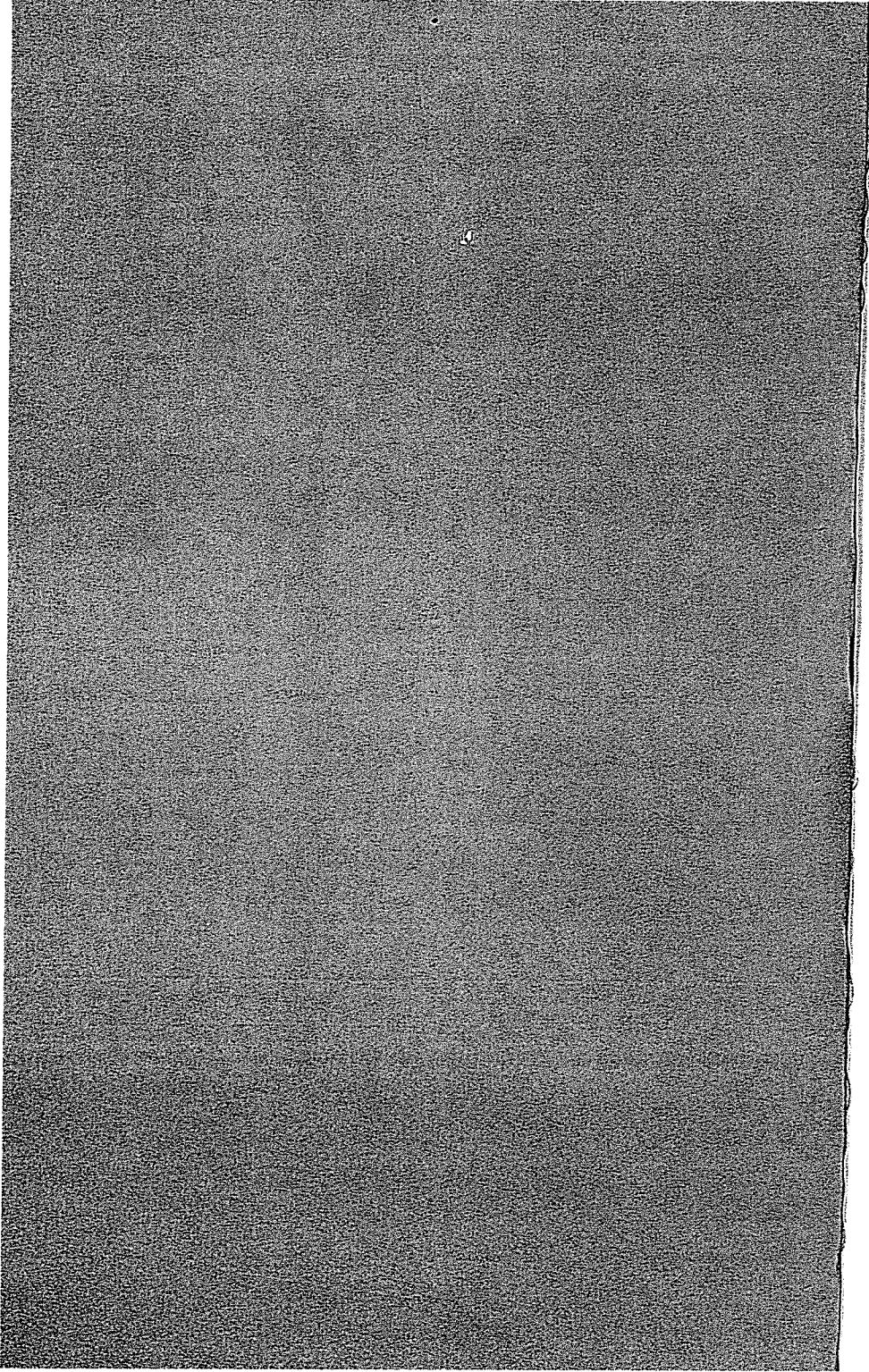


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INSCAPE
2002



Dear Reader,

Get prepared to embark on a literary journey. This expedition will take you from the highest mountain to the unfathomable depths of an ocean. Be prepared for an exciting and emotional roller coaster ride. Let your senses be your guide: don't just read, but indulge yourself in these pieces of art. Be ready with many mindsets. Come with many points of view. Let the poems, short stories, and artwork not only touch your mental being, but your soul.

This is Inscape.

Many weeks of preparation, after-school hours, editing, blueprinting, and other miscellaneous tasks went into the creation of the 2002 volume of Inscape. I won't even begin to tell you about the creativity and visions and feelings portrayed in these works; I will let you see for yourself.

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Intriguing

Notions

Sentiment

Creativity

Authenticity

.....in Poems, short stories, and artwork

for Everyone

INSCAPE

MY
by Matt McNeil

Leading leaders lead
Ending endings end
Great grateful greatness
Awesomely awesome awe
Confidently confident confidence
Yes yesterdays yesterday

.....I have left

My Identity

By Randal C. Smith

Throughout my entire life, I have struggled with an identity crisis. I have experienced being the only black individual in the class, as well as being in a class full of black students who were so academically different, that I felt like an outcast. Because of these situations I have been in, I have endured being name-called by outsiders, to the point where I have started to wonder if what they say is true. My internal struggle is not knowing who I am.

Since the 6th grade I've been in honors courses. I have felt separated from the black environment because the majority of the students in my classes were white. In my classes, I have always been one of the few black students, and have always been affected by that.

In middle school, because there were so few black students in the class, the white students would tend to forget that the comments or jokes they made with their friends (who were also white) were offensive to the black students. There have been numerous times, when white students made offensive jokes insulting black people, and I was always one to stand up and speak against it. I often got the reputation of being the "angry black boy", and because of that a lot of the white students were afraid to talk to me. I grew confused about who I was. Instead of reflecting within myself to see if I was indeed an "angry black person", I avoided it. I decided to be quiet, and stay calm with hopes of having better interaction with my peers, and possibly gain new friends. The end result only caused greater insecurities. People assumed that I was a timid person and treated me insignificantly as though I didn't exist. This caused internal confusion; I didn't know what to do. If I stood up for myself I would be referred to as the "angry black boy" and people would not talk to me, but if I didn't say anything I would continue to be this insignificant wimp. I lost contact with who I was inside. Being in honors classes heightened my internal struggle of not knowing who I was. Through years of being in classes where the majority of students were white, I lost interaction with black students. Unless I participated in a sport or was involved in extra-curricular activities, I rarely

had interaction with black students at all. When the black students in the school noticed me as being one of the few black people in the class, they automatically assumed that I was trying to “act white.” They made comments about me, by criticizing and calling me an “Oreo cookie” (a black person trying to “act white”). When I heard the comments they made, I felt hurt inside because I saw myself as being something completely different. I couldn’t understand how they would think I “acted white.” I never even interacted with the students in my class unless it was school related because we had so little in common.

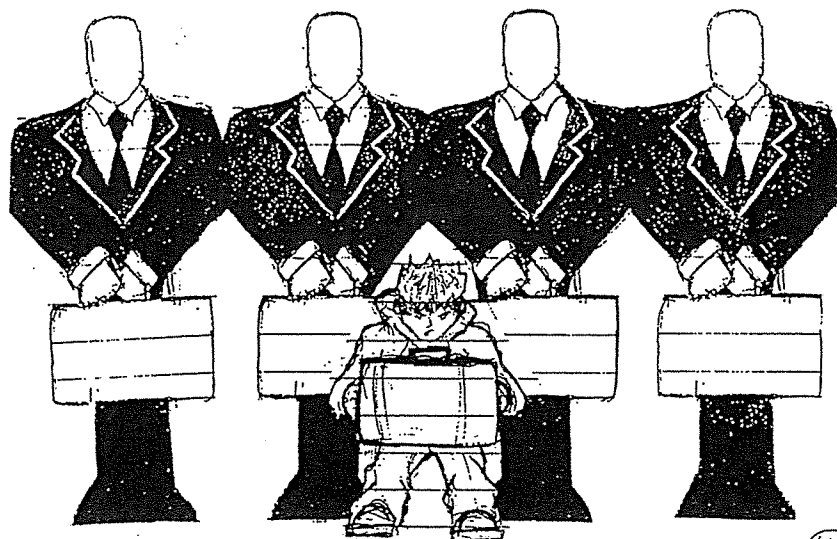
When I transferred to Cass Technical High School in early January 2001, I encountered a flip side of my past situation. I was now in courses, with all black students. At first I loved it, and enjoyed every minute of it because I was finally no longer the minority, and I could finally have interaction with other black students. But, as time went on I realized that I was more academically gifted than the majority of the students in the class. The teachers would assign very easy homework that most of my peers in the class found difficult. I rarely had any trouble with it, earning A’s, in all my classes. The black students in my classes noticed my intelligence and implied that because I spoke articulately I “acted white.” When I looked around the class to observe the other students, I realized that I was completely different from practically everyone in the class because of the academic influence I had while attending the honors program in the Lansing School Districts. I still didn’t understand why that would cause black people to imply that I was an “Oreo cookie.” I didn’t understand why they just could not accept me as a smart black male without the criticism. I grew more confused within and decided to transfer yet again to the University of Detroit-Jesuit High School in hopes of gaining back the person I once knew, by starting a new slate.

Now at U of D High, I still have honors classes, and once again I am one of the few black students in the courses. Unfortunately, I’m still undergoing the same situations. I can’t relate to anyone in my classes on a certain level outside of academics, and so I remain unspoken. Because of that, I still get treated like an

insignificant person. When we have discussions in class and my peers call on others to state their position in a debate, no one ever calls on me, even though I raise my hand frequently throughout the entire class period. I still bear the comments made by black students in my grade level who know I am one of the few black students in the honors classes, and because of that assume that I am trying to “act white”. As a result they don’t talk to me, but rather talk about me. Sometimes I wonder if what people say about me is true, that I’m trying to act like something I am not: white (whatever that may be). Often, I wonder why did I have to be the one to step up to the plate by taking the honors courses, while a vast majority of the black students at U of D remain in regular courses. I also wonder why because I decided to take honors courses, I get criticized by my people, instead of encouraged.

Somehow, between 5th and 6th grade, I lost who I am as an individual. Maybe, I am the “angry black boy”. Maybe I am just an insignificant person, or the “Oreo cookie”, or maybe I could just be Randal C. Smith. Whoever that may be, I still to this day do not know, but refuse to give up hope of finding out once again.

- Randal C. Smith



Ian Gallardo – *Youth of a Nation*



What do young people do with their friday nights?

Just Another Tuesday...

By James Snyder

It was a Tuesday. I hate Tuesdays. I can't tell you why I hate them exactly; I just do. I was having toast for breakfast. It was burnt.

"Why did you burn the toast?" I asked myself.

"I don't know," I responded. "Maybe you need a new toaster."

"Hey! Don't get smart with me!" I exclaimed, starting to get angry.

"Well don't yell at me!" I retorted. "I'm not the one who burnt the toast!"

"Damn it!" I screamed at myself, close to tears. "You sound like your mother!"

If there's one thing I like about being a Psychologist, it's the fact that anything I do is usually my mother or father's fault. I pondered for a moment while I buttered my burnt toast, what had they done that had caused me to burn my toast? Was I harboring any hate or loathing towards my toast? Maybe I had been assaulted with a piece of toast when I was very young and have repressed the memory ever since. Who knows? I surely don't. One thing I do know: My toast was burned, and it was looking like a normal Tuesday, and that's more than one thing isn't it? Damn. Why did I say that? Today must be a Tuesday; I hate Tuesdays.

I finished my burnt toast and got a glass of orange juice from the fridge. Looking back on that day, that was a mistake. I seemed to have forgotten that I'm allergic to citrus. Considering I live alone it was pretty strange that I even had orange juice in my fridge. Looking back at the start of this paragraph, imagine how humorous a typo would look. That line would read, 'I finished my burnt

Taoist and...’ why the cluck would I be eating a Taoist? I don’t know. Go ask my mother. While you’re visiting her, you might as well ask her about the orange juice too. She’s involved somehow...unless it’s the cat who’s trying to kill me...

After regurgitating my orange juice and burnt toast, I left for work. I picked up my briefcase, got my keys, locked the house, and drove a block to my office, parked, got out of the car, and stopped in front of the automatic doors. I hate automatic doors; almost as much as I hate Tuesdays. Automatic doors are trying to kill me. They appear to be so helpful to society, opening whenever you get near...but I’m on to them...all of them. Ever notice that they hesitate to open? Hm? Have you? They do...and if you run fast enough into them, they won’t open. You run into them, then they open, then everyone else tramples your body as they run through the doors, which promptly shut on your unconscious body once everyone is safely out of the burning building; everyone but you.

Grasping my briefcase firmly in my hands, I threw it at the doors. Sure enough, it hit the doors, fooling them into thinking that my unconscious body now lay before them defeated, and they opened in their barbaric dance of jubilation. Seeing that my window...door...opening...of opportunity was...open, I made my move. I sprinted as fast as I could through the open doors, stooping as I ran to pick up my fallen briefcase. My brave briefcase. If I were in the military, I would give it a purple heart, and if I were in the educational system I’d give it a gold star. Either way, it’d have something to take home to show its mother and possibly put on the refrigerator if only it and its mother were speaking to one another. Hmm... Sounds like I’ve found a filibuster for later on today...

I walked up the forty-three stairs to my office on the fourth floor. Gasping for breath, I walked past the elevator and unlocked the door to my office. The lettering on the door read, ‘Dr. N.A. Peneman & Sons’ and under that, ‘Psychologist’. Some day I should talk to my secretary about getting that changed; I don’t have any sons. Of course, I don’t have a secretary either. It’s funny how things work themselves out like that. I looked at the clock on the wall of my office. It was seven o’clock, time for my first appointment.

“Now Mr. Caruso, if you’ll make yourself comfortable—yes, sit anywhere you like—and when you’re ready, we’ll begin.

“Thank you Dr. Peneman,” he began. “Well...” he paused “I’ve been feeling very stressed lately. Maybe I’m taking on too many volunteer activities, I’m not sure. I get very tense and nervous about the slightest thing. Just yesterday, my little Timmy came home from school and told me...”

Argh! School. There it is, the blessing and the curse. I remember my school days. How long ago it’s been. I remember back in the seventh grade when...

“So do you think you can help me doctor?” Mr. Caruso asked.

“Ah, yes...Mr. Caruso. Well, I think your problem is that you have a lot of anger. Yes, a lot of anger.” I got up out of my large, black, leather arm-chair and walked over to my cluttered desk, and picked up two large, cushioned, Styrofoam bats. “I’d like for us to try a little anger-management exercise, okay?”

I handed him one of the bats, which he took almost reluctantly. He was perplexed, but I was used to my

patients looking perplexed. After all, they're the ones with the problems, who come to see me. I'm the doctor, after all.

"Mr. Caruso, I want you to hit me with that bat—don't worry, it won't hurt me in the least. This exercise is meant to relieve anger."

He didn't move.

"Mr. Caruso, if you please, I am a professional. Now hit me!"

Reluctantly, he raised the bat and made an extremely weak, pathetic bat at my arm.

"No, no, no Mr. Caruso," I scolded, "Like this!"

I slammed my bat as hard as I could into the left side of his face, following through with remarkable form I might add. His horn-rimmed glasses flew off of his face, and he made a sound similar to what I would expect a diseased rhinoceros-mountain lion hybrid might make. Needless to say, I was perfectly correct in my diagnosis; he was indeed angry.

"That's wonderful, Mr. Caruso," I told him reassuringly, "you're doing splendidly. Look at all of the anger that you're releasing, this is wonderful."

I started walking to the door.

"Yes that's just splendid. Fine. You can stop now Mr. Caruso. You can—that's getting a bit too below the belt for comfort Mr. Caruso—stop now. I said—Oh ****!" I ducked rather quickly, avoiding a swift blow to the head, and then relieved Mr. Caruso of his bat.

"Yes...thank you for coming...the pleasure was all mine. I'll see you next week, same time. Yes...goodbye, good work today. I really think we're making progress please put down the vase. Down. Put it down. Good. Thank you. Goodbye. See you next week."

Mr. Caruso's footsteps faded away down the hallway, and safe behind my office door I wiped away the perspiration from my forehead with my handkerchief. You meet the strangest people in my line of work. And what makes it worse is their constant denial. I'd remind them that I'm the one with the medical degree on the wall, but they're always so sure that they understand their own problems. It's so sad...like Tuesdays.

The clock read eight o' clock. Not that the clock was literate, mind you, although we shouldn't hold its illiteracy against it. Especially with all the help it's given me in balancing my checkbook. It works very well with numbers.

"Hello Mr. Beshton, how are you today?"

"Uh...fine...thank you." He looked around the room curiously. "I'm kind of anxious, what with this being my first appointment and all..." His voice trailed off.

"Don't worry about a thing," I reassured him. "Just be open and honest." I picked up my large yellow legal pad and sat down in my armchair. "Well let's begin, shall we? Do you have any questions, though, before we start?"

"Actually, yes." He paused a moment. "I was just wondering, doctor, what do your initials stand for?"

"Hm?"

"Your initials," he repeated, "N.A., what do they stand for?"

"Not Applicable."

"Now, seriously..."

"And Peneman is just 'pen name' rearranged."

There was a brief, uncomfortable pause.

"So." He cleared his throat. "What's your real name?"

"Fred Mertz."

"Really?"

"No. Now what seems to be your problem?"

"Well," he began, "it all started when I was five. I stole a candy bar from the grocery store and.. ."

Mmm.. .Candy Bar. A candy bar would have tasted so good. Especially since I regurgitated my burnt toast and orange juice. That's not to say that I want a candy bar that tastes like regurgitated burnt toast and orange juice; that would be utterly disgusting. My mother wouldn't let me eat candy bars when I was a child. She thought that they were bad for me. Bad? Ha! That's laughable! What's really bad is depriving your child of their natural rights to consume massive quantities of sugar, chocolate, and synthetic materials. Ah! Red dye number five.. .my mouth waters...

"So do you think you can help me doc?"

"Hmm? Oh yes! Of course!" I patted Mr. Breshton's arm reassuringly. "I've seen this type of thing before."

I got up out of my armchair and walked over to my large bookcase and pulled out a large medical dictionary. I'm not exactly sure as to why, considering I didn't need it, so I just dropped it out the window, hoping that some damn smoker on his smoking break was standing outside at that moment. It would be so convenient. He could look up 'lung cancer' and 'concussion' at the same time!

"We in the medical profession like to call your particular condition, 'Cleptomaniac- Anorexia'."

"What?" Mr. Breshton asked.

That perplexed look once again lay on my couch.

"Cleptomaniac-Anorexia," I repeated. "You steal food because you are not satisfied with your weight. As candy bar pilfering increases, your weight decreases.. .by the law of proportional square roots."

"I'm not sure you fully understand, doctor," he tried to explain, "I don't steal only candy bars. Like I was telling you, I've progressed to more expensive things."

"I'm not sure 'progressed' is the right word choice to describe your condition. No. I'm afraid you've 'dwindledessed'. But don't worry...I can help."

I scooted my armchair a bit closer. Mr. Breshton was highly unstable... anyone could see that. Except for maybe the blind. But I didn't have time to think about that. This man needed my help. And he needed it immediately or we would definitely lose him.

"You see," I began, attempting to obtain his complete attention, "food has always been a very good and important thing for human life. Without food we would be reduced to eating a much less appetizing menu such as poisonous mushrooms, tree bark, polyester, and various other inedible materials. However, food is not only essential to maintaining life, it shapes life as well. In your case your candy bar pilfering has caused you to not accept yourself for who you are."

"Are you absolutely sure that that's true?" he asked.

"Of course it is!" I responded. "Food is very influential. I don't see why we don't use food to fight in the war against drugs. Let's have people be addicted to something wholesome and innocent...Teddy Grahams®. How could anyone *not* love Teddy Grahams®? How many flavors do they come in now? They not only taste great...but there so gee golly cute! Just *thinking* about those cute little bears makes were giddy. Granted, getting everyone addicted to Teddy Grahams® might pose a couple of problems. Just think about the poor doctor who has to deal with the first incident involving Teddy Graham® abuse. Some high-school delinquent trying to snort

chocolate Teddy Grahams and getting them lodged up his nose!...Poor Teddy Grahams®! But fortunately, I wouldn't have to deal with that sort of thing. After all, I'm just a psychologist, and I think that you need to go through some sock-puppet therapy."

I walked over to my desk and picked up Betty, the sock-puppet who is perfectly happy with who she is. I introduced her to Mr. Beshton.

"Mr. Beshton, this is Betty."

Mr. Beshton rudely kept his silence.

"I said, Mr. Beshton, this is Betty."

Still there was no response.

"Acknowledge Betty's existence!" I thundered. "If you don't you'll damage her weak psyche! She'll hate both herself and her mother forever and it will be all your fault and she'll commit suicide! Buttons and stuffing all over the bathroom floor!"

