

A Journal of
Seattle Youth

August 2016

THE BOOT

SOUTHWEST
YOUTH & FAMILY
SERVICES

A COLLECTION OF POETRY, SPOKEN WORD, AND PHOTOGRAPHY FROM SEATTLE YOUTH

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THESE ARE STORIES FROM THE YOUTH OF SOUTHWEST SEATTLE. SOMETIMES SHOCKING, SOMETIMES HEART-BREAKING. BUT ALWAYS INSPIRING.

ANXIETY SPEAKS

Kala Davis

Anxiety,
The one taking all the life of me.
Speaking to me quietly.
It's alright, don't speak.
These questions, these ideas.
They won't care what you think.
Now blink.
I got all eyes on me.
Now I freeze.
Even scared to breathe.
Won't make not a noise or a peep.
But I'm loud on the streets.
In a class or a crowd
Hold your breath just to speak
Say nothing,
You can leave
Enter in quietly
Head to the back where nobody can see.
Anxiety
Like a king
On my knees
Stopping me from all my dreams.
Bouta speak
Now I'm weak
Stop.

Just breathe



AJ Jama



I am not wealthy, I am wealth

I am everywhere and everything

I am what everyone desires

I am what makes people turn against each other

I am in every conversation

I am a state of mind

I have been around since the beginning of history and I will be around till the end of eternity

I can bring great depression and I can also bring great prosperity

I can be earned, I can be stolen and I can also be given

I am immortal

I can't be killed but I can be locked up in a safe

I can murder or I can revive

I can bring happiness and I can also bring darkness

I am the reason why poverty exist in this world

I can make anyone do anything I want

I AM MONEY

GAME

Serena Campbell

Hello, and welcome to the game.

Before we begin please choose my voice.

I can be:

1. The teacher
2. The Boss
3. Death

I'm Sorry your mother's voice is not an option.

Continue?

We will now choose your game piece for you.

Because of your skin you have two options.

You can either be

The convict

Or 2. The victim.

You chose the convict.

Remember you may become the victim at any time
if a cop roles three bullets or higher.

Sierra Carpitcher

It would take you, eat you, and spit you back out
I've seen things I shouldn't have seen
Things that have scared my eyes
I'm happy I blinked
Some nights I couldn't sleep
Knowing my mom was out there juggling
for something to eat.

It would take you, eat you, and spit you back out
I hope to see better at 18,
I was raised by a single mother in poverty
I put on my bullet proof vest and ask god to protect
me.

It would take you, eat you, and spit you back out
My color shouldn't determine who I am
Just know i'm gonna make it just the way I am!
You've seen ripped shirts, small pants and oily hair
That still doesn't tell you who I am.

Continue?

The rules of the game are as follows

1. Trust no one
2. Make money
3. Spend that money
4. Don't complain.
5. Survive.

Would you like to begin?

Yes?

Game over.



It would take you, eat you, and spit you back out
Just remember I was eating from someone else's plate,
One day your gonna understand hopefully that day is
not too late

It would take you, eat you, and spit you back out

LOVE AND HATE

Nicole Castelluccio

You're the one that told me what to do but didn't show me how to do it,
She's the one that promised not to do it but still did it.
Doing what you're doing now isn't going to help me,
I hide my feelings to show you I'm happy,
Hopefully one day you'll get it, We're all supposed to be a family.
You're in my life and I'm grateful,
You've helped me through a lot,
I've failed you a couple times but our bond still hasn't stopped.
I grew up not learning right from wrong.
I did a couple of bad things and I'm still standing strong.
She's a thousand miles away but she knows I'm okay,
I'm grateful for the people that help me.
I'm grateful for the people that did not.
You guys taught me I don't need anyone or anything,
That's what made me who I am today.

"WHO ARE WE"

Lisia Leiato

Who are we to be judged by the color of our skin
Who are we to not have our words be freely spoken
Who are we to watch our loved ones be shot in the middle of the streets

To listen to that gun go bang bang bang
Day after day trying to hide behind a door
Thinking that door would actually be safe
Slowly losing my brothers and sisters
Trying to flee but also trying to break free
Hearing the lies that are turned into cries
And having those memories be turned into a lifetime scar

Thinking one day that'll change
But will this world ever change?
When will there be a day to stand up for others?
To not be scared of what others say
To have all voices be one
Now let me ask you, who are we or maybe who are you ?

MM/DD/YYYY (TIME)

Riely Gould

Tick Tick Tick
Come here my child, come
You've reached the proper age to learn of,
The man cloaked in black with skin so white snow could not compare
The man with eyes who see truth
but blind of better meaning
And in his left hand he holds a list
And in that list, is your name
Tick Tick Tick
And next to your name are numbers placed oh so carefully
Representing the exact time and day,
When you,
Tick Tick--
Run out of time.

And in his right hand he holds your strings
For my child, you are a doll
Tick Tick Tick
A doll whose strings are held
Just high enough where you could see
But not touch
The many faces controlling the strength you carry
And the fear you feel

You are a doll
no matter how far you run or how far you climb
You are a doll pulled by strings from both ends
with a will that isn't yours
You may not run
You may not hide
A Marionette resting in a room of
Trauma, exploitation, and empty promises
Locked away
Throw away the key
Tick Tick Tick

But my child,
You mustn't fear the man cloaked in black with skin so white your reflection will show
Or he will ignore the list and before you, will stand
Your reflection
And stitched to your head
Tick Tick Tick
mm/dd/yyyy [Time]
Tick Tick.




