

I am

I am not

By Anais Torres

I am a ballerina dancing in the moonlight
flowing on water.
As the ripples develop from beneath my feet.
My toes barely touching the water, yet sliding
smoothly over its wavy surface.

I am a ballerina dancing in the moonlight
But I am not.
Now I am a bird singing in the morning
to greet the day.
As sun bringing warmth to feathers as I spread
my wings and take flight.
Soaring higher than the clouds in the sky.

I am a bird
But I am not.

I am just me.

A human dreaming all these wonderful dreams.
Sitting here watching the birds and listening to the sounds
of music.
I am sitting here dreaming.
But I am not a bird nor a ballerina.
I am just me!

A girl with many dreams.

Nothing more, nothing less.
Anais Torres, in the flesh.

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What Have We done?

By Anais Torres

The world is a gift given to us by the heavens.
Handed down from parent to child.
But then it was handed to parents who gave it
to us and we destroyed it.

We tore down trees.
Made more pollution.
We flooded the streets with violence.
We infested neighborhoods with gangs.

Claimed land as our own.
Taking children from their beds.
Killing moms, dads, brothers, sisters and
grandparents.

What types of animals are we to change the world
For the worse?
To use a pack of bullets instead of words?

Now we have to deal with drugs, rape, killings, pollution
and war.
We look at what we have done and we
say only words that are foolish.

One minute you want to save it.
Pick up the pieces you dropped.
The next is when you just couldn't care
less and go on with life.

We have done what we have done.

We squashed the dream of hope for a better world
Because as long as bullets are flying,
we just make it worse.

We wait until it picks up itself waiting
until the god comes down and makes it
all better.

But I live in reality.
I know it's never going to happen. ...

Realization

By Maria Rodriguez

(One of the winning poems for the Young Artists Project, sponsored by IL Dept of Human Services – May 2003)

The poet in me has died once more.
At the shrewd contentment of a person's depravity
and nonsense.
I was hissing at thoughts of destruction.
I'm very twisted and deep found yet I maintain
an aura of twitiness.
Mounting and forming a charade for everyone to
observe.
They think they know who I represent and who I am.

See, I put myself in these states in which
not a human can touch me or alter my thoughts.

I am destructible, strong and intelligent.
I act as if I was a silly schoolgirl
to please everyone.
I am tired of being everyone's example.
I am tired of hiding.
Of not being me.
I am tired of life and ignorance.
And mostly, I am tired of being frustrated
and angry.

I am angry at society, people and close-mindedness.
I am tired of the way people treat one another.

I have been bashed and mistreated!
I have been raped and abused!
And for that I am so tired of the world.
Of the way people act as if they were
all mighty.

Do people not learn anytime these days that blind,
they can't see past two feet in front of themselves?
Forget this world, ignorance, close-mindedness
and jealousy.

Learn from thou mistakes and prosper from them.
Stop being fools America and stop being ignorant!
Open your eyes and you'll realize
that in the end we are all one.

We are all united.
We are all God's children.

Is it Love?

By Maria Rodriguez

The most enticing and amazing experience yet!
There have been good times and many great times.
Yet no experience as satisfying and awesome
as this latest one.

The feeling of skin brushing against skin.
The smell of must in the air.
Is this possible love?
Or just plain lust...
I doubt it's just lust there were so many.

Those emotions are best known as making love.
Yet how can you make love to someone you barely know?
Is this love at first sight?
I really don't know what to call it.
It can be whatever it wants to be, as long as it's love.
I think that it is love at first sight.
We are still together and loving each other
even more each day.

I love you baby.
There is nothing that is going to change that.
For you are my amazing prince.
You are my true love.
I love you whether or not I know not how to
express this.
You know that you mean the world to me.
These feelings will never change, for you are the kindest
most amazing person that I have ever had the pleasure to
date.

To fall in love with...

You tell me that I'm scared and that I don't show
off my emotions, but guess what?
I just noticed that you are hiding things.
Baby that ain't cool.
Regardless of what you hiding from me, my love...
I still will always love you.

