

Identity & Action

Poems from the Present to the Future

Winter 2016-2017

IS 392, K

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Introduction

On my first day at IS 392, I began by asking students what a poem is. There's more to poetry, we discovered, than just a collection of lines. This anthology holds the past, present, and future of a group of young poets, artists, dreamers, and citizens, and it has been my absolute privilege to work with them and their words. Poetry, we learned, is something different to every poet: while Pablo Neruda once wrote that "poetry is an act of peace," one IS 392 student suggested that instead, poetry is an act of protest. In my time at this school, I have seen poems that are acts of courage, self-reflection, and discovery, acts of imagination and hope.

In our first weeks together, students explored ways of writing about themselves. We read a poem by the Pulitzer prize winning Brooklyn poet Gregory Pardlo, and students responded by writing about their own beginnings: where they were born. Later, I asked students to write about an object of personal significance to them, and to craft those object-portraits into self-portraits. Students described themselves as cell phones, necklaces, even as drumsticks, revealing something of their identity that might only ever be seen in poetry.

Finally, as 2016 came to a close and this group of poets started in on a new year, I asked them to imagine the future. We read a poem called "Beyond the Years," by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, one of the first nationally-recognized black poets, who wrote at the end of the 19th century, and students responded by writing about the futures that they envision for themselves, their country, and their world. Some chose to write about the year to come, while others wrote their way centuries into the future. As they wrote about the future, they revealed their perceptions of the present too, and showed themselves not only to be talented writers, but also critical, compassionate thinkers, and citizens of a future that we all can look forward to.

I'd like to thank the many teachers and staff members at IS 392 for their collaboration and support throughout this residency: Principal Joseph, Ms. Rance-Fisher, Ms. Tasher, Ms. Jean, Ms. Valentine, Ms. Ordde, Ms. Priester and Ms. McKenzie. Thank you to Leonore Gordon and Myra Kooy, who generously funded this residency. A huge thank you, always, to the staff at the Teachers & Writer's Collaborative, Jordan Dann, Amy Swauger, and Jade Triton. And above all, thank you to the students whose words are contained within these pages. Your poems have changed the way I see the world.

Erika Luckert
March 2017

Table of Contents

Jayda, 601	7
Melania, 601	8
Samori, 601	9
Chaniyah, 601	10
Alisha, 601	11
Serenity, 601	12
Aamir , 601	13
Damany, 601	14
Oneila, 601	15
Caden, 601	16
Iyanna, 601	17
Joel, 601	18
Devin, 601	19
Damany, 601	20
Latrell, 601	21
Chance, 601	22
Yaritza, 601	23
Kyla, 601	24
Josiah, 601	25
Hanaa, 601	26
Ezekiel, 601	27
Stephon, 601	28
Amir, 601	29
Devon, 601	30
Caira, 601	31
Aaliyah, 602	32
Destiny, 602	33
Arralon, 602	34
Josue, 602	35
Kaden, 602	36
Kianys, 602	37

Jada, 602	38
Cheyla, 602.....	39
Jalen, 602	40
Gillian, 602.....	41
Haminat, 602	42
Brianna, 602.....	43
Kyrie, 602	44
Lourdes, 602	46
Marhalia, 602.....	47
Mark, 602	49
Maxwell, 602.....	50
Miriam, 602.....	51
Tiffany, 602.....	52
Auriana, 602.....	53
Tammiere, 602.....	54
Mikael, 703	55
Shaniah, 703.....	56
Mackalia, 703	57
Kayla, 703.....	58
Marquis, 703	59
Sanai, 703.....	60
Damia, 703.....	61
Jeremiah, 703	62
Prycles, 703	63
Donnie, 703	64
Joel, 703.....	65
Nila, 703	66
Zyhaire, 703	67
Amira, 703.....	68
Habib, 703.....	69
Mekaya, 703	70
Hazelrose, 703	71
Christian, 703.....	72

Bysshe, 703.....	73
Levi, 703	74
Sofia, 703.....	75
Brianna, 703	76
David, 703.....	77
Micah, 703.....	78
Kejour, 703	79
Olivia, 703	80
Oumou, 703.....	81
Jasmine, 703.....	82
Mikaela, 801	83
Ajmaani, 801	84
Joshua, 801.....	85
Dayana, 801.....	86
Diana, 801	87
Lalih, 801	88
Samaria, 801.....	89
Emiah, 801	90
Ashanti, 801	91
Saniya, 801.....	93
Amiria, 801.....	95
Jaden, 801	96
Cameron, 801	97
Christopher, 801.....	98
Jason, 801	99
Hasani, 801.....	100
Trevor, 801.....	101
Sean, 801.....	102
Samirah, 802.....	103
Brianna, 802.....	104
Zoneisha, 802	105
Joshua, 802.....	106
Jhennelle, 801.....	107

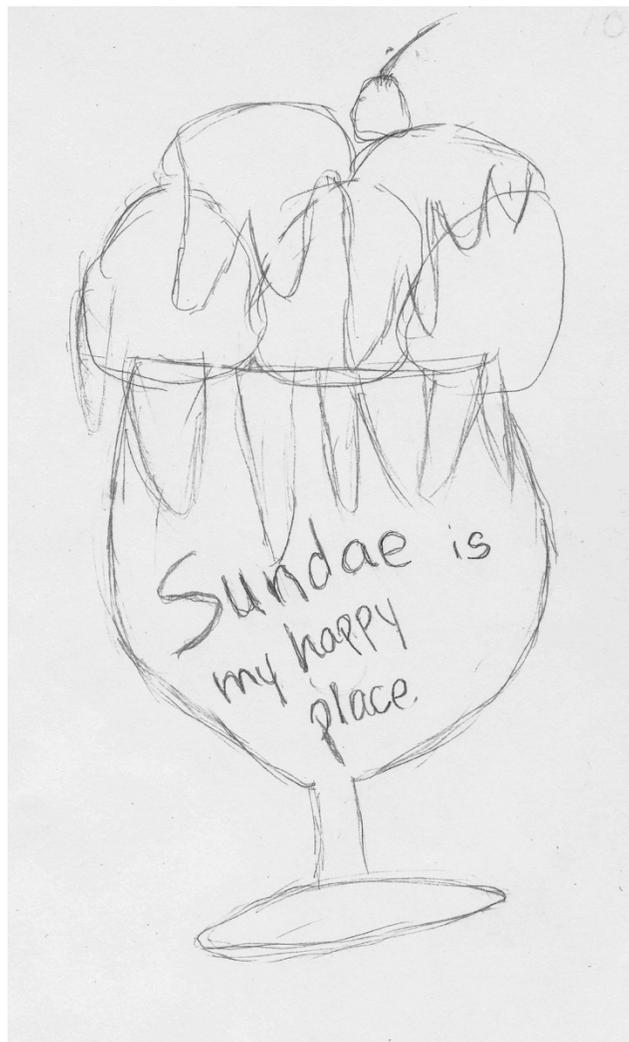
Deshaun, 802.....	108
Dillian & Serena, 802.....	109
Travis, 802.....	110
Christina, 802.....	111
Shamoy, 802.....	112
Tatianna, 802	113
Jahmarlo & Isaiah, 802.....	114
Nyssa, 802	115
Jahniya, 802.....	116
Leilani, 802.....	117
Loidra, 802	118
Dantae, 802.....	119
Christopher, 802.....	120

Is a Sundae a Poem?

A poem is like having a sundae on a hot summer beach
It does not matter the flavor whether it's apple strawberry or peach
It quenches my thirst in the hot summer sun
Oh! Right now I wish I had one

A poem is like having a sundae in the blazing sun
It makes me happy while I am having my summer fun
It gives me a chill in my throat
It is like a thrill in the summer sun

A poem is like having a sundae any season of the year
Whether it is winter, spring, summer, or fall
An amazing poem inspires us all!!!!



Poems are seasons

A poem is as beautiful as the trees in Fall
Fall is a season that is not very small
Everyone loves it with the trees in all
A poem is as beautiful as the trees in Fall

A poem is like the cherry blossoms in Spring
That's exactly what this season brings
All of the children like to hear the birds sing
A poem is like the cherry blossoms in Spring

A poem is as cold as the winter snow
If you stand outside you will surely know
Just because the wind will freeze you so
A poem is as cold as the winter snow

A poem is like a cold drink on a summer day
It makes you want to cast-a-way
To a far-away island so we can say
A poem is like a cold drink on a summer day

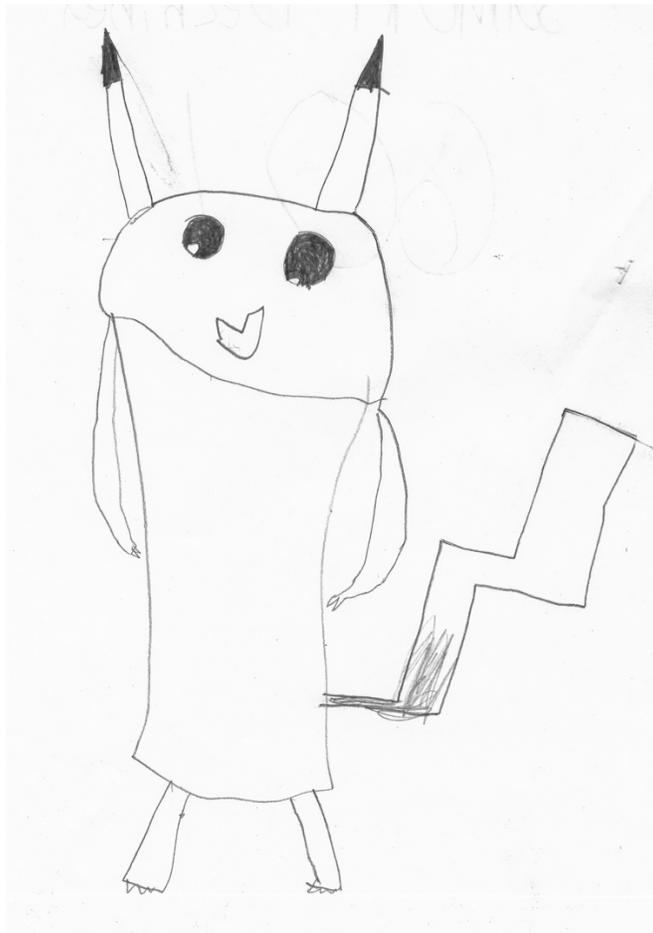
A poem is like all the seasons of the world
Write a poem, give it a whirl
You will have fun once you learn, that
A poem is like all the seasons of the world.

Poetry

Poetry is like art.
It has a meaning.
It is not any art that people have seen, but it is art.
Younger people might not understand, but wiser adults do.

You can put anything you like in poetry.
That is the fun part about it.
It also doesn't have to be good to be a poem.
You can make it up too.

Some people draw to express themselves and some people write poems to express themselves.
You can even put your entire life into the poem.
That is why poetry is just as good as the art that you draw and create.



Organized Violence

Poetry is organized violence.

Poetry is what made violence all over the streets
This started the ANTI-Trump group and march
This is what made those terrifying fires happen.
Poetry wanted to make the marvel super group quit

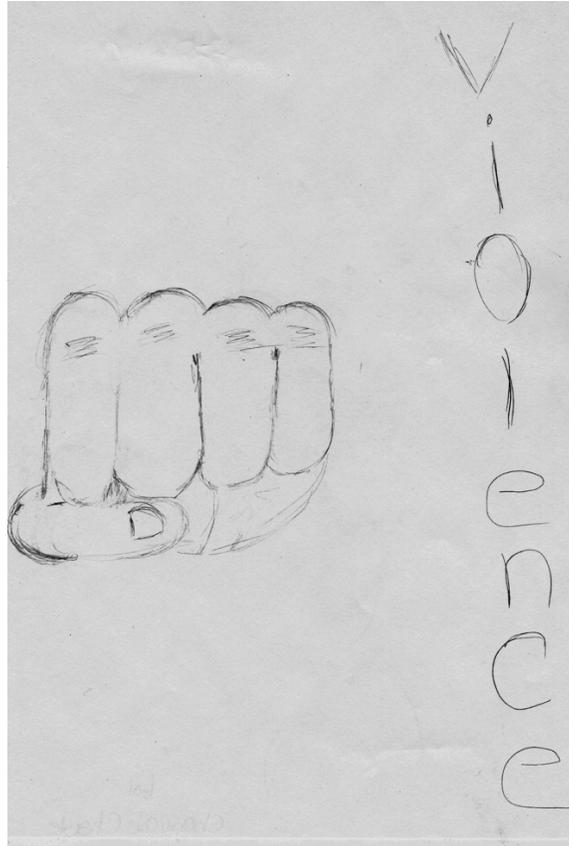
Poetry is organized violence

The bully threw a burger a you
P.S. it was covered in mayo
Poetry forced you to throw back
Which created a huge mess.

As i say poetry is organized violence

It puts the V in vacuum
The I in "I assume"
It puts the O in drool
And the the L in tool
And the ence in cone.

Poetry is organized violence.



I was born

I was born to be an angel.
I was born to make everyone smile.
I was born to make everyone happy,
when they are sad.

I was born to do things that are hard.
I was born to say "Anything is possible,
just put your mind to it and it would eventually happen.
I was born to accomplish things.
I was born to become a doctor.

I was born to do things I would never have thought
of. I was born to put pieces together.
I was born to love people.



Just Wait

Just wait my beautiful green-eyed creature
Just wait to see the light again
I hear you cry
I will comfort you
Just wait to be out of that dark door
Just wait my muscular girl
Just wait
I will always be there
Even what you did to my face
Just wait
So I could see your beautiful face
You are still there
But I will wait
So I could see your adorable white-brown face



My Dear Sister

My dear sister
My very loving sister
She makes my heart feel bright
She is a thousands stars to me
She is my dear sister

My crazy sister
She can be funny and crazy
She is my laughing friend
She even makes my heart laugh

My learning sister
She helps me with life
She helps me when I'm blue
She can help me with homework
When she helps me, I help her

My standing sister
She protects me like a shield
She is brave against her foes
She will always have her rights

My Dear Sister

About Me

Eyes are red.

My phone is dead
I use it 24/7
Since the age of 11
I feel like an animal without it

Eyes are red
I got some bread
My phone is dead
I need to be fed some lobster red

Key Word

Would you have a click the sound of the
charms the no worries.

The land of disney, the shoes to walk
pink as bright as a flower.

Black as the hair on your scalp.

The sadness of cancer the hope.

They look beautiful around your neck or
dangling off your arm.

They just shine with its beautiful charm.

Locked out your house they do just the
job.

Never leave these in your house, or you
would be LOCKED OUT.

About Me

Poetry is eternal graffiti written in the heart of everyone.
This poem is about things I like and what I like to do for fun.
I like to play sports, especially basketball,
When my teammates needs me, I call for the ball.
I go to school in the borough of Brooklyn,
A place I think we could all make good again.
I love music but rap is above all,
I love the beautiful colors of Autumn and watching the leaves fall.
I currently live in Far Rockaway, Queens,
I want tell you to follow your dreams.
Anything you do or want to be,
Just follow your dreams, please believe me!

