YWCA Northern New Jersey

VOICES
A Literary Journal for Youth

Civic Engagement

A publication of YWCA Northern New Jersey in commemoration of the 2020 Stand Against Racism

#OnAMission #StandAgainstRacism
I run and run down the street.
My legs feel numb with every step.
I hear their voices, their loud, loud voices.
Taunting me, haunting me.

I turn until I reach the sidewalk.
My foot gets caught, and I collapse.
My face crashes into the rough pavement,
Pain starts spreading from within.

They grab my back, and pull me up.
Their eyes are cold with no empathy.
They grab my backpack, and throw me down.
My items start spilling out.

Pencil, books, easers leak out like a waterfall.
They aren’t pleased, they want more.
They throw my backpack back at me.
My supplies come flying next.

Next, they come charging.
Their force sends me to the ground.
My face becomes one with the pavement.
The same pain starts to form again.

I get punched.
I get kicked.
I get thrown.
I get torn.

Agony.
Aching.
Throbbing.
Stinging.

It seems like the pain will be here forever.
They don’t stop. They won’t stop.
Embarrassment fill me.
Knowing I will never ever fit in.

All at once, they stop.
Their faces white, eyes wide.
They slowly start to back away.
They turn, and run and run down the street.

I’m lying on the ground.
Blood is splattered on the pavement.
My face is swollen. Is bruised. Is bleeding.
I just lay there, and start crying.

The tears flow, and don’t stop.
I don’t even move. I don’t ever stop.
The blood flows down from my nose.
My happiness...is gone.

What feels like hours is only seconds.
Someone taps me on the shoulder.
I look up and see a girl.
I know the girl.

She goes to my school. She is in my grade.
I never thought she cared about me.
She grabs my hand and pulls me up.
She wipes away the dried blood.

She asks where I live. We start to walk.
We talk and talk. We share so much in common.
We arrive to my house, and we smile goodbye.
I slowly wobble into my house, and sit down, thinking.

I made a friend, when I was told I wouldn’t.
I persevered, when no one thought I couldn’t.
I go into the bathroom, and clean myself off.
I stare at my reflection, and just smile.

Maybe there are people who care.
Maybe there are people who...always have cared...

Poem by: Elizabeth Ruvo
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School, 8th grade
The Bridge to Another World

I sit inside my house
Pondering what the world has become
Should I take a stand?
Or wait for others to force it to overcome.

I look outside my door
The fog escaped inside
I heard a whisper in my ear
I pushed the exit aside

I ran to follow the whisper
That led me to a wood
A gate towered over me
I opened it doing no good.

“Hello?” I shouted all alone
The visuals I could not bare
A bridge lay out in front of me
I crossed it in despair.

Surprised I looked at what came next
Nothing I should be scared of
A perfect utopia smiled at me
I hadn’t crossed the bridge enough.

The people all were happy
Hand enlaced in hand
The world was oh so perfect
I wondered, “was this planned?”

Everybody got along
No one leader or one mind
They all led this world together
All of mankind.

There was joy at every turn
Grins from ear to ear
They surrounded me and told me this
“This is what you need to hear.”

“This is our perfect world!”
“You can visit anytime!”
“Although this world is ours...”
It can also be mine!

I took their wisest words with me
And ran back across that bridge
I closed the gate and ran to home
On my house on the ridge.

As I lay down on my bed
I knew I had to help
I got to my computer
And wrote all that I felt.

“Stop the hate! Stop the bullying!”
“Stop this twisted world!”
“Get rid of all pessimists.”
“Our new world is deserved!”

The people all were happy
Hand enlaced in hand
I knew that I had done it!
I’m glad I took a stand.

Poem by: Amanda Gorrin
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Do Your Part

Be that person
Who makes a change.
Stand up for what you believe,
And never back down.

Serve this country!
Plant some trees!
You have these rights,
Use them for good.

In a world full of criticism,
Stand your ground.
You deserve your opinion,
Just like everyone else.

America is the land of the free,
And home of the brave.
Do It a favor,
And help this country.

So what?
Who cares what they think?
You’re your own person,
And no one can change that.

Thank you to everyone,
Who has done their part.
And thank you to everyone,
Who is going to help our world.

Go volunteer!
Help some people in need!
You are a citizen on America,
Use your power for good.

