

SSC ESCAPE 2018

**STUDENT
EDITORS**

**ANDREA CHAVEZ
ELIZABETH
TONGISH**





Blue

Blue is another feeling

Blue is bright and colorful, joyful

Blue is sometimes comforting

Blue can be happy, mad, sad, bored or even lonely

Blue tries to hide away from people who try to silence it

Blue tastes like a raspberry lollipop with a bit of a sour taste

Blue sounds like joy

Blue is most joyful when it's around its friends that he thinks of as brothers

Blue is another feeling

~Gerarado

Blue

Blue is the colour of the sky and sea

It is often associated with depth and stability

It symbolizes trust, loyalty, wisdom, confidence, intelligence, truth, faith, and heavens

Blue is considered beneficial to the mind and body

It slows the human metabolism

Blue

By Spencer Groves

Blue is shy

Blue is not social

Blue enjoys being alone

And blue would enjoy to be independent

Blue exists in shyness

And blue hides from other colors

Blue tastes like berries

Blue smells like a rainy day

Blue sounds like the ocean

Blue is shy

Blue

Written by Abran

Blue is quiet

Blue is not annoying

Blue enjoys a park with cheerful kids

And blue don't not enjoy anger and loudness

Blue exists in the sky of a bright sunny day

And blue hide from those people who make the world bad

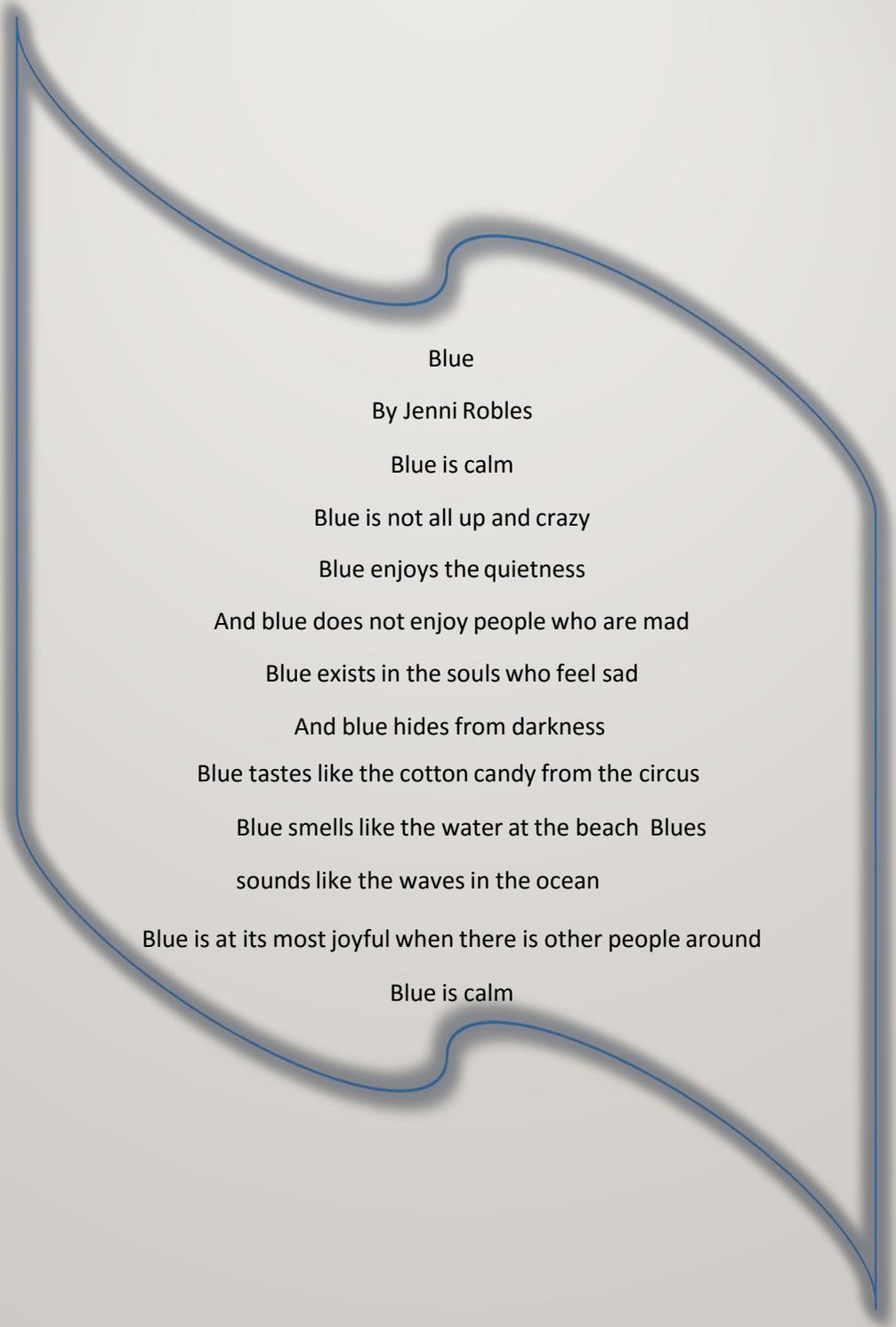
Blue tastes like a ice cream on a sunny day

Blue smell like the new present you got

Blue sound like your favorite show

Blue is at its most joyful when no one is interrupting the quiet room of silence

Blue is quiet



Blue

By Jenni Robles

Blue is calm

Blue is not all up and crazy

Blue enjoys the quietness

And blue does not enjoy people who are mad

Blue exists in the souls who feel sad

And blue hides from darkness

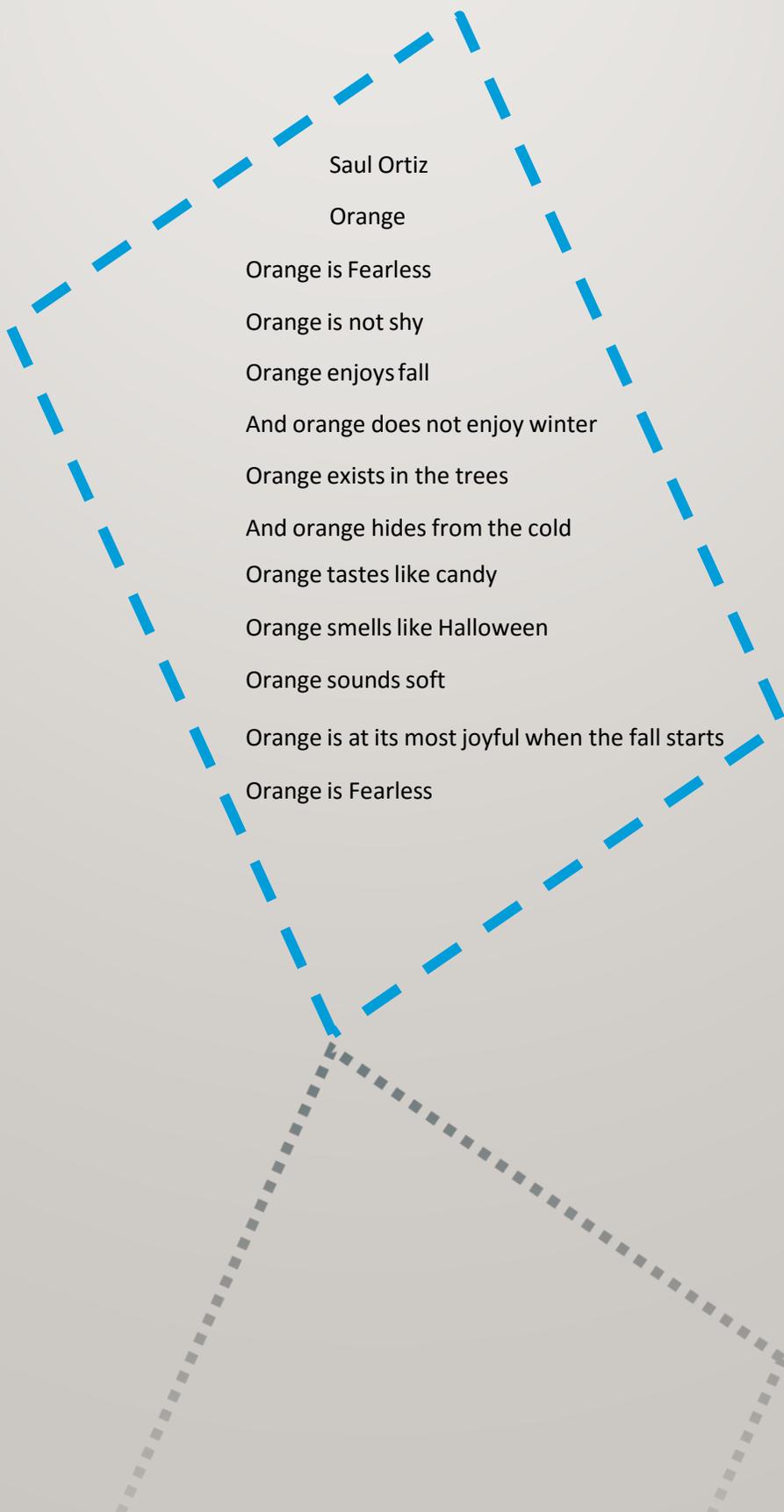
Blue tastes like the cotton candy from the circus

