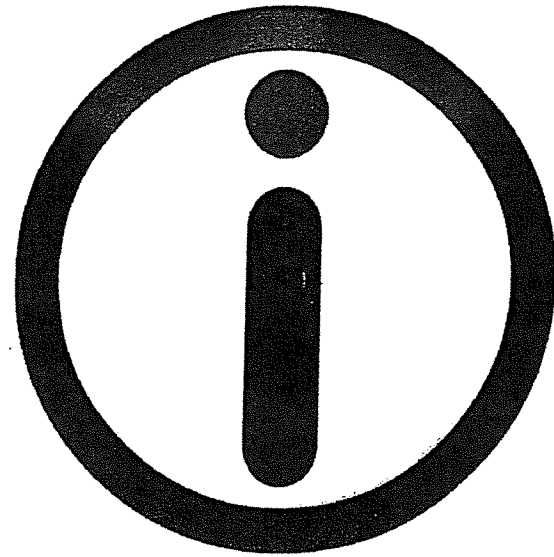


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I N S C A P E



Dear Reader,

There are some poems of beauty in this *Inscape*. Reading these reveals a new face of U of D, a certain poetic sensibility which speaks of emotion and color and love with an ardor that is hidden from day to day. Some poems express anger, even bitterness. The very act of writing poetry, though, evidences of love of life which may conquer that anger.

The *Inscape* you now hold is the product of much labor. Each work bears witness to the union of thought, emotion, and craft in a human being. For this the poets and artists merit thanks. The collection itself was born of the dedication of the *Inscape* staff and Mrs. Carapellotti. They too have earned thanks.

This edition of *Inscape* is dedicated to Dmitri Vielot and the mother of David Zohrob.

Enjoy.

With joy,

Thoms Feeney, G.J. Roc, and Kyle Pine.

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Inanimate Object

By Ryan Bussa

From Above

Watching, Loving, Missing, Loving, Caring

Now Put Away

Till the Day I am Brought

Down, To Be Played With Again.

Death

by Matt Johnson

Death has been seconds away
and also far-fetched,
something I think of everyday,
predicting my name stone-etched,
with chances of hell to pay,
Along with the loss my loved ones will feel,
realizing that I'll never see another day,
Some wishing they could cut a deal
in order for a longer stay,
denying that my demise was real;
Death is one reality that I know I'll one day face,
but I'll still continue to pray,
until my exile from this mosaic place,
no matter how hard it gets to obey,
with God's covenants as my grace,
I'll float through this life, day by day,
hoping that God will show me his face,
despite the inconsistency of my life, during my stay,
leading me to the promised land,
Hip-Hop-Hooray!!!

Yellow is...

By Kevin Vincent

A sunrise on a summer day

The sweet aroma of a flower in spring

The clutter of a school bus full of children

The sourness of a lemon on a hot day

When I played in the warm sand

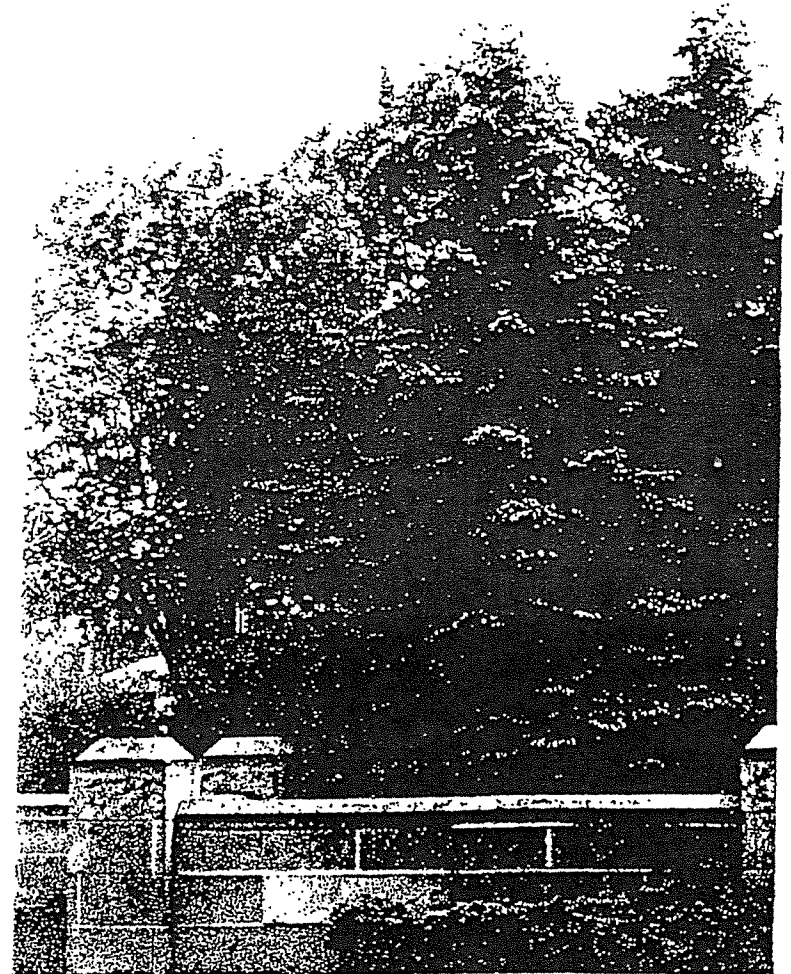
"despair"

by Dylan Schneider

only when i look upon the waste that my life has become
do i realize that change is needed for happiness
everyone has to change their
way of thinking to be able
to achieve their goals
throughout life
this is true
and only
after
all
this
time do i
see how i have
deceived myself by making
false claims of happiness only to
have those revoked by this change which has
come with sudden realization of truths that i could only
imagine before my eyes were opened by one experience which
shook the boundaries of my life to the foundations on which it
stands

Contrast
by AJ Heath

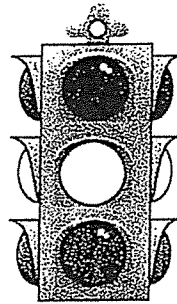
I seem to be a quiet little farm mouse that never fights back, but I am more like
an abused dog who's anger builds, dwelling in it's mind until the perfect
moment when it can release a rage against a helpless victim.
I seem to act like a frog sometimes, clumsy and foolish, but I am more like a cat
whose intelligence is hidden beneath its fur coat until needed.



Stokes, Bryan, '01

A
Yellow Traffic
Light
By Spencer Girard

Do I stop and hold
All of my anger back?
OR
Do I let all of my anger out
And take a risk and hopefully come
out alive!



the last out
By Thad Lewandowski

The look on his face,
one left on base.
I stride with a shiver
this position makes me quiver.
I feel all alone
standing there at home.
He delivers a strike
i swing with all my might --
i made contact!
and quickly released my bat
i ran to first
the ball was a burst
but lo and behold
i was able to trot!
back to the dugout that is
you see the ball was caught.

Choose

by Peter Garipey

When people ask
"What are you gonna choose?"
I usually have no idea

When trying as hard as I possibly can
Will I be able to beat the opposition?
Should I ease off or keep persisting?

Will I let the pressure
Help me or hurt me
Motivate me or deter me
Will I stand strong or fall weak
Will I live or merely exist

Which do I love
A longtime hobby or a newfound passion
Which do I believe my school holds higher
Grades or God
Some things need to be decided and others not
All will be chosen in its good time
Either way...
I must choose

Nightmares

-Anonymous

What is it that haunts you
Does it go bump in the night
Or does it crawl around secretly
Thump! What a fright

What are nightmares made of
Are they dreams deferred
Try to push them away with a shove
Keep the good dreams that you preferred

SOUND
by Alex Lée

A dark night falls
All is silent
Suddenly a SHRIEK!!!! of pure horror sounds
But it soon fades away in the despair of the night

It is a bright day outside
The birds with their chirping singing
Sound the beginning of a new and happy day.

If Clowns Should Rule Society
By Sean Dudley
If clowns should rule society
I'd have to run and hide
They'd scare me half to death, you see
I'd always stay inside

Their makeup and their squeaky shoes
Subduing everyone
They'd terrorize our cities
With their clowny, rowdy fun

They'd transform children everywhere
To grow up just like them
And all our schools would produce fools
Who copy clown mayhem

Our handshakes all would have a shock
Our flowers all would squirt
And if cream pies ran out, I'm sure
We'd end up throwing dirt

Be happy that the circus traps
Those pasty, smiley clowns
Our world is better off when it
Intelligently frowns

Fun
by Will Rhoades

Regis Philben. Benjamin Tillman. AOL. heaven. hell.
Next Friday's date. my paper's late!
When is there time to congregate? The sly slippery seconds slide round the
silvery clock.
1. 2. 3. 4 AM
Mercy.

Don't fall into a monotony. uniformity. decay – what a day.
Grant us the strength to see clearly. love dearly. and be happy
Until the sun rises and this little light of mine confronts a new day.

The Hunting Trip
by Allen Shamow

In Ithaca, Odysseus had started his new life with his wife,
Penelope, and his son, Telemachus. All of them had their lives back, and
they were finished with all of the suitors. The madness of not knowing
about Odysseus, and the agony of being separated was finally over.
That is what they thought, up until Odysseus had his dream.

He had had a dream, in which Athena, hope of soldiers,
appeared to him and asked Odysseus to go to the island of Sasperas. It
was an island made up of many bushes and trees that were filled with
venomous fruits, by a dangerous creature called a mastrozean. It had
the head of an alligator and the body of a man. This creature had
extremely sharp claws and teeth that were filled with venom. An
interesting characteristic of the mastrozean, is that it can
become an illusion right before our eyes. Odysseus and Telemachus
were to go to Sasperas to find a silver spoon that was hidden deep
within the mastrozean's cave. The silver spoon had belonged to Athena,
but it was stolen away by ancestors of the mastrozean. It
was a special spoon, because it changed anything that was bad into
something that is amazingly great. Odysseus and Telemachus would
have to defeat the mastrozean to reach the silver spoon.
It was settled, and Odysseus and Telemachus would set sail for Sasperas,
which was just under Ithaca. With the help of Cronus's son, the blue
girdler of the sea was not able to reach their ship during the short
voyage. The two of them reached the island of Sasperas in less than two

days. As they started on the island, they saw a small boar vanish into thin air, and they knew that it had to be the mastrozean. They set a small camp up across the hills and the mastrozean's cave. Odysseus wanted to see the mastrozean as soon as possible, but Telemachus urged him to gather some weapons and devise a plan to annihilate the mastrozean and find the silver spoon. Odysseus refused, because he was sure that the two of them could handle the mastrozean quite easily. They ate something and then headed out to see the mastrozean in the late afternoon.

They located the enormous cave of the insidious creature, but they did not see the mastrozean anywhere. They decided to search the cave, but all they found were ashes of a fire and two dead small boars. Although, Telemachus saw something on the back wall of the cave. He told the father, which he had lacked during his childhood, that he had seen the head of an alligator. Odysseus took his son's word for it, because Athena had told of the mastrozean's ability to become an illusion. The vision Telemachus had seen put fear into the heart of the son of the raider of cities. Odysseus assured Telemachus, that they would be safe, and that they would have the security of the gods on their side. They went to sleep, after their first day on Sasperas.

As they awakened to the sound of the seas, Telemachus heard something that sounded like the growl of an alligator. Odysseus wanted to go and investigate. The two of them went over the hills, and they saw the awesome mastrozean for the first time. They decided to go and talk to the mastrozean about the silver spoon. The creature claimed to never have seen it, and Odysseus became enraged. Odysseus then took a stick and cracked it over the mastrozean's head. The mastrozean lashed out his claws at Odysseus, missing him and penetrating them into Telemachus' stomach. The young man fell to his knees and was motionless for twenty minutes. The mastrozean vanished into thin air, and Odysseus carried his son all the way back to the camp. The venom of the mastrozean was spreading rapidly inside Telemachus. Odysseus, at a loss for words, wrapped a wet bandage around the scar to try to contain the venom. Odysseus asked the goddess of war for some advice, as he was caring for Telemachus. She told him that Telemachus would need to eat some of the fruit from the sasperas bushes, using the silver spoon. Athena also gave Odysseus advice on how to stop the mastrozean. Athena said that he must slowly pull the claw out of Telemachus'

stomach, and use it against the mastrozean. Laertes' son headed out for the cave with Telemachus on his mind.

He proceeded cautiously into the cave and awakened the mastrozean. Odysseus started to turn around and walk away, but just as he did this, the mastrozean grabbed him. Odysseus immediately pulled out the claw from his back pocket and stuck it on the spine of the mastrozean. The creature could not breath, and he fell on the ground, as he breathed his last breath. The mastrozean was sent straight to the god of the underworld. It was awaited there by Hephaestus. Almost simultaneously, the island of Sasperas began to shake. The silver spoon magically appeared in Odysseus' hand. He thanked the lord who sets the earth a tremble for this. Odysseus brought some fruit and the spoon to Telemachus. His son was cured instantly. Odysseus and Telemachus sailed back to Ithaca safely. As they reached Ithaca, Odysseus expressed his gratitude to the goddess of wisdom for her help, and he gave the silver spoon to her. Athena told Odysseus that he truly was the man among the men.

Seven Day Creation

by Jevon Gross

On the first day God said,
"Let her smile be a light for lost hearts."

On the second day,
God ordered that her eyes be dipped
in the bluest of seas.

On the third God said,
"Let her skin be softer than satin."

On the fourth day,
God took part of nature's beauty
And placed it in her personality.

On the fifth,
God took petals from a rose
And placed them on her heart.

From that day forth,
She is the sweetest woman
Known to creation.

On the sixth God said,
"Let her potential reach
Far beyond the skies."

On the seventh
God rested
And rejoiced in his magnificent creation.

Lupine Tales
by Dietrich McGaffey

We had survived another nuclear winter, and the grime at the entrance to the cave had just eaten its first robin. Earlier, it had begun eating insects, then rabbit and their ilk. So much for small game.

Lupine on this planet used to abound, but life as a Lupine is hard now, though recently the powers have helped. The humans and the Lupine have been warring for years now.

Our greatest threat is the humans. They confuse me greatly. One moon, they will come with meats and good intentions. Another, they will come with torches and malice. As I look across the horizon, I see a great pillar of smoke and hear a single howl, and I know another of the Great Packs has fallen.

If I could only understand them. If they could understand. Then, and only then, could we do something and the former greatness of both our races could be restored. As our diminishing group approaches the human village, I wonder what failing attempt at defense they would play out.

As I've said, life is hard. It seems equally so for the humans. Our Alphess, Loshe, leads us into the cowering men and women. We have a simple rule: they don't attack us and they don't get attacked. For the first time in many years, we walk out not having touched a fur to any human. I know they will come to the den later to fight, though.

After we return from a fruitless hunt, there they are waiting. But they bear no weapons, no flames. Lobo and Snowa, the Beta and Alpha, are also returning from a hunt. One man steps out from the huddled group slowly.

"Hi." He manages to stutter out.

Although we can all understand him, and also respond in his own dialect of the language, we say nothing. They think us inarticulate, but it is we who have the advantage in many ways.

"We wanted to maybe help, to make peace."

Help?? I almost yell, but still we wait in silence.

"There is a village, down the way, who hope to annihilate the Lupine. It only hurts us, and them, and you. We want peace. So, today,

when you came to the village, but didn't attack, we saw that you too wanted peace." Now a woman stepped up to join him.

"When we saw this, we came to try and work something out. We can do something about Terahnee."

"Very well," Snow finally says, "We will consider this."

They smile, nodding.

"As a token of our intentions, we present you with this gift." At this, a small child, no more than five years old, stepped from the middle of the huddle. Snowa walks inside the den, the rest of us in trail.

We all gather at the center of the den. Azuren, a high member of the council, steps forward to speak.

"The time has come to make a grave decision. One that may decide the fate of all Lupine on this planet. I say that both our races have suffered enough. If we must suffer any longer, let it be with each other, not because of each other."

Now Loshe steps forward.

"I agree. The humans are civilized people who strive as hard as we do to make better this world that is alien to us both!"

"I ask you then, Loshe, who among the civilized would leave a mere child at the mouth of a seemingly hostile cave?" This was Manga, who spoke from the shadows. As he spoke, he moved his old and scarred body into the light. He looked to the entrance, where the child still cowered, unnoticed of the grime that crept closer every moment.

"Child," I called out, "you would be safer with us than at the entrance there."

With a start he saw the grime, and inched closer to the group.

"You fool," Manga hissed, "What are you doing?"

"Would you have him be killed, Manga?"

"Yes. It would save us the trouble." Several nodded agreement.

"If he were to die then, Manga, how do you think the humans would act? Peacefully? Surely not."

"All the better!" With that he sent a ball of power towards the child. The boy gasped and tightened his eyes shut, expecting doom. What he got instead was a big, speeding fur ball, as one of the older cubs acted to move him from the path of danger. The cub lurched as the ball struck her instead, and collapsed in a heap.

After a moment of shock, Loshe struck with ferocity upon Manga's back. Total pandemonium broke loose. What had seemed to be the spacious den was a whirlwind of fur and claws. Suddenly, it stopped. Literally. Snowa walked among his frenzied, immobile companions, and brought a strong paw across Manga's muzzle.

"Stop this madness!"

Soft thumps were heard as the ones in the air dropped, and a giant breath from each Lupine present occurred. All were silent. Then, all eyes turned to see the child weeping over the cold body of the cub.

"The ogre killed my cub!"

"Well, Manga? What now, you fool? Your naiveté almost killed us all!"

A great heave was all Snowa got for a response. All were silent, and the weeping continued.

"I should kill you now, Manga, but I am good. You will leave this place. And never return again, for penalty of death."

Manga heaved himself up, and walked towards the outside. With a snort, he left.

"That which rankles is gone. Let us now go on." Said Azuren
With new initiative, we set out to the human village.

Seize the Moment

by Richard Siemion

How fast a second!

How fast a second, how fast a minute!

How fast a minute, how fast an hour.

How fast an hour, how fast a day.

How fast a day, how fast a week.

How fast a week, how fast a month.

How fast a month, how fast a year.

How fast a year, how fast a decade.

How fast a decade, how fast a century.

How fast a century, how fast a life or two.

Life is short.

Carpe Diem.

An ode to the Ignorant

by Amit R. Shah

They believe that everything should be smiles and roses,
but when one writes about things besides flowers and roses,

all of a sudden, a problems poses.

A moral there is at the end of unhappiness,

people learn from their mistakes,

and all the tough breaks,

and things beside the smiles and roses.

So when you try to rid the unhappiness,

you rid the moral that adjoins it,

and ridding morals leaves very little substance,

and no "HOPE."

The Enigma
by Kyle Koerber

She seems to be an *Aristo*,
haughty, proud, and aloof;
But really She is like a small clover,
unassuming, modest, and humble.

She seems to be a democrat,
liberal, permission-flaunting, and extreme;
But really She is pretty conservative,
like George Bush, Steve Forbes, and Orrin Hatch.

She seems to be a seagull of the social beach,
inept, a rat with wings;
But really She is like Plato,
sophisticated and conservative.

She seems to be like an insect,
single-minded, good for nothing;
But really She is Leonardo da Vinci with talent,
a Renaissance Woman to the extreme.

What is she?

An Ode to Class
Anonymous

While sleeping, face down,
mumbling incoherently
in APUS,
Suddenly I wake,
"the answer...is...
Sir Francis Drake?"
"Are you with us?"
one might ask
I drew a waft from one bright flask
the vapors drifting lazily
odoriferous HCl smells swell!
wow.
a dream of melded mingled meshing
between classes
where do all the MODS go?

MODS
Anonymous

I love mods
move my soul
I lose control
Nineteen minutes in duration
"unique-est" time span in the nation
elsewhere classes are 45
here, with 4 in between, man alive!
the MODSQUAD
on patrol policing time...now.
but how?
how does this time come to control our lives?
when do we break out against what time contrives?
the middle ones are best spent outside!
make loud noises!
bring in bears!
jump on poizes!
lose your cares.
Don't you?
I love mods.

LiFE
by GJ Roc

Time is limited.
What lies within you—infinite.
Make the best of it

Sleep
by Brian DePorre

I am going to the land of peace and quiet
I am going to the land of make believe
I am going to a world where anything can happen and anything can be.

I am going to the land of the gods far up in the heavens
Whose laughter is like that of thunder
Who eat and drink as though they will never fill
And who lay around lethargically like a turtle on the rocks.

I am going to the land of Atlantis far beneath the sea
Where mermaids speak of forgotten cities far beyond the sandy beaches
Where everyone is happy and no one sad
And where all the Spanish riches lay piled up like a mountain.

I am going to the land of dreams, which can be anywhere
I am going to the land of peace and quiet where nothing is ever heard
I am going to the land of make believe where the gods and mermaids roam free
I am going to the world where anything can happen and anything can be.

“Verse”
by Dustin Smith

It's one of God's greatest gifts
Condensed ideas
Oceans of merit hidden behind
Mountains of symbolism
Ability to stir deepest emotion
Love, hate, remorse, depression
Memories with loved ones of
Days gone by
Tens of thousands of pins crammed
Into a single square inch
In the center of your back
Until it is too much
And you collapse
Into a heap of
Dangerous pages

The Old Oak

by Brian DePorre

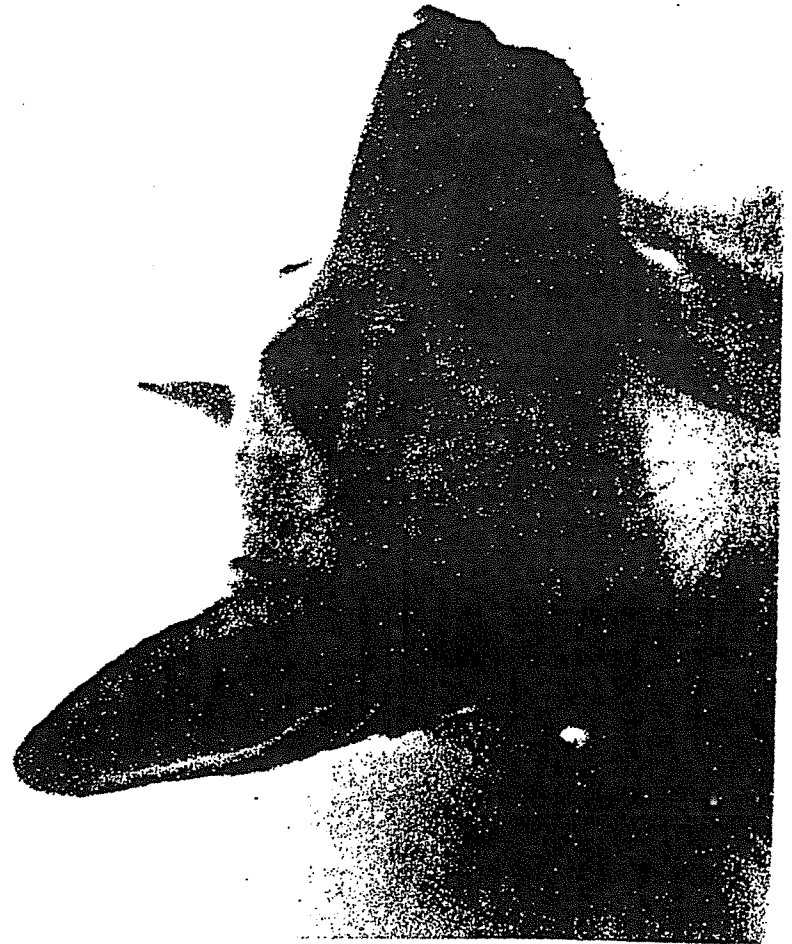
I am the oldest one of them all,
and I fear any moment that I may fall.
I stand all day and I stand all night,
through the deepest darkness, and the brightest light.
Through the coldest snow to the heaviest rain,
I stand there tall not minding the pain.

Deer come to me to eat my leaves;
that is one of the greatest of my peeves.
Sometimes on my arm a bird will nest,
other times there is an insect who has stopped to take a rest.
The birds I will miss more than anything
'cause of those annoying, yet wonderful songs they sing.

Never again these things will I touch
and I know I will miss them so very much.
So long, good night,
this feeling I mustn't fight
Farewell and goodbye,
for it is time for this old tree to die.

Cubs by Will Rhoades

Victory for the cubs! Further glory in heaven,
To the high school established in '77
Cubs win in the classroom and then on the field, our players can conjugate;
books do they wield
For our guys can think as well as destroy
Treat girls right, not just a toy
What does it mean to be U of D men?
Not just balls, goals, pencils and pens,
But spirit, camaraderie and a circle of friends
GO CUBS!



Stokes, Bryan, '01

SENDING THINGS CAN GLADDEN A SOUL

by Ryan Duetschendorf

Sending things can gladden a soul:
A phone call to see how you feel,
An E-mail just to say hi,
A contract to close a deal,
Flowers to warm the heart,
Chocolates to show devotion,
A photo to bring a smile,
A card to show emotion.

Receiving things can gladden a soul:
An award to show achievement,
An acceptance letter,
A sympathy card for bereavement,
A reward for your helping hand,
A card that shows appreciation,
A bonus in your paycheck,
A ticket to a celebration.

Green

by Adam Licari

Green...
Color of a speeding bug.
Crunching of leaves on the ground.
The freshness of the stem of a plant.
The crispiness of the lettuce from a salad.
The rough texture of a bush.

TV

by Adam Licari

TV
enjoyable, informative
watching, listening laughing
comedy, sports—soaps, horror
crying, sleeping, swearing
scary, bored
tube

ANGER

by Alex Lee

When I am angry it is like gas.
I can hold it in for a long time,
But when someone sets me off it is like someone lit a match
And in an explosion of rage I take it out on everyone around me.

Steam

by Julian Andrews

The pot is empty.
You sit on the side
Not saying a word — But the occasional joke
That everyone heard.

The pot is full.
Why? Why are you doing this to me?
Why can't you simply leave me be?
Day after day, the same old thing,
Confined within, but the urge to scream.

Temperature rises.
The spark has been lit.
The flames now burn;
Waters boils;
Waters churn.

The pot screams.
A hoard of laughter directed at me,
Unfortunate for them, I began to steam.
Anger, frustration mixed together,
Clouds the room with piercing treble.
The pot steams out of water.

Face in the Mirror
by Julian Andrews

Wild untamed hair quickly shooting
From a dry scalp; each side has its own patch
Growing in its own direction,
Demanding to be cut.

Thick, full eyebrows add on to nonchalant expressions,
But nothing more.
Luscious eyelashes spring from their roots;
The right missing a patch due to pulling off a scab
Eight years ago.
The eyes reveal feelings otherwise left hidden.

The broad nose vents the pores
So not to be tainted with blemishes that pilfer away its smoothness.
Meek ears stand attentive, waiting for each sound.

Infant hairs cry to be seen; no one hears them.
Evolving from fuzz,
They are starting to gain the dark brown color of their older
brothers.
They long to be separated from the roots that imprison them
Like their older counterparts.

Mellifluous lips reach out; each trying to outshow the other.
The top, brown;
The bottom, pink with a brown barrier underlying it
Seeming to confine the pink inside its area.

The brown knows if the pink is released
It will spread like poison,
Drowning the beautiful and watering the seeds of ugliness.

Writing Poetry
by Josh Kwicinski

Ah, the difficulties of writing for Inscape abound,
Being creative is like slamming my head to the ground,
Oh, I wish she'd be fair,
And let me keep all my hair,
But no, lest my grade be held down!

PEAKS
by Ryan Duetschendorf

Ivory peaks reach for heaven,
Chocolate bases create valleys.
Mint pine trees
Dot the hills.

In the winter,
Skiers race down
The slopes.

In the spring,
Flowers bloom
An array of colors.

In the summer,
Kids romp
In the emerald grass.

In the fall,
Brightly-colored leaves
Drift in the air.

Oh, where would we be
Without
MOUNTAINS?

Children of the World
by Peter Picz

The world is full of all different people,
Some are Eskimo and some Indian,
But we all are humans.
Might there be wars, might there be injustice
We are all the children of the world.

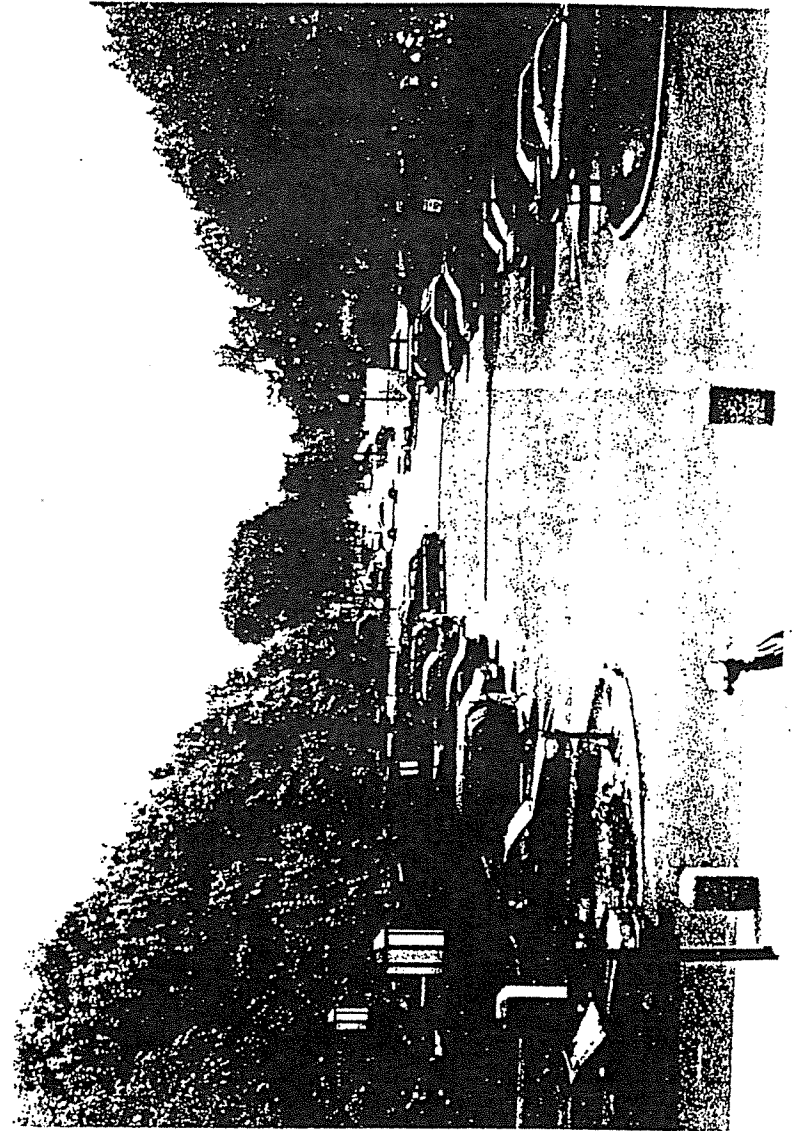
We are the ones that make the world
Happy yet some of us are just not loved.
Remember one thing, you may
Different tongue or even
Or even have a different land we call home,
Listen my children you are all the Children of the World
And I, Mother Earth, love you.