Poem by: Sofia Ruvo
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
We all have a voice
And we all have a choice
We can use it for the good of ourselves
Or for the good of others

We can use it to stand up
Or put others down
We can use it to create
Or destroy

Our voice can break things
Our hearts
Our minds
Our point of view
But it can fix things too

And we all know it is up to you
It is up to us
We can yell out for help
Or we can call out for action

Our voice is more than words
More than a sound that hangs in the air
Our voice is more than a noise in the background
Our voice is even more than something people can hear

It is something people can take
It is something people can make
Even if what you are saying is fake
People will take

Every generation has a different point of view
Every person including you
But what we all have is a voice
All that matters is what we do

Poem By Grace Larson
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
7 billion people living on the earth,
Each striving for a different, individual purpose,
Working every day to provide to their families,
Likewise changing the community not just for their families.

Good times, hard times, whichever it is,
Each individual makes sure they contribute,
Taking leadership and affection to what they are told.

Doctors, police, the list goes on and on,
Volunteers, people simply working just for a job,
In one individual town or state or country,
They all add up to make one strong community.

Children, growing up to learn their role,
Staying calm and under control,
Growing up and finding their purpose in life,
To join and come together and do what’s right.
The community has been expanding and growing,
As time goes by,
More jobs, responsibilities as the time flies by.

Hard times come often just like we are in,
And the community is coming together to show what is within,
Doctors, nurses working together to play their roles,
As children like me stay at home.

My role might seem quite simple,
And that’s okay; I’m doing what is right,
Staying home and helping my peers,
So, when night comes, everything is alright.

During this time,
What I do is stay home,
And help the community by doing what is told.

Doctors do their jobs,
As they rely on the community to do what is told,
By staying home and practice social distancing,
While the rest of the world is in self quarantine.

Overall, everyone has their each and own responsibility,
Which makes our world one large society,
With all the roles being played for different purposes,
At the end of the day,
Everyone makes the community a better place.

Poem by: Brandon Bliss
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. Middle School
Once enjoying going to school to play,
Just like I do my work every day,
A presentation described people becoming hoarse,
and soon we learned the situation got worse.
Soon our country became conquered by the unwelcome,
and that’s why we’re held hostage by our own homes!

It at first felt good to have a break from something boring,
This once in a while moment we should be savoring.
Excused not to leave, I seem to be content
with this spacious amount of time to be spent.
At virtual school, my stress of doing work is lessened
without having to be there in person.

It doesn’t last long however, for when the time lingers,
my contentment starts to shrink to the size of my finger!
We just want to be outside to hang out with your friends,
but this new cage that now holds us must let our happiness end!
Soon my patience will begin to wear thin
And my frustration from being stuck will start to get poppin’!

Over the weekend, I go outside for fresh air
because staying inside all day isn’t fair.
I spread dirt and mulch with my family over the garden
so the old lives of the flowers won’t start to deaden.
Refreshed from the sunlight, I continue my daily chores,
such as emptying the dishwasher, unfolding my laundry and more.

The powerful disaster continues to vanquish other countries
and spread rapidly like butter over toast pastries.
The U.S., Italy, Spain, France, China have all fallen
in this crisis where children and teenagers’ happy fun is stolen.
Thousands of citizens worldwide became prisoners of their residence.
Those prisoners all in magic chains, are all surrounded by a safety fence.

Now in a seemingly hopeless situation,
I believe this will be an ever-lasting duration!
Soon every country in the world will have coronavirus.
It’s now clear this apocalypse leading to Doomsday is victorious.
Yet, held captive by our dwelling, we must hope this disease
won’t succeed at bringing our planet to its knees.

But am I the type of person who believes the negative?
No, I’m a tough cookie who dreams of the positive!
We must not give up hope; we will survive this “war”
if for a month, it involves being inside an invisible jar.
We, our families, friends and government are trying our very best,
so we must put all our spirits up to this test!

Poem by: Petra Bertetti
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Painting by: Heuyie Wong
Lewis F. Cole Middle School
Leaders know what’s good and right
Leaders must know how to solve a problem
Leaders must be kind to the people
No man or women shall be left behind
Everybody has a place which is equal to others
Everybody has a voice
A voice that must be listened to
Leaders should give these people a voice,
No matter their race, or gender
They are equals
And the leaders are the only one who can do that
It’s the way to make a perfect society
But they’re other leaders who act differently than others
They do what they desire,
Exclude people that is not similar to them
Saying mean thing,

Hurting feelings
Ignoring people who are different in race or gender
Not giving them a voice
Assuming they will do the wrong
The sight of selfishness makes people shiver
They have no heart
But does who know what’s good and right
Can change them
And can truly make a better society for citizens and every one.

