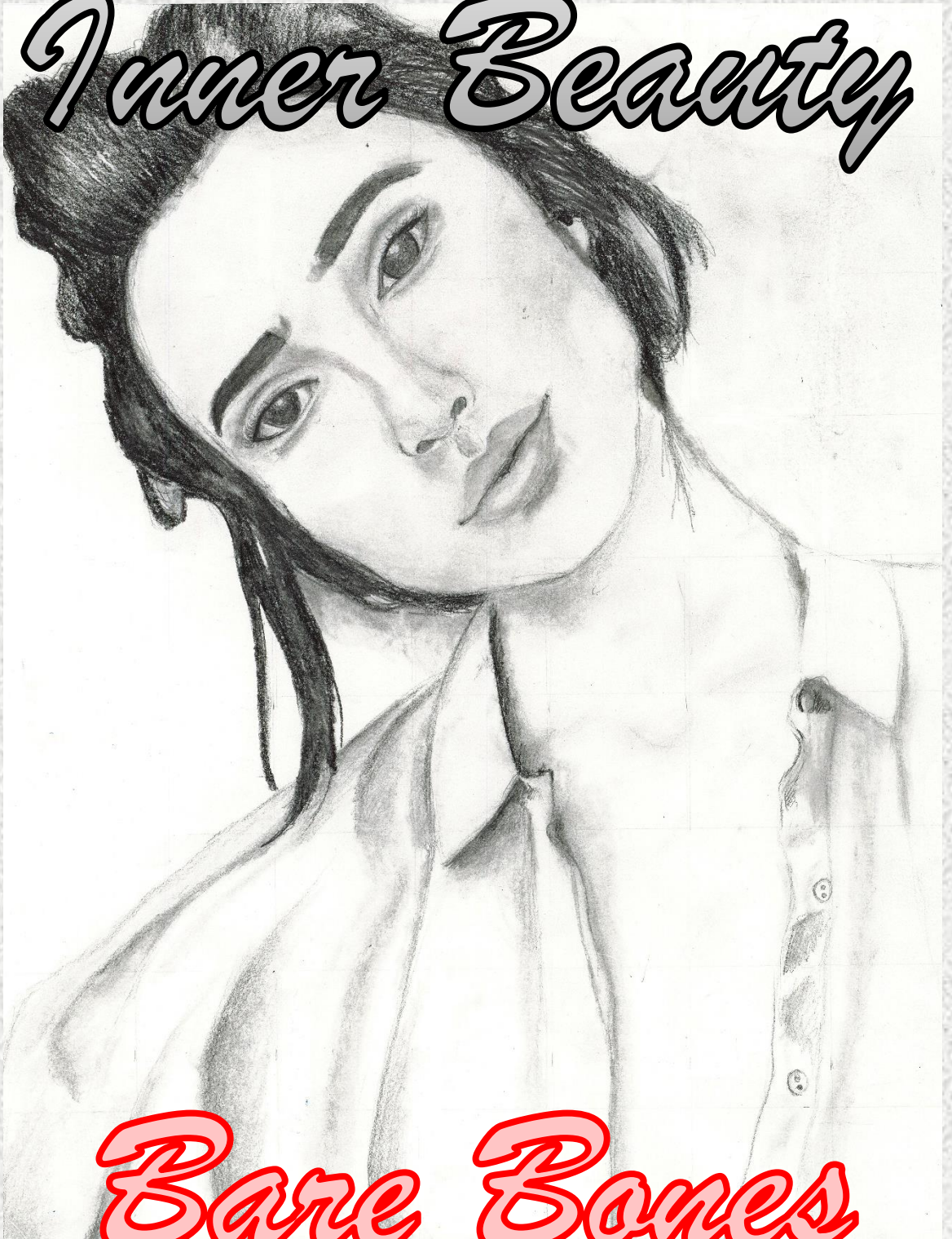


Inner Beauty



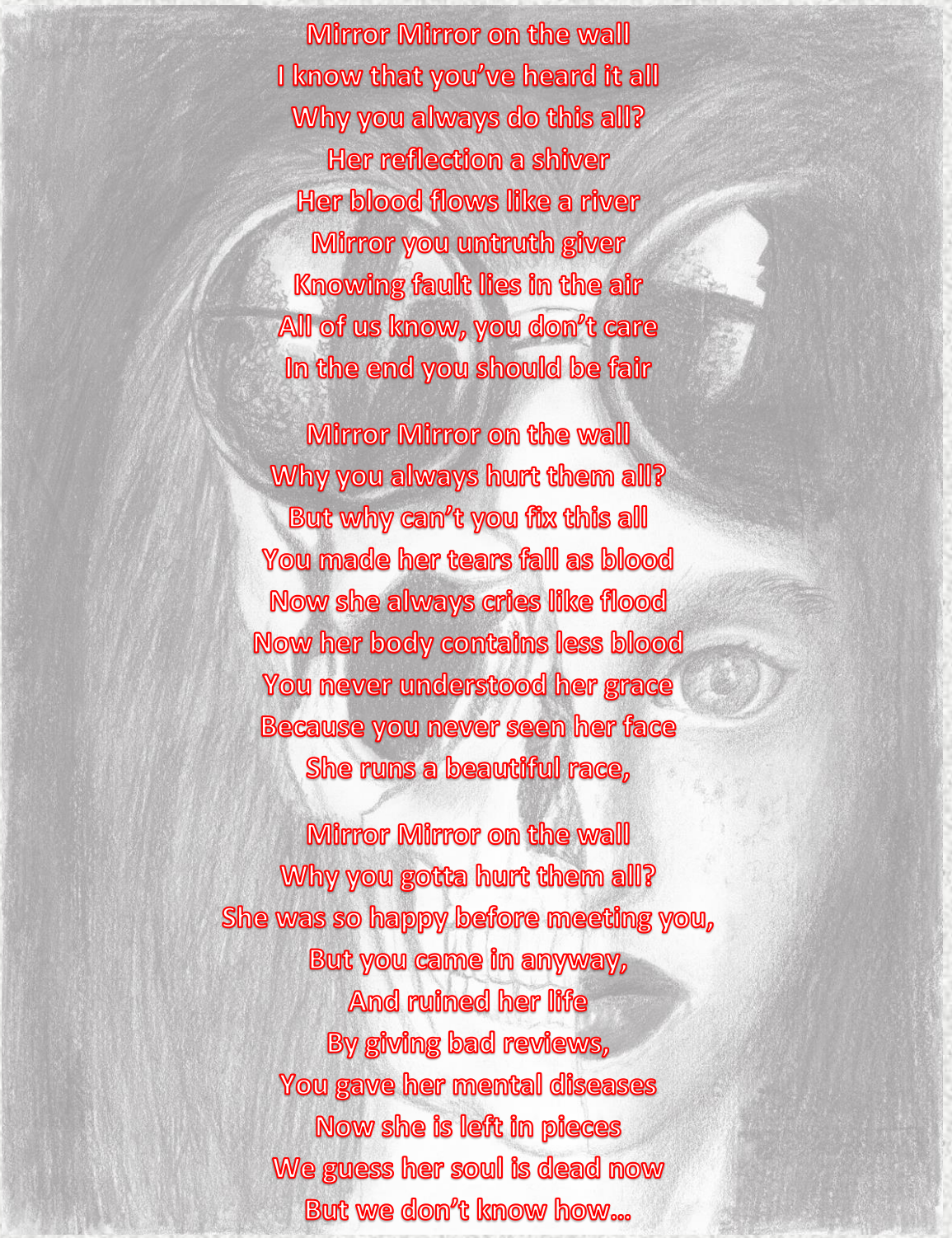
Bare Bones

Wilson High School 2017-2018 Literary Journal
“Bare Bones”

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Mirror Mirror on the wall
I know that you've heard it all
Why you always do this all?
Her reflection a shiver
Her blood flows like a river
Mirror you untruth giver
Knowing fault lies in the air
All of us know, you don't care
In the end you should be fair

Mirror Mirror on the wall
Why you always hurt them all?
But why can't you fix this all
You made her tears fall as blood
Now she always cries like flood
Now her body contains less blood
You never understood her grace
Because you never seen her face
She runs a beautiful race,

Mirror Mirror on the wall
Why you gotta hurt them all?
She was so happy before meeting you,
But you came in anyway,
And ruined her life
By giving bad reviews,
You gave her mental diseases
Now she is left in pieces
We guess her soul is dead now
But we don't know how...

