



# THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS

Literary works and photography from the Phillips neighborhood

Volume VIII: Seeding a New Community

Winter 2022-23 Edition



## SPECIAL YOUTH-LED ISSUE



Photo credits: Mya Hernandez, Lilah Barrera, Isaac Banner, Angela Barrera



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Volume VIII: Seeding a New Community

Winter 2022-23 Edition

## The Phoenix of Phillips (El Fenix de Phillips)

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### FROM THE YOUTH EDITORIAL BOARD

Surprised. Intrigued. Amazed. These were some of the words we used to express our admiration of the poems submitted to our youth poetry contest. "I don't remember doing anything that powerful when I was that young," one of our members said. We chose the prize winners based on the poems' power and beauty, but really, all of the poems were winners. We're honored to be able to include them in this special youth edition of *The Phoenix of Phillips*.

This summer, we worked together painting a new mural, cleaning up the neighborhood, learning mosaics and writing. We saw how using our creativity to make the community better made us more open, caring and interested in making a difference. We invite you to join with your neighbors, wherever you are, and seed a new community.

*¡Gracias!*  
—Mya, Isaac, Willa, and Lilah





## POETRY BY OUR YOUTH

This special issue of The Phoenix of Phillips includes wonderful writing from youth in our program, and throughout south Minneapolis.

The first collection was written by youth ages 11-15, during the 2022 summer intensive program of Young Leaders at Semilla. Young Leaders prepares youth for the job market and leadership in the community by empowering them to create beautiful art for their neighborhood. This year, the youth learned mosaics, painted a mural and took a poetry workshop.

The focus of the workshop was to help youth feel comfortable, safe and strong in their bodies and in the world. Using breathing and movement exercises as well as conversation, youth were encouraged to affirm their worth as persons, their bodies and their place in society. Their poems represent their response to feel and affirm these important parts of life: their bodies, the earth they come from, their ancestors and the pain and hope of the world we live in. In one of the workshops, youth wrote letter poems to children killed in Uvalde, Texas. In another, we gathered at the historic Pioneers and Soldiers Cemetery in Minneapolis to write letter poems to people we have lost. The youth then wrote back to themselves in the voice of the persons they had written to.

Semilla believes that engaging the pain and joy in our lives artistically can bring deep healing, when done in community. These poems bear witness to that. Some of them are group poems, united in making a statement. Some of the poems list the author's names.

The art work in this issue was done by Mya & Sofia Hernandez, Lilah Barrera and Andrea Barrera. The other youth leaders were Minka, Makyla, J'Mya, Sofia, Isaac,

Damian, Willa, Kevin, Delilah, Enrique, Jose and Joshua. The poems were written by them and the two young adults who worked with them: Angie and Sarah. Please see the last page for additional thanks and information.

The poems in the junior and senior sections were submitted to our youth poetry contest. (Note: none of the leaders of our program were eligible to submit poems.) Cash prizes were awarded to the winners, but all poems submitted have been included (including those by youth too young to qualify!). They will be recognized at a public event this spring.



## THANK YOU EYES

Thank you eyes  
for making me see what I have to see

you help me see the  
beauty of this world but also  
the disasters. You show  
the true colors of the world  
and help me find the  
beauty in the tiniest things

I want to take you  
to a sunset to watch  
the colors of the sky  
to see the sun fall and  
the stars rise

I want to take you  
to the places we've  
never been to, to see the  
things we haven't seen.  
I want to talk to you  
of the unknown.

I'm sorry for all the time I got water,  
milk, lemonade in you.

I'm sorry for all the times  
I got poked in the eyes

Thank you for guiding me  
When I'm lost

My eyes are like bird's eggs, beautiful and brown.  
My eyes are like the tree bark, dark, strong, useful  
My eyes are as bright as the sun,  
My eyes are like the breeze,  
going back and forth,  
absorbing everything.

Like a carnival  
Like the Bahamas

My eyes are a crane, soaring  
above everything else,  
constantly going, pirouetting,  
picking things ups slowly  
and bringing them to my mind.  
My lovely.

Thank you, eyes—  
the gift you give me:  
I see the stars, the animals, plants  
all because of you.

Even though you are slowly dimming,  
I will forever appreciate you.  
Thank you, eyes.

Yes, thank you, eyes

for letting me see the world  
and for working just fine,  
helping me wake up every day  
and see.

I'm sorry you sometimes  
have to see horrible things  
in this world. I want to take you  
to a beautiful place.

