Whisper



Dreher High School

Literary & Art Magazine

2017-18

Whisper...

Literary & Arts Magazine
2017-2018

Behind The name...

We are living in a very tumultuous and unsettling time, with unrest everywhere we turn. While it may seem hopeless at times, it is we, the people, who can create a movement of change.
Everyone has the voice and ability to make a positive impact on the world. Change comes forth when positive choices are made, started by our expressions and actions, regardless of how small they may seem. Each of our voices can have an influence, one *whisper* at a time…

Stronger Together...

We are whispering words of unity. There conflict that is apparent in every part of the world and it is impacting everyone, young and old. We strongly believe that by joining together, we can fight the injustices of today to create a better tomorrow. Throughout history, people have joined together to fight for what is right; helping to build a society where equality is the way of life. Each one of us must join forces to fight against social injustice. Each of our voices can have an influence, one *whisper* at a time…

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Policy

The Dreher High School Literary and Arts Magazine is a collection of literature and art submissions. The magazine editing team reserves the right to edit manuscripts for clarity, grammar, spelling and mechanics. All works submitted are original works reviewed and selected by the magazine editing team.

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Cover Art by Destiny Eaddy

"Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that."

- Martin Luther King, Jr.



Artwork by Ruby Norton

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- Rosa Parks

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Cory Kelly



Maggie Marsh



Jace Walling



Ania Suber

Stronger Together

Unity for Social Justice

Avianna Holmes



Julia Burden



Madison Graham



Jazmyn Quattlebaum



“Deliverance”
by Mary Kelly Allen

“Send me mercy, send me grace”
Chants echo in the streets
As we walk on crumbling
pavement
Gravel crackling under our feet

Rainbows lie atop rain puddles
But their beauty is a fraud
It is really gas and oil trickling out
From the cars on the boulevard

The people cry their protests
But it’s never loud enough
As hands once held in unity are
shackled in handcuffs

But the people working for peace
Lay their lives down on the line
Because rights were made for
you AND me
Never to be only mine!

Now the rainbows in the puddles
look a little bit less bleak
And we can face with brazen
optimism challenge and critique
Yes the world can seem so cruel
And our divisions are unjust
But we are all just a cosmic magnet
Made of the same cosmic dust

“Can’t spell Justice, without us”
by Fethiye Harris

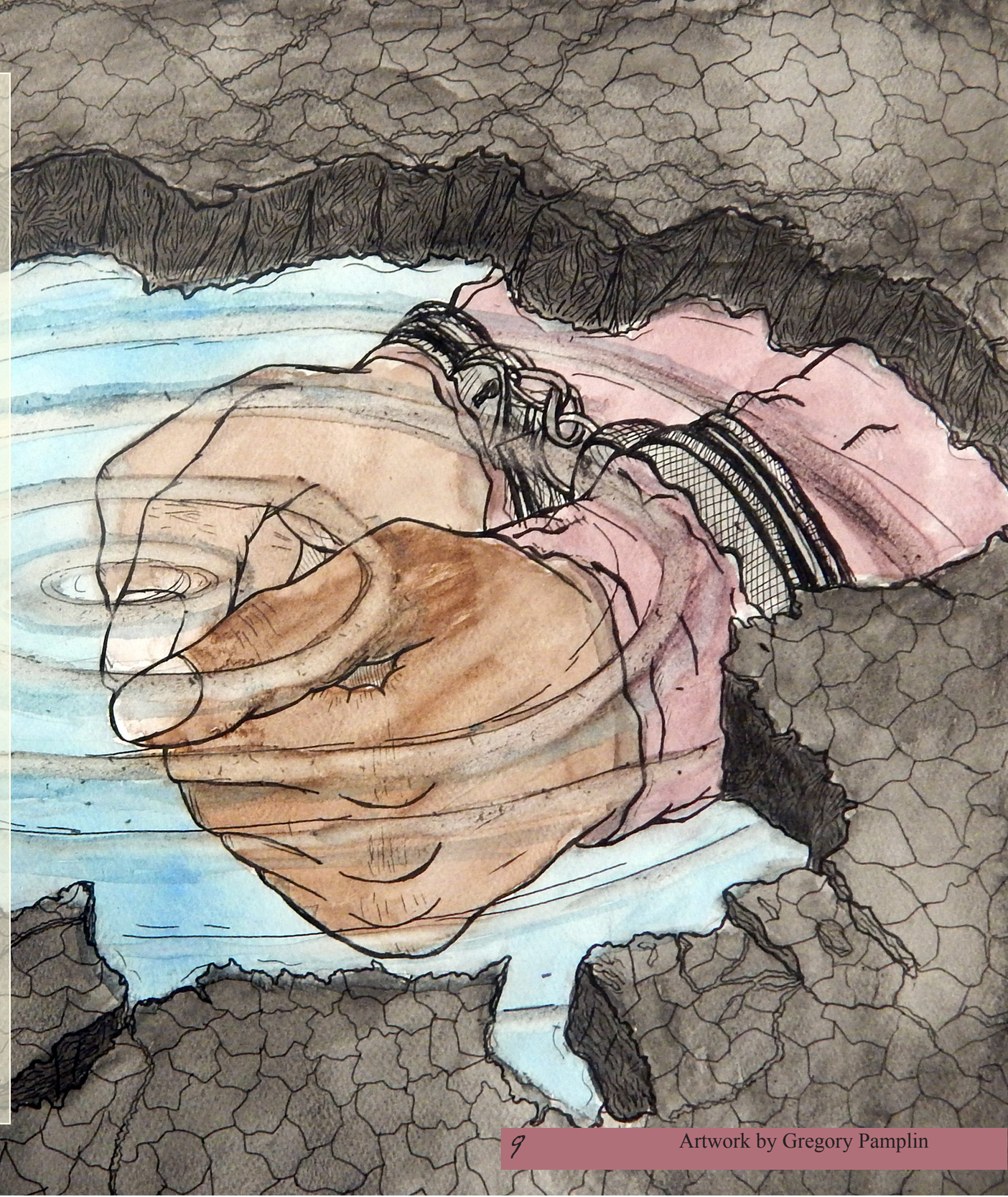
I dream of unity
In our corrupted community
I long for justice
For the mistreated
Who may believe they’ve been
defeated

