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Fight for You



FOR YOU

I am not black, but I see you

I am not black, but I feel you

I am not black, but I mourn for you

I am not black, but I will fight for you

I am not black, but I hear you

I am not black, but I stand with you

I will fight for you and with you

Because..

No justice NO Peace

Because..

No Equality NO Peace

Because...

Corrupt System NO Peace

Until...Police Brutality stops we Won't stop

BECAUSE

WE WILL FIGHT FOR THE DAY OF EQUALITY

Until...

Black Lives Matter, All Lives matter

Jacqueline Perez Herrejon

I'D RATHER

People often label themselves as one thing or the other,
STRONG or WEAK,
WISE or FOOLISH,
NORMAL or UNUSUAL,
What they don't realize is that there's a thin line between these two.

It's a bad thing, they say,
if one chooses the less-favored option by society.
But, it's our less polished qualities
that refines us to the best version of ourselves.

I'd rather be WEAK and show that it's okay to not be okay,
I'd rather be FOOLISH and take chances on things and relationships
that'll make me blissfully happy, and
I'd rather be UNUSUAL and not have to hide myself
just for the satisfaction of others.

Because I believe that,
To be WEAK is to be STRONG enough to let your guard down,
To be FOOLISH is to be WISE enough to take the leap, and
To be UNUSUAL is to show that it's NORMAL to be different.

If that's the case, which I believe it is,
I'll be WEAK, FOOLISH, and UNUSUAL
no matter what anyone thinks.

Alishiana Uyao



Angelo Lisciandrello

FEELS PURE & AUTHENTIC



“Unsung hero”

She's an amazing person, someone who no one appreciates

Yet she sees everyone.

She's extremely smart

Yet she doesn't believe it

She's someone with a high tolerance

Yet no one appreciates that.

She listens to me when I want to be heard,

Yet she doesn't ask for anything in return

She is a hero

Yet she doesn't even know it

She saved me

Yet she doesn't brag about it

She is the sole reason I try my hardest

Yet she is there to tell me it's okay to fail

She is my best friend

Yet she never needs to bring it up

She is a hero

Yet she doesn't know it

She is one of the bravest women I know

Yet she doesn't believe in violence

She loves her friends, animals, and always stays happy

Yet she will kill anyone who hurts the people she loves

She has insecurities

Yet she doesn't let it affect her

She is a hero

Yet she doesn't know it

She has dreams, and wants

Yet she ignores them for her friends

She has been one of the greatest influences in my life

Yet I never mention it

She is a hero

And she has saved me many times

She is Maya Wilhelmy

AND SHE IS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN

Muhammad Aun

NATIVE INDIGENOUS GENOCIDE POEM

All we cared about was Mother Nature
But the white men only cared about money

One day will surely come that they'll realize
They are not killing us but Mother Nature

Even after death, we are still alive
But their tragedy is that

Have let themselves die
Even after being alive

And death is where I belong
I am going to my home

There is no death
Only change of worlds

As chief Seattle used to say

I AIN'T SCARED OF DEATH
WE AIN'T SCARED OF DEATH

FAIZA MUJAHID



Oh, beautiful fog.

If there is rain, there is hope.

This, too, shall pass.

Kiara Lee





Samuel Beto

Eyes

To be hopeless and speechless
There is a lot to see
To be happy and colorful
There is less to see.

When we cry for the love ones
Is just a waste of tears
But nevertheless
We will be part of them
Of the death.

As if death was taking part of us, of me
You can hear them judge you through
the gate
You can hear them

You could see the pain
In those eyes
Eyes Of kindness
Eyes that suffer for love

There is a lot to learn
Use your time wisely
While you can
The happy times
That we have together
They are hunting me
As the same death.

Welcome to the world
Of pain my love.

MARIA ESPINOZA FLORES

Native

Was it always there?
The feeling of not being seen
All of these people put into one breed
Constantly being told
what they did to us,
Nobody caring what there giving to us.
Our culture is being cut off like our hair.
The sun shall not embrace the earth for it sees that it is no longer
fair
This wonderful home called a Reservation
is just another trick for extermination.

Was it always there?
The feeling of never being seen
Were your grandma doesn't understand you
because of the languages you speak.

We are the same,
but different at the same time,
cause Columbus took something that was originally mine.
In this One nation under god, There are many things you don't see,
behind this wonderful, beautiful, land of the free.

