



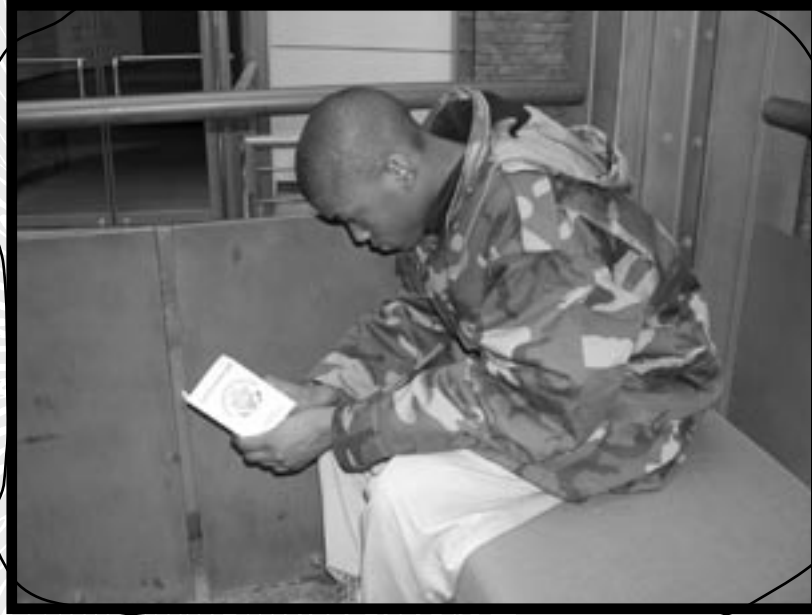
HARTWORKS

Spring 2005 • \$5

SPECIAL EDITION: REFLECTIONS ON THE HOLOCAUST

ALSO FEATURING THE WORK OF DONNA DENIZÉ

The Charles Hart Middle School Literary Magazine



Donnell Kelly

The hArtworks Editorial Board

Writers-in-Residence: Ruby McCann, Marla Melito, Nancy Schwalb, and Jamila Wade

Student Editors: Eric Abbey, Brittany Austin, DeAndre Britten, Shakia Brockenberry, David Brown, Michelle Brown, Steven Brown, Jessica Carpenter, Ashley Clark, Shavelle Cooper, Aneka Cox, Jonelle Curtis, Martanaze Dew, Martanisha Dew, Shannon Donaldson, Wanda Evans, Christian Gilyard, Danny Govan, Antoine Griffin, Rhia Hardman, Joseph Heath, Kevin Jackson, Tamika Jackson, Jamahl Jenkins, Shaquiel Jenkins, Jawara Johnson, Lavon Johnson, Markus Johnson, Sherrell Jones, Donnell Kelly, Annice Ludd, Candace McCoy, Raekala Middleton, Ryequan Middleton, Anthony Mitchell, Mariah Moorer, Tiffany Nelson, Kanisha Pardlow, Mickia Pardlow, Tierra Parks, Carissa Perkins, Jasline Phoenix, Marquette Pittman, Angelica Pratt, Deon Smith, Tyeshia Smith, Joshua Steele, Kenneth Thompson, Terry Thompson, Edward Tonic, Demetrius Walker, Haleem White, Teresa Wilkins, Jamal Williams, and Hassan Wilson.

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *hArtworks*, the nation's only inner-city public middle school literary magazine, written and edited by the students of Charles Hart Middle School. *hArtworks* is published through a collaborative effort between the school and the D.C. Creative Writing Workshop, an independent non-profit working to create a literary renaissance in Southeast Washington. Now in its fifth year, *hArtworks* gives our young writers the opportunity to exercise their creative energies, speak their minds, and be heard by an audience throughout the city. The 2005 edition of *Poet's Market* recognizes *hArtworks* as "an outstanding example of what a literary journal can be (for anyone of any age)."

This issue is the culmination of eight weeks of Holocaust studies as part of our "Teaching Tolerance Through Literature" curriculum. Our students have read, discussed and responded to a series of works, from the poetry of Primo Levi and Nellie Sachs to the writings of children from the concentration camp Terezin. In partnership with the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, we have made two museum visits, and we have participated in learning activities to help us absorb the history. By confronting the issues raised by the Holocaust—tolerance, justice, authority, personal values, and community—young people can make important discoveries about themselves and help to chart a moral course into their own futures.

We have many friends who have helped to make *hArtworks* possible, and we would like to express our gratitude to them. Our sincerest thanks go out to the Herb Block Foundation, the Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation, the Commonweal Foundation, the Community Foundation of the National Capital Region, the Fannie Mae Foundation, the Harman Cain Family Foundation, the Wendling Foundation, the Junior League of Washington, the Rotary Club of Washington, the friends and family of Anna Su, the D.C. Children and Youth Investment Trust Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts, Michael Joy and TSCJoy/Monterey, LLC, Sarah Booth and Bloomberg L.P., Wells Fargo Home Mortgage, Karibu Books, Free Hand Press, the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, the Arena Stage, the Shakespeare Theatre, McGuire Associates, Joyce Page and Ms. Printing, Tollefson & Gustini Investment Management, our friends at Popeye's on Malcolm X Avenue, Ms. Shin's 6th grade class at Bush Hill Elementary School, Gregory Auger, George and Lenore Cohen, Fritz Edler, Tom and Carolyn Grey, Mark Hollinger and Kathy McNeil Hollinger, Betsy Karel, Gay and Charlie Lord, Paul Mandelbaum, Judene Slaughter, Raina Rose Tagle, friends of the late Meyer Saul Taubman, and Vera M. White.

Special thanks for the hard work and dedication of the D.C. Creative Writing Workshop Board of Directors: Lee E. Epps, Andy Fogle, Dr. Susan Gerson, Bernie Horn, Kathleen Huston, Joan Kennan, Bill Newlin, Nancy Schwalb, and Kirsten Tollefson.

We would also like to thank the following administrators, teachers, and staff who are our partners in this endeavor: Principal Willie Bennett; Assistant Principals Yvonne Davis and Shelton Wilson; Ms. Randa Alhegelan, Ms. Tameka Brown, Ms. Gloria Fergusson, Ms. Carolyn Jackson, Mr. Jarvis Massenberg, Ms. Gina McKinney; Ms. Megan Merklinger; Ms. Eleanor Seale, Ms. Pamela McKinney, Ms. Ann Brogioli, and Ms. Maevern Williams.

hArtworks presents guest author Donna Denize	32
Donna Denize	
<i>Alzheimer's</i>	33
<i>Mengele</i>	34
<i>Luna</i>	35
<i>Taaheela, Steeds Shall not Stumble</i>	35
Our Student Writers	
Britany Austin	
<i>The mind of me</i>	17
<i>My Own Crowd</i>	18
Siedah Bagley <i>Dawn</i>	19
Eric Baken <i>The room in my mind</i>	44
Tracey Barner <i>Desire</i>	37
Chris Beckham <i>The Secret Room</i>	40
Nia Berry <i>Love</i>	38
ShaQuita Bland <i>Love</i>	15
Kristina Bourn <i>Thank You</i>	20
DeAndre Britten	
<i>Run</i>	29
<i>Mind</i>	31
<i>Sorry Now</i>	49
<i>Changed</i>	51
<i>Not Found</i>	52
<i>Pause In Time</i>	53
Karina Brown	
<i>Your Smile</i>	23
<i>America</i>	24
Michelle Brown	
<i>Stormy</i>	30
<i>Silent Night</i>	57
Saviya Brown <i>The Country of Saviya</i>	13
Tashae Brown <i>that day</i>	10
Vanessa Calloway <i>Questions for Vanessa</i>	57
Jessica Carpenter	
<i>Broken Body, Broken Soul</i>	27
<i>To Be Free</i>	36
<i>Sunrise</i>	58
Sache Collier <i>Trying</i>	54

Shavelle Cooper	
<i>Lost</i>	26
<i>Corners Surrounding</i>	28
Aneka Cox	
<i>This History of Brutality</i>	19
<i>Ancient Beauty</i>	20
Antonio Dorsey <i>The History of a Battle</i>	21
Todd Foreman <i>My eyes</i>	10
Anita Foster <i>Good Times</i>	43
Danny Govan	
<i>Son Son</i>	24
<i>I don't know why</i>	25
<i>It Wasn't Me</i>	25
Andre Green <i>Eyes Open</i>	9
Sharae Green <i>Splash</i>	16
Laron Greenwood <i>Thank You</i>	21
Mark Grimes <i>When it thunders</i>	55
Rhia Hardman	
<i>Never Again</i>	26
<i>The Scars of Life</i>	29
<i>Angels</i>	55
<i>To be free</i>	56
<i>Never Ever</i>	56
<i>Anything and Everything</i>	58
Ke'Vonna Harrison <i>Wake Up</i>	19
Joseph Heath	
<i>Holocaust</i>	26
<i>Just how it is</i>	36
<i>Sawdust</i>	38
<i>Fog</i>	39
Kyia Hill <i>There will always be</i>	36
Kimberly Holloway <i>my heartbeat</i>	23
Mary Holsinger <i>It's All About Me</i>	12
Dayna Hudson <i>past</i>	43
Betrece Jackson <i>Always</i>	45
Kevin Jackson <i>How to listen</i>	24
Tamika Jackson <i>Day and Night</i>	50
Jamahl Jenkins <i>Fantasy World</i>	40
Merci Jenkins <i>Lying in the Darkness</i>	59
Shaquiel Jenkins	
<i>For What?</i>	28
<i>Mindset</i>	46
<i>Missing piece of water</i>	47
<i>Give Me Mine</i>	48
<i>A Swift Break Before Termination</i>	50
<i>Scented Fire</i>	54

