
JDC NEWSLETTER

An Empowering Culture of Thinking

During this month's Positive Peer Leadership Mentoring (PPLM) sessions, young men residing in Miami-Dade's Regional Juvenile Detention Center wrote poems and stories about life and death. Their writing was modeled after "The Rose That Grew From Concrete" by Tupac Shakur.

The Man that Grew from Shame

The man that grew from shame
 He had no game
 So [there] was no shame in his game
 So they thought he was a lame
 Until he saw the man upstairs and
 He had all the game.

Starting Life from a Little Boy to a Big Boy

When I was a little boy, I used to like fighting people. When I was in school, I was fighting every day and getting into trouble every day. Then I started to get suspended from school for fighting. Then when my mom found out that I got suspended from school, my mom start beating me until I started doing good in school. If that beating didn't work, she would tell me to go to my room and don't come out until I tell you to. While I was in the room, she would take my cell phone away and take my T.V. out of my room. When my dad came home from work, she would tell my dad that I had gotten suspended from school and my dad would always beat me or punch me in my chest.

The Rose That Grew in the 'Pork N Beans'

The rose in the Pork n Beans
 Grew even worse because young
 [Muks] went to beefing over crazy
 Things. Shooters went to kill.
 People got caught slipping and
 Gangs grew worse and worse
 And mothers had to move their kids
 Out of the environment. But kids learned
 From the older people and were taught
 To tote guns and shoot dice. That's
 My rose that grew from the beans.

The Success That Grew from Failure

I feel like I'll never succeed. I
 Never had somebody there for me.
 Every night I think about my life. If
 I could start over, I'd do it twice.
 Failure seems like a habit. Success,
 I gotta have it. I realize with a little
 Ambition and the right decision, failure
 Is nothing but an [option].

Life ⁱⁿ poetry

Success That Grew From DJJ

“The Man that Grew from a Boy”

All men were once boys before
 You have to grow up, you should know.
 I was very poor, but
 I finally grew up and
 Made it to shore.
 Got tired of being poor.
 Got my life straight and God
 Opened the door. Me and mom
 Was always struggling, got tired
 Of hustling, so I went [legit].
 Trying to grow up and live good
 Like Brad Pitt.

Forgive and Forget

They tell me to forgive and forget
 But how can I forgive when people
 Keep [tryna] aim for me?
 How can I forgive the man who
 Shot my boy in his head right in
 Front of me? It was his own brother
 Over a female.
 How am I supposed to forget the
 Tears running down his mama’s
 Face?
 How am I supposed to forgive those
 People who claim to be [my dog], tryna
 Kill me [cuz] I ain’t breaking
 Bread.
 How am I supposed to forget the blood
 Shed and bullet hole over nonsense?
 So again, how am I supposed
 To forget?



The Boy That Turned into a Man

The boy that turned into a man used to play basketball with cans, he was always on the porch watching the man, the man with the touch. And when he went to school he thought he was cool, he thought he was the dude. Now I tell you this, what would you do if I said he was a snitch? Now he’s a man with five thousand grand and . . . he stays on the block selling all [them] rocks he gets from daddy and sometimes his mommy and he had lost his granny. Now he’s still trying to get more money but he ain’t grown yet. He’s still a young man making a lot of money. He buys his own clothes and shoes. He is almost grown and he [thinks] he’s living the dream. But is he?

The Youngin That Grew on His Own

Have you heard of the youngin that grew on his own! Thought he was surrendered to thugs. But realized they were clones. They act cold and walk bold but that all becomes old. So I walk alone and remind myself of stick and stones. I’m on a road with one destination. A lot of people hating but God’s got a plan, so I’m patiently waiting.

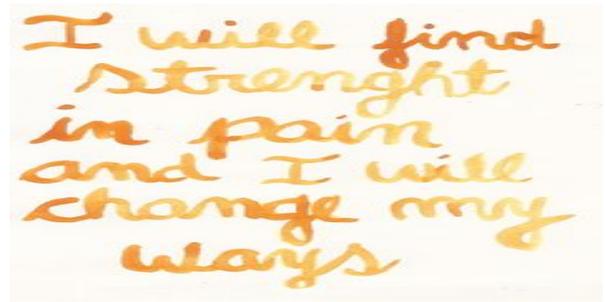
Positive That Grew from Negative

The feather of the flock
 A divine bird from it came
 Demanding altitude when its wings flap
 As I watch it fly over the remaining block
 I shout to it from my inner body without shame
 The glory from it gave my body a chill
 Flying closer with every spared second
 My eyes fully bathed with its blessing
 The elated sun was rising early over the hill
 Rules of the bird’s life span was never [beckoned]
 It gracefully rested on my hand sheltering it with
 dressing.

A CRITICAL COMMUNITY OF PRACTICE

My Mind

Sometimes when I'm alone I cry
 Because I'm by myself in this cold world.
 The tears I cry r bitter and warm
 Pondering my true goal
 Trying 2 find peace of mind.



The Man That Grew from Nothing

A young G who they tried to tame,
 But he just tried to run the game.
 No one ever could comprehend,
 Now to county they want to send.
 Committing crimes cops said, "Freeze,"
 Evade he couldn't [with] those bad knees.
 Gasping for air bad lungs from all those trees,
 Question still remains, "Was it for good reason?"
 But it'll be alright,
 There will be another season.

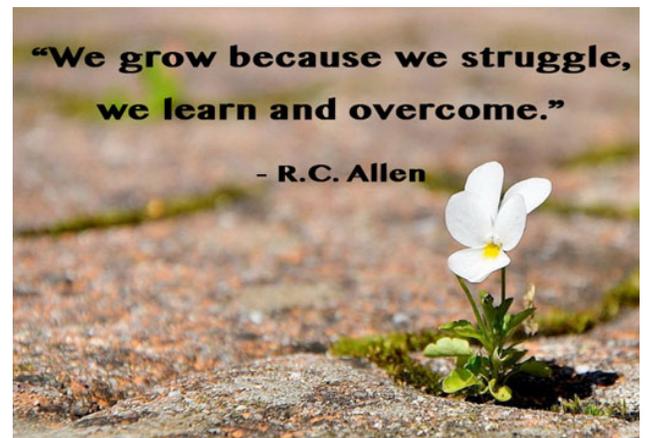
A Young Boy That Grew Up from the Struggle

Yea I love my mother
 But I didn't have a father figure.
 And my life begins to wonder
 What should I be in life?
 Come on let's take flight.
 In DJJ as a young boy
 And I was ready to fight.
 I have to change my ways
 If I want to live life.

Youngin from the Peas

I was a youngin from the Peas
 Where when you get hit with the [shottas]
 You hit your knees trying to pray
 To reveal what you need
 But I found my Savior
 And he showed me what I could see.

We Grow Because We Struggle



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