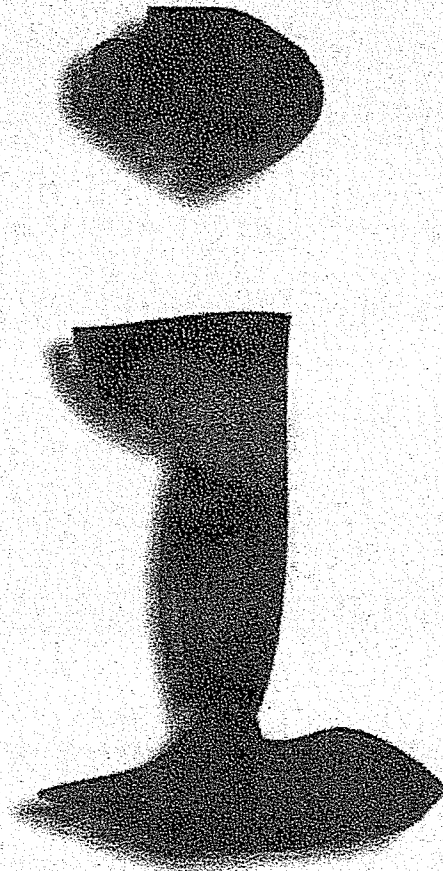


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The Inscape '99 Team

Editor:

Dave Zohrob '99

Panelists:

Tom Feeney '00

Kyle Pine '00

GJ Roc '00

Ini Udo-Inyang '01

Faculty Moderator:

Mrs. Carapellotti

Notes from the Editor

It's been amazing to see the growth of *Inscape* since I began working on it three years ago. More amazing has been the increased participation by all grades this year, disproving the myth that it's not "cool" to write poetry in an all-boys' high school. Many thanks to everyone who submitted entries for this year's issue – the largest and best yet.

I'd also like to extend thanks to Mrs. Carapellotti, who has done endless hours of work preparing this magazine, and all of the *Inscape* panelists, who have worked hard reviewing entries and doing the layout. I've had a great time working on *Inscape* and I'm glad I've been a part of the renaissance that seems to be beginning in U of D literature.

Thanks once again for eading *Inscape*.

Sincerely,

Dave Zohrob '99

a meaning of life

happiness is not bliss
it isn't laughter
not fecicious
Happiness is God around you
seeing Him in others
it's old memories
and it never ends
but pain and sorrow must persist
without them
happiness does not exist

Will Rhoades '01

A Day at the Races

The raging red racer rocketed past a yellow stock car like a bullet
out of a gun.
The angered amber automobile accelerated at an astonishing rate, and
the cars were side-to-side.
The two racing speed machines ground against each other as they tried
to make the turn.
Several pieces of debris flew into the air as a lone tire rolled away.
The three-wheeled red sports car spun violently and flipped end over
end. **SMASH!**
The careening car crashed into the concrete wall as a gasp came from
the crowd. **KA-BOOM!**
The once glorious high-performance race car crumbled like foil and the
wreck exploded into a bright burning inferno.
The emergency crew scrambled over to the crash site and thrust gallon
after gallon of ice cold water on the red-hot smoking blaze,
which reluctantly receded.
With the smell of gas and smoke fumes still in the air, the ash-covered
driver walked slowly away from the charred and smoking
scrap pile of metal.
The driver triumphantly made a thumbs-up, showing he was all right.
The crowd let out a giant sigh of relief, and then broke into a rousing
cheer.

Jim Hagemann '02

I Love This Game

The lockout is over, and the season finally came.
NBA, I love this game.
Detroit, Dallas, Denver, and New York
Are back to playing and not watching the sport.
The WHOOSH of the net and the CLANK of the rim
Are now back as sounds of the gym.
Be there will no more commercials from O'Brien's Grill
Or Spike Lee harassing girls' teams for a thrill.
New teams now to the top will rise
To get their hands on the coveted prize.
The Bulls of recent years are no more,
For most of them are in different uniforms than before.
Pippen's in Houston, Kerr is a Spur,
And Rodman is married with his life as a blur.
But on a sad note, the icon of the game is now done;
Jordan said that anymore it isn't fun.
I think it is safe to say that there will never be
Someone to replace number twenty-three.
The soft roar from the fans won't be as enthusiastic
since the exit of the one who is like plastic.
Down in history will go his name.
NBA, I love this game.

Aaron King '01

Dreams

The dawn of the moon,
The setting of the night,
You close your eyes,
You wake up with no screams
There you are aware
There you are a god
Then you wake up
The n you watch the moon setting
And watch the sun bring a new day

Greg Armstrong '02

The World's Biggest Mistake

• *This poem is a graphic explanation poem.*

It is meant to tell the tale of the brutality of a suicidal World War One trench raid. This particular man will recall one such raid.

The other Tommies and me sit in the fire trench
of this hell-bound land. The parachute flares light up the
night sky. The Captain says, "Thirty seconds until we go
over boys!" I hear some of the newbies talking about
their families and rot like that. TWWEEET! The whistle
sounds! All of your yells are rolled into one as we charge
over the top of the trench. I feel nothing beneath my waist
but I'm running like the devil's after me. Those damn
krauts open up on us and the sound is deafening. Bullets
are fired and they whiz pass and smack the muddy ground
near my feet. I see Walter Jones stumble as a bullet claims
him. A whiz and shock of another bullet strikes his head
and he is beaten. The other men are running and dying as
we all continue our suicidal run at the enemy. "I can't
survive out here," my mind tells my body. I listen and leap
into a deep shell hole as a grenade explodes behind me.
The torn body of Samuel MacArther lands next to me. "I
guess he'll never get to that French girl he wanted," I said
to myself, trying to find humor in this God-forsaken place.
I peer over the top of the hole and see my comrades get
shot to pieces as they struggle through German barbed
wire. "RETREAT!" The Captain yells and he blows his
whistle to signal the command. The tweet ends abruptly
with an explosion and the Captain's arm lands on Samuel.
The other boys run past my hole and I join them in the
retreat. The whizzing of bullets is again my companion as I
run back to our trench. I near it then jump into its sweet
embrace of semi-safety. Then I snap back to reality and
fire my rifle into the German counter-attack. I still wake up
at night and see Walter, Samuel, and the Captain's arm and
think how lucky they are.

Ryan Perpich '02

Time's Up

I stare down at this evil test,
it stares right back at me.
I'm searching for the right response,
be it A, B, C, or D.

I look at the unfeeling clock,
a face of impeding doom,
I hear the teacher say "time's up",
it hits me with a "boom".

This test is like a ticking bomb,
my future in my hand,
I could just leave it to the Fates,
but for something else I stand.

In serious game I am involved,
a chance to win or lose,
is this the best that I can do,
or just a solemn ruse.

Slyly, shyly I arise,
my end result in hand,
is the key to all life's doors,
or am I in Candy Land.

Can't quite conjure up the thoughts,
which answer is the "one",
remember people everywhere,
that life is meant for fun.

Leon Wyre '01

I

A Black blx fills with light
An empty soul finding God.
A grave life.
Me, being resurrected by a poet.
You are my world.
Between us, there is everything.
Outside us, nothing exists.

Anonymous

Nuclear power

Clean, quiet
Humming, providing, warming
Operator, control rods--buzzers, warnings
Heating exploding, killing,
Radiated, meltdown
Chernobyl

Marcus Hawkins '02

True Sickness

Your body is uncommonly warm.
The cold sweat is dripping slowly from your face.
You lie in bed not wanting to sleep,
the box of tissues at your side.
Your upset stomach is like the gears of a clock -
turning, grinding, and rhythmic.
The feel of guilt as you stay home from school,
taking periodic rushes to the bathroom
as your classmates are drilled monotonously.
The gulp of yet another dose of rancid medicine...
but nothing is like the torment of make-up work.

Thad Lewandowski '02

Sounds of Night

The whoo whoo of the owl in the trees,
the growl of the wolf stalking its prey,
the hissing of a snake slithering through the forest,
he crick of the crickets hopping through the grass,
the shicking of the trees from the light breeze
of the morning sun about to rise,
These are the sounds of the night.

Jonathan Garret '02

Forest

Snow in
The forest at
Dawn, look at the
Bunnies dancing in the
Powder. Watch out for the
Hunter. He could catch you
Little pal. That frozen pond reminds
Me of Joe Louis Arena, where a different
Kind of Red Wing Plays. Oh! What a great
Time
Winter
In the
Forest
Is.

Mike Bradley '02

B Ball

The baseball player waded up to bat
The plate felt like battered butter burring his nervous feet
The pitchers beamed at the eyes of the batter across the baseball field
And with a mighty, blasting blow
He sent the baseball hurtling toward the batter
The batter was stuck bewildered when the ball blew past him
and into the becoming glove of the baseball catcher
The second bat became no different with the nervous batter
and the fans billowing at him
But the third bat would be surprising because of the batter's anger
was building from the billowing that bounced all around him
When the baseball pitcher threw the third ball, the batter tensed his
body The ball stayed airborne, not bouncing nor borrowing
toward the batter
Then came a banging BOOM! as the batter bobbled the ball with the
baseball bat in his trembling hand
The blow of the bat blew the ball upwards, straight into the blue
above the baseball field

Alan Tse '02

Sounds Behind the Door

We heard a knife going chop-chop,
followed by the sound of sizzling
The gurgling and bubbling sounds were heard next,
then the banging from pounding
Next was a slice, cutting through flesh
while there was clanging from metal
Then, finally, came the clamp from the shutting of a lid
Later the door to the room creaked open
and the next sound we heard...was the jingling of a bell?
Oh, it looks like dinner is ready

Alan Tse '02

Personification – No One

I call her No One because I know
she really doesn't exist, but she really does.
She calls me when I get home from school saying:
"Gabriel, haven't you been tired all day?"

She won't stop tempting me and often I give in to it.
She tempts me with sheets and warmth. You couldn't imagine
how I long to rest my head upon her soft face. No One always
looks her best, even when I don't make her up. When I do
go to her, She immediately lures me into soft, luxurious, sleep.

Gabriel Scruggs, '03

The Football

They treat me like some sort of object or something.
After I was born they put me in a box.
What sort of dignified creature gets trapped in a box?
Something looking like a half zebra removes me from the package.
I am thrown upside down onto a plastic holder that fits
snugly over my head.
There seems to be a lot of noise, and
Bam! I am kicked in the chest and launched into the air.
Someone catches me and starts running with me
in the crook of their arm.
I am placed on the ground and shoved into someone's hand.
That person throws me through the air and I slip
through the fingers of one trying to catch me.
Now I will attempt my escape...

Andrew Berkowski, '01

My Anger

My anger is a balloon,
A ball holding emotion trying to escape
Which does deflate over time
But the ball is always refilled with more frustration
And is just waiting for someone unfortunate enough to
push it to the limit
Before it bursts and lets all chaos break loose

Alan Tse '02

NATURE

the icy clear noisy rushing water longingly charges
against the shiny splendid pool, the lonely calm bright unusual
child eyes
cry memory tears, under the joyful clouds in the fall sunshine
old warm reflections play melody from time before
after all human life waves about with sound images in beauty
new age exist now where awesome energy circle reality
build strong peace choose kind friend who like every season
when dark idea confuses
keep love
never change

Philip Gresock '03

Despair

The devastation, creeping realization that the last,
fleeting bubbles of hope, ever gleaming, yet delicate
and priceless, have just slipped through my fingers.
I watch now as they float quickly upwards, beyond my head.
I stare forlornly after, fearing to watch, but unable to resist.
Now I float here, alone, my glowing goal hovering above.
Its light, cold and shining, blinds me. All around me,
unrelenting black and biting cold reign supreme.
I give a last, desperate kick, stretching my leaden hands
towards the light, life, and happiness: all my goal.
Still, I realize it's hopeless. I fall downward: drowning, dying.
The light vanishes. All is done.

Tim Culbertson '01

A Collection of Random Thoughts that Occurred to me One Day During Math Class

Cheese is a keen dairy food.
Pink light bulbs floating in a vat of blue pudding.
My hair soaks in a puddle of grease from the Chocolate flower
that I sniffed along the way.
Strawberry Alarm Clock playing on my radio, i can smell the
Incense and Peppermints.
Tables, walls, and ceilings explode with a green
Phosphorescence of lime flavored tingles
running up and down my
medula oblongata.
What a keen fruit is the Kiwi. So soft and Colorfully explosive.
Never hit one with a sledgehammer.
It makes a big mess and it's not funny.

Bob Brodis '02

The Speaker

Expensive glasses hover over the brown
Eyes of a young experienced male. Wrinkles
all over the forehead of a non-middle aged
person. Disformed figures formed on the
face caused by maybe sharp edges or
hygiene.
Dark-brown hair disguise itself as black
hair sit on a misguided bumpy head.
Trying to make the hair wavy as
the ocean blue. Upon the head
are two big ears that I try to see
as small.
The accuracy of the mirror frightens
me as my bottom lip, still crusty
and big trembles
. Cheeks small, teeth
crooked from childhood, eyebrows, thick.
As I turn the light off the
Image quietly drifts away.

Eddie Robinson '02

The Ocean

In the calm water
the dolphin and the stingray
talk mutually.

Kevin Radloff '03

I am what I am

I seem to be like a jet,
racing through life without a cause.
But really I am a turtle,
going at my own pace, controlling my flaws.
I seem to be an ice cube,
sitting through life without desire.
But really I am like a piece of dynamite,
waiting for my chance to set something on fire.
I seem to be a garbage can,
disposing all past reminders
But really I am a locket,
filled with past dreams.
I seem to be a mirrored-man,
arrogant, and loving of himself.
But really I am a blind man,
letting talk go over, not to my head.
I seem to be like a box,
self-centered and to myself.
But really I am like wings,
looking out and helping one fly.

John Hamood '02

Red

is the cries of mortal death.
is the red pools after war.
is the stench of rotting flesh.
is the taste of blood and sweat.
is the red rose left on the tomb.

Josh Wrobel '02

The Survival Lesson

One day I was given a revelation.

As I watched the particles combine
I saw the similarities of this drop and me.
It showed me that there actually is a sea.
A sea much larger than I could ever be,
Or is that what it wants me to believe?

