

# The Bluebird's Voice

Kenwood High School 2020-2021

Semester 1 Collection:

*Seeing the Light*



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*Seeing the Light*

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**The not so much beauty of love**

They won't tell you about how love actually is  
Why? You may be wondering  
Who knows , I used to stay up all night seeking for the love  
I was told about in "Cinderella"  
Crying.. waiting.. obsessed with  
I used to love the thought of growing up and getting a Boyfriend  
Or a Girlfriend if I was gay  
They don't tell you about that either  
If this short poem doesn't sum up that  
LOVE isn't easy for everyone I don't know what will

From Blythe Baird "When the Fat Girl Gets Skinny"

**Inspired by Jyoti Arora of *Story Mirror***

*In the moon light, I wish on the stars that you were here instead of being there. One day I will feel your warm embrace and no more tears will fall down from my face. Save me from depression and sadness, insanity and madness, save me from this shell created by fears, save me from this pain that is eating away my years, save me from dying . . . because I'm done trying. . . I know I'm silent and shy but hear my cry, please help and don't ask why. Everyone has that one friend, they'd choose over anyone. To talk to, hang out with, it doesn't matter. They're always the first choice. I get an empty feeling in my chest, when I realize I'm not that friend to anyone. You just sit all alone somewhere, where it's still dark in the day, sheer silence and your screaming demons which now have become your best friends. Darkness is now what you seek hoping somewhere, it'll fill your creeks, but daily as you sit and not break those self-created walls, life goes by while you just fall and fall. It hurts when you have someone in your heart, but you can't have them in your arms. I remember the way we argued, but still remained glued. I think about the way we shared, and for each other how we cared. I remember all the promises we made; I hope that our friendship never fades. Those we loved don't go away, they walk beside us every day. Unseen, unheard, but always near, so loved, so missed, so very dear. I hope you find a reason to smile, I hope you stay happy all the while, don't lose hope as things would change soon, don't give up to your pain, if you don't lose hope, things will be fine, everything will fall into place on time. Thank you for being a perfect friend who fills my life with wonderful things. For your kindly deeds and gentle ways. The joy and comfort your presence brings. Thank you for sharing my problems when nothing in my*

*Sidney Fowlkes*

world's going right. With your cheerful and sunny outlook, I can view things in a different light. Many friends have come into my life but there are none more precious than you. So thanks for your love and loyalty. May God bless you in all that you do. If you always try your best then you'll never have to wonder about what you could have if you summoned all your thunder. And if your best was not as good as you hoped it would be, you still could say, *I gave today all that I had in me.*

