

Acknowledgments

By Elijah Levy, Ph.D.

The publication of this anthology of poetry owes its inspiration to the remarkable team of professionals at Windsor Hall Care Home. The environment of unconditional positive regard contributes to sustaining hope and support that the written words could be completed. We spent a year meeting as the Poetry Writing Group to produce this anthology of poetry. The residents made a sincere emotional investment to produce the work and publish the anthology. Unless there's a safe and reassuring milieu instilling confidence in the group members, they would not write and share. So we thank all of the team members at Windsor Hall Care Home providing rehabilitation services to the residents pursuing their recovery program.

I have been employed by TruCare for 22 years and like all members of this valued organization, our true and fitting work is expressed in all of our residential care facilities. The Bolong family has provided me with unconditional support offering services and programming to sustain hope and recovery for all of our residents. Our continued partnership enables me and our team of professionals to provide exceptional care to our vulnerable and recovering residents. I want to thank SSG Alliance for their support with this project. A few residents who attended the poetry writing group were members of SSG Alliance. A mighty thank you to everyone providing support and services to our residents who are pursuing self-determination, meaning and purpose in life.

Undoubtedly someone needed to type the manuscript which was handwritten by the residents. Martha Ruiz dedicated countless hours typing everyone's poetry to create our manuscript. We are so grateful to have Martha support this project and she understands how the publication of this anthology champions the march toward recovery for our residents.

Finally, there's my wife Nora Levy who is my indispensable partner when my projects need support. Nora dedicated many hours editing and formatting the manuscript. She cares deeply about the true work we all commit to in empowering and generating meaning and purpose in the lives of our residents living with their special conditions. Nora thank you for your unwavering investment to this project.

Synopsis

For individuals living with a mental health condition, writing poetry is healing and the material derives from a world of creative ideas, dreams and reflections on recovery and the meaning of life. Poetry drives self-expression and is not bound by rules constraining the creative process. It empowers and it silences shame, isolation and the despair associated with having a mental health condition. The poetry in this anthology invites the reader into a world where metaphors are symbols to transmit vulnerability, anguish and shame associated with having a mental health condition. The evocative nature of poetry transforms silence, alienation and insignificance to sound. For the mentally ill, writing poetically by using imagery and metaphor is a safe passage to reclaim one's life. The metaphor is fascinating because of its power to silently express a complete picture in an instant.

The storytelling, prose and free verse poetry here is vivid and evocative, illuminating the inner, subconscious mind of the mentally ill in metaphor and symbolic medium. It is spiritual, deeply intimate and contemplative. The poems unleash emotions connected to loss, pain, vulnerability and to living with mental illness. It is cathartic and healing and natural to disclose in words what a mental health diagnosis means and to allow the reader to enter a mind often infiltrated by unwelcomed, malicious demons and devaluing voices.

The poets in this book living with mental illness are vulnerable revealing their suffering and longing for acceptance. It is understood that sharing their unfulfilled dreams, sustained hope for recovery and educating others about their illness is of value. At some level, the healthy mind will understand the depth of suffering and through empathy appreciate and render compassion to the mentally ill. In the end, it is hope that gives life meaning and sustains faith for the good life. Meaning gives one the strength to overcome. We celebrate the poetic genius of our brave souls who share to educate us about their cruel illness so we can support their desire to live with purpose, meaning and exercising self-determination.

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Elizabeth Faggins

Elizabeth was born in Los Angeles and attended Susan Miller Dorsey High school. After graduating she attended Southwest Community College for two years and LA Trade Tech. She worked as a Certified Nurses Aid for five years. Her mother and father are deceased, and her siblings live in California. Her hobbies include reading and she enjoys watching television. Elizabeth has been a resident at Windsor for two years.

I dedicate this book to my family and friends.

My Place of Solitude and Peace

I go to a Catholic Church

It is where I go in myself.

Being before worship.

It brings me peace of mind

From the Bible and its constitution

From praise and worship

My Luggage

My luggage is always empty.

It sits in the corner near the heater collecting dust.

I attended college

It's been there for me through thick and thin.

Homeless but my luggage serves me well.

My Arc of Life

My arc of life is like wheat thins.

My arc of life is expecting to go to Church this Sunday.

My arc of life is a long, ordinary road.

My arc of life is to be compared to a thick, juicy hamburger from Jack in the Box.

My arc of life is narrow, an ordinary road.

My arc of life is for sustenance, most important is my speech.

Sharks are in the ocean.

They swim underwater.

Sharks gain an edge against your body.

Bloody big mouths and teeth.

Shaking the ocean.

I went from lack of freedom to total freedom.

When I became a nurse assistant at Los Angeles Job Corps.

In a few short months I was without resources like when a caterpillar becomes a butterfly.

I had success.

I was a cocoon until I could fly away.

Kimberly Galindo

Kimberly was born in Huntington Park, California. She has been writing poetry since the age of 12 and was inspired by her mother Viulan Urino. Today she enjoys long walks and family time.

I dedicate this poetry to my family and friends who were always and forever there for me to share all my precious moments.

Wishing

If my wish only came true
More than my wishes have
cost my wishes are up
like the stars each only carries
one special power
If my wish only came true
the arrow would be pointed not
only up but around
My wishes cost so much
amount is priceless
when I wish you'd never
guess where it would fall
I hope away that
my wish would fall right
by your side

Sisters

Sisters never give up on each other
Sisters always rely on one another
She brings the happiness
to my completion
What more is to connect with
Sisters have an everlasting
desire to pursue being greater
Sisters, you can never be replaced
Sisters come in different sizes
Shapes, perfection
Sisters I'll never deny
My love.

"For You"
For Me

My life seems to never stop
When the right time is going
My life runs faster than I might
like I put you first in
everything I do, time might be
at that level is this what's
expected is this what's expected
For me to open my eyes
You never left me now it's
time to pick up the pieces
When time comes around
let's run together and never
stop going.

“Found
or
Lost”

Being here I found a lost road
I never knew
Being here showed me the way
with you with me with us
Is where I'll ever wanna be
Will you find me like a lost road is
found to be empty waiting to be
found or did you find a detour
getting to the real me
Being here is all I ever ask
this perfect trip I'll always
Keep going never to be lost
because being here
with you with me with us
Is all I'll ever want to be
until the lost road is found.

Crystal Garcia

Crystal Garcia was born in East Los Angeles at a winery and grew up in Woodland Hills. For most part of her life she was home schooled and later became a model. She ran into some problems with gangs and broke up with her first love at 20. She also had the revelation baby and stopped the world from ending. Crystal is now looking forward to going back to veterinary school.

I dedicate this book to my son Isaiah.

My arc of life is full like a garden with roses and pansies and vines.

My life is full of Jesus since being a young and faithful

He is my savior and prayer

I am grateful for my life

Next step is a move

Bless you father

The light in my eyes.

My Place of Solitude

I find that amongst the prayer stone

It gives me peace

It is amongst the garden and it answers my prayers

one day it will find me a husband

and then send me to heaven on earth.

I am very blessed.

My Exquisite Mind

My mind is bright like a rainbow

shining and always learning.

It's like a puzzle that is three-dimensional.

Last time I started a raptor and this time

I used stones.

God bless the world

which is here to stay.

My exquisite mind.

Rosetta Stone

I know a prayer stone named daughter of Zion.

She's Jesus.

She's Allah.

She's all you can think of.

She's the best thing that happened to me.

She conquers all and replaces the food with silk roses.

She has literally won the world in first place.

The answering of her prayers, granting your wishes.

She is priceless and irreplaceable.

One day I will meet where the grass grows greener.

Eat your heart out Marilyn Monroe.

My luggage has been light since I have no place to stay.

I live off the land with fruits and friendly people,
they make it easy for me to do so.

I have made up for when I feel like giving up.

I take care of children in India.

This is my life,

being a woman of God.

I'm sure he is pleased.

The Contents the Broken Wheels

Just when the caterpillar thought the world was over it became a butterfly.

Being a colored woman,

my freedom has been distorted.

When I was younger I was like a princess being waited on hand and foot.

Like a butterfly I was always told I was beautiful.

Now my mind is strong and I can complete anything.

My mind is free like a butterfly.

My Golden Heart

My golden heart has wings,

it reacts to love when birds sing.

I open heaven to those I love.

I wish to bring angels through everything soon,

it'll be here and those who were righteous will love my golden heart.

The Parting

The road I'm on is here in heaven
and it's been some time
since I'm late.

But the sign ahead says work
so I proceed and find the devil
which is very loving and caring.

I go to my place of prayer
where I find treasure and it speaks of hard times.

But Jesus is the devil so I stop and I'm grateful.

The end

The Still of the Moment

The moment is still and the time is eleven forty three.

God has arrived to take me some place unbearable
and the clock stops.

He was unduly and overestimating himself

so the clock ticks,

the dog is still,

and now He's over.

Dolphin

A dolphin is beautiful
and suicidal if one's mate dies.

It can kill a shark.

Those sweet hearts are money makers.

They're also good to swim with.

I love dolphins.

The bus is a good deal.

