THE SIXTH ANNUAL KENT STATE UNIVERSITY

Symposium on Democracy

Commemorating May 4, 1970
May 2 and 3, 2005
Kent, Ohio

Democracy and the Arts:
Voices and Choices

Exhibits, Performances,
Interactive Sessions
The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy features a wide range of artistic and cultural programs that support the theme of “Democracy and the Arts: Voices and Choices.” Special attractions include scholarly papers, gallery talks, poetry readings, dance and musical performances, and an interactive session with Animating Democracy, an initiative that promotes artistic responses to contemporary issues. In addition, Bruno Ast, designer and architect of the May 4 Memorial, will lead a presentation and tour of the memorial site.

Jehmu Greene, president of the Rock the Vote Foundation, will deliver this year’s keynote address. The nonpartisan foundation has partnered with recording artists to encourage young people to participate in the democratic process and make informed decisions.

To see a complete schedule of events, go to the Symposium Web site at:

The Symposium on Democracy is held annually to commemorate the events of May 4, 1970. Reflecting on the events of the past presents a continuing opportunity to examine the present state of democracy and look for lessons that can be applied to the future.
SYMPOSIUM ON DEMOCRACY

Commemorating May 4, 1970
May 2 and 3, 2005
Kent, Ohio

DEMOCRACY AND THE ARTS:
VOICES AND CHOICES

Exhibits, Performances, Interactive Sessions
Kent State University's annual symposia on democracy draw upon the lessons of the events of May 4, 1970, in an effort to learn from the past some important lessons for the future.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL KENT STATE UNIVERSITY SYMPOSIUM ON DEMOCRACY

DEMOCRACY AND THE ARTS: VOICES AND CHOICES

Jehmu Greene, May 3, 1 p.m., Kiva Kent Student Center

Greene is president of the Rock the Vote Foundation, an organization dedicated to increasing youth participation in the political process.

The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy features a wide range of artistic and cultural programs that support the theme of "Democracy and the Arts: Voices and Choices." Special attractions include scholarly papers, gallery talks, poetry readings, dance and musical performances, and an interactive session with Animating Democracy, an initiative that promotes artistic responses to contemporary issues. In addition, Bruno Ast, designer and architect of the May 4 Memorial, will lead a presentation and tour of the memorial site.

SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES

MONDAY, MAY 2, 2005

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<td>10 a.m.</td>
<td>Welcoming remarks, Larry Andrews, Chair, Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy Planning Committee</td>
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<td>10:30 a.m. - noon</td>
<td>Interactive Session, &quot;A People's Dialogue: An Exploration of Citizenship, Patriotism, and Identity,&quot; Marty Pottinger, Playwright, Performance Artist and Director</td>
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<td>1 - 3 p.m.</td>
<td>PANEL ONE, Art as Social Protest</td>
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<td>3:15 p.m.</td>
<td>EXHIBIT, Art as Voice</td>
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<td>4 p.m.</td>
<td>Exhibit and Coffeehouse, student contributions on display, refreshments available, Rooms 204 and 206 of the Kent Student Center</td>
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<tr>
<td>7:30 p.m.</td>
<td>Dance and Musical Performances</td>
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<tr>
<td>8:30 p.m.</td>
<td>&quot;I'm a Woman,&quot; an original piece created by students</td>
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<tr>
<td>9 - 10:45 a.m.</td>
<td>Interactive Session, &quot;Animating Democracy: Opportunity and Challenge at the Intersection of Art and Civic Dialogue,&quot; Pam Korza and Barbara Schafter Bacon, Co-directors of Animating Democracy, a program of Americans for the Arts</td>
</tr>
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<tr>
<td>11 a.m.</td>
<td>&quot;In My America,&quot; an original music and poetry performance by local middle and high school students and senior adults who are participating in Wick Poetry Center Outreach programs</td>
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TUESDAY, MAY 3, 2005

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<td>9 - 10 a.m.</td>
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<td>1 - 2 p.m.</td>
<td>KEYNOTE ADDRESS, By Jehmu Greene, President, Rock the Vote Foundation</td>
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<tr>
<td>2:15 - 3:30 p.m.</td>
<td>PANEL TWO, Art as Memory</td>
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For additional information, contact Symposium Chair Larry Andrews, Honors College, Kent State University, Kent, OH 44242, landrew@kent.edu or 330-672-2312, or the University Conference Bureau at 330-672-2113, or visit http://www.kent.edu/history/

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Kent State University invites proposals for scholarly papers and creative activities for the Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy, “Democracy and the Arts: Voices and Choices,” which will be held on May 2 and 3, 2005, on the Kent State University campus in Kent, Ohio.

The symposium draws upon the lessons of the events of May 4, 1970, at Kent State University. Symposium proposals should adopt an attitude of inquiry and reflection in an attempt to learn from the past some important lessons for the future about the meaning of democracy in a pluralistic society. Consonant with the heritage of May 4, 1970, Kent State University invites proposals that deal with multiple perspectives on democracy and the arts and that inform an understanding of the present and allow a vision for the future. Submitters might focus on any of the following content areas:

Art as memory, art as education, art as an instrument of social change, art as an expression of freedom, art and protest, art as a way to facilitate civic engagement, the role of government in the sponsorship and control of the arts, arts in different kinds of democracies, art in relation to power and privilege, art as commodity and public art in relation to public values and public spaces.

Presentations dealing with memorials and art responding specifically to the events of May 4, 1970, at Kent State are welcome, as are presentations concerning any local, national and international context.

The symposium will include a keynote address, performances/exhibits, interactive sessions and the traditional presentation, critique and discussion of scholarly papers.

Presenters will receive a $1,000 stipend. Deadline for receipt of proposals is 5 p.m. EST on Dec. 3, 2004. Proposals should be no more than 500 words (one single-spaced page) in length. A vita must accompany the proposal. Proposers of interactive sessions or performances/exhibits may wish to provide examples (e.g., slides, Web sites, recordings). Authors of papers selected will be asked to give a 15-minute presentation at the symposium. Those selected to present interactive sessions will have 30-45 minutes for their sessions. The length of performances and
exhibits is flexible, but those submitting proposals should provide some suggestions about time and the logistical support needed.

Notification of accepted proposals will occur in January 2005. Presenters will be required to send drafts of their presentations one month prior to the symposium. Proposals selected for presentation will be published in an electronic format. Accepted proposals will share copyright with Kent State University Press.

