



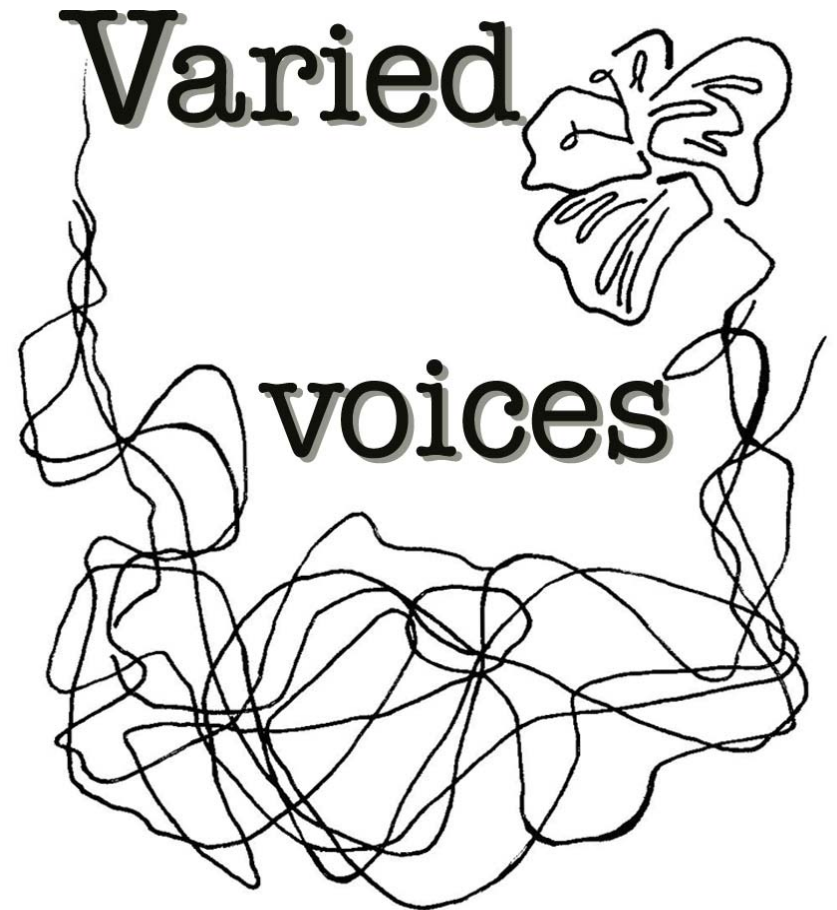
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**STRATFORD LIBRARY ASSOCIATION  
TEEN SERVICES  
CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP**

**2<sup>nd</sup> edition**

**June 2004**

# Varied Voices

2nd edition

June 2004

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*Varied Voices*  
was funded by a  
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from the  
Stratford Youth and Family Advisory Board

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To the reader...

The 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of ***Varied Voices*** is now a reality and brings to publication the cherished work of a group of young writers who enjoy expressing themselves in words. These teens meet monthly at the Stratford Library to share their writings, to encourage each other to continue writing and to grow in their talents. Their work deserves our attention and recognition.

The Creative Writing Workshop group of the Stratford Library Association began during the fall of 1997 with a small group of high school teens who wanted a place to write...creatively! Jocelyn Miller, a founding member of the group sums up the CWW mission...

**We formed the CWW group to give students a different, more relaxed venue in which to explore their own writing. It has been a great place for both people who are inclined to write and for those who need a little inspiration to do so.**

Over the past seven years, the group has written, presented and received six Youth-as-Resources grants from the Stratford Youth and Family Advisory Board. Four grants, in 1998, 1999, 2000, and 2002 provided funding for all-day writing workshops given by guest lecturers and authors for teens at the library. Two years ago in 2002, a grant funded the publication of the 1<sup>st</sup> edition of ***Varied Voices***, a significant undertaking by the group. This 2<sup>nd</sup> edition has been produced due to the efforts of two teens, Katie Zold and Kelly Scinto, with the guidance and collaboration of the library staff.

