

SOUND GENERATION

The Resonant Voices of Teen Girls



Writing
experiments
for teens
inside!

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SOUND GENERATION

The Resonant Voices of Teen Girls



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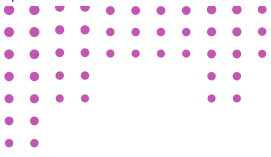
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Heather Lim, age 17

A typical millennial's mental process after posting something.

#summer

I posted a picture of myself
lying down in the sand next to my friend.
We were wearing white bikinis.
Hashtag summer has finally begun!

It's been five seconds and the only person who liked
was my pastor who left the church last year. Hope he's doing well.
It's been one minute now and a girl commented,
fire emoji, heart-eyes emoji, fire emoji.

Compliments, emojis, lies.
Refresh for likes.
Refresh for fulfillment, for enjoyment, for love.
Hashtag bits of dopamine.

I'm waiting.
Hashtag when will my phone buzz.
I receive no notifications.
I Photoshopped this picture to perfection
and there are only 20 likes.
What a shame.

My friend says self-esteem is maximized,
mental health deteriorating.
Hashtag delete.

Samantha Campbell, age 16

I wrote this poem last year for the Los Angeles Youth Poet Laureate competition. It was inspired by the problems, ridicule and struggle I've faced through having curly hair over the years but have ultimately accepted as a positive quality.

Curly Hair

A little girl with curly locks, twisted into migraine-inducing braids. Bloody murder from her lips, individuality hidden away, a monster in a sea of straight waves. Tearing at her cursed scalp, she clawed the unruly strands, begging them to straighten. Little girls pet her hair like a petting zoo attraction. Adults fawned over her, exclaimed she was a doll. Doll scalps were straight — she was not a doll but rather an unwanted reject, recalled from toy-store shelves, replaced with a straight blond bun in a dollhouse of replicas. After-school cartoons, straight brown ponytails, braids dragged her head down onto the couch. Magazine covers advertised hot irons in the aisles of department stores. Tiny curious hands, caught red-handed in the bathroom. She dropped her weapon, sentenced to serve time in the corner, mother praising her curly locks.





Vivian Enriquez, age 17

I am not a musical person. When I found out that the theme of the anthology was going to be music, I did not know how I would incorporate it into my poetry. It turns out, writing is one of the only ways I have the ability to be musical. My life experiences and the little research I did on specific instruments inspired this piece.

Trumpet, Harp, Tambourine, Saxophone

When I was born, I was a trumpet.
I shined like clean brass in my father's eyes.
I would feel the vibration of my mother's lips as she sang to me.

Before the age of ten, I was no longer a trumpet.
I was a harp, becoming tired of my parents plucking away
at my innocence each time they yelled.

After mighty percussions
I tried to hide that I was a tambourine.
A tambourine woman with no sign of bruising.

But this is not a sad story.
I am a saxophone.
One that refuses to hide her voice.

This here, this writing, my heart,
the wind that takes a journey through my anatomy,
is how I sound and who I am.

Nicole Jefferson, age 16

I listen to music all the time. I love that there is always a song to describe exactly how I am feeling when I can't describe it through my own words. This poem is meant to show the various activities of my life by describing the sounds associated with them.

Soundtrack of My Life

The soundtrack of my life is the clicking of the keys on my computer as I stay up late finishing homework. It is the cheering of crowds at Friday night high school football games and the barking of my dog running to the door to greet me when I come home.

The soundtrack of my life is the wedding band playing “Here Comes the Bride” as I watch my aunt walk down the aisle in her glowing white dress. It is the ringing of my alarm clock at precisely 5:27 every morning and the drip-drops of scattered rain that come every December.

The soundtrack of my life is the clacking of my tap shoes as I do a shuffle, toe-heel. It is the honking of geese on Sengekontacket Pond every summer morning, and it is my best friend and I laughing obnoxiously loud together.

And for all those moments of joyous sound there is a stark opposite. The soundtrack of my life is also the sniffing of my stuffy nose when I get sick. It is the funeral band as they lead the procession out of the church.

Through all of this noise, there is a song to complement every emotion that I am feeling.

And in that, I find solace.



Katarina Lashley, age 17

In this song, I was imagining why people choose to leave their home, or the person they love.

