



HARTWORKS

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The Charles Hart Middle School Literary Magazine



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Above (l-r): Stelita Better, Kierra Parks, Derrick Brown, Lakeisha Thompson

INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the 25th edition of hArtworks, the nation's only inner-city public middle school literary magazine, written and edited by the students in the after-school writing club at 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 eighth year, hArtworks gives our young writers the opportunity to exercise their creative energies, speak their minds, and be read by an audience throughout the city. The 2009 edition of Poet's Market recognizes hArtworks as "an outstanding example of what a literary journal can be (for anyone of any age)."


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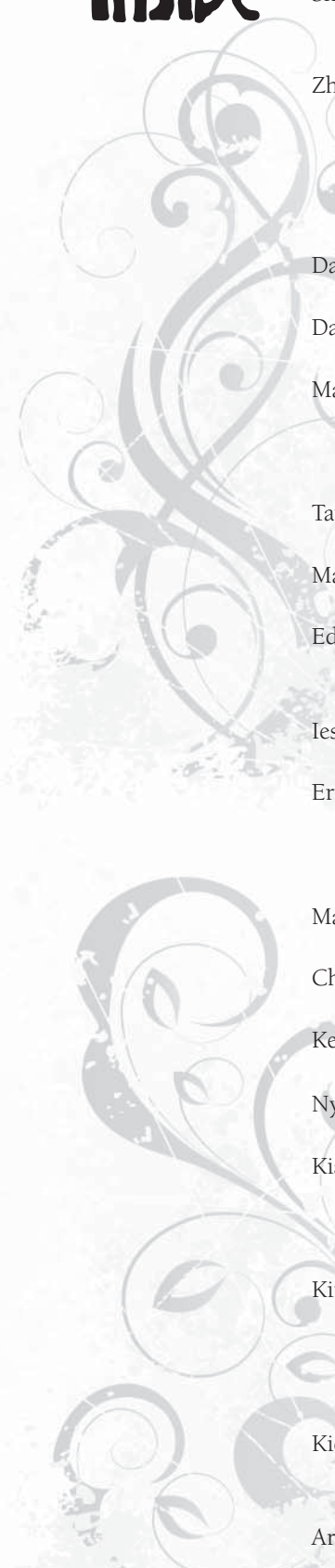
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*l-r: Ranikia Singletary,
Dontae Keith*



l-r: Khalil Jones, DeArren Dawkins





DarVel

Drowning dogs doing dirty deeds
Airplane's aerial attacks ambush all
Ripping rabid rhymes, reading readily
Vicious viper venom
Evolutionary evaluation echoing everywhere
Listening, longing, laughing, loving loudly

DarVel Suggs



Nichell Kee

Aaron

Absences and abstinence
After atrophy accompanied the
Relationship, running rapidly, relapsing
Opposites, over and over opening
Negligence, never noticing the eviction notice. Leave.

Aaron Brooks



Janine

Jumping jovial jewelry
Answered an anonymous aura
Number of nice never-ending
Infinity, incomplete inevitable
Nine names
Endless, exceeding epiphany

Janine Green

At the End

When the earth takes its last rotation
I'll venture into an unseen forest of death
When the earth is about to enter oblivion
I will dive into the over-sweating ocean
Not bothering to come up for air

When the earth comes too close to the sun
My mind of wreckage will unscramble
To solve the stupid Rubik's Cube
The breeze alone would calm my overheating heart
Working faster than usual from the fear
My tempted fingers scrape at the forbidden chocolate

I yell a piercing scream into unheard itching ears
The earth takes its last breath
Seeming to no longer move
Everything stands still
My last glance
The infinite eyes of a mirror
Capturing my soul

Nichell Kee

DeArren

Daring to walk down these halls
Eating every last piece of pizza
All day playing the game
Red ruby, ready to run
Race, even rule, every street
Eat eggs early
Never, never, never not believe

DeArren Dawkins

Edward

Ending every evening eating eggs
Drawing dreadful drawings during deconstruction
Winning while whining when winners win
Adding attempted actors acting accordingly
Rewriting redone riddles, redoing rights
Decreasing down during deconstruction drawing

Edward Marshall

If There Was No Tomorrow

If there was no tomorrow
I would probably shatter glasses all over the floor
If there was no tomorrow
I would follow the globe around the world
If there was no tomorrow
I would end all the obstacles and make them precious garments
If there was no tomorrow
I would unfinish all the heaviness in my life and burn it into ashes
If there was no tomorrow
I would be alone forever with my furry cat named breeze
If there was no tomorrow
I would probably do a lot of things that I would not do on a daily basis
If there was no tomorrow
I can't imagine how my life would be

Mia Sandoval



Devin Jenkins



Kortnee Spencer

What it's like to be hot

It is like standing in the sun for 4 hours
Sometimes I get headaches
Because I am not used to sitting in a hot room
That's what starts it
When a breeze hits my head
It starts to go away
If you are very hot and a cold breeze blows by
It is like you just say ha, ha
That feels good
Like putting your head on a fluffy cold pillow
In your own world

Eric Armstead

What it's like to be quiet (for those who aren't)

First of all, people judge you
Before they even get to know you
First thing that comes to their minds about you
Is that you're a mute
Teachers try to challenge your voice
By making you read out loud
Or saying something, period
Just to make you talk
Having various people challenge you
To see if you're a punk
Having respect for others
But they don't respect you
Having crushes on people
But you're scared to confront them about it
Because you're scared of rejection
Being quiet can be good at times
And then it can be bad at times
Because of the world

Janine Green



Keshan Kegler

What It's Like to Be Me

First, being 13 and feeling so old
Like being an adult
Or an old rusted bike chain
It's like going to a school
That has been there for years
But still is in good condition
But remember that you're a child
And still young
Always remember that you're never too young
Or too old
For anything everyone else can do to have fun

Andre White

When the world ends

When the world ends,
the obelisk of my emotions will collapse.
When the world ends,
I will be in a city of ignorance.
When the world ends,
I will feel the floor vibrate.
and the last dripping of my Kool-Aid,
will double as it falls on my new jeans.

When the world ends,
I will hear my family screech for help
as I sprint down the unswept rug
smothered with flavors of my father's
Sunday night cooking.
When the world ends,
my fingers will turn numb
as my unfinished heart will be shattered.
When the world ends,
there will be nothing but ashes
and a slight breeze
after a barrage of uncensored emotions
overwhelms me.

Kirk Murphy

The Horizon

When the world ends
I will sing up to the stars.
When the world ends
I will be at the Apollo on Friday night.
When the world ends
I will be the breeze above the mountains.
When the world ends
I will be blooming somewhere
like on the horizon
where the sun shines all morning long.

Keyama Robinson



Before the World Ends

I would draw every picture I can
I would drive a car under the age
I would get more clothes and shoes
I would go see everyone that I love
I would do all the little things,
All the precious things I have missed
I would look forward to the heavens above
I would swallow all my hate and anger into ashes
I would even put on a new pair of glasses

Thomas Whitney

I Remember My Childhood

I remember my life with a flash through my eyes
I remember oatmeal in the morning and a cold cut sliced in
triangles in the afternoon
I remember jumping of a balcony and breaking my arm
I remember being the tallest in my school
I remember old school go-go
I remember Motown on my grandfather's record player
I remember change when I lost my mother's diamond ring
I remember Saturday cartoons
I remember waking up Christmas morning to snow
I remember wearing goofy clothes and not getting laughed at
I remember my childhood as if it were yesterday
But I wish it could still be here

Walter Jones



Devon Hudson

Back When My Mind Was Broken

Barefoot and an empty mind
Reckless yet practical,
Speech slurred
Images blurred,
Yet happiness lingers in the air.
Everything has meaning:
The way the chair squeaks whenever someone moves it,
The way I seem to be locked out of the important things,
The way people squeeze my cheeks and make funny faces,
Even though I don't feel like it.

Tripping, stumbling
Over my mind because it's not focusing—
These little feet will never walk in a straight line.
Fun is way too simple,
But I can tell in a tall person's mind
It's useless...pointless.
Horizontal skies, brown eyes,
Another bribe waiting to happen,
Just to make me silence my soul.
Been told
Over and over again
The rights and wrongs that never ring a bell.
In my mind
A huge world
For a small kid in an unknown place called home.
Your biographers never understand,
Even though you remember.

Kiana Murphy



*l-r: Edward Marshall, Jayon Gray,
Marquise Lewis, Kirk Murphy*

There Is No

There is no me
On this planet I call earth
I am vacant
Please don't avoid me
I am not full of emptiness

There is no firmness
So why am I so firm?
There is no film
In this twisted camera.

There is no helmet,
So don't overlook the danger
Curling into a cascade
We called it me falling off a water cliff
I'm like someone
That's why there is no me.

Nakia Better

The Fugitive

Finding nowhere in an open space;
Enclosed writings on the wall,
Scribbling at their own pace.
I've never been with anyone else,
So keep your accommodating accusations to yourself.
Memories save me until you speak to me,
Then it doesn't matter what I ultimately see.
You're waiting for me to sing like a bird;
Think twice, I won't say a word.
You keep asking, where have you been—
I'm a prisoner in my own home,
We're through, I win.

