



OUR GENDER REVOLUTION

Stories of Transformation
2017 Idaho High School Writing Challenge

Dust

My grandmother,
her bones caked with desert sand
with skin thick as leather
told me I had grit.

Gazing down at unblemished hands,
I wondered where it was.

Now I've found it;
mixed with blood on my lips,
ground into my road-rash palms,
ringing in my ears,
smoldering in my chest
as I heave myself up from the dust,
determined to show them
that down is the last place I'll stay

Linnea Boice

Boise High School

Kathy Rotchford – Teacher

Cover art inspired by "Dust".

Boise High School – Artists: Sadie Schrenkeisen, Luan Teed, Kari Wagenman and Ginal Werdel

Teacher: Katy Shanafelt

Stories of Transformation are poems and writings that help us discover new insights - from revealing our deep connection to all living things to understanding how much of gender is socially and culturally constructed to envisioning a world with courageous love and mutual respect.

At the heart of these writings, we seek to end our culture of domination, extraction, and violence and create a world with social equity and collective liberation for all human beings - a world rooted in interdependence, resilience, and regeneration.

The 8th *Our Gender Revolution* publication was compiled from over 2,000 student submissions. Congratulations to Idaho's high school student authors whose selections are published as well as the *Our Gender Revolution Award* recipients who displayed critical thinking and excellence.

A special thank you to Idaho's teachers who encouraged their students to discover new insights through writing and to the judges who read the amazing submissions by thousands of young people.

— Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence

OURGENDERREVOLUTION
www.ourgenderrevolution.org

We Choose All of Us

Unfair treatment, harassment, or discrimination based on sex, gender or gender expression is wrong and creates the conditions for gender violence - abuse and sexual assault - to occur. We also do not live single issue lives: we see the limitations of single identities of sex, gender, sexual orientation, race, ability, class, religion, immigration and refugee status. We know that discrimination against any person hurts all of us. We choose to interrupt and end all forms of hate, oppression, and violence. We want to create a world where everyone is valued for their full selves.

Gender is one of the core ways we learn to identify and expresses ourselves. Gender is socially and culturally

constructed — it's something we learn — not just something we inherit though our biology. We learn and create our gender through our relationship to ourselves and our interactions with the people around us. But, even though gender is socialized, it is still very real. It shapes each of our experiences in profound and different ways.

When identities like gender, race, religion, and many others are linked to power, control and domination, many people are devalued just for being who they are. When people are devalued we can create harm, including hurtful words, discrimination, and eventually physical violence.

The good news is that we can change this by redefining what gender means to us and valuing everyone in our diverse communities.

Stories of Transformation **writing prompts**

- Describe the part of yourself that already understands its deep connections with all living things. What does this self want you and others to experience, understand and feel?
- Tell the story of your people. Who are your people? Where have they been and what has happened to them? What has been the source of their resilience? What has or could healing look like in and beyond your community?
- Envision a radically different world rooted in courageous love and mutual responsibility. Where do you see signs that this new world is “already on her way”?
- None of us are truly free from violence and domination until all of us are free. Write about

why and how this is true.

- Your choices have power. By choosing how you respond to behaviors or statements that objectify or devalue girls and women or people who are gender non-conforming, you make a statement about what you value. Write about a moment when you made a choice about gender.
- Much of our understanding and experience of gender is socially and culturally constructed. As children we learn what to be, think and do based on the gender we are assigned at birth and the culture we live in. Yet to be whole, we all need to have access to full range of human emotions and behaviors, regardless of our gender. Write about your experience of this.

Feminist

As long as mothers pack pepper spray
into their seventh grade daughters' backpacks
And acid deforms lovely faces
You can call me a feminist
As long as the mass-idolization of religious texts that
strip women of their dignity are taken at face value
And mere children are sold into sex slavery
You can call me a feminist
I have no problem with the negative connotation
we've given that word
It's prevalent, it's necessary,
and even mass-ignorance can't destruct its value.

Cora Aldridge

*Boise High School
Cindy Hartley – Teacher*

Equality

We live and die loudly
Engulfed in a cacophony of noise
As we scramble and heave
To the top of the pile
And I stand, watching,
Lingering at the bottom.
Why is it one man
Should rise far above
At the expense of another
Who are we to become
If those that lie beneath
Are left behind
In the mess created by few.
This world is large enough
to hold everyone upon an equal level

Indigo Blauch-Chappell

*One Stone High School
Woody Sobey – Teacher*

Into the Garbage

The fate I have been handed:
a cinder-block of text,
that one page, single spaced
story
titled:

“Lesbians: a tragedy”
about a blonde and a
brunette,
a relationship
beginning and ending

in a sweet and poison
first kiss,
and an
“I love you,”
spoken with dying breath.

I crumpled up
that story and tossed it
into my trash can
next to a cheese stick wrapper
and a pen I used up
writing one worth living.

Linnea Boice

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

Storm

Statistics show
that people
heed hurricane warnings
less often
when the storm has a name
like Florence, Irene or Hazel,
even when
they rain destruction.

My voice is the wind,
Sixty miles an hour
tearing down trees,
ripping houses from their
foundations.

Do not mistake my passion
for violence,
my eye is still calm,
but I am not afraid to raise my
voice,
to howl,
to roar.

They will listen.
I will make them
listen.

Linnea Boice

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

Mother Earth

We are the ends of her nerves,
Feeling for her.

We are the blood of her veins
Living for her.

We are her ears for sound,
eyes for sight,
body to dance,
mouth to recite.

Maybe if enough of us crawl on each other's shoulders
we could become her.

Maybe if enough of us care a little more
we could keep her.

Because we also have her hands to labor.
The hands to save her.

Robert Christensen

*Fruitland High School
Kelly Dayley – Teacher*

DRC: Democratic Republic of Congo

Exploited and exposed

They took it all.

Left them nothing to withhold

They stood alone.

Had to start from the bottom,

They were in this place

Of confusion and dismay

A reoccurrence for this race.

Yet, they were prosperous.

Their land was lush,

The people were eager,

To thrive so much.

But, war after war,

Women and children were “explored”

Homes and families torn apart

Fleeing the country

They loved with all their heart.

Therese Etoka

Boise High School

Sharon Hanson – Teacher

The Towel

Dripping with pool water,
My attempt to retrieve my towel cut short
By a man's voice,
She's too young to be dressing like that
Eyeing my water-logged swimsuit
My mom's mouth tightens momentarily
But releases into a shrug.
I want her to talk back
To say that if I'm too young to be dressing like that
Than I'm too young to be sexualized.
But she says
Nothing
And I, ashamed, cling to my towel.

