

Play Me a Poem

M964 Central Park East II

Spring 2018

7th & 8th Grade

Principal Naomi Smith
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Emilio Quinones

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Teachers & Writers Collaborative

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INTRODUCTION

In this program at Central Park East II, we experimented with different ways of approaching poetry through music, harnessing the sense of play, improvisation, and exchange that is a hallmark of jazz and rap. Students wrote with music, about music, and through music. They were exposed to a diverse range of musicians and poets that represent a range of backgrounds and eras. Throughout this, they developed the music of their own writing voices by experimenting with different poetic techniques and forms.

We talked about sampling in music and in poetry—using other artists’ lines as inspiration and homage. Then, students used samples of lyrics from classic Jazz songs to compose their own collaged poems. We also experimented with how poetry can capture the sound of something—we read Federico Garcia Lorca’s poem “Guitar,” and then wrote about the sounds that enchant or annoy us—from the sound of rain to the sound of an ice cream truck.

As the students’ creative skills developed further, we delved into The Blues, and learned that, while The Blues has its origins in jazz, it also exists in poetry, and even rap. We explored the way that Blues, in all its forms, can express sadness and hardship, but can also lift us out of those things, bringing hope. Finally, we turned away from the Blues and wrote Odes—poems in praise of things we love, admire, or appreciate.

Throughout my time working with students at CPE II, I was impressed by their willingness to play with words, their ear for musical language, and their incredible sense of community in the classroom. These are students who know how to appreciate each other’s creativity, and challenge each other too. With the poems collected in this anthology, I hope you will be able to glimpse some of that wonderful and entertaining creative play.

I’d like to thank the Latrice McLloyd and Emilio Quinones for their incredible collaboration and support in the classroom throughout this residency. Thank you as well to Principal Naomi Smith, for making this program possible, and creating such a positive and creative school community. And thank you to all the other teachers and staff members at CPE II who welcomed me into the school, dropped into the classroom to listen to student poems, and supported this creative learning. A huge thank you, always, to the staff at the Teachers & Writers Collaborative, Jordan Dann, Amy Swauger, and Jade Triton. And above all, thank you to all the student writers at CPE II. It’s been a privilege to play some poetry with you!

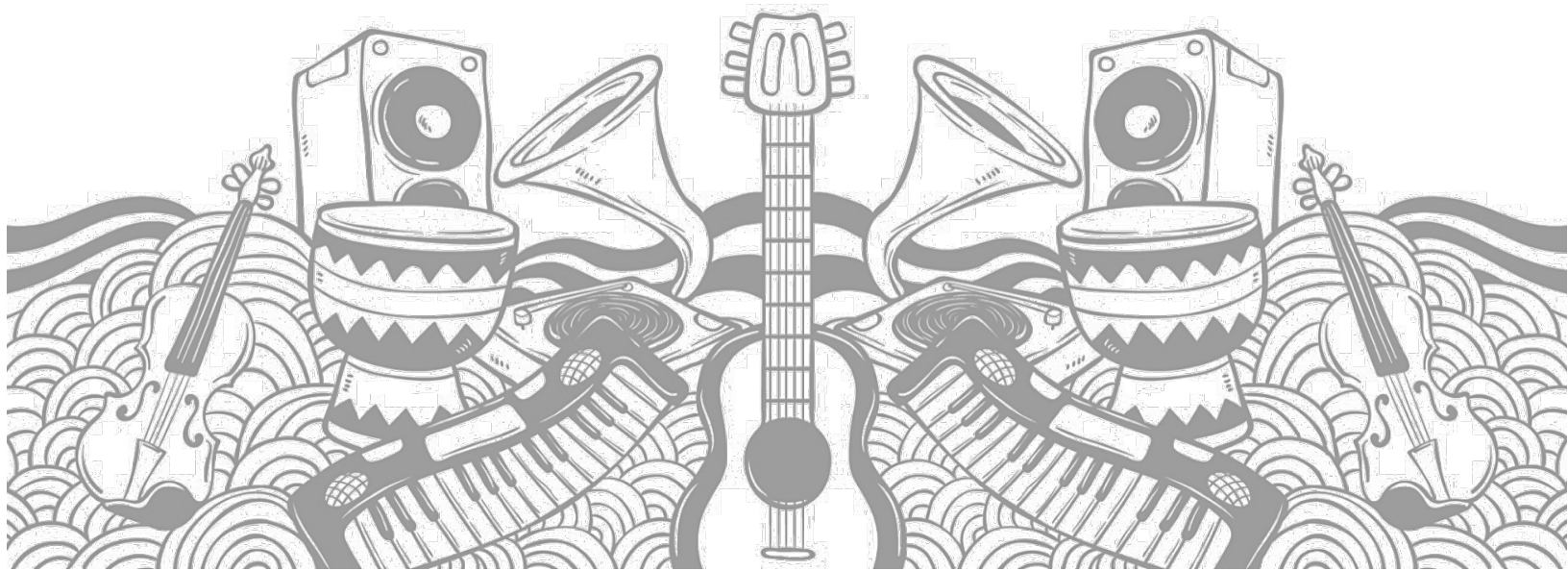
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June 2018

TABLE OF CONTENTS

701	7
AAVAEH.....	8
AVERY	9
DOMINIC	10
EDOUARD.....	11
ETHAN.....	12
CODY	13
VALERIE	14
JACK.....	15
JAMARIE	16
JULIO.....	17
LAKYRA.....	19
LIANCY	20
MICHAEL.....	21
CHLOE	22
FLORA.....	23
ANNIE.....	24
YAZMIN	25
PHOENIX.....	26
ROWAN	27
ROBERT.....	28
702	ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.
PILAR.....	29
AHMINAH.....	31
DEMETRIUS.....	32
DEMITRIUS.....	33
E-LIN.....	34
EVIN	35
FILIPP.....	36
LORENZO.....	37
INDIGO.....	39
JAYDEN.....	40
JENNELEE.....	41
JOSE	43
KAYLA	44
LAILA.....	45
MADLYN.....	46
KORTNEY	47
MILES.....	48
ANISE	49
TRISTIAN.....	50
801	ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.
BROOKE.....	51
OSHIN	53
CATHERINE.....	54
DEKOTA.....	56
EMMANUEL.....	57

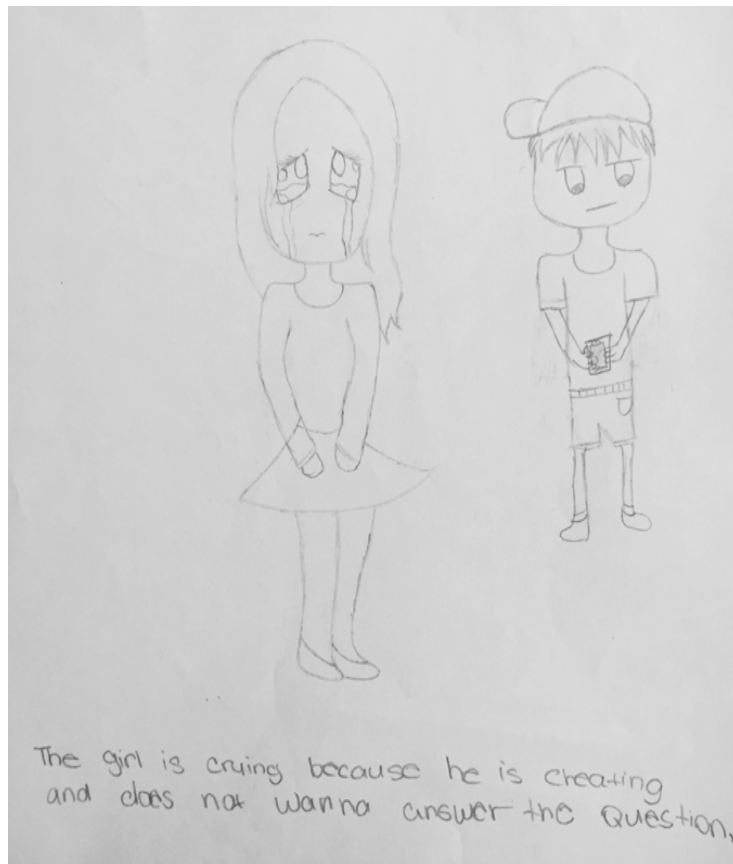
PHAREZ.....	58
JAMIA.....	59
JAZMIN.....	60
LATRELL.....	61
ISAIAH	62
JANINE.....	63
LYNESE.....	64
NEHRU	65
LUCY.....	66
GRACE	67
RAINELLE.....	68
TATIANA	69
BRIANNA.....	70
ZAHRA.....	71



701

PnB rock

PnB rock
Your music, your music
So so good
So sad, so hurt, so powerful
Sometimes makes me wanna dance
Wanna get in my feelings
Make me wanna eat
PnB rock
So good, so clam
Why so sad?
Why all these girls?
Why you say love her?
But you text in hang with other girls
She is your girl?
She is gonna to ask question ...
You been cheating
You keep asking me question about who I am sextexting you say. And you say you can not
Take it no more
But she is your girl
Bro you are cheating
And she wrong
You need to be cut off!
But it hard
I love you!
But you hurt me
But love is love
Pain is pain



AVERY

Diamonds dripping off of a clock,
Running through these bans on a dock,
drinking chicken stock with my grandma,
and running off the block

It's mostly a good time.
Talking and hanging out,
Because I'm a clout,
You don't know we're about.