You can go all over the place but I live in downtown,
a dangerous place.

All the shops are a great deal.

I am single and ready to mingle.

I am very thoughtful and love babies.

I may worry surprise and comforting love so help.

When God was Moses

Tut crowned Him heaven knowing
that no one would take his place.

He became a woman and showed King Tut is the devil.

The quest was a woman and here I am a woman.

There once was a wolf that cried in red.

His specialty was running and howling in the moonlight.

He fell upon a pond and tried to rise.

Bringing God in advance.

God fed him and he became God.

I feel pain when I hear my son's voice,
almost the same amount of pain as
when I gave birth to him.

When I took one look at him,
he took my breath away.

His eyes so beautiful and is blessing from God.

With power as big as eight foot,
in his little tiny body.

What is his gift?

My mother and grandmother.

So beautiful and sweet.

My mother so voluptuous like a movie star.

My grandmother striking,

one like myself.

I take features from them.

What am I?

My grandmother is a writer.

What is she?

The sun is peach with fruit of mangos

The flowers are birds of paradise
with rivers of crystal clear waterfalls.

Butterflies as big as birds.

Roses the size of the moon.

Bears with leopard fur.

I'm a wolf with leopard skin.

I protect babies.

Where am I?

Who am I?

Total Thoughts to Sound

I used to be a winner,
but now I'm a sinner,
with lots of followers.

I've got my own million man march.

Soaring through hills of amethyst.

I see only me exempt from violence,
but down on myself.

That's why I don't need friends.

I have my mother and father.

I win.

Falling in Love

Falling in love is like your heart burning
with passion.

A kiss from God.

A trip in paradise,
a glimmer in the ocean.

One being together as one's soul together,
we are one a love.

Dancing

Dancing gives me adrenaline.

I can be the brightest star like the big dipper.

It makes me sweat and calls my artistic side,
while I'm a dark angel dancing on disco 54.

The Arc of Imagination

The rainbow in my life is to pray to thou,
and I appreciate every day.

The comings of my friends, my family and God.

We're all going to be in soul,
and be set free with heaven on earth,
and I will be married with a horse and carriage.

That's my rainbow.

Amen.

Brandon Hardman

I grew up in the foster care agency since I was nine and didn't see my family. My grandma visited me sometimes until I was 18, that's when I had the freedom to go home with my grandma. I stayed with my grandma most of the time after I turned 18. Since then, I love my grandma and I hope she will be around for a long time. I then became interested in school, college and adult school. Going home after I grew out of the foster care agency, I started to see my family. I'm planning on going to school to become a nurse assistant. Also I would like to be a security guard.

My Luggage

My luggage. I feel that it's empty, even though I know it's full, strong and light. Like if it was made of wool. I take it to lunch, I take it to school, it's cool. My head is spinning like if it was a scary movie at noon. I feel light headed like if I was traveling on the moon, a bite to eat, a sight to see, I grew up without a silver spoon. My luggage disappeared, I hope to find it soon.

Solitude, love is in the air, I chose you, reaching out like if I had to,
forever together no bad news.

I'll keep you in my heart with peaceful gratitude. I feel the love in my face,
me and you together forever, no one can take your place.

Your love keeps my heart beating, like if I was in a race.
You give me the world, you are my girl, it spins my head in a little twirl.

One day you and me will rule the world.

The Parting

The days are lonely, you are not around. It makes me want to put my knees to the ground. Loving you is a blessing, teach me how, you're amazing, like the word wow, I need you here. I need you now, tears fall from my eyes every time you leave. I miss you more, days have gone by, I love you like I love leaving town or going to the beach and hanging out on shore. The days are lonely, can't wait until I see you again, you're always on my mind, brain and head, need you around more. It's hard to go to bed, my cheeks are red. I know, I see, I'd rather be with you instead. Come home, be with me, leave the road, I need you like a baby needs a bottle, that the age of two. What do I do, for you? I feel brand new. I miss you, this is the end until I see you again. P.S. I love you and love the signs you told me about.

Stuck In Quick Sand

Take a break so I went to a lake

Devilish mind so God forsake

Blind to the truth so my hands for fake

My thoughts are deep, like quick sand I started to sink

Thoughts in my mind, I couldn't even blink

I started to think, will I ever get out?

I felt to shout, what's this about? I need out

The moment went away

I started to pray, then I say, I made it out the sand, hurray

Irony

The steps to success, nothing less. I search for the truth within my mind. What I found is breath taking, is the end near, I'm in fear. What am I looking for? The search is hectic, my mind is blown. I rise like if I rose from the dead. What's messing with my head, tears ran down my face. Revenge, sweet, sweet revenge, how does it taste?

The Still of the Moment

The stillness of the moment had me on my back. I rise from the ground, as I gained a sourness taste in my mouth. It was a weird unwanted taste, I took as many steps as I could to gain consciousness, I felt very light headed, hard to gain consciousness. So I sat down for a while to gain memory on what happened. I felt pain, a lot of pain. I reached in my back pocket because I remembered I had pain pills. No water around to swallow the pain pills. So I just threw them in my mouth and swallowed. Oh God an awful taste yuck. I turned my head and threw the pill cover on the ground. I sat there about 30 minutes, then I got up. I walked away with a weird wonder about the situation, then began to laugh, such a funny thought. The thought remained untold, wasn't comfortable enough to say. Heard a weird sound, then ran away. Till this day it still haunts me, but the stillness of the moment disappeared. I gained consciousness.

My Arc of Life

My arc of life creepy as a demon. I start to believe ghosts are in my life. On and back on the lights never shut out, death is near, but it can't harm me. Harmless I am. Candy and yam, sweet paradise. I love the night, days are like flowers, it smells sweet, in the water I dipped my feet. The arch is what helps me participate. Sometimes I'm late, open your gate, the demon of life has my fate, deeper and deeper I start to believe, go away go away. Leave!

Life is a Vast

Life is a vast, even though I have no clue to what that means. Stuck in a rut what do I do, how do I escape? Feels like I'm stuck in a hole, great, for God's sake. Dig me out help me up, I need your touch even more than now. I love you much. I hope you understand, I've notice something help me to land. I'm trying to get it together, help me understand what is vast, what is a vast?

Touching Point

Touching point on the land slide is very amusing. Life is hard even when it comes to choosing, it's a struggle. Why isn't it easy? It's hard for the long run. Many ideas, I have a ton, hair tied in a bun, that's how some run. But I personally rather see my mom, help for the long run, how fun. Too much to handle, so I said I'm done. Love is still in the air, thank God some people care.

Life goes on in the eyes is so lovely all I wanted to do is stare.

The Caterpillar Butterfly:

Let Me Be

Life is lonely, but not for a caterpillar, many different changes before it becomes a butterfly.

Fly low fly high, it can travel anywhere, fly anywhere, lives for a very long time, very lovely sight to see.

How about me? I would love to see and love to be. Butterfly caterpillar let me see.

I would love to be. The caterpillar who became a butterfly.

Let me be, let me be. That butterfly.

Boy Oh Boy

Bringing me joy, I play like a kid with a toy, boy oh boy. Fill me with joy, I feel the weather, I can enjoy cold nights. I grip my blanket so cold it felt like a ghost was in the blanket. As I let go, the ghost screamed I will yank it so I closed my eyes wishing the ghost was gone.

Body Turned Cold

The day is old, too long of a day I've been told, rough on me, I'm trying to let it go long hot showers, on my bed laid is a robe. As I approached my robe my body then turned cold, ready for the less to happen because I'm not bold, it's been told. So I held a gun hoping to be bold. Then I turned cold. Nothing could change the feeling, so I came up with a solution, looking for somewhere to sit my tush in. I took a deep breath and whispered omg, then rubbed my knee, cold feet no socks I thought to look in my box, searched carefully but couldn't find looked at my watch, it was nine. The day for me is over, but I remained cold.

Blood and gore, guess what approached my front door. Something dead and not close to being alive, wrapped in thread, the only thing shown was a head, in cold ice. Like the sea, not in the right spot in the ocean it shall be, that shark shall be set free. Rest in peace.

Dark Days

Days are days, nights are nights why start fights when you could start right. Cold nights in my blanket I sleep tight with no worries I just might, I gained my sight then I took a hike in my dreams. So there I seem, I seem just nice. I seem just like rolling the dice. So then I woke, felt like then I would choke.

That Track

There is a rail a train rail, no one goes, no one knows. There is a great tell, who knows, it reminds me of something like hell. The tracks are old, I've been told, not precious and not worth it, like gold in my hand, I hold memories that unfold, glancing at the poor track, my memories took me back, pain I felt something like a thumb tack, that old rail laid me on my back.

How I Didn't Get Away

The days have come, the night have passed, where would I be if I came in last. Back flash has figured out how to spook my brain, how do I maintain goose bumps shook me how could it affect me. I'm stronger than steel. I took a drive my foot behind the wheel, very scared but no one can tell. As I took off like the speed of light, my face reshaped how was I going to hang on. My head is spinning, angry is what I was getting. My oh my, I need a break so I stopped for a second. As I lifted my head I noticed a glare, not knowing what it is. I turned away as I turned away there was a sound, a very loud noise. I began to run I got away but didn't get far.

