

Soundings
Poetry
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"are you religious?"
the words hung on his lips
like the morning dew on a blade of grass.
am I religious...if I am religious
then the sun holds the moon.
then the hot comforts the cold
and the dead breathes.
but no. they lay cold and still, unmoving and
empty.
the last time I went to church I was forced.
oh, my dear family couldn't understand
why their precious baby was different?
eyes watched my every movement
as if I was a criminal being dragged to my
execution.
the fear of hell burned hot but not as hot as
the
boiling self-hate that flowed through my
incorrect body.
pray the generations beyond are
not subjected to the torture religion
can force on your soul.
so, no.
I'm not religious.

- Cava

We stand with friendly smiles and happy eyes
Though you'd never guess that those smiles
are just us
Biting on the lies.
You'd never guess the pain we have hidden
deep in our chest
The amount of guilt and regret.
You'd never guess why we refuse to talk or
touch,
Disguised under skittish cries.
You'd never guess the reason for our pain, for
our guilt and hate
You'd never guess who we are.
You'd never guess who wears the hidden smile
of the broken.
You claim that the ones who come forward are
only begging for attention.
Our chipped nails drip crimson onto the empty
ground below us.
Our smiles fade into our fake lives.
We are choking on our lies.
We cry for help yet only few listen.
We're starting to fade.
Fingers go cold, hands grabbing out for help.
We're fading.

- Cava

I am alive.

I experience grief, rage, fear and sadness.

I am alive.

my emotions can be overwhelming. like the
angry tongues of the sea

lapping at the lonely island and ragged rock of
an

abandoned island.

my emotions pull me along on the choppy
waters,

tossing me about.

my tiny lifeboat is impossibly tiny in the
smothering storm.

I am alive.

and I experience joy, serenity, excitement and
love.

I am alive.

even on the violent sea of my overwhelming
negative emotions,

I still see the golden light of the other side

I am alive.

and life is beautiful.

- Cava

Blood Moon

The new moon is blooming a flower
We are dancing this hour.

Among us is the friends of none.
What flower for this hour?

Orchid or rose, either one I suppose.
What color flower I wonder

Will you go down with a plunder?
Which flower will I yield?

The color is wonderful dear
What did you now hear?

You heard correct you now dead corpse.
Now wilt like a flower

While I continue to dance this hour
Red orchids, my favorite flower.

- James

Lamb and Wolf

Lamb, why does everyone run from me?
Everyone runs from you wolf because you are
scary
Am I bad?
No wolf you are natural.
Lamb why do we have to do this every day?
Cause that is how things are.
Why do we then.
I don't know wolves, almost no one does.
Then do you have any ideas lamb
Have you heard of the old pale gray man
No, I haven't lamb
Then would you like to
Tell me the story lamb
There was once was a pale man
Did no one like him.
No one liked him, and they ran away.
So, what did he do?
He split himself in half
So, he would always have a friend
So, lamb what is next?

- James

Three Haikus

river is turning
The flower begins moving
It still continues

Ignorant cat bite
It is young and playful cat
Cat continues happy

It grows slowly ever
Now a strong and very tall plant
It grows now ever small

- James

The Dragon at Saarthal

There once was a dragon near Saarthal
Who thought men would be a tasty morsel
He flew all around
But before long he found
That his soul was consumed by a mortal

- Tino

Sonnet

A wolf is a wolf, a sheep is a sheep
A beast, another, that will make two
The sheep soon died with a bleat and a bleep
Now who's the beast, maybe me, maybe you.
The poor sheep was white as frost and as
snow
The wolf came and hungered for food and fun
Off to the side a Kid saw the horrid show
Looked to the roof for somewhere safe to run
The kid climbed up to the rooftop in flee
The wolf simply watched the speedy retreat
The kid on the roof would look down to see
climbing the roof was a dangerous feat
the kid's more scared than before, on the
ground
The wolf looked at the doomed kid with a frown