We make the sun shine, we make the moon glow and
Make bees happy, how come it that we are separated
Not by our differences but our similarities. Oh world, tell me why?

I will tell u why my dear children, we are
Different and yet similar in so many ways
But what make the world are our smiles and differences, but we have to fight
Over our similarities. Why is that? May that be, but we are the
Children of the World that hunger and thirst for peace and justice.

NAIMUN
by Josh Kwicinski

This weekend I'm going to NAIMUN
It's filled with terms not for the layman
I'll lose all my sleep,
Security will herd me like sheep,
And Jack, well, he's acting like Truman



Stokes, Bryan, '01

my anger
By Stephen Moore

My anger is like a crocodile, clever and swift;
you might not know that it's there.
It will sneak up behind you, and when you least
expect it,
it will surprise you with a lightning-quick lunge.
Sometimes the "prey" slips away, but
most of the time, the anger gets its meal.

Sensing You
by Matt Johnson

As I examine your face,
like a leaf to wind,
I'm taken,
trying to endure your captivating
beauty and grace,
without breaking,
because beauty this intense
makes my heart tremble,
and leaves my eyes aching,
a pure prime example of the glorious
creatures that God is forever
making.

As I listened,
like a saxophone,
I was blown,
by your unending knowledge,
and strong smooth-flowing
vocal tone,
composing overtures of the heart,
contrasted to the excruciating drone
of my soul when alone,
a second to the voice of God,
and in an octave of it's own.

Time
By Amit Shah

It seems like time is slipping, yet
You find a way to stop it.
Your warm embrace shields
the assailing stones of other's cold glares.
And I wait for your words to tickle my ears
Like soft feathers caressing me.
As I hold you fondly to my chest, I
Feel your heart beats as they begin to
Surge into my body, waking me with every beat, beat, beat...
Your hair whispers to my neck, and a jolt
of loving energy races throughout my body.
Your soft light scent floats into my nose, making
it twitch with soft laughter.
Your arms pull me to you as
my elated mind spirals infinitely.
Your skin shines like bright silver on
it's finest day.
Your twinkling eyes invite me
to sit on the stars where yours
reside- just for an instant...
Then, your arms slip around me, and you slip out of my loving circlet.
As I feel like time is slipping, once again.

Night
By Albert Fish

Dreaming of that man again
Who tells me what to do and when to do it
And how to do it
Anger
Building inside of me
Towards that man
Who tells me how to live
Someday
He will feel my wrath
Then I wake and it's all forgotten

My Room

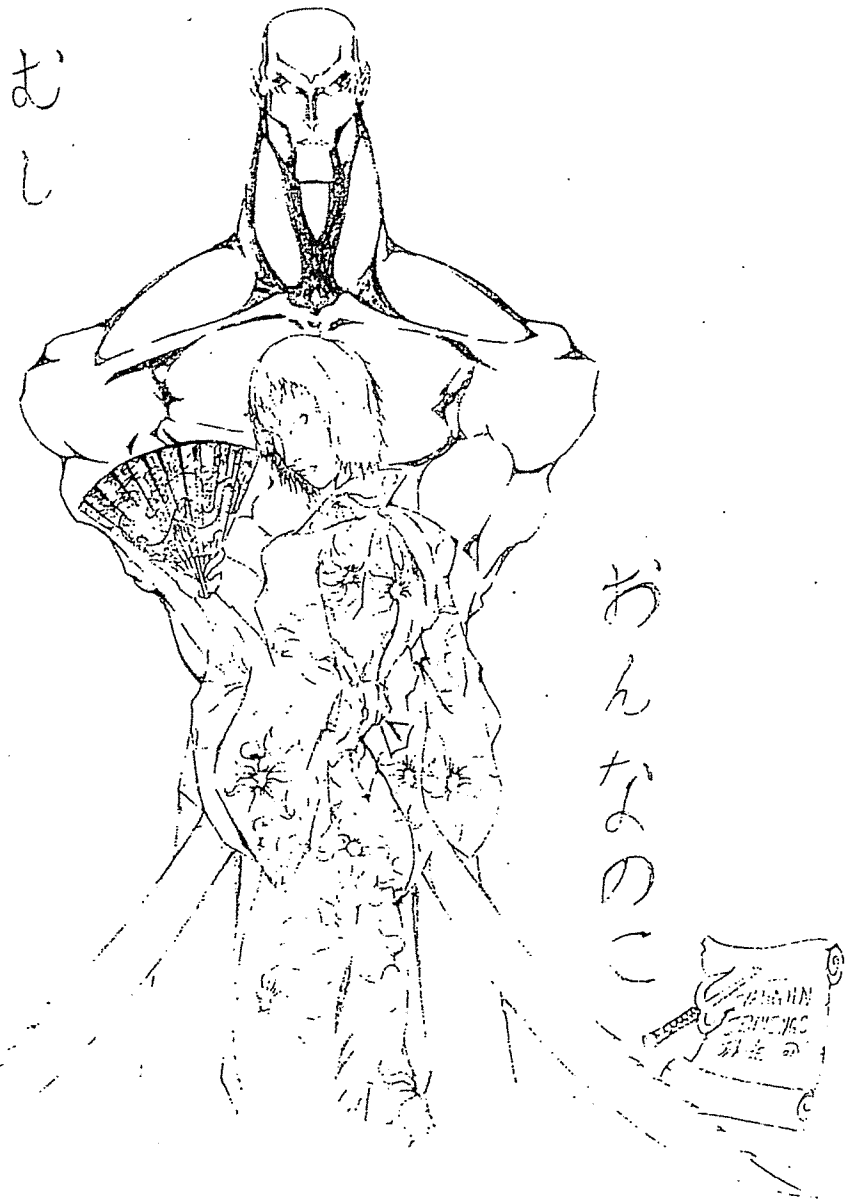
by Randall Rhodes

There are few possessions that I own in life;
One thing is my room.
It'll always be my special place,
At least until I get a wife.
It's a place to get away from doom,
When I've had a hard day;
I can't wait to get to my room soon,
When my bed is calling my name.
My room is not a place of fame,
It's very humble and sometimes lame.
It's a quiet place where I can pray and study,
Or watch videos, play Play Station, or do work on
my computers.
When I sleep at night,
The glow in the dark stars on the walls
Looks like a galaxy from afar;
It's really a beautiful sight.
My room is my secret lair;
With many things to do and play with,
It's better than being at a fair.
No busy commuters
Traveling in one car.
No telephones to take incoming calls.
My room is my secret place within 4 walls.
Lord, please bless my special place in which I stay.

Moon's Movement

by Dietrich McGaffey

anticipation as the sunset fades
smooth as silk, simple shining
silent hopes or wishes as she moves
across the sky, slowly slipping
seeming as she hovers so, a soft
bassoon sounds similar, simultaneously
passages of prose are cited, so soon
sighs glossy scarlet sunrise shies
her away



Vaughn Jennings-White, '01

NATURE'S ANGER

by Ugo Ezekwemba

*MY ANGER CAN BE A DOVE,
FLOWING THROUGH THE FREE AIR, SIGNALING FOR PEACE.
OR IT CAN BE A RAVEN,
GORING THROUGH THE CROPS OF THE HEART!*

*MY ANGER CAN BE LIKE A ROSE,
THAT AFTER BLOSSOMED, IS PLEASANT AND ELEGANT.
OR IT CAN BE A THISTLE BUSH,
SHARPENED TO CAUSE QUIVERS AND SHIVERS TO MORTALS WHO PASS!*

*MY ANGER CAN BE A SPRING RAIN,
GENTLY FALLING CLEAN FROM THE BLUE SKY.
OR IT CAN BE A APOCALYPTIC STORM,
POURING MY WRATH UPON THE SOUL.*

*SHALL MY PUNISHMENT TO THIS EARTH
COME TO PASS AS THE WINTER BLIZZARD VANQUISHED?
OR SHALL MY REVENGE STAY AND BEAT UPON
THE WORLD AS THE WELTERING INFERNO OF A SUMMER
HELL!*

Mountain

by Carl Martin

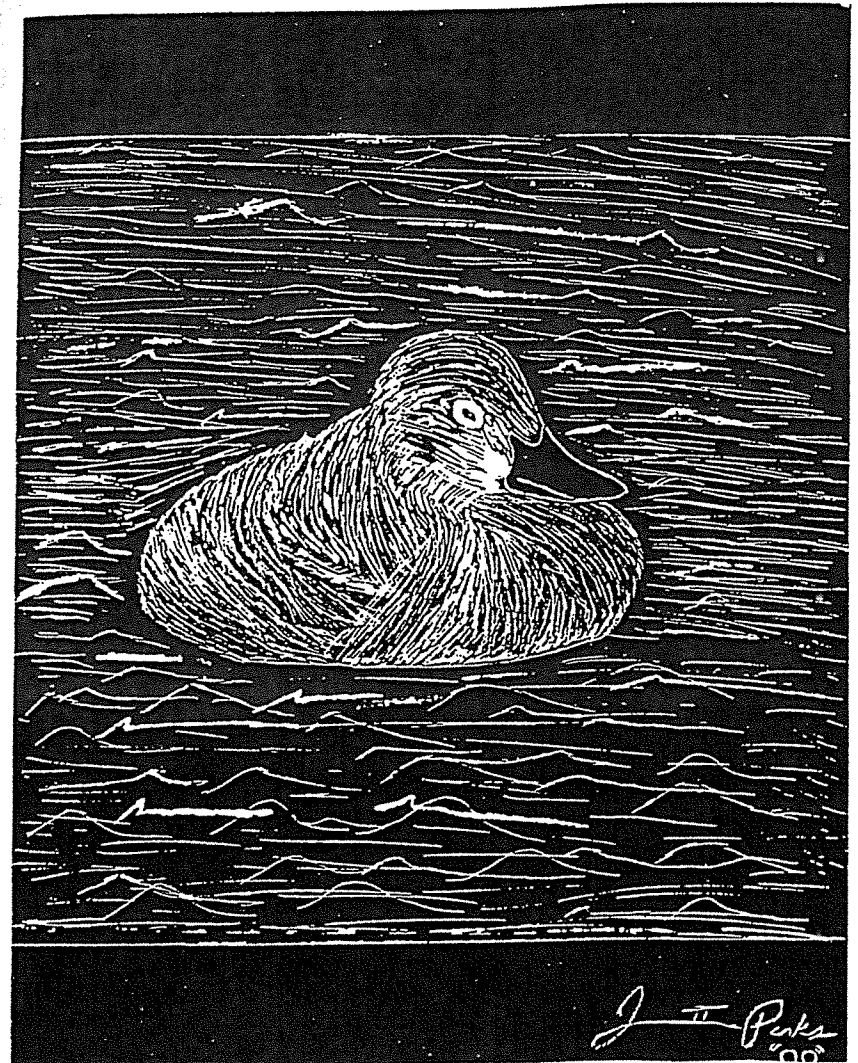
Rising up from ground below
Top capped with glistening snow

An eagle swoops down from the sky
And from that height it can descry

Another mountain, far away
Shining there in light of day

On and on the mountains go
Ancient roots, lofty snow

Majestic range, pillars of power
Shadow the land over which they tower



Jonathan Parks, '00

To "B"

by Matt Johnson

Click-click
bang!
this is the song
that the shotgun sang!

Down goes my friend,
I wonder if he had the chance
to hear the hiss, in the wind,
from the rain on steel,
and did he know this was his end?
raped by death's unyielding kiss,
as swift and silent as the wind.

How much pain did he feel?
Lord knows I'm feeling much,
while I hold his head,
with blood boiling at the touch,
recalling what past sufferers from
the robbery of a life have said,
"eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth",
realizing this is not the way I'm supposed to
be lead,
under God's roof,
but it is the reason why I now mourn
for my dead,
and, also, why I shall be haunted
by his death's proof,
His blood a vibrant red,
on my hands and embroidered in my head,
hearing his last sigh,
answering to life's ultimate dread,
all due to unplanned action,
the potential of an Idle-mind,
enforced by undestined lead,
and being at the wrong place,
at the wrong time.

It Must Be Spring

By: Chris Pisani

The fans are wacky ... rearing to go;
Hoping they've seen the last of the snow.
The stadium is filled right to the peak;
It's opening day ... we're hoping for a streak.

Smack ... there goes the ball;
Back ... back, far over the wall.
Let's all join in and begin to sing.

The air is filled with thundering applause;
Home run after home run has helped the cause.
The home team has returned in all of its glory;
From last place to first ... oh what a story!

Anger

By Joe Lauchlan

When I'm angry, I'm like a clown.
You'd think it never affected me.
Some things get to me,
But I've got to get on with the show.

My Promise of Love
by Jovan (DJ Shakes) Hunter

Stronger and deeper,
My love has grown.
Brighter and purer
My heart has shown.

Hour after hour,
And day by day.
As time passes,
My love does not fade.

My love for you...
Will continue to grow.
We've come so far,
With much, much further to go.

From the trails and triumphs
And even tears.
Happiness waits,
Forget your fears.

I know in my heart,
That you are the one.
Look in my eyes
You know it too.

Always and forever
What I feel is true,
Believe me
When I say that I love you.

"My Reflection"
by Kyle Koerber

Will I keep my sanity?
Sitting here on the sill
Looking at the bottle of pills.
Will I swallow my greatest fear?

Sitting here looking out
How long will I stay here?
Seeing my reflection in the window

Dealing with it
by Nick Robinson

I remember when my uncle got taken
I was awakened then immediately shaking when I heard the news
I thought it a ruse, and didn't believe it
Until I saw my fatha weeping. I couldn't believe it.
They said it was the life that he led.
The life that he choose.
But when I saw laying their with his eyes closed, my compassion dozed.
And my heart froze.
To loose a loved one, is to loose a piece of yourself.
Until I could let that piece go, my heart wouldn't melt.
I remember the hurt that I felt
Like a wound I couldn't treat
A second father to me lost in deceit. Lost in the streets.
It wasn't until my motha came to me and prayed with me
That I realized that by letting this pain stay with me and mine
I was blaming me.
My uncle's death has caused me great deal of strife.
But it also taught my to cherish my life.

The One Most Traveled By
by Chris Towne

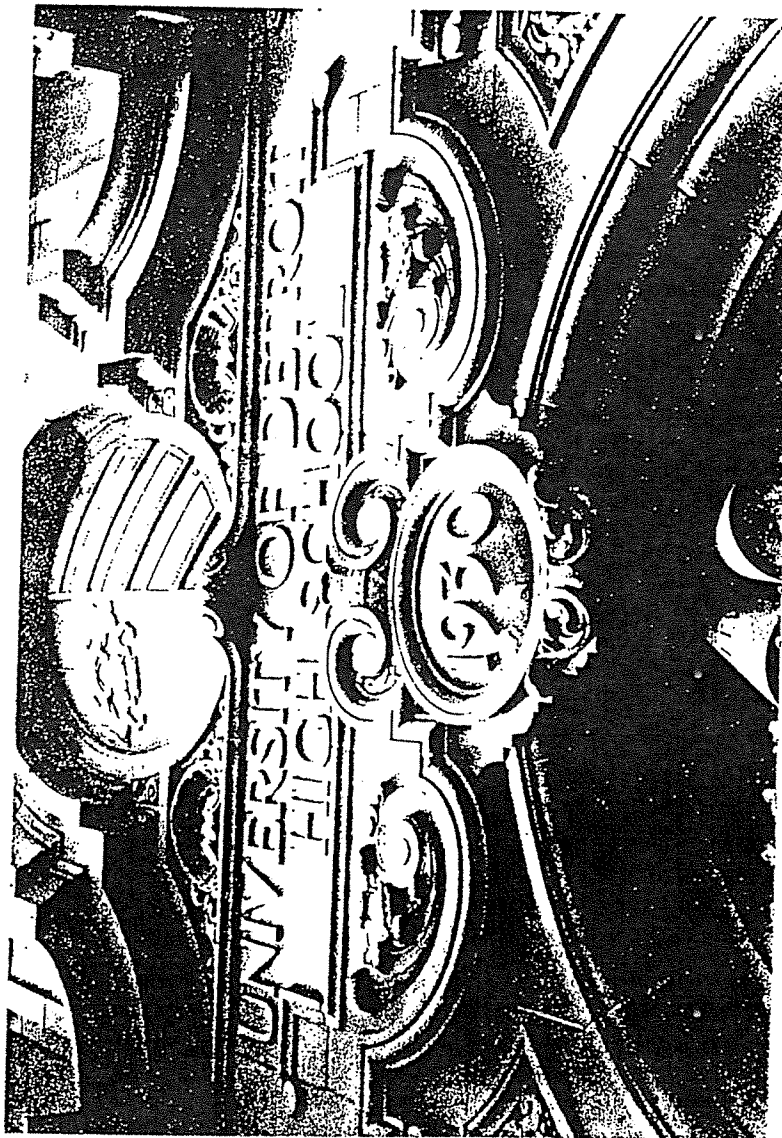
Walk some way, and most will follow.
They lack the will to not.
For one person's path is good enough,
Their own they need not plot.

But that path's challenge is known only,
By the one who made the choice.
And those who follow in his steps
Find their answers without a voice.

And so choose a path on your own,
And travel other's not.
Your life is yours, accept that joy.
It is the freedom for which others fought.



Kito D. McKinney, '02



Stokes, Bryan, '01

Elmer's Glue
by Chris Day

Walking down the aisle
Brought to me a smile
I saw little Johnny
Standing in awe

Head turned up
Staring at the shelf
"I want that glue,"
He said to himself

Grabbed it down
To my disbelief
Without even a frown
He walked out the door

Went into school
Clutching his glue
How he got it
Who even knew?

He took it with greed
He had not a need
Just loved the orange cap
And so committed the deed

Much to his classmate's delight
The cap was unscrewed
What some witnessed with fright
Others though plain crewed

"Bottoms up," they screamed
Down the glue went
Filling Johnny's stomach
To make them happy was all he meant

Suddenly he stood gasping
Arms flailing and thrashing
His movements then froze
And he assumed the eternal doze

Wildfire of Heaven
by Ugo Ezekwemba

*Have I no sympathy for the wretched,
Souls of the Hour?
Or the glamorous,
Beings of the Minute?
I do.*

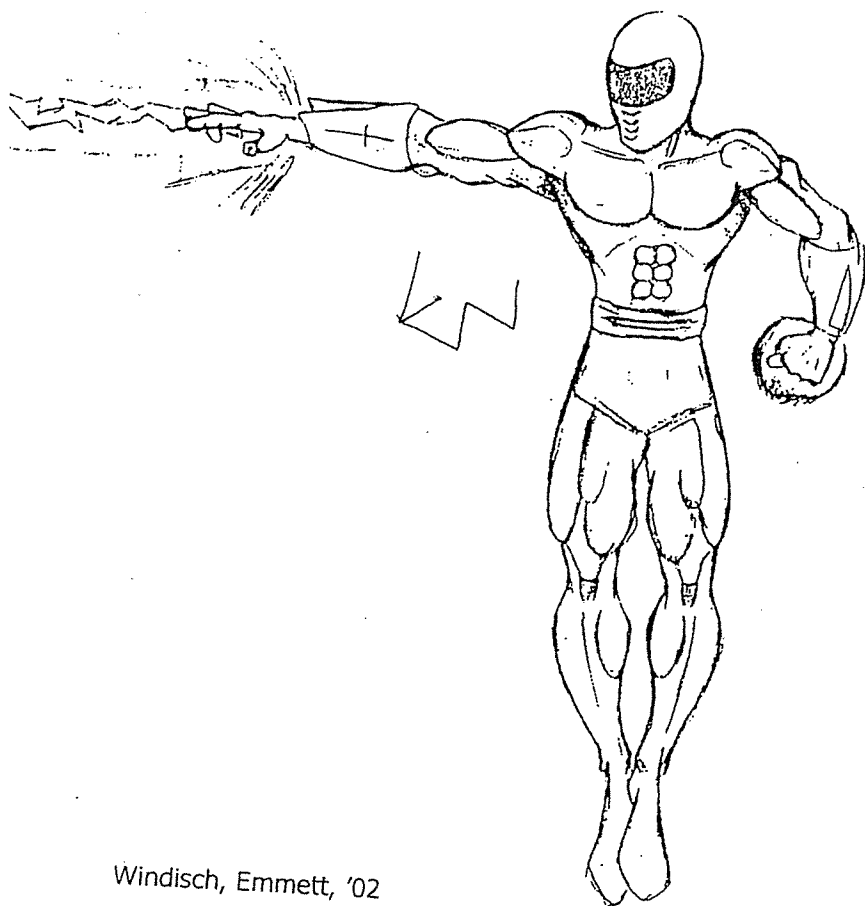
*Powers through the Senses make me Forever,
Lust, Passion, Pleasure make me Eternal.
Ravages of Time,
Cannot change me!
But Destiny uses Magic to control.*

*Yet Destiny cannot control thou!
The Youth, the Extreme, shows no barrier!
I watch, cheering for the Freedom of the Free;
The Virgin, the Pure, sits with private thought!
I observe, while I play the Violin of Pity.*

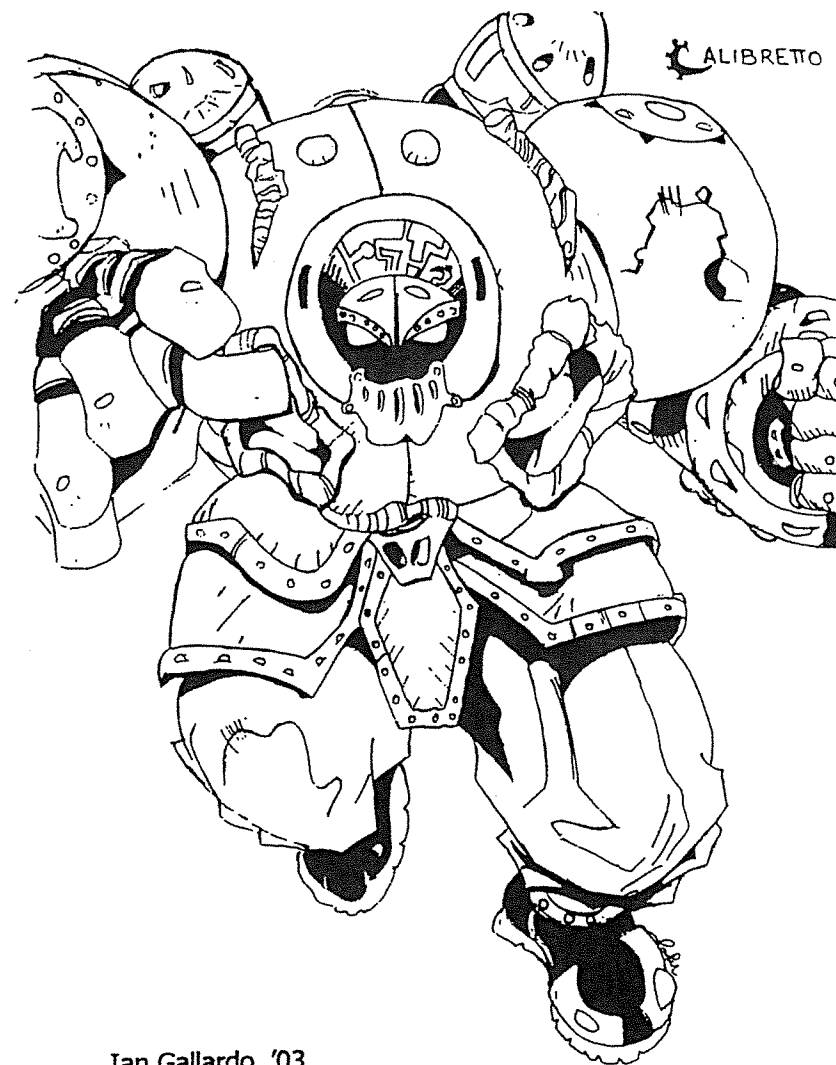
*The Nightmare, the Wonder of Old!
The Wonder, the Nightmare of New!
I hear all,
Yet because of this Fantasy Blessing,
Also of this Dreadful Curse.*

*While the Happiness of Trust flowers
Before the Blue Full Moon through the years,
The Bliss of Caresses arrives and leaves
Before the Morning Dew, not within the few
Minutes after Eve.*

*The Yeoman of Emotion,
I Do!
Spread as the Wildfire of Heaven,
I Say to Infinite!
I Say to Earth!
I Say to Thee!
I Say to Heart!
I Say,
I Am.*



Windisch, Emmett, '02



Ian Gallardo, '03

"Seasons"

by Allen Shamow

There is fall,
and we walk with the leaves at our feet.
Our vacation has ended,
and we walk with books in our hands.

There is winter,
and the snow is as white as day.
The coldness freezes to ice,
and it shines like the rays of sun.

There is spring,
and we wake to the blossoming of a new day.
We experience a time of growth,
and a warm breeze is on the horizon.

There is summer,
and we are graced with the bright shining sun.
The heat sizzles,
and the temperature breaks the boiling point.

There is season,
and it constantly changes.
The season brings weather,
and it also brings a change in the way we live.

Separation

by Matt DeMayo

The ice on the sidewalk cracks below his feet
The snow, the trees, he soaks in the beauty
As he walks down the road there is no light
And he leaves behind that sweet serenity

That once perfect picture almost completely faded
Park City, Utah. The city of the hated
A plane takes off toward the "City of Angels"
Park City, Utah. The city of the separated

Strength

by Dylan Schneider

"strength"

although

now i am done

wallowing in nothing

and my own hopelessness

has washed away with the passing

of a new day i know that to get through

this will require something which has never
come easy to me before and what i need is

strength to rely on the people that still

love me and enjoy my company

though these people are few

they are the ones who

matter the most

in this one life

filled with

sorrow

Snow Fall

by Matt Karwacki

Last night snow fell 2 or 3 feet,

The man on the radio reported accidents on the street.

I look out the window and much to my surprise

The car in the driveway is one of the police or F.B.I.'s.

They rang the doorbell in such a way,

It put fear in my gut and wonder in my mind.

The men came in. clap, clap, clap went their shoes.

With heart felt apologies here is the bad news.

A car was driving along I-75 when it lost control and crashed.

A driver and a passenger, your mother and father, died in the smash.

With a pain in my heart and tears flowing out of my eyes,

I cried and cried and then finally wondered why?

Snow

By Joe McKeen

Snow seems spectacular,
Snow smells sweet,
Snow is shivery for your feet.

See sports in snow,
Skating, snowball fighting,
Siberian-soccer, and skiing.

Since it doesn't stay for every season,
Don't be sad when there is,
no more snow.

Successfulness from Imitation

by Chris Day

Looking to an idol
Admiring his skill
To be just like him
Would be such a thrill

I attempt with hopes of luck
Play just like him
As soon as I get stuck
I boil over the brim

Sitting down again
I try once more
And then, yes then
It worked!

Family

by Drew Hall

Family
Fun, interesting
Loving, caring, supporting
Home, parents – Prison guards, barbed wire
Punishing, degrading, screaming,
Hateful, beaten
Gang

SKATE THROUGH LIFE

by Ryan Duetschendorf

I am a hockey player
Chasing the puck
To achieve my goals.

I twist and turn as I glide down the ice,
Failing and succeeding.
I skate down the ice
Like a train at full speed,
Staying on track and never stopping
Until I reach my goal.
I push myself to reach the net,
Trying to find the balance
Between risk and caution.
Finally, I take a chance
And Score.

I hope to be a great hockey player
When I am older-
To skate through life with ease.

Warriors

by Emmet Windisch

Warriors clash,
Their swords collide,
They yell and shout,
To inspire their side,

Dodge and parry,
Thrust and duck,
They pray aloud,
To gods of luck,

Their lives preserved,
By shields and swords,
They battle on,
For respective lords,

The carnage numbing,
The terror real,
These wounds inflicted,
May never heal.

I LOVE
By JPN

I love
I don't know what it means,
But I love,
Does anyone know?
Probably only saints and poets,
But I am not one,
I am a poet
We all are inside,
But it takes too long to realize,
The older and experienced know,
Yet no one listens to them
But we all end up learning, in time.
It never ceases, does it?
We need to learn from each other
But too many of us are stubborn,
So, I love
And I need to express it to all,
But I am not supposed to,
Who needs conformity?
The ones fighting for an answer are right!
But we are outnumbered,
The seekers get the praise of the bewildered.
We all have both qualities,
But, I love
Please tell me why.

Fiery Haiku

by Emmett Windisch
A fire burns freely.
All things succumb to its will.
A fire leaves nothing.

I AM

By Emmett Windisch

I am curious and hopeful.
I wonder if there is a heaven.
I hear the voices of fate.
I see my future.
I want everything life has to offer.
I am curious and hopeful.

I pretend the future is today.
I feel the past.
I touch the present.
I worry about my performance.
I lament my losses.
I am curious and hopeful.

I understand that good things come to good people.
I say don't cry over spilt milk.
I dream about a world unseen.
I try to meet my own standards.
I hope I make something of myself.
I am curious and hopeful.

You Don't Know Me
By Justin Craig

I seem to be a rock, untouchable like a mountain,
But really I am a reed blowing in the wind.

I seem to be calm and still, like the desert,
But really I am a turbulent sea, abounding with energy.

I seem to be immature, like a seedling,
But really I am a weathered tree.

I seem to be like a cloud, hiding what is within,
But really I am a clear summer sky.

Mason Federation
by Dietrich McGaffey

Billions of light years across there galaxy lies a small, insignificant planet. Insignificant because this story takes place in New Mexico during the war between the Mason Federation and Mexico.

I looked over the horizon, at the stretching waters. After Global Warming, much of the land was covered, but over the last fifty years the waters have been receding over the last half century. Some of the salvage is worth millions. Now, after the oppressive new Mexican leader came in, the Mason population unilaterally declared independence.

It had started long ago. The United States ceded lands between Oregon and the Rio Grande, and the Appalachians and the Pacific Ocean. Mexico used this land to hide away the rising Mason population from the 'normal' humans. The Masons flourished and grew in these new environments, and as tensions grew between Mother and Daughter, Mexico began a sort of Neo-Nazi campaign, having all Mason's wear the pyramid on all of their clothing. Rights were slowly removed. Finally, when Contégo used his influence rose to power, the war began.

After three years, the Mason's does not look good. Contégo has seized New Mexico and Texas already, even with the revolts in Mexican South America. Here, we are running an underground railroad to bring persecuted devout Masons out of hostile territory. It is deplorable to have to betray one cause for another.

Here we have a rather large group for the run. Contégo grows more oppressive by the hour. My small group loads them into the submarine. I pause to look at the long snaking body of water that is the Rio Grande. With a sigh, I slide inside and close the hatch. We settle in for a long trip to El Paso.