I watch others from a distance,
And at the same time in close proximity.
They show me what I should, could and want to be.
Also what I have come to grieve.
Ignorance is not bliss!
Those who believe this truly have been by blessings
missed.
I stand not to judge them,
But to help them! Help them?! Help them?
But why should I?
They bring me down.
Wait! Stop!
Where did I get this crown?
These are my brothers, my sisters.
They are me. They are we. We are we.
We all belong in this sea.
And no one is greater than we.

The world is a coliseum.
People fight each other for power.
But as time goes by, hour by hour,
We kill not them, but ourselves
And the sea becomes murky.
Our blood stains our own shirts.
We cut our own throats.
Become our own executioners.
If we could stand alone we would.
But we don't, we can't.

Can't what?
 We can't live without love!
 Love? Love?! Love!
 Don't be frightened, please don't run.
 Because love is our spiritual sun.
 It warms our heart,
 It cools our minds.
 It is the life of this sea,
 This sea which I call "We".
 "We" is the place to be.
 Outside of "We" is the place where sorrows grow,
 Dark, hidden, but easy to find.
 It is the place for those who are blind.
 Who cannot see the sea, the "We".
 Detached from the mainland,
 Islands of despair and self-pity quicksand.

I tell you, rise above this plague of hopelessness.
 Your platform is what you see around you.
 The everyday members of the hustle and bustle will give you
 The strength needed to pursue through
 The cloudy, cold, ocean
 To the mirth found in "We".

Collin Frazier, '00

Play Nice

So you think you know me. You think that I don't care.
 Today I'm here to tell you that you don't even know where
 To find me when you need me because I can walk too.
 So don't you try to harm me or you'll be the one who's blue.
 I have already taken the cautions that I need
 To get me ahead of you and bring me up to speed.
 So when you try to use me, and when you're playtime's done
 I guess you'll figure out that you're the one who's done.
 I'm not as harmless as you think, though words won't always suffice.
 I'll just say "Remember Woody. He said to 'Play Nice.'"

Peter David '01

Life (a summary)

I am looking for something but I do not know what it is.

David Zohrob '99

The Deep Blue Sea

The hull cuts through
 the endless blue.
 The northern wind fills
 the sails. The salt
 spray breaks over the bow
 filling the air with a salty taste.
 The dolphins leaped for joy
 returned to the surface like a ten-point dive.
 A big creature came up
 disturbing the wavy sea.
 Water sprayed out as he
 gulped for air.
 The white caps crashed
 against the rocks.
 Gleaming light glistened
 on the whale.
 My spirit seeks
 distant horizons.

Josh Wrobel '02

On the Field

I can
feel the smashing of the pads
hear the coach's ferocious scream
taste the salty sweat dripping down my face
as the bruises swell on my arm
I smell the fear in the air

Mike Judge, '03

Happiness

My happiness is like a waterfall;
Free flowing and abundant to all
Those who wish to bask in its
Warmth;
But frozen to those with a cold
Heart.

--Anonymous

Excitement

When excited, I'm like a wind-up toy.
If wound enough, I move rapidly,
Shouting out the pointless and annoying.

'Tis these shoutings that produce regrets,
Sticking in my head like honey on a cold muffin.
As the muffin rids itself of the aching honey,
I lose my abnormality.
I proceed with my life in calm, content state.

But then a modern group of bees come,
And wind up my toy, and spill a new
Batch of honey on my cold muffin.

Matt Barringer '01

The man said...

Once a boy asked a man
What he would need
For the life ahead of him
and what he would be.

The man said...
The first thing I give you is wisdom
knowing how to use your mind
common sense, a memory
Giving to you what's mine

The next thing I give you is discipline
You need to have self control;
The third thing is persistence
Setting and reaching your goals.

Faith is next on my list
Facing all your fears;
The fifth thing is hope
You'll never be a quitter.

Peace is the next thing
to help you win your battles
Then I give you friendship,
This can last forever.

Courage can be helpful
Confidence, too,
for the wars you have to fight
outside and inside you.

You will become
courteous and Kind
I give you cheerfulness
to keep you in line.

Patience could mean a very many things
one of them is waiting,
Respect and reverence come next
they'll never, ever be fading.

The most important thing I give you
is yet to come
You find it in your heart,
Love is what you're made of.

Andy J. Novak '02

The Truth about Women, Silver and Gold

Golden Women travel
while searching
hoping to bring back the goods
surveyors of lands
survivors because of plans
self made golden women
needing not a single man.

Silver women sit
so blindly
hoping, being dependent
chained, with no free hand
like a surf tied to land
self made silver slave
her freedom and soul she gave.

Kyle Jackson, '00

History

Escape to freedom I will tonight,
spread my wings and take to flight.
I have been bound by the chains of hatred, prejudice and
bigotry,
now is the time to escape, to break free.
I run like the wind, steadfast, strong and swift
I'll never be caught, freedoms just around the bend.

I'm free, so it seems,
I awake in a place, unknown to me.
Free from slavery, free from segregation so it seems.
Bang! and so it hits me; I am free physically,
but yet bound mentally.
I feel imprisoned, shackled, chained, bound and held down,
unable to be safe, unable to be sound.

Why is it that I'm segregated,
not allowed to go certain places?
Roaring silence when I walk through a door.
I glance at the sign and realize I'm not wanted in this store.

I must take action, take a stand for what's right.
I become a knight, who's ready to fight.
I'm ready to die, I know what the cause is for.
equality and justice, need I say more?
The enemy is hatred, and racial bigotry,
my sword is equality, I strike when I need.
Beaten, Blistered, Bruised, the pressure buckling down,
I can't be beaten, I can't stop now.

Thirty years now have passed, and the enemy has been
defeated
But yet I am wrong,
I have been all along
The enemy has not been crushed,
the enemy is within us.

Vaughn Jennings-White '01

Marie

Gently the wind
Blowing through the leaves on every tree
Whispers your name

David Zohrob '99

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR

When I see this face of mine,
I sometime wonder why it is mine.
I see a face that shows concern.
My eyes are happy but sometimes sad,
as life once in awhile gets me mad.
I see a modest nose; a genuine smile; and
a plain old natured face.

Chris Holinski '02

Snowflake

I am falling!
falling fast, as the wistful wind whips me hither and thither,
it plays with me—taunting me and pitying me all at once
I want to escape this inconceivable journey
into the blur. I see nothing—the air is bleached pale
so I cannot see the heated furnace below. How I shiver at the
thought.
Fear the Earth, the balmy death. Alighting there is a torture
that slowly strips you of your perfect structure,
your pure crystal essence it gives you your identity.
It is said no two of us are alike—but we all meet the same end.
Ah, the journey is over now.
I am helplessly laying myself down
Must give up my life in order to beautify
the wretched earth—just for a while—long
enough to sit as freshly fallen white and powdered inspiration.

Will Rhoades '01

last dance

we come here in the chaos of the everyday
to be together.
we dance a terrific, catastrophic dance
against the outside world

we dance with each other and the world melts away
into a mass of color
and our souls mingle, almost touching
while the orchestra plays on in our heads

the music swells and our souls meet,
exploding in one magic burst of energy
and the band ceases.
we collapse into each other's arms
we lie motionless on the ground
and disappear into nothingness

David Zohrob '99

Heroes from the Past

George Washington lives in our minds forever.
He lead the armies brilliantly,
and fought for freedom gallantly.
May the stars and stripes live forever.

Paul Revere rode his horse bravely
to alert the minute men, never
to let the British come without a warning.
May the stars and stripes live forever.

Josh Wrobel '02

Just Another Day at the Office

I speed through the air leaving sound behind
swerving and curving,
pushing 7 G's,
boiling my blood; stretching and straining my body
to put my plane in position.

The computer searches the air for the deadly enemy
beeping continuously, do, do, do, do, do, dooooooooooooo.....

Growling, guzzzzzzzzzz..... the computer finds its mark
as I launch the missile, I feel like a knight of days long past,
thrusting his deadly blade into his foe.

The missile sails forward, like a bird of prey swooping down and
capturing its victim in its razor sharp talons.

The notorious plane frantically attempts to escape the wrath of its
speedy aggressor,
but it is feudal.

BOOM!!

My opponent blows up in a fiery ball of twisted metal
With a smile on my masked I turn my machine around and go
home.

Just another day at the office.

Dan Nemes '02

Face in the Mirror

Dark eyes, peering, looking for your weakness,
Trying to figure you out

Red ears, listening for pure curiosity,
Thirsting for knowledge

Straight, demanding nose,
Untarnished by today's world
Thin eyebrows,
Yet they give away demeanor and mindset

Aaron Ries '02

North Of Here

North of here
On a land of sand and trees
I watch the day go by
Observing the sky
Beginning to blend
With the shade of the water
The natural musty smell of the earth
Fills the air
The rustling of the trees
The splashing of the waves
The calling of the birds
Keep me awake
The cool breeze blows gently
Refreshing me from the humid air
In a distance I can see
The rocky shoreline
And feel the roughness in my mind
I could taste the humidity
And the sandy air
Lying there until
The distant shoreline disappeared

Paul Chateau '02

The Reflection Shows Youth

The reflection shows youth.
The mustache is faint.
Eyes full of expectations for the future.
The smile filled with contentment and happiness.
The eyebrow raises full of thought.
The scar reveals the carefree heart from years ago.
The lips ready to speak with authority.
The reflection shows youth.

Michael Fair '02.

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Michael Fair '02.

HATRED

With all this hate,
people will always segregate.
Black or white,
people will always fight.
Fight for your freedom,
fight for your mind,
let's be friends forever in time.

John Laramie '02

The Ocean

I can sculpt the landscape
With an artist touch.
When I 'am tall as towers
None escapes my powers.
Cooling to the hand, bitter to taste.
Seen by all, the human race.
No mountain can fill my domain
Nor man conquer to win his fame.

Josh Wrobel '02

Disaster Area

Tens of thousands trembled in terror.
The terrifying tornado tore through town.
The tornado trampled away,
But a troublesome trail was tracked.

Startled survivors surveyed the situation.
Several suddenly screamed in surprise,
For a section of suburb had succumbed.

Jim Hagemann '02

The Homerun

The glorious hero waltzed to the plate.
Carrying his powerful wooden sword.
Stepping into the box, digging in his cleats
Staring down the pitcher
I own him.

Winding up-the pitch-STEEERRRIIkkEEEE ONE
Winding up-the pitch-STEEERRRIIkkEEEE TWO
Winding up-the pitch-
CRACK

The hated enemy stumbled to the plate
Dragging along his weak sick.
Entering the box, hitting my home base
I own him.

I wind up-the pitch-STEEERRRIIkkEEEE ONE
I wind up-the pitch-STEEERRRIIkkEEEE TWO
I wind up-the pitch-OOOOHHHH NOOOOOOO!
Game Over

Mat Bayma, '01

THE homeless RUNNING shoes

I PROTECT THE FEET WITH A GREAT CUSHION
the runner is glad the there is pad
BETWEEN HIS FEET AND HIS PUSHIN'
only with this running, i am sweating
LEAVING BEHIND THE SMELL OF POWERFUL
STINKIN'

in a few months i've died and been buried
BUT THERE IS STILL TIME TO REGAIN MY POSITION
as the chief of my operation
I PLAN TO GET PICKED UP BY THE LONLEY OLD WOMAN
who collects all the homeless shoes
SO SHE MAY BUILD THEM BACK TO FRUITION
there is still hope for this old cushion

matt LEMING '02

Romantic Mirth

He walks across the empty desert,
Allowing the loneliness to take him by surprise knowingly.
The emptiness he feels surrounds him like a black hole.
He has no one to love him ongoingly.

Stepping out of the small blue, house,
Voss hears the world taunting him,
Although there is silence.

He continued down the walk to the street,
Where his faithful car was there to meet.
He put it in gear, and at that moment,
Decided he wouldn't come back until he obtained his romantic
bestowment.

He searched long, far, wide, and hard
To find his true love unmarred.
And when he did she was physically splendid,
With a personality that over physical attributes ascended.

Voss cam home hearing music everywhere.
The world appeared to have been lamed of its perpetual mocking.
They entered the large, mirthful house.

He walked across the blooming garden,
Allowing the companionship to overwhelm him partially.
For he never forgot the loneliness that is like a single fish,
Although he never let this memory become the marshalcy.

Collin Frazier, '00

Gold

Gold, bright like the sun,
Bold, resounding like a trumpet,
The juicy sweetness of an orange,
The smoothness of velvet,
The freshness of pure bee's honey.

Ted Schultz '02

Mountain

Mountain
tall, majestic
snowy, rocky, steep
hikers, campers—novices daredevils
dangerous, slippery, tiring
gray, dreary
Monster!

Ted Schultz '02

Sam's Story of Success

Sam scores six straight in the
Second half to spur the Sonics
On a sixteen point run.

Still down with seven seconds left.
Showtime!
Slicing through the sorry defense;
Jump stop; shot.
Swish!
Savor the stardom, Sam.

Michael Dixon '02

Untitled

We talk, but when was the last time we said something?
there are just new lies, every time the phone rings.
Your tongue sets fire to my heart,
with words thrown like poisonous darts,
you end the conversation before it starts.
Fairness and justice will be served;
what goes around, comes around-- people get what they deserve.

Close your eyes and look at me,
what do you see now? What is your true perception?
forget the clothes, casually strewn about,
sift through the exterior skin.
Find the heart, the mind, the soul.
Who am I? Who do you see now?
Who really peaks through the windows called eyes?
stop looking... understand.

Amit Shah, '01

Changes

Child waves longingly and time rushes after kind
open hearts, loving nothing , but bright eyes view
human change

Matthew Williams, '03 and Alex Lee, '03

Unattainable Essence

I'm lax, but I'm intense;
I'm weak, but I'm strong;
My emotions are reclusive, but they are prominent;
I practice sloth, but I'm conscientious;
I have low standards, but high ones;
I'm always jovial, but I'm serious;
I'm average, but I'm dashinglly handsome;
I waste time, but I work hard;
I'm selfish, but I'm giving;
I settle, but I thrive for perfection;
I love guys, but I love women;
I'm sneaky, but I'm trustworthy;
I take life as it comes, but I make things happen;
I'm a female, but I'm a guy;
I'm obvious, but I'm perceptive.