Justice for the roughness
Delivered by our supposed entrusted
Brutality is the mentality
No regards for the casualty
Not even for their family

Murders going unrecognized
Families being petrified
Of losing their loved one
To the ruthless bullet of a gun
Their stories being left undone

Change is near though
Hopefully ending all the sorrow
Yet this involves you and me
And all of the entirety
To create equality

We are able to achieve greatness
But you can’t spell Justice without us.



Artwork by Gregory Pamplin



“How many?”
by Lizzie Smith

How many lives will need to be taken for our eyes to be opened?

How many families need to suffer in order for the government to hear our cries?

How many children need to fear for their lives at school or even at church on Sunday?

How many of the mentally unstable will need to get guns for us to see how it is as easy as a child getting candy?

Why is it that in only two months into 2018, there have been 48 mass shootings in the United States alone?

But still you turn a blind eye until it’s a child on the news being named as one of the victims that lost their life.

It seems does not matter how much blood, sweat and tears, nor how loud our voices and hearts scream and cry.

The government and the president will still be blind and deaf to the gunshots that light up the sky.

We must stand together through these solemn times to protect our children not the gun rights.

For no child nor family member nor friend should fear for their life every moment, day and night

“Justice Delayed, Justice Denied”
by Taylor Coones

Everyone has the basic right
To get justice with all its might
Which due process should fight
For real justice to shed its light

But today as politics come to play
Or richness and power interplay
With judicial systems power play
Justice is delayed in so many ways

Justice delayed, justice denied
An unjust lawyer’s motto and pride
Only to show their wit as they ride
In the hall of justice they all stride
But never for lawyers whom abide
The truth their conscience can’t hide

Let’s not circumvent truth with dishonesty
Or trickery with our masterful ability
To set a culprit free from agony
In our greed for power and money
At the expense of our honor and dignity
Before God and the eyes of humanity

Let the truth always set us free
Let it prevail, even if it hurts many
For this is the real
face of reality
That must take its light
to carry
Justice to safeguard
humanity

Let us not deny in any way
The law just to protect one’s impurity
Seal the truth to hide one’s criminality
And do everything for one’s posterity
Even if that man is the real culprit
Even if that man did all the merit
Of the crime he can never discredit
Yet with a lawyer’s treachery and wit
That man can be freed by his credit

In so many cases when the victim is poor
Justice falls to the floor
But if the victim belongs to the wealthy
Justice takes a leap across reality
For sometimes money, wealth and power
Push the cart of justice with all its grandeur

Artwork by Emma Bliese

“The Grower”
by Aujaunae’ Brown

First born of three children, “the Grower” is like them all
Brown hair, brown eyes, and not very tall
She is quiet around strangers; let’s be honest, who isn’t the same?
She is much more comfortable around you once she knows your name
She enjoys learning about people; she is quite the befriender
Despite the fact that anxiety is her worst contender
They are honest, educated and trustworthy; they have countless hopes and dreams
They always try their hardest, albeit how difficult the task seems
They love girls with a passion; they have since they were eight
And they do so with pride; without all the internalized hate
He struggles with depression, but he is recovering every day
He thanks his family for being with him every step of the way
He is a lover of memes, while being aware of U.S. issues too
He strives to better Mother Earth, for himself and for you
Though he may not be at his best right now; she has not done it yet
They are going to change the world; they are willing to bet

“Biracial”
by Makyla Ellis

A blend of the oldest enemies
Abused slave, abusive slavemaster
Oppressed minority
Entitled majority
#BlackLivesMatter
#AllLivesMatter
Black teen, White cop
Hip hop and Jazz, Country music and Rock
Chuck Berry and Stevie Wonder
Elvis Presley and Johnny Cash
Culture and diversity
Acceptance and appreciation
A blend of greatest friends
Biracial



Artwork by Lauren Scott

“Hate Won’t End Hate”

by Mikeala Rainey

“Faith, why is this teacher callin’ my phone at work talkin’ ‘bout you ain’t listening to her?”

The bass in Faith’s mama’s (Tonya) voice makes her feel like she’s 7 years old again, but she masks her slight fear with a deep scowl. “I didn’t wanna work with a girl.”

“Why?” Her mother asks, disapprovingly.



Artwork by Mazie Goodlett

Faith rolls her eyes in secret so her mother doesn’t see her. She may be mad, but she isn’t stupid.

“Faith Mae Anne Jackson, if you don’t answer me now, I’m gonna take off my belt and whup you like you is eight,” Tonya says through gritted teeth. Faith hasn’t heard that threat in a while.

“Cause she was white.” Faith feared putting that statement out in the open, fearing her mama’s reaction the most.

“So?” Her mother takes out the low tight bun she put in for work and turns her attention back on her 12 year old. Faith let out an exhausted sigh.

“Mama, I hate white people! They ain’t nothing but a bunch of privileged, spoiled, prince and princesses who get everything they want while we—YOU— struggle.”

Tonya stays quiet for a while before sitting next to her heated daughter.

“Baby that’s not fair,” her mother responds.

“Yes it is fair! For years they treated our people as the lesser race. They enslaved us. They took out rights and even after hundreds of years, they still think they’re above us!” Faith screams at her mother. She finally opens her eyes and faces her mother, only to be met with a face of disapproval.

