

Poetry of success at City, Inc. High

Written by

Friday, 29 January 2010 19:45



The City Inc High Schools has offered its students an after school performance arts program for the past two years. This opportunity has been made available through the generosity of the Minneapolis Public Schools Contact Alternative Office. Phyllis Productions provides performance arts training to the students.

Phyllis Productions, led by Judy Cooper-Lyle, a veteran of the Minneapolis theatre community, has brought new opportunities to The City Inc High School Students. Presented here are two poems written by The City Inc students for classroom credit and performed recently at a school-wide assembly.

The City Inc students are focused on improving their literacy and writing skills. These two poems represent quality work by two students who are enrolled in the performance arts program and they demonstrate how students at The City Inc are improving academically and having the unique opportunity to perform for fellow students, family and friends.

Bill English, Director of Schools at The City Inc said, "We are committed to improving the academic skills of our students while providing them with opportunities to engage in the performing arts as a way of building self confidence and self esteem."

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English is extremely grateful to Minneapolis public Schools, particularly Mary Barrie, Director of Contract Alternatives, for their support in making this program available to The City Inc students.

Love is Blind **By Ilesha Coves**

I feel as if the pain
that's running through my veins has made a
claim on my mind, body, soul

This pain that's so bitter and cold
spreads through my body
like the meth that eats away the flesh
of a meth addict

It weakens my heart
like the smoke that weakens your lungs

It rots my spirit
like the liquor deteriorates your liver

I get down on my knees
and ask "GOD please. Why Me"?
Why did I have to get abused?
Emotionally, mentally, and sexually?

Why did incest have to run throughout my family tree?
Why have I been going through this warfare spiritually?
Lord "Why Me, Why Me"?

Why is what I thought
was a brothers love
has caused me to feel
hurt, abused, confused, ashamed all of the above

My hurt beneath it all
beneath the laughs, smiles, pretended joy, fake togetherness
I throw smiles over it all
Over the hurt, confusion, fear, denial, lies, truth

Then I tell myself
well agony is pain
Can love be pain?
Is love pain?

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Well in my case ya'll
the pain caused was portrayed as love

When I was called stupid
that was love
When I was told I was nothing
that was love
When I was told to take off my clothes
that was love
When I was told to shut up
that was love

When it was anywhere at anytime
By the age of twelve
he must have said "huh it's about that time."
That was love

When I was taken into the hallway
as if I was a prostitute getting paid
that was love

When I said "No" he said "Yes"
that was love
When he was ready to stick
and told me to suck and lick
That was love

When this blind pain
went on and on
and it's going on and on
that's love

When he said
"Oh that little girl on drugs"
that was love

When he said
"that it was consent at the age of six"
That was love

When 1 person became 2
And 2 became 3
that was love

When I not only have this hidden pain
but when I start to think about the emotional hurt

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that I endured from my daddy verbally
O yeah Esha, that was love too!!

When his drunk nights
was labeled as life lessons
That was love

When he said
"You not my child"
but "I'm your daddy"
that was love

When he said
"don't listen to my family"
but "I believe what they say"
That was love

When they said
"I'm this, I'm that"
I'm not gone be this or be that
That was love

When I was showed that him being your brother
was more important then me being your baby girl
that was love

When it came to the point
where I tried to hurt myself thinking that it would please everyone else
that wasn't love

Me keeping everything inside
I'm not loved
Me crying
I'm not loved
Me hurting
I'm not loved
My heart breaking
I'm not loved

Damn love is blind Ya'!!!

PICTURE PERFECT **By Vinyarie Smith**

You don't know how I feel

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My family is falling completely apart.

The family I thought was so perfect ain't so perfect after all.
The man of the house my father is leaving his family and friends.
Because of the white man's unjust laws.

So how can you put an ex-con back on the street with a felony on his record?
How is this man, my father, going to support our family?
Going back to the only thing he knows DRUGS AND THE MILITARY

It's kind of crazy because the same white man that made the unjust laws
Wants my father to be a slave in his billion dollar prison
YES PRISON! That's where he's headed
All because my father wanted a picture perfect family

Then there's my mother – mama – lord know she trying her best
Working two jobs cooking and cleaning, cleaning and cooking trying to keep herself busy and
motivated hoping for a better day.

Then there're her grown ass kids that can't put the pass in the pass an' all they wanna do is
argue yelling and screaming, screaming and yelling AND DON'T KNOW WHAT THE F***
THEY YELLING AND SCRAMING ABOUT IN THE FIRST PLACE!

So how does my mother deal with her grown ass kids and the loss of her husband?
A SHOT OF HEN and not taking God's hand.
So how does she
No how do we the picture perfect family going to do with out this man for ten years.
Picture perfect
Perfect picture . . .
My picture perfect family.