



A Body of Poetry

THE MIND

There's this person in my mind called anxiety
Not physically, mentally, or emotionally, it's socially
Social anxiety is like a flood
In my mind, it feels like a deep ocean
Constant waves of emotion
Tides of commotion
And the shore is like my devotion

Click, Flash!

Please cooperate sweetheart!

You're nervous I understand, but i'm back here sweating with a steady hand

It's unbearable, why can't I just be bold?
I have this problem that I can not control
Have you ever felt attacked, but no one was there to do the harm?
The fear that you get deep down in your heart
Twenty pounds of feathers crushing my rib cage
How are you a model and you have social Anx...
Shhh, don't say it!
Back up, back down, back away silently panic

*"Okay we're done, thank you for your time
next time, try not to waste mine, be confident"*

The mind is mature

THE HEART

My heart Is where my dignity lies
Love and loyalty
Two elements are a must
Show me your true colors
And you still wouldn't gain my trust
If my heart wasnt red I would paint it black
'Cause trust, I will never have that
Trust issues are the worst
It's like getting dragged in the dirt by someone who knew your worth
Wouldn't you be hurt?

*Wassup girl, first let me say good luck
Just wait don't question, for what
I admit that I really suck
I didn't want to tell you but I feel it in my gut
If I express how I feel*



*Will I still have your trust?
I envied you, I could not resist
Looking at myself, couldn't believe you called me "sis
The way you carry yourself is inexplicable
Everything I did to you is not acceptable
And the situation I put you in was inevitable
The way he gazed into your eyes made my soul cry
My heart die and my mind sigh
I went behind your back and did my dirt
I'm truly sorry I know it will hurt
You better be lucky, I could have done worse
-sent, delivered*

The heart is humble

THE SOUL

My soul, that's where my faith is
One day I lost it all, I was surprised
You wouldn't believe how many times I looked up at the sky
The anticipation in my eyes, the first time you seen me cry
I always questioned, why
He's gone like words in the sand on a windy day
He never heard this, I had to say
That's why all faith and hope, faded away

The soul is sturdy

THE BODY

The Mind, the Heart, and the Soul is what makes my body mature
The Mind, the Heart, and the Soul is what makes my body humble
The Mind, the Heart, and the Soul is what makes my body sturdy

Those components of my body, yea they may seem bad
Just combine them all together, I'm way more than that
A powerful leader with an mature mind, a humble heart, and a sturdy soul
I was never told that this would be the role I would have to uphold
I will take it and begin to be bold
Be an example for other helpless souls
You don't understand who I used to be
No one ever gave me this opportunity
That's why I'm eager to share every important part of me
and this the last part of my identity:
This is my body



Life of a Butterfly

My body is a cocoon
The stage where caterpillars metamorphose into a butterfly
I can fly
I die...
Nah just reality hitting

I bet that's why she gets worked up all the time
Sometimes yes, sometimes no
Oh well, can't choose
Oops. I lied.
I know I can fly
I will never die...

My body is a place
A place where my soul buries itself deep inside
Tries to hide from this world
A world where only humans and other wild things live

My soul picked out this body for protecting
Guessing when it's their time to go to a whole new world
Haters talkin behind my back, I hurled
Taking chances. Traveling miles like a monarch.

My body is a pirates chest that holds years of gold and articles of untold
Things you'd never know
Unless you open it
And let the person who discovered it tell a brand new story

My body is a cocoon
The stage where caterpillars metamorphose into a butterfly
I can fly
I die...