SUMMER NIGHTS

Cool breezes of the night
Refresh my skin
With stars shining so bright
Babies begin to grin
The moons looming presence
Is where it belongs
With heart beating a cadence
Of love true song
Discovering hidden treasures
Mysteries of dark
Giving the mind great pleasures
Just like walking through the park



“Freedom of Speech”

Freedom of speech, silently being shot quiet
They teach us of history figures who made a riot
Remember Martin Luther King, yeah he told his dream
BOOM! BANG! Shot quiet, nothing but silence
The ones of authority cleaning up spilled milk,
Giving very little, but only what they want ones to hear,
Zipping up the knowledge that was too much to be known
Like Malcom X, yeah he was an example of zipped up history
The ones of power, the ones that “define” the ones down under, ones holding
up their structure that make them “powerful”
Others’ perspectives, point of view, opinion, beliefs, their angle of persuasion,
doesn’t matter if it’s not what the powerful have spoken.
If the 1st Amendment proclaims our freedom of speech, why are we so shut
out?
Why are the zippers that have been sewn on our mouths been closed, locked,
and the key has been thrown away?
We are the same, all human beings, what makes your words so important to
downgrade mine?
I have a purpose, as we all have a purpose, let’s make a change
Aiming in the range of a mirror in which will be broken, silencing the ones
whose hands have covered our mouths
Asking them “who’s the fairest of them all”
Letting all know what has been concealed throughout history into today, what
is righteously ours, speaking out for our ancestors before us who needed to be
heard
It’s our time, time to speak
Freedom of speech, silently being shot quiet
Freedom of speech, silence no more
You will hear me, and you will listen
SHHH... do you hear me now?
BOOM! BANG!
Freedom of speech, it’s my turn to shoot you silent
My turn to turn on a light in a dark room, making a change, exposing the
twisted words you have engraved in our minds
Listen don’t talk
Freedom of speech, today I will be heard
SHHH... do you hear me now?

The Process of My Life Changing

My life changed not long ago
I left some family behind
My life process was going slow
The change was dense on my young mind
Adjusting was kind of hard though

My past life was feeling distant
Since everything in life has changed
My new life became existent
My life had to be rearranged
This all happened in an instant

I had to go to a new school
I had to learn proper English
And I had to learn some new rules
Life had to get undistinguished
Couldn't turn out to be a fool

Always trying to make new friends
Tried making a good impression
And my gratitude still extends
It never caused me depression
From there on it never ends

Life was feeling good for some years
Then change made life miserable
When change happened there were some tears
My old life was memorable
Then I had to make some new peers

Once again I started over
My new life brought me some success
It was going much slower
The success had gave me some stress
In due time I got much older

My life has been a transition
Life will still change in the future
Time to put life in position
I might need to get some nurture
It'll make life into a mission