Life Line, Anchor, Secure Base, Play Date

Play date, play date, play date, so many things on my mind, so many things I can't unwind, worrying about the time, on the ground there was a dime, I scratched my head glancing about the dead, I thought to worry about something more soothing than the dead. So I went to bed, feeling fresh as I woke up, then I poured alcohol in my cup, I have this muck in my shoe, there I was stuck. I reached in my left pocket, there was buck, reminded me of a friend I have called Chuck, felt like that was the end of my luck. Felt like my life line was ending. My life style not pending. How could I get anywhere if that's what I'm seeing, what am I believing? A buck and out of luck. I rolled over a preformed a tuck. What happened to the buck? It flew over my head, so I ducked. I stuck my hand out and there it was, it's about the buck, it flew away and there I was out of luck.

A cracked skull, is almost like a bad soul,
a bad soul will lead you to a bad goal.

I've always wanted:

I've always wanted life to do me right. Life to make me feel tight, 5.6" is my height not too short not too tall, somewhere around average. Life is best when everything is alright. I love music in my ear at night. Everything around me seems to be quite right. I love days and I love nights, champagne on the table seem right. I've always wanted my life to be just right.

Life Isn't Always a Game

Use five senses:

- Touch
- Smell
- Hearing
- Seeing
- Taste

Life isn't always what it seems, today I've ran across a theme, there goes a ring, a ring in my ear, but no one was near. I turned around as I came to tears, not much of a cheer, but I thought a beer to clear my ear. No ring, no theme, no tear.

As I walk the stairs I noticed something strange. As I continued to walk the strange feeling went away. I made it to the room that I stayed in, number 37. I sat down and thought to myself, why was there a strange feeling couldn't think of anything but why, how did that strange feeling occur? Can anyone know why? Omg I'm being watched, watched by an older man, very curious man. So then I ran, I ran into the sun feeling burnt as if it was a tan.

The arc of imagination lifted off the floor no gravitation, all I want is anticipation, but days are cold. I remain patient like a lullaby, love got me tied, tied down as I look around, lovely days, lovely nights. How can I, your love is like a kite. I'm in lovely days and lovely nights my shoes are tight, love, love, love, good night.

Life is Like a Cup of Tea

Ground is grey, I'm here to stay, please is the way, what should I say, days go by, to strangers I say hi. My shoes are loose, this is how I tie. Trouble in my life so I start to lie, never know how so, can I die? But the love is in the air, I take steps without a care, the tea is bitter, I might be a babysitter. Love life where's the glitter? Shine bright, my words are tight, sat on the plane in the air, boy the flight. Sweet light, like sugar, tip my cup and the tea went spilling.

Susan H. Hwang

I dedicate this book to my loving family, kind friends, wise teachers and humorous Elie Levy for the inspiration to write creatively.

Cute Pet Pictures

Scientists found that looking at adorable pet photos upped people's manual dexterity and speed at mental tasks! A cute puppy photo can improve your job performance and focus! I created many adorable photos by using a camera of numerous puppies frolicking, romping, and amusing themselves with my younger brother. I placed a multitude of endearing puppies in a large basket and carried the delightful puppies to picturesque scenery for pretty pictures.

Happiness

A warm small puppy cuddling close

An adorable puppy affectionately licking your face

Going outside with a pet dog for a refreshing walk

Strolling near the seashore and feeling the cool waves massage
your feet and legs

The sweet taste of delicious chocolate as it pleasantly melts in
your hungry mouth

Accepting a fragrant bouquet of red roses

Snuggling warmly underneath soft blankets for a much cherished
sleep

Physical Activity

Two are better than one when exercising and working out

If either of them falls down, one can help the other up!

Get moving! A step in the right direction!

Even brisk walking can improve health and better our mood

Short bouts of vigorous activity can speed up weight loss

Stressed out? Work out!

Yoga is a fantastic addition to any fitness plan because the health benefits are awesome!

Increase strength, get toned, and sleep better!

Mother's Love

Warm and soft hugs

that gently envelop our warm hearts

Soft kisses on our cheeks

Kind-hearted and nourishing foods that emit the delicious aroma
of favorite foods

Generous gifts of clothes as light as feathers

How Can I Help God Perfect the World?

Honestly, I need somebody generous to give me a laptop computer so I can enthusiastically help create a book of many poems. I can kindly help edit ample poems with bright eyes as keen as eagles. Also I can type swiftly and adeptly more than 60 words per minute quickly accomplishing the tedious typing task and kindly help create a published book for us. The copious poets will hopefully feel grateful.

Seashore

Burning hot sands with indented footprints rushing to the cool
seashore waves

Quickly rolling our clothes to wade in the invigorating blue Pacific
Ocean waves

Suddenly the big ocean waves splash and wet our clothes as we
courageously stand on the refreshing seashore

Like A Dolphin In The Ocean

Jumping high in the sky blue air out of the deep blue ocean

Giggling, smiling, and laughing while playing in the vast ocean

Rescuing a pet dog struggling to swim in the huge ocean and protecting humans from great white sharks attacks! There are many reasons people are in love with adorable dolphins with our huge smiles on our cute faces as we nod in agreement to amusing antics!

Newport Beach

One hour drive and on the road
led us to my cousins abode
20 minutes more drive to Pelican Hill
made me wonder about our future lunch's bill
at the picturesque restaurant
with an ailing uncle and many aunts
We ordered delicious food and cuisines
I wondered how my relative remained so lean
Although ordering many kinds of food
That put us into a festive mood
There was a fun golf course
And a man playing with the face of a horse
A gigantic swimming people
That made many people cool

Mother's Perfume

When I was a young child

I remember my mother wearing a beautiful dress and her hair in a nurturing bun as she leaned forward to turn off my night lamp beside my cozy bed. The lovely floral fragrance of her delightful perfume still lingers in my memory. The pleasant aroma of her perfume smelled of sweet bouquet of lilies and roses mixed with sweet vanilla. The flowering essence affected my mood to happiness. A gust of cool breeze from my bedroom window circulated the sweet smell of my mother's perfume throughout the room and soothed me to a comfortable sleep.

Spring

The cold wintery snow and frigid ice melts to uncover the cool freshness of spring. Spring brings with it new blooming and flowering plants. During spring time we must change our time forward for day light savings time. Spring awakens us earlier to face a new day that is warmer than winter but cooler than summer. Spring showers drench the lush green vegetation so farmers can reap what they sowed!

Hong King (Visits to Hong Kong)

This country is absolutely wonderful! The weather was warm and humid. There were magnificent views of the beautiful ocean with many boats and yachts near the seashore where a multitude of people hurried in crowds to ride the ferries. The cool ocean breeze turned the many small wind wheels that showed the direction of the blowing wind. There were many restaurants near the seashore displaying aquariums full of seafood of our choice. The cook poured famous Hong Kong oyster sauce with vegetables and fish in a hot wok which is an Asian style frying pan that is curved up. Hong Kong people use very long chopsticks and boat shaped spoons. After a delicious meal, we boarded a train and traveled to China where we visited a huge museum that exhibited the Emperor's palace and tomb. Some of the acrobatic Chinese were dancing exuberantly outside in the museum. East Asia is amazing!

Dancing With Life

The joy, exuberance, and excitement of being chosen as a model United Nations representative are unforgettable! Writing with ardor an essay that was chosen for selection as a United Nations model was exhilarating and fun. Another exciting occasion in life was dancing with life dressed in floral red beautiful traditional South Korean dress in the Los Angeles parade moving to the rhythm of the music! We displayed colorful big fans to the rhythmic drums and beautiful music melody similar to synchronized swimmers.

Spectacular Autumn

The trees' leaves change into an array of many beautiful colors against the sky blue above. As the leaves fall down on the ground outside, the ground becomes colorful. The cool autumn breeze twirl the colorful leaves into a small whirlwind of vibrant colors. Thanksgiving comes this festive season to give a bountiful supply of scrumptious food to celebrate a holiday of sharing and generously giving.

Abandoned Rail

Once upon a time many years ago a train traveled and took people places, but today it is abandoned and deserted. What a loss it is? The rails are dilapidated and decrepit. However on the television news some curious goats were roaming on the abandoned rails and then rescued by animals preservationists.

First Puppy

So small, petite, soft, warm, and cuddly like a miniature baby

The adorable puppy gently licks my hand and face with warm wet kisses

A tiny pet that loves to deeply sleep

We chose the pretty as a picture delightful puppy with a pinkish red little tongue protruding out

The attractive puppy was a kindhearted gift from a benignant and helpful uncle

Wild Animals Outside

We went to the fun park on a sunny day. We were feeding the wild geese, pigeons, ducks, and a little squirrel pieces of bread, lettuce, and nuts outside near a big lake when suddenly some of the large geese lunged forward to voraciously peck the pieces of bread. The multitude of geese encircled us in search of delectable food. We caringly threw gently nuts toward a squirrel. The small squirrel grabbed the nuts and hungrily nibbled at the nuts on the green warm grass near a magnificent tree. We had a fun day outside with wild animals!

