

I am a Poet

Poems inspired by *The Poet X* by Elizabeth Acevedo

Table of Contents

Misunderstood

[Britney Spears](#)

[Demi Lovato](#)

[Pains of an Influencer](#)

[Labor Workers](#)

[Young People](#)

[Teenagers Are Misunderstood](#)

[Monsters](#)

[I am Misunderstood](#)

Inspiring Quotes

[Not Built for Certain Things](#)

[Stop And Listen](#)

[A Wholesome Moment](#)

[Overthinking](#)

Impactful Day

[Meeting Jane](#)

[My Computer](#)

[My Queen](#)

[Left a Mark](#)

[Oof](#)

[Black Belt Test \(In Karate\)](#)

[Big World](#)

[Brother](#)

[Drowning a Flower](#)

Biographies

[The Pet of Greatness](#)

[Mateo](#)

[Joyful Life](#)

Freedom

Freedom is Peace

Warmth

Skiing in Canada

So Very Free

What is Freedom?

Running

True Peace

Freedom and Comfort

Radiomouth

By My Side

Truly Felt Free

Every Word

No Responsibilities

Dear reader,

Hope you enjoy the amazing poems by our brilliant poets from Period 1 and 2 in the AIAT English class.

We did not include author names so feel free to guess who wrote what.

Thank you for reading!

Ms. Evans & Ms. Pease

Misunderstood

Britney Spears

Britney Spears

Misunderstood for years.

The pressure got to her

She couldn't seem to cover her ears

Couldn't seem to block out this pressure

Just "get over it" like the stars before her

Couldn't seem to accept that it just "came with the job"

Couldn't seem to keep her head on straight

Must've been on drugs or something, and the people, they began to hate

Because she went crazy, right?

Buzzed her hair, attacked the paparazzi one night?

At least, that's how the story goes

And honestly, it just shows

That people always believe the lies the media can compose.

But they didn't acknowledge

That she'd been sexualized for years

By people far older than her and her peers

Sexualized by the same society that controls

What's "appropriate" for girls at my school to wear

When really they see distraction as our main roles.

Didn't acknowledge

That she'd come into this business far too young

Like a baby bird being flung

From the nest before it even knew how to stay afloat in the turbulent air.

Didn't acknowledge

That mass success

Equals lots of press

and press can be good or bad

Don't you think

That a 15 year old could be frightened by this world?

fear equals trauma

trauma makes people act out

And people didn't consider

That the pressure was too much

For someone to handle

From such a young age

Even if now she's grown.

As someone who's a similar age

To Britney when she first stepped onto that stage.

I can't imagine the toll it would take

On her young mind

If I had to go through that right now,

I'm not sure how much more pressure my mind would allow

Before I reacted the same way as her.

Maybe she wanted an escape from all this.

Maybe it was too much to cope with.

But you didn't think of that, did you?

Why would you?

Why does it matter?

I deal with pressure on a daily basis
Enough for relaxation to make me feel gracious
But the amount that I feel
Is a fraction of what which she had to deal.
It's no wonder she reacted in the way she did,
Afterall, similar to me, she was just a kid.
But why think how all this could affect her, as long as you're entertained?
Empathy is overrated anyways, right?
I'm talking to you, nobodies of society
Who have nothing better to do
Than judge people who
Are way more successful
Than me or than you.
Those who spread rumors
They know aren't true
But still take over their subjects like tumors
Hopefully from Britney Spears
We can learn in the coming years,
To do what she couldn't and cover our ears,
Not let these rumors run free
Spare the next young celebrity
From suffering just as much as she.

Demi Lovato

Selfless girl
Living in a selfish world
Child actor
Father?
Drug addict.
Mother?
Drug addict.
Their daughter?
Demi Lovato
Demi started making music
Boom. Pop. Ba-bam
The sound of music filled Demis lonely void
Demi got stronger
Demi felt like a warrior
Started getting deep into the entertainment industry
Fell in with the wrong people
"Try it once", they said
"Everyone does it", they said
Demi gave in
Got hooked
Demi was the fish
It was the bait

Demi craved more
And more
More.
Until it was too much
Demi didn't feel anything
So Demi took more
And more
More.
"Her oxygen levels look steady", was the first thing Demi heard when Demi woke up
And Demi didn't even know when she even fell asleep.
Blurriness
Blindspots
Just some of the many side effects
Rejected
Unwanted
Misunderstood.
No
one
Cared
Opinions everywhere
"Demi woke up!"
"Won't be clean for long!"
"Once a drug addict, always a drug addict"
"I'm banning my children from them, not a good role model."
Demi's struggles became a form of power
Saw other people's struggles
Been there done that
Used her platform to advocate for others with the same problems
Helped fans with their anxiety, depression, eating disorders, etc.
Too quick to judge, unable to see the strength.
Hoping Demi gets the positive recognition they always deserved.

