

Spring
Zine



Podium Student Writing
TJ High School Zine Vol. 1 Issue #1

Join Podium student writers in their love of the
written word



After the Rain
Olivia Bell-Ferguson

I took a look around.
The dark cloud's about to break,
then the thunder started cracking.
And here comes the rain.
Through the door comes a man
with his jacket over his head,
under his arm was a woman,
safe, cuddled to his chest.
The two met in the middle of the street,
he loaned his jacket and let their eyes meet.
As droplets of rain hit her pretty face,
he decided that this would be the time and the place.
Today was the day he would change their lives forever.
He didn't think twice about the horrible weather,
but he didn't want things to stay the way they were.
So he looked right into her eyes and told her

The Struggle
TaQuan Grant

On a hot and sweaty day, I pray to the lord my soul won't decay.
On the Great and phenomenal day (July 4th), I truly wonder can I
go forth
in Independence to eat and play,
grills and kitchens with hotdogs and burgers as my prey.

As night approaches, I hope these firecrackers won't get in my
way. I see the beautiful crows in the air, the heat like despair.

Heat, beat, "oh, deat"--words that describe my struggle in the Vir-
ginia air. I was grasping for depressing colors. Knowing if liberty
rings, good God will bring prosperity



Lessons
Justin Daniels

You came last,
but we must
put you first.
In the beginning
you were stuck,
but you're better now.
You don't act your age.
As if you are two.
Thank you.
Thank you for
what you have done.
Your teachings shall live on
in my heart
and in my mind.
Your presence can be felt.
Be strong,
be proud of who you are,
your differences.
It is your duty.
Save me, us
Run away and find,
Find the truth.
Never stray,
Stray from the path.
The path that you
know you should take.
People will try;
People will fail,
but it's good that
you prevail.
The first to come,
the first to cry.
Your dreams are big,
but are they realistic
Draw me in,
making me want to
to go on.
You intrigue me.

Your mystery and suspense--
On and on
Until the end.
but I still
haven't finished.
We recently met
We have shared
laughs and rudeness.

Different Lives
Tristan Wynn

My opposite, my own dark side. A very sharp thorn in my side.
Born of darkness, born of hate, of fists my face ate. I cannot stop
you, for you see I am you, and you are me. Banana boy of yellow
hair, or maybe it's of yellow glare. It doesn't matter. I don't care.
I'll still love you no matter where. I feel better if I listen to you.
Training Raptors, a Lego man, no matter what I know you can.
You truly are the lord of the stars and truly are the Raptor guard.
You help Lee
so she can help me. Your music makes me smile with glee. Nat-
sirt Nnyw is backwards you. Yet you have many problems too.
You made him to hide away and find your own place to stay. Dark
little vampire of Mexico, of course you know I love you so. You're
my best friend till the end. Actually, you're like Natsirt, at least I
can see you. You always mess with my mind. You always play
with my time.

Haiku
Tristan Wynn

Velociraptor
Quick footed thief in the night
My hidden talent

Just for the record
The answer to your riddle
Is an egg. Bye now.

Haiku
Josiah Alexander

I hate being late
I also hate waking up
I guess it's tough luck
 I enjoy school often
 At times, it could be worse
 It's like I rehearse
Today has been good
I have gotten enough sleep
I enjoy today

Haiku
G'Avonte Hayes

I hate peer pressure
People try to control me
But I'm not a fool

I live in Richmond
Born and raised in the 804
Month of November

Photosynthesis
All plants need to grow
Something that I love

Enthusiastic
While I am full of joyous cheer
I will not be sad

Grammar is not hard
It can be challenging though
I will still be smart

Sometimes it is cold
Tomorrow might be not be hot
While summer is far

New movies come out
Almost every Friday night
Celebratory

What are POPS poems?

Jack Kerouac transformed the haiku into the POPS poem, or American haiku. The POPS poem has slightly less than 17 syllables, the first and last lines of the poem are related, and the last line reads as an epiphany

POPS Teearna Harvey

Treatments once a week
Could still never cure
The girl no one noticed

She took one last look
Knowing he would never call
This was the new normal

Every trophy he won
Could never replace
His love for her

His bedroom she sat
In search of her undergarments
All dignity was lost

The lawyers office
held many more secrets
behind closed doors

Do Not Answer flashed once again
as more tears fell
“How could he be married?”

He sat a row ahead
She averted her eyes
"I love you too"

She watched from the stands
Seventeen was her favorite
He would never know
When she heard the news
She cried for days
Her one true love was gone

The always full park
Seemed almost empty
Just with him
A million miles
Hearts unknowingly beating
Still seems so far now

POPS
Ayshawn Whitaker

I know I can
Be what I wanna be
If I work hard at it
 Learn how to sit back
 And observe
 Everything doesn't need a reaction
I hate
School
I'ma still go though
 Good or bad as long as my name
 is in their mouth
 I'm doing something right

POPS
Shaheim Whitaker

Sat on the bench
to think
Yeah we're going to break up

Extended POP
Khadijah Baker

I saw her through a window
The face of an angel
Our eyes met

An instant connection
Her lips moved
but I couldn't hear

I strained to listen
To her sweet voice
Yet my restraints held strong

She spoke again, this time louder
A man came up, my face heated
Questions arose

She looked at him, her eyes pleading
He grimaced
Staring down at me

A hint of reluctance
Still in his heart
He pulled out his wallet
The moment she laid
Her hands upon me I knew
We were binded

12 years passed
The best and worst of times

I knew my day had some
She looked down at me
And I at her
A tender kiss placed upon my face

My bones rustled
My skin cracked
I breathed my last breath

Tick tock

What is an Erasure Poem?

An erasure poem is created when a poet erases parts of a preexisting poem to create a new poem.

The poems that have been recreated into erasure poems in this zine, and the original poets, are:

“Fahrenheit 1400” by Christine Singleton
“The Train of Thought” by Destiny Brown
“You, Yourself, Alone” by Tyra Greene
“Conveyor Belt” by Mercedes Hanks
“Me” by Taiji Smithers

Erasure of the “Fahrenheit 1400” by Destiny Brown

In 7th grade,
we always scream,
“Help.”
The paramedics come to save you
but the stir only fueled the fire--
blazes down in the pits
of Hell.
In 7th grade,
we were taught
“stand up for yourself”
We learned to always
be ladies,
but my years

started burning.

Erasure of “The Train of Thought” Destiny Brown

There it was,
not visible,
not real,
going every way.
Get lost.
It’s easy to hide
in my thought.

Erasure of “You, Yourself, Alone” by Justin Daniels

What of life?
It’s harsh
It’s nothing
A mind hurt your heart.
Love,
someone loves you
Don’t be alone.

Erasure of “Conveyor Belt” by Sadie Menaeker

She wanted to walk with her head held high.
Little did she know, the world is broken bottles.

Erasure of “Me” Sadie Menaeker

I am
unfinished
I am
absent
I’m accustomed
to waiting.