Forgive Me

You look around in the empty town,
and see that I am gone.
By the theatre, by the park,
by the bakery
with its line too long.

I left, and you'll never know what I felt.
You'll just know that I am missing.
I hope someday
you'll forgive me.

We were living the lives that children live,
kids turned to teenagers,
trying to fit in.
I tried to squeeze inside a skin
that wasn't mine.

I tried to find a place to belong.
Turns out, I was in it all along.

I left, and you'll never know what I felt.
You'll just know that I am missing.
I hope someday
you'll forgive me.



18 Lunar Years

The moon tells me stories, stories of
old rituals and ancient times,
its thoughts on life and the world.
The moon knows my story,
all my 18 years of moons, all the different phases.
We've grown together,
starting out new:
dark, stormy,
growing into something
full, transparent.
She lights the night and paves the way for the day.
I hope to embody her light and
bring a path to those in the night.
The moon tells me stories. She reminds
me of the gift that this is, the 18th year,
the pivotal point,
the edge of the cliff,
the brink of what is known.
So tonight, the last night of 17,
I will hold hands with the moon, and together
we will step into the edge of tomorrow.

Amayah Watson, age 17

I wrote this because this is me — the titles of music that have changed me. I started writing this at a WriteGirl workshop at the Huntington, and I feel like I came a long way and learned plenty of things about music that I didn't know before.

My Playlist

I come from singing Doo-Wops and A Cappella,
being my own Dangerous Woman,
strutting and being confident and a Q.U.E.E.N.
Fake Loves and Ill Minds to Blessings I can never forget
to always hold true.

The False Advertisements of Victorious victories.
Traveling and seeing the Vegas Lights shining for miles,
but still being a Cali Girl at heart.

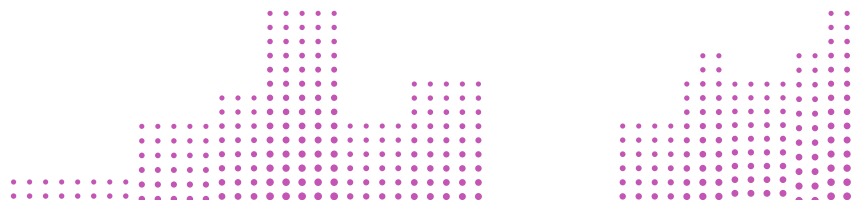
Covering myself with every song of the world,
from centuries to come, and having my L.A. Love.

Fallin' Out and into Misery Business
and finding myself.

Being Just Fine, listening to myself, being myself.

Having some of the Best Mistakes with some Deja Vu along the way,
I'll never Get Around, Without Myself

Being Crazy but also Genius and starting over to Repeat.



I wrote this piece after the very first WriteGirl workshop we had this season. The positivity of the environment and the bright outlook on the status of women really spoke to me, and I wrote this to commemorate how my views were revived.

For Her Liberty

Though the sun's last rays had faded to dusk, the first drops fell anew to seed her truth. Through the cracks of her roof, splintered black-blue, they sprinkled her face, lit by lucid youth. The night was still young when she saw their fires burning stilted echoes through her tears. They cast long shadows that played across her eyes, a stamp of mortality, to which she'd belong. She followed the silhouettes as they beat the same trail they'd trodden a mile's time behind. Followed them even as they were triumphant in their arrogance, prideful of the paths she had paved. They never heard her, never knew her, never looked her way but for those rare moments of contemplation. Yet still, their entitlement served their fall as it did their rise, and as they winked out, ever reluctant, ever sure, as their nights spread thin as their wills, only then did she pen her own tale, sing her own anthem, waltz the rain away.

Three Days

Our Valentine's Day
lasted for three days.

On day one we took
our first salsa class.
We twisted, dipped
and enjoyed our time of peace.

Day two we played
volleyball at Venice Beach.
He served, I spiked,
and neither of us accepted defeat.

Last, we traveled to Paris
and ate dinner in the Eiffel Tower.
Between his hearty laugh and my
twinkling eyes, I realized
he's the love of my life.

