



ANANSI'S WEB

Words and Thoughts from the Youth of Covenant House Los Angeles



Storytelling is an act of both power and vulnerability. Once a word is spoken or written it becomes property of not only its creator but of the world to which it enters. For the past five months, through the Anansi Project, youth have been provided a safe space in which to share their stories. The words spoken and written made us laugh, cry, and think. They inspired, they warned and they comforted us.

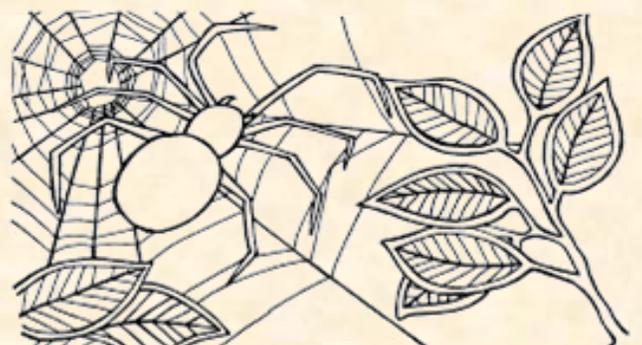
The goal of this edition of Anansi's Web is to provide the reader with a glimpse of the world of today's young adult. We hope that you enjoy this magazine and honor the words and thoughts contained within its pages.

A sincere thank you to all of the youth who participated in the Anansi Project workshop. Special thanks goes to all of the staff of Covenant House-Los Angeles, especially Noel Russell. Thank you to Mike Lynch and the youth in the Wednesday night art workshop. Also, a big thank you goes to Reverend Seth Pickens and First Lady Isis Pickens of Zion Hill Baptist Church of Los Angeles who generously covered the printing expenses for Anansi's Web.

To words!

Jana

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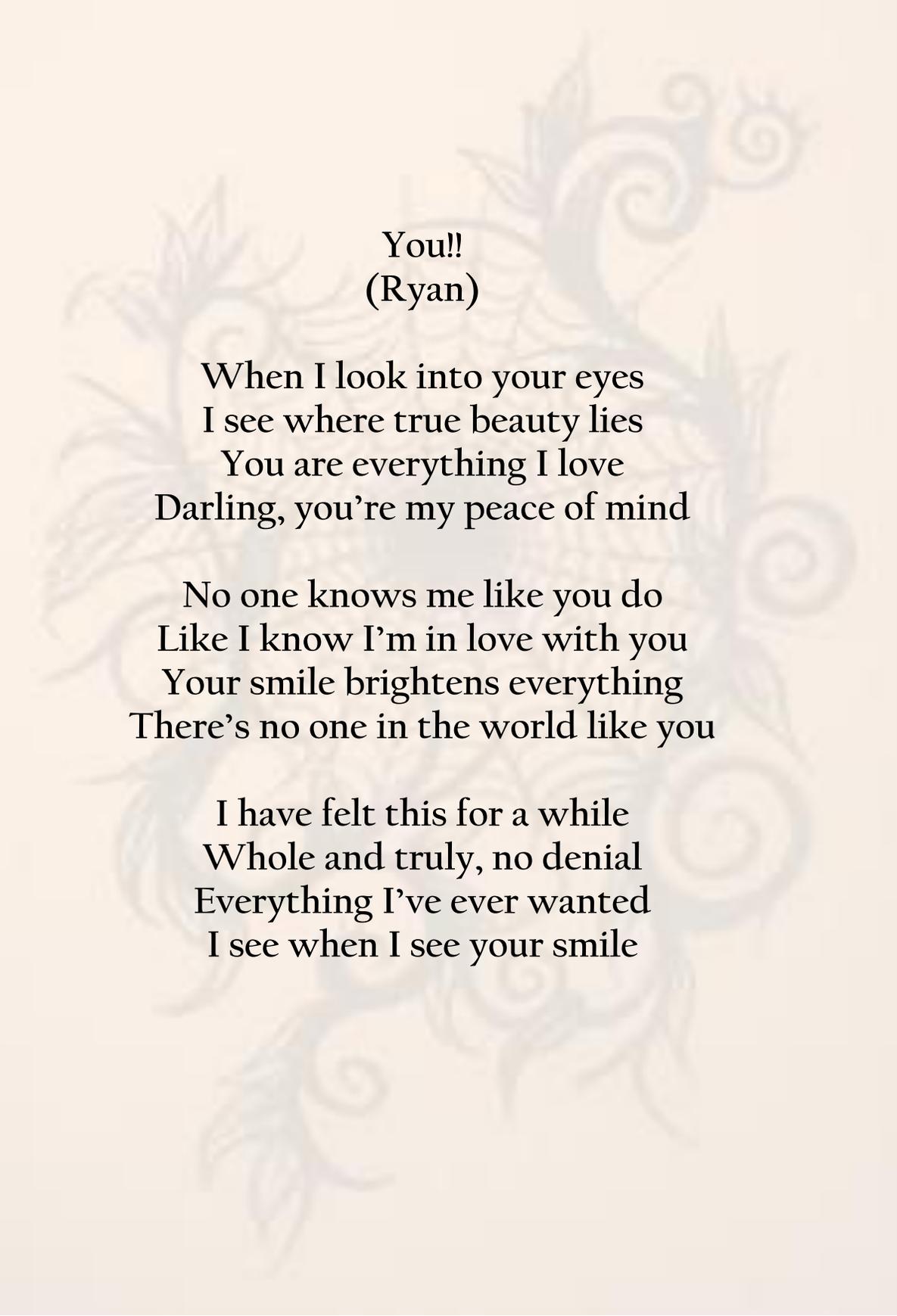


