

# The Bluebird Voice



Lexy Mathioudakis, 12

Kenwood High School Literary Magazine  
2019-2020



# The Bluebird Voice

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The Bluebird Voice, the literary magazine of Kenwood High School, welcomes submissions from all students of work produced both in and outside of the classroom.

Thank you to the English and art departments at Kenwood for their contributions to this year's magazine.

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# The Child You See

By Naomi Winbush, 12

The child you see is me  
See the beauty within me

The child you see is me  
See the pain that flows through me

The child you see is me  
The trials and tribulations I experience shape me

The child you see is me  
Don't forget to see the child that is me

# What's in a Name

By Maggie Woodring, 9

In English my name means tower. In Hebrew it means a woman from Magdala. It means strength; it means nurturing. It is like the number 20. A sunny color. It's the lullabies my mother would sing to me on cold winter nights, songs like sleeping.

It was my great grandmother's maiden name and now it is my middle name. I know not much about her. She was a cultured woman of Filipino descent. She was a strong woman who worked hard for her family. Like me, she cared for our family.

Knowing my great grandmother would've been a job. I imagine her aged but as beautiful as the twinkling stars at night and her attitude as strong as a mountain.

As the story goes, she was hard working. Living in a third world country is tough. She worked for her family, never giving up on them. Unlike women back then, she did all the work. I wonder if she regretted losing her maiden name when she married. If she felt sorry for her ancestors who'd fought to keep the name Rielle. I have inherited her name but regret not inheriting her culture.

Others can't pronounce my name as if my name is made of poison and trying to say it would kill them. Even with one syllable. But in French, my name is strong, like a tower, not quite as fragile as my sister's name, Caroline, which is simpler than mine. Caroline who can remain Caroline while I become Maggie rather than Magdaleine.

I would like to pass this name on, to be known as a strong woman like her. I want to be known as me, the one everybody knows. To remain Maggie or Magdaleine. This is what I want. My name.

# Flower

By Priya Samaroo, 11

I describe life like a flower.  
You start out as seed, not knowing what the world is  
like or what your purpose is.  
Eventually you grow into a bud.  
Slowly learning about the world and what you want to  
become,  
You open up and serve your purpose.  
People are admiring you, almost sometimes stepping  
on you.  
But you rise up again, you create more like you,  
But you're slowly dying.  
Your skin begins to wrinkle and darken and  
eventually you fall.  
DEAD  
Life is like a flower.



Ahjae Smith, 11

# March Comes in Like a Lion

By Luvia Thomas, 12

*First published by Charm City Magazine  
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The phrase “March Madness” is true,  
If the entire month had to be a color,  
It would probably be blue,  
Lives were changed like clothes on the dressing  
room floor,  
And were left sullen and emptier than before,  
  
Events cancelled, planners fall to the floor,  
Everything was once open but is now a sea of  
closed doors.

When family members pass away, you cry dry tears  
from exhausted eyes,  
Wonder what sickness stuck them first,  
Find comfort in memory and hope for lighter news.

We watch the world through our windows and  
computers,  
For information lies within our hands  
For March comes in like a lion,  
And leaves as gently as a lamb.

# Kind Works

By Shantell Lindsay, 12

A face of silver

A face of gold

Each face has a story to be told

Each eye has a vision

Each mind leads the way

But other faces lead you astray

Faces can lie and deceive

They can shatter and break

Sometimes a kind word is all it takes

A face of glass

A face of stone

Both break from the force of a gentle tone

In a world of hatred

A bell of kindness can ring true

But this path can only start with you



# Silence

By Myasiah Bilola, 12

Silence

Silence is all I hear in quarantine

And I sit and do boring things

Covid 19 stole our wings

The senior class wasn't able to do many  
things

My heart aches for the lives lost

And for the graduation cap that won't get  
tossed

The silence is real

and this virus likes to steal

I try to stay positive

I have much love to give

The silence may be tough

But we will get through this and soon it will be  
enough

# The Ocean

By Priya Samaroo, 11

Deep and blue  
Shallow and brown  
Clean and clear  
Dirty and disgusting  
That's what you are  
You're two faced.