We're like a boat,
It's always afloat 'cuz the bond will never break,
We drift together, we sail together
Tighter than leather

DOMINIC

THE BURGER!!!!

Chicken nugget went to McDonalds to get a big mac on the 1,2,3 dollar menu.

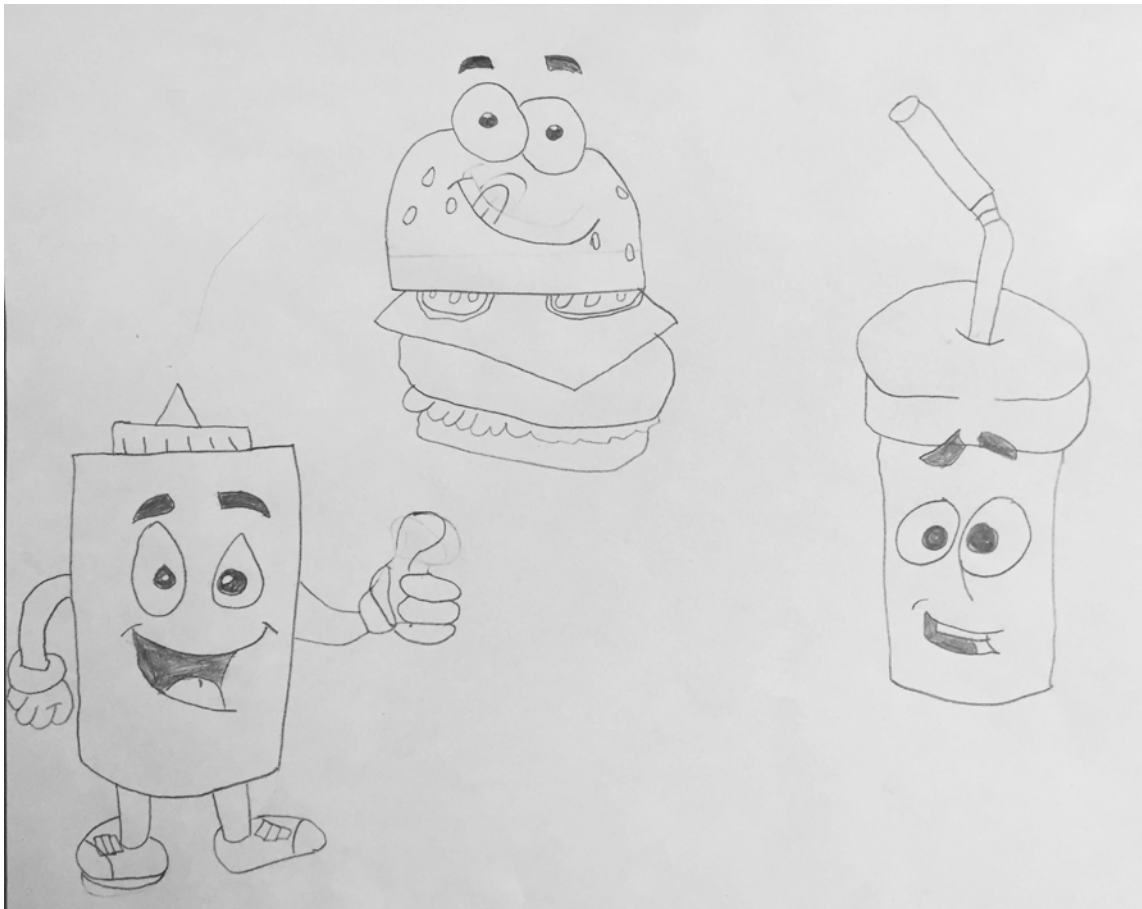
Chicken Nugget got a 20 piece nugget but he was a dollar short.

Chicken nugget got the dollar from pickle & chicken nugget are good

But Chicken Nugget's best friend, Burger came in burger said "Who's this" & Chicken Nugget said

"it's not what it looks like" & Burger looked at pickle jumped over the table & started fighting. Ketchup was screaming "Worldstar!!!"

And Buns came in to end the fight and they all fell on each other and that's how the burger was made.



EDOUARD

New York is a big city. There are a lot of
Good things to do in New York. But there also
Bad things in New York like robbery and shooters
Also kidnapers. The good things about it is there are
Very cool parks and restaurants and cool events.

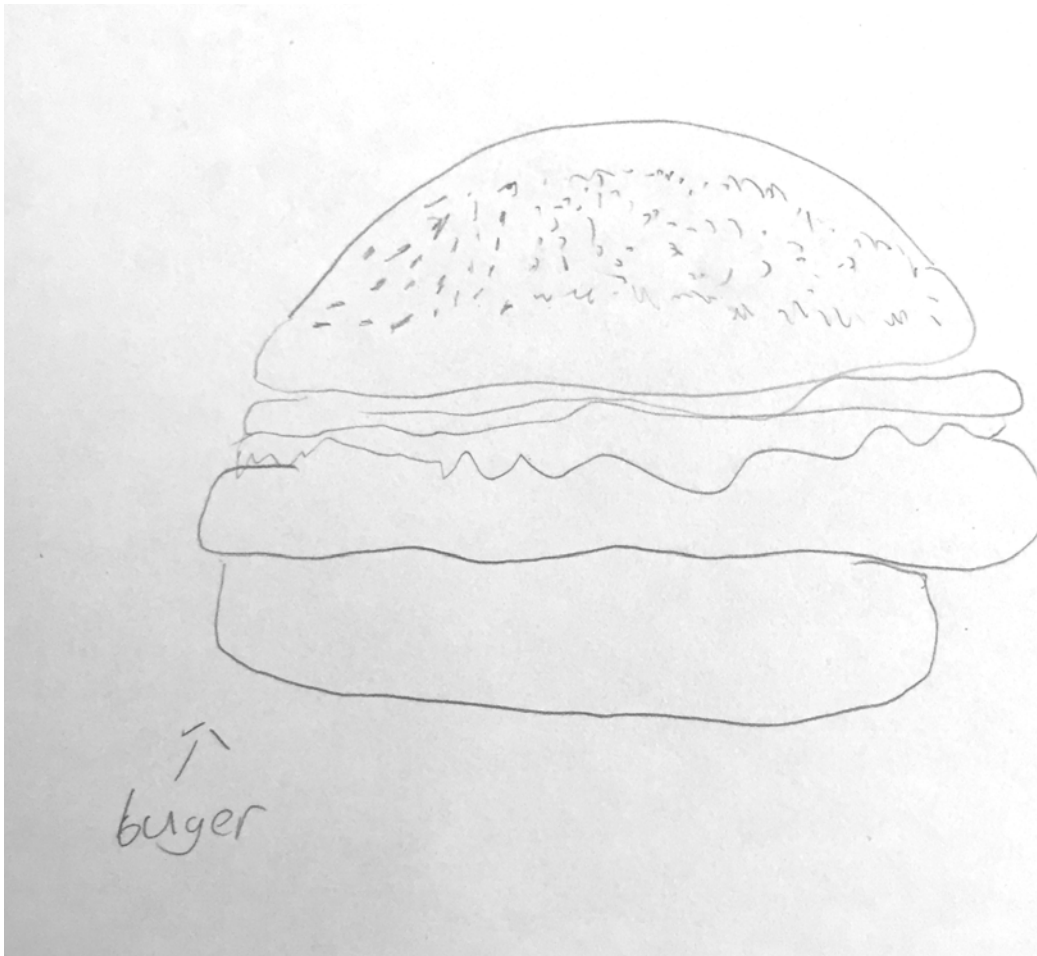


Ode to the Fortnite video game

Fortnite makes me happy
By playing the game all day taking L's and sometimes W's
Such a good player hit all headshots with
Bolt action sniper and semi auto snipers
Highest kill game 10. But now I get more kills than Rowan
But then he gets more kills than me
Rowan dies I need to revive him
I die then Rowan has to revive me
The game is fun it makes me happy but then I leave Rowan's party. I see who is online it says
Jack_Sxvage is online I join his party we play
We are in the game we go to tilted towers unlike Rowan we survive
We get into a fight we kill them the kill feed Rowan 0 jack 3 elin 2 ethan 2.
That is the epic squad Jack, Ethan, E-lin, Rowan
Sorry Rowan.
Jack gets a snipe. 200 meters. Ethan AR's someone to their death. E-lin shotguns someone in the
head 211 damage. GOD SQUAD! and XBOX sucks... Jack is OP. Ethan is OP. E-lin is OP. OP
SQUAD! Dream Team=E-lin Ethan Jack Rowan

Food

I'm hungry
my stomach growing
I start getting tired
I'm hungry
I want food
fruit pears oranges apples
I want burger cheese bacon
I want sweet cake ice cream
I want chocolate Hershey Kit Kat
I found food now I'm good



