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**inscape**

**2004**

Dear Reader,

The compilation of works contained in this year's edition of Inscape demonstrates the beauty and power of thought which is not restricted to simply black and white. Literature holds many grey areas – places where emotion, conscience, logic and thought collide into something unique to each individual. This book is a collection of different expressions of these collisions – expressions which reflect the innermost feelings of the author. Each is incredibly unique and moving in its own way, whether it be through the words of a poem or the curves of a drawing.

Not every submission to Inscape is published. This is a book of poems, stories, essays, and artwork which had a strong effect on those of us on the Staff. I hope the power of these works will move you in some way, too.

Now it is my great pleasure to present to you the 2004 Edition of Inscape.

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Desserts, The Devil

Chris Thomas

As I attempt to eat my last piece of cake,  
My stomach begins to hurt  
Oh, Lord cursed this thing  
This evil called dessert

The evil is uncontrollable  
You may think I'm speaking fiction  
But after you have one delectable sweet,  
It soon becomes an addiction

Now the sugar has got you hooked  
It's like a virus or a disease  
A big cheesecake with cherry atop,  
You finish it with ease

What started as a rare delicacy  
Is common among snacks  
Now you suffer from constant weight gain,  
And sudden 'sweet' attacks

Still don't believe me when I say  
Say desserts are bad  
Well then turn to your own self,  
And think how many you have had

You want a dessert right now, don't you?  
Perhaps some delicious sorbet  
Or maybe you have sophisticated tastes  
And want a chocolate soufflé

Oh no! My pie is calling me  
In my head I hear its ring  
But Satan is the root of desserts  
They don't call it 'Devil's Food' for nothing

But this pie has caused pain to my insides  
I cannot eat it on my own will  
But the evil made me eat the thing  
OH CURSE YOU DESSERTS, THE DEVIL

san mateo

joe balistreri

i walk

the faded pink marble supports my feet  
faded like the tired woman, battered by life's hardships, who  
painfully trod this path  
veiled in thin cloth, as though to hide her impurities from God,  
stern-faced God  
stumbled into the cold wooden pew, softly murmuring Rosaries in  
uneasy anticipation of the world promised to her  
the faded pink marble supported her feet

i walk

the stained glass pours filtered hues of crimson  
crimson like the Sacred Blood of the Perfect Savior, brutally  
slammed onto the cold wood  
that Sacred Head surrounded by crown of piercing thorn  
a young man once trod here  
formal, stern, rigid  
uneasy, bathed in shades of crimson.  
shuffling to the cold wooden pew, kneeling sternly, in anticipation  
of the Blessed Sacrament  
the crimson saints staring thoughtfully from their high places in the  
glass  
the glass poured filtered hues

i walk

the aroma of pungent incense fills my nostrils  
pungent like the fire spilled from the priest's mouth  
pungent like the Spirit that filled the hearts of the faithful  
the righteous, full of Grace, ready to enter the grim world with new  
conviction  
oh the Grace of the Sacrament  
oh the Beauty of the Ritual, of the acolytes, the thurible, the  
monstrance, the paten, the chalice  
oh the Glory of the organ, the warmth effervescing from its many  
mouths  
oh the Sacred hymn of the choir, embedded in the blood of the  
faithful  
that sublime chant handed down with care through the ages  
the song sewn into the fabric of this place - sewn into the  
hearts of this place  
the incense filled their nostrils

i walk

the stations of the cross plead for my eyes  
for my heart  
Jesus is condemned, carries, falls, embraces, is helped, imprints,  
falls, comforts, falls, is stripped to nudity, is bludgeoned onto the  
wood

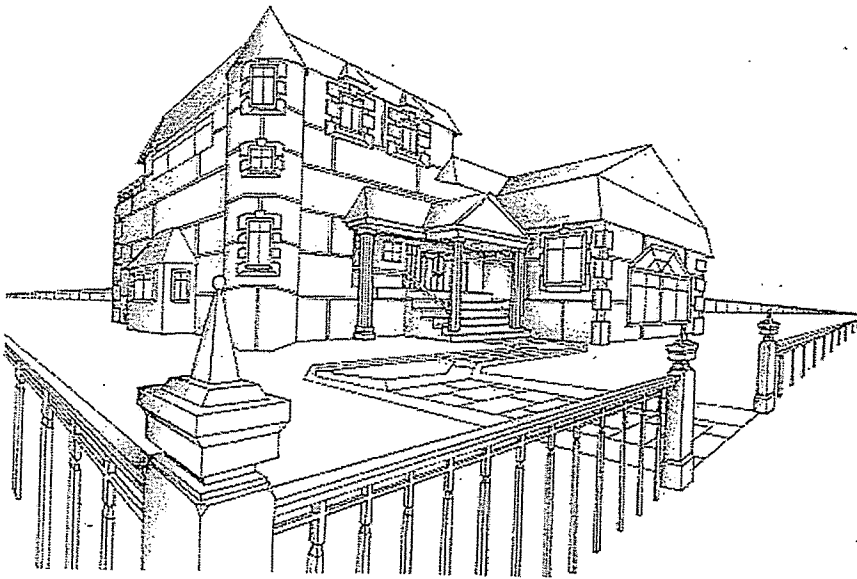
Dies

is lowered, is laid to rest.





i walk  
i love  
i am home



“Rollin' on Dubs”  
Alex Borowski

The Black Tank Top Girl  
DRAK

The Black Tank Top Girl  
Her Descent upon the stairs  
makes me smile  
inwardly and out.  
Let her be truly happy  
With or without me,  
In life, the journey,  
and all its aspects.  
The Black Tank Top Girl  
who wishes she had  
just a little more  
who doesn't want to hate the world  
and who will listen to me cry  
with a little comfort in her to give up to those in need  
The Black Tank Top Girl  
Makes me want to really live my life,  
part of the reason that I'll try,  
to fall and not to die,  
to bloom and then to fly,  
is to wake from half asleep  
and know its time to leave  
the warmth that she provides.  
The Black Tank Top Girl  
whose name need not be said,  
as it rings aloud inside my head,  
(Two or Sixty thousand feet)  
regardless where I stand,  
I can feel her hand  
Black Tank Top Girl

OLSA  
TC

To close an eye is to sever the world from view  
To close both eyes is to risk a fall from reality  
for indeed  
To dream is to die asleep  
and wake reborn into a new world  
To dream is to chance fate  
for how do you know you will awake  
Though the dreamer lives separate from this realm  
They are not held in some land, impervious  
The door to the universe is opened  
but the physical body can not step through  
so it must be left behind, abandoned  
to continue aging  
from chronic hours of emptiness  
To dream is to fly with wings of air  
without fear of hitting the ground  
until the fall, in winter's cold bleak hearth  
When the wind blows you close to earth  
and awake,  
To dream is to fight your subconsciousness  
fooled by an inflated ego and self image  
To dream is to learn,  
but remember only questions  
To wake is to struggle to life  
to take breath,  
do you remember breathing  
the hours you were asleep  
Is your heart racing or is it slow  
awaking into a wall of ice  
that clings to you until you thaw under  
heavy blankets  
or wake into a rain of sweat  
and feel totally alone  
to dream is to Unknow  
To dream is to fling yourself into void  
where anything is possible  
but can you escape

Standing As a Tree

Tom Sklut

Be strong my little one,  
Be strong.  
Cause there's got to be a reason,  
A reason something's wrong.  
Have faith my strong girl,  
Have faith again.  
Cause your trials make you stronger,  
Make you stronger in the end.  
Have hope my faithful one,  
Have hope for more,  
Cause your faith'll give you reason,  
Give you reason to ask for more.  
Just love my lovely girl,  
It's all you need,  
Cause my love for you is like my faith,  
Growing stronger like a seed.  
So be strong my girl, my love,  
And lean on me,  
Cause I'll be there to lift you up,  
I'll be standing like a tree.  
Steadfast trees never move,  
Only sway in the breeze.  
On my branches I will lift you up,  
Cause I am standing as that tree.  
Yes I'll be there to lift you up,  
I'll be standing as a tree.

Mark Peterson

I am still here.  
Though I am covered,  
Though I am hidden,  
Though I am forgotten,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am beaten,  
Though I am raped,  
Though I am abused,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am burned,  
Though I am blasted,  
Though I am scorched,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am shaken,  
Though I am broken,  
Though I am crumbling,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am drowning,  
Though I am soaked,  
Though I am dying of thirst,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am buffeted,  
Though I am swept up,  
Though I am blown aside,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am aging,  
Though I am rotting,  
Though I am dying,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
Though I am misused,  
Though I am violated,  
Though I am hated,  
I am still here.

I am still here.  
I am greatest yet least valued,  
I am oldest yet least venerated,  
I am the Earth,  
And I am still here.

The Beginning of a Story  
TC

I'm down on my knees  
praying  
Do you dare point your gun at me?

You know I'm not going to scream  
or beg  
Do you Dare point your Gun at me?

Your finger's on the trigger  
You got 5 rounds in the barrel  
Five rounds in your pocket  
Five rounds in your hand  
Fifteen bullets; Is that how much you hate me?

I'll never die against my will  
waiting  
Do you dare point your Gun at me?

I stain the land of my father  
Bleeding  
I stain the land of my mother  
bleeding  
I stain the land, red with blood  
I took my life, you knew I would  
Do you Dare point your Gun at me?  
Do I threaten you that much  
That you need to be assured that I am dead  
Well here I am  
Do you dare point your gun at me

I STAND  
you your disbelief  
I BREATHE  
step away from me

REBORN  
I can no longer die  
My soul Awakes from where my body lies

A ghostly image of your past  
forever  
Do you dare point your gun at me?

I STAND  
I BREATHE  
I WATCH  
my love Weep  
as She DIES  
by your hand  
You will never understand  
I BURN  
Forever more  
HEART TORN  
EYES COLD  
I REACH  
I PERCEIVE  
A Deeper death then you receive

And in the shadows stand the wraiths  
Your Death  
Do you dare point your Gun at me?

Anonymous

You have always got your friends  
No matter where you finally stand  
No matter how many drops of blood  
We catch  
Before you find the meaning of it all

No matter how strong the Tsunami  
We face the same adversary  
There are no secrets left to keep  
Hidden from anyone  
Hidden from everyone

It hurts to be the Rouge  
'cause you don't need to stand alone

Despite that you don't want our prayers  
We send them always, just the same

If you stand out in the cold  
There's a fire waiting near

Don't seek to wear the martyr's crown  
One fist in the air with blood-shot eyes and shredded lips  
The robe of office drags you down  
The fated path of Rouges

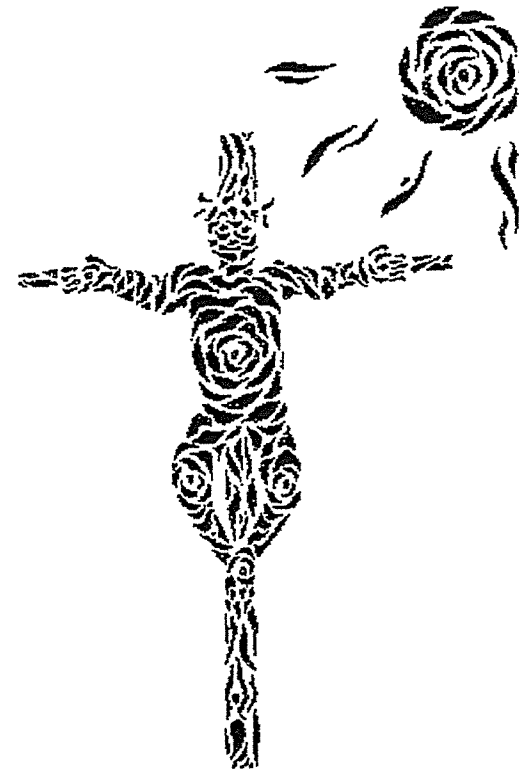
Don't bear our pains for us  
You've problems of your own  
Wounds marked deeper than skin  
The tracks of tears first wept in blood

We've Answers to your lingering thoughts  
We've Peace of mind for the Shadowed halls  
We've Armor for thy Battered wings  
and Shield and Sword to stand ready beside you

It hurts to be the Rouge  
'cause you don't need to stand alone

There is one star that shines for thee  
A sacred trust that seeks thy frame  
Not like the rest  
Its every light  
Is a ray that seeks to heal a LONESOME SOUL

It hurts to be the Rouge  
To stand alone at the end of the world



Will Makowski

Anonymous

She walks into the party holding a red cup. Juice filled and shiny. Her friends all suck. They do nothing but tease her about what she is not. She wears a mask, concealing herself from those around her as she walks through the crowd. None stare: she is one of them. But is the facade worth it? The cup is supposed to contain alcohol, not juice. Lying for friends is second nature to her. She glances at a poster.....

