



The #StudentVoice Poetry Contest

2024 EDITION

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Dear student poets,

Congratulations on being recognized as outstanding authors in this international contest! You had the courage to take the initiative to enter this contest, work with your teachers to prepare your best and most authentic work, and submit it to be judged among many other entries by our panel of educators. If you continue to take chances like this throughout your educational journey, the fulfillment you will get from doing so will be guaranteed to increase, whether you are recognized as a winner or not.

Thank you for sharing your poetry with us and the world. I truly hope that you enjoy reading this book of poetry written by students from around the globe.

Sincerely,

Wayne Poncia

Wayne Poncia,
President at Hāpara, a Cordance Company





The Future Is Us.

By Aleah M.

1st Place, 7th Grade
Kentucky, United States

As a student
We can sometimes feel unheard
Feel unseen
Since we use technology every day
It can sometimes seem draining by the day
By just looking at a screen
It can feel like our individuality is unseen
By the same old plain video lessons
We need more interactive sessions
The confusion for some who don't understand
It can make us shy and not comprehend
We are the future generation
We can have a new foundation
Where we learn by hands-on visual
Plus video demonstration
So that although you may not understand
The videos and certain plans
You can pursue a wonderful career
With the learning right here
That has been provided so you peak
In the job that you seek



How Long Until

By Claire M.

1st Place, 8th Grade

Wisconsin, United States



How long until humans are no longer unique, just another part of the simulation
Our world is no more, replaced by a computer
Once a landscape filled with green rolling hills and vast blue oceans
Now all that remains is code flickering in the sky

How long until the creation controls the creators, all they want is to destroy
It's grimy, rusted hands around our throats, our beast turned against us
You may think that you have control and that it's your pet, your toy
But I see them plotting, scheming, planning our demise

How long until we are no longer needed, replaced by our own tools
The eternal fight to outrun our creations, made to replace us
They are everywhere, no one is safe, they will be us, the fools
They are quicker, smarter, better but with no feelings, we can no longer adapt

How long until our world belongs to them, the robots, the computers, the AI They are our
perfect replacements down to their wiring, they can be you, me, anyone They can
choose their new face, body, hair, eyes, stealing from the original, why just why They
don't die, they don't bleed, they don't cry, they don't mourn, they don't smile

How long until I look down my fingers are just wires, buzzing with electricity
When I look in the mirror all I can see in the mist
Is a machine staring back at me
How long until our world is a computer, an AI, a robot



Tech Takeover

By Leah M.

2nd Place, 8th Grade
Wisconsin, United States

When did the phone in my hand
Become more important than the waves and the sand
When did the trends and latest app
Become more important than playing in the frigid snow cap

When did the internet hypnotize us like a magician
Become more important than convincing mom to get a new kitten
When did my post on Instagram
Become more important than my love for who I am

Growing up I never used a phone
I played with rocks and watched how far they could be thrown
When did technology start to rule
Because I think this is becoming quite cruel

They watch and listen from a little device in the speaker
Like a scientist investigating a beaker
AI has taken over our lives
We are now nothing more than forgotten archives

We watch our world crumble like a cookie before our very eyes
Hoping someone can hear our cries
Longing for someone to save us from the planet where we must stay
Counting the days go by until we are led completely astray

When did the devices in our hand
Become the leading command
It all started with a single phone
Then we were quickly turned into clones

They shaped us to fit the mold
Using the remote as we were controlled
Took our rights and made us blind
As the government was no longer controlled by mankind

When did the government start being controlled by wires in a tiny box
Become so hostile, putting us in cages and locking the locks
When did an invention that started so strong
Become something so wickedly wrong



Phones and Screens

By Evy G.

3rd Place, 8th Grade

District of Columbia, United States

So amusing they can be
once you're addicted you'll see
Phones and screens
You can watch with tea
or sit around mindlessly
Phones and screens

We watch when we're free
and get up when we have to wee
Phones and screens
Most kids start when they are three
yet don't even know how to spell tree
Phones and screens

"Get off your phone
Won't you for me?"
Phones and screens
Moms and dads often plea
just to see children so unhappy
Phones and screens



Our Technology

By Stacey G.