A part of you is beautiful and mysterious

Breathtaking  
While the other side of you is  
Disgusting and ugly  
You've killed the innocent  
Animals and children.

But it was mankind that made you like this

Ruined your spirit  
Destroying your beauty.  
They've corrupted your soul  
Then gave you a bad reputation.  
They continue this abuse.

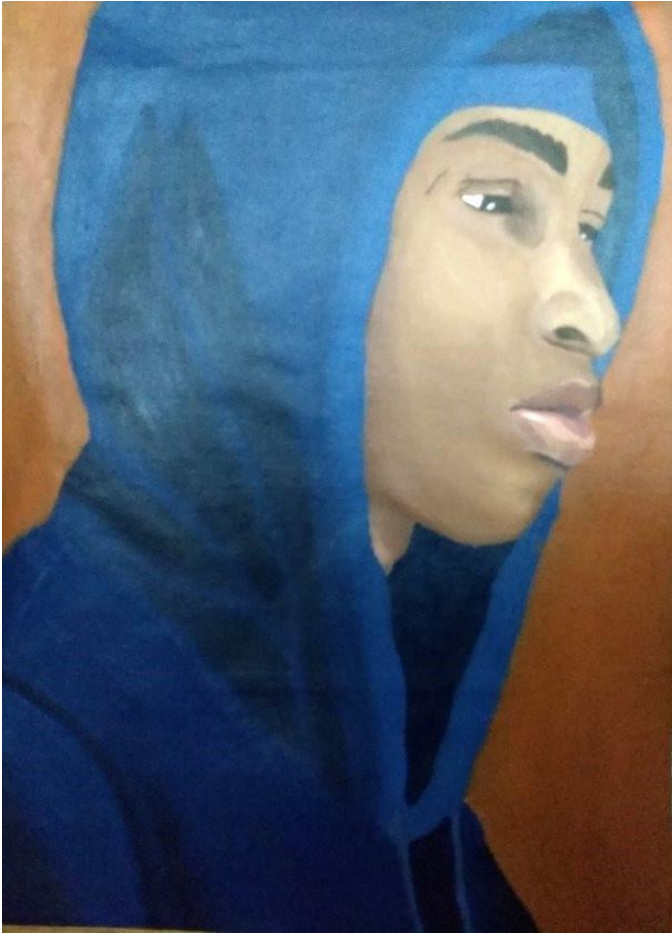
Your arms are home to many animals that love and  
need you,  
Stay strong for them.  
My beautiful ocean

# Words

By Hailey Kuzma, 11

Words. Words can be spoke in a thousand different ways, they can help you understand, say things to people that you're scared to say, and more importantly, they help you express how you feel. Most of the time I can never find the right words to say. Usually I get tripped, and I stumble. Sometimes even I fall down, but words can also make you get back up. Words have power in them, they can change a mood. Words can make someone's worst nightmare or best dream happen. Words can resolve problems and fix relationships. Words can let you feel a thousand different ways you never thought was possible. For me words are plural, they have so many different qualities about themselves, but yet, no one appreciates them. Most people see words in pain, and pain blocks the sight. I see the beauty the words were able to help someone create pain or love. Most people can get lost for words, like they don't know what to say or even where to begin. I think words have potential to be something great. Words have made me, for one, be lost. The things you say to others, and the feeling of them not knowing any words hurts the most. The feeling of not having any words left or not even saying a word. Without words you could never have feelings. I love you would never be said, and people wouldn't even know what it would mean. I hate you couldn't be used to express how we feel. But because there are words, it doesn't mean it's still

not someone's choice on whether they say them or not. If they sit in silence or if they fight back. The word circled around my life right now is pain. The word pain expresses how I feel all the time now. In pain or causing pain, to me there's no difference. It's just a word that people say that brings meaning and feelings. I'm in pain, but I lost my words to express that said pain. I lost hope about the word pain, and everything just becomes a blur, even words. Words have a strong attachment to people, and whether you let them cause or bring pain is entirely up to you, expressing your words.