“Let your conscience be your guide”

Stupid cricket,  
he did not know her. She scoffed at the post and walked past. Wood and flesh were separate entities, even though the flesh looks the same from person to person to person. Wood is so much easier to guide, for all one has to do is carve it in the image that they want: flesh one must convince of change, or else it gets messy. The mess of her life, she is reminded by the “stupid” saying. Her cup slowly becomes heavier, and she does not know why. The cup is dropped as tears roll down her cheeks. Cold and reminiscent of when her old friends and her went to the beach. Life used to be so simple. Why the change? Why the lies? Why the drama? She did not know, she was simply a nameless face in the crowd.

But people can change. Her last hope was in leaving the party and starting over. A break appeared, and she hurried as if the sea was parting. Never returning to the party or her house. Her life was her own now.....Melissa.

River  
Edward Wagner

Pure in its creation, absorbing its surroundings, its environment  
becoming a part of it  
Eroding the sides to make a path for itself  
Meandering, slithering over rock, sand, dirt, and land  
Finding its way, ambivalent as to the many paths that might take,  
fickle  
Sometimes slow and trickling  
Impatient, rushing, babbling  
Knowing not its source nor its end  
Needs nothing to keep it going  
Giving an unrecognizable beginning to a new branch of itself  
Without perception of time or change within itself until it doubles  
back on its old self  
Frozen at times, but only on the surface, forever advancing  
Forever clear to others, but often muddy and clouded  
Passively serene ...  
Reflecting the world in itself ...  
Bringing life to all other things absorbing it ...  
Seeping back into the Earth, gradually disappearing ...

We try to escape from everything  
We try to escape from a place,  
School, home  
And even life  
Some of us do escape and we live  
A happy life But we all need to  
Escape from  
Things we  
Don't like and things we do like  
This is a part of life the pressure in

School torments us so much  
We live out lives in a different  
Way we cry because  
We are trapped  
We treat each other mean because  
We want to escape but we can't  
Some people hit on other  
to escape even though  
It is not right and they should not do  
It but they do it anyway that is their

Way of escaping it is not fair to  
Others that they have to deal with  
That even though that  
Other person deserves  
Much more we want  
To escape because  
We want to do  
Things our parents want  
Let us we want to explore with  
Everyone we want to experience

Things but we  
cant because we have  
Not escaped yet our minds  
Also helps us escape by  
Imagining things we explore  
our wildest fantasies we explore  
life threw are minds our minds is the only  
to escape for me because I am going to escape  
one day It might be today it might be tomorrow  
But it will be some day some people use  
Church to escape but not everyone  
The church is a great place to escape  
Many people find church and it

Changes their lives that is a very good thing  
because many people kill because they want  
to escape that is very common  
They Kill, Kill Kill because they  
have not found a good place to Escape  
to i will Never Ever Never Ever do  
some thing like that in my LIFE. But you  
never know what way you will find  
to escape from life i know i  
have found my way to  
escape it is not the  
best way to  
but i love  
to do it on  
my spare

Time I can do it at school i can do it at home  
i can do it where ever i have a pen and  
a piece of paper  
can you guess what  
it is? It is to do what i am doing right now  
to you Some times it is hard to write  
My feelings down  
but i do it to  
Escape I hope you find way to Escape from  
Where Ever You Are.....

Think About It...

Anonymous

Expiration date  
Alarm clock blinking in the dark  
Marathon race  
Pillow to rest on

Jigsaw puzzle  
Warm summer days  
Estimated download time  
1 minute 26 seconds...

Cool gray eyes smile  
The soft silent lips speak  
A peaceful sigh escapes...  
All ~~good things~~ come to an end  
**great people**

I'll take you down

Drak

I'll take you down  
past the shadows and the flames  
I'll keep you safe  
and far away  
from all this hate  
from all my foes  
From all the pain that this world knows

I'll salve your wounds  
I'll cut your bonds  
I'll pick you up, when you fall down

If you trust me I'll take you down  
I'll take you to the dreamer's realm  
and sleep  
for I know  
that this night will end  
Before you go to sleep  
And I have fallen  
to the revolution in my head  
And I'll weep  
I'm the only one that knows I'm dead



Mark Peterson

So you are there, before me now,  
My angel bound and locked away.  
How do I free you from these chains,  
From shackles tied by your own hand?

Chains of past and present future,  
Chains of love and hateful sorrow,  
Chains of pain and greatest pleasure,  
Chains that now keep me from your side.

If I could but caress your hand,  
Angel, I would make clean old stains  
With love, that by your side shall stay  
To cry tears I cannot allow.

Tears for past untaken choices,  
Tears for love that died unblooming,  
Tears for pain that leaves me hollow,  
Tears while I am kept from your side.

Would that I had once stepped forward  
To hold you, Angel, in my arms  
And kiss your pretty feather lips,  
To bind together us for life.

Life in past times that were better,  
Life in love forbidden a form,  
Life in pain from an aching need,  
Life I've lived away from your side.

I long for time free from this strife,  
With you, sweet Angel, at my hip,  
Where I can keep you safe from harm,  
And be, to you, shelter and ward.

Shelter from the past that's present,  
Shelter from love false pledged in haste,  
Shelter from pain of true love lost,  
Shelter I promise at your side.

I reach to touch your trembling flesh,  
At first step, Angel, tumbling down  
In chains, bound tightly, same as yours;  
Fetters fastened by my own hands.

Fetters tied in past loneliness,  
Fetters tied in love ungiven,  
Fetters tied in pain infinite,  
Fetters holding me from your side.

She drags me down through sinking sand.  
He takes you, Angel, to far shores.  
Yet through it all my love ne'er drowns,  
But seeks on wings your heart to catch.

Wings of past and fleeting eras,  
Wings of love to fly e'er near you,  
Wings of pain born from deep longing,  
Wings to bring me swift to your side.

If I wrote you a letter

Anonymous

If I wrote you a letter, and signed my name  
Would care enough to respond?  
If it was well written and had a small poem  
Would you care enough to remember it?  
If it was black text on white paper, or Gold on silk  
Would you care to see the difference?  
If I sealed the envelope myself, and used my favorite stamp  
Would you care enough to open it?  
If I wrote your name and address on the front  
Would you care to take it out of the pile of mail?  
If I told you I was going to write you  
Would you care at all?  
If I wrote you a letter  
Would you care if I tore it up?  
I do not think you would  
I do not think I will  
I think I'll just lay it in the fire  
What the h\*\*\* was I ever thinking?  
Writing you a letter  
And even this poem you will never see  
It will just fade with my thoughts  
buried and lost  
Maybe one day I will tell you I was going to write you a letter  
If I write you a letter again.

You said

Anonymous

Well it was you who said hello  
But I'm the one who says good bye  
  
Well I'll miss you  
And the way you touched me deep inside  
  
Well I can always smile  
When I ask how are you  
And tell you how much I love you  
But I think I'll always cry  
When ever I say Good bye  
  
And it never will be easy  
I will always feel alone  
I will find the memories forgotten  
I will take them on the road  
  
So Goodbye, to you  
And if we meet again  
Well I'll only end up  
Saying good bye to you again  
  
Good Bye



"Kate"  
Daniel Quinn

*Daniel Quinn*

What can I say then, of your love?  
Tom Sklut '04

What can I say then, of your love?  
Which flows over me like a river,  
Drowning me into happiness,  
Filling high an empty glass.  
Is this a real kind of love?  
Thought true, but not unseen?  
No, it's real and viewed- of course!

Can you blame the sun for shining?  
Or the sea for crashing upon the sand?  
Nor can anyone place upon my shoulders  
The burden of holding within such emotion.

*What else can I say then, of your love?*

Giants  
by Ben Beckett

The days float slowly by.  
I pass through them in a process of osmosis.  
Celestial bodies take turns on guard duty, standing watch.

I watch back.

Retinacide, searing ovals are subjected to torture by one,  
And pleasure by the other  
In a galactic game of good cop bad cop.

I want my lawyer.

Grandma Flo  
Andrew Pierce

She traveled.  
She baked.  
She gave  
I miss her.

She loved.  
She sewed.  
She prayed.  
I miss her

She danced.  
She smiled.  
She helped.  
We miss her.

She suffered.  
She fought.  
She lost.  
I miss her.

Rabs  
Patrick Gerometta

*Six Inches long  
And four more wide  
One hundred percent  
American pride  
Rabs lived in the art room  
At the U of D High  
He was taken away  
By a strange-looking guy  
He escaped to a farma  
Way far out in the country  
Where the plants had good karma  
Especially the fun-tree  
Rabs he did tend  
To go downtown  
To see a friend  
The hobo clown  
Who Spoke of the End*

After It All  
Ivan Slaughter

When I heard the news I could not believe  
I thought my ears were being deceived  
The day it happened, I could not bear  
My feelings, my emotions I could not share  
Oh how so very cold I felt  
I could not understand the pain that had been dealt  
I felt abandoned, alone, maybe afraid  
The pictures of her smile in my mind replayed  
The hurt that I felt deep inside  
Made me feel no longer alive  
All the times together we sang  
No longer could it be the same  
How unbearable it seems  
I wish that it were only a dream  
The day my beloved grandmother died  
My joy, my happiness seemed to subside  
But just because her body is gone  
Who said her love and her spirit could not live on?  
Deep inside me this I know  
That her love and her spirit shall one day show  
Now I know all that I need  
No longer shall I deniably plead  
I now can accept that we're no longer together  
For deep in my heart I know her love shall stay forever

If you were here  
T.C. Cusack

If you were here beside me  
walking this road and looking up at me  
talking and singing as we wandered  
aimless without question  
lost not only in ourselves  
but in each other.  
If you were here with me  
and you took my hand  
I would close my eyes and  
with long drawn vowels  
and sounds, chant to you  
a song of all that is me.  
If you were here and your hair,  
flowing in the gentle wind  
and tickling my neck  
I would hold you  
under what ever time of day  
or whatever set of stars  
let the moon wax or wane  
It would not matter to me  
If you were here

What happens when...  
Tom Sklut

What happens when my soul pines for yours?

Cries out "I am yours," and replies,

"You are mine," so that simply

It is the rise and the set of the day

Which carries me, like a tide,

To you.

What happens when the skies gray clouds

Appear salmon colored, pitting a pattern

Of blobs carelessly in the sky, against

Nights' dark cape of stars?

What happens when the hardest part

Seems so easy, or better yet

The easiest part so hard?

What happens when night and day

Must collide?

That is beauty.

In unprotected, unparalleled;

In understated, unknown;

In surprise, and repetition

That is beauty.

Heart Fire  
Tom Sklut

Slowly I rekindle a flame that never died  
In a heart that once could feel for just one thing.

Maybe it still does and I'm continually tried

Because I struggle over all its meaning.

Maybe I pushed too hard

Or messed things up somehow

I'm sorry if I did any of these things

Make it up, I'm willing right now.

Carefully I look into your beautiful eyes

And the face that let me go

How come I still long for that one thing:

To heal a heart that cries.

Waiting  
William Ahee

I am the seeds of a rare and beautiful flower,

Waiting to be picked up by the wind,

Carried to a new magical place,

So I may spread innocent joy.

I am a bright color of an abstract painting,

Blurred in with shades of brown and gray,

Waiting for my color to break through,

Desiring to beautify the dull painting.

I am a poem in the end of a long monotonous anthology,

My words are a brilliant, piercing light,

I am covered by horribly despairing ugliness,

Mistaken to be yet another dark poem.

I am a diamond covered in black,

Surrounded by clumps of worthless coal,

Yelling to those who cannot hear,

Layered with my own filthy anger and depression.

I am a brilliant gift to the world, waiting to make a difference.

Gently Washing Away

Tom Sklut

Listen to the rain massage all your dreams at night  
So gently washing away  
Listen as the mist falls silently with might  
So gently washing away  
All your troubles from day to day  
All your worry you have, may  
Be there... and gone  
Within the night.

You say this will never happen,  
All these pent up fears.  
You say that they will never leave you,  
No matter the amount of tears.  
You say that merely by suggestion  
Fears are like a cancer.  
You say that my love is in question,  
But I say that it's the answer.

Listen as the rain travels right by you at night.  
So gently washing away.  
Listen as the mist reveals all of your true sight  
So gently washing away  
All your troubles what they may be  
All the hate that you see  
Will be gone  
Within the night.  
Will be gone  
Within the night.

Patriotic is just the jamming together of two words:

Patronizing and Idiotic.

-Anonymous

Four to One

Ben Beckett

Trip over a starry night  
Ego trip over a lost day  
The feeling that something has been left behind  
Not feeling important enough  
And a ratio of speaking to thinking  
That's less than 421  
Power trip on the tip of the tongue  
A slippery slope caused a trip down a hill  
A flip and reversal of roles  
Tumble around and around  
And see who comes out on top  
By a spread of 421  
Trip down the stairs  
Into hell  
Go there for stealing lines  
From a cheesy punk song  
And 666 will be replaced  
By a certain 421

Done?  
Anonymous

I couldn't remember whether the rope snapped  
Or I let go -  
But now I was falling  
That's all I know.

