

# Anthology of jaylenrene



Presented by

*My poetic side* 

## summary

Don't Judge.

ALC 5/29

Black is Beautiful.

Profanity.

Society

Suicide Note

War on Syria

## Don't Judge.

Don't Judge.

I never really intended to hurt you.

It was me who was hurt the most.

Every time i'd look in the mirror the

Voices in my head would tell me i'm ugly

And Im not worthy enough ... or was it me ?

Was it me who was telling myself that I was worthless ?

Maybe it was my mom who was saying it to me by the

Looks she'd give me whenever I'd fail a test that I stayed up

All night studying for. But then again maybe it was me.

Maybe it was me who should've studied ahead of time.

I remember going into the cafeteria every day, sitting

On the floor cause no one would sit with me and I couldn't sit

With anyone else. I was branded with the name "freak" throughout

high school. I don't think people understand what that does to a person.

And these kids isn't mean "freak" as in a sexual freak. These stuck up rich kids

Branded me with a name that made me look in the mirror when I got home not

Because I wanted to see how I looked, but to see how they made me feel.

How they made me look, how they made me feel, how they made me think, what they made

Me think of myself. What someone else. Made me. Think of MYSELF.

And then there was you.

You were the one who said you loved me.

You were the one who got to know me.

You were the one who supported me.

You were the one.

Atleast I thought you were.

The 23rd was the night that I ended everything.

I ended the torture the kids would cause to me.

I ended sitting on the floor in the cafeteria.

I ended staring at myself in the mirror thinking i'm worthless.

I ended it.

I ended it all.

The police report read cause of death : suicide.

I didn't kill myself because I wanted attention.  
I didn't kill myself because I needed attention.  
I did it because the attention I was giving to others wasn't being payed attention to.  
But then there was you.  
Now you see, I thought you were the one who'd stick by me through anything.  
Then you got a girl friend.  
Then you started replying less.  
You started transforming into one of them.  
One of the stuck up rich kids who branded me with that grotesque name.  
But how could you switch ? you unbranded me with that name.  
You gave my life a purpose.  
So when I killed myself I thought I was doing you a favor.  
I thought I was giving you peace.  
I thought I was relieving you from my presence so I could be  
At eternal peace.  
But as I watched down on you from up above I realized that I was wrong.  
The affects of what I did affected you more than I could've ever imagined.  
You started doing drugs. You started abusing yourself.  
And then it happened.  
My death took over you as if you knew it was your fault.  
As you drove and you drove on that steep windy road that night,  
It happened. You lost control and flew off of it.  
And there you went.  
And there I was up above.  
Watching you. Wondering if you'd join me.  
And then it happened.  
I looked over to my left.  
And there you were.  
Saying to me.  
I never really intended to hurt you.

**ALC 5/29**

ALC 5/29.

We were always friends.

We never had any connection.

Simply a friendship.

A friendship based off of laughs and jokes.

Then it changed.

It changed from making fun of each other

To making out with each other.

It turned from me looking at you with disgust,

From me looking at you with a disguise

Wondering if you were the one or if you were just someone who

Would come and go.

You were more than a person to me.

You fit my character.

You shaped my charisma.

Then something changed.

It went from heart eyes, to heart cries and from

Heart cries to heart breaks.

But it only seemed to be on my side.

Your eyes were dry while my eyes sighed,

Sighed the simple sigh of sadness because I had lost you.

As quick as I had gained you, I had lost you just like that.

With the snap of my finger I had everything I wanted & in the blink of an eye,

Everything I wanted, was everything I lost.

We didn't have nothing.

But we sure as hell did have something.

Something real and genuine.

Now all I can do is hope you find your way

And if you get lost along your journey, you know where to find me.

Waiting for you to complete your journey because i'm the destination.

I am your destination and with the heartache you caused me,

Destiny will bring us back together.

## Black is Beautiful.

Black is Beautiful.

Black or Blue ?

Choose your side wisely now.

Be the shooter or the one getting shot at.

Either be dressed in blue or painted in black.

The only difference is, if you chose blue, you can take it off.

You can take off the badge, which is gold.

You can take off the uniform, which is blue.

And you can pull out the gun, which is black.

Now with black it's not that simple.

If you are black, you are painted in excellence.

You are dripping with integrity. You are enriched with intelligence.

You can not take off the black.