Pains of an Influencer

They post one day
Followers come rushing through
They get happy like they just got 10 million dollars instead of followers
tell their friends and family as they all congratulate them
They post more
And more
And more
start to realize that most of their followers don't even like them
They post with a drink
Hate
post a meal
Hate
post in a bikini

Hate
post what they like
Hate
Comments say
their fat
too skinny
rude
ugly
annoying
a pick me
I feel their pain
Me
Not even an influencer
A watcher
But when I see everything that happens I feel what they feel through the phone
They try to make their followers happy but it never works out
Its like they are a character in a T.V show where everything has to be rehearsed and perfect
They get stressed over every little comment
try to ignore it but it all just circles in their mind like they have a song stuck in their head
They get sad
happy
mad
depressed
They try to stop the stress
None of it works
start doing things to stop the pain
The overthinking
The sadness
But it never works out
Soon they realize their worth
Realize that they have
Family
Friends
Actual fans
Stops the pain
Realize that many people would die to be in their spot
They post what they want
And block the haters
Physically and mentally
Got rid of negative energy

Labor Workers

I feel that a lot of labor workers are misunderstood
Throughout their lives they endure hardships I never could
Through their childhood
Born with a mark of poverty

They work hard
But their fate had it that they should.
Be educated poorly
Be mistreated by their own
Be plagued with the worry
Not for that of their future
But for their current selves

Now as adults
They have no foundation
Forced to care only about tomorrow
They never had time to care about graduation
So they work in jobs where
Through the sick and cold
There is nobody who cares
Next time when you see one of them
Think of them not as a person who was lazy in life
But as a strong person
Suffering from their past and now exploited
By people who would rather turn a bigger profit
Then care about what they cause.

Young People

Young people are at times misunderstood by society. Young people grew up in an environment completely different from those who grew up thirty or forty years ago. Older generations may assume young people are indolent or apathetic just because things are different now. I've noticed that young people nowadays may pursue higher education later in life or take more time to move out. While this may have not been normal for older generations, it is for young adults today. High school aged teenagers also are less likely to work in today's world. As a high schooler, I think that this is the case because students tend to put their focus on their schoolwork instead.

Young people are seen as disconnected from society and the people in it. They were the first generation to grow up in a completely technologically advanced world. They're seen as apathetic and are told they have cell phone addictions. As a high schooler, I do spend a few hours a day on my phone and other devices. While it does provide me with unlimited entertainment, I also use it to study and communicate with family and friends. The unlimited entertainment it provides consists of social media, games, and shopping sites but a lot of the screen time is spent completing assignments on apps such as schoology or google docs as it's an efficient way to do your schoolwork anywhere. When it comes to technology, a generation that grew up without modern technology isn't likely to depend on it for everyday use as much as younger generations will. Young people have little or a complete lack of memory of a world before cell phones and are therefore used to it. Every generation of people has different experiences as they grow up. This also means they have different expectations placed on them. Young adults have different goals and possibly different aspirations. This is because young people today are provided with different opportunities than people were in the past. They live different lives. This can lead to young

people being misunderstood by older generations for the differences in their lives. Although young people are at times misunderstood by society, the same can go for any generation of people in today's world.

Teenagers Are Misunderstood

Teenagers are misunderstood a lot of the time?
Teenagers are misunderstood a lot of the time.
They are thought of as trouble starters.
There's no reason to say they do bad things if they really do not.
They are often looked down on.
Teenagers are known for lying.
This is just an assumption.
Most of the time they are telling the truth.
Adults may lie.
But why are they always the ones who people believe?
There was a time when I was not believed.
It was a hot summer day.
I was with a friend, at a restaurant.
We were finished, waiting to be picked up.
We were standing in front of a table that had trash all over.
The waiter approaches us and starts yelling.
He tells us that we have to clean up the mess.
We told him we did not make it.
He did not believe us.
A waitress sees him yelling and pulls him to the side.
He rushes back with an embarrassed look on his face.
He starts apologizing.
He says that he was just told that someone else made the mess.
He believed us only after he was told that it was not us.

Monsters

There are many types of monsters in this vast world.
Monsters who cause havoc without being seen,
monsters who kidnap children,
monsters who devour dreams,
monsters who suck blood,
and finally, monsters who tell nothing but lies.
Monsters who lie are a real annoyance.
They are far more cunning than the others.
They pose as humans despite having no understanding of the human heart.
They eat despite the fact that they've never experienced hunger.
They seek friendship despite their inability to love.
That "friend" gets the best player on the team injured.

