

Make sure to vote !!

Society

I am thirteen born from the state of independence but have I ever been free?
Free from society's harsh grasp around my throat forever choking and silencing ideas
never given the chance to be heard by others?
Free from the shadow I lay stuck in relentlessly reminding me how I will never be good
enough.
Free from the "boys will be boys" and "he does it because he likes you".
Who will be reading this?
Who will care to have my voice heard?
As I sit here in a classroom so quiet the faintest sounds can be heard I wonder.
What would society look like if there were no stereotypes?
No mindless hate to be passed down from generation to generation.
Dividing humans as a whole because of how unique each and every one of us are.
From our race to religion.
Sexuality to gender.
Looks to mentality.
Would society's harsh blistering hands known only to cause pain and destruction
transform into soft hands capable of helping up and offering comfort?
As I sit in this classroom surrounded by the voices of my peers loud enough now to
drown out my thoughts I wonder.
Do you feel the same?

The Fight Against Feminism

"Your too skinny"
"You should eat more"
"You're too fat"
"Eat a salad"
"Men prefer girls with more meat on their bones"
"Don't go out looking like that you'll give people the wrong idea"
"That's a man's job"
"You look tired"
"You should smile more"
"That's not very ladylike"
"You're too dressed up"
"You're too dressed down"
"Don't wear that, you'll distract the boys"

These are all things I've heard before
Things said to me and my friends, that we choose to ignore
We live in a world with masculinity and feminism
A world with laziness and professionalism
Where girls stay home and do the dishes
While men go out and go do "business"
Where people are judged on how they look
Where people don't care about how much time something took
Where girls can't do this, and girls can't do that
While men are out here stomping on our backs.
We try to stand tall
We try not to fall
If we show our tears were called "emotional"
Or the fact that we have a "pink tax"
Where we buy something and it's 7% more on top of that
We are here putting chemicals on our faces so we are accepted
While others are hiding from the public and not being defended
We are forced to be perfect in every way
While men just goof off and run away
Is it ever going to stop?
This hate against women who are on top
The fact that men are always so much better
It makes us feel under the weather
This has been going on for centuries, decades
Yet no one decides to break it down with their blades
This is the truth we need to address it
Whether or not you want to accept it
This is how we should react
Women need to fight back

Music vs Thoughts

I am thirteen years old, always lost in my thoughts.
I'm always taking every little thing into consideration, wondering how I can help.
I'm overridden by anger and sadness, but I show up with a smile.
My naivety is to blame.
I surrounded myself with toxicity, and I was never brave enough to confront it.
I never meant for things to be this way.
I gave them so many chances.

I stayed because I wanted them to be happy.
I thought they would change.
But they never did.
The only thing to help me escape was music.
It controlled my thoughts like a director controls an orchestra.
I love music. I always have and I always will.
I've been hit multiple times before.
Not by my parents. By my ex.
I've been told that my friends probably talk about me behind my back.
But music was there to tell me everything would be okay.
Music has kept me going.
It sparks my imagination, creating a raging fire of endless thoughts.
Without music, my overthinking would consume my whole thought process.
It's given me courage and taught me that it is good to do things for myself instead of others.
I'm grateful for the good people in my life. I'm grateful for music.
And I'm grateful that I'm learning to be more selfish.

Truths of Being a Kid

I am a student
who chooses to write their truths.
The truths that very few know,
the truths that I choose to stow.

I'm always told to try harder,
to let my mind wander,
and to see the endless possibilities
that I can generate.

But it's hard.
It's hard to keep up with the piles and piles,
of things to do.
While my life is like a zoo.
People keep coming in and out of it,
and I have to choose who I want to permit.

Friends fall from the grasp of my tender hands,
and my family stands.

Waiting to see what I will do.
Seeing if I'll stay true,
and fight for the things I've rightfully earned,
or watch my accomplishments get burned.

