



Father My father's dying strong, Living
on the crutch called Government,
Breathing in his mistakes, exhaling his
misfortunes, Paleness invading his skin,
settling on his face, And tiredness
kissing his feet. The Lord alone carries
him on his back, Because his brown eyes
can't weep anymore. His mind is
drenched in doubt. In his heart his tears
have no dam. The spirit can't be in its
broken vessel. It longs to be free in open
seas. But is bound by responsibility.
Death crouching at his doorstep. The
only thing he eats Are the words that
have lasted through time And have been
passed down from God's hands. Be at
peace, my father You are more than a
man. Jonathan Orellano Wildcat 2004

Poetry from JVL Wildcat Academy
Brooklyn, New York
Spring 2007

Poems by

Corelle Bayne
Tyrell Bramble
Elizabeth Cedenno
Mery Cruz Gomez Vargas
Cassie de Maio
Christian Gavillan
Autumn Glover
Mark Gray
Nash Johnson
Jonathan Orellano
Rashaad Russell
Anna Zhen

Father

My father's dying strong,
Living on the crutch called Government,
Breathing in his mistakes, exhaling his misfortunes,
Paleness invading his skin, settling on his face,
And tiredness kissing his feet.
The Lord alone carries him on his back,
Because his brown eyes can't weep anymore.
His mind is drenched in doubt.
In his heart his tears have no dam.
The spirit can't be in its broken vessel.
It longs to be free in open seas,
But is bound by responsibility.
Death crouching at his doorstep
The only thing he eats
Are the words that have lasted through time
And have been passed down from God's hands.
Be at peace, my father
You are more than a man.

By Jonathan Orellano
Wildcat class of 2004

Georgia

Like the heaven sky

And the hot hell weather

That's Georgia

The loud dogs fighting

The smell of wild pine trees

That's Georgia

The people that say hi

And the dusty roads

No sides to walk on

That's Georgia...

By Rashaad Russell
Attended Wildcat 2005-2006

G-pops (My Daddy)

His voice was like summer birds
singing in the morning sun.
His presence was like a cool breeze
right before it began to rain.
I miss him yelling at me, giving me direction
as if he were a traffic sign pointing me on the right path.
His smile was a warming event,
as if I was sitting in front of a fire place.
It will be awhile before we meet again.
Time will stand still like a museum statue,
but it will be worth the wait.

My voice cracks like shattered glass
as your name flows from my mouth like a beautiful song
It hurts, tears fall from my face like hail
as a loud muted scream enters my heart and echoes through
my soul..
I love you, daddy...
until we meet again (buddy boy).

By Cassie DeMaio
Wildcat class of 2003

I Once Was

I once was a bird safe in my nest with my mom's wing
To cuddle.

A kangaroo in a pocket, a safe baby, a bundle.

I once was the moon, surrounded by stars.

Sometimes I even thought I was a pop star

Because I had a body guard.

Sent to fly

Sent to hop

Sent to shine

And in the spot light

I question, did I do something wrong? Why had I been cast
away?

And then the response came.

You did nothing wrong. You're getting older. I still love
you.

Don't think any other. I have to let you live.

You'll understand more when your time comes

That you will also let go

But before that,
cradle your bundle.

By Autumn Glover
Attended Wildcat 2005 - 2006

Internal Inferno

I waited in the hallway
Playing my usual role
For mom
It was like a forever playing heartbreak show
I sat on the stairs
Hand under chin
Elbow in lap
Bags all packed
And waitin’

I hear the phone ring after a few hours
But only twice
A few minutes later mom comes out
“He says he’ll be late,” she told me.
“You want me to tell him forget it?”
She said as she raised her voice and twisted her face up
“No,” I replied in a shocked voice

She shook her head as I sat there collecting dust
This memory is permanently burned into me
Like the scar on my left arm from the iron,
But it still burns.