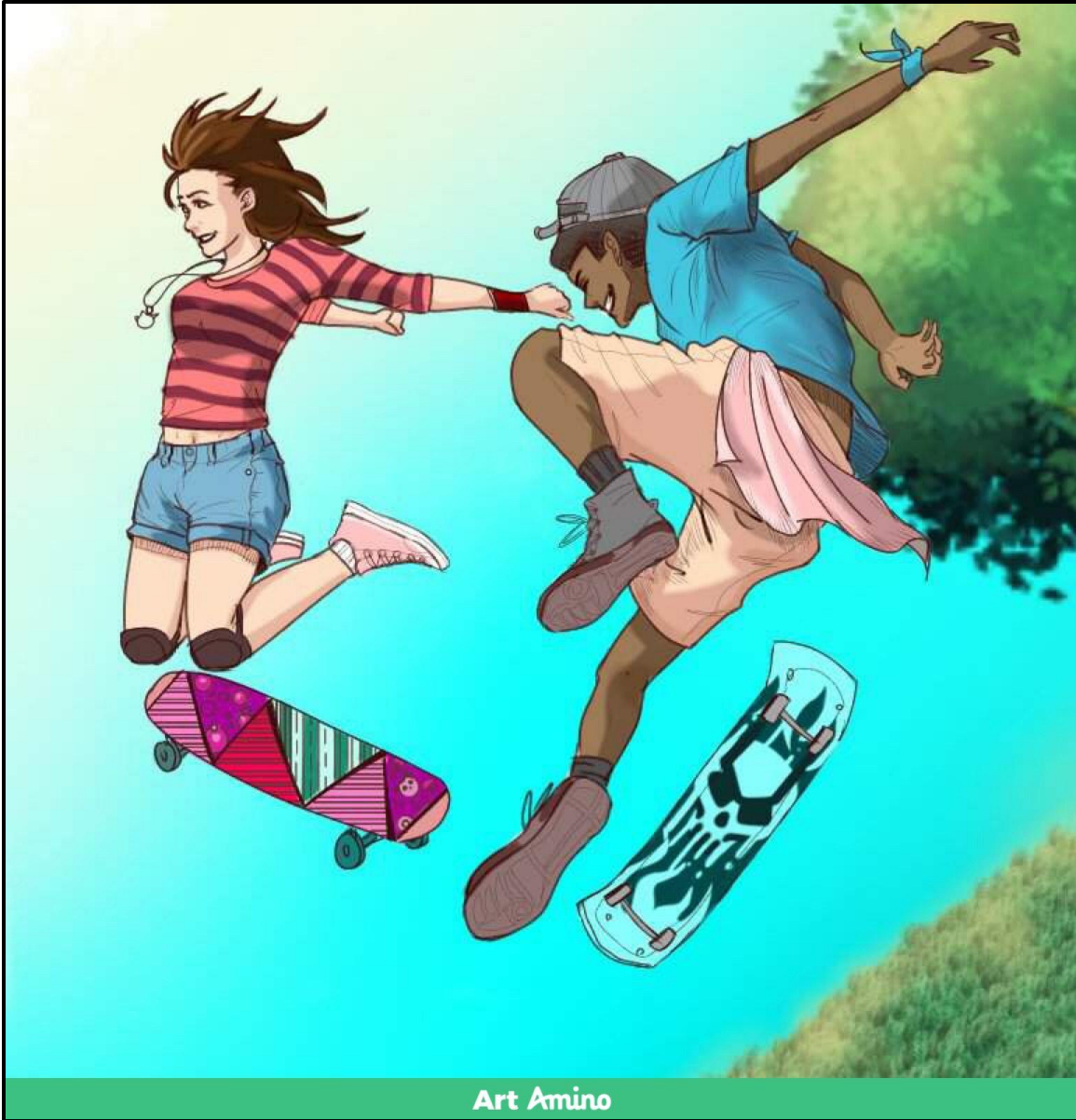


Figure 1 Comfort Ikejiani

## **Sisters**

We are all so different,  
and yet so much the same.  
Everyone, in some way or another,  
will experience a kind of pain.

We are a family,  
we take and face every next,  
with love and care,  
helping calmly.

We hope and pray  
for every step,  
all together,  
for we are family.

A piece of my heart  
A pillar of my family  
A portion of my life  
Literally—a slice of me  
Not just a sister  
My BFF, my bestie  
You've always been  
And always will be.

A sister is there when life is low,  
A sister is a place where you can go,  
A sister is a friend, a friend that is true,  
A sister is precious  
And my sister is you.



A friend is someone we turn to  
When our spirits need a lift.  
A friend is someone we treasure,  
For friendship is a gift.  
A friend is someone who fills our lives with beauty, joy, and grace.  
A friend makes the world we live in, a better and happier place.

Life is a sunshine,  
Life is a rain,  
Life is a start,  
Life is an end.

I realize that to be  
more alive  
I had to be  
less afraid,  
so, I did it.  
I lost my fear  
and gained  
My whole life.

You brought me sunshine  
when I only saw rain—  
You brought me laughter  
when I only felt pain.

*Seeing the Light*

At present, there are individuals  
Everywhere in the world  
who are much the same as you.  
They're either desolate, they're missing  
someone, they're discouraged, they're harmed,  
they're scarred from an earlier time, or they're into private  
issues nobody thinks about—they have experience  
and insights you wouldn't accept.  
They wish, they dream, and they trust.  
Also, at the present time, they are staying  
here, perusing these words. but I'm composing  
this for you, so you don't  
feel alone any longer.

**Coda**

The beauty of new beginnings is as soothing as great endings.  
Life is never-ending mourning for a loved one, that cannot come back,  
A serene bridge of cheerfulness flashing through our eyes,  
As we experience the struggles in our daily lives.  
Love seems to conquer all, but we end up falling to our destruction.  
Holding onto these ornamented moments until our deathbeds.

## **Hope**

We all are hoping for a better year of 2021  
A year filled with miraculous moments  
A year of hopes and dreams  
A year of no more entangling in distress  
A year of love and friendship  
A year of repentance from the things we regret  
A year of no grudges for society  
A year of making the 21st century  
The year when people are united  
standing up against injustice in society.

## **Arachnophobia**

Spiderwebs, droplets of crystal water. Such art comes to the weaver but sometimes fright, fear, and bloodshed.

Nature has many surprising creatures. Among those there comes the tale of how spiders originated. It is said these stories about spiders evolved around the time when Greek mythology began unfolding myths of nature.