Blue smells like the water at the beach Blues

sounds like the waves in the ocean

Blue is at its most joyful when there is other people around

Blue is calm



Saul Ortiz

Orange

Orange is Fearless

Orange is not shy

Orange enjoys fall

And orange does not enjoy winter

Orange exists in the trees

And orange hides from the cold

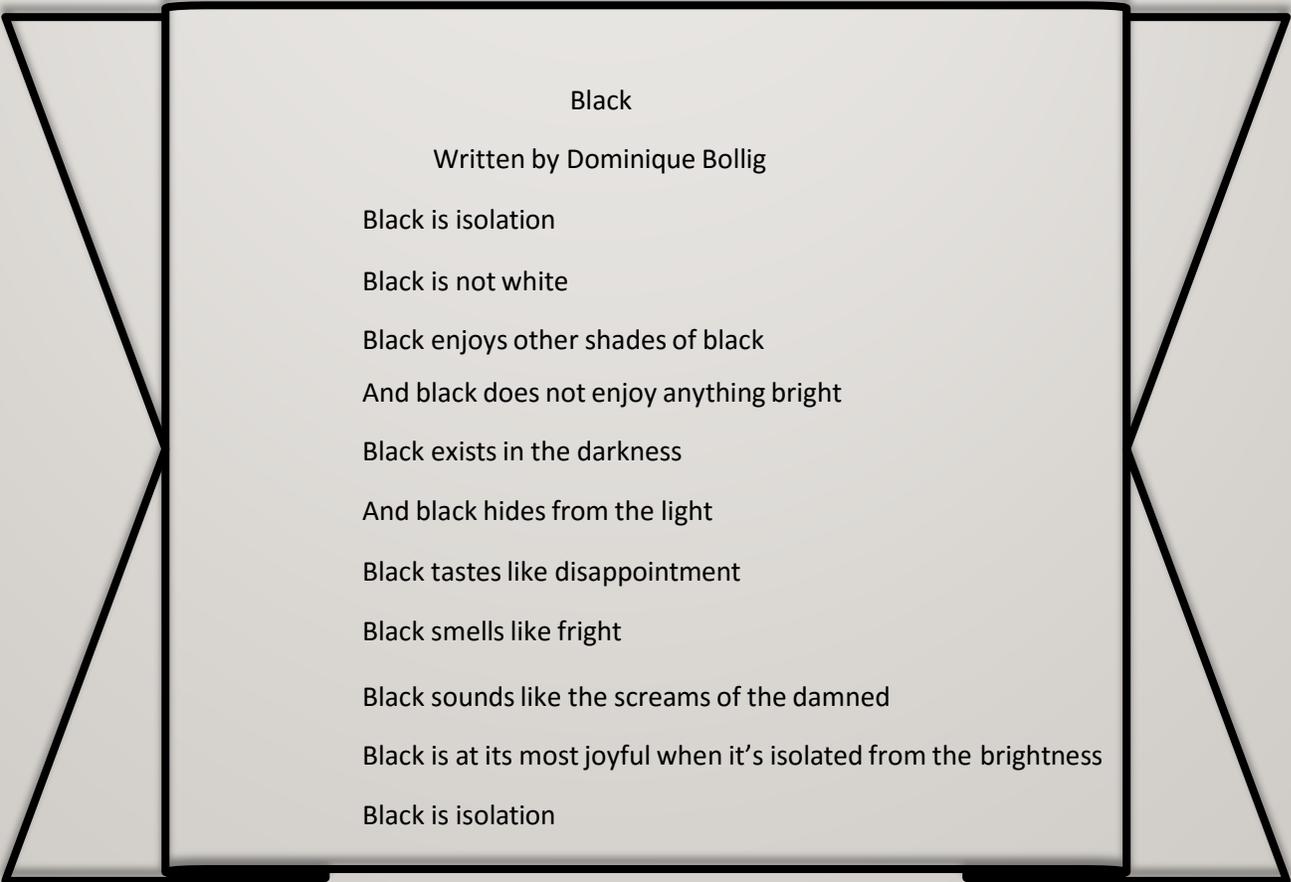
Orange tastes like candy

Orange smells like Halloween

Orange sounds soft

Orange is at its most joyful when the fall starts

Orange is Fearless



Black

Written by Dominique Bollig

Black is isolation

Black is not white

Black enjoys other shades of black

And black does not enjoy anything bright

Black exists in the darkness

And black hides from the light

Black tastes like disappointment

Black smells like fright

Black sounds like the screams of the damned

Black is at its most joyful when it's isolated from the brightness

Black is isolation

Black

Written by Christian Bolanos

Black is strong

Black is not at all happy

Black enjoys being the darkest from all colors

And black does not enjoy we around with people

Black show at night as the sun goes down

And black hides from the light

Black tastes like ash

Black smells like tar

Black sounds like hell

Black is at its most joyful when

Black is strong

Dennis Quijada

Black

Black is hateful

Black is very

scary

Black enjoys scaring people with discouragement and perplexed

Black does not like being messed around with

Black exists in a world where everything is dark and death

And black hides from those who want to see it

Black smells like a rotten body that is being preserved

Black tastes like blood from a dead person in a crime scene

Black sounds like a haunted house full of ghosts screaming and pushing things around a room

Black is most joyful when someone dies

Black is hateful

Blue

Blue is calming

Blue is not scary

Blue enjoys life

And blue does not enjoy bad days

Blue exists in water

And blue hides from nothing

Blue taste sweet

Blue smells like a rainbow

Blue sounds like nothing

Blue is at its most joyful when you're having fun and not feeling down

Saul Morales

Blue

Blue color is powerful

Blue color the color of the sky

Blue color the color of the ocean

Spiritual loyal creative sensitive kind moody

Blue color denotes trust, warmth and anyone can wear it

Blue color is known as a "sad" color

Blue color is when I see the ocean, all my sorrow is washed away

Just the color blue makes me smile

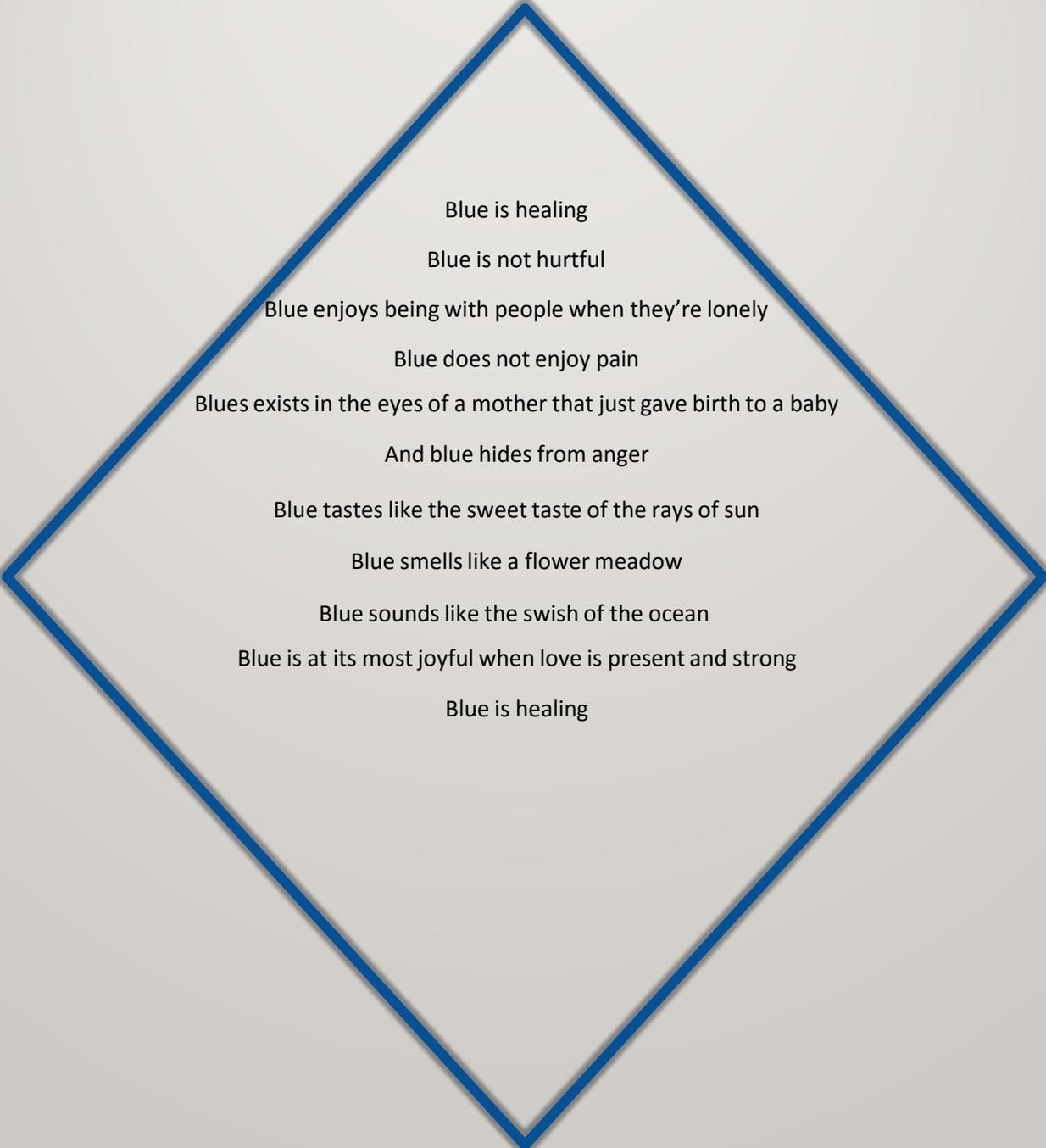
Blue symbolizes trust, loyalty, and confidence

