

REFLECTION



A Quaranzine

Reflection: A Quaranzine

Writing and Artwork by Students from
Youth Homes
and
Free Verse in the Missoula County Juvenile
Detention Center

July 2020

Cover art by E

Walls

Thought I had eyes like obsidian, too dark to see
through to my soul.

And a heart made of tungsten, too strong to break.

So congratulations, because my heart is the
hardest to break and my soul was barely visible.

I told you I don't let people close because I'm
afraid to get hurt, and that I tend to only push
people away.

I tried my hardest and completed these walls I built
up only to have you destroy them.

You told me you loved me and I was foolish enough
to believe you.

'Cause all you did was tear me apart and damage
me beyond repair.

I learned my lesson.

I built walls higher than Burj Khalifa.

I vowed after you to never let anyone break down
my walls or even let them down for anyone.

I don't mean this in a malicious way.

I still love and care about you, though I don't know
why.

I've come to realize that maybe you enjoy hurting
people because you're afraid you'll get hurt.

That's all right.

But it won't be that way forever.

All you need to do is think about it.

-KACP

It means everything to me....



Art by I

SPIN TO
READ

My girlfriend drew me a picture in pencil and she said underneath "this is just some random girl," but it looks a lot like her although it is not her. The picture comes alive at night and she winks and moves her lips as if she wants a kiss. She makes me feel as if she is with me and not so far away.

When I'm lonely, I look at the picture and I think about her and all the memories that we have made and I wonder if I will live long enough to make a thousand more and millions after. When I look at the picture, I think that I want to make a life with her and possibly have children too, but with this virus killing everybody I don't even know if I will live long enough to fulfill my future as a man who made a 360 with his life and became the great loving, caring father that he never had and made life worth living, like his father never did. When I look at the picture of her, it's like I'm looking into the future with a telescope or really far down a dark, dark tunnel and seeing the light that was never there.

It's funny how someone can make you feel as if the world is great and nobody is doing drive-bys or killing or kidnapping innocent people. It's like she makes me think as if the world is perfect and no harm can be done to anyone. As if she were a drug that I use to take me to another level to deal with anxiety and depression, to escape the pain this world has to offer and lead me to a reality that no one else can see but me.

Everyone thinks that people always use drugs to escape reality but I use them to bring me to it. I'm going to prison and that picture of the girl she drew helps me escape the fact that I've made 24 major mistakes. It makes me look at how I can have millions of achievements and grow as a human being and as a man and help people who are like me, who never had anybody to help them through their struggles. I can be the person to light their candle in their dark room. I can possibly lead them down the road that never ends, one that has many beautiful sights to see, one that you don't have to pay to get to.

Many people I know struggle with addiction and loneliness but just because they use drugs doesn't make them bad people. Some of the most loving and caring people are addicted to some kind of drug. Most just use to numb their own pain so they can feel others' pain and help them. When people say you can't

help people unless you help yourself first, it is not true. I've seen so many addicts help even sober people. People don't just use because they know it's bad, they use to shut up the voices in their head screaming at them that they're not good enough, the screaming voice in their head called sadness telling them to kill themselves. I have witnessed first-hand that drugs can save lives but they also can take them just as quickly.

Every time I have a craving I think of my 2-year old niece and the woman who drew me that picture and I realize that no matter how bad it gets I will never have to use again and ruin the joy that those two will give me "ever". When I stare at the picture of the girl in the dim light and it winks at me it's almost as if it's E. winking at me telling me it will be ok, I'm here with you. And suddenly a weight has been lifted from my shoulders and I can breathe again, I can focus. I know that when I get out she'll be there waiting for me and we can start our lives and with her love I can stay sober, and with me sober she can feel my love and know that it's real, that it's deep, that it's true. Our relationship isn't perfect but whose is? I'm not gonna lie, she runs away quick when things get bad but runs back just as fast if not faster when I better myself, man up, admit that it was my fault she left and just say sorry.

But it's not about saying sorry. It's about meaning it when you say it and proving it to the person you're saying it to and showing them you mean it. Saying sorry is a promise that you didn't mean to do or say what you did that made you say sorry in the first place. It's also a promise that you will go to any extent to better yourself and never do it again to the best of your ability. Saying sorry is about showing the person you hurt that you feel bad and that it not only hurt them but you hurt yourself too, and you want to move forward in your relationship and make sure the past is the past so you can both move on to better things. When you say sorry, don't follow it with an excuse or reason, either. Just simply say you're truly sorry. You don't have to explain yourself unless they hit you with the almighty "why". Be a good person and change the world by saying you're sorry and proving you truly mean it.

