



Ipodium

HOLIDAY



2015

ZINE





**Happy Holidays, and happy
reading from Podium!**



Jashawn Hyde
George Wythe High School

'Twas the night before Christmas,
how soon it would be.
All the children are filled with glee.
I can smell the scent in the air.
But those who don't get gifts think that it's unfair.
To me, though, Christmas should be all fun and
games.
The men get to sit with their lovely dames.
Now I see us together, having some fun;
the joys of Christmas have only begun.

Kandace Henderson

George Wythe High School

'Twas the night before world destruction
all was scurry and in a hurry
Not one person able to think or be quiet,
just sit in their nice warm house, colored with lights,
to share with their feelings. They're just out and
about
trying to find shelter at night.

AJ Goodwin

Armstrong High School

Giggles and kisses. Him runnin' about. Laughin' out loud as though his laughs would run out. Sayin' "I love you" in the cutest way possible. Harsh slaps on the cheek turn into soothing kisses. I hold her on my back and listen to her wishes. Singin' on Sundays, lifting my voice. Clappin' my hands, makin' a joyful noise. Prayer is silent. Listen attentively. Pats on the back, words of encouragement.

Me on his shoulders, I'm on top of the world. Holds my hand. Pain. Nothing but a hot stone bein' thrown my way when she speaks. Not caring if we're no more. Not caring if my angel knew. My first heart-break.

Jonae' Crump

Richmond Community High School

People walk around the world with a pep in their
step

All along, trouble falls on their heels that goes un-
kept

They sing Christmas carols that bring light to the
night

But darkness comes their way at a slight

The joy bells were ringing, but Sandra wasn't sing-
ing

Mama cooked a giant meal for the family feast

Yet little children go on with the least

I got a brand new vest, woman and children can't
get into the west

Family comes together, while others can't stand the
weather

None of this is known because we shield our eyes
to reality

If people had conversations about it all maybe some
things wouldn't be crappy

Desiree Green

Richmond Community High School

I never really celebrated christmas growing up as a Jehovah's Witness. But no longer having to fear it, I now understand the "Christmas spirit."

Stones, homes, and buildings are lit up with greenery. Everyone is anticipating the awe of the scenery. Giving gifts and expressing love to people far and near.

We become so happy that we might even shed a tear.

But we fail to realize the other part of Christmas. How depressed people have suicide on the top of their wish list.

We excuse the violence we create for getting deals. People being murdered that should have written wills.

Christmas is a little better now, being a Christian, but there are still a few things that we should mention. Although it's a holiday, let's not forget problems are here and they're not okay.

Myles Manuel

Huguenot High School

No
H8

It's okay.

It's okay if you
don't get any presents
today. It's okay. It's okay
to be gay, even if your parents
take your phone away. You'll be okay.

You'll be okay if there aren't any gifts under
the tree. You wanna know why? Because you
have me. You'll be okay. You'll be okay if no one
has your back: I'm your friend, so there's something
you don't lack. It's okay.

You'll be okay.

Toby Weaver

Open High School

If you're gay, straight, bi, or queer,
You all still deserve love this year.
Women or men, blacks or whites,
You all are people, and you all have rights.

Maya Johnson

Huguenot High School

It's the night before Christmas, so we won't acknowledge

the girls and the boys who can't afford going to college.

As we gather 'round and feast on our roast,
let's ignore the way smoke rose from Aunt Cheryl
like toast.

Let's read a merry tale and be sure to sing a carol
or jingle,

while the other kids, who have no homes, feel their
bellies do more than tingle.

Oh! let's hoist up the tree and cut it down from its
stump,

but beware the tellings of the old man Donald
Trump.

I'll make a snow angel or a snowman or two,
while we all ignore what we know to be true:
that the meaning of Christmas was lost long ago,
when happiness was about more than having the
dough.

Saint Nick is still pudgy, with a twinkle in his eyes--
Boom!

Sorry, just the sound of some more black lives.