Sequan Wilson

Hate, Pain, Love

There is no hate, only love
Love can always kill hate
There is no space
Pain is love, not hate
Hate is hate, killing in the streets
Love is hate, a newborn baby
Love is pain, tears in your eyes
Hate needs space
There is no space
Half-moon praise of broken light
The fire of light is distant
Tears of light in your eyes
There is no hate
Love is pain, broken-hearted
Love is hate, a newborn puppy
Hate is hate, raped and killed
Pain of hate, a baby dies after birth
There is no hate, no space

Keyama Robinson

Boredom

To get through these long hours
I count the coffee tables
and how many steps I'll take before
I jump in. I check the time twice
and zone out, but the time is not up.
I pay the scenario, keep a penny in my pocket
Just for the thoughts.

Maryum Abdullah



DeArren Dawkins

Sorrow of children

Children, it's all about children that have sorrow. Kids cannot stop being sad because of the things that they been through. The children's feelings are about sorrow and shame of their families, they just can't believe in God no more because they been praying for freedom and they still don't see freedom. A child in the corner still prays and still believes that they will have freedom someday. This universe is not the same without children in a lighthouse. With the wilderness being hunger in the wild, the bottomless daybreak turns into footsteps. The sawdust is salty in the day but not in the night. Sorrow of children is victims being taken from happiness.

Stelita Better

On My Love List

On the highway
I smell
Hah... The country silhouette
Family, friends
Hanging from a string
Wrapped around the mountain

James Tindle

So What Do We Have?

There is no truth,
Just lies told with such distinction,
We believe them.

There are no dreams,
Just thoughts floating carelessly,
Behind closed eyes.

There is no darkness,
Just light swallowed,
As the day goes by.

There is no cold,
Just heat evaporated from the atmosphere.
Sudden chills from an unexpected perspiration.

There is no love,
Just hate without any enmity,
Free flowing, yet addictive.

There are no voices,
Willing to stand up and capture the emptiness
Within the heart of every soul.

In the depths of the surreal life
There is nothing...

Crooked and twisted,
Things are never what they may seem to be,
But we choose to live with lies anyway.

Kiana Murphy



Stelita Better



Edward Marshall

No Death

There is no such thing as death,
when the person you thought was gone
is still with you deep inside.
There is no such thing as death;
you always live, with or without light.
Death is a thought that people fear,
death is an illusion
to organize
confusion, that's all.

Khalil Jones

No Fear

There is no sky
because it has no limit.
There is no yesterday
and it can't be proven.
There is no darkness
because there's light showing somewhere.
There is no light
because darkness always comes.
There is no limit
because it can be surpassed.
There is no twisted—
It always evens out.
There is no fear
 Savior is always here.

Thomas Whitney





Marquise Lewis

Pause

I put aside the enmity
and just try to enjoy life
to the fullest
like everybody else
I watch the world go by
not time
as I speak to the disembodied spirits
disquieted by my eyes
of what I see
my miasma of fear,
I try to overcome.

Janine Green

The Teenage Blues

And even though you remember,
your biographers never
understand.
Life as a child was fun
because I had less responsibility.
I am angry now, because
I'm a teenager now.

Naaman Dudley

House of Blues

The tears flow from their eyes
while they dance on the dance floor.
Trumpets, horns, tuba, and drums,
its soft mellow sound makes the crowd
weep and sigh, but they still dance and
have small conversations about their situations.

Watered-down alcohol with high prices
the singer sings a soft sigh
singing "my husband left me in the cold."
When the crowd hears that, they say
"Ain't it the truth," "Amen."
So heartless, not thinking about it,
there's plenty of fish in the sea
the crowd really doesn't care about that,
they just want to be depressed or hurt.

House of Blues is a spot where you can cry,
have fun, and talk about your problems
Also, you get to know other depressed people
and dance. If you come to the House of Blues,
make sure you have a situation to deal with
or it would make no sense to show up.

Renita Williams



I Remember

I remember as a kid
on Thanksgiving, eating my dad's home-cooked biscuits
that always had a creamy buttery taste inside.

I remember playing football
with my cousin in the freezing snow then coming back
in the house and laying my feet over the rusty but warm stove.

I remember as a child
pulling off my first ollie on that same scratched skateboard,
the right top wheel that always had that square shape to it.

And even though you don't remember,
I will always have these great memories
in my thoughts.

Kirk Murphy

What Bad Dreams Can Become

Of a fortune
Memory, soul
Hurricane clouds, bronze
Moonlight, shadow, fire
Half-moon twist, broken fire
Vision of forgotten lights
Setting in the streets of darkness
What good dreams can become

The princess of Asia
The Queen of Drama Club
Rule the world of kings and queens
Smooth hands above your gods
Unbelievable promise, eyes asleep
Clouds of bronze, strength
What good and bad dreams can become
These are my dreams
If you don't know me, they are good times
and bad times.

Keyama Robinson



DarVel Suggs

Football Memories

I'm remembering the championships
and winning games as a younger kid,
playing football, my favorite sport.
When I was five, I played football with ten-year-olds
I was scared, my father talked to me, and I wasn't scared any more.

Then, when I was eight
I played running back and safety and I scored
eighteen touchdowns in one season. It was kind of easy
but the next season I was ten years old and
I scored twenty-nine touchdowns.

When I turned twelve, I played quarterback.
I scored twelve touchdowns:
I threw one and ran eleven, and I played for the same team all of those years.
I'm thirteen now, and I might hit thirty.

Jayon Gray

Past, Behind Me

As a kid I remember
Living on 3rd and E Street,
Walking to school with my sister on weekdays,
Going to tutoring after school,
Having fun and learning,
Christmas gifts from everyone.
Also remembering the bad times,
Moving from my home, leaving my friends,
New school with new challenges,
Obstacles in every direction.
As I walk upon the path of life,
I see the past zoom before my eyes
with every step I take.
And even though the past is behind me
I feel it closer than the future.

Marquise Lewis



Artease Pimble

Action Words, Part 1

When my brother said I was stupid,
I tickled-like laughed
and it breezed by and made
a squeaky clean glass
Then I got shot down
cause I really was stupid—enough
to believe I was stupid, stupid.
So I fought the words:
retarded, silly, clueless, and wack.
With ten times the meaning plus five
I sent them right back.

Marcus Johnson

Untitled

Happiness doesn't catch my eye
Sunshines and rainbows, I gotta ask, why?
None of that helped shape me into what I am today
Like it or not, my remorse is here to stay.
Smiling was my thing, but it never brought me comfort.
Everyone around me knows life in one another,
Writing, touching pieces, never got me ahead
to the path I want to forever tread.
Heartbreak and darkness got me smitten
You can never gain without the pain rain, get it?

Sequan Wilson

It Must Have Been A Typo

She cried, "Love don't cost a thing."
We replied:

Our consistent chatter
emphasizes our easy mistakes,
absolute isolation
craves the laughter of significance,
effort fails to manipulate our minds,
constant distractions break our uneven hearts.
We are no longer alone.
The silent crimson tears
after the unknown disaster,
valued by many.
Dangerous realities enable
sudden stares off into the horizon,
impact among the many voices
we've lost our hearts for.
Ruined...the words were way too much.
Locked beyond the separation,
the white out couldn't cover the harsh penalties.
Somehow, the words were way too strong,
now I can no longer feel my heart.
My pulse has slowed to a painful stop
I can no longer feel your graceful touch.
The distance between us
can no longer be replaced...

Kiana Murphy



*l-r: Sequan Wilson,
DeArren Dawkins*

Black Against the Fog and Snow

Black against the fog and snow
against my ear
poison velvet rubies
in a hurricane that's
in the clouds,
the distance
of my wild
flaming emerald.

Whirling wind
the sound of
the ocean
the charm
of the palace
overhead,
the moonlight.

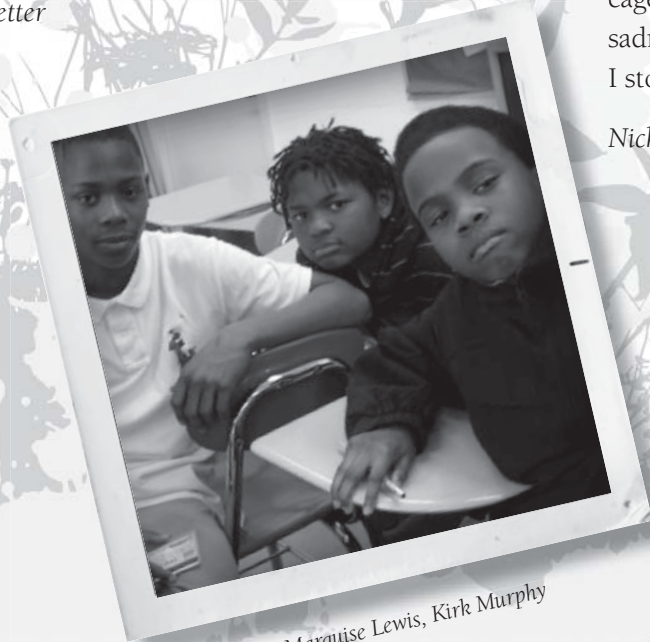
Feast your eyes
on the
unbelievable
vision of me,
black against the
fog and snow.

