

Shortlisted Entries: High School

"STORY OF MY LIFE" BY JESSICA GEORGE

Can I regret a sunny say?
A blessing from unknown
Of course I can, who else would care
I'm sitting here alone

But for this gift, Someone worked hard
imaginary force
I don't quite care, I'll leave it be
Why act with such remorse?

Today's all wrong,
Why not tomorrow? yesterday would have been fine
Not what I want, not what I need
I don't want the sun to shine

That sounds all wrong, It can't be right
But this day should already be done,
I want it to end, why won't it be gone
I reject all this terrible sun

Its not that it's bad, today was just wrong
It should be here tomorrow I'm sure!
Today was a day for some work to be done
But for this sun, I don't think there's a cure

Now that it's here, it won't go away,
I don't think that I stand a chance
I want to go out, enjoy the day
Or leave it alone at a glance

There is work to be done, I must be inside
Today is no day for fun,
No time to eat, Can't stop to sleep
As long as there's work to be done

Now that I stop, begin to think
This happened just yesterday too.
And the day before that, and the day before that
Wow, How silly that I never knew!

Maybe tomorrow I'll play in the sun
Unless it's a rainy day
I'll stay in and work, And not go berserk,
And maybe next time I'll play.

"I JUST WANT" BY WANDA NEIL

hey father

 this is my dedication to some one i really miss.

i wanna tell you about some one speshial to me.

(i'ma scream so loud for you cause i'm real proud of you)
hey father you did what you could for us so i'ma make
you proud of me just with the words i sing.
(i'ma scream so loud for you cause i'm real proud of you)

wrote this song for you so you know i'm that proud of you
and i will get to be with you really soon.
and i'ma make you proud of me get a job and work to get
mommy more money for food so she don't run out any time
so soon.

i just want you to be proud of me so "rest in peace" will be
together again real soon, just do one thing for me keep your
hopes up and i'll see you again soon.

 we all miss you father

all u want a wishing well
so much pain but no one can tell
u hide it so good they cant see the pain
forget the umbrella u just wanna feel the rain
as each rain drop hits your cheek
each time you hear your angel speek
ur gaudian angel there to protect you
there are times u don't believe the truth

I just want you to be proud of me
I just want you looking down on me
I just want to have you next to me
I just want, I just want you

Ill be with u really soon whether its today or tomorrow
Just want you in my arms so I can hold ya
Theres no doubt about it's your love I got
Forever and always you'll be in my heart
No one could ever take that away
I speak your name an in my prayers I say
Expressin my feelings through my music and songs

One question we all ask is where did it all go wrong

I just want you to be proud of me
I just want you looking down on me
I just want to have you next to me
I just want, I just want you

If u got it hard in life im right there with you
I know what its like to struggle to get through
If u got it hard and ya tired of struggling
Just keep ya head and keep on smiling
The lord will be pleased to take your forgiveness
pray and apologize for the sins you've committed
Theres something better after this just wait and see
Just let life live and thy lord will guide thee
The greatest efforts in life are worth celebrating
So go ahead and celebrate the life you livin
Those who u have lost, will only make you stronger
To know and to love them makes u feel honored
All the love losses you have comed
Tired of losing those special someones
Family or friends its always gonna hurt
Were still not sure how lifes suppose to work

All the obstacles you've over come with so much anticipation
Throw your hands up with so much clebration

I just want

“WHAT IF I FELL?” BY COLLEEN

What if I fell?

Dropped from the highest point,
From the top of the highest building
Passing each level on the way down?

I see a nose, I see a mouth, I see a wall, no the floor.

What if I fell into coffee?

Sloshing around in these ears,
Covering my hair in mocha

What if I fell into a gold box?

Or would it be aluminium foil surrounded by a yellow light,
Proving things are only as valuable as we make them?

How could I have come to this demise?

It is my demise to worry about.

Or would I want to know?

Would I want to find out the theory “you always kill the ones you love” to ring true?

Maybe not

What if I fell into meaningless words?

Like how I asked “where does the good go?”

And you said “this too shall pass, then again, maybe not.”

Juvenile thoughts

Juvenile words empty out of your head and over your teeth every time you speak.

What if I fell?

Sounds so dramatic

So sad

So unreasonable

Or is it?

Letting go of the past, the present, the future

The worries, the heartache, headache, the “what if it doesn’t work out ache”

Releasing you heel, your arch, your toe, the nail

Slowly but surely gravity takes it’s place

You find yourself freely floating down

Each molecule supporting your body

Supporting your senses

What if you fell?

What if you fell into peace?