- Tino

Three HAIKUS

SHOCKWAVE

Guns stall and sky falls
The devil has a sweet call
Judgement for us all

HAZY

Fog just grows thicker
She's spinning, getting sicker
Lights flash and flicker

ELEPHANT

Bubbles rise to top
The boys anger never stops
The sound goes "pop pop"

Fairy Tale Poem

There was a girl named red riding hood
who was tasked with an important deed,
to take food and water to her grandmother who
was having trouble caring for herself
the woods were a dangerous place full of
animals
and beasts some larger than a man
Red riding hood journeyed through the dark
forest
With no animals in sight it seemed safe
She arrived at grandmothers' house
It seemed eerie and wrong
Grandmother seemed strange
Her sight has gotten worse
She had a strong sense of smell
And her skin was furry
That is when red riding hood realized
What was wrong with grandmother

- Malaki

Simple Story Poem

The things that bring my heart joy
can be the smallest things in life
my mother told to me
to Cherice them as they won't last
forever and she was right
going to the movies
hanging out with friends
playing video games
getting a new pet
they may not be very important to most people
but they are to me
they come and go
but when you do not enjoy them
they will stop coming

- Malaki

Words to Tomasz Fizur

Tomasz, the pain and the sadness you felt
Prussia! The wars, famines, what a life
They must have said you mustn't have knelt
The Catholic Church must have blamed your
wife

you must have had at least twelve children
born
but all twelve were sadly born very dead
I could never understand how you, mourn
That. You must have been numbed and seen
dead-heads

what does it feel to be killed by a loom?
Being crushed in horrible accident
Did you ever think about a child's room?
Maybe you didn't do all your sacraments

Your death was as painful as your baby's
It's a shame you never had grandbabies

Questions I have for my Great-Babica

Why did no one tell me about you?

Was it because you disowned your family

“I always loved my family”

Was your daughter, grandchildren and great
grandson not family?

Did anyone tell you about me?

I was told everyone knew about me, my Babcia

gave everyone photos of me

“(Silence)”

What about your sister?

Why destroy your family over jewelry?

Was it necessary to rip a small family in half.

Is there more to your story then,
the person who destroyed photos, papers and
people

I hope there is because I would like to be proud
of my ancestors

“there’s always more to a person, people aren’t
one-sided”

What did you want to be known for?

Or did you just want to be forgotten like your
ancestors

I would have loved stories about Warsaw

About the Russian Army

About your father’s sibling

But I got nothing,

Your side leaves a hole in my family

In my history

I wish I could figure out what makes a Baginski

Why are there so many Gay people on this side

Why do most of the people on this side have mental health problems

Why are there more criminals on this side than my Italian family.

Why.

“(Silence)”

- PJ

The Polish Diaspora

Our grandparents didn't identify as American
They didn't speak English they spoke a
different tongue Quotas were put on our people
We are often grouped with Jews
Some of us are Jews but we come from many
faiths
Our ancestors were part of a religious
experiment
An experiment where you would be of any race
or religion
and you were excepted for being you
Our history is a dying one
This is our ancestor's legacy
We are the Polish Diaspora

- PJ

zero ambition

we stay out late
we can't think straight
we're full of hate
for the world that's ate
all our dreams
our thoughts, they scream
our lives on a screen
we know we're mean
we can't be seen
trying to stay clean

- Vikki

voices

Dreadful maggots that crawl under my skin
and out my ears. Body less monsters who
scream.

Vomit spills out of my mouth on my chin
no words. I can't wake from this horrible
dream.

Her voice rings in my ears like sharp daggers.
I can't cope with the scars she left on me.

What will the fish do when it's bowl shatters?

It falls, lays helpless. No words for a plea.

Oh stepmom, I used to hide in my room
a child, too scared at what dwells outside.

But now that I have left, my ears still hear you.

And I feel in that room I should've died.

But now I sit, pathetic and broken
mourning the loss, you must be misspoken.

- Vikki

exodus

I hate you.

with every fiber of my being

I hate you.

you look without seeing

you speak without thinking

you lie but keep saying

“I’ll change”

I love you.

please just tell me the truth

my lover my love

where were you on Friday

why didn’t you answer my calls dear love?

please we can’t do this your way

your way is lighting the fire that burns

underneath my mind

you are the gas leak in my brain and heart.