“Baby, you speak as if we ain’t got nothing. That Rosa Parks went to jail for nothing, Malcom X and Martin Luther King Jr. died for no reason. As if me and you shackled in chains. Faith, we’ve come a long way from that, and I know I taught you better than this. Is life perfect or easy on black people? No. But you can’t sit here and tell me you want equality for all but you wrong-doin’ white people. I know you’re angry and I know you care about your race and your people, and I think that’s beautiful and amazing.” Tonya smooths out Faith’s hair and wipes her tears away. “But you’re expressing it in a way that just ain’t right. Okay? White people aren’t our enemies. Racism is our enemy. Intolerance is our enemy. I don’t want you growin’ up angry at the world, cause angry don’t look good on us. We too cute for frown lines.”

Faith burst out into a fit a giggles and wipes away more hot tears that have fallen.

“See, the world will miss out on that pretty smile. What I’m saying is don’t give hell to people who don’t deserve it. Hating white people ain’t gon’ end racism. Hating on straight people ain’t gon’ end homophobia. Hating Christians ain’t gon’ end religious intolerance, and bashing men ain’t gon’ end misogyny. Faith, hate won’t end hate. Strength and love will. A world against hate has a better chance at winning than a world against itself.”

Faith throws her arms around her mother’s neck and cries into her shoulder. “I’m sorry mama. Please I’m sorry.” She said through her tears and sobs.

“It’s okay, love. Tomorrow you’re gonna apologize to your teacher and that girl okay?” Faith nods into her clavicle, and Tonya kisses her cheek and says “I love you.”

“Good. Now, go and get cleaned up. Dinner’s almost done.” Faith squeezes her mother neck one more time and goes upstairs. Tonya stands up and goes to the kitchen after wiping away tears that she didn’t know she had on her face.



Artwork by Lauren Skarbek

“There Could Have Been More”
by Katie McConnell

One…Two…Three…Four
People standing by the shore

Five…Six…Seven…Eight
The tide came in, now it’s too late

One…Two…Three
People standing by the sea

Four…Five…Six…Seven
Four have been washed up to heaven

One…Two…Three
But that doesn’t affect me

One…Two…Three
People standing by the sea

One…Two…Three…Four
If they’d stood together
There could have been more

“United”
by Alex Randall

When waves wreak havoc upon the shores
Submerging streets in a tidal sheet
What happens to those it soaks?

When flames blaze across the land
Turning buildings into towering infernos
What happens to those it burns?

When winds sweep through a town
Demolishing any semblance of order for chaos
What happens to those in the gale?

In times of hardship such as these
We react
The media raises awareness
The charitable ones take action
The government sends support
Differences are put aside
In recognition of a greater need
A human need
To care for your fellow man
And this is best accomplished
When we are united



Photography by Madeline Voelkel

“Women Are Strong”
by AnnDee Hatcher

Even today women are oppressed
It doesn’t matter how successful we are
Judged by our appearance and how we’re dressed
Equality is so close, yet so far

She could be a CEO or a business owner
Successful lawyer or decorated soldier
But the world can’t see what it’s shown her
And the weight of it all is on her shoulders

Women are strong
Despite our patriarchal system
Men CAN be wrong
They don’t hold all the wisdom

Give us a chance to prove to you
That shutting up and being pretty
Isn’t all we can do

“Only a Dream”
by Ania Suber

Joyous harmony amongst all
Size, religion, and color restrictions fall
Stereotypes and stigmas cease
This is how we make peace

Love thy brother
Respect thy mother
And treat all others as softly as fleece
This is how we make peace

This all feels like a tease
It seems like it could not be a breeze
But if we work as a team
It no longer has to be a dream

"Unity"
by Jordan Jones

Everyone in the world has discrepancies towards one another or certain situations. However, the world is not filled with hate, and love can always be found in this world. There are devastating moments and beautiful moments that fill our individual lives. Moments such as these create a bridge that brings people together for one purpose. These moments destroy the hate that fills the world, and shed light on those in need of help.

There is a saying that has been repeated throughout many lifetimes: a single stick breaks easily, but a bundle is difficult to break apart. Those who unite for the same cause often cannot be broken apart from their goal. Unity is a beautiful thing to witness. When the world's problems are put on pause and people come together for a specific reason, beauty blossoms throughout the world. However, I must say it is sad that this beauty is not constant. I wish that everyday could be filled with the beauty of people coming together, but then that would create a perfect world. Sadly perfect worlds do not exist.

Unity can be beautiful or ugly depending on the cause. There are those in this world with dark intentions. When people with similar dark intentions come together, nothing good comes from it. In fact, it is devastating when people with ill intentions unite together. The world does not experience another bright day when this happens; only pain.

In recent years, many are starting to unite for similar causes, such as LGBT and Dreamers. The unity of causes like this should give people hope. Hope in that, as we progress as a society, we only are becoming more loving towards one another. Everyone needs to unite together when there are those in need, and there are always people in need. Unity among people will pave the way for a better tomorrow.