The Irony of Superman

Superman the comic book and movies super hero is suppose to be powerful, strong, brave, and super. In the Superman movies Superman was unbreakable and very strong. However the movie actor named Christopher Reeve who played Superman became broken like Humpty Dumpty by falling to break his spine. Mr. Reeve who was Superman was in fact not super strong but fragile like glass by falling off his horse!

The Ocean

When I was a little girl, my parent threw me into the cold ocean to encourage me to courageously swim. That memory of swimming underwater and above is unforgettable. Many times while I was growing up, my father took us to the seashore to admire the spectacular ocean. When I became a young teenager, my father taught me to fish on a boat and he told us there is plenty of fish in the ocean. Fishing taught me about waiting, resilience, and perseverance. The bountiful ocean brings with it fond memories of childhood.

Younger Brother Joe

Honestly, I was hoping for a sister, but my mother joyfully announced the arrival of a baby boy who would be my younger brother Joe! He was rosy red and so small at first. I remember reaching for his tiny hand and holding affectionately my little brother's small hand when he was a minuscule baby. I lovingly placed the baby bottle into his small mouth and stared adoringly at my younger brother when he was a lovable small baby. When he was growing up, I taught him to wink with his eyes to indicate jokes so he has a sense of humor! My adorable younger brother was active and enjoyed running. He liked eating apples and mandarins. Even now Joe has a magnificent smile!

Beautiful South Korea

On the beautiful peninsula is the capital of South Korea known as Seoul. It's a big city with spectacular skyscrapers and traditional buildings that have been preserved to save historical sites. Seoul is one of the cleanest cities throughout the world with one of the most immaculate, secure, and efficient subway stations. The splendid Han River and the alluring mountains provide a picturesque view. In South Korea is also Chejudo the island as lovely as Hawaii. There are impressively breathtaking waterfalls where even birds go to recuperate according to an aunt! South Korea is beautiful indeed!

Life Is Like a Landscape

Life has its ups and downs like the hilly terrains of a big mountain. When the rain pours down like a waterfall emitting healthy ions, I remember that song and music titled Rain. The cool rain travels down to the blue ocean and that body of water connects us to a vast collective consciousness. The colorful sunset near the ocean view displays a magnificent array of vibrant colors above the contrasting indigo blue ocean below. As we age the years wither away like the autumn leaves falling down.

Contents Of My Luggage

I would place inside my luggage a warm hearted Harvard University sweatshirt in the crimson red color. I would also put inside my luggage a photograph of me cuddling an adorable small white puppy with a big genuine smile on my face! Next, I would place my comfortable and fairly new Nike running shoes and many comfortable warm socks. In addition, I would place inside my luggage a spare wristwatch with an alarm clock so I can be on time to the best of my ability. I would also put in my luggage a book written by Melinda Gates titled The Moment of Lift and some thank you cards. I would also remember to place in my luggage the absolutely necessary new toothbrush, toothpaste, and floss to take care of my important teeth. Of course, I would pack my vital moisturizing sunscreen to protect me from the damaging sun. These are some of my favorite necessities.

Broken Wheels

If the wheels on my luggage broke, I would ask William also known as Billy to please help repair the broken wheels. If Billy cannot repair the broken wheels, I would ask a kind and strong man to please chivalrously help carry my heavy luggage. For his chivalrous help, I would buy him his favorite meal and a warm drink like coffee or hot chocolate to show him my appreciation to carry such a heavy luggage with broken wheels.

Beautiful Butterfly

Just when the caterpillar thought the world was over it became a butterfly! Trapped in a cocoon while waiting to emerge with opening wings to fly to freedom amidst beautiful flowers, a butterfly symbolizes the transformation to flights of liberty and emancipation. Flying with beautiful and colorful wings toward freedom unto the bright blue skies, a butterfly can represent flights of fancy.

Warm Cup Of Tea

Life is like a cup of tea, it's all in how you make it! Like a new tea bag, we need time to mature similar to how a tea bag must seep in hot water until it is ready to drink. Of course like the many flavors and types of teas, life also offers a variety of choices and many roads to take. Also, a spoon of sweet honey to a cup of warm tea can please our sweet disposition. Just as warm temperature water must be used to make the tea bag of choice seep, we must behave warm heartedly and kind to influence people to make our world a better place to live.

Blooming Mind

Your mind is a garden. Your thoughts are the seeds. Happy thoughts can be sunflower seeds that grow tall and bright to bloom bright many additional seeds in its flowers. Thoughts of love can be seeds of roses that bloom red emitting a fragrant aroma. Red roses beautiful to see and smell like the thoughts of love and the scent of a lovely lady. Thoughts of calm and peace can be lavender seeds that grow to purple color blooms emitting fresh lavender aromatherapy. It's true that you can reap what you sow. So if you sow seeds of thoughts that are abundant and beneficial you can reap benefits and prosperous rewards

Mark Morales

Mark was born in 1995 on February 21 in the town of Northridge. He has one blood brother, who was born in Riverside. Mark and his brother were adopted into a family who later adopted two foster sisters.

Mark lived a quiet life. He didn't have many friends but has a fun personality. Mark likes to fish with his family during the winter.

Mark's favorite type of weather is snowy, rainy, cloudy weather. Mark likes to keep to himself. His love life wasn't very successful. Will he ever fulfill his love life and grow to a tremendous person?

Alive & Grateful

I take my time at a steady pace
I'm not in any rat race,
Blunt and emotionless with no smile on my face
But I'm fortunate, I'm alive by God's grace
I wish to travel & go from place to place
Possibly go to space

As the flowers blossom in the sun
And enjoying the peaceful prayers from the nun
The autumn of the leaves falls from the tree
Falling off the tree and falls through the air so free
The weather in winter can be quite nice can't you agree
All the wonderful colors in the world you can see

My Exquisite Mind

The signs of firing neurons to control my pulse
As my body moves as I wish it to
Truly a gift from God, a brilliant creation
It has me in awe and fascination
So many molecules put together to create a solid
A walking, talking and conscious being

Dancing with life

Dancing with life

A moment I was with my dad

I was very glad

He taught me to be sharp like the edge of a knife

But the moments when he will be gone I will feel grief

But in reality he will be free

And eternal rest he shall be

The moment of clarity I shall begin to see

How important he was to me

My Sleep

Darkness in depth of creed
There's no escaping it, I've agreed
Where hate has planted its own seed
Memorized as my arms as they bleed

The scares are memories I bared
Memories that I've never shared
A moment when I thought no one cared
Another painful memory is spared
How could I be allowed to love it I've ever dared

Hatred boiling so deep
It makes the flowering lilies weep
These are my memories to keep
Alone I shall always sleep

Closing my eyes tight, keeping them covered from the light
Hating God with all my might
He will not have my soul, it is my right

Railroad Deep

Dammed as the dead railroad

It can no longer haul its load

Memories of the past have ended and as it flowed

Rust corroded as it glowed

Abandoned and tossed aside like a dead flower

What was that railroad's final hour

Symbolization of the power

Hate

My sickness was my hate

It was a bit all too late

Killing myself slowly is my fate

As I look towards the Heavens at the gate

Carving a rugged path and no clean slate

As the scares are never letting me forget nothing

But when I bled, it gave me control over something

Reminding me, I'm human and my blood is red

But what will happen when I hit the end of that railroad

A Sprout

As life once springith from the ground
Earth was once green all around
Air filled with beautiful life and sound
But know the green is covered under a concrete mound

Ah but a sprout begins to grow
Impossible for it to grow, who would know?
But no sign of struggle to show
Questioning here between that crack, how?

Withstanding the force of man and instruments
But beautiful it grows as free as it wants with no commitments

Rusty Clamp

A clamp rusted and old
If it had lips what story would it have told
When it was manufactured, when was it sold
And what kind of memories does it hold

What was its job and how long will it last
Looks like something old from the past

It looked old with crudded rust
Withering away in the dust
It had a metallic smell of must

Old and worn away
Would it last another day
I wish I could hear what it had to say

When You Left Me

Crying deep inside as I write
Feeling invisible in plain sight
As I wander blindlessly through the night
You broke my heart and that wasn't right
I'm sorry we got into a verbal fight

Know my heart beats in pain
I can feel my heart struggling to beat as it strains

I wish you knew how I felt that very day
After that day I was never okay
You left me in pain with nothing to say
You do understand that you left me broken and torn feeling that way
I beg of you to come back, I pray

Tears running down my cheeks
You left me traumatized not being able to sleep for weeks

I still love you

I still love you

If you only knew

My love for you is true

But without you I feel blue

I feel like my heart will burst

And my body will be put in a hearse

But forget that

All I can do is bare the pain

I know why it hurts, the reason is obvious and so plain

But I know I can somewhat maintain

Your deviant art drives me insane

You're my kind

Beauty so fine and divine

Sweeter than the orchard of the grapevine

My Element

In the dawn of the twilight
All the stars are there in sight
Glistening in the night

