

A Collection of ...

NVR Youth Poetry



Summer 2024
Academy



ROSE
FOUNDATION
FOR COMMUNITIES &
THE ENVIRONMENT

Who is NVR?



New Voices are Rising (NVR) is a Bay Area initiative dedicated to empowering underserved youth of color to lead their communities in the environmental justice movement.

On July 28th, at Nido's Backyard, 25 NVR interns showcased their poetic talents, delving into pressing issues such as water justice, climate change, gun violence, and racial equality. Their words resonate with a call to action, urging us all to work towards a cleaner, more equitable future.

We hope you find inspiration in this collection of poems from the Poetry Slam 2024!

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Adam Ngo

- Featured Poems:
1. Do You Smell Smoke
 2. Forests and Green Spaces



Do You Smell Smoke

Out the window do you see clear skies and beauty.

The birds singing and feeling that cool breeze.

Forests are filled with great biodiversity.

Then the factories put out smog drying up the trees.

Suddenly, a spark, a match, a campfire, a cigarette.

Lives claimed left and right with no time to regret.

I'm coughing from the ashes of our destruction and damnation.

It makes me want to input solutions that will bring salvation.

For schools to deal with the fires,

Days off are now required.

Do you see what's beginning to transpire?

Are factories causing asthma and cancer what you desire?

Where there's smoke there's fire.

Do you see the smoke?

Do you see the smoke?

Do you see the smoke?

You can't run from the fire.

Are we trying to do a scorched earth policy?

In my future I see more homes burned down by endless greed.

Days are becoming too hot to handle.

Our planet's temperature is reaching 2 degrees.

The opportunity to prevent it is like a burning candle.

Time is running out for humanity.

We need to think about our safety.

The temperature is killing people.

The heat of summer days shouldn't be lethal.

The average person can't afford basic necessities.

Water reservoirs are faced with scarcities.

We need greenery to absorb the heat.

Renewable energy like solar and wind cannot be beat.

Houses have to be prepared for the heat and the rising tides.

The problem is getting worse as time goes by.

Precious resources should not be wasted for economic gain.

For people who are exploited it will bring them pain.

We need to install green policies.

That is my personal belief.

Ecosystems and wildlife have to be protected.

We cannot let biodiversity be affected.

Invasive species will be controlled.

Endangered species will be protected like gold.

Fossil fuels will be switched off.

This will bring about a new dawn.

Forests and Green Spaces

When I traverse the vast, ancient woods, the air smells fresh.

The city with the traffic and pollution gives me distress.

Refineries fill the sky with smog and toxins.

Many chemicals released can be neurotoxins.

The rainforest is a natural carbon sink.

Logging and farming has caused it to shrink.

Doesn't the loss of green spaces make you think?

The giving tree can give no more.

Did we forsake the ecosystem that was there before?

The earth can't handle any more greenhouse gasses.

We must decarbonize before the opportunity passes.

There is nature missing in our cities.

Greening will clean our air and not only make it look pretty.

Green spaces bring a community together.

Greening a city is all for the better.

The dangers of heat islands can be reduced.

The solutions are ready and just need to be introduced.

Every person should have access to fresh produce.

Solar panels installed on every roof.

No lives should be ruined by fracking or refineries.

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No one is deprived of affordable clean water, food, and electricity.

Communities must come together to make the change.

Living spaces just need to be slightly rearranged.

Public transportation should be expanded.

I am tired of traffic jams leaving me feeling stranded.

The tools to reduce the warming of our planet are in our hands.

We have to come together to take a stand

Van Le

Featured Poems:
1. Feel it in the Air



Feel It In The Air

Watching smoke choke the sky
It always makes me want to cry

We should find a better, safer way
To put the contaminating waste away

FEEL IT IN THE AIR

It is time to make people see how we are
damaging our Earth
Because nature is disappearing at an
alarming rate
And it might be gone soon if we are too late

FEEL IT IN THE AIR

It makes me want to reduce, reuse, and
recycle, and
Be responsible for my planet and future

FEEL IT IN THE AIR

I see in my future
A silent Earth, with an empty core
A lifeless land with nothing more

FEEL IT IN THE AIR..