"All right, people. Listen up. Once we get to El Paso, you will go in twos and threes to the bus stop on Trincos and Main. From there, you will be taken to the dock. A guide will meet you there. The passwords will be Tomorrow, Forever, One will be. They will load onto the ship, Sea Monger. You will wait there. We will meet again there." The long trip is over, and we are about to begin the second stage of the railroad. I wait, going last as always.

As I drive the last cart towards the boat, I see one is held by the Police. They would impound the cart, and possibly the Sea Monger. They would also jail anyone on the cart. I stop to investigate.

"Excuse me officer? Is there a problem?"

"There certainly is, Sir. This ID is invalid."

"Hm. I recognize this man. He is one of mine. Let him through."

"Oh" He waved them to go by. "I had no idea. Sorry for the inconvenience, Sir."

He was shaking now, knowing full well that I could have had him tried for treason. You see, I am in charge of the police division north of Rio Grande. I climb back into the cart, and drive on to the ship. That was a bit too close for my liking. I will have to do something about the IDs.

The Sea Monger would go about halfway to the Grand Canyon, then we would go in five on small rafts into the many waterways that are now the Canyons. The trip would take a few days. We would be highly susceptible but we would be less noticeable than with the Monger. I tend to the controls to send her back to El Paso when we leave, while the last raft is being readied. I jump onto the raft and we are off. I watch the Sea Monger turn in the opposite direction, then fade away.

I ponder what will come of the federation. The trip is a long monotonous one, with nothing much to do but sleep or eat. That is, until the encounters with a police hover craft.. They are a good hundred meters away, so I gun the engine. The cantons are already well into sight. The hovercraft is quickly gaining on us, but we slip into the safety of the Canyons. They do not dare come down into the narrow passages, but follow us above instead.

We follow almost an intricate maze of turns and twists, but I know them well. Finally, we hit some mad rapids. There is a police boat up ahead, with a red pennant waving. It is the mark. We thrash about, throwing any extra goods overboard. I yell to jump, as we turn towards the wall of the canyon. With a splash, we are on cold metal flooring. The raft is overturned, and the holographically concealed rotary doors slide onto place with a clink.

The people are shaken, and after a scrupulous check, all have made it. They thank us profusely and go on to their positions to be sent further north. Another good run was made. I ready myself to go and prepare others. This is just one of many.

After a major victory at El Paso, the United States and Cuba ally with the Federation to crush Mexican oppression. The Mason Federation goes on to win the war. I would become the first leader of this new country, and it would soon become an equal to the many super powers.

Road Menace

by Jeff Shelton

Last summer in the sweltering heat of June,
I enrolled in driver's education
at the local high school. I was
going to learn how to drive. I was fifteen.
I arrived at class at about eight in the morning
in my new summer attire to learn to drive.
I took notice of my teachers and
my fellow classmates in the room. I was fifteen.
I saw myself taking turns and curves
with the scenery of the real world in a blur.
I imagined long trips made short
by the pressed accelerator and roaring engine. I was fifteen.
But to my dismay, my first driving experience
resulted in a near-miss of a little girl on a bike.
The front end of my automobile also came close
to joining another motorist's in a twisted heap of metal.
Quickly my dreams of getting my own car evaporated. I was fifteen.

Lighthouse

by Sean Dudley

My world a lonely ocean was
And I adrift, confused, afraid
That all my life I'd searching be
For lighthouse bright that would not fade

My questions, swells which tipped my raft
Of hope, for, might I recognize
What true dimensions, cornerstone
Define the lighthouse for my eyes?

A gentle white caressing light
So strong, though, to empower me
A tall and sturdy tower built
On rivets, bricks of sanctity

I cried at night, salt for the sea
Wond'ring what would become of me
And then her shining eyes found mine
The light I found, the light is thine

Morning Prayer

by Grant Askew

I thank You, Father for the appearing day
Ever subtle, but a blessing anyhow.
Unseen creatures and forms once holding the night air in a suffocating captivity
retreat outside my window.
Celestial birds sing a glorious gospel of morning.
The heavenly tune resounds as the light of the sun invades my space.
Praise You, my God for the light!

I thank you, Father for the appearing day in my soul.
Not as bright as some, but ever increasing.
The dark one, once seeking to prolong the lethal night, now fades as the Son
takes his rightful place.
Angels sing a hymn, while the Comforter consumes.
Evil remnants of the night are unsettled, quivering in the light of my newfound
Lord.
The Son is shining, while Satan falls from heaven as lighting.
Praise you my God for the light!
Amen.

Swish

By Joe McKeen

The opposing team brings the ball up the floor,
as they try to score once more.
They pass it around, trying to plot,
when one person fires a shot.
Swish goes the ball, rolling through the net,
as the shot clock was reset.
But not long lived was their fame,
Swish, U of D scored and ended the game.

"SITUATION"

BY KMJ

BACK IN THE DAY MY PEOPLE HAD ORGANIZATION
AND DETERMINATION
EARNED OUR FREEDOM EVEN WITH A JIM CROW EDUCATION
NOW
MY PEOPLE SUFFER FROM LACK OF CONCENTRATION
LACK OF PREPARATION
SOME SAY IT'S INTIMIDATION
MAYBE IT'S OUR IMAGINATION
GOT US ON THIS SENSATION
WE ALL GONNA BE RAPPERS
SAD GLORIFICATION
NO FOUNDATION
GOING TO BE RICH
AND WHEN IT DOESN'T WORK OUT
FRUSTRATION
ANGER LEADS TO ALL TEMPTATION
AND THE END RESULT IS OFTEN DEVASTATION
INCARCERATION
RETALIATION ON THE WORLD
AND SO BEGINS THE SEPARATION OF A NATION

THE OUTCAST LEFT AS A CERTAIN NUMBERED POPULATION
A MENTAL RETARDATION, THE BLIND LEADING THE BLIND
LOST NAVIGATION
NO LOVE, NO NOTHING A LIFE OF DEPRIVATION

ALL DUE TO EMULATION
I WANNA BE I WANNA BE
AND SO FOLLOWS ANOTHER GENERATION
LIFE SHOULD BE ABOUT PRESERVATION
BUT THAT'S NO NEW REVELATION
WILL WE EVER MAKE THE TRANSFORMATION
WAKE UP AND MAKE THE CORRECT OBSERVATION
REALIZATION
INSTEAD OF SUFFERING FROM A HALLUCINATION
MAKE THE RECTIFICATION
CAUSE I'M TIRED OF THE MISREPRESENTATION
AND THE ANNIHILATION
SMOTHERING AS IN ASPHYXIATION
AND THE GUILT BY ASSOCIATION
SO SICK OF THE HUMILIATION
IT'S TIME TO REBUILD
TRANSLATION
OPEN OUR EYES + DIPLOMA
HARD WORK IS THE EQUATION
KEY INGREDIENT FOR GRADUATION
ADD IT UP IT'S THE CORRECT CALCULATION
BUT DON'T FORGET TO GIVE BACK
IT'S YOUR OBLIGATION
PAINT A POSITIVE PICTURE

MAKE A REAL LITERAL ILLUSTRATION
TO MAKE SURE THERE IS NO MISCOMMUNICATION
MY PEOPLE ARE ALL PEOPLE THERE'S NO DISCRIMINATION
OR ISOLATION
WE ALL SHARE A COMMON RELATION
SO EVERYONE WE NEED YOUR COOPERATION
AND PARTICIPATION
IT STARTS FIRST WITH OURSELVES
AND THAT'S NO EXAGGERATION
BUT THE TRUTH IS THE BEST EXPLANATION
I'LL PUT MY OWN BELIEFS IN ACTION
WITH A PERSONAL DEMONSTRATION
BUT EVEN I HAVE TO MAKE SOME ALTERATIONS
AND A FEW SELF MANIPULATIONS
THIS IS THE END
I HOPE YOU ENJOYED MY
ANNALIZATION
MAYBE WE COULD GET TOGETHER
HAVE COFFEE AND A CONVERSATION

Live Your Life
by Matt Johnson

I've been with the sophisticated,
and not so educated,
with the conservative
and X-rated,
with the rich,
and financially terminated;
Of all of these different kinds,
I realize there's no one like me,
and thank God, that I can be,
who I claim to be,
because there's many who
need someone else's personality,
to live happily,
but unfortunately,
that's not reality,
and it's sad to see,
most of us are like this,
you may think others
but you might be,
I'm not saying be an outcast
to society,
or live solitarily,
but live a life for you,
not the one's you see,
and base all you do
upon the trinity.

The War Within
by Jimmy LaLonde

Eyes watching,
Peace befouling,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
Separation,
Negation,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
Children crying,
Lives shattered,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
Houses Burning,
People Dying
WAR, WAR, WAR!
Souls dying,
No more living,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
You are failing,
Evil's spawning,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
No peace,
No chance,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
We are all done for,
Give peace a try,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
Filthy,
Retching,
WAR, WAR, WAR!
It's not over,
There is no chance!
WAR, WAR, WAR
WAR!

"[]"

By, Michael Schuchardt

I cannot see
How life would be
Without the light or "O"

The Desk
by Ryan Toohey

I am sat on once again.
This is getting pretty lame.
Do you think that this is just for fun?
Do you think that it's a game?

I am scribbled on once again.
This is getting to be a bore.
Why don't you just go away
And do this crap no more.

No thanks, you can have the gum,
And stop drilling holes in me.
I know you were here, now go away.
Can't you just leave me be?

Shakespeare's New Epitaph
by Sean Dudley

Dost not the mustard seed 'come great when dead?
Do not its fruits come forth when it has bled?
The tiny speck it was, when life was there
Inside its coating, now dost fill the air
And sky, where, touching many, great in size
The plant, from seed deceased, attracts men's eyes.
A humble seed has fallen to the ground.
Its fruits, though, gain it great and world renown.
The seed, though gone, through its paternity,
Will rise to a sure place in history.
When all on earth that can be done is done,
The seed leaves fruits to pass on to men's sons.
And so, like seed, I go into the sod,
May also I ascend to meet my God.

Patrick II

FALL FROM GRACE

-Lee Patrick II

Moody mists of souls long lost
Permeate the air.
Fiery deaths in domes of fire
More than most can bear.
Fear and doubt and hate and strife
Shadows of what once was.
Having dwelled long on this planet
We've defied most of its' laws.
The raping of Mother Nature
Has come back at us full force.
Through ignorance of thought and act
We now feel no remorse.
We tempted fate itself
And on destiny staked our claim.
We paid the full price of our sins
Though our ancestors we blamed.
Release us from this earthly realm
Of greed and lust and pain.
Put an end to our suffering
Before we go insane.



Kito D. McKinney, '02

Sober Suitor

by Sean Dudely

I hesitate to use a word
With such a meaning great,
A word whose implications bear
Such deep, enduring weight.
For what is "love," if not an oath,
A lasting promise strong,
A covenant to live each day
In sacrificial song?
Though capable, indeed, I am
Of giving out my heart
Completely, still, I'm scared to say
It's "love," right at the start.

Anger

by Matt Jones

My anger is like a boiling pot about to blow my lid from all of the heat and pressure inside of me. My anger is like a hurricane, all is calm until the wrath of my anger is released in front of all who oppose me. My anger is like a flame, consistently burning inside of me. Anger.

"Willows"

by Joe Apello

What do willows weep for?
Do they weep for who they are,
Do they weep for the sky and the air,
Do they weep for you and me,
Do they weep when no one's there?

Or do they weep for themselves?
Do they care why they weep,
Or do they brush away their cares?
Do they know why they weep,
Do they weep for Mother Earth,
Or for the bird that sings for them?

GOHAN



Kito D. McKinney

Kito D. McKinney, '02

TEN WAYS TO LOOK AT BLUE

by Ryan Duetschendorf

I
Blue colors the sky
Sometimes dark,
And sometimes light.

II
On a spring day,
I watch the blue jays
Fly from tree to tree,
And peek out
Between the leaves.

III
It's coming out of the oven,
And being laid to cool
On the window ledge.
Ummm, blueberry pie.

IV
I drive my cigarette racing boat
Through the rough blue water,
Skimming the waves as I go.

V
I turned the radio on,
And listen to the blues,
As I relaxed by the pool.

VI

The mood of the team
Turned blue,
When they lost
The final game.

VII

While I was on vacation
In Canada,
I went to see
The Toronto Blue Jays play.

VIII

I drove my blazing blue Jaguar
Down the curvy roads,
To the beautiful beach.

IX

I looked out the window
And saw a blue-eyed girl
Walking down the street.

X

Warm blueberry muffins,
With lots of butter
Dripping down the sides,
Is all I could dream of
For breakfast.

THE WATER

by Mike Fox

The boys do not know
What they're doing to me.
They chop me, and kick me,
While doing the free.
And when they all dive,
I have to admit,
Putting holes in my skin
Hurts quite a bit.
I'm tossed everywhere
Almost every day,
And thrown in the air
In every which way.
It hurts quite a bit,
What they're doing to me.
But those who hurt most,
Swim for U of D.

Expressway

by Sean Dudley

I saw an ashed butt, dead, lying on the ground,
The remnants of a pleasure, remnants tossed away.
I saw an ashen face, not breathing anymore.
The pleasure had a price, it took his life today.

I saw a sorry girl, alone and showing now,
The remnants of a pleasure, remnants cast aside.
I saw a saddened face, "A"-marked, ashamed, afraid.
The pleasure had a price, nowhere has she to hide.

I saw some broken glass, a smashed and shattered clock,
The remnants of a pleasure, remnants crashed abrupt.
I saw some bleeding grins, such telling final breaths.
The pleasure had a price, for now their time is up.

Fiery Eyes

By, Dietrich McGaffey

Fiery eyes from a darkened room
Shadows at every corner he turns
While in the corner a candle burns
Deep within his very own tomb.

Yet filled with an incessant gloom
He searches about and so he yearns
For soothing solace to his soul
Until redemption somehow he earns.

the snow flake

By Thad Lewandowski

eight points in all
breath taking to watch as they fall
a sign of perfection
unique in any selection
working by night
leaving the earth in a sea of white
children wake to hear the news
to see if they will have school bell blues
a mother wraps her only child
for she knows the weather is far from mild
four inches high they are piled
holding up traffic for just a little while
they are not only a sign of holy Christmas
but a staple of true winter bliss

Far Away

Anonymous

To play it well would be so grand
The music sweetly flowing from my hand
The watery blues which I crave
I will take to my grave

Albert King, Hendrix, Vaughan
They all are gone
There is only one thing that's sure
Their music lives on

They've gone to their Red House
They've left their mark
They've ignited in me
An explosive musical spark.

My First Day at U of D

By Wayne Adams

I look through my room and all I can see
is a bag full of books and binders looking at me
I still a bit nervous get into the car
fasten my seatbelt to drive quite far

I arrive in the parking lot, I breathe the warm air
as I look around me, and at the school I stare
I hope my first day won't be so bad
and if I don't get any homework, I know I will be glad

I get to my first class, and my first school bell rings
how long is it from now, that the second bell dings
homework was given in my first class
and in the second class too, how will I pass

Third hour goes by, it to homeroom from here
from room 126, room 215 is not even near
I rush through the halls, to finally reach the room
I think I'm in the right place, but all that's there
is a broom

Still confused, but thank God lunch is my next task
now trying to take off the mask of the room of my
next class
I hope I'm on time, I already have three lates
I do believe that's a jug, if I'm quite up to date

Twelfth mod goes by, I'm finally nearing the end
but theology is next, and we all know the trend
struggling to keep my head up, I realize
this school isn't so bad, as long as I try

I make it through the first day, then a week goes by
doing all my work, and succeeding with my tie
the guys at U of D are pretty sweet
I made some new friends with Drew, Mike, and Pete

I now know U of D was the right place for me to go
I greatly enjoy it here, and with my high grades it shows
through my four years at U of D, I have one mission
to be a man for others and keep U of D's tradition

A Legend of two hearts

by Anonymous

*Back through time, back through time,
Where two hearts should meet,
There, in the silence, a song so sweet,
A tale so grand in detail.*

*Far, far away,
Doth a young princess stay,
In a peaceful castle court yard,
There a boy walketh forward,
Forward to his destiny,
A destiny clouded in uncertainty.*

*There, two hearts conspired,
Against evil plots unpure,
And over flames of courage,
Came a legend of past futures.*

*Friends lost are now found,
All through the serene sound,
Of a sweet, sweet melody,
A cannon friendship's loyalty,
And revealed secrets hidden in dark mastery.*

*On a mission to save,
An adventure for only the brave,
Against an evil power,
That bore the darkest hour,
For a world of light,
With all his courage he must fight.*

*Friends of all races,
He restored to their places.
Sages of all elements
He rescued from dire predicaments.*

*And the evil one,
With a heart as black as the Abyss,
Was sealed by the sages in the sempiternal dungeon,
Or did their ambition miss?*

*And in the skies above,
An adventure had come to an end,
And with no chance of love or romance,
A farewell must be said to a friend.*

*A princess played a lullaby,
As she bowed her sad goodbye,
And though they thought they won,
Their legend had only begun.*

*Back through time, on with time,
Where two hearts befriend,
Comes a tale so grand in detail,
Where one beginning births countless ends.*

Sailing on a Windy Day By Chris Granger

*Wind, water and some sun,
Make sailing lots of fun.
Some friends are acting as my crew,
Helping to make the season anew.*

*Spinnakers popping like mines,
Ready at the starting line.
I feel the wind against my face,
The whistle blows to start the race.*

*I look around me at the boats,
Not glad to see many afloat.
My crew makes adjustments to the mast,
Guaranteeing our boat will go fast.*

*Steering the boat to the mark,
Wasn't a walk in the park.
Great gusting winds made the boat heel,
But we were confident with our keel.*

*We jockeyed for the right position,
To round the mark in best condition.
Heeling on a starboard tack,
My crew knew just how to act.*

*Sailing at a winning pace,
Gaining distance in the race.
Seeing the finish line in sight,
Made this great boat race a hard fought fight.*

Homework
By David Stahl

My fellow classmates, I speak to you today
That we should unite so we can get our way
The topic of our quest shall be the work we do
We can come together and say with homework we're through.

Strength in numbers is what they say
If we hold steadfast, it may come true on day
My friends, this is a civilized act
To form with teachers, a friendly pact.

So maybe in the future, when our parents ask if our homework's done
We can truly say yes, and then go have some fun.

Valentine Poem
By Kelly Shefferly

Cards fly around,
People gain ten pounds.
The hearts were everywhere,
Susie's head looks like a square.
Jack is worried he won't get some,
Miss Harrington gained a ton.
Tommy wrote three or four,
Bertha just ate more.
John lost his card,
Lindsey's chocolate is getting hard.
The bears all want hugs,
Brandon gave Laura a jar of bugs.
Uncle Dan gave one to Tim,
Tim brutally slapped him.
The teacher gave one to Dan,
He was still stalking Ann.
The paper was made by Mead,
All the kids are on speed.
Valentines are not fun,
It's not just me, it's everyone.

Why I Am Glad America is a Nation of Immigrants

by Anonymous

Alien you have come so far,
To keep from war and danger,
Your prayers are only in your heart,
Gods made to be a stranger.

Your sponsor is a friend or brother,
American for sure!
A company who needs your help,
Your skills could mean a cure.

To naturalize takes time and study,
You'll have to pay a fee,
Your sponsor is your buddy,
Oh would you please choose me?

To show you really love this place,
You practice all the rules.
You'll live in safety, care and freedom,
And sometimes swim in pools!

New York, New Jersey, California
Michigan's my home!
Pick a spot you like the most,
You'll even have a phone!

Freedom is the greatest gift
So much that you can hope for.
Freedom brings all sorts of pleasures,
Knocking at your door.

Immigrant you're coming here
And here it is you'll stay.
A distance you have come to be
American-our way!

A plane or boat's the way to get here
I'm glad today's the day.
So come and live the good life with us
Freedom's on the way!

Winter Wonderland

by Paul McHugh

Snow falls from the sky,
It makes you wonder why.
The ice is shining,
There's people whining.
You turn around,
Fall to the ground,
All because of the snow.
Make a note,
To wear a coat,
Because snow is bold,
And you don't want to catch cold.
Go outside and look up at the sky,
If you don't see the sun, you'll still have fun,
Because snow is fun without it.

Winter Nights

by Matt McTaggart

Cold and gray they are,
Those cold winter nights,
When everything is still
Except for the cracking of the cold.
The white sheen of snow blinds from afar,
And the neighbors' windows are aglow with holiday sights.
The piercing of the solitude with the thrill
Of a snowball in flight.
I look up to see my brother and realize
The nights aren't so cold after all

Old Things Are Beautiful Too

By Justin Craig

Young things are beautiful:
Seedlings and sprouts,
And children that laugh,
Sharing their joy with the world,
Hatchlings and infants,
A song in one's head
And the child-like mind
That needs to be fed.

Old things are beautiful:
Grandparents and trees,
And the unchanging horizon,
Eternal as nature decrees,
The waves that fall,
The silhouetted peaks,
And the aged owl,
Marred by quarrelsome beaks.

Grrr

by Nick Saroki

When I am angry,
I am an egg
In a child's hand.
I last for a while,
Then I crack.

Pizza

By Jim Hagemann

Oh pizza, oh pizza,
I just wanna eats 'ya.

When you come out of the oven so hot,
I wanna eat you right there on the spot.
I really dig your warm and doughy crust,
I'm gonna swallow you down in one big gust.
It doesn't matter whether you're square or round,
I just love to eat pizza pound after pound.

Oh pizza, oh pizza,
I just wanna eats 'ya

"Missing You"

by Joe Apelo

*We once were together as happy as could be.
Carefree of our lives, we thought we would be together
forever. But alas, one day I left you, my time was up there.
So I left you behind, not by land but through the air. I know
you are hurting, I am too. I just have to say, that I miss
you. Fear not though, my time away is up, I will be
back that is a promise. We will be together
again; we will be happy like we once were.*

Jimi Hendrix

by Dan Palczynski

Stated the greatest guitarist of all time,
His music flowed through the air and relaxed your mind.
His beats and rhythm were harmony at hand,
He was the coolest cat known to man.

His music will always be remembered,
And his voice will always be heard,
'Cause a legend like he,
will always be a memory.

Written and Read

By Justin Craig

I am a book,
Unwritten and unread,
Growing steadily
With time
With love
With experience.

I am a book,
Written yet unread,
Hoping to share my story
With children
With grandchildren
With all.

I am a book
Written and read,
Yet my pages are not lost nor forgotten,
For they live on
In those who listened
In those who cared
In those who loved.

Love:

by Justin Nardecchia

A blind awakening to a friendship sweetened

An empty void replaced by another soul
Another being introduced in our life
A person who will later hurt you, but all too soon
For now you see beauty and grace
In the near future you will recognize the pain she causes
A break in your friendship, a break in your heart
An unbearable pain, unphysical, emotional
Your scars surface and you cry
A tear for every moment you think about her
But it is over and you cannot face the world
Hidden in your emotional jail, you hear those who cherish you, a distant cry for help
For love is a mere physical attraction, while cherishing is the true deal

EVENING

by James Nill

How strange to look upon the mist
And see what stands before
Like an ant beside an army
I sit beside the shore
They drift above with an even flow
They march in perfect prance
I sit below in awestruck envy
As I watch their timeless dance
A polished diamond looking glass
Reflects the shadows made
A beautifully painted portrait
To be shattered by the day
Betwixt the night and dawn I see it
Beneath the moon I know
Before these stars I feel it
As I bask in heaven's glow
A realm where there is happiness
A world that knows no war
I am witnessing perfection
In my solitude by the shore

Who am I?

by Jim Drabek

I get picked up, and then put down.
I get dropped on the ground.
You break my tip, then sharpen it.
My head is pink and round.

I like to go swimming in the summer
The pool is not far away
I go there almost everyday
When it's hot I drive my dad's Hummer

When I arrive at the pool,
My friends should be waiting there.
And when the girls see me walking by,
They cannot help but to stare.

SO-CALLED CHRISTIAN

by James Nill

Sitting museless, lost unfound
Silent stillness mists around
You hate all you do not know
No understanding let it go
A cynical snap – a sharp reply
A glisten of vengeance in your eye
You sparkle with a bitter grin
A group in agreement cannot sin
If only you could understand
The things I've felt and seen
You hear only half the words I mumble
And misinterpret what they mean

Tree

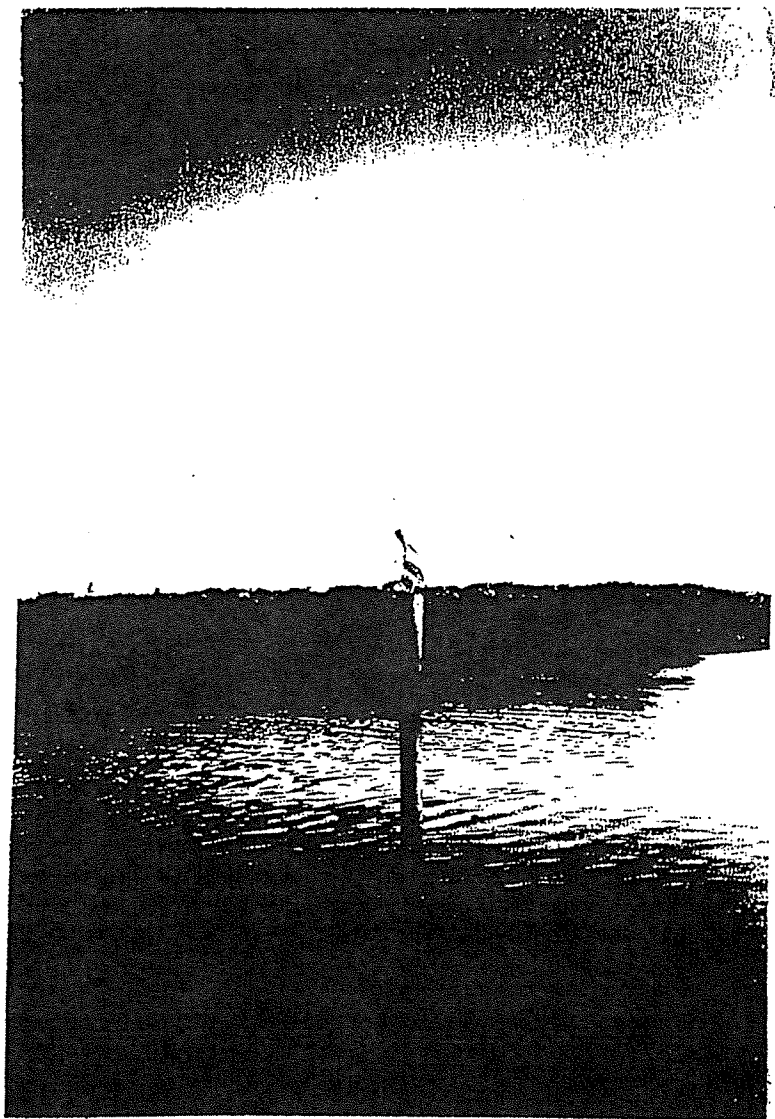
by John Rhoades

I feel so lonely in the midst of this snow,
My branches are cold and forlorn.
I'm covered with snow and icicles
But in the Spring I will be reborn.

"Eyes and Mirrors"

by Joe Apelo

Eyes are the windows to the soul.
Mirrors are the reflection of life.
Eyes show the way to the immaterial.
With mirrors, what you see is what you get.
Eyes can love, hate, and adore.
Mirrors can be a cold and distant world.
Eyes always tell the truth.
Mirrors, like looks and impressions, can be deceiving.
Eyes are the keys to unlock the past.
Mirrors only look to the future.



Michael Hemak, '01

The End of the Road

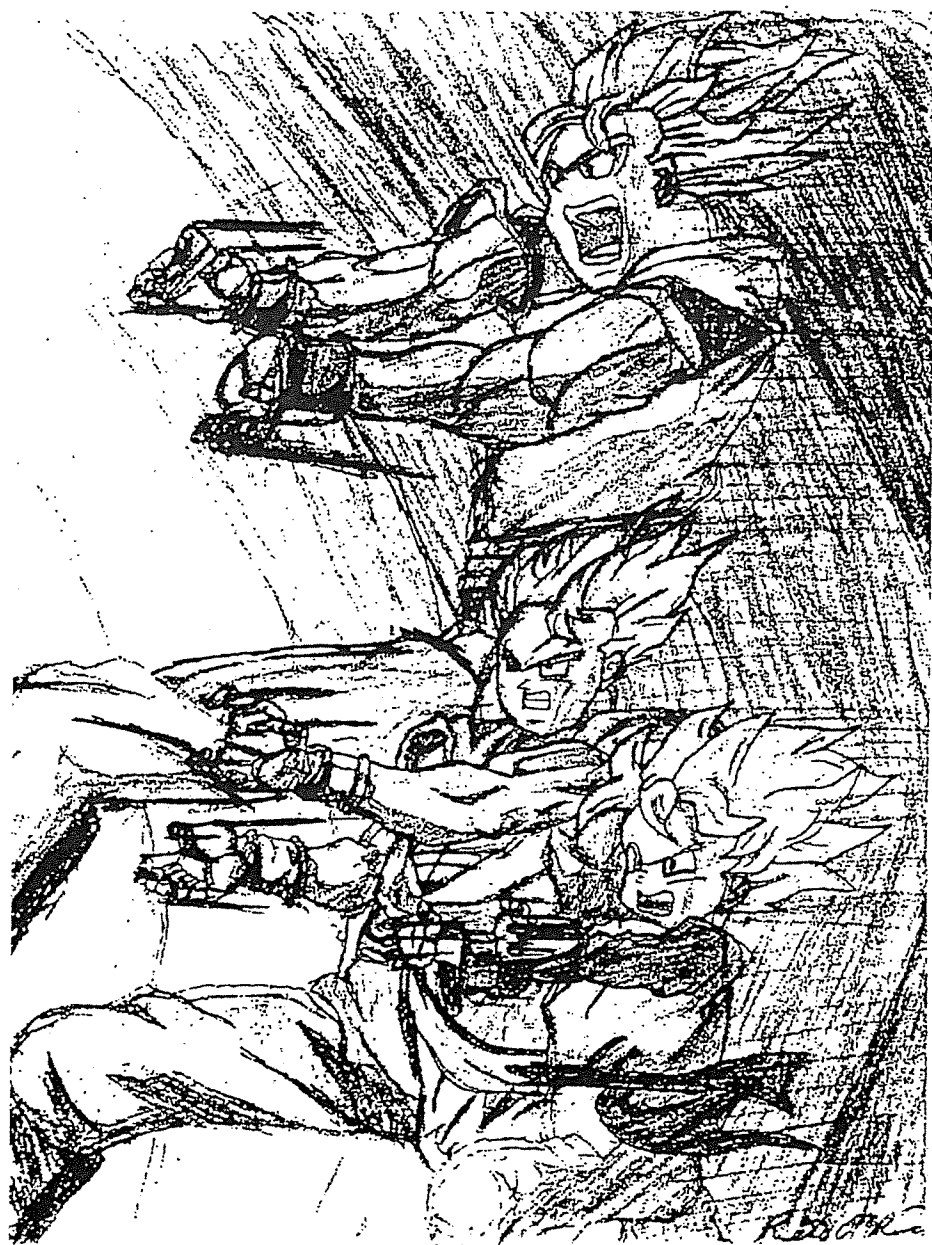
By Justin Craig

There comes a time when all roads end,
 When all things die,
 When all lights flicker out,
 There comes a time to say good-bye.
 There is deep sadness when the innocent die,
 When the last drop is gone,
 When a memory is effaced,
 There is great sadness at one's final dawn.
 There comes a time when you must fight on,
 When your legs are stumps,
 When your heart cries for reprieve,
 Through the choking dust and staggering bumps.
 There comes a time when all must fall,
 Monuments must crumble,
 The dying must collapse,
 There comes a time when pedestals tumble.