"Okay..." Mr. Beshton responded with blatant disregard for Betty's feelings. "Whatever...Hi Betty. It's nice to meet you."

"Very good, Mr. Beshton. Now, perhaps this would be a good time for me to strongly recommend that you fully participate in this exercise for your greatest benefit," I explained calmly.

"Don't waste your time on this bozo!" Betty screamed.

"Quiet Betty! That's not nice!" I reprimanded.

"You shouldn't trust this man...He's a big stupid doo-doo face!" Betty yelled.

"Now come off it doc," Mr. Beshton said irritably, "the joke wasn't even funny when it started." His condition had worsened. He was like a rabid orange ready to strike. Someone should lock him up. But he

was already a prisoner. A prisoner of his own mind. I needed to keep him under control. But I also had Betty on my hands, although I only really had her on one...but that's not important.

"What joke?" I asked, hoping that Betty would soon cool down. She was not one to be tempered with. And believe you me. I know. Without warning she was at my neck.

"You can have your candy bars!" Betty screamed, "You never think about me! What about my needs? I'm going back to mother!"

"No Betty!" I pleaded. "You can't go back to mother! Stay with me! I need you!"

I had no other alternative. The Styrofoam bat was at my feet. Then it was in my hand. Then it was at Betty's face. Then it was at Betty's face again. And again.

"Mr. Beshton, don't worry! I'll hold her off! Talk some sense into her, will you please? Mr. Beshton?"

I looked around. He was nowhere in sight.

"Mr. Beshton?"

From the hall came the faint sound of someone sprinting down the stairs.

"Just what I need," I muttered aloud. "One of my most unstable patients out there on the loose. Frankly Betty, it frightens me...knowing that men like that are free to roam about as they please. What on earth is society coming to?"

Sigh.

"It looks as if it's going to be just another Tuesday. God...I hate Tuesdays!"

Stop

By Vincent Stonewall

She beckons for help from down the hall
The wicked man hits her harder and throws her against the wall
She stumbles, trips, and falls

Her tender lip begins to split
The wicked man swing again, a malicious hit
Cruelty's wicked, twisted flame has been lit

She hears the crack
She prays to God it's not her back
The wicked man throws her down the stairs like a sack

The bone in her arm snaps in two
Her eyes are black and blue
Her teeth are stained a crimson hue

She is like a wounded deer
She doesn't move
Out of Pain or Fear

Someone little lies up in bed
Hot metal strikes him in his head
The wicked man thinks the mortal cherub dead

The wicked man moves down the stairs
Unmerciful death drips from his wrist hairs
His actions are unjust, unfair

Three shots ring out in the air
Her blood splatters on the desk chair
And trickles from her tousled hair

Her vision's blurry
Death came quickly but it took not her last worry
The wicked man, the unjust jury he left out the door in a hurry

The mortal cherub rises he is not dead
He received a severe wound to the head
And his face is stained red

The little one pulls on her sleeve
She doesn't move
She doesn't breathe

everyone to the west stairs. The school building looked
brand new you

The little one goes into some dreamless sleep
Death could take him but Death's plan is much more deep
So Death leaves him in a bloody heap

Many years have passed since then
Time has stopped and begun again
Things have changed and stayed the same

The little one has become a man but he still stand The Rain
of Black, too much too of that rain
It has made his home life and his family quite insane
But in friends he can sustain that life is not pointless or
lived in vain
Though his strife sometimes drives him to pain
Few around him know his bane
With his friends he will not wane

Do not conclude that
This is not real
Or that is some twisted fairy tale

The father is in jail
The mother is dead
The child lives on but with a large, deformed scar across
his head

Life goes on
But this incident is still a shame
Because hurting the ones you love bring nothing but pain

Make Believe
By Ben Dempsey-Klott

Let's make believe that love really exists,
that I,
your wife,
really love you at that I can receive that love in return.
Let's make believe that you wouldn't go to the bar every night,
And come home drunk,
Or that you wreaked for days later.
Let's make believe that you didn't have those affairs,
that so shattered my world,
that I cried myself to sleep for days,
and weeks,
and months,
and years later.
Or that you would sometimes get violent,
out of control really,
so far from your usual self that,
well,
I feared for my life.
Let's make believe that when you did get out of control,
that I wasn't the one to suffer,
that I didn't have bruises that covered by body,
and broken bones that needed to mend.
Let's make believe that in one of your fits of rage,
that you didn't hit me,
that you didn't hit me in the stomach,
that you didn't kill the baby I was carrying.
Or that I didn't have to receive thirty eight stitches in my scalp,
after I was thrown through a glass door.
Let's close our eyes and make believe that I am not a women's shelter,
that you aren't in jail for domestic abuse,
let's make believe that we are still in love.

To Mock a Killing Bird
By Kerry Fino

Hi.
My name is Scoutticus Finchiccus.
Oh, look!
A bird!
Man, that is one ugly bird.
"Ha Ha! Look at that ugly bird!"
"Ugly bird! Ugly bird! Go away, ugly bird!"
Ouch! The ugly bird is attacking me.
Ahhh!
I am being mauled by the ugly bird.
I should have known that it was a Killing Bird.
Never mock a Killing Bird.

The Lost Treasure

By Kerry Moore

Some people struggle with life,
Others have conflicts with themselves.
As much as people try,
They are never satisfied.
Some people believe they will reach the top,
Yet they blinded by their own desire.
Some think people are disappointed in themselves,
Yet they lack self worth.
Few are happy with themselves,
And those are the ones that realizes the treasure of life

I Did It

By Dan Condit

I did it
It was me
And this whole time,
You thought it was she
She never did a single thing
I'm responsible for stealing the bling
Don't blame her
It wasn't her fault
They shouldn't have left it outside the vault
Arrest me now
After I make my last vow
For sure ill admit it,
Because I did it.



Ephraim Sasis – *The Miracle*

Voice of R.

By Randal C. Smith

Lost in a race

The race against race

Looking into the sky

And feeling the skin that in which covers my face

My conscience cries for help

My body sings the blues

Feeling so insecure inside

Not knowing what else to do

If I just tried looking closer

To realize it is I who am fly

It is I who makes the other ones

Jealous inside

That would just make me stuck-up, righ'?

The Runner

By Brian Williams

All a runner does, quite simply, is run.
We go off like a shot at the sound of the gun.
Most of us do not like to run.
It's hard 'cause it is not especially fun.
Some people ask, "Then why do you run?"
"Why if it's really not that much fun?"
Finding the answer to why runners run,
Is much easier said than actually done,
For a good percent of those who run
Complain the number of answers is none.
To finish is why we choose to run,
To work like machines in the hot, hot sun:
Satisfaction is why we run,
If we have done our best then we have won.

Wonderful

By Dietrich McGaffey

Ever wondered if candy were conscious?
If it could think?
If it did, do you think it would feel guilty?
For making so many parents tremble before that *one* isle?
For making so many children sick?
Or would it be mischievous?
Laugh at the parents...
Taunt the children...
Maybe it would be inwardly torn,
"I don't *want* to be bad! I can't help it!"
And slowly go crazy.
We'd all be eating insane candy.
What a wonderful thought.

Clouds
By Michael Kesner

Floating in the sky,
White and fluffy cotton balls,
Free as a blue bird.

Wide Awake at One o' Clock

By James Snyder

Wide awake at one o' clock,
And now unto myself I talk.

As I lie upon my bed,
Thoughts dance about my tired head.
They will not let me sleep this night,
Until I have had chance to write.
I want to sleep, but they do not.
Who is stronger, Man or Thought?

I may beg and I may plead,
but they still want that I should read.
And though I want to sleep this night,
I must still go on and write.
A stranger pairing, there cannot be,
Man with strongest entity.

Wide awake at one o' clock,
And now unto myself I talk.
Body, tired, wants no more than to go to bed,
But Brain still thinks inside the head.
Wide awake is the thought.
Is the body? Most surely not!

Wide awake at one o' clock,
And now, unto myself, I talk.

Silent Light
By Dietrich McGaffey

it's the way it's splayed across the way,
dappling the already spotted walk,
it's not active- no, nothing so unpredictable,
just kind of sitting there,
waiting for something to come by and disturb it,
sitting,
holding itself,
waiting,
splayed.
yes. Splayed,
as a cat basking in the light of the sun;
but then again,
it is the light of the sun.

Seven Days after Life,... Lived
By Vincent Stonewall

I who have walked the night
Yet have not found it so dark
Or dreary

I who have walked through hell
Have found it was not so hot
Or Arduous

The Winter of Tears was cold
But not so cold
Or frigid

Know that Life comes with some hell
Souls are born in the night
And tears bring Salvation

Live life not in sorrow for the years of yester
Live life not by rigid rule place above perfection
Purpose is not defined by madness

The gentle find purpose in the dust
Dreamers find it the clouds
I have found it in myself

The Ocean

by John Simmons

The ocean is a wonderful site,
Warm, sunny days and cool, starry nights.
The ocean offers such a wonderful view,
The ocean is remarkable, this is true.

The ocean is a place fun for all,
Beach parties, swimming, and volleyball.
Both kids and adults love to stay
At the seashore for a day.

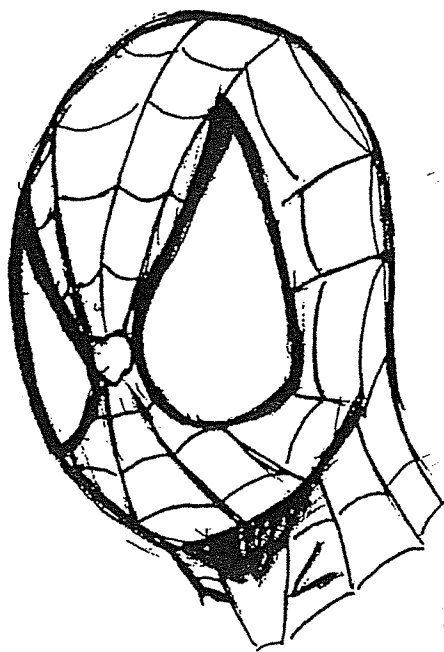
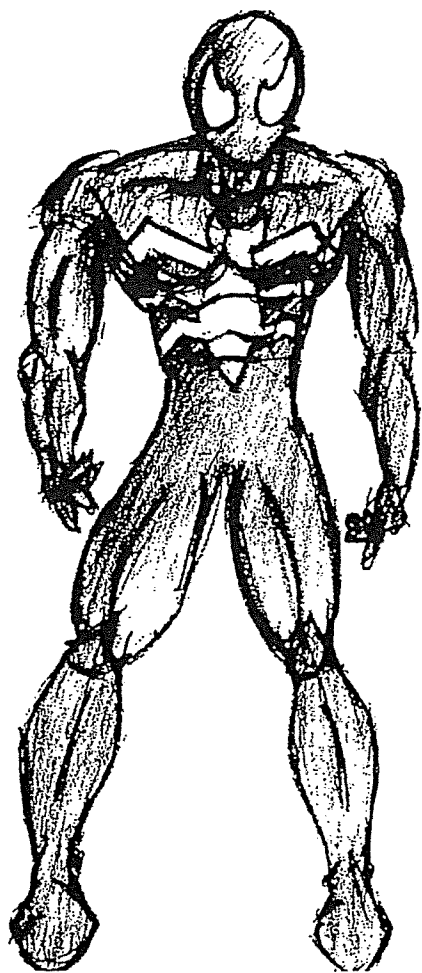
The ocean is a lonely place,
So few people in so much space.
The ocean's dark gray waters are so cold,
The water is a mystery, scary and untold.

The ocean is a vicious beast,
Humans are the angry sea's feast.
Tidal waves, storms, and endless pain,
The ocean acts without any shame.

Respect the unpredictable sea,
Always changing, always free.

Snow Day

Frigid, frozen rain covered the trees;
Like cellophane wrap over the leaves.
I listened joyfully to the rain;
Yet the sound of snowplows brought me pain.
In humble prayer I dropped to my knees;
Praying to God that the roads might freeze.
I wondered if my prayer had been vain;
When I saw not the county of Wayne.
Had Mrs. Rowe not used her expertise?
But looking again I could breath with ease.
I got up and with joy hugged the TV;
For my school had been posted, U of D.



Joe B. Kelly '61

Let Her Know...

By Matthew J. Johnson

Let Her Know.....

She's the type of girl you see
 When you come out to get the mail
 Thinking to yourself
 "Damn, now that's fine as hell"
 making you wonder who she is
 and how come she's so quiet
 wanting to ask these things
 but never mustering enough courage to try it
 and it seems as if you always see her
 dressed up in her finest
 or, maybe she dressed that way all the time?
 I mean she does stay in the biggest house on the block
 And her grandparents seem real refined
 Not nearly the type you'd expect to see
 Up early on the bus for the welfare line
 Like all the other big head girls on the block
 That seem to take love a kid at a time
 But this is not all that catches your eye
 Sure she's a good dress
 Always nothing less of what's needed to impress
 But who's that guy
 That always seems to arrive
 Right when you've rehearsed what words to say
 And decide to give it a try
 Crushing your confidence

With one wink of her eye in his direction
 As she runs to him with the biggest smile
 And embraces him
 as if assured some sort of protection
 within his two massive arms
 tattooed just below the deltoids
 the same inscriptions as his charms
 which dangle from the glistening metallics around his neck
 as "what is Baller!" enters your mind,
 like you were on jeopardy with Trebeck
 yet with no applause from the crowd
 as the rims on his benz shine "that's correct"
 and his license plate tells you what you should do
 with it's arrogant, flashy '*respect*'
 as she hops in the car
 with an "ooh, is this yours?"
 and a school girl laugh
 as they pull off
 and across the back window you see
 '*That which you don't have*'
 and you're subject to wait another day
 but this time thinking not of what to say
 but how to show
 However,
 looking at your bank statements
 seeing there kind of low
 wondering if you could rent
 or get a loan
 for what he obviously owns
 yet not realizing
 that the only reason any girl attracts
 to the shine around a man's neck
 or rims of chrome on his 'llac

lies in the fact
 that she's probably never been approached
 with that shine that you have
 one of an ambitious mind
 strengthened by science and math
 to make her feel secure enough
 to sit back, relax, and laugh
 because if you notice
 this world always boasts of being built by men
 so wouldn't you feel a need as well to be among those
 who fit in
 by getting as close to whom you saw had all the ease
 well it's unfortunate, but true,
 that this is how more than one girl sees
 So why don't you try to fix it
 And show her there's an equality between luxuries and
 poverties
 Shoot,
 Plan a lovely evening under the trees
 With a picnic basket and some of the forgotten poetries
 I'm sure no man she's ever been with
 Has recited the "Art of Love" by Ovid
 Or the works of Socrates,
 What about Euclid and his geometries
 And how it relates to the assymetrical design
 On her "Baby Phat" Tee's
 But don't do it without sincerity
 Because if you do
 You might unveil the wrong you
 To her harmless virgin eyes
 And remember first impressions are lasting ones
 So what could you get from one composed of lies

Just try to keep it basic
I'm not saying play it cheap
But allow her to see what's far beneath
Where most men and their dividends meet
And it's promised
That with a little time and patience
The rewards will deem sweet.....
Just let her know.



Jahni Pettway – *Brave*

Fate
By Drew Mast

The Earth must have been pleased that evening. The world surrounding the tiny Indian encampment had the simple, passive majesty of beauty content with itself. Knee-high grasses swayed, dancing in rhythm with the early evening breeze. The big open sky was a blue-purple blanket, with the retiring sun peering insistently under its fringes. At the edge of the encampment, a collection of animal-skin huts that huddled warmly around a spiraling campfire stood a young Indian boy.

He was a boy among men, the youngest in the encampment – it was his thirteenth autumn and his first time on a bison hunt. The youngster stood some distance from the adults and their low murmur, the unending chant of their verbal contemplation. The boy gazed over the green-brown expanses of the plains. At that time, northern Arizona was vibrantly alive – almost lush, in fact - with plants and animals. It seemed the only animals that came to these parts only seasonally were the great bison for whom the Indian men had come to hunt. Every autumn, the westerly winds would carry rain-bearing clouds, and the bison would come in their tens of thousands. The boy reveled at the thought of actually participating in the holy ritual of the hunt. He tried to contain his excitement, for although he was alone now, the men, his future peers, would disapprove of any show of childish excitement. So he just stood there, teetering on the edge of manhood, watching the distant bison graze, fantasizing about the joys and honor that the next day would bring. He was but one of millions of people on the earth at that time. He, like all the others, would have laughed at the thought of all his dreams, hopes, and aspirations being obliterated in an instant.

Yet fate laughs back.

The boy lifted his head at the sudden and enormous crash that came from the heavens. Thunder? Not a single black cloud had arrived in the evening sky. Not the boy, nor the men whose chat had been disrupted, knew what the noise could be. They did not have time to ponder the mystery, for the sound was quickly followed by a truly terrifying spectacle. A colossal ball of fire, several times the size of the sun, seemed

to drop from the sky. It came not from directly above, but from an angle, as if speeding down from the depths of the heavens to skid to a violent stop on the ground. As the red-black ball of flame roared by over the encampment, a great wind of dry heat swept the land, toppling huts and knocking men from their fireside seats. The earth trembled with the arrival of the great blazing rock. When it collided with the Arizona plains, and collide it did, the force of burning death claimed all lives for miles around. Never did the boy reach his manhood, for his fate had not been so certain as he thought.

Such uncertainty remains.

Details of a past ignite a flame deep inside

Desires

By Justin Nardecchia

Thoughts and prayers fade into memories
Of a relationship failed.
So many times have I tried to love you as
You loved me.
But it has been hard.
I've seen your face,
But never heard your voice.
I've touched your hand,
But never your soul.
I've asked for your guidance,
But have never been led.
I have longed for you,
I have needed you,
I have asked for you,
 Wished for you,
 Begged for you,
 Prayed for you,
But where are you?
I need you now,
I need you here,
I want you.

like lovers do
By Ben Dempsey-Klott

i want you to hold me like lovers do.
i want to feel your skin touch my skin,
 to know that the carnal need for flesh on flesh contact has been momentarily fulfilled.
to feel your fingers crawl across my arm,
 up my spine,
 through my hair,
 over my body.
i want to know that your blood flows through your veins,
 that your heart pushes the red liquid as mine does,
 to feel it follow the same path as mine does,
 as you lie on top of me,
 hold my hand,
 or press your lips to mine.
i want to feel the heat of passion,
 to feel the urge needing and wanting to give love,
 the want to hold and the need to be held.
i want you to hold me like lovers do.

i want you to talk to me like lovers do.
to reassure me of our present love,
 to cement our future in each other's arms,
 to know that the lovers touch has some meaning behind it.
tell me that you love me,
 that you want me,
 that you crave me,
 that your skin aches for my touch,
 as mine longs for your caress.
to know that the need to scream your name,
 the need to tell the world
 the need to express my love
 is normal
tell me of forever,
 that forever is you and i;
 dancing in the rain
 dancing under the moon,
 kissing in the golden fields
 kissing in the dark woods,
 holding one another as the
snow comes down,
 holding one
another through the heat of summer
tell me that you would give your all for my love,
 that you would risk life and limb to feel my body beside yours,
 above yours,
 below yours,
 with yours.
talk to me of love,
 of togetherness,
 of the future,
 as though everything under the sun can wait.
i want you to talk to me like lovers do.

I want you to kiss me like lovers do.

To peck me on the cheek,
the forehead,
the lips,

knowing that another kiss is on the way.

Kiss me with passion;

a fiery sensation that leaves me panting.

Kiss me with love;

make Aphrodite jealous of what we have.

Kiss me as though it is our last;

with a tenderness that will last a lifetime,
knowing that it can not.

Kiss me with a need of urgency;

kiss me as though you mean it.

I want you to kiss me like lovers do.

I want you to call me like lover's do.

To scream my name wherever we are,

no matter what we are doing.

Call me as though you know I will come running,

from wherever I am to be with you.

Call me a fool,

for I have fallen under your spell,

unable to resist the sound of your voice,

the feel of your skin,

the touch of your lips.

Call me your hero,

fulfilling everything that you had desired,

have desired,

and will desire.

Call me yours,

knowing that I will never go anywhere with out you.

I want you to call me like lovers do.

I want to act like lovers do,

showing our love wherever we are,

whenever the sensation comes over us.

To kiss in front of our peers,

parents,

friends,

and strangers without any inhibitions.

To hug in front of the world,

letting everyone know that we are one.

I want to be as lovers are,

kissing,

talking,

holding,

calling,

being.

I want to be as lovers are.

Venus, the Morning Star

by Vincent Stonewall

She is my Hope

With her Strength

With her Love

With her Faith

Her face is benevolent and noble

Her heart plush with sincerity

Her mind bursts with all the facets of her personality

And through her eyes she consumes the room with compassion

She is more full than all the Days and all the Nights

The years with her are eternity

She is Then, she is Now, she is Forever

None but she, holds time and bends space

Her walk is gentle

Her touch is soft

Her gaze is quiet serenity

Tranquil, she is angelic and divine

Immaculate Princess

Lady of Infinity

Last Angel of the Night

Always, always and forever...