I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE EVEN IF YOU'RE GROWN

Maria Torres

Oh, how the months and years go by,
to when I had you in my belly
from ultrasounds to scans and you popped
Oh, how time can certainly fly.
From once just a thought in far away dreams,
Now into my arms and in my eyes gleam the presence of you.
Your laughter and smiles, which go on for miles,
Your eyes and long lashes,
Warm my heart and soul
You're growing up so fast,
you're just a 1 year old...
Now, as I wish each moment to forever last.
My little sweet boy will someday be a man.
And right by your side I will forever stand.
I will pick up the pieces when you fall.
I will hold your hand and help you stand tall.
And when the day comes when you are on your own,
Never feel that your are alone.
No matter how near or far apart,
I am always right there in your heart
Always remember whatever you go through
that no matter what, I will always love you.





JUST A GIRL WITH A RESTING BITCH FACE

Farhia Jama

Just a girl with a resting bitch face

They say she's a bitch without knowing her ,

They say she's stuck up because she has on what you call a resting bitch face,
wearing headphones without listening to music to avoid conversations, not laughing when
something isn't funny.

Resting bitch face they call her

but there's nothing restful about you.

bitch face is her home,

bitch face is cutting out the lather willing to burn if it means they can't get in.

They say her eyes glare out of their sockets when she walks by.

Her smart mouth always gets her in trouble, and if not her mouth, it's her facial expressions.
She'll be sitting there zoned out, thinking about her bed and what to eat for lunch but people
will think she's plotting revenge.

They say she's the type people run away from.. She could be the nicest person you'll ever meet
but you're too busy being judgmental .

You judge and judge ... but you don't see her judging you for being a trick ... see she's different
...she accepts people for who they are so please don't be so quick to judge her.

She sits still emotionless with a purpose behind it .

'Are you mad '?

'Are you sad'?

'Why tf does she look like she wants to fight'..

'I thought she hated me.'

'That girl has a lot of attitude'..

You hear those terms a lot

Do they know that with this resting bitch face as they like to call it,I'm just trying to protect
myself from the world and the pains it comes with ?....

I AM KING CAPITALISM

Shannen Antolin

I am immortal
I am the Game
I've seen pathetic bloodless bodies put into crummy caskets
And I am the one the masses should blame

I control the flame
That keep the 1% warm and cozy
And the proletarians are in the everlasting misery of purgatory
I have infinite fuel that keeps combusting my desire to rob
The poor man's Star Spangled Banner dream
This has always been a part of my grand evil scheme

You can't cease my waves of currency
You'll just get booted like the rest in the nearest federal penitentiary
I got these #BLUELIVESMATTER wrapped around my index finger
They'll do what I say in a quick snap
I ship-shaped them to maintain that weary wage gap

I am the supreme
Y'all just my puny puppets with brainwashed dreams
Wanna be rich?
Sell your soul to the devil
Then you won't be such a hoe ass bitch

I reign in the dreadful darkness
I am King Cap, a heartless overlord
I have planned your fate since the snip of your umbilical cord

INGRAINED OPPRESSION

America, America, America
Some will say it's the land of opportunity
For you, you, you and me
But is it really?

This enormous empire erected essentially exclusively
For those bathing in grungy green gravy

This enormous empire erected essentially
From blood that does not bleed red, white, and blue

My eyes see cries that pry into my essential organs
I know I'm not alone

Secretly, this enormous empire was not erected
For you, you, you, and me
This land of opportunity
Ruthlessly bruises everything beautiful you see.

Past revolutions haven't offered us resolution
An insurrection is creepily crawling
To dismantle this prejudiced institution



FAKE NIGGAS

Jea'quan Kirkland

they may think I'm young and don't understand
but I really understand clearly that nothing can be handed to me

I'm going to have to fight for what I want
and can't trust a word these niggas be saying
because no one's really there when you need em
niggas real fake they plottin and schemin

I'm doing me, you doing you

why you hatin for no reason?

is it kuz you can't hang with with me?

idfw y'all niggas, y'all don't even got a name to me

weirdo niggas see me in public

do not touch or talk to me if you ain't getting money with me

kuz I'm not with the broke games

so I'ma just separate myself and stay in my own lane

PERMANENT

Danny Fenton

I am permanent, my life is permanent, my words are permanent, and I refuse to fade.

I am not water in a puddle to be dried up by the heat of someone else's sun.

I am permanent ink staining the hands of writers and every loose page of lined paper stuffed and folded into binders and backpacks, and I will always exist in the margins of errors and corrections and finally perfected metaphors and similes that get caught in the back of your mind.

I am forever and even after I am gone I will still be forever.

I am the strongest permanent impermanent being you will ever have the chance to meet, I will impact every soul that hears my voice like planets crashing with asteroids.

I will leave behind beautiful graffiti in my wake and like art on museum walls I will never be removed.

I am not a life that will come and go, I will exist among the stars and I will always be there even when they are not visible.