I know it meant nothing

you were just drunk

but please for my heart, I feel like I’m melting.

J, dear boy, you are so distant.

I’m sorry, tell me what I did.

there’s sand in my tears

there’s glass on my feet

when I try to run to you, you make me feel

weak

I’m dying. can’t you see I’m dying.

curly hair and beads of sweat still haunt my

skin.

take your glasses off, you refuse to see my

scars.

when it came to me, you'd rather sink than
swim.

I hate you.

- Vikki

Cats

One is black and white like a Hostess cupcake
The other is gray like a silver fox
When you compare them you can't make no
mistake
His favorite hiding place is a box

My black and white fur baby is Mina
She has very long hair
She's as graceful as a ballerina
Her appetite is like a bear

My silver fox is Loki
His hair is short and thin
He likes to do the hoki poki
And Mina is his next of kin

Their bond is so strong
They've been together for so long

- Monique

LIMMERICK-ish

There once was a girl named Sally
She spent most of her time in the valley
She went once a week into town
To try on her wedding gown
After the ceremony
They will get cozy
And honeymoon in Cali (California)

- Monique

FAIRY TALE POEM

Once upon a time
It was only me,
My sister,
And the outdoors
We watch the clouds
In the sky
'Lorna' she says
'Lorna I'm tired'
We both drift off
After hours pass, she
And I Wake up and
She tells me about
her Crazy dream
that felt So real

- Monique

Sonnet

These days I stare at the sky, deep in thought
Thinking what life was like, and I miss it
When school was fun and the work was for
naught
I'd waltz to school and ecstatically sit

My teacher would give us some arts and crafts
I'd color all day and have fun with friends
We'd sit in a circle and read a draft
Of a story with spiders, pigs, and hens

I'd run home from school, excited to play
with my video games and my small cat
I'd do long division, spending all day.
Fall asleep, my DS on my chest, flat

Now things are stressful, hence why I miss
how
things used to be before they became now.

- Devin

A Fairy Tale Poem

The little boy climbed the beanstalk
Invaded my house, broke the lock.
He took my things, everything I had
and zipped away, leaving me mad.
He stole my bread, my steak, my juice,
he even stole my beloved goose.
My goose was my pride and joy
so now all I wanted to do was destroy.
I chased the boy throughout my home
as he nabbed more things, my soap and comb.
He jumped on the beanstalk and slid away
But I wouldn't let him leave, not today.
I jumped on as well and tumbled down
The expression on my face an evil frown.
But the boy outsmarted me, the giant ever so
tall,
cutting the plant and watching me fall.
As I dropped to my death and watched him
escape,
he got away without even a scrape.

- Devin

Limerick

The little boy didn't believe
The jolly man on Christmas Eve
But morning arrived
He was gift deprived
Now, he knows not to be naïve

- Devin

Haiku

A grandmother's hug
Soft like a cloud, warm like summer
Shielded with her love.

- Trinity

If you're cold, I'll warm you up
If you're sad I'll give you a smile
And I'll thank you for everything you do for me
to give you an amazing day
Thank you for your heart
And giving me yours and trusting me with it
Thank you for sticking by my side through good
and bad
And for wanting me through good and bad at
your side
Thank you for making my bad days good
And not bragging about your great day
Thank you for the love and encouragement you
give me
And showing me whatever I put mind to is
possible
Thank you for making me laugh through tears
and anger
Thank you for ever night and day I have with
you
And every day to come

- Trinity

how do you love someone so far away?
Not there to wish a good morning
Not there to hug on bad days
And no one believing you would last
I guess you could take care trips and planes
At the end you or them still must leave
It's difficult yes
But it offers you so much more than a regular
relationship
you can learn better communication
you'll value the moments you get together
more
it's amazing when it last
you prove everyone wrong
and your relationship is so much strong
but when it doesn't you understand how hard it
is
and what everyone was talking about
but the pros out weight the cons
a lot

- Trinity

Life and Death Poem

Life is all around us every day,
But we are still deaths prey.
Life is in everyone,
Until are life is done.
Death will claim us all
Weather that is from old age or a fatal fall,
Life will still be with us.
Even when we are on the death bus.
Life will always be there,
Through your ups and downs, helping you
avoid deaths snare.
While death is knocking,
Life is there, distracting you by talking.
So, when you reach the end of our lives,
Life will still be there, looking at all the fun
times in our old dusty archives.

