



The Mother 'Hood

A poem Zine

Illustration by Nashaia

Writers in the Community Program June 2017

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www.qwf.org/programs/wic

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“D”

Dancing devils disrupt my sweet dreams
Determined to discover my own destiny
Within my heart's deepest desires
Don't let them drown
Don't let them DIE!

-Nateisha

The “S” word

Sometimes I can't help but feel helpless.
I feel depressed.
Feels like my soul has died.
The happiness just vanished into scars.
Why am I so foolish to think people cared.

-Nashaia

NOT TODAY

Not today, it's a NO to you.

NEVER AGAIN will I let you in.

NAUSEOUS feeling I get when

you say things so mean to me.

NEVER EVER shall we be together.

NOWADAYS this pain is not our

fate.

There's no more sorrys worth to

negotiate.

by Christina

To go to sleep

In bed

Rest

Emotionally

Drained

Kimberly

QUIET

**I am very quiet
but when I'm on a diet
my stomach is going on riot.**

-Jennifer

KIND

**I am very kind
kind of funny
kind of exciting
kind of sleepy**

-Jennifer

Pain

I'm living in pain, I can't be *without you*

The pain is killing me!

It hurts to know you're so far *away*

Pain

Every moment I lay in my bed to think

About something other

Than *you*

It just can't stop!

Pain

All the happy thoughts I had vanished

Into thin air.

Pain

The scars on my heart; are the

memories.

Pain!

Nashaia

UNWORTHY

I AM UNWORTHY OF HIS DECEITFUL
TREATMENT TOWARDS ME.
I AM UNWORTHY OF THIS NEGATIVE
RELATIONSHIP.
I FIND MYSELF FEELING LIKE I DON'T
DESERVE BETTER.
WHY DO I STILL FEEL LESS THAN I AM?
I FEEL EVERYDAY UNWORTHY.

BY CHRISTINA

UNSURE of how I feel
unsure if this is real
unsure for the future
unsure if one day i'll be able to deal
when will my heart stop being so
Unsure....?

-Nateisha

trust

**There's NO relationship of any kind without TRUST.
I trust that I can trust her judgement.
I trust her with everything that I have.
I don't trust the fact that I've been hurt by her more
than twice.
I trust that I'll never be lied to again.**

by Christina

RAIN

Rain can make you gloomy.
Rain can make you feel refreshed
Rain can be fun to splash in.
Rain can help clear your emotions.
Rain makes me want to lie in bed
and watch a movie.
Rain makes plants grow bright
Rain: a sign that spring is almost here.

-Karen Evora

Fears of tears

The fears that no one cares.
The fears of what happens next.
Tears rushing down my face
Shaded windows got me scared,
Just the fears and tears got me
Overwhelmed.

Nashaia

BRAVE!

*I am brave today and always.
I must save these who are in the cave.
being here is my fave.
trust me it's nothing like a rave.*

by Christina

Memories

Every time I think I remember the memories.
No matter where I am or who I see, I think of us.
It's killing me to see you happy
with someone else.
Can the memories just leave?

Why are all these memories rushing back.
It's crazy how much we shared.
I feel like I'm living in a dream
but actually it's reality.
Can the memories just leave?

Nashaia

Game Over

What am I supposed to do?
When you keep changing the rules,
When will I know the **truth**?
is this all but a game to you?

When I fall will you pick me up?
why do I keep hoping that you'll one day just **STOP!**
is this all but a game to you
'cuz it's about to hit **Game Over**

-Nateisha

PAIN

*What once was so beautiful,
is now dead and grey.
All I want is to walk in the pouring rain.
The Roses outside have now melted away,
all my days just feel cold and hard to say
My diary which once had all nice things to say,
is now burning in the fireplace
Haunting my Pain...*

Nateisha

FOOLISH

I FEEL FOOLISH TO THINK YOU
CARED,
MY HEART SHATTERS INTO A
MILLION PIECES
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW I FEEL OR
SHOULD I SAY YOU DON'T CARE
I'M FEELING HELPLESS!
THE HAPPINESS JUST VANISHED LIKE
IT WAS NEVER THERE?
WHY AM I STILL HERE?

-NASHAIA

Happiness Can Easily Be Earned by Doing Things You Like

Look at the sky
on my saddest day
came back to find my bed empty.

In my saddest hour of loneliness
Monday night I was so terribly sad
and the sound of your voice so full.

-Jennifer

CONFUSION

Does your mind match your age?
Does one understand responsibility,
adaptation, care,
to be a real adult with knowledge
Is it clicking or just words rolled
around to please oneself or others?
Is there a way to wake oneself
to reality, out of the spell,
out of my wonder spell?
Why so confusing, ever so doubtful?

-Karen Evora

WALK PROUD.

*Walking with a smile is my **MOTTO.**
Do what I need to do
no **OBSTACLES** could stop my way.
Troubles come **EMBRACE** them
and move on.
People say how do I do it with a
SMILE.
I have seen and been around enough to
know I got it **GOOD**
and my future is always leaning
towards **PROGRESS**
and the finale is to **PROSPER**, learn
and keep on moving.
HAPPINESS and **GROWTH** with some
UNITY.*

KAREN EVORA.