Do relax and enjoy the prose and poems that you are about to read. They are a genuine expression of the thoughts, feelings and inner emotions of our youth today!

Lucretia I. Duwel  
Head of Teen Services  
Stratford Library Association



In Solid Form

I touch your skin,  
Steam rises up,  
Looking into your turquoise eyes,  
I see you.  
Hiding passion.  
Steam now fills the room,  
And you disappear  
In the mist.  
Now you're a scorching gas cloud  
Around my head  
Circling indefatigably.  
And in surfeit  
I feel you  
But only to slip through my fingers.  
And only  
For me  
To asphyxiate.  
Your face  
In rotogravure  
In my mind.  
But you will never return  
In solid form

My own thoughts...

## Perfection

A taming of the shrew,  
An eternal triangle.  
A lover.  
Two pawns in strategy, a game of love.  
The pieces move slowly closer to the queen.  
Oh how God should save the queen!  
One, a knight of '77 the other, a king fighting for his beloved.  
Kiss me deadly, take my breath away.  
Carrying a burden, the world on my back  
The walk to Calvary hill.  
Crucify me, spit at me.  
Gash my chest open with a silver dagger  
And rip out my heart.

Perfection, longing on a crude couch  
With a plethora of giggling onlookers.  
A fan club, a following of one,  
I'd like to lead.  
I want to envied.  
I want to tame you, and complete the perfection.

Perfection, laying next  
to me with eyes that gaze into mine.  
Tears fall,  
No longer do they trickle down my cheeks,  
But yours?  
I want to be perfect for you.  
I want to stop the hurt I case and end it now and here.  
I want to be...perfection.

Katie Zold

## The Ravine

We're standing on a jagged ravine.  
Our feet being dragged on heavy stones  
And eroded dust  
And the sun is about to fade into night.  
It's just you and me.  
Lost in unfamiliar territory.  
Trying to find a way to get home.  
We were friends, but I see our chemistry evaporating,  
Like brine in the sea.  
Into the sky  
Coming down again  
It has evaporated.  
Am I waiting in the cold  
For it to rain  
So that we can connect again?  
The disfigured beauty in your eyes  
And the ugliness in me.  
Linked by fate,  
A magnet.  
In time's quickly passing wrath  
You and I  
Stand on opposite ends  
With glares  
In our eyes  
Yearning for  
A love  
For us  
To share forever.  
There's not one  
Cloud in this sky  
"and nor will  
there be another."  
I have given up all hopes of  
A revitalized bond.  
So I walk away from the ravine  
Into an empty void



## Car Accident

Hey, who's that girl?  
Who, me?  
I am the girl sitting in the back corner  
Alone with no one to talk to  
I'm the girl who sits by herself eating lunch in the cafeteria  
I'm the girl who gets paper balls thrown at her in the classroom.  
I'm the girl you made fun of for being a little overweight.  
I'm the girl who's never had a first kiss even at age 16.  
I'm the girl who gets picked last when picking sports teams.  
But that's all okay.  
Because I'm the girl who knows all the answers in class.  
I'm the girl who gets straight A's on all her report cards.  
I'm the girl who got a full scholarship to the best college in the country.  
I'm the girl who made something successful of herself.  
I'm the girl, who checked the organ donor box on her license,  
I'm the girl who saved your life just in time.  
I'm the girl who gave you my heart when you needed it most.  
10 years from now.....

Danielle Buckley

## Not There

He looked for vacant stars  
covered by bright lights,  
not letting anyone see, shielding

the beauty that lies underneath.  
Looking hard, it's not there.

Gates held back emotions.  
Finally open to walk into a field  
of nothing.  
Hopes high,  
Knocked down,  
Dragged out,  
Fell in....  
Fell down,  
Beat up,  
Knock down,  
Knock out.

