



Where Quincy Meets Green

Spring 2017

Writers in Residence

presents

Where Quincy Meets Green

University Heights, Ohio
Juvenile Detention Center (JDC)
Ohio Department of Youth Services (ODYS)

*Fifty-eight thousand
and more*

Mission Statement:

We strive to reduce the rate of recidivism within the juvenile justice system by facilitating an open forum for artistic self-expression and constructive self-reflection while also fostering genuine, lasting relationships.

Introductory Notes:

Description of the Writers in Residence Program

The Writers in Residence Program facilitates weekly, creative writing workshops for the residents of the JDC and ODYS; the residents range from 14-22 years of age. Each week students from John Carroll present various works to the residents (poetry, prose, letters, etc.), discuss the works, and then provide time for the residents to write their own works based on the theme of the day. Lastly, residents and John Carroll students then share their work with the large group, if they so choose.

A Letter from the Editors

Dear Readers,

In her book, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Maya Angelou wrote: “There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”

Those of you who know what it is like to bear the agony of an untold story may also know the clarity and relief that comes with catharsis. The process of creation allows the artist to transcend his/her reality, to reach deeper truths that, otherwise, could never be attained.

Before the Writers in Residence Program, the four of us had experienced those self-epiphanic moments through our own creative self-expression, particularly with writing, and after witnessing and participating in The Carroll Ballers Program, it occurred to us that incarcerated youth in our country were among those bearing the agony of the untold story.

We wanted to create a space to empower the voices of the voiceless. The next step was reaching out to see if the residents desired such a space. During a Carroll Baller's session, we piloted a creative writing workshop, our first one with the residents of the JDC, to gauge the residents' interest in the Program, and to discern how to best accompany them. At the end of the workshop, we asked: "Should we come back to do more workshops?" Their response was unanimous.

And so, we created the Writers in Residence Program, inspired by the model and mission of The Carroll Ballers. We began conducting weekly creative writing workshops with incarcerated youth: women at the JDC and men at ODYS.

It's hard to believe that was four months ago. For an entire semester, we had the fortune to work alongside these women and men, fostering community, witnessing them craft their stories, and experiencing their growth and frustrations. But we did not want to keep these experiences and stories to ourselves.

We felt obliged to share our experiences and stories with you, and we decided that the best way to do that was by publishing what is now in your hands.

Where Quincy Meets Green was named after the streets on which the JDC and ODYS stand, and is filled with a compilation of the untold stories of the young women and men that we got to know over the course of this semester.

As you read this anthology, you may note that there are errors according to grammar and spelling conventions. We have decided to forego any editing in order to protect and preserve the voices of the artists you will meet in the following pages.

Most importantly, a word of thanks to those who participated in the workshops. It has been a joy to witness all of you unearth pieces of your once-untold stories.

We hope you enjoy.

Rachel Schratz
Michalena Mezzopera
Zachary Thomas
Anthony Shoplik

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Untitled

By: Charday

I wandered lonely as a fly,
that flys high in
the sky, over people. I fly down
over the Group of people. They
can hear me but
not see me. in the loud-quiet
i found my voice that **NOBODY**
ever that i had. You finally
can't avoid me.

The Poet and the Singer

By: Tink

I am a
poet

My words
have rhythm.

The words I
speak are heard
on TV.

I am a
queen

My art brings
Chills and rhythm
to my feet.

We bring
people together.
We make a
Joyful noise.

I am a
singer

My voice is
beautiful.

The lyrics have
Beat.

My music is
powerful. They
hear it overseas.

A Change It Will Be

By: D. L.

The pain and the struggle
The death of my uncle
the hate the despise
Me doing all this time
I think of my mother
and what she has done
Picture her crying at a funeral of her son
I see my future
It doesn't look right
I got a lot of anger
that leads to fights
I try to do right
but often fail
Don't want the rest of my life in Jail.

A lawyer a doctor is what I could be
A life of no worries forever free
and changing the lives around me
a change one day it will be.

The pain I cant disguise can be seen

By: Marckila

The pain I cant disguise can be seen
Right through my eyes
It's ok I can cry I'll let my heart be my guide
No Miracles are not Magic
And Magic can end up tragic
But Miracles formed by God and that's what
I wish to happen

The tears I cry From a sea and I
Sail that sea like I'm captain
But then I drown in My soul and
There's no out cuz I'm trapped in

Life's a roller coaster I just Make
Sure I'm strapped in
No flyin under influence so they'll
Be No crashin
Flyin through the clouds can't determine
A direction
See a Monster in the Mirror hopin
It aint my Reflection
Tired of expectations always
Facing perfection
When I try to escape I can't escape
The connection

Acknowledgement

By: N. J.

I hate the fact that my first love will not acknowledge me.

Since my incarceration, I reached out to my first love, that I haven't talked to, nor seen in about 6 or 7 yrs. Despite how long it's been, She's been running a marathon through my mind. Hate it or love it, She's still my 1st love. I finally found a way to get her number, I felt complete. She was astonished to hear from me. About a month later, everything went wrong when, one day, I called her. I didn't know for sure, but I'm pretty sure that it was her girlfriend that picked up the phone, due to my source I found out that she was bi-sexual.¹ Her girlfriend picked up the phone, and refused to put my 1st love on the phone. Due to her non-compliance, I used some nasty choice of words. Come to find out that she told my 1st love about my newly expanded vocabulary, which came to why she left me for dead for another year to come. It shattered me.

I just wanted an explanation on why she's been ignoring me, you know, because it's bad enough I'm in jail stressing just because, a man could only have so many headaches.