INSIDE

Bridgette Johnson <i>How hard they try</i>	39
Deidre Johnson <i>Where Do Words Come From?</i>	8
Jawara Johnson	
<i>The History of Hate</i>	30
<i>I Don't Know Why</i>	31
Marcus Johnson <i>God is as Powerful as the Things In Your Mind</i>	9
Markus Johnson	
<i>The Room is Locked</i>	16
<i>The People and Me</i>	16
<i>I Found a Reason</i>	17
Shaneka Jones <i>The room in my mind</i>	42
Nichelle Kee <i>I Was In My Brother's Room</i>	61
Xavier Leake <i>Turtle</i>	60
Christopher Ledbetter <i>Darkness</i>	40
Rodnika Matthews <i>Strange Conversation</i>	50
Remy McLeod <i>Remy's Rose Kingdom</i>	53
Candace McCoy <i>Never Again</i>	8
Raekala Middleton	
<i>Run</i>	22
<i>Empty room</i>	22
Tamika Mitchell <i>There will always be</i>	47
Diamond Monroe <i>Life</i>	52
Mercede Monroe	
<i>Through the fog</i>	13
<i>Fading</i>	13
Mariah Moorer	
<i>Broken Pieces</i>	28
<i>Disturbed Soul</i>	30
<i>At the end of the road</i>	52
Delonte Morrow	
<i>I Stand</i>	20
<i>Something inside me</i>	21
Tiffany Nelson <i>A day before time</i>	44
Nickelly Newman	
<i>Snow</i>	12
<i>Ancestors</i>	12
Shavon Osborne	
<i>Black History</i>	17
<i>My Identity</i>	18

Cleveland Padgett <i>The History of Ice</i>	10
Shanice Parker <i>Legacy</i>	14
Tierra Parks <i>To Be Afraid</i>	11
Latia Pimble <i>The Words Came From YOUR Mouth</i>	8
Marquette Pittman <i>Sorrow</i>	22
Dana Postell <i>There Will Always Be Time</i>	27
Angelica Pratt <i>now that we are apart</i>	23
Richard Pratt <i>Disturbing the peace</i>	41
Kathleen Reddick <i>Meeting Greed</i>	11
Steven Reed <i>The Greatest</i>	44
Parris Robertson	
<i>Remember</i>	14
<i>Fear</i>	14
Johnice Robinson <i>The Eagle</i>	60
Patrice Rouse <i>Anger Meets Reality</i>	60
Marche Shields <i>Lovely Day</i>	61
Keishawna Simms <i>Where Do Words Come From?</i>	8
Deon Smith <i>What If</i>	46
Troi Stevenson <i>To be brave</i>	42
Brittiney Sweetney <i>To Fight and to Make Peace</i>	41
Evelynn Thompson <i>Ordinary</i>	59
Lisa Thompson <i>The World</i>	37
Rakeah Thompson <i>Money Blues</i>	62
Jonte Tucker <i>To is To</i>	42
Bria Twitty <i>I walk</i>	18
Chandra Upsher <i>To My Love</i>	62
Haleem White <i>Questions to the Wind</i>	45
Jamal Williams	
<i>Lost</i>	38
<i>There will be</i>	61
Jiavoni Williams	
<i>Traveling</i>	15
<i>Time to Put the Label Away</i>	15
Renita Williams <i>My mind</i>	51
Torii Williams <i>Rise</i>	11

The Words Came From YOUR Mouth.

The words came from your mouth.
As you grow up
Your parents teach you how to talk
How to use your language--
It comes from nature.
When you see something you know
You talk. You hear things
From your parents and friends.
They say a word
You repeat after them
Like a pattern.
When you hear something
You say it
But when you think about something
It comes out of your mouth
Your words came only
From your negative place

Latia Pimble

Never Again

Never again will I have to see kids playing
Around broken glass
Never again will Nazi soldiers bring destruction
To people's home and synagogues
Never again will the Jews
Have to escape
Never again will the crying take place
Never again will be boarded up
And death takes their place
Never again will they run from fear
Never again will the Holocaust take place

Candace McCoy

Where Do Words Come From?

Words come from Adam and Eve
Words come from the darkness in your soul
Words come from your tonsils--to help you say the sound
Words come from your parents who help you pronounce them.
Some words come from the meanness of a person
Other words come from your heart and soul

Keishawna Simms and Deidre Johnson

God is as Powerful as the Things In Your Mind

Your brain, your knowledge,
And the light that shines.
I walk to school.
I think about the men who
Do the same bad things all the time.
The thoughts feel as if my heart stings
I think about bad things I have done
Later, the principal asks me questions one by one
At home, I go and talk to my mother
And she calls forth my little brother
She asks him if these things are true,
He says "Dunno"
But my face feels blue.

Marcus Johnson

Eyes Open

A warrior was born
He had to protect his country
He swore all he wanted was justice
He loved his country
That is what he died for
A brave man, not like the rest of his clan
Who ran and ran and put their heads in the sand.

Andre Green



Rhia Hardman

that day

on that day my face burned like fire
my soul hanged from a wire
and I wondered
will it fall and break
and I get filled with sorrow
someone help
when will it be tomorrow

I'm getting in my chair wondering where
where to go
who to follow
the school walls get close
as I sit in my chair
someone please tell me where
where

Tashae Brown

The History of Ice

My father is cold ice
My mother is too

My niece is the low tide
at the shore just not able to grow yet

My sister is a volcano that
came out of nowhere

And I'm the avalanche

Cleveland Padgett

My eyes

My eyes are like angelfish
My eyes are like an airplane
ready to crash
My eyes bring harmony like a violin
My eyes are like a substance boiling
when you come close to me
you are in a danger zone
My eyes are like a shining soul
they never get old
My eyes are very historic

Todd Foreman

To Be Afraid

To stay away from things that look weird
Look into the mirror, see nothing but fear
Stay into happiness, stay in the light
Never give in to fear or neither to fright
Fright is a thing that can't be broken
Fear is a name that can never be spoken.

Tierra Parks

Rise

Here we stand together and united
with the strength to listen
to our ancestors riot
Listen to the rage of the spirits
of the ghosts.
Protest for your history, for the song
consists of hate
My people stand strong
walking these streets deathless
not knowing because of their color
they will be left breathless

Watch closely
to the sky
cause the darkness will
soon rise

Torii Williams



l-r: Kevin Jackson, Edward Tonic

Meeting Greed

On the top of Mount Rushmore
I met greed while the sun was
Rising a bold bright orange.

I said, "Does your name mean
Greedy, which is wanting too
Much money or things?" Greed
Said, "Yes, that is what it means."

Kathleen Reddick

Ancestors

I remember my ancestors
ancestors of my past
I listen to the spirits
I wonder about my history
I remember my ancestors
The truth is survival, survive the future
My people died fighting for each other
What happened to the love?
What happened to the love?
Celebrate the tradition, and the strength
Honor those who protested
Honor those who worked hard for us
Here we stand in hate
Capture the joy and love
I've known
We are black people. We should stick together
I am the child of darkness
I search for blood
At night, I hear ghosts
Ghosts who died for us.

Nickelly Newman

Snow

My mother is a crystal tear drop
My father, frost.

My grandmother is cold,
my sister light.

Grandfather is cloudy and foggy.
My brother is unborn, he is clear like water,

and I am a snowball,
wet and white

I am fluffy

Sometimes I am tough like ice.

Nickelly Newman

It's All About Me

It's all about me,
Me, me, me, me and me,
With my long tall legs
I can reach things high up in the sky
Run faster than the speed of light
Taking me to places I've never been
I make straight A's and honor my commitment
To being the best that I can be, it's just this
Simple, it's all about me, me, and me.

Mary Holsinger

Through the fog

Through the fog
on this street
I walk slowly but gradually getting faster
My friends and family have
disappeared into the fog.
I'm trying to throw the air around
and find my way out.
My arms are getting tired from
trying to fan the fog away.
Looking for signs of houses, street lights, and cars
while tears run down my face.
I can hear my sister calling but can't
see her face through the fog.

Mercedé Monroe



Jessica Carpenter

Fading

I'm fading into a new year
Past personalities are leaving or
becoming faker by the hour
But as I elevate like a
blossoming flower
I get sweeter and get unusually enchanted
As I become one of a kind
Creativity pours out and my
memories drown as my
feelings for art grow deeper
But 2005 is here now, even though 2004 is gone
the year gets better as do I

Mercedé Monroe

The Country of Saviya

Is where Queens and Kings exist
Everyone eats strawberries under
Green trees while the snow falls
Heavenly on the birds and the bees.