Tears turn me into someone I am not.  
Taking my image, reflecting another.  
Not risking any longer, not holding on.  
Laying across scattered dreams, and shattered faith,  
knowing that nothing ever turns out they way I want it.  
Free writing as inevitable thoughts  
are brought to life in a poem.  
Hands shaking, heart heavy,  
Smiles still fall across my face



## For The Punx

Destruction and hate, peace through vandalism.  
Our urban struggle, a mutiny on the bay.

My wicked heart is still screaming,  
Longing for your punk rock love.  
Know your rights and stand strong against the clampdown.  
Move forward to death and make a full circle straight to hell.  
Tell us the truth, last years youth, 77 has long passed us.  
Music ran through veins like adrenalin, a distant memory fading.  
Morals spawning from generation to generation X.  
When will they learn that this life is either death or glory?

Drain the blood, dismantle me,  
I'm not down, but should I stay...or should I go?  
Down this hall of mirrors, they show the truth, reflect the past.

I am the one, the dope sick girl,  
Who helped you with your international cover up.  
You don't know my name, but I want your salvation.  
Are you ready to be liberated?



## Crippled

I love to read  
But I am illiterate  
I love to run  
But I have no legs  
I love to write  
But I have no hands  
I love to see the world  
But I cannot see  
I love to listen to the birds sing  
But I cannot hear  
I love to smell the roses  
But I cannot smell  
I love you

## Just Because

Sometimes I wish I was a duck  
I'd quack all day  
I'd fly south for the winter  
In a v-shaped form  
At the end of the v though  
Because if I were in the front,  
I'd lose everyone.  
I'd fight for the morsels of bread  
Being thrown into the pond  
Just so I could have a bite to eat  
Until the next week  
I'd run away from people  
In fear they would pluck me and eat me  
Sometimes I wish I were a duck  
Just to quack all day  
I don't know why

Blink  
Blink  
Eyelids winking  
Washing back the tears  
Of a love now lost  
After 12 [after the fact]

Blink  
Blink  
A buzzer sounds  
Across the humming TV screen  
For the wrong answer

Flicker

Blink  
Blink  
Fingers motioning,  
Over fake smiles and  
a fake showtune  
After 7 [after curtain call]

Blink  
Blink  
Red lights flashing  
For men and women  
Who can't control themselves  
After 8 [after sundown]

Blink  
Blink  
TV snapping images as a surfer flips  
Childishly though all the stations  
After 9 [after primetime]

Blink  
Blink  
Stars glinting  
Off the eyes  
Of two loves  
After 10 [after curfew?]

Blink  
Blink  
Green light flashing  
On the telephone  
On the motorways  
After 11 {after the workers have fallen asleep}

Wishing away our lives

Twinkle, twinkle ball of fire  
Above me, you're so much higher  
Up there in the night sky  
But I have to wonder why  
People make wishes on you  
Assuming they actually come true  
I guess they just believe in these kinds of things  
Wishing for love, even diamond rings  
But I guess it's just something fun to do  
Even if our wishes don't come true  
People may think it's a bunch of bull  
But it's making sure our cups half full  
Giving us some hope in our lives  
Making people work hard for what they strive  
Now I see your purpose little star

Always

He said come. Let me show you what happy is and he took her heart,  
clasped it in his hand and made it warm.

My heart, it is fragile she warned but he need not a warning for he held  
it with the delicacy of a monarch butterfly, with great care not to crush its  
wings.

And like the butterfly she soared into euphoria where she experienced  
new heights, an increasing rush of wind beneath her, supporting her.