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Ken Jiang

Featured Poems:
1. What I Believe
2. My Gasp of Hope



What I Believe

Air should smell fresh and clean
I believe that the breeze should be green
Attention is needed, to bring before the bar
of those under a suffering in this nightmare
Not one soul would savor this admonish
dream
Nor could I ever mirthfully indulge this
manmade misery
This is a statement for all, all those that
inhale
This is a statement for all, all those that
are living
Without coaction, those of living awaits
weakening

My Gasp of Hope

In the city's breath, a silent plea,
Air thick with tales of inequity,
Where factories roar and highways sigh,
Beneath a smog-choked, weary sky.
Children play in fields of gray
Their laughter lost in toxic spray
While voices rise, a justice call,
For cleaner air, for one and all.
No walls should trap the poisoned breeze
No heart should wheeze or lung displease,
From urban sprawl to countryside,
Let pure air flow, let health abide.
Together we must stand and fight,
For every breath, for every right,
To breathe in life, to share the sky,
For air is free, and so must we.

Diyana Samson

Featured Poems:
1. Can You Breathe?



Can You Breathe?

Can you breathe

In communities where aspirations are planted,

When each breath they take is not their own,

The air they breathe is an unseen enemy that is silent yet plows deep.

Highways roar and factories hum, and their toxins seep through every door.

Can you breathe, Children play on contaminated land, innocence where poisons are abundant.

Can you breathe, Fathers sigh, mothers fret, Smog covers the brilliant blue sky, Can you breathe.

The grip of asthma and strained lungs, They carry the hurt in their marginalized hearts.

However, hope endures on every street. In each beat, in each smile, They speak up in favor of cleaner air.

Together, they reach a decision.

To battle for the clearest blue skies,

For clean air and bright futures,

Faced with injustice, they take a strong stance.

They assert their entitlement with every breath.

So Can you breathe?

Auristela Chales

Featured:
1. Air Pollution



Air Pollution

My lungs hate breathing in the toxic air just as I hate shallow people
I believe I say to the trees
branch's knocking on my window as
it's leaves dance to the polluted air
It doesn't matter until the
numbers increase in our health
deteriorating and flowing like it's
one with the air

It matter because it's slowly
taking me away it will sweep my
feet of the ground and I won't feel
it

It makes me want to feel the air
we once had the one wouldn't
damage me

Better air less damage my lungs
say and again better air less
damage

Not doing anything makes my toffy
eyes see the souls leaving us
behind

Rosa Gonzalez

Featured Poem:
1. Climate Change



Climate Change

Summers are getting extremely warmer,
Along with a power of extreme droughts
But there is also some days where the sky
is gray

And the cold breeze that is blowing makes
us shiver like an egg

Our climate is developing

Its really valid without hesitation

Forest fires are burning with fury.

It's a threat to the ecosystem there.

It's a threat to our community

People start feeling like a balloon that has
lost its air when it's hot.

People start gasping for air like a fish out
of the water when there is smoke in the air.

People start feeling like ice when it's cold.

For years we have been told "things are
going to change, things are going to change"

For years people who belong to minority
communities have been getting impacted the
worst with health problems that climate
change brings

For years many humans have evolved into
asthma and other illnesses because of
climate change.

Now were is the change in this problem

Now we're is all the equality politics and
democracy talk about

The only thing we have seen is this becoming
a bottomless hole issue.

The community always gets dropped in the
ocean and never gets rewarded like other
communities.

Echo Rettstatt Tang

Featured Poem:
1. A Feast for the Earth



A Feast for the Earth

There's a hurricane of garbage swirling
through the natural currents in our ocean
called the Great Pacific Garbage Patch

It lies in wait,

With the sentiment to suck sediment
through the world's weary water supply.

A girl I know once dumped her water to the
soil, said,

"It's for the landfills now.

This water causes cancer,

So it's better we give it to the earth to
eat."

And my tap water is cancer too,

After all,

Cycled day and night through sky and shoe-
worn asphalt

It comes from the landfills.

In 2017 the Great Pacific Garbage Patch was
dubbed the Trash Isles due to its size being
that of a country

Three times the size of France.

You can't step on the Trash Isles, but
swimming through the water

Is like crushing shoes over concrete
when it rains;

Plastic clings to your skin like a fresh
landmass.

The ocean is for the landfills.

