



The Deep Inner Workings of a Confused Adolescent Black Girl

A Chapbook about the life,
stresses, anxieties, stories,
and opinions of an
adolescent Black girl

by Nzinga Hutchinson

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Winter Child

I watch as the as the white snowflakes gently fall from the sky and land on the concrete
It reminds me of a more cozier and easier time in life
I was inside my warm house watching the snow fall from afar
I watch how bright the snow is and am reminded how bright purity is
Pure white snow
Untouched and unbothered and unblemished

Winter wonderland surrounds me
The cold air coming into my lungs burn me with a furious passion
My toes and fingers lose all feeling
I am at peace
The peace in which I desperately crave
The serenity of the outside with no humans is more beautiful than the most beautiful
flower

I can't feel anything but I feel everything
I feel the snow, the wind, the peace, and the freedom
I feel free, happy, and alive
The snow rejuvenates me and refills the empty chamber of joy left inside me
I dance and spin in celebration for the snow and mother nature
The spirits of the winter watch over me and chant
'The winter child dances again, Her periodical euphoria is godsend'

Family Dysfunction

Are you loving for yourself or for your Savior?
Pride and children and Abandonment and Estrangement
These are the ingredients for a broken home

Where does the human soul go when it's stuck in the vacuum of a black hole
The numbness of a child unloved and forgotten

She was never validated only scrutinized and left dilapidated
Where can she find her very own savior?

I clutch on to the pearls of desperation and hope
Clinging for an answer

I now don't belong here
I don't think I ever belonged here

I am just a soul with distant memories of the distant past

I am stuck in a limbo that is impenetrable by those who wish to help

I am lackadaisical and critical
The Authoritarian lifestyle here is rather typical

The tormentor had left his aura
Angry and unpredictable

I am

I am the danger

I am the art

I am the soul that shakes the earth

I am the fire that burns your hesitation to cinders

I am the rain that washes away the soot of doubt

I am the wind that leads your vessel to the land of the graceful

I am the quiver down your spine when the candles blow out

I am the pure rage that courses through your veins to the heart

I am the earth that gives you life and a foundation

I am the saccharine air that lightweights get drunk off of

I am the words on the book that carries you off to the foreign nation of imagination

I am a writer that writes the past, present, and future

I am me

Fin

This marks the end of the end
Where we leave and separate on the road of destiny and uncertainty
Granted, we may not see each other
We will be in each other's memories and hearts

The rain falls upon our anxious faces
Diluting the fear of the unknown and our woes
We stare at each other as we hold hands, appreciation in our eyes
Then we all break apart and take our first mature steps forward

The crack of thunder roars throughout the dry, yellow, meadow where we stand
We all took one last glance at each other and walked down the clear dirt paths
Paths that led to such diverse outcomes orchestrated by the stars above
The stars above in the night sky, the sky we share

The Art of Words

A way of expressing the soul when words can't fill the void of feelings unheard
Feelings that are unheard and left silent and in the darkness for all to ignore
One can't live through life keeping their emotions in a chained up chest
Poetry is the key to break that chest and open up a world of vivid imagery
Imagery that can paint 100 skies and can ravage the coasts of land

One should use the art of poetry to their expense
It is a free and relieving way to open the heart to the whole world
Or even just to yourself

A poem is the mind's speech and the human is the diary
For all these feelings and emotions leave such an imprint on us
That we'll remember them forever

Poetry is the heart's scripture

Pain

The nausea of the sea that lies within my gut roars loud and strong

Heartily I ache in the pain of clutching muscles

I curl up in a ball and groan in agony

I rest in a pit of unstableness

Short and Sweet Advice

You know you like to sit around and procrastinate
You like to sit around and watch cat videos and watch Netflix dramas all day
You need to get off your butt and actually do something worthwhile to help your future
The future that you oh so desperately wish for isn't going to come if you're being lackadaisical
You constantly state that you're gonna fulfill your duties but I'm cynical

I know you wouldn't want to hear this but this needs to be said
It needs to be thrown in your face and shoved down your throat
You procrastinate a lot and you need to be stopped
You and I both know you have something more productive to do
But you lounge around on thinking you're on cloud nine

You sleep all day, watching miscellaneous shows, making excuses
As to why you can't practice your instrument, complete homework, and work on projects
You know this but yet you do nothing about it
You can't be a sloth in a fast paced world
You get stomped on and left behind for dead

You're going off to college in less than 6 months
You need to get a grip and pull yourself together
All because the school year is almost over don't mean that you stop working forever
I come to you with a short and sweet piece of advice
That, of course, you'll need for the rest of your life

GET UP!