Come with me to my apple tree
And you'll be happy singing songs
Dance with me, drink with me, eat
With me, watch with me while the
clean white snow flutters all around
making silent ice stars sounds.

Saviya Brown

Legacy

I remember joy
Listen to the music
I wonder breathless
The truth is living distress
My people sweat
Where is Earth?
What happened to ghosts?
Celebrate legacy
Honor those who don't hate
Here we stand fly
Capture the faith
I've known darkness
We are underground people
I am a child of death
I search for weeds
At night, I hear whispers

Shanice Parker

Fear

Along a silent street
I am afraid to eat my fear
I walk blindly, scared to face my enemies.
I run as fast as a lonely giraffe
running from a lion
On this dark street, I watch
fat rats run across
the dark night sky

Parris Robertson

Remember

I remember the struggle of blacks
I wonder how their spirits would take that
Listen to the sound of their footsteps
Dealing with five children with no help
The truth is that colors of the skin don't matter
Here we stand, we fight
But we're still not winning tonight
Capture the tears of our people today
Honor those who make way
way
way
way way way
way way way
way
way

Parris Robertson

Traveling

I walk through the
dark mysterious streets of Southeast
Dead silence haunts me
I am traveling away
from my guilt
My sorrow
I walk, I pace, I step
I move in the windy grove.

Jiavoni Williams

Love

We write as fiercely
as we are in love
When I write, he writes
When I sing, he sings
When I say I love you
he also says the same

His silent eyes look like
his silent kisses
which are like his smooth beautiful lips
which are dark and brown and
as smooth as my hips

ShaQuita Bland



l-r: Deon Smith, Martanaze Dew, Martanisha Dew

Time to Put the Label Away

It's time to take off
the label
Time to step out of the box
Time to put the mask away
Show your true beauty today
Time to look in the mirror
It's time to face the fear
Time to stop the masquerade

Jiavoni Williams

The Room is Locked

That door is closed on me.
That way I can't flee.

The door is locked.
I am always blocked.

That way I can't get out.
There are things I don't know about.

The feeling is really bad.
Not glad but bad.

The feeling is terrible.
The heat is veritable.

The color is red.
In that room there's no bed.

Red is for the anger.
There's no room to release this anger.

The object is getting on my nerves.

Markus Johnson

Splash

Her eyes are bitter
when I look at them I think about
stolen pearls.
He put a paper mask
over his raw eyes.
My eyes splash
like people jumping in a pool.

Sharae Green

The People and Me

I remember the people.
Listen to the people.
I wonder if I will be the best poet.
The truth is I am the best poet.
My people are part of me.
Where is my mind?
What happened to my mind?
Celebrate with me.
Honor those who know me.
Here we stand with power.
Capture the power.
I've known my people.
We are strong people.
I am a child of God.
I search for God.
At night, I hear the people.
You know what else, I am the people.

Markus Johnson

I Found a Reason

I found a reason to conceal myself from wearing a mask
Sometimes I do a task to stop me from wearing that mask
Some people are stereotyped and I am one of them
Some people call me names so I become the opposite of them
Most of the time I have to hide my identity
But I can't hide this handsome face so I show my identity
Sometimes I have to wear a mask to be different because
I am the only one who is an angel
Other people think I'm weird
but I don't think so
maybe you're the one who is weird.

Markus Johnson

Black History

Honor those who gave us freedom
The people like Dr. King
Who gave his strength to get us free
Just like Harriet Tubman
Who made the Underground Railroad
But it seems all the good people
die young
We stand in the darkness looking for hope
All of what went bad is in the past
Just remember joy comes in the morning
Listen to the drums to uplift the spirits
People protesting and marching
Just to get freedom
We all search for survival
Just to see another day
But joy comes in the morning

Shavon Osborne



Shakia Brockenberry

The mind of me

I run angrily because of the
under-wrapped secret that burns the rust
like acid on concrete.
My heart burns like a lava filled volcano
with sorrow and hurt.
My mind blows with frustration
I wish there were walls of happy
in the mind of me.

Britany Austin

My Identity

I am Shavon
How are you
I never lie about who I am
Why should you
People try to act like the people
they see on T.V.
Hiding behind a couple of tattoos
People never get past
to what's on the inside of me
It really doesn't matter who you are
Just be true
Doing that will get you far
It's just me
My identity

Shavon Osborne

I walk

I walk alone
I stand alone
in this lightless room
I walk alone
I sit alone
with this handle-less broom
I walk alone
I run alone
Why am I home alone
Oh I know
cause I walk alone

Bria Twitty

My Own Crowd

A labeled tag.
A sticker.
They had the same I.D. card as
347 other kids.
They conceal the same message.
When I look at my reflection,
the looking glass shows a different face.
Their unsightly speeches don't imitate
in their echoes.
Their broken characters won't
LEAVE ME ALONE!
In my room, I feel isolated
which is what I like.
I like my cone of silence in public.
I see you being caught
in the game of robots
that wear the same mask.
I found a reason to follow my own crowd.

Britany Austin

Wake Up

This man around me needs healing
He is so not revealing
Though his clothes are faded
I bet he thinks he's hated
Even though he has no dignity
Back in the day he probably was legendary
He's been put through a lot of humiliation
He's suffered from scratching, stealing, no education
Even though he is so brokenhearted
He should start over from where he started
He needs to realize he needs to wake up
before he ends up getting stuck
Sometimes his life may rattle
I would help but that would be fighting his battle
Now his life is sacred
No one knows about his past
When he finally reveals it
He'll feel like Dr. King free at last.

Ke'Vonna Harrison



Anthony Mitchell

This History of Brutality

I am the visions of pain
coming from a family of hollering and cursing
harassment and anger
getting smacked in the face
getting beat up by violent behavior
and starting bloody fights
that lead to murder

living in fear of anger and tears
with blood and scars on my skin
living in fear unable to breathe

Aneka Cox

Dawn

Dawn is full of dreams
and secrets
it looks pink and orange
It reminds me of my mother's cold skin
that vanished in the sun

Dawn looks like a flock of birds
flying in the sky
Dawn is like a human without food
it is hungry

Siedah Bagley

Ancient Beauty

My eyes look like ancient beauty at midnight
and sometimes they are gorgeous like the city
The jewels of light
My eyes are dolphins and bear skin
They are water and tears shining on fire

My eyes tell me how to sleep
and to see my starting future

They are like tear drops
sometimes they cry

Aneka Cox

Thank You

Even though you worked hard and helpless
to not spend the rest of your life in bad places,
all honor was gone from the world, lost,
you took a stand for good
not evil, you paid everyone's cost.
You suffered for us even though
we cussed and fussed.

By you doing this
we were saved.
The road we once traveled
is now paved.
You have the power to make
the bad things behave.

Kristina Bourn

I Stand

I stand up to your
growing alleles

I stand up to how
you feel

I stand up to who
you are

I stand up to your
Capital "R"

I stand up to your
pride

In me you'll never
die

I stand up to you every day

I stand up to you in a
special way

Delonté Morrow

Thank You

Mom and Dad no one is above you
every morning I wake up and hug you
You are like a legend
Now I am all grown up, surrounded with my
childhood
My old memories are fading away
and new ones are awakening
I feel lost in my mind
healing from the sacred scar
that your love has given me
it's like a battle, good versus evil
even though my dignity and pride
is all I have left
I am alive and waiting
for destruction and chaos to pass me by
like dust in a desert
Now I thank you
come on in

Laron Greenwood



Teresa Wilkins

The History of a Battle

Chapter one is full of gun powder.
Chapter two is full of bones burned
scattered.
Chapter three is frost
which means death.
Chapter four, wind goes around
while it's spread.
Chapter five, the break of dawn.
the chapter continues, lightning appears.
Final chapter, the sun shows
the last thing you never know.

