

# SOCIAL workshop



December 2020

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[www.qwf.org/programs/wic](http://www.qwf.org/programs/wic)

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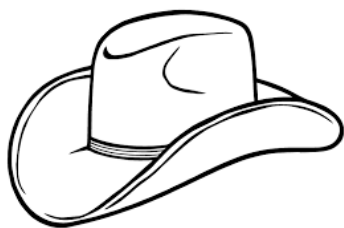
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SECTION I  
POEMS BY AV

## Path

Whatever path you choose to take  
there will be love to spare away  
you can steer to any place you want to go  
but the reader of this poem already spoke

## Bad

A few bad days doesn't mean it's over  
it's the beginning of a new chapter

## Courage

I'm here trying to spit bars

but you should open your mouth and start

brilliant people like stars

when you're weak you try again and fight for  
your streak

when you lose courage, you turn around and  
find it

but it slowly burns away because of your fears

but you could lose those fears by having  
courage

Love

I fell in love with someone because they loved  
me

when I couldn't love myself

Equal

All animals are equal

they might be ugly or cute

but their name suits who they are

People

People might like you more

if you listen and open new doors

some bad stuff may come on the way

and people might open their mouth and say

in life there will be bumpy roads

but also there will be success

and people might disagree

but prove them wrong and get a degree



Famous  
after Naomi Shihab Nye

The trees are famous to the wind  
the apples are famous to the fruit  
which knew that they are rotten  
before being eaten

The leaves are famous to the sound  
the electronics are famous to the computer  
more famous to the phone

the clocks are famous to the body  
but not to be worn

I want to be famous because I'm the best  
and because I'm smart  
famous as Lil T Jay  
I want to be famous in the way that I make money  
or clout chaser.

Not because I'm rich  
but because I'm a good singer.

## Erasure

from "Sail on My Little Honey Bee" by Amy Leach

an

idea

break  
with

lots

of

moons

and miles away

Remember  
after Joy Harjo

Remember the Cowboys  
knowing they're so bad

remember your parents and family  
to give you love and support

remember God  
to listen to his voice

remember the wind  
remember NG the Greek

remember you and your friends  
remember you are amazing

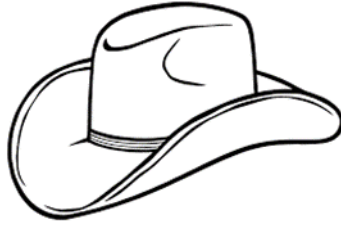
remember

Invocation  
after Marlon Hacla

In the name of Jesus who does care about us  
in the name of those who suffer in care

In the name of NG was a real Greek  
in the name of EV  
who's a good rapper

In the name of TM who likes the Cowboys  
and the name of GT who was an egg



SECTION II  
POEMS BY CO

# This is Just to Say

I f\*\*\*\*\* the person  
That you loved since  
The beginning

And which you were probably  
Hoping  
Would be yours

Forgive me  
They were delicious  
So sweet  
And so cold

# Erasure

“Sail On My Little Honey Bee” By Amy Leach

the self-conscious

fear atmosphere

periodically

luminous

unobservable

life has

petered

out

your little

Moonlight

Sail On

the sun

lustily may sing

perfect      keep singing      an

idea      the moon not

heavy

heave up and down

asymmetrical

truly

you

# Monster

A product of science  
Technological reconstruction  
Flesh torn apart and sewn together once more

Unnatural, Vile  
Less than fully human

The means of the monster's embodiment  
Seemingly justify exclusion from the world

Despair will not  
Repair the damage  
The loss of hope  
Becomes a self-fulfilling sentence

Rage. Rage. Rage.

Deep and abiding rage  
Fuels change

Direct your rage against  
The conditions  
Under which you struggle

The conditions  
That oppress  
And depress  
And distress  
Nonetheless  
I digress  
I implore you to reassess



All that you've been told

For the fire which you've been made to fear  
By those who corner you and reproach you for  
being vulnerable to the torches  
Is your greatest asset, fellow creature of the  
forbidden fruit

Let the fire nourish your rage  
Let your rage nourish you  
Let your nourished soul inform your actions  
Let your actions transform you as you reconstruct  
the world

# Shower Thoughts

I wonder why  
You don't become a carrot  
After you eat an orange

I wonder why  
I cannot taste colour  
After gazing upon the brightest of hues

I wonder why  
Thoughts such as these  
Are seen as a waste of time

I wonder why  
The mind running wild  
Is almost considered a crime

The way I see it  
Imagination is sublime

# Baby Penguin

I am but a chick  
Aspiring to great heights  
Wanting to fly high and see the world from a new  
point of view  
But destined to a life with my feet on the ground

Reluctant to move  
Paralyzed by fear of falling  
I am pushed to the edge, never going off

I can learn to glide  
Along the dull icy landscape  
But it will never amount  
To what my heart truly yearns for

If only I were a Spix's Macaw  
Like the handsome gentleman from Rio  
Flying off into the sunset with a beloved  
Into the welcoming arms of the end

# Black Hole

Burning with rage  
the flames a wild Starlight  
whipping and snapping  
42 lashes scream out into the void  
but no one else is left to respond  
for the Sun and the Moon  
and joy and sadness and love and hate  
and despair and hope  
have all been sucked into the vacuum  
that destroys indiscriminately  
it is nothing and it is everything  
and while the world keeps revolving  
it is pulled closer and closer  
into the beauty that is absent  
till the black hole eats itself as well  
it's hunger insatiable.







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