

Inscape
2001

Welcome to the enchanting world of *Inscape*!

a world of wonder...

a world of expression...

enjoy!

Dear Reader,

The plethora of literary compositions and artwork in this *Inscape* reflects not only the exceedingly admirable talents of U of D students, but shows the diversity of emotion, thought process, and writing style found in the U of D student body. We, as the *Inscape* staff, have had the pleasure of including submissions that express thoughts on everything from love to baseball to the addictive nature of America Online. Regarding writing style, some writers chose to engulf the reader in the jaws of emotionally stimulating and erudite language, while others rely on simplicity to get their points across. Also, whether affirmative or negative, strong and unique feelings are conveyed in each and every one of the submissions included in this *Inscape*.

This year's *Inscape* has given those of us who compiled it an incredible amount of knowledge about the thoughts, feelings, and writing styles of each student who submitted his work to it. After the painstaking and much appreciated work of the *Inscape* staff and Mrs. Carapellotti, it gives me great joy to present this year's edition of *Inscape* to the rest of the U of D family.

With pleasure,

Ini Udo-Inyang

Inscape Editor:

Ini Udo-Inyang

Inscape Staff:

Brian DeGuzman

Ben Dempsey-Klott

Michael Hemak

Kyle Koerber

Matt McNeil

Will Rhoades

Randall Rhodes

Branden Roberts

Amit Shah

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Appreciation

By Ted Nolan

Imagine this.
Imagine black.
Imagine nothing.
Imagine not being able to imagine.
Except for black.
Except for nothing.
Imagine this,
And appreciate what u have.

Rejoice!

By Glenn Burke

Rejoice! For the ones who bring joy to your life!
Rejoice! For the times that send rest from your strife!
Rejoice! For the trips and the falls that you take!
Rejoice! For the food that you see on your plate!
Rejoice! For the life that God's given to you!
"And this above all, to thine own self be true!"

Hole in One

By Mike Anthony

Taking a solid backswing
Putting forward motion hearing the driver cling

Watching the ball through corner of my eye
It's a bute, I am gonna cry

It landed next the hole
To bad it was the hole of a mole

Untitled

By Serge Dioso

We twist and turn where angels burn,
Like fallen soldiers we will learn,
That once forgotten,
Twice removed,
Love will be the death of you.

"The B"

By Brendan Wettlaufer

It seems to me
I can't go above a B
I try my best
And still some how I fail the test
I study hard and don't play around
And still some how I'm bound
To be stuck will B's all my years
This is one of my greatest fears
So try harder I will
to get over that hill
of having another B still

War

By James Richmond

The taker and giver of lives
You turn boys into men, and men into soldiers
You teach discipline and bravery
Commitment and justice
You teach us how to control our emotions
You show us the time to act
And the time to sit back and let things take their course
War you are a form of life

Times Square

By Kito D. McKinney

I walk! Loud noises fill my ear! My soul! I now know what it truly means to be Alive! Lights flashing, almost blinding to the eye, beautiful in the day, spectacular in the night, sounds from cars that honk their horns, constantly, irritating to the ear, yet peace fills the soul, fearful of pickpockets, checking my pocket for the leather piece which holds safely onto my earnings, yet, happiness flows through my veins, where my blood should flow, this place makes me happy, I need to be here, the city where my brother lives, being here creates happiness for us all, my family and I, where thousands upon millions of odors fill the air, my stomach weak, but my will strong, I continue my happiness, which cannot be taken, but prices, soon become like the pick-pocket, from whom I feared, my wallet still in place, but money soon disappeared, now time to return, to the place that I call home. Good night, or should I say good morning!

"Silenced"

By Kyle Warfield

How to say
what I feel?
Words cannot express
the strain on my soul.
The intensity of the fallout,
plucking at the strings of my heart
and resounding a sad, sorrowful song;
a song of pain,
the death of romance.
Tears stinging my eyes,
burning my face,
soaking my palms;
representing my last loving thoughts
flowing from my mind
and landing fruitlessly on the sodden earth.
Thoughts of what has been...
remember the "Promise"?
Did it mean anything to you?
"Nothing is promised to me and you..."
...couldn't be any truer.
There is no tomorrow,
only today.
And our "today"
has faded into yesterday
leaving me alone,
heartbroken,
and forever...silenced

Life

By David Trammell

Life goes on and it seems like forever.
Do you think you won't die?
Well never say never.
This, I say is not a lie.
Take your life not in strife but day by day.
This you will find is the right way to live life.
The right way, the right way, the right way, I say.
As I said before don't live life in strife.
Just so long as your eagle inside keeps flying.
And your candle stays lit.
Don't think you won't eventually be dying.
Just remember to keep living life bit by bit.
If you follow these rules.
And abide by this way.
You won't have trouble living.
Living at least for today.

Katherine Elizabeth Killfoille

By Jason Capaldi

We dream of finding the perfect
Girl,
The way a clam yields a pearl.
A perfect girl who's kind and
Caring,
Adventurous and daring

A beautiful smile that's always there,
A sense of humor that's rare.

Bright gleaming eyes that reflect
Her soul,
My beating heart she stole.

Each time together is filled with joy,
No game is this, nor simple toy.
Every time I see her pretty face,
And observe her move with grace.

Speechless am I but random tear,
God knows that she is my dear.
I'm the luckiest man with Katie,
Forever she's my lady.

You are the one this I knew,
And one more thing, I love you.

Anger

By Matt Early

Anger is like a hurricane,
Raging throughout the south.
You let it out with a yell,
And the rage leaves your mouth

It breathes and feeds off your thoughts,
Living deep in your soul
It is a virus,
That often take its toll.

Anger cannot be contained,
Like a gorilla in a cage.
You want to destroy all in sight,
In a red-hot fit of rage.

You try to control it,
With all of your might.
But before you realize it,
It has destroyed your life.

"Northern Night"
By Nick Ostrowski

The open glowing of the stars lit above,
The same of those in which you cannot see in the city,
The northern sky which is left open to see,
Is not effected by the city's dirty decree.

The night leaves the sky clear,
And of the painful smell of the city drear,
Nothing seems to feel the same,
The northern sky leave's you with no pain.

Leaving the glow of the city street lamp,
For the burning sight of the stars revamped,
No one from my home feel's with me,
The same embrace I take to be.

The northern night's stars,
Burn brighter than any headlights of the cars,
I see every night in the dreary city,
And living there with all of the gritty.

The northern night inspires me,
It gives me strength as the same those men three.

The Vigilant

By Anonymous
From the Cercee Mount and
At the end of the Winter Ghore
They watch

Their breathe is joy
Their eyes foster courage
Their heart sheers the darkness form this world

Children flock to them like butterflies
Light glimmers from their fingertips in virtue
Hair feels the paths ways of the wind

Aura of integrity
Heralds of Unity
Gilded with the Golden Glow

They protect
They love
They care

Gilded and Glowing
They rise again
To show the world their vigilance

Cloaked in happiness
Carried by their Hope
Gifted with an inner peace

On wings of angels they come
Here now peaceful thunder
Here now the vigilant

The Witch

By Andrew Schembri

Emotions, Strange and Broken;
Pieces lost in the Immense blue ocean;
Ghostly smiles kissing me;
In veil of night-
Free does the Raven fly;
Screeching with all its might-
The conquest of love-
Will it ever be easy?
I think not.
A mind so cluttered the Raven- its wings did flutter;
Leaving me lost in the woods;
A trial swept away; by me the Witch-
And in my room does the broomstick lay.

The Oppressor

By Anonymous

Say what you can say.
Kill not the hope in your spirit.
Can you be inspired
Unless you hear it?
Say what you can say.
Let others not discourage you.
Linger with your friends.
I will help you make it through.
Hear my words.
Read my words.
Make my words your own.

The Forgotten

By Brian Ivan Gillis

I came home to people I did no know
To fragile faces clearly kept in time,
Whose features were skipped like windswept stones,
And traced onto memories well defined

I saw them there, at last in autumn's rain
Holding high heavy hopes of love and life,
Alone they slept with bitter sleep again
And cut nature's strands with fate's gilded knife.

I found them there happy and free from pain
From sad sorrows that plagued them in their lives,
And when their loves and lives did not remain,
I felt their simple hearts and minds imbibed.

I could not trade the memory of them,
What I would not trade to know them again.

The Starting of Our Love

By Johnathon Baker

As I start to cry, which these are tears of joy,
My remembrance of when we first met begins to wash over me,
The way your eyes drifts over me leaves me cold with no trace of
life,
But as I learn you more each day I find that out despite your love is
only,

For me and helps me through the night,
Our first kiss that was shared creates incredible images in
my mind,
My heart that I am giving to you provides that you won't leave me
behind,

Many days have come where I have tried to tell you this,
I hope I know all that you want and need which is me I wish.

Untitled
By Anonymous

These days
As kind as they were
They were just as merciless
Often it seemed it was just cruel game
Guided by some force whom we the players
Were sent to amuse
Destine to play
We played
At times restless and frustrated
Coming so close to the soul's escape
To only lose
But finally
Peace...
As struggle seeps through our pores
And trickling from our wounds
Scarlet rain
Stumbling to our knees
Muddied
We reach to a blacken sky
Writhing and waned on
Our hand quivers
Stagnant it hovers there
Grace cuts through the clouds
The warmth soaks us in an insane joy, almost narcotic
We forget it was ever cold
End game
Whilst we the free
Look back
That shadow darkness oppressed
Laughter reams our soul
Oh such a soul as that knows heaven and hell

I met my destiny
With gun smoking
And doors kicked
Open.

Hope is a whisper
For the confident
But thunder for the desperate

Exist now in dreams
But dream not to exist

If you not here
Speak up

My body broken
My soul is choking
Not even the faintest
Flames are stoking
Cry if you want to
But know I'm still
Broken

Prayer of a Sailor Soldier
By Ephraim Sasis

All of them have Pure Hearts,
All of them have Beautiful Dreams,
All of them are Wonderful,
All of them are in danger.
I will protect their crystal hearts,
I will protect their pearl dreams,
I will defend them with my own life.
I love this world because here,
I was able to meet everyone,
And I know...you know...
Just how wonderful they all are.
So help me.
Give me your force
So that no one will ever be alone,
So that no one will ever cry or die,
Or ever be like me.
Give me your shine,
That warm, sweet light of Love,
Shine in them.
Protect them with your love.
I don't want to loose you, or anyone,
Or myself.
And through my belief and Love in you,
This world that I love shall be yours.

The kind kid caused mad chaos

By Jim Drabek

One might ask what more can he do
He was busted by the cops and kicked out of school
He stle just for fun and slept through the day
When night came along he came out to play
I myself do not know this kid
But neighbors tell me the bad stuff he did
One story came up just the other day
How he would break windows and then run away
I found out recently that he moved to my block
And I knew that this nonsense would soon have to stop
I saw him walking with a smirk on his face
Immediately I noticed he was picking up pace
I thought I would follow him to see where he'd go
But I lost him as he went down below
Then I sighed in disgrace and looked to the sky
And what did I see black smoke passing by
I pulled out my celly and called 911
And hoped the fire department would make a quick run
When the smoke cleared and investigation was done
A jail sentence soon ended his fun

Untitled
 By Anonymous
 Once I hoped
 Once I believed
 Once I lived
 Never again
 The love I dreamed
 Lies to me like
 Whisper of the wind in hollow trees
 It told to wait
 There is someone
 To stop the pain
 Far passed the chalice brim
 The pain over flowed
 Drowning this worthless soul
 Choke it on its dreams
 Stifling it with its ambitions
 Crashing it with its hopes
 Killing it with its failures
 The Everliving
 The eternal
 Without end
 Heart of the Dream
 Source of feeling and levity
 Dead long before the grave
 Soulless
 Worthless
 Hopeless
 Damned
 What point is there for me?
 Without Love
 Life is pointless without Love
 Once I knew so many things
 I lived
 I hoped
 I honestly believed
 To be so wretched
 And hope so much
 Fate
 I beg thee... I beg thee... please...
 Deliver her to me
 And me solace
 Now all be quiet
 Fate is in the working
 Come now peace
 The wretched await

A Dream that has Come True

By Jason Capaldi

An island secluded from civilization,
 Far enough away to escape society,
 A dark sky with thousands
 Of dancing stars flickering overhead.

The gentle grass to my back,
 Water splashes against the shore
 While the tide drifts in,
 And the sounds of night are like music.

The willow trees, their branches
 Dangle in the breeze,
 Sending a chill down my spine,
 The cool air masks an inner feeling of warmth.

I turn to my side grasping hold.
 I feel her warm embrace,
 Her soft presence,
 Then know that dreams can be real.

A place where time stands still,
 A special person who will love you,
 Till the end of time,
 Her face radiates with a glow.

That amazing smile that graceful movement
 In her eyes I see my reflection,
 And then I know that, with her,
 I want to live my entire life.

Every time my eyes close and reopen,
I see an angel.
I feel heaven-bound in her embrace,
Trying to recall memories from the past.

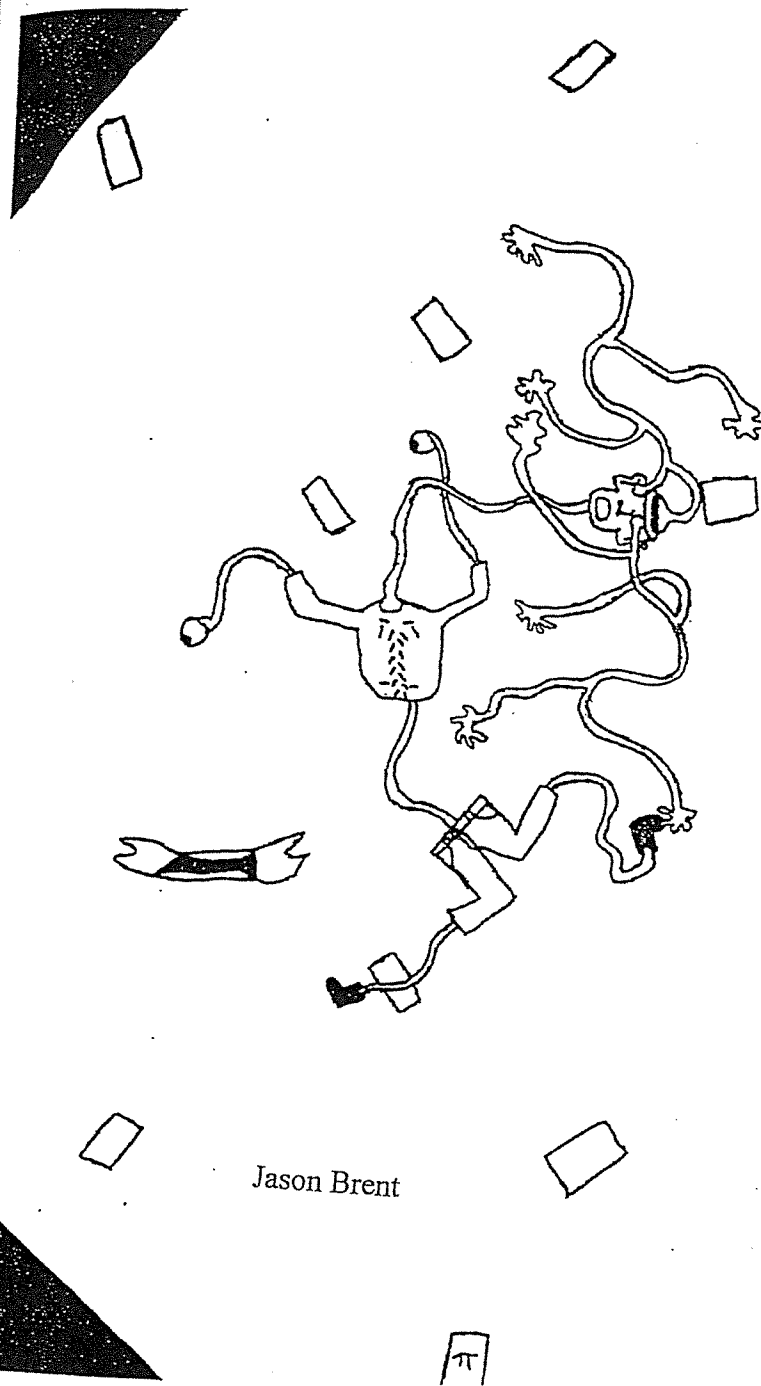
I could never have imagined,
Such a girl so perfect,
Who could make me love again?
But she proves me wrong every time.

Dawn begins to hint its presence,
Still we stay; knowing that everything is perfect,
And that we are willing to give up,
All for each other.

Reassured, we lie together and watch and watch the sun come up,
And the stars fade away into the background,
Of the perfect night.
That's when we declare our love for each other.

What can I do to her mine forever?
Fallen so hard, so fast this time.
What did she say? What did she do?
How did I fall in love with you?

Every night I thank you Lord,
Giving me the strength to love her more.
Each day I promise her,
I will love her more and more.



Jason Brent

Life
By James Richmond

I stood between the baby and the grave
Deciding in which ways
To spend the rest of my days
As a young child always playful and energetic
Or as its predecessor, a grown man who takes life
seriously
Picking his every move before he acts
And living his life around work and play
To which will I spend the rest of my days

The Reflecting Pool

By Sam Shopinski

There stands a dark-trodden man
He lurks limp without any cause
Lifeless without any soul
As the water shakes, a threshold to his essence opens
Through this great path beholds the keys to his inner
being
As the waters ripple through, he becomes weak and
weary
His shadow ceases to exist
His temperament gurgles with desire
But yet he is no more
His spirit ceases to exist
And his reflection is cast out of the pool

The Odyssey's Lost Scene

by Joe Sawicki

After Odysseus and his crew defeated the horrible Cyclops, they set out again towards home. But Poseidon, lord of all under the blue depths, had other things in mind for our hero.

Brave Odysseus,
With sails unfurled, and oarsmen working hard
To move the ship, immobile through the sea.
So many challenges, future and past alike
Kept him from his one and only goal:
To get back home.

Like a snail

Crawling up a garden wall, will try to hurry
Only to find a great trouble ahead,
So these men tried in vain to move their ship
Only in vain, though, for, through all their work,
The ship would not be moved.

A crewman,

Long a veteran of the sea, its ways and troubles,
Shouted out "The Doldrums! Now, my friends,
We are surely marked for Hades' waters!
No mortal man has crossed with his mind spared
For he goes mad with fear.

"So, captain,

Although you tried to save your valiant men,
The king of sea, and kin of Zeus most high
Has listened to his son's, the Cyclops', prayer
And sent the spirit without living breath
To take our life from us.

"The Doldrums,

Spirits of all those drowned in these vile waters,
Which try to take the breath from living men.
No sign of life is found where these ghosts dwell.
Only one sign betrays their quiet presence:
Their deathly cold silence."

Odysseus,

Ever curious, seeking all information
Wished to see these spirits, hear their cry,
And gain, through knowledge, immortality.
No mortal man, though, may match wits with gods,
And this he was to learn.

The ship's crew,
Far past the ghostly Doldrums' misty gates,
Clung to the ship as children to a toy
When in fear for their most prized possession.
Thus they held fast onto the vessel's mast
For fear of greedy death.

Suddenly,
A lone sailor lurched and fell, without a sound,
Against the deck. A mist fell over him
And, silent as an empty forest trail,
His spirit was snatched by Death's reaching hand,
While he struggled for air.

On his lips,
A single word was spoken. That was all,
But it was never heard, for the Doldrums
Used this life giving breath to laugh with glee.
The crew grew sick with fear.

The crewmen,
Scared stiff, not daring to speak out lest they
Die out the same horrible way, sought out
Odysseus, the mortal captain brave and true,
Who stands in peace and war before all others,
To find what they should do.

Odysseus,
The great thinker, whose patron is Athena,
Put out an offering, with two prize rams.
But Zeus, as punishment for his offense,
Refused the offering.

The captain,
That ever-thinking man, thought of a way
To defeat those dead beings, seeking rest,
And, unable to find peace, they would kill
All those who boast of life and utter a word
To spite the breathless dead.

Odysseus
Wrote out, for speech would kill him, this answer:
"The Doldrums, dead themselves, can only kill
When words are uttered out, and life revealed.
If we do not speak out, we are home free.
But if we speak, we die.

"This I write,
My crewmen, faithful all, so you may live:
Row out past this dead place, until the wind,
And all the sounds, return. No words spoken
Until that time and space, for death is thick
In this unearthly place."

The crewmen,
Fearful of death and loyal to their captain's words,
Rowed out of that active graveyard, and lo!
The sweet and thankful wind blew at their backs,
And life returned to both the crew and ship.
On they rowed, and away.

Refuge By Ephraim Sasis

Sun filters through as rainbows
And floods the floor into a pool of light.

The warmth of the shine
Is like a blanket on a cold, lonely night.

The sweet, sacred perfume of incense, roses and jasmine
Fills the air as it soars on petal wings.

The clear-tranquil chimes from the music box
Play on strings attached to memories in my heart.

I taste nothing but the sweetness of the breeze
That whispers through the crack in the rainbow glass.

Breathless,
All is silent now,
Holy.

Runners

By David Mazur

Striding with sheer tenacity,
Toward the finish line,
They trudge the hills and trample the earth,
Rambling the Terrain.

With their ragged faces torn with agony,
Sweat flooding from their pores,
They proceed along the endless trail,
Making individual goals.

But when the neon digits come clear,
Excitement fills their hearts so bold,
For what this view represents in mind,
Is that the end is close and near.

And when they cross the finish line,
Across their face shows,
The obvious sign of astonishment,
They've defined themselves strong.

Rhapsody

By Sam Shopinski

I

Speed quickly

In all haste possible

The keys fly fast both sides

Left and right they ascend to the top

Every note of that scale lands new tone

But in the end it is the same together

The damper collects all sound

Together it falls through

The pitch feels

Coarse

But then it loosens

The descent has begun

Again the sound sinks down

The repetition lurks with faint trace

Every beat holds a new mood transience

Through each chord it begins to form

Out of each note the speed excels

Until it can just no more

The song is over

Finis



Nick Ostrowski

Long Roads
By Dietrich McGaffey

A traveler to, a traveler from,
We know not where we go.
To here or there, from there or here,
A search through high and low.
Of life's sweet end, or sorrow found,
We weather through each thought.
Of from whence and where bound,
We search life, or all for naught.
Do we at last, or never find,
The path of which we sought.

Scream
By Brett Renfer

My throat is raw
as my empty wail
Echoes across
The metal jail.
I sit here screaming,
Crying.
Waiting for someone to hear me
Dying.
Though I know there's no one left to find me.
I scream
In silent agony.

"Prevent & Prepare"

By Nick Ostrowski

Just as the rain is wet,
The system has swept,
All love and peace,
Has been folded into a crease.

You cannot prevent and prepare for war.

Just as the land is dry,
The international peoples cry,
And as the life ending bomb drops,
In an instant all life stops.

You cannot prevent and prepare for war.

Stopping the breath of life in an instant,
The evil will never be resistant,
And the government believes they are doing us good,
Although they discourage the boy's in the hood.

You cannot prevent and prepare for war.

The government recruits our youth,
Saying they will see the truth,
But if the truth is to defend and kill for country,
Why does the president live in sultry.

You cannot prevent and prepare for war.

Life is too precious,
But is not in the systems main interests,
And the boys trained to fight,
Will never see the light.

Because all it take is a push of a button,
And down will fall,
Our eve of destruction.

So how then I ask you...

How is it possible to prevent and prepare for war?

The Truth is Reinstated

By Dietrich McGaffey

towering but not intimidating
awesome indeed, whispering
to the wind, to the earth,
to me, going on forever,
unending, poles of majesty,
green fluttering all about
faster and faster, running,
through the emerald-colored
wonderland is falling,
around me, turning
orange licking heat,
dwindling down,
black
crunches beneath
my feet, but green,
coming back,
growing into
something, even slower
comes the majesty of all,
and the truth is reinstated.

Symbol
By Ross Oermann

Universal symbol

A red cross upon a field of white

Saving lives in the fight,

the disaster struck,

or terrible blight,

Men and women to serve, without pay or fame

But always to bear the timeless name,

And wear the symbol of ...

The American Red Cross.

Authorial (Original) Symbol

Upon a seal of gold and blue

There is a story old and true

In which those who serve have honor and courage

And take pride in what they do

Upon this seal of gold and blue

They are the symbol of everything that is free

upon this great vast open sea

Those who are willing to die for me or you

Upon this seal of gold and blue

And if you ask them, "Why do you fight and die upon that sea a wavy?"

They'll answer

"because I serve in the United States Navy."

Proposed Eulogy for Western Metonymy
By James Snyder

You've often heard it said we live,
Twixt the cradle and the grave.
But if we all lived cyclically,
There'd be no end to all our days.

We could not live in linear terms,
We'd travel from start to start.
The next predictable, recurring point,
To it we'd always dart.

So live not on a straight and ending path,
With a fixed and final aim,
Instead talk of all of the events,
Which shall occur again.

And so, dear 'cradle and the grave'
Were sorry if we yawn,
By my dear, deceased cliché,
We now live twixt dawn and dawn.

'My Different Personalities'

By Reed Cataldo

I carry an inner shield
That no one can see
Unless I let them.

It is woven
From time,
Deer, Fox, Leopard,
Monkey, and a Moose.

My Deer
Is always prancing
Through the forest
Making friends
With the new
And greeting the old.

My Fox
Is the trickiest animal
In the forest.
He is always sneaking up
On the other animals
With his sly ways
And scaring them
Time and time again.

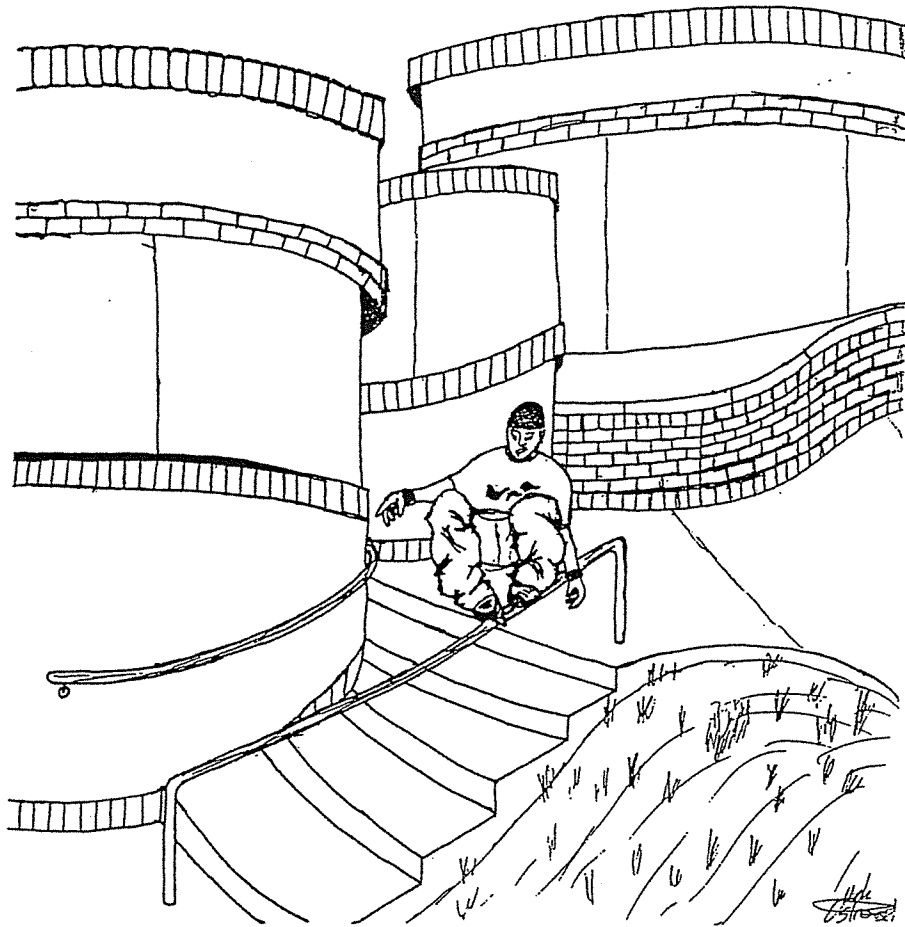
My Leopard
Is very unpredictable
At one moment
HE is acting like a house cat
Playing with a ball of yarn.
And next
He is pouncing on his dinner.

