

# WHO IS ON THE NEW YOUTH ADVISORY COUNCIL?



**Aj Saleh** (They/She)  
Council Member  
Safe Space subcommittee



**Kristal Moseley** (She/Her)  
Council Member  
Programming subcommittee



**China Smith** (They/She)  
Programming Chairperson



**Musa Reems** (He/Him)  
Council Member  
Safe Space subcommittee



**Becca Anderson** (They/She)  
Council Member  
Programming subcommittee



**Darius Burkes** (They/He)  
Safe Space Chairperson



**Izzy Anderson** (She/Her)  
Council Member  
Safe Space subcommittee



**Sam Noparstak** (He/Him)  
Council Member  
Programming subcommittee

## LISTEN TO THE POEM!!

We want to amplify the voices of YCA and make sure that you're still listening. We will feature one of YOUR poems on the YCA Spotlight monthly.



### Neptune's Interlude

written by China Smith  
Instagram: @china.d0ll\_\_

I am the wallflower.  
Clinging to vines to hide my face  
I am the sunflower!  
Peeling back vines to show my face  
I could've stayed in my comfort zone, but  
there's no room for change or happiness  
there  
So we drift around waiting for a place to  
land  
A distraction from this world because  
being robotic is draining  
While all I know is the confines of my four  
walls  
A party is much safer than the real world  
Now we see the ruins of teenage fever  
Coughing, hacking up words to use against  
each other  
Burning with passion  
Tingling with excitement  
Or anxiety  
Am I the Sunflower or the wallflower?  
A song rings my ear and I'm hypnotized  
The bass felt like an astral travel  
Then I land  
Grass underneath my feet, I feel alive  
I feel love even from the plants that wilt  
I feel the same love from those that tower  
over me too  
If you minimize it to escapism you might  
not see the bigger picture  
Life taught me so much about pain that I  
forgot we were here to love  
Juggling a child's blind faith and an elders  
wisdom  
I bounce off the walls with sugar rush  
With bags under my eyes as old as  
Saturn's rings  
Crossfaded  
Because my mama told me liquor and  
weed were opposite ends of frequency  
No wonder I'm always feeling indifferent  
And what if I told you every party was a  
portal?  
They look at us like monsters but I see us  
as dragons learning to fly  
I'm delirious because it's a double entendre  
Struggle is romanticized so much that our  
euphoria is demonized  
Teenage fever is initiation  
Where I look at the world  
And question why it's easier to hate than  
to love  
Being afraid of death is fearing something  
you cannot change  
I broke my shackles because I have more  
control over my fate if I am not afraid of  
death  
Dying to live  
So I give birth to my story  
And it starts with this poem