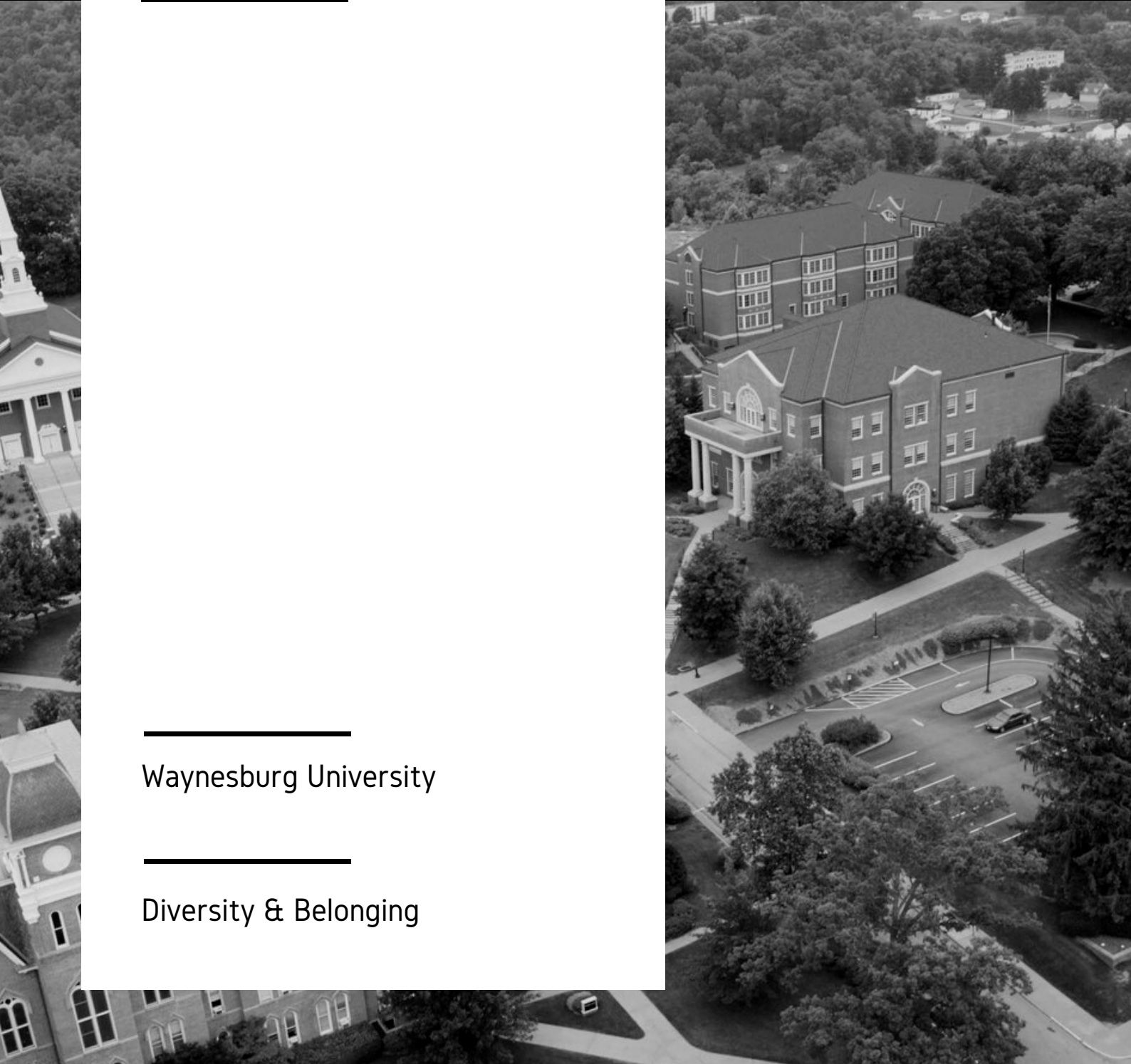


EXPLORING IDENTITY

National Poetry Month
Student Submissions

Waynesburg University

Diversity & Belonging



OVERVIEW

In celebration of National Poetry Month in April 2021, Waynesburg University's Diversity & Belonging Team encouraged students to submit poems or other forms of creative writing that focused on the overall theme of "exploring identity."

To further prompt potential writers, students were asked to consider the following questions:

- Who are You?
- What is Unique About You?
- What is a Moment or Feeling that Defined You?

The following works are a reflection of our student contributors, Jaden Sowers and Cheyanne Forson, who responded to this call for submissions with honesty, grace, and vulnerability.