Rose Hansen

*McCall Donnelly High School
Melissa Coriell – Teacher*

Reckless Love

I see her coming, this new world
She rides in on the backs of freedom ringers
She sings praises with the doers and the shakers
She sits and mourns with the brokenhearted
She shouts and raises her fist at the injustice
And with her comes change
Like winter to spring
What is this I see on the horizon?
Something new and extraordinary
Like the old world had never seen before
Bold and reckless love

Emma Janzen

*Timberline High School
Taryn Waddell – Teacher*

Footprints

A world,
Calling out to us
The whispered wind crawling between fingers,
 Soft as cold snow
 Still echoing the footprints
 Of running children.
We enjoy these memories
Of natural beauty
Never stopping to think that
 our footprints
 could be echoing deeper
 than we can observe.
This world gives us so much,
Yet we give back so little.
 "be the change,"
 we say.
And yet,
We don't stop
To truly see,
The echo of our footprints.

Cate Knothe

Boise High School

Cindy Hartley – Teacher

Misunderstood

Corruption sweeps through the Nation.

News reports aren't reliable.

Rush Limbaugh blares,

Screaming about Muslim terror.

The kindness and warmth they have,

The support and tolerance.

Hijab or prayer rug, they are people.

They worship Allah facing Mecca.

Sweet, Kind, Human.

They aren't the problem.

Have you ever met a Muslim?

Loved a Muslim?

They aren't a terror.

Maybe you are.

Salaam.

Elsa McDonald

Pocatello High School

Caitlin Pankau – Teacher

Why Keep a Girl?

I like to imagine
That my parents wanted to keep me
But couldn't
Because of China's one-child law.
I know that's not the case.
They abandoned me because I was not a boy.
Why keep a daughter
When you can have a son?
A boy provides better,
So why keep a girl?
Daughters are worth less than sons.
And so I became
A victim of misogyny
At the tender age
Of three days old

Nina Sessions

*Compass Honors High School
Erin Gatfield – Teacher*

Ambition

I am woman.

My purpose is not to find a prince

Or bear children

Though these are worthy endeavors.

I'm here to experience and inspire

To create something beautiful

To do something good.

I'm not caged by the opinion of man

Because the bars are only made of my thoughts

My thoughts do not cage me.

My thoughts are my wings.

Kenadi Swendsen

Middleton High School

Melinda Garcia – Teacher

Masculinity

You do not control me, you do not own my body, my mind;
it is mine.

You are weak and helpless. You are one of the worst kinds
of privilege.

because the color pink makes you uncomfortable, because
being feminine worries you, because you are too entitled to
understand the word no

because me being more successful than you is a joke; an
embarrassment that hurts your masculinity you claim to be
so powerful

Aminatu Tall

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

Would it be Easier?

I often wonder,
How life would be in the right body
My mother always wanted a daughter
She just didn't realize she got one
trapped in the wrong skin, confined by stereotypes

I often imagine,
How it would feel to be accepted by my true kind
Instead of stuck on the middle road, alone
Banished with little in common to my male peers
Outcast from the other half by their fear of a desperate man.

Brady Thiessens

*Middleton High School
Melinda Garcia – Teacher*

Go Back

Go back to the beginning

Go back to Nature

Go back to the trees, the grass, the sky

To before the cities, the smog, the melting glaciers

To when we knew and believed that everything we do
has a consequence

When there was no such thing as plastic

As climate change, as contaminated water

When we paid attention to the beauty

To animals, to insects, to water, to land

To simplicity

Go back to Nature

Lauren VerHagen

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

My People

My people were killers
Colonizers, rapists, settlers
thieves, sadists, selfish
We committed mass genocide
We destroyed everything for the “greater good”
Only to build something ugly.
We are still killers, rapists, and selfish
But, we are also allies, fighters
My people are growing, understand
We are trying to make up for what we have done
It may be too late, but we try
My people are repentant and giving

Lauren VerHagen

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

Speak

“God has a plan for all of us.”

Bishop says

Stern eyes looking down at her.

The woman.

The housekeeper, the wife,
the mother.

She looks up in defiance.

Stormy eyes filled with rage, and yet –
she remains silent.

It’s difficult to find your voice
after being taught you never had one.

Kathryn Wagoner

Middleton High School

Melinda Garcia – Teacher

People always ask me Fadi, where are you from?
I'm from a land which was once beautiful
With a rich culture and resources
It was paradise, it was pure
A country that had a good history
But turned into an atrocious place
A place that guarded my father
A country that birthed my mother
Countless have died, it's unrealistic
No one knows their names, no one cares
They've just become a statistic
I am Somalia

Fadil Adan

*Borah High School
Erik Talbert – Teacher*

More

I am not your dog
I will not sit still
and be obedient to your commands
you do not control me

Don't compare me
to a delicate little flower
when I am so much more

I am the ocean, brave and fierce
I am a star in the night sky,
glorious and sacred
I am a raging river,
unstoppable and determined

I am more than just a girl

Maria Alonso

*Capital High School
Brittney Breske – Teacher*

Bright colors fill the streets
Happiness spreads throughout the town.
A poor country with whom I fell in love,
A culture of which I am proud.
Our brown skin,
Brown eyes,
Dark hair,
And uplifting spirit.
All inherited and passed down to me.
I want to share the liveliness,
The joy,
The love.
This free country lacks it all.
The adversities,
The prejudice,
The hate conquers all.
I wish to influence one culture
With another.

Amira Arias

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

You're beautiful just the way you are!

Oh but don't dress like that, it's slutty
And don't dress like that, you look like a prude.
Don't wear makeup, you look better without it!
... woah, are you sick?
Be independent! Be Strong!
But woah, slow down there honey,
you can't be with the big boys.
Don't you want equality!?
Wait woman can't do that.
But be whoever you want to be, we won't judge.

Amira Arias

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

This is Us

Who are we?

We are ourselves.

We live, laugh, love,

But we stand up for ourselves.

We don't let them push us around.

Because after all we have been through,

After all we have let happen,

We stopped.

We started standing up for ourselves

Our past has created us

It has shaped who we are,

And for that,

This is us

Samantha Asbury

Caldwell High School

Andrea Arnold – Teacher

She Waits

She is on her way.
The one who will turn society around.
No, not a person,
But another world.
Where everything is full of love and peace.
Not hatred and judgment.
She looks over us on a daily basis,
Waiting for her time,
To come and rescue us from the world we have created.
She awaits her time,
For when she can fill us all with love,
And show us the true meaning of life.

Samantha Asbury

*Caldwell High School
Andrea Arnold – Teacher*

Confidence

I have been through troubles and obstacles in life, but I am STRONG.

I am a soul searcher who loves to adventure, and I have PRIDE.

I am me inside and out, and I am BEAUTIFUL.

I have good and bad sides, but I am PROUD of who I am.

