



2021-2022

CARPE DIEM



Spring

I feel grown yet I'm in my mother's
womb

I want to come out but I have my doubts

Always find myself in large crowds

Having a little more time on

My mind

But what's inside

Is just a waste of time

I follow my thoughts

I go really deep then

Find myself oversleeping

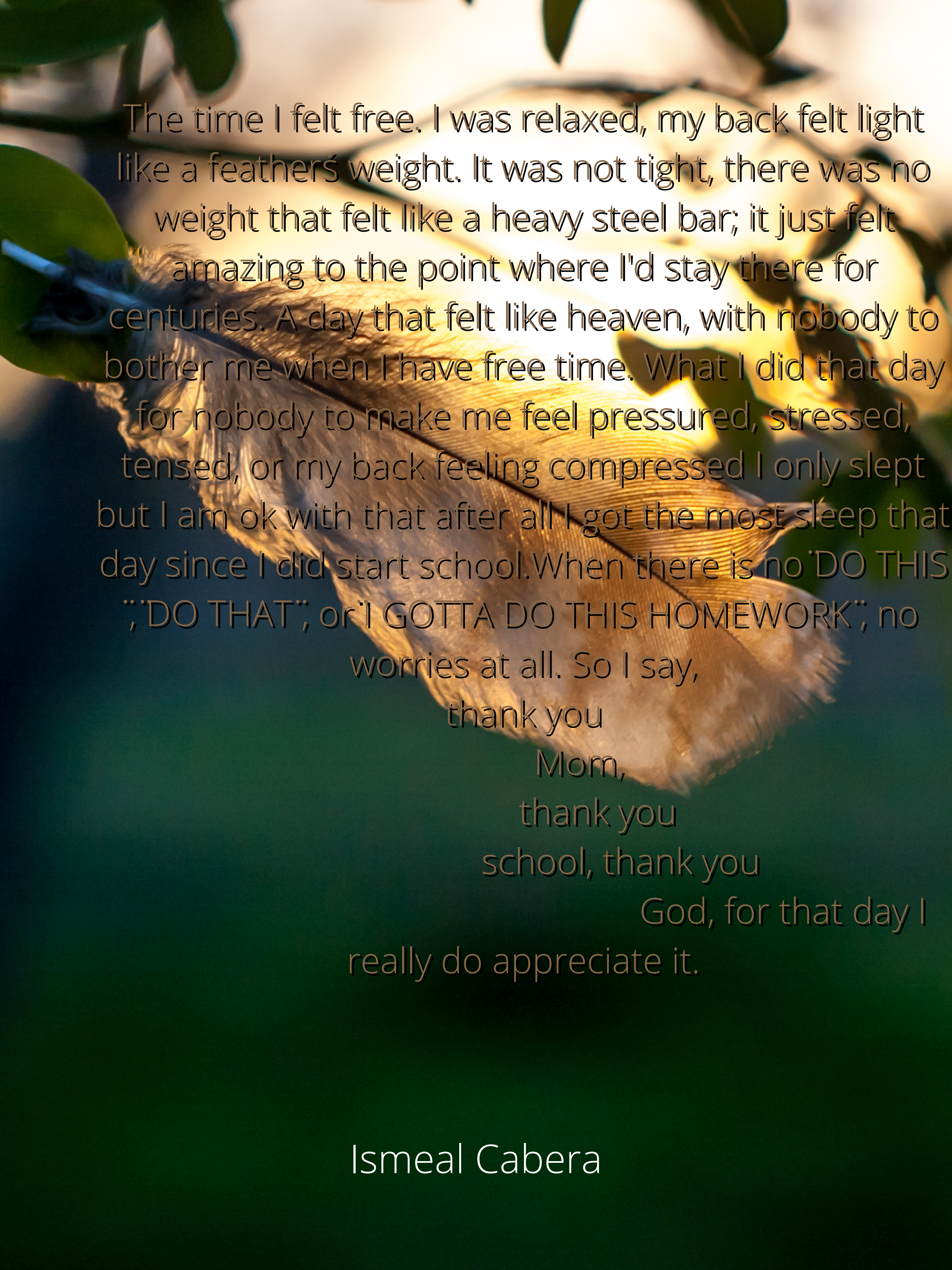
Thinking I'm going to find my peace

I wake up and flee

Hear so many voices and agree

Feel like a lion but I'm really a bee

Muna Aden



The time I felt free. I was relaxed, my back felt light like a feather's weight. It was not tight, there was no weight that felt like a heavy steel bar; it just felt amazing to the point where I'd stay there for centuries. A day that felt like heaven, with nobody to bother me when I have free time. What I did that day for nobody to make me feel pressured, stressed, tensed, or my back feeling compressed I only slept but I am ok with that after all I got the most sleep that day since I did start school. When there is no "DO THIS", "DO THAT", or "I GOTTA DO THIS HOMEWORK", no worries at all. So I say,
thank you
Mom,
thank you
school, thank you
God, for that day I
really do appreciate it.

Ismeal Cabera