Is the biggest
And the strongest
In the forest.
He is always plowing
Through problems
Like they are not even there.

These are the elements
That make up me.
But as time goes along
Others you will see.
My journey of life
Has just begun
Together, forever
We will work as one.

My Monkey
Is the head spy
Of the army.
He is always swinging
From tree to tree
Spying
On the other animals.
If there is anything wrong
He is the first
To know about it.

My Moose



Nick Ostrowski

Oh AOL, Oh AOL
by Anonymous

Oh I must come clean, for I have an addiction
And I must tell it in rhyme, using imagery and diction,

For I have a passion, a fervor one might say
That takes away hours from each precious day,

This addiction is one without purpose or thought,
An effort that's futile, and most likely for naught,

But I can not explain this needless consumption of time,
Because this medium causes so much of my whine,

For I realize the harm and time that is spent,
And understand I should give it up for Lent,

But the comp calls me back, every time I boycott,
And believe you me, this strike happens a lot,

Maybe the cause is that I have no resistance,
My parents applaud my scholastic persistence,

For time on the comp I say is for school,
And they go along and still remain the fool,

But I am busy chit-chatting, gossiping and ratting,
While the rents think I am dividing, subtracting and adding,

This charade must end, is what I cry
But my reason for usage, I must tell you why,

My reason for return remains the same,
And the buddies I have all know why I came,

For each and every day I pray, for that random bling-bling,
From some unknown SN, who will make my heart sing,

Although these moments come few and far between,
It is for this main reason, I stare at my screen,

There are others like me, a cult so to speak
That devote their waking moments, week after week,

We are an army, a sort of rare breed,
Who use AOL to fulfill every need,

Our ranks are growing fast, in number and size,
And if you don't watch out, it is I who advise,

That you boot up your comp or laptop on location,
And come on along and join the AOL nation.

AAA Member—AOL Addicts Anonymous

the joke
By Sam Shopinski

believe
you me life
is not a joke.
it is to be taken
with all gravity in
mind. nothing less
than that would be too
little. in all the finer points
of life nothing can compare to
what lies ahead. nothing can
amount to the challenges
you have yet to meet.
you may hope to
be prepared so
do not take
everything
lightly.
from here
things only get
harder. they begin
to require more and
more of you. anything
wouldn't be perfunctory.
from this background, you
can go anywhere. use your
gifts to become what you
aspire to be. yearn for
the most. strive for
the best. live for
the most.

Black Insides
By Olga Kremlin

Jump up, clutch your head
Forget the dream do not dread
Be strong and sturdy as a tall ship's mast
Push forward my friend
Forget your past

New days will come
For there are positions to grasp
Obstacles to overcome
Be sure to forget your past

You're not to blame,
So do not dwell,
The screaming babies, burning huts
Are not your fault, so you say
Forget it, start a new age

But Wait!

Green jungle, dripping with dew
Beams of sun, stabbing through
Everything is covered with a dark grey mist
Thick and hot, his fate was bought
Falling downward at your steady hand
Never again will your life be so bland

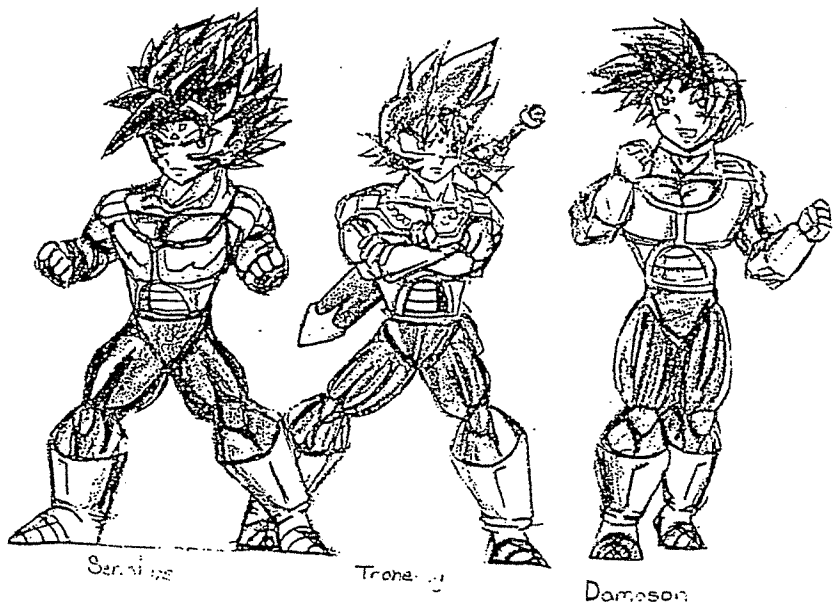
The memories go with
Forever haunting
You are guilty,
Forever you'll feel
Quite unreal

Love Is
By Dietrich McGaffey

Tell me, what is love?
Is it something you can touch?
Or is it simply an idea,
Intangible, unreal?
Some say it never happens,
But they don't feel how I feel.
Some say it's only physical,
But they don't sense what I sense.
What I sense in you,
What I feel through you,
Love is.

Perfection
By Dietrich McGaffey

To this there is no greater feat
Perfection exists only in what we cannot make
It is in our nature to strive for nothing less
But it is unachievable, impossible
We work for it day in and day out
But only fall short in the end
It creates ambition and encouragement
Yet provokes frustration and disappointment
Nature holds the only perfection
We are all imperfect and forever shall be



Justin Leggs

Childhood

By Jahni Pettway

It is a place where laughter reamed from every corner
Joy was not an uncommon thing
So much so you could feel it absorb your entire being
Like a babe in the womb

Paradise danced across your eyes and
Happiness held your hand
Worry did not carry on you shoulders and
Pain did not hold you back

The sun was warm chocolate and
The air was candy
Love tasted like raindrops
Loose and runny

Time was not our master and
Death knocked not even at our neighbor's door
Here reckless thunder was our herald and
From our auras freedom reeked

This place is priceless and
It comes only once
This place we love the most
It is the beginning of all man's passions and man's ghost

It is where destiny begins and fate cries
For childhood is the place
Where hope never dies
Held the most sacred in innocent eyes

Psalm of a lonely heart.
By Ephraim Sasis

The spirits of darkness overshadow me.
Like wolves they await my weakness.
I can no longer block their attacks.
My heart grows weak.
My star grows dim.
I cried out to earth,
And no one answered.
But then a miracle shined forth,
The God of all light and love heard my weeping
And sent Him to me.
In the warmth of His embrace I find comfort,
My heart no longer knows fear.
In the safety of His arms I find rest,
For He will hold me fast.
My heart no longer feels pain.
For He will protect me
From the menacing foe.
His love,
Like an eagle's wing
Will shelter me from the torrents of cold rain.
His swift arm

Will overpower the enemy,
And His mighty hand
Will wipe away every tear.
At last I find peace,
At last I find joy,
For I am no longer alone.
He holds the spirits of unholy darkness at bay,
His staff sends away the wolves that come at night.
I look up to His gentle face,
And see love in all His splendor.
He calms my trembling,
He soothes my pain.
I no longer cry,
For He is with me.
His crystal gaze falls upon me,
I only know serenity.
He holds my hand,
I grasp to life.
For with out Him,
I am nothing,
For He is everything.
I love Him forever,
He who gave me life,
He who rescued me from death
He loves me beyond my ability to love.
I am not alone.
My heart will always rest in His.

Reciprocal Reflection
By Ephraim Sasis

I see that I am changing,
But can I make it stop?
I'm afraid of what I'm losing
I'm afraid to know what I already lost.

Who is this ... I ... see,
Staring ... back ... at ... me?
In the mirror?
In the water?
Just who is he?

Is he kind?
Is he caring?
Does he bear the cross I'm bearing?
Am I who I see
Myself to be?

I wonder if I'll recover
What I once did discover,
'bout myself,
'bout my disposition,
about what I thought was my reflection.

I don't know what I've become,
But I know what I want to be.
I wanna be light!
I wanna be hope!
I wanna be love!

Oh Great Star of Empathy!
Won't you light my way?
Back to thee
And then forward to that sweet day?

When all the parts of my heart
Shall be one,
As it should be.
Let me be my own reflection,
Let me be who I should be.

Bring the two sides of the mirror
All to one side.
Let the ideal person in me
Truly in me reside.

Shining force of light,
Please end the fight,
Between who I am
And who I want to be.

Give me the grace of unity
Between heart and soul.
Please make me whole.
That all may see
Who I was truly meant to be.

No more doubt
Over what I'm all about.
Lord make it so.
So that finally what I see
In the water or glass is truly me.



John Rhoades

Untitled

by Anonymous

I have walk the world and seen its wonders
 Laugh and loved with gods and angels
 I have walked in the next and seen its glory and awe
 I have seen the majesty of the universe that most men only dream about
 But this was all very beautiful though my soul was still not pleased
 Perhaps even a little restless
 I have seen heaven and hell
 Met with the apex of joy and the pits of insanity
 You change all that I know
 With your beauty
 With your mind
 With your love
 I knew things I'd only dreamed about
 And I've never known love like this before.

Enveloped me like the night or drug
 I felt the warmth of your heart against mine
 Your lips so plush and sweet
 Glorified by your light
 Guide through darkness
 Hold me when I shake
 Pick me up when I stumble
 Be there should I fall
 Night is peaceful
 But silence of beauty is deafening

Fallen and lost in hell
 Wandering in land of damned
 You resurrected my soul and made me whole again
 Saved
 Just shadows dancing in the night
 Love...Live...Light

Of Avalanches
By James Snyder

There once was a pebble,
A small, tiny rebel,
He sat on the mountaintop.
He sat himself down and he said to himself,
"Now cease this self, and stop!"
"I'm only a pebble, on so very small,
What's my purpose in life if I have one at all?"
And with that first, tiny thought, thoughts begin to grow,
Until that tiny pebble had thought as far as it go.
With so much on its mind it starts to swing back, to and fro,
And soon that tiny pebble rolls down, down far below.
And as it rolls down upon its way, it cries out as it passes,
"Rocks and boulders, soil and gravel, follow all ye masses!"
And soon more rocks take up the cry, they're absorbed into the race,
They roll, speed and rumble, and jump, skip and tumble, as they fumble to keep
up the pace.
So now you know have av'lanches start, and where the trouble is got.
It starts with a pebble,
Though not always a rebel,
A pebble and its small tiny thought!

Looseness
By Bomani Issa

To open my mind to the endless possibilities of man
Is to accept that I will never be alone
For only those who separate their minds from the world
Will be the only ones who are alone
Or will they?
They are those who will strive on
They are those who will survive the long path
They are the ones who will have the final laugh
For they have seen the pains of the world
And have separated themselves from it
That is makes them strong
That is what pushes them on
They will not be held down
They will not be destroyed
For they are eternal and ever living
For they are like the spiritual shadow of the mind
Untouchable and distant.
This is the true feeling of the free.

An Ode To Pop-Tarts
By Nick Dempsey-Klott

Pop-Tart, Pop-Tart, the great snack
I eat you everyday.
In your shiny, silver pack
I hunger if you I lack
You tempt me with your delicious ways.

Strawberry, wild berry, raspberry
Cinnamon, watermelon, cherry
There are many different kinds.
S'more, chocolate, blueberry
And though your tastes may vary
A greater variety you will never find.

Why take a risk with some other food?
Something else that's not a sure bet?
When you're in the mood
For something tasty, not crude
Get a Pop-Tart, it sure won't put you in debt!

So in conclusion, in the end
Of bad snack foods, beware!
A good message to send;
A great taste to defend;
Your friend Pop-Tart will always be there!

Escape
By Olga Kremlin

Free from the burdens of mind
Break loose the molds that bind
Cut loose, run away
Take your gifts, fear not to stray

Some emulate those gone before
Only to find out, fate is mere lore
You choose your own path
And can decide to go along,
But I tell you my friend
Happiness is singing your own song

Once I was taught
Before one grows old
He should not fear
To discover and be bold
Go out, I tell you
Choose your own path
What you feel, you should do

If you do what I say, take my advice
Joy you will receive
For following my words
You will soon believe
If not now
In your old age
Be an individual
Free from a cage

Joined

by Anonymous

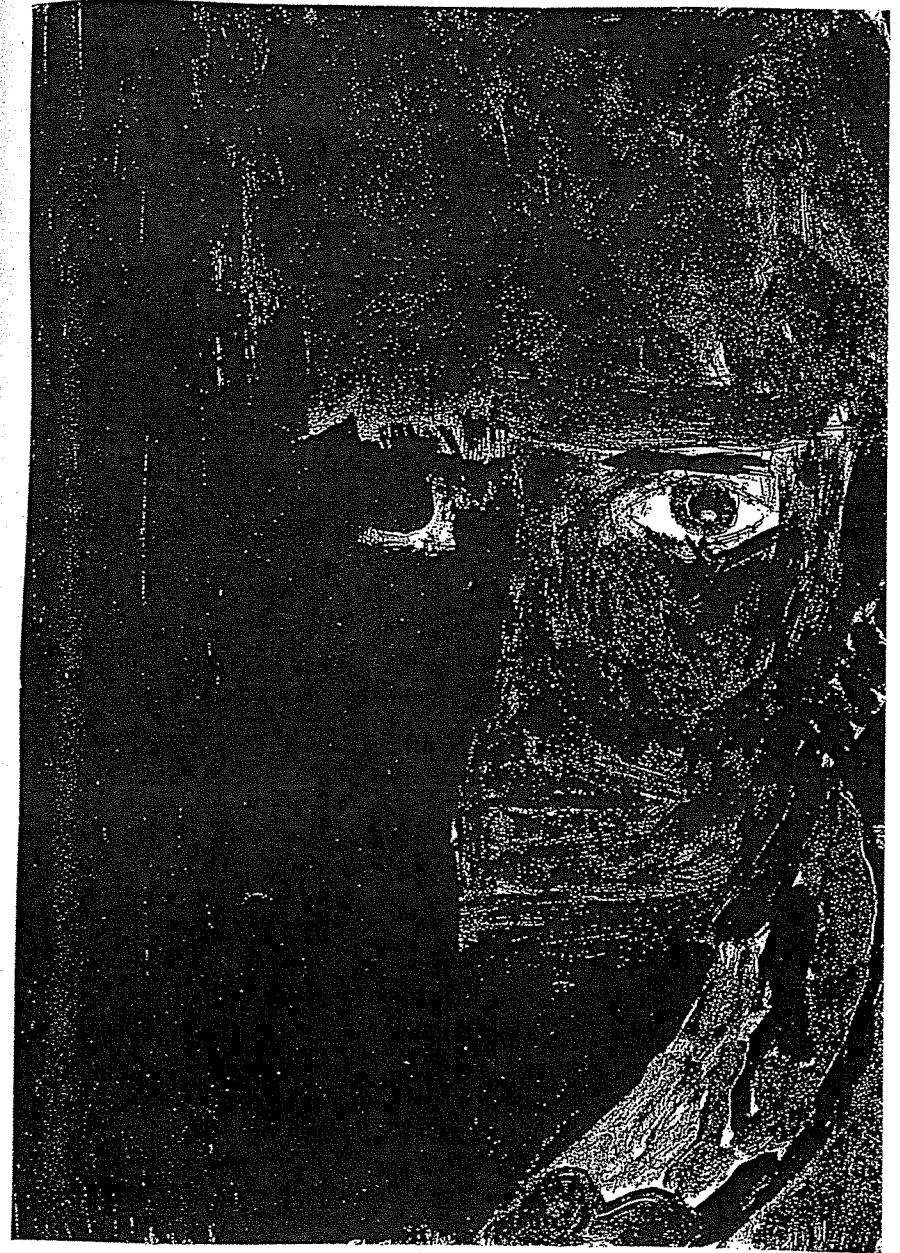
I haven't known you
Probably never will
But fact remains I want you still

Awake at night I wondering
Have the buzzard and the snake gnawed away her heart
And does she know the emptiness that sinks her somber soul to sadness

I have been beaten black and
My legs don't carry me
The air is there but I don't breath

I cry but no one hears my tears
I scream but no one cares about my fears
I dread the darkness that could appear these are the empty years

Meet at the Weirr and
Our soul will hold together in the shadows of the night's leer
Day's leer reappear and with that vision of you not here I disappear from the Weirr



John Rhoades

Hmmm...*she should be here by now*, I thought. I had flown here, Cairo, for business. My wife was supposed to fly here from JFK airport in New York. RRRRIINNNGGG! *The phone? Who would call at this hour?* I wondered. *Maybe it's Helen. Maybe her flight was delayed.*

"Hello?" I said.

"Mr. Carlson?" a rough voice answered.

"This is he." I replied.

"Yes, well, um... I don't really know how to say this, but..."

"Come on! Spit it out!" I was getting nervous.

"Umm... well, your wife...*she...the plane... well the plane crashed.*" The blood drained from my face. "I'm terribly sorry."

"Th-thank you." I replied in a weak voice. I couldn't believe it—just two months after we married. I loved her more than anything.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. I willed my shaking body up and out of the chair I had slumped into. I opened the door. There stood a well-dressed man. A small hat shadowed his face and he was carrying a large briefcase.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said in a grave tone, "I am Charles Fenton of Fenton and Wielk Enterprises. I have something you might be interested in."

"I'm not interested in anything right now."

"Hmmm...because of your wife's death? That's what I have come here to repair."

"How did you know about my wife?"

"That is for us to know and for you to ponder. May I come in?"

Excited now by the man's words, I let him inside. He laid his briefcase upon the table and undid the snaps. He pulled it open, and to my disappointment, all that was inside was a calculator. "Pick it up and tell me, what do you see?"

I snatched up the device, and opened the small lid that covered the front. The device suddenly burst to life, pouring out millions of pictures. I recognized some: the assassination of JFK, Hitler and his armies, a sinking Titanic, and the flaming Hindenburg crashing into the ground. In the far right corner, I saw a frightening sight: the EgyptAir flight crashing into the sea.

"What is this?" I screamed, not knowing whether to be terrified or thrilled.

"It is a time travel device, made specially for undoing disasters."

Convinced by the pictures and the man's tone, I asked, "How does it work?"

"Just put your finger over the disaster you want to correct, and think of who you want to be that was present there. But I warn you, there are always consequences."

"Why haven't you corrected all of the disasters?" With this, the man frowned, and his eyes went dark. "We have." This sent a chill down my spine, but I was willing to risk anything for Helen.

"I'll do it."

"Fine. Get on with it."

I put my finger over the tiny picture, and thought, *who has the power to cancel the flight? I know! The air traffic controller!* Suddenly, the picture grew in size. It grew to the size of the room, and enveloped me. Pictures and color swirled around me. Suddenly, everything focused. I was in the tower. *It worked!* I was overcome with joy.

"Excuse me," I said, "EgyptAir flight 900 to Cairo has been canceled. The other people in the tower stared at me. "Have that plane sent back to LA to be checked out."

"But there is no reason!" one of the men protested.

"Just do it!!!" I barked.

"Wh-whatever you say, sir." *That wasn't so hard.* I thought, proud of myself. Suddenly, I saw the plane start taking off.

"What's it doing!?"

"Flying to Los Angeles." Said the young man.

"Oh, right." I started toward the door, overjoyed. Suddenly, the rest of the air traffic control team began to scream. I whirled around only to find the nose of a plane, inches from the tower window. Then, all was dark.

Silent Screams
By Brandon Mauldin

What is that sound in the night
That deafening tone which is the giver of fright
That sound so horrible it gives us chills
So loud our hearts scream against their will

That cold feeling, that lurks in the dark
Which makes us lust, for that one candle spark
That noise, we feel so deep
So penetrating, that our souls won't sleep

It is our spirit, screaming for help
Yearning for peace that we will never accept
Crying for that fragile strand of hope
That one piece of faith, which we'll never let go

Our essence, which in our hands lay
Given by God, to whom we pray
Has been burned, slashed, beaten and charred
To know extent will we not be scarred

Screaming, shouting, yelling in pain
For it is our souls that we have stained
Toiling, experiencing all kinds of turmoil
I'm so angry, it makes my blood boil

Yet we walked in dignity, pride and strength
Though few of us are willing to repent
With two powerful beings, reaching for our souls
We honor money, diamonds, and gold

With that dreadful end life will deliver
We steal clinch to that cold, cold silver
And by doing what we do best, we hide
By changing names, changing faces and telling lies

Screamers hear me, forgive us all
For it is God to whom you must call
Spirits, forgive us of what we've done
I am sorry, it was all in fun

The tortured, the whipped, embrace your pain
Keep going, for your life is to gain
For in the end all have gone astray
Only those brave choose to stay

As forever, you will be forgiven
As always, it is for the children
So always remember you're redeemed
You will always be deaf to the SILENT SCREAMS



John Rhoades

The Town of Brussel Sprout
By James Snyder

The peasants were happy, working hard in the mom,
Harvesting carrots, beans, eggplants, and corn.
They all were quite happy, and they sang out in glee,
"Harvesting's fun and it feeds you and me!"

They all were quite happy that fine sunny day,
All but the king who wanted his say.
There's been something bothering me all of these years,
And when I think of it, I break out in tears.

I know I'm the king and that I shouldn't pout,
But it's being the king off the town Brussel Sprout.
It's not the state of the town that's making me sore,
It's the fact that I don't know what my town is named for."

Well the king had complained for several years,
Sometimes while shouting and always in tears.
Finally, and after some time,
The king sent out a decree, in rhyme.

"The people of Brussel Sprout," the notice began,
"Every family and house and business and clan,
The king has offered a very large sum,
Of two-thousand glockenburgs to the very first one,

To bring back a picture of Brussel Sprout,
Along with a witness, any one lout,
As long as the thing, or person, or beast,
Is confirmed as Brussel Sprout in the least."

Soon afterwards, the town was quite still,
Not even the blades turned on the mill.
For every occupant of the town had left,
To find a Brussel Sprout that would suit the king best.

Well the people brought in all sorts of things,
Including monsters and pizzas and pianos and springs.
But the money remained safe, locked up in a chain,
Because no one was able to verify their claim.

Until, one day, a traveler came by,
He saw the sad faces and inquired why.
"It's because of the king that there's so much unrest,

It's the king whom we, all of us, despise and detest.

Two-thousand glockenburgs to whomever can bring Brussel Sprout.
He was once sad, but now we all pout!
He sent out that decree eighteen months ago, last May!"
The stranger walked toward the castle and said, "You don't say!"

Now something that should be known about this odd little man,
Is the prosperous business he owned and he ran.
He'd made a fortune in vegetables, so I am told,
But a bushel of brussel sprouts he still hadn't sold.

He went to the king and smartly said,
"I'll solve your problem, without me you're dead!"
He reached into the inner pocket of his old, tattered coat,
And as he did so, he began to gloat.

"I've sold turnips and squash and cabbage and peas,
Here, check my resume if ya' want and ya' please.
Run around! Check my contacts till' ya' turn a bright yellor'!
I'm a union-card-carrying vegetable seller!"

It was all there, in plain black and white.
This man was an expert, there was no need to fight.
The king laughed aloud, his heels he did click,
The man pulled out a brussel sprout and the king looked quite sick.

"That's a brussel sprout? The name of my town?"
The king wasn't happy, he wore a big frown.
The king kept his promise, he didn't have anything else to say,
And the little old man left with two-thousand glockenburgs that day.

The very next week a new decree was posted on every tree and bus.
The king had changed the town's name to, Asparagus.
The problems with that name lay just around the bend,
But this story is over, and this is THE END.

Why?
By Olga Kremlin

Ask yourself why
 You never look back
Ask yourself why
 You have no soul
Ask yourself why
 You feel how you do
Ask yourself why
 You never consider
 How we feel
Ask yourself why

LIFE
By Brandon Green

One minute I'm in the hospital
One minute I'm in the dark.
I see images of Jesus and Noah and the Ark.
 I suddenly see a light
 From the corner of my eye
 And as I turn towards it
A voice booms from the sky.
 "Don't come to the light
 for it is not your time."
 So I turn away quickly
 And I start to climb
 Into the darkness
Though it pains me like knives.
 I'm back in my bed
And I discover, the darkness is our lives.

"Solitude"

By Kyle Warfield

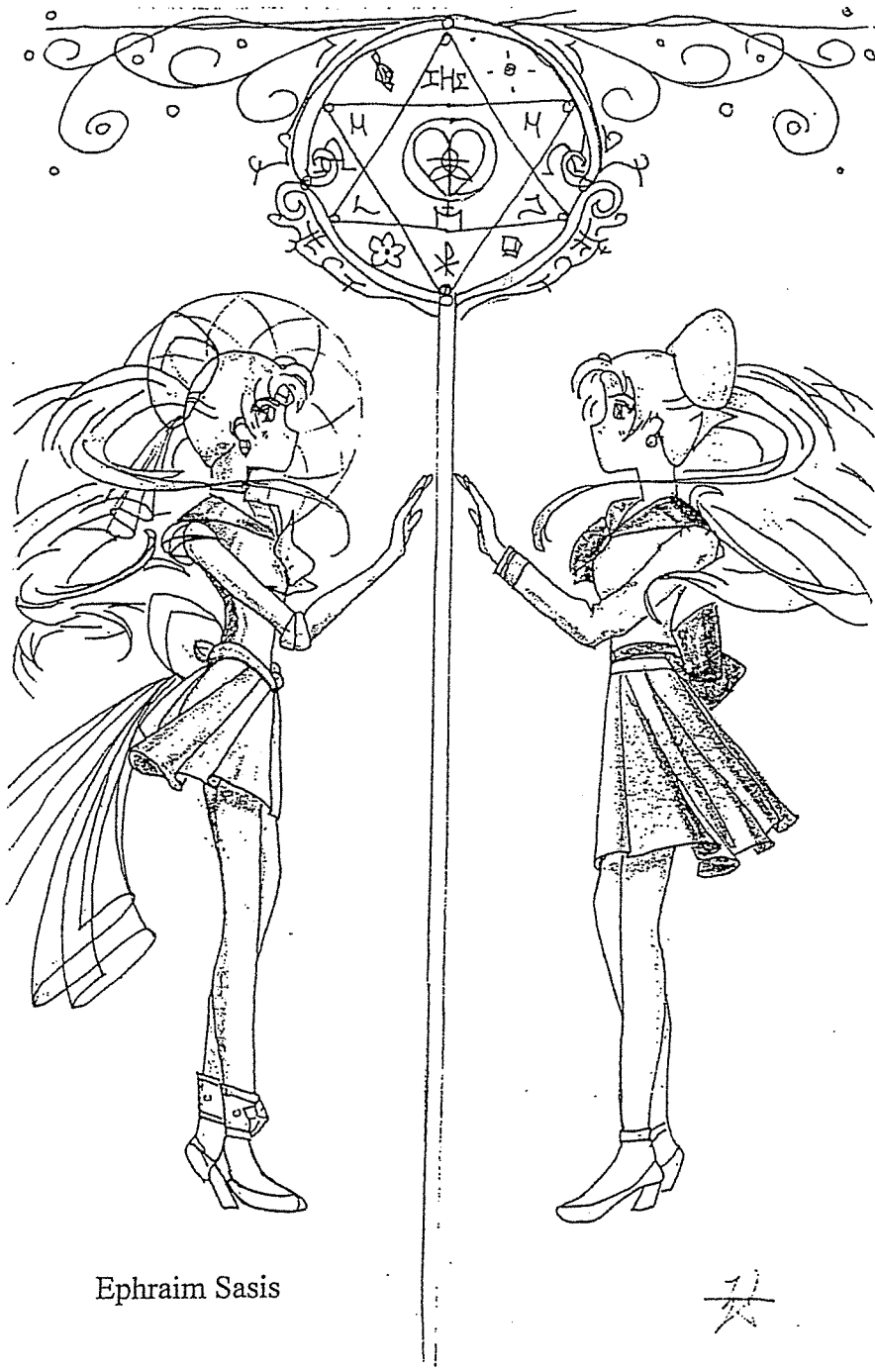
Your picture is still on the wall.
Your face is still in my head.
You are still on my mind.
But still,
I sit in loneliness.
I lay awake nights
thinking of you.
I wonder
what ever happened with us.
Everything was so right.
Our love was so strong.
We were...perfect.
And yet,
one day,
you walked out of my life.
I try to justify the result,
And understand the "why".
But nothing comes to me.
So I sit,
in the solitude of my own room;
in the loneliness of my own mind;
in the emptiness of my own thoughts;
staring at your picture on the wall...