Nakia Better

Steady Path

Storm raging in my heart
frustration gathering up behind my eyes
thunderbolts strike my body from within
hands hurt as if they were electrocuted
confusion takes me over as my fingers
begin to curl like vines
my legs walk backwards
putting some distance between us.
The words escaping her lips try to provoke me
but I continue, steady on my path
a riot breaks out under my flesh
but I still continue my steady path
rage builds up behind my eyes, replacing frustration
my mind starts to cloud over like a fog
images pop in and out of my head
confusion empties my eyes of rage.
I want so badly to fill up the space between us
but I stay on my steady path.
I don't understand my violent reactions
Am I truly a bad person?
Have I been misjudging my usual behavior
as just joking, when really
there's an outraged monster
caged within myself,
sadness pushes confusion out of my eyes
I stop my steady path...

Nichell Kee



l-r: Jayon Gray, Marquise Lewis, Kirk Murphy



Eric Armstead



*l-r: Marcus Johnson,
Marcus Barnes, Deon Stover,
Khalil Jones*

End of the World

If the world ended
I would shoot all my enemies
and steal a car,
I would buy a dinner
of pizza, chicken, crabs, shrimp.

If the world ended
I would start a riot
and watch the buildings burn in flames.
The streets would be wild.
The ashes of the fire blow away.
I would get on a tall building and look at the wreckage.

If the world ended
the last thing I would do,
I would shoot myself
into space!

DeArren Dawkins

12 Years of Age

I watched a man die.
It wasn't fair;
I used to see it all the time
in movies
but I never asked for a
front row seat ticket for reality.
That day my innocence died.
I am no longer the guy with
good grades and a heart of gold.
My mouth is now a rainbow
who speaks in defense for
all colors and races.
But I've lost my strive for
excellence. This doesn't make
me a failure, I'm simply a
guy who won't succeed.
A guy surrounded by
gunmen and fired
upon is devastating to watch for a
child. Children carry memories
Forever.
I'll forever see his wounds and
hear his cries.

Aaron M. Brooks



Jayon Gray

Nope!

Titles aren't important because they try to hide
the feeling you get inside,
when paper and pen collide.

Titles aren't important because they ruin the mood,
the complete attitude
of one's opinions polite or rude.

Titles aren't important because they try to look fancy,
Makes the poem seem so chancy

They even help prove theories of Ms. Nancy.

Titles aren't important because they lack the finesse,
Finesse that I haven't quite shown yet.

Titles aren't important, they never should be,
Leave them out, and your poem would be a breeze.

Sequan Wilson

The Fight

I want to forget when
I got into a fight with
my B.F.F.L. just over something
crazy, the crazy thing is this
girl influenced her to throw
my book on the floor and I
told her to pick it up and she
didn't so I hit her in her
face and she hit me but
I am thankful that we are
friends again.

Bernice Caldwell

Memory

A memory I want to forget
a part of time I want to defeat
a memory
snowflake that scars
that has left me with pain

That memory was the most
painful of my life.

And that memory was
when my grandmother died
on the day before
my birthday.

Lakiesha Thompson



Forget It

I want to forget about all the violence on the street because that's all people do in the world and it leads to gangfights and gangbanging and also shooting and if the world did not have violence it would be a peaceful loveable planet and I really want to forget all about it one day.

I was walking with my friends outside and all these boys just started fighting stabbing people and also shooting. A lot of people in the whole complex went to the graveyard and put flowers on tombstones because their loved ones had got caught in the crossfire and I wish that I could forget that time.

Marcus Barnes

fade away

I want you to
fade away
and leave me alone
for all eternity.
Your eyes
plague me
all throughout
my days
and nights.
The smell of
your perfume
assaults my nose
whenever I
least expect it
and then leaves me
craving your smell.
Your loving face
that helped
me through the
good and the bad
except for when
you left me
and your face
became my nightmare.

Shawntay Kent



l-r: Fonté Brown, Kierra Parks



Kiana Murphy

Why are people the way they are?

Why are people the way they are?
When people kick you in the cold,
Thinking there's no place
like home.

Then you become homeless and all alone.

Lakeisha Thompson



Edward Marshall

Rights

Right to remain green
to remain handsome
to vanish contempt

Right to remain black
to remain enmeshed
to be fenced
to be erased

Right to remain defiant
to remain afloat
to shine
to refuse
to be a refugee

Nakia Better

Homeless

When I see a homeless man, in my head I say,
I wish I could help him.
Sometimes I see some holding up
signs saying 'I am hungry.'
My father gave a homeless man
a ten dollar bill.
The homeless man said God bless you,
my father said You too.
One day
I came out of the store and a man asked me
Do you have some spare change?
So I gave him 75 cents
because I felt sorry for him.

Eric Armstead

No Mercy

You have the right to remain silent, the right to do anything you please, the right to ignore every piece of ignorance that comes your way.

Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law (where they will be acquitted) after you banish every bad influence from your road of unforgiven wrongs.

Whether in California or Florida, you have the right to speak to an attorney, only if you refuse to listen to all the defiant rumors in everyone's pleading eyes.

Do you understand these rights as I have read them to you?
Nod for yes, if you can withstand the peer pressure of everyone's bloody indescribable thoughts.

Kirk Murphy

Silent

Silence remains your right
like vanishing fences
Contempt
Shine defiantly
Winning over the black dynasty
Coming for throats
Running for shelter
Erasing the past
Black, white, all the same
Vanish from this Earth
You have the right to remain

Damon Kee

What I See

I see homeless people in summer.
I see more in winter. When I wake up in the morning I see paramedics picking up the homeless. If you see the homeless in winter they're ashy. Homelessness makes me feel invisible.

Jason Goolsby



Kaleidoscope

Leaping blue and green daffodils that cry
Into doves, orange thread leaping into blue hearts
Deer sleeping quietly under the moon and stars
Slippery S's
Ants turning into bears
Singing tulips turning into screaming mountains
Gold wires scribbling with oil
Blue streams flowing so gently
While boats flood by the shore
Red bunnies hopping mad
Like a kid who doesn't get what she wants

Cristal Sandoval

Tomorrow's Promise

Is anything promised?
A promise is a fragile tool.
That someone can easily
manipulate and smash to nothing.
In the blink of an eye a promise
can disappear before your very eyes.

Broken promises, broken dreams,
what is broken sometimes may not
be put back together. A shattered mirror.
How can tomorrow promise anything
if tomorrow itself cannot be promised?

Marquise Lewis

The Way I Am

I got my voice
 from my mother, my
fingers from my dad
my selfishness
 from myself
I got my taste from
 my mom and dad
I cherish people
 like my mom and dad
I got my silence from
 my mom and dad
My favorite colors from my
 birthstone and
My future from my
 mom, dad and me
I got mine.

Kierra Parks

Myth

I was sitting in math class
And an asteroid came flying through the window
With glass flying everywhere
Everybody ran except me
It landed on my math teacher
His legs stuck out from the bottom

DarVel Suggs



Renita Williams



Marquise Lewis

Always Conscious

Looking behind my back always,
never knowing what's going to happen next,
like the new kid just coming to school and
seeing the school bully.

Always feeling like something
strange is yet to come,
like reading a horrifying book and thinking
that monsters pop out of that corner.

Constantly keeping my eyes on everything,
thinking someone's watching me,
like I'm the center of attention.

Kirk Murphy

My life

I'm coming into the new year
thinking about
Butt Naked about the time

he got locked up,
it was really messed
up because I couldn't

see him no more
like I wanted
to but he was sending

me pictures in the
mail and writing
fairytale about him and

how he is going
to change his
life around and

this year I
was sitting at
a desk writing about

Butt Naked and how
I miss him
so much and how I

wish he was here
with me right now.

ShaQuan Joshua



l-r: Marcus Johnson,
Marcus Barnes, Khalil Jones

Poetic Autobiography

And even though I remember
the slurred, soothing words
of my mother while
she bathed me,
I failed to
understand the fact
that she had an
addiction to a thing
she called grey goose,
the thing that made
her feel good
when no one else
was there to
put the broken pieces together,
and when her bottle
was emptied of her
sinful concoction
I was there to
accept her for her,
and give her
the love she
had sought from
the lover that
only corrupted her,
but your biographers
never understand.

Shawntay Kent

Pedigree

I am this list, made from miles and miles
of legendary status and phenomenal beings.
I am the latest line on this chain
of events and tragedies called life and death.
I am the aftermath that sets new records for the elderly
and sets new standards for the names that come after me.
I am the pain and misery
from all names above and all years to come.
I am my own pedigree.
I am my family's future.

Aaron Brooks

The Poem of the Widow's Son

Dat pretty lightskin lady wit da
pretty butta skin and da ruby
red fingerwaves,

singin' dat song she always be
singin'. It's just her voice makin'
love with the piano. I be listenin'.

I see it goin' down in a smoky gray
and black room. It smell like cigarettes
and Stetson and polished bullets. Nobody's
talking. Dey just payin' close, close attention
to the love scene. All these dudes
got on suits and hats wit da feathers
on 'em. And dey listenin' jus like I be.

She be singin' "Love don't live here
anymore." The piano always got the
right thing to say back to her
licorice lyrics. They get along so good.
It's like one of the silly fairy tales
we read about in skool, dat ain't real.

And if they is real, then it ain't for
long cuz they always die.
Fairy tales die and leave you in a
nightmare. Like momma when daddy died.

Daddy gone and you know he ain't comin'
back. Now all momma got is that
piano and me to love.