I was born where nothing is free

I was born where nothing is free. I was born where there is violence going on we need to come
To an end. Even though some holidays are meant for coming together we should get together
Every day. We are all family. Color or not. We should not go against each other we should be
work together.

I was born where wishes do not come true even though you wish they would.

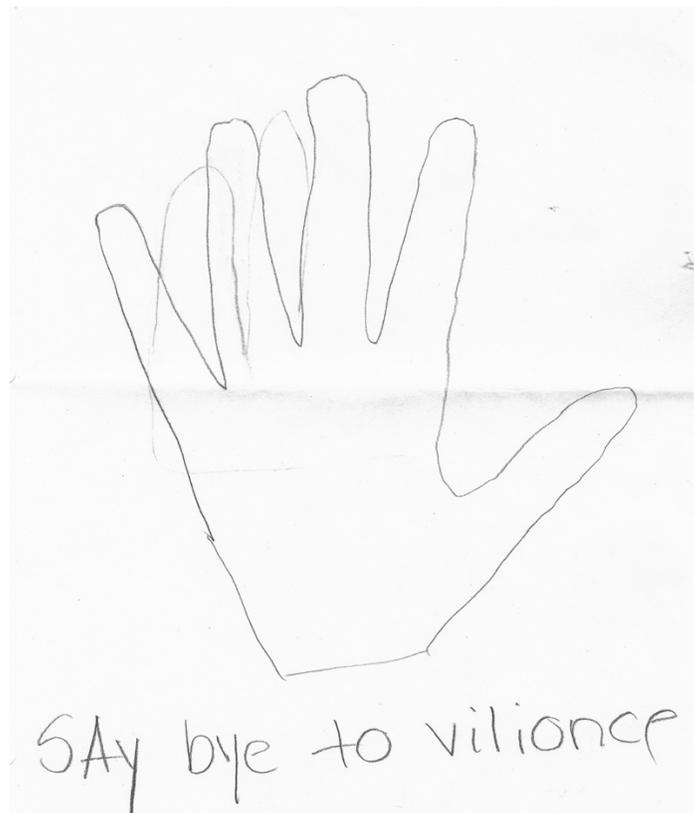
I was born where you can't trust a lot of people.

I was born where when you want something you work hard for it and and you own it
I was born where it's really crowded with people.

I was born where things were unfair and people didn't give a care

I was born where things aren't that fancy and nice.

I was born where you might want to think 2



Cherish this Morning

You wake up in the morning not knowing where you're going to be, what you're going to see and who you're going to meet, you wake up in the morning not knowing if today is your last morning, life is so fragile so cherish everyone everything and everyday cherish your life because everyone dies at the end

Remember and cherish the words I say, So the next day you wake up cherish that morning, cherish that afternoon, and cherish that night and pray to god the next day you'll see the sun shine its light

You will see it bright

The Last Dream

The Last Dream I had felt like terror.
It felt like the moon crashing down on Earth.
It felt like messing with gravity.
It felt like a mask with evil powers.
It felt like falling for a long time and surviving.
It felt like the last dream.
The last dream from last night.
The final day.
But only three days.
But there is a fourth day.
After the last dream.
I was awakened.
I was worried about all the bad things.
The bad things about the Earth.
But it was just a dream.
The Last Dream.



TORNADO

a tornado is like a vortex

there is a sharknado

tornado

firenado

a tornado can move an object off its feet

a sharknado is a tornado with sharks

a firenado can burn you

tornadoes are dangerous

Rocky and Suzie rode a horse into an alley.
While there was a petamon rally.
Badie and Generald saw the saddle.
And challenged them to a petamon battle.

The battle Suzy did win.
With one spectacular great big spin.
But Rocky did have quite a challenge.
Beating Generald.

Rhymes

My eyes are brown
You can also take me down
My phone is dead

My dog has to be fed
21 and 0
Beat you in a row

Your lips are crusty
Your arms are dusty
Why are you so must

Greek gods
Tick tock

What would the world be
Without me
Would it be fun
Even when the world is done

Tagged with a price

Have you ever rolled a dice

Rhymes II

A city that never sleeps
Some people can't even eat
Donald Trump

Is a dump

Crime

Time

Dime

Some people don't even have a dime
Some people can't even tell time

It's sad

That some people don't like their past

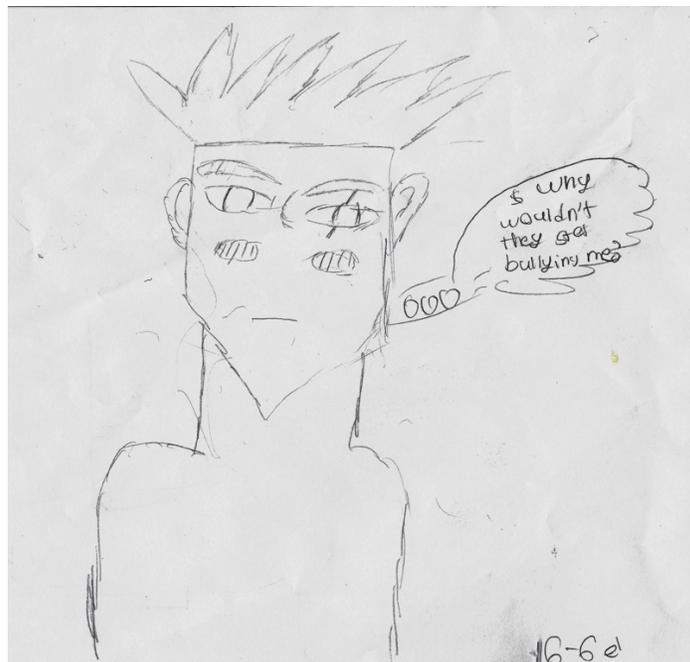
People can be in cast

Barack Obama

People can cause drama

Even if we are dead

My dog will still have to be fed



You Risk Your Life

You step outside you risk your
life. You take a drink of water
you risk your life. You
breathe you risk your life. You speak you
Risk your life. You sleep
you risk your life. If you look at someone
You risk your life. You smell
you risk your life. You run you risk you
risk your life. You don't work
you risk your life. You eat you risk your
life. You drive you risk your
life. You walk you risk your life. You try to
Forgive someone you risk
your life. You dance you risk your life. You
Sing you risk your life. You
bleed you risk your life. The future, that
You can risk your life in.

Believe

Inspire others, study hard, dare to dream, laugh a little more.

respect each other, care and share & just imagine you're right here.

be creative read & learn be curious don't forget to blow your
horn.

be weird be funny be determined to get the money

never settle for less and then you know that you can be the best.



Future Days

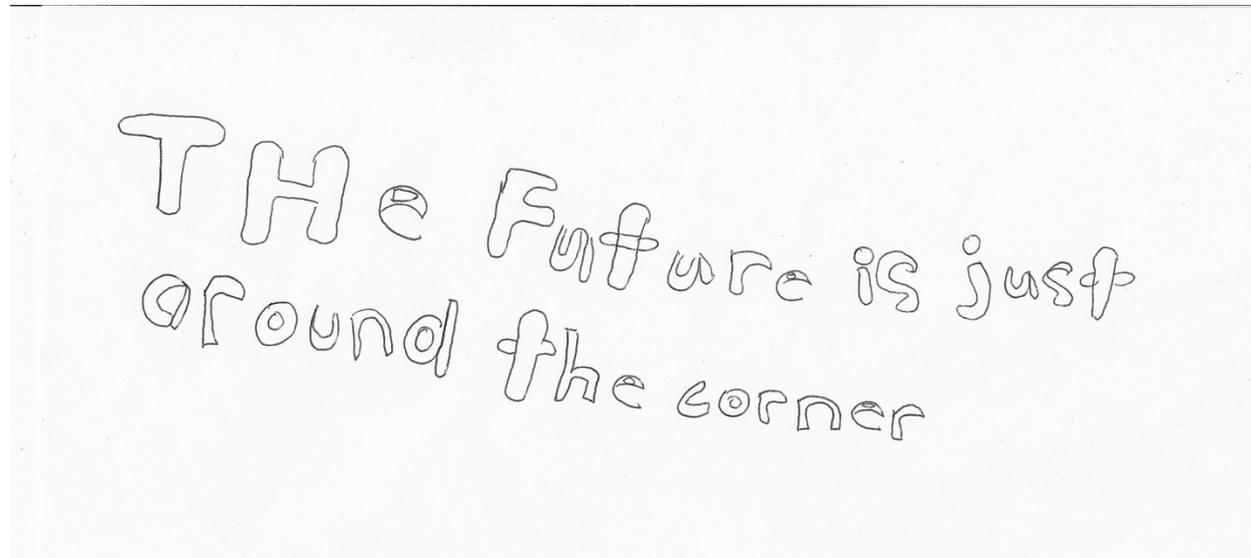
Kanye is president
states are crazy
New York is wild
Kanye's friends are freed from jail
In 2020 Kanye will mess up the White House
Kanye quits the job of being president
Ten years later robots wake you up in the morning
Helping you eat breakfast Drones fly you to school
Get a call home the robots give you a licken
Robots are now teachers hacking into computer and tv
Police are now robots that support humans
The statue of liberty falls and robots fix it in an hour
Tigers and Lions go extinct
Humans go extinct
Dogs go into packs of groups to hunt and find food
Dogs go extinct
Now god reborned us as robots
We now have a new life

The future is just around the corner

Just around the corner there will be robots doing our work. Just around the corner the technology will be better.

Just around the corner houses will be bigger. Just around the corner we will have a new president. Just around the corner the United States will have more people moving into America

Just around the corner you will be laughing. Just around the corner you will be smiling so I want you to think what will the future be.



YOUNG BUT NOW OLD

I once was young but now I'm old.
You would not believe the lies I told.
I use to hang out with paper the pig.
Until she told me to sabotage my sisters
Curly wig.

I didn't know what ran through my
head. But what I did know was if I
listened to paper the pig I would be
the star of the walking dead.

When my sister find out I that I was
About to sabotage her favorite wig. Her
head almost explode. She got so mad
she made the devil cry.

My Life

My Life to me was bad,
Most of the people around me were mad,
Some were sad,
Most thought they were rad,
But some were glad,

My Life to me was a bother,
As I looked for my charger,
Here comes my father,
Talking about Harvard

My Life to me was hard,
I would go in the yard,
Watching the guard's,
Playing cards,

BUT NOW my life to me has meaning,
I am a human bean,
I can cleaning,
I can scream,
I can make all sorts of themes,

But when I shut my eyes,
And I dream into the night
I now have space to think about my life,
And this time I'll think about it right,
To night is the night,
My life

Have you wondered

Have you wondered what the world would be like without me?

Well my eyes are brown
I feel upside down
But You can't bring me down
My world is just great

Have you ever felt unsafe?
Have you been put in your place?
Have you wondered what the world would be like without me?

I see everything being weird
Have you ever been feared
Don't fear me
Love me
Protect me
Shield me from the unknown

Have you wondered what the future holds for you?
Did it have to be like this?
Did you hope it happened like this?
Did you hope it was something great for you?
Have you felt unliked?
Is that a bad sign?
Will that make you thrive?
Will that give you a reason to stay alive?

The Future

When I look into the future
There will be robots
There will be aliens
There will be saucers in the clouds.
But there will be a memory stick in my head.
There will be a tracking device in my feet.
There is a computer sim in my head and
No computers any where.
When I look into the future
There will be unexplained things happning
In the world.

The Future

2186

Flying cars
Iphone 187s
Robots take over the world
Drones flying everywhere
No more guns
Mystical creatures
Literal Air Jordan's

2186

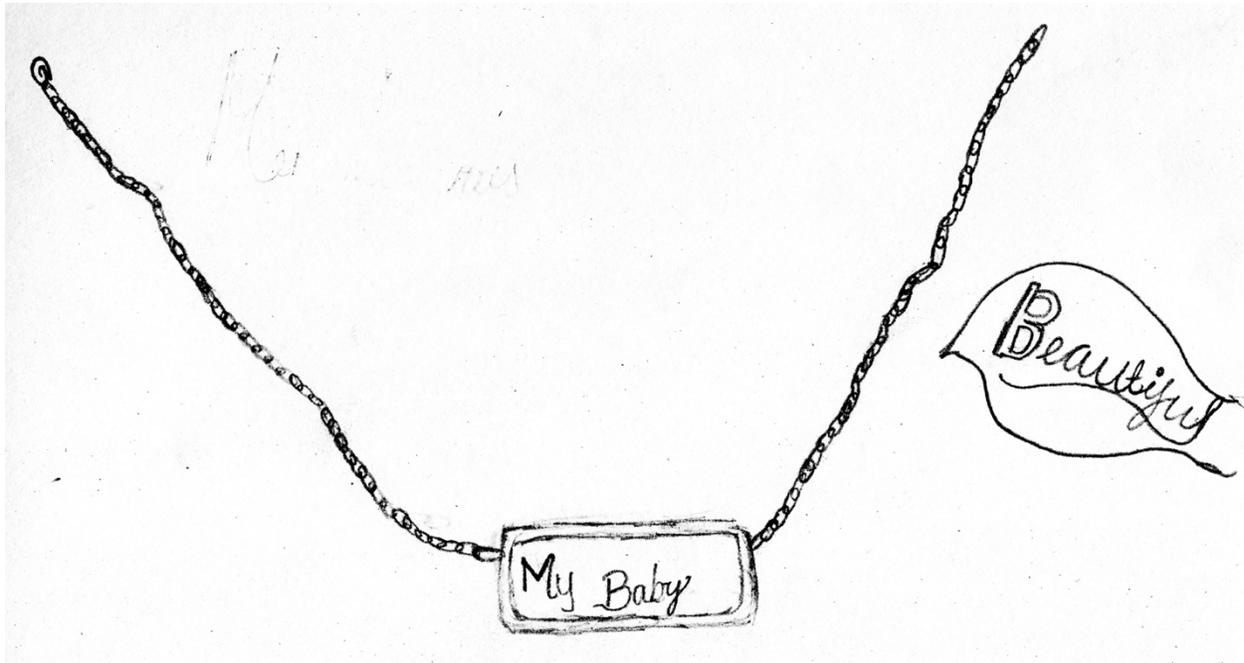
Food pills
Put one in the microwave and the whole meal comes out
You won't need jobs
You'll get paid for living
Dog translator
Face scanners as ID
Invisible glasses
Indestructible phones
Real unlimited data

2186

Global warming reversed
Real hoverboards
Better style
Auto drive
All cancers will have a cure for free
Everything vending machine
You just type in what you want and it comes out
The Third Black Woman elected President

Self portrait

A shiny gold necklace is what it is. Small and light, yet so big and heavy from carrying all my memories. It has a smooth surface with rough edges but it is quite beautiful if you ask me. It has been with me from birth and is still with me now. You are like a crystal in which I reference back to my past. You will never go out of style. Just like my memories you are a special piece of me that I will always cherish.



