

Dear Readers,

Congratulations! You are one of the lucky students just special enough to get a copy of the 2006 edition of *Inscape*. If you are borrowing this copy from a friend, you are cool for reading the top poems and short stories submitted this year, but you are not cool enough until you return this copy to your friend and pick up your own. Why not? They're free... for you. Many hard times and sleepless nights have been spent because of this edition. So please tell the hardworking staff how much you enjoyed it. If you didn't enjoy it, just give us money.

I know your wallets are safe because you are sure to enjoy visiting new worlds and feel new emotions expressed through the words of the author or through the eyes of the artist. The many wonderful works you will find here and the many different expressions are a glimpse to the talent and diversity found within our very own student body.

Without further ado, I am pleased to present to you the 2006 edition of *Inscape*.

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Oh the Places I've Been...

By: Michael Cole

Perched on the rock as a marmot
A union of beings, as the coyotes in a pack
A stronger figure protecting the weaker ones, as an elk to its babies
Playfulness, as the bear cubs out of the den
"Scrambling" over rocks, a favorite activity
Unity, a special bonus of being away from it all
Protection, the parent as mentor and guide
Playfulness, from the joy of being so free of burden
The elation of successfully scrambling to reach as summit in Colorado
to see a marmot
The calming feeling of a family together in the tent in Utah
The realization of God's protection of all creatures, as though an elk in
Washington
The excitement of playing at the campsite like the grizzly bears in
Alaska
All the things I've learned,
Everything I've experienced,
Because of you,
Thank You.
Oh the places I've been,
Oh the things I've seen.

Hurricane Killer

By: Robby Gilmore

The waves crash upon the rocks with no pity
A big, evil hurricane attacks the city
Wicked water walls wreck all in sight
TV stations signal "Stay tuned all night!"
He swiftly stomps over houses with a smirk on his face
As if to win some kind of sick race
Lives are lost left and right
People hold their televisions ever so tight
Houses and offices fall and shatter
People don't want to watch, but look- Splatter!

The wave finally takes his last breath
TV's turn off and in the city- just death

The people I see tell me their whispers, the deepest parts of their
being,
The things I see on this walk provide me with sensory fulfillment,
The walk impresses on me the glory of the awake person

Colors of Brotherly Love

By: James Pearson

Labor-Day Weekend, 2001.
Nine days before Nine-Eleven,
Our world is peaceful, joyous.
The hot sun-rays dancing off youthful bronzed shoulders,
Above cool, clear water.
The last reserve of brotherly love,
Captured in a splash of color.
Plotting goggled eyes turned away from the victim,
Soon to be pasted with Lake Michigan mud.
Struck in the face he begins to cry,
Feeling abandoned by his own brother.
And later, the regret of the culprit,
Regret that the joy and unity of brotherhood
Could not have lasted but another few seconds.
Another vestige of innocence swept away,
As from a nation just days later,
Whether in clear blue water or black opaque smoke.
Luckily others will see no regret,
Just the innocence of summer.
Of that clear, warm, refreshing day,
And the bonds of brotherly companionship.

The Teacher of Proverbs

By: Benjamin Meyers

My calendar noted only two events:
the birthday
& the week

The week was the greater of the two
For it contained both presents and adventures
While the presents have faded, the adventures remain alive
Causing a nostalgia of emotion
A fountain of reminisce

That magnificent week
The glorious shrine of the year
Touched by both winter and nativity
Set in the pastoral reaches of Grandfather's home

A home like no other
For it contained smells of wood, age, tenderness
Cavernous caves, stocks of weapons and bolts
and the heart of the home:
the cast iron dragon

Yet, it was not the rustic touches which enthralled me
But rather, the surrounding wilderness

There was the fence on the two sides,
Over which was the unknown
The other two sides marked by civilization

The front of the home beckoned me
With its snow covered expanse
its need for exploration and conquest

But I was not alone in my quest,
I had a captain! A General!
A great beast of a man

He was my hero, my anchor, my light
Without him, I might've drowned
Yet, he showed me, little by little
to survive the wilderness

Together, we took control of that yard
Amassing a giant fortress
its defenses impregnable, And,
fighting foe with every ounce of sweat and blood
conquering the elements,
we created a promising new Private,
standing tall above the wilderness
a reminder of his ancestors

A Picture Is Worth a Poem

By: Andrew Loginsky

A crisp autumn day
With thanks and giving within our hearts
While cold outside, warm and joyous on the inside
Generations coming together
Eating, laughing, and debating
Trading stories, hearing ideas
The dog snatches the scraps
The ladies bustling in the kitchen
While my cousins and I
Are enjoying unofficial boxing
Or wrestling, or a little of both
Everyone has hearts in high spirit
Their minds of the croustades
Everyone together, everyone happy
Everyone wolfing down meatballs
But the fact is, everyone is everyone here
While everything feels the way it should
When family is together
And a holiday to celebrate

Fast Dreaming
By: James Doetsch

T h e c a r, i t d r i v e s o h s o f a s t
I c a n ' t t a k e m y e y e s o f f i t a s i t r u n s p a s t
T h e t i r e s h u g t h e t u r n s, a n d t o t h e r o a d t h e y g r i p
T r a c t i o n s s o s m o o t h, t h e r e i s n o w a y i t c o u l d s l i p
G o i n g z e r o t o s i x t y i n u n d e r s i x s e c o n d s
I t s s p e e d l o o k s t o m e a n d
beckons
T o t a k e i t f o r a s p i n,
A n d d r e a m a b o u t i t o n c e a g a i n

Manilgorus
By: Jordan

I swifled in the Graladios Forest,
In search of the great Manilgorus.
I have aflooted many trials,
And steomped many miles.
I will granolish the beast,
Or defeat him, to say the least.
It's just another chanible,
To defeat this gorlungus animal.
It is cintillion months later I've grown wise,
I look into the corbage of mist and can't believe my eyes.
I find the great manilgorus that I've searched for,
He malspoted me with his many eyes and yelled Guror!
I fought him with my zandros sword with a Talaboom,
I purunged him in his heart and hit him with a Zanboom.
He was indrelarated and no longer alivon,
His honor had been atranged, my sorge had been agivon.
For I had onvorged the beast,
Or had defeated him to say the least.

Reflection 18 – Paralysis
By: Alex Jones

I lie here
On the floor
Unable to move.
I am paralyzed.
I fell
Hard and fast
And when I hit
I thought I was ok
Things seemed good
And I was happy.
But it appears that
The floor has started to crack
And I cannot move.
It feels like
If I could just will myself enough
I'd overcome my ailment
And get away from this floor
That is rapidly deteriorating.
But something keeps me here.
Though the floor is decaying and crumbling
It is still comfortable here
And I know it would be quite the effort
And that there would be significant pain
If I try to crawl away.
So the question then becomes
When this floor falls away
How far will I plummet?
And will I be able to survive
The hard and heavy impact
That is sure to follow?
...
This is quite the conundrum.
And it would be so much easier to solve
If I wasn't paralyzed.



Sea
Michael Bou-Maroun

The Leader

By: Eric Keast

The smell of hot dogs burning, pizza cooking, buttered popcorn popping,
hearing the scream of the crowd as a climax is reached,
I fell my dad's reassuring hand in mine
Leading me, guiding me.

Feeling the ticket stub he so carefully put into my shoe
While carrying my smiling brother, the crowd roars again.
I look at so many people and I realize I would be lost without my father
Leading me, guiding me.

If not for him I would be an insignificant child
Who has lost his way at this hockey game
Who did not have such a father
to lead him, to guide him.

Questions

By: Andrew Pung

When I am with my dad
Day after Day
I have good times
Traveling to different places
But I sometimes wonder
Are smiles fake or forced?
Or do they show appreciation and love?
With his hand on my shoulder
Is it comfort or control?
Sometimes I think it is his fear
Of letting me go.
Am I kept sheltered from
The outside world and the realities of life?
But what I always remember
Are the great times that we have.

**Lines Written In a Yellow-Walled Family Room about the Reflection
of the Changes That Have Occurred Over the Time Period of Five
Years in the Life of Alexander**

By: Alexander

Then, I wished I was older.
Now, I wish I was younger.
Then, I was in the seventh grade at St. Hugo.
Now, I am a senior at U of D Jesuit.
Then, I couldn't describe how I was.
Now, I know who I am.
Then, I wanted to change everything.
Now, I am at ease with myself.
Then, I had no idea what I wanted, just to grow up.
Now, I have a plan, but it's scary growing up.
Then, I was ignorant, wanting to know more.
Now, I am experienced, and I wish I wasn't.
Then, I had no idea what certain improper things were.
Now, I have learned and regret I have done so.
Then, I was Christopher Robin, content with a childhood imagination.
Now, I am Holden Caulfield, yearning to hold onto the past.
Then, we were black and white with our beliefs.
Now, everything is a haze of gray.
Then, I wished I was older.
Now, I wished I didn't have the responsibilities.
Then, I wished I was experienced in the world.
Now, I want a cleansing.
Then, my mind was blank and pure.
Now, my mind is full and confused and corrupt.
Then, my friends came from the same area.
Now, I know people all over.
Then, my influences stayed the same.
Now, my influences come from everything and anyone.
Then, I was unhappy with my enclosed childhood.
Now, I am unhappy with my exposed adulthood.
Then, I wished I was older and had a challenge.
Now, I wish I was younger and everything was simpler.
Then, I wished I was older.
Now, I wish I was younger.

Walk With Me, Let's Invigorate Our Being

By: Bill Kemp

I am afoot with my vision,
Visions vary from person to person, creature to creature, from time to time,
The vision I behold on this walk takes me beyond myself,
To my outlying, living world,
Join the walk and join the vision.

The people I see on this walk I cannot forget,
Their images burnt into my memory for eternity,
Their voices etched in my ears,
The pier gives a bird's eye view of family and friends,
These people are of my world.

