

Creative Writing from the 7th Grade

Mary McLeod Bethune K-8 School

Cleveland Ohio 2023



Lake Erie Ink
A writing space for youth

Introduction and Acknowledgements

The work in this anthology was written by the students in Ms. Uter and Inzana's 7th grade ELA class during the 2022-2023 school year. During the year, the students wrote poems, stories, and essays, as well as picture books about the lost children of Sudan.

Teaching artist, Cynthia Larsen, from Lake Erie Ink: a writing space for youth, spent one day a week at Mary McLeod Bethune, thanks to a Teach Arts Ohio Grant from the Ohio Arts Council.

Thank you to Ms. Uter and Ms. Inzana for hosting these writing workshops during their ELA classes. We wish them both a restful and wonderful summer!

We also wish all of the seventh-grade students a safe and enjoyable summer, and we hope they continue to use their voices to express themselves, to work together to create art and writing, and to help change the world and make it a better place for everyone!

Cover design by Edda Mendes.



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Alonte M.

If my voice can stop the memories, what else can it do?

My voice can calm me down...
My voice can live a life...
My voice can create a picture in my head...
My voice can help people through the in their head...
My voice can inspire the world to make a change...
My voice can create the life it wants...
My voice can love and care for those around me...
My voice can be how it wants to be when it wants to be...
My voice can be anything it dreams of...
If my voice can help someone from life what else can it do...
If my voice can be anything it wants, what else can it do...
If my voice can care and inspire what else can it do...
If my voice can be proud of me, what else can it really do...
My voice can do so much to change this world for the better than what else can it do...
My voice can scream...
My voice can shout...
My voice can live the life of everyone else...
But if my voice can do all that, why wont it do that so really what else can it do for me...

My Golden Shovel Poem

Your beautiful brown skin glows in the sun but shines at night I
Know you might be going through too much but **love**
is going to find you. They're going to call **You**
a monster but your beautiful brown skin hides it **for**
you. So don't break down, don't even cry because **your**
skin shines brighter than the sun ever could your **brownness**
keeps the earth running.

Andrea M.

Purple Dreams

I love dreaming a lot, so do you.
I am full of dreams.
I was dreaming of purple moons and clouds.
But feeling stress was my worst energy.
I feel disliked so I want to dream.
The dreams are full of me.
Once in a while, I dream.
I love dreaming a lot, so do you.
I have fears like others do.

My Voice Poem

My voice can Stop the Hate.
My Voice can sing a powerful song.
My voice can say give women rights.
My voice can make me famous.
My voice can express feelings.
My voice can show love.
My voice can make people happy.
My voice can tell people that they matter.
My voice can be beautiful.
My voice is my pride.

Andrea M. Continued

The Detention Room

When I was just in 6th grade, I was going to the next class which was English. Then my teacher said, "Take out your computers and do your journal." Then I took out my computer. It was powered off and it was dead. So, I told my teacher and she said, "You have detention for lunch."

At lunch, I had to go to my other teacher's classroom for detention because my teacher was doing something important. I went to the room and sat down at a desk. Then some boys said that I am ugly and overweight. I was sad about it. I just started drawing, feeling insecure on the inside. It was very hurtful for them to say that about me. This impacted me by making me feel better about myself. So, then I tried to stand up for myself. I asked them a question. I said, "What do you mean by that?" Then a girl stood up for me. She said, "Why are you being so mean to her? What did she ever do to you to make you say that to her?"

They said, "She is very fat, and she does not deserve to be loved." I felt horrible about myself. I then said, "Those things are very mean and hurtful, and you should not say those types of phrases to others." I felt better and relaxed because someone else and I stood up for me and spoke.

If you were me, you would feel the pain that I have. I am proud to share my story about the hate they felt towards me. It was very rude and disrespectful. I wish they would have never said that about me. It was so hurtful to me and my feelings. But this is why we must Stop the Hate now because it is getting worse every time. So how about you stop with me? I would if I were you.

What I will do to stop hate is tell others to stand up for themselves, and I will do the same for myself. We must stop this hate, sexism, bias, discrimination, and other injustices. We can do this if we all stand up to bullies and make changes. So, Stop the Hate now.

Aniyaha D.

My Voice

If my voice can tell a joke, what else can it do?

My voice can rap a Lil Durk song.

My voice can say no to a begging child.

My voice can be loud.

My voice can make my friends laugh.