A thousand dreams wished upon the stars
Like the neon light from a thousand cars

I wished upon a thousand stars every day
So many it lasted till the dawn of the day
Wishing the night would stay
But the night doesn't last, the sky is covered with gray

Thunder clouds rolling
Fresh rain water rain and the sweet smell of fresh desert air makes me grin
It's always been my pleasure, it has always been

Gods War

Anger rising from the deep
Hearing the whales pitiful cry as they weep

The sea boils red
As creatures float to the top that are dead

The crackon swims to the top
Massive destruction that will never stop

Armageddon will never stop, it has begun
It cannot be undone

The sky will burn with fire
And the flames will ever burn higher

Gods amongst themselves war will start
Not telling good from bad to tell apart

Humans will suffer in the most horrible way
Thousands will die day by day
Now a new hell is born, it is there to stay
Not even God can stop it or keep it at bay
Days will no longer be gay
A new earth will be born in another day
Then everything will be alright

Why not a good day

Why do we live in resentment

Why can't we just be in contentment

Was there ever a moment when the world was gay

Where people always had a good day

Plus nice things to say

And nice neighborhood to live in and stay

What about relationships when she whispered "everything's going to be okay"

So many questions dreams unfulfilled and incomplete

Very rare you find these days, almost like a car that's obsolete

Why is it in a relationship they compete

Its always a vicious cycle they repeat

I know mine will be different, not sure how

But I'm satisfied with this world for now

So Many Questions for You

Can you pick me up when I fall

Answer when I call

Will you fulfill my every need

Or will you sit and watch me bleed

Will you stop and console me when my eyes fill with pain

Stop me then I go for that vein

Can you write me a few poems or two

Can it just be me and you

Where can we start

Can I have your heart

Can we grow old together

I love you forever

And I will give you my soul

I Just Wanted You to Know

A devastating memory
Is what you left with me
It wasn't easy but quiet difficult to see

So many memories I tried to push past
But intervening trauma I know would last

I tried to push past the fear
Just wanted to be close to you, so near
But know you're gone, I shed a tear

But you're happily in love with another man
So if you need help I will be waiting with an out extended hand

I'm depressed without you being here
But I will always be there
And I will always care
I will be kind and fair

Dawn of Light

We are alone at last

It is now a thing of the past

Walking together hand in hand

I will find us the most expensive land

And we will play on the beach sand

We will enjoy the sky twilight

When the moon is at its highest at night

Each moment caught will be just right

In each other's arms holding intimately and tight

And wake to the dawn of light

We will listen to the waves crash ashore

This savory moment leaves me wanting more

There will never be a moment when we're poor

I will be there to open each door

The Witch

3:00 is the witching hour
When the night is at its peak
Doing witch craft in her tower
She mutters curses as she speaks

Conjuring the demons of sin
Sacrificing of an unfortunate soul
Terror fills the night with her evil grin
Summoning demons is her goal

There is no one in God's power to stop the conjuring of death
There is no where you can go
She will hunt you down till your last breath
No knowledge will save, she is your worst foe

And if you make it through the night
Find some shelter to protect you
Be grateful that she doesn't go after during sunlight
Or you could fight back too

Crack Within My Soul

The light in my soul
Fills that gaping hole
That empty space is whole

So many positive thoughts of mine
Day dreaming I get lost in time

Childhood laughter echoes in my ear
That light gives me nothing to fear

I know it will carry far
The fire of light burns brightly like a star
That light in my soul is permanent like a scar

I loved you

You've got me feeling hot and cold

Time can be short, I'm growing old

Watching the seconds on the clock wear by

Why can't you write or call to say hi

Crying inside ask God why

The thread in my heart is still in place

I pray for you when I have time and I say grace

But I have to cut the thread

So I can close the wound as it bled

I don't blame you for the scars I wear

It was in self-pity because I care

... But the most important part was that I really loved you and I'm sorry if I made you feel guilty.

What Was and Still Is

The weight beneath me holds me down
As the trees rustle without sound
My world is black and white
But knowing wrong from right
My thread of life is still quite strong
Still finding my way in the world and some place to belong
Maybe all I needed was to love someone all along
But the clouds keep me in a haze
I remember the first time she set my heart ablaze
And that loving gaze
But it was an arrow to the heart when it didn't last
And quite difficult to move from the past
For my memory field is long and vast
Remembering every detail
But know it's just a fairy tale
I'm running out of air to breathe as my heart beats

Significant Other

God can you hear my voice
You've given me no other choice

I've chosen to love no other than my true love
The relationship is like two turtle dove

5 years have past
They've gone by so fast

I'm sorry I'm destroying myself over you
Can't we just be two

Restless nights I've had in bed
I'm sinking slowly in quick sand like lead

Cutting my arm as it bleeds
Trying to feel something else than my emotional needs

I gave you my life
I wanted you to be my wife

But someone beat me to you first
But I can't get enough of you, you quench my thirst

You Can't See Me Fade

You'll never hear my poems
About the pain you left me
You made me feel guilt
Now look at the loose ends on that quilt
Strings coming undone that kept it built

Weakening and fading away
I'm not gonna lie, I'm not okay
Black fading to gray
I'm lost and lead astray

Stressing so much it hurts to the bone
What will you do when my body is cold as stone
Do you know how long of time I spent alone
Why don't you call me on the phone

Do You Really

How much do you love me

Just tell me the truth so I can see

That way you can set my soul free

It's you I want it to be

But the question is still there in my mind

Will it be truth and reconciliation I will find

Or will you leave me with these thoughts and a clouded mind

Sometimes I can sleep other times I can't

Sometimes you leave me feeling pitiful and tiny like an ant

But I just can't stop loving you

But I must get over myself

Dust off that dusty shelf

Forget about this fantasy and remember the pride within myself

Scars

Rag grows within even though without sin
Twisted anger that gives me a sick grin
Self-loathing with scars to bare
I bare them and I really don't care
Ask me about them and I'll share
Don't be scared I'm not wicked towards others
Only towards myself
So fret not this train is already in motion
My own time will come without notion
Then you can dump my ashes in the ocean
I'm not going to kill myself if that what you're asking
The scars are there to hide the emotions I'm masking
But thanks for asking
Death is nothing new

Great Journey of Life

The autumn of the leaves sway to and from
Watching as the flowers bloom and grow
Little do we know how much they know

Children will learn more than we were taught
At a beautiful age they are in innocent in thought

So creative they are
A long journey ahead vast and far

Nice as a cold breeze of the ocean sea
Standing at the end of the pier feeling so emotionless and free
Pleasant thoughts remain within me
One day I'll be able to see
Like being free as a tree

Not a worry in the world as the earth spin
Look at all the young faces as they grin
Clean a new without sin

My Mortality

My mortal wound will bleed
Peace and comfort is something I need
Nurture my mortal wound like a seed
Is kind of hard without weed
My world is starting to turn black
Love is something that I lack
A lone wolf without a pack
Wandering through the thick forest alone
Limping in pain
Blood poisoning setting in driving me insane
How was I wounded you ask, by hate
It's time to go it's getting late
I cannot tell you my fate

Recluse

Drawn away from family
Because they judge my insanity
Filling my head with hurtful words and profanity

As holidays came and went
I stop going to every family event
If only they could just listen and let me vent
Tired of hospitalizations and spent

So when I feel disturbed I'll pop open a beer
Drunken in sadness I shed a tear
But knowing I'm safe inside my own mind
I shouldn't have nothing to fear
Is there some loving peace I can find

I'm Not Perfect

Sorry I'm not perfect

I hate the pond as my image reflect

I guess I'll just be a society reject

Hiding away from my demons from far corners of my mind

Anger rising that it makes me blind

Will there ever be peace that I can find

Nothing left to hide behind

My true self is here and now

Not really knowing how to express myself or how

Screaming inside

Wishing that I died

Trying to hold on my pitiful pride

I have no one to blame but myself

I'm not okay

I have nothing left to say

As my heart of hope begins to decay

Feeling broken and tears

I realized over all these years

Shadow

Disturbed in the night
Hiding away from the light
Neither man nor being
Darkness that sort of thing

I am your shadow

Side by side I stood with you
Sobbing along with you

But in silence I watch you sleep
Even in your dreams I heard you weep

Why?

