

# *the Writer's Block*



**NFA NORTH CAMPUS  
LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE**

*spring 2017*

# Thank you

FOR TAKING THE TIME TO READ  
NEWBURGH FREE ACADEMY'S NORTH CAMPUS  
2017 LITERARY ARTS MAGAZINE

## THE WRITER'S BLOCK

SPRING EDITION

We would like to thank all of the North Campus students who submitted work to this year's Spring Edition of The Writer's Block, as well as the teachers who encouraged their students to explore their ideas and thoughts creatively through writing. We are so fortunate to work in a school that supports student expression and celebrates writing and for that, we wish to thank Mr. DODDO and the administrative team at North Campus. In addition, we would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to Mr. MITCHELL at the NECSD print shop, the ladies at NFA North's Writing Lab, members of the North Campus ELA department and all of whom helped make this Spring edition of The Writer's Block a success (you know who you are!).

# The Moving Train

Crossing the street  
Looking both ways  
My feet lift off the ground  
Time flies away  
I look back and I'm more scared than I am today  
To see the past and never walk away  
I remember when I laughed and I smiled every day  
A smile that wasn't fake  
Pure joy  
Something you don't see normally  
They say those were the good times  
But I see it a different way  
The way I see it life might've been good  
But for others it might not have been the same  
Sure people made fun of me  
But wasn't that ok  
If it was happening to others wasn't it supposed to happen to me  
I didn't see it like it was a problem  
I saw it as something that happened on a normal day  
Maybe if I realized that then  
I would've said the things I needed to say  
People say you make your own choices  
But for me it was like a life altering decision  
Something that I needed to do to be forgiven  
Something that had to be done in order to get past it  
To pass that line between good and fantastic  
They pushed me to curse  
They said not doing it would make me weak  
They celebrated my first word as if a baby just learned to speak  
I remember the first day I said a curse word  
I felt so powerful  
Little did I know  
Words have consequences  
They make people feel less of themselves  
They say one man can change the world  
But I believe one word can change a man  
One word can change a person's look on life  
Change the beliefs inside their mind  
Screw up a rhythm and turn it into a rhyme  
Can make a man shoot up a store  
Then take his life because he felt he wasn't worth anything anymore  
Dice rolling  
Minds Strolling  
Times are changing  
Lives ending unexpectedly  
Stories told when it's too late  
Signs not seen when they were all over the place  
Words not understood until the disappearance  
Of the one person that wrote it  
Not looking to show it  
Not looking to spread it across the world  
I don't want money

I already have love  
But still my heart feels crushed  
Lies on top of lies  
Like stacks of paper on the desk that is my mind  
Slipping away flying in the air  
In the haze of confusion that is time  
I didn't see it months went by  
I've lost so much time and somehow it all seems to go away when I rhyme  
It's like I get this feeling that everything is paused  
That for a second all the pressure is off  
And I can feel my heart lifting into the sky and flying away  
Like the wind when I stop and here it sway  
Like the clouds watching over me in the night and the day  
With the stars twinkling hiding in the sky  
Sometimes I wish it was gone  
The words in my mind  
Like confusion jumbled overtime  
I just think and I think and I can't seem to run away  
I feel so stuck like my feet are glued to the ground  
And no one's here to pick me up and save the day  
Sure I have friends  
Sure I have family who are concerned about me  
They say teenagers don't understand that people can feel their pain  
People don't understand the pain we feel when we see the judgment on their face  
You say this is a safe space  
But I don't feel the same  
I feel as if you're watching my every move listening for the keyword to lock me up  
Lie to me and tell me it'll all be ok  
I want to be ok I swear I really do  
Sometimes it feels like life is slipping away  
When I'm lying or sitting right in the room  
Sometimes I stop and stare at a wall or two  
Wondering who will walk up to me and say are you ok?  
I'm never gonna answer that question truthfully  
But I'll always know that you care enough to come my way  
I'm not depressed I'm not suicidal but still I feel uneasy every day  
Uncomfortable not wanting to be hugged by the people who say they care about me  
There are some people that could relate to me and I don't know their names  
But I hope one day they can work up the courage  
To tell someone all the words their screaming in their brain  
I love myself  
I feel like I'm the best person I can be  
I get up out of bed and walk to school yet somehow that's still not enough  
For those who do not see what I see  
Maybe I haven't been through a lot I mean I'm still growing after all  
I'm only 14 but somehow life seems to have froze  
And left me stranded in the sea  
A sea full of sharks that come after me  
Some people call me ugly but I don't see what they see  
I see a beautiful girl who's still alive and has something that she wants to be  
Not big but not small  
Just enough for people to know my name and understand the things I believe

By: Ariana Fielding-Clarke

WORDS OF ADVICE:

THE HURT THEY LEFT WILL ETCH ITS WAY INTO YOUR SKIN,  
DON'T LET IT BECOME YOU.