Whatever color you come in that isn't pure white, you're a threat.

You're seen as someone who is weak and incapable of speaking for themselves.

You are known as a slave. Your history is known as being caged and tamed by a man lighter

Than you, but that was back then. Way back then.

We may not be in chains but we're still not free. We are not equal.

Quite frankly no one is equal to the superior white man or women.

You see a muslim in the airport and fear for your safety.

You see a turban and think terrorist.

You see naps and an afro and think ghetto.

But why ?

Why is it that a black man gets shot at for complying with an officer ?

"Hands up"

But before they could put their hands up gun fires.

Not once, but twice, not twice but three times and three more times after that

Just to make sure that the black mans life you selflessly took, is over.

Why is it that there are recordings and video tapes of these killings taking place

But no conviction is being set ?

What more do you need ?

What more needs to be done ?

Race is not equal. Race has never been equal.

Black is beautiful. If you are painted black, wear your color  
Like a queen wears a crown.  
Flaunt your color like the white people flaunt their privileges.  
Embrace your color.  
Love your color.  
Because no one can take your color from you.

## Profanity.

Profanity.

I am crying.

Kicking & screaming.

Kicking myself.

Screaming at myself.

Wondering why the fuck,

Why the fuck do you do what you do ?

Why do you tell people, people

Who you don't even know

Your deepest things ?

The stuff that keeps you up

At night.

The stuff that makes you day

Dream in class.

The shit that you wish

You never did.

Whenever I get in my deepest

Thoughts, I feel like someone,

Anyone has the nerve to ask me

"what's wrong?"

"why do you look sad?"

"do you need someone to

talk to?"

Nothing's wrong, i'm doing

Just fine.

I don't look sad, it's just my fucking

Face.

No, I don't need someone to talk,

I have myself.

When in reality

I'm hurting from the pain

Of my never ending thoughts.

I'm holding back tears so I don't



Fuck up my mascara.  
& If I talked to you I think my eyes  
just might explode.  
So fuck you & your fake concern  
For me.  
Asking me if i'm ok  
Just to get a front row seat  
Into my life.  
Not my life,  
My fake life.  
My emotional life.  
The life that we all put into  
Existence.  
With out emotions.  
With out our emotions,  
We would be emotionless.  
Dispassionate, passionless,  
Unexpressive, inexpressive,  
Cold, cold hearted,  
Detached, indifferent.  
So please,  
get the fuck out my face  
with your fakeness.  
The way you act,  
The way you carry yourself,  
You would think you were made in  
A fucking doll shop.  
You're fake from top to bottom.  
The smell of your breath is plastic.  
What you & I need to realize is that not everyone  
Will be there for you.  
Just because someone asks you if you're ok  
doesn't mean they actually give a fuck if you're ok.  
They want to know what's hurting you.  
what's bringing you down.  
what's making you feel the way you feel.

I never believed in magic until my dog turned  
Into a snake & who I thought was my blood actually  
Turned out to be water with red food coloring in it.  
I am kicking & screaming at myself because  
As soon as I opened my mouth to explain to you  
What was wrong you started smiling.  
I opened up.  
I let you in.  
I let you know why I was hurting.  
To think you really listened.  
To think you actually gave my  
Feelings some consideration.  
To believe you really cared about  
What I was saying.  
But it's okay.  
Trust me, it's ok.  
I'll be fine.  
I have myself & no one  
Except me, can take myself  
Away from me.

## Society

Society.

"Be yourself, don't let others change who you are"

Said every parent, teacher, sister, brother, aunt,

Uncle, boyfriend, girlfriend, cousin, tv show, movie and myself.

Now we say this to ourselves over and over again to

Hopefully make this statement come true.

Growing up, that statement was a form of encouragement.

It was a form of acceptance. But as you GROW up,

it is no longer a form of any of those.

Now see you that was a message brought upon younger

Children to make them realize the first step in being happy,

Is loving yourself. But as you GROW up, most of us

Will realize that that is not the cause. It is natural to want

To fit in. Every teen wants to be popular, but the only way

To become "popular" is by NOT being yourself and LETTING

People change who you are.

But when you are yourself you get broken down.

You always wear that pretty polka dotted bow in your hair ?

Not anymore

All because someone said it was ugly. Then someone else agreed

And then someone else laughed and then someone else took a picture.

And now you don't wear that bow anymore.