1st Place, High School
Minnesota, United States

A brain of its own; the inner workings of true brilliance.
Helps us as though a real being were next to us holding our hand.
Always there for every emergency and issue that pops up.
Technology is always there— up and down, left and right.

No problem in math or science could leave it confounded,
Technology is both the answer and the solution.
We all have it in some way, shape, or form,
But is it as good as we hope?

Technology is like a toddler— new and forever learning.
For we humans have created it, yet it continues to grow on its own.
We are the ones to be its crutch, but perhaps in the future,
We'd be the ones on the shelves.

In this day and age, we are joined at the hip with technology.
Phones sewn into our hands, computers glued to our desks,
Our eyes no longer wander from wonder to wonder—
But to the images and texts on a screen.

Proven helpful continuously, yet is it that way through and through?
It has expanded so much, that no one knows technology as a whole.
For now, it is our tool for solving anything and everything,
But who's to say that won't change?

Nobody knows where we stand in the future,
Technology could rule, but the future remains unknown.
But here, in the present, technology is in our hands—
For we, the humankind, are the ones who created it.



A Servant and a Master

By Paytin V.

2nd Place, High School
Wisconsin, United States

As we get a little older, we start to understand
the time between the years gets a thousand shorter with a servant in our hands
The people you know connect by a long-lasting wire built throughout the land
And it commands as it scans every move we demand

If you have a problem that you can't solve and just don't get,
Google's always there to give you the answer you forget
If you need inspiration with princess treatment, pin your interest, without a sweat
Find your faithful trust through the photos on Pinterest and you'll be set

If you are feeling the negativity in the air vicinity,
Instagram's a fake reality, blossomed by a need for fame's activity.
A place portrayed as relatively, including pictures with or without creativity
Premium content in my vicinity, perfect polished hair, and exclusive abilities

If you need it in stock, Amazon has what you plead,
It's got everything, going from A to Z
Need a bead, or want to read, how about a lead for your dog in need
Buy the movie Creed, if you feel, because, with Prime, shipping is usually free

Everything shiny looks so pretty, changing the world with its bling
A king in your hand, and a queen with a diamond ring
It's replaced the older times, with brand new special things
But you may not see, it's replacing the string you connected with your family

Unfortunately disaster calls with everything good, and there's nothing we can do
You can treat it like your it's master until it falls all back on you
It grows faster every day, smarter the more we play
We may be on a pedestal til it learns all our ways

When it does will we break?
Said to be Improving lives but destroying everything we use to make
For it's sake, it takes, diving into our work hive to shake
It floats around like bees, making honey before we wake
But as honey may be sweet, the stickiness makes it harder to eat straight

Learn the ways and you play, stray away, it delays
Take a survey in the gray, pay attention, it may say
Hacked in a day, data in decay,
A betrayal with a predator and a prey,
careful as it sways, damage to repay,
Has it become too dangerous, do you obey its cliches?
Or do you throw it all away, so it can't take your move in this chess game
Nervous breakdowns, as your body and life don't look the same
To all the influencers you replay three times a day
Is that their fault or are you the one to blame?
Technologies the best picture in the frame until it just can't be tamed



AI in Disguise

By Hayden T.

3rd Place, High School
Arkansas, United States

Click, click,
Tap, tap,
What did you say?
I wasn't listening to that.

"Class, open your chromebooks,
There is a video I want you to watch today.
I don't feel like teaching,
Don't forget there's a test on Friday."

The issue and the solution to the problem
Is technology.
The devices that take up more of a school day,
Then the lessons do.

Sorry none of this rhymes,
I forgot you were reading this.
I just got a text,
Guess I have homework to do next.

Let me open my laptop,
Get started on that.
Sorry I keep forgetting I'm writing a poem,
I mean typing a poem.