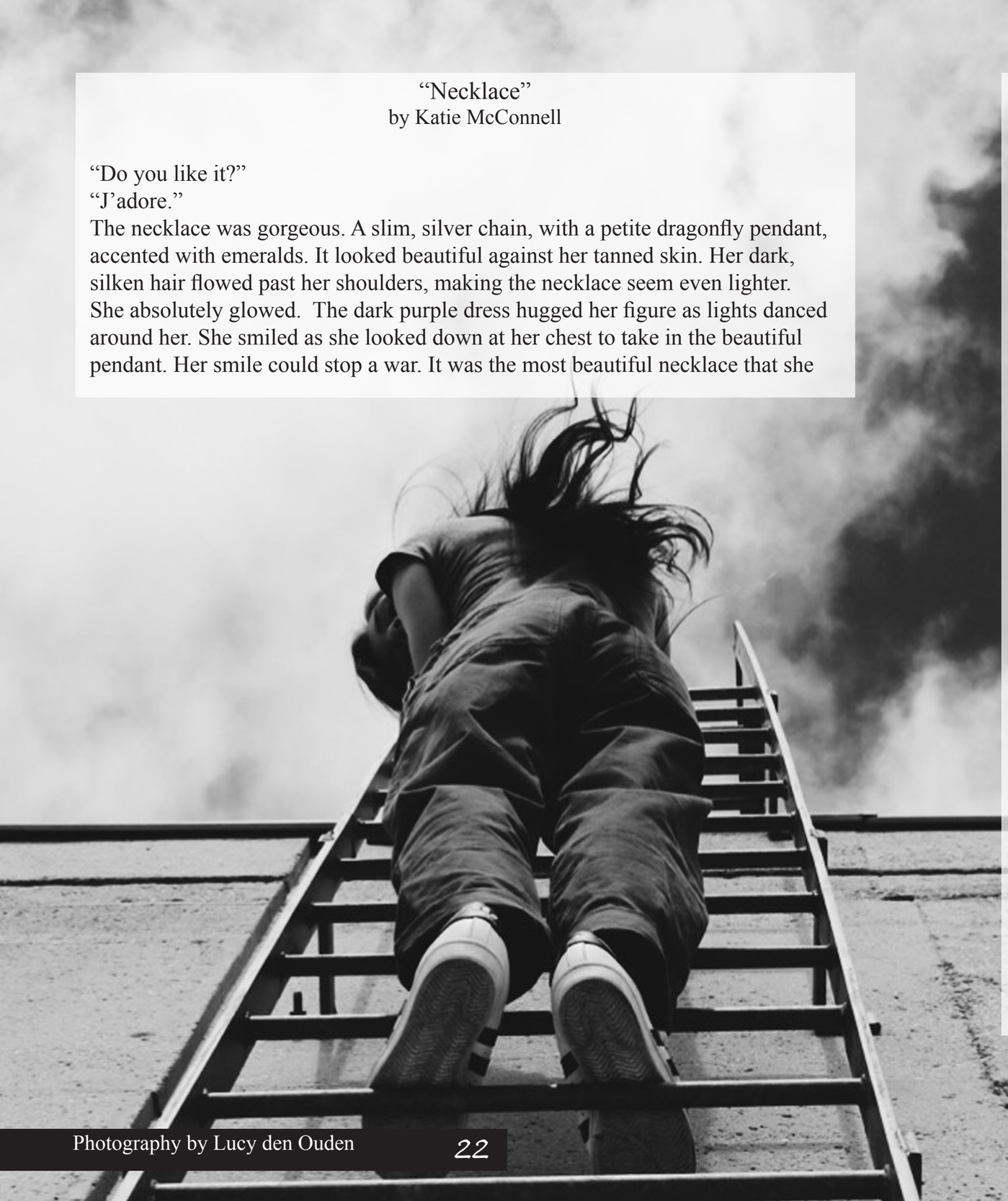
"We Stand Together"
by Jordan Hughes

Disasters happen during the worst of times
But people come together and forget all crimes
No matter what was happening before
We stand together and open a new door

Although there may be differences in race
We become one and begin fighting at the same pace
Everyone forgets the reason for their hate
And march alongside one another every day

Thousands of people help random strangers
Through the hardest times and dangers
No matter what was happening before
We stand together and open a new door

Artwork by Julia Rayfield



“Necklace”

by Katie McConnell

“Do you like it?”
“J’adore.”
The necklace was gorgeous. A slim, silver chain, with a petite dragonfly pendant, accented with emeralds. It looked beautiful against her tanned skin. Her dark, silken hair flowed past her shoulders, making the necklace seem even lighter. She absolutely glowed. The dark purple dress hugged her figure as lights danced around her. She smiled as she looked down at her chest to take in the beautiful pendant. Her smile could stop a war. It was the most beautiful necklace that she has ever seen.
But it’s gone now: the smile, the dress, the necklace, the hair, the skin. The girl. The beautiful, stunning, amazing girl is gone. She is gone. Gone from the world because of some ignorant person. Someone who felt that he had the right to remove something from this world; who felt that he had the right to destroy a human being. Why? Why did he feel that he had this right? Why did he feel that it was granted to him? Because she was from another world? Another country? Why would that justify the actions that befell her?

It does not! Nothing could and nothing ever will. Why should it? Why? Why did this happen? She surely did not deserve it! So why? Why did this man of evil commit such a crime?

Was it because of me? Was it me who caused this execution? Was it my fault, for not giving attention to her every wish? Was it my fault, for not being there in her time of need? Was it my fault, for not proclaiming our love more openly? Was it because of my absence from her side? Was it because of me?

Was it because of others? Was it because they did not come to her aide when she was being taken from this world? Was it because they didn’t show the world that her life was just as meaningful as theirs? Was it their fault for supporting her demise? Was it because of others?

Was it because of him? Was it because of that man? That man who took her? Was it because of his hateful actions? Was it because he couldn’t stand the fact that she was foreign? Was it because of the fact that he let that stand over all of the good that she did for the world? Was it because of him?

Yes. Yes. And Yes.

It was all of us. No one person killed her; it was the actions of many. The many who could have chosen to defend her instead of prosecute her. Surely, after everyone had defended her, she then would have been saved. But she was not; not defended, not praised, nor encouraged. Therefore, she was not saved.