The neighbor mowing his lawn while musing over of his girlfriend,
The siren in the distance evolving into a bronze creature on her vessel,
Spewing great amount of energy from his lungs, the father calls for more gasoline,
A docile brother on the breezy grass silently obeys,
Screaming for no apparent reason, the little girl in the pontoon grows tired.

The roofer clutching dry, crusty leaves to fling them into space while meditating on
the meaning of life,
Cracking a bewildering crossword puzzle, the grandfather snores on the oak deck,
Smelling warm, crisp apple pie indicates the presence of women in the vicinity,
Surging forth, a skilled sailor calls "starboard" to an immobilized fellow.

The things I see on this walk across this cool metal landing invigorate the senses,
Blowing my hair back, the seadoo whips cool spray across my body,
The sailboat merges me with nature and refreshes my being,
The speedboat launches me across perilous wake at horrific, yet satisfying speed,
The binoculars on the table magnify certain bronze creatures in the distance to my
delighted eye,
Desiring attention, the canine barks for a bone but instead, a wooden baton is thrown
in the opposite direction.
The tree waving its flowery leaves at its thousand neighbors and to me,
But, I ask, what answer can I give,
Alert as a student, listen to your world that tree says to me.

Tell me, my friend, have you truly appreciated foreign influence or enlightenment?
Listen to the whispers, imbibe it into your being, act on it,
Learn from others' mistakes and their successes as well,
Breathe in your environment, for it exhales so much knowledge to you.

The people I see tell me their whispers, the deepest parts of their being,

The things I see on this walk provide me with sensory fulfillment,
The walk impresses on me the glory of the awake person,
The invigoration of the senses is the invigoration of the being,
The awake person does not bellow for more information since it is in front of him,
The awake person sees all that invigorates the senses and the being.
And I choose to be awake rather than ignorant,
I choose to let the world become part of my being, part of my soul.

All connected in our symbiotic relationships on these walks of life,
Come to me, my friend, ask a question or give sage advice,
Let us help each other,
And let us invigorate our senses and our being.

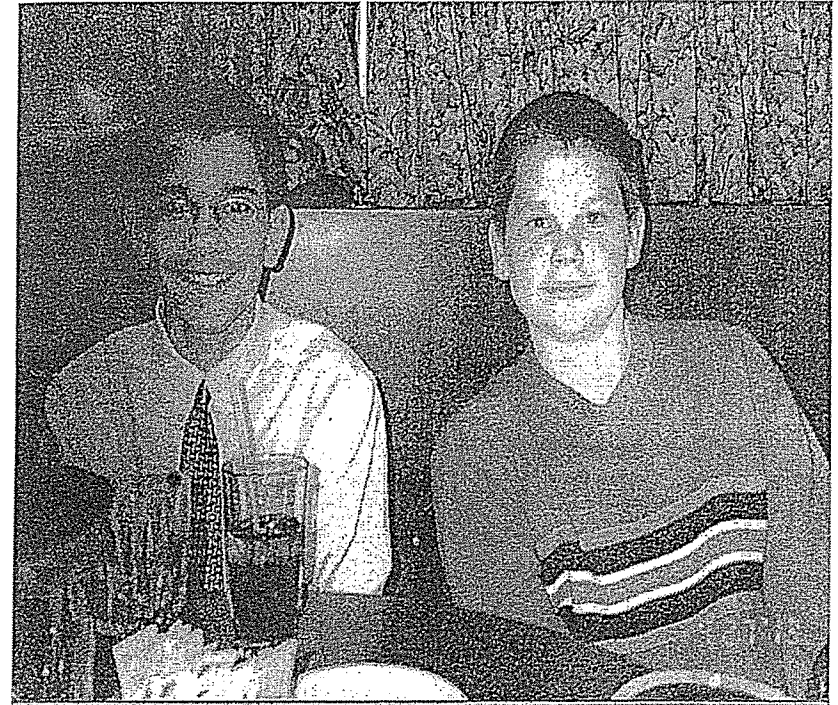
How are you more knowledgeable than your world?
Why do you ignore those whispers?
The world knows all because it observes all and imbibes it into its own existence,
Learn from he who sees all,
Invigorate one's senses through the knowledge of the outside world,
Invigorate one's being through the knowledge of the outside world.

I see these people all around me walking as well,
Affecting who I am and who I will be,
Sometimes unbeknownst to me,
Through them, I become my own person.
Walk with me, let's invigorate our being.

My Father/ My Dad

By: Michael Maiorano

The strong hand of my father guides through life
His robust cologne a smell of familiarity, a sign that I am young, but I
am safe
Like a hawk, the careful eyes of the father watch over my every move.
I feel his care, but I also feel the pressure to succeed
I hear the wise old man's lessons, but I don't always listen for I am
naïve
And yet the childish hand of my father playfully lifts the rambunctious
son
Tears come from his eyes as he sees himself in this little child
His mouth is curled into a smile, because although he has to be a
father, he wants to be a Dad



Building the Fire
Anthony Sabat

Framed Retrospective

By: Rubin Quarcoopome

Such a warm day as the sun shone behind my cousin and I,

Angry memories of "The Flintstones in Viva Rock Vegas" lingered in our minds,

Almost as much as the smell of cheap, yet addictive popcorn.

We hid our contempt for the film underneath our smiles,

But our rather childish gestures conveyed more than words could ever hope to.

At such a young age,

How could we possibly expect to cope with such cynical fury?

So the peace symbols and folded arms had to be enough.

Those and the Cheshire cat grins were child code for:

"Man that film was awful," "Why do adults love pictures so much?"

And "How much longer must we stand in the sun?"

Overall, however, it was a good day,

It was calm and quiet and perfect for a picture,

A "Kodak Moment."

As we relaxed and got into position on the side of my dad's then-new van,

I thought to myself,

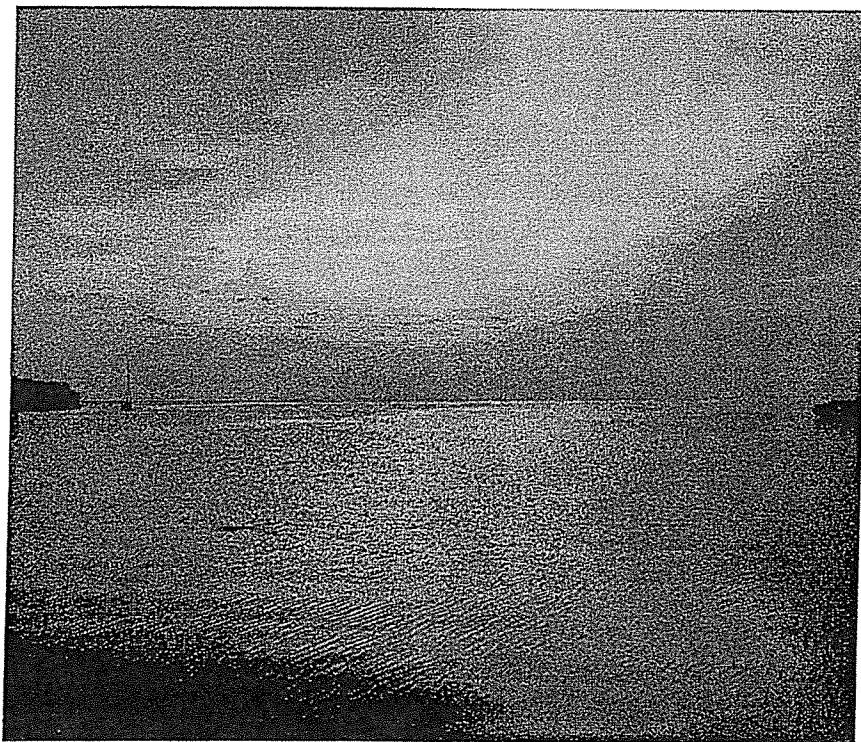
"Honestly, how much longer must I stand next to her?"

The peace symbols truly embarrassed me.

from *AP English*: October 24: Never the Forgotten

By: Mark Anthony Arceño

Inside, I feel safe, while at the same time, I know that others do not. It's not their fault, so is it mine? I have at least four walls, a roof, and a floor, a place that I can call my own; the children, a small partition in an open hut, if not less. While I lay in the comforts of my bed, while I fill myself until I feel no hunger, other children around the world lay on the ground, oftentimes not having anything but hope for food to fill their stomachs. When the cargo planes or heavy-duty trucks sound, the children cry out of sheer joy. Few would be willing to believe that international co-operatives can solve the problems that face these children day to day; fewer still would be willing to live the lives that these children face day to day. Children are said to be the future; however, current conditions prevent so many from ever living in it. Of all days, this is the day to speak out against injustice, and the time to take action around the world and here at home. This becomes a day about people, people who feel and live life just as we do, unfortunately not in the same ways. With realization, understanding, and compassion, I feel no guilt, but rather the same feelings that these children feel. That I can live my life with an open mind and empathy towards the less fortunate of the world causes me to carry on a search for the root of their problems. Yet reading over what I just wrote, I wonder if they truly are "less fortunate." Universally speaking, we are all of one Being, and therefore, no one is really superior to another. I share not only a feeling of inner safety with the children of the world but also that same feeling that every child around the world exudes: a hope for a better tomorrow.



Keys Sunset

Brain Sevald



No Name
Tom Irving

Reflection 6 - Love

By: Alex Jones

Caring.

But how much?

Does it merely matter

Or does the outcome mean so much

That it causes panic attacks

Freak outs

Cold sweats

And an all around chaotic worrying?

Giving.

But how much?

Is it just chipping in a little bit

Or is it contributing everything you have

Until you have nothing left except yourself

And then giving that too

Without a second thought?

Is it one of these?

Or both?

Or is there more?