Proposals and inquiries should be directed to:

Dr. Larry R. Andrews, Chair, Symposium on Democracy Committee
Honors College
Kent State University
P.O. Box 5190
Kent, OH 44242-0001

E-mail: landrews@kent.edu
Phone: 330-672-2312
Fax: 330-672-3327

For more information, please visit:

Commemorating May 4, 1970
May 2 and 3, 2005
Kent, Ohio

DEMOCRACY AND THE ARTS: VOICES AND CHOICES

Exhibits, Performances, Interactive Sessions, Scholarly Papers
The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy features a wide range of artistic and cultural programs that support the theme of “Democracy and the Arts: Voices and Choices.” Special attractions include scholarly papers, gallery talks, poetry readings, dance and musical performances, and interactive sessions with Animating Democracy, an initiative that promotes artistic responses to contemporary issues. In addition, Bruno Ast, designer and architect of the May 4 Memorial, will lead a presentation and tour of the memorial site.
“Images of Peace and War: Giving Voice to Children,” Kathleen Walker, Kent State University

7:30 p.m.  Dance Performance
Introduction: Carol A. Cartwright, President, Kent State University
Moderator: Kimberly Karpanty, Kent State University

8:15 p.m.  Music Performance
Moderator: Jane Dressler, Kent State University
“Requiem Songs: For the Victims of Nationalism,” Neil B. Rolnick, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

TUESDAY, MAY 3, 2005

8:30 a.m.  Continental Breakfast, Kiva Lobby

9 – 10:45 a.m.
Interactive Session
Moderator: Jonathan Katz
“Animating Democracy: Opportunity and Challenge at the Intersection of Art and Civic Dialogue,” Pam Korza and Barbara Schaffer Bacon, Co-directors of Animating Democracy, A Program of Americans for the Arts

11 a.m.  Music and Poetry Performance
“In My America,” David Hassler, Outreach Director, Wick Poetry Center, Kent State University, and Hal Walker, Musical Director Ohio Arts Council, Artist-in-Residence
An original performance by middle and high school students and teachers from Maplewood Career Center, Ravenna; Kent Roosevelt High School, Kent; Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts, Akron; and senior adults from Kentway Senior Apartments, Kent, who are participating in Wick Poetry Center Outreach programs.

1 – 2 p.m.  KEYNOTE ADDRESS
Introduction: Paul L. Gaston, Provost, Kent State University
Jehmu Greene, President, Rock the Vote Foundation

2:15 – 3:30 p.m.
PANEL TWO, Art as Memory
Moderator: Isaac Richmond Nettey, Kent State University
“Modernist Abstraction and the Politics of Commemoration: The May 4 Memorial,” Tammy Clewell, Kent State University
“The Necessity of Trauma Healing for Democracy,” Danny Malec, Katie Resendiz and Lisa Schirch, Eastern Mennonite University

3:45 p.m.  Presentation on the Creation of the May 4 Memorial Site
Introduction: Thomas Hensley, Kent State University
Bruno Ast, Architect and Designer of the Site and Memorial

4:30 p.m.  Depart from Kiva for Walking Tour of the May 4 Memorial Site.
The tour will be led by Bruno Ast, University of Illinois at Chicago, and Jerry M. Lewis, Kent State University.

All events take place in the Kiva, Kent Student Center, unless otherwise noted in the program.

Room 322, Kent Student Center, is available for visitors who are seeking quiet time for private reflection.

Kent State University’s annual symposia on democracy draw upon the lessons of the events of May 4, 1970, in an effort to learn from the past some important lessons for the future.
SIXTH ANNUAL SYMPOSIUM ON DEMOCRACY PLANNING COMMITTEE

Larry Andrews, Chair
Dean, Honors College

Nawal Ammar
Associate Professor, Justice Studies

Maggie Anderson
Professor, English

Tim Berard
Assistant Professor, Justice Studies

Patricia Book
Vice President, Regional Development

Bei Cai
Assistant Professor, Communication Studies

Melanie Carrico
Associate Professor, Fashion Design & Merchandising

Jane Dressler
Associate Professor, Music

Jean Druesedow
Director, Kent State University Museum

Paul Haridakis
Assistant Professor, Communication Studies

Carole Harwood
Public Relations & Marketing Coordinator, University Communications & Marketing

David Hassler
Outreach Director, Wick Poetry Center

Virginia Horvath
Dean of Academic and Student Affairs for Regional Campuses

David Hughes
Professor, Architecture & Environmental Design

Kim Karpanty
Associate Professor, Theatre & Dance

Jonathan Katz
Chief Executive Officer, National Assembly of State Arts Agencies

Linda Kollar
Administrative Secretary, President's Office

Lisa Lambert
Public Relations & Marketing Coordinator, University Communications & Marketing

Jerry M. Lewis
Professor Emeritus, Sociology

Isaac Richmond Nettey
Senior Academic Program Director, School of Technology

Charles Nieman
Academic Program Director, Center for International & Comparative Programs

Charlene Reed
Secretary, Board of Trustees and Senior Assistant to the President

Rick Robyn
Assistant Professor, Political Science

Eric Van Baars
Assistant Professor, Theatre & Dance

Robin Vande Zande
Assistant Professor, Art
Kent State University Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy
Democracy and the Arts: Voices and Choices

May 2 and 3, 2005

SCHEDULE OF ACTIVITIES

Current as of 04/29/05

* All activities take place in the Kiva of the Kent Student Center unless otherwise noted. Student contributions on democracy and the arts will be on display in Room 204 of the Kent Student Center May 2 and 3.

Sunday, May 1
6:30 p.m.
Reception for planning committee members, symposium presenters
Hosted by Nawal Ammar

Monday, May 2

9 a.m.
Private breakfast for panelists, discussants, moderators, committee members, academic leaders, Room 306, Kent Student Center.
*Larry Andrews will offer welcoming remarks, and will introduce President Cartwright and Provost Gaston. President Cartwright will speak briefly.