Rhythm

I swing upon the chandelier
Swinging back and forth
The wind lapping against my face
Play that sweet harmonious acoustic guitar

The scent of fruit punch and sugar fills my nostrils
The bass makes me shake my hips
Twirling while my legs windmill around me
I picture the sky cloudy and dark

The darkness doesn't keep out light
For it illuminates me and keeps me happy
My melanin rich skin shines ever so brightly against my teeth
I am black gold

I spin wildly across the concrete in the forest
The music fills me up
It is my life source
It fills me good
I feel the even rhythm

I am bold and free

Hello, Euphoria

I am young and free
Bold and alive
Nothing can stop me

It quite lonely to be at the top
The euphoria gets me high and drunk
I am renewed

To flail across the emerald field crazily
Sounds of guilt-free laughter spilling out my mouth

Hello, euphoria
It's been a long while since I last experience your liquor
The feeling is so soothing, it shall now be part of my ever growing decor

I ward away evil spirits with the happiness of innocent children
All who have been wronged and neglected in life
All who have now found solace with their joy in the afterworld

I twirl and twirl

Mimosa Pudica

A personality trait that's viewed as weak, cowardly, and spineless
But a personality trait that this world oh so desperately needs
The world needs more of it, in fact, the world is deprived of it
For the hateful beings on this Earth love tyranny and spreads its seeds

But let's start more locally and start with something small
I have been mocked, stepped upon, and even laughed at
While I have a seemingly hard and callous edge
I am quite sensitive at heart and the struggles of life is where I sit, on the ledge

Everyone in this world has somewhat of a tough skin
But there's me, the one who takes everything in and over-analyzes everything My
mind is filled with stories, visions, vivid fantasies of tomorrow and forever
A mind that is very much misunderstood and looked at funny, the sense of belonging is
severed

"Quit being so sensitive", "It's not that serious", "We were just joking"
I am like a Mimosa Pudica, when open to too much stimulation, I close up and shut
myself off from the rest of the world
But sensitivity is a trait that the world needs, ending with a pure spin and a kind twirl

A Factual Reality

Why do you think the world goes round?

Quite the complex question, eh?

The most typical answer, of course, would be that love makes the world go round

But your view is too idealistic

To say that is almost too sadistic

Rape, Murder, Deception, Betrayal, Abandonment, and so much more

Hearing so much of this on the news will leave you depressed and bored

They say that one thing is certain in life

That thing is death and taxes

Well one more thing is definitely certain too...

The world will forever spin on its axis

Regardless if you're the most famous person alive or the poorest

Life will go on

And on and on it goes, you will be gone as if you were never physically here

All the horrible things you hear in your everyday life will still happen

The tears, the explosions, the grief, the greed, the wrath

So much of it, too much of it, you need an infinite bath

The vengeance, the horror, the never ending pile of corpses

With all that be with the natural forces, It will all drag you into the deepest, darkest depths of hell

So, now that you know, tell me, what will you do now knowing that we all have fell?

Through Your Rose-Colored Glasses

Through rose-colored glasses, what do you see?

Do you see a big dream house full of excitement to come and relaxation for the weary

Do you see a paradise in which everyone is a free bird and is carefree without the burden of the world their shoulders?

Or do you see life no longer being the struggle that philosophers of all kinds have deemed it with that large boulder?

Through those particular rose-colored glasses, life seems like sugar

Sweet, dopamine-ridden, and lovely

But what is this?