And he looked up and said worry not. Walk beside me I will be your  
friend. Should you cry I will wipe your tears. Should you fear I will fight



Before those long movies  
Where we sat  
Close  
Close enough  
To tickle each other  
Endlessly  
And duck around cars  
Playing chase  
Like the little kids we were  
When we were in love  
Before the enforced hand-holding  
Of the ex-girlfriend  
And the late night conversations  
Between us

I have them saved on a new CD I've burned  
But this time, I'm sorry, it's not for you.  
I've become selfish again  
But surely I'd give it all up  
And melt for you

## An Ode to Sweet Potato Casserole

Once , I glanced  
At your information  
And it read out  
Lyrics from a song  
From an album you stole from me  
3 years ago  
in jest

I still remember “the fishies”  
And how shocked we were  
When the Artiste announced  
How she didn’t like catsup  
And that’s when I smile

At the time that was before love  
Before we knew each other  
As another person  
Crammed into the back seat  
Of a friend’s  
Boyfriend’s girlfriend’s  
Car

Full of soda cans  
And Snapple bottles  
And Boston Market containers  
Holding something spilled  
A CD player  
reading out the names  
Of your favorite songs  
As we leapt away  
Into each other’s hearts.

## Ashes

And when I burn it will set me free.  
The lifeless soul reaches up with her burning hand in the black foggy sky  
and screams of pain.  
Just scream.  
Shut up.

Ashes burn free.  
I awake and look into diamonds.  
Wash away my pain, dripping with crimson.

I am screaming.  
Can’t you hear it.  
But my lips are closed.

My eyes are on fire.  
Breathe into me I am dying.  
And when the sky falls,  
I’ll never wake up again.

I’m right in front of you why can’t you see me.  
I fade away with the wind,  
And wave goodbye as you shiver.  
Whisper “good night” and never again see the sun.  
When the black-lit sky falls, I will rest in peace.  
When the sky of falling ashes snows down, I will rest in pieces.

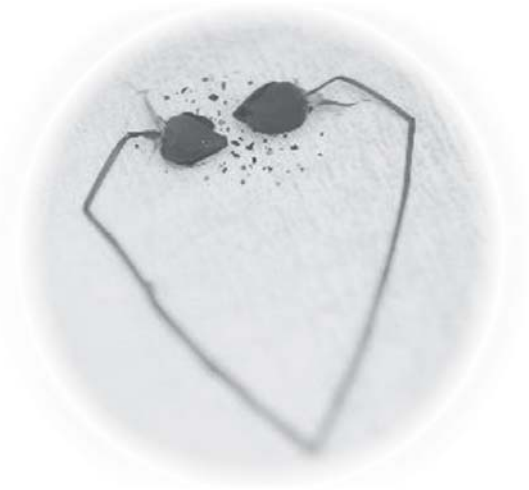
Dehlia Buckley



## Dead Waterfall

There's something deep inside my heart just waiting to be liberated.  
It tears at my soul just yearning for a way out.  
My smile it is fake.  
I will forever wait for the moment it will be genuine.  
My heart aches with each decaying word I spill out of my ruptured chest.  
Black roses melt at the touch of your finger.  
Ice cold.  
Hold me I don't want to let go.  
You hold the stem in your hand but the thorns don't bother you.  
Fell the escape drip from your fingertips.  
Trace the curve of your smile.  
Drown me in darkness or get blinded by the light.  
Dried up streams from a dead waterfall but now it roars down harder  
than ever.  
Wipe that tear from your face.  
Why are you crying?

Dehlia Buckley



## A Delicate Man

I dropped the man  
Flat upon his face  
And his poor  
Porcelain face  
Shattered.

And now I have to pick up every little piece  
Because I'm the one liable  
For his destruction  
But I'm not sorry  
For the cracks  
And the glue lines  
That will lie in his face now  
Because I thought he deserved it  
And even if that's a lie.

\_\_\_\_\_ Amanda Woade

## Uptown Redemption

The world stopped  
As you whispered an arcane ode  
To all the stars.

Entranced,  
Each sonorous note and drawing word  
Was a drop of a potion kept in a delicate vile,  
Your heart.

Among the crowd  
You seemed like a dumb dirty boy  
Who walks this Earth with the patience of Pandora.  
But, my enigma,  
I am your Pandora.  
I open the curse box,  
Release the angst  
Then succumb to the sorrow  
That flows in your veins,  
And burns in your beautiful eyes.

