

ENVISIONING OUR SOULS

Henry Ford High School

I saw a man *Kamille Williams*

turn a van into a Mercedes Benz
while caring for three wounded soldiers.

I want to build a river and stretch it so wide
it becomes an ocean.

In The City *Jermiya Brown*

The birds chirp at night in time
to my sweet dreams. In my city
the broken glass on the ground
was scared when a little boy
was walking past depressed
and broken to pieces.

In my chest I knock the walls of fear
down with the God of sight.
When my heart beats in my chest
it pounds as if you were listening
to a fine dance beat. In my fist
I am crumbling my aunt's tombstone
to erase her death and that brings me joy.
In my fist I hold the shelter of a house
that keeps my family safe.

Where Beautiful Flowers Grow

Ladrena Crawford

Let's make a movie where there are no robbers or drug dealers. Where the first black person doesn't die. Let's make a movie where children can frolic through green grass fields with any animal of choice.

I don't want a movie where every innocent person dies. Or where you have to come in before dark because it gets too dangerous at night.

I want a movie where you can love freely. Where you can feel safe on your own block. Where beautiful flowers can grow.

Fear

Summer Johnson

My fear is losing my mother or unknowingly
telling my loved ones bye for the last time.

My fear is losing myself to my thoughts.

My fear is made up of the dreadful taste
of society

My fear is being another walking stereotype.

My fear is waking up and realizing the pictures
inside of people are the colors they've consumed.

My fear is a wild bull looking for red.

My fear is a hateful seed planted inside me.

ELEGY

Granddaddy

Laura Tippins

I see you granddaddy
the star shining on
you in heaven
you make me happy
thinking of you
things started to
change when you
passed, everybody
treating me like
I'm brand new
when I'm hurting
I think of you
and the way you
told me how a boy is
supposed to treat me.

My Universe

Avia Freshley

There is no room in my universe for
bullets flying, killing babies, women telling a man “no”
but he pushes her down and degrades her.
Getting declined because the performance score isn’t up to the sky.

I write because my ocean is becoming dry.

A Book Isn’t A Bird

Avia Freshley

A book isn’t a bird,
it doesn’t take flight.
A book doesn’t have children or fly.

A basketball isn’t a sweet orange you can eat.