

POETRY:

BREAK OUT

FALL 2014

Writers in the Community Program

Fall 2014

This zine was produced as part of Writers in the Community, a program run jointly by the Quebec Writers' Federation and The Centre for Literacy.



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

www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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**Canada Council
for the Arts**

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du Canada**

Concrete

By: Ezra

Bridges and buildings
Streets and cities
Jail cells and walls
They connect us
Keep us in from breaking out
Concrete builds our society today

In years to come it will begin to crumble
It will all be dust and rubble
Paved roads
Over and under passes
All of it will soon be just memories of our past
These walls won't hold us for that much longer

Poetry

By: Ezra

Poetry is the sun in the sky
The wind blowing
The trees growing

Poetry is the full moon glowing
And the wolves howling
It is all life, life that is beautiful and great

Poetry is life

I Am

By: Ezra

I am myself
I am from the streets
The late nights

The dark nights
I am in a place where you'd hate to be
I've been in and out of this place

I'm no longer a rookie
I could show you the ropes of life by now
But I'm stuck in here

The World is So Big

By: Ezra

In fact it's gigantic
Go to New York or a small town
It's gorgeous, Central Park in autumn

How colorful it'll be
Go to Antarctica during a blizzard
Go to a small village in Asia during a tornado

It's a beautiful sight

Sports Poem

By: Ezra

Flip flops. Screaming. In the changing room. Getting my shorts on. I hear a whistle blow. Splashing I reach the pool. Put my towel up on the hook. Jump in the shower. Grab my bathing cap. Scoop up my goggles and my snorkel. Put my diving flippers on. I'm all ready. I dive in the pool. My dad's in the pool a few lanes down. He's been here for an hour already. It's as if we switch places. Out of the corner of my eye I see him jump out of the pool. I continue my laps. I feel free, like a fish. It clears my mind. I stare at the bottom of the pool. The lines. Kick stroke breath kick stroke breath kick stroke breath. It seems so natural so smooth. I take a look at my watch and it's already been 45 mins past 12. Almost ladies swim. Time to get ready to go. I swim my last 2 laps. I jump out of the pool, and do everything backwards. Take my flippers off, off with the snorkel & goggles. Then my bathing cap. I jump in the shower. Grab my towel. The kids are still splashing. The whistle blows. Every one out! I walk back to the changing room. Pack it up, going home.

Nature Poem

By: Ezra

I'm in the wild.
Where I can live free,
peacefully with no one to bother me.

I come across a beautiful stream.
That leads me down to the magical water falls.
The fountain of youth.

The fish are so calm
you can catch them
with your hands.

They taste as sweet as candy,
and the water is even sweeter.
I can spend the rest of my life here.

Where I'm From (Guntreal)

By: Ezra

I am from the city of busy metros.
From the long days of school.
I am from lunch time at the metro.
Clouds of smoke, skipping class.

Babylon, rolling up, getting harassed.
I am from long bus rides into different hoods.
I am from dark and rainy days.
From disappointment and the worrisome father.

I am from the loving and caring mother.
The home away from home is what I would call it now.
I am from freedom, what ever I wanted to do, I did.
I am from the cold city. The real city.

Winter days, cold cement walls, and fences.
I am from the big city of dreams.

About the Poet: Ezra

My father is a poet. I first learned of poetry in my early teens when he showed me his book.

I'm inspired by my father's encouragement and Greg Santos AKA G-Money AKA Moondoggy and his great teachings. I've learned a lot from G-Money.

I was born in a town in northern Quebec called Puvirnituq. My mother lives in the small town of Inukjuak, with approximately 1600 people. My father lives in Uptown, Montreal. I was raised and went to school in the Cote-Des-Neiges area.

I will have to choose between 2 worlds. The big and busy city or the small and quiet town.

One of my life goals is to finish my schooling. It is very important to me. I am currently in secondary 5.

In my opinion, I'm easy to get along with, very friendly. The other kids in this place might not think so but whatever.

I dream of nothing, I think big and I know that I will go far in life and succeed. I've been very successful in the past. I am only a few steps away.

I can smell freedom.

Who Am I?

By: Tyler

I am a creation of God's image.