- Zack

Sonnet

In fall there are thankfulness and pretty color.
Trees will start a process that will take them
weeks.
Some people say that the trees get smaller.
But really, they are getting to their peaks.

In Spring, the leaves are always growing back.
The trees are beautiful after winter.
The trees are all just getting back on track.
Because winter hurt like a deep splinter.

In winter, the trees feel dull in the cold.
While in Summer the trees are very hot.
Winter makes all the dull trees feel old.
Summer makes the trees feel like a teapot.

The seasons all affect what the trees feel.
The trees are like people in this big wheel.

- Zack

Couplet Poem

Life can be very pretty,
Like a little baby kitty.

All you must do is look,
Like you are reading a book.

In the ocean, all the cool fish thrive,
All while you are taking a deeper dive.

The jungle is exotic in many ways,
Let's just hope it does not go ablaze.

In Africa, the life there is strong,
It makes people want to sing a song.

People might say that life can be cruel,
But the animals in the food chain are just trying
to refuel.

People might not like life,
And try to cut it up with a knife.

That is why we must protect it,
Or we will be thrown into an unending pit.

Life can be happy,
but sometimes it can be crappie.

But if you have a good outlook on life,
Then there might not be as much internal strife.

- Zack

Fairy Tale Poem

Woods so dark, and sky so gray
Where it had since been bright as day;
Moments before the girl who cried
“Big bad wolf!” For the pigs who’d died,
Claw in claw, braided hair
Golden locks, her red cape fair
With iron and nail, she spent her years
Forging away, neglected by peers
Day by day, she waited wise
For the wolf who weaved his web of lies
And day by day, she’s on the hunt
For the wolf who said his words so blunt
And day by day, night by night,
She never slept, not since the blight
Of the wolf’s blue eyes, her scarred face
Over the years she was left an ace
An ace at her craft, to hunt, to find
Whatever it was that kept peoples bind
But day by day, she will not rest
Until she shows that wolf who’s best

- Mykayla

"We" Poem

We are the birds with feathers ablaze,
Smoke filling the sky in a dusty, choking haze
As We lift our wings to soar and fly high,
The clock chimes again, and We fall from the
sky.

We are the foxes, clever as can be,
Tricksters staying out at night, far as They can
see
With Our tails swishing back and forth,
Our cleverness dies as We ascend north.

Don't get cocky, say They,
Despite Their knowing nothing, the cages clear
as day
We march into the metal, not knowing what will
await,
The birds, the foxes, the little humans They
berate

They lit the match,
They blew the core,
They dozed down the forests
Yet We are to blame

As the sky keeps burning,
And the world stands still

- Mykayla

Simple Story Poem

I always liked to doodle,
With a pencil and pen,
A paintbrush and canvas,
Nothing like the lion's den.
The lion of the world,
Of the city,
Of the street,
Tried to steal my pen,
To sweep me off my feet.
A little doodle kept the lion
Inside its little cage.
But the cage was a world
Of sadness, hatred, rage
So, doodle I do,
And paint again a pair,
Of a person and a lion,
In a world that isn't fair.

- Mykayla

The Love From a Sibling

I wish a had a brother.

Or a sister.

Someone who would understand this life.

This family.

My past.

I wouldn't have been alone.

Wouldn't have been disciplined alone either.

Would've had more fun at the pool.

Or the beach.

Would've had help with homework.

Would've had more memories to look back on.

My friends tell me that it sucks.

Brothers suck.

Sisters suck.

"They make you go crazy".

"They'll make fun of you".

"They'll get you in trouble".

"You would have to share presents".

"Get less money for birthdays".