Thank you, eyes  
You have saved me  
and cursed me,  
but such a blessing of blue,  
I love you  
I want to take you to the beach  
because you absorb the peace  
soft focus, soft mind, soft judgement  
to the world

Oh, and  
thank you, feet  
thank you, nose  
you two guys should get  
to know each other better



Mya

## TO OUR MOTHER EARTH

*"They tried to bury us, but they  
didn't know that we were seeds."*  
—Indigenous Mexican proverb

Thank you mother  
Mother, I'm sorry  
Mother, I love you

The earth makes me happy  
The Earth is kind

Mother, people should treat you better  
Mother, you rock...literally  
—Sarah

Mother, thank you for giving me life  
Mother, thank you for your great food and treats  
—Sofia

The earth puts a roof over me  
The earth give me food  
The earth saves me  
The earth heals me  
—Makyla

I want to plant watermelon  
So my family will have food  
To eat forever.

I want to plant money  
So my family would not  
Have to worry about stuff.  
—Damian

I want to plant seeds of freedom and hope,  
That bloom  
Into colorful flowers that bring  
Decades of hope and freedom  
I want to plant seeds for my community  
Seeds that will benefit everyone.  
— Isaac

I want to plant hope  
  
And seeds of kindness,  
Not fear.  
Not for me,  
But for all the kids  
So they can be free and kind.  
— Kevin

## I WANT TO PLANT

I want to plant kindness  
I want to plant beautiful-ness  
I want to plant food  
So the earth could eat too  
— Makyla

I want to plant flowers of the sky  
Flowers of freedom  
I want to plant leaves to touch the wind  
—Sofia

I will plant my fears  
And have them rise as palm trees  
I will plant so many flowers of hope  
The bees will get dizzy with the nectar  
—Patrick

I want to plant a plentiful garden  
Filled with peppers, cucumbers  
Squash and strawberries  
For EVERYONE to enjoy!

I want to take a piece of the sun  
And plant it right in the middle  
To warm our community  
And glow around us all.  
—Sarah

I want to plant young tender seeds  
All around the neighborhood  
I want to plant flowers, flowers, flowers,  
Both real and on fences  
I want to see the sun shine  
On our beautiful murals  
—Angie

## TO THE UVALDE CHILDREN

Dear Ones,

Hope you are doing good  
Life gets hard sometimes  
But you have to try  
Thanks for caring for me

I'm sorry  
You had your whole life  
Ahead of you  
I hope you are resting in peace  
I hope God takes care of you

I know you are all good souls  
Oh, that day went wrong

When they left you off  
 And your life...your life.  
 I'm sorry no one was there  
 To lift you up with big arms

I can never imagine what you had to go through.  
 I know how hard it can be to leave.

I just wanna say...  
 You did not deserve any...of...that  
 Are you watching over your family?  
 Sweet dreams, fly high.

There will always be  
 A seat open for you  
 And a book stashed away.  
 What is your favorite book?  
 I hope you met your ancestors  
 And they can read to you.  
 If not, my grandmother was great at that  
 And I'm sure she would love to  
 Do you like flowers? What colors?  
 People will make sure to plant some.

It's not OK  
 It's not OK  
 This is not fair  
 Your whole life  
 Your whole life

What is wrong with us?

I hope that wherever you are  
 You find peace  
 You are remembered  
 Even though  
 Even though

Hey mom  
 I miss being with you being  
 Able to wake up every  
 Morning, go to school,  
 And talking  
 To friends and people.

Now, I feel much lighter  
 That day I was scared  
 Maybe I also felt the feeling  
 It wasn't real

I miss you  
 But just know I love you

Please remember me  
 And all the work I done  
 All I ask of you  
 Just remember  
 I will be there  
 I will always be here

You were seed, just growing  
 You were making, learning, newing  
 It was time to grow your petals

You were going to start thinking about:  
 Can I go to the mall?  
 Can I go on a sleepover?  
 Can we get McDonalds?  
 Can we get ice cream?  
 Can we go for a walk?  
 Are we there yet?  
 These are the questions  
 Kids should ask.  
 Not will there be  
 Or will there not  
 Be a shooting in my school today.

## THE UVALDE CHILDREN WRITE BACK

Because I was smiling before  
 Because I told a lie about a good friend  
 Because we don't really get a last word  
 Language leaves the body with the blood  
 Where did I go?

Thanks for taking care of me  
 And being the best day I could ask for  
 Thank Mom for cooking  
 Me delicious food

Mom, Dad  
 You guys—did you know—

Bet no one could see  
 What was going to happen  
 I am looking over your grief  
 I will be well  
 Thank you so much for your letter  
 I am doing good up here.  
 I have my toys and some classmates with me.  
 Thank you and be safe out there

I really miss lots of things  
 I used to do. My family, my friends,  
 My house.  
 I miss reading books  
 And eating with my grannie.

That was really scary  
 And I don't know what all happened.  
 But how I flow with the wing.  
 I float up and down  
 And sometimes people join me,  
 I don't know all of them, but  
 They feel warm and safe.  
 I am here and I am gone.