I am permanent, my life is permanent, my words are permanent and I refuse to be pulled down by the tides of temporary time periods.

I will rise above the waves like the sun and my fire will never fail to burn, I am the strongest permanent impermanent being you will ever have the pleasure of being acquainted with.

my name will roll off tongues like venom and antidote onto the lips of a long lost lover long after I have ceased walking.

I will be kept alive every time my words are recited and repeated as if it was a mantra and not a poem.

UNSPOKEN

Selesa Ta'amu

At night, as I lay in bed, thinking about what I should've said.
The time I should've spent with you but didn't because I locked myself away instead
Not thinking about the time ahead, took you for granted,
Now that you aren't here, I can't seem to get you out of my head.

Thinking about us being together again,
About the good and bad times we had,
The times where we would stay up all night playing around,
And getting in trouble when mommy and daddy told us once again that we were being way
too loud.

These past few months have been hard on me,
Also I've changed into a person I don't want to be.
All this pain has locked me up. Grandma, come and set me free.
I sometimes feel like this is my fault, guilty is what I plea.
You're gone now, it just feels like I'm nobody.
Now everyone tells me I'm going to fuck up,
trust me I don't listen to it, daddy told me to disagree.

I'm trying to get back on track and trying to get us back together
Believe me, I'm trying.
I act like I don't feel anything, but inside this shit is hurting me.
But this is only going to make me stronger,
they say our family is broken,
but you see I got a plan and no one is going to stop me,
I guarantee.

YOU ARE
Link le

You are hope
Believing in me every step of the way
When no one else did

You are a big stuffed teddy bear
You turn cries into laughter
With all the jokes,
You try to make me happy

You are a genius,
You help me when I'm stuck with something
It could be homework or advice

But we have our bad times,
You can be like a red hot spicy chili pepper
We get into fights
We yell at each other

You hit me since you don't get your way
Even if it's the silly things like taking each others stuff
You can be ignorance
You get on my nerves
Like the time when you left the lights on while I was sleeping
Or when you left the door half open

We have our good and bad times
But you are still my everything
I love you, my precious older sister



DEAR TERRORISTS,

You guys aren't Muslim, you are killers in disguise. You killed innocent civilians, because of what? The fact that you want to instill fear into the hearts of everyone? And you still have the nerve to call yourselves Muslims?

Your actions have made others generalize all Muslims in the same group as you. Your actions have also created the opportunity for the media to portray Muslims in a bad light which is why every time something bad happens, us Muslims pray that it is not another Muslim name that is brought up.

You may think that everything you are doing is in the name of the religion, but in reality your judgment is being clouded with all these misunderstandings about our religion.

You may identify as a Muslim but need I remind you that you bombed a holy place in the Holy month of Ramadan and you still have the audacity to call yourself a true Muslim?

What will you say to all those families that lost the will to live because of your actions?

What will you say to the families all over the world that had their hearts ripped, crushed, and stomped on because you thought you could have a say in who gets to have the will to live and who doesn't?

How cowardly must you be to kill people because their beliefs are different than yours, were you raised into this religion with that sort of mentality?

You have made Muslims flee their homes in fear of you. You have caused them to seek refuge in places that are still feeling iffy about accepting them in, because of the unnecessary fear you have generated in people's hearts.

What will you say to those kids who never got to experience a normal childhood filled with spending time with family and having fun? What will you say to those innocent children who have left this world too soon? What will you say to those spouses who lost their other half?

Stop killing off our people and stop tainting our religion with your corrupt ways.

The fact is you aren't the kind of Muslims we want or need in our community because you make the rest of us Muslims look bad.

America this can go for you too.

What will you say to the Somalis, Syrians, Afghanistans and many more who were chased from their homes and killed off because you felt that you had to take matters into your own hands?

What will all of you say to those who live in constant fear of you 24/7? At the end of the day all we ask God for is peace and quiet

Sincerely,

Hodan Abdi

FUCK THE POLICE

Damien Powells

Nowadays niggas gettin shot just for being black in a public place,
move wrong catch 6 shots and the officer won't even hesitate
since we can't trip watch us levitate til we hella straight
the whole world got us fucked up now bow your heads and let's us pray
I ain't never really fucked with 12 so I shoulda skipped the 7th grade
all because a nigga melanated the police jumped outta call of duty all they ever see is
all the black ops we never safe
word to Freddy Gray, word to Mike Brown getting gunned down,
Darren Wilson on paid leave
if you ain' tryinna help the hood, you just in the hood to get paid leave
can I live like jay-Z?
we gotta do what we gotta do
never said black lives matter more
all we ever said is they matter too.



MY PEOPLE

Ny'el Bryant

MY people can you hear me?

Are you even listening

We go to the police for help well that's not an option,

Did you even learn your lesson, i mean wow look at our world out here

Man it's tough you see people struggling and you wish you can help them, i mean dang

my people open your eyes, we cry black lives matter and they think it's a lie how much longer do we have to put on this mask

I just want you to see that racism never ended,

And i know you want to cry because they say we don't belong here but we didn't even ask to come here



Yea our shade might be darker with nappy hair but our lives matter don't ever forget that

we have to pretend to be someone else is that the reason why we get shot because our face is dark

As i look at all the hate i feel my life is a complete waste, wow are you happy now you make black girls feel worth less than a jordan shoe,

Black isn't a crime god put us in this earth to do our time hurt now it's time for us to spread our powerful wings and fly

It's time for us to come together as 1 because god gave us his only son

We are black and we can't change that can you just believe that's how we are black live matter should be carved because our lives are being thrown like dirt because they like to see us hurt.



