

**“A War Inside My Soul”
By Karlee Clark**

Alone in the darkness,
With a war in my soul,
That’s caged inside my mind.

Torturing dark thoughts,
Uncontrollably,
They come here to stay.

Hiding from myself,
Forced to see the truth,
Revealed in white scars.

To draw in silver,
As it spills out red,
Consumes my sick soul.

Fighting to stay strong,
With hope in my heart,
I’m hanging in here.

But only through the silence,
Will I be at peace,
With my broken spirit.

But I am not ready,
to give up this battle,
I have fought so hard to win.

no,

I have not won yet,
But maybe one day,
I will be able to say..

I made it.

“Knights of the mind”

By Anthony Keung

Locked within a white room, without window to escape,
binded by straps of metal and cloth to extends
Swinging light drifts, to me a clock at the end.
Observing the stains which I could not stop.

They shout within, clawing to the big top
A fallen raise, the reason am my bane.
Darkness of a mind, though was slain.
Dead night raises and I know I am his pawn.

My order of people who reign from night to dawn,
Innocence, adventure, order and kin.
They are who wish to keep me without sin,
Fallen knight is back, thought lost to sight.

With many battles fought, with only great might
Others to do fall to this knight of red rain
A final deal was made as now I am in chains
A final spell to protect the light has been laid

To release the evil, a price must be paid
The replacement of a knight who wants to quake
To shackles of orders, to chaos must break
Which begins the malice of a single personality.

Untitled

By Raquelle Gonzalez

Hello
I say
To each and every peasant entering my land
This is my kingdom...

The cold is shrieking
Where is my mink coat?

Charcoal bones bare my identity
A forgotten royal...

My jewels are crusts, crumbs and rubbish
I fancy oak and nails
Rather than a scepter of pearls

On the back of my steed I forge on
Catching ounces of slumber

Lowly knaves creep
Scoffing "insane"
Insane?

I am a king

"Last stop Penn station!"
The kings men cry
Announcing my arrival

This is my land,

I am their king

“Stress”
By Joe Packer

Infected with thoughts of a mental condition,
Still grinding my teeth like a dental assistant
Talking to people that pretend that they listen
Locked up by stress like how'd I end up in prison?

Constant exhalation from these nerves that are annoying,
Every day's a battle once these problems start deploying
So many thoughts swirl I can't tell what I'm enjoying
Things could've been different but this illness is destroying.

Lying so lethargically my brain starts to scatter
In comes the stress and out goes anything that matters
Holding the nerves in is like holding in your bladder,
Each step down from the pain comes from a broken ladder

Consumed by darkness and all that lies within
I have to face this stress but I can't begin
Anytime I wonder my head starts to spin
I'm tired of losing I just want to win

**“My crown grows”
By Ian Shen**

The pressure is overwhelming
The hardships are never ending
The emotions are always changing

This place is a house of destruction
Lives are trapped
There has to be a way out

With no way to fight the blight
All that is left for us
Is to hope