



**Bridget Hartig(editor-in-chief) is so excited to kick off the resurgence of Boone’s Digital Literary Magazine, “Methinks.” Hartig is a graduating senior, and will be attending University of Florida in the fall. She was a writer and co-editor-in-chief of the BoonePubs student newspaper for two years, where she won Staffer of the Year and multiple writing Best-in-Show awards from the National Scholastic Press Association and Columbia University Scholastic Press Association. She is a member of the Quill and Scroll Literary Honor Society, officer of National Honor Society and tutoring consultant for Boone’s Writing Center. She has also served as student government president, backstage crew head leader with Boone Thespians, and creator and chief tour guide of “Tour of the Totem” tours. She wants to thank Mrs. Hilley for her constant support, love and for being a source of laughs. Let the tradition live on!**

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**“The lady doth protest too much, methinks. . .” *Hamlet*, Act III, scene iii.**



## Table of Contents

<b>[name]</b>	<b>Ross Skrobiak-Bales</b>
<b>Problem-Solving</b>	<b>Taylor King</b>
<b>My Civil War</b>	<b>Aoife Tobin</b>
<b>My Friend Brought a Pillow</b>	<b>Miranda Fuller</b>
<b>Words on Skin</b>	<b>Amy Bravo Miranda</b>
<b>My Life</b>	<b>Jean Guadalupe</b>
<b>Broken Ritual</b>	<b>Eliezer Lopez</b>
<b>PrisoN</b>	<b>Martin Hernandez</b>
<b>Scarlet Window</b>	<b>Piper Murwin</b>
<b>A Wounded Soldier</b>	<b>Abigail Gray</b>
<b>Putting Your Thoughts Together</b>	<b>Jillian Noel</b>
<b>Evolution</b>	<b>Elijah Cruzada</b>
<b>Testing Blues</b>	<b>Miranda Fuller</b>
<b>Ode to Creativity</b>	<b>Madeleine Fry</b>
<b>Untitled</b>	<b>Kerry Rimmer</b>
<b>A Mixed Dilemma</b>	<b>Alayna Fennell</b>
<b>Summer Lovers</b>	<b>Eliezer Lopez</b>
<b>Thoughts and Prayers</b>	<b>Lauren Barfield</b>

[name]

My therapist tells me I see the world in special ways  
lens refocusing and soundtracks  
too much information all at once to register properly  
I know the exact way the sunlight fell  
through the window at 2:17 pm on sunday  
four years ago in june  
the first time I listened to that one song  
and not the way I look in mirrors and ice  
or speeding train windows panes  
water on the surface of glass  
and sliding by on shards  
refractal imagery in pieces and more pieces  
split ends and dead ends and list ends  
Paranoia the heavy word  
Sleepless the common  
hefty my name the price I pay  
in bruised ribs, in if you feel that ways  
and in over the sun, candle melting  
Cheap copies and 99 cent mythos  
buying and buying and loaned time  
which one brings the snap and break?  
the last one the last question

In cramped closets and ache  
I would say falling again but we both  
know it isn't enough to describe the pure  
weight of it  
More forms for formal greetings  
more windows and reflections out of reach  
I'd like to think it would be a special sight  
way of reality when patterns form  
in places they are not  
like pacing up and sideways back into  
the core of the earth  
not being fully present and sliding off again

Second eighth trips to them again  
I see the world in special ways  
and don't trust strangers and feel cold  
Be it a blessing  
Be it a curse

all I've lost in slipping through the cracks  
of tiles in floors of long forgotten  
countries I hope one day  
maybe I'll know not knowing as my friend  
and not the devourer  
and not the about face or turning left

~Ross Skrobiak-Bales, grade 12

### Problem-solving

I am a problem solver.  
I solve problems.  
That's why I love math,  
There is a problem.  
And I can solve it.

But you.  
You were challenging.  
You had demons.

I think you thought that I could fight your demons,  
But I can't.  
I have demons of my own to fight,  
My own monsters coming at me from my left and my right,  
From the sky and from the ground.  
I can hardly fight my own monsters,  
I can't fight yours too.

I wish I could.  
I wish I could take my sword of steel  
And slay your dragons  
And put its head on my sword  
And march through town parading it  
Saying, "Look what I did. I slayed the dragon".

But I can't.  
I'm not strong enough.  
My sword is made of plastic and all it does is make dragons laugh.

I think you thought I could fix you.  
I'm not sure how you thought,  
Maybe my body, maybe my mind,  
Maybe you thought I would have some profound words of wisdom that  
would cure anything.