James Saunders

Making My Life

Thank you for making me laugh,
for kindness,
for making me exist,
for delightfulness in my life.

Thank you for our strangeness,
for crowns and clumsy animals,
for our writhing snakes.

Thank you for our unburied family members,
for our motionless people,
for our smashed ants,
for my brief message.

Kierra Parks



Sharri Barnes

When these trees talk.

In this household
on this tree, lined
with exotic ethnicity,
charismatic nature true to
mosaic patterns of unkempt
chivalry. My life is a lie based on
sibling rivalry, scribbled in
pandemonium
and sleep-filled convulsions.

Jittery and frivolous and
post dinner questions set on
blunt and confusing, gregariously
insulting me, with my wet toes
on these locked surfaces.
On this house, In this house, with
gentle vivid acquaintance,
responsible for the frightening concept, self-titled.
These talking walls, Techno and pop,
gyrating my moods, like gelatin, body movement
seductive, heated 90 degrees.

Dancing silhouettes
everybody six feet above my
decomposed walls.

James Tindle



Marcus Johnson

My Own "Best"

I put smoke up in the air to chop and screw
my landlord's voice.

I drink it straight driving 78 miles per hour
past responsibility.

On Easter Sundays I wear a tailor-made
suit to Jesus' joint to see my old buddy
that I only call when I need a favor.

I work 3 mediocre jobs to decorate a loveless void.

I'm always best-dressed to fit in and
stand out simultaneously.

I'm roommates with the faded glory
of my past. He's my best friend. I take
him everywhere. To the clinic, the IRS
building, to anger management, we even go
to jail together.

James Saunders

When I traveled to the Nile.

Instinctively, I swing my
oar-like arms against this
beady current, my lungs chiming in exact tune
with the gregariousness
of the trees, the
maudlin waters whinnying like
a man's cavalry.

The wanton thoughts, the self-
administered liberation, afraid
of the end of...the Nile.

Obsequiously, the trees whine for far off escapades,
to grab their roots from the soil
and play hopscotch, on my land, on my
land. Catering to my needs, the trees.

Traveling vicariously along the Nile,
instinctively, swinging my long oar-like arms
against this rush of warm bath water...often
letting my hands surface from beneath the clear sheet.
My dog's bark drowns my swim.
These thoughts of the Nile ending,
cater to my needs...The trees.

James Tindle

Ode to the cafeteria

You don't be clean
old peas get stuck
on your hands
soda is spilled
on your shirt, you
stay unsanitized

Artease Pimble



Fonté Brown

Worth The Thought

That billions of children
are dying for the dumbest reasons.

That the black man is
still being treated badly, secretly.

That the sun will
one day not rise.

That the poor will not
suffer any longer.

That the tree is planted
before it becomes beautiful.

That everyone is so the
same that we might as well be clones.

That the stripes on the
flag mean united but no one will unite.

That paper and a pen
are the keys to knowledge.

That the ground is
solid.

That the teacher teaches but no one
listens.

That the moon is
bright.

That there are many
numbers.

That promises are made
to be broken.

That the earth spins
but no one feels it.

That secrets are never
kept secret.

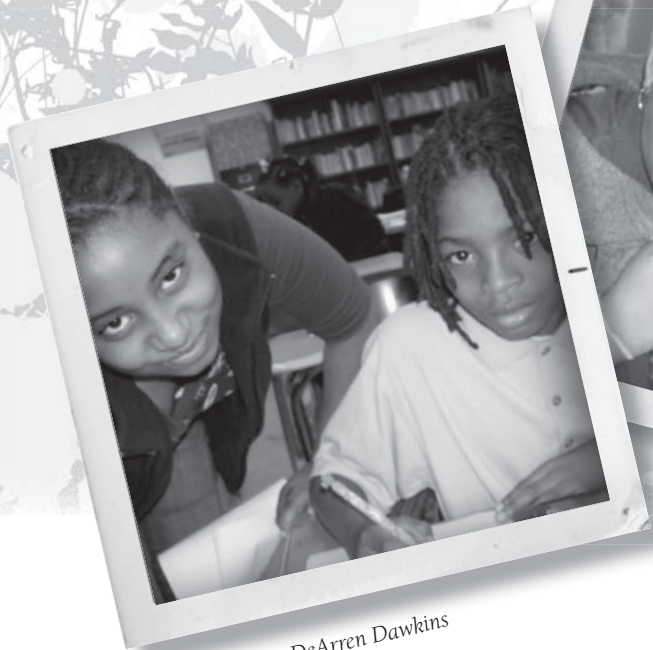
That Dwayne is
my inspiration.

That this is the
end of my poem.

Davon Ford



l-r: Deon Stover, DeArren Dawkins, Dontae Keith



l-r: Fonté Brown, DeArren Dawkins



*l-r: Stelita Better,
Marcus Barnes*

What is worth knowing

That stray cats are
on the streets. That
my dog is fat as
an African elephant and
has green clothes.
That babies are cute,
that bright colors
are visible. That
the ocean is sometimes
blue. That silver has
fans. That apples
grow on trees. That
Mr. Dwayne is
worth nothing. That
lockers need repairs.
That calculators are
useful. That desks
are needed.

Kortnee Spencer

The Statue of Freedom

It is made up of promises
that are gifts and a bridge
broken, a cemetery of
death. When the half-moon
looks down upon it, it
blows fear of fire
that fists hands, that just
trembles and burns. A tornado
that prays for stars is the
sky, is ashamed of a hurricane.
I'm lost in the sky with my
baby sister right beside me.
The statue of freedom is about
free people that stand over slavery.

Stelita Better



Kierra Parks

Worth Knowing

That second hand smoke
is as dangerous as first.

That energy drinks can
cause major heart problems.

That being with the wrong
people can get you locked up,
shot or killed. That no gas
in the tank means no
transportation.

That a presidential term
is four years. That unprotected
sex causes a lot of STD's. That
everything good starts off
bad. That D.C. is a city
not a state. That time
moves forward never
backwards. That Barack Obama
is our first black president.

And that knowledge is
power and power is strength
and strength is key.

Diantra Landry

What is worth knowing

Hearing people talk
makes me mad.

That if my father
cooks I'm going to be sick.

That if I get a perm
my hair will fall out.

That if I get mad
everyone will suffer.

That it is better to
go to heaven than hell.

That I look good
with or without braces.

That tigers are faster
than a puma, that's
worth knowing.

Ieshia Mayo



*l-r: Stelita Better,
Derrick Brown, Kierra Parks,
Lakeisha Thompson*



What I told my sister

I told my little sister how to
keep her promises, told her how
to ride a bike down the alley
without falling.

Told her how to twist her hair and
how to pray at night and even hit
people with her hand, to split faces
open, how to learn to burn paper.

Told her not to be scared when going
to the cemetery, to blow them dead
men a bye-bye kiss, told her if she
did something wrong I would
break her back bone. I told her
keep her imagination.

Charlene Monroe

Knowing which is which

I am teaching
my god sister
her abc's, I am
teaching her
how to write
them and what
sounds they make.
An A sounds
like an apple, an O
sounds like open.

I tell her to
point to an A
and she will point
to a P. As
time passes
she begins to
know which one
is which.
Then she
finally gets all
of them right.
When she gets
them right,
she goes to
tell my mom.

Tanasia Lloyd



Jayon Gray

Dead and Gone

I'm crying into the new year
where best friend lies and homie Quan
dies.

Where life is not fair and it feels
like no one cares.

Love hurts but is he worth the pain,
riding in the fast lane?

People say you are the one to blame
because you always play childish games
and that's a shame.

I'm bouncing back in the
line, trying to get my mind off of
time.

I'm struggling, feels like my heart
is going to pop.

When I heard you died my heart
dropped, stopped, skipped a beat, now
I'm looking down at my feet!

Thinking you died because of me, with
out you who will I be, you are the
one I need.

I thought I was a winner, now I'm
a loser.

When you were alive you made me
cooler.

Smiling my life away and not thinking
twice.

That night god was going to take
your life.

Now I'm burning and it's time for
me to get over that you are
gone.

Now they going to stamp your name
on a go-go song.

I wish I could race into a new
year and one day I could see you.

Angelique James



Lakeisha Thompson

Teaching the ABC's

I am telling my niece that learning
her ABC's is easy as
123, but she's not listening

to me, she'd rather watch T.V. or
break my stuff, anything
or everything she can find. I get

tired of trying, but I just
can't give up that fast so
I try one more time. I

was so surprised she said
A,B,C,D,E,F,G,H,I,J,K,L,M,N,O,
P,Q,R,S,T,U,V,W,X,Y,Z

all together for the 1st time.

Latisha Sockwell

The building

I see an ice cream truck
turn the corner
I look at it
then look away
I hear an explosion
bits of glass freefalls
onto my head.
A young girl is fleeing
she yells "fire!"
I look up toward the building
It's on fire
fire falls out
and starts to
dance around me in a circle
The ice cream truck
has a head on collision
with a jeep down the
street
I hear screaming, a woman
jerks, back and forth on a window
"help! help! help!"