YOUR HEART IS A LION, TRAPPED AND CHAINED, IT SCRATCHES AGAINST THE CAGE THAT IS YOUR RIBCAGE. LET IT  
FREE EVERY ONCE IN AWHILE, THE WILD CALLS FOR YOU.

SOME DAYS, THE SUN WILL SEEM TO RISE SOMEWHERE ELSE. SOME DAYS, THERE IS EVEN DARKNESS FOR THE GODS.

THERE IS SOMETHING BRAVE IN YOU, SOMETHING UNSEEN. YOU ARE MORE THAN WHAT PEOPLE SAY YOU ARE. YOU  
ARE MORE THAN A GRAVEYARD FOR YOUR REGRETS.

STOP SHATTERING YOUR SWORD AGAINST SHIELDS FOR PEOPLE WHO WON'T DEFEND YOU BACK. YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE WHO ENDS UP WITH BRUISED KNUCKLES AND BLOODY NOSES.

BY MORGAN GAETANO

Girl, I want you to go out with me  
But stop playing with me in Clash of Clans  
Stop donating me Goblins and Balloons  
And give me Co and Dragons  
I attack every war  
Why won't you promote me to Co-Leader?  
I get 3 stars in a war  
I'll take you out on a date if you donate me dragons and giants. K? Thx

Toyota Corolla, Vampire City, Level 63

by Mike Manza

## Spines of a Cactus

At first you were green,  
You were full of life.  
Nothing could stop the thriving of your delight.  
I could stay in your company, day or night.  
Now I simply cannot stand your sight.  
Why?

Maybe it's the way your spines impaled my life.  
Everything was calm, everything seemed right.  
It even seemed there was a perfect end in sight.  
Then all of it changed with just one break,  
Just a few months made it too late.  
You are different now, grown and stern.  
Nothing prepared me for this sudden turn.

We went from an amazon of love to a desert of drought.  
New experiences led you, and turned you inside out.  
You are no longer the friend I once loved and trusted,  
You have become a spur of thorns, torn and busted.

From the friendliest of your kind to the most savage,  
All of your promises destroyed me, I am ravaged.  
Never again will I befriend a cactus,  
For in such a short time it will surely leave me damaged.

By Veronica Gonzalez



*I felt your breath near my ear and was stunned  
frozen. Aware of every molecule of oxygen and carbon dioxide  
hitting my skin. It's funny how those little things get stuck  
like a record whose groove is bent. On repeat.*

*Your breath.*

*Your breath.*

*Your breath.*

*by Anonymous*

## *Angel of Mine*

Throbbing pain,  
Who should know?  
Happy smiles,  
dying inside.  
Not wanting to speak, be judged  
Missing you,  
easy as breathing.  
Crying for you,  
my soul is searching out.  
When I lay down to peace.  
Take my hand and fly  
to Heaven's gates.  
It's hard not  
to cry when somebody loves you,  
Even though you didn't want us to.  
Comforting touch, inspiring words  
My heart hurts,  
no release.  
It's like I'm getting punched where my heart is,  
By a heavy fist.  
your presence never again,  
Kills me inside.  
Try not to cry,  
isn't as easy as it seems.

When I lay down to peace

Take my hand and take me to the a place that is pure, white and golden  
and I'll be....

Home...

Because home is where your *heart is*.

R.I.P to one of the greatest women I have ever known, thank you for your love and support.

But I know you'll do it in Heaven now.

I love you to the moon and back.

R.I.P Angel of Mine

by Britney Rodriguez-Smith

## RANDOM THOUGHTS

SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON WHETHER OUR SKY THAT RUNS ON FOR MILES TOUCHES EARTH'S GROUND

MY HANDS RUN THROUGH THE MILLIONS OF STARS, JUST LIKE THE MILLIONS OF WORDS THAT ARE NEVER FINISHED.