Just to smite him. Tripped him to the floor. "Oh my god i'm so sorry!"
As he just stands there towering over him. With an evil smile.
Staring at him with his devilish eyes.
He starts to laugh as the star player holds his leg in agonizing pain.
The only reason. enjoyment.
No remorse, no empathy. He could have just ended a great player's career.
Just for a glimpse of playing time. You explain how that's f*** up.
No remorse, no empathy.
Only pain comes these monsters
If I came across such monsters,
I would most likely be eaten by them because, in reality, I am that monster.
I'm not proud of it but, I can turn back.
I can become human once again.
I have said many wrong things
Done many things that monsters do.
But you can always change
Wherever there is light there is darkness
The same is reversed
If you let it consume you, the darkness
Nothing good will come
If you try hard enough, you will see the light
Even if its far
Glistening in the distance
Even if you are slowly crawling there
You will get it, you will reach it.

I am Misunderstood

If I do one thing, something that helps me grow, people think I'm selfish. If I do something else to help someone, people think I'm looking for attention
It's a dilemma
If I do anything, anything at all, people will think its another. Something terrible, something bad.
It's a dilemma.
People will turn it, twist it around so I look bad
They point at me, saying I'm the bad guy, saying I'm the issue.
They hate me, they ostracize me, they ruin me.
I am misunderstood.
It angers me, makes me furious, makes me mad
It makes me confused, it makes me cry, it makes me sad.
It's dangerous, to me to others, and to all of society
This needs to stop immediately
People want to hate someone, frame someone. Have a person to blame, someone.
They need someone to shame, and to slander
It needs to come to a halt, it needs to stop.
And if it doesn't, the world will crumble and fall non stop.

Inspiring Quotes

Not Built for Certain Things

“And I think about all the things we could be
if we were never told our bodies were not built for them.”

People always say that our bodies are not built for certain things
That we cannot reach with what our body brings
No matter how tall you are,
No matter how strong you are,
No matter how much you weigh,
There will always be things to say
That will make us stray away
But imagine the things we could do
Imagine the things we could make
If no one judged us like the cover of a book,

Look at Muggsy Bogues
A former basketball player at the height of 5’3”
He got bullied
And teased
And picked on
And got told he’d never make it pro
No one knew he was good at basketball
So he proved everyone wrong
And Made it into the NBA Hall of Fame

If no one judged us like a cover of a book,
Our dreams wouldn’t be dreams
And we could achieve new extremes
The things we could accomplish
The things we could be
The things we could discover
If no one judged us like a book by its cover,
Would be so beautiful

People often say that I am small and short
Too short to play a sport
And sometimes I think they’re right
It’s sad
It’s demotivating
It hurts
But I proved everyone wrong
And joined a sports team
Now imagine if we didn’t have to prove people wrong
Just because it looked like we didn’t belong
The world would be a better place
No more looking down in disgrace
And people would be happy to embrace
If no one judged us like a book by its cover
Now think about the things you could do if no one was holding you back?

Stop And Listen

"The world is almost peaceful when you stop trying to understand it."

The world is so chaotic,
Busy city streets, babies yelling in their seats, stolen silver screens.
Maybe that's what makes it so amusing,
So many questions remain unanswered,
It's like a riddle made for only the best masters.
My mind wonders why it all matters,
Are these intricate details really pressing matters?
The answers don't need to be mentioned.
With less questions I feel peaceful.
There is no longer a buzz in my head, keeping me awake.
I feel as though I could stop and smell the roses.
Enjoy the peaceful feeling of laying in a field.
Is this how I can rest fully?
Full of the bliss that is not knowing.
Full of the bliss that is letting go.

A Wholesome Moment

There's moments in life
Where time has seemed to stop
This is one of them
Where the moment sweet in the mouth
One that soaks up emotion like a sponge
That can wrapped up in just one line
"I've written for him and others;"
"This is the first poem ever written for me."
A show of true courage, love, compassion
Where we can all say "Aww" in unison
Where our hearts can all agree
At this paused moment in time
The picture frame of life
Capturing the perfect moment
Tears in Xiomara's eyes
A phone in Aman's hands
Where I'm reminded of myself
Where I reminded of all the pieces
I have played off a sheet of paper
Aman's words rolling off his lips
My fingers grazing an old ebony fingerboard
Protection, help, love
All comprised into a small poem
Happiness, fear, anger, surprise
All comprised into a small piece

Me becoming the emotions
That make this piece so beautiful
All the feelings flowing through my veins
The audices that's heard my tunes
The tears that have rolled down their faces
Just like Xiomara tears
Playing pieces for others
Just like Xiomara
Where this moment rings like a tune
Creating my own moment
Where everyone has stopped to say
"Aww" to the young boy
That's on the old stage
Where I can feel like Aman
Nervous but confident
To do this, to express feeling
A beautiful moment
Shared by two beautiful people
Where our hearts beat
At the sound of Aman's voice
Where I can reflect
I that old memory in my mind
This is what I call
A wholesome moment

Overthinking

"The world is almost peaceful when you stop trying to understand it."

Without overthinking

It's all so much more peaceful sunsets,
It brings much more laughter with friends.

Thoughts with negativity, 0 motivation, and being good for nothing aren't on your mind.
Just relax and let it go.