Hate

You dislike me, you ignore me
Like I'm not there.
Then why talk to me when
You say you like me
But that's not what people say
You talk behind my back
When I'm not around that obviously means
Something to me
Hate!

Nashaia

Care Bear

The heart on my stomach
shooting to the moon
I'm a big and fluffy bear. I love to
cuddle every night. My name is Care Bear
I can't leave the house without you,
my fluffy teddy bear.

-Nashaia

Loyal

*Can I say that loyalty was just a
word that you say, but
You don't show that you're loyal.
You promised you'll protect me from
all the hate, all the falls
But you lied to me!
I trusted you. I stood there thinking
you cared
I cried myself to sleep, I opened my
eyes to realize you're gone.
Why wouldn't you just be honest with
me, instead of
Lying to my face.*

-Nashaia

My Room

*Sitting in my room I see the cracks in my ceiling, the
simple drawing on my wall...
the sound of the baby crying next door...
the outdated heater doesn't make my room temperature
any different.... but COLD.
the bland beige of my wall just makes me feel... that
much Alone.*

-Nateisha

SOUNDS

I hear crying babies in the park
and in the room where parents leave them.
When the fan is on I hear its sound.
When you hear the alarm to wake you up
you need to turn it off.

-Mary Angela

WARMTH

TASTE OF THAT WARM COFFEE ON MY
TONGUE HITTING MY PALATE. THE SWEET
AND BITTER TASTE OF PURE WARMTH.THE
FIRST DRINK I HAVE IN THE MORNING

THE SOFT FEELING OF MY CASHMERE
BLANKET AS I PULL IT OUT OF MY DRYER.
THE SMELL OF AROMA THERAPY “BOUNCE”
SHEETS AND THE WARM FEELING OF IT
AGAINST MY BODY ON A COLD RAINY DAY.

by CHRISTINA

IN THE PARK

Sitting in the park,
I see people pass by
with their groceries
and walking their dogs.

The wind is blowing
and leaves are falling
from the trees.

-Kimberly

The beauty inside me.

*The lovely movement in my womb,
but the consistent awaits and waits and
waits.*

*This warm feeling is un-detachable
I can hardly wait... wait... wait.*

*The feel of your embrace makes my heart
race...race...race.*

I just can't wait...wait...wait.

*Alexander comes with a riot till his mama
holds him,*

*warms him up he gets quiet he just
couldn't wait...wait...wait.*

In mama's arms, he stays...stays...stays.

KAREN EVORA

FAMILY

Family is love: without family, there's emptiness.
Family is companionship, love and protection.
Family is the circle of trust. Family comes first.
Blood is thicker than water.
Family does not dictate who you are, but they can
be a part of who you will become.
Family will always be there. People come and go,
but family never leaves.

by Christina

FAMILY

Family is the people who love you.
Family means being surrounded by my kids.

-Kimberly

JUST BREATHE

As i lay here in my room sound asleep,
i'm awoken by pains so sharp i start screaming,
moaning in pain. My gut tells me something isn't right.
I fold myself in a fetal position, hoping that this pain
would just go away. Tears run down my cheeks
and memories of what was and now what is
run through my thoughts like a movie on fast forward,
like my whole life flashing before my eyes.
I try to lift my baby out of bed
with the little strength that i have,
still crying, wishing he were here to comfort me.
I walk to my bathroom and as i sit down,
i know it's time.
As my pain gets stronger and closer together,
i don't feel like i'm gonna be able
to go through this alone.
My dogs come over to comfort me as they know what
is going on, too.
Now every 2 to 5 minutes the pain grows stronger.
I feel the sweat drip down my face.
My heart starts to race and my hands are all clammy.
I pick up the phone and dial 911. Now i'm on my way
to the hospital and the paramedics say,
"You're doing great. Just breathe."
I feel my eyes tear.
I get to the hospital and i'm already half way there.
The pain gets stronger and i'm all alone in the room.
I see our vitals and the liquid from the i.v.
into my arm.

I'm getting more nervous as the hours pass.
The nurse comes in and says almost there,
so more fluid in my i.v.
I wish he were here beside me.
The time has now come.
It's time to do this *push 1, 2, 3, push 1, 2, 3.*
I feel my tears and my resentment towards him.
But all that aside, i am now rewarded.
One more, strong sigh and i hear my baby girl cry
as they lay her on my chest.
Finally, i can rest.
I look to the left and now to the right.
Not one person in sight. I feel my emotions.
In the dead silent room, i almost hear the rain fall
outside the window.
The room is as dead silent as a cemetery.
I feel like i'm dead in an obituary. It hurts to see no
one with me.
All i want to know is why he hates me.
All i ever wanted is him here sitting beside me, loving
me.

