

LIFE VIDA

**CLIPPERT MULTICULTURAL
HONORS MAGNET ACADEMY**

Ashley Navarrete

In the morning the city
Wakes up and blows its steam through coldness
Onto the window
Makes its fog

In the evening the city
Runs away from the dark shadows
To catch the wild dog's barking
In the pitch-black alleys and behind fences

Omar Rubio

In the morning the city
Brushes its cloudy hair
Has a breakfast of electricity
Hears the music of horns and birds chirping

In the evening the city
Cooks a meal of steel, glass, and brick
Then reaches for the stars
Reads a bedtime story to itself

Who Am I?

Summer Lawrence

Yesterday my name was
Munchkin.

Today my name is
Note girl,
Lonely Empty Jar.

Sometimes I am
Fiesta Summer
on a rainy miserable day.

My enemies think
my name is Fea,
Crushed Broken Heart,
Clumsy Giraffe.
People don't know I am
Musical Sunshine,
Edgy Savage,
Singer of All Songs,
Feisty Morning.

My secret name is
I Don't Know
Hole in My Heart
or even Who Am I.

The real question Who am I?
What is my name?

Love Letter From The Running Shoes To The Jacket

Angela Diaz

Can't say how the days will unfold.
Can't say what the future may hold
but I want you in it.
Every hour, every minute

All I want to do,
is come running home to you,
come running home for you.

A Love Letter From The Sun To The Earth

Osiel Segundo-Garcia

Your natural beauty blinds
the brightest
of the bunch.
I can never touch you
because it would
destroy you.
My love must be bottled up
like all my gasses.

**Love Letter from A Piece Of Paper
To A Pair Of Scissors**
Angel Cardiel-Nunez

They say you will tear me apart.
I say I don't care.
I will love you even if it kills me.
If it does, I've got my friends—
Glue and Tape—to put me back together.
This relationship will be the death of me,
but I will enjoy every second of it with you.
I will be any shape you want me to be.
Even though you have been broken
by the Rock, I am here to stay.
There is a spot on me where
I will write your name and hold
the memories that we share.

Recipe

Guadalupe Espitia

Cut 3 pieces of joy,
add 3 pieces of hope,
add brown, and
mix around. What
you will find will surprise.

Cook for 27 minutes, or maybe 28, invite some
people who could enjoy.

Add a smile that doesn't
break even when hurt,
add some eyes filled with
hope or maybe sadness.

Who can tell the difference?
Invite some happy people to
fill the empty home. Maybe
they can tell the difference
or maybe they won't.

Maybe they
can't see through
the forcefield
guarding my broken heart.