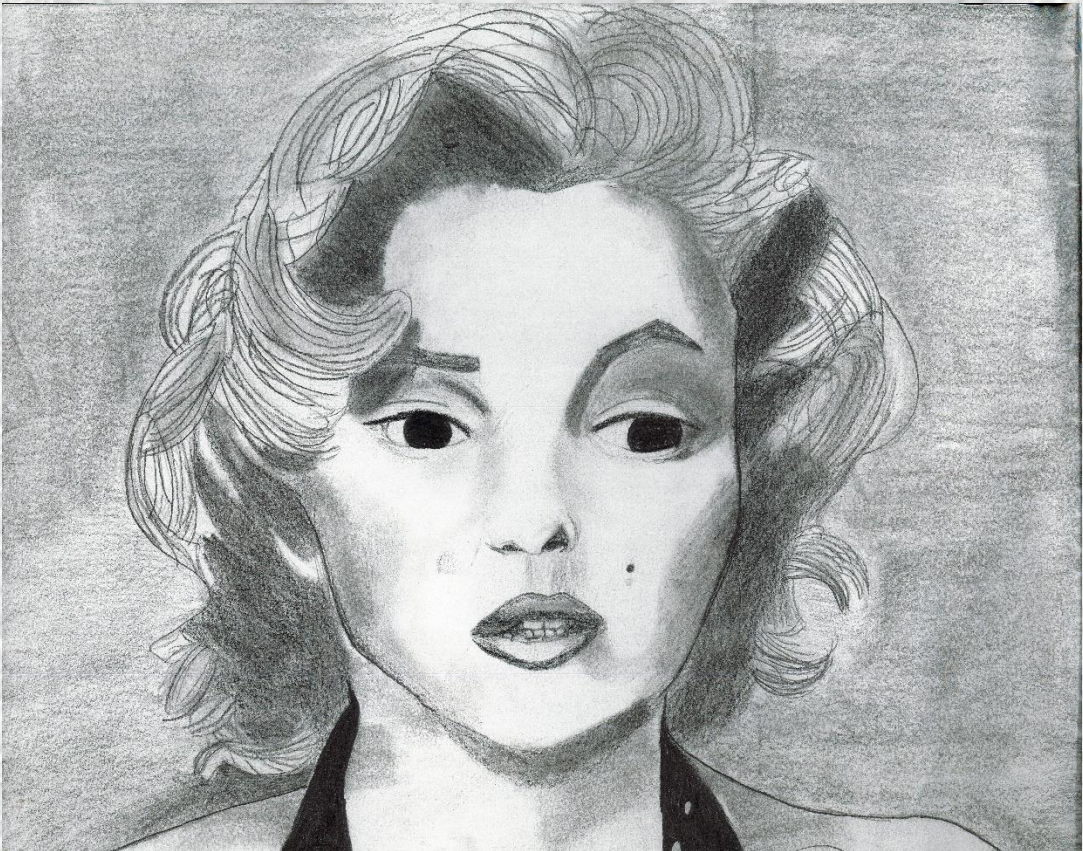
Stressed

Ever felt like you're alone
When you want to be grown

You want to be successful
You end up distressful

Just want to have support
End up being in court

People suppose you're bad
But you want to be glad



The background of the page is a painting. It depicts the back and shoulders of a person with dark skin, wearing a yellow garment. The person is looking up towards a deep blue night sky filled with numerous white stars. The lighting is soft, highlighting the contours of the person's back and the texture of the yellow fabric.

Broken Trust

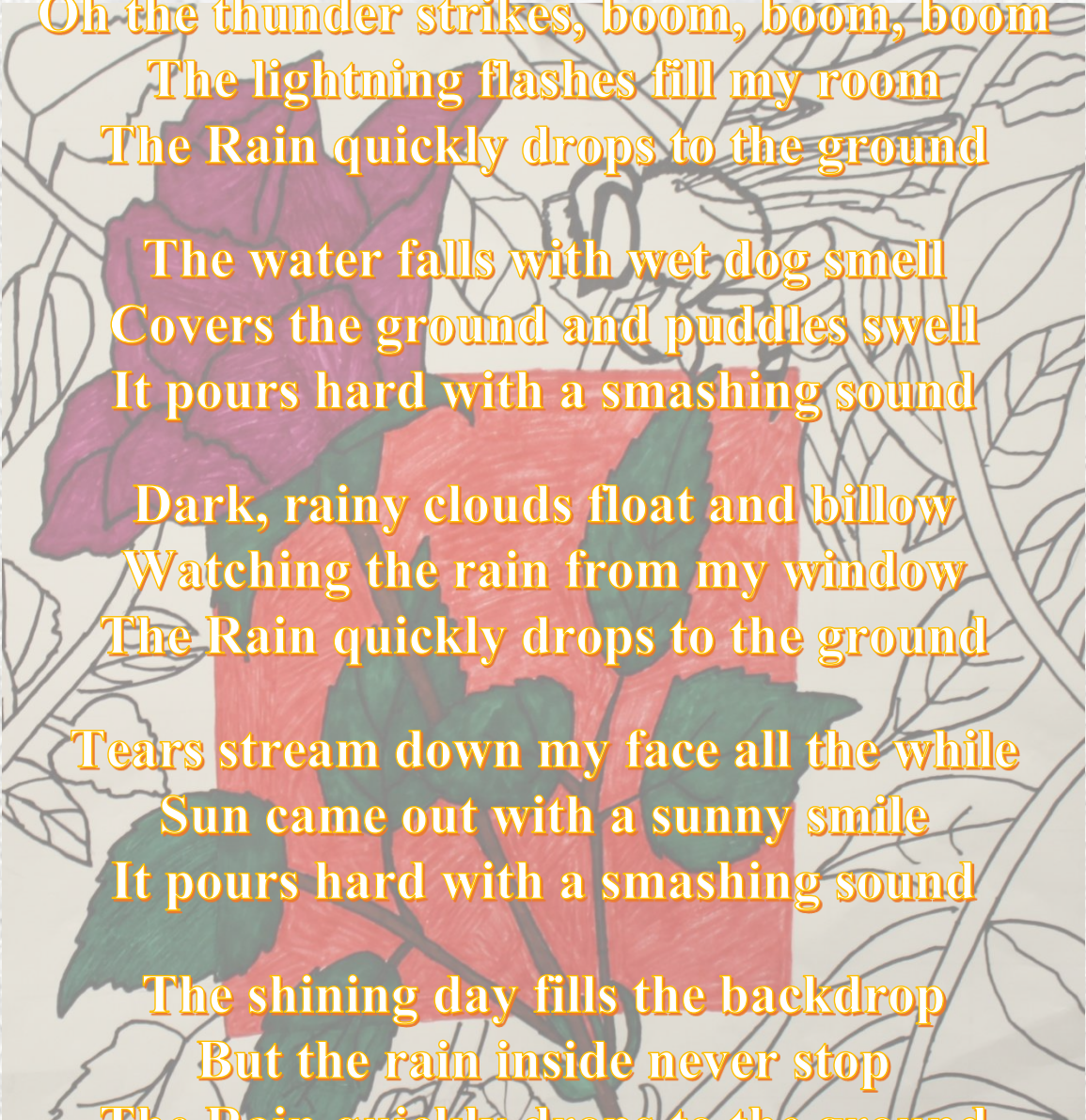
*My trust in you is broke
So much I want to say
Yet words they stay unspoke*