There was a girl that went by the name Arachne she was a talented weaver but with such talent there comes pride she even challenged the goddess of knowledge making Athena furious warning Arachne in the form of an old woman that she should never challenge a goddess as it might lead her to her downfall. When Athena accepted the challenged Arachne made a mocking tapestry of the god Zeus the ruler of Olympians.

Athena became furious ripping her tapestry and transformed Arachne from a girl to what is classified as an Arachnid, a species known as spiders. She still has her talent, but people would fear her. Her eternal agony and anguish made it a warning for the people of Athens to never be prideful as it might lead to eternal destruction.



*Figure 2 Julianna Jones*

**Feeling in Your Own Mind**

My *happiness* is a fever that will **break**  
my **depression** always drags *me back in isolation*  
*The feeling of alone is the explanation of me*  
*But people tell me “I’m so good at making something out of nothing”*  
*I am confused on my repetition*  
*I want to help people from falling through the cracks*  
*but I can’t speak for anyone but myself*  
*Everything or anything* starts with a question



Figure 3 Tyler Melka

**Dear Future,**

In this letter, I am going to talk about the mob or rioters that swarmed the US Capitol and where America is at today in 2021. It is important for the future and who may come across this letter to understand my perspective because our country, the United States, is hurting, and this is a time of history that shows chaos and a weak handling of unlawful issues.

On January 6, 2021, people who were upset about the election results of Joe Biden winning the presidency believed it was rigged and stormed into the Capitol, climbed the scaffolding of the Capitol looking for a way to get inside, chanting “Storm the Capitol.” Most were not wearing masks which is dangerous in today’s world where a pandemic (Covid19) has affected the health of many. Armed police tackled the protesters although many protesters also dashed through security barriers, getting away with being in offices and the Old Supreme Court Chamber. When it was over, a woman had been shot in the neck, and the nation was in shock.

This shows that the American people were careless, putting their lives and others at risk during the pandemic, hard-headed because they did not accept an election result, and displayed an action of “terrorism” which is not what America was made out to be back when the Constitution was written. The American people should’ve handled this situation better, and I am beyond hurt to see the American people not treating each other with respect. Being a teenager right now and seeing this event unfold makes me think America is turning into a country of hate.

I sincerely hope the future will be different, and everyone can be united and respectful of each other’s beliefs. I hope my generation somewhere down the path towards the future is more open minded and accepting of each other. I hope violence doesn’t become an option anymore, and my generation will shape America into a safer environment with peace. I believe my generation will lead differently by valuing love over hate in society and make change, so everyone is equally treated, equally charged with a crime, and equally heard. This generation will become doctors or chemists making cures or vaccines, government leaders, teachers, etc. that can bring about positivity. Our voices matter now, and in the future, we will grow into leaders making change.

Sincerely,

Natalia

**Disintegrating**

Crumbling down  
Piece by piece  
This built configuration  
Of my identity  
Day by day  
I struggle to conceal  
The outward persona  
That I unveil  
When will the day come  
when my face reveals  
The absence of  
My picture-perfect ideal?

**Who am I?**

Who am I?  
Who is the real me?  
What defines me?  
Do I actually exist?  
What makes me who I am?  
I think I'm just a replica of online social media personas  
A collection of ideas from other people's identity  
Lacking originality  
Constantly beating myself up for not having a specialty  
Punishing my mind through words  
I'm merely a coward  
I sit here like a dog tied to a leash  
Without trying to set myself free.





*Figure 4 Elise Autry*

## **Hood**

Suck in your stomach and hold up your head,  
That's what the girls at school said,  
You have to be pretty,  
You have to be perfect,  
Trust me honey,  
It'll all be worth it,  
That's what the girls at school said,  
Chained down with expectations,  
I hide in my hood,  
If only the girls at school understood.

There once was a girl who wore black pants and a hoodie. You could always find her standing proudly on her path. No one knew what was beyond the girl and her path, but no one dared ask.

One day a young man came up to the girl and asked, "Little girl, why do you stand on this path?"

The little girl smiled and placed her hands on her hips, "Because I must protect my kingdom!"

"What kingdom?" The man asked.

"My kingdom! Where I can walk with the wise. Where I can be at peace. Where I can escape this world if only for a moment."

*Moral~ A child's imagination is one of the most precious things in the world and should be protected.*

## **Fall**

The sun shines through the Autumn leaves,  
The smell of cinnamon in the air,  
I watched as the steam from my coffee danced with the wind.  
If moments like this could last forever,  
We wouldn't be so weary and burdened,  
Alas, I shall sit here till sunset.



