

BROWARD COLLEGE NORTH CAMPUS



A Global Event

September 24, 2011

Coconut Creek, Florida

**Professor David Plumb's
Student Class Read**

Violence

Christiam Chavez

There are thieves who murder a soul for one dollar.
 There are those who commit domestic and child abuse.
My friend died in a car accident, caused by an irresponsible alcoholic driver.
 I had a neighbor who was raped by a depraved pervert.
I see drugs in my neighborhood and parks.
 In the news kids are killing kids.
Mothers are killing their babies and dumping them in the garbage.
 Sons are killing their parents.
Butchers kidnap for money.
 People are turning to bribe at jobs and government.
I heard of a president affair and shame.
 I don't care his name, all I know there's no more good morals.
God! There's no more good news.
 All I hear is the suffering, I hear the voices beg and cry.
Babies cry, everybody cries, I cry too, when I see all this injustices.
 Even the earth pleads and cries for justice, before God.
It implores, stop please, no more killings.
 No more tears and blood shaded on my lands ground.
It begs, please no more transgressions.
 If the earth cries, and I being made of dust and unfair, I also cry.
Why doubt that God cries too?
 I'm sad, I'm mad and I'm indignant.
If I feel this way too, imagine God.
 I'm sure there's an evil running the human minds.
May be you can't see it, but there's something beyond our minds driving this wicked acts.
 You might not know whom to blame, but I'll tell you one of his name.
We all hear his voice in our minds and his name is father of lies.
 Let's not be fooled to become his puppets carried away by his demands.
This bastard says in our minds, it's ok to murder, to lie, to steal, to be unfaithful, to abuse, just to
 satisfy our needs.
But, he speaks only lies and we don't have to listen to his voice.
 Neither, we have to obey his will.
Instead, let's turn back to God; let's be compassionate, merciful, and lovely in one mind.
 What are we waiting? Let's change our minds and extend our hands to help our kind.

Prey of Self

Burdley Colas

Oh say can you see
My eyes banded
My mouth duck-tapped
In this gloom society

Feet shackled
Hands chained
Justice a diaper
Full of shit

That smells
In our empty
Conscience, our
Divine morality

Who are we to kill?
Is this our great will?
Does death
Grant justice?

Don't close your eyes
You are all witnesses
Stop the judges
Oh say can't you see?

So What Is It Gonna Be?

Vernise Miguel

One thing I want to ask you;
What is it gonna be?
Take care of me 'till I die
Or show me the steps?

Your purpose is to supply.
Should you provide every single day?
Or simply proffer the opportunities for me to be my own provider?
What is it gonna be?

I'm thankful that you've stopped the growl of my stomach,
Grateful that my cup is filled
But look, it's empty.
Nothing is mine to keep
Except my filled stomach

On my way back, I trace my squalor path,
My bed of anxiety awaits.
I'm going home, there should be a smile
But it's just crooked lips facing downward.
Maybe a half-smile will come when my steps are
The opposite of home.

Like a baby waiting on a caregiver to have his bottle,
I shall be waiting.
All I do is wait.
Wait to fall in line,
Wait to be served,
Wait to return home, and
Finally wait to die in this tenuous state.

This is a narrow box called trap.
I'm trapped.
Hope? What is that?
Where does the hope come from
When all you do is hand me my daily bread?
Is there any hope that these legs
Will walk on their own?

Please hear my vociferous plea!
This is exigent.
Turn off your perfunctory attitude, and listen.
Make my existence seems worthwhile.

These hands were made to feed this mouth.
How can I do that without work?
So what is it gonna be?
Give me a fish for a day or teach me how to fish for a lifetime.
What is it gonna be?

The Route of the 60 bus

Abigail Gilmore

I get off the 18,

I sit at the stop.

I watch cars come and go,

Even saw a cop.

Looking at my watch every 10 minutes,

Getting frustrated every time I look around the corner without a sign!

It frustrates me every morning,

When I have to look on the bus schedule

And see that it disobeys it at all time

Comes when it feels like,

I feel that it even limes.

