



Why

April 2012

Why

by the writers of B.U.M.P.

Acailah, Aliyah, Brandon, Cedric, Chelsea,
Jeremy, Matthew, Nathaniel, Shyheim, Tommi

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by Lillian Néćakov.



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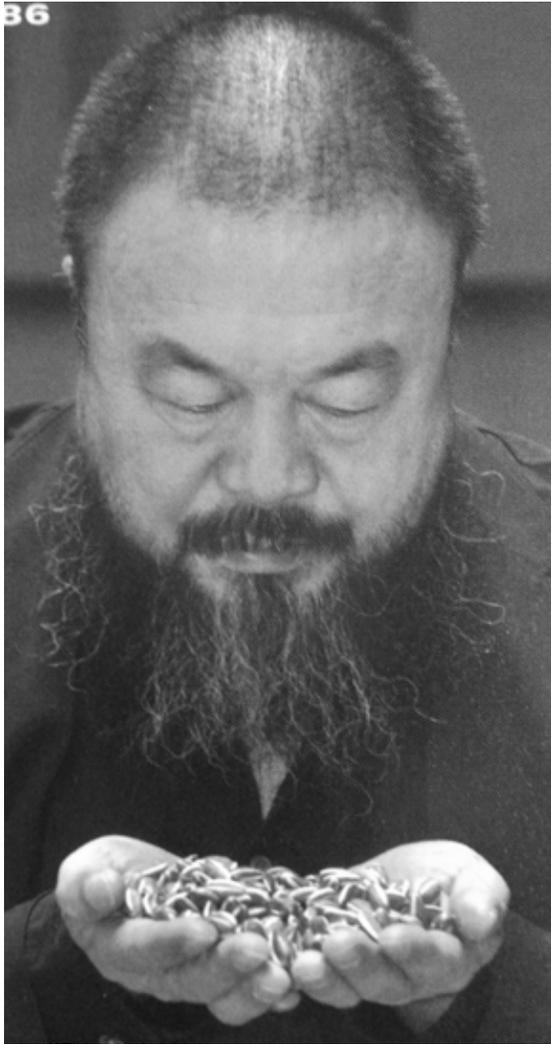
The Centre for Literacy of Quebec
Le centre d'alphabétisation du Québec



**Canada Council
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du Canada**

Contributors:



Censorship

By: Shyheim

I'm locked up because I expressed my emotions and how I felt about certain things in my paintings. I think everyone should be able to express himself one way or another without being punished or made fun of or even judged for that matter.

In my picture, I might look weird or funny looking, but as an artist, you have to think outside the box. As an artist, I see more than sunflower seeds.

Why?

By: Shyheim

Because I'm not allowed to.

Because of the roughness of her fingers.

Because it's fun.

Because of a banana.

Because she asked me to.

Because I don't like you anymore.

Because I wanted to.

Bad to Good

By: Tommi

I've watched their graves for days and days and nothing has happened except that now I see demons and the devil right in front of my eyes. I don't know why but I'm not afraid. I feel a wake of terrible thoughts in my brain. I start to fall asleep into a deep dream: a dream of violence and death. Then I wake up and it's not bad anymore.

Windy Day
By: J-REXX

The rain falls on the ground.
The wind blows into the trees.
Everyone is wet.

Vital Choice
By: J-REXX

He waits by the counter because he's lost in his thoughts.
He waits by the counter because his mind stopped.
He waits by the counter to hear the girl crying aloud.
He waits by the counter, too afraid of what he might hear.
He waits by the counter, not brave enough to interfere.
He waits all alone the only one to hear or care.
He waits by the counter so rigid, so cold.
He waits by the counter holding the phone as if it were gold.
He waits by the counter to stop and think.
He waits by the counter, the screaming stops and it's clear.
He waits by the counter, phone at his ear.
He waits no longer, the time is clear.

Why?

By: Chelsea

Because they finally won.

Because nobody really cares.