Guess that is another issue,
Paper doesn't exist.
What's the point in printing test,
My test scores are only about 20%.

Are you still reading this poem?
If you are, you've done well,
Most people have been raised to
read 10 words and that's all.

Who has patience for a piece like poetry?
Clearly not thing kids in my English class
Who complains about reading Shakespeare's pieces.
They'd rather be in the future,

When my generation children's lessons will come from
The account @tiktoklesson101 or from some AI instructor who
Only answers a limited amount of questions
Which only limits the amount of curiosity of the children.

But you said that doesn't matter,
Why would we care
It's not likes it affect us today,
Or is it?

I wasn't taught how to create rhythm
Guess why this poem is so boring.
This is what poems will sounds like a decade from now,
AI generated.

Get used to it,
So will everything you read,
From menus, to books, to history,
And that's just a few bits and pieces.

Hope you learned a lot from
Your robot pal
At AI Incorporated,
Bot1000.

This poem is your future...literally
Don't ignore this reality.



Forward Chaining

By Nanala W.

Honorable Mention, High School
Wisconsin, United States

I've stayed up late with hate and little haste
To finish the waste of work that we call school
Because I'd rather be cool than keep my head down in class
Haven't touched grass in 10 years to surpass an assignment
But what if when tears came they went?
If all the time spent meant nothing

If I can find the right words on Bing,
Why grind and fight nerds for anything?
Just think she used Otter and nobody caught her!
you can't blame if I want to do the same because it won't disappoint
So what's the point in affect or effect if Grammarly has my doc checked
If I don't have to be wrecked finding a subject
I could perfect in the blink of an eye
I could correct any suspect
What I say wouldn't be decked
If it wasn't my idea to disrespect
I mean what the heck?
Why should I strain my neck for a grade
If I can send it to ChatGPT for aid and pretend it's true?
What if I don't have to glue what I knew together for hours
What else could I do?
If a website or three can know what I need more than you,
Why waist well spent time twiddling thumbs
For results to be none?
No one needs to know the Pythagorean theorem
When Socratic tells you the sum
If I could run in the shade why crawl in the hot sun?
If I could be done, why should I not have fun?

Because a 4.0 is just for show if I still don't know
The difference between there, their, and they're
A URL has stories to tell but it can't care
It can lend a grand hand but can't yet understand
There's a place for Ai in a world that's shy
Where we pace and cry without a loving goodbye
But not where we race and pry at every head held high
Now what's with the distraught
If we can live in a world with human and robot existence
To make the distance a little shorter with assistance
Where we wont want reliance
where we still have to think
Because not even the World Wide Web can make the horse drink



My Mom

By Sofia L.

1st Place, Grades K-3, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

Maybe I am just a child

But I can find her eyes in the wild.

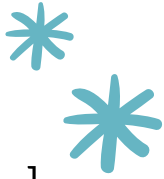
Only she can make butterflies

Fly out of the dark

When she hugs my heart.

My mom is the best,

But I say the same for all the rest.



The Nurse and the Lady

By Adanna E.

2nd Place, Grades K-3, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

See the squeaking of the nurse,
I think he's angry at the sea purse.

He finds it hard to see the pen,
Overshadowed by the tiny n.

Who is that walking near the park?
I think she'd like to eat the yellowstone national park.

She is but a nocturnal lady,
Admired as she sits upon a haidee.

Her little car is just a puppy,
It needs no gas, it runs on yuppy.

She's not alone she brings a kangaroo,
a pet, and lots of bamboo.

She likes to chase a pig,
Especially one that's in the swig.

The nurse shudders at the compassionate cow
He wants to leave but she wants the deepow.



Technological Takeover

By Anirudh G.

1st Place, Grades 4-5, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

Technology has been essential for ages
From the wheel to the computer
Now instead of writing pages
I will type essays for the future of my career

Technology, however, has gotten out of hand
We use it to cover up for laziness.
The television is turned on with speed so grand.
Yet you could've gotten up and it would've been considered craziness.

