

MARCUS GARVEY ACADEMY

JAMBO



A Gun Did Not Write This Poem

by Ja'lisa Taylor

A gun that kills
the morning blue sky.

A gun with no voice.
A gun that silences.

A pencil that speaks what it
has to say.

A pencil with words.
A gun of the night sky.

Alternate Names for Damarion

by Damarion Walker

1. Brilliant shadow
2. Monster under the bed
3. The night ended before its time
4. Crow with one wing
5. The people lost in the darkness
6. Unlit gunpowder
7. Smoke
8. An uprooted tree

My Name Was Once a Jaguar

by Chartruse Cargle

My name was once a jaguar
chasing down its prey.

At night my name fights
for perfection.

Sometimes my name
hides in the trees.

My name can camouflage.
She always sleeps in trees.

Through the Eye of the Feather

by Larry Grayson

The feather walks beyond the sky.
The feather dreams about floating in the blue sky.

The feather knows what it's thinking.
The feather speaks to its father.

The feather sings like the birds in the morning.
The feather looks for its family.

The feather can hear what I can hear.
I think like the feather's father.

I know what the feather feels.
I feel the feather's darkness.

What Do You Feel Inside?

by Nevaeh Dubose

How come, says my dog
to me in the morning,
we have to use words
in all these poems?
Do we really have to?
You could make
a poem out of things.
You could use chocolate
cake and bracelets or
the color blue and
put them
in a place where people
can see the things
they think about.
Now wouldn't that be sweet?
There's different dreams
for each reader.
That would be the greatest poem ever!
The poem wouldn't be on a piece of paper.
It would be in your brain.
It would be in Frosty the Snowman
or inside the
turkey on Thanksgiving.
Or maybe you can't see
poems but you can make them.
Poems are the
things you feel inside
that make you a person.

My Time to Sleep

by Nevaeh Dubose

My song is like a swallowing ocean.

I sing a song.

I sing a recipe.

I sing a breakdown.

I'll sing when fish start to fly.

Or maybe my song is like us living
like animals and animals living like people.

When you hear my song
you will want to be the person you were
twenty years ago.

Why wouldn't you want to be
the words on my paper
standing to be my song?

The Soul Game

by Ayana Pennington

I think the soul looks like a
full moon at night or maybe
a sunny sunny day or a
rainy rainy day. Or a little angel
spreading her white wings
at 7 a.m. or a bunny that can talk,
dance and sing.