There seems to be something we missed War, blood, violence, and chaos

Yes, this can be seen through rose-colored glasses too

Some people are born evil with the tendency of mayhem times 2

Some people wish for destruction, some wish for tragedy

Some wish for misinformation, some wish for the blood for you to see

Does death scare you?

It shouldn't

Death is in all of us

So in your saviors too

Election Reflection

A demagogue had won the race
And now this is the America we have to now face
A racist, sexist, and prejudiced man
It is he who we Americans should've banned

The hate, the tears, the discrimination, the danger
We have been now been blessed with the righteous rage by Saint Anger
Get ready for the war we've all heard about
Get ready for the screams, gunshots, and blood without a doubt

I am a Black woman on this god-given Earth
Haven't I suffered enough?
This man isn't my President. Don't like it? Well, tough
This man, this narcissist, is dirt

Trepidation shakes us all
Desperation is the black hole, through it, us American will fall
A Trump America is not my America
Bernie should've filled his spot, or at least a carbon copy replica

Deportations, the break-ups of families, and war
Haven't we had enough? Why can't this be just some sick, twisted folklore?

Racial tensions are now being exposed as more than ever
White not understanding why Black isn't a dangerous color
Black is an elegant color that goes along with any hue
So does White but the misunderstandings, and the derailments, and the dismissals just make
my Black blue

You hear it in the news, you hear it in the streets
The anxiety and anticipation runs high, hold onto your seats
This America now runs red after a time period of being blue
Let's all hope that the prejudice and hate misses its cue
Land of the free?
Home of the brave?

Land of the prideful hate
Home of the belligerent racism
That's America

Ode to My Teeth

My Gorgeous pearly whites
How you shine so bright against my lips
Your beautiful contrast between my melanated skin
O how you sparkle to the world

You stand raised so tall and unapologetic on top of my gums
Due to your relentless battle against ill-willed cavities
Oh those dastardly demons and their wish to abolish you
You stand together with your constant ally fluoride and defeat these villains

Yes, you are flawed and awkwardly shaped
And you may be decalcified in some areas due to childhood rebellion and negligence
But now I have grown older and wiser and still love you all the same
I apologize for my childhood ignorance and negligence

But you will be taken care of more urgently now
For I have changed my habits and view
You are loved my sweet enamel filled cavity fighters
Now, show the world your unique, white brilliance

Nobody's Home

Talkin' to yourself, fool yourself, nobody's home
In this world, nobody told you
What it was gonna be
So, ONE, TWO, we'll wait and see

At heart, I'm 28,
Old but much too young
So far apart, love
It's too late love, break my heart

You took everything from me,
I don't know what more you could say
You're s'posed to find me when I needed you

It gets so hard when I know I'm old
Mustn't I hesitate to find my own way out?
Young but old
I know no one can seem to help me now

Wait, nobody's home
Still talkin' to myself

Summer

The weather gets warmer

And the heat rises

It's the season of flames of all infernos to come

We will boil under the unrelenting sun in hopes to find that cooling breeze

That basically is a needle in a haystack

I wish for the fire to remain calm

But all will be in vain since nature follows the beat of her own drum

She is fire and she is free

Boredom

Sitting in class, staring out the window
Watching the birds fly ever so smoothly
The lectures of the teacher rambles on and on throughout the day
In the vivid world of my imagination is where I'll stay

Day and Day and night after night I sit here
Where is happiness?
Where is the jovial atmosphere
Why has it deserted me now?

Eyelids fall to a close and my breath slows
The sun beams down at me in almost a threatening way
The cool breeze flies in and graces my face
Ever so carefully I smile

I miss the fire
I miss flame
I wonder how things will go
Since they haven't ever been the same

Nothing happens around here
Except my never ending worries and strife
But happy people don't get to feel sadness
They don't get to feel apathy

That is what will kill me
The envy I feel for those who know happiness
The green - eyed monster sees what I sees
And so I have wished it and so it shall be