Tomorrow the sun will rise again
Many will go on to create
A new idea
A new beginning
A new creation

Unity and peace
Together creating a new world
A new world where people are united by heart and not by blood
A new world where families are never separated
A new world where a clean water river stream is found in a backyard
A new world where children have no worries
not about having sleep for dinner
not about being compared to their classmates because they simply look
different

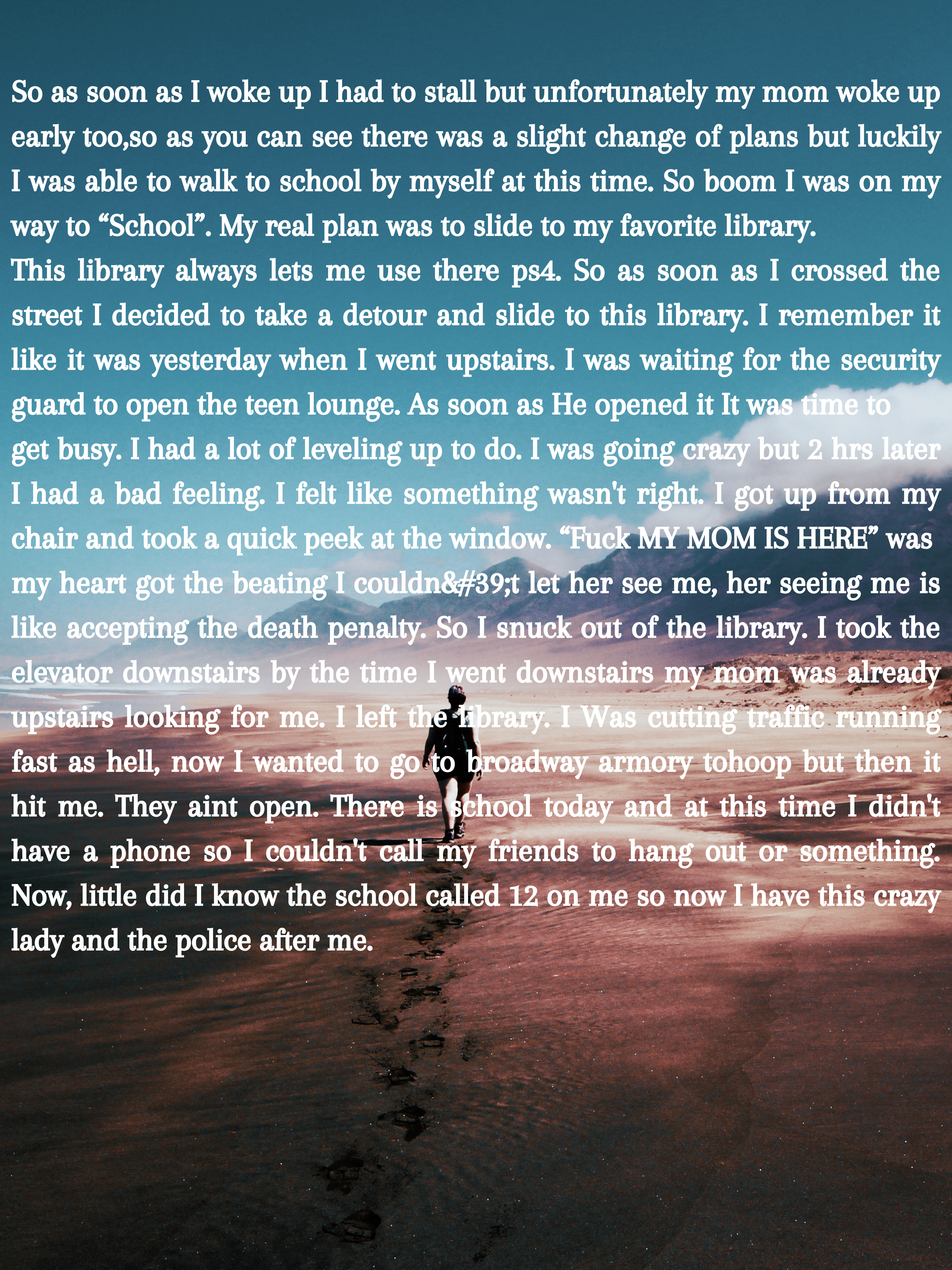
Why create it
Because in this world
money grows on trees
In this world there is equality for all
No discrimination in the workplace
No she is ever underestimated because of her gender
No man is ever looked as inherently superior not because of skill or talent
But because humanity has created this world
humanity has made progress
And humanity can and will create a way better future
In this world where no one has to hide who they are
Where everyone is accepted
All with equal rights
We live in this world
This perfect world of ours
Know when the night fall
When darkness covers up our land
Know that the sun will rise
And just like the sun we too will rise again

