



# Pruned Roses

Poems 2006

**Umoja Mentoring Program**  
New Jersey City University  
Black, Administrators, Alumni, Faculty,  
Staff and Student Organization



Roses are known for their amazing beauty and are even held in high regard above other flowers. They represent love, friendship and commitment and can be found in a variety of colors.

However, they should be handled with care, due to the thorns that naturally emanate from their stems.

The best and biggest roses are often pruned. This process entails cutting away at old layers and preparing for what will be a new and stronger growth. This pruning produces the best roses.

The young people that belong to us, as a part of BAAFSSO's Umoja Mentoring Program, are such roses. They are strong and intelligent yet delicate and impressionable.

To those roses, we say that through out life you will be tested, you will be pruned by your parents, teachers as well as all of life's challenges. This process will enable you to grow into the best and brightest person you can be in life. Your attitude towards that challenge will help shape the destiny you will create for yourself.

We hope that you will take away from our interactions and discussions a positive outlook on life and a determination to succeed in your chosen careers.

Have a fun and safe summer.

Monica Almonor, BAAFSSO, Umoja Coordinator



Poets: Carmen Cartegena, Tiya Fennell, Abigail Rae Rodriguez, Samantha Samano, Ronshera Byrd,  
Corinthia Blake, Keona Davis

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## *Carmen Cartegena*

### My Morning Tune

Da-Ne, Da-Ne, Urt! Beep Beep!  
I wake up to Thurman's car alarm.  
It's the usual, every morning.

Pump, Bump, Pump, Bump!  
I can hear Raymond walk down the stairs.  
It's the usual every morning.

Cree, Creee, CREEE!  
I can hear my mom tiptoe in my room.  
It's the usual every morning.

Wat up!!  
It's my brother Joey, coming in to wake us all up.  
It's the usual every morning.

Bam!  
I close my door for I can get ready without those  
noises.  
Just like every morning.

### Who Is This Girl

Tall, hoping never to grow again.  
Skinny, trying to gain a little extra.  
Long hair, will always love it.  
Wavy hair, which is always hard to control.  
Loveable, yet sometimes annoying.  
Caring, to those who will care back.  
Forgiving, if you have a good reason.  
This person sounds familiar.  
Hope to know her in my life.  
No one will though.  
Well at least, not the way she really is.

### Airplane Crash

I play around at home, waiting for my dad.  
I felt sad before, but never like this.  
The phone rings, its my grandmother.  
I hear my mom whisper, "It's the plane. It crashed."  
"Your dad is alright. He is one of the few."  
All I can think of was "God, thank you."  
I try, but can't get rid of this memory.  
It has become part of me.  
I will always be grateful for my dad.  
Whenever I think of this memory.

### A Typical Day

When I go home, all I do is rest.  
Even though its hard because my sister is such a  
pest.  
My mom needs to get some more food.  
If she starts yelling; O my gosh, I'm not in the mood.  
I'm bored, as usual.  
But I'm so mad; I can't hear the rain pour.  
I wish I could just get the call already.  
Because then I'm going to be late for the mall.  
I just don't know what to do.  
Can I chill with you?

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## *Tiya Fennell*

### YoU'rE nOt A fAtHeR

I cry but do you care  
I look but your there  
I try to forget  
But that when you return  
My memories haunt me  
Haunt me to learn  
Memories of joy yet sorrow  
Memories that shall haunt me til' morrow  
It takes more than sperm to make you a father  
The older I get you seem to farther

### MORNING Musique

Alarm clock rings  
I rise - BANG!!  
My neighbor shut up her car  
Duh huh duh huh eht eht eht  
I finally to hear the thap thap  
of my grandmothers feet  
thaping across the floor  
coming to check if I had gotten up for school

**Not Knowing Who I Am**

Who you see  
Is not what I am  
The skin outside  
Just helps me to stand  
But inside I'm crying  
Crying, an infamous cry  
These fall fall  
And I don't know why  
Maybe they fall  
Cause somethings wrong  
Maybe I cry  
Cause I was wrong  
I was wrong to try  
And be one of you  
Now you think I'm crazy  
What should I do  
I was wrong to try and fit in  
With you guys  
And now I'm lost in a world of lies  
While I fly stuck in the sky  
Trying to find somewhere to land  
I'm lost cause I don't know who I am

**Love?**

I wish for  
                  love  
The only problem that seems is I don't know exactly  
what it means



*Abigail Rae Rodriguez*

**Grandyma**

I love you  
But you make me sad  
Your leaving me  
With nothing but the good times  
We had  
Who's going to help me when the going gets  
Rough  
Who's gonna be there to help me remain  
Tough  
I need you here with me  
But if you're needed in a better place let it  
Be

**Search**

I wish I was someone else  
Not me  
Different  
Buoyant and free  
Happy  
Cared for  
Better  
Brighter  
Prettier  
Smarter  
I want to be able to find me.