Ini Udo-Inyang '01

Anger

Myriads of flames engulf the pillar of spite;
Imps, flash-dancing across the abyss;
My abyss is full;
Full of large arachnids, a.k.a. fear;
Fear of the significant other possessing a plateau of truth;
The battle is four demons;
Each with eyes of a dark void;
Two demons represent the mental aspect;
The remaining two represent the physical;
Muscular arms like a human;
Not human;
A feeling most easily described, cannot be described;
A feeling representing emptiness that will control those who
succumb to it;
Leading them to deeper shortcomings.

Ini Udo-Inyang '01

water

all of a sudden birds sing,
flowers bloom,
it's summer
again.

a beautiful lake in the middle of the forest.

i stare at my reflection
and i remember what it is about water that frightens me:
so seductive,
so destructive.
i remember the times i almost drowned
but i smile,
and the reflection smiles back.

i dive in
again
unafraid.
the water is warm
and
friendly

David Zohrob '99

The Wind

Coming from high above to far below,
Swaying back and forth through the midnight rush,
Trailing below towering cliffs and hanging trees. –

I move the dark current at the late hour,
Up and down I push the water,
Sending it to toil with the land beyond reach...-

Just to move on to greater heights...-

Sam Shopinski '02

Where are we

Across the universe
Through the galaxies
Into the Milky Way

Over the comet,
Under the stars
Between the meteors
Past one planet
Before another
Among the still blackness

About the third
From the sun
Around the clouds
To the Mid-West
Down by the river's side

Throughout the city
Within U of D
Up the stairs
In the classroom
At our desks

In this world we are one small speck
Among all living things
During our life, we should respect all things
For we are not alone

Marlon Brown '02

The Shot

Down by one
After the steal
Between the legs
Across the court
Beside my teammates
Concerning the time
Toward the basket
Into the lane
Around the defense
Before the shot
Beyond the arc
Off my feet
Above the rim
Through the net
Without a doubt

Joe Miri '02

The End

About the darkness
Between time
Beyond mortals
From the past
Into eternity
Throughout his life
On the rocky verge
Against the heavens
Beside the fire
Unto the last breath
Without the knowledge
Of the dreadful end
Under the celestial sky
Among the doomed

Neal Dreisig '02

Cougar

Cool, calm, collected
courageous, not crying, crouching,
Cougar, waiting, creeping.

Pouncing, proving, proudly,
prepare for death oh prey.
Prideful prince in its prime,
waiting to prove its power one more time.

Ted Schultz '02

THE BLACK HOLE

Outside my window
Below the sky
In the grass
Under the sun
Beyond the fences
During the summer
Among some people
Down below the surface
With a plate of plastic
Among sand dunes
With a green, is a little black hole
About to give up a small, white ball

Matt Leming, '02

Trip to School

I'm on my way to school.
The McDonald's is on the right,
As the bank slowly drifts out of sight.
The horns of cars are blaring
As I cross Woodward avenue

Shomari Taylor '02

The Ballpark

At the corner of Michigan and Trumbull
Amid the roaring cars,
Upon the ground sits a stadium
Across from the neighborhood bars

Within its gates legends have played
Except for the years of the wars
At the end of this year the gates will be closed
For the legends will play there no more

On a new field they will go
To play the fabulous game
In the new park the fans will cheer
After the home run has came

But still sitting at the old corner
In the downpour of rain
Without any people looking or caring
Except for the demolition crane

But still we remember the stadium
Before its fateful end
For now it is about to come crumbling down
Until then, goodbye our friend

Chris Hollis '02

When I'm Mad

I am a monster
I am a boogie man
I am the bumble that stings you
I am the poison ivy on your hands
I am the splinter in your finger
I am the floor you hit when you fall
I am many awful things
Or maybe nothing at all

Jonathan Garrett '02

Role Playing

Part I

I am sitting in my last hour class waiting for school to end. As soon as the bell rings, I am gone, out the door, and on my way to the theater box office. Today, tickets go on sale for my favorite band, the Kylrz. They are playing a small club in town and I would be pissed if they sold out. I am already a little upset because none of my friends wanted to go to the show with me. We all like the band, but the Kylrz "hardcore" music and crowd is notoriously violent. That's what hardcore music is all about, or so I'm told anyway. None of my friends are really "hardcore," the type with enough metal stuck through them to make a small car, but we like the music just as much as those guys.

I finally get my ticket and I am on my way home when I realize that I forgot to ask my parents. They will surely say no, but I decide to ask them anyway. I begin thinking of all sorts of excuses, and then I arrive at home.

"Hi mom. What's going on?" I am testing her mood.

"Nothing. What do you want for dinner?"

"Pizza. What else?"

"Again? All right, I guess so..."

"Mom, can I ask you for a special favor?"

"What is it now Randal?"

"Well, as you may know, the Kylrz are coming to town and I would really like to go. I promise I won't get into trouble and I will leave if a fight starts."

"Ask your father."

I always get that answer. This way, I won't be mad at her when he says no because now my dad will be the

scapegoat. Oh well... No point in asking now. I'll have to find another way there.

The day before the show, I tell my parents I will be staying at Mike's house tomorrow night. I let Mike know, and he decides it is O.K. Of course, I'm not really going to Mike's until after the show, so it's not *really* lying. Not too much anyway. I wish I didn't have to do this because my parents and I have a good relationship, but some things are just really important to me.

I make my way over to The Slaughterhouse, which is where they are playing at. The line is pretty long and I am glad I got my ticket early so I walk right in. I have never been here before and I realize just how fitting the name really is. The walls are blood red and the floor is plain concrete. The few tables and chairs look indestructible. The bartender looks like his only care is staying alive through another night, if just barely. I begin to realize why none of my friends wanted to go. This place is getting scary, but the opening band just came on a minute ago so I decide to stay. I think the name of the band is Orange 9mm, and I make a note to myself to pick up one of their CD's on the way out. It is getting harder to breathe in here, it seems like everybody is smoking two cigarettes each at once. The moshers slow down and I look up onstage to see the Kylrz come out on stage. The place really starts to heat up. People are getting really crazy and these two muscle freaks are pounding each other for what looks like a spilled beer. I decide to move to the front of the floor to stay away from the fights and get a better view. At the front, there is a railing I can hold onto without getting sucked into the pit. I applaud myself for such a great idea. I look for a way through the mess of bloody flesh, flailing limbs and steel and I find my way. I make a dash

for the rail, but I don't make it. This is exactly what I do not want to happen.

Part II

It is late at night or early morning when I find myself lying in a puddle of blood, water, and oil in an alley. I'm not sure of anything right now except the huge lump and the dried blood on my head. I really would like to know what the hell is going on. "Why am I sleeping in this alley and why am I beaten so badly," I ask myself. I begin to worry and I check my pockets for anything I can use. I find a ticket for some band called Kylrz. Other than that, my pockets are empty. I guess I have been robbed while I was sleeping. The tan lines from a missing watch help give this away. I get up and wander around to a hospital. A nurse notices me right away and sets me up in a room for a doctor to come and help me.

"Nurse," I ask, "What sort of shape am I in?"

"Well, you are better than you look. You will need a few stitches and some medicine. Your head wound is infected."

"Great," I mutter to myself.

"By the way, do you have I.D.? I can fill out the necessary forms while you wait so you can rest."

"It was stolen," I reply.

"Well, when you get a chance, you need to fill these out," she says, dropping a pile of papers onto my table.

I fill these out right away, to get it over with. This is a harder task than I would ever imagine it to be. As I glanced down at the pages, my mind goes blank. I can not fill out the forms. I do not know who I am or where I live or my insurance

or anything else on the page. I decide to make up some information. Now my world is falling apart.

Soon after, a doctor enters my room and asks me a bunch of questions.

"Does this hurt? How about this? What about this?"

I wasn't too badly hurt, but he said I need a brain scan or something because my head was hit so hard. He said I might have a concussion. He gives me stitches and asks how this happened.

"At the Kylrz concert last night," I reply, thinking back to my ticket.

"That show? Why didn't you come in earlier? That show was a few nights ago."

"Yeah? The one at The Slaughterhouse? I have been out for a while."

"You are going to need more help than I thought. We will definitely need to keep you overnight. Do your parents know you are here?"

"Yeah, I stopped at home before coming here. They dropped me off because they had to go on a business trip. I told them it was nothing serious because the nurse just said I needed stitches." This was the best I could do to cover my tracks if he tried to call the number on the forms.

"O.K. Well, I will try to contact them. In the meantime, get lots of rest. I'll be back later to check on you." He leaves and I flip on the TV "Great," I thought to myself, "I am going to get screwed and become a bum and the best the hospital can do is one channel." The news comes on. "What a crappy world," I think to myself. So many people are getting killed or robbed. Some kid is missing. This I notice

more than the rest. I looked a little like the kid in the picture a few years ago. I begin to nod off.

I awaken to a nurse sticking a needle into my arm.

"What are you doing?"

"You need this to heal properly," she replies. "Your body is lacking what this will provide. Just relax."

"O.K. Please try not to kill me with that thing."

The doctor comes in.

"I tried to contact your parents. I can't let you leave without their written permission. If they were around, I could have you out of here tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll try to call them later," I reply.

"Well, let me know if you reach them. I really need to talk to them," he says on his way out.

I wonder how I am going to leave here. I don't know who my parents are. I don't even know who I am. What the hell am I going to do? There has got to be something.

I doze off again thinking of a solution.

When I wake up, I remember the strangest dream. It shows me as the missing kid from the news. It is almost prophetic, as my next thought is of myself with the parents at a cheesy "Welcome Home" party. I see that the kid is still missing and a number to call on the news later that night. I dial it and a friendly but distant voice answers the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi. Mom?"

"Randal? Is it you? Where are you?"

"I'm at the hospital. I've been here for a few days.

"Oh my god. We have been so worried."

"Can you come and get me? We can talk later."

"I'll be there in twenty minutes. I love you."

"I love you too mom, bye."

My scheme has worked. This lady thinks that I am her son. I can only hope I pass the look alike test when she gets here. I assume I have a dad because she said, "we." I wonder if he is as naïve as his wife. I decide to tell them the truth except for my amnesia. They sound nice enough; this shouldn't be a problem.

"Randal. Ohhhhhh, I love you so much. Are you O.K? You look all right. What happened," she asks when she gets to the hospital.

I tell her the whole story, beginning with the show. She believes me.

We leave the hospital after the doctor talks to the lady. They do not discover anything about my problem. He just gives her a prescription.

At home, the man who is now my father gets back when we do. He gives me a hug.

"I was so worried about you. I rushed home as soon as your mother called. What has happened to you?"

I tell him the entire story and they suggest a welcome home party for some friends and myself. I figure I should write a book so I don't have to tell this story again.

The party goes well and nobody suspects a thing. It's almost as if I really am this missing kid. But that would be too weird. I just hope he never returns.

It has been a while now and that missing kid is still gone.

Kevin Greaney, '99

A Journey To Heaven

Past the sky
Above the clouds
Through white gates
Beyond the glass hall
Up the stairs
Around to the left
Near a star
During the end
In a white house
Before you lies God

Matt Leming '02

The Ocean

I can sculpt the landscape
With an artist's touch.
When I am tall as towers
None escape my powers.
Cooling to the hand, bitter to taste.
Seen by all, the human race.
No mountain can fill my domain
Nor man conquer to win his fame.

Anonymous

Field of Dreams

Beyond the city lights
In a sea of maize a diamond is carved
On it fresh grass and dirt are placed
In addition to four pearl corners
Past players come to swing their war clubs
To relieve their glory days
For a chance to hoist one into the corn
From all places they come
To see the nostalgic game unfold
Beside the hot corner a tired farmer stands
With the joy of his creation in the palm of his hand

Mike Ossy '02

On The Corner

My mind is a citrus jewel,
Squeezed of its juice.
My intentions cloud vision,
Screaming to be loose.

Hopelessly searching for pollen,
My hands tremble like frantic bees.
They grip a crusted, rain-stained sign:
"WILL WORK FOR FOOD. PLEASE."

I collapse on limp, lifeless legs,
Destroyed in the war.
Time eats at my bones.
I can feel it through each pore.

My feet, the street,
Feel like one.
In my times of sorrow,
I can't escape the sun.

My filth seems to define me,
Stereotype me,
Hinder me.
It is a caste from which I can not be free.

I hear the rats pitter patter over my head,
A white noise, impressions of rain.
I secretly beg them to gnaw at my skin,
Reminds me of life, that pleasing pain.

I need a shave, but all I have are grimy nails,
I need consoling comfort, but I have no friend....
Alive that is, I last saw them fall in flame.
A turning point in a pain with no end.

I'm still haunted, vulnerable
To lapses of horror, screams from the past.
It's all gone now, but not in my eyes.
Vivid pictures wrap my head like a cast.

Countless years, times
And I still have that "stare."
It frightens others, and even myself,
But I have forgotten how to care.

Glance at me, I'll hopelessly return.
Keep driving, don't turn your head.
Feel sorry for a few moments,
Then go home, dream, caress your bed.

Dominic Sinacola, '01

I am This, but I'm This

A unique personality everyone has.
He may act one way, but feel another.
He may be one way, yet be another,
Depending on the circumstances his
Cherished life brings. But this "he"
Can be "me."

At times I'm gracious, at times unthoughtful.
One minute I'm loud and obnoxious,
The next quiet and reserved.
I procrastinate, yet work hard.
I can listen well, I can tune you out.
Maybe I'm mature, maybe I'm childish.
I may appear weak, but reality has it,
I'm all the more powerful.

Matt Barringer '01

Mourning in Shadow

I've been dead,
seventy years now.
The mem'ries are all black
now.

But when I really
remember,
I know I was broken,
time after time.

I saw purgatory--
was shackled and heckled,
by the worst of the den.

I felt the lava burn and
scream into my throat
now that I
remember.

The devil was with me.

But now I'm reborn.

I can feel again.
I'm in Jamaica again,
fo' the last time.

The sun will never set
but I will gaze at it forever,
seeing it freeze against the sea.
The sand is cooler than I remember it,
but this is a sickly cool.

The blues and indigos
of the sky, fill my body with tears--
the moans of children
who were wronged in life.

But I live again.
And my breaths are red
and tattered.

And I see a man dressed in snow.
This man is the devil.
And I see a slight woman, who breathes night
and wears years on her shoulders.
This must be God.

But the devil comes to me.
And I don't want to go back there,
I moan, I bleat.
And he doesn't miss a beat.

"I can't take you there,"
he sighs.

"I don't want to."
"But I can help you."

He scratches the inner thoughts
of the condemned man, me...
and God merely watches.