But I thought we needed to "be ourselves"

You'd do anything to become popular, so prove it.

You smoked weed, you started drinking, then of course you started having sex,

Then you started skipping school, then you started stealing.

All because it made you "popular".

But you're happy right ? You're being yourself aren't you ?

Have you let people change you? The answer to that is yes.

You have let people change you but in fact, no one can

Change another person. That is only a figment of the imagination.

A tale. A lie. An incorrect statement because at the end of the day it is you

Who made those decisions. Your friend was just the one giving you the ideas.

And in return what do you get?

This idea that you are now one of the "popular" kids.

That statement "be yourself, don't let anyone change you"

Has as much of an impact as

"don't drink and drive"

"smoking kills"

"violence is never the answer"

"always wear your seatbelt"

"don't do drugs"

but every day someone dies at the wheel of a drunk driver.

Everyday someone is diagnosed with stage 4 lung cancer because they needed that smoke.

Everyday a woman is beat to death by her husband because she didn't

Add enough sugar in his coffee. .

Everyday someone flies through their windshield because they didn't strap up.

every day someone OD's of of heroine in an alley.

And everyday a kid is willing to sacrifice their self righteousness, self dignity

And self respect all because they would rather pretend to be someone they wish

They could be rather than strive to be that person they could be.

Society will tell you to to be yourself.

But society will be the first ones to tell you

That two pieces are only meant for girls

Who have a size zero waist.

And you think to yourself

"who in the hell is a size zero"

but then a week later you're eating less

and constantly checking the scale.

Society will tell you to not let others

Change who you are.

But society will also tell you that your ass is flat

And you should get implants. And you have no boobs so

You should up their size.

And then here you are laying under the knife, trying

To conform into society's screwed up way of making one

Feel as if they are "perfect".

You wanna make yourself feel perfect, wanted ?

Do this.

Ask yourself "who am I?".

"is my social status really that important?"

but of course it is. Because no matter how many  
times you ask yourself that.

Society will be there to break and bend you into the smallest pieces you can be.

"don't let anyone change you. Be yourself"

atleast that's what society tells you.

But then again. I just told you how society goes.

-Jaylen Stallings

## Suicide Note

Suicide Note.

I want to start off by saying

Thank you to those who have

Made an impact in my life.

But, clearly you didn't make

That much of an impact if

you're reading this.

If you're reading this know

That I had the utmost love for

You.

But I am hurting.

Hurting a hurt I have never

Felt before.

A never ending hurt.

I've tried taking medicine but

The hurt continues.

You can not help me.

I can not help myself.

My thoughts have officially taken over me.

My thoughts have been turned into actions.

From the day I was put on this earth,

I knew I was not meant to be here.

The auras of you people ring like

Sirens in my ears.

All I've sensed is bad.

All I've seen is bad.

All I've done is bad.

So with my pleasure & dignity.

With all the pride I have left in me.

I am here to say it's over.

The pain & suffering from

Something I can not describe, is over.

The torment of my own thoughts, will be over.

Thank you for discovering this.  
Thank you for reading this.  
Know that my soul will linger on  
& you will never be alone.

## War on Syria

The Difference of Two Worlds.

It's the 4th of July.

Outside I hear fireworks.

The fireworks are faint but I hear them loud & clear.

I think to myself.

"children in syria hear this everyday."

All day and all night. They hear bombs being dropped.

They hear gun shots being fired.

They hear their neighbors houses being raided.

They witness the most horrific things no child should ever witness.

As I listen to the fireworks, I know they will go away eventually.

I know the sound of gun shots being fired will subside.

But what I won't know & probably will never know

Is when will the actual gun shots in Syria stop ?

When will the fear of living in fear stop.

When will they ever get to enjoy the quote on quote

"gun shots"

Our fireworks are their gunshots.

Our fireworks are the bombs being dropped.

Our fireworks are the screams of women, children & men

Calling out for their family members.

Our fireworks will subside while their fireworks will continue.

Our fireworks last an hour while theirs last for days.

So if you're like me, someone who hates living near the fair because of the

"Never ending" fireworks, think that children experience these

"fireworks" in different ways.

They are not colorful. They are not pretty.

Their after effects are not bright.

Their "fireworks" cause pain and suffering.

They experience the traumatic effects of their fireworks

Everyday.

Be grateful because our fireworks could easily become their fireworks.