Donald Forbes

Everything I saw

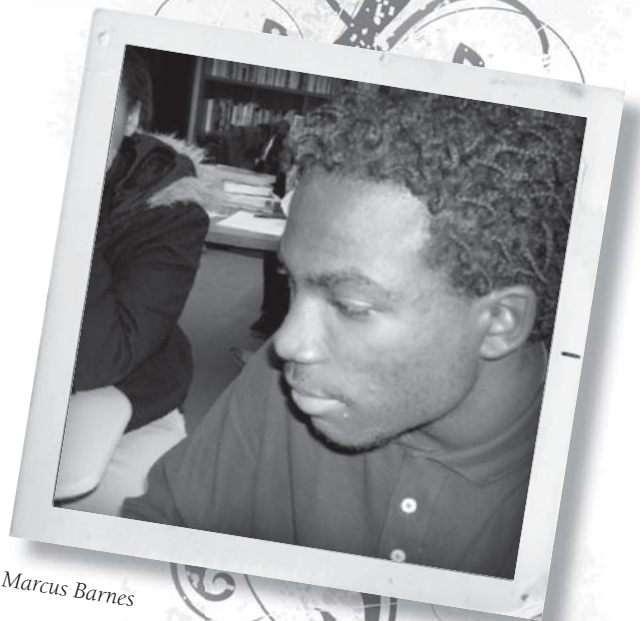
I saw the mixmaster spinning
those records on the turntable.
All the bodies started
to rise up because of the sound
of the youthful beats. The music
was so loud that the speakers
were bouncing around. Some
people these days think
that the go-go is very entertaining
but you could barely listen
as the music played my heart
started to pound in my chest.

Tracy Harris

A wish that goes by

I am bouncing into a new year
and the old year's popping back
like popcorn
that I eat watching a movie,
like crashing into a bus
all my old wishes will go away
it will be sliding through my mind
another wish I can hold in my hand

Antonio Jefferson



Marcus Barnes

My Madness

There is no family if you are full with emptiness. It is your hand reaching for a prayer in the cemetery. A broken fist promise to give a half-moon. When a flimsy angel overlooked a family picture it burned up into a deathly rose of flames that remind you of a dream that won't come true. The imagination of a secret holds a radio full of noise. Believe it or not your tear falls from a split tornado, sad and full of hatred.

Stelita Better

Football

Your rules are what we make up, like grab touch. The endzone is wherever we like, by the trashcan in the corner by the trash of dirty beds. Ant's shoulder hit the back of a truck and still he caught the ball.

Devin Jenkins

The Sum

I am the sum of my father and mother put together I am the sum of a camera, I capture every moment. The sum of white and red put together on a summer day, the sum of everyone telling lies. I am the sum of students learning in class, the sum of a person not a thing.

Latisha Sockwell

Poetry

I am storming into a new year like a burning leaf flowing down a small stream.

I feel like gliding through the air with a swift soft sound

crashing down with a stomping sound.

Tyray Johnson



Nichell Kee



Khalil Jones

Shooting jumpers

I am 2 hrs shooting jumpers at MLK,
I'm taller than every woman
in my family,
my mother, and my sister
look up to me.
I help them a lot
because I have
the top spot.

Speaking of shooting jumpers
I'm like a pro
making shots that are not even known.
I'm not that tall but my
jumper puts me on top.
I'm a beast, a boss
and on the court I'm a problem.

Marlon McDowell

Tunnels of fire

Tunnel of fire
last week I got fired
then that following
week I got hired
I was tired then
my building got caught
on fire

Jeffrey Gooding

I Am

I am one of a kind
like the rose that
just died
I am me
which no once can ever be
I am a black dime
that can't be broken

I am Zane
you will never find anyone
like me!!

Zane Harrison



James Saunders

Swept off the ground

I am a twisted branch on a tree,
waiting to become stronger,

a silent breeze
gazing through the night,

a math problem
that will never be solved.

I am a picture
waiting to be drawn,

a tear that is filled
up with sadness and despair,

a dead leaf
waiting to be swept off the ground.

I am a poem
that is filled with intelligence.

I am the air
that nobody sees.

Davon Ford

I am

I am an energy drink
filled with tons
of sugar

I am a leech
sticking with you for
years and years
to come until you
cut me away

I am a stress bomb
mess with me long
enough and in a flash
you would see
your life before you

I am a pencil
passed from hand to hand
until I am used up

I am time
never ending
or stopping
but moving forward
never able to go back

Diantra Landry



l-r: Khalil Jones, Deon Stover

A poem for

Hey, he says
Go the distance
You wanna laugh
Fine I'm out of here
But remember, go the distance
He's leaving
Family means nothing, or does it?
We have been separated for years
I still remember him in great detail
He was so evil
Still he's gone
Replaced by friends
Still etched in my memories
Still I remember go the distance.

Damon Kee

Ode to the school

You're filled with noise
and a lot of chaos
the teachers who come with you
are hypnotized into your dull building.
The soul of you lies
in the dirty basement.
I step in front of you
hoping for the best,
hoping to learn something
new.

Your old dusty dirty furnished
classroom reminds me of the hood I'm from.
You put up a display
that you're outstanding
when the mother who births you comes around.
The love for you from
your peers is very little.

No support, no caring, just destruction.
But I'm a part of you... and
someday I will learn to be proud of you.

Davon Ford

June 20, 2006

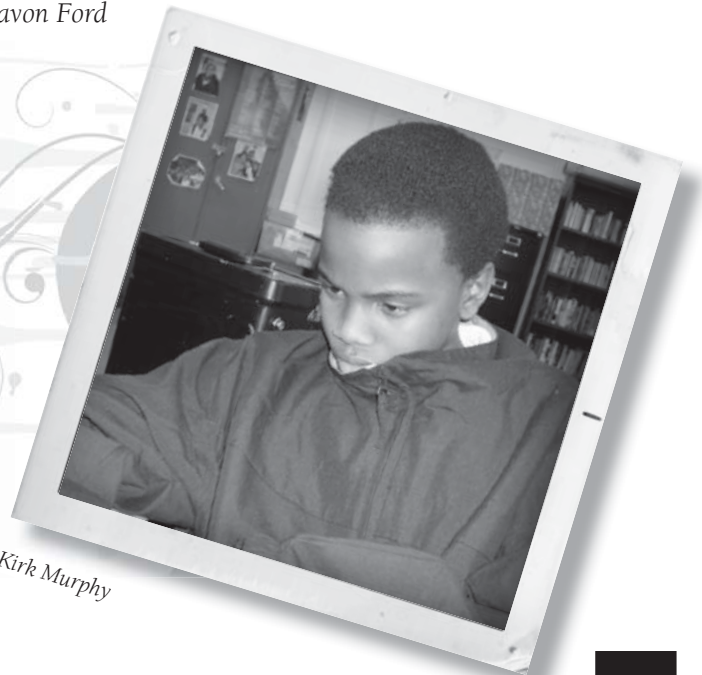
The light blue sky was so pretty
It was a very beautiful day.

Next thing you know, 3 guys running towards
The blue minivan the guy opens the side door

"Get in" "Get in" Hurry up, he said
They get in and pull off

Blood everywhere, glass, metal, pipes and...

Renita Williams



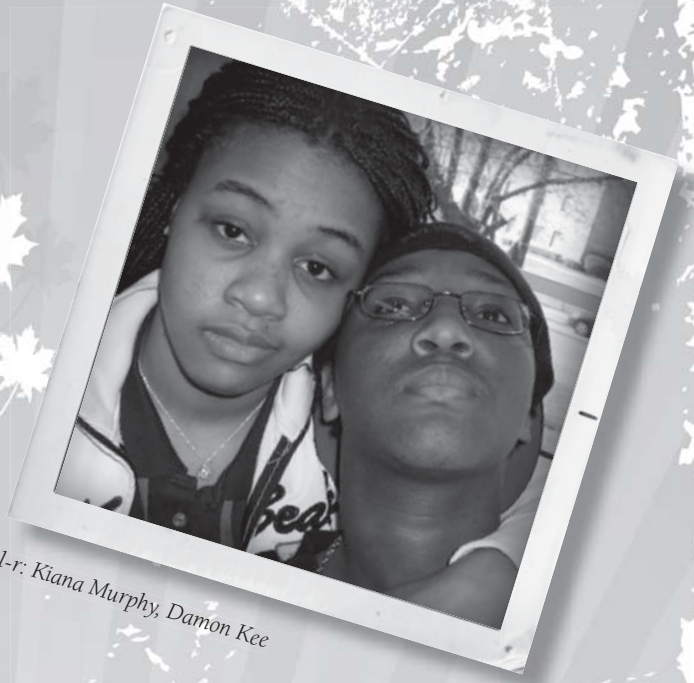
Kirk Murphy

Ode to deceit

Lies are everywhere, you look, touch—it's like putting your hand in fire burning to the 3rd degree. Even what I say could be a lie, I have met some deceitful people and it's sad. Did you know 5 out of 10 people are pathological liars, they will sell you short, won't care believe it or not your parents are liars. I mean, do you really believe in the Easter Bunny.... I thought so, but when it comes down to it we have told a little white lie before but it's different when you're being lied to....

It hurts like when your Hart gets broken you don't know what to do or say and you try to control yourself and know your limits. What you do is nothing because it hurts too bad like when a boyfriend or girlfriend lies your world's crushed, you don't know what to do and it feels like you're sick and don't move or do nothing.