To my parents:  
 Please don't worry



Mya



Angie



I miss almost every time  
 I could spend with you.  
 And I know it may be hard  
 But I'm free  
 I feel if all my trials are gone  
 And I'm free to live

I want nobody no worries  
 I feel you feel you  
 I want to know:  
 I have no worries  
 Just time

## WRITING WITH OUR ANCESTORS

Young Leaders wrote letter poems in the historic Pioneers and Soldiers Cemetery on Lake Street, and Persona poems from the persons they missed.

Dear Grandpa,  
 How much the earth has changed,  
 Everything is moving fast.  
     Nobody take the time to stop and think  
     I miss the days when we would sit  
     And talk and be together.

Today the city is crying out,  
 Shootings, robberies, people who are homeless  
 People addicted to drugs.  
 Why do some people struggle  
 While others have too much?  
 How can we fix the city?  
 —Isaac

Wherever you are today,  
 Our city is crying out.  
 People are doing a lot of drugs,  
 A lot of shootings,

We hope you know there are still  
 Some good.  
 It would be nice if they could lower the prices.  
 —Damian

Today our city is crying out. We aren't moving forward at all. It's almost like we are moving backwards. Abortion has become illegal in any state that wants to ban it, mass shootings have been happening a lot, more have been dying and nobody really knows how to protect themselves because even the law will turn on you. Homelessness and hunger, poverty, climate change, just hate all around, a corrupt government, too much population, hurting our environment just by living, abuse and so, so much more. Rise up, ancestors, and help us find a solution to better things. Help people find out right from wrong. Help spread the word of what's happening in today's world, and help us, help us change.  
 —Mya

I would bring you to somewhere nice  
 Like the cool breeze of the lake  
 —Sofia

I really feel lonely  
 Without your weird self  
 And having you to do weird  
 And funny things  
 When we were bored.

I would like you to come  
 To my house and chill.  
 I finally have Netflix  
 And we could eat ramen  
 And bake a cake and cook  
 But not burn it like last time!  
 —Minka

Today our city is crying out  
 Because lots of people don't have  
 Home and food to eat.  
 We go places and see lots of people  
 With no homes and it makes me sad,  
 I will walk down my street  
 And I will see lots of trash.  
 Please, rise up and help us stop  
 Climate change, help stop  
 All the shooting, rise up and help.  
 —Willa

I don't know where to start. You're not in pain  
 anymore. When I got that call, my heart stopped. It's  
 crazy because you were just here. The city is crying out  
 because there is such a lot of hatred and people dying.  
 I want to invite you to come with me this weekend  
 to the basketball game. Rise up and guide me: with  
 everything going on right now, like our neighborhood  
 being in the news, me being a community activist.  
 Rise up now, life is here.  
 —J'Mya

I don't cry anymore.  
 I don't cry because I wonder where you are.  
 I cry because I have so many questions.  
 Now you may never answer.

Today our city is crying out  
 It's crying because of all the family  
 Leaving their loved ones behind.  
 —Delilah

Dear Grandpa,

I wish I could've met you sooner.  
 I am one of your granddaughters,  
 And I'm now going into the 11th grade.  
 I would with a program called Young Leaders.  
 When I turn 16 next month,  
 I will get an actual job!

I want to take you to the state fair.  
 They have such a variety of good food,  
 And I want you and I to try new things.

Today, our city is crying out  
 Because its sad of the shootings,  
 Sad of the drugs being used.  
 Sad of people being killed.

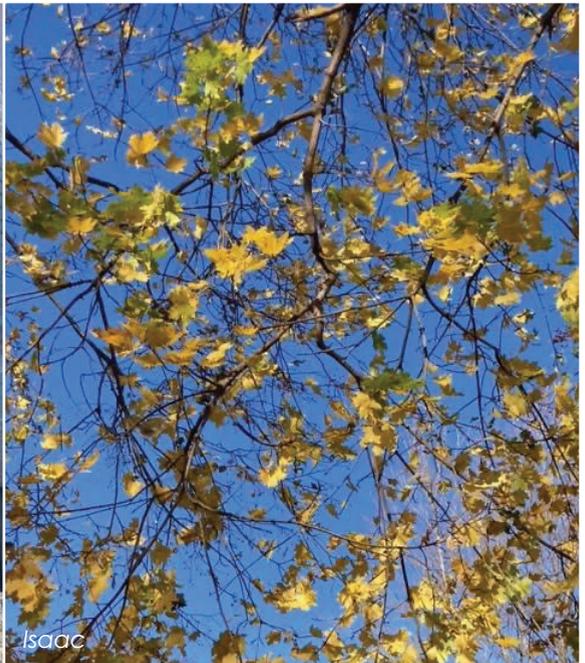
Rise up to meet other family members, Grandpa  
 —Makyla

I wish I knew you, and  
 I wish you knew me.  
 I wish you could see  
 Our family and how  
 We turned out.  
 We grew up in Minneapolis,  
 A big new city.  
 My parents talk about  
 All the big differences  
 Between here and Mexico.

