



OUR GENDER REVOLUTION

Stories of Transformation

2018 Idaho High School Writing Challenge

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
2017 Stories of Transformation*

Cover art inspired by "Storm," 2017

One Stone High School – Artists: Ariana Borzea and Indigo Blauch-Chappell

Teacher: Jasmine Wilhelm

Stories of Transformation are poems and writings to create a future where everyone is valued, where everyone is safe, and where everyone can thrive.

Idaho high school students were invited to write on one of six themes - We Choose All of Us, Belonging to Beloved Community, Restoring Wholeness, Our Spirit, and Our Humanity, Together We are Stronger, Living in Abundance and Harmony, and Earth is Sacred, Water is Life.

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 9th *Stories of Transformation* 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 *Stories of Transformation 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

We are a people who choose
A world where everyone is
valued, where everyone is safe,
where everyone can thrive.
A world where love is love and
kindness is everything.
Nothing less than this.
Every day we choose love and
in this love everyone belongs to
beloved community.
Everyone.

We are whole human beings.
We believe in our collective
humanity and our deep
connection to all living things.
We will create the world we
want to see and move forward
with courageous love and
mutual responsibility.

We are all part of this story.
When believe when we
imagine together, we can
achieve the unimaginable.

We commit to bringing
forth a world rooted in
interdependence, resilience,
and regeneration.

We will live into this new
story of Idaho with sacred
responsibility, in silence,
We look to the stars for lessons
of interconnection,
And abiding spirit.
We believe in the wonder of
what wholeness can look like;
the small glimmers of this
place, first; and then the soft
voice, growing stronger and
clearer, until this world is fully
realized.

Our choices have power.
We will be bold.
We invite you in.
We choose all of us.

Join us at
www.WeChooseAllofUs.org

Gender and Violence

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.
And, even though much of
gender is socialized, it is still
very real; it shapes each of our
experiences in profound and
different ways.

Unfair treatment, harassment, or
discrimination based on gender
or gender expression is wrong
and creates the conditions for
gender violence – abuse and
sexual assault – to occur.

We do not live single issue
lives: we see the limitations
of single identities of gender,
sexual orientation, race, ability,
class, religion, immigration and
refugee status.

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 it creates harm,
including hurtful words,
discrimination, and eventually
physical violence.

We can change this by
redefining what gender means
to us and valuing everyone
in our diverse communities.
We can interrupt and end all
forms of hate, oppression,
and violence and create a
world where everyone is
safe, everyone is valued, and
everyone can thrive.

when you let girls
believe they are less
you create a barrier
that wasn't there in the first place

we see women like russian dolls
full of themselves
until slowly they become smaller
trying to shed themselves of their beauty

this isn't a threat
nor a contamination of fragile masculinity
those who are intimidated by the uprising
are the ones who have the most to lose by equality

Layla Bagwell

Riverstone International School

Jeff Cole - Teacher

my name

five letters standing their ground on my ancestor's lips
picked by my mother, smoothed over by my father
my name is ليلى
i asked my grandma what it meant
it means dark night
just like you
the word my relatives say when i'm standing in the sands of cairo
my name isn't for you to yell across streets
It's a reflection of experiences
that's my name
i speak with a whisper
don't wear it out

Layla Bagwell

*Riverstone International School
Jeff Cole - Teacher*

Our World

My fondest memory is
Accusing the moon
Of following our family station wagon
Down winding beachside roads
Speckled in starlight.
Or maybe the day we were caught in downpour
Drowning upright
And began to dance with aching glee
As the world thundered through our bodies
The puddles turned to rivers, lakes, oceans
Beneath our dancing souls
I have grown to understand
What a privilege it is
To experience our natural world
In fleeting, simple brilliance

Indigo Blauch-Chappell

*One Stone
Chad Carlson - Teacher*

Water is life

water is life
from the rivers to the creeks
my ancestors drank
to the pepper spray
and
guard dogs
in north dakota
we are water

Racquel Domebo

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

La Migra

One day, my cousin sits in the trunk of the car,
Because there's not enough room in the back,
As we drive along,
My abuela says,
"No dejes que la migra te encuentre"
We all laugh.
Those two words, "la migra"
Mean terror,
Mean, "sit still and hush now",
Mean that you accomplished your dream,
Only to be sent back to square one.
We all laugh,
Knowing that for our parents,
It was all real

Sofia Edgar

*Timberline High School
Doug Englert - Teacher*

Breaking Cement

We sometimes think
Our views are cemented in the ground,
That because other say the world is so
It must continue on this path.
What we forget is the world is constantly in motion,
Moving like a pendulum on a string.
A desire to change
Will bring motion to our beloved world.
We can choose to pull back the string
And let go.
We can choose to spread our ideals
Of an acceptance,
Of love.

Cate Knothe

*Boise High School
Teri Weisensel - Teacher*

“Six-Letters”

There's a section of me that is absent.
Recurring episodes hurl my joy and wellbeing into an unforgiving abyss.
There are also counterweights to the pain and agony.
Family.
The six-letter word that single handedly restores wholeness,
The missing section in my spirit, mind, and soul.
There is an uncontrollable sensation of glee that flourishes throughout
the atmosphere.
There's a section of me that was absent.
Wholeness has been restored.

Tui Moliga

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

I was once a broken winged butterfly
and now I'm a caterpillar cocooning, hoping to be a moth
Such a metaphor but here's simpler terms:
I was born once as a girl, even though I'm really a boy
So now I'm taking the time to cocoon myself again, discover who I am
and become who I was always meant to be
don't ever let anyone tell you no because
rebirth is everywhere

Ezra Saville

*Wallace Junior/Senior High School
Tina Brackebusch - Teacher*

Canary Woman

I'm sorry
The census taker
Called you property,
And told you you were blessed.
I'm sorry
Your inheritance
Was some Scotsman's ballad
And a yellowed
Wedding dress.
I'm sorry about the baby
That lived one day
Barely crying
Into your neck
I'm sorry the preacher
Knows nothing of
A woman's pain, and only
Of her sin
I'm sorry,
Canary woman
And thank you for surviving.

Fiona Stanton

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

As we thrive and flourish, ones unlike us, ones who do not like us, enslave shea butter skies and Wolof dancing winds flowing across our thighs.

In their minds we are not worthy of life or abilities to prosper, but we will heal once again, wrapping wounds with head scarves, dashikis, and music of our loved ones, reminding aching souls with memories of what it's like to feel happy within the culture our ancestors created.