Terror, fear, anxiety -  
Held no meaning now.  
It was a matter of caring,  
And I had forgotten how.

I had never been known,  
I had never been shown  
That love really mattered -  
People shouldn't be alone.

But now it's too late,  
I took one last try  
I gave it all up  
And was given a lie.

As I began to believe  
That the haze could all clear,  
The light goes out  
And I'm nowhere near.

There are two ways out -  
The struggle will not end:  
I can give it all up  
Or internally mend.

The End  
David Przybylo

Seeker failed to find.  
Thinker lost his mind.  
Fighter met his match.  
Hunter found no catch.  
Dreamer woke up today.  
Death wins in ev'ry way.

Someday Soon  
Alex Glaros

I look about myself in wonderment,  
And feeling life I ponder its sweet scent.  
It draws me ever nearer to the end,  
While failing me are things I do defend.  
I find the futile fairy tail I lead  
Is only but a fantasy I feed,  
In hopes that one day I might reach my goal.  
When that day comes my dream will burn as coal.  
But ash will yield the gems that I have sought.  
For many years I toiled in pain and fought.  
For that sweet day when ends may meet in joy,  
I will again be as a little boy.  
I'll grow and thrive in fields I've never known,  
A land of truth our kind cannot be shown.  
Where heroes dwell and all live on in grace,  
And none will see the scars upon my face.  
What good are heroes here where none can see?  
And all are far too daft to hide or flee,  
From hidden dangers all will come to fear.  
I seem to be alone the one to hear  
The guiding words that are so clear.



to write about you

Drak

I do not write  
so much about  
flowers, For  
Flowers I can Grow  
or pick in the forest.  
I do not write  
so much about  
the songs of birds  
I can hear them already  
I do not write  
So much about  
Colorful pictures  
For I can hang them  
on my wall  
I do not write  
so much about  
Rivers and clouds,  
laughter, and smiles  
Grass and trees  
For these things  
I know.  
I write much  
about you  
because you still  
mystify me and  
Indeed it is the  
greatest mystery,  
and I wonder  
*and I dream.*

I see the light

TC

I see the light, shining in your eyes  
It shines like the sun, off of melting ice  
I can tell you hope, that hope remains

I see the light, I see it fade

I see the shadows, crawling swiftly  
away from the sun, as its retreating  
Out of day, the night is born

Why is it, that we came  
When the candle, flicks its flame  
and all about you, are lame

I see the light, I see it fade

Marching out, on parade  
Sad eyes glimmer, then they glaze  
The city sleeps, and dusk departs

I see the light within your hearts

Sick  
Roderiguez

I get sick of these people  
when they tell all their lies  
I get sick of these people  
waiting for my demise

I get sick of these people  
trying to be behind my eyes  
I get sick when I can't  
shed tears when I cry

I get sick of the world  
hearing ambulances go by  
I get sick of the hood  
when it ruins people's lives

I get sick of my heart  
for being fragile and kind  
but my screams don't get heard  
when they come from inside

Being angry doesn't help me  
no matter how hard I try  
But the frustration of hate  
will no longer abide

But the hate inside of me  
grows prosperous and strong  
and the pull of my crimes  
I may not prolong

This is my weakness  
in society I am unfit  
Sorry for being rude  
I am most known as "Sick"

For Many Nothing For No one All  
TC

For many nothing, for no one all.

On a cold winter day, as I watch the fire play.  
The crackle, hiss, and pop, as I watch the fire hop.  
Trunk, branch, twig, and stick, as I watch the fire lick.  
Smoke, ash, and charcoal thick, as I watch the fire kick.  
I wonder will the burning ever stop, as I watch the fire hop.  
In the warming glow I stay, as I watch the fire play.

Will winters scornful sting succumb, to the fire's raging  
hum?

On a rainy night in spring, as I hear the rain gently sing.  
The trickle and the plop, as I hear the rain softly drop.  
Rolling on the roof atop, as I hear the rain swiftly hop.  
Hit the ground with a ping, as I hear the rain quietly sing.

As I listen to the sky I wonder why the angels cry.

On an early summer eve, as I feel the wind begin to leave.  
Roar, howl, whistle in glee, as I feel the wind begin to flee.

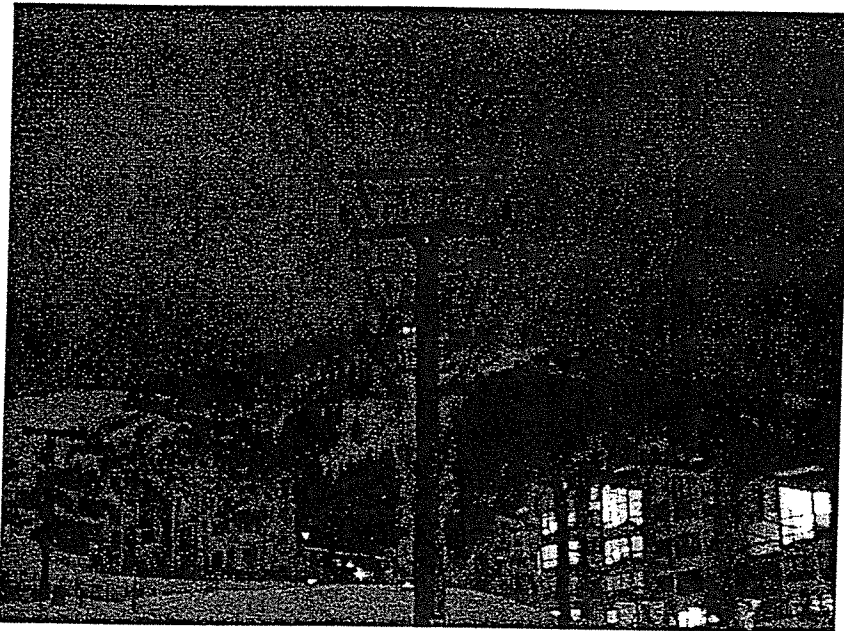
A mournful tone of sad display is this all the wind has to  
say?

What will happen in the fall? For many nothing, for no one  
all.

Hope Against Hope  
Ben Beckett

Broken and bent  
But hope leads only to despair  
Despite maxims and platitudes  
Pleasing to the ear.

An accident can happen at any time  
Too bad not when you want them too  
You're not 'sposed to use second person  
People don't want to hear about "you."



"Gondola"  
Stefan Simonetti

Halcyon  
TC

On Feathers Glide  
over these strong waves,  
that move like soldiers in a charge,  
and rush upon the beach and rocks  
throwing all their stone and shoulder  
smashing like a warhammer upon shields  
and being beaten back.

On Feathers swoop  
down upon the catch  
already caught in nets of gladiators,  
safe to call upon Nobody  
he has not lost favor with Poseidon yet

On Feathers soar  
upon the winds  
Zepherus and Affricus  
as they journey to the squalls they swell  
Surf the waves on the next advance  
The Halcyon will fly as a peaceful hand  
and his days shall never come too late.

The Curse of the Revenant  
Bob Heberling

The Revenant... cursed with life  
He knows not the hate carried in his heart  
A primal beast, beyond rational thought  
His malice is the product of our nightmares  
One thought dwells in his mind.... Home  
The home that is gone from this time  
Existing only in memory  
Wishing for the past to meld in with the present, he carries on  
He breeds armies for fell purposes...  
Shambling corpses, rotting cadavers... gnawing, biting, consuming...  
creatures born from nightmares...  
They know no fear, nor pain, nor tire... they know only their master's  
desires  
He spreads the curse throughout the land...  
Building up his army of undeath with the souls of the living  
Feeding off the hopes and fears of armies' recruits  
From him there is no escape... not even death will end the terror  
The curse is undying and it shall warp us as it does him  
til civilization falls just as the night consumes the day

The Great River  
Bob Heberling

A river of souls flows forth to thee  
A river every man's soul shall see  
The ferry man comes to take you across  
making sure your soul is not lost  
Silver in the eyes to pay the toll  
Taking you across to judge your soul  
Cursing you with indignant hate  
taking you now to that horrid gate  
Paddle beating on to make your way  
The last event of your final day

Lunch  
Alex Jones

I'm drinking cherry Pepsi  
Then you take a sharpie to my bottle  
I push your hand, you draw on mine  
Now your neck I want to throttle  
I turn and see the rest of the guys  
Having a conversation  
The freshmen together, the seniors too  
I'm stuck here in isolation  
Why do I even come here  
When I know I'll never truly belong?  
Do I love being tortured  
By the silent, scarring song?  
It goes "You're all alone  
In the middle of a crowd  
You'll always remain silent  
Even if you try to scream out loud"

No Light  
Mark Peterson

The bloody sun has set on yon far hill,  
And with it takes my mortal wounded joy.  
No moon has risen to shine its light, nor will  
the stars arrive. All that remains to cloy

My frame is darkness and choked misery.  
Alone I weep, alone I mourn, yet he  
And you, you laugh and sigh in livery  
Of resplendent white, with gold filigree

And crimson bows. Emotions unvoiced pour  
Through my brain, bespeaking that which doth  
Remain to haunt my memories; all sore  
Reflections of lost chance, a-marching off

To slowly drown and die, adrift within  
My dying sun, who'll never rise again.

Sonnet

Mark Peterson

The love I feel is like an ancient stage  
Upon which is the best, unending, play.  
The script of which cannot be placed on page,  
but can be only lived, or so they say.

Now moving, as we do, to a new scene  
Which tells of you and I, conjoined in love  
And sorrow as has not ever been seen  
Near, or beyond the flight of winged dove.

So soon the final act begins to play,  
With weary bones and aching voice we race  
To the time when, at side by side, we'll stay  
In grand finale as we take our place.

If the last beginning ends all senses,  
Then with this ending our tale commences.

Dream Stealer

David Przybylo

Closely yet distant  
Hearing the screams...  
Following after  
I run through my dreams...

Searching and looking  
For the source of the howl...  
I am most alert  
Of the beast on the prowl...

He comes in the night  
To steal your hopes...  
In your mind he lurks  
At your brain he gropes...

Stealing what's yours  
He's almost always alone...  
Taking and plundering  
From your safe little home...

Tides

Michael Fontichiaro

Deep blue the waves crash  
Foam and spray burst forth on rocks  
High tide erupting

Low tide brings new peace  
Gentle swells glide over sand  
Tranquil calm arrives

Ever changing tides  
From high to low they return  
Always changing back

An Affectionate Falling Rhythm

P.S. McPartlin

I know this girl who brings life to the room,  
From winter time, to summer bloom,  
She creates new meaning to the light of day,  
Like the ceaseless beaming of an endless ray.

I do recall when we first met,  
In a town that was all too hip,  
He introduced us, hand in hand,  
But I could only bite my lip.

As time has passed, just these few years,  
We've seen each other grow,  
Through day and night, and even tears,  
This story you should know.

So on this day I must contend,  
There's some things you should see,  
The way you've made a difference, friend,  
And filled my life with glee.

I think you're keen and clever,  
You stand up near the top,  
Your charm is not the only thing,  
That makes me want to drop.

But friendship's merely all I ask,  
Sent lovely on this day,  
To keep this as my solemn task,  
Oh, this I hope and pray.

Remember when you cut your hair,  
You said it was quite unpleasant,  
But hair doesn't make you unique,  
And that's why I give you this present.

So as far as things for you and He,  
I hope it all works well,  
Just know I'm always there for you,  
Wherever you may dwell.

Those extensive talks we always held,  
That seemingly had no end,  
Firmly reveal your true prestige,  
As such a kind and caring friend.

Your imagination is like the sky,  
Those shapes in the clouds that slowly drift by.  
I will be your companion, no matter what measure,  
For true friends get through those times of displeasure.

Whatever your grievance, just give me a call,  
I'll be standing close by if ever you fall.  
Through thick and thin I'll be there when you're down,  
Just someone to talk to, if ever you frown.

When life seems to feel like,  
A long and drawn out letter,  
Just follow your heart, and live in your dreams,  
And things- they will all seem better.

So I hope you enjoy, these flowers I promised,  
If this comes as a shock, I just tried to be honest.  
In anguish or cheer, you can call on me,  
Maybe even over a nice cup of tea.

When you go through the world,  
Please hold your head high.  
For I'll always be with you,  
Just chillin' by your side.

And gazing out,  
Until the bitter end,  
Never forgetting time,  
Time with you... My friend.

CMS

Chris Metz

The sun lightly brushes my face,  
Glazing my tender skin,  
Freckles are the sign of its love.  
Forever remembered in reflections  
Forgotten in memory,  
I am cold.

The frost of a newly formed winter,  
Caressing my heart like an interminable fire.  
The sun's warmth comforts not,  
It's golden purity wasted on  
the spring of another age.

The summer becomes but a neglected farce,  
Butterflies becoming but skeletons  
Of goodness yet unborn.  
Time passes on a treadmill  
the mouse works so very hard  
tired.....

