

Opportunities & Resources

The exchange : Her - south side weekly

Chima Ikoro (Naira) started a poetry corner at South Side Weekly(SSW) called The Exchange. She presents her poetry along with a prompt that readers are welcome to submit responses (poems, journal entries, any type of writing) to. SSW features submissions in the next paper . They print physical newspapers as well as online, so it's a great opportunity to have work published for free. Visit <https://southsideweekly.com/the-exchange-her/> for the latest prompt and a chance to have your work published for free!

"Project Gratitude" Scholarship

Applications must be submitted through Chicago Public School's Scholarship Tool (cps.academicworks.com). No late or incomplete applications will be reviewed. Finalist interviews will begin in May 2022 & checks will be given in June 2022. Ten \$2,000 scholarships will be awarded.

Entry Period - Feb 1st - April 30th.

SlayYo App - Talent Search

SlayYo is looking for some incredible artists to perform at a series of events we will be hosting around town this summer! If you're interested in slaying one of our stages this year then please submit videos of your work as well as your rates for bookings to: contact@slayyo.com! We know this city is overflowing with talent and we can't wait to start showcasing it!

Download the SlayYo app to find new events happening near you!



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.

[Apply for 'Listen To The Poem'](#)



White Privilege As A Cold Beer

written by Kara Jackson in 2017 while in high school.

I have a history of cracking open.
boys. don't like me and my chilled
swagger. wish my foam came
with a little sympathy. Jesus didn't
give me the river to deal with,
cause he knew better. knew I
wouldn't stretch towards anything
past my desire. I like my politics to
the brim. want a policy that wets
a lip. my political stance is
wobbling over. defies the straight
line. the election was more about
my cup than anyone's blood. it
was all about filling. not my fault
the red doesn't come in a glass.
can't blame me for not wanting to
talk about the dead. when the
game is on. when my head is cut
loose for someone's fun. that's
why no one invites blood to
parties. it is too thick to make you
forget. too loud to unsee. too
warm before it cools. I would talk
about racism if it fit in a can. If
racism felt cool on a throat. if
racism was a frothy confidence.
gave boys the courage to coo. girls
a red, sinful grin. but there are
bellies to bold. frats to drizzle. you'd
understand if you were as frigid as
me. if you sopped the upper lip. a
purpose to be emptied again,
again, again, again...