I want to invite you to Delilah's softball game.



Isaac



Isaac

We usually talk about what we want for dinner,  
Pick and up and eat it while cheering her on  
It's fun to go sit in our chairs, eat and cheer.

Today our city is crying out  
Because our neighbors are sad.  
The encampment was taken down  
So people are frustrated,  
Hurt, lost. Neighbors are worried,

Can you come be  
Another set of eyes?  
Things are unpredictable.  
I worry about the kids  
I work with and walk with  
Seeing all this.  
I wish they didn't have  
To see all the pain.  
— Angie

## THE BEST THING ABOUT LIFE IS...

Spending time with the people you love  
Having a family and friends who care about me  
That you learn to accept things...  
Being able to make it through the toughest times,  
Knowing that I made it  
Sharing a meal  
Having people who love and support you  
Trying new things in life  
And trying to make it better

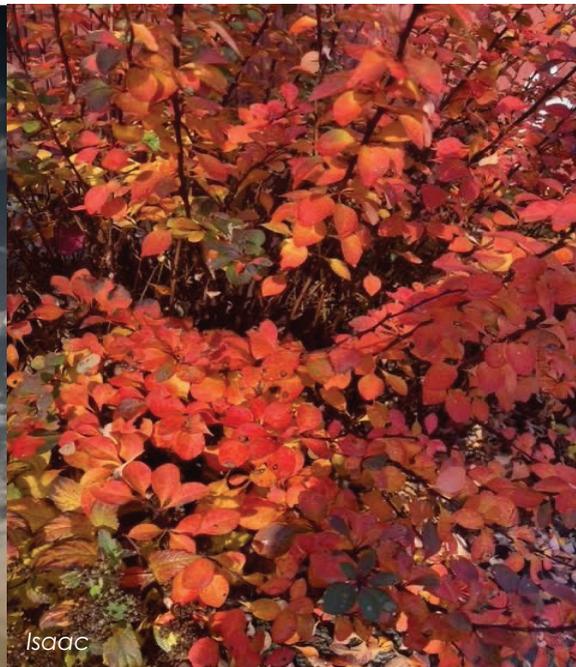
Even with all this stuff happening  
The best thing about life is the people  
That bring you joy  
And the people who help you  
And you could help them too, and oh,  
The other thing is nature, this place we live  
And this breath that keeps us alive

## THE HARDEST THING ABOUT LOVE IS...

You can love someone and they might die or leave  
And that would make you sad  
When what you have done was so horrible  
You may be forgiven  
But it won't be forgotten...  
Or you may never be forgiven at all.  
Is having a big heart  
And wanting to help everyone.  
Trusting the person you love  
Losing someone you love  
Is when you never have a chance  
It just doesn't always work out  
The hardest thing about love is the pain  
  
The best thing about life is enjoying  
It while you can.  
The hardest thing about love is being hurt.



Mya



Isaac

**MY COMMUNITY** 3rd Prize  
by Ayub Omar, age 12

Oh in my community  
Minnesota  
I wish that everything wasn't  
polluted  
I wish there would  
be no animals  
on the streets and I  
would pick  
up trash on the ground  
to have a cleaner community  
I want my  
siblings to become  
better than they are  
I think we all  
want materials mostly  
to be not made  
from trees and help  
most of the non-successful businesses  
I would pay more farmers to make us vegetables  
because consumer goods aren't healthy anymore.

**PEOPLE HELP**  
by Kaleb Assefa, age 10

The earth needs help  
People aren't helping  
People are good  
because of God.

Don't they like to help people,  
and especially the hurricane.  
Dangerous people,  
they got hurt  
and some people helped,  
they helped them.

**WHAT IS FREEDOM?** 1st Prize  
by Samira Mohamed, age 11

What is freedom?  
Is it just being able to vote?  
Is it sunshine and rainbows?  
Is it warm?  
Is it happy?  
No.  
Freedom is what our ancestors fought for.  
Freedom is blood, sweat, and tears.  
Freedom is what some of us have died for.  
Freedom is what our people longed for.  
Freedom is what our people dreamt about  
while being slaves.  
Freedom is what our people wanted for us.  
To be able to go to school.  
To be able to drink out of the same water fountain.

To be able to walk around freely  
and provide for our families.  
Freedom is what we take advantage of.  
Our ancestors did not die, take beatings,  
and have their children taken away and sold  
for us not to get proper education or proper jobs.  
Freedom is not warm, or happy.  
Freedom is history.

**THE SEED OF ENCOURAGEMENT**  
2nd Prize  
by Faisa Yusuf, age 10

I'm planting a seed  
This seed feels like  
A better community  
I cover it and I water it

It already sprouted  
I can smell the scent  
of sambusa coming  
from this seed of hope

When this seed grows up  
it will symbolize a better future

It will also feed those  
who have nothing

and will encourage young ones  
to never give up.