This is my body

This is my body
Brown skin, soft fingertips
Big mouth, loud laughter
Thick thighs, hour glass figure
Coarse brown hair
Lack of respect from men in their 40's
Cat calls, and "yo ma"s

This is my body
Shame of wearing certain cuts
Vulgar attention
Fear of legal age
5'7 Height, 180 pounds
Eating less, no supamodel
Good girl, bad girl
based off appearance

This is my body
Broken spirit
Escaping a dark place
Head straight, chin up
Optimistic attitude boosting with age

This is my body,
I want to deny
A young woman
Fighting my demons
The urges to look down upon my self
Fearless and gentle

This is my body
Mind in 1,000 places
Proud of where I come from
Overwhelmed with the Olney rumours
Slut shaming, rep bashing
Confidence stole by teenage life



My Colored Body

This is my body with a chip on my shoulder
Behind scars tears and pain
I Suffer like a hot pan rubbed against your skin

This is my body
A Young black male
Taught to follow my dreams
Still they say I will be nothing

Learned to be a man at 10
Protected myself with no gun
Always heard the words "Be safe "
Cause mama knew it's too dangerous

Feeling the breezy air in the North
Hearing the bang bang on the Streets
Leaving another same color as me
Down on the ground

This is my body my body
Lives under fear and sorrow
But a smile on my face does the trick
Behind this smile leads to trails
Of pain and misery



“The Truth”

You're confident, driven, loud, rude, unbroken
You're what they say is bittersweet
Nice enough to engage with
But mean enough to keep at a distance

To know my mind, body and soul
You have to know who I truly am
People believe they can see right through me
My body they think is a book
And they've read the last chapter
Lots of props to them
If only they knew the truth

My mind is my body
If my mind's unhinged
My body plays follow the leader
If my mind's feeling beaten and bruised
I wear black and blue to show my pain
My mindset

My body is my actions
I can play the leader
Put a fear in you that would make you submit
I can be the victim
Let my salty tears dry on my face to show my pain
I can be whatever I want to be
Without question
Only I will know the real me
Raw and untouched
Hidden

My body is my voice
I can sing you a song and make you melt
Make your heart swoon with sweet nothings
Or I can spit venomous words at you
Each one burning holes into your mind and heart

This is my body
My mind



My heart

My soul

I control everything you see

Only I will know the real me

Raw and untouched

Hidden

Withering away until someone finds me

Nice enough to engage with

But mean enough to keep at a distance

How about now?



Dahmir W. (12)

This is my body
It isn't anything unique,
I'd say it's rather dull
Which is quite the opposite,

Not only is it boring
But the dullness brings its toll,
Enervated tissue and marrow
Topped off with disrupted flesh
Practically peeling at the seams,
But maybe not 'practically'
Seeing as how the evidence is quite evident
Specifically around the fingernails,
Maybe even the feet,

Despite being such a disorderly being
Both disheveled
And somewhat dismantled,
I still contain the basic necessities;
A jagged skeleton of rattle-ish bones
Though cracked and stiff
And kinda disjointed,
A thick layer of meat
Coated in viscous slime
This is standard of course
But it's rotted and fermented beyond recognition,
A spongy brain that splashed about
Becoming disoriented mush
With each bouncy route
My feet seem to tread,
Can't forget my pulsating heart
'Thumping' and 'thumping' away
With each gooey and drooling emotion,
If only I could tug at my own thin heartstrings
So my heart could swing away
From the continuous flooding,

There's also my mind
Instincts and behaviors,
As well as physical attributes,
Allow me to list off a few;



My body fatigues easy
Running short on breath
As I run short on steps,
It quakes and trembles
When confronted with fear
Sometimes it relies on the atmosphere
Like when it incites a frightful thought,
And sometimes it sheds a few tears
Not from hurtful barks or remarks
But from deep insight and pondering,

Why weaknesses instead of strengths?
Why sell myself so short?,
Why list negatives over positives
When positives attract intuition?,

As most may say;
"Strengths are a guiding point,
The skills you may require
To traverse through fruitless desire
As well as climb past the waterfall
That'll lead you to a splendid ball,
Where you can dance and prance
To your heart's content
Or to its inner romance,"

My excuse isn't as lame as that
It isn't dramatic exposure
Or overdone proposal,

It's simple really,

In weakness does strength
Manifest,



Quran K. (12)

*This is my body, the cell of my soul
Sprinkled with chocolate, infused with gold
This is my body the cell of my soul.*

