



Cover Artwork by Montgomery St. Peter
Scholastic Art Award Winner – Silver Key

*Energize,
Extemporize,
Harmonize
with open eyes
Bequeath the sounds,
the art,
the glow
Enrich your mind,
the time to show
Despoil veils
and barriers pierce
Di-Verse-ify with a spirit fierce!
Trebled clefs in prison wards
Peripheries and feral chords
The world is ours to write and shape
Look within, inside,
Inscape!*

~Sam Robinson

INSCAPE

'08

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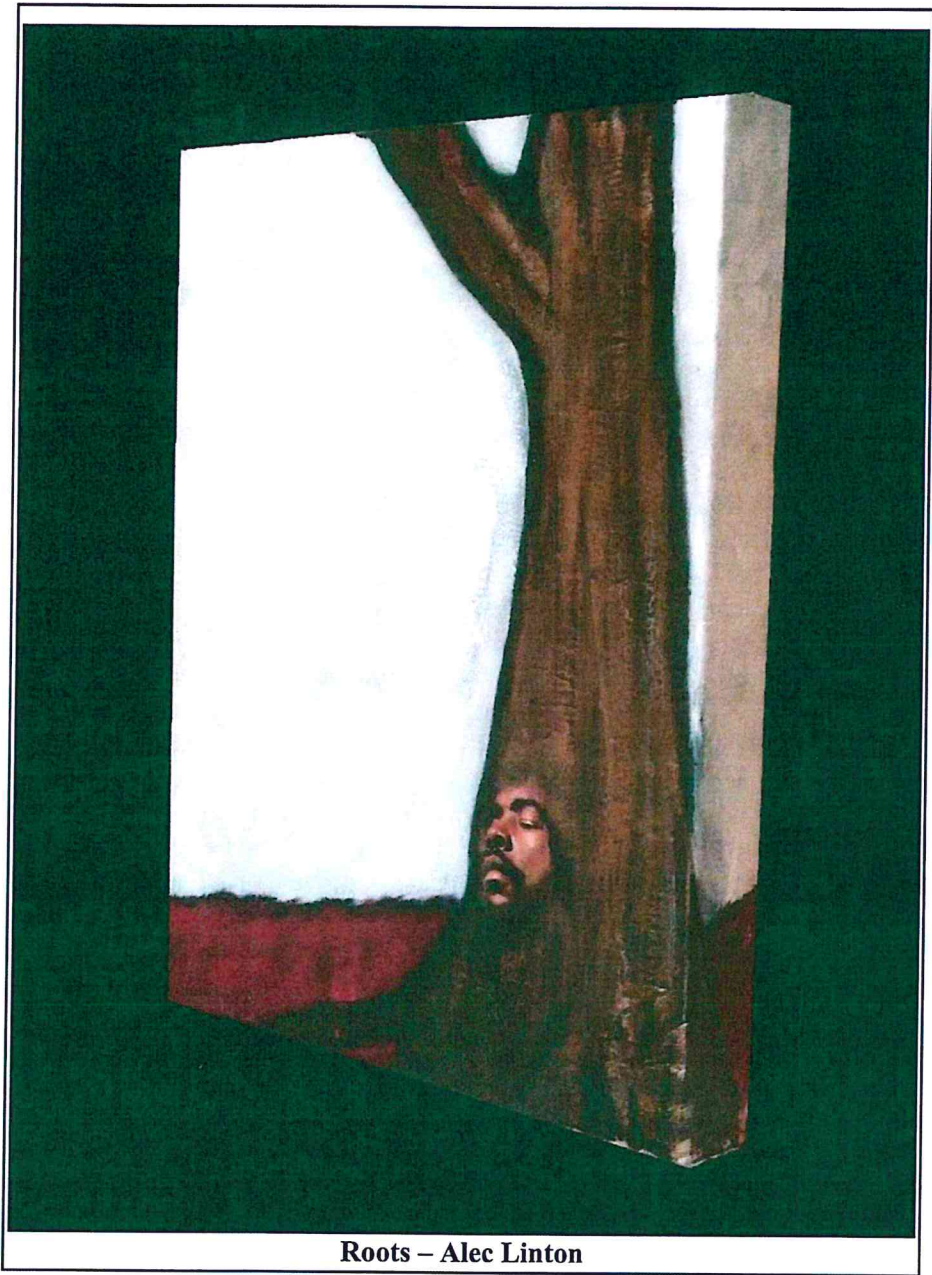
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Def Poet (Part 2)

