Writers in Residence

Spring 2022

Medina County Cohort
For the 49,000 youth confined in a juvenile facility in the US.

For the 2,200 youth confined in a juvenile facility in Ohio.

These youth have been separated from family and friends. Many of them don’t feel seen, heard, or understood.

Their creative writing in this text rewrites the stereotypes and biases of a juvenile in detention.

This is for them.
Mission

**TEACH.**
We teach creative writing to youth who are incarcerated.

**EMPOWER.**
We empower our residents’ voices.

**ASSIST.**
We assist in their re-entry.
JUSTICE. We believe in creating an environment where justice becomes visible, where restoration from wrong is possible, where people are seen as more than their worst moments, where people can create a future not doomed to repeat the past.

EMPOWERMENT. We believe that our residents can build their self-esteem, resilience, and power through working on their writing, their reflection, their communication, through the creative writing workshop experience.

DIGNITY. We believe that our residents deserve to discover and recognize their own dignity and self-worth through our creative writing workshops. We also believe that if we respect ourselves, our residents, and our student volunteers then we successfully lead by example.

COMMUNITY. We believe in the power of community. This means that we continually welcome and accept our residents into our communities because they belong to an environment that promotes individuality and empowerment, especially upon re-entry. We also believe in the creation of a collaborative atmosphere that amplifies all voices together in a spirit of mutuality and kindness.

RELATIONSHIPS. We believe in fostering genuine, strong, and long-lasting relationships as well as walking with our residents as they navigate the path to re-entry.
1. Capital University
2. College of Wooster
3. Heidelberg University
4. Hiram College
5. John Carroll University
6. Marietta College
7. Oberlin College
8. University of Dayton
9. Baldwin Wallace University
10. Bowling Green State Univ.
11. Case Western Reserve Univ.
12. Cleveland State University

Circleville JCF
Montgomery County CAS
Seneca County YC
Portage Geauga County JDC
Cuyahoga Hills JCF
Cuyahoga County JDC
Washington County JC
Medina County JDC
Cuyahoga County JDC
Lorain County JDH
Indian River JCF
Wood County JDC
Franklin County JDC
Impact

To understand our impact on our residents, we survey them at every creative writing workshop.

These surveys give us quantitative and qualitative data so we can provide our residents with a high-quality program experience.

Our Creative Writing Workshop occurs in spring and fall seasons for 12-16 weeks. Each session runs for 60-90 minutes either in-person or remotely via Zoom or Teams and consists of 10-15 residents, 5-7 student volunteers, and 1 teaching artist. Then, we publish, showcase, and distribute chapbooks filled with our residents’ creative writing inside juvenile facilities, on campuses, and throughout the local communities to raise awareness about the juvenile justice system.

Visit writersnresidence.org to learn more!
Dear reader,

After being remote all last year, we were finally able to be in person with the residents again! Every week when we arrived there were always residents willing to talk to us; not only willing, but excited. Some sessions had a lower energy than others because the residents were rather shy and reticent to talk the first time we met. Week after week though, they were able to open up and even share some of their work with us. This made us feel like we were there for a reason, like we were waiting to see them, and they were waiting to see us.

When we think about this cohort, we will remember all of the growth and smiles along the way. We will also remember all of the bonds we created with the residents, interacting with them at the tables and learning about their friends, families, and thoughts on the writing prompts. We were so glad that we had the opportunity to be a listening ear for them.

You should know that each resident has put themselves and their truth into these published pieces. There was a great deal of patience, critical thinking, and great conversations behind each contribution. Their work was created in a timely manner. Residents only have less than an hour to create an original piece. Because of this, the resident’s work is urgent, deserving of an outlet, and deserving of a listener. The residents loved the comedic writing and rapping workshops; they wanted to keep their writing lighthearted for the most part. If they did write about sensitive topics, it seemed to be expressed through rhyme and with a fun rhythm. A lot of our residents are also amazing artists and had a great time drawing what they were feeling, transforming the workshops to explore other forms of expression rather than writing.

