

## In My Mind It's Always Winter

### I

I've never liked the winter  
couldn't stand the cold  
with wildly wicked wind  
and snow in an endless flow  
warming up my toes  
wishing for the summer

I've never really liked holidays  
couldn't stand my family arguing  
my family's just always on edge  
mom would send me out in the snow  
I would be told to shovel or play  
so many freezing memories

### II

I sit in my cell  
my mind, it races  
my thoughts are overtaken  
by a wintry holiday I liked

you brought me in  
with a smile on your face  
hope in your eyes  
then I entered a magical place

laughter and love  
jokes and decorations  
cooking and helping  
no one was arguing

and they gathered around the table  
smiled and welcomed me  
so many introductions, I'll never forget  
I love winter

### III

I smile because of you  
because of me  
because my heart is for you  
I can't even breath  
we are apart from each other

### IV

we wear masks of happiness  
spill our tears through each letter  
our souls intertwined and torn  
my heart broken and bruised  
your love reaching for me

### V

you share your love  
I can almost hear your voice  
as I read your hurt  
feel your longing  
see your hope  
resent myself

### VI

I'm sorry I'm here in a cell  
I'm sorry I've locked up your smile  
Death, my friend, enemy, prosecutor  
threatens to make this my reality  
but my mind, it remembers  
it remembers a winter I love  
the way our hands intertwined  
the way you said the most important words  
the way you made me love holidays  
the way our love is eternal  
the way I now love the winter

## Depression

Most times in the day i feel depressed.  
It's my feelings that are hurt and hard to express.  
I've been punched, yelled at, and shoved.  
Just once in my life i want to feel loved.

Sometimes I sleep with tears in my eyes.  
Wishing i got a chance to say my good-byes.  
I want to stay sleeping in the dark  
because I know in my life I'll never get a spark.

To get me happy, it takes a while.  
Now i know why i can't smile.  
Every day i'm in my head.  
Please leave me alone and left for dead.

## **Do You...**

You don't understand what it's like  
To grow up on the streets  
You don't know what it's like  
To act tough but be weak  
You don't get what it's like  
To be abandoned  
You never felt what it's like  
To have nothing to eat  
You don't understand what it's like  
To be thrown in the snow  
In a tank top and shorts  
You don't know what it's like  
To steal to survive  
And provide for your mama's kids  
You don't get what it's like  
To be locked out of the house  
While running away from your "friends"  
You never felt what it's like  
To have no friends.  
Can't hang out on the weekends  
I've been through it  
Tried to let go  
I've seen stuff  
That you never see on TV shows  
All the negatives in life  
All the pain and strife  
Things don't end happily in the hood  
Things are misunderstood  
You're from the suburbs  
Where everyone's a nerd  
So you don't understand...do you?

## **Breeze**

I wonder what  
It would be like  
To be the wind

Blowing from place to place  
Pure freedom  
Experiencing everything

I want to blow from place to place  
To be totally free  
To have no worries

I want to have no specific course  
Or constraints  
Free

I want to be unaltered  
Not controlled  
By people

I want to not be affected  
By any obstructions  
Just like the wind

## **In a Well-Ordered Universe...**

In a well-ordered universe  
I wouldn't be myself  
I wouldn't be so messed up  
wouldn't need mental help

I wouldn't hurt people  
or lose the ones I love  
I wouldn't hate myself so much  
my family would think I'm enough

Suicide would never happen  
at funerals we wouldn't cry  
no more people killing themselves  
not having to wonder why they wanted to die

In a well-ordered universe  
no one would be handicapped  
there wouldn't be insecurities  
the innocent wouldn't be attacked

There would be no rape  
no more PTSD  
there wouldn't be victims  
survivors are all we'd see

There would be no racism  
no more discrimination  
we wouldn't hear or say racial slurs  
only love across all nations

In a well-ordered universe  
everyone has hope  
there would still be tragic accidents  
but everyone could cope

There wouldn't ever be a miscarriage  
all parents would stay with and love their children  
Mommies of daddies wouldn't just up and leave  
no child would look at themselves as a sin

Police brutality wouldn't exist  
no one would have ever made any drugs  
these foreign substances wouldn't enter our bodies  
addicts would be addicted to hugs

In a well-ordered universe  
I would be myself  
everyone would have self-love  
and instead of degrading  
we'd give each other help

## Sitting in My Room

~Group Poem in which each member submitted at least one three-line stanza

My room is made of bricks  
It isn't much but a shelf, bed, and desk  
It has a window but I can't see out of it

Sitting in my room  
Just enjoying the view  
I still can't stop thinking about you

I count the bricks  
The time just ticks on by  
My choices have led me to this

My mind is playing tricks  
Looking at these dirty white bricks  
Boogers here and there  
Hair balls everywhere!

My room is an 8 by 8  
It's very small  
My room has a door but it's not like I can choose  
to leave

1...2...3...faces in the wall  
Which one should I talk to  
Because I like them all

Sitting in my room  
Waiting to be called for bathroom  
But all I can do is sweep with this broom

In my room I spend a lot of time worrying  
I also spend time wondering  
Trust me, every day I hate this place more and  
more

Don't look, you'll die  
Just a side eye  
She saw me, *there go my points.*

My room is sad  
It's very dull  
Compared to other rooms you'll notice it's  
incredibly small

The walls are closing in on me  
Claw marks on the windows  
Screams are everywhere

I feel like bouncing off these walls  
My anxiety is going  
Just thinking of all these flaws in my wall

Looking in through the glass  
You see a girl who is hurt  
And dealing with depression.

In my room I dream  
About what life could possibly be  
But outside is hard to picture.

Sitting in my room  
I'm lost to the outside world  
Or maybe I never existed in it at all

Locked in a room like I'm locked in my mind  
Giving up slowly  
Wishing away the time

Worrying about my panels  
Trying to use my coping skills  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 things that are happy

The regrets for what I did  
Can't go back  
There's only one way

This I've grown to know  
You'd think I'd go insane  
But I'm so used to it

Yes my room may be tons of terrible things  
But for now it has what I need  
Till I see what freedom can bring

My window is too small and not even clear  
I wish I could see the moon  
I wish I could see home

## **My Friend**

All I see is white walls  
They're there when I wake up  
And when I go to sleep  
They stare at me with a stone cold expression  
They laugh when I cry  
And mock me when I am down  
But yet they are my greatest friends  
They listen to my troubles  
And all of my struggles  
All of my irrational thoughts  
All of my happy thoughts  
And sometimes I wonder  
Am I going insane

## **Stubbed**

The pain  
it overwhelms your mind.

The pulsing agony  
it makes you blind,  
Rage at the source  
it consumes your soul.

Your wrath  
is impossible to console.

Sanity  
you no longer know.

Curse the world  
you stubbed your toe.

## **Love Falls Like Rain**

rain outside  
driving alone  
on the way to nowhere  
trying to feel something  
like love

*(Inspired by listening to  
Barber's Adagio for Stings)*

## Vincent Van Gogh

I may be trapped  
In this dark place  
But that doesn't stop the stars  
From shining extravagantly

I may not be able to dream  
When I close my eyes  
But that hasn't made me blind  
To the wonders of life

I may be alone  
Unable to survive  
But looking at this Starry Night  
I feel alive

*Inspired by Van Gogh's Starry Night*