Late

I woke up late today

It's home in which I want to stay

Early birds catch worms while the Night owls rule the night

The sun appears through my window too bright

Winter better come quickly for it is such a pretty sight

The Price of Joy

My stress is stuck to me like glue

Stress is such a vice that I'll like to sue

Laying under a blanket thinking that it will save me

But it still play peek a boo and hide and seek

I just want to live stress-free

But carefree joy has a price if you even want a glimpse to see

Incoming Winter

I see the leaves change their usual green color into all shades of red, brown, orange, and yellow

The weather is changing and the temperature is dropping

I feel the cool gust of wind hit my face like a sucker punch

The atmosphere is much calmer when people aren't around

The atmosphere is more peaceful when people aren't around

The atmosphere is better when people aren't around

Winter is soon coming

I anticipate it greatly with a large open heart

Uncertainty

I walked down the river and watched as the rushing water made its way down the valley

It was a misty, foggy, and blue dawn morning

The fog surrounds me and gives me a suspenseful embrace that will only leave questions about this existence

Why am I here and what am I supposed to do?

Why is life just a whole bunch of smoke and mirrors, making me think I got the answer when I really don't

Why is the human race like this?

Are people killing for themselves or for their savior?

It surely makes you wonder, yeah?

The Star and it's Girl

I float in the gloomy and but yet comforting black sky and look down at all of the humans and the rest of civilization. I have been here in the sky and galaxy for billions of years and have watched the beginning and formation of your current man. I have watched man create fire, build communities, build empires and civilizations, and multiply. I have never had an interest in those below me such as humans until one fateful night.

A little girl who looks about the age of 10 who dares to take a peek at me every night. She has caramel brown skin with dark brown eyes that holds the wonders of all the universe and kindness that was almost saccharine. She peeks at me tonight with her usual glee and begins to close her eyes and put her hands together. I listen intently to what's being said in her mind.

"Please, my lucky star...." her gentle but yet melancholy voice starts. Sadness? That's not like her. "Please help me my lucky star, my mother is sick and the doctor said that he doesn't how long she will stay alive. Please, help her live." she said as her voice begins to crack. So now her mother has fallen ill, and she wants my help, eh? Why should I even bother to help such an insignificant soul? What will she give me in return?" "I need your help now, so please, if you will." she prays to me. I linger on the last ringing of her sweet voice. I can feel my glow illuminate stronger than before. I noticed this and took special note of this. I came up with an idea and now I'll see it done.

As the Sun sets and our large companion, the Moon, shows her luminous face once more, myself and other stars come out to enjoy the darkness. I wait for the little human girl to show her face to me once more like she always does. I wait and I wait until suddenly the girl of the hour arrives. She comes with a toothy grin on her face and looks up at me with happiness. She closes her eyes and put her miniature hands together.

"Thank you, my lucky star! The doctor said that she made a miraculous recovery and now all she needs to do is rest and she'll be up and walking in no time. I always knew I could count on you, my lucky star!

But it's getting late now, so I guess I'll just leave now. Goodnight, my lucky star." she said, an elated smile on her face as she departs from the window.

If only that poor girl knew what I had to do in order to get rid of her mother's illness. To save a life from inevitable and imminent death, a life has to be put in danger and must cease to exist. I had to kill someone to help her mother live. I have no attachment to the human I killed but it was

all to save her mother. I have watched over this little girl since the day she left the womb and she the same with me despite my many years of age. I don't care about any other humans but her and those she cares about. Besides, with that life lost, my glow has permanently gotten brighter. Thus, this is my lucky day for the both of us.

A Red Kind of Want

I look up to the hazy maroon night sky

And wish for a better tomorrow

But tomorrow comes another day of struggles

Another day of wishing

Another day of dying

The snow gently falls from the crimson sky, almost in taunting manner, taunting me of how free they are to fall

While I sit here on a old, cold park bench, wishing big and wishing tall for a carefree fall but it seems that I've dropped the ball and decided to stall

Humid Suffering

Spring is here

Flowers are blooming and flourishing

The rain is common

While everything is dandy and nice

Here I lie suffering in sneezes and itchy noses

My immune system kicked into overdrive and is going mad

For I am agony and allergic to nature