After working with nearly every resident by the end, we saw all of their personalities and learned about their various passions. Through this, we were able to see who and what they truly cared about, and the impact these interests had on their life in and out of the detention center. Their writing serves as an outlet to express these feelings, and when you read their writing, you will see this too. We are most grateful for the face-to-face interactions that the resident’s shared with us, for their willingness to try something new, and for becoming part of their routine. Being able to come consistently allowed us to get to know the residents. Not only was a relationship established, but we are able to see our lessons sink in each week. To see their perseverance and drive to turn their lives around was truly inspiring. Their transparency and overall kindness have uplifted our spirits! The residents came from very different backgrounds, and we collectively shared our experiences to realize that we are really not that different. Everyone is struggling through their own battle, and writing allowed us to express this and connect to each other.

M1 Medina County JDC
I listen to music every day on the outs. Music makes me happy because it helps me just let go. And if I could meet a couple of my favorite artists, I would thank them for their help through things. Music helps me like escape and feel good. It helps me feel more alive during tough times.

I was chilling at home listening to Youngboy like any other day. When I got a call from bro saying he was about to get jumped. I rushed over, adrenaline already pumping, knowing what’s about to go down. I hopped out of the car and dove straight in, starting with my lucky right hook on the first dude I see, he instantly falls to the street, clutching his jaw. Just then I read my surroundings, 4 guys total, 3 still pummeling my bro. I reach an adrenaline calm and rush the next guy I see, instantly knocking him out with a blow to the back of his head. That’s when they take in my presence and hesitate.

I am Tall, Creative, Chill, Smart.
I am acting like myself.
I have trust issues with others.
I hate using pencils, prefer pens.
I have learned from my failures.
I work on progress with everything.
When I want to have a good time I call up some of my friends and ask what the move is, I’m just trying to do something! We all get in Marr’s car and go to this girl’s spring break party. We all roll up and there’s like 30 people there already, we could hear the bass from down the block. We go in and know the cops are going to roll sooner or later, I walk around to say hey and get to having a good time and I’m having a good time, and I’m just chilling and I hear sirens, I get up to leave, and I get arrested that same day.

Zach is a normal kid that likes to play basketball. Every day after basketball Zach goes to his room and sleeps. Will Apollo become a god again?
The Real Life
XB

1. I am loved, hungry, tired, funny.
2. Just trying to catch a vibe.
3. Chicken wings, extra sauce, yes please.
4. I love that I am bold.
5. Do not come to jail ever.
6. When will I go home again?

All is not lost
KS

I am very loud, short, fun.
Love- everything in and nothing is given.
Advice- Lesson studied subject, forgotten to do again.
Questions- lays or lies.

Untitled
CR

I am athletic, fun, strong, fast, competitive, hard-working.

Live by today, die by tomorrow.
If you live life with fear, you won’t do things you want to.
You do not have to like me or respect me, just don’t disrespect me.
how do you expect me to love you if you don’t love yourself?
loyalty or love?

Untitled
XB

I always like Fall best
the smell of leaves
as they turn from green to yellow and red
the cool breeze while walking with friends
the taste of pumpkin pie
trick or treating of dusk
the sound of screams and laughter
as you walk through haunted houses
skating through campus, vibing to music
the parties that shake the block
I always like Summer and Fall
Best
You can wake up early
and get ready for the day
not knowing what you’re going
to do with your friends, But
always find a way to fulfill
your summer at the end. Then,
Fall you get a feeling of good
vibes fun things to do
just get a feeling you
can’t explain.

I am tall, exhausted
rather be on top or below?
Would you sacrifice everything to achieve happiness?
I am very exhausted in life.

The Story of my Life

1. In school I’m small, not dumb.
2. In jail I have no choice
3. I hate kids, but I’m one
4. When will I go home again?

Fall Frenzy

I always like Fall
best you have
Halloween parties
with your friends
My birthday
Places around
the decorated
houses, dogs roam
free in the
fields, pizza,
pumpkins, and subs
Fresh haircuts.
I always like summer best, the walking past 12 am, the warmness in the air, entertainment with friends sitting at the pier, listening to music, driving around.

Super Summer

I always like summer the best, you can always drink slushies from Circle K, lunch from Taco Bell and get stuff from Dollar Tree. While listening to dogs barking, birds chirping, and police sirens and all you smell is dinner, flowers, and trash on garbage day.

