



NEW YORK CITY DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION  
**GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL – Marc Pascente, Principal**  
**Dr. Robertson, Assistant Principal, Supervision, Communication Arts & Music**  
2127 Himrod Street Ridgewood, NY 11385 718.381.9600 extension 1371 fax 718.417.8457  
[mpascente@schools.nyc.gov](mailto:mpascente@schools.nyc.gov)

English 10H  
Mrs. Smith

Name\_\_Nare Varzhapetyan\_\_

### “The Human Mind”

I have been taught to “never judge a book by its cover”.  
To withhold doubt and to grasp at the fine bold letters that spell “NARE”.  
Yes my name, for I was taught my name is what gives me power.  
For it can bring light into a world of darkness and dim out all the voices.  
All the voices that with each heartbeat, echo.  
“You'll never make it”  
“It's too late”  
“Your a girl, behave like one”  
“Smile and sit pretty”  
It's known that actions speak louder than words, but what if I said words intel much more than actions?  
For one can stay silent and yet that silence says it all.  
For one can hesitate and yet that hesitation, that moment of pause, can stir a bowl dizzy.  
For one can speak and yet their crossed fingers set the motive of conversation.

What one says can open a door bearing doubt.  
That pulls you in, slams the door shut, locking each exit and hiding all windows.  
No space to move, no air to breathe and no hope to dream.  
That compresses each and every kind of thought in your head.  
The good and bad, the bright and dim, the big and small.  
To find the strength strong enough to fight through that door.  
To break it down and to tear all the limits it powered over you.

But that's the thing about doubt.  
Only you can decide whether something has control over you.  
Has the authority of defining you, setting you back, or restricting you.  
Where comes doubt comes appearance.  
What will you do?  
Will you let into the doubts? Will you run?  
Or will you stay?

I chose to stay.  
I chose to let my mind have its own authority.  
The quality of turning negative to positive.  
Corrupted to mended.  
And bothered to unphased.  
The human brain can comprehend about 800 words per minute.  
And within those 800 words being heard, I chose to listen to the ones that appeal to me.  
That reassure me, that comfort me, that guide and heal me,  
Not those that wish upon my destruction, and dream upon the disturbance of the peace within me.  
Now though the words that will guide me are few while the destructing ones are a couple hundred.  
I chose to hear all but only accept a few.

My mind has one of its own.  
One that creates visions, sceneries, dreams, and wishes.  
All that leads to one link; hope.  
Hope of success, hope of a flourishing future and the hope of a world full of guidance.  
I'm thankful for all and everything  
I'm thankful for my mind.  
The mind that allows me the strength of pushing forward through what was known and seen as impossible.  
The mind that doesn't allow for lateness, doubt or uncertainty.  
The mind that changed "you'll never make it" to "it'll take time, but you will get there".  
The mind that changed "it's too late" to "time never stops, only you determine how that time will be spent".  
The mind that changed "your a girl behave like one" to "use your voice and be fearless like a girl"  
And the mind that changed "smile and sit pretty" to "smile and stand tall in a room full of those sitting".

To be thankful means to understand the depth of importance.  
Everyday is important  
Everyone is important  
And how we allow ourselves the authority of life is important.  
To live, to love, and to be thankful means to be of nature.  
I am thankful.