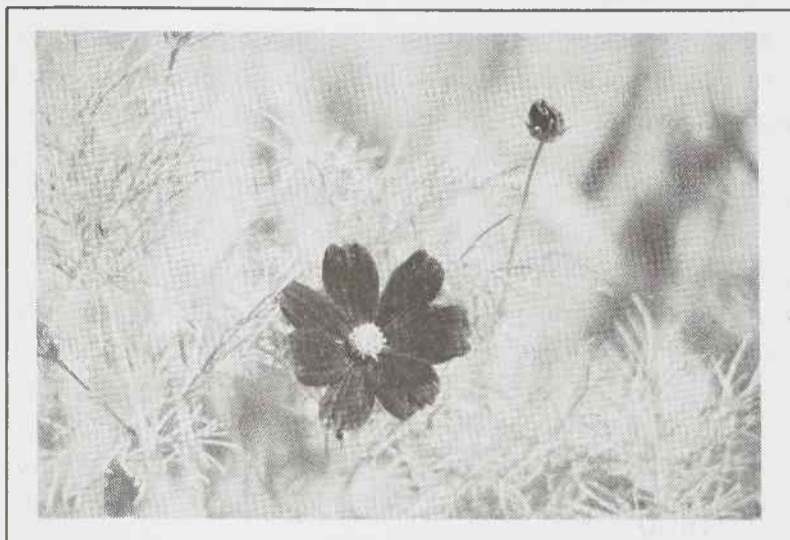


# The Broncos' Song



## *I know the truth*

BY S. MCCADEN

I AM UGLY  
JUST LOOK AT MY SKIN  
I LIVE IN A HOUSING AREA  
WHERE KILLING IS A DAILY TREND  
CRIES OUT OF A DEEP SLEEP  
ARE ALL A PART OF OF MY PAIN  
TELEVISION REPORTS MY BROTHER WAS SLAIN  
NEWSPAPERS REPORT HE DIED INSTANTLY

I KNOW THIS TO BE UNTRUE  
I WAITED A HALF HOUR AND HELD HIS HAND  
THE CALLER, OUR MOTHER, SCREAMED EMERGENCY  
EMERGENCY IT WASN'T, ONLY A PART OF THE DAILY TREND  
THE SCREAMS AND CRIES ARE BOTH A PART OF MY PAIN  
THE MEDIA PORTRAYED A FALSE REPORT  
CARED NOTHING ABOUT THE TRUTH

I KNOW THE TRUTH  
MY BROTHER WAS FINE  
THE SKIN OF MAHOGANY  
READING AND WRITING WAS HIS DAILY TREND  
LAUGHTER FILLED THE COURTYARD  
WHERE MY BROTHER DIED  
I READ AND SAW ALL THE REPORTS OF A WORLD THAT DIDN'T CARE  
AND LIED

## *Untitled*

by Cedric Hurst

*Silent is the wind on hot  
summers day  
Alone is he who cannot find his  
way  
Bright is the sun that always  
seems  
to be  
Blind is the man for love he  
cannot see  
Monstrous is the ruin that  
brings  
thunder and fear  
So sad is the face that grows  
wetter with each tear  
calm is the ocean on a sand  
filled beach  
Gentle is the hand of she you  
long to reach  
Bold is the plant that forever  
reaches  
toward the sky  
Grounded is the heart that once  
knew  
how to fly*

## *ARIEL*

BY NATASHA ETIENNE

*Please don't let me get ensnared  
in one of those confused worlds  
where everything is black and white  
rotten apples and molded potatoes  
35% rayon 65% polyester  
Canvas.  
I want to live magenta, fuschia, mahogany  
satin, and velvet.  
New York at nighttime,  
Brazil at dawn.  
Don't let me live scared  
afraid to experience life  
or know the people around me.  
I want to dance  
sing  
float  
like an angel.  
Let me paint the world  
and hang it on a wall.  
Let me keep my secrets  
in a box on the shelf.*