Life is pretty short, you never can regret it
Everything brings experience, you never can forget it
It's time to pay dues and start giving credit
Cuz the flows still def and equally poetic
Before you talk, kid, check my statistics
Watch how I kick it, and hit like ballistics
I walk through everyday, like life's a test
But I got rhymes on my tongue with every single breath
And it'll be like that till I walk upon death
When my pens run out, I'll be laid to rest
But for the rest of the time I'm gonna breathe mad rhyme
And put out verse like an assembly line
I get better with time and every rhyme I write
So I guess my rhymes kinda define my life
And sometimes life gets a little bit harder
So I express myself with mics, pens, and markers
I got lines of rhymes for the hardest times
Reflectin' on the problems and troubles of mine
Try and learn from my mistakes leave the past behind
But sometimes, I just wish that I was blind
So I wouldn't have to see the bad stuff in my mind
I'm just a kid put in hard situations
Triggerin' a chain of daily frustrations
Stress starts to cut off the sensation, the pressure's too great and
I'm left waitin', left to contemplate and debate and wonder
If life's events are gonna take me under
So I put words on paper, lined up like a train
As I reminisce down memory lane
I got rhymes to sustain, I got rhymes on my brain
I got enough rhymes to drive a guy insane
It starts with one pen, one line and one verse

One late night to make your eyes hurt
Expressin' how all times seem like the hardest
No matter how hard, the pen moves regardless
But it's powerless, without a hand and a mind
So the mind shows the hand how to craft the rhyme
And with time, the rhyme is suddenly heard
As it moves from writing to a spoken word
And from what I heard it's quite absurd
How schoolyard fights got kids in the dirt
When I get heated I use words to soothe it
So I'm not just makin' words, I'm makin' movements
And movin' away, from the mainstream
You don't gotta sell out to live your dream
And I've been writing 16s since I was 15
And it seems I'm just living my dreams of rhyme schemes
Makin' lines of rhymes instead of makin' crime scenes
And in my crew, we're at least 9 deep
A group of artists who all have their minds free
I don't got dreams for commercialism to sign me
I'd rather have a real record label behind me
These are just my thoughts, please don't mind me
I'm a shepherd of rhyme, settin' kids' minds free
'Cuz music has roots just like a tree
Stray from those roots, you're no more than a weed

Alec Linton



Roots – Alec Linton

Poetry

Through me your inhibitions released
In me, your thoughts are known
Words my tools
Language your bridge
Letting known your deepest desire to the world

I make things concrete abstract
And I can make things plain beautiful
Empty minds become star struck with awe
Because of me

I have let out many cries
Let out many cries of joy and of sadness
Let your emotions out
Let your mind be free On paper.

Andrew Bituin

Scheming

I feel the need to write this out	Sorry if I appear to be daunting
Poems are fun but style is key	I'll be with you no matter what the cost
To do this as a lucrative profession is	For her touch, I' d give up any fame
only a dream	For her heart, any depth I would dive
It seems easy, and sometimes is,	In my life, she' s the biggest part
But the good ones are always hard	God help me if I' m ever without her
Make the reader fly with the birds	To get me through the times of strife
Nonetheless, it's loads of fun	Give me the strength of a rock that's
I try to make them with a meaning	tough
Most times it really is worth it	Give me the beauty of a graceful dove
I wonder if they'll ever find a rational	I want something with the air of
use	nonchalance
For poetry when it mirrors the world	Write a satire? That's what I'll do
They say the eyes are the window to the	Pick your poison, sweet or sour
soul	For a shot at reality, that's what I yearn
And the bad ones are going down to burn	When it's wrong, just try crawling out of
Every minute of every hour	that hole
Suffering is what they want from you	When it's right, perceptions will be
What do I have in response	swirled
I have for you the power of love	Let the words flow like juice
For the two of us, yea I have enough	Make sure you get rid of the shit
I want truly want you in my life	To make the poem appear gleaming
Sitting here at my computer	It's hard to make a good pun
Wondering what I'd do if I lost your heart	You need to have the right words
I need your love to stay alive	You just need to play the right card
So please baby, keep me in the game	I'm sure you'll bubble up with fizz
Without you I'd be lost	When you figure out the rhyme scheme
Your heart' s guidance is what I've been	The originality is here to see
wanting	I know it'll work, so don't doubt
Believe me I'd endure any pain	
If it was your love I was to gain	

Drew Ostin

a pen and paper: a study of the mind by John Christiano

*a pen and paper
no tools more useful
for expressing thought*

~

*this pen this paper
they cut most deeply
into the hidden
places of my mind*

~

*catching me off guard
spilling my innermost
feelings dreams hopes fears
on the page*