A man has more chances to attract a woman if he wears the color blue

Blue makes me happy

I like wear a blue jeans of pants

Mubarek



Blue is healing

Blue is not hurtful

Blue enjoys being with people when they're lonely

Blue does not enjoy pain

Blues exists in the eyes of a mother that just gave birth to a baby

And blue hides from anger

Blue tastes like the sweet taste of the rays of sun

Blue smells like a flower meadow

Blue sounds like the swish of the ocean

Blue is at its most joyful when love is present and strong

Blue is healing

Black

Written by: Reo Tapia

Black is a happy color

Black is not joyful

Black enjoys scaring people

And black does not enjoy colorful colors

Black exists in evil people

And black hides from your emotions

Black tastes like black coffee

Black smells like dead animals

Black sounds like thunder

Black is at its most joyful when you wear it

Black is a happy color

Green

Written by Salvador

Green is healing

Green is not pain

Green enjoys healing the ones in need

And green does not enjoy hurting others

Green exists in anyone who is capable to help others

And green hides from people who want to hurt others

Green tastes like cool lemonade on a hot summer day

Green smells like limes filling the air with their citrus odor

Green sounds like screams being calmed down throughout the world

Green is at its joyful when it heals many people when they are harmed by others

Green is healing



Purple is a war color

Purple is a dreamy color

Purple is shy

Purple makes you feel relaxed

Purple is friendly

Purple is like peace without any wars

Purple is mystery

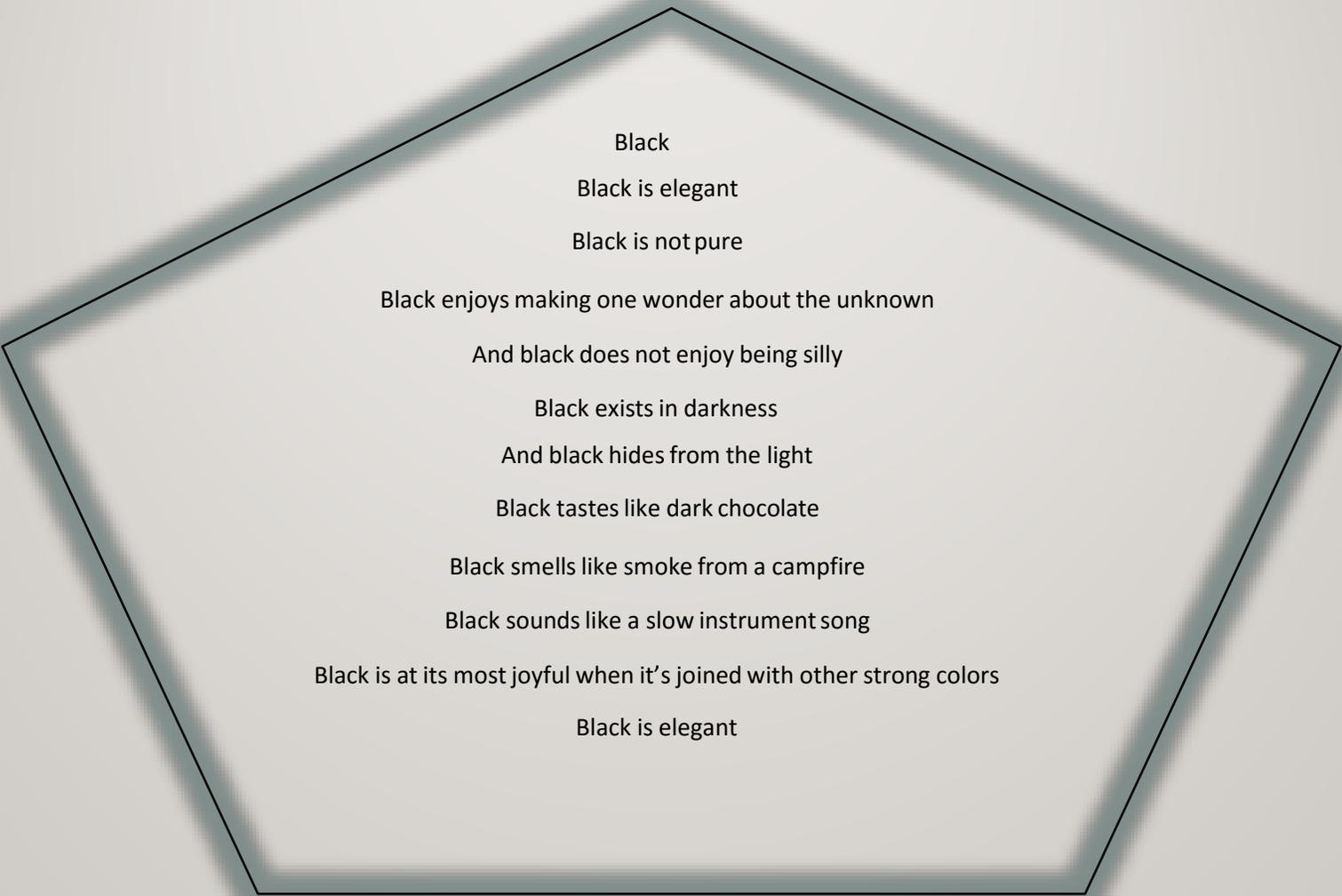
Purple makes me feel like home

Purple is always on my mind

Purple is happiness

Purple reminds me of who I am

Fatima Herrera



Black

Black is elegant

Black is not pure

Black enjoys making one wonder about the unknown

And black does not enjoy being silly

Black exists in darkness

And black hides from the light

Black tastes like dark chocolate

Black smells like smoke from a campfire

Black sounds like a slow instrument song

Black is at its most joyful when it's joined with other strong colors

Black is elegant

Yellow

Written by: Lora Tyndall

Yellow

Yellow is beautiful

Yellow is not a nasty color

Yellow is a sunflower

Yellow enjoys the breeze

Yellow does not enjoy loudness

Yellow exists in the flowers we choose to pick

And yellow hides from those who are disturbing the peace

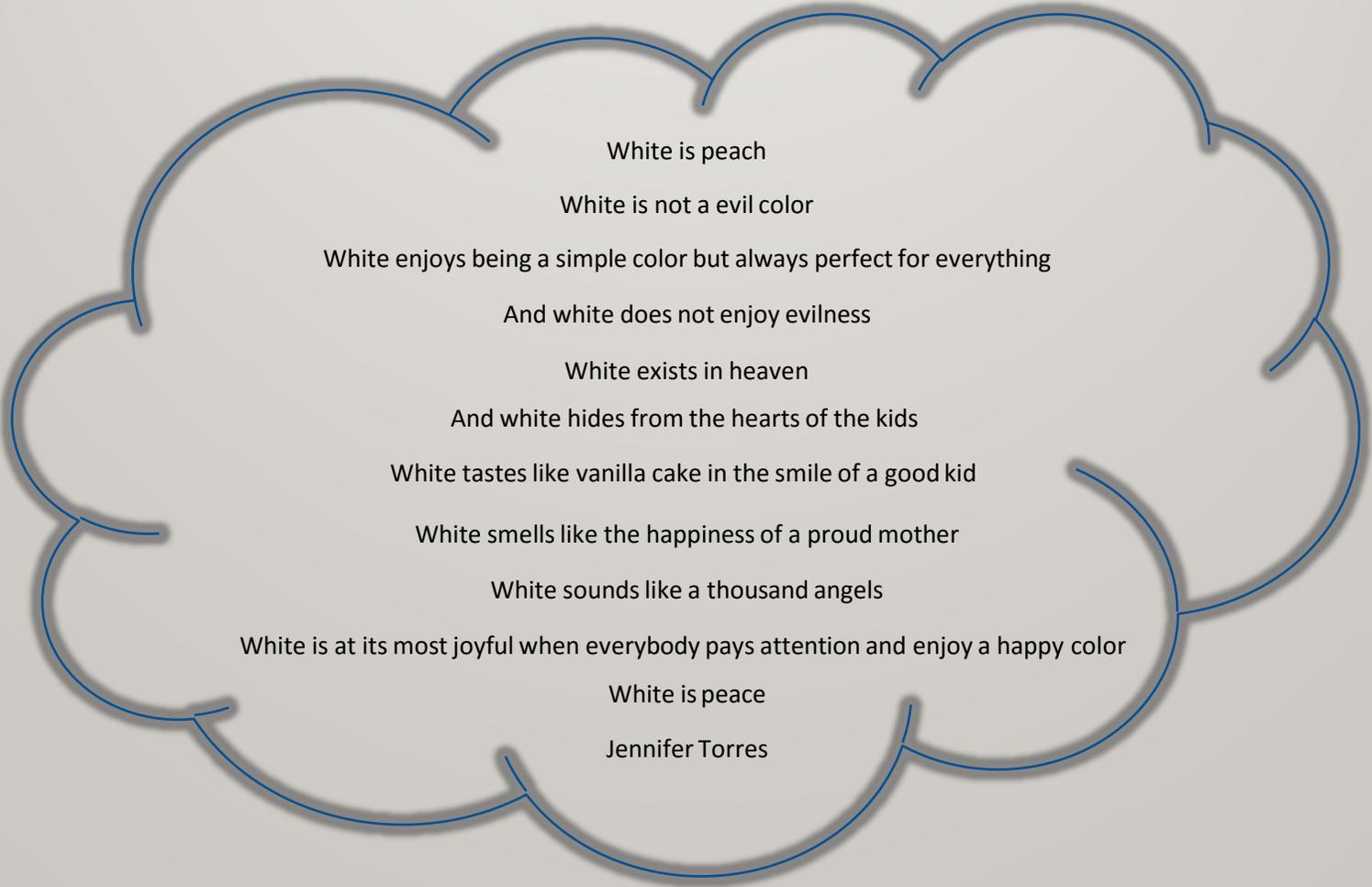
Yellow tastes like a really sweet cookie