But I'm only human  
And it is a god.  
A god ruling over your life and mine

Sometimes I thought I hurt you.  
I thought me being with you made the demons come out  
But I also feared that if I left,  
The demons would kidnap you.  
I was stuck in this catch 22 of who I should believe.  
The monster or you?

Darling, I am a problem solver.  
But you had problems I couldn't solve.

Taylor King, Grade 11

### My Civil War

My first crush was on a girl  
Believe it or not it was in pre-k and I was 4  
A time before I knew the social construct that I would later try so hard  
to fit  
I didn't know girls were supposed to like boys  
So I was living my truth, oblivious to the complications ahead of me

By elementary school it became obvious that boys like girls and girls  
like boys  
We would play house and there was always a mommy and a daddy  
At the age of 7 I was already actively living a lie  
Watching my every move to make sure that my secret wouldn't come out  
A secret that I knew deep down but I would never admit to myself

My life became a game of convincing myself I wasn't gay

Look at my 5th grade yearbook photo  
and you'd never guess that little girl was in a constant internal battle  
A little girl already conforming to social norms  
Terrified of a part of herself that she didn't choose

Middle school was where my internal battle became a civil war  
Every other thought was centered around  
I'm not gay  
There's no way that I am  
And even if I am I can never let anyone know

In my eyes my friends went boy CRAZY  
I never understood why they would constantly talk about them  
Cry over them  
And have such strong feelings

I had boyfriends during 8th and 9th grade  
And it wasn't to convince the world I was straight, but to convince  
myself I wasn't gay  
But I felt empty  
And I knew why

October, 2015- my freshman year  
The scariest time of my life  
I was a balloon that couldn't take any more air  
My skin grew thin  
I was about to pop  
This lie swelled up inside me  
I lived my life up until this point lying to myself and everyone around  
me  
I lived with a glass wall keeping me from getting too close with anyone  
Because if they got too close  
If they truly looked into my eyes  
I was sure they could see the chaos in my mind  
The fear in my heart

And what if they found out  
What if everyone hated me  
What if I make everyone uncomfortable  
What if I my life completely changes

At the same time as these terrifying what ifs followed me  
I was more scared of the other what ifs

What if I never have the confidence to come out  
What if i miss the chance to feel real love  
What if I die before being myself

So I came out

I felt my self confidence shift into the hands of people I didn't care  
about

Even after coming out I was followed by insecurity

Praying that my love life wouldn't come up in conversation

My heart beating out of my chest when I can tell I was about to be asked  
about my sexuality

My heart dropping when I hear something homophobic

My heart being teared up and beaten down when 49 people were killed  
at the closest gay bar to my house

But after time

My heart is now full

I am happy with who I am

I have felt love and have had true connections with girls

I can talk to my friends openly about how I feel and who I like

I hear love songs and I can finally relate

I am here tell everyone in the audience

Everyone who is feeling the same way I felt

Dealing with the same civil war

That I survived

And I've seen both sides

One in fear

And one in pride

I am living my best life by being who I am

Not sorry

Not scared

But proud

Of myself,

Of everyone who came out before me

And of everyone still building up the courage

It is so worth it to be who you are

To love who you want to love

**And, most importantly, to love yourself  
Because the judgement you fear  
Is coming from the people that don't matter**

**--Aoife Tobin, Grade 11**

### **My Friend Brought a Pillow**

**My friend brought a pillow.  
I think that was smart.  
'Cause I'm doomed to writing  
Tiny pieces of art.  
poem after poem,  
Each worse than the rest.  
I just hope that somehow,  
I survive this test.**

**~Miranda Fuller, Grade 9**

### **Words on Skin**

**Rebecca is walking down the halls of her high school and immediately gets hit by words, labels such as fat, loser, stupid, dumb, insane, fake, different, ugly, ect. Each time one of these words are said they appear on her skin. Black bold letters, printed on her skin for everyone to see. She's frightened, upset, and now insecure. She doesn't know who she is anymore. Is she smart? Or is she dumb, like everyone tells her she is? Is she pretty? Is she too skinny? Or is she too fat? All these questions pop in her head as she stares into her mirror. Still day after day words appear all over her and don't go away.**

**Why won't they go away? What does she have to do to get them off her? No matter how hard she scrubs her arm, no matter how many times she takes a bath the ink does not come off. When Rebecca goes to school she sees other people get called names but unlike her, words don't appear on their skin. She's too shy to ask why but mostly because she doesn't really know anyone. But one day her mom makes her go to an**

after school club called FCA. Rebecca didn't enjoy it that much, there was food and games and people were laughing and having fun. After the fun part there was a serious part in which people would pray for many different things. After prayer there would always be a speaker, and that day in particular there was a speaker who went through the same thing she was going through, and his name was Mark.