Best friends

When you fall what does your best friend do
Laugh at you and then helps you up.
They always got your back no matter what
Your shoulder to cry on
Believes in you; they encourage you
To follow your dreams
A best friend is someone that understands
You better than anyone else; Good times are
Even better with a best friend.

Ring

I am shiny but old. I am not much but made out of gold. I am your ring

I have been with you through thick and thin. I am your ring.

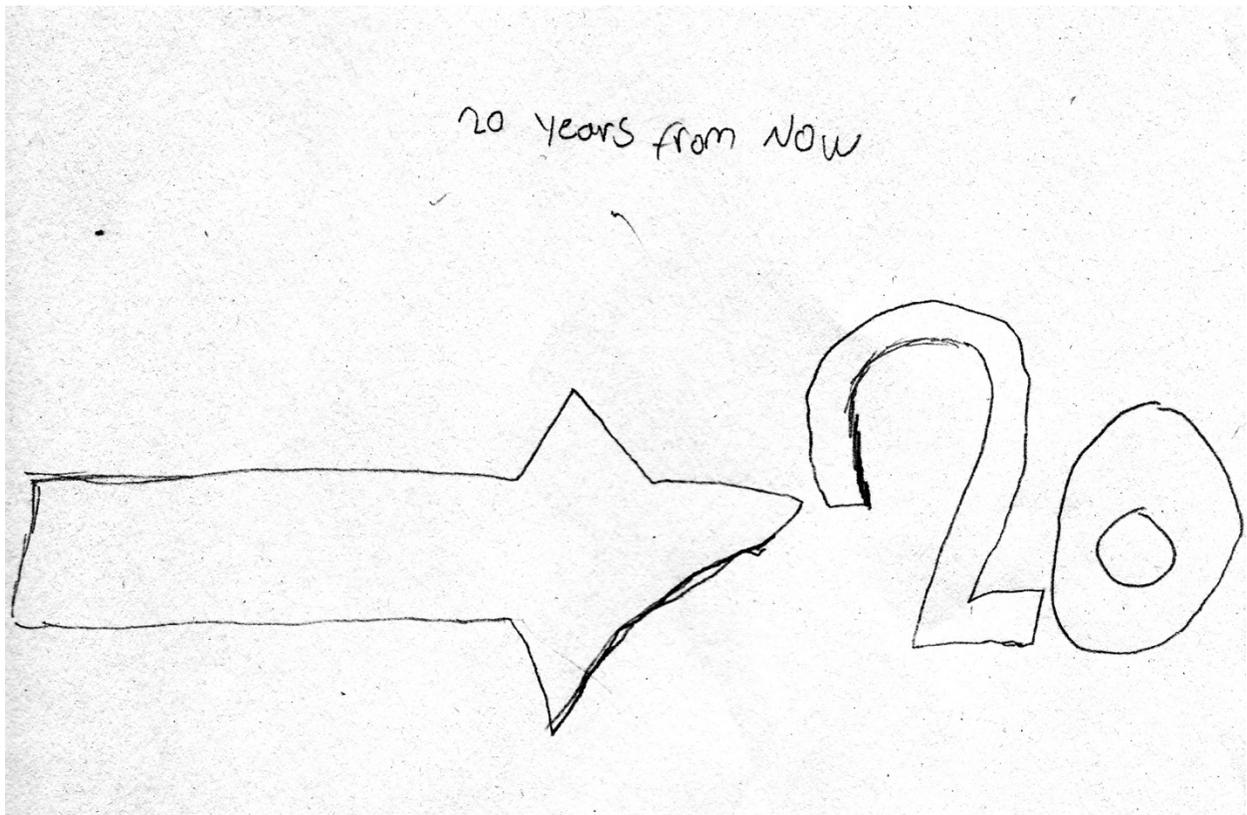
When you lose me you cry. When I lose you I am worthless. I am your ring.

I am shiny I have grown up with you through out the years. I have been with you through thin and thick.

When you lose me you will cry. When I lose you I cry. I am your ring.

I am worthless without you. You are my bestfriend as I am yours. I am your ring.





The Future of America

People on computers taking their time. People relaxing inside their flying cars. With people so high, above the sky they lie, as Robot workers doing their job. As the years go past of good and bad,

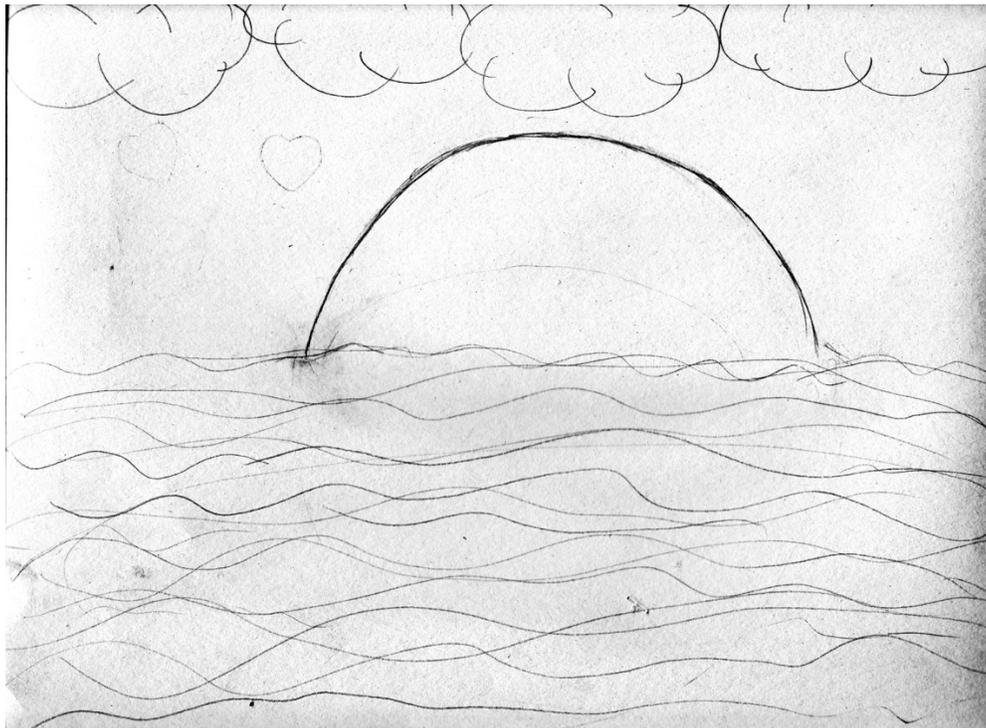
The buildings go higher than kites, and people in roads will be all safe. With streets and highways will be less traffic in the streets. And people will go to jobs in peace of their time especially at time of their jobs.

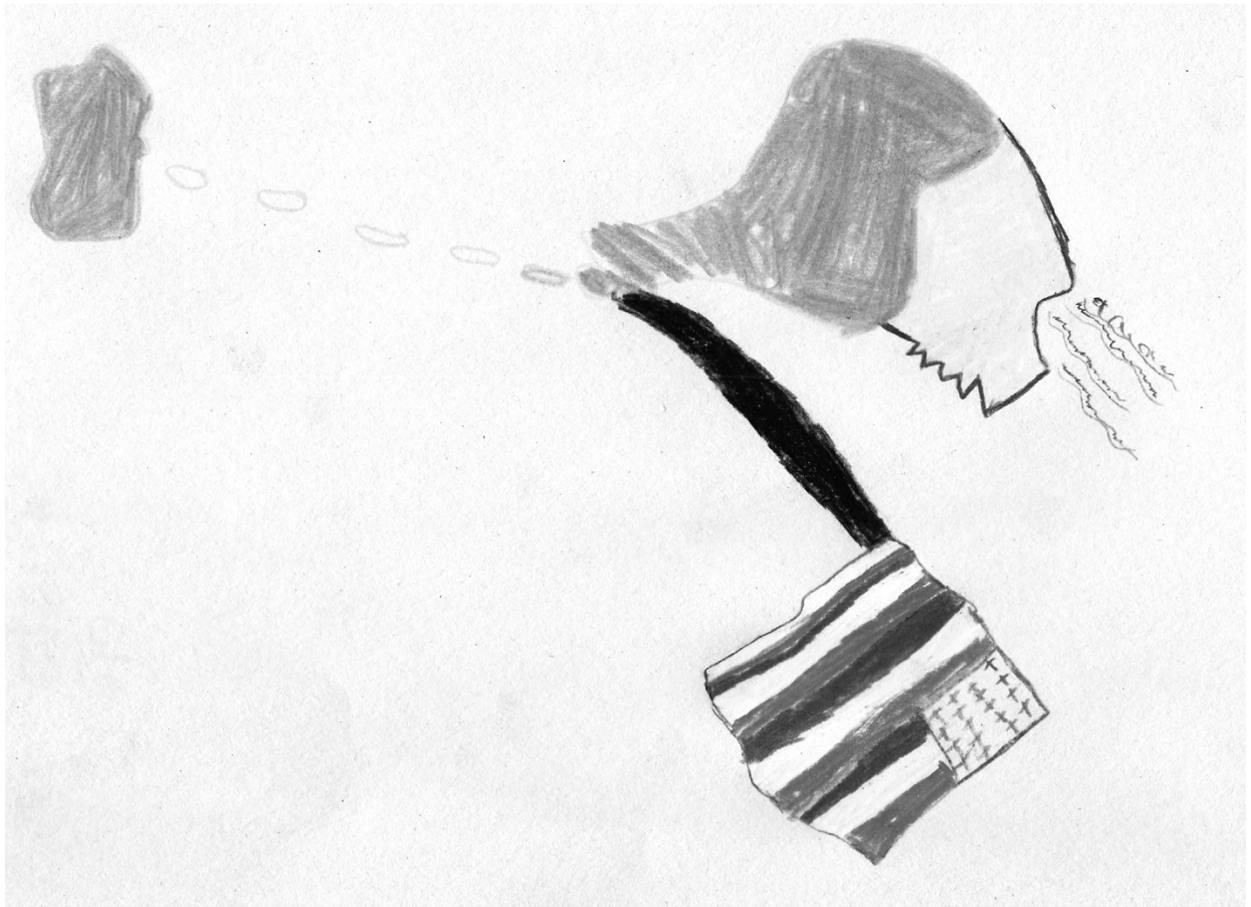
The future lay next to me softly drifting to sleep, My future your future our future to keep. Our future is decided by what we do, and we have to be careful about what to do.



20 Years Later

Let me tell you about 20 years later
It all happened-but imma see you later skater
Cause when I look up at the skies
I see that I'm a little bit older and wise
And nobody can tell me I look, act like a child
But the world is wild!
Cause I got the job and I ain't no slob
But I'm waking up tryna see what's wrong
Then I see the world is black
No one can ever take it back
...Come Fix It...
Yet I'm going to work-time to get ready
But I ain't really steady
I see the robots out changing the world
I get it-but ima hide from the new world
I look and I see the right one
One I can see-One to be
But I got three people with me
Go catch the key
But wait I gotta go, go to work I need Money!
Wanna know what's funny?
..I woke up knowing that it was only just a dream..





The Life of a Surgeon

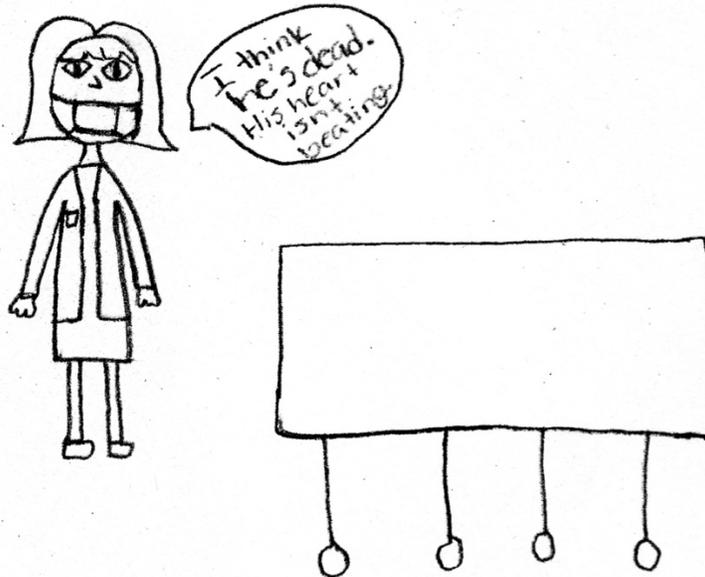
15 YEARS LATER...

This is my future
Only doing what I love
The Life of a Surgeon
A professional surgeon

I sat in my doctor's office writing notes about a patient...
Right after I cut open his kidney and removed the stones
I didn't know he was already dead before I even began to slice his skin.
The guilty anesthesiologist got fired.
The poor man died under those drugs
Yes I was used to this but it is still sad to put an X-ray over someone and see their heart isn't
beating.
I still love doing what I do.
The Life Of a Surgeon

It took a lot to get where I am now
Ten years is way too many is what some would say
Degrees, certificates, studying, years of college, and patience

On my way to be living...
The Life Of a Surgeon
A professional surgeon



In the future

In the future the sky is Orange

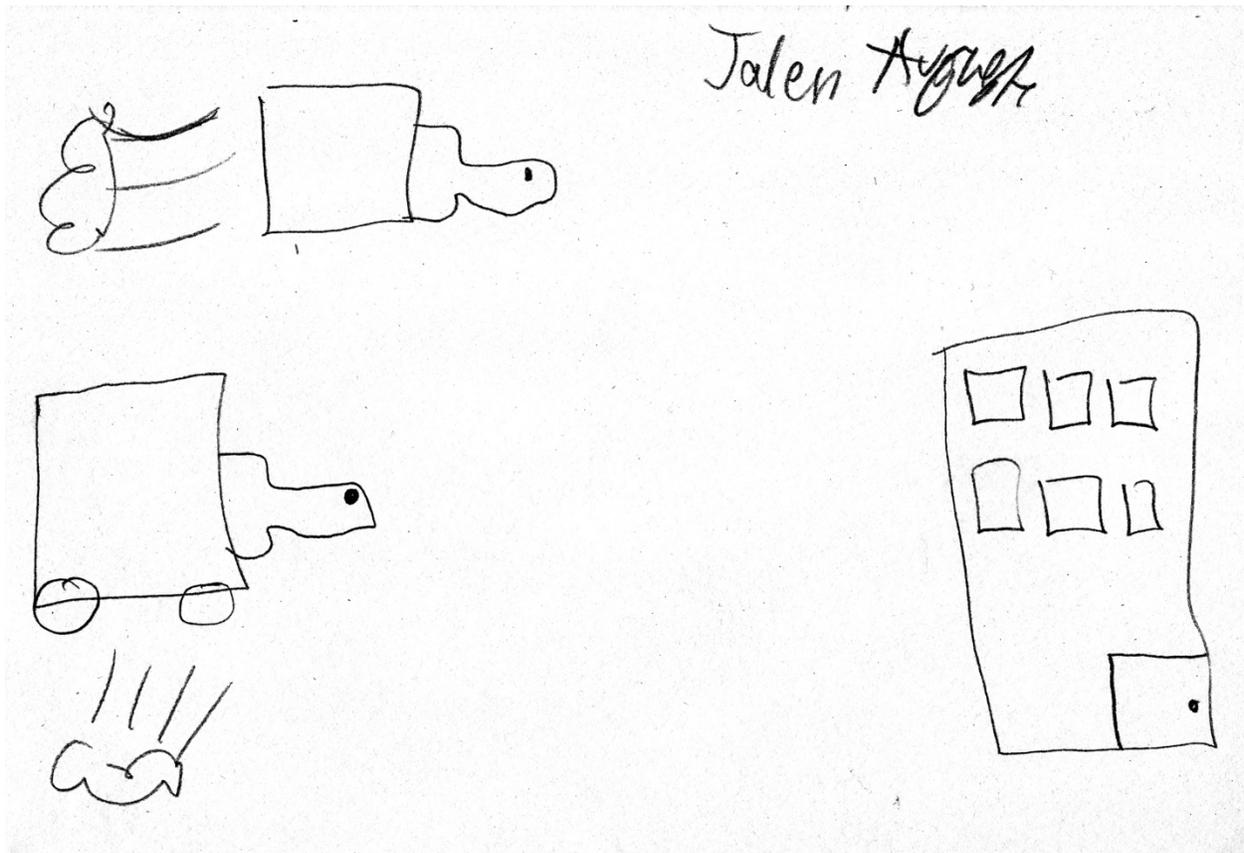
In the future the buildings will be Black and Gold

