

20

YEARS OF

YOUTH VOICES



Xotchira glided his bow on the violin, making music as sweet as angels' smiles. His raven hair wafted in the air. White snowflakes dropped around him, making piles of sugar cubes. Karel was always freezing; the planet was a huge chunk of ice. Snow never stopped falling.

From the novella "Their Lost Melody"
by Helen Jimenez, 13

 **writers**corps

WritersCorps mentors youth through free creative writing workshops led by professional writers.



To listen to this piece in its entirety, scan this code with your phone or visit writerscorps.org

sfac san francisco
arts commission

 San Francisco Public Library

20

YEARS OF

YOUTH VOICES



You are so many things to me

Crawling close to the seam of my lips

Daring to break open a portal of words

Unfolding myself like origami mistakes

Surprise

Closing in

Unwrapping in the darkness even

My shadow leaves me vulnerable

To the wants aching

In my eyes

From "Apple of my Eye"

by Samantha Martinez, 17



WritersCorps mentors youth through free creative writing workshops led by professional writers.



To listen to this piece in its entirety, scan this code with your phone or visit writerscorps.org

sfac san francisco arts commission



San Francisco Public Library

20

YEARS OF

YOUTH VOICES



My voice is my blood

**My voice is the
fresh green grass
catching sun all day**

**Romantic red love
even when I am alone**

**Curly black hair
washed at night**

**Ice cold white milk
in the morning
splashing down my throat**

**Hot yellow-orange sun
at noon inside the giant jungle**

**My voice is a bridge
that connects my heart
to the whole universe**

**From "My Voice Is My Life"
by Habtemariam
Kidane, 17**

 **writers**corps

WritersCorps mentors youth through free creative writing workshops led by professional writers.



To listen to this piece in its entirety scan this code with your phone or visit writerscorps.org

sfac san francisco
arts commission

 San Francisco Public Library

20

YEARS OF

YOUTH VOICES



**My Parents took my name
from the Chinese flower
called Jasmine**

**The flower has white petals
and in the middle
there is a little yellow dot
like a bee**

**My name comes
from Old French,
Arabic, and Italian**

**My name means
a beautiful
and unique girl**

**who is incredibly
fun and wise**

**The definition
of Jasmin**

**comes from
a beautiful girl
and that is me**

From "Jasmin"

by Jasmin Redwan, 11



writerscorps

WritersCorps mentors youth through free creative writing workshops led by professional writers.



To listen to this piece in its entirety scan this code with your phone or visit writerscorps.org

sfac san francisco arts commission



San Francisco Public Library

20

YEARS OF

YOUTH VOICES



**Stretch marks on the sides
of my belly,
crooked lines
like tree branches
carved into my skin.**

**I try to smooth them into the
color of my skin but they
only get lighter.**

**I have these for a reason.
These are the lines that lead
me to her,
the bumpy roads that lead
me home.**

**From "Lines That Lead Me To Her"
by Johanna Chicas, 19**



WritersCorps mentors youth through free creative writing workshops led by professional writers.

To listen to this piece in its entirety, scan this code with your phone or visit writerscorps.org

sfac san francisco
arts commission

San Francisco Public Library