Aminatu Tall

*Richard McKenna Charter High School
Sidney Grub - Teacher*

Voices Unanswered

Over a continent and an ocean
Lies the other half of me.
If I were lucky
Our father would tell us
How it was; how it's been
Sometimes, how it is
Those voices of a distant memory
Distant past
Time, place, and people
They call asking
Yearningly
To connect
Not me
But part of me
Not us
But for us
The voices
Can only go unanswered for so long

Ibrahim Tall

*Vallivue High School
Amber Ford - Teacher*

Timeline

My family hunted back then
So did my father
But that's all others see
They are lawyers
Students and engineers too
But still connected to those hunting roots
They're the people that separated into South Sudan
That's their land
Not this land.
This land was necessary for the time being
This land was for peace and prosperity
But now it looks like that's over
Is it time to return?
It may be.

Lomoro Aggrey

*Capital High School
Diane Ruxton - Teacher*

Dear Future Daughter

Remember your roots
Forget not your ancestors
Learn from their mistakes
Do not repeat them
Build on their successes
Love the unloved
Just as you would be loved
Include all
For all are valuable
Unify past and future
Together we are stronger

Susi Aguirre

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberly Mitchell - Teacher*

Five Pairs of Hands

Five pairs of hands dig at the dirt
Each their own hue, with grime under their nails
They cannot manage to work with each other obstructing their way
They scream at each other, unable to unearth what they please
But suddenly, two opposing hands interlace
And scratch the ground synchronically
Catching on, so do the rest
And before their eyes, they divulge the fruits of their labor
Five pairs of hands grasp onto each other

Katherine Akers

*Compass Honors High School
Erin Gatfield - Teacher*

Light rises from the ashes
foundations cracked, buildings burned.
Not a bright hope in sight,
but the light.
It radiates a newfound feeling.
One of past mistakes,
though also a feeling of love.
An undeniable truth is shown
never spoken.
Until we realize that
We built it as a team.
Darkness won't overcome light
because the sun
will always shine
through it.
We will rebuild!
Light will prevail our humanity.
LIGHT

Cameron Alder

*Pocatello High School
Caitlin Pankau - Teacher*

Sacred

The warm burning feeling you get,
The tension that passes over your body.
All by one simple thing
The love and care you have, whether it be for a person or an object
You can't help but want to be right next to at all times
To feel the warming sensation it gives you
To feel a sense of purpose, like you mean something
Like it does to you.
That type of love is sacred.

Samantha Asbury

*Caldwell High School
Andrea Arnold - Teacher*

I am a writer with galaxies in my brain and stars
in my eyes
I am a dreamer, tied down to Earth,
I am a poet with the magic
in my veins
I am not just
a piece of paper to be crumpled under
your fingertips
I am not weak for
the struggles I've had
I am so much more than I used to believe,
I am made of stardust,
And I am someone.

Dakota Ashton

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

we are told
how to love
by a society that can't agree
on right and wrong

because they told us
we were audacious
for being different

and this is why we fight
we scream for the bullets put in our people
we march and yell
hands up don't shoot

this is why my people
build foundations of liberation
based on the roots of oppression
and shout from rooftops

this is why
i am an activist

Layla Bagwell

*Riverstone International School
Jeff Cole - Teacher*

Terra

I am full of life, color, sound, and hope.
I am the daughter of the magnificent shining sun who nourishes me.
I love my people, I give them everything.
But they hurt me.
I am dying, slowly passing away.
I still love them, they are a part of me;
I give them everything
earth

Elle Berry

*Fruitland High School
Kara Walton - Teacher*

The People, My People

If you care for those around you
If you fight for what you believe in
If you want to see the humanity in all
You are my people
If you love with your whole heart
Encourage all to be who they are
And can laugh without hurting others
You are my people
I would like to see all people be my people, but for now I'd be more than
proud to at least see you

Percephone Bias

*Borah High School
Amanda Schindle - Teacher*

Human Nature

What makes me human is who I am in nature
For I am not human existing alone,
But in an ecosystem
With hip bones like the ridges of aspen tree bark,
Eyes that flutter like their tawny leaves
We share universal love for our mothers the Earth and her Water.
Unseen cities thriving under my bare feet
Transit systems of roots carrying whispers
One aspen says to the other
"What a day to be alive!"

Ariana Borzea

*One Stone
Chad Carlson - Teacher*

With fire, it was burned away
With water, it was washed
With guns, it was shot
With time, it was eroded
We were destroyed
we were woven together with strings
like a well-loved blanket, we fell apart slowly unraveling
time had washed us thin
so, we must begin
with a new thread
and a new yarn
we will mend

Chloe Bowen

*Skyview/Columbia High School
Laurie Kiester - Teacher*

Finding Peace

Quiet moments
can be hard to find.
But if you do find one,
hold on tight.
Because...
In quiet moments,
the moon will show off her face.
In quiet moments,
stars will shine a little brighter.
In quiet moments,
the sun will wake early.
In quiet moments,
trees will whistle long melodies.
In quiet moments,
animals will come to play.
In quiet moments,
peace will be born.

Erin Brassey

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

Blossoms of Humanity

The earth is a garden
constantly in need of nurturing
Through good works, good deeds
the soil is plowed
Acceptance, equality
scatter seeds of humanity
The earth is watered
with acts of empathy & compassion
The individuality of each person
causes every plant to flourish
Unity, Cooperation
the light that encourages growth
Taller & stronger
than the wavering weeds
that struggle to overtake them
Each flora sprouts
above & beyond
the turmoil beneath them

Maddy Bunn

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

My people are my back bone
They are my help in a time in need
They are my support
They are my community
They have shaped me to become strong
They taught me how to be brave
My community is my support
My community has taught me how to have a happy life
And solve problems of the world

Ella Burgin

*New Plymouth High School
Erin Murillo - Teacher*

I Am a Girl

I am a girl who wishes she could be herself
A girl who feels she must hide,
even in her dreams.
I am a girl who loves girls and boys
A girl who pretends to only love boys
Admiring both from afar.
I am a girl who loves who she is
But can't show who she is.
I wear a mask of my own creation
To hide the truth behind my eyes.

Minnie Cain

*Middleton High School
Mike Brown - Teacher*

My Home

The river is in me,
coursing through my body like blood in my veins.
The wind calls me,
Whispering tantalizing thoughts of adventure.
The deep scent of coniferous trees,
The aura of wildflowers in bloom,
so sweet I taste it.
The melody of the forest,
Buzzing bees, soft songbirds...
Whipping chainsaw and low hums of engines.
Husky smoke constricts my throat.
Fire blazing, trees falling, heart breaking.
Don't take this forest.
Don't take my home.

Emma Christensen

*Vallivue High School
Zach Barclay - Teacher*

Pink is a Primary Color

As a kid, I'd say my favorite color was blue.
Because yellow was my dad's
And primary colors have power.
I've learned since
more colors are in that spectrum
If I value the color I am, I will have power.
If you value me, we'll share this power.
Any of us could be tangerine, indigo, green,
hot pink.
Pink so hot
it completely
burns
Your stereotypes down.
I am not your color.
I am mine.