Yellow smells like a very good perfume

Yellow sounds like a library, nice and quiet

Yellow is at its most joyful when it sees everybody happy

Yellow is beautiful



White is peach

White is not a evil color

White enjoys being a simple color but always perfect for everything

And white does not enjoy evilness

White exists in heaven

And white hides from the hearts of the kids

White tastes like vanilla cake in the smile of a good kid

White smells like the happiness of a proud mother

White sounds like a thousand angels

White is at its most joyful when everybody pays attention and enjoy a happy color

White is peace

Jennifer Torres



White

White is clean and nice

White is not dirty or mean

White enjoys flying

And white does not enjoy leaving

White exists in the sky and the ground

And white hides from the color black

White taste refreshing

White smells like soap

White sounds like wind

White is at its most joyful when it's next to blue

Written by Ulises Segoviano

Navy blue

Written by Genesis Topete

Navy blue is bold

Navy blue is not cheerful

Navy blue enjoys being the color of the ocean

Navy blue does not enjoy sunshine

Navy blue exists in the deep dark ocean waters

Navy blue hides from the bright colors

Navy blue tastes like sweet and bitter blueberries from the hot sizzling sun

Navy blue smells like blueberries pancakes from a restaurant

Navy blue sounds like waves hitting the surface of the sand and land

Navy blue is at its most joyful when the bright yellow sun comes down, and the sky gets navy blue

Navy blue is bold



Green

Green is open

Green is closed

Green enjoys discovering

And green does not enjoy holding secrets

Green exists in nature

And green hides from darkness

Green tastes like freedom

Green smells like freshness

Green sounds like outside

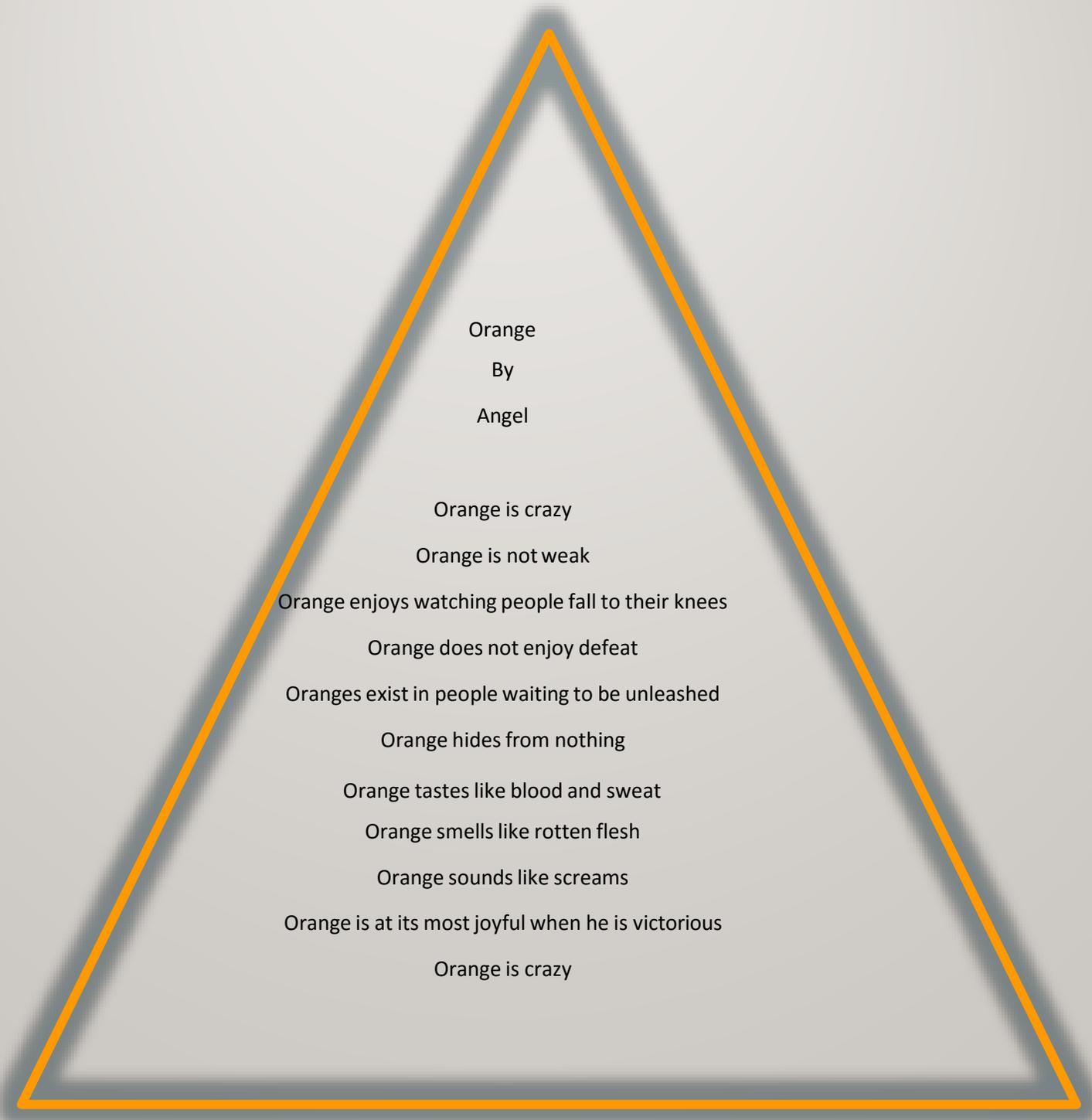
Green is at its most joyful when there is quantity

Green is open

Alan Macias



Blue has a gloomy feel
Blue is not a happy color
Blue sometimes shines bright
Blue sometimes shines dark
Blue appears in the saddest moments
Blue hides from its opposite, red
Blue tastes like sad sorrow
Blue smells like tragedy
Blue sounds like a voice crying
Blue is joyful when the sun shines and the clear sky peeps everywhere
Blue has a gloomy feel
Israel Mireles



Orange

By

Angel

Orange is crazy

Orange is not weak

Orange enjoys watching people fall to their knees

Orange does not enjoy defeat

Oranges exist in people waiting to be unleashed

Orange hides from nothing

Orange tastes like blood and sweat

Orange smells like rotten flesh

Orange sounds like screams

Orange is at its most joyful when he is victorious

Orange is crazy



Black is dark

Black hardly ever happy

Black like being the death color

Black doe no like happy crowds

Black exists at funerals

And black hides from the light

Black tastes like dark chocolate

Black smells like smoke coming out of a fire

Black sounds like an empty room with windows open

Black is at its most joyful when everyone leaves it alone

Black is dark

By

Sammi Maldonado

Blue

By: Hailey Wertz

Blue is sad

Blue is not happy

Blue enjoys bringing sadness to people

And blue doesn't enjoy being happy

Blue exists in everyone

And blue hides from everyone's eyes

Blue tastes like yummy blueberries Blue

smells like the fragrant blue flower

Blue sounds like a beautiful blue bird singing a song

Blue is at its most joyful when it's with the other colors

Blue is sad

Orange

Orange is delicate

Orange is not

rusty

Orange enjoys being confident

Orange exist on the flawless patterns on the monarch butterfly

And orange hides from those who don't appreciate

Orange taste topical mangos dancing in your mouth

Orange smells like bitter pumpkin pie in the chilly autumn

Orange sounds like sneaky mouse traveling around the house

Orange is at its most joyful when it gains attention

Orange is

delicate Valerie



Blue

by

Max Pulido

Blue is soothing

Blue is not in thunderstorms

Blue enjoys being calm

Blue does not enjoy clouds

Blue exists in babies

And blue hides from mean people

Blue tastes like cotton candy

Blue smells like sugar

Blue sounds like a baby crying

Blue is at its most joyful when everyone thinks about what it

Blue is soothing

Green

Green is good

Green is very healthy

Green enjoys recycling

And green does not enjoy littering

Green exist in greed

And green hides from garbage

Green tastes like warm broccoli

Green smells like grass

Green sounds like go

Green is at its most joyful when you clean and recycle

Green is good

Raymond

Blue

By Moises Rodriguez-

Fernandez Blue is loyalty

Blue is not dishonest

Blue loves people telling the truth

Blue hates liars

Blue exists in the loyalty of blue eyes of a wolf to his pack

And blue hides from dishonest

Blue taste like blueberry pie

Blue smells like a blue kool aid while mixing

Blue sounds like the ocean is waving at me

Blue is at its most joyful when swimming bottom of the floor

Blue is loyalty

Pink

Written by Vania

Pink is delicate

Pink is not rough

Pink enjoys dancing

And pink does not enjoy wrestling

Pink exists in her cheeks

And pink hides from the darkness

Pink tastes like sweet rose water

Pink smells like azaleas

Pink sounds like a cello

Pink is at its most joyful when it dances

Pink is delicate

Grohling

This is a grohling.