By Mark Gray
Wildcat class of 2006

Journey to the Forgotten Land

Woke up in the sky,
The cool breeze of silence whispers a reminder to me,
Being a thousand miles away from home
Sent chills to my spine

Families and loved ones gather around in rows,
Dreaming of their destination,
Frightened yet driven by the pain of separation.

As I look upon the glass,
I feel the engine roar as the clouds dance through,
Images of the past flood my mind as I draw closer
To the forgotten land

A sudden smoky fragrance strikes my nose,
In the dewy night sky coated with diamonds,
I can hear flowers bloom like thousands of crystals,
Hunger ran through my body
As if I could taste the succulent dishes.

By Anna Zhen
Wildcat class of 2007

Life and Times of Young Rellington

Growing up he never knew what he was doing,
But now it's all he knows.

Dad never told him to do his homework.

Dad told him to sit on the stoop,
Make sure it's ten and don't take no change.

A grown-ass man never got pinched,
But his name was in the street like the black and white
lines.

When the feds came, he jumped down South
And left five kids and a spouse.

He had others, never wanted them to fight but the way he
feels he just might.

Eleven years old, watching family cook it up.
Ask why? Well, why do birds fly?

Or why do people die?

By Tyrell Bramble
Wildcat class of 2007

Life of an Unborn Man

First of October, nineteen eighty-five, four forty nine a.m.:
first breath

This moment: last breath

Interdependence: unavailable and vacant

Destiny: born alone

Independence: shoved down my throat

Ironic: raised in Independence Harbor

Age of 9: Manhood situating

Age of 19: Still maturing

New Jersey: maintained innocence

New York: Innocence corrupted

As a youth: embraced puppy luv

To this day: no cure for the pain

Ignorance: something to retaliate

Faith: to be strived for

Compassion: symbiotic

Inconsiderate: the defense

Days: breeze by

Seconds: amass anxiety

Thoughts: are gentle

Memories: are jagged

Courage: fortifies

Paranoia: overwhelms

Mystery: all that I exude

MISUNDERSTOOD: WHAT I AM

By Christian Gavillan

Wildcat class of 2005

The Guy I Never Knew

Who is he, how does he look, who created me?
I'm not willing but wondering. Days, months, years, birthday
Still wondering is this the day I finally see you?

Now I'm over wondering
But now day-in and day-out your father this, your father that
I scream back, "He isn't my father, he's a sperm donor!"
I don't even know this guy.
You see she told me his name but it didn't matter
I didn't care much for it.

January 10, 2003 I'm scanning through the newspaper.
I see a guy's name similar
To mine, arrested for robbery \$100,000
Months later my mother tells me she saw my father
And he wants to get to know me.
I have nothing to say to him, eighteen years,
What could he say to me, "I'm sorry?"
Now phone calls here and there but that's not enough.
I have some questions, want some answers.

It's New Year's Eve I decide to go see him,
They call out C 73. Now I'm sitting there in this
Soft/rough yellow chair and a small blue table.
Here I am sitting across
From this caramel skin, bald head, light brown eyes man
I don't even know

And all I said, "Eighteen years no call, no letter
You know where my family lives.
There is no excuse
And did you ever think once when you did that robbery
And all the birthdays you missed, did you ever think
To put a birthday card in the mailbox with some money
Or even think of me needing anything for school?"

But you know it all good this is a new year
And we can put this behind us
And now you can become my
FATHER.

By Corelle Bayne
Wildcat class of 2007

Trade for Trag

Trag, you're as hard as a rock
But as sensitive as a mothering parent
Trag never speaks because Trag has
no heart.

Your life is as dead as a soap opera
But worth more than oil.

Before you faded our beef was as hot as fire
And we cracked faster than that tear that fell
From my eye when I said that final good-bye.
Trag your voice still rings like Sunday at 12 o'clock
Through my hallway.

"Nash, hurry up. We're gonna' be late."

Trag, if I could go back and stand where you stood,
I would
Just to stop the shot that pierced your ebony black face.
But now the casket's closed
The truth unfolds
And I say
To get you back
I will trade my soul.

By Nash Johnson
Attended Wildcat 2000 - 2001