10 a.m.
Welcoming Remarks, Larry Andrews, Chair, Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy Planning Committee, and Carol Cartwright, President, Kent State University

10:30 a.m. – Noon
Introduction: Jonathan Katz
Moderator: Jonathan Katz, National Assembly of State Arts Agencies
Interactive Session
"A People’s Dialogue: An Exploration of Citizenship, Patriotism and Identity,"
Marty Pottenger, Abundance Project

noon
Private luncheon for panelists, performers, discussants, moderators, committee members, academic leaders
Room 306, Kent Student Center
1 p.m. – 3 p.m.  
**Panel One, Art as Social Protest**

*Moderator: Tim Berard, Kent State University*  
*Discussant: Mike Alewitz, Central Connecticut State University*

"Mayan Technology: A Lecture-Performance," Ricardo Dominguez, New York University  

"Engaged Art in Cold War Democracy," David P. Peeler, United States Naval Academy  

"Riding the Bus of Democracy," Kanta Kochhar-Lindgren, University of Washington-Bothell

3:15 p.m. – 7:30 p.m.  
**Exhibit Opening, Gallery Talks & Coffeehouse, Art as Voice**  
Room 204, Kent Student Center

*Introduction: Jean Druesedow, Kent State University*

*Three individuals will give brief presentations about works of art that will be on exhibit. Jean Druesedow, director of the Kent State University Museum, will introduce the presenters. Recitation of poetry will be ongoing throughout the first day of the exhibit. A coffeehouse in room 204 will provide refreshments May 2. The exhibit also will be open May 3 from 8:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.*

"Zines, Democracy and the Insurgent Imagination: Implications for Art Education," Doug Blandy, University of Oregon, and Kristin G. Congdon, University of Central Florida

"A Poster Series of Rights and Reason," Scott Boylston, Savannah College of Art and Design

"Images of Peace and War: Giving Voice to Children," Kathleen Walker, Kent State University

5:30 – 7 p.m.  
Private dinner hosted by Kent State University President Carol A. Cartwright  
Room 306, Kent Student Center
7:30 p.m.

Dance Performance
(Charlene Reed will introduce Dr. Cartwright)
Introduction: Carol Cartwright, President, Kent State University
Barbara Allegra Verlezza, Kent State University
Moderator, Q & A: Kimberly Karpanty

8:15 p.m.

Music Performance
“Requiem Songs: For the Victims of Nationalism,” Neil B. Rolnick, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute
Moderator, Q & A: Jane Dressler

Tuesday, May 3

8:30 a.m.
Continental breakfast, Kiva lobby

9 a.m. – 10:45 a.m.
Introduction: Jonathan Katz
Moderator: Jonathan Katz
Interactive Session
“Animating Democracy: Opportunity and Challenge at the Intersection of Art and Civic Dialogue” by Pam Korza and Barbara Schaffer Bacon, co-directors of Animating Democracy, a program of Americans for the Arts, Kiva, Kent Student Center

10:45 a.m.
Break

11 a.m.

Music and Poetry Performance
“In My America,” David Hassler, Outreach Director, Wick Poetry Center, Kent State University, and Hal Walker, Musical Director, Ohio Arts Council Artist-in-Residence
An original performance by middle and high school students and teachers from Maplewood Career Center, Ravenna; Kent Roosevelt High School, Kent; Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts, Akron; and senior adults from Kentway Senior Apartments, Kent, who are participating in Wick Poetry Center Outreach programs.

noon, Room 310AB
Luncheon for panelists, performers, discussants, moderators, committee members, academic leaders.
1 - 2 p.m.  
*Introduction: Paul Gaston, Provost, Kent State University*

**Keynote Address**
Jehmu Greene, President, Rock the Vote Foundation

2 p.m., Kiva lobby  
Break

2:15 – 3:30 p.m.  
**Panel Two, Art as Memory**

*Moderator: Isaac Richmond Nettey, Kent State University*

“Modernist Abstraction and the Politics of Commemoration: The May 4 Memorial,” Tammy Clewell, Kent State University


“The Necessity of Trauma Healing for Democracy,” Danny Malec, Katie Resendiz and Lisa Schirch, Eastern Mennonite University

3:30 p.m., Kiva lobby  
Break

3:45 p.m.  
*Introduction: Thomas Hensley, Kent State University*

**Presentation on the Creation of the May 4 Memorial Site**
Bruno Ast, Architect and Designer of the Site and Memorial

4:30 p.m.  
**Walking Tour of May 4 Memorial Site**
Depart from Kiva for walking tour of the May 4 Memorial site. The tour will be led by Bruno Ast, University of Illinois at Chicago, and Jerry M. Lewis, Kent State University.

11 p.m.  
Traditional Candlelight Walk and Vigil sponsored by the May 4 Task Force student organization. Those who wish to participate may gather at the Victory Bell on the Commons and walk in silent procession around the perimeter of campus, following the path taken on May 4, 1970.
In My America
An Original Poetry and Music Performance
by Wick Outreach Students

Wick Poetry Center
Kent State University
Democracy and the Arts Symposium, 2005
The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy

*Democracy and the Arts: Voice and Choices*

Kent State University, May 2 and 3, 2005
In My America was created in writing workshops with David Hassler, Wick Outreach Director, and Kent State University students for the The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy, Democracy and the Arts: Voice and Choices, at Kent State University, May 2 and 3, 2005.

Students from Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts in Akron, Kent Roosevelt High School in Kent, and Maplewood Career Center in Ravenna, as well as senior adults from Kentway Senior Apartments, give voice to their own American experience, exploring issues of identity, family, race, freedom and democracy. Through dramatic monologues, poems, and songs, they capture their own idiosyncratic, yet quintessentially American experience. In My America offers a chorus of voices, both young and old – of celebration and dissent – that ultimately honor the strength and energetic spirit of our country. So that we may all hear, in Walt Whitman’s words, America singing.

Scripted by David Hassler
Musical Director, Hal Walker

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Here and Here

and here
it continues, day in and day out

my now
my then
my family
my place

I fit
quite comfortably
surprisingly

wherever I am
because

and here
in America

that means that I am
very,
very lucky

to be two
yet one

and whole,
and surprisingly,
sane.

Thisanjali Gangoda
America, I Am Singing

“Oh beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain, for purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain!”
America, I am singing your song,
grain of my land, grain of your land.
Each grain tells a story, a story about history.

I am singing, shouting, yelling, promoting your ways,
the way you make life start over each day.
You are a pot of soup, a puzzle, a maze.
You are the frame around my family picture,
the trunk of everybody’s family tree.
Without you America, who would I be?

America, how I wonder about your potential,
how I dream it will someday come true.
Oh America, can you protect me from obscenity and the fears that guide me?
Can you make my biggest dreams reality?
I am singing your Olympic glory.

Oh America, I wonder why you were born into war and built upon the roots of the natives.
How you starve for peace, but spit up blood.
You are the dreams of so many, but yet, a threat to some.
I am singing your songs of freedom
from the peaks of mountains to the tops of skyscrapers.
Oh America, what do you hunger for
when you are singing, "Let Freedom Ring"?