And they wait to see how my day was,
and all I can say is "good".
Because they never understood.
They never understood why I always wanted to talk to my friends,
and why I always wanted to keep up with the new trends.
Because I'm just a kid.
And with that fact,
they can just get rid of my opinion,
because "the parent is always right."
Silly me,
how could I think that was alright?
My opinion somehow being right?

And with countless amounts of arguments,
and the harsh judgments--
nothing has changed.
And why should it?
Because I'm just a kid,
A kid who chooses to write their truths.
The truths that very few know.
Except for you.
And now, I shall leave you, to construe.

Quiet Kid

I am the quiet kid
The one that sits in the back
Music blasting to forbid
People coming over to talk
About the drama, the fights
When I spend all night
Sitting up, thinking and thinking
About the name calling
Sitting there, recalling
The hateful words thrown in my face

Just for me to shove them in my case
The case locked up in my heart
Holding the negative things said
So I can be happy instead
I love to draw
Drawing is my passion
I draw out my feelings
Of love or hate or sadness
Marker and pen sealing-
The feelings to a piece of paper
Not wanting to break her
So I come to school
A smile on my face
Trying to seem cool
I dance and play with my friends
While running down the hallway
Some days it depends
But I will always be there
I just want people to understand
In a small way
That I am human
I have feelings
That I'm allowed to have my off-days
That I am me

Perfectly Imperfect

I am the student that tries too hard
I'm the student who stresses over stupid things
And puts so much pressure on herself that it takes over her head
Who loves to learn new things
And meet new people
Who thrives in public environments
And loves working as a team
I care for others
Maybe even more than I care for myself
I'm far from perfect
But, I'm learning that it is ok
Perfect is overrated
I am the student who learns that every day has a new challenge

But I'm up for the challenge and I can overcome
I am the student who tries to be perfect
But falling short means that I'll get up and try again.

Internal

But a poem about myself
is hard as is,
because digging deeper
is like a pop quiz.

To test and see
if I even know,
what is inside there
and what isn't shown.

But a poem about myself
can be good too.
Since it allows me
to vent to you.

About all the things
running my mind..
But I would just be
wasting your time.

Athlete's Dream

I am that athlete
I wonder who will beat me?
Which kid is the fastest?
Which one will be a challenge?
It's complex, and there's no predicting it.
No heat sheets; no times.
I wonder if it is true.
To try to compete with All-stars and champions.

I know I must win.
So I sit in the check-in tent.
Mentally preparing myself for this race.

Biting my nails out of nervousness.

And I run this race:

I don't always say what I'm thinking or feeling,

I'm the athlete,

But give me spikes and I'll run my race.

I am 14, just turned 14, I've been running since I was 6,

I look at my old spikes and wonder,

I wonder where I came from.

A few medals each meet,

Is it my training or natural ability? At this point does it matter?

I'm stronger than you.

It may not look like it,

But I remember my life as a youngster.

I remember the anticipation,

The games we played at practice,

The screaming I couldn't block out,

I remember feeling confident every day.

Below 0 on others.

I remember my life as a youngster.

Your memories keep me coming back to the track,

The jobs of winning and setting records,

The jobs of crying and losing,

This job of traveling at 3 am- ahh I yawn,

It's worth it.

Sometimes a kid sets a record,

Or runs faster or jumps farther,

Or officials argue,

And laugh and cry and yell at each other,

And then they hear each other,

And listen to each other,

And I smirk.

Because that isn't always the case,
Hasn't always been the case in USATF track & field.
But it's my dream for our season.
To get better
To get stronger
To learn to understand something that is different from what we know.

Life as a teenager

I am... 14 years old,
its nicer inside then outside,
There's much more to people
than their looks and what they wear.
There's more to people
than where they live or their color.
There's more to people
than where they came or their family is.

There's reasons
kids,
adults,
people
are the way there are

theres always reasons
for what we choose to do.
People judge and look
as if they are nothing,
putting other people down.
Kids doubting on why they are here in such a hurtful, judgemental place,
never a place where it's not judgmental.