*The only limit I have is this body
Always in my zone as time takes it toll
As I slowly grow old, and wonder why I could never soar like my soul could
Without the limitation, the silly imitation of the flying sensation.
Sounds far fetched, but you and I know i'm correct.*

*Death holds his grip tightly around us,
One false move, one bad crew, one wrong turn...
CRUSH!! Sorry death only comes once, death doesn't discriminate, and often
comes in a rush,
Leaving us very little time, and it got us on the run...*

**But a soul without a body is as meaningless as a body without a soul
Like a piano without Nat King Cole,
Without this body you can't create the things you hold so close
Without a pumping heart and your breathing lungs
You can't do the things you love, without your ears you couldn't hear
Without a brain you wouldn't have a soul.
Control Without me you would have no control.**

**So who cares death is coming?, That's why we got each other.
I ain't no cell; I'm a temple to your soul
Here to help you reach the ultimate goal
Satisfaction of the Soul.**



Identidad

My body..

My body accommodates
To what many would say
" A heart of Gold"
The way my hands extend to offer help
The way my feet would go the extra mile
For you..
For anyone.
My body..

Deception
Is what it brings
Contemplating on the things I should have said
The things I should have done
When did advocating for myself become
Unkind?
My Body
Puts itself last
As if it
isn't it's first priority

Wish I would have taught it
How to love itself from within..
Maybe then it wouldn't be so exhausted
From trying to accept itself.

The Butterflies and Heartache
Along with the Memories
The way my body
Feels from linking to yours
Makes me feel like it was never mine to begin with..

My body could be a victim to the phrase
" She was asking for it"
The way my chest pokes out
Or how my thighs hug my jeans
Make men feel entitled to them
"A ayo ma with the black shirt.."

Dominicana
Growing up with mops in our hands
Cooking recipes on our minds
" No se te olvide el adobo" kind of grandma
Dominican
Expected to sustain
A family that



I do not yet have
A child I have not created
A husband I have not
Committed to
Teaching me how to be a wife
Before I even had the chance
To become a woman

And yet
I am mine before anyone else's.
I know my body is mine.
I am not entitled to compromise
To your Social identity.

My body is mine.



AB (12th)

My body is broken

It is begging,

Begging for love from someone who forgot about it

Aching to feel the gentle caress of a mother's hand

As it wipes away every fear every doubt that there is something wrong with it

My body is hurting

At night it weeps as it remembers the one who abandoned it

The one who held it close as it shook in fear of the monsters in the closet

As it jumped from hearing the ground-shaking bass of the thunder as lightning lit up the sky

My body is learning.

Learning how to breathe without feeling a fist clenching around it's heart and lungs

Like a viper coiling around its prey.

Accepting the fact that the person who was once the most important person in it's life isn't the same.

It is finally realizing all the wrongs they have done.

My body is healing

It has felt love and loss

It has gone through the gates of hell and back

And now it finally knows peace

My body is healed



This is my body. Unseen by the naked eye.

Looking through work reflections of who is writing
and their common typing rehearsed.

My back is recognized as my front stays hidden
with effort seeping from my sweat to work.

This work you ask is daydreaming,
My imagination poured from my eyes to a paper

This work was not made to be done,
but my fingers, yes, those common things are unique

How are these fingers different though,
aren't they black and met to scrap

Yes I say my dreams have a lot to go through
and my fingers still reach in and drag those dreams out

Can you not feel the warm soft pillow made feel of dreams
to be able to bring them to the surface, comfortable to lay on

To the disbelievers and unmotivated ones reading these were not thoughts
this is a dream of expression brought by fingers.

Write what you dream if your fingers move
And soon enough the writing becomes the dream.



My body, Myself

This is my body
From head to toe feeling the need to be perfect
Realizing that I'll never be.
My body was once, ashamed to be me

This is my body black and beautiful
Learning to love myself slowly, but surely
Beginning to like the person I am becoming,
but also scared for my future

This is my body
Made of teardrops and rainfall,
where thunderstorms created my frustration,
And sunshine created my imagination

This is my body
Growing up in a city where you get praised for doing wrong, and bettering yourself is considered
"Switching up"
Where were claimed to be the City of Brotherly Love, but in a second your "brothers" will turn on you for
a little pocket change.
Where nobody supports each other, but will dick ride you once you make it out.