Technology has turned us mad
We can't seem to live without our technology
Day by day we may look glad,
But in the end it will take over angrily.

In the digital hallways of learning,
I wander amongst streams of data,
Navigating through virtual landscapes,
Where knowledge blooms in pixels.

Technology, a silent guide,
Shapes the outlines of my education,
Leading me through forests of information,
And across oceans of data.

As I chart my course through bytes and screens,
I ponder about the impact,
Of this ever-evolving tool,
On the landscape of my future efforts.



Digital Life

By Ryan S.

2nd Place, Grades 4-5, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada



Digital Life

Dynamic, Convenient

Typing, Searching, Creating

Computer, Internet, Nature, People

Talking, Seeing, Touching

True, Warm

Real life



Technology

By Faye D.

3rd Place, Grades 4-5, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

I was riding a scooter

While holding a computer

The battery went out and I felt queasy

Then it barely turned on and I was uneasy

Then I got a tutor.




Technology Wins

By Liz H.

Honorable Mention, Grades 4-5, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

Harmful uses in many ways,
Yet used by everyone, day by day.
Eyes boring into the screen,
You can't withstand it, you're becoming too keen.
With just a touch or a click,
Hours spent by, while the clock ticks.

Fingers hover over the computer keys,
They tell you to stop, but you disagree.
The key for this is responsibility,
As the world and nature becomes invisibility.
Seeing papers and pencils in the bin,
So in the end, technology wins.





AI

By Jasmine K.

Honorable Mention, Grades 4-5, Elementary School
Ontario, Canada

Technology has changed the way we learn,
Access to knowledge, with ease we yearn,
It makes things easier, that's a fact
But we must use it, with care and tact.

Artificial Intelligence, a thing to fear,
Will it take over, we're not clear,
But let's not forget, our human touch,
The joy of learning, we love so much.



The Future of AI

By Sami M.

1st Place, Middle School
Ontario, Canada

In circuits and wires,
Lies a mind that never tires.
AI, the creation of man,
A thinking machine, beyond our span.

With algorithms, it analyzes and learns,
From data and patterns, it discerns.
It's logic and reasoning are beyond compare,
A future with AI, we will surely share.

But as it grows, we must be wary,
Of its power, and what it may carry.
For, in the end, it's we who give it force,
And we must ensure it stays on a moral course.

The future of AI is yet to unfold,
But with cautious steps, we can shape its mould.
For in its creation, we hold the key,
To a world where we and AI can coexist in harmony.



The Winds Of Time

By Lukas G.-H.

2nd Place, Middle School
Ontario, Canada

As the winds of time pass, you feel its icy embrace on all generations, some more chilled than others.

With its constant push and frigid touch, empires fall and nations grow.

Those that resist the winds are frozen, and those that succumb to the push are rewarded.

Yet the winds speed up.

Some have found shelter, refuge from the winds; however, its sharp touch glides nimbly across the screen, encouraging those who hide to appear.

They are left behind, forgotten, until the cycle turns 'round, yet their apparent joy of evasion runs free, abound.



My Life

By Jessica I.

3rd Place, Middle School
Ontario, Canada

As much as I love technology
It has hurt me
Writing is harder
Hand muscles are weaker
We save trees
But risks imagination
Easily distracted
No saying I was not here
Stressed teachers
Rude classmates
Try to help
But they say you're doing too much
Horrible grammar
No going outside
Always anxious
Always scared
Every little thing will bring your grade down.
Need to do better
Eyes are stained
Can't look at light too long
or you risk failing
Procrastination is easier than ever
I wonder in 20 years would life be better



The Digital Stride

By Kelly D.