MY MIND DANCES INTO THE ENDLESS BLACK HOLE AS I GET LOST IN THOSE THOUGHTS.

BY KAIORI WILLIAMS

# SEASONS

Let it be forgotten, forever and ever,  
let the memories fall like leaves in autumn.  
Let our leaves fall into a pit of nothingness.  
Let us crumble like leaves that have been stepped on.  
Let the breeze take our pieces away.

I won't blame you for the feelings of guilt,  
and I hope you won't blame me for the feelings of hate.

Let new memories blossom,  
like new leaves blossom in the spring.  
Let the past spill out of your hands like the river stream.  
Feel the breeze take you away,  
and don't you dare offer to stay.

Let it be forgotten, forever and ever.

Let our past memories shatter,  
like snowflakes shatter when they hit the icy ground.  
Let our mistakes melt away  
like ice cream on a hot summer day.

I won't blame you for the feelings of despair,  
and I hope you won't blame me for the feelings of rage.

Let it be forgotten, forever and ever.

by J.CRUZ

## Colors

I've known colors  
I've known colors that shine as bright as the burning sun.

My soul has grown to be free like the colors.

I see them and I think of what their purpose might be.  
I wonder what it's like for those who can't witness them.  
I can feel them as they touch my face,  
A warm and gentle touch.  
I see them dancing as if time were slowing down.

I've known colors  
Warm, fuzzy colors

My soul has grown to be free like the colors.

by Morgan Stroud



## BOREDOM of LIFE

I'm bored of the mundane  
I'm bored of the redundancy  
I'm bored of the cage from age  
I'm bored of the no responsibilities

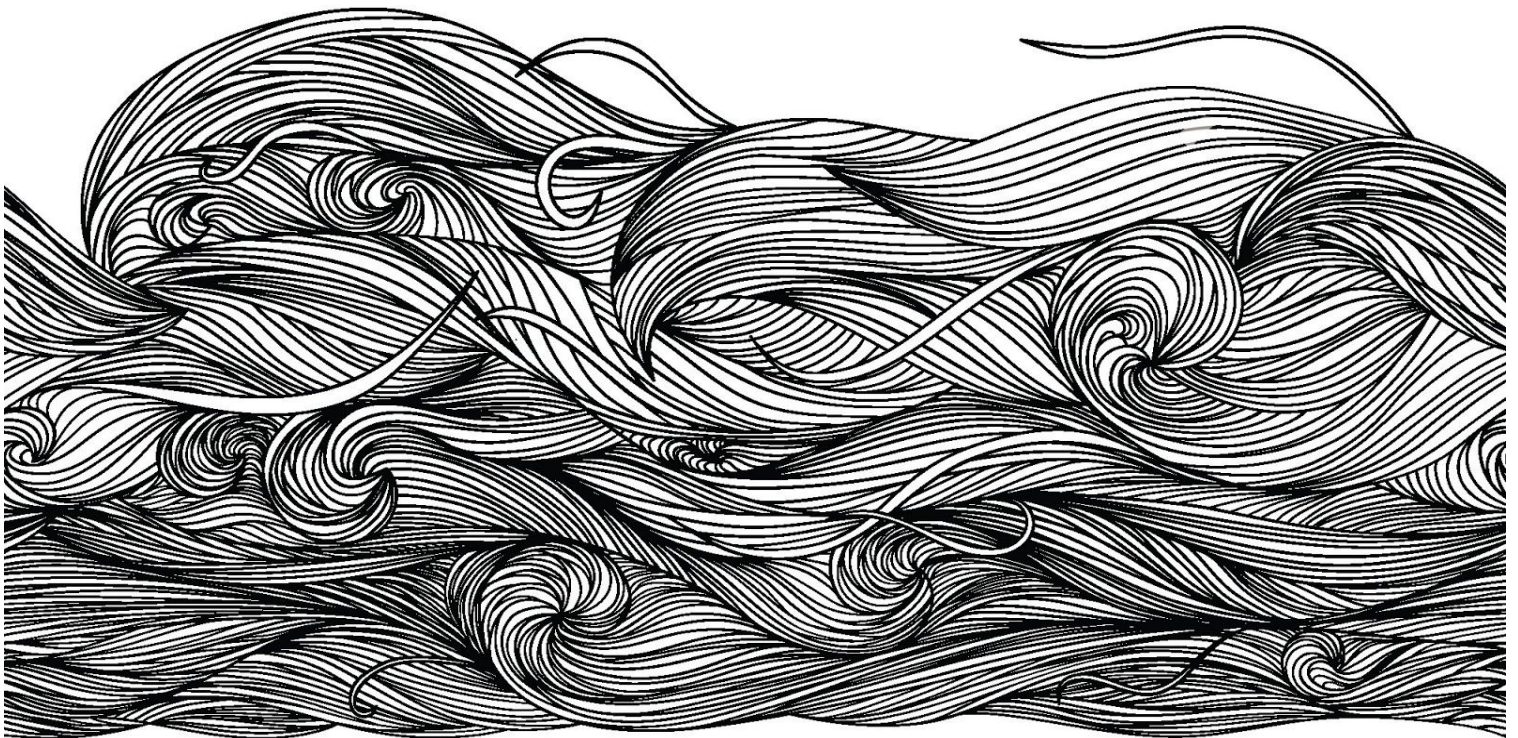
"I wish I could go back to the good old days"  
I have heard so many adults say this  
Why, all we have is the competition  
Who bullied more or who had their first kiss