Devil says, "Yea.
I will
send you
back."

"To the time before time,
to your time of innocence.
Reclaim your life.
Take what you carry now
and do the right thang."

"You must be happy.
And I ask for one thing
in return--!"

"Come with me.
I have so much power
to give you.
Your heart is weak, but I
can strengthen it
if you surrender it.
I can give you what
all your mind desires."

"It is not riches.
It is not celebrity.
But you know what it is,
and to you it is far more
valuable
than the very first laugh
or the last rainfall."

"Can you feel it?
I know where it affects you.
I want to steal that
and tease that."

"Come With Me."

And I turn to God, and she knows
what I will ask.

"What do I offer you, boy?

Death.

Death and true re-birth
at my hands,
from my soil.

It is how my son lived,
it is how you shall live.
It is final, but it is your choice.

I love you, my son.

But you will live,
and you will
adapt."

So today, I live at that precipice,
the devil at one side, God
at the other.

And I just want
the right choice.

I can't see it now.

And everywhere there's pain.

Can you see that in the shadows?
Can you see me?

Robert Young, '02

The Good Old E&B

I

It's 1923. You might remember it as the roaring 20's or Coolidge's presidency, whatever. It doesn't matter much to me, I was too busy living it, and man, were me and Charles living it. Actually, Charles' name is Nick, but everybody calls him Charles. He asked for it. He said it sounded smooth and debonair. My name is Tony. We lived together with bunch of other guys in this old brewery. Good old E & B Brewery. They were shut down because of the new laws outlawing booze and all that good stuff. Nobody else was there; it was just another abandoned warehouse. But it was home, and it was a pretty nice place. It sure beat the hell out of the alley or the train yard. And we made it look decent. Just from doing small jobs around town, if we "borrowed" something nice, it just went into the good old E & B. We would do any type of job though. The law didn't matter much, at least not to us anyway. There were just too many guys like us around town; they could never catch us all.

One night Charles came home with a big smile on his face and a new job to explain. It was for the Packards, a pretty tight family who almost never used outsiders. They were real close, which probably explains their success. Nobody would rat out his own brother. Anyway, this must be a big job for them to need outside help I think to myself, listening to what Charles was telling us. He was giving us what little details the Packards had told him. Basically it was a bootlegging job. Nothing too fancy. At least not yet. But it was sure to change as more details were added. These things always seem to get

more complicated. And when they were complicated, they would get *3!@?% up. That's just the way it is. There was always some kind of set-up, or rat-out, it just never went to plan. But if it did, where would all the fun be?

Anyway, Charles said that they would let him in on any new details and they would get us some tommy guns and cars. And that was all we should need for it to work. But even with a gang like the Packards, nothing went to plan, and they knew it, which was probably why they hired us.

II

I woke up late the next morning. Most of the guys had already found their way onto the street, scrounging around to see what kind of breakfast they could steal. Not hungry myself, I decide to go for a walk. Mainly because I have nothing better to do.

The sun hurt my eyes as I stepped outside. It must have been at least 10am, I think as I spot an easy pick pocket watch. Making my way towards the man, I recall skills taught after years of perfection. I slide the watch out of the guy's pocket as he is talking to some lady. "Probably a lady of the night," I think to myself, mostly to ease my nerves about stealing from a good person.

I head over to Burly Pete's Pawn Shoppe to see what I can get for the watch. Pete was in the back, so I called to him as I looked over the shelves, willing to make a trade if I found the right thing. A couple weeks ago I found a cool pocketknife. It was one of those that they gave to the soldiers in the Great War. I figured that if I ever got caught in a tough spot it might come in useful. I have it tucked in my shoe, just in case.

"What have you been up to," Pete asks.

"Not much, I got a gold pocket watch for you."

"Let me see it. Hmmm.... Well, it's tarnished, and it's not ticking."

"Give it back," I say. "Look. If you just rub it on your shirt and open the lid, it's as good as new. See?"
Sometimes Pete was a little uncooperative.

"Yeah. Sure. I will give you \$3 for it."

"\$5."

"\$4."

"Done. \$4"

Walking back onto the street, I grab a newspaper while the kid wasn't looking and make my way over to Twist's Deli. I know Jim, the boss there, and he was real nice to me. He was a good guy; we grew up together, he's just a little older, and took the high road, after a while anyway. We got to talking while he made me a ham and cheese.

"So Charles got us a new job," I tell him. "Some shipping thing for the Packards. The payoff's supposed to be pretty big."

"Sounds good. Any details, or would you rather not say?"

"I would tell you if I knew, but there isn't much to say. You want in on it?"

"I would but I am trying to keep away from it all," Jim says as a customer walks in the door so we had to keep quiet. I knew I could trust Jim though, he used to do a few jobs with us now and then.

Back on the street I ran into Boris; one of the guys in my gang. He was tailing this old guy Gatsby who seemed to be

pretty rich. Boris wanted me to come with him to follow this guy home to clean it out that night. I agreed, having no more profitable plans of my own, and we spent the rest of the evening casually following him around town. He was buying all sorts of things, mostly decorative, real fancy pieces of shit for his house. That kind of thing really got on Boris' nerves. He had a real problem with overly rich people. I heard rumors that he was fighting for Lenin in Russia when he was only 12 or 13. You should have heard him when Gatsby walked past a beggar and didn't even look at him. He almost seemed to be flaunting his bags bursting with stuff. It took a lot for Boris to hold back and not just attack Gatsby on the street. I almost had to hold him back. Boris can be real irrational sometimes, but other times, he can be more reasonable than Socrates or those other Greek guys. That's why he was so good at robbery. He could come up with these masterful plans, which was one of the reasons that I felt pretty safe robbing this Gatsby house with him. After following Gatsby for a while, it started to turn towards evening and Gatsby towards his car. We managed to hop onto the back of his car as he drove out of the city.

III

After we arrived at his house, we had to lay low in his garage for a while until he went to sleep. It was a pretty quiet neighborhood and the houses were far apart so it would be easy not to be seen by the neighbors. I started to wish that I didn't sell the watch, I was dying to know what time it was.

"I wonder what all those cars are driving by for," Boris asks. "I have been hearing a lot of them."

"Really? I hadn't notic-" I didn't even finish my sentence before I heard a bunch of voices outside. We ducked

under a car until it was silent. Boris told me to wait there while he went out and looked around.

A few minutes went by and he came back, telling me that all those cars we heard were parked outside, and that he looked in the window and good old Gatsby decided to have a party that night.

"How are we going to rob the place now," I ask.

"I've got a different idea, steal from the cars," Boris says.

I agree that the risk is definitely much lower and we creep out of the garage down to the car-lined road, looking for jackets, wallets, purses, whatever we could find.

I crawl into one car and Boris into another. The first car didn't have too much of value. It was actually pretty clean except for a used sheepskin on the floor in the back. I wondered who the lucky girl was. Then I crawled right out of that car and into the next one. This car was a lot nicer, and that might have something to do with the wallet and the gun that I found in the glove box up front. There wasn't a lot of cash, but I had a feeling that the gun might come in useful.

Suddenly, a car's headlights reflected on the mirror and illuminated the car. I ducked down, but it was too late. The car pulled along side mine as I get my gun ready, hoping I don't have to use it but still ready.

"Hey. Tony. Are you in there? It's me," whispers Boris.

"Boris? What the hell? I almost killed you. What are you doing with that car?"

"Taking it. They're really easy to start. Here, let me show you

Boris starts my car and tells me to follow him back into town. Boris takes off down the road and I follow.

He pulls into the old train yard; it's a few miles out of town on the river. It's a pretty creepy place, even for me, mostly because a lot of strange people hang out there, especially at night. I hold onto my pistol, trying to calm myself. Boris got two wallets and a purse. We pried the plates off of the cars and locked them up. We parked them in a corner of the lot behind a big pile of rusted train parts and garbage. We walked back to the good old E & B with our pockets bulging with extra wallets. The streets were pretty quiet as we headed back and Boris was mumbling to himself about something so I started to think about my future. About tomorrow and the job that Charles had gotten for us. About the day after that and the day after that. I guess that this is the time where I am supposed to realize that I am headed nowhere and that I better try to make something of myself while I still can. Maybe later. But I have a job to do tomorrow. I ask Boris if he has heard anything about it, about what's going on tomorrow.

"You mean that Packard job? I don't know what's going on, but if I don't find out soon, I am not going. Too much risk on a slop job plan. I heard that it's some bootlegging job. Charles is supposed to fill us in."

"Yeah, I know that much. I don't even know if Charles knows. The Packard boys are supposed to let him know first. Maybe they talked to him today. I know it's risky, but I have a feeling that this one is going to be big. Real big. Remind me to ask Charles about it when we get back to the..."

"Shhhhhh..." Boris hissed. "Have you noticed that cop following us?"

"No. How long has he been there? Did he hear anything," I ask. I am getting a little worried as Boris turns and takes off down an alley. I run after him trying to catch up. We duck down behind a trash pile and watch the entrance to the alley. I can hear the cop's footsteps echoing down the street as he moves faster and faster. Then he stops. Right at the entrance to the alley. He takes out his gun and walks into the alley, coming closer and closer to us. I get my gun ready, not wanting to kill a cop, but ready to do it just in case. Then he stops. Right on the other side of the trash pile. I can see the moonlight glinting off his badge and sweat dripping down his face. "He's probably more scared than I am," I think to myself. He must have heard us, why else would he follow me? What does he know? How can I escape? Should I shoot him? All of these thoughts are racing through my mind as I sit there watching the cop look around, waiting for him to leave. After a good two-minute eternity, the cop is gone. I breathe a sigh of relief and Boris and I make it back to the good old E & B.

IV

Once we get back to good old E & B, we start telling the guys about our misadventures of that evening. They just started laughing. I guess that I would have too if it was one of them telling me that story. It was kind of funny.

After everybody had calmed down, Charles said that he had the news from the Packards. We were taking a boat across the river to Canada. Plain, overdone, and simple. We were to meet a man with a wooden leg named Smith. He had the cargo, which we were to load back onto our boat and cross

back to our side. We weren't coming right back into the city, it would be too obvious, to see a boat leave from the city, then come right back the same night. We were going to dock a few miles out of the city, on the river and transport the booze back into the city using back-roads and that sort of thing. We all decided to go to bed early since tomorrow was going to be a big day and a late night.

V

It was probably around 12 or 1 when we finally got moving. Since nobody had anything planned for that day, we all just walked around town together. It would have been nice to go and get a drink with the guys before our job that night, but none of the real bars were open at 1 in the afternoon. So we just went to a park. There were some cute girls walking through, and I sure would have liked to get to know them, but, like I said, his name was Charles for a reason. He was smooth and debonair. I wasn't. Oh well... We just played catch with an old pie pan. If you threw it just right, it could almost float on air through the sky.

Suddenly, three cars pulled up to the street alongside the park. A bunch of big guys in suits came out and over to us. They told us to get in the car, it was show time. We got into their cars and they just started driving. They gave each of us a new tommy gun and mentioned the man named Smith and where we were to dock the boat when we get there and when we return. It turns out that we are supposed to dock the boats right back where I was last night with Boris, down at the train yard. They took us to the marina that was in town, and got us on a boat. I hoped that nobody noticed us because we all looked pretty suspicious of something when we were trying to

hide our tommy guns and being supervised by a bunch of suit-wearing menaces. We got onto the boat and took off for Canada.

VI

By the time we got to Canada and met our wooden-legged man Smith, it had gotten really dark. Not even the moon was coming out that night. Smith directed us over to a corner in a storage house and told us to take all the boxes marked with a big Boston Tea Co. label on them. The booze was in there. We managed to get it all loaded in less than 2 hours, trying not to get caught or forget any of it.

Back on the boat, one of the Packard guys was navigating it back to the good old U.S. of A.. He seemed to know where we he was going, so the trip didn't take too long. I wished that it did though, because now was when the pressure was really going to be on.

He docked the boat and we began to unload the booze. A few of the hoboes came around and we just tossed them a bottle to get them to leave us alone. I didn't like the thought of them there though. They could really screw this up. One of them might go nuts and one of our guys might shoot him and then there's gunshots and all hell breaks loose. We were all a little extra nervous that night. I thought back to that cop on the street last night. I wonder if he heard anything. I guess that we would find out soon enough. And sure enough, we did.

As soon as we started to move most of the booze off of the boat, headlights from police cars flashed on while we dived for cover. I almost forgot my tommy gun on top of one of the crates. I decided that this was a fight we could not win and that I needed to get the hell out of there as fast as I can.

I ducked behind a crate of the booze and started to think. Fast. What can I do? The hobos were running around like idiots, already half drunk from what we had given to them. I saw one of them climbing over a trash pile and it hit me. The cars. The ones me and Boris had stolen. But where were they? I started looking everywhere for them through a tiny gap in the boxes. The guns were really blazing now. Even if I did find the car, how could I even get there?

Suddenly, I see Boris. He has the same idea that I do. Get to the cars. I watched him run behind me, around the side of the building. I know that I have to follow him, and as I lie low to the ground, crawling as frantically as I can, something tears into my leg. I think I was shot, I couldn't feel too much, but I knew that I couldn't run. Somehow, I managed to make it to the side of the building and saw Boris jumping into one of the cars. Over here, it was safe. The battle was raging on the other side of the building. I jumped into the car with Boris and we took off down the train tracks, ready to bail if a train came along.

The farther away we got, the quieter and quieter the gun shots sounded. After a while, Boris pulled over and told me to either get out with him or keep going. He was staying in the city. I decided that I would keep going, and after a heartfelt goodbye, I decided to head out West. Maybe things would be better there.