**I WANT TO LIVE** 3rd Prize  
By Theo Banner, age 11

I want to live in a place where people know who I am.  
Where people say my name  
when I play catch with my brother,  
when I play at the park, or when I take out the trash.  
Neighbors would ask me how I am  
and I would ask them how they are.

I want to live in a place where it's quieter.  
Where neighbors talk calmly,  
and I hear the leaves rattling in the trees,  
and birds chirping.  
I would be quieter too  
like a wispy cloud.

I want to live in a place where buildings  
aren't boarded up.  
Where people work together  
to turn deserted buildings  
into museums, art galleries,  
or places to play and eat together.

I want to live in a place where we all work together  
feeling safe and cared for.

## WHAT I WOULD GIVE THE WORLD...

I want to give music  
I want to give YOU music  
I want to BE music

I would give money  
I would give food  
I want to do that, too!  
I would give money and homes  
    To all the poor and homeless people.

Apple trees—I want to give apple trees,  
so people will have food!

Above all, I will give kindness  
Oh yes, kindness and also, joy!  
Art, art and more art!

I would give a little hope.  
Could I be a mother to someone who needs?  
I would share my dog with someone!

Oh, I would give pies. Pies! Lots of pies!  
Cookies! And milk! Candy?  
Maybe a Grand Slam breakfast!  
Tacos for everyone!  
Don't forget produce! And flowers!

I could give a little money.  
We need good health care.  
Homes for everyone! We all need a home!  
Yes, I will give food, water, shelter.

Don't forget to give bird houses for the birds!  
A nice dress, and a party to go to!  
Comfortable shoes?

Love, yes love  
A family: mom, dad, the church.  
Barbies!  
I want to give the feeling of belonging.  
I want to give the best I can.

*"What I Would Give the World" is a group poem written by over 25 youth of Edina Community Lutheran Church at their 2022 J.A.M. (Justice-Art-Music) Camp. Semilla artists taught visual art and poetry at J.A.M.*

## COMMUNITY 1st Prize by Simone Luker-Alft, 11

Community is a group of people that care for each other and everything around them.  
Community needs involvement. Some ways to be involved are volunteering, talking to neighbors, organizing and going to community events. We help our neighbors by shoveling their walkway or giving them a ride to the store. The older kids watch out for the younger kids, adults babysit kids on the block, and we have a block party once a year to get to know each other better.

Community means acceptance. This means that no matter the gender, race, religious beliefs, or disability, everyone is accepted by the community.

Community needs to grow. This means that the community changes and adjusts as members and surroundings change, and if there is an unhealthy change the community will work together to figure out what to do next. For example, Seward Longfellow Restorative Justice is an organization in our community that helps teenagers make amends to victims they have harmed in the community as an alternative to the legal system.

Community means care. This means that everyone is kind and respectful to everyone and everything, and everyone works together to take care of the community, such as cleanup days at the river or parks.

Community means understanding. This means that no matter the problem and mistakes the community accepts, forgives and understands.

In our community, Seward, we have bookstores, cafes, a soup kitchen, parks, events, and libraries to help with growing the community. In these places you can meet people, learn new things, and attend events.

In conclusion, a community is a lot of things but working together is the most important part.

## BLOOM Honorable Mention by Sofia Mohamed, age 6

Roses are red  
Violets are blue  
My name's Sofia,  
How about you?  
New flowers are few  
It's finally cute  
It's finally in bloom,  
very cool,  
me, you  
see you!

## ENCHANTED 2nd Prize by Sabrina Mohamed, age 10

Look on the floor,  
what do you see?  
I see litter  
where my seedling  
was gonna grow.  
Help us clean,  
while you're at it,  
clean the city.  
Many seedlings  
would be planted.  
Clean the city, and all  
will be enchanted.  
Help us grow  
Help us see  
Help us watch the city  
with ease.

**BUTTERFLY/JANUARY** 2nd Prize

You are the most beautiful  
precious gem that I own.  
you are my Heart of the Ocean given to me  
by the special person, only I'm not willing to disown.  
You are the symbol of love that I was looking for in a hurry,  
thanks for showing it through something I have always  
wanted  
Although you might not be  
displayed on me, you are safe  
In my four walls well-lit place that is well sophisticated  
I promise you, you won't get taken away. It's super safe.  
but I won't let you show off your elegance.  
I won't wear you, I want you to stay perfect  
but no matter what, to me,  
you won't lose your significance  
When the time comes, for you I will come to collect

You are the symbol of a butterfly on a snowy January  
I beg that you don't fly away and become a memory.  
—Hilda Lucas

**IN MY CITY** 3rd Prize

In my city I will have the  
people clean up the clear blue sky.

In my city I will give old people education because  
when it was 1923 they didn't have educations.

The ayeeyos and awoowes, I will give them people  
to take care of them.

