



Wartburg College  
**The Castle**

Winter 2021 Edition

# *The Castle*

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**In order of first appearance**

Sadie Short.....	2
Natalie Henriksen.....	4
Erin Capper.....	6
Nicole Hasek.....	8
Ericka Frey.....	9
Luke Schmidt.....	17
Amanda Porras.....	22
Christopher Lucas.....	24
GDRM.....	33

**Cover Art by Brittany Strause**

# Sadie Short

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## Ode to My PT Cruiser

Neil, you and I were the CEOs of getting where we were going  
we faced every gray or green day together, me and you, Neil  
you were my early morning coffee date, my late-night confidant

you came with me to every single nerve-wracking first day, and  
allowed me those mostly mild freak-outs, that crying in the driveway  
when we crashed it was a team sport—call us the Breakdown Experts

with an AUX that wiggled too much, CDs for every possible mood,  
an analog clock with a touch of the sophisticated but not the practical,  
with five shades of ugly silvers on your plastic and dusty dashboard,

a front passenger tire that could never manage to hold onto its air,  
the worn-out wipers, a shifter cable that couldn't manage to move,  
brakes that were mostly broken, and spark plugs that forgot their spark

shaking at 75 on highway 14, ignoring our unspoken speed limit of 65  
just because we kind of liked how the quaking made us feel tangible  
we never once had a "car problem" just those Saturday Morning Projects

I loved you the way that you were—bent and misshapen and everything  
some said “unsafe” but we had always preferred the term *unpredictable*  
we were mirrors in a way, you and I, a little bit broken but fully functional

just call us cowboys-in-crime for the Wild West that was my youth  
traders in hardships, bargaining away the nights we were left to ourselves  
dog-eared adventures and mapping 1000s of miles and hurtling forward

I'm sure that a god must have sent you to me when I needed faith most  
made me a guardian out of metal and rubber, one who'd get what it means  
to make do and make better, despite having no traction to help get started

now, in the face of your unavoidable death, I'll go faster for when we couldn't  
dig up your best memories, call hardships projects instead of problems,  
recall we were Us for a small lifetime, and that good cars get into heaven too

## “Land Sailing”

I walked past time and place and arrived here  
A space that looked a lot like you  
A pause that felt a lot like you  
Alive and lost in dark big fields  
(That is to say, a home that I could live in  
And a moment I could breathe in)  
Swallowed almost whole by details  
I left here and ventured there  
Went along with Nobody  
Tried to discern if I was somebody  
(And I won't say that you meant to go  
But I will say this—you left)  
I was a trick of the light and  
Nobody was trying to kill me  
An invisible body that gently held  
My truths in a hand's threatening cradle  
(Somehow knowing me more  
Somehow seeing me all)  
But when I looked in the mirror and saw  
Nobody gazing back at me  
I made eye contact too  
and left like the Argo did

## “Going Somewhere”

The sky looks back over its shoulder, checks to make sure I am still coming with  
The trees gossip among themselves, spy on my missteps and wrong turns  
My car sighs to itself, accepts the key I offer in exchange for travel  
My phone dies slowly, forgetting to ask if I'd need it later  
I made the decision to leave before I ever arrived

## Driving

So many windmills against a gray sky,  
the ones that I am always passing by  
On winding roads that walk with wild,  
and always insist on calling me child  
A cold day that wants for warm,  
beside weeds that challenge every storm  
In new green fields just barely awake,  
but willing to open one eye for our sake

# Natalie Henriksen

## Life's Linear Lemonade

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### Who Your Walk Belongs To

Have we reached a point where our walks are not even recognizable? The walk to get the dog in, the walk-run to the car when it is raining, the walk to the fridge, the gentle walk we traverse in order to not make our weight appear as if it is too much across the wooden floor, the walk down the gravel road. What is my walk? Do I walk to impress others? When do I display my true walk—for it is not when I am alone, nor when I am with others. Who does this walk belong to?