But It's hard to not overthink,
When you're at the highest of your lows.

But if you try not to understand,
And just let it flow,

Things may lay out smoother,
And could allow you to grow.

Because with overthinking,
Your brain could feel like it's being swarmed by bees.

Endless thoughts running through your head,
Thoughts growing like a tree.

It's messing with your head,
It's messing with your mind.

Don't dwell on it,
It's not worth your time.

Impactful Day

Meeting Jane

When I was three
My dad took my family

He took us out of our city
And into a foreign new place to me

We lived there for 8 months before
We heard a knock upon our door

My dad called out from down the hall
I have someone for you to meet

I rushed down our little hallway, excited to meet
This new person, my dad had brought to me

I burst through the door
And saw a woman

Dressed in a hollister jacket, jeans, and sunglasses upon her brown-haired head
I jumped into her arms, my brother said "hi" instead

My dad, watching from the door frame
Must have been smiling like a tree in the rain

We went inside and he introduced us,
This is Jane, I hope you get to see her more

He said this with a smile
Looking at her all the while

I jumped on the couch and my dad queued up
One of my favorite movies to watch

We watched A New Hope, ironic really
Because she is my source of hope today

Now she is an important part of my life
and has helped me through discord and strife

My Computer

I got my computer set up on a hot summer day after swim practice. This would be the first time I have owned something. I was so excited when it first arrived. When I got home from swim practice, I went straight to building the gaming table. It came in a bunch of boxes and I unboxed it myself. It took 2 hours to finish it, but it was fun. There were a few pieces to put together, but it didn't describe how. I unboxed it myself, and that is why it took so long. I went to my room to place everything in place, like the monitor, gaming table and PC. It took a bit more time to understand how to do it, but eventually, I got it all placed. All I needed to do was to start it up. I logged into my account and started playing minecraft like I never played it before. It felt as if I was a newborn. I was so nervous to find what I could do because there were so many options to choose from. As of now, I still use it to have fun. I could imagine myself using this forever. This is the first thing I ever owned. It was a fun experience, and the gaming makes me focus on myself.

My Queen

January 24th was an amazing day
The moon shone in the window;
My phone light shined brightly as I scrolled through Discord
The hours felt dull
Until I entered a server
Seeing someone post a drawing of a boy and his mother & father brighten my eyes
Made me see a whole different way in myself.
I started a conversation as quick as lightning strikes
We talked till half-past nine until she told me she had school
The next bright morn, she continued to talk; I enjoyed her presence.
She looked beautiful, like a red rose on a summer day;
We became instant friends, and it felt like a bond that would be temporary;
Days and days continued as hours rolled by. We talked on the phone;
Voice chat;
Shared art and we always made fun jokes.

I saw her face one night, video call;
She looked more lovely like a beautiful swan.
I had no words
Body froze as a small little red appeared on my face.
She complimented I looked beautiful
The red turned into a dark red;
It looked too red to be a face.
Just enough red to be a strawberry.

One day in May,
I puckered up my courage as I slowly realized every time a conversation arises;
I became as red as a juicy tomato. The hairs rising on my arms gave me slow goosebumps as it was time to confess.
I turned on the phone and I entered the chat;
I quickly confessed my feelings to her, asking her to be my girlfriend.

I felt anxious and weary
What she said, would you like to guess?
Her answer seemed simple when I asked.
She said yes.

I jumped for joy. I loved her so much.
Wishing that one day, we'd get married
Go to a faraway land with her as my queen
I love her so much that I'd want to scream;
"My darling, my princess, I wish for you to answer;
As I ask for your hand in marriage. Let me be your
Wife and let us raise a family. My darling, my sweetheart;
My Queen."

Left a Mark

The countdown starts,
3, 2, 1, GO!
We finish the first lap,
I am in second.
We finish the second lap,
I am still in second.
But I am gaining on 1st,
The Final turn coming up,
I passed 1st, now in the lead.
I fall off my bike landing knee,
I watch as my opponent zooms ahead and winning the race,
I try to get up and get back on my bike to finish the race.
But then.
I feel it .
There is a sharp pain in my knee.
I look down to see that I have a large crater in my knee,
A crater in my knee that felt as big as Mount. St. Helen.
I try to walk but it turns into a limp,
My limp, a zombified walk.
My grandma's friend asks me if I am okay,
And with a stutter I manage to get out "N-N-N-N-No".
She comes to help me and sweeps me off my feet,
Like I am Cinderella being lifted off my feet by Prince Charming.
I get to my Grandma's trailer,
She calls my mom for information,
My mom tells her to take me to the HospitalHospital Station.
We get to the waiting room,
I feel as if I am ready for my tomb.
I got to the ER section.
My knee, bleeding like there is no tomorrowtomorrow,
The Doctor looked at me and I felt his sorrow.