In the future the fishes will be 25 feet wide

In the future homeless people will have trees to live in

In the future you can create your own bed and door

In te future in 2020 MICHELLE OBAMA WILL BECOME THE FIRST WOMEN PRESIDENT AND THE SECOND AFRICAN AMERICAN PRESIDENT!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Beyond The Days

Beyond the days

People with jobs

People getting married and having kids to live a special life

Beyond the days

Couples break apart

And go their lanes and find other people to be loyal

Beyond the days

People with jobs can get unicorns and ponies for their child(REN)

And people can have happy lives with their families

And be the best in the world for other people to see

Beyond the days

Celebrities getting old

And getting elected to be president

And making America great again/the world a better place

Beyond the days

People get bigger attitudes/gratitude

That changes their personality

And might become a different person



In The Years

In the years, People are respectful to each other. Kids giggling while they're being pushed on the swing. Parents smiling as they see their children jumping up and down as the chocolate chip dough ice cream slips down their chin as they say, "Thank you, Mr. Ice cream man!!!"

In the years, there will be war. Children crying. People dying. Nowhere to run or hide. Wishing that there wasn't a war in the first place.

In the years, it won't be a perfect world. There will be war almost every day. There will be days when it's ok but you'll wake up and remember everything isn't ok.

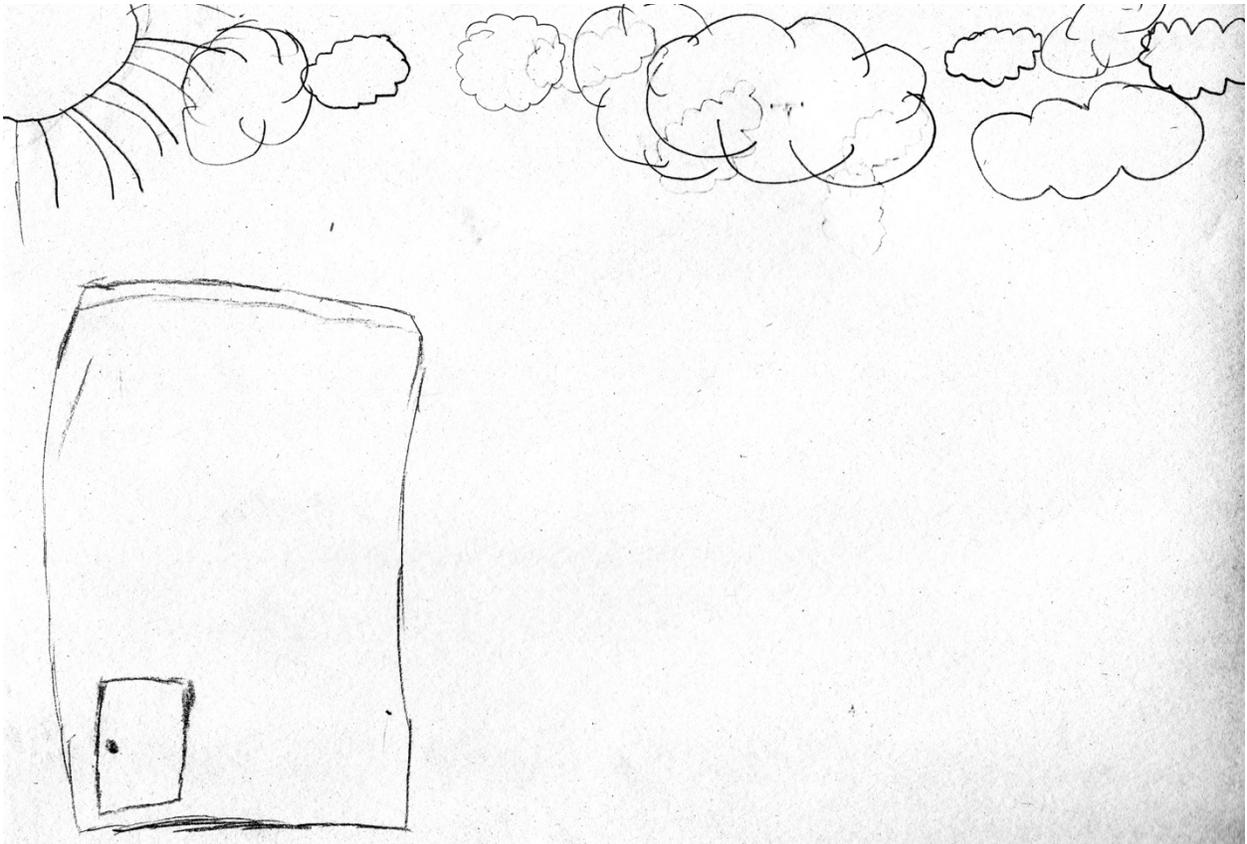


20 years later

In the future 20 years later I see people flying saying goodnight neighbor. Robots around the house cleaning up my mess and they take out my cereal as I get ready for bed.

My talking bed asks if I'm ready to sleep I said yes so he adjusted my seat. My alarm clock goes dinggggg and I'm pushed out the bed machine dressing me I do wish I could go back to my bed imagine where I want to go woosh there I am.

Flying desk and magic board annoying robot boss machines cleaning the floor with their snot hey at least its shiny time to go back home woosh there I am and I do everything over again.



Rainbows and Unicorns

In the future.....
I would love for unicorns to exist
Hmmm, how about rainbows, I would add that to my list

Just imagine all the cool places you can go.
Just sliding down the rainbow facing your toes.
All the raindrops just rolling down your cheeks.
Just don't be scared, you probably will screech and scream.

All of the unicorns, colorful hairs
Have long legs to jump here to there.
Their neighs sound like pins falling on the ground.
Just listen closely you would enjoy the sound.

Just whatever you do
Do not look down.
You will get dizzy
Like you spun round and round.

Strikes and Pain

I am tired of hearing cruelty on the news.
Trying to solve cases but no one has a clue.
People getting killed for no apparent reason.
Then you will find them on the floor or not even breathing.

People are getting beaten to death.
Don't have the chance to their very last breath.
Growing in the dark all-alone.
Or sitting by the lake throwing small black stones.

I cry my heart out, even my heart have tears.
All the bad don't have the guts to care.
I feel very bad every time I think of it.
All you have to do is trick them and that's it.

Kids are getting kidnapped
Probably every 5 minutes.
That's all it takes.
Please tell me that you're kidding.

That really breaks my heart. Literally BREAK IT. Feels like
I'm getting attacked but I just have to take it.

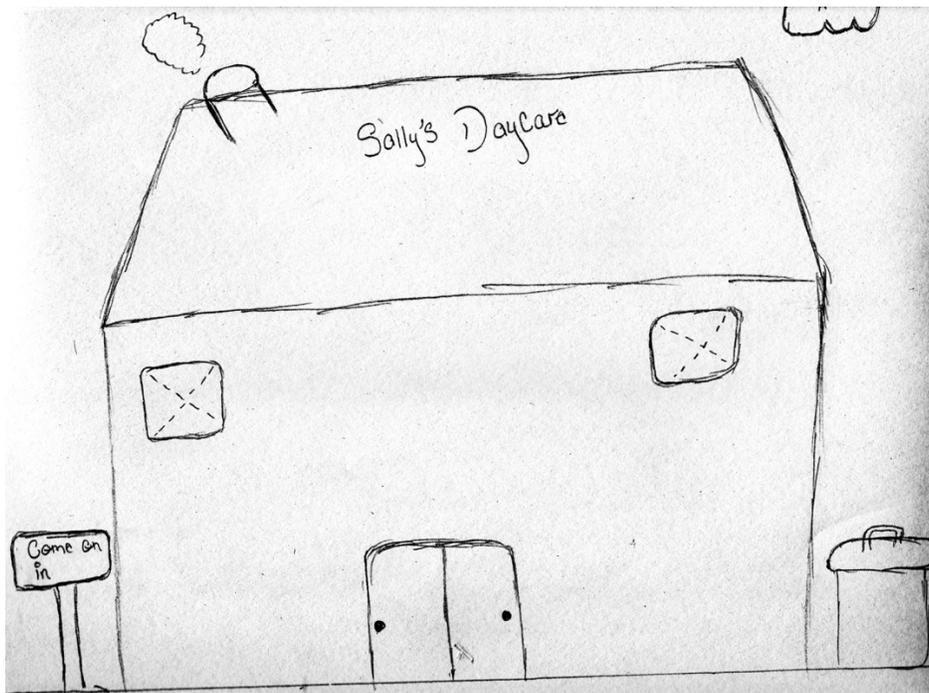
School and education

So look, let me start with school education.
Get good grades and have a lot of patience.
I know most work don't make a lot of sense.
But go to high school then college and get your license.

I know you like to hit the folks and like to Milly Rock.
But when we in school all of that need to stop.
This is not a dance class it's for learning
Not for wandering around and always lurking.

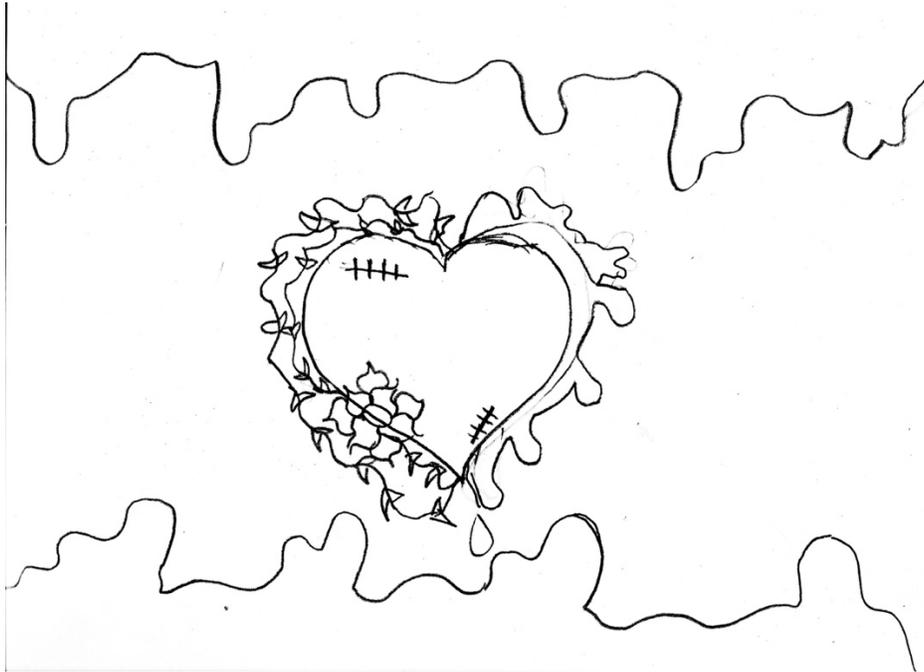
You need to pay attention so you won't get lost.
You're saying that teachers are mean, that's false.
They are just trying to push you to a higher grade.
There are not your friends, neither your maid.

To be honest my grades are very very low.
But I'm going to fix that today though.
Not focused on anything not important
And more that's on my final report.
I'm not going to disappoint my parents anymore
And I'm doing all my work and I'm positive sure.
They wont have to be mad or sad. All I want for them is to
be glad.