Photography by Lucy den Ouden

“Let Us Be Heard”
by Sarah Walker

People cry for they are in pain
Shouting is heard from all corners of the world
Yet, it is unclear what they are yearning for

United as one?
Or divided?
We all yearn for the same things but are in constant rivalry

The screaming is so loud
It cannot be heard
Individual needs are lost and many are left unattended

The world is rampant with crime and tragedy is on every corner
The greatest enemy is our silence
Make sure everyone can hear you holler

“Pieces”
by Ben Williams

Loved ones are forgotten
Pieces are gone
Never whole again
But not completely withdrawn

Fighting the terrors, the hurts, the fears
Church bells are ringing twice in one year
Seeing the light through all of your tears
Not one but two lives may have their future

Dark days are when the new pieces fit
Wanting to escape but there is no end
Resisting every urge just to give up and quit
Knowing one day that all will ascend

Bright days are when we are together as one
Couples are married and babies are born
While new families are made and far from done
New pieces create a whole that cannot be torn

Artwork by Lucy den Ouden

"Just"
by Nathaniel Gonzalez

I am just an artistic Hispanic
I wonder if illegal immigrant is all they hear
I hear the somber cries and see the streams of flashflood tears
While my dreams are deferred through fear
I want to leave all the bias at the exit
I am just an artistic Hispanic
I pretend to be anything besides me when they are in sight
I feel the pain for our people who have no voice; not single right
While they wonder in fright
Waiting for the people to break in like a thief in the night
I touch my skin and all those scars all over my arms, legs and back
I worry if another one of my grandmother's kin is shot dead
Will it give her a heart attack?
I cry for my uncle to come back quick while my family panics
He was just an artistic Hispanic
I understand life isn't fair and the odds are stacked against us
But deep down the single thought makes my entire soul crushed
I dream for the day when the law does what it has to do
I try to forgive, but never forget; try to act like I have no clue
I hope to be an advocate; not just an another statistic
Not hoping; not trying to be another optimistic
At the end of the day, I'm just an artistic Hispanic

"Dreaming"
by Mackenzie Trippany

Dreaming of a better place for my baby
Wanting to protect and support her
Dreaming of a future for my precious child
Needing her to be safe
Dreaming of her dreaming
But this is only a temporary stay



Artwork by Jen Gorlewski

"Stronger Together"
by Morgan Benson

Sexism
Terrorism
Racism
b**O**mbs
divisio**N**
no **G**un control
m**E**ntal Illness
wa**R**

figh**T**ing
Oppression
an**G**er
s**E**paration
pover**T**y
Hate
un**E**mployment
disha**R**mony



"Chain Them, Don't Spray Them"
by Cory Kelly

Sounds of blasts mean terror around the corner
Sounds of blasts mean that now it's over
Sound of a person in pain is one of the worst things to hear
Sound of a person crying triggers the sound of fear

The ones who don't salute
The ones who don't understand
The ones who almost stand a chance
The ones who have been isolated from the world
Are the ones that activate those triggers

Those in the prison yard don't get a second chance
Those on the Force use the weapon if they don't comply
Those without a care in the world activate the triggers

So from now and forever
To the ones with the guns
And to those who lost someone to them
Chain them, don't spray them

"Looking Forward"
by Madison Graham

Walking
Standing
Marching
Walking for those that are too afraid
Standing with people who believe
Marching for equality
Being in the present
Remembering the past
Looking forward

Photography by Danielle Blease

“One says, I say”
by Lilli King

Divided
Broken
Torn
Destroyed

One says black
I say my brother
One says gay
I say lover
One says Muslim
I say human
One says diversity
I say unity
One says terrifying
I say new and beautiful

The melting pot
Welcoming the
unwelcomed
The new hope
The opportunity

Why so much hate?
Why so much racism?
Why so much homophobia?

I kneel with those who have been beaten
I stand for those who have died
I fight for those who have had the right of fighting torn
away from them

Where is your unity?
Where is your love?



“Keep It Together”
by Cory Kelly

Love is Natural
Love is Heart
Love is something that never needs to be
broken

Love is the feeling of a hot emotion
Like a burning volcano ready to
burst
And it’s something that does not
need to be changed

Love is a choice
A choice of what we think and
know about one another
If one love dies, then more love dies

Let’s not tear it apart
Let’s keep it together

“Generation of WE”
by Lana Vaughn

WE trump all walls
WE trump all hate
WE keep dreamers here
WE let women be great
WE trump fear
WE trump greed
WE overcome
WE DECIDE TO LEAD

Artwork by Ruby Norton

"The Color of Justice"
by Vadesha Green

Justice is what we scream daily
Gun shots fire at the man
Who stands still in fear
They see us as a threat
I wish I knew why
Because of the color of my skin
They think I'm a lie
No justice, no peace
My beautiful black brothers and sisters yell
My 17 year-old brother
He never had the chance to pursue
His dream at Yale
Stop killing us
Because of the color of our skin
Black is beautiful and always will be

"Blue and White"
by Nadia Outen

Man shouldn't live in fear
Blue and white once meant safety
Sirens are no longer a good sound to hear
Now they are known as being hasty
Protection used to be key
The people are in such dismay
They used to protect us in our journey
Now people want them to go away
They have taken getting stabbed in the back to a new meaning
We live blindly separated
This fear is so uncomprehending
The power fills them with pride
Murder is still murder with a badge
Man is lucky if they even get to the cage



Artwork by Grace Benson

"I Don't Understand"
by Sierrah London

I don't understand how my brother can be shot by a police officer and die
I don't understand how people that are supposed to protect us can kill us without a reason why
I do understand why I'm scared to walk past police officers or go outside and play
I do understand that I'm scared because I never know when I could be their next prey

I don't understand why the consequence for taking someone's life is so lenient
I don't understand why some officers are out here abusing their power and not being obedient
I do understand my brother's and dad's fears of me getting pulled over alone
I do understand the possibility of me dying without my last phone call home

I don't understand why I can't have fancy things without being racially profiled
I don't understand how police can do all these things to us and we can't even go wild
I do understand my people's hatred towards police and their brutality
I do understand the things that they do and say to escape the harsh reality