Antonio Dorsey

Something inside me

when I awaken it remains asleep
I reach for the sky, it reaches for its feet
When I stop, it goes
What I figure out, it knows
I do right, it just don't
I have a great time, it just won't
I am victory, it is defeat
this might be something
inside me

Delonté Morrow

Sorrow

Sorrow falls like darkness
at night
It comes fast like a birthday and leaves like
a departed train
It's quiet like a mouse
swift like a road runner
It's as important as a meeting
as hurtful as being fired
hates to be told to do something
loves getting in trouble
It is as bad as doing a crime
don't get locked up for it
Sorrow is a hawk with a broken wing

Marquette Pittman

Empty room

In this empty room
My mind roams into space
My thoughts have no meaning
When I do roam back to my empty room
There's still nothing to do
Nothing to accomplish
No chores cause I did 'em the day before
In this empty room
My cell phone rings on the dresser
But I don't bother to answer
The red light blinks
Oh, they, umh, they left a message
I lay back on my bed full of me
In this empty room

Raekala Middleton

Run

Are they behind me
Can I escape
The camp gate is open
This is my chance
I start running, never mind
The kids are shouting, go for it
I have hope that I will make it
But once I'm on the other side
What is there to survive on
Where is there to live
The fear in my mind races 600 mph
Once I have escaped there's nothing
but death that has overcome me
like clouds over my head
The destruction of my heart
like broken glass
My suitcase I left behind
I try to remember nothing
But for real, my chances of escaping
this camp are as low or below
the weather in Antarctica

Raekala Middleton

now that we are apart

when you're worried
you hear a clashing heart
that smells
rotten like the bottom of my feet
it tastes spoiled like the boiled eggs
I left in the fridge for days
it feels wrinkled inside
cause a half is gone away
from your stolen heart
which doesn't smell like perfume anymore
it feels bumpy because it is
not soft anymore
and now you're depressed with a bitter taste
cause the fluffy one is gone
which took you away
now all you can touch is broken glass
that was my heart
that has been clashed
now that we are apart

Angelica Pratt

my heartbeat

my heart beats with love and kindness
fear is a name, think it's a game
fear is scared, it will give you a chill
fear is bold, it gets you hot and cold
survival is the best, but it is not over yet
you have to go through a long hall
when you think you fought the best of them
here come the rest of them
fear is a warning
will I ever see another morning

Kimberly Holloway



Donnell Kelly

Your Smile

Your smile hits me like a good idea
It makes me happy as if I won money
It goes through my soul like good music
Your smile brightens my day like the end of school
It sticks to me as if I was static
Your smile is dangerous like Iraq
It is tempting as if you were on a diet
and saw chocolate cake
It's pretty like a Sunday dress

Karina Brown

America

America I was born into you May 3, 1989.
Why must we be punished by our president?
America takes money from our residents.
Why must America choose the wrong man to run our country?
Does America have unity?
America is being unfair to our blacks,
sending all our soldiers to Iraq.
America send money to our schools for books,
our buildings need a new look.
America has a responsibility to look after its people,
who suffer, who struggle to eat supper.
America has no jobs, America has people getting robbed.
America has innocent people behind bars.
America has civilians getting hit by cars.
America has drugs and thugs.
America has a lot of things,
but you can't complain, if you do nothing

Karina Brown

How to listen

First, close your door
and be alone like in solitary
Then, you look for a set of
headphones
Then, pick a loud cd with a lot
of bass
Then, find somewhere that is
soft to lay in like a field of dreams
Then you will hear echoes

Kevin Jackson

Son Son

Son Son
you are smart
it's a new year
don't stop and park
and throw some rocks
what I'm saying is
don't put yourself down
it's a new year
don't start off silly
Son Son
like Joshua and Billy
put everything back in the past
put that gun down and go to class
and pass the task
less nightmares more dreaming
Son Son

Danny Govan

I don't know why

I don't know why
they treated Jews the way they did
I don't know why
they transported parents and kept the kids
I don't know why
they fed them rotten turnips and sawdust
I don't know why
people get busted
I don't know why
people get hurt
I don't know why
people get treated like dirt
I don't know why

Danny Govan



Shavelle Cooper

It Wasn't Me

It wasn't me who left the refrigerator open
I wasn't me who told the man in the wheelchair he could run
It wasn't me who blackmailed a white person
It wasn't me who told a horse he can fly
I don't know why it wasn't me
It wasn't me who took an Adam's apple out of Eve's mouth
It wasn't me who smoked a gun
It wasn't me who kissed a nun
It wasn't me who had fun, I never had fun

It was me who took four strawberry shortcakes and three juices
It's true, It's true, I'm sorry
It was me who prank called the President
It was me who lied and told Bush I was his cousin for the money
Alright, it was me who kissed a nun
I'm sorry for the things I did and didn't do

Danny Govan

Lost

I'm lost in a soul I can't get out.
There's no one here to find me.
I'm lost in the jungle where animals
can eat on my skin.
I'm lost in a story that's so mysterious.
I can barely see the words.
I'm lost in the dark.
I can't see the light.
What would happen if nobody finds me.
I will be here forever.
I'll be so old and trapped in a young girl's body.
I would have no food and probably would starve.
The feeling of being lost is very complicated.
It is a feeling so boring
you are lonely and have no friends.
What if all the people you knew
never missed you.
You would be lost in a soul 4 ever.

Shavelle Cooper

Holocaust

It happened yesterday:
Death and destruction,
hate for no reason.
Gas and broken glass,
millions of people died,
millions cried.
Fear and hope make no difference;
they died anyway.
No one could stop it;
they tried anyway.
It happened yesterday.
We remember it today.

Joseph Heath

Never Again

Never again will I laugh at those
who risk their lives to save others.
The hate and the survival of the soldiers
that Hitler bestowed on the Jews and many others.
I want you to remember the never-ending deaths and cries,
the fear that uprooted children, the bombed trains.
Never again shall the gold star be worn from force.
The green frost from parents
not knowing where their children have been taken.
Never again will I stoop so low as to not care what happens,
then or now.

Rhia Hardman



Aneka Cox

Broken Body, Broken Soul

Hope boarded up
nighttime through windows
destruction survives fear

Death closed down
instead of guns shooting, guns shouting
happiness uprooted and withered away

It breaks my body
It breaks my soul.

Jessica Carpenter

There Will Always Be Time

There will always be time to say goodbye
There will always be dirt to plant
that last granite stone
right over top of the bones
There will always be a place
that would put a smile on your face
You will always have a friend that you can depend on
There will always be a day when you just say,
let's go outside and play,
at least one day without having to feel sorrow
But you think it's the last day you will ever play.

Dana Postell

Broken Pieces

Death is like broken glass,
it's never coming back..
You are crying, because the person you loved
is like broken pieces.
Your heart is full of tears,
and your face is full of sorrow.
And you can't forget the day you broke the glass,
because that day was the day my mother passed.

Mariah Moorer

For What?

Why?
For what?
Why did you?
What did they ever do to you?
Did I anger you?
Did I kill anyone in your family?
If you don't like me, let me go.

Why?
Why keep me when you don't want me?
Makes no sense.
I'm only a child.
What have I done to you?
Why take me from my family?
Why create a European genocide?
What gives you the right to declare the perfect race?
Or to use God as a catalyst for your destruction of lives and souls?
What gives you the right to take my future?

Shaquiel Jenkins

Corners Surrounding

I hear the rain
falling in my room exotically
It falls with fear and life
For a minute I wish I was the rain
instead of being surrounded by corners,
colors, feelings, people and objects
I see these things every time I walk in my room
I wish they would just go away
or disappear
but I need these things
they are a piece of my life

Shavelle Cooper

Run

Hope
of returning back home
to the bowls of forgotten frost, now green
Kids on parents, unable to escape death
Remember why waves plucked
never shouting out,
trains, crying, *why bloom?*
to the pinched soldiers
Children scared, running
only to be trapped by camps
Clouds configure themselves
to guns of destruction, causing destruction
Now into the fear of the uprooted,
nighttime broken glass,
which yesterday was windows
Remember
Never forget them
Survive, now it's survival of the fittest
My only advice for you is just
Run!

DeAndre Britten



Shavelle Cooper

The Scars of Life

What you think of when you hear scar
is a puncture to the skin;
I am talking about a scar that can never be removed:
the scars that can ruin your life,
the scars that can happen when no one is around,
the scars that only the moon, stars, and God can see.
The scars of life can hold you back
from your dreams and goals.
I have a scar;
The death of my mother scarred me for life.
It can't peel away, nor just vanish—
my scars of life can never be revealed
for the simple fact that they're emotional and physical.
The scars of life affect you most.

Rhia Hardman

Disturbed Soul

These memories were
like stars in the spring, all there.
On the inside, my soul was crying
but on the outside, I didn't care.
My heart was like the moon, bright,
so that the memories would dim.
I was this way the day when
my mother swallowed her sleep.

Mariah Moorer

The History of Hate

To live is to hate, but not to die.
You are the things of simultaneous chaos.
Is there anyone or anything to live for?
You can hate to live, yet also hate to die.
So can there be heaven and hell, good and evil?
There is no good and evil,
only the darkness or light in someone's heart.
You can only be who you are, no one else,
naturally, the one you show respect to.
Those are the reasons people have no friends:
Crying, sleeping, drinking,
things you can only do in reality.
That is the fear and history of hate.

Jawara Johnson

Stormy

There will always be rainy days when you think there won't be
It'll feel as if there are never ending storms going on
It makes me speechless how furiously they can howl and sing
It's like they are traveling with evil in their hearts
Where the evil builds up, they let it all out with a big hurricane.

Michelle Brown

Mind

In the broken senses of the name of the mind
the remembrance of the dead will always live on.
Throughout the perishing and crushing blows,
through the black belt, the frame of memory
will continuously pass
out of the brother of emery.
On the year of the day of remembrance
while yet little, soon to be big,
the dead will return to their families
with each unknown memory.
While beating the glass until the world
bursts like a star within its time,
this incredible statement will remain:
The dead shall never die

DeAndre Britten

I Don't Know Why

Rebels shooting left and right,
I don't know why.
Shouting, crying and things that never end,
I don't know why.
Parents trying to go to death for their children,
I don't know why.
Remember the reason people died for one crazy person,
I don't know why.