*Figure 5 Kierra Jones-Dollinge*

**Imagine**

"Imagine that you were them.  
Those people in the halls.  
The ones with the smiles and laughter and all.  
If only you were them, then finally you would see,  
the laughter is a facade, soon the smiles leave.  
Imagine you were them,  
in their clothes so fine,  
wishing you had what they had in their light of lime.  
If only you were them, then you'd truly see,  
the sharp shattered pieces, in the cage where they sit,  
wishing to be free.  
Stop wishing to become someone else's broken life,  
pick up your own pieces, be your own light.  
Remember, toxic waste is green,  
that limelight may not be what it seems.  
Maybe one day, someday, you will see,  
once you love yourself, you'll find who you're meant to be.  
Then, after that day, where you have finally grown,  
then and only then can you help more than your own.  
After that day, you can pick up a piece,  
a shard of someone else and help them truly see.

## **Snowflake**

A singular snowflake. So small, so insignificant to others. Its journey is heart wrenching. The snowflake, born only seconds before is now thrown from its home, plummeting towards the ground. As the snowflake falls it comes to life. Terrified it sways through the air, searching desperately for somewhere to land. For what seems like hours the snowflake falls occasionally bumping into his brethren, but never able to get a firm enough hold on them to stay together. Finally, he hits the ground. He's one of the first to make it. Pain shoots through the snowflake's tiny body as his siblings fall over him, blocking the sun. The more snowflakes fall, the colder it gets. For days he lies there, shivering in the cold. He dares not speak to the snowflakes around him for fear of wasting dearly needed energy. Slowly the load atop him begins to feel lighter. Soon he can again see the sun and finally he feels its warmth. He gets warmer and warmer until he is no more.



Figure 6 Comfort Ikejiani

## **Look Back at 2020 Through a Teen's Eyes**

This was supposed to be my year. My first high school dance, my class rings, piano, journalism, everything. I am in my junior year at Kenwood High.

Last year (my sophomore year) was my first here. Before that I was homeschooled. Last year towards the end of school we had heard about COVID-19. There were students who didn't seem to care, others were scared to even breathe around people. I wasn't too worried at first, I mean we heard stuff about Ebola, too, right? And we never really had to deal with that here. That's when they started talking about closing school for two weeks. I kind of wanted schools to close, lots of the kids did. That's when worry started to set in. I would clean down all the desks with Clorox wipes when the teachers allowed it.

School shut down for two weeks, or at least it was supposed to. We had little to no work during those two weeks, so it was fun. That's when they told us, we weren't going back that year. School at home was easy enough, we didn't have online meetings yet, and most of the work was reading a power point and doing the work to go with it. In English I had to read more and such but that's expected in English. Masks became a rule, a law even. If you didn't wear a mask in the store you weren't allowed in. People began buying them like crazy. Other people used bandanas or made their own. But a lot of people, including me, were faced with the thought... do masks even work? And if masks do work then why do we have to stand six feet apart? If masks work, then why are so many people dying?

People began buying all the food and supplies to prepare for a lockdown. You can still hardly find enough toilet paper or cleaning supplies for one person. They put limits on how much food and supplies you could buy because people were buying so much without leaving any for others. COVID-19 was spreading to the point that it was actually considered illegal to leave the house for a while. My father is an essential worker, so he didn't have much choice but to leave the house. Some of the jobs he works, it's really hot and difficult to breathe at, even more so because of these masks we wear. My mom babysits, so she didn't have a job for the time being because of her employers being out of job also.

It's hard to know who and what to believe. Some people say it's a rat or a bat that escaped a lab in China, why were they creating this virus? Other conspiracies say so many other things, but each answer only poses more questions. All throughout our summer we were mostly kept inside, with nothing to do, and when we did go out, we had to be as careful as ever. We all were troubled at the thought of school. Everyone was passed through the grade they had been in, but it wasn't going to be the same this year. This school year if you didn't get good enough grades you are repeating. The beginning was hard. Ee had lots of kids who couldn't get on their computers, who didn't know how to work google meets, who couldn't find their work, etc. And we missed out on a lot too. I missed my first homecoming dance. We all missed it. We didn't get to make pep rally happen, we didn't have any spirit weeks or holiday spirit weeks in the halls and rooms of the school.

