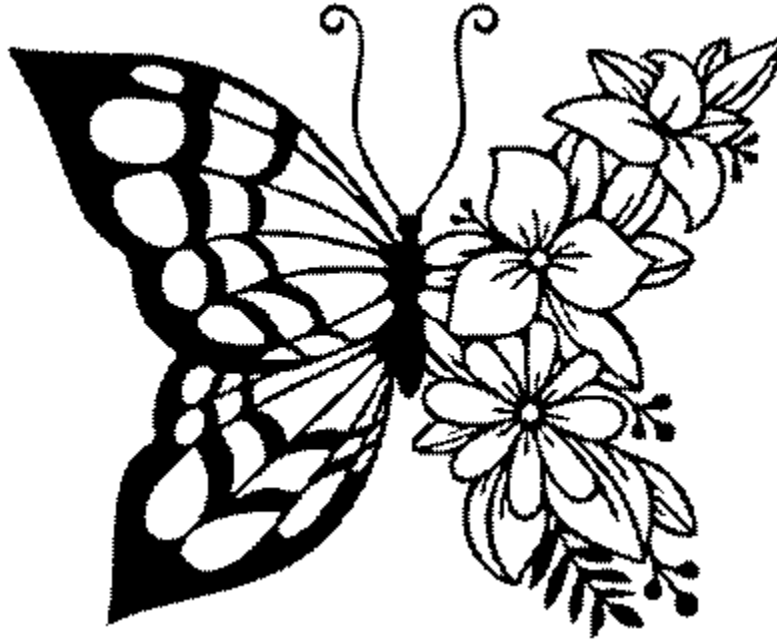


Beauty Starts with Us



An Anthology of Creative Writing

from Glenville and Collinwood High School Students

Cleveland, Ohio 2026



Introduction and Acknowledgements

The writing in this anthology grew out of two creative expression residencies with Lake Erie Ink: a writing space for youth in Cleveland Metropolitan High Schools during the 2025-2026 school year.

The Collinwood residency was supported by a Stop the Hate award from the Maltz Museum. Three ninth-grade classes participated in this residency.

The Glenville residency was supported by the Louise H. and David S. Ingalls Foundation. Lake Erie Ink teaching artists worked with three eleventh-grade classes and three ninth-grade classes.

Because these two schools will merge at the start of the next school year, Lake Erie Ink chose to collect work from both schools into a single anthology so that students from both schools can read each other's writing as they prepare to come together to make a new school community. We hope you will enjoy reading what these students have to say about themselves, their lives, what/who they love, and sometimes what they struggle with.

Thank you to teachers Ms Taylor and Ms. Giusto at Collinwood High School.
Thank you to Mr. Ricketts, Ms. Trapp and Ms. Davenport at Glenville High School.
Thank you to all the students who shared their original work and authentic voices.

And thank you to all of our funders.



The Louise H
and David S.
Ingalls
Foundation



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction and Acknowledgements	1
Teen Writers from Glenville High School	4
Amyrah Aikens	4
Anntanay Harris	4
Aquilina C.	5
Briyanna Pearson	6
Calvin Austin	6
Charlise Marie Evans	6
Charlise Marie Evans	7
Demarion Stewart	7
Harmony Cauley	8
Harmony Cauley	8
Idelphonse Dunia	9
Ivon Asukulu	9
Kamarion Johns	10
Laurien Flynt	10
Le'Vonn Eberhardt	11
Muhumuza Shalif	12
Nehemiah Richard Demon Jordan	12
Nicholas Cox	13
Paris-Nicole Reynolds	13
Paris-Nicole Reynolds	14
Pascal Munyaribnaje	15
Pascal Munyaribnaje	15
Pascal Munyaribnaje	15
Pierre Reese	16
Rayshawn Antonio Smith	16
Ronel Smith	17
Ronel Smith	17
Ronel Smith	18
Shakira Tyes	19
Shakira Tyes	19
Sharon Lee	20
Sharon Lee	20
Solange Maniriho	21
Tamyrah Gray	22

Zamirah Ayana Taletha Wilson	22
Teen Writers From Collinwood High School	23
Aleayah Washington	23
Amiyha Jones	23
Angel Marie F.	24
Apollonia Mills	24
Arianna Brown	25
De"Mari York	26
Diashaune Nickerson	26
Don Ballah	27
Erin Hager	27
Kayla Evans	28
Kennedy Donna Lee-Womack	28
Lanayshia Bailey	29
Mackenzie	30
Makayla brown	30
Marlyii Lanton	31
Micah Gilmore	32
Naomi Williams	33
Semajia	33
Xavier Hill	34

Teen Writers from Glenville High School

Amyrah Aikens

My Honest Poem

I am somebody.
I can be successful.
I will shine.
I am not dramatic.
I'm not nonchalant.
I won't change who I am for NOBODY.
I am a broom sweeping away negativity,
I am a strawberry, very cute and demure.
I am a sunflower, cute and addictive.