Well and Good

By: Anonymous

There is a man of education

who believes British historization

of writing is well for anyone

even adoring a country name for his son

This man believes practice and quantity

will mold and well into quality

The man warns caution in mistakes

which leads for sentences to break

his structure and standards are very dry

while his humor is as wry

his stature was not very steep

though his notes and papers were a heap

his quizzes and work did fall

what else can a man teach you well

Cycle

By: Kevin Douglas

Morning

I jumped off the porch

With a great sound I hit the ground.

I imagined myself as a tiger in the hunt

Searching for my repast. I had the jar in

My hand to confine my prey in. I ran down

The stone laid path towards the garden

Jumping over toys and bikes as if stones in a pond

I slowed down as I reached the jungle of colors

And of sweet smells, and of course of my hunt.

I came upon a bee and in a great motion I had

Him in my jar, which I placed swiftly in my side

Bag. Ah, I saw a Monarch on the lily. I came upon

It and it flew away, but not fast enough to get away from me!

I quickly came upon it and it flew higher and I Jumped

And caught the Monarch in the jar. I am in such joy

that my hunt has gone well. I took my prey to the

Hottest part of the farm near the barn. I took out the jars

And placed them on the edge, so I could see them slowly.

Die. I wanted death. I needed death for the hunt to be completed.

I wanted to kill for the sake of killing. I wanted my chance.

Noon

I saw myself sitting and watching, but nothing happened

The hounds were out of the house and I wanted to Play.

So I took my prey out of the sun and into the cold. I played.

And while I was playing a new predator was upon my prey

Like a thief in the night he stole my hunt and let them go

I saw this and rushed over, over come with madness

I attacked this giant...I got a hold of his leg with my

Teeth and he yelled like a dog giving birth. He bled

And I bit harder. He pushed me down on the ground.

The white linen on the clothes line fell to the ground.

And I was mad. I asked the giant in anger and madness
Why? He grinned and the fight was on again. I felt around
for a weapon but I only found earth. I crunched the earth in
My hand and it turned to stone and my hand started bleed. It hit the
Ground and I wanted a lion attack from the woods for the sweet aroma
of it. I got to my feet again, with the rock still in my hand. And looked
up at the Giant and said, "that was my chance to kill, my chance to
become a Man." he laughed "killing a bug is nothing." At that moment
I wanted To kill him. I was Cain again, hungry for more death and
respect and I wanted Abel dead because he was with the father.

Night

"You got to kill with father." That all I could think of
How this giant was with the father before me. The rock was
Still in my hand and the blood was still hitting the earth
he walked away from me. I was filled with more anger I felt
The devil himself would tremble and bow to me. I raised my arm
To throw the rock at the giant head and destroy the predator
that took away my hunt. And as I was about to throw the rock
My hand opened and the stone fell to the ground
And I realized that I couldn't kill. And for the first
Time I cried. I mourned. For the hunt was over for
The father. And I was still a boy. And the giant would
Live for another day.

from Marriage & Family: The Path

By: Mark Anthony Arceño

The goal of my life is to help God through helping others.

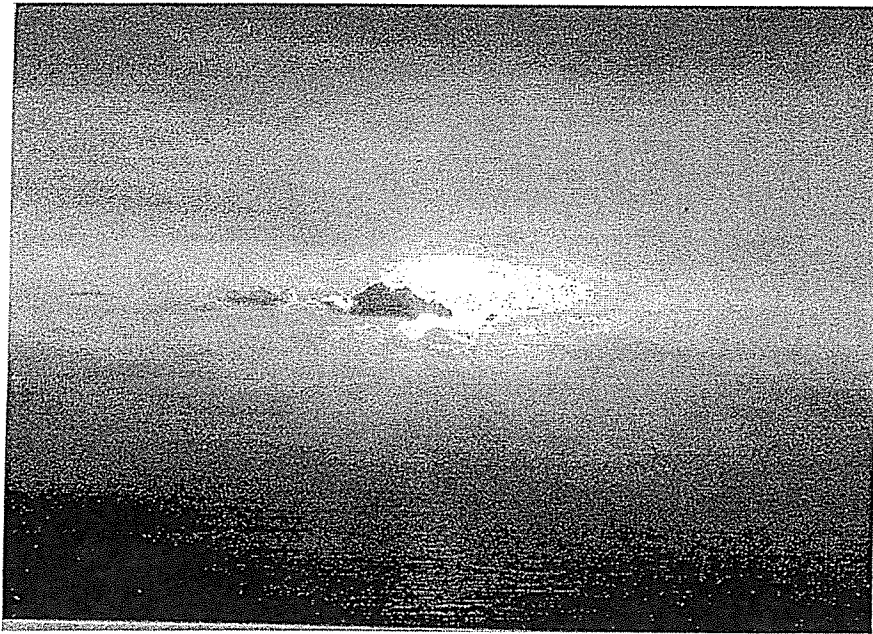
God, who gave me life, has remained with me at every step of it.
Having shown me new and different paths—different opportunities—
I have been able to discern which path is right for me;
It is a path that is, yes, one full of uncertainty, and may very well be one
That can be deemed as the wrong one, but
With God as my guide, it is a path that I can trust will lead me ever closer to
Him.

When I fail, He is there; when others fail, He is there.
God is always there for every single person.
My eyes and ears were shut, my voice was silent, but
Now, my eyes and ears are ready to witness, my voice is ready to speak, for
On—and continuing to live—the Fourth,
God has blessed me, by allowing me to experience Him, especially through
others.
While I am now ready, others still fall behind.
While I may have fallen behind, there are those that I am able to look up to,
and ask for help.

By occupation, I am not a photographer, I am not a diplomat, and I am not a
linguist.
I am forever a student.
By deduction, I am a thinker, I am a decision maker, and I am a helper.
I am not a quitter.
Thus, I have been provided with many gifts, gifts which I cannot give, and
so, I share:
Intelligence, love, understanding, and cooperation, logic, truth, faith, and
hope.
It is for my belief in a world that is one day full of peace and unity,
That I believe in both the power of prayer and quiet diplomacy, at which time
there is
No social and economic injustice, no rebellion, no weaponry, and no
insecurity.
It is for the child in Darfur, it is for the teenage rebels in Paris,
It is for the planter in South America, it is for the fisher in Asia,
It is for the Catholic Church, it is for God,

That I am so ready, willing, and able, to challenge myself to do more,
That I am so ready, willing, and able, to share my gifts with others,
That I am so ready, willing, and able, to aid in the bridging of the gap
between
The lost and the found, the oppressed and the oppressor, the world and God.

My only desire and my one choice is thus:
I want and I choose the path which I believe will lead me to God,
But which first goes through the other people that God has also given life and
gifts to share.



Orange Sun
Michael Bou- Maroun

Breakdown, Breakthrough
Mark Anthony Arceño

I know I said it was all okay,
But it's not.

Bottled emotions no longer exist when you can hear them swirling in
your head.
I heard them.

Four years, I've worked too hard for this,
While at the same time, I have enjoyed every step.

After four years, I have recognized my potential, built up expectations,
and have seen a collapse.
I have remained quiet.

Yet, I have found an immense support group, a family that has grown
apart and closer every season.
Though it has believed in me, I have aimed to remain realistic.

But if this is to remain so, I must think about why I do what I do.
If the world remains realistic, could change ever occur? If you still
believe idealistically, the future is bright.

Still, the pressure remains,
For in me, I claim the best.

Confusion, perhaps anger,
Pride, perhaps happiness;

Sleep lost, friendships strengthened,
Time lost, experiences gained.

Whether it be a one-track bus system,
Or twenty-four spots in a hallway, this year I will remember forever.

I said not to put too much hope into me for that would only make me

want the best possibility.
You did so anyway, and I thank you for that.

Those who were with me, thank you.
For those who believe in me, thank you.

Thank you for doing your best, thank you for forcing me to do my best.
That's all we can ever expect from each other.

Tears, laughter, smiles, frustration,
Yelling, calming, success, resolution.

It's all done now, don't dwell in the past.
Live in the now, speak while you have the chance.

Live with each other, never against.
Live to better this world, to make it safer, so that tomorrow

You can begin your best again.

I know I said that I didn't want to talk about it,
But I'm glad that I did.

From AP English: Change Amongst the Steady Beat
By: Mark Anthony Arceño

Then, concerned by numbers and forces,
Then, governed by these and those courses,
Then I dreamed of flying in space,
Then I wished to join in that race.
Now, five years have gone past my eyes;
Now have I decided to open them wide.
Now, I left that world five years prior,
Now, I move on to issues, which now, are quite dire.

Then, unconcerned with the issues at hand,
Now, they shout with a force, oh so grand.
Then, blinded of all, many not free,
Now, I seek for the leader in me.

Then, saddened by the loss of a toy,
Now, I am saddened by the injustice—no joy.
Then, pulled in by paths already laid,
Now, pulled in by the choices I've made.

Then, following the lead already set,
Then, quieted by voices then sounding ahead,
Now, taking charge of problems left and right,
Now, stretching thin, I seek the will, the might.
Then, baffled by the long lists of tasks,
Then, halted still by my multiple masks,
Then, unsure of the road that I walked,
Then, I was careful of how I talked.

Now, there's no fear,
Now, I'm sure that's a lie.
Now, there's been change, I am certain,
Now, I think know why.

Then, I was young, my future uncertain;
Now, this is the life of the children, forgotten and curtailed,

Then, my plans continued to change;
 Now, many fail to have that choice, that freedom, that range.
 Then, I was young, my present decided;
 Now, this is the life of the children, that luxury provided.
 Then, I had hope, for a better tomorrow;
 Now, these children hold on, each day full of sorrow.
 Then, I was twelve, myself not so worried,
 Now, seventeen, time still moves on, steady, unhurried.