My voice can be expressed in my dancing.

My voice can be powerful.

My voice can express how I feel.

My voice can be seen.

My voice can be strong.

Anthony M.

My Voice

If my voice can make people happy, what else can my voice do?
My voice can make people laugh.
My voice can make my parents and siblings feel loved.
My voice can make people come out of their comfort zone.
My voice can make my mom and dad proud.
My voice can make my baby sister laugh with funny noises.
My voice can let me say “hello” to anybody I walk by.
My voice makes me express who I really am deep down inside.
My voice is the best voice I could ever have.

You're As Good As Anybody Else—A Golden shovel poem

After “BLK History Month” by Nikki Giovanni

Everything on Earth is amazingly unique and **you're**
a part of that everything. I look at you **as**
you would look at me as another human being. **Good**
looks don't change anything and respect does. You're **as** intelligent as nothing,
remembering is the key **Anybody**
could do. If you think of yourself as useless, **else**
where, people may find you as who they find themselves, A regular human being.

Another Universe

Once upon a time, I woke up and found out I was lost in the forest! “Where the heck am I?” Moments later, I see a person who looks just like me come out of the woods, “Runnnn!” I looked behind myself and saw a lot of people with guns. We both started running for our lives and decided to hide in a lake until they left. “Phew, that was a close one.” “Who the heck are those people?” As he explained, he told me he was from another universe and I was shocked.

We were walking through the forest and came across a river. Different universe, I built a boat out of wood to get away from the shooters. When he was done, he threw the boat in the river and we jumped on just in time. “OK, I NEED SOME ANSWERS!” Different universe me explained everything that was happening and I was in shock. “So

technically we are the same people but from different universes? This is crazy!" "Yah I know, I'll get you to safety and let you meet my people," he said.

"Waterfall..." he said. "What was that?" "WATERFALL!!" We went down the waterfall and I blacked out. I woke up and realized it was all a dream. "I hope this doesn't happen to me in real life!"

Arieonna D.

Your Skin

Inspired by "Hanging Fire" by Audre Lorde

Your skin will NEVER
betray you
you are pretty and smart

I will never have to be alone at all
my friends and family are here

you have beautiful skin
Your skin will NEVER
betray you

Carolyn B.

A soul I never knew

After “duplex” by jericho brown

I never knew it would hit me like this.
This pain is hard just like my soul.
Why am I hurting so much just as a dying person?
I go to a person but they can't help .
It's all like a bad hailstorm.
He'd never cared about me.
Why did he leave me?
This pain makes marks in my heart.

Why can't I find it?

After “ calling dreams” by georgia douglas johnson

Why can't I find the light to make things right.
Why is it so hard to fight?
Why can't I make things right?
Why can't I make my life come alive.
I hope my dreams are right.
So just happen and come to life.
I hope my dreams come true.

What can my voice say?

If my voice can sing a song, what else can it do?
My voice can say terrible things
My voice can say good things and make you happy
My voice can stay calm and make sure you are okay
My voice can be positive to make you happy
My voice and dance to make you happy
My voice can be responsible and make you proud
My voice can be respectful
My voice can sing a lot
My voice tells people they're not alone

Christian X. J.

My voice can silence... what else can it do?

My voice silents happiness
My voice can silence sadness
My voice can silence pain
My voice can silence hate
My voice can create meaning
My voice can create music
My voice can give hate
But my voice can never be taken away.

the way music makes me feel,, a golden shovel poem

After "Hanging Fire" by Audre Lorde

I am nowhere without music but I am somewhere with it...
As the music I listen to sometimes controls me...
The music I listen to will also sing sad melodies...
The music moves like a violent wave when something falls in who knows where it will go..
It may be a sad place, a happy place, or a crazy place...
But wherever I go I must stay in control...

A Disgusting Person

A Stop the Hate Essay by Christian J.

I was in the hallway talking to my friend. We just came from the lunchroom. We were talking about a new thing I saw on the internet. It made him think about the trick I did on his BMX bike. We went to the bike park around my house. It was really the perfect day for us to post the video because it was going to rain later that day. When we were in the hallway at school a bully of my friends saw the video. The bully then came up to him and said that he can do better tricks than him. That nobody would care about his views or his video. Although my friend did not really care about what he said, he just walked away from the bully.