*Did you enjoy my pain?
Now do you feel amused?
What did you have to gain?*

*You never will confess
To lies you told to me
You caused me such distress*

*Wish I had op'ed my eyes
Had looked a little more
I could have seen through lies*

*I fell for the deceit
An ace right up your sleeve
It seems that I've been beat*



The Rain quickly drops to the ground
It pours hard with a smashing sound
Oh the thunder strikes, boom, boom, boom
The lightning flashes fill my room
The Rain quickly drops to the ground

The water falls with wet dog smell
Covers the ground and puddles swell
It pours hard with a smashing sound

Dark, rainy clouds float and billow
Watching the rain from my window
The Rain quickly drops to the ground

Tears stream down my face all the while
Sun came out with a sunny smile
It pours hard with a smashing sound

The shining day fills the backdrop
But the rain inside never stop
The Rain quickly drops to the ground
It pours hard with a smashing sound

Writing poetry it seems overrated
Instead of happy, I'm very frustrated
I try to find something to write but I can't
When I decide to complete my work I Rant
The poem in pieces, I feel Diminished
Knowing that my work in class is unfinished
Didn't have something, to write & feet shook up
Instead of making, new chose to look up
I wanted to feel good & feel Accomplished
Instead I knew that my work was unfinished
Taking others work made my heart feel noisefull
Making good choices lead me to be Joyful.



“Play Me”

**The crisp white note saying “Play Me,”
Laid neatly atop a hidden thing,
Causing him to become curious
The ball of wire in his throat stings.**

**As he pulled the cover up and off,
Softly blown from its misshapen sides.
Specks of dust from the black piano,
A whispering piano, with lies.**

