



OAK PARK FRESHMAN INSTITUTE

## **Ambitious Woman**

*Nadia Moss*

O! You ambitious woman.

You are the wheels  
to my semi-armored truck.

You are my 2 for \$1 Honey Buns  
because I know you  
come in a bundle. When you  
unwrap it all, your smell

is love. You are the seeds  
in a grape. By seeds  
I mean memories.

You are the peanut butter  
in a Reese's while I'm the chocolate.

## **Breaking The Silence**

*Toni-Anne Houston, Riley, Taea Hines & Mrs. Kraiza*

Do you hear me?  
I don't either.

Despair hides  
in the bottom  
of my locker,  
underneath yesterday's  
leftover lunch.

It's the way out that bleeds.  
Its home is my heart.

# **Eternal Smile**

*Taea Hines*

I want to own a giraffe because  
the length of its neck explains my journey,

but I need to have the lava oozing  
through the core of my earth.

I want to teleport to the pain  
and fear pumping through my blood,

but I need to be where  
the love and affection lives.

I want to be dressed in my mother's  
scars to feel that woman's pain,

but I need to put on a smile  
to show I'm that one, never the two.

I want happiness, love, and  
diamonds, a girl's best friend.

I need a magic wand to turn this curse  
inside out.

I need a military of stars  
to shine on me.

I need to be louder  
than a bomb.

In 100 years, I'll be dust  
in the ground, but everyone  
will know about my smile.

## **Elemental Freedom**

*Khaliff Mitchell*

Flames dance as oxygen  
helps it breathe  
and burn.

Wind yells as it  
blows down the walls  
that imprison me.

## **Wilderness Of Me**

*Toni-Anne Houston*

My name is Tomi,  
but you can call me  
Rebellious Diamond.

I dance rose thorns  
back to life.

When I'm in my  
motor home, I am  
the breeze of the river,  
the gas station  
of a pit stop.

I am the chestnut horse  
running through  
an apple grove.

## **My Multitudes**

*Ari-ana Pugh*

My name is Ari-ana,  
but you can call me  
Humorous Hobi.

I paint unicorns  
with my uproarious  
laughter. When I'm

in my vivid thoughts,  
I feel lonely in my own  
company. I am melancholic

memories. In nature,  
I am a typhoon of  
overwhelming emotions.

I am the red tulips  
that blossom  
on newfound love.

## **His Hands: Brutal And Rough**

*Tomi-Anne Houston*

His hands push a girl  
onto the floor  
as her books scatter.

His hands hold his weight  
on a locker as he spits  
in a boy's face. His hands

around the neck of a boy,  
threatening him  
as the boy gasps for air.

His hands clutch his phone  
in anger as he yells.

His hands turn the doorknob  
of the house that torments him.

His hands are the ones  
he cries for help in  
with his tears. His hands

are what block his face  
from the punches; his hands  
are the ones he uses  
to defend his mother.

His hands are the ones  
that carry his sister to her room.

His hands are the ones  
that comfort his mother.