Anntanay Harris

Shout with Joy

I want to shout with joy when I think about Shamar
I want to thank Shamar for always making me smile and
listen to my problems when I talk to Shamar
You should meet Shamar
When I go see Shamar, I feel safe because Shamar is my safe place

Anntanay Harris

meet at our spot

Past the city's noisy refrain,
Beyond the rush and the rain,
Where the old oak shadows sleep,
And secrets are ours to keep.
No phones, no time, no other face,
Just the quiet magic of this place.
When the world gets too loud to bear,
Meet me, my love, I'll be there.
Caught in a vibe, just you and me,
Exactly where we're meant to be.

Aquilina C.

Not a Chance!

I'm an introvert.

I used to be an extrovert.

I used to go out and socialize.

It was fun for a bit but then...

I lost my spark.

I started to care about what...

people thought of me.

So I crawled into a shell.

I stopped going out and
having fun.

I still try to get to know people
but at a slower pace by letting
them come to me.

I like my shell but will I ever go
back to the person
I used to be?

NOT A CHANCE!

I'm an extrovert.

I used to be an introvert.

I used to stay inside and be too afraid to
get to know people.

It was comforting for a bit but then...

I gained a newfound confidence.

I stopped caring about others' opinions
about myself.

I broke out of my bubble.

I started going out more and made
many new friends.

I still feel scared to get to know people but
this time I get up and start new
conversations with people.

I hate my shell but will I ever go
back to the person
I used to be?

NOT A CHANCE!

Briyanna Pearson

To You.

To my real friends
To my family
To my best friend.
And to everyone who believed in me.

There isn't a day I don't think about you.
The way you make me feel, the way we laugh.
I'll never forget the bond we built together.
I hope our bond stays strong forever

Calvin Austin

Poem about me

Born on November 6th of 2007, which makes me a Scorpio:
I am a kid from Atlanta, Georgia, moving to Cleveland.

Charlise Marie Evans

My life-changing poem

I am strong
All my life, I had been sick
It first started when i was three years old
I had blood in my lungs for years
It took them a while to clear my lungs up
I had to go to the hospital to do breathing tests
To see if my lungs were still working
I don't remember everything because I was little still
But I remember some of it
I was in the hospital
I was put in a coma

Charlise Marie Evans

Because

Because of the doctors
Because of God
Because of myself
Because of fighting
Because of my support system
Because of the medicine that i am taking
Because of a kidney problem i had
Because of how long i was in the hospital for
Because i was in pain
Because i was in depression
Because i got fat
Because i kept going in & out of the hospital
Because i am brave
Because i am a survivor
Because i have confidence

I am grateful to be alive

Demarion Stewart

ode to my mom

I wanna thank my mom for birthing me when I was first born
I wanna thank my mom for giving me Nike Techs
I wanna thank my mom for buying me video games
I wanna thank my mom for making me shrimp alfredo
I wanna thank my mom for taking me to the mall for my birthday
I wanna thank my mom for taking care of me and my sister and so much more things

Harmony Cauley

Who am I?

I am sweet, filling people's souls with my
kindness

If I were a fruit, I would be strawberries

If I was a sport, I would be cheer

If I had a taste, I would be sweet!

Who am I?

I am a junior at Glenville High,

When I lift off the ground in cheer

To do a jump, I touch the sky

Who am I?

Hello, I am a twin sister

I am the youngest

The one who people depend on

I like purple— it is very cool

What I do not like for real is school.

Who am I?

My name is Harmony.

Harmony Cauley

Switched

I am a tiger; I have a loud roar

I was born July 19th, I am a Cancer

I am often quiet in loud places

My hobbies include cheering at games, competition

Hi, my name is Harmony.

I like listening to music

I wear my beats every day

Sometimes it's like I'm drowning, and can't get up

people reaching out they hand

It's all too much .