A smile plastered permanently on your face
Where chaos and evil knows its place
Joy, happiness, and laughter prosper NOT pain, bloodshed,
and tears
Where color is seen as unique rather than a scarful memory
Where children listen to the melodies of peace than screams of
war
Where women have the respect they desire and not chained
to millions of wires
Where voices are unleashed to overcome what the
government plans
We build unions of clans to fight for those who have been
banned
Families together rather than one
They can enjoy the heat of the summer sun
Meals are warm filled with love as they stare at the blue skies
above
We protect and serve with no ill intention merely for kindness
than fear of suspension
We can stand hand in hand as we fight for what we believe is
right
Where alleys are scarce than filled with blood and fright
We can be better if only we continue to fight and stay together
for a world we deserve to live in

Dema Hamza

The time i almost repeated 8 grade

It was a normal day at my middle school. We were annoying our teacher and goofing around. It was during the fourth week of the end of my middle school year. We were planning on going on a field trip, we were all planning on going to this opera by we I ment they I had no saying. I hate going to orphans. I don't care what anyone thinks but it's a waste of time. I am not going to sit there and let this old a** lady yell at me for three to four hours straight, so I asked my friends "what yall trying to do, I'm not trying to go to this s***". They all said "Nah, we're going to it. We ain't trying to get in trouble." *Man yall lame.* That was the only thing that was going through my mind. The next day it was time to go on this trip, I remember our teacher telling us if you don't come at a certain time the bus will leave and you will be forced to stay at another class for the rest of the day. So I planned on missing this bus. I made sure my mom's alarm didn't ring and I made sure that I went to sleep late, but that didn't help. To be honest, my middle school screwed up my sleeping schedule. It didn't matter what time I would go to sleep, I would automatically wake up at 5 Am sharp.

A person is running away from the viewer on a wide, sandy beach. The person is wearing a dark tank top and shorts. In the background, there are mountains under a blue sky with some clouds. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, sans-serif font.