### Why Would We Want to Walk?

Life isn't a walk in the park, but you can make it that way  
Forward movement is a muddled mix and mess of strangely skeptical steps  
What is your mode of transportation in this life?  
Are you walking?  
The run to the person we know  
The sprint to the end of a long night  
The skip to the amusement park  
The jump into a mother's arms  
The dance that requires delicate balance to get just right  
Life is an awkward run/sprint/skip/jump/dance  
Life isn't a walk in the park, but I suppose you could make it that way  
(Only if you want)

## The Anticipation:

“It’s about the anticipation,” the moon told me.  
We make plans to be spontaneous,  
What if August was never meant to be newly changing leaves?  
What if August was meant to be midnights in the blue  
What if September wasn’t a favorite month?  
What if it was just a single day, waving at us in the wind as it passed  
What if October wasn’t a black sky?  
What if October was all gentle pink in its unknowns  
What if November wasn’t orange, red, and yellow,  
But it was just your face  
What if winters weren’t leafless, lifeless  
What if every winter snapped like a twig under the weight of your joy? What if  
February was never meant for red lips and crystal skies? Could it just melt into  
whatever comes next, acting as if nothing was ever wrong? What if March was never  
a fresh start  
But one that had long ago begun in early years  
What if April was all pastel and covered in candy hearts  
And May full of you dancing with the floating petals in the sky  
And June the reviving leap into the river  
And July the heartiest crimson laughter,  
Cyclically repeating the jubiliations of youth  
A carousel in delighted golden threads of expected happenings  
We are a pattern of clocks ticking and shiny boots walking  
A dance of the whimsical mundane  
Chutes and laddering through the months  
Expressing our ship-wrecked concerns for the repeated  
Could we break the mold?  
Expected patterns are lifeless  
No room to grow  
No unknown  
But if there is no room to grow and no unknown  
How can we find the blossoming truth in what we have never found before?  
Beyond the lemon-scented window sills  
And the creaking of bones as we wake  
Look back—in the mundane, there was the extraordinary.

# Erin Capper

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## Heartstrings

I sit on the curb of a busy New York street as dusk begins to approach. I look at the other pigeons around me to see if they are just as intrigued as the humans walking by, but they remain indifferent just like every day previously. It appears as if I'm the only bird interested in their daily activities.

I watch a few different strangers go about their lives around me. They hop on buses, ride bikes, or walk home after a day of hard work, but it's not this aspect of their routine that fascinates me. I focus my gaze on a man and woman in their mid-twenties. They hug each other as they say their goodbyes. Wide grins spread across their faces as they linger there for a few seconds, not wanting to part for the night.

"I'll see you again in the morning," he says to her and she nods. The man plants another kiss on her head before they turn and briskly walk away, knowing they need to get back to the safety of their own apartments before the sun sets for the night.

I wait here on this curb a little bit longer, excitedly observing more people as they go their separate ways for the evening. Each one promising their loved one that they'd see them again come dawn. As the sun hits the horizon, a steady stream of light stretches across the city. It blankets the buildings in the perfect glow for my own nightly routine.

I puff up my feathers and stretch my wings as I prepare to take flight. Like always, I ask the other pigeons if they would like to join me, but the answer is no. That's okay, though. I don't mind taking in the beauty by myself. My wings flap as I take off from the curb and soar over the city.

I look down at the landscape below me. The array of strings spread out across the city,

leading from one point to another. From one person to another. A small thread invisible to the human eye, but not to mine. The tiny cords wrap their way through the city streets, dodging between buildings, and slinking in and out of doors. These strings attaching loved ones who have departed from each other—unaware that their hearts are still connected through the long, lonely night.