“MEMOIRS OF AN ADOLESCENT” BY MOH HASHEM

I hear some birds singing
Kids to their parents are clinging
the joy that's bringing, you can feel that outside it's springing
but now, an alarm is ringing
eyes open wide, I wake up to see
that in the midst of a huge crowd, it gets so lonely
on the hottest summer day, its below 0 degrees
don't get me wrong, this isn't depression or insecurity
but you tell me, dear diary, set me free
why's it hard for me
my mind is so blank that this piece of paper embarrasses me
so much pressure, I wanna call it quits
this road gets darker by the minute
so dimly lit
gets smaller by the second, no longer I can fit
so much paranoia, I feel like Macbeth
thoughts racing in my mind so much, they're all outta breath
all this stress
so much questions there's no room for a guess
feeling so guilty, when really there's nothing to confess
I seek your help diary, do I give up?
no, yes, no, yes
no wait... I'm tired of this doubting
too fed up, no more dealing
with all these things
time's up, that's all, that's it
I'mma give it twice as much as I can get
I'mma give it my best shot
so everyone can feel all the heat I can bring
and only then they'll relate, only then it'll be touching
so dear diary, with you I'm totally honest
so to you I pinkie promise
that no more being bitter
no more being stopped by any hitter
but most of all I promise that no more ill be a quitter
I'm switching my whole formula up, diary, no more walks, now I'll be flying
the impossible will be the giving up, the easy will be the trying
I promise you, diary, even you'll agree
that whoever doesn't feel me is nothing but rusty
and they'll eventually see, and get the point
that I'm the only one who can put oil in their joints
thank you diary, now I'm free
now you'll see
that there will be no more pleas, no more flees
no more looking for heroes, because I will inspire me

“LOVE ISN'T ENOUGH” BY LINDSAY LOGIE

Tears run down my soaking cheeks
Burn my eyes and stain the sheets
Wake me when it's over, babe
Cause I don't wanna cry tonight

Chase the dreams and burn the bridge
Gonna take the jump off that final ridge
Say goodbye to city lights
In that world so far below

Wish I could touch the far-off stars
I'm sorry I never got that far
I know you hate me a little more
Each day I just don't do

Wish I'd never even seen your face
Wanna get away, just from this place
Wish it didn't mean so much
For you to leave me here

So I'm gonna bury dreams tonight
I'm far, so far babe, from the light
I thought I might have needed you
But I can get through this alone

This shovel's heavy in my hands
Cause I don't think you'd understand
I never wanted it to be like this
But here we are again

Love just ain't enough this time
So leave it alone, leave it alone

...

And goodbye

"I WISH I WAS YOUR PENCIL" BY LAURA EAMON

i wish i was your towel
so i could hug you daily.
i wish i was your tooth brush
so i could kiss you after every meal.
i wish i was your soap
so I could hold your hand when things got messy.
I wish I was your brush
so I could run right through your hair
I wish I was your pencil
so you could hold me during school.
I wish I was your pillow
so you could rest with me when you're tired.

To be honest,
I just wish I was yours
so I could call you mine.

"A GLORIOUS CHARGE" BY JESSE BOURQUE

Two armies face,
Under wild and impartial skies.
Tension, drawn and nocked,
Waiting for the order to loose.

The drummers beat cadence,
Tempo building
Matching my racing pulse.
Clarion call,
Drowning out all thought.

Ground quaking,
With the pounding
Of hundreds of feet.
Battlecries and wordless screams
Split the air.

Alike to the one
Rising in my own throat.

“TRUCE” BY NAJET GHANAI

I need to start listening to my internal monologue,
Learn how to burn off the mental fog,
Be self sufficient,
Make a plan and stick with it.
Discover appreciation, and reciprocation
And the mid way point between struggle and boredom.
Collect a little strength, overcome, and blossom.
Drawing on yesterday’s fun and try to make it happen again
While white walls are waiting for waterfalls to wash away their ordinary
Extraordinary comes from something that has been undone,
Once,
Twice,
And put back together again, seen in a new light
It’s what’s won after a long fight
That leaves a blueprint in bruises
Of how to get back to the life that one chooses,
But the meaning I fight for,
Keeps bringing me through the wrong war.
And my new battle wounds run deeper,
Upstaging my points of reference,
Now all my new paths test your levels of acceptance.
I reshape my future with uncertainty,
Now I anticipate every calamity,
The pressure that jeopardizes my sanity
Help me
Help me
By keeping your distance
A make-shift, temporary existence,
Pitched like a tent to cater to the event
On the off-chance that you’d need assistance.
The irony in claiming time is defined by a linear system
When the two of us were stuck in a time-warped mission
Collecting our future in riffs and harmonies
Soon to be covered with excessive apologies
Our songs wrote trilogies.
What we have now is this silence.
The constant crossing of points
That leaves the three of us disjointed,
Awaiting psychologist appointments
From which we can scream the truth
That with us there will never be a truce.