I am singing your rivers, hills and valleys,
the Atlantic and the Pacific,
your boardwalks that I want to explore.
How I long to travel all over you.

I am singing the fumbles of the football,
your beautiful triple play to win the game in the ninth inning,
your last-minute touchdown, your homerun, your slam-dunk.
I am singing your grace, your land, your songs of peace.
I hear your voice calling to my hopes and dreams.

Oh, America, I am singing to you.
I am singing your creativity,
your wild, crazy dream.
I am singing the dream, America,
The way it should be.
But yet, still, you turn your back on me.

Mrs. Skidmore's 7th - Grade Class
In My America

In my America you can see the same celebrity on seven different channels.
In my America a man in a jersey can afford more than a man teaching children to read.
In my America, you can eat a meal in front of the t.v. in five minutes.
In my America gas can put a family over budget.
But in my America there are tons of heartbeats, beating on the drum of individuality.
In my America people can donate a can of chicken soup to someone they don’t even know.
My America is a sea of blue jeans and braces.
In my America you can go shopping from your living room.
In my America there’s a McDonalds on every corner, and the only way to get people to realize what they’re ordering is by making a documentary.
But in my America, we can make our own choices, freedom of speech in the home of the brave and the land of the free.

*Erin Armstrong*
In My America  (song)
In My America, I see a nation
Living together under equal skies
Father and mother, sister and brother
We are the apple of Freedom’s eye
In my America, In my America

In my America, I see a rainbow
Every livin’ color of a livin’ tribe
From coast to coast, from the mountain to the river
We are many colors and we’re ready to fly
In my America, In my America

In my America, I see a garden
Growing with the wonder of a thousand years
Maybe when the flowers in the garden are ready
They’ll rise to the beauty and they’ll bring no fear
In my America, In my America

BRIDGE
My country, how blessed I’m to know you
I’m wond’ring how best I can show you
How can I be true to this vision
Which calls me to honor my nation.

In my America, I have a vision
Of wisdom bein’ born while hatred dies
Long live the yankee, the patriot rebel
We are every one of us American Pie
In my America, In my America, In my America
Lost and Found

I lost my mind in seventh grade. I regained it the first day of eighth, more or less. I lost my inhibition in the ninth grade, starved for attention as I was. I lost my strength running track and nearly passed out. I lost my grandfather overnight. I lost my ability to feel in eighth grade. I found it in others. I lost a friend I tried too hard to keep, when I should have told him to shove it a long time ago. I lost my father to Detroit and anger. I found him five years later in pieces. I lost my faith in humanity, as I watched the slaughter of thousands. I regained it in the hope that I see in the coming generation. I lost interest in softball. I lost interest in dating. I lost interest in television. I found activism. I found creativity. I found life. I lost track of time in a museum. I lost an image I didn’t want and found the person I wanted to be. I lost love in all the right places and found it in the wrong ones. I lost my religion to realization and respect, but not my hope. I lost my pride but not my self worth. I lost myself to harsh casualties. I found myself reborn.

Lauren Parker
History Encased

My world is a jungle of pedestals, 
glass cases holding masks, young and old 
each mask bearing witness to the years and places and trials 
each 
has seen.

My grandfather’s mask was grim and gray and broken. 
My grandmother’s, small and tired, yet smiling. 
Around them stand my uncles 
clad in golden law degrees and business suits. 
My aunt’s mask laughs in bright colors—her eyes shimmer 
the swirls of an artist.

My mother’s mask is strong and calm. 
Yet—Gentle. 
My father’s mask is tall, fun, intelligent and loud!!

Among these masks, encased, 
I walk 
and see the ones I know...or think I do... 
What if I could peer behind these glowing cheeks and eyes?

Among these masks, encased, 
I seek 
to recognize my own, 
some form or shape to call myself that I have molded into.

How well can one mask be preserved in history, 
on display for the world to see? 
Each to each forms 
the other 
gazing 
mask.

Charlotte Merriman
February 13, 1998

- after Wisława Szymborska's, "May 17, 1973"

What was I doing that day?
I’m sure the morning was cold
as I walked to the bus stop,
the sun peeking through the clouds,
but not enough to tame my frizzy hair.
Who did I meet up with once I got to school?
I don’t remember. It must have been
another day of trying to be cool,
trying to fit in,
trying to become someone I’m not.

Was I dreaming of love,
bubbling over a boy?
Or crying because he had circled No
to a note I had written
from the heart?

Maybe I blew a kiss to the wind.
Perhaps I smiled sweetly
or slumbered quietly at the bottom of the slide,
as a stairway to heaven peeked from the clouds
allowing an angel to soak into my thoughts.

Perhaps I sat next to Tonya Ryle
on the school bus,
who would have told me
crazy stories about
what it was like to be seventeen.
I can only imagine.

I don’t even remember
what grade I was in. Maybe it was seventh,
when most everyone still had
an innocence about them.
Or maybe it was sixth,
when the boys chased
all the girls at recess.

Maybe it was Saturday,  
back when I was still home on  
the weekends to spend  
time with my family.

Maybe this was the day I became  
who I am, or hope to be.  
Maybe this was the day  
I made a new friend.  
Maybe with enough effort  
I can force the loose stones  
in my head to come together  
and spark a memory.  
But so far no luck.

In the bottomless pool of my childhood  
It was just another day  
I guess I will never remember —  
unless some flipped-open page  
in my diary  
has this date written on it.

Paula Hazelett, Elizabeth Myers, Robyn Stallard,  
Vivian Kwallek, Katie Imler, Matt Haag
Ship Sails

Thursday mornings, I walked to school
Alone
Carrying the half-sized violin
And *A Child's Garden of Verses*, well-worn,
   Tucked under my arm
In my chocolate and white Redingote dress
I crossed the street
Alone
I climbed the twelve stone steps
Alone

At home, Grandmother snored on the bristly sofa
"Grandma, hug me, please," I'd ask, and she would drape
Her inert arm around my shoulder.
No mother.
Alone

Now the brick building is a ship waiting for me
Waiting to leave the harbor
I walked on the bare, wooden floor boards
What is it that calls me into this room?
Clean slate blackboards, pencil sharpener crank
Chalk.
The ship sails on....