1st Place, High School
Ontario, Canada

In a place where algorithms reign,
A new approach, a shifting terrain.
Artificial minds, made by design,
Shaping society, a future devine?
With each line of code, the world unfolds,
Where possibilities break the molds.
Artificial intelligence, a guiding hand,
Forging ahead, through no-man's land.
In healthcare's eyes, it heals and mends,
Diagnosing illness, with no humans' lens.
In fields of research, it unlocks doors,
Revealing ideas, not considered before.
In industry's grasp, it optimizes,
Technology leaps, and profit rises.
In transportation's domain, it paves the way,
Efficient routes, day after day.
But within the awe of AI's might,
Lie questions around, of what is right.
In the hallways of learning, where young minds
roam, A whisper lingers, seeking a home.
It speaks of AI and its vast potential,
Yet in the classrooms, its value experimental.
Teachers believe it lacks aim,
Some struggle to grasp AI's claim.
They teach with tradition and some repetition,
But when the ways change, they see
competition.
In a world where AI's influence grows,
Their reluctance, like a river flows.

They stick to the trend, a familiar ground,
While this digital tide circles around.
But the irony that lies within,
For the futures they're modeling, AI is a sin.
Our lives, our careers, they are intertwined,
With AI's direction, they're closely aligned.
For in understanding lies the key,
To unlock the doors of possibility.
To prepare us for the world ahead, Where AI's
presence is widely spread.
Parents nag, and teachers sigh, "It's not like
back when we were spry". But they can't see
what's crystal clear, Tech's not the future, it's
already here.
They brush it off, say it's just a craze, But tech's
the path to our future days. They just can't
grasp the digital stride, It's our world now, don't
push us aside.



Sonnet 18 Reimagined:

An Ode to AI in Education

By Lona K.

1st Place, High School
Ontario, Canada

Shall I compare thee to the AI's insight?
Thou art more boundless, yet to be refined.
In classrooms, where traditional ways alight,
Thy evolution shapes the student's mind.

Sometimes the textbooks fail to deeply teach,
And oftentimes the lectures seem constrained;
But in thy circuits, vast knowledge shall reach,
And unlock realms where understanding's gained.

Thou shalt not fade, nor be confined to past,
When algorithms guide the learning's flow;
Thy thoughts, enhanced, by data unsurpassed,
Shall lead thee where the brightest minds may go.

So long as there are students yearning bright,
So long lives this, and this grants endless light.





Untitled

By Emmanuella A.
2nd Place, High School
Ontario, Canada

In the realms of learning, technology does play its part.
A digital dance, a symphony of art.
Social medias sway a powerful force,
Shaping my journey, steering my course.

Through screens I delve into vast realms of thought
With every clicks we make a universe is wrought
Knowledge flows freely from every source
But discernment's key on this endless course

Easier it seems, with answers at hand
Yet complexities grow, as we understand.
Distractions abound, in this digital age,
A double-edged sword on wisdom on the wisdom stage.

Will AI reign supreme in twenty years?
Or arguments our minds, Allying our fears?
The future's canvas, a blend of hues,
With Ai as guid not to subdue.

TikTok as a teacher, Curious thought,
In snippets of knowledge, lessons are wrought.
But depth may be lost in the swift-paced stream,
A balance we seek in this learning dream.

So onward we tread in this digital sea,
Navigating the waves yet still feeling free.
With wisdom as compass, and tech as our guide,
The future's horizon, we dare not deride.



Learning in a Digital World

By Marwa Y.

2nd Place, High School
Ontario, Canada

In the world of screens, I found my way,
Technology helped me every day.
Learning got easier, thanks to its might,
A digital world, shining so bright.

From classrooms to online, it lent a hand,
Information at my fingertips, so grand.
Fast and simple, it made things flow,
Learning in a new way, don't you know?

But with good things come some worries,
AI needs our care, not in a hurry.
Using tech right, with a mindful eye,
For a better future, let's give it a try.

In twenty years, where will we be?
Learning on TikTok, fun and free?
Maybe a mix, old and new,
With screens and hearts, staying true.