The kids who are different

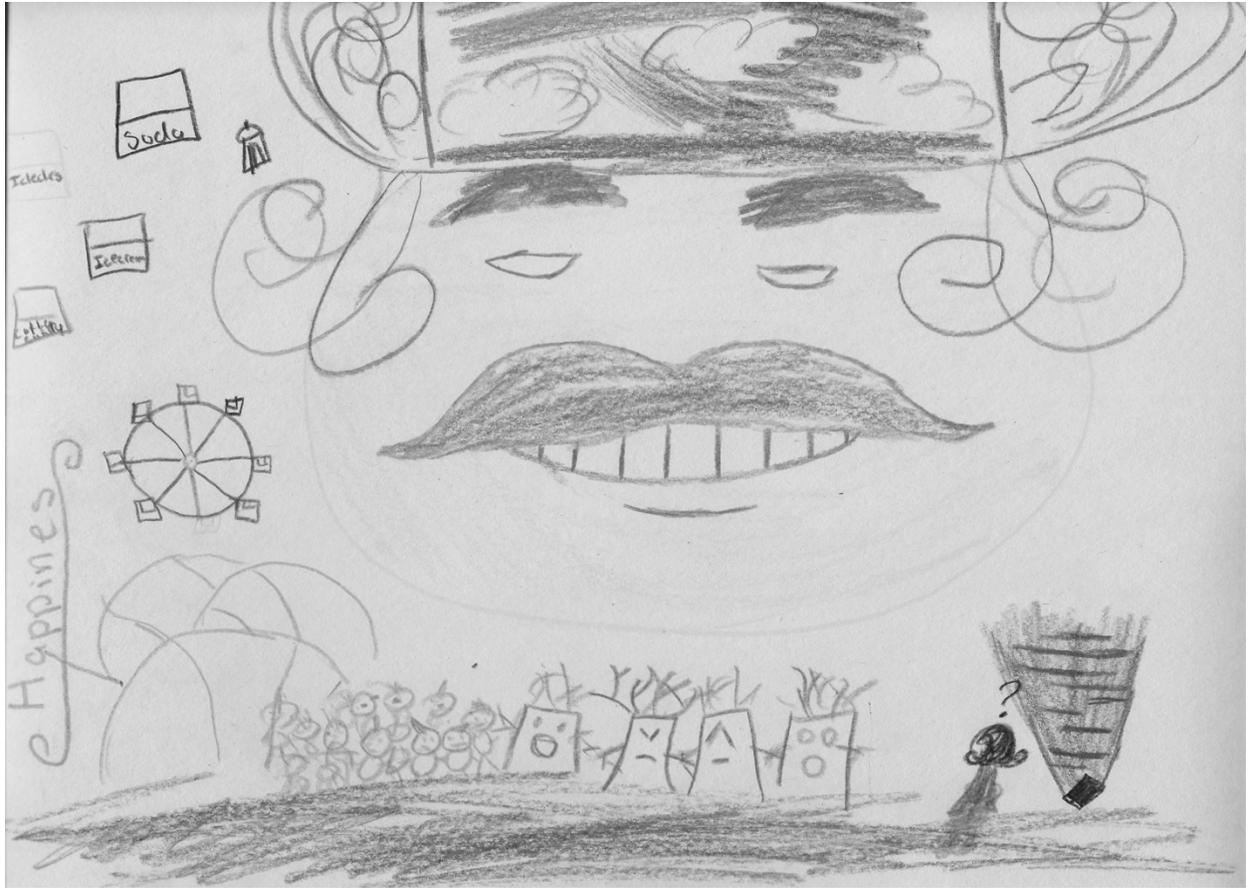
I'm different
I'm not the only one
We have been bullied, heartbroken, abused, and felt pain
Depressed because of a broken heart
So much pain my friend tried to kill himself
Got laughed at but it was no laughing matter
My cousin in fourth grade
was called UGLY because of a birthmark on her face
She cried and cried and told her mom that the teacher did NOTHING
She got laughed at every day
In my eyes she was BEAUTIFUL
Is this all worth it living a life
Sometimes you feel like you want to die
Sometimes you just want to curl up in a ball and never leave it
Needing a shoulder to cry on, but nobody there to lean on
Sometimes I wonder if it's just sanity
But then again I'm not the only one
I don't stand alone
There are kids just like me
I know we are not alone
And we fight together
And stand together as one

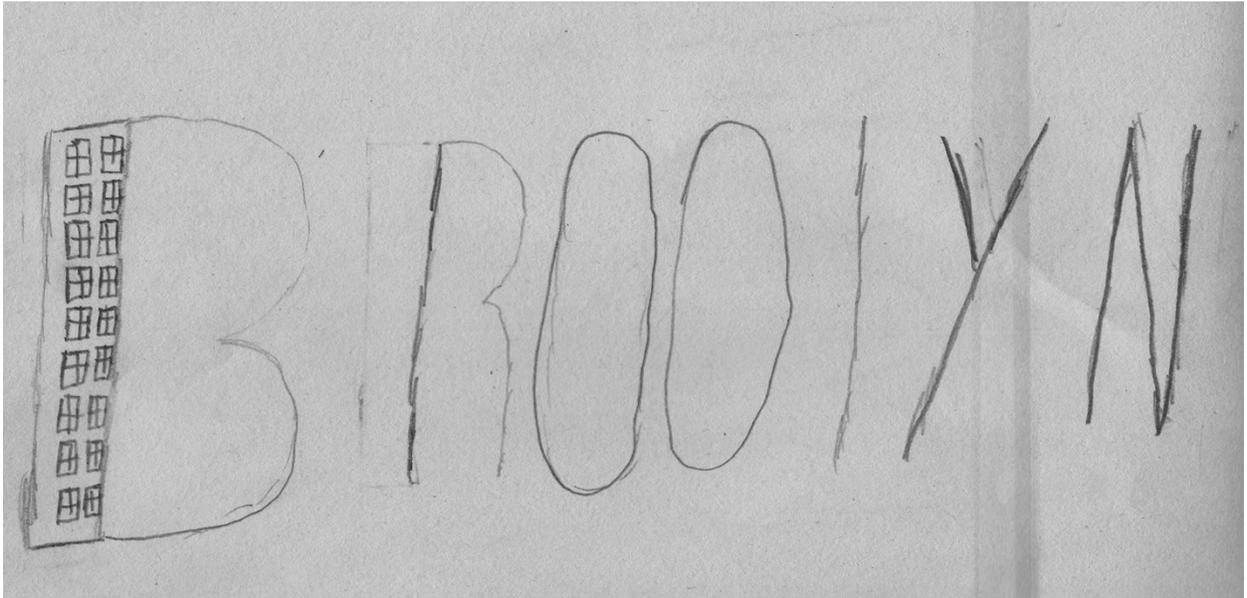


A Normal Day, Ordinary Life

Just a normal day, my ordinary life
Wake up, brush teeth, breakfast, gonna need a butter knife.
Just a normal day, peaceful afternoon,
Wait! If it's afternoon why is there a moon,
I check around, I check my watch,
Wait! My watch! It's a kukoo klock!
This is not normal, ordinary, nor calm!
This world... it's a chaos bomb!
The clouds cotton candy, the rain iced tea,
"The sun is smiling and it's staring at me!"
I admit I do not like a normal ordinary life,
So this life I can give it a try.
I ate, played, slept, all day,
I stayed there three months and, "it was okay."
Finally, it was time to go home,
Funny right, there was a passage through my phone.
But when it was time to jump in,
The creatures of the forest stopped me there and then.
I had no choice but to fight,
To get back to my ordinary life.
I punched, kicked, sliced, and diced,
Then jumped right in, "Wait, where am I?"
I wasn't at my home,
But no chaos was shown.
I jumped in again, again, again, and again,
Nowhere was my home not now not then.
I took a deep breath, counted 1-10,
Ha! Reminds me of buckle my shoe and the big fat hen!
Now I closed my eyes and thought my home,
And jumped right in as my imagination grown.
Now I looked around and everything was right.
Because... "It was my normal day and ordinary LIFE"







In 10 years from now

In 10 years from now I'll be getting my
Master degrees in fine arts and
I will have a car

In 10 years from now I have an apartment
But not a house

In 10 years from now I fly on top
of the world and Sing higher than a bird

In 10 years from now life will
be my guide

In 10 years from now my friends
will have been gone

In 10 years from now a new door
will have been open

In 10 year from now my heart
will have been broken

In 10 years from now I may not
know what will happen but I know
It will be worth the wait.



I'm the color

I make color every time I glide against the paper. I make color with the thin and lined with stirps surrounding me with the horrors of life. I'm used majorly because I'm special. I'm the color.

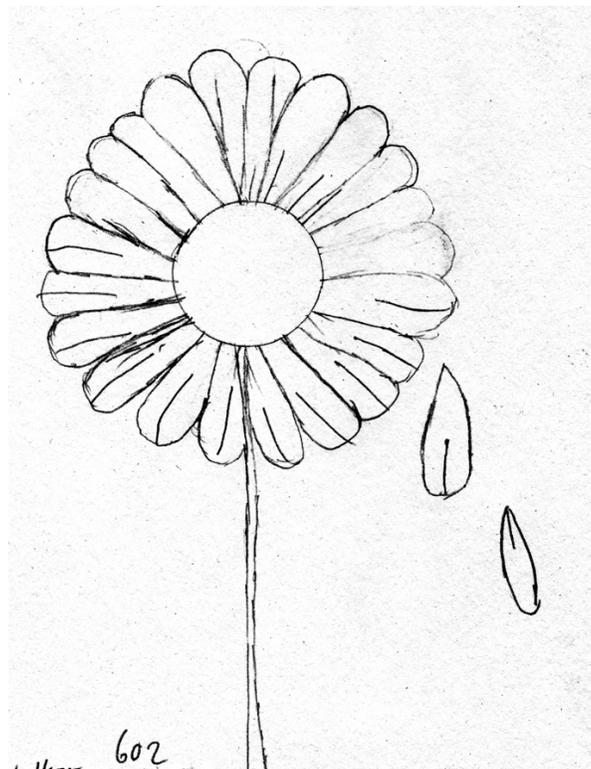


What's a poem?

A poem is a message in a
bottle to be cast onto unk-
nown shores, its goal. A p-
lace with dreams and thoughts.
Like a flower giving away its
nutrients. With flowers petals
falling one by one.

In the future.....

In the future there will be people
meeting other people. There will
Be hope and dreams going down
A well. The world and people are
changing .There will be new
adventure. There will be flying
Cars exploring the world. People
Leave for the better, but you still
Want to hold on.

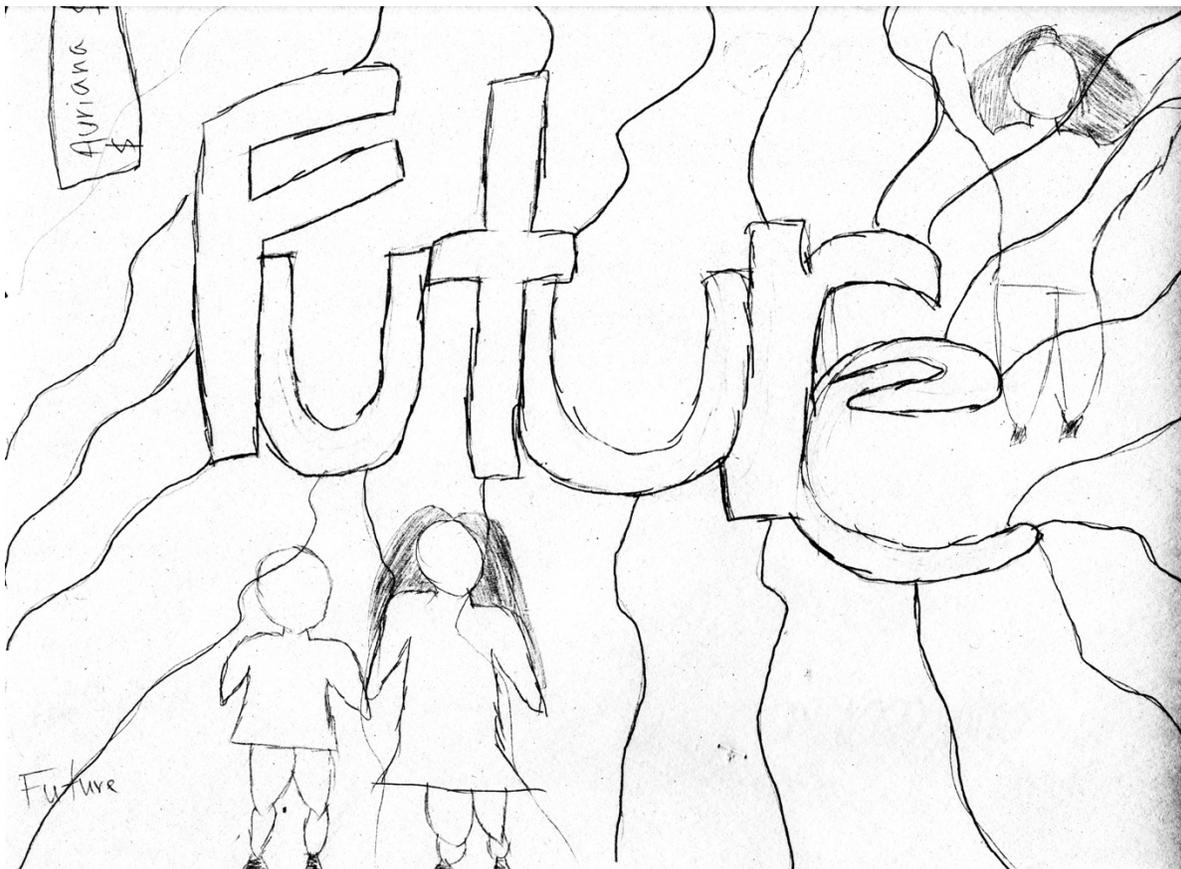


Imagine

Imagine,
A world with success
A world with peace
A world with less violence
And maybe a world with me as the first black female president

Close your eyes and Imagine,
A place you pay more taxes
A place where everyone is equal and treated the same
A place where everyone is a star without hate
And maybe a place with children with bigger attitudes
But people with gratitude

Yes it's possible...Imagine,
A world with leaders
A world with motivators and achievers
And a world with believers that imagine the world
Could be a better place



Ten Years from Now

Ten years from now I will look back ten years back and laugh.

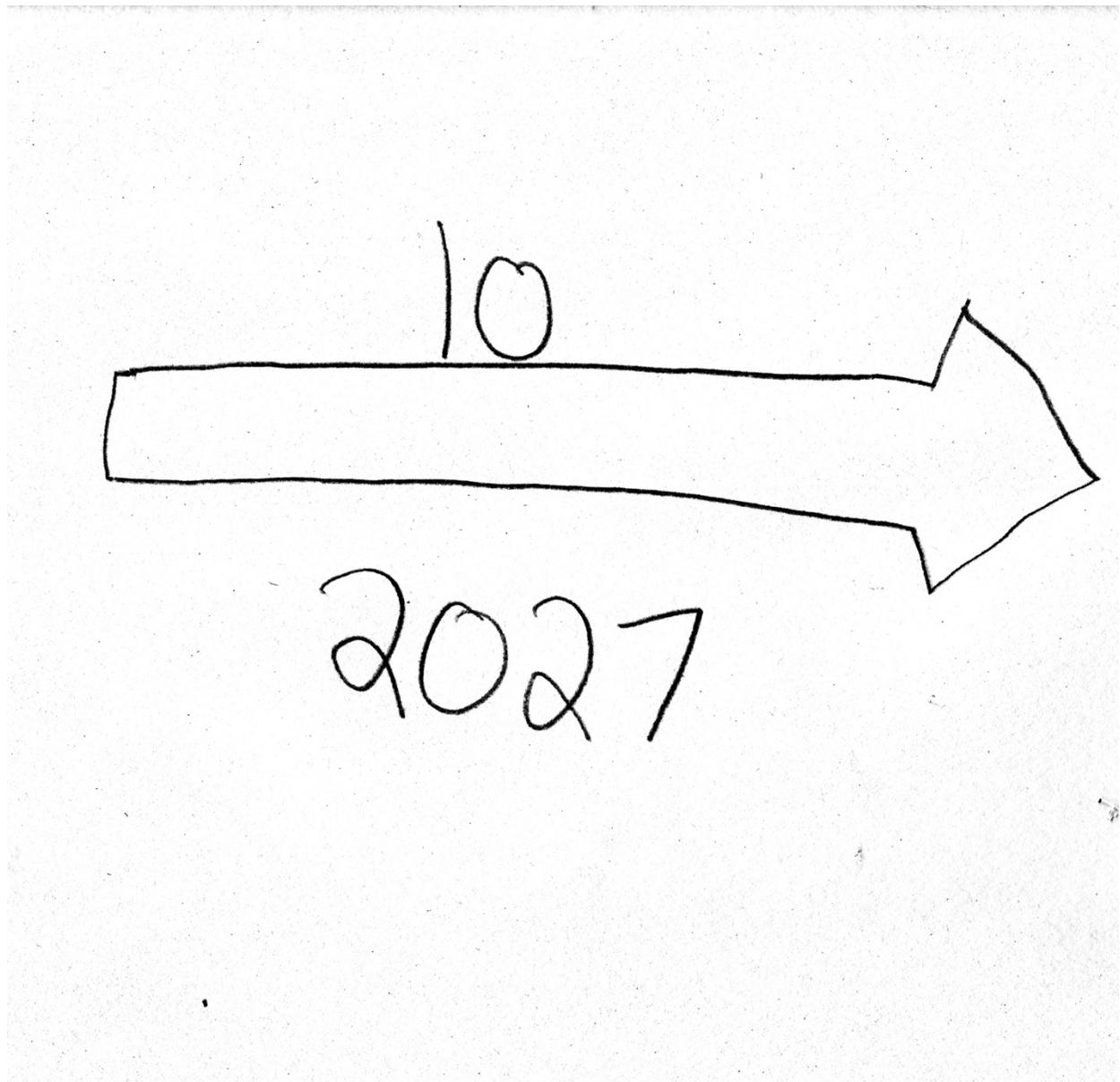
Ten years from now I will have dreams about time travel like how I had dreams about flying cars ten years back.