I can see why they would say that.

But it doesn't make me want one any less.

Especially when my parents express their
regret

for keeping me permanently alone.

"It would've been nice if you had
someone with you when you bury us",
they'd tell me.

Bet you can guess how that made me feel.

And although I enjoy my life now,
with the presents, and the money,
and the attention,

I would trade it all
for the company of someone who would share
the same origin.
How nice it would be,
to have someone who
understands all the past trials and tribulations I
faced
in my younger years, solely
because they were there for it all.
But alas, I was not destined
to be blessed with the
gift of a mirror that is accepting and loving,
never leaving my side
until our mother calls us in for dinnertime.

- Rijalda

I See, I Hear, I Feel.
Eyes. Lips. Hands. Hair.
Looks of concern, confusion, and care.
Eyes speak the secrets of the lips.
Rough. Smooth. Fluffy. Gritty.
Wincing as a hand drags along the thorns.
Pain never felt more real.
Wavy. Curly. Straight. Bald.
Character exposed by your reaction to the
wind.
Human. Life. Death. Rebirth.
We all breathe and bleed the same.
Hate. Known. Love. Unknown.
How I wish you could see life this way.
Maybe it's for the best
that we don't share the same vision.
I see. I hear. I feel.
I believe it is all real.
Dinner at the pub at 7.
Heartbreak under the stars at 11.
Laughing until the sky joins in.
This is how life has always been.
Giving up in 3-5 business days.
Making love on a schedule.
Self-preservation never suited us.
Pain. Real. Comfort. Fake.
Signs that remind us we're dying.
You love the way life kills you.
Open your eyes instead of your calendar.
Here lies the life you could've lived.
I see. I hear. I feel.
I believe it is all real.

- Rijalda

The Unfortunate Tale of The Slipper

Blast it all to hell!
The dumb broad fell
down the stairs
like a stupid little child.
Leaving me behind,
covered in bacterial slime,
my anger far from mild.
This monstrous man,
with tiny little hands,
picked me up like I was filthy.
I cursed him straight to Berlin,
hoping he had it in him
to be a tad bit more guilty.
With his epaulets greasy,
thighs meaty, and teeth
yellow like piss,
I could only pray
that he may
return me to my Miss.
I was returned to my lady,
although it was shady,
I saw the prince more often.
I didn't think much of it,
until I heard a certain Pop-Shuvit,
and I was in the hands of a baby.

- Rijalda

I feel neglected
You didn't even try
Every chance you could've taken
You tore down with your lies
And all the bull crap that you spoke of
We're all just petty cries
You see I hope
That I never become you
Because if becoming you
Means losing me
Then I'll pass up on that offer
And leave you to be mean
I would much rather die
That be half the person you came to be
Because you broke me
And I can't stand it if another person deserts
me
Cause that pain and that heartache
That's what really broke me
It wasn't the fact that you were leaving
Or that you left without goodbye
More so the fact that you hurt me
By not being there by my side
You see all of these insecurities
They come deep down from inside
From a dark place I keep hidden
And distorted by all these lies
You see I tell myself you love me
That you just made a bad mistake
But even the best liars
Know there's somethings you can't fake
And even the cruelest people
Would think of you to be low

Because who abandons their daughter
Just to put up some freak show
You see I'm afraid to mess up
To make one tiny mistake
Because everything that I do wrong
Is like a punch in the face
And you may think of it to be foolish
To love rather than hate
But at least I had a heart
And know when it's best to stay
At least I still think of you
But every time I do
I am drowned in the memories that mistake
you for you
And I am overcome with feelings
That I'm not ready to feel
Because every time I open up
Someone misuses my trust
And every time I open up
I get these flashbacks of us
Of the good times that we had
And all the ones you covered up
I am haunted by these voices
That whisper in my ear
Telling me I'm not good enough
That I need you to be near
And that after every heartache I've felt
Something good will come along
But I'm scared that that's not true
That I was lied to all along

- Elliana

We walk to the side and shade our eyes
Afraid that if you look, you'll see what we hide

We shoe away your questions
And pretend that we're all right
Because were scared of what you'll think when
you discover the how and why

We tell ourselves it's okay, that everything is
fine
But the second you turn away, that's when we
start to cry

And we may seem happy, but beneath these
wide eyes
There's a person with a heart who's terrified to
die

We tell ourselves it's fine, that everything's just
fine
But even the best liar knows there's just some
things
that you can't hide.