We are of Earth;

We have eaten ourselves,

Suppressed life underfoot,

Under ship,

Over water.

Natalie Ruiz

Featured:

1.



...

Explanation and awareness are the best form of understanding

the most beautiful people i know have suffered and are known for withstanding

It is easy to judge and many people will never budge

we are similar but different

we are close but also apart

I believe in justice for you and your family

I believe in the change in you, i await it anxiously

who will fight when things are tight

it's a cycle call it a spectrum

we face injustice and stereotypes

Unfairness is unmatched and has ruined my economy

it's hard understanding there is no freedom without liberty

us as a community face struggles no others can compare

we cry and watch as the white man ruins and tairs

Realize through our eyes the unsafeness we live through we all try and pursue

I want closure and my cities fixed, but tell me who?

we are at the bottom of the list, they push us aside and give us a kiss

my arms are tied I'm baffled and speechless i wish i could tell them how much we suffer

and much of us are hopeless

it is only now, now that we are older we seem to realize

i promise we will arise
if only I didn't have a ego i would beg and
insist
I've realized if the white man who ruins and
tairs doesn't give in
i will do it on my own and work hard until
we are no longer thin
thin of money, housing, and health benefits
These people only care about whatever fits
Filthy capitalist rain In our society
I'm scared if I talk they will try and quiet
me
While the government is smirking
There is children in the Congo uncontrollably
working
My heart breaks but yet it tells me maybe
one day there will be a restore in humanity
Trough our heart a strong bond comes from
within
through judging we separate.
But through understanding we grow and
accelerate
one last thing from the river to the sea
may Palestine be free

Sean Cedillo

Featured:
1. Can't Breathe



Can't Breath

Water is getting dirtier
I believe it gonna lead to mass murder
Water is disappearing when we all need it
Have to save the underwater population from
plastic entanglement
It makes me question what i've been drinking
Can't swim
Can't drink
Can only sink
From what i can see we'll only be going deeper in
the hole we dug ourselves in the decay and
waste we created

Air isn't getting any cleaner
I believe we'll smoke out the planet
Air so full of company residue people can
practically taste it
Have to save ourselves from the harm it brings
It makes my allergies worse
Can't breathe
Can't breathe
Can't breathe
Soon enough no one will be able to breathe with
companies looking on with glee for the profit

Energys revolution
Decades of nonstop use of fossil fuel
Resources nearing it end
Protect the choice of the communities
Makes me wonder if it'll ever change
The sun
The wind
The water
The green new deal is a dream of the people to
those in power that can't decide to make the
decisive transition for the future

Donovan Bantay

Featured:
1. Hope Persists



Hope Persists

In streams once clear, the toxins flow,
Silent whispers of sorrow grow.

A shimmering sheen where fish once
swam,

Nature cries, but who gives a damn?

Plastic tides and chemical rain,

Beauty lost, and all in vain.

The waters dark with mankind's blight,

A shadow cast on nature's light.

But hope persists, a fragile thread,

In hearts that mend where greed has
bled.

Cleanse the streams, let rivers heal,

Abrighter dawn, our pledge, our seal.

Ashley Chinwuba

Featured:
1. The Ones Who Look
Away



The Ones Who Look Away

Tattered shoes, hollow fields, a forgotten home

A broken promise from those who left this world to roam

But how can one task a child alone

To brave a force still yet to be known

Obligation can be a curse when one is left

To face in silence a world unchecked

But what purpose is there looking back

When barred from the future we remained trapped

The ones who look away

So high in the clouds their futures sound

So different from those pulled into the depths and drowned

Waves turning and churning and spinning around

Crushing those who look up and those above who look down

But even the weight of a million atrocities

Won't stop those with a morbid curiosity

Whose hearts so vile and devoid of light

Brew misery and anguish in a cauldron of spite

One, two, five

How many cries will it take to realize

A kingdom is only as strong as the ones
who burn

To push the wheels that allow it to turn

Place a crown on the head of a king

Who runs at first sign when the war
bells ring

Who cares not for the lives that hang in
the wind

But the taste of victory with a final
sting

Yet we continue to fight in a castle of
decay

We continue to stay silent to all the
things we can say

But the truth will come out and we will
realize someday

That we are the ones who look away

Khari Akbar

Featured:
I. DO YOU SEE, DO YOU
CARE?