Yes, we have no responsibilities  
But we also have no control  
We are at the mercy of life  
We drown under the waves and rolls

I want to grow up already  
I want to pay bills and go for my life goals  
I want to be able to take care of myself  
I want to feel the connection between souls

I want to go follow my dreams  
I want to get a job and get payed  
I love the idea of independence  
I'm tired of waiting for the next birthday

by Isabel Laracuenta



# Iron Fist

Do you know what it's worth?  
Do you know how much this hurts?  
How I could bleed  
Would you save me?

The only way I could remove my pain  
Is by writing every single day  
It's what helps me release my stress  
And the voices in my head?  
They all go mute  
It lets all the logic I learn compute  
All the things I learn? I use!  
Using it in my life  
Guess what? It all goes right  
Soon I'll be ruling with no leniency  
My kingdom will go to the top  
And I hope one day you'll see

*[Chorus]*  
I'm controlling every move  
I see everything you do  
I have an Iron Fist  
(I rule with it)  
Controlling using fear  
Lying to every single ear  
You think you're free  
But I have chains on you

You think I'm blind  
You're ruling everyone with fear  
Everyone that hates  
Mysteriously disappears  
The fear you have from losing your reign  
Would it be a loss?  
Bringing the kingdom pain?  
Or would it bring a Golden Age?  
All the troubles, fading away  
Time of prosperity  
Life could be livable  
You made it such a tragedy  
No one's living happily  
You're ruling so angrily!

*[Chorus]*  
*[Instrumental]*

*[Softly][Repeat louder]*  
///You thought you had control  
But you were overthrown  
A rebellion caused your end  
A new era will now begin///

*[Chorus]*  
We are the new voice!  
We make our own choice!  
No more chains on us!  
This war, we have won!

I controlled every move!  
I controlled every thought!  
I was later overthrown  
But in reality I have won!  
I rule with an Iron Fist!  
I have you...  
INSIDE OF IT!!!

by Jeremy Escobar

## CONFLICTING EMOTIONS



Oh Sorrow,  
Why do you make me cry  
For things I know are right?

Oh Sadness,  
How you haunt me at night  
Even though my choices are right.

Oh Fear,  
Fear of the unknown  
Will faith take me where I should go?

Oh Faith,  
Will you ever come back?  
I need to heal  
To be brought back to life.

Oh joy,  
Please come back  
I need you to take Sadness' wrath.

by Anonymous

### Anxiety

Anxiety wraps himself around you like a blanket  
entangling you in a web of deception  
He makes you see things that aren't there, puts his clammy hands over your  
mouth.

NO WORDS.

NO BREATH.

He whispers silent thoughts  
that make you believe you can't make it through.

He fogs up your mind with his screams, which echo with the hum of metal.

He convinces you that you can't make it through.

Aims to kill.

Suffocate.

Asphyxiate.

by Kayla Deleon

## Where I am From

I am from a Patwa speaking, loud reggae blasting, and dominoes smacking on the table almost every night. Posters from Bob Marley to Jamaican flags. Red. Black. Yellow. Green.