Robby Christensen

*Fruitland High School
Kevin Wickersham - Teacher*

We belong
Some people deny us
Others confide in us
Belonging does not mean
You belong to one person
Belonging means that you are in a place
Where you are able to be you
Belonging means not pretending to be him
Or pretending to be her
Belonging means you

Lizzy Christle

*Meridian Academy
Erin Fahnstrom - Teacher*

Like A Girl

When I first heard those words,
I was standing in a muddy field,
my hands empty of the ball I had just tossed.

“You throw like a girl!”

They laughed,
running off while I tried to muddle through their statement
confusion writ onto the soft planes of my
face.

I didn't understand then, and I won't now.
For when I do things like a girl, I succeed.
And I have every intention of succeeding.

Addison Concidine

*Fruitland High School
Kara Walton - Teacher*

Opposite Day

Boys like to play with plastic toy guns
And wrestle and run and shoot hoops for fun.
Little girls dress up in sparkling gowns
And parade about their rooms in dazzling crowns.

But if a boy didn't like the basketball team
And wearing makeup was his dream
If a girl despised dresses and didn't like pink,
Tell me, tell me, what would you think?

Defy the rules, let them be
This is equality

Zoe Cox

*Coeur d'Alene High School
Mary Parkin - Teacher*

Growing Within Society

My sweet baby Society
I will rock you in my arms
And try to soothe your aches and pains
Replace them with love and understanding
My dearest love Society
You seem to never rest
Taking care of you can be wearing
But you cannot take care of yourself
I will try my best to lead you
So that when it comes time
My son will grow with you
With love
Compassion
And acceptance

Laura Cross

*Marian Pritchett High School
Christine Murphy - Teacher*

To the Future

Hopefully, you'll live in a world without hatred
Hatred that is based on an identity that we all share
Gender identification, sexual orientation, race and personality
Everyone is unique in ways that I have never seen in my lifetime
Equality is something that I still hope for--
I hope you will too.
My child, we aren't pieces.
We are whole.

Tre'anna Cussins

*Capital High School
Carla Zumwalt - Teacher*

A survivor

I knew what sacred was by touching the hands of my grandmother.
Chains that weighed down her wrists, now replaced by a brace.
When I would tickle her stomach, I felt the pressing of her ribs. She
held the record for holding her breath the longest, she can't anymore
because of her breathing tank. I remember learning about the
Holocaust, going home to tell her what I learned. "I know," was all she
would say.

Paris Davis

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

The Sacridity of the Earth

Spreading and growing
Increasing in size
Finding food through the roots
Growing more beautiful each long day
Springing to life as the early morning comes
Falling asleep as the night passes through
Praying for rain
Stretching for fabulous food
Farther,
Farther,
Yet farther I reach
I'll shower beauty as the autumn days come
Sleep all winter long,
and awake to replay my life again when the spring comes
Growing free and true
Keeping Earth sacred

Sierra Davis

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Truth is Told

How would it feel to be accepted?

Without judgment we are happy

We'd understand what it means to be true...

True to ourselves

True to our morals

True to our own beliefs

Not afraid to be unique,

We'd show our honest selves.

No more hidden features,

No more wishing to be ourselves...

A place where you wouldn't have to act okay,

No more lying to others or yourselves.

A freedom to just be normal.

Sierra Davis

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher

We need us

Our world has changed.

For better or for worse?

I don't know.

Wars, disasters, and tragedy encircle us yet

there is love

there is care

there is hope

we as people, only allow ourselves

to see the bad but

we need to open our clouded eyes

and see the goodness

shining before us.

What the world needs now is

Strong leaders who can

provide, protect, and make peace in these hard times.

We need us.

Shayleigh Davis

Pocatello High School

Caitlin Pankau - Teacher

The rivers that crisscross along the lands,
Like the veins of blood that flow through our bodies
The mountains that we must climb to reach the other side,
Yet we stumble and fall, only to get back up.
The trees branching out beyond their space,
Like our fingers reaching for the hands of others.
The parts of us that connect us all to nature.
The parts of us that connect us to each other.

Joslin Deaton

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

We are the Trees

Communities are like forests. We as people, are like trees. Every one of us has something unique about ourselves. In a forest, trees work together and support each other. In society today, there is judgment. People need to see that everyone is different and they need to accept that. Putting others down is like cutting down trees. If this keeps happening, eventually there won't be any left. This is why we need to accept everyone.

Jadyn Doramus

*Vision Charter School
Becky Mitchell - Teacher*

An Astonishing World

Full of wonder
A vast sphere
Bursting with beauty
A world where possibilities are endless
For some it's heavenly
For others it's misery
As the privileged
Drink fresh water
The 844 million
Don't have access to clean water
As they sit in their heated homes
Over 100 million people are homeless
If we can find a way
To connect with the struggling
To become one
We can learn to shape the world
Into something more

Kelsee Eardley

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Vultures of Humanity

When did people earn the right?
To condemn,
Mock,
And be self-righteous?
To decide someone's
Place,
Value,
And ideals?
Is there a difference?
Between vultures and humans?
Both prey on what they see to be weak and pitiful
In order to survive. But there has to be one difference.
Where a vulture can't make the decision to be anything other than a
vulture,
A human can.
They can choose to evolve,
To become humane.

Zenab Ebed

*Timberline High School
Greg Hoetker - Teacher*

The Candle Heart

Constant ray of light
Pouring from the wide smile
That sits upon her face
No sign of sadness
Which hides below the mask
The mask of happiness
It carries the ability to cover the dark
And show only the light
Light that is no longer there
Not many know of this powerful mask
That hangs softly over her shy face
Soon greeted by a friendly face
Who lights the candle
That is her heart

Alyssa Ellis

*Coeur d'Alene High School
Mary Parkin - Teacher*

Sacred

We were hunting along an old road. My dad and younger sister wanted to continue down the road but my brother and I wanted to wait. They walked ahead as my brother and I laid off to the side of the road. As we laid there, looking up, we were amazed at what we saw. The green trees, purple berries, and orange sunset exclaiming the sacred beauty of the earth.

Andison Fluckiger

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Not to This World

I was born with fire inside me
This world is determined to stomp it out
I saw it when I stood up for myself
And was told "It isn't ladylike to raise your voice"
I knew it when a man
Used his strength to have his way with me
But I will never
Let them take the flames from my soul
Instead I will burn brighter
Because I belong to myself
Not to this world

Clara Gallegos

*New Plymouth High School
Erin Murillo - Teacher*

Work With Me

Can I ask:
what would happen if you tried to
work with me?
Not against me
But with me
Encouraging me, sharing ideas, and I'll encourage you too.
The men and women
who have influenced me the most
Gave me the gift of teamwork.
They were willing to work with me.
Tell me your ideas, what you wish to see in the world.
Listening.
Instead of selfishly working apart
could we work
together?

