

Guns, Knives, and Broken Hearts

By Youth Voice Leader: Itza Perez

I hope, I pray...

That the youth are off of the streets,

that I won't hear anymore cries or screams

That there won't be any more endless dreams

I hope, I pray...

That the gangs will come to an end..

because my friend was killed one day

That I won't have fear to even walk outside,

where there's guns and knives and broken hearts

I hope, I pray...

That the shadow won't follow me anymore

That girls won't be raped because of what they wore

That my mom won't cry if I have to go

I hope, I pray...

That there will be a light on that endless cave

That I will hear someone say "I care"

That I won't have to die the wrong way

I hope, I pray...

That my brother doesn't join a gang

That he will think about his family first

And that he will study to be a great man

I hope I pray...

For all those souls who never had a voice

For the family who didn't have a choice

And for the criminal who probably didn't have a home

I have a voice....are you listening?

I have voice and I am resilient because of it

I have a voice because I stood up for those who needed me

I have a voice because I am HERE today.

WE HAVE A VOICE... ARE YOU LISTENING?

..because we hope and we pray that you are..

Original poetry written for Youth Resilience & Gang Prevention Summit

Wednesday, April 25, 2012

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