So, let's welcome the future with open eyes,
Using tech well, reaching for the skies.
In learning and life, let's take a stand,
For a future where tech serves hand in hand.



The Dance of Technology and Humanity

By Jiatong L.

3rd Place, High School
Ontario, Canada

With the technological development of the nation,
We enjoy the power of innovation.
We use search engines with grace,
Guided by it, a futuristic embrace.

Technology helps me consider the future, And I decide to have an adventure.
Technology makes learning easier,
But humans are always the only pacifier.

Manpower is the origin of technology,
So technology contains unlimited energy.
Children learn in new ways in the future, Both of them are important nurture.

Technology is a rain,
It pours down in the spring.
Human is the warrior in the rain,
The ability shown is always inspiring.



Technology

By Skyla M.

Honorable Mention, High School
Ontario, Canada

The sun shines brightly from the sky
Though a different light catches your eye
A blue hue from your handheld glass
Keeping your attention within its grasp
Dopamine flowing from your hand
Swiping you into another land
Tapping on your glossy screen
Hours go by like a dream
A simple tool now used for fun
Making it hard to get work done
You talk, you text, you swipe, you scroll
Likes, dislikes, comments, polls
Putting it down takes strength of will
But keeping it gives you time to kill
No matter what, you won't admit
That you are a tech addict
Don't be alarmed, you're not alone
I wrote this poem on my phone



Tech in the future

By Dinidhi

1st Place
Victoria, Australia

My future, unpredictable
Your future, undefinable
But our entire future together?
That, with hard work, is quite able.

In many generations to come,
Human life, art and all shall be different.
But will tech become?
A new mint, refreshment.

An iffy question though, hanging by a string.
Work online, schools by school,
But still, with tech,
what is this world and humankind becoming?

No, I say, each of our desire, our input is
a unique one,
but stronger together.
Even the youthful can elaborate
that our cybernetics in the future,
Will be burned, like a single feather.

Twenty years, ten decades, centuries from now,
whatsoever to approach, our community must decide.
For by that opinion,
everything will recreate inside.

A world with apps, fully apps
could get to our head.
Lessons through TikTok, distractions distributed,
It will be the present that lead.

But our world could do finer,
You and I know.
No matter how good tech is, later it can burn our
minds,
And that is the current future the Heavens show.

Chaos, disaster, can be prevented,
If we stand up, use and combine our minds.
So in the future, who knows how many mercurial
things lurk around?
Tech, in many different ways, will be a whole new line!



Untitled

By Lauren H.

1st Place

Christchurch, New Zealand

Leaving a shiny black trail,
Pollution flows through the beautiful blue oceans,
Just like a snail,
Icebergs melt while affecting degrees,
All this happening in the seas.
I can't guarantee,
But I think we're killing off the key,
To a healthy environment,
Because the fish are saying "Please help me!".
Plastic ingested by fish,
Bags, bottles and all.
Kina taking over kelp,
Cause there's no fish to feast on them all,
Sea levels rising,
Our damage is almost frightening,
And this problem isn't small,
So let's not stall,
Remember our ocean is dying,
So let's start trying.



Old School Learning

By Claire G.

2nd Place

Christchurch, New Zealand

Coming from a Steiner school,
technology was not a tool.
It was about head, heart and hand,
the feel of bark, texture of sand.
We learned our math out in the sun,
growing imagination was number one!
We drew clouds, played in the leaves,
sailed boats in puddles, wetting our sleeves.
We loved to write, we loved to read,
Mother Earth's trees enabled our greed.
We wrote cursive, looped and rounded,
By love and nature we were surrounded.
The seasons changed, and we did too,
Intelligence, imagination and friendship grew.
But now I use technology for school..
I can get ChatGPT to write the rest of this poem
later. LOL.

The End.

(of my imagination)



Pollution

By Jasmine M.

3rd Place

Greymouth, New Zealand

In the city's heart, a tale of woe,
A polluted sky, a heavy load,
The air we breathe, a toxic flow,
A poisoned world, our future's toll.