AMERICA

Kimari Johnson

America is full of racist maggots hiding behind smiling faces and a bunch of veiled “how may I help you?”

America is a place where they call “home of the free” but deep down we are all trapped you, you, and me

And you’re damn right, they wouldn’t think twice about killing you or me

Being an American means shut your mouth, do what you’re told, and what happens here stays here

Means even though we shoot and kill your people, still fight for “our” country

Being an American means retire the white sheets and replace them with badges screaming deceit

Means the KKK, I mean the police, can do whatever whenever and however they please

Being an American means having to forget

almost forced to forget the 400 years of being lynched, raped, whipped
Being an American is building 160 million dollar bunkers for hiding after purposely murdering innocent people

Being an American is walking past the sick elderly in disgust not knowing the half of what they’ve been through

Being an American is being told to go back home but in reality we did not ask to be brought here

Being an American is being told black is wicked, harmful, inexcusable and white is pureness, innocence, honesty, auspicious, in other words fortunate

Being an American is being harassed because of how we look, speak, and in some cases because of the truth we have instilled in us

Being an American is being taught what they want us to know and hiding the real history

Being an American is always having that thought in the back of your head AM I REALLY AN AMERICAN?

THE COLLAPSE

Aldi Jama

This great country called America is begging to collapse

While the police make people gasp and harass

Yet the government gives them a pass

They don't care about the families they hurt

They treat us like dirt

The mentality to kill has to stop

Aren't you the cop?

Who do we call when the cops are killers?

They only see us as niggers

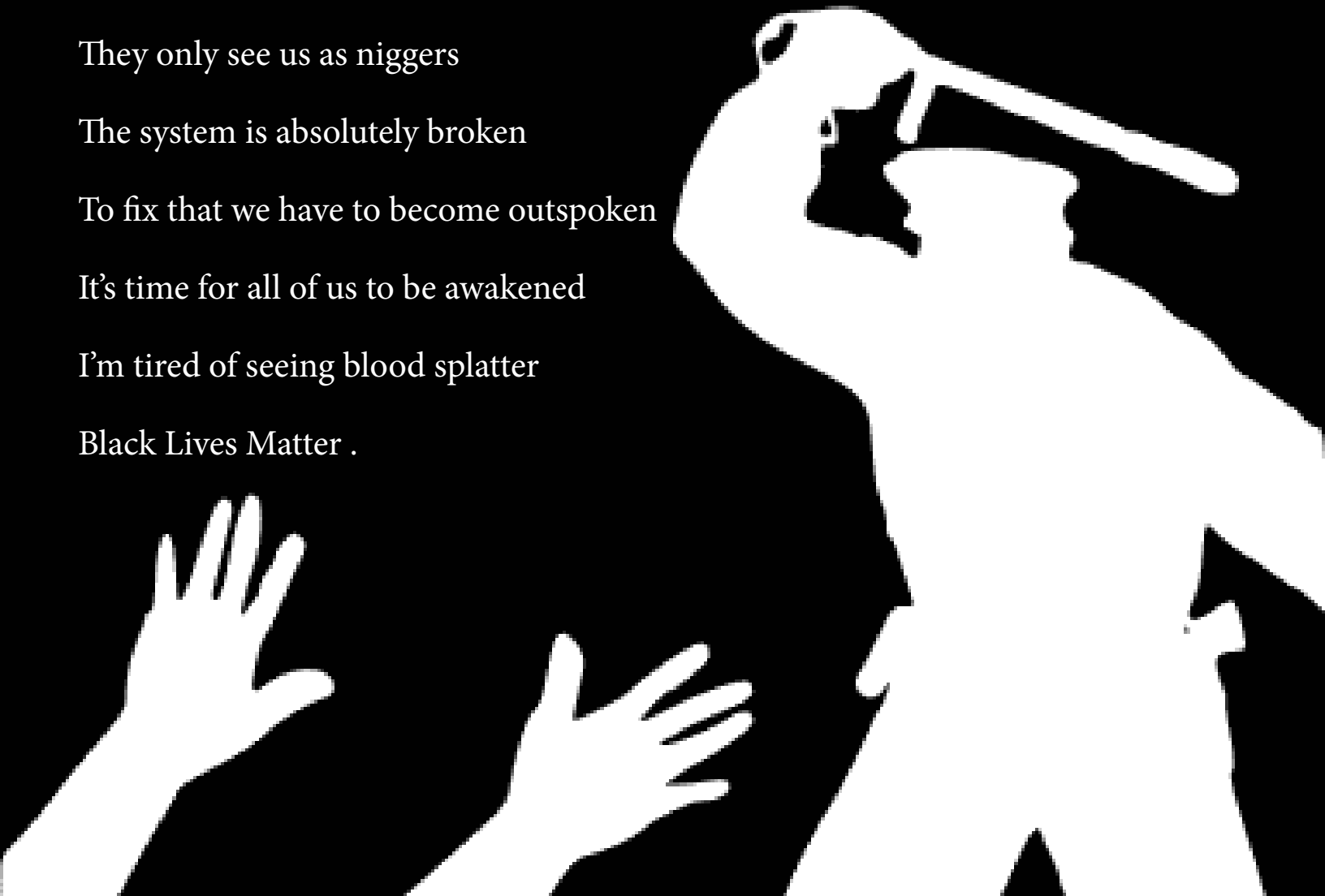
The system is absolutely broken

To fix that we have to become outspoken

It's time for all of us to be awakened

I'm tired of seeing blood splatter

Black Lives Matter .



