



Where the Place

Comes Alive

A QuaranZine

Where the Place Comes Alive:
A QuaranZine

Writing and Artwork by Students from
Youth Homes
and

Free Verse in the Missoula County Juvenile Detention Center
and

Pine Hills Youth Correctional Facility

December 2020

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What My Days and Nights Look Like

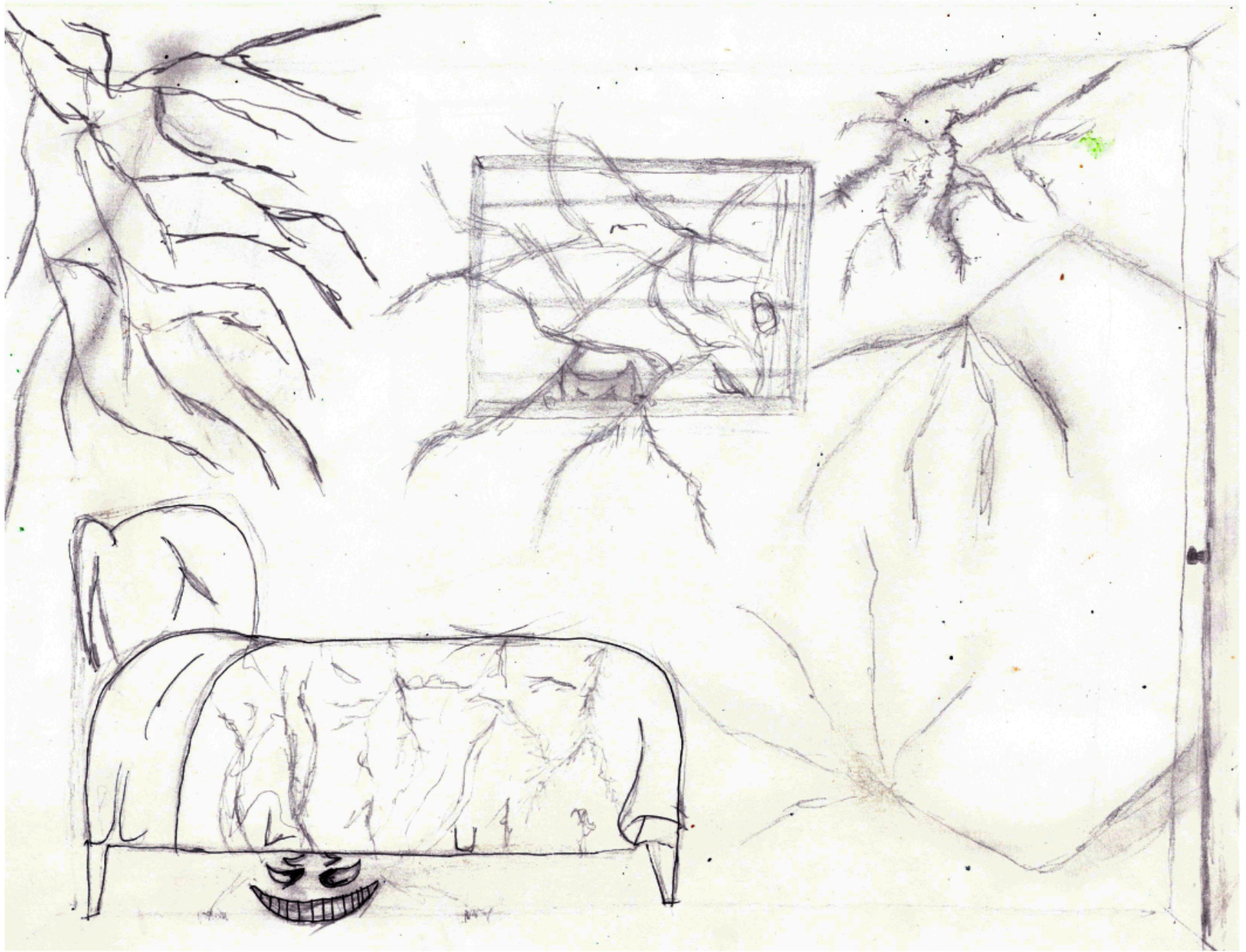
What my mornings, days and nights look like is long filled with hell and bulls**t working out dealing with the same people every day sleeping in a cell that smells like sewers through the vents waking up to someone over an intercom getting pissed because I am still here in the same cell same bed in the same place and can't f**king go anywhere but a damn dayroom that isn't any bigger than this classroom maybe a little bigger but not much and thinking about the same sh** every damn day.