Mark is a very famous basketball player with a lot of money, but life wasn't so easy for him in high school. Mark was not the star player of the basketball team, nor was he that smartest kid in school. But one thing that affected him the most was the people around him. Other students would call him names and say mean stuff about him and every time they did, he didn't let it get to him. He didn't let other people try to tell him who or what he was. He never stopped being himself and that was how he made it so far in life. His story was very inspiring to Rebecca to the students the only amusing part was getting to meet a famous basketball player. Little by little the students started walking out of the room and in minutes the room was empty except for Rebecca and Mark.

Mark was surprised to see Rebecca still be there, so he came up to her and asked what was the matter. Rebecca raised her head and her face was as wet as a flower with the morning dew still on its beautiful but delicate petals. Mark handed her some tissues and asked her why she was crying, her response was tragic to Mark, but not surprising. He told Rebecca that she is in this world to accomplish something great, and that before she can do those great things she must go through the most hurtful, stressful, and challenging things in life so she can enjoy all of her big and small accomplishments in life.

Once Rebecca understood what Mark was saying she realized that just like him she must not let people's words get to her. She must be herself! Rebecca grabbed another tissue and tried wiping off the block bold letters off her skin, and this time the words started to come off. Mark looked at her and smiled, whispered something in her ear and walked away.

Rebecca was happy and ever since that day she has never let a single negative word get to her and now she is the CEO of the biggest company in New York and lives a very happy and healthy life.

~Amy Bravo Miranda, grade 10

## My Life

The tropics are a great place to vacation say all travel guides, but to this young boy it was home. He would roam the rainforest in his own unique way. He loved to visit nature's wonder and questioned what was beyond the sea. He knew that he wanted to explore what lay across the sea but never knew how he was going to traverse the immense frontier.

This little boy also had one very special wish. This wish was for a sibling to enter the world. Eight months later he got his wish and received a brother. However, the wish he had turned out to be defective to the eyes of common people. These people viewed his brother as a monster not suitable for the island's society. Doctors scoffed at the thought of attempting to solve the problems that have caused this monster. This lack of support by their community meant the boy's parent were left with only one choice, journeying across the sea that the boy had viewed as a never-ending horizon.

The day had arrived. The day of the flight to a new life where all of his brother's problems would disappear. Where he would not be seen as a monster. Where all of the boy's dreams would become reality. This fantasy was shattered as soon as he saw the reality of his new life. The boy's brother was no longer seen as a monster, which was a relief to the boy, but now the whole family was seen as aliens to this new country. They had been considered part of this country but once they stepped foot on the country, they seemed to be emitting an aura of exotic scent to the people of their new country.

The lack of welcome came as a shock to the boy who had thought that all people loved each other. The boy shook off this startling discovery and continued forward to what he believed was his destiny. The boy had to face the typical challenges a foreigner in an unfamiliar country. He had surpassed all these challenges and seemed to acquire what he deemed to be his destiny, yet he still felt a hole inside his soul. He had not been able to fix the problem that still persisted within his brother. The fixing of his brother's ailment would be his top priority for the rest of his life.

This story might far-fetched and unrealistic to some people; to me, it's my Life.

~Jean Guadalupe, Grade 10

## **Broken Ritual**

**Find the light which casts a circle  
Where amongst the torn light lies the veil  
Sing a silent hymn and beat your chest  
Whilst dancing to the rhythm of your heart**

**~Eliezer Lopez, Grade 12**

## **Prison**

**My body is a prison  
My mind is the prisoner and my disorder is the warden**

**Making everyday a living hell making me experience love only to have it  
be stripped away from me**

**MY FRIENDS ARE NOT MY FRIENDS THEY ARE MERLY TORTURE  
WEAPONS FOR HIM TO USE AGAINST ME**

**MY FOOD IS SLEEP ONLY GETTING IT SOMETIMES AND ITS NEVER  
GOOD**

**MY FREE TIME IS TIME WITH FRIENDS THATS IF I HAVE ANY REAL  
ONES LEFT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THIS DAMNED PRISON**

**So I tell you this**

**My body is a prison**

**The guards are his thoughts constantly seeing if I am if check  
"He hates you, they think of you as freak, you will never find love on  
this earth as long as I live live live"**