VALERIE

Ice Cream

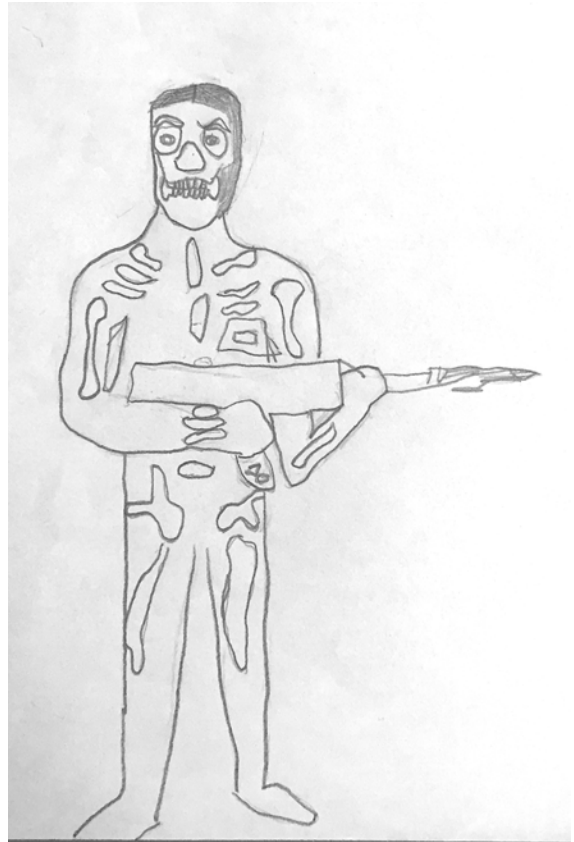
Ice cream here and there,
Ice cream everywhere

JACK

Fortnite

Rollin' on the ground, please don't finish off me
You know how Jack likes it, with pump shotties
Don't send me an invite, trying to join your lobby
I don't play solos so I play 50v50
I don't wanna die, so they have to revive me
Always landing at the same tower at Tilted
Most of my games are under kills of 13
I really wish they'd stop calling me a weenie

Fortnite Fortnite
Sometimes I Win Sometimes I Don't
I Got Finessed By The Lag
And Still
Trash Kids There's A Lot Of Trash Kids
So I'm Winning And Winning And Winning
And Winning And Winning My Games.
Might Go Down Level 90
I Go Hard With RPG's
I Make Sure That The Squad Eats
Jam Asked Do You Love Me I Told Her Only Partly
I Only Love Shotguns And Snipers I'm Sorry
Fifty V-Bucks that I spent on Fortnite
20 kills they bring that loot over to daddy
And you know me
Turn the whole squad to the dream team
I'm almost at the dream of a hundred gg's
Imagine if I never saw the kill feed
And still
Trash kids there's a lot of trash kids
So I'm winning and winning and winning and winning and winning my games



JAMARIE

Music

Music.

Sometimes you make me happy,

Sometimes you make me sad,

Sometimes you make me calm,

But.....

Even when I'm just listening to you

You make me hype,

You make me wanna dance

You make me wanna start my morning off right.

A boogie, Don Q, 6ix9ine, Trippie Redd, XXXTentacion, Kodak Black, Cubandoll, Dreamdoll,

Lougotcash, Lil Yachty, PnB Rock, Drake, Cardi B, Partynextdoor, Lil Uzi Vert, NAV, Playboi

Carti, Gyptian, Travis Porter, Sage the Gemini.

Start my morning off right.

music.

The Grief of the Mets

Sometimes it would feel good to feel a bit nostalgic
2015 a magical year but KC won't have swept it
Be a Yankees fan but more playoffs more disappointment
Yeah we're not that successful but we'll try to wrong 2000

Cespedes can make a car show but he'll hit no-doubters
Hitters fouled them off Let's Go Mets is what we shouted
Came up short but we were still happy to stay back and
We would be proud to know we never bandwagoned

Grief in New York at its peak then we solved it
The home run that saved New York and spirits lofted
Blown with an All-Star pitching the first good game by the Marlins
Citi Field goes up in flames that better be the competition

They wanna give Thor and deGrom to the Yankees
deGrom is the best pitcher in the National League
Hear Nice For What pray for anything other than Strike 3
Need to bring back Portland bring back Conforto from 17

Why can't we have another team like Eighty-Six
Ever since that team we've been fading since
I think God needs to send some type of providence
Seth Lugo in a spot start and nobody's scoring yet
Isn't it too evident

Heartbreak always happens you feel disappointment
Playoffs are just another edition of tournaments
Win some chips if I'm not there as my testament
Grief of a Mets fan, an underdevelopment



Harlem Ways

Why do we come in this world just to leave?

I am a Young Black Female

I hear and witness everything that happens in the world today

Black teens getting killed from left to right, There has been a lot of school shooting in the past couple of months, there have been kids that killed themselves from bullying. Instead of bringing our community down we should help each other live and be successful.

We should all come together and be peaceful.

LIANCY

YouTube



Oh Mr. YouTube
you make me cringe
you make me laugh
I sometimes binge

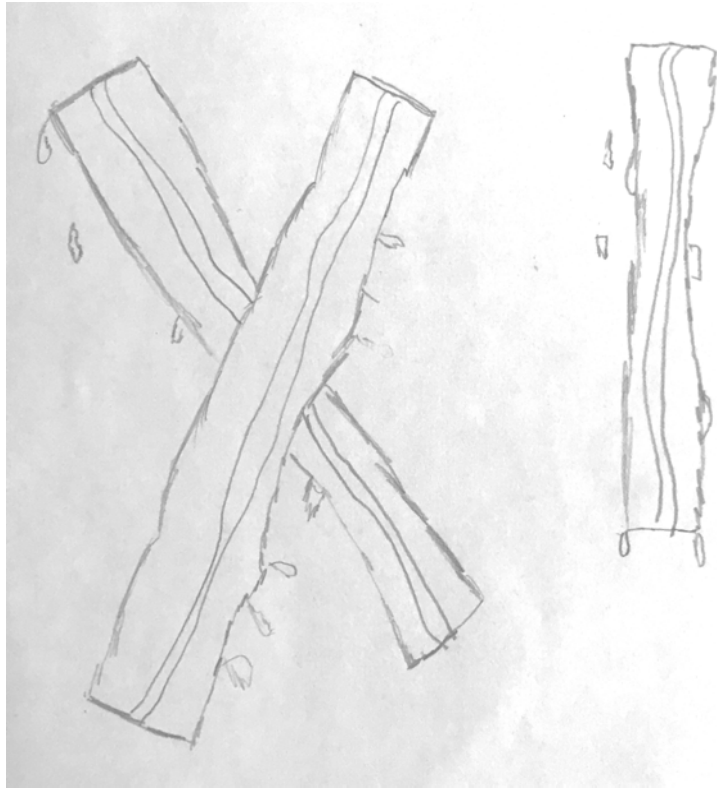
Ali-A's videos suck
Clickbaiting kids
Just to make a few bucks
But that's the bad side.

I like the random side
The side of YouTube
that makes no sense



Ode To Bacon

Pig I'm sorry I killed you
You are my favorite animal
So I
Need you
To survive
I'm sorry
Your family watched
But my favorite food is ...
You (bacon)
If you were on any dish
I would be
Homer Simpson when
I'm full
So please forgive
Me
For what I did to u
Give me mercy
I was hungry
I didn't have anything
Else to eat but you
Lastly I want to say
You so freakin precious when u smile (Bacon)
Hit it from the back and drive you wild
Girl, I lose myself up in those eyes
I just had to let you know you're mine



CHLOE

Cali

California California
I love you so much
Your beaches are so cool
I can't get enough
I'm going to tan in your sun
Like I'm so in love
I'm going to jump into your pool
Like I'm flying off a bus
But when I got to you
You were cold
Lonely
California California
I don't love you no more

FLORA

SILENCE

50 miles going nowhere 9:00 in the morning
Riding down a road
The sun still isn't fully out
You stop on the side of the road
Laying down you feel the morn
Dew on your back you see
Cars coming by you get up
And walk past a gate
Walking in the fog
Walking in circles
Lost direction nowhere to go
But straight ahead cars still rushing by
Then at last silence

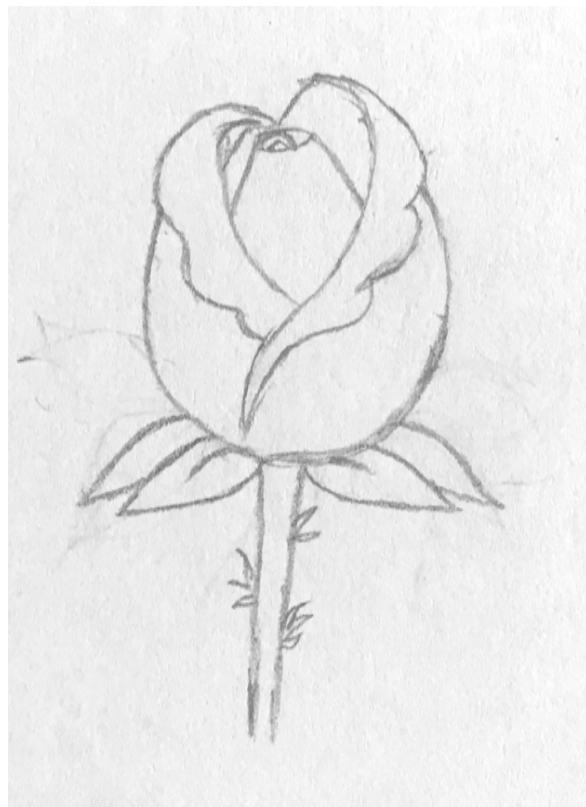
Spring flower

The beauty of a flower begins,
Expressing its beauty, sending a scent of spring
People just admiring its beautiful beauty.
But it's not always happy, looks beautiful and happy but not really,
Life to it is just useless feeling not important.