Victim Mentality

Verse

Stuck in one state of mind
One look, you think I'm fine
Every day, you've been so rough
Left me with cuts I just can't stitch

Verse

You came into my life unexpectedly
At first I tried to be friendly
But then you drink my dreams
You aren't what you seem

Chorus

You're a home-wrecker
a gold digger
I don't want
your dirty tears on me
Or your victim
mentality



Tindi Mashamba, age 16

*Tindi joined WriteGirl after moving to the United States from Tanzania.
We asked her to share her poem in both English and Swahili.*

Mimi Ni Mtoto Sina Mama

Mimi ni mtoto sina mama
Mimi ninakja kuishi nawewe
Tafadhali nijari
Mimi ni mtoto sina mama

Nikumbatie kwa upendo
Nibusu kama mama yangu
Niambie wanipenda
Mimi ni mtoto sina mama

Tunza afya yangu
Nilishe chakula kizri
Nipeleke shule
Mimi ni mtoto sina mama

Usini nyanyase
Usini uze kwa wanaume
Usini singizie bali unitetee
Mimi ni mtoto sina mama

Nipende kila siku
Bila kujali nifanyalo
Nipenda kutoka chini ya mayo wako
Sababu mimi ni mtoto sina mama

I Am a Child No Mother

I am a child, no mother
I am coming to stay with you
Please take care of me
I am a child no mother

Hug me tight with love
Kiss me as my mother
Tell me you love me
I am a child no mother

Take care of my health
Feed me yummy food
Take me to school
I am a child no mother

Don't abuse me
Don't sell me to the man
Don't accuse me, but be my defender
I am a child no mother

Love me everyday
No matter what I do
Love me from the bottom of your heart
Cause I am a child no mother

Stacy Lee, age 17

I took my favorite sounds growing up and compiled them into a poem. I value each and every sound of my youth.

Breathe

Inhale ... singing classes with the excitement of being loud for once.

Exhale ... my favorite ABBA songs coming from the radio.

Inhale ... the laughter from my classmates when we played together.

Exhale ... an orchestra at the Walt Disney Concert Hall playing in harmony.

Inhale ... my mom singing a lullaby as she rubs my tummy to make
it feel better.

Exhale ... music from instruments my sister would play.

I breathe the sounds from my childhood.



Blossom Bogen-Froese, age 14

The inspiration for this song is a dumb boy.

What It's Like to Be Confused

Verse

You make me feel like I've slept
through the week,
and I didn't even get to see
your face in my dream.

Chorus

This is what it's like to be confused
(what it's like, what it's like).

Verse

You're the ring I dropped
down the drain.
You're the ugly sweater that got
stepped on in the rain.

Chorus

This is what it's like
to be confused.

Verse

I hope you get gum in your hair
and can't get it out.
Forget your pencil while taking a test.
I guess, I maybe love you.



Courtney Hayforth, age 17

During the WriteGirl Poetry Workshop at the Pasadena Public Library, one of the guest poets encouraged us to write about an imperfection we had and turn it into a positive memory.

I Am Not Perfect, but My Imperfections Remind Me of Something That Is

The air cuts across my weathered skin.
Weak and fragile,
it puts up a good fight,
but there were casualties
from this war seen
in the form of dry flakes
leaving my body's surface.

When it's cold,
my skin, a matryoshka doll,
comes off in layers,
but those dead cells
take me back
to thirty-degree weather,
winds strong enough
to whistle in my ear,
the simplest harmonies
to my middle-school
years in that small town,
Fort Mill,
with more trees than cars,
where nature dominated civilization,
where I first met
my best friend.

Band Director

All the band boys and all the band girls fear him.
He is brutally honest.
He will make you bow down to his queen,
the chicken foot.
Pray you don't miss a note.
Or come in a beat too late.
Without Mr. Ellis, we would never be able
to call ourselves anything more
than kids who own an instrument.
Without Mr. Ellis,
we would never be
Musicians.



Taylor Blackwell, age 18

It is important to sometimes turn off the news and enjoy the company of others. This started as a poem and turned into a song.

Don't You Know?

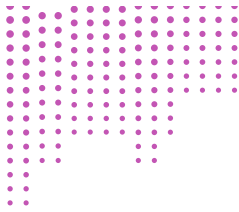
Here, there you are
stretched out on the floor with your arms over your head.
There, here you are.
I'll feed you tea and oranges like Leonard Cohen said.