I am a WOMAN and I have CONFIDENCE.

I am ME.

Zoe Barnhard

Mackay Junior/Senior High School

Stephanie Green – Teacher

WhAT dO YoU WanT FroM mE

MY woRds To cOnform
My LeTTeR s To bE STRaighT
BuT YouR MiNd iS Just CONfUslon
YoUr HeaRTs aRe filleD WiTH haTe
wHat DO yoU WaNt FrOm mE
tO StOp
To HiDe My EyeS
WeLL I'm Sorry
thAT's Not ME
I'm Tired of YouR Lies
BuT Now I'm HErE
NoW I can Be fRee
With My feet DanGLing Off the EDGe oF Nowhere
I Can Simply Be

Esther Bell

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher

Misogyny in the Hallway

One day I will no longer leave your criticism unchallenged
Your words turn my belly into a raging inferno and my
tongue into a punishing whip
I yearn for, instead, a heart full of understanding
Of forgiveness
Of love
Of healing
But as my inward struggle rages, the topic changes
And once again
I've met blatant sexism with downturned eyes and
meaningless silence

Sabrina Bishop

Middleton High School

Melinda Garcia – Teacher

My White Ancestor

the rusty knife of ignorance
ferociously clasped in his knuckles
at the throats of Native Americans,
Africans,
African-Americans,
South Americans,
Southeast Asians,
and any other humans
whose lives he deemed less valuable than his own
spilling a waterfall of blood—
equally red blood—
that stains generations
of my brothers and sisters
who do not share my skin color

he is not dead
though I wish he were—
my white ancestor

Katherine Blackwell

*Mountain Home Senior High School
Maura Brantley – Teacher*

Rape is no accident. it is not a stumble over biological predispositions or a misstep on the path to maturity. a mother says, "Boys will be boys" and my heart shatters. boys are humans. men are humans. rapists should be held to human standards – not male, athlete, "Boys will be boys."

dismissive, sexist, or rape-culture-blind criteria. think twice about it before you ridicule the victim. believe the victim. believe the victim. believe the victim.

Katherine Blackwell

Mountain Home Senior High School

Maura Brantley – Teacher

what I never learned from humanity. was unity. what I never saw in the eyes of a stranger was freedom. but. when we recognize skin color as a declaration. of endless love. pain. persecution. success. and culture. instead of a two-dimensional	falsehood that society feeds to us; when we regard sex gender identity. and sexuality. as aspects of individuality. not. determinants of destiny; when we fearlessly. unashamedly. open our eyes; we will be free.
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Katherine Blackwell

Mountain Home Senior High School

Maura Brantley – Teacher

Gravity

They told me stories
about two girls falling,
not in love
but into a mistake
about two girls falling,
maybe in love,
maybe into a pit of vipers
about two girls falling
in love,
the doomed, tangled-stars kind

cautionary tales,
about my particular
gravity.

They never mentioned it
twirling the earth around
the sun,
or lifting
waves to kiss the moon.

They especially never
said anything about
my universe not making sense
without it.

Linnea Boice

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

Whispers

A symphony of engines and shouting fills the streets.
The soft glow of streetlights illuminate
Billboards displaying what it means to be a woman
Whispering their twisted lies about beauty.
My head is throbbing
I'm dashing for the hills
The cracks in the sidewalk shift to tree roots,
The boughs of evergreens
Replace the windows holding judging eyes behind them
The trees don't murmur anything to me,
I am able to find myself.

Ariana Borzea

*One Stone High School
Woody Sobey – Teacher*

We Are the People of the Ground

My people have no skin color. We have no traditions, no long rituals or short prayers. My people do not bear their history books but in human brains. Our culture is not one of superstition and ceremony but one of pain and love. We do not measure in centuries but in months. We are people who stay on the ground while all others blow away. We are what everyone else leaves behind.

Robert Bratley

Capital High School

Carla Zumwalt – Teacher

A World of Love

Doesn't everyone long to be loved?

Doesn't everyone yearn to be appreciated?

Imagine a place where when given a choice between loving
and being right;

love would always come first.

Imagine a life where every moment was a new beginning,
a chance to make any wrong right.

Every thought that comes to mind would lead to
magnanimous actions.

Good deeds would be a way of life.

Oh, the beauty of a loving world.

Alivia Buchen

Coeur d'Alene High School

Linda Parkin – Teacher

The Illusion of Equality

"Equality" how strange it be
That I be equal or that he
Could ever equal me that he
For I have power and strength to see

In each I know a being unique
That though the world around me speak
Of lofty goal "equality"

For you could never hope to be
As wondrous at what makes me, me
So speak not of equality
But effort seen and goals attained

Elaina Buckway

Middleton High School

Melinda Garcia – Teacher

Carved Out Like My Mother

Spinning the wood block on the lathe

Cutting away to make a rolling pin

I think of my mother

I carve out the handle

chip away. chip away.

Reflecting on this woman

Knowing I was created by her

I was made like her

I have been carved out

chip away. chip away.

Changing as I grow older

Becoming something new

She helps reshape me still

She loves the rolling pin

[chip away. chip away.]

Robert Christensen

Fruitland High School

Kelly Dayley – Teacher

Before and After the Camps

“A day that will live in infamy.”

This wasn't just war for Japan and the U.S.,
but for citizens within the “United” States.

Born into frightened conformity
his name, Tom
different than his siblings
Nothing like Yoshi or Mitsue.

His language
becomes English,
his family being fluent in Japanese
he conforms.

“You belong in a camp,
you Jap!”
Receiving glares and stares,
he conforms.

Conformity is tough
Still, he tries
If not?
Dangerous.

Kali Crawford

*Middleton High School
Melinda Garcia – Teacher*

Be a Victim

Mud from rain puddles covered my clothes
Just an adventurous six-year-old.
Be a lady
Almost burning down the kitchen,
While making cereal
You'll never get a husband if you can't cook
At thirteen only wanting to wear a new dress
Knee high length
Isn't that too short? You know how boys are
Seventeen, touched in ways nobody wants
Never trusting a man the same.
Were you asking for it?

Hannah Crossley

Middleton High School

Mike Brown – Teacher

Her Wheelchair Cheerleader

He's been in a wheelchair all his life
Born without a leg
Fighting like a dog for independence
and acceptance among others
Yet when they pushed him away
saying he was different
at his side she stayed
She loved him when no one else would
And when she ran her cross-country races
she was never shocked
to see him on the sideline
cheering her on like mad

Lauren Cummins

Burley High School

Brandi Powell – Teacher

I Am That Girl

My mother always wanted a daughter
A girl who loves doing hair and dresses girly
Terrible expectations that society pushed on girls and women for
generations
Raised me on the ideal of femininity
I realized that the person she raised me to be wasn't the person I am.
Instead of being seen not heard,
I use my voice to fight against injustice.
I live by my rules and expectations, not society's.
No more, Big Brother.