Later in school we were in the classroom and the teacher walked out of the room for 15 minutes. He had to go on a run so when he was gone the bully came to talk to my friend. I was looking at the person that was trying to talk to my friend. My friend does not want to talk to him because he knows the bully is going to make fun of him, so before it happened, I got up and told him to stop.

He said no, but I got mad because he does the same thing to everyone, then he did it; we were about to get into a fight. He pushed me right before I could do anything. The staff members got us away from each other. After that day I realized that this impacted me in a negative way because the things that people say can get people to the point where things can lead to someone getting hurt or getting into a fight, I think I can help change this problem by catching the people that are bullying people for what they cannot do or what they do not have.

I can stop bullying by figuring out why the person who is the bully is doing it. What is their point? When I figure out why they are doing it, I will help them find a solution to stop it. That is one way I can help fix the problem. If that does not work. I will then tell someone so they can help make the situation better. Another way is to stay in a group of friends, so nobody feels alone. Nobody will be in danger, and we can all be safe from a bully.

I feel that we should all work together to end bullying to keep our friends safe. Bullying can lead to someone doing self-harm and even commit suicide. I do not want this to happen to anyone. I'm going to do what I can to help prevent bullying so nobody will get hurt in the future.

Demari C.

My Voice

If my voice can stand my ground
What else can it do
My voice can tell a story
My voice can help you
My voice can scream
My voice fight against hate
My voice can express my fashion
My voice can tell my dream
My voice is my voice
That what it can do

You're as good as anybody else A Golden Shovel Poem

Some people say you're
Bad but as
I say you're good
When you work hard as
You're self and not as anybody
Else because everybody else
Sit on there but you need to work hard
and be yourself

The Key To Nothing

I found a key to nothing. There was a door in front of me. I tried to put it in the door but it was the key to nothing. The key to nothing has to be the key to something. Days went by and the key still did not work because It was still the key to nothing. I'm on my deathbed and the key was still the key of nothing. But the day it died I found out that it was the key to another life that had nothing. This key was the key to nothing.

McKinley's Key

One day a girl named McKinley found a key to a door. McKinley also found a door but it was a map at the door. So she followed the map through the door and it led to a door. As she goes through the door she gets older and the door will not not open. So she tried the door but it still did not work. Then she was gone. So the key was the key to nothing. The moral of the story is that don't stop because there is a key to everything. McKinley did not find the door because she didn't look at the key and the door. And she gave up when the timer was up, never giving up when the time that people gave you because you will find your way.

The Love Story, by Demari C.

D had always been curious about the new boy in school, Nikolai. He was tall, with dark curly hair and bright green eyes, and he had a way of making her heart skip a beat every time he walked by. They would exchange shy glances in the hallways, but D was too nervous to ever approach him.

One day, fate finally intervened. They were both assigned to work on a group project in English class, and as they worked together, they quickly discovered that they had a lot in common. They both loved to read and write, and they shared a passion for music.

As they spent more time together, D began to realize that she was falling in love with Nikolai. He was kind, funny, and thoughtful, and he seemed to really understand her. She had never felt this way before, and it was both thrilling and terrifying.

However, there was one major obstacle in their way - D's older brother, TJ. TJ had always been overprotective of his little sister, and he didn't trust Nikolai because he was mixed-race. TJ had grown up in a neighborhood where racial tensions were high, and he was wary of anyone who didn't look like him.

D tried to talk to TJ about her feelings for Nikolai, but he wouldn't listen. He was convinced that Nikolai was no good for his sister, and he did everything in his power to keep them apart. He forbade D from seeing Nikolai and even threatened him when they crossed paths.

Despite TJ's threats, D and Nikolai couldn't stay away from each other. They continued to meet in secret, sneaking out of the house late at night to go on walks or listen to music together. They knew that they were taking a risk, but they couldn't help how they felt.

One night, TJ caught them. He was furious and demanded that Nikolai leave immediately. D tried to reason with him, but TJ was too angry to listen. He pushed Nikolai out the door and threatened to call the police if he ever saw him again.

D was devastated. She knew that she couldn't continue to see Nikolai if it meant putting him in danger, but she also couldn't stop loving him. She spent many sleepless nights trying to figure out what to do.

In the end, it was Nikolai who came up with a solution. He wrote D a letter explaining that he cared for her deeply, but he didn't want to come between her and her brother. He said that he would always be there for her, but he knew that they couldn't be together as long as TJ was in the picture.