**If the guards are no longer working he hires new ones**

**And my free time is rewarded if I behave**

**What is my free you might ask....it's time where I feel loved..cared  
for..unbothered by his guards unbothered by him...**

**I feel at piece then I can feel it.. him grabbing me back pulling me back  
to the prison I am dragged back by his guards as I see my friends and  
family desperately trying to save me I toss and yelling struggling I don't**

want to go I'm tossed in my cell and the door closed the guards stand by saying there lines as I weep

Seeping into the bed called my mind I lay motionless and silence roams moans of the voice that lay still but vocalize there pain maintain composure

SHOUTS OF THE OTHER PRISONERS YELLING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THERE SOULS YELLING OVER AND OVER remain composure

SCREAMING SOUNDS FROM HELL YELLING ROLLING OVER FROM UNDER remain composure  
YELLS OF AGONY remain composure

BANG BANG BANG Guard comes to the cell and we look eyes what's gonna break you?  
Hmm PLEADED FROM THE BURNING SOULS REAMIN COMPOSURE  
REMAIN COMPOSURE WHATS GONNA BREAK YOU

I FEEL THEM LOUDER HEAT FROM MY TOES ITS GETTING HOT WHY AM I GETTING HOT brought from under it's under the floor is hot rot

I feel myself begin to rot more heat it can't be beat I can't stop it the pain make it stop! Done.

~Martin Hernandez, Grade 11

### Scarlet Window

pondering pieces of shredded curtain  
while the air ripples in the heated night  
of stifling proportions and  
convoluted ideas  
that transform the thought  
of despair and worry  
into butterflies worthy

of the willow's sigh  
beneath your window

the tapering qualities  
of purgatoria in light green hues  
of the wiry branches dipping  
down into the salty brook  
of divine misproportions  
and misunderstood dreams,  
while the sun fades away  
to the symphony of rain drops  
and the moon rises  
with a tired yawn  
and stretches his arms  
past the shadows that  
hide in the corners of the rooms  
you need not go into.

these murmurs of clouds  
tickle the wisps of dandelions  
that float among the seeds  
of oaks that creak in forceful  
wind that comes when the  
ground shakes as  
light breaks the sky in two  
infernial and ethereal  
and the middleground

**cowers in terror  
as fires burn  
in the moonlight.**

**~Piper Murwin, Grade 12**

### **A Wounded Soldier**

**They took over every aspect of my life. They isolated me and corrupted my thoughts. Those demons disguised themselves in pretty little words, whispering sweetness into my heart. And I believed them, I wanted to. I was so broken and helpless that those words seemed to save me. They wrapped their strings around my finger. Those strings grew thicker and stronger as they snaked their way up my arms, across my chest, and squeezed every bit of love and peace out of my heart. I tried to fight back, but by then, it was too late. The seed they planted in my mind had been watered and was growing at an increasingly fast rate. I had moments where I thought I had broken free, but those moments of bliss never lasted. The strings just pulled tighter and shouted poisonous lies into my ears, telling me I could never escape them. During those moments, I'd think to myself, "How nice it would be to have someone to cut these strings..." However, time has passed and those strings wore me down. I've come to realize that I trapped myself. I was battling myself everyday, tearing my heart apart... and for what? What good did those days in misery and darkness do me? It's taken years and I'm still struggling, but now I am learning to accept that I am good enough and my dark past is what made me who I am today. These strings don't define me. I am not a puppet of my own thoughts and feelings. I can wear these strings down and eventually break them. I can look at the scars on my heart and body with pride, shouting to the world, "I did it! I healed myself!". Taking my newfound love for myself, growing with it, and helping others through their pain. I will become a wounded soldier. I can do this. And so can you.**

**~Abigail Gray, Grade 11**

## **Putting Your Thoughts Together**

**Have you not realized yet  
They come, and then they go  
Not for days, but forever more  
They stay around you, but not within  
Who they really are, you are picturing them in your head  
You may think you're confused  
But are you really?  
Reality bites you mentally and physically.  
~Jillian Noel, Grade 9**

## **Evolution**

**Another crack in the heart of our nation  
Fueling a fire, a burning sensation  
You may feel tempted to hold your head high,  
But we offer our shoulders for you to cry.**

**You may be mad and full of rage.  
We will turn this hateful page.  
You may be sad, you may be somber.  
We will come back ten times stronger.**

