Thoughts that go through my head

The unpoetic thoughts that goes through my head when I think about violence...

Violence is something you can’t candy coat.

The loud screams the guns shots that I thought were bottle rockets,

How silly, but not as the need to make flowers out of mud.

Like the ability to make things seem beautiful.

I remember when I would listen to the bottle rockets fly off

BANG!

I would gets so excited looking for the glowing lights

Indigo, neon green, pink, purple, and yellow

Staying up half the night looking for those light

They never came because they were there.

“'THIS IS MADNESS!'”
Violence is the rhythm of silent sorrow
It’s the small footsteps that keep you from wanting to succeed.
It leads to death, jail, or the agonizing pain of sadness
   The fact that we, us don’t install tranquility
It almost like we don’t have the ability

Violence is messed up life
   the life that you don’t want.
The bad influences the bullies the hatred.
It’s to overwhelming

Violence is poisoning are minds
So far that we don’t even see the signs

I’m in A.V.I.D class right now
   I’m thinking about violence
And the unpoetic thoughts simmers down to a silence