*Janice Kelly*
In the SkidZone

Every student, a gift wrapped bright
Every piece of paper, a map to the future
Every pen holding a thought
Every cloud of chalk dust, a storm of ideas
Every pair of eyes, a mirror to me
Every class, a stepping stone to the future
Every smile, a reason to pause

Marcia Skidmore
America

Stepmother, how hard I have worked scrubbing the rough floors of academia, rearranging its furniture of words to form the sitting room of writing, polishing its integrals of calculus so that they may shine through my comprehension, and saving the Periodic Table from dormancy on the front flap of my chemistry book. No, I did not do it for you, but I am sure one day when I have become a Somebody, you will boast of it, "Look what children I can raise."

Stepmother, you complain of your daughters and sons who share my teenage youth, who drink too much beer and smoke too many cigarettes, who use chemicals outside of the lab and for very different reasons rather less innocent, and yet, though I have done none of this, you love them more than me.

Stepmother, you are right when you say I do not share your blood, for my parents arrived from the bosom of another, and to her they still pay their allegiance and affection. Yet, do not forget, that though it may have been through necessity or chance, I was nonetheless suckled on your milk of heterogeneous culture and scattered opportunity: I have spoken your language and grown from your bread, under the shade of your roof.

Stepmother, I have made a home of your house, but you prohibit me from calling it so. You call me names and chastise me for deeds I have not committed, you say the cloth I wear on my head is a rag and that with it, I cannot be beautiful as your daughters are. We have our bouts, our disagreements, yet you and I must both remember that whether we had willed it thus or not, it has been so, and I have matured to be a member of your household.

Please, Stepmother, it may never be love between us, but certainly, we can keep it civil?

Mariam Rahmani
Who's Democracy (song)

What if each voice is connected?
What if each sound moves into the middle?
What if our boundaries fall unprotected?
What is the answer given to the riddle?

Chorus

Who's democracy you livin' in?
Who's revolution is American?
Who's gonna save us our freedom?
I don't know, but I've been troublin'.

What if a smile could break a fist?
What if the road just ended with a kiss?
What if the journey is lovin' one another?
What if each moment felt like this?

What if the money falls into the river?
What if the package just don't get delivered?
What if the battle moves so far away?
What if freedom came to stay?
(chorus to bridge)

Bridge

Where is my country?
I've been here waiting.
When will my soldier return?

Where are my fathers?
What would they say here?
Where would they tell me to turn?

Let each voice make a difference.
Let our love break down this fence.
Let our nation regain respect.
Make our challenge to connect.
There's a Dream in the Land

There is a dream in the land that only few can see.
There’s a dream in the land that’s faithful, strong.
There’s a dream in the land, shouting, “Look at me!”

There is a dream in the land sprinting for victory,
its eyes seeking peace.
There’s a dream in the land weeping for sorrow,
a dream as obvious as the sun.

There’s a dream in the land written
in the palm of my hand.

The dream knows no color of skin
no fear or hope

The dream is property of no one.
The dream has no name.
It offers to carry your burden, never complaining or tiring,
a chin raised defiantly to those that oppose it.
The dream of love will always be sewn into our hearts,
no matter how hard you pull at the threads.

Miller South Students
Here is a Map of Our Country

Here is the lady that holds a torch off the coast and lights the way in.
These are the colonies —
The birthplace and breath of our land and freedom
A heart pumps here, and life flows
The head and voice and eyes of our country nestle here and are healthy.

This was the Mason-Dixon line
Cut in deep like the scarred backs
and over which the guns fired on brothers

This is the Mighty Muddy Mississippi
Long and broad and powerful.

These are the Florida shores
Washing up lives along with its sea shells —
Secret fleeing souls clinging to handfuls of sand.

These are the Great Lakes
Harboring tales of seafaring trade from all around the globe

These are the one thousand sprinkles of ice
The lakes of snow across Minnesota

These are the prairies
The dream soil the pioneers stood upon
pulling paradise up out of sticks and stones
and adding porch steps

These are the purple mountains
Pushing dreamers ever higher
but greedy hearts ever over: the '49ers to the golden sun

These are the California vines
The Grapes of Wrath too sought after and too sour
Blown away in dust storms

These are the waves, crashing violently
on a cliff called "Pacific"
Pulled out to sea again to swirl around Pearl Harbor
And then lost off the edge of our Map.

Charlotte Merriman
Shattered in Language

1.
The world shattered in language. Stepping on a shard I moaned, and mistook it for pleasure.

2.
My father took me to a country where marble swung across the horizons and love captured me.

3.
When the night was warm but not hot, reality cut me from my dreams. I whispered my lover’s name, as each tick of the clock clipped another piece of him from me.

4.
The milk of the moon dribbled to earth and the streetlamps glistened of honey. It was there that we walked, he and I. It was there that I split in two.

5.
I began to lie beneath philosophy’s pelvis, until all air escaped.

6.
Smooth. It was all so smooth, and I was but a jitter.

Sarah O’Keeffe
Paint Me

Paint me transparent
So you can only hear my voice

Paint me as bright as the sun in your darkest dreams

Paint me with a smile on my face

Paint me reaching for the stars

Don’t paint my insides
Because no colors can match how I feel

Paint me with the smallest brush
To make every detail count

Don’t paint me between the lines
Paint me so I won’t blend in

Paint me sticking out from the crowd

Hang me up and be proud

Paint me green for the green cards of immigrants
Make my colors blend

Color me like a rainbow
For all different types of love

Paint me individually

Paint me free

Paint me sketchy, still not fully complete

Paint me standing back up on my feet

Paint me now, before your very eyes

Miller South Students
I am from the dusty, ragged, cracked desert down south.
I am from the sounds of a drum pounding
like the heartbeat of mother earth, the dancing
of girls twirling like butterflies in the grassy open field.

I am from the word, "Ricola," we yelled
at eleven o'clock every night
sitting around the camp fire, a curious little girl
who caught a butterfly in a plastic cup.

I am from my dad's pain that he keeps inside
and the frustration he has with his father,
but can no longer resolve.
I am from kisses on the forehead
that I cherish each and every day.
I am from the excitement of starting lines and finish lines
I am from a holy place in my heart
that I can always call my home.

I am from Kool-Aid, Mac and Cheese, and spaghetti-os,
from playing with imaginary friends,
roller skating and hop-scotch.
I am from the splitting image of my mother,
not having a father to look up to,
from house to house, man to man, babysitter to babysitter.

I am from my mother's long prayers
anointing my fingers.
I am from countless sermons preached
by powerful men of God.
I am from bumps and bruises, 
mud pies and stick swords.

I am from armor, kings and queens, 
lords and ladies, checkmate.

I am from glow-in-the-dark Band Aids 
and non profit-making lemonade stands, 
the jingle of the blue ice cream truck.

