

Prolific Poets

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Let's Write Out Loud Program

Speak 09
Poetry Slam

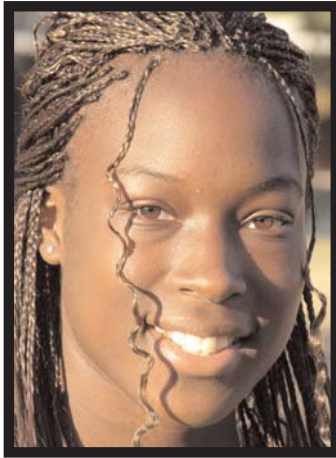
San Geronio High School BSU's Anthology Booklet



Who Am I?

Chained and locked
Emancipation proclamation freed
Jan 1st was my first verse of freedom
But not fully till the
13th my freedom
14th my citizenship
15th my right to vote!
But these political gifts
Brought no sociological shifts
You have to understand just cause we can vote on paper
Doesn't mean we can vote in person.
We needed a movement!
This brought the day of MLK
We marched from Salem to Montgomery
Through Bloody Sunday
And still got back up and tried the day after Monday
Civil disobedience
Was one of the ingredients
that made my people thrive

Now it's what makes my people die
We protested laws that were unjust
Now we show the law we cant earn its trust
Yeah, we won our race
With Obama as the runner
But up until now we've been stalling like a filibuster
Like what? After 1968
We just chose to go on a break
Like we're going down Hill?
Oh wait we are!
Wake up and smell the recession
Because I have a confession
We have been in a depression for decades!
But you know what?
In 4 days We have an inauguration
So drop your affiliation
With everything that holds you back
"Its because I'm black!"
Well Barack Obama is black too
It probably affects him just as much as it affects you.
So get a grip and move on boo boo.
Cause as a generation we have been set up to lose
But to open our present and make it a gift is what I Enthuse.
So whenever you want to use that excuse
Here are the questions I introduce
Who am I?
Who was I?
Who will I be?



STATISTICS

It's my turn to speak
So just sit and listen
I refuse to be another teen statistic
You see they expect to be 18 with two kids
One on the way and no hope to give
But it's time to live
Love let go and grow
Because as a person
I have a positive seed to sow
One where statistics have no meaning
And all that really counts, is believing
I'm receiving
My positive feedback as I stand before you this day
Knowing that the path I am on is the right way
I'm here to stay
And best believe I will go on jubalistically
Because I refuse for my life to be judged

And determined
Statistically
You feeling me
For real I mean
My head is screwed on tight
While in the prime of my youth I'm making
Sure my dreams take flight
No end in sight
Like energizers
I'ma live the life I've picked
Because I absolutely refuse
To be another teen statistic
My mother used to tell me
"What you see is what you get"
Well, I see in myself incredible
Ability and strength
I am regretless and forgetless
I show commitment and consistence
I am elated and will restate this
Any time we make acquaintance
But there is one thing I must mention
Before I decide to end this
I refuse, I refuse, I refuse
To be another teen statistic.



Abomination

It's '09 time to shine
History was made and done
A brighter future, a brighter horizon,
and a brighter man has won.
Abomination, abomination.
Why do they say this OBAMA-nation is an ABOMInation?
A man with a plan, yes we can, in his right hand
Firm and loyal, no doubt; now we see what
black intelligence is all about.
Emancipation Proclamation.
It is this dedication i give to MY ancestors, the know lessers.
Couldn't read, couldn't write, didn't understand a word,
but trust and believe their true beliefs were heard.
Then, with a ring, there arose a king who had a dream
for you and for me
that we could live in a place called harmony, diversity

And it is clear to me that that dream is self-evident
As we welcome our first BLACK president.
Change is here, but don't fear
I'm not tryna give you a history lesson,
I'm tryna show that there's more to life than second guessin'.
The slave wanted freedom and headed north WITHOUT lookin' back
MLK made speeches, not just for the black, but for everyone as a whole.
He set the stage, turned a page, and recited his dream.
You should have seen the looks in their eyes, the hope and the gleam.
Now that hope is alive and thrivin' in this OBAMA-nation we're survivin'
The economy will slow-ly be risin' thoughts hypothosizin'
Bush is out, Barack is in, change is FRESH, so we can start again.
So, now that you understand, let me ask you this question once again.
Abomination, abomination.
Why do they say this OBAMA-nation is an ABOMInation?

Thank You

4 allowing your eyes to gaze upon the readings of just a few of our young talented writers in the community. What you have come across is the San Gorgonio High School BSU's Speak 09 Poetry Slam Anthology Booklet. This collection of poetry is written by students that took the eight-session Let's Write Out Loud Poetry Program held at San Gorgonio High School in San Bernardino, CA.

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In between these pages are poems from just a few of our young, talented writers in the community.

WRITE ON!



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