Faith

by LeRobert Johnson

Is forever tested
 I'm never rested
 Contemplating if my rebirth will ever come
 Passionate thoughts of doubt run ramped in my mind
 But faith without a inkling doubt is never sublime



Kito D. McKinney, '02

CONFUSION

by James Nill

Wandering in an open field
 I find a flower so pure and free
 Rip off the petals and stomp it down
 So it can feel like me
 Little children romp and play
 The breeze blows the heat of day
 The wind it whispers gently
 Of happy laughter passing by
 I glance around to catch a smile
 As the colors dance my eyes
 As evening strides upon the wind
 I rest beneath the shade
 Tormented by the endless torture
 Of a dream that will not fade
 Easily falls the evening shadow
 The rain gone the sky is clear
 I cry aloud for what I've lost
 But no one cares to hear
 Wear a mask of a smile
 Blend in yet so distant
 Avoiding their eyes
 Yours betray in an instant
 They are like a window
 To the soul you hide
 Don't let them see in
 Or they'll know that you cry
 And of course what comes next
 But the questions of why
 Why you stay distant
 What reddens your eyes
 Remain like a shadow
 Walk in the shade
 Blend with the lost
 But you can't stay away
 The stars are my best friends
 They don't mind to share my cage

"The Never-Ending Dance"
by Kyle Koerber

The blades, they spin
in the never-ending dance.
Leaving one or many in their wake,
they bring a promise.

Ever-flowing, ever-sailing
they shred the wind with ease.
But while they are doves with grace
they are tigers with power.

The dance goes on throughout all time
never-ceasing, never-stopping
But there is always one who leads
just one that embodies the justice...or the evil.

Its wake is long, and most times honorable
leaving the few but deserving behind
But a few find it profitable to control the dance
Instead of the dance controlling them.

These many are the ones that so ruin the dance,
turning it into a promise of death
But those righteous ones bring another promise
a promise of correction.

So it seems the dance is described
weaving between right and wrong
But the dance is not the cause of these contrasts
it is those that wield the knowledge.

NIGHTMARE
by James Nill

So lost am I that I am found
The gates so near the trumpets sound
I run my best to flee the hounds
I feel their growls and fear the sound
A familiar music the hunters abound
I miss my love in her misty gown
Greet the day with a solemn frown
I struggle to climb but I'm falling down

Milk
by John Rhoades

I was born in a barn right above the hay,
And from then on my hooves were set on grade "A".
I had no intention of becoming cream,
But of course two percent was my only dream.
I was pasteurized, homogenized, and reduced in fat,
A one-gallon plastic carton is my new habitat.
My home has become a cold, dark place,
I see light before I disappear into a hole in their face.
Now I am trapped no hope for me,
"White or chocolate, which will it be?"

My Hunting Experience
by Brad Lepczyk

I raised my rifle,
Got into my position,
Aimed,

He looked right at me.
I looked in his eyes,
He looked in mine.

I saw the innocence,
I felt the guilt.
I dropped the gun,

He then ran away,
Laughing at me the whole way back.

Blue
by Gerard Martin

Blue is...

The sea rolling up on to a sandy beach
The tunes of a saxophone wafting through the night air
The summer-ripened berries overloading their green bushes
The rain pitter-pattering on to an outstretched hand
The pie that wakes up your taste buds with its alluring scent

The Rock
by Chris Day

As I saw it leaping
Over the trees
Something was creeping
Coming from the breeze

Though I couldn't grasp
I felt it inside
The strongest urge
To conquer his pride

I placed my foot
Steady, steady
Then a hand
Sure hope I'm ready

Halfway up
I can do this
Gonna beat that schmuck
And all of his priss

Standing up top
I did it, yes I did it
Not with fists or words
I showed him up

I conquered the rock
Climbed it well
Fulfilled my goals
Felt my pride swell

Running Free
by LeRobert Johnson

No one can stop me because I'm me
Running Free
Similar to the jaguar's of Africa I'm still
Running Free
Bound up in the chains of past and present I'm still
Running Free
Tangled in a web of perplexed emotion I'm still
Running Free

Golf: Just a Game
by Mike Dixon

It's dawn and the dew remains.
Why am I up this early?
Never for school-
Never for work-
Only for GOLF.
What happened yesterday is of no meaning.
Today is a new day,
A new opportunity for success or failure.

One practice swing is all I need, but I take 17.
I don't why - I know a big hook is coming.
RELOAD
Down the middle goes the mulligan: hope for the round.

43- I can't wait for tomorrow!

MY ENEMIES

by Guy Shepheard

I'm not one for war cause killin is a crime
But you've gone too far by stealin what's mine
Tryin to confuse my crew with a bit of deceit
You should think before you do
Now look at who can't cross the street
Our crew shares loyalty and emotional ties
You can't infiltrate our royalty with your evil lies
You never cried when your loved ones died
We hurt inside but keep our pride
You've been warned not to cross our path
Listen or learn
The consequences of my wrath.

The Moment

As I stand alone in the darkness
I am awestruck with the brutal realization of loneliness.
'Tis a feeling but a bitter Bedouin can brace
And for this reason alone - I walk - to where no one knows
And for how long I ask with nothing but a deaf silence.
As the cold embraces me, I shiver and wonder when -
When what I ask, and to this neither I nor anyone could answer,
but rather a task I must accomplish with the help of no
mortal nor inanimation.
In the eerie deafening silence, I reason with myself and
conclude the disdainful fact - I am but a deaf mute in this
universe.
These revelations shock me, and as I Joust with the offender, I
am dismounted and surrender to this evil tyranny. Yes - I
surrender for the present, but - Yes! Yes, good will prevail,
and the bearing of all life will be collaborated - And it is at
this moment that we shall be unified - All of us together -
How great it would be indeed.

BEAST OF THE EVENING

by Ugo Ezekwemba

*The silent slither of the
Slow snake winded across the shore,
Creeping through the crest moon,
Spying the seas as the skiff slid upon the sound harbor.*

*Every night, even tonight, it comes
In groups of ones or twos or three
I watch seeing
I listen believing.*

*I do this under the crest light
Every night, even tonight
Before they spot me under
The lights of the Midnight Summer Eve.*

AWAY

by Kito D. McKinney

Soothing scenes, as far as the eye can see,
That is the place where I would like to be.
A place where I could just unwind,
A place where I don't have to worry about time.
Somewhere where I can get away from my everyday stress,
And from disturbing news in the *Detroit Free Press*.
Somewhere to get away from doubt and fear,
Where the thumping of your heart is the only sound you are able to hear.
Being here would make me feel so very great,
It would be like steeping onto cloud nine, from cloud eight.
From everything, I'd feel free,
From the annoying fly to the stinging bee
From winter's bitter cold,
To the everyday lies that are told.
Staring in awe at the beautiful sky,
Feeling a sense of peace as clouds float by.
The occasional bird that flies like a plane,
Somehow, I feel as if I could do the same.
While at this place, "Ahh" I'd say,
'Cause I was finally able to get Away.

The Real Me
by Melvin Cross, Jr.

I seem to be a ferocious dog
But really I am like a new, born puppy
I seem to be like an insensitive jerk
But really I am like a thoughtful owl
I seem to be a careless clutz
But really I am a lost pilot searching for an airport
I seem to be weak, because I swim
But really I am Hercules
I seem to be a dumb, jock
But really I am a thoughtful philosopher

Purple Tuesday

Anonymous

Responsibility to responsibility, dust to dust
Diluted soles retracing trodden trails
Bees visiting the same bud hoping for a new pollen
Discovering only mindless taste
The same once savored now putrid
A tolerable disgust

Time

Empty palms

Omega Point?

Toils, risks, sacrifices for an envious promise
rectified by the purpose of the light, the end
or beginning?

Or nothing?

Perhaps the light is the is the sun captivating the earth
piercing the bleak corners

Giving life to the cold iris

The reminder, the hideous goddess

The purest rooster

The waves creep closer to the dock

the night stealthily attacks each bright eye

The foaming warriors descend the horizon brandishing blood

The predators scream hate as a useless warning

The exhaust and electricity slices over our root

High tide, darkness, victory, meat, progress, the point
Worth?

Society defined by precedents upon feelings

Lust unleashes the beastly desire, defining beauty

Maybe the undesirable are the gorgeous

Greed seeks the flimsy paper of giants, defining success

Maybe the forgotten are the bosses

Unconscious hunger craves mystery, defining knowledge

Maybe the illiterate or ignorant are the most in tune

Conceited mouths with swelled lips assume

A dark-roomed conversation of disappointment

Thoughts ranging the expanse of history

The surface is smiles and hugs

the skin crawls with thick brooding

Time

Ignored, forgotten eyes stare from scarred nature

Dulled ears listen to screams, fire as if white noise

Bitter taste buds relish in the dripping sweat
of unadulterated fear

A lost scent of wildflowers in between stale smoke

A grasp on sane barbarism through broken, bloody knuckles

Another dark-roomed conversation of disappointment

Time-honored faults, fault-justified time

Portruding forehead, hulking mass of shivering hide

Hairy veins swollen with earth, sap, and life

The ice is life, the cold is life, the earth is life

Elliptical shaded eyes, hulking mass of sleek steel

Greedy gray vessels boasting methods, problems, solutions

The ice is hazardous, the cold a nuisance, the
earth submissive

First stones blanket home with respect and understanding

Last stones shadow home with authority and impulse

First stones recognize the infinite balance

First stones attempt own monitored balance

First stones live

Last stones live to die

Dark-roomed conversation of disappointment avoided

Forty impersonal, tainted hands

Here is a palm of martyrdom

There a fingertip slyly supporting a teetering friendship

Behind, a thumb selfishly reminding of "important" debts

In the corner, a nail prods ethical cleanliness

Above, a fist flattens self-directed intent

Squeezing out the abundant juice of guilt, licking

the skin coated with the triumphant fluid

As self-esteem and assurance disperse under the fleshy mess

The end is light From here to black in a time only measured by rotating mirrors ye
t the particles only drift cautiously through the blinding current The end is a celebr
ation

Hopes build to the known possibilities of surprise

and memory yet the mediocre result leaves a downturned iris

the end is capital punishment

Evil and sin cowers in the clouds

yet a self proclaimed God throws the switch with tainted hands

The end is a gothic fable

The ignorant monster murders in scared abandon

yet the creator, drowning in putrid delusion, passes blame

The end is time

The nipping fox robbing from under your acknowledging nose

The lumbering elephant tracing steps to the sacred

graveyard

The cackling vulture casting an ominous though routine shadow

The paradoxical end

Will come soon

Splintering glass and splintering bone

One face dreaming one face drowning in horror

Earth's smallest becomes earths largest in a
miraculous demon

Searing flesh and bleached bone gape at the sky for peace

Swollen bellies and hungry eyes expect nothing from plenty

The flies will find rest when the body is done
feeding off itself

Busy feet, summits of trenches, unjustifiable
precedents, ignored pain, opposite
parallelism, greedy pleas

The end

The evil

The world

The newly barren earth will act upon years of
temptationed mutiny

Pebbles will be chased by boulders as the mountains
lose majesty

Rivers will be drawn into the yearning depths of the
dry earth, attempting to quench the fiery
blazes burning in the growing belly of hell

The hatred will scorch the earth, overflowing from
the splitting dust

Splitting because of stress

No longer handling the weight of suspicion, greed,
blood, lack of difference

"lean, hungry look"

We're at the fork in the road

Ascend the towering masses of nature to reach heaven
for once

Cup the flowing current and drink to taste heaven for once

Look into loving eyes to appreciate heaven for once

Before we must choose the path

To Grandpa
By David Stahl

You went to the graveyard,
To fix my Uncle's grave.
You do this every Spring,
But this time was different.

You worked for a while,
... took a little break.
... fell asleep,
... never felt a thing.
... had another heart attack,
This time no one knew...

Until it was too late.

Grandpa,

We all miss you.

Grandpa,

We all cry.

Grandpa,

We'll remember you,

Until the day we die.



Michael Hemak, '01

The Commander

by Dietrich McGaffey

"Commander! The government has betrayed us!" she said. "I know, Jhoanna, look..."

"No! You look! My people can't work like this!" I wish she would stop interrupting me. If only I had more time! "The government claims to have exhausted their assets, but they wish they could do more. There's just no way to give to you any more money. If they can catch the embezzler, though, they will have plenty of money."

"What embezzler?" Oops. That was out loud. Well, I might as well explain. "When the budget was last balanced, they found 30,000 credits missing. Currently, they have three suspects, and it is possible that all three are involved."

"So, that's why the pays were cut! I'll see if I can buy you more time, and maybe get some help on the investigation. I don't know, though, it would put us in a very infirm position."

"Well, I hope we can stop the commotion for a while." The president will be very agitated that the information got out. I hope she won't send in an Omega.

Later...

"Commander Marin, I don't like this. It might lead to even greater problems!" I really hate it when she glowers at me with those equine eyes of hers. "I know, but on the other hand, it might help. There is no longer a way to camouflage the information, and others might be able to help ferret out the embezzler."

"I don't know why I trust you, Commander, but I do. Good luck."

"Thank you, Sir. Out."

Later still...

"Thank you, Jhoanna, for coming on such short notice. I see you've brought a friend."

"Yes. Ricardo was a detective for the Centauri internal affairs. He's very interested."

"Good."

"What's with all the guards?"

"President Carinta is attending the meeting, as well."

"Oh." I wonder why that very apprehensive look just came over her face. I show two guards my ID and they move aside."

"Good Evening, Commander," said the President.

"That could be debated." When she sees Jhoanna, she gets the same apprehensive look. "Ms. President, this is Jhoa—"

"We've met," Jhoanna said.

"Yes."

"Oh." It's not until now that I notice they have almost the same eyes—and hair. "Shall we begin?"

"Well, I think some of us already know how this is going to end." The president again. I begin to wonder.

"Maybe not, Carinta. I've changed a lot since he died."

"Let's hope so, Jhoanna, for all our sakes." The president is beginning to look morose. "Let's just put the past behind us."

"Agreed." I couldn't stand it any longer.

"What are you talking about?!" I almost yell.

"Oh. You don't know?" they say, simultaneously.

"We're sisters. We're always in a conflict, and haven't seen each other since our father died." Jhoanna said. This could get complicated.

"I'm very sorry, but could we get back to the issue?"

"Oh, yes. Jhoanna, would you like to start?"

"Right. The situation, as was depicted to me, is that the station workers' pay was cut, because of embezzlement within the government. I understand the importance of the matter, and I would like to help. My friend, Ricardo, who was a detective for the Centauri, would like to work with the project."

"With the Centauri? Excellent. Ricardo, when can you start work?"

"There's only one problem: he's a mute telepath."

"Oh, dear..."

"So, you think they'll let Ricardo help?"

"I don't know. She turned somewhat pallid when you said telepath."

"I'll never forget the look. I wish I had a photo."

"Well, we'll just have to wait. You know, they recorded the meeting, so you could get it."

"Hm. Well, good day, Commander. Or night. Whatever. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Jhoanna" Lets just hope they don't mind. I start to think about going to sleep, when my Com Link rings. As Lieutenant Commander Malinké is talking, I think of the perpetual interruptions caused by the Com Link. Then I realize what the lieutenant commander is saying. There are five ice floes, apparently from Rotundra, the planet below us. One of the ice floes is heading towards the station.

I head towards CNC, wondering how the ice floes broke off of the planet.

When I get there, it is very busy.

"Malinké, what have you done so far?"

"Well, we can't scan them from here. They're out of our range."

"So we'll send a Fury?"

"Exactly. Star Fury Four, you're clear to go."

This is getting very strange.. Maybe I should contact Zathérus. He would probably know because he lives on Rotundra.

"Sir, the readings show an exact copy of the Fury."

"Let me see." Okay, this is outright eerie.

"Here it is. Maybe,"

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe it's reflecting the scanner and the Fury really is scanning itself."

"That's it! Withdraw the Fury. I'm getting Zathérus."

"Who??"

"Never mind." My mind is racing to figure out how to contact Zathérus because he is very hard to reach. I decide to start simple. In my quarters, I open a Gold channel communication and send a signal to Rotundra. I consider the possibilities, and send it to the floes as well. Just then, the president comes up on my screen. Her face is now wreathed in smiles. I can tell good news is coming.

"Hello, Commander Marin."

"Ms. President. What's news for Ricardo?"

"Well, I've conferred privately with all the agents involved and they all agreed. Except one who said it was an affront to her dignity that I even asked her to work with a telepath. Shortly after, she quit, so Ricardo is clear. When can you get him to Earth?"

"He's already there. He and Jhoanna left yesterday and arrived about two standard hours ago."

"Great. Commander, how do you do it?"

"I don't even know. That's what others me."

"Oh, well. Good day, Commander."

"Good luck in the search, Sir. Out." I check the signal, and Zathérus pops up.

"Ahh, good, good. You are there, I am here. Good. Zathérus trying to reach you, long time. Station always busy, no time for Zathérus." He makes this strange clicking sound. Sometimes I ignore it, but sometimes its plain annoying. It seems to be habitual.

"Commander, two of the ice floes are receding."

"Thank you, Malinké."

"See? Never time for poor Zathérus. But, Zathérus told by Great Machine to tell you, is sending out probes, see all is to see, again, do every four hundred years. It say, not go near probes, they have to start over." He speaks slovenly.

"Extraordinary! What is this Great Machine?"

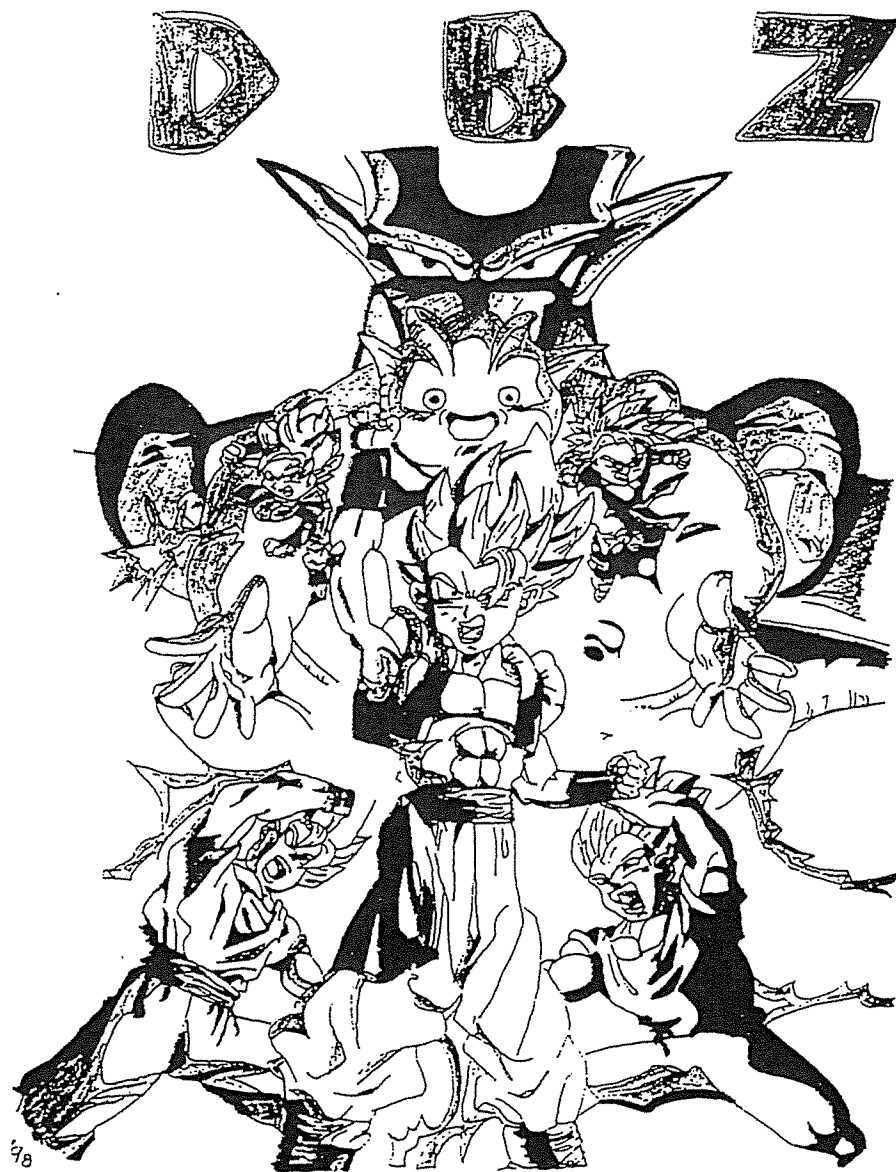
Oh! No, no. Zathérus says too much already. Sorry."

"Okay. Goodbye."

"Goodbye. Zathérus much work to do." He leaves, and I go back to CNC. Suddenly, two floes, or probes now, I guess, explode in a radiant flash of light. Two more are already visible coming from the planet.

"Orders, Commander?"

"Leave them be, Malinké. Leave them be."



Oliver J. Newell, '00

A Myth

by Jordan Segue

Many, many years ago before man roamed the Earth, the mythological gods were discontented with not having obedient, mortal servants at their disposal. At the time, all of the gods had equal rank, so there was no hierarchy. All of the gods were related, so there was no separation of clans. It had been written in the sacred *Book of the Universe*, never is there to be a division of the sacred clan. If the clan is divided, the city of gods will be destroyed by chaos.

One day while roaming the city of gods, Vesuvius decided that he would take the initiative to please all of the gods. He would invent a creature that was mortal, obedient who would worship the gods. Vesuvius was concerned with quality, so it took him six years to create his creature, and in the seventh year he rested. This creature was to be called Man. Vesuvius was nearly finished perfecting his creation when his brother Folles learned of his brother's creation. Vesuvius' only remaining task was to select a heart for his creation. He had three choices: the heart of wisdom and love, the heart of hate, or the heart of the gods. Vesuvius could not make this vital decision until he thought it over in his garden. While he was out picking wild fruit, Folles snuck into Vesuvius' palace and stole his creation!

Since Folles was considered the most charismatic and popular god, he felt jealous that he did not have the intelligence of Vesuvius. When Vesuvius returned, he was horrified to find his creation missing, and he was most concerned that he had not selected a heart for his creation. Instantly, he rushed to his bag of hearts to find that only two hearts remained. To his dismay, he discovered that the missing heart was the heart of the gods. Suddenly, the great horns sounded and all of the gods hastily gathered in the divine plaza. "Behold my new creation, Man," declared Folles. All of the gods applauded and hailed Folles. Suddenly, one of the gods shouted, "Folles should lead us and become our king!" All of the gods cheered and crowned Folles, right then and there. Vesuvius became outraged over his brother's treacherous actions, but he stood mute.

The next day, Vesuvius visited his brother at the royal palace. He wept at the sight of his brother on the royal throne. Folles realized that now that he had power over everything, he could be as arrogant and evil as he wished. No one could stop him! Vesuvius could not refrain from shouting at him, "You fool, you have forsaken your brother, deceived all of the other gods, and you have made my creation flawed. You have put the heart of the gods in a mortal which means that man will be full of hubris and he will not realize that he can never be a god.

Man will eventually destroy all else that has already existed, including the gods. He wept bitter tears as he uttered these prophetic words.

Folles shook with rage as he answered his brother in measured and cold tones, "How dare you enter my royal court and attempt to reprimand me in the presence of the other gods. I should have you cast from the sky and into the sea. Perhaps, I should have you sent to a desolate part of the Earth where you can watch over this new creation." He then turned to the other gods and proclaimed, "Vesuvius is banished from the city of gods and must live amongst man from this moment forth." Immediately, Vesuvius was sent to Earth to watch over man.

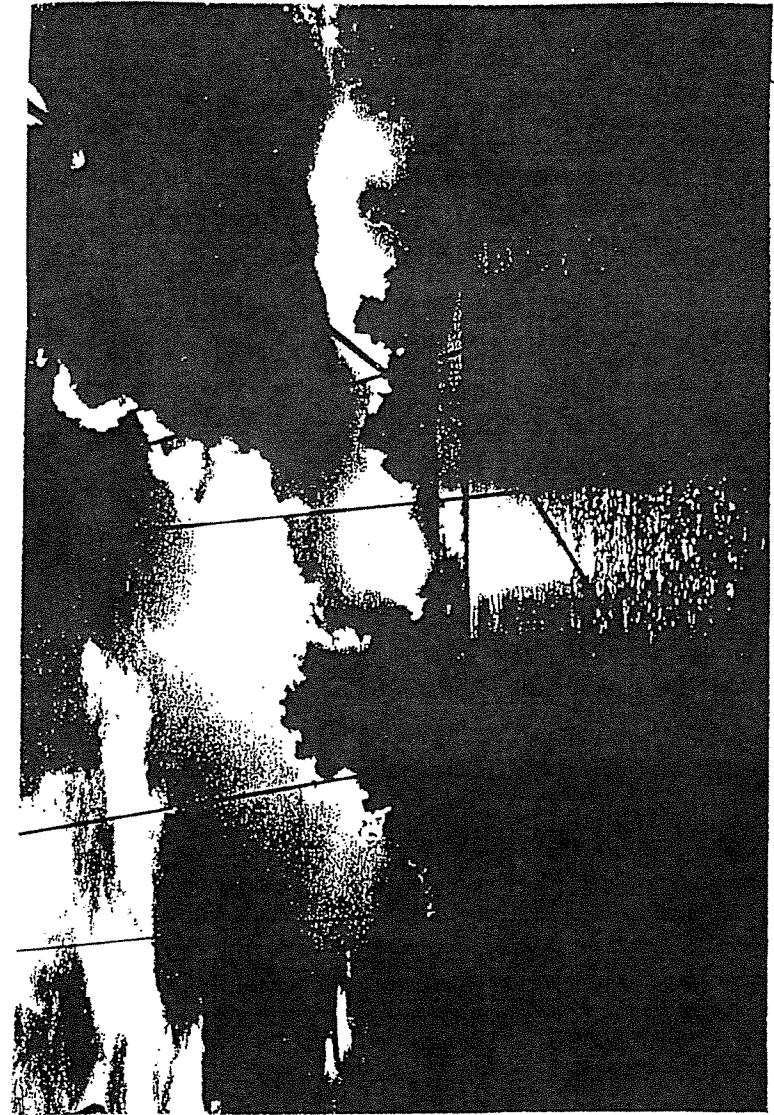
As the years passed, man multiplied and grew more corrupt and materialistic daily. Vesuvius was horrified to see what had become of his creation called man. Man destroyed the earth, polluted the sea, and shed blood of all creatures he encountered-even his fellow man. Finally, Vesuvius could endure no more. He sent a letter to Folles that read:

"Dear Brother,
I know that we have had our
Differences and we may not have love for each other,
but surely you see that you have made a mistake. Man
is an evil creature, he spills blood on the Earth, he kills
all other animals for sport, and his people desecrate all
elements of the precious Earth. Please do not let this
continue."

Folles was outraged that his brother had the audacity to try to tell him what to do. He commended that Vesuvius be removed from the earth and be forced to live beneath the ground as a punishment for writing him such a letter. On learning of his fate, Vesuvius could no longer contain his anger, and he planned to strike back. He had his priests recruit followers to worship him as their king. He further decided that any man who would not comply with his wishes would find the soil where he lived barren, thus, depriving such a person of being able to produce food. Many men became outraged and implored Folles to help them. Folles decided that Vesuvius had gone too far. He cast a spell on Vesuvius that transformed him into a gigantic mountain. Folles then transformed all of Vesuvius' priests into smaller mountains and the remainder of his followers were turned into hills. Vesuvius' high priest learned of Folles' plan and he counteracted it, which enabled Vesuvius to keep his divine power.

So corrupt and arrogant had Folles become that Vesuvius' high priest was able to tell the gods of Folles' betrayal of his brother. Half of the gods sided with Folles and supported him and the other half sided with Vesuvius. The clan was split and the city of gods was filled with peril and chaos. Eventually, Folles restored order in the city of gods and defeated his brother, or so he thought.

Late one night when Folles had retired after an evening of carousing, Vesuvius' spirit appeared to Folles. In a booming voice he declared, "My body may be dead, but my spirit and the Earth are one now." Every few years, I will spit fire from my belly of the mountains, I will shake the Earth, and I will shake the Earth under the seas and cause great waves to swallow the cities of man. My followers will do the same. The only way to get rid of me is to end the world but your arrogance will not allow you to give man up. This is your fate and the fate of man. There is nothing you can do to stop it." With these words he faded from sight and left a trembling, aged king who realized that his brother had won, after all.



Michael Hemak, '01

stains of rose blood

by Ben Dempsey-Klott

I lay in the grassy hills with my Rose.

Oh how I loved her!!

She brought out the best in me,
and I her.

As we lay in the grassy hill over looking the deep
valleys,

I turned and looked into my Rose's eyes.

They were the grey of the Thames River,

and as deep as the English Channel.

Her cheeks were the pale white of the sails of the
merchant ships,

and her lips the ruby-red of the precious stones they
brought in.

Her cheeks bones were high as the Pennines Mountains,
and her skin the snowy white caps.

I leaned over and kissed her sweet and inviting lips.
She tasted sweet and tender.

As we released the lock,
her hand pushed away the stands of her wispy chestnut
hair.

I smiled.

She was so beautiful,
and all mine.

I lay back down, next to her.

She turned herself over,

and held her head in her hand.

Her hair fell in her face.

I reached over and touched it.

It was as soft as the petals of a rose.

Ah! My sweet Rose.

The trees above us provide shade from the intense
sun.

As I watched the ground, I could see the illumination
of the leaves.

They formed great splotches of black shade on the
grass.

The sun broke through in some places.

The soft radiant beams danced over her body.

The patterns changed as the breeze did.

I reached out and touched her hand.

She was so soft.