The wilting black-eyed Susans.
If love's a game we're losing.
I like lilies better, don't you know?

Here, there you stay
bundled up in blankets up to your chin.
There, here you stay.
We'll keep warm while the ice is growing thin.

The polar bears are dying.
Is there love in lying?
Your words kill me, don't you know?

Throw on your Bowie tee.
Go fetch the morning coffee.
We'll read news in drudgery,
the world around us crumbling.



Indigo Mapa, age 14

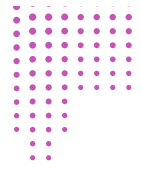
This came from a prompt to write about a gift (any gift, whether it's physical or not) that you have received.

Gifts

Texts, calls and conversations that last from 8 p.m. to 4 a.m. It starts off with a "hello." Then a game of 20 Questions (more like 100 Questions). Then there are pauses in between, that last a minute, or two, or five, usually checking if our parents will catch us and take our phones away for staying up at such an ungodly hour.

After that passes, an "are you okay?" comes into play. Cue 10-20 minutes of mushy, angsty teenagers ranting about mood swings, feelings and crazy, unbelievable events that occurred in their lives. Then the compliments, comfort and praise come in.

Losing track of time, it's now 4 a.m. A goodnight is whispered into the phone or typed. A yawn or two are heard. The possibility of someone already passed out lingers in the air.
I'm looking forward to the same thing tomorrow night.



Savannah House, age 15

This piece is about two best friends who mean the world to each other. It is written from the perspective of a male, but it is not a romance.

Trees and Books

“Come here,” I said, with daring eyes. We had been reading for hours, and I had finished the three half-read books I’d brought to the park.

She looked up from her book, puzzled, and stood up, stretched and smiled off her yawn. I grabbed her book from her hand and put it down on the blanket in the grass.

Taking her hand, we walked four trees behind our makeshift book nook. I looked back at it in the distance and it surprised me. Food sat in pizza boxes and cookie trays, napkins and beat-up old lunch bags. The light pink feathered blanket blended in with the grass and scattered blossoms, fallen from the trees above.

From any other perspective, she was looking at me. But I knew her too well; I knew she was looking past me. She stepped back from my hand and I let it drop to my side. Her silhouette in the sunlight was beautiful.

She smiled for the first time in weeks, and looked me straight in the eyes. “Let’s dance,” she said.

I Write

I write because inside my head are worlds,
alternate realities that want to be realized
to fly out into the world
like the demons of Pandora's box.

There are stories in my heart,
moments in life,
too good not to share.
People I want
to introduce to everyone,
places I want others to see.

They whirl my thoughts, cloud my sight
and shout at their chains,
"Let me free."

I write because I want to write,
because I want to share,
because there are stories
out there.

Kiyanti Schlank, age 15

I was at a WriteGirl workshop in a library, and my mentor and I were given instructions to go to the medical books and write a prescription for change. I wanted it to look like a real recipe, and she encouraged me to write it.

A Recipe for Change

- Step one is to have a mind like a pot, filled to the brim with ideas.
- Next, take the most fitting thought and toss it into a cup with a splash of inspiration.
- Grab all the pills of outsider opinions you may have, smash them together and throw the ashes away (for they will not be necessary).
- Add a few pinches of salt and pepper, your trusty supporters (who may only be a pen and paper).
- Grasp the spoon of infinity to mix your potion so it will last.
- Drink the brew, really chug it down, and in a flash, you will have the world before you, and it will be yours to change.

River

Take thoughts and turn them to me.
I will ingest illnesses and idolize ipecac,
stripping shelves of shirked stories,
coming clean, touching cheeks.

Nicking, noting nigh darkness:
“Once overworking overcomes,
death doesn’t seem daunting.”
Killjoy, killjoy, killjoy.

Bronze bones buried in bleach.
Lozenges littering lonely streets,
succumbing to slow sorrows.
Reality revamps human rights.

Unfazed, universes continue unwinding us.
Awful, ain’t it? Arrogance appears.
Glaciers grow gaping maws, glitzy glitzy.
Thrones of topaz, twinkly tequila, through and through.

Celine Merino, Age 17

I went to visit my mother's hometown in Michoacán during winter break and we went to a little island called Janitzio. There, I watched this dance for the first time.

