

DaRon Johnson

“A Beautiful Contradiction”

Her skin,

A clean mirror to her wisdom,

Like a tree spreading oxygen through the air,

She spreads her wisdom through waves of ignorance,

Ignorance a result of fruit eaten from a bad tree,

Her fruit has fed her family for years.

Her roots grow deeply into the ground keeping her family steady through the storm,

The storm of ignorance that threatens to take down her family year after year,

She is a beautiful contradiction,

She is frail but she is the strongest woman you will ever meet,

She is a soldier,

Because there is no shield strong enough to stop her words.

Exalted,

The majesty stands at five feet tall,

But somehow she's still managing to hold up five families at the same,

Her branches influence even the most stubborn fruit in which she has beared.

I respect her and all that she represents,

Because she laughs in the face in the phrase "Ignorance is Bliss",

Ignorance,

A deadly sin that threatened to take down her family time and time again,

And if it hadn't been for her wisdom,

It may have succeeded.

Between Us

By Emma Schechinger

There were generations between us, I looked at her knowing she's probably seen a lot, I'm sure she has lots of stories to tell, but I'm 15 and she probably hasn't the slightest clue of what is like to be a teenager, right? She has no idea what I'm going through.

There were generations between us. I stared at my phone to avoid any conversation, she then smiles and says "kids these days, always have to be on their phone." I nod my head in agreement but also with a little disappointment. There were generations between us.

sometimes I often wonder if her generation sees mine as lazy and incompetent people who only know how to survive with a phone in their hand. I often wonder if people like her still hold a spark of hope for people like me, because honestly I'm scared and unsure, am I gonna be part of the generation of world peace or world war? Maybe we are the generation that contains their hope and faith, if so we need to live up to it.

Whether we know it or not,

the generations that stand in front of us are the ones we need to take note from, they're the ones we need to listen to, because they know the ins and outs of this crazy thing known as life. We need to stop being our ignorant selves and start listening to what they have to say. Through them I have learned that this teenage life is only a small fraction of the life that is yet to come. Don't take your grandparents for granted because there is gonna come a time when heartache hits, and you'll want to ask them how they overcame rough times, and found happiness. By the time you ask them they'll be gone.

There were generations between us, and turns out they understand more than I thought they did.

Izza Imran
"Deception"

We admire their idea of immortality
That they're too good for this world
They wander blindly in the forest of life
Convincing others that they know what they're doing
They only show us the desperate, neat clothes they wear
But we know that underneath lie hidden cuts and bruises
They seem to radiate pain and heartbreak until we can feel it too
Yet all they care about is how others perceive them
Mirrors often lay shattered on the floor,
Words left unspoken, and eyes hidden

Different Points of View
By Syndey King

Person: 1

Weak and fragile
Nothing more than skin and bones
A burden on society
Yells at things they don't understand
A laughable joke
My taxes go to them
Can't do anything to help himself
Wears diapers and needs help
Crazy and don't know what they're talking about
Mistakes you for someone else
A nuisance to deal with
Waste of time to hang with

Person: 2

My ancestors
Heroes in disguise
Fought for our country
Cares about me
Gets me gifts
Always takes my side
Doesn't worry about what people think
Love living life
Love their country
Thankful for their life
Tries to help themselves in anyway
One of the best people to hang with

Our views on elders are different
But respect is the major key
In making sure we protect them
From people who want to be mean to them
Because if you go to know them
You would see
That these people are just like you and me.

Izza Imran
"Ignorance"

It isn't until this time
that we learn to show our love
We realize that they're closer to death than ever before
And luck isn't enough anymore
It seems as though they're the happiest of all of us
They truly admire the beauty of life
Very few of us listen to the advice they give
We're all so caught up in our own selfishness
We often forget how to enjoy the moment

Delaney Fitzgerald
Innocence

I watch her, and I see beauty
I see what I once was,
Delicately hold her hopes and dreams
In my calloused palms.
Her voice is a whisper, but her words are a roar.