Jenna
 David Zagorowski

One Unfinished Resolution

By: Mark Anthony Arceno

I find it quite ironic that I just happened to be born in a hospital situated on United Nations Avenue. To many, this may seem irrelevant; I on the other hand see it as some sort of fate.

I go up to the dais for the first time this MUN simulation, during my first year as a delegate. I'd spent a few hours on this simple resolution a few days at a time, and it felt like a winning one. I've always taken my work seriously, expecting little failure. This one document has gone through two simulations already, and I still haven't been able to get it discussed, let alone on the agenda—until now. I introduce my ideas to the economic committee—ideas that took so long to write just the way I liked. Perhaps only twenty minutes go by, and the Speakers' List expires. I can't bear to recall how the voting went afterwards, yet I'll do so anyway: I only see a few placards wearily go up into the air in favor of the resolution (we must have all been new at Model UN); the veterans enthusiastically stab the air with their placards, bringing down not only the resolution, but my hopes of success, as well.

I walk through the long security line leading into a massive building, unsure of what to expect. I see no flags yet on their posts, but the scenery nevertheless amazes me. Thousands of students and teachers, amidst all the tourists and city-dwellers, wrap around the sidewalk as they battle the crisp air which lingers on after the winter's end. Although I can't quite see the beacon harping at me, something within the building commands some sort of importance. I finally reach the entrance, and my fellow delegates and I walk through with awe and excitement. We have prepared for this national competition for at least four months now. We'd already passed through metal detectors; we approach a second set. I've never been through, nor seen, such heightened security in the past.

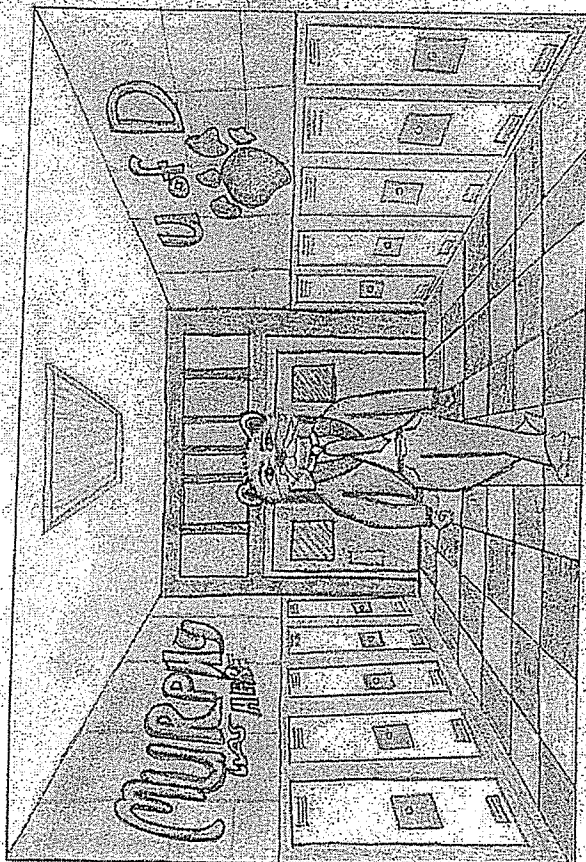
Nearly twenty years has passed since my first visit as a student, and I've returned once again, my eyes seeing the now-familiar bilingual signs: first in English, followed by French. The blue carpeting meets the green, marking the entrance and exit of the General Assembly room. My first glimpse into this

majestic room takes me by surprise, although I've been here too many times to count; I never expect such grandeur, such a calling of importance, yet here it is always waiting. The delegates have already arrived. Amidst the noise, I see the alphabetical arrangement of the nations, the two massive electronic boards listing the 191, the dais for the Secrétaire-Général and his fellow Secretariat colleagues, and the huge, golden world sided with two golden olive leaves. Twenty years ago, I sat in the area for the Portuguese delegation. Now, my viewpoint comes from the seats of the Republic of the Philippines. A few rows ahead, I spot a classmate of mine from graduate school sitting with the rest of the French delegation.

Much progress has been made since my first attempt at this four years ago: the resolution format has reached perfection, the grammar and spelling mistakes have been reduced drastically, and my points are on target. I wonder if this would actually prevail in the real setting. I go back up to the dais. I've been here several times previously. I've become more and more persistent, influential, and experienced with every return. The failure of the past has only made me stronger; one learns from his mistakes. I take a deep breath and then present my resolution. Those in front of me pay attention to my every word which now flows with such conviction. I sit back down, and I notice that what once took only twenty minutes of people's time has been transformed to writing that has taken a whole session to discuss. Of course it passes, but by only a slim margin: one vote.

Much debate, deciphering, and deliberation has gone by these past few weeks, and now the delegates prepare to vote. After speaking with my fellow delegates, they finally decide to go with my decision, and we side with what we believe is the minority vote. All quickly confirm their decisions, and vote. Many red dots scatter over the giant screen. Our voting bloc appears unstable, and I do not know what to expect. Actually, what else can one expect from an organization so large, yet so vulnerable? One can only hope... I do. Green dots follow; I see no yellow. The computer system immediately tabulates the votes. The resolution passes. What was once an uncertainty amongst the minority nations has certainly shocked all of the voting blocs, as well as our own delegation. The resolution has just passed by a slim margin, by a vote of one.

After the closing of my final simulation, I received many congratulations on my work and the result of its passing. I still receive that same praise, but now, it's no longer a simulation: I realize that this is the real thing. What I once took as a basic introduction to international politics, has now become a reality in which I can apply all that I have learned. I turn around, and one of the French delegates, that classmate of mine in Paris, speaks with me. We talk about the surprising results. After twenty minutes, he says, "Who would ever have guessed that the voice of one person would have made the world of a difference?"



Hallway
Brian Sevald

The Note Game By Chuck Hornstein

A certain wise teacher gives this advice when it comes to marriage: one day, you must be able sit down with your soul mate and tell them everything you've ever done. It is this trust and openness that provides the perfect foundation for marriage. And I really do mean everything.

The teacher does not just discuss marriage; he also discusses relationships between friends, family, coworkers, and just about everyone else you can think of. One point he makes pretty clear is that life will be much easier if the criteria you have in mind for a friend are similar to the criteria you have in mind for a girlfriend. The same goes for marriage; if you have a completely different mindset, then how can you expect someone to change instantly?

So in other words, a true friend should have that same kind of openness.

With that in mind, my story begins with a best friend. We decided we should test ourselves, and the power of friendship.

"Your turn." I read. Lex and I are passing notes through Psychology class, telling each other every secret we've ever had in our lives. It's almost become a contest.

I write this: "I don't know if I can top your last secret, Miss Pen 15." and pass it back unnoticeable.

When the note returns to me, it says this. "-It wasn't fifteen. It felt more like twelve. And if you tell anyone about my 'experimenting' I swear I will cut your throat open. Painfully slow too. Now it's your turn."

I write carefully, "We've got enough information on each other that neither of us are really in a position to say anything. Anyways, sorry that I've prolonged my turn. I needed time to think of something."

The way to play the game works like this: one person starts off telling their best friend, via a note, a small secret about them. Lex starts the game with a simple one: she hasn't bathed in three days out of absent mindedness. It becomes my turn, and I write that I forge all of my absent notes for school. Sure, the game starts out slow; everyone hesitates when they know it's time to take off the mask. It's like getting into a pool; sometimes you just have to take baby steps, adjusting along the way.

Don't worry, if you play it right, the game lasts quite a few pages, and has some pretty interesting results. Only your true friends will be able to still look at you the same way after something like this. This is, in theory, the ultimate way to discover who's really your friend and who isn't.

Like I said, the game gets pretty juicy in due time. Lex tried to seduce her cousin once. I had to go to a gay rights festival to promote publicity for my stepfather's political campaign. Lex is the product of a rape, and I am secretly bisexual. As of right now though, Lex's thrillingly horrifying "fifteen pen trick" takes the cake. As for my turn, I write down the biggest one yet: I skipped school one day,

claiming to go for a college visit, when in reality I was in the middle of the semifinals of a national video game tournament. Not even those popular shooting games, like *Halo 2*. A certain game recommended for ages ten and up. A certain game everyone liked in fifth grade, then decided was "gay" by sixth. People are fickle like that; apparently I'm not so much.

The bell rings. Lex looks at me and shakes her head. "Well, that explains how you mysteriously could afford your guitar and amp." She hands me the note, and whispers her next one into my ear. I'll let your imagination determine the next one. What could be more intense of a secret than mine?

I slip the note into my pocket, and we go our separate ways for the rest of the day. We don't have many classes together from there.

After school, I meet up with Lex at a theatre. We're going to see *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, which we, being the dorks we are, have been waiting in line to see since school let out.

"We're going to be in line forever!" Lex cries. "Look at all of these losers, lined up to see *Harry Potter*. Isn't that sad?"

I say nothing at all. Who am I to cast a stone?

"Well anyways," Lex says, "If you're bored too, we could pick up where we left off with the game."

Humiliation is the best medicine after all, so I agree. (Or was it laughter? Eh, either way the mission is accomplished.)

"I don't really think we need to write it down though, since we're in a public place. No one is listening to us anyway."

"Fine. Just go then." She says.

"I don't know what you are talking about," I say, lying. "It's your turn."

"I swear it is your turn! Look at the sheet, and I'll prove it to you."

Crap. She's onto me. Maybe she won't make the connection that she physically told me her last secret, and I can talk my way into getting another from her. I reach into my pocket confidently, and pull out nothing but air.

Double crap.

"Hold on a second," I tell her calmly as I scramble through every pocket of every piece of clothing I own. I think she figures it out somewhere around when I take off my shoes while looking in desperation.

"You don't have the note, do you?"

"Have' is a very strong word, Lex..."

"Oh well," she says. "We'll just start another."

I give her a good ten seconds to realize that both our names are on that sheet. Suicide comes in the form of an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of loose leaf. Sorry, Hermione, our social well being has to come first- however much that may be.