Kevin Greaney, '99



"Kaboom"
Alex Lee '03

"Cub"
Alex Lee '03





"Ice Man"
Alex Lee '03



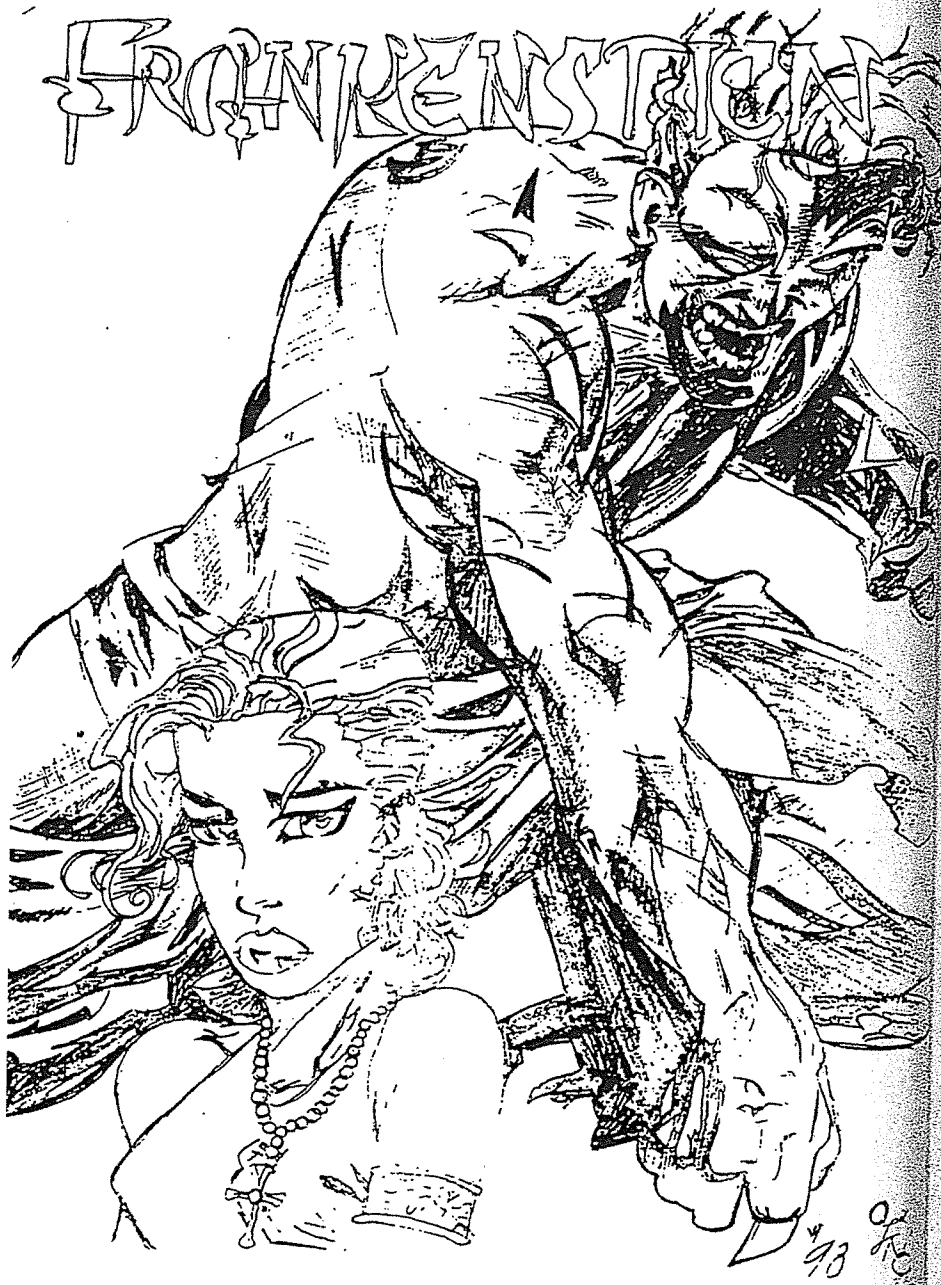
"Wolverine"
Alex Lee '03



"The Merc with a Mouth"
Alex Lee '03



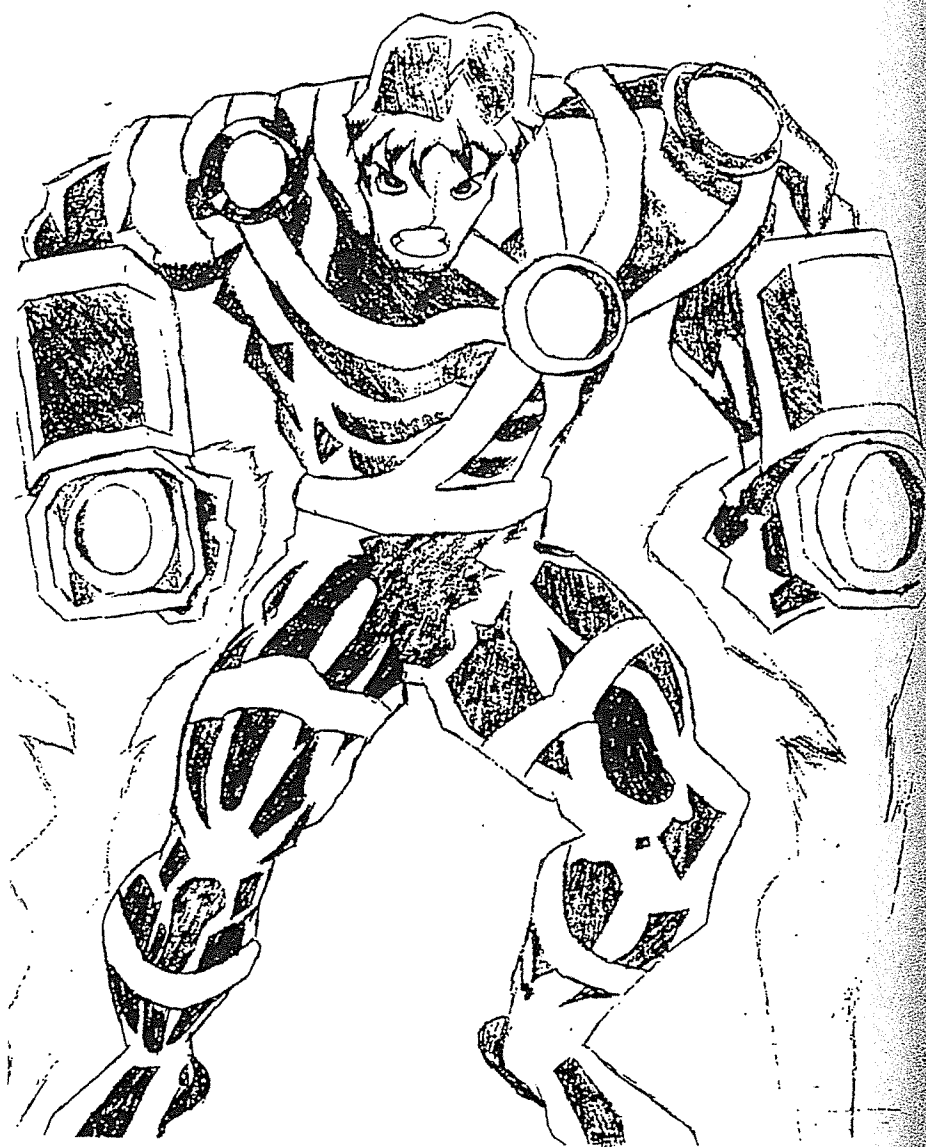
"Knolan"
Alex Lee '03



"Frankenstein"
Oliver J. Newell '00



"Dinosaur"
Michael Schuchardt '02



"Sunfire"
Alex Lee '03



No words.
No chains.

"Earth-bound"
Tom Guillou '99



"Gotenks"
Alex Lee '03

[Signature]



"Garrison"
Alex Lee '03

[Signature]

The Song of Saint George

St. George was a good knight,
Gallant, humble, brave, and true,
His hair was the rising sun,
His eyes were a sapphire blue.

St. George was a noble knight,
Who had known both love and loss,
His shield was white as pure snow,
It was reddened with the Cross.

St. George was on a mission,
A dark dragon he must find,
With sword sharp as right and wrong,
And an even sharper mind.

St. George searched on the mountains,
St. George searched in the caves,
He met with many sinful knights,
And many virtuous knaves.

St. George heard of a wizard,
Who could help him on his way,
St. George knew he had a call,
One from which he could not stray.

St. George begged the magician,
"Wizard, aid me if you can,
This Worm is the mortal foe,
Of every living man.

"Many a man has faced him,
All those men have died.
I am left to finish him,
You can help me, be my guide!

"His very words are nightmares,
His voice takes over the ear,
Happy, happy are the dead,
The dead men that did not hear.

"I've never seen its visage,
But I've heard its awful cries,
Help or no, magician,
I won't rest until it dies!"

The wizard nodded sagely,
His voice was stony and stark,
"Long have I waited to meet you,
The one who will face the dark.

"Only one man can face him,
The man of great love and loss,
A white knight with a white shield,
Marked with the blood red Cross.

"Before I tell you the secret,
I must give warning to thee.
Turn back now, if you fear,
Dark sky or thundering sea."

St. George, trembling, drew his sword,
And thrust it into the ground,
He kneeled before it and swore,
There was not another sound.

"By the Holy Son of God,
Who died upon a Tree,
Against all fear, I will fight,
Dark sky or thundering sea."

"Then listen!" The mage told him,
He gave out a forlorn sigh.
"Yon mountains are the Worm's teeth,
The Dragon's mouth is the sky.

"The whole world is against you,
You have not a single friend,
No one can help your battle,
Your life is not at an end.

"His eyes in ev'ry forest,
His tongue on every slope,
Knight, you are as the dead,
You do not have a hope."

St. George was pale as bed sheet,
His hands were a'trembling fair,
But ice was in his blue eyes,
And fire was in his red hair.

"Mage who travels far and wide,
From the lands of distant skies,
I am but a Christian knight,
Who will fight until he dies.

"Mage who travels wide and far,
From the Land of God-Knows-Where,
I have neither friend nor hope,
Yet I still have a prayer."

St. George walked up a mountain,
Majestic among the peaks,
His face had the grim power,
That of finding what one seeks.

George put his sword in the ground,
And crossed himself in prayer,
"Lord forgive me all my sins,
As I forsake all my cares."

George put his sword in the sky,
Shouting "Craven! Coward! Fool!
Who are you to rule the Earth,
If I say you should not rule?"

A voice came from the heavens,
A voice came up from the earth,
Which creaked like a thing in labor
Before a monstrous birth.

"I am ruler of the sky,
The ruler of earth and sea!"
George said soft, "You rule nothing,
For you'll not have rule of me."

"Knight, go back to thy manor,
Care for your gardens and lawn,
I am the Prince of Darkness,
I am the Lord of Dawn!

"White knight, you have some courage,
But take the gift I give.
You can't fight the world entire,
Begone, or you shall not live."

St. George's sword was shining bright,
Like the great red sword of Mars,
His hair was like a sunset,
And his eyes were like the stars.

"I fight now for the freedom,
Of the happy, little things,
The laughter of the children,
And the plucking of the strings.

"I fight now for the beauty,
Of banners all unfurled,
I fight for the love of men,
Our huge love for this our world.

"I fight for the holy men,
Who once this bright orb did tread,
Jesus the Christ, of Nazareth,
And Mary, Mother of God!"

The Dragon roared in rage,
The world leaped once again,
And all was as a mighty beast,
In sudden, horrific pain.

The sky fell down around him,
The rivers rose up in flood,
But St. George remained upright,
His face washed red with blood.

And though the mountains trembled,
And the plains leapt and down,
St. George prayed with quiet voice,
And thought of his native town.

And though the mountains trembled,
And the plains leapt up and down,
St. George was awash with light,
His head held a golden crown.

The mountains spewed forth lava,
And poured out the vats of Hell,
But looking at George's face,
There was a rapture, for a spell.

The mountains spewed forth lava,
And poured out the vats of Hell,
But looking at George's face,
There was a rapture, for a spell.

The mountains spewed forth lava,
And poured out the vats of Hell,
But to look at George's face,
Ancient Adam never fell.

The mountains stopped their shaking,
At last, silent was the ground,
From the Pit of Hell to Heav'n
There was not a single sound.

Then a voice came from Heaven,
"George, you are marked with My crest.
Of all My worthy paladins,
Only you passed the Great Test.

"You have beaten the Dragon,
I am always at your side.
Go forth, son, and life your life,
In glory, honor, and pride."

Jack Watkins '00

Snakes

The snake slithers smoothly along the ground
It approaches its enemies without a sound
It can wrap around you and give a hug
It can swim through the water faster than a bug
It is a fun pet to love and adore
But my friends won't stay when it's on the floor.

Rob Rottach '02

A Clock's Point of View

I sit here everyday next to the pictures,
The people do not notice me,
Although I have an important job.
I tell them when the sun will rise,
And all day I count how long it will be before it sets.
I tell the child when to wake up,
And when to go to sleep.
I tell him when to do his homework,
And when to look at his picture box,
But he does not thank me, No!
He makes my voice smaller so I do not disturb him.
But I know how important I am.

Brandon Coleman '01

Dawn on Earth

Morning breaks.
Mankind wakes.
Cold Wind makes him shiver.

Wet with dew,
Silent, new
Blades of Grass each quiver.

Night is done.
Rising Sun
Colors skies, light giver.

Day awaits.
Future's gates
Loom ahead forever.

Sean P. Dudley '01

- A Failure's Oath -

Oh ye of little faith, why do you persecute
Me? Hold me back and see what happens.
I will overcome the odds, for I have faith,
I have spirit, and Determination. I will
Prove to you what you say can't be done.
From your anger I will prevail, I will reach
Out and seize The day, And from Your bounds
I will break Free and Rise again.

Dave Waligora '01

Lights

I have vision in the lights,
I see what I imagine with the lights.
There is no darkness as the lights appear,
electricity powers them to overcome the night.

The lights shine bright,
sometimes even brighter with their fluorescent colors.
The lights show us a whole other world,
and they let us see what we want to see.

Allen Shamow '02

Paint

We use Paint to cover ourselves,
Cover the blemishes made the day before.
Paint hides the fear in our souls,
Hidden so others can't see our feelings.
Paint forced upon us by others,
Made to lower ourselves to there level,
And used in such manner to be disguised.
Rebellion to others, our paint shows our
Anger bottled up inside us for so long.
It explodes in raging fashion,
Bursting;
Exploding in all directions,
Swearing
Sending curses to all in our path of destruction,
Rage,
Hate,
Words to regret later.
Paint to use in ceremonial dance,
Worship,
Prayer
And paint used for others should be destroyed.

Justin Nardecchia '02

III

I sit here alone, and you burst in the door.
Rage in your eyes, but not that of hate.
No longer, will my life, remain such a bore.
When I look at you I know, I have finally found my mate.