Poem by: Joshua Pena
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Trapped

I see nobody
I hear stories
Of those who have been a victim
To this awful disease.
No friends or family,
No one to see
I am stuck here all alone
with no one but me.
It’s saddening to see
And yet we all agree
That this too shall pass
Just as it has before.
And here I will wait
Until public places open up their gates
But for now,
I can only keep faith.

Poem by: Sophia Ciccarelli
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
How Do You See Me?

Do you really see me?
My thoughts, inner feelings, and beliefs
Or does the color of my skin tell you who I am?
We might have so much in common
Sports teams, eating pizza, video games
But you don’t bother to ask
Your mind is made up already
From the first time you saw me
You didn’t ask my name
Does it really matter?
We are all the same
No matter the challenges
No matter the problems
No matter the appearances
We are all human.

Poem by: Kenneth Falato
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Art By: Heba Querfelli
Lewis F. Cole Middle School
“Biased”

Pick on one race,
Call them a disgrace,
Because of what others of “their kind” have done,
It wasn’t the whole cultural,
In most cases it was only just one
We hold this right in our hands,
People using it to make demands,
Some are helpful and for the greater good,
But for others who misunderstood,
Use this power,
To create rumors that can be as tall as towers
People judge each other,
Because of color,
Walk the other away,

And don’t listen to what others have to say,
Assumed what they were like,
Pretended like they didn’t have a life,
All because of what they’ve heard

And it’s for these rights,
That we can put up a fight,
And use it for the greater good,
So, that for all who misunderstood,
Are able to understand that this is our civic right,
And we are able to stand tall and fight,
For what we believe is right.

Poem by: Wilhelmina Carraher
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Sometimes, I trade calligraphy brushes for makeup brushes, dusting over creases filled with the inky black of my Sephora eyeliner, that-when uncapped-doesn’t sting my nose like the pungency of 墨 (calligraphy ink).

The calligraphy brushes return, when New Years comes around (2 months after New Years) and I am busy painting my lips, and the 宣纸 (calligraphy paper) the color red.

Red, says my aunt, is a lucky color in Chinese culture.

As eight red flowers appear from under my brush, I can’t help but hold my nose after dipping it in the mo, as I sign the fragile paper with the Chinese characters of my name, so fragile that they’ll crumble if I stare too long.

Eight,
I have learned,
is a lucky number in my family’s culture.
Invert an 8, and you’ll find the western symbol of everlasting foreversness and infinity.
(Most think of forever as a Very long time, But forever is really no time at All)

In China, 八, or eight, is a lucky number because it sounds like 发 in 发财, meaning “To get rich.”

But rich, like forever, Has no meaning at all.

Or so I thought, until I left my room to hang up the eight red flowers in the living room where my family is eating and laughing, and I realize that I’m hanging up a mirror for the words—forever rich.

Poem by: Angela Li
Lewis F. Cole Middle School
Imagine our Nation:
Ruled by one,
With the power to sentence anyone of any crime.

Imagine our Press:
With no real news,
And only propaganda filling the papers.

Imagine our justice systems:
Where activists,
are executed for speaking out for change.

Imagine our society:
Where individuals,
Are persecuted for their identity and beliefs
And through the struggles,
And countless lives lost,
The founding fathers waged war, And MLK strived for his dream.

But still much work remains;
Racism lives, Fascism grows.

Slurs are thrown, and rights denied.
Despite this all, we waste our votes.
We suppress our voices and let evil be.

But even still, we cannot forget...
How great,
That we live in a nation of democracy.
How great,
That we have credible resources in our news.
How great
That we have the freedom of speech and press.
How great
that we only have to imagine.

Poem By: Krish Ramkumar
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
I See You There

No, you don’t do it for pleasure. That’s not the point. You want to pave the way for others. You want people who do see you to inspire their fathers and mothers.

I see it now. Your humble intentions. Your face is a host for pride. Although it’s hard and a minuscule thing, your victory was won inside. No one else came or told some other, as the harmful plastic festered except for you, ma’am, who knows no injustice and wants no other to be pestered.