Ayodeji Omomo, 11

# Ocean's Edge

By Allie Hash, 11

“Why the long face, Peyton?” My dad asked as we all got out of the car. I turned to him and shrugged my shoulders.

“It's nothing,” I replied.

“You miss Boston, don't you?” This time it was my mom. I nodded while letting out a small sigh. She walked over to me as dad walked into the new house along with my siblings, Nolan and Jade. The house was beautiful; two stories, white siding with red shutters, wrap around porch, and even a swinging bench was visible from the side. Light pink summer sweet bushes were on either of the steps. Shading the front of the house and most of the yard was a huge maple tree. Even though it was pretty, it wasn't home.

She reached out and rubbed my arm reassuringly, “I know this is a big adjustment for you but give it some time. You're going to like it here, sweetheart.”

I followed her into the house after that quick little conversation. She disappeared somewhere, and I stopped in the foyer. The house was more spacious than I expected it to be. On my left was a half-turn staircase, straight ahead was a hallway that lead to

what seemed like a dining room, and the living room was on my right. I smiled a bit when I saw that we had a fireplace. Walking down the hallway I realized I was right; it was the dining room. Mom was in the kitchen, that was to the right, unpacking the silverware and plates. On the other side was a pair of French doors that led to a sunroom.

“Do you need any help?” I asked as I walked over. Mom looked over her shoulder at me as she slid some plates into a cabinet. She smiled while shaking her head.

“I’ve got it. Why don’t you go unpack your things? It’s the last room on the left.”

“Alright. Just tell if you need me to help you unpack anything.” I told her before spinning on my heel and making my way to my room. The first room on the left was Jade’s since I could hear her muffled chatter through the door. Across from there was our parents’ bedroom. The bathroom was diagonal, and right beside my room. Nolan’s was across from mine and all I heard was shooting coming from inside. He was already on his PS4.

I stepped into the room with a tiny grin on my face. The room was perfect. Cobalt blue walls, walnut wood flooring, and a large window that overlooked the backyard. My bed was set up in the left corner and my desk was a couple feet from it.



Placing my hands on my hips and sighing, I looked at the other corner. There had to be at least ten boxes sitting there.

“This is going to take a while,” I mutter to myself.

Almost two hours had passed when I finally got everything out away. I plopped down on the edge of my bed and stared out the window across from me. I could see over the tall wooden fencing that blocked the yard off from the sandy embankment. It was the ocean. It reflected the pinks, yellows, and orange colors of the sunset. It was breathtaking. I reached over to my nightstand and pulled my journal out of the drawer.

*March 7<sup>th</sup>*

*So, we've finally moved into the new house. Honestly, it's so much better than our old one. I won't be kept awake by noisy neighbors since the houses are spaces far apart, and I don't have to share a room with Jade. The view I have from my window is gorgeous too. I can see the ocean and sunsets easily. Aside from not having any friends here, it's not so bad. Maybe I do like it here.*

Three months passed and I've already started liking it here. It wasn't hard making new friends at school like I first thought, the teachers were kind, and so far, everyone had been kind.

“Do you know what number 13 is?” My closest friend, Victoria, asked from spot on my bed. I huffed with a shake of my head.

“Nope. I'm still on number eight,” I told her, and she laughed at me.

“Are you really that bad at math?”

“Yup!”

Victoria was about to say something else when we heard knocking.

“Give me a minute,” I said while getting up from my desk and going to the front door. Swinging it open I was greeted by the girl from down the road. Her dark brown eyes beamed at me.

I smiled kindly at her, “Hey, Rose. Jade's in the kitchen.”