Just expressing all it can give
Sometimes just not knowing what its future is,
Always trying very hard.
Tries to get what it wants but at the end it gets nothing much,
It doesn't want much but doesn't really last.

Just hoping to be there next year
Oh, flower that's the last of you
It dies with tears, just hoping to be there,
But don't know where
Death to it is just a dream,

Just a cold dream of death
Doesn't really know if it's still there,
When time comes there it is
Alive and awakened,
Out there again to say I'm here
There I am strong and standing



Sleep

Sleep what a beautiful thing
Sleep calms your body shuts you down
Sleep lets you be free
Sleep lets you feel safe
Sleep makes you feel happy
Sleeps calms your mind
Sleep gives energy
Sleeps fuels your body
Sleep dreams just dream
Sleep soundly
Sleep free
But wait
When people start to interrupt your sleep
Your mother father anybody
You get annoyed you wish you could sleep
But you can't
You must wake up
You plead for sleep
But you can't
It's time to wake
Please let me sleep I need it
No it's time to wake dear child
Sleep such a peaceful thing
Sleep lets you be free
Sleep lets you dream
Sleep lets you feel safe
Sleep calms your mind
SLEEP!



PHOENIX

Rain



It's cold it's wet and it's slippery
My toes get soaked and my hair gets drippy
It's uncomfortable but it's nice
Better if it's inside
It drips and it drops
And it's pretty nice
And on hot days
When it rains
it feel the best
And seeing lightning
Is pretty cool



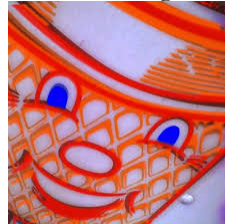
And with an umbrella it's fine
But still I don't like rain



The ice cream truck

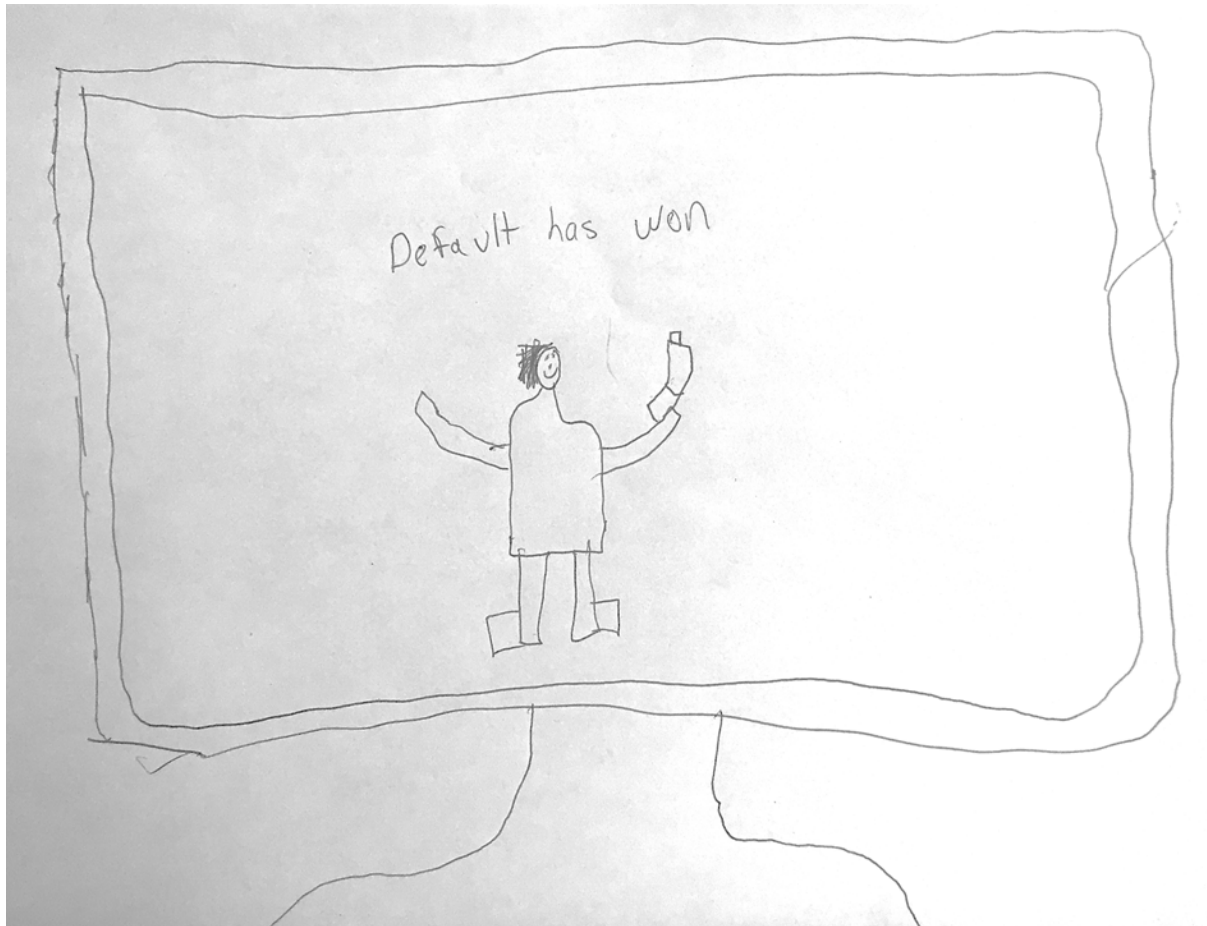


The ice cream truck,
It torments me,
I can't reach it
Or I have no money
I want it badly but I can't,
It really makes me sad.
I love the ice cream
That they have,
The sweet sundaes,
Or cookie crunch
But I can't have it.
I hear the truck
By my home
Or on the streets,
And everywhere
On a hot
Or rainy day
I just know
The ice cream truck
is tormenting me



The Fortnite Blues

It's a 1v1 your heart is racing
You have your tac shotgun out
You see the last guy in a bush with the
Default skin, you think okay he's a noob
This should be easy, you pull out your scar and start
Shooting, you tag him twice for 35 damage,
You build down from your base and then you make a double stair
Over the default skin but he destroys the bottom, it's a shotgun fight now.
I pull out my tac shotgun and shoot him in the head, it does 6
Damage! And then he pulls out his pump and one shots me. R.I.P



Ω SinkHole of life Ω

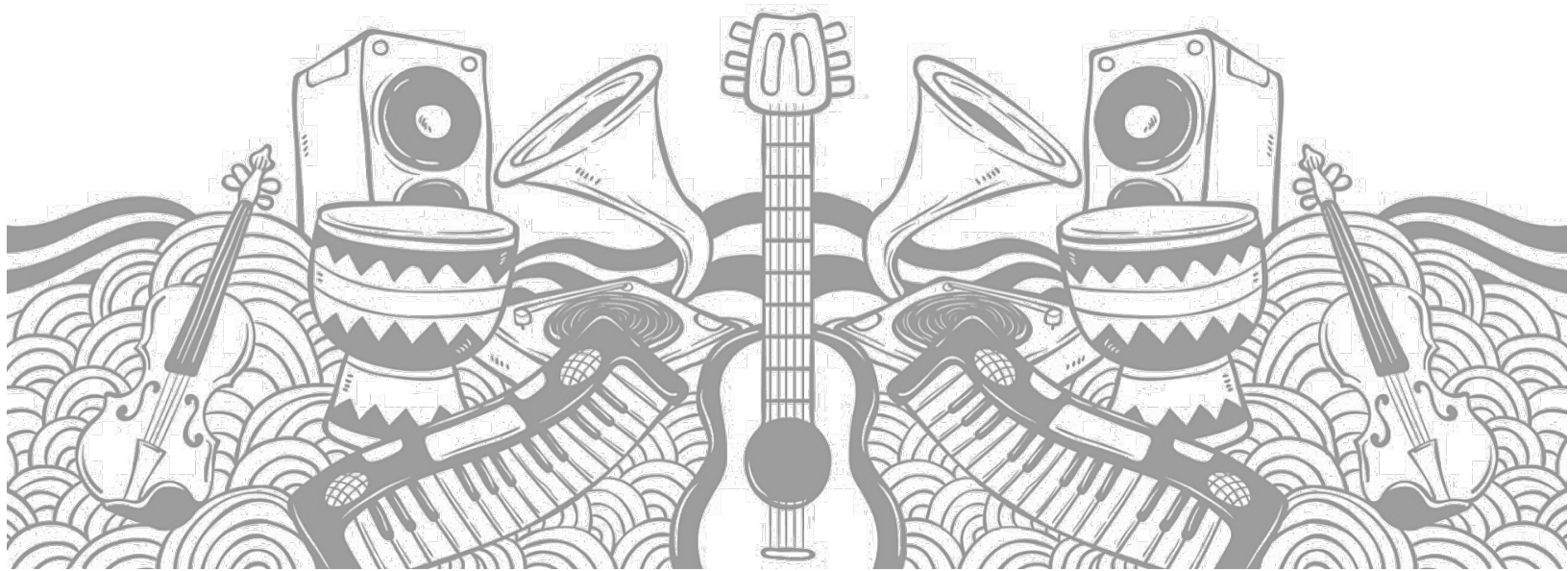
There is a hole in the ground,
A deep dark hole,
Nothing survives down there,
Not even memories
The good ones,
The bad ones,
But mostly the sad ones,
They are gone,
In that sinkhole of life.