In my city there will be a lot of plants and gardens  
because the people deserve to have nature and  
it helps you connect with the earth.

In my city I will have electric phones because the people  
who are disabled will need it.

In my city I will welcome other  
people because  
they need to know how my city is.  
—Amira Osman, age 14

**WE DREAM TO SOAR** 1st Prize

Freedom is nature's gift, it is the  
promise of a new salvation that gets our caged  
soul to burst with song. Eager to soar like a bird,  
we jump to the clouds where our heart sings  
to our golden horizons. With,  
our gentle wings, we dip into what seems a(n)  
endless sea of possibility where only the fearful  
wish to dream. Our voices trill  
as we soar into the stars, the concept of

ends are one of the many things  
we often forget with our liberty intact but all dreams  
shatter when we are lost to the unknown.

Reality hits like a bullet, a cold but  
fast sensation - our bodies freeze, and our heart's rhythm  
slowed. Our longed-for vision, now in shards - a puzzle too  
difficult for us to mend. We are shouting yet still,  
we are shown the hand and  
then our struggle looks to society as a rebellious stand,  
because under his  
hand, our voices are remixed to be out of tune  
Can somebody please tell me: where is  
my glory? The white man doesn't need to worry- he is heard,  
he is free, his skin isn't charged with a felony. I cannot go on,  
singing, without my caged brethren, for the  
cages, make freedom in a "Nation of possibility" a distant  
luxury long gone. Obstructed by the rusted wall overlook-  
ing grapevine hill,  
my people, caged in the melting heat, founded their  
labor union throng for  
future generations to build upon.... The dream I held of  
being free from the cage  
white society puts me in, flying high like a bird, still Sings...  
It sings for the immigrant children trapped in their cages,  
lost in the dark realm of  
oppression.... This dream to soar sings for all, who have  
but a taste of freedom...  
—Joaquin Santoscoy after Maya Angelou

**FROM 6TH GRADERS  
TO 6-YEAR-OLDS** 2nd Prize

In sixth grade  
His sister's ex boyfriend killed my best friend's dad  
That's the last time he stayed  
That's a wrap

We played tag with our friends  
And during specialist we had media,  
We were supposed to design posters on Canva  
Instead we would goof around  
Playing Cool Math Games or Marble Blast  
I miss our cast

In third grade  
His class would take a bathroom break outside the gym  
The same time my class would head down to P.E  
As I watched him sit criss cross applesauce  
Waiting for his class  
I walked passed him  
And we smiled at each other  
Oh gosh, I'm need to memorize my mark and script

At six years old  
He was the new kid  
Who had a book in his hand  
And my best friend introduced me to him  
That's when he got a role he never audition for  
—Jenell Zavaleta Rodriguez

## BUGALOO MY JESUS — ROCK AND ROLL

I have to look hard to make sure  
I am reading this right.  
I pull behind the black Fusion leaving the Cub parking  
lot, and the bumper sticker really does say  
"Jesus hates your high school dances."  
I try not to let the huge "What the .. " taking over my  
brain distract my driving. But then I start to think.  
I think of all the reasons why he does he hate them?  
Does the late-adolescent cover band suck? As I  
recall, they always did. That didn't stop them from  
leaving at the end of the night with the prettiest girls  
in the decorated gym.  
Did he get tired of watching the cool kids rule the  
dance floor, while he hung back with his nerdy  
buddies watching the action? Did his face always  
erupt in zits just before any social event?  
Was he too young to know all we were missing by  
longing for the top tier partners while avoiding the  
flirting eyes of the less popular girls? Takes more than  
sixteen or so years to learn it's more fun to be yourself  
than to wish you were someone else.  
Was he too shy to realize that the moves he practiced  
to radio alone in his room were smoother than  
anything happening on the dance floor?  
Or was he like me, trying hard to pretend to want the  
pretty blonde cheerleader, while my real focus was  
on the handsome football player with the shaggy  
dark hair and come-get-me smile.  
Hi-five, my Lord and My All. I hated those dances too!  
Ah, but in the sweet bye-and-bye, we'll have another  
chance. You can hang with my geeky crew .. we've  
long stopped wanting to be part of the cool crowd.  
You may want to ditch the sandals for some Chuck  
Taylor high-tops. Cool if you still want to wear that  
white dress, maybe cut it a few inches above the  
knee just for tonight.  
And when the band begins to massacre the Wicked  
Picket calling out the names of ten thousand dances,  
let's rock and roll like there's no tomorrow.