So as soon as I woke up I had to stall but unfortunately my mom woke up early too,so as you can see there was a slight change of plans but luckily I was able to walk to school by myself at this time. So boom I was on my way to “School”. My real plan was to slide to my favorite library. This library always lets me use there ps4. So as soon as I crossed the street I decided to take a detour and slide to this library. I remember it like it was yesterday when I went upstairs. I was waiting for the security guard to open the teen lounge. As soon as He opened it It was time to get busy. I had a lot of leveling up to do. I was going crazy but 2 hrs later I had a bad feeling. I felt like something wasn't right. I got up from my chair and took a quick peek at the window. “Fuck MY MOM IS HERE” was my heart got the beating I couldn't let her see me, her seeing me is like accepting the death penalty. So I snuck out of the library. I took the elevator downstairs by the time I went downstairs my mom was already upstairs looking for me. I left the library. I Was cutting traffic running fast as hell, now I wanted to go to broadway armory tohoop but then it hit me. They aint open. There is school today and at this time I didn't have a phone so I couldn't call my friends to hang out or something. Now, little did I know the school called 12 on me so now I have this crazy lady and the police after me.

This isn't what I ordered!

**Walking around the small coffee shop for hours
Legs tumbling like if it ran a marathon
Switching positions from bar, to drive
To drive, to support, to support, to POS, to POS, to bar once again
What a dream come true is to be a barista**

**This isn't what I ordered! Remake it for me now!
How dare you not have blonde roast at 4pm?
This isn't Iced, how hard is it to make my order correct?
How could you not have oat milk? The other store did.
This isn't how it's supposed to taste, are you really a barista?**

**Crying in the back room with tears filling the empty milk carts
Being flooded with orders from drive thru, cafe, and mobile orders
Short staff once again due to the world pandemic
Getting yelled by the district manager for not having perfect drive times
From millions of cafe shops existing, people chose the mermaid one**

**They do their best to put a smile that is a mile wide
Make the most difficult drinks as requested for your pleasure
Burn their fingers to provide you a warm cup of coffee
Open early to start your morning, and close late for a last treat
They don't ask for much but only some respect, baristas are humans too.**

**Oswaldo
Grajeda**

Freed

Your dirt-colored eyes,
so luminous, so full of serotonin
disperses a chemical reaction in my body,
a chemical overload,
a mistake

This mistake,
this alien type of feeling,
this is something I could get addicted to

Although it's wrong
I know we're right,
our substance,
so perfectly bonding
there's no density difference, no
not enough to keep us apart

Although it's wrong
time runs around,
and you're still here

There's no other bonding, no
just me and you,
you're features so liberating to feel,
so refreshing to taste,
your lips, divine as the structure of true freedom