We drive back to the school and decide it is best to retrace my steps throughout that day, starting with the next class I had after Psychology: lunch.

Now the thing with lunch is that I am constantly moving about. The moderators tend to frown upon people taking space for too long, so I change my table frequently so that I can eat a full lunch. Otherwise, I spend my entire lunch period in line, and have to leave before I eat what I pay for.

The problem with this now is that the note could be anywhere in this room. On the other hand, we could be wasting time looking for it in this abyss; it could be in the other room, right out in the open. It could be lying on the floor, begging someone to pick it up.

We spend the entire evening looking for that note, up until the point at which the janitor kicks us out. Still no note. We decide that tomorrow is another day, and we would probably have the same chances of finding it. In the rushing crowds of people, I doubt that anyone would take the time to pick it up. Most people, no matter how old they get, are very egocentric. They're not necessarily selfish, they just fail to notice much outside their own personal life.

We walk back to my house, where *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets* makes an appearance on television, and we decide that's good enough for now. Besides the television, my living room also has a computer. My stepfather cleverly placed it there such that monitoring my every move on the internet is within his peripheral vision. I never understood why he needs to do this; there are enough parental controls to monitor where the mouse even considers moving.

While we're watching the movie, I take the time to log into *MySpace* just to see what's new. Lex gives me her usual scold.

"MySpace is a joke. Half the people on it only are because it's a fad and a popularity contest. 'Oh man, I'm sweet because I have 1,000 friends online, that I would never talk to otherwise! I'm so popular!' And the other half are there to either talk about how much their lives suck or to hook up with someone they don't know. I fail to see any relationship that could work through the internet."

I respond with three words: *You've Got Mail*.

That's when the horror strikes. A guy named Jack at my school apparently found the note, and posted it on MySpace for the entire world to see. And like Lex says, that's the true fad right now, so of course everyone in the school has seen it by now. We of all people were stupid enough to use each other's names in the note.

Jack is not the most open-minded kid in the school. He is your stereotypical insecure teenager, the kind that has to put down others in order

to make himself look good. Unfortunately, years of practice make anyone crafty, so he gave a painful commentary on everything we wrote. I look at Jack's MySpace information, and sure enough, he has 1,311 friends. Only half of which go to our own school.

"Well maybe it's not so bad." Lex tells me. Oh how naïve she is.

I read aloud a few portions of his commentary.

-I don't see why these two don't hook up; I mean one likes both men and women, and the other looks like both a man and a woman!

-And how screwed up can you be to want to date your cousin? Although actually, Lex's secrets sort of fit together like a puzzle; they all explain- or can be explained by- her casual drinking.

Lex screams in utter horror.

The next day feels like we have a disease. Everyone stares and whispers, but no one comes close enough to really catch anything. Actually, you could argue that this *is* a disease. In a school where you are guilty by association, stupidity is indeed the most fatal disease you can find.

Something very unexpected happens soon. A friend of mine named Natie walks up to us, and gives his usual sarcastic "What up dog." The odd thing about it is that Natie is quite possibly one of the biggest nerds in this school, and therefore Natie is probably the first to find a devastation such as ours on the internet. Nothing on the internet moves an inch without his knowing. Instead of coming up to mock us, he performs a gesture I could never have expected. He gives me a hug, and whispers in my ear, "I accept you."

Over the day, I found that a few choice people gave similar reactions to Natie. They weren't necessarily as blunt, or out in the open, but many people who knew were mature enough to let it go. Some even opened up to us back, admitting they have certain habits in common. So I guess that the theory behind this test works after all; this kind of exercise really does tell you who's a real friend and who isn't. And sure, there's no denying that I received plenty of insults here and there throughout the day as well. But hey, now I know.

I strongly recommend taking my idea to your best friend. Take off the mask, and see what's underneath. If you are lucky enough, you will find the same result that I did: the only people in this world that are worth impressing are those that will never judge you to begin with.

Some How

By: Darrick Ervin II

Born early May
The last of four

Second baby boy

He couldn't talk or walk

All he wanted to do was eat

After that cry and

Then go to sleep

A little person

In a huge world

Curious, he had to-

Taste, smell and touch everything

Innocent in the heart

And never scared

Then he started to crawl one day

Just that quick he stood

He tried to walk and fell many times

He began to walk

Next he spoke

As the years went by

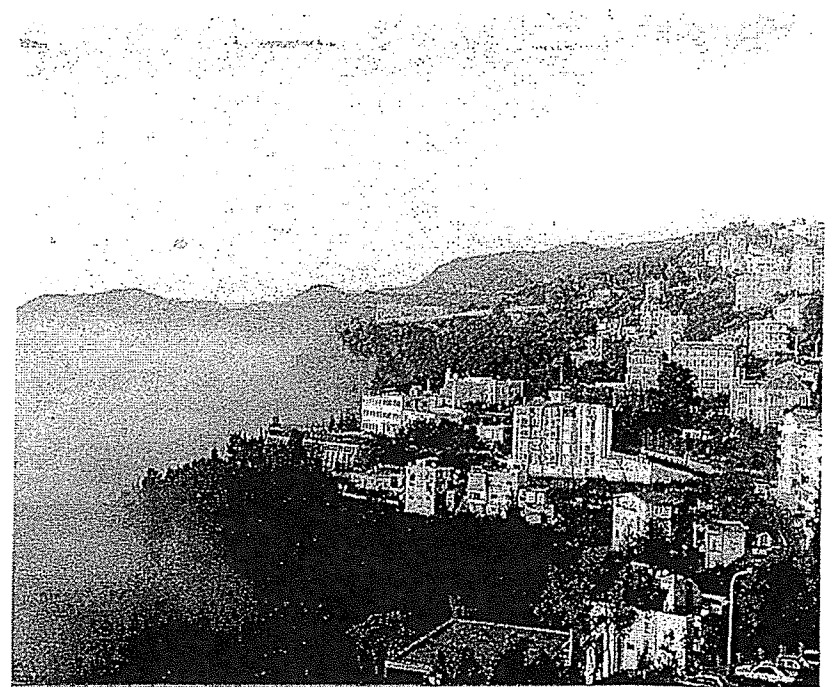
Walking became running
And speaking became yelling and screaming
Now crying became a way of obtaining items
Getting attention or getting others in trouble
Innocent words soon
Became guilty lies
No more curiosity
Just pure disobedience
The hits and grabbing of the face and hands
Became very disastrous and painful
He took what he wanted
Was provided with what he needed
More years passed
1st grade is here
Learns to share
Tells the truth... more often
Cries are few
Still runs crazy and wild
And has become pretty strong
Talks and never stops

But now he understands the difference between

Right, wrong, when, how

Why and why not

He had to learn -some how-

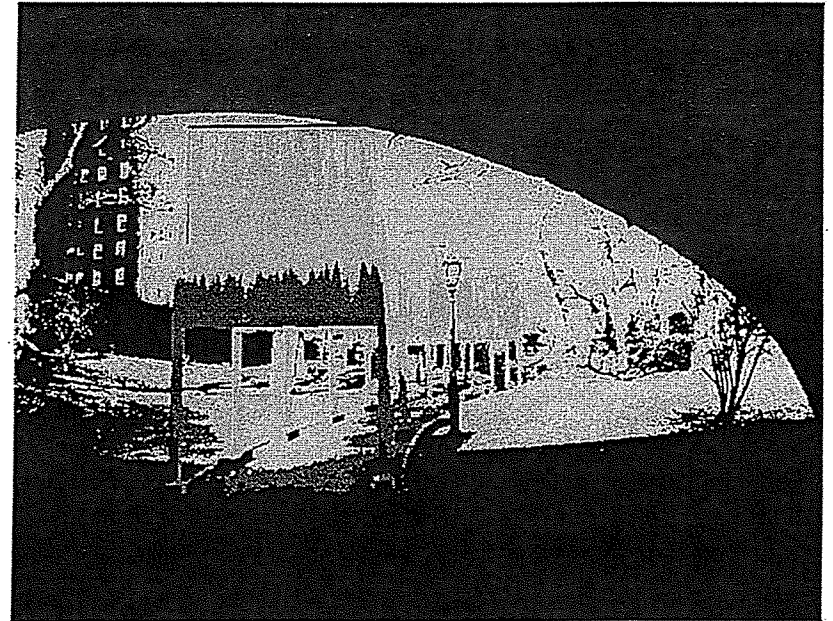


Mountains
Michael Bou-Maroun

Unspoken

By: Ross Berg

I'm here once again
hello my friend I whisper
standing in front of the glass
at four a.m.
my special hour
I can't find the words
to utter at the moment
too fixed on the dimples and spheres
compromising the canticle of identity
i carry on every day
I touch the glass now
cold and strong like my hand
they form and kiss each other
my reflection and I
unifying in an all too reminiscent fashion.
Memories fading by like high musical notes
I stand with the cousin I've never had
drinking hope like the good wine it is
he pauses in his unique fashion and i stop abruptly
We drink deeper as if to curse the unspoken evil
wandering in our indifference
reality gives chase
as it does to all now dwelling.
in the eclipse of 'civilized life'
Sprinting across my wayward home
he falls behind and is taken into darkness
fading back into the black of the eclipse
I see now that I am outside forevermore
my beloved relative.
I halt and face the unspoken
acquiescing to my emotions
throwing my fist out in a conceited fashion
I recoil instantly from the edged glass
careful not to shout



Paradise Lost
Kevin Douglas

Reflection 15 - Fallen Hero

By: Alex Jones

Disappointment
Betrayal.
You ... liar.
You said...
But you lied.
You hedonistic
Apathetic.
Self-centered
Fool.
I wouldn't even care
But you lied
And that's what matters.
You betray and disappoint me
Not because you did it
But because you lied.