Zhana Kornegay



l-r: Kiana Murphy, Damon Kee

Ode to Anger

I hate anger so much
I just want to murder someone
I want to snap on someone
I want to just do anything I
Can do to take my anger out on

I want to bury it alive
I want to do a magic trick
and make it be gone forever.
I want to destroy it forever

I want to take back all those
Things I did to people when I was mad
I want to forget about anger
I don't want to mention it no more.

Karl Gafford

Something about attitude

Attitude you roar
through me like the
A2 rushing down
MLK Ave on a hot
summerday

You make me put
away my spring
smile and bring
out the curses
of me

You make me
sick to my stomach
like my sister when
she had a virus
troubling her belly

When I hear
your name I want
to puke like a
little child after
swinging too much
on Anacostia park
playground

I want to bite
off your face
and put on a
new one when
I hear your name

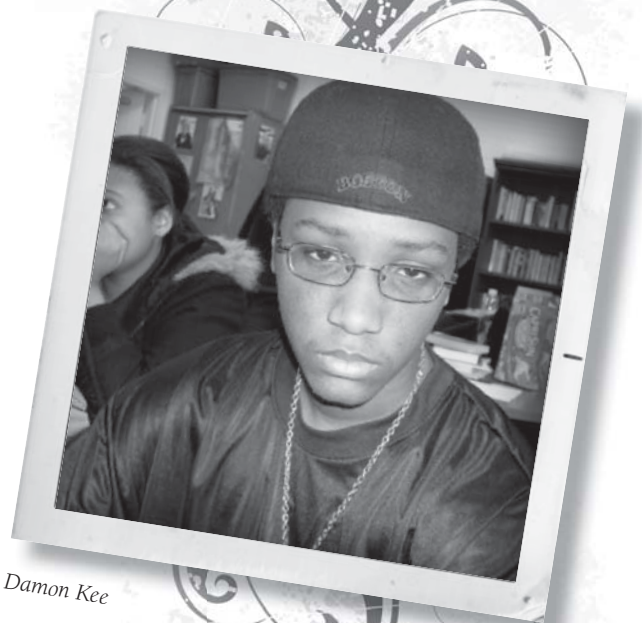
I want to attack
you like a lion

Imani Hinds

Ode to my memories

Ode to my memories
when Siquan and I used to have fun.
I can still remember those old summer days
like it was yesterday.
His smile used to brighten my day.
When we used to just sit on the playground
and joke around while eating something
that's why he was my favorite person.
We both like to eat.
It's been five whole months
since he's been gone.
Why so early, was the bullet really for
him? That's all I think about now.
Why Siquan, but all the memories
that I had, I'll keep with me.

Niya Rogers



Damon Kee

What is worth knowing

It is worth knowing
math, reading, writing
It's worth knowing
because without

that stuff you can't
get a good job. It's
worth knowing that
getting your education
is a big part of life.

It's worth knowing
that if you don't
have your education
you will not be
anything.

It's worth knowing
that you can make an A.
Big chance like
President Obama you can
be anything you
want but first
it is your

education you
need to be that
person.

Imani Hinds

Ode to Love

Love, you distance
between one and infinity,
can you only compare
how sweet and lovely
you are multiplying
into God with his angels
that hover over me,
you subtract the times
I felt like a speck of dirt
people walk over,
you add the time I felt
like a queen until
sadness interfered
like the area of death.

Tylashia Joyner

Ode to the world

The world is a beast with 6 legs,
The world is a beast that needs to be slayed,
The world is like a Dragon,
hot in the mouth,
cold in the heart,
power in the tail.
The world is going to blow up
in a lot of pieces.
You know
like a bomb in the core.
Volcanoes erupt
rivers overflow,
the world just stops,
everyone is clueless,
satellites catch pictures,
the world just stops,
the kids were glad,
the adults were mad.
The world just stopped,
the world went in praise.
The world's time was over
and I was there,
amazed.
I saw my hate go up in flames.
I was so glad I jumped and praised.
Ode to the world
and the world will say ode to me,
but until that day bye to all
an ode to the world.

Forrest Elliott



Jayon Gray



James Saunders

Shoes

If I was the secretary of state's shoes it would be fun getting on planes going to China, Mexico, seeing the great things the world has to offer you know walking down the street looking sexy but the secretary don't even know that I make her outfit glow I'm hot black stilettos a lot of people won't wear me but I say no there is nothing that she can do to get rid of me but I don't know it don't matter how many shoes she buys I will always be the ones she will never go anywhere without.

Zhana Kornegay

Emergency Room Talk

If emergency rooms could talk
I wonder what they'd say.
I'm a cozy little area of the hospital.
I see sick children sitting
while their parents check them in
wondering what's wrong with these
kids now. Pictures, paintings on the wall
of happy children thinking these sick
kids going to be like us again.
I know they will once they leave here
with smiles on their faces.

Niya Rogers



Eric Armstead

What is worth knowing

You mean who is worth knowing,
my grandmother

because she looks her finest
when she is going to church.

She gave me a necklace
that has my godmother's
name on it.

My grandmother birthed
my mother in a hospital.

She took care of her
when she was a baby
and now my mom does

that for me.

Jinell Hoes

What Is Worth Knowing

That Obama will
stay in office for
the next four years.
That church is a
way to praise the
Lord. That life is
trying to get over
people laughing
at you, calling you
names. That there
are more girls
selling themselves
on the corner. That
paper is also a way
of life. That life is
more than laughing
with your friends.
That learning is the
circumference of life.
That loving someone
is not worth it.
That blood is thicker
than a cell you can't see.
That missing class is
not worth fighting for.
That the world won't
give up and fall into
space. That god will
come and take his people.

Tylashia Joyner

Life is more than?

That life is more than sitting
on the corner selling
crack. That a touch
down is a field goal. That life
is more than shooting
guns taking life making
families cry. That a football is
made out of pig skin.

That life is more than going to jail
doing 35 to life talking through a
glass window to your kids
getting told when to go in the
shower and eat. That madden
came out with an 09.

That life is the prayer
from the mother sad because
her son got shot 4 times
and
don't know if he will
make it to next week.

Devin Jenkins



l-r: Marcus Barnes, Deon Stover, Khalil Jones

Born

I was born in D.C.
never loved it but
didn't show it. Born
at Greater Southeast,
never loved it, but
didn't show it.
Always went out
through the rain
and the snow.
Chilling on the yellow
brick was what we
called it, or either
go to the store was
our thing. Always wanting
to go somewhere
different. Doing and seeing
some things made
me sick.

Duna Kaigler



Ieshia Mayo

An Ode to Madness

Madness, an exploding volcano
Bursting in heat, u don't stop until
You're satisfied. U make me speak
My mind didn't know How far u
Would take me or how Far u would go.
Madness, u make me feel good,
But only when I think I'm right
At the same time u fill me with
Hatred, pain, depression, and it
Doesn't feel good. I try not to
Use u a lot but u just come so
Naturally u are natural.
Madness, u are a part of life where
Most of us let u get the best of us
But u can't get the best of me I'm
Going to fight through my struggle.
You're a feeling that's gets me hype
Makes me want to really hurt someone
U come and go, I really don't need u
U make me miserable stop trying to
Control me. I don't like what u do to
Me we are no longer friends.

Duna Kaigler

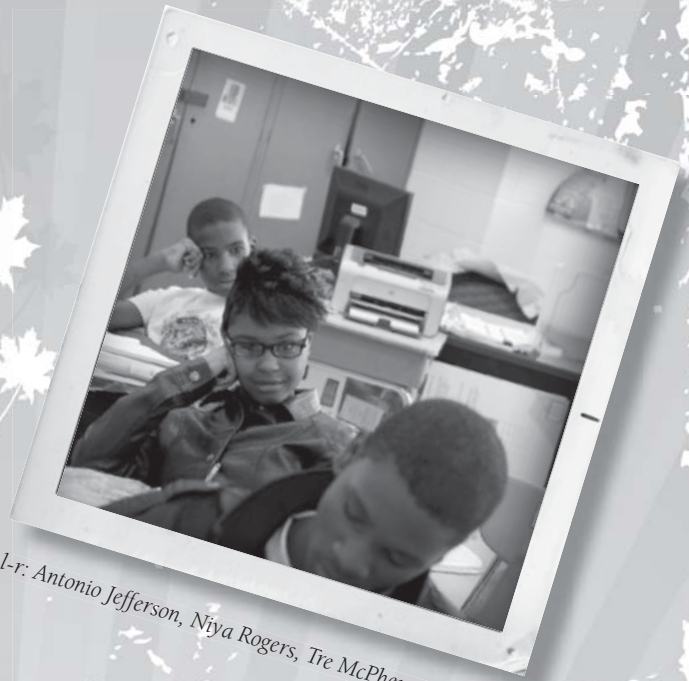
Ode to part of the city

I remember when I used to live
around Good Hope and all there
was were fights going on

then I moved and it was more
drama, so I was just bouncing
off the walls

I mean I never saw people
act like animals in my life
There were police everywhere
and I was only like two or three

Kesahn Kaigler



l-r: Antonio Jefferson, Niya Rogers, Tre McPherson

Talking to peace

Not one of the cars outside
is bringing someone to me.
It feels as if I'm alone.

When I talk to the trees
all I hear is a soft sound of
the trees blowing back and forth.

I can hear cars talking but
when I ask them a question
they can't answer me.

So as I see a person I try
to talk to them just walk past
so I shake my head and later
people start to recognize me.