Judith Gonzalez

Being trans is hard enough. Don't make it worse

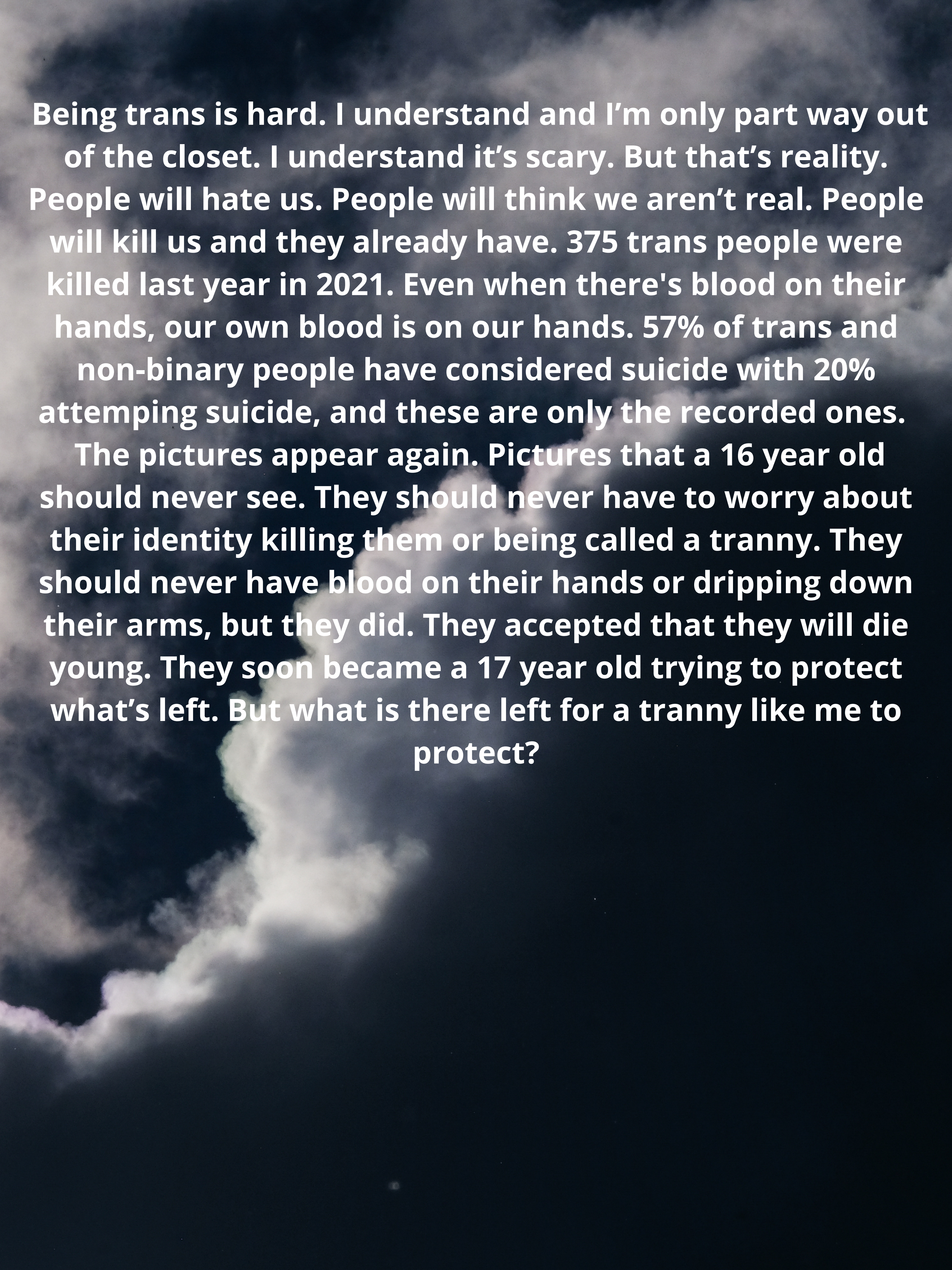
***Ping* I look up from studying and see a red dot indicating an incoming message from Atuski. Curiously, I click on it and see. What's the worst that could happen? A death threat? Yes. "lol go kill yourself tranny" appears on my screen for a split second as pictures flood my screen.**

Pictures that would never leave my mind. Pictures of people hanging. Pictures of attacks. In each picture I saw the word "tranny" drawn on someone. Every picture tore a part of my soul. It lasted for 10 minutes before I finally pressed "ban user."

That was a year ago when I was still questioning. I wanted to explore new pronouns and a new identity which is now who I am. After that, I would much rather get misgendered than be called "tranny". I forced myself back into the closet where I stayed for months. Online, I always heard tranny being used, whether it's used as a joke or as a threat. Everyone used it. I can never tell if people are joking around or not. But I never heard the f slur. What is so different about tranny? Is it because RuPaul from Rupaul Drag Race and many other trans people want to reclaim tranny? Everytime I hear that word, I fear for my life. I see myself in one of those pictures. Dead. I can barely imagine myself as a trans person doing what I love. It's a race at this point. What takes me first: My health or my identity?