CALL OF DUTY

Mukhtar Omar

Call of duty

Might sound fruity

But soldiers do it today everyday for everyone back home but people at home setting drones calling each other's phone let them know game systems are for show and also let the military know we don't want rockets or drones in our home

Tell them to keep the weapons away this isn't a game to be played .

Keep me in the clear when the military is going to send another one here it was for one person one person alone and you guys had to send a drone that struck the building making people feel unprotected

This weapon of mass destruction
the military causing disruption

They calling themselves heroes but they playing life or death with a drone around my home.

I have family and friends I don't need a drone coming in my neighborhood even 1 alone making an appearance it's clear we don't need a deceiving weapon they don't hear us or even give a fuck because they're worried about the bodies they're going to dump. They just tally them up.

Call Of Duty in real life

it's going to happen

these drone weapons of destruction

all you have to do is press that button

that causes danger to civilians who could've made a difference.

The end

I BELONG

Fatuma Mohamed

You said I don't belong in this country
But, I have the same rights as you
Can you take a naturalization test?
Can you pass that test?
Because I can

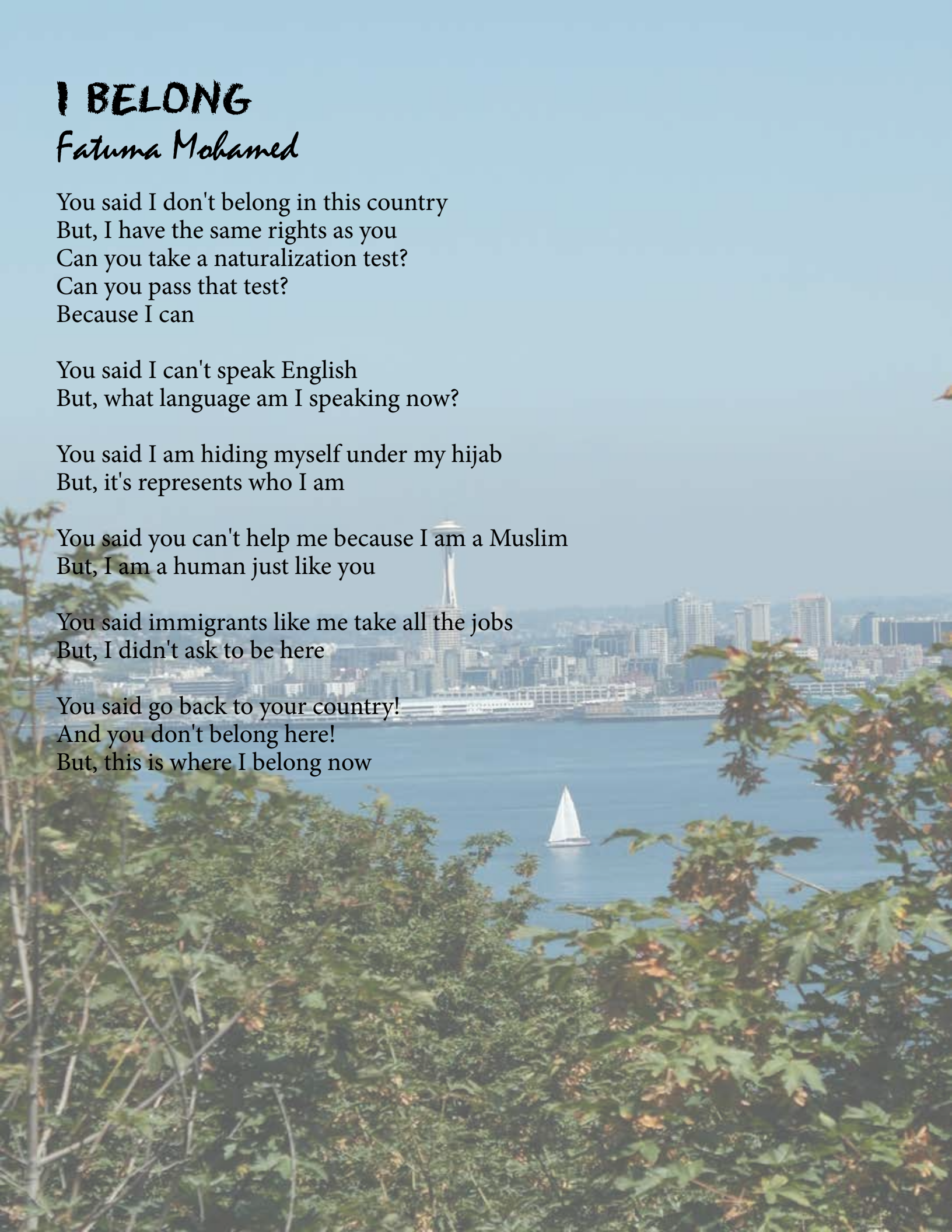
You said I can't speak English
But, what language am I speaking now?