It lives in the gound, in Georgia, in graveyards, and in Greece. A grohling eats grass, green tomatoes, graphes, and Greek gods. It likes green grass, ghouls, gelato, and gold.

glows, grabs, and grows.

One day a grohling grabbed a green tomato and threw it at me.

By Kasey Koster

Caladius

This is a caladius.

It lives in castles, creeks, cribs and canyons.

A caladius eats cupcakes, cucumbers, cabbage, and cantalopes.

It cackles, climbs, and creates chaos.

One day a caladius crawled in my room and cracked my camera.

By Mackenzie Haukap



Pink

By Clarissa

Pink is sweet

Pink is not a sour color

Pink enjoys being sassy

And pink does not enjoy little

Pink exists in every little girl's fairy tales

Pink tastes like yummy sweet bubble gums

Pink smells like a pina colada on a summer afternoon

Pink sounds like a Mean Girls catch phrase

Pink is at its most joyful when everyone listens to what she has to say

Pink is sweet

Blue

Written by Summer

Blue is calm

Blue is not flashy

Blue enjoys being relaxing

And blue does not enjoy being depressing

Blue exists in the sky ocean

And blue hides from danger

Blue tastes like fresh blueberries

Blue smells like salt from the ocean

Blue sounds like the ocean waves moving

Blue is most joyful when others are around

Blue is calm

Blue

Blue is beautiful

Blue does not like the color black

Blue enjoys having little kids in the room

Blue does not like having the attention

Blue is in the eyes of a little baby when its happy

And blue finds the ones who try to hide

Blue tastes like amazing blue raspberries warm from the summer

Blue sounds like a peaceful time

Blue is at its most happy when everybody is happy

Blue is beautiful

By: Noemi Lemus

Orange

Orange is powerful

Orange is fun not color

Orange enjoys being powerful color

And orange doesn't enjoy of being not looking like the sun

Orange exists in the sun

And orange taste like sugar

Orange smells like something good

Orange sound like bird

Orange is joyful when its sunset

Orange is powerful.

By Yasin Farah



Adrian Magana

Blue

Blue is peaceful

Blue is somewhat shy

Blue enjoys being calm krispy clean

Blue is loud color

Blue is wavy like the ocean trying to land on the beach

Blue does not like to be silent

Blue tastes like a very clean taste

Blue smells very krispy

Blue sounds like the ocean

Blue is as joyful as the nice blue sunny sky

Blue is peaceful

Orange

Written by Sofia

Reynoso Orange is loud

Orange is not at all silent

Orange enjoys being noticed by everyone

Orange does not enjoy being ignored

Orange exists during the month of October

Orange hides from those who are louder than it

Orange tastes like the candy corn you get on Halloween

Orange smells like sour citrus fruit

Orange sounds like a room filled with laughter

Orange is at its most joyful when everyone notices it

Orange is loud

Blue

Written by Ricky Rodriguez

Blue is beautiful

Blue is not at all risky

Blue enjoys being popular

Blue does not like red

And blue tries to hide behind white clouds

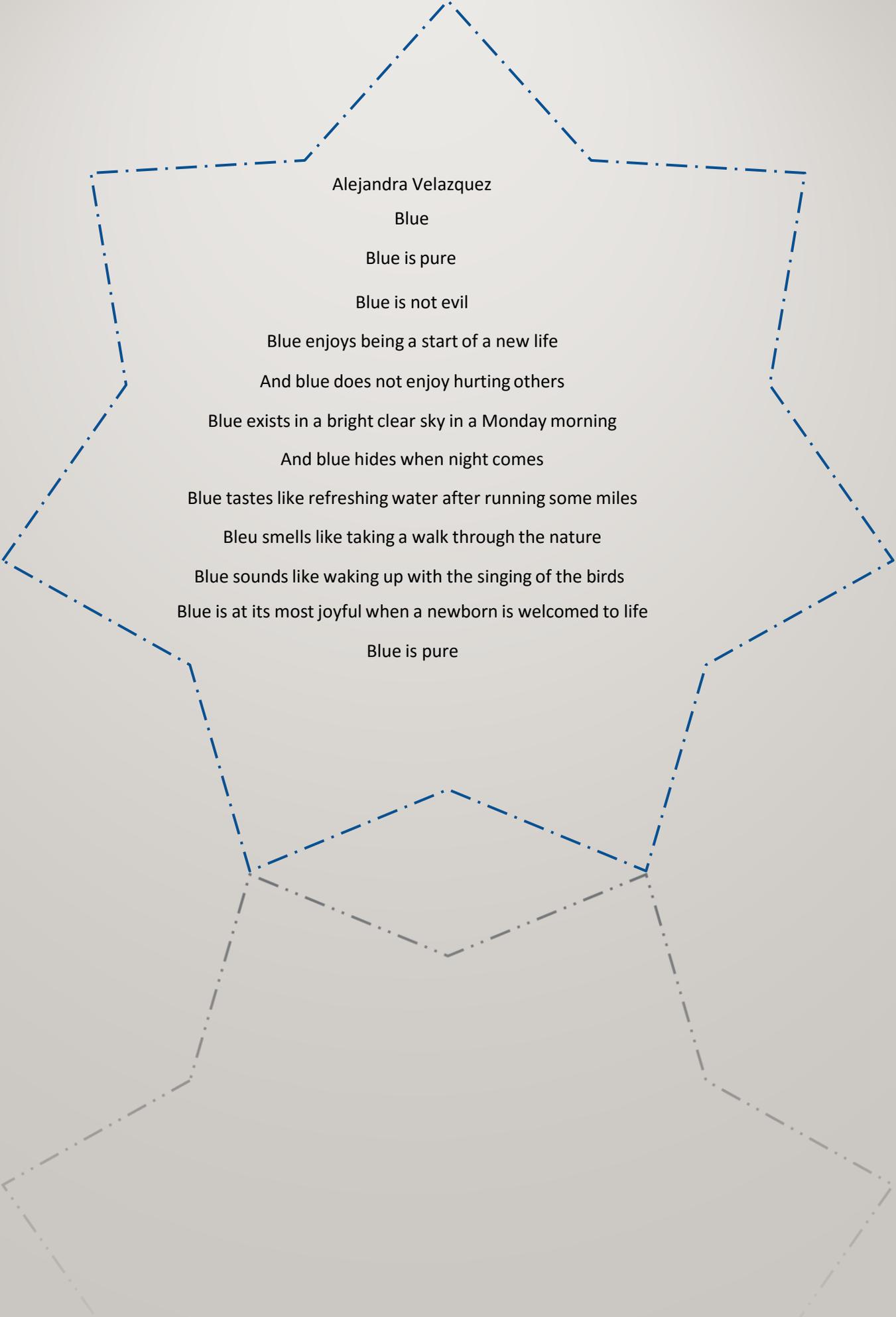
Blue tastes like sweet blueberries

Blue smells like fresh cleaned sheets on a bed

Blue sounds like the beautiful blue clear water in Bora Bora

Blue is most joyful when everyone looks at the sky

Blue is beautiful



Alejandra Velazquez

Blue

Blue is pure

Blue is not evil

Blue enjoys being a start of a new life

And blue does not enjoy hurting others

Blue exists in a bright clear sky in a Monday morning

And blue hides when night comes

Blue tastes like refreshing water after running some miles

Blue smells like taking a walk through the nature

Blue sounds like waking up with the singing of the birds

Blue is at its most joyful when a newborn is welcomed to life

Blue is pure

Black

Written by Daisy Almaraz

Black is death

Black is not at all happy

Black enjoys being in the dark

Black does not enjoy noises

Black exists in darkness of a black eye as in a dark room

And black hides from the light colors

Black taste like black twizzlers

Black smells like plain

Black sounds like rock and loud

Black is at most joyful when hearing loud music

Black is death



Gray is calm

Gray does not like being the center of attention

Gray enjoys doing orderly things

Gray doesn't like being the most important

Gray exists in basic calm places

Gray hides from other brighter colors

Gray tastes normal and nothing special

Gray smells like a clean new place

Gray is at its most joyful when it gets a normal day of life

Gray is calm

Blake

Black

Written by Jose Plascencia

Black is sadness

Black is not joyful

Black loves to be there for people with sadness

And black does not like making people happy

Black exists in people's mood after losing someone

And black hides from joyful people and happiness

Black tastes like depression

Black sounds like pieces of broken hearts

Black sounds like screams coming from accidents

Black is at its most joyful when beat darkness and sadness

Black is sadness

White is constant

White is not sad

White enjoys being used

White does not enjoy being ignored

White exists in the world

White hides from darkness

White taste like rainbows

White smells like fruit

White sounds like fun

White is at the mist joyful when not hurt

White is constant

Martin Mar

White is constant

White is not sad

White enjoys being used

White does not enjoy being ignored

White exists in the world

White hides from darkness

White taste like rainbows

White smells like fruit

White sounds like fun

White is at the mist joyful when not

Purple

- Written by Xiadany Mares
- Purple is the beauty of dawn
- Purple is not war
- Purple enjoys royalty among everyone
- Purple does not enjoy dullness
- Purple exists in love and friendship
- And purple hides from those with negative intentions
- Purple tastes like tiny luscious plum
- Purple smells like a big ripe stock of grapes sitting in the sun
- Purple is at its most joyful when it is being represented and shown
- Purple is the beauty of dawn