What is Love to you?

By Phyllis Velez

Love is not a game.
Love is not a force upon you.
Love is a gift to you and me...you won't regret.
I can love you if you want me to.

Love is a pleasure and sorrow in the relationship
and the way I love you.
Love is a secret gift to you if you want it.
I have not loved anyone like I love you.
That is special to me.
That way I call to you.

I don't know what to do with how
I feel about you.
I don't want to say that I love you.
If I don't or I want to say that I love you
But you still love me the way that I love you.

Do you understand the choice I have given to you?
If not, that's up to you.

Love is something you feel in your
heart and soul.

Not in your pants.

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Black and Blue

By Anais Torres

Black is the color of death
Blue is the color of life.
Black is how I felt when Dad got diabetes.
It's when I found out he could die just from eating
the wrong thing.
Blue is how I live my life.
No real friends...
No one knowing the real me.

I have many friends so they say,
But are they really telling the truth?

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Untitled

By Anais Torres

It's around midnight and the streets are bare.
Only the sounds of misfits fill the air.
As a group of teenagers gather on the corner
disturbing the peace of the streets.
Paper bags, covered bottles and packs of cigarettes
Are seen there as the teenagers stand huddling.
It's their *hood*.

There's the smell of sour rotten lemons, misty covered grass
and dry beer all at once.
They stand there..guns hidden safe while
jokes and laughter..cries of anger and rage seep
in the air.
Then the chatter is bought to an end as the tires to a broken
down Ford comes toward them.
Four men are in this car.

I only see the back of their heads from my window.
The front passengers side window comes down as the
biggest guy steps up to the car.
A gun is pulled from the car and instantly fires three bullets
from its chamber.
Two guys drop to the floor, not in fear, but in pain
as the bullet pierces the bodies.
Two more guns are pulled out of the car.
More shots are heard.
The teenagers scatter... many with injuries.
Some fight back as the battle begins.

Gun to Gun.
Car to Feet.
Gang to Gang.
Body for Body.
Death or Life.
Life or Death!

One bullet never has a name
and if it doesn't stop, you might be next.

For Danny

By Maria Rodriguez

You wanted to be in a gang.
That was your dream.
“Everyone is in one”
That was your answer.
I tried to understand you.
I tried to be a friend and your lady all at once.
What can I say? I’m only one person!
You got your wish. You got into the gang.
Two weeks later I got a call...
You got shot. You died!
I went to see you go six-feet under.
But all I could do is think about our last kiss.
Why didn’t you listen???
Now I’m here by myself with nobody to love.
All I want to say is good bye to my first love.

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The Bird on the Ground

By Anais Torres

One day in the park on my morning walk,
I took a seat at the bench to have some thoughts.
There was a bird on the ground and he was
looking up at the sky.

I said “why, why won’t you fly?
You walk when you have wings???”
To me this makes no sense.
Tell me why do you not like the sky?”

The bird looked back and
With a faint little voice said,
“if only you knew what I see everyday.
I love to fly. Yes I do!!!
But I like it on the ground,
in this park by this bench.
Eating this bread of a hot dog
on a warm sunshine day

but when I fly all is not peaceful
and it’s not a pretty view.
Girls are hurt.
Drugs are sold.
Guns are fired and children cry.
So would you wanna fly?

If you fly over a drive-by and the driver missed
and the three-year-old son took a shot to the head.
When you fly over homes and you can hear
a mother cry, her daughter is gone taken right from
her bed. When a wife is on the floor
because her husband hit her.
So I ask you would you wanna fly?

If you could hear guns and screams and see all the things that
I have seen. The world is not safe this I know.
So I’ll take a chance on the ground near this bench at this park
eating this bread of a hotdog on a warm sunshine day.
I walk to the water, to the tree, to this bread
but I only fly if I have to” and with this he ate his bread.
I looked at the bird and thought he was right
Why would I wanna fly if others are in pain?
Why would I wanna fly if I could only see and hear them more
easily?
So I got up from my spot and waved my hand.
Bye little bird.

A new wise friend of mines.

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