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Youtube Link:

Blackout Poem: Print this form and submit it with your original poem OR scan your blackout poem (JPG or PNG) and attach it here. OR scan as a PDF and attach the file when you submit this Doc.

Original Poem: Write an original poem. There are no rules for devices, meter, or rhyme.

I finally caught you

You dare call me a liar and a cheat
I have been nothing but nice to you
That's not fair
I was going to propose
Now I know you never wanted to be with me
Never you just wanted to waste my time.

No what's not fair is that I caught you in bed with my best friend.
Yet you wonder why girls can't trust guys
You manipulating, lying, no good piece of ugh
I was looking forward to all the lies you put in my head
Now i know they will never be anything
Your a heartbreak is what you are and that's all you ever will be
How can I trust someone who constantly lies

Come on babe give me a chance your the salena to my justin
The peanutbutter to my jelly
The rock to my diamond
You cant leave me over one stupid accident

Your right I can leave u
because I know this isn't the first time
You have cheated on me before and i'm over it
Leave me alone and get out of my house.

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Hope

*Does it glow like the floating lanterns drifting in the still pounds of Hong Kong?
Or is it the rotor of a helicopter?
Ripping through the clouds of negativity in life's atmosphere.
Blank stare ahead in my head for how long?
Is it written out to be conquered?
Does it gotta be watered to grow from here to there?
Is that why the rose grew from concrete?
Dice in one hand,
Life in the other.
They told me roll a seven,
In my mind I want a six.
I recognize that heavens mythological,
So the pair of dice I swallowed whole.
Now I got abdominal tears,
In spite of theological paradigms.*

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The moon was right, just like your eyes.
My eyes wandered to the starry skies.
You're the last one I want to see hurt.
My life might end, sudden and curt.
You are not my sun, for it is just mean
You are more like my moon, light and lean.
You are the blood flowing through my every vein
You are beautiful to anyone sane.
No one can compare to you, my life
If i were to ask you, would you be my wife?
People would say you are everything to them
You are my water, what sustains my body
And every time I see you, I feel I've won the lottery.
So while others may love you as the sun
You are the air I breathe, without you, my life would be gone.

One Day

One day,
I will have good mental health,
I will be caring enough,
To let my family help,
One day,
I will keep writing rhymes,
And I'll remember those times,
And I will not rewind cuz,
One Day,
I will not hold a grudge
I won't be torn apart
For this is the new me and this is my fresh new start
It's easy for me to say "I'm fine"
But I'm just trying to play my part
One Day's not enough
To see the lectures coming
Or to see a work of art
One Day
I'll see my family happy
I'll see I'm finally free
I hope I will turn out happy
I hope nothing tries to hurt me
One Day

This poem is based off kids, teenagers, and adults that suffer from mental health, I didn't know what to write but I just took an obvious topic and wrote it into a song, this is a very serious topic that needs to be discussed more worldwide throughout scientists, counselors, therapists, and people who won't make the mental health worse. This was inspired by the song One Day by one of my favorite artists, Conscience, link to the song below. There is some mild to medium language in the song so parental advisory is warned.

Inspired by "One Day" by Conscience

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=J6nJAC7hf0M>

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT**

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Title: Spirits

I see you there

With your sad hazelnut eyes

That seem like dark curtains covering the brightness

Of your soul.

With a look that says "leave me alone"

When really behind the behind the curtain

Is a voice screaming for help

But now it's reduced to a whisper

That can't be heard through the noise

Of your doubts.

Why are you so worried

About the shriveled flowers of hope

When your roots of humanity are poisoned

By the very soil your seed was planted on.

You see your very life as a stygian sky

Without stars

When really your spirit is the lustrous moon covered by clouds

That rain the tears you cry.

When you trudge along your path feeling you have no purpose

And someone asks: "what's wrong?"

The melancholic winds of your body can only manage to say: "nothing"

When deep down, from the winds, there's a storm,

And it's crying "help".

So when the doctor said, "Try citalopram, it should help with bad thoughts."

And your buddies say, "This won't hurt you, it will only help you forget."