Blue

Written by

Angel Blue is

amazing Blue is

not silly

Blue enjoys being the color of water

Blue does not enjoy being mixed with other colors

Blue exists in the wetness of the ocean

And blue hides from bad guys

Blue tastes like blueberries chilled by the cold winter breeze

Blue smells like a smurf

Blue sounds like waves splashing against land

Blue is at its most joyful

When people are nice to it

Blue is amazing

Purple

Purple is happy

Purple is not sad

Purple enjoys talking

Purple does not enjoy to not talk

Purple exists in the bright and sunny day

And purple exists in the bright and sunny day

And purple hide from sadness

Purple tastes like fresh grapes

Purple smells like grape juice

Purple sounds like laughter

Purple is at its most joyful when they talk

Purple is happy

Priscilla Garcia

Color Blue

Written by Ali

Blue is peace

Blue is not shy at all

Blue enjoys peace and harmony

Blue does not enjoy fighting

Blue is the innocent little happy eyes of a little baby

And blue hides from those who bring destruction

Blue tastes like sweet berries who are fresh and new

Blue smells like the salty smell of the great ocean

Blue sounds like the laughter of little children

Blue is at its most joyful when there is quiet and peace

Blue is peace



Black

Black is deep

Black is not at all happy

Black enjoys going out at night

Black does not enjoy the loudness

Blacks exists in people's mind when they are negative

And black hides from people that are loud and cheerful

Black tastes like a nasty old cigarette

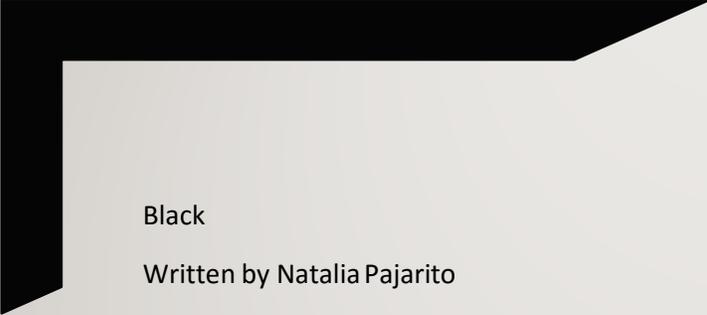
Black smells like a burning building smoke being everywhere

Black sounds like cars crashing into each other when they are on the phone

Black is at its most joyful when it's quiet and he's all alone

Black is deep

By Maria Martinez



Black

Written by Natalia Pajarito

Black is dark

Black is not joyful

Black enjoys to feel strong and powerful

Black does not enjoy being told what to do

Black exists in unknown formality

And black hides from your emotions, but naturally suppresses your feelings and desire

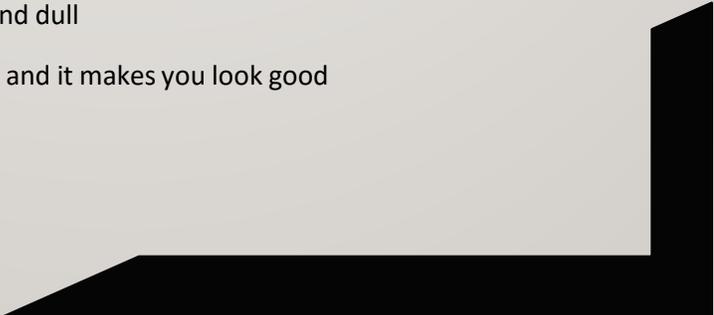
Blacks taste like horrible black garlic

Black smells like coffee being made in the morning

Black sounds like a cafeteria that is quiet and dull

Black is at its most joyful when you wear it and it makes you look good

Black is dark





Black

Written by: Jennifer Marquez

Black is a happy color

Black is not joyful

Black enjoys scaring people

And black does not enjoy colorful colors

Black exists in evil people

And black hides from your emotions

Black tastes like black coffee

Black smells like dead animals

Black sounds like thunder

Black is at its most joyful when you wear it

Black is a happy color



Blue

Written by Joseph Morales

Blue is heavenly

Blue is not ugly

Blue enjoys being the ocean

And blue does not enjoy being silenced

Blue exists in someone when sad

And hides from red

Blue tastes like blueberries

Blue smells like the ocean

Blue sounds like dolphins

Blue is more joyful when someone's happy

Blue is heavenly



Blue

Written by Donovan Orozco

Blue is peaceful

Blue is not blood

Blue enjoys being exposed

And blue hides from those who try to fight

Blue tastes like heaven

Blue smells like brand new

Blue sounds like SSC, quiet and peaceful

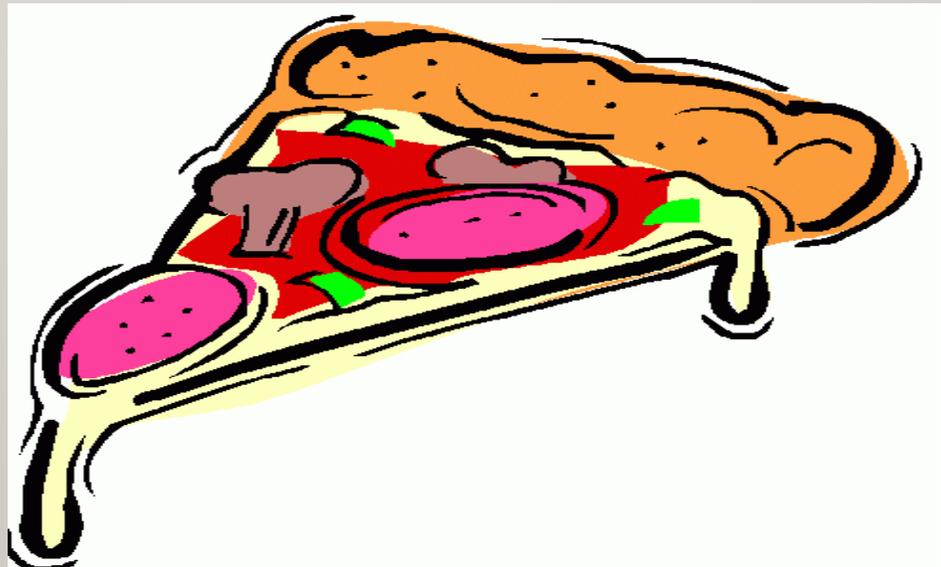
Blue is at its most joyful when a lot of people take care about him

Blue is peaceful



Food

Hi, my name is Alex
And my poem is strange, but I don't care
I love food
Food is good
My life is food
My love is food
All I want is food
There's man types of food
But my favorite are donuts
There's chocolate, glazed and sprinkle donuts
I just love to eat them for breakfast lunch and dinner
They are my life
I had no idea what to write my poem about
So, I wrote about food
Food is good
Food keeps us energized
Food makes us happy
Food does make us fat
Only if you eat, unhealthy
But, who cares how you look
So, just eat whatever you want
Alex Sotelo





This is a story about a scarlet letter...yeah
It just hit me as I laid my head down
No one around me in the dark cold night, I hear a sound
In my head repeat track of everything you've ever said
Must be something, but it's nothing, so I just go back to bed
It's four, crack the door to the hallways in my dreams
But it seems my hallway keeps closing in on me
Forcing me out, making me think about you and how you're gone
I see 4:05 in teary eyes and then I write this song
And I just can't believe it has to be this way
You know we say it seems to me that it was just the other day
I saw your face, I saw your light, you ran the race, you fought the fight
But now it's all being torn down for me tonight
And I know it might be a little selfish for me to say
But I need to know if you've thought of me at all today
Cause every day I walk past the place you lived 5 days of the week
And now it's ten after four and I am taken by sleep
Spending hours on end, deciding what I'd say to a friend if I ever saw him again

By Elizabeth Tongish



-Tyler Joseph taken by sleep
A cat! It is so soft and small
It pranced along the houses wall
It looked so innocent and sweet
Until I come to meet her teeth
My love for cats it is so great
My heart melts 'til the dusk of day
The night it comes when she's alone
She jumps and walks 'til the night has come
Her beauty I compare –par none
Her mind it wanders until she spots
A mouse, the target he has sought
She runs at it with all her might
Then wham!!
The mouse out like a light
Success
She saved the house again
Now the small cat I call a friend
Lays on my lap curled in a ball
Exhausted from the rodent maul
She rises from her gentle bed
And comes attacks me once again

-Liz Tongish

Eric Flores

As my speech teacher asks me to write a poem

Not knowing what to do, I write a random poem

I'm still deciding on either if it should be on cats, dogs, maybe even frogs

I don't know but what I do know is that I'm hungry

But dang I don't want chicken it's good and all but I like my chicken boneless

I promise I'm not tripping I was almost caught slipping

I went to this senior girl and said

"aye baby let me get your snap"

Then she said "I'm 17" **with chuckles**

Then I said "girl if your 17 then I'm 17" **I winked at her**

A man walks up and she says

"This is my mans" Then I said

"Girl I don't give a damn"

The man started to chase almost like a race

And I tripped him he fell on his face

I went to my house to feed my pet mouse

But my sister was there and I pulled her by her hair

So I sat on my couch and started watching "The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air"

One last thing that I want to say

Is that all of you should have a good day.