It was as though I were touching the petals of a
budding flower.

I could feel the soft suppleness,
and smell the sweet scent as I ran my fingers up and
down her arm.

It was as though I was tracing and invisible pattern
onto her delicate skin.

I sat up and stared down at the small river running
through the valley.

She sat up next to me.

She laid her head on my shoulder.

I put mine on top of hers.

We stared at the deep rushing waters.

"Let's go swimming." she whispered softly.

I flushed.

She stood up, shook the grass from the dress she
wore.

The dress was old and somewhat tattered.

She was the cobbler's daughter,

and they didn't have much money.

I didn't care though,

she was my Rose.

She was halfway down the hill.

I ran with all my might,

running towards the sun so bright,

but she was too far out of sight,

for me to catch up with.

I finally got to the bottom of the hill,

and was quite out of breath.

As I gasped for air, my eyes ventured onto the water
surface.

She was already in the water.

Her dress was under the tree next to the stream.

The tree made a huge black flaw, on the otherwise
deep blue water.

The breeze picked up,
and the tree rustled.
Some leaves floated delicately to the water.
They moved like a rowboat on an invisible sea.
They drifted and landed on the water.
The water was placid,
except for the rapids about a half mile down.

All was peaceful.
The songbirds and larks sang sweetly.
I looked in awe at the stunning portrait worthy
scene.
"Good Lord in all of Heaven..."

Rose was swimming and splashing about.
The water dripped from her nose.
The little droplets landed on the surface,
and disrupted the still waters,
creating little ripples on the blue plane of the
water.

She was swimming about,
and taunting me as she did so.
She gave me a mischievous smile.
Just as a bride walking down the aisle
towards her awaiting groom.

I stripped down and jumped into the water some yards
away from her.
She didn't notice, the songbirds held her fancy.
She didn't see me coming,
as she stared in awe of the loud birds.
I came to her foot.
It dangled in front of me, teasing me, asking for me
to touch it.
I grabbed it and pulled her down.
She let out a yelp before she came down.
I saw her face.
Under the water, her hair floated about her.

She looked like the mermaids that the fishermen so
often told about.
She smiled,
swam over,
and kissed me.
For one brief moment,
we were one body,
one soul.
We released from our kiss and swam to the surface, in
unison.
We broke the surface,
gasping for air.
My lungs ached from holding my breath for so long.
She swam towards me, on her back.
I grabbed a hold of her, and we floated gently.
We just floated in each other's arms,
not caring about the anything in world.
Ah! My Rose.
What would I do without thee?
We kicked gently,
so as not to be swept away by the mild, yet forceful
current.
The water was cold.
The sun was now high in the sky,
and being at the surface made my hair dry.

We got out of the water
and dressed ourselves.
The warm sun felt good on my back.
"We must go," she said,
"father will be waiting for me."
I held out my hand and we made our way up the hill.
Her long chestnut hair lay wet and tangled on her
back.
As we walked, hand in hand,
she stared at the ground.
I looked over and saw her deep grey eyes were in
intense concentration.
They were as dangerous as the tempestuous English
Channel.

The English Channel, which was so feared for it's ravaging storms.
Her thoughts were hard to read.
Her eyes looked condemning and forbidding.
"What is the matter, that you are afraid of so?
What is my love fretting about, to make her eyes angry and mysterious?"
She looked at me and smiled.
But she did not answer.

We walked towards home.
As we walked, I stared at the majestic mountains that lie before us.
The sun was setting.
The light danced about and made her hair like a golden halo.
I reached out to touch it.
Before I could lay my hands on the soft strands, she stopped me.
"I have something to tell you."
She stopped in the middle of the grassy meadow.
The wildflowers danced about in the light breeze.
The scent of the meadow was soft and pleasing.
The flowers released a lovely aroma,
and when it mixed with the warm breeze,
it was like being in heaven.
The weeds released their seeds, with every slight movement of the plant.
The seeds blew around us,
and danced like the fairies we had heard about so often in our bedtime stories.
"Father is making me marry."
My heart fell,
and my stomach twisted in a knot.
Her tears were falling,
and they watered the dry flowers below.
As I looked down, I saw it slide off the leaf of a wild rose.
It fell and soaked the ground.
I couldn't look at her.

She was quietly sobbing.
I went and held her.
I whispered words that would offer some comfort to her aching heart.
They couldn't help me, though.
I was crushed.
She turned around and cried into my chest.
The tears fell from my eyes as well.
They soaked the top of her head.

She broke from my embrace.
She looked up at me,
and I stared at those grey eyes.
Oh, how I loved them!
Ah! My wild, wild Rose,
what am I to do if thou shalt ever leave me?
She turned and began walking.
She crossed her arms, as if she were hugging herself.
I walked to her.
The tears were streaming down her face.
They formed little rivers, flowing from the mountains.
They were little tributaries flowing from her eyes,
down her delicate cheeks,
and dropping down onto her neck.
I took my finger and scooped up her tears.
My vision blurred,
and I could barely see her radiant face.
"As a sign of mine own love for thee,
I drink thy tears. So as to preserve thee inside of me."
I drank the salty water.
The hot tears offered some relief for my parched throat.
She smiled.
"And I, then, shall drink thy tears.
So as to preserve thee inside of me."
She drank down the tears, and smiled.
Oh, how I shall miss that smile.
I grabbed her in my arms,

and kissed her.
It was a strong, yet tender kiss full of love.
She returned it without hesitation.
It was a bittersweet moment for us.
The sun was setting deep into the mountains.
The fireflies came out and danced about us.
They danced a dance of love.

We made our way through the meadow.
The flowers and dry grass swished as we walked
through them.
The wild spurs clung to our clothes as we passed.
Clumps of wild mushrooms appeared at every step we
took.
The grey and beige reminded me of autumn.
We walked in silence,
both of us afraid to speak.
A harsh lesson for two ill-fortuned lovers.

We made it into the village.

All were in bed, and only the stars and moon provided
light.
Our shoes clopped on the cobble stone streets.
As I held her hand, I thought of the times that we
had shared.
Many were quite similar to today.
Just without the swimming.

We came to her father's house.
I kissed her one last time.
She then opened the door and silently made her way
inside.
I watched her climb the stairs through the window.
I wandered throughout the city.

My tormented heart ached.
It felt abused, and that's what hurts the most.

I made my way about half a mile when I heard
screaming.
It was coming from Rose's house.

I ran as fast as I could.
My shoes clapped as they slapped the cobble stone
streets.
I heard loud crying and the slapping of flesh
smacking flesh.
As I approached her house, it had stopped.
I peeked in the window and saw her on the stairs,
crying.
Oh, how I could feel her pain.
My Rose!
I tapped on the window and she looked up.
I could see the red marks of where he had slapped
her.
She came out the door and ran to me.

I caught her in my arms.
I could feel the hot flesh of where he had hit her
with such a force.
Her arms and legs began to bruise.
"It was my fault," she sniffled,
"he was drunk and I came home late."

I looked at her shoulder.
The bruise was the color of the cobble.
I sighed and held her close.
"We must leave."

We gathered her things and fled.
We ran through the meadows.
The grass and flowers swished as we ran.
We found a hill.
The hill that we spent the day on.
Our own hill.
We spread out one of her blankets and laid down.
We put another one over us.

The nights of England are frigid.
We cuddled close,
the heat of our bodies keeping us warm.
She fell asleep instantly.
It was not that simple for me.
I kept thinking about her,
and all of our special times together.
She shuddered every now and then,
and I heard her murmur.
It was a cry of pain.
I held her close and closed my eyes.
I fell asleep holding onto her bruised body.

I awoke to the sun streaming in my face.
I looked over and she was still soundly asleep.
Ah! My Rose, what would I do without thee.
I laid there and caressed her shoulder and back.

She awoke to the gleaming sun.
We smiled at one another and held onto one another.
We got up and ate fruit from the tree above us.

Boom! Crack! Crack! Crack!
We jumped with a start.
She put her hand on mine.
Her hand told me everything.
It talked to me.
I could tell what it was saying.
It was talking to me, telling me what we both already knew.
It told me what to do, it had a mind of its own.
"It's coming from the village."
She was scared, though she thought I couldn't see it.
We got up and carefully made our way to the village.
It was under siege.
Houses were burned.

The billowing smoke formed mushrooms in the sky.
Just like the wild mushrooms in the meadow.
Our feet beat as we ran down the street,
We searched for her father.
We ran down alleys,
tore apart pubs,
searched the church,
and every other part of the city.
Except her house.
We kept to the shadows,
trying not to witness our friends and families being
murdered in cold-blood.
We ran to her house.
The street was littered with bodies.

There was blood on the door.
The blood of the innocent trying desperately to flee
the savagery.
She shoved it open, not caring that she now had blood
on her.
We saw her father on the stairs,
blood pouring from the wounds that had been
inflicted.
She ran to him.

He wasn't dead yet.
He lifted his head up and looked at her.
"I'm sorry for how I treated you love.
I didn't mean to hurt you. Please forgive me, if you
can find it in your heart."
He smiled and kissed her.

She had tears streaming down her face.
"I will dad, but you have to promise me you'll live."
He had tears in his eyes.
I promise you on the lives of your descendants.
Thank you for coming love. I love you."
He let out an animal-like cry of pain.

It pierced my soul.
He dropped his head and died.
She gasped, covering her mouth in her hands.
There was blood all over her.
On her face, as though she were wearing war paint.

It was all over her dress, the white apron was now maroon and pink.
It was red and pink with the blood of her father and everyone else killed outside the door.
She rose to her feet and stepped back, her hands still at her mouth.
She stepped back.
She was shaking her head and crying.

Her body tremored violently.
I caught her as she crumbled to the ground.
"He's dead. He said he wouldn't die."
She was shrieking and pounding her fists on to my chest.
"Calm down love. You still have me. I can love you." I whispered softly to her.
She was shrieking and sobbing.
I held her tight and she whimpered into my chest.
I stroked the chestnut brown hair.
She looked up.
"At least you are inside of me."

She smiled, and pecked me on the cheek.
"Now don't you go anywhere, love."
She grabbed my hand and led me from the house.

As we ran through the carnage, I felt a twinge of pain.
We were escaping and they weren't.
The people we grew up with.
The people we saw at church.
Our friends and families.
Strangers and foreigners.

All dying as we whisked past them, on our way out of the city.
On our way out of the city.
Escaping from a painful and lonely death.

Then it happened.
A bullet hit her.
My Rose fell.
She fell to the street, grasping her gut.
Her mouth hung open from the pain.
I scooped her up and fled.
I held her wound close to my body.
Her blood soaked my torso and ran down my legs.
"Hold on love, you're going to be fine."
"Don't leave me." she said softly.
"I'm not going anywhere. Just hold on."
I ran through the meadow.
Her blood was soaking the wild flowers.
The dusty roses were now dark red with blood.
The thick plasma soaked the petals and ran down the stem and leaves.
It soaked the ground and transformed the meadow.
It was now a place of death.
I made it to the hill where we had slept that night.
I laid her down on the blankets.
She was ghostly white from the loss of blood.
I had the thick liquid all over my clothes and hands.
As I wiped the sweat from my brow it was replaced by blood.
She was moaning softly.
"The Angels of the Lord are about me."
I worked feverishly to stop the blood loss.
She closed her eyes.
Her breathing was heavy.
"Kiss me, love. Just one last time."

I reached up and gave her a passion filled kiss.
 I began to cry.
 "Don't cry for me love. I'll be okay. Dad is
 calling me.
 I have to go. Remember me. I'm still inside of
 you."
 "And I you."
 She whispered something
 I couldn't hear it
 I begged her to repeat it.
 But she stopped breathing.
 And that was it.
 I cried.
 I cried for the loss of the most precious Rose ever.
 Ah! My Rose, what am I to do without thee?!
 How shall I go on without thy love?

 I buried her the next day, on top of the hill.
 The hill overlooking the river.
 The river that just yesterday we were swimming in.

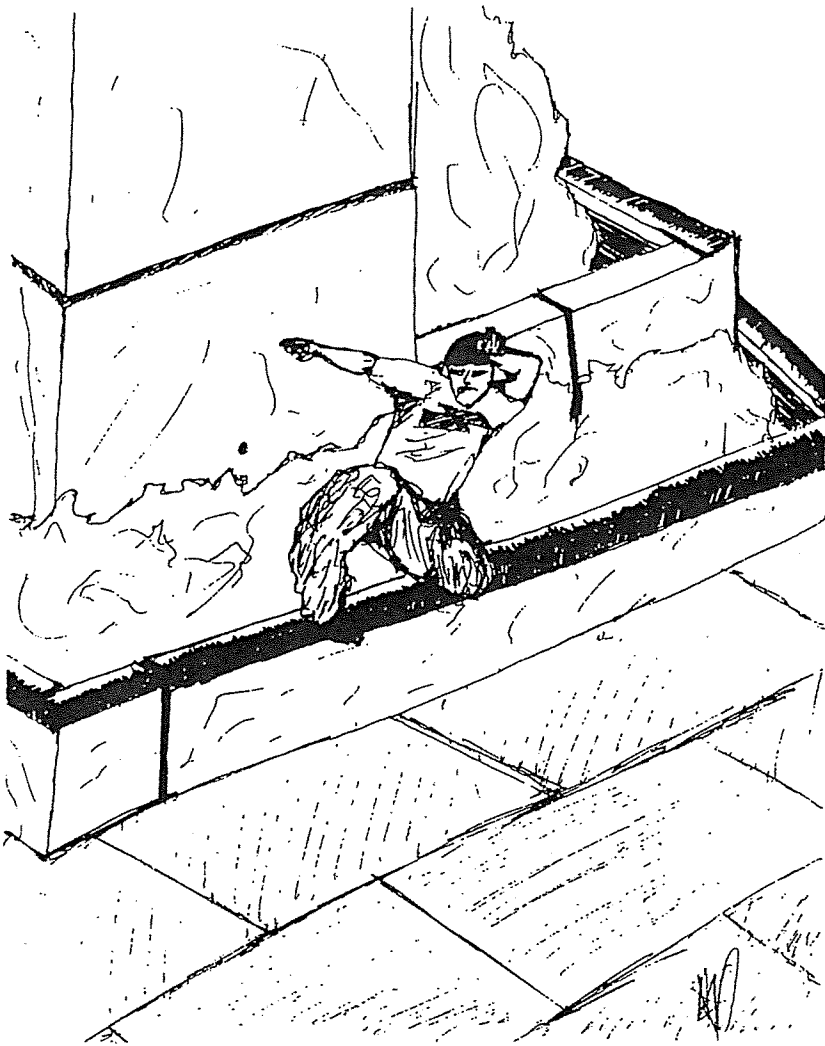
 Swimming in the love that we had for one another.
 I buried her dad next to her.
 She would have wanted it that way.
 I bring her wild roses everyday.
 I talked to her and told her how much I missed her.

 I still do.
 And I always will.
 The War of the Roses.
 It claimed the most important one of my life.
 She's still inside of me though.

 And I her.



Kito D. McKinney, '02



Nick Ostrowski, '04



Windisch, Emmett, '02

My Eyes Stayed Glued
by Richard Siemion

Back at the airport in Metro Detroit I laid my eyes on a soldier coming home from war whose uniform was decorated like a Christmas tree with medals. My eyes stayed glued.

I envied his sense of sacrifice, his shiny medals, his sharp uniform, the respect he received when he entered a room; I was ready to have a talk. My eyes stayed glued.

I dreamed of the adventure of war. I thought of the thrill of victory and the respect I could receive. Thinking of this made me tingle with joy. My eyes stayed glued.

Looking closer, as people stepped aside I noticed he was seated with missing legs in a chair that he lived in. His eyes were cold, dead, filled with terror. He was a man destroyed. I stood shocked, disillusioned and confused. My eyes stayed glued

Reality

by Matthew McNeil

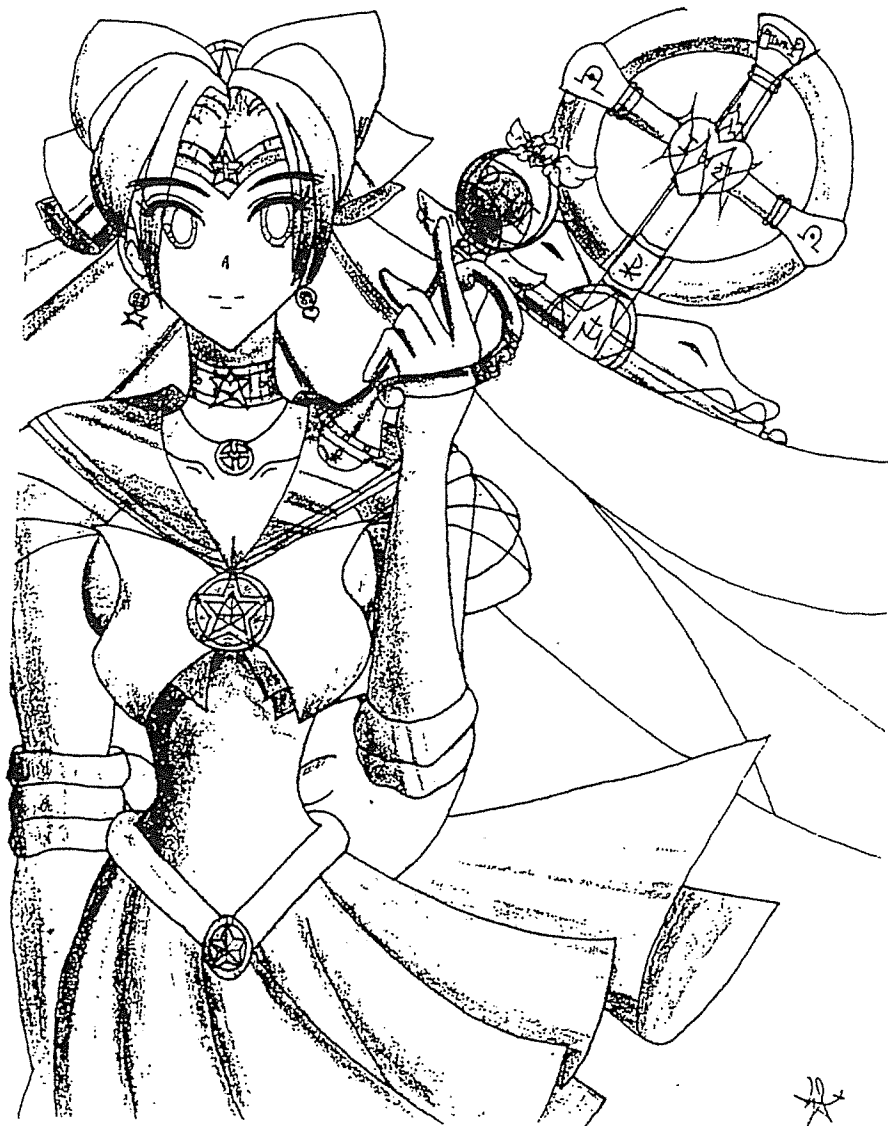
Music moves me.
What ever moves me makes me.
Sometimes when I am made without my consent, I feel insecure,
I don't want to be predestined or unsure.
When I am confident I feel strong,
I am very strong.
My confidence looks back at my heritage then to the future
All of the struggles make me seek for a new light.
That light is only a consideration of who I am and how I got here.
Sometimes it put anger in my blood.
When I am angry I can hurt and be hurt,
When I am infuriated, no one messes with me including myself.
Is it possible to interact with no one and still live?
Is it still possible to feel confident and great
Is it still possible not to speak or listen, but to think?
I listen to good music.

The Troll
by Tim Castelli

The troublesome troll came trotting along,
swinging a stick and singin' a song.
Ugly as sin with chipped yellow teeth,
and a big crooked nose all crusty beneath.
His hair stood straight up, brown from the dirt,
I could see his pot belly for he wore no shirt.
He farted and burped and smelled really bad,
over a stone he tripped, and that made him mad.
He ranted and raved and swung his big stick,
he then hit a bear, and his faced turned quite sick.
The bear got so mad it swallowed him whole,
and that was the end of our troublesome troll!

Where am I
by Nicholas Robinson

Where the chicken heads cluck
Where the duck and dodge gang wars.
Where kids wear clothes, dirty or tore
Where pimps beat whores behind closed doors
Where 12 year olds have cold soars and STD's.
Where I saw my brother bleed and die in the streets just last week.
Where deranged men kill for nothing at all.
Where crack heads steal and sell their souls for cheap thrills.
Where fates get sealed by 3 pills.
Where poverty is a infection with no cure
Where unloved, children must mature-must endure cold nights savoring
the warmth of yellow streetlights.
Where the faces resemble deer in the headlights.
Where love binds a community plagued by the times
Where beauty grows in both body and mind.



Sasis, Ephraim, '03

The Pier by Emmett Windisch

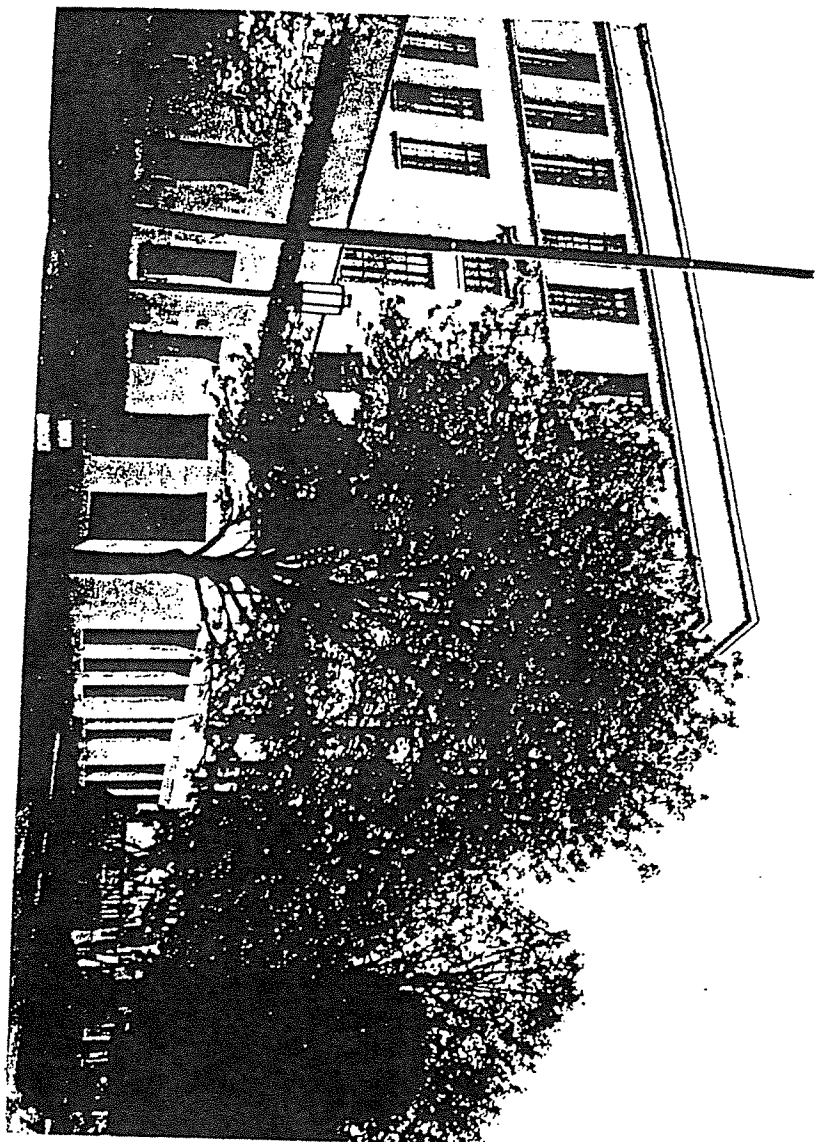
It was nearing the end of the boating season and Norm and his family had just returned from a cruise on their Sea Ray. They had pulled into the almost completely vacant marina and had begun to unpack the boat. Norm noticed that down the 200-foot pier an old cabin cruiser was bobbing in the surf with light issuing from its windows. Since it was nearly 11 o'clock, Norm's curiosity led him to venture to the end of the pier to peek inside. As he neared, he heard voices coming from the craft and so he leaned over to the railing to the boat and peered in through one of the windows. He expected to see a group of people laughing and shooting the breeze. But as his eyes reached the window, he froze.

There was no one inside.

Immediately the voices stopped. The inside had been a bright cheery scene, lovely couches, clean white Formica table, and matching drapes. Norm snapped his head back from the window, and as he did so, he felt an eerie presence all around him. As he looked back through the window, however, there was no light, not even the same scene appeared to the eye. The inside was now dark and run-down. Tattered cushions on an old wood plank now replaced the elegant furniture. Norm felt a hollow feeling of fear begin to form in the depths of his stomach. Now Norm looked back down the pier, and everything had become instantly decrepit: his family was now a heap of bones, their boat now just an old wood derelict barely staying afloat, and the marina store had now become a rotting shack. Overwhelmed with terror, Norm closed his eyes, only to see in his mind the brutal demise of the now spiritual inhabitants of the mysterious abandoned boat. Their craft had been overcome by a terrible storm at sea, wave after wave crashing onto the decks. The walls of water sent bodies hurtling into objects, then thrown in the opposite direction. When Norm was finally able to pry his eyelids apart, he looked and saw the mangled, mutilated bodies of those he had seen in his head, strewn randomly across the decks of the old boat. Consumed with fear, he tried to yell but could not muster any noise at all. He tried to run but his legs were firmly planted on the ground. However, the icy touch on his shoulder got him going.

Norm tore down the pier at top speed, and as he looked back, he saw flames engulfing the ship, and heard the final screams of those who had perished that fateful night. Desperate pleas for deliverance made their way down the pier to Norm's terrified ears.

He reached the car, exasperated, horrified, and when questioned as to his whereabouts, could only stammer incoherently. He brought his gaze back to the end of the pier one last time as he left, only to see the old ship still bobbing in the freezing surf.



Stokes, Bryan, '01

Life

by Will Rhoades

Slowly swaggering sometimes staggering surely somewhat sappy...
Nothing in life is worth your time unless it brings you to true happiness.

The Puck

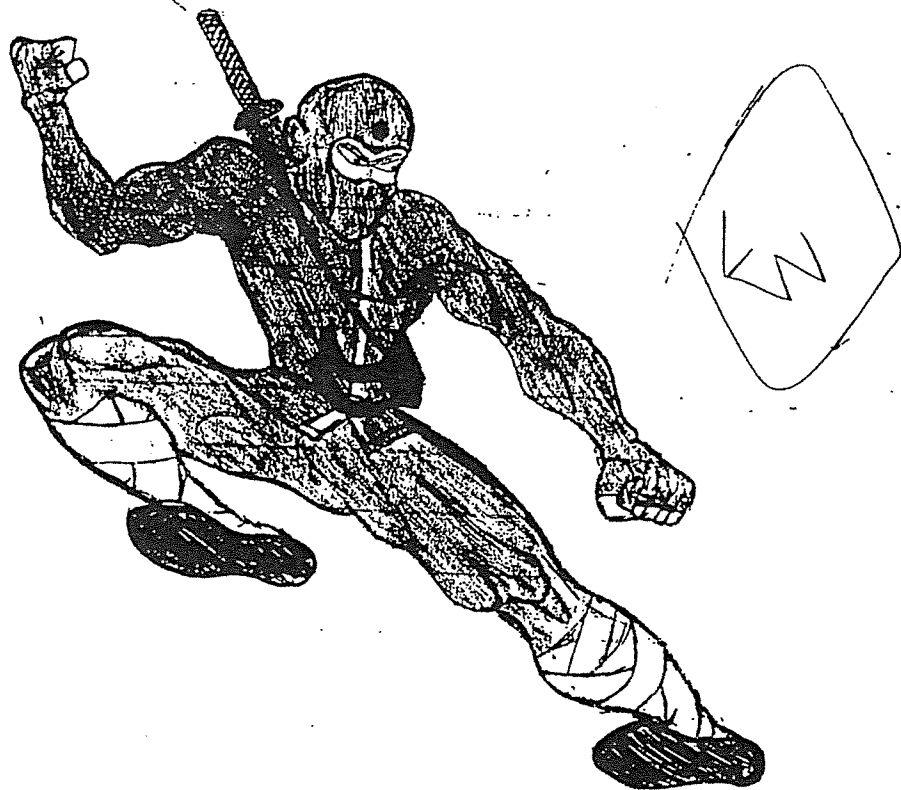
By Chris Granger

I fly across the ice smooth and nice,
Headed to the back of the net.
I slide with fear as the players come near,
Raising their sticks to slap me I fret.

From side to side with ease I glide,
Only to hit the boards.
I hit the goalies pad and the player that
me got mad,
He thought he should have scored.

I am the focus of the game that have won people fame,
To others I have brought distraught.
In the midst of a game I hit the post letting the U
of D Cubs boast,
Oh, but so hard the Pilots fought.

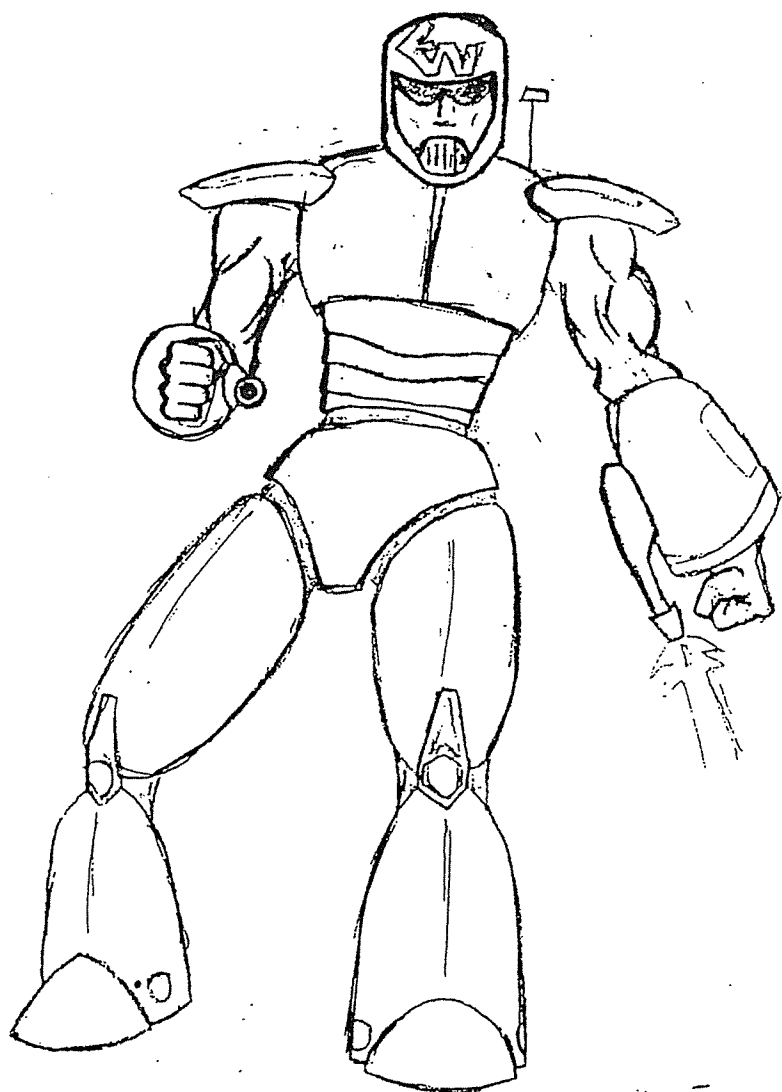
It turned out DeLaSalle was not my pal,
I didn't find the back of the goal.
The Cubs won 4 to 1,
And now they're on a roll.