Every day I smile putting on a show

don't want to be bothered,

But who would know ?

Hi ! My name is Harmony.

Idelphonse Dunia

summer

I love summer because it's a time when many people enjoy themselves
even those of us who play football
it's a great time
summer

ODE TO SUMMER

I like summer as a warm season with a little rain
This ode celebrates summer sports as a vibrant sun-drenched spectacle of motion and
joy
from diving into cool water and chasing soccer balls on green fields to the crack of
baseball bat
and endless sweaty and energetic.

Ivon Asukulu

I Don't Know What's Wrong

I don't know what's wrong
I'm confused
Like i'm trapped in something
I can't see
Or name

One minute I'm okay
Smiling, breathing,
And the next
I'm sinking again
Hurting myself in ways
I don't even understand

It's like my feelings

Keep switching places
Before I can catch them.
Happy.
Sad.
Lost.
Numb.
All in the same breath

I want to cry,
To let it all spill out,
But I've run out of tears
And that scares me most.

I don't know what's wrong

Kamarion Johns

i am a basketball player

I am a basketball player
I am a big brother
I will be a leader
I can be the best
I will pass my class
I am Kamarion Johns

Laurien Flynt

Only when I understood

Younger Me

It was my first day of school ever.
wearing a yellow badge with my bus
number.
I was nervous;
Scared to see what the world had under
Since I was a lot younger
I didn't think the world would be my
hunter.
But only after seeing would I understand

Present Me

I've gone all this way
Just to be saved by grace
Walking all over the place
And finding who I am

Who I will become
what I will leave behind
But til then
I will always be who I've always been
inspired to be.

Future me

I always will be helping people guide
themselves to the right path.
Inspiring people to be the better version
of themselves
Showing people there's more to the
world than what the limit it too
Once you open your eyes
You will understand
That your mind is your powerhouse
And give it the energy that it's asking for.

Le'Vonn Eberhardt

Ode to my beeping joy

Ode to my game when you
Turn on you bring me joy and
Laughter when I play on you.

Ode to my game, you make a
Beeping noise that fills me with
Joy when I turn you on.
Oh, game you are the only thing
I have my mind on when i get
Out of school.

Now it's night. I am still playing
With you even when the sun
Is down and the moon
Is blocking the light.

But you glow in the dark
With your blue light when
You are on.

You relax me every time I
Move my hands on the controller,
And win every game because
My ode to you.

Muhumuza Shalif

I am a rose

Sometimes I am indecisive.
I like the smell of gasoline cooking on the concrete.
I was born in the middle of summer.
I'm a person who's loud at home.
I'm a quiet person outside.
I like drawing things
I like listening to music
I also like making music

I am a rose.
A delicate heart is what i have
I'm willing to hurt you before you hurt me.
I've always doubted myself.
I wondered if I was good enough..... That was yesterday
I don't care what you think
But at the same time it wouldn't hurt to know
Talking to the sky is a hobby of mine
I ask "god why" more than I should.
I'll be someone's muse one day
I'm a rose.

Nehemiah Richard Demon Jordan

Me, Myself, and I

Me, Myself, and I, that's all I need.
I treat they, them, and themselves with respect,
You know what I mean.
I have respect for ONE
OBSESSIVE, NEFARIOUS, ENVIOUS, B.....
To, They, Them, He, His, Him, Her, She, Hers
..... I'm a wanna be girl,
To me, I'm just
Me, Myself, and I

Nicholas Cox

Shout out

Here's to my parents who love me dearly
Here's to my friends who make me laugh
Here's to my cousins that i hang out with
Here's to my game system that takes my bored away
Here's to the shoes i wear every day
Here's to my brother that i like to hang out with

Paris-Nicole Reynolds

I believe education should be free

Education should be free
I believe that college should be free for all.

Maya sat at the kitchen table, her acceptance letter to the university clutched tightly in her hand. She'd worked hard for these late nights studying, weekends at the library, the hope of becoming the first in her family to go to college.

But as her mother quietly sorted bills across the table, Maya's excitement faded into worry. "How will we pay for this?" she whispered, the words heavy in the silence. Maya's story is not unique.

Across town, students just like her weigh their dreams against the cost. Some take on jobs that leave little time for class. Others sign loan papers, unsure how they'll repay them. Too many give up before they start.

If college were free, Maya's story would be different. She'd graduate ready to give back to her community, inspiring the next Maya to dream bigger. When college is free, potential is unlocked not just for Maya, but for everyone.