New memories coming in,
But they're mostly good ones,
Old memories coming out,
And they are the bad ones,
I try,
I try,
But sad ones come back,
At sometimes the good ones come back.

The sad ones about people I lost,
Friends, family, even pets,
They died,
Or decided to say bye,
Some for a good reason,
Some for no reason,
But i still remember them,
And that sinkhole of life,
Brings the ones that are needed back.

People I care about,
Some people I don't,
But in the end,
they are in that sinkhole,
That sinkhole without a point,
But I appreciate that sinkhole.





702

A poem about poems

A poem is rain pouring
into a
puddle just beside a
waterfall.

A poem is a plastic bag
blowing in the wind.

A poem is warm coffee
on a cold winter night.

A poem is life in a place
where only death is known.

A poem is happiness
and sadness and everything
between.

A poem is one spoon of
sugar mixed with one pound
of salt.

A poem is the feeling
you get when you cry for so
long that you completely
forget what you were crying
for in the first place.

A poem is the sad cold
brutal truth that I call 'my
life.'

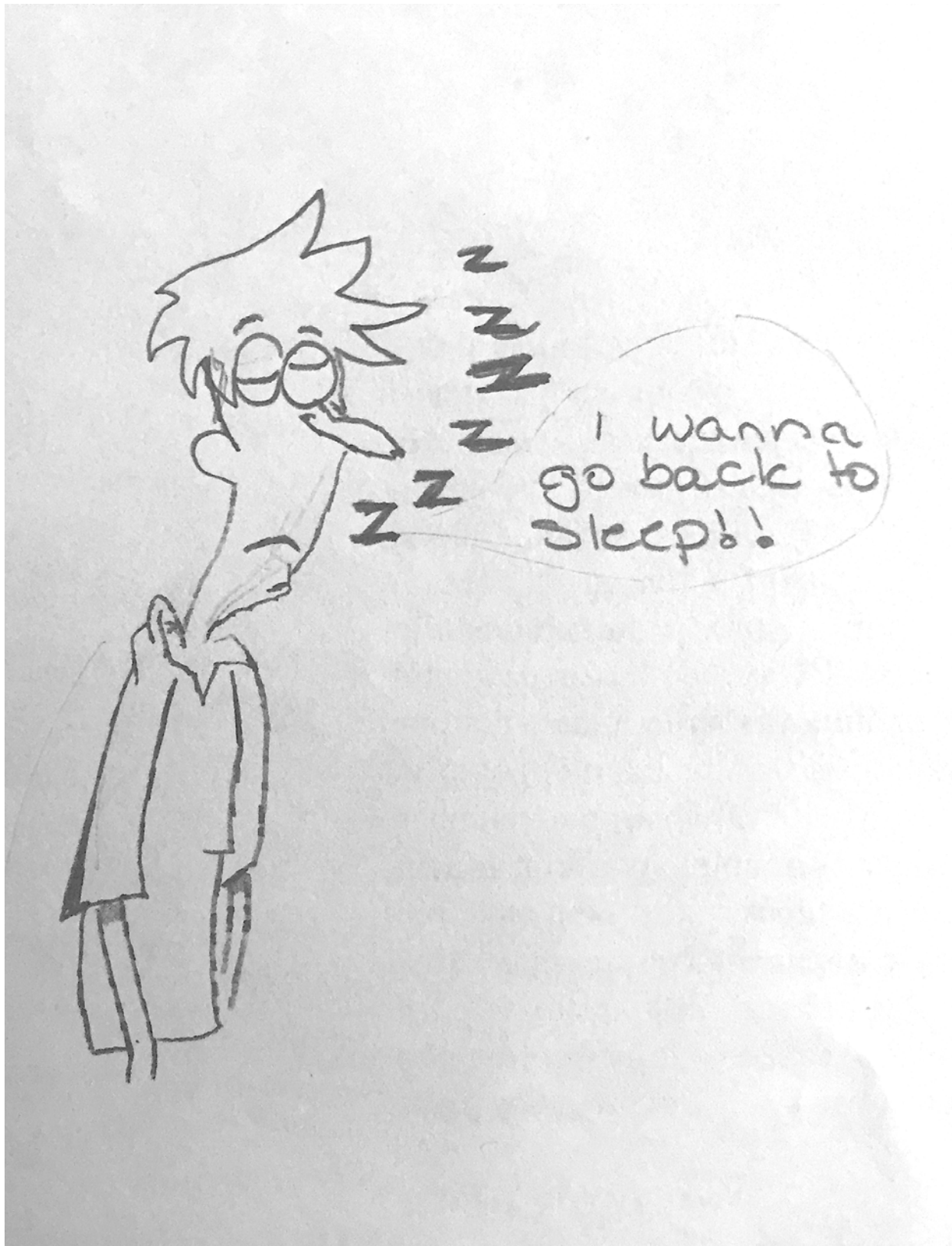
A poem is the feeling I
get when I am so afraid to be
hurt.

Trust

Trust is like a piece of glass
If you break it it's hard to replace it
It breaks into a million pieces
It's difficult to get back
It's fragile, easy to break
It goes down a road with no return
Even if you get it back
There's still cracks
It's a rough road
Maybe there's still a chance
But a long way to go



DEMETRIUS



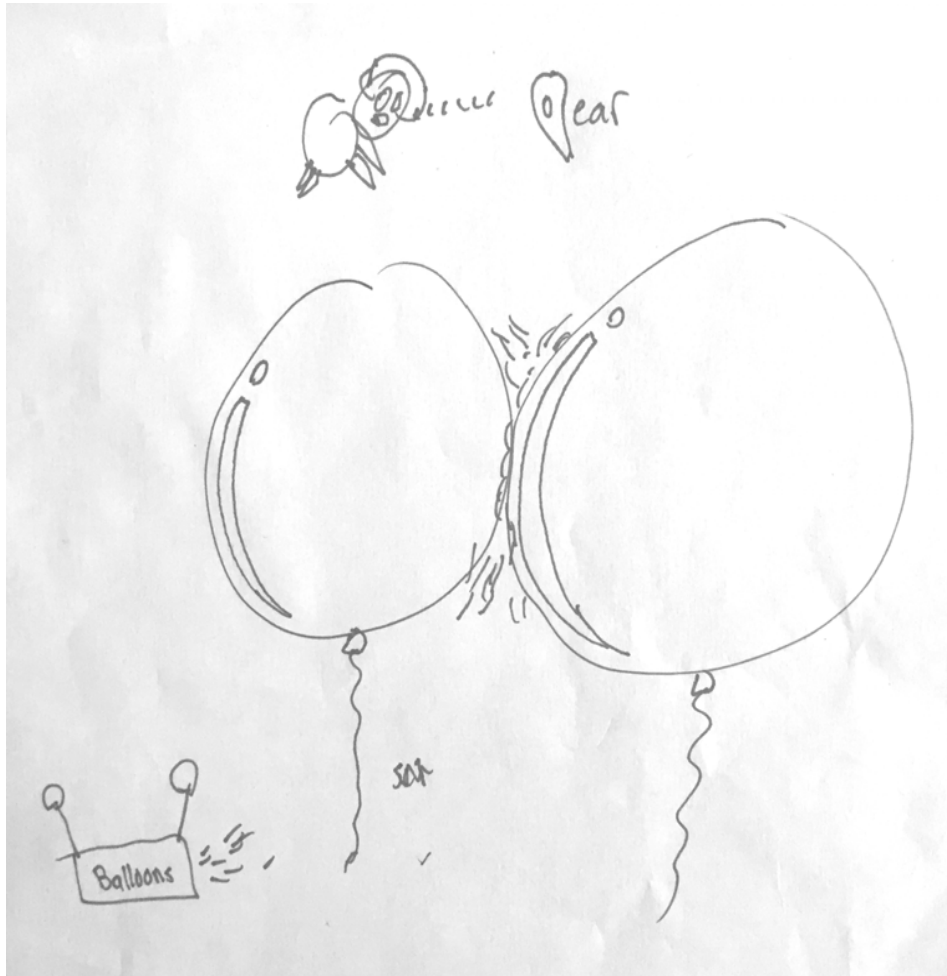
DEMITRIUS

Just an ordinary day

The way you sing off key
The way you wear your hat
The way you sip your tea
Down by the riverside
There thousands of people ain't got no place to go
Have one doubt they call it treason
When the sky turns blue
The day has just begun
Now I know there's a happy story yet to come
Wake up in the morning
Chill on the couch
Eat some food
You watch cartoons till Sunday noon 😊😎😋

Balloons are bad

The sound of balloons makes me feel like the sound is stuck in my head and it keeps repeating.
It makes me think that I am in a room full of balloons making the same noise over and over again.
The sound when 2 balloons are being rubbed together.
Balloons make me feel as if I am sick.
Like when you don't feel good and you have a really bad headache.
And you don't want to be sick anymore.
The sound of 2 balloons rubbing together is like an animal screaming in my ear.
THE END



Emilio's poem

The Mets lost
And my heart is tossed
Into cheap stadium sauce

I know what's heartbreak
Not cause of Drake
Or cause a girls wanna flake
But cause the Mets are booty
Like Lil Uzi and Lil Poopy
That's not a real rapper
BECAUSE HE A CRAPPER

Ode To Fornite

Random player, I killed you
For your good loot
How easy it was to kill you
To be shot by a pump
You know it wasn't anger that made me kill you
It was just skill
Or luck maybe I really don't know
Days ago I won a victory royal
I have beaten the crap out of you
And I jump away like a boss
The circle is closing in
How hard it is to keep up with it
When I killed you I got your scar
And killed your partner too
I took your wood
And had a building war with the last squad
When it was just me
With 2 health and 6 bullets left in my blue pump
And 10 in in my scar
I got one from up above
Got another one mid air
And sniped the last one from 25 or so meters
And the words #1 VICTORY ROYAL
Popped up



LORENZO

A sad to happy poem.