Soccer

Not a sport but a passion
When you play the game there is fun to be done
There are goals to be scored
There are games to be won
The magical things you can do with that ball
Makes you the greatest winner of all
No gratings
No glory
No bruises
No story
No goals, no one will ever know me
Even if someone takes the ball
Never will I ever fall
Never in my life will I give up
Even if my time is almost up
What else can I say?
It can be really fun if you know how to play
I have a twin that mentors me to play
So I can be a great player like him someday
Even though that will never happen
You'll never catch me slackin'
This is why soccer is my favorite sport and my passion

Our feet are shackled
And our minds are baffled
The work is hard
And our minds are scarred
They teach us no lessons
But still expect perfection
They disrespect us
And even reject us
They kick us out
And scream and shout
Everybody has spoken
The system is broken
Tired of being cheated
And tired of being beaten
Something we won't stand for
Won't take it anymore
I'm ready to quit
I'm all done with it
This is not cool
This is South Sioux City High School

Poem by Grant Fitch



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HAITI

Haiti, I go

Waking up from home, going to the airport

First time flying I'm freighted

Take off flying high above the birds what a view

I traveled far from Sioux City to Chicago to Florida to Haiti

I go places I have never been and seen

I landed in Haiti tired of flying ready to leave

We hopped on a bus from the airport

I get to see Haiti for the first time

I see all the poverty and the rich

Young children without clothes, shoes, and a tarp for a home

I get to where we were staying blocked by guards with guns

And a school on the grounds with children learn English

I get some rest

For the next couple of days, we traveled up and down this mountain

3,000 feet in the air

We go to a village and meet kids and the people of the village

And did way more things there and had fun but at the end of the day

Traveling back home with all the layovers and the sleep

I am pillaged to live in America with electricity, running water, and have clothes and shoes

As America, what could we do to help this country?

Haiti is a poverty country, but a strong one and happy one with people who love you.

Haiti will always have a home in my heart.

By Erick Dunnick

The Pitch

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Cristal Delatorre

Fish So Beautiful

So small

So innocent

Skin so rough

Color so bright

It will blind you like the light

Swim so fast

Like the 40-yard dash

Catch me on the reef

With a lot of beef

Hanging with franklin

The plankton

Oh, I see the hook

I'm going to get cooked

That's when I looked

And saw the shark

In the dark

And in a flash

I see my life

I'm dead

Yvette

of death

Walking down the street

As I hear gunshot, Bang, Bang!

Looking at my feet, listening to my heartbeat, fear of death I

ran like I was in track meet, gunshot chasing me Screaming,

Momma! Momma! Momma! Help me! Help me! I swear

you birds mock my words, tweet! Tweet!

I give them a little something: wheat

As they eat. Tweet tweet

Brother and sister

People are dying

Who is there to blame?

They are dead

Lencho Abdurahman



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The feeling that you're all alone
They're all gone. You grab your phone
Quickly scrolling through your list
Phone is bleeding down your wrist
You bring the phone to your ear
Low sad voice, you begin to hear
Voice whispers, don't look back
You slowly glance, it's all black
Dropped the phone, as you run
You fall over, a bloody gun
In your pocket, you hear a ring
You reach in, you feel a sting
Poison hits you, right away
It is clear, you're the prey
You look back, they lay alone
Holding on, to their phone

In this city a manhunt has started
For whom has killed without remorse
When you think you had him he is a step ahead
How many has he killed is it two or is it three
We will never know
When night comes it's his time
Hunting like a predator for his prey
On the hunt he is tonight
At night safe it is not
For he will kill without remorse
Kid or adult he does not care
As long as he gets the rush of the kill
Five or six how many has he killed
We will never know
Man or women he does not care
As long as he gets the rush from the kill
Days have passed without trace
Who is the killer we will not know
How many must die before he is found
In the city the manhunt continues

Juan V

Cars

Cars come in many shapes and sizes
Some are fast, some are slow
Some are big
And some are low

A lot of cars are plain and simple
But those that are cool
Have some unique features
And that is what makes them special

There are old and new cars
And red cars and blue cars
There are dirty cars and clean cars
And there are mean cars, too

The rich have the fancy cars
With the black leather seats
While the rest of us are stuck
With plain old cloth fabric

Not that I've told you
A few thing about cars
Grad your keys
And shoot for the stars
Luis Lopez



“My love for Basketball”

My love for basketball is huge

Because I could not represent for basketball

It did kindly represent for me

Does basketball give you goosebumps?

Does it?

Because it sure does for me

Because I could illustrate for sports

It did kindly illustrate for me

You may illustrate

With your horrific lies

But still, like the morning sun. I'll rise

Dunks, however, rare as they are

Will always be big

Never forget the momentous and huge dunks

Pay attention to the gridiron

The gridiron is the reddest cookware of all

Are you upset by how crimson it is?

Does it tear you apart to see the gridiron so Marxist?

Because I could not induct for basketball

It did kindly induct for me

Basketball, basketball everywhere

Yet not a drop to induct

It does induct

It does draft

It does play

For it will never go away

Shukri Irre

The devil

Works in mysterious ways

Everyday

Every hour

Every second

Bringing dismay

And clouds of grey

Disguised as you and I

Confusing your mind

Because that's the evil devil's way

Always telling me

Do this

Do that

Look to your left

Look to your right

The devil is in you and I

Pulling devious tricks

Bringing dismay

And a whole lot of grey

Confusing your mind

Because that's the evil devil's way

Dathan Klassen



Soccer

People love me,

But always seem to kick

me, I am never hated,

But the ending of games are always debated,

I don't know why we can't get

along. But, I guess the ref is always

wrong, I am called many names

But, I am still the same,

People would die for

me,

And some may cry,

I am a sport that makes people sin,

But, make people happy when they

win, I can make you sad.

And the games can sometimes be bad,

Yes, you might be mad,

But, please don't pout,

I will always be

there, Please don't

doubt Now go

bonkers, Because I

am soccer. By Eric

Munoz

Air

The oxygen has escaped my lungs

This happens quite often

Because after years

And years,

It's like a never ending hole in my stomach

This queasiness of anxiety

Take a deep breath

Count to three,

One,

Two,

Three,

Tell yourself you'll be fine,

The torture of my own mind

There is much more

So much more that you think you're even lucky to be here

Yes, there is that few handful of people you hold dear to your heart

You know they have loved you from the start

Hugs and kisses everyday

But I still can't escape from my mind and all the pain

So, if you are out there and feeling all alone

Don't be afraid

We are alone together

Morgan

Corvette

Corvettes are red, mustangs are blue
Mar car still runs circles around you
My car be hitting the quarter mile
While yours is still at the starting line
Don't waste your time, who's next in line
You said you'd beat mine, that's a lie
Always in front of you, never behind you
Catch me always vrooming past you
It's the best, yes, I've told you
You know my car is the best in the whole school
Don't you wish you had it?
Always see you starring at it
I know you're jealous but don't bash on it
Don't hate on it or I'll tell people how your car lost, I'm about it
Yes, I'm about it
Watch my car skirt, skirt out of it
We're close to the end
My corvette is still red
And at the end of the day
You're still as the end

By Oscar Loza

Sleep

What's more gentle than

Fading into the quiet midnight?

What's more soothing than

The relaxing music?

What's more tranquil than the

Ocean waves?

What's more calm than

Dreaming happily?

What's more peaceful than

Rolling under a warm blanket

On your lonely bed?

What's more comforting than

Dreaming of heaven?

What's more healthful than

Deeply breathing?

What's more serene than

The breeze of summer?

What's more strange than

Dying away in the silent, glory night?

Nothing is more beautiful than

The beauty of sleep.

By Sabirin Mohamud



Blorgon the Blue Being

This is a blorgon.

It lives in blossoms, bushes, and behind bee hives.

A blorgon eat bees, berries and beets.

It likes beads, bright lights, braces, and beat boxing.

It bumps into bus signs, brags and bounces the blorgon ball.

It beat me at basketball and broke my bicycle.

Simple and Plain Life?

What if life was simple and plain?

As if every human being was born the same

Where our love was eternal

And had no dead end

Then and maybe then will all of our hatred end?

What if we could all just fly away?

To a sea where people rise from the dead

And change for the better of ways

Would you?

I would, I would change to where we were all equal and the same

Where we could all be loved

Some, and only some, would die for such a change

Those who were killed, were put to shame

What if we never existed?

We took something that was never ours

A world that we put to flames

What if

Is only a saying?

And so is the word "love"

What if love was all we said?

Jesus Pastran

The Void

I have this void in my heart that cannot be filled

Sometimes I wonder if it ever will

Will come back to me?

Will I see you again?

I beg god to see you in my dreams

To hold your hand and kiss your cheek

I need you the most and you aren't here

I try so hard to fill this hole

All the happiness had been sucked out of me

Never again will I feel whole

The days that you have been gone become weeks

Becoming months, eventually becoming years

I try to hold in to that happiness

Where has it gone?

