to believe you’re comprehending?  
Or are you just pretending?  
This little girl has a wounded heart.  
She even knows when it started.  
2005:  
My uncle died from a stroke.  
Maybe he felt like he was getting choked.  
This ain’t a joke.  
This little girl.  
Still strong enough.  
Because she’s a brave warrior.  
Don’t play cause you know you’re a rookie.  
Still strong enough.  
The time is a like a slow turtle.  
Slow and steady -- still forging ahead purposefully  
Speak your mind.  
You still got time.  
I am Nyasia and  
I am still strong enough.

**************************************************************************

Carnell Middle School

Transformation {Where I’ve Been and Where I’m Going} Closing The Door On The Past.
Back flash into the wind when I use to be taking what's.
    Not mine while the consequences was not on my mind
Stuffing pockets until pockets until pockets cannot be stuffed any
    More, every move being watched but never to be caught
In the twisted and twisting of my tall tales.
    A's my grief was filled with unpleasant smiles and days.
A storm was coming which was my crude awakening
    A's the storm was over and the reach was left to clean
I needed to think hard about the decisions and consequences
    Now as I look back on the days but to more to look
Forward on the better days and my wonderful further.

The Perfect Defect

I’ve wondered why can’t people just be perfect and agree with each other,
No hate, no mistakes, no fights, and no pain.

Throughout my life I’ve experienced all those things
And have caused them.

I’ve felt pain emotionally and mentally,
Had fights and made many mistakes,
Felt hate towards many people.

And I’ve noticed that without these things in our lives we won’t know
How pain feels, what a mistake is, how to express ourselves,
How to be human, live life.

So where I’m going is possible due to the pain, fights, and mistakes I’ve
Done which has made me stronger and more knowledgeable of
What to do and what not to do.

Being a defect doesn’t definitively make you an outcast, but helps you
Become perfect and accomplish your goals in the future.

Therefore my life isn't a mistake, but a developing
Bright Future.

Untitled

I was lost and now I’m found.
I use to feel like a dog in a pound.
There are people in my school that think they
Wear the crown.
They think they’re the coolest ones in town.
But I found something better than a cashmere sweater.
He knew me before I was born.
He knew me before the first rose grew a thorn.

He will love me when I’m glad.
He will love when I’m sad.
He’s the dad of dads.
He will keep me safe at night.
He is the light.
He is my savior.
He will help me stay on my best behavior.
I accept him now things are change.
It can never be rearranged.
He is better than a book called Ramona and Beezus.
My savior’s name is Jesus.

**Shiny Star**

All my life I have been filled with hatred and lies.

I've always felt like a lost spirit that has never been seen and disregarded by the people I love most.

I felt like a baby that doesn’t know which ways up or which ways down.

And I have been caught up in non-sense that brings me deeper in a cold island where people don’t make it in life.

My chain has been broken and I have been restored to my original place in life.

The past has been closed, and the door to a much better and brighter future has left a trail for me to follow.

More friends, love, and family have beset the old lonely me that I thought can never make it.

Now the key has been found to open my heart and see things in a brighter view and learn to forgive.

Throughout my life, I’ve also learned to not be wicked or evil but to be brave and fear no one.

No Longer deserted from others, I stand tall, have bravery, and observe things around me.

**Out of the Darkness**

I have been in places where I have been up and down
Where there is no good inside of me
I've been shattered into a million of pieces
Where my dreams come crushing down on me
On hands and knees trying find the right decision
The chronicles are so misleading
Trying to find my way through the right door
Making my way through the golden light
Starting my new path
To victory

**CHANGE IN MY LIFE**

Where have you been?
I've been in the crib with my mom
I've been in the days
Where have you been?
I've been in the space with the stars
I've been in the store with my friends
Where I'm going?
I'm going to the house of blues
I'm going to the mall to shop
Where I'm going?
I'm going back to foster care
I'm going to the newsstand
Where have you been?
I've been in foster care
I've been there most of my life
Where have you been?
I've been there ever since I was 3 years old
Where I'm going?
I'm going to the runway
This is where I've been and where I'm going

Philadelphia

Everything above in the city of brotherly love,
The city called Philly that's what I'm part of
The train, the buses, the planes, the subs,
Everyone talks to grownups like wassup cuz
Now I'm to the bad part of the neighborhood,
Kids not behaving in school the way she should,
They're also getting whooped with the belt and broom,
Parents let them watch the Maury show instead of Loony Toons
The adults selling weed on every block,
And talking smack getting every little kid shot
Started from the bottom and the quiet kids on the top,
Killing in Philly ain't never gonna stop.