DO YOU SEE, DO YOU CARE?

I stand here, loud but voiceless, watching
the earth's breath grow weaker,
its pulse fading in the silence.

I see the forests, that was once vibrant,
now skeletal and dry, their leaves
a brittle memory of green.

Do you see?

Oceans, vast and deep,
now hold more sorrow than life,
their waves heavy with the weight
of our carelessness.

Creatures of land, sea, and sky
disappear quietly, unnoticed,
as if their songs were never sung.

Do you care?

We walk upon this earth with our heavy
steps,

forgetting the softness of its soil,

Yes this is our earth

but you don't own a land that's wasn't
yours to begin with

Our cities rise, of steel and concrete,

while rivers murmur, polluted, and
ignored.

In our pursuit of progress,
we carve scars into mountains,
strip forests to their bones,
turn oceans into graveyards of waste and
plastic

Do you see?

I wonder, will we wake
only when the last tree falls,
when the final river runs dry,
when the silence of the wild
becomes absolute?
Or will we remain, closed eyed,
to the beauty we destroy,
hearts closed to the grief we cause?

Do you care?

Our dream for you to leave the trees and
let our children breathe
The earth sighs under our weight,
its breath growing shallow,
and we speak, though no one listens,
the simple truth that to care for it
is to care for each other, and ourselves.
hoping the echo of these words
might stir a spark of care,
a whisper of change,
before it is too late.

Do you see?

Diego Garcia

Featured:

1. Gun Violence
2. Brighter Waters



Gun Violence

Gun Violence all over our country
Gun legislation not as strong as it
should be
Boys and girls, young and old, dying left
and right
Yet no one from higher power seems to
bat an eye
it won't happen again said again and
again
My heart hurts seeing children lose their
life so young and wonder, will the next
one be someone I know?
it won't happen again said again and
again
It makes me want to make a change and
speak out about gun violence related
issues
Without change, history will repeat
without a doubt
Communities and families, fractured and
destroyed
Innocence is buried yet in this darkness,
a spark remains
United and strong to right the wrong
For the safety of us all
We must act

Brighter Waters

Our sea life and waters, contaminated
day by day

The consequences of our actions
affecting the poor

Waters deepen, as cities sink

Contaminate deep through the blue, it is
true

Chemicals dumped into our oceans

through currents vast, they advance

Fish and wildlife gasp for breath in
poisoned streams

Dreams dissolved under human weight

Yet hope flickers, as voices rise on every
side

Let's pledge today, to protect our
waters in need

Laws enacted by government, to protect
the life of our oceans; fish, coral reefs,
sharks, and all

With change, our future sees brighter
waters on the horizon

Deily Castañon

Featured Poem:
I. we don't talk about
last night



we don't talk about last night

i believe we should
all these incidents on the road
dead bodies associated with drunk
driving
prevent DUI's
because i care and we should care
making families bleed internally a whole
lot of pain they'll never understand
but we don't talk about last night right
so what will it be next?
ignorance
you swear it doesn't cause harm
oh but it does , believe me
is picking up the phone or answering a
text more important than ones life ?
i really don't seem to understand how
that can be
it really only takes one second to
destroy one's life
oh but we don't talk about last night
right
i believe we can always do better or we
should, in fact
to prevent last night
i hope.

Andrea Balingit

Featured Poems:

1. Title 1
2. Title 2



Independence

"So tell me about yourself, why are you here?"

Uh.. I guess I like reading and video games
and I live in constant fear

"Constant fear?"

Constant fear that I won't be able
to steer clear through
America's "independence" fable

Every July 4, it's independence day
But what about the rest of us
Who never got a say
In what we were forced to do everyday?

"Explain."

Can you imagine the horror on my face
When I learned about my ancestors
Experience in the United States?

They put us in cages in zoos
Enclosure signs read "Filipino eats Food"
And Americans would gawk and talk
While my people sat there lost and in shock

"But that was centuries ago."