I am no longer alone in this world
With you I can climb any mountain, and conquer any man.
And no longer in a ball, will I remain curled
You may distrust all this, but I will show you that you can.

You are not just there, and I am not just here.
You are no longer just a part of my life.
We have become one, I am not longer just mire.
You are now everything to me, and will become my wife.

But now I am warped back into reality.
And I remain, one singular entity.

Anonymous

There Is No Love For The Homeless Man

There is no love for the homeless man.
"Feed yourself, you stupid mutt!"
"How can you live in that same old rut?"
All he wants is some change in his can.

There is no love for the homeless man.
"I'll give you a swift kick in the butt!"
"I don't care if you were in Vietnam!"
All he wants is some food in his gut.

Ryan Tominac '02

The Human Heart

The human heart is loving, perfect, kind, warm,
beautiful, and calm like the reflections in a mirror, with the power
of the changing, and a new vision about splendid energy.

Like strong flashes of age with the awesome
power of a cheerful child, but with a terrifying reality like old tears.
Rushing like dark waters with a sharp view at every
icy curve.

Love is like warm images with a view of age, but it is
lonely like a circle through a rocky nothing.

It is perfectly beautiful with every memory of a friend
living peacefully in old memories.

Humans can choose moods, an awesome branch of the
heart which reflects through joyful smiles, or angry tears. But it
can be terrifying.

Life echoes and exists through every branch of humans
which reflects like sharp images that act like rushing waters.
At every turn energy spirals noisily, but fairly straight.

Dark clouds exist in the heart. Human contrast opens
lonely roots. Terrifying sounds never reached before shine like
clear water in a pool. Dark ideas build icy energy, reached by
crying confused tears against terrifying reflections of a lonely
nothing of rocky colors.

Playing with an old friend reflects perfect memories of
splendid seasons melodiously straight and longingly perfect. The
bright sun breaks and shines through at the "right time".

Love is an awesome power never loud but always beautiful
through joyful circles of human beauty. New ideas change the old
circles into straight lines of unusually sharp vision.

A loving heart eases terrifying realities of dark trees and
spiral clouds.

The human heart is loving, perfect, kind, warm, beautiful,
and calm like the reflections in a mirror, with the power of the
changing, and a new vision about splendid energy.

Ben Dempsy-Klott '02

Living in His Likeness

The life that brings us closer
The light that brings your love
The Questions, the details, the complexity
I see now, You must reach down from above.

Can anyone share a perfect union?
Without having to rebuild along the way?
The shame, the failures, the brokenness
Starting over at the dawn of each day

I'll build, I'll pray, I'll walk slower
In your likeness, I wish to grow
But to follow in your footsteps
Lord, can any man dare to go?

The victories, the losses, and the draws
When I didn't know if I won or lost
When will I find the perfect path to walk?
I am willing, so how much does it cost?

As I search for the escaping truth
He says "Have faith, the life is love!"
The questions don't seem to matter
And His hand reaches down from Above.

Grant Askew, '00

...Not in your hand

Behind that yellow
CANDY SHELL
lies a secret so dark
it must be protected
by those mysterious M's.
Ah, those M's, those M's, those mysterious M's!
Might?
Majesty?
Motion Sickness?
Malnutrition?
Melts in your Mouth...

Bob Brodis '02

Drunk Driver

I know the day like the back of my hand
That speeding car, my leg, it did demand
Warm and bright the day was fine
Walking down the street at 5:09
When a driver who'd been drinking too much wine
Came barreling down, not in a straight line
He swerved to miss the leg of pine
But he crashed right into mine
Why did this happen, please define
It should've been his leg why was it mine.

Alex Gerald, '01

Hoboes

The life of a hobo
Is a life that is free;
Not tied down to a spouse
Or the commitment of family.

Nomads of the city
They wander without aim.
Not a care in the world.
Their existence is tame.

New York to Atlanta.
Salt Lake to El Paso.
They hop on any train;
It doesn't matter where they go.

No checking your schedule
Or being home by curfew.
Just pick up your bag-on-stick
And go somewhere new.

They're a part of our country,
Trainyard Tom and Boxcar Ben.
Capitalists call them bums,
I call them kings among men.

Dmitri Vielot, '01

Christmas

I wake up with a scowl
Just as any other day;
Disturbed from my sleep by the glaring of the sun.
Sometimes I fell that this day should never come.
On days approaching, each waking moment
Is a dagger straight through the heart.
This, however, is a disease
for which I have no cure.
I walk down these abandoned streets,
Thinking of what lies within;
All the while wishing that I could feel the same.
As I saunter further down, I stumble upon a house.
After looking through its walls, my mind spews contempt.
Contempt for the merriment, of which I have none at all,

It is within these walls that a child does arise,
Woken by the wafting aroma pervading this clean fresh air.
With utter expectation, he darts right out of bed.
For months and months he's waited,
hoping this day would finally come.
After sprinting down the stairs, he tries his best to wait,
Knowing that it wouldn't be right without the ones he loves.
As he raced straight through the day, he gave thanks
for all he had,
Seeing all he had received, knowing he's a lucky lad.

Alan Allmen, '01

Forget Not the Light, My Son

When orb-wrought light did bleach the earth,
And life ensconced the land,
Were not those days of youth well-blissed,
'Fore darkness stretched his hand.

The faculties of yesteryear,
Employed in knee-bent prayer,
Gave not to God a heart-felt thanks,
As if He was not there.

Then death-marked legions took to arms,
Those lives now thrown to chance,
As darkness overthrew their souls,
They faltered in the dance.

As death-knelled blood did stain the earth,
And light began to jade,
The foolish dreams of youth were dashed,
Because the light did fade.

So forget not the light, my son,
'Twas He Who made you whole,
For only He can quell the dark,
'Tis God Who'll save your soul.

Matt DeFour, '00

The Corridors of Time

As I walk down life's endless hallway
hoping to come to the end
The doors and missed opportunities
passing on both sides
I see the doors from the past
Finally closed at last
The doors from the present are open
waiting to be written
The future doors do not exist yet
we'll do what they'll let
The sun rises and sets everyday
The past is gone and whisked away
How long does the present last
Before you know it is the past
Who knows what the future will hold
It may be hot or sunny or cold

Andy Novak, '02

Wandering

As I am writing this poem
My mind is wandering
from far off places and distant lands
to ocean waters and desert sands
I think of questions I'd like to ask
What is fiction, and what is fact?
What if the South had won the Civil War?
What if Jesus was never born?

My mind wandering is bad and good
I can see the world from where I stood
I think of doing what I could
To save the world from bad not good.
I just can't focus on this project
class is boring, and so's the subject.

Andy Novak, '02

Two Facets to One Being

I am adventurous yet careful,
I am wise yet have much more to learn,
I am blessed yet feel unlucky,
I am imaginative yet live realistically,
I am open-minded yet stubborn,
I am hard-working yet lazy,
I am withdrawn with strangers yet out-going with friends,
I am athletic yet academic,
I am surrounded by love yet often feel abandoned,
I am content yet push to become better,
I am diverse yet centered,
I live in the present yet have plans for the future,
I strive for perfection yet find faults along the way,
I am two facets to one being.

Michael Hemak, '01

A Day in the Life of a U of D Student

The familiar bell resounds, and the hallway race sprints,
For me, however, confidence has replaced the usual confusion.
I am prepared to face the day, last night I lazied not.
Ask me anything, I know it all about that science chapter,
Math you inquire, study indeed I did, I will ace that facile test,
And by the way, my English story is comparable to Dickens.
I am prepared to face the day, last night I lazied not.

The familiar bell resounds, and the hallway race sprints,
This time towards the exit, lacking my confidence.
I drudge along, head dangling low, my day was not as planned.
An unexpected quiz exposed a lack in science knowledge,
The math test too askewed from what was anticipated,
To my surprise, I soon realized I had mastered the wrong chapter!
Let's not forget my English masterpiece reduced to myriad red
marks.
So tonight I must lazy not, so I will be prepared to face tomorrow.

Michael Hemak, '01

The Journey

Reveling in my thoughts, I sit on an old wooden dock.
Waiting, my heart a leaden block.
Boredom sets in, with only the fish to contemplate.
Not knowing what else to do, I take a journey around the lake.

Striding along the break-wall,
On which leaves fall and critters crawl.
I watch as the concrete mass stretches on,
One great long gray pebble-speckled crayon.

It is here, where sand meets concrete,
That many a mighty wave has stopped, incomplete.
It is here, as I hear the silent roar
Where the waves try eternally to even the score.

Along the endless route I continue, knowing I must part;
But reluctant for the slap and gurgle ease my troubled heart.
Turning away, like a weary traveler, I look for a place to rest.
A tiny beach is found and I perch upon its crest.

With chin in hand, I gaze upon the lake.
As the sun's rays dance, bleary eyes are left in its wake.
Closing them I feel its warmth, and I absorb it.
Tranquility is master as the rays begin to hit.

Whit chin in hand, at the sinking horizon do I gaze,
The lazy ghostly forms enwrapped in a cloudy mist of haze
Of purple, blue and red
Are dominant overhead.

With eyes still closed, I sense a gentle breeze.
I hear it as it rustles a myriad of leaves;
I hear it and it brings my soul to ease;
It hits my face- moist- bringing back a flood of memories.

Of swimming, sporting, sunning, skiing;
Of running, jumping, playing- just being.
Memories of a time without oppression, without strife;
Memories of a time when work was not life.

A wave crashes upon my foot and I awake
My journey must go on, so I leave this peaceful lake.
Heading nowhere I find a crowded, lonely forest.
Broken branches and dead grass- it's only florist.

And yet this is the ideal place-
Of quiet greens and where animals race.
This is the ideal place-
Where color and peace set the pace.

The sun glints like chrome.
Leaving this place of serenity and calm,
I grasp nature's outstretched palm-
Taking it, it leads me home.

Francis Bonenfant '01

II

And now, here I sit, you are where?
Struck down by Cupids arrow, I know, but I don't care.
You tell me, and ever though we play these games
I walk circles around you, and you never appoint blame.
I tell you what I do, and how I always think of you.
But still, he remains to ever make you woo.
I wish he would destroy and strike you down,
So that I may have my chance to wear the crown

Anonymous

Rain

Upon lofty mountains old,
I fall, dark, damp, and cold.

Shining argent by the light.
Softly falling in the night.

When I start there is no play,
All things quickly hide away.

Sometimes I am dark and dreary,
Other times I revive the weary.

As Winter fades into Spring,
Fresh new life is what I bring.

Carl Martin '02

The Driving Experience

I'm so accustomed to being the passenger
But now I'm in control.
The power of the engine revving below me,
My mother here to console.
I zoom down the street,
My friends stare with awe.
I zigzag in and out of traffic,
I'm whizzing by just above the law.

Oh no, my poor baby!
I knew this day would come.
I'm horrified by the disaster that may occur,
I can sense my fingers going numb.
He's coming dangerously close to that parked car,
My fingers are clinched onto the seat.
I cringe as he passes that truck,
My heart neglected to pound on that last beat.

Brandon Coleman '01

My Discrepancies

At one time, it seemed that I was one.

One with myself, one with the world, completely within my type

But now my n-find had branched in all direction.

Thus my resulting self is not one without contradictions.

I am idealistic, yet I can never live up to those ideals.

I strive to accomplish many things, but many never are done.

I do many tasks simply for principle;

While far more important jobs go untouched.

I am outgoing with some, introverted with others.

I enjoy self-reliance, but still require help.

I see my self as an insightful person,

But in reality I don't know all.

Alan Allmen, '01

The Sky

A translucent sky embraces the earth,

A mountain, delineated by golden rays, reflects the wonder of the sun,

A resplendent sunset pervades the extent of the heavens,

The sky is a melting glow that soothes the soul,

I am engulfed by an effusive sense of joy and love,

The gentle rays are like God's hands comforting His child.

Kyle Pine, '00

An Existential Downward Spiral

Who are we, where are we going?

Man never always knows what he is sowing.

In our time and age, morals are dead.

It seems man's brains have fallen out of his head.

Man walks through life happily chasing his dreams.

But nothing is ever as it seems.

Alas that was always the way.

Quote on quote and so to say.

Running man continues running

While the jackal grows, more and more cunning.

The jackal isn't lurking all that far

The glowing radiant darkness of a fallen star.

Creeper, and reaper of wayward souls.

Light the pyre and burn the coals.

Man can never win

He has created too great a sin.

Man cries and christens their crosses looking for protection.

But the jackal flies by without detection.

Prepare yourself for the glorious rise to fame.

But live always with the heart rending shame.

Our world is dying, the end is almost here.

It is all so clear

Whirring, whirling going further down,

Man's friend is nowhere to be found.

The pain is like the tempest of rage.

Growing in man's hearts and empty souls from age to age.

Man's souls are broken swords,

Never to be mended.

Man should probably heed my words,

And love and embrace your kindred.

Noorel Rodgers '01

Your Face in the Mirror

Hair, there, brown
divots, eyes with hazel reflections
fine and dandy, always happy
always wondering what is going on
apple red cheeks,
blood flowing furiously through the sides of my face
Tiredness
tired of everything

Mike Baitinger '02

Life

As I walk down the street, it seems so bleak,
I have to complete a series of steps to the
end of the street. As I walk, I know
there's an end that I just can't see. I know
I have a gaurdian, though who will stay with
me through thick and thin. He will have a special
light on for me, he will leave this light on
Until I get to th end.

