

My Heart. A Caged Bird by Lily McFall

Based on Maya Angelou's "Caged Bird"

The creature within me yearns
Seeks
An exit
Longs to fly free
Dip her wings in the velvet sky
Crow her name at the heavens and hellish seas
Yet
Often barred
By stagnant molds
Erupting into iron cages
Within my heart
Dark trees caging her from flight
Oftentimes she is silent, my bird within me
Content, awaiting some hidden key
I wonder
If she will ever realize
The door lies open
If only she would
Fly
Dare
To claim what she seeks

DISCLAIMER: May contain topics that are disturbing and/or triggering to some viewers
(Ex. SA, Suicidal Themes)

Residential Assistant in Physical Education by Norah Myer

All that rings in my mind,
Is a word
Dark enough to make me blind.
With your hands on my hips
And careful parting
Of my lips,
I want to bite you
And pry you
Away
And tell you to stay
Far from me,
Though you'll just make it a decree
And tell me what to see
But I have eyes,
A mouth and replies,
A person that cries,
To follow behind
And I was filled with sense,
I was not nonsense,
Yes, I used past tense
It's been that way ever since.
When I remove my clothes,
And stare into the mirror,
All I see are prints
Hand prints,
On my abode
They've been there long,
So they're cold
And old
So stop being bold.
What did I do?
You tell me to bow,
And call you rex
That to sigh,
Will only make me next.
My skirt is long
But to you it's short
You are my RA,
Student affairs
To make broken repairs

And you make me run,
Like in PE
But you, I flee
Why can't you see?
My skin boiled,
Scorched by the sun
My life,
Permanently soiled
And my skin,
Torn at the corners
Wrapped in bandages
Near the borders
And with this sword I swore this
And you'll give my body to the coroners
Promise this,
Don't make me a foreigner
To my own casket.
Necrophiliac touches
This sad dead miss,
And gives her a sad dead kiss.
With patient bliss
He waits for her to wake up,
Wake up from this.

I chose to listen to the river by Katelyn Tijerina

When others are talking
I chose to listen to the river

When my mind is muttering
I chose to listen to the river

When life is struggling with me
I chose to listen to the river

At the end of the day
I chose to listen to the river
And when I am still I realize
The river was listening to me