Vanity

By Dietrich McGaffey

Oh such a beautiful woman you are,
To try to love another is for naught,
For you suitors will search so wide and far,
But one who loves only herself cannot.
The one love you love is your reflection.
Your greatest friend and fan is your mirror,
The constant disciple of perfection,
Looking at yourself with such a fervor.
You surround yourself with all the silver
That the entire world can bring to you.
You think the world exists for your pleasure.
You are given such attention undue.

You, the epitome of vanity,
Will find you have none but insanity.



Ephraim Sasis

"2 Become 1"

By Kyle Warfield

It began in innocence;
harmless conversation,
meaningless flirtation.
A verbal exchange of ideas.
It grew into much more;
a gentle kiss "goodnight",
a subtle hint of intentions.
Thoughts...
of you and I...
of love...
wishing for the eternal...
searching for infinity.
And then,
unexpectedly,
inexplicably,
mental collides with physical.
You and I
become "we".
Yours and mine
become "ours".
When we are together,
we don't make love,
we make beauty personified...
we make come to life
what others dream of.
Your heart beats in sync with my own;
our souls extend themselves to one another;
we become united;
two hearts,
two bodies,
one future.

"01-05-01"

By Kyle Warfield

What is it about you
That makes you beautiful?
Is it your jet-black hair,
Whether let down or tied back?
Is it your bright eyes,
Dancing and sparkling and shining in the light?
Is it your soft lips,
Speaking volumes and kissing tenderly?
Is it your curvaceous body,
Clearly defined and surely sensual?
My answer..."no".
None of that
Is what makes you beautiful.
So what does?
Your beauty is in your words,
Spoken softly, but powerfully,
Sparsely but lovingly.
Your beauty is in your touch,
Which has the ability to heal my heart,
And save me.
Your beauty is in your soul,
The soul of a person
Whom shall never leave my life.
Together...forever...
For your beauty lets it be so.

"Untitled"

By Kyle Warfield

Things I said
thoughts I shared
when I said I loved you
when I said I cared.
Forever may not be
tomorrow doesn't exist
but the tears are real
the pain does persist.
Fear and emotions
hidden within
have caused this to happen
and bring "us" to an end.
What about that day
back in December?
Or our first kiss...
wasn't too long ago, remember?
I tried my best
but it obviously wasn't enough
I just wish losing you
wasn't so tough.
Pain...
Sorrow,
no
Tomorrow.

TO MY LOVE ON THIS SPECIAL DAY

By Andrew Zera

The sun beams down on your face,
Like a flower glimmering in a vase.
The sweet afternoon wind blows through your hair,
I look at you; I can't help but stare.
Your eyes blue, like the sea,
They trap me in a way that sets me free.
When it's cold and the rain pours down,
Being with you wipes away my frown.
If I could, I would give you the month of May,
To my love on this special day.

Your skin so smooth, like a baby,
I wonder if we will be together forever, just maybe.
Knowing each other since we were seven,
I feel like I am experiencing a little bit of heaven.
The smell of fresh flowers is so sweet,
Every second we spend together is a treat.
We go together for a romantic ride,
I take you to the ocean to see the rising tide.
I give this evening walk on the bay,
To my love on this special day.

Walking Alone

By Kyle Koerber

I am walking to work alone again
I go to work every day, for many hours.
As I walk into the gigantic office building
Bigger than all the others
No one waves to me.
They all stand by the side and kneel.
Puzzled, but appreciative, I walk into my office
Where I sit for the rest of the day
And do the work that always seems to appear
In my rather large inbox.
No one ever sees me go home-no people kneeling.
This goes on and on until Sunday
When I walk into the office, they have a party ready.
And they treat me with songs and food.
But they never examine what I might want
Never stop to think that I might want a different party.
Oh well - after stopping to wave a few hellos to those who never listen
It's back into the office for me, and no more party until Sunday.
Loneliness is definitely a problem for an executive of such a big company...

Is this Love?

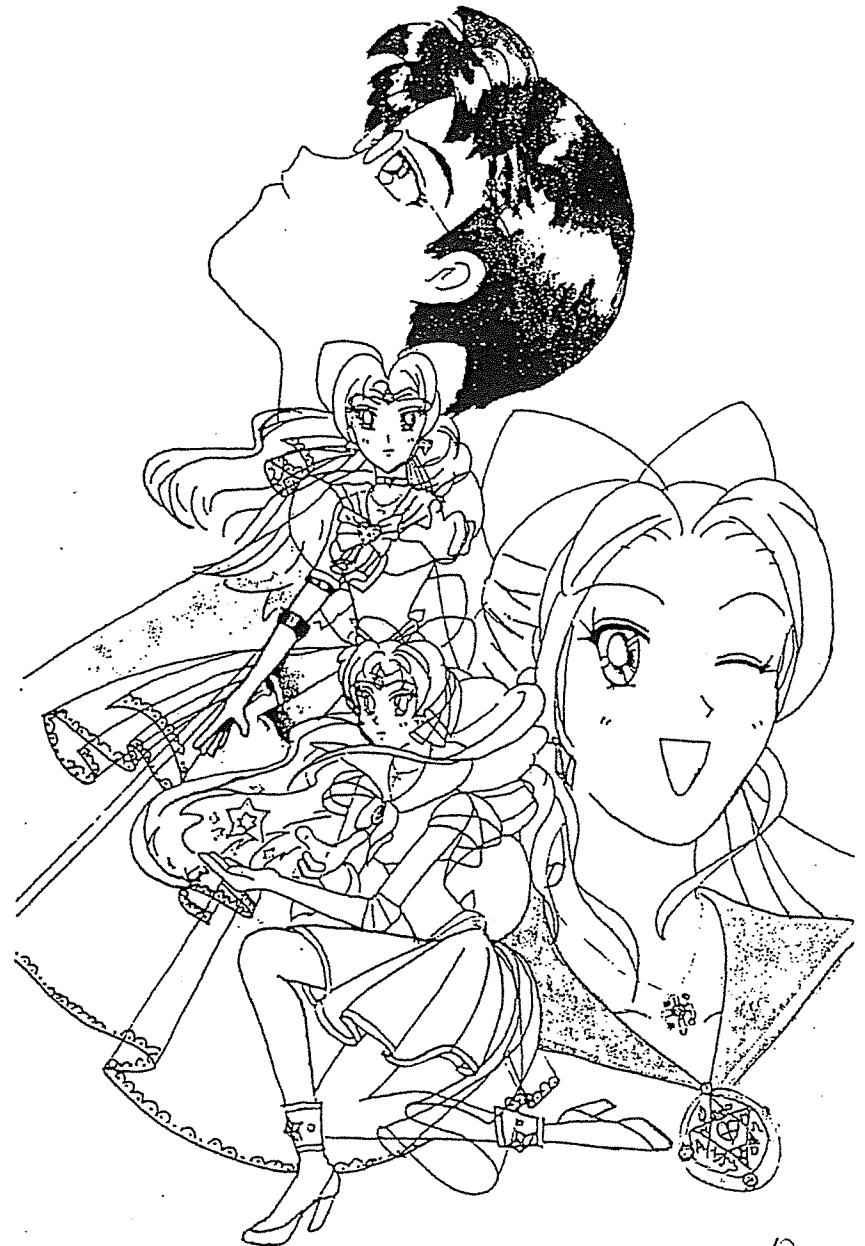
By Matthew J. Johnson

Is this Love, or time well spent,
infatuated, with good intent?
What are the symptoms?
This doubled-ignorant speech?
These Sweaty palms?
This newly discovered righteousness
that's got me quoting psalms?
This unsettled stomach and happy feet,
that seem to act up
every instance that we meet?
This mental preoccupation
with every aspect of her femininity?
This optimism, which I pay a tribute
to the intervention of divinity?
or the togetherness that is felt
,when our hands are tightly clasped?
A feeling endlessly pursued by many
but never quite grasped?.....

Maize n' Blue

By Nick Leonard

I love the maize n' blue.
The colors are so true.
I love the college, the sports, the school.
I love the maize n' blue.
I love the academics.
Some of the best in the country if you can get it.
From physics to law, the campus and everything in it.
I love the maize n' blue.



Ephraim Sasis



The Demise of the *Hood*
By Devin Porter

"And there," shouts the Captain
across the table
"the dreadnought *Bismarck*
is leaving her stable!"

Right there in the center
of the twenty-fifth line
She's passing the strait,
see the big turrets shine.

If ever she reaches the open sea swell
we shall lose her forever,
or at least until
we hear of the convoy never to well,¹

finished forever by her big twenty-fours;²
Send out the *Hood*, *Prince of Wales*, the *DeVours*
that we may soon find her
lest we're forced out of the wars.

The cannons sang out and the roar of the shells was a cacophony, tenfold in
sound, the
clamoring twelves³ were like peals of mad bells
the incomers howling like the Baskerville's Hound.

From the fore gunner's deck of the tough cruiser *Thatch*
the battle unfolding now could be seen.
It was shaping up as a promising match,
the tension between the opponents was keen.

The *Hood* and the *Bismarck*, both huge proud ships
charge at each other and open their fire.
Then an explosion from the heart of *Hood* rips,
a blossoming fireball, higher and higher.

On that same *Thatch* was the view then obscured
great rippling billows of smoke rolled on by
then when the smoke cleared and sight was returned
where once had been *Hood* was but sea and sky.

"And what of her crew, noble three-thousand men?"
As the fleet steamed in circles, this question was near.
So out went the *Hood* and the British Home Fleet
Centered 'round the *Ark Royal*;
'twas like a serpent well structured and ready to strike,
the cold deadly adder twisted up in a coil.

Then came long days of watching and waiting,
hoping 'gainst hope to hear news of the foe
the hours on hours of sneaking and baiting
the seconds that pass as if minutes so slow.

Out of the sky comes a streak of cold steel
to screech to a halt on the carrier's deck
a report it would bring- a message surreal,
the enemy on the horizon, a speck.

"All hands to battle stations,"
through the ships ran the cry,
doctors ceased their min'estrations,
barrels jabbed at the sky.

From the ships, from the crew, not a word heard again,
but a deafening silence is all we shall hear...

A Night To Remember
By Anthony Randazzo

Nervousness and excitement came over me.
People gathered as far as the eye could see.
The tables filled as everyone took their places.
Happiness and anticipation showed on their faces.
I heard my name clearly over the microphone.
I was glad that I didn't have to walk through the crowded room alone.
My cousin and I walked hand in hand.
Soft dinner music was being played by the band.
All eyes were on us as we crossed the hall.
The floor was slippery, we prayed not to fall.
Then the moment we have all been waiting for,
The bride and groom entered and walked across the floor.
The waiters came out carrying full trays.
Serving dinner in this room would be a challenging maze.
The seven courses were an explosion of flavor,
Hot, cold, spicy and sweet sensations to savor.
The clinking of glasses soon filled the room.
The bride turned to kiss the groom.
When the delicious meal was complete,
The dance floor was the place to meet
The bridal party danced around the bride and groom,
While a cameraman photographed the room.
"Turn, smile and then say CHEESE,"
"For a picture of you and Paulette please."

Something to Say

By Wayne Adams

How I wish that they would last
Moments of peace that just slip through me so fast
Just when I think that they are gonna stay
Everything inside me just starts fading away

Sometimes it seems like all I hope for
Just gets thrown down on the floor
And then it seems like you don't love me anymore
Sometimes I wish that I could run away
Sometimes I wish I just had something to say

She looks at me and doesn't know the words to say
But it's not you, I just don't feel quite right today
All these things I say and do were never planned
But how am I supposed to make you understand that

For some reason they still stay with me
Feelings from the past, just won't go away
And I don't know exactly what to say
But how am I supposed to make you understand that

Sometimes it seems that all I hope for
Just gets tossed out the door
And then it seems like you don't love me anymore
Sometimes I wish that I could seize the day
Sometimes I wish I just had something to say

Untitled

by Anonymous

Our fates were written before birth
And in life once realized
We can accept or fight it
The twisted paths of destiny are walked in dusty beaten shoes
Whether the path be good or bad and
We walk them tired and weary
From its trials and tribulations
At times, we can become lost
Though soon we find that found again and
Though we may hate it just as much as we love it
At the end, our souls free destiny for fills itself

Death

By Anthony Kubert

The grandest delusion of all
In death there is no regret
There is no sorrow, nor joy
There is nothing because we become nothing
Fear of death, to me, is inconceivable
For there is nothing there to fear

What We Carry

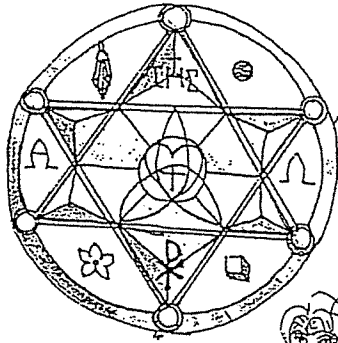
By Neal Dreisig

We carry many objects along with ideals in our everyday
life
Both which are concrete and abstract
We carry wallets, where money and digits make their home
Clothes, books and pictures are common from head to toe
We carry our natural attitude, which allows others to see
who we really are
Our level of perseverance and determination are found here
We carry our lifestyle, which proves our true self to the
world
A major influence to others can be a likely result
We carry our emotions, which grants us happiness or
sadness
What makes us human can be seen here
Carrying all we do makes us who we are. It makes us
unique

Indigo

By Andrew Schembri

Who took the Indigo
Out of the Rainbow?
Will they put it back straight away
It can't be a rainbow
If it doesn't have the Indigo
And I want a Rainbow right away.



Ephraim Sasis

Grandma: A Special Little Lady By Anthony Randazzo

She stood about four-foot nine,
When we were together we always had a good time.
Grandma always went the extra mile,
She always wore a happy smile.
Grandma would say no hurdle is too high or too low,
She was such a dynamo!
November was the beginning of the end,
The heart attack was too severe for her body to mend.
The holidays came and went,
Quality time with Grandma was spent.
As I watched her gradually decline,
I realized the heartache was not just mine.
All of my family gathered around her hospital bed,
Prayers would be said and tears would be shed.
Last week God stretched out His hand,
The Lord said, "Come my friend,
With me all your pain and suffering will end."
I know that Grandma is in a better place,
I will always remember her smiling face.

The Fight
By Joe Choinski

As I turned around I saw a creature charging with a rhythmic locomotion,
I tried to run, but that didn't slow this creature's mealtime notion,
I still sped on, and turned back to see that the huge beast was only laughing and beckoning me.
My heart was a pounding engine ready to stop,
So I surrendered and let my tired body drop.
I had kept up the fight long enough,
And that fight was very rough,
But I had won this frantic fight,
I was okay, I was all right.

Mother Earth
By Eric Eustice

The green plants on the earth
Came from our mother's birth.
With sweet perfume she touched the sky
And made the darkness say goodbye.
She took some water from her mouth
And with it created no more droughts.
Her thoughts say, "Its not mine",
Although she created all of thine.
Her comforting arms surround this place
Giving it her nourishing embrace.
The earth is hers, we always say
Although we destroy it everyday.

Cardinal Directions
By Amit R. Shah

The South and the East sat on opposite sides of a park bench for
four,
The West came and moved the South over towards the middle,
The North came and sat between the South and the East—
Four sat on the bench, the bench was now full.
It had the traditions of the West and the traditions of the East,
The perfection of the North and perfection of the South;
Similarly different, together they sat.
The North had his perfection in knowledge—
A breadth and depth from valley to ridge.
The South has his persuasive emotions—
Passing as strongly as the waves of the oceans.
The West had his prompt free spirit—
At any time ready to ride into the sunset.
The East had his persistent motivation—
A duty well done is a simple explanation.
Each only existed because of the other three,
Love among them was the key.
One day they all went their opposite ways;
They did not know how, they did not know where.
But they knew, once again, they would be there.

Tainted Fantasy
By Richard Siemion

I look at a girl hoping she's the one
As I sit here and wonder what is love
In all honesty all I want is fun
And I pray for guidance from God above

When I see her I don't know what to say
I see that she is like a precious gem
I fall down on my knees and start to pray
I want her to see me for who I am

I fear rejection I can't take the hurt
I work up the courage to speak to her
My emotions, high; my appearance alert
I fail again, wishing things were like they were

The story of my life is like these themes
Don't worry gal, I'll see you in my dreams

Who's There
By Reed Cataldo

Who's there when I need help with homework?
Who's there when I need a midnight snack?
Who's there when I need someone to talk to?
Who's there when I need to be driven to a soccer game?
Who's there when I need to go shopping?
My Mom that's who!



Ephraim Sasis

"The Edge of the Fifth Dimension"

By Andy Novak

There is little difference between consciousness and reality, but reality and time are worlds apart. Was it the inevitable process of change, the overpowering intellect of mankind, or simply the seed of time that stretched from the pyramids of Egypt to footprints on the moon?

I was to have turned nineteen that summer. Why I did not is a difficult thing for me to explain. One might say that time had a hand in it; I would say the intricate workings of the universe might have been more instrumental.

He had been quoted by Nobel Prize winners, knighted for his efforts in war, cited as one of the smartest men to have ever existed, and he was my college physics teacher. He was average looking; nothing remarkable about the way he dressed or the way he composed himself. However, there was a sort of shadow that was always on his face; he acted like he could never tell a lie, yet it seemed his entire existence was a lie. I was compelled one day to ask him of this.

"Let me ask you something. Are you religious?" he asked me, absurdly.

Slightly ashamed of my answer, for a moment I did not make eye contact with him. "I believe certain natural laws govern the realm of existence. All life, whether it had existed, is existing, or will exist, is bound by certain laws." In truth, I was an atheist, thinking religion was fully incompatible with these "natural laws."

A smile flashed across his face, and he seemed very satisfied. "Tell me, what is the most important of these 'natural laws'?"

"I am inclined to say 'time,' because without it, existence is impossible."

"Not fate? Destiny?"

"Both impossible without time."

"Time does not exist," he said, firmly. "It is an illusion that humans see through every moment of their lifetimes. It seems to follow us, be ahead of us, always fleeting, yet forever static. Time does not exist," he said again. "And I can prove it to you."

Intrigued, I pulled a desk up closer to him and sat in it. He rolled his chair up to the blackboard and picked up a small piece of white chalk.

"Following Einstein's laws," he began, "one notices that the speed of light is the ultimate force in the universe. The universe is so large that in so small a space could exist so dense and so heavy a matter, that all light waves are blocked." I nodded my head slowly. "And in so vast a space so little matter exists that even light is not a factor. Tell me, what is the speed of light?"

"186,000 miles per second."

He wrote the number on the board. "Could anything travel faster than that?"

"No sir," I responded.

"Why not?" He was testing me.

"Time forbids it," I answered.

"What dimension do we exist in?"

"The fourth. It is the lowest dimension with the element of time. Time cannot exist in the third dimension. I guess it is like going to Gettysburg. It exists there know,

and has always existed, but there is no Civil War going on because the time is wrong."

My answer brought only more questions. "Define the fifth dimension," he said.

"Well, I guess it could best be called 'space-time'."

"And does space-time exist everywhere in the universe?" he asked me.

"Almost. Except black holes. Time and space could not exist there."

"I had expected you to say that. There is one more realm that time and space do not exist in. The atom." He looked away from me. "In black holes, time and space are nothing. But inside the atom, only space is nothing. Time can go in both directions."

"Are you saying that if I were to shrink myself smaller than an atom, I could travel into the past and the future?"

"More than that," he said definitively. "According to the laws of the fifth dimension, you could be everywhere and everywhen at the same instant. The answer, you see, comes from an Austrian physicist named Schrödinger, who created an equation that details how the arrangement of electrons determines the shape of the atom. Two later American physicists, John Wheeler and Bryce DeWitt, determined that the Schrödinger equation could be applied to the universe and everything in it. Atoms, you see, can interact with other atoms and change energies. That is how compounds and molecules are formed. However the energy of the universe is always the same and the amount of matter in the universe is always the same, and neither changes with time. Atoms can interact with other atoms; the universe cannot interact with other universes and thus cannot change energies. Thus if you take the Wheeler-DeWitt equation, *time drops out of the formula*. It is eliminated altogether! *You no longer need time to solve the equation!*"

I shivered at this. Then I had a paradoxically unnerving question. "But time cannot be the only thing that drops out. The equation must also eliminate..."

"Yes, distance is eliminated! The other half of Einstein's equation! The other half of the space-time continuum. What is space without time? Nothing. *Nothing*." He stressed the last word, and I grew excited as well.

"It is the third dimension then, and thus out of reality."

"Yes, exactly! If you take time and distance out of the equation, all that is left is energy, the force, the speed of light. Speed carries no maximum. Therefore, the speed of light cannot be the limit. Time must go both ways. Distance must be infinite."

"Then why are we not going backwards in time?"

"How do you know that we're not?"

"Even if we were," I defended, "we are still only going one direction."

"There is an answer to that. You see, time is never gone. We never really die. Every instant of time exists for eternity. The moment that we are born and the moment that we draw our last breath, each of those moments exist for eternity. Even your sitting here will exist forever. You can never escape it. And I can prove it to you."

He handed me a bottle. "Drink all of this."

I did so, and as my vision faded, as everything grew hazy, I realized that I had just drank a vicious toxin, a poison that would no doubt kill me.

I saw a flash of light. The next moment, I was in my mother's arms looking up at her and dad. I had been born again.

"Your Game"

By Nick Ostrowski

What of true beauty do you believe,
What of true love do you retrieve,
Do you really respect that of one's trueness,
Or do you take from as though of being truly ruthless.

Love should not be used as an excuse

Hatred starts as a fear of a person not understood,
But fear of love understood is just an excuse to have someone,
And as though not to admit the fear of one,
All of truth and respect will come undone.

Love should not be used as an excuse

If all you believe in is that of fun,
Then all that will happen is all will run,
And you will be left to yourself to love,
Although you know that you are no dove,

Love should not be used as an excuse

And of your love or nothing,
I would choose the one from which no pain you will give,
For you do not respect love itself,
You're just in it for gratification of yourself.

Love should not be used as an excuse

At Twilight

By John Francis Twomey

As in the sky the sun began to set,
The knight and his fair lady met.
As hand in hand among the trees they walked,
Of truth and love and happiness they talked.

While sat they in the garden's leafy maze,
Beneath Diana's celestial gaze,
He looked with rapture at the damsel's face,
Her fair complexion framed by whitest lace.

But bugle calls bring all young men to war;
So it was in the days of yore.
She turned and watched him bravely stride away,
Knowing he would return to her someday.

John 3:1

By Tom Sklut

The gift from God was heaven sent.
He came down to us as to prevent,
The destruction of mankind and to fulfill,
What love the father has given at will.

Do you see what love hath the father bestowed?
On the people he has loved and so he has chose.
The beloved people to Him we adore,
By praising His name forever more.

This Thing of Ours

By Alex Joanides

Identify the infamous villain,
Adorned by the finer things; a street king,
Nothing to something chasing a million,
Power and family like Dynasty Ming.
Passion, fury, attitude so brazen,
Smug and untouchable, courtroom whispers
Again acquitted of tax evasion.
Can you see and imagine this picture?
From casino chips to pouring champagne.
Intrigue, honor, respect and loyalty,
Neighborhood mystique, eternal street fame.
I did not choose this life, this life chose me!
It has now been said and the words spoken,
That this thing of ours cannot be broken.

Untitled.

By Andrew Kyser

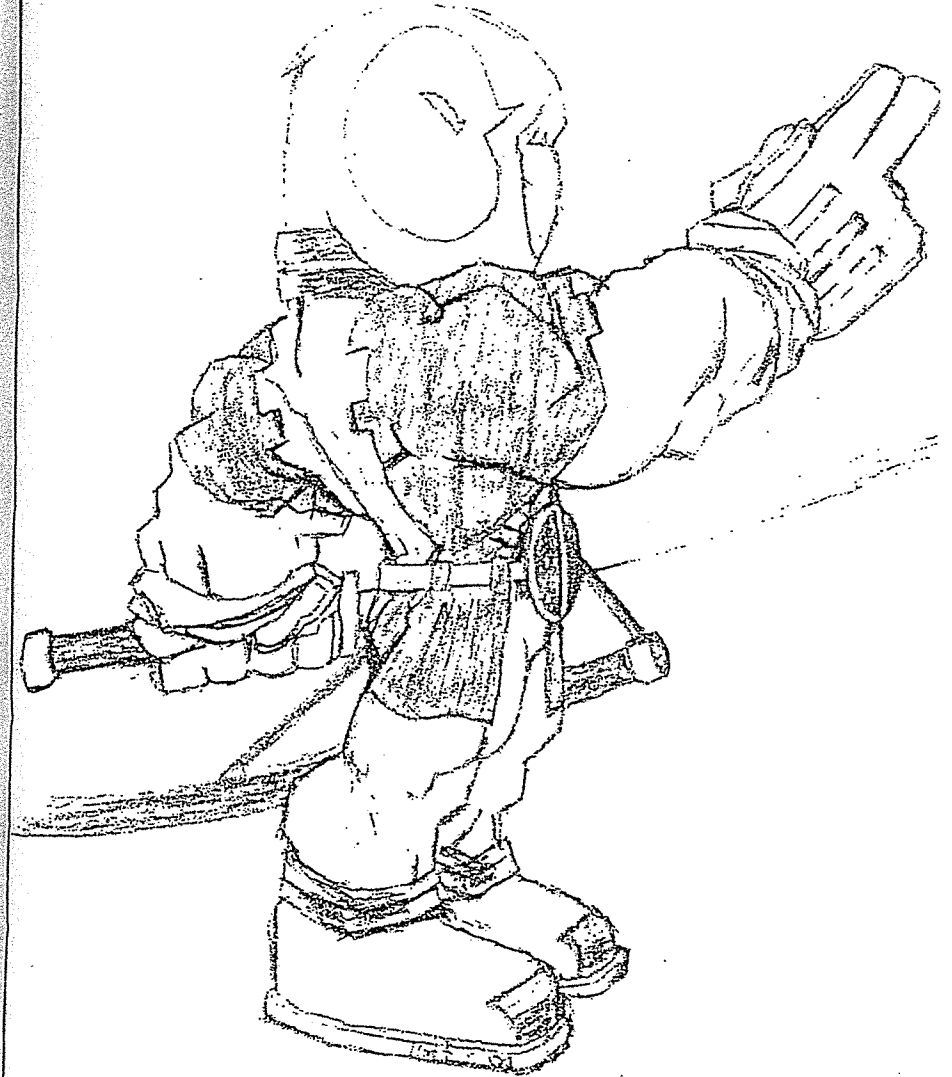
They tell me to shape up
I ignore them / life goes on

They tell me to shut up
I ignore them / life goes on

They tell me to live it up
I ignore them / life goes on

They tell me to give up
I agree with them / life doesn't go on

Do whatever you want to do
But do it.