Aurora Gault

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell – Teacher*

Water is Life, Earth is Sacred

If you speak English, it is water. French, it is eau. Japanese or Chinese, 水. Spanish, agua. It doesn't matter what you call it or where you live, water is life. Water is the mother who will always care for her child, and is always there to help them when they need support. It adapts to anything, and yet manages to always take the easiest way. Water is life.

Andrew Gessel

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

You

I see you

But not your body,

For we are not what is seen with the eye,

But with the mind

I see your soul

Your hopes and dreams,

Your love and your anger.

I see what you truly are

You are not any number

You are not the labels slapped on you

You are a whole person with unique thoughts

That many choose to ignore

You are your strength

And your beautiful soul.

Sydney Gullickson

*Compass Honors High School
Erin Gatfield - Teacher*

Your Controlling Words

My love for you was deep;
Though filled with fear;
I upset you every day;
I lost myself in time with you;
Until one day I chose to leave;
The pain was unbearable;
But in the end was worth it;
I found myself in friends;
I found myself in music;
I found myself in family;
Mindfulness saved who I was;
Reviving my spirit by leaving you.

Gillian Hall

*Vision Charter School
Becky Mitchell - Teacher*

Free

Water runs through my veins
Grass connects with my curling toes
Mountains on the horizon call to me
Leaves whisper soft words that caress me
Sounds of worldly objects do not exist here
Time is a word without meaning
Birds sing melodies of their haven
The connection melts through my body
I am free of my worries
I am born again
I am home.

Hannah Hall

*Pocatello High School
Caitlin Pankau - Teacher*

Special Gifts

Music is calming and soothing
Each instrument special in its own way
 Every note intriguing
Making the audience want to stay

 But without the music arts
What would our lives be like?
No more soft melodic parts
 Everything quiet like mice

 God gave us each a gift
 A special one, no doubt
Some choose not to share it
 Making them miss out
We need to share our gifts, happily
Only then, can we live abundantly

Kayla Hastings

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

How Do We Win?

To win in a world
we don't understand is a fallacy.
We hold ourselves back
with our greed,
our works,
our doubts.
To be our best we must be different
from all those who fight without reason
and from all those who don't stand for themselves.
We need to learn about the society.
We need to recognize the society.
We need to speak about...
The broken;
The haunted;
The ones who need to be acknowledged.

Kaegan Hayes

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Black Lives Matter

Riding a commuter train,
Walking home with a friend,
Selling CD's outside of a supermarket,
Wearing a hoodie;
Calling for help after an accident.
Going to Bible study;
Laughing;
Attending a birthday party,
Doing absolutely nothing.
Each phrase above tells the action of the person when they were
shot by police officers.
What has humanity come to where we kill our own people because
of the color of their skin?
Or because of their "history"?

Chloe Iwasa

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Mother to All

Many know me,
Respect me,
Deface me.
My forests are torn,
My tears are flooding the
Oceans that they corrupt.
I send my winds,
My howling cries
That ruin their homes,
Their entire lives,
And still they do not
Listen.
My seas are polluted,
The air that I gift them
Is choked with darkened
Clouds of fire
And destroyed.
They dig into my heart
And use it for wealth.
They are deaf to my voice.

Mataea Jamison

*New Plymouth High School
Pierrette Madrid-Harris – Teacher*

A Girl's Grit

"You can't lift that
It's too heavy for you"
They say

"You can't possibly move that"
They insist

"You are a girl!"
They remind

They forget that the sun shines on us the same as them

And sees no difference between
Boy

And

Girl

Maybe I can't lift this
Maybe I can't move that
But I can pull a load
With the same heart
Just like women

Thousands of years before me

Jamie Jansen

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Just a Thought

Will you help me tear down this wall?
This wall says I cannot be what I want to be
I cannot be equal to a man
It is almost worn through from centuries of chiseling
I'm about to tear it down

Just a thought,
But it could have been torn down much sooner if you had helped
I'm just giving you a chance
One last time
To be a part of it

Jamie Jansen

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Strong

One drop of water can scarcely wet a tongue,
But a roaring river carries ships for miles.

A single brick has no purpose,
But a home can guide, can comfort,
Can protect

A twig, when sparked, lights for but a moment,
But a tree, once felled, can burn for hours,
Warming hearts and hands alike.

Alone we are almost insignificant
But together we can warm hearts, lift spirits, and change lives.
Together we are strong.

Megan Jensen

*Fruitland High School
Kara Walton - Teacher*

Earth is Sacred

The wind roars with sad, polluted air.
As city lights and the concrete ground
hover over the land,
it makes us indigenous people sad.

People don't value the earth
the way it should be valued.
There are more endangered lives than ever.

Trash in the ocean,
polluted air, unnecessary hunting,
Land taken from animals.

Not only is life dangerous for animals,
but it's the same for us.

The earth is no longer a safe place.

Victoria Johnnie

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

Something Real

Her
bright and serene eyes.
Tell me something real,
with body and soul.
Beauty decapitates
Miracle and meaning.
Love me
Until I dissolve.
Her;
She is a star.
Tell me something real,
Until I dissolve.

Huntley Kenley

*Meadows Valley High School
Joe Johnson - Teacher*

My lungs have become
One with her journey
But she will no longer
Be searching for me.
Her
Empty iridescence.
Tell me something real,
For this is our day.
Even my ghosts
Were affectionate.
Stay, at least
Until I dissolve

Legacy

Life
We complain about how it goes on and on,
But when it comes down to truth,
Life is short.
So what shall we leave for others to see?
Can we leave a Legacy of happiness,
Of harmony,
Of equality?
Or will we leave a Legacy showing ourselves divided and in pain.
Will we change how we treat each other,
So that we can leave a Legacy to be proud of?
What will be our Legacy?

Linda Kirby

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

The Things that are Me

There are some things I can't do.

I can't wear shorts, or else I'll show my thick thighs.

I can't go outside without make-up, because someone may see the true me.

But

I have to let people see the true me,

That doesn't incorporate make-up into her daily routine,

That wears shorts just so that she can be comfortable.

I have to let people see

The things that are me

Portia Kluchesky

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher

Words

You said, once, in the breath of morning

That "we" is not only a word

You said,

Hands on hip, eyes of starlit glass,

That "we" is

Laced between fingers and teeth

A web of woven dreams and ideas

You said then,

"I" is one in a sea of many,

But "we" is the string that holds us all together.

I see now that you were right,

"We" is the word that writes the world.