**Self Portrait**

Sweet and Tart  
Outgoing  
Happy yet miserable  
Hair as thin as a needle  
Brown eyed and bushy tailed  
Liked by some  
always ready, never surprised  
Hated by many  
Always laughing but  
Never funny  
Walking around with my gap toothed smile

**Untitled**

Reaching for something in the distance  
I can't give up, I need pure persistence  
Hold on tight and it will be here in an instant  
I've been waiting, now filled with resistance  
Trying to fight this feeling inside  
Wanting to just run and hide  
I should have listened to them, I need to learn to  
abide  
Now I weep because you are no longer by my side  
Loving you is such a sweet sorrow  
But I'll get over it tomorrow  
I need a new heart one that I can borrow



# Samantha Samano

## I Wish

I wish for  
Happiness  
Love  
Jewelry  
Money  
Peace  
Height  
Green eyes  
I wish for this wish to never end!

## Yours Truly

Your ordinary girl, short as can  
Be  
with hair so long,  
Almost dark as the sea,  
Loud mouth on days when she's not in  
The mood,  
Sweet and petite;  
Yo! It's your lil' Asian duez!  
Daring as can be  
With no fright to show,  
But inside of me the sorrow you  
Behold-  
That's me, Your Truly!

## A Mother

Through thick and thin, you are always there  
You are my light when no one's here  
I call your name in sadness and trouble

You talk to me with a voice so sweet and  
Humble  
Yelling is unknown to you  
But you let it out when I disrespect you

Love is all you have to give  
As my mother you inspire me to Live!

To my mother: Evelyn Samano  
Love you always!

## When You Go

When you go it's just silence I hear  
How I long for your laughter, your cry, your cheer,  
My heart is being pressured by sorrow and sadness  
My cries have now taken over my happiness  
A piece of my heart has been stolen from me  
Why did you die so unexpectedly  
Cancer overtook you with silence and disaster  
When you died the tears came faster...faster  
I loved you deeply with all of my heart  
You lit my life when I was in the dark  
Thank you for all you have done for me  
A father figure is what I see.  
Love u R.I. P.

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## *Ronshera Bryd*

*My name is Ronshera Byrd and I am seventeen years old and I attend University Academy Charter High School. I am a junior, "Class of '07". I made it so every last one of my poems is the truth. I went through a lot of these things written in my poetry. I hope you enjoy it.*

## AS YOU ARE NOW

Original and unique,  
looking for love that's complete.  
A shining star,  
that's looking to make it far.  
With her warm personality,  
she will go a long way.  
Lives her life the best way she can,  
day by day.  
She never betrayed a friend,  
she will be there until the end.  
No matter what I find a way to make it,  
because Im strong and I don't give up.

## NOISE

Tesha heard a gun (pow pow),  
then her phone rang (ring ring).  
She said "Hello who is calling",  
they said 'oh my God help'.  
She called 911,  
they said 'yes what happened',  
They respond "someone has been shot",  
Two minutes later a person knock on the door (knock knock),  
and she said "who is it."  
They said "your mother, hurry answer the door."  
She rushed out her bed and opened the door,  
and saw blood all over her mothers hands,  
and she was crying at the same time saying a little girl got shot.

An ambulance rushed down the street (whoa whoa whoa),  
rushing trying to save the little girl.  
THANK GOD SHE MADE IT!

### I WISH

I wish God send me the one for me.  
I wish things could be the way you want it to be.  
I wish we can take back the negativethings we did,  
but then again,  
it gets us where we are standing now.  
I wish I could pick up anyone who is down,  
off this solid ground,  
and turn them around.  
I wish for a lot of things,  
I wish for a diamond ring,  
someday,  
oneday,  
I pray my wishes will come true.