I am from the roaring sounds of four-wheelers, 
and my grandfather’s horrid cries of cancer. 
I am from working forty hours a week 
just to pay for my insurance.

I am from my mother, a strong independent women 
who strives to make it on her own.

I am from sand and the swings 
that my dad’s hands made.

I am from these memories – 
a boy growing with the trees, 
everyday getting stronger, taller, and older.

Shawna Loretto, Kaila Summers, Alexandra Bogus, Diana Welch, Bobbie Heckert, Kristin Hoskins, Tiffany Labar, Kristie Arnold, Josh Moser, Junell Neal, Erika Suto, Amber Taylor
Letters

Dear Grandad,
We shared our birthday for many years,
yet we didn’t spend them together.
For all of the times I saw you,
you lay on the couch.
You would eat your tomato slices in one bite,
and you would always say, “I reckon.”
When I was born you called me “your present.”
I have never taken that for granted.

Dear Uncle Robert,
I only knew you for a short time.
My memories of you consist of a
black leather jacket, endless chain smoking,
and a black Camaro.
I can never place your face,
but I remember the night you were leaving.
I got out of bed for a drink of water,
and you were reaching for the door handle,
ready to jump into another world.

Dear Mother,
There are so many things unsaid,
questions unanswered.
Yet I am told that I am your twin.
What would my life be like if
I had my caring mother here with me?
Are you looking down from heaven?
Did you make the same mistakes I do now?
Or were you much wiser than I?
I can still see your body shake,
as we would laugh at almost anything.
Your voice was so peaceful and relaxing.
Maybe you are still living through me,
and all the unsaid things,
the unanswered questions
are told inside me.

_Amanda McDowell, Amber Taylor, Tiffany Labar_
My Father Gave To Me

Helping to build a house
as nice as it could be
I’ll always remember the hammer
my father gave to me.

Working on a tractor
to keep it running, you see
I’ll always cherish the knowledge
my father gave to me.

Early morning chores
performed so readily
I’ll always have the spirit
my father gave to me.

Going to church on Sunday
and taking the whole family
I’ll always respect the love
my father gave to me.

My father has been gone
a long time now, you see,
but I still have all these things
my father gave to me.

_Terry McNally_
Run Away

Sometimes I want to run away,
Pack up my things and leave,
Without a thought of where to go,
Or maybe just curl up in my bed,
Watch I Love Lucy re-runs.
I know who I am, but I’m not sure where I belong.

Sometimes my grandmother’s words shock me,
I’m not her kin, her blood, her granddaughter,
Because “adopted children are the ones
God didn’t mean to make.”
Sometimes we say things we don’t mean,
Or maybe we mean things
But don’t say them.
I know who I am, but I’m not sure where I belong.

Sometimes I scream at him,
Because his family is perfect,
I curse when I want to cry.
Sometimes I’m just glad I have him,
To hold me together,
When I’m crumbling inside.
I know who I am, but I’m not sure where I belong.

Rachel Herrilko
Swimming

It was winter, near dusk, and my daughter sat
beneath the living room window, her finger
tracing round patterns in the carpet. She
placed small bits of torn paper inside
and called it a pool,

and it seemed
that whole evening was a pool—
some wide warm body we floated in while
snow scattered in the gathering moonlight,
which was, itself, a kind of pool into which
I released the part of my self able
to imagine that the source of all this water was
the pale and distant moonface that danced in our eyes

even if I knew, clearly,
it was not.

Scott Parsons
March

The cloudy blush of old rose
    red wine and apricot
    even ochre

The rain changes to tiny pearls
Windows open to chirp and whirr

The cracked willow's long orange strands
    undulate. A houri dance that
    predicts buds afloat in April.

The chill morning fog can't predict
    the savage azaleas to come
But we know it will come to
    May madness and the blood
    of roses.

*Lynne Jeon*
Supplication

— While looking at a photo of Mary Vecchio at the Kent State shootings, May 4, 1970

Supplication
That’s what’s in the woman’s arms spread wide,
A movement of desperation,
A crouching hush.

By the body lying there
Her anguished face, a ripple in a pool disturbed
Reflects...

It is in that moment
In an ice-box of film, hidden away,
Like a child’s treasure,
She looks at us begging.

What I remember the most is the silence.
And after the gunshots
The world frozen still,
Waiting for the smoke, finger-like to spread out and beyond.
Waiting for the bodies to fall.

Shelby Carpenter
Upon seeing photographs of Abu Ghraib prison

Bare skin has never looked so horrible.
Black cloth cones erase their faces,
And they look like scarecrows—
The most frightening scarecrows I have ever seen.

"Liberation." "Freedom."
How ugly you look, America.
Why have you allowed yourself such a display?
You have shamed them, but your shame is
Infinitely larger and deeper.
Hypocrite, I whisper, bitterly.
I hope you can hear.

What were you thinking?
What were you thinking?!
They are humans—
They were humans
Before you stripped them of their dignity,
Before you took their self-respect and shredded it,
Before you reduced them
And let the deflated skins shrivel evaporate in the hot, hot sun.
How easily you erased them,
Made them puppets and playthings.

I want to know:
Was it easy to reduce them so?
Was it easy to take a man and empty him,
To stuff him with black void and
Make a scarecrow?
I want to know how long it takes,
Or how much delusion or depravity,
To erase a human being.
A split second is sufficient to kill,
But surely this is harder, infinitely harder.
How long did it take to lose your own humanity
And then steal theirs?
I cannot cry, for this horror is beyond
The cleansing care of tears.
Instead, I feel sick:
Nausea rises as one thought recurs to me repeatedly:
This is what humans can do.

Mariam Rahman
The morning after the beginning of the war with Iraq, I sit with Alice, a 92-year-old senior resident, and her writing partner, Amber, a 17-year-old student. Alice tells me the reason why she's lived so long – if I want to know her secret – is because she's mean. “I’ve been too mean all my life to let any virus or germs get to me.”

This morning, Alice has a bruise on her cheek, and when I ask her what happened, she holds up her fist and says, “I got in a fight!” Last week, Alice wrote, I like how God made us all out of the same dough, but with a little different flavor....And oh, by the way, I like the curling of your eyelashes. That last line was for me, she said. “You know what the best part of all this is? It’s not writing these poems, but getting a chance to talk to all of you.” Alice and I flirt as if we were in grade school. “Hey, come here,” she coos, crooking her finger. “You know when a handsome guy like you comes around here, you’re going to have to start kissing all of us. And once we kiss you back, you may not even recover.”