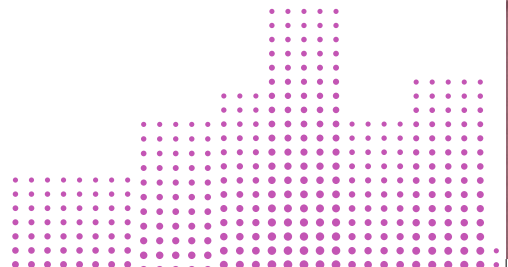
Danza de los Viejitos

I walked alongside locals and tourists as they circled a pair of dancers. A child stood by as an older dancer slapped his feet against the pavement, the wooden bottoms of his shoes echoing loudly, his movements in sync with the violinist's upbeat tune.

The mask that concealed his face was what caught my attention the most, its bizarre expression more amusing than frightening — though the child crying next to me said otherwise. The violin suddenly shifted into something more somber, the dancer's hunched back lurching forward even more as his movements ceased.

It reflected some sort of sadness, a bit of despair and hopelessness. Then the music was upbeat again, along with the dancer. The boy, who'd stood out of his way, decided to step in, mimicking the older man's motions. His tiny shoes slapped along the concrete, creating a rhythm that was in sync with the music but differed from what the elder was trying to do.

This was my mother's culture, and I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride from the beautiful show.



Louana Garraud, age 16

This piece is about the first New Year's Eve I spent back in France since I moved to Los Angeles.

A Night in Paris

It's only ten as I walk in
still not knowing anybody.

Unknown faces, places,
but we'll be part of history.
Smells and noises
slowly making their way to me.

Bubbles pop,
set tongues wagging,
and some boy tells me his story.

We speak our minds,
what do we care,
music will drown our honesty.

Raising our glass,
counting from ten in unity.

The clock now rests.
Put on our vests,
leaving — the night will forget me.

We live.
Youth of Paris.
The first of January.



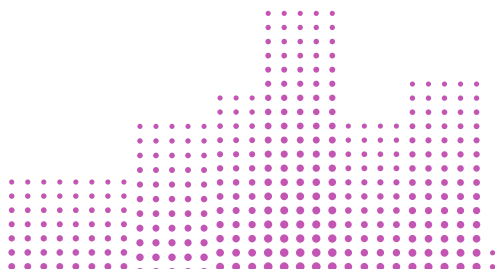
*At the WriteGirl Poetry Workshop at the Pasadena Public Library,
I browsed through the geography section, pulled out a book and
read a powerful sentence about the country Benin.*

Benin

On deserted beaches
driftwood and seaweed
walk along the sand
taking over the passage
where slave ships once sailed

polluting the water
as it is now
beginning its transformation
for a free wave that beats on the lives
of the new generation

stunning indigenous architecture
of solid homes that stay bold in colors
stubborn in their own existence
as the sea and land
become fiercely unrelenting.



Sammy Park, age 16

Being a feminist and a multi-dimensional person allows me the freedom to be myself, regardless of norms.

Liking Pop Music Is Radical

In a society
that judges teenage girls
for everything,
being authentically “you”
is a challenge.

Music,
clothes,
even speech by girls
are policed
by a patriarchal society.

And so when I love
Fifth Harmony publicly,
or Ed Sheeran’s new album,
I am well aware
of the consequences.

I am through
trying to defy
every gender
expectation
set before me.

Yes, I like pop music
and have an affinity
for pop culture.
That does not make me
any less
of a feminist.



Malena Logan, age 15

I thought about the main way that I connect to music – for me that’s when I’m either having a great or not-so-great day.

How to Feel Better with Melody

When the day is long, you come home, slip the door shut, listening for the turn and click of the doorknob. You wash yourself of conformity with the large sweater-like cloth back into what you know, what has rhythm and tempo. Mood lighting is key: soft purples and pinks with hints of warm bright light of the slow-melting sandalwood and sage. Note the vintage scratch as the needle cascades from your fingertips to the record.

Sway at first, letting the euphoric sense of calm wrap around like the warmth of a friend you’ve waited too long to see. The lyrics roll off your tongue, speaking for every tear, every scream. Arms, shoulders and hips swinging much like your mother’s did. Let your body double over, allowing your tears to hit the ground. Eventually your body will begin to thrash, taking no precaution of the objects around you. You will know when you are done when your legs collapse, the music stops, and you are out of breath.



