

Poem 1:

Written By: Angel Wallace

What am I thankful for?

The transient feeling of dopamine I get from overpriced clothes?

The insipid notion of purposeless achievements?

Or the friends that stand at the perimeter of my life just narrowly peering in the window?

No it's the saturating feeling of delight

when the sun breaks through the glass panes of my window and onto my face.

*The glory of being free despite the horrors
that patrols the streets.*

The parents that encompasses me,

When defeat strikes me down.

The people who go all out,

When they are all out.

And the bitter sweet taste of being here,

To experience the things I am thankful for.

Poem 2:

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There are innumerable things I am grateful for.

The Euphoric rush of acing a test.

That's my brain.

Taking criticism, converting them into stepping stones.

That's my ears.

The influential words that put a voice to my thoughts.

That's my mouth.

The astounding flow of the pencil as I write.

That's my hands.

The shivers that make me skip a beat while following the constant flux of writing.

That's my heart.

The solidified will of undying promise that prances around giving me fuel to never give up.

That is my soul.

The soul that will never waver.

Poem 3:

Written By: Angel Wallace

Blood and Bones

“What are you thankful for?”

That’s not right..

Let’s try again.

“How are you thankful for?”

Almost..

One more time.

“Why are you thankful for?”

*Why are you thankful for the lions who disguise as bunnies in the meadow
to fit in knowing they do wrong?*

*Why are you thankful for the people in blue
Who tarnish the ones in black.*

*Why are you thankful for a man in a tie
which is only wary of himself?*

*Why do the lions which have two fingers crossed behind their backs get freed
But the bunnies get tortured and killed?*

*Why do the hunters gaze upon the bunnies knowing one is out of place
And still decide to bang their hammer and yell “Guilty” to an in place bunny?
The hunters gaze around the wall of the law which provides protection to them and only them.
How is the dishonest and biased way of mind something to be thankful for?*

*Why do we keep allowing the people in blue to stain the floor in red which comes from the people
in black.*

*Why does apathetic and insensitive opinions crowd the public eye
Instead of the people in black laying on the ground unresponsive, sending a message to the world
that won’t step up and send one back?*

*Why do we decide to dim the light coming from the people in black when all they want to do
is get their chance to shine bright like the rest of us had?*

*Why thank those who turn their heads the other way, pointing fingers at the men in black, but
never the stained hands of the corrupted men in blue that hold the weapon?*

*Why do we let corruption fill our hearts with satisfaction
From a man who hides the truth behind a wall of deficient lies?
Why do we let a man with a mountain of faces
Play pretend with malicious intents which only benefit himself?*

*Why do we allow hatred towards a group
Cloud our concept of what's wrong and what's right?
Why thank the political entities that flood our territory with lies and acts of "justice" masking it
with a bright smile and prestigious acts.*

*Instead let's thank those who put their foot out first to take the first step to a better community.
Thank those who give us their voice which acts like a wall against discord, feeding us closure.
Thank those who take the shadow that dims upon us and pivots, enlightening the beautiful world
in which we live in.*

*We should be standing up and doing something.
Be thankful for them.
Not the corruption that we see and lower our heads to.*