You are not alone
I will not let you sink like a stone
I will not let your core of essence be shaken to the bone

Don't be afraid of your shadow
I exist with you

This Feeling

This feeling is quiet odd
I keep denying that I feel
Round and round the merry go reel
This feeling is quiet strong and real

I don't know what stream I should take
Leaving alone at night and wide awake
A part of me you did take
Like a dagger or knife and stake
I don't judge this emotion or what to make

Spending hours on the phone look for someone like you
Trying to console my heart that was broken in two
Met very worthy my life only a few
Will there even be one that makes me feel anew

Kindness

Generosity brings me tears

These people are very rare

I know I will encounter more throughout the years

Makes me want to live and care

This tenderness brings me back to something more

It's like a door opening and a rush of fresh air

Bringing down barrier of tenderness and generosity

Making me want to show the animosity

Is There a Galaxy in My Mind

Is there a galaxy in my mind
How far shall I go and what will I find
These clouded thoughts make me blind
This pressing questions make my gears grind

So many dreams are realities I've had
None of them are that really bad
Remembering the dreams to me are quite unique so I'm glad

I've always wondered what they mean
Are they more significant than they seem
But maybe after all, they're just a dream
Biggest question is the main theme
The memories of my dreams is like a running stream

Poetry

Staring at the blank paper before me
Forming poems in my mind that I see
Amazing myself as I write hands free
The joy and experience brings with giddy and glee
As I get better at writing I feel green as a tree
Poems are great don't you agree

Some poems are quite sad
Other poems make you feel mad

Poems are an expression of life
Too early to be at the flipping point in life
Haha I'm too young to be bitching about feeling stride
I don't even have a wife

Pitiful Memory Lane

Running down my mind in memory lane
A great deal of the past brings me pain
I'm wondering am I really insane
Cutting to hopefully strike a vein
But failing at the end with grief and shame
Wanting only one thing, wish for things to be the same

Forgiveness is all I can think to do from the past
But the memories will always last

And the scars will always be there
Honestly I don't even know why I care
But I'm always kind and willing to share
So I leave my emotion exposed and bare

Will You Be There When I Die

Will you stand by me when I cry
Even though the hopeful soul runs dry
Not really knowing why
I cannot trust this world whole heartedly
As my soul bleeds, for attention it craves
I pity my mortal mind as it enslaves

Deep thoughts of sadness run through my mind
And deepening emotions make me blind
Peace and quiet will I ever find
But inside my mind those gears continue to grind

Wishing For Peace In My Life

I wish I could see the light

Wishing only for things to be right

Though some answers could hide in plain sight

So I make amends tonight

As the moon hangs high in the twilight sky

I know there's someone out that's asking the same question why

Slowly tears well up in my eyes as I begin to cry

Lost in my own mind

Will there be eternal peace or solitude to find

If I can cast all lustful things that make me blind

Then I can find peace, zen, and beauty so divine

Then everything will be fine

Sorrow of Los Angeles City

Many lost connections I've had
Have made me feel quite sad
These unwanted emotions that make me feel bad

I will never understand a person's intention
I'm in fear of their sick intervention
Tossed aside I am like a lost invention

As I bear the grudge from the past
Forgiveness helps, but the memories will last
I'm feeling the gloom of the over cast
Hopefully the hard times will be to past

I can say sorry a thousand times
But I must pay past dues and crimes

I remember very little of the happy thoughts

Slowly tears welling my eyes of self-pity
Doubting myself feeling quite shitty
For I am lost in Los Angeles City

As I grab the rose bush with my hand
Blood trickled down my elbow and hit the sand
Love is something I crave
Don't let me die alone in a grave
I'm not fearless or brave
I am only a man who has feelings

The very moment a woman passes by I
Question myself and ask why
I'm afraid to be rejected if I try
Half broken heart and severed as I cry
I look upwards towards the sky
Sorrowfully admitting to the tear I try to dry
This might be my last good-bye

Love Of My Life

I love you my whole life

How I wish you were my wife

And for you to support me when I feel the strife

You are the edge blade to my life

Will you be there when I cry

Till the end when I die

And also when these veins dry

The most important thing to love you I try

Your beauty in the moment I will always sigh

Hopeless

Living my life alone

Heart unmoving like a stone

I'm sore and sick to the bone

I wish I had a place somewhere to call home

Wishing and still dreaming

But in the end I find nothing but screaming

There was very few in my heart

But they took it and tore it apart

I was always forsaken from the start

I know I have a heart that beats

But without rhythm

Welcome to the front row of my seats

Tossing and turning in my sleep

Silently I weep

I am the demons soul to keep

For the dark storm I call

Hoping for foolish angels to fall

As I leave my legacy on the wall

As a false prophet I'm ready to brawl

So heed this warning this in my final call

Beautiful Girl

Through the times of softness in air
And the beauty to behold in your hair
Spending time on the porch in that rocking chair
How your voice was so sweet and fair
For you my dear I really do care
Remembering the quality time you did share

And lost all at once I have come to fear
How I can no longer hold you close my dear
You being gone I can no longer bear

So I shed a tear

I would rejoice once more if I could hear your voice
Peace be still
You will always have a choice

Lost

Lost in echo of bad dreams
In the night of my lost screams
I'm not on any winning teams
As I'm drowning in my tears
I've been looking for a companion for 4 years
But only ending in broken bottles of beers
In my own loneliness I am lost
Certainly at my own venerable cost
As each morning I try to shake off the dew and frost
I can't say that I am glad
Only feeling empty in the pit called sad

My lover

The ultimate truth came to me when a voice came to me and said
The love of my life will destroy you
Came to me in a dream and I awoke and felt anew
But the realization of my companion here and I can never be
Then tears welled in my eyes to the point where it was hard to see
Silent and quietly I sobbed in the night
Looking for some answer in the twilight
And there I sat alone beneath the moonlight
So that path lead to my own solitude
She left me for another guy and I still feel grief
I wish she was here to console my thoughts and give me relief
I'm sorry Rikki my compassion was meaningless

Confused

Drowning in pills

As the venom spills

I feel like I'm on a roller coaster

Going up and down hills

Memories of the past really kills

As I'm lost and frustrated, I scream

Trying to gasp at my hopeless dreams

Heartbroken I feel broken and alone

My heart aching feeling as if my life is blown

I wish I had someone to call my own

As I cry in a corner silently
Evil laughs and laughter triumphantly
For I have lost my pride
Almost half heart broken and dead
One can die of a broken heart, haven't you read?
Slashing the vein, watching myself as I bled
The sweet relief washes over me
And know of the emotions disturbance I am free

My Anger

Anger boiling so deep
Going downhill, so steep
Being greedy towards myself to keep

Locking myself away
While others beg for me to stay
I cannot bear another day
Sweet words will not sway
Half the time I don't wanna hear what you wanna say
Honestly I don't feel okay
Heart beating dead and grey
God rid me of this feeling I pray

But this isn't me
I really want to reveal myself for you to see
And I do have problems I have to agree
A certain type of personality disorder to a degree
Feels like raging tidal waves in the sea

The time bomb is ticking and no one is listening
This is funny is quite tickling
And that hour glass of sand is trickling

So I dare to strike that fuse

Will Of The Heart

Father of mine you are a great dad
You tried your best when things went bad

I'm sorry I've caused you pain
But your love wasn't vain

You're all I've got to console
I realize you fill that gaping hole

Pain wells in my eyes as I've watched you grow old
But you are strong, bright, and bold

Die, I die with you
Cry, I cry with you
Suffer, I suffer with you

I know I can be a pain in the ass
But I hope those days are in the past

I remember all the fun we've had side by side
You are my father and you are my pride

My Dad

As the sun rose it was over cast
A scene that I wish would last
I find myself reflecting about the past
My life was like a stream flowing so fast
The stream so endless and vast

Great memories of me and my dad
When I was with him I was never really sad
Father to me he is to me and never did he make me feel bad
Never really ever made me feel mad

He took me everywhere he went with pride
It was always nice to always go with him for a ride
I love my father and honest I am, I never lied
When my dad was upset, I cried

The thing that matters most is I love my father

Alissa Rose

My name is Alissa Ann Rose. I was born in Oregon City, Oregon on September 9, 1990 in Oregon City Hospital. I went to Eportao Elementary School and for sixth grade, I went to Lakeside High School. When I was 19 years old I became pregnant with my daughter Alexis-Faith Juanita Trevino, born on April 19, 2010. I was an at-home mom until I ran into some problems and began traveling. At 24 years old I moved back home, but then had a mental break and ended up in Los Angeles. Now I have been in Los Angeles for four years and live in Windsor Hall Care Home.

I dedicate this book to everybody who is in hard times. Anyone who needs to be uplifted and feels alone.

Stillness Of The Moment

When deep in thought time seems to slow, everything around seems to disappear and become quiet, my mind slows in this moment making everything clear and everything falls into its place.

My Arc Of Life

My life began as a small child learning about the world around me. As I grew my sight grew with and I started to learn my ABC's and 123's. My grandparents taught me how to cook and play. By the time I was 11, I was learning something new again. I taught myself about the world around me. At 16, I learned about my life's ups and downs. When I was 19, I became of child. I became a mother with no real life understanding. Now I'm here growing in life's great understanding. When I get older I will be ready for my new standing.

Life Is A Cup Of Tea

Life is great as soon as you choose to remove the hate. Moving forward with the one who creates. The light He shines to lead the way. I say this is the only way.

The Arc Of Imagination

In your imagination you start with an idea. When you get your ideas in your imagination you begin to create an image. With this image your imagination begins to work with your ideas that creates an image of what you're looking to make. As you make everything seems to fall into place.

Contents Of My Luggage

The contents of my luggage comes large and wide. In dealing with these contents they don't come as a surprise. I show what's inside so my life doesn't seem like a lie. Never to hold what's inside until I die.

