

**Schulze Academy
for Technology and Arts**

**MY CITY,
MY WORLD,
MY DETROIT**

Spring 2020

MY CITY: A COLLECTION

Angel Goodwin

My city is a rope
that kids like to take hold of.
It gives me hope.

Angela Gatewood

My city is a sea that flows.

Anonymous

My city is a song.
Like a storm that rains,
it is sometimes sad,
and it stops and looks up
when it is hot.
It feels nice on my skin.

Antoni Jones

My city is a storm
that dances and sings,
rises and flies in the sky.
New things come,
make a song.

My city is a map
that lights up the night
and lights up all of the darkness.

My city is a flower
that is a light with color.
Flowers of color.

My city is a window.
A window that makes the darkness
go away.

Armoni Avery

My city is a song.
It is a brush.
Brushes my hair,
brushes my dog.
And a paint brush.

Dasani Spears

My city is a key,
a key that locks,
a key that opens doors.

WHO I AM: A COLLECTION

Daivion Mays

I am as bright as a yellow star.
I wish I were a tree,
big and tall.

Deavonte Smith

I am an astronaut in space.
I am a president that makes the money.
I am the police. I will put them in prison.

Demari Smith

My mama said I was *dramatic*.
My grandma said, *You're an eagle*.
My little sister said I am *magical*.

I am the artistic one in the family.
I am respectful of my family.
I have incredible power.

Donovan Brown

My mom said
we are a dynamic duo.

I am observative.
I see everything.

My mom said
I am so nice.

My mom said
I am so odd.

I am versatile.
I can read

and walk
and eat

at the same time.
I am amazing.

My mom said
I am so neat.

Sunday Morning
India Hall

It is a Sunday morning.
The wind is blowing cold air
that makes the leaves blow.
The sky is making a bunch of snow
that is falling from the sky
while the ice is slippery.
The cars are slipping and sliding
across the roads.
The snow is getting heavier
and heavier.
The snow is covering people's houses
and all I see is just snow falling
and clouds blocking the blue sky.
It smells like chocolate.
We're all sitting in front
of a warm fireplace.

Sunday Morning
Jayden Myatt

Hot and cold,
small and big.
I like Sunday mornings
big and bold.
Sunday, the day after Saturday.
Church and God.
Gold and glory.
Small and big.
Eggs and bacon.
Snow and cold.

This Town
Jeremiah Williams-Cole

This town is so colorful,
sparkling.

This town is sparkling
with power.

Like thunder it sparks
with a blast of light.

This town is so
shiny.

My Escape
Kaliyah Kelso

I'll make my escape from Detroit.
No more shall I stay here.
I will travel to a faraway land.
Unicorn-topia.
I just have to leave my family and friends
but I will,
and I shall take my fate.

A Sunday In Detroit
Kaliyah Kelso

A cold winter Sunday
is black and breezy
and I feel it in my fingers and face.
It's like an icicle. It's so cold
you could freeze.
Penguins would like it.
Have you ever felt that kind of cold?

It was a cold night on a Sunday.
One day,
oh, one day
it will be winter.
I have so much fun
when snow comes and goes.
There is one thing I have to say:
it is very very cold.

My Dream
DeJanae Mays

I had a dream that everything was chocolate.
Candy, pizza, and other sweets.
It was Halloween
and my family went trick or treating with me
and got the most candy
in the world.

The Power In You
Demari Smith

The world is beautiful if
you look at it.

The world will be cleaner if
you help it.

Together we
are invincible.

The Alligator
Heaven Reymore

I will escape to South Carolina
to see the alligator.