YESENIA GARCIA

Dear Christians of Modern Day,

We understand. The Bible is a historical holy book, filled with prophecies that are preached on Sunday mornings, and basically touches on everything a person should do and not do within their lifetimes in order to enter the golden gates. Famously known as Heaven. Due to many interpretations, the study guide to getting into Heaven varies upon the person reading The Bible or which of the hundreds (or more than two thousand if read in another language) of versions a person reads it in. So, it is totally acceptable for Christians to pick and choose what section of the Bible they teach every Sunday morning. We totally understand that maybe, when we make a gigantic, crazy, and radical parade full of every color, every shade of person, every variation of gender, every sexual orientation, plastic jewelry, and barely clothed civilians walking up and down the street chanting “Love is love” or whatever, the equality of it all isn’t something that you appreciate when heading to church on a Sunday morning

Maybe you had to take a detour because your route to the holy temple was disrupted. Maybe you wanted to make it to church early this one Sunday, and pray for the barely clothed civilians walking up and down the street chanting “Love is love” attending this gigantic, crazy, and radical parade full of every color, every shade of person, every variation of gender, sexual orientation, and plastic jewelry. But, now of course a rainbow-causing traffic jam has abruptly delayed your worship warrior mission to church.

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As a child, I was apart of those crazy car rides. My parents took my brothers and I to church every Sunday. The pastor had been my Godfather. At eleven years old, the Pastor preached upon the whole congregation of how his Goddaughter has a special talent. Due to this, I was granted permission to join the adult choir, where I found my voice. On Easter, at thirteen years old, I preached my first sermon. After that, the church thought of me as the teenager who would show my generation right from wrong. They wanted me, a person who had been taught singing by her mother, drumming by her father, and the piano on a Kindle app at ten years old, to spread gospel music throughout the youth of the Christian congregation. Unfortunately, that didn't happen. At fourteen years old, I ditched the uncomfortable church dresses and started to praise the Lord in a hoodie and jeans. Suddenly, my clothing became a statement. I now was described as the defiant teenager. The teenager that wasted her talent because she wanted to defy all the things that had been taught to her. And, although the bishops, deacons, and ushers of the "pool pit" will passionately preach, to "come as you are", clothing, I figured, was not apart of the oh-so inspirational speech. So, at fifteen after permanently choosing to wear a hoodie and jeans, rather than my uncomfortable dress, I quit the choir. Now, the church went from my second home, to "can I just stay at home?"

From what has been observed, Christians have always had a hard time accepting those who oppose their religion. We use the power to pick and choose what we want to believe, in order to fit our individual lifestyles. Hence why the LGBTQ community is strongly disliked and protested against by most conservative Christians, whereas, those who eat pork (Leviticus 11:7), spread slander (Leviticus 19:16), or even play American football (Leviticus 11:8), are perceived as normal activities. What I have failed to understand is how the vast majority of Bible readers, with thousands of versions of this holy book, somehow decide loving the same-sex, just as a man and women love, is the one universal rule the world should follow? Instead of tolerance, Christians choose to harm the people who lay beside the same-sex. We are told our minds have been poisoned, or are threatened just for holding our partners hand.

Condemning the LGBTQ community with a religion that's purpose is to promote peace, is not only contradictory to what the religion is all about, but harmful.

Mental health is on the rise in modern day society. Suicide has become the second leading cause of death among young people ages ten to twenty-four. Every time there is an "episode of LGBTQ victimization, such as physical or verbal harassment or abuse, this increases the likelihood of self-harming behavior by 2.5 times on average."(AAP News) This means that the more a family disowns their child for being gay, the more a bishop, deacon, or usher of the "pulpit" passionately preaches to a congregation about how God loves all of His children and soon after disowns a queer youth, the more there are chances of a suicide attempt from that youth. The way LGBTQ teens perceive themselves have been negatively affected by the lack of support, or even tolerance from their own peers and society. Transgender youths, specifically, "experience anxiety, depression and attention-deficit disorders."(AAP News)

The rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for these individuals are tainted by people who simply have different lifestyles. Rather than treating the LGBTQ community with respect, they are treated as enemies, illegal aliens to Heaven, and sickened beings.

Religion and morality have always been one in the same. The definition of moral is “the principles of right and wrong behavior and the goodness or badness of human character”. The Bible, a highly authoritative piece of literature in Christianity, gives a written set of principles that are right or wrong, as well as describes characters that distinguish a “good” or “bad” person. Therefore, Christians are to do what is morally right in order to reach the golden gates in the afterlife

Jeremy Bentham was a consequentialist who was primarily known for his principle of utilitarianism, which evaluates actions based on consequences. According to Bentham, the act of which will cause the greatest number of people more pleasure over pain, is the one that is most moral. In real life terms, the consequence of a person’s mental health being tampered is more painful than the discomfort you may feel when watching a queer couple walk down the street. Therefore, because using religion to condemn the LGBTQ community causes more harm towards them than the harm of not averting your eyes, it is immoral.