I moved to the side to let her in. She responded as I shut the door behind her.

“Thank you, Peyton.”

Then she skipped off down the hall. Her chestnut brown hair bounced around as she did so. I stood there for a moment before going back to my room. Victoria was now at my desk, comparing our homework.

“Who was it?” She asked me without looking up. I laid on my bed and stared at the bleak ceiling.

“Jade's best friend, Rose. She lives just down the road.”

“Is she the girl that is always in a pink dress?”

“Yeah. How'd you know?”

I rolled onto my stomach to look at her. She glanced at me before continuing to look over the papers.

“I've seen her at the beach. I haven't seen her in anything beside that pink dress and ribbon, and she's always standing at the edge of the cliff.”

I shrugged a bit, “Yeah, she's a bit strange.”

“Is there more than just that?”

“Not really. Though, it bugs me how proper she is. I've never met a 14-year-old who is so well-mannered as her.”

Victoria snickered, “Dude, kids can be well behaved. It just depends on the parents.”

“That's true.” I nodded my head. A couple minutes of silence passed before I heard her sigh. I raised an eyebrow at her when she turned to me.

“Since I mentioned the beach, we should go!” She suggested and I grinned.

“Hell yeah. I wouldn't mind going for a swim right now.” I hurried to put my Vans and follow her downstairs.

“Jade, I'm going out for a little bit. You're in charge till I get back!” I called out before leaving the house.

The two- and half-mile walk was filled with us ranting about what's been going on in school. I thought it was a friendly school, but it's filled with a lot of drama. Most of it was petty anyway.

We reached the end of the road and the asphalt began crumbling till it was replaced with sand. Tufts of tall, dry grass were here and there as we stopped at the path that lead to the beach. Resting in one of the splotches of grass was a wooden cross. You can tell it was old as the white paint was almost fully chopped away and the wood was weathered. Tied around it was this dark pink ribbon. It looked like the one Rose wears around the waist of her dress. I shook out the thought before reading what was carved into the wood.

**Here lies and unknown child. May she rest peace.**

“Hey, look.” Victoria gently elbowed my side which me look at her.

“What?”

“Look! Isn't that Rose?” I looked to where she was pointing and furrowed my brows. Standing at the edge of the cliff was a girl that eerily looked like Rose.

“It can't be. She's at my house with Jade. Remember?”

She rolled her eyes at me while slightly shaking her head, “I'm telling you that's Rose.”

“How did she get here before us then? We would of saw her pass us.”

“I don’t know. “

I rolled my eyes and began walking towards the girl. I ignored Victoria calling me back and stopped a couple feet away from the younger girl. My eyes widened now that I was able see her clearly.

“Rose?!”

Said girl turned around to look at me with a smile. It wasn’t like the friendly ones she had given me the previous times I’ve seen her. This felt different.

“You had just got to my house when we left. How'd you get here before us?” I asked in utter confusion.

She didn’t answer me. All she did was smile and stare. My stomach began to clench with anxiety. This didn’t feel right.

“Rose?” My voice came out more like a whisper this time. Her smile only seemed to widen. She slowly started walking back towards the edge of the cliff, and I panicked. One of her feet was barely on the edge and she began leaning back.

“No!” I shouted and shout forward to grab the girl.

Instead of grabbing her, I was grabbing a fist full of air. I fell **through** her and off the edge. I heard the faint giggle from Rose and the fearful screams of

Victoria. I screamed as I twisted through the air and plummeted toward the ocean. When my body was facing up towards the sky, Rose's grinning face was the last thing I saw.



Nia Smith, 12

# What It Feels Like to Be Me

By Dyani Black-Guinn, 11

It feels like I'm underwater but can somehow still breathe.

I feel like I'm floating on a cloud, but it's raining, and I'm getting wet.

Sometimes the sun is shining, but it's still hot, and I'm still sweating

The tears aren't there anymore, switched out with laughs and smiles.