D was heartbroken, but she knew that Nikolai was right. She decided to focus on repairing her relationship with TJ and showing him that she was responsible enough to make her own decisions. It wasn't easy, but eventually, TJ came around. He saw how much D had grown and how much she cared for Nikolai, and he decided to give him a chance.

Derrick A.

My Voice

My voice have the ability to make people listen

My voice makes people see me

My voice makes the sun hotter/brighter

My voice makes the weather change

My voice makes people feel euphoric

My voice makes people with hatred think of nothing but peace

My voice is my heart, my spleen and never can be in between

My voice is my dream, my Team and also my friend

My voice is a blessing from the heavens and a blessing for myself

Desir J.

My Voice

My voice can start a conversation,
What else can it do?
My voice can stand out.
My voice can play games.
My voice can be good at math.
My voice can be a positive person.
My voice can be heard.
My voice can talk too much.
My voice can play too much.
My voice can make people laugh.
My voice can sleep right after I get out of school.

Gabriel L.

Golden Shovel Poem

After “No Hamsters Here” by Nikki Grimes

Why is the dog whining, son
i think it wants to go outside. it
keeps barking and jumping at the door. is
it waiting for you to come back? all
of his leashes are missing too
I can make him a new one easy
but will he let
me put it on him?

Golden Shovel Poem

After “BLK History Month” by Nikki Giovanni

You are smart, strong and you're
brave. you would fight for anyone as
if they were your brother. you like to help good
people and even bad people. you are as kind as
an angel. you would help anybody
that is in need of a friend and if anyone else
wants help, you would help them too.

George C.

My Voice

If my voice can pray, what else can it do?

My voice can shout.

My voice can help.

My voice can move mountains.

My voice can sing.

My voice can play the trumpet.

My voice can stop my pain.

My voice can inspire.

My voice can stop people.

My voice can do anything.

Golden shovel poem

After "Life and Death" by Clara Ann Thompson

I can't say how sad

I am I can see now death

I shall die

We can say oh

But we can't say how

I can see we

I can hear and

Feel the echo of screams

Cloak and Mask

I woke up with my head throbbing and I was bleeding through my leg. I could barely move. I was stuck under a log. My heart was pounding, I was being circled by a mountain lion. It looked like it was ready to pounce. I looked around for any help but all I could see was trees and mountains.

Earlier that day...

I handed my book bag to the security Guard and got it back after he checked it. Then I was about to go into the gym and got sucked into a black vortex.

Present time...

My heart was pounding. Then I looked around again and saw a road. Cars were passing but they did not see me. So, I screamed for help. HELP HELP! A car stopped, the person looked at me then drove off. Then something hit my head and I passed out again.

I woke up and was tied to a tree surrounded by fire. At least 6 people were around it with masks and black cloaks. They chanted hum pa ta hum pa ta hum pa ta. I was a sacrifice. I yelled again for help. Then one of the people said don't waste your breath, it is useless, no one can hear you. Then they put the fire out and it got hot. They told me it was hell fire. I remembered hell fire is cold fire but is only in hell. I asked if I was in hell. They said yes and there was no escape.

Then I gave up hope of escaping. They chopped off all my limbs, but I was still alive. Then I was gone.

I woke up from my nightmare, it was so realistic I was glad it was just a dream. Then I went back to sleep and then my mom woke me up and it was time for me to go to school.

Giovonni S.

If my voice can chase away storms, what else can it do
My voice can make people feel good
My voice can stop bullying
My voice can shine brighter than the sun
My voice can inspire people
My voice can lift people's spirits
My voice can be positive
My voice can move walls
My voice can stand up
My voice can chase away the dark
My voice can stop time
My voice can stop the snow
My voice can change the season
My voice can stop the rain
My voice can stop people in their tracks
My voice can heal
My voice can revive people
My voice can strengthen people
My voice can stop the world
That is what my voice can do.

Ivan M.

My voice

If my voice can stop people, what else can it do?

My voice can talk

My voice can win stuff

My voice can conquer

My voice can take over things

My voice can give speeches

My voice can make my enemies cry

My voice can make people suffer

My voice can rule the world

My voice can be a legend

Why Do People Hate?

While I was walking to class with my two friends, we saw two 8th graders bullying another 8th grader. They were pushing him around and throwing his bookbag around. They were playing keep away with the boy's bookbag. They continued this until a teacher came and stopped them. The teacher came and the boys ran away.

The teacher asked the boy if he was ok.

