

ESCAPE

Running, running,
Slamming the door behind,
Away, away,
from grief,
the sorrow,
the hate,
the embarrassment,
Away from everything,
locking the door
To Hide,
To hide my shallow instincts,
but everything comes back,
Quicker,
faster,
I hear it knocking
at the locked door,
Harder, harder, and harder.
A quick flash of a black world.
A never-ending world.
One that I can't escape.

Glennie Llano

DOWN THE STREET

She walks down the street.
All alone.
This man smiles and laughs.
She thinks he's friendly.
Bu he's not.
She imagines he's going
to be nice. All of a sudden,
he takes her by the hand.
Pushes her, punches her,
throws her on the floor.
Abuses her.
He leaves her there
all trembling and crying.
She just experienced what life
really is: cruel, no sense in
living it.

Fanny Martinez

WHY IS MY ROOM PAINTED BLUE?

Why is my room painted blue?
Because I am blue.

The blue house
Why blue?
because we're
blue creatures!

It was bad news
when you arrived
and turned the house
BLUE...

Is this my room?
Why is it so
blue
and
dark
and
empty
and
so silent?

Blue flowers?
and why not
yellow or red?
why blue?

Change your color
or I'll change it for you!

Blue man
why am I blue?
and the rest of the people
are black and white?
how am I blue?

Edwin Acevedo

ANGER AND HATE

I hate when
something bad
happens I try
not to take my
anger out on people
sometimes i
just can't
help it

Gregory Kettles

NIGHTMARES

So confused and hurt
you run away
from the present who
is disguised as the enemy
horror seeps through the night
quickly into your mind
poisoning your thoughts
running and running into the night

Jessica Contreras

WHICH?

In the sky
Like a bird
Inside my soul,
My heart feels
And touches nothing,
Or is it a dream?

Noemi Negron

MAN IN MIRROR

Man in mirror
Tall, dark, lonely.
What shall he do
Just to be happy in life?

Perry Backman

FAR OUT THERE

Far out,
somewhere,
I know my
mother is there.
She's probably
wondering where
I am, thinking
about what she did,
But one day,
my foster mother
told me
they found
my real mother
and I was happy.
But, she said,
my real mother
didn't want me
or love me:
So
I guess
I was wrong
about her
thinking
about me.

Cynthia Rodriguez

CHILD OF HATE

Child of hate
you did nothing wrong
but being born
that is what your mother says
she hates you
and wishes you got lost
but underneath the pain
her heart is missing
the love she needed
when she was a child
but I am telling you
she loves so much
but she hides the love
so you can feel the pain

Gina Rivera

THE STREET

Gunshots ring out.
People screaming, running, hiding.
Sirens blaring.
Someone's down.
Who just fell?
No one could tell.
In the air a silent hush.
And people murmur
how the streets can crush.

Lonnie Zuckerman

ECHO MOUNTAIN

Heeeeeeyyy
youuuuuuu
ouuuutt
thereee.
Whaaaaat
areeeee
youuuuu
doiinnnggg?
IIIIII
cannnnnnn
runnnnnnn
anddddd
jumppppp
annnnddd
shooooooooott
birddddss
withhhhh
aaaaaa
gunnnnnnnnn.
Stoppppppppp
echoooooooooiiiiinnngg
meeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

Melanie Colon

A CRY AT THE DOOR

Knock, Knock!
Hello, is anybody there?
Hello!
Where is everybody?
Come on, open the door!
Hello, it's me!
Knock, Knock!
Remember me? War?

Glennie Llano

I HEAR IT

I hear crashing
I hear screams
I hear things
that you've never dreamed
I see running
I hear crying
all because
people are dying
then
I see pictures
in my head
about the people
who are dead

Glennie Llano

THE LAST OF 1959

She speaks of the past, about those that last.
Life wasn't so bad and fast back in my times.
People always had time for a few laughs.

Days were harder, but life was sweeter on
the weekend.

Big bands, she recalled, Oh! they were a blast.
Duke would play some hopping jazz, and Tito
Rodriguez would sing his heart out with some
sweet class.

You dance, you laugh, you cry, and just for a
dime I rode the train to Brooklyn, to South Nine.

But HONEY! What a time I had when I was just
twenty-nine, that year in 1959.

Melissa Perez

FEELINGS

I am sad.
Now I'm angry.
For no reason,
I think of the sky.
Look out the window
and cheer myself up.
My mom says I have
a problem.
I better fix it.
Or she's going to hit me.
I start crying.
We're at the bottom,
one more time.

Fanny Martinez

TIME'S UP

Time's up,
Time to wake up,
Get up,
Shut up,
and
Go to school.
Then,
Sit up,
Shut up,
and
work.
Later,
Pack up,
Get up,
Shut up,
and
Go home.

Quincy Calhoun

THINKING

Imagine if one day
you get the newspaper
and it says
we don't have anything to print
today
everything's okay
Imagine just imagine
No war no fighting no killing
nothing nothing
you can stop imagining now

Glennie Llano

WAR WINDOWS

at midnight you
hear explosions
and screams
you hear air raid
sirens because planes
are dropping bombs
on buildings and then
you look out of a
window and people
are lying dead on
the streets while
another window
shows tanks and soldiers
killing and destroying
anything in their way
then the last window
you see a missile
coming to your head
and all the windows
close

Juan Serrano

PRISM PRECAUTIONS

The Prism of the Mind
is kept down inside
waiting to come out and grow
bending reflections of truth.

Ismael Torres

SKY

The sky is a loneliness
From darkest space
To the unknown stars.

The commotion nightmare
Is suffering scared
Drifting away
Into the midnights.

The helpless future
In the sky...
Nervous dreams

Ernesto Marquez

GOOD TIMES

I take a breath
and guess what?
I see a swing
for you and one
for me. I see
slides. And I
get some horsey
rides. I breathe
again and guess
what? I see an
ice-cream parlor
for you and me.
I eat chocolate
and you eat
strawberry. You
have a sundae and
I have a banana
split. I can see
the good times
we had.

Melanie Colon

AN ICEBERG

An iceberg is a frozen bird
waiting for the sun to come
and melt it away and away.

Angel Monserrate

WHEN YOU WHISPER

When you whisper, the words
vibrate and move through the
air with the feeling of love.
The words keep on floating in
space, going through my mind,
hurrying inside me, and I can't
get them out.

Juan Rodriguez

COOL WAVE

cool wave
 of sky
splashing
 above me

Weiyu Liu

PEACE

I am at peace with the world,
Concentrating on the soft sounds of music,
Silence is all I can hear.

Francisco Rosado

PEACE

The night
can creep
upon the day
it surprises us
and the stars
will come out
and give the night
a white glow
multitudes of people
gather round
in peace
and look
at nature's gift of
love
and friendship
and harmony:

for a minute or two
no war

Juan Serrano

LOVE OF NIGHT

Silent night the wind blows across
the open plains my eyes look at
the sky no one is here the wind
is in my face the love of the
night is in me the sky is red and
black and my mind is too the love
of the night is in me

Karl Moody