Sometimes I do cry from the stress of the ongoing rotation

Of doing the exact same thing every day,  
Nothing new.

Being like me feels like a low budget horror movie,  
Leaving me bored but still laughing due to the fact of how bad it is.

The air around me always smells like mint.



The wind around me is always so damp yet dry.  
Going to work is getting boring,  
Going to school is the most stressful,  
Seeing the people you used to be close to now I see as  
“snakes.”  
Only friend you have is yourself because your trust  
issues got the best of you.  
Now everyone around you feels like a liar.  
Being me is kind of a beautiful mess,  
Something I wouldn't change even if I could.

# First Love

By Priya Samaroo, 11

You learn from your experiences,  
Cherishing the moments and sharing both sides of  
each passion.  
You picture perfection, but only get disappointment.  
Your mind plays tricks on you, only hurting  
you more.  
You lie to yourself to feel better, that tenderness in  
your heart is gone.  
You are crazy, leave them be.  
Nothing is perfect.  
It's only an illusion.

# Only Sixteen

By Davonte Knight, 12

Only sixteen,  
But feel like a man  
Chasing my dreams  
Cause nobody else can  
Don't know what I want  
Just want to be great  
Give it my all  
Whatever it takes  
I will not back down  
Cause I want to eat  
So why be scared of what's on my plate?

# Multiracial Kid

By Luvia Thomas, 12

Multicultural kid:

My multicultural baby you are confused  
As you should be for a good reason,  
Your family is what America was meant to be:  
A beautiful melting pot of golden harmony,  
But I guess it's what America always was,  
Because no matter if they still are family,  
No one will claim them.

Yes, you have family from all races under the stars:  
From white to black,  
But you still don't have their blood,

How does it feel to know that you have all of this  
inside of you,  
But none of which you can call your own,  
Snatching the heritage from your hands that could  
have been a part of you if it wasn't bred out?

To love thyself is to be thine enemy,  
Never knowing what to check off on background  
pamphlets because you don't know what to call  
yourself,  
Your mother says to look in the mirror and say the  
color you are,  
You say, "brown." And she tells you you're wrong,  
When you say black, she tells you that all you'll  
ever be seen as,

But how is this true when at school they  
question my race for your name,  
Skin,  
And since the way you speak isn't how people  
expected you to sound,  
Those five words carved into my brain let me know  
that if I was darker,  
I wouldn't in this conversation,  
Saying, "pretty for a black girl," is as much of a  
compliment as having adults tell you that bleaching  
your skin, so you'd be beautiful in their eyes,

You'll come to love yourself when you accept  
the many parts that make who you are,  
The different sides of you may be familiar,  
But will always create a great divide.

# Vial of Poison Satire

By Shantell Lindsay, 12

In our generation, we live lives of merriment with eyes full of Facebook and thumbs sore from Tinder. Our daily lives evolve around the poison of the century. A poison crafted from metal, glass, and SIM cards for the phone.

We practically live on our phones, we eat memes of celebrities, we sleep on Facebook tweets, and walk downstairs on Pinterest every day. Our youth and mature beings have hit rock bottom in the land of reading. So hard that books are a dying medium like slap bracelets and Gameboy.

The life of reading is on life support in the modern world while the phone is becoming more golden each year. Books were a wonder to society before the age of the phone. They were a chance to see new worlds with each new page. Now we view new worlds through Instagram posts. Now books have become a Neanderthal art, a primitive path with words so ancient that society dares not look or touch the power they hold.

This modern era is doomed by screen lights and YouTube videos, shrinking the brains of its youth and the power of the mind.