Cate Knothe

Boise High School

Teri Weisensel - Teacher

I am a forest
No longer a temple
For even a house of worship
Can be desecrated and destroyed
Swallowed by the flames of those
Who deem it unworthy
Leaving only ashes for remembrance
No,
I am a forest
Burn me down as you may
Leave me blackened, beaten
Seemingly desolate and forgotten
My thicket will always rise,
Fueled by the ashes
Of what you tried to destroy
Returning perpetually,
As life among decay

Ciara LaCroix

*Mountain View High School
Matt Edwards - Teacher*

Belonging to Beloved Community

Male, female,
Titles that do not describe the person - just what they look like
Tall, short, skinny, thick,
Appearance is the first thing we see
Life is a ball rolling down a hill
Constantly moving to better places
A place where you are accepted not for the clothes you wear
But for the choices you make
A place where you belong to a beloved community
The Place where you are loved

Destiny Lawson

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

My Love Goes Out To

People.	Sight.
They inspire	Lets us feel
They exist	Lets us think
They have importance	Lets us observe
Animals.	Life.
Want to survive	Should be valued
Want to be loved	Should be loved
Want to thrive	Should be respected
Nature.	Love.
Gives us peace	Needs patience
Gives us beauty	Needs joy
Gives us growth	Needs sacrifices

Taylor Ledgerwood

*Salmon River High School
Ashley Mayes - Teacher*

Aspen

If I was an aspen
Then I would grow
If I spread my roots
Then I wouldn't be so shy
If I let my roots spread
Then I would be free
If I let my branches grow
Then I wouldn't let people boss me around
If I let my leaves fall
Then I would be negative
If I let my roots die
Then I would have given up

Trysta Ledgerwood

*Salmon River High School
Ashley Mayes - Teacher*

Existence

I fell in love

With the taste of frozen water sliding down my throat.

Like cracking ice on burning cement.

With snow-white fur, lazy yellow eyes, and a subdued purr.

With the bliss of hearing nothing.

Like the static inside your head stopped.

With sunny rain, splashing gently on my transparent skin.

With the warm embrace of a loved one.

Like everything built up inside has washed away.

I fell in love with existing.

Sarah Magnuson

Boise High School

Sharon Hanson - Teacher

Home

My hand runs along the striping paint.

He sailed away with hundreds more
for new soil to call home.

I poke my head between damp, splintering wood at ancient barn doors.
He went for his family and families to come.

My eyes scan the road for miniscule shells leaving a trail to the sea.

He left on down a pebbled road,

Shells shattered by horse hooves.

I survey the land of my ancestors with wonder.

Fiona Martinez

Boise High School

Sharon Hanson - Teacher

Why Hate Someone

Because of something they cannot change
For the color of their skin
For their sexuality
Or for their gender identity
Does it matter?
If someone's skin is black, white, brown
If someone's the opposite gender
Or has no gender at all
Choosing to hate someone
When you don't know them
Choosing to hate someone
When they've never wronged you
Choosing to hate someone
It must be difficult to do

Sara Martinez

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

A Perfect World

There is not discrimination
There is no war
The world is at peace
But that is not reality
There is war
There is hate
There is little peace
In this world
People suffer
People hate
But together
We can stand
Against the hate
And accept everyone
No matter how different

Sara Martinez

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Cosmos

She speaks to me
on cold, clear nights.
Whispering words of wisdom,
to the back of my head.
She embraces me
with invisible arms;
Comforting me in times of doubt,
hugging my thoughts dearly.
She enlightens me,
surrounds me with beauty.
Suppressing existence with peace,
covering life with unity.
She brings me harmony,
ringing it in my ears.
She makes us whole.

Amy Matthews

*Meadows Valley High School
Joe Johnson - Teacher*

Lolo, Montana

Take me to
where happiness is
always apparent,
where pain is
Irrelevant, unseen.
Take me to
where understanding is
forever key,
Where judgment is
unnecessary, unneeded.
Take me to
where friendship is
infinite, amazing,
where bonds are never broken.
Take me to
where "home" is
people, my favorite kind,
where "house" is
More than just a location.
Take me back to that place
I hold so dearly in my
heart, the place I called home.

Amy Matthews

*Meadows Valley High School
Joe Johnson - Teacher*

Do Not Run from Me

Come as you are, child,
there is no need to fear.
For I am with you,
past, present and future,
all intentions clear.
Come as you are, child,
broken and bruised.
I will take you in
and keep you warm,
til you've no excuses to use.
Come as you are, child,
come be crushed by love.
I forgave you when
you couldn't forgive yourself
and made you feel worthy of.
Come as you are, child.

Baylie McCallister

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

The Beauty of Simply Caring

Threatened by Loneliness and Sadness
Vexation and Defeat.
Trudging through an evil deceiving mess
As I walk down this nightmarish street.
A friend walked my way,
Hope and truth in their eyes.
They gave me a better day.
And I no longer walked alone down the road of demise.
People, together with me, continuously fed me with strength
Compassion, support, and the simple question showing they truly cared!
"Are you okay?"
Together We thrived.

Alexander McDowell

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

United

Standing proud, an army of trees
One massive group
All connected, a united force
yet separate, all individual
Depending on each other for survival
but also independent, coexisting
with others around
Leaves dancing around from tree to tree
gaining knowledge, making friends
No one can penetrate this deep sense of belonging
The way they have carved a family among themselves

Cheyenne Meshishnek

Coeur d'Alene High School

Mary Parkin - Teacher

On the lake, the lake of no return. Lost lake, make me feel lost but found all at once. My feelings for lost lake will never change. My heart will always save a spot for this lake. The roots of the trees surround the lake, the water of the lake makes these roots grow and gives life to the animals that also call it home. This place makes me feel whole.

Keaton Michael

New Plymouth High School

Erin Murrilo - Teacher

I want to be

I want to be like Maya Angelou,
Writing what I believe and blazing a trail.

I want to be like Rosa Parks,
Refusing to back down for rights I deserve.

I want to be like Malala,
fighting for my purpose no matter the cost.

I want to demand equality so I can live equally.

I want to stand strong so I don't have to be strong.

I want to fight so the fight can end.

Hannah Miller

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher

Harmony to me is a little Hawaiian village by the ocean.

The elders telling stories to the little kids;
the parents gathering food for the village.

They have each other's backs.

No one job is done by one person.

They are whole; a perfect cycle where everything flows perfectly like the
very water by their feet.

Ashley Mio

Fruitland High School

Kara Walton - Teacher

Walls

Individuals have walls.
A metaphor, perhaps, that
represents what one
chooses to show.

These barriers stop us from
being everything that we
truly are as souls.
We can stop this.