### SAD

Im sorry that my grandmother left my life.  
She was a mother,  
daughter,  
grandmother,  
sister,  
friend,  
aunt,  
and wife.

She was a good person,  
she was friendly,  
and will always give help if you were in need.  
And that's what I miss.  
No matter what,  
Im going to miss her,  
and try my best,  
to make it to heaven to see her again.

But until then,  
I will always miss you so much.



## *Corinthia Blake*

*My name is Corinthia Blake. I am sixteen years old. I love poetry; it's my own personal therapy when I'm going through personal things. Poetry is my passion. I enjoy writing. I hope to one day publish my own novel or poetry book so this program was a stepping stone. I hope you like my poetry*

### DESTINATION

Wandering around these school halls,  
but in this case,  
the halls get longer and longer,  
as the attitude gets stronger and stronger.

The destination is to the unknown.

Turn left,  
and see that loving someone isn't always the best.  
Turn right,  
there you see that marriage isn't all right,  
its like a fight fought continuously,  
night after night.

Keep straight,  
and see that having a best friend is great.  
Go up the stairs,  
and see that Gramma is no longer there.

Now take a look in the mirror,  
what do you see?  
You see,  
a used,  
abused,  
confused,  
child in their eyes,  
and you wonder why.

Take a look back in see,  
that the destination you desire is me!

### Gramma

She was like my mother,  
to me there was no one stronger.  
Her smile lit up the room,  
never would I think we'd be laying her to rest in a tomb.  
She was special,  
to everyone her love was on another level.



**Me**

A sixteen year old girl,  
who wants to go out and see the world.  
Sweet to those I think I should be.  
Looking out for her friends,  
making sure all true friends remain until the end.  
Innocent to a certain extent.  
Respectful and faithful,  
to the one her heart holds.  
Still learning right from wrong,  
and trying always to remain strong.  
Sometimes think she's grown,  
and can do things on her own.  
Trusting no one,  
because after everything she's gone through,  
this is the way she's become.  
Searching for the right one,  
the one who's heart sings the same song.  
This is me!

**My Wish List**

I wish that true love would come to me,  
that's always there for me faithfully.  
I wish that people would accept me for me,  
and not just what they see.  
I wish I could hold my grandmother,  
and hold her and tell her I miss and love her.  
I wish I could turn back the hands of time,  
and stop letting them boys do what they did just  
because I thought they were fine.  
I wish people would live longer,  
and be physically and emotionally stronger.

This isn't even half of my wish list!



**Hare or Hair**

The hare or the hair.  
Should I choose the  
one with ears or the  
one with streaks.  
Can I get the one  
that's long or the  
one that squeaks.  
The one with a nose  
or the puffy afros

**Rhymes**

we were like darts  
But we grew apart.  
Our hearts were close.  
So close we were  
not like most.  
He felt my pain,  
and his pain I gained.  
We were as one, centered.  
but our love was hindered.  
we were like darts  
that grew apart.

**Identifying**

5 feet 5 inches tall, crazy, out spoken at times.  
Wish there was a way to make this black  
hair of mine grow faster.  
It grew fast over this year, this person has  
evolved from an ugly duckling.  
Now cute and belovedly beautiful, courageous, but  
won't speak out in a crowd, beautiful voice, can you  
sound like this person I describe? Can you understand  
this person that is being identified? Describing to you  
Myself, my characteristics. My identity.

**12 years shy of being 15**

Scared, confused, kind, unknowing, that's me.  
I'm 3 years of age, all she wants to do is play.  
(I) had a pair of stockings, but they always  
rip. (I) may look like a girl, but my actions portray  
a boy. Why? (I'm) a special little girl, the only girl  
to care about. (I) look up to my cousins, none that  
are girls. In your eyes, there lays a precious sweet  
little girl, but on the inside a rough, tough, tom boy.  
(I) try to be a little girl, but doing things that  
boys do is more fun. But hey that's just  
plain old me.





The Umoja Mentoring Program was created by BAAFSSO to provide support for NJCU freshman, sophomores and transfer students of African descent.

In 1992 we added a new component to Umoja, the mentoring of the University Charter High School students. We are dedicated to providing mentorship through one-on-one mentorship, programs and activities.

*Layout/Design: Allison Thornton*