Driving to Outlook Pointe this morning, I listened to the war on the radio, as though it were a sports broadcast, giving the play by play. When I arrived in the common room here, there were no flickering screens projecting the eerie skyline of Baghdad seen through night-vision goggles, but I still felt sick. I wonder how these residents feel, who have lived through so many wars already and survived their own long lives. When I tell them after each workshop that I’ll see them next week, they smile and say, “God willing.”
This morning my friend Hal leads the residents in a sing-along, cheerful songs we all know by heart, “You Are My Sunshine” and “Oh, Suzanna,” then asks each resident to tell a story about a favorite song from their own lives. Alice says her father never liked organized religion. She, too, preferred to stare at bugs to prove God exists. But he loved to sing the old spiritual, “In the Garden.” Together we sing now: “And He walks with me and He talks with me and He tells me I am His own. And the joy we share as we tarry there, none other has ever known.”

All morning we have been singing songs and telling stories, and by now it’s nearly noon. But no one wants to leave. Not even Evelyn who got up earlier and shuffled out but has remained in the back, listening, singing along when she knows the words to a song.

I imagine in Baghdad it is evening, and, even as the bombs are falling, the mosques have begun their amplified calls to God, the muezzins crying into the night the most sacred of Muslim prayers: *Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar*. I imagine the people hiding in their homes, huddled in fear, but I cannot see their faces. I cannot bring them into the foreground.

While here, with each other, we are in awe, held in the clarity of these small, gentle songs. As we prepare to leave, Helen asks Greg if she can hold his hemp necklace, then turns it over and over in her hands, like a rosary. Evelyn with tears in her eyes, won’t let go of Tara’s waist. Everyone begins to hug, our arms like ropes thrown out to rescue one another. I reach out for Alice’s hand and lean down to kiss her cheek, believing I will never recover from this.

*David Hassler*
If

If the earth spun backwards
If stars fell on the ground
If everything was free
If snow sang a song
If the ice could melt
Into fresh green grass
If we had no need for jails
If people didn’t lie
If you could talk with your eyes
If everyone spoke the same language
If white was the only color
If you mixed love and hate
If your finger made the thorn bleed
If the end was really just the beginning
If life was just a dance
If I lived with my mom and dad
If where I hurt
Was where I smile

Christina Clark, Rebecca Jamison, Tiffany LaBar, Amanda McDowell, Rochelle Shields, Erika Suto, Amber Taylor, Diana Welch, Todd Willa
What I Want

I want our young voices to be heard.
I want a pen that never runs out of ink
and a journal to write my stories from the past.
I want traffic lights to turn all different colors.
I want all the clocks to freeze at my command,
so I can just stop and smell the roses.
I want my life to have a remote with a rewind button,
so I can fix all the things I regret.
I want my best friend back alive, so we can have that picnic.

I want our country to sound smooth like a flute.
I want our history books to talk about peace for once.
I want to alter the world’s personality.

I want a book, one that will not end.
I want to write a letter, one I don’t have to send.
I want to meet my great, great, great, great, great grandparents.

I want a river to carry away all the tears of children.
I want clouds to be made of cotton candy
and to lower down sometimes just for one bite.
I want a big house with a tree growing through it
I want to spin, skip, run, skate, jump, and walk
all at the same time.
I want to hit a softball toward freedom.
I want success and confidence to beam from my face
so you will say, “Wow!”
I want my life to not have a grade.

I want more love, less hate.
I want trumpets to blow peace over every nation.
I want to sing away the pain of victims everywhere.
I want my cousin home from Iraq.

I want to go back to Cleveland and give that guy holding the coffee cup forty-five dollars, because he probably needs it more than me.
I want to care and be cared for in return, so it’s not like I’m walking down a dead-end road, but one that loops around the entire world.
I want the color of people’s skin to never matter again.
I want to be unstoppable, if only that were possible.
I want my “so-called friends” to stop being my “so-called friends” and maybe be true, good friends.
I want to feel loved, so I don’t have to safety pin my heart together once more.
I want most of all to see my dad again.

What I want is to be me, not the me you see, but the person who doesn’t care what’s on the outside, only on the inside – of you and me.

*Miller South Students*
Because, America

i want to tell you
slam bam
tell you that
hey! in this place,
here and now,
i feel
   awfully strange.
i keep wondering all
those...question words,
oh, you know them all.
   no need for repetition,
eh America?
   eh?

no need for
   in your face
flash crash BOOM

no need for
   compensation for
the lost lost broken broken

no need for a talkin’ about the
obvious
   obvious place for commotion

no need for a
multitude of
   frenzied
words
   hurried mindsets
surging senses

because, well
what America?

yes, yes.
because that is
what

that is
why
that is
where how

who
we are.

Thisanjali Gangoda
Who's Democracy (reprieve)

What if each voice is connected?
What if each sound moves into the middle?
What if our boundaries fall unprotected?
What is the answer given to the riddle?

Chorus
Who's democracy you livin' in?
Who's revolution is American?
Who's gonna save us our freedom?
I don't know, but I've been troublin'.

Let each voice make a difference.
Let our love break down this fence.
Let our nation regain respect.
Make our challenge to connect.

Chorus
Who's democracy you livin' in?
Who's revolution is American?
Who's gonna save us our freedom?
I don't know, but I've been troublin'.
Writers and Performers

Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts, Akron (7th Grade)
Marcia Skidmore, Teacher
Leah Abay
Erin Armstrong
Alexia Autry
Rachel Bailey
Ian Bolden
Stephen Campbell
Brenna Collins
Breanna Jackson
Jamila Okantah
Braisha Owens
Maria Roth
Brandon Shields
Lauren Sprows
Fran Stygar

Maplewood Career Center, Ravenna (11th & 12th Grades)
Scott Parsons, Teacher
Alexandra Bogus
Elizabeth Myers
Junell Neal
Ryan Withrow

Kent Roosevelt High School, Kent (11th & 12th Grades)
Cathy Cikra, Teacher
Shelby Carpenter
Thisanjali Gangoda
Charlotte Merriman
Sarah O’Keeffe
Lauren Parker
Mariam Rahmani

Kentway Senior Apartments, Kent
Lynne Jeon
Janice Kelly
Terry McNally

*Note: All songs created in songwriting workshops with Hal Walker at Maplewood Career Center and Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts
Additional Writers
The following students participated in poetry and songwriting workshops and contributed material to group poems and songs.