Scout Irwin

Richmond Community High School

'Twas the night before christmas, and everyone was near by, but no stockings were hung high. Instead the Menorah burned bright and was put where it would be insight. In the house all the decorations were up. Colors of the African flag were the makeup. So while stockings hung high in some places, while others might hang up candles and laces, there are no right or wrong ways, just start by saying, "Happy Holidays."

Destiny Hall-Harper

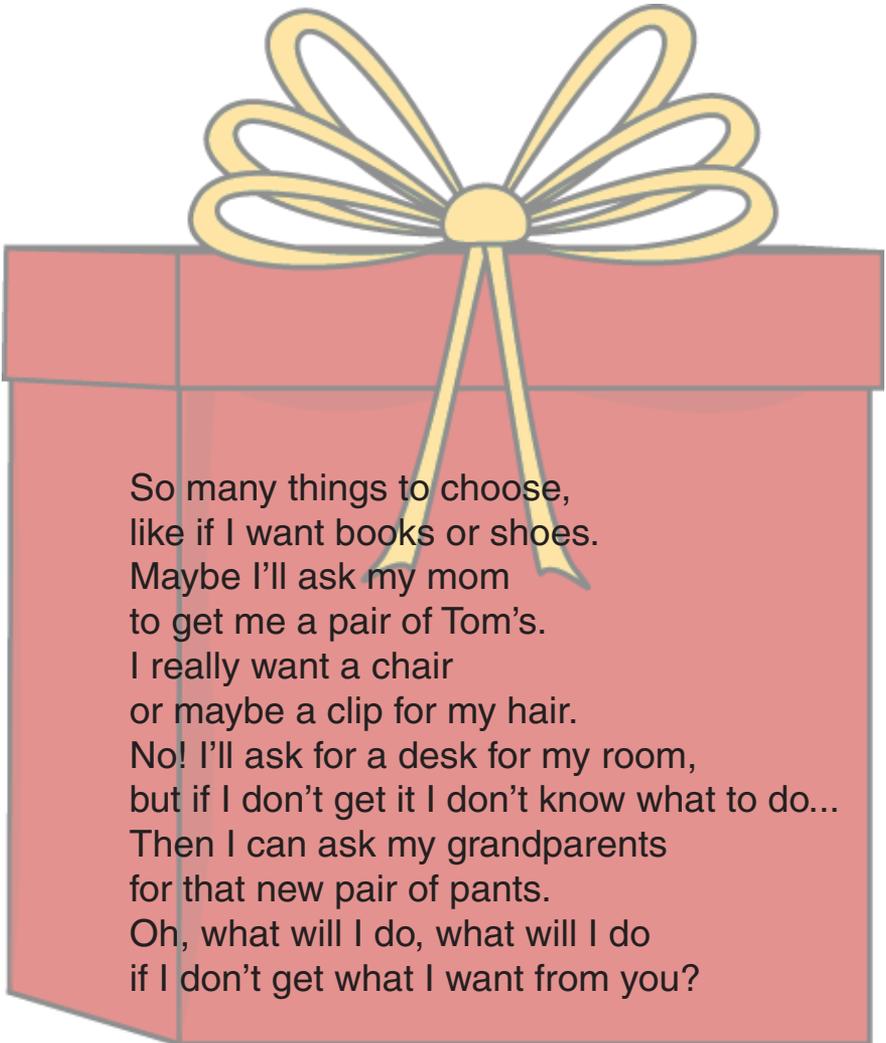
Richmond Community High School

'Twas the night before christmas and all through the house....

there was distress. As the children slept peacefully in their cots, a single mother struggled with her finances. They were not in the best financial condition. She had two daughters, aged seven and five. For the seven-year old, she brought a battery-operated toy dog. For the five-year old she brought a high-priced teddy bear. Just these two items alone pushed her to the brink of bankruptcy. At the start of the month, she convinced them that Santa would fulfill their wishes. Regretting this decision every day for a solid week, she cried herself to sleep knowing that the meager salary she makes at the fastfood restaurant down the street can barely allow her to make groceries. But as always, her problems are shoved away for her children's sake. Just like December 31st, this story is history. Remember, you may get presents, but someone needs bread.

