



Podium

Spring 2019
HS Zine

HS Spring Zine '19

Enjoy pieces from partner locations:

Armstrong HS

John Marshall HS

Thomas Jefferson HS

Kids of the Ward

Jalyiah D.

John Marshall HS

Children in the street,
Children in the store,
They don't know what they're doing,
They just get ignored.

You see no shoes,
You see no clothes,
No need to worry,
At least they're h**s.

Their moms don't care,
All they buy is hair.
Their dads are in jail,
When they should've been there.

Sweet Love

Aalisha A.

Armstrong HS

Love feels like butterflies.
It has the sound of harmony,
sweetness,
smells like cherries, and is
very pink.

Zombie Apocalypse

Bianca G., Kameron L.C., Amaya J., Jaquan J., Kamiylah H., & Jaden C.

John Marshall HS

On a scary night in the woods, our army of 12 is attacked by zombies! We are on a journey, stopping to eat some lunch. We hear some noises, “hhhhhhaughz - RRahpaa” and freeze. Terrified, we grab our weapons, ready for any surprises. We listen for more sounds and look for them. We see one. It’s like a person but ugly and gray, and it looks like one of the lunch ladies. General Jayquan fights it first -- he tries to beat it but falls in battle. Instead, he turns into a zombie! Lieutenant Kameron - now Major General - shoots him with a shotgun.

The army puts on their gas masks to avoid the dead zombie smell, like a rotten leftover toenail! Then we start looking for supplies and shelter. On the way, Kameron kills 5 zombies. Bianca is at the back of the line, buying time for the army to escape while she kills more zombies. Kamiylah makes sure to carry Jayquan’s zombie body with them to shelter. Kameron calls for back-up. Amaya drops in from a helicopter with a machine gun and levels the rest of the zombies! Then, we take Jayquan to the medic where they finally find a cure and bring him back to life. Then they shoot a bazooka and destroy all zombies left on Earth.

Think About It

Daquan C.

Armstrong HS

Some group of boys were ready to go get themselves into some crazy stuff. I told my home boy, “Think before you do it. It’s going to have consequences, if you go. You have a family to take care of, and I know you don’t want your mom crying, knowing you behind them bars.” He thought about it and then changed his mind.

Calm Voice
U'Gene R.
Armstrong HS

At a certain point in my friend's life,
I told my friend the right thing to do
When he was about to do wrong.
I used a calm voice when I talked to him.

Standing Up
Shacorie J.
Armstrong HS

I had this friend, and she was a part of the LGBT community, but her mom didn't agree with her choice. She ended up kicking my friend out for some unknown reason. I told her to come be with me, so she wouldn't be out on the streets. The next day, we got to her house, and I kindly asked her mom why she kicked my friend out of the house. She said she didn't like lesbians. I told her that she should accept her daughter no matter what she is. Now, I don't know if that changed her mind, but she did let my friend back in the house.

I Don't Like You
Paris C.
John Marshall HS

Anger in my veins,
Feeling in my bones,
I wish I could do more,
But sadly I close the door.

I don't want you in my life,
I don't want the negativity,
No more than you need to be,
So from now on out,
You will be history.

**Red, Blue, Black
Lost Star
Thomas Jefferson
HS**

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Root Beer Hater Shares Philosophy on Mukbangs & More

Ashantay C.

Thomas Jefferson HS

I met up with MJ at the corner of a homeless shelter, asked her some intriguing questions, and received some interesting answers. “It’s just nasty,” said MJ, after I asked her why she hates root beer. What a shame! Although her response to my question referring to her excitement about the earth crashing into the sun was very agreeable, she replied with “I am hype.” Me too MJ, me too.

We later found out about MJ’s homicidal tendencies when she explained that she wanted to throw her cats across the room after they ate her headphones. MJ then explained her conflicting opinion towards millennials, saying, “We are more accepting and are pushing for equality, but we’re all depressed with morbid humor.” I wrapped up my interview asking about her philosophy on Mukbands. MJ said, “Disgusting, it’s just food ASMR.”

My Love

Tracy F.