# Nicole Hasek

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## Sunrise

on my own  
my alarm buzzed at noon  
because i never liked the morning  
i would rather watch the color  
drain from the sky  
and count the stars  
that illuminate the night  
my favorite creation of light  
but with you i watched the sunrise  
because you liked the lilac sky  
better than darkness  
the sun fueled your soul  
the way nothing else could  
not even me  
and now  
on my own once again  
i still make it to that spot  
quicker than the sun  
and think of you, as this flame  
replaces the warmth you once gave  
and wonder if the moon makes you think of me

## Ericka Frey

---

“for her heart to be heard and *to listen...*”

### fiction

riddle me a story  
as is told of ol'  
with kingdoms, castles  
an' fables of lore

b'neath a cover there,  
lie labyrinths of turns  
while waxing worn words  
ever candle, an' discern

pages wane down  
an' the moon illumines lower  
~ weaving a tapestry of tales  
under yarns star strung higher

the adventure nev' ends  
an escape; so thou thought  
wrestling reality with reverie  
just as a writer ought

## **In-**

Between the lines

space

Between the words

silence

Between the darkness

light

Between the heartbeats

life

Between the moments

eternity

Between the walls

fear

Between the doubt

hope

Between the winds

lightning

Between the fields

forests

Between the dreams

reality

Between the stories

names

Between the impossible

imagination

Between the lines

## on the way

been so thoughtless  
putting in effortless hours  
cruising a sinking submarine  
down to the depths of the sea  
hard cold metal whale  
my eyes being the currents  
so nervous to talk to you  
let me learn just how deep  
this sea of forgiveness is  
on the way to Nineveh

## beautiful

There is beauty in burnt toast.  
It's blacked grains centered on deep warm brown.  
Flecks of gold still glaring.  
The scent wakes me from my expectations.  
There is beauty in the taste that butter cannot hide.  
And in the crumbs leaving tracks for the dog.  
Mornings are like this serving us a choice.  
To delight in or to throw away?  
I'm gonna need some orange juice.

## peal

Dear Author of Life,

Deep within me a chord has been struck,  
layering in harmony,  
building in intensity,  
pulsing outward with each beat of my heart.

Your story made me *feel*, deeply. It was as if the whole book was a song, and I resonated with the chorus of a familiar call home.

Your Expectant Reader,

Hope

**a conversation**

What's it like?

Who's there?

Is it scary?

Oh, I know you.

I want it to be good um...

nice and, well...

Can you hear me?

...when I grow up I  
want to help people.

Are you scared of me?

I love my family and  
my friends soooo much!

Don't worry about me.

Can you tell me  
what it's like...

Just be you.

to be you?

## **vulnerable**

My heart beats in a chest.

A box of oak,  
strong and old,  
wood well worn,  
from the love that often opens it.

## **umbrella**

lull; rain stormed city streets  
mellifluous petrichor  
sweet night euphony



# nobody

Hello.

My name is... well,  
complicated.

Without you

I wouldn't exist.

What? Oh, let me explain!

I am nobody only somebody.

I cannot be somebody without nobody.

Again, everyone is no one without someone.

My name is for every body.

Each and everyone.

Ya no some thin'?

You are my somebody and I am your nobody.

We are one body.

Listen...

It's nice to meet you,

Humanity.

# Luke Schmidt

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## The Twin Lanterns

James never liked the rain, nor the cold for that matter. The long winter days between November and January always put him in a gloomy mood. He hated the heavy rain that poured down as if from giant faucets in the lifeless grey clouds. He hated the long wait for Christmas that never seemed to end. But most of all, he hated that his mum had to travel for work. His mum was a business trader, and every year the company she worked for held an annual conference on the other side of the country to discuss prices for homes and property or some other boring crap like that. James hardly cared about the specifics.

Despite his grumpy disposition, there was one treat James got to have while seeing his mom off; he and his dad got to visit the local train station. James loved steam engines. Their parts, their sounds, how fun it was to simply watch them chuff to and from with such precision and power, and the fact that here in the UK, diesel engines hadn't completely taken over yet. It might have been his imagination, but James thought the people who worked at the train station always liked seeing him. Their usual bored faces brightened whenever he and his dad came by for a visit. James would play around with the model train set in the station gift shop as his dad talked to the ticket seller.