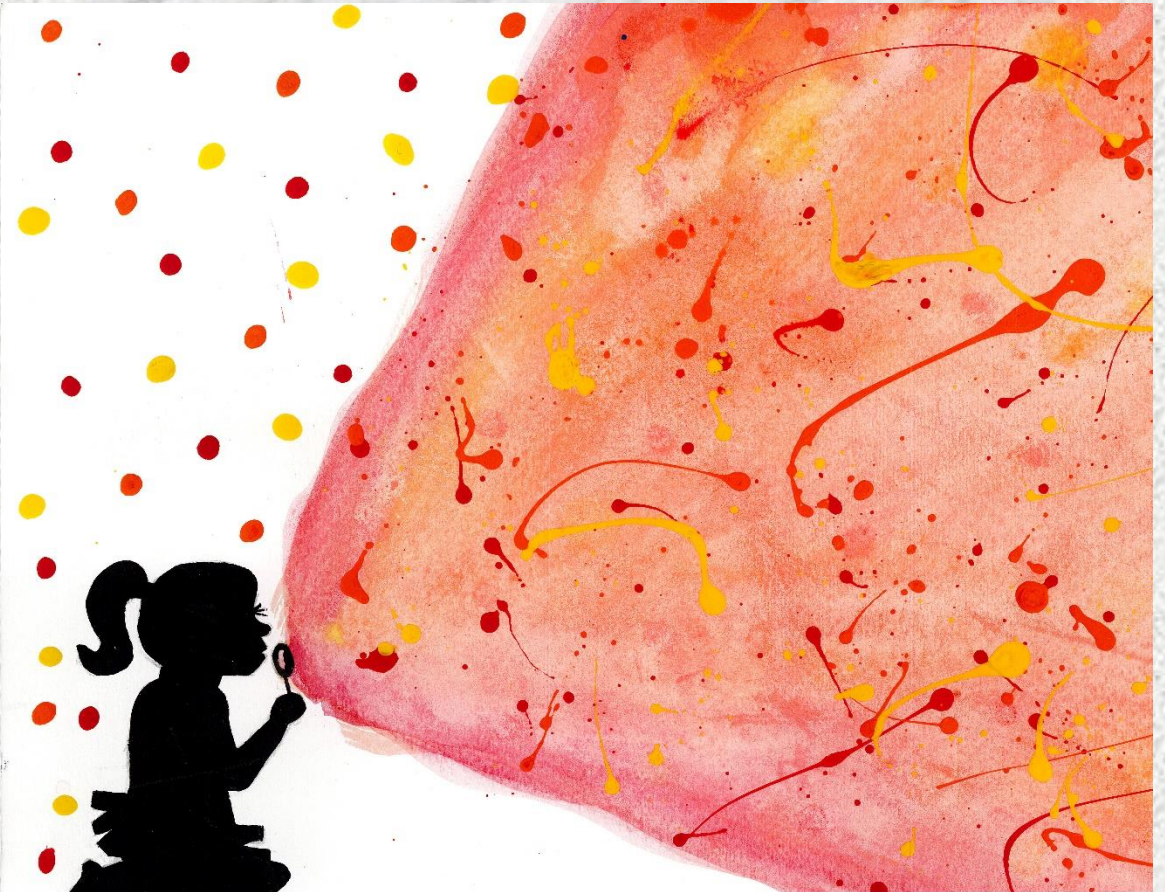
**Something about this black piano,
Made him sit on its black dusty chair.
Made her position her hands and play,
Chords, a melody a king would wear,**

**Something about this chord melody.
Made the black piano chuckle them.
Another player a scared trapped mouse,
Doomed to play now, again and again.**