Tre'Anna Cussins

Capital High School

Dianne Ruxton – Teacher

Connected

We are all connected to one another,
Whether you realize it or not.
Mother, father, sister, brother,
Tall, slinky, short, squat.

Intertwined are our destinies,
And, of course, our pasts.
We all have a similar melody,
From calming syllables to random blasts.

Each of us a little different,
But still something similar.
Some are kind, others belligerent,
Yet everyone has a signature.

In the end, we are all affected,
We are all connected.

Brook Danelson

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher*

Her

It's our home	Instead of uniting for what's
We breath what it produces	shared
We live as it provides	The world.
Taking advantage	It's our world, it's all we have
Abusing and wasting	We need to protect it
We take	We destroy it
We worry about ourselves	For what?
Not caring about what gives	This is our only world.
us life	She gives us life.
We kill due to our differences	We give her death.

Hailey Dodson

Mountain View High School

Kristin Galloway – Teacher

In It to Win It

"You fight like a girl," people tell me.

"I am a girl," is my response.

"What's wrong with being a girl?" I wonder.

Girls can fight.

Girls are strong, contrary to popular belief.

I can fight.

I can win.

And I am strong, no matter what others tell me.

Girls are often belittled because they are not as strong as boys.

But we are strong.

We rise above any and all expectations.

Ashley Doser

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Tamalada

"Plop!" goes the masa,
As I spread it onto a corn husk,
While everyone around me
bustles about their work.
Next goes the pork,
Its sauce, blood red,
It reminds me,
Of the beets,
In the stories my mother told me,
About her work in the beet fields,
As a girl.
I put the tamal,
Into the pot,
And look back at my family,
Laughing cheerfully.
I think to myself,
This is where I belong.

Sofia Edgar

*Timberline High School
Taryn Waddell – Teacher*

Love...

Love must be real.

It must be happy.

It shouldn't hurt.

Love should be free.

It should be unique.

It shouldn't be controlling.

Love can be scary.

It can be silly.

It shouldn't be threatening.

Love is beautiful.

It can come in different ways.

It shouldn't always be physical.

Love might be hard.

It is worth it.

It shouldn't be a job.

Love can be many things.

It usually is.

But it shouldn't be abusive.

Tabitha Elgan

Caldwell High School

Andrea Arnold – Teacher

Women can't code
You spat
Your aggressive tone
Computers don't care
Whom types on it
Whether of delicate hands
Or masculine fingers
Computers care about
knowledge
Whom can it comprehend
It understands me

Bridget Fitzpatrick

*Timberline High School
Taryn Waddell – Teacher*

I Ask

A woman
Give me the computer
It is my friend
I will write in its language
Of numbers and dashes
Your words
And tone
Are not code
Are not numbers and dashes
So, I ask
Who is the one who can't code?

Just a Girl

Sweat dripping
Muscles aching
Covered in dirt
But I am just a girl.

Bruised legs
Bruised arms
And scraped sides
But I am just a girl.

Concussions
Broken bones
And sprained ankles
But I am just a girl.

Lifting weights
Shooting three pointers
And hitting home-runs
But I am still just a girl.

Brigitt Futter

*Fruitland High School
Kara Walton – Teacher*

Wild, unfair, crazy
This is the world today
But it could be better
It could be...
Helpful
Adaptable
Loving
Cheerful
Blissful
I see this in some people
Just not enough
The world needs more people who are
Selfless
Devoted
Encouraging
And overall more helpful

Isabelle Gardner

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Promises

All she wanted was to see her children again
Tears streaming down her face, thorns on the ground stinging
her bare feet
They told her to take them off as they left footprints behind
"La mosca," he whispered sharply
The seven of them became one with the desert
She can almost see the outline of the fence
The entrance to an unknown world
It promised a better life
It promised a future with her children

Jocelyne Garrido

Caldwell Senior High School

Andrea Arnold – Teacher

I have been ashamed of being a girl for my whole life. Girls were pink and delicate like porcelain, with painted on faces. I felt more blue. More like rowdy soccer games and Pokémon cards. More like... strong. More like brave. More like a superhero.

I've grown up, now. I don't think in black and white.

Pink and blue aren't the only colors I see anymore. I'm purple.

Jennifer Gil

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

My people live in the shadows
In gutters and
In cracks in the sidewalk

They're scared to hold hands in public,
They don't dare show their faces at church,
And they don't talk to their relatives.

They throw stones at us.
Cut us with glass.
Kill us. Beat us. Call us "f**s"
And we bleed red and blue and yellow.
We're unholy.
We're unlovable.
And we refuse to remain quiet.

Samantha Gipson

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

Not Worth It

Unaware and young I was.

My parents taught me lessons.

No cursing, being mean, vain, many others.

One stuck out.

To treat anyone and everyone as a person.

No matter the gender or circumstances.

Today, too many boys treat girls as mild amusement.

And too many girls tolerate that treatment.

Jordan Gropp

Timberline High School

Taryn Waddell – Teacher

Please respect gender pronouns

His, Hers, Vis, Xyr, Xem, and Xe

These are not optional

Dylan Habersetzer

Timberline High School

Taryn Waddell – Teacher

You Are You & I Am Me

We are people!

With different passions and values.

What you think, may not be what I think.

What I see, is not necessarily what you see.

Anarchists and peacemakers,

Dreamers and believers.

We are only human

We have our differences, and we have our doubts,

But what a happy thought it is

Sharing our connections abound.

Distinctions make us unique,

Our inner connections shine,

What makes you is yours

And what makes me is mine.

Sadie Hammack

Mackay Junior/Senior High School

Stephanie Green – Teacher

Puzzle

The length of my legs
the way a skirt falls on my hips
maybe the shade I paint my lips.
If I'm content, I'm a puzzle to be solved
I'm what the eyes compromise
for when the mind gets bored.
But when undressed
I am not naked.
And if you touch my skin
You have not touched me at all.
My length and shade mean nothing
I am more than curves and flesh
In daydreams.

Celia Hausske

Boise High School

Sharon Hanson – Teacher

Eleutheromania

Everyone is dependent

What happens to some

Affects all

What is true for all

Is true for some

When violence is the reality of some

It is real for everyone

When abuse is the reality for some

Everyone has at the least a chip on their shoulder

If freedom and justice is the reality for some

Why can't it be the reality for all?