Fall Times

I always like Fall best. The smell of smoke and the sound of dogs makes me feel at home I walk to GetGo and see a Junkie, he asks for a dollar to buy a Slim Jim. I see a cop, he says Hello. I go home and hear my mom, she’s yelling for my sister and I go to sleep.
I always like winter best because
I get to hit people and friends with
Ice balls and because it does not smell
terrible and it is fun to play in the snow and get to help shovel the snow
and get cars unstuck.

The officers watch
as kids write, time ticks slowly,
irritating me

Sitting on a cold seat
as loud, broken heater hums
films on the TV

Tasty chicken wings
The hot sauce dripping from chicken
Plus ranch, tastes so good

The cold air stabs every
Individual hair on your neck.
Stale air leaves our unsatisfied
breath. Then, all you can notice
is the uncomfortable stillness.

The cold metal tables
surround the room
many peoples’ voices
fill the room.
Back to the Cellblock

DW

The cell door closes
leaving me to silence and
the thoughts in my head

Untitled

ZP

Stagnate air, same walls, limited windows
Stagnate air fills the sand covered room with limited windows
City lights strung on the:
Sky view when the night is dark
and eerie off the rooftops.

Untitled

CR

I say how I feel
you go run to your friends and tell
cannot risk you again

Untitled

IL

Some days the food is terrible, some days its manageable
People in here act like they’re about you.

Untitled

IL

Following my birthday
Loud knock on my door so familiar
Snow covered my slippers
fridge is full of food

Untitled

ND

There are too many bricks and metal and doors
Hearing the doors unlock and slam close is very
loud and annoying. This place feels stuffy and
has stale air.
I can do taxes
I am a calculator
I hate accounting

This place is very stale
The doors are very obnoxious
and I hate this place

Brick walls.
Officers.
Doors.
Volunteers.
Big TV.
There's a lot of Brick walls.
A lot of people too.
Ye who dare compare you to bad wine.  
Ye shall get the wrath of the Dragon.  
She shall get a horrid wrath of time.  
They shall get to go on a wagon to thy.  
Thy shall go to fine, they shall get it.

Rollercoaster make me feel so alive  
When on rollercoasters i feel nervous  
After on the rollercoaster i strive  
To get everyone to ride with us.

Music makes me feel alive and complete  
Lana Del Rey is my favorite singer,  
I like music when driving down the street  
er her voice touched my soul, and it lingers.

From the outside looking in its not bad,  
but let me tell you it makes me pretty sad  
that people cannot see the pain hidden in me  
my life controlled by an outside force  
my caseworker will never let me be  
moving from place to place never; a steady course  
moving all across the state of Ohio.  
I've seen all sights, but now they don't interest me.  
I just wish I could go home and see my family.  
It's been too long since I've seen my dad  
Sometimes I think I forget who he is  
I can't wait until I'm 18, then I'll be free  
finally going home to see my family.
I enjoy hanging with my friends until the day ends. I hate learning, but we are always believing in each other to the end because we are friends until we die, but now I have to say goodbye.

My baby needs me, and I need my baby. I'm 8 months and feel like I'm the size of a wrecking ball. And I'm locked in a tiny box.

A singer thought she was the best pop singer, but she went to a studio and they told her she sucked, but she felt amazing, so she wasn't convinced and got her music out there, but it ruined her whole life because her voice sounded like a dying whale.

On that lonely day poor hearts bled and wept. I swear this stupid (s-word) makes me so mad promises that were made and were not kept rest in peace to my stupid f-ing dad you made my poor mom cry so f-ing hard you killed yourself and left us high and dry you act like you were just a sack of lard left us lonely, did us wrong, and made us cry.
Scared cheer paint
Ball throw
Whistle
Catch

A student got expelled for spray painting the whole school red and purple. The student is upset because she won't be able to go to her dream schools. Her parents are angry because they have to pay for everything to be replaced & painted again. The school board is disappointed because they have to cancel school for 2 weeks which makes other students' parents upset and angry. The student who did spray paint the school is also disappointed because she lost all of her friends. Her friends are mad and think she's dumb for doing that.