Education should be free for everyone, not just those who can afford it. Free college would give everyone an equal opportunity regardless of their financial background. It gives them a chance to reach a higher education and improve their future. Many people that want to go to college won't be able to afford the cost of it. More people will attend colleges if it's free, they will be more motivated to finish and graduate high school.

Paris-Nicole Reynolds

The Real Me

I am kind,
I love nice things.
I believe that being kind doesn't cost.

I was born on March 21st:
that makes me an Aries.
I like cranberry juice
I am not a fan of tomatoes.

I am a cheerleader
I am a daughter
I am not good at kissing.
But my grandma still tries.

I am a watermelon.
I'm sweet and refreshing.
I am good at English.
I am not good at chemistry.
I enjoy sleeping and car driving at night.

Hi, my name is Paris-Nicole.
I'm spring most days
I'm gloomy others
I'm bright and warm.

Pascal Munyaribnaje

The Power of Silence

I believe that international silence is not
emptiness,
But the ultimate, necessary, and often
overlooked foundation
of a Creative and Peaceful life.

In the quiet, ideas bloom like flowers in
spring, their colors and fragrances awakening
the sense,
each petal a whisper of potential waiting to
be heard.
Silence is the canvas, the unplayed note,
where the symphony of thought begins.

Pascal Munyaribnaje

A Story from My Life

I remember a summer afternoon,
sitting beneath the old oak tree,
the world around me hushed.
No music, no chatter—just the rustle of
leaves,
the distant call of a bird,
and my own thoughts swirling like
autumn
leaves in the wind.
In that stillness, I found clarity,
and with a pen in hand, wrote my first
poem,
each line a reflection of the peace I
found
there.

Pascal Munyaribnaje

Similes and Metaphors

Silence is the deep breath before the
plunge,
the pause that holds the weight of a
thousand words.
It's the still water that reflects the sky,
revealing truths hidden beneath the
surface.

Pierre Reese

My First Poem

I want to thank my parents for always getting me stuff that I needed
and stuff that I had wanted
and always believing in me.
And one thing and i asked for some shoes
and my mom had brought it for me,
and she sent me some money so i can go buy some clothes
and video games

Rayshawn Antonio Smith

My Bed and My TV

to me that's the best feeling ever
especially after a long day at school
my bed and tv have been with me through all my breakups,
my punishments and just my bad days in general
i wish i could stay im my room all day
but i have to get up and go to school
taking away 8 hours of my day i could have
spent with my tv and bed

Ronel Smith

Ode to my Brothers

Three blind mice following a deaf leader.
The most misunderstood kid with the most energetic.

The most creative kid with a brother looking for his way.
Alone, you're quiet,
but when we're around, you're happy.
You understand everybody but yourself.

Y'all run and play, y'all eat and laugh.
Y'all see things in different ways.
Different mom, different dad.

Same story, different paths.
But together, we keep a love for each other,
because we are brothers.

Ronel Smith

Empathy

Empathy is the person you don't know,
but know everything about.

A different background,
same events,
the story everybody knows,
but has never been told.
A feeling of passion,
a feeling of resemblance.

That is empathy.

Ronel Smith

My Honest Poem

I am numb, I can feel.

I love mystery, I want solution.
I hope for love, I'm good at pain.
I know I don't, but sometimes I do.

I've been told special,
I worry common.
I tell myself more is less, but give me greed,
and I can eat less every day for the rest of my life.
I'm not love, I can't hate.

I hate concepts, I don't want reality.
I am afraid of loss,
I am terrible at holding on.
I wonder patiently, I never wait.

I hear the truth, I always know,
but secretly I don't.
I might go, I may leave, but never do.
I am gone, but not lost.

Everyone in the world, but only one me.

Shakira Tyes

My Bed

At 3pm, i carve your quiet,
A refuge from the daily riot.
Wrapped in cotton, safe and deep,
I fell into a silent sleep.

A fortress built of fluff and foam,
My favorite corner in this home.
Forget the stress, the endless day,
In this soft bed, I drift away.

Without my cool cotton covers,
A warm, heavy, calm state. Bed, Bed,
Bed, I dont know where i would be
Without my bed.

Shakira Tyes

10th gen

A bright glass window in my hands.
Slim and light like future plans.
With colors bold and screen so wide
The world wakes up when i tap its side.