The more you harm the LGBTQ community, the more hate is being put forth upon those individuals. Not only does your hate cause harm, it creates the idea that it is acceptable for people to harshly discriminate towards others who love differently than you do. In the dictionary, an extremist is described as “a person who holds extreme or fanatical political or religious views”. Basically, to be an extremist, one has to

strongly believe in their faith. Due to that definition alone, there are actually two types of extremists. You have the extremists who resorts to or advocate extreme actions. Such as, bombers or serial shooters of one type of persons. In which, I'd like to call "high-key" extremist, the norm of what the world considers an extremist to be. Then, there are "lowkey" extremist. These people, are less recognized by society. They are simply people that hold strong or fanatical beliefs of what is moral, but do not take extreme actions that will publicly incriminate themselves.

For example, "high-key" extremists are the members of the Ku Klux Klan, a more than 4 million people, Protestant, hate group. The KKK lynched thousands of African-Americans because of their fanatical belief that people of color are of the devil. Another example of "high-key" extremism is the Nazi party. Their fanatical belief was that the German Jews were 'alien', 'un-German', a 'corrupting influence' on Germany, and encouraging immorality. "Low-key" extremists, however, are everyday individuals. These people simply believed that any act that is against the Bible, is an indecent act, automatically disrupting the order of humanity. These are companies who will refuse to serve a wedding cake to a couple because they are of the same-sex. They are the organizers of peaceful protests against the LGBTQ community. The preachers on a Sunday morning who teach that being gay is a sin. That, although God accepts all, "those lifestyles are not to be welcomed in the house of the lord". They are the highly conservative parents that will kick their children out on the street if they are to succumb to such an unholy sin. Or, the parents that will send their children to an anti-gay camp in order to "straighten" their child out.

This holy book, this written set of moral principles, is being abused and used as a weapon to condemn, judge, and criticize others. In the Bible, it suggests that we treat the members of our community with respect and dignity. Immanuel Kant was a philosopher who believed that an action is immoral if it does not pass the universalizability test. Kant also believed that defying a person's dignity is immoral as well.

In order for an action to pass the universality test, a person must think about if said action should be done by the whole of the society or not. Simply put, if you do not wish for everyone to lie, you should not lie. Which is why, Christians spreading hatred and using the Bible to condemn others, defies the moral laws of the universality test. Creating both types of extremists, causing harm to the LGBTQ community, and, in turn, creating immoral Christians. They tend to also defy a person's dignity when harming the LGBTQ community. Instead of showing human beings respect, you deny them their right of being themselves. You are being immoral. How might you reach Heaven if you are not moral on earth?

In life, everyone should learn to tolerate the seemingly intolerable acts of others. Remember that you can not tell a person how to live. You can not shove a Bible in someone's hand, sermons up a person's ear, and expect them to follow it if you can not respect them as human beings first. Respect is received to those who show it. If you want followers, stop defying their dignity, and decreasing their happiness, by censoring someone's portion of their identities. In short, stop using religion to condemn the LGBTQ community.

Sincerely, A proud LGBTQ member,

Kimwalyn Miller

Arde D
ien

There's always something in this world that can
always make us cry
That is something that you can't simply deny
We both experience you and I
Someone that we loved,
perish and die
Some may lie
But we all want to just fly
Somewhere new and where a place where we
never said hi
But we always have that one guy
Who never shares the apple pie
And who always lie and always wear a tie
That same guy would always sigh and nobody
asks why

I saw a friend

**I saw a friend today,
it's been a little while.**

**I saw a friend today,
He was quite docile.**

**And when I saw him,
I got reminded of the times,
When we used to be free,
Running around carelessly.**

**I felt alone today, so I went out for a walk.
I was with my dad, and he likes to walk and talk.
The empty streets with the windy weather
me feel like I had been trapped for a long time,
And I had left my jacket, my short sleeve shirt waving in
the wind.**

**My dad had turned to me and said,
“You should’ve grabbed a jacket, it’s cold.”
I just walked quietly, seeing the cars drive around.
I had seen a spider on the kitchen table,
Just the thought of it made me sick.**

**I felt like I was going to burst,
From the thing I used to call home.
Now, it feels like a jail cell, getting smaller everyday,
But I saw a friend today,**

And it felt good.
I saw a friend today,
And he told me what he's been doing.
I just stayed quiet, cause there is nothing I have been brewing.
I walked quietly next to the man who used to inspire me,
But now I'm sick of him and he wakes up a fire inside of me
That makes me want to bash my head In the wall. We walked
about 8 blocks,
When he turned around and said let's go back.
I said okay, and we walked back home.
So, I saw a friend today,
And he said he's starting to go insane,
I said welcome to the club, there's nothing to gain.
And he just smiled.
Anyway, so I was walking under the street lights,
Walking side by side
With a man talking the whole time,
And I just stayed quiet.
It's been some time since I almost went insane,
I hope I can do this over and over.
I heard him say he was looking at the positive side of things,
And I had told him I had stopped looking for it.
He just stayed quiet and smiled.
The cold wind might have been what made me feel better,

Or it was my dad talking the whole way,
Or was it being away from the rest of my family?
I don't know, I just felt better.
When I ended the call with my friend, I couldn't stop smiling,
And my mom had asked what I was smiling about.
I just smiled and said "I saw a friend today."