One rainy day in November, James's dad took him to the station to cheer him up. James's mum had only left a week ago, and the pair of them were feeling down without her around. The whole car ride there, James couldn't keep quiet about the newest train models that Bachman just released, and no doubt the station gift shop would have some for sale. His dad gave him a skeptical look.

“Don’t you already have enough train models, Jim?” he asked his son.

“Kinda, but this one is a different kind of gauge! I want to have more engine sizes for my railway.” For two years, James had been collecting all kinds of model train and landscape parts to make his own model train railway version of the famous Island of Sodor. This was a tall order for a 12- year-old. James’s dad smiled at his son as he parked the car in the empty lot.

“I’ll call and talk with your mother about it when I can. Maybe we should save that sort of stuff for Christmas, yeah? It’s only a few weeks away.” The mention of his mum struck a small blow in James’s heart, and he felt his happiness deflate as he got out of the back seat, tucking his yellow raincoat around him. It had stopped raining, but James knew that wouldn’t last for long. The clouds overhead were as grey and lifeless as the road, and a thick fog had enveloped the train station completely. James knew trains had bright lanterns to light their way in this kind of weather, but even so, he was worried. Would there even be any trains running today? He hoped there would be. As James and his dad walked up the steps to the station, the fog rolled over them, giving the pair a slight chill. They soon came to the ticket booth window, which they were surprised to find was dark and empty, devoid of any ticket seller.

James’s dad scratched his chin. “That’s strange. It’s Wednesday; usually the station is open at this time.” He cupped his hands over the foggy window, trying to get a look inside. He tapped the glass once, two, three times on the glass, calling out if anyone was there. No reply. A nervous knot started to tie itself in James’s stomach. Something had to be wrong. Clearly somebody had been here this morning, judging by the freshly lit lantern hanging above the booth window, but not now. The heavy fog seemed to roll in from all sides around the station and it felt muffled somehow. Even James’s own breathing sounded quieter than usual. The boy gazed nervously out onto the track, hoping to spot the dim glow of a steam engine's headlamp in the distance. He didn’t see any glow, but he did see something else.

All at once, a powerful gust of air whirled over the train track and towards the station. James started to get scared and turned to ask his dad if they could leave, but his dad was no longer there, disappeared, nowhere to be seen. He was just gone. James grew more scared still as the gush of wind reached the station platform, buffeting him harshly. It howled all around him, and the thick mist enveloped over James, grasping him in its cold fist. James tried to cry out, but the mist seemed to clasp his own mouth shut with a chilly, invisible hand, and he couldn't speak. He felt his terror escalating fast. That's when he saw it.

In the distance was a bright, gleaming lantern shining its way through the haze of mist, the light of it casting a long, yellow beam. As a long shape emerged from the tunnel, a pair of two train whistles blew an eerie sound that echoed everywhere as their wheels glided along the track. James urged his legs to make a run for it, but he was still rooted to the spot by the mist's grip. His eyes grew wide and panicked as the ghostly white shape chuffed closer and closer to the platform where he was standing. When it approached, James could make out not just one steam engine, but two, a flatbed car between them loaded with piles of clean, white bedsheets and pillows. The lanterns of both steam engines bathed the platform in a sickly, yellow light that chilled James to the bone. Spooky wisps of steam wafted creepily from the engines' cracked funnels as the ghost train pulled to a smooth halt at the station platform. Both locomotives were covered in what looked like chalky sheets coated in white cobwebs, dust billowing off them in small clouds. Again, James desperately struggled to move, and again he felt the invisible, clammy grip of the mist enveloping him tightly. Despite his sheer terror, he was helpless to do anything. All he could do now was wait and dare to see what happened next.