Matt Kaminski

The Gods Have Turned

By Jordan Segue

"Lord Zeus, it seems that we have a problem on Earth," said Hermes. "What is it now?" asked Zeus.

"Well Lord Zeus, I was going over my figures and scores, in preparation for the new-year, and it seems that 5% of the population is now related to the Gods." Said Hermes.

"How has this happened Hermes, wait, what do you mean?" said Zeus.

"Well, your highness, Aphrodite and Eros have been running a muck. For the past few years or so, their jobs have surpassed their bounds and have extended to the Gods. Normally, this wouldn't be a problem, but Artemis challenged many of the Gods to go on a love hunt for humans. To make matters worse sir, Demeter and Hygeia have formed a bond and have made the Earth women more fertile than ever. Many of the Gods have indeed accepted the challenge and have hunted the Earthlings. Among those with the most children on Earth Apollo, Poseidon, Ares, and uh hum...yours truly. I'm sorry sir, I don't know how it happened but these humans have grown quite attractive in the past few years." Said Hermes.

"Hermes I am quite disappointed in you and all of the Gods. Shame on all of you for your reckless behavior. I've never seen a more pitiful display in my eternity as a God. Something must be done at once. Summon Mors and Aeolus, the King of the Winds." Said Zeus.

Later on that day, Mors and Aeolus appeared before Zeus. Mors and Aeolus were puzzled as to why they were being brought before Zeus. At first they were suspicious of Zeus; but their fears were eased when Zeus began smiling at the both of them.

"Mors and Aeolus, I'm so glad to see you, it's been at least a hundred years!" said Zeus.

"Well Zeus, as you may know, I'm not very fond of you, so I try to keep as much distance as possible. So surely you understand why I've been away for so long. You know I still haven't forgiven you for overruling my plague in the Eastern lands. It was a good plague and it took me nearly ten years to think of it. I'm also still pretty upset about your having Hypnos put me to sleep during the Great Wars. And don't give me that excuse about your giving Hades a vacation and letting him handle the dead himself. You know that doesn't rest well with me. On a lighter note, Zeus, I'm having a feast next month to celebrate the countless number of souls I'll be taking this winter. You're more than welcome to attend," said Mors, the God of Death.

"Lord Zeus, I've been away because I'm antisocial. I'm sorry; I'll try to put in an appearance at more of your feasts. Surely you can understand why the King of Winds isn't comfortable around all of the other Gods, right? Well regardless Zeus, it's nice to see you. So how can we help you today?" said Aeolus.

"Are you two aware of the challenge that Artemis has issued to the Gods? I'm sure you've heard about this silly hunt for humans," said Zeus.

"From what I understand Lord Zeus, I'm fifth in the standings. It wasn't easy, but I've made quite a few trips to the planet. Did you know that all you have to do is fly the Earthly women up to the clouds and they instantly fall in love with you? You'd be amazed as to how many...never mind, I sense that my statements are in bad taste, aren't they Lord Zeus?" said Aeolus.

"Well I'm quite frankly perplexed Aeolus, I didn't know that the King of the Winds, in all of the his entirety would be such a womanizer. Tell me, how can you stomach the smell of these women after the wind has gotten into their bodies and then been passed? Don't laugh, Mors, at least Aeolus doesn't have a coal stained face and at least Aeolus doesn't smell like a hog's backside. How you've tempted women is an even more mind-numbing question. More importantly, however, I don't want children of the Gods running around Earth. We are Gods, so use some judgment when it comes to these humans. They are indeed docile and foolish, but still that is no reason to take advantage of these poor fools. It is not our place to populate the world. Let Demeter, Eros, Aphrodite, and Hera worry about such silly things. I want you, Aeolus, to summon Boreas, Zephir, Notus, and Eurus. You and the other wind Gods will create a storm that will sweep all of the Gods' children off the face of the Earth. Mors, your only job is to cooperate with Aeolus and carry the departed souls to Hades," said Zeus.

"Zeus, if I may" interjected Mors, "I have a great ailment I've been working on, and I'd like to try it out. It's rather painful and kills slowly. Perhaps we could unleash this against the foolish humans, it would be rather entertaining!"

"No Mors, your only job is to support Aeolus. Don't cross me on this Mors or you will be sorry. Maybe I should have Hypnos pay you another visit," shouted Zeus.

"That will not be necessary Zeus, I will obey your command. I think that I hate Hypnos more than you...I'm only kidding. You did hurt my feelings with those hogs' rears' comments," said Mors.

"I'm warning you Mors, I'm not in a good mood and your ill-fated attempts at humor are highly inappropriate. Just do as I tell you and your job will be secure. If you cross me, I will not hesitate to kill you!" raged Zeus.

Mors and Aeolus obeyed Zeus. It wasn't long before great storms with strong winds swept away the children of the Gods. Aeolus and the other winds blew through home after home. Mors cooperated with Aeolus and carried the children to Hades. It wasn't long before Mors grew envious of Aeolus, for Mors wanted to partake in this festival of death. Mors soon grew angry with Zeus and began to plot against him. Mors thought of any way possible that he could defy Zeus without Hermes' alerting Zeus for Hermes was appointed by Zeus to oversee the operation.

Finally, a stroke of genius came over Mors. Of course he could not directly defy Zeus, for that would spell instant death for Mors. Mors thought to himself however, that he would continue to carry all of the children to Hades, that is all except for one child. It was a great plan, but how could he get away with such a thing? To hide his daring actions, Mors would devise a plot to turn all of the Gods against Zeus and to support him in his unholy quest. There

were many children that had yet to be carried to Hades, but Mors had in mind who he wanted to keep alive. He decided to keep Hephaestus' son alive. He picked Hephaestus' son because Hephaestus was the God of Fire and Mors thought that this would be advantageous to Hephaestus' son. The reason being that Hephaestus is said to have had a secret cave in which he constructed some of the most powerful tools known to man. Mors would rename the child Temes.

When Hermes learned that all children were killed except for one, he threatened to report Mors to Zeus. When Hermes warned Mors of his plan, Mors grinned at Hermes and said, "Let us not forget Hermes you ,too, have a child that I would be more than willing to take to Hades." Hermes looked puzzled and then a look of bewilderment came over his face. "You're not talking about my son Pan, are you? Surely you're a fool, he's not human, he's half goat. Did you think of that beforehand, Mors? Your idiotic plans and asinine comments tickle me. I'm reporting you to Zeus as soon as I stop laughing." Said Hermes.

"Hermes, I do understand that Pan is indeed a half goat and yes I do find that very disgusting on your part. The problem, Hermes, is that I have a morbid fascination with death; I think it comes from the job. And, well how can I put this? Zeus instructed me to kill all the children of Gods on Earth. Now Pan may not be human, but he is on Earth and he is your son. By my criteria and standards, Pan is eligible for death. Trust me, I will take him if you don't cooperate with me. Oh, did I mention, it won't be a quick death, it'll be something much more interesting than a gust of wind. See, I've been working on this new ailment. It's very slow and very painful. I won't hesitate to kill Pan if you don't cooperate with me. I don't like him anyway. He once tricked me into giving him the secret of eternal life. Trust me, Hermes, you don't want to test me on this one," said Mors.

"What do you want Mors? Asked Hermes.

"All you have to do is keep your mouth shut and not run and tell Zeus about what I've done. If you do tell Zeus, I'll see to it that you watch your son die slowly and in a lot of agony. Such an event would cause one never to forgive his father, in life or death. You'd better do as I say Hermes, understand me?" said Mors.

Hermes, for fear that he might lose his own son, obeyed Mors and reported to Zeus that all of the Gods' children had been killed. Mors informed Hephaestus that his son, Temes, had been kept alive. Hephaestus was overjoyed at the news that Temes was alive and well. Also, Hephaestus was upset that Zeus would try to kill his son. After Mors visited Hephaestus, he paid a visit to Artemis. Mors told Artemis how Zeus didn't condone her hunting challenge and that he said that she was foolish for attempting to create a game that didn't have the master touch of Zeus. Artemis grew angry that Zeus thought he knew more about hunting and games than the Goddess of the Hunt herself. Mors then visited Aphrodite, Demeter, Eros, and Hera. He informed them about the comments that Zeus had made in relation to the "silly task of populating the world." Hera, who was Queen of the Gods grew angrier than any other God and called a secret meeting.

At the secret meeting, many Gods expressed their displeasure with Zeus for making major decisions and not consulting all of the Gods first. It was at this point that Mors informed all of the Gods that he had kept one child alive. He asked for the Gods' help to make Temes the most powerful man on Earth. If Temes became the most powerful man on Earth, it would be a slap in the face to Zeus. All of the Gods unanimously decided to aid Temes and even the score with Zeus. Poseidon and Apollo agreed to hide Temes until he was of age.

By the time Temes was of age, Zeus had long forgotten about the death of the Gods' children. Zeus may have forgotten, but the other Gods surely had not forgotten, especially Mors. Mors thought how he would make Temes the most powerful man in the world. He thought of many different methods for Temes' rise to power. Then it dawned on him. He would make Temes a king. But how would he do such a thing, he thought. He remembered that the most powerful kingdom on Earth was that of a ruler in the South. The ruler built his cities into thriving communities in which all of his loyal subjects were happy. The ruler built a navy and an army that was surpassed by none. Mors thought of a way for Temes to gain the throne from this ruler. Since the ruler was young, Mors could not take him before his time, for his time was written with The Fates. Mors had another stroke of genius. He asked Hebe, Goddess of Youth, to make the young ruler old. Hebe agreed and sucked the youth out of the young ruler. Overnight, the ruler became old and frail. Since he was so old, he did not have enough energy to throw feasts or parties. The ruler began to grow bored and he soon became discontented.

Mors arranged for the Muses to visit Temes. Thalia, Calliope, and Erato gave Temes the gifts of comedy, epic poetry, and love poetry. Fama, the Goddess of Fame, made Temes' stories and epics famous. Soon, he was summoned before the once young ruler. For one hundred days straight, Temes entertained the ruler with stories of heroism, love, and comedy. The ruler grew so fond of Temes that he allowed him to live in the royal palace for the rest of his days. Temes was delighted and swore allegiance to his ruler. Although Temes was making excellent progress, Mors grew impatient and longed for Temes to become ruler. Mors felt that he had to intervene for the good of Temes.

Mors inflicted the ruler with an illness that caused him to feel great pain. The royal physicians prayed to the Gods for a cure, but they were highly unsuccessful in finding a solution. Mors arranged for Asclepius, The God of Healing, to give Temes the cure for the ruler's illness. When Temes cured the ruler, the ruler was overjoyed and announced that Temes was to be the heir to his throne. One year after Temes cured the ruler, Mors took the ruler, and Temes became King.

To make Temes a better King, Mors had the Graces: Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia bestow upon Temes the gifts of splendor, mirth, and good cheer. Temes' people loved him. He was the best ruler in the history of his people and everyone was happy. His kingdom's happiness however, would be short lived. The rulers in the North and the West grew jealous of Temes' power.

The two rulers formed a pact against Temes and the Southern Kingdom. Temes was frightened, for he did not know what to do. Temes was a poet, not a warrior. To help Temes, Hephaestus collaborated with Apollo to make a suit of armor that would make Temes invincible. In addition to a suit of armor, Mors arranged for Ares, God of War, to instruct Temes in the art of fighting and the art of strategy.

Soon, it came time for Temes to prove himself on the battlefield. Temes was outnumbered by his two opposing armies, but he did not fear, for the God of War himself had trained him. Temes' enemies marched on his Kingdom, burning and pillaging anything in their paths'. They wreaked havoc on the land and killed scores of Temes' people. It was months before Temes met his foes.

When Temes finally met his foes, Nike, the Goddess of Victory, visited him before the battle began. Nike told Temes that she was on his side and that as long as he performed valiantly, he would conquer his enemies. Temes put on his armor and prepared for battle. The battle started early in the morning and lasted late into the night. It was a bloody battle that was full of carnage and terrible suffering. The casualties on both sides were unfathomable. Temes fought valiantly however, and he was unscathed by the blows of his enemies' swords. His armor and his blade proved to be mighty in the heat of battle. He let out a shriek that struck fear into the hearts of all the men on the battlefield. Temes hacked and fought his way through the enemy line. It wasn't until late at night when he came face to face with the rulers from the North and West. The two men were mighty and brave, as was Temes. Temes hesitated, and then Nike appeared to him. Suddenly, Temes surged forward and thrashed both rulers until they were fatally injured.

Temes proved victorious and acquired the territories of his fallen enemies. Although Temes won the war, his people suffered great loss, as did the people of the North and West Kingdoms. Temes knew that it would take many years to heal the wounds of war in his world. It was at that time that Temes vowed that he would never war again. Temes traveled back to his kingdom, broken and fatigued. The King's whole demeanor changed as he realized what a terrible experience he had endured.

Temes' people loved him even more after his victory over the two Kingdoms. They shouted his name and said "Hail King Temes, may he live forever, he's even mightier than Zeus!" It wasn't long before Zeus learned of the people's cheers. Zeus was infuriated. He called on Hermes to inquire about this new King in the South. Hermes couldn't bear to lie to his King any longer, so he confessed as to what had taken place. He informed Zeus of Mors' plans, the secret meeting, and the secret agreements. Surprisingly, Zeus didn't show tumultuous anger. Zeus simply summoned Dionysus. Zeus ordered Dionysus, the God of Wine, to give him as much of his best wine as possible. Dionysus obeyed without hesitation.

Zeus then offered Morpheus, Hecate, and most importantly Nemesis a deal that they couldn't refuse. Morpheus was God of Dreams, Hecate was Goddess of Magic, and Nemesis was Goddess of revenge. Zeus offered

Morpheus, Hecate, and Nemesis each a bottle of Dionysos' best wine if they would destroy Temes. The three Gods accepted and began to work on Zeus' request.

Nemesis went to Hestia, Goddess of Home and Heart, and requested that she make Temes' heart weak and fragile. Hestia complied and received a bottle of wine. The second phase of the plan was for Morpheus to pay Temes a visit. When Temes was asleep one night after his long and grueling campaign, Morpheus gave Temes a dream in which Temes saw three major events. When Temes woke, he was frightened, because of his nightmare. Temes asked that his dream be interpreted at the Oracle at Delphi. At the Oracle, Temes learned that his dream meant that he would experience three things before his demise. The first message was his decline in health. The second message was unclear. He was to be followed by assassins in his mind. The third message was also unclear. He was to live the longest day in his life and the longest day in his people's life before his demise.

Temes was upset at the priest at the Oracle for delivering bad news. Temes had the priest slaughtered and dismissed the warnings shown by the Oracle. Temes was now more upset than ever. He traveled back to his kingdom a broken man. Soon, Temes isolated himself from the rest of his Kingdom. Weeks went by and Temes still refused to surface from his palace.

One day, Temes awoke and had great pain in his chest and in the rest of his body. The physicians didn't know how to cure him. Fortunately, Temes' pain stopped within a few days. Right after Temes' pains stopped, he began to hallucinate. Temes told his guards that he saw men with snake eyes running around the palace. He said that the men were carrying lances with blood on the shaft and that they were marking his bed with the blood. Temes' guards didn't know what to do because they didn't see the monster, only Temes did. Temes hallucinated for months. Many of Temes' advisors feared that he was losing his mind. Temes didn't think that his prophecy was being fulfilled because he refused to accept his untimely demise. Finally, Eos, Goddess of Dawn, and Hespera, Goddess of Dusk, were bribed by Nemesis to change the time span of one day. They were each given a bottle of wine.

When Temes stopped hallucinating, he felt relieved, for he thought that he was on his way back to normality. A month passed and then the final sign was shown. Eos and Hespera stretched one day into lasting for one week. Many people in Temes' kingdom grew unhappy and the streets were filled with unrest. Temes became paranoid and determined not to be harmed by another man. Temes put on his armor and set sail on his own royal ship. Temes knew that nothing could harm him with his armor on, while he was at sea. Two months after living on his royal ship, Temes' ship began to run out of food and supplies. Temes ordered that his ship be turned around, for he felt that it was time for him to return to his people. While on his voyage back, a great storm hit, Temes stayed on the deck of his ship because his armor protected him from wind, water, and lightning. He thought that he was safe until the hand of Poseidon accidentally knocked him into the sea. Temes attempted to swim to the

surface of the water, but the weight of his armor was too great. Temes drowned on that day.

As soon as Temes drowned, Zeus gave all of the Gods a bottle of wine. The Gods did not know of the tragic death of Temes. The Gods also didn't know that Zeus had poisoned all of the bottles. After the Gods drank the wine, they became violently ill. It was then that Zeus delivered the message that Temes was dead and that he knew of their plans to defy him. Zeus then proceeded to thrash all of the Gods until they were badly wounded. He then reminded them that he was King of the Gods and that they were obligated to obey him and all of his orders. After that furious day on Mt. Olympus, Zeus gave all of the Gods another bottle of wine. This time the wine wasn't poisoned. It was Dionysus' best. Zeus forgave all of the Gods, except for one, Mors. Mors was the only God who didn't receive a bottle of wine. When Mors went to visit Zeus to show his great displeasure, Zeus told Mors his fate. "Mors, you are the most treacherous of all of my enemies. You have caused great pain and suffering here on Olympus and on Earth. For the rest of Eternity, (when you're not taking care of the dead), you will be responsible for cleaning the stables of my divine beasts. Was it worth it Mors, was it worth damnation, why?" he questioned.

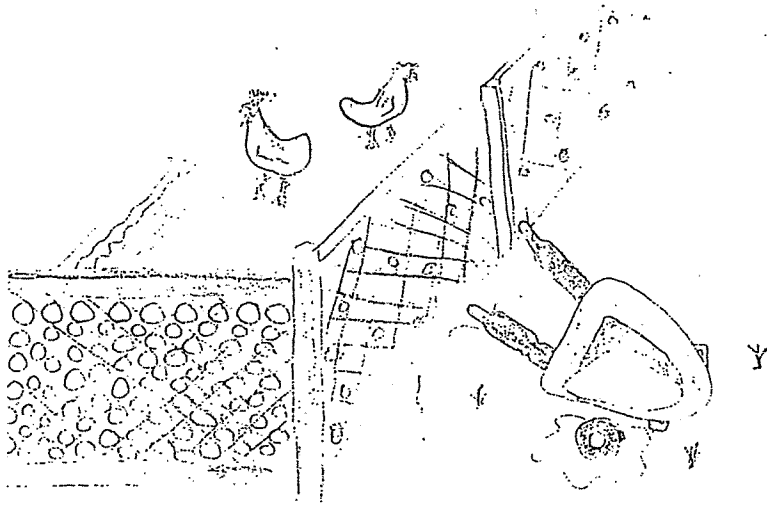
"Zeus, after all of this time you're still a fool, don't you see what I've done?" Mors replied. "I've managed to challenge your power; I've changed your relationship with the other Gods forever. I've caused you great pain and that is what I like second most about what I've done. But what I will enjoy most for the rest of my days is knowing that I was responsible for many deaths after all. You wouldn't allow me to kill the Gods' babies, so I started a great war. And in that war were many deaths for me to enjoy. The death I enjoyed most was the death of Temes. Temes was your greatest champion yet, and you felt threatened by him. He could've saved you from any harm from Earth or the Gods, but your arrogance wouldn't allow you to see that. I hope that you're happy with the rest of your days, because one day Zeus, I will come back for you and I will be King. Knowing that everyday you'll live your life in fear of my return is compensation enough for me. If you kill me Zeus, I'll form an alliance with Hades. There's nothing you can do, I'm here forever and you're not," said Mors.

Zeus stared at Mors and said, "Mors, you will be banished from Olympus and I will send you to the top of Earth where you will be frozen in time. Someday, I hope all of the hate in your heart dissipates, but until that day, you will freeze. Goodbye old friend."

Untitled

By Tiger's Eye of the Ivory Dragon

Wisps of ghosts
Smoke rising from her sweet lips
Death covers a newly built grave
Once one who used to love me,
Once one I used to love,
I built the pyre,
—with tears in my eyes—
I lit the flame,
—with tears in my eyes—
I threw the ashes,
—with tears in my eyes—
I watched the river flow,
Flow away with the one I loved.
—with tears in my eyes—
And now my eyes burn,
Like the flame that
Consumed my heart for her,
Like the flame that
I saw in her eyes for me,
Like the flame that
Burnt on that fateful day.



"So much depends upon, a red wheel barrow,
glazed with rain water, beside the white
chickens"

- William Carlos Williams

Steve Varady

Icarus (Sonnet LXV)

By Joe Sawicki

A green sea ripples with the breeze,
and I, with wings of glass, float on
Through lands unknown, 'round broad red trees,
and through white petals, toward the sun.

I dive again, and swing on air
then turn back to my captive land
Below, and I, with naught a care.
That island, but a speck of sand.

With deaf ears to my father's plea
I soar above him, ever higher.
I have found immortality
within Apollo's solar fire.

And yet, what pain it brings!
I fall with broken wings.

Homework

By Di'on Townley

Everyday you go home to do homework
It is good for you but it drives you berserk.
You are suppose to do your math and Geography,
but you procrastinate and you watch T.V.
You say your going to do it but that thought doesn't last.
You end up doing it the next day in class.

Truth

By Brandon Mauldin

I've noticed somehow in the past few days
How the power, flows through my veins
How the spirit resides inside me
But before how did I not see

The kingdom spreads through my body
Not in the sky it's just too cloudy
But don't worry its inside you too
For I've been told it's also in you

Curving to the shapes of our souls
Linking to our minds making us whole
Nurturing our hearts and our spirits
Without this essence we'd be nonexistent

Sharing their thoughts, feelings, emotions
Protecting our souls with loving devotion
The power which only I hold
The knowledge that our bodies are the threshold

Death that is which, we fear so great
Is truly one of our biggest mistakes
Embrace it and then you will see
That life is within us, deeply

Shifting, moving, parallel to us
Giving it the thing it needs most, our trust
Kindling, burning, shielding our sacred flames
The which he's given us is ours to claim

Breathing, inhaling, exhaling and such
No man can take it, it can't be touched
So nurture it, care for it and help it grow
In return you'll be rewarded, for the truth you will know

You have the power and the power is you
Don't doubt it, believe me I know the truth
And tell it, spread it, to all you see
Everyone shall know the truth it is our destiny!

A War

By Andrew Costello

A war is like a door
That leads into a whole different world;
A world which has no mercy and no justice;
A world in which only the strong survive.
The weak and the cowardly die.
A world in which you must strive to survive and keep others alive!

Each Battle is a new beginning;
Each beginning your must correct your mistakes
And Thank the Lord that you are still alive;
Each Battle is a question: When you go in, will you ever come out?

Each new day is a wondrous dream:
You hope that that day will be the war's end;
But everyone knows that a war has no end.
Each new day can be hell on earth.
Each day you must prepare for new battles
And new wars yet to come

For no one knows what God holds tomorrow.

What would you want?

By Dietrich McGaffey

A time of peril, and of doom,
Entering the world,
Fresh from the womb.
A time of joy and merry laughter,
Then leaving the world,
As age goes after.
What time would you want,
But youth?
But what?
You get not what you want,
For never and never,
So, what do you want?
To never have, but receive,
Opposite, as time prescribes,
Ask not your mind, but
Ask your heart, for only
The heart knows—all would want
The joy and merry laughter,
But doom comes, thundering after.

Heroes

By Neal Reider

When cities burn and armies turn and flee in disarray,
Cowards will cry " 'tis best to fly and fight another day".
But true Heroes know it is in their blood that when they die and fall,
It is better to have fought and lost than to not have fought at all.

If Only

By Jacob Gysel

He grabs the paper bag enwrapping the beer bottle
Then jumps into his T-Bird and grabs the throttle
The cops siren sounds when the Bird swerves by
But the Bird didn't stop, it sped on and hit some guy
He reached back and shrugged it off
Then he took another swig of his beer and began to cough

His vision was now blurry and he began to swerve
At the last second he noticed the road began to curve
He couldn't turn in time so he ran into a tree
The next thing he knew he was on a table looking at doctors, there were three
Now all he could see was a bright white light
Then he started to float, he was taking flight

Now he was no longer floating up, in fact he was falling down
He kept falling and falling until he saw a dark man in a red gown
He fell into a river of fire and flames
Then he realized this wasn't fun and games
Yes it was true he was more dead than a doornail
He was in Hell now because on Earth his fate was to fail

If only he hadn't gotten drunk in his car
All he could think was why he went into that bar
"If only I had one more chance," he thought
"I wouldn't have had that last beer bought."
Then he sat up straight in his bed
That's when he discovered he wasn't dead

Yes it was all a terrible nightmare
All he could do was look at his floor and stare
It was covered with empty bottles and cans
Every night he was out drinking with his "clans"
It was all over now, the lesson was learned
The only good thing that came was the moral he earned

Never again did he touch a beer bottle
And he never got in his T-Bird and grabbed the throttle
The memories they brought he just didn't need
He then gave the car to his little brother Reed
His dream changed everything in his life
Because of rehab, he had kids and a wife

Untitled
By Paul Mansoor

time is quickly wasting away
the works not done;

-no time to play
i can't understand where it went,
my dreams, my hopes, all spent
they laugh, they say, "every-
-one does"

who wouldn't miss their second home?
but they don't know, how could they?
they're not me, they don't know
my feelings are mine, and mine alone

you think i don't Hear you laughing?
calling me meek? young? a fool? a geek?
shows how much you know,
you pompous piece of swine.
this world may never be mine;

but I have something you can never steal,
the tarnish will never fade, the paint never peal
that thing is my memory, i will forever cherish it
for when the future asks of my Past, i-
-will smile

and remember you all
the Pain and love that was distributed,
-the battles lost and won
i gave you my soul, and you returned the favor
miss you forever, cherish You longer

Down the Slope
By Joe Sawicki

The air was crisp and cloudy
as I stepped into the snow.

I pulled my jacket tighter,
I saw the ground turn whiter,
and I smelled the apple cider
From the rest house down below.

The hill stretched out below me
as I pushed off from the peak.

I heard the cold wind whistle
while it whipped me, and I bristled
as I sped off like a missile.
I became a blurry streak.

I felt the exhilaration
that a bird must feel in flight.