Because we were once best friends.

Because my cat died.

Because I don't like red.

Because he gave me the nickname, "Buzz Kill."

Because I wish he were here.

Because the rain is relaxing.

Because I suck at sports but love to play.

Because that dog is so cute.

Because I still have that letter you gave to me so long ago.

Because the sky is blue.

Because it's what I chose to do.

Because that's all the say, "Do this," or "Do that."

Because I once loved that colour

Because they told me to stop.

Because it makes me laugh.

Because grass turns yellow.

Because I want to be a millionaire.

Because that's just how life goes.

Because nothing ever makes sense.

Because I am a lost soul.

Because to him it's like I'm not even here.

Because my life just started.

Alien ... in Reverse

By: Aliyah

I came here thinking everything would be great. I thought that I'd adjust quickly and that I would integrate fast...but I was wrong. I am surrounded by foreign faces, foreign languages, customs, habits and behaviour. I am confused - confused because I know nothing about this place. If I dare ask anyone near me any sort of question, they'd look at me as if I was some sort of ape-dinosaur, as if I am the alien, when in truth, they are aliens to me. These people are beyond strange. Some are bodiless, some walk backwards, some eat wooden tables and others walk on their hands. Their heads are larger, arms are twisted, mouths are upside-down and backs are crooked. They are the aliens. Not me, but them. But I'll fall to my knees, dead center in their universe just to find an answer to my questions. I'll leave my pride behind and I will surrender to them. Clearly, I cannot live here being myself. So, I am willing...I am willing to kill who I am to become who I will be. I will be like them...because I have to. I will be...an alien.



Why?

By: J-REXX

Because that's who I am.
Because no one really cares anyway.
Because you're not my friend.
Because not everyone's reality is the truth.
Because I hate watching TV.
Because you're not the smartest guy around.
Because I love animals.
Because knowing what will happen is more painful
than not knowing.
Because everyone is the same.
Because I am my own person.
Because I just don't like your face.
Because you're just too nice to me.
Because everywhere has different types of trees.
Because you can never uncover the emotions you feel inside.
Because I used to like her.
Because people always die.
Because I gave your dog away.
Because veggies are mostly green
but there's always some that stand out.
Because I know how you look at me and call me a monster.
Because I know how it feels to look a dead man in the eye.
Because I'm not ready to die.

Two Haikus

By: young ceddy j

freedom has such breeze
standing in the sand with no sandals

Damn, it is windy.
Why is that dog sleepwalking?
Bill is freezing.

Two Haikus

By: Matthew

It was a summer day
the sun was blazing
there was a riot.

The leaves dancing on the vine
kids playing in the park
they went to the sugar shack.

Blindfolds

By: J-REXX

How do I distinguish myself from the rest? How do I make a difference when all alone the world turns yet I feel still? My heart beats yet it feels unreal. I find my joy in creating happiness, but happiness is hard to find. World crimes seem to burst out at random times. People do nothing to solve these problems. They'd rather just turn a blind eye. What do you do with the loudest of cries? Starvation and poverty, pain and suffering. I remember now why the eyes go blind because business and money takes all the human races' times. I distinguish myself by not following the rest. I was born a strong leader and that's what I do the best. Do as you please, but I will stick to doing me. I'll never do as you do, don't you move your eyes from me. At the end, I will make your blindness cease, and force you to see.

Thank you, Mom

By: Acailah

The roughness of his mother's fingers
made him the man he is today.

All the hard work she put into this child
finally worked out.

He is grown

with a job

and things that a man

would be happy about at his age.

The roughness of his mother's fingers

made him strong

made him confident

made him believe

that there is a God out there

that is looking down on him

and hoping for a tomorrow,

a tomorrow that will be a better

and brighter tomorrow

for him and his

mother.