C.W. Henry

FLYING AWAY

I have been through the up and downs of life
I have been through deaths, divorce, fights, and violence around me
I am masking my true self
The question is where've I've been
I've been through every obstacle and disappointment in my whole life
I've have learned to be a phoenix, to rise up from the darkness and be more powerful than ever
I learn from my biggest mistakes
I'm not the perfect person nor do I want to be
I know that some years from now, I am going to travel the world, and explore new things
I'm going to be stronger and wiser
I am going to be a beautiful butterfly breaking through my chrysalis waiting to see what new things are around me
Breaking the Chrysalis

Change is an essential element of our daily life.
It’s part of transforming into a voice that wants to be heard.
A voice that wants to share ideas, and thoughts and project his or her every word.
Over the years I have transformed in many ways.
I have increased in confidence, intelligence, and talent. Sometimes transforming can be a challenge.
Because life isn’t a destination it’s a journey.
You have to roll with the punches and ride with the waves.
You have to learn from your mistakes each day by day.
I’ve learned from the mistake of thinking I needed someone else’s approval to be accepted or to fit in.
When I was in first grade I was kind of shy and timid.
Some of my classmates used to tease me and exclude me from certain activities.
They began to make me feel like an outsider and like I was strange.
However, I soon began to notice that I wasn’t strange I was and still am unique and different.
So as soon as I accepted who I was and realized that I didn’t need a check in my box or a stamp on my paper
that said, “approved” they opened up.
They got to know the real me and I gave them a chance to.
I transformed from a caterpillar that locked itself in a chrysalis into a social butterfly that broke the barrier.
And as a social butterfly still testing its wings I embraced my differences and realized it’s what makes me
beautiful, brilliant, and brave.
Because I had help fighting through my problem with my mom praying with me, and my music teacher
pushing me.
I decided to try to bring change and hope to a confused heart.
A friend that was in need of a guide to help her realize who she is and who she aspires to be.
I tried to be her friend and motivate her to open up and speak up.
Because later in our relationship as friends I learned that she had the same problem I had.
However, she struggled with it much more.
She changed her personality and the way she approached someone to suit different groups of people, she
wanted to please everyone.
Sometimes this even caused her to doubt our relationship.
By not believing my honesty, occasionally acting mean and distant, and lying to me.
So I began to doubt my judgment and if I actually wanted to continue being her friend.
However, as I looked back on my old situation I realized no one gave up on me, so I wouldn’t give up on her.
I offered her my loyalty, however it was her decision to take it or leave it.
She eventually decided to receive and take in my advice.
She now is continuing to learn how to make her voice heard but she has greatly improved.
I transformed from a bystander and a follower to a leader.
I believe now that you can never stop improving yourself and your pattern of behavior.
Everyday I experiment a new way of carrying myself.
A new way of expressing whom I truly am.
Because transformation is an essential element of our daily life and movement.
A chance for us to make our voice heard.
Change is constant in our lives, some we look forward to and some we fear.
We can despair that a change has come and assume that things will be worse, or we can look with excitement
at the new possibilities change brings.
It’s your choice to break the chrysalis or to let a barrier stand between you and your voice. You choose.

Moving On

A flower blooms then fades away
But always sprouts in a different place.
When I go to a different school,
Will I fade away in the last?
Will I grow strong roots and make new friends?
Will I be labeled "cool" or maybe even a fool?
Will I be judged by how I look...?
My hair, my face, my size, my race?
Flowers can also spread and never die,
but can I?
The key is lots of water, sun, and love.
But can I get all that "stuff" I'll need?
This would be very hard to do considering all the work that I will have to do.
Will I be able to Succeed?
Can I possibly bloom and never die?
Can I?

Drip Drip Drop

Torrents of gray clouds cover the sorrow-felt skies
Rainfalls like my tears
The world is grey
The sun hides behind the clouds
Even the birds will not sing
In this world there is me
Only me
I am alone
This is reality
This is the reality that is my life
Where I am bullied made fun of and laughed at
Where I am made fun of for the color of my skin for my hair for the way I am
For just being me
They say mean things about me
They say I will never be anything
They say I am nothing
Though I am not there to hear them I know they say these things
Darkness surrounds the world
Darkness surrounds me
Drip Drip Drop
However, in this reality, I have a friend
I have a friend
He is the strongest person I know
His pride is bigger than mountains, stronger than any lion, and greater than anything you could imagine
Bigger than his pride was his heart

He didn't judge a person for who they were, how they looked, or the way they acted
He laughed in the face of bullies
He stood for what he believed in even when standing alone
He never let anyone tell him he couldn't do something
He would go out and prove them wrong
He stood by my side through thick and thin
I didn't feel alone with him
He gave me strength to be myself
He gave me strength, courage, and the gift of laughter
For he was an outsider too
He was different from the nerd, geeks, cool kids, jocks, and the oddballs
He was his own man with his own book of principals, rules, and reasons why
He was my best friend
Drip Drip Drop
Now he is gone
Now I am alone again
Alone in my world
The clouds come back
Tears fall
The sun is sad and won't come out
The darkness is back and I am sad
But Wait
There is no reason to be sad
For he gave me the strength to be brave
Bullies will never harm me
I will never let, someone say I cannot do something or I will be nothing
I will be strong
Though my friend is gone I will carry on his memory
And I thank him for giving me the strength to be who I am
Thank you my friend
Drip Drip Drop