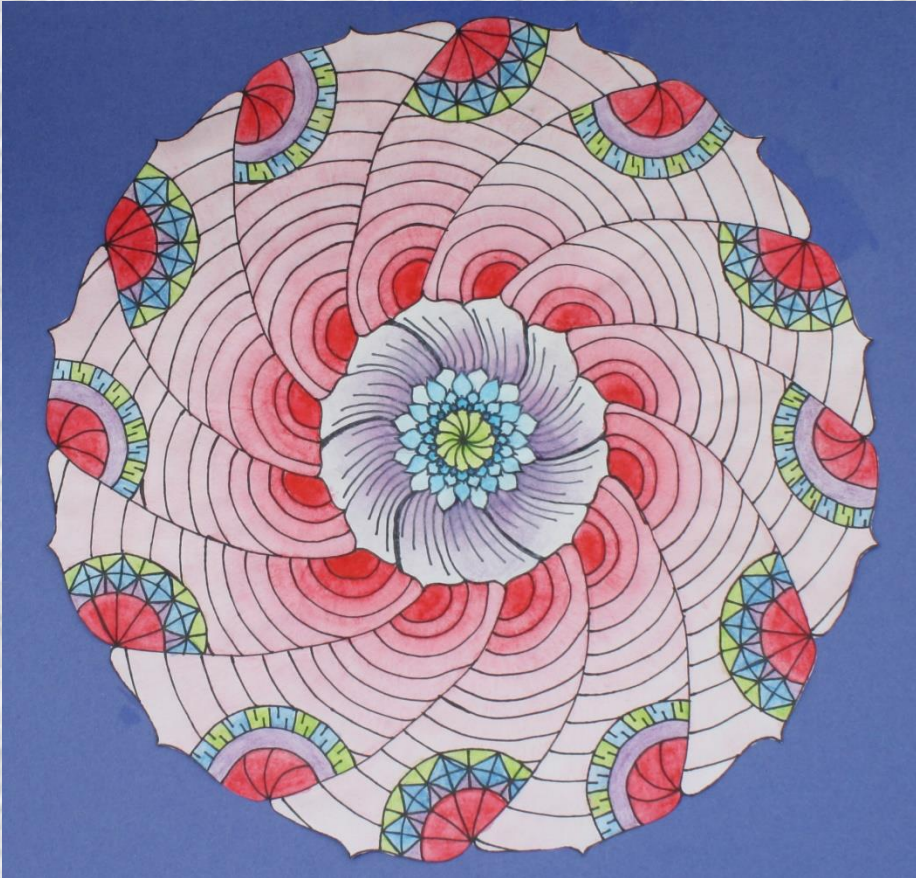
Food

Most people eat some food
When they feel in the mood
Some do not have access
Others live in excess
Most people done eating
Throw out food like nothing
Some people die hungry
Others fill their bellies
Most people satisfied
Or able to feel strived
Some others starve themselves
Or purge themselves and delve



Rocket in Space

We're in a rocket, set to go.
The lift off lights begin to grow.
The engines rumble loud like a roar.
We can't run straight out the door.
The rocket rolls from left to right.
Then soon the rocket is out of sight.
But wait we are safe and sound.
Psych that's the simulator spinning round.



All of those days I have cried
All the lonely alone nights
Now I just ask myself why

I was betrayed by your ways
And abandoned and afraid
And now day by day I pray

Been stepped on by so much shame
And by so much of the pain
You're the only one to blame



Seasons

All seasons have their pros and cons
but I have a favorite, can you guess which one?
The days of spring bring bright colors that sing
We trade in our coats for rain jackets
And rejoice when sun showers pass us.
In summer the days grow longer.
From June to September the heat becomes stronger.
While some would like to go out and get a tan,
I would rather relax at home in front of a fan.
In autumn there are no more beautiful greens and pinks.
The fallen brown leaves begin to shrivel and shrink.
Winter comes around and the trees are bare.
I bundle up in coats and scarves to protect from the cold air.
Our summers are too hot and winters are too cold.
Autumn only brings sadness from leaves that die and get old.

But in spring...
I love to see the flowers grow
The puddles in parking lots from melted snow.
The time of year when life is colorful
Of all of the seasons, spring is most wonderful.



The Seasons

It was a sunny day
Birds flew quickly away
My best friends had said hey
Boy and girl friend said bae
Uhh... Its winter so cold
Each other's hands they hold
Everywhere jackets sold
My food damped with mold
Fall flowers were falling
Spring flowers were growing
Summer flowers were growing
Summer flowers smiling
It is a summer day

No Point

Why ask?

It's nothing but what you think

Why ask?

When anything I say will only sound like a foreign language to you anyway

Why ask?

You're still going to assign me my own image

Why did you do it?

Why are you already assuming I'm in the wrong?

Why did you do it?

Why are you asking?

Because I care about you

Why are you lying?

Anything I say will sound a lie; anything that doesn't match your thoughts is a lie,
nothing I say matters

Why do you think that?

You put me in an interrogation room harassing me, asking these judging questions
making the room smaller each time you hammer the nail deeper in the hole you
already created not asking the right questions, just the same statements in a
question form

Why did you do it?

I asked you first...

Why do you think I did it?

Why are you asking?

The positions have switched now you feel how I feel, asking all these guilt questions
that just make you want to confess something you didn't commit molding the story
out of proportion

You are guilty!

But I didn't do it.

Doesn't matter what you say it's what I saw from the angle it was presented, it's not
what you say it's the way the light reflected off the mirror.

I didn't do it!

GUILTY!

Why did I try?

Why did you do it?

I did it.



Rushing

First, rushing to grow up
Rushing to judge the weak
Rushing to test one's luck
Rushing through a good week
Rushing to leave a class
Rushing to get engaged
Rushing to judge body mass
Rushing to judge by age
Rushing to get the knife
We are all just rushing
Throughout our own life

Goodbye

I remember that day
When we got on a plane
We all wanted to stay
But said goodbye in pain
I looked out the window
And saw the clouds crying
They were fluffy pillows
In the gray sky lying
I was thinking about
My new life in the states
Full of big fear and doubts
Since i was only eight