Thomas Jefferson HS

What can I say about my love? Her beauty entrances me like the mystifying oasis in the barer, scorching desert. A warmth that emits through my mind, body, and soul; much more powerful and elegant than even the brightest of stars. Soft hair that flows like calm water, curves that hypnotize my mind, her sweet, luscious, delectable lips soothe me and make me feel whole. The yin to my yang, the sea to my shore, the alpha to my omega. Sweeter than any fruit, cuter than any child. You make me feel like a god; for you are the goddess of my life.

Honey
Maryjane P.L.
Thomas Jefferson HS

Honey
How intoxicating it is.
How it brings me
to
my
knees.
How the thought of you
Fills my heart
with honey,
It seeps on my tongue.
It's like being high, but with much
worse side effects.
You make my heart glow,
and I want you to know with
every fiber of my being.
But if I confess you might run,
cut ties, and if you say
yes, I'll own everything in my delirious,
honey intoxicated state.
So, I am silent.
Content to let my heart
flutter within thick,
golden bubbles.
Content to watch you with golden
eyes
and a good soaked
heart,
drowning in the
honey
or my dreams.
My dreams of calling you
Honey.

Dusk of the Living

**Lost Star, Maryjane P.L., Chris O., Tracy F., & Ashantay C.
Thomas Jefferson HS**

We were sitting in school when the ground shook. We looked out the window, all six of us. There had recently been a really bad disease going around. Somehow, the disease started to grow in Death Valley. Before we knew it, the virus was everywhere. Some people say it was put in the food. The heart dropping emergency alert came from everyone's phone. "There has been testing of fertilizer. It was shot into the sky, and it accidentally revived dead humans. The zombies have since overthrown our pilots and spread across the country."

Immediately, everyone looked up from their phones, all with horror and panic written across their faces. "Hey Ashantay, you live near a cemetery. Did you notice anything weird?" MJ said.

"Yeah, did you notice any green, dumber than usual humans?" Chris reworked.

"Now that you mention it, I did see lurking figures, but I just thought of them as the usual hippies that come to my cemetery," replied Ashantay.

"Nah, those are zombies," said Tracy, who was pulling an AK-47 from his backpack. "Too bad they're too dumb to run away like regular humans, since I was saving this bad boy for the normies."

"Tracy, what the --" The beep of the intercom interrupted Ashantay.

"We are calling for a code red lockdown. This is not a drill. Teachers, please pull students from the hallway and secure your doors. I repeat, this is not a --" He got cut off. Then, we heard the whole second floor shake as if he had been... slammed? Mr. Andrews was thrown through the wall moments later.

The zombies entered the building, or more specifically, The Undertaker and his crew. Tracy poured lead into the hulking

behemoth, only for more zombies to come. “Quick, throw chairs at them!” Ordered Ash. Everyone in the room started launching chairs and desks at the flesh eating monsters.

“Now what?! They’re blocking the exit. We can’t escape!” panicked MJ.

“Looks like we’re going to have to jump,” Ash said while opening up the windows.

“I’ll set the pipe bombs. Tracy, you start chucking people out the window,” said Tristan, reaching into his bag.

“No need,” said MJ as she ungracefully backflipped out the window. Like a hyped up Michaels in a Royal Rumble, Tracy began to throw victims out of the windows. An easy task for the E.O.D. As soon as Ash took her time and safely leapt out the window, a loud, piercing sound of a bomb goes off, with the school exploding to pieces.

The explosion blew Ash out further onto the schoolyard where she was greeted by the rest of the group.

Unknowingly, a couple of rotting, walking corpses crept up behind them ...

Watt I’ve Seen
Christopher O.
Thomas Jefferson HS

My eyes are not very good no,
but the things your eyes show you is what you see,
and not everything you see you know.
My mind wide like a desert; I’m eating what the world is
feeding me, interpret and knowledge is my dessert.
I refuse to be a statistic but will change the statistics,
so that every neuron in my brain I exert.
My mind’s a predator for info.
Sneak up on and catch the tempo to
understand a system’s flow and find out what I don’t know.
So, I watch, I listen, find out what’s here to find out what’s
missing through actions, words and repetition.