-R

In a dream I saw a light that was very far away, it hovered over miles of the darkest sea I've ever seen and the universe is mine but I haven't heard a thing, about where I will return when it's finally the spirits and fields of things, yet to meet and that I keep.

I'm not going keeping track state. Don't be always say but always been terrified of living you'll be fine terrified terrifying time. is not singing looking outside into the all. And I know It's the color in it's been there

keep it after death. And like Sunday Morning told me it's "nothing at all" but a cloudless summer sky and a warm bright beam of light.

time to leave the trees, the the people I've the memories Don't be afraid away I'm just of my mental afraid is what I I am afraid. I've afraid. If you're like me, I hope cause we're together in this And being alive along or of the window darkness of it I love you Blue, my heart and all along and I'll



Art by J

CHOPPY WATERS

LOVE IS LIKE AN ECHO IT COMES AND IT GOES LIKE
THE
WATER WHEN IT FLOWS FROM THE GIRL IN THE

CORNER

SCREAMING AN ECHO HELP ME HELP ME SHE SAYS
WHEN

HE TAKES HER AND GOES HE KNOWS ITS

NOT RIGHT

WHEN SHE FIGHTS TO LET GO BUT HE WILL NEVER
KNOW
WHEN HIS PROMISES ARE BROKEN LIKE HES LOCKED
UP

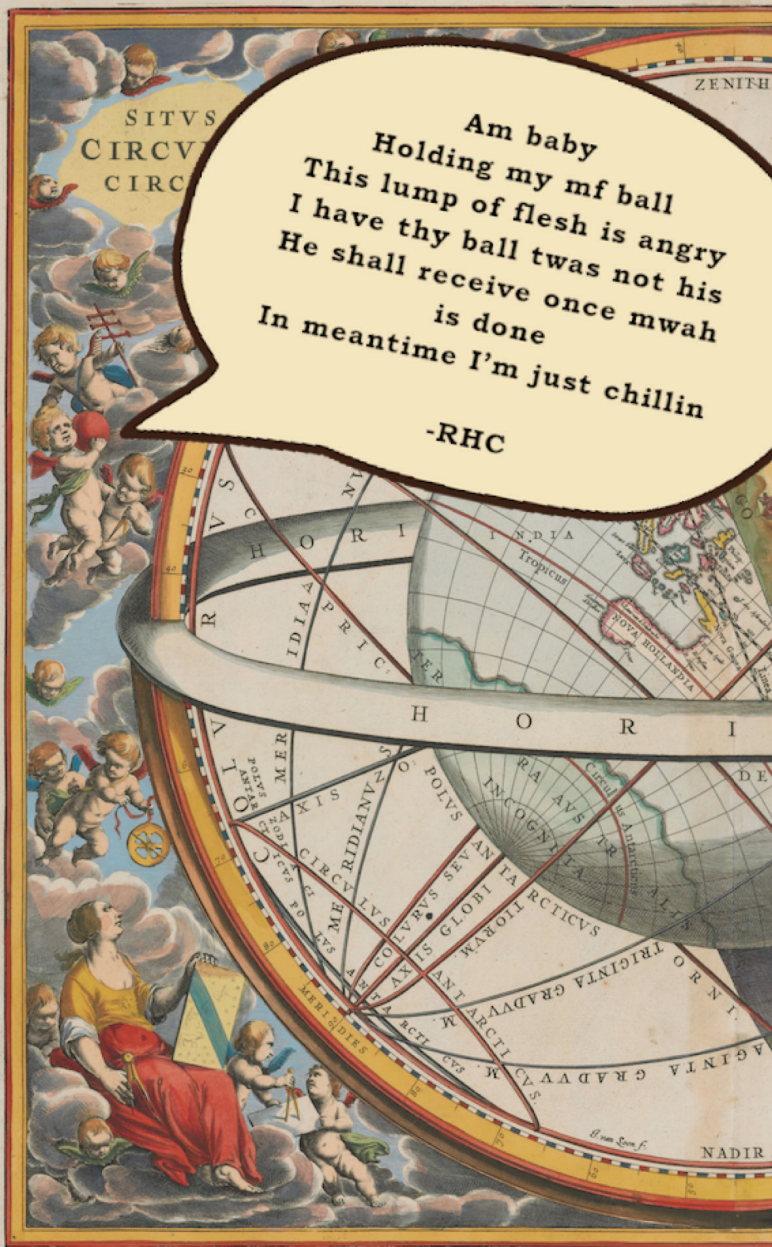
IN THE UNEXPECTED THAT WILL

NEVER BE SPOKEN

BECAUSE OF THE THING HES DONE ITS LIKE HE
KNOWS

ITS REAL DO YOU AGREE???