- Elliana

Have you not
The slightest clue
What it means
To be used
To have every piece apart of you
Broken by only you
To watch with wide eyes
As the love of your life dies
Or to watch young people
Fall in love for the very first time
Theres something so different
About meeting his eyes
And that feeling of warmth
That takes me by surprise
I like how he smiles
How he holds me so tight
And how every time I stray behind
He's right there by my side.

- Elliana

Stolen from home

As the ocean waves slow
The edge licks the sand and the
grains are taken away.

- Clara

Heart Break

After all we've been through
You still say goodbye.

You left me out in the rain
All that night.

Like a wound
I should take time to heal.

I should hate you
But I don't

I just wish you told me about her
Instead of lie.

But now I cry
A river that is powerful

Enough to sweep you away
Which is what she did to you and me.

- Clara

We the wanderers

We are quiet and shy,
In the shadows instead of the light.
In large groups. We feel small.
We feel insignificant compared to others,
That there is no place in this world,
That We belong.
We are wanders
All alone.
Given many chances that We lose.
Left sad and alone,
Feeling used.

- Clara

Anyway, there's no reason
to do anything

at first glance
she's perfect

gorgeous skin
with long locks of luscious hair.

She walked with such grace
As if she had no worries

She lived in my mind
Like an endless cycle

She is the melody that
I have yet to hear

Her heavenly glow
Blinding anyone in her path.

She approaches My heart races
a gentle breeze brushes my face

A short conversation forever lives in my mind.

- Chloe

Three Haikus

Standing in the sun
People laughing with their friends
Waves loudly crashing

On the mountain top
As the sun begins to sink
The world seemed to stop

A rainbow shines down
After the dark scary clouds
They don't let you down

- Chloe

We poem

We real sad, we
Left broke. We
Cry late. We
Fake smiles. We
Feel pain, we
Float away. We
Get hurt, we
Shut off.

- Alex

Couplet poem

They were sad they Jumped
Like they were skydiving

people watching
They see the body sink

Search teams searching
Like they are blood hound's

Body on the ocean floor
Days past bye body

Decaying fish eating the body
Leaving nothing but bones

Leaving parents hopeless
No body found

Left hopeless them
Giving up but will always love them.

- Alex

Simple story poem

I always wanted a pc,
But they cost thousand,
But mom did it was too expensive,
They cost too much
And plus, she didn't have that much,
And If I, did she wouldn't
think I needed it,
So, as time went on,
I got a laptop,
Good enough for my fun,
But I was bummed,
Since I never got my pc,
But who cares I got a laptop,
Good enough for the fun,

- Alex

“The Class Example”

There was a man full of bitterness,
Who put cuss words in his limerick!
So then when Ms. L,
Needed to tell,
She sure could not deliver it.

- Aiden

“Waterfall”

Through the mountaintops
A river twists and turns – calm
And then it falls down.

- Aiden

“Have a Laugh”

Life gets easy,
And then it gets tough.

Everything’s funny
everything’s offensive.

The tree rattles in the soft wind.
yeah, that sounded poetic.

The air is heavy with the humidity of issues.
No one agrees on it,

but we all know it’s true.
Everyone has a voice now

which should be a good thing.
But it hasn’t worked out.

Let’s just have a laugh.

- Aiden

My love for books

Books, they never fail. Full of knowledge,
Never ending excitement.
Books are like
Food,
without food, we crave and we
Ponder, wondering when it fills us
With what we need. Books live on
And foretold many stories, Unlike us,
we die. Books live on forever, they're immortal!
So fascinating, another time period
Passes by, books remain knowledgeable
From then on. Books have made us
Smile, cry, or grow terror from
The stories we've heard. Books, Forever a tool,
a tool that
Creates humanity and never
Stops evolving till the
End

- Sabrina

When the tea drops

The tea drops whenever a rumor spreads,
it spreads like a virus,
a disease that never ends.