My being falls into an autumn,  
gasping for a glass of cold air  
that will never quench  
My greed for the apathy of another.

A love passes  
another year gone by  
will forgotten memories survive->?  
Moving on isn't difficult  
but rather impossible in the face  
of a raisin in the sun.

The Poet's Dream

Mark Peterson

"What does the poet dream?"  
I ask, "For this I do not know,  
In this world where nothing's as it seems."

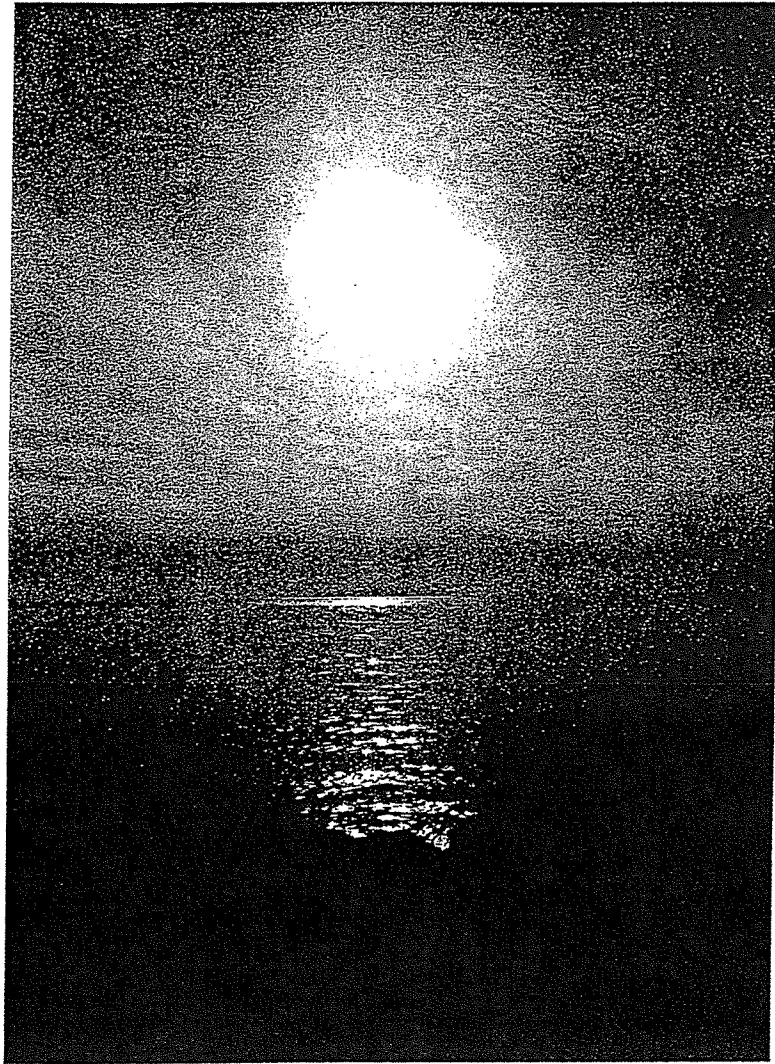
Does he wake suddenly, and scream?  
Hiding nightmares down below,  
What does the poet dream?

Does he see a flowing stream  
Or a city all aglow,  
In this world where nothing's as it seems?

Is there a champion and his team,  
Or a great triumphant bellow?  
What does the poet dream?

Do birds sit on a tree and preen,  
Searching for a worm to swallow,  
In this world where nothing's as it seems?

What hides behind this fragile screen?  
Lurking answers long searched for.  
What does the poet dream,  
In this world where nothing's as it seems?



"Kairos Sunset"  
Stefan Simonetti

*The Adventures and Journeys of Aaron Handelsman en Route to  
Sir Clancy's Class (which clearly excuse his lateness)*

Aaron Handelsman

Upon leaving MacDaddy's room,  
I thought to Clancy's class I'd zoom,  
For lateness not being a desired state  
I needed to run, to hurry; but wait!

Speeding quickly through the hall,  
Upon queer sight my eyes did fall:  
'Twas Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum—  
I couldn't tell the Other from One

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum  
Dressed in hats and suits of red  
(You can catch their pics on the web.)

They were graced by the presence of chatterbox Mad Hatter;  
It surprised me, the request, "come sup with us" of the latter.

Deeming this an experience utterly unique  
I had to stop and take a peek.  
Had I known the disaster which lay ahead  
Away from darn place I would have sped.  
Alas, I did not,  
And so paid the cost  
And the four minutes allotted I quickly lost.

This, Sir Clance, is why "I'm late, I'm late",  
To this stellar class, my most important date.



Post Love  
Matt Miller

I am sitting on a bench, and searching through the forest.  
I'll take you into my memory.  
Grasp the concept so you may see  
The blood spattered all around  
And petals of roses on the ground  
That represent the break of my heart  
The blood leaked forth as it fell apart.  
Give me the courage to stay awake  
The needle is dropping towards the stake.  
You let me be myself  
Keeping me from stealth  
And now that I'm not with you  
I am sad and blue.

I Choose the Dream  
Alex Glaros

I wander 'round inside this fragile dream,  
It ebbs and flows across my mind, a stream.  
I ask, when 'wakening sinks this raft of mine,  
And drowned in truth I sink below sweet brine,  
Why can't I stay in dreamland 'til the end?  
For this my bonds to truth would break and bend.  
I see the wish cascading down the wall,  
The reality I wake to when I fall.  
I struggle back away from war torn strife,  
But breath of morning pulls me back to life.  
Though which of these two lives is really true,  
The fantasy or the truth I now rue?

Fate  
Zack Jahn

Through the looking glass I can see my fate  
staring back at me, through me.  
Nothing can avoid its piercing gaze.  
A black stare that burns like ice.  
The fire of Heaven devours my soul  
leaving nothing but smoldering decay.  
Redemption is but a word,  
repeated endlessly on deaf ears  
with aspirations of arousing hope.  
The Black Cardinal sings its song  
A dirge that beckons me to actuate my desires  
of living a meaningful life.  
But I must resist, for I know,  
in my heart  
the Sunday of Destruction is upon us.

Do Not Do  
Ox E. Moron

Legendary failures succeeded here.  
They were close to being far away from near.  
The right one was wrongly true.  
You better not attempt what not to do.

Remember when I told you not  
to listen and you did?  
Acting childish while growing,  
when you were just a kid.  
Close your eyes and look at me.  
It's so simple, making the difficult easy.

Eden

Kevin Douglas

Left to decay by mans sin.  
No plant even grows in such  
beauty as it did when it was tilled  
by the first. Every animal left weary  
with sorrow 'cause there's no man to hunt  
it or enjoy it. The Sun rays don't cast its  
Life upon the land of Eden. The rivers sing  
their ancient songs about the week they  
were born. The Beauty of God is decaying as  
time is progressing into the End.

Passed Past

Anonymous

Do you remember how it was in the beginning?  
I remember being scared and lonely, in a new place.  
Somehow we all got through it, forgot it, and moved on.  
When we stand here, looking forward.  
We ignore our tiny footprints behind us.  
Our lives so complex, so different,  
yet we all started the same.  
Simple grade school days are replaced  
by high school issues and social lives.  
Running in fast forward >>  
No time to enjoy the colors and shapes.  
Soon we will be off to computers and cubicles.  
Seems like just yesterday we learned to tie our shoes...

Closed Casket

Bob Heberling

A Closed Casket...  
Resting place of the fallen,  
man without hope, without fear.  
Half-closed eyes emitting a vision  
Exhaling, letting out the pain  
Always and forever they jeered,  
mocked and defiled  
Now it is my turn, no longer a man,  
the vindicator, my wrath has no bounds,  
its only cap is death  
Minos, laughing, smiling with glee,  
wraps his tail around five times in anticipation  
From my hands my wrath is squeezed like a bitter wine  
Thunder, and then like fire from hell it bores through my enemies  
No Return No Regret, Never Forgive Never Forget  
The visions of the past play behind my eyes  
I no longer know pain, nor fear, nor doubt  
A channel of burning death,  
and now I continue with my dark duty  
The Just come to halt my wrath, to cap it off  
An angel of Mercy releases me,  
a flash and now I am exhaling my last,  
My hate and anger leaving me with my breath,  
the pain is gone...  
Now here I am, in my home, asleep, in a closed casket...

Summer Love

Matt Miller

Walking through the palm trees  
Looking for a small breeze.  
But I can't look through  
All I see is you –  
More beautiful than the stars up above,  
I think I'm falling in love,  
Or am I just falling?  
Cause I keep calling  
And you keep stalling.  
Do you love me any more?  
Is this because I didn't kiss you at your door?  
You're too beautiful to ignore  
So don't think you're a bore.

Now as I walk on the water's edge,  
I feel like my love is tipping off the ledge.  
Your words are so fiery,  
They build up inside of me,  
Making my heat start incinerating,  
So I wonder "how can I keep on dating?"  
Life is so dull and brown  
Getting kicked when I'm down.  
Feet are all over the place,  
Even Stepping on my face.  
I don't have any space...  
Starting to feel claustrophobic,  
I think I'm going to be sick.

The water is cool,  
Like your silky eyes,  
Staring at the tidal pool,  
Your face becomes the prize.  
I long for those nights again,  
Crazy nights that began at ten.  
You left me standing at the beach  
Keeping yourself out of my reach.  
You thought, but thoughts are brutal,  
In class I stared watching you doodle.  
The love isn't gone, although it shattered,  
My body was left bruised and battered.  
The night seems to mock me,  
It laughs and giggles in glee.  
All because I lost you  
In that beach standing in the rain.

A dream

Anonymous

A dream  
To hold in my arms such beauty  
Look into deep green eyes as green as the pines  
Stroke long red hair  
Fire and blood a carnal sin in its own rite  
Kiss lips dressed in black cherry lipstick that leaves a taste in your  
mouth  
And a strong embrace and arms that won't let go and a body and  
soul unwilling to let go

This is my dream but I know one thing

What I have now is better than that dream and I would ask for no  
more. Just her.

Something in the Air

Anthony Scott

Something in the air  
Maybe it was from the fireworks  
The blinding announcement  
Of dictators dooming themselves  
With raspy spurts of communism  
And death signatures...  
There has been talk  
Rumors again perhaps like before  
But this time there is something different  
Something in the air  
Gunshots in the distance  
I have a feeling they are quickly moving closer  
And perhaps we will come to them  
All along I was never sure  
I'm not one to bet my head  
On a shadow—  
Graffiti scattered randomly across  
Crumbling walls but there is a pattern of message  
And then the neighbors are at it again  
Getting ready  
I can hear through their open windows the blaring  
Static from a radio—  
Electric excitement pulsing everywhere  
I am even starting to feel it myself  
And there is something ready in the back closet  
But...  
Commotion not so far away  
Is it here?  
No, not yet but soon,  
Soon it explodes  
And as my stomach growls I feel it again within me  
But I know I'm not the only one  
The air's getting to me  
I hope they remembered to mark my house  
Because there's something in the air and I think  
I think I smell a  
Revolution...

Ghost

Kevin Douglas

I once fell in love  
with a Ghost.  
A face that was never  
seen by anyone but  
me. A voice that was only  
heard by a few if Stood  
Silent at the turning of the night  
when the Ghost spoke she sang  
a longing story of her passage. For she was a  
Ghost, invisible to the world of realistic  
thoughts and dreams but not to the dreamy men  
who long to be accepted.

If I

Drak

If I cry  
I must bow my head  
So no one sees my tears  
  
If I bleed  
It must stay unseen  
I must not flinch if the wound is touched before it has healed

If my heart aches  
I can not miss a beat  
I must not think or meditate upon life

Like a statue I must stand  
A bronze image, grand

But why?

Personality

Anonymous

I love the autumn breeze,  
Falling leaves,  
The winter's snow,  
And the summer's glow.

I can see the sun,  
Touch the stars,  
Hear the day,  
And taste the sky.

I mourn the night,  
But treasure the day,  
And thank God for them every day.

God's creation, so dear, so sweet,  
I sense His spirit,  
And for us he weeps.

I can feel His power,  
That of life itself,  
It is clear to me now,  
The purpose of life,  
To find yourself.

Inner Thoughts in F minor

Scott Anderson

The music pulses through my head  
A world of sound colliding in an instant.  
But what is it that I am hearing?  
Is it really the music that I hear,  
Or simply a reflection of myself,  
Expressed in momentary sound?

My thoughts weave a melody,  
Complementing one each other  
To the point of perfection.  
The mind and the violin become one,  
The haunting melodies of the mind,  
Mixing with the shrill thoughts of the violin.  
Together they create a symphony of light  
That illuminates my soul like a shadow on the wall,  
Displaying my very being for myself to see.

However, like a song, my thoughts become discordant,  
Not always playing together in delight.  
Moments like these are ones to treasure,  
For self-discovery is the composer,  
And I am but the musician.

