



# 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