I am from curry chicken, stewed chicken, white rice, fried dumpling and fried plantains, mixed veggies and cabbage, oxtail, chicken feet, curried goat, coconut drop, gizzada, grater cakes, bulla bread, coco bread, pinch bread, boiled dumplings and potatoes.

I am from “Dem pitney deya. Cha yuh marga, Yuh need ta eat!”

I am from strict Kingston and Montego breed. Rasta uncles who are vegetarian, with the knotty long dreads that reach to their feet...just like the jellyfish from Shark Tale.

by Kailyn Bremmer

## ***SHY***

Shy is the boy who walks in the shadows.

He is the one who has great imagination but can't share.

He keeps his thought to himself all bundled up like a collection of thatch waiting to get burned in a fire.

Too scared that people will judge him if they get the chance to see the real him.

He is like a clam, scared to open up for one moment just in case someone is there to break him open.

He is the one that hides when there are public affairs, and doesn't come out.

Away from people he stays, even knowing he will enjoy others company.

by Vincent Lacertosa

ME

I am scared of dying.  
Everyone tells me everything is going to be fine  
but when?  
My best friend is in Excelsior in his 3rd year  
Books inspire me to acknowledge nature.  
At the age of 8, I killed my fish  
and then my brother killed my new fish 6 years later.  
When I was little, I loved clowns.  
I then hated clowns at the age of 10.  
Ripped jeans and crop tops are my favorite,  
but I don't wear them much.  
I despise my height -others think it is cute.  
Me and my dad share the same birthday number.  
Guys annoy me at times.  
Scary movies are my enemies.  
I am not a talkative person.  
My dog keeps me company when I'm watching scary movies.  
I still remember the day my sister left the house  
And there are nights when I cry.  
I think as myself as a princess when I watch Cinderella.  
Makeup and taking pictures are my favorite.  
My worst nightmare is losing the people I love.  
The walls talk to me when I am heartbroken.  
Bright colors make me happy.  
People say I am cute but I don't think the  
same about myself.  
Chocolate gets me hyper.  
Singing and dancing were my thing  
since the age of 4.  
Rain makes me want to read love poems.  
I wish time can go back to my happy moments.  
People ask me why I'm quiet, but I'm just shy.  
My friends say I'm unique  
and that I am the most loving and caring person.  
My time is worth a thousand stars  
for you and me.

by Karen Vidals

# My World Imaginary

And as I fall into my sleep  
I will fall unto my knees  
//And sing...//  
As I visualize my dreams  
And as life slowly escapes me  
//I'll sing...//

[Chorus]  
And I wish I could escape reality  
And enter my world of fantasy  
Walking into a world imaginary  
I want to live in this world  
(That's in my head)

As I cry and pray...  
Day after day...  
For someone to come and change my ways  
And stay with me

I will sing...

[Chorus]

I will drift into my sleep  
Enter my world imaginary  
Start reliving my memories  
Every detail seen so beautifully

[Chorus]

And I wish i could escape reality  
And enter my world imaginary  
I want to live in this world...

That is in my head

by Jeremy Escobar

So much depends  
upon

The pills that keep  
me sane

I know can't live  
without them

My drugs control demons

Lessen the blades

Those walls that hide  
my pain

Render me vane

Numb

by Adriana Frias



## **Cold**

I've known this cold before.

I've known this bitter icy blue cold for millennia.

My soul shivers at its sight.

I've felt this cold like a punch to the chest, hard and unbarring.

I quiver at the thought of ever feeling like this again.

I've known this cold before.

My soul shivers at its sight.

by Andy Erskine

7.18.14

I had a friend online once  
He was pretty cool  
I only wish I had gotten to talk to him more

We played video games together

He was funny,  
And although I never got to see him,  
His voice was cute

I might have had a slight crush at the time

He left  
July 18th, 2014  
To go up into the sky,  
Or in the ground,  
Or whatever you believe

Every year I regret  
All the conversations we never had  
And how close we could've been

If only I had known he was dying

Our last conversation was 3 years ago  
I was sick, but he was sicker  
Cancer  
It was cancer, but he never told me

There I was, with a minor cold, complaining  
But little did I know what he was going through was much worse

"I'm sick too, but my sickness ends in Germany, which is where I am now"  
"When I get back to America, I will be cured!"