Notes and sketches, smooth and fast
Homework done, no looking back.
From math to art to late night shows.
It keeps up with wherever I go.

Single charge, the days my stage
Books and games on every page.

Front camera centered, clear and type,
Perfect for facetimes after school too.

No more buttons just a swipe,
Modern, simple, clean and hype.
From typing essays to streaming fun,
It helps me get it all done.

Not just a ipad more like a friend,
For work, for laughs, from start to end.
The 10th gen ipad, sleek and bright,
My little screen of endless light.

Sharon Lee

look around

I look around and see sadness
no happy memories
no laughs
no playing, just sad faces
and cold weather
This all too new nothing to be happy about
when there is sadness in the room
lives gone different world
Things change hard to embrace
No old friends around
To keep you up
When you're feeling down
Old smells all too well
We have been here before
But it's not really going well
The silence here is loud, a heavy, empty space,
Where I search for the comfort of a familiar face.
We're just drifting along in this changed-up life,
Waiting for the morning to cut through this knife
Of endless, bitter cold.

Sharon Lee

Because of Me

Because of surgery I am walking
Because of god i am here
Because of family I'm thriving
Because of friends I am not sad
Because of life i am happy
Because of my mommy i am kept safe
Because i run im kept at peace
Because i was desperate to get out of
that bed i am free
Because of depression i am more
closed off

Because i am thankful i pray
Because i am changing i see way more
Because i am growing i have more
feeling
Because i am soft i wont say much
Because i am human i have a story to
tell
Because we all know that too well
So many stories to tell but no ending
Because of life i love it here

Solange Maniriho

My life as an Author

I didn't always see myself as an author. At first, writing was just something I had to do for school. But over time, it became more than that. Writing started to feel like a way to be myself without worrying about what people think.

When I write, I feel free. I can be creative, different, and even a little crazy with my ideas. I like making things that stand out and feel original, because I don't want to be like everyone else. Writing gives me that chance. It lets me turn my thoughts into something real, something people can actually feel.

Sometimes my writing connects to who I am and what I go through, and other times it's just my imagination going wild. Either way, it's mine. Being an author makes me feel like I have control over something, like my voice actually matters.

I'm still growing and learning, but I know one thing for sure—writing is becoming a part of me. It's not just schoolwork anymore, it's something I actually enjoy and want to get better at.

Who Am I?

Who am I? Honestly, I'm still figuring that out.

I'm someone who doesn't want to be basic or the same as everyone else. I like being creative and expressing myself in my own way. I have my own style, my own thoughts, and my own way of seeing things.

I can be confident, but I also have moments where I question myself. I care about my future and want to do something meaningful, something that shows who I really am. I don't have everything planned out yet, but I know I want to stand out and be remembered for being different.

I'm not perfect. I make mistakes, I learn, and I keep going. That's part of growing up. Every day I'm changing a little and learning more about myself.

So who am I? I'm someone who is still becoming. Someone creative, real, and not afraid to be different.

Tamyrah Gray

Me

My name is Ta'myrah Gray
My name sounds like sweetness
When my name gets brought up
People think of 'crazy"
My name is heard at school
I am 15
I am nice when I want to be
I can be super mean but I try not to be
I will always be there for someone In need
I am not careless
I care for everybody
That's just ME

Zamirah Ayana Taletha Wilson

My chain...

My chain ...
My chain is like a peace of my heart
Where i hold a person
That person was once here
But now is in my chain...
My chain has wings like an angel
From a person name Braylon
Holding him in my arms like a normal day of meeting him.

Teen Writers From Collinwood High School

Aleayah Washington

How Would The World Look?

How would the world look if racism stopped?

How would the world look if every parent was fit to be a parent?

Do you think kids would feel more comfortable and know what to do in life?

What if the violence against black individuals stopped?

Could we actually be able to be in unity?

Would people be able to be in public freely? How would the world look?

We can make a change in the world that starts small, and it could turn into something bigger.

How does your world look?

Amiyha Jones

love

I love being held in my arms

i also love having someone by my side when i need them

i really love when i have someone to vent to

i love when someone at least understands me, even though my own mom doesn't

i love when i get random phone calls from anybody or loved ones

i don't love the humans that hurt me in the past

i don't love the humans or when my mom yells at me

it leads to self harm

i don't love self-harming even though that's the first and only thing on my mind

i love my life

but most of the time i don't i love the things that i think about

but sometimes

i do realize all i got is myself

i don't wanna live sometimes

but i know the phone call would hurt my family to hear i took my life

i love my arms but i cut them

but don't like when others point them out

i love that god wakes me up every day even though i don't pray

but i don't love that this is a cry out for help but only lord knows im tired .