This is my head
Sits on it is a crown
Reminding myself of my worth
Thick haired and hard to manage, kind of like my attitude
Full of thoughts that just race like NASCAR
Thoughts of success constantly motivating myself to do better
Reciting "I Go for mine, I got to shine"

This is my heart
Big and full of life
God in it, Satan trying to pursue it,
and society trying to break it
Caged up and protected by God so that no one can hurt it.

These are my ears
Usually plugged with headphones
Music blasting, no outside noise,
easiest way to escape this physical world.

These are my eyes,
I have four of them, they stay low
So I don't have to see the problems of this world.
So I'll stay numb to them

These are my lips
Small but soft, they don't open much



I like to think more than talk

This is my body, this is me

Realizing who I am

loving who I am

staying true to me

Motivating myself to make moves; not excuses

And living by my adopted life motto:

“IF YOU SEE THE KID SHINING THAT’S THE GLIMMER FROM THE SWEAT”



Break the Mold

My body brings inspiration
To those who don't fit the mold
For those who don't look or act as their told
Is the right way
We will never be seen as "okay"

Freedom of expression, right?
Unless you're too much
Too much to the left
Too square on the right
Too small
Too bold
Too much if you don't fit
Inside the mold

Your body is a disease
Infecting your peers
Our mold is small and self
You can not make that change
Your body is your own
Be happy for who you are
Shape yourself to our ways
Stay in the mold where it is safe

Force us into the mold
Go ahead and try
Break us down
Tear me apart
Make me fit in
Bring the world back to its start

The only thing That could be
accomplished from this tragedy
Is us being free Walking away with glee
From the broken, shattered Mold
that can no longer hold me



Nobody Told Me Why My Body Is Wrong.

I was born for greatness.
Told this since birth.
Nobody told me why my body was wrong.

honor roll through elementary school.
A's for every class.
Gifted with brains, yes I was.
Nobody told me why my body was wrong.

I was depressed.
Smiling whenever someone slapped an A on my paper.
Smiling when I got a gold star.
I wasn't happy at all.
I wanted more than an A.
I wanted a different body.
Nobody told me why my body was wrong.

"I want to be a boy" I said.
"You're a girl" They said.
"You're too short to be a boy." They said.
"Are you a boy or a girl." They asked.

Life became more than just excelling in life.
It became a war with society.
My birth certificate was burned with the letter F.
The bathroom becomes a nightmare zone.
Fitting in becomes a hassle.
Nobody told me why my body was wrong.

People start to get it.
They tell me I'm different.
I become okay with it.
I know why my body is wrong.

It isn't my fault.
I can fix it.
I will fix it.
It's my body and It's not wrong.
There was just a problem in manufacturing.

I am E.
I am a boy.
I am okay.
I am brave.
I am me.



Covered beauty

This is my body.....

I cover my hair so that nobody will see

I wear black overgarments so all you see is me

When the wind blows my garments blows so you know it's me

This is my body and i'm proud to say this is me

This is my body.....

I uncover my body in my room and all i see is me

Standing there looking at my reflection i know this is me

They all look and stare but they're not seeing me

Staying covered is what's best for me

This is my body.....

Standing in all black i see beauty in me

A body with untold secrets is what i see

The body they see could never compare to the body i know

I walk down the street and all eyes are on me

Trying to undress me but they won't see

Wearing my overgarment is like a shield protecting me

This is my body.....

And i'm proud to say this is me

A body that is covered to protect me from the dangerous eyes

A body with untold secrets that only my eyes,ears,and hands would know

A body that appears tough on the outside but bruised on the inside

A body that's been shot down a million times but only gets up stronger

This is my beautiful covered body and i'm proud to say this is me.....