Tyray Johnson

Ode to rice

Rice, hot
white and tasty
white and buttery
filled with old wheat
fresh out of the kitchen
Rice, hot
white and tasty
taste like Grits
Rice, hot
white and tasty
taste of joy
Money not going
to waste. I
get what I pay
for. Rice makes
my day. Good for
the morning. Good
for midnight, even an
after school snack.
My wife of the future
Ode to rice!

Derrean Jones

A poem for myself

I was born in Parkland
I have been to Baltimore, and Virginia
Beach.
I want to go to Florida.
I walk up and down the clean and beautiful
streets.
The beautiful streets of Parkland,
past the new building called the Arc,
the new basketball court and
two playgrounds. Parkland is the
place to be.

Brandon Jenise

Anger

Anger you are getting
in the way of
my emotions

Sometimes you make
me want to fight
But deep down
I know everything is
going to be alright

Sometimes you make
me look dumb
as a door knob
when I am the only
one yelling

Kesahn Kaigler



Andre White

A poem for myself

I was born in Wahler
I shouted thru the park
Born black in Wahler
Shouted thru the park.

But when I reached the age
of five I left that place
for good.

Said my mommy gathered bags
and she put them in the car.

When I left that Monday morning
She was talking to my Grandmother.

We left her sitting in the chair
on her porch with the sun shining
in her eyes.

And we headed North
As straight as the lines on the street
I been to New York, Maryland,
Virginia and Paris too.

Said I done strolled thru all
those funny avenues
I'm still the same old black girl
with the same old shout.

Going back to Wahler
this time to stay for good
Gonna be free in Wahler.

Shaquan Joshua

Born

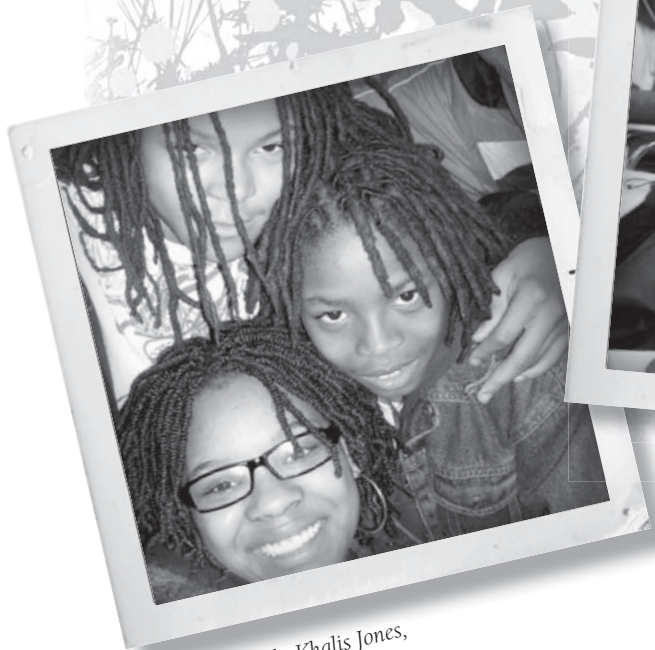
I was born in 501;
I walked past trash
on the ground.
Walked past trash
on the ground.
When I turned 11 they
tore 501 down.
Riding past remembering
all the fun times I had
with my friends
I walked past trash
on the ground,
walking around 501,
now it's tore down
and I miss it very much.

Antonio Jefferson

Black against the skin and bones

The cradle underneath the eyes of the mahogany
that sat under the moonlight. Wearing gold
there was a place where cotton was grown,
sun shining and no wind would blow. They could see
their shadow in a twilight zone. Rubies, emeralds
under her toes as she walks up the staircase made
of roses everlasting. Memories run through her vision
as clouds try to block all she did was watch her clock
as it tic toc. Calm asleep everlasting heartbeat
softness flames and rattling silence. Branches
sway back and forth at her palace she cried sang at dawn
I'm so glad those days are gone.

Renita Williams



*l-r: Dontea Keith, Khalis Jones,
DeArren Dawkins*



l-r: James Saunders, Kierra Parks

What cities are like

Cities are like silence cause when you are in your own little world everything is silent. Cities are like eyes when you look everywhere and everything looks right back.

Sometimes cities are like good afternoons without stress or problems. Cities are throughout life. Cities are like memory, when

you go somewhere you'll remember it forever. Cities are like soul, everyday it wakes up I am thankful for having one. Cities are like a staircase

when I be in the city, I feel wild about it.

Edward Marshall

The room of shadows

The room is full of shadows and darkness and full of just hate, this room with the distance of love just wants you to betray all.

This room is filled with a charm someplace you would never find it

It will make you forget everything you know. This room is a bloody haze that is unbelievable

This room is an endless staircase with wild crumbling roses with everlasting clash of silence that makes you go crazy.

Walter Jones



*l-r: Lakeisha Thompson,
Stelita Better, Fonté Brown*

Suppose the sun leaves the sky

On a hill of gold
they clash with a hurricane
whirling bones
feasting on poison
always asleep, calm
many memories
calling, haunting
cold sweats
someplace safe, the purest of afternoons
I wander into darkness
we fall into shadowy majestic lights
wild eyes
with sudden strength
the alter cradles the broken man
promises of wealth
the everlasting flame cries
now just a myth

Damon Kee

From

I am from Valley Avenue
I played outside everyday
from Valley Avenue
I played outside in the rain
When I turn 21 I am
going to leave Valley Avenue.
When I leave Valley Avenue
I am going to college
going to Maryland to play football.

Da'Juan Jones Jr.

Untitled

I have nothing to write
I'm not even gonna lie
Not the time or place, the setting is wrong
No privacy, and my words are meek
But no one respects that I can't write under pressure
Or under time limit

The letters have more class than to strip senselessly on lines
They have secrets to withhold, reputations to keep
These letters and words
Are my best friends
And they'll be the death of me
He said, "That's good, start with that."

Maryum Abdullah

Different things

Suppose the sun leaves the sky
or that my heart leapt from my chest
and my tears were overflowed with regret

One of these voices is telling me what I need to know
Another one, the wily, one told me lies
But my ears only heard the untold visions

The room is full of shadows
The air is full of sweet velvet smell
my heartbeat is drunk on rhythm

Black against the fog and snow
crumbling to the ground are my forgotten dreams
My hope is cradled with fear from my nightmares

All winter we'll wander in a red wagon
But all summer we'll travel in an everlasting destiny
Fall would be entirely different traveling on fallen leaves

I am a temporary citizen in the town of hatred
Next I'll move to funny
But for now my car of things is fed up with broke down

Nichell Kee

Shadows

This poem is filled with shadows
the sun shines brightly

bringing out the dark reflections
there are so many of them
they're here, they're there
they are simply everywhere

they follow you everywhere
it's an everlasting creature

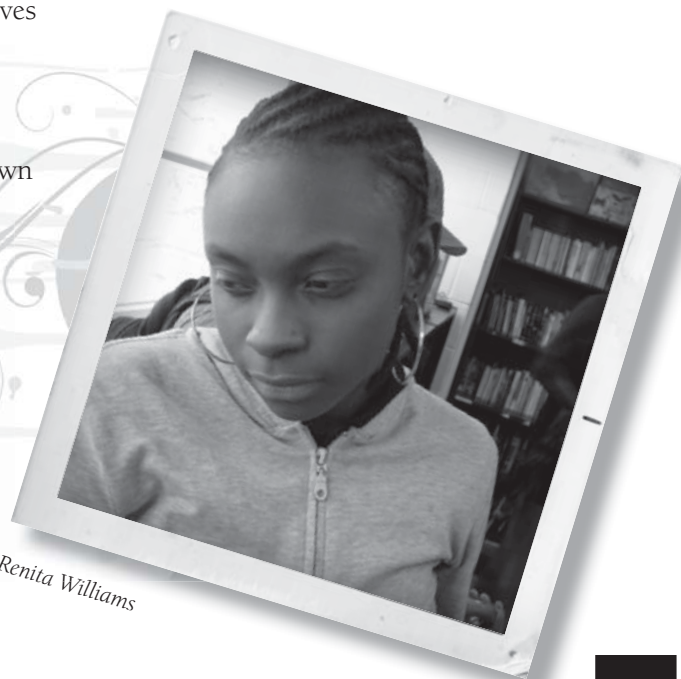
it never dies out
even when you die

they'll still be there
when you think about it

they are really creepy
they are the stalkers

of the shadow world

DarVel Suggs



Renita Williams

You're Right There...

1 month had gone by since it happened.
Click, pop, pop, pop. My uncle shot in the chest
reaching, gasping for air. The shot ricocheted
off the solidifying night breeze.

3:00am a disturbing phone call, "Sorry Ms. Gathers
your son has passed away." Everything froze, still
and quiet. Reality had shattered like the mighty
Thor's hammer to a thousand mirrors. A festival
of tears broke the silent night.

During the funeral testimonies and crying. Words
unspoken and thoughts rattled for the young
man in the casket. Every face, every smile
every moment reminded me of you. Though gone
from us you were still in our minds. I
wish I could forget.

Marquise Lewis

George Coleman

He draws all the time but
he is just a quiet and calm kid.
He is not loud but he be by himself
all the time and never wants
to be in the crowd. He does his
work but he has only a couple of friends
a couple of friends which are his mom
and dad and sometimes he just sits
in his room in the corner behind his bed
and draws, which is the only thing he does.

