Creativity at the Core
Fill these pages with Creative Expressions, Reflections, Self-discovery and Poetry

"Every circumstance is an opportunity" ~ Ms. Sierra Leone
Core Creativity

This Creative Writing and Visioneering Journal is the Property of:

_________________________________ Date: ___/_____/_____

Age: _____________ Grade __________

Completed my Final Entry Date: ______/______/______

Who gave you this journal?

____________________________________________________________

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Mindfulness, Inner Choice, & Self-Expression

Coloring this mandala activates the energy in your throat. Use any blue crayon shade, start coloring in the center, and work your way to the edges. Coloring the mandala will support your creativity.
Name something that you would never compromise on. Why?
Describe ten sounds that you associate with Fall.
When you look in the mirror what do you see?

Question ...

Is it art or is it a mess?
Who is Hip-Hop?
By Ms. Sierra Leone

Four elements of evolution
turn table turn’n
dee jay don’t hurt’em
manufactured beats
engineer’d emceeing

Lets take it to the floor!
Genre itself standing’
in a B-Boy Stance
find the fountain of youth
in a funky baseline

Percussion sounds pulsate,
she found her own way
the spirit of innovation
migrates through sound wave,
African dance and chants

Culture celebrating itself
small ambitions and freedom
birth global recognition,
hip-hop is not what we do
we live it …
**Sympathy**  
By Paul Laurence Dunbar

I know what the caged birds feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals -  
I know what the caged bird feels!

**The Rose That Grew From Concrete**  
By Tupac Shakur

Did you hear about the rose the grew  
from a crack in the concrete?  
Proving nature's law is wrong it  
learned to walk with out having feet.  
Funny it seems, but by keeping its dreams,  
it learned to breathe fresh air.  
Long live the rose that grew from concrete  
when no one else ever cared.
We Used Our Words We Used What Words We Had
BY FRANNY CHOI

we used our words we used what words we had
to weld, what words we had we wielded, kneeled,
we knelt. & wept we wrung the wet the sweat
we wracked our lips we rang for words to ward
off sleep to warn to want ourselves. to want
the earth we mouthed it wound our vowels until
it fit, in fits the earth we mounted roused
& rocked we harped we yawned & tried to yawp
& tried to fix, affixed, we facted, felt.
we fattened fanfared anthemed hammered, felt
the words’ worth stagnate, snap in half in heat
the wane the melt what words we’d hoarded halved
& holey, porous. meanwhile tide still tide.
& we: still washed for sounds to mark. & marked.

Who Can be born Black
By Mari Evans

Who
can be born black
and not
sing
the wonder of it
the joy
the challenge

And/to come together
in a coming togetherness
vibrating with the fires of pure knowing
reeling with power
ringing with the sound above sound above sound
to explode/in the majesty of our oneness
our coming together
in a coming togetherness

Who
can be born
black
and not exult!
Gathering Space
By Ms. Sierra Leone

Architecture
is music symmetrically standing still.
renovated imaginations, renewed.
rising to the occasion, synchronized migration,
reshaped energy, embodying the multiplicity of community

healing hues of mint green and royal blue
color in the glory, told story and fable
inherited sovereign ground
descendants of descendants
fill this sacred public domain

one city block mending Dayton great divide
east and west unifier
the eminence of the birthplace of aviation
bruised wings stand on the shoulders
of Gem City Buffalo Soldiers
a legacy of complex parity, etched
through a prism of cross-generational diversity

fortified dreams
witnessed a witness, witnessing to a witness.
picture, freedom sitting at dusk,
vulnerability clothed in a scholar garb
the next lifetime in the distance
destination. The Gathering Space
where brilliance roams, wonders, & exhales freely

To histories unsung champions
you are planted autonomy upward spring
the circadian heartbeat of humanity
genres of animated inspiration
pulsating vigor
with each turning page lives are changed!

Welcome to Library

Dedication to The Dayton Metro Library

Where I'm From
By George Ella Lyon

I am from clothespins,
from Clorox and carbon-tetrachloride.
I am from the dirt under the back porch.
(Black, glistening
it tasted like beets.)
I am from the forsythia bush,
the Dutch elm
whose long gone limbs I remember
as if they were my own.

I am from fudge and eyeglasses,
from Imogene and Alafair.
I'm from the know-it
-alls
and the pass
-it
-ons,
from perk up and pipe down.
I'm from He restoreth my soul
with cottonball lamb
and ten verses I can say myself.

I'm from Artemus and Billie's Branch,
fried corn and strong coffee.
From the finger my grandfather lost
to the auger
the eye my father shut to keep his sight.
Under my bed was a dress box
spilling old pictures.
a sift of lost faces
to drift beneath my dreams.
I am from those moments --
snapped before I budded --
leaf-fall from the family tree.
Ode to Apples
By Sierra Leone
Creative Writing Class

when I look at you what do I see,
I see a yellowish, lime greenish colored apple
leaning to the right like it missed its V.8 for the day

I see an apple that has been deprived
of its right to fully ripe
an apple that has been abused, mistreated, and oppressed
from the second it fell from the trees of Mother Nature

the apple rolls from the tip of my fingers
to the palm of my hand
like toilet paper does off a roller,
in some areas it feels like a baby’s bottom
that has been wiped too much
in others,
like a rock on the beach you can rub against your skin
and would not scratch you.

moving the apple from hand to hand
sounds like the echoes of someone playing racquetball,
beating the apple against the hollow table
reminds me of my mother knocking on my bedroom door
when I am late for school.

My apple smells very sweet with a touch of spice
it has the same fresh smell that comes
every time the seasons change.

Smelling it brings to mind
the way freshly cut grass smells right after it rains.
The touch of spice and sweetness
that overtakes the soft and rotten parts
overwhelm it from top to bottom.
The shield or the outer layer
taste really chewy like overcooked steak.

The inner layer has lots of brown spots that comes from the harsh journey taken
before reaching the palm of my light tan hand

Date: _____/_____/
New Word: _____________________________
Meaning:

Date: _____/_____/
New Word: _____________________________
Meaning:

Date: _____/_____/
New Word: _____________________________
Meaning:

Date: _____/_____/
New Word: _____________________________
Meaning:
Where I am From Poem Activity
(George Ella Lyon)

Directions: Four Stanzas, Each Stanza Has Four Lines. Each Stanza Begins – “I am from…”

First Stanza: (Familiar sights, sounds, or smells of your neighborhood)
Second Stanza: (Familiar Foods)
Third Stanza: (Family Sayings)
Fourth Stanza: (Friends)

______________________________ “I Am From” Poem

Stanza #1 – I am from…

Stanza #2 – I am from…

Stanza #3 – I am from…

Stanza #4 – I am from