You said I am hiding myself under my hijab
But, it's represents who I am

You said you can't help me because I am a Muslim
But, I am a human just like you

You said immigrants like me take all the jobs
But, I didn't ask to be here

You said go back to your country!
And you don't belong here!
But, this is where I belong now



SINGLE MOTHER

Ewin Gomez

I wonder if he was available to meet

‘cause usually I would look thru every corner
and every street

To see if he was available to see me

But in every corner and street

I would usually see my momma standing
right next to me

She asked me what you lookin for?

I’m a mother, but a father too

I’ll guide you son

She said this with a tone of meaning

She don’t want her children suffering from
sadness or missing figure

She knows raising two children, it ain’t easy

‘cause she playing as 2 role models

I always hold my mom’s hands

Cause I never had a father

That’s why I love my mother

UNTITLED

Freddarika Castaneda

“Look around my nigga white people have
snatched the sound...”- J. Cole

Like making someone deaf

The beginning of a genre’s death

The end of a new beginning

And the beginning of a new end

From Jazz to Blues

They owes us our dues

“Different set of skin, different set of eyes,
two different minds but only one God.” –
J. Cole

So why hate?

Why try and take my culture?

Why segregate?

No need to act like vultures

In the desert tryna survive when really, we
all just need to revive,

Revive each other from this virus, this
disease of hatred and anger

Because this so called “peace” that we have
can also be recognized as danger.

FROM

Ramon Jimenez

I come from LaLa Land
Beaches, surfers and sand
The Hollywood sign shines in the background
While the poor make the streets their campground
LA, the city of stars and dreams
LA, where killer cops make schemes
Like Denzel in Training Day
The hood gets left in dismay
It's a war on the poor
As they kick down the door
Civil Liberties and Civil Rights are fantasy
Lost in this constitutional fallacy
Here, you get pulled over
At the hands of the Law and Order

My parents come from the south,
The deep deep south
Cheap labor and fortified borders
Imperialist powers acting like their hoarders
You can escape, but it makes you illegal
The journey out is lethal
Land stolen, robbed and torn
Land of cactus and corn
Blazing sun and the desert's vastness
That place where a Revolution happened
But land, peace and bread never happened
People live on a couple pesos a day
While gringo tourists go astray
Life is limited and cheap
When cartels creep
Hope and despair mix together
With boots made of leather
Villa and Zapata yell in their graves
As corporations turn people to slaves

These worlds are a lot to juggle
When you have to battle these struggles
But these worlds collapse into one
Because this where I am from

I BRING

Kelsy Aguilar

I bring a teen mom that has faith in her daughter, herself & her family that they will make it to reach their goals regardless of the struggles life throws at them.

I bring knowledge that with a baby everything is harder to accomplish but I believe that I can make through it all because my daughter is my motivation.

I bring a daughter that isn't stopping me from a better future, but instead is showing me & pushing me to know that we deserve a better life than what I was striving for.

I bring a mom that struggles to get through sleepless nights yet has a smile on her face because my daughter's happiness means everything to me.

People told me my life had ended when I had a baby but my life had just begun.

You made me a better person & I'm going to give you the world because you deserve it.

I bring a mom that wants to be there for her daughter in tough moments, for I don't want her to feel alone.

I bring the motivation to fight for a better future so she can have the life I would have wished for as a kid



SHE IS

Cristal Renteria

She is a frame hugging her loved one
She is an ocean casting bad times away
She is a friend always there for me
She is a shell carrying me around
Nine months of incubation and the
surprise of it
The long umbilical cord stretching
between us
The nights felt like they were never
going to end
pain she felt, pain i felt in me rocking
her at night
soothing her to sleep
she was trying to find a place to hug me
from inside
never understood life till i had one growing
in me
the past 5 months of sleepless nights drive
me insane
but the sight of something so innocent and
extremely beautiful made me forget i even
needed sleep
her eyes shine like the bright stars in the sky
i want to be that best friend you can tell
everything to,
even the mistakes you make throughout
your life
i wouldn't judge you, i would help you out
of them
you mean the world to me
i am so lucky to have you around
you taught me so many things to get through my daily life
A daughter is just a little girl who grows up to be your best friend
You are my everything, my reason for trying harder every day
your smile in the morning the laughter when we play
I'm glad you came into my life
to show me what is special in everything life brings
your smile is the medicine to bring me up when life gets tough
My love, she is...