Little Monsters
By Sydney King

The most vilest thing on earth
Protect your children
And save the elders
They're coming!
Their footsteps are getting louder
Run! Everybody run
Why are you standing there?
Hurry! Grab your family and go
Oh Lord please save us now!
They're just around the corner
Waiting for us to run into them
They know we're afraid
Who wouldn't be afraid of them?
They have these devices always in their hand
They are so loud your ear drums burst
Meanest people you'll ever see
They're only fuel source is drugs and alcohol
They never come out in the morning
Only at night to hunt
Oh gosh! I see them! I see them!
Run! Oh no!
They're coming straight for me
This is the end
Please say goodbye to my family for me
I can touch them, they are so close to me
Wait! They are walking past me
They didn't even look at me
I can finally breathe
But I will see them again
Teenagers are everywhere
It's scary

My Treasure

You have many years under your belt
I will never know how you felt
You have been around a lot longer than me
Do you still find happiness sipping your tea?
Why.

You have experienced many things
Lived many lives while spreading your wings
From being a successful student to mom
You were always the one to form a great bond
Love.

Now you are a grandma
Who, whenever hungry, aspired to eat a banana
You sometimes feel like you aren't visited enough
Maybe they forgot you, or don't want to show up
Really.

Life brought you strife
But overall you had an enjoyable life
You never got a chance to visit Ireland
You became sick and no longer put up Christmas garland
Hope.

Seeing you all wrinkled and weary eyed
Leaves me thinking you just want to die
You still have so much life to live
I know everyone wants to go back in time to being a kid
Where.

The medicines you take, I know you hate
But gram, your life is at stake
I want you tell me all about what you did
And how you think you could have done differently as a kid
Stop.

I enjoy your stories about the depression
I never will know as many history facts as you, that's a confession
You enjoy your morning coffee and toast
You have more money than god, but never boast
Here.

You the one I look up to and admire
You the one who always gives me life advice, how I aspire
You the one who is as sweet as candy, but strong as steel
You the one who when I'm hungry, makes the best home cooked meal
Don't.

Not too many times have you led me in the wrong direction
I love you so much and cherish every memory together, did I forget to mention?
All the old stories you have told me, I have lived in some way
Whenever I am stressed or need a friend, you make me feel ok
Help.

Sooner or later I will need to confide more information in you
I know that you will hope not all is true
I have been hurt, but also loved many times
Let us just hope that you wont be one of my soon goodbyes.
Bye.

Laura Pavalis

Pacific Street, 4:00

I never see young people at the places I go.

They are still sleeping when I go to the mall or grocery store.

But lately I see them running near the high school in the afternoon.

Shoes, legs, legs, knees, elbows, teeth. Fluid posture, fists pumping.

Always one or two out front, effortless.

I study them like a sunset, or waves on the ocean, or embers glowing in the fireplace.

Who knew?

Old age is coming for me.

I feel the protest in my hips and the hesitation in my knees.

I forget too many things and remember too many other things.

My hair has no color unless I buy some.

I have acquired a marvelous super-power. It's true, I am *invisible* most of the time.

People say fascinating things to one another as if I wasn't even there.

I'm intrigued by their dramas, amused by their stories.

Sometimes they make me sad, though, at how quick they are to hurt one another.

Husband and wife, stabbing each other over breakfast with bitter words. Stop!

My story is finally at the good part, where the princess gets to go home

To a castle every night and the prince always has a kiss.

This treasure surprised me.

DaRon Johnson

“Potential”

P- Please stop and listen to me because for the past 16 years you've only been hearing me.

Everything I've said has continuously gone in one ear and out the other, because for years you've only been listening to respond instead of listening to understand.

O- One day I hope you will believe me when I say I know what I'm talking about,
every single struggle you've experienced I've been there,
I've hit rock bottom while you've only been hitting the waves.