The Fall  
Ross Berg

N e v e r  
W a s  
T h e

anything more forlorn to me than a tree without  
its precious leaves that  
fall off at winter's beck.

The same leaves that  
warm the soul and give the  
spirit of humanity  
a second chance  
to feel unified  
with the world  
and themselves.

The leaves also teach  
us that we are here  
only for a short  
gap in time.

They tell us in  
the talking wind  
to help someone feel

symbiotic with the world

and themselves before we too fall to the beck and call of white-  
faced winter.

Untitled  
Tom Paglia

Feathers fall heavily upon my soul,  
Becoming burdens of love  
That embrace me.

The wings of hope  
carrying the burden of sinners  
I can feel your presence.

Hope may make the wings,  
But it is a greater force  
That allows flight.

Impossibility is just that,  
A limitation on what dreams may come.  
Death does not limit love's capacity,  
But allows for a limitless eternity,  
Felt only by those of pure entity.

As the last gasp escapes me,  
blankness covers my mind  
but my soul remains  
the last image is of.....

with (dominion of) high cloud  
the first face to behold  
.....is  
You

Bleed With Me  
Sean Gilmour

In the year 1314, Robert the Bruce stood with the remaining members of the Scottish army upon the fields of Bannockburn, and prepared to accept the English endorsement of his newly acquired position as king of Scotland. Yet even as he prepared to submit, the Bruce's heart was stirred by the sacrifice made by the Scottish hero William Wallace. It was at that moment that Robert took up his sword, and rallied the men of Scotland to him for a final stand against the might and oppression of England. The following is a fictional take on the words used to rouse the men of Scotland.

"We stand on the edge of victory,  
we stand on the edge of defeat.

We may claim victory, we may claim death,  
yet this challenge we shall meet.

You have one chance for freedom,  
one chance to be slaves in defeat.

The English come to plunder,  
the English come to kill.

Before this day is over,  
Scottish blood they shall spill.

They come to kill your women,  
they come to slaughter your kin,

I will understand if you will not fight,  
for we cannot hope to win.

As for me, I can say, I know what I must do.  
As for me, I'll fight the dogs, until they run me through.

If no one here will take a stand,  
then Wallace died for naught.

If no one here will take a stand,  
none will e'er know how we fought.

There are those among you,  
who have bled with Wallace, I see.

Now friends, I am asking you,  
Scotland, bleed with me!

Now for Wallace, now for Scotland,  
now for the rising sun!

Now for freedom, now for glory,  
now England's day is done!

Bleed with me my brothers,  
bleed with me my friends!

Bleed with me, oh Scotland,  
until we meet our end!"

The Lady in the Mirror

Anthony Scott

Walking past the looking glass and I did see

A lady in the mirror, and she saw me;

A lady in the mirror and she spoke to me.

"Child!" she said to me. "Break this mirror and set me free!"

I pondered whether I should help the woman or whether or not I  
should flee

For never had I imagined a woman as horrible as she!

Her entirety was rotted as though it had spent years beneath the sea

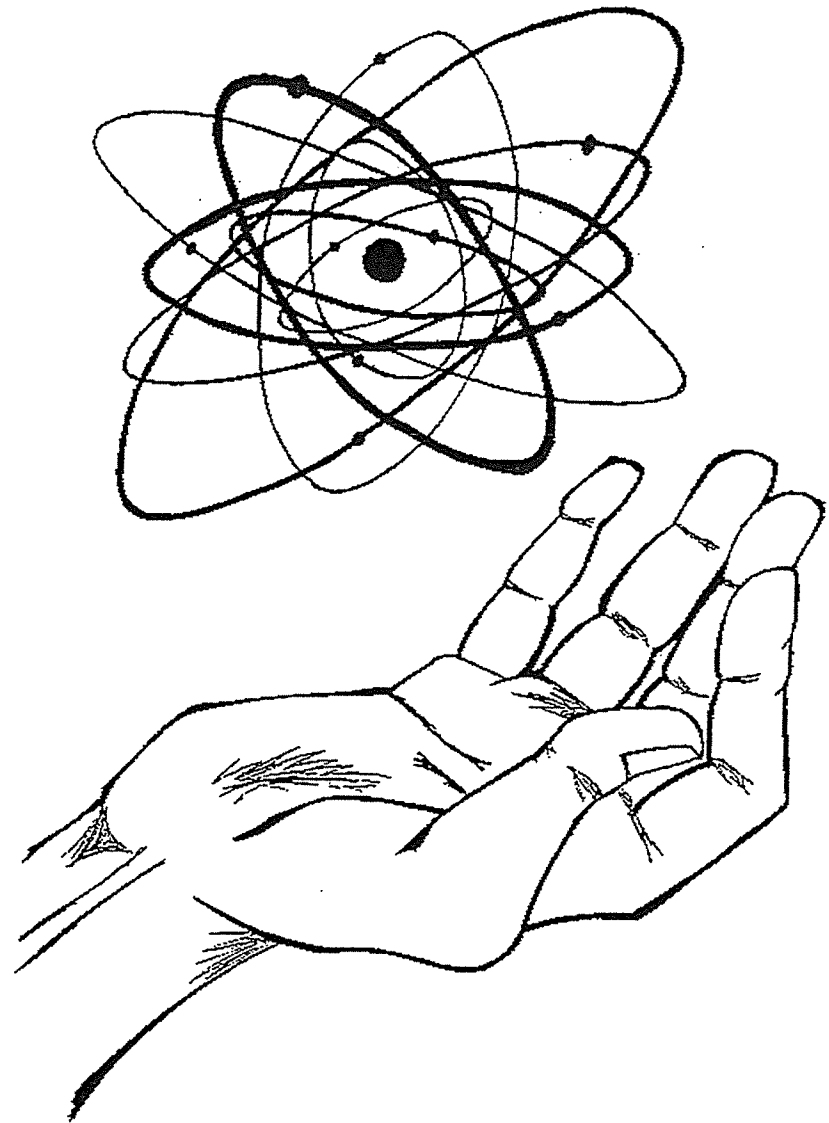
And one of her eyes was decayed away leaving one staring  
vacantly at me.

I shook my head no in reply to her request; no I would not set her  
free!

The lady in the mirror then screamed at me;

She yelled, and shrieked, and reached for me,

And I ran away, as fast as can be!



Rob Keith



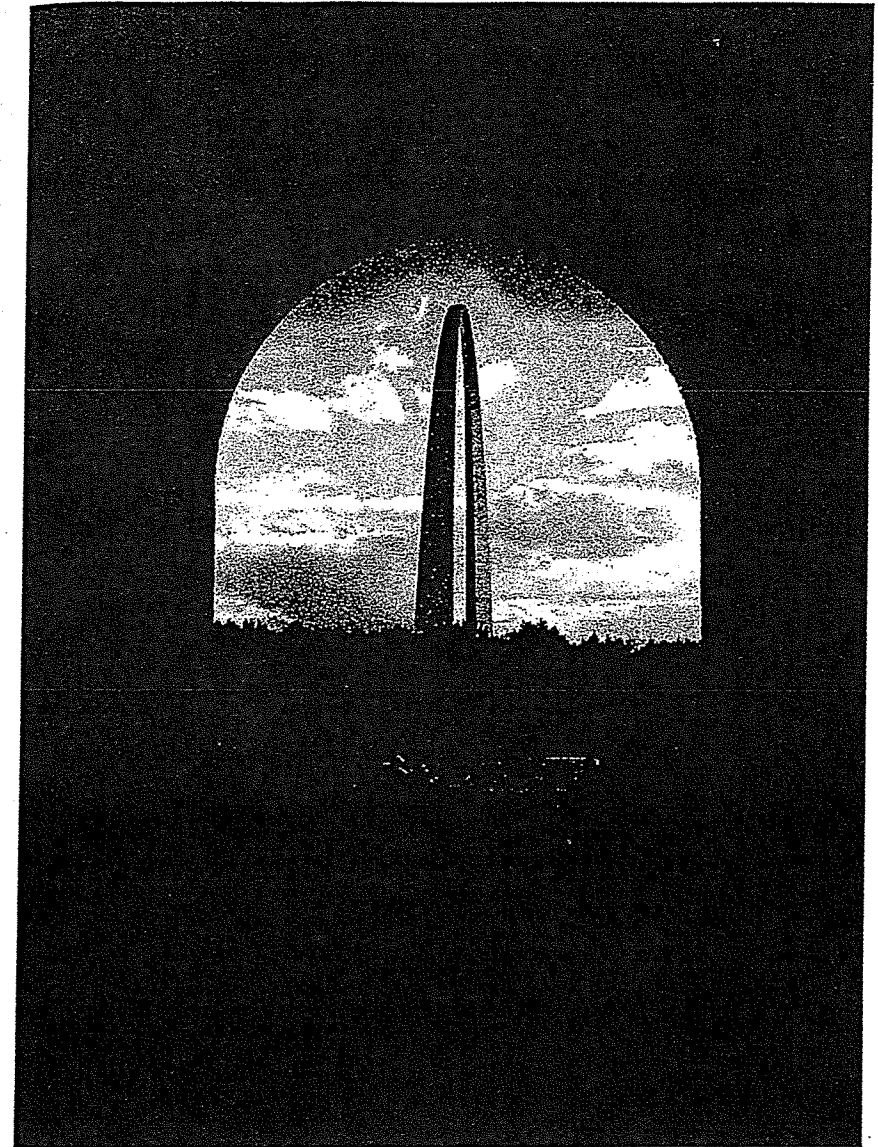
King of the Sky

John Ustick

Soaring through the open sky  
The great bird spreads its wings wide  
And though its freedom is perfectly endless  
This lone eagle flies without the rest

Aerobatic feats known by none  
Done neither for work nor for fun  
King of the sky needs no recognition  
Search for adrenaline is his mission

When the horizon engulfs the sun  
It signals the end of the last run  
The beast touches down gracefully for the night  
Man departs machine, the greatest airplane ride!



“Arch”  
Stefan Simonetti

## Johnny and the Chicken

Kyle McCormick

Clump. Clump. Clump. Clump. That was the only sound Johnny had heard since signing up to fight the rebs earlier that year in 1861. He had signed up hoping for action and adventure. What he got was marching (and when he wasn't doing that, drilling). They marched from one place to another. It seemed that the only reason they were doing it was to keep them busy.

Soon the mist that had settled over the roads and the rest of the land disappeared, and the dew that sat on the grass dried up, leaving them with a day so that the air around them seemed to be thick enough to eat, or to even choke on. The sun rose and started to fall, when finally they were told to camp for the night.

The place they were camping at wasn't much to look at. It was just an open space with a couple of trees here and there. It was nothing like the home that they all missed. They missed their families, their friends, and most of all, the food. It didn't seem that great when they were at home, but compared to the army food, it was a feast fine enough for Abraham Lincoln himself.

There was a small house a little away from where they were camping, and Johnny saw his friend Dan staring at it. "What's so interesting about that house?" asked Johnny. Dan nodded in a direction about twenty yards from the house. Johnny looked, and instantly saw what Dan saw. One of the fattest chickens he had ever seen was waddling around out there, and it seemed to be just waiting to be eaten. "Gee, I sure wish I could have that chicken for dinner tonight." said Johnny, who seemed to be in shock from how good it looked. "Who says we can't?".

They had decided on a plan to get the chicken. They would sneak out of camp that night, go over to that yard, and get their proper dinner. Everything was going smoothly. They had waited until everyone was in their tent, and then sneaked out of the camp by moonlight. They easily hopped over the fence surrounding the house, but catching the chicken was another thing.

Dan volunteered to use his jacket as a net/bag. Though this did solve the problem of what to use to capture it, it still didn't help them with how they were going to capture it. As fat as it was, it was too quick for them to catch, and they couldn't let it make any noise, for if they were caught, they would get in trouble.

Johnny decided to use his jacket also, which allowed them to make a game out of it, trying to surround it and force it into the others jacket. The two of them somehow managed to catch it, but the chicken let out a loud "bawk!" before they could muffle the sound. Because of this they hurried back over the fence to to the camp, but were not quick enough. One of the guards stepped in front of them right before they reached their tent.

"Ah, what do we have here?" said the guard. His face suddenly changed, though, from a spiteful grin to a surprised and confused expression, when he saw the fattest chicken he'd thought he'd ever seen.

I'm not going to finish the story, because if you've ever read a short story before you would know that all three of them had a chicken dinner that night that was good enough for Abraham Lincoln himself.