So here I sit, surprised and amazed, watching you take the hard way with the nobility and perseverance that gives sunlight to every natural day!

What am I doing here? Why am I watching? Am I better than those who say boo?

I stand up, the breeze slapping me awake, and shout over “I’m helping too!”

Poem by: Patrick Tallman
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Taking Charge Through Hardships

We each have our own responsibilities
But one person always stands out
Taking charge through hardships and struggles
They motivate us to do the best we can
Even when we are in doubt at the lowest we can be
They advise us to do the right thing
And help us move ahead
People stand back at times like these
To then have the leaders show directions to go
They see what’s best for each person
And take the opportunity to show people
Leaders are empowering

Poem by: Juliana Barros
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. Middle School
In fairytales there is always an antagonist- a Maleficent or a Great Big Wolf- someone who is always at fault for the sake of the victim.

Because we all know that white doesn’t shine as bright next to gray as it does next to black.

Because a world in grayscale where things happen just because wasn’t taught in English class, where there’s always a Follow up to because.

Would you rather Save one person or three? Would you let one pair of shoulders Crumble under the weight of the world Lest the world follows lead? When the world chooses to name a common enemy, their unity comes at the expense of our lives, but I think that’s too valuable to barter with.

I did not understand Why the only thing to fear is fear until seeing asians targeted By men controlled by the strings Of fear, like a slave to The threat of his puppeteer.

I do not understand “model minority” Much less “yellow peril.” But I do understand The looks that are given, The threats that are given, The deserted streets, The cancelled plane tickets, The meaning of stigma.

I am from China but I’m not a virus, I am from China but I’m not the antagonist, I am not what follows the word because, because the world is not black and white and there is no common enemy except the Virus itself

Poem by: Angela Li
Lewis F Cole Middle School
Kirsten Tiango
Ridgewood High School
“It is our collective and individual responsibility... to preserve and tend to the world in which we all live.” These words were said by the Dalai Lama, the head monk of Tibetan Buddhism. As our number of years on earth go up, the environment of the younger generations has one foot already in the future with all of the technology advancements around us. However, more and more advancements are yet to be released and the world already has people glued to technology. The world is suffering one of the biggest crises mankind ever encountered: climate change. Following Greta Thunberg, the sixteen-year-old from Sweden, hasn’t been enough for everyone; actually not everyone even follows in the shadow of her road. Those who haven’t been able to or those who can’t afford to follow, there are much simpler ways to help our one and only Earth in your own neighborhood. There is no physical natural space needed to be inserted. The people in the community have the natural space we need: brains. Our head is all we need to change the environment to somewhere safe to live. Anything you see, anything you feel, or anything you think that is reusable, keep it; there is no doubt that you could use the materials somewhere else.

Anything you see can be something you could reuse in your daily life. If you really think about it, look out the window. What do you see? Well, right out the window of my room, I see an older man carrying a felt bag with groceries in it. I just saw that right? I could totally reuse the idea and be influenced to do the same. Instead of using plastic bags, you or I could use the felt bags that are lying around at home. Think about it. Even if only a quarter of our population does that, it’s about two billion people doing that. Imagine that? Our environment can highly benefit from the idea of simply using felt bags instead of plastic bags. A rough eighty percent of people use plastic. About one hundred billion plastic bags are thrown out. Compared to that, only one to three percent of the bags are recycled a year. If you think about it, you even see the bags flying around. Well, does anyone really go and pick it up, or claim it’s theirs? No, maybe there are people who do, but from my experience, I have never seen anyone do it. Even though you see young activists protesting from half across the world making speeches and whatnot, there are small actions that build up and influence others, such as the reuse of the sight of someone else’s decision, that in the end benefits our world.

The reuse of feelings can help benefit our world as well. In the process of throwing away products in the oceans, littering on the streets, and not recycling, as we are educated on the topics, people should feel guilt in the decision to still do it. The feeling of guilt for doing it once should be manipulated and reused in a way that makes you self conscious of your actions. Say, you really love sea animals. Then, you unconsciously leave behind a bunch of wrappers and objects harmful to these animals. As a result of the actions you took, there are a few innocent animals who cost their life for a misstep that we caused. You should remember the feeling of guilt or any other feelings you felt after killing the animal, indirectly. Keep the feelings as part of who you are. Now, when you’re near the ocean again, you feel and remember the past. Then, you try to stay conscious of those feelings and your actions near the ocean so that the same mistake doesn’t happen.