Liz Trojanowski



## Kidnapped

I kidnapped myself and I am threatening myself to die.  
I put tape over my mouth so I won't speak more lies.  
I tied rope around my bloody hands and knotted it over my wrists,  
burning like fire.  
Paint the world with grey.  
Oceans filled with blood.  
Down this hole my head I will lay.  
Never wake up.



## Lies Are Easier

You can't break my heart  
You can't touch what you can't reach  
You won't tear me apart  
I do that just fine by myself  
You can't teach me to love  
Beneath my scars lay a tainted heart  
I have no faith in what's above  
The sky is falling but no one moves  
You can't make me hear  
I see your mouth form the words  
But I don't understand; I can't bear

## Turning Point

You have no idea  
How badly my heart is broken.  
When my love for someone disintegrates  
Right in front of me.  
And what you did seemed like a giant infidelity.

How can I forgive you?  
I'm shaking at my desk.  
You make me have a greater longing to be somewhere else.

I don't care who they were for,  
Your Shakespearean sonnets  
They were futile.

It's so funny,  
You will never make me feel loved.

Liz Trojanowski



## I See You Everyday

How could I have judged you  
From the outside?  
Yeah, you're attractive,  
But too naïve to be here.  
Sorry I scorned you,  
Please retaliate.

Yeah, you're attractive,  
Retain me.  
Visions filled with things the addicted do.

I'm addicted to all of you.

Ever since I saw you  
Wearing that sweater  
Ever since I saw your  
Sunny highlights,  
Ran my fingers through your hair  
Ever since I heard your voice  
Oh so cool, always knowing what to say.

Can we figure each other out?



## Cats

Cats run and play  
Cats sleep all day  
Cats meow and paw  
Cats have soft furr  
Cats lick your face  
Cats run fast-pace  
Cats nap for hours  
Cats chew up flowers  
Cats chase birds  
Cats know your words  
Cats chase mice  
Cats don't think twice  
Cats can have kittens  
Cats chew up mittens  
Cats use up litter  
Cats don't act bitter  
And all this time  
You thought you knew  
all the things that  
cats can do!

Bridget Masaryk



## Widow

a widow  
trapped in an icy  
hell am I  
alone in a world of ice  
am I  
naked trees surround me  
and my lips painted with blood  
a white veil covers me  
alone am I.  
alone

a widow  
of cold dark lands  
am I  
a world of Ice  
a hear of Ice  
my hear is frozen  
it beats no more  
you are not here  
the world is cold  
my skin is frozen

a widow am I  
your heart beats  
but your soul is dead  
trapped in any icy hell am I  
trapped a widow



Bridget Masaryk

Consumes my entirety  
And makes me feel  
Like I'm suffocating.  
There's always that "what if"?  
Always a lingering feeling for you  
Not hate, but sorrow.  
I feel sorry this is who you are.  
This is who you choose to be.  
You could be such a wonderful person.  
It's in there.  
But like everything  
It's never enough  
And never will be

Everything, but never enough

Rememberance.....

The act of remembering in the car  
On the road surrounded by woods  
A simple song brings me internal tears.  
Tears shed for you  
Our song: "I don't want to miss a thing".  
Well now you're missing everything.  
For three years I gave you everything.  
Willingly, lovingly  
But it was never enough.  
The person who has everything  
Will always want more.  
Give an inch  
Take a yard.  
Sometimes I miss you.  
I miss you so much it hurts  
Because we had the real deal.  
We had what others dream about.  
But then you took advantage.  
Demands.  
Your belief that everything you did  
was justified.  
Afterwards when it was all done  
When I said let's be friends  
You said you couldn't.  
Well you had it all  
But did nothing about it.  
I gave you everything  
But it was never enough.  
So tough on the outside  
But the same innocent boy  
I met and loved three years ago.  
Regret sometimes swamps me.