My Hope

Sonnet #1

by Mike Treppa

My life is tortured in both night and day

Darkness comes over me, over my heart.

Blood flows swiftly in my lakes and bays

And fruit and nectar are bitter and tart.

When I'm in this state, no one hears my cry.

I'm locked in a cage, trapped both mind and soul

And blossoming flowers wither and die

I then burrow and rot, hide like a mole.

But since I've seen you, my life have shifted

And then just your presence has freed my mind

For you've been blessed with your smile a gift

Your touch. Purposeful but also kind.

I tell my dear to stay with my pleas.

What's going to happen when my dear leaves?

Touched

By Vincent Stonewall

Fate has brought us to this twist
Destiny has made us what we are
Our spirits whispers through the pore of our souls
And in the silence we hear the twilight

With weary and languid eyes we push on
The days are short but the hours are long
The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak
Hearts soar but the roof is only so high

Devotion drives us
Courage fills us
Families our formed
And bonds are shared

In the quiet and behind the shadows
Champions rise
Heroes walk
Legends stand

It's not easy
But we don't stop
Strong, brave, and willful
We continue

In the end and on the stage
You can only show the world your heart
And hope they aren't blinded by the glow
Of these auras that burn so brightly in the night

In the silence of the echoes
Where angels spread their wings
Mortal men and women drift on heaven's winds
And the world knew the touch

2:36 Bell

Anonymous

Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
What happiness the 2:36 bell will bring!
The ring of the bell is joy for everyone,
The ring of the bell is a sign we are done.

All day long we wait for this beautiful sound.
We sit and pray for the ring to come around.
The bell is our hope and our key,
It is the only thing that can set us free.

Ding, Ding, The bell is a great sound to hear!
No more homework, tests, or teachers to fear.
The ring of the bell opens the door,
Classes, assignments, grades—no more!

Ring! Ring! Ring! Ring!
What happiness the 2:36 bell will bring!
But another bell comes the morning after,
The 8:15 bell; oh, what a disaster!

W.W.B.*

By Matthew J. Johnson

Quiet,
Shy,
Sexy,
Mysterious,
Funny, when necessary,
But, usually, quite serious
Seemingly affected
By numerous occasions of deceit
Longing for a gentleman
To place the world at her feet
To be praised as she should be
For being a Woman While Black
Often taken lightly,
Exploited,
And attacked.

*Woman While Black

Waiting Room

By Matthew J. Johnson

Feeling so helpless
Because the only thing I can offer
Is my hand
Feeling rather awkward
Because I'm not even a man
But allowed to witness
Such a miraculous event
One in which my own father
Thought not to be time well spent
And as you grasp my hand,
extended for your relief,
I feel a sense of pride
Squinting hard and grinding teeth,
Praying by your side
For the moment when she arrives
A bundle of joy
With her mothers endless eyes,
ten cute little fingers and toes,
chubby cheeks,
and precious little button nose
subjected to kisses
as abundant as her heart beats
receiving a lifetime of love
all within a few weeks
being conditioned for a journey
that has no certain end
with Jesus as her guide
and spirit as her friend
with support from all directions
guarded by all means of
what I know as paternal protection
as well her mothers nourishing affection
All these thoughts and possibilities
arising now, as I sit in the waiting section
Thinking, Wow!!

Untitled, Part I

Steve Favor

Rage swells inside me. My fists clenched at my side with neither my knowledge nor consent. I release one hand and accept the stack of napkins afforded to me by my friend Jon. "That guy is an ass. Just ignore him."

The only response I can articulate is a nonsensical grunt. I wipe away the catsup from my face and try to remove the embarrassment too. But I am unable to quell the burning in my cheeks sparked by the eyes of my classmates. "No one likes Paul anyway. He is just jealous of Gale man. Don't sweat it," Jon offered.

We continue away from the cafeteria towards Jon's car. I open the door, lower myself into the seat and close the door behind me. Jon is one of my closest and most trusted friends, although we only met last year. Both of us are sophomores. We met at the start of freshman year. We both stumbled up to the same urinal in a crowded bathroom on the first day of class. It was awkward to say the least but the two of us have become great friends since.

Jon rounded the corner into my neighborhood. As my house grew nearer I broke the silence to point out the blond beauty making her way down the front steps of my house. "What's she doing here?" I asked, to no one in particular.

"Maybe she wants to give you an 'I'm sorry' gift." Our eyes met and he winked.

"If he only knew," I chuckled to myself as we pulled into my driveway. We said our good-byes. I grudgingly stepped out of the car.

Gale is jaw-droppingly gorgeous; Her short blond hair hovers about five and a half feet above the ground, supported by the most perfect body I have witnessed in my seventeen years: just the right curves, ample enough cleavage to entertain, but not so much as to be cumbersome. Her smile is blinding, and she speaks with a voice warm enough to melt through any case of the teenage blues. The most amazing features Gale possesses, the vacuum that draws me to her every time she looks at me, are her eyes. The oceans that I delve into each time I look at her are now directed towards me. I feel them upon me as I draw closer to my house.

A smile crosses her face as she greets me. "Hi Matt," Gale waves to Jon as he pulls out of my driveway before imparting her full attention to me.

"What brings you to my side of the world?" I ask, perhaps in too suspicious of a tone.

"Can't I stop by to see a friend?" At this Gale takes a step closer to me and places her hand on my forearm. I look into her eyes and see that the vast blue oceans are clouded by a storm. She looks at me hopefully, "I missed you Matt."

I quickly consider this girl. Is she a lust crazed young woman seeking to revitalize a former outlet for such desire? Or is there a different sort of magnetism drawing her back?

"Well what can I do for you?" My feet remain anchored to the pavement of my driveway; resentment boiling inside me.

"Well... I was hoping..." Gale's eyes fall toward the ground. The storm has cleared and a sort of vulnerability has taken its place. She seemed to be considering her question further. She is obviously unsure how to continue. Suddenly her eyes moved off the ground, a newfound confidence explodes out of her. The hand, once on my forearm, was rocketed upward. I feel her fingers on my biceps. "Can we go inside?" she asked, her eyes again met mine: The storm had resurfaced, any helplessness was lost.

"OK," I was reluctant to agree. My house is empty at present, but my parents would soon be home from work, and my brother is due home tonight from school.

We move towards the steps. Gale's hand was now at her side. As the door grows closer, I take notice of Gale's mannerisms. She seemed uncertain of how to behave. Anxious fingers move restlessly doing nothing in particular. Her eyes wander to every feature of my house, not observing, not contemplating the house. Her sight jumped from one brick to the next. None the less, those galed eyes pause when they fall upon my own. Soon after she made eye contact they would resume their search across the house she had seen so many times

We ascend the few steps onto my porch, diving into my pockets, my hand resurface with a key. I unlock my front door and emerged in our vestibule, heading straight through the small vestibule and a short hallway I was in the kitchen. The girl lingers in the entranceway. As I drop my backpack on the floor, she drifts through the doorway on her left and settles on a couch in my living room.

"Do you want something to drink?" I holler down the hallway. She responded negatively so I reach into the refrigerator and remove a Coke for myself. Moving back down the hallway, I stand near the doorway and look in at Gale. Memories of last year invade my conscious. Situations similar to this have occurred before- my family was seldom home and the two of us had taken advantage of the privacy and empty house provided. An afternoon alone with this girl began to look appealing.

Holding my can of pop in my right hand my left delves into my pocket. My fingers close around a few napkins that remained in my pocket. All memories of warmth and pleasure are ejected from my mind. New memories, fresher ones of cold catsup replace them.



Crunch

Jahni Pettway – *The Crunch*

The Wind

By Michael Sabatini

The wind is something that is always here;
You smell it in the aroma of beer
And hear it when you are hunting a deer
As it blows and flows through the air.

**The wind is a thing that roams around
Freely and without cause, silent or with emphasis;
You taste it when an Altoid is fresh in your mouth
Or feel it in fallen snow.**

The wind loves all God's creatures,
With its special and beautiful features:
Kindness and happiness, mercy and content
As it rhymes and chimes through the air.

**The wind pats a man after a good day
And gives hopes to those who pray;
It is the sound of an angel's voice:
Majestic and keen, powerful and joyful.**

The wind befriends you when you are down;
It will give you life when you lose breath,
And save you if you are too hot
As it flies and cries through the air.

The Life of a Rat?

By Brian Williams

Wake up ... Sometimes I wonder... Hurry up.
Eat up. ... Will it ever change?... Let's go.
Go to class... Life goes on... Stand.
Sit... And changes so little... Turn around.
Speak up... It becomes a rat race... Write that on the board.
Give me your ID... A wheel... Run ten laps.
Go to the office... Birth... Come here.
Go there... Life... Stay here.
Get in the car... Death... Turn here.
Go to your room... We continue onwards... Turn that off.
Get off the phone... Searching for a way out... Go to bed.

"Us Defined"

by Matthew J. Johnson

I will not rest
Until I rest in you
Having extinguished
All the fires of desire scorching us
Through and through;
Falling into seas neither wet nor blue,
But full of soul
Coming together like two halves
To make a whole;
A whole, which represents for us
A sacred bond
One of a series,
Which strengthens our beyond,
Our future, our us,
Spanning ten-fold, plus,
That of infinity
Lead by the hands of divinity
Across the threshold of adversity,
Matched, against the odds of all we see
With a mutual destiny set in stone
To be lived out by us,
And us alone.

"The Undefined Sadness"

by Tom Dixon

We were all gathered together on a joyous occasion
When there were many people gathered in tears.
They were tears of joy, brought about by an initiation.
The initiation was not focused on death, but love.
It was the gathering of two people in Holy Matrimony.
These feelings were overwhelming, something I had never thought
of.
This was something real, something far more than phony.
It was the marking of the end of a childhood,
And it was the beginning of initiation into Adulthood.

To a Few Friends
By Kyle Koerber

The path of a life, so definite, so planned
The ways of the stars, by no bridge are they spanned
My feet walk the path, my mind happy between
But my heart is ever in the stars, unseen

Too often is my mind drawn down to the floor
Where awaits earthly pleasure, and earthly bore
And sometimes, so rarely, mind joins with the heart
To fight heav'nly battles, to heal soulful part

To crack human limits, to break human chains
To cleave preconception, cut against the grains
To assuage a black canker upon the soul
To call on the Lord, to lighten hearts of coal

But once I am up there, above the earth's sand,
Broadsword of youth, power thrumming in my hand,
I realize I am one, and only one,
One of so many, many below the Son

Does mind descend, crushed, back into the murk
No- the Lord shows a smile, puts on a smirk
They keep me right up, I rise with hands unseen

Quiet

By Vincent Stonewall

I call but you do not answer
I reach for you but I grasp nothing but air
Why do I cry so hard

I keep you close to my heart
Yet I feel so distant
Why do I cry so hard

Loneliness makes me still
Silence syphins my soul
Why I do cry so hard

My heart is weak and weary
It barely has the strength to try
But, it will never forget how to cry

The Hall
Anonymous

I stand alone in an empty hall,
With doors to every side.
It's strange and familiar and it's here,
It's here where I reside.

Some doors I know more than others,
And the others almost not at all,
But now I see that I must see
Every door in this lonely hall.

Some open up to darkness,
And others, still, to mist.
But the more I visit the more I see
The things that I had missed.

One day I'll know that hall by heart,
Every door and room and hall.
A hall of mirror it will become,
That not quite so lonely hall.

Poems
By Dwane Johnson

They're blue poems
Red poems
Black poems
And green

Some are kind and sweet
Some are really mean

They're purple poems
Orange poems
Brown poems
And yellow

Some have a meaning of goodbye
And some hello

But this poem is different
It says got to go

walking
by Ben Dempsey-Klott

In a fit of some emotion,
I leave the sanctity of
my house and walk into the midnight black.

And,
I begin to walk.
The air,

crisp and cold for the season,
soon wraps itself around me,
embracing me like a welcome lover.

My journey has no clear path as of yet,
I just begin to walk,
with no particular point of destination in mind.

But soon,
I find myself walking the path that we used to walk.

And soon,
my walking begins to take on a sort of meaning that I did not begin with.
I begin to feel things.

As I look down at the concrete beneath my feet,
The grey squares begin to bring about a rush of emotions.

At one point,
I am not sure that I am going to be able to continue.

So many times and events took place on our walks.
In the summer,
the humid sweaty nights when neither you nor I could find sleep,
we would walk.

We would say that each one of the stars represented a kiss.
And,
as we began to count them off right there in the heat of the night,
we would loose count,

somewhere around two hundred,
and be forced to start at one all over again.

Neither of us would object,
the pastime seemed to be more than worthwhile,
and soon we would find ourselves home again,
continuing to count the stars in kisses,
and the night became that much more bearable for the both of us,
the heat of the outside could not compare of that which was in our bed.

these memories begin to stir long dormant emotions
I continue to walk our path
and soon I come to that light post,
the one where we saw each other.

it still casts a yellowish hue
still in that oblong sort of circle that fit both of us in its beam.
that light-post makes me think
under its yellowish light
the snowflakes that fell that night took on a sort of celestial form,
they seemed to be more like bright falling stars than flakes of frozen
water.

it was no matter because I only remember the ones that fell on your
hair,

then black,
and your lips,
and your clothes.
i envied each snow flake that touched you,
secretly wishing that it was I who was able to touch you.

i longed to take each snowflake in my mouth,
allow it to dissolve,
and savor the sweet water that would result.

but alas,
you took the snowflakes that fell on my lips in your mouth,
allowed the to dissolve,
and then shared the water with me.

snow to this day has that sort of a sensual feeling for me.
my walk takes me down the semi lit neighborhood side walks,
to the semi lit memories in my heart,
forever frozen in my mind.

at this point,
my walk takes me to the autumn,
your favorite season.

the apple orchard that we visited that October brings a teary smile to
my face.
actually,

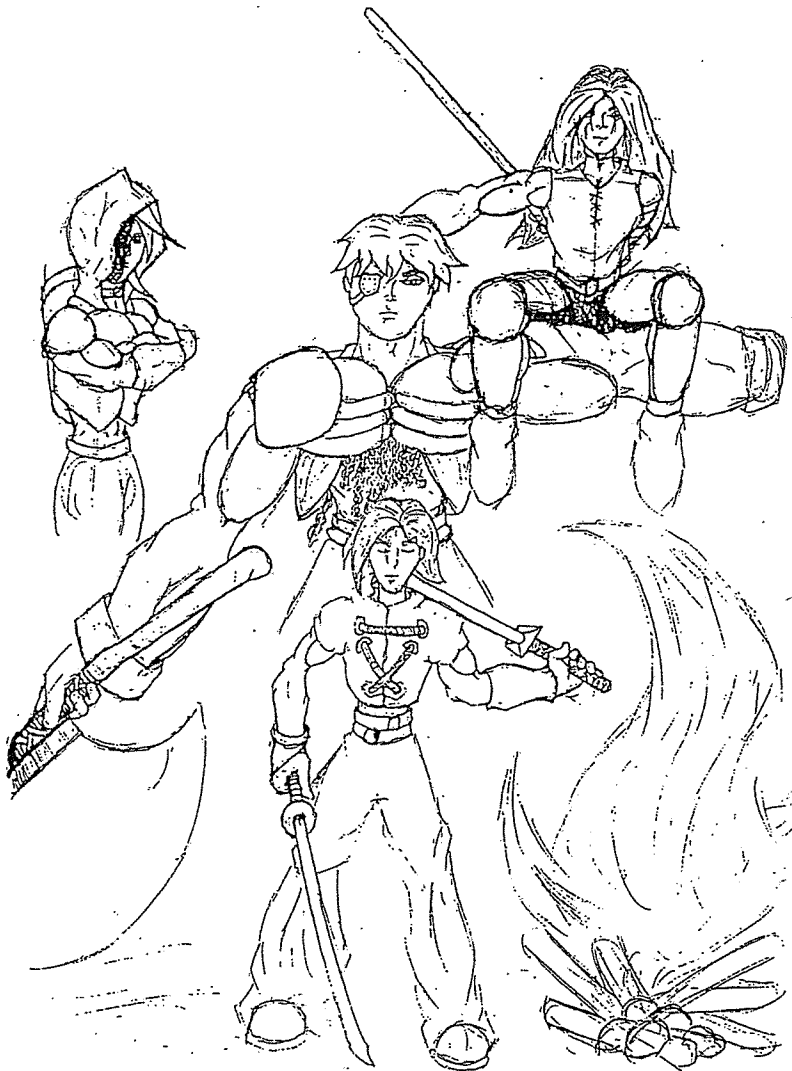
its the crooked tree that we found that truly makes me smile.
apple picking had long been a favorite tradition of mine.
you did not like it particularly.
but when you went because you realized that it was important to me.

At that moment,
 I knew that you would be mine forever.
 The apple tree that you found was atrocious,
 Not a ripe apple was present on its branches.
 But,
 I found a ladder and you clinched it anyway.
 I never loved you more than when you looked down at me from part
 Way up the wrungs.
 You turned,
 Looking slyly over you shoulder,

 and smiled in such a way,
 that my heart would never be the same ever.
 It was a smile of innocence,
 of unconditional love,
 and of trust.
 You actually managed to find an apple that was edible.
 You began to come down the wrungs,
 three from the bottom you stopped at,
 shouted 'Here I come!' and fell back,
 knowing that I would catch you,
 not letting you to hit the ground.
 You plan worked well,
 except that we ended up in a heap on the long grass.
 That was okay,
 because the pain of falling on my elbow was soon cured by your delicate kiss on
 my lips,
 and your whispered 'Thank You' in my ear.
 I fell hard and far for you at that moment.
 I knew that our previous friendship was gone.
 Snowflake sharing,
 star kissing,
 and apple picking were soon dominating our lives.
 The chilly embrace of the breeze soon begins to kiss my cheeks.
 I have covered our normal route,
 and no solace has come to my stirring emotions.
 I can kiss the air and count the stars that shine over head,
 but the breeze does not have to warmth that your lips did.
 I continue to walk,
 remembering each pebble that you touched,
 on each square of cement,

that made up each sidewalk that we walked on.
 but there is no condolence in memories.
 the stirring of emotions that was long buried bursts forth
 and i can not control the sobbing.
 sitting on the curb in front of a random house on my
 block,
 i soon hear footsteps.
 someone else had emotions that kept them from sleep.
 could this person's memories,
 love,
 or anything compare with that of mine?
 had they experienced what I had?
 looking up,
 the hot tears rolling down my cheeks,
 the steam of my breath floating upward,
 i realize that this mystery walker does understand.
 how?
 because it is you.
 'here I come.' you whisper softly,
 and you fall into my lap.
 i catch you ,
 and the response is the same,
 a soft,
 barely audible 'thank you' followed by a soft kiss.

 my walk has a meaning now.
 the snow begins to fall,
 and the stars are visible.
 walking seems to have some significance once again.



Jahni Pettway – *The Brothers Four*

No Longer Do I Dare

By Thomas F. Cusack

Once I strode with ignorance
Down the halls of my residence
Of the world I had the slightest care
All I thought of was myself
Just of me and nothing else
Of these things I now would never dare

Nothing else could be made mine
I controlled all but time
Now I see that was my greatest err
Everything had been done
And so I thought that I had won
Of these things I now would never dare

My name was known by every man
Each Billy, Tom, Joe and Sam
I was treated like royalty everywhere
But all of that is now gone
And I have seen all that I did wrong
Of these things I now would never dare

Senior Service Shakespearean Sonnet
By Dave Conti

U of D Jesuit is Special for it's student service,
this is so because other schools have none.
Though going into it I was really nervous,
It turned out to be really fun.

Sometimes its hard to deal with 4 year olds,
Because they whine and cry.
But the other parts outweigh these tough times twenty-fold,
because of their sincere smiles and twinkly eyes.

Senior Service gives me a sense of giving back,
Which I need to do because I have been blessed.
I feel that I can give these kids something they lack,
and that if I try God will take care of the rest.

So here's a message to my student body brothers,
The service at U of D is what makes us "Men For Others."

Ode To Driver's Ed
By Tom Sklut

If you wanna be free
You gotta take it.
Designed so that three-year olds
Could probably take it.
24 hours of contorting boring time,
14 hours as we speak,
while I sit and write this rhyme.

No problem you will see,
If you have book smarts.
Books, to me, fly out the window,
As common sense departs.
Merging, turning with hand over hand,
It looks clear in letters red-
Of all the time I spend in boredom
Each night at Driver's Ed.

Psalm
by Joe Balistreri

The rock

Handed down to us from the gentle care of the Saints.

Firm, unchanging, weathered.

I live there I love there.

I sit pretty high up on the rock.