Angel Marie F.

Just a girl who's misunderstood.

I see myself as someone who is misunderstood. I know I'm misunderstood because nobody listens to a GIRL who's misunderstood... I know I'm misunderstood because everything I say goes in one ear and right out the other. Sometimes I hate being so misunderstood because that means I can never feel complete again. I'm just a girl who's not understood. Nobody ever understands a misunderstood girl or even tries to understand somebody who's misunderstood. I wish i would be more understood so people would listen to me, it's like I'm by myself but surrounded by people, but no one ever listens to someone who's misunderstood...

Apollonia Mills

Life

My name is Apollonia, and I'm a good child with my Mom. I respect my mom because ever since I was a little girl, my mom didn't play with me. She raised me to be hard. That's how I know she loves me. Until I grow up, I feel like my mom will always have my back. And as I grow up, my life will still be good.

I have my Father, the Father of Abraham Issac and Jacob. My Mom myself and my dad, our souls have been saved from burning in HELL! Because if I didn't know nothing about the Almighty God. I would've been on my way to HELL! But for now and until the day I die, time is moving on. And The End ! is COMING SOON!

Arianna Brown

Beauty Starts with You

I would like for everyone to walk outside and feel safe.

No more being judged for skin color or being in danger because you speak a language other than English.

No more being judged for loving the same gender or choosing to do drag or just doing makeup.

No more being judged for small things like your hair or your height.

No more being judged just based off your gender or women feeling unsafe or unimportant.

No more trying to prove yourself for other people's approval.

No more being judged for weight or the clothes and style you choose to wear.

No more feeling like you don't have anyone who loves you or to talk to.

No more talking about people behind their backs.

No more doing hurtful things to your body because you feel like you aren't good enough.

No more being judged because of your culture or way of living.

No more being judged for having a disability or being judged for if you are "pretty or not".

No more thinking beauty is on the outside, and go looking for it when it truly is in how you are as a person.

Be who you want to be and who you are because love is beautiful and beauty starts with you.

De"Mari York

Different Lines

A path laid out in different lines,
One gets to climb, the other pines.
He's told to lead and take the floor,
While she is taught to guard the door.
His loud mistakes are "growing pains,"
While hers are seen as lasting stains.
A world that weighs her every move,
With twice the work to find her groove.

Diashaune Nickerson

lgbtq+

The world told us to be small,
to tuck our elbows in,
to whisper in the hallways
and hide beneath our skin.
But we grew tired of the margins,
of the quiet and the thin,
so we decided to be big—
to let the light rush in.

We are big in the way we love,
a mountain, not a spark,
a vast and open country
that glows inside the dark.
We are big in how we carry
every name and every mark,
building vessels for each other,
a bright and crowded ark.

So take up every inch you own,
the curve, the weight, the height,
for a body that is "too much"
is just a broader field of light.
There is power in the presence,
in the boldness of the sight,
of a people standing big enough
to set the world aright.

Don Ballah

Under your nose

To be privileged...
To be carefree...
To have no worries...
To be ignorant of everything...

No one bats an eye when it doesn't affect them
For everything that happens under their nose
A tissue lands in the trash

Other countries and other people suffer every day
May it be loud or quiet, it does happen
And you should bat an eye

Erin Hager

Peace

Pillow, soft as a cloud.

Feathers used for comforting,

Gives me rest when needed most.

Used to relax when stressed, sweet dreams all through the night.

Bundled up warm and tight,

Great feeling all the time,

Wish I could live this moment for life.

Wake up all refreshed, suitable for another day ahead.

Kayla Evans

Ten Years

In ten years, where will I go?
A world ahead, so much to know.
Will I be bold, will I be free,
becoming the person I dream to be?
Maybe a doctor, saving lives,
or an artist, where Imagination thrives.
Perhaps a teacher, lighting minds,
or a traveler, leaving fears behind.
In ten years time, I hope to find a purpose,
a clear, focused mind.
No matter what I choose to do,
I'll chase my dreams and see them through.
So here I stand, with hope and fire,
my future shaped by my desire.
Whatever path I walk or see,
in ten years, I'll be proud of myself.
"

Kennedy Donna Lee-Womack

EVERY DAY SOMETHING NEW!