He triestrys to take out all the rocks and pebbles,
Then he brings out a needle,
I start to cry from the pain of my knee,
The Doctor thinking that I didn't want the needle,
(which is trueture but)
Then he got the needle through my ruined skin.
And I don't remember anything from there on until,
I wake up.
My knee feeling,
Better,
Much better.
Like how it feels to scratch that one spot on your back.
I get a little cast,
Go home immediately,
And I feel okay.
Now I have a scar on my knee,
With no feeling there,
And I go back to the lake,
Go back to the spot where I fell,
And see that even though the road left a mark on me,
I left a mark on the road.

Oof

I remember
When I was 7
At the playground
On the rocks
In summer
Playing around with my sister
And friends
Got stuck

Now I'm falling
Oof
I landed on a friend
Pain
All through my body
I see Jenny running
She's crying
Terry comes blocking my view
Where is my mom?
Does she know?
I see my mom
Hospital, she says, we need to get to the hospital.
I'm sitting in a vehicle now
Blanca is driving, I think it's her car
I try to think about other things
The lost tooth

Cold feet
Where is my shoe?

ER
Sitting in a chair
Pain still there
Don't cry, I tell myself
Man bleeding next to me
Woman holding a crying child's hand
Sleep
Darkness

Bright lights
Mom talking in background
With who? I don't know
I feel no more pain
I look at my arm
Its pink
I run my hand over the cast
Its prickly
Doctors say I must stay for the night
Food is awful
Want to sleep
But can't
Bed lumpy
Beeping
From the machine next to me
Wishing someone would shut it up
Wishing to go home

Roused from my sleep
To see a friend
Gave me a new friend
Timothy
A stuffed turtle

Named Timothy after stories from the ill
Bubbe, the woman I used to know
Now a shadow
Of her original

But I still have Timothy
Sitting on my bed
My travel partner on trips
A reminder
Of happiness
My childhood
The broken arm
My favorite person back then
Now the shadow lady
A person who doesn't remember me

Black Belt Test (In Karate)

I did it all for you, but that one day I did it all for me

Sweat dripping down my face

Determination, like themes of the pointless parodies of my favorite songs I tended to avoid

drip, drip

The only breathless thoughts were

“Screw it”

“You got this.”

“Cobra Kai”

“Strike first, strike hard, no mercy.”

The fandoms, the words weren't important.

Natasha was important

This was important

Overgrown hair, breathlessness,

A haze

A daze

A freedom from gender

If this was “trying your best, pushing yourself to the limit”

Then what was I doing before?

Who cares?

Think

Don't think

Gi.

You're badass.

She's badass.

Do you think it's cool?

I did this all for you.

But for one day.

I'm doing it for me.

When I'm done, with each precise hit with all my energy

Every “Screw it!” Every “You got this!”

Thank you, Sensei Caroline.

Thank you, Natasha

The only thing that matters is this.

This can't last forever.

Go out with a kiai!

Go out with a bang.

I'm going to crush this

Because, screw it, Natasha, I crushed on you.

I am only my movements.

And I was only my movements

That one day

For one day

I always fought for you

But one last time

I wanted to fight for me

So I fought for me

And I went harder than ever before

And I was better than ever before

And I evolved
And I saw how I evolved and evolved and evolved to get here
And when I stood there
It was my final form
And I'm still here.

And I go back there
And I draw confidence from there
And I'm me because I was there.
I broke through
For you
For me
And now I'm me

Big World

The most impactful part of any person's life is usually when they realize the world is bigger than they originally thought. The world seems small when you are young, almost like it's centered around you. However, as you get older. The world seems to grow bigger with you. It feels like you can't change it anymore, but you can.

Brother

I really wanted it. A brother
I was young and naive. I was 4
When my mom got pregnant
When my mom went to the bathroom
When my mom was taken to the hospital
I followed her
I followed her everywhere
I refused to leave for 2 days straight
In the sanitizer smelling like hospital
In the dark corner of a dark hospital
In the silent hospital
So silent that I could hear nurses whispering from 8 rooms away
I slept there, on the cold bench
Next to my dad
And then finally came the doomsday
The day my brother was born
Of course I didn't know what was to come
So I greeted him

As excitedly as a dancer is to dance
He was really cute
His cheeks were pink like roses
His hands were as big a grape
Then I realized
He was so small
That I could carry him
“No, you are too small to carry him”
Said my mom
As he grew older
He would cry all the time
Waa Waa Waa
Because of him I couldn't sleep well
I even got worse grades because
I couldn't do my homework without him crying
As he grew older
I gave him all of my candies
I gave him all my toys
But as years passed by
I started to realize my mistake
He started being ungrateful
He started lots of fights
He started being rude to everyone
One day he demanded that I share MY birthday present that I got
When I said no he started crying
“Just give it to him,
He is younger than you”
Said my mom
“Be more mature than him” she said
I was furious
Why me, why not ask him to be mature
This happened so many more times
Every time she told me to do something for him
My rage grew
And just like that
I started regretting wanting him so desperately
Sometimes something that you are so excited for
Isn't always how you think it will turn out to be
I don't want it. A brother

Drowning a Flower

The church beckons me;
Decrepit and old similar to a
Waning annual flower experiencing the harshness of winter
And cowering away for mercy
Not realizing that closing its buds that feed on the sun
Will wilt and kill itself,

Accepting death because of the desperation to hide.

