

We Were Never Meant To Survive

Poems by Students of
Oak Park Freshman Institute

Ghost

Deja Styles

It started back in the beginning
of February this year. Yes, I am still
depressed. But I guess you can say
it is getting better. I figured out
that going to the doctor
got me depressed. I figured out
that I didn't lose weight
after really trying. It really hurt.
So I just stayed to myself.
Stayed in my room. My father even
gave me a new nickname, "Ghost."
I didn't notice that I wasn't
eating for three weeks. It caused me
to lose 18 pounds. I wouldn't say
I'm proud of it, but whatever.
I finally told my mother
about my depression
and she now forces me to eat.
The taste of everything
makes me not want to eat, but I try
my hardest. I feel like I shouldn't
forgive myself until I accomplish
my goal, but I do forgive myself.
It's not really my fault. I couldn't
control it. Now that I realize what's going on
I can stop myself from doing what I did
before.

Lamari Is My Name

Lamari Robinson

Lamari, a name of
a fighter who never quits,
who doesn't care
what anyone else has

to say.

Lamari has confidence
behind it. Lamari is me.
I'm that confident
fighter that never gives up

and never will.

The Name Speaks For Itself

Steven Jones

Steven means wreath
or crown of honor.

I have on a mindset
of striving for greatness.

I will never be outworked.
I have plans

for the future. I am
a great leader.

The Younger Brother Fights (Again)

Delron Woods

I walked my ten-year-old brother to school
and the boy he got into a fight with walked
closely behind us. his big brother
and the boy said something

to my brother, trying to fight
him again. I didn't let him fight,
until we got closer to our house,
it was right

there. so we got to the corner.
my brother slammed the boy.
his brother wanted to fight
me,

but my finger was broken
and I fought
him the following
week.

my brother
the boy

trying to fight
again.
until it was right

Her Son
Khayahna Turnage

her son snaps in two
like a falling leaf

she buries her son
like a bucket of ice

as she whispers his name
her heart sings an unending

song

Too Soon
Mariama Fall

My heart wails uncontrollably
for old scars, remembering those
days of heart-breaking memories
of a loved one I lost too soon.

Love is a complicated feeling.
Once you have a taste of that
feeling it can disappear like thin
paper on a windy night.

My Hopes & Dreams

Danyelle Freeman

If my mind was a black box,
inside you'd find a successful
business for all special needs and
sick kids where they can make new
friends and not feel like they are the only
sick kids.

I also want to be a successful social
worker because I love helping people
find new places to call home and
not worry where they are
going to lay their heads.

I'd like to help kids get into schools
so they can accomplish their hopes
and dreams. I also want to adopt
some kids when I get older
so they can grow up with a happy

healthy family. I want kids to grow up
and do things they want to do,
not what other people want them to do.
They should be able to feel

their dreams are just as important as ours.
We should support them, just like people
supported us.