Grades above average
dropping,
getting yelled at,
all the weight of responsibility,
the pressure being carried on our shoulders.
Nevertheless, kids getting judged/
bullied based on their looks,
Their color,
Their house,
Their family,
the reason they do what they do,
Do people ever STOP and think why they do what they do?

Hate for not being supported

I am... 13.
I may be young,
but I have heard alot.
A Lot of hate,
hate from all around in school
and in the world in general.
It's like the hate is a person who forever pulls on the back of your shirt
who will never let go
no matter how hard you try.

They tell you
"it's just a phase"
"it's wrong"
"it's a sin you will go to hell"
" No one will love you"
"Why should you do that?"

But Just for a day can we stop?
see what life is like when you loosen the grip on the back of that shirt
It would just make our life easier .

Slanted

School. A familiar place with familiar faces.

For the most part, it's okay if I tune out the things that other kids say.

I play my role, and sit in the back, quiet and focused.

I have one or two friends. I talk to them a little bit throughout the day, then the bell rings.

I used to have more.

Separated by teams.

Some not who they painted themselves to be.

Or up and abandoned me.

When I tune back in and listen to the words thrown about. Seeing the groups that have formed.

I feel somewhat strange.

A bit out of place.

I could try to make friends, fit in with a group. However, that feels wrong, like I'm intruding.

What am I supposed to do, when my old group has been divided?

Even at home, it's a ghost town of a trailer park. Many friends have moved on, and live somewhere else.

The two that remain are always busy these days.

My cousins and I always go on an adventure each month, typically multiple times.

However, I at least feel like I'm not out of place.

My family members let me ramble on about niche little topics and things that interest me with intrigue.

So what do I do in the hours between?

I stare at a screen. Talking to a few online friends.

A Different Light

I wonder if people sometimes think if something is wrong

If somethings wrong with my stories

And if they think something is wrong with me

For my stories not being happy go lucky

Nor Filled with love and romance
expecting a typical world
Instead only to find
A world that seems to break and bend
Filled with oddities as characters
With some dark things here and there

However I know, in between the many online communities,
who write the same as me
enjoy the same content as me
And make even more bizarre dreams
There's a small little wedge, a small little spot
Where I can put my stories
And they won't be out of place

So as of now im content
telling only my family and close friends
The stories in my head
Because I know they'll always be happy to hear them

Leaders look at life

I am... that leader, not a follower.
I wonder who else in this hectic world will become a leader?
Who will stop following others just because they are 'lazy'.
Being a leader has so much impacts on doing your own stuff

I don't always choose to be a leader
sometimes, especially when I was younger,
I used to always copy off of other people's style,
tried to fit in,
and everything.
But now— I am me—I do me—and I guide myself through stuff.

I am 13.

I realized to stop following people
and that nobody is your friend at just 11.

That's a good thing as some adults have not learned that yet.

Extra !!

I am a girl

I'm learning to become a better me

I'm trying to be helpful

I learn things about me I didn't know before

I like school

It's definitely not my favorite though

I very much dislike math

But I love writing

I have a wonderful home

Full of brothers and sisters

Mom and dad too

Yummy meals and snacks everyday

I love playing games on my phone

Also reading my new books

I like doing makeup

Only eyeliner and eyeshadow though

I like going to the river in the summer

Swimming my brothers and sisters

I like making snowmen in the winter

Competing with my family

I dislike running and exercising

But I like jumping on the trampoline

With my baby brother

I love playing with him

I am...

alone; stranded

In my mind I see nothing

Feel nothing, hear nothing

I change for others just to try to feel

I just don't know how to...

Pushing people away is the only way I know to get away

I don't ask myself why but I want to

I can't see the pain some people are in, I only see myself

But... It's not all negative.

I do have feelings I do want to make friends

I do want to be loved

I do want to stay unique

And I always want to be loved and love people