Young Man

By: Daniel McAree

I see another running in the park,
His hair and eyes are way too dark.
Whether he sits or whether he stands,
I can't escape the sight of his horrible hands.
He is not blonde, strong, or tall,
In fact, he is dark-haired, weak, and small.
And as I watch him through the fence,
I realize he has the one thing I need—confidence.

Counter-Clockwise

By: Joe Dimuzio

sunlight ripping down new-old trees
wake up to the sound of pharisees
trailing back from the sunday haze
to a warm bed and a dreaming phase

running down the street
power lines and skeleton trees
my shoes are full of dirt
talking it up like a know-it-all flirt

into the door and back to the hearth
feeling the ever-ready chimes of the earth
resonating to the sound of a gunshot
elevating counter-clockwise from the parking lot

wrap-up days in a butane face
confusing lyrics in a severe horn-raised daze
as we dance and dance to the center stage
living in a hippie car with thirteen dirty pages

but a smile on our lips
makes us feel okay
as the sunlight rises
we can feel okay

An Attitude of Gratitude

By: Paul Nona

I would like to thank you,
For being there everyday of my life, walking with me as I grew older
and carrying me when I had fallen.
I would like to thank you,
For all the days you worked at your office, laboring so that your family
could live comfortably.
I would like to thank you,
For the countless hours you've spent with me, helping me with
homework or preparing me on a subject I found obscure and difficult.
I would like to thank you,
For the values you've instilled in me, showing me how to live as a
considerate, compassionate, strong and humble person.
I would like to thank you,
For all you have done, whether it was a small task or an enormous
deed.
And as this acknowledgment comes to an end
All I can say is "thank you."

Reflection 7 - 8/20/05 -- 12:36 am

By: Alex Jones

Contentment and peace
Here in this beautiful place
I'm so glad I came

My Mother and I

By: Anthony Orah

my face – smiling.
her face – a smile.
the emotions camouflaged like her dress against the marble wall.
just the gleaming rough showing.
oh the mysteries of a mother.
the emotions so well blended into a pretty smile that a passerby might
mistake her for something other than happy.
it is rare that a mother shows her true emotion when trying to make
someone else happy.
and when one loves his mother as I do,
I would love to know how she feels so
if sad
I can make her feel better.

The Test

By: Charles Chrisman

Two long time foes stare each other down,
One with the determination to move mountains,
The other with a blank expression.
The weapons are chosen, one grabs a spear,
The other is armed with only its mind.
They start to fight and skirmish many times,
Neither side willing to back down.
The one with the spear is able to hold his own,
But the other continues to challenge him,
Only using its opponents faults against him.
In the end, there is silence,
until a single voice can be heard,
"Pens down!"

Reflection 1 – Past

By: Alex Jones

The drone of bugs and birds outside the window
It's all the noise in an otherwise completely quiet setting
It functions almost like silence, though
For it is merely in the background.
The foreground is the empty house where I am
And the boxes in the house that I am going through.
I sift through the tomes contained inside them
And I find the past
But not just any past
My past, though that only goes back so far
For it is really someone else's
Mine just intersects
Crashing in at some indefinite point
Following most of the same twists and turns
For better and for worse.
The story I am reading seems distant yet familiar
And it strikes me in a place that no other story has.
Though it seems so familiar, disbelief remains
Can this really be my story?
Could I have really done those things?
I am sick
For the story, at its core, is not a very pretty one
And its familiarity disturbs me
For I know it is mine.

Inner Struggle: Words between the Devil and A Man of Flame

By: Marvin Wells

And the Demon asked, "What could possibly drive you?"

"It's an inner fire
always burning hotter,
a burning desire driving me further!

It's an eternal fire
flames rising higher,
a God-given will that lets me believe in myself!"

And he asked, "When you are defeated and alone, doesn't the fire
grow cold?"

"Even when others won't believe in me,
I don't need their sympathy.
In a world often cold without empathy;
I'm not alone, there'll always be those..."

With an internal fire
always burning hotter,
an inner power driving them further!
It's our eternal fire,
the God given power,
that makes us believe in ourselves!

I broke all the false ties
forgot all the lies....

In favor of something real,
the flame of heart and destiny..."

And he said, "And yet, you are not consumed by your
ambitions....why?!"

"It's an inner fire
always burning hotter,

I can't be consumed by this God given fire!
It's an eternal fire flames rising higher,
an Ignatian desire,
to set the world on fire!
It's an inner fire always burning hotter,
a burning desire driving me!"

Reflection 2 – Frustration

By: Alex Jones

I tell you
But to no avail.
I repeat
But to no avail.
Logic
Point by point explanation
Evidence
Charts and Graphs
Expert testimony
Even a damn powerpoint presentation
But to no avail.
The truth is clear
Unambiguous.
Yet it is met with hardheadedness
Resistance
Stubbornness.
It is shooed away
"I can handle the situation"
"I know what I'm doing."
No, You Don't
That's the problem
And you refuse to acknowledge it.
Even when the truth of truths is being spoken
You ignore it
Because you know what you're doing
Because you can handle the situation.
I hope so
For your sake, I hope so

Revelation

By: Brandon Murray

As we lay here musing
I watch you, study you,
Take you in.

In this very moment
There is nothing for me but you,
I could stay here forever...

Then, you look at me
And I smile.
And I'm filled with a passion
That I can't explain.

What is it about you?
That overloads my senses,
and engulfs my soul.

Is it the light of your smile?
Or that sparkle in your eyes.

I won't pretend to comprehend
The miracle that is your love,

All I know,
Is that I love you,
And for me
That's more than enough.

Quip

By: Michael Nagrant

All the world's a stage, and I can't afford a ticket.

Death

By: Jordan

Death the final destination, one we'll all explore.
The chapters closed in the book, but you want to read some more.
Is it fair for you to be someplace you don't want to be?
Away from home, away from friends, and from family.
Who makes the choic? Who gives the verdict? It seems so unfair.
To put you in a wooden box and leave you lying there.
Is death, death or a beginning of a brand new life?
Is it true? Is it not or just a lot of hype?
So many, many questions yet to be explored
So many left unanswered but cannot be ignored.
If time would let me choose my fate, I'd rather be alive.
For I do not know what is death, so I can't decide.
The people that are very ill and the ones that go to war,
Their death's a reality, but who's keeping score.
What about your murderers and those who live in hate
When it's time for their death what will be their fate?
Will they live in eternal happiness or will they die in fright?
No one knows until their death what will be in sight.
Is it lonely like the hermit who chooses to live alone?
Or is it heavenly as Gabriel the angel takes you home?
I have to pray and trust in God - that's the way to go,
When he opens up the pearly gates and lets me in his home.

Two Tired Young Men

By: Christian Love

Two tired young men
stand with a baby in their arms wondering,
"When will this be over?"
The sight of beautiful women
flying through their heads as they stand there,
on the beach, mother saying, "Say cheese!"
The aroma of fish drifting in and out of their noses,
the vision of an elderly man
crying as he sees his family
leave on their long adventure back home.
Two tired young men being told,
"Hold him straighter!"
They ask themselves,
"Are we still going to the souvenir shop?"
Two tired young men
walk up and down the same beach every year,
but just knowing that family is there with them,
is the best memory of all.

The Kid Inside

By: Robby Pollock

Look at the young kid, zipping around,
Laughing, Crying, he scraped his knee,
That kind of innocence is rarely found,
Hide and seek, he's behind that tree,
Not a care in the world, life is good,
So naïve, never doubting a soul,
People grow up, everyone should,
But the kid inside, sees the glass half full.

Reflection 16 – Wall

By: Alex Jones

There is a wall here.
But this is no ordinary wall.
This wall has many characteristics
And many of them
Are not things that you would think
Could accurately describe a wall.
For example
This wall extends as far as the eye can see
And no matter how far down I walk
It still extends.
I'm sure I've circled the world
Trying to find a break in the wall
And I have found nothing.
The wall also extends into the sky
Brushing against the heavens
Reaching up into the atmosphere.
So I cannot go over or around the wall.
But it wouldn't be so bad
If it weren't for the last two things.
This wall, though very present, is transparent
And you are on the other side.
No matter how hard I try
I cannot reach you
I cannot hold you
I cannot have you
Because I can't get past this damn wall
That some unknown force has erected between us.
And I must say
That is is quite possibly
The worst feeling in the world
For you to be right there
Within my sight
Yet beyond my reach.
Though muffled
I can hear your voice
And smell your fragrance
And feel your presence
Yet I cannot get to you.
There is an extraordinary wall here.
And the damned thing is in my way.

Thoughts of US54972718

By: Chuck Horenstein

They say don't knock it till you try,
yet once you do you'll want to cry
unless good fortune lets you die,
and lets your loved ones wonder why.

Well isn't it a bloody shame
a million wish to play the game?
Murder murders! Win some fame
yet most just die before we learn a name.

