2014

If the World Was My Classroom

Marissa Alvarez
Concordia University-Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Alvarez, Marissa (2014) "If the World Was My Classroom," The Promethean: Vol. 22 : Iss. 1 , Article 32.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol22/iss1/32

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Baby, each month when my world
Turns red
And I am pounded with a thunderstorm
Of knots and tangles inside of me,
I ease the discomfort and pain
By smiling to myself over the secret that we share:
Fifty percent of your ins and outs
Are more patient than I will ever be
All curled up inside a tiny pearl, tucked away
In me.

If the World Was My Classroom

Marissa Alvarez

If the world was my classroom
And a girl was my student
I would tell her she is a leaf
Ever changing
Part of different colors and race
Ever moving
With casual grace
The trees may shake
And she may fall
But the wind will sweep her away
Away from it all
She’ll land somewhere new
And have to adjust
But she should remember
Who she is,
Is not up to us
Her beauty
Is in the eye of the beholder
And she doesn’t always need
Someone to hold her
Society may cut her base down
But she should look for the smiles in life
And blow away the frowns
Big or small,
She can be anything
Throughout it all, she should know
That she is someone’s everything
Friends can be found
Around any corner
And she should listen to them and her parents
When they talk to and warn her
She'll make mistakes
And trip and fall
But even though that's true,
She should learn from it, and remember to stand tall
If the world was my classroom
And a girl was my student
I'd teach her that life is what she makes it
And no matter what she goes through,
I know she can make it

The Art of Drowning

Ebony Jackson

The thought of drowning isn't what scares people.
It's the thought of never coming back up.
Humans drown every day.
We constantly drown in work, stress, pain, love, hate; reality, the unknown.
But as long as we come back up, we find virtue in the struggle.
The air fills our lungs.
And we just move on.
What about those who keep sinking?
And never come back up.
They are forgotten at the bottom of the ocean.
Their bodies cold and still waiting.
It's too late.
They have sunk too far.
The lifeguard gave up trying to save them.
We all gave up on them.
The water consumed them.
And they drowned.