The dead church hides just like the flower;
It hides itself in the bushes
And the willow and sycamore trees
The quiet humming of crickets and bees
And the foliage decaying with the help of nature
And the humid, warm heat of the cloudless summer.
Entering, I suspect to be viciously mauled, and yet
What lives there is not a beast but two sentient beings.

The two, a man and woman, those who live here
Leave me with a sense of familiarity
Yet looking at their present selves
Leaves me with another feeling of concern and suspenseful fear.
Asking for their name,
I will too like the annual flower cowering away from the harshness of winter.
There is trepidation and hesitation when I ask,

“Who..are you?”

“What type of question is that?”

“I..meant to ask for your name.”

“This is Yarrow, and this is-”

“Edelweiss” is a name that presses onto some dormant part of my soul;
Clouded by strange fog
That covers itself like a comforting sheet
Mourning the loss of the flower
It lets itself drown in regret and lets itself cower,
before suffocating it post-mortem.

Even with the death of my memories
Does it remind me of distant warmth,
like cowering near a fireplace and feeling the flickering embers
Of the blazing fire that used to lay there
Before it was unknowingly extinguished
Whether by the gods above or by another person
sabotaging me.

Slowly, the two become familiar to me,
My body and soul telling me over and over
“You are remembering them again after so long”,
Remembering the cool, dry spring,
The soft murmurs of petals ring
In my mind and slowly acquaint themselves
Along with the quiet whispers of
Times that have long left me.

Sabotage,
A strange word indeed, bringing yet another distant feeling

Of nervous anticipation and anxiety.
“Water the flowers, the tidy and well-kempt bouquet,
The one that shimmers with shimmering orange petals,
in a beautiful vase of gold and navy.
Overwater it even if it seems like
it will suffocate.”

While overwatering a perfect bouquet of *marigolds*,
A memory presses and unwillingly enters into my mind.
A flower I do not remember memorizing the name of,
A name so overwhelmingly familiar
That it would leave me searching for some semblance of structure,
Leave me searching for that one flower,
The golden petals, the treasure in the pit at the end of the river.

The riverbed being my memories and I the one riding
With nothing but a pathetically made makeshift wooden raft,
and a significantly more pathetic sense of self-preservation.
Would the petals wilt for nothing,
asks my soul, while I respond to the request
Of someone whose own soul is simply programmed
and not organic, not meaningful in the traditional sense.

Then, while I was distracted, drowning a flower
And drowning myself in a river of thoughts
A strange bell chime played nowhere in the room
And then I noticed a strange entrance on the floor
That I swear was not there before
Beckoning me just like the church did
All those weeks ago.

Biographies

The Pet of Greatness

The one of science
The breakthrough of the years
The building blocks for the future
One will be remembered in history
As the one who made artificially organic beings
The one who did the impossible
The one who created a species
The one who had a pet of science
The one who challenged the boundaries
The one who seeks a genetic dream
One created a dream
Of an artificial being
Made from a concept of theory
A dream of genetic beauty
For who will be remembered
As scientific greatness
But one will also lead an feared army
An army in a different world
Who will be feared by all
Built on a promise on one's failed past
For one's fallen friend who had a dream
A dream that one carried for him
All alone when no one cared to help one
One's past of betrayal and one's past of destruction
In this new world one will conquer
With one's sword in the ground, before a holy rock
One will avenge one's friend

Mateo

As a technical engineer
At a company owned by Elon Musk
He lived a calm life
In a apartment in the Valley with walls colored gray
Still playing video games with friends or
Watching movies
With his shepadoodle,
(because he didn't want to clean up any hair)
Adorable
His colleagues would say,
He was calm as a light breeze
But also as loud as a freight train
Trying to be smart
Or turning dumb in the attempt

Joyful Life

What do you want to be when you grow up?
A question asked so many times
It circulates over and over in her mind
Like clothes in a dryer
After many years of thought
She knows happiness is her top priority
Rather than wealth or prestige
But wants to inspire others with her passion

Ever since she was young
Kids have brought her joy
Helping her mom make a gold coin trail
Left by the leprechaun
Dancing on the rug with the toddlers
Painting flowers and digging up treasure
Playing on the playground after school
Everyday, year after year
Watching her young friend grow
Into an independent, creative girl
Allowed her to feel so much gratitude and purpose