I can understand why trans people want to reclaim tranny. It felt right to trans people as they fought for rights such as protecting section 1557 of the Affordable Care Act. However, it has been used so many times against trans women. It should not be used. Katherine Wolfgramme, who is a trans woman, states, "The reason it is considered a derogatory slang now is simple, non trans people will use the word to debase a transgender woman if they are angry with her ... It is often the last word a victim hears before she regains consciousness in hospital." Tranny was originally used as a shortened name for a car or radio transmission. This word did not become a slur until 1983. Many drag queens use this word as they are dressing up as another gender. However there is a difference between dressing up and identifying as a different gender.

As a non-binary person who has had tranny used against me, it doesn't feel right for me to reclaim it with it's history. I don't have that right as I'm not a trans woman. Even when this word forced me to continue to live as a girl, use she/her pronouns, and pressured me to wear dresses, I can't reclaim it. If I could, I wouldn't.

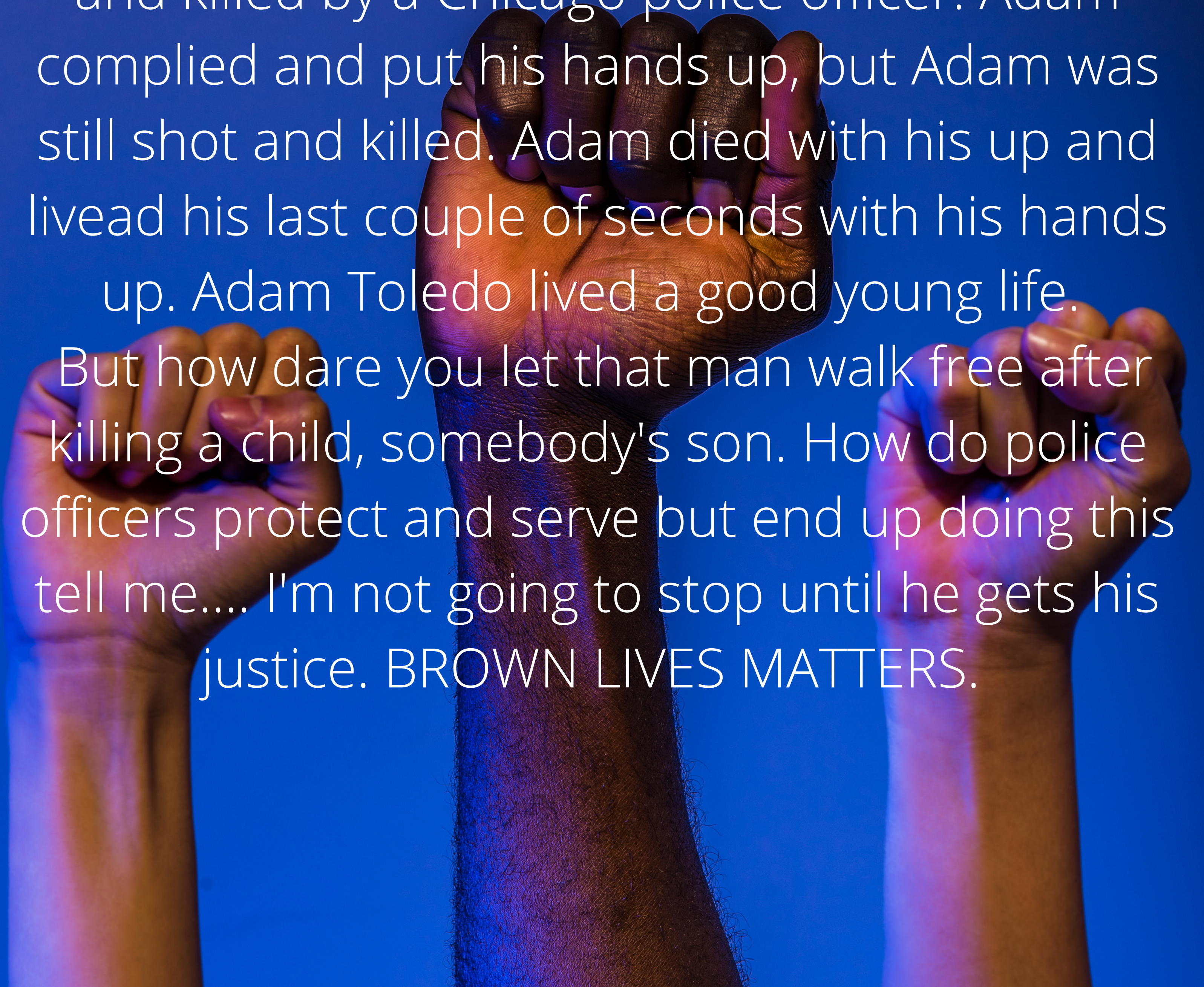


Being trans is hard. I understand and I'm only part way out of the closet. I understand it's scary. But that's reality. People will hate us. People will think we aren't real. People will kill us and they already have. 375 trans people were killed last year in 2021. Even when there's blood on their hands, our own blood is on our hands. 57% of trans and non-binary people have considered suicide with 20% attempting suicide, and these are only the recorded ones. The pictures appear again. Pictures that a 16 year old should never see. They should never have to worry about their identity killing them or being called a tranny. They should never have blood on their hands or dripping down their arms, but they did. They accepted that they will die young. They soon became a 17 year old trying to protect what's left. But what is there left for a tranny like me to protect?



Maryram Esho