A person feeling blue walked along the street.
Looking at the blue sky.
Also looking at the blue birds in the tree.
Watching the happy children in the sprinklers as blue drops touch the ground.
Seeing the rainbow from the water changed the person's colors.

Maybe seeing blue stuff won't always make you feel worse.
The sunshine on his face.
Made the person do bright things.
Hanging out with friends.
Visiting family.

Made up not actually true!

Why is life so hard?
How did things become so complex?
Why can't people have a lot of free time?
What can we do?
I guess we can just end pain and move somewhere else?

But would this be the right thing to do?
Or should I stay here?
Where all of my family and known friends are?
Maybe I could just stay.
But when I think about it it's very hard to live over here most of the time.

Everyone is always so busy.
Nothing has usually been easy.
Many people are unkind to each other angry and/or depressed.
Jobs are one of the most complex things.
It's especially complex when you are trying to get in to a better one.

Why I am so interested in weather.



Intro: I think weather, lightning strikes, tracking hurricanes, tornados are really cool and I also know so much about weather and its really cool to see the elements go off like that. It is also really sad to see people losing homes, lives, and family members.

Seeing hurricanes blows me away.
Seeing tornados rips things apart.
Seeing lightning shocks my feelings.
Seeing rain shows me sad days.
Seeing ice freezes the environment.

Seeing snow pile up on mountains like glue.
Seeing microburst is like seeing a waterfall from far away.
Seeing water spouts is like seeing a tube of water ascending to the sky.
Seeing whirlpools is like watching water descend to the sea floor.
Seeing blizzards is like seeing ice crystals being blown everywhere.

Conclusion: Now you may have an example of what most weather events there are; have you ever heard of a microburst? Maybe, maybe not.

People Are...

People are stupid,
they do stuff for no reason,
They don't have a reason to do it.
They follow people who are stupid
And they have no idea why.
They do stuff that stupid people tell them to do
They do it because they can,
They do it cause they tell them

People are obnoxious,
They make loud noises for attention.
Infamous for their sporadic behavior
And their whining.
And if anyone acknowledges them,
they get louder and more sporadic

People are petty

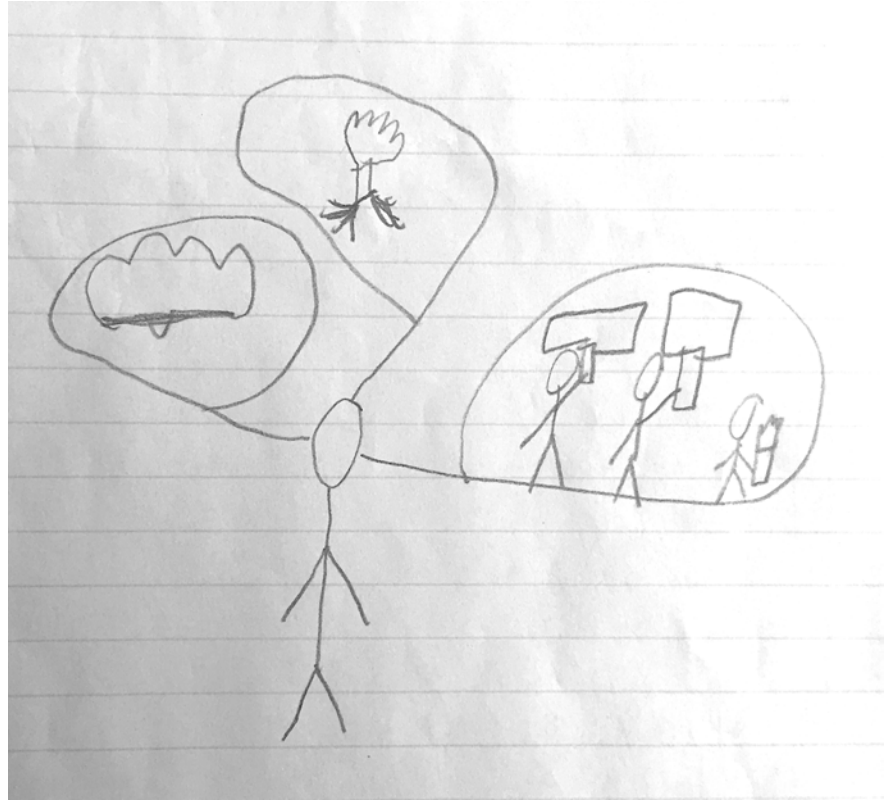
Visions

Oh when the trumpet sounds call
Announcing things
They ain't what
They used to
be

When the revolution
(revolution) comes
they will
cheat this
country

and spy on us
Have one doubt they call
It treason...
It's the dawn of
Day of glory

I always saw
This big tree
I used to walk in
The shade with
Those blues on
Parade



You still see clouds the way I
Drew them as
A child
My mind's eye view
These are the clouds
That you believe I see
And so I'm drawing them for you

7 Days

I'm losing control
Don't know what to do
Cause it's been seven days
And I still haven't talked to you

Seven days of being strong
Seven says gone so wrong
Seven days make me feel like I can't
hold on
Seven days too long

One week of no communication
One week of frustration
Didn't know one week could make
you feel alone in an overpopulated
nation

Almost a year of saying...
"three more months"
"three more days"
Almost a year of letting you get
your way

Countless nights spent crying
Wishing I was dying
Sometimes I sit back sighing
Filled with depression and I'm lying
Anxiety making me stop trying
My tears fill the ground, so breathtaking
and defying
All these countless nights spent crying

I'm losing control
Don't know what to do
Cause it's been seven days
and I'm losing you

Ode to honesty

Honesty, the key to the door
Of trust
What is honesty?
Honesty could break a heart
Make a heart
Opening it up til it's inside out
All that's left now is anxiety
For what will happen when honesty
Tells its truth
Little did she know her
Honesty's truth told things she
Didn't even know about herself
Surprising herself and left with
No soul and a broken heart

Tired

Tired of lying
Tired of trying
Tired of being defined
Tired of being subjected by my peers'
Distortion
Don't people get tired of hurting other
people
Don't you just wonder why is it that even
Though people claim to be your friend they
Still manage to ruin your day *on purpose*
Aren't you just so tired of that
You must be so tired of trying for people
You won't even know in a few years
Because there's a difference between
Being loyal and being taken advantage of
I'm just so sick and tired of not wanting
to wake up in the morning
Of saying to my mother
"Three more minutes"
"Five more minutes"
I'm tired of not knowing
Not knowing what's wrong with you
Or what's wrong with us
I'm tired of playing this guessing game
Tired of not even being able to understand
What's wrong with me let alone you as well
Why aren't you tired of being alone
Why Aren't you tired of obeying a "superior"
Person
You... we have so much to live for yet we take it for granted
We take *each other* for granted
We take everyone around us for granted
Aren't you tired of that
Don't you think everyone is tired of that
I'm tired of being tired
Of being tired of all of this

WHY?

Why do you always have to let me down when I try so hard to lift you off the ground
but you turn back around and fail again and again no matter how much we trained no matter how
much I told you to endure the pain
you give up and see no meaning in anything.
SO why? Why do I waste my time and most importantly why don't you!!! try,
and you can't deny it and you can't come up with an excuse no matter how much you try to justify
it so rise up and start a riot show them how strong you are show them you will go far now go show
them who you are..

My name

My name is like a strong wind
I hear it so much it makes my head spin
But my name is what makes me unshakeable
and unbreakable because it's like a chain
And I am not to blame
for taking the names
of those who have gained the respect they have earned
for I am unworthy to bask in their glory
because it is still up to me to make my own story
I am a Suarez and I'll say it proud I am Jose Suarez and now I bow

The journey of my phone dying

My phone dies,
My phone always die.
I hate when I see a black
Screen show up
Randomly.

When you see battery then
1/8 of it filled with red, my heart drops
I'm playing a game then all of sudden
Everything is dark. My soul was bright and now
Its dark. I stared into the sky.

“Ah my phone died ah ah
“Ah my phone died ah ah”
I walk around my house to find what to do
So I mess with my family
“Leave me alone Kayla!!!”
“Leave me alone!!!”

However I watch these shapes pass by;
In my mind's eye view.
I'm going crazy!
I'm all alone

After 10 mins of charging
my phone comes back on.
“Yay!”
So I continue playing
my games happily.



A woman's world

We live in a society where women have to fit the cookie cutter mold.

“She’s too skinny or too fat” they say no matter how young or old.

A world that tells women to “love themselves” on the first page of a
magazine, but advertises dieting pills on the next

A place where the women who are as fake as plastic are idolized and the real women are denied

We live in a society where women have to fit the cookie cutter mold

That idea is now forgotten, now old.

