

## Poor (my) Head

By Mora R.

*Mise en scène* of negative thoughts in my head,  
who can't resist but keep them there.

Peace is now a stranger to her,  
as Frustration is everywhere,  
with Insecurity,  
having an affair.

Hypotheses and Suppositions,  
Stress her out: their mission.  
Plus, the non-stop fears,  
that cause her non-stop tears.

And tonight, she can't rest,  
Although she tries her best.  
She just overthinks,  
About overthinking.  
She's in her thoughts,  
Drowning, sinking.

Poor her,  
Poor Head,  
she can't let it go.  
She struggles to switch herself,  
to ``Airplane Mode``.

# When There Is a Time

By Juan Cruz D.

When there is a time  
when we all must be one,  
no one is bigger  
no one is better.

When there is a time  
to distance from the ones we love,  
we distance  
because we cherish their lives.

When there is a time  
to be cross and resentful,  
about this enclosing us  
we should be thankful.

When there is a time  
when the world is empty,  
nature comes back  
showing how we hurt it.

When there is a time  
to wake up and open our eyes,  
humanity itself  
will have a second chance.

# Shelter<sup>1</sup>

By Azul G.

I learned -- at least -- what Home could be<sup>2</sup>  
Home is a safe, a calm retreat,  
To rest the weary soul.<sup>3</sup>  
A very secure place to be.  
When I have been threatened,  
it has sheltered me from the storm<sup>4</sup>  
I can go back there any time  
and stay as long as I want,<sup>5</sup>  
and don't stand there staring  
be thankful you're safe-home tonight<sup>6</sup>  
Feel the warmth of Home.<sup>7</sup>

1. Azul wrote a *cento*, a literary form in poetry that is mainly intertextual as it is made up of lines from poems written by other writers.
2. "I learned -- at least -- what Home could be --," by Emily Dickinson
3. "Home," by Elisa and Sarah Wolcott
4. "My foundation," by Annette R Hershey
5. "Pictures of Home," by Julie Hill Alger
6. "safe-home," by Rg Gregory
7. "Home is Home," by an unknown poet

## **On Our Own**

**By Juana S.**

Panic has invaded the world  
It's crawled into my, yours, and everyone's homes.  
No one can interact with anyone, not even a word  
There's just silence and boredom

Isolation is all we know.  
We are slowly rotting in ourselves  
As our thoughts slowly consume us  
When there's no one to pull us out of them.

Whoever cries, cries alone.  
Whoever's born, is born alone.  
Whoever suffers, suffers alone.  
Whoever dies, dies alone.

For all we know now is our own selves.

# Music

By Felipe M.

Just four simple minutes can light up someone's world.  
These beautiful rhymes,  
Combined with perfect sound and rhythm,  
Can take you to another world  
When ours is not good enough.

Even in the dystopia we are living in right now,  
Where chaos is all around,  
Music comes in like a ray of light and hope  
To pull us all out  
From our lonely grief

## Dreams

By Felicitas R. P.

Everyone has their own dream,  
but not everyone can make it come true.  
Just imagine if every dream could be completed.  
Perhaps everyone would be content.

But if everyone could make them true,  
then nothing would be a challenge for anyone,  
you would live knowing your wishes would be fulfilled,  
but if you know your dream would be completed then  
it's not a dream anymore,  
but instead a reality that future would bring you.

and what's the challenge there?  
there isn't one,  
and if there isn't a challenge in your life  
how would life be?  
boring, you wouldn't be scared to make any  
sacrifice to gain the things you want in life  
because you'll know you will get there some day.

But in life you have to make sacrifices  
because without them you can never get to your dreams.  
it's really scary because sacrifices mean  
to leave something so you can get something better  
although this doesn't happen all the time  
sometimes you sacrifice things and don't get anything in return.  
But at least you can say you tried,  
and you can keep on trying until you get there.  
Because that's how life works.

## Human Parasite

By Félix M.

Imprisoned we are  
but nature is not  
and now the outside rises  
as we never thought.

Imprisoned we are  
by our own force  
and now the world changes  
its own course.

For or against our will  
after all we did  
of human parasite  
nature will always heal.

# **Gemstone Green**

**By Victoria A.**

The announcement filled me with dullness,  
gloomy and resentful silence,  
replenished with uncertainty  
and flabbergasted especially.

Then, he was born.

His reception changed it all,  
his protuberant gemstone green eyeballs,  
his toes and hands that were so small,  
his rejoicing smile changed it all.



# The Last Hug

By William D.

The queen has risen.  
The queen with her crown  
She will rise in the east  
And go all over the west

Killing everything on her way,  
No matter who, if you are old  
Or if you are a child,  
She will have no mercy.

Without being able to have  
contact with the outside,  
Together but apart.  
Without knowing if it will be  
the last hug.