
Project 2020

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The World Outside

the American flag

used by people to

protest the necessary lockdown

because they have “lost their civil liberties”

the same flag waved to

prevent black men from walking

on the same sidewalk as white women

A History of 2020

Oh yeah--you remember that crazy year right--2020

The one where everyone had to stay inside for a while?

My grandpa told me that they couldn't even go to restaurants anymore.

My grandma said that the grocery stores were sold out of food!

That was the year Australia caught on fire, murder hornets came to America, WWII almost broke out, the president was impeached, and Kobe Bryant died.

Who's Kobe Bryant?

Look at this picture I found of my grandma wearing a mask in 2021. That seems a little extreme to be wearing a mask a year later. I bet it went away pretty quickly cause no one wears masks nowadays. Where would you even buy one of those?

I have no idea! They don't go well with outfits either

My mom is calling me home for dinner. I gotta go home cause we're having a big dinner party with my brother's baseball team. I think like 50 people are gonna be there.

Okay, bye! I had fun with you at the park today!

Here's to You

Influenced by Amiri Baraka's "Short Speech to My Friends"

The strings of morality and practicality pull at you heavily
while your children wonder why your face has circular round marks on it
You are tasked not only with fighting the biological Loch Ness,
but with conquering the tantrums of the delegates from the Civil Liberties Committee
To the caretakers of the world right now, thank you.

When access to life-saving materials is confused with playing political games,
when long days of intubating, turn into long days of letter-tracing with your young ones.

Here's to you.
Here's to the ones who wake up everyday knowing that they are doing everything they can and
still, so many are dying.

The realization that even COVID-19 does not have the power
to be the great equalizer. Skin color *does* matter, but not because
the virus is racist, but because our country is.

Here's to you. Here's to you. Here's to you.

My World Inside

Where I'm From

I'm from chicken cutlets and jollof rice. Spicy for me mild for my dad. The sounds of the pressure cooker awakened me from my midday nap as a young girl.

I'm from multiple courses, sometimes salad is last.

From the dark-skinned, olive-skinned, and pasty-skinned.

I take my zest for the simple life from my left and my practicality from my right.

I'm from the land of rovers, not the kind that NASA uses.

Where people think it is normal for 5th graders to wear \$500 shoes, and I fight the stereotype at both ends.

I'm from the fountain of loyalty, with its mirror-like water teaching that new friends are okay as long as old ones don't disappear for good reason. I'm from generosity over scarcity.

I'm from everywhere... or anywhere.

There Is Not A Guarantee

Inspired by "Women Like Me" by Wendy Rose

that I will be able to cook as well or
nurture as well
as my progenitors.

What if I'm the one to break the circle?
The one who can't whip up shrimp
scampi for
dinner on a whim
without a recipe
without the perfect amount of each
ingredient
based on memory and taste.

I am proud of the way I was raised,
but what if I can't replicate it. I want
to teach understanding, not shame;
generosity, not selfishness;
happiness over the importance of others'
opinions.



When I wake up to another day of
Corona-life
with a craving for Swedish pancakes
and my mom
whips up a silky batter, will I be able to
recreate that?
What if I'm the one to break
generations of tradition
of successful women
extraordinary mothers
and admirable people?

All that I am or, hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother.
-Abraham Lincoln

My Home

Click below to see what I listen to at home!

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/2RhVI4eqUtpSfPSFA3b2pO?si=0vv_N4noOra6nJezM8PEXA

My home is my classroom

bathroom

hat room

dining room,

dressing room

family room

laundry room

amusement park

and beach days with friends

over Zoom.

A Long, Long Day

Influence by Robert Burns' "A Red, Red Rose"

Oh this is a long, long day
Where hours feel like years;
Oh this is a long, long day
Spent turning my gears.

I can't wait to connect with old friends
Days spent alternating between tv and dishes;
Hopefully I can get out of home soon
Dreaming of a thousand wishes.

Dreaming of a thousand wishes, am I
And the boredom disappears for a flash;
Counting the minutes until restaurants are okay
They will be hit by a mad dash.

Keep up hope during these days
Oh yes, don't let hope die;
Stay strong and do not waiver
Otherwise, our futures may go awry.