Ashley Harris

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Deer pranced in the forest with no worries of hunters
Trees and all plants sprouted and grew without worries
of loggers or fires
Men, women and children laughed and smiled as their
days went by
Peace ruled all the lakes, rivers, seas, oceans, plains,
deserts, and mountains.
Wars, starvation and poverty vanished.
Equality and happiness is all that was left.
The world was together and perfect.

Isaac Herrera

Caldwell High School

Andrea Arnold – Teacher

Who am I?

I can't tell who I am,
I only know what I should be.
Hiding in my closet is all I can do.
Feeling empty inside.
Showing a fake smile.
Many words in my mind
Many aren't said out loud.

I have now understood that I can't hide any longer.
Saying what I believe.
Being who I really am
Not caring for anybody's opinion,
And hiding no more.
I am different
Not the same like you.

Karina Herrera

*Capital High School
Erik Talbert – Teacher*

Insides

I like to run and play in the woods,
Instead I should be cleaning.

I like to go catch fishes,
Instead I should be doing dishes.

There is no specific reasoning –
Gender is a factor to this riddle,

But people can't stay out of the middle

They won't let me decide to be who I am

They expect me to be a woman, but inside I am a man.

Johnny Jones

Pocatello High School

Kelley Ragan – Teacher

Back Off

I'm a teenage girl
who wants to be a rapper
A real one, not an actor
Watch me spit truth
Problem is – I'm not a dude

Men dominate this place
Where I should be powerless
I feel motivated
I'll make it
I got this

Just because I'm a girl
Doesn't mean I have to look good to get fame
Because I have words that look great
I am merciless
Your challenge: Step up

Aaliyah Juarez

*Caldwell High School
Andrea Arnold – Teacher*

Be Yourself, Please

I apologize

I'm sorry

I didn't understand

Boys can love boys

And girls can love girls

I ignored that some people are nonconforming

Because I was brought up small-minded

I'm here to say that

I understand now

I'm bisexual and even though I was born female

Sometimes

I feel more like a male

And I'd rather keep it secret than tell

And go through hell

Aaliyah Juarez

Caldwell High School

Andrea Arnold – Teacher

Connections with Nature

Whether it is in the woods,
out on the desert,
sitting on the porch on a starry night,
you let your inner-self go
and let your mind slip away out into the wild.
If you listen closely
you can hear the crickets chirping,
hear the wind softly howling,
you can listen to the elk bugling back and forth,
the wolves howling to each other,
the coyotes yipping.
If you listen it is beautiful.

Russell Kay

South Fremont High School

Mary Cory – Teacher

If Only You

I went around looking for pretty skirts
but bought a comfy cute coat instead

I went around looking for pretty lipsticks
but bought a moisturizing skin lotion instead

I went around looking for pretty heels
but bought small tennis shoes instead

I don't know if there will be the time
to live as a woman again

But,
If only you, I'm always happy.

Nayoung Kim

Boise High School

Cindy Hartley – Teacher

Who Are You?

Who are you to judge me,
whether I can do this or not,
based on my appearance, and gender.

I'm a living person just like you,
that has feelings, emotions, and thoughts.
I am not my sex, and I too have my own right.

Who are you to judge me,
how exactly to live my life.

I have my own background.
I have a unique face, unique personality, and unique life.

Nayoung Kim

Boise High School

Cindy Hartley – Teacher

We can be a tree – Not a fallen leaf

We should not feel like we don't have a choice –
In different “worlds” we are seen as weak
But we are women and we have a voice –
Read the good words of Maya Angelou
Saying, “You can shut me down but I’ll rise.”
We can stand tall and not be knocked down low
Standing firm in our reason and belief
We can be a tree, not a fallen leaf

Teela Kilby

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher*

No Sin to Cry

I am a boy,
The one shunned by all,
They tell me not to cry,
Crying shows pain,
Pain shows weakness,
Men aren't weak,
If crying is such an unmanly thing,
Why are we living here,
This world has pain – this world is weak,
But it is no weaker than the ones, who live on it,
Crying is a way to express what goes unsaid,
It speaks the pain I cannot,
What's wrong with that?

Linda Kirby

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher*

Fairytales

The world
once told me I was a “damsel in distress,”
a frail being caught in the spiraling clutches of a dragon’s tail.
I was told to wait –
Keep faith!
My knight in shining armor was on his way.
But looking down at that gleaming silver blade,
leather hilt sliding between fingers,
I knew I wouldn’t be called helpless.
I’d fight my own dragon,
build my own
Happily Ever After.

Cate Knothe

Boise High School

Cindy Hartley – Teacher

Chains

See me.

Not the person you want me to be,
But the identity I chose myself.

I am not the quiet, obedient girl
You once forced me to be.

No, I have a voice.

I have eyes that see,

A mind that thinks,

A heart that feels,

Just like you.

So don't tell me to conform

When I will just break those chains

Again

And

Again

Cate Knothe

Boise High School

Cindy Hartley – Teacher

I Am Me

When I meet someone new,
they see how I dress,
they see how I act,
and they see how I am.
They see that I care,
about how I look,
about how you are,
and about helping others.
The saddest thing,
is when they assume that I'm gay.
Not because I am not,
but because society thinks
that anyone who acts like me
is too different to be straight.

Colt Kraczek

*Mackay Junior/Senior High School
Stephanie Green – Teacher*

The Beauty of Unity

I stepped into the room,
eyes staring at me.
Not a single one was judging.
This was comfortable.
There was no feeling of shriveling,
no feeling of doubt.
It was wonderful to be surrounded by others,
of any race, generation, gender, or status.
We were in a room where none of that mattered.
We were united together as one,
under one roof,
one country,
and one world ...
to live together, in harmony.
How beautiful.

Courtney Lange

Mountain View High School

Kristin Galloway – Teacher

I Only Look Different

I learned to laugh at myself before they can
At my almond eyes,
My chipmunk cheeks
My skin that's somewhere between peach flesh and caramel
I learned to hide my grades,
bend silently over a book,
bowing to my studies.
I almost forgot that being Asian
isn't synonymous with being smart or quiet;
Being Asian
is the same as being any other person.
Why are you looking at me like that?

Elizabeth Lee

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

Only More

They say she's only smart because she has
Hair like thick ink trickling down her shoulders—cascades of
Clichés;
Her skin browns easily in California, where
she cradles her grandfather's hand as the morphine drip-drip-drips
That hand
Hoed rice paddies,
Fought the Korean War,
Immigrated to America
And lies remarkably still, hateful cancer eating at his insides ...
Work hard, he'd told her.
I will, she'd promised, and wondered
How could you typecast someone so complex?

Elizabeth Lee

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

Someday

One day, the mother told her son,
When you are older, and stronger, and wiser,
Some people won't understand
that chocolate is just as sweet as vanilla
That curlicues are just as precise as straight lines
So you must remember that your heart is just as sweet,
your brain just as sharp,
And you are just as good.
Okay, Mama, the boy agreed. But that's when I am older;
Tonight, can we read another story?