“BLIND” BY AMBER BEALS

Closely looking at me I'd say they doing an observation
watching and waiting 4 what I stir up as a creation
Simba's pride so it's man eat man domination
When shit hits the tv screens they blaming it on gang affiliation
if so many black men wasn't in jail I wouldn't say its discrimination
I seen more my dudes on probation then make it to graduation
ladies quitting school to work in clubs before they get there education
so many want be like me I'm screaming out duplication
and im on the next level call me elevation
they call me hot but better than their expectations
very few have approached me so um feeling the hesitation
and everything u must do u better ask for obligation
not even preparation put ya mind state in my concentration
im focused I got a lot of determination
and ready to put a end to any racist who needs termination
call me assassinator I take no prisoners
ready to light anybody up with the heat from the burner
And anybody need help call my number if ya need a trainer
ill put black lines under your eye, something like eyeliner
and I create my own work something similar to a designer
have u forgotten who you is call it Alzheimer's

“IF I COULD DO IT ALL AGAIN!” BY DANYELLE

I'm a girl about 16 years of age
Never go to school
Never turn a page
I get made fun of
Pushed, slapped and punched
I get beat up after school
Or at lunch
Nobody sees me they just walk right by
Never look, nor talk
Don't even say hi
I wish people would like me
But I know they never will
I only have one friend
And her name is Jill
She laughs she cries
She says her hi's and bye's
But behind my back
It's bullshit and lies
I hate school there's no point in staying
I try to be nice to people
But look how there repaying
So I'm leaving this school
I'm sick and tired of this place
No ones gunna make fun now
So in your face
I'm outta school, no job
I'm on the street
No clothes on my back
No shoes on my feet
My body makes my money
All the boys call me hunny
If I could do it all again
I'd tell you what id do
I'd finish school get grade 12
And get a job
Instead of being on the streets
Being poor and a slob
So to all you people who think
Schools a drag
Don't give up try your best
There's no sense in putting up
The white flag.

"21ST CENTURY EDEN" BY SEUNG WOO BAEK

Its mad-ridden luster illuminates garden's gate
Divided by treacherous scythe of fate
It shows only the rotten pity's darkened state

As the crimson army retreats within the seeds
I hold the lustrous gleam between fingers and feed
Granted the light makes fools of us
Shadows mold cowards out of thee

Transpired on his palm is the lore worthy of life
Itself taketh upon time ever so brief
Winded bones of destiny discard shameful daggers
Clenched on its sinned shoulders is cloaked fear

Gone are the gentle smiles of innocence
Remnants of bloodied smirks of encense

“THE WHITE MESSENGER” BY MATT SAWLER

I had another dream about the lions at the door
When I wake I wonder where they are
I run to check the door and no one is there
Outside a white horse had stood
And painted on its side was the word 'death'
Surely a messenger of god
When the father calls his chicken's home
I don't come a runnin'
For that horse is from hell
With horns pointed out of its head
Behold a white beauty was born
A messenger from hell itself to wish for guidance
That came from a ring of fire
My story was told and I was forgiven
The father called again
And I came a runnin' through those pearly gates of white

“MYSTIC RIVER” BY AMANDA BROWN

I'm lying on the banks of Mystic River,
Covered in sheet of silky dew,
Where the water bears the trees,
Tall and sturdy,
Jutting from the mother creek,
Standing in a procession line,
Their gnarled arms wave hello,
Under the canopy of the morning mist,
White and draped across the morning nymphs,
The choir of swallows begins to sing,
As the osprey spread their wings and wake,
And the dragonflies sway past me,
Sprinkled light shining through stained glass wings,
Upon my eyes where I rest,
And find myself enchanted on the riverbed,
By the creek and how it massages my feet,
I stir and the creatures greet me,
When have I ever felt so free?
Sitting on the mystic river.

"GHOSTS" BY TEIGEN BOND

Seeing ghosts, hearing voices;
Haunted by un-chosen choices.
Stolen hearts, stolen kisses;
Life is full of empty wishes.
Unexplored waters, uncharted courses;
Pushed and pulled by hidden forces.
Upside-down, wrong paths taken;
Desperate desires do awaken.
Drowning, floating in happy tears;
Pushing back the deepest fears.
Buying time, running scared;
It's different when someone cares.
Gazing into mirrors lost;
Everything has its cost.
Love can fade, hate can grow;
From fiery spirits do dreams flow.
Burning bridges, closing doors;
We all have someone we'd die for.
Just how far is too far to fall;
When your back's against a wall?
Eternal struggle, dark and light;
Which one is wrong, which one is right?
Chains of bondage, lock and key;
Life's unworth living if you're not free.
Angel and demon, heaven or hell;
What secrets they hold they won't tell.
Breathing just to stay alive,
Pain feels like a thousand knives.
Out of sight, out of mind;
Letting go, leave things behind.
Seeing ghosts, hearing voices;
Haunted by un-chosen choices.
Hope still lives, love does too;
Sometimes dreams do come true.