The End
Untitled
CR
A lot is going on
people showing fake love
start to act without thinking
start watching people more close
friends start distancing that they both hangout with
start thinking who did it
when finds out who did it get back
But people don’t understand why
can’t vent to someone again
asking could he have saved her
asking why him
starts lights without a reason
to get the anger out

Untitled
XB
Mustard sandwich, the way you ruin my lunch.
I would rather eat bleach on my Captain Crunch.
The bread always breaks because it’s too old
with blues and green, Is that mold?
When I leave, no more mustard, no more soy.
These thoughts always bring me joy.

Untitled
ND
Every day I try to get out of this house
Every day my mom and dad are always fighting
and every day I feel like I am always in the
middle of it. Every day when I get home
my dad always yells at me and makes
me feel worthless and he always beats
me when I don’t even do anything wrong.
Every day when I go to school, they see
that my back is bruised, and I am too scared
to tell them what really happened. I
hope that everything will get better.

Curfew
DW
Going home at the end of the night
Curfew comes early, which brings me no joy
Time moves quick on a night like this,
But on the day of my release
time moves slow, bringing frustration
But on the time of my release,
Comes immediate joy.
The Story

DW

I ran the streets like you wouldn't believe
I did years of time by the time I was 17
Sitting back in the cold cell block
wishing I never wrapped my hand around
that glock.
Ever since then I've gone downhill.
I'm just glad I'm here now.
Given a chance to get my life together.
A chance to make my future better.
I dropped out twice, finishing was
something I never thought I would do.
I got goals of things I want to do
But seeing my son is at the top of the list.
I don't want him to see me in chains,
so, I am going to take this opportunity
to change to spare any pain.

Untitled

NC

I feel so horrible
I feel so unable
to help my friend.
I feel her pain
I share her sorrow
there is a plane
In which I borrow
And take her on a flight
to ease her feelings
even though we were in a fight
I share with her my mother's teachings
We fly past hills
We see a cemetery
She tells me her friends overdosed on pills
She breaks down crying
and I keep trying
to ease her pain
**Untitled**

**NC**

Dad!
I’m sad
I’m so mad
You piss me off
Why did you do that
You hurt me beyond healing
I can’t shake this feeling
I don’t want to feel a thing
until I meditate
and then I elevate
I escape my own head
I’m lying in my own bed
But honestly, I’m in the sky
Waving my old feelings, goodbye

**Untitled**

**CR**

People don’t understand
So, I feel frustrated
Parties with personality like me
Bring me joy
In school, teachers explain, but don’t understand frustration
Teachers that understand why you don’t understand
Brings Joy
Staying in the house when you want to go crazy transition
Outside all day Running alone Brings joy

**The poem is short, the beard is long**

**XB**

g got telling no,
about to go,
on a rampage,
turning into,
the worlds,
longest beard.

**Untitled**

**AL**

My Po sent me to jail
and so, it was a fail,
but in here I get to see Mrs. Jarvis
who gives me hope for my future
Untitled

MA

Your favorite shirt has a hole
the feeling of never reaching your goal

Your car won't start in the morn
You feel like you wanna punch the horn

Your favorite shirt still fits
Setting one that you can hit

More time to relax and smile
Life’s short, make it
Worth your while.

Untitled

CR

The smells of chicken and noodles,
and rice, the loudness of all the humans,
all the humans with friends and family,
then to go home and fight with
parents, after having joy in the restaurant
to scream, and yell. Though it was over
something dumb, and not worthy of
frustration.
The End.

Untitled

AS

My grandma is candy
She's sweet like candy
She means love
like heaven above
She means forgiveness
her heart has a certain toughness
She means talent
She is brilliant.
Hereditary Hardship

DK

I keep trying to find her,
Keep trying to write her
People wanna keep me away
I just want them out the way

I really want to ask somethings
Wish I was of age, so I could spread my wings
Need to ask her what I coulda done
Need to ask her what I shoulda done

She needs to know that I’m there
She needs to know that I’m here
And she really needs to know that I care
And she really needs to know that I’m here

I want you to know that I love you too
I hope I can tell you through the flows
I need you to know that it’s me and you.
I hope that you can tell you that I love you so.