Mariana

CONVERSATION BETWEEN ME AND MY SISTER

Morigon Blacktongue

ME..... Lily, please stay home tonight
Those friends you have aint good for you
All that stealing and drinking aint right
Lily, please stay home tonight

Lily..... I'm good Morigon, don't trip
All my friends they want the best for me
I will only take a sip
I'll be home and safe by 2:30

Me.....Lily you're making a big mistake
One day you're gonna regret it
Now listen to my words and don't you forget it
You have to stop messing up and skipping school
Sneaking out at night and acting like a fool
You're going down the wrong road
and you don't even know it
you tell me you'll change but you don't even show it

Lily.....I will change Morigon, trust me
we know what we're doing
these cops won't ever bust me
don't trip Morigon, we're coolin'
don't worry about me
I love you and I'll be home soon





Later on that night my mom
receives a call
She says we have to go
And I asked her what happened as I
grab my jacket off the wall
“Your sister’s in the hospital
There’s no time to talk we have to go”

I arrived at my sister’s bed
She wasn’t moving
She was bleeding
And I thought she was dead
Then she slowly said my name and turned her head

Me... Lily what happened!
What’s on your head?

Lily...Morigon we hit a bus and crashed.
The driver left me for dead

Me...Lily, why don’t you ever listen to me?!
I told you to stay home

Lily...I know Morigon, I’m sorry.
I’m ready to go home
I’m done with all of this,
you can even hold my phone

Me...Man, I wish I can believe you
I’m here for you and I won’t ever leave you
But things like this has happened too many times
You’re my sister and I love you
But man, I wish I can believe you



VANILLA TWILIGHT/ WHITE NOISE

Matthew Hamilton

As Noel Ignatiev argued, there is a civil war going on in the mind of each working class white man. That war is between his working class consciousness and his white boy consciousness. Both are in a state of crisis right now. This poem expresses that civil war as a rap battle.

The analysis in this poem is inspired by the article "Fight Club" by Amiri Kudara Barksdale, published in Race Traitor, 15 (Fall 2000), p. 53-90.

The title is sampled and remixed from Owl City's song "Vanilla Twilight"

Working class consciousness:

Vanilla twilight / white noise,
I'm clownin' on these white boys
Waving around their gun toys
When their pops just got laid off.

Wave that thing at the right boys,
The rich who took your pop's voice
When they hired him back to destroy
All the factories he'd built up.

Don't point it at the ghetto boys,
The ones whose dads are destroyed
By prisons, cops, and paranoid
White boys acting tough

Like your brother who got redeployed
Our mother's sure not overjoyed
Our future's looking like a void
But you've just given up.

We don't need no racial harmony,
We need some racial rhythm.
The friction of camaraderie
That makes us wanna listen.

We need a commune freestyle
Cypher in the kitchen.
To break out of purgatory-
Fire to the prisons.

White male consciousness:

You must be high as fuck boy
I think you're fuckin' nuts boy
Just stack this paper up boys
They're hangin' from our nuts.

God knows we're comin' up boys
So throw your flagpoles up boys
These white bars are for us boys
Can't love this land enough.

I treat my hook like a hooker
'Cause I pimp the whole chorus,
Singin' rhythm and blues
Till the money come toward us.

Remix the game,
My swag gets me your bitch
To sew me these clothes
In a sweatshop in Juarez.

So fuck your racial harmony,
We need some racial friction.
The rhythm of camaraderie
That sells this new addiction.

This skin means: I'm blessed in,
My mob's on a mission.
Our O.G.'s in Congress
So we stay out of prison.

Working class consciousness:

If you think it's gonna stay that way
Then bro, you're fuckin trippin'.
Half your gang are snitches and your O.G.'s been pimpin'
You out since 1492
Your backbone's been missin'
'Cause your boss has your skin tone
You're back pocket-kissin
His wallet and ass,
Man, you've rarely uprisen,
So your flow's lost its soul
From being cramped in that condition.

Now you wannabe a gangster 'cause you feel something's missin';
Your minstrel mirror black eye is shrapnel from the rhythm
That sputters in your heart in its critical condition;
It's a fragment of your rage,
40s, molotovs, ignition
That you fantasize 'bout throwing at some white politician
While you watch Kanye's black bloc
Revolt on television.

Lonely on youtube, with fantasies of pimpin' -
You're scared of this life,
Even more scared of women -
'Cause when they talk back
And question how you're livin',
Your repressed desires
Are catchin' you slippin'.

When your pale pink lips finally
Rap like Robin Hood,
I can hear strains of the blues
Playing faintly in the woods.
When I watched the end of Fight Club,
I finally understood,
That you and Tyler Durden
Ain't Boyz n the Hood.

We don't need no racial harmony,
We need some racial rhythm.
The friction of camaraderie
That makes us wanna listen.

We need a commune freestyle
Cypher in the kitchen.
To break out of purgatory -
Fire to the prisons.

I treat each hook like the motherland,
Birthing our humanity,
And race has been the rift
In her ancient valley's sanity;
She's watching all her son's guns fire out your vanity;
She's watching corporate someones coach you in profanity.

White male consciousness:

I speak this way 'cause we grew up
Broke as fuck, just like the 'hood.
Our parents sippin' from their cups
Of vodka raised by Hollywood.
Where were you when I was jumped
And called a fuckin' peckerwood?
You say this skin's a privilege-
Has it done me any good?

And while we're on the topic
Of white boys tryna act black
How the fuck do you sound
With that coffee-shop minstrel act?
Preaching all that shit
That's way too fucking abstract
Then posing like you're Nat Turner
Firin' a gatt?

You read some book by a Black Panther
Now you think you're Robin Hood
What the fuck have you done
To rise up like you say we should?