He said, "Yes, I am fine." Then the teacher asked me to take him to the office to report the boys to the principal. By the time I knew, it was time for recess. All the kids from 5th through 8th would go to recess at the same time. As I was playing with my friends, I saw the boys in a corner with the kid from earlier. They were bullying him again. This time they had been pushing him up against a wall. They were behind our playground so no one could see unless you went behind the playground. They kept calling him mean words; they were saying "you are so stupid. we hope you leave this school." So, I went and told a teacher what I saw. A teacher saw what they were doing so he took the boys to the office. We later found out they were bullying him because he was shorter than the rest of his class.

This impacted me by showing me what other people can do to you and others. I learned if you keep letting people bully you, they will continue to do this for a long time. This shows me that you must act when you are getting bullied so it will not continue. This matters to me because I see people getting bullied every day. I want to help stop bullying.

The way I can help stop bullying is to stand up to bullies. Speak out whenever I see a person being bullied. I want to convert bullies to be better people and stop bullying. I will tell teachers whenever I see someone bullying another. I will help the person being bullied stand up and have them help me stop bullying. I can make clubs to help stop bullying. I can make assemblies to talk to kids about bullying. These are the ways I can help stop bullying.

Survival Story–Teleported to Another Realm

By Ivan M.

I checked my surroundings and I remember all the surviving in the wilderness videos I watched. I first started looking for shelter. I found a cave but there were bats in it. I tried to find something to get the bats out but there is nothing. I tried to find a way to get the bats out of the cave. I threw rocks at the bats. It worked as I settled into the cave.

I checked what I have: a water bottle, books, pencils, and a sandwich. I stay the night in the cave and in the morning I get ready to leave. As I was leaving, I said to myself I must keep moving while I walked, I heard voices, I saw people. I wondered why were they here? They saw me and they asked what I was doing here. I say a wizard teleported me here. They do not believe me, but they ask me to come with them. I say to myself I cannot trust anyone right now, but they are the only hope I have. I still go with them. They took me to a small village where there were people on the streets selling stuff. I asked what this place was and they told me it was their home. They take me to their house. It is small, but it will do for now I said.

Jeremiah M.

What My Voice Can Do

If my voice can make a melody, what else can it do?

My voice can make friends.

My voice can decline.

My voice can approve.

My voice is a powerful melody of justice.

If my voice can be intelligent, what else can it do?

My voice can be heard.

My voice can shout.

My voice can beatbox.

My voice is art.

If my voice can make people laugh, what else can it do?

My voice can be harmful.

My voice can be helpful.

My voice can express my feelings.

My voice can be inspirational.

If my voice can make people happy, what else can it do?

My voice can be loved by people.

My voice can lead people.

My voice can hear people's troubles.

And my voice, my voice is all I need, all I need indeed.

The Key to Endless Magic
Jeramiah M.

One day I was at my grandmother's house. And since I had nothing else to do I decided to explore. But while I was exploring, something caught my eye. There was a dark dingy room that I have never seen before. I go in and there is a big group of bookshelves that look very old. And then one of the books really stood out.

So when I got it I started to flip through the pages. And when I got to a certain page I found two things that were carved into the book. I found a key and a remote. And when I took them out, the ground started shaking and the book and the key started to glow. Then it stopped and there was dead silence.

So I took the key and ran back to my grandma. I told her what happened and she just thought I was telling stories. She didn't feel anything. That's odd. The cat Whiskers even felt the ground shake.

Now I just wanted to know what was up with this key. It had a very defined look. It was golden and it had very weird incisions. It also looked like a four leaf clover. Which is a leaf that is rare and most say it is lucky. I thought about what I should do with it. I had so many questions. Like what was it doing in a book? But I decided not to over think it.

Then I thought about it since it is a key. It has to go to something, right? So I went to a door I knew was locked. I went up the stairs and went to the locked door. Ever since grandma got the house it has always been locked.

I started to use the key. But when I was starting to put the key, something happened. There was a sound and it was like a whoosh. But the funny thing is that the AC isn't on nor the windows are open. So as I put the key in I looked down and I noticed the key changed. It was now a silver four leaf and it had jagged incisions. I didn't think about it too much and I put the key in and the door opened.

And I saw the donut shop where Mr. Clark works at. I was just thinking about donuts. My heart started beating faster. This day is just getting weirder and weirder. I closed the door and locked it back. Then I went to my room just down the hall. I sat down to try and process this. Then I got the idea that this key is magical and that everything I think about will be on the other side. To be continued.

