



Student Work from Harvey Milk High School

Since its founding, the Hetrick-Martin Institute has grown from a small, volunteer-led grass-roots advocacy organization into a leading professional provider of social support and programming for at-risk lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender or questioning (LGBTQ) youth. Hetrick-Martin youth members, ranging in age from 12 to 21, come from 174 zip codes throughout all of New York City and the surrounding metropolitan area. They are of all colors and sizes, come from all kinds of backgrounds, and their enthusiasm and creativity is boundless.

Hetrick-Martin is also the host agency for the groundbreaking Harvey Milk High School, devoted to serving at-risk youth and founded in 1985 in collaboration with the New York City Department of Education, which administers the school and is responsible for admissions.

The student written work and art work presented here was created as a result of the various programming offered here at Hetrick-Martin and Harvey Milk High School. The point of views expressed by the young people in their work may seem controversial to some, but their beliefs and behaviors expressed are neither condoned nor are they denied to exist for they are the lived experience of young people and affect their lives in real and important ways.

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My Bleeding Heart Theory

Erick Francis

I've just been feeling disturbed due to the people around me.
Feeling trapped in my closet like a freak on a leash.
Never sober, I lay in the dormant remnants of what I've been
praying for.
I am a victim to my own demise in missing you.
Unknowingly, I'm in your beautiful nightmare of disturbia
Or is it the rehab of your diminished heart.
I don't know, but it's lonely here.
I gave you my heart not knowing it was destined to be broken,
I took on that risk,
Such a foolish mistake
But now I just mostly bleed it out.
In the end,
Here I stand wanting you back,
But realizing whatever it takes,
it will be
but it never happens.
The feelings I thought was there is now dead and gone.
In me there's nobody home.
Is this feeling remorse or have I broken?
No it can't be!
The halo above your head has perished, never to return.
Your shadow holds the burdens of my drenched soul.
The heavens weep as I reminisce that very thought.
Is the hello I once said now a goodbye?
I will now leave this conversation with ease,
to finally be at peace my heart will lay.
I sometimes question if you were really there
or if you even cared
enough to cry about what we had.
I've found out what was truly there
and like a boy,
you were or still are a roaming satellite.



Not knowing what you were looking for was already in front of you.

But now I am gone.

My ego will not be diminished because of you,

Your entangled chains will not have me going under.

You will not be able to decipher my thoughts any longer.

Suffocate, I will no longer.

Even though vulnerable, I am aware of the signs.

I am now with my new boo and we break the dawn.

Now I am awake to finally realize that very wish what was in front of me all along.

I can now say...I am happy.



The Space Love Demands

Alyssia Thompson

This is the space my love demands, create the boundaries
With your hands. Wrap the memories in a rubber band
Treat love like contraband. But this is the space
that love demands

I'm exaggerating. Not lying. The highest peak of my irritation
We need to take a break, we need space
We need to evacuate
Lookin at you in disgrace I'd hate to think of you
in disdain. The same hate that will cause my pain
and leave your t-shirt with bloodstains
But this is the space that your love demands.
Time to make up your mind skip around the border line
to define what I could provide to you.
Something's gotta change. We must rearrange before
Love cuts the thread that held us together
If I can't love you the way I need to than I don't wanna
Be together. You can't be my
lover then you must be a stranger, with dangerous intentions
making my system overload, rage out of my control
sending it straight to my arteries. I'm ashamed to say
you used to be a part of me
You reckless but you can care less to caress
open wounds. Make me play the fool. And who
the hell are you.

You think you are above me but you swear you cannot love me
I never met someone who made me feel so ugly.



This Is Not A Community

Lance David

This is not a community
The dictionary told me that a community was a group of people
With the same interests in mind
And a dick told me that my community
will always be forgotten in time
So I cussed his ass out drivin' by in that tore down pass out of a car
Heading from the bar throwing bottles at the knees
that have gotten me this far
Despite people like him that crow plain as day and steal the time
we have left in the sun
Because of the hate that prevents us from living as one
I let my hair down from my bun after I walked through these doors
I lined my eyes, subdued my time
just to try to find myself a little more
I've watched the trains and thought about the days I've never
wanted to see again
The pain, the tears the rivers unchanged, the years, the shame,
the fears, the end
I put on my heels that didn't fit, tights and kinky twists
My chest exposed to catch a cold but I don't give a damn
cuz I look good in this
I say bring on the world
Cuz I have conquered the streets, conquered the skies,
Walked in the tracks others left behind
And I don't know where I'm going, but I know where I've been
and I have seen the dead
I have seen the blind I have seen the weary that prosper and smile
And I once believed I could win
But I can't in this place
It all used to ring true but now it's all bullshit
I rue as I head to this place
To be judged by others views
To think that the harassment we faced, the abuse we obliterated,
'stated that we were not adjacent to those that put us under



But greater than them for our struggle
Happy to be living taller
But half assed community is no community indeed,
While the rest of us are having sex in our bathrooms
There are still some in the closet waiting to be relieved
Unaware that the tear that exists within their walls of despair
Takes all of their fear
In which it feeds but that's their struggle,
I won't knock them for that path that they can't leave
But how can we even be a community?
If we don't even know where the rest of the community be
And between broken economies and gay paved ways,
The people that hold this place together can't even stay
Cuz life is not something assured, it is fleeting
Moving so fast we never know when we're bleeding
But I'm crying for the stability and joy we gained from each other,
Counselors or staff we are friends, not just members
But why can't we stop to appreciate the amazing people we are
And actually support one another instead of leaving scars
We are stars; we are friends, keep it cute,
We depend on this place to always be there
We travel so far
So why not be there for each other
Why not depend on the people this place is for?
I write this not to bash, not to throw but
For the abhor we live for everyday
For the spite, the revolution and all it's dismay
For the deaths on a black wall
of the smiling children their pictures fall
And no one even noticed their names
That is far more than a crying shame
That deserves mourning so excuse me if I wear black everyday
As my community throws shade and never lets in shine
Allows the hate of the world to attack you and I
It does not justify calling names, talking shit and playing games
It does not sanctify our sins to go to church everyday



Just like it is not okay to say that shit is gay so
“Cut It Out”, like my man Todd said
Cuz I say we are all we got, and we don’t even got it
We stay with our cliques and yes that is fine
But what about the girl that used to be a guy
That you laugh at but smile at when she walks by
Saying how she still looks a mess
She’s just trying to find what’s inside of her
She is living the same struggle as you and I
So why do our differences collide?
The dictionary told me that
a community is a group of people with the same
interests in mind
But where are your interests, is it sex, drugs, crime
Look around and recognize
exactly how much about your community
You know to realize that we are not a community,
We are just a group of people that see each other almost everyday,
Without a smile, a laugh or even a handshake
For people that have been tossed aside and forgotten,
Laughed at, trashed upon, left for rotting
We sure do have a hypocritical way of showing each other
What it is to be kind
And I ain’t no better, so we includes I
And us must be us but I wish we could try
Gay, straight, lesbian, trans-gendered whatever
We are all young people and I’d like to remember
Without HMI where would we be?
Without their support who would we lean on?
Gleam on, stream on, boosts self esteem from
I say goodbye and cry the time that we could be one
And welcome each other, support one another
Dream beams into stars, a community
A place where we all could belong together,
They tell me dream on forever
Cuz this,
this is not a community



Artwork
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