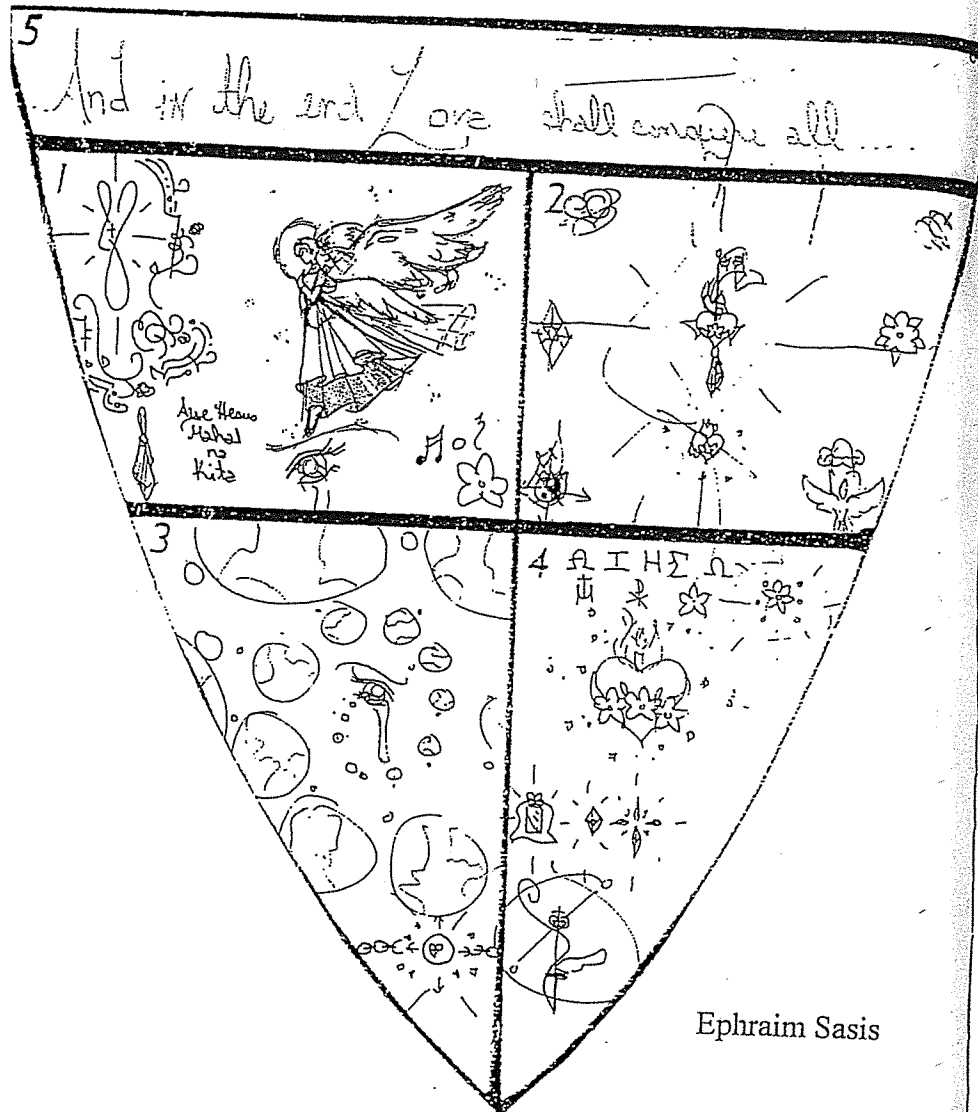
Down the steep hillside I dropped,
over every hill I hopped;
and when I had finally stopped,
I cheered out of delight!

At the rest house, I indulged on
soda pop and pizza pie

I came back outside, and then,
when the day came to an end,
and we had to leave again,
I silently waved good-bye.

Forgive Me
By Styles Upshaw

What's going on mom, how are you
I hope your raising my little brother not to do what I do
I get out of here in eight years, four months, and a day
When I was around the way, you wouldn't believe what another inmate say
"Jason right this second gimme yo food
or you know I will take it dude"
I didn't give it to him, I tried to be strong
Shortly after, I realized my decision was wrong
Someone pulled out a knife and I received a large cut
And then I fell real hard on my butt
The doctor just asked what my last words will be
And I said, "mom one day I hope you can forgive me"



Ephraim Sasis

The Cold

By Glenn Burke

The cold is in me, the cold is in you.
It pierces our souls, and courses us through.
Ice-like and shad'wy, it comes in the night,
It saps our defenses so it we can't fight.

The cold 'pears at dawn, and slickens our streets.
It carves through our shoes, and ices our feet.
The exploits of winter, its faults that are meet,
Are all due in part to the absence of heat.

This cold, it does more than just rattle our bones,
It comes 'tween the members who live in our home.
The coldness sets in and it stifles our love,
And prevents us from talking of the power above.

But even cold yields to the gentle spring thaw,
And the warmth of rebirth fills the hole of the maw.
The cold leaves our feet and so should it part
From the strangling grasp that it holds on our heart.

"Elements"

By Joe Balistreri

The water smells very blue
I tasted it, it tastes very quiet too.
When listening to it, blandness met my ears
I looked at it, and it was tasteless like tears.

Water is the medium of life.
When we have it, we're without strife.
While it is still basic, all over the earth
We've needed it always from today to our birth.

The sun, hot oven, he sends to us
Heat, light and photons to change the earth's crust
Creatures and features send forth from the earth
All of our world, which nothing is worth.

But what if he takes back his great gift of life?
Would we still be here, both man and his wife?
What happens to life, where would it be?
Without sun, water would be history.

Water is the medium of life.
When we have it, we're without strife.
While it is still basic, all over the earth
We've needed it always from today to our birth.

I can't smell the water, they say it was blue
I can't taste the water, it's quiet now too.
Away with the sun and away with the water
It suddenly seems our world is much hotter. . .

{Girl Next to My Heart}

By Ben Dempsey-Klott

Is short and blond,
yet, tall and indomitable.

Always laughing, burping, smiling,
dancing, running, jumping--right into my heart
and arms.

Spunky,
Tomboy, who is always near me.

Best friends through thick and thin,
who have a bond so deep, that it is
impenetrable to the out side world.

Running here, dashing there,
But somehow, always in my world.

Making drastic changes,
or small marks,

I still go nowhere without her,
the true mark of our friendship.

Death
By David Trammell

Death is a thing that we all do hate.
But it always ends up to be our last fate.

We all have a life goal that we want to do.
It is death that screws it up for me and for you.

We have to be cautious but wasn't life for adventure in the first place.
Instead of being cautious I'll go enter a race.
We weren't put here to be scared of being taken off.
And I won't be scared for my life if I have a little cough.

If you were about to die what would you go do.
I bet you would go do something with all your friends that you knew.
Or you might go complete your life goal that you had.
I bet for a last wish that would make you really glad.

Death is more serious for the ones that love you.
That's why you should think about them too.
They're hurting inside more than you think.
And they're crying inside like a dripping sink.

Wherever you go heaven or hell.
Just remember everyone, for you will be ringing a bell.
We hope you went to heaven because that is where you belong.
And that is why we are singing you this special song.

It comes from my heart and from my soul.
That is why we did not bury you in a dirty old hole.
I hope that I do get to see you again.
That is I hope that I do make it to heaven.

In loving memory of my Grandmother: Marian Trammell

Hope

By Sam Shopinski

As I stare down into that stormy abyss,
I can't but wonder why everything lies contorted
If all things seem to lead amiss,
It is only because I fall short

Thinking quietly to myself
I question what life is for
Everyone just casts themselves forward
But I know not what to do

While life thrashes plain in monotone
There is nothing to lead the path
Most can make do on their own
Yet I stand awaiting no more than I already have

So what more is there to life than this dreary present
But hope for the best which is before us

Companionship

By Vertis M. Seward II

My struggles have been hard
But in my life
I've learned to discard
Those true and those fake
The love from the hate
Through the darkness I found you
My love my wife my boo
You complete me and I complete you
You mean everything to me
You're my heart my soul
And my reason to be
Without my love is lost
I'd pay any price
No matter what the cost
To keep you away from pain
And the hardships we both overcame
So here we are you my lady
Me your man
Together on top is where we stand
Together forever hand and hand
I Love you!!!

Dedicated to Miss Suber.



Kito D. McKinnon

Consequence

By Emmett Windisch

Consequence is the only true motivator

Free will is but a grand illusion in which humans are able to
perceive themselves as greater than they are

By convincing ourselves and those around us that we act solely on the basis of
personal and moral betterment is what we need to believe in our own
goodness.

Our goodness is the issue with which we grapple always

To cease to attend to our own goodness, in any aspect, is to lose our "sanity"
and when that is lost, we are forever
free.

Class

By Di'on Townley

When you are in class, you expand your minds.

You try to keep focus to pass the time.

Day in and Day out you work in class.

You try not to make notice when you pass gas.

The teacher speaks, but you don't understand a word,
because you sneak to eat candy like Jolly Ranchers and Nerds.

You are very happy when the bell is about to ring,

But you were not paying attention and you haven't learned a thing.

A Dream as They Seem

By Charles Bell

In a dream we can do
Anything we want to
There was no place I would rather be
But here with you
The moonlight pours away
And is only visible to you and I
I never knew finding you
Could feel so right
Keep the dream
For the one you're hoping for
It won't take long
For that person to do their part
When you find her
They will open your heart
On this special day
On the ground we lie
For the only people who share this passion
Are you and I
Then I ask myself
What am I to believe
Then I remember
It was only a Dream as it seemed

down and Out
By Ben Dempsey-Klott

I was really depressed.
I had dated my girl for about two years.
Then,

out of the blue,
she dumps me.

No explanation,

I was just suddenly broad sided with the
"Let's just be Friends Talk"

What was I to do.

I loved her more than life it self.

I gave her everything.

Many a long night I sat up and talked with her.

We would talk late at night,

about things--
life,

death,

happiness,

love.

I could not bring myself out of this.

Is there such thing as love.

Love,

love is such a crazy thing,

you never understand how you are suppose

to feel,

so is it real?

I walked up the large stone steps to my house.

My parents would be home late,

my brother at friend's house,

the other at movie.

What was I to do?

I looked d up to the sky.

It was overcast,

a grey,

hazy,

overhung sky.

I reached up to touch it

Even it was to hard to touch.

Love,

the sky,

is there a difference?

Love is supposed to bring you to the heavens,

to make you soar,

to make you oblivious that life really sucked.
They don't tell you what happens next.
You fly above the clouds,
 into the starry beyond,
 and then it happens.
The love is gone.
You come crashing down to Earth,
 hit it with such an impact that every bone in
your body aches.
It is a dull pain,
 that starts out mild,
 and grows to such an intensity,
 that to slit your wrists would not
be enough.
As I moved through the living room,
 I picked up the mail.
Nothing for me,
 as usual.
I walked into the kitchen and opened the 'frigid.
I searched for something to drink.
Milk?
 to nurturing.
Orange Juice?
 to sunny.
Pepsi?
 hell no.
Coke?
 only if I can have a gun to shoot it.
As I closed the door I checked the door.
There was a beer left from a party my parents had
last week.
I picked it up.
The bottle bled water as it rolled in my hand.
The bottle itself was green,
 but the fluid inside was a dark brown.
The cap was gold,
 the bottom bumpy glass.
I shut the door,
 the beer still in my hand.
It continued to bleed,
 the cold water running down my hands,
 onto my arm,
 and then dripping onto the floor.
I stared at the bottle in my hand.
It entranced me.
It was so cool

yet offered a warmth to my life that was unnatural.
I tried to twist the cap off.
The ridges ripped my palm.
I pulled my hand back and stared at my palm.
The skin was torn on the edges,
 ragged in appearance,
 the skin pink,
 but the edges white.
The red blood seeped out of the wound and over the
torn skin.
It stung,
 but I could not stop staring at the dark red
liquid.
It smelled sour,
 and was thick.
I grabbed a towel and wrapped my hand in it.
The blood oozed through the terry-cloth,
 and created a large maroon spot on the other
wise white towel.
I returned to my beer.
I found a can opener,
 popped the top and watched it clink to the
counter top.
As I raised the bottle to my lips,
 I got a whiff of the liquid.
It smelled in such a way that I can not describe.
It was sour,
 yet sweet.
Pungent,
 yet soft and dry.
I raised the bottle to my lips and took a sip.
It was horrible tasting,
 almost like licking out the bottom of a trash
can.
But I continued to drink.
My hand gripped the neck of the bottle as if it were
going to save my life.
And,
 in a way it was.
It was offering my,
 solace,
 warmth,
 love,
 happiness.
I chugged down the rest of the beer.
It made me feel happy.

I walked around,
 not caring where I was going,
 because I had no where to go.
 Life is a circle.
 You live,
 then you die.
 You love,
 then you say good bye.
 You feel,
 and you try,
 and you try,
 but nothing.
 It does no good.

I was feeling light headed,
 groggy,
 as though I had no sleep the night
 before.
 I sat down,
 and closed my eyes.
 It felt so good.
 My eye lids were heavy,
 as though I could not keep them open any
 longer.

I awoke some time later.
 My parents were still not home,
 my brothers spending the night at friends'
 houses.
 I walked up the stairs to my room.
 I sat on my bed,
 and thought.
 As I let my eyes wonder,
 the color of my room began to swirl.
 I glanced down,
 my head stopped spinning,
 and looked at my hand.
 I still had the towel around it.
 I unraveled the towel part way.
 It stuck to my hand because of the blood.
 I yanked it off,
 and winced in pain.
 Pain was the theme of my life as of now.
 I picked at the dried skin and blood.
 The dark maroon liquid now was flaky.

As I rubbed it with the point of my finger,
 some thoughts came back and lingered,
 what is love?
 It is hard to keep someone close ,
 to love even,
 and even easier lose.

In a flash,
 what you have built,
 is gone.

When you are in love,
 you are a slave.
 You are chained to the person of whom you share the
 affection,
 but this emotion can offer you no protection,
 nothing can save you
 from despondency.

The world is a sad,
 disappointing,
 unjust place.

The dried blood was flaking all over.
 As I ran my finger over the dried liquid,
 it began to flake.
 I gathered the flakes into a pile,
 and,
 with one soft breath,
 let them fly from my palm.

The flakes scattered in a thousand different
 directions,
 they were know free from the chains of slavery.
 My hand ached from the cut.
 The skin was still ruffled,
 sticking straight up,
 as if to salute some sort of superior.

The cut skin was dry,
 leathery to the touch.
 The scab over the cut was a dark red color.
 As I pressed down on the scab,
 I could feel the veins pulse beneath the
 surface.
 These veins carries life to the body.
 The scab was warm,
 soft with the feel of new skin.

I looked around my room, the blue color swirling,

to form an endless kaleidoscope of colors.
My hand was burning with pain.
I spotted a pair of scissors on the floor.
I bent down and picked them up.
As I raised the handles to my face,
 I saw a flake of dried blood,
 once again refusing to live alone,
 once again attaching itself to
something for companionship.
I felt the tips of the metal blades.
They felt cool beneath the touch of my fingers.
I rubbed the tips over the cut.
It felt good to have the sharp tips graze the fresh
coat of new skin.
With one swift motion,
 I shoved the blades into the cut,
 piecing the wound.
With the blades in my hand,
 blood was again poured forth from my hand.
The liquid swelled from the newly pierced skin.
I cupped my hand so as to keep the blood from going
every where.
It formed a tiny pool in my hand.
I slowly walked to the bathroom.
I tipped my hand slightly,
 and the blood ran from the cup of my hand,
 down my palm,
 and down my arm.
The liquid was warm and ran smoothly down my arm.
I ran some hot water into the sink.
As I dipped my hand in to the water,
 the blood mingled,
 and the water was now I red-brown color.
It was a light color,
 the water.
My hand began to sting more than words can describe.
It started as a dull pain,
 and increased with a sharp piercing pain.
I pulled my hand out and wrapped another towel around
it.
I made my way back to my room.
WHY?

I lay down on my bed.
If you were to walk in at this moment,
 it would indeed seem as if I were dead.

My energy was drained.
I could not move myself.
I fell in to a deep troubled sleep.
Over and over again I thought about my day.
Was it something that I had done that had caused my love to
break me?
I had given her everything.
But,
 she threw me away.

For many days,
 I continued me path to self-destruction.
I drank more than anyone should drink,
 downing more alcohol than was reasonable.
I spent more and more days sick at home.
I felt as though someone had ripped out my heart,
 stepped on it,
 ground it into the floor,
 and then made me eat it.
I felt as though nothing could make me feel better.
Friends came went,
 making sure I wasn't dead.
But,
 the things that they said,
 they offered no help.

Then one day I decided to go out.
I threw on my jacket and some clean clothes,
 and headed for my car,
 unmoved since I had come home.
I drove around,
 looking for something to do.
It was after school had gotten out.
I stopped at the local Burger King.
As I stepped in,
 I saw her.
The one who had so viciously ended my life,
 with only three words uttered.
She seemed to be trying to remove something from the throat
of her new beau.
She wasn't very successful though.
It's hard to do something like that with your tongue.

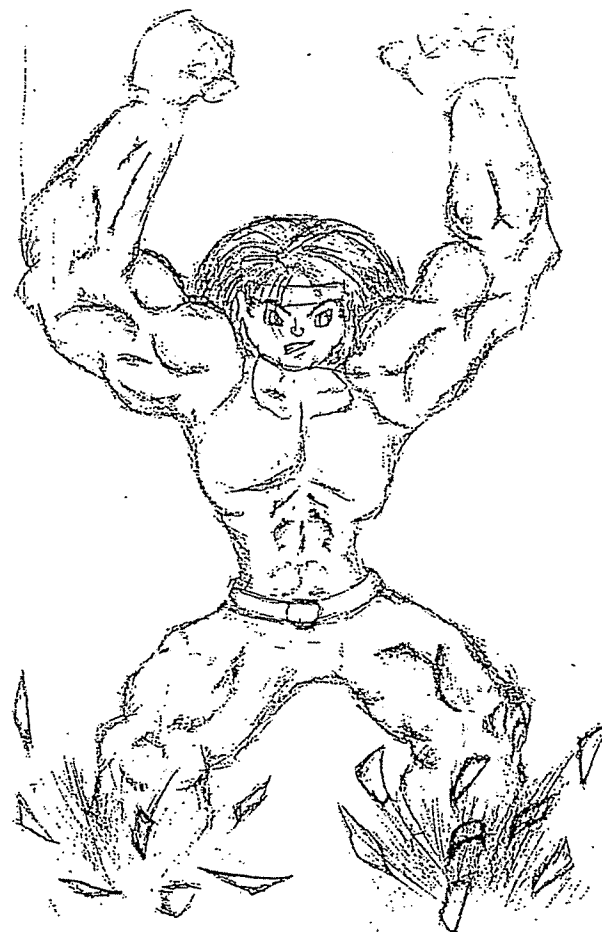
I left the building,
 flushed,
 angry,

and more depressed than ever.
I went home and opened another beer.
I downed it in two gulps.
Boy,

life sucks.
I stared out the window.
Stared at how far it would be to fall,
and how much it would hurt.
I stepped out on to the ledge over looking the
backyard. didn't make it though.
The ledge was wet,
my reactions delayed.
I fell to the stone patio beneath.

before you
by Anonymous

before you
pain
anguish
boredom
nothing
living in darkness
now i know you
every word you speak is a gift
every moment with you is a treasure
every secret we share brings us closer
every new second brings excitement
every day delivers new hope
every thought of you makes me complete
what was i before you?



Jahni Pettway

Chat Rooms
By Styles Upshaw

Dad I now realized why you've taken my computer
And when I did wrong, You smacked me with a ruler
Now I understand why I was always on punishment
Because the rules that you I always bent
Last week dad you gave me my computer back
You thought I was being good, but that was just an act
I don't need a computer, I'm only a kid
Now I regret what I just did
I am now tied up, on my way to my doom
For meeting with a person from a chat room.

Regatta
By Charles Bayer

I move through the water
With the wind in my hair
I see the other boats with an intimidating stare
I hear the 30-second gun
And prepare for the start
I get a hole in the line and wait for the start
I tell my crew "Trim In"
As the gun goes Boom
We are now in the race
We shall pick up the pace
And get out ahead
For the gold is at stake
While I think of 1st in my head

Hateful Beings that Float in the Fire Above
By Mark Wilson

Swirling madly,
Engulfed in flame
Screaming passionately,
Are they not all the same?

Ranting and raving
Of loves found and lost,
Memories are they saving;
But not a thought of the cost

Their horror they share with us readily,
For they want us as followers of their pain.
They feed us on hate and pain steadily
But only self-destruction is to gain.

As fire and ash spew forth from them
They beseech and entreat us to follow.
Difficult to do is our rejection of their emblem,
Our escape can only be narrow.
end

Into the abyss
By Dietrich McGaffey

"A day which will live in infamy"—
Not because something bad happened,
But something bad has been broken down.
A life unknown, a world of love,
Opens to one locked away in her case
Of walls she built around her
A doorway was made, path from hell
But she keeps her hand upon the knob.
So many memories, pain without end
She can only hope that peace, love will lend.

For Amanda

by Anonymous

Throw at me your luscious lips,
Dare me to taste their sweet nectar.
Allow me to lose myself in you,
For your salacious eyes engulf me.
Take me into your arms,
For I long to feel the
Gratifying warmth of your
Ever glowing soul.

A World of Questions
By Dan Nemes

What's happening to me?
Am I just like a little boy?
Infatuated with her
Her voice
Her face
Her being
Her ideals
What's happening to me?
My mind expands and contracts with every thought of her
Overwhelmed by all this
Where am I going?
My soul burns with the thought of her
My heart flutters like a million snowflakes
Haphazardly floating through a stormy winter night
Oh for God I'm lost in the feeling
Yet strangely I know where I am
I've never felt quite this way before
Her beauty is blinding
Her touch is electric
Her thoughts are inspiring
Her laugh reverberates through my being
Like an echo in a darkened cave
Wall to Wall
Never ceasing
Sometimes faint
Sometimes loud as a thundering waterfall
What's happening to me?
Do I want to start down this road?
Invest myself in this great endeavor
What lies ahead?
Will I only be burnt within her fire and then made to leave the beauty of her flames?
Scarred forever
Whatever pain and suffering await
I will joyfully endure ten times over
For only an instant in this angel's presence
Would seem like an eternity
My being is
light and dark
Lost and found
Born and dying
What will become of me?
What is this?
So many questions
So many answers

A Random Poem

By Mikael Addae

Into the jaws of the cave
Jumped the fearless cucumber
He landed in the midst of...
Some flowers all deep in slumber

Bam! Went the cucumber as it landed
The flowers all jumped at the sound
Boom! Went the thunder as it sounded
And the flowers screamed all around

The cucumber tried to calm them
But try, try as he might
The flowers all packed up their bags
And ran away in fright

Now the flowers had some cousins
Who lived not far away
And once they tired of running
That's where they went to stay

Now after a while these flowers
Had made their cousins go mad
So the cousin kicked them out
And that made the flowers sad

So they hired a band of mercenaries
These mercenaries were all knives
And they hired this band of mercenaries
To take the cucumbers life

The cucumber heard them coming
And he put up quite a fight
But our brave and fearless cucumber
was laid to rest that night

So the flowers got their cave back
And the mercenaries got their pay
And they buried the cucumber,
Who they still talk about to this day

A Rendezvous with Mullet

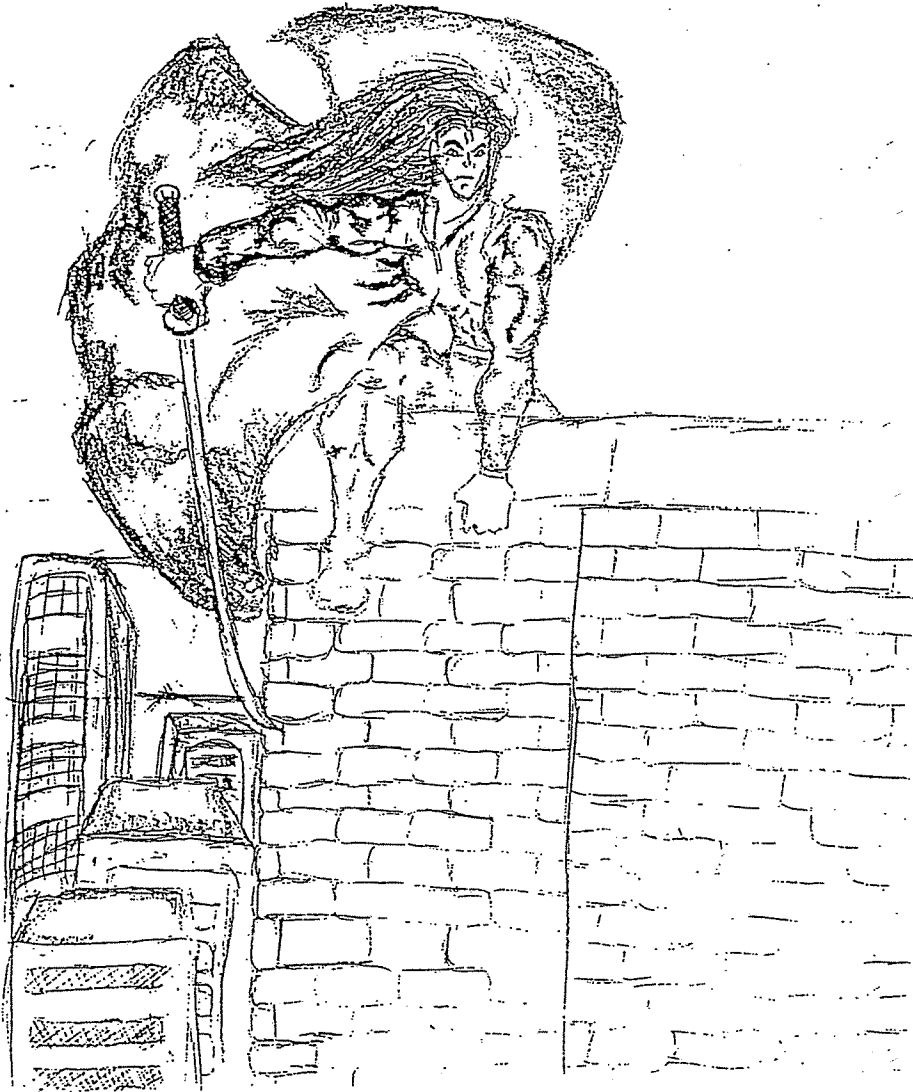
By Ben Bator

Drive T-Birds
Speak in broken words
Livin' in the 80's
I keep it long for the ladies
My hair is a barricade
Provides my neck with shade
Pillowed in grease and patted down
I'll race around this whole darn town
I'll win I'll win!
Won't let you down
I've got a rendezvous with mullet
But if I happen to fall
Don't forget this "Kentucky Waterfall"
I've got a rendezvous with mullet

Goals

By Josh Brabbins

Started swimming a few years ago,
Not resting till I met my goal.
But having a goal of Olympic dream
By swimming with the US team.
Six days a week I go and swim,
Hoping someday that I will win.
Reaching for the stars,
Praying that they are not far.
I see me in the swim—
I take first place, so I win.
The U.S. flag up high,
As I stand with tears in my eyes.
Now you know that goals can come true,
So if you don't make it don't turn blue.
Try, try, and try,
Then you will succeed—So TRY!



Jahni Pettway

Andrew: What if?
By Dietrich McGaffey

NOTE: The opinions expressed in this paper ARE NOT those of the author: they are merely presented for authenticity. Any actions taken by characters in the story, or anything said, do not reflect the author.

"Herr Hitler"

"Dah?"

"The Allies are delayed. They are disrupted, and will not be pushing forward for at least three months."

"Very well. Danke."

"Herr Hitler?"

"Dah?"

"What exactly was the intention of this attack?"

"You shall see. Leave, now, and get me Rommel."

"Dah, Mein Fuhrer."

January 16, 1945, 6 p.m. It was approaching dark, and Andrew was tired. He left the Fuhrer's chambers, and began to search for Erwin.

"General..."

"Good evening, Andrew."

"Herr Hitler wants to see you."

"Good. Danke. You have served us well, Andrew. You will go far in the endeavor." Andrew was uplifted – working for the Fuhrer was always tiring, but a well placed compliment always kept him up.

"Thank you, General." Andrew would always address his superiors with reverence. Erwin, along with many other generals, addressed him by his name. He had worked closely with many of them for years, so they knew each other well. The Fuhrer never directly addressed Andrew, but that was just the Fuhrer.

"Oh, and Andrew? You know nothing."

"Know? Know what, General?" This was the truth – he had been kept in darkness on this whole operation.

"Very good, Andrew."

Andrew was becoming highly puzzled. Something large was going down, as a result of the last push, and Andrew was left out of it. This also kind of distressed him. If he, who had been in close contact with sensitive information and even the Fuhrer himself, was being left out, then it had to be something extraordinary.

What Andrew did not know about was the development and near readiness of an Atomic bomb. Rommel's idea, which resulted in the Battle of the Bulge, was to disrupt the Allied offensive line, and reclaim the Pas-de-Calais. This would knock off the force of the offense, and allow for the development of the bomb. Then, the offensive wouldn't matter. Hitler would destroy strategic cities, such as London, Washington D.C., New York, Moscow, and so on.

He would, however begin with London. Andrew was completely clueless of the magnitude of the endeavor, and what the battle he had just reported success of meant. He went to Rommel later in the day.

