

Kites



Uplifting Poems

Issue 2: October 2019

["The summer wind blowing in the beginning"]

The summer wind blowing in the beginning
Leaves of the tree falling as time was evolving
Heart confined like the winter as time was ending

Jacob

Patience

is the act of waiting while the weight of the world is lifted off your shoulders—as you shoulder through another decade in prison.

Charles

1

2

["Summer in the heart"]

Summer in the heart
Celebrate in the light
Falling in the rains

Anonymous

Brave

Fool
Deceive
Pretend that you're not
Pretend that you are
Me
A fool

Anonymous

How You Face Yourself

The scream is loud—really loud—but I'm too proud.
Just trying to be found.
You can't hear the sound.
It's out of bounds.
Close my eyes. I see myself.
So dark, no sound.
I'm the toy on the shelf.
I'm breaking down. I'm out of line.
But I'm not really worried.
I'll be fine.

Alex

4

3

14

13

["My two beautiful children"]

My two beautiful children
are filled with smiles and laughter
as we finish this chapter.
Hear how they turn to tornadoes and
turn Mommy's house to a beautiful
disaster.

Jerrelle

11

Padre

The light you provide
For me and my brothers
Like the light
The sun provides
The world
Your battles untold
For the greater goal
To provide for us
Keeping me healthy and whole
A soldier victorious
In creating a loving soul

Miguel

12

Love Versus Hate

Loving yourself
One day at a time
Victoriously
Every day

5

Hating the path you lead
Addiction after addiction
Time after time
Enough is enough

Kenny

6

Right What's Wrong

Though you've lost, and I've been away,
I'm still here praising you every day.
Three short lives, baby—I'm so sorry.
Three short lives—still a beautiful story.
Though we've lost, we've learned so
much.
Those in the future—they will feel our
touch.
We can never right what's been wronged.
There'll be another for which we've
longed.

Shilo

10

Eventually

Patience is like an hourglass of time.
Eventually I will get what's mine.

Joshua

9

Confined in Your Remains

I.
Falling heavily with winter flower
Each summer celebrate the waterfall
farewell
Bound up in the throat
Lodged in the roots of the heart
II.
Celebrate your own remains first
Flowers of winter heart
Covered in two

Kenny and Shilo

8

["Black of night"]

Black of night.
Guns, drugs,
homies, money.
Should I go?
No. No.
No, I said.
Best decision ever.
Coulda been dead.

Charles

7