Maplewood Career Center
Kristie Arnold  
Erin Atkinson  
Megan Bergert, Teacher  
Brittany Bush  
Brandon Chartier  
Tina Clark  
Ian Davis  
Victoria Eberhart  
Mike Edgerly  
Brooke Elwood  
Kira Fulmer  
Matt Haag  
Paula Hazelett  
Jesse Hensley  
Rachel Herrilko  
Amanda Hogan  
Justin Honaker  
Katie Imler  
Rebecca Jamison  
Ryan Kercennek  
Jaclyn Krueger  
Vivian Kwallek  
Tiffany LaBar  
Mike Liner  
Shawna Loretto

Jeremy Mazzocco  
Amanda McDowell  
Ryan McGlothlin  
Sarah McMillen  
Josh Moser  
Michelle Moss  
Angel Myers  
Jessica Myers  
Frost Nguyen  
Jeff Papoi  
Renee Pignaloso  
Kaila Summers  
Rachel Schultz  
Rochelle Shields  
Samantha Simpson  
Rachel Skok  
Jeremy Skowronski  
Leigh Smith  
Robyn Stallard  
Aaron Staples  
Erika Suto  
Amber Taylor  
Diana Welch  
Jessica Wiley  
Todd Willa

Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts
Dana Balogh  
Cierra Byrd  
Breonna Brinson  
Cesily Carter  
Joshua Clemence  
Cody Crawford  
Cara Cummins  
Brooke Dejournett  
Navarre Medlock  
Rae’lyn Morgan-Pegues  
Kesho Morschès  
Jason Paolucci  
Angel Pay  
Elisha Porter  
Janessa Robinson  
Brennan Ruegg

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<td>Jennifer Deluca</td>
<td>Benjamin Salchak</td>
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<td>Ashley Dimeff</td>
<td>Courtney Sanders</td>
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<td>Samantha Freitag</td>
<td>Carlie Shaughnessy</td>
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<td>Donald Shump</td>
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<td>Elif Kuguoglu</td>
<td>Drew Wilson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Paul Levack</td>
<td>K. Armond Williams</td>
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<tr>
<td>Garrett McCann</td>
<td>Nicholas Williams</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kentway Senior Apartments</td>
<td>Dixie Wolf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Bordne</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Myra McManus</td>
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</table>
Acknowledgments

Generous support for this project was provided by the Office of the President and the English Department at Kent State University, and Maplewood Career Center.

The goal of the Wick Poetry Center is to promote opportunities for emerging and established poets and poetry audiences locally, regionally, and nationally. Endowed in memory of Stan and Tom Wick, since 1984, the Wick Poetry Center has provided annual scholarships to Kent State University and offered outreach programs to area schools and community centers. With The Kent State University Press, the program also supports publication of chapbooks by Ohio writers and the Stan and Tom Wick Poetry Prize for a first book of poems. For more information, write to Wick Poetry Center, Kent State University, P.O. Box 5190, Kent, Ohio 44242-0001; call 330-672-2067; e-mail wickpoet@kent.edu; or visit on line at http://dept.kent.edu/wick.

Wick Poetry Center
Maggie Anderson, Director
In My America

An Original Poetry and Music Performance

by Wick Outreach Students

Wick Poetry Center
Kent State University

Democracy and the Arts Symposium, 2005
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Performer/Group</th>
<th>Piece</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thisanjali Gangoda</td>
<td><em>Here and Here</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller South Group Poem</td>
<td><em>America, I am Singing</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Erin Armstrong</td>
<td><em>In My America</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Full Chorus (song)</td>
<td><em>In My America</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lauren Parker</td>
<td><em>Lost and Found</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlotte Merriman</td>
<td><em>History Encased</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maplewood Group Poem</td>
<td><em>February 13, 1998</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Janice Kelly</td>
<td><em>Ship Sails</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marcia Skidmore</td>
<td><em>The SkidZone</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mariam Rahmani</td>
<td><em>America</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bianka Hill, with full chorus (song)</td>
<td><em>Whose Democracy</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller South Group Poem</td>
<td><em>There’s a Dream in the Land</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charlotte Merriman</td>
<td><em>Here is a Map of Our Country</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah O’Keeffe</td>
<td><em>Shattered in Language</em></td>
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<tr>
<td>Miller South Group Poem</td>
<td><em>Paint Me</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maplewood Group Poem</td>
<td><em>Where I’m From</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amanda McDowell, Amber Taylor &amp; Tiffany LaBar</td>
<td><em>Letters</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terry McNally</td>
<td><em>My Father Gave to Me</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rachel Herrilko</td>
<td><em>Run Away</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scott Parsons</td>
<td><em>Swimming</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In My America was created in writing workshops with David Hassler, Wick Outreach Director, and Kent State University students for the The Sixth Annual Symposium on Democracy, Democracy and the Arts: Voice and Choices, at Kent State University, May 2 and 3, 2005.

Students from Miller South School for Visual and Performing Arts in Akron, Kent Roosevelt High School in Kent, and Maplewood Career Center in Ravenna, as well as senior adults from Kentway Senior Apartments, give voice to their own American experience, exploring issues of identity, family, race, freedom and democracy. Through dramatic monologues, poems, and songs, they capture their own idiosyncratic, yet quintessentially American experience. In My America offers a chorus of voices, both young and old – of celebration and dissent – that ultimately honor the strength and energetic spirit of our country. So that we may all hear, in Walt Whitman’s words, America singing.

Scripted by David Hassler
Musical Director, Hal Walker
Writers and Performers

Miller South School for the Visual and Performing Arts – Akron
Teacher: Marcia Skidmore, 7th grade
Leah Abay  Breanna Jackson
Erin Armstrong  Jamila Okantah
Alexia Autry  Braisha Owens
Rachel Bailey  Maria Roth
Ian Bolden  Brandon Shields
Stephen Campbell  Lauren Sprowls
Brenna Collins  Fran Stygar

Maplewood Career Center – Ravenna
Teachers: Scott Parsons & Megan Bergert, 11th and 12th grade
Alexandra Bogus  Junell Neal
Elizabeth Myers  Ryan Withrow

Kent Roosevelt High School – Kent
Teacher: Cathy Cikra, 11th and 12th grade
Shelby Carpenter  Sarah O’Keeffe
Thisanjali Gangoda  Lauren Parker
Charlotte Merriman  Mariam Rahman

Kentway Senior Apartments – Kent
Lynne Jeon  Terry McNally  Janice Kelly

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