



Words Ain't No Walk in The Park

Volume II

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Emon Miles

Oak Park Freshman Institute

What Your Little Girl Carries

/ Alicia Harris

I carry empathy in my heart
and stress in my mind.
I carry my Dad's face
and all the pain of him inside.
I carry my tongue
and I'm careful of what I say.
I hold in all my emotions
cause no matter how you feel,
at the end of the day
he will still be my Dad.

I carry the wisdom you had
and the mistakes you made.
I kept your sour temper
and I still have your face.

I carried the changes you wanted to make.
I carry the tears we cried
and days you lied.
I carried the sorrow of a life you helped take,
a dead body you helped create.
I carry the baby with no father
because mine took theirs away.

I carry your wounds.
Also your imperfections.
I carried the flat line of our relationship.
Because of you we cannot speak.
But because of my beautiful, bright, forgiving heart,
the heart of our relationship
now beats.

He Is My Self Love

/ Imaia Williams

He misses the bird who sang
the rain away for him.
And yet...
my eyes are his night owl beauty.
What I like about him is me.
How through his forgiving mind,
I am an elephant who will never forget a thing.
I am dancing lilac skies.
I am,
through his eyes,
more than a price can convey.
I like how I am stolen away
and yet I still remain.

My Hair Is Clean

/ LaMarr Ferguson

My hair is clean
I love
Its sheen

My lips are perfect
Like a shining
Star

My eyes are so beautiful
They shine like a star
So bright like a
Light in the dark
And stormy night

How To Be Happy In A Relationship

/ Zaria Hughes

- 1) Smile
- 2) Hug each other
- 3) Sing songs together
- 4) Lift each other up
- 5) Be the one they come to at any time of need
- 6) Cook together
- 7) Watch scary movies
- 8) Eat ice cream
- 9) Sit in the car and talk at night
- 10) Smile and kiss each other on the head before bed

Nails

/ Mijah M. Jefferson

Buff my nails
take off the shine
glue on the nail tip
make them nice and fine

My nails were a mess
I came to a five star salon to make
Them look the best

No gel I want acrylic

Buckets

/ Matthew Fisher

Out hooping in the glistening sun.
Salty sweat dripping as I run.
Up and down,
over and around I go.

Falling down as my defender goes
stumbling onto the chipped pavement,
Ohhhhhh he fell we go!

Going for the layup,
heart pounding afraid of a miss.
Thrown up in the air
SWISHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!

Where I'm From

/ Cassidy Hill

I am from alarm sounds.

From dogs barking and lights.

I am from potholes.

I am from gun smoke.

From seafood to soul food.

Detroit Poem

/ Linda James

Detroit is a bird.

It soars and flies around
and tries to get to the top.

It has multiple feathers
because it is complex
and sheds nonstop.

Its long beak is its history.

Detroit residents migrate
to their homes in the winter
and flourish in the summer.

Secrets

/ Owen Bondono

At the cusp of being a teenager
Surrounded by broken dishes
I first felt the weight of the things you told
me weren't my fault

Lift up my heart and you'll hear lesbian
rock
Half-remembered Italian phrases
Engines idling in the driveway
Crunching leaves underfoot

In the basement of my childhood home
My sister is stretching at the barre
I'm willing to endure the staircase shadows
Just to curl on the floor
And watch her body bend like long grass

I didn't know it yet
It wasn't my fault
But the weight of it was already there