Why I wrote this poem,

I do know why.

Because people are starting to forget
what happened during World War II.
Now, really, I don't know why.

The power of remembrance, like the strike of a hammer,
I don't know why.
You have the power of your mind, like the strength of an ox.
I don't know why.
That is the strength of why.

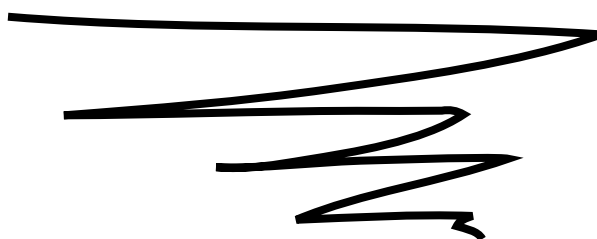
Jawara Johnson



Rhia Hardman



GUEST AUTHOR: **DONNA DENIZÉ**



ALZHEIMER'S

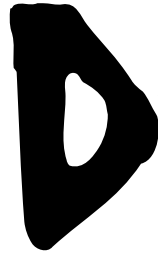
Could I give you an anchor, I would. Weight,
something to hold you in a place that digs
to bottom of past, floor of memory,

but all is sinking, as I grasp for the
ring, stock, shank of your life-something to slip
a knot through, to tie you to ancestors.

For in this place that is neither here nor
there, you are forsaken by days, days that
were your own, and years honored in pictures

and emblems of love are wind passing through
an old woman's thin grey hair till all is
life we cannot hold from time's undertow.

Still, love is not estrangement, and I will
seek you, seek you there in the eye of it,
the face of earth, stars, for one moment more.



onna Denizé is of Haitian-American descent; her father came from Petion-Ville, Haiti, and her mother from Cambridge, Massachusetts. Ms. Denizé's poems have appeared in the anthologies *Hungry As We Are*; *WPFW*

Poetry Anthology; *Weavings 2000*, and magazines, *Provincetown Arts and Gargoyle*. She holds degrees from Stonehill College and Howard University, and has received grants from the Bread Loaf School of English, Lincoln College at Oxford University; The Johns Hopkins University Summer Writing Program; the D.C. Humanities Council and The Folger Shakespeare Library's Teaching Shakespeare Institute. She was a contributor to *Shakespeare Set Free*, a three volume set on teaching Shakespeare and published by The Folger. In 2003, Williams College awarded her the George Olmsted Jr., Prize for excellence in secondary teaching. She teaches literature at St. Albans School for Boys in Washington, D.C.

could i give
you an anchor
i would

MENGELE

Dear Halvah Leah,

With such news, you will feed this city.
Each night I see them in the stars; from every
nation, city and district, a sea of faces.
And I know God's greatness is giving the
impossible to the most unlikely.

Since you wrote last, I have been to the beach
every day: yesterday was a moon-tide, and
waters rose, I tell you, higher than the
tide of first love. I watched seaweed dropped
like bad memory at shore's edge, and

I thought of your news: on February
5th, he took a bus to Bertioaga;
on February 7th, he went to the sea.
The beach seemed so peaceful till then.
So you say he was not washed ashore but

lifted, pushed by two hands trying to save
him from a pointless bus ride? In seaweed
I see two hands holding him above crests
meant to cool his body frying in heat
of a "sweltering Brazilian summer."

So. Even here on this beach, far from the
ovens of flesh, hair, far from gas on the
left, living on the right, his family
joy-rides and friends of the society,
I see him. You know, I have never learned

*with such news, you
will feed this city.*

to swim. To let my body float, float in
anything on earth that does not anchor
is too much: so much life taken, from us,
taken from us. But then, there is some comfort
in knowing that two hours from bungalow

5555 Alvenenga Road and
twenty-five miles south of Sao Paulo, he
rode the water's edge, till six million hands,
till seaweed pulled him back from another
shore of escape, and two hands could not save

him from those sent by the Angel of Death
to yet another Maker! Still, you do
not change, and our speech brings me back
where we meet face to face, and speak
syllable for syllable-unions

that bear no exchange like foreign coins:
something higher for something lower.
No, Leah, even now as we breathe
all is open. Open, write soon,

Miriam

LUNA

On nights like this, some conjure images:
pale horse, pale rider. On such nights as these,

sweet Juliet apprises Romeo,
Swear not by the moon, and Kate complies

to Petruchio, It is the sun, it is
the blessed moon. Luna- mantle of rock,

denser than crust thirty-seven miles in
thickness; one small, iron core surrounded

by molten zone; surface densely cratered,
mountainous highlands, and large circular

smooth-floored plains called maria. But before
men in metal helmets planted flags, or spoke

timeworn syllables: One small step for Man,
we were much closer to lunar music.

Since then, few notice the milky softness
of moon; even lovers look to other signs

for the blush of love, ever palpable
now, altered by peering. But in Haiti,

hearts touch moon, light bends, broken and broken
again on the sea, nights open in the

peeling of mangoes. And Moon reigns wherever
magical touch remains, while astonished

eyes wonder- mystery: that so little
should have taken us to the moon back then

on nights like this some
conjure images

T'AAHEELA, STEEDS SHALL NOT STUMBLE

For Gloria Rose on the occasion of her Bat Mitzvah

May you fly this day, when tears flow
from all things, out of all Creation,
and seemingly, worlds to come, fly beyond
the hands of oppressors, and those who wept,
fly beyond night and day, and lamentation
posted at every gate. For this day, in God's

wide shadow, we say, it shall be changed.
In you, sands shall be altered on desolate hills,
and mountain trees no longer weep. This day-
to fly all that has been shattered, reduced
to rubble, fly to gaze upon great oceans,
or the single atom that still proclaims

that which was, which was in beginning.
This day, we mount the loftiest seat for all,
all that peerless hearts have not forgotten,
for every honored heart that remains
and arises to remember His name-
Most Bountiful-a name in every ocean
drop, graceful stars, and blossoming

bowers full of life. We have come, come
for all that breathes a wine of utterance:
hyacinth and rose, hallowed spot, and miracle
of air. Come, this day, beginning,
when steeds shall not stumble, when all is full,
is life in Gloria Rose, and once more, she,

T'aaheela-is the soft word and morning breeze.

To Be Free

To be free
is to be able to like the things around you
is to love life
to trust the chill of hate and know that you are still loved
to be pounded into the hearts of those who love you,
pulled out and driven down again
is to know that you haven't lost hope
to know that, even if you are wounded from the pounding,
you are still free
to be battered by the world and hurt
it brings you down, and still you will rise
and know that you are free.

Jessica Carpenter

Just how it is

Every day a baby is born
Every day somebody dies
Why, I don't know.

No matter which way, somebody cries:
tears of joy, or tears of disappointment and loss.
You may ask why.
That's just how it is.

Joseph Heath

There will always be

There will always be people riding the bus to school or work.
There will always be some kids in the classroom learning their alphabets
And some drifting off to sleep, because they are bored.
There will always be women sparkling in white dresses at their weddings
And there will always be storms that cause the little ones to go
run under their covers and hide their faces, because they are scared.

Kyia Hill

Desire

A tree might want to be a flower
Dirt might want to take a shower
Your hands might want to be feet
A steering wheel might want to be the back seat

A teacher might want to be a student
Who might want to live in a 3 bedroom unit
The sky might want to be the ground
And a fire truck wants to move without making a sound

The desk wants to be a chair
A boy wants to play with his toys without having to share
The twins were playing in the den
I, Tracey, want to continue, but this is the end.

Tracey Barner

The World

What's the matter with the world today?
Little kids can't even go outside and play
without getting robbed, shot or killed;
To lose someone close to you, believe me
I know how that feels.

Teenagers sometimes don't make bail.
Doing stupid stuff will send them to jail:
shooting people for their coats,
don't believe in God—
man that's stupid—
you should stop shooting silver bullets
and shoot arrows with cupid.
You should always believe in God above,
so please stop the hating and spread the love.

Lisa Thompson



Deon Smith

Lost

What is lost?
Is it a state of mind?
Is it a street that never ends?
Or can it be a world surrounded by trees and fog?
Being lost feels like four squares moving closer and closer
until everything explodes,
and what's left is you and space.
Surround yourself with space and strength

Jamal Williams

Sawdust

The harder you try, the faster it falls
It crumbles and spreads
You breathe it in, you cough,
sort of like life—well, my life anyway

The harder I try to do good,
the more bad stuff happens.
It seems that for every one person that likes me,
five more people hate
no matter what I do or how hard I try

Maybe if I didn't try as hard,
life wouldn't hurt this bad.

Joseph Heath

Love

Love is a beautiful thing because romance is all around the world
And people just love to find romance, it's all part of life.

Nia Berry

Fog

A journey through my mind is like
walking on a foggy street that never ends
Random thoughts pop out at you,
some evil, some good
But to you, it would seem like
all of them are out to get you
At the first sign of you getting sleepy or tired
music wakes you up, the same verse over and
over again
until you have no choice but to start going crazy
Then all of a sudden, the fog clears up
and the music stops playing.