Elizabeth Lee

Boise High School

Jennifer McClain – Teacher

I Am Me

They say being a boy means,
liking girls and sports.
They say being a boy means,
acting tough and never crying.
I tried to be that image,
It wasn't for lack of trying.
I'm not a girl just because I like other boys,
scarves, or stuffed toys.
It doesn't matter that I like to shave or have a high voice,
I am me by choice.
I am a beautiful boy.

J.M.

*Patriot Center School
Heidi Hidy – Teacher*

The air we breathe has been consumed for centuries
We are all connected in some way
The dirt
The whistle of the wind
We are the feeling of a first kiss
The feeling of someone leaving
We are everything made up in the universe

Shaina Maciolek

Frank Church High School

Tara Haley – Teacher

Gender Norms

Halloween, a time when evil comes out to play

When we become who we aren't only for that day

In elementary I came to school with nails and heels

The costume was acceptable, but see what this reveals

Perceived as a joke, transgender is fine

Taken seriously it's crossing a line

As real darkness comes out every other day of the year

We must bring to light the unknown we fear

Beau Maimer

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

I started as a seed, buried by the ignorance of my peers. My passion for school was met with belittlement, but I refused to diminish. I was praised by my teachers for being comprehensive of material, yet mocked by boys for applying myself to education. We can learn anything we set our minds to! I shouted my mantra to the heavens. I'd broken the glass ceiling of women who've been silenced ... I will always grow.

Marissa Maldonado

Jerome High School

Connie Nicholson – Teacher

Uniquely You

Somewhere along the line of aging, scrutiny, time
I was taught to despise myself
By a society that shuns confidence
Feeding us our flaws
But when you start drowning in these expectations
You better reexamine the miracle of your existence
You are much more than your waistline
Standards don't define you
You can't surrender
You got to remember you're the only thing you'll ever truly have
No, I don't mean your body
I mean you

Sarah McKeever

Timberline High School

Taryn Waddell – Teacher

Another World

Full

Kindness, Love, Responsibility, Equity

Little things that bring happiness

Biggest house, coolest room, newest phone

It does not matter

It is about who has

Biggest heart, most kindness, respect towards
others

Because they are precious

Families reunited despite past conflicts

Receiving help when struggling

Showing courageous love,

Swallowing pride

Becoming selfless

Pure.

Rebecca Mecham

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Courageous Love

courageous love
small acts of kindness
affection we show
no matter
name,
gender,
race,
ethnicity,
religion,
help others
without thinking
of consequences
being
courageous

Rebecca Mecham

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

How to Interpret a Pixie Cut

Piercing, condescending eyes gaze toward a shaven crown
Seeing only an image produced by a hurtful slur
Quiet, harsh mouths whisper
“She must be lesbian”

Kissed hair is not a statement meant for you
The crest does not proclaim what you perceive
She owes no explanation
She wears her cut with pride
What’s it to you?

Aleah Mendiola

*Middleton High School
Melinda Garcia – Teacher*

child of mine

awkward and clumsy dirt coats my feet
working in a kitchen a lack to calm the heat
sad smiles, broken hearts and a field of war on a foreign land
ink on my hands, stories in my heart but in a little yellow sundress
I'm pushed back
coffee tints my breath for a tyrant destroying
yet as a girl I hold hope
let me go and break those views
till I'm free at last

Jessa Moore

Vision Charter School

Rebecca Mitchell – Teacher

Let stay at home parents be parents

Let independent women be role models
Let guys who wear makeup be different
But don't shame people because of your views.

We all can do what we want,
There is no expiration on happiness
We're only human
We all have feeling too.

You can't shame for opinion
You can't shame for lifestyles
You can't shame me for being me,
because that's not what you want to see.

Libby Moorman

Mackay Junior/Senior High School

Stephanie Green – Teacher

Acceptance

I told them who I was
They were loving
Accepting
Supportive

It gave me hope
That maybe this world;
Full of hate,
Anger,
Evil,
Might change
Can I be courageous?

Tell you without risk
Without consequence?
Who I am,
Who I love?

I want a new world,
The future is peering at me
With wide eyes
Inviting me to join them
Beckoning me nearer
Calling to me
Telling me it will be okay

Taylor Nelson

Salmon Junior/Senior High School

Denise Braswell – Teacher

I'm not a doll

I don't want to be played with like Raggedy Ann

I have a heart

I am not to be looked at as if I was a Barbie

I have worth

I don't want to be handled as if I were a voodoo doll

I can feel pain

I am not a dress up doll

I make my own choices

I am not an object

I am a human

I am a woman

Olivia Nelson

Timberline High School

Taryn Waddell – Teacher

The Culture We're Always Trying to Forget:

The poverty.

Mexican slang baking bread in the oven swelled walls of dad's house and permeated his neighborhood with tender warmth.

East Los Angeles uplifted with the origins of

My father –

Who smothered in cocaine vulgarity of East LA at 14; his mouth foaming in heroin like bubbles in his mother's bathtub.

14.

43.

Until vulgarity is common – necessary – for forgotten Spanish kids – who must overflow their own bodies with anything, except the bread they came from.

My-joy Nicholas

Coeur d'Alene High School

Linda Parkin – Teacher

Shooting stars dash the night sky and I wish for a different world.
One where hourglasses aren't coveted shapes and
A square of chocolate the darkest sin.
A world where love means equality not
Hunching my shoulders, muting my voice, and living in the dark
of his shadow.
I wish for a world where courage to speak is admired not marred
by the whips of loathing and
I am not handcuffed to emotionless love.

Charlotte Nyblade

Burley High School

James O'Connor – Teacher

What Made This Society So Corrupt?

My angers boiling about to erupt
My shorts are too short
My jeans too long
I'm a "slut," I'm a "prude"
Everything I do is wrong
I thought we were going in the right direction
But looking in the mirror I don't see my reflection
I became who you wanted me to be
No longer myself
Like a child's toy
I now stand on your shelf

Paige Powers

*Parma High School
Paula Leppert – Teacher*

how things work

growing up
I learned quickly
how things worked
girls
clean
cook
have babies
boys
work
be strong
relax

it's just how things work
when I went into middle school
that wasn't how things worked
boys could be
feminine
caring
girls could be
strong
brave
that's when I learned
how things really work

Anna Odom

*Mountain View High School
Allison Sletager – Teacher*

Being Who You Are

Growing up my dad came from a very poor reservation in Nevada. He lost his father at a young age, so being the best one to me couldn't make him happier. My dad is Native-American and my mom is white so that makes me half and half, but don't get it twisted. I get mistaken for Hispanic all the time. All in all, my dad is proud for who he is, and so am I.