Josiah M.

My Voice

If my voice can say hello,
what else can it do?
My voice can help others,
what else can it do?
My voice can say yes or no,
what else can it do?
My voice can be silent
if you need to me to be hidden
My voice can give people inspiration
My voice can calm people down
My voice can make people laugh!
My voice can give advice
My voice can be respectful
My voice can be disrespectful

Kayden S.

A Golden Shovel Poem

After “Calling Dreams” by Georgia Johnson

I feel as though the
time has come to show the right
from the wrong and wrong to
the right to make
the hurtful truth about my
past—it may seem unreal, it may seem like dreams-
come
true

A Golden Shovel Poem

After “We Wear the Mask” by Paul Lawrence Dunbar

Fake your smile it
is going to be alright. She hides
her face thinking our
people will judge. She has rosy red cheeks
and
scared of their different shades
they might be mean but our
people admire her emerald green eyes

Keishawna M.

My Voice

If my voice can get what I need, what else can it do?

My voice can get people to stop talking to me. What else can it do?

My voice can make me laugh.

My voice can share different ideas.

My voice can be disrespectful.

My voice can express.

My voice can make you cry.

My voice can be helpful.

My voice can change the world.

My voice can change the world.

My voice can inspire others.

King W.

If my voice can.... What else can it do?

My voice can help people around me.

My voice can care and love for people I know or don't know.

My voice can stand up to be a leader.

My voice can rap, sing and talk love for people.

My voice can get loud when I'm angry.

My voice can tell people how I'm feeling.

My voice can be negative.

My voice can rap negative and positive.

My voice can inspire young kids or people to play football at a young age.

My voice can Change people mood.

A Gold HEART

After "BLK History month" by Nikki Giovanni

You have to know that you've
a gold heart to give and, got
a special place inside a
person's heart that place
love here
and there too
people who show you love and positive
things
have a gold heart inside
love will carry on in life
will keep going on and on
the outside world it's love for everybody
and everything

in the inside love will be there for you
and the people who care about you and
others
will show love to people
they don't have to like
or have to communicate with
but love will be showed in the world
don't matter if you like or care
about the person
but love will
be showed

Lachelle C.

“Why hate?”

Inspired “Emergency Measures” By Nikki Grimes.

I walk outside with my head down. How
Can I stay in this world?
People don't fear
me. I just gotta stay strong like my mother said
I hate when she says that I just do not know
how these people hate this world
I stay in a world where fear and hate.

Be yourself and grow like a tree.

Inspired “Hanging Fire” By Audre Lorde.

You can shine bright like the sun nobody
Can say u don't you can even
Be famous and tell people to stops
The hate and to
Love their self so they can think
They're not alone in life so
Love yourself.

Lamaya D.

If my voice can stop the hate, what else can it do?
My voice can be the melody to music
My voice can put A smile on other people face
My voice can make A play in basketball
My voice can express my feelings
If My voice can express my inside thoughts
My voice can speak up to violence
My voice can be helpful
My voice can make people laugh
My can speak my mind
My voice can sometimes be outrage
My voice is SHINING and POWERFUL!

Thunder Rainy Night

As it rains and the clouds turn gray I hear **Thunder**
As it begins to stop I check my **Blossoms**
WHAT A SURPRISE! The sun is booming it is, **Gorgeously**
The beautiful sky **Above**
Starts to shine as **our**
Rainbow shines above our **heads**.

Same Treatment

by Lamaya Driscoll & Naomi Beasley
After "Hanging Fire" by Audre Lorde

I want **the**
Same treatment as the **boy**
Who got A better mark then I
I **cannot**
Do this I cannot **live**
In this society **without**
Respect.

Malcolm T.

A Golden Shovel Poem

Inspired by a line from “Hanging Fire” by Audre Lorde

(The line is “and my skin has betrayed me)

My morning started good **and**
i have a lot to do **my**
mom called me about her **skin**
and said that her arm is a different color and she **has**
a sickness that means life **betrayed**
me and I need to help. I’m **me**
and always gonna be **me!**

Marcus R.

The Key to Infinity

Once upon a time there was a man that got fired from his job. Then on the way to his car he found a key. The key was white, and it was gold. It was one of these old keys. Then he slowly walked up to it and grabbed it. Then he got a text. It was his bank. He received \$100 dollars. Then a limo came to pick him up. Then he got a text that said, “I see you.” The guy ran.