“STRANGER IN THE MIRROR” BY EMILY DRISCOLL

Sitting on the front steps
a faded blue haze overhead
And grass climbing out from under
The cement wreck
Time is so restless but
It never seems to forget
The charming hypnosis of churning marble sky
Will end yet with darkness,
Drape you in your lifeless silhouette.

While Young Love, I'm told
has grown rather old
yesterday I heard his voice tremble
As he called out from the cold
"I'm dying now, you see
loneliness has got the best of me
And I just can't keep up with the tide."

Lawmen uproot justice
from its unmarked grave
fate in unseen gestures
sentences its killers to shame

And all the hillside villages
of valleys etched in promised lands
Will prosper in the numbness at hand
Like some suburban fantasy
Broken voices will cry into the depths of the night,
Softly whisper of their fears
To the stranger in the mirror

The moonman wails
His face wet from the rain
The train track rattles
Another shattered whistle sounds in vain
In utter desolation,
I scream out your name
But you are already gone,
Gone to the outside where things seem real
So I'll go back the way I came
Through the sunshine hitting the steel
Like a hailstorm of light
And when I was blinded by the light
I saw one raven pierce the sky
Two children wondering why
And three people standing at the heart

of an American mid-July

“THE ART OF LIFE” BY LMA SALMAN

Beauty, darkness, love, and hate
Why must one always contemplate?

Is there a reason why we cannot fly?
Is it to give us a chance to try?

I just want to be free
Float in the world of eternity.

Why all these expectations,
pressures, and first impressions?

To learn and move on,
Creating a never ending song.

I just want to be free
Float in the world of eternity.

A crushing feeling, so deep, so sorrow
Why must the sun come up tomorrow?

So we can experience the other side,
Of golden love, a flowing tender ride.

I just want to be free
Float in the world of eternity.

The glimmering, the shining the beautiful light,
Then why must there be day and night?

To create a balance for human kind,
One that none other had in mind.

I just want to be free
Float in the world of eternity.

Learning the stories of our humanity,
Makes me wonder of our sanity.

Learning the meaning of life, is like finding salvation,
Let us make one that will create indestructible foundations.

I just want to be free
Float in the world of eternity.

“UNTITLED” BY FANTANESH ATTOMSA

Im so fed up, with keepin my head up
when it seems the pain wont let up
Things getting messed up
Seems i dont got a way out
I got myself stuck
So i gotta wait on me before i can move on..

Crazy livin, chalk full of sin
Pop a pill, sit back, relax, and wait for it to kick in
Its the only time my mind seems calm and innocent
Its sad to know that this is the only way my brain will listen
(Listen now) (listen now)
I know whats right and wrong, I know its easy
But i choose whats wrong cuz in the moment it pleases me
And then I stress about the mess that surrounds me
But whose to blame but me? Yea I know what you see
Someone who shoulda known better from the start
But my heads not in the same place as my heart
I know im not the same as you, I know i stress you out
but i cant help it man im stuck what should i do now

Lost in a world where we make up our own reality
Lost n lonely even tho all these people surrounding me
Empty mind only filled of thoughts close to insanity
When did things get so bad man i must be dreaming
Dreaming? not likely more like a nightmare
Almost died tonite but i wasnt even scared
I kno im not livin rite but why should i care
Lost and invisible like the wind in the air

I found me (i found me), I found me back at square one
A million thoughts run, run, and they're all strung into one
Whats left here after all the sweet fun is done
I thought i had control but it seems the devil won
All the pain and noone could ever get through to me
Out of options man I donno what to do wit me
Find myself in the mirror jus starin stupidly
While my conciousness beats me up ruthlessly
Leaves me wonderin where do i go from here
I got my past on my mind and the devil in my right ear
Each step i take things are getting more unclear
Jus take my steps in fear and keep on walkin

Talkin, to myself, drownin out everyone else
wonderin if im ok, or if i need some help
But who can i trust, when i cant even trust myself?

These are the realest feelings that i ever felt..
Are they? or is my brain so influenced

That i cant tell the difference
Between a stupid move and common sense
The world is cruel man here's the evidence:
No money for food, no money for rent
These cheques aint duin *ish
You really don't know unless you've been through it

Lookin around, see nothings gonna change
Eyes to skies, but it don't mean a thang
Searchin for somethin heaven sent
Waiting but nothing came
Wonderin whose got the upper hand?
Reality or the Man? Damn..
What a world we have,
What a world we have.