Ten Years from now life will have a new meaning than ten years back when the meaning was to have the new J's or beat a video game.

Ten years from now my life will have a new meaning and I will have way more responsibility than take out the trash, walk the dog, and get good grades.

Ten years from now I will not be able to cry to my mom every time life does not go my way.

Ten years from now from now I will be thinking about ten years from now.



Elements in Poetry

Poetry can mean many things,
They can also include many things.
Poetry can include elements such as,
Thunder, fire, water, earth, air, nature, light, and dark.
Thunder makes poetry shocking,
Making it an electric flow through our homes.
Fire can make poetry burn up our emotions.
Water can make poetry flow through our body,
Like movement.
Earth can make poetry hardcore, and hard to take in.
Air can make poetry breeze through our ears.
Nature can make poetry calm and peaceful.
Light makes poetry bright and bold.
Darkness makes poetry sad and depressing,
But also very deep.
Elements can make poetry fill us with different moods.

-Poetry is like an electric flow through our homes.



Poetry Is...

Poetry is a blind bird singing along with the trees.
It can be as crooked as Donald Trump's mind, or as straight as a ruler.
It can make you angry or sad, or you will enjoy it and become glad.

Poetry is a blind bird singing along with the trees. It can make you smile, or make you want to run away a million miles.

It will make you sing all day, or just want to go to a farm, just so you can hide in the hay.

Poetry is a blind bird singing along with the trees, deep yet enjoyable.

I was born on December, 14, 2004 it was cold. I was born in a hospital and for three days my mom had to stay with me because I had asthma. I couldn't breath. It was like a dark hole. I was born as a quiet sad child. I was born lost and afraid. I was born in fear of myself and my emotions. I was born like a porcelain doll. I was born in a place were you would think had more hope and made your heart like a dismal hole. I was born trying to figure out my purpose. I was born learning the american dream is not a dream but a nightmare. I was born with despair and vengance in my heart. I was born with fear of a tall brown chair. I was born like a dark angel tied to the chains of earth. I was born as the dismay of my mother. I was born. I was born. I was born to be me.



I Never Knew

It all started as a good day
We went outside to go and play
Got another cold food tray
The same old thing I say

I went in the car
My mom picked me up
She had bad news
To tell her daughter and son

She said he was in a good place
In every way
He had a terrible sickness
Lupus was its name

My stepbrother that I rarely knew
He was good child
He visited a few

I looked through pictures
They were mostly black and white
He had black hair
And big brown eyes

Why did this have to happen to him?
Why didn't it let him live?
Who was there?
How long have it been?

So many questions
Swirling in my head
I never knew my stepbrother
Was going to be dead
Life's mysterious tricks
Can get in the way
I can't believe it happened
In just two days

Henley we love you
And we will remember you in our gut
One day I will meet you
One day I will come

Stay in the same place
I'll figure a way to reach
Don't get in a fit
I'll start by the beach

Poetry is your world that you can control

Afros

I like afros. I always have. I would try grow one but my hair takes to long to grow. Sometimes I go on Google and look at people who had afros. My dad told me that he had an afro but he cut it off, his head would often get hot. He said that he wanted an afro like the one's in the 70's. I found a bunch of characters from television shows like a guy from the "That's 70's Show" I forgot his name but his afro was huge. I also found that Julius Irving had a big afro too.



Moonlight Path Lotion

A small purplish bottle that smells like joy
When it gets on your hand it feels smooth and creamy
That gives you an open-hearted feeling
You shouldn't eat it because it's a spread for your body
But if you do eat it... it's disgusting
Makes you feel confident and ready to take risk for anything



“Self Portrait as Keys”

She holds me in her hands, my rough detailed skin. I was in her pocket I jingled knowing it annoyed her while we got to our destination. I make her hand smell like metal if she holds me for too long. For once I have good use! I open the luxuries of her life. I was hung up on a hook. Then quickly taken down and stowed away where darkness shines bright. I once sat there for two long nights in a row. I was sad cold and alone. Then I heard pounding on the window. It sounded like hail hitting the ground. But, I couldn't do anything. I just laid there restless. I hoped that she would come back soon. Then as I was about to give up hope I saw a light.



Self Portrait as Drumstick

I am a drumstick

Me and my smooth texture

Could pound on that dumb snare's skin and enjoy as it gets louder and louder every hit, I'm a master beat maker everybody will hear my sound.

You think I'm too shiny to be wood, maybe I like the attention, I'm a drumstick just to mention.



Self Portrait as Phone

I have an alarm I have a clock

I store many memories I have a lock

I am small but I can do great things

Like tell you a story about amazing findings

I am a phone yes it's true but one thing I wish I could do is talk to you

You stare at me all day and I don't feel like I'm in use I feel like I'm being used more than you ever knew

Yeah yeah I know it's not your fault but I just want to feel more than a phone

I have feelings too

On a New Day

On a old day.

Wars were fought, people we lost. Lives were destroyed, lost in the void. People would cry, there souls would cry. Homes were gone, by the strike of dawn. But wipe your tears, didn't you hear?

Today's a new day.

On a new day.

The sun will shine, to stop the cries. Wars are gone, peace we won. People reunited and were not spited. Kids would play and then lay. In the grass where people pray. Now don't you see. Now we can be.

On a new day.



On the day one week away from summer break I walked towards the kitchen to get more french-fries from the microwave. In an instant, when I reached for the French fries the glass structure part fell out of the microwave and cracked on my left foot. While my mother heard the glass break she rushed towards the kitchen only to be in shock when she saw it happen. In a hurry my mother called an ambulance to carry me to the hospital, before the ambulance came my mother got an ice pack with paper-towels around it to make the bleeding stop. Once the ambulance came it took me to the hospital where they stitched my foot. After all that happened I was traumatized to go near the microwave where it will happen again. This is my earliest memory.



Self Portrait as Sleep

I am sleep
Taking over your body
Making you Tired
Energy draining
Eyes closing

Yawning loudly
Wrapped up in your soft blanket
Dreaming sweat dreams
And falling asleep
I am sleep

My feelings of depression

My feelings are a bat trapped in a cave
My feelings are a book refused to be opened
Watching life go by
My feelings are shot by police officers for listening to music
My feelings are the darkness
My feelings are a night without a moon
My feelings are a piece of paper hidden
Thrown away and crumbled up
My feelings are bullied for being “different”
My feelings is a bag playlist my feelings are dumped by it’s crush for loving her too much
My feelings are the last pick in the NFL draft
Then fired the next day for not having “potential”
My feelings feel “why is it me”
It drives to the empire state building
It’s over
But then
Redirected by hope
His crush comes back
The paper is opened and loved by all
He is drafted by another team and becomes the greatest of all time
He is accepted by all
The moon returns
The book is opened and loved by all
The bat comes out of the cave
It was here my feelings realize he matters and...

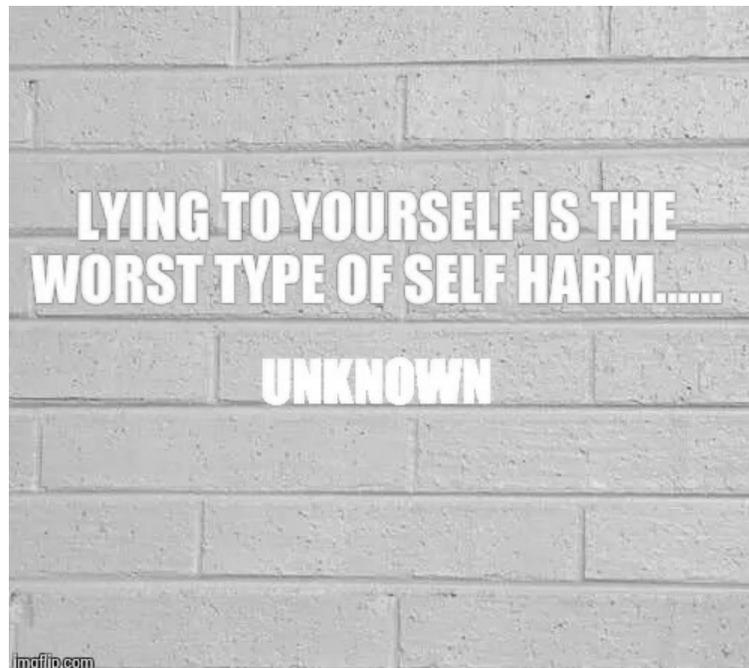
ALL FEELINGS MATTER

Lyin' To Myself

I'm pretty sure you know that I'm **crazy**
And you can't tame this kind of **mad**
I tried so hard to be the one you **want**
You try to break my walls, but they **come back**

You might have seen my *cry*
I cry once, I cry *a thousand times*
I'm **so done with the comments**
I've seen **TOO** many say *goodbye*
Been there once, been there twice, been there a million times

I'm bound by **GOLD** chains, but they make me feel *sane*
They are the things that keep me **SAFE**
I like **YOU as YOU**, so dare not change
If you're mad, my *sincere apologies*
But, could **YOU** be true to someone else
If you can't stay true to **YOURSELF?**



The Pencil

My pencil is useful for the words I make and it's colorful.
It is helpful and small because it sharpens through hard times.
The pencil is sharp and the color is dark.
It can help me get through tough times.
I use the pencil when it is needed.
With the pencil I can write entertaining things.
With the pencil I can achieve the things I want.
The pencil has a dark end on the bottom.
The other end is a light pink one.
It can help you get rid of mistakes.
I use my sharpener to make it sharp.
You can create your imagination with the pencil.
A pencil is used for a test and solves your problems.
A pencil is great for your work.

Cell-phone

It comes in two different colors
White and greenish blue
It's very entertaining
When I have nothing to do
I put it on the charger every single hour
In my room
It makes more than one sound when it's on
It helps me if I'm in trouble or if I'm in a bubble
It helps me learn new things
So I think
There are more than one in this world
But, my own is the best even if it is a mess
Anything I have in this world is
less than the best

Self Portrait

It's very small and hates cats
It can be annoying especially when hungry
It can be smart but also stupid
It can be nice and rude
It can be ruff but cuddly
It is my dog

It needs a cut
It has long hair
It like my other dog
It is active
It is the best
It is my dog

It smells like rotten eggs
It's 3 years old
Its birth date is May 20, 2014
It's my small dog

Freedom!

The American flag with stars and stripes
Freedom is everyone being free to do anything they want!
It's people coming to America to have a fresh start at life.
Everyone should work together to make America truly Great again!
People should make the world Great
People should make each other's life great!

“Land of the Free and home of the brave.”
Freedom is all wars ending.
It's people being strong and brave but not in the fight way.
True strength and bravery is people showing they care for one another.
Freedom is an idea that won't come alive

Donald Trump

I. This Country to me it's no longer important
Donald Trump is currently in our Fortress
Thank God Barack helped us bloom like a lotus

II. It don't matter, everything is going to be ok
Barack fought for the freedom of blacks and gays
Now yall say we gonna run for our lives just like a slave hearing they gonna get paid
However, nothing is going to change, keep it like that.

II. If America stays intact
And give our rights to the blacks
Then we can all say, "Yea, 'Merica Did that."
We have all of our resources
We got all the guns
But Donald Trump believes that this presidency is for fun cause at his inauguration people
didn't hesitate to run.

III. However, Mike Pence is the Issue
I cried so hard that I might need a tissue.
But I got God so I don't believe in all that Fake
Donald Trump better take a trip to Russia with his wife so they can go and Skate.

Depression

Over the years I have been heartbroken, letdown, and a failure. Oh ooooh, trust issues. I thought you loved me. I guess it's for the best. Even though I love you and probably always never stop. But yet again I don't know if you'll ever forgive me for what I did. I'm hoping that you will. Even if we're friends that would be better than nothing. When you try your best but you don't succeed. But I never let that pull me down I just keep moving forward. My motto is "Always forward, forward always." Make the "impossible possible, make the possible impossible."



Free in a way
Our hope will stay
We will see God another day
Blacks fighting for our rights
Crying at night
Don't ever say goodbye
'Cause the freedom is mine

But...

Donald Trump is the president
Still homeless not living in a apartment
And all the money we have spent.
All we can do is pray
Hopefully we will see tomorrow
But feeling sorrow
Hiding in the shadow



Existential Crisis

You're afraid of oblivion
You're afraid of regret
So you continue to cry in your bed
About your existential dread

Future

All these years have gone by
It has gone as fast as a fly
We worry that we're about to die
All we need to do is survive

I am full of doubt
During the day we're scouts
This world is full of shame
And it's always has been the same



Back in them old days
Slaves had to work night and day for no pay
Getting beat if they do the slightest thing wrong
Swing low they were singing em church songs
In the present day
Black people still have to work but now for minimum wage
People always on their phones on their facebook page
Obesity still is a problem because we can't put down the lays
Some people get rich from drawing art some people just trace
In the future day
Donald Trump going to be gone and we going have different ways
robots going to be able to do whatever a humans says
people are going to be bigger than a whale then set sail
And YouTube is just going to be full of fails
Corner stores are going to sell sandwiches with lots of mayo

Future Journey

In the future, something wonderful might happen
In the future my life will be paid in days

In the future I'm going to do my best
I feel like I could fly to the west
Looking away from all the pest
In the future I will become the best
And I will be better than all the
Rest
People don't have to be treated differently
Because of their colored skin
People need to be treated the way they want to be
In there holy skin
Thank god we have praise
Now it's time for us to get raised



The Future...

The Future would have Donald Trump but he belongs in the dump

People would fly just right above the sky

Endless light so all the roses could get right

All these years have gone by just like a fly

We wonder what's going to happen next

Would someone put us in check

We wonder would the world ever be the same again

Tomorrow

All these years have gone by and all they brought was
Sorrow, grief, and tears.