-C.T.S

Trapped as a "Civilized" Person

It seems like everyone I talk to doesn't understand the help I feel I need,
But I can't get the help I need, because I'm in jail.
People think I'm just trying to get out of jail,
When I'm actually trying to get help.
I will get the help I need eventually.
With most court cases it is just sentencing,
And the law doesn't want to actually take care of
People with drug problems.
They just get rid of them for the little bit,
Then they come back and do the same thing they
were doing
And they are like
"They didn't learn,"
When they never got taught
Something to help themselves.
Because I've been in the worst place ever.

-E



Art by T

Untitled

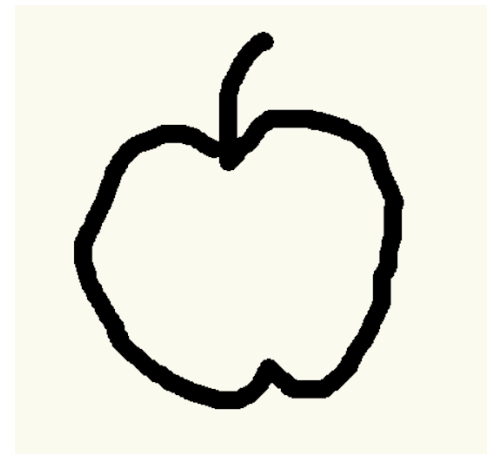
A list of things I know to be true is people that have authority will try to get you to give them information and make you think they will help you but that's all bulls**t they try to manipulate you into believing their lies and make you think they will protect you but they won't they get what they want and forget about you I've seen it happen to other people. I hate snitches with a passion and they tried to get me to snitch and I told them to f**k off that it would help them and buy my own bullet like freal. I know how the sh** works I've been in the game my whole life and living in Arkansas especially in Little Rock you learn that no one gives a f**k about you and they will do what is beneficial to them at the end of the day. People always wanna be there ride or die but when they get threatened with jail time they crack easier than an egg. I'm not like that I'm taking a hit and going to prison for some sh** I didn't even do. Why? Because I'm loyal and I, RK, know what it's like to be snitched on.

-RK

List of Five Things I Know to Be True

1. Birds aren't real
2. Coconuts are mammals
3. "Apple" is pronounced "Bapple"
4. I miss my ex
5. Money isn't the root of evil, people are