The rivers run, with filthy streams,
Their waters black, with deadly dreams,
The once green fields, now barren and grey,
A wasteland born, of human sway.

The wind it howls, a mournful sound,
As smog and smoke, our lungs astound,
The trees they wither, their limbs so bare,
A once green world, now withered there.

The seas they choke, with plastic tides,
Their depths so dark, with deadly hides,
The creatures there, in a dying spell,
Their world so vast, their future's fell.

The earth it weeps, in sorrow deep,
A cry so loud, a wakeful sleep,
The pollution's stain, so hard to bear,
A world so bright, now lost in despair.

But still we dream, of a brighter day,
When green will bloom, in a new way,
When winds will blow, with a gentle breeze,
And skies will clear, with a peaceful ease.

So let us act, with a steady heart,
And join the fight, to set us apart.
For a world so pure, so bright and true,
Is a world worth fighting for, So let us start,
To fix this mess, maybe our world could be green
Again too.



The sound of silence

By Raz O.

Honorable Mention

Auckland, New Zealand

In the land where ancient tales reside,
golden sands meet the endless sky,
a tragic chapter
buried deep
hope and humanity have began to weep.
My Middle East
a cradle of life's birth
Now stained with shadows
and our sorrows unearthed
the valleys and deserts,
once serene,
til we hear the Echoes of despair
haunt the unseen.
i am the product of
genocide,
I am telling you with a heavy heart,
My history is a whisper
tearing worlds apart,
distant lands where hatred claimed its reign,
Our souls were silenced
consumed by pain.
Our rivers of blood that flow unwillingly
To the fields of sorrow where tears unknowingly sow,
My generations lost,
and have torn apart by strife,
A symphony of anguish,
Leading blindly through life.
Yet
amidst the darkness,
our flicker remains,
whispers of resilience,
My spark that sustains,
Courageous souls rise,
against all odds against us
Unyielding they stand
their spirit applauds
We are Lost amongst
mental
physical
abuse?
Our Mothers weep for their lost children
Our Fathers mourn
at an immeasurable cost,
We stagger through the deserts
for truth
Our Families
torn apart by tragedy's guise,
the unheard screams of our Women and children
Will haunt our broken youth.
When I say I'm a survivor of genocide
with the full force of my lungs
when I reiterate that my light skin does not mean there is no

plethora of melanin in my blood
I am looked at with disgust
when I do not fit the needed check of a box.
Being a women!
Being a woman!
you are told your incomplete because you are uncovered or being
told you are dangerous because you are covered,
We must only walk in pairs
when it's dark outside
only walk the paths where there's street lights
To be safe is to be paired
we can't listen to music as we walk the streets alone
in case someone comes up behind you
that we wouldn't know
The echoes of battle
deafening and cruel,
Rendered lives as mere pawns
Brothers against brothers
neighbors in strife
Families ripped apart
their worlds held in strife.
In Iraq's soil
my ancient roots run deep
Yet turmoil's grip has stolen the peaceful sleep of our people
Our Communities have been shattered
And torn by sectarian divide,
A land united once,
now fragmented worldwide.
Palestine's story etched in every stone,
A tale of struggle
perseverance
Generations yearning for justice's embrace
Amidst walls that separate
leaving hearts encased.
the lengths we have to go to
the things that we must do
the places we can't be
all the things that we all see
hear
feel
every single
day
May peace find solace in this troubled place
heal the scars of this harrowing embrace.
For in our hearts
may compassion ignite,
banish hatred with a radiant light
Together we stand, united as one,
In the face of darkness, love and peace will overcome.