Abby Wood

Open High School



So many things to choose,
like if I want books or shoes.
Maybe I'll ask my mom
to get me a pair of Tom's.
I really want a chair
or maybe a clip for my hair.
No! I'll ask for a desk for my room,
but if I don't get it I don't know what to do...
Then I can ask my grandparents
for that new pair of pants.
Oh, what will I do, what will I do
if I don't get what I want from you?

Tionne Fraierson

Huguenot High School

'Twas the night before Christmas,
spoiled kids hoped and prayed, while the homeless
froze to death, and teeth decayed.

The kids didn't have an idea, nor a clue

*what about the families who can't afford a stock-
ing?*

what could fit their shoes.

Society really doesn't care, just wants to be fluttered
with gifts;

stomachs growl and body parts stiff.

Parents and friends working hard and taking extra
shifts,

Wondering what a Christmas tree looks like in the
home.

Kids have starved and always been alone,

Thinking about stockings and fireplaces that they
never owned.

Running through the house trying to stay up for
Saint Nick,

while others chew on moldy bread, making them
sick.

Brianna Charlton

TJ High School

Pumpkins in August.
Christmas Trees in November.
Everyone desperately waits
for the month of December.
Christmas songs playing,
and I don't know why,
because it is only
the month of July.
There is one thing about Christmas
that I don't understand:
why wait until December
to lend a helping hand?
Please don't get me wrong,
I'm a fan of the season.

It's the day after Halloween
and we're hanging up the tree.
I'm filled up with Christmas tasks
right up to the knee.
"Make me hot chocolate"
"We have chestnuts to roast"
Can't we just chill out,
You know... make some french toast?
They say "Let's make cocoa" or
"Let's hang up the wreaths"
I have an idea,
let's go back to sleep.

Georgia Leipold-Vitiello

Open High School

What We Don't Talk About at Christmas

We won't talk about the girl who stood on the side of the road with a sign asking for spare change. My dad said she looked like me.

I saw that girl two days later, she was small and blonde, no older than sixteen.
We won't talk about her this holiday season.

During the Holidays
we try to repress thoughts of
all that we know is wrong in the world
because we feel obligated to be happy in November
and December.

I can't stop thinking about that girl on the side of the road,
why she left home and where she is staying tonight.

I always try to feel grateful for all that I have,
but sometimes I forget,
and I have to be slapped with the knowledge
of what others don't have.

Khadijah Baker

TJ High School

On Thanksgiving Day
turkeys are made with care,
lain down to roast,
carrots and potatoes to spare.

With yams and biscuits
and gravy and greens.
The moment is perfect.
Or so it seems.

In a dark, dirty alley
that people usually pass by
a man hurriedly scavenges
but, you ask, why?

Why does he dig,
through the trash and sewer grates?
Have you stopped and wondered
what goes on his plate?

Perhaps he is digging
for the family he feeds,
the one with the children
with dietary needs.

Perhaps he is digging
for the memories lost
in the home caught on fire,
a penniless cost.

Or perhaps he's just digging
with nothing left to do
on a cold, autumn day
just another one to you.

Make a promise to yourself
A mid-year resolution
to make a change in your community
and find a solution.

Simply set out a plate,
find a person in need,
open your doors
and do a good deed.

Sophie Hampton

Open High School

From October to January, every single year
We turn off talk of money, politics, and fear.
We pretend everything is cozy and everything fun
We do our charity and think our job is done

Let's not speak of sadness, misfortune, or reality
Or the fact that there is war with hundreds of casualties
We want our pumpkin spice, eggnog, and peppermint
Sugarcoating everything and giving it a shiny, new tint

It's just not the truth and it's all sales and lies
All meant to take the issues and give them a disguise
Why do humans seek a time when they don't have to care?
Easy. Sometimes we all just want to let down our hair



Ipodium