When it finally comes,

5, 10 or 15 minutes after the time it should come,

Somehow I don't feel relieved when I see it, can you add up the sum??

It then goes around the corner n waits 15 minutes more,

I am late for class, should I burst open the door??

With frustration I sigh heavily and put my legs on the seat.

Thinking about the time I could beat!

My Ex-Boyfriend Obama

Kara Machowski

I think I fell for you the first time I laid my eyes on you

and I knew we were meant to be

it was almost like a dream come true

to finally have you

you said everything I wanted to hear

then our dreams started to fall apart

there were promises you couldn't keep

one day I just couldn't recognize you anymore

the glimmer that I loved faded

you left me jobless

no home to call my own

no sunlight before singing

you never brought my brother,

son, or father home

you took my freedom of choice

you made me believe in us

you convinced me I was like no other

America, the beautiful

Change Our Selves

Jose Cruz

Oh why is change so hard, when it should not be.

Change is all around us; just take a look and see.

Things are changing every moment, all day and through the night.

Crazy, why is change so hard, when it should not be?

Perhaps the things that people think, that should be the key.

The power of thought, mind, will, spirit, love, all those things wrapped into one.

Can our thoughts be made real or do the collective bones of our ancestors,

Telegraph the past, in conspiracy to influence our lives,

Are their fantasies our realities?

One day in the dawn of night, when I was in limbo between the dream world and my reality,

I had a moment of pure clarity wash over me,

Ironically letting me shut my eyes and glimpse into my heart's uninterrupted thought;

That allowed me to visualize and sense my true self.

As quick as a dream I realized all the possibilities,

We people... we the human race... we are limitless.

Our only bound is our imagination.

The question now is how do we change our selves and how do we change our realities.

Simply put we are god force consciousness,

Through our desire, will and energy we can change our selves.

But there are still many negative thought forms, expressions, interactions, and entities

That can limit our positive expression and growth.

I say screw that lets dare to be the best possibilities;

Dare to reach our highest goals with no fear.

Let us “fear not” and just stand by and stare,

Let us reach, through self mastery the highest levels of human evolution.

Let’s understand ourselves by looking within.

Brother Can You Spare a Dime

Verna Robinson

Brother can you spare a dime,
or ten minutes of your time.

Listen, I don't want a hand out,
I want the tools to get out.

I know that you're a busy politician,
but I want you to hear my petition.

In my city give me sidewalks, streetlights and
schools that enhance bright minds

Change the curriculum to include,
banking and economics for inter-city schools.

Give direction to the young men on the corners,
because, drug dealers are lost business owners.

Alter the way tax breaks are given,
so that the poor can have a better living

Lower the price of gas a little more,
so I can drive farther than the grocery store.

Put Down That Cigarette!

Ali Sabri

I see people going to stores to buy cigarette packs,
They buy, buy and buy until they empty all the racks,
Then the racks are refilled,
What is wrong with this world?

Many people pass by me smoking without care.
Cigarette smoke fills the air,
The air becomes thickened,
Like a fog.

I tell people smoking is bad,
Then the smokers get mad,
They yell to defend their rights to smoke
As if smoking is as valuable as gold
And never gets old,
And so the smokers continue to puff, puff, and puff
And cannot get enough.

I see smokers coughing,
As loud as thunder,
And the coughs are continuous
Like the universe itself.

I smell cigarette smoke everywhere on everything,
From the sky to my own clothes
The scent of cigarette smoke surely blows!

I then imagine in my mind,
The damage smokers do to their lungs.
I visualize lungs filled with fluid
That looks syrupy and oozy like slime.
Smoking should be a crime.

I see smokers dying
And I start crying.
They die from lung cancer
And I ask myself
How could they kill themselves?
They take their life like it's not precious,
Similar to killing their own family.
When someone dies from smoking their alone,
If someone who smokes kills their family

That smoker is also alone.

Smoking separates a person from the joy of life.

So listen to me!

Try not to smoke and do yourself pain

Because when you die from smoking there is no gain.