ANONYMOUS



Samuel Beto

KILL THEM WITH KINDNESS

Bang! Bang! That's the sound you would hear if you go to a violent neighborhood. This is one of the worst things isn't just America has done but other countries too. After all we use guns to protect ourselves right? But we've lost our way and violence has taken over. How would you feel if your son or daughter or any loved ones were killed because of a bullet that was kept by a stupid person. After all of the things that America has been through we let this problem that can easily be solved be one of our biggest problems.

In 1993 a nationwide survey of 4,977 households found that over five years, at least 0.5% of households had people who had used a gun for defense in a situation where they thought someone almost would have been killed if they didn't use a gun for protection. This includes all military service, police work, or work as a security guard. Some people use guns to protect themselves from bad people, and there's nothing wrong with that, but other people on the other hand use guns to get revenge or to kill people because they think it's cool to get in a violent gang and kill people because killing millions of innocent people is supposed to be gangster act right? But they are missing the point, guns were created to keep people safe, but some people use guns to kill each other, well maybe they like killing each other, people think that this is a game and killing people means you won't get charged with anything and won't go to jail.

I believe that killing one person in America is already enough people killed. I mean do people actually think when they're thinking about killing someone, do these questions go through their mind, Why I'm I doing this? What did they ever do to me? Is this worth it? I mean we are all human beings and we all have hearts and killing other human beings over something so unkind that it can easily be solved over kindness and gentleness and understanding.

My point is that people are getting killed and I think I know one is doing anything about it. People watch the news and most of the news are about people getting killed by guns, and people have the nerve to switch the channel because they don't care, but when it comes to seeing if they have school tomorrow or work they keep it on, but seeing people killed they switch the channel right away. Guns will always be a big problem in America, but if we have tougher gun laws and treat everyone with kindness the world will be a better place. Imagine a world with less evil. That would be a world without guns.