T- Tell me something I don't know,

I know everything you're gonna say before you say it because I've said to my mother,
And she's said it to her mother,

So spare me the back talk because you'll only end up back tracking you're way into yet another situation that you don't want or need to be in.

E- Everything I do,

I do for you,

But teens these days just don't listen,

They think it's cute,

Because their friends do it,

Respect just isn't cool anymore,

Because all they want to be is grown,

But they don't understand that all we're trying to do is get them to realize their...

N- Nothing I do works,

He's refusing to leave his room now,

His door a shield ,to my words,
He earbuds, a shield to my words,
His friends, a shield to my words,
And his mouth, a sword to my sword,
Maybe he just has to sink a little before he can learn how to swim.
T- Till the day he learns how to swim,
He'll never learn how to untap his potential,
Right now I'm just praying that the stereotype "black people cant swim" isn't metaphor.
I- I know it's in there,
I tell him he can be anything he wants to be,
But right now all he wants to be is on his phone,
They never put their phones down,
They've replaced people with pixels,
And everyday they become even more okay with that
A- Anything,
He can be anything,
I just hope he knows that,
The potential these kids hold to the future is unmeasurable,
They can change the world for the better
L- Likewise they can change it for the worst,
They just have to realize their potential,
Because that's one thing we can't show them,
One thing that they'll have to know,
One thing they'll have to develop,
Because they might think we're pesky but they are the future,
They are our future whether they're ready or not.

Jenna Y Mu

Prom Pictures

The fresh red rose
Was attached to her corsage
Her hand rested on the shoulder of her dashing prom date
They smiled for the flashing cameras
Excited for the dance ahead

“How cute”
Her parents said
“But they’ll never last”
But they didn’t care
After all, they were young

For to be young
Is to live in a constant prom
Filled with laughter
Spending time with friends
And dancing the night away

For growing up
Means that you surrender who you’re meant to be in this
moment That you give in to time far too soon
We’re all going to grow up someday
So why grow up today?

But of course, prom can’t last forever
Eventually, the music stops
The decorations fall down
And the corsages wilt

But the pictures will always be there

Pyramids
By Emma Schechinger

We put ourselves into categories, almost like in a pyramid. With the popular girls always at the top. I've always wondered what it's like to see from their perspective. I would image it is a little something like this...

Slumber parties and boyfriends. Girls like me, we have it all figured out everything we could ever ask for in the palm of our hands. I'm 16 and I know what love is. Love has a car, love lets me wear his jersey on game day. My dad says that it's about time I get a job, or whatever that means doesn't he know I have far more important things to do, like finding the perfect prom dress,

We built ourselves up on a pyramid starting with your popular girls. Then working all the way down to the most unknown, selfless, and not necessarily the smartest kids. If you don't know what it's like to be one of them here is an idea...

Ripped jeans, converse, and pony tail hair, I'm not shy just quiet. Between school and soccer practice, I've been working at the local grocery store, because I got to help mom pay rent. We are dividing ourselves out on this pyramid,

I've heard people say they have no faith in this generation, I've heard them share their opinions by saying "iPhones have taken over", and the ones who say that are clearly not paying attention. I've also had others tell me that they see hope and great things coming out of us, I hope that they're right I hope that they truly do believe in us to change the world but change isn't gonna happen till we break down this pyramid, let's stop critiquing each other's generations and start being thankful for the one we are living! We spend so much time living in the past we are forgetting to make the future, if you don't like the world we' living in then let's do something about it.