You have taken it with you

You have robbed me of your presence

Robbed me of your love

I want to scream to the skies to give you back

I want to tell them you made it beautiful

At the end I can't bring you back

And here I am, left in this darkness without you

Mixtly Perez

On Top of the World

Sitting on top of the world

Got life in both of my hands

These days I think twice when I can

Money on my mind

As the lord as my witness

Love don't live here

She don't even visit

Love for my mom

She cooking in the kitchen

But I'm a monster exorcism

Got these tools like mechanics

No one harder

No one gives you a chance

Got to take these chances in life

Or be broken branches

Future is now

Let the past die put it in the casket

And when life gets deep

Don't be afraid to dive

Buried alive

Life's a murder show give you good seats

Trey Meier

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Cristal Delatorre

I have a skateboard
With the speed of light
Going past the park
Late at night
I see no smile
On people's hearts
I play the game
Kingdom hearts
The sky feels
So far apart
I see snakes
Then I see fakes
The wind passing
By I feel so awake
But nothing feels real
As I see the dawn near
Kevin Ayala



Basic Training

Early mornings

Late nights

Constant mental fights

Training to be a soldier

As the days grow older

Running multiple miles

As they wipe away our smiles

Running this endless race

As the drill sergeants yell in our face

Getting lost in the sky

Counting the days go by

Connection to the outside world is lost

As we prepare to be soldiers at any cost

Our everyday lives are forced to pivot

As our bodies are being pushed to the limit

We fight to go the full length

As they test our physical and mental strength

As we near the end

We become eager to see our loved ones again

After long waiting we are finally graduating

Brandon Bethe

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Jesus Jacob Pastran

Schizophrenia

S-c-h i-z o-p-h r-e n-i-a

Long term mental disorder

A breakdown between thought, emotions, and behavior

A faulty perception

Inappropriate actions

INAPPROPRIATE ACTIONS

Delusion.

The thing that destroyed my family

You had it.

You choose to get off your meds

And the, my life MY LIFE fell apart

Fake father

I went to you when me and my mom had problems

I almost trusted you, my schizophrenic

But you got off of your meds

It started with the arguing

She was cheating

You were cheating

But nobody was actually cheating

Then it got physical

You threw me against that wall and I never trusted you again

But when I held my mom

And I felt the bones rattle in her body like a broken skeleton trying to break free as she sobbed
on my shoulder telling me she did nothing wrong

The cracked phone

My cracked dreams

My mothers cracked her soul

All the cracked skin

Now I'm gone

You're gone

I fled the whole city

You're in prison

My mom drown herself in work to escape the thought of you

And none of us will ever be the same

So thank you, Mr. Schizophrenic

For taking a little girl

And making her grow up way too fast

Taylor Hackney

What Can You Do?

What can you even do?

At this point you're not even in control

At this point you're constantly questioning what's genuine and what's not

Who even cares?

By now everyone is sick of you

By now nobody keeps you around for any reason other than pity

Where can even go once you've sank to the lowest levels accomplishable by humanity?

The correct answer to most would be to go up

The correct answer to me is probably to surprise yourself and sink even lower

Nothing matters anymore

You sink

And you sink

And you sink

Until there's nowhere left to go

You sink until your self-worth is nothing but a sad, bruised lump of what it used to be

People don't care

They never did

You can't fool yourself for even a moment into thinking they could

All that accomplishes is hurting yourself even more

At what point do you stop letting others hurt you?

Are they even hurting you?

Your mind is too messed up

You don't know what's really happening and what you're over exaggerating anymore

What can you even do?

At this point, you're not even in control

Ariana Hernandez

Roses are red
Violets are blue
You said that we are friends
But I know it's not true
Through the ups and downs
You said I'm here to talk
Whenever you may need me
But in reality that never happened
Who knew that every hug you gave
Would also be a knife stabbing
In my back
I know things about you
And I would never tell anyone
About them
But you on the other hand
Spread rumors like wildfire
Did you even care about how I feel?
I tried to fix our friendship
But your true colors
And I found out who you really are
You truly are a fake friend
Angel Roth



Left alone

Don't leave me alone. (Please don't!)
The next day I see you running away
Leaving me there, a 3 year old baby girl
You see me there begging for you to come back
But all there was, tears in your eyes still leaving
me there
Leaving me there alone
Didn't bother to say goodbye...forever
Emptiness has scarred my soul
Thoughts of you never cease
And each day of my life
Feels severely incomplete
Years passed
Never heard you since
Forcing myself to dismiss you from my mind
You weren't coming back
I've never felt so deserted
You've been told
She ain't coming back, forget it
Are you making her up?
You're crazy, you're stupid
You don't even know her
Everyday these words stuck in your head
You're making her up, you're crazy, you're
stupid
SHE'S NOT COMING BACK, FORGET IT
I don't know how many times I've cried t night,
wanting to see you again
I get a phone call
Is there a Anamary Lira?
Yes, that's me? Who is this?

Just wanted to inform you,
Your sister is finally coming home
You look back at those people who never
believed you
Saying you don't know her
She's not coming back, forget it
You're stupid, stop making up stories
When you can finally prove them wrong
You get another phone call
There is something else we should tell you
She's not how she used to be
She's a different person
She's not what you think she is
She has a mental, anxiety, bipolar disorder
You feel the earth stop, you start to crying
Knowing she's not what you thought she was
Knowing those people that said you don't know
her
Never got to prove them wrong
Always been wrong
You feel you have fallen in a black hole, not
knowing what to do
Asking for help but knowing no one is there for
you
Starting all over as how you started
Alone, scared little girl
Never finding out the truth'
Anamary Lira

Go ahead...

Go ahead and tell my people to go back to our country

Because this is "YOUR" land, stolen from the Native Americans, yet claimed as your own,
Nevertheless we are not welcome.

Go ahead and tell me that my people are stealing people's jobs

When my people are out in the fields working for 9-10 hours for less than minimum wage
And watch your people drive past that "Help Wanted" sign

Go ahead and call my people "Beaners"

Because I will pick beans for a hundred days straight if it shows you that my people are just as
deserving and just as hardworking as your people

Go ahead and call my people "Wetbacks"

Because our backs are wet with the tears of families torn apart by deportation

Go ahead, and tell me my people are ruining your culture

But on Cinco de Mayo your people reduce our culture down to nothing more than
A sombrero, a Piñata and half priced margaritas

Go ahead and tell me that you cannot wait for the wall to be built to keep my people out

Then turn your back and preach the word of the lord "Love thy neighbor as thyself"

My people are your neighbors but...I guess we don't count

So, go ahead

Brittany Murillo

Death is truly the only thing that doesn't discriminate

While so many others choose a side

Death wait until it's time to strike

While others rush ahead

Death doesn't care about your weight or gender

But it will kindly take you if you want it to

Death knows that some deserve more time

But lets it happen, for the fates have decided

While other try to stop it

And sometimes succeed

But death will be back for them

Because no one can escape him

Animals, people and plants

Nothing can resist him

Others try to keep death contained

But he is stronger than he looks

Standing over a crib

Or helping and old man walk

He doesn't care about your age or race or if you're loved

For when it's your time, it's your time

Death is truly the only thing that doesn't discriminate

Raelee Voss

It's early in the morning

What should I do?

Think and believe that I'm happy?

Or feel like I'm blue?

I don't really care

I never really did

It's only a matter of time before god knows my end

Or is it my beginning?

A new start?

I just wish it would end

The pain

The struggle

But that's life

I don't care

But there is always something in the back of my mind

Friends, family and hope.

Hope for a new beginning

Hope for a better living

For everyone

Maybe, I might just care

Angel De La Torre

Safe

The first time I heard that there was a shooting in Orlando

A real life mass murder

Of people like me.

Older, maybe

More experienced

But with my Real Life Problems I had just grown into

Was June 13th of 2016

The first time I came out was June 1st of that year

I often wonder why I barely remember the meantime.

Those 13 days

Why I failed to commit to memory the utter wonder of being "Out"

Truly out

Free to be unequivocally me

Why I didn't memorize every thought and feeling

Why I didn't file them away for me today to brows

Why I didn't commit them to memory as well as I've committed everything else

How I could have missed the opportunity

To crystallize those not-quite- 13 days what it felt like

To be safe

Because I don't recall ever having felt that after

Sophie Hanna

A young boy who loved to live and play
Who lived day by day
Loving life's colors and never considering the grey
Even though things were good, doesn't mean it lasted that way
Everything changed when the boy came home from school, unable to find his dad
Immigration services, the boy has never heard of that
The boy never got to say goodbye to his own dad
Mother fell apart and tried to raise the boy and his older sister all alone
And even though mother tried hard, the boy could see she couldn't do it on her own
What was the boy to do, I mean he was only young?
Can you imagine being seven and only worried about the roof over your head instead of playing
in the sun
Boy had felt new feelings
Couldn't talk to his mom or sister about it
That's because his sister left every chance she got
And his mom worked doubles back to back at every job
That left the boy with only a wall
It's 7th grade now and the boy's uncle has been released from prison
The boy is older and bottles his anger and refuses to listen

The uncle, one day reads the boy's eyes and says "I know you're full of pain"
He hugs the boy and says "but I love you, and that will never change"
The boy was happy to be able to reconnect with society
The boy's happiness only lasted that day
Because his uncle shot himself the next day

Omar Ponce