Abolish those masking walls.
Embrace the true identity

Rhianon Moon

*Pocatello High School
Caitlin Pankau - Teacher*

of not only yourself,
but others too.

Society is full of those
who aren't willing to accept
the differences of
Humanity.

Acceptance is key to
creating a world where people
can love each other
and live in peace.

Somebody

You said I was ugly,
It was your own biased opinion
You said I was a boy,
It was your own assumption.
You said I was a nobody,
It was your own stereotype.
But I am not restricted by judgments.
You said I was ugly,
But I am beautiful.
You said

Elizabeth Moretti

*Vision Charter School
Becky Mitchell - Teacher*

Dear Ancestors

I am walking along the soil
And digging through my past
Until I stumble upon your roots
That have long since passed.
You had settled down by now
With a grin across your lips
And beads of sweat across your face
Imagining a time someone will look back
And see what you did.
I can feel your presence now
Through backbreaking labor
To sorrowful heartbreak
There is still a grin
Etched with fulfilled accomplishment.

Elizabeth Moretti

*Vision Charter School
Becky Mitchell - Teacher*

Observe

Look around the world,
and open your eyes,
to see what is real.
Find beauty in small things taken for granted.
Embrace all colors,
of lights and darks.
Forget the differences that
separate one another,
Find peace and harmony,
And live as a whole

Jaeda Moyer

*McCall-Donnelly High School
Devon Barker - Teacher*

Like the ocean,
I have highs and lows.
Some days I am the crest of the wave
building, rising, upwards, reaching for a storm cloud sky
And other days I am the insurmountable fall
of water crashing up against the shore.
However, I am greater than my lows
and no matter how many times I come crashing,
tumbling, falling, down.
I will rise again

Mackenzie Niksich

*Mountain Home High School
Maura Brantley - Teacher*

I am fragile.
Yet, I am a force to be reckoned with.
No ordinary rainstorm I,
am a hurricane
of 90 mile per hour winds I am a sight to behold
a wildfire ravaging sage deserts
heaven
and hell.
I have picked up my own pieces and tediously bandaged them back
together

Mackenzie Niksich

*Mountain Home High School
Maura Brantley - Teacher*

I am just like other girls

They tell me I am not like other girls and to be proud of that. But they are wrong. I'm the whole of all the parts of every girl I've ever met. Together we lift each other up and together we can bring others down. We are a force of nature and that makes us all alike. We storm your house, we blow through your internalized sexism and we stand up for each other, together.

Sariah Owens

*Madison High School
Neva Ward - Teacher*

We Choose All of Us

What does we choose all of us mean?

It simply means to understand and celebrate everyone
Celebrate differences and similarities

We must learn to reconnect with each other.

The greatest feeling can be described as when someone chooses to celebrate you fully.

Accept people in such a way as to make them feel wanted in the society we live in today.

This is the one way we can truly reconnect and come together.

Maddi Palmer

*Pocatello High School
Caitlin Pankau - Teacher*

The Wind

Our spirit is what guides us.
Like the wind does with the grass.
We all go in different directions.
But we serve one purpose.
That is to make our country better.
Our humanity is within us.
It's like the air we breathe.
We all need some part of it in our lives.
When we breathe, we hardly notice.
It has become a way of life.

Marissa Penney

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

Ancestors

We receive judgment all because of our ancestors before us.
Their inconsiderate choices do not predict mine or yours.
What they saw as righteous then, we see as frivolous.
They may have intended their motives to be facetious,
Never knowing the devastating outcome of their
Ludicrous decisions.
Don't let the cycle repeat, generate new history.
Fossilize something that our future generations could call
An accomplishment.
Let them be proud to call us their ancestors.

Tapanga Raines

*Capital High School
Christopher Urquiaga - Teacher*

Judgment

Little droplets running down your face

The air, feeling heavy within

Your hands trembling with fear

Slowly you walk up to the podium.

Experiencing judgment within

Before you can speak your thoughts,

The congregation starts going to sleep

Hoping that you don't faint

Finished...

You feel relieved, felt as if it was the next year

Remember, don't Judge

Toby Reeve

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher

Together We are Stronger

Feeling low, shattered, embarrassed, and ashamed,

Alone I suffer alone, with others I become strong

Thrown into the fire from the ashes We will rise,

For our strength is together

Now the fire in our eyes, in unity We find strength

So together We will fight!

No longer will We be held down in the dark

But with a new dawn We will unite

Alyssa Renz

Timberline High School

Greg Hoetker - Teacher

Belonging to a Beloved Community

Lapwai, a small town in the middle of Idaho. Family is one of the words that comes to mind when I think of Lapwai. Everybody knows me, and I know them. We care and love one another. These are my roots and what I love. When it comes to sports, everyone comes out to the game. That's what makes us family. I wouldn't trade it for the world. My home will always be Lapwai, Idaho.

JJ Reuben

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

Together We Are Stronger

We will rise, fight, and protect.
Together we link like chains,
Around our most sacred sites.
Our spirits will be lifted as we join each other,
The air among us will be filled with strength.

Together we are stronger.
Together we are one.
When one endures loss or pain,
We all endure the same.
Combined in strength, what is thrown at us is bearable.
All different cultures, beliefs, and traditions unite.

Kalela Reuben

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

From Ripple to Rush

I lap at your shores and cascade through your veins,
connecting you all with an enigmatic name.

I bring storms and I bring rains,
if only to kindle your fervent flame.

I flow through earth and through air,
breaking every boundary to complete my mission.

I am one thing all have chosen to share,
Yet you've given that no recognition.

I look forward to the future generation
when humanity ceases this discrimination.

Katherine Ryssel

Coeur d'Alene High School

Mary Parkin - Teacher

Taking a knee
Together we stand
Kneeling down
As we hear the band
In our hometown,
Everyone looks
Criticizing us.
We take those looks
As we lock arms
We know who we are
Brothers standing as one
Against a nation
Who looks at us with hate.
Saying we are disrespecting our country,
But is it really our country?
If we're treated as outcasts.
Each day is a battle
But together as one
We are inseparable.

Cristian Santos

Timberline High School

Greg Hoetker - Teacher

The Earth

I am a mountain,
and I am a tiny pebble.
I am the ravishing oceans,
and the delicate rain drops.
I am a scorching desert,
and a harmless little grain of sand.
I could be a monster
your death and demise
crushing cities and killing millions,
or I could be a symbol of hope
something of pure beauty
something you hold onto.
Because I am the Earth
Both my beauty and pain.

Taci Shaw

*New Plymouth High School
Pierrette Madrid-Harris - Teacher*

My Mind Is Free

I look at nature and feel reconciliation,
I sit on the forest floor and practice meditation.
My mind is free.
I rest my eyes and can sense the trees,
I breathe in deep then release.
My mind is free.
Resting there I feel my heart beat,
Matching the rhythm of a creek.
My mind is free.
I touch the dirt with earthen hands,
I feel the grit of weathered lands.
My mind is free.

