

Dagnabit!

By: Jadya Mardy

Dagnabit I can't remember anything today

(dagnabit's my catch phrase, it's just something that I say)

Everything is going wrong,

And the day has been so very long

I lost my socks, can't find my plate,

My phone is cracked and missing to date.

A soccer ball hit me right in the face,

Maybe that's why I can't remember a thing or a place?

My cat drove me nuts, I ran into a wall,

(might be from the accident with by face and the ball)

I walked home in the rain and my feet got all wet.

Dagnabit that's how I lost my socks I bet.

My dinner was messy, I guess it's my fate

Or maybe because I did not use a plate.

Did not do the dishes, then mopped the floor,

tripped over my cat, hit my head on the door,

tried to get up and fell on my back...

Dagnabit, that's why my phone has a crack.

Swore up and down because of the brake,

(threw the phone to the side before I got a head ache)

Sat on the couch and then had a fit,

All the lost things were there... @#&*Dagnabit!!

An Ode to Trayvon

By: Jovawn McNeil

“I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands one Nation under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all”

We came together as a nation ‘cause our Forefathers were oppressed.

Isn’t it kinda funny that our people are still being suppressed

From our ideas, to our movements, to every step along the plane?

Every whisper, every fear, is trapped like Lois Lane,

Waiting for our next savior to save us but it’s still in vain.

I’m not talking about my color, even though that defense it true,

This color has seen the nightmares of guns and bombs without adieu,

But the real suppressed are all of you.

We all feel the pain of being different but what do we always do:

“He’s too dark,” “She’s too pale,” “She’s too skinny,” “His nose is too wide,”

We all don’t have to die like Trayvon to see that being different is hard to hide.

I preach Black Lives, but we aren’t the only ones who *matter*.

Every color in the rainbow deserves its place in the sky,

But yet if I look around I know that some of you will live better than I.

I hope that because of your merit, that some of you will rise,

But all I know is that if I escape a cell the whole community will arise.

Throw me a parade like I’m Michael Jackson in his prime,

Because I’m a little black boy who managed not to die.

While all those lives that didn’t have the luxury as mine

Will be pushed aside and treated as though they would be better off if they died.

Bud deep inside I know the truth that no person is better than I,

No race can be stronger, no religion can carry more weight;

I preach the gospel but there is only so much I can tolerate.

It’s only a matter of time before I reach my predestined fate,

So before I go I must say the battle never stops,

The war we’ll always wage, because our mission will never end

Until all people on this earth can be seen as different but still treated the same.