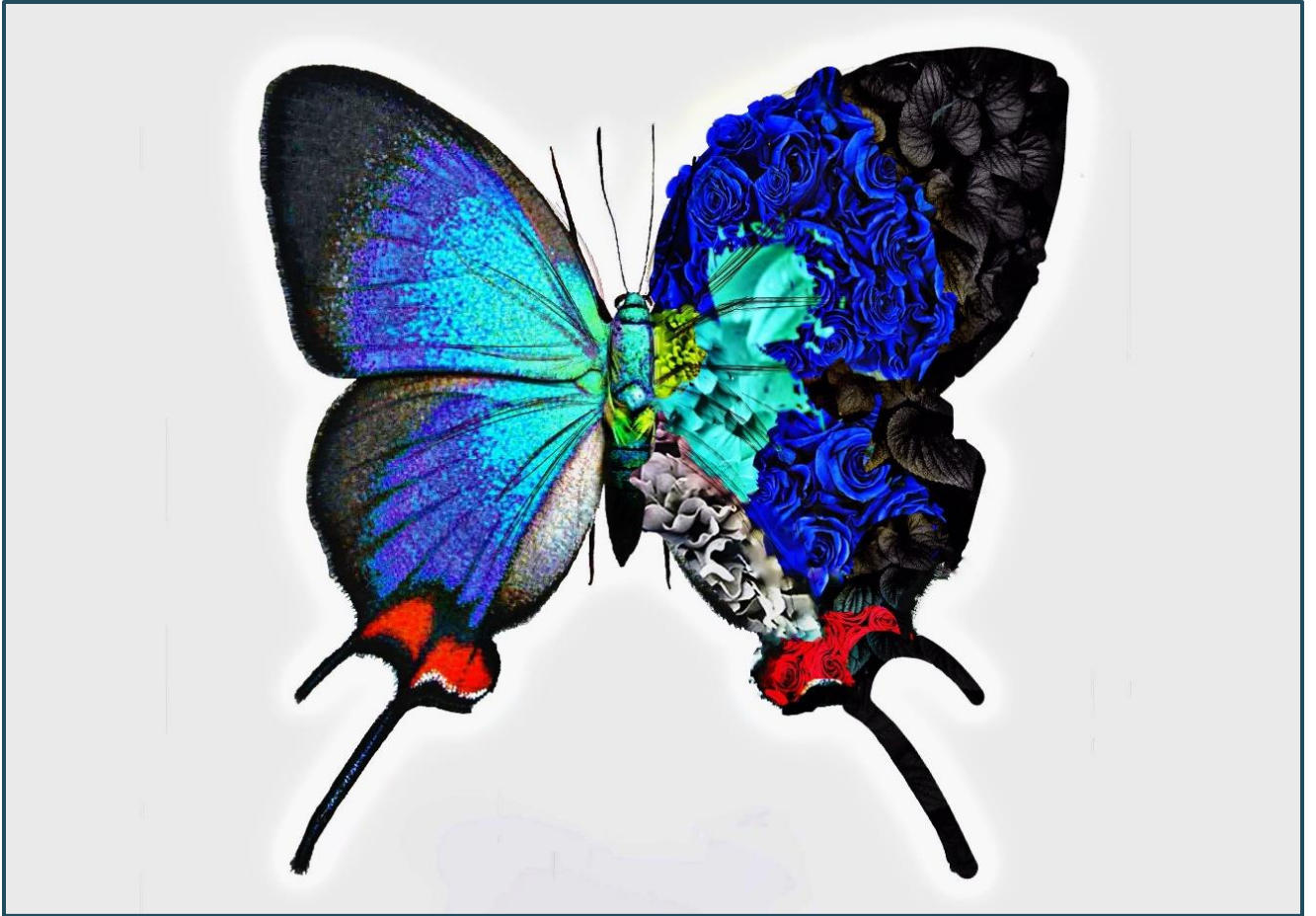
My sister isn't able to understand the full experience of culinary class because we do school online now. My youngest sister isn't able to get the help she needs with her work in her first year of middle school, because we do school online now. I will be taught piano over a computer. Concerts will be recorded on a screen rather than done in our auditorium in front of an actual audience. Students who wanted to have a sport as a job, or just for fun, or anything else do not get that chance this year. We will not get to bring an adult to school and try to make them proud, we will not get to see each other's smiles in person ever because of masks. And then, when things were finally becoming "normal", if any of this CAN be normal anyway, we had the ransomware attack on our school. School was shut down again. Once again, we didn't know how long we would be out. Not too long later we were back at school with a new site to work, so now everyone has to learn how to get on school again. And that was after having our computers checked for viruses.

At first there were some bonuses. We got to sleep in, and pjs were our uniform if we wanted. But after a while, we began to miss having a reason to get up and get dressed. For me, getting up for online school is way harder than getting up for in person schooling. Pjs don't feel as fun during the day, sleeping in is the norm, and staying home on the weekends is no longer relaxing. Then, there is the talk of this vaccine. But can we really trust it? They're still testing it and people are already buying it. We don't even know if it works.