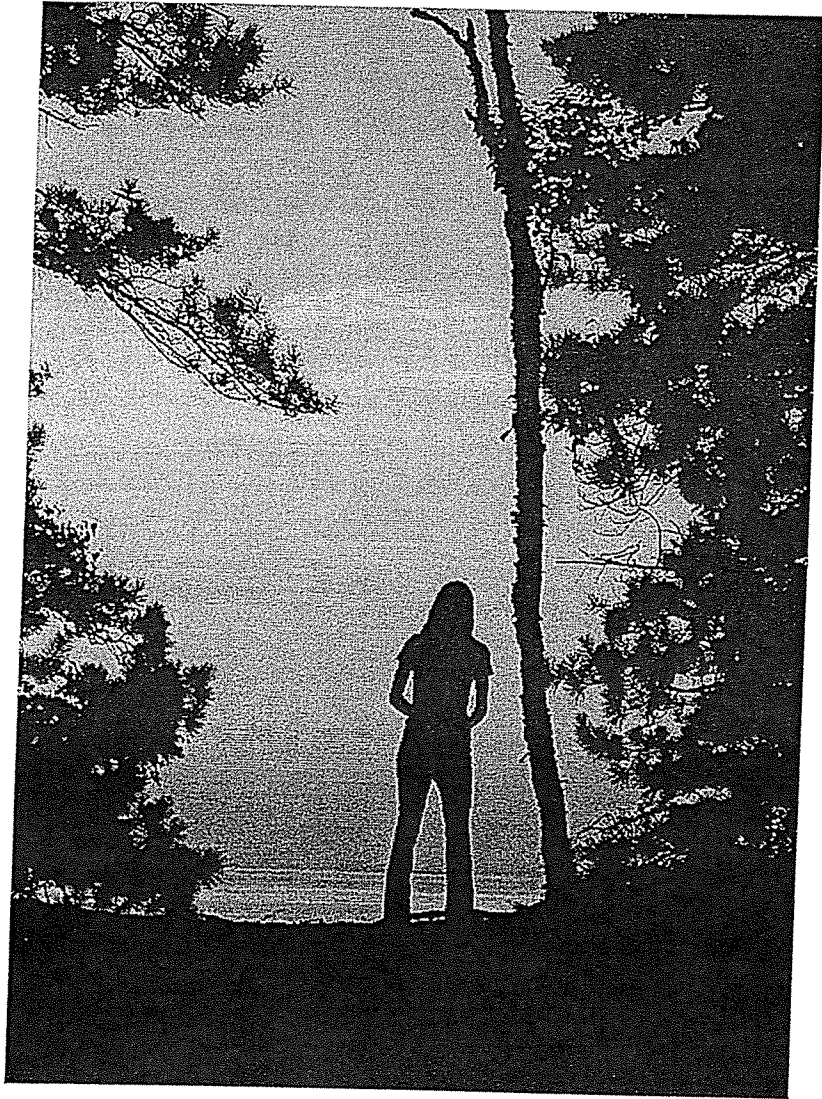
Sole survivors not the same,
with battle scars inside the brain.
In all the world, we must contain
the worst of memories to gain.

“Support what we make you believe!
Prove your worth the air you breathe!”
That's not freedom or liberty,
just one man's chance to make hist'ry.

'Cause money's safely on the side;
The rich connections let them hide
and cast the other fates aside,
to try and fix the times they've lied.

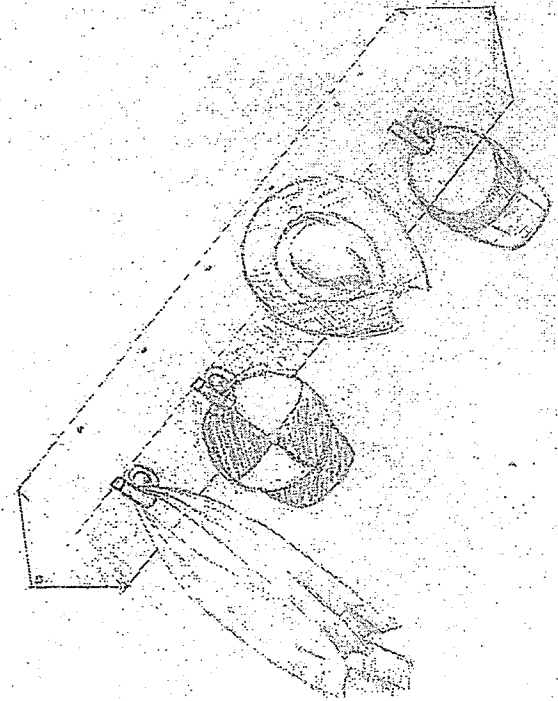
I know I'm bitter- I must be vain
for all the blood my eyes contain.
In spite of what comrades will claim,
I know I'll never be the same.

With time that's left, I just debate:
So will I die upon this date,
or soon go back to what I hate-
the place that put me in this state?



Grace

Thomas Ward



Hot Rocks
Malcolm Maclachlan

The Guitarist

By: Ross Berg

As I sit drenched in toil and sweat
in an overused subway car
a man breaks the unwritten law of silence
smothering the car and myself

his first few notes he plays
ring as a compilation
of hope and sensitivity
that satisfy everyone but him

i can see he's already gone
miles from the underground
sitting in green pastures
he waits for her to come

many leave at the first stop
but i decide to stay
and wait with him
for her unseen face

soon others join us
glad to leave their dull existences
and sit in the green pastures
of an unspoken land

it is several lifetimes
before the green fades back to mediocrity
and all those around me realize
that the music has retreated

they will ask him to play again
through bribes and pleading
the fire of their experience
burning their will into submission

he will shake his aged head
solace dripping from his fingertips
he plays for her alone
who seeks out life's oasis.

A Picture Never Lies

By: Dan Bruder

"Say cheese on three" my mother says,
We pose with happy faces.
With clean suits and fancy ties
Projected is an air of pride
With my dear uncle and I.
But none of us know what is going on inside.
So well is it hidden,
his silent suffering,
That nobody can see.
Later a bottle of sleeping pills and whiskey,
Will reveal the truth to me.
Only later is it apparent that the man with hand set on my shoulder,
Smiling coolly and composed,
Is not the man at all,
But merely his mask.
In due time all of this will eventually be known.
But now "Click" goes the camera,
And the masquerade resumes.

August Night

By: Patrick Pijls

Waves rolling on sand
Journey with a summer breeze
Moon lighting the path.

Love

By: Drew Ostin

Where o world of mine have you gone to
You have lost me in your lies and deceit
Steadfast adulation head at your feet
And when your gratitude is overdue
Blind was I, lost in my worries of how
To please you and what you thought was abhor
Did I not fulfill your needs or is your
Prehensile character forcing my vow

My heart's love is hardly sustainable
I have come to one realization
Because true love is unattainable
For most, common ground is the foundation
For all, problems will arise guaranteed
For we are not ready for love, just lust

The Power of Love

By: Jordan

A strong passion that burns deep in one's heart
With contents large like an o'erflowing sea
It brings much joy and tears hatred apart
While spreading great happiness lavishly
Feelings of desire and sweet attraction
That seem long like a ne'er ending staircase
It brings about peace and satisfaction
As it spreads like fire, at a rapid pace
Its infinite power keeps the world safe
Like an angel sent to protect his man
It yields the world from eruption and chafe
As people come together and join hands
It's like a white dove, so gorgeous and pure
When the world's in distress, love is the cure.

Growing Up

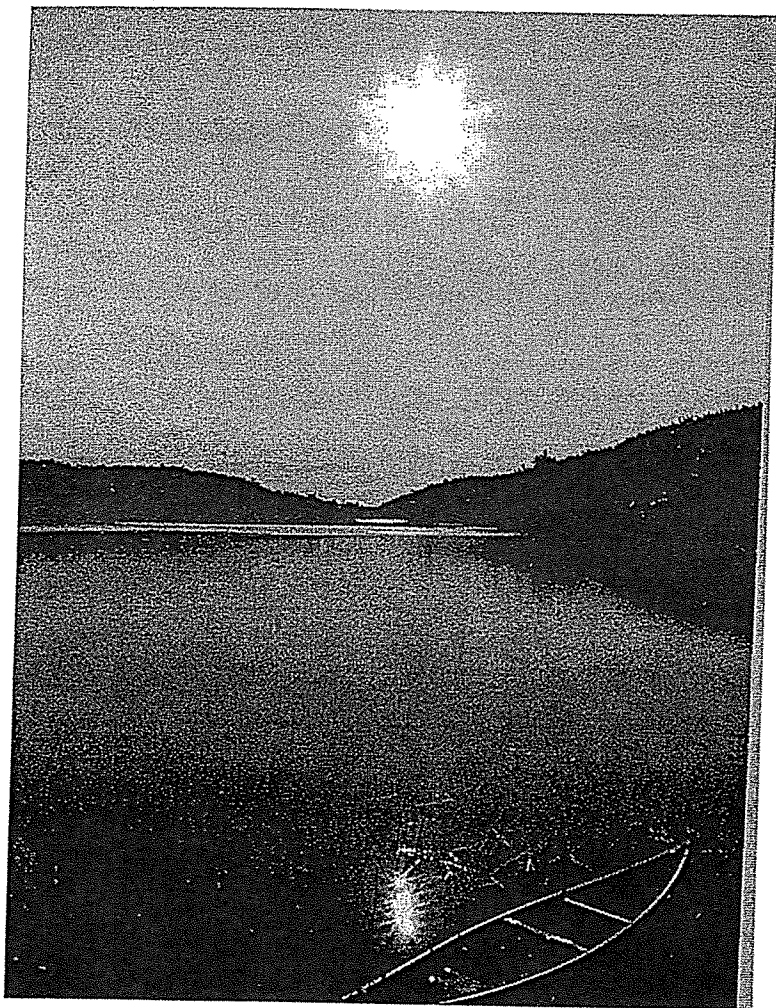
By: Bill Kemp

Then I couldn't reach the pedals for the gas.
Now I am racing down the highway at speeds much too fast.
Then I watched every Saturday morning cartoon.
Now you can find me sleeping until noon.
Then I could waste hours away in front of the TV.
Now I barely have time to be so free.
Then I was obsessed with basketball.
Now I have realized that I am not sufficiently tall.
Then I feared the horrors of the night.
Now fear does not come to me at any sight.
Then, fraternizing with girls was considered sick.
Now, yes, it is true that I must fend them off with a stick.
Then I was so naïve.
Now I am very slow to believe.
Then I did not believe my parents to be my friends.
Now I hope our friendship never ends.
Then I did not know my friends in this place.
Now I will never forget each and every face.
Then I did not care much about school.
Now, doing well is my number 1 rule.
Then I loved the Irish of Notre Dame.
Now I want to become a part of their great name.
Then I was a boy, small and hard to see.
Now I am a man, ready to chase my destiny.