Sometimes things attack my rock, but I am safe.

Pounding
Jackhammers
People yelling, throwing insults at us.

But now, I hear a new sound.

A beautiful sound, almost a song.

A tender woman's cry

Gentle, yet clear and powerful.

Rain begins to fall on my rock.

The sky darkens and the animals scurry
to their shelters.

She cries, "Why are my disciples betraying me?"

A huge earthquake shakes my rock. I'm not sure whether I will survive this.
Will my rock break? Will it change shape? Will I like what happens to my
rock?

"Stop!" the woman cried.

My rock stopped quaking at once. It looked a bit different, but I would get used
to it.

Thank you, Holy Queen of Angels.



Nate Snyder – “Fitch”



Ephraim Sasis – Faith, Hope, and Love II

Tynishia
Randal C. Smith

You complete me
In a way you wouldn't understand
The way you touch and hold me
Feels as though an angel has felt my hand

When I'm down and out
And my day has been blue
Your smile brings joy to my life
With happiness that is long overdue
In a world full of weariness and cries
Sweet hellos and sad good-byes
When I'm with you I'm slowly drifting

In the sky we fly
With my arms around you I sigh
Thanking God that I ever met you



Run
by Joe Ferguson

Melting down to necessities, I
Can't control my words
Exploiting all my abilities, why
Can't I stop when it hurts
Spinning 'round my intentions,
Can't say what I mean
Falling into old dimensions,
Can't play out this same old scene

All those years have come and gone
Add up my triumphs in a kiss
I can't see so I just run
Run for something else than this

crumbling foundation, slant
the place I used to call my home
floundering because I can't
stay on top of my lies' foam

do you know just what it's like to be controlled by people's lists?
do you know just what it's like when you know you won't survive?
do you know just what it's like when you don't feel alive?

Motivation burning up in clouds of scented smoke
Inspiration nothing much, it's all just a damn joke

The Message
by Brendan Dudley

Time has flown by and you've shown me the way.
But I need you more than ever, today.

Every time I see you my life seems complete.
Yet you're gone in a minute and a tear falls from me.

A light in your darkness is what I've tried to shine.
Though sometimes I need your help more than you need mine.

I can't control your leaving or seeing you again.
So I will leave it up to Him and his final plan.

I yearn to help you in any way I can.
So tell me what you wish and I will try to understand.

Las Loquelas
By JS

El sol brilla con el fuego de su alma,
Y la luna sonríe mientras las estrellas abrazan los cielos.
Los ríos ríen en la alegría de la vida.
Y las montañas ruegan tan silenciosamente.

Los chicos juegan y se divierten todo el día,
Con sonrisas y felicidad.
Y el corazón del bebe durmiendo late tan gentilmente,
Mientras los padres mece a su hijo.

El sol, la luna, los ríos, el padre,
Las montañas, los chicos, el bebe, la madre,
Todos cantan la misma canción.
Todos le cantan a Él.

El Sueño...
By JS

Vivo con magos y castillos y más,
Reyes, monstruos y aldeas raras.
Vivo en el cerebro,
El reino de la verdad.
Porque el mundo de los sueños,
Es... ¡la realidad!

A Question of Purpose

By JH Berg

Professor McGray began to explain the situation. "As you can see, these graphs indicate that we are behind schedule in the Apollo Program by six months. On top of that, funding has fallen short causing us to lay off hundreds of workers and designers, putting us further behind schedule. If that wasn't bad enough, we've had system malfunction after system malfunction on the Lunar Module, and we're already twelve months into beta testing! We should have a near perfect operating system by now! If this keeps up, if we don't get the proper funding we need, it is entirely possible that the Apollo Program will have to shut down, even worse, the Reds may beat us to a lunar landing!" Realizing he had raised his voice to almost a shout by the end of his speech, McGray sat down quietly. He sat, fidgeting in his chair, before the Chief Financial Board in Washington. He had been trying for some time to allocate funding for the failing NASA program.

The head financial advisor, Mr. Trumond, spoke in a firm tone. "Now Professor McGray, what you are asking of us is not an easy decision. We will need time, effort, and your patience to reach an agreement. We want you to understand that this is a very delicate process."

McGray tried to remain calm as he spoke. "Gentlemen, the longer you wait to come up with a decision, the more likely it is that Russia will beat us to the moon. I strongly insist that you decide upon a plan here today. The last time I was here, I think three months ago, you said you would contact me in three days. You took three weeks! I'm not leaving here today without some sort of idea or plan."

Trumond spoke again, in a harsher voice. "Professor McGray, you have to understand that there were reasons funding was cut in the first place. Your Apollo Program was going nowhere. It was a vain investment. NASA should be discontinued entirely in my opinion. Tell me Professor McGray, what purpose does putting a man on the moon fulfill for you? Is it just to bring home a few moon rocks, or to take a few pictures, to test new technologies; or do you want to put a man on the moon because you can't stand the thought that a Communistic country might beat

you to all the glory? Do you really want this for your country, or do you want this for yourself?"

McGray sat down and regained his composure. "I want this for the country, a sense of accomplishment. I want a sense of pride. I want American ingenuity to be recognized around the world. I want a free nation to reach this ultimate goal, not a nation under control by a few powerful men, regulating the lives of the people. But most of all gentlemen, I want America united again."



Ephraim Sasis – *Vicissitudes of Ehpy*

The Doorknob

By Pat McPartlin

A key to a new place,
A smile on a new face,
Through the lighting of a darkened room,
I could sense the feeling of my doom,
I could only see a spec of light,
As the darkened room turned to bright.

Many fiends scattered from the glare,
As I looked down into my basement all I could do was stare,
But still yet, there remained,
One solemn beast, just one retained,
I called out to the ravenous beast,
It looked at me, like a great Thanksgiving feast.

The creature's teeth glittered and shined,
It looked in my eyes with fear on my mind,
Nearly ten feet away, the beast started to run,
I could sense that it was having a wee-bit of fun,
Like a deer, plunging through the forest it flew,
I hid my eyes as I always do,
Then I looked again, to find a new distinguishing view,
What once looked like it came from a bog?
Was only a canine, named Fluffy,
My dog.

Luminous

By Vincent Stonewall

In this luminous abyss
There is a figure, a form, a shape
It moves in rhyme, in synch with you

You every glance and gesture it can predict
You stand, you fall it does the same
You smile, you frown still the same motion it can maintain

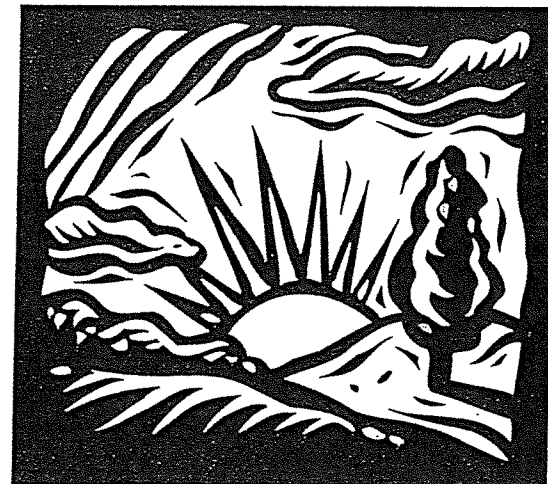
You think this may be a twisted game
You scream out for this phantom's name
Its words are deaf yet its mouth gapes wide

The vision becomes clear
Its visage is the same as yours
You reach out to touch this doppelganger's face
But in the ripples the mysterious, uncanny apparition is erased

The Callings of Clouds and Winds

By Kerry Moore

The whistling of the wind,
Always have a message to send.
They are light as a feather,
Yet you can never predict its weather.
Sometimes it can come as simple as snow,
Or it can simply blow.
Sometimes it can come fierce as a bear,
Or it can pass without a care.
It can come from the north with a sudden freeze,
It can ride from the south with a warm breeze.
For many years people wanted to know,
Why is the wind so filled with glee when blows?
Why is the cloud care free when it rows,
Only if you are free will you be able to see.



"The Red Lined Paper"

Anonymous

I was going to turn my paper in,

I seriously had it ready on time,
It was a bad day: filled with chagrin,
My poor redlined paper that rhymed.

I had full confidence in that essay,
I just knew that it was a winner,
My teacher dashed my hopes astray,
And made her grade book a little thinner.

It was all authentic poetry,
Some of the best I've ever written,
Why she didn't like it is a mystery,
I felt that I'd been smitten.

My friends read it and were pleased,
Aaron, John Henry, even Kerry liked it too,
My English teacher cannot be appeased,
She gave me half credit and said, "Adieu!"

I worked all day on that contest entry,
I even had Kerry's greatest advice,
With his short story wisdom I do agree,
An essay of that caliber should suffice.

Now you may ask me: "Who is this mean old teacher?"
Really now: her kindness is her best personality feature,
If I said she should get a raise I think you'd agree,
Cheers to the best and only English teacher I've ever had: Mrs.
Carapellotti.

"10-4-01"

by Kyle Warfield

Journeying
into the enigma that is you.
Exploring
your vast complexities.
Noticing
all of your intricacies.
Needing
to venture inside.
Imploring
you to know me.
Forgetting
the past.
Envisioning
the future.
Reaching
out for your hand.
Cherishing
your every touch.
Hoping
you feel the same.
Asking
for your mind, body, and soul.
Pursuing
your love and commitment.
Missing
you when you're not here.
Always
with you in my heart.
Never
letting you go...

Erica

Anonymous

The felling that I get inside when I think of you

Fills me with intrigue and wonder

My only want is for one and one to make two

You always forgive me when I make a blunder

You are pretty as well as smart

I often wonder if you see the same in me

You are the one that I want to give my heart

I fantasize about taking you up North so that we can ski

I go to bed with your sweet name on my lips

My finest night was with you at the dance

With your hands around my neck and mine on your hips

And now I am without you and in a trance

I yearn for the time when we can be alone

Summer cannot come soon enough

I listen to your sweet voice on the phone

Hearing and yet not seeing can be tough

The last I saw of your heavenly body was Saturday

It seems as though it has been ages

I am a cloud and you are a ray

I am the book and you are its pages

Now I am sitting here with only you on my mind

This feeling has occurred much

I am on a journey where I hope to find

Your lovely eyes and gentle touch

Hope
By Peter Picz

Hope so virtual,
Hope so vivid,
Like the weeping willow
And the song of the mockinbird.

Yet so far away,
O hope where where art thou?

Hope in the deepest spot,
Hope so dark,
Hope in the soul of a flower,
Where art thou

Nuclear War

by Andrew Costello

Some people wonder about the threat of nuclear war:
When it will come and when it will end;
If some terrible disaster is right outside our door,
Or if some bomb is destroying the earth's core
And radioactive termites are just around the bend.

You see some people protecting themselves
With special black masks and X-gamma suits
Housewives have stocked food on the shelves,
And the police have even begun to delve;
The mayor wishes there were magic flutes.

The world leaders say it will be Saddam Hussein;
Fundamentalists say it will be Osama Bin-Laden;
But I say we will always be able to sustain
Our countries virtues based on Thomas Paine
If we panic and fret, we will not be troddin'.

None of us know if these evil problems will commence,
If these terrible thoughts will ever become real;
When it happens, the world will be in suspense,
And the care and love of others will be forever tense;
Nuclear war is something none of us want to feel.

The Stars Above By Kyle Koerber

I stare up at the stars, twirling without noticing it
It all seems so perfect... the stars, the hill I am standing on
I thank the stars above

Then I start to think about my twirling, my hill
It begins to crumble around me
I fall, but catch myself (or do I?)
I thank the stars above

I twirl again, upon my hill
I think about the stars
My feelings about them begin to crumble
I catch my feelings in time to save my view of the stars
I thank the stars above

I don't dare twirl again, my hill enters its own autumn
But autumn is nice, the breeze, the colors, the feeling
But autumn, left alone, gives way to winter
I ask the stars above

In the distance, another twirls upon their hill
Slowly twirls, slowly and carefully, her hill is smaller
I notice the twirl, so intricate, so attuned
I thank the stars above

Our twirls are separate, distinct
I look at the stars above
I see that we are all under the stars
I thank the stars above

So I share another twirl while the other twirl shares mine
It is but one twirl
beneath the stars above

I stare up at the stars, twirling without noticing it
It all seems so perfect... the stars, the hill I am standing on
I thank the stars above



Ephraim Sasis – Anedequien

Nirror

By Eric Oermann

Beyond my reflection is the darkness,
Yet behind me there lies hope.
What never lives never ends;
To new shores we must go.

Far past our ken there lies a land
Devoid of mortal pain,
Here we are but sand,
There we stand to gain

Our Humanity! which reflected,
Is black unto the dark.
Yet behind it there is lying
The light of human heart.

The Doorway
By John Simmons

A door creaks open slowly,
Carefully and cautiously.
It is patient and observant.
Its entrance grows gradually,
Allowing more and more to enter.
The door strains to open,
Enjoying this new feeling.
But at the slightest alarm,
The door slams shut,
Hesitant to ever open again.

Sprinter's Mentality
By Randal C. Smith

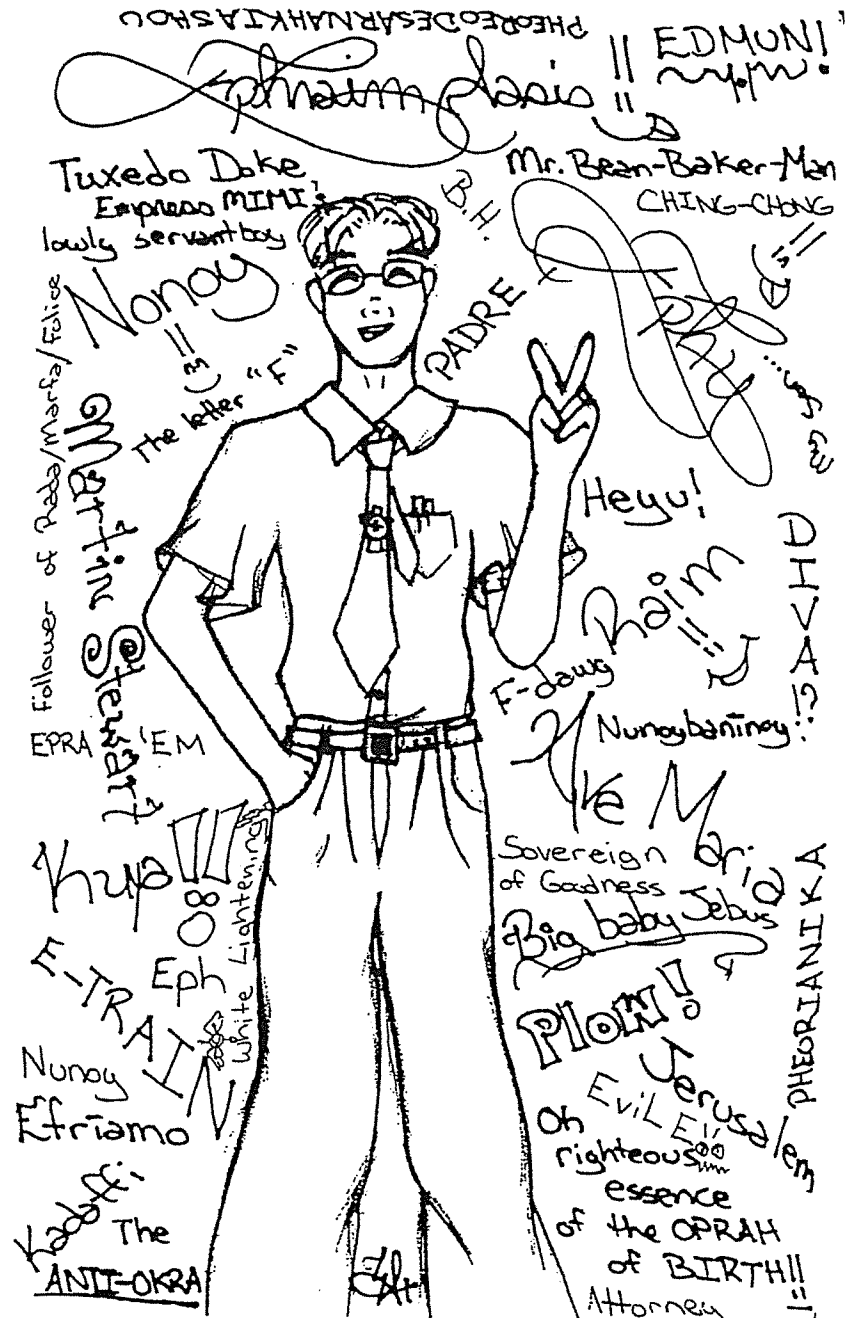
I glide with attitude
Letting all my emotions out
As I move very swiftly
I still managed to look cool, no doubt

As I come off the curve
My *mentality* begins to change
I'm the demon of the night
With sound kept at low range

As I come close to the finish line
I can feel the crowd
The heat, the roaring
Good lord this feeling is wild!

As I receive my medal
I'm feelin' mighty fine
Who knows what would have happened
If I didn't get out the blocks at the right time

Before, when I looked in the mirror
I did not know what to think
All I would do, was simply stand and blink
But now when I look
I see myself as more than just a winner
I'm smart, I'm cool, but most of all...I'm a sprinter



Ephraim Sasis - ME!!

No longer Somewhere, but Here...

(Canticle to the Adumbration of the Holy Golden Aureole)

by Ephraim Sasis

(Long ago Lord, I prayed this canticle to You. But back then I was Somewhere under the cold silver glow of the night's moon. Back then I was sad, alone, confused, lost and forlorn.

But now, I am singing to You Jesus, Here in the Warm Golden Light of the Dusk's Sun. Now I am Content, Befriended, Illumined, Focused and Loved! Hear This, my Lord! Hear my Golden Canticle to You!)

Here...

Here in the golden dusk...

Here in the garden...

In the brick fortress of childhood and life...

In the setting Sun...

Here lord, I know You are so close to me...

Watching by my side.

The Warmth...

The Golden Light...

I hear Your Voice and I know now from where it comes.

I have heard You calling in the night.

But only now in this most sacred moment I feel You are

Here...

Here...

It is no longer difficult to accept

The destiny You gave me.

Sometimes I cry,

Because I feel lonely,

Because of joy.

I know now I will never feel the hand

Of *the One*,

The *Beloved One* so many others already have.

I see *That Person* walk towards me,

I hear *That Person's* voice and I hold that beautiful song in my heart.

That happy gaze shines on me,

I look away from those spirited eyes,

Because I know I will never see my reflection in them,

Because I see the beautiful reflection of Someone else.

Lord, Your Will for me is clear,

I accept the predestined cause for which I exist.

And may it be so!

Holy Lord of Meek Aureate Shine,

I beg of You to bless

The Warmth of *That One's* Hand,

The Safety and Solace of *That Person's* Embrace,

The Gentle Words "I Love you."

Those words were spoken to me first by You.

I Embrace the Reality that that circumstance of romance

Can Never take place with *That Person* and I...

But I do wish that it will take place with my *Beloved*

And the chosen one You can entrust my *One* to.

I know now Lord of Truth...

I will never know the Warmth of that Hand,

I will never feel the Lovingness of that Embrace,

I will never hear the Gentleness of those Words,

I will never see that Affectionate Gaze of understanding,

I will never smell that Aura of sweet air.

(piercing heart ache)

I trust in You, Lord of all elemental creation,
Lord of the seemingly painted skies,
Lord of the sparkling water in pools where children play,
Lord of the majestic mountains in the background of pictures,
Lord of the jovial fire that fuels fireplaces and campfires.
Here in this place, on this happy day, by this warm atmosphered house,
Here I know You are near,
Comforting my difficult yet happy existence.

(waxing confidence and fervor like the growing chimes of crystal)

I serve You, oh Great Jesus, Holy Hero.
Let me not forget my duty!
I will shine as a mirror
Of you Gospel of Love.
May this world be brought
To a purity
Beyond that of the Pearl-shells found on beach sides
Or the Snow that brings my friends so much laughter.

(the chiming wanes)

And when that holy moment comes,
That most happy and victorious moment,
Let every heartache be healed.
Let my aching heart be healed too.

That ache deep with in me which I offered up
Continually for my *Beloved One*.

May my diminutive song come to an end at last,
And with it may the nocturnes of evil and suffering be silenced

Forever and ever...

So that one will ever have to suffer as I have...

I cry sometimes,

Such useless Tears are a sign of weakness I know...

But I wonder sometimes,

What would it have been like to have given my loving
and pure heart away to *That Person* so freely,
And for *The One* to replace it with their own...

(a single tear falls, Golden Light is refracted in it)

Here...

The One...*is standing Here just beside me...*

Here living...

Here breathing...

Here laughing...

Here dreaming...

(The sky is a rainbow from prussian blue night to crimson horizon)

In my dreams I will always pray for That Person.

I know now that my *Beloved* does not dream of me

While the world is asleep.