Cigarette smoke seeping through the open wounds of yesterday

I'll know the black light is near. Closer and closer until days do not last, And you-still there,  
for my own good. Otherwise you would have left already.

almost vanished completely---and I'll wish you could imagine my suffering and realize that maybe the wounds do run deep and

cuts sewn shut only by the innocence of tomorrow---though the pain inflicted in vain, it env  
are untraceable, inerasable...you must be too smart

### Begin My Ending

Allyssa Milan

elopes my being, swallows me whole--and when I stop breathing,



## The Essence of Being

Would the nightingale wake me at dawn?  
Would I forget the memories?  
The dreams?  
That once lived so vivaciously  
And now leave me with unanswered questions?  
A wonder of the sparkles,  
falling from the heavens  
Bring cold, but wash away the devils doings  
The rain that brings you down  
Will lift you-evaporated  
And brings you to  
The rainbow.

Allyssa Milan

## Erosion

Loosening, Chipping, Breaking Destroying  
He knew more about hurting someone than loving.  
Long, tortured periods of time.  
He slowly went bad from the inside out.  
Until there was nothing left.  
I am no longer able to summon  
The strength to help him.  
No matter how bad he was  
I fooled myself into believing .  
That he would someday get help.  
His problems entirely beyond me.  
Beyond both of us.

Kelly Scinto



## Screams Of Silence

Take a moment to reflect  
On your past decisions,  
See your heart break in two,  
When you saw what you have done.  
To the girl who loves you,  
Break away from the common ways of your life,  
Take a chance to fight again.  
See what you did to the girl who loves you,  
The sound of her heart breaking in two makes you want to die,  
Go back to the moment you said I hate you,  
Realize that is wasn't true.  
Feel the affection that she feels towards you,

## Evil Eyes

A deep look and unnerving smile  
I venture into oblivion (Oh, evil eyes)  
Unbeknownst to my own demise  
The black halo you once wore  
Has vanished  
The one I loved, the one I lost  
You are no more  
And I?  
Pensive.....puzzled  
Swept away in my own bliss-free ignorance  
Yet without a cost  
Nothing is learned  
But regret will die in vain  
So I hope that someday  
Perhaps far away  
My world will be rid of your rain

Allyssa Milan



## Perfect Imperfections

Showered with sunshine  
A day with no rain  
Will one day you beg to be perfect again?  
Why did I ever find  
How this could be true  
Fate as it seems, has shown me the way through  
The wonderful day, seen from the outside  
Unafraid, pure and true  
Out, with nothing to hide  
'Twas then I could see  
Who I would rather be

## A Star

Do you see me?  
Praise me for all that I have done for you?  
My tears would mean something if It had not been for all my loyal  
servants paying me,  
Just so they could think my smile was meant for them.  
How do you feel when I'm alone?  
Wallowing in self pity.  
Does it make you happy?  
Knowing that I have problems just like you.  
That I can cry too?  
Are my problems real?  
Or just part of a script written by people like you.

Chris Ross

## The Reincarnation

Swirls of imagination  
Ominous incantation  
Hazy regeneration  
They stop to watch  
The flower, yours  
The reincarnation  
You try to tell them  
It's human inclination!

Allyssa Milan



Untitled

i remember when  
he said  
“there is no such thing as distance”

you know i want to  
get to know you  
better  
better than the rest  
you know i want  
you against me  
in a struggle to see  
who can come out on top

you know i want  
your hair in my hand  
and your thighs  
around my heart

a cold rain  
everyone get out your umbrellas

cal robertson

a light over alaska—

all aboard the prophet's bus  
the bus the prophet died in  
all aboard the prophet's bus  
the bus the prophet died in

it crashed into  
uncertainty

trapped by  
everything he wanted  
and everything he couldn't have

all aboard the prophet's bus  
the bus the prophet died in



Unaffected

Empty words fill the blank space between our hearts  
I, so pure  
Naïve  
Stepping blindly into oblivion  
It is painless  
I am invisible  
Sticks and stones go through me  
When I fall, do not pick me up  
Watch  
Point  
Laugh  
I will still smile.