-Christina

THE JUNGLE

I'M THE QUEEN OF THIS JUNGLE
DO YOU SEE MY SEXY GOLDEN SKIN?
I DON'T NEED TO DO MUCH
JUST WATCH MY CUBS
PLAY AROUND
WHILE MY HUSBAND THE KING
HUNTS FOR MY FOOD
I CAN'T GET DIRTY!!!!!!
GRRRRR....

NASHAIA

BASKETBALL

The crazy race back and forth
the sweat dripping down their pores,
the adrenalin feeling speeding through
their hearts,
the thumping sound coming from their feet,
the anxiousness to win causes
a loud sound—their vocals in high pitch
yelling yelling yelling.
The coach content with their jump shots
team work he needs
for that whistle to get into the next
quarter. The whole team eager,
ready, strong, nervousness flowing
through the 10 seconds to go:
10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
The buzzer goes off,
thumping in every direction.
Everyone jumping,
yelling we won,
the other team in silence
as they were defeated,
feet dragging,
one hand sarcastically clapping.
Game over.

-Karen Evora

KEEPING YOU NEAR

Hold my hand when I cross the street.
Hold my hand when my tears are dripping.
Wipe them away, oh, so softly. Your sweet
melody is, *ohhh*,
so calming. When I jump I know you're
there to catch me. I have no
fears, no doubts, you're always there.
I love you, that's why I love to drive
you crazy, so I can say sorry
and feel your embrace again.
Thank you, Mommy.

-Karen Evora

ANGELINA

When the music is on, Angelina starts
dancing with the rhythm.
When she takes a bath, she plays
in the water, splashing it on the tub.
I love touching her hair and cheeks.

-Mary Angela

KIDS AND WONDERS

Kids have my mind exploring
the way they move, think and act.
They know how to put a smile
on a frown.

As long as a kid's in your presence
all your worries seem to vanish.
Everything gets a little lighter.

The imagination astounds me.
I feel like a kid again.
Ideas flow and silliness rolls.
I have my kids bring joy and laughter.
I can roll in the dirt again.
Ahh, kids and their wonders.

-Karen Evora

SMELLS

I smell a nice perfume in the mall.
I hate the stinky smell of my daughter's diaper.
I always love the smell of my mom's cooking,
Filipino dishes "adobo."

-Mary Angela

KING OF THE JUNGLE

I'm in a large jungle. I feel
powerful, determined.
I watch everyone around me
I have obligations to my family.
I make sure we have water,
food, and comfort for the long nights.
Shelter for rainy days.

I can be kind but in a stern way.
I comfort and protect my pack.
I keep us united and strong.
I love challenges. Defeat
is not within my soul.
I stomp, I conquer.
You can be ripped to shreds.
It's not my intention,
but it's my duty.
I am the King of the Jungle
(pounding chest).

-Karen Evora

FIRST DAY OF HIGH SCHOOL

*Feeling surrounded by many strange faces.
Entering that room made my heart race.
What are they thinking,
what is the next step?
Breathing in and out while I
find my seat. Oh, someone's sitting there!
See myself end up in the front
seat, wishing I were in the back
hiding my face in a book.
There are many glances coming my way.
I feel my heart racing,
hyperventilating. Until a soft voice
comes out of the shadow. Introduction
slows down my heart race.
A smile appears on my face.
It wasn't as bad as it seems.
Being the centre of attention
made me all shaky.
In the end, fitting in wasn't even
an issue. All I needed was
to breathe in and out.
That self talk motivation.*

-Karen Evora

COMING TO CANADA

In August 2009, I came to Canada
with my mother and sister.

I was sad to leave my friends, teachers,
and other relatives in the Philippines.
I knew I would miss them very much.

I felt so scared and nervous,
because it was my first time on a plane.
The movement was steady and slow,
but when I stood up, my head
was spinning like crazy.

When I reached Hong Kong
I was amazed, because the airport
was so cool,
and there was even a shower
to take a bath.

In Toronto, I didn't want to walk any further,
because the airport was too big.
We rode a train to go to the main terminal,
where we caught our Air Canada flight.

When we reached Montreal,
we went to my sister and husband's house.
I didn't even have any rest or nap.
I had to go out to fix my visa.

Mary Angela

FREE

I AM FREE I AM QUIET YET
BEAUTIFUL WHEN I SPREAD MY
WINGS AND SHOW MY COLORS I
AM LOOKED AT AS IF I AM
INDIFFERENT GLIDING WALKING
SLOWLY BUT STEADILY I AM
QUIET BUT WISE NEVER JUDGE A
BOOK BY ITS COVER.

by CHRISTINA

SHY GIRL:

a collective poem

I am very quiet.

I am very shy.

I am a woman.

I don't know how to react

So I watch and grow.

With comfort and in time

I will build my voice.

Jennifer & Friends

LIFE:

A COLLECTIVE POEM

Don't take life for granted.
Clouds come and go.
Life is complicated
And as simple as a cloud.
I just want to float around
And close my eyes.
Ahh, breath of freshness.
Life—we only get one chance.

Kimberly & Friends