DEANDRE

DW

Thinkin’ about my son and how we should be at home
Sitting in Jail, I thought my heart was cold as stone
but it isn’t and got me wishin’ I was out
so, I could listen and watch my son cry and pout
Sitting tucked away, I can’t help but think
about all the time passing, quick as a wink
Time moves fast, but he grows up faster
I wish I could get out now, instead of later
I saw him twice for not long enough
his little hand locked onto my finger
Sitting with him in my arms, feeding him cheese puffs
the love in my heart makes me want to forever linger
She means safety
almost like a key
She means home
down to my bone
She means love
like heaven above
She means forgiveness
She is like a goddess

My sauce
is the boss
it tastes like magic
everybody else’s is tragic
the only thing he was good for was his spaghetti
and then, he ran off with betty
the plate was hot
and he won’t get another shot

Sometimes life puts you in a spin
Sometimes life lets you win
Sometimes there is no we
but you gotta Paul McCartney, let it be
I remember it like the day before last
So long ago, it goes by fast
It’s okay I’ll see you soon
Nothings gonna stop the rising of the moon

I dream about Subway
Melted mayo, turkey, and provolone, which I pray,
toasted on a slice of wheat bread
All wrapped up into a sandwich of heaven, which I said
The warm aroma of toasted bread fills the air
As I rip the paper off the sandwich with a tear
I pair my sub with an ice-cold root beer,
it’s so good it makes me shed a tear

Sun yellow, like a bananas
The warmth call it Hannah Montana
Untitled
MP

She's keeping all 7 kids.
She sells the ring.
She moves to California, San Francisco,
All she does is work to give all
that she can to her kids.
She only has $5.60 to buy her
Coffee to keep going.
All she smells is freedom from
getting away.
She is always late to work
at the coffee shop.
The end

Time Travel
XB

There ain't no pity in these streets. You don't rat for free.
Don't call me selfish, I ain't do that stuff for me
Grew up with no pops
My momma, she could kick rocks

me, my grandma, my brothers 3 too many mouths to feed
I remember all those nights, hearing all those shots, grandma ain't got
the money, we just want to leave

Untitled
AM

When I think of hard times, I remember my grandpa
He said he's seen it all
He told me not to think about the bad
That's what makes me be glad

He told me one day it all gon' be better
While I'm sitting in my cell, thinking about the weather
It's like I'm in school waiting for the last bell
My grandpa said, one day, Imma come back from hell

Untitled
CR

locked in a cell, just writing songs
praying to god i make it home
all this pain, i just wanna be alone
when talking to me watch yo tone
say you love me, but where did you go
ride for my brotha, that's on my soul
when i leave you, ain't answer the phone
please tell me what i did wrong
Untitled
NC
If I could have a superpower
I’d be as tall as a tower
I’d be as strong as a bull
I’d be swaggy, I’d be cool

Dang, I luv my mom
I swear she is da bomb
always make me feel like i’m worth it
she tells me I should never quit

The Best Food
NC
Noodles Romanowsky
it makes me so happy
eat it with some broccoli
and even a cup of tea

simmer up da sauce
in the kitchen, I’m the boss
boiling the noodles
ate it now, I’m at a loss

Biscuits n’ Gravy
CB
Biscuits and gravy
will make you go crazy
cut it with a knife
it will brighten your life

put it in your mouth
right now
made at home
not a bowl of mush with a comb

Made at home
I’m not capping
Without a comb
you are clapping

I got the best biscuits and gravy
you can’t touch ‘em
I’m not last
When you’re with ‘em
The Nastily Divine
AR and KS

If the world ended
The World is a big square
When I leave today
could fall asleep
What if the Tree
I could whine
That would be corkingly divine!
When the big, fluffy wheezie decided to cry
my mom will run away to China when she sees you
But Garfield took my wallet
If I cried
There will be crickets tomorrow

Untitled

If the Irish take all the earth’s oil
She will drink her prune juice
But it will not change her facial expression
If he left
The sun will set in the east
You have Dorito cheesy hands
I will lick my fingers off.

if I liked the place
That would be foul
What if the officer
I will wear a cat on my head
. . .and why did you just sneeze?