**We feel your pain; we hold your sorrow.  
We pray to see a better tomorrow.  
Care and warmth, we must exchange.**

**Together, we can make this change.**

**Life may hold countless trials.**

**Our love can cover many miles.**

**Time will heal the broken song.**

**Forever we will be MSD Strong.**

**~Elijah Cruzada, Grade 11**

***In honor of the Parkland victims***

### **Testing Blues**

**I finished this early  
And that's nothing new,  
But sometimes I just wish  
I took testing time too.**

**My boredom is growing,  
I stare at the clock.  
While the random guy next to me  
Is asleep like a rock.**

**So I jot down some poems,  
Just to pass all the time.  
'Doom' and 'gloom'  
Is now my favorite rhyme.**

**Doom, gloom  
Despair, don't care  
Clock, like a rock,  
I could pull out my hair.  
Next, best, chairs, test,  
Each stanza is melting  
Into a jumbled mess.**

**It drags on forever, my boredom and doom,  
When they call the test's finish,  
I'll run out the room.**

**Pencils scrape.  
Keys clack.  
I rest against by test chair's back.  
I look around,  
Desperate to see,  
If anyone  
Is as bored as me.**

**~Miranda Fuller, Grade 9**

### **An Ode to Creativity**

**Creativity is dead. Taken from  
the ashes of regurgitated minds  
constructed by the ordinance of a  
sovereign immunity's binding design.**

**Restricted by the confines of my kind  
the apperception of reality  
decides what I believe; it leaves me blind  
to Its current state of mortality.**

**I am what I learn, what I know is true.  
My creativity is a product  
of those who told me not to misconstrue  
my dreams, my thoughts, and my code of conduct.**

**It's a wall built of fabricated eyes  
scouring for the next to gormandize**

**~Madeleine Fry, Grade 12**

**Originally published in *American High School Poets—Inside of Me*, 2018.**

## Untitled

I don't want to grow up. I don't want to have to go to a job every day that I worked all my life for and ended up hating. I don't want to have to pay bills and be responsible for making sure my dog is fed and walked every day. That idea is intimidating, and I'm not ready. In a year I have to decide where I'm going to college and I have no set idea of what I want to do. I don't know what I'm good enough at to make a career out of it and that's scary and stressful. People tell me that I still have time to figure it all out but the days and weeks and months and years are going by so fast and I think I'm running out of time. I don't want to grow up and be burdened with having to make sure I keep myself alive while simultaneously keeping a steady job and good friends and a happy life. This is all so overwhelming. I don't want to grow up. I'm not ready for that.

But I'm tired of being "too young." I'm tired of being told that I'm "too young" to understand the social and political issues in our society. I'm tired of being told I'm "too young" to have a say in important discussions. I know I'm not even a legal adult yet, but I know how to present myself in a mature manner and represent my opinions in a respectable way. In this sense, I'm ready to move on with life and control my own destiny and make my own decisions. I want to be in control of what I do every day. I want to take responsibility for making sure I stay alive on a day-to-day basis. This is the part of life I'm most excited for: living on my own in a new city where I have to make sure I take my vitamins and eat healthy food and go for a run every day.

I'm tired of being told I'm too young.

~Kerry Rimmer, Grade 11

## A Mixed Dilemma

I feel so connected to the color of my skin, the texture of my hair, and the ethnicities that flow through my veins. I've felt many different ways about these inalienable characteristics that constantly cross my mind. I've gone through whole periods of my life where I wished so badly to have pin-straight hair and light green or blue eyes. In the summer months of my childhood I didn't care how the sun bathed my

skin in rays and turned my skin darker, but as the complexion of those around me seemed to grow lighter as I moved to a different area I saw only one way to be beautiful and having darker skin was not it. So I slathered on 100 SPF and begged for a flat iron, which I taught myself how to use. I'd admire myself in the winter months as my light brown skin turned even lighter and the lack of humidity allowed my hair to flow straight all day.

Though I've lived only 16 years, I've learned so much and now see the error of my ways. I often wish I could explain to my middle-school that forcing my hair straight with three hundred and fifty degree heat, minimizing sun exposure, and feeling ashamed when my skin grew any more than two shades darker, would never lead to a larger friend group, or general happiness. As clichéd as that can be, I now wear my mixed features with a badge of honor.