Lord of consolation, I know You are sitting in the empty chair beside me,

Listening to my bereaved heart.
I feel so sad...
Melancholy darkness overshadows me...

(a nimbus of aureate explicates the space)

But the my heart and soul are illumined by Your Happy
Spirit
And sorrow is shattered by a bright smile!
And then I finally believe...
I am who You meant me to be!
And I no longer wish to be someone else!
Thank you my Hero, for rescuing me...
From my longing in vain,
From my staring eyes,
From my empty day dreams.

(sigh)

I wonder,
Will *That Person* ever know?
I will make sure that Never happens!
For I do not wish to bring pain or inconvenience to that
Wonderful Person.
Oh Here! Wonderful place that it Here and now,
Where my King is making my whole life clear!
Here my *One* goes on with Life...

(The first gloaming sky-jewel throws off a glint of
starlight)

A Life so happy...
So golden...
A Life wonderful, innocent and free...
A Life of intelligence and accomplishment...
A Life of laughter and beatitude...
A Life that knows nothing of giving up....
A Blessed Life streaming with Beautiful Dream after Beautiful
Dream,
And Warm Memory after Warm Memory...
A Life...a Star whose most bright and beautiful shine
Inspiration to the unmoved, awe to the proud, guidance to those in
darkness,
Hope to the despairing, and encouragement to the waning...
A Star so resplendent I can not help but smile and laugh in its
effulgence...
A Star...A Life perpetually distant from my own,
A Life I was not a big part of, nor will I ever be...

(a smile)

*

*Oh Soul, Oh Heart whom God imparts that I be your recondite
suppliant,*
I trust God will protect *you*!
I need nothing save the promise that *you* are happy and will
rejoice in heaven forever!
In Holiness and Selflessness shall I love *you* always!
I have met you at last oh *Key to my Heart*!
All the Fairytale Romances I have seen;

The Prince of Elysian and the White Moon Princess blessed with
the Ginzuishou,
The Hero of Time and the Princess of Hyrule,
The Knight of Lodoss and the Priestess of Marfa,
The Dragon and the goddess of Wings,
The Prince of the Land Above and the Dream-filled Mermaid,
The Astronomer and Princess Snow Kaguya,
The Son of Krypton and the Beautiful Girl,
None of these Fairytales can compare with *you*!
The Promise of *your* Life is a tale before which all these stories
pale in wonder.

*

(the Holy Golden Aureole is infused with all that is)

Jesus, give me the treasure that my heart so desires;
Let my *Beloved One* find someone to love and be loved by.
And may they and their children
Be blessed with long and happy lives.
May they be filled with the king of golden grace and memories that
have shaped my *Beloved One* into the saint with whom I have
fallen in love!
And when they enter into Your Glory and Love on the Last Day,
In the New, Great and Beautiful Heavens above,
That shall be the recompense
For all the pain I endured on the fading Earth below.
Here I pray...
Here I vow to protect...
Here I am happy...

Here I stand in the Golden Light of the eventide Sun...
I look at captured memories of laughter and smiles...
I am not in them and I realize I will not be, should not be
in those of the future...
Nor do I desire to be in them...
I realize I have been trying to push my way into my
Beloved's life.
I was not welcomed before, and that was for a reason
Not for me to ponder.
I have been selfish and utilitarian.
I repent.
I can not call *that person* "**my beloved**",
Because that is domineering and presumptuous.
My friend doesn't even know how I feel...
Nor shall that love ever be revealed.
I know *my friend* loves me, ^ ^
But only to the depth as a friend should.....
So I shall call *that person* "**My Friend**"
Yes...
I owe *My Friend* so much.
Thank You Winged Lord Weya Ea,
Resurrected King Ile'il'eloheno,
Great Star of Mercy and Grace,
for letting *My Friend*
Be my friend, and for allowing that *Wonderful Heart* to
Be one of the greatest influences on my own Life,
My own Memories, My own Dreams, My own World,
My own Relationship with You!
I Love You Jesus,
And I praise You, for
My friend is Here...

(an "affectionate little boy" breathes deeply, gets up,
laughs and walks forward...)

Here....



Ephraim Sasis – *The Doodle of Stars and Bows*

Memory
By Justin Nardecchia

A lit cigarette watched over a freshly powdered
Pale moonlit meadow.
Its white fingers reach out to grab something before
They swirl into the abyss.
The red glow off the tip casts a dim
Reflection onto the cold ice below.
Almost without a notice the snow sneakily changes
To rain.
The seemingly winter night changes
To a deceptive spring shower.
Without ceasing, the rain turns to ice,
Any thought of spring has vanished.
As the sun rises, hidden by cloud cover, the ice
Turns to slush as a result of man's effort to
Fight Mother Nature.
The world begins again,
And the night is just a memory.

My Love Is Sold
By Kyle Koerber

'Tis Sunday evening
My hole is cold

I sit here grieving
Want to behold

She who has trap't me
In web of gold.

One more look at ye
My Heart, once Old

Now burns with Love Young
Or so I'm told

Fragile Heart, once flung
Is yours to mold

Find it in Your Heart
To Love, To Hold

Never let Us part
My Love is Sold

The Birds
Anonymous

The beings we now know as The Birds
cannot speak the simplest of words

They can fly free in the sky,
but yet They never know why.

why do we kill,
for sport or for thrill,
yet They never know why.

They can fly free in the sky,
but yet They never know why.

They are free to fly,
Without knowing why,

They do not feel pain,
or even complain,

And it is insulting to be called bird-brained.

Future Days
By Brendan Dudley

I sit here now and think of future days,
With no worries for you are in my gaze.

This time has changed me with no regrets.
On all of you I now place my bets.

He will lead me with you as has happened before,
And I cannot wait for what lies in store.

Through frowns and smiles we all will shine.
In the end I know we all are fine.

I thank you for befriending me in my time of need.
What can I do to show my thanks for such an awesome deed?

Spring
By Tom Szczesny

The snow melts away,
As the months pass by.
The sun will finally show its ray,
When little kids begin to play
Under the birds in the sky.

Little squirrels begin to run,
While people walk their dogs named Rover.
Spring is bringing its fun,
As couples marry their "Hun."
The cold weather is finally over.

School is rounding out the year,
While flowers begin to bloom.
Cars can shift up another gear,
Now that the warm weather is here.
You can even open the window in your room.

Baseballs fly through the air
As a bird's song rings.
Parents show their babies care,
And you might even see a hare.
Yes, it is finally spring.

Waking up
By Charles Bayer

Your head is far away
Near a planet such as Mars
Between the sun and stars
Until the fight

The sun beats on it's brother
The night
Aching to become more bright
The sun wins

I wander lonely like a cloud
In my sleep
Until the sun shined through
It feels bleak

"En Route with my Conscience"

By Tom Lindquist

I am en route with my conscience.
Where the family gathers at the heart of their home,
Where the shadows creep along the streets,
Where the trees trace your eyes up to the night sky,
Where the stars struggle to shine,
Where the wind blows back down to earth,
Where we struggle to shine as stars,
Where we stare ahead into the faint night,
Where we search on together for life,
Over the child chalk drawn murals,
Over the play things, scattered about the lawns,
Upon the basketball court marked out in the driveway,
Upon the soccer field formed within the front yard,
Past the houses, each one unique, and
Past the people that gather inside,
Where the faint light glows within,
Where the warm love is felt,
Where, outside, one peers into this life,
Now on, through the playful fresh air,
Through the labyrinth of trees and bushes,
Through the wandering night,
Pleased with the calm lives around,
Pleased with the mystical girl at my side,
Pleased as we find a place upon the dew to rest,
On the side of the street,
Where minds and hearts meet,
Our eyes paint each other, up and down, through and through,
Deeper we dive as my guitar awakens,
Impulsively we glide into ecstasy,
Dashing on a new horizon of dulcet imagery,
For I am the music maker,
Let me whisper life alive,
Let me touch a place of wonder,
Soaring beyond all set time, all boundaries,
I wander unceasingly such trails.

The Oath

by Vincent Stonewall

Once I heard many men
Reciting many words
Pledging an ancient oath
Spoken before them by men of richer and poorer character

But over the eons of infamy
The words of a lost generation
Have become slanted and hollow
Those that speak them choke and gag

These words
Were slanted by ruthless ambition
And twisted by narcissistic minds
Men of shallow integrity have desecrated these words with their
sanctimony

Those of great immoral perfection
Have become the leaders and the guides
And like razors with wicked precision
They have maimed Wisdom and crippled Knowledge

These words will stand in time
Unchanged and pure
But only at their core
An environment of corruption has blurred their moral message

Though blasphemy and shadow cannot forever grip these words
Charlatans will be uprooted and with their villainous vision vanquished
The righteous will rise, again... champions
Triumphant, even in the night

My favorite Color

By Charles Bayer

Blue
Rivers and Lakes
Sadness and Jazz
Blue Birds Blue Berries
Bruises and Tears
Through the sky
Blue

The Shrink
By Adam Kietlinski

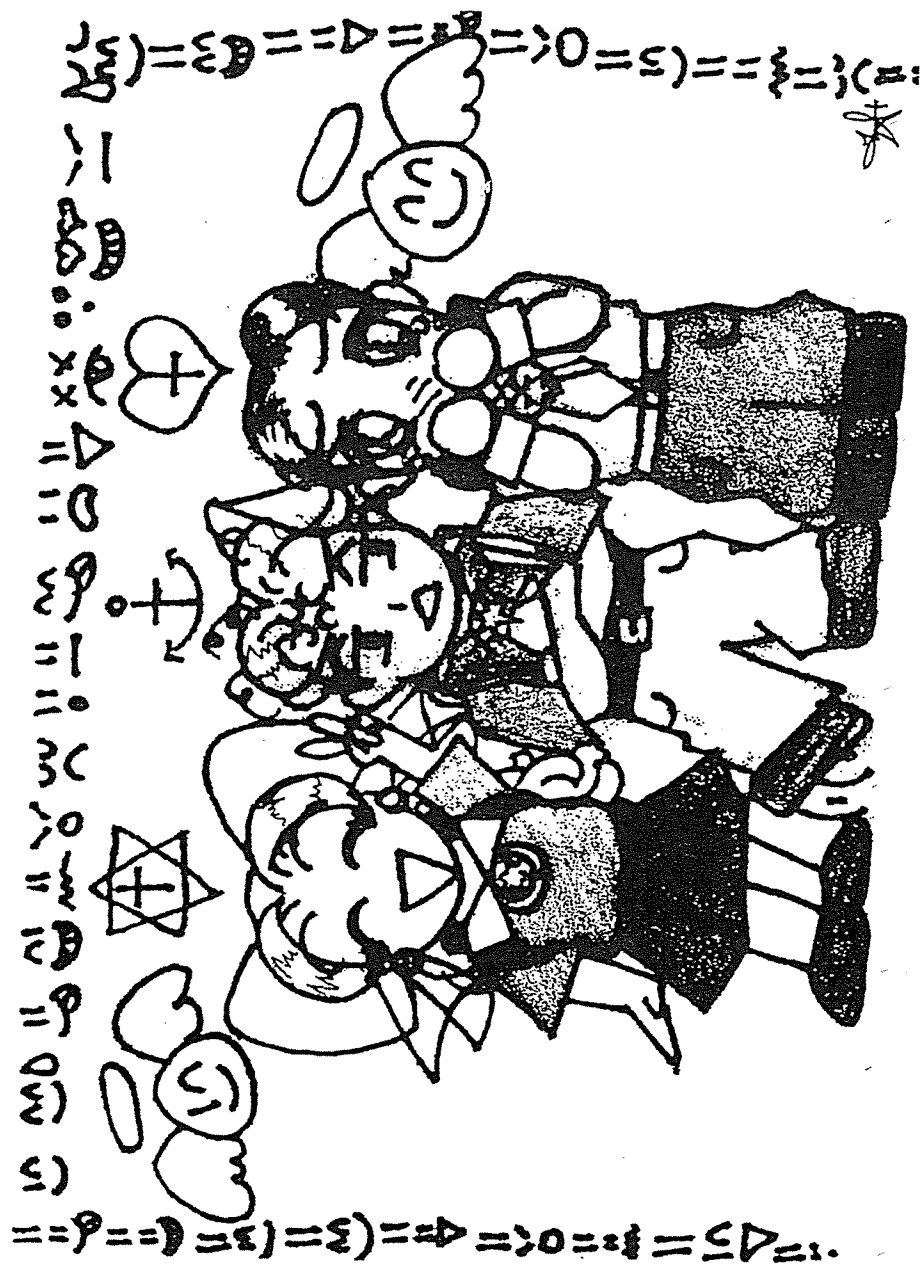
I am a shrink,
As you can see.
There on the wall
Is my degree.
I am the doctor.
I'm always right.
I analyze the dreams
You have at night.
You might think you have
Insomnia,
But I'll prove to you,
It's anorexia,
I know you have,
An ill mental state,
And your parents are to blame
For your ungodly hate.
You say you are
An empty void.
But I know you are
Just paranoid.
I'm the doctor!
I know best!
I've got the degree
And all the rest!
So all you folks be gone
And leave me alone!
Your voices are driving me crazy
All the way to the bone.

Untitled
Anonymous

He may have the cocky stance
Hazel brown glance
Or even the ability to dance
But girl what I have surpasses it all
A heart full of romance
And my presence whenever you call
There to pick you up and dust you off
Whenever you fall
But don't get me wrong
I'm not going to take on all your burdens and chores
Because I'm sure mine are equal
or greater Than yours
But rather I'll show you the way I cope with lifes many trials
And tribulations, as well as, exaltations and smiles
And if I don't know we'll join in concentration
Pondering together in mutual elevation
Until we reach a mental destination worth while
Now on the other hand
I can't promise
That we'll always see eye to eye
At times I may need space
And others times you may need to cry
But one declaration that I'll hold as a bond forever
Is that my love will never die
No never never never

Happy and Sedated
By Matt Stillman

Simplicity, unknown mediocrity, stillness, awakened, belief,
disbelief,
Hushed voices, from afar, uniritating light.
An expression of appreciation, love and need shown, gentle,
Karmatic
Music playing, Euphoric, peaceful-Nirvana, semi-Nirvana, not Nirvana,
Is just, is, once again in tune with music-laid back, happy and sedated.



Ephraim Sasis – Faith, Hope and Love I

God is My Copilot By Ross Oermann

I'm alone
In the heavens
Space above and earth below,
Not down there,
For I live where angels are supreme
And eagles not dare
But my plane, is special,
Because
God is my copilot

As I soar the vast blue sky
I think of all I have left behind
Yet as hard as it is, I need not worry
The troubles are off my mind
Because I know I am safe
I know,
That God is my copilot

I'm called to fight
My country at danger, the sake of the nation
To the sky I take
Without hesitation

As I do battle in my realm,
It is evil verse good, in the endless cycle,
Just the same as when Lucifer fought Michael
Everything is silent and the smoke clears
And I am victorious
Because God is my copilot

For Josephine

By Vincent Stonewall

A woman, a true woman
A leader to the strong
A guide to the weak
And a passionate lover

Her heart is tempered by faith
And her faith is shaped by hope
Her love molded by empathy
And her soul is a radiant ember shimmering in the night sky

She is human, plain ordinary human
She is mortal
She is flawed
And she does not have all the answers

But she's honest
She's trustworthy
She's faithful
And she's fair

She is a loyal friend
And a loving sister
But most importantly
She's a good person and that's all that really matters

Courage
By Kevin Desmond

Helping someone else who looks different:
Courage.
Doing what others do not expect:
Courage.
Standing up for what you believe in:
Courage.
Doing what is right:
Courage.
Being yourself:
Courage.

What is feeling?

By Bomani Akil Omari Issa

I cry through eyes
By which I cannot see
Eyes that can only capture
The sights within
Within a mind of want and need
Through which a seed of
Compromise grows under the heat
Of anger and pain
And watered by the tears within

I scream through a mouth
From which I cannot speak
For the words are choked
By an unproducing mind
Backed by a dominant trait
To be heard and expressed
My true self...my true form...
All that makes me do itself
From a scream unheard even by me.

I bleed through a heart
That no longer can love
For it is embedded with
A darkened intellect
Born and bread from a lust
For total appreciation
Of a self that is liked
Only by the outside
For within it has dismembered
Into my present form.

Loneliness

By Andrew Costello

There is one thing that people hate
One thing that no one wants to appreciate
Something that causes problems for people
Something that can imprison you at any time
Or can make you feel like life isn't worth a dime
The object, of course, is loneliness

Loneliness is having no one around you
To make you laugh and make you enjoy
The best qualities of true friendship
Loneliness is no friend, but an adversary

Loneliness is an epidemic or disease
That nobody is immune to
It can come upon you at any time, during any day
Oh, loneliness makes one want to pray
That you will overcome it and finish the day

Loneliness happens to every creature
That is on this very earth
Loneliness is undesired to be a feature
For it destroys optimism and laughs at mirth
And was with you since the day of your birth

Loneliness seems so wrong
That it must be considered a sin
For enduring it is truly a living hell
Loneliness is more than just being alone
Loneliness is something I will never condone

You can not get rid of loneliness
It is eternal and is infinite
It is a terrible feeling that you get
When all the world is against you
But loneliness can be overcome
Simply by grabbing a friend and having fun

"Far and Away"
by Stephen Bridenstine

Lights glitter on the water
Waves splash up on the rocks
Wind howls the window
Rain beads in my hair

The white tower stands high and mighty
Leading our way home to satisfy
The light penetrates the deep darkness
Its brightness a guiding angel

The sea ravishes the boat
The waves knock us like the devil's hand
The barrier island an imposing will
Keeping the hearth far and away

Alas the light guides me past
The calm channel is all that awaits
Its stillness reassuring and serene
The boat battered and bruised, home safe

Conversation
By Dietrich McGaffey

So, what do you want from me?
You tell me these things.
But they don't mean 'me;'
All you need is you,
But you don't want you,
You want me to be you.
So, where does that leave me?

I only wanted love!
Just because I saw
Myself in you, you in me
Does that make me criminal?
Make me wrong?
For bringing us out in each other?
What does that make me?

"Jimmy's Dream"
By Stephen Bridenstine

Riding over the mountains
Jim directed the pachyderms
Hoping to see the fountains
When Rome accepted Hannibal's terms

They attacked without warning
Jim and William fought
On that dark and dreary morning
The English crown they sought

Jim saw the men freezing
Under Washington they fought
Cheering them up wouldn't be easy
But George never was distraught

Standing high on the hill
Next to Custer Jim sat
To win the battle was his will
But Jim knew he'd fail at that

On a beach called Utah
Soldiers fell left and right
The commander from Arkansas
Led them on into the night

"Jimmy let's go
You've had your little rest
It's time for history class you know"
Jimmy knew cause history's the best

The Day I Got My License

by Joe Balistreri

I'm driving down the street,
A road I've traveled for as long as I can remember,
watching everything from the back seat.

No, this road is new.
I've never been this way without turning back,
Without the firm, loving company of my family.
I'm in the driver's seat.

I've looked at a map.
That formidable atlas.
You can go anywhere you want with your license, people tell me.
If I wanted to go, I would be able to.
Nothing would get in my way.
But where would I go?

The car moves faster and faster with each passing moment.
The blossoming spring landscape loses its figure as I speed by.
So many possibilities.
I must choose.

The road to the north looks good.
I've seen this road before.
Scenic and relaxed, it winds through the emerging forest
like notes on a staff.
The road is one I greatly enjoyed watching as a boy.
Passionate songs
bursting from the forest
echoing the murmur of the brooks
quenching my soul's burning for meaning.
Emotion pouring from the rolling hills,
tickling the human spirit.
The road of joy
desire
love
The fulfilling road calls me to turn there,
To enjoy and become part of the beauty around me
without looking back...
Where will I end up?

What about the other road?
The road leading to the grand city.
I've seen this road, too.
Cars rushing down the stolid concrete

desperate, determined
competing for positions in the clogged lanes
horns honking
cold, distant faces
broken down cars littering the shoulder.
The bustle of people rushing inward,
Fulfilling their missions.
Make quota. Balance the budget.
All rushing towards the city.
For security, no doubt.
For wealth, fame, indulgence.
For survival.
greed, lust, competition...
Is this the road for me?

I must decide. The intersection is rapidly approaching.

Dreaming
by Kevin Douglas

Madness I yelled as I woke up in a cold sweat. Knowing that it was only a dream I told myself over and over. But it felt so real like I was there or something like that. Jim, Jim it's only a dream I reminded myself again.

The dream came back, yet I was still awake.

The smell of brimstone came to my nose and then to my eyes that I suddenly shut. My feet got really hot like I was stepping on hot coal, which I was really walking on. Then my eyes open like they were not under my control any more and I saw large mountains blacker than the coal that was on the ground. I saw face but it was not that clear it was a man no he was half man and half goat yet he was standing on two legs like a human. All of a sudden he had turned around and hisses just like a snake. Little demon like creatures came out of the dark. And in their left hands they had pickaxes which as the figures face. Oh it was only a dream said to myself in a silent whisper. I know I was up for good because of the dreams. So I got up and went to the calendar December 25,2929 I said in a very terrify voice.