Jayden Glass, 10



# Fear

By Hailey Kuzma, 11

Boom, one second to captivate your mind.  
Bang, two steps to creak in a pool of silence.  
Three more shots and you'll be crawling nearby.  
Four more minutes till your scarred for life, boom.  
Five moments until you're terrified, bang.  
Six more seconds and you will start to cry.  
Trepidation is seven blinks in eyes,  
Boom, eight needles piercing panic around,  
Bang, nine flavors of emptiness throughout  
Ten short breathes taken by a tall terror.  
Eleven shadows lurking the night, boom.  
Twelve hours consumed and overwhelmed fear,  
bang.  
Thirteen hands reaching for a place to stay,  
Boom. Fourteen steps of forgetting again, bang.

# Mother Earth

By Davonte Knight, 12

The Earth frowns  
As destruction walks the ground.  
America looks up and down  
Like he isn't the reason  
It is around  
The focus is on having fun.  
He puts all his problems on his son,  
But the damage he did  
Can't be undone.  
But as you can see,  
Too few care  
As long as everybody is having fun.



Katherine Cook, 12

# Gated

by Elijsa Damewood, 11

Community's filled with joy.

Joy turned to sorrow.

Sorrow turns to walls.

Walls separating us all.

Now standing gated, filled

with fear, we wallow.

# From Curiosity

By Luvia Thomas, 12

I'm a mess:

16 pages,

4 down,

My mind tells me that's all I can do.

Tomorrow is the same 16 pages,

yet I only get to page 5.

How pathetic is it that I can only do one page in 24-  
hours?

My time isn't infinite, and yet I live as though I  
am time itself,

Ticking away,

Tick,

Tick,

Tick,

Tick until time is out, and I'm left wondering where I  
went wrong.

I can do this by myself.

I don't need your help.

I just need to work harder.

No one can fix this but me, but why do I feel broken  
beyond repair?

I'd rather drag myself through the mud than seen as  
weak,

As fragile,

As sensitive,

As anything I know I am because it's harder to accept  
what I'd much rather ignore.

It all goes away when I ignore it,

Right?

-pride



Gisselle Alvarado, 11

# A Dreamy Girl

By Patricia Sieunarine, 11

Late at night she sits in bed,  
Eyes wide opened, she  
Turns her head.  
Wishes of things, she wants  
to be,  
more than the eyes can  
Really see.

She dreams of falling in love  
At times,  
With someone that is true  
And fine,  
Someone who can take her  
hand,  
And loves her daily and understands



# The American Dream

By Ashara Richardson-Kittrell, 11

A theme, a definition, a thesis

Is all but only the basics

To what end can the prevail

To successfully define one's personal tale

To what makes them up?

What makes them unique?

How would I know?

All I can say is "how chic!"

But that's the thing...

There is nobody, nor is there a soul

For the dream to possess on its own as a whole

The American Dream . . . The American Dream,

Hmmmm . . .

Sounds more promising than it may seem.

It is not the dream that makes the theme

It is the theme that makes the dream

One might say it could entail education  
Another could say it's all about freedom  
While others may say it should involve our entire  
nation.

But who people are  
Has a question with an answer by far.

People are of many different things  
Many different customs and values  
Maybe even their own set of wings.

Who knows? All I know is that come to it,  
The American Dream can possess severe ambiguity.

# From the perspective of emotion...

By Luvia Thomas, 12

Let me drown within your eyes.  
If they are the windows to your soul,  
then it is a place worth gazing into.

Let me into the abyss of your mind and travel to  
no man's land,  
Climb through vines of your deepest thoughts and  
swim in pools of your confusion.  
I would give the world to know what a day in your  
spotless mind is like.

# To the World from the Pandemic Senior Class of 2020

By Micaiah Patterson , 12

I have very high expectations for myself. I, like many others, have hardships and struggles, too though. I am your average person. But I am also your future. I subconsciously push myself to achieve the best outcome out of any situation. I'm not so different from my peers. They also expect a lot from themselves. Sometimes it feels like the world forgot that we're trying our absolute best in life, so we can live up to society's and our own standards. We want to become the best versions of ourselves in this chaotic society.