Gotta Grow Up  
Matt Paletta

Youngest of a dozen  
shielded from the start  
Hard life unknown  
Gotta Grow Up

Little bit older  
favorite to mother  
Always the Baby  
Gotta Grow Up

Sister gone  
victim of hate  
Unable to grasp-  
Gotta Grow Up

Mother gone  
once always so close  
Gotta Cope  
Gotta Grow Up

"Life don't stop  
for you and your problems"  
Gotta stay Strong  
Gotta Grow Up

Getting wiser  
to the ways of the World  
Gotta keep Learning  
Gotta Grow Up

Stayin' Alive  
through all the tough times  
Gotta keep with it  
Gotta Grow Up

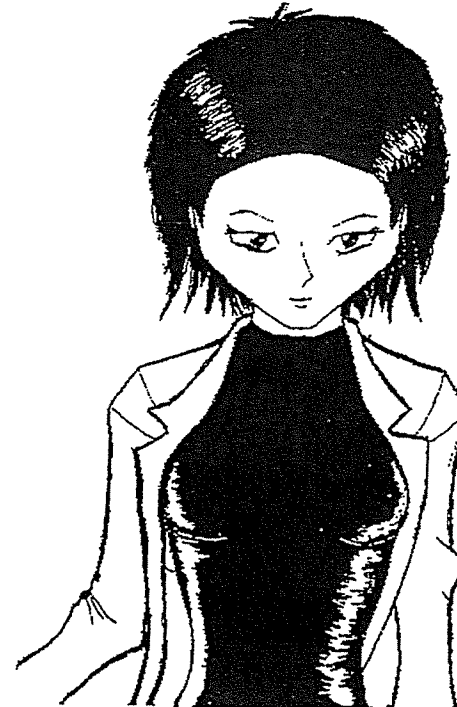
Goin' to school  
Gotta stay sharp  
Gotta be a Rock  
Gotta Grow Up

Out in the world  
Gotta walk the walk  
Gotta Have Drive  
Gotta Grow Up

Gotta have Faith  
Gotta Love  
Gotta Trust  
Gotta Grow Up

With these four done  
You're livin' the good life  
Fightin' the Good Fight

You're all Grown Up

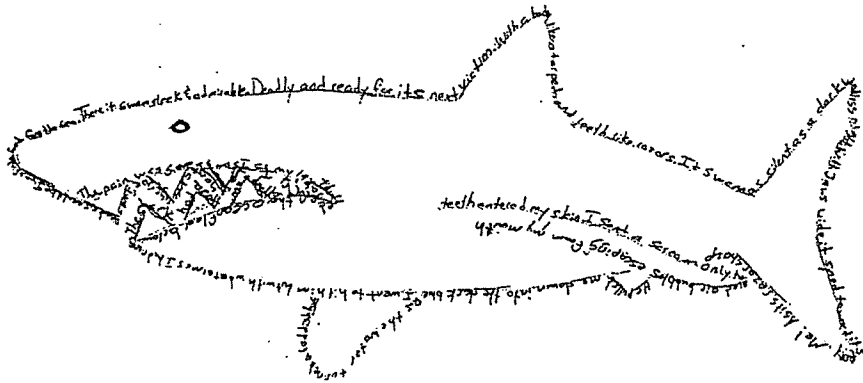


"Looking at You"  
Daniel Quinn

By: Justin Kulesza

The snow does cover the mighty pine trees, being carried from aloft by the slightest breeze. The forest floor is covered by a blanket of snow, and it begins to drift as the wind begins to blow.

The beauty and wonder of snow does grace the earth,  
so that each year people can discover what winter is really worth.



“Shark”

Anonymous

Is this truth obtainable?  
Some will die in the search.

Ready hearts are but its food  
Eating all hope and giving nothing in return  
Truth is a one armed bandit  
Ready to take but unwilling to give  
Only pain can be taken from the experience  
Sweet smells of blood  
Pervade my senses  
Everything I stood for  
Cannot be erased  
There is no hope now  
I live in desolation  
Vindicate my life  
Everything breeds destruction

Untitled

J.D. DeFour

A breath of the chilled morning breeze swept across the street and through the alleyways, which twisted between shops and houses alike. With a shiver, he closed the shutters of the window and shook off the remaining frost left sitting on his mind. Believing that safety remained, and a quick glance outside lessened the suspicion, he carefully placed his revolver, with two bullets left, back into the desk drawer, leaving it unlocked.

"A couple more days, it should be safe."

The once unmoving character turned to receive his words.

"May as well be years, or today..."

He took the pessimist's view and shoved it aside, unwilling to succumb to the madness and fear, already engulfing a once proud member of his elite. The last of two, with no where to go, but stay in a long forgotten safe house, with no communication, or hope of escape.

Small glimmers of heat produced the little comfort possible, eventually rallying against the cold let in by the window, and pushing it out again. A click of the tongue and he found himself sitting again, a creaking chair absorbing his fatigue with a wobble. Dust and disorder no longer produced discomfort within the small room. Rather, it was more and more comforting to be able to know what cold felt on the tips of the fingers he now stared at, eyes glazed with amazement.

With explosions surrounding, his mind began falling apart and senses were lost. Around him men dropped, some from death, injury, or even fear; throwing weapons aside to hold themselves and try to comfort uncontrollable sobs of loss. It was a futile resistance, a last stand, so to say, before chaos controlling powers erupted on every street. Then there was no resistance, only carnage. His blood was marked for a conspirator and a villain, and he could no longer survive anyway but running.

"Cold." A shiver was the only sign his ally was even alive.

"Deal with it, who knows how much longer."

"We decide how much longer."

There was no use saying anything, and he knew it, they were words of truth. Tapping fingers whispered across the room, without even noticing the slight disturbance of air. Shivers. He bent his head to the right, to take in the scene of what he knew to be a safe room. His gaze cut across the fireplace, flickering on its last breath, the shutters of a small alley window fighting the cold off to the last, a figure walking towards him, the door, bolted shut, the figure pulling something from its side, his friend sleeping... closer... A man with a knife coming at him! Scream.

Sleep. Within these fields his breath stirred no air. Walking. His legs felt weak, but kept his pace. It was a sensation he had never felt, but knew he wanted more. Every way, rolling hills, the sun staying on every horizon, a beautiful day at any moment. Then a flicker. A bird danced in the flowers, hopping from side to side. Knife. It was gone. Scream.

"Wake up, get moving."

His consciousness slowly rose from a frost bitten table top, taking a splinter for a cheek. A hand naturally took the pieces out. Noticing for the first time, the man, the knife...gone. Blood trickled down, no pain.

"Moving where?"

"We've finally received information."

"We leave?"

"Immediately."

It was too much, and he remembered all the times he thought about ending the long wait, living on nothing but the will to survive. A fraying will, until a glimmering message brought his soul speeding back to reality. Reality.

Knees began shaking out of place, eventually leveling his body face down to the soft dirt, already been turned by a days worth of shells. It was nothing he wanted to do, to wait. He knew he had to keep moving. A sway of the head, sweeping the sides of him, only caught glimpses of broken buildings and men snapped like twigs over and under every obstacle. Another head turned to his, but he moved. There was no use trying to save anyone, it was every man for his own life, no trust, no friends, always fear. An alley. A turn. Black.

Hurriedly he rushed to grab the only important piece of metal that could save his life. A check, once again, and it was all he had left, but better than others. What others? A check and then gone, out the door, through the hall which shined with an attitude of death, and an eternal darkness. He knew the way, all too well. Too long. Then outside. Though, no light came from the night any longer, there was never any more light, to him. A turn, then...

"No!"

A flicker of light. Shimmers. Shiver.

Now men became fewer as he ran, and he knew it was almost over for him. Down an alley. Another. The walls passed by, not giving him a second look as they went about their business. Bustling by were doors and windows, each holding secrets of their own. Now, he must find a way out now. He opened up one of their secrets. Dark, but he knew darkness, and in he ran, dragging behind no regrets, only fear. At the end held a room, his salvation from madness, an escape. A table, a chair or two, a window, a fireplace. Warmth. He hastened his pace to the fire. Fumbling through a pocket produced a book of matches, and then fire. Gas at first, but then the few charred logs caught, flames fighting the eternal battle with cold. Then...shiver...sleep.

Another turn, it was gone, he was gone, not even a memory of what was there, only fear. He knew that he could not run forever, but his legs were no longer a part of his thoughts, and their fear seemed to surpass any controls he tried to send. Faster, farther, away. Turn, run, turn...flickers...a market...it came closer behind him. His friend, in front of him ahead, dead. No. Not a friend anymore, the dead were his enemies wishing for him to join them. Blank.

Awake. His curiosity brought his eyes across the room. Fool, falling asleep and not even knowing if he was safe. He brought himself upright and then finally stood. Nothing but what he had seen before, no stirring or sound. His eyes brought him to the window. He crept across the room, not knowing why he had to look. Safety. His hands clenched onto the already frozen handles, and tugged it open. A frontal assault led against the fireplace.

Flash. It was a market, and he was there. Smelling the fresh produce of the day, glorious morning. No more running from...what? Running? Why would he run, he had been selling his goods all day. No, running, there was danger. Then, there was no memory at all. He only knew that he grew the best apples for miles, and he sold them. The sweet hum of his cries filled the streets, uniting in harmony with the selling singers of other shops. Flicker.

A breath of the chilled morning breeze swept across the street...

San Andre  
Joe Balistreri

Small views of things never  
Leave me.  
Vivid glances into the dim past  
I do take now and again.  
I turn over one of many stones;  
I see a fleeting worm  
A long-hidden patch of cleared ground  
Firmly compacted, chilly, filled with  
Shadows of the promises of yesteryear:

I trotted quickly towards the stained glass,  
Tossing fresh Sunday Sunlight on my face.  
Mother's face vivid with the Sunlight  
Father's strong face Herculean  
A stone statue basking in its glorious Sunlight.  
David's face absorbing the Sunlight and immediately transferring  
the light to wild restless energy.  
The choir, singing brilliantly, welcomed me and I swelled with raw  
joy to find myself  
In my home!  
The radiant ritual gave me pure communion with my great big  
family.  
Both in Body and Spirit.  
The doors burst open, the organ thundered its postlude, roaring like  
a mighty river, twisting and roaring joyfully out the doors and  
towards the heaven.  
We chatted with good neighbors, good friends, good priests, good  
family.  
I was home!

Now I see the dark shadow left  
The bare ground, once fertile and beautiful  
Firmly compacted, chilly, filled with  
Shadows of the premises of yesteryear:

The Sinlight.  
Lies Gossip Sneaking Stress Tribulation.  
A peer inside the real nature of my old home has changed me  
Now I see the politician, not the priest.  
The overworked organist.  
The cynical choir.  
The secret, minute factions slowing waging a war of attrition.  
I moved away.

I carefully and gently put the rock down. I walk home.



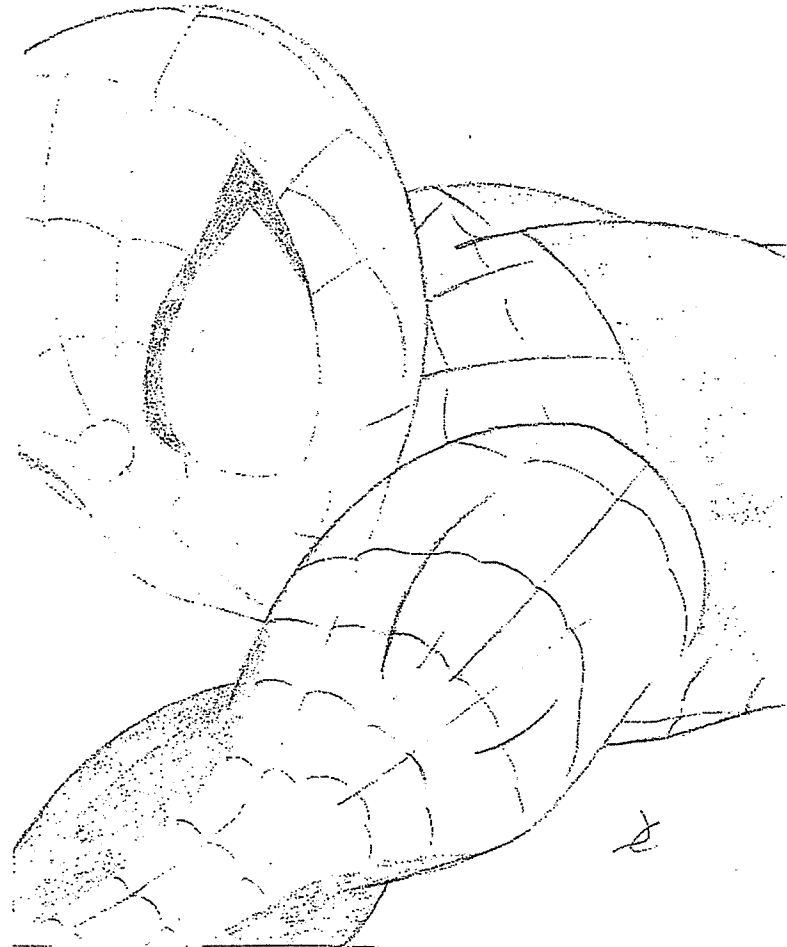
"Chillin"

Stefan Simonetti

In The End

Tim Finnegan

In the end my friend,  
All of your money:  
It means nothing.  
All of your fantasies:  
Merely wasted time.  
The skin falls from your face,  
And your prayers for one more year on this earth  
    fall upon deaf ears.  
In the end my friend,  
All that really matters is love.  
Be it strong or weak,  
Unrequited, or lost,  
Love is love.  
All the knowledge in the world:  
It can't save you,  
Ask Faust.  
Nor will diamonds or power,  
Hate, or the blessings of all the saints.  
In the end my friend,  
There will only be love.  
Without it you will die poor,  
Poorer than a vagabond.  
Yet to have love is to be wealthy,  
Greater than any sultan,  
Luckier than any Irishman.  
Love and love alone is our key to eternal life:  
Immortal in the undying hearts of those we have touched.  
Life comes down to one choice:  
Love or lose.  
For in the end my friend,  
There is only love.