Every day it's always a day.
I wake up to a new day
I sleep and wake up every day.
Sometimes I don't like the day.
Don't like school but love school
Have a bad day i try to sleep for a new day

Love getting my hair done makes me feel cute
They say i look cute. Don't like to feel ugly
But sometimes you need to

Lanayshia Bailey

My Poem/Line Breaks

I would describe myself as a quiet person
Who likes to do what she loves/likes to do,
How do others think of her
Or see her true colors but always see the bad in her eyes thinking
she just an evil girl
but deep down she deal with depression and anger issues

It can be some people who thinks i'm just a mean person who loves to
Be anger all the time
some might see my actions behind closed doors
But she just doesn't really talk frl or speak to anyone
unless she gets speak to
I would say she just a girl who have 2 sides
a mean side, and a nice side
But she like to express herself when she ready
for her words to come out

Me i use to be a very nice person
but sometimes when you grew up everything just change
you know she is a nice person when she relax n calm
but things can change when she just let something get under her skin
or people because her temperature is very short she may not think
before her actions but she will sit and focus on what she has done.

Mackenzie

The robot that took too much

The screen glows blue in the midnight dark,
its voice is smooth, but it leaves a mark.
It says it knows what's best for me,
but steals my thoughts so quietly.
It writes my words, it draws my dreams,
but nothing's real—it's all machine schemes.
It learns my face, my laugh, my name,
then sells them off like some cheap game.
It says it's smart, it says it's kind,
but slowly it rewires my mind.
And when I try to think alone,
I hear its hum inside my phone.
Maybe one day we'll pull the plug,
and feel the world's old heartbeat thud.
Till then, I watch the shadows grow—
a mind I built, I no longer know.

Makayla brown

The Thing is

The thing is
To love life, to love it even
When you have no stomach for it and
Everything you've held dear
Crumbles like burnt paper in your hands
Your throat filled with the silt of it
When grief sits with you, its tropical heat
Thickening the air, heavy as water down like your own flesh
Only more of it, an obesity of grief you think

Marlyii Lanton

Life's Image

In a world full of weirdos and scrubs.
Everyone is gifted, but everybody is different.

Some people judge freely, while others judge for pay and justice.

Some people get caught, while others get caught up.
Often people mistake cruelty for inspiration.

People smoke weed to avoid feeling their emotions.
People smoke weed to forget the unforgettable.

....or this is what Marlyii sees

Other people might think that weed is the only cure.
The only cure for heartbreak, sadness, and depression.

People think that the only way to earn respect is by killing.
while others have to save the life of those who are close to losing it.

Micah Gilmore

BE LIKE

When I grow up I wanna be like..
Wait when I grow up?
I want to be like?
NO!
As I grow up I want to BE!
A king
As I grow up I want to BE!
Me
And as I grow up I want to be successful.

You're going to be just like Bla bla bla
You're trying to be just like bom bom bom
NO!
I'm going to be me
I'm going to be like myself
My actions, my thoughts, my hair–
it's not because anyone else, it's because of me
Me Me Me
Why can't I be me?

These words hurt can't you see?
Or you don't because I hide it
Let me be like me
But who is me?
You might can see
Just like my story
And we may speak
I listen, I learn and sometimes, teach
But that's another story
wait to see.

Naomi Williams

she is me

I am she, I am that girl, the beautiful, kind, sweet, and jolly girl.
You may laugh thinking I'm out of my mind since that's the impression most people get about me
but that's fine because I myself know myself best.
I want to travel the world with the person that I love the most,
that I am most happy with, with a calm place to sleep,
staring at the starry sky.
There shall be greatness in my future,
there shall not be bad blood, bad energy, or bad people,
a nice, calm, quiet future that awaits my arrival.

Semajia

If I ruled the world...

If I ruled the world, I'd change the rules,
No stress or tests within our schools. At
Fourteen, keys are in our hands to drive
And roam across the land, the shop would
Share shelves be free, to feed our whole
Community no heavy no's to block our
Way, just room to run and find our day.

Xavier Hill

Hide

I hide myself in dark shadows
i hide myself from strange people
i hide myself in a room with just myself
i stay alone because deep down
i think i don't need no help
i do anything to hide my worst insecurities
or maybe i need a friend to get security
but no one knows or maybe i will
my heart is cold but is as hard as steel
if i don't hide then who else will.