

### **This Fight by Joyti, 11<sup>th</sup> 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 Brieana, 11<sup>th</sup> 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, 12<sup>th</sup> 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, 11<sup>th</sup> 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, 12<sup>th</sup> 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, 12<sup>th</sup> 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.