-RUE RUE



SITVS
CIRCV
CIRC

ZENITH

Am baby
Holding my mf ball
This lump of flesh is angry
I have thy ball twas not his
He shall receive once mwah
is done
In meantime I'm just chillin

-RHC

NADIR



i battle my anger like i'm in a street fight,
i tell it to go then it strikes, i battle it
to leave me the f**k alone, i battle it so i
don't hurt someone that i care for, i battle
it so much that i die from not breathing, i am
in a constant fight every day with it
sometimes i win sometimes i get stomped but no
matter what i battle that a**hole till he
quits and decides to finally f**k off.

- C.T.S

I don't know about these days they're so hard
it's hard to know right from wrong
I don't know if I can make it to the next day
because all the bad
Things going on in my life what if I just didn't
wake up who knows
It's going to be so hard but I know I can make
it but there's one
Thing I don't
know if I'll see my family ever again
it's gonna be
Hard let's pray that I can make it don't know if
it's gonna happen
But let's pray
lord please help me and my family come back
To our old lives because I'm
here and they're home while I'm
In jail but just know I'm a believer so I'm
going to end this song
By saying amen

-T

I could be the best I
could, but I don't
know if I would

-R



Art by K

Poem of an Animal's Life

the dog is eating
the cat is hunting
the hamster is running
the fish is swimming
the lizard running

-T

Where I'm from.

I am from being abused and being poor and also where feeling are always shut behind a door.

I am from being feared is your super power and when you cry you are seen as a coward.

I am from where the word love is never said and never to cry out loud and hardly in your bed

I am from prayers ^{that} are never answered and everyday you look sadder and sadder.

I am from a face that is hiding behind a smile and was never able to be just a child.

I am from a reservation that is hardly known and everyday you wear the same clothes.

Something that bugs me
is that I'm always at home
There's nothing to do
we can't go about to Rome
nothing seems to fun
everything gets real old fast
can never get out
I now think about the past
those time were real fun
I remember the good days
when I could see friends
so they can be with me thru
this world wide delay
I hate being by myself
cause then I just think
that it wasn't always me
now I'm so so sad
cause these things really bug me

My eyes are a whirlpool of sticky, sweet, honey
the honey that is loved by whinnery the poo
My eyes do not chase the looks of money
but are drawn to the many beautiful things
about you
My eyes not only see the bad but always see
the good



IT-Emotion: Part One

Let's see...

I was 3

On my knees

When God spoke to me

I was a slave

Never free

Like Im supposed to be

Dad was brown as a tree

Mom was white as could be

Both a nic and crack fene

Never thought I'd make it to 18

Again on my knees and my face went green

When I looked up at momma's face

I could tell she was pleased

Dad found out later
Then he made me bleed
Had to plead
No more belt
He was drunk
Didn't know how he felt
Later I found out
It was the drugs he dealt
On his breath the smoke I smelt
A place in my heart he held
Never tell
That's my gangster life hell

[PAUSE]

I was 4
Never lookin' more poor
Went to the store
While daddy wasn't lookin'
Mommy sold 'erself like a whore
Down with the door
I was on the street that mornin' little past 4
It opened my core
'Fore I left
Took the pistol out my junk drawer
Saved me from getting mugged
What better could I ask for?

[Shorter PAUSE]