But, tomorrow the sun will hang up high
And our heads will hang up high

Reach for the future, forget the past
Just see what we've become

Just see what we've achieved
But, tomorrow, it will be a different day.

Tomorrow the sun will hang up high,
And our heads will hang up high.



A Black Person's Life

Negative

There was a time when there were slaves
Who were treated wrong even when they behaved
My ancestors were beaten, whipped and killed
They became angered, soulless and people who had no will
They didn't do anything wrong or bad
But the Europeans and Salesmen were glad
Because they would sell my people
Like a common Colorado potato beetle

Positive

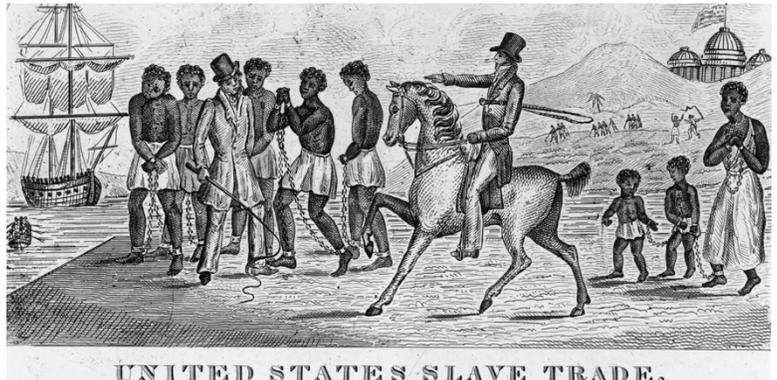
But look at us now
We are strong and proud...oh wow
We are free
We can be who we want to be
Although they still look down on us
We will give them plenty more to discuss

Impossible

Nowadays people still judge us for who we are
Without even knowing we are not subpar
So you may ask what we can do
My answer would be "I don't have a clue"
All we can do is what they say
I wish they could be nice and come out to play
We don't bite nor scratch
We are actually a pretty good match.

Possible

We may not be getting along right now
But there is still plenty of hope to bestow
Because the president we have today isn't so good
We should live our life to the fullest with no falsehood
We are going to make a change
Even though some may think it's a bit strange
That people like me
Can change what America's future will be



Self Portrait as Book

I am an open book.

I am a figure of my author's imagination or a special memory.

I am full of pages and pages of written adventure.

Thrilling, fun, freedom are printed on each page. I am unique.

My story is unlike any others.

I know the story that no one has heard, besides the characters that have experienced it.

I am the story that children will read when they have nothing else to do, but will start to become interested in my written reality.

A story that I'll never forget as long as children, teenagers, and adults keep reading it.

“A Body Is...”

A body is filled with emotions.
Bent, worn out and broken.
A body is filled with worry,
When the world becomes blurry.
I want to believe, soon I'll be
Free. The air gets tight my head
Becomes light.



I WAS BORN&CREATED!!!

I was born in Vermont and then after my birth the doctor has gave me a bath and I went to sleep. After that day I didn't see my mom in a week or two.

New Year, New Me

- I. The Future is Near
Because there is a New Year.
I see Cheer, Laughter
And no Fear.
Love is up above,
Just like the doves.
Lightness takes over the brightness.
The Future is Near.

- II. The Future is Near
As we grow fear,
of the new president we hear.
We fear of what,
Mother nature has installed for here.
Celebrities are nowhere near,
as they are buried in their own fear.
The Future is Near

Self-Portrait as a book

I am purple and green, vibrant
The words lay out on my skin.
Your eyes on me, as they read along the lines.
I am a book,
the words that come out of my pages are stirring around in your brain.
As you think of what I say, and leave you thinking.
I am a book.....

In A Few Years

We'd have better transportation
There would be unpredictable styles of fashion
Skyscrapers, everywhere you turn

In a few years,
Robots will roam the city-
Walking their robot pets
Technology will be modernized

In a few years,
My Chemical Romance will get back together
Panic! At the Disco, Fall Out Boy, and My Chemical Romance will
Play in concert together
And we will rejoice in their holiness

Poetry is...

Poetry is your emotions written on paper
Poetry is made up of your sentimental feelings
and how you express yourself
It can be written many ways,
since you're the poet

Poetry is your imagination running wild
Poetry can be colors
Poetry is made up of thoughts that surround your head
Poetry can be anything if you put your mind to it

You can make poetry with anything that
comes from your mind
Poetry takes you imagination, and describes it in words
It can relieve your brain
And reading it can help you organize your thoughts

Poetry is anything

Puzzle Piece

Poetry is like a puzzle, it may be hard
But fun to do
Life is a puzzle as well
It's hard but you have fun times
As you continue in life
You complete your puzzle
If you die in doubt or
Still attached
You haven't completed your life puzzle
When you're born
You open the box to your life puzzle
Life from beginning to end is a puzzle

Teddy

Waiting on a store shelf
To catch someone's eye
A child, a collector, someone at all
I watch as parties happen
And I sit here the same
She walks up to me, joy in her eyes
I hope it's me and not my friends close by
She seems really nice
A cute little girl
I hope she chooses me
Brings me to life
It's me she chose
Put a heart in me
Put a wish in my soul
She hugs and squeezes me oh so tight
"Daddy I did it!" she screams with joy
"Can we get clothes too?"
"Whatever you like." He's a good man
She takes me home
And lays me in her bed
My home forever
Watching her life unfold
My sweet girl
Saved me
And I'll stay forever

Unicorns!

Unicorns are colorful
They are soft, pretty, and wonderful
They are one of a kind

Unicorns are peaceful
They give you peace in the mind
They make your day peaceful

Unicorns are fluffy
Fluffy just like the unicorn from Despicable Me “It’s so fluffy”

Unicorns are real
They are everywhere
They are costumes, in photos, in pictures

Unicorns come in colors
They are little and big

Unicorns Are Pretty, Peaceful and colorful

Sign Language

It’s full of gossip, that’s all they know
On the train where ever they go, people talk, but they don’t know
Talking but not speaking, when you see them don’t speak, use your hands to communicate

I am spoken through hands
I am used to be spoken through the Deaf
I help the Deaf communicate
I am a language that is not spoken through the mouth
I am not a typical language
I am Rare and Unique

Beyond My Years

Not a soul, not a hole
But a big melting bowl
We live in a world cruel and mean
Where we all know the grass isn't green

Cranes in the sky, that's what the song says
Flying like a fly, that'll be us
One day...

I Was Born

I was born into this world
That everybody love so much
I was born in a country called Guyana
Where I was carried into my mother's arms
I was born in a hospital
Where not many of my family was
Which made me wonder why
I was born in a very free place
Where anyone did what they want
I was born in a good home while
Others were poor
I was born were they took eggshells and pretend that they were seashells on the beach.
I was born were people looked into mirrors and saw the horror that's within themselves and wonder why.

A Poem is

A poem is an art work that's never done
The line the creativity and the color
A poem is an artwork that's never done
You can add more, even when you think it's done
A poem is an artwork that's never done
It's all around you, you might not see it or notice it
But it's still there.
You live, breath it and even eat it.

Kisameh

To: MS. Erika

From: Mr. Poem
Eshonzi-waache



I'm a hero
not for fun like my
brother Saikuma, i'm a
hero to protect.

I Was Born

=I was born
Like a new baby bird
So small
So fragile

=I was born
Tweeting a song
All daylong
Trying to find a place where I belong

=I was born
Did you know I can dance?
Did you know that I prance?
From a long black stage
That a human made

=I was born
All grown up
Playing many sports
Math and science
After the lord

=I was born
outside of school
I may be cool
Not cruel
But you will never know
Cuz I'll never show
=I was born

For Years to Come

In 300 years

My peers will die

And I won't cry

There will be no care

No missing you dare

Cause ill meet you up there

In 300 years

When I'm laying on clouds

And I meet my birth once again

The love in my heart will soon again start

When she holds me in her hands

In 300 years

A new generation will thrive

Thinking of the future

One in disguise

Years

The year that had passed
Has been a year of heartbreak
And shock for the things that
May happen to minorities
The year where all hope has been lost
Even when the people we trust
are telling us to hold on
The year where people don't know what to do
Because devastation has flown through
The year when we got knocked off our feet
And couldn't get back up due to defeat

The year that we are in now
Is the year where we look forward
To better things
The year where people unite
Because they believe in what's right
The year where we rekindle our hope and trust
Because better things are yet to come

In the years that are yet to come
I will fly away to a better place
For I am through troubles and disgrace
There will be people who stand with me
And in the years that are yet to come
I will learn something new
That we need to fall apart
So that we can be united at last.



Skittles

I am a very sweet and sour flavor
I am very fruity
I am different colors like the rainbow
I have a very tangy flavor
That makes people feel like there in heaven

The Words of the Heart

A poem is the word of the heart leaking onto the paper
The paper which then tells a story that none have known.

A poem shows all feelings
Happy, sad, mad, or even scared
Trapped up in your heart until it finally leaks on to a paper.

Words so deep
When written you might even feel free
But your heart is the only one capable of telling the story
A poem can force others to see
A story your heart has told
For a poem is the words of the heart.

The Future lives to tell

Darkness takes over the newfound daylight
Darkness confuses people's left from their right
With a president forged from evil
Evil thoughts to lead the people
Faces marked from racism and hatred
Exactly what ruins nations
Nothing remains sacred

In the future those that hold knowledge will profit, prosper
And reconquer
Take over a kingdom shining light
To show the others what's right
And as I become old
I am proud of a story of my life that could be told

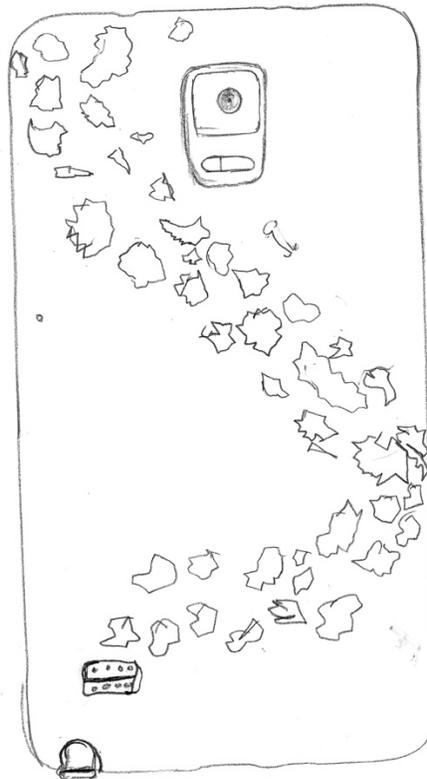
As I fell
My father helps me get back up
Back to his kingdom with nothing to worry about
Everyone remains happy
No one's mood is crappy
No one sad not even mad
For this kingdom is for good not bad
There's people flying, laughing
Everywhere people dancing
Everyone is holy oh moly
I rest my case
I am at my final resting place

Self Portrait as a Phone

Invented to bring people together,
The www. does not make me but I made it Famous,
You may be social but I made the media,
They call me “hotspot” and it makes me feel like ringing,

I can be diversified, a different shape, a different size,
I hate wearing the same outfit everyday it makes me feel so uniformed,
I feel disabled not being able to walk by myself,
When people push my buttons that’s a real turn off,
They poke me and drop me and scratch my face,
And if they don’t treat me right I’ll help them discover a new virus every day,

But I’m ok people admire my face,
I’m not a baby, I have no birthdate,
But every time you restart me I feel like I was given life once again,
We can chat or do some serious work,
Or if I’m in a good mood, we can just play.

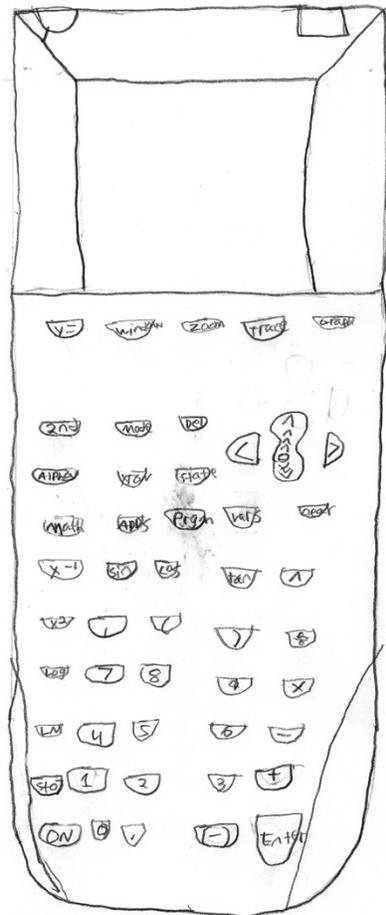


Beyond The Years

1. The day will come when the young generation will be the old generation
The day will come when the new technology will be old
And the newer generation will be formed
2. The day will come when the country is in ruin
The day will come when the president will make a horrible decision
And the world will come to an end
3. The day will come when I am an old man watching over the next generation
The day will come when the popular topics will die out
The day might come and I'll have super powers
Or the day might come when my time is up

Self Portrait As Calculator

My Skin color is Black and my personality is useful
My race is an electronic and my location is in stores
My life is a battery but that makes me heavy
And if I am not charged I will die
Charging me takes a while, but when I'm charged up I do
more calculations than the human brain does
If the human using me uses me properly, then their life
will go by very easily
I have buttons that you have to press
But if you press the wrong one then your life will be under
stress
You can't eat or drink near me
Or I will be done completely



She!!!!

She is like an angel that fell from heaven
Her smile brightens up the room
Her eyes are amazing
She's amazing just the way she is
Her lips I could kiss them all day
She's so beautiful
She makes me feel like I am found
She fills in the hole in my heart
Her laugh is nice
Her attitude is amazing
She's so gorgeous
She makes me happy just talking to her
Every time I see her she brings a smile to my face
She brightens up my life
She's more beautiful than the sunset
She's better than anyone out there
But she will never be mine
But that won't stop me from trying
If I try I might just succeed.

No! Why?