Working class consciousness:

You know I can't do that
'Till you join me in the fight,
With millions of others
Who are ready to incite
A time when our dialect
Won't be black or white
'Cause we'll sing a new rebellious blues
We won't have to bite;
We'll watch this racial purgatory
Fade into the night.

Both you and I will fade into
The crowd's multiplying life,
Reborn in the cypher, 7 billion hues,
No spotlight
To bleach out our skin
With centuries of hindsight
Or freeze us in our shoes
Like a prison tower's searchlight.

Multitude in motion,
We'll ignite vanilla twilight
Pink and black with blue tattooed
Graffiti of the moonlight,
The revolution's muse
Our spine rising upright,
Our dialectic blooms
The colors of the night.

RAW REALITY

Alondra Garcia

We try to prove ourselves to see who could rep their set the hardest & who's the realest
shootings with no regrets
that little girl just lost her father & for what?
No f***** reason!
Ohh, he was wearing the wrong color ..
but remember this when you want to go on a mission with you karnales
your homies
the OG you show so much love for don't give a f*** about you or if you have a family
For you are only his money maker, his loyal Soldier
tells you that you have to be cold hearted
show no love to a b****
& if you have kids there are major setback in your life
Or the Next Generation the gang bang or don't bang!
giving the devil another Soul
by letting the streets turn the lost soul into a no soul
Parents just don't know that the things we do might just lead our children on the path of destruction & self-hate
No Love = No Pain
it's what I call this mentality
See I read about prisoners and what could have changed? It's the one thing none of them had
A role model they didn't kill
A role model that prove not all Mexican Chicanos had to die in the jail cell
not all African Americans were up to no good and had to be killed by a pig with the biggest Hood!
See lil Karnalito
See young Blood
See young Crip
I carry my Blue Rag & Represent it
When I walk
& when I talk
But see the difference with me is I spent my nights and days
In what I call a blue hell
Next to Gang Banging
Coke selling
& we would be the cause for the
Bang bangs
That woke up the hood at anytime of the night
30 deep making memories
A few fights & Alot of drugs
But I don't want that s*** what does it bring little homie?
Losing my mentality of who I truly be?
Losing another homie to this cold ass streets?
See our family raises us to maybe 7 or 8
Then the hood becomes our family
Some make it to the top
& some just can't handle it!
I see both in my hood which one should I be?
I remember telling my brother's don't let the hood make you because you can have the biggest reputation &
the coldest heart
but when it comes to living or you truly living?
Many spent more than half their life in prison ain't no fighting now only shooting
Gang Banging for so long they've grown tired of the b****s***
Haven't you ever noticed the OG's have peace
but it's the young ones putting a piece to another brother.

INNER STAR

Lisa Gascon

When I grow up, I have you to look up to
Building, learning, and organizing with each other
Growing, supporting, and even disagreeing
Working it out like sisters and brothers

When I grow up, I have you to look up to
Words so fierce it stings and leaves a buzz in your ears
Holding your own, knockout punch between their eyes
Courageous and stoic, spittin poetry and rhymes with
No Fear

When I grow up, I have you to look up to
Speaking in foreign tongues only understood by those
with open minds
Moving mountains with your innovation and creativity
Letting go of the insecurities to let your inner star shine

Survivors of depression
You keep it real
Survivors of abuse
You keep it real
Survivors of abandonment
You keep it real
Survivors of violence
You keep it real
Survivors of inner turmoil
You keep it real
Survivors of life
Keep on writing and keep on shining

Farhio L. Janga
ASSIGNMENT CHART - Term 5: YWW Th
SW Education Center, Tuesday, August 02

	29 of 29 Assignments	Standard
1	Letter to FormerPoet o..	
2	Poem: "I Bring..."	
3	Poem "Music Is..."	
4	Poem: Use lyric fr son..	
5	Poem:Alliteration(1W..	
6	Poem: Imagery, 3 5-lin..	
7	SimilePoem:"MyCityIsL..	
8	LovePoem (Eros,Philia..	
9	Poem:Freewrite-Police..	
10	Poem: Use Metaphors	
11	poem: My America Is...	
12	Poem: Color	
13	Poem: Personification	
14	Poem: The Game	
15	Poem: Rhyme	
16	Poem: Persona	
17	Poem: Dedication	
18	Poem:Letter to you Yo..	
19	Poem to Oppressed Pa..	
20	Poem: Persona to Per..	
21	Poem: "I Am From..."	
22	Poem: Time	
23	Poem:Breaking Bread	
24	Poem:Call&Response	
25	Poem: "Bulletproof Vest"	
26	Poem:"I Am Not__, I A..	
27	Poem: "They see me ..	
28	Dis Poem	
29	Poem:FreewriteUsing..	

**WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK OUR COMMUNITY PARTNERS -
SUMMER YOUTH EMPLOYMENT, DEPARTMENT OF
EDUCATION AND EARLY LEARNING, SWYFS COUNSELING STAFF,
HUSKY DELI AND YOUNGSTOWN CULTURAL ARTS CENTER FOR
THE PARTNERSHIP AND FUNDING TO MAKE THIS PROGRAM
AND THIS PUBLICATION HAPPEN.**

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support, we empower our community and create
pathways to equity for all.**

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