

**Wednesday
Writing
Workshop**
with

**Professor
Virginia Scott**

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**A Waterways Project
Publication**

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This piece is excerpted from Virginia Scott's
Poems for a Friend in Late Winter

*It was used as a heuristic
for the work that follows.*

Mother is sky
wind
clouds
cirrus, cumulus
thunderheads
She is northeaster
-squirrel
.22
children

The following piece was written by the class as a whole.

Stone is

Stone is strength

weapons

colors

grey, black, green

gold, silver

pearly, jade

Stone is power

flint

hard

mighty

solid

Stone is heritage

arizona

puerto rico

princessa

Stone is alcatraz

wall

being buried

Stone breaks

women of Brewster Place

god

Stone is forever

Angel Ruiz

Dear TV,

Thanks for so much happiness. I've cried with you, laughed with you, got violent with you, learned with you, played "Play-station" with you. I guess what I'm saying is: don't ever leave. Without you in the hole I'm in, I'll go insane. That's how much you mean to me. Thanks.

Angel

Beer: is good
influencing
tastes good
good on a hot day
it cures depression for a short time
cures pain
habit
slurs speech
alcohol
Blueribbon
Heineken
Budwieser
St. Ides
St. James
make you sick
liver problems
rehab
substitute
Drunk

I am chillin' with a six-pack of Pabst Blue Ribbon on top of a mountain with the medicine for my sickness and meditating I am with nature.

I see myself flying in the sky travelling through the world. I see people happy. I see this music in a movie.

I see the ocean and what used to be a hermit crab's home with spikes to protect it and now I see the sea gulls while me and my Pop are chillin' on a fishing boat in Sheepshead Bay and me throwing the unused bait to the sea gulls and watching them fly down and catching the bait.

The crab who had it got it by wishing for it, and there it was so happy. The crab died and some one picked up the shell.

Arturo Vargas

I miss both my grandfathers.
I wish I could see them right now.
They passed away and if I could see them
again I'll be happy for the rest of my life.

Stones are very hard and
have a lot of colors like
gold, silver, grey, black,
green, pearl and jade.

my happiness

is

joy

very

grateful

and

beautiful

when

I

meet

somebody

like

a

girl

I

found

somebody

who

will

live

happily

ever

after.

Robert Goggins

Da sound of PO PO makes me want to
blast 4-4 BUICAA BUICAA EVIL I do ta ya
for makin' unnecessary noise. My boys
breakin' like toys, tryin' ta avoid
confrontation mad enough ta murder a nation
I start hallucinatin',
the weed got me exaggatin', no hesitation
on breakin', me's be fakin'.
Thugs takin' dough from
Willie's clubs show no love
to undercovers.
That's what we does
when we feel the buzz.
What bring it back
feel the contact
Da fam be stuck in the truck
Getting high
off the lie
Bloody eyes

no surprise
we on da rise
Now play ya game
we sure to shine
wit **REAL RHYMES**
You got beef
we peel nines
I deal dollar for signs.
This world
is run
in modern times
I'm out of mines.

Jason Soto

The time in my childhood that I would like to re-live is when I was in Junior High School. I see a big difference from then compared to now. The difference is that everything was fun back then. I felt more energized and so full of life. Now I'm more serious than I thought I would ever be.

I am a loud noise that makes people jump in less than a second. I disturb people's sleep, wake up their kids. I am a noise that the whole block will hear. I even talk, "You are too close, **back up!**" I can be shut off by a click of a button or I can be stolen.

This is myself. I am so proud of myself. You set a goal and you are halfway there. You are so understanding, and you are a good listener, a good brother.

You will never let anything stand in the way of your goals. You have a great personality and sense of humor. You look out for what you feel you have to.

You live for what you have to do and that's why you're in this position.

WORLD IS STRANGE

VIOLENCE A BOND, LOVE
HATE A MIND GAME
DISCRIMINATION JOYFUL
GUNS CONFUSING

WORLD IS JEALOUSY

ENVY
MATERIALISTIC
DRUGS
DEATH
HARD
PAINFUL
REGRETFUL
COMPETITIVE

Randy Pinckney

To My Mother

This letter is to my mother, to whom I apologize, "Ma, I'm sorry for the mischief, I'm sorry for the lies, I'm sorry for the pain I caused and the nights I made you cry. Please forgive me because on me you can rely. I will love you forever. Even if I die you were there for me when no one else was, you believed in me when no one else did. You believed in me when going through the worst.

You were a father to me and gave me the strength to survive. I love you with all my heart and soul because you are my heart. So, from this day forward, I make an oath to be the son you wanted me to be. I'm going to be here for you the way you have been there for me.

Love,
Randy

Lockert Walker

God is Love

peace

joy

hope when there is no hope

forever with you if only you let him

mighty

strength

the light of this dark and wicked world

good

great

the best

Kathy Goldbeck

Walls

Walls are the barriers
distracting me from my eternity.

Walls are the separators
between bad & good but
to be good you must be
proven before crossing over.

Walls are sacred cause
when alone what's said is
never to be &
Confidentiality is never denied
walls are my sanity.

My singing brings calmness through my body, letting
go my fears and sorrows and expressing them in
harmonic tunes leaving me with peace of mind. It's
my getaway car and I can drive as long as I want,
making many turns and not having to worry what
people say and think.

My singing is my freedom.

Taijnauth Kalpupersaud (VJ)

I see the motion of everyone moving slowly,
and fear in my mother's eyes. I feel so sorry
for her. I get up slowly and sit next to her.
She tells me it's just memory from the past.

I feel such a kind of sad feeling. While
resisting it, I was there with my family going
to heaven.

A Waterways Project Publication