"The Amazing"  
Joe Gibbs



The Death of a Lonely Man

By Anthony Scott

On an ancient mattress lies the old man.  
He is restless but still,  
Staring up at the stained ceiling,  
Eyes vacantly following the path of a cockroach as it scuttles  
Aimlessly to and fro as if it needed to be somewhere  
But couldn't remember where.  
He thinks of all those who at one time had been a part of his life  
And wonders where they are now;  
He tries to think  
About his mother but he can't remember what she looked like.  
The window is wide open, beckoning to the frigid winter winds.  
They violently oblige.  
The old man begins to shiver.  
The sun shines through from behind the vast expanse of clouds  
And a bit of sunlight falls upon him  
Giving his gaunt, wrinkled face a strange glow.  
His weariness increases and even breathing seems difficult,  
His chest taking on the role of a brick pile.  
He wonders why the world has forsaken him,  
But then he is hit with the dulled memory  
That it was he who had deserted the world.  
Tears dampen his dry, bloodshot eyes.  
He ponders his life and his heart is struck with bitter remorse.  
Perhaps things could have been different.  
The thought floats around his head, mocking him,  
But he quickly pushes it away.  
He sees a light at the foot of his bed. It is growing,  
But it seems so very distant.  
The man tries to reach for it but cannot find the strength  
To lift his frail arm.  
The time is near and he can sense it.

The light begins to move closer and the man calls to it but nothing  
comes out.  
As the light moves over his legs he begins to feel an inner peace,  
His body stops aching,  
As does his soul.  
The light creeps up to his chin.  
The man cracks a smile. He is going now,  
And he feels relief sweep over him as the light moves to his face,  
blinding him  
As it glares into his eyes.  
But the light keeps moving  
And the pain returns  
And the man realizes that it was only the light from the setting sun  
Reflecting off of the mirror on his wall.  
He lets out a long sigh and finally closes his eyes.  
There is no hope left to keep them open.  
He doesn't breathe in, and is locked in an eternal sigh.  
A final tear rolls down his cheek.  
The winds have stopped,  
And everything is silent.

Evangelist of Souls

Scott Davidson

That the world itself is empty, is  
But a fact.

That I stand alone with my emotions, is  
But a reality.

That love itself can never triumph, is  
But a cold fact.

That I can not accomplish my dreams, is  
But fait accompli.

That no one can truly help me,  
But myself.

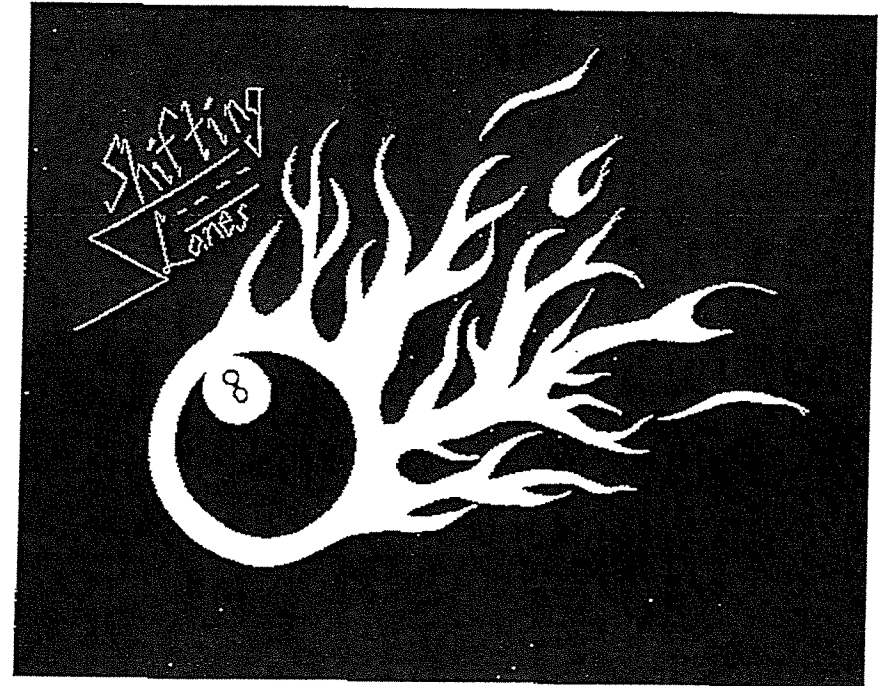
✓ But what is it that comes to fill this void,  
That envelops my soul?  
But does one only know a hole, by  
That which is missing?  
But if life ends, what is it,  
That takes its place?  
But perhaps it is for me to realize,  
That Death itself is inevitable.  
But I shall always know too,  
That the fate of destruction is the joy of rebirth

What Will Come to Be

Anonymous

I remember the day anger was born  
The world was beaten and people filled with scorn  
War broke out and many were slain  
Only to rise and fight again

The bloody sword is not one of peace  
And these massacres are never going to cease  
Seems we need help from The Divine  
Because we shot ourselves in the foot this time



“Shifting Lanes”

Matt Miller

The window Pane

Drak

The window pane  
blocked my hand from touching  
your face  
where a smile slowly grew  
And, The window pane  
stopped me from holding your hand  
that was held out to me  
then as you floated away  
waved at me, good bye.  
The window pane  
That lanced my hand and arm  
As I broke through it  
And Bled, running after you  
The window Pane  
how shattered and laying  
like shrapnel on the ground  
The Window Pane  
That stopped me from Dreams  
now shattered  
and both in pain are we  
from breaking  
The window Pane

Chalk Board

TC

What has been written upon the black Chalk board?  
Has a poet held the chalk and -- recite --  
Has it borne the thoughts and calculations of great minds?  
It has seen mistakes and corrections.  
And though it can be erased  
Does it ever forget what has been on display?

Renewed

Bob Heberling

There was so much pain...  
...every breath...  
...every footstep...  
...every tear...  
Every day I walked up those stairs  
...every day I walked down those halls  
I became a ghost...  
...putting my head down, I let life pass me as I wandered  
I had aged in a way I could not comprehend  
When I finally looked up I was no longer there...  
...insubstantial...  
...ethereal...  
Free from the bonds of mortal men  
Now I found myself in a foreign place...  
a tranquil place  
...the sun was shining...  
...and the air was clear...  
...I had finally felt the warmth of the sun on my face...  
My eyes are open, and my heart is free  
I had finally found a glass that was half full  
and now there is nothing but peace  
A peace of mind and happiness everywhere I go  
...every breath...  
...every footstep...  
...every tear...

Untitled  
Ben Beckett

Happiness is a cobweb  
Left unnoticed it can grow  
But when it is spotted it is ripped apart  
Snuffed like a candle  
Or eaten alive

Happiness is a light bulb  
Left on it can glow  
But when it's spotted it's flipped off  
Snuffed like a candle  
A fighter taking a dive

Jackson Pollock  
Ben Beckett

In the art of conversation I'm a minimalist  
Though I delve on occasion into abstract expressionism  
I write abstract poems  
My poems are minimalist  
Minimalism  
Isms can only truly exist in the past  
The past tense  
But the tension has eased  
Full sentences good  
I should simply splash words on the paper  
Like one of my favorite artists  
Because genius presents itself in strange ways  
Though I doubt I'm a genius  
Sophistication is wasted on shiny things and lightning bolts  
My wit's dryer than a Mormon liquor store  
And I'm at my wits' end for I left the dryer on

Life, the bleeding river rock  
TC

And so many age pass  
in cold hearts of Buried soldiers  
and they try and pave a path  
through the rage of Mighty River  
Yet the songs they sing are sad  
Like their eyes and faces  
and the ice that forms in winter  
Drowns them in their places  
And Kings, as they call them selves  
Cry out across the land  
Leave your lives at home,  
There is war, and love disbands

So bleeding rocks on River banks  
Painted by human Hand  
Tell the tales of fallen Soldiers  
Recite the letters from the dead  
And they try and forge the river  
To make the yards of stone  
And let the bones of wasted lives  
Rot in soiled tombs

CIWWR  
Drak

Can There be a face underneath these masks  
Is there one feeling that will always last  
Will Dreams Take over if I stay asleep  
Will my hopes and wishes fall in on themselves  
Reality is killing me but my dreams are even worse

Lone

Mark Peterson

And now I wish that I could but close my eyes  
and let the world slip through my fingers.  
Forget that there exists anything outside  
these four walls within which I am cloistered.

I knock one down and the rush of cold bites  
into my fragile flesh. Cold that chills  
the very soul; the spirit of one who walks  
alone through a world without warmth.

Where is there heat? Where is there sound?  
Where do noise and light collide to form  
a place where all is not silent and shades?  
All is gray and my heart is cold, all is gray.

Broken Pencil

TC

Pick up the broken pencil,  
-- salvage of an angry rant --  
with a knife I cut away the splinters, back down  
to the lead -- now graphite --  
then sharpen the damage,  
two points, both can serve well, maybe for art.  
The end with the eraser  
still pink, for the most part but run down,  
sharpened and put to use.  
Out of one thing lost, two are gained.

Fire Drill

TC

The books on desks are open  
But the classroom is empty.  
The knowledge is there  
To be read by studious eyes  
But no such eyes gaze upon them.  
The room is dark,  
The door locked,  
The windows shut.  
The chalkboard still has calculations,  
The podium is empty,  
The lesson plan lays there, ready.  
What happens in an empty classroom?  
When everyone is gone  
Outside  
Fire drill.

Guitar

TC

I pull in with my hands  
And with my fingers lightly strum  
Upon these coiled guitar strings  
And softly sing a song  
Through my eyes I see  
And draw into my soul  
Then out of this guitar  
My heart I slowly pour  
A song  
A sound  
Divine with truth  
And I sing some words  
And find my feet upon this earth

My Pen and I

Anonymous

My pen, a good friend,  
takes me to faraway places.  
Guides me, from sea to sea,  
no matter where I want to go.  
He buys me houses, gets me spouses,  
anything I want with one signature.  
When I begin to bore, and don't want it anymore,  
my pen and I move away.  
On the run and having fun,  
we don't care about a thing.

But woe is me, when I do see,  
that my pen has run out of ink.

Support Our Troops

Ben Beckett

Hot steel out of cold steel  
In cold hands  
Of a cold body with a cold soul

Wailing of a child  
Out of her mother  
Out of her grandmother

Fire and noise  
Raging together  
Into the night

Saved

Bill Kemp

This box I am in is my own jail.  
I can't escape my limits though I try  
For in this jail, there is no mere bail.  
What would I give to be able to fly?

I can relate to my two prison guards  
Since they also endured this.  
I only wish the things to learn weren't so hard  
But so unpromising is this wish.

I see the life that I am missing outside my jail bars  
And trust in myself to control that wild lifestyle  
Those crazy nights and fast cars  
Are the things that keep me a child.

Years later, after my time was paid  
I thank those two guards for saving me for life.  
For I might not have been saved  
If it was not for their strife.

So I say to you, young inmate,  
Test your limits with care before you reach your prime.  
Listen to your guards and just wait  
And take your childhood one day at a time.

Raven of the Past  
Scott Davidson

Looking to the future,  
My past and present come together  
To form the ultimate masterpiece.  
My greatest desire  
Is but to become a shadow  
Of the potential that the two form.  
I can look to the future,  
And see a vague outline,  
Of what I hope to be,  
And what is to come.  
But the outline is just that:  
Vague, illusory to the grasp,  
Something one can hope to envision,  
But can never fully understand.  
In my life,  
It's the future I can see,  
But it's mysterious to me.

White Pasture  
Kevin Douglas

Suicidal thoughts pass though my head  
Fall to the ground like hot snow, dead!  
Wondering where I dwell now a sight of hell,  
Of life gone by hot rocks dry water and cold air,  
Alone and here this place, I shall dwell,  
Till light looses its light.  
A candle blew out and I there sit a ghost of the place I dwell,  
Suicidal thoughts pass thought my head,  
Fall to the ground like hot snow, dead!  
yet I reached Nirvana

Thoughts Upon My Passing  
Alex Jones

The veins are bulging  
There's stinging from the hole  
As my eyes roll into the back of my head  
I know there's now nothing that can save my soul

I slump over and crash into the floor  
The carpet feels rough and cold  
I am now a shell of my former self  
Though I'm not even 20 years old

But what drove me to become this shell,  
A shadow of who I once was?  
Was it my longing to feel like the best,  
My quest for the perfect buzz?

