

The Power We Give

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*Detroit
International
Academy
for
Young
Women*

Mahia Hossain

Land Of The Unseen

I am from the land of the unseen
where poverty is available more than fresh air to breathe.
The country known for green is not green anymore.
The country that was known for rich soil
is now called the land of the poor.
The air smells like trash and gas
and the streets look like a swarming mess.
It has become a dead zone, everywhere you look is death.
People die out on the street
because buses don't know how to press the brakes.
People die in hospital beds
because doctors won't work unless you pay.
People die in their houses
because ambulances don't move in traffic.
People die everywhere,
simply because no one cares.
Everyone lives by greed and hatred.
Even if you don't know how to live by that,
you will be forced to learn how to live like that.
Many people swear and scream,
but nobody hears and nobody sees.
Everyone is so full of hatred and greed
that it is hard for them to even see a crying child
in this land of misery.
Here, nobody cares and nobody sees
but that's where I'm from—
the land of the unseen.

Humiara Begum

Where I'm From

I am from a small city in Bangladesh.
I am from the beautiful city, Sylhet.
I am from the seaside town, Cox's Bazar.
I am from a loving city,
where people like me, love me, and care about me.
I am from the love of family and the love of my friends.
I am from the fun times I have with my brother.
I am from the memorable times I had with my mother.
I am from both Bangladesh and Michigan.
I am from the city of Detroit.
I am from DIA, where I make a new life,
new friends, and lots of memories.
I am from the most loving, caring, and happy family.
I am from the most beautiful places on Earth.

14 • The Power We Give

Mahiya Tuli

The Blue Sky

I am from the smooth clouds
that are refreshing my mind.
I am from the mixture of colors
that I am collecting from the crowd.

I am from the blue river
which is calling me to come closer.
I am from the blue sky,
which is showering rain of love.

I am from the air,
which is talking to me and my family.
I am from a happy family,
which is teaching me to live together.

There is no limit to getting love
and giving love.

I am happy — I learned to be happy.
I am teaching others to be happy, too.

Jasmine Whitson

My Diary

Dear Younger Self,

You may not know what you're up against, but you have a whole life to live. You will lose your grandmother at 10 years old, and you will lose your sister at 11 years old. You will misbehave because of their deaths, which will strike you like lightning. But the pain will heal — slowly but surely. You will graduate from eighth grade knowing that your mother and sister were proud of you.

Your next step in life is high school. When you get in high school, you will be lost at first, but you will find your way you will meet this amazing person — her name is LaShaun Wilkerson. She will be the first person that speaks to you in ninth grade. And later on, you will find out that you also have amazing friends from 9th grade to 11th grade. You and LaShaun will be best friends in the 10th grade.

Everything might seem good, until you lose your great-grandmother before the 10th grade year starts. And also, be prepared for your mother to reunite with her childhood sweetheart. She will be at her happiest. You will be emotional when you get in high school, even though you've been through tragedies. You will still get emotional when you talk about them. Just know that I love you and you will get through everything.

LaDiamond Allen

What I Think And What I Feel

It feels like a soft cover that you cover up with.
It smells like a thing of roses.
It tastes like hard blue candy that's in your mouth.
It sounds like the flute that I always play every day.
It looks like the city of New York City.
It looks like my family who's there for me.

Struggles In My World

I'm from the east side, where everybody fights
and then they be friends again.

I am from sleeping on the floor
when you don't have a bed to sleep on.

I am from when everybody had a struggle.

I am from running up the street
trying to stop the ice cream truck.

I am from where everybody gets wet from the fire hydrant
because we don't have a pool.

I am from when you go over your grandma's house
and she says stay in or stay out —
I'm not trying to cool everybody off on the block.

Now, where I'm from people don't fight no more.
They shoot at each other and kill people.