I don't understand why some people get offended when we scream "Black Lives Matter"
I don't understand why they do this and knock us when all we see is our people's blood splatter
I do understand that we need to stand together and start to trust: us and the police
I do understand that we African Americans can't forget the past but we can try to turn over a new leaf

“We Are Bound”
By Danielle Blease

The Earth shook beneath our feet
Like the demons below us were having a ball
Then the water began to retreat
And eventually came back great and tall

As the city around us fell
It took people with it
Those that returned had managed to survive
Hit after hit

In search of a new home
We traveled to a new land
Anyone was welcome
We walked hand in hand

People of all shapes, colors, and ages
Gather around
All anyone cares about is that this is a new home
We are bound



Photography by Jordan Del Priore

“Peace is”
by Amaya Scott

Peace is…

Listening to your favorite song over and over without anyone telling you it has an expiration date on it, or that you listen to it too much

Going for a walk in the park and enjoying the time spent alone because people around you have become unmanageable

Finding corny jokes to laugh at really loudly because you’re the only one who thinks they are hilarious

Going to your favorite coffee shop and reading a book while having that coffee you’ve always wanted to try

Taking a hot shower while having your personal concert and not caring that your voice might be gone the next morning

Driving around town at night because you find it soothing while your radio system plays all the right songs at the right moments

Laying down at night knowing you will wake up to the opportunity to do these things all over again, and they will still feel peaceful to you

Peace

“The Fight”
by Kiara Gadsden

The world we live in is so cold
Too many people dying for crazy reasons
And they will never grow old
People die almost every season
The people you think are your friends
Will betray you and be unkind
And then it will come to an end
It will make you lose your friend
Give kindness where you can
Find kindness in others, too
See the goodness in your fellow man
The others that sin you must eschew
We can all be friends
And bring this fight to an end

“Endure”
by Jillian Dandridge

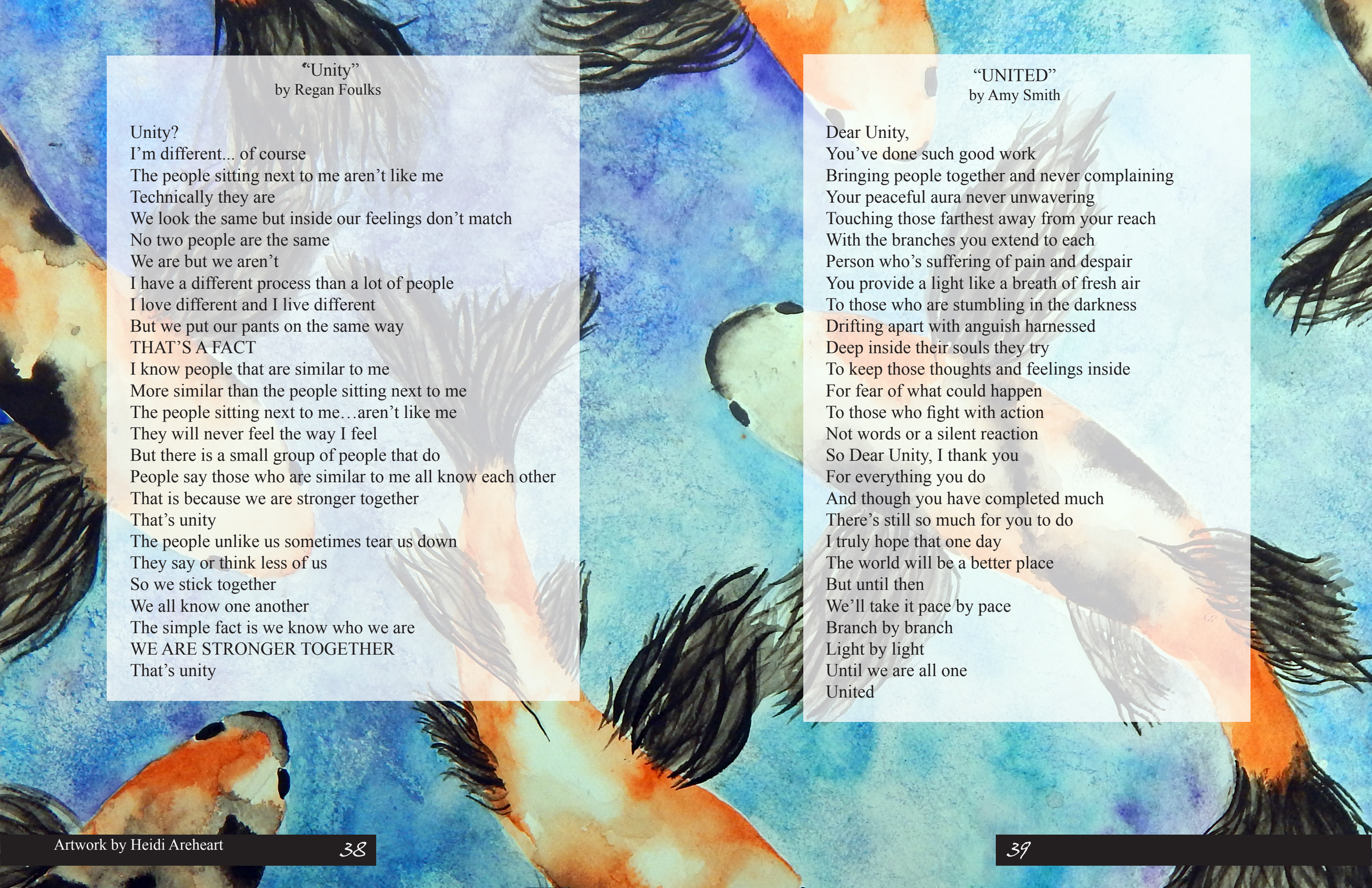
Distracted, yet an anxious kid
A mess of thoughts, behind heavy lids
Forced out of home, stuck in her head
A chest so tight, yet full of lead
To feel so much, and love so hard
The world has dealt the weakest cards
Framed eyes seem bright
Her hair dull brown
A face that rarely breaks a frown
A fragile frame, she seems to be
Yet holds much more than 5 foot 3
With jokes she copes and sings her thoughts
She writes her songs and little plots
Her sister keeps her calm and steady
For her, she’s always strong and ready
She dreams of change, but still feels tired
For now, she just tries to stay inspired