Poem for Change

Jodie Clarke

I wonder why sit back to their attacks and feed into their straight facts and get full of ourselves eating of the plate of handed down opinions. I have an opinion worth sharing. Why kill over religion if it's only one God? Who gave us the right to spill blood over belief and get hostile with kissed teeth as they seek other ways of reaching out to the wondrous almighty? If you agree...nod. How do we stop food chains that make an increase to the obese and with us giving in the epidemic may never cease. We have an opinion worth sharing. Where is the appreciation for the teacher because I know it's not felt in their paychecks, why is our national debt not paid yet, and I see too many homeless vets paying rent to median without a landlord. Oh Lord, what about nuclear power that has power over our psyches. Thinking one day we just might be blown to pieces and politicians believe peace is- to overrated or complicated to shoot for-so the answer? Shoot more- keep score, sit back relax and watch it from the point of view like watching a football match. We have a reason to start caring. Since most don't.

YOU PEOPLE (US)

Leontine Morgan

It can't even bring you happiness

You love it so much

You will kill for it

You will steal for it

Sacrifice your soul for it

Sacrifice your dignity

Sacrifice your morals

The man that you are

The woman that you think you are

You weren't even born with it

Silver spoon you say?

The person feeding you is just nice enough to share

Why can't you?

Why are my taxes higher?

Why are you so mean?

You have good insurance

You have a nice house

You have a nice car

You have nice clothes

You have food on your table

WHY ARE YOU SO MEAN

WHY ARE YOU SO SELFISH

WHY ARE YOU SO GREEDY

Mom he isn't rich

I want to be with him

I WANT TO BEEEE with him

WHY CAN'T I BE

Dad he isn't the same color

I want to be with him

WHY CAN'T I BE

WHY ARE YOU SO IGNORANT?

2500 PEOPLE!!!!

NOW we have added security

He or She is Muslim

SO WHAT

He or She is gay

SO WHAT

He or She is Black

SO WHAT

She is a porn star

SO WHAT

Did you go to law school?

Are you presiding?

You can't even mind your own business

You sensationalize

You advertise

You immortalize

That which does not matter

I don't have enough paper

I don't have enough time

I don't have enough brain

So much needs to be changed

Start with who you are

Who you want to be

Who you have become

Look around

Prayer is Free

True love is Free

Random acts of kindness are free

And for the record

So is recycling

Slow Death

Priscilla Martinez

What is left of us?
Can you see how far we have come?
Have you smelled the roses today?
I can tell you haven't
Do you remember how the wind feels?
Can you still see the morning dew glistening on the grass?
How much is it to full up your car?
How much is your light bill?
50 dollars for my Nissan Altima
Almost 300 for electricity during the summer
Do you know how to recycle?
Paper, plastic, glass?
Or one black bag containing everything?
We need more houses
We need more buildings
Who cares if we're killing animals?
They are just that, animals
Right?
Let's tear down their homes
Let's decrease our oxygen
We'll manage
See that hole up there?
You want to make it bigger?
Keep killing the forest!
Keep polluting the ocean!
Keep destroying our home!
We will all end up dead sooner or later
Right?
Let's make it sooner
Do not save our food source
Do not save our way of life
Let us just sit here and die slowly
Have you smelled the roses today?

Clean Up Aisle Earth

Antonio Zuniga

A once natural, elegant Earth is now a scarred, insipid being
A metropolis of human desecration has battered Mother Nature
You can hardly hear her voice anymore
It is hoarse with anguish and despair
Our trees are vanishing, being abducted by the factories that are replacing them
Fresh water doused in the refuse of our merciless race
When will we harmonize?
When can we understand?
Not anytime soon
Our planet's true beauty passes us by with a grimace as we fail to acknowledge its presence
We're a blind troop exchanging pure souls for a manmade life
Humanity is lost and unforgiving
We continue to drown the oceans in their own water with byproducts of human filth and neglect
Our failed culture plays God and makes its mark time and time again
Every day we force life against its will
Then swallow it whole, killing what came first
Respect Earth as a living being, not a machine
Our flora isn't mechanical, nor should our feelings be
Polluting our air makes it harder for Earth to breathe
And clouds our mind causing us to drop bombs so hastily
It's time to connect our limbs with Mother Nature
It's time to relinquish the carelessness of what we do
And rebuild an Earth that makes her comfortable
Live as one community, not two