It was one of the first examples of
mistreatment

And I can't say we're progressing slow
because
Roe v. Wade was overturned in
disappointment
To all the women and children and
survivors
Who lost their independence

I sat there during that therapy session
Wishing these thoughts didn't interfere
with my depression
And anxiety but can I mention
We can't erase history, so can we just
lessen
The violence and misery and
microaggressions

Anxiety

Imagine one day, you're sitting
At your desk, doing homework
But then the room starts spinning
The suffocating feeling lurks
How am I going to balance
Living my life along with
Being alive?

I think too much about it
The future, and what it can hold
until soon the clock reads
11:59 in bold

Finding Happiness

For years at a time,
Happiness was always short
Of being mine

It was always out of reach
I wish I could teach
Myself life isn't
Always a peach

It was always others before me
Until for once,
I disagreed

I took control of my life
Now to this day
I'm free of spite

Days with Nathan, Marc, and Ben
Never get old again and again
I couldn't ask for better friends

Life Goes On

Everyday I'm glad
That I can wake up and say
I'm happy

Not in a
"My life was so horrible before!"
Type of way

I'm just grateful
For everything that happened
I hated being dreadful
And completely flattened
out dry, and tired

I'm grateful for the little things
And all things big
But I can't wait for what the future
holds
And what new opportunities bring

I love poetry

Things I Find Perfect

There's a lot of things I find perfect,
Although things may seem
Not all that worth it.
Like how kids have big dreams
Or that cartoon, Planet Sheen

The crisp air on October days
The bright sun during June heat waves
I think there's perfection in everything
Not limited to gold chains or shiny rings

I love the feeling
Of a freshly cleaned room
Or how the flowers look
When they're all in bloom

That feeling of genuine love

Whether it's from Nathaniel
Or family, for me it's enough

There's a lot of things I find perfect,
But a list could never be long enough
To contain all that;s with it
And describe what dreams are made of

Fernanda Polanco Orellana

Featured Poem:
I. Fight for Change



Fight for Change

In a world where echoes of gunshots
ring,

A heartache's song, a painful thing.
A daughter's tears, her father's gone,
Injustice reigns from dusk till dawn.

Why should people care, you ask?
To see the truth behind the mask.
A life cut short, a dream undone,
A future lost with every gun.

Injustice sears in silent screams,
Shattering hopes, unraveling dreams.
A father's smile, forever missed,
A daughter's grief in shadows kissed.

Why should people care, you wonder?
To stop the storm, to quell the thunder.
Lives entwined in sorrow's web,
A bleeding wound that needs to ebb.

The cost of violence, so profound,
A father's love, no longer found.
Communities torn, families weep,
A promise made we must now keep.

Why should people care, you cry?
To halt the tears, to rectify.
To stand for justice, to demand,
A safer place, a healing hand.

For every soul in darkness cast,
We raise our voices, hold steadfast.
In unity, we find our way,
To brighter, hopeful, peaceful days.

So let us care, let hearts ignite,
To end the violence, make things right.
In memory of those we've lost,
We fight for change, no matter the cost.

Alisa Nguyen

Featured Poem:
1. Lend a Hand



Lend a Hand

In the shadows casted by wealthy's glow
I feel thse muffled lives should be
showed,

The empty hands, the hollow eyes,
the dreams postponed and the muted
cries,

Do you see?

In a life withou rights, a world with
spite

A world unseen, lives torn down,
Hope in broken pieces on the ground,
Yet inside, the flame yet to be found,
did you see?

Lend a hand so hope can be found

Build a bridge, break the chain,

Lend a hand through the pain,

Together, let the light remain.

Habibba Sioudy

Featured Poem:
I.A Promise



A Promise

In the heart of forests deep and green,
Where rivers weave and maintains gleam,
There's an echo for justice, bright, and
bold

because here the stories of the earth are
told

But in the fields, where farmers toil with
care

Their harvests blessed by sunlit air
You can their sweat, their hopes so
bright

in a world that takes and takes, and
takes

We can only hope to be able to up a
fight

But across the plains where wild winds
roam

And creatures find their ancient home
There that symphony of the worlds
refrain

And a call for harmony, not disdain

But in the cities, where the smog clouds
rise

And neon lights paint urban skies
and voices rise from every street
There's a demand for change
A future's that's sweet.

Food justice isn't just a word
But a promise, to avenge a world that
we hurt
To heal the scars, we've left behind
And hope to nurture and restore

Kayla Ford

Featured Poem:
1. Food Prices are
Rising



FOOD PRICES ARE RISING

We should be able to pay for our foods.