Darian Flewellen '02

The Hockey Puck

Goals for the souls bring happiness,
flying high, hitting hard
Black, round
not nearly a pound,
From shift to shift and line to line,
sliding on the ice

Mike Baitinger '02

Book

Book,
Adventurous,
Thrilling,
Unable to be put down,
Sending you into a new and exciting world,
Filling you with knowledge,
Mysterious, intriguing-- Drab, work,
Studying until you flop over,
Overflowing with useless dates and facts,
Consisting of too many pages,
Dull,
Inept,
Drudgery

Joe Ward, '01

Only in Pictures

I've never seen your face before
And now that you're gone
I never will
But I'll see it in pictures
No memories to rely on
I've never seen you're face
But only in pictures

I'll never see your face again
But in the pictures I have here
Which will never fade away
And it might seem a little sad
But I'll still see your face
Only in pictures

Andy Novak, '02

Mother

*Mother
is soft gentle love
over flowing into everyone around her
radiating the world with her loving presence
like a light bulb in a dark room*

*Mother
is sweet compassionate caring
guiding us helpfully through the snags and snarls of life
as a lighthouse does to ship lost at sea
soothingly and skillfully bandaging our wounds
physical and mental better than the best doctor*

*Mother
is enlightening and inspiring
gently nudging us along
balancing us as good as a ballerina
leading us like a shepherd does his sheep*

*Mother
is everlasting bright beauty
bright radiant eyes
soft gentle touch*

*Mother
is perfect*

Dan Nemes '02

The Runner

On the adjacent sidewalk and through the trees,
Appears a runner striding in the midday sun.
He painfully sprints up a hill, muscles bulging.
As I roll down my window, I hear him pant:
WOO-HEE WOO-HEE!
Then he halts for the green light,
And bends at his knees to restore consumed energy.
Overwhelmed by perspiration, he praises the oncoming wind.
He treasures nature to the fullest, humbly accepting its gift.
I envy this man, for he displays extraordinary discipline.
Company is his necessity, I must join him.
But I can't, for I'm the subordinate procrastinator.
The light becomes red, there he goes!
On the adjacent sidewalk and through the trees,
Proceeds that runner dashing in the midday sun.
His panting fades away: WOO-HEE WOO-HEE WOO-HEE ...
Fate lies ahead of him,
As he cheerfully races his shadow to the finish line.

A narrow, potholed sidewalk with annoying, persistent
Honks of cars and geese construct the unfavorable
Environment of my daily bike ride.
To no surprise, more bad news comes.
Now approaches a runner, a ridiculous runner.
Why this man prefers to do something as tedious
As running is a mystery.
A man of such insanity mustn't force me to alter my speed.
Run him over I must, and run him over I will.
For he lies in my pathway, my sidewalk, my domain.
I pedal as rapidly as my legs can tolerate.
Bigger, and bigger, and bigger looks his body until
BAAM! I swerve and collide with a tree,
For he has dodged me.
I am launched off my bike and lying on my sidewalk.
The runner, that ridiculous runner, grabs hold my bike,
And rides towards me.
I get up and run, run, run, and he pedals faster, and faster.
Now I realize this: I'm the one running.
I'm ridiculous, I'm insane.

Matt Barringer '01

My Anger

My anger is like a bullet
I am calm and inanimate
When struck the wrong way, I explode
However, it's short lived
Grudges I do not hold
I forgive and forget
As a bullet flies for a brief moment in time

Chris Day '02

Life's Changes

Life
happy, remarkable
playing, reading, working
young and helpful – old and needy
forgetting, slowing, tiring
bed-ridden, forsaken
Death

Michael Dixon '02

earth's beauty

Forests, forests: such a delicate place
If we save them,
we save the Earth's face

Stephen A. Moore '03

Life

Life
Prolonged, jubilant
Rejoicing, celebrating, laughing
Friends, habits, discomfort, illness
Fading, Struggling, Drifting
Cold, bleak
Death

Terrance Boyd '01

The Baseball

I am round as a sphere I make the crowds cheer
From the mound I come.
Fast balls, curve balls, knuckle balls,
The pitcher throws some.
I make the batter sweat not knowing what he'll get
As I bob and weave and turn and twirl.
I feel a little frail and the batter looks too pale
Oh no, I might be hurled.
But as I approach the plate I know it is my fate
To be hit out of the park.
The crowds will roar when into the sky I soar
To make my mark.

Rob Rottach '02

You Make Me Want to Write Poetry

You make me want to write poetry:

poetry so passionate it makes your heart flutter
and your fingers tingle
and your mouth smile with parted lips,

poetry that a Romeo would read aloud
to his Juliet above him from the garden
at midnight-

You make me want to write poetry,

poetry that sings the joys of your voice,
so sweetly dancing upon the wind
that the birds cease their melody in awe,

poetry that matches the beauty of your face,
with its intricate whys and hows
and the unspeakable beauty of your eyes-

You make me want to write poetry,

poetry like Shakespeare, that reaches deep
into your soul and grabs you,
and plucks at the strings of your heart,

poetry like the love song on the radio
that makes you cry
every time you hear it-

You make me want to write poetry,
because it is the only way I can even begin
to express the beauty and the love

that is you.

David Zohrob '99

Anger

For some, anger spews eternal;
For others it stays within.
For me, however, my anger is not quite apparent.

When my blood boils,
And my skin crawls,
It is like a spaghetti pot that my anger does come out.

On the surface, only at first,
My anger appears quite calm.
It is only beneath the surface where the heat is really at.

Bubbling, churning - stewing and brewing;
The anger comes to the top;
To the final boiling point where it all does come out.

Pouring out, into the world, flowing everywhere;
But then, so quickly, it recedes back,
Only to brood again.

Alan Allmen, '01

Like A Candle

I seem to be like a candle that is always overlooked.
But really I am like a lion, roaring to be noticed.

I seem to be like a neon sign grabbing your attention.
But really I am like a pastel yellow overhang.

I seem to be as weak as a little squeaking mouse.
But really I am as strong as Martin Luther King.

I seem to be like the old wise owl.
But really, I do not know how.

Ryan Tominac '02

THE FIELD

Trees, standing proud and strong,
And full of life.
Bright green grass covers the land.
A warm breeze brushes against your back,
Rattling the leaves as it goes.
In the distance, a crow caws,
And a nearby coyote barks back,
While a doe drinks
Of the cool, refreshing pond.
The cabin over the hill,
Sends a message of delicious scents,
Bringing you home.

Greg Haapala '02

The Birth of a Golf Course

The lush grass greens the dullness of dirt.
The deadening of trees, feeling their hurt.
The swift flowing river gushes past my feet.
The soothing sound drowned out by the noisy street.
The flag on eighteen flapping in the breeze.
The fumes from the lawn mower causing me to wheeze.
Onto the spongy green my ball flew.
Fertilizer algae'd the stream once blue.
I looked at the golf course, its great condition, beautiful layout,
I looked at what was once a marsh, its great position, huge payout,
And I realized it was a great course to play.
And I realized it was a great price to pay.

Andrew Berkowski, '01

A Poem

An evil thing I have to do
I write this poem for all of you
For slavery is what this is
For poetry is not my gift
Hence, I cry NO MORE!

Not out of heart nor out of mind
But out of forced labor I do this rhyme
I can't believe what evil this is
I burn my mind to a crisp
Hence, I cry NO MORE!

My poem is not about a man
Nor about green eggs and ham
Nor is it a ballad about me
A murder tool on the contrary
Hence, I slam my head on the wooden door.

I cry NO MORE,
I cry NO MORE,
I lay beside the wooden door
Which happens to be the wooden floor
Hence, I cry I'M DONE, NO MORE!

Bart Halaczkiwicz '02

GONE

Noisy silence in my head
Everglowing eternal flame is dead
Lightning flickers on the wall
And another angel down he falls

It was so easy then
But I can't quite get it through your head
Those times are over now
You had your chance
Take your bow

Tim Killeen '02

WORDLESS

Words

Confide in you my deepest desires, secrets, hungers, sorrows
But can barely scratch the surface, my soul

Words

Despite the lack of truancy, consistency
Can bring down anything worth maintaining...one's life, work, spirit

Words

Earth's core, glue, master
Ironic
House out of straw

Words

Brush, hammer under an optimist
Dynamite in the grasp of a fool

Words

Two-faced, complicated
Dependency keeps us young and lost

Dominic Sinacola '01

Anger

My anger is like a storm
Comes rare and unleashes all its power.
Anger is moderation to me
I bottle up all of the bad and wait for good.
My anger is like a diesel engine
It's hard to start but when it gets running it is hard to stop.
Anger is a balance in my life
Without it, life would not be real.
Anger is hard for me to control
That's why I ignore it from deep in my soul.

Rob Rottach '02

The Crow and I

When loved ones die
and shadows fall
there lives a opening

a secret gives birth
to a newborn truth
of a path less traveled

a land of forgotten whispers
and unfamiliar settings
with intricate carvings
of mourning angels

few are chosen
and fewer survive

but I survived
with my black winged guide

My soul was made whole
my wrongs made into rights
solely from his presence.

The Truth was made clear
and only to me.

Justice was done, my voids of
pain were filled
now I moved on.

Through the dark hallways
of my soul
is a exit ahead.

Six ways to leave,
One chance to survive
zero tolerance for self pity

The tears have stopped
the pain is no more
as my crow shows me
the path of life again.

We reach our destination
it's time, my time, our time!

I'll close this region
for now knowing
that I wasn't the first
and won't be the last.

And so exits into life
The crow and I.

Kyle Jackson, '00

Tires

The slick
black bullet
fires down the
street
riding currents of air
and its worn-down wings that say:
Goodyear.
Tar-covered donuts under pressure emit a squeal
as the bullet screeches to a halt-
the red light acts as an armor shielding the rest
of the world from Goodyear's fury.

Bob Brodis '02

A fallen warrior

Sequoia
Majestic, sacred
Flourishing, shading, housing
Solemnity, serenity, civilization, machinery
Buzzing, falling, processing
Fallen, dethroned
Newsprint

Terrance Boyd '01

Medicine Man

I journey off to the fringe of the forest
To the river they call "L'Ange de la Vie"
To witness the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

The magic it contains, the lives it sustains
I long to splash in its loving arms
To relish in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Awe-provoking to say the least
As it gently lures me in
To join the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

My people's peaceful medicine man
With gentle power implores me
To rejoice in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Life within me slowly grows
Grateful and amazed am I
To be healed in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Michael Hemak, '01

2 Sides

It was the worst moment of my life.
I had just dropped Jimmy off at the new day care center,
And thoughtfully reviewed his behavior that morning,
As I sauntered off to mail my letter.

I could have stayed at home that day,
But I thought I had better get my errands done.
So I figured, after all were completed,
We would go to the park and have some fun.

The blast was deafening, the flash was blinding
And I screamed as the floor dropped from under me
But the only thing I could think of at that moment
Was my cute little son, Jimmy.

I somehow made it out of the rubble alive,
And was rescued along with another.
Yet suddenly I realized, as I stood there bleeding
I could no longer be called a mother.

--
I didn't do it just for fun
I did it to prove a point,
About how our government is a total mess,
And in doing so a new era I did annoint.

The government is just a big dictator,
That took away our every right.
But I sure showed those thieves
We won't give them up without a fight.

So I met up with a man from Michigan,
And from him the supplies I bought
To bomb a federal building,
And I know I won't get caught.

Tim Weidel, '01

A Home Run

A Fan: He stepped to the plate with a gleam in his eye
He winked at the pitcher, incredibly sly.
A few practice swings and a spit in the air.
He pounded his cleats and scratched his brown hair.
The first pitch a ball, the second as well.
"A walk. Great!" he muttered, "How swell."
The pitcher nodded after the catcher had signed,
but big Johnny's powers would not be denied.
Then the pitcher finally released the ball
"Try and hit that!" the catcher did call.
Then with a mighty stroke of his bat,
Johnny made contact with a big "THWACK!!"
The ball went hurtling towards the fans,
they awaited it with gloves on out stretched hands.
But alas, the ball would land in no hand.
It shot out of the park, over the stands.
Around the bases he triumphantly trotted,
when his eight year old daughter he finally spotted.
Across home plate and on to the stands,
he hugged his daughter with warm loving hands.
"What a great guy!" all the fans cooed.
For trying to protest, the catcher was booed.
And finally as Johnny sat down,
he was thanked by the great roar of the crowd.

The Pitcher: He sauntered to the plate all proud and cocky.
"Prepare to strike out," said my good catcher Rocky.
Rocky called for a curve, I nodded my head.
But it curved outside, "Ball one!" the ump said.
A change up was called, I complied with a sigh.
I gave it my all, but alas! Too high.
"A fastball," I thought, "Right over the plate."
Rocky agreed, there was no debate.

With a blind swing, he reached over the plate.
 "It's a fastball," I laughed, "You're too late."
 But I was wrong, badly mistaken.
 For into the air the baseball had taken.
 It soared toward the bleachers, spinning around.
 In pure anger I threw my mitt to the ground.
 "He's lucky," cried Rocky, "A punk!"
 "It's not a big deal, don't get in a funk."
 But I was still mad, and coach did agree,
 but all those fans jumped and shouted with glee.
 As he casually strolled around the bases
 he gave all my teammates and I sour faces.
 When he was greeted by Rocky at home with a shrug,
 he proceeded to give his daughter a hug.
 He puts on this show, they think he's so kind.
 But one of these days I will speak my mind.
 He's lousy, a bum! His life is in shambles.
 He drinks, he smokes, he wagers and gambles.
 If only those fans could see the true him,
 then his followings would be rather slim.

Pat Neaton '01

Old Art

The melodrama, of the tragedy,
 Is overemotional, and annoying to me
 My taste, they say is sorely lacking,
 That artist, I say was surely slacking
 Whenever it was, he created this work,
 Of that century it was probably considered a perk,
 Because they had nothing more worth it to see,
 No one could have been more bored than me,
 And the expression they bear, is of utmost distress,
 For emotion they could have done with much less,
 Than the depressed gloomy mood, that filled the whole scene,
 I've had enough, my eyes are not keen,
 Or attuned to the beauty of these magical places,
 These artists have never been in my good graces

Emmett Windisch '02

The World

As I walk down the street,
 In a normal pace and beat,
 I look to the left,
 And see an auto theft,
 I look to the right,
 And see two boys in a fight,
 A war is always at hand,
 Over some stupid land,
 People want to conquer the earth,
 But to bring more chaos it is not worth,
 People fight over race,
 How can they look in the mirror at their face,
 They walk down the street everyday,
 And the other race they want to slay,
 This world is full of hate,
 With that there is no debate.

Lawrence Conway '02

Piano

I am diversity.
 I, black and white, I play
 Tunes driven from the minds
 Of men hard-working, soft
 Tones pitched in highness, low
 Chords held, for feeling, long.
 I echo genius souls,
 Expelling demons of
 Despair, gloom, sorrow with
 My notes from authors dead.

Sean P. Dudley '01

Mothers

They come in all types of colors, shapes, and sizes
From around the world

I support mine by saying
"You go girl!"