She grew to be a kind, strong woman
Empowering others
Everywhere she went
Traveling to developing countries
Providing a foundational education
To kids without schools
Helping in hospitals
Baking gooey cookies
Winning at Candy Land
Making lips arch
Like an upside down rainbow
With her contagious energy

Eyes lighting up in awe
Teaching little minds
To dream
To succeed
To inspire
But more than anything
To live a fulfilling, joyful life

Freedom

Freedom is Peace

Freedom is a word that is like heaven and hell
On one note, it gives the feeling of peace,
Of the ability to do what you want
But the other, has a grim shadow behind it
That gives strings to the American Civil War over 150 years ago
The way i see freedom, it's calming
It's positive
It's peaceful
It's powerful
The meaning of freedom i see
Is having everything needed complete
To have every piece of work done
To the best of your abilities
To have you put effort into that work
And not just shrug it off and run
This variant of freedom lets you live in the moment
To enjoy the moment
To smell the moment
To hear the moment
To see the moment
To feel the moment
To taste the moment
To breathe
In the moment
This reality is what i felt in my head
After i graduated middle school
I went up to the hill by my house
And laid back
Knowing that feathers of my anxiety
could float down into the earth
i looked around to see
The Greenery blooming and popping
i sniffed around to notice
The pollen from the Butterflies
i perked up my ears
And listened to the hummingbirds enjoying
The food from Their feeder
In that peacefulness i felt
The Slight Breeze touch my face
To say
"You're okay."
i breathed in that Slight Breeze
feeling the taste of the cool
Brush against my tongue
i breathe out and continue to lay back onto the grassy pillow
Knowing that i have nothing to work towards
And i can process that i'm free.

Warmth

"Sammy, do you want to have breakfast?" my mom asked
I roll over to look at my alarm clock, the time is 11:04
"I think im gonna sleep some more" I said
When I wake up the smell of bacon flows into my nostrils
I run out of my room excitedly to eat my breakfast
In front of me is pancakes, eggs, and bacon, my favorite breakfast
Normally I would be in math class right now, but instead im eating some of my favorite food
Summer time is great for students like me who are usually busy with work
Not only work but extra cirriculars like soccer and piano make free time impossible
During the summer however,
I can eat when I want and what I want
I can hang whenever and with whoever I want
I can go anywhere I want whenever I want
To me, the ultimate freedom is having complete control over the things you are able to do
And the summer gives me that control.

Skiing in Canada

The last time I felt free was when I was skiing in Canada. It was a cold winter day in the excellent resort of Kicking Horse in British Columbia. From top to bottom it was covered in challenging yet enjoyable runs. It was lightly snowing, not enough to make the conditions bad, but enough to add a fresh layer of soft, powdery snow. I waited on the gondola, excited to ski. When I finally got to the top, I stepped outside and took in the incredible view around me. Beautiful snow capped mountains extended in the distance for as far as the eye could see. I looked down at the slope below me. The slope below was quite steep, and somewhat intimidating. However, I felt confident as I descended through the snow. I carefully picked my way through rocky chutes. As thrilling as the feeling of the wind rushing by my face as I went down the mountain was, I felt strangely relaxed and free. To me freedom is being able to enjoy yourself without being held back or worrying. By this definition, skiing definitely qualifies. I felt free of my usual stress and worries. The only thing that seemed important at that moment was skiing. I continued to ski for what felt like hours before eventually reaching the bottom, ready for more.

So Very Free

With glistening beauty
You easily catch sight
Of an island that's filled with excite
An ocean with the color of bright aqua
And vibrant sunsets, colors all different
Waves hitting the powdery and silky, yet firm sand
Floating with turtles
With such gentle grace

The ocean stretching afar
Waves rocking me back and forth
The wind filling the palm trees
Grass so soft and vibrant
Fields of beautiful flowers
Wild animals roaming freely
An energy you couldn't forget
Beauty and grace within
It was quiet, peaceful, nothing like the city
I felt home
I felt free
So very free

What is Freedom?

What is freedom?
The feeling of no worry
Being able to do whatever your heart desires
Letting yourself be vulnerable
Freedom is a forbidden fruit
You can only *dream* of having.
A dream children live everyday,
But as adults, find out it was fake
Responsibility piling up as every year passes
Though the wealthy can forever stay young
Freedom is a luxury
That not many can afford

Running

Imagine feeling free
No soreness
No worrying about your math projects
No stress for your massive amount of homework
No anger at the world
Just being on top of the world
In the clouds
That's how I feel
When my feet strike
When they go
Thud
Thud
On the hard track
While my feet go fast
I only think about
My breath

And
My speed
Nothing else
While I run
Just making sure
I am not too far behind
I know I am slow
But I have to make sure
I am not too slow
Thud
Thud
Also making sure
I am not panting
Like a horse
But other than
Those two things
I am free
And damn
Is it a good feeling
But, as its time
To leave
Thud
thud
To join back to the real world
All the Problems
The soreness
The worrying about your math projects
The stress for your massive amount of homework
The anger at the world
Come back
Like a boomerang

True Peace

Round world
always moving, never stopping.
All movement, no time to stop and understand.
pause button engraved in the sand.
We all wish we could, life like a youtube video.