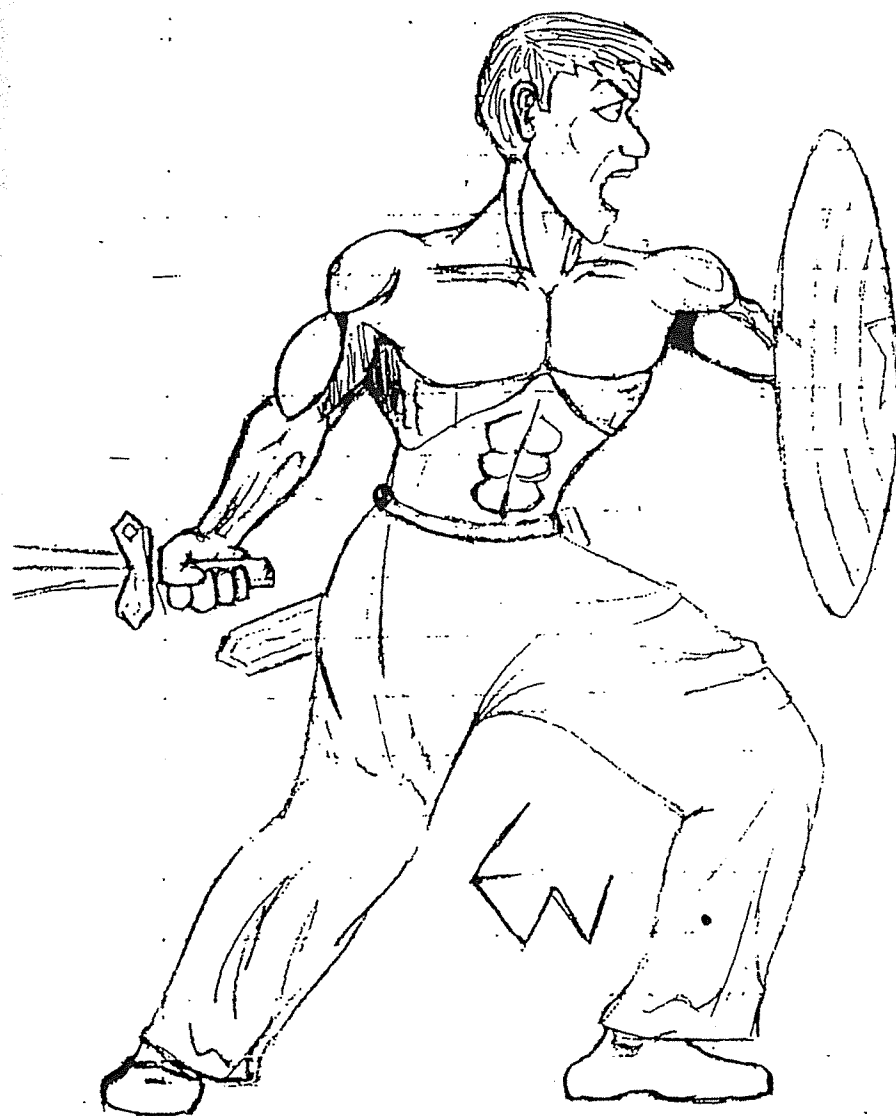
Windisch, Emmett, '02



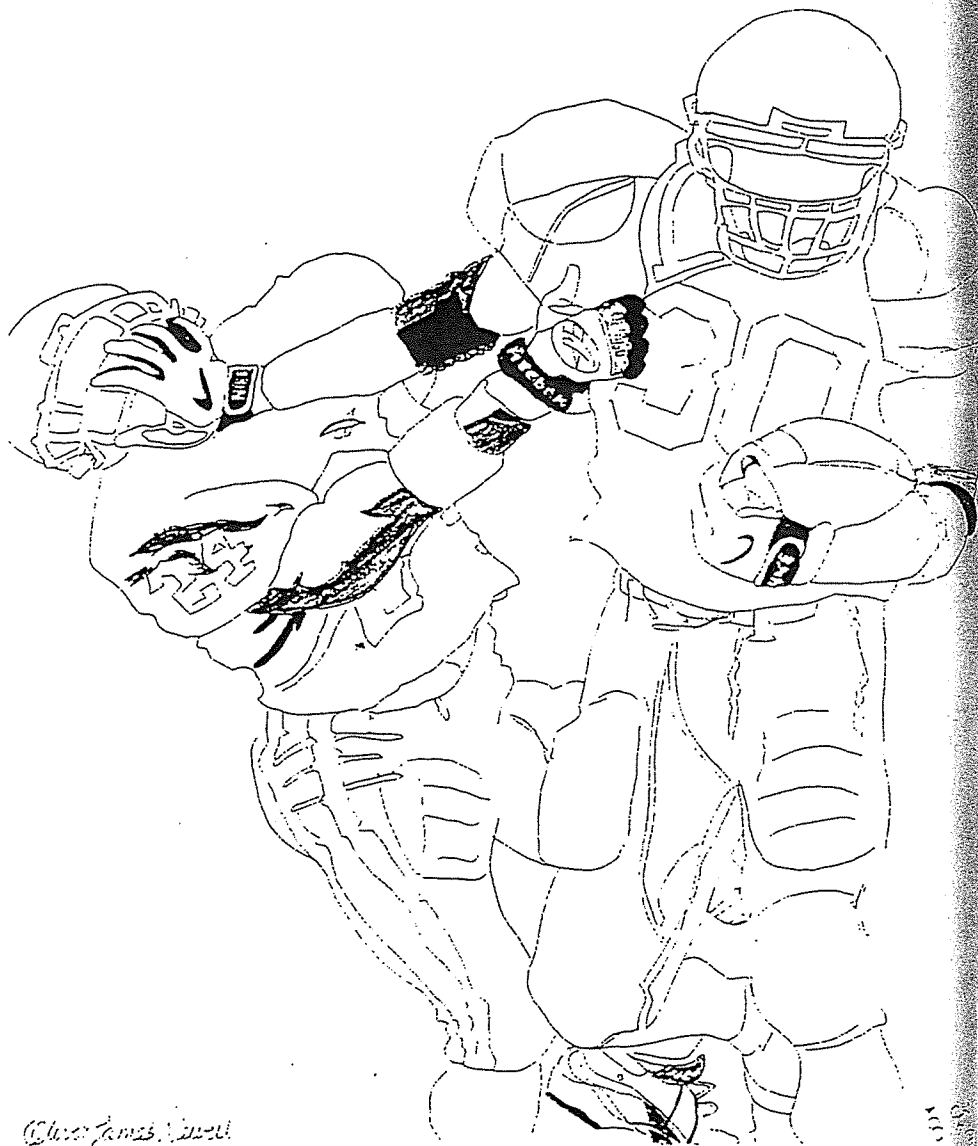
Oliver J. Newell, '00



Windisch, Emmett, '02



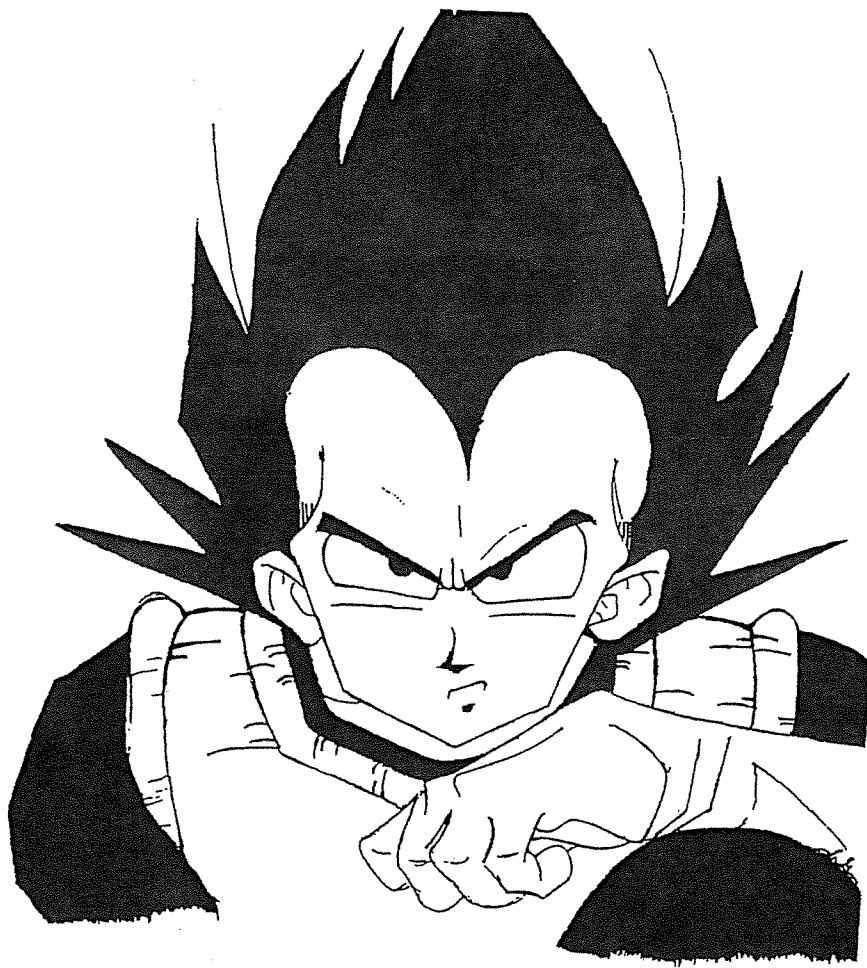
Windisch, Emmett, '02



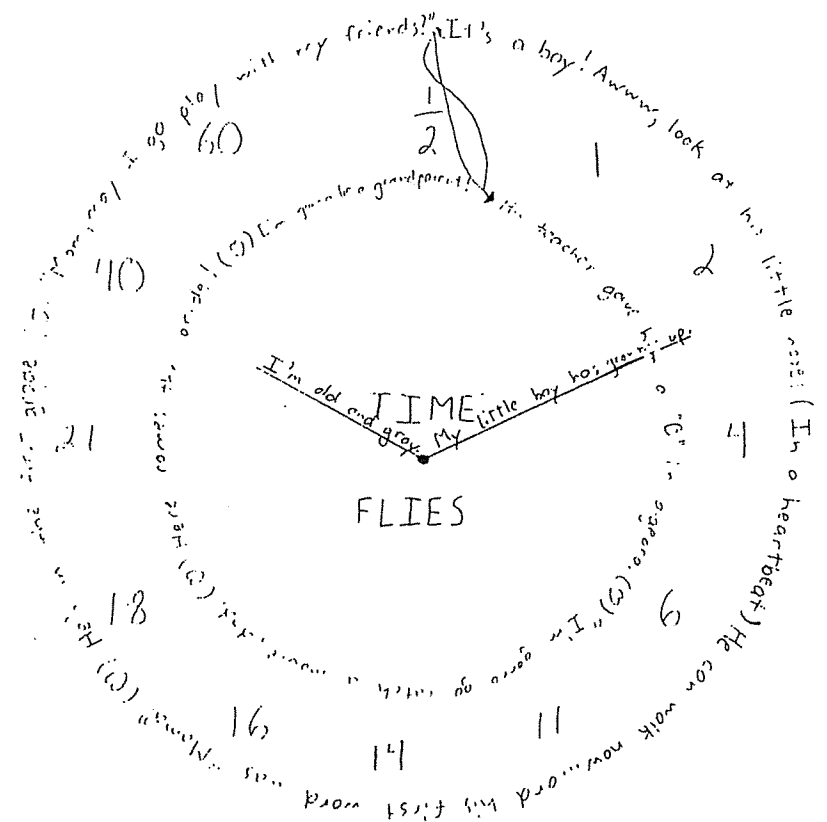
Oliver J. Newell, '00



Michael Hemak, '01



Ian Gallardo, '03



Stephen A. Moore

THE QUESTIONS OF LIFE
by Sumanti Tasa (unknown poet)

Does my life have a purpose,
What am I here for,
What does my life mean?
The answers to these questions
Are behind a distant door.
The answers I look for
I have not yet seen.

I my attempts to climb higher
I have only been shot down,
By being called names such as liar,
Heathenistic, uncouth, uncivilized, or even a clown.
What am I to be later in life?
Am I to be having a child and a wife?
Am I to work downtown as a lawyer or doctor?
Or should I be an engineer, a scientist, or ride a helicopter.
Should I listen to what I am called to be
Or am I to live the way people have called and told me.

After all this is said and done,
After weeks of living without fun,
After long periods of wait,
After years of hate,
Where do I go and what do I do?
Is this all a part of my fate or doom?
Am I to live all alone
In an old hotel room
With no electricity, water or phone.

I have lived most of my day,
Feeling this same exact way.
I don't where to go or where to hide,
Maybe I should live to follow the tide.
All these questions of life I have and will ask,
Until I can finally find my task,
And to know why my life is putting me through all of this pain,
As if my soul and spirit have both been hit by a run-a-way train.
What must I do now to survive,
What or who is keeping me alive?
And why?
The answers to these questions may not be found,
Or maybe it may.
So everyday I am willing to look any and every way,
Even if I have to look forever and a day.

"Friction"
by Dustin Smith
each night
the road to rest
stays the same
perpetually slow
friction of absence
burns on my heart
soon there
will be no more

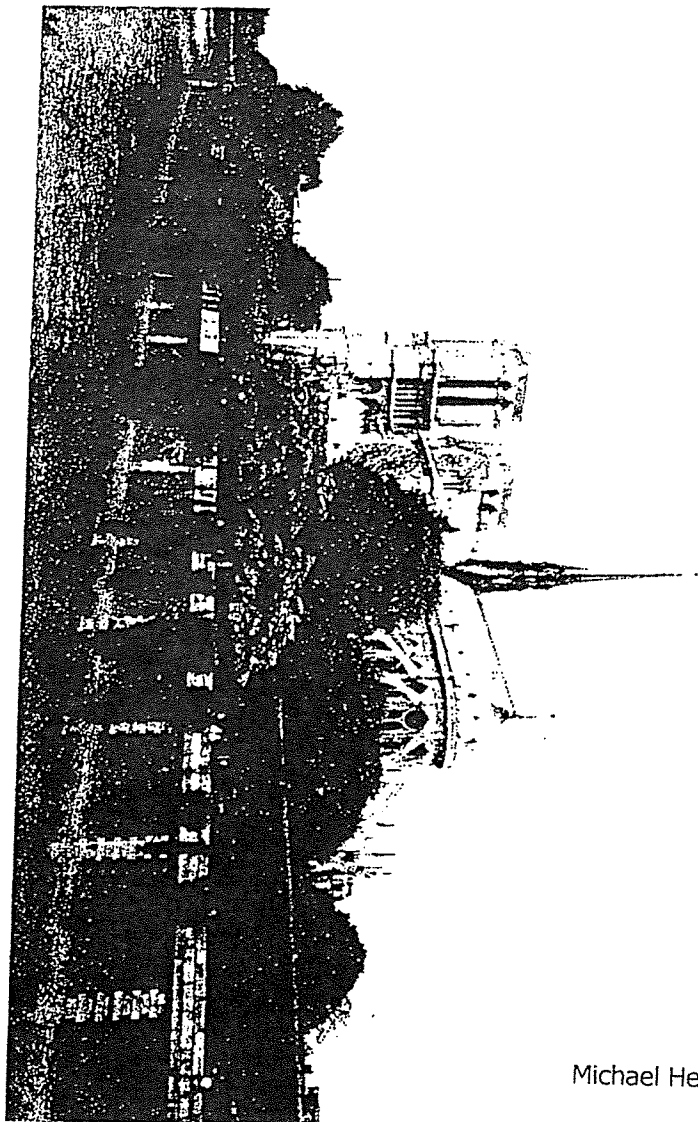
Heroes
by Ben Houston

I'd like to be a hero,
Maybe, someday, somewhere,
And give birth to legends.
I'd like to be a mighty hero
And do the deeds that heroes do,
And quest those endless quests.
I'd like to ride and slay dragons strong and fierce
And journey far to the isles of Avalon and Circe.
It would be splendid to have high adventures
Like lords Achilles and Cuchulain.
It would be nice to inherit an ancient legacy
In the form of a ring and sword of fire.
I'd like to shake the earth on its fiery foundations
Or maybe free a god
And then return home in sweet, glorious victory!
But with black sails unfurled.

I'd like to, when I die, to be able to point to
A pile of charred, broken bodies
And say, "This is what I've done. I am a Hero."
But this can't be done.
The vanquished would never think me a hero
And neither would I, really.

Instead, I bang my head, now, upon the walls of
Cruel, unjust birth
Wishing I were a hero, could be a hero;
But there really are no heroes,
Never were or will be.

I'll reconcile myself with that.



Michael Hemak, '01

The Golf Course

by Jay Totte

A golf course is a place of quietness and peace,
Where through the sounds of dings and pings
You can only hear the music of birds, trees, and possibly
some geese.

It is a place of green and beauty,
Which you can experience by skipping your daily duty,
This is a place where your greatest dreams can come true,
And where you can spend an afternoon with the crew.
Here your greatest scores can be achieved,
Just make sure you believe and watch out for the tree on
fourteen.

Out here, you tee it up and let it soar,
Just always remember, if its heading for someone, yell
FORE!

The Misty Temple

by Tony Fyfe

Under the light of the silvery moon,
The bounty hunter through the jungle hacks and slashes
He comes upon the temple ancient, unaware of coming gashes
For eternal night, he shall see soon.

Oh, how should he pray for a holy boon!
As he steps inside and prepares the matches,
He looks around the palace of mist,
For before him the awful boulder crashes.

The Room

by Kris Walters

There is a dripping and a pool is starting to form within my walls.
The leak continues and gets worse and worse. It begins to fill
up higher and higher. The substance rises and grows closer
to my light. As the leak persists some of it begins to
drain. The substance climbs higher and higher
and waves begin to hit my light.
and after a brief second
I explode

Traffic Pattern

by Michael Dixon

Wide open passage

About 8 feet wide

A trickle of students cross the divide

At the opposite corner of the new wing

Exists a two foot crack.

A throng of people pass through.

"THAT WAS MY BACK!"

L * A * T * E

Stay in your Place

by Jovan Hunter (DJ Shakespeare)

I_m tried of rhyming so this poem may not be smooth

But considering the content, that set the right mood

I feel you have gotten used to stepping out of you
place.

You should know by now that will get you smacked in
the face

Now I_m trying to be charitable by putting up with
you

Because if I didn_t love you, this relationship would
be through.

I don_t want to hear you cry because I hate to see
you hurt.

It_s bad enough to see you when your not looking your
worse.

Now lets be real, you_re not the smartest of
creatures.

But at least you will look good when you start
growing feature.

My body & mind makes me a supreme being.

Just one sight of me will forever keep you dreaming

If you are the field then I am Babe Ruth

One home run from me & I might chip your tooth.

"Keep it real sticks"

"hope"

by Dylan Schneider

nothing is as bad as

it seems to be at the first look

when our eyes are tired and

our minds are weary so

take a fresh look at

any situation

after we have rested

our minds from the tragedy

of past experience because what

matters is not the past but the

beautiful future with so much

new joy and pain to offer

to those who wish to

continue on for

themselves and others

who care about the one that

has been without the reality of life

for so long that he has forgotten why or

how he was able to go on surviving without

hiding everything from everyone even those that

want to share the experience of the life that has existed

throughout times past present future and things we can't

even dream of await those who only continue this long path

Oaken Tales
by Dietrich McGaffey

One day, as I was walking through the forest following a griffon, one that had spoken to me in my dreams, I noticed writing carved on a colossal oak tree. Reluctant to give up the chase, I finally decided to give in and read the script. It turned out to be the recollections, done on a bet, of a man, or perhaps an elf, as he was walking through the forest, as I was then. I have written here a copy of the script, as it appeared on the tree.

* * *

Now, I suppose I should introduce myself to the reader. My name is Arack-choo. I am a wanderer, and a follower of spirits. One might even say I am a nomad. Knowing this, some of the following will make much more sense

I was returning to my forest abode, after a trek to an oasis in the nearby desert. The trip provided quite a bit for my notes, which I keep of my wanderings; but not normally on a tree, as this one is. The trek was to learn how to shear the scales off of a reptile, or amphibian, if they have them. However, this has nothing to do with my current story.

As I said, I was returning to the forest. As I was crossing a river, I noticed in the distance, standing on the surface of the estuary, a griffon. Perhaps he is the very one that led you to this tree. He was staring at me tensely, and I him. For a moment, both of us just stayed there, unmoving. He then spread his massive wings, which were covered in an exotic and intricate pattern of colours and designs, and hovered near my small boat.

"Seeing as we are both intelligent forest dwellers, we should not attack each other. In order to find who is stronger, I challenge you to a game of chess, because I believe that intellectual strength is more important than physical strength," he said. Considering myself quite good at chess, I agreed and followed. I had to follow the tortuous path all the way up the river, and it took many hours. We arrived at a clearing with a spring (the beginning of the river), a tree, and a stump.

He went to the tree, and pulled out a bark case. He then went to the spring, and immersed the case in water. Then, he placed the case on the stump. In moments, the casing dissolved, revealing a full chess set, pieces already in place. We determined that the loser would have to place the chess pieces back into the tree, and then carve the entire story into a different, stone tree.

The game went as such: I captured all of his pawns, but, in that infallible way of magical creatures, he captured all of my pieces, and exiled my king. So, after a year, the chess set is in the tree (I found that all I had to do was dunk the set into the water and place it in the tree), and after another year (stone being hard to carve words into), here is the story you are reading now.

* * *

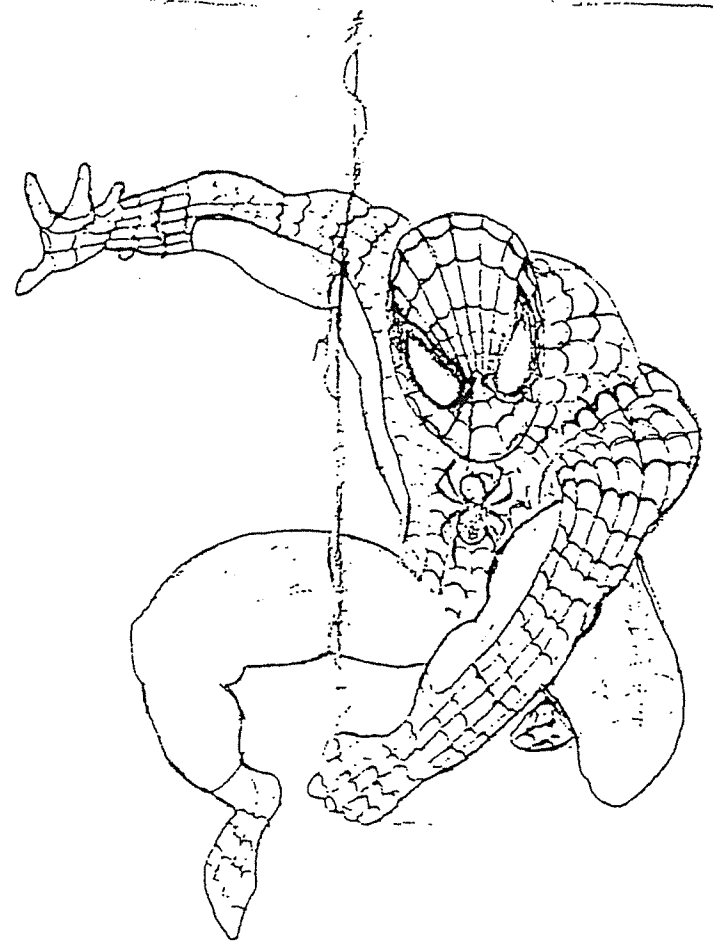
Now, after reading this, and being settled down, I thought to give up on the griffon. Moments later, he approached and said to me, "Seeing as we are both intelligent forest dwellers, we should not attack each other. In order to find who is stronger, I challenge you to a game of chess, because I believe that intellectual strength is more important than physical strength."

Fourth of July
by Matt Jones

BANG! Goes the sound of a firecracker.
WHIZ! Is the startling sound of the short fused bottle rocket.
AHHH! Is the laughter of amazement!
YAY! Is the sound of the cheering after the show is over.



Stillman, Matt, '03



Patrick, Lee II, '00

The Argument

by Melvin Cross, Jr.

What did I do—

You're grounded—

You heard him—

But I—

Ha Ha—

Shut up, you jerk—

Hello, I'm home—

Why am I grounded what did I do

Lingering Thoughts

by Jovan (DJ Shakespeare) Hunter

If I could touch your hand,
Would you hold it tight?
Or let it go

If I should whisper in your ear,
Would you hear my words?
Would you want to care?

If I should give you the love I feel,
Would you return the love...?
Would you believe it is real?

If I could have just one day
To show you my love
Would you be willing to try?

I dream a dream about you & me
Just by chance...
Do you dream this dream too?

And if this dream is shared,
It shows that you do care...
In these lovely thoughts we share.

Hands

by Kris Walters

Hands holding hands

Healthy

Humble

Hastily helping hands

Hands have hurt

Hands have healed

Hands have held hope

Hands have helped hands

Hands

Helping

Healing

Hoping

Hastily helping hands

Hands

Love is our hope

by Jovan (DJ Shakespeare) Hunter

In the midst of darkness there
Still appears light;
In a down pours of rain the sun
Still shines bright;
In a story full of terrors, his horse
The knight still rides;
In a dragon's breath of fire,
Flame still subsides.
In a mouth full of hate,
The heart still remains true;
In a world full of hate
Love still conquers through;
Love is a virtue that
Brings us together.
Love remains our greatest hope
Now-and Forever.



Oliver J. Newell, '00

Beautiful
by Milton Soto

She is more beautiful
than the clouds, puffy and white.

She is more radiant
than the morning sunlight.

She is more beautiful
than an eagle in the air.
Creatures more beautiful
are very rare.

She is more beautiful
than snow falling from the sky.
If something happened to her
forever I would cry.

She is more beautiful
than an angel from above.
All I can give her
is my heart full of love.

She is more beautiful
than the sky, baby blue.
To have her in my arms
there is nothing I wouldn't do.

She is more beautiful
than a rose.
I should tell her
I don't think she knows.

She is more beautiful
than the stars at night.
I would treat her so good,
I would treat her so right.

She is more beautiful
than love between two.
There is only one thing I can tell her
that is, I Love You.

The Painful Path

by Paul Bucchi

The big houses of red brick, with freshly paved driveways and enormous bright green lawns, cut in a checkerboard pattern;
 The mono-colored stop signs of red and the alternating tri-colored traffic lights of green, yellow, and red;
 The dark gray, seemingly endless roads;
 The dark, foggy, hazy, and sometimes dreary sky, interrupted far to rarely by a beautiful, million colored sunrise, so amazing it seems only God himself would be capable of painting it on the sky;
 The endless frustrations of less talented and logically gifted drivers;
 The automobiles form continuous lines, which look like ants gathering food, with their red taillights and white headlights which change a two way street to look like red and white stripes and make a twisting and turning road look like a never ending massively scaled red and white candy cane;
 The numerous available stops for donuts, coffee, and breakfast, and the people there, waiting in lines extending out the doors that seem longer than the irritating traffic jams the people have stopped to seek refuge from in the first place, with their hands at their sides and a blank look upon their faces, as though awaiting an encounter with the Pope or God himself;
 Watching people talking on cellular phones, singing along with the radio, conversing with a friend, while in a sleepy trance-like state of mind;
 All this leading to an arrival at an undesirable place of occupation, all this on the way to U of D Jesuit, and the long, high, and steep flights of stairs, the old classrooms which have seen many generations of young men pass through, the kids, the frustrations, and the problems;
 A place at which achieving is such a hard an unhappy experience, yet so rewarding in the future.

Distance Does Not Matter

by Jovan Hunter (DJ Shakespeare)

Miles and miles
 may keep us apart,
 but no distance can divide
 the bond of our hearts.
 Our bodies may be
 separated by a vast ocean,
 but we are connected by a
 bridge of our love and devotion.
 You see temptation
 each and every day,
 yet you vow that
 with me will you stay.
 And I hope you can see
 from my point of view,
 that I will always
 love, honor and cherish you.

The Train

by AJ Heath

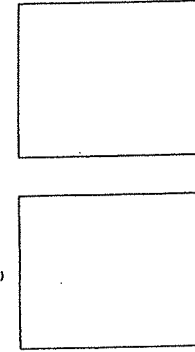
Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.
 Smoke.

whistle
 whistle
 whistle

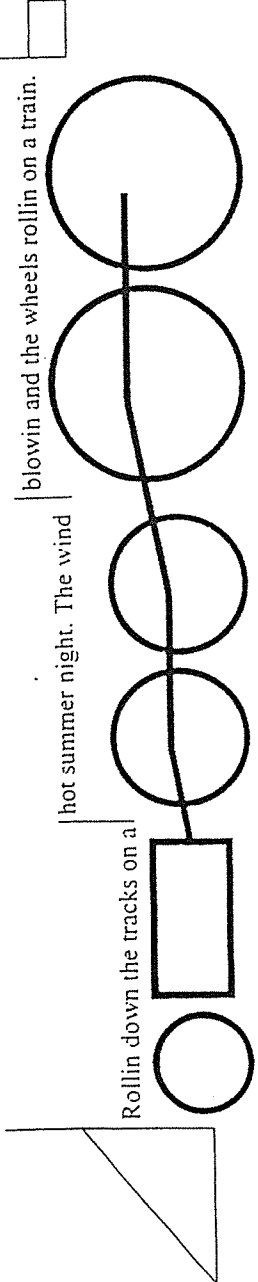
Rollin down the tracks on a chu chu train. The whistle blows

Light
 Light
 Light

the train goes...rollin down the tracks.