Alone
(Erma)

“Alone” that’s the only word in my mind
as I stood in the middle of nowhere on a
road going to somewhere I did not know.
The wind slapped my jacket a force that
kept me moving kept me from thinking
about the giant hole I felt in my stomach
everytime I thought about where I was
trying to get to. All I knew was what I
wanted, what I loved. If only that driver
hadn’t been so short tempered and
dropped me off here.

Utopia?
(Wilson)

Utopia, where is it?
I never thought of that before.
Then coming to the realization
It is a state of mind
I’m always happy when I eat, read and
sleep.
What is your utopia?

A faint, light-colored floral and vine pattern is visible in the background of the page, centered behind the text.

You!!
(Ryan)

When I look into your eyes
I see where true beauty lies
You are everything I love
Darling, you're my peace of mind

No one knows me like you do
Like I know I'm in love with you
Your smile brightens everything
There's no one in the world like you

I have felt this for a while
Whole and truly, no denial
Everything I've ever wanted
I see when I see your smile

The Users (Marcus)

A big thing I've noticed that bothers me is the way people treat you in different situations. In my personal experience, most of the time, people are nice to me, do things for me, when they want something from me, whether it be advice/comfort in a hard time, food, to use something of mine or even to get a recommendation from me. But as soon as that task is over and they no longer need or want me for any of those reasons they kick me to the curb. They try and discredit everything (good or bad) that I do. They go out of their way to make my life horrible professionally and personally. Now I'm not saying I'm a saint or anywhere near perfect, I've got a lot of flaws. But when I give people the impression that I'm a caring and responsible and motivated person, I want to try to live that lifestyle.

My Utopia Keeps Me Sane (Katik Florez)

My utopia is in my mind when my earphones are on and the music is playing. My utopia is peaceful and takes me away from the ignorant and annoying fuckers. I block the whole world out and enjoy every minute of it. My utopia is when I am alone, when I don't have to talk or interact with anybody. The less people I associate with in this hell hole the less drama I am likely to get into. I need my daily dose of utopia in order to keep sane. Without my utopia I would lose it.

A Day In the Life of a Squirrel
(Alex)

- I eat nuts everyday
- I LOVE nuts
- I love chasing birds
- I'm able to jump very high into trees
- I'll bite you if you get too close
- I am adorable

Good night

Untitled
(Hannah)

I'm getting new glasses! So excited!
I feel like a bunny.
I'm hyper as all get out because I just
had two cups of coffee this evening with
a *blank* ton of sugar.

Omg, now I'm cold. Burrrrr....

The Night the Devil Cried (Day)

She sits on the edge of her bed wondering if he will be back tonight. Her skin is so cold, the blood makes no force to come out of her veins. Looking out the window she noticed the flowers exchanging DNA... even the flowers are happier than me she whispered to herself. The mirrors crack, only leaving her shadow in the darkness. Hoping he will call, she goes in her head and like Hannibal Lector she eats her soul and brain alive. No regrets for the damage she's doing she zips her heart up and sent the key back to hell. Only if he could know her body is tired, sleep is her ecstasy and her knife is her heroin. The night falls on top of her breast heavy and cold. Her soul says bye. Silent, the wind has nothing to say after that heated night under the covers of the bed. He did come back but her blood says nothing to him...

He gets a call from a demon reporting to him that they have a new guest...a young lady who died of an overdosed drug. He asked the demon tell me the name of the drug...it is called LOVE the demon replied... Unexpected, his eyes filled with tears...

That night the devil cried....

A Moment of Pain is Worth a Lifetime of Glory
(Marcus)

What do you describe as pain? Is it the physical thunder of words; punches to the heart? Is it the physical blows from fists? Impacts that could pierce your heart? Or is it the mental state in which you let yourself get taken down by these physical bombs of society: peers, family.

The quote “a moment of pain is worth a lifetime of glory” really speaks to me. I have only a couple more questions for you to pick your brain about – first, there has always been a saying that I personally have been told on numerous occasions: “In order to lead, you have to learn to follow.” In order to be and stay on top you have to know what it is like on the bottom. So there’s no “Undercover Boss” show where you go do entry-level work to find out what’s going on. You, yourself, should start from the bottom.

Dreams
(Damond)

I'm hoping I can further myself into my goals while being as comfortable as possible.

Untitled
(Christopher)

Today was kinda sort of in way stressful and in a way tiring; also, you can say, at times emotional for me.

I really don't know the steps to take me away from these distractions.

But really... I do just need to execute correctly.

I

will

achieve

M

Y

dreams