But maybe it's not the world we need to stop,
Maybe our perception of it.
engrave a pause button in our minds.
live in the moment.
true peace.

Freedom and Comfort

The sun rays kissing my skin as the sun sets
giving me enough warmth to forget about the cold breeze
the wind lifting my hair, as I go forward and back
"HIGHER, HIGHER"
I turn to look over my shoulder
I see the expressions on her face
Her laughing like a hyena
projecting comfort , and safety
The kind of safety where she doesn't judge me
Where we both don't care about a single thing in the world
Our energy synced together
I am swinging, the sun is setting
The sky was painting itself
I was being the freest I've ever been
Like a cloud
It was so relaxing
So relaxing to the point I forget about everything
So relaxing to the point I don't care about anything
So relaxing to the point worries is nothing
Unforgettable

Radiomouth

Radio mouth
Loud mouth
A nickname i was stamped with growing up
I talked
More than i asked
More than i wanted to
I wanted to stop myself, but i got caught up in my mind
As a i got older people stopped finding me interesting
Stopped asking my opinion
Stopped thinking of me as a cute girl with a lot to say
Stopped listing
Loud-mouth
Always speaking
Never knowing when to be quite
Saying everything yet nothing
As though my mouth had been shut with super glue
As though it had been sewed shut and choking on my thoughts
As though someone had taken all the words from my mouth
As though the world all yelled at the same time shut up
Kept quite
Then i spilled again
Why did I do that ?

Did I want to prove something to people ?
Did i want to seem intelligent ?
Big words little person ?
Looked up at people with loud opinions
I always wondered why couldn't i be introverted
Why
Why
Why
Speaking isn't how i wanted to express myself it was how i wanted to tell my thoughts
Writing
Typing
Thinking
Free
I wanted everyone to read them
Maybe if they did they would understand
See it from me
I'm not radio- mouth
I'm not a loud mouth
Yes im little, my opinions are valid,
Stop looking down on me
Stop staring in confusion over the words i use
Stop it
Writing
I write
To be free.

By My Side

In the darkness of the night I walk.
Moon and twinkling stars illuminate the night.
Shadows shown sharpened like darkened claws.
A dwindling fear creeps inside of me.
The fear of being alone
With nobody to embrace or speak with.
I hug myself.
As if I could make my fear disappear into dust.
I reach out to the words echoing in my mind.
Remembering papa's voice.
So powerful and wise that the wind itself would stop to listen.
He told me not to be frightened, the night is beautiful.
Told me to think of the night as a new day that is about to come.
Told me that I should never let fear stop me from doing anything.
Told me that I would never be left alone.
Yes, ten years ago I was afraid.
But if you ask me in the now as I am walking in my unicorn slippers
I would tell you
No, I am not frightened
I am not frightened of the strange noises down my room

Or of the shadows in the shape of claws
Or of the unknown that the future holds.
And since I could remember I never let the monster of fear stop me from
Dreaming or Doing.
And I know
Now that I am never alone.
Thankful to my Papa
who is always
And will forever continue to walk
by my side
In the dark and in the light.

Truly Felt Free

I stood on the balcony above the night city
Observing from afar
The lights gleaming with people below
I could hear their laughter
Happiness was in the air
And I could see the ocean if I looked beyond the buildings
I could feel the cool, calm breeze on my skin
The light air gradually tangling my brown hair
It didn't bother me though
I felt weightless like a feather
Like sand traveling through the ocean
Just going with the motion
Going wherever the ocean takes it
Free
I was free to do anything I please
I could blow away with the wind if I wanted to
Without worry
Nothing was holding me back, nothing could
The weight which felt like boulders on my shoulders was finally taken off
My worries about my future, my life, and the new school year were all suddenly gone
This sense of relief overcame me
And I had reached a level of peace where I *truly* felt free

Every Word

Sometimes there are things that I want to say
Words that I want to express
But when the time comes to express those words
I can't find them
I want to

But I can't
So I don't
So I back down
But now those words are trapped inside me
With no way to get out
But when I pick up my pen,
And open my notebook
All of those words and thoughts spill out like hot coffee onto the page
I write and write and write
About anything and everything
And suddenly
Everything is out
Every word
Every thought
And there was no one to judge me
No one to disagree
And now all those words that were trapped
Are free

No Responsibilities

The last time I felt free would have been during elementary school. This is because I had basically nothing I had to do. I had nothing I needed to do, and this caused me to feel free. Sure I didn't exactly have choices, but I didn't have responsibilities. This led me to create who I am today, as if I did not have that time, I likely would not have had all of the hobbies I have now. This time introduced me to who I would become, by giving me the freedom to find it out.