John Richard is a local poet and community leader.  
He has published in nearly every issue of *The Phoenix*  
of *Phillips*, and is working on a chapbook.  
—John Richard



Andrea

## CREATION

God fashioned the treetops  
with tissue paper –  
green and wispy thin,  
like mosquito wings,  
and sprinkled them with rainwater.  
She made the trunks  
out of brown corrugated cardboard.  
(Her scissors, paste and snippets put away)  
She took the sun and  
lit the trees like birthday candles,  
humming to herself.  
—Pat Vincent

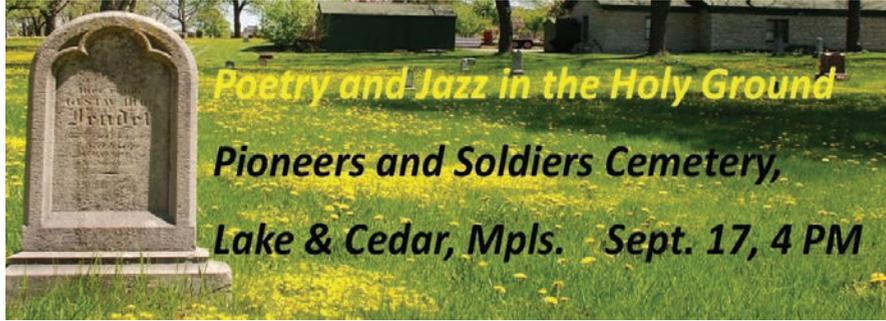
"Creation" is from Pat Vincent's chapbook  
"Clouds on My Couch" published by *The Phoenix* of  
*Phillips*. You can order this wonderful book of poems  
by e-mailing us at [semillacenter@gmail.com](mailto:semillacenter@gmail.com) or send  
\$12 to Semilla Center, 2742 15th Ave S. Minneapolis,  
MN 55407



