



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

