

Voces de Libertad presents:

Youth Speak ©ut

Poems by Poets

of the Santa Fe County
youth detention facility

Published
September 25th, 2016

These poems were created over a period of over two years by a number of different young people being held, generally for short periods of time, at the Santa Fe County Youth Development Center. The emotion and eloquence that the poems demonstrate are testimony to the strength and positive energy of the youth who wrote them even in the midst of extremely challenging life experiences. Those of us working with these creative poets who have so much to offer their communities have gained a great deal from knowing them and are extremely grateful for the opportunity.

The poetry workshops are a project of Amigos Biblioteca Library at the detention center. The library and its programs are run by volunteers under the 501(c)(3) umbrella of the P-Project of Santa Fe. The poems were exhibited and performed at El Museo Cultural in Santa Fe on September 25, 2016. Our thanks to all who worked so hard to make that event happen.



Demetria Martinez teaches a poetry workshop at the SFCYDC

I COME FROM New Mexico where the music's good
and the chile is hot. Where the sunsets are calm, and
the weather is not. It's sunny one minute
and raining the next. I come from where mom's
enchiladas are really the best. I love my state
and where I was born, should I leave should
I stay, my feelings are torn. I'm from a place,
the direction is southwest, where the roadrunners
sprint, and night skies seem the best. Something
about my state separates me from the
rest. And I don't mean too literal, like
Trump building a fence. I'm talking about
the inside, my culture, my ambition.
I'm going to skyrocket destroy competition.
The sunsets, the chile, it's all my medication.
The music, the wind, it feels like meditation.

I worrie

I worrie about losing my freedom
 I worrie about losing my family
 I worrie about losing my boyfriend
 I worrie about not being able to be
 with the people I love and care about
 I worrie about my mother
 I worrie about how I am gonna
 get off probation
 I worrie about if I am gonna start
 using
 drugs again
 I worrie about having to face the
 wrong
 people
 I worrie about life
 I worrie about having to face YDDC.

- A.

Clueless

Clueless is white
 It sounds like unknown
 creatures in the shadows
 It smells like tropical fruit
 Punch but not knowing which fruit
 you're smelling.
 It tastes like blended food.
 And it feels like a headache.

- L.

Let me tell you about this man that meant everything to me. I don't know why but his favorite things were hats and horses. Everywhere hats and horses. Every single one was different. There was about 43 hats he had. A lot had horse related images but some had different things. Every day I wish that day he passed away wouldn't of come. Before he floated into the sky, he told me, "I want you to keep all my hats and take care of them." And of course I said I would. After I took a look at all his hats in every one of them in the inside smelled exactly like him and on the outside I could just smell that he was doing what he always liked to do.

• A.

I'M FROM MY momma's stomach.

From the bag around me, and belly
cord connected to my tummy.

I'm from the Mexican family, from the
one who eats recalentados after a holiday.

I'm from all the memories
that flash back in my
brain.

From the darkest one that will
never fade.

From the Brightest one that will
forever make me giggle.

I'm from November

From the hoodies season and colorful
nights.

I'm from heroin
from the drug they call Dope,
that brought all my goals down.

• E.

EXCITEMENT

EXCITEMENT is a neon yellow,
So bright you're exploding, like fireworks.

EXCITEMENT sounds like loud music,
like at a rave party, screaming of Joy.

EXCITEMENT smells just like a new car.

The taste of EXCITEMENT is citrus – a
powerful

kick of energy.

EXCITEMENT feels

like you're Speeding Down a rollercoaster,

Bursting OUT into air as if you were

Born Again.

• A.

I COME FROM the sound of a mountain lion

8

crying in the wind high in the mountain.

I come from the anger of my uncles

drinking late at night.

I come from the wild roses and

setting sun that brings happiness at first sight.

I come from the beautiful blue Arizona skies.

I come from the blue shade in my brothers eyes.

I come from the sad and lonely cry of my grandfather's guitar.

I come from my grandma's house which feels so close but yet is so far.

I come from the water that flows peacefully in the stream.

I come from the winds blowing swiftly down the mountain.

But it's all a dream.

• K.

