

Iesha Bryant

Kali Johnson Ragin

Deon Roberts

Jok-Tania Sapp

**GOLDEN
GLUE**

TEACHING ARTIST

Andrés Cerpa

FOREWORD

Dear friends,

Now, when I think of Tuesdays, I think of joy. The poems and stories that are bound here were written by a group of dynamic young artists from the Academy for Young Writers in East New York. They range from 9th to 12th grade. Their work comes from a generosity of spirit, from a bit of laughter, and a lot of hard work. In a complex and sometimes overwhelming world these young people chose to look into themselves, to look into the world, and create.

—Andrés Cerpa

PREFACE

The title of *Golden Glue* resonates with the Japanese word *kintsugi*, which means “golden rejoining” and refers to the craft dedicated to the restoration of fine ceramic pottery. Kali Johnson Ragin used a play on this word in her bio, and we decided to title the chapbook after it.

Less

war
discrimination
destruction
abuse
assault
mental illness
pain
trauma
alienation
stagnation
walking
pencils
wind
fire
change
metal
blue
suicidal thoughts
guns
death
disappointment
manipulation
injustice
poverty
illness
harm
fear

More

more peace
more connection
more health
more creation
more acceptance
more forgiveness
more love
more luxury
more thrill
more change
more money
more food
more shoes
more ice cream
more time
more love
more coats
more clothes
more spirituality
more hope
more forgiveness
more enlightenment
more wholeness
more soul
more magic

You're flying
but you're falling

do you think what will help you is up there high
in the sky

You're drowning
but you're actually
swimming

You think you're underneath your fears, but your fears but
you're actually holding yourself back

You try to maneuver out of issues
you yourself create

It's to relax into a realm
of dreams and hopes that new
horizons, are there, out here

Dancing

I dance like a butterfly
The sky is bright
Dancing is powerful
and I love it with all my might

Me.

I'm a somebody and a nobody.
People know of me, but no one knows me.
I'm a walking mystery that radiates intriguing beauty.
So people are infatuated with me.
I feed off of the idea of being wanted but out of everyone's reach.
I love that I'm the lock no one can pick.
But I'm a mystery for a good reason.
I have powers. Power from within my eyes.
I can see people's auras, and their intentions.
My eyes serve to protect me.
So I isolate myself within the crowd.
You know that pretty bowl that has a little blotch?
I'm that blotch. I'm that little spot you know nothing about.
You don't know how I got there, but you just know I'm there.
You've tried to figure out my history, but you can't.
Not knowing intrigues you to find out more. But you'll never find out.
Because I'm a somebody and a nobody.
People know of me, but no one knows
Me.

The Real You

I want you to see people's true colors
I want you to see how honest someone can be
I want you to see how Independent
You can be when you're alone.
You're Independent. Girl! Do You!

Who Am I?

I am pretty
I am sweet
I wish someone can really see
the real esha in me.
I might have my alone day
but I will still strive
because one day you will see
that hard work and dedication
will show that you have thrived.
My heart jumps like a frog
leaping from a tall tree
because once I'm there
NOBODY CAN STOP ME!!!

My sister, Tardenne, was making food for us. We all sat in the living room. She usually made food that was disgusting, but we decided to give her a next chance. My little sister, Harmony, had been waiting patiently all day. Tardenne had barely told us about the meal, she just told us it was foreign. My older brother, Kale, ate chips while waiting. He had a big ass appetite. Tardenne screamed in the kitchen "Oh My God!" We all decided to move, but Tardenne always screams while she's cooking so we decided to sit back down. "The meal is finished" she exclaimed. All of us sat up as though we never heard words of excitement in our lives. She descended from the kitchen and brought in a huge glowing cake with 18 candles with my name on it. How could I forget it was my birthday?!

Days I Dream Of

My boots splash in the mud
the air, my buddy, plays with me
these are the days I dream of
the cup splashes out juice
mirth and laughter hugs me tight
in warmth
these are the dreams that fill my day up
the warm fuzzy feeling of home
beats the cold shudder
of being alone
so I keep retelling old tales
feeding the child inside me
they are the beginning
this is the
end

**Kali Johnson
Ragin**

The God of Today

May the copper gun aim true
May the woman's voice sing for you
the sound of the shot echoes in the streets
where life and death
meet
the god of today looks down
uncaring
unmoving
bored
destroying everything we ever loved
turning your souls into
doves
and mine into the
mud

**Kali Johnson
Ragin**

Deon Roberts is a student, going to college in August. He'll be attending Purchase College. He is from Brooklyn, New York, and grew up there. He has visited a lot of places during his short life. In the past, he has visited England, Paris, and Los Angeles. But, he plans to visit more places in the future. He is an open-minded person and believes you can do anything if you put your mind to it.

My name is Jok-Tania Sapp (the k is silent), but everyone calls me Jo. I'm 18 years old, and I was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. Singing and dancing have both been big parts of my life that I've loved since I was four years old, and I dream of getting paid to do them.

Ilesha Bryant is a motivated dancer. She was raised in East New York. She loves to travel the world and explore new things. She's very dedicated and her passion is to become a professional dancer. She can be a goofball at times and she loves hard especially when it comes to her friends. But once she knows someone's vibe, she will distance herself so quick and continue living her best life.

My name is Kali (I picked it myself)
I'm from Far Rockaway
My mind is broken and currently
is being rebuilt with golden glue.
I love musicals
Hope I touched your soul just a little