Mariana M.

My voice poem

My voice can annoy people
My voice can calm a baby
My voice can protest
My voice can be positive
My voice can be negative
My voice can speak loud

My voice can speak low
My voice can laugh
My voice can cry
My voice can encourage
My voice can help me rise

Stop the Hate Essay

I was at a park. It was the middle of spring. I was waiting in a line to get on a slide. When I got to the bottom of the slide, I saw two Muslim girls at the bottom. There were also two other girls of the opposite religion.

"Those things on their heads are so ugly."

"What do you expect from terrorists?" The white girls were being biased to the Muslim girls. They were laughing at the two Muslim girls.

I was seven years old trying to figure out why the girls were laughing. There were kids screaming and laughing but I heard those two girls make fun of the other girls who were Muslim. At a young age I was confused on why, what was so wrong with what they were wearing, what was so wrong with their hijabs?

As time progressed I found out the reason behind hijabs. When I found out I didn't think much of it. At the age of 10-12 I found out the harsh reality that Muslims go through. Some countries don't even allow Muslims.

Some Muslim countries get nuked for simply being Muslim. There is a camp where Muslims are forced to go to. They were forced to go against their religious rules. The reason why Muslims get called terrorist is because of the 9\11 attack that happened in 2001. Two Muslims hijacked the plane and crashed it into two buildings which caused Muslims to be called terrorists.

Matthew S.

If my voice can show who I am, what else can it do?

My voice can be funny sometimes.

My voice can be nice to others.

My voice can resist

My voice can be strong

My voice can be powerful.

My voice can be kind.

My voice can sing “ we share the same tomorrow.”

My voice can be in my art.

My voice can be in my imagination

My voice can be whistling.

My voice can be friendly.

You're as good as anybody else

After BLK. History Month” by Nikki Giovanni

You have to know you're

Beautiful. Beautiful as

The night sky. You shine like the sun. Good

Like the smell of flowers. As the calmness of the blue sky. Anybody

Would love you. Don't believe anyone else

Would not.

Naiomi B.

If my voice can cheer people up, what else can it do?
My voice can stand up for people
My voice can represent me
My voice can say what's right or wrong
My voice can keep a friend
My voice can help others
My voice can be positive
My voice can be disrespect for when needed
My voice can say what I want
My voice can stand up for what I believe in.

I Made it Out!

Huh, where am I? I look around and see trees. I get up and something falls off my back. I looked down and saw my bookbag that I had with me, picked it up, and started looking through it. To be honest I was feeling extremely disappointed. All that was in the bag was schoolbooks, a computer, and shoes.

But then I looked in the front pocket and saw a note, I opened it and it said, "You are stranded in a forest and the only way home is to follow the river."

I was confused, why am I here? Who would put me here? As I was putting the note back in the bag, I started to feel something else, so I pulled it out and it was a compass. I was getting even more confused, so I looked at the note again and noticed at the far bottom it said, "Use the compass to find the river. It is on the east side."

So, I started using the compass and started walking. I stumbled a little. I even came across a bear; I hit it with a stick repeatedly and ran.

After a while, which felt like days, I finally found the river. I started following the river. It really was days. It did not just feel like it, it really was.

When I got home, I saw my mother crying, my dad comforting her, and I did not see my siblings, but they were at school. I went to my parents, and I told them how I was, and the story, and we lived happily ever after.

(Please note: another poem by Naiomi and Lamaya can be found on Lamaya's page.)

Sha'mar W.

My Voice

My voice can calm me down
My voice can make people mad
My voice can me get people to give me candy
My voice can get me good grades
My voice can say ABC
My voice can break a window
My voice can eat food
Mt voice can make my mom mad
My voice can resist
My voice can make me run faster

To My Mom

After "BLK History Month" by Nikki Giovanni

You have to know that you're
Beautiful. Beautiful as
you shine. Brighter than the sun. Good
smells seem always to come from your hair. As
the windy air blows through Anybody
would love you don't believe anybody else
Or anyone who says otherwise

Victor B.