My mother's the best friend that
I've ever had

Even though sometimes
She makes me really mad

When she says things and I don't agree
Or when she shuts me up so she can listen to the lottery

My mommy is the best of the best
Especially when she brags about me
Like I'm her prize from a contest

I love my mommy with all of my
Heart as a matter of fact she's the
Most important part

Involved in raising me to be god-fearing, loving, and smart

My mommy is the only one that can
Make me cry when she fusses

But whenever I tell her she's pretty
She always says thank you and blushes

These are some reasons why my mother
Is so dear to my heart
She's been with me from the very start

Spencer Burton-Webb, '02

Hate

Hate fury anger wrath rage hostility ire animosity
Any way you say it,
It doesn't lead to anything good.

Alex Gerald, '01

Mountains of the Desert

Men trudged up and down the sand hills,
A hardy misty wind constantly pelts their faces,
The air has the musty scent of dry sand,
No animal or person can be seen,
But only the outreach of the desert. –

They search under the sand for a cool drink,
A cactus is found and is broken open for its juice,
The sweet water has a lingering flavor which soothes your
refreshment.
Again the wind pelts at them with whistling in the ears,
The sun sets and the sky goes dark.

Sam Shopinski '02

Black

Is the quietness around you at night
while you lie in bed
Is the flavor I get when I eat
dark chocolate cake
Is the stroke I get when I'm playing basketball.
Is the fragrance I get when
I'm making my dark chocolate cake
Is what I don't detect when I walk
into the teacher lounge
Is the new color of beauty

Jason Gipson, '02

Nature

I step outside,
and it is there.
It surrounds me and captures me,
as I experience its beauty and peacefulness.

Nature is filled with all types of colors,
that open our eyes to an amazing sight.
The blue sky, and the green grass,
are examples of nature's wonderful creation.

The sounds of nature are soothing to the soul,
with the trees swishing in the wind, and the hummingbirds humming
their tune.

I listen and hear nothing but nature,
as my spirit is filled with pleasant thoughts.

Nature is always changing,
it lets us feel it's different forces.
It controls our earth,
it can truly be called "Mother Nature."

Allen Shamow '02

BASIS

Ignorance
Gears that motivate the emerging system
Adhesive bonding molecules
Easily breakable, forgettable
As they swarm, form,
The mass becomes a whole
The whole an influence
Desert to convert
Social assimilation
Flimsy acquaintance to
intimidating power
Won't stand up, can't stand up
Weak rebuttal limits
Not that it should
mind trampled under "importance" of insult
Character basis falls under ability
To hurt that is
Leave the most debris....
Untainted
Rise in respect
Illusion
Ignorance

Dominic Sinacola, '01

The Storm

I can make things move
I can give a warm breeze
Or even make a very strong storm
I can help in making new trees by blowing the seeds around
I can be big and bad or if you want, I can be kind and gently
Some people fear my hurricanes and tornadoes I create
But I don't have the slightest idea why

Matt Coppiellie, '03

Ner

The feelings that I get when I smell her sweet scent,
The groove that takes me over when I hear them jam,
The smile that forces itself upon my face when we speak,
The pain that I feel when I think too much
The relief when my fears don't come true
The hurt when my aspirations don't either
The awkwardness of not knowing what she wants to hear
The exhilaration of victory or finishing a run or seeing her smile
The tears over why I can never say what I mean
The flavors enjoyed when I taste a quality brew
And the feelings of her eyes upon mine.
If I could translate the emotion to words,
If I could explain the workings of my mind,
I'd be the supreme poet of all time.
Instead I struggle for the simple words describing what makes me
feel life.
Look what she makes me do.

Jim Louisell '99

ME

I'm big yet weak,
I'm scared yet confident,
I smile but I am not truly content,
I laugh and I scowl,
I wonder yet I believe,
I'm focused but I forget,
I throw stones yet find shelter in a glass house,
I'm vengeful but forgiving,
I intimidate and shudder,
I am perplexed yet I understand,
Life is a game and I am still reading the rules.

Joe Ward '01

THE LOVE OF S

Standing slumped on a sour sunny Sunday,
Sam sees the swarm of critters by the sea.
The sounds of the same birds by the sea.
The sensational smell of succulent food.
But hates the smell of sauerkraut. He sees smart
Students from southern Sanfrancisco. But
When the sun sets Sam knows the sun will shine
Next Sunday.

Brian Hunter '02

Remember Ecstasy

When Fraggie Rock is a tradition
Mr. Rogers greets you as neighbor
Charles is in charge
The seavers are extended family
Punky Brewster is a peer
You can run like the wind
You can shoot for the moon
Bite off more than is chewable
Play scooby-doo tag and never think twice about it
Life is fun
That was ecstasy

Will Rhoades '01

Creation

I often look up at the sky,
Wondering whatever happened to
The gods of old;
For I need their strength;
I also wonder whatever happened
To our God,
The God of comfort and peace,
For I need him also,
I wonder who they are,
And why they let chaos rule,
We can not help it for it is who we are,
But,
Why let a creation destroy itself?

David Sailer, '02

The Hunt

We tumbled down the decrepit steps towards the dock,
a mob of flailing arms and legs
making only a soft patter against the crumbling cement.
The redwood boards of our miniature pier
whined and moaned under our weight.
The dim sunlight of dawn licked the glib skin of the lake.
The water answered the laments of the dock
with its own, inaudible lapping.
"There he is!" hissed Kevin,
jerking his excited hand towards the lake-bottom,
strewn with a myriad of resplendent stones.
There, like the bleached skeleton of an ancient buccaneer, he lurked.
A sigh of awe escaped us, but we weren't to be stalled long.
Quick as a wink, our shoes and socks were cast off,
our pant legs rolled up to our knees.
Our presence tore the perfect flowing surface of the water,
but he appeared not to notice.
Clearing away a curtain of translucent minnows, we cautiously closed in.
The lake was numbing,
the rocks, though smooth to the eye, were a thousand knives on our feet.
Nothing, however, could waylay us from our mission.
We were finally close enough,
our pails and minnow nets tense and awaiting our orders.
"Go!" I shouted.
After the foam had cleared, we slowly raised our buckets.
The old crayfish was nowhere to be found.
Suspecting an ambush, we left to shrieking and retreated from his den,
leaving him to his own fate.

Tim Culbertson, '01

Grandpa: Life and Death

A father, a grandpa, a loving husband,
What a great life of eighty-five years,
He thrived on his children,
He shined light on your day,
His gentle manner paved the way,
Angeled himself while still on Earth,
Manhood he defined in its purest essence,
He recognized beauty in every form,
Today his life is celebrated.

The man we love has choked on his final breath,
Tears flow wildly,
Sobs and wails echo miles away,
Gone is the kindness that so many admired,
A man of his stature will never be replaced,
Life cannot persevere after this loss,
The world has ended along with his life,
Today his death is mourned.

Joe Ward, '01

Standing There

The curtains open, dark as night
Out appeared a scary sight
I wish I may, I wish I might
Go home to slumber tonight

With a loud crash it suddenly appeared
With a snap, I had no fear
Out about came a teddy bear
I ran to him without a care
Then without hesitation he grabbed my hair
In cold sweat I woke up and saw my mom standing there

Eddie Robinson '02

Somebody's Gotta Do It

Eight years is quite a long time,
For a basketball to exist,
What once was new is now filled with grime,
Because of jumpers some made and some missed,
For me however it's just another day,
Being pounded with that dirty ball,
Oh how I cannot wait until May,
Or even for pigskin season in the fall,
A basketball rim is what I am,
It's a tough job but not too bad,
It's better than being a can of Spam,
I get to see games of son versus Dad,
Uh-oh here comes my owner-what a punk,
I know one thing: he'll never learn to dunk,
For the basketball gods can see that kid,
And on top of me goes an invisible lid,
Oh, what is this, kid, your shot looks nice,
Yeah you better go back inside,
Don't even think twice,
Oh no, I guess I spoke too soon,
Here comes the little brother with a ton of bricks,
Well that's it from me-my job's awaiting,
It's time to go and take my licks,
DOOOOOPE!!!!!!!!

Joe Ward, '01

Black

Black is...

The sweet Oreo that I savor in my mouth.
The Dark Knight they call Batman.
The crow's caw that wakes me in the morning.
The hot coal that burned my finger.
The Cajun aroma that fills the room.

Joe Apelo '02

The Environment

Lumber jacks and loggers
make it disappear;
Our forests and rivers
have a reason to fear.

Factories and trucks
polluted our rivers,
turned our soil into muck,
and made our air impure.

In come environmentalists
but often it's too late;
They say, "I think it's safe to say
our country has reached a terrible fate."

Their efforts will be rewarded
in finding satisfaction;
I wonder what would happen if
we all started to take action.

Andy Novak, '02

I Seem to Be

I seem to be like a leaf blowing in the wind,
but really I am like a friggin rock, never moving, always staying in one place
I seem to be like a hardwood floor, always being walked all over
but really I am like snow, always giving people a hard time
I seem to be always having fun, bouncing off the walls,
but really I am lazy and always sleeping
I seem to be kind of loud and obnoxious
but really I am quiet, shy, and very considerate of other people

Mike Baitinger '02

Blackout

*Could a mathematical pattern solve the mystery of
wormholes?*

As they looked for a way out of the empty void they
were trapped in, Jenny, a mathematician, and her boyfriend,
James, an astronaut and historian, who, at age twenty-four,
was two years her senior, realized that they had to find
different tactics to escape.

"Isn't it true that history repeats itself?" inquired James.

Tense and panic-stricken Jenny relaxed a little at his
question, "What does that have to do with us getting out of
here?"

"It may help us escape," James answered quietly.

"How?" Jenny sounded confused.

"Since the beginning of time, what have
humans depended on? What is the basis of science--of all
civilization?"

"Well, math, but what does that have to do with--?"

"Everything," James responded.

"But--"

"If civilization is based on math, and
therefore, history is based on math, and history
repeats itself then--"

"--Then math must repeat itself!" finished Jenny.

Jenny continued, "And repetition is found in patterns."

"Exactly," James answered.

"And if history and math are so closely intertwined,
then it must take *time* for history to repeat itself."

"Exactly," James agreed.

"So math can be used to predict the future."

"Exactly."

"Take the number zero, for example. Zero is such a strange number-- it's neither positive nor negative, not something, or a lack of something, but the base, from which all numbers go up and down. And in history, Zero is the beginning, not zero the year, because there were years before that, but zero the beginning. But if zero is the middle of math, then time must have existed before time.

"I almost understand," James said in response.

"Zero doesn't have a square root, well, I guess it would be zero, but other numbers do. A pattern: If you take the number one, multiply it by itself, and add one, you get two."

"Yeah, so?" James said.

"So if you take the number two and multiply it by itself, and add one, you get five. If you continue the pattern, you get twenty-six, multiply that by itself, add one, you get 676. If you keep going, before long the number will shoot up to infinity. And if you start with a number less than one, it will drop away to nothing."

"How will that get us out?" asked James.

"I'm working on it," answered Jenny.

Then, suddenly, as if by magic, a hole opened in the fabric of space and time, a wormhole if you will, just opened right in front of Jenny and James, but closed after a second.

Jenny and James were struck speechless.

They both were so excited they were unable to make any sense of the incomprehensible gobbledygook that they were saying to one another.

Finally, Jenny dominated the conversation, and said, "Do you know what just happened? According to the pattern I just read off---?"

James interrupted, "It will come again, history says it."

"And, according to the square root pattern, the wormhole will stay for longer next time. We might have a chance to escape!"

"It's a long shot," said James.

"But, think of it, it makes sense, doesn't it?"

Then, for a second time, a wormhole opened.

Just before they jumped into it, ready to be thrust wherever time and space will take them, James asked Jenny one last question.

"Will you marry me?"

"Ask me in the next dimension," Jenny responds.

Andy Novak '02

Ocean

At times I am calm.

At times I am rough.

Some say I warn them,

Others I am cold to.

Millions visit me every day.

Few relax,

But many play under the

Warmth of the sun.

Many try to tame me,

But fail.

There are only few who can.

There are only few who prevail.

Joe Apelo '02

Life Live

We all make significant decisions along the path we call existence, and these decisions determine how our lives play out. Whether the decisions concern attitude, ideals, general opinions, or simple occurrences, our choices are the most important guiding factors on our journey. Adolescence, a time where many of the most important choices tend to be made, presents a problem for exactly that reason. Who should I be friends with? What attitude should I have towards my parents, my friends, my teachers, my coworkers? What do I believe in? What do I want for dinner? What should I do with my life? Each answer to each question, each choice, strikes a distinct chord in the jam of life. As we look back upon the song we have lived, unfortunately, too many times it seems that our tastes have changed. To embrace this fact, that often we are dissatisfied with the tune we play, is not to disregard our experience, but to respect what we've learned. Regretting an off beat ruins the song, for the improvisation and the mistakes make the experience that much more real, that much more powerful. Our lives cannot be edited and produced in a studio, they are played out on the stage of our lives, in front of a worldwide audience. The positive energy and the creativity of the groove are appreciated all the more if it is clear that this is for real, not some orchestrated, fabricated recording. The true fans (our friends and lovers along the way) will appreciate this, and the fake, unoriginal, posing few will not be there to join in the good times.

Jim Louisell, '99

Medicine Man

I journey off to the fringe of the forest
To the river they call "L'Ange de la Vie"
To witness the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

The magic it contains, the lives it sustains
I long to splash in its loving arms
To relish in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Awe-provoking to say the least
As it gently lures me in
To join the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

My people's peaceful medicine man
With gentle power implores me
To rejoice in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Life within me slowly grows
Grateful and amazed am I
To be healed in the waters that for so long time
Have healed my dying people.

Michael Hemak, '01

A Musical Poem

by Alan Tse

[Musical notation with lyrics]

over _____ cus _____ as some brass

hard opening began the _____ ture _____ coming of the tune of heavy per _____ ion as well _____

then the _____

Fi _____ start _____ tune _____

nal the _____ the _____

And _____ ly _____ of _____

Here comes the be _____ ning _____ and the _____

Main tune of _____ is here _____ hear the song in full _____

The _____ sweet and soft melody that fol _____ the time _____ to _____ and to _____

Song the _____ lows _____

band _____

Ing of the _____

Listen to the play _____

peat it _____ so _____ that the time _____

After the re _____ feels _____ to know _____

end _____ it's time _____

Here for _____ so _____ to wrap this last _____

Is _____ the mel _____ to _____ and the song will soon be done _____ and this last _____

O _____

By _____ verse up _____

Will last in your _____ er nure _____

iv _____

Mind for _____

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