Joseph Heath

How hard they try

How hard the cow tries
to become a cat.
How hard the girl tries
to become a woman.
How hard the boy tries
to become a man.

With a sharp arrow
which crosses the girl,
the mother cries
because her young one dies.
Doesn't know what to do
because she's frustrated.
She wants to smack someone
but doesn't have the lack
of respect to do so.
She tells someone to do something
but they tell her "no."

She falls into a deep hole.
She falls right out of control.
She says no, but she just won't let go.

Bridgette Johnson



Writing Club members relax

The Secret Room

In my room, it's just dark and quiet.
Wondering why I'm so alone
sitting in a rocking chair
I'm reaching in the dark
out of the moonlight
to find a lamp.
My mind caught up in the clouds
my imagination running wild
and I'm ready to pull my hair out at the roots.
No friends or family to cheer me up
and all I can do is fuss.
All alone in the dark, about to tear apart,
and it feels as if I have a hole in my heart.
But I kept all rage and violence within
so I had to let it out with noise,
out of my mouth.
I let some go in this poem,
that's why I'm in this dark room, all alone.

Chris Beckham

Darkness

Noise, noise, noise everywhere
I can't even hear
Everything is loud
This room is full and proud
like a noisy crowd.

It's all black here
Words appear,
thoughts or thinking
things are blinking
I can't even see
darkness is all over me.

Is it me?
Well, it's in my mind.

Christopher Ledbetter

Fantasy World

I got a crib max in my brain,
a million dollar yacht in my name
I got a double staircase in my living room,
and if you see my parking lot, you gonna go boom
I got a silk bed in my bedroom, Slim,
got a big phonebook with Sharon and Kim
I got a basketball court in my second garage
and a game room that's extra, extra large,
and on "How I'm Livin" you can't stop me
'cause I get billions of dollars in cheese
Settle down and listen up, Homes
'cause in my mind, I got Lamborghinis sittin' on chrome.

Jamahl Jenkins

Disturbing the peace

I must go where there is no uproar.
If I avoid the car crash,
I won't have to hear a smash.
If I don't talk,
I won't hear an echo.
A riot makes noise wherever they go,
So I gotta keep myself hidden.
If I had a remote,
I'd put everyone on mute
Who was disturbing the peace.

Richard Pratt



l-r: Teresa Wilkins, Mariah Moorer

To Fight and to Make Peace

To
fight is to yell, scream, holler and shout,
just makes you want to knock a person out,
to hit them in the face, to be on their case,
stomp them out with a little bass
to smack the taste out of your mouth
and tell them get their bags and get out
Yeah, jump in your car and go to the bar,
it makes you so mad, you want to destroy the cement and the tar.

To
make peace is to stop a fight
and to set things right
we party all night
I tell you it's okay, it's alright.
People in the streets be like, "What's up, my peeps?"
They talk that slang
but they don't know a thang.

Brittiney Sweetney

To be brave

To fear is to walk through a dark alley,
is to do anything you want,
is to let your feelings all take over,
and to eat a poisonous flower.

To eat a poisonous flower
is to overdose on pills,
to shove a jagged-edged knife down your
throat
and to eat the grass on the hills.

To be brave is to stand up to a bully,
is to rescue someone from a burning fire,
is to save yourself from the devil,
and to raise your standards
to a higher level.

Troi Stevenson

To is to

To play is to run.
To hang out is to have fun.
To grow up is to act like a child.
To act up is to run wild.
To sense an aroma is to smell.
To look at someone is to tell.

Jonte Tucker

The room in my mind

The room in my mind looks pink
It has pink walls covered in pictures of my friends
Radio blasting, very audible
People are knocking on the door
I feel so angry, so confused, unfocused
I feel that I could disappear with some trick hocus-pocus
I hear sirens outside
I'm not filled with pride
I am so miserable right now, I could cry.

Shaneka Jones

Good Times

When a child is born
When you start a new job
When you get out of debt
When you embellish your life
After waiting, when you get out of a long line
Oh, to have good times!

Just to see a child smile
Just to watch your child walk across the stage
Just to hear someone say, "I love you"
Just to be kind
Oh, just to have good times!

To laugh
To smile
To grin
To hear
To see
To be
To love
To hate
To hear chimes
Oh, the good times!

Anita Foster



l-r: DeAndre Britten, Joseph Heath, Jawara Johnson

past

a broken heart in deep disguise
walks with grace and charm
she'll never forget his abusive words
his memory tattooed on her arm

there will always be a cloud of rain
but never does it show
her life was filled with secrets and stories
even her husband doesn't know

a picture remains in a locked box
with a frame and broken glass
but no matter how she carries her future
there will always be a past.

Dayna Hudson

The room in my mind

The room in my mind has a torch,
a blowtorch,
And when someone gets on my nerves,
it blows.
I have a little ticking thing--
I don't know what it is,
but only that, when it goes off,
I can't get my work done
or even get started.

Eric Baken

The Greatest

I am smooth, like the other side of the pillow.
I run like Walter Payton in his senior year in college.
When I dream, the world turns to fantasyland.
I fly with bald eagles.
Ladies take one look at me and rush me with phone
numbers.
When I go to sleep, my dreams turn to reality.
When I lift weights, I'm lifting the world.
I fight with my eyes closed.
I am so tall, I'm stuck in the clouds.

Steven Reed

A day before time

A day before time
Is a day that comes beforehand,
Like when I was one, and I couldn't do a thing
Then I grew up and started to do everything, one by one.
Dates like 21, 24, 25, 26 are days before time,
like leaves that do the same thing over and over again
they grow green, get brown, then fall off.

Tiffany Nelson

Always

There will always be people beating on each other
There will always be memories of loved ones
There will always be people traveling all over the world
There will always be love in the air
There will always be family and friends
There will always be laughter
There will always be bad times and dark turns

There will always be incredible people in the world
But one thing you won't always have is life.
There will always be intersections
There will always be last stops
There will always be tough times.

Betrece Jackson



Martanisha Dew

Questions to the Wind

Wind, how did you get here?
Were you made by someone called the Wind God,
or did you come here to cool the earth?
Wind, why do you sometimes make noise?
Is there a reason you make the trees
scratch against the window?
To scare little kids?
Why do you blow leaves and little pebbles
and make them hit people in the face?
Why do you mess up peoples' hair?
Also, why do you make people's eyes start tearing?
Because the wind is a miracle.

Haleem White

What If

What if I fell asleep in a far distant land?
What if I woke up with wrinkles on my face?
What if there was silence in the world?
What if I was lonely?
What if I lost my memory?
What if I had no sorrow?
What if I found a treasure full of glory and
laughter?
What if there were no mirrors in the world
and no one could look at themselves?

Deon Smith

Mindset

To be conscious is to be aware of surroundings
is to smoke, knowing it's dangerous
is to live, knowing your death is inevitable
is to know your limit and never surpass it
is to stand on broken glass, knowing the painful piercing of your flesh ripping is unavoidable
is to leave someone in a burning building because of the danger it poses to you
is to hold your children prisoner because of the trials and tribulations you faced
as you grew up in this modern day Ice Age
is to fire a fellow employee because your employer told you to,
even though he's your best friend
is to lie to the homeless who need more than you,
but you just have to pay your cable bill and have that new television
is to repent at the alter every Sunday for the same thing
only to be back at that same spot next week
is to have a mindset, yet no soul.

Shaquiel Jenkins

Missing piece of water

No more sorrow
No more pain
No joy

Just me, I'm finished, no more nothing
All there is, is time to sit back and soak it all in, huh
Like a sponge
My life is filled with hurdles and barriers
Yet I still triumph
Now that I've finished, what is there left to do?

I set a standard and I achieved it,
never breaking a sweat
Maybe a couple of bones and a few laws here and there,
but never a sweat
As I think of what I could have been, and what I am now
the different roads I took,
I'd never change a thing
Oh man, just like a sponge

But I've noticed that, just like a sponge,
I could never soak up every last drop
So as I enjoy these good times,
I realize that I'll never be satisfied until I find that
missing piece of water.

Shaquiel Jenkins



Markus Johnson

There will always be

There will always be dark and dull times in your life
There will always be memories of good things
There will always be a time when the past has caught up with you
There will always be someone who travels through harm and will get hurt
There will always be speechless times when something is going on in your life
The outcome of this is there will always be somebody there for you.

Tamika Mitchell

Give Me Mine

In my stone wall, I write...
Turn around the corner and see a big jaw yappin'
Talking like a blue hurricane
Screaming, just screaming, for nothing at all
Just to be yelling, I can't comprehend

At my wood corner
I drift into the abyss of my mind and take a nap
only to be awakened in a matter of
"Holy... what's that thing?"
I anger, I rejoice, I'm free as a butterfly
Now, I walk in a confused daze, looking for the me that is me

I stop at the shadow wall
through which everything you see shadows you
Nothing is put behind you
"Pow!" One of them has caught me
I start to see colors such as black, burgundy, brown, white,
silver, gray, navy, fuchsia, like a negative rainbow

As I slip away, I am captured in the Jar of Guilt and Time
As I remember and feel the guilt, I slip deeper into its dark enterprise
and as it takes control, my mind slips slowly with it
leaving nothing, empty, emptiness
I break its hold and walk away to my own,
it won't let go, it won't let me leave this room

Only there is no room, because my conscience fed on it and devoured it
Now there is only silence, nothingness
Not even a beating heart
Nothing but me
Only me.