Alexis Smith

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Out of our mother's breast she feeds us with life.
What would we be without her?
We wear and tear on her body, causing bruises and scars.
We all fight over our mother,
Though we still abuse her.
Now the very milk that would feed us life,
Is being polluted by her own children.
It's up to us to take care of her,
And keep her milk and body safe.

Kelani Smith

*Lapwai High School
Sheila Scott - Teacher*

Don't Follow the Stereotype

In a world of black and white, choose color.
When everyone else is silent, play music.
When the world is in chaos and despair, look for the bright and share
it with others.
When people blow away your dreams because they see them as
sticks,
Rebuild them with bricks instead.
Others will see you as strange,
But eventually those people who told you you couldn't will be asking
you how you could.

Courtnei Smith

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Our place

Reach down,
Feel the Earth.
This is ours.
The place where we grow up:
Learn,
Laugh,
Love.
The same place that confines us;
We call home.
We try to escape,
Explore,
Get away.
But we are still here,
Born on the same grounds in which we must return.
Sacred.
This is our place.

Matthew Stefanic

*Timberline High School
Greg Hoetker - Teacher*

Puzzle Pieces

Everyone wishes to be something he isn't
But no one realizes how we're already fashioned
We are puzzle pieces with
Protruding parts
And concave corners
Aligning perfectly with those around us
The colors we were painted with may seem strange
They may clash crazily
Or whirl with wild patterns
But we are not isolated individuals
Unless we connect with our community
We will never see the bigger picture we were made to create

Anna Stone

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

What Are WE?

Does it matter "WHAT" they are?
If they're black or if they're white?
If they're gay or if they're straight?

No.

It matters who we are.

We must love, must care.

We must help, we must share.

There is no "them."

There is not "me."

There is US.

We are Human.

Ethan Tagalog

Gem State Adventist Academy

Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher

Constant Movement

I thank the Water, for they are a being who supports and heals.
Waves that move in peace, pushing out toxic energy.
Can you feel it on your skin? It flows throughout your soul,
creating an uproar of content and confidence, manifesting waves
of power through energy connected with the Earth.

Aminatu Tall

Richard McKenna Charter High School

Sidney Grub - Teacher

Raise your children to be authentic, to prosper without ignorance or bias. For we will all someday be the educators of the young.
As humans differ, we flourish in our own individual ways; entwined with life and energy, spirit and soul.
To love and be loved, to care and be cared for, that is what will change our future.

Aminatu Tall

*Richard McKenna Charter High School
Sydney Grub - Teacher*

Sun and Soil
All is black
But I am not afraid
For the darkness is warm
And wet
And nurturing
Time to go up
I push and shove and displace
Then
Light
The heat flushes my face
And warms my outstretched
limbs
The blackness below a steady
flow
Of energy,
Blades slice
Axes chop
Infernos sweep through
But I won't worry
Because I know there will
always be the sun
And the soil.

Ibrahim Tall

*Vallivue High School
Amber Ford – Teacher*

The Voice Not Heard

Still, like a fortress in a storm;
Frail, like leaves underfoot.
I stand here
As time cascades a dreamy blue
Around my shell and empty soul
Who am I?
I am a free prisoner,
Locked in a borderless room.
A bearer of invisible chains
Tied to opinions and respect.
Afraid, like a bug in a web,
To speak my inaudible voice.
Falling, like the hot tear
Down my frozen cheek.
When will I be understood...

Kelton Turner

*Gem State Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

New Page

I struggle with thoughts
The thoughts that many are forgotten
Hidden beneath the shadow of ignorance
Victims of oppression
I struggle that I am hopeless to meet their needs
But a world of those who unite
Unite to help free those whose needs are barely
met
Is a world that could be

Gabriel Uvay

*Gem State Adventist Academy
Kimberley Mitchell - Teacher*

Sacred

To me, nature is sacred
The rolling hills of Idaho
The pine trees
The wind blowing through the grass
The running water
The purple and white mountains
These are sacred places
They create energy
Healing, growing, safe energy

Alyssa Wainaina

*Renaissance High School
James LeDoux - Teacher*

We Belong

We aren't a typical society.
We aren't defined by other's values.
We are free to be ourselves
Because we are our own selves.
We aren't restricted
By stereotypes of the world.
We can overcome
Hatred thrown around by the jealous.
We aren't the same
We have individual minds.
Different, special, unique,
We aren't one people.
We don't have to be the same,
We can work together
Because when we try,
We all belong together.

Hailey Warren

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

A Letter to my Ancestors

Dear first steps,
I'm sorry to have forgotten you,
You sun-stretched sproutling, you.
When we lifted off solid earth –
wings beating
against crisp sky – I'm sorry
our thoughts of thunderstorms
pushed you from our minds.
But when the sun won't shine
up here, I gaze down at you,
puzzling at this miracle –
the bones in my wings
hardened from the veins
in your leaves – and I soar only
thanks to you, you
Darkness-braved explorer, you.

Carly Werdel

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

On Hope

Transcendence:
Different things to different people,
She speaks of a future of love.
She sees equality of race, gender, and religion.

Elevation:
On a mountaintop far away,
He dreams of an aquifer.
He longs for cleanliness, flow, and hydration.

Humanity:
All of us together,
We are connected.
We will build homes, communities, and love.

Nicole Wheeler

*Vallivue High School
Zachary Barclay - Teacher*

Pulchritudinous World

Olivia Williamson

They call me

Hippy

Dreamer

Tree-hugger.

Crazy.

I guess, they just can't feel the Earth's heartbeat

Isn't it thrilling, hearing the epic battle of thunderstorms drumming the world?

Isn't it enchanting smelling the breeze and tasting the ocean in your lungs?

Isn't it spectacular to allow your eyes to feast upon the colors of a sunset?

"No"

I guess, they can just go back to work.

Meanwhile I'll be having adventures.

Olivia Williamson

Vallivue High School

Zachary Barclay – Teacher

We aren't made the same

We're made of the same generic biological parts as everybody else

We all have skin, bones, and tissues

But does that make us the same

We're different from past and future generations

Is that a crippling societal norm?

No, we're so much more

We are the future leaders of this great country

We are future parents in hopes to raise another wonderful generation

We are...

We are a new generation

Benjamin Yancey

Pocatello High School

Caitlin Pankau - Teacher

The world falls apart along tessellation fault lines that nobody saw coming.
The Earth shakes with the cries of the streets.
The melting pot is starting to separate,
Like oil and water.
There was a time of cohesion.
We knew what the person on the opposite end of the field wanted.
I used to know,
But now I'm not sure anymore.
Nowadays it's us and them.
Blues and reds.
Blacks and whites.
Oil and water.