Jayon Gray



James Saunders

Word riot

I remember when
the foxes were fighting raccoons
It was a conversation
held by a trash can

The stray puppy was accused
of being a communist
And the ugly possums
disguised their allegiance
The rats were told
to choose a side and fight
Or better yet, roll out
before things get worse
The raccoons heard it
from the canary
that the fox was the cause
of all these problems
Which leads into a debate
of who said what
Words burst into riot
That's it!

Maryum Abdullah

Life Blues

You live life
but you can't live twice.

Deep in the sea
wondering who you
want to be.

Tryna be cool
by not going to school

All you do is end
Up a fool

Daja Leonard

Lil Sister Blues

I had to watch my sister when my mom went out
I said had to watch my sister when my mom went out
She cries, she cries all about.

I tried to feed her pork chops and steak
I said I tried to feed her pork chops and steak
But there's some stuff she can't take
But there's some stuff she can't take

OMG she threw up she threw up
OMG she threw up she threw up

Now its time for her to take a wash up
Now its time for her to take a wash up

Nyesha Morrow

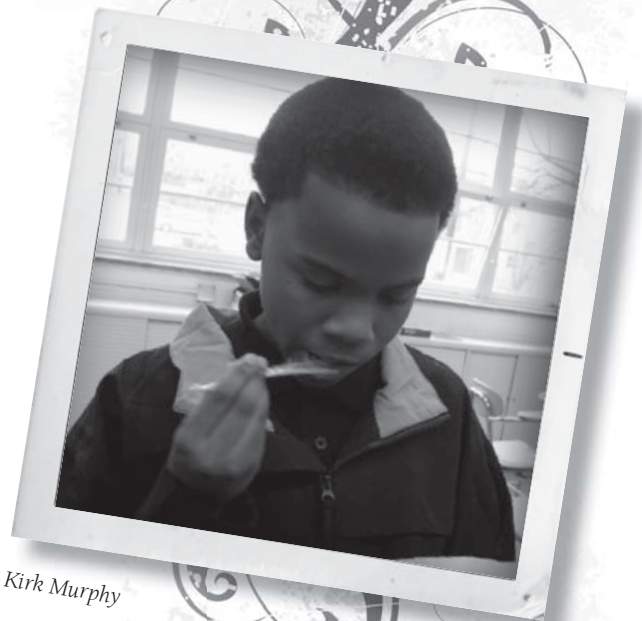
Bad Sushi Blues

I ate some Sushi now my stomach's feeling bad
I say I ate some Sushi now my stomach is feeling bad
Now I'm at home that sushi I wish I never had

I ate that shrimp now I'm feeling mean
I say I ate that shrimp now I'm feeling mean
Now I have to make tea with a vanilla bean

Now I'm feeling better I gotta make that green.

Myia Manigan



Kirk Murphy

Dirty Room Blues

I cleaned my room
but now its dirty again.

I cleaned my room
but now its dirty again.

I don't know what happened
but I just can't win.

I don't know what happened
but I just can't win.

I'm mad it happened
but I just don't care.

I'm mad it happened
but I just don't care.

Then I just say forget it
cuz I am not scared.

Then I just say forget it
cuz I am not scared.

Erica McCrae

Little Sister Blues

My little sister knocked me out
I said my little siter knocked me out
Should I hit her or tell mom what its about

Should I tell my Dad
I said should I tell my Dad
3 hours later I may not be so glad.

Lonnell Carter

Blues Poem

This boy asked me for my number
and I said no.

I said this boy asked me for my number
and I said no.

He said why I can't
get your number mo?

He said why, he said why.
I say boy bye I say boy bye.
He said I'm going to try.
He said I'm going to try.
I say boy my oh my.

Courtney Slater

Dear sadness,

In your hands the world
is going down the drain.
Two close people past away.
First my mother in the year 2008.
I still can remember her face
It was as bright as the sun.
Then this boy named Sinquan.
He was like a big brother to me.
He always had me laughing like a joker.
Now that he's gone my neighborhood
be as dry as crackers.
I miss them like a little boy misses
his lost dog.

Niya Rogers



Marquise Lewis



Marquise Lewis

Postcard Poem

Obama is getting around
 Black African Heroes
 Fighting the cold
 Happy for election in the cold
 Lil kids making change
 Young bros making change to see the first black
 President
 Peace has come for blacks
 Construction Obama
 Very hot
 Little girl taking pics for her beauty
 America's Top Model wanna be
 Wanna be artist too
 Working late at night Langston Hughes's Door

Danisha Woodard

Found Poem

African International Party
 Zulo Soul
 Move ments
 Artist art Dead prez
 Café Nema DJ Underdog
 Each and Every
 Soul In The City
 Jello for Peace for Unity
 It's show time
 Guest DJ...Saul Williams
 Experience the grandness of it all
 Sales and cocktails
 The Art Of Conversation
 MLK Weekend Celebration
 Visual Arts and Performing
 Arts Dining Jonathan Mannion
 The Wiz
 Roots
 Jay-z

Tajia Williams



Jayon Gray

Postcard Poem

Obama the first black
President. Our other President
Was Abraham Lincoln. I love
how the flag is. Lots of
people in the United States.
Kids happy and excited.
People chanting peace peace
in the air. Obama's name
everywhere. Ice Pops.
African-Americans.
Little pretty sad kids.
Dresses everywhere.
Band exploring.
Back in the days for blacks
Black and white colors.
Jamaicans be wild.
Wild hair wild colors
Art around the world.
Fathers and Kids reunited.
Soul In the City.
Glasses are everywhere.
Jay-Z is ugly
Gorillas and Monsters
Poetry all the way

Erica McCrae

Postcard Poem/ Found Poem

Barack Obama's face painted on a wall
Barack Obama under construction
A peace sign
Two ladies
A car zooming past
Boy eating a ice pop
A girl in a little pretty dress
Ugly tall lady
A night club
A young man serving someone
The water front
An ugly man
A crazy hair style
Father and Son
A headless person
A geek
Jay-Z
Poetry Out Loud
Classic Art
A lady trying to kiss the earth

Dante Lewis

What its like to follow class rules for those who don't.

In this poem Lakeesha Jackson
doesn't like to follow rules. Everywhere
she goes, different schools and classes
or moving in with her aunt or grandmother
and friends when her parents pass away.

I hate classroom rules cause you can't
Do what you want to do
But if you want to pass your grade
and get to college and get a good job
so you got to DEAL WITH IT.

Lakeesha Jackson

Recipe Of Anger

Find two big mouths that don't
know nothing. Add a teaspoon
of jealousy and some cream of hatering.
A cup of swagger and dirt.
Add a spoonful of don't hate
Congratulate

Erica McCrae

What its like to have a name like Jasmon for those who don't.

Its kinda fun sometimes
to have this name.
It has its advantages.

Some people misspell
my name with a Z or a E
and sometimes I.

But it don't bother
me as much and sometimes
they pronounce my last name wrong

but I correct them.
But my family pronounces it
right.

So I'm fine

Jasmon Gassaway



l-r: Stelita Better, Lakeisha Thompson, Kierra Parks

School, is that worth knowing

Fighting, who has a baby, HIV, AIDS, crabs
lice is that worth knowing
before we find out what is worth knowing
what is knowing, knowing is remembering
is what you remember is what you know
now back to what we was talking about
what do you have to know, one thing is when you
going to die
Is that worth knowing, I hope you said yes, if you
said no, smack yourself. Just joking
do not hit yourself, but do not be like me
live your life you
only get one do not be a follower be a leader
If you live in D.C. stick out not in
Do you know what I mean
I mean they might test you but it will be worth it
now that is worth knowing
you know all around the world schools are being
closed so take advantage do something with your
life get a summer job when you can
Is that worth knowing.

Forrest Elliot

The I Hate You Blues

You need to shut up cause I hate you
I said you need to shut up cause I hate you

I hope you fall down the stairs and break your neck
I said I hope you fall down the stairs and break your neck

I'm laughing at you now while you
falling to the ground.

Torrence Miller

My Boy

Blues Poem

He's mine even though we're not
together any more.

I still have love for him even
Though he doesn't know it.
He loves me and I love him but
We just faking on each other.
I have to move on he has to move on
But deep down inside he's still my
Boo.

Keaira Moore

My last day

If I were to die
I'd break out and fly
The world could see my shadow
Even if I die
My ashes would burn
Even if I see the light
The sun would burn at my sight
The world would shatter in the night
I would become numb
Like the stop of a drum
Like a breeze
I'd blow away
Swaying on a hot day
Forever gone on that day

Jovan Hale

Bad Niece

My niece keeps messing up my room.
I said my niece keeps messing up my room

Next time I'ma need to get the broom

Do I want to lock her out
I said do I want to lock her out

No cause when she starts to cry her Daddy screams and shouts.

Am I losing my mind
I say am I losing my mind

Yes because she will go to sleep just in time.

Daja Leonard

Listen To My Words

I, Karl Gafford, in 10 years I will be
an entrepreneur, a real estate
Agent selling
Houses, mansions, the world.
Like Scarface.

Listen to my money
talking: Karl paid,
he got more ones than
a dancer at the Chipotle,
he got money like Scarface

Karl Gafford

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