Then all of a sudden the picture of last year came to my mind. December 25,2928 well it was a bad year I can't even talk about. Ok, I will tell you it was about 6:00 PM at home 1634 cycle Ave. My family and I were at the dinner table about to eat dinner when my wife had said these words " we should start are dinner off with a pray." So knowing that I was not a real religious man I put my head down but my eyes were still open. Then a bright light came over the table I put my head up and everyone was gone even my unborn son. The food was still hot and there cloths were still there. So I went to the telephone and I called my four very good friends Matthew, Mark, John, and Luke but they were not home I guess they gone too. That is when I knew it was the start of the Apocalyptic.

It was over I mean the dream well I was still looking at the calendar. So I went to bed since it was still night.

I woke up it was around 5:30am in my bed with my wife. I got out of the bed and went to my son and daughter room to see if they were still there. I never told this to anyone but when my children sleep they look like little angles. After I closed the door I went down stairs to the calendar and it read December 25,2006 I was so happy when I read this that I cried. I got a little tried sitting and reading that date that I went back upstairs. And I went to bed but before I went I got on my knees and I prayed before the Lord. I got in the bed, and I went to sleep. Then a deep heavenly voice came over the man and he said "sleep my child sleep the judgment Day shall not come now yet you will go with your family when it does."

The End



Evan Amir Eustice – *Eviev*

Who Were These Men?

By Kerry Fino

It was a blistering hot day in the middle of the summer, and Kenny was walking through the dry forest on a dirt path with two other men. He didn't know the two men and did not know why he was walking with them in the middle of the forest. The two men were escorting Kenny, watching his every step. Who were these men? Why were they watching him so closely?

They walked through a small opening in the trees where three gloomy servants were lazily working in the intense heat. One of the three said something, but Kenny and the two strange men kept walking. Where were they going? Why do these men seem so oblivious to everything but Kenny?

They continued walking until they reached a large open meadow with occasional patches of small purple flowers. The meadow was scorching hot with the afternoon sun beaming down on it like bare light bulb in a prison cell. Off in the distance, the meadow turned to the left, but Kenny could not see beyond the turn because of the dense forest that surrounded the field.

"Yes, this is the place," said one of the strange men in a low, commanding voice.

"We'll set up, then go get the others at sunrise tomorrow," replied the other stranger in a similar, imposing voice.

Why were they there? Who were the others? Whatever they were doing, why was Kenny with them? Still, who are these strange men? Can he go see what is beyond the turn off in the distance? He decided to stay quiet.

"Let's go," said the first stranger as they started walking toward the bend in the meadow. They approached a patch of purple flowers and Kenny didn't want to harm them so he turned to walk around, but the second stranger grabbed him and now held his arm tightly as they walked. What was the cemetery? Why were the men so bitter when Kenny tried to not step on the flowers?

They approached the bend and one of the men got out a water bottle, took a drink then handed it to the other man, not

Offering Kenny any. They turned the corner around the bend and Kenny became monetarily dizzy with incredulity. This place that had been previously blocked by trees was heavenly. They stood before a steep hill, shaded by the trees, which lead down to a slow moving stream. On the other side of the stream was an old, almost ancient, cemetery. In the middle of the cemetery was a large statue of the Buddha sitting cross-legged with an ancient scroll. Past the cemetery was another steep hill, on which stood a large majestic willow tree. What was this beautiful place? What were they going to do here?

All of the sudden, Kenny woke up to see the bare light bulb on the ceiling of his prison cell as two huge men came to escort him to the trial.

9-11

by Andrew Dickinson

*Where has the life gone that we used to have?
When children could play all day in the sun
When neighbors could stand hand in hand
When racism was not shown with a gun
When labor was always in demand*

*Where has the life gone that we used to have?
When passenger planes weren't used to take lives
When religion was based upon peace, not war
When planes were not hijacked with knives
When the news was not filled with so much gore*

*Where has the life gone that we used to have?
When terrorism was just a word with no face
When 15 year olds did not fly planes into buildings
When work was a safe place
When my world was not full of so much hate and
killing...*

A Cynic's Muse
By Kyle Koerber

All that is gold may not glitter, and not all those who wander are necessarily lost,
But it is also true that not all that glitters is necessarily gold, and not all lost people bother to wander.

The old that is strong may not wither, and deep roots may not be reached by the frost,
But that which withers was not old and strong, and roots reached by the frost were not deep enough.

A man once told me that I could do what I wanted so long as I did it well
Well, Sir, I can think what I want too, but I have to think it well.

The Breeze
By Brian Burke

Gently falling autumn leaves
Raised once more by the breeze
Dipping, diving, landing upon the ground
With their crisp crackling sound
Then raised once more by the gusts
Which are deeply instilled in all of us
So when you are falling, like the leaves
Remember the uplifting breeze

Hate
By Peter Picz

Hate like the flies is all around me,
I feel it intensely,
The pain so stabbing so merciless,
Love non-existent,
Hate hurts like a thorn from a prickly rose,
So black and denied
Hate is all around

A Life without You

By Joseph Martin M. Guevara

*I have been waiting all my life
To meet the right person to be my wife
I never knew it would be you
Until you said I Love You
I always thought we would end up together
Until you told me you met someone new and better
That day just tore my heart apart
And now all my days began to turn dark
But now I am stronger than before
My life must go on and I won't be hurt anymore
But I will always remember, once in my life, I fell in love with you
And now I am starting a new life, a life without you*

An Ending
By Dietrich McGaffey

clutching a faded photograph
holding on to a moment
remebering words, "Go Away!"
remorseful words, "Please come back!"
can't come back, much as I try.
fell through an ending, ended in the swamp,
I tried to get back, but I was in,
in among the rows of fallen,
broken wings that don't come back,
wounds that don't heal,
and the words that cut me down.

ACTUALITY

By Bomani Akil Omari Issa

The darkened shadows of the enlightened day
Cause me to rethink my forms of dance,
Like the raging waters of the Amazon I
Remain in a state of suppression,
For like the birds of the north
I am forced into a southern direction in order to survive.
I do not dance because I have music,
I do not sing because I have words,
I do not pray because I have faith,
But instead I do because I may
Deeper than the roots of the bow bow tree
Next to the Niger Rivers,
I remain impenetrable,
For I am not that of the normal human form
Nor of the normal human mind
Nor of the normal human characteristics that
Bind me to this society of utmost hypocrisy.
But rather that of truth and silence,
That of wisdom and true love,
That of spiritual and mental stillness.
No my friend I am not a common one
I deny myself of the classified box that
Withholds "us" in a given area for
I am too busy making my next shape to move
Around in which is that of the skies.

A Walk With God

By Raed Abboo

There I was walking through the night
I thought of God the proclaimer of right
I did not think God was there
But a few seconds later I saw his glare
He was so bright he brightened the night
Then I knew I was all right
For God the Father was with me that night

Cobo Hall, 1969

By Aaron Martinuzzi

"Hey, Danny, check it out, The Doors are coming to Cobo on the 17th, and it's only \$6.75. We should for sure go. It's a once in a lifetime thing! No one plays Detroit! And this is The DOORS!"

"Too bad we're freakin' broke, dude. We gotta pay for food and rent, and we aren't making much money working at a used record store and as a 'starving musician.'"

"First of all, don't insult my career choice, and we'll get in, I'll figure it out."

"No way Mike. Not another one of your plans."

Later that month...

"C'mon Mike! The concert starts in less than an hour and a half. We'll get in! And even if we don't, what other plans have you made?"

"Alright, I'll go. But if we get busted for trying to break in, I swear, man..."

"It's okay, I know the Security guard's daughter's

boyfriend. We'll get in."

So, with Mike's plan worked out, he and Danny were on their way to see the Doors. They parked at about 8:15 PM, an hour before the concert started. Mike's security guard 'buddy' was nowhere in sight.

"I knew this wouldn't work. We're not gonna get in, and worse, we'll probably get picked up for loitering or vagrancy or something by one of those hippie-hating cops, man."

"It's cool, Danny, I think I see the guy."

Mike and Danny made their way to the security guard, who took a few minutes to recognize Mike as 'that one dirty hippie who hangs around my daughter.' This, however, did not discourage Mike in his effort to see the greatest band on earth for the first time ever. He tried to barter with Dick, the security guard, but to no avail. Alas, Mike and Danny had been shut down.

"Let's just go home. There's no way we'll get in, Mike. He'll be watching for us," Danny said, dejectedly.

"No, no, no, no, no, Danny," said the ever-hopeful Mike, "We'll get in. I can feel it. Look! There's Paul and Jim! Hey! Paul! Are you tryin' to get in?"

"Yeah, man. Hey, what's happenin' Danny? We think we found a back way, but we need some more help. Wanna come?" asked Paul.

"I don't know, Mike," Danny said cautiously, "We-"

"It's cool, Danny, don't worry. Sure, Paul, we'll come," said Mike, cutting off Danny.

The four guys made their way around the building to a door where they could hear equipment being unloaded. It was locked. Mike busted out his fro pick and, bending it to fit inside the lock, worked his magic and opened the door. In front of the four were a tour bus, truck, and a few doors. They chose the one marked 'Stage Right'. It opened up to a roadie with his back to them setting up Ray Manzarek's keyboard.

"Holy Crap!" Danny whispered, "We're screwed!"

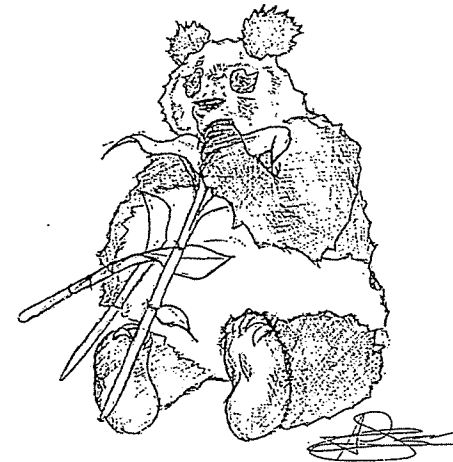
"No man," Jim said calmly, "just go down the stairs, grab a seat, and get ready for pure amazement."

"The Soundtrack-Kyle"

by Matthew J. Johnson

If only for one night (L. Vandross)
Could it be (Jaheim)
You and me (MusiQ)
Between the sheets (Isley brothers)
Sharing some hot butter soul (Isaac Hayes)
Soulful moaning (Christion)
Because it's gotta be destiny, (Myron)
And I wanna give you the best of me (Mya)
Because you're my latest, my greatest inspiration (Teddy P.)
Not just an infatuation (Jamie Foxx)
And sweet lady (Tyrese)
I realize that Break ups 2 Make ups (Method Man)
May be emotional (Carl Thomas)
But slowly, surely (Jill Scott)
My valentine (Carl Thomas)
I'll be back where I Belong (L.L. Cool J)
Because we've been through this before
So show me the way back to your heart (Brian McKnight)
As well as that art, which no gallery could hold
The art of Love (Toni Braxton)
Hidden deep within the soul of a woman (Kelly Price)
More valuable than Silver and Gold (Kirk Franklin and the Family)
But addictive just the same
Maybe this is why I'm so anxious (Ginuwine)
And addicted to lovin' you (Sisqo)
Relying like air to a flame
Ooh!
And the way you say my name (Destiny's Child)
Somebody please call 911 (Wyclef Jean)
Because 2,000 watts (Silk)
Of sexcellent energy
Surges through my tongue and veins

Scorching my heart with passion
And freezing my brain
Leaving me helpless to the wrath of your beauty
But hey, no pain, no gain (Aretha Franklin)
I just hope I can hold onto your love (Mariah Carey)
But I'm quite sure it won't be hard to find one hundred ways
(James Ingram)
To love you
Because when you're loving your best friend (Eric Benet)
There's a ribbon in the sky
All night, and all day (Ginuwine)
Telling you what to do and say, to please,
Be it mentally stimulating or situated on the knees
So can we have a one life stand (Joe)
Because this is merely a peep show (Joe)
Of what would be if I were your man,
If you were with me.....
One!



Alex Lee – *Lunch Time*

5 at night
By Matt Stillman

Look at those Stars,
in the dark night,
Watch the moon glow,
with an eerie might.

Listen to the brushing,
of each and every tree,
Hear the wind blow,
as it fills your heart with glee.

Taste the cool Spring,
As you nonchalantly open your mouth,
Experience the nothingness of freedom,
Without looking South.

Smell the dry cool air,
chilling your nasal passages,
Inhale the drops of Jupiter,
more serene than bible passages.

Toy with the breeze and moonlight in your palm,
during this enchanting calm,
Feel the gentile grasp of her hand,
now notice that there is nothing more to demand

Irreverence

By Eric Oermann

Irreverence
is like a poem on impertinence.
it is unrelated to the
inconsequential happenings
in our lives.

Illogical is the poet who,
in writing an
insipid poem with
irrelevant words on irreverence.
intends them to nevertheless mean something.

Sermon
By Branden L. Roberts

John 15:18-21 Jesus says, "If the world hates you, realize that it hated me first. If you belonged to the world, the world would love its own; but because you do not belong to the world, and I have chosen you out of the world, the world hates you. Remember the word I spoke to you, 'No slave is greater than his master.' If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you. If they kept my word, they will also keep yours."

John 15:25 Jesus says, "But in order that the word written in their law might be fulfilled, 'They hated me without cause.'"

What Jesus is telling us to do, as Christians, is to be counter-cultural. The world that Jesus talks about is pop culture and society. The world is what is considered to be cool and what's "in." Jesus says these people who were in the "cool society" hated him. Because he didn't belong to society's cliques and do things that we're considered to them as "cool," they despised him. As Christians, Jesus says that he has singled us out. He says the world will hate us just as they hated him because as Jesus' slaves we are no better than our master Jesus Christ himself. Hence, if we are true followers of Jesus then society will hate us and why? **Why did the world hate Jesus so? Because he dared to be different. He dared to do what he thought was cool even though it conflicted with the culture's definition. He dared to be a leader and not a follower. He dared to say you know what I don't care what others think of me.**

In verse 25, Jesus refers to "the word written in their law" saying because of it the world, the pop-culture, hated him for no reason. This "law" in today's society is not really written, but it is the mysterious inclination of people to become followers. Case in point, I know a certain U of D student who cheats quite frequently. I, being a sinner, have not yet worked up enough courage, as Jesus would to report him to a teacher. Additionally, I

I know that there is an unwritten code between students that says that one should not turn in other students, especially when that student could face some sort of penalty. Alas, I, too, sparingly follow and fall prey to this law that Jesus says his persecutors follow, because I am human and I do sin. However, I have tried to convince this kid that cheating is wrong and I pray that he and I are forgiven for not going against this unwritten law.

I just got my license a couple months ago and I have been really excited that I can finally drive. I am very distraught, however, that pop-culture says that one must drive much faster than the speed limit to be cool or to be accepted. When I drive I choose to be different; I choose to be a leader; I choose to be safe; I choose to do the speed limit, because to me the fundamental definition of speed limit is the speed that one should not exceed. I don't care that people flick me off; I don't care that people give me funny looks; I don't care that society says that I should be doing at least 10 miles per hour over the speed limit just so that I can "fit in."; To be honest, I couldn't care less. Society does not dictate who I am and it shouldn't determine you either.

Recently, I finished reading one of the most insightful books I have ever read in Tuesdays With Morrie. In this novel, an old man named Morrie Schwartz is dying from Lou Gehrig's disease and he is having weekly meetings with a guy named Mitch Albom. Each Tuesday the two of them talk about various topics. In one of the first meetings that the two had Morrie claimed he would be ashamed when someone would have to wipe his behind because of his condition. Ironically, on the eleventh Tuesday, when Morrie could no longer wipe his own behind, he changed his tune by saying, "There is nothing innately embarrassing or shaming about [not being able to walk, waking up some mornings wanting to cry, or not being able to wipe my behind]." He continued saying, "It's just what our culture would have you believe." Morrie realized that even at his old, wise age he had fallen prey to confirming with

society and actually believing that there was something wrong with him because he couldn't clean his butt.

The great poet Robert Frost talked about choosing the road less traveled. Morrie Schwartz said in my opinion one of the greatest aphorisms ever, "The culture we have does not make people feel good about themselves. And you have to be strong enough to say if the culture doesn't work, don't buy it." Jesus was denied by the world. What does this mean for us as Christians? **Don't be afraid to take your own route; Don't be afraid to disregard other's opinions; Don't be afraid to not conform; Don't be afraid to hang out with many different groups of people instead of one; Don't be afraid to love those that you hate; Don't be afraid to talk to new and different people; Don't be afraid to say I need help; Don't be afraid to be different; Don't be afraid to be counter-cultural.**

Jack and Chris



Jahni Pettway – Jack and Chris

As the Sun Rises
By JH Berg

As the sun begins to rise,

It shines through my window.

I marvel at its magnificence and size

And I can feel the warmth it provides.

I throw open my shades, and I am blinded by the sun's light.

Squinting, I can just make out the outline of the sun against the trees.

Nothing feels quite like basking in the bright

Radiance of the sun, as a cool breeze flows past your face.

At the end of the day when the sun makes its way

To the other side of the world,

Darkness decides to come out and play.

But I smile- I know that when the sun rises again tomorrow,

It will be the start of a new day.

sick
by Ben Dempsey-Klott

i am sick.
i am sick with love.
i am sick with rejection.
i am sick with spurned love.
my mind churns,
 bringing up the times we spent together,
 thinking that forever really meant that,
 not believing that our love was written on the sand,
 waiting for the ocean to come and wash it
away.
and as i lay here,
 the sun beams kissing my body,
 i begin to think if there were signs that signaled something to
me,
 like that love was fake,
 more than that,
 that our love was fake.
emotionally,
 our love was a breeze,
 bringing in pleasure and sensuality at a whim,
 and at the same time taking those whims back.
was that my fault,
 or was i blind with passion to see what was really going on.
i was there for you,
 in every possible way.
spiritually,
 physically,
 emotionally,
 in every possible way.
maybe the real problem was that i was drowning you,
 smothering you with affection,
 sucking the air from your very lungs.
so,
 then it was my fault.
but wait,
 then why were you indulging you insatiable appetite with my best
friend?
why was he suddenly the only body that could fill your want for contact?
maybe it is not my fault then,
 and i really am sick.
sick in love perhaps.

It's Already There
by Bomani Akil Omari Issa

The questions of the mind
Comes as of change through time
Either by natural way
Or by a say united of fallacy
By tongue and life
To which we suffer a trifle being
Seeing only that which we believe
In order to achieve
The final vision...

Through passions sweet as morning honey
On the fresh baked rolls of kitchen's stove
We tend to want more than we can attain
And we tend to love that which we know not
And that which is known is often
Is seen as of a gnome
Only there to catch for self glory and grat
And to make wish true
Then to be shooed and booed away as of a dream's
Pursuit to achieve
The final pleasure...

Like a raven and the pitcher
We often search for the waters within
To quench our lips and souls
With the refreshing nourishment
Of knowledge and understanding.
Excepting the pains of truth
Is laying under the waterfalls of
One's personal ways
The flames of the sun cannot even compare
To the heat burning and boring within
From sin and love
Both being above our grasp to achieve
The final goal...

Stroking the fine line of love and like
We often psych ourselves into paradox

"The Bus Ride"

Anonymous

For some it was ordinary and others a chore but for me it was an adventure. The bus ride was the best part of the day. I'd walk down the long ramp and step up the high steps onto the huge yellow machine with delight. The people on the bus were always the same and they had their own unique way of entertaining themselves. Suzy Jenkins would be talking about the latest gossip with her friends. Chris Mathews would be arguing about whom was a better running back, him or Brian Johnson. Sally Smith would be reading the latest romance novel and would not to be bothered or you'd face the consequences. For me I had the world on the other side of the window.

A man arguing with his wife in the car, a dog running in circles in its yard, a girl pushing away a guy trying to kiss her. These were only some of the more memorable scenes of daily life I saw when passing through town. I knew by heart almost all the businesses that lined Main Street. The old brick buildings stuck out in my mind because of their rustic old time charm. There was Carl's Deli the home of the not so fresh, fresh sandwiches and the

infamous Corner Barber where a man was rumored to have been buried alive under the floorboards. There was the city green where any number of people could be seen basking in the sun or playing a pick-up game of touch football. This was downtown where the people flocked and the businesses soared.

The next area was the misty pines subdivision. This is where most of the people got off the bus and began the ritualistic walk back to their houses. They'd step off the bus and proceed home like on their death march with a slow steady pace. They'd walk and walk as one after another broke off to proceed down his or her respective side street to their dwelling. The houses were all the same making me wonder if they ever mistook another house as their own. I'm sure for the people living there it would be a huge surprise.

