

# IN THE MIDDLE: Krueger Students Present Prized Poetry

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Published: March 7, 2016



In February, in honor of Black History Month, an essay and poem contest was sponsored by Michigan City Human Rights Commission. Mrs. Peo, a seventh grade Social Studies teacher at Krueger Middle School, had her students write submissions to the contest. Below is a poem written by

one of her students, Logan Dwornik. His poem took first place in the middle school division.

## A Right

It is said man is born equal and free  
To a degree the world disagrees.  
Some foresee what others can't see  
Freedom is walking away with glee.

We have a right to Christmas with a tree.  
We have a right to go on a shopping spree.  
We have a right to travel the lands and seas.  
We have the right to a master's degree.

Stop the silly talking  
Whilst Freedom is walking.  
Freedom is not jubilee.  
Freedom is not a guarantee.  
Who says Freedom is free?

It is said man is free of thought  
Without the need to fear court.  
Some have spoken and finally resorted  
To hide their thoughts from being reported.

We have a right to a chosen culture.  
We have a right not to be tortured.  
We have a right to nationality and security.  
We have a right to be part of a minority.

Stop the silly talking  
Whilst Freedom is walking.  
Freedom is not part of a community.  
Freedom is never an informality.  
Who says Freedom is immunity?

We want opinion without distinction.  
We want a world without discrimination.  
We want a kingdom of utter freedom.  
We want it in all shapes and forms.

Stop the silly talking  
Whilst Freedom is walking.  
Stop the silly talking  
Whilst Freedom is mocking.

Another student, Ja'Nyah Traylor, has also submitted her poetry to a contest online. Her poem was written as part of her Humanities class at Krueger.



## Loner

Alone In Time And Space As One  
As Bright As Early Morning Sun  
Alike To The Moon Shining Alone  
As Confused As A Mouse Invading A  
Home

With Few Acquaintances Who Gossip To Each Other  
Who Romeo And Juliet Imitate Another  
Distant I Stand As Close As Can Be  
Never Acknowledged Still Like The Sea

When Split Solo, Solo Again  
Combined They Stay Together They Stand  
Empty I Feel Betrayed I Am  
Loyalties Lie As One Big Scam

Best They Swear Though I'm Not Yours  
Goes In One Ear And Out The Door  
Best They Try I Guess They Do  
Still Remains Only Two

Okay I'm Not Though I Should  
If Reversed Neither Would  
This Inevitable Sensation Of Suffocation  
Giving Deathly Hallucinations

I Don't Utter Though I Do Not Doubt  
That Me They Deem Being Without  
Their Oblivious Minds Appear Puzzling  
Not To Notice My Continuous Suffering

I Abide In Eternal Misery  
Faintly Losing My Apathy  
As I Hang My Head In Sorrow  
Dreading The Horrid Wake Of Tomorrow

**Logan Dwornik and Ja'Nyah Traylor are students at Krueger Middle School. In the Middle is a regular column which is produced by middle school students in the Michigan City Area Schools.**