Growing up I would always hear a news report on TV about another school shooting that happened either just a few states away, or one that's nearby. Seeing my parents faces light up at the fact that it could've been their children's schools was worrisome to see. Or even honoring the fallen on 9/11 each year with our classmates and teachers and going home to see our family that remembered those moments before our births reminds us of the fragility of life.

And now, we are yet again living during another lesson in life that's teaching us to not take things for granted and to enjoy each moment before it's gone. My generation hasn't had to go and fight in a war for our country yet, but don't think for one second that we don't understand what's going on. We know how messed up things are. A lot of high schoolers are still currently working as essential workers during the quarantine. I work in a grocery store, and I am needed more than ever during this time. We are just trying to keep things afloat and calm so that we can overcome this major setback in time. I get that we didn't grow up the same as the generations before us and some have the misconception that our generation is selfish and lazy. But we are just trying to find our best selves during all of this, so we can become strong and independent to build a better future.



Kayla Skillman, 10

# Fences at 11:57 PM

By Earl Burton, 11

My backyard is just a fence. When I was a little kid, I could never see overtop the fence because I haven't grown yet. I just kept asking my parents what's over the fence. They said, "One day you understand." As I get older, I start realizing our world is not equal. My fence was protecting me at a young age because it didn't want me to see how bad people was getting treated & etc. I realize if my parents would have told me while I was young, my whole childhood would have been impacted. I wouldn't want to have fun. My parents just wanted me to have most fun so I can have a childhood to remember, not remember the bad things that's happening in this world.

*An iCloud Note from May 31, 2020*

# Covid-19

By DeAnthony Damewood, 11

Summer 2019

Feeling of excitement

Vacations overseas

Streets crowded with people

Making memories

Summer 2020

Feeling of anxiety

Quarantined and separation

Felt around the nation

Mask like walls closing in

Fear swallowing our joy

making us numb.

Summer? When will

this nightmare be done?





Nayana Smith, 12

# Raised in a New World to Make a New World

By Taylor Soutar, 12

I was born ten days before the September 11<sup>th</sup> attack on the Twin Towers and the Pentagon. That was just the beginning of a new world for my generation. As we grew up, we witnessed many school shootings over the television, wondering if we could possibly be next. Those fears were almost a reality during my generation's school life. My generation is very accepting of differences, and that will hopefully make us the most willing generation of people to change the world.

During my lifetime, my generation has faced many threats growing up. Whether that was from school shootings, hate crimes because some of us are not heterosexual or not "normal" to others. I feared as a child that my family or peers would not accept me being a part of the LGBT+ community, or that maybe I will be the next one on the news as a victim to a school shooting, and maybe myself or friends could be victims to hate crime like so many kids have been.

Fearing for our safety was part of growing up. I was born ten days before 9/11. These events have taught me to step carefully in the world and to not be

a number but be a person who makes a difference. Our cries went unheard so many times about our safety. But we helped in so many things with being a part of the voice with rights such as getting the right to love the same sex, getting the right to fight in the military as transgender, and even to adopt a child as same-sex couples. We helped get MY rights. My generation has staged school walk outs and raised our voices to school and mass shootings. We have called for our safety and our rights.

Now we are a part of history for the wrong reasons due to the COVID-19 epidemic. No one is allowed outside unless it is essential. We will fight for what is right, and we will fight against what is wrong. We fight for you, us, and for everyone. I wish to go into nursing to help other people in their battles. To even help you, who may see the world differently than me.

# Soul Light

By Shantell Lindsay, 12

A light in the dark

A warmth in the night

There is only one light that can shine so bright

To dissipate anger and hate

To stop the path before it's too late

To nurture a seed in the unknown

Our world of hatred and fear

Blocks sunlight from coming near

But a soul light can help the seed grow

The light of kindness is a powerful thing

More powerful than hatred stings

Yet as calm as a gentle breeze

A soul light can glow

Or be extinguished by hate

But in our world now it's not too late

To change our fate of never-ending hate



Andrew Nadolney, 11





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