Adam Toledo was a 13 year old boy, shot and killed by a Chicago police officer. He was a good kid. He would always make you laugh on times that were hard. He would push through anything. To some he looked like a no life, a gangbanger, and not an innocent kid. But to some he looked like a brother, an uncle, a son, and a friend. This is so unfair to see a child shot and killed by a Chicago police officer. Adam complied and put his hands up, but Adam was still shot and killed. Adam died with his up and livead his last couple of seconds with his hands up. Adam Toledo lived a good young life. But how dare you let that man walk free after killing a child, somebody's son. How do police officers protect and serve but end up doing this tell me.... I'm not going to stop until he gets his justice. BROWN LIVES MATTERS.



Why?

Why?

Good question,

Don't know.

Why did they have to be the firstborn;
be given the responsibility of the designated role model,
third parent and the one who makes or breaks the family name.

Born and survived through the trauma of alcoholism,
fear of denial for being the homosexaul black sheep
that faked it through early childhood till senior high.

The one who saved the family that went through too much,

the one who juggled logic and empathy,

listened to the hurt and pain of others at such a young age

only to realize that their hurt and pain

ceased to exist;

family, friends, teachers, co-workers,

everyone's trauma became their trauma.

Lost identity.

Who is this person?

What is their purpose?

When will it all mean something for once?

Where do they belong in this world?

Why are they still alive?

How will their existence change the world?

Why?

Ha, isn't it funny.

Still no answer, afraid.

The mind,

quite an interesting fellow,

a funny little rascal.

Right when their heart glows like a drifting lantern-

in love for the first time with the most fantastical

boyfriend; caring, loving, honest, a blessing that brings elation-

in comes the overthinking mind.

the hurricane that swallows the light into the darkest

abyss of never-ending nightmares.

Mental health struggling so severe that it became

the iceberg that sinks the ship of happiness for it

to only be barely hanging on by

the joyous memories.

So.... Why?

Good question,

Don't know.

Juan Romero Buatista



Does Freedom Exist

Does freedom truly exist

And if so what is it?

Freedom to do what you please

Or the freedom to do what you please

within someone else's boundaries

Freedom to believe in what you want Or the

freedom to believe what is most commonly believed

in by others

What is the freedom we truly seek?

And can it really be called being free?

A freedom that is fought over for many years

But can you truly call the results

freedom if we don't even know what it is?



Gerald Rivera