Angie



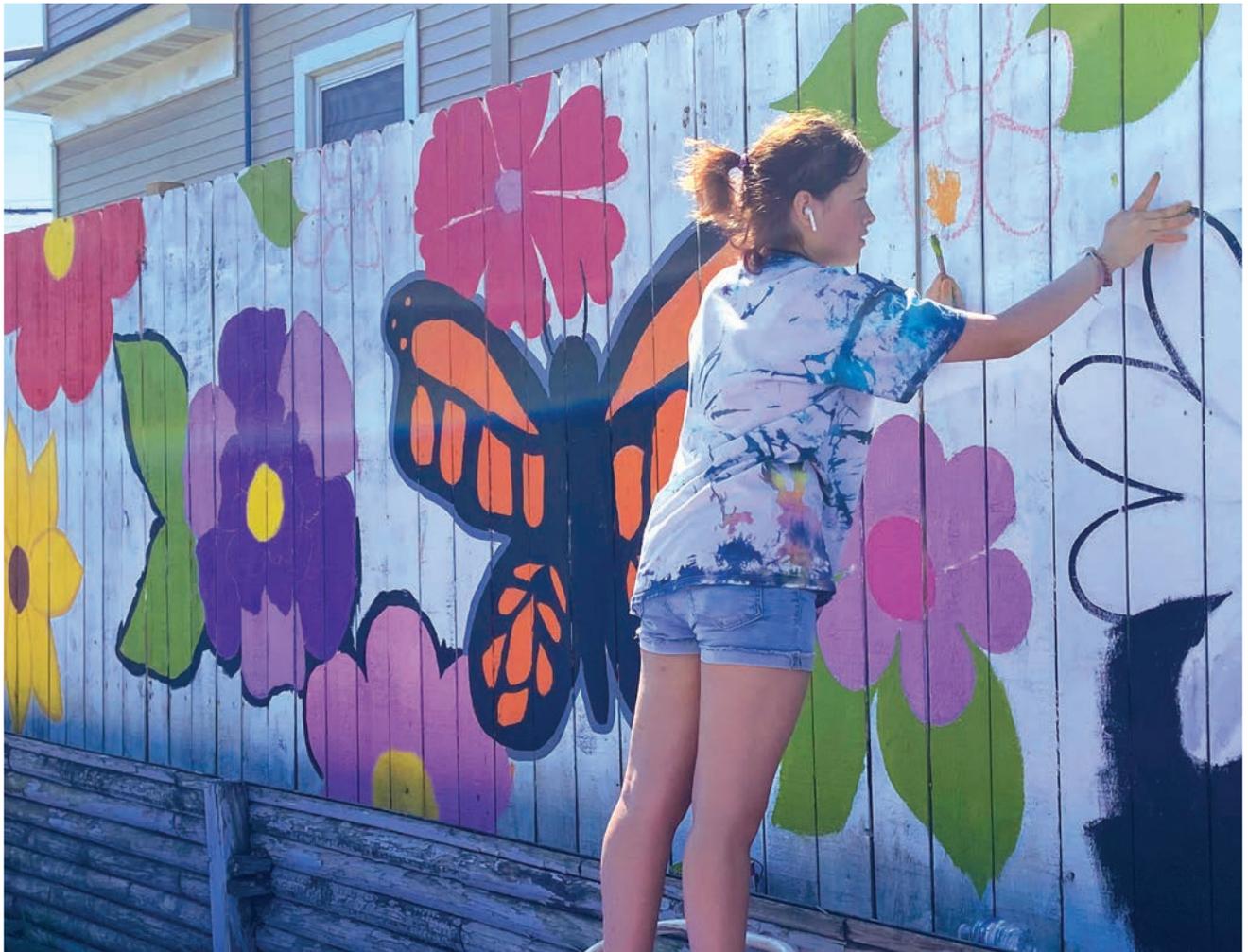
Lilah



**Poetry and Jazz in the Holy Ground**  
**Pioneers and Soldiers Cemetery,**  
**Lake & Cedar, Mpls. Sept. 17, 4 PM**



Semilla was a co-sponsor of the 2nd annual "Poetry and Jazz in the Holy Ground" at the historic Pioneers and Soldiers cemetery in our neighborhood of Phillips. The poets were Joyce Sutphen, Sagirah Shahid, Patrick Cabello Hansel and Richard Terrill. Richard, with pianist Larry McDonough played jazz from their latest two albums. We hope to help make this an annual event!



# SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Angela Barrera, Sarah Schulze, Jorge Amerigo, Bart Buch, Patrick Cabello Hansel, Midtown Phillips Neighborhood Assn. Inc., Sunshine Sevigny, *The Alley News*, Zach Czaia and the students of Cristo Rey High School, Ellen Fee and the youth of 826MSP.ORG

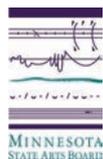
## Semilla Board:

Angie Barrera, Becky Gazca, Sandy Spieler, Mike Hansel, Belem Gomez, Maggie Lindberg, Silas Leasman, Lizete Vega, Pr. Hieraald Osorto, Zach Czaia, Emily Pearson Ryan, Alberto Vergara, Belen Cuate, Katie Hansel, Executive Director, Bart Buch

"The Phoenix of Phillips" is a publication of the Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts at St. Paul's Lutheran Church. For over 17 years, Semilla has taught mosaics, mural arts, photography, lantern making, puppetry and creative writing to over 4,000 people and installed 37 murals and over 50 other artistic place holders in Phillips and beyond. Semilla means "seed" in Spanish, and it is our passion to plant seeds of hope, justice and beauty in our community. We do so, conscious of the challenges facing us, but more conscious of the great hope we have.

The Phillips area is comprised of four neighborhoods: Ventura Village, Phillips West, Midtown Phillips and East Phillips. The boundaries of the Phillips community are Interstate 94 to the north, Hiawatha Avenue to the east, Lake Street to the south, and Interstate 35W to the west.

**This activity is made possible by the voters of Minnesota through a grant from the Metropolitan Regional Arts Council, and through a grant from the Minnesota State Arts Board, thanks to a legislative appropriation from the arts and cultural heritage fund.**



## YOU CAN FIND *THE PHOENIX* AT THESE MINNEAPOLIS LOCATIONS:

- St. Paul's Lutheran, 2742 15th Ave S.
- Heart of the Beast, 1500 East Lake
- Quatrefoil Library, 1220 East Lake
- The Loft, 1011 Washington Ave S.
- Midtown Global Market, Eliot and Lake
- Our Saviour's Lutheran, 24th & Chicago
- Franklin Library, 1314 E. Franklin
- Pow Wow Grounds, 1414 E. Franklin
- Messiah Lutheran, 2400 Park Avenue S.
- Mpls. Area Synod, 122 W. Franklin, Suite 600

## FOR MORE INFORMATION

on the neighborhood art, youth programs and workshops in photography, creative writing, mosaics and murals:

The Semilla Center for Healing and the Arts  
St. Paul's Lutheran Church  
Iglesia Luterana San Pablo  
2742 15th Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55407

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[www.semillacenter.org](http://www.semillacenter.org)

Face Book: Semilla Center  
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## YOU CAN BE INVOLVED WITH SEMILLA!

- Teach a class: puppetry, creative writing, movement, visual arts, or other!
- Attend a class
- Volunteer at one of our events
- Host a visit from Young Leaders at your workplace
- Serve on our board
- Donate!

## THE PHOENIX OF PHILLIPS VOLUME IX

Submit your writing for the next issue of The Phoenix of Phillips by e-mailing [semillacenter@gmail.com](mailto:semillacenter@gmail.com) or by mail to: 2742 15th Ave S. Minneapolis, MN 55407

**Help make The Phoenix Of Phillips a fire of literary beauty by supporting the next issue financially.**

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Our next issue will be MANY more pages!

- **Half page: \$500**
- **Quarter page: \$250**
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# SEMILLA IS IN THE COMMUNITY!



Young Leaders Mural at 26th and 15th



Angie and Sarah, our fearless Young Leaders staff



Youth Writing Class at Historic Pioneer and Soldiers Cemetery



Youth Learning Mosaics In Our Renovated Studio