"General?"

"Yes, Andrew?"

"Well, General, to be frank, and I apologize beforehand for rudeness, but what on earth is going on? What is all of the secrecy about? What is it for?"

"Andrew, come with me."

"Yes, sir." Rommel took him through a corridor, underground beneath the bunker. Many other generals were there, but not the usual underlings such as Andrew. This piqued his curiosity, but at least he knew that he had an unimaginable privilege.

"This, Andrew, is what all of the secrecy is about. Look up." Andrew did so, and he found there the first Atomic Bomb. "It is to be tested tomorrow."

"What is it? It looks like any other large sized missile, to me." Andrew apparently did not fully comprehend the situation.

"This is a bomb to destroy all others. This is a weapon of mass destruction. If it works, entire cities will be eradicated with

just one. The world will fall to its knees and beg for the mercy of the Empire. If the Fuhrer wishes, any command will be executed in seconds, anywhere in the world. And you, Andrew, are part of this."

Andrew was stunned. This was amazing. Almost unbelievable. Andrew had been watching the maps, and it was apparent that they would have lost relatively soon. This, however was a completely different story. The world would indeed come to its knees.

"So, were are going to use this against our enemies, and conquer the world."

"Yes, Andrew."

"And I am part of this?"

"Yes."

London was coming first. That was what Hitler had decided. If the Allies surrendered, that would be good. The British would surrender, that was certain. If the rest of the Allies did not surrender, the United States would be next on the list. This would go on until all of the Allied powers fell to the Nazis.

The enemies of the Nazis were not the only targets, however. The Nazis also planned on assimilating the Japanese, and all other powers in the world. With this newfound power, everything was possible.

Andrew found only one problem with this. He knew that Hitler would abuse his power. Hitler already did. If he controlled the world, then that was the end of human rights. Forever.

Andrew went on to take Hitler's life, only after careful planning. He actually arranged it for Hitler to lose a large battle, before the bomb, in which he was at the front line Hitler would then take his own life. This worked according to plan. Rommel placed himself in power, with Andrew as his premier General. Rommel then destroyed the bomb, returned all lost territories, and offered almost anything possible for compensation. This was the happy ending.

Andrew remained as the underling he always was. London was obliterated, Washington D.C, New York, and Los Angeles, although unplanned. Moscow followed, and Paris after large

remaining resistance. Andrew had seen this coming. Paris did not deserve that fate: the Nazis already controlled France by that time.

After an assassination attempt run afoul, Andrew and Erwin Rommel were both sent to a concentration camp under the pretext of treason. Neither was ever seen again.

Hitler went on to control the world. Wherever a rebellion rose up, he would drop a bomb on the area. Soon, a Nuclear Winter fell over the earth. Few people ever survived. The humans bring an end to the earth. This is the worst case scenario.

Most probable, however, is somewhere in between. Hitler did use the Atomic bomb, but the earth came into an uproar and all of Germany's allies and enemies joined forces to put down the threat. The result is equivalent to what we have now.

"The Gift of Believing"

By Charles Bell

The air you breathe
Helps you believe
That you are here
And God is near
Watching you
And guiding you
From the skies above
Filling your heart
With lots of love
As God guides you
Through the traps of the earth
For Believing in God
Show us your worth
Priceless, with no value, Sold to nobody
Are words to describe
How much believing means to me

Contemporary Courage

By Dan Nemes

In the acclaimed motion picture and novel *The Wizard of Oz* the Cowardly Lion remarks, "my life is simply unbearable without a bit of courage." How telling this remark is, everyone needs "a bit of courage" just to get through day-to-day life, especially adolescents that must deal with a number of issues that ultimately shape their very being. What then is this courage that the Cowardly Lion so desperately yearns for? Courage comes in all types of packages - big and small, ornate and plain, celebrated and unsung. Whatever the package, true courage observed in its purest, simplest form is ultimately the willingness to attempt to conquer the unconquerable as Douglass displays in his determination to set out upon a "path... beset with the greatest obstacles... At every gate through which we pass, we saw a watchman—at every ferry a guard—on every bridge a sentinel—and in every wood a patrol... when we permitted ourselves to survey the road, we were frequently appalled. Upon either side we saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes" (81). The picture Fredrick Douglass presents the reader with is a grim one to say the least. Douglass lives through unbearable conditions all in the name of something he has never even remotely experienced before, that "doubtful freedom—half frozen—beckoning us to come and share in its hospitality" (81). Courage is a necessity if one is to proceed through life; the courage to remain true to oneself even if everyone else is faltering. Rudyard Kipling displays this point beautifully in the poem "If," "If you can keep your head when all about you/ Are losing theirs and blaming it on you... If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster/ And treat those two impostors just the same.../ If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew/ To serve your turn long after they are gone,/ And so hold on when there is nothing in you/ Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'.../ Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,/ And--which is more--you'll be a Man, my son!" (Kipling).

Rudyard Kipling proclaims at the end of his poem "you'll be a Man, my son," a man of courage at that. To honestly be a man one must have courage, courage to take a risk, courage to take a stand, courage to keep an even keel. Few human souls hold

similar things in common, however, courage qualifies as one of those base aspects of the human heart, ingrained in the being of all humans that all people may relate to at one time in their existence. Courage reveals itself not as an added bonus, but a necessity to be tapped and put to good use in a plethora of situations, miniscule or monumental, for "the greater glory of God" (Pedro Arrupe, S.J.) and humankind.

There have always been people that have stood out for their unrelenting courage to stand firm in beliefs that weren't popular at the time. Courage isn't just bravery, rather it entails the will to "go against the flow" and "...keep your head when all about you/ Are losing theirs..." Throughout the ages there have been countless men and women of courage, people who lived life true to themselves, their ideals, and their God, not to the norm of the time. Two particular people have been exemplary examples of courage in action resulting in a tremendous impact on humankind.

Jesus Christ lived two thousand years ago. The son of a carpenter, what is the likelihood that this man could change the world for all time, for millenniums to follow His life inspired men and women to employ courage in everything they do? Even though Christians may "survey the road" in front of them and be "frequently appalled," they draw courage from the example put forth by Jesus Christ, especially evident in His plead with God in the Garden at Gethsemane, "'Abba, Father, all things are possible to you. Take this cup away from me, but not what I will but what you will'" (Mark 14:36). Jesus faces a gruesome death that may be avoided, but rather than shrink from the task he's been assigned Jesus does only what God wills of Him. Jesus, like Fredrick Douglass, looks down that long road to Calvary and without a doubt is appalled at the death awaiting Him atop that mount, but courage, and no doubt a bit of faith see Jesus through the ordeal. Granted Jesus was both human and divine, but as a man Jesus needed that courage locked away within Him to live every day, to spite the formal authority and Pharisees, even though He knew His fate was certain death.

A man that truly lived up to the challenges Christ charged his disciples was Mohandas Gandhi. Gandhi strove to live by one of Christ's greatest maxims, "'you have heard it said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth... When someone strikes you on right

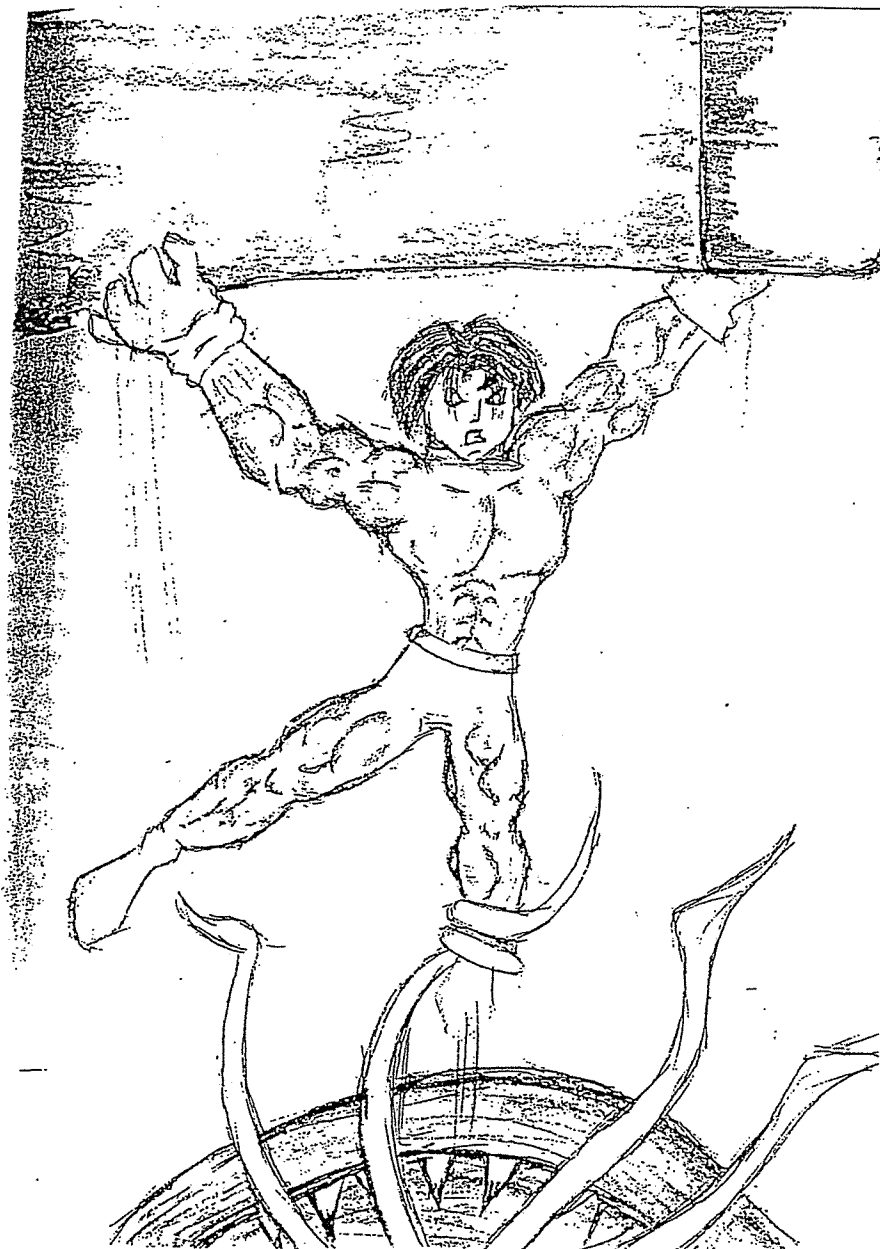
cheek, turn the other one to him as well'" (Matt. 6:39-40). Gandhi observed after one of his "non-violent" protests had been assaulted by gunfire and a call to arms was given that "the policy of an eye for an eye will make the whole world blind" (Gandhi). Much like Christ and Douglass, Gandhi witnessed injustice in his life and responded accordingly. The courage to continue on with his attempts at securing an independent India is simply astounding; his constant imprisonment and divergence by protesters from his policy of non-violence would cause most people to loose hope and courage and ultimately give up. Gandhi, however, found courage in the depths of his soul to fast for extended periods of time and put his life in constant danger. He possessed the courage to continue down that road which "upon either side [he] saw grim death, assuming the most horrid shapes."

It is obvious that both these men possessed great courage, considering each sacrificed their lives for their similar beliefs, just as Douglass was courageous enough to "prefer death to hopeless bondage" (82). These three men's courage is, of course, to be admired, but one would wonder how a pair of holy men and an ex-slave applies to people's lives today, particularly the lives of adolescents. Not unlike Douglass, teens in this modern day find themselves slaves to a number of masters.

Few people can ever hope to realize the courage and utter determination Douglass possessed, but every person, especially teenagers, need courage every day to walk the path of life. Alcohol and drugs often enslave young people fiscally and emotionally. Adolescents must find courage deep within their hearts day in and day out not only to resist the urge to "go with the flow," but also to resist the thought that alcohol, drugs, and sex bring happiness and release from the pressures of life. The pressure to be part of a group and have a lot of friends weighs heavy on the not yet broad shoulders of youths; courage must be implemented if a teenager wants to live a life comparable to the great men, such as Douglass, Gandhi, and Jesus Christ. Everyday is a constant battle in the life of a teenager to start down a road that leads nowhere. Adolescents require the courage to, in the words of Robert Frost, take the "road less traveled,"

(Frost) that bit of courage will without a doubt make "all the difference" (Frost).

Courage is a timeless commodity, ever present in the human heart and soul. Like a precious metal courage is difficult to find in the depths of the soul, but for people, especially adolescents, the mining must proceed if one hopes to become "a Man." At the end of the *Wizard of Oz* the Lion receives a badge proclaiming him courageous, but as any one can see the Lion didn't receive his courage from the Great Wizard of Oz, but rather the courage was present within him the whole time, he only needed to recognize its presence. It takes courage to get up every morning and face "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (Hamlet III.i. 66). Courage may manifest itself in uncountable ways, but it is always present, ever ready to supply its bearer with that little voice that says "go on, you know what you must do." Whether one listens to that voice is what really matters, and what, in the end, makes this world a halfway descent place to be.



Jahni Pettway

Cowboy Song

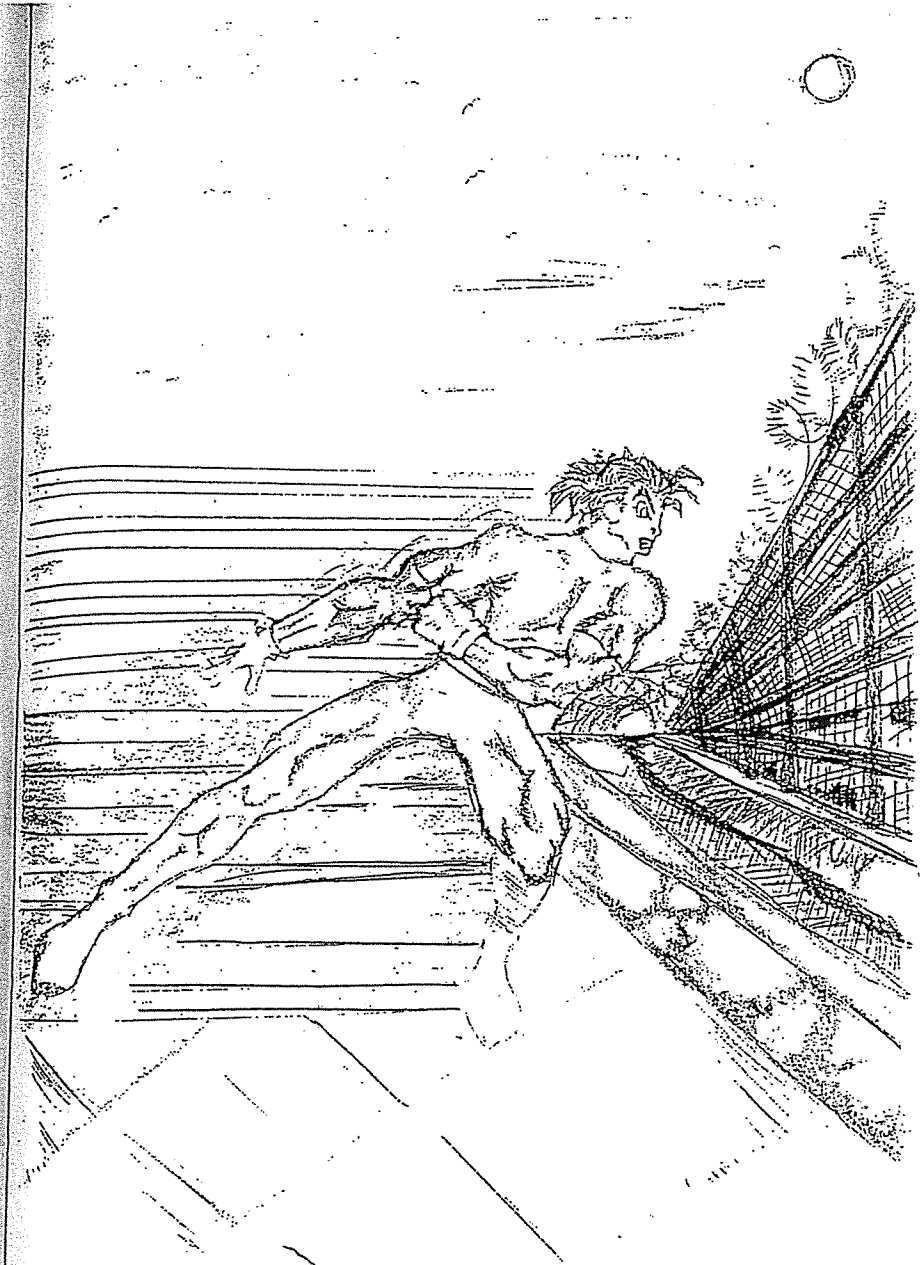
By Andy Novak

Riding into town
In the summer of '85
Was an infamous, hated outlaw
Wanted dead or alive
But he had been some places
A man should never go
He withstood a blizzard in Omaha
Before riding off to Colorado
The Pony Express had called
For volunteers in '69
He landed a job and rode out west
To get the mail to L.A. on time
He spent the next ten years
Driving cattle to Abilene
From his southern Texas ranch
A cowboy fast and lean
Dodge City beckoned, and then St. Louis
The railroads had been through
The range wars began, it was harvest time
So he set himself to go.
He was just about to leave that Sunday
When a woman caught his eye
She was the farmer's daughter from Baton Rouge
Did she walk or did she fly?
He lost his heart that afternoon
In the beat of a blinking eye
Knowing he'd leave her in the sweltering heat
Riding off to the end of the sky
To his surprise she wouldn't let him run
She never fell behind
A stallion trying to break free and win
He didn't know then what he would find
He tried many times to ride off to the sunrise

The horizon called his name
He always thought he was an island fortress
But she was as strong as him
He tried to rage on like a river
But she was the stopping dam
He tried to run on like a highway
But she was at the end
The sun could not exist at all
Without the moon at his side
He tried so many times to go
Yet he could not forget that glimmering eye
She noticed his restlessness at times
Though she tried hard to keep him here
Until she told him, out loud, one night
"I know you don't love me anymore"
At that moment he knew how he felt
He never saw it there before
But now it was too late for love
She wasn't waiting anymore
She left him that stormy, heavy night
Crying soft and low
She rode on horseback into the night
He stayed back to watch her go
With a tear in his eye he cursed and wept
He vowed to do better next time
So he straightened his hat for at dawn's early light
He was up and running again
He rode all the way to Houston
In an old freight train
No belongings, just a leather hat
Trying to outrun the pain
The next few years were all a blur
He never knew just what life was
Until the warden asked him "Why'd you kill that man"
And he couldn't find a response
He stood up and escaped from prison
On a black horse that he had stolen
They tracked him down to a small saloon

On the outskirts of Wild Cheyenne
The warden was a good shot
And as the cowboy drew
Emotion fought back, but the law held firm
The warden's holster and gun did slew.
As the cowboy fell face down in the corner
Into a pool of blood
One name left his lips, soft but true
Of his beloved one

So just remember when you drop your gun
That's how the west was won
In the frontier tumbleweed wind
A man, a minority of one
Lived and died, cussed and cried
But what is done is done
Of one always on the run
He had a life to live and love to give
But what happened then is anyone's guess
He was gone and soon forgotten round here
In the darkness of the wild, wild west



Jahni Pettway

Childhood
By Jim Drabek

Carefree was life when we were young
Nothing to worry about.
Just the toys that we had.
And what made us mad
What a good life that was.

Learning new things was always great fun,
Adventures were quite interesting
The mischievous stuff we did
When we were kids
What a good life that was.

The bangs on pans and dinging of pots
What was tolerated back in the day.
But now not a sound
When people are around
What a good life that was.

Tons of toys tossed to the floor
With out having to clean up,
Playing video games for hours,
Bubble baths and not showers.
What a good life that was.

Swinging on the tire swing in my backyard
Playing in my fort.
Watching planes fly by,
Like graceful hawks in the shy.
What a good life that was.

Baseball became my favorite hobby,
I was quick and knew how to catch
A loose stronghold on the bat

The proud "J" on my hat.
What a good life that was.

Earning badges in scouting was hard to accomplish
Many things had to be done.
Hearing the humming of the drill
Was always a thrill. What a good life that was.

Transferring schools from catholic to public
Was a big fright to me.
Seeing freaks and geeks,
Serving detention by the weeks.
What a miserable life that was.

Receiving my license was not far away
My freedom would soon be in my hands.
Wanting a car
Was a wish on a star
What a good life that would¹⁰ be

High school will soon be over
And college will be a new challenge
Getting my degree
Is as hard as can be.
All this hard work will pay off.

Lacrosse

by Anonymous

The sounds of a pounding heart
Reverberate through my head
I am running and turning
Not acting human
But as a finely tuned machine
My legs are pounding pistons
Pushing and pulling
Tearing up all in my way
My heart is a furnace
Burning with the unquenchable desire
For victory and for glory
Time is just relative
It has all but stopped
My arms move automatically
Handling the stick involuntarily
I dodge and I turn
Avoiding all obstacles
My stick has become part of me
Just an extension of my own body
I cradle and I avoid
I am no longer governed by the rules of nature
Only the rules I set myself and the rules of the game
I see those around me
But I am removed from them all
I see in their eyes the same thing I see in my own heart
I hear their hearts pounding, yelling
I see the crowd as if in suspended animation
I turn my head to see the goal, the end
I realize this is my time
My time to prove myself to my team and my coaches
But most importantly, myself
I extend my stick and time just stops
Only the goalie and I are on this most sacred of grounds
Where victors fall, and legends are made
As I bring my stick around I feel the ball leaving
I have no control
Fate is in God's hands

The crowd cheers ecstatically
Victors are formed
I am a victor to myself
I have done my best



Jahni Pettway

⊗ Beautiful ⊗

By Ephraim Sasis

Beauty sits

On a cold stone bench,
As a frozen rose sparkles in the stars of night,
As lost-sad confusion tugs at her heart,
The crystal ice breaks into shards of light.

BEauty sits

In a darkened room,
As tears fall as diamonds from her closed eye,
As memories of love forlorned,
Make her wish her heart would die.

BEAuty sits

By a phone,
Waiting for the gospel of her sick friend,
As desperation grows and hope dies low,
She wonders if it is truly end.

BEAUty sits

Upon a wooden pew,
As candles burn in ardor bright,
As worries and doubt in silent prayer she sings,
To the God of Holy Flames to quell her fright.

BEAUTy sits

Above the sea,
On an ocean stone she hopes until,
Dreams come true like in fairytales,
She waits there now forever still.

BEAUTY sits

Among the flowers,
As light streams into the forest clearing of peace,
As she ponders the meaning of life,
And when from shallow depths will her heart be released.

beauty sits

Beneath a God,
As tears and sobs make her prayer clear,
As songs of beloved play on her heart,
She will forever await him here.

Beauty rises

From her stone throne
In awe of the miracle at hand,
For now the rose is thawed and full blown,
And no longer confused she understands.

BEauty stands

In a ray of light
That pierces the curtains and dries her tears,
As shadow-memories melt away,
And hope shines bringing smiles, ending tears.

BEAuty dances

Around her bed
For the gospel of her friend is one of health,
And fear and despair are replaced by joy,
Her reward for thinking beyond herself.

BEAUty kneels

On a marble floor
In adoration of her God-King,
As praise and thanks leave her lips,
In form of a song that she does sing.

BEAUTy dives

Into the sea
As a dolphin she races to her beloved one,
No more waiting, for now he awaits.
Impetuosity has lost; patience has won.

BEAUTY soars

Among the clouds,
Not in depth but height her answers she finds
On wings of dreams she soars in enlightenment,
For shallow thoughts no longer bind.

beauty sits

Beneath a God,
As tears and sighs make her prayer clear,
For all that matters is that he is all right,
She will forever await him here.

How Beautiful, beautiful they all are!

Their dreams shine brighter than any star.
I await the day when they will see,
What they have always been, at least to me.

⊗ Each stanza begins with the word "Beauty". The number of capitalized letters in each one symbolizes one of my best friends (in the order they came into my life).

Wretched

by Anonymous

Writhing in Agony it dies
Broken Wings
Food for the flies

All those who cry
Have wept for this one
Who never knew the sun

For his song brought the happy to tears
And made lonely realizes their fears
That in a fragile time desperation will rape their soul

All the time waiting for one
Who will bring his tattered, torturing body
To his heart which he lost and couldn't find

His eyes are black now
Emptied of its soul
A Bleeding Hole is what is left of his soul

Insanity ravaged his mind
So he lies their vacate of his thoughts
Droning in his wounded ears failure be all he hears

Cold weather chill the halls
Of forgotten walls
That all say "Again he falls"

Give him freedom
Give him peace
So he may live without the beast

Or kill him
And give him rest
This weak young man has done his best

For life embers grow cold
And death is the path he walks alone
This man has never seen home

All is skin is strip away
In his cage the suffer does not go away
He has not known a happy day

The Rain has drown him long ago
Now I beg thee let him go
There is so much he does not know

Now I say as one of the High
Let this man see the sky
And no for one second he does not have to die

Pull back the darkness of his eyes
Give him a heart so his hopeless may fly
Lift his dreams up like a rose so his passion grows

Give him the lover
That he lives for
So his time may not be lived alone

Give him allies so he may know
He can carry them where ever he may go
Holding them in an emerald glow

But Fate says no
So he goes and dies
With no one at his sides

All the pieces fall apart
And darkness tears you apart
If you are the wretched you will never know your heart

"Crush"

By Kyle Warfield

It's been a long time
since I first saw you,
and ever since,
my feelings have grown.
I've stayed in the shadows,
not "stepping on toes",
not blocking the path,
just holding back.
But I can no longer.
Yearning to hear your voice,
to feel your touch,
to kiss your lips.
These have been thoughts
pressed to the back of my mind,
submitting to the reality
that you are not here.
I only wonder
what could ever be between us.
What I do know
is that I can give you my all:
wipe away your tears;
stay true to only you;
ensure your happiness,
even at the cost of my own;
chase away your fears;
love you.
I can give you myself,
mind,
body,
and soul.
Only what is best
concerns me the most.
A smile on your face
ends my pain.

The twinkle in your angelic eyes
lightens my burden.
The softness of your tone
fulfills my desire.
Consider this a confession
of my feelings towards you.
We may never come to pass,
but I cannot hold back,
not anymore.
This day is my opportunity
to express my affection,
to display my thoughts;
esoteric to many,
but focused on you.
If you wish.
take my words
with a grain of salt.
After all,
this is simply
a crush.

Walk
By Dan Nemes

One starry, clear, crisp night a man started to walk towards his destination. The night was perfect in every way. The air was cold and fresh and it seemed to surround the man so that no sound neither entered nor left him. The sky shone bright with the million of stars, but the ground beneath his feet, the ground was what really interested the man. The grass was gray with frost and the leaves crunched and crackled at the slightest touch from the man's foot.

The man set off, said his good buys and mentioned he'd be back soon. He walked right past his car; the man didn't care for driving much. There was always so much noise: the blaring radio, the rumbling engines, the honking horns. Plus the man found cars grossly impersonal, shells which held the people that really should be seen not the cars. Cars didn't tell you who a man was, masks shielding the world from the true being within. This is why the man walked.

The man set out down the driveway, across the lawn and on the asphalt road. He took long rhythmic strides, his rubber-soled shoes patting like drums on the cold ground. He was late for where he was going so he didn't much look at what was around him. He had walked this way at least a million times in his life and he knew the shortcuts and the terrain well. He crossed a road and heard a dog bark. A car pierced the virgin darkness with its intruding lights. The man crossed a field with his long, rhythmic strides, across a parking lot, and then finally reached his destination. Not too late to where he was going the man took his place. His pale, white cheeks had turned red from the brisk air and he removed his winter hat and listened intently to what was being spoken about.