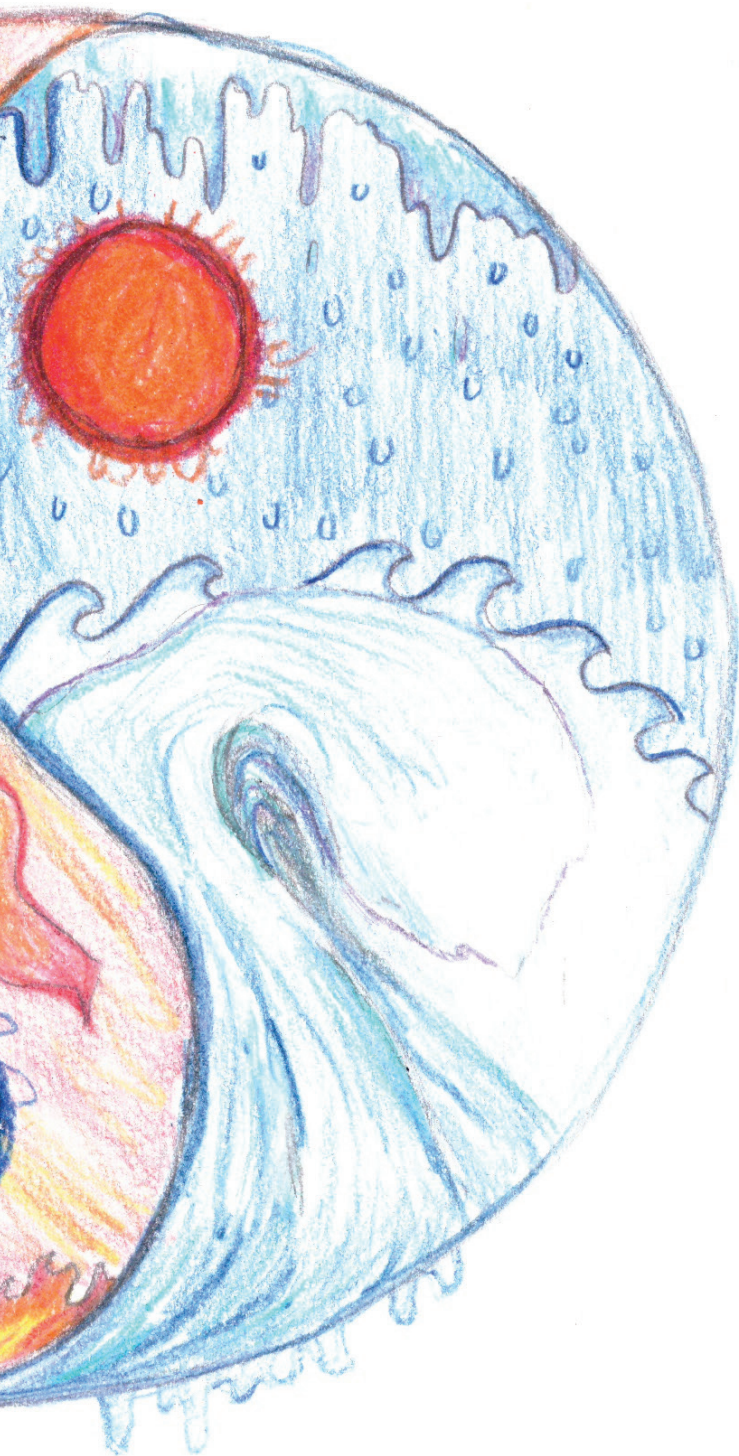
I was 5
Feds cookin' dad like a chive
Aye
Then he got sported
My life all distorted
The coke my momma snorted
Too high

Can't 'member where she stored It
Had to leave town
Trynna floor It
Feds on our ass
Trynna run
Couldn't afford It
My gangster like shorted
While this song bein' recorded
'The fuck was I thinkin?' I retorted
Child
Spouse abuse and
Bye
Bye dad
He was long gone deported
Sat out on the porch wit my toybox while it was
pourin'
Waitin' for my new life
Man
Waitin' is so borin'
Think my pain hurt so bad nobody was scorin'
Couldn't tell if I needed a drag or Neosporin
Finally
Was at grannies
Shit was so foreign
I didn't realize that this was just a lure in
Momma said goodbye 'fore I recognized the
floorin'
Aye
Baby sister was just born
Thought I was forsworn
But before I could do anything
It was off with the clothes I worn
Too dirty

Too torn
'Bout 11:30 and it was still pourin'
Took a bath and I felt important
Cuz back on the streets
We wasn't washin'
We was endurin'
Thats the curtain
But not really
They thought I was just silly
I was actually feelin' a killy
Anger levels goin' over a trilly
Then grandpa started actin' like a goddamn
hillbilly
Left our family so far behind
Like he went to philly
Hit me 'bout a trilly
I always said 'not really'
Granny bust out the broom
Hit me in my room
Teachers
Friends
Trynna assume
It just made 'er fume
I knew if I didn't shut up I was at my doom
Then came the big boom

(To be continued... in Issue 2!)





QuaranZine is coordinated by



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