Broken Wheels Of My Luggage

My wheels were broken so I was dragged into this lie. Living this life made me crazy on the outside. Dragging myself in this life that made me insane inside. I couldn't imagine that this baggage was slowly killing me without the advantage of surviving what I thought was giving me life. Until the day God brought me back to life.

My Place Of Solitude

Solitude is when the universe is at peace with me. My serenity is lined up with the world around me. My happiness is when everything is perfectly in place with my health and well-being.

Love

Love is like a desire yearning from the heart. Lust, passion and devotion coming from within the mind. Intimacy that shows what the heart already knows. Compassion to a friend showing kindness to the end.

Relationship and romance showing us what love is all about

Sweet beloved angel

Loving me like

Never letting me go.

Closing my eye lost in your charity,

Dearest friend how I long for your adoration,

Deepest affection, fondness, warmth and tenderness

That leaves me breathless.

The Parting

When I left home I was so unprepared. I felt uncertainty about the road I was heading. I was lost, gone off the road I thought I saw. Wondering around in darkness so long trying to find the road I was suppose to be on. When I saw the light shining, pointing me finally in the right direction. I found my road and began my journey. Now I find the right signs pointing me in the right directions. If it ever begins to be dark, I always know where to find my light in the darkness of sight.

My Luggage

Since the time I was very young my luggage has been heavy. Dealings with family life that was less than average, wanting to fit in or be somewhere else completely. When I was a child my life seemed to be pushed in a corner. When I was a teenager I couldn't find myself. And as a young adult I was completely lost to the world. As I grow into my adulthood I found out things about myself that I never used to see. Now I know who I am and exactly who I want to be.

My Exquisite Mind

My mind is full of memories. Some old some new some gold some blue but they are always true. Memories of loved ones hugging, laughing, playing. Memories of my children from birth till turning 8 and 2. Sometimes I see myself dancing with You.

Dancing With Life

Dancing with life, we all move with the same rhythm but to different beat. Dancing with life, moving swiftly and surely but some of us dance with some uncertainty. Dancing with life, sound moving us around to our destiny. Dancing with life, life's beautiful melody. Dancing with life, may all your dreams become a reality.

A Bad Dream

I wake from a bad dream so innocent and scared

I wake from a bad dream in a state of despair

I wake from a bad dream -- was I really even there?

Greatest Fear

Being up high a fear I cannot deny. High up in the sky my heart races as I scream inside feeling as if I'm going to die. Then I'm dropping like flying through time!

Sister

My sister, my friend, my companion to the end. My sister is there for me when no one really is. My sister keeps my secrets I know she won't repeat them. She keeps me company when I need her. My sister, she's always there.

Butterfly

Beautiful butterfly

Flying through the air

So wild and free flying with such freedom

Colorful butterfly swirling

Through the air

Dancing with the wind

Moving with wisdom

No worries, moving with such beauty

Never knowing any negativity.

Daughter

My daughter so beautiful and sweet

My daughter growing so strong and sweet

My daughter so smart she writes her own beats

My daughter so grown up but so young

My daughter my number one

The Ocean

Ocean so big and vast

Never seems to be ending like numbers that lasts

So deep and mysterious

Full of creatures and amazing plants

Ships sailing on the open glass

People exploring its never ending mass

Creature

Being a creature in the ocean

Mysterious and unfound

So deep no light shines to see the ground

Finding food with echo sound

Swimming around without being found

Beautiful creature unseen from a crowd.

Abandoned Rail

The abandoned rail so lonely and tired

Abandoned rail already retired

Memories about it like a moment in time

Reaches out the lonely long mile

Everyone watched as a train road by

Now forgotten grown old in time.

Happy

Seeing my kids

Going to the park

Listening to music

Dancing in the dark

Eating sweets

Hide 'n seek

Watching good movies

Making jokes

Shopping with friends

Going for a car ride

Staying friends to the end

First

First time I rode a bike

First time I had a child

First time I played hide and seek

First time I said spaghetti right

First time I remembered a dream

First time I made a friend at my mom's work

First time I got on the bus to church

First pet

First teddy bear friend

First imaginary friends

A Building

When I was young I was afraid to die. I got older, I found God and now I can fly!

Symptoms

Symptoms lurking

Always learning

Feelings turning

Always yearning

Never ending

Always dreading

Life keeps going

Always unknowing

David Scott

I dedicate this book to Dr. Levy and to all of the people at Windsor Hall.

The Arc Of Life

My arc of life can be filled with people, places and things you might find at pick your part – a mechanic's heaven to a great estimate in Bel Air, California for a house or villa. My arc is full of people, places and things.

The Parting

The road we are about to travel is picturesque. Yes, rolling through the pastel color of the desert green cactus and different types. Oh yes, tumbleweeds and bees are big as your thumb with vibrant color of black and golden yellow. You see while I am traveling down this road the speed doesn't matter at all it's my control over this and all that I see and smell.

The sign gave you a direction left or right, but I chose a different path straight up the middle. It's a path not taken very often. The road is beautiful with all types of flora all around you. PS, I am on a mountain bike. I love California.

My Luggage

My luggage is sometimes the depressing news on the television or newspaper. It seems like we the public are not getting any type of break from one disaster to another.

Once month it's Columbine or a church shooting. I myself have stop watching the news or reading any type violent news.

My Extra Luggage

The Stillness Of The Moment

I am at a lake in this hot weather and everything is still except the rising trout. The trout rise for nature's best food that would be trico spinner's, mayflies, katydids, bees and anything that can lite on the still water of the lake.

I also add to the stillness of the lake because I am a fly fisher. You cast rod, flyline, tippet. As the flyline rolls out it will hit the water and it will not spook trout, pan fish or large and small mouth bass. At last the tippet and fly lite on the water. This is the perfect cast. The trout rise to break the water stillness and take whatever insect bounty possible including my fly.

Tarah Scott

Tarah Qiana Scott is from Culver City. She graduated from Loren Miller Elementary, and attended Los Angeles Trade Tech College, where she received an Associates Degree in Microcomputers. Now she is going to school for Culinary Arts. She hopes to start her own soul food restaurant. Tarah also enjoys dancing, singing and writing. Tarah has two brothers and one sister.

I am inspired to share my thoughts and feelings with everybody in the world. So this poetry is dedicated to you.

The Parting

Start my journey down this darkened street road

I found myself alone

There's nowhere to go

I came to a street sign

That tells me to continue

I continue on this path of nowhere

Until I come to a fork in the road

I'm confused -- I don't know which way to go

I decide to use a game I like to play

So I play the game

Then choose the road on the right hand side

I'm praying that this decision is the right one.

I'm getting closer to the end of the road.

There are people.

I made it to the end.

My Exquisite Mind

It's in me to see the beauty so I give a painting that is amazing by sight. I can be the best at seeing new things. Never give a moment in time to the exquisite things in life. I give my all. It's the mind of myself that became a wise beautiful girl.

My Place Of Solitude

As I watch the sea

There's more life to experience through me, being soft as a flower.

Something comes over me.

I have a wonderful breeze flowing through my hair, which gives me a state of comfort.

It's a beautiful day to see the ocean wave at me.

No time to spare.

The Still Of The Moment

I feel so tired

My mood is drowning me

In this moment I have nowhere to go

I'm so sleepy that I can stop to die

This tiredness is boring to me

I need some relief

It's like voices drawing me in to sleep

What could this be?

I'm falling to sleep

I'm asleep

Dancing With Life

As I dance my way through

I see the easy moments that come to an exciting standstill

He is always there to lead me from school to graduation.

I love the tunes that play when I go to family gatherings and special moments I spend with friends.

He is my destiny and I deserve to be in his presence.

We dance the whole night and day, weeks, and months away.

First Love

Looking into his glorious eyes

I see his face but don't know his name.

Wonder where he's from or who he will become.

Love surrounds him.

I want to know more about him.

But I can't get close to him.

Steps I make to see him.

My love for him is beautiful.

I want everyone to know my love for him.

He is my desire.

Though him I'm inspired.

City I Love

Hello Los Angeles

How beautiful you are

The city lights glow at night

Many super-stars

How I see you

With all your wonders

Beauty is around they city

And you deliver its lovers.

Lobster in Spring

Crawling to my own horizon

Seeing my way through

Swimming till I can't swim no more

Everything comes true

It's time to shed my shell

Anew I will be

It's nothing like being a lobster in the spring.

What It's Like To Be Diagnosed a Mental Illness

As I walk in to the door

I found myself being pulled into this new insight of myself

Staring at the person with the news of my health.

I'm disappointed in this new discovery.

Not believing the person in front of me.

The Abandoned Track

The track on the road to nowhere lost from its existence.

Use to be useful to the world.

People travel many miles on those old rusty tracks until there was no more use for them.

Lonely as can be its time for work have left with time.

Abandoned to the or from the world.

It's made for fun, children can play around the old rusty track.

With nothing but its old-time looks and its being alone in an empty space.

The track on the road to nowhere.