ANONYMOUS

Mahailia Smith

I try to remain anonymous to the world
So anonymous I don't even want them to know whether I'm a boy or a girl
The whole place seems so judgmental and stereotypical
And if you ask me I think they are all hypocritical

Just because I was born black doesn't mean I'm destined to be a criminal or convict
And why does everything have to be so sexist?
Just because I am a woman doesn't mean I belong in the office
Oh, and the most common one that I come across just about everyday
Yeah I'm brown skinned with straight hair but that doesn't mean I want to blow your whole
country away

See, this is just an idea of the way the world thinks
That's why I have decided to remain anonymous
So that no one could judge me and tell me who I am
Therefore no one will be able to tell me what I could do from what I can't

Unspoken

Catherine Osias

Let talk about the little girl so badly bruise with tear stained cheeks

Hidden in the corner of an old dusty room

Scared to come out of hiding,

Because her dad will be home soon.

The innocent boy forced to watch his mother get beaten by the hands of her own husband.

Forced to take on the life with fast cash and broken dreams.

Because life on the streets don't require you to carry no feelings.

Or the elder forced out of the privacy of home.

So badly ill with little hope to see tomorrow.

Residing in an unfamiliar place, unattended and unloved by care givers.

Because the only thing their presence is good for is a steady pay check.

Fights to stay alive so that one day they may meet their grandchildren.

There are people who offer ways to escape from the harsh environment.

But it's a complicated task when there are unspoken dreams

Unspoken fights

Unspoken things

Speaking out loud is a dubious task for a person suffering from domestic violence

A person like me who couldn't find a way out

I was that little girl trapped in that dusty room

I took on that life filled with fast cash and broken dreams

I became the elder alone in that unfamiliar place

Day by day I tried to break free from life's harsh punishment

And when I had enough I cried out from the top of my lungs

And there in the mist of my tears I found a friend to listen

But the rest is still unspoken.

A Wish

Sandra Richlieu

You left.

You never took a glance through the rearview of what you were leaving behind.

Will she understand it wasn't about her?

She couldn't possibly, when you still weren't here?

You blame me for your absence.

Reality, your relationship with the child has nothing to do with me.

You dirt bag, poor example of a role model.

I could go on, but we'll just stop it here for now.

Every chance you get, screaming for the attention of 2000+ on a list you don't even know.

Who is this acquainted stranger?

Appearance, quite familiar, but character, I wish I couldn't remember.

Who had you become?

She (my conscience) answered aloud, "No one he wasn't already, you were just in denial".

What do I say, when she asks about you?

The tears that fill my eyes are not for myself

But for the ones that will run down her face.

Could I be the blame for the tears?

I play my role on a daily basis.

Can't play yours, so I just wish.

Wish you weren't such a deadbeat and comfortable with it.

Wish that the system wasn't so nonchalant about it.

I wish you understood, an active father does matter!

Slow Down

Stacilove Bien-aime

Rushing was your prelude.

You must have blamed him or her for you being on the run.

The inconsiderate bastard who ran my puppy, Lex, over on September 19, 2011 saw him loose.

He saw my sister, waving her hand like a fool to get him to slow down.

Heck, if my sister would have jumped in front of that car, it would have been her life.

No slowing down, no stopping after hitting him; they just did the hit and run action.

No concern if the poor puppy was even breathing.

No sign at all if their conscious had taken place.

You know what, if I were my puppy I'd use my last breath to say "SCREW YOU" with my fist up in the air, to those and that bastard.

What is wrong with you drivers? Who cares if you're in a hurry?

Street was a 25 MPH zone. Matter of fact, this is a rural neighborhood.

And you went on and took my puppy's life from our family.

Adrenaline rush is a selfish bastard, and so is rush hour.

People, people, people.

Change your bad driving; switch gears.

Save a life, maybe yours.