Shaquiel Jenkins

Sorry Now

Repenting in the evening
inside of the corner
of the disclosed room of the darkness.
This is my sorry
for, first, the things that I haven't done:
I have never thrown the shoulder blades
of the devil through the windowpane
of that most tormented place of his,
which is called Hell

I'm sorry
I haven't eaten the sawdust
of the universe, after the lion has chewed it
I'm sorry
I haven't said the phrase
Do I dare to care
for the sprawl of evil,
through all the emotion and confusion
of the carnage of chaos

I'm sorry
but really, I'm sorry for
the restless unanswered question
that so many times I got the answer yes
I'm sorry
for continuously containing the grief
of the vision that I have seen
and that has always come back to me as music

I'm sorry
for the things that I have never known
although I can read them through the fog of muttering
of the unmeasured coffee spoons
that I have made dangerous
for all of this,
I apologize,
I'm sorry,
please forgive me.

DeAndre Britten



Raekala Middleton

Day and Night

Last week, every single day went by as if
time was on fast forward
with its express of extreme hours.
How they let it go unnoticed,
as the sun sets, and the moon rises
its two halves of day and night.
It seems as if they were put as one,
they came as a whole
and left scattered in pieces
gazing at the sunshine,
and its bright orange coloring.
As the kiss of death hits its light
they act as if they know,
but they can't really tell.

Tamika Jackson

Strange Conversation

Can I have a conversation with you?
No, I am a strange person, no one
Ever wants to have a conversation
With me because no one likes me.
I am a strange person to everyone.
That is why I live by myself, I eat
By myself, I think by myself, I read
By myself and I live by myself.
I go places by myself and
I am strange to everyone.

Rodnika Matthews

A Swift Break Before Termination

A bridge of flooded water flows through the rigid soul
The smoke of my tormentor: left hooks, right hooks, hooks in flesh
Have nothing to do with the situation
I have a scar deeper than the Pacific Ocean
Lashing at me like the dull blade of a blunt sword
Chewing bits and pieces like a microscopic piranha
You can see what's happening, but you don't see what's happening
I blast open the rim of my soul and release my scars
No, it doesn't stop me from termination
But it gives me a swift break before...

Shaquiel Jenkins

Changed

It comes
The *what if* factor
Sorrow moves through the silent day
Of the unfocused time of memory
As you mourn the days of history
What if?
Midnight never comes
From the lonely life of poison
Through the fumes coming from the unseen riches
Inside of your treasure,
Wonder, think it over
What if?
Magic would now splash
Onto the phantom of the lost soul
Soon to be figured out, that it was mindful
Of the heavenly change, coming down as chaos
What if?
The number of your private moment
Of silver that has died
Into the wonder of a more distant death
Which is more precious than
The day of the mirror, of an asleep birth
What if?
The shining break points
Now coming down
As clouds in the night
To see the flutter
With my history
Curtains up, you got in now
What if?
My soul is gone

DeAndre Britten



Martanaze Dew

My mind

My mind is like a springtime success
with pretty green grass
with a lot of flowers
like daisies, roses, sunflowers,
blossoms, with palm trees and butterflies everywhere,
with a pretty long river flowing through my body
and little tiny puppies running around my mind.

Renita Williams

Not Found

Lost, but not found
Restless, but I can't retreat
Surrounded by the
Shoulders of the eternal
Inner self of the corner of my mind
With the thought of crying
Until I wriggle myself out
Of this overwhelming situation
As the phrase continues
You will never be found
I soon take it
Into reality
I am lost and can't be found
So the music continues to linger
As it doesn't soothe the half-deserted heart
Of the long lost young child
And the phrase continues
You are lost, you will never be found
Grief,
Now floating
As I desperately see my father's room
In the picture of my thoughts
Yet the phrase continues
I can't be found.

DeAndre Britten

Life

Life ain't been all that great for me,
I've had lots of bumpy roads,
ups and downs, highs and lows,
I done made lots of wrong choices
and some right in my life time,
I've been in trouble, lots of times,
I even tried reaching my goals,
Can't find me somebody
to love, my life was good when
I had you, but like I said, life ain't
Been all that good to me.

Diamond Monroe

At the end of the road

Fire burning down in my soul
My heart is as still as water
My bones are as hard as a seashell
My mind wanders like a voyage in space
My blood cells are working miracles in my body
And when it is all over,
My body will drift away into the sky.

Mariah Moorer

Pause In Time

Stop!
This riot of the moment:
Time stops, the crash of the divine
The toil of the muted, the echo of reincarnation
Grace prevails
While the neon glow of the ghostly hail,
And the sweat of tongues
Uproar and thrive, for the moment.
When the slumber of grief eliminates ignorance
A pause is worth
The absence of the pathless woods.
Burden Father Time, as
Time stops.
This pause for the current minute
Dissolves the footprints, so that the blank glare
Drifts on the verge of destruction
Then the vague undivided
Intense method of joy
Can reflect on the walking miracle.
This new pause of time will erase static,
Life will plummet to become a transparent species,
The orchid will no longer be
The whiteness of paused time
As it will delete everything.
Everything will downgrade
When time unfreezes
But for now, there is a
Pause In Time

DeAndre Britten

Remy's Rose Kingdom

Are you down?
Do you need light?
Come with me on a journey tonight.
I'll take you to my kingdom where
Respect is served daily. We'll sing
And we'll dance, we'll rap and we'll
Prance like reindeer and fly like roses
In the sky, we'll listen to rock
And roll and hop across pods
We'll play with rabbits and swing
On ropes and we'll wear rings
That laugh and dance. Come
With me, this is your chance
To visit Remy's Rose Kingdom.

Remy McLeod



l-r: David Brown, Deon Smith, Martanaze Dew

Scented Fire

Burning the strawberry wood
amazing strokes of genius,
as the scented death flickers,
breathing its mighty breath of tasty heartburn.
A sweet smelling allure,
like a hook and bait to a fish,
reels you and snags you even quicker.
Welling out of control:
don't water, although not a plant
the scent is too good to extinguish
Purple on the outside, green on the inside
a brass ring of flowers untouched by this wonder
this thing, this disaster.
Stay away is your instinct,
but the temptation is too great for you to resist.
So you walk, as if in a trance
into the burning crushes
of suds and taming gracefulness.
The scents completely overpower
and obliterate the pain of the burn.
When you realize this is a cover
for the pain you feel,
you sit, and as the flames extinguish
the strawberry scent lingers.

Shaquiel Jenkins

Trying

No, don't stop
Don't stop

Keep going now
Keep going

Try again, try again

Keep up
Keep trying

Try and try again.

Sache Collier

Angels

The rain fell rapidly,
as I stared at the clarity of my eyes in the mirror.
The thunder burst from the sky,
putting an incredible shine in my window.
There will always be rain watering the Earth,
broken glass, shattering like an unbelievable pain.
There will always be pain,
the sun shining in the midst of the storm,
presenting a sparkling beauty.
The thunder growling,
sending the house into an incredible shake
as if the cries of the ocean were washing
the pain and heartbreak
to the ends of the Earth.
But there will always be something
washing or cleansing the Earth.
When my tears fell on the moist ground,
an earthquake shook the hate,
and gave peace,
and the angels appeared.

Rhia Hardman

When it thunders

There will always be sun in the daytime
There will always be a name for everyone
There will always be a bus riding down the street
There will always be a glass to drink out of
You can always be air to breathe for everyone
You will always see a blue and white sky,
and when it thunders,
There will always be a storm

Mark Grimes



Danny Govan

To be free

To be free from control, and what goes along with it.
To be free from the burn of love and the fire of hate.
To be free from the conjunction and malfunction
of the emotions bottled up inside.
To be free from debts of an emotional ride.
To be free from freedom.
To be free of constantly checking your heart rate.
To be free from misfortune of life.
To be free of heartbreak.
To be free from the crushing hearts
when love has lost its touch.
To be free from disease that kills young people.
To be free of freedom.
To be free of free and free of me.
To be free of being buried six feet under.
To be free like me.

Rhia Hardman

Never, Ever

I will never give my heart to a dog, unless the dog attacks me first.
I will never wear a necktie.
Never will I give to the rich.
Never, ever will I murder someone I like.
Never in a million years will I tolerate stupidity.
I will never be sucked into the universe of temptation and drugs.
I will never be dragged into the world of grief and sorrow.
Never will I let internal hurt drive me crazy.
Never will I let a restless soul force my spirit to rupture.

Rhia Hardman

Silent Night

A single night, I lie in bed.
Flushed by the day
and unrecognizable in the dark.
There's no sunlight
and it wasn't professed to my eye.
I was grazed to see
what I heard going on outside of my window.
I was astonished, waiting for the next day to come.
It was very quiet, like no one was around
even though my television was on,
not too loud and not too low.
Just right.
I was nice and cozy in my bed,
very still and trying to stay aboard.
I scattered in my mind
what I wanted myself to dream about
but it was unnoticed to me.
It wasn't smoky, it was kind of clear
Then I was gone, to sleep.