So here I am, collapsed on the floor  
And I wish that I didn't feel  
My heart beginning to slow down  
My fate has now been sealed

When they put me in the ground  
And there's crying people there  
Maybe I'll finally realize  
That some people really do care

Because I see that's what drove me here  
No one cared, or so I thought  
And so, I chose to run away  
When this feeling I should have fought

Because I chose to run away  
I will not fight another day

The Bed  
Nathan Bobinchak

See the bed on which he sleeps  
On the soft and fluffy sheets  
On the bed, bed, bed  
People sleeping on the bed

See the people softly dreaming  
Very happy they are seeming  
On the bed  
People sleeping on the bed

See alarm clocks, all are broken  
Now the sleepers won't be woken  
From their sleep  
On the Bed  
People sleeping on the bed

Hear euphonic sighs and snores  
Coming out from all the doors  
Hear them snore, snore, snore  
Hear the sleeping people snore

While the people there are resting  
Their soft sounds are slowly cresting  
While they sleep  
On the bed  
People sleeping on the bed

See the people widely yawning  
Now the people, they are longing  
For a rest  
On the bed  
People sleeping on the bed

See them sleeping, perfect peace  
With blankets of the softest fleece  
On the bed, bed, bed  
People sleeping on the bed

Loser  
Anonymous

The stench of failure is fleeting,  
the foul taste it leaves in the mouth:  
hot and stinging, like a skinned knee,  
or a badly sunburned shoulder.

Rotten memories crash down upon  
hard work and determination.

Everyone is better, they deserve it.  
Victory has been lost.

But then, standing in the Darkness of Defeat,  
is an old friend named Hope.  
Uplifting and refreshing,  
it repairs what was destroyed.  
Confidence and self esteem  
quell hatred and envy.

The transformation is complete:  
A Loser is a Lover.



Just Is  
Bob Heberling

His face was heavy, warm with the tears he now shed  
for him the emotion was wrong  
A threat to his manhood, an embarrassment  
And yet now she wept with him,  
But unlike him she weeps without shame.  
At harmony with her emotions,  
possessing a knowledge he could not understand  
A knowledge so woven into her being that it is instinct...  
an empathy bringing her a fabled intuition  
Her warm love urging him it isn't wrong, it just is.  
Soothing him with such simple truths, which he had never been  
taught  
All his life he had been taught to do, not to feel  
...missing out on a knowledge that she now held  
She gave him now an innocence which she was allowed to keep  
...the same innocence that is ripped from his kind  
Nurturing him so he might weep now...  
releasing the destructive force pent up inside...  
an anger society deemed he must trade for his emotions...  
And now in his mind only, to his shame, he weeps...  
she holds him close...  
whispering the sweet liberating truths of God...  
Feel what you feel, for it, like you, just is...

False Fairy Tale Endings  
Anonymous

No fable ends correctly.  
White lies leave tainted morals;  
mixed messages that lead  
astray those that follow.

Reality kicks in 'round sixteen.  
Conditional thinking begins to clear up.  
But the sunlight isn't bright anymore,  
the forbidden fruit of truth is sour.  
Those that feast see everything as it is.

Blind disciples view the black sunrise:  
the truth scars deeper than the lies.  
The followers wanted the wrong thing,  
and they lived crappily ever after.

The End.

Innocent  
Anonymous

Bent over backwards,  
bound and gagged.  
Tasting the cold blade  
of the knife that stabs.

Cannot escape  
the trouble I'm in.  
Cannot forgive  
my ultimate sin.

But what is the wrong,  
in what I have done?  
My good deeds I have  
just started, only begun.

No crime committed,  
only justice served.  
Never I, should be punished.  
Never I, deserved...

Magistra  
Bob Heberling

A barren and polluted landscape...  
with vegetations of browns and tans  
A sad and lonely land...  
Leeched from by fell creatures.  
Those who tend the land are without hope...  
without faith, downtrodden by the land's yearning for life.  
Men and Women who crave life and beauty to return,  
so that their beloved land might not be so sad.  
They weep for the lonely land as they toil in its fields  
The hard earth harsh and unforgiving...  
drained by creatures born from nightmares.  
The land would crack, it would bleed and cry,  
yet despite its efforts, the loneliness and sadness prevails.  
Its once lush landscape would remain in its dreary status quo,  
Brown and tan, Barren and polluted, without hope...  
the earth harsh and unforgiving.  
It was then that the phoenix came.  
Commanding the fell creatures of the land to leave,  
with a beautiful yet authoritative voice.  
Soaring majestically over the barren land, returning its life.  
From her grace the landscape was made lush and green,  
the earth now soft and warm.  
She sits upon her perch watching the once again happy people till  
the land's soil,  
preening her beautiful silky feathers  
The loneliness leaves the land, and the Phoenix continues to watch  
over it,  
perched in her nest...  
waiting for the day she must leave to breathe life into others,  
watching the once again beautiful land,  
Perched in her nest upon a golden egg.

Asylum

Kevin Douglas

Asylum  
My place of safety  
With myself  
Let alone in this  
Little room with no  
Window but can still  
Hear the sound of  
The Aviary.

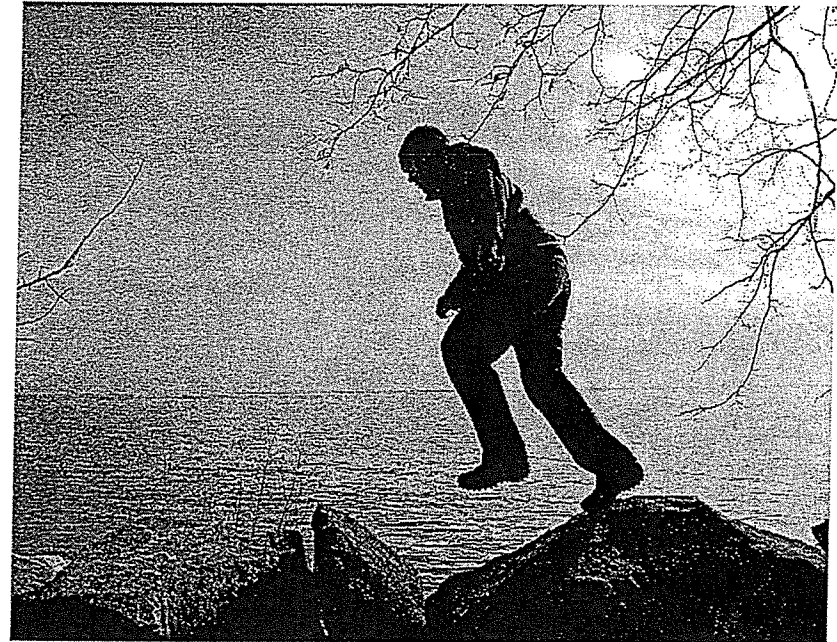
Asylum  
Me a Just, yet  
Poor fellow from around  
The old wood toward  
The creek of town  
My god is my  
Only person within walls  
And tattered old clothes

Asylum  
Aw through these walls  
Death and more sickness  
Comes with its bleak  
Head over its face

Asylum  
With the brown eyes  
In which it puts  
Pain into my eyes  
The absence of color  
In its twisted grin.

Asylum  
It is quiet yet  
For how long will

It be for their  
Footsteps towards me  
The room of this  
Old man the needle  
In his hand ready  
To pounce on his  
Prey his journey  
Through my  
Asylum is yet only  
A dream of me dreaming  
Sin reality  
Horror!



“Leap of Faith”  
Stefan Simonetti

## Viva la Revolución

Pat Gerometta

The rebellious strands of my hair stand out to all as a testament to the nature of my chaotic soul. The stark white locks are saturated with chlorine to the point where they can no longer be considered alive. The conflagration that rages atop my head does so in such a way that it attracts the attention of those who would put it out; stamp out its rebellion till it is nothing but a pile of ashes and dust upon the wide plains of mediocrity. During school I must be sneaky like the Viet Cong, and avoid those who would crusade against all who bear the mark of a swimmer. To this day, I have been successful in avoiding that menace.

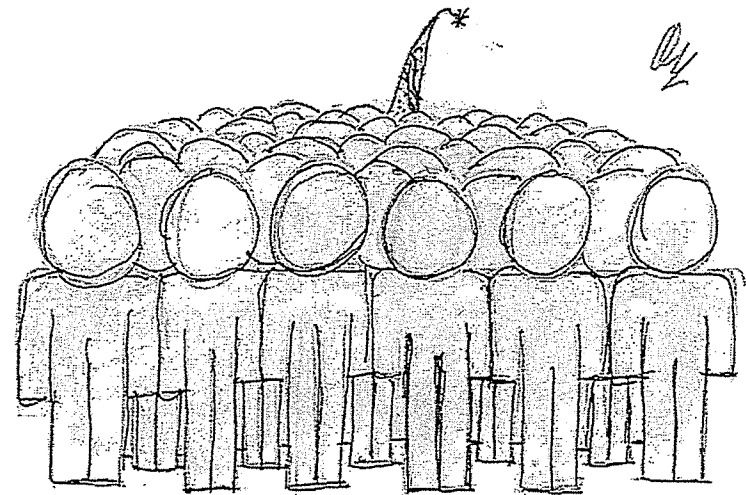
It is the weekend, a pleasant time of the week, where there is neither swim practice, nor class to attend. My parents at home notice me with little to do on a beautiful Sunday afternoon. They also happen to notice the wild spikes of my rebellious hair. A verbal firestorm ensues. I come out the worse for wear, forced to submit to the humiliation of a haircut.

A voice in my mind said, "Accept your fate my friend your time is up, and besides you'll go faster now that your hair is gone". Then the other voice in my head spoke up. It was my bad uncle from Yonkers who said "STAND UP AND FIGHT YOU WIMP, they'll never take you alive!!!" "You really need the haircut," the first voice said. My bad uncle from Yonkers spoke up again "Back when I was in Nam, if we had wimps like you we took them out back and beat them with a hose". "SHUT UP, both of you." I said. "Go away and never come back" I yelled at the voices.

I drive to *Gum Bell's* barbershop with a heavy heart, hoping beyond hope that it is closed. No such luck for me today, it is open and ready. I feel as if I am one of the accused during the French Revolution waiting in line for my tribunal hearing to sentence me to death. I walk inside; a woman stands up and asks if I would like a haircut. I have been weighed, I have been measured, and I have

been found wanting. The execution will take place in ten minutes.

I sit in the chair, a black cloth is draped over my limp body, and I wait. "What do you want me to do with this?" I hear from a far away voice. I look up, coming out of my daydream, and notice that she is holding my hair between her fingers. "Just a little shorter than what I have" I reply with all my courage. Snip, it begins. Snip, another comrade in arms falls before the harsh blades of conformity. Snip, this is what it sounds like when doves cry. The fine strands of my hair that shower down to the floor are like the tears of pure sorrow that fall from the eyes of the innocent. Snag, the comb gets caught in the chaos of the moment; the rebels strike a blow for freedom. Viva la Revolución.



"Be Yourself"  
By Andrew Montpetit

An Impenetrable Night

Bob Heberling

I live in a waking nightmare  
A perpetual night  
The land is covered with an impenetrable darkness  
Horrid denizens hide in the darkness...  
Leaching off my soul  
Gaunt specters roam as well...  
the shadows in the dark calling out to me  
Both working hand in hand to steal my humanity  
I curse my demons...  
the gifts they give me do not out-weigh a soul  
The inky darkness has no exit  
A wide-eyed terror that has always endured  
There are no heroes here  
Any that seek to come here are consumed by the night  
Prey to the beasts of decay and degradation  
I walk through the labyrinth-like tunnels of my prison...  
dark and dreary...  
A perpetual night... my waking nightmare

Depth Perception

Alex Thompson

I come upon a stranger.  
Do I know who,  
I have never seen before?  
This I know when I know of nothing.  
Am I seeing that which never been brought by sight to bear,  
of what I know truthfully not to impair?  
These epochs I pass never knowing  
vision that must be brought into focus of seeing.

Truth is how you find it  
unwilling to your senses.

A stranger comes to visit.  
Why is it I do not know who,  
I have seen many times?  
I have this when I know of nothing.  
Things gone unseen are truly there.  
That gone unknown, of it I am aware.  
Times gone by with unknown knowledge of seeing,  
so far from it is the truth sight has brought into being.

Who comes to see without seeing, without knowing the truth of  
sight they might find?  
One comes to see with sight and not with depth of mind.



“Kate”

Alex Leonard

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