The next stop on the bus was my own. I hated having to abandon the window and all that it gave me. I knew that I'd get to go on my journey again the next day but it seemed like a lifetime for me. The window provided me with my only escape from the hardships and turmoil of daily life. It was the anticipation of that escape that kept me going every day. The world on the other side of the window was best friend I could ever have.

Basketball

Basketball is such a fun game,
If you practice hard you can attain fame.
It helps if you are naturally tall,
Then you don't need to jump too high to slam the
ball.

The game requires much hard work,
You get a technical if you act like a jerk.
Shooting and scoring can be great fun,
The only drawback is that you have to run.

Even if you can rain 3's or make jump hooks,
It is no excuse for hitting the books.

You can't ball your whole life,
If you don't do well in school, it'll cause you
great strife.

So study hard now but leave some time for b-ball,
If you abide by this then you will go far.

Isabel and I

By Vincent Stonewall

My happiest stretches, my favorites twist in time
Were with my sister
Young, sweet Isabel

When the moon turned to ash and left us in the dark
You stayed by me, and you told me "Its okay."
You always seemed to know the right thing to say when you knew that I
was scared

Though we were banished, lost, and cold
We stayed together
And held each other up.

You showed me that I was strong
And I always believe in you
Even if you didn't

You and I have a special bond
A friendship that will last
Passed the days of eternity

No matter the time, the distant, or the place
We will always be there for each other
Because we our loyalty, trust, and dependability have become a certainty.

Yes, Isabel you truly a sister
Those moments with you I never forget
Gentle, precious Isabel

Leaves on the Ground

By Michael Treppa

As I sit here watching the leaves fall from the trees
I can only think of their invoking beauty.
As I sit here watching that barren tree
I can only think of the death beauty brings

C h a n c e
By Vincent Stonewall

We met by chance
I was looking for romance

I hope for love
You glimmered like a dove

But now the shadows hover in the dust
And black, brick walls surround us

So now we drift apart
That twinge, that sting, that ache inside my chest has become my heart

You were not my only friend
But the love I give has no end

The wounds in me never mend
I know pain with no end

Those eyes that hold in heaven's light
Have brought me to the blackest night

Solace is but distant dream
Hope has become a twisted fiend

Loveless and alone I feel my skin turn to stone
Emptiness has scored me to the bone

Darkness swallows me whole
And devours my soul

I cannot feel my heart
Then in the shadows I'm torn apart

For there is no peace, no joy with you there
I force myself not to care

How much I love you so
But I know I gotta let it go

I turn my back and look away
A part of me died this day

Although leaving her may bring me unforeseen bane
Staying with her could drive you insane

The Cage
By Brian Burke

We are trapped
With nowhere to go
They all hate us
You would not know

They watch my step
And every move I make
Not missing a movement
Not a breath I take

Just leave us alone
It's not right
To use all your force
And all your might

They shoot us and kill us
Nobody cares
No one helps
And no one shares

Are You a Flower?
By Dietrich McGaffey

It seems to me you are a sunflower,
For you, I see, care not for all of life,
Above the world, you stand tall, a tower,
And yet none of it gives you any strife.
It seems to me you are a carnation,
Your skin as soft and fair as pale samite,
Your cheeks adorning you face, fine crimson
As petals on a sweet bloom in daylight.
It seems to me you are a kind daisy,
So free and fiery, unrestrained
And sweet and wild as any thing can be,
Alone? But free. Know now that you are loved.
It seems to me you are a bright flower,
I ask you now, will you be my flower?



Jahni Pettway – *Angel*

An Invisible Life

By Brendan Dudley

Feeling invisible is never easy,
Being able to see others yet they cannot see me.

In trying to befriend them one may only find,
That they are just acting, an attempt to be kind.

You can try to help them in facing the day,
But they might not care about you anyway.

Yet it might be my fault that they don't try,
To help me on days when I want to cry.

For I always try to make others smile,
Putting on a face of joy all of the while.

But on days of blue they think it not true,
That I could be sad with nothing to do.

Or is it that people just don't care?
Only wanting your help and for you not being there.

No, they must care about me I have to believe.
I just don't express my emotions, always looking relieved.

So there is the answer, the problem is gone.
Express your emotions and you'll never go wrong.

The Cage

By Andrew Bashi

You're trapped like a bird inside a cage
The wind hollers at your back
You then are filled with uncontrollable rage
You're the weakling of the pack
The door latch opens you beat your wings but no progress is made
You're bound to the floor so you can see the door
But you'll never be released from the cage

A Day in the Life of John Schroeder

By Joe Balistreri

I'd never had a brick in my stomach before. I'd had stones, butterflies, and rotten milk, but never a brick. The three hours in which the brick slowly made its presence known, strolling along from my esophagus all the way down to my depths killed me. Standing in the dim orange glow on the corner outside of the place where I had once entered and belonged, I was a quaint rural townhouse erect amongst looming skyscrapers, cold and uninviting. I was completely alone. On top of this, I was nearsighted, and could only see a dark, blurry fate in front of me.

January of 1979 was just another month for me. Semester exams at Kimball High School weren't too bad, and I had had a steady girlfriend for almost a year. My sixteen-year-old soul was begging for something to do, so to relieve its yearning, I invited a few friends to go to the Auto Show at Cobo Hall with me. The friends I invited, Bill Sequoia, Ron Poderi, and John Lewis, went with me the year before also. Now that I was sixteen, I couldn't wait to see what the Big Three were showing off, and maybe what I

could push my dad to put in the driveway. After much discussion, we decided to go on the last weekend of the show, on a Saturday. All arrangements were properly made and everything was planned and mapped out. The four of us would meet at Bill's house at 5 P.M. From there, we would get in Bill's and John's cars and go to Athens Coney Island for a quick bite to eat. Then, by 6, we would make the twelve mile trip into the city. We would park and take the people mover to Cobo Hall, and if all was planned correctly, we would arrive at 6:30.

All of this happened accordingly. We entered the belly of the great Cobo Hall, and wallowed in the sights and sounds around us. The new Honda exhibit was fascinating, with some new electric car technology making its debut. Ron and Bill gravitated towards the Ford display, anticipating the glorious moment when they would be behind the wheel of a shiny red Mustang. John and I were eager to look at the imports, so we decided to split up and meet outside the main exhibit hall at 8 P.M. sharp. We synchronized our watches and went our separate ways. Hiking through the jungle of bodies, we finally made it to the Porsche exhibit. Well, I thought we did. I whirled around to make fun of John's goofy lopsided Afro but ended up poking fun of a forty-something plump guy, whose face matched the disheveled look of the curly hair

Well, I thought we did. I whirled around to make fun of John's goofy lopsided Afro but ended up poking fun of a forty-something plump guy, whose face matched the disheveled look of the curly hair emanating from his Tigers cap. Quickly turning around, I decided to wait in an oasis, a corner where no one was standing from where I could easily spot John's big red fro. I kept a wary eye on my timepiece. I watched as it playfully threw seconds into the past. Then, the watch began to look serious as seconds turned to minutes. Then the dial rolled past the hour. I realized the watch was winning this game, and I had to fight back. It was almost 9:15 and I had seen neither John, Bill, nor Ron. I figured that if I went to the front entrance, they would have to see me on their way out. So, reluctantly, I made my way to the front. Outside in the blustery cold, all I could do was take in everything around me. The bustle of the crowd, children, safe and secure, in total trust of their parents, and smiling faces, all heading towards the places they called home. I wished I had the same fate as those people, the security of knowing what was next. I wished I was one of the children, trotting along happily in total blind trust, with

toys and ice cream and dreams running through my head. I wanted to go home.

I looked down at my watch again. "10:30", it laughed at me. I swallowed and took a deep breath of the sharp January wind. I dreaded opening the door for the knowledge that would break me. I needed my only security. I needed my hope. Then, it hit me. It's 10:30. I'm downtown Detroit. My friends are gone, thinking I rode in the other's car. My parents are out of town, not coming back until the next morning. How will I get home? The brick hit bottom. I decided that standing in the middle of the crowd on the side of the street would do me no good. But what would I do? I decided to look for a phone booth. Cling to my only beacon of light, I searched frantically for a phone booth. Finally, I found one. "11 P.M.", the watch chuckled. I went to make a call, but I slumped again as I discovered I had no change. In a state of defeat, I sat down on a bench near the bus stop. I lost. Fate won. Now all I could do is wait for the game to end...

"Hey buddy, what are you doing down here so late?" What? I sprang back to life. "What's your name, son?" A

little blue Monte Carlo was idling at the curb, and at the wheel was a short, maybe 50-year-old man. He had short black hair, and a sharp face that looked like it was made of steel. "What ya waiting for, boy? What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir," I replied. Oh no, I thought. This guy is just going to make it worse for me.

"What's wrong? You can tell me," he shot back. He knew something was wrong. I could tell by the way his moustache curled that he was not a nice guy.

"Nothing at all," I said quietly.

"You down here by yourself?" he asked. I gave up. I may as well tell him.

"Yeah," I whispered.

"Want a lift?" I lit up. Finally, this could be my chance.

"Sure," I said.

"Where are you from?"

"Royal Oak."

"Oh, I'm from Monroe." Damn. Back to my bench, I thought.

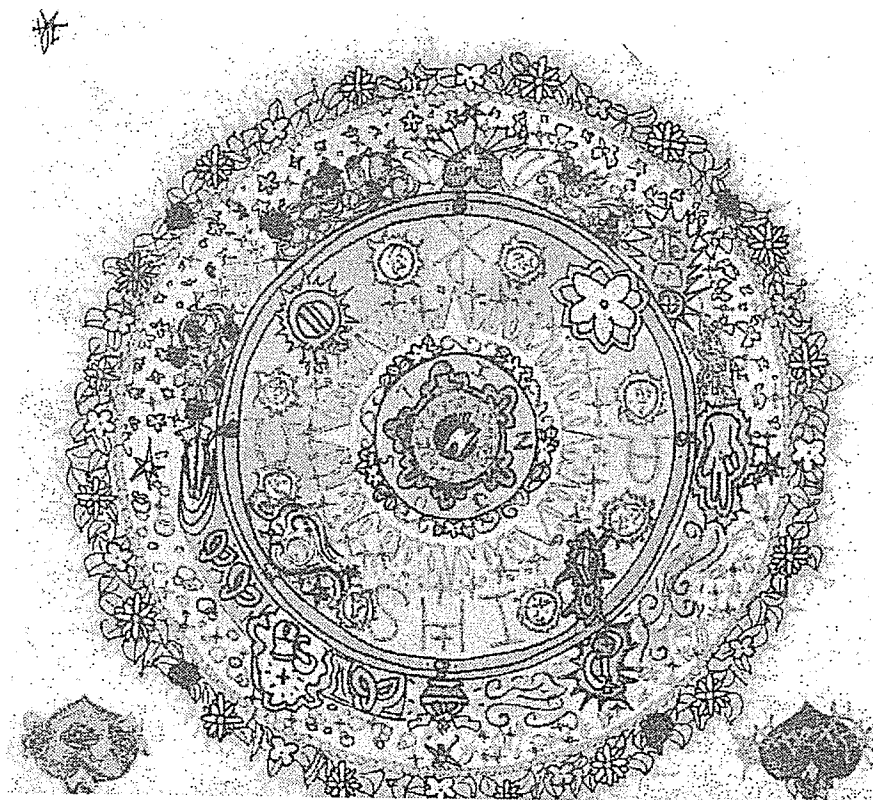
"Well, hop in already. It's getting late". I was

overjoyed. Out of nowhere, this man appeared. I was saved. God was on my side. We beat fate. The ride home was an enlightening experience for me. I found out the man's name was Ignatio Modica. He had my son, my age. He worked in the big GM building as a financing account director. Flying up Woodward, we chatted casually as if we'd been friends for a long time. Finally, we reached my house on Delrose. As I got out of the car, I glanced at my watch, Midnight,. What a great man what I could do for him in return.

"Nothing," he replied jovially. I realized what this man did for me. He took almost two hours out of his night to take me home, and did it happily, willingly. In fact, he proposed it. What a great man, I thought as I brushed my teeth. What was it about this guy that was so great? What was it that I would remember for the rest of my life? I then discovered, and hold forever, the ideal: Ignatio Modica was generous and compassionate. He looked at my situation through my eyes, and he saved my day. To this day, when I see somebody down, or somebody really busy or in trouble, I just watch. I try to get into their shoes. I try to feel the

bricks in their stomachs. From there, I do all I can to make that brick crumble and make Ignatio proud.

(John Schroeder, my neighbor, is one of the most generous people I know. When doing my interview, I only asked him one question: "Why are you so generous?" He responded, and this short story is based on his experience)



Ephraim Sasis – *Mandala of Healing*

In the Ocean of the Name

By Vincent Stonewall

When first I heard the flame of dark
My soul was severed into pieces, fed to cerberus
My bones were dust ground by depression
My heart was poisoned, stabbed, and dying

Writhing in the hands of Agony I lay twisted and bleeding
Hope and Happiness gripped me like the sand
And as the Darkness born from light fades to black
Joining the ebony pools that complete the night

There, I heard the flame of dark
And saw the heartbeat of oblivion
Not a single shadow the wretched ember cast
And its chill would turn Hades to ice

Gazing, peering deep into the flame
I felt the demons name
Falling, crashing to my knees
Lonely, lost, and lifeless in the glow
I was consumed, no devoured by that blacken flame

1st Class by Kel McCree

- Class is so long and often times boring.
 - Teachers talk like a waterfall that just won't stop pouring.
 - "This is what you should study" is all they seem to say.
 - And three test and a quiz is an average day.
 - Don't get me wrong I appreciate their knowledge.
 - For it is just that, which will one day get me to college.
 - Persistence and effort are words often said.
 - And I've lost count long ago of the lessons I've read.
 - For as hard as it is I know I will pass.
- But not a minute before I finish my last class.

Wish I Could Say

Anonymous

wish i could say
that i didn't see through all of your white lies
wish i could say
that your leaving me has caught me by surprise
wish i could say
that it's better this way, it was never meant to be
wish i could say
that i'm someone else so this doesn't fall on me

the memories i can't remember
come back to haunt me in the night
would you do that to me forever
i don't recall seeing the light
sitting crying in the darkness
completely blinded by the light
wish i could say that i can move on
least i can't say i didn't try

wish i could say
that you'd never hurt me, now I know you never cared
wish I could say
that you would not desert me, leave me all alone and scared

i overdosed on your prescription
depression grabs me by the throat
i can't escape your jurisdiction
because i'm never letting go

I'm A Poet

By Matthew J. Johnson

My euphonious verses
Cast curses,
On beat-biting
Rehearsists
Holding mic's
When they should be holding purses
Which couldn't even hold
My vocal expertise
Spontaneous and unexpected
Like a desert siege, at 30 degrees
Due to most of those cats
Being as stable as ice-sculpted-water ski's
Emaciated by the realities
And complexities
Contained in my rhyme
Not able to understand
How so much is covered in so little time
Similar to sex
Or an iced-out 'lex
Making you break ya' necks
To get to a dictionary,
Because my diction often
Tends to vary
So, direction is necessary
Just remember from now on, though,
I'm three degrees
Above secondary
---I'm a Poet.

A Day in a Hospital
By Michael Treppa

Here stands a bed
Where a man laid his head
And then he proceeded to die.
As Doctors pushed this tomb
Out of deaths sacred room
A mother was then heard to cry
Because she needed a cot
To give birth to a tot
And the Doctors then felt her strife
So she lay on the tomb
The child fled her womb
As he entered his new found life
With his blue eyes smiling
As though he was trying
To say he's a message of hope
To the wife walking by
Weeping softly she cries
And as she sees this child she copes.

Tender Dreams
by Vincent Stonewall

Once I dreamed
A happy dream
With woman of my dreams
I dreamed that her and I were a We

And in my dream we dance
Arm in arm
We spun softly like the wind
With the rhythm of an ocean tide

Wrapped tightly together
I held her close and smell her hair
She pulled back, gazed into my eyes
And I felt her gentle hand, tenderly caress my face

Now, in that moment... I knew
I knew Love
She stared me and I, I stared back
Oh, what world, what world is this

That, I should live, in this dance
In this dream
For all the stretches and ripple of that eternity
That infinity called time

That I should feel Happy
And Free
And Alive
In this dance and in this dream

Knowing that my world, that my life
Has found all the missing pieces of the soul
And the peace that pacifies the heart
In this dance, and in this dream

But this luminous, loving reality
Is shattered
When my eye crack wide and my body must awake
No more dance, no more dream

But this is only a dream
And I have dance that dance in life
And I will dance it again, and again and again
For when I awake, when I open my eye

In my arms
With her head, against my chest
She is there, my one, and only Love
Dreaming, dreaming of the dance and dancing in the dream

"Taciturn Tears"

By Kyle Warfield

The silence of company
while watching visions of the mind's eye
can be deafening
to the inner self.
Sitting in silent thought
can speak volumes,
shaking your insides,
reverberating against the walls of your heart,
coming forth in the fiery tears
welling in your mahogany eyes.
As they burn watery trails
down your cheeks,
tracing the corners of your mouth,
you close your eyes,
covering them with your hands,
wiping the tears away briskly
and disregarding that which caused them.
It's nothing...
but the hellfire brewing within
reach their breaking point
and flow through
presenting themselves as a gentle stream
of scorching lava.
And just when you think you can take no more,
we fall
and cry,
together.

the dance
by Ben Dempsey-Klott

glimpses of flashy dresses,
starched tuxedos,
and the rumble of nervous chatter had filled the room.
boys and girls,
or perhaps they were men and women,
had gathered in this place to enjoy a more sophisticated
type of entertainment.
all it really was,
to those of us who knew,
was a dance.
we had gathered at the promise of good times,
time spent together with close friends,
and good music to be played.
and as the music started,
a slow song that I usually dread,
the boys and girls,
or perhaps they were men and women,
paired up and began to rock their bodies
in a slow, sensual unison.
and as I rolled my eyes across the room,
the crowd parted and I saw her.
she was one whose beauty was more striking than that of any I had seen.
her eyes,
a vibrant,
deep blue,
looked tired,
as though she wished not to be there.
her hair,
was done simply,
showing off her long,
soft neck.
she was tall,
but not too tall,
and her black dress complimented her figure,
hugging her body as she walked.

as she walked,
 my heart beat a little faster,
 my throat grew tight,
 my hands began to sweat.
 where was she going?
 and,
 more importantly,
 do I follow the seductive dance?
 I needed not worry,
 as she approached me.
 her smell was something sweet,
 flowery,
 yet,
 with a hint of another fragrance.
 her face had color to it,
 as did her arms,
 neck,
 along with the rest of her body hidden under the-
 dress.
 she asked me to dance.
 I more than gladly obliged.
 we took our place on the dance floor,
 and approached each other in an old fashioned way,
 not sure how the other would react to the flesh to flesh
 contact.
 slightly awkward,
 we kept room between us,
 not sure how to approach the other.
 but as the music continued on,
 awkwardness was no longer a factor.
 our bodies gradually grew closer,
 like a sort of magnetism was drawing us to one another.
 the distance between us began to shrink,
 our hands delicately exploring each other's backs.
 our eyes kept the stare,
 relieving secrets,
 revealing loves,
 providing windows for the soul.
 now,
 there was no distance between us,

 our bodies performing a sort of sensual
 dance for all to see.
 there was no one else in the room but us,
 the other boys and girls,
 or perhaps they were women and men,
 vanished,
 and the dance was now
 between two potential lovers.
 the bodies fit grooves,
 interlocking with one another,
 moving in ways that indicated
 other acts not expressed in public,
 and the dance continued.
 all night,
 our two bodies felt each other,
 there were no longer boundaries
 between us,
 physical or invisible.
 the dance we were taking part in removed all
 sense of lines.
 it was between one lonely body and another.
 bodies found bodies,
 and we moved as one entity.
 the swaying and slight turn aroused emotions
 between us,
 and though no words were spoken,
 we each knew what was in store for
 the rest of the evening.



Evan Amir Eustice – *Election Judge*

Dancing
By Dietrich McGaffey

It was near the end of the night.
We were dancing.
I can't seem to describe it, but I knew.
Somehow.
I knew.
It was the look in her eyes,
Or the way she tilted her head just like that-
So it would be easier,
To move my head,
And hold it there.
It was the way she placed herself at just that distance-
So it would be comfortable.
It was the way she smiled,
A little playful,
Dreamy,
I wish upon a star,
Kind of smile.
It was at the end of the last dance.
I knew exactly what she wanted me to do.
But not to-night, dear,
Not to-night.