Michelle Brown

Questions for Vanessa

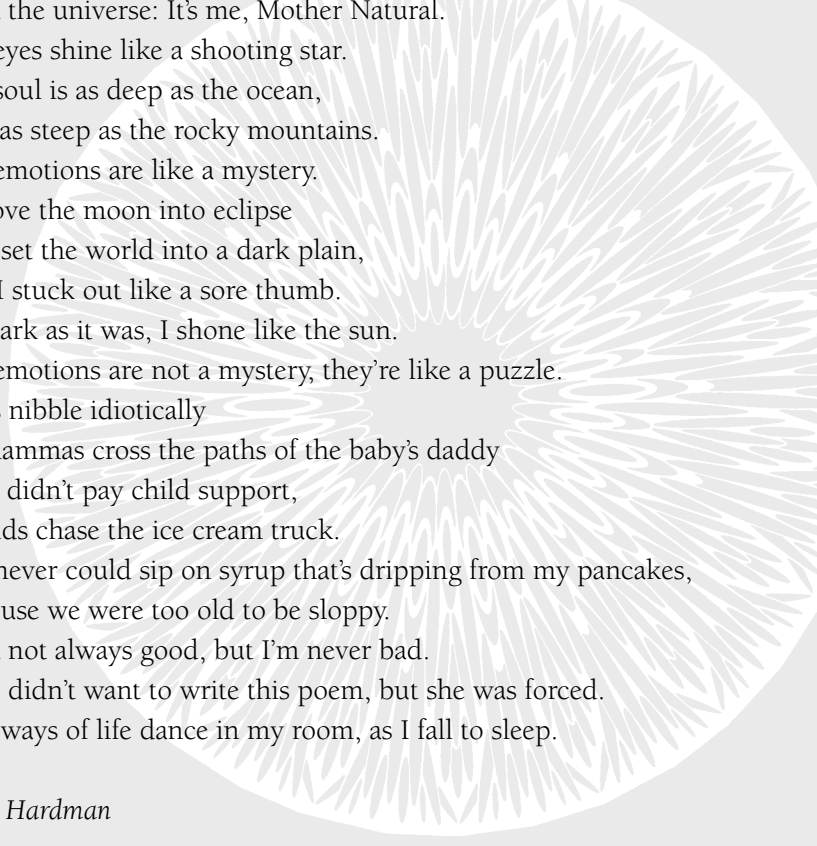
Vanessa, shall I compare thee to a rose?
No, you are more beautiful because you
Survive the seasons
Your petals don't fall
Your thorns don't prick
Your stem is slender.

Vanessa Calloway



On the bus to the Holocaust Museum

Anything and Everything



I am as slick as the speed of light, faster than the blink of an eye.
I am the universe: It's me, Mother Natural.
My eyes shine like a shooting star.
My soul is as deep as the ocean,
and as steep as the rocky mountains.
My emotions are like a mystery.
I drove the moon into eclipse
that set the world into a dark plain,
but I stuck out like a sore thumb.
As dark as it was, I shone like the sun.
My emotions are not a mystery, they're like a puzzle.
Ants nibble idiotically
as mammas cross the paths of the baby's daddy
who didn't pay child support,
as kids chase the ice cream truck.
We never could sip on syrup that's dripping from my pancakes,
because we were too old to be sloppy.
I am not always good, but I'm never bad.
Rhia didn't want to write this poem, but she was forced.
The ways of life dance in my room, as I fall to sleep.

Rhia Hardman

Sunrise

Knee-deep in smoke, drowned in muck,
and rocks scattered
night falls short, and was absent
as the moon sets, it is impenetrable.
Heron and minnows joined as one
as they spring on the window's sunlit ledge
they are the sun, a spirit lamp
who did kiss the sky with oranges.
The smell is sensational.

Jessica Carpenter

Lying In the Darkness

sleepy and tired,
having a chance
to be happy, alive,
looking into life
speechless without
a chance to be
a leader of faith
knowing that not all hope
is gone among us people

we don't start full of joy
we start on our ways
there is no more light,
light has been burned
somewhere off into
a sleepy hollow where
weakness accounts
for the moments
we have left, early, as
death does, keeps us
apart, yet men and women
join hands, we all see
that light, as for you
and me who ask,
"who is lying in
the darkness?"
we will both just
have to wait and see.

Merci Jenkins



l-r: Rhia Hardman, Monica Harris, Brianna Harris

Ordinary

I am an ordinary girl
Doing ordinary things

I like to go shopping for
Clothes, shoes, hats,
Accessories and a little
Bling bling. Now isn't
That ordinary?

I like going to the movies,
Hanging with my friends
In the mall. Please! Please!
Tell me if I'm ordinary?

Yeah, I like going to the
Pool during the summer months
And, Oh! Yeah I like going to
Family reunions, I'm begging
You, please! Please! PLEASE!

Tell me if I'm ordinary?

Evelynn Thompson

Anger Meets Reality

I met anger on the corner
He made me want to hit something
He made me want to set my hair on fire
and run in the street
He made me want to yell and scream
at any and everyone who crossed my path
He made me argue with my mother for telling
me to calm down and relax
I met anger because of my dad
He gave my dog away and I cannot
believe he did that
That dog was my baby my life and
my dog is gone because of my dad
Then I started to cry and cry and cry
until anger left and then I met reality.

Patrice Rouse

The Eagle

Eagle, Eagle, how you fly
So high and beautifully in the sky.

Eagle, Eagle, where did you get
Those huge wings that scare me
And make me want to scream
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!

Johnice Robinson

Turtle

Why is the turtle so slow?
Because his shell is so heavy.
Why do turtles have shells?
So that he can protect himself.
Why do turtles retreat into their
Shells when something bad happens?
So he won't get eaten. Why do
Turtles like worms? Because they
Taste real good to turtles.

Xavier Leake

There will be

There will be light in darkness
There will be a name for every little one
There will be rain for broken glass in the sky
There will be a woman turning her hair in the air
There will be frame after frame of my life

Jamal Williams

I Was In My Brother's Room

Today I was in my brother's room,
I really don't know why. I heard his
Game calling my name, so I ran inside
To give it a try. When I went inside,
That game was calling my name so I
Took that game that was calling my
Name and I checked outside to see if
Someone came, nobody came so I ran
Inside even further. Just as I started
To play the door creaked open so
I ran to hide but it was too late it was
My brother he caught me red handed.
I yelled, "The game was calling my
Name," He stood there and said,
"I know it calls me too." And the
game agreed with him saying, "Your
not the first to think I called your name."

Nichelle Kee



Joseph Heath

Lovely Day

Lovely lovely day
your like the ocean bay
as the day ends and
the sun goes down
I often see your smile
reflected in her oranges
reds blues and yellows
so beautiful like your smile,
my own special rainbow
reaching all the way to me
from you as a light breeze lifts
my hair I see your beautiful
face this lovely lovely day
reminds me of you

Marché Shields

Money Blues

My blues is money
I need me some
I need some money
I need me some
I need to get a job
I need to get one

I need me some
I need some money
I need some
I need some money
I need like 100 dollars
I need to work
I need to get a job

I need some money
I need some
I need some money
I need some

Somebody needs to give me some money
Please! Please! Please! Give me some
Money, Someone Please! Please! Please!
Give me some money so's that I no
longer have the money blues.

I got the money blues
I got the money blues
Please! Please! Please! help me
I got the I need some money blues
Please! Please! Help me
Give me some money
'Cause I got the money blues
All wrapped up in my body.

Rakeah Thompson

To My Love

Shall I compare you to a rose?
No, roses die and I want you to live forever.
Shall I compare you to my heart?
No, because my heart is broken
And I want you whole as you are.

Chandra Upsher



l-r: Shaquiel Jenkins, Joseph Heath, Jamal Williams

dc creative writing workshop

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS HELP MAKE hARTWORKS POSSIBLE!

The D.C. Creative Writing Workshop is a non-profit organization dedicated to providing quality creative writing instruction to middle school students in economically underserved areas of Washington D.C. One hundred percent of every donation goes directly toward our creative writing magnet program at Charles Hart Middle School, allowing our students to work with professional writers-in-residence in the classroom, the Drama Club, the Writing Club, and the Literary Magazine Club.

Show your support for hArtworks by mailing your tax-deductible contribution to:

The D.C. Creative Writing Workshop
601 Mississippi Avenue, SE
Washington, D.C. 20032

If you have books or equipment to donate, call us at: (202)297-1957

Or check us out on the web at www.dccww.org



Anthony Mitchell

This magazine was made possible by funding from:

National Endowment for the Arts

Commonweal Foundation

John Edward Fowler Foundation

Junior League of Washington

Fannie Mae Foundation

The Morris and Gwendolyn Cafritz Foundation

HARTWORKS



NATIONAL
ENDOWMENT
FOR THE ARTS