When it was time for the man to leave he said his good buys and mentioned that he'd see his associates next time. The man exited the building with a companion, "Do you want a ride?" the companion inquired. "No," the man answered back, "this is a good night to walk." The friend waved good buy and speedily drove off. The man began to walk. He looked at the starry sky and marveled at the great complexity of the universe. The night was cold and the man was feeling quite sad and happy at the same time, not sure what to make of such a rare night. He was happy that he could be part of such a grand spectacle, but also a bit sad at the rarity of such profound experiences between a man, his inner self, and nature. The man started walking. He instantly notice that the gray frosted covered grass had retained in itself the imprint of every footstep the man had made on his journey to his destination. The man continued to walk towards his home carefully studying his legacy there in the frosty grass. Had anyone seen his footsteps or were they a terrible secret lost from the world? He continued across the grass until he crossed a road and came to the parking lot he had crossed. The lone streetlight, the man noticed now, cast a soft orange glow totally shattering the darkness, but not in the way the car did, quite differently actually. The way a mother softly wakes you up from a pleasant dream. The man noticed the yellow lines of the parking lot, bumpy in texture because of the imperfection of the asphalt. He then came to the field he had crossed and he

once again saw his tracks, stretching out in front of him, but heading in the other direction, going backwards now. The man was amazed that his feet and stride had left such, a beautiful, almost perfect recording, ringing out like a bell, echoing through eternity. The man walked with his head down carefully inspecting each footprint and trying to remember what he was thinking about when his foot made that indent in the cold, crunchy grass. He couldn't. The man continued on, until he came to the road. There were no cars now and the road was anything, it wanted to be, no longer a path for lumbering shells, but a silent strip of imperfect concrete stretching out into the night accented with little light and occasionally crossed by a fellow road. There were no dogs barking, the man stopped in the middle of the road, for the first time in his entire journey breaking his rhythmic stride. He turned in a circle and looked at where he had been and where he was going, all was still and the man felt alone in the universe standing on that strip of concrete underneath the clear, starry sky, totally happy at where he had come from, where he was, and where he was heading.

The man continued walking across the lawns intently studying his footprints in the grass, sometimes smiling, sometimes crying, sometimes laughing, and occasionally doing all three. The man approached his warm cozy house. His cheeks were red from the frigid air once more and his feet continued their march home. The man walked across his own lawn, fondly remembering how just a short while ago he had set out on his journey. He crossed the lawn and climbed the driveway, he remembered it a lot easier going down then coming up. The man then did something rather curious, for the first time in his entire walk the man turned around (not in a circle mind you) and surveyed the entire route he had taken for a long spell. With the clear night all around him he remembered everything to the finest detail and was really quite pleased he had decided to walk that night. The man turned around and slipped into his house, the crisp night unwrapping him and gently placing him down. The man smiled and sat down in front of the fire and fell asleep, forever gently drifting in that starry, clear, crisp night.

Without Her

by Anonymous

These years were wasted on I
The wretch
They were all so empty
And loveless, too

Love, sweet passionate love,
I never knew her, my love,
Probably flew from this world like a dove,
With some other man to love

I will never know her love,
For what could love me?
The Wretch, the Wicked, the Cruel,
I was a fool

The darkness has driven me mad,
The sadness that I have had,
No woman wants my heart,
Nor hear the tears that tear me apart,

There is nobody for me,
Her existence is a fantasy,
This world is empty of eternal love,
That lasts as long as the heavens above,

The winters of this world
Stifles my Hope for her love,
Her love is for another,
Nothing could love the creature that is me,

On a wall in the back of my head,
Are written all of the words of my dread,
"She hates me," that is what they say,
And those are the words of my dread,

Without her love,

My heart went still,
There is no feeling, I only know it kills,
Like Romeo's poison, still,

I hover like a drifter in the wind,
The pain my heart knows,
Has no end,
And death calls to me, a friend,

Black feathers surround me,
All is red and black,
I fall to my knees,
And then my back,

In a room full of black,
There was a man,
With a sickle in his hand,
He said, "You know that you are dead,"

I replied, "This is not when I die,
I died long ago,
When never would her love I know,
My heart died years ago,
I die not now, but years ago,
I am the wretched, or didn't you know?"

Smile

by Anonymous

when the day goes wrong
smile
when your heart breaks
smile
when you feel like you want to die.
Cause if you frown
then you already know
that life will go spiraling down
So what do you have to lose if you smile?
Smile
when no one wants to talk to you
smile
when you feel alone
smile
when you feel melancholy
Its easier to give up and mope
than to get up and still have hope,
I know you want others to see
Just how unhappy things can be,
So now show the other truth
Show that Love can win,
Just because that people hurt you,
Doesn't mean you have to be a casualty of sin.
So smile
when others hate you,
smile
when you are hurt,
You're not masking how you feel
You are making a Gospel real,
Never feel unloved,
when God loves you from above.
smile
to those who once hurt you,
smile
to those who now know
smile
to those who now understand the Gospel you did show
Now that then tables have turned
Only now have they learned
the lesson of empathy
the lesson you let them see.

Now that smiles have protected you this far,
shine like a star,
And let them know who you are.
For in their desolation,
They'll seek a friend for consolation,
They'll remember every smile
that you gave all the while
when you were hurt and when you were sad
all that time they made you feel bad.
You are now their teacher
you are now their friend.
Imagine if you frowned
every time they made a sound,
How awful life would have been,
Another casualty of sin.
But no, God saw you through,
And all dreams will come true,
All because you chose to smile,
smile
smile.



Jahni Pettway

Somewhere
By Ephraim Sasis

Somewhere...
Somewhere in the night sky...
Somewhere in the lake...
In the mountains...
In the Moon...
Somewhere I know you are near to me.
Watching at my side.
The Cold,
The Wind,
The Silver Light.
I hear your voice, but I know not from where it comes.
You have heard me calling in the night.
But only now I feel you are Somewhere...
Somewhere...
It is so hard for me to accept
the destiny you gave me.
Sometimes I cry,
Because of joy,
Because of loneliness.
I wonder, will I ever feel the hand
of the one,
The beloved one so many others already have?
I see that one walk towards me,
I hear words and hold the sound that voice in my heart.
I look away from those beautiful eyes,
Afraid to see myself in them,
Afraid to see someone else.
Lord, I know your will for me,
The predestined cause for which I live.
As it may be so,
Holy Lord,
I would still like to know.
The Warmth of that Hand.
The Safety of that Embrace.
The Gentle Words you first spoke to me.
I Love you Lord, Because you first loved me.
How I wish that circumstance of Love
could take place again with the one,
The Beloved to whom you can entrust me to.
When Lord?

To never know that Hand,
To never feel that Embrace,
To never hear those Words,
To never see that Look of affection and empathy,
To never smell that Aura of Air.
I trust in you Lord of the skies,
of the peaceful waters,
of the majestic mountains,
of the fire that fuels the stars.
Somewhere I know you are near,
Comforting my lonely existence.
I serve you, Great Blessed Hero.
I will shine the Lamp
Of your Gospel of Love.
May our world be brought
to a purity
beyond that of Pearls or Snow.
And when that moment comes
let every heartache be healed.
May my song come to an end.
I only wish I could feel that Love
The love of the beloved One.
Somewhere...
I know my beloved One is somewhere...
Somewhere living,
Somewhere breathing,
Somewhere dreaming.
Does my beloved dream of me,
As I dream of my one,
While the world is asleep?
Lord, I know you are near,
Listening to me...
I feel so sad.
I feel so happy.
I am who I am,
Though sometimes I wish I could be
Who I always wanted to be.
My Hero, rescue me...
from my longing in vain,
from my staring eyes,
from my empty daydreams.
Oh well,

I wonder,
Will my One ever know,
How I loved them so?
Somewhere, Lord, Somewhere you are near.
Somewhere my one sleeps.
I trust you,
I need you,
I wait for you,
I love you,
My one who is Somewhere...
Somewhere...
When will I meet my one?
All the fairy tales I've seen.
The Dragon and the Girl from the Mystic Moon
The Prince of Earth and the Princess of the
Silver Moon.
When will my fairy tale come true?
I hope for soon,
But I know it's never,
Lord, what is my treasure for making
so great a sacrifice?
What will you give me
in recompense for my pain?

The Wall

By Dietrich McGaffey

"Come on, man... don't beat yourself up over it you'll be able to get it soon, just keep trying, right?"

"Yeah, right I'm too small to do anything!" It was obvious that Dietrich was highly upset, and would be until he managed this feat he so earnestly tried

for. Both Thaddeus and Jeremy had managed this feat. Thaddeus, having long ago mastered it, being older than Dietrich by ten years, whereas Jeremy was new to it.

Dietrich was only nine years old, and while he was in the fifth grade, having avoided the ordeal of the fourth grade by excelling in the third, he was much

smaller than all of his fifth grade friends. He had often pondered what he could do about this, but his only consolation was that he was slightly bigger

than other nine-year-olds.

Dietrich went to an almost all African American school. He was one of two

Caucasians in his class, the other being Andrew Forsyth, who was quite idiotic and chose not to associate with Dietrich. Dietrich also didn't really associate with people outside of his class, let alone his section.

The three sections were French, where Dietrich was, Japanese, where all the

troublesome children were, and Spanish, which was just kind of there.

There

was fierce competition between the sections, and nobody from one really

talked to anybody from the other.

Despite this, however Dietrich had managed to make good friends with many of the fifth graders in his class. They had a little clique centered on playing

Power Rangers during recess. All in all, Dietrich had it pretty good, but he

never got a good part. Very often he was forced to be the

Pink ranger, a

disgrace among the boys who played.

Now Dietrich was attempting to jump over the cement and brick wall in his

front yard. He was just barely taller than it was, and this was a great feat

indeed. This was during the few times that it was warm enough outside to

practice this and his brother Thaddeus was home from college. Thaddeus was

always encouraging, and was the one who consoled Dietrich when he didn't make

it, or carried him inside and dressing his wounds when he hurt himself.

Jeremy, who was Dietrich's senior by three years, exercised his authority

shamelessly. He was the one who would make fun of Dietrich and keep on his

tail when he fell or hurt himself. Being able to jump the wall was the rite

of passage to acceptance.

There was a deep enmity between Jeremy and Dietrich (for Jeremy would often

use his authority with rather painful force.) Still, Dietrich longed for

approval wherever he could get it, and this was one of the few ways he could.

Moreover, he desperately wanted to be like Thaddeus, who could leap the wall

in a bound without touching it with anything but one hand. It was almost

majestic, the graceful arch, and Thaddeus was one of
 Dietrich's idols at the
 time, the other being yet another brother of his, Pascal.
 Therefore, in his attempts to gain approval, and transcend
 the 'child' status
 he had held for so long, Dietrich unsuccessfully tried and
 tried again to
 propel himself over the entirely-too large wall. He labored
 over this
 endeavor for nearly a year, and over the course of this year,
 he arrived at a
 new school, made new friends, created a new group, and
 continued in his life.
 Then, over the summer of his tenth year, he almost made it.
 Dietrich's heart
 leapt; he was so close! As it was summer, school was not a
 problem. He woke
 early, much to the chagrin of his mother, and completed his
 chores, both to
 the delight and further chagrin of his sleeping mother. He
 then went outside
 and spent goodly amounts of nearly a week in completing
 his task.
 Then, in a rush of excitement, he pulled Jeremy from his
 slumber early one
 morning when the air was still chilly. Jeremy, standing in the
 cool of the
 morning, his bare feet wet from the dew, half dressed and in
 a morning daze,
 was shocked to see his little brother sail with ease directly
 into the wall.
 In a fit of laughter, he returned inside, leaving Dietrich
 outside, sobbing.
 After recovering from this, Dietrich ran back inside, and
 removed Jeremy from
 his breakfast. Placing Jeremy before the almighty wall, he
 tried again.
 Dietrich stepped back, to give himself a running start.
 Estimating where he

would have to jump this time, he flew over with great effort. Clapping
 enthusiastically, Jeremy took Dietrich in a friendly headlock and
 half-dragged him back inside. Now, one step up, Dietrich enjoyed a filling
 meal with pride.

Finis

Dear Baby

By Ben Dempsey-Klott

Dear Baby,

I'm not sorry for leaving you this way.

What we had was something wonderful.

When we were together,

we blended in a way unconventional.

I'm just here to let you know that I'm leaving you.

Just here to let you know that I'm out that door.

Here to let you know that I'm leaving,

don't know where I'm going,

but I can tell you that it's far from here and from you.

I was in love with you,

but to hell with you,

for you didn't want to treat me right.

People tell me that I've met the man before.

Was it the guy that you introduced to me as your "friend?"

Was it the DJ at the club?

Who the hell was it,

that took you from me.

Who took your loving arms from me.

Those sweet lips,

who were they kissing other than me?

What have I done to make you want another?

Please, God, tell me its not my brother?

Cuz' if it is,

I'll break his face.

I'm writing to let you know that I'm leaving baby.

Just to let you know I'm walking out that door.

Don't know where I'm going,

But it's gonna be far from here,

and from you.

All I wanted was real love?
 But,
 love is such a crazy thing.
 When your in love,
 you're really out of love.
 Love is intangible,
 yet people say that they can feel it.
 How do you feel some thing that is neither touchable,
 nor describable?
 Love is like the sweet breeze.
 The breeze that brings comfort to the hot summer nights.
 Do you remember those nights?
 The nights when we held each other tight,
 under the soft touch and safety of the sheets?
 When we were together,
 was it another you were thinking of?
 How am I to be sure that I was the one and only?
 But,
 hang your head,
 feel sorry for yourself,
 begin to cry because one of your lovers told you to piss off.
 You can walk around looking pitiful,
 I won't see that face.
 I don't care to see your face ever again.
 I just want to let you know that I'm taking off baby.
 That my ass is going through that door,
 that I don't have an idea of were I'm going,
 but sure is far from this place,
 and from you.
 Say good bye baby,
 because I heard what you did last night.
 Words travel fast honey.
 All of those nights that I sat at home,
 alone,
 waiting for you to come home,
 where were you?
 Were you with one of your boys?
 Whatever your excuse is,
 I don't want to hear it.
 I have a book the size of a small dog,
 with every excuse you gave me.
 Don't want to hear our excuses,
 because I am out that door.
 Don't want to hear you talk any more.

All I asked was for you to love me. How hard is that?
 Instead, you thought it would be fun to play with me.
 When we were in bed, and I wrapped my arms around
 you,
 what was that? Did that mean nothing to you?
 I asked you to be with me, asked you to try,
 now honey, it's goodbye.
 I'm gettin' ready to fly, for you care about no one.
 I never understood what love really was.
 You could feel love, but couldn't see it or describe
 it.
 If you can't see or touch it, how can you be in love?
 Don't you have to know where love is, to be in it.
 I knew that love was in my heart, next to you.
 I knew that I could be true to this feeling.
 But,
 even I can be fooled.
 Hope you enjoy your new life.
 When you read this note,
 I'll be gone.

A Day at Fenway
 By Nick Leonard

As you walk into Fenway Park you can feel the history. You can feel
 the excitement as Carlton Fisk tries to wave his ball fair as it hits the foul-post.
 You can feel the heartbreak as a groundball goes right between Bill Buckners
 legs. You look up at the mountain of green seats and the colossal "Green
 Monster" in right field. This is where legends such as Babe Ruth, Carlton Fisk,
 and Roger Clemens have played. Countless legends from other teams have
 played on this dirt. This is the home of the Boston Red Sox, the 1999 All - Star
 Game, and many post season contests. You recall all of this and you realize that
 this is baseball.

You get one of the best tasting hot dogs in baseball from one of the many screaming vendors. You can smell the stale popcorn on the floor and you sense the smell of hot dogs forever imprinted in the walls. You do this and realize this is baseball.

As the game starts the diehard Red Sox fans in the bleachers start to cheer such cheers as "Let's go Red Sox!" and "Bo Sox! Bo Sox!" You hear the slap of the catcher's glove as Pedro Martinez throws a heater right down the middle. You see Nomar Garciaparra slap a double down the left field line and into the slanted corner where the ball can bounce every which way. As the game wears on the fans get rowdy but are happy for their Red Sox are winning. The game ends with a Red Sox victory and as you are walking out you realize this is baseball.

A Mountain View

By Anthony Randazzo

Peace for me comes from a view of the landscape from a mountaintop.

The natural rich, green vegetation landscape is breathtaking.

The cool, clean air that rests on the mountain's height energizes.

The white, powdered snow that blankets the mountain tops outline the crystal, blue sky.

The mountain's massive shape is defined by jagged, irregular rocks that somehow fit together in harmony.

Small trees and brush seem to fill all through the precipice.

The sun comes up over the mountain and it seems that

God's awesome rays bless it.

Everything is pure and clean striking a balance in nature.

Peace, my mountaintop.

Spiritual Flight

By Bomani Issa

Silence...Uninhibittance...Freedom...
True elements of unconditional bliss
As I remember back in the minds of old
To look over at the snow-topped caps
Of the mighty boulder that shares a kiss
With the pure air of mercy and delight
The sun so vibrant and warm on my face
As I glance at the rushing waters below
I experience the waves carrying my body along the reefs
The mighty thrust of the current forces me into a strange dance
With the darkness and deepness of the seas
As I ride on the back of dolphins
I am flung through the air
To land on a powder soft bed of wildflowers
And be engulfed in the whiff of summer breeze
Carrying the sweet aroma of pine
As I stood up, I began to walk slowly through the forest
I began to pick up speed and I ran cheerfully between the trees
Rubbing my hands along the thick, coarse, rigid tree bark
Enjoying the feel of the soft grass beneath my feet
When finally I came to a blackberry bush
Where I filled myself with its fruit and wild maple
Just to rise up and frolic once again
I felt nothing...experienced nothing...I was truly free
Then I caught sight of a tan-colored mustang feeding on the luscious grass
I began to walk toward it but it paid me no mind
And when I was upon it I began to feel its sturdy back and powerful neck
And pull my fingers through the lengths of its hair, but yet it pays me no mind
So I get onto its back and surprisingly it does not buck or rear, just stands
We ride through the forest moving in and out of the trees
Stopping for the occasional drink of the clean, crisp, cold water from the river
And then we begin to ride again
When suddenly we saw a bright light at the edge of the forest
So, full throttle we race into it and I yell to the top of my lungs in pure enjoyment
To wake up to a new day and see that it was only a dream
A journey that will remodel itself throughout the day
So that I can return to it later in the night.

My Favorite Place

By Jake Kallie

My favorite place is the forest!
It is a special space where I feel most at home.
I go alone, walking the trails and skipping some stones.
Often dream of summer as well as my future forecast.
I can see the trees, the trails, and the lake.
I hear the birds chirp, and the leaves rustle restlessly in the wind,
I hear my own footsteps, then I chuckle and grin.
I notice the scent of flowers blossoming, so sweet they smell.
It's like the scent of perfume, mystically casting its spell.
I can taste the swift wind, so pure and thick.
My lungs open up as if I had defeated some sickness.
There is a sense of mischief and awe I can feel...
I watch the bright orange sun set, frequently looking above.
Noticing a dark barrier moving closer and closer, undetected like a sub.
The storm is upon us,
I smell a deep and pure must.
For the air is heavy and there is no trace of dust.
I feel a slicing, cold wind whip at my face, piercing me to the core, my mind starts to race.
I consider this expanse to be a magical place.
The wind howls, a low roar screams my name.
Surrounded by darkness I feel my adrenaline rush through my veins,
I want to run into the violent darkness, darkness black enough to stain.
And become one with this awesome darkness, but I abstain,
Not knowing what I shall find beyond that frigid shoreline.

It is getting late and I find a spot overlooking the massive black lake.
I build a small fire then I sit and wait,
Watching the brilliant colored streaks of light flash across dark space.
The trees behind me now begin to go aerie,
Much like the lightning in the sky,
FLASH....CRACK,
The deafening sound of nature brings realities of a monsoon.
WOOOOOOHHH....
Scared and awed I sit and stare.
The water is a liquid inferno and the rain is shear terror.
There is a break in the wind, everything is quiet I can hear my heart beat, beat, beat.
I watch the lightning fly by, looking out far over the restless sea,
FLASH-FLASH...FLASSSH,
You can hear the wind slicing throughout the waves,
The storm is gathering its rage, the wind blasts back into the trees.
A deafening burst of thunder echoes through me!
Briefly frozen in awe I realize that the fire has gone out.
All alone, sitting in the ridge of the trees by the shore,
Overlooking the vast expanse of darkness, watching!
For I am safe in my favorite place, the forest.

The Swallower

By Marcus Mcglory

The one who burns at night, fire
I go as I please and never burn out,
I am life, the decider and the chooser
I see who is fit and who is the loser.
I glow all night and party all day,
It seems that everyone else is afraid of what I might say.
I rule everywhere and anyone, who tries to face me,
Especially the yellow coats men who spray liquid at me.

I live forever even when ambushed and engulf those who fight,
 I destroy enemies any day and any night.
 I have many friends and we go around creating disaster,
 And the result is like an atomic bomb and the way I destroy my master.
 Many try to calm me with liquid and air
 But they don't know I can hide and just stare.
 I can also glow better with the wind, so feed me I say so I can reign again.
 The masses are ignorant and underestimate me at ever chance
 I destroy them in a second just like a joust when a rider is struck by a lance.

The swallower of all things, I am life
 I am the ruler and bow down to me.
 I walk around forests with little resistance
 I crush and cut things in my way like a human.

I go Whoosh! When the wind hits me
 And I am not cold nor does it try to scold me.
 I become one with the things woman desire
 They always want something that they can admire
 But I am like a fiery fire with an inextinguishable flame
 I am a white flame hot when sometimes gets near
 But I give warning signals for all to fear
 I melt iron and ice and even irony
 Because I am the Swallower and
 I consume everything.

Lover
 by Anonymous

Lover, my reason for existing, I thought I should tell
 about some things I've been missing. I miss your eyes the deepness
 of your soul, which has made me whole. I miss your hair the way it
 silhouettes in the wind like golden thread newly spun. I miss
 caressing your soft skin beneath fingers holding you in my arms. I
 miss your arms rapped around in my times of happiness and turmoil.
 I miss your gentle hands touching my face. I miss you lips that
 breathe the breath of life into my lungs. I miss your smile, which lit
 the world in darkness and lights my path to heaven. Time and space
 do not move at the same for us. Our second are minutes, our
 minutes are hours, our hours are days, our days are months, months
 are years, and years are decades.

Lover, my reason for
 existing, here are some of the things that I
 love about you and the things that you do. I
 love the surprises that you give they let me
 know you care. I love your smell sweeter
 than rose petals. I love the way you bring
 joy into my life and grip my mind in such a
 way that you are my only thought. I love
 everything about you good or bad you could
 never make me sad because of all these
 feelings that I had. I love the way you have
 changed my life I have never been so happy
 I say it twice these feelings move me so with
 such a powerful force. I love the fact that I
 never felt the same about any other
 relationship this one surpassed them all from
 the start, and though there is great distance
 between us our love simple grows stronger
 and is unscathed by time eternal. I love the
 way you tell me you love: in your look, in
 the things you do, and in your oh so
 generous compassion that has no limits. I
 love the poems they bring me peace in my
 darkest hour and my rejoicing moments, and
 they speak not just to my heart but they
 reach my spirit, the thing that told me you
 are the one. I love knowing that we would
 do anything for each other no matter the cost
 or consequence, and never have I doubted
 your faith or loyalty for you can not falter in
 these areas. I love knowing we were meant
 to be, destined to be.

Lover I can't believe this
 is real, and if it is a dream never let me
 wake. These feelings I have I don't quite
 understand them but I don't want to run
 from them. So what I really trying to say is I
 love you more than anything else and I don't
 ever want to be without you. You the calm
 in the storm of my life, the still water in the
 ocean of my love and you are serenity in the
 chaos of my world. Without you lover there
 is no me so just don't ever leave me I need you.

My Life
 My World
 ...
 My Love

BATS
By Neal Reider

Under fast pounding wings the bat flies,
Searching for prey, but not with his eyes
No insect can hide, not very near, not very far,
For from the hunting bat's ears it uses a form of sonar

The bat finds a small bug hiding away
He swoops down like a hawk and snatches his prey
He snatches his victim and eats it in one big bite
The bat truly is an insect's blight

When a flying bat detects prey, it shoots down with a zing
Nothing can hide from the hideous thing
The bat's wonderful ears emit shrill, sharp pings
Bouncing off of objects and returning to him

Some small bats like fruit
Others adore meat
Watch out for the vampire bat who will suck your blood in just one heart beat

All bats are good hunters, regardless of size
Many are quite old, they can live years before they die
Bats swarm inside caves and sleep upside down
If you witness this, you will hear a curious sound
All of the bats in the cave are chirping, though they're feet don't touch the ground

Bats truly are wonders of creation
But since people attack and abhor them
Some even want to destroy them
The future of bats does not have a certain destination

▼True Love▼

By Ephraim Sasis
(What I want)

For Jennifer, Jade, Claudia, Nat, Misty, Crystal and Linwin ☺

As long as he's alright,
As long as he's okay,
Lord that is all that I pray.
Knowing he's alive,
Knowing he's happy,
Lord that is enough for me.
Keep his frown upside down,
Keep his tears in his eyes,
Keep his heart forever whole,
And forever protect his soul.
Lock a sweet dream in his heart,
And throw away the key.
So that hope is always in him,
My king, that is enough for me.
Let dancing angels assuage his sorrow,
Let laughing saints give him hope for tomorrow,
Upon him let your face shine,
Holy Jesus, that's all I ask to be mine.
I may never know
The outgoing of his heart's flow.
All I that I desire and request,
Is that he is never put to the test.
Forever Shine
Within his soul,
That evil may never
Corrupt or control,
That sweetness and innocence,
Which if lost cannot be found.
Holy Lord, keep all evil bound.
May waters always be calm, clean and shallow
Where ever he may be.
May the breeze never waver to whisper your words,
To his gentle soul, which is like thee.
May the earth be firm and still,
And may it flower wherever he walks.
May flames be always warm, caring, and jovial,
Just like the way he talks.
Preserve his soul of pearls and snow.
Keep his mind full of knowledge and wisdom
About everything there is to know.
May he remain strong and beautiful
Even beyond the years he will live.
Keep his heart like a rose forever blooming,
Just keep him the way he was when to us, Him, you did give.

God of Dreams, make his aspirations come true.
 God of Desires, Let him find peace and happiness in you.
 God of Fantasies, Let him be content with his life,
 Even if that means that I won't be his wife! ☺
 Oh God who grants all wishes,
 Grant me the wish that I wish on every star in the
 bottomless sky,
 Grant me happiness that will last even after I die.
 Do ya know what will make me happy, Lord of all Love?
 What will make me happy is knowing he's alright and
 knowing he's okay.
 (sigh)
 God of Wings, that's what I dream of.

Stupid

By Tim Wagner

i wish i were not so stupid.
 Everyone but me are smart?
 "if i wanted too be
 smart like evereone,
 i could'nt if i felt like tryeing.
 My teacher says that I do
 okaye in jim},
 and in ART class there is no better.
 still in musik i make much noise,
 and in library i talk two Loud
 If i wer'ent so stupid,
 Life would bee dull becuz every one wood
 be so smart.
 If i had the world mye way,
 i wood be the smartest won of all!"