“History of Humans”
by Anonymous, Class of 2020

Humans throw words
Our hate
Our fear
Human use words
Our strength
Our love
Humans fail to change
Language never does



Artwork by Claire McConnell



“Unity”
by Regan Foulks

Unity?
I’m different... of course
The people sitting next to me aren’t like me
Technically they are
We look the same but inside our feelings don’t match
No two people are the same
We are but we aren’t
I have a different process than a lot of people
I love different and I live different
But we put our pants on the same way
THAT’S A FACT
I know people that are similar to me
More similar than the people sitting next to me
The people sitting next to me…aren’t like me
They will never feel the way I feel
But there is a small group of people that do
People say those who are similar to me all know each other
That is because we are stronger together
That’s unity
The people unlike us sometimes tear us down
They say or think less of us
So we stick together
We all know one another
The simple fact is we know who we are
WE ARE STRONGER TOGETHER
That’s unity

“UNITED”
by Amy Smith

Dear Unity,
You’ve done such good work
Bringing people together and never complaining
Your peaceful aura never unwavering
Touching those farthest away from your reach
With the branches you extend to each
Person who’s suffering of pain and despair
You provide a light like a breath of fresh air
To those who are stumbling in the darkness
Drifting apart with anguish harnessed
Deep inside their souls they try
To keep those thoughts and feelings inside
For fear of what could happen
To those who fight with action
Not words or a silent reaction
So Dear Unity, I thank you
For everything you do
And though you have completed much
There’s still so much for you to do
I truly hope that one day
The world will be a better place
But until then
We’ll take it pace by pace
Branch by branch
Light by light
Until we are all one
United

“Change”
by Lucy Grace Burnett

We stand together
Hoping our voice can be heard
We cry out when we hear
Our people have been killed
We need change

We fight for the lives lost
We hope
We protest
We need change

Yet

People are still falling from what can be fixed
People are still terrified for their safety
We need change

When will our problem be solved?
When will our voice finally be heard?
We will not let this issue disappear

Together we are united
Together we will fight for peace
Together we are strong and brave

Don’t stop

Let them hear your voice
Let them know
Because change is what we need

“Today”
by Grace Hinnant

We have today
Not yesterday and not the future
We have now
Every second that passes
To live and scream for our ancestors that were silenced
To stand when injustice suffocates the world
We have today to raise our fists and march
To look into the eyes of darkness and never surrender
To break through the walls of society
The only way we shall ever lose our voice
Is when the world blows up in flames
Our words will remain throughout generations
We have today to get up and clothe the forgotten
To serve to ones who fell for us
To stop the people the law can never convict
We have today to make a change
What will you change?