Tea being spilled

when the feelings of that person is severe.

Spilling the tea will never end for that person.

It gets severe

where the tea needs to stop spilling.

When the tea stops,

the person may rest

until a new victim will be spilled.

Oh, how spilling the tea never ends!

It gets worse for each person,

when will it ever end?

Will the victims keep this at heart?

Will the tea get worse than before?

Oh, that you should never spill the tea,

for it creates a deadly virus.

- Sabrina

A busy father and an impatient daughter:

Oh, father, when will you have time for me?
You're always busy, it makes me down,
knowing you're too busy for me.

I will have time for you, dear. Please have
patience.

Oh, father, I miss you.
I want to spend time with you and
to make great memories of our times together.

Don't worry, dear, I'll have time when I'm done.

But oh father, you always say that
and it has never got to happen!

Please dear, have patience, I'm a very busy
man and I'm sorry if I don't spend time with
you.

Oh father, it's Saturday! Will you have time
today for me?

I'm sorry, dear, I'm too busy. When I'm done,
I'll spend my time with you.

Oh father, you always say that!
Till the days of Christmas- father!
It's Christmas! Do you have time for me?

Yes dear, I have time for you. I promise you that this Christmas, I'll spend my time with you and make wonderful memories of our times together!

- Sabrina

Good Little Girl

Why am I different because of what I believe?
Is it wrong to stand out?

I mean no, that's what we are told.
"Be who you are! Do what you do!"

But why is it when I walk down the hall, I get
stares.
Why is it when I try to hold her hand, I feel
scared.

Why do I feel like a knife is cutting through my
back? Why is it that when we stand in the
same room everything turns black?

Why am I different for not being a good little
girl?
I know who I am
I know what I want
So why am I being twirled?

Twirled around in the warpool of teenagers and
adults.
Telling me I'm not doing it right
Telling me everything I believe is wrong.

"Be who you are!"
How can I be who I am when the same peers I
see and talk to everyday curses and ridicule
my choices.

Does she think I don't hear their voices?

Actions speak louder than words and honey I
can see the crumble of your kingdom the
moment you lift your finger or flick your thumb.

It's funny that you think I'm dumb.
The choices I make are not yours to consume.
The actions I take are mine to resume.

Why am I different for my interest in a girl
Who's curls fall gingerly over her shoulders
And smile lifts the boulders of pain inflicted by
the snicker or sneer of another.

Why am I different for knowing my worth?

I make straight As and follow through with
service.
I smile and wave even when it serves no
purpose.

Why am I different for knowing who I am?
Which I can say proudly as I take this stand.

I make my choices and i cannot pretend
That you won't sit by and condemn
Who we are and what we choose to be?
Yeah I'm different, but at least I'm me.

- Darrah

We Follow

We follow the lies that we are told
believing that to be the truth.

We follow the truths we are told
not knowing them to be the lies

What we are told
vs what we are to do

Where do we draw the line?
Is it not the same as good and evil?

Are the morals we sought
not the same morals we were taught.

How do we unfold the wrinkled pages
of the thrown away truth?

Without the lead of someone who's true
we are fed to the lies that soon pursue.

- Darrah

Why

A sinful wind blows down a
crooked road as

a thought flutters in my mind.
“Why”. As to what that meant

I hadn’t the slightest idea.
Why what?

Why does the wind blow?
No.. why,

Why? Why do the flowers bloom
only once in the spring

to shrivel away into a cold
broken mess.

Why did the thought come to me?
Was it a thought

or perhaps the question is
that of the sin.

Why was one born to survive,
but the other wasn’t.

That’s the sin of the cursed world
the path paved

Is not made of the same substance.
Some of brick.

Some of stone. Some even have
the gift of cement flats.

I guess the question is
Why?

Do I have to pave my own path?
Or do I continue down

the crooked road of my future.
With a slightly crooked walk.

- Darrah