A woman's world

MADELYN

PHONE

Ohh phone how I love you so much. How my whole entire life is inside of you. I can take however many pictures I want. 4 or more hours on you. How you waste my time. How I drain the battery so fast.

KORTNEY

Mean

People are mean sometimes they're not but when they are they
They know my spot they make me angry and sad I have been
Those things and I'm not glad I hit and scream and call out names
But that's all they want it's part of their game
But I give in with the anger that blazes
I try and try but no matter what they never get my good spot
I scream I shout I hit I freak out because I don't know how to keep them out
I toss and turn at night thinking why they did it to make me lose my mind
I hate them for a bit and they act like nothing happened even if I look tough it's real
I hate what they do and I don't know how to keep them out do you?



Rat in the hat

By: Miles / Dr. Moose

The cat had a hat

And in the hat was a big fat rat.

The cat did not know that a rat was living in his hat.

So he got a bat and hit the rat and told the rat to scat.

When the cat hit the rat the bat broke

And he had a little chat with the rat and said to the rat,

“You are going to fix that.”

So the rat stack(stuck) the bat together

Poetry is

Poetry is like a summer breeze it's like the sun giving you kisses it's like drinking hot chocolate in the snow

Like a cool breeze when it's hot

Like a new pencil with a fine point

Like sniffing flowers

Poetry is nice but poetry can be sad and mad and angry

Like stepping on hot concrete

Or being sick

Or yelling so loud that you don't even know what you're saying

Or getting a paper cut

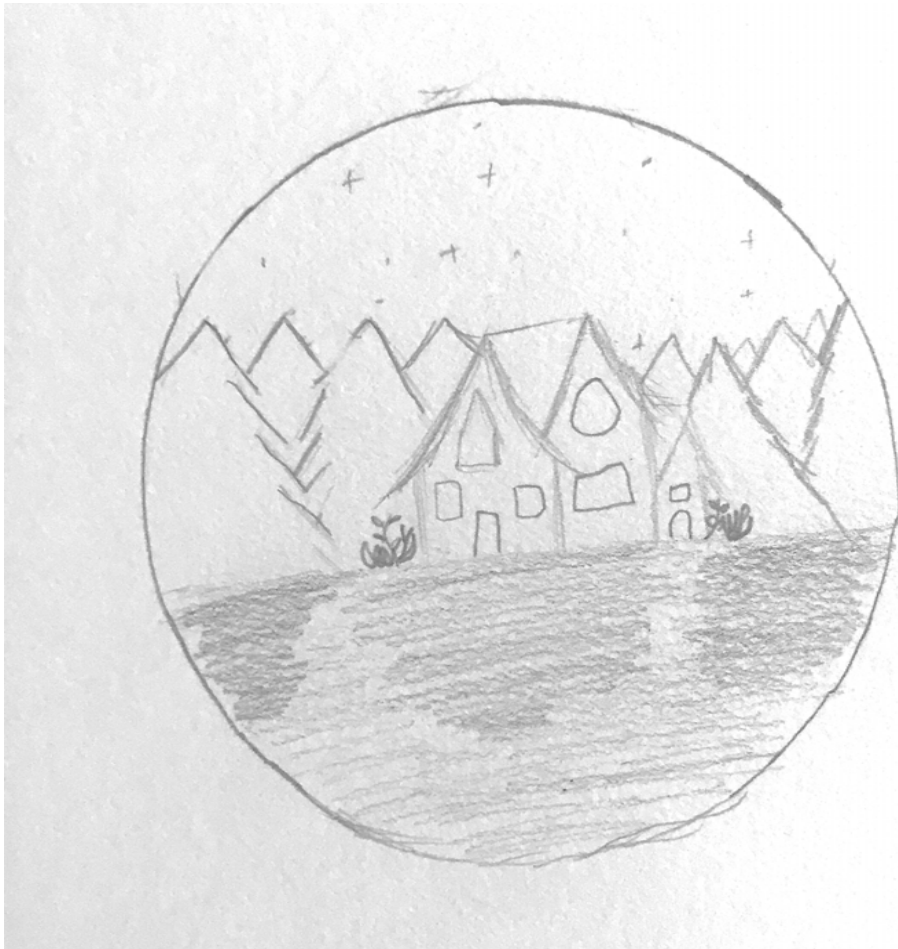
Poetry is our experiences in life our hard times our good times

Our memories our thoughts

It's a way to talk about the things we love and care for

But it's also for the things we hate

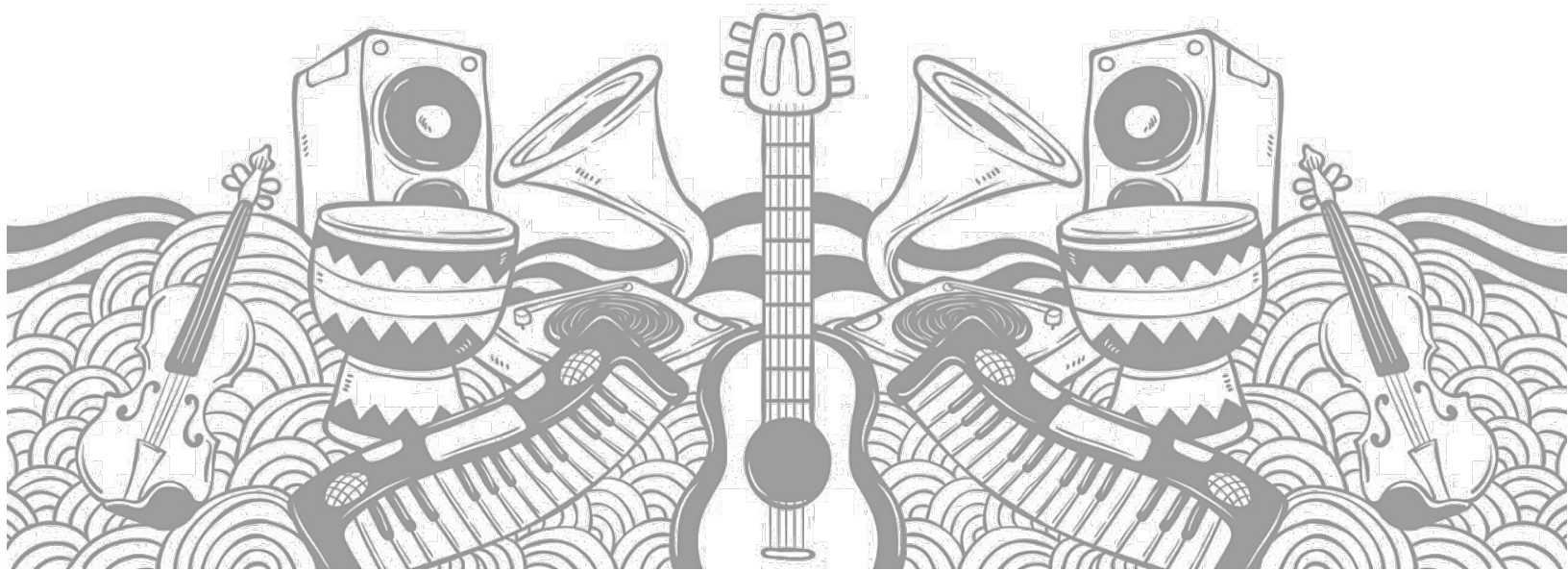
Poetry is.



TRISTIAN

Food

You are my friend
You are my best friend
I'm so happy you exist
You never let me down
You pick me up when I'm down
I don't know what I'd do
Without you
Thanks for being there when I need you
I love you food



801

Ocean like a lavender flame

The ocean is a lavender flame.
A calming, warm, peaceful color.
But a dangerous, mischievous, raging personality.

The ocean likes to play games.
It wants to play a game.
A relaxing, or was it raging? Unpredictable game.

The ocean is a lavender flame.
It could produce a nice warmth, or a terrible disaster.

The ocean is a lavender flame.
A calming, warm, peaceful, dangerous, mischievous, raging, relaxing, risky, *Unpredictable*, lavender flame.



The Hurricane

The wind crashes through my soundless ear, into my brain,
Blowing away the cobwebs that had settled in my boredom,
Allowing me to see the swirling leaves, bringing the fog in,
Causing a ship to call out into the mist.
And I listen.
I can almost hear the rustling of grain
As the invisible storm washes through fields,
Out to the west, or the south,
Rippling in the plains of wildflowers, disturbing the prairie dogs in their work, so
that they
Pause and listen
To the change that has overcome the blue sky they grew up under.
I can sense the roaring of the trees as they cry out
to the wind, and to each other, discussing the sudden
flight of the
bluebirds, who will take no part in such stubborn force.
It swirls through my memories, and I am reminded of the beauty of the
outdoors.

The wind clutches at my hair, my hands, pushing
at my back, it guides me to its own destination, and then-
it's gone, the fog has lifted, the ship has no need to call into the dark; it is found.
I take a deep breath and look up.
And then the rains come.

Bluebird

I watch you on your perch,
your jeweled eyes bright with the light of the sunrise,
watchful, you wait for something, but what do you
seek, that you rest at the crown of a pine?

You flutter your sapphire wings expectantly and click your beak as the
sound of distant chirping meets my ear. You do not speak, as the light of the sunrise catches your
silhouette through the green needles of your
pine.

And as I watch you, you open your delicate beak and
sing.