-RHC



Places I Went Yesterday

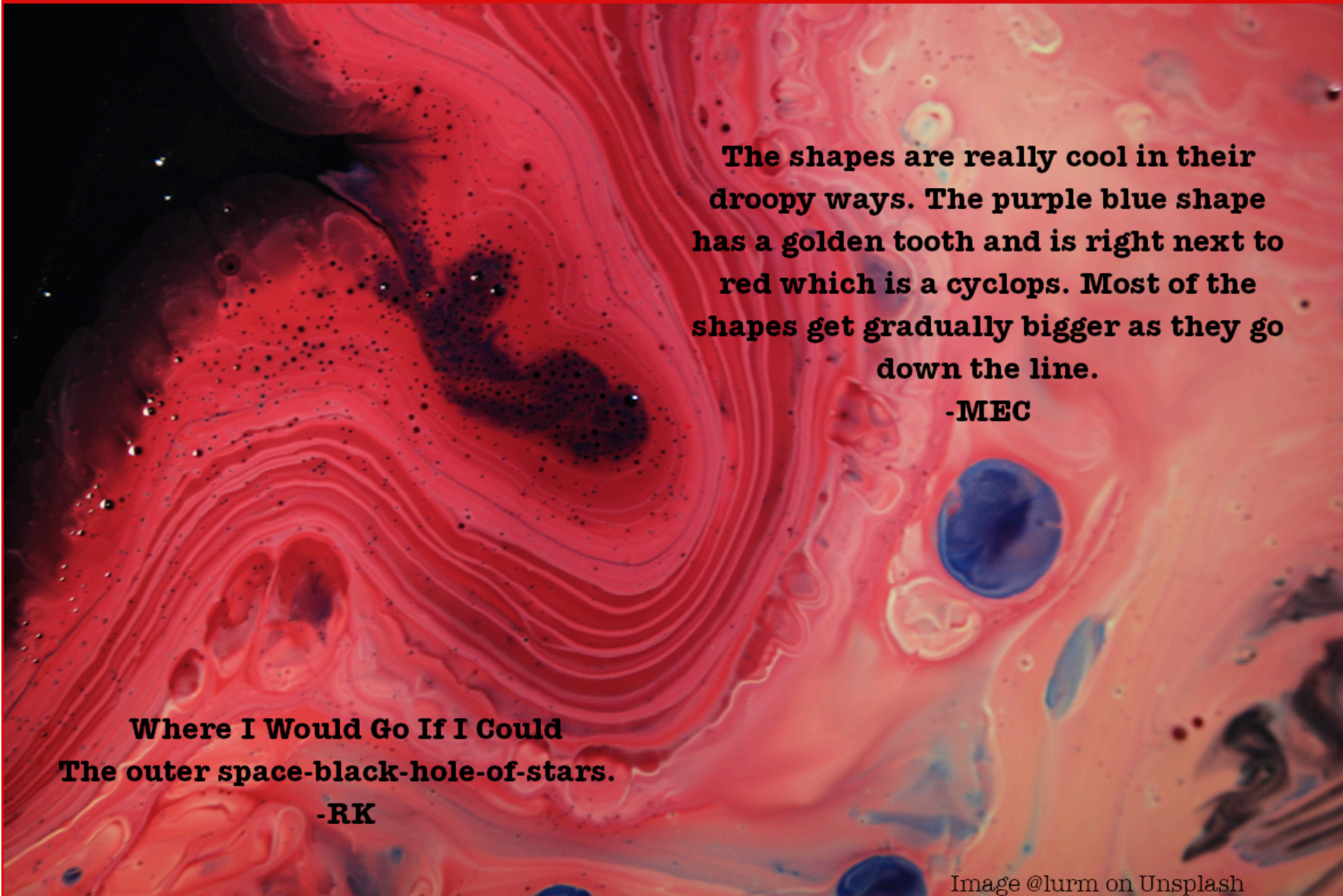
I witnessed my girlfriend cheating on me in my head.
I had a dream I got stabbed in jail.
I pictured myself bumpin' to some tunes with my
girlfriend
Driving a white Dodge Charger.

-RK

Rid of Me

My problems are in one world.
I'm always in and out of jail, because I can't be
A "civilized" person.
I can't let the system run me.
It's hard to explain that to people
Who don't do the same thing.
When I do talk to someone who deals
With the same thing,
It's like Legos connecting together.
But, when they don't know what it's like,
They always say
'You need to straighten up,'
When my differences won't allow me to change.
So they get rid of me to solve their issues.

-E



The shapes are really cool in their droopy ways. The purple blue shape has a golden tooth and is right next to red which is a cyclops. Most of the shapes get gradually bigger as they go down the line.

-MEC

**Where I Would Go If I Could
The outer space-black-hole-of-stars.**

-RK

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What I Miss From Home

Hunting deer and elk and bear and rabbits
With my mom and dad and two sisters
But I won't do that for four years
Because I will be in Pine Hills Prison till I'm 18
years old starting
Tomorrow?

-T

Home

Things that make me feel like home are the woods,
the bar, my family, my dog, my bike,
a small town, working in a field out in the middle of
nowhere.
Working in really hot weather all day—not taking a
break.
Working on a house in a small neighborhood.
Anything that is hands-on in hot or cold weather
reminds me of home.

-CTS

Being a W.

