



# SELF EXPRESSIONS

*Art & Poetry by Youth*

## UNTITLED

I can cry out and scream hoping you hear my every word  
Or I could just watch you walk by and let the message go unheard  
I could be lazy feel self pity  
Weep sulk and complain  
But I'd rather be strong and press on  
Towards a positive change  
I could blame my family and society  
For what they have failed to give  
Instead of letting the strength inside me  
Dictate the life I live  
I could be selfish and worry about me  
And all the things I need  
Or invest the same effort  
Towards trying to feed my seeds  
I could accept the violence and drugs  
That destroys our neighborhood  
But I wish to replace that grief with peace  
Sincerely if I could

—JOSH

## GOD BLESS THE CHILDREN

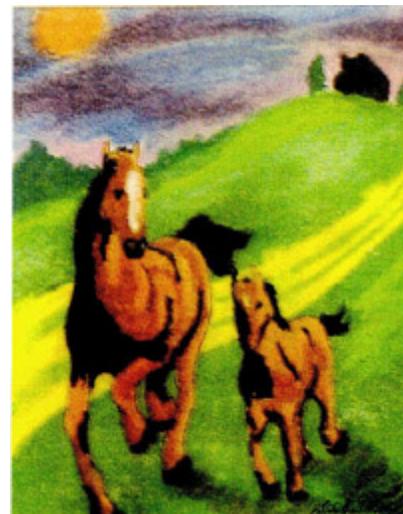
I'm tired of the abuse  
Causing children to change  
Because of spilling a little juice  
Not knowing how to behave  
I think children should be held close  
And cherished like a dove  
Given all of the support  
And 100 percent love  
I think children should be blessed  
By the Lord up above.

—TD

## CHANCES

Chances do we really have them  
Tossed away like a bad article of clothing  
I was free, free of the hurt,  
free of the problems that lived beneath  
the roof of this urban apartment  
At the time the wrong way wasn't the only way  
but  
the best way  
Survival was the only thing that laid in the head  
of  
this young boy  
The mistakes belong to me  
But it didn't have to be this way  
If I only had a "chance"

—JT, RI TRAINING SCHOOL



Leroy McLeod



Erik Hanson

### Untitled

I sit on the warm beach  
 as cool waves touch my feet,  
 as I fall back into a sea  
 of cinematic dreams of things  
 I want to accomplish,  
 and of the past, bad  
 and the present,  
 I ponder over fond memories  
 of soul being, of control  
 and independence,  
 lust for power comes over me  
 like strange waves in the distance,  
 the sights I see ain't so pretty,  
 but as I know things will get better  
 slowly but surely

—ML

### WHERE AM I?

My twisted thoughts become my actions  
 I'm somehow lost in my own head  
 I try and try but still no satisfaction  
 for reality and the next day are what I dread  
 I feel like I have risen  
 from the depths of my own grave  
 I feel like I'm the portrait of a sixty year-old  
 slave  
 I know there is no reason for the way that I  
 behave  
 I feel I can't escape it  
 that's just the way I'm made

—AT

### MY NIGHT

Torment is to manifest, anti biography.  
 My bleeding ears and my blackened eyes are to agree.  
 A vivid green personality, tragic decline in stability...  
 Cruelty, and sadistic hatred is what this world has  
 to offer and provide.  
 Anti conformist, seclusion and rejected; denied.  
 Happiness is the thorn in my side...  
 A descending faith roaming the darkness of my night.  
 A gleaming, glittering emerald moon light.  
 Gazing at this morbid fantasy in devious delight...  
 A plague of noise floods through my mind,  
 baring  
 its self: Hatred and decay.  
 Crimson red truth trickles down, an obscene display.

—JESSE G