James then heard the shrill chiming of a bell from the front-engine, and with horror, he saw the smokebox of the engine was an open black pit with two white, beady eyes looking right at him. Then he heard a voice, so close it couldn't have come from anywhere else but the ghost train before

him. The voice was soft but wheezing.

“Hullo, my boy. Come along, and we’ll show you a place where you’ll be very useful. Very useful indeed.” The door to the engine’s cab opened of its own accord, and warm, orange light spilled over the platform onto James’s yellow rain boots. Inside, James glimpsed his own room. There was his bed with the train patterned sheets. There was his toy chest of all his favorite Thomas toys, books, and videos. There were his pictures of him riding old locomotives with his parents hanging on the wall.

The lead engine blew its eerie whistle and spoke again. “We need young dreamers like you, my boy. You’ll be very useful to us and the others. Come along. So many wonders await you.” Then, James felt as if he’d never been sad, angry, or scared in his life. His terror melted away, and he felt so content. Now really, the mist and the cold weren’t that bad. He then found himself able to walk forward, the mist releasing its cold grip on him at last.

As James entered the cozy engine cab, he found himself suddenly wearing his pajamas, all soft, warm, and clean. He felt so safe now, and never wanted to leave. “

You’ll take me where I want to go, right?” he asked the ghost train in a monotone voice. “I’ll be safe where we’re going?”

The twin locomotives whistled their eerie tunes in unison as if to say, ‘Of course, why wouldn’t you be?’ It was all the affirmation James needed. With that, the boy laid down on his bed, the cab door closed behind him with a soft click, and the ghostly train chuffed slowly away, leaving behind a cloud of dust in its wake. The train picked up speed, but James felt nothing but the cozy comfort of his room as he was taken away, his ghostly ride whooshing through the tunnel at top speed, seen by none. As the train vanished, so did the cold mist and grey gloom in turn, the station platform looking cheerful and bright as the sun peeked through the grey clouds at last. In the weeks that followed that mysterious, misty Wednesday, nobody saw or heard of James after that.

And most troubling of all, nobody seemed to remember or care.

His parents simply carried on without him, and could not for the life of them remember why they had so many boys' clothes packed away in their house, nor the collection of 'Thomas the Tank Engine VHS tapes. It was as if the boy who loved trains had never existed at all.

But sometimes, just sometimes, the couple wakes in the middle of the night to the faint, echoing sounds of an eerie steam engine whistle in the distance, calling out to whoever might hear.

Those who do, hear it come closer...

and closer...

and closer...

but it never reaches them.

# Amanda Porras

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## Snipity Snu

Snipity Snu we're looking for you  
They first found it in a look and a book they made  
...That their parents took.

Crook, crook, crook,  
They can hear the parents look.  
Crook, crook, crook, crook,  
The rain will come today.

Drip, drip, drip, drip,  
The thunderblock keeps ears off the whatheysay  
Whatheysays have an ear phobia

They watch the forest trees out back where wishboombang's play  
It rains inside just for a bit  
And a wishboombang kills the lights.

Their parents rush right to their aide  
And they all dream of rabbit holes  
All through the— creak, creak, creak night?

In the rain someone found a Snipity Snu.

## She Isn't There

She isn't there when I wake up to push me out of bed.

She isn't there when I eat with her huge appetite.

She isn't there when I count the medicine out in the palm of my hand.

She isn't there when I take a breath and gulp them down.

She isn't there as I numbly walk through a foggy day.

She isn't there when I smile it all away.

She was there once, though I'm no longer sure how long ago.

She was there once, before things got so low.

She probably ran away when the lines started running across an arm with crimson light.

Or maybe she ran when I lost my voice or started crying at night.

It wasn't my choice.

It wasn't MY choice.

It wasn't my choice.

She isn't there when I look in the mirror.

Gone, gone, gone

I don't think she's coming back.