Letting Go Of My Tragedy

Was it right for his heart to take his life?  
I was so little, couldn't his heart think twice  
He was sweet and neat but mostly kind  
He is the reason I am writing this rhyme  
He is now resting with God  
As he passed away it was like he saw fog  
He saw the light and knew then that  
God had taken his life and that was that  
He was like a friend and not pretend  
But that's not the end  
Most of his time was dedicated to his family  
His favorite junk food was for sure chocolate candy  
All of his dreams came to life  
If only his heart had thought twice  
He was my uncle who had died  
Throughout his life, he had tried to encourage the rest to do their best  
He's always been with me and here's what I say  
Roses are red,  
Violets are blue, You may be with God  
And I will always love you  
R.I.P. to the one and only  
Uncle Taran that was in my life until he passed on  
We all loved him but life needs to goes on.

Untitled

I've been lost in my own world  
My own life  
I don't always realize, reality  
That some people may not like me  
Some people may use me for my kindness, selflessness  
I realize that some people may not like or care for me
I now realize this and it’s made me stronger
I went from caring about what other people think, to caring about what I think
I have transformed into a new me
I am my own person
I don’t follow others
I don’t care of what others think of me and my lifestyle
Now I don’t care
I don’t want to be pushed around so I’ve changed
People can no longer take advantage of me and what I do
I can make my own decisions
I’ve transformed to a new light with a new shine
I’m going to be stronger and wiser
I’m becoming the true me.

Untitled

We were best friends.
We did everything together, shared everything, and experienced things together.
We were always there for each other with a shoulder to cry on.
She was the one that lifted my spirits when I was losing faith.
I could tell her everything and she accepted me for who I was.
She was like my sister.
We promised to be best friends forever.
Summer came and went.
I came back to school discovering she moved away.
I texted her receiving no reply.
Calling, but getting no answer.
Every once in a while I would check my phone to see if I got a simple hi.
Nothing.
After a while I decided it was time for me to move on and find a new best friend, try interacting with other people.
I had a lot of other friends but I didn't get the same feeling I got with her.
One day our teacher announced a new girl to class.
At lunch we started to talk.
I found out a lot about her and how much we had in common.
We became instant friends.
We cherished each other’s time together.
She reminded me of my old best friend, which made me feel sad at times.
We did the things that my old best friend and I did.
We would hangout everyday after school and on weekends.
When I cried, she cried, when I laughed, she laughed.
Like most friends we had those conversations that no one could understand, but we understood just clearly.
She asked me if I was her best friend.
I wasn’t sure what to say.
I was afraid if I said yes and got too connected to her, when she left I would be heartbroken.
I didn’t want to say yes just yet.
Ever since she asked if I was her best friend I haven’t stopped missing my old best friend. I wanted to forget her, but I couldn’t.
I knew her since the first grade.
One day I woke up to the sound of knocking.
I went downstairs to answer the door, but my mom already had.
I couldn’t believe my eyes.
It was my old best friend standing right in front of me with her mother!
We went to my room and talked.
I didn’t bother asking her why she left without telling me or not answering me. All that mattered was that she was back. We did everything together again along with my new friend. We did it as if nothing had ever happened. As if she had never moved away. She stayed for about one month. This time she told me she was leaving. I wondered if the first time she left she didn’t know she was leaving or if she knew but just didn’t want to tell me. When she left, my new friend asked if I was her best friend forever. I happily said yes. I was happy not worrying if my old best friend would visit again or call. I was happy not wondering if she would remember the fun we had together or if the memories would just simply fade away. I found a brand new best friend and I couldn’t be happier. I had finally moved on.

That Girl

My old school was a cruel place. No one would fit in with the cool groups unless you would curse, cheat, act bad, or have a girlfriend or boyfriend when your parents could not be seen. That’s like this girl I had known. She was new to my school in third grade. She was lost, unknown, like a ghost who just wondered alone. Her face full with pimples, her hair in braids, people call her names, they say “what a shame”. Her mouth full of braces, her skin shinier than the sun has ever been. Now let me refresh my memory on what has happen. The first time I saw her, she came to my class, the teacher said “we have a student”, but all u could hear was the class laugh. At lunch I had seen her sitting alone, I walked to her with my friends then walked alone. I don’t really remember what, but I knew we were friends at the end of it. My friends started to get used to her hanging around. She left weeks after with new friends of her own. I would say “hi” then I would turn way. Now still thinking to myself from that day, I help her and myself in a way. Whenever we had a new person in our class, no matter what grade, I try to start talking first because I knew it would change that person’s first day.

That’s Wrong

That's Wrong,
they say
These words are supposed to be words of wisdom
That's wrong,
These two harsh words that sting my heart
That's wrong,
Well not if I have anything to say about it
Those harsh words don’t lift me up but bring me down
That's wrong,
That's wrong,
That's wrong,
NO!!!
I’m NOT wrong,
LISTEN to what I say and not what I write down on a sheet of paper
   No one knows but the pin inside of me hurts
   It’s not wrong,
I say now, these words lift me up instead of bringing me down
   And I’m not wrong either.