It should matter because we need to be able to nourish our bodies
starvation on the streets, kids can't eat,
i hate to see it happen, help us eat

It makes me want to give back and give out a lot of food our communities needs us and so do you

save us from starvation
save us from starvation
save us from starvation

without doing anything, it will be grocery in the house and kids being able to eat

We need saving, feed us with care I hate to see this happen it isn't fair

HEALTHY FOOD
HEALTHY FOOD
HEALTHY FOOD

We need better choices to be able to eat, this will help us grow, build our bodies, and keep us healthy
Move fast, don't move slow we need your help. think of this close

Keeley Phan

Featured Poem:
I. divine fate



divine fate

born just to die
fighting just to stay alive
born with a chain around your neck
trying to keep up even when you're going
slower than everyone else
being trained from calf to cattle, to
crave the taste of the grass
learning that if you get enough grass,
you'll be able to escape
wondering why it has to be this way
why you can't just be free
why your freedom comes with a price
while others roam freely
happy and healthy, with grass being hand
fed to them
when everyday you have to exert every
drop of energy in your body to hope for
just a piece of it
working becoming synonymous with
existing
feeling the ache from your bones to
your soul
having no visible escape and feeling caged
to your destiny
barley being able to get up everyday
and every thought from when you wake
up to when you sleep being owned by
work

framing your days around it, always
thinking about it while going about
everyday

as if you were put into a state of
hypnosis

seeing the others around you drop like
flies, to the same circumstances as you
to then watch as greed strips them of
everything they had

wondering when it'll come to be your
turn

hoping that it will be enough

born to be put in a hopeless situation
but having the feeling that you feel the
most, be hope

hoping that your dreams can come true
dreaming of your calf being taken care of
dreaming that they don't have to live the
life you lived, and go through what you
went through

dreaming that they end up okay

but being born in a slaughterhouse
doesn't leave much to dream for

Jayden Thompson

Featured Poem:
1. The March



The March

In crowded streets, voices merge into a chorus,
Each one a thread in the fabric of a movement,
Seeking balance in a world tilted,
Where shadows cast long by history obscure the light.

People gather, hands clasped in solidarity,
Faces painted with hope and determination,
An array of human experience, each story a testament,
To struggles faced and battles yet to be won.

They speak of lives lived under the weight of injustice,
Of dreams deferred and promises broken,
In the silent spaces where the powerful tread softly,
Stepping over the cries of the oppressed.

Here, in this assembly, every voice matters,
Echoing through the corridors of power,
Demanding acknowledgment of pain,
recognition of worth,
A plea for a world where every life is valued.

No chants of empty rhetoric, but raw
truths laid bare,
The honest articulation of need and right,
Not as an act of rebellion, but as an
affirmation of existence,
A declaration that each soul is precious,
indispensable.

Marching not for the triumph of one, but
for the elevation of all,
They hold aloft banners of change,
Inscribed with the names of those
silenced,
And the ideals that refuse to die.

Justice is not a gift to be granted,
But a state to be reclaimed, a right to
be restored,
In every courtroom, every school, every
street corner,
Where the invisible become seen, the
unheard are listened to.

From the cracks in the pavement grow
flowers of resilience,
Petals of myriad colors, roots
intertwined,
A symbol of unity in diversity, strength
in numbers,
An ever-expanding circle of compassion
and resolve.

This is the fight for the soul of
humanity,
Where justice serves as the foundation
of peace,
A continuous struggle against the tides
of indifference,
An unwavering journey toward a fairer
world.

In every step taken, a statement is
made,
In every stand, a promise is kept,
That until justice rolls down like waters,
And righteousness like a mighty stream,
The march will continue, unyielding,
undeterred.

Nicole Hong

Featured Poems:
1. Home Is
2. Untitled



Home Is

Home is

Where my friends used to play and my
mother nursed me

Where I took my first leap

And woke up to soft breeze

Where our nest kept us warm

And my wings grew into their own

Before the grey took over

Where my home used to be

Now when I peek

At the bare and uncovered

I fill with confusion and wonder

Of what could've been done

Against man and machinery

What I could've done

To save where my home used to be

One day soon

I know my friends will return

And our nest will feel warm

We can feel some certainty

That we will be treated kindly

That our existence may be treasured

For now I'll try to cope

Of the ruin of my home

The brown and unkempt

And all that's unforesee.