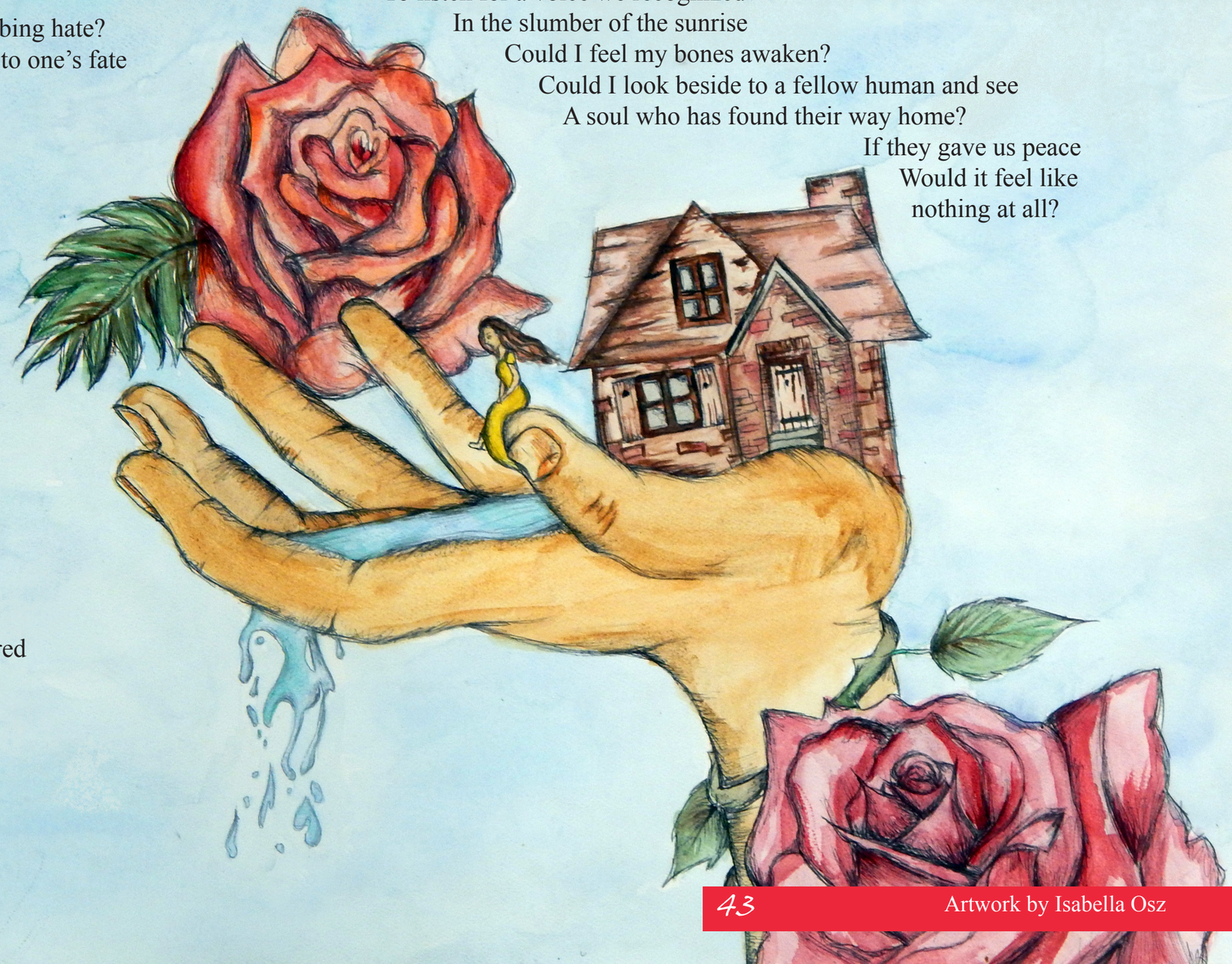
Artwork by Lucy Grace Burnett

“Why?”
by Nate Gonzalez

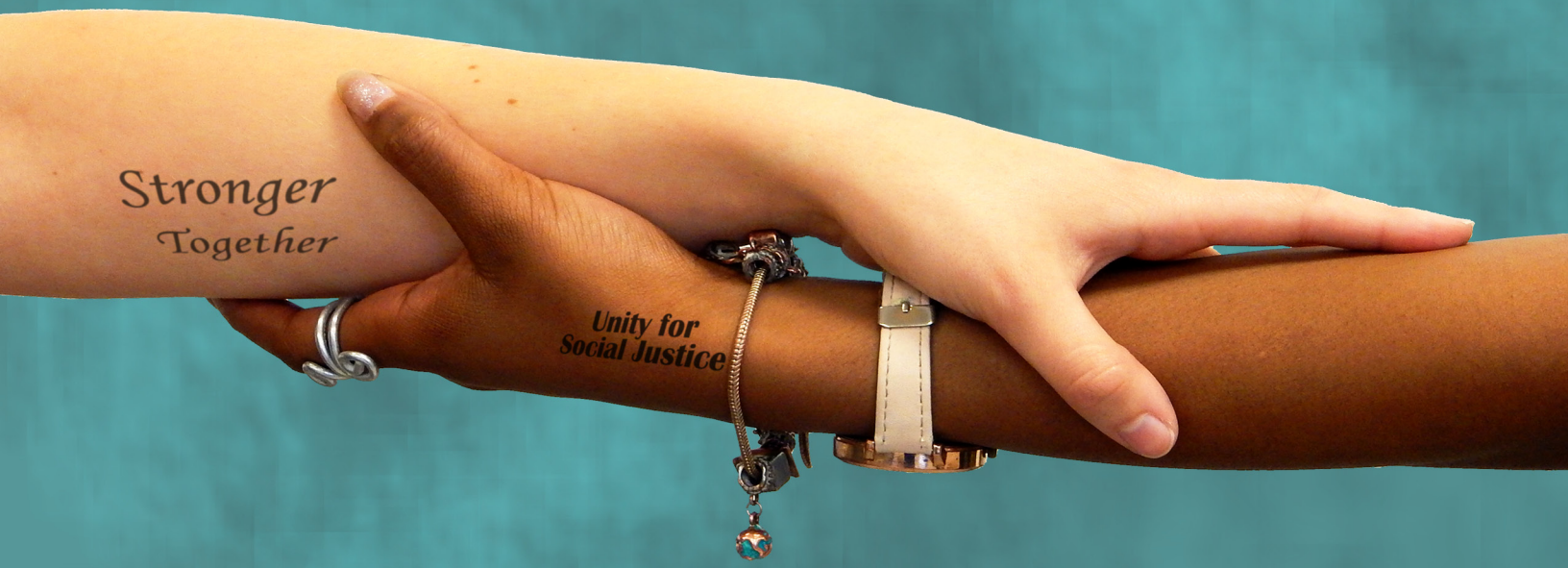
What is this?
This chaotic babble of madness?
On his glistening throne
His face coated with veils of overlaying sorrow and sadness
Why are their hearts and souls paved and blemished with throbbing hate?
Why do they vandalize my creations, and make them succumb to one’s fate
Of being no more than color, religion, or sex
Only to be biased; only to discriminate?
Just an unnecessary sign to differentiate
Why do they go to war?
Weren’t all my other radiant creations enough?
Didn’t it quench your lust for blood before?
Why do they slaughter and massacre their own blood
Their brothers and sisters?
Why cause inflicted harm on one another
To stone him or to rape her?
To cause their dreams to be deferred
Pain is unbiased and detrimentally so
It doesn’tmatter what you like
No matter the color; no matter the soul
They must to learn to love, my children
They just have to know
They all fall in the same soil
They all forever slumber in the same dirt bed
At the end of the day, all people cry clear and all people bleed red

“Awakening”
by Martha Shaffer

If the wind would sway to a human’s heartbeat
Would it be the same for you and for the land herself?
Would our offspring feel their cheeks pinched
By the rough, course hands of the woman who planted us?
And when we gathered together
To listen for a voice we recognized
In the slumber of the sunrise
Could I feel my bones awaken?
Could I look beside to a fellow human and see
A soul who has found their way home?
If they gave us peace
Would it feel like
nothing at all?



Artwork by Isabella Osz



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