Continued on next page...
What the Community Needs for a Clean Environment (continued)

There really is no difference between the two. Students already go through the process so there really is no difficulty in applying it to something bigger in life. Adults don’t have excuses either because they went through being a student and they possibly still go through similar issues as workers of the country. Clearly, the simple feeling of guilt that we all have felt at one point can be used to change the fate of the future and the fate of the world.

Just like sight and feelings can alter the fate of the world, simple thoughts in our mind can help change it as well. On average, we have sixty thousand to eighty thousand thoughts per day. Most of the thoughts are influenced by the things we see and how we feel. Therefore, the actions above can help us drill the thoughts of trying to help out and be a part of the environment can help. The thoughts usually lead us to take action. Actions we could take from thoughts is trying to talk to your own family to become eco-friendly. After family, you could start influencing your peers around you. Try to help your neighborhood make better choices to become eco-friendly. Support others in the neighborhood who embark their journey on becoming “greener”. The environment can and will benefit from the effort that we put into the change. Also, if we have that many thoughts, there is no doubt that becoming eco-friendly has been on your mind at one point. Even if you don’t realize it, everyone had the thought at least once in their life. So, since you had the thought cross your mind, why not act and become “greener”. In taking action and others seeing it, it’s an endless cycle of seeing, feeling, and thinking. In the end, future generations have a higher chance of being preserved.

Clearly, there is no need to add another natural space in the community; we already have it, it’s just the way everyone in the environment acts. By doing simple actions that we already do, including seeing, feeling and thinking, we could flip the entire future’s fate by taking a few seconds to do so. There is nothing that we humans cannot change; it doesn’t matter if you aren’t a famous individual or anything, you could still make a change in the world, starting from what you have.

By: Alex Kim
Lewis F Cole Middle School
My Community And Where I’m From

I am from everywhere-
From the bewildering forest and the deep blue sea.

I am from the cities-
Radiant, bright, and familiar.

I am from the leaves on the trees
and the petals on flowers.
They are soft and fragile, yet strong.
They are part of something greater than themselves.

I’m from warm nights,
roasting marshmallows,
from a family of travelers
from my father Cedric and my mother Otilia.

I’m from the church's children, and the low-singing choir,
I’m from Spain, and from my grandfather’s Africa, or from my Father’s France
Spanish tortillas and French crepes,
from when my older brother and sister got stitches,
and from when my younger sister and brother and I got stitches.

All those family scrapbooks on the bookshelves in the living room,
They all bring us back and help us remember our past,
and will help us to imagine our bright futures.

Poem by: Irene Burg Segura
Lewis F Cole Middle School
The Colony of Flightless Bees

We all have our responsibility,
As people of this earth
Whether asset or liability,
Assigned to us by birth

A bee must create it’s honey
To supply the beloved queen
We, although it’s sunny,
Must abide this quarantine

It seems as though human decency
Has arrived, only recently
For the ones who have respect,
An end to this, we may expect

We, the bees,
Cannot do as we please,
For a colony of young and old,
The future is wrapped in a blindfold

Poem by: Katia Rodionova
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
Pandemonium spreads.
Tragedy strikes.
Panic ensues.
Fear grows stronger.

Dread fills the head
as we hoard and raid the stores.
Supplies vanish and shelves clear,
leaving emptiness behind.

The brain is so caught up
with our physical needs,
there comes a time where we ask one simple question:
“Am I okay?”

While toilet paper and eggs
are a necessity,
mental health is far more important,
and we will not survive without stability.

It’s reasonable to not be out
gathering supplies and risking your life.
Be there for your community emotionally,
a supporting shoulder to lean on.

One phone call
can make someone’s day.
One comical clip
can make anyone laugh out loud.

We may not be able to interact physically.
though we can virtually.
Even if we must be 6 feet away,
we are always there for each other.

All the tears are shared in this time of need.
When our eyes become too blurry to see,
we rely on each other’s joy to
restyle a frown into a smile

Even if fear may beat us
until we can’t hold on any longer,
we are all in this together,
united as one.