He never came back.



by Jaden Daniels



# *Because Of You*

*by HeavenKing*

*It all started in the 7th grade  
We read books  
We wrote essays  
We learned conjunctions  
Because of you I learned more  
You helped me improve myself  
You helped solve my problems  
You helped change my life  
Because of you I'm much more  
I would write poems  
And you would read them  
I would write stories  
And you would also read them  
I would ask for feedback  
And you would gladly help  
Because of you I improved my writing  
A long walk to water was a book we read  
It was the best one yet  
We even watched a movie on it  
Because of you I yearned for books  
Then came June  
I was leaving your class  
I was going to the 8th grade  
I was continuing with the knowledge I obtain  
Because of you I can use the skills you taught me  
September came  
I was excited  
I couldn't wait to see my coolest teacher  
However you were gone  
You switched schools  
But I stayed strong  
Because of you I became strong willed  
8th grade  
It's a new grade, new start  
Although you weren't there  
You had left for the high school  
There English was hard  
However I remember fun our knowledge on english  
Because of you I got through 8th grade English  
It was going well then I heard about you  
You were in the "Excelsior Program"*

*I had to apply to be able to learn more from you  
Because of you I made it to the program  
A new year as a freshman  
A new start for school  
A new beginning to learn english from you  
Because of you we can have a new beginning  
Summer time came and I saw you  
You we're filled with joy when you heard about me  
I had made it to the program  
And that I would be in your class  
It brought joy to both of us  
Because of you I will be in your class again  
It's July and I'm at NEA North  
Taking classes for the program  
And everyday time goes past  
And I can't wait to be in your class  
Because of you I got through my summer classes  
It's September again  
Finally at last, I get to be in your class  
And learn more and more  
Because of you I can learn about your knowledge  
It's time to meet once more  
To be able to be with you yet again  
It was fun before, but this time it's going to be much  
more  
Because of you I can cherish the moments you teach  
Hello again old friend  
It's been so long  
I can finally be here  
To learn and hear  
Your fun teachings  
Until I am no longer here  
Because of you I can listen much more  
Now let's begin  
With this new year  
With you and me and everyone too  
Going to a land of conjunction all because of you  
It's been fun being with you  
Learning English again  
Being together until the very end.*

# Something of Fantasy

As the noises fade away  
As the silence breaks in  
Will there be room for you in my life?  
Will you be pushed aside?

[Chorus]  
I'll dream  
I will dream  
Of a world more hopeful than this  
I'll sing  
I will sing  
Along with the birds in their hymn

As the silence walks out  
As the sounds creep back in  
Will there ever be  
A moment for me alone?

[Chorus]  
Will you follow me?  
Come to beautiful world  
Sing me this song  
To remind me that I'm loved

(I'll dream, I will dream. That there are better  
things than this)

[Chorus]  
Will you  
Dream with me?  
Pray for a world better than this

Could you  
Sing with me?  
Sing with the birds in their hymn  
(Sing me this song... so I could be loved)



by Jeremy Escobar



I've known people  
I've known people as cold as ice and others as sweet as candy

My soul was crushed the longer I saw you by my side

I thought I knew you well enough until I meet your other side  
I got caught up in all your lies, I was tangled like a knot  
I realized you weren't as sweet as I thought, turns out  
I had it all wrong

I've known people, some that never left and others that never  
stayed

My soul was crushed the longer you stayed

By Gabby Cordoba

### **This Is Just To Say** by Samira Karim-Doran

I'm sorry  
For not saying goodbye,  
I didn't know you would go so soon

I'm sorry  
That I never got to say "I love you" again,  
That i hardly said it in the first place

I'm sorry  
That I was so distant

This is just to say  
I miss you  
But I'm glad you're better now

## Seven Reasons

#1

Like Icarus and the Sun, forbidden love does not come without consequences. So we fall from Olympus shooting past the clouds like stars in the sky. Crashing into the sea, waves meeting us and the water engulfing our bodies clinging to our lives as if trying to save us from our fate. Prophecy and death, there cannot be one without the other for our fates are predetermined by corrupted gods. The choices we have made do not make me feel regretful, instead nostalgic. It was all worth it, except for losing you.

---

#2

When I am mad, I destroy everything in my reach. I collect my anger in my fingertips and on the tip of my tongue. I use it to tear myself apart because it is easier to find something I hate inside, then it is to turn my anger towards you. I wish this was your blood instead of mine.