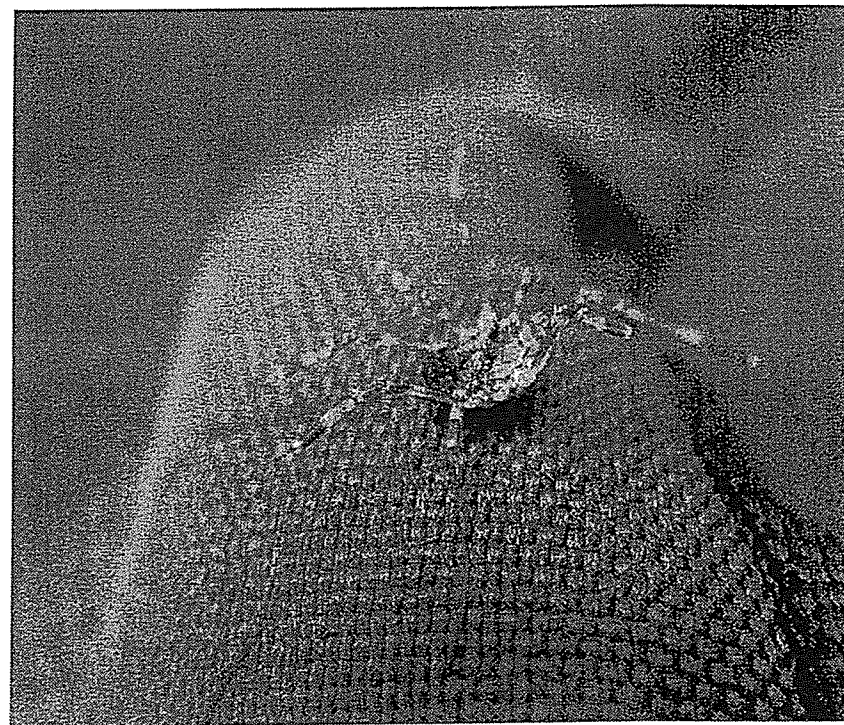
Sun

By: Andrew Tyus

As it floats around the horizon.
Swiftly and gently glaring its ultra violent waves.
A big yellow ball fully located lookin over Mother Earth.
Shining like no other
Resembling the love of a mother.
Hot and fascinating it seems
We see it everyday and don't acknowledge her gleam.
As it floats back under Earth like a gentle stream
of new birth.



Bright and Early
Brain Sevald



Daddy Longlegs
Brain Sevald

Graduation

By: Greg Deady

Euphoria!

Our lungs are so filled
with glee that breathing becomes
an arduous task.

Eight long years
of blacktop recesses,
picky teachers,
rule after rule,
(and rather rotten lunches)
have ended!

...But now all we have
are "do you remember?"s
and "I will never forget"s;

And now we realize that

In retrospect
those "difficult eight" are
nothing like these four.

What is difficult now is not having –

Everyday –
that which made those
eight
most memorable.

Calm

By: Michael Kemp

The simple sight of the midnight moon
calming on the eyes.
the open breeze of the ocean
like a child's touch.
the light and cool downpour drizzle
as a hand upon your shoulder.
the calmness of the world and peace
is what we want to stay.
to try to clean and work all night
to preserve our calm's final days.

This Place

By: Marvin J. Wells

In this place I lie, I can never die
Living off her love... She makes me alive

Standing out from the multitude, "Pardon miss, not to be rude"
Something in that glance....Frequency and Amplitude

In this place I lie, I can never die
Living off his love... He makes me alive

Found myself in a trance, Inviting his advance
Something more at last...Rhythm and Balance

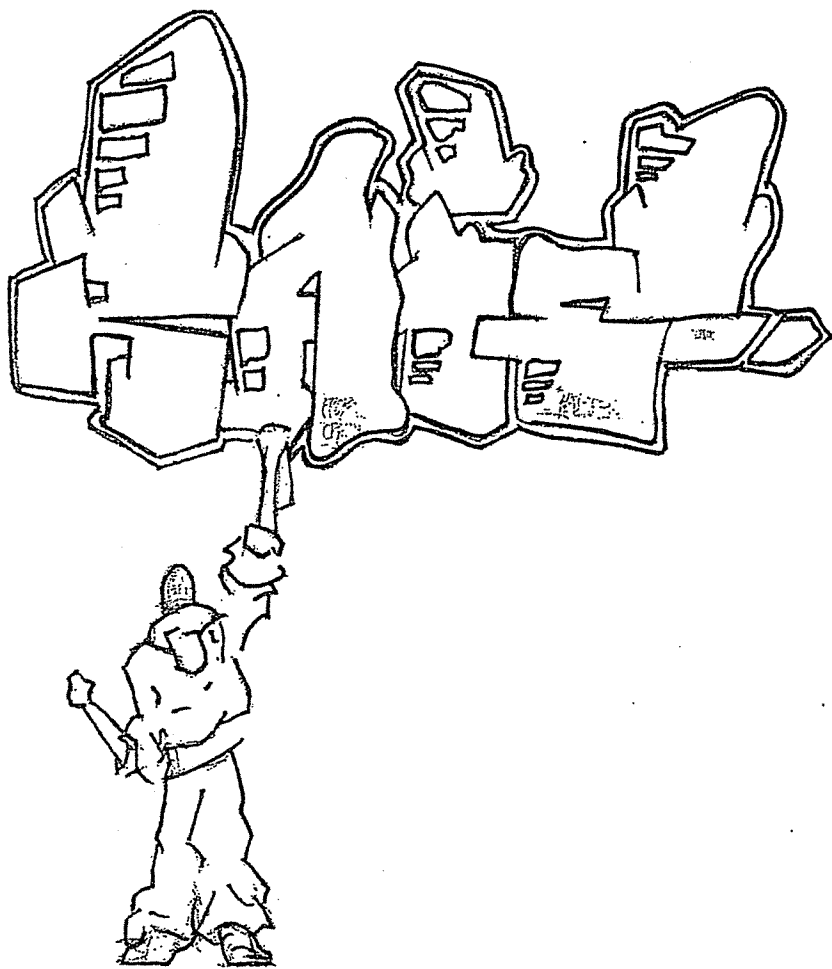
In paradise we lie ,we can never die
Living off our love... It keeps us alive

Place my hand on his chest, It's here we've come to rest
I should hope... now and forever

I embrace her breast, Returning her caress
Spare the details.... you know the rest

Reaching out to me! Reaching out to you!
There's no me, there's no you
Did it move for you? It moved for me too

Reaching out to me! Reaching out to you!
This love is true; What else could we do?
Under the Holy Son, Two become one
In this matrimony... there is only one



Trent Lundquist

Yellow-Carpeted Bedroom

By: Anonymous

An object from a person's life can easily symbolize a period. When a man is old, he may look back at a sports car as a symbol of his lost youth. A young boy might see an apartment as being a symbol of being a twenty-something independent adult. However, I certainly see as a symbol of my childhood the so-called yellow-carpeted bedroom.

In our house, there are three bedrooms, which currently belong to my parents, my brother, and me. However, in my youth my older brother's room was a different place. For one thing, its distinguishing feature was its peculiar carpeting, a once-bright yellow that had become a dirty yellow through use. Like today, its floor was covered by a terrific mess, but in that day it was formed almost exclusively by Legos. Words cannot concisely describe how the hours were whiled away in creating such a spread across the floor, an undeniable hazard to anybody with adult-sized feet. It was the domain of two children, where a never-ending war took place between haphazardly balanced factions. It was a realm of construction and creativity, where a single shiny dot could be the focal

point of a superlaser.

It is easy to look back at this idealistic time of rampant imagination and creativity bridled by the availability of small pieces of plastic. However, this place can never be revisited. Shortly before he entered high school, I forget exactly what summer, it was no longer cool for Dave to share a bedroom with his younger brother. The age of innocence ended, the yellow carpeting was torn out, and the off-white walls were painted over. The Legos were transferred to my room for a couple months before being boxed up and put away. However, they were not forgotten. And somebody who yearns for the happiness and simplicity of childhood can still attempt to recreate a yellow-carpeted bedroom. In fact, the Legos have been broken out again from time to time. But the joy does not last; soon the enthusiasm for mindless creation begins to fade away, particularly when there are more adult pursuits to enjoy, and half-built robots are tucked back into boxes. A childhood can never be fully revisited, and the yellow carpet is gone forever, taking the patchwork of memory-stains with it.

Elegy
By: Sean Gilmour

Spiraling wisps of silvery mist,
Shimmering tendrils of purest dreams
Dancing slow and close to fingers,
Long outstretched by the hopeless world

They twist and turn just out of reach
Ever elusive and alluring
Splashing life with rosy color
And masking all its bitter pain

Engraved upon our beating hearts
The scars forever will remain
To remind us of our failures past
Now and forever...not fade away

The Flag

By: Jon Lindquist

To some it flies high in the air, churning and whisking in the sweet air of freedom. Its colors shimmering in the golden sun, it stands at the summit alone. To most, they fly high with the flag. The white symbolizes innocence and purity. The blue denotes vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The red characterizes hardiness and valor. Many see this flag as a symbol of protection, superiority, and fortitude. Some fly the flag in front of their house. Some fight for it, laying their delicate lives on the line. But others look at this flag with a different set of eyes.

For some the flag dips low, dragging in the sand of the desert. The air that moves this flag is arid and lonely. The white in this flag portrays a pale, weak civilization that has been decimated by bombs and destruction. The blue expresses their sadness, for hardships have become the norm of their lives. The red symbolizes bloodshed and anger, for soldiers are now a common aspect of the scenery. This flag does not fly high for everyone. For some it represents a zenith of purity and strength, while for others it waves over their heads as to remind them they are indeed below it.

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