DIONE MORINA

A Day in the Rain

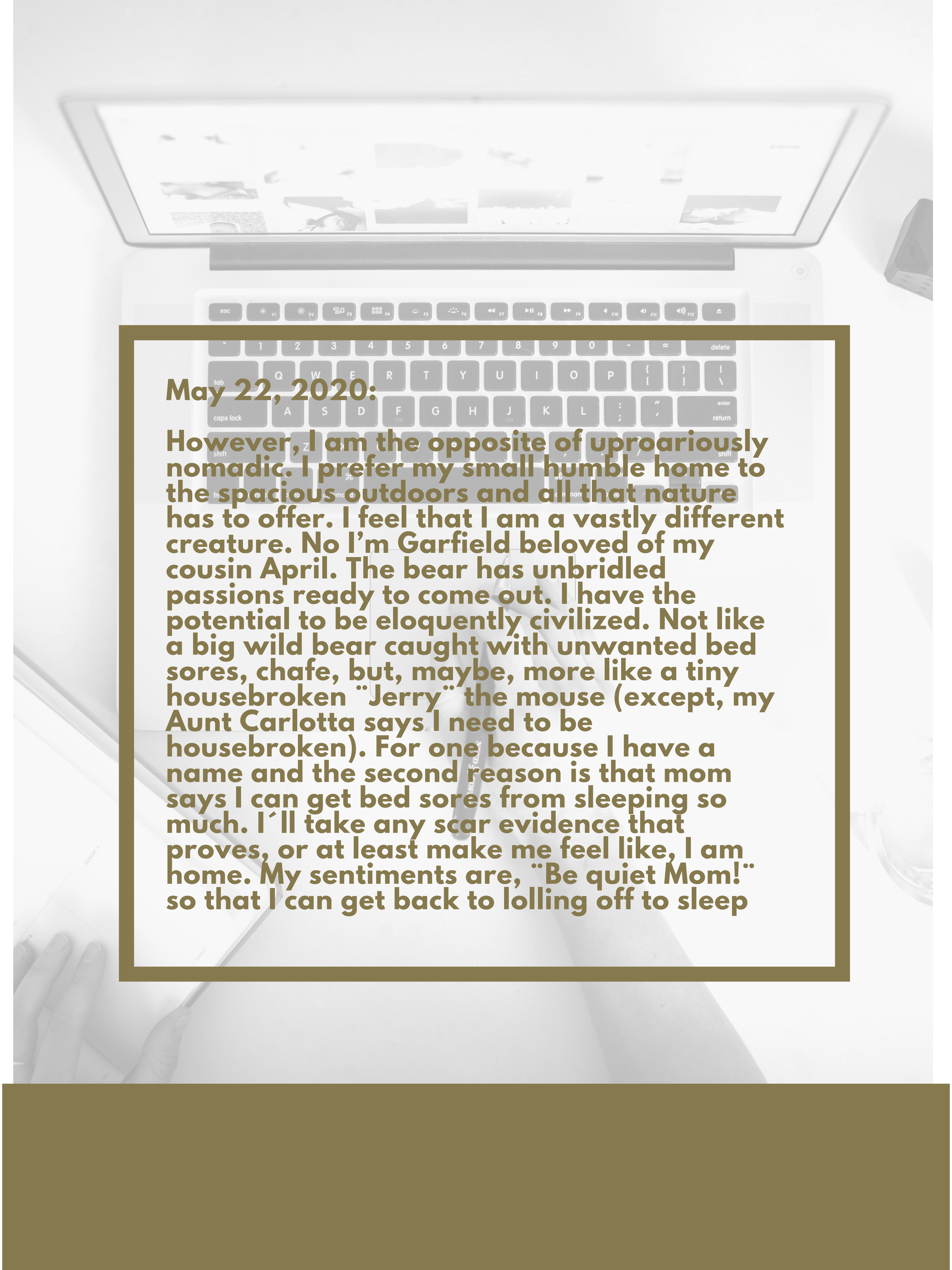
I have always loved the rain. It never ceases me to run outside and splash through puddles. Most of my childhood memories are associated with rain. That could be because I lived in a village. And mother nature was extremely kind to us. Now, more often, it drives me back to my school days. Rain would bring joy to the kids' faces. Because they would not have to go to school. But I never fussed about the rain and having to go to school. It would be an atypical day. One time, I recall, it was the start of the monsoon season, so the rain was expected in those days. As I was getting ready for school, the rain came tapping on the door. The sky went misty and appeared like it was night. Not too far. The tall bamboo trees started shaking and making loud windy noises. And the birds started fleeing to their homes early in the morning. Shortly after, lots of tiny droplets appeared to press against the windows. As if insisting to come in. I could hear the thunder roaring across those bamboo trees. The streets were soon overflowing, and kids were wet till their waist. All of them dancing in the rain, unaware of the reality of this world. I remember one time; the wind was very heavy that it blew my shawl away. Ah! It flew far to an exotic place. Then, my mom rushed to the roof to get the clothes she had placed on the parapet. During that, if the electricity would go off, it was not the most surprising thing. After that, my dad would drop me off at my bus stop. And the battle to hold that umbrella above my head was clear. After an hour or two, the rain would stop. Sometimes, it would rain all day. And there came everybody's favorite, the rainbow. Standing on top of our roof, I would try to see it from every angle and choose my favorite color.

On rainy days, most of the students would be missing. But I and my friends were always there to appreciate this weather together. We would not get a lot of homework. So, we would have friendly exchanges with each other. Like what we wish to become, where we choose to go after we graduate, which college to attend, all like that. If we had brought something special, we all would share. And have a little party. The favorite part of my classroom was my seat. I sat near the window. And if you glance down from the window, there is a grand garden. It had orange trees and roses. And many other plants. In summer, the smell would be so pleasant that everyone argued to sit near the window. Whenever it rained, it would cause a pleasant smell. It was that deep, earthy smell after the heavy rain. I always liked to smell it. While the students will close their windows for that “nasty smell,” I always fought to keep my window open. Now I wish, If I could just go back one time, and experience all those things again. That would complete a part of me. We truly understand the blessing of childhood, when we are grown up. Yet, life’s a stage of transitions. To childhood, to adulthood, and again to childhood.

Khansa Nasir

May 22, 2020:

It is human nature it seems to be hard to please, restless, and having no peace. We seem to always want something different instead of valuing what we have. After grumbled, complaining and being ungrateful, the story plays out that we go back to the familiar, what we know, where we are from, our roots. Look at the path of the Children of Israel. Or more simple, those baby turtles, Monarch butterflies, or birds flying south for the winter, promised, purposed, metamorphosed, and migratory, like nomads. Like longing to travel somewhere but glad to make it back home. The world-goes-round like a merry-go-round. Like people dying their hair from gray to black only to succumb to nature. Like shopping around and ending up getting the first item we saw. There is nothing new under the Sun. We are explorers, inventors, creators, nurturers, only to resolve that we liked or are destined for or in need of the straight and narrow old path, the old way, and untouched nature is best. Oftentimes the parent gets taken care of by the children they once raised. Insatiable, unsatisfied, and can't be pleased. Grumbled and complaining, ungrateful and no peace. It is a shame if not for the best that this attitude brings out of us. Keeps us alive. Buck is no different. Our giant leap for mankind, that bear. Like my Aunt Dee that gets the best gifts and the supreme service as a result of this humanistic attitude she learned from her mom. "who can know the heart" "it's a thin line between love and hate" "Doctor Jeckle and Mr. Hyde", "two faced" "double minded" and unstable" are some words used to describe the human condition.