I am a younger version of my father,

I am a sinful person who caused a lot of damage.

I am a prisoner from society, so it cannot be bothered.

I am from a place where love and hate don't mix.

I am from a place where crooks play a lot of tricks.

I am from a place that would make God himself sick.

I am in a place where I cannot be seen.

I am in a place where I cannot leave.

I am a prisoner in the Government's facility.

Presently I'm a criminal bettering myself.

In the future, my goal is to better myself even more, to be successful, for a different life because this one, I no longer want anymore.

My Identity!

By: Tyler

I put the “con” in convict, the “Real” in realistic,
I am so ongoing, so ambitious,
I can have thoughts that relate with viciousness.
I cook beef like a chef in a kitchen,

I put the “odd” in God, the “Jes” in Jesus,
I am so honest, so full of thankfulness,
I can shit on people with ungratefulness.
When I walk down streets, they show respect.

I put the “be” in believe, the “fai” in faith.
I’m a realistic convict with on going ambitions,
with thoughts that can be vicious.
I kill beef like a butcher in a butcher shop.

I’m God with the son named Jesus.
Odd but honest, thankful but hates ungreatfulness,
Respect that I earned but didn’t want given,
I believe in faith, though it cannot be seen.

I Am!

By: Tyler

I am an older brother to 2 younger siblings.
I wonder how they will progress in life.
I hear gun shots in my head.
I see war outside.

I want peace in my hood and success in my family.
I am an older brother to 2 younger siblings.
I pretend I am happy.
I feel too much hatred.

I touch the nine.
I worry about life.
I am an older brother to 2 younger siblings.
I cry when family dies.

I understand how I should be.
I say that I'm good.
I dream of peace.
I try to do right.

I hope for a better life for my brothers and sisters.
I am an older brother to 2 younger siblings.

I Am! (Part 2)

By: Tyler

I am from God, from his creation and thought,
I am from the light, that makes life brighter.

I am from jungle gyms, from toys in the park,
I am from street corners, where I stand in the dark.

I am from a pack of sheep, the odd one in it,
I am from a place that is cold, from an area code.

I am from life, I am from death,
I am from love, that now seems dead.

Sports Poem

By: Tyler

The basketball, the Jordan kicks, the fancy moves, the flashy tricks, the adrenaline rush, I love that shit!

The ball in my hands, the chanting fans in the bleacher stands, I love that shit!

Crossovers and box outs, other team players cross me out, I laugh because I love that shit!

Cool as can be, I played like a "G", until I got shot in my knee, I can no longer play that shit.

I played real hard, I felt like a star, fans who said I was dirty at ball, no longer say that shit.

I continue to play, I still try real hard, regardless of what people say, I may fall down, but I push my effort and my heart for the sport, basketball, I love that shit!

Lost Train of Thought

By: Tyler

My mind used to be hot,
I was always losing my temper.

At one point I used to be on top,
but that point I can no longer remember.

My heart was warm,
but now cold like December.

But honestly, I don't give a fuck,
so really? It's whatever.

In life I tried to be a leader,
but my mind was hot like a heater.

This poetry is so sick,
I'm giving poets fevers!

Rain

By: Tyler

Clouds turn grey as it starts to rain,
Goals I have accomplished in my life,
I must accomplish again,
As I fall, I feel the pain, but in life,
You have to lose, in order to gain.

Concrete Jungle

By: Tyler

Living life in this concrete jungle, was hard knowing that your whole life can drop like a fumble, struggling, wondering if Mama's at peace, knowing that at anytime your life can get split like a crack in the concrete streets.

To Whom Rest in Peace, Guide Me!

By: Tyler

Thinking of my friends and family in remembrance,
gives me the strength to do what's right,

I swear they speak to me,
tell me to gain my intellegence,

to expect the unexpected,
for the mind is the power of life.

About the Poet: Tyler

My name is Tyler AKA Y6G.

I was 18 when I discovered writing poetry.

I collaborated with Greg AKA Moondoggy

AKA G-Money,

I am from Montreal, Quebec. From Verdun.

My inspiration is freedom.

My biggest dream for myself and my family
is to become successful in life.

My biggest talent is I can pretty much do
whatever I set my mind to doing.

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