---

#3

You've forgotten what the sun looks like and the way the horizon is never ending. You've forgotten the feeling of warmth and the way the sky embodies every feeling of blue there is.

---

#4

she bled sunlight out of her veins and I swear there were actual stars in her eyes. I could feel the meteors in her stomach but damn, she was the blackest hole in the entire universe. Consuming everything in her path to fill a void she thought she would always have. I wish she believed me when I said I would always love her. I still do.

---

#5

you were a single wave stranded in the middle of the ocean. i swam to you until my arms turned to stone. and as i sunk into you, the thoughts of oxygen left my bones and never returned.

---

#6

you love her. in your dreams you feel her. memories of sunlight and armor and death. you don't understand, they cling to the back of your eyes and they haunt you in every moment. you look at her and sometimes she is dipped in gold but sometimes she is drowned in blood.

---

#7

She is a mystery, her emotions are too. you can't figure her out, no one can. she is not defined by meaningless words on ripped papers, i would love to write about her but i can't define her by a sad poem, she is so much more.

---

by Morgan Gaetano

## What I thought:

by Jeremy Escobar

The world seems to be quite a mystery  
Is it changing? Or how it used to be?  
From what I can see  
I'm changing slowly  
For good or bad  
Light and dark  
The world seems like a lifeless dream  
And as I walk away  
From the world that I dealt with  
I won't regret  
The things I left  
And I won't forget  
The things you did to me

I thought I loved you  
I thought that we could be something  
special  
It's just regrettable  
It's unforgivable  
And now I'm stuck and can't go on  
The world seems to be such a tragedy  
Am I changing or is it my mentality?  
I know I'm blind  
And I can't breathe  
For good or bad  
Light and dark  
Life seems like a lifeless dream

And as I fade away  
From the dream that I felt then  
I will regret  
The things I've kept  
And I will forget  
The things you said to me  
I can no longer sleep...  
I can no longer dream...  
Reality, consuming me  
Someone help me dream...  
I used to breathe  
I used to have my fantasy  
Imaginary, became a real thing  
Is it all in my head?  
Or did I go to my purgatory?

Let me take my last breath  
As I take my last step  
Towards the gates of Heaven or Hell  
The things I'll tell... you

As I fade away  
From the dream that I felt then  
I will regret  
The things I've kept  
And I will forget  
The things you said to me  
But I'll always for you

Am I feeling hope?



# Recovery For My Mind

I've known sadness as dark and cold as the bottom of the Arctic Ocean.  
My soul black and blue with no chance of recovery and no chance to survive.  
I sat in a dark room crying enough to fill my empty heart more times than anyone can count.  
I walked down the hallways with judgemental stares siring its way into my brain.  
I carry this mark everywhere I go waiting for it to heal.  
I've known sadness as deep as a hole to the center of the Earth.  
My soul has no chance of recovery, and no chance to survive.

by Dariyea Leach

## A Woman

I've known a woman  
I've known a strong and delicate woman.  
  
My soul was once a part of hers when she was thirty-three.  
  
I have always caused her pain.  
I have let her down on several occasions.  
I have seen her get up after being put down many times.  
I have seen her struggle, but it has only made her stronger.  
  
I've known a mother;  
A mother of three.  
  
My soul only asks for her happiness and wellbeing.

by Rosemary Rodriguez

## WIND

*So much depends  
Upon the drift of the wind  
Back and forth and back again  
The breeze is so perfect  
Standing outside is worth it*

*By Zacchaenus Barnes*

# THE POWER OF HISTORY COULD BE OVERPOWERED by the darkness of secrets.

by Octavius Fryar

I've known History

I've known history as sometimes being deep, dark and depressing like one's secrets that do not want to talk about it. Slavery is apart of someone's past or their families past ancestry.

My soul is as deep and powerful as history and one's secrets.

I learned that history can talk and speak for itself, just as someone's secrets can speak for themselves and soon be exposed.

I know that history led to the present and if it would have been different, another outcome would have happened. Past leading into present as secrets can lead to a powerful outcome in the future.

I once gave my knowledge of history life and allowed it to be exposed.

I can see history being repeated through current events, I can see and hear someone who is worried that their secrets might be divulged.

I know that secrets can be as powerful as history, if not, more.

I've known history  
Deep, powerful history.

My soul is as deep and powerful as history and one's secrets.