Grand Central Railroad Lines



Beloved Night
by Nick Robinson

You are the night
Your dark features are, however, illuminated by a blazing light from within.
My face lies encompassed in your cloak
It's fabric- feels of the night air.
It caresses my face-a hard face scorned by the light of day
Diamonds of blazing light and fire emboss my fate into your cloak
The intense, light warmly embraces my eyes
Sending me into a dream like state
I wonder if I am asleep or awake.
Your cloak smells of life
Of everlasting ecstasy and tranquility
It is impossible for most to perceive your foreign beauty that has
wooed, weased and waved,
Since the beginning of time.
They masque you with charts, diagrams and tables.
Others make dedicate fables and label your navel the moon.
I dream of the contents of your womb then.
It's origin-maybe sparked by the big bomb.
Now I sleep and when I awake you will be back again.

Little John
by Brad Lepczyk

There he hangs,
No way to escape from this one.
The weights increase day by day,
But Little John will not give away his
secrets.

The people stand and admire this little
man's courage as they pass,
Sadness overcomes them.
But little John doesn't want their pity.

The authorities grow frustrated,
They increase the weight.
They put on the last one,
The iron straps break,
The weight is too much to bear,
At the moment he dies.
The people still stand there admiring this
little man, thinking
This man was courage.

Unwittingly Wired ©
by Dan Nemes

Luke Mokie was out of breath and sweating profusely from the humid amazon jungle air. He had been running from "THEM" for three years now, narrowly escaping death dozens of times. He crumpled down under a tree next to a slug, "I think I lost them, might as well rest for a while" he mumbled. As he drifted off into an uneasy sleep Luke's thoughts wandered back to that fateful chain of events that changed his life forever.

Luke was sitting in his plush leather executive's chair on the forty-third story of a prosperous communications company; the date was November fifth, 2087. A fit, tall, brown haired man in his late thirties, Luke had risen through the ranks of Global Communications, one of the U.S. government's main contractors for defense, to become liaison to the newly formed SS (Satellite Surveillance) Command, a top-secret team of techno wizards. Luke didn't know their exact mission, he just made sure they got what they needed from Global Communications and that everything worked properly.

"No Colonel MacClennan, the components you ordered aren't ready yet." Luke said into the dark eyes of the square jawed Army colonel. "Labs havin' a little trouble meeting your specific specifications. They should be ready by Friday of next week. Yes colonel, I'll make sure to deliver them myself." Luke "hung up" the digital communicator which allowed individuals to communicate face to face, a technology. Global Communications had pioneered in the late 1990's. Pushing another button on the display screen of his computer the pretty face of his secretary came into view.

"Beth, get me Tom at the Lab please."

"Yes sir."

A second later the shrewd, clever, slightly chubby face of the director of Technology Development appeared.

"Hey Tom, how are ya'?"

"Life's good down in the Dungeon. You?" The "Dungeon" was the technology center five stories below the surface where all of Global Communication's new technologies were developed and guarded by one of the best security system, made of course by Global.

"Could be better. I got this Army blockhead on my back. Is that tracking software I ordered ready yet?" Luke asked a bit peeved.

"Nope. Like I told you yesterday and the day before that it won't be ready until Friday. We're still working out a few kinks," answered Tom, equally peeved.

"OK. Thanks Tom I'll see you next Friday then." Luke hung up without saying goodbye a bit disgruntled to say the least. He glanced at his expensive wristwatch. "It's already two. I better get going if I want to get those nine holes in at the club." The weather in November wasn't what it was like sixty years ago due to global warming. Luke could play golf into early December without worrying about the cold

"See you on Monday, Beth. Forward my messages to my computer and I'll check them in the car."

"OK. Have a nice weekend boss." Beth chided.

"Thanks you too."

After a particularly good game of golf Luke was checking his messages on the screen that was displayed on his car windshield. Tom had a message from Colonel MacLennan asking him to meet the colonel on Wednesday at the colonel's office at three-thirty. "Wonder what the old sour puss wants now" Tom thought, as he sped home at ninety miles per hour in his electrically driven company car. The meeting would spoil the golfing he had planned for that day, but this file was important to the company.

Luke was shown into a small office by a lieutenant who told him to make himself comfortable, and that Colonel MacClennan would be in momentarily. Luke sat down in an inexpensive office chair facing a very organized office desk.

"Figures" he thought "that old grumpy should be a neat freak too."

Luke was looking around the desk and looked at the pictures of the colonel's family when he spied a CD under some papers, two times as small as the CD's first developed in the late twentieth century. Curious, Luke picked up the CD and read the label written in black marker on the front "Test Case #121-71-9830."

"Maybe this has something to do with what the good old colonel is doing," Luke mused, "that number seems familiar."

Quickly taking out his palm sized computer and putting the disk in Luke quickly copied all the files onto his hard drive so he could find out what was on that disk.

The moment Luke slipped the disk back underneath the pile of papers Colonel MacClennan strutted into the room.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said the colonel not sounding sorry at all, "I had some things that needed taking care of."

"Ummmm no problem," said Luke his mind on the file he had just stored on his computer.

"I called you here today Mr. Mookie to let you know just how important this new software is to our mission here at the SS," said the colonel matter of factly.

"What exactly is your mission here at the SS," asked Luke a bit mockingly.

"That's classified."

"Well yes of course, classified and all alright then. I talked our head of research and he said they would be ready by Friday...again."

"Good. I'll see you Friday then Mr. Mookie," said the colonel dismissing Luke.

As soon as Luke got into his car he turned on his computer and opened the copied file. It was a video file he noticed. The screen flickered for a moment then shone with bright red letters "CLASSIFIED". The picture then faded into what appeared to be a hospital room with bright white walls. A newborn lay on an operating table, asleep, the dare on the bottom right hand corner of the picture read November 5, 2048. A man with an operating stepped over the child and pressed a small rod up to the right side of the infant's chest. A second later there was a small shudder from the baby as the man pressed a small button on top of the rod causing something to shot from the tip into the right side of the baby's chest. The picture then faded out onto a text document. Luke read it over as his car drove him home. "12-23-48: Test subject 121-71-9830 has been responding normally to the implant and is able to be tracked by multiple satellites..." "4-15-54: Infrared and real-time images are available due to progress in technologies..."

"What the hell?" Luke muttered to himself, "this is unreal. What ARE they doing."

"6-03-80: Implant continues to function..."

"That was only seven years ago," Luke thought, "this poor guy has been a guinea pig. They've been watching him all his life..."

Luke pulled into the driveway of his comfortable suburban home, which he shared with his four children and wife.

"Hi Luke... what's the matter," asked Luke's wife Kelly with a look of concern "you look really pale honey."

"Nothing, really, I just had a hard day that's all. I'll be upstairs in my study there's some work I have to do."

"OK. Are you sure you're alright?" Kelly asked genuinely worried.

"I'm fine!" Luke burst out; "I just need to think some things over."

Luke climbed the stairs to his study where sat and poured over the pages and pages of material on the CD. "...The program should go into widespread institution in maternity wards across the country by 2082...enabling the monitor of the majority of the population in hope of stunting increasing terrorist activities."

"I can't believe this, this can't be real. I'm dreaming, yeah that's it I'm dreaming I'll wake up soon and all this will be over and I can go back to living a normal life where the government isn't watching my every move," Luke ranted.

Luke glanced at the digital clock on his desk it shown nine thirty-nine PM.

"I wonder if Tom is still at the office," he thought. He turned on the digital communicator that was implanted into the face of his desk and pushed the direct extension to the Dungeon at Global Communications headquarters.

Luke was about to hang-up after five rings when suddenly Tom's shrewd face filled the screen.

"Oh, hey Luke," Tom said tiredly "NO the components aren't ready yet and they won't be until Friday. Luke you look like you've seen a ghost. Are you all right?"

"I don't have time to explain right now. Can you wait there for me?"
"Yeah, sure, but what's this all about?"
"I'll be right over," was Luke's only reply before hanging up.

As Luke's car drove itself, guided by the magnetic strips on the highway, Luke sat and wondered if he was being tracked right now by a multitude of satellites up in space. His car began to change lanes to exit, Luke grabbed the steering wheel and took over from the computer; the side streets wouldn't be automated for another twenty-five years.

"Just another way they control us," Luke thought seriously paranoid.

Luke walked into Tom's small office, not nearly as nice as his, just as Tom was dozing off.

"It's been a long day Luke. What's up?"

"Take a look at this," Luke said as he tossed a CD on Tom's desk. He had made six copies earlier, four where in his safe at home and one was in his coat, the final copy was the one he had just given to Tom.

Tom dreadingly took the disk and inserted it into his computer and opened the file. By the time the video had ended he was wide-awake, he just sat there gawking at the screen as he read the text document that accompanied the video.

"This is unreal," Tom breathed. "That's why the software needed to track millions even billions of relatively small objects. I figured it was for tracking artillery or munitions, but people. Why?"

"I don't know Tom."

Tom's mind was working at full tilt now, "They obviously already have tracking software, but they must be going large scale, like the whole populist or something like it said in the document."

"Do you think we can figure out what they shot into that baby?" Luke asked inquisitively.

"I'll go over everything we've sold the Department of Defense as far back as 2000," Tom thought aloud, "we're looking for a very small transmitter sold in great quantities. I'll have to call my wife and tell I won't be coming home tonight again," Tom said as an after thought, "she probably thinks I'm having an affair or something, I haven't been home before two in the morning for a week and a half now."

"What can I do to help?" wondered Luke.

"I'm starving," Tom said as his stomach rumbled, "feel like going and getting us something to eat."

"Sure what do you feel like," asked Luke with a tired expression on his face.

"Anything," Tom said mindlessly as he stared into his computer screen already enthralled in his search for the transmitters.

"I won't be long," Luke said as he headed toward the exit.

Will I swallow my greatest fear?

Luke returned fifteen minutes later with two foot-long Italian subs and two large black coffees.

"Hope you like subs, the liquor store was the only place still open. Oh man he fell asleep this guy works too hard," Luke said as he looked at Tom's body slumped over his keyboard. "Hey Tom, wake up there. Tom?" Luke shook the man's body, but he didn't stir. Beginning to become worried Luke screamed, "TOM WAKE UP!" Tom's body rolled over and Luke looked into the lifeless eyes of the former director of Technology Development.

"He's dead, they killed him," Luke whispered. "What am I going to do now. I'm next somehow they figured out I copied that video and followed me here," Luke thought in a panic.

He glanced at the computer screen and saw a sales record to the Defense Department. Luke quickly printed it out and then copied it onto the disk where the video was. He pulled the disk out of the computer in the desk and stuffed in his coat pocket.

"I have to leave the country, they'll kill me if I don't."

Luke arrived home twenty-five minutes later to find his wife sitting with a cup of coffee in her bathrobe waiting for him.

"Luke what's the matter," she demanded, "what's going on?"

"I can't explain right now, I have to leave," Luke said as he sprinted up the stairs to the bedroom he shared with his wife.

"Leave?! Where are you going? Luke you're scaring me."

"Damn-it Kelly I can't tell you right now. I'm scared too," he said zipping up a small bag which contained clothes and toiletries, "I'll call you later if I can." Walking over to the nightstand Luke opened the drawer and took out an old 9mm Beretta handgun and stuck it in his pocket. All concealed weapons had become illegal after the Conceal Weapons Ban of 2027; a bill passed by Congress to take guns out of the hand of its citizens.

"Luke what are you doing with that," Kelly screamed.

"I have to leave. I love you," Luke said as he kissed her. "Tell our children I love them."

"Luke don't go please," she cried as he walked out to his car.

Luke looked at his wife with a look of sadness on his face. As he was driving towards the airport Luke cried for the first time in his adult life.

Luke checked his rearview mirror the whole way to the airport. Arriving around four a.m. he parked in the long-term lot. Luke looked around; hopefully they hadn't followed him. Pulling the gun out of his pocket he tossed it into the storm drain, he would never be able to get it past airport security even though it may come in handy later. He had bought his ticket via his computer on the way to the airport; it was a 4:27 AM flight bound for Moscow. After the collapse of the Soviet Union in the early 1990's Russia had constantly spiraled downward, its final demise occurring with the defeat of Red China by NATO in 2034, Russia's main arms customer. It was now a third world country in the literal sense with little political pull. After the United States developed a operational Ballistic Missile Defense Network to counter Russia's aging nuclear threat (which many experts doubted still worked) Russian was largely ignored; a nation of criminals and farmers. It was the perfect place to hide, and find out what to do about his discovery.

Luke boarded the supersonic jetliner at 4:15 a.m. and fell asleep immediately. Ten time zones later Luke awoke to the Moscow sky-line. Disembarking Luke was in utter despair.

"What am I going to do?..."

TO BE CONTINUED...

ANGER

by Nick Duda

My deepest anger is like that of a fiery inferno.
It is like a never ending abyss, like that of space and sea,
while you reach the inevitable, death.
It is deeply rooted like those a psychologist claims to fix, but
only intensely worse.
It has many forms, from a tabby cat to a mountain lion, this
beasts forms and bodies may outweigh themselves by
even times a score.
It is a list, but far more horrendous a list than a human mind
can comprehend, for
It is the interminable grapples of hell, for eternity and
beyond.
It instills a premonition of fear, that blankets you like
darkness; this blanket being like that of the iaculum of the
retarius, with its prickly iron clad spikes, at the point of the
trident.
But yet, the few single rays of light that glimmer through this
porous net of death show the hope, little though there is,
of the chance to become one of the forgiven, and be
excised from the list of the condemned.

"Prey"

By Kyle Koerber

Swish-
The bird flies past
Pick, Pick, Pick-
The bird frisks the ground
Crunch, Crunch-
The bird hops around on the fresh grass
Swoosh-
The bird takes off again

Swish-
The panther leaps off of the ground
Swat, Swat, Swat-
He slashes at the bird
Crunch, Crunch-
The bird lands and bounces on the fresh grass
Pad-
The panther takes a step towards his helpless
victim

by Gerard Martin

The bungee is secure
The harness is tight
He is ready for the jump

G, SOARING, F
 N A
 I L
 P L
 M I
 U N
 RUNNING, RUNNING, J G,
 D
 R
 O
 P
 P
 I
 N
 G,
 G. S
 B N I
 O I N
 U B K
 N M I
 C I N
 N L G,
 G, C
 STOPPING.

Broken Leg
by John Rhoades

Athlete
Strong, competitive
Running, kicking, scoring
Teammates, coaches—competitors, leg
Colliding hitting falling
Handicapped, gimpy
John

Treasures of the Heart
by Jovan Hunter (DJ Shakes)

Of all the riches of the world
I know of only one.
Whose beauty can brighten my day,
Just like the ever present sun.
The moment I found this treasures,
Was the moment I found you.
And if it meant a life poverty,
to spend my life with you.
I would gladly accept that fate
Since I'd be rich in my love for you.
In my heart you'll always be,
While forever on my mind you'll also be.
My heart belongs to you my love,
From now until eternity.

HAIKU
by LaRon Townley

Floating, flying high
The bird flows free and joyful
Wonderful, unique

FOOTBALL

by Mike Judge

Oval brown with seams of white
I'm in a big game on a Friday night
The Q.b. drops back to throw a deep pass
But everyone misses I fall to the grass
I'm handed to the halfback to take me and rumble
But he gets cracked
Now I am fumbled
Now it is over, the game is done
I must wait until next week to have some more fun

"Woman the Puzzle-maker"

by Matt Johnson

Woman has many pieces to "HER" puzzle:
HER BEAUTY,
 often perceived as physical attributes;
HER INTELLIGENCE,
 often ignored by the mentally acute;
HER EMOTIONS,

Always bewildering the male majority;
HER STRENGTH, ..
 Often underestimated, tested,
 but gaining equal seniority;
HER FAITH,
 Unbeatable, by the devil's lust;
HER LOVE, coincided with intuition,
 Indestructible, based on trust;
AND last, but not least,
HER ABILITY to CO-CREATE,
 juxtaposed with God,
 bulding nations, tribes, and states.

Work

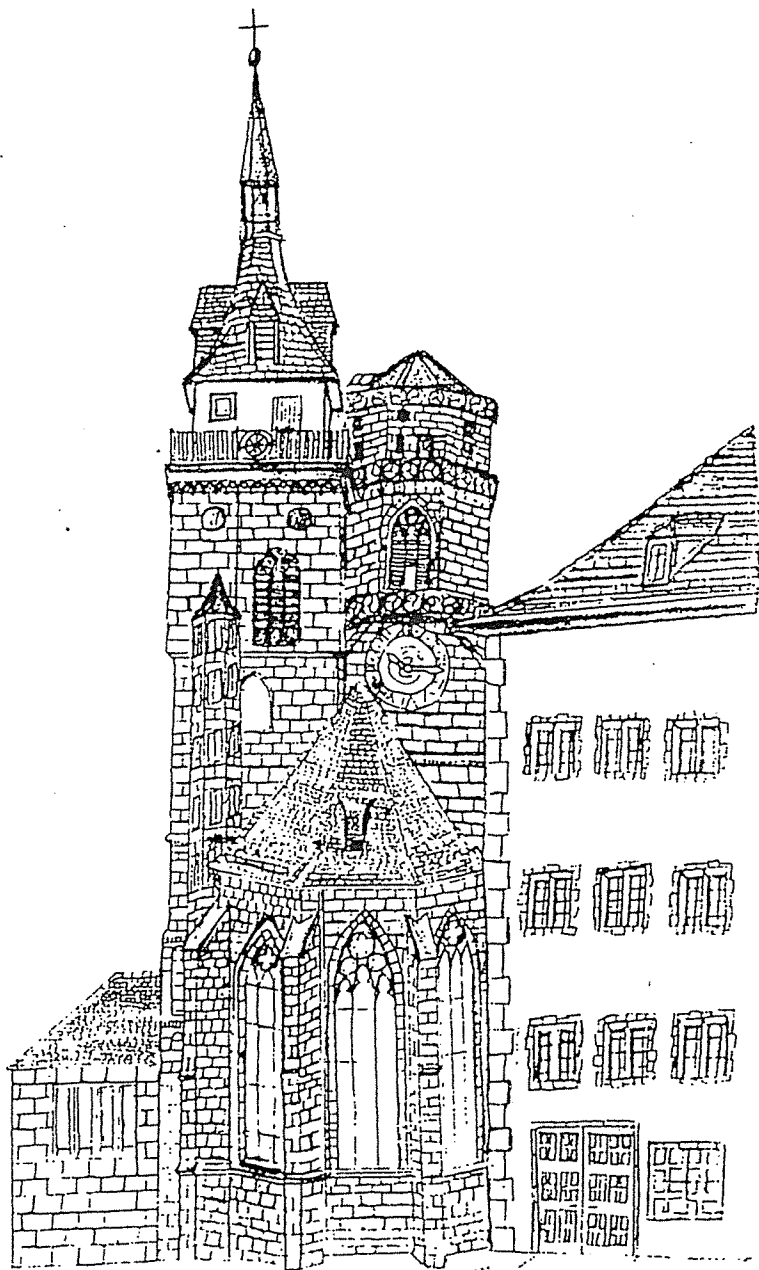
by Albert Fish

Wake up tired
Leave tired
Drive tired
Walk in tired
Big fat bonnie
Greets me with a
Big fake "Good Morning"
I respond politely
Big fat bonnie's big fat daughter Val
Smiles at me
I respond politely
I walk into the break room
Reaks of cheap cigarettes
Hang up my coat
Soon it will reak too
Walk to the front
Clock in tired
Sit down and wait
So tired
"Wake up Sleepyhead!"
Big fat bonnie subtly reminds me not to sleep where customers can see me
So so tired

SOCCER BALL

by Mike Judge

I am kicked left and right and played in the light
Kids dribble and kick me
But don't ever lick me
Cause I roll in the mud
And get kicked with a thud
I have black and white dots
And I attract a lot of little tots



Walters, Kris, '03

The Underwater Garden
by Chris Granger

The Garden in the Sea is a fantasy,
Where the love of the caretaker can truly be seen.
The beauty is displayed by the sunlight and the shade,
Echoing through the rolling waves.
Bubble, Bubble, Bubble, Bubble says the underwater garden,
Bubble, Bubble, Bubble, Bubble breaths the underwater garden.

To see the Garden in the Sea is a fantasy,
Where the lost love of the caretaker can't be seen.
As the colors fade and the beauty fade the appearance can't be
displayed,
And there is an echo in the sound of silence.
Gurgle, Gurgle, Gurgle, Gurgle says the octopuses garden,
Gurgle, Gurgle, Gurgle, Gurgle breaths the octopuses garden.

Why Does He Love Us?
by Brandon Parrish

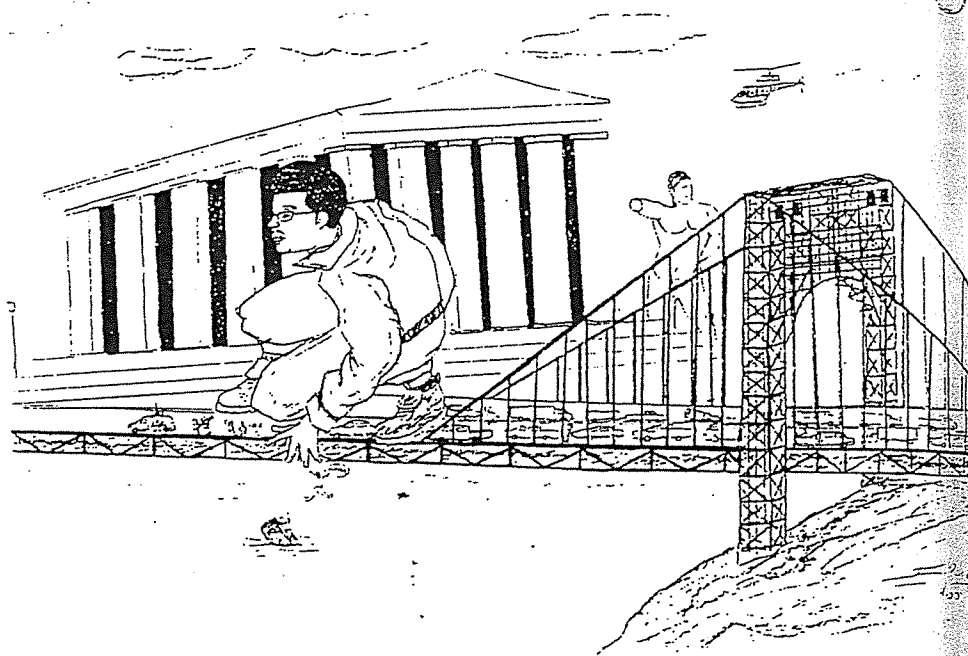
As I look at my creation,
I am filled with disbelief.
For who I have given myself,
Has shown me nothing but grief.

I have provided them with shelter,
And a place to call their own,
But they have killed my only son
In a place, which they call, home.

When they are exposed to hard times,
They reach to me for guidance.
But when I ask them to follow me,
They give me excuses and nonsense.

They gather every Sunday,
In worship of my name.
Yet during that following week,
They go back to doing the same.

Maybe I should give up,
And let go of my precious dove.
But I must never let them go,
For they were created out of LOVE.



Jonathan Parks, '00

Youth

by Ryan Howard

There is a problem with the youth of today, which, if not fixed, could ultimately be our downfall. It is very easy, in our day, for the voices of youth to get muddled underneath more "important" issues. This must come to an end! Too long we have sat aside and watched as our elders made decisions for us. Too long we have helplessly wanted to do more with our lives. Too long have our futile efforts to speak out amongst the greater powers of the world been suppressed into nothing but a whisper. But now, my brothers, is our time; now is time to take action, we must speak out. We must be heard!

We, the high school teenagers of today are the future of America. We are what the world will be comprised of 5 or 10 years from now. We will be making all of the decisions then. But why wait until then to let our voices be heard? There are too many issues in today's world that fully involve us and we do not get to voice our opinion about them. We must make an effort to let our opinion be heard, or we will not be able to lead our own lives. But this is no simple matter, my brothers. To do this, we must unite; we must unite into an all-powerful voice: a voice so loud that it cannot be ignored; a voice so loud that it *will* be heard.

I wish now to present an example of how we must unite and voice our opinions. I'm sure that everyone who reads this is familiar with the problem in the cafeteria. What problem, you ask? Think for a second about what could possibly pose, in your mind, to be a problem. Ah, yes, now you've got it! How angry do you get when you go to buy a pop on any day but Monday, and receive that pathetic little "Sold Out" message instead of a refreshment. It is not secret that the entire student body is upset about the pop machine situation in the cafeteria, that being that they are solemnly filled up, and sell out before you get a chance to buy one. But instead of standing by and complaining about it, do something! Speak out! There is no way that our concerns will be paid any attention unless we do something about them.

So take action, my brothers! Take action against the silent injustice with which we are met every day. Take action against the problems that go unnoticed, only because they are not important in the eyes of a non-youth. Take action, so that the voices of the strongest force of today can actually be heard! Unless the youth of today does something to voice *our* opinions, we will forever be stuck beneath the sole of corporate America. Please do not trip on my soapbox on the way out.

Why Hatred?
by Matt DeFour

Sit around the fire, and listen to the song,
Gather children and I'll take you away,
To a place where the fighting will cease 'ere long,
And we'll all hold hands and say:
"There wasn't any reason for our bickering then,
And there isn't any reason for it now.
But my soul is weary from the sins of men,
And I'm not sure what I'm doing or how."
Remember that time when you laughed at us,
Well, we mocked your life that day,
I called you a prep and began to cuss,
And you called me and my friends gay.
Do you recall when the violence began,
When we all raised our fists in rage,
When the pain was real and the red blood ran,
And hatred was a sign of the age.
Why did we hate each other then?
Was our pride too thick for peace?
We might swear it will never be again,
But the hatred did not yet cease.
For the Harlequins will always play the stage,
And dedicate their lives to God,
But they'll try too hard to act their age,
And their cliques won't get the nod.
The drinking crowd will raise the glass,
And live life to an early grave,
And the pious preps may say God's mass,
But they hide in their own enclave.
You and I have fought for years,
Will we fight to the end of time?
Can the battle end and end my fears?
Are any innocent of this crime?
Our time is short, we fade to myth,
A new blood will fill the halls,
Will we pass this war to kin and kith?
Will we forever maintain these walls?
For the walls were made by ancient men,
And have stood for reasons unknown,
Tomorrow the innocent will die again,
Lest the truth of love be shone.
So take my hand and let us sing,
Let sweet music take our souls,
May dreams of brotherhood take wing,
And love and life our goals.
Only then will the children's crying cease,
Only then can we be men,
Only then will these hallowed halls find peace,
And we'll all see God in heav'n.

"A Scent of Peppermint"
by Andy J. Novak

Forsaken by the world, abandoned by her parents, forgotten by the cold, cruel realm of reality, Jenny had made a complete turn-around in her life. Even in the hardest times she had scraped what she could from the shattered pieces of her dreams scattered around the livelihood of her existence. Now, even at twenty-three, she had gone back to college to become a writer, to enter a world of hopes, a realm of new possibilities.

She looked at her Christmas dress lying on a chair across the room. The soft glow of the dim lights made it sparkle like the sunrise. She had hand-stitched it herself, even sewing on the sequins and glittering it with the perfect red glitter to complement a beautiful red dress. It had taken her months to make, for William had promised to take her to the grandest Christmas pageant in the entire city.

Yet, William had ventured so far as to humiliate her in front of half of the school. It was an experience that one could never really recover, as far as she was concerned. She didn't hate William, yet the reason he would do something like that to her never made itself apparent.

And now it was Christmas Eve, once her favorite holiday. However, she sat alone, typing a manuscript due to her editor on the thirtieth, moody and silent in a house decorated with the glorious splendor of the Christmas spirit. The tree was trimmed in perfect white ornaments and silver tinsel, perfect for a family, not for her.

Jenny stopped typing at the computer and moved her chair to the doorway so that she could see the tree in the next room. It towered over the other furniture, making a dull room spring to life with bursting joy. She stared at it, thinking. Thinking of how she arrived at this point of no return, this point of regret, and fear.

A tear rolled down her cheek, and she turned her head away from the tree, for it was evoking emotions in her that she could no longer control. A tear turned into a flood, and she found herself sobbing in her arms, a sob of deep sadness and rejection.

She thought again as she turned her head back toward the tree. One man had led her through it all, the one constant, stable rock in an ever-changing sea of time and emotion. The only man in the world that she truly loved. The shoulder she would cry on, the comforting voice on the phone who told her that it would be all right.

His name was Jacques, the one man who made all the difference in Jenny's life. She found herself one day deeply in love with him, yet his homosexuality didn't keep her away; it was William that had led her heart astray.

She knew that he was openly homosexual, and she loved him all the more for it. She knew the hell that he had to go through daily because of the one thing in his world that he could not change. Sometimes tears would come to her eyes when she thought of how much he had done for her, and how little she had done in return. She could never repay him for his kindness.

Jacques had been with her for years. They would travel together and work together and live with one another. He had made all the difference in her life. He was the only reason that she could have survived for so long.

The day Jacques had been sent off to war, years ago, was the day that her heart broke for the first time. Yet, he returned, and her joy along with him. He always brought a smile to her face, a light to her eyes, and a source of hope in an empty world.

It had been months since Jenny had seen him. Being only six months older than her—to the day, they went through life together, seeing the wonders of their worlds and the pitfalls where they stumbled. Neither his homosexuality, nor her loneliness and regret, could ever change how she felt about him. He was an angel; an angel sent from heaven, just to watch over her and make her feel special.

As she thought about Jacques, while she stared at the Christmas tree in her living room, she began to remember the joy that she had felt. The sheer love in her heart that had drowned out every emotion. The very spark of her imagination, the fundamentals of her mind—they had all been ignited by Jacques.

One Christmas, she remembered, he had given her a beautiful blue crystal necklace. Jenny moved her hand up to her neck, for she could feel the crystal necklace underneath her shirt. She could even smell the peppermint that crept through the air, the lovely smell of peppermint that so distinctly separated that night from all of the others.

The more she reflected, the more she remembered. Jacques had been dressed in a handsome tan plaid shirt, bright blue jeans, and heavy hiking boots for the snow that covered the cold outside world, far away from the love that she remembered inside. For just a moment she remembered that particular Christmas, the one where she had been so happy, alone with her best friend, Jacques. She had given him a pair of socks and a book. The book, her first major publication in the freelance writing business after she had graduated high school, had been the greatest Christmas present that he had ever received. It had been a novel, based on her own life, a novel that was cherished by Jacques, novel that illustrated in the most vivid way, the love and the horror that she had felt.

The sheer pain of reality crept back into her mind, when she realized that she was alone on a night that she had cherished for so many years. The overwhelming memories, both painful and joyful, had sparked something inside her. She now felt overpowered, insignificant, forgotten, alone.

She heard a knock on the door.

Wiping away the tears from her eyes, she stared at the Christmas tree, in its wonder and mystery, while walking to the door. In one, swift movement, she turned the doorknob, and opened the door wide.

Jacques stepped into her living room, and, putting his hand on her face, wiped away the tears with his thumb. Unable to control herself any longer, she wrapped her arms around Jacques, and began to cry.