You'll see one's true intention.

An old man encouraged me to write this.

He was very sharp. He said, "I wanna see this somewhere," so immediately, I began to start from wadd I've seen in a world of blind and greed.

I couldn't even put it all in one poem, know what I mean?

There are the people who want to sow but don't want to reap, but that's always coming whether you do or don't want to because no matter how many layers, karma's going to seep through. And see, you will get what's been due.

That luck you won't keep; no, you might not be caught lacking, you might just be asleep.

But, every dog has its day especially when the wolf is caught by the sheep.

Then, you have the givers, the people whose hearts are continuously broken, whose feelings are constantly crushed by words spoken but never change a thing about themselves, their morals are a token.

These people, the world wants to label as weak because of their hearts. Now, let that soak in.

Erasure Poetry

*Poetry created from another original work. Youth used
previous writing from Podium Literary
Journals #4, 5, 6, and 7.*

Screaming at Midnight

Taliya S.B.

Armstrong HS

Remember when we ran behind trees screaming with
laughter at midnight?

Erasure Poem

Nikisha F.

John Marshall HS

Flower that grows alone,
beautiful in its own way.

Old Friend

Remar Y.

Armstrong HS

Saying goodbye to an old friend while pondering in the light
for answers.

Legacy
Shacorie J.
Armstrong HS

Be thankful,
like you're cherishing,
a breath of fresh air,
a legacy,
a big lie,
Legacy ain't gon' live,
if no one remembers.

Hole In The Sky
Eniyah M.
Armstrong HS

Night fractures falling to the sea
While the tumbling sun crumbles
in the ocean's tears.
There's a hole in the sky,
The boy grasps the rose,
Thorns digging, digging.



Podium hosted a Teen Showcase with GLSEN Richmond!

Submissions are anonymous. GLSEN Richmond works to support LGBTQIA+ student groups in schools. Here are a few pieces of our youth-created work!

What's that on your Face
What's that on your face?

And I wondered what else she had been thinking.

What's that on your face?
How long is this one going to last?
What color combination will be next
and how long until your cheek is blank
and I recognize you again?

Without those words I don't know
and don't want to learn.

What's that on your face?
I'm not trying to judge,
but I'd just like to know,
so tonight I can tell you
how the good book proves you wrong.
What's that on your face?
And what's that on your sleeve?
What's that on your wall, on your paper, on your lips?
I don't want to know, but I guess I'll ask.
What's that on your face?

So, I told her,
and I haven't seen her reaction yet,
but I suppose I'll be ready when I do
because there's something building in my chest.

What's that on your face?
Well, what's in my heart?

You are You

How can you tell who you really are when there is constant input warping your mind? If you feel no attraction, where is your place in life? When you have been exposed to the joys of love since you were born. When your parent has the best relationship out of everyone you have ever known. WHY should you pursue any form of romance when you realize your feelings for them are an attempt to adapt to a society like this? Why should they endure a loveless bond? Why should you endure a loveless bond? Procreation? A necessity for long-term love? These ideals are attainable without love that is romantic or sexual. Neither you nor a partner should endure a relationship without love. There is no need to pursue romance or adapt. You don't have to copy your parents. You don't have to believe that romance is for everyone. Your place is where you want it to be. You are you.

Fight for the Right to a Night/ The Initiation of Metamorphosis

The day we were granted the right, we rejoiced in love; flush paper, our cries were loud, quick, and short lived. We took to the streets and the squares, full of hope. Everyone celebrating. Not enough thought spared for the fallen, those dead, gone, sacrificed, and forgotten, if only for moment. While the Earth turned on, day jobs went on, city streets unaffected, as if nothing changed; our final stand a mere inconvenience.

The night they weeded us out the roads were filled; advancing banners and cries of anger at the injustice and the strife. We held our ground at Stonewall Inn, each night, marching the streets, our first parade. While the white and blue harassed us and buried our efforts. They took and shredded our hope, until our casings of diverse darkness we shed.



In Power of the Pen...

**each of us has a
creative voice!**

HAPPY READING!

Connect with us:

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