WITH A MAN I call my king from orange skies
brown eyes days full of dreams knocks on the door
awakens me begging faces and sad eyes
with a story though I don't care to know
what that story is days like this turn into
awake nights sometimes in a house I don't call
a Home chasing clear dragons or a black sharp
pointed knight dealing with a begging face
and sad eyes or a night out in España town
with a man I call my king although the love
we have isn't for fairy tales maybe it isn't love
at all but lust we take off on our black Firebird
blue lights on the bottom pink lights on the inside
sitting on playboy rims with a back windshield that says
"Sinner" cuz that's what I guess we are Sinners
making a name we turn on the system and go
sometimes out to eat get my nails done or for just a stroll
to meet the begging faced people with sad story eyes
it seems wrong but the life I lived excites me
live fast die young and I'm doing well
it shouldn't be for me but it's all I know
the life I lead with a man I'd call my king.

Freedom Last

Seeing trees green on the leaves
brown on the branch, hear that
rat-a-tat-tat

Brings no feeling of happy
Rather emotions inside seem
to gather feeling the hate
to me the disgrace, one main
thing change.

In a maze up in the clouds
or even thinking of the outs.
No locks on the doors Bricks on the
walls, browns on my back
need to get away that's a fact

Done or wait correction to
your proper grammer I'm finished
the system for now, couple years
out of Lock Down.

• C.

Spirit of Peace

Please fill my heart, take
away all negativity and hate.
I'm tired of having a heavy
heart. I want to be free
from all temptation and hurt.
Help me feel the way I do
when I'm free and the way
I did when my father held me.

• V.

I come from beautiful Mexico
but grew up in New Mexico.

I come from the delicious green and
red enchiladas my mom makes.

I come from rap but also love
norteñas and dancing to them.

I come from the sirens of
the “cops.”

I come from the beautiful
mountains and light blue skies.

I come from the rattlesnakes
and roadrunners.

I come from the fun parties
but the question if I’m going
to go back home goes through
my mind.

I come from the kill drugs
but we don’t think of them
that way.

Thank you holy spirit for Earth

For science

For fire

For our eyes so we can

Capture almost every moment

In our lives.

- T.

SADNESS IS LIKE burning grass,
Sadness is black like my dog's fur.
Sadness happens when you fall.
Sadness sounds like a dog barking
loudly.
Sadness disappears when you cry.

- K.

If Justice Were a Tattoo

If justice were a tattoo it would have me and everyone walking up stairs with broken shackles going up to the gates of heaven, the gates would be shining brighter than times square at 12:00 on new year's, it would have angels blowing their horns of glory louder than the super bowl at the last minute.

God would be standing at the gate with his arm open meaning, "welcome back home my children."

- B.

I Love the Ocean

For the ocean is bright blue lit by the sun

The sun has courage to light all isolated places

For I am an isolated place I do not open up like a book

A book that has courage to fill itself with courageous words

Courageous words that give me discipline

With discipline I cannot be distracted.

- J.

Who Am I

As I stare in the mirror

I see this young lady

Who is very smart

I can see it

In her eyes

I see love

And potential

In her heart

I also see beauty

In her face.

She's bright like the sun.

Happy like a rainbow.

Who is this young lady

I see in the mirror?

Could this be me?

• J.

I COME FROM Spaña New Mexico where there's a
good friday every year you can kick back and walk
and see the nice rides pass by and see the low riders
hitting there switches at the parking lot at walmart
and later night we kick back play games
with my family kick back outside and see the sky.

SAD COMES FROM the tears in my eyes.

The color of sad is dark purple it comes
from a dark place like when a girl gets hit
in the face by a weak man.

Every time I mess up I feel sad 'cause they lock me up
in this jail cell away from my family.

The sad sounds that I hear is the sound of my mom's
voice
crying in tears.

But when I get home I see my mom's beautiful face
with a smile on it.

• O.

Impatience

Impatience is a dull
Brown, so boring, you feel
so

Bored.

It sounds like a ticking
time bomb,

Because how much
boredom can one person
take?

Impatience smells like a
wet dog that won't ever
dry.

Tastes like copper pennies.

But when you're impatient,
it feels as if Time has
stopped.

• T.

Joyful

Joyful is maroon.

It sounds like bells

It smells like cinnamon

It tastes like homemade
biscochitos!

And it feels like butterflies in
your

tummy. You have to hold on to
something

before you can float away.

• S.

IF JUSTICE WERE

a road it would be clean
and wide and brand new,
and bright and light,
with no cops.

If justice was a song
it would have a sick
beat, it would rhyme,
and would be soft,
peaceful and calm,
and long with no ending
to the song.

• J.