Poem by: London Simpson
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
“Different, weird, odd.”
The demons lurking taunt.
Break you down with words.
Even dreams those shadows haunt.
Plant seeds of doubt that grow;
To bushes of thorns and evil.
Don’t let them take root;
Or they just might be lethal.

“Stupid, ugly, freak.”
The people point and jeer.
They hate that you are special.
Try to make you hide from fear.
Their words are daggers sharp;
To cut you and tarnish your beauty.
Don’t let them put out your spark;
With their horrid acts of cruelty.

“Beautiful, special, strong.”
The angels around you say.
You are perfect as you are;
Never change your way.
Don’t listen to those demons;
Who laugh and call you a freak.
Don’t listen to the people;
Who fear those that are unique.

Why should this happen to many;
Don’t we always fuss;
“Beauty is skin deep;”
Why does its color matter to us?
An angel shouldn’t be needed;
To help the brightest stars shine.
We must all do our part and work;
That is the only way that racism can decline.

Don’t let words put out your spark;
Let it burn, fierce and bright.
They say you are different;
Embrace it, don’t waste it.
A word just shows feelings;
And feelings are bigger than you ever knew.
So take the true meaning of their words;
Be different, be unique, and always be you.

Poem by: Kavya Gounder
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
“Different”

Different stories
Different backgrounds
Despite this...
We all have one thing in common
We’re all humans
You may think that’s an obvious answer, but if you think about
We all know what’s like to not be accepted
Simply because of who you are
Even though you can’t control it
Or even understand why...
Imagine if you were kinder to everyone who wasn’t like you
Maybe we would understand what it’s like to be different
You may think it’s the society we live in...
You make fun of someone because they aren’t like you
You wouldn’t know what they have been through or what their truly like
Maybe if you got to know them, you wouldn’t be so harsh or unaccepting
People forget everyone is different
Nobody is perfect, you aren’t an exception

Poem by: Alejandra Camarena
Park Ridge Jr/Sr. Middle School
Conditions Change

Make new friends,
   Be social,
Sit with new people at lunch.
   Were encouraged before.

   Stay inside,
   Avoid social interaction,
Wear gloves and masks.
   Are enforced now.

Hidden away
While the world is repaired.
   Birds in a cage
Waiting for their freedom.

Poem By: Erika Glynn
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
A Powerful Influence

A positive mindset,
Is a powerful mindset.
Keeping your eyes on the horizon, and where we’ll be soon
Not letting go of your new or old belief
Is a powerful thing to do.
In these difficult times,
Of containment and confusion,
Hope and leadership are powerful things.
While your body may feel trapped, stuck in a home,
Your mind certainly isn’t,
Imagination is a powerful tool.
Standing up, taking the sacrifice,
Giving up the things that once seemed insignificant,
Is now suddenly absolutely significant.
Influence, is a powerful thing.
In times of desperate hardship...
There are still ways,
You can be not only a good citizen.
But a powerful citizen.

Poem by: Michael DeMar
Park Ridge Jr./Sr. School
You can almost see it now, your shining light
You can feel the victory from winning this fight And they’ll never doubt you again
Cause you, you proved them wrong
Even after the destruction, you show no fear,
As you look back, you’ll find no regrets
Never thought you’d be the only one left
And after all that has passed
You’re still here standing strong
And you’ll never be forgotten, there’s just no way, no way

Cause you’re a soldier
Keeping your focus
Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier
You’ll keep on fighting
Until it’s over
No turning back march on like a soldier, like a soldier
Cause you’re a soldier
Keeping your focus
Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier

You’ve made it through a not so joyful ride
And all of your good times and all of your bad times
They make up who you are
You’re a shining star

And They’ll never doubt again
Cause you, you proved them wrong
Even after the destruction, you show no fear, no fear
Cause you’re a soldier
Keeping your focus
Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier
You’ll keep on fighting
Until it’s over
No turning back march on like a soldier, like a soldier
Cause you’re a soldier
Keeping your focus
Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier

And now you’ll never back down
Won’t even think about it
How could you after you
Made it this far along the way
You weren’t intimidated
No matter what they did

Now everyone gets silent
When you walk their way

Cause you’re a soldier
Keeping your focus
Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier
You’ll keep on fighting
Until it’s over
No turning back march on like a soldier, like a soldier
Cause you’re a soldier
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Haven’t you noticed
Broaden your shoulders, stand like a soldier

Song lyrics by: Araya Simmons
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