# Christopher Lucas

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Screenplay excerpt from

## **CHRONICLES OF NARNIA:**

### **Return to Terabithia**

*Takes place in 2017*

A 17-year-old boy, Duncan, is sent to live with his grandmother in Alexandria, Virginia for the summer time after having a lot of trouble in school. While walking around, Duncan notices Jess, Janice, and May Belle walking in the woods, which is also their old stomping grounds—a made-up world called Terabithia. Duncan follows them and then tries to swing across a rope vine, which is the same rope that killed Leslie earlier. Jess then notices someone is behind them and sees Duncan attempting to swing the rope. Duncan winds up falling and Jess, Janice, and May Belle go to save Duncan. After they save and greet each other, Duncan stumbles over a rock. Unbeknownst to them, the rock had signs of Terabithians and Narnians calling for help. Duncan and his gang start to feel the wind howling and they all end up swirling into the Narnian world, where they will meet King Caspian and Aslan...

## REUNITING

17-year-old boy, Duncan, has been sent to live with his grandmother in Alexandria, Virginia for the summertime after having a lot of trouble in school.

He is then dropped off by his parents.

## GRANDMOTHER

"Welcome my son. It is good to see you again. As well as my grandson."

Duncan gives a sarcastic chuckle and walks upstairs to his room.

Duncan's parents then tell his grandmother about his troubles and hopes he can seek better light during the summertime. Duncan's mom has a concerned look, unsure about being away from her son.

## DUNCAN'S MOM

"I'm worried about Duncan sometimes. He doesn't seem to be able to get that same connection we had as a teen."

Duncan's DAD embraces his wife.

## DUNCAN'S DAD

"Don't worry too much, Lexy, our son is in good hands with my mother."

The grandmother chimes in.

GRANDMOTHER

"Don't worry, sweetie, I'll have everything under control. This isn't my first rodeo with children."

Duncan's parents and grandmother embrace and the grandmother escorts them out. Duncan looks out the window upstairs as he and his parents exchange their final goodbyes, waving from a distance. As Duncan's parents drive off, his grandmother offers Duncan cookies and milk.

GRANDMOTHER

"You know your father had a rough upbringing as well when he was a few years younger than you."

DUNCAN

"Hmph, doesn't sound like it whenever I see him go about his way."

GRANDMOTHER

"That is because he has learned to overlook the negativity that has been brought upon him and focused more on himself and his future. As you see him today, he is a successful business man and has a beautiful family with you and your mother."

Duncan's grandmother smiles and walks out the room. Before she leaves completely, she advises Duncan to go out and get some fresh air.

GRANDMOTHER

"You should go out and walk around whenever you feel up for it. The nature over here is beautiful. I know you don't really get a chance to go walking around by yourself, and because of

that I want you to take this opportunity to embrace that freedom."

Duncan puts her words into consideration, then goes to sleep.

The following day, Duncan goes out and walks into the wilderness. As his grandmother wakes up, she sees him walking into the woods and smiles and looks up.

GRANDMOTHER

"He's ready whenever you are, Aslan."

While walking, Duncan notices three people walking around in the same area. They are actually Jess, Janice, and May Belle, and they're in the woods that are their old stomping grounds, a made-up world called Terabithia.

JESS

"This brings back a lot of memories. Although, I am going to be honest with you guys, it is still difficult walking around here with Leslie not being here. I know it's been a decade since she passed, but it's like a part of that has been left empty without any closure."

MAY BELLE

"It's ok Jess, Janice and I understand. If anything, it made our bond stronger with one another right Janice?"

JANICE

"Right! I mean, who would've thought a bully like me back then would best friends today with you two."

They all chuckle.

Duncan then follows them and then tries to swing across a rope vine, the same rope that killed Leslie in the past. Jess then notices someone is behind them and sees Duncan attempting to swing on the rope.

DUNCAN

"Welp, it's been a minute since I swung on a rope, but here goes nothing."

Duncan swings across but halfway through his swing he sneezes, accidentally lets go of the rope, and falls into the river.