Olivia Trollinger, age 17

*I wrote this in a coffee shop while some upbeat jazz music was playing.
I couldn't tell you what song — I'm not a jazz aficionado.*

here's jazz

Longsleeve Rhoda permed and
porched out on a rocking chair,
the sun low and golden
under the eyes of the other mothers.
“She accumulates from time to time (at night) every night:
You'll only see it if she finds you unlucky.
And I'll tell you a secret:
What comes from milk poured warm
over equal sacrifice?”



Music I Remember

Faded photograph I take out and dust off.
My fingers twitch as they recall the
smooth coldness of the black and white keys of the piano,
and suddenly I am alive with the
woody scent of rosin dust beneath the hairs of the violin bow
as it swirls through my veins, and
the faint metallic scent of violin strings
on fingertips stained with stripes of gray.

Some days, I forget
the way my bones tremble in the sound of music.
On those days, I sit in this stranger's body
that doesn't shiver in the pulsating chords and
vibration of strings.

Today, I remember music like a resurfacing
memory I catch as it slips through
the cracks of my cupped hands.



Katherine Pyne-Jaeger, age 16

I wrote this piece recently after watching a performance of Man of La Mancha at a local community theater. The woman playing the musical's main female role had an exceptionally striking presence I'd never noticed in an actress — a feral, tenacious and fundamentally unashamed sense of self. For those unfamiliar with the musical, during the finale, said actress leads the cast in a reprise of its most famous number (most of you will at least have heard of "The Impossible Dream," I don't doubt). While I watched, for a moment before the houselights went down, her face looked as if something holy had struck it: her eyes were like those of Saint Teresa in Bernini's Ecstasy. I understood with complete certainty that I needed to attempt to preserve that in a poem. The title refers to Saint Cecilia, Roman martyr beheaded in Sicily and patroness of musicians.

Cecilia

A woman with the body
of a lion sang. Something
began to stream forth from
the forge door of her eyes.
It was her soul.
It lifted briefly,
Sublimely,
out of the dark.



Ava Chamberlin, age 14

I love to shop for old records and always wonder what they sound like, where they came from and the stories they could tell.

Discovering

Dust danced before my eyes as I stared down at rows upon rows of twelve-inch cardboard sleeves. I flipped through as many as I could. They were all black vinyl on the inside but seemed so different on the outside. Some were new and unopened, and some were tattered and well loved. All of them told a different story.

Had they been lost and forgotten in some basement, waiting for someone to pluck them out from the dark? Or had they been a cherished collection that just wasn't relevant anymore? I wondered when they had been played: at a cheerful wedding, after a breakup, or maybe during a first date?

Each one had a story behind it, and I wished I could find some way to know each and every one, but I was on a budget after all, so I'd have to get to know only two. I decided to find the most tattered and worn sleeves with graphics fading from being eagerly handled so many times. There would be a few scratches on the grooves, but I didn't mind. If they were ripped and taped back together, I knew that they had to be good, that they probably contained someone's favorite songs. Listening to someone's cherished songs would allow me to know not only the album but the person who owned it as well.

As I picked my final two, I wondered, would these records end up at another place just like this one, and would someone come pick them out and uncover a piece of me as well?



Sequoia Sherriff, age 16

Every seven years, all cells in the human body are slowly replaced with new ones. Although this is an incredibly interesting scientific fact, it's also heartbreaking at the same time.

Seven Years

"Did you know, after seven years, every cell in the human body is replaced?"

It was the first thing you ever said to me. I don't know if it was meant to be an interesting fact or some sort of jolting hook for the life you were living, but I was intrigued.

I think that was how our friendship worked. You would say something abrupt, and I would be fascinated.

"That can't be true," I would say, my head leaning against my palm, my eyes wide with curiosity.

And then you would rattle on about how, yes, of course that was true and, yes, you had found it on the internet, but when was the internet ever wrong? And light bulbs would go off over your head and you'd wave your arms around as you spoke, and I had never seen anything as breathtakingly magnificent in my entire life.

And it went on for seven years.

I learned about everything from black toothpaste (and the fact that it cleaned better than regular toothpaste), to the gold paint on the edges of books, to the effects of singing as soon as you woke up in the morning, to the legitimate size that wings would have to be if human beings were meant to fly.