BROKEN PIECES BY JADEN SOWERS

“Broken pieces taped together”, that is, at first glance.
Shattered moments on display form a mannequin.
Heartbreak and Regret so often pushed aside:
I cover with a smile and dress with happy eyes.

The pieces taped together make me who I am.
Memories of golden times keep me in a trance:
The fog of perfection keeps others in haze.
Finding our way out, more than a maze.

I am broken pieces, but mirror a chandelier.
The fragments spin together to sparkle in the air.
Viewers ignore the chips and irregularities,
The overwhelming masterpiece is all they can see.

Remembrance of innocence and a love of show,
The show in movies of heroes and foes.
The art that connects the mind and the hand,
What else to get me through what God has planned?

My broken pieces are of two worlds in one,
Two families, two homes, one mind undone.
The pieces make me stronger if I avoid the cracks.
I am who I am, and that’s simply that.

X-FACTOR BY CHEYANNE FORSON

What is the X-Factor?

It is the connection, “zing,” energy, feeling, attraction drawing, pull, wonder, curiosity, flame, flicker, sparks, fireworks, burning, yearning, need hope, want of the other.

You’ll know it when you have it.

Why X tho?

Why not Y?

Maybe because the second x determines the gender
X marks the spot?

Kisses are represented with Xs?

Xs are cooked crosses, meaning hope?

X means danger, warning, intersection

X is two lines perfectly perpendicular

X for crossing your heart

X because Y not?!

MAC BY CHEYANNE FORSON

One of a kind

Hipster, quirky, smart

Cool, collected, funny, talented

Humble, honest, brave, a trooper

Fashionable, adorable, the real deal

Special, gifted, quick

Strong, positive

Legacy

AWAKE BY CHEYANNE FORSON

What happens when I awake?

When my hand is bare and empty?

How can my dreams be a reality?

There is no one beside me.

Who would love me?

FLUID BY CHEYANNE FORSON



Does it matter if I bring home a girl or a guy?

None, one or many?

Does happiness need a label?

I see her and think wow they are pretty

I see him and think wow he is handsome

I see them and think wow they are beautiful

What matters is if they see me

Put bedroom matters aside

If they care for my heart

What else is needed

I do not want a label

I reject the labels

We are all apart of a spectrum

Be open, be free, be kind

Love one another

It's all that matters

BY CHEYANNE FORSON

LOVE ACROSTIC 1.0

Lust
Outward
Value
Energy

BODY

Behavior
Odor
Defense
Youth

BEAUTY

Bountiful
Eternal
Atttractive
Unique
Tasteful
Yearn

LOVE ACROSTIC 2.0

Loyalty
Open
Value
Empathy

LUST

Loneliness
Urgent
Smell
Tangible

FLOWER OF LOVE BY CHEYANNE FORSON

You took my heart and planted it in the ground.

I thought I watched a flower of love grow and bloom over the years.
There were droughts here and there, but it stood tall amongst the
other flowers.

Then came a hurricane where I was de-rooted and washed elsewhere.
Just when that heart of mine had re-rooted itself and begun to unfurl,
you ripped it out of the ground and forced it into a cement block.
It was trapped alone without water or sunlight.

You said it had to be done as you no longer admired the flower that
had grown.

You wanted the flower to stay with you in its beauty.

How could it?

How can a heart pump blood if it is ripped out of the chest of a
breathing human being?

How can a flower survive or have the will to survive when its nutrients
have been depleted and has nothing to see but the darkness trapping
it?

You were once the sun, water, earth, air, foundation to everything.
I wanted the flower too.

I have my heart to give it life.

You provided the nutrients, but now that flower is dead because of
you.

There can be no in-between and I do not want any part of the flower.

A part of my heart died with it.

MY ROCK BY CHEYANNE FORSON

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I sit here in thought, they wander here and there as they please but,

Like clockwork I see you at every hour

You are waiting for me

I join you kindly at a park bench, the coffee shop, our cozy bed, by the
fireside, in a gala, at a rodeo, in the sea, wherever you lead me I follow

With you it is an adventure without the fear

As when I am with you there is none

I am secure and safe

You are my rock and anchor and yet

You still take me flying with no worry of the fall

Gradually I do fall, fall, fall

Into my dreams and deep thought

I get lost in the maze and engulfed by the sea

As long as I see your hand reaching for me

I do not hesitate

I let it happen and be free

DESERVING BY CHEYANNE FORSON



Female or male

Asexual or sexual

Old or young

Liberal or conservative

Religious or not

Black or white

Loud or quiet

No matter what

we all **deserve** love