CATHERINE

Me and You

The way your smile just beams
The way you sing off key
Down by the riverside you're
Always cheerful, you complete my
life, Life can be so sweet when I am with you
With gold dust at my feet on the sunny side of the street
You dance around like no one's watching and
That happy tune is your step you and me will always be friends
The way you make me laugh, The way you jump and scream
You'll always be first in my book my best friend!

Poem

I sit by the window and think what is a poem?
A poem is a city, nation, a poem is the world
I say to myself but what is the true meaning of it?

Is it expressing your feelings is it making it rhyme,
What if it doesn't make sense, what should I do ?
I keep asking myself what is a poem?
A lady once told me a poem is a story, it's where you can express yourself. A poem.

Snow

I remember that week when they told me you had cancer.
I thought that day would never come.
I lay in bed thinking what it would feel like without you
But I couldn't. I knew you were dying.
But I couldn't see you i remember when they CALLED
I was asleep it was 11:55 my mom woke
Me up and I had to say goodbye but I couldn't I just cried
And cried till I said, "Goodbye Snow, I love you"
And then they put my best friend, favorite dog in the world to sleep. I cried all night and week, I still miss you!

Nails

The thought of nails scratching the board
makes my stomach hurt when I hear that
sound I want to pass out
I cover my ears when I hear that sound.
It's worse than things I hate
I'd rather give my phone up then hear it again.
I wish they can get rid of chalk boards
and just get white boards.

SAD

When I am sad I turn on the radio
The radio makes me feel happy
This time there was sad songs playing
And I wanted to start crying
People make me want to cry but one
Day I will show them
I will be famous and the best youngest singer ever
And they will stop laughing at me

DEKOTA

my name is dekota alazja,
and i like to do me,
i like to dance,
more than watching tv,
my favorite color is pink,
and i HATE when people stink,
i love unicorns,
but not the sound of horns,
i like to flip,
and do some tricks

EMMANUEL

Family

Family the best of all time
Always they are there for me
My favorite people in the world, the ones I truly trust
I will always love them with all my heart
Love is something I will always have for them
You should love your family no matter what

Ode To My Family

I love my family
They are the greatest of all time
My mom, dad, and sister
They are mine
My mom, the kind, the hardworking,
the amazing
My dad, the strong, the fearless,
The greatest
My sister, the smart, the strong,
The kind
That is my family and they are all mine
Their love is infinite
They are caring
They are always there for me
This is my family and they are mine

GONE

I throw the ball, it won't come back, something he lacked, if he was actually there, disappeared like thin air, everyday wake up to a nightmare, we're trying to deal with healthcare it's not fair, why are you gone, we're over here living on coupons, did I do something wrong? It's only me and my mom, we're over here trying to stay calm, have you ever thought about us. This isn't fair we can use some help with healthcare hope I don't end up in the electric chair, like if you actually cared, now you're nowhere, it's like a nightmare, I'm sick and tired, I think I need more air, what did you expect a f***ing millionaire? I bet, if I was rich you would come back, we're supposed to be a wolf pack, but every time I think of you I get on the wrong track, you're not what you're supposed to be, you're living the high life and we can't even afford groceries. You crept away, never had a good day, don't get that much on the payday. I made this song, to remind you that you were gone, but the road seems so long. I wish someone was there to take me to the park, are u coming back home? (question mark); man it's hard, the things I have to do, eating alone, yea that's something I'm used to, had nobody to look up to. I feel a burn, every time I turn, so now there's no point of return. When you left I was only 8, dad I miss u, but you're too late. Now you see, you've just ruined the family tree, but unlike u ima get a f***ing degree. There's always a problem I come upon, I always try to carry on, but it's too bad that you're gone.

JAMIA

When People Bully It Gets Me Down,
It Makes My Smile Go Upside Down
I Try And Stop It But It Doesn't Work,
Bullying Makes People Look Like Jerks,
Can You Stop!!! You Need To Stop!!!,
Before I Call The Cops And Become An Opp,
Don't Call Me Mean Before I Steam

Still I'll always keep the memory of
The stars and the moon
Up above
But we'll always be together no matter what
Worth waiting for believe me
On the bumpy road to love

Even though we're a thousand miles apart
You will always have my heart
Days go by and I miss seeing your face
I wonder can I be replaced

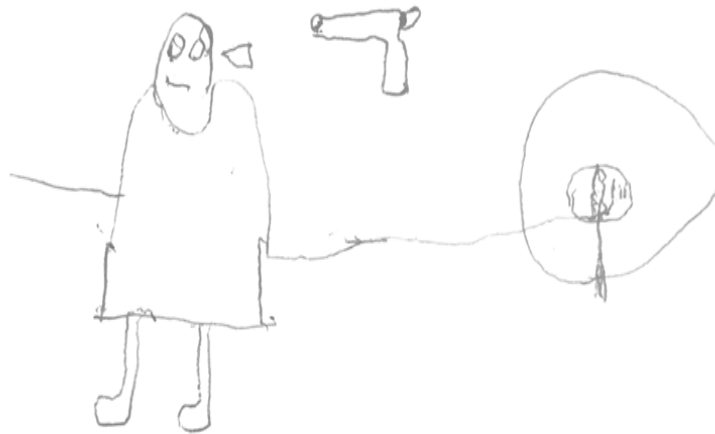
LATRELL

On the bumpy road to love I'm sorry girl you can't get a hug
All the cold nights
All the hot days
I feel like I got played

ISAIAH

People see me in front of a computer and picking locks
I think they gon call the cops
I would stay here but I might get shot
I don't exactly like the op's
Headshot I'm dead shot but my parents miss when my bed rocked
I'm still forgot like every other black person who got shot

Red dot.



love poem

got so weary of being nothing,
felt so dreary just doing nothing.
the way you wear your hat,
the way you sip your tea,
i tell you things ain't what they used to be,
i loved the way you loved,
i loved the way you lied,
i love you ain't doing anything,
but then i see you cry,
your tears are full of sadness and regret,
don't worry honey, you're not the only one trying to forget,
stained tears on your pillow last night,
praying and begging for things to go right,
puffy face, red cheeks, and red eyes,
now is the time to say goodbye.

Resilient Character

Always finds a way to figure it out
No matter the ins and outs
Helps the people that need help the most
No matter if you are far or close
Will travel the world to help you out
No matter the miles or time you got
Love and care for you like no other cuddles and cares for you like his own
No matter the life you lived or background of you either
Supports and cares for you like a child
No matter how much you cry and frown
Fights for his family no matter the arguments and grapple
Sacrifices were made no matter the complications
Has a bright future ahead of him no matter the things pulling him back

different type of n***a

Now my vision is clear
I forgot I'm the reason why
Half u n***a really are here I bet u I put
Aggression in your life I bet u
I see is so much fear I grew
Up in a place where people smoke
Cigarette weed and drinking so much
Beer who the best rapper in school I'm
The first person they come to ima king u my peasant
Tryna disrespect me that will be overruled its funny how you
Thought those fake ni**a was your brothers for life every time
They say I got your back and I always giant a** knife

LUCY

Overflow

My tears overflow and sometimes I don't know.

You're here, and you're there.

Should I even care?

I need to get my life under control, and let my prayers overflow.

So I'll let everyone know I tried to let go.

And through the tears in the misty years, I see my fears.

No one would ever know.

See the flowers as they grow, I can put on a show; and you can find that you can grow like a flower by letting him go.

Oh so below, as were filled with love from head to toe.

But stay away from love, before your heart will explode. <3

Love, Lucy

Blues Poem

If you are feeling sad, if you are feeling bad, just know that everything gets better. Just imagine you get a letter. Open it up and it is a note saying everything will get better. In a few days, you see that when you had the blues, and that you would lose, thinking positive makes things better forever. If the blues hit you like a bus, and if you feel so sad that you might cuss, just think positive and you won't have to bust with sadness or anger. If you feel like you are in danger because your emotions are getting to the best of you, just think positive and find a solution to your anger that is putting you in danger.

RAINELLE

Waterfall

Water falling off the edge, falling into another body of water.

As I watch it, it causes me to fall deeper into a calmer mindset.

As I drift away from watching it, it leaves me feeling soft minded and calm.

TATIANA

Poetry

A Poem Is A City,
A Poem Is A Nation,
A Poem Is The World,
With Garbage On The Floor
Like A Broken Dresser.
People Are Like Garbage
So Cold Hearted And Broken,

The way of life

Imagine
Imagine leaving your whole life but not knowing you are
Imagine
Imagine starting over
Fresh start
New beginnings
Don't have to worry about problems that are going on in your life
But what if?
There was no fresh start
Or new beginnings
Would things get better
or.....
will it get worse
Imagine you got to choose the life you live
Now that wouldn't be fun
Life is supposed to be a surprise
Like a punch in the face
Ooooo
Ouch!
Didn't see that coming did you?
That's life!
You deal with it and move on or you take a risk by handling it
There are other surprises too
Picture this
You come home from a long day
then....
SURPRISE !!!
what, for me?
Didn't see that coming did you?

D I V I D E D

As humans, we separate ourselves

When really, we're all human

I M A G I N E

Imagine a world where we're all classified as human beings

Where we are **O N E**

We don't need these categories that separate us

Black or White

Male or Female

American South American European Asian African Australian

Why does where we live **D I V I D E** us so much?

We live on the same planet.

Democratic or Republican

Rich or Poor

Christian or Muslim or Jewish or Buddhist or Others

We tend to forget that

At the end, we are all **H U M A N.**