One day, being bored, I reached out to her once again, preparing to be neglected. I was used to it. Surprisingly, she replied, and I finally got the opportunity to ask her what went wrong. She explained to me that her "girlfriend" told her that I called HER out of her name, and she realized that it hurt her to see me in the situation that I've been placed in. Long story short, we were starting a new beginning, which I thought was going to last. This "fresh start" lasted about a week, when I texted her, and she hit me with "don't call me", and that she blocked me on social media.

The last thing that she said was, "I will never be your 1st love".

-Anonymous

¹ Instagram

Only If You Knew

By: D. S.

Only if you knew the things I go through.

Only if you knew the mazes of streets I've walked through.

When the prey doesn't always get stalked but the predator get stalked too.

Only if you knew the demons I've talked to.

When they tell me yes to the things I shouldn't do.

Only if you knew why I liked red but I didn't like blue.

Because red is the color of death and the sky, the color of blue.

I just wish you could walk in my shoes.

Where you don't depend on nobody but you.

To see everything that I've told you is not a lie but only the truth.

Miracle

By: T. B.

I just need a miracle
Im feeling so lost I dont know
where to go
This path im on leads down
into a crossing road
Making a decision on
which way to go
The dark night fighting with my eyes
continues to make my vision low
These thoughts in my mind
only the heart would know
The stomach turning feeling
that the correct path will never show
God give me a miracle
A light starts to shine bright
down the narrow road
before I know it im taking
steps towards that god given road
realizing that god showed
me the way to go
I just got a Miracle

Love Letter From a Piece of Paper to a Pen

By: Catherine

I love the way you glide
upon the lines.
You make my surface shine
with your words
you leave me blind.

Homie Hamlet

By: D. L.

To be or not

to be or not

Homie Hamlet thinks a lot

to be or not

to be or not

it is the Question

the lesson

that stressin and messin and keeping

him guessin

Bout what he's destined

Homie Hamlet got a lot of problems

The Lion and the Tabby Cat

By: Jasmine

I am the king of
the jungle
I am free, I
roam wherever
I please.

in order to feed
my family.

I am the master.

It shakes the trees

in the hot safari sun

I spend hours prowling
in the jungle

I hunt—

after rodents &
alies in the house

I am on a steady
schedule of my
master.

When I roar

okay, it's more
of a meow

I spend my day

by my scratching
Post

I walk all over
the house

I am the
ruler of
this domain.
a powerful, fierce
cat.

I am the king
of this house

after rodents &
alies in the house

I am on a steady
schedule of my
master.

okay, it's more
of a meow

by my scratching
Post

I walk all over
the house

For the Love of Poetry

By: Elizabeth

The way your words compliment
those pages,
our loves grows into different
stages♥
I feel most complete when
I read you.
I hope you feel the same too ♥
You will always be the love
of my life,
unfortunately you're a work of writing
and not my wife♥

Dear June,

Its crazy man I never thought I would be talking to you like this. You where the Big Brother I always wanted although I drifted away. I knew you'd always be there. Yea I got Shawntee, Shawnman, lil Shawn, and Dorien and they were my Blood Brothers but you always felt more like a Brother to me. It was always me, you, Q, and Fu we were always together. Doing a whole lot of stuff the nerf wars we used to have turning the house into a battlefield. When we used to build forts in the living with the couch pillows and playing the game all night playing pranks on who ever went to sleep first. You were the one who got me into playing sports although are main love was football we also played basketball. Even though I feel I was the better athlete you used to always beat me at every sport we played but thats whats big cousins are for. I remember when we were little kids and we used to stay at Auntie Ken house and we used to all sleep on the air bed and them accidents used to happen (it may have been me) me and Q used to stay blaming each other for it. You was always the pretty boy of the group, stayed with designer clothes, shoes, stayed with the money and always had the girls. We were pretty much the same person the only major difference was that you always had your dad. And mine was in and out of jail so we never had the chance to have the relationship that you and yo dad had. You also was adventurous always trying something new like when you started skateboarding and had us doing it to. You had us out there doing kickflips, ollies, manuals, grinding, etc... I think being locked up made me realize how much we really drifted apart and Im tryna get back to those days. I remember the last time I seen you it was April 21, 2015 at Mi-Mi's funeral (my sister) and we were sitting in the car talk with Shawntee, Q, and Joe Joe. We was talking bout how Cleveland was crazy talking bout how Shawntee got shot in the leg just walking down the street. Its crazy bro that im locked up but im gone be home real soon and im gone stay out of trouble when I do come home.

Love Always Yo,
K. C.

TBD Pt. 1

By: C. G.

Hurry up grab the money. Ronnie finally woke up from a horrible nightmare. He been having this nightmare since him and his cousin K-Shawn robbed a dice game. Ever since then their bond has been getting better. He has been taking care of his cousin since they were younger. He promised his great aunt on her deathbed that K-Shawn would stay out of trouble. Ronnie got out of bed and did his daily routine and went to the hood. When he arrived on the corner he seen the gang and K-Shawn was there too. When Ronnie walked up everybody dapped him up. Perfect pulled him to the side and let him know some dudes from a few streets down were looking for him as Perfect was informing him about what was going on he heard someone scream 7mile. When Ronnie heard that he looked towards K-Shawn and K-Shawn wasn't paying attention, he was talking to Jazmine. Shots were fired and Perfect yelled he "Shootout" so him, Ronnie, and their crew shot back. After they shot back the car drove off and they hurried up and ran to K-Shawn. He was on the ground bleeding. To be continued...

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And to everyone who made this publication possible!

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