Victoria Sam

Frank Church High School

Tara Haley – Teacher

My Story

A new born baby girl
Has been left out on the street
In a small China town.
Abandoned and alone
With no family,
No future,
And no hope.
Nothing but an old blanket
Covers her frail, naked body
With her umbilical cord still attached.
Surrounded by unfamiliarity,
She cries out for her mama.
She is hungry, thirsty, cold.
But her mother never comes back.
She has abandoned her daughter.
And is at home with her son.

Nina Sessions

*Compass Honors High School
Erin Gatfield – Teacher*

Warriorress

Thank you
For stepping in,
When my birth parents stepped out.
For giving me a future
And a family.
For telling me I have value
When they said otherwise.
For believing in me,
And my ability to change the world.
Thank you for seeing me
As more than a useless girl
Abandoned by my parents
Because of my gender.
Thank you for not seeing me as worthless,
But for seeing me as a warriorress.

Nina Sessions

*Compass Honors High School
Erin Gatfield – Teacher*

On day 1, they said I was a girl,
And I had the chubbiest cheeks.
On day 1,502, I got gum in my hair and had to cut it off,
And I didn't mind.
On day 3,689, the boys laughed at me.
And said I couldn't play football with them.
On day 5,410, I cut my hair off for real.
And I loved it.
On day 5,943, I told them.
And they didn't listen.

Alex Shaffer

*Ridgevue High School
Nicholas Darlinton – Teacher*

Longest Time Ago

You tell me stories from the longest time ago, take it in while you talk oh so softly. Grandma, tell me the rest. The color of my skin doesn't define who I am. For I am so much more. I am the arrow my ancestor shot, hot with flames. I am the star they all followed to make it that extra way. For I am them and they are me. Taking me back through time.

Shelby Smith

Fruitland High School

Kara Walton – Teacher

I Imagine

I imagine a world
Where words are not twisted and curled
Where acceptance comes naturally
And being different isn't seen as an abnormality
Where sexuality, race, and gender are one
And the amount of separation is close to none
Where beauty is beneath what the eye can see
And there are no standards to try and pretend to be
Unfortunately this is all make believe
But maybe someday our world won't be so naïve

Morgan Solders

*New Plymouth High School
Pierrette Madrid Harris – Teacher*

The Black Community

The Black Community. It's quite sad, although very important filled with self-hate, hate for our own, and a competition for who can be the whitest, most ideal Black.

but it also carries love, self-love, and awareness; not to mention, support

although we're not uplifted by others, we're empowered by one another

although we're beaten and exhausted, we'll continue with the strength we've made for ourselves through the oppressors' many ways to weaken us.

Aminatu Tall

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Starlight

Night – is like the oppressed.
Equally important, yet far less celebrated by its beloved counterpart.
If you – a star, glimmering your brilliance in the dark sky.
Planets hurling around, proclaiming your gravity
Then he – would be the sun.
Drowning out all light and stars around him.
Flooding Earth with heat and explosions
Roughly pushing life chaotically
but you
A woman – stronger, brighter, warmer in every way
Viewed as just a star in the night?

Seth Thomsen

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher

Chaos

Screams are mere echoes now,
we are no longer beaten and oppressed
by those who do not understand.
Now we are accepted and loved,
we are truly free,
so it seems.
In ways most do not understand,
things are worse,
those that do however,
see our words silenced,
in the name of “peace” and “love”
for those that understand,
we see that chaos still exists,
that now,
it is merely hidden,
behind an insincere smile.

Victoria Torres

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

sHE

He was a hero,
He had saved her life.
at least,
that is what he told them.
really though,
He had saved His life.
but they could not know
because they would never understand,
that a boy could cry,
that a boy could be hurt,
and that a She could be the cause of it all.
never would they know
because never would they believe
that a boy,
was human too.

Victoria Torres

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

Worlds Apart

Imagine a world
Where the sky is made of ash,
Where its tears run black,
Where the ground has been hardened
By the hardship of man,
And the mountains turn bland with sorrow.

Imagine a world
Where the land explodes with life,
Where mountains speak in color,
Where the wind sets the tempo
Of music conducted by the trees,
Where time doesn't exist,
And where freedom abides.

Imagine these worlds.
Which one will you create?

Kelton Turner

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher*

Fly

Survival,
Engraved in our blood.
Curiosity,
Represented by sweat.
Hardships
trickle down as tears.

We were not meant to sit still.
Our innate skills,
Along with learned experiences
Make us who we are.

To thrive is our destiny
On the one earth we have.

Nature has already given us all we need
All we have to do is fly with our wings.

Ashley Tran

*Timberline High School
Taryn Waddell – Teacher*

The Foreseen World

I have seen the world
No one free from terror
People crying out in pain

I see the world
Those who were in pain, now smiling
Another, now struggling

I foresee the world
Free, safe, optimistic.
Because history
does not have to repeat itself.
Change is all it takes.

Ashely Tran

*Timberline High School
Taryn Waddell – Teacher*

Stand

People gather
People sing
People chant
People pray
People are beaten
People are barricaded
People are jailed
And for what?
For clean water
For cleaning flowing rivers
For the water that connects us all
Even those on the other side of the fight
For our future generations
For Standing Rock
So we must stand
We must gather, sing, chant
We must pray
Mni Wiconi
Water is life
#NoDAPL

Lauren VerHagen

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

Like a Girl

A boy told me
You run like a girl
Yes that's very true
if you ran harder you could too

A boy told me
You hit like a girl
Yes that's very true
If you swung harder you could too

A boy told me
You play ball like a girl
Yes that's very true
If you worked harder you could too

Be like a girl

Maddie Villarreal

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

Kenya, the country my dad is from, is a beautiful country. The people are beautiful, the food is delicious, and the culture is thriving. I used to assimilate. I wouldn't eat the traditional food my dad made or wear the clothes he brought me. Embracing Kenyan and Black culture made me proud of my Blackness and I now feel more whole.

Alyssa Wainaina

Renaissance High School

Shawna Schniederman – Teacher

The culture in America surrounding gender won't be fair until we allow children of any sex to explore all of their interests and not limit them to dolls or cars. Since I was limited to "girl toys" as a child, I'll never know who I would be without such restraints. My interests and passions could be completely different than they are now. Gender is only so divided and "different" because of societal pressures.

Alyssa Wainaina

Renaissance High School

Shawna Schniederma – Teacher

Gender Rules

Must girls like girly things?

Must girls have a pretty face?

Must boys like sports?

Must boys never cry?

Must girls like the opposite gender?

Must girls be submissive?

Must boys be assertive?

Must boys be tough?

