

Tales of old, outside of the lines: By Mikiah Gerrity

This world is our canvas,  
our tongues tell tales which make our words into dances.  
I found my voice in this city,  
deep and rich in history.  
Writing was lost and dull, but I found a place which made me whole.  
The lines are bold, colors describing passion and honor in our words,  
But we aren't meant to be in the lines  
Color outside the lines where the boundaries are endless.  
My heart beats for the poetry in the world around us.  
Art is alive, these faces are alive, and they're here to tell stories and inspire.  
Reds and oranges igniting a fire with every brushstroke,  
just like the fire that burns in the soul for pen on paper.  
Words of poets are loud and bold, but only for the people willing to hear.  
Never be contained by lines of old,  
Choose to escape and speak your mind, and bring your boldness to life.  
I write this poem to inspire and honor,  
This city is full of tales,  
and they continue to be spoken through the burning passion of the mouth and paper