The darkness of your mind makes an abyss of your thoughts

And then your thoughts say, "Suicide rates among Native Americans are higher than any other ethnic group, being the second cause of death for Natives of the age 10-24."

That noise, that echo, ricocheted off every corner of your mind.

Until it felt like existence was a war, and your enemy was getting closer

Each day

To driving the knife through your heart,

Kicking the chair from your legs.

Yet your enemy is the very thing your fighting for:

Life.

So when the paradox of your situations has you chained to the malignant lows

Of rock bottom, remember:

That someone's worth isn't measured by their suffering

That there is no push to find meaning in something that is already so meaningful-

You.

That life isn't just two paths but a river,

Flowing all in one direction but having twists and turns and ups and downs

And sometimes it can be slow and cold, and other times too fast to keep up with.

But I ask you to keep swimming,

I ask you to take a drink of the water when it's cold

And find euphoria when it's fast

And be at peace when it's slow.

Because whenever you fight against it, you'll sink

And regret is the only thing you'll find at the bottom.

When it seems everything is against you, and the pressure is crushing your spirit

Retrieve that hope from your mind that you're not alone,

That people are fighting the same fight you are

And together you can push against the "everything"

You can relieve the pressure that encumbers your soul,

Let the flower bloom,

Find so much happiness that it brings you to tears,

Dance in the gaze of the moonlight and embrace the flow of the wind.

Pull down the curtain and let that voice sing,

Fill your sky with stars,

And let your spirit swim with the river.

Complete your contact information.

Name:	Gallegos
Email:	Gallegos-Dante-100@wsd3.org
Phone Number:	
Age:	17
Grade:	12th

Chocolate roses

Remember the day when you said I was your first true love?
Where I promised to do nothing but heal your heart that's been broken?
i know the journey can be rough but im sorry
When i'm around you it's like getting fresh roses
Giving you my all but just needing your trust
i know loving me was a burden i know it weighed on you heavy

You can't put a bandaid on something already broken
Was your heart beating fast like getting red roses
i know life has its ups and downs and it gets heavy
Like carrying a ton of bricks but im sorry
Was it true when you said you're the only one I love?
All i needed was communication and the truth, but you ruined my trust

After everything all you could say is sorry
I know being with me was heavy
But you can't fix something already broken
Nothing lasts forever and i get that my love
Sleeping on it and venting can't rebuild trust
That i gave to you but i can't get over how you smell like roses

i always wanted to give you some chocolate roses
its okay though for you i can rebuild trust
But sit, stay awhile my love
Time is of the essence, you don't have to fake it i know its heavy
Let's talk, remember times without being sorry
Don't worry bout my heart it's lost so it can't be broken

Can I rebuild your trust?
i know it won't work but let me buy you roses
Not the red ones they'll just make your heart feel broken
Times have changed i know but im sorry
For not being true to you i know your hearts still heavy
it's been awhile but i've changed my love

All i want is to lift that heavy

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A Forever Hurting Dog

The dog sat waiting as fires burn
The lantern shook with every gust
He knew that they must return
But the hunter had not trust
Left alone on that fair porch
Not a sign, a reason, or word
The dogs loyalty to be scorch
Loneliness was brewing a hord
The hunter was his person
The dog wouldn't eat
The hunter never meant to hurt him
The dog wouldn't sleep
A dead man lay along the stream
A fallen dog burning in his forever dream

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Daydream

Under the Moon,
As it's pale light dripped;
Wasted on a purple sky,
On a quiet house,
On a dark room,
On blinking eyes.

Seeing the moon,
In the smudged reflection,
Of the cracked window.
Feeling the beat, ripple, and bounce.
In a heated flurry of embarrassment.

Losing the moon,
Feeling it tug my blood,
As if I were it's ocean,
Flowing into my cheeks,
Choking my throat,
Hastening the thudding.

Feeling the moon,
Brushing aside hair,
When thumps drum,
Through the chest,
Through my fingers.

Releasing Butterflies,
Illuminated, Intertwined, within reach.
Then the warmth blurs,
As dreams set in
The facade ends,
And the fleeting memories,
End up as stars next to the moon.
