



CHARLES RYANS

When you look at Charles Ryans, you see an African-American boy with brotherlocks (a smaller version of dreads). If you open up my mind, you will see video-game ideas, math, engineering, science, technology, cooking, writing, and sports. Turn me into food. I am a ten-course dinner with the seasonings of emotion.

I AM A BOWL OF...

I am from old times and modern living.
Where getting sick means taking castor oil and lots of vegetable juice.
But family game night is on the switch.

Where we don't worry about living on our own.
Dishes, cooking, and cleaning are all crammed into our heads.

I am from Jamaican-American and African culture.
Where a Big Mac is filled with exotic seasoning,
and the ingredients are made with items I sometimes can't pronounce.

Where you do not listen to music;
you create it or dance to it.

I am from family, friendship, and struggle.
Where we're only strong as our weakest link,
and no one is ever turned down or rejected.

SIX FEET

I am in a coffin six feet underground.

A little baby learning how to walk, but fearful of falling,
for falling is like stepping off of a four-story building.
The first one you can survive,
but survival of a second fall is like playing Russian roulette,
with five out of six bullets filled.
Nevertheless, the chance of falling again is like flipping a coin with
two-sided heads and hoping for tails.