He lifted her head off of his shoulder, and stared into her face. She smiled, at first an undetectable motion of happiness; then she broke into a grin that was of sheer delight.

Looking at him, she noticed that he looked in every way perfect. With a black suit on, a bow tie of the same color, and dark brown leather shoes, she finally realized that her love had arrived. Though they could never be together, for his homosexuality and her dreams severed them, they could for a moment unite in love. Jenny had planned for so many years to go to New York, knowing that she would never forget Jacques.

Jenny looked again at his face, as he stared at hers, and she noticed how handsome, how perfect, he really did look. With neatly combed dark hair, parted in the middle, she saw his clean-shaven face and dark brown eyes. Tufts of the short, straight, dark hair that formed sideburns in front of his ears and the very formality and splendor of his suit, he slipped a small wrapped box into her hands. She stared at the impeccable wrapping; then she looked up at his face as she slipped the paper off. An exquisite pair of blue crystal earrings were inside, given as a gift to match her brilliant blue necklace.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, and he put his arms around her. She then pulled away, and walked over to the Christmas tree. He followed behind her, standing at her side, as she pulled out from under the tree a small gift, wrapped in perfect white tissue paper with a gold ribbon, and handed it to him. He opened it, and inside was a book, hardcover and leather bound.

"It reached number ten on the New York Times Bestseller List," she said, through her tears of joy.

Jacques pulled her close, and looked at her again. He saw her short blonde hair tucked behind her ears, and her blue eyes sparkled like two of the brightest stars in the night sky. She thought about all of those Christmases together, the ones that she would never forget, and kissed his cheek, forehead, then lips. As her head came to rest on his shoulder, he whispered in her ear, "I love you."

Then, she remembered that it was still early on Christmas Eve, and that she had a beautiful dress waiting for her in the other room. They could make this Christmas as memorable as all of the other times that they had spent together, the moments of the overwhelming joy and love that they both so much sought.

She looked out the front window as the white snow softly fell upon the ground. She looked at Jacques, the only man that she ever really loved. She looked at the tree and saw the days gone by, the memories of her past. And she could almost hear the magnificent gentle caroling that came with the holidays, for the music, though distant, came upon them both.

And perhaps it was but her imagination, but she could almost sense a faint smell of peppermint fill the room.

A Simple Thought
by Chris Towne

Seeping, something enters.
A simple thought.
That may grow to bloom,
Unfolding in light.
A simple thought that may aid millions.
Or entertain one.
That may bring a frown to one,
And a smile to another.
A simple thought that may end in a wink.
Or grow and take shape into a cloud.
A star,
A sunset,
A person.
A simple thought that if ended.
Would steal away a bit of beauty
From a world that needs every spec.

My Experience At Quetico
by Jay Gierak

This past summer, the most miserable experience of my life turned out to be the most rewarding. I went to Quetico Provincial Park for eight days to experience the wilderness, much like the French voyageurs hundreds of years ago. Since I was going on the trip with some of my best friends from U of D, I thought the trip would be a little bit of work and a whole lot of fun. It started that way too, joking, singing and eating snacks in the first hour of the bus ride there. When I got on the bus I thought the bus ride was only going to take 11 hours, which I felt was long but tolerable. I was heartbroken when I learned that 11 hours of non-stop driving put us in north Wisconsin, only half way to Quetico. Hour dragged upon hour as I gazed out upon the plains of Wisconsin and Minnesota. The highlight of the ride was two students in the back of the bus playing the punk band Korn and other satanic music all through the night on their cranked-up CD players, yelling to anyone making noise to "shut up" in the hope of falling asleep to the blaring music.

Some 22 hours later when the bus finally pulled into a gravel parking lot somewhere in Canada, I was ready for the Quetico adventure. I was initially indifferent to the light drizzle as we unloaded our bags from the bus and waited on a small, half-floating dock on a lake. However, after standing in the rain for an hour, I was cold and wet when I finally saw a massive canoe and pontoon boat slowly approach the dock. We loaded the gear onto the pontoon and filed into the canoe in the now steady rain. I was sitting at the edge of the canoe so I was given a paddle. We paddled in the rain for about 20 minutes, although at the time it felt more than twice that long, and finally arrived at a small island. This was Voyageur Island, the starting point of our adventure into the fabled Quetico Provincial Park. On the island we moved our gear into the "guest quarters", which was an old barn with a loft and stage. I threw my stuff on the stage and excitedly put on my swimming suit to take a quick dip in the lake, thinking that now the fun would begin. But to my chagrin, the swim was anything but welcoming, as the temperature of the water left me bone cold. I wisely decided to cut my swim short. I was sincerely thankful when the sun came out and the temperature outside rose to a steamy 65 degrees. We then ate dinner and took a short paddle around the island to get used to the canoe. I found it extremely difficult to do anything at all in the canoe, including paddling straight or getting any speed whatsoever. I went to bed on the stage cold and wondering what the heck I was doing in Quetico.

The next morning I woke up eager for the journey into the actual park. We set off early in the canoes that we would get to know only too well. Feeling lazy, I volunteered to "duff" for the first leg of the journey. Duffing is sitting inside the middle of the canoe while the persons at the two ends of the canoe paddled. This seemed like a good idea until the sky became overcast, bringing down the temperature to a chilly 60 degrees. On top of being cold, I was splashed mercilessly and my seat was wet. The

relatively short paddle seemed to take forever, and after half an hour we reached our first portage. A portage is carrying your canoe over land from one lake or river to another. The portage was about 800 meters long, and the three of us in the canoe agreed to alternate carrying our canoe. Our guide Dylan and our counselor Mike carried the other two canoes in our group. The rest of the guys in our group carried the packs.

Carrying our canoe on that first portage was the hardest thing I have ever done. Although the canoe weighed only 63 pounds, it was extremely bulky, which made it difficult to balance, and all the weight was compressed onto my shoulders. The weight caused an unbearable, splintering pain in both my neck and shoulders. I could only carry it about 150 meters before the pain grew so strong that I needed to switch with someone else. That first portage was incredibly hard and seemed to go on for miles. At this point I was beginning to worry about what I had gotten myself into.

After we finally ended the portage and put the canoes in next lake, I took over paddling in the front of the canoe. The sky was clearing up, and the paddle ahead was supposed to be relatively short, so I was optimistic that things would get better. However, I found that paddling was just as difficult as it was the day before, only this time I had to paddle for a much longer time. My arms and shoulders soon began to ache. Our canoe lagged 200 yards behind the other members of our group, so I paddled harder. The paddling only became more difficult and I quickly became even more tired. We paddled a full hour over an open lake.

By this time the pain in my arms and shoulders was joined by dull ache in my stomach. We were all hungry for lunch. Our guide told us that the lunch site was just a short distance away. As we soon found out, this short paddle was the worst part yet of our journey. I was at the front of the canoe and the strong current kept turning the canoe sideways away from where we were trying to go. It took another hour of incredibly hard paddling to finally get to the lunch site. We quickly ripped into our open-faced salami or peanut butter sandwiches. The food tasted incredibly good, but we were all disappointed that we did not have more to eat. I took a short swim before we paddled off again. Because of the sharp rocks in and out of the water everywhere, we had to wear shoes at all times, even in the water. I found it strange and awkward to swim wearing shoes and socks.

Soon we were off again, and only a paddle through open water and one portage stood in the way of our campsite for the night. I switched canoes and paddled with our guide, Dylan, which turned out to be much easier than paddling with the others. He taught me more about paddling techniques, and with Dylan providing the force, we sped through the water with ease. After paddling through Otter Lake, we reached a narrow strait that would take us to our next portage. On the shores of the strait were grassy knolls and fields with tall grass. Our guide stopped us at one point to show us something that he promised was really great. Everyone got out of their canoes with anticipation and walked up a path. We eventually

found a small, run-down wooden hut that was once used by fur trappers. The hut was less exciting than I expected, and I went back to paddling feeling empty. I thought that with every passing hour this trip was becoming even more of a dud, but I tried to remain positive.

We continued to paddle to our next portage, which was supposedly only about half the length of our last portage. We encountered a new problem there, as the water around the landing point was extremely muddy and shallow. We were forced to get out of our canoes in the water and wade up to the muddy bank. As soon as I hit the water my shoes filled up with mud. Luckily the portage was extremely short and we only had a 200-yard paddle to our campsite I was more than relieved that the day's paddling had finally come to an end. My arms were sore, I was exhausted, and I was cold in the 60-degree weather. We set up our tent at the site and played cards until it was time to turn in. I hoped that the next day would be easier than this one.

The next morning started out overcast and threatening rain. One highlight of the morning was one of our group members catching a fish, but he threw it back because he did not have time to fillet it. We started out with a short paddle to a tough portage of 700 meters. The portage was through muddy swamp terrain that was navigable only by walking over narrow logs. Walking was difficult enough, let alone carrying a canoe on your shoulders.

found a small, run-down wooden hut that was once used by fur trappers. The hut was less exciting than I expected, and I went back to paddling feeling empty. I thought that with every passing hour this trip was becoming even more of a dud, but I tried to remain positive.

The portage came to a close at the base of a long, skinny lake. As we loaded up our canoes on the rocky shore, raindrops began to fall. We quickly took to the water and paddled approximately half an hour before the drizzle turned into a downpour. We paddled hard to shore put on our rain suits for the first and only time of the trip. We continued paddling in rain suits, which made the rain slightly more bearable, although we still remained cold and soaking wet.

As the sheets of rain stung my face as I paddled, I thought to myself that this was no doubt the low point of the trip, and that things would only get better from here on out. I was wrong. After paddling for another hour we reached a swampy area infested with mosquitoes, where we searched for a portage to get to the next lake. Minutes seemed like hours as we searched for the hidden portage as the mosquitoes feasted on my flesh and blood. When we finally found the portage, we discovered that the embankment to reach the portage trail was on a sharp, muddy incline. The usually simple task of unloading the canoes was even a challenge in these mosquito-infested wetlands. Just when I thought that the trip could not get any worse, it did. The portage trail was an undulating, rocky, narrow path on the slope of a big hill. There was no traction walking in the mud with a canoe on your shoulders, and we slowly and unsteadily slipped our way uphill. On top of the difficulty of carrying the canoes over this terrain was the fact that the portage was long, over 700 meters. In addition, there was the cloud of mosquitoes that followed you every painful step of the way. When I finally reached the swampy exit into the next lake, I was completely wet, as it was still raining, and covered with mosquito bites. I thought to myself that I was crazy to have paid money to go on this journey through hell.

We paddled as fast as we could away from that swampy portage. After only ten minutes we came to big rock and we stopped to have lunch. The rain clouds blew away and the sun was revealed for the first time that day in the blue sky. I enjoyed that lunch more than any lunch I had ever eaten before.

For the next leg of our journey I paddled at the front of counselor Mike's canoe, and we began talking. He told me about his Quetico experience during his freshman and senior years at U of D. He talked about the natural beauty of the park and the importance of experiencing the trip with an open mind. Although I cannot remember what he said exactly, Mike convinced me and all the other members of our group that this experience at Quetico, so different from our everyday life, was special and valuable. This inspired our group to give Quetico our best effort and put our pain and suffering behind us. Mike's insights got me to see the Quetico trip in an entirely new light.

From that point I had a lot of fun at Quetico. The portages became a personal challenge instead of a nuisance. By the end of the trip I was carrying canoes over the entire 800 meter portages with no assistance or breaks. I learned to avoid itching mosquito bites after finding out that they go away after only an hour without itching. The last night in Quetico I slept out on a bare rock on the shore of the lake. Even though my face was ravaged by mosquitoes, it did not get in the way of my wonder and enjoyment of the rugged experience. It also made me appreciate that sleeping in my own bed at home was also something special.

The culmination of my voyage in the park was the final portage on the last day of the trip. This was the same 800 meter portage we took seven days earlier upon first entering the park. Before this last portage we put our canoes and gear on shore and listened to a poem read by our guide, titled "The Last Portage." While listening to the poem, I was suddenly stunned to think that just one week ago I was standing in that same spot wondering why I was wasting my summer vacation in Quetico. After a week of the hardest work I had ever done, I was finally understanding what the trip was all about. I realized that the experience was much deeper than just the pain of the portage and the annoyance of the mosquitoes. Each challenge or apparent setback was merely an opportunity to get stronger, and a chance to learn how to "tone it out", as our guide would say.

I compare my experience at Quetico to that of boxer Rocky Balboa in the movie "Rocky." Rocky has one goal in his boxing match against the World Champion, Apollo Creed: to go the distance. Through the force of his will and desire, Rocky puts himself through hard, relentless training to overcome the seemingly insurmountable obstacles to his goal. At one point in the movie Rocky is shown training by running through the streets of Philadelphia, up the long steps of the city park, and when he finally reaches the top, he throws his arms in the air in triumph.

At the beginning of the Quetico trip, carrying the canoe for the entire 800-meter portage seemed to me an insurmountable challenge. But at the end of the trip, I made it a personal goal to carry our canoe over the entire 800-meter portage without stopping and without help from anyone

a break almost every step of the portage, but my mind and my will refused to listen. Nothing was going to stop my triumphant exit from Quetico Provincial Park.

When you first learn to carry a canoe through the woods, you soon realize that when you can see the open sky through the trees, you are near water and your portage is almost over. On this last portage I sprinted over the rocky terrain with my eyes fixed on the horizon. After each turn, after every hill, I looked up in the hope of seeing a small patch of blue peeking through the trees. When I finally saw the sky, I quickened my pace not unlike the way Rocky did when he ran up the park steps. When I finally reached the lake, I victoriously tossed the canoe in the water. Like Rocky, I had won my battle. Although I knew that in the future there would be much longer portages to be taken, with much rockier terrain, I had conquered this last portage. More specifically, I had conquered myself. I no longer shirked away from carrying the canoe over long portages and seeking instead to just carry the packs. I no longer wished for a short paddle to the campsite. I no longer itched at my mosquito bites until they bled, or wondered why God created mosquitoes. I was now a man of the north.

Grey Soul

by Sean Dudley

The grey, it dominates the sky
Is in... it is the mud,
All covered in our blood,
No longer red, but brown to eye.
Soon it will be as grey
As all is, night and day,
For nothing possesses beauty.

This war, there is no black or white.
The greyness of our thoughts
We question, but for naught.
Which side is wrong, which side is right?
They're just men, same as we.
None of us, can we see
Why we kill them. Why do we fight?

And who are we, what are we now?
Grey shadows of good men,
Of lives that once had been,
Joys gone for good, and lost, but how?
Innocence left behind
Never returns to mind,
For decency we are below.
The things we've seen and felt
And said and done and smelt
Can't be erased, this much we know.

We have become as beasts, not men.
Dead to our emotion,
Instinct we rely on,
Our face faces void of expression.
Animalistic drive
Is what keeps us alive
And stamps out any compassion.

We once opined that life is good.
We cared for school and books
And pined for girls' good looks.
Alas! That was but our boyhood,
A flow'r, it now is dead.
A weed grows up instead
Where, on the front, we've often stood.

Nothing matters save survival.
Death stares us in the face,
Snares us. Great is the race
To outrun the hooves of the bull.
But soon, for sure, each shall
Give up, grey soul, and fall,
A bloody wretch to be trampled.

PASSAGE OF TEST AND TIME

By Ugo Ezekwemba

It was weeks after the confrontation with the suitors and Odysseus became the man he once was. His pride has become the worst in him and his actions were making the gods and his fellow people upon him as the most arrogant man of Ithaca.

While Odysseus was once again telling his stories to the people of his court, there was a sudden disturbance. The general of his army, battered and bruised, kneeled before him and spoke, "Master of Ithaca, an unforeseen event has made our people and other the inhabitants of the overseer of Death. You must rally your troops and defeat this evil."

Because of his victory against the thieves of the kingdom, Odysseus thought more of himself than others, chuckled at the request and said, "You, soldier, tell your comrades and countrymen that they are not worthy to fight beside me but I will fight it myself."

"Kind sire, you do not understand." Said the soldier.

"What do you mean?"

"The kingdom that the great Athena has blessed is my home. I have escaped to tell you that your wife and son were caught in its deadly path and..."

"Stop right there!" Odysseus' voice thundered. "Have you no heart whatsoever? Why play this sickening joke and torment me?"

Then a wise, calm voice spoke through the air and said, "You are so full of it. Do you not see that all he says is true?" Athena appeared in the hall in splendor. She spoke once again, "Everyone leave us so I may talk to him alone."

Just as the eastern wind shakes the discarded leaves of the season of autumn, Odysseus' voice quivered, "Leave... now." Once the doors of the chambers were closed and locked, he heaved to the ground and broke into tears that drowned the floors of the chamber.

"My love and my life, swept away from my mortal reach."

He rose and angrily demanded, "Am I damned by the gods... by the world? What have I done to deserve this?" He drew his son's dagger and prepared to thrust it upon his already pierced heart.

Athena intervened and withheld his arm. "Stop!" she commanded. "You cry to Olympus for sympathy yet in your stories you either forget or curse the very ones whom protect your very soul so you would succeed."

Odysseus knelt and pleaded, "Please goddess of wisdom, I beg of you and the god, unite me with my family again."

Athena felt great pity at his loss and replied, "I have always loved you as my own son so I will help you. I will send you back 20 years into the past. Everything will happen just as..."

"My ship... my crew... I cannot relive that again. It was and still is too much to bear!"

"I understand," said Athena, "but it is the only way. Your journey begins now!"

A sudden storm appeared and strong winds entered through the house. The room began to shake in tremors. "Wait!" exclaimed Odysseus. "How do I return?"

She spoke to him through his thoughts, "To return home remember this; to find the fault of man, find it within you." With the wave of her hand, the room became an eerie bright light and Odysseus was magically lifted into the air.

The people of the court led by Eurameus walked through the corridors to escort Odysseus back to his room during the storm. Before they entered the chambers they saw the light and heard the king of Ithaca scream with a mighty voice,

"Penelope!"

"On my word, knock the door with all your might and but your backs into it!" said he. "Ready... ready... now!"

Before they struck down the door, it opened mysteriously.

"Lord Odysseus?" Eurameus called out.

But to the horror and awe of everyone, the room was empty and dead silent. Athena and Odysseus were gone.

After being sent back 20 years, Odysseus lived the voyage in dismay. He knew what events were to unfold yet he can do nothing about it. As the years passed by, he pondered the puzzling riddle Athena presented to him 20 years later. Thinking of this and his family tore his mind and heart to the point that his rational and emotional thinking nearly drove to insanity.

Soon he was all alone. All of his crewmates were either dead or lost at sea forever. He thought of the toil he was put through. He stood on deck of the ship and cried, repeating the same words over and over again in hushed tones; "I will see them again. I will. I will." He fell into a deep slumber as the waves gently rocked his wrecked ship through the endless abyss of the sea.

During Night's wake, Odysseus had a dream. In it he, Penelope, Telemachus, and Athena stood, surrounded in bright light with flowing robes.

"It is time," Penelope said in a gentle tone.

"Time? Time for what?"

Telemachus spoke, "To prove yourself."

Telemachus and Penelope began to drift farther and farther apart from him. Odysseus cried out, "Wait! Please wait!" He turned to Athena and asked, "Bring them back to me! Bring them back!" But then the light turned to darkness as the depth of Tartarus and he was in the rags he had on before.

Odysseus suddenly had woken to find mangled ships and was appalled when he saw the remains of all man, woman, and child in the dark waters. Their limbs were disfigured and their bodies stripped of clothing, they lie motionless, with the unbearable aroma of human flesh lingering in the air. Then he had seen the very thing that he dreaded for the past 20 years; the bodies of his wife and son.

What in Zeus' name happened?" he choked.

He looked up and saw the answer to his own question. In front of him was the hideous face of the enormous demon, Oecetes.

"I have been waiting for you prince of Ithaca!" thundered Oceanus.

"You kill the seas as well as you will do with the land! What do you want you wretched beast!" yelled Odysseus.

"As I said, I want you." Oceanus dived into the water and formed a tempest too powerful to imagine.

"You coward! Come! Come fight me! Once I have destroyed you, I will be known as the hero of nations! They will praise my name from Ithaca to Greece! Rise and show your face!" Odysseus raved.

Oceanus' face appeared in the water and said, "Fight as the warrior you were trained to be... if you can!"

Odysseus remembered a sword he received as a young boy. Athena gave it to him and said, "This, of a few Odysseus, can kill a god. I entrust this to you, so use it wisely."

He drew the sword and was to trust it into the sea until he thought of the riddle, "That to find the fault of man, find it within you," and smiled for he solved it: it was pride. "I know now! We cannot succeed without the help of the gods and others. I must turn back and get help."

As he turned back his ship, a huge tidal wave appeared and tipped the ship into the sea. He fell in and shouted as he was pulled into the whirlpool. "I understand. I know. I solved your riddle A..."

But it was too late as the water engulfed him to the bottom.

"I... where am I?" Odysseus woke to find himself surrounded by light. "Am I dead?" he whispered.

"No. I have sent you away from the world, beyond time, beyond space," a voice replied. Athena appeared and said, "You are here in the home of the gods because they decided that you have learned your lesson. Before you had too much pride and did not balance the way you think. You thought of yourself as higher than the gods so we put you through a trial. Have you learned your lesson?"

"Yes, but my people... I must go and warn them. And my family... will I ever see them again?" Odysseus cried.

"Because of your changed ways, I made certain that Ithaca was spared and that your family will be waiting for you, but none will remember what has taken place."

"Thank you," Odysseus said.

"Close your eyes," Athena replied.

Odysseus closed them and when he reopened his eyes, he found himself at the port of Ithaca. He heard a voice on the wharf. "Father!" the voice exclaimed.

"Telemachus...? Telemachus!" Odysseus ran to his wife and son with tears in his eyes. "I have missed you so much! I thought that I will never see you again!"

"What do you mean dear?" Penelope said. "We were gone for only a few days, although I dreamt that we were not coming back and..."

"Don't worry dear," Odysseus said while wiping the tears from his eyes. "There is someone watching over us so we will never be apart."

As they traveled back home, the wind whispers in a calm voice, "And I always will."



Michael Hemak, '01

Between Two Worlds by Brian DePorre

I am the man outside the wall
whose been knockin' to get in,
I've yelled and screamed and kicked and banged
but still I can't get in.
I've tried, I've cried and almost died
but still I can't get in.

I am the man inside the wall
whose been knockin' to get out,
I've yelled and screamed and kicked and banged
but still I can't get out.
I've tried, I've cried and almost died
but still I can't get out.

I am the wall who separates people
to my right side or my left,
I laugh at all of the people who come
and through me try to pass.
For they don't realize that where they're tryin' to go
is no better than the last.

A collaboration of feelings
by Andrew Kern and Jay Gierak

NES tea OH NES tea

Ohhhh that sweet brown tea.
Why do you taste so delicious?

20 fluid ounces frothy and sweet.
Oh! Why do you quench me so well?

As I twist the cap the sound of joy escapes.
Why do you sound so good?

Your sleek curves your ergonomic shape, so cool to the touch.
Oh! Why do you feel so good?

Your retro 80's blue and white label with a twist of sour lemon.
Why are you so pleasing to my eyes?

Ohhhh that sweet brown tea.

The Future

by Matt Johnson

The Future,
it's really a topic that stays on my mind,
even though people say

"take it a day at a time",
sometimes I wonder will it be mine,
or will I be swallowed by fate,
to which I am blind.

Sometimes I'm scared at the thought of no success,
and being without sound-mind.

Do others relate? --is the question I often ask the
divine, on my quest,
because I often see my Peers doing great,
at the same time wandering about mine,
looking at my constant failures and lack of talent, a
total mess,
feeling old age creeping behind,
not saying that the old can't do, but I just can't
wait a lifetime,
I need a contemporary sign, something to hold onto,
something to call mine.

I often explore to find,
but the results aren't kind,
because my interest was either monetary
or just plain opposite of the divine.

I just yearn for something fun,
perhaps I should look to the sky,
so that my future will be bright
no matter how and when I shall die,
all I know is, I better do something quick,
because time seems to fly,
when measured by the grim reaper's
stick.

The Clouds

by Chris Cone

The clouds
Floating across the moonlit sky
When the night is high
They are always there
To chill the bones of travelers

Merrick Steele

by Chris Cone

There once was a boy named Merrick Steele
He was not known to turn down a meal
Boy he loved to eat
Mostly different kinds of meat
Except when offered an eel

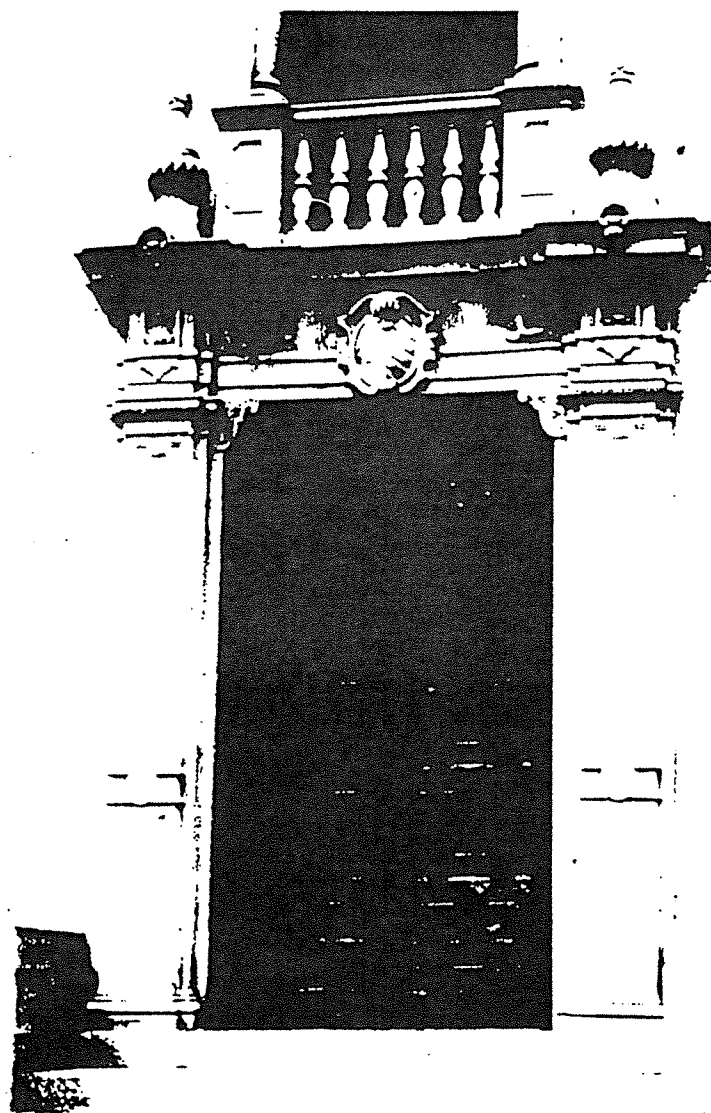
SKYSCRAPER

by Nick Pelliccia

I am many things.
I am tall,
never small.
I am slim,
Never built on a whim.
Eagles fly
around my spires so high.
My bones are metal,
though not the same as a kettle.
Fires made my innards glow
in an old movie named, "The Towering Inferno."
If you were my maker,
You'd call me a _____.



Stokes, Bryan, '01



Stokes, Bryan, '01

by Alex Lee Life

A new child is born

He is raised and taught the FACTS OF LIFE.

Child grows up to make decisions of his own.

Child now teen forgets all the FACTS OF LIFE taught to him

And he makes up his own.

Teen now adult meets a woman,

They marry and have a kid of their own.

The cycle starts all over again...

A Great Dragon Slayer

by Allen Shamow

The headmaster said, "The magic word gave you confidence, and it took away your fears." Gawaine was transformed into a fearless warrior by the magic word. He was never able to face his fears until the magic word was given to him. The magic word showed Gawaine that he should trust and realize his ability to slay dragons with ease.

Gawaine was somewhat childish before he received the magic word. He would whimper and moan when there was something that he disliked doing. He would hide in the woods when the jousting, or any activity was called by the instructors. However, when he received the magic word his spirits were lifted, and he was able to slay dragons. Every clear day, Gawaine would go out at dawn to slay as many dragons as he could.

The magic word was the most important thing to Gawaine. It gave him confidence, and he had nothing to worry about with the power of the word. When Gawaine didn't know that the word was not actually magic, he was successful at slaying dragons. Gawaine said, "And if I say 'Rumplesnitz' the dragon can't possibly hurt me." On the other hand, when Gawaine found out that the word was fake he became fearful, and he couldn't slay another dragon after that. Gawaine stayed in his bed, and he would not leave his station under the covers.

With the help of the magic word Gawaine became a man that was able to do his mission in life. Gawaine was extremely conservative until he stopped thinking, and let his emotions do all of the talking. He was truly talented, but he was never to realize that and just believe in himself. Gawaine was very special, but he was never able to fully show it, because he always set limits on himself.



Sasis, Ephraim, '03

The Beach

by Ryan Duetschendorf

I always love the beach the best
you can lounge
in the satiny sand
and watch the graceful birds
sail
across the glowing sky
dipping
now and then
for quick refreshment
and gaze
at the oyster shells
hoping one
will pop open
and watch the tide
roll in
and slide across your feet
and see
the glossy shells
slide on
and off the beach
and admire
the dazzling sails
on the shimmering boats
as they pull
into the harbor
and watch
the romantic sunset
and listen to the palms
sway
in the gentle breeze
on the waves
curl over
and form ivory crests
and glide
across the sand
as the sun sets lower
and turns
the porcelain sky
into a spectrum
of reds and oranges



Sasis, Ephraim, '03

Quetico
by Will Rhoades

As the day recedes into darkness,
The masquerade of July twilight
Flickers over the rotting carcass
And entices the scavengers' appetite.
The corpse lies near on the opposite side
Down the lake up current there could be no mistake
In taking the water for contaminates reside
Near the rotting body in the cove on the lake.
The canoes pulled up and out of the storm
The rocky terrain makes pitching camp rough,
We huddle together in a tent to keep warm,
Our breath is like fire, the food is enough.
"I'm not very happy with you Mister Wind!"
said Dan, our guide when the creature upended tents
I wish the good times would never end
Oh! But the memories for friends and parents.

ENDING

by Ryan Duetschendorf

A tree sprouts its last green leaf,
As an ancient pyramid crumbles to the ground.
The last vibrant ruby tulip petal shrivels up,
As the squirrel hastily buries his last acorn.
Carolers strike their last note,
As an old man takes his last step.
The once-beautiful sun sets low,
As it creates everlasting darkness.
A player scores the final goal of his career,
As the final buzzer echoes in the arena.
A gorgeous grandfather clock ticks the final second,
As the last water droplet trickles over the waterfall.
The last giant ears of tender corn are harvested,
As the remaining birds fly south.
The music fades away, As the batteries in the radio run low.
Empty halls become silent,
As the bell rings on the last day of school.



Windisch, Emmett, '02

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