The Rock
By Ross Oermann

the rock,
it is solid
hard and cold,
rigid and rough

it stands by itself,
a mountain,
high and proud,
nothing can harm it.

yet the rock knows nothing of the future
wind
water
fire
each takes its toll.

the rock, the mountain can only last so long,
for time has its own plans,
and the years pass
pass
pass

a rock no more,
nor has it survived the ages
for the mystery of time is far and strong,
and has turned
the rock,
to sand.

one hundred miles long,
ten billion specks,
it had suffered time
and natures pain
yet the rock lives on
in every grain

If u—r confused→←, I m 2-
By Ryan Womack

W
wH
WHt
23^20^8-(wth)
wTHp
WthPN
WtHPND

2



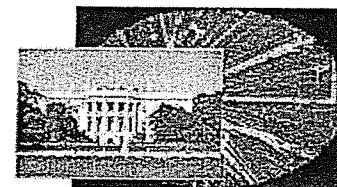
???? Hαpnd 2oo INRON?

The Se(E)OhH

The ----- EO said he was broke



But he's not?



The snacilbuper (read backwards-->|←) are in trouble?

OF The

What hhpns next→???

by: Ryanne Whoa-

(Ryan Womack '05)



Light At Night
By Tom Sklut

A full moon hung in the sky
Looking down upon me, staring.
I said, "Hello moon, how are you today?"
Looking back up- glaring.
I got no answer
The moon stood still stationary to my movement.
But I stared back still a bit content
Hoping there might be improvement.
The moon just gleamed back at me and I at it
Illuminating my surroundings
I turned around to walk away
But the moon wouldn't take the hint
I peeked over my shoulder, There it was!
Still broad faced and still at station.
I wondered why it wouldn't leave me
After all, it didn't like conversation.
"Moon, why do you follow me?
I've got nothing more to say?
Just leave me moon, and please just go away."
My words again went unanswered
I gave up trying to reason.
I walked away not looking back
And figured out that very season:
That the moon is always there
But it might not always answer you
It only means one thing,
That means God is someone that cares.

The Light of Day
by Mark Peterson

I look outside and see the rays,
The burning, searing, light of day.
And as I watch the sun arise,
So far away, a city cries.

In concrete jungles far away,
At that same time, on that same day,
A gaping hole inside a tree,
Blown from inside so violently.

Terror grips, and as I watch,
Another bird from the sky drops.
And slides, and turns, and raging, burns,
Like Phoenix' wings did fire turn.

In the south, five sided shell,
Receives it's own great deathly knell.
Like birds the leaders whisk away,
They're off to fight another day.

Frozen feet, locked to the floor.
A tower crumbles, now no more.
On heads of heroes stone doth slide,
With steel and dust and fire beside.

As again a nation watches,
The guns of fire gain more notches.
Debris falls quickly to the ground,
Burying many 'neath pounds and pounds.

That night I sleep, safe in my bed,
No rubble falling 'round my head.
And as I rise and look, I pray,
That others see this light of day.

Quetico I
By Thomas F. Cusack

Come in and swim the water is cold and shall rejuvenate our hearts.
The day is done so have some fun worry not about tomorrow.
The wind blows gently around the trees and our souls beyond,
 Beyond the lights above the street to the lights above the sky,
 Beyond the noise of the heavy traffic to the song of the flowing
river,
 Beyond the rustic smell of metal to the pleasant aroma of pine,
And there you will find yourself at peace.

Paddle across the water and breathe the air that's full of life.
Drink the water that is soothing to the body and found only here.
The sun shall shine and show you all that lives beyond,
 Beyond the stress of work to the joyful world of trees,
 Beyond the taste of sordid hopes to the sweet nectar of joy,
 Beyond anywhere that holds you in to a place that has no walls,
And there you will find yourself and a place where you are free.

"Love is..."
Anonymous

i need you, i depend on you, i trust you, ill give you myself, i miss you, i
would cross a thousand oceans to see you, and i would do it again to feel
your kiss, i would give up everything for you, i think about you all the
time, i would kill for you, your smile brings a smile onto my face, i
would rather die than see you unhappy, i would make an ass of myself
just for you. Love is lies, sadness, deception, tears, denial, i never want
to see you again, i can't stand you, i wasn't thinking, it's my fault, no it's
your fault, i wouldn't cry if you died because you never loved me
anyway, breakups to make ups, love will always find a way, if it's meant
to be, love will find a way. No matter how small, no matter how big the
problem may be, one thing remains true, true love will find a way for
you and I.

one winged angel



Joe Gibbs – *Untitled*

The Stair-well
By Henry Dorger

They all said I was crazy, they all did. I told them I wasn't lying, but still they didn't believe me. Only one person believed me, and he was the one who warned me about it. It's been 50 years, a hard life its been. You want to know what happened? I am not a fool! I know that you will tell the world! What's this, you won't. Then why did you ask me, about my younger life? School? No, well okay I guess its good to tell a story on a rainy day. It went something like this, if I remember correctly...

My family just moved into a new town. It was somewhere in Arizona, a place that no one has heard of. Some place in the middle of no where. It was a few weeks before school. When we got to our house, my brother and myself picked out our rooms. I got settled and went outside to explore. I didn't get far when, I heard my mom call, just when I turned around to go home, some old man said, "A young man like you, shouldn't be walking outside at this time, go home sonny!" So I ran home.

It is a week until school, I still haven't met any of neighbors, or children in the town. They all don't talk to me. If I try to talk to them, they just walk away. On the first day of school, everyone seemed to use the west staircase, and not the east. It was preschool through 5th grade on the first floor, and then 6 through 12th on the second. I happened to be in 7th grade so I followed

know white, new paint, the works, but the classrooms were dirty, they had desks that fell down, and broke if you sat down to hard.

They always served the same thing during lunch: Mashed potatoes on toasted bread, (why it was like that, I fear I will never know). It was there in the lunchroom that I met Max. Max like myself was new, he was tall, brown hair, and had blue-green eyes. He came up to me and said:

"New, huh?"

"Yep" I answered, shocked that someone spoke to me.

"Don't worry, no one really talks to me either, can I sit down?"

"Sure", I looked around the table. No one was there to argue. "Go ahead, I'm Chaz, and you are?"

"Max, Max Pluto, glad to meet you!"

"Same to you, just wondering why does everyone use the west staircase?" I asked.

"I have heard that the East side is haunted, when people go in, no one comes out.... So where are you from?"

We talked for the rest of lunch, I found out that he was from Ohio, and he has been here for a year. He was in the same grade as me, and he also doesn't know why the school looks the way it does. We went through math, science, and other classes. I tried to ask a question, but the teacher snapped: Put your hand DOWN! I was so scared that I didn't try to ask a question again for that day. Then I went home, and ate supper, and for some reason we didn't

have homework, but I didn't care, I played the N64 for the afternoon.

Beep! Beep! Beep! That annoying sound of the alarm clock. I looked at the clock. 8:00 blinked back at me. Oh, shoot, I'm late for school. I got all my things and ran, it felt like I was trying to out run a dog. I got there, and headed for the west stairs, but there was a sign on the front. It said: Closed for repairs. Just my luck I thought. I thought about going home, but I knew my mother wouldn't believe the haunted staircase story, so I forced my way to the East Side. I froze, scared to open the door... I shook that off walked through. Last that I heard was the door closing...

I started up the stairs. I was coming near the top of the stairwell, when something shiny caught my eye. I looked around for it, but I couldn't find it. I continued on. I opened the second floor door and walked through. Then a blinding flash appeared, and I disappeared!

I found myself looking at a floor, a hard metal one. I got up and looked around, I was in a big metal room. But wait, there were mirrors and a few cameras. Then a man walked in. He was dressed in black suit. He motioned me to follow him. No, I didn't follow, I learned from school not to follow strangers, and I was scared half to death. Then he commanded: "Follow me kid!". So I did. I pasted a lot of maps of the world, and a few of Arizona. I followed him until we got to a metal door. On the door there was the American Eagle, but it was holding a UFO. I walked in the room, it looked like a normal office, except the guy in the

big chair was talking a language I couldn't understand. Then the people he was talking to left. I watched them leave, and I swear, one of them looked like Chewbacca. The man in the big chair was wearing a black suit. Also, he had black sunglasses and brown hair. He turned to me and said, "Do you know where you are Chaz?"

Wondering how he knew my name, I shook my head.

"Welcome to Area 51" The man said.

"Area 51 how can this be?" I asked, now scared half to death.

"The town that you moved in is called Roswell." Started the man.

"No that be, Roswell is south of here"

"No this is the real Roswell, yes the aliens did land here, and the government took over. The government quickly rebuilt a new city and called it Roswell. This city was quickly taken off the maps. Others might call us the Men in Black, for if you didn't notice we are all wearing black. A few years ago the government stopped paying us, so we make our money through the people who live here.

According to my readings [he looked at his computer], you are wondering if we can read memory. Yes we can, since the government stopped paying us we have discovered aliens, and new technology."

"How did I get here?" I asked amazed.

"Teleport, that stair-well is our front door. Oh yes, before it slips my mind, people will start to talk to you since that we have talked to you, and DON'T tell ANYONE about this town's secret! For if you do, we will hold you prisoner, and trust me, we will find you."

I nodded, like any other scared person.

"Bye." Said the man, then he pushed the button.
A second later, I back at school.

I walked into class, and quickly glanced at the clock. 8:04,
8:04!!! I thought, I was sent back into time. Yes! I was on
time. I told Max about my trip during lunch, and he was
amazed.

"Wow!, we have to try to get in, and look around"
So the next day we went through the east stairwell...
Nothing happened.

"Stupid, Stupid, Stupid!" Max whispered.
"It worked yesterday..." I said to myself.

Meanwhile at Area 51, a man walked into the office, and
asked the other man, "did anything happen while I was
gone?"

The other man in the chair said, "yes, a kid showed up, and
I told him about the base, and sent him away."

"Good, did you MEM him too?"

"MEM, MEM, MEM what is MEM? Would it be in the
dictionary?"

"You fool, you forgot to erase his memory! MEM is the
Memory Erase Machine, it is required for every visitor"

"Oops, I forgot, he was a nice kid"

"How nice, now find him before he tells everyone!"

"Where should I look?"

"GO!"

So do you think I am crazy? Do you? Hey, look it stopped
raining, go outside and play, and I will tell you the rest on a
later day.

My Hands

by JH Berg

My hands can only do so much

Through times of anger, sadness, and pain

But nothing do they gain.

The hardships in life aren't easy to come by

But the risks we may take

Oh, the difference they can make.

Sixteen years can give you wisdom

With experiences that can teach a lesson

Meeting those with their own confession.

Hold long to friends

They can be worth the world

In times of anger, sadness, and pain

Everything do you have to gain.

emotions
By Ben Dempsey-Klott

they dont know how upset i am
know one does because i dont tell anyone
i keep everything inside of me
 refusing to let it out to share with anyone
in my mind
 admitting you need help is a sign of weakness
those who need help
 are really admiting deafeat
 and defeat has a way of coming back to haunt you
i just have no outlet
 for anything
i have this feeling that i am not allowed to act in any other way than i do
 that is
 i m not allowed emotions
 i am always supposed to be happy
 always supposed to have a smile on my face
 those are the expectations that i
think people have
in meeting their expectations
 i am not meeting my own
 which leads to another sense of defeat
everywhere i look
 i see defeat
 i see disappointment on my parents faces
 i see the mocking faces of those who told me not to
try
 i see total and utter defeat
no one knows how i feel
i lock my self in my room
 pushing myself even harder to achieve the impossible
 punishing myself for failed objectives
 abusing myself in ways others would frown upon
thats why i dont tell people how i feel
 they would push for more information
 information that i am not really ready to give up
 but still they would push and pry until my deep
 dark
 secrets finally came out
then where would i be

the person that people thought i was would lay in a puddle of deception at my feet

 and the real me would be exposed to the world
they would see me for what i really am
 not for what I had portrayed myself as
how often when a girl tells you that she loves you does she really mean it?
or how often do teachers say that they are there for you
 just to have the door slammed in your face when you come looking for
that help
or how often can you tell yourself that you will stop this addiction before you
hurt yourself seriously
creating wounds that can not be healed no matter how long they are kept under
bandages
its just an endless cycle that best not be entered by
that's why i don't share my emotions
 it just leads to places that i don't want to go



Anonymous – What to Do?

"How do you know when you're in love?"
By Andy J. Novak

How do you know when you're in love,
Is it when the shadows go away?
And the sun is high
In the cloudless sky
At noon on a summer day?

How do you know when you're in love,
Is it when the ocean meets the shore?
And the great barges ride
Out to the open tide
And the waves crash on the ocean floor?

How do you know when you're in love,
Is it when great armies are on the go?
And imperial kings reign from afar
And the flags mix with the arrows and bows?

How do you know when your love is in love
And you see it blazing in his eyes?
A burning desire
And willful admire
To be a part of someone else's life?

How do you know when your love is in love
And your life will never be the same again
You feel as though
Your world is low
And your eyes can't see around the bend?

When do you fall in love again?
The time could never come too late
And the years they fly
And the tears they cry
And you realize the mistake you made

When did I lose my heart to him?
If I knew, I'd have held it tight
And cradled it in my arms once more
Before I lost it there, overnight

I've never been in love before
And this I can finally say
That every day I see his face
And every night I feel the pain

I'll never be in love like that
And this I can finally say
Feel the warmth of the sun
And the time's never done
A first love never goes away

The Test
By Charles Bayer

On the Starting line
I check the time
Next to the Committee Boat
I am afloat
Part of a wave of sails
The ten second gun blows
And the whole fleet goes
Am I first, Am I last?
I do not know as the gun blasts
I trim and hike
And the red flag elevates
The race is on
I think of the cup
I yell Go Go Go to my crew
I race through the fleet
As I hear my heart beat
Up the starboard side of the course
Until I say Set the pole
And raise the chute
The colors go up
As we race for the cup
The wind picks up
And the ropes constrict
The wind makes the waves white with anger
The hulls move quicker
As the boat speeds increase
And the punishing wind
Howls that it will not cease
The fleet still competes
And we move to the front
We surf down the waves
Feeling very brave
Gibing out of control
In a sea of chaos
The light disappears
As the clouds look down on us
We are almost there
We coast through the finish
We did our best
We finished before the rest
This test
Proved us the best

Without Her
By Vincent Stonewall

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,

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 died not now, but years ago,
I am the wretched, or didn't you know?"

^ _ ^ The Nonoy Song ^ _ ^
by Ephraim Nonoy Sasis
Birdie!
Outside my window!
Why do u sing,
U cute lil' thing?

I want to-
To sing juzt like u!
I'll practice everyday-
To make - u - proud!

Hey...can I sing as high...
As high as u fly?
Won't u come back some day?
For that...
I'll wish...
And pray!

Oh Sun Beams!
Streaming into Mommy's Room!
Why can't I stop smiling,
When that Light is shining?

I want so much-
To be juzt as such!
Now when people look at me-
They will be so - ha - ppy!

Mama Dios...will I become...
As bright as where the Light comes from?
Please don't let me fade away...
For that...
I hope you wish...
And pray!

Singing and smiling,
I lived my whole childhood.
Never a care or a tear,
Never a sorrow or a fear.

Wishing and praying,
I loved all things so simply.
I owe my voice and smile
To Nonoy... whom I have - made - proud!

"Affectionate little boy" - so full of dreams,
 Our smile never fades, no matter how dark it seems...
 I kept the promise to that bird outside our window.
 I did it!
 What u and I
 wished...
 And what u and I
 prayed!

The Only One I Can Turn To
 Anonymous

The only one I trust
 Doesn't speak my language.
 But more than anyone I know,
 it understands me.
 I can speak with its unwavering attention,
 Complain without worrying about being told what to do,
 Yell and not scare it away.
 It knows more about me than any friend or family member,
 Yet I know my secrets are safe.
 More reliable than any human,
 The best listener in my life
 Has pointy ears and a tail
 And never fails to be there when I need it most.



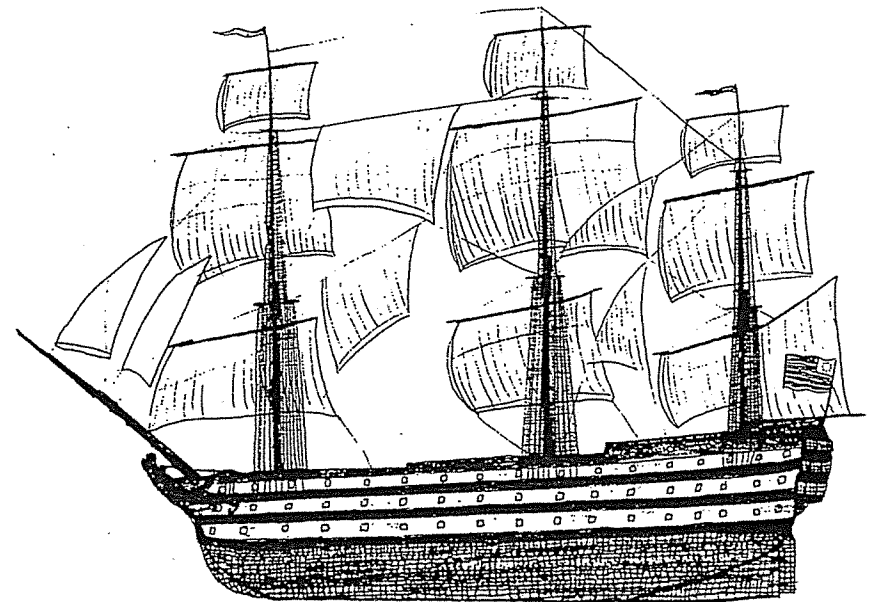
Jahni Pettway – *The Beast*

The Freedom March (in B3 Major)
By Billy Hinbern

Say goodbye to the Worriers, farewell to the Keepers,
Say hello to the Fresh air and Freedom, hug the grass-stained Sidewalks,
Treading over lawns of neighbors, not really a short-cut, but an
Adventure,
Shortcuts are made to complete the requirements of the word "short,"
The Scenic Route better describes the way, full of dogs, loud with
ranging sizes,
The fences surrounding them tremble with fear as the monsters seize the
helpless innocent nomads that wander the streets,
Fenced up, but still frightening, with leashes synched tight from pulling
and leaping,
Self-mutilation to a certain extent, if thought of correctly, mindless grabs
for the alien-object on the sidewalk,
Grasping, flailing its body around with rag-doll like charm, still reaching,
but always failing,
Past the dogs, over the teeter-tottered sidewalks, meeting half-witted
children on the streets, sometimes half-witted adults,
Glares are shot off like cannons after a beautiful song from a self-
proclaimed, impartial nation,

Glaring back, the faces slowly fade, blurred in accordance with their wit.

Behind this Beautiful Nation, behind the self-proclaimedness, behind the
bitter glares,
There lie leaves of grass, thick blades with the potential to slice but only
provide the softest landing,
The very leaves that are mowed every week and give that house the
feeling of a home,
The very leaves that are noticed by a passer-by, envied by the neighbors,
The very leaves that catch the world's ramblings in the morning,
especially on Sunday,
The very leaves that cradle young children gently, but still manage to
catch their father's falls as well,



Stephen Bridenstine – U.S.S. *Liberty*

The Smell of Freedom is found in these blades that
glisten, Freedom that smacks any constitution or
declaration in the face,
Nature gives freely what people strive for,
and asks for nothing in return,
It is a mere choice that we must make to keep this
Freedom,
Why should one strive for what is freely given? How
could one strive for this without losing sight of the goal?
Nature gives more than one place could ever give.

A Seed of Hope
By Ross Oermann

A drop of rain
Can become a sea,
As the smallest pebble
Can become a country.

The tiniest person
Can accomplish the most,
As one who has everything
May accomplish nothing to boast.

Things in life,
Which may seem to be nothing at all,
May become our greatest success
or worst downfall.

It's those little things
Which no one seems to care,
Which seem to matter the most,
in the grand affair.

Those darn little things,
So important to do right,
So important to understand,
See with clear sight.

So it's not our paycheck,
How much money we earn,
How much we bench press,
How we raise our children, loose
or stern.

It's not how smart,
How fast and quick,
How incredibly small,
Or tall and thick.

Not even how many friends you have
How many ones who love you,
It's how you love others though,
Through and through.



Joe Gibbs – *Untitled*

What is important in life?
Is understanding what we've been given,
Not trying to change
Accepting who we are
No matter the pain.

Being proud of yourself,
And never thinking of rest,
in bringing peace to the world
And trying your best...
To be happy with what God has granted.

And to plant your seed of hope
in the hearts of others

Control: Over Self
By Tom Sklut

Forever
An eternity
Right this minute
You and me
A crowded room
Filled with emptiness
That's how it feels
Are you alone?

Alone inside
A lack of pride
Push out the world
And diversity
Fear no evil
Only self
Fight the demons within

The demons bark
Push you down
Tear you up
Motivate
Concentrate
Find a way to fight
Break through and take back control

Wretched
By Vincent Stonewall

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 there 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 know 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 wherever 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



Stefan Simonetti – *Waterfall*

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