I still always wonder

Why they built a store where my home used
to be

Scars and Stars

In a world where skies knew peace
And trees knew of warmth instead of
heat

Before fires and oceans cried over
communities

Land was for all, to be owned by none

Each had their own star

To live in harmony with the ton

We plead to protect the green

But scar them still in the face of greed

And who most deeply feels these scars

Must most restlessly champion

For their own stars

In the hands and hearts of eager greed

We watch littles go without greens

A place to play

A place to wonder

and to create

But in the hands and hearts of those
who create

Are those who echo silenced cries

And change do they make

Scars do they heal

Visions do they conquer

A new world do they shape

So should we decide to wallow
To watch raging orange cover ground
And gray our hope

Or gather to ensure
That the lands we roam
The skies we gaze upon
Are more guarded than ever before

Natia Quigley

Featured Poem:
1. The Knight's Battle



The Knight's Battle

Once upon a time, in a world not so far away

A monster lurked, growing stronger every day

It wielded power over land and sea

A terrifying force known as climate change, you see

This monster, born from greed and neglect

Fed on pollution and destruction, with no regret

It spread its arms far and wide

Leaving devastation in its wake, with nowhere to hide

The people were victims of this monster
As the monster destroyed their homes
without a care

But amongst them stood a brave knight
Ready to take up arms and fight

Through valleys of drought and
mountains of fire

The knight embarked on a journey, never
to tire

Resilience was his motto

It never let him down

He fought against the monster with all
his might

Swinging his sword, shining all
throughout the night

Through valleys of drought and
mountains of fire

The knight embarked on a journey, never
to tire

Resilience was his motto

It never let him down

He fought against the monster with all
his might

Swinging his sword, shining all
throughout the night

The monster roared and lashed out in
anger

But the knight stood firm, his resolve
never to waver

He battled through storms and the rising
floods of tears

Knowing that victory was near, his were
no more fears

For the people's support and care was
all that he needed

As the monster's power had no repair

The knight pressed on, his determination
never to wear

He fought for the people, the land, and
the sea
Against the monster that represented an
ignored enemy

Through forests of smoke and rivers of
trash
The knight pushed forward, his heart full
of passion and flash
He stood up against the tide of greed
and hate
Knowing that the future of many
generations was at stake

And in the end, after a long and bitter
fight
The monster was defeated, banished
from sight
The land began to heal, the people to sing
Of the brave knight who had conquered
the shunned monster

But the battle was not over, the war not
won
For the fight against this monster had
only just begun
The knight continued on his journey, his
sword held high
Ready to confront any challenge, to never
let the truth die

And so the story goes on, a tale of
courage and might
Of a knight or a generation who will fight
for what is true and right
Against the monster that is so much
more than just a monster
In the hope that one day our resilience
will change the lives of many, our
generation will begin the fight against
this monster, our children will be able to
live in a world without monsters.

Calah Scott

Featured Poem:
1. It isn't fair



It isn't fair

The present anti-blackness in m
community and everywhere I look
I ask we be saved

I feel anti-blackness is slowly becoming
normalized, even black people themselves
are beginning to believe it has nothing to
do with race (but rather it's based on
"their character or their actions" when
we all know that isn't true
So I ask we be saved

The community should care because we
are people too, this treatment should
have been over from the Civil Rights Act
in 1946 - yet it continues to 2024?

This matters to me because I've had to
deal with and watch injustice towards my
people all my life, all because the color
of our skin

it isn't fair

This will never not affect me because I
am black, and I will never be black.

It makes me want to educate these
people because racism is ignorance. And
even if not forgiven, you always be
taught to do better

It's not fair, and so I ask we be saved,

saved from the borderline racism, saved from police brutality and saved from discrimination, saved from the abuse, the insults, their ignorance, and unwillingness to change their mindsets. Because if this poor treatment continues, who to say we won't all be eradicated 77 more years down the line, possibly even earlier than that.

Nolaw Mekonnen

Featured Poem:
1. The Knight's Battle



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