

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.