This is my body

This is my body.
There is more than what you see.

I'm from a traditional family.
But i'm not the traditional version of a girl.

This is my body. My body is athletic.
My body is colored.
My body stands out.

I've created a canvas to design how I want.
A shell to be dressed in male clothing.
But i don't want to be a boy.

Black...
Not aggressive or violent.
Not uneducated or sneaky,
But still a second second class citizen.

This is my body, goofy and smart.
Comfortable to be myself.
through judgment and stares.
Through good times and bad times.

My body is unique.
My body is different.
I am different.
I will carry that with pride.



This is my Temple

This is my body
This is my temple
Built to be strong but not yet secure
Rocked by a storm
Battered by the elements
This is my temple
This is my body

This is my skin
Misjudged by many
Mistaken by all
My melanin makes me different
My scars tell it all
My discolouration makes me bold
And my stretch marks don't classify me as old
This is my skin
It is my temples hold
Against all elements it will not break its mold

These are my hips. Wide and not straight
They hold my center of gravity
These are my temples base
They are not for pure entertainment
These hips build empires
They give birth to a nation
Rounded and bold these hips birth babies
They are my temples gold

These are my feet
Small fat and wide
Yes my feet are flat
Yet I still stand tall with pride
Small enough to show off but not too big to hide
These size four feet are one of a kind
They are the base of my temple
And they are all mine

This is my temple
Sometimes small dark and cold
But this is my safe place
With warm feelings
A home
This is my body
These are my flaws
This is who I am
And I love it all



Rafiq P. (11)

Body of Art

This is My Body. I control the way my society looks at me.
If I Decide to look like a hoodlum when I come outside.. Please just let me Be.
The Tattoos on my forearm are just signs of me being me.
Since I came up hard, it's more like The Mark of a Beast.
Now Don't get me wrong, I'm gonna be the best I can Be..
My father is Raising a Successful young man So that's what I'm gonna be
He told me to stay out the streets
And that knowledge is Key.
But This is MY Body and Only God Can Judge Me.

This is MY Body. My Body is Free.
When i'm in your Presence I Bring strong energy.
Is it positive? Yes. It's Negative too..
Just Let me be & continue to do you.
Some injuries are Physical, Some Mental too.
This is my Body of my pain
It doesn't include you

When I feel lost at times, I just heat up some food.
Listen to some rhymes & work on finding my inner me.
I want to be in control.
I want to be free.
Like a flying squirrel jumping from tree to tree.

the artwork on my body is a project of me.
They show you the good & the bad side of Rafiq.
My next tattoo could be "Riz, Raa Raa, Rafiq Or loco"
These are the names of my Ages of pain.
& a change in my age is a change in my Ego.

This Is My Body The artwork belongs to me.
THIS IS MY BODY SO LET ME BE FREE.
This is my body I could care less about your judgement.
If your opinion is negative, my response will be f*** it
THIS IS MY BODY. I CONTROL HOW SOCIETY LOOKS AT ME.
THIS IS MY BODY & ONLY GOD CAN JUDGE ME.



DB (10)

This is My Body

This is my body.

A book with many chapters
My Body is judged
Like a cover of a book
Just by how I look

Chapter One: Pretty Girl

They think my life is perfect
Fleeky eyebrows and glossy lips
Braids tight , new kicks, Victoria mist
They only worry about my looks
They don't know I'm a nerd for books

Chapter Two: Only a Pic

Ugh, it's only a pic!
Girl: "She think she the bomb, li heard she goes all the way."
Boy: "You think she'll talk to me? I heard she down for whatever."
Ahh, nope not me
I'm just a YouTube watching, makeup loving homebody lol

Chapter Three: Dear Mrs. Sports Doctor,

Can you see my body for what it really is inside?
A smart girl with goals and dreams
And I'm not just talking bout no fairy-tale ending.
This girly girl lives for competition.
Mrs. Sports Doctor, bring on the challenges!

My body is judged
Like a cover of a book.
Just by how I look.