Duncan screams for help as the current speed of the creek picks up. Jess, Janice and May Belle go to save Duncan.

JESS

"Hang on! We got you!"

Jess then commands May Belle to grab the vine and throw it towards Duncan.

JESS

"Here grab on to this and we'll pull you."

Duncan does so, as instructed, and is pulled to safety.

DUNCAN

"Uhhh, thank you guys for helping me out there."

JESS

"No problem. Haha, I've never seen anyone sneeze in the middle of swinging on rope. My name is Jess, and this is my best friend Janice and my little sister May Belle."

JANICE

"Hello."

May Belle feels starstruck, attracted to Duncan, and moves her hair back while waving one hand.

MAY BELLE

"Hi."

DUNCAN

"Nice to meet you guys. My name is Duncan."

JANICE

"So are you from here?"

DUNCAN

"No I am just here for the summertime, living with my grandmother."

JESS

"Well, I guess while you are in town you can chill with us. I'm sure May Belle will love that."

May Belle then pushes Jess's ribs and smiles back at Duncan.

MAY BELLE

"Yes, I would, and Janice as well."

May Belle then stares at Janice to chime in.

JANICE

"Oh, yeah. For sure, most definitely. So tell us, where are you from?"

After they greet each other Duncan stumbles over a rock.

JESS

"Duncan, are you ok?"

DUNCAN

"Yeah, I'm okay. What was that thing?"

The group looks over at the rock Duncan stumbled over.

JANICE

"No way. These are Terabithian markings."

MAY BELLE

"Let me see."

May Belle picks up the rock.

MAY BELLE

"Wow they are! And it says Narnia as well. I know about Terabithia because we created it when we were little, but I have never heard of Narnia."

Jess then takes a look at the rock and reads the bottom.

JESS

"SOS?"

Nobody knew why the rock had signs of Terabithians and Narnians calling for help. After Jess picks it up, Duncan and his gang start to feel the wind howling.

DUNCAN

"Woah. What's happening?!"

JESS

"I don't know, but everyone climb up to the old tree house, now!"

They all end up screaming and swirling into the Narnian world where they will meet King Caspian and Aslan.



ASLAN

"Welcome, we have been expecting you."

To be continued...

## Poems By GDRM

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### Use Your Voice

I speak up for the voiceless because that was once me too  
I know what silent pain is like, and all the harming it can do  
Eventually we face our pain we can't forever make it shoo  
That's why I wanna help others heal, there's only one life not 2

My soul was tired, it came to save me and woke me up  
Society acting like there's levels to our colors that's corrupt

That's right it's been in front of your faces but it gets tough  
Got us out here against each other when being United should be what's up

I needed to loose myself first and decide when I had enough  
The goal is to better this world, take action don't bluff

Remember the power, what's done with a gun cannot be undone  
I get it we all struggle but the color of our skin shouldn't be another one

America carries racism on its back and it weighs a ton  
I wanna wake up to people no longer running from a gun

The world is crazy and nothing is a coincidence  
The universe aligns everything, all incidence

We should love each other not play the role of defense  
Nobody better than the other gods love for us immense

There's laws to attract, there's karma to keep in mind  
Whatever you're looking for believe that in you is where u find

It's about keeping yourselves balanced, and allowing your light to shine  
There's a call, it's your higher self, conscious and divine

You see God is the universe, that is the way I see it

God is in us and we are all one, each all pieces

I speak up for the voiceless and for those who cannot speak  
I speak up for the underrepresented because to some that is still me

We unlocking new doors reaching, our peak  
That sound you use to talk all hold powerful keys  
Keep in mind your silence can kill too so speak out as you need  
Hope one day it's not an us vs them and we just use we

## **For the woke ones who need motivation**

For the woke ones who need motivation

Try and kill me as many times as you like, my soul never dies

You can see my restless eyes tired of these lies

No longer scared of the dark because without  
darkness you can't shine

It won't be easy but effort pays off, I'm working for what's mine



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