Being a W. is a rough life.
Got a family member in jail every other night.
Dad just relapsed—being an addict is a tough fight.
Losing family members is the hardest thing in life.
We're in such a bad position that we steal from a woman's
purse,
workin' hard to break hold from the Devil's curse.
I pray to God and ask to make it all betta.
If it don't happen soon, I'm gonna go grab the Beretta.
Oh God, please answer my prayers.
I look up—it's as if no one's even there.
Why does life have to be unfair? Yeah.
Half of our cousins are in foster care.
Life's f* *ked, constantly wanna rip out my hair.
Why should I even care?
But, our family deserves to live up there.
We deserve a nice house with a really nice wife.

But, being a W. is a tough life.
Yeah, it's a rough life.
Yeah, none of us go further than a 10th grade degree.
We all dropped out—went straight to Methamphetamine.
Mamma went broke, had to start pawning things,
and as last resort I had started to sling.
My childhood was taken way too early,
I should still be out chillin' on them swings.
But, when you come from a broken family,
you learn to enjoy the little f* *kin' things.
So, from then on out, I only cared for my mom,
but it didn't take long and she was gone.
Man, why does God f* *king hate me?

I mean, I'm glad my mom's done with pain and suffering.
I'm just mad that you took her from me,
but I'm relieved that she's up there and happy.
Man, I just wish I could have one more kiss.
Now, I'm sitting here wanting to slit my wrist.
Why should I have to put up with this?
On the inside, I'm still just a little kid.
F* *k, I wish I could see her smile,
but let's pray that it'll be awhile, yeah.

Yeah, being a W. is a rough life.
Got a family member in jail every other night.
Dad just relapsed—being an addict is a tough fight.
Losing family members is the hardest thing in life.
But, all we can do is pray it gets betta as we get older,
hold our heads high and keep that sh* * on our shoulders.
Be optimistic, hope it gets bright and nice,
but we know being a W. is a tough life.
Yeah, it's a f* *ked life,
Man, it's one rough life.
But, that's the life of being what a W.'s like!

-SW

Never Forget Family

When I think of my mother, I think of what she is doing, crossing the sky like an eagle watching all the pain and fear course through my body, watching my family even though we cannot see her, trying to have our backs even though she is not here, battling every war with us even though she is only in my heart.

-C

Wings

there's not a day that goes by
that i don't think of you
your voice like a lullaby
your eyes like a forest of chestnuts
your skin, tan like summer
i know you never got the chance to be yourself,
and i guess i should've seen it.
all the hurt you were holding back
all the tears you shed
but i know that you're in a better place,
able to be yourself and happy
I know that heaven's given you a second chance.
your wings were ready.

-KACP

Poem in 152 days (5 months)

the 1,064 times I kissed you
the 912 times I said "I love you"
the 608 times I hugged you
the 3 times you saw me cry
the 1 time I said "good-bye"
in the end you were ready,
but my heart was not

- KACP

...WHY US...

WHY DO I EVEN TRY ANYMORE
I KEEP HOLDING ON BUT ITS JUST OVER
IN WITHIN A SNAP AND I'M JUST YELLIN
COME BACK BUT I GUESS WE'RE JUST
DONE
YOU THOUGHT IT WAS JUST SOME TYPE
OF FUN
YOU WERE SOMEONE I TRUSTED NOW MY
HEARTS JUST RUSTED
BUT IT'S OKAY I'M ONLY ON A THIN WHITE
LINE
YOU ALWAYS SEEMED TO FIND A WAY TO
CLIMB BACK TO MY HEART
BUT I GUESS ...NOT THIS TIME...

-RUE RUE

IT-Emotion: Part Two
(Continued from Issue 1)

Pictures Ugly
The big 1-0
The divorce
I just said whom was whom
It came
It went
It killed 'er heart
It took 'er sweedom
Woulda' left me in a tomb
But I had Spider-Man
There so soon
It was crazy
Like a hobbit
No way to stop it
Moved from my best friend
Started with the border hoppin'
Face croppin'
In all those yearbooks

[PAUSE]

Turnin' 13 was all it took
Think how spooky it looks
With only 1 Hispanic in your picture books
It took my life
It took my freedom
Always gettin' beat up
Tossed 'round every which way
I met a girl and stayed
But all she did is play