And what about our seniors? This year was supposed to be amazing for them. We don't even know if we're going back. There might not be a prom or a graduation where the seniors get to walk across the stage in a cap and gown. And then us Juniors, will we ever get a prom? I have never been to prom and may never be. Will we get to have a normal graduation next year? Will I ever meet my classmates and put faces to those names displayed across my computer screen? Even though we deck out in blue and send photos in it just doesn't feel the same. The yearbook will feel lighter this year, while our hearts feel heavier. We don't know when things will be better. We don't know if they WILL get better. We all put on these brave faces and do what we need to do during school, but you'd never see the cracks in the children's smiles over these screens the way you could in person. You can't be there when the child panics during their presentation because instead of stepping out of class with the kid they turn off their mic and camera, they disappear from our world online, and they become beyond our reach.

Yes, this year will be hard and yes it will be different, but shouldn't we be doing more? More to make this the best year for the seniors, for the freshmen, for the people who live for pep rally and school spirit, those who live for sports? So, we can't be in person, there still has to be more we can do. This can't be it for our year, it just can't.





*Figure 7 Meriam Bankole*

**“WE THE PEOPLE”**

“WE THE PEOPLE...”

Everyone has heard it before but who are “the people”?

Are they the happy people with the great family?

Are they the people who are making good money?

Are they the people who downgrade you for living on their street?

Are they the people with all the great lives,

With too little time to think about us, the other people?

By, “the people” what do they mean,

Is it they who speak on politics and have no time to give up for “the people” below,

who work just as hard as they but don’t get paid nearly as much

Are they part of “the people” you speak of?

But is this who we are, or is this who we want to become?

From the wise ones we once were, we are now showing the next generation how we’ve  
changed compared to those before.

It’s a downgrade of self-love.

From constant conversations about our looks, and how we act, we are proud people of  
color who only want to be as equal as you and be a part of “the people” you speak of

For we are no people, rather a minority to the eyes of society

for “the people” who are wanted are the ones who hold the wealth.

When “the people” you speak of, come into the capitol on a completely normal day and  
raid it horribly

and violently, the nerve you have to say, “it’s okay.”

Shame on you for letting this slip through, with no hesitation, they walked in from room  
to room,

but if it had been us, the other “people” what would you do?

Start shooting us down?

Maybe rubber rounds,

while we wait around,  
no physical threats, just sounds,  
maybe a pound or 2 on the door,  
but we'd be beaten on the floor,  
left with our drained dignity, we would have no more.

The days when we are pleading for equality, when we would peacefully walk the streets,  
We'd get beaten and bashed mentally and emotionally for our so called "freedom of  
speech".

Why should we roam with signs in our hands  
just to fight for "the people" of color,  
just to get pushed down time and time again,  
What happened to America?  
Is this really "the land of the free"?  
For our "people" that is not the case  
because in speaking freely for us, that lock has lost its key.

As "the people" we must unite, and come as one, not clash.  
We must not take what we've got for granted,  
rather give it a new dawn, shake hands and give up the bash  
because it's useless trash.  
No more need for constant pain when we can change the world again,  
better than before, we can rise and stand,  
together as "we the people" for once.  
It's time to sync in unison as we once did before,  
it starts with "the people," never less, only more.

## **Depression**

Who defined depression as “a homie hurtin” you can cry now  
To the ones that said “this ain’t it” and was talking about breathing  
Sometimes I wake without enough tools to handle the day  
I hate the ground it holds me up when all I want to do is fall  
I hate the wind for it takes me places that I am not always ready to be  
Them n#gg#s your brothers but ain’t nobody family until they see you cry  
Sometimes this body stops feeling like my own  
Your homies ain’t homies till they feel what you’ve been through  
But I love myself too much to be a victim



*Figure 8 Meriam Bankole*

## **Two-Faced Waves**

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

### All Grown Up

I'm almost 14, but I'm all grown up  
I do the things you do  
You support your family--I support my family.  
You count your money--I count my money.  
You pay your bills—I pay our bills.  
It's actually finny. We are so different yet very much the same.  
This is really all I know.  
I work in a factory all day then come home but not to stay.  
It wasn't always like this—I use to go outside.  
But now everything just seems to move so slow.

Like a rollercoaster that only goes up.  
Only difference is you don't want it to go down.  
It's not the same--there's no thrill, just chills, just pain,  
But it's alright because grown-ups don't mind, so why should I  
After all, I'm all grown up.



Figure 9 Kelvin Ganesh



### **Again and Again**

It was a Thursday night, and I was home alone, as usual. It was about 2:05 AM. I was sitting in my room on my bed watching my favorite series, Hunter x Hunter, when I heard it. It was a piercing scream. It was so loud that it felt like someone was sticking a needle through my eardrum. The ringing in my ears started to ease after about 4 minutes.