May 22, 2020:

However, I am the opposite of uproariously nomadic. I prefer my small humble home to the spacious outdoors and all that nature has to offer. I feel that I am a vastly different creature. No I'm Garfield beloved of my cousin April. The bear has unbridled passions ready to come out. I have the potential to be eloquently civilized. Not like a big wild bear caught with unwanted bed sores, chafe, but, maybe, more like a tiny housebroken "Jerry" the mouse (except, my Aunt Carlotta says I need to be housebroken). For one because I have a name and the second reason is that mom says I can get bed sores from sleeping so much. I'll take any scar evidence that proves, or at least make me feel like, I am home. My sentiments are, "Be quiet Mom!" so that I can get back to lolling off to sleep

MAY 23, 2020:

My mom is not working. Unemployed. So she is not working. Like a broken down car. Ok being a “single” mom is a 24/7 365 day every year job. I know it. Around the clock she is helping, preparing, searching, training, teaching, cooking, cleaning, washing, scrubbing, scraping, comforting, laundry, shopping, procuring, repairing, co-ordinating, paying, setting up, budgeting, applying, taking someone’s temperature.... Heck, she employs me. I am on sanitation, cleaning up behind myself, hauling, shipping and receiving, and technical equipment... Plus, I had better complete school. I work for food.