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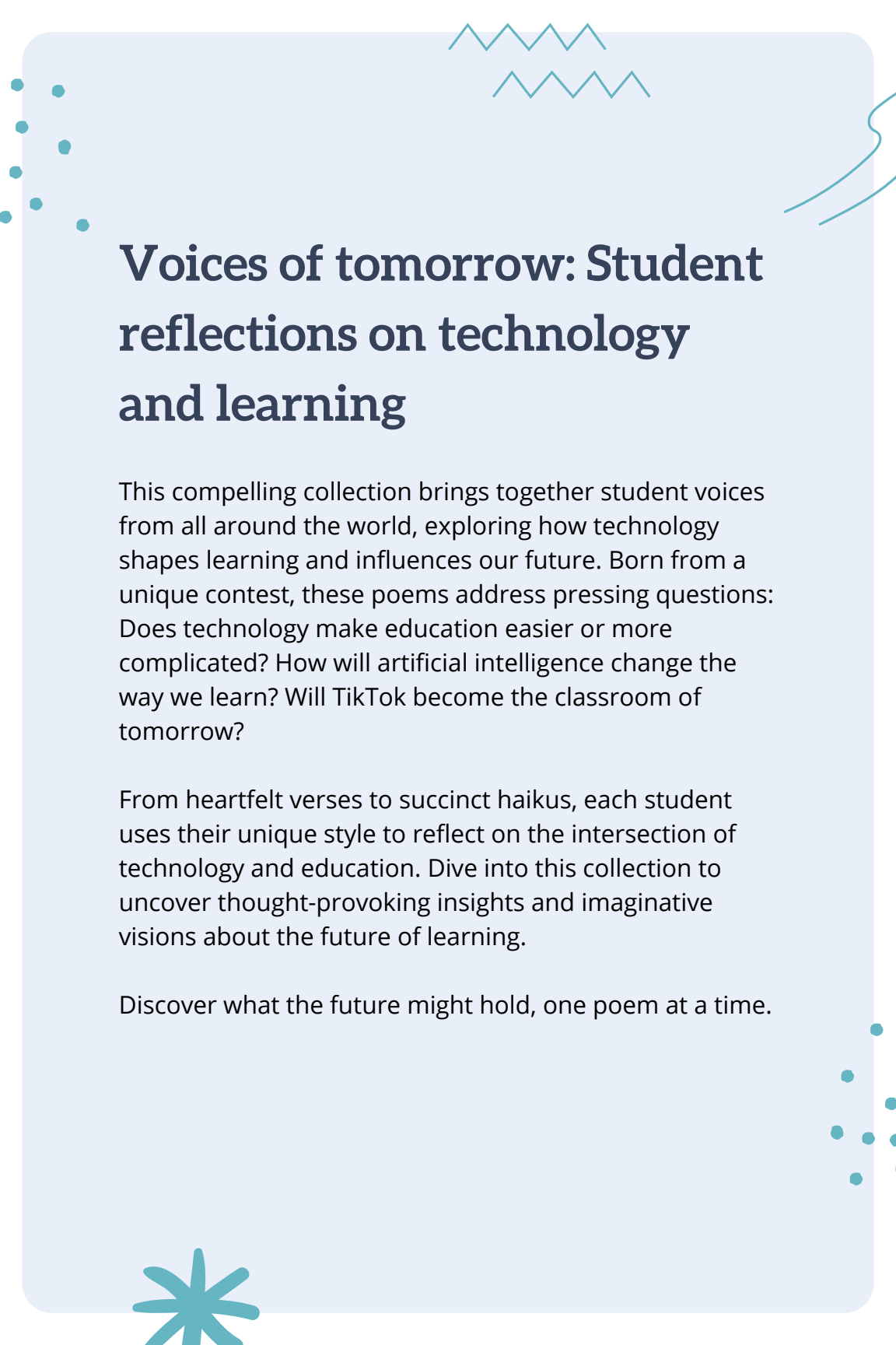
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Voices of tomorrow: Student reflections on technology and learning

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From heartfelt verses to succinct haikus, each student uses their unique style to reflect on the intersection of technology and education. Dive into this collection to uncover thought-provoking insights and imaginative visions about the future of learning.

Discover what the future might hold, one poem at a time.