

This Fight by Joyti, 11th grader

Racism is defined as “the notion that one’s own ethnic stock is superior.”
But, racism is much more than thinking one race is better than another.



Racism is
world wide and
done by everyone.
Even if you and I say we aren’t racist
at times
it is done.

We just don’t realize it because discrimination is
a part of everyday life.
Some discriminate in
hate,
fear,
pain or even,
strife.

Walking down the street I see the crime of
racism done everyday of the week.
From the color of ones skin, to the way one
speaks.
Why racism is real, there are so many reasons
to be said.
Racism has hurt so many, many
even dead.

Why we ask, why can’t we all just get along?
Aren’t we all the same?
Don’t we all belong?

The world is filled with so many races, religions,
and beliefs. Look at our flag, not just one color
but three.

Why can’t we all just be like this flag, stand
together and unite?
As long as we don’t accept each other we will
never win this fight.

we are too late by Briana, 11th grader

we are too late.
Everyone litters,
Everyone pollutes,
No one cares.
The world is dying,
And we’re the cause.
People give speeches
To fix the problem,
But the world is gone,
Its fate is set in stone.
we are too late.
The hybrid cars may help,
But too expensive to make a difference.
Our waters polluted with oil and trash,
The air is stuffy and filled with gas.
Crimes are committed, addictions take over,
The world won’t change, neither will the people.
There is nothing we can do.
we are too late.



Change by Alex, 12th grader

This is how I will change my world...
Over waiting...
Over you not changing...
Over you telling me you’re there, then you’re
gone...
Over your stories...
Over the time wasted...
Over all the times I was there for you...
Over the four years that could have been spent
happy waiting for you to grow up...
But really...I’m over blaming you for not being
everything I hoped for...living my life over one
person, one face, one name burned into my
memories was worth my time at one point but
now it seems like no way to live at all...
It might only be a little change but for now in my
world I’m over you...



Uninvented Revolution by Lauren, 11th grade writer



You may be
one
in a million but it only takes
one
to revolutionize or blast into
oblivion.

Either way, the sun will set and the day is done.

What your weapon is, all depends
music, pen or voice
decades will come to an end
you can influence the future
with your choice.

In the big or small world,
impact varies by magnitude
your vision can make
something painted black
something painted blue.

You can balance us, land us, or break us. Make
life colorful or black and white. The drive to
expand turns to lust
the world will be frightened or blessed at night.

Emotions are drawn by music and memories
painted by words determination fueling against
every hit you can sail your ship or submerge.

You may be
one
in a million but it only takes
one
to revolutionize or blast into oblivion. Either way,
the sun will set and the day is done.

If I Was President by Jarell, 12th grade writer



If I was President,
I'd be elected on Friday, change
the world on Saturday, be
assassinated on Sunday, if I was
President.

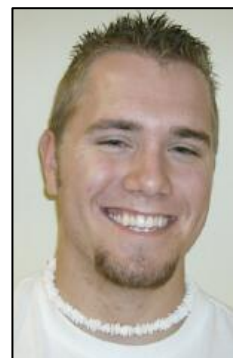
If I was President, I'd stop the hatred of nations,
begin the healing of friendships, invite the love
of forgiveness, if I was President.

If I was President, we would all see as
Dalmatians, we'd accept the merging of races,
we'd embrace the love of all faces, if I was
President.

If I was president, there'd be an end to
starvation, a building of positive inspiration, and
the rising of translation, if I was President.

After I am president, we'd have the beginning of
tomorrow, the unity that we starve for, so say
goodbye to the sorrow, because I was
President.

The Line by Korey, 12th grade writer



Never knowing what the world
has to hold, wanting more than
you would ever know. The life you
have is the only one you know,
searching for the meaning of all
you hold. Staying safe gets you
by, going day by day always the
same, staying to the line they
draw never stepping out to see
what's beyond. As the line leads you on like a
dog on a leash, never changing just the dream
of it. Falling in order is what you have been told,
that taking your life to chance will get you lost.
But breaking away in spite of those who hold
you back is what life is worth living. Stepping out
of the line making your own, not taking the one
they gave is what leads to change. Finding the
person inside, who you want to be and living
your life never regretting who you are.