Despite the pride I now feel in my shoulder length, curly hair and beautiful brown skin, a strange melancholy feeling still pervades me. One of my favorite songs, "Chum," by Earl Sweatshirt, explains the feeling better than I ever could: *Too black for the white kids, and too white for the blacks*. A mix of the two separates me further from both. I will never fit into either mold perfectly, and I used to struggle with which to pick. I've come to realize there is no mold and the oppositional titles of black and white don't really separate people, only the societal view of a difference does. Being a mixed girl with curly hair and light brown skin makes me simultaneously similar to many yet stand out in a crowd. I will never be able to be fully white by straightening my hair and praying for a paler complexion; I will never be fully black by acting as a person that I am not. All I can do is be myself and love the complexion and curls I see in the mirror, and make the decision to do so every day.

~Alayna Fennell, Grade 11

## Summer Lovers

Blessed we were  
To have known each other

Cursed our Love was  
To be driven apart

Do you remember  
That summer day  
I laid by the creek, feet in the mud

You sauntered across  
From the other side of the creek  
Caught me by surprise

Words like honey spilled from your lips  
Your laugh like a siren call  
The gleam of the Sun on your teeth

We had only met once  
Yet I felt like I'd known you an eternity

We met by the creek every dewed morning  
As the Sun just began to light the sky  
We left every humid evening  
Accompanied by fireflies, guided by moonlight

And when the Moon was new  
Or the sky overcast  
We found each other beneath the old bridge

We talked  
'Bout this and that  
Our goals and aspirations  
But never of reality

The last night before summer would be over  
You told me  
"Close your eyes"  
And when I asked why

**You said to trust you**

**No sooner did my eyes close  
Did your lips touch mine**

**I remember  
The rush of emotion that threatened to burst from my heart  
Only to escape from my eyes**

**How worried you were you did something wrong  
How I had to reassure you, you did nothing wrong  
That it was okay**

**We both seemed to get caught up in  
Untold responsibilities  
Our meets by the creek dwindled  
But I carry you in my heart wherever I go-  
I wonder, if you do the same of me?**

**~Eliezer Lopez, Grade 12**

### **Thoughts and Prayers**

**49 people were murdered a mile from my house in the middle of the night.  
Just like that my city was thrust into the national spotlight.  
It said Orlando strong on our hashtag;  
The same was put on our flag.  
Rainbows were painted on cheeks.  
Orange Avenue was closed for an entire week.  
It was an attack on our city,  
And we were the subject of the whole nations pity.  
"Our thoughts and prayers are with you", they typed on their phones,  
While corpses were being buried beneath dark, grey tombstones.  
They kept saying that.  
Our politicians, leaders, officials all murmured:**

**Thoughts and prayers.**

**Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.**

**It was relentless.**

**8 killed at their home.  
Thoughts and prayers.**

**26 killed at church.  
Thoughts and prayers.**

**“Our thoughts and prayers are with you”, same as last week,  
But no one tries to start the peace that we all seek.**

**58 killed at a concert.  
Thoughts and prayers.**

**17 killed at school.  
Thoughts and prayers.**

**Some shot as a theatre, some more in a neighborhood;  
A post office, a planned parenthood, a social services agency;  
Colorado, California, Oklahoma, Texas, Washington.**

**Hands on their keyboard writing “Our thoughts and prayers are with  
you,”  
As another finger slips off the trigger.  
Wasn’t Sandy Hook was supposed to change everything?**

**Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
I am so sick of hearing that.**

**Those who recite this phrase do nothing to prevent from happening the  
next day.**

**They turn the other way.  
Their pockets weighed with money from the NRA,  
They sit in silence and watch the violence,  
Only speaking to remind us that we can’t take their guns.  
Oh! And to give us their thoughts and prayers.**

Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
Thoughts and prayers.  
My friend Gina is dead.  
Gina Montalto. Say her name.  
She sits six feet under in a cold grave,  
Never to do color guard again,  
All because she audacity to go to school.

I don't want your thoughts and prayers.  
I want something done.  
We all want something done.  
As bloody dollars fill up your pockets,  
But thoughts and prayers for everyone.  
Dirty money fills your wallet,  
I think it's time to talk about the gun.  
Boom!

Someone is shot in America every 4 and half minutes.  
That person has a one in three chance of dying.  
And a politician's thoughts and prayers have a 0% chance of saving anyone.  
So I say no more thoughts and prayers  
Instead policy and change.  
Policy and change.  
Policy and change.  
Policy and change.

I speak about this issue like it is a matter of life and death,  
But as more people are taking their final breath,  
And end up dead because of a bullet in their head.  
I've realized that it absolutely is.  
This is a matter of life and death.

~Lauren Barfield, Grade 10