Vinyl

Restricted

Tripping over words, my heart racing,

Trying to breathe, hands shaking

Thoughts race through my mind; I try to get the words out

I'm taking too much time, my voice full of doubt

All I can think about are those eyes, the different shades of gold, impossible to miss

It's easy to realize, he just wants a kiss

But my heart starts pounding

He stares at my lips

The alarm starts sounding

I can't handle this

Not right now,

Not this time

I know how, but there's just this line

I can't step over, like I have before

I know how this will end, resisting, even though I want more

He raises his eyes, away from my lips

The moment has passed, there will be no kiss

Our hands intertwine,

I guess this will have to do

I try to forget, why I couldn't make the move

Jenna Y Mu

Rusty, Old Coin

There, on the sidewalk
Is a rusty, old coin
And every day, dozens of people walk over it
But no one bothers to pick it up
For no one wants a rusty, old coin

But what's wrong with a rusty, old coin?
Dare I say... Nothing?
It's still worth the same as a new coin, isn't it? It
was once new, wasn't it?

For a rusty, old coin
Is just a shiny, new coin
That grew up
That met many people
That travelled the world
And that somehow ended up on the sidewalk
But now, no one wants it

When there is a shiny, new coin on the
sidewalk The first person to see it always picks
it up But why?
Why is the shiny, new coin better?
Why?

This Generation
Megan Snow

We are here
We know what is happening
We aren't lazy
We aren't selfish
We are scared
This generation can see what you are doing
It can see that evil is oozing nasty blood everywhere
It can beg not guilty
For all of your sins
But it won't succeed for long
Because you say we don't understand
That we don't know love from lust
That we don't know protection from oppression
But we do!
We know and we fear
Because we can see the path that you are going
You are heading down a path of danger
Not danger for you
But for us
For our lives
Our futures
You always tell us to think about our futures
So we are
And it scares us, what we see.
It makes us doubt that you know
Just what exactly you are doing
Look at the stories
Told to us that we read
Faceless governments
Evil oppressors
Dark tales and uprisings
Does that seem like a nice story?
Because it's not
But it's where we are heading
So listen to us when you ask us questions!
Listen to us when we cry to you

Please
Our cry is not silent
If you would just listen
Just hear
Just understand and accept
We are here
We know what is happening
We aren't lazy
We aren't selfish
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The Generation
By Megan Snow

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So listen to us when you ask us questions!
Listen to us when we cry to you
Please
Our cry is not silent
If you would just listen
Just hear
Just understand and accept
We are here
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We aren't lazy

We aren't selfish
We are scared

Too Old

Too old to comprehend a changing world
Too young to remain untouched from the events at
hand

Alice Silberling

Too Young

Too young to have an opinion
Too old to ignore the problems at hand

By Alice Silberling

Vinyl

Valued Vinyl

I would like to be someone's favorite record,

All my songs full of meaning,

My melodies sweet like sugar on your tongue

I would be listened to, and understood

Always spinning in circles, yet never lost

I would be treated with special care, gently held and preserved

My nicks and scratches only add to my charm

I would bring smiles and good moods, laughter and good memories

I would be loved

I would like to be someone's favorite record

Yet instead, I'm merely just a song you skip over on the radio

Laura Liu

Watching & Waiting

Wanting

I wasn't ready for the world
They told me to learn, they told me to study
But their words passed me by like a stranger on the
streets I didn't listen

My children are gone
Starting new families
They tell me to retire
But I'm not listening

Now I watch my grandson waddle across the floor
My heart yearns to tell him
The mistakes I made
But I know he won't listen

I spend my days watching the stars
Living the rest of my life
I'm told to go rest
But I'm not listening

I lay in my bed, my strength all gone
My boy comes back with a letter and a suitcase in his hand
He tells me he'll make it somehow
I'm not listening, but I believe him

Laura Liu

Watching & Wanting

Wanting

I'm ready for the world

Books weight down my shoulders, but my back is

straight She tells me to pay attention in class

I ignore her warning but I'm listening

The board fills with numbers that don't make sense They

tell me "a squared plus b squared equals c squared" I

tune out their words, eager to push ahead

But I'm listening

They advise me to choose wisely

That college is the biggest decision you'll make in life

They act like I don't know anything

They don't know but I'm listening

I heard shouts and screams beyond my door

I try to shut out the sound of voices cracking

They tells me everything's fine

But I'm listening

I'm ready to get out of here

Nothing holds me back

They tell me to stay a child as long as I can

I'm listening but I don't believe them

Pacific Street, 4:00

I never see young people at the places I go.