Untitled

Sadness, there’s no more prune juice
broccoli
The horse jumped over the hay.

I saw a fluffy bug
She let her hair down.
Dogs are amazing
Dolphins had a bottom half of human and top dolphin
Why he so long,
Why he got so much energy.
The stop sign is Red
Horseshoe pits are microscopic bugs
If the officers stopped being officers
They will fly away
What if I cried
I would die
That would be delicious
If the dog finds out about the poptart...
In 10 years, I will reincarnate
But the door is neither closed nor open.
If went cliff diving
Breakfast will be tasty
When my dog sleeps
Dog is great tomorrow!

The sky is grey
Doughnuts walked with legs and had eyes
This place is so fun!
He has no hair line
The sun is yellow
I am a green bird.
My name is Juan Carlos Sanchez.
Captain America is a very nice person on weekdays.
The monkeys in the room are screaming
at each other

Table 1

Never gonna give my hamster up.
Obama is a good lookin' man uuu
The sea cow is an extinct animal from the Atlantic Ocean
She's a bad type of bad

Violets are blue
Dog walked on 2 legs
I am Who I am
The dog ate my homework
The Dog was dead.
The chicken crossed the road
The Dog is Brown
I am -3,182 years old
Hairy Potter’s a hairy otter
the water is sticky
They really got my goal
Why the sour face?

She wore a red coat
I saw a shooting star
Old people are funny looking
The cat jumped in a puddle
the garage is in a worse condition than yesterday
I am 187 years old
The banana wore a hat
The Tiger is Big

I am so bored
The water is Blue
officer Clemens is 597 years old
I love eating cake and steak together

The cat is an animal
The cow jumped over the moon
The cow said moo.
My cousin fell
He took a bite out of the cake
Roses are red
No one lives from a Doggo Apocalypse
I don’t know what to write.

I see myself getting off Probation
and focusing on school
Focusing on myself
and bettering everything in my life
the freedom of it all scares me
‘cause I don’t want to get in trouble again.
When I achieve this, I see myself feeling
a weight lifted off my shoulders
a breath I’ve been holding released.
Untitled

DK

I see myself becoming a successful musician.
I am a musician
I got so much ambition
I got this new edition
I know that you’ll be listenin’.

Untitled

AS

What scares me is going out in the real world and messing up. Not having enough structure. My grandma can hold me accountable and make sure I’m giving myself structure.

Untitled

CM

If I see myself being scared because if I get on PB, Then, There is a more likely chance of me coming Back here.

Untitled

AR

What Scares me about my goal is that I won’t finish my classes on time. All my credits are only .5 when I need 7.75 more credits to graduate by June 1st, so it scared me that I won’t be able to finish all my classes on time. My life will be different because I’ll most likely move to a different state and I won’t have my mom by my side Constantly giving me constant reassurance and advice. I see myself at a beach with my textbook out

Untitled

D

I see myself being worried about taking risks to gain more money, but overcoming the fear because you need to take risks to make more money. My life will be more enjoyable when I meet my goal.
When I get out, I see myself listening to music because I feel good listening to music. Also, when I get out, I want to eat pizza.

I see myself cruising down the autobahn in my hot rod with my windows down, blasting my rock and roll pushin’ 170.

I see myself away from family in the U.S., and in Italy near the rest of my family in Venice and it’s sunny and they’re people out having fun and talking and partying as everyone watches fireworks.

I see myself under a cover of green
seen of me
climbing a tree
When I got to rest my head

The anticipation of my last cheer-day I put in my all,
We were learning our moves,
But I couldn’t keep up.
I slipped and slid
as the floor was still wet
from the night before.
Soon came the end,
It was my last cheer-day.
The thing that scares me the most about accomplishing my goal is failure. Being able to go to college and being the first one in my family to go and some how messing it up scares me.

I see myself being a veterinarian. I'm scared of the taxes and the debt I'll be in. I'm also scared about who I'll be after if I'll be stuck up or not. I do not wanna be stuck up. I think I'll feel happy after I get out of school or college.