- CHANGE -

We don't need these gender rules or what they entail. We could have a world without judgment, where people are people, where love is love. Where life can be

Lived.

Robyn Weiss

Salmon Junior/Senior High School

Denise Braswell – Teacher

Pink Ribbons

My vision is blurred
I no longer see in
Black and White
Pink fills more spaces
Since last November
The world kept me
From falling
Further than I could
Come back from
Love is powerful
Courage, community
Responsibility, love
Qualities of endurance

This world helped
Me back up
Surgery
Radiation
Pills
It's OK
The world is
on my side
Pink ribbons
Signal strength to me
Now that I know
What it takes
To be a survivor

Rachel Wood

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay – Teacher*

* Our Gender Revolution Award
+More than one poem

Boise High School

Boise

Cora Aldrige*
Linnea Boice**+
Therese Etoka*
Celia Hausske
Nayoung Kim+
Cate Knothe*++
Elizabeth Lee+++

Borah High School

Boise

Fadil Adan

Burley High School

Burley

Lauren Cummins
Charlotte Nyblade

Caldwell High School

Caldwell

Samantha Asbury+
Tabitha Elgan
Jocelyne Garrido
Isaac Herrera
Aaliyah Juarez+

Capital High School

Boise

Maria Alonso
Robert Bratley
Tre'Anna Cussins
Karina Herrera

Compass Honors High School

Meridian

Nina Sessions*++

Coeur d'Alene High School

Coeur d'Alene

Alivia Buchen
My-joy Nicholas

Frank Church High School

Boise

Shaina Maciolek
Victoria Sam

Fruitland High School

Fruitland

Robert Christensen*+
Brigitt Futter
Shelby Smith

Gem State Adventist Academy*Caldwell*

Esther Bell

Brook Danelson

Teela Kilby

Linda Kirby

Seth Thomsen

Kelton Turner

Jerome High School*Jerome*

Marissa Maldonado

Mackay Junior/Senior High School*Mackay*

Zoe Barnhard

Sadie Hammack

Colt Kraczek

Libby Moorman

McCall Donnelly High School*McCall*

Rose Hansen*

Middleton High School*Middleton*

Sabrina Bishop

Elaina Buckway

Kali Crawford

Hannah Crossley

Aleah Mendiola

Kenadi Swendsen*

Brady Thiessens*

Kathryn Wagoner*

Mountain Home High School*Mountain Home*

Katherine Blackwell++

Mountain View High School*Meridian*

Hailey Dodson

Courtney Lange

Anna Odom

New Plymouth High School*New Plymouth*

Morgan Solders

One Stone High School*Boise*

Indigo Blauch-Chappell*

Ariana Borzea

Parma High School*Parma*

Paige Powers

Patriot Center School

Emmett

J.M.

Pocatello High School

Pocatello

Johnny Jones

Elsa McDonald*

Renaissance High School

Meridian

Alyssa Wainaina++

Ridgevue High School

Nampa

Alex Shaffer

Salmon Junior/Senior High School

Salmon

Taylor Nelson

Robyn Weiss

South Fremont High School

Saint Anthony

Russell Kay

Timberline High School

Boise

Sofia Edgar

Bridget Fitzpatrick

Jordan Gropp

Dylan Habersetzer

Emma Janzen*

Sarah McKeever

Olivia Nelson

Ashley Tran

Vallivue High School

Caldwell

Amira Arias+

Ashley Doser

Isabelle Gardner

Jennifer Gil

Samantha Gipson

Ashley Harris

Beau Maimer

Rebecca Mecham+

Aminatu Tall*+

Victoria Torres+

Lauren VerHagen**+

Maddie Villarreal

Rachel Wood

Vision Charter School

Caldwell

Jessa Moore

It was a time when the unthinkable became the thinkable and the impossible really happened. – Arundahti Roy

Our Gender Revolution re-imagines communities where all genders are valued, everyone can be their whole authentic self, and everyone thrives. Our Gender Revolution re-imagines communities where we see the humanity in **all of us**.

Our choices have power, together we can change everything and create communities free of hate and oppression. We can end the culture of gender violence – abuse and sexual assault – and other forms of oppression. Together, we will create this new story of Idaho.

Here are some actions you can take to create communities where hate and oppression no longer exist. Our choices have power.

Action 1: Choose Community

Expand your awareness of who is in your community. Get to know others and see and value all people in your life. Protect and care for people in your community targeted by discrimination and hate.

Action 2: Choose Liberation

Understand how groups and identities (gender, sexual orientation, race, ability, class, religion, immigration and refugee status, and others) are oppressed and discriminated against and act in solidarity for liberation.

Action 3: Choose Humanity

We are all human, but we are often socialized to only see people as labels. Challenge yourself to see yourself and everyone you interact with beyond labels and for your and their full humanity.

Action 4: Choose Belonging

Participate in our #WeChooseAllofUs Challenge to show the power and unity of all people in your community. Go to www.OurGenderRevolution.org to find out more!

Action 5: Feminism

Sign up for everydayfeminism.com to educate yourself about feminism, rigid gender roles and expectations, gender and social equity, and much more.

Action 6: Choose to Lead Boldly

Be accountable for your thoughts, language, and actions. Challenge yourself to unite across difference to overcome discrimination and hate.

Action 7: Choose Connection

Work to end a culture that oppresses some and privileges others. Generate understanding, radical connection, and community by listening to each others stories.

Action 8: Choose Wholeness

It is important to acknowledge that we live in a world that does not value everyone for their full selves and instead devalues them based on identity. Affirm that we are all powerful, beautiful, whole, just the way we are.

Where to get help

If someone is in immediate danger, call 911. If you or a friend are experiencing hate, oppression, abuse, sexual assault or any form of violence – talk to a parent/caregiver, a school counselor, another adult you trust.

Hotline Numbers

National Dating Abuse Helpline 1-866-331-9474 or www.loveisrespect.org to chat online

National Sexual Assault Hotline 1-833-656-HOPE (4673)

Trevor Project (LGBTQ Youth) 1-866-488-7386

National Suicide Hotline 1-800-273-TALK (8255)

How to get involved with Our Gender Revolution

Learn how to get involved with Our Gender Revolution, a project of the Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence, by going to www.ourgenderrevolution.org to learn about youth organizing workshops and more.

This project was supported by Grant No. 2016-WR-AX-0008 awarded by the Office on Violence Against Women, U.S. Department of Justice. The opinions, findings, conclusions, and recommendations expressed in this publication/program/exhibition are those of the author(s) and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Department of Justice, Office on Violence Against Women.

For more information contact the Idaho Coalition Against Sexual & Domestic Violence
208-384-0419 or 1-888-293-6118

OURGENDERREVOLUTION

www.ourgenderrevolution.org