Anders Zurich

*Boise High School
Anna Daley - Teacher*

Hyperbolic Self

The man who discovered the universe
was a woman,
was me as I glanced at the sky,
at the stars and their moon,
and said: yes, there is more out there.

I looked at our Earth –
where those ants and whales and people
all live such valiant lives,
all survive –
and then I looked outward
And I understood.

Beatrix Zwolfer

*Boise High School
Sharon Hanson - Teacher*

* Stories of Transformation Award
+More than one poem

Boise High School

Boise
Dakota Ashton
Erin Brassey
Paris Davis
Cate Knothe*+
Sarah Magnuson
Fiona Martinez
Baylie McCallister
Fiona Stanton*
Carly Werdel
Anders Zunich
Beatrix Zwolfer

Borah High School

Boise
Percephone Bias

Caldwell High School

Caldwell
Samantha Asbury

Capital High School

Boise
Lomoro Aggrey
Tre'anna Cussins
Tapanga Raines

Coeur d'Alene High School

Coeur d'Alene
Zoe Cox
Alyssa Ellis
Cheyenne Meshishnek
Katherine Ryssel

Compass Honors High School

Meridian
Katherine Akers
Sydney Gullickson

Columbia High School

Nampa
Chloe Bowen

Fruitland High School

Fruitland
Elle Berry
Robby Christensen
Addison Concidine
Megan Jensen
Ashley Mio

Gem State Adventist Academy

Caldwell
Susi Aguirre
Sierra Davis+
Aurora Gault
Kayla Hastings
Chloe Iwasa
Jamie Jansen+
Linda Kirby
Portia Kluchesky
Destiny Lawson
Hannah Miller
Toby Reeve
Alexis Smith
Anna Stone
Ethan Tagalog
Kelton Turner
Gabriel Uvay

Lapwai High School

Lapwai
Racquel Domebo*
Victoria Johnnie
Tui Moliga*
Marissa Penney
JJ Reuben
Kalela Reuben
Kelani Smith

Madison High School

Rexburg
Sariah Owens

Marian Pritchett High School

Boise
Laura Cross

McCall-Donnelly High School

McCall
Jaeda Moyer

Meadows Valley High School

New Meadows
Huntley Kenley
Amy Matthews+

Meridian Academy

Meridian
Lizzy Christle

Middleton High School

Middleton
Minnie Cain

Mountain Home High School

Mountain Home
Mackenzie Niksich+

Mountain View High School*Meridian*

Ciara LaCroix

New Plymouth High School*New Plymouth*

Ella Burgin

Clara Gallegos

Mataea Jamison

Keaton Michael

Taci Shaw

One Stone High School*Boise*

Indigo Blauch-Chappell*

Ariana Borzea

Pocatello High School*Pocatello*

Cameron Alder

Shayleigh Davis

Hannah Hall

Rhianon Moon

Maddi Palmer

Benjamin Yancey

Renaissance High School*Meridian*

Alyssa Wainaina

Richard McKenna Charter High School*Mountain Home*

Aminatu Tall*+

Riverstone International School*Boise*

Layla Bagwell**+

Salmon River High School*Riggins*

Taylor Ledgerwood

Trysta Ledgerwood

Timberline High School*Boise*

Zenab Ebed

Sofia Edgar*

Alyssa Renz

Cristian Santos

Matthew Stefanic

Vallivue High School*Caldwell*

Maddy Bunn

Emma Christensen

Joslin Deaton

Kelsee Eardley

Andison Fluckiger

Andrew Gessel

Kaegan Hayes

Sara Martinez+

Alexander McDowell

Courtnei Smith

Ibrahim Tall*+

Hailey Warren

Nicole Wheeler

Olivia Williamson

Vision Charter School*Caldwell*

Jadyn Doramus

Gillian Hall

Elizabeth Moretti+

Wallace Junior/Senior High School*Wallace*

Ezra Saville*

Support Friends Who Have Experienced Abusive Relationships or Sexual Assault

When someone is abused or sexually assaulted, they usually tell a friend first, if they tell anyone. Sometimes they don't say anything, but you may notice something is wrong and be worried about them.

While it can be hard to know what to do, you have a lot of influence in encouraging your friend to get the help they need. Here are a few suggestions to help a friend:

Start the Conversation – Begin a conversation from a place of concern, avoid judgment or lecturing. Let your friend know what you've noticed and don't be afraid to tell them you're worried. Be sure your friend knows that no one deserves to be hurt and that you aren't blaming them for anything.

Listen and Be Supportive – Ask them to share anything they feel comfortable sharing, then really listen. It's not your job to gather all the facts, just to support and listen. Let your friend talk about the abuse or sexual assault in the way that they need to. Make them feel safe with you as the person they choose to talk to and give them time to share their experience. Know your friend may not recognize the abuse (which may happen through texts, on the phone, or online), might be afraid or embarrassed to talk about a sexual assault, or may be confused about what happened to them. Also understand that your friend may not realize that coerced sex (when someone manipulates, tricks, or guilts a person into sex) is sexual assault. If your friend didn't want it to happen, then it shouldn't have. If your friend was sexually assaulted, encourage them to seek immediate medical treatment.

Things To Say – Encourage your friend to get help from a trusted adult, and help them connect to the resources they need. Don't judge your friend. Here's examples of things to say:

"I'm here for you."

"I'm sorry this happened to you. No one deserves to be hurt."

"It's not your fault."

"I am worried about you."

"How can I help?" or "What do you need?"

Stay Connected – Your friend needs you to listen and be supportive. Respond with understanding and empathy, not anger. Your friend may not want help from anyone. Understand what you see or hear may make you frustrated and upset. Don't close the door of communication by threatening to do something they don't want. Also, expect that your friend may share and then not say anything to you for several weeks or even months. Don't pressure them to talk, just let them know you are available when they want to talk.

Get Support – Your friend may feel more comfortable talking about the situation with someone anonymously over the phone, in that case, help them reach out to a local domestic or sexual violence organization, or one of the national support helplines listed on the next page. You can also call the helplines to get support in how to help your friend.

Where to get help

National Dating Abuse Helpline

1-866-331-9474 or www.loveisrespect.org to chat with an advocate online

National Sexual Assault Hotline

1-833-656-HOPE (4673) or www.rainn.org to chat with an advocate online

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline

1-800-273-TALK (8255) or www.suicidepreventionlifeline.org to chat with a crisis counselor online

The Trevor Project

1-866-488-7386 for LGBTQ young people ages 13-24 or www.thetrevorproject.org to chat online

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 more.

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

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.

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www.ourgenderrevolution.org