Why

By: Acailah

don't you love me
and tell me things like you used to
like how I didn't look fat in that dress that evening
even though I did
and how you liked when I kissed you
even though my lips were chapped.
You don't love me
because I don't look like the other girlfriends that you used to
have
and maybe because I have no ass
maybe because I'm Christian
and everyone thinks I'm goodie-goodie
because you hate my mother
because I'll overpower you
and maybe because I don't want to live under your spotlight
because I really hate you inside
and love you on the outside
because I'm shy
and not as crazy as my grandmother
or maybe I'm stupid
because I'm scared ... of being hurt.

Why?

By: Matthew

Because you're nothing but a lost puppy that has no hope.
Because my dream is something that holds the world like a puzzle.
Because I had no choice but to survive in wilderness.
Because wherever you go, I'll be watching over you.
Because I'm the chosen one of all mankind.
Because you and I are meant to be together.
Because I was the one who took you under my wing.
Because you're the cause that everyone hates to live.
Because my words are more powerful than any action.

Cold Truth

By: J-REXX

The weather is cold.
The bears are going to sleep
along with the trees.

Taped Up

By: Acailah

I'm trapped in my thoughts,
don't know where to go.
I'm stuck in a rut,
I think I'm going nuts.
I'm trying to get out of this trap
or is it more than that?

I take off my hat for all the people who've been trapped
taped up
shook up by thoughts and memories.

I got my mind made up
I don't know where to go
or where I should be
but if I'm going to start this
I have to be fast as I can be
to achieve my goal.

I really hope I don't fall back in that hole
because I have somewhere to go.

I don't know where yet
but all I know is that it's better
than what I was going through before.

Now God has opened a door
and so much more.

So I give him all the praise
and hope I don't fall back in that daze.



Broken City

By: Chelsea

We walk past poor,
helpless people everyday.
We don't pay any
mind to their suffering.
They beg and they plead
for us to help them.
All we do is based on
selfishness and greed.
We keep everything to ourselves
not caring what happens to
others.
Breaking our own town
down to little pieces.
Bits of rubble being
kicked around.
Nobody cares and I don't
think they ever will.

Untitled

By: Aliyah

She will die slowly
her killer is unaware
he thinks that her leaves

will bear forever
but her trunk will grow fair and
the moist blanket she

has to support her
will dry out and will crumble
not giving her the support

she needs to carry
on, in this world where she is
a victim of war

The Days as a Soldier

By: young cedly j

We drift through puddles as we never get wet.
we march all day but we don't get upset
for we live in a world where people are depressed.
Some pray to their gods when they feel depressed,
but our lives are so intense
as we fight for these people everyday,
doing things the hard way,
as we march through the desert, as we sail on boats,
as we walk through hard rain while wearing heavy coats
for we love our country and we will never back down
so we will keep on fighting until things come around.

Three Haikus
By: Nathaniel

The sun is real hot
but we must stick to the main plot
we must hunt that crock

shiver me timbers
it's so cold in this ice snow
I should wear big boots

The leaves are falling
the creepy bugs are crawling
they're very ugly

The Heart behind the Mask

By: young cedly j



I am lost in this world,
it seems that I no longer know myself.
I don't know what I like to wear. I don't know what to eat.
It's all I think of at night. Makes it hard for me to sleep.
My identity means nothing to me anymore,
it only reminds me of the sorrow - times like watching
my parents fight and seeing how nobody wants to
pay attention to me or hear what I have to say.
My life feels like such a lie. Everything I have done
in the past, whether it was always getting As and Bs on
my report card or trying to make everyone happy,
feels so meaningless to me now. This pain that I have
kills me. It makes me want to burst. That is why I call upon
the mask, for when I put it on, I feel unstoppable.
I feel like I can leave this identity behind,
and enter a new one that will direct me in a glorious path.

Why?

By: Brandon

Because my mom said I couldn't go outside
to play with my friends.

Because there are mean people who always cause trouble.

Because they want to be cool in front of people.

Because they want to be known as the popular kids.

Because when they're on the street,
they want to be known as the cool kids.

Because I think they're really not.