My Voice

If my voice can help people
what else can it do?
My voice can sound emotional
My voice can help my friend
My voice can make people laugh
My voice can be annoying
My voice can be funny

Zamirah W,

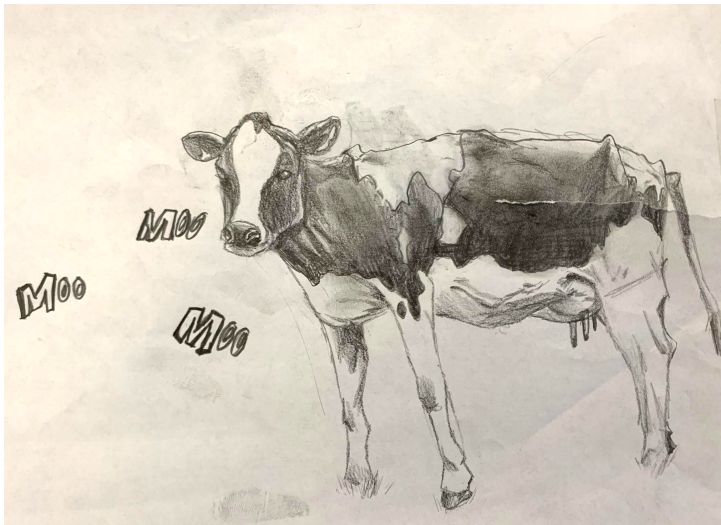
My Favorite Place
After "Truth" by Nikki Grimes

When it rains it thunders
When i go to my favorite place it smells like blossoms
I smile so gorgeously
When i look up a see birds above
The tree in our
Yard. the leaves fall on my head

A Sudan Picture Book

Written by Victor, Matthew, Demari, and Davarion

Illustrated by Matthew S.



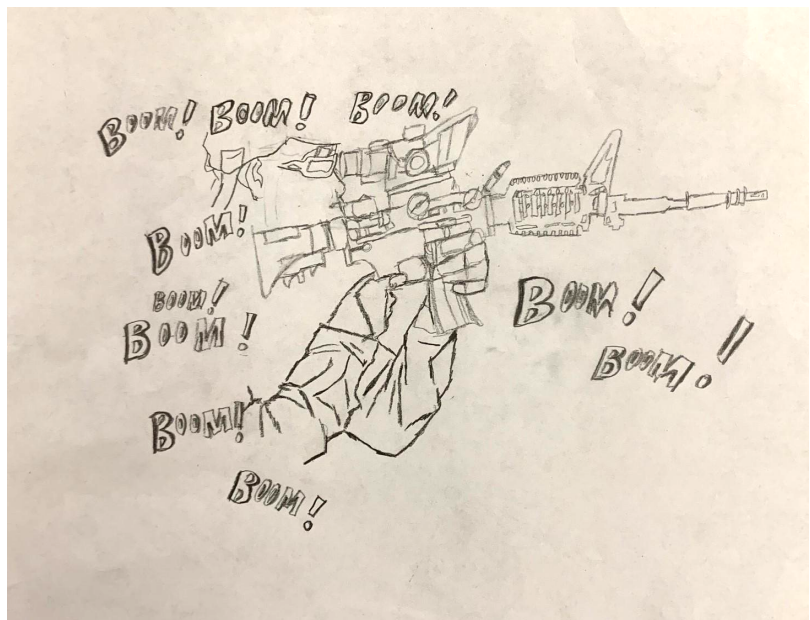
One afternoon I was helping with the cows. James, my brother, was with me (Rebecca).

Then someone started running. Then more people started running then we heard gunshots.

Our mom comes out to see if we're okay and then she sees everyone running, then tells us to run. We see the soldiers shooting everyone and leave the village. We feel sad that we have to leave.

We meet new people. Their names are Paul, John, and Leo. Paul was 10 and never sat still. Leo was the same age as me 15 but he had a problem. John was 32 but he had a disability.

It was hard but we got through so I had to take care of everybody. But I made things right.



After many weeks, we reached the Nile River. We made a boat out of giant grasses and started to cross the river. It was black with mud and bones. Paul fell in the water and almost drowned.



Leo died But we had to move on. John was sad that his best friend died. I, (Rebecca) didn't care. Then I got sick.

When we arrived at the refugee camp, they found me medicine. But the camp was closing down. We had to go. So we had to cross the river to get to the other side and away from the soldiers who were shooting at us.

Then James and I were sent to America and we were split apart from each other.

About the Lost Children of Sudan

These kids struggled day in and day out but they found how to make things work. Now they all work jobs, get good pay and live in nice houses. They grow up and have good lives in America.