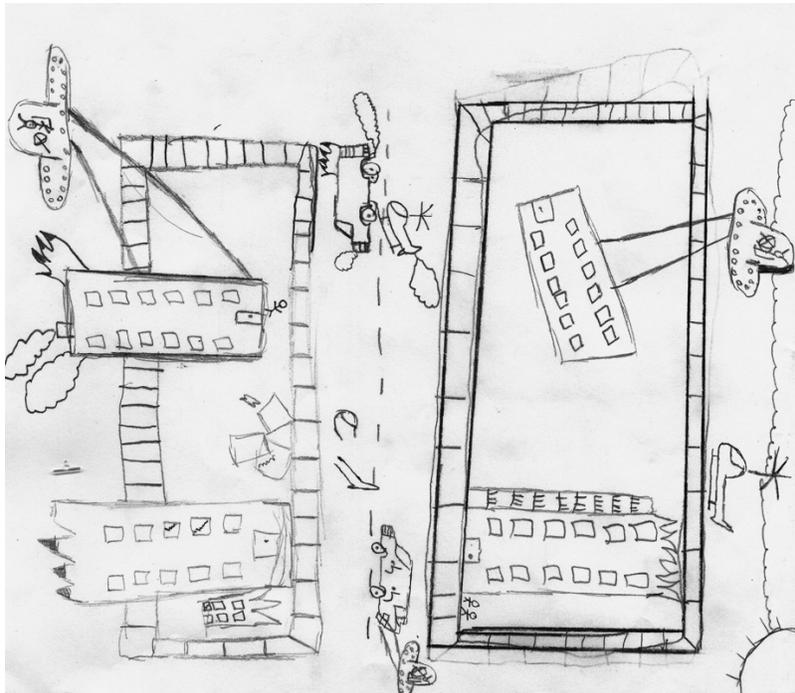
Buildings from high in the sky
Fall upon us and rise
With a shuttle in the sky
Holding it really tight

With water flowing through the streets
And the sun bringing too much heat
Not an animal in the clouds
All you hear is people being too loud

But helicopters flying
People trying to lie
Saying safety is on the other side
The people just run and hide

With lions in houses
And people not finding their trousers
With planes crashing to the floor
And the lord speaking loud

Crying and screaming
But my child is saying is this the end?
I tell him just defend
Cause Donald's trouble is our end.



I am what everyone needs. What people want and use. I am needed everywhere and for everything. I am like a person job if they lose it they have nothing. I am needed for you to call to talk to and to vibe out. All you need is one catastrophe in your life to realize you've wasted your time on me.

Poetry is everywhere

Poetry is everywhere. Poetry can be whoever whatever it wants to be.

Poetry flows as fast as the
Mediterranean Sea.

Wait and see poetry will began to flee.



10 years from now I will be the richest man in the world I will have a mansion I have every game system and all the games with it I am president of the United States I have stop the fights between blacks and white everyone loves me

“Arriving”

I was born on a hot summer day
Surrounded by tall building and businesses
Where you could hear the busy streets
And a lot of movement going on
The aroma of many food carts

Here I am in Manhattan
Where there are many people walking by
And taxis passing by
Many shops and brands all around
All you can do is explore

The night taking over
Many lights around
Becoming colorful
Loud footsteps and cars
Born on a Wednesday
Around 8:24 P.M.

I have arrived into this world
Given my name
Just starting life
With much more to discover
I am a Manhattan city girl

A Baby

Once given to my mother, i Supposedly look like a Lightskin potato
i was squished and very small in the face to my mother
but it wasn't a bother to my father
Once all cleaned, I was reunited with my beautiful mom
and finally (thank god) my vision cleared up out of a foggy fog
i got to see my wonderful parents
hopefully the baby stores would go on clearance
After foot-printing my little feet
they carried me out in my new car seat
we drove on home and i was hoping to my crib
but i ended up with a bib
my alarm went off, and i started to cry
my dad picked me up suddenly and i started to fly
with the bald eagle, up high, in the sky
He put me down on something soft and i felt tired
so i went to sleep

Self Portrait

Black, Green, Yellow are the colors
Triangles and a X which pirates may
Think that X marks the spot

Well, it does, somewhere, my father is from
Somewhere that the way they speak isn't really
Understandable

Somewhere that if you go, you might
Fall in love with it

Somewhere I wish I can see
Somewhere I wish I can be
With my best friends and me

Somewhere that 45% defines me
Somewhere that the fish is clean
And cooked fresh from the sea

Self portrait as a washing machine

I come in black silver and white
I wash dark clothes and light
I use electricity to charge
When washing a big load
I wash and wash in the sun
I wash and wash the day is done
I wash and wash and wash all night
I wash in even daring plight
I wash until we come to light
And when the day is done
I'll have washed all but one

The Year Might Come

The year might come, the year might not
The dead may live again, you never know what's going to
happen in the end.
Someone might come for the world and peace may lay or
Maybe the total opposite might happen if there's a
judgment day.

The word on the street is an alien invasion might come
There's going to be chaos with children screaming for
their mums.
Technology might take over with humans no longer in
control, imagine something we made starts to rule us
when we get old.
Will all illegal acts be legal again, and would there be one
night where people go purging for all their enemies that
bullied them back then.

That might not happen, there could be pretty smiles
No scars on our face and we'll have a big mansion to
call our place.
We don't know what the future might bring us, but we'll
know one day.
All we have to do is hope and pray.

Some days worn
Some days not
Depends on others
I'm jumping and flying
At the same time
Red like wine
Black like night
And white writing
That spells out
FLIGHT
Turn me around
There is a strap
Oh of course
I'm a snapback
Like I said
I'm red and black
Another hat tossed on the stack
Under me is another
Midnight blue
Sunset orange
I do not worry
There is no competition
So when I go out for a bash
All I have to remember is
The Knicks are trash...

The Gold Nugget

Not to early and not too late
But it was in the morning around 9:38
Spraygrounds are cool
Whoever don't have 'em is a fool
Serena's my best friend
She always lends me pens
Apes shouldn't be released
While I Rest In Peace
Year of 2003
Graduating class
of 2017
No more starving and dirty
Wonder what life would be like when I'm 30
Probably be soaring cars
People living up by the stars
I have brown hair in sunlight
But black hair in nightlight
It's hot inside
But could inside
M binder is two inches wide
Nathalia is the best
Better than all the rest
Except for me
Why can't y'all see
Dantea is making jokes
While Brianna is hitting the folks

I am used to play all day
Black Ops 3 and GTA
Getting turned on and off
That's what I do
My owner bought the whole crew
PSP PSVita you already know
He almost forgot to get a gold controller though
It's ok It's ok
At least he didn't get an Xbox anyway
What else is there to say
He better get on and play

Beyond the future

Beyond the future, there will be pain, destruction, and
sorrow and a bit of happiness. Beyond the future,
there will be fire coming out of the
sky, people holding their trumpets in fear.
People coming to church and asking for
forgiveness. Evil angels laughing maniacally saying
“Now you're mine” Most people who done
wrong crying and confused asking why?
lord why? when being judged. Everyone
feeling sorry and sad for what had happened
to their loved ones and friends.

After all of the destruction a new will
come and a new type of humans more like
aliens will come and create. a new world
with happiness, singing, dancing rejoicing and etc.

A day where people will get along with each
other better, a world where we minorities
could forget all of the pain and suffering
and just get along. Finally, a world where
we could just pray to our heavenly father
in peace. Without any caution, interference, and
any type of fights and destruction ever happening. A
place that's home.

Fin

Where The Future May Be

To the death of many
Where tears of legends reap
Where death touches upon the people of the year
Where love ones no longer come

Hopefully again the lives of the people who have gone
In a world where the tears of death no longer must touch skin
In a world where hatred no longer breaks the ties of family
In a world where peace may come to make a collage of races
In a world where hatred may seize to exist

To come a time where we don't hate

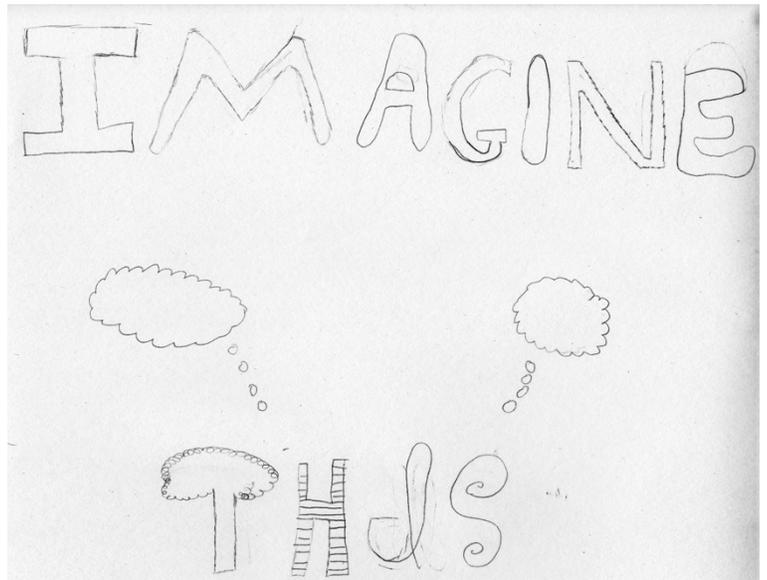
Imagine this

Imagine this
People crying out in the streets with no where to go
Imagine this
No santa to say ho, ho, ho, ho
Imagine this
Mother losing daughter, father losing son
Imagine this
In a world with no fun

Imagine this
Floating ice creams screaming the words I scream you scream we all scream for ice cream
Imagine this
The world split in two
Imagine this
Aliens as our prey saying boo hoo
Imagine this
Ashley wondering... dun stole her lunch

Imagine this
Chicken eating us
Imagine this
No yellow cheese bus
Imagine this
A world without a sky
Imagine this

Imagine this
No school at all
Imagine this
Just a bunch of empty halls
Free Burger King on Wednesday
Imagine this
People not being able to say what they want to say
Imagine this
Imagine me telling this story over & over
Imagine this
Imagine me overcoming the worst disaster... ever
Imagine this
3000 years later.....



New Look Into 2017

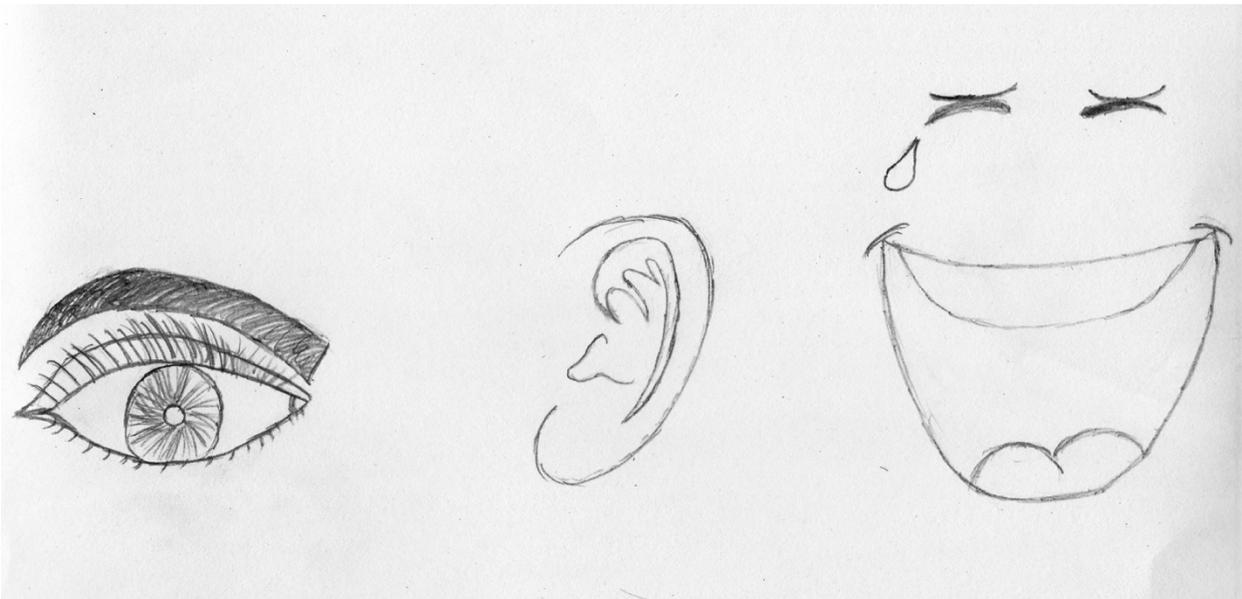
Omg can't you see it's 2017 and we're still not free.
We just need time, time is all we got.
It will move on without you weather you like it or not.
There are still African American children getting shot.
They say it will get better but I don't see improvement.
Get out take a stand and join the movement.
R.I.P 2016 I give you my condolence.
Use the bad times as a notion to keep going.

I Hear

In the future, where cars shall fly
For us to watch no one else die
I hear the laughter and see the joy
Until one day everybody was torn
In this world people wanna take it all away
Now everything has changed

I hear the tears and see the sorrow
Why cant you keep the darkness to yourself
And wait till tomorrow
Don't spread it with the world
You are making it really really cold
This world can either rejoice or something worse
Let the truth be told

I hear the stress
And people hoping for the best
The world can be in danger
He doesn't even major
Let the truth be told
The world is getting so so cold
Life must go on.....



The Future of 2017

With Obama no longer about to be president,
Our future doesn't look to be shining bright.
Donald Trump seems to be coming and
Taking all the light.

The darkness will clear, and everyone
Will stand together against any hate.
The Black Lives Matter movement will
Surely keep us standing with each other
At this rate.

Hopefully by the end of the year, we will
All come together, black, white, Asian, etc.
and get over our differences. Yet, there will always be someone who will refuse to come together,
And that's what tears us apart.

We are not who we say we are

Some hands collide together in peace, but others rip apart intensely.
Days and days have passed on by but others can't seem to look beyond the light.
Years and years have beat us down but we still find a way out of the ground.
Decades and decades have passed us by but we still made it out of the fire alive.
One day we will all come together to beat this energy holding us back.
It can be today, tomorrow, or next year.
We never know but coming together is what we know for sure.
Sometimes we have to lose the small fights to win the war.

After These Seconds

At this second robberies, murders, and rapes
At this second laughter, playing, and eating
At this second hunger, poverty, and homelessness
At this second births, education, and jokes
At this second diseases, gun violence, and abuse
At this second doctors, teachers, and engineers

After these seconds cures, wealth, and peace
After these seconds self-driving cars, snow in the
summer, and flying humans
After these seconds the end of global warming,
upgraded education, and equality
After these seconds happiness, the end of cancer
and terrorists

After this second, there are these seconds....

“SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE”

SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can go to the store to get skittles in peace
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can sell my CDS in front of a store in peace
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I win the T.V. SHOW “The Voice”
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can walk down the streets of East Flatbush and see my name as one of the streets
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can read little kids some poems that I published and watching Ms. Erika smiling at me
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can see all people of different races, beliefs etc. holding hands and hugging
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I can record my first Album and hit number one on the charts
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I graduate from College and seeing my families proud faces in the audience
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where my mom dies and my whole day is filled with sadness and sorrow
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE
Where I’m on Broadway singing, dancing and hopping
SOMEWHERE IN THE DISTANT FUTURE.....

Way Beyond the Years

Way beyond the years we might find peace
We might fulfill Martin Luther's dream,
We might not ever have to grieve
But don't hold your breath in 2017
There'll be more drama, more stupid trends
More dead bodies on the news again
Less people concerned about staying alive
And more obsessing over Kardashians

More countless robbers with a lot of loot
More home invasions where they get the boot
Less Unity in the community and
WAY MORE "hands up don't shoot"
More trash rappers sitting in the booth
More companies that corrupt the youth
More fake religious people always at
The club asking hmm What Would Jesus Do

Maybe one day we could finally fly
Maybe no one in my family would die
Maybe I'd never have to break down and cry
Maybe in the future somewhere in the future,

I could finally let go of what's already left behind