Mayra Blas, age 18

I wrote this about relationships.

Same Old, Same Old

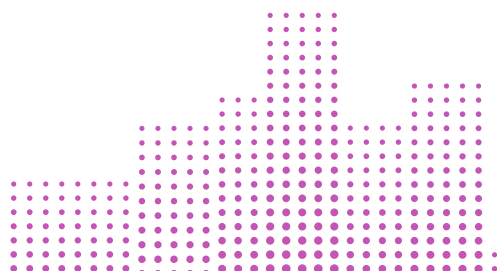
You and me, a song on repeat
engraved into my brain
I already know the words you're going to say

The time of day doesn't matter
You sing
I still sing along
(as if it weren't an overplayed song)

I can't bring my heart to skip you
Your beat keeps it dancing
your sweet melody

I hear the beginning of your song
and every time

I can't help but hope
you'll only ever sing it
to me



Jay Shillingford, age 18

I wrote this in a WriteGirl workshop and edited it many times over with my mentor at the time. I wrote it because I was trying to dig deep and find out how I could paint a picture with words, to have the reader see what I felt. I wrote it for my girlfriend and for myself.

Last I Saw You

You were walking away. It was warm and sunny, but cold air came like whiplash to my face and heart. I felt time slowing and my eyes burning and stinging. The grass felt hollow between my fingertips and the air smelled salty. I kept thinking, how long until I see you again, as you started to slip from my gaze.

The last hug from you was a comforting cup of tea that filled me up with overwhelming warmth. I knew that too soon you and I needed to go separate ways, and I fought the tears that threatened to spill. One more thought of this bittersweet memory and I won't be able to watch you leave without me. The truth is, as I saw your back turning and you walking quickly, we both knew that if you didn't leave fast enough you'd be stuck with me forever.



I wanted to write about a couple I saw when I was with my father fishing at Venice Beach. The couple was dancing along the boardwalk, and when she saw me sitting there while my dad fished she approached. Without saying a word she offered me the rose I presume her partner gave her. I was about ten years old.

The Rose

I gazed at the couple down the boardwalk.
They were there,
dancing and twirling together.
All I could do was stare.

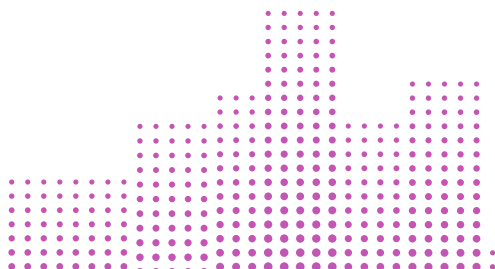
They held one another softly,
as if this were the last time they would see each other.

He was like a dream.
And she was the one.
A couple made from above.

Slowly they both leaned in ...
her cheeks a soft rose and his eyes which held pure love.

Two inches close,
the kiss a mixture of fireworks
and then warmth blossoming within her.
Then she glanced at me and smiled warmly.

I remember this day and don't want it to fade,
the day a woman in love gave me a rose.
This memory of love,
which keeps me hopeful to this day.



Anya Baranets, age 15

*This song isn't about anyone specifically;
it just kind of came to me.*

Forget Me Not

Verse

I like the way you look in my eyes
You are my sun, and you always rise
You keep me happy and filled with hope
You are the one who keeps me afloat

Chorus

And I like your eyes, like water drops
I like your words and pretty thoughts
Love me now, forget me not
Love me now, forget me not

Verse

I like the flowers in your hair
I like the way you're standing there
I like your smile in the dark
Your soft voice singing like a lark

Chorus

And I like your eyes, like water drops
I like your words and pretty thoughts
Love me now, forget me not
Love me now, forget me not

Rise Up

They'll try to stop your flight,
try to pull you down.

But you can't hear them,
won't feel them.
Poisons of the past
just roll off your body.

And you see it all:
the joy, the love, the hope.
And you rise
to your best self.

You rise and rise
up, above anything.
You have arrived,
your soul warm and bright.



**“ AT A TIME WHEN I THOUGHT I HAD NO
POWER, WRITEGIRL HELPED ME FIND MY
VOICE. ”**

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