Played me for my best friend
I was at the end
Started smokin' and drinkin'
It was my new trend
Never again get offend
In fact started to defend
Fam saw me bend
Turned 14 and away I was sent
Out to boys' homes and hospitals
Always got kicked out
Floppin' like some trout
Cryin' like a water spout

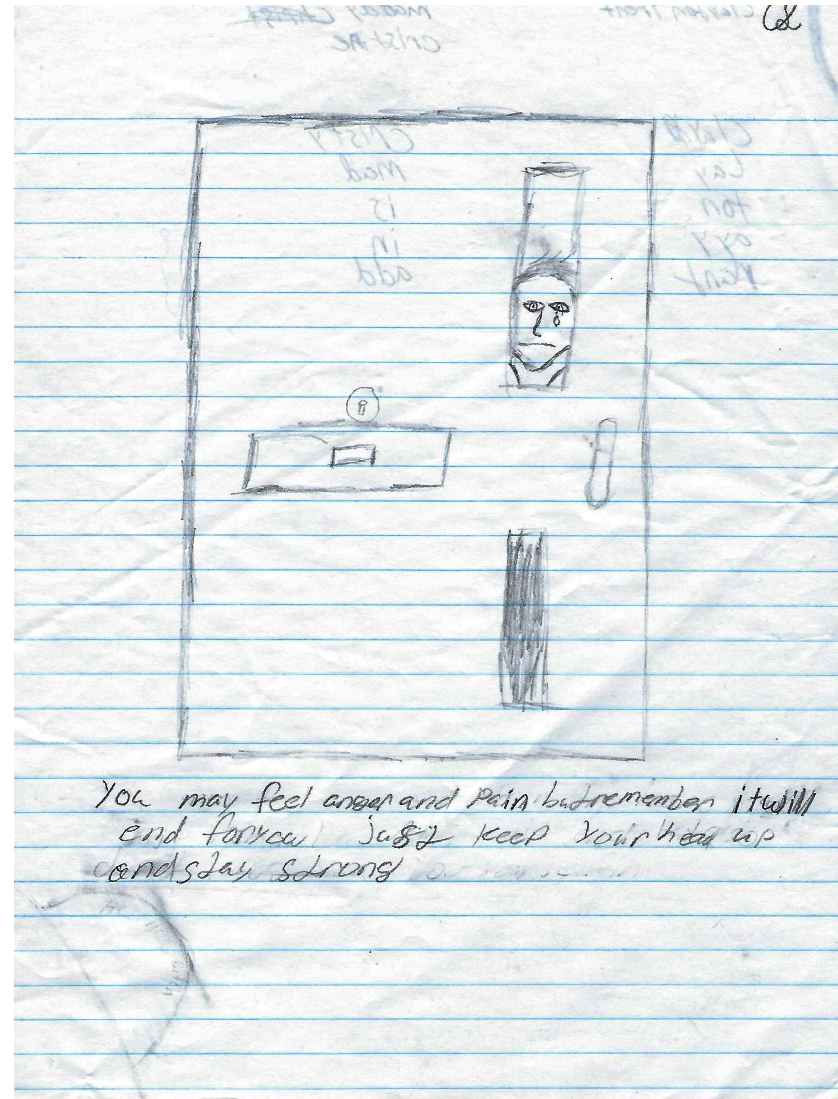
[PAUSE]

15 and I'm lookin' stout
Figured this was what life was 'bout
Met a redneck girl
She was tricky like a Techdeck
Wasn't no easy picnic
Love gets me so sick
Already on probation
But lovin' the sensation
Don't care 'bout our destination
All we needed was a reservation
But didn't have no preparation
Not long often
I was long gone again
Came back and committed worst sin
I tried to die
And be born again
She was gone with a different man
Tried to hide the pain

But it poured down my brain
Left a bloody stain
Left me in disdain
Tried to be a rapper
But
No gain
With no fame
Tried to keep tame
But was gone with the wind and the rain
Life hit me like a train

[PAUSE]

(To be continued... in Issue 3!)



Art by S

QuaranZine is coordinated by:

Free
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www.freeverseproject.org

Youth  Homes