I sat there. I sat at the edge of my bed staring in the direction the scream came from. My ears were still slightly ringing, but that was the least of my worries. At 2:12 AM, I turned towards the tv, but it was off. Did I turn it off? A chill ran down my spine. That wasn't the only thing. . . I felt a breath.

The feeling of hot breath on my neck and a whisper, "the scared ones taste the best." I was in shock. I was overtaken with fear. I immediately jumped and ran in the closet. The area around me was too small. Nothing but a file cabinet to the left of me and a long shelf stacked with bags above me. It had only been eight minutes, but it had felt like an hour had passed. I sat there watching, waiting, staring at nothing but an empty space.

My breathing was heavy, but something was off. It had seemed as if I wasn't only hearing my breathing. I did a full 360 turn around but no one else was there. Something inside me then said, "look up" and instantly threw my head back.

What I saw was beyond terrifying. This wasn't a creature, it was worse. It was simply a "no name." Circling around the mid-point of the head, where it looked as if an eye should be, were rows and rows of sharp, decaying teeth. Its long, black, burnt up hands were gripping the rails on the shelf, just waiting to pounce at me.

I was horrified! I didn't have time to think—I ran. It was still there. I could still feel its breath, it whispered “run!”

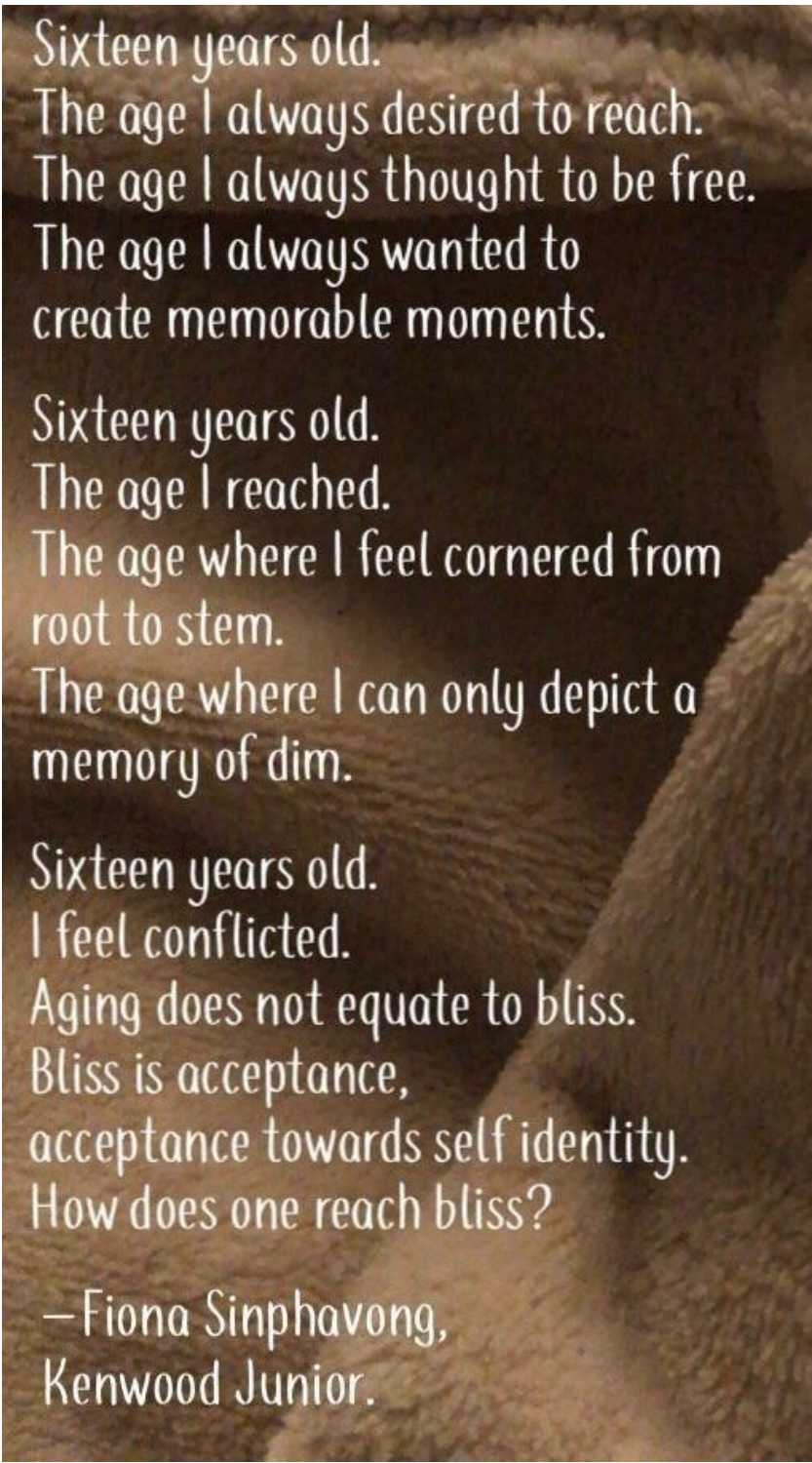
With every step, the creature repeatedly yelled... “RUN...RUN...RUN!!!” I looked back to see “No Name” crawling on all fours, the body looked burnt.