*Jermaine
Miller*

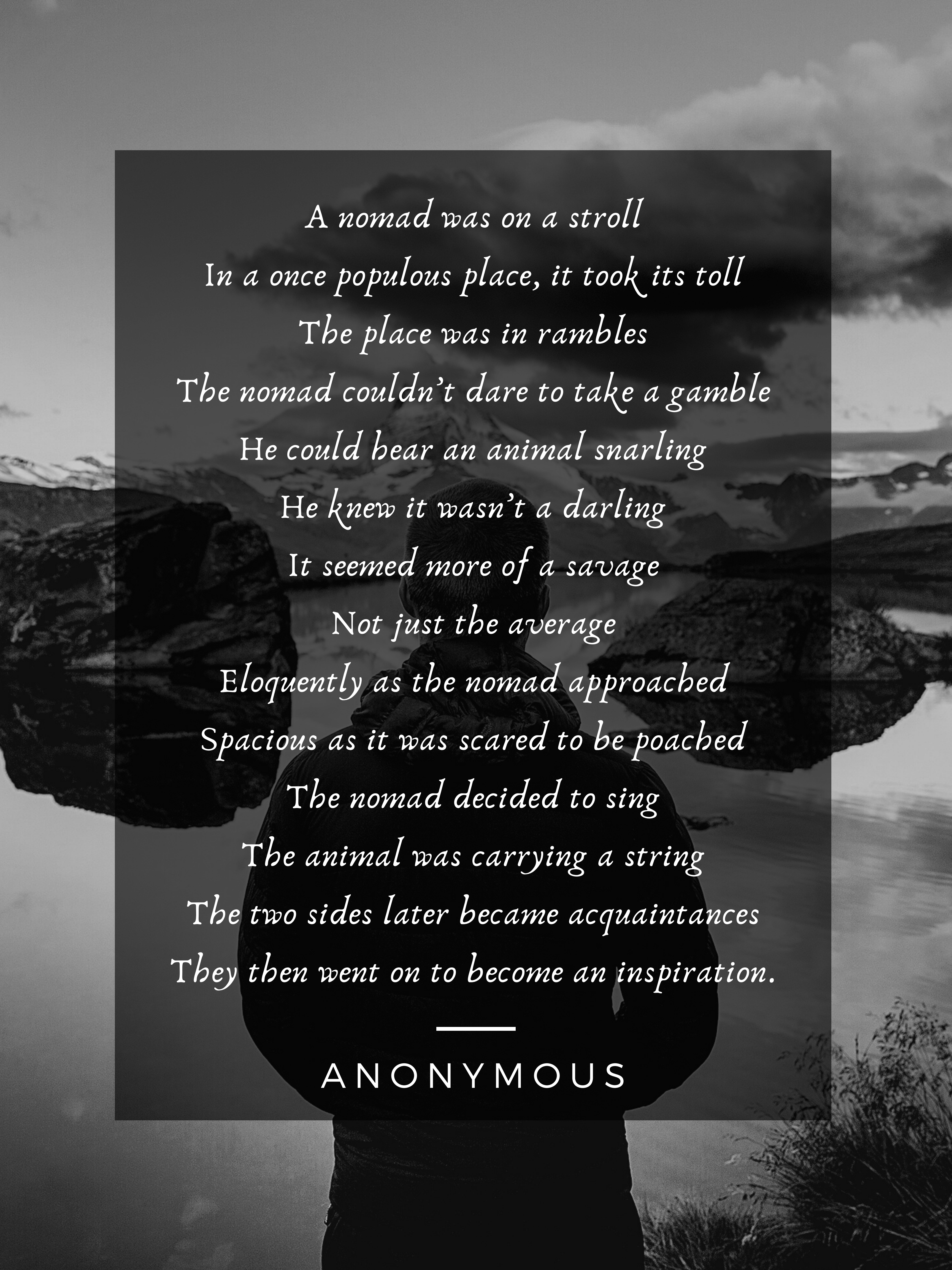


ADHD

My head in my hands, I can't focus.
These voices in my head going crazy.
It's my diagnosis,
I'm shaking with the want to run,
And I still can't study, still can't get glory,
Mama, I'm sorry.
They think I'm stupid,
think I'm crazy.
Ima just ignore them, and focus,
Oh wait, I can't.
Get away from me,
If I were you, I would watch what I say to me.
Cause i'm crazy,
I guess this was how it's supposed to be.
But you can't blame me,
It's just my ADHD.
I've been told to quit,
And that I'm never gonna make it.
Sometimes it feels like that's true, and that I'm a
nobody,
I just want to grow up and hit the lottery.
I still can't study, still can't get glory,
Mama, I'm sorry.
Rejections all around me,
Ima still find a way to get in,
Show them my worth,
Show them my capability,
And make them pay,
Make them wanna meet me.

Just watch, you gon be on my phone,
And ima leave you on read,
I only fuck with the people who fuck with me.
They the people who believe in me,
And they gon be the people who get my attention,
If any of it's left, but fuck it,
Ima be so rich, I can buy it.
So for right now, keep telling me to give up,
Ima keep ignoring you,
And you'll see me on T.V.,
Jealous, wishing you were me.
But you can't.
Guess you gotta go through the trouble to make it.
But what the fuck do
I know, I have ADHD.

anonymous



*A nomad was on a stroll
In a once populous place, it took its toll
The place was in rambles
The nomad couldn't dare to take a gamble
He could hear an animal snarling
He knew it wasn't a darling
It seemed more of a savage
Not just the average
Eloquently as the nomad approached
Spacious as it was scared to be poached
The nomad decided to sing
The animal was carrying a string
The two sides later became acquaintances
They then went on to become an inspiration.*

ANONYMOUS

Today is cloudy 今日は曇りです
its going to be chilly, それは寒くなるだろ
its a sign of Spring それは春のしるしです

Brian Luu



BÚN BÒ HUÊ

TIRED MORNING, NO SLEEP
WORKING ENDLESS HOURS
IT'S ANOTHER DAY OF COUNTLESS WORK
A LOVELY FRIEND DECIDE TO DROP BY
AND BROUGHT SOMETHING BREATHTAKING

SHE BROUGHT FOR BOTH OF US
IT WAS STEAMING HOT
WE SAT COMFORTABLY
READY TO DIG IN
IN OUR DELICIOUS MEAL

STEAMING SOAKING SOUP
READY TO BE EATEN
LONG HOPE GONE
EVERY SINGLE ONE
SHALL BE EATEN

CINDY PHAN



Child's Tongue

A tongue grows tasty towards a mother's love
The return is double than what's asked
Smelling that thick scent, he becomes eager for a taste
With eager eyes, the mother love's swell

Bite after bite the child is happy with today
Mother's see, only to become content
The child today only knows the grays
With tongues built from the devils nest

A hotpot bubbly croaks for attention, hold on
Mother's see, only to cool down the flame through
Scents thickened with unusual poisons
Cries are coming out with content intentions
Still, the child's tongue grows tasty towards a mother's love

Dawne Starre Bolayog

WHO IS A FRIEND

One million can't buy you a friend

friendship is something that money can't buy

A friend is someone who will fight for you all the way to the end

A friend is someone who fills the gap when you're lonely

A friend is someone who will volunteer to be your vest

A friend is someone who respects you

Not for your looks

But for what you have done for him

Friends are people who accept you without any hesitation

Friends are people who encourage you instead of intimidating you

Friends are people who look beyond when they hear your voice calling

Friends are people like you and me

Knowing when to talk and when not to talk

Showing respect where respect can't be shown

SAMUEL BETU

Ruler

Under Saddam Hussien's ruling,
Iraq was but a puppy chained to the wall
Yelling "Help me" to whoever will hear
To help end the people's pain
To help end his reign
To help unshackle her chain

Visualize this, a vicious violet vixen's vision for world domination
Sending people down the highway to Hell
Forcing them to end their lives

But hey, dying by war was the best way to go
Dare speak evil about the government, you disappear
Dare not have a picture of Hussien in your house, you disappear
Dare your kids have been tricked into ratting you out, you disappear

Starved

Tortured

Gassed

Murdered

Dismembered

Twenty years of torment, misery, and abuse
Twenty years of wishing for the sweet release of death
Twenty years of dying for
family will never be the same
All for the sake of his name

Saddam Hussein

Leedn Batto

GOODBYE

The finale.