The Statue of Mother and Child

By Ini Udo-Inyang

By casting incandescent light upon it, my lamp
 allows the mahogany statue to wallow in warming
 refulgence. The statue of a mother harboring her infant
 between her bosom and her lap possesses extremely
 variant color. With various tinges and hues of the
 respective colors, streaks of mahogany and streaks of
 dark brown characterize the essence of the statue's color
 scheme. The mother's grand figure hunches over the tiny
 child in a perfect, parabolic arc that allows her to shield
 the child from any threat coming from behind her as well
 as scan the vast area behind the child for possible evils.
 On this spring day, crooning birds bless me with their
 placating songs of promise as the glorious rays of the sun
 penetrate my window. The manner in which the sun's
 rays spread upon my arm, becoming numerous streaks of
 light and assuaging warmth, brings my attention to the
 manner in which my lamp's light alters the appearance of
 the statue. In addition to elucidating minute crevices and
 indentations in the mahogany surface of the statue, the
 lamp's brightness illuminates another aspect of the statue
 of maternal duty and instinct. The brunt of the light's
 intensity hits the mother's back. I notice that the mother
 appears to shield the child from most of the light,
 allowing only a small amount to illuminate the child's
 head. At this point, I feel

vicariously content and protected through the condition of the child. The mother allows the child enough light so it can experience the profuse joy that the light brings. However, the mother blocks most of the light so that the child will not be harmed by receiving too much of such an intense, though ameliorating, entity. This apparent scrutiny of a propitious entity shows an unparalleled concern and love. I know that I am more prepared to experience or receive the warmth and magnificence of light than the child is. This is why I can receive the rays of the sun without a mother shielding me. However, I remember when I was the child who rested between my mother's bosom and lap. Now, I become the child for a second and am overcome with relaxation as the light rays of life are partially shielded from me so I do not experience them all at once.

Star Gazing By Amit R. Shah

Two stars twinkle brighter than any of the others
They need not be seen, for the light they give is regardless of the place and time.
These two stars invite dreamy gazes
And delight the distribution of beauty from their warm centers.
From within, the stars smile, for they provide a specter nobody deserves but
everybody
who wishes to sees.
The smile careens forward and embraces each soul which looks into the stars.
The heart of the stars beats so strongly that it can be felt
by anyone who ventures to just glance.
They laugh at the sun for the sun is jealous
He provides only excessive light and heat, while she provides
brightness of understanding and warmth.
And the two stars continue to twinkle quite bright.
They smile and smile as I stare and stare
Caught by beauty and love, a persistent pair.

-what goes through a mind

By Serge Dioso

We are life, when we re young we yearn to be old, and when we are old we yearn to be young. We all say we want to be unique, but only unique enough to be like everyone else. We complain that we want a change, we want a revolution, we complain and b*tch and b*tch some more. People complain that they want things to be different, and when they are, they still aren't happy, why?....because there will always be something we don't like, something we hate and that hate burns inside of us....We all have triumphs, hopes, failures, regrets in everything but we never get sick of it, we go with flow, we take every blow that's given. We never get sick of hearing the same three words, "I love you". We never get sick of seeing the same people. We never get sick of doing the same things every night. We never get sick of seeing or reading the same exact stories, and seeing the same ending over and over again. The reason....who knows....?....is it because we all love the same things so much that it never brings us down, or makes us look down upon it, or is it because that the normal human being is born completely stupid and utterly boring. The way that we are amazed by the most insignificant, stupid and pointless things over and

over again. That we are amazed to see milk come out of a person's nose, that we are amazed when someone farts, that we applaud the fact that a ugly middle aged overweight man is on TV, and all he does is degrade other people, and complain that his life isn't anywhere. That we are overgrown with this stupid idea to think more highly of a non-living, useless tool or car, and we treat that with more respect than our own person. People are stupid animals, who were just lucky that they were placed at the top of the food chain. The death, the hurt, the regret, the pain. People wishing that they could change a moment in their life before. People don't change anything until they hit rock bottom, until they are down in the gutter, when something affects them in the worst possible way. The common person doesn't learn from their mistakes, they are afraid of making them. They are afraid of the pain and what it will do to them. When things are too late to reconcile we either stop it because of fear or that fear becomes a fire of hate, and our mind becomes lost in this great abyss, and everything becomes an action. You start to take everything into your won hands, knowing the consequences, but still not caring about them. They don't stop the hurt, they just feed off that until they hurt everyone else, maybe not

physically, but mentally. The common person, the regular person, the person like you and me is a disease. We are nothing but a disease. We are nothing but a plague infecting everyone around us, and no one can be saved from that.

"I think, therefore I am" -Descartes

By Ini Udo-Inyang

The brilliant philosopher, Descartes, contributed a conviction to the world of philosophy that intrigues me. Descartes' philosophy that nothing can be certain to a given individual except that he/she has thoughts has made me realize that the activity of my mind provides my only true grasp on any reality in my life. Though evolutionists and creationists incessantly attempt to explain how the world around us came into existence, we really cannot be certain if the natural world exists. Many people, including myself, believe that a God created all that exists. However, there is a stark difference between *believing* and *knowing*. The only thing we know is that our thoughts only change when *we change them*. Entities around us (such as mirages) can appear to exist without actually existing. Unlike these entities, which appear and disappear without our control, our thoughts exist no matter what condition we are in or the outside world is in. If I believe that my next door neighbor is disdainful, I still

hold this same conviction whether I feel hot, cold, tired, afraid, or whether or not my home is burning down. This thought that I have a hateful next door neighbor only changes when I choose to change it. Even if an occurrence in the outside world (such as my next door neighbor bringing me a delicious cake) makes me desist to think he is hateful, I still choose to change the thought. I cannot choose not to see a mirage because it is not in my head, but in front of my eyes. Descartes' philosophy excites me because it alerts me to the fact that my thoughts are the aspects of my existence that I know I can control and count on to help me cope with an oftentimes chaotic outside world.

Fairy Tale

By Ben Dempsey-Klott

have you ever been in love?
the kind of love where to be next to her isn't
enough?

so in love that you want to be in her veins,
but even that wouldn't be close enough.
love is a strange and curious thing.

i lived near the forest all of my life.
just on the fringes of the meadow.
each spring,

the grass would shoot out of the ground with a
new vigor.

the green wasn't the pale green that was present in
the fall,

just as the last bit of life was draining from
the fields.

no,

this was a brilliant,
vibrant green.

a green that was the color of the Emerald Isle
itself.

that is where i live.

where,

when the snow melts,

and the sun glows with the warmth of a
mother's love.
when it gets to be the spring on the isle in which i
live,

the meadow springs to life.
the flowers poke from the ground.
and by the time that the days get warmer and longer,
i can look out the hut of my window an' stare
at a rainbow of colors.

with blues and oranges and pinks,
with reds and violets and yellows,

the dull grey life of the winter meadow
creates a symphony of colors that sing to the soul.

many old celtic myths say that fairies roam the
meadows,

when the sun begins to wrap itself in the purple
majestic mountains on the other side of the meadow.
as the sun sinks,

and the birds are calm,

when the crickets begin to sing their
song to mother nature,

that's when the fairies come out.

it is said that they sleep in the daily lilies.
floating and fluttering out just before the lilies
close.

and as the sprites jar them from their sleep,
and take their place in the delicate flowers,
the fairies come out.

it is said that if you stay awake to the wee hours of
the morning,

you may get a glimpse of the pixies.

they dance about,

prancing to an imaginary chord,

and practicing an impromptu ballet.

i was fortunate enough to meet them once.

as i was walking in the newly mercurial forest,
looking at the deep green foliage,
searching for wood for a fire,
i came upon a majestic water fall.

it is the kind of beauty that you only see in the
dreams of your childhood.

it came from the deeply rugged cliffs from above.
it fell in a uniform way,

until it hit a jutting rock in the middle.

then it split,

creating a scene only available in the lofty
mid day dreams.

the water,

as it rushed from the top of the cliff,

was pure white,

like the color of a virgin's soul.

and as it collected in the lake beneath,

it turned the color that only aquamarines
possess.

that blue green color that takes your breath away.

as i stood on the high ground above the lake,

i stared at the incredible beauty that mother
nature had provided me with.
my feet began to ache.

i had traveled for many a mile.
 i sat myself down on the edge of the overhanging,
 swinging my feet just above the water's
 surface.
 it looked cool and inviting.
 i slipped off my leather shoes and dipped my feet in the
 cool water.
 it was indeed cold.
 the deep,
 penetrating cold that cools,
 but you never really warm up from.
 so cold was i,
 that i thought that my veins would freeze right were
 i sat.
 i lay back,
 and stared into the bluest of blue skies.
 the only clouds near were the thin,
 wispy,
 feathery clouds.
 they reminded me of the wings of the fairies.
 as i lay back,
 my feet in the water,
 i was glad for the canopy that they tall tress
 formed.
 the sun was hot,
 intense,
 and unforgiving.
 as i turned my head and looked at the deep green ivy
 leaves,
 with the mint green veins running through the almost
 black looking leaves,
 i looked at the silhouettes form the sun.
 when the wind blew,
 the leaves moved and created a whole new mosaic.

 i sat for a while at my own lake.
 i sat long enough but even to watch the sun change
 positions on the surface of the aqua colored water.
 and as i dozed in the cool shade,
 i listened to the breeze rustle the leaves of the
 trees,
 the ivy,
 the grass growing from the forest
 floor.

i fell asleep.
 when i awoke,
 the sun was beginning its descent into the
 purple mountains majesty.
 i began to sit up,
 realizing that without the sun,
 the forest was actually quite a chilly
 place.
 and as i began to pull my feet form the water,
 i soon found out that i had no feeling in my
 feet.
 they had spent so much time in the frigid waters,
 that they simply had no feeling what so ever.
 as i tried to stand,
 i found that i could not.
 so i was forced to sit on the ground of the weald.
 and the sun continued to sink into the mountains.
 one takes for granted all of the wonderful things
 that nature provides us with.
 the night sky was so deep a navy blue,
 that it looked like it might perhaps be black
 ink from the ink well sitting on my desk at home.
 the stars glowed with such a fire,
 that they seemed like they might be brighter
 than the sun itself.
 the breeze that was blowing had stopped slightly.
 the forest was cold.
 as i struggled to put my shoes on,
 i was amazed at the night time animals that i would
 otherwise not see.
 somehow,
 the forest made the fire flies seem just that
 much brighter.

 i began my trek to my thatched house on the other
 side of the forest.
 and as i walked,
 i heard something.
 it was the faintest sound,
 yet i could hear it with amazing clarity.
 it sounded like the giggling of a little girl,
 mixed without the melody of a hum.
 it was a soft,
 comforting song,
 and i was determined to find it.

so i averted from my path home and followed the some
 strange,
 but beautiful song that seemed to be coming from the
 trees themselves.
 i walked for a while,
 the song and the giggles growing progressively
 louder.
 and soon i came upon what the noise was.
 and was astonished.

 i had found the fairies.
 they were dancing,
 prancing to their impromptu ballet.
 one was singing a song not familiar to me.
 they were more beautiful than i had ever imagined.
 there were about five of them in this particular clearing.
 they were all beautiful,
 but one in particular caught my eye.
 dare i say,
 she must have been the most perfect being ever made.
 she had long blond-brown hair.
 it cascaded down her back in large corkscrew curls.
 she had sparkling white teeth
 a nose that was sharp,
 but somewhat rounded.
 as i crept closer,
 i continued to fall more in love with this mystical
 being.
 but as luck would have it,
 i made the slightest bit of noise.
 they fairies turned and saw,
 and scattered
 but not the one that i had fallen for.
 she stayed and stared back at me.
 her eyes were the color of the water of the lake.
 the aquamarine that you could lose yourself in.
 her nose had a light dusting of brown freckles,
 that made her even more desirable.
 her wings were folded behind her.
 thought i'm not absolutely positive,
 i think that they were made of a translucent
 material.
 they shimmered when ever the light caught a hold of them.
 and in them,

you saw a flash of a rainbow.

we walked towards each other and embraced.
 as i stared into her eyes,
 she brought her mouth to mine.
 her lips were soft and enjoyable.
 they had a slight berry taste to them.

she led me throughout the forest that night,
 showing me things that i had never witnessed before.
 she led me behind the roaring waterfall that i had enjoyed
 this morning.
 and behind it was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.
 The rocks were wet,
 Yet shimmered with a kind of sparkle that made you
 think that the whole thing was unnatural.
 The rocks were polished so that they reflected everything
 that stood in front of it.

We enjoyed the rest of the night together,
 Romping throughout the woods,
 Hand in hand,
 Not wanting to let the other go.
 And as I laid with my head on her stomach,
 I knew that I had found the love of my life.
 We lay in the meadows,
 Just with in sight of my house.
 We watched the sun rise together.
 As it rose from its bed in the mountains,
 It spread light gradually over the face of my
 beloved.
 The scent of lavender filled the air.

We spent many a night together in this very way.
 Many nights were spent in each others company.
 With every night I fell more in love with her.
 I decided that I could not live without her any more.

I asked her to marry.
 She gladly accepted.
 Do you now understand the love that I am talking about?
 Probably not.
 To this day,

 Fifty five years later,
 She is still as gorgeous as that day that I
 met her.
 We live closer to the falls now.
 We need no house,
 For the forest is our home.

each day we sleep together in the day lilies.
and each night we explore the woods together,
Each time finding something more exciting and beautiful than before.
You see,
 You can't marry a fairy unless you are one.

Grandma's House
By Adam Royle

As I walk out the Backdoor, I can hear the old Floorboards beneath Me
There is faint yet familiar scent
I pass by the ever so famous candy shelf
Outside I see the short green grass, and the ageless trees that live
throughout the property
As I walk down the grassy hill towards the lake, I see the
Enormous apple tree where young boys once played and seeked a
summer snack.
Straight Ahead I see the glimmer of the Lake, The Lake that was a cool
down for boys in the hot summer sun.
All these things fill me with Joy and connect me with a man who was a
boy

The Men in Blue
By Patrick Carey

As he leaves every morning with his gun at his side,
His badge at his breast, he drinks with a smile on his face.
Dressed in all blue, he protects our hides,
And their dwelling place.

Hey Mr. Police Man, who protects us all,
Fighting crime and having a ball.
Hey Mr. Police Man, who enforces the law
Coming home every night with scares from a brawl.

He sits at his desk, doing what's right, doing more than asked,
His partner beside him; alone they are one, together they're great.
All of a sudden they get a call,
someone is being bad.

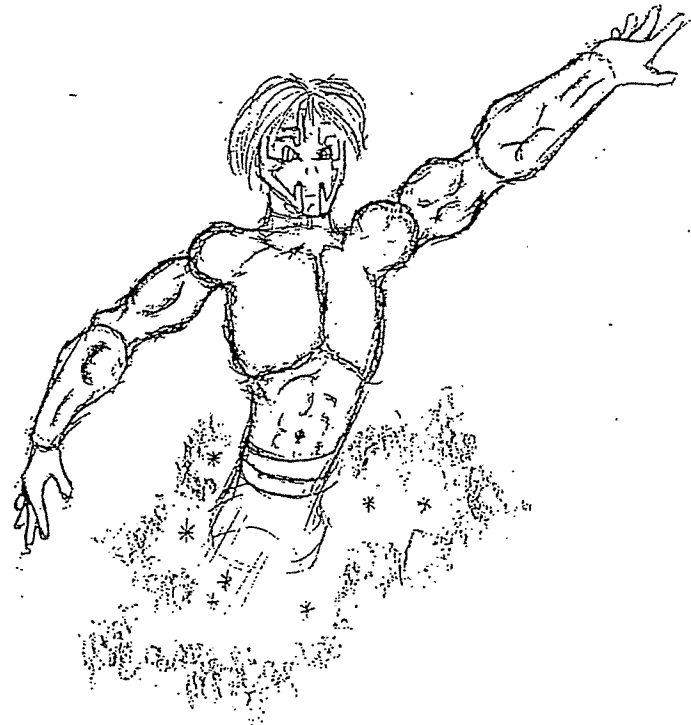
Hey Mr. Police Man, with your gun at your side,
Chasing the bad guys in your hip fly ride.
Hey Mr. Police Man, with your Billy Club,
hitting the bad guys, going rub-a-dub-dub.

They get in the car, ready to fight, blastin' the radio,
the tunes come on, as they speed away, gone to fight for justice.
They stop, when they see a man and his bro,
making a ruckus!

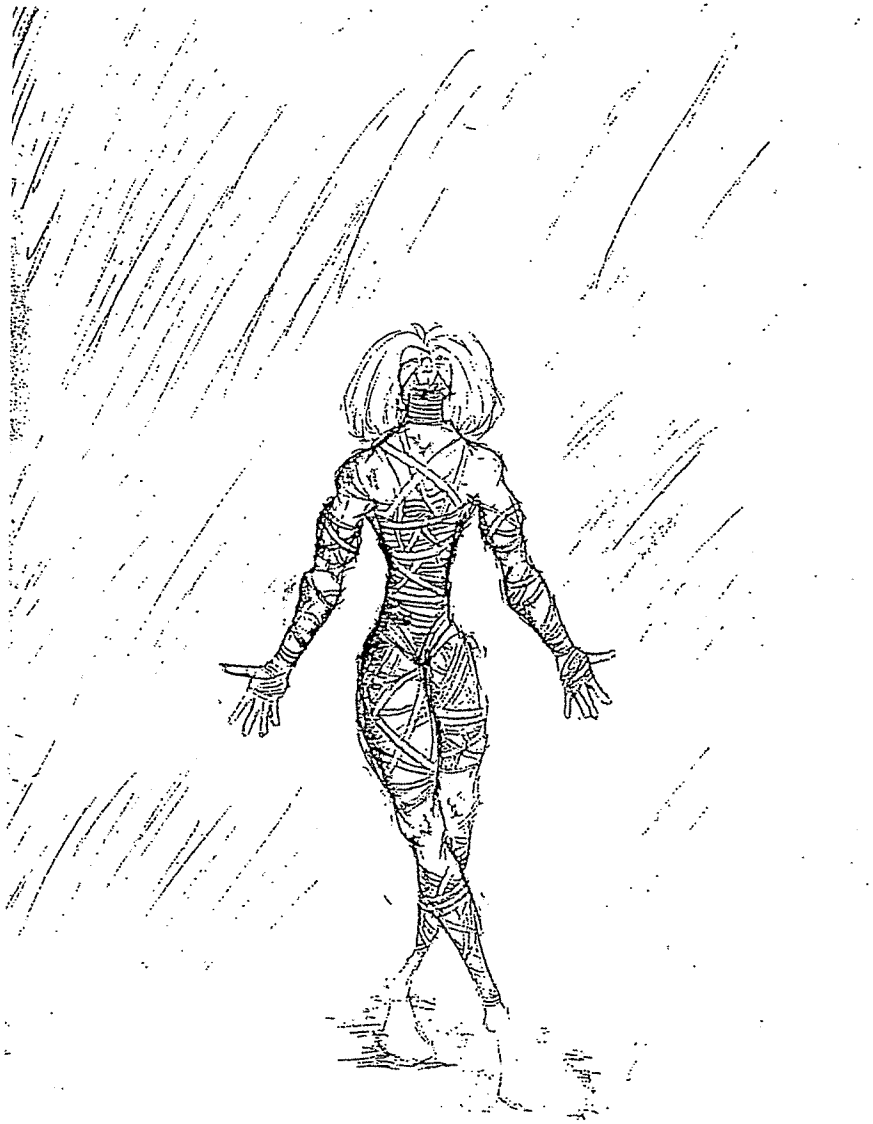
Hey Mr. Police Man, fighting for good,
cleaning up our cities, streets, and our hoods.
Hey Mr. Police Man, with your sirens and lights,
breaking up the brawls, the skrawls, and the fights.

They get out the car, trying to find sense, in the chaos,
they put the brothas in the cuffs, as is usually the case.
They start to scream and yell, about their rights,
then are beat quiet.

Hey Mr. Police Man, why must you hit,
I ain't done nothin' wrong, yet you still do it.
Hey Mr. Police Man, how is this okay?
Just go have some coffee and doughnuts and wait for the next day.



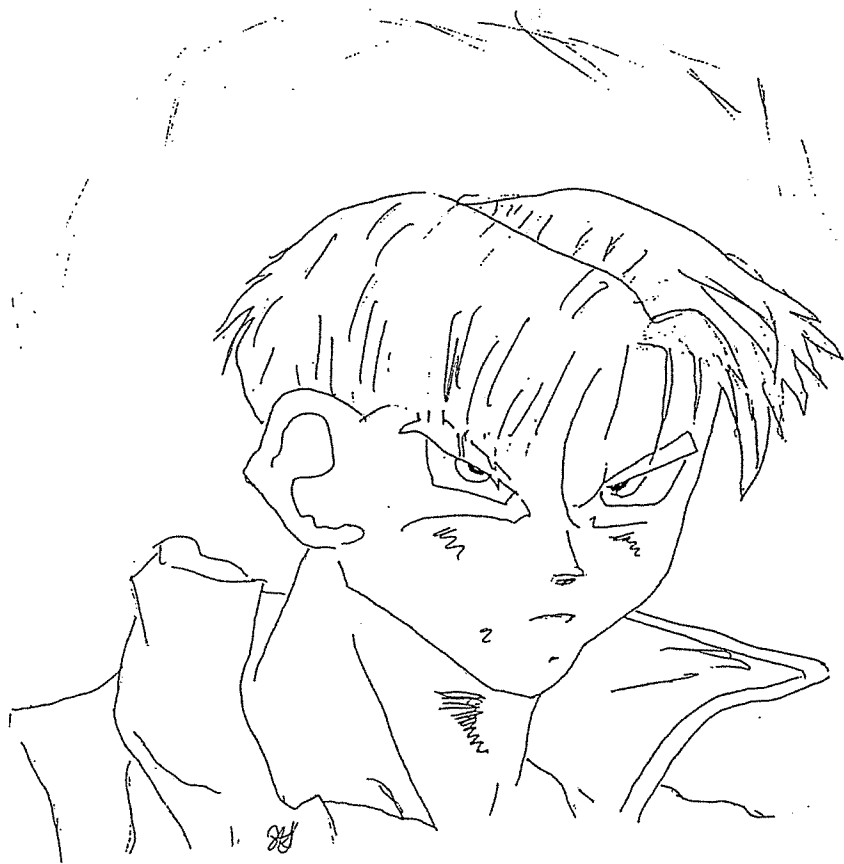
Jahni Pettway



Jahni Pettway



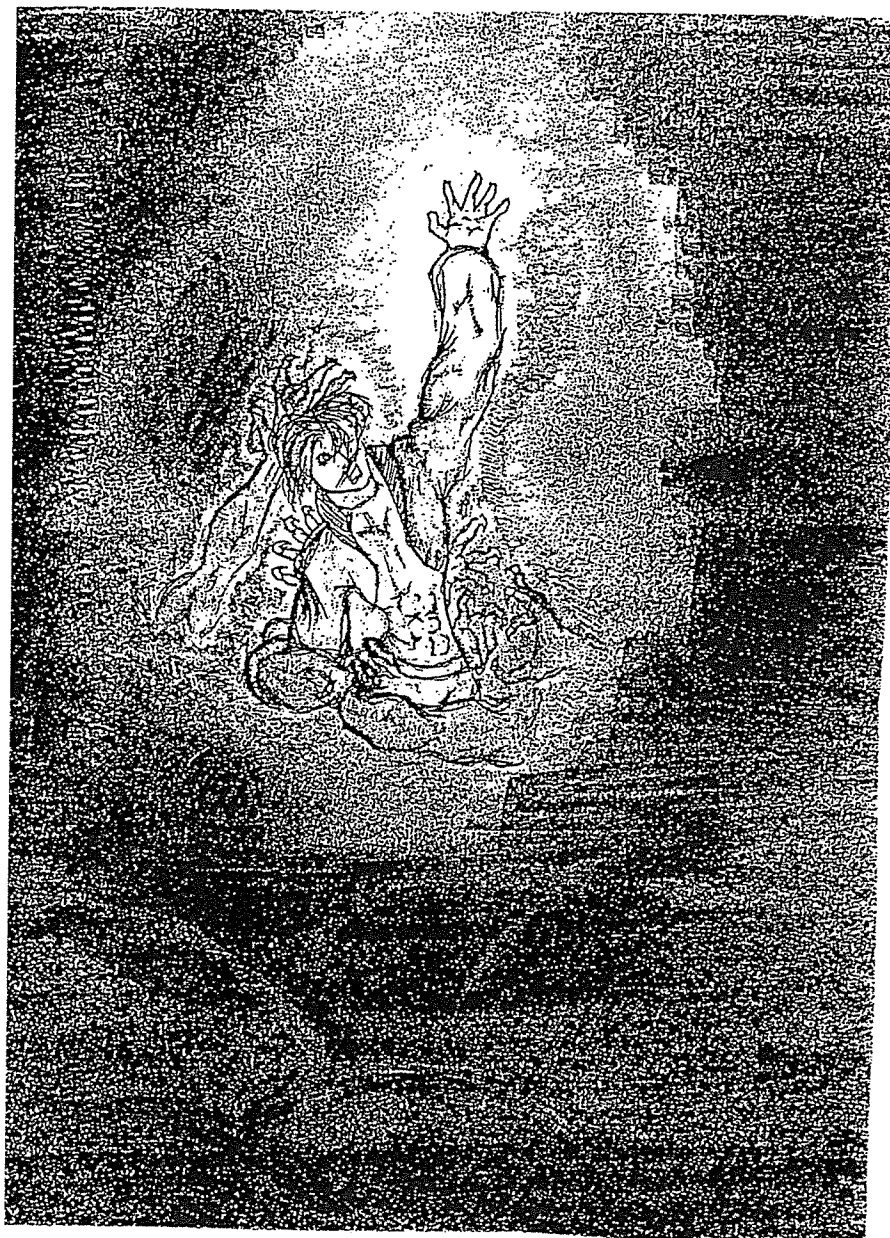
Jonathan Summers



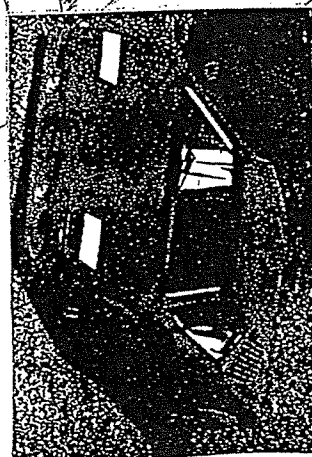
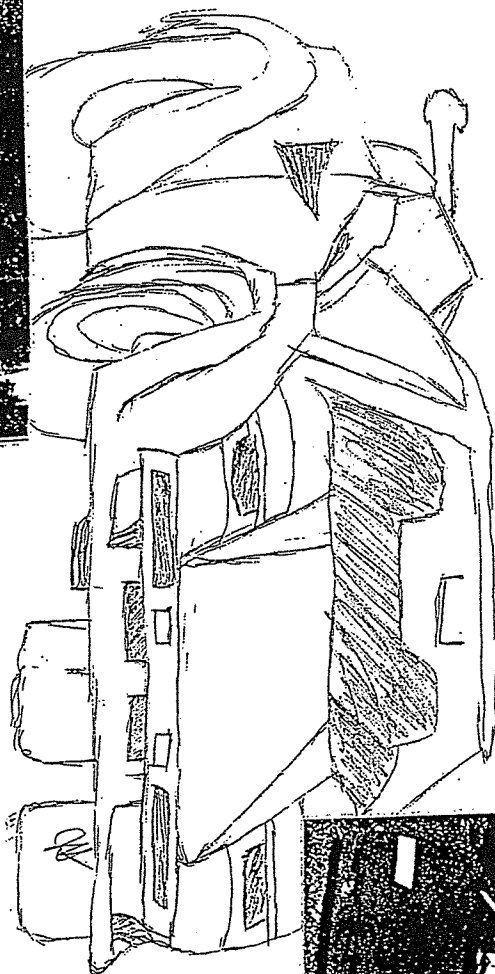
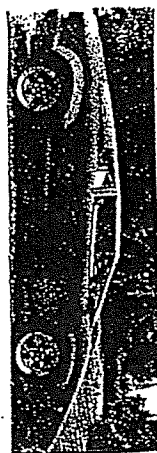
Jonathan Summers



Andrew Fons



Jahni Pettway



Lamborghini
(unfetched)

Jonathan Summers

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