They are still sleeping when I go to the mall or grocery store.

But lately I see them running near the high school in the afternoon.

Shoes, legs, legs, knees, elbows, teeth. Fluid posture, fists pumping.

Always one or two out front, effortless.

I study them like a sunset, or waves on the ocean, or embers glowing in the fireplace.

Who knew?

Old age is coming for me.

I feel the protest in my hips and the hesitation in my knees.

I forget too many things and remember too many other things.

My hair has no color unless I buy some.

I have acquired a marvelous super-power. It's true, I am *invisible* most of the time.

People say fascinating things to one another as if I wasn't even there.

I'm intrigued by their dramas, amused by their stories.

Sometimes they make me sad, though, at how quick they are to hurt one another.

Husband and wife, stabbing each other over breakfast with bitter words. Stop!

My story is finally at the good part, where the princess gets to go home

To a castle every night and the prince always has a kiss.

This treasure surprised me.

Delaney Fitzgerald

Wisdom

It's peculiar,
Almost like sitting by a window and watching the people outside,
Not able to join them without pain,
Feet unsteady, quivering hands.
It's peculiar,
A feeling so close to complete wisdom,
Yet feeling as if there could have been more learned in the many years
spent wandering.
But what isn't peculiar,
People, soft and kind with words,
Heaven, comforting and welcoming
Not ready to go, not ready to leave you behind.

Wisdom of Elders
By Megan Snow

Why do you ignore
The wisdom of the elders?
Why do you fight
About which way is better?
The elders have seen it.
They know what to do.
So listen to them,
They raised you.
They know your struggles
Your pains and your fears
They've been through it all,
And through many worse years
But you ignore them
You kill them
And hate them
And wish them away
These elders raised you
In a world of fear
Now the world's a world
Of connection and family
So why do you separate
The elders, the wise?
They can guide you on your way,
Because they lived through the lies
They are here for a reason,
They aren't gone yet.
So listen to your elders.
Listen and respect.

Young and Curious

Now remember when you meet someone new
Shake their hand to show your true blue
It is of utmost respect to do this
Marking it on your to do list, will satisfy your parent's wish
Why.

Really another Instagram post?
Letting everyone know where you are, coast to coast
I love your love of photos and making memories
You have the best captions, thought of so cleverly
Love.

Thinking about dating that guy
But wondering why you even try
He seems to pull you in, but then leave you astray
Can you really take this another day?
Hope.

You want to show your feeling due to strong attraction
But not through face to face interaction
You decide which emoji will fit your text best
Then you send it, feeling truly blessed.
Really.

We constantly tell you to study for the ACT
But you like to act like you can't hear me
Every college will see you as a potential candidate
You have an impressive resume; it tends to aggravate.
Where.

It is sad to believe that you were once three
Singing, dancing, and being as happy as can be
You still make me smile everyday
Please don't go too far away.
Stop.

Remember the days when you thought guys had germs
You didn't want them to help study vocab terms
Don't wish to grow up so fast
Because you can't relive the past
Here.

Now is now and you have come so far
Made teachers and classmates proud, you're a star
Be careful of temptations and choosing a bad friend
You could have a good start, but they can be your end
Don't.

Be true to yourself and not prove to others what you are
It can make you feel good at the moment, but lead to a lifelong scar
Throwing your life away for one cup isn't you
So why start now not showing your true blue
Help.

Your career is waiting for you and a life of mystery
Everyday when you get up, you are going to make history
I want you to always shoot for a victory
Because you are made to succeed, no need for trickery
Yes.

You now are packed up and ready to leave
You feel as if now you can finally breathe
But after a few weeks in the dorm and being on your own
You will feel as if your family provided you a throne
Bye.