Its decaying skin was leaving a trail of blood and flesh each time he took a step. I had been so scared I forgot the direction I was running in . . .the balancer. I came to a halt, but the force threw me off balance, propelling me over the edge. As I fell, I let out a scream so loud it snatched my soul out with it. I hit the ground, breaking my neck.

2:05 AM, sitting on my bed, watching my favorite series when I heard it, a piercing scream.



*Figure 10 Jainson Cedillo*



Sixteen years old.  
The age I always desired to reach.  
The age I always thought to be free.  
The age I always wanted to  
create memorable moments.

Sixteen years old.  
The age I reached.  
The age where I feel cornered from  
root to stem.  
The age where I can only depict a  
memory of dim.

Sixteen years old.  
I feel conflicted.  
Aging does not equate to bliss.  
Bliss is acceptance,  
acceptance towards self identity.  
How does one reach bliss?

—Fiona Siphavong,  
Kenwood Junior.

Help

Help

Help

Help

HELP

Who is she? Where am I?

Please just talk to me and pull me out, pull me out

PULL ME OUT. I'M SCARED

I'm sinking deeper. I need you.

Everything around me is sinking in, my mind is cloudy and dark.

Every time I move, I can't feel a thing. I'm not here. Who is this?

"It's ok. I'm here. I love you."

I'm trying to listen, trying to grasp hold of reality.

She is my light pulling me out of the darkness.

Just focus on the light, just focus on the light.

You're ok.

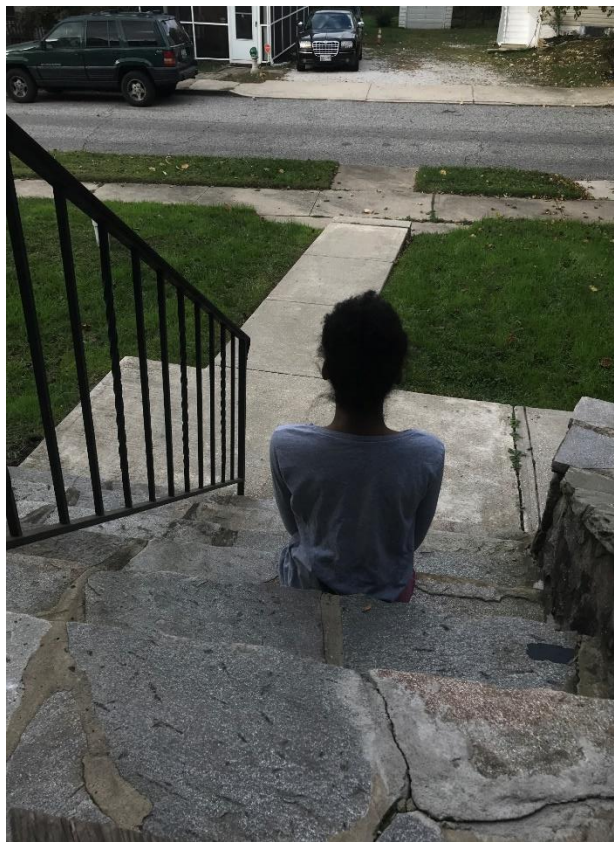
I'm ok.

***Many thanks to our contributors and readers.***

*KHS Creative Writing meets  
every Tuesday from 3-4 p.m.*

*Join our Google Meet with [khsjcoopercreative](https://meet.google.com/khsjcoopercreative)  
and be ready to write!*

*Contribute artwork and creative writing  
to the Semester 2 Bluebird's Voice magazine  
through an email or message  
to Mrs. [Cooper—jcooper5@bcps.org](mailto:jcooper5@bcps.org)  
or to [Ms. Glenn—aglenn@bcps.org](mailto:aglenn@bcps.org).*



## **The Bluebird's Voice**

*Seeing the Light—Semester 1 2020-2021*