

# My Scene – My Inspiration

*By Lauren Childress, Times2 Academy*

Right now as I sit here  
This is my scene  
My chance to shine,  
And chance to dream scene  
It's the Scene of a movie  
Dripping with stereo-typicality  
A pivotal point of the scheme kinda scene  
But I won't be the girl in the scene  
Who losses her dream in the scheme  
Of her fears.  
I decide to be free  
Under all circumstances  
Embrace me  
With pride and humility  
Nothing to lose except myself –  
So I'll fight for myself Right now – put two fists up  
Take me earrings off  
And die for myself.  
Because Freedom and courage are bloody.  
Self-reassurance and confidence get muddy.  
I choose to uplift myself  
Not forsake my self,  
Clear the cocoon of un-surety  
And become an extraordinary self.  
A butterfly's metamorphosis ain't clean-  
My wings are still soaked with potentialities  
Soggy with unused talent and past grime  
But I have  
Detached  
Re-hatched  
Reinvented myself  
I'm relentless on myself,  
Because self I must be.  
And no one can put up a fight for me,  
Shout my rights for me,  
Inspire me,  
Quite like me.



# A Better Tomorrow

*By Basirat Sanni, Central High School*

The nation is crying,  
Our youths are dying.

Loved ones are gone,  
And nothing is done.

The men are prisoners,  
And the children are fatherless.

The immigrants have fled,  
But the injuries are not mended.

Let's all come out of that hole,  
And suffer voluntarily for a goal.

Let's fight for the cause of appraisal,  
And let truth and justice prevail.

Let's avoid all forms of violence,  
An effort to achieve a world of peace.

Let's forget about the past of sorrow,  
And work towards a better tomorrow.



# The Seasons

*By C.J. Irons, Beacon Charter High School*

As the old Moon does wane,  
And the trees do take their autumn flame  
And the sun does sleep beneath the moon

And then the chill of lady frost,  
Touches the ground and freezes it, at our cost  
Her cloak covers the ground within its white silken folds

The trees stay bare and cold, waiting for winter to melt away  
Then as the sun wakes from its long and peaceful slumber  
Melting the snow and paving the way for a new today

The trees then do take up garbs of green upon their branches  
And with the gentle swaying of their dances,  
Cherry blossoms float upon the gentle and caressing breeze

They brush against your cheek like the soft hand of your lover  
The spring soon fades and the sun beats full upon our backs,  
And so we stand united as sister and brother

Thought as the old Moon does wane,  
And the trees do take their autumn flame  
The sun does sleep beneath the moon  
And lady frost is back too soon



# Everyday Inspirations

*By Amanda Irwin, Blackstone Academy High School*

Light casting through a chain fence, creating patters on a sidewalk.  
The gleam in the eye of a flowing candle.  
The wink of the moon's shadow in a ripple of water.  
These are the tricks that light casts on our eyes.

Sound waves vibrating off the walls.  
A tale of when "things were" or "what they became".  
A heartbeat.  
A rhythm  
A sound  
A note.  
These are the reverberations that pulse through my veins

The sweet smell of dew covered grass on a summer morning  
The way the smell of pine makes you think of Christmas, and a bulb covered tree.  
How cinnamon can remind you of apple pie, and a time when it felt like home.  
These are the scents that make the mind melt

The coarseness of gravel underneath my shoes.  
The intricate textures a piece of fabric can be woven into.  
The sleek feel of the keys and fingertips dance across a piano  
The space between the letters on a keyboard  
These are the compositions that we manipulate just to touch.

Staying strong even when your heart has been shattered with a hammer by yet another tragedy.  
Looking fear straight in the eye and never letting the feeling rush over you.  
Holding the hand of the one you love, and gripping tighter when a storm tries to pull you apart  
Opening the doors nobody else will, just because they're afraid to use their key.  
"Getting by" with little other than the sunshine and optimism dripping off your face.  
This is what we, as humans, have to do on a day-to-day basis.

Noticing the patters in a ray of light  
Listening to what no one else hears  
Smelling memories of happier times  
Grasping onto anything that can be held  
Daring to go outside the box  
Making the lines and crossing them, just because it can be done  
Standing up for what is right, even if you are standing alone.

These are the everyday inspirations that can create a whole world of Possibilities.