The death of a close friend

.The role model.

The person who was seen as
energetic.

The legend

The cool guy.

We miss you,

We all do.

You were our favorite.

You were everyone's favorite.

Your gf only presence was enough

To make us excited.

A smile

Brighter than the sun

Fading away,

Into the darkness.

Unable to do anything

.As our hero

As our friend

As our loved one

Says goodbye.

RICH PHAN



Vanessa Arteaga

My Anthology

I had an anthology
I published it anonymously 'cause I was a woman
and the era that I
live in women weren't
allowed to read and write

My anthology had stuff they call "Taboo"
I always wanted to modify our society thinking
especially men's thinking
I wanted 'em to know they don't have to be our pivot
We can be independent and strong too.

And we are strong, from generations
Women are taught they are "weak"
Did they all forgot they came into this
World through a woman

If no WOMAN existed
Then there would be NO MAN ON EARTH.

FAIZA MUJAHID

Message to Myself

Sometimes when it all gets to be
too much, look outside

Look at the trees and think about how
Much they endure all year outside

In the winter, fall, spring and summer.

Life will get hard, but that's it.

The best thing to do is to put your
feet on the ground and endure because

A time will come every year where you are

Going to be at your best and everyone

Will see.

It's hard but remember that

it's also worth it.

HAFSSH REHMAN

THANK GOD YOUR FUTURE IS SAVED!

To whom it may concern,
Get ready, for he will come into your life;
A man full of words, and a fanatic mind. Get ready for the time of your life,
Yet don't get excited.
He will clean the dishes,
Because he knows how hard it is.
He will take you out when you want, Because he knows you love it.
He knows you love him,
Even when you don't show it,
And he thinks you're pretty,
Even without makeup.
He tells you you're beautiful everyday, Even when you don't believe it.
He is always there when you get home, And he cooks you dinner.
You are so lucky.
Thank god your future is saved.
You'll meet him years later,
When he's smarter, and richer.
He will treat you like the lady you are,
And love you forever.
You might run into him on the street,
Or the coffee shop.
You might have already met him.
No, you run into him at a party,
At his house.
You find a room to relax in for a little,
Yet you find him.
Higher than usual,
Rope around his neck,
Your future husband is hanging dead in front of you.
Thank god your future is saved.

anonymous



Lea Shingini

KNEES

It was a Sunday afternoon.

I was around 8 or 9.

My cousin and I were just there, watching all the fumes fill the air.

All the sizzling meat, the delicious smells, my blood that Summer day...

See my cousin and I were just bored.

We had nothing to do.

So what did we do?

Play tag of course! It's supposed to be safe isn't it?

My cousin and I just played outside relentlessly. I tagged her and she tagged me.

I can remember the sun. How warm and beautiful it looked.

I adored it, I loved it, I needed it.

Until I got pushed.

That push ended my admiration...

That push made everything seem like hell.

That push scraped my knee open.

*That push made everything seem like hell.
That push scraped my knee open.
I couldn't handle the tears I shed.
Blood oozing down my knee.
The screams of desperation.
Telling my mother in panic that I loved her. Like I was dying.
All I could think was...
"Why me?"
"Why now?"
"Did I deserve this?"
Yet I knew my mother was helping me.
But every time I looked at my knee it's covered in blood...
Once it was fixed, I couldn't play outside.
I stayed home ever since.
Pretended to be fine back then.
But all I wanted to do was just play outside again.*

ANONYMOUS

QUARANTINE

I look around me,
I got no choice.
I'm locked up in here,
I don't have a voice.
I don't know what to do with my time,
The work is too much, it's piling high.
This sucks, and I know it,
But there is no reason to show it.
I think i'm gonna blow it,
Take an L this year, and not know it
Yet.
I'm smelling smoke,
My mind falling apart in front of me.
I've managed to keep a bit, but for how long?
Can't wait to be free,
So i can finally see
All my friends, and finally be normal,
But is that really me?
Normal?
Or do I have to be formal?
I'm in my pajamas all day,
Why did it have to be this way?
My schedule all messed up,
And I don't care,
I'm just watching netflix all day.
I'm gonna blow up,
Hotch to turn this bomb off.
If you got that, I respect you,
And I really miss my boo.
Haha, just kidding, I don't have one.
I'm gonna go sleep some more,
Maybe try to find something to do.
So this is goodbye
For now.
I'll see you, when I get out of this hell hole.
I just want to meet up with my friends and bowl.

anonymous



Anonymous