Time to Go to My Happy Place

Shaped from "Drive By in Humboldt Park" by Kevin Coval

i sped past my mom with a blanket, my laptop, a bowl of blueberries and a toasted turkey sandwich

"I'm going to do my homework outside," I said with an excitement that had been gone for a while the glare of the sun on my computer screen didn't bother me

Ariana Grande and Kacey Musgraves in a battle

a lecture on RNA processing caressing my ears as my hand glides across the vibrant red notebook

55 degree weather feels like 85

homework has never been done with this much ease or lack of complaining

my neighbor walks to her trash can her nod and smile make me feel as though I have company the freshly laid mulch makes my nose quiver the grouchy old woman stays inside while her silver Chevrolet tans in the sunlight

a quick trip inside to refill my water before I start on my sandwich a nearby furry robber had other ideas, and the top half of my sandwich is out of commission back inside for a slice of bread

the garden plots will soon be full of lettuce, beans, peppers, cucumbers their life is dependent on me we share a home, but I get water from the sink not the sky

The Combination

Dinner

Inspired by “Television” by Roald Dahl

What is for dinner today? Those are typically the first 5 words that come to my mind

after my intermittent sleep. My usual dreams:

buffalo chicken and roasted potatoes

potato pancakes and applesauce

kale caesar with a side of homemade fries

I’m looking forward to dinner.

Food is the guiding principle of my social distancing days

The tempting lure of cheddar and sour cream Baked Lays has been suppressed by

my strength to overcome my fear of fruit salad. The idea of fruit flavors mixing used to

haunt my dreams, but now I eat a bowl of chopped strawberries

blueberries and

blackberries

before my dreams of steak and baked potatoes kick in.

I’m looking forward to tomorrow’s dinner.

Hey Mom,
What’s cooking?

Dinner is the marker of a day done

the bell that sounds at the end of last period

the ending of a world filled with baking chocolate cupcakes that may be

a world filled with the whines of Dwight tattling on Jim tomorrow.

My grandparents’ seemingly silly debates over what would be for dinner that night now make the utmost sense. Dinner is what gets you from Day A to Day B.

Without it, you are in an endless cycle of “Mom, I’m bored. What should I do today?”

This is how I’ve concluded that it is not breakfast that is the most important meal of the day, but dinner.

I look forward to dinner.

[Click here to listen to "The Rose That Grew From Concrete"](#)



Variation

When I think about flowers

I think about The Rose That Grew From Concrete

I think about how Every Rose Has Its Thorn

I think about a Kiss from a Rose

I dream ABOUT a BED OF ROSES

I am thinking of flowers.

Barbie Doll™

A continuation of Marge Piercy's
"Barbie Doll"

So fragile that a gust of wind could knock her over
but strong enough to get up without any help after generations of patriarchy
have struck her down.

Strong enough to have a baby
but not capable enough to decide what to do with that baby.

16 cases, just beyond the feet of the supreme judges of the land
with the power to take away the *barbie doll's* right to control
her mini doll.

This barbie doll is not about to lose her power.

Four Portraits of 2020

Inspired by “Four Portraits of Fire” by Lorna Dee Cervantes



1

This is it! Junior year
I've always dreaded this year,
the nasty rumors, dreadful horror
stories, and photo evidence of late
nights spent doing homework
have haunted my daydreams since
the first day of ninth grade
I used to look at juniors with pity
The dark shapes under their
faraway eyes, the school weeks
full of sweatpants (leggings
required too much energy)
And now, as I stand looking back
at the long year cut short, I say
It was A LOT of work
but I made it through, and that is
something I was not quite sure
would be the result

2

All of this extra Xbox
time will be nice
The school year is
basically over
Now I can watch tv in
between classes!!
I miss my friends a lot,
though
Is summer gonna be
canceled too?
Lazy days turn into lazy
nights turn into lazy
weekends
I cooked homemade mac
and cheese and baked m &
m cookies and
chocolate cupcakes
yesterday and cleaned
the whole bathroom

3

I wonder what the older
boys on soccer think about
the freshman?
Do I even want to play
soccer next year?
“Rachel, let's go! I don't
want to be late!”
“No, sorry Mom. I can't
watch another episode with
you because
I have my SLP paper to
write”
New building, new teacher,
new faces, and places
“CWP isn't in a designated
classroom?”

4

No graduation! No prom! My year
is ruined!
I've been waiting for that for my
entire life
March 12 was my last time seeing
some of those people for my whole
life
What memories will I have to look
back on?
I wasn't ready for high school to
end
I CANNOT do e-learning in the fall
College is supposed to be about
making new friends and having fun
with all of the new people you meet
What if I can't meet anyone?

That Was 2020

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