Allyssa Milan



## Unfading Human Ties

Imagine...you walk into class, another day.  
Another day of your pathetic, insignificant life.  
You sit, bell rings, teacher babbles on....nothing...you space out.  
BOOM!  
The sound will echo through your head eternally with visions of blood.  
Sound of cries, all at once begging for life. You never got to talk to him.  
You squeeze his hand. You gaze into tear-filled eyes. His blood becomes  
your blood. His life is yours for a moment in time.  
And then it ends.  
And so, it began.  
His life was yours for a moment in time. His blood became you blood.  
You gazed into tear- filled eyes. You squeezed his hand. You never  
talked. Sound of cries, all at once begging for life. The sound will echo  
through your head eternally with visions of blood.  
It hits you.  
BOOM!  
You sat, bell rang, teacher babbled on....nothing...you spaced out.  
Another day of your pathetic, insignificant life, right? You walked into  
class, another day...imagine.

Allyssa Milan



is being tuned  
and my ears  
are punctuated by  
the sound

wrap your arms  
inside my spine  
and feel my core  
run your red lipstick over  
my eyes wet

this poem is for you and GOD and the BRIDGE

forever  
under  
water

cal robertson

Birdsong

you seem to forget  
i knew you before

in my deepest  
of deep sleep  
i touched your  
warm water

ina room  
of unfiltered sunlight laughing  
i am submerged into you

underwater

i am  
forever  
under  
water

i am submerged inside you  
rejoicing to the tide of  
mystery, slowly  
wrapped in the fetal blanket  
of warm wet water  
wishing  
i never had  
to leave

the piano

Untitled

when I fall in&out of sleep  
in the lazy morning, I remark:  
this must have been an act  
of pure pure color  
a world so pure  
i close my eyes

i can no longer wait  
for the dream  
that will emerge from the clouds  
and fix everything

I can wait no more  
for the hand of fear  
to release me so that  
i will be free to begin  
my walking life  
no

i'll be free  
now

cal robertson

## When Doves Cry

*Maybe I am just like my mother she's never satisfied  
Maybe I am just like my father, too bold  
Why do they scream at each other  
This is what it sounds like when doves cry\**

I am on my way taking this voyage maybe alone  
Maybe I am wrong I am not like crying for my mommy and daddy  
Independent, some day I am stupid but do you think I care?  
21 years old and still trying to find the world  
so much confusion in my youth I am surprised I made it this far  
do you think it is wrong for me to want to runaway from all this sadness  
that got me  
undeniably and unselfishly caught into the world of what I live in.

*maybe I am just like my mother she's never satisfied  
maybe I am just like my father, too bold  
why do we scream at each other  
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.\**

In the mixture of what the day may bring  
A loner, not close to family, but close to the world around me  
Seeking guidance  
Living in a home, with mobsters, of Al Pacino in Scarface  
With the smell of NYC, of fresh hot baked cheese pizza that makes my  
mouth water  
Far from the world I once knew, no more negativity  
No more worrying if this person will be there for me, not having my mom  
and dad  
Tell me how much of a mistake I am  
Not just that it's time for me to move on  
Stand up and fight for what is mine.  
Scared hell yeah I am scared, scared of what could happen to me in that  
cold world  
Tragedy lingers my life but in brief second of reality I am loved  
Deep down why do I feel so much pain and hurt

I just want to get out of this hole, but losing everything? Is it really worth  
it?

*Maybe I am just like my mother she's never satisfied  
Maybe I am just like my father, too bold  
Why do we scream at each other  
This is what it sounds like when doves cry.\**

Latosha Robinson

\*Refrain from:

*When Doves Cry  
Purple Rain (1984)  
Written by Prince*