Here in the life objects keep changing into the suffering brother of the forty-eight keys of the typewriter

When I learned my first drop, I felt accomplished successful, and proud. I overcame my fear and completed the drop, then, perfected it. The silk burned, but I got used to the feeling and began trying harder to learn new tricks. I felt even more proud as classmates cheered me on and hugged me with each new thing I learned.

Finding skateboarding for the first time was so calming, being able to kick off a board and hearing the whooshing of the air around me as I kicked harder and harder to gain speed. Falling for the first time was one of the best feelings, I got right back up and went down a hill, going even faster, knowing I was probably going to fall or crash even harder than before and feeling the adrenaline through my blood and the stress setting in. Peaceful. not being able to see the world in detail, but blurry and fast, familiar.
My First Kickflip

DE

retro skateboard
that’s green on the bottom

1 I stood on my skateboard
2 I got in position
3 I bent my knees
4 I popped the back of the board
5 I slid my foot across the board
6 I caught my feet on the board
7 I landed on the ground
8 I got surprised
9 I stepped off the board
10 I had done my first kickflip

My first win

DK

I went up to the mat and got down
on my knees. The kid got on top of me
and was breathing in my ear. We wrestled
until I pinned him. I had won. After all
the grunting and sweating, I had finally
beat this kid. This was my first win.

Championship

KT

In the 4th quarter, the last two minutes of the game,
Carolina was down by 2 points in the NCAA Championship.
Jordan was passed the ball. As he flew down the court,
dribbling the rock, he pulled up at the three and
shot a wicked three-point shot, inducing the crowd
to go wild. Without looking to see if he made
his shot, he turned away, not wanting to look
and see if he had made it or not in fear of
missing the potentially game winning shot.
With the crowd going wild, and sweat pouring
down his face, Jordan led the Carolina Tarheels
to their first championship of Jordan’s career.
Here
the gold rug
two flowers taking root in its crotch
lighting up both the soil and the laugh.
Each day I feed the world out there
I feed the world in here too

Here,
in the room of my life
Ashtrays to
each contestant
waiting
the fireplace
waiting for someone to pick it up,
opening and closing like sea clams,
me
lighting up
the
objects
in my hands
that bangs in my throat.
Here
my life
changing
into
suffering

My life
Keeps changing
suffering
woodwalls never shut
each wall exhausted
with the exertion
taking root
the doors
opening and closing
poking at me,
I feel the world
I feed the world
nothing is just
what it seems
to be.

Here
my room
Ashtrays
of wood
forty-eight keys
an eyeball shut.
A dog made of Naugahyde
the sockets of the wall
the gold
heels
the fireplace
a knife
exhausted with the exertion of a w***e.
the doors
opening and closing
the lights
lighting up
the starving windows
that drive the trees
Each day I feed the world
I feed the world in here too.
nothing is just what it seems to be.
My dream
compelled to, it seems, by all the words in my hands
Untitled
AP

Here
in life
objects keep changing
into suffering
forty-eight keys of the typewriter
poking at me,
the starving windows
drive the trees like nails into my heart

Untitled
DK

Here
life
into suffering
each contestant in a contest
coffin
waiting
a knife
exhausted with exertion
Each day
right and left.

Untitled
IN

my life
keeps changing.
A cry in
eye never shut
coffin made of
heels and toes
exhausted
flowers
closing like sea clams
my heart
explodes
nothing seems to
bang in my throat.
In the room of my life
To cry, for the suffering
brother,
Each, an eyeball that is
shut, the sockets
waiting like a cave
of bees, the fireplace
is exhausted, the flowers
taking root, doors,
opening and opening
and closing like
sea clams, the light
poking me, the staving
windows that drive
the trees like nails into my heart
I feed
offering the desk
However, nothing is just what it seems to be
compelled the words into my hands.

We want to acknowledge the following
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- Residents and Juvenile Facility Staff
- Student Volunteers and Cohort Advisors
- Staff, Teaching Artists, and Contractors
  - Board of Directors, Community Partners, and Donors

It takes a team to achieve what Writers in Residence does, so thank you to everyone involved!
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