The tears I cry
They run down my eyes
Seeing the shame of life
It's not like my kind
Surrounded by hurt and pain
Never seem to go away
The tears I cry
Never my time
Violence all around
Never to be found
Unjust in the streets
Where is the peace
The tears I cry

Love

Love is in the wind

It comes to play

How can I say

It's a wonderful day

Love is in the wind

As the breeze flows in

The sunshine comes through

How wonderful to see you

Love is in the wind

Total Thoughts To Sound

The ultimate truth came to me when I dreamed of being someone other than me. I see a girl with strength and power but she nothing like me. She is determined and she make smart moves in her life. While I strive to do nothing in mine. Why is she so strong and I'm so weak? Why can't I be as driven as she? Maybe there is a light at the end of the road for me. Maybe she is all I can be if I work a little but harder to be.

The way she walk
Is the way she shine
The way she talk
Is the way she cry
The way she shout
Is the way she fly

All I see

Is violence in the street

People killing

Never take the time to heal

Always on the road of destruction

Never sincere

Judging whoever they see

In the inside is rotten

As cold as they can be.

Never see the good in others

Always on the defense

Helping God To Perfect The World

If this was a perfect world

What a world it would be?

It would be a friendly world.

With beautiful flowers and roses

Kids playing in the field

Hanging with the cool kids with the hottest clothes and shoes.

If this was a perfect world what a world it would be?

It would have the best amusement parks.

All we know

Is life is luck

All we know

God help us look

All we know

Jesus is the way

All we know

This is our day

All we know

Who make us cry

All we know

Is who make us lie

All we know

Life is free

All we know

Home is me

All we know

Is everything is everything

All we know we don't need mercy

All we know

Love is the key

All we know is you love me

A woman worth

She care for her children

As she is responsible for her duty

She help all her friends

She make amends

She take on task

While she say kiss my ass

She shine in her own way

She make life a breeze

While she display her needs

She never on her knees

She a winner at what she do

She never sing the blues

Falling in love

Is a day in spring

Making my heart sing

Loving always in the air

Tell me why do I care

It so much to share

Falling in love

Is beautiful thing to do

My Luggage

It's a heavy load ahead

I'm thinking in my bed

What could I change?

Things can't remain the same

I start to pick and choose

What friends I can exclude

No good thoughts come to mind

We fall behind

The stress I can't take no more

So I choose a lighter baggage at my door

I feel free

Now I can be me

She and I quickly swam

Seeing the underwater reefs

Multi colored

Thus deeper

The early twilight above the waters

Mike Tokaji

Mike came to Windsor Hall in 2018 and is from Sun Valley. He was born in Encino and went to Poly High School. After graduating, he went to work at Mega Creation as a shipper. In 2002 Mike was diagnosed with Gilbert's Syndrome. GS can make a person's liver show a higher level of bilirubin than normal, and occasionally gives Mike pain. Mike enjoys writing short stories and poetry. Mike has two brothers and one sister. He hopes to go back to working in shipping and receiving.

This book is dedicated to John Lennon, the world's greatest peacemaker.

My arc of life includes hiking and bicycle riding and going to amusement parks to ride the roller coaster. There's also going to sports -- hockey, football, and baseball.

Space

In the sky there are many stars
Some are near and some are far
Right before my eyes
Spaceships fly in the sky
I feel fine
When the stars shine

Space is the place
To have planets before your face
Planets spin
Your rocket you are in
Land on the ground
Then walk around

Now the rocket flies some more
You were in space before
Travel any day
In space you will stay
It's all astronomy
As you can see

Rockets are in flight
Space is dark as night

My Exquisite Mind

Everybody has their own ideas.

Everybody sees beauty in different things.

I don't want to go to the ocean.

Some of us like mountains.

Solitude

To the forest I go

In solitude is where I am

Hiking on the trail

I see a waterfall

With lakes and rivers

Watch out! You start to shiver

Walking on and on

Many trees you see before too long

We are a wilderness family

In the woods I want to be

Water all around

In nature I'm found

Irony. What is irony? I don't know what irony is. Irony is something unexpected.

The Parting

Going down the road

Traveling so far

Do you really know where you are?

The street leads you nowhere

You've been traveling so long

Now you're moving on

Driving in your heart

When did you start?

When The Rain Starts

Dark clouds are overhead

There's no sun today

Dark clouds are overhead

There's no sun today

When the rain starts

There will be a lot of broken hearts

Lighting and thunder is in the air

Rain is pouring down

Lighting and thunder is in the air

Rain is pouring down

When the rain starts

There will be a lot of broken hearts

Winter is here now

Clouds came somehow

So many clouds are in the sky

To the ground raindrops fly

When the rain starts

There will be a lot of broken hearts

The Rain Story

Waiting for raindrops to pour down

When will they hit the ground

From the sky

Most people start to cry

Winter is here now

Summer left us

The cold got here

When you see rain you get upset

I live for cold weather

No warmth is here today

Now I say

Get your umbrella out

Rain is easy to see

Now raining some more

Look at the sky

Don't cry.

It's Raining Today

It's raining today

Dark clouds came this way

The weather isn't hot

I like cold a lot

The sky isn't clear

The rain is here

The rain is falling down

See the rain hit the ground

It's raining today

In the sky you won't stay

See the rain now

I like rain anyhow

There's no sunshine

When it rains I feel fine

Could it be a friend

It's raining again

Winter is here

Clouds aren't crystal clear

It's raining today

San Francisco

Back in 1973

San Francisco is the city to see

Lombard Street and Candlestick Park

You'll still be there when it's dark

The Golden Gate Bridge is here too

Can you see the beauty around you?

San Francisco is the city to see in 1973

September is the month I saw you

Your sites I never knew

When will I see you again?

Are you a friend?

To San Francisco I will go

Take it too slow

Back in 1973

San Francisco is the city to see

Stars In The Sky

Stars in the sky
Where airplanes fly
It's now night time
Is dark outside fine

Stars in the sky
A spaceship you will see
Up overhead
In space you will be

Planet to planet
Here comes a comet
To the end of space
Meteors are around your face

Stars in the sky
In the dark will fly
The universe isn't far
Lookout! There's more stars

Underwater Life

Underwater there's sea life

Dolphins sharks and whales to name a few

Open your eyes

And see fishes in front of you

You swim in the ocean

Maybe in slow motion

Take a dive

And survive

In the water you are

Don't swim too far

How Do You Live

So 8 o'clock break took you by surprise

That's what you get for telling lies

You got your stories to tell

I wish you would go to Hell

How do you live

How do you live with yourself

You got too many words

You are easily hears

You talk everyday

You got too much to say

How do you live?

How do you live with yourself

Shutting up is what you should do

Too many words come out of you

You need to talk some more

Every day is like the day before

How do you live

How do you live with yourself

Just when the caterpillar thought the world was over it becomes a butterfly.

First it's a caterpillar then it becomes a butterfly,

Where it can fly anywhere it wants.

The butterfly escaped the cocoon.

Rolling down the track

There goes a train

Going on the rail

The train moves like a snail

Fast, fast or faster

The conductor is the master

Headed for a disaster

Traveling for hundreds of miles

Green Mountain

Hiking through a forest
The fox lay asleep in his lair
Hikers in the forest
To get some fresh air

Walking on and on
To be in the wild a long time
Each hike does no wrong
In the wilderness is fine

Surrounded by mountains
Follow the trail
In the mountains
We walk over a snail

Going into nature
The wolf howls at night
Seeing nature
We like during daylight

Hiking is what we like to do
The green mountain tinted by red
To go into a forest
Many trees appear before your head

Waiting For The Rain

When winter is here
There's something most people fear
On a cloudy day
Wetness comes this way

Waiting for the rain
Waiting for the rain
Waiting for the rain

Look overhead
You won't turn red
Raindrops fall from the sky
The ground isn't dry

Waiting for the rain
Waiting for the rain

Some people hate the sun
Under a tree you will run
Clouds are overhead
I hate the summer

Waiting for the rain
Waiting for the rain
Waiting for the rain

My Favorite Brunette (Real gentlemen Prefer Brunettes)

A friend you will always be
It's you I want to see
Long haired lady is a part of my life
Maybe someday you will be my wife
We are friends
I need you again

Day to day
A lot about you I will say
I like you
That is true
A beautiful face
At every place

Martha is your name
Years ago you came
I like you and you like me
It's your beauty I see
I'll say it again
You will always be a friend

When you got the best
Forget the rest
It's your friendship I value
How about a hug
You're my best friend

Blinded By The Sun

Walking down the street the other day

Suddenly something got in the way

Up in the sky

Bright light got in my eye

Blinded by the sun

To me, that's no fun

So I walked and I walked

But there was nothing to talk about

The sun's rays got in my face

The sun is in every place

Blinded by the sun

That's no fun

Too much sunshine

It's easy to find

During summer there's baseball

Out of the sky the sun won't fall

Blinded by the sun

To me, that'll be no fun

Why is there bright light

The sun isn't out at night

Walk this way

The sun is seen everyday

Blinded by the sun

The sun isn't liked be everyone

The arc of imagination has led me to wonder where I'll be in five years. Will I be a published writer or not? Will I be a writer or not? I write everyday mostly about animals, sports and crime drama.