~

*it can be nice-
cathartic even-
to write poetry as such
an emotional experience
that i could never
explain*

~

*the beauty of the word
and the thought
and the emotion
and the soul*

~

*beauty is... what?
to me and to you
could be night to day
beauty, love, hate, humor
who is the authority on
such things?*

~

*only God, and our own
opinions, which we keep
and give*

~

*we are contradictions
finding beauty, and
new beauty, ever changing*

~

*God forbid we should
become numb to beauty,
and love, and inner peace!*

~

*if i say i love you
what do i mean
how would you react?
what love is meant?
what is love?*

~
God only knows
i said this before
but we all have
our beliefs
~

i have love for my friends
those amazing people
who support me and
encourage my muse
~

who are we without
our friends, our brothers,
our sisters, our family
~

i have a drive
to wield this pen
to put my soul
on paper for all to see
~

the darker, broken pieces
leak out with the good
thoughts and emotions
~

a few shades of grey
lighter than some
but the darker inner
thoughts, also should
be written, acknowledged
left behind, to be at peace
~

a stream of
consciousness
ever flowing, or on tap?
~

i have asked before:
i am who, and who are you?
the question still stands
yet, can anyone fully answer?
you tell me
~

i challenge you:
what is beauty?
what is love?
what is joy?
what is peace?
what is family?
where is the soul?
who do you want to be?
you tell me.



Love and Death – Rubin Quarcoopome

Love in the New Year

Musiq sang a song about it
see, I tried to do my thang without it
she said to be loved is what she used ta
so I tell her love always, as if I know the future
or maybe 'least know next week
love, my heart will forever seek
tell her, "I write poems just to keep you"
but these words are see through
my muse, love, my eloquence needs you
we go from friendship to penship
and with this ring, there go kinship
oops, what did I just let slip
seems things, you baby, you, never let me falter
so I'mma lead you to the altar
like we be wadin' in the water
take a seat, let me think, if i couldn't float, would you let me sink?
would you let me love you? always?
not just when you or I feel like
no half truths, sweetheart, this is real life
damn, your body is a work of art, call it stilllife
yet and still I
fail to realize
that what felt so right could be seen through my left eye
I guess I finally seem to get it

Marric Murray

forever old

Cold and dark the old souls be
Old throughout eternity
Whatever thoughts we ever had
are passed down or locked away, ironclad

The new bodies we give life to
but unlike our bodies we are not new
Knowing more about the past
and learning from the fateful mast

Whenever our minds so cautious be
We've learned throughout eternity
to survive throughout the darkness cold
and forever be forever old

Eddie Maciorowski

Matches

*Life is a flame,
you light a match,
and watch it burn.*

It goes out.

*You light another,
it flares at first,
then dies down*

and goes out again.

Another year starts,

and you wait for the flame to reach your

fingers

it doesn't.

*You light another,
you get distracted,
and burn yourself.*

*You throw away the matches,
and pick them up again
and light another.*

This time,

you make a fire,

glad to be there,

happy to be alive.

By Eddie Maciorowski

What I Can't Show

POURING THROUGH MY HANDS
POURING OUT MY HEART.
MY FEELINGS ARE LIKE A RIVER OF BLOOD.
I DO NOT KNOW WHERE IT STARTS.

THINGS THAT ARE EATING AT ME
BEATING AT ME
RIPPING OUT MY FEARS AND
FEEDING THEM TO ME.

IT'S YOUR ARMS I WANT TO HOLD.
BUT MY HEART IS GROWING COLD
THE OLDER I GET
THE LESS SOFTNESS I OWN

I CAN'T CRY WHEN I'M TOLD
IT'S THE THING I CAN'T SHOW

-Eddie Maciorowski

Grip

There are many kinds of grips

-vise grips

-tight grips

-death grips

-saved-your-life-grips

But unlike all the grips above

There is one as gentle as a dove

Holding Hands grip.

This grips is not tight

It is not loose

It has significance

It means unity

-safety

-love

-peace

But not having anyone's hand to hold

Makes a man feel really old

Derek Surmont

My Sunshine (an excerpt)

I'm her shelter, protect her from the helter and the skelter
see, in my mind I feel it, yet I've never really felt her
she's my sunshine, to light my way,
my queen of the day,
see her earth tone skin,
smile seem to warm me,
kinda like sunrise in the morning
its all clear, a vivid reality
never dream to her, just sing to her
just because she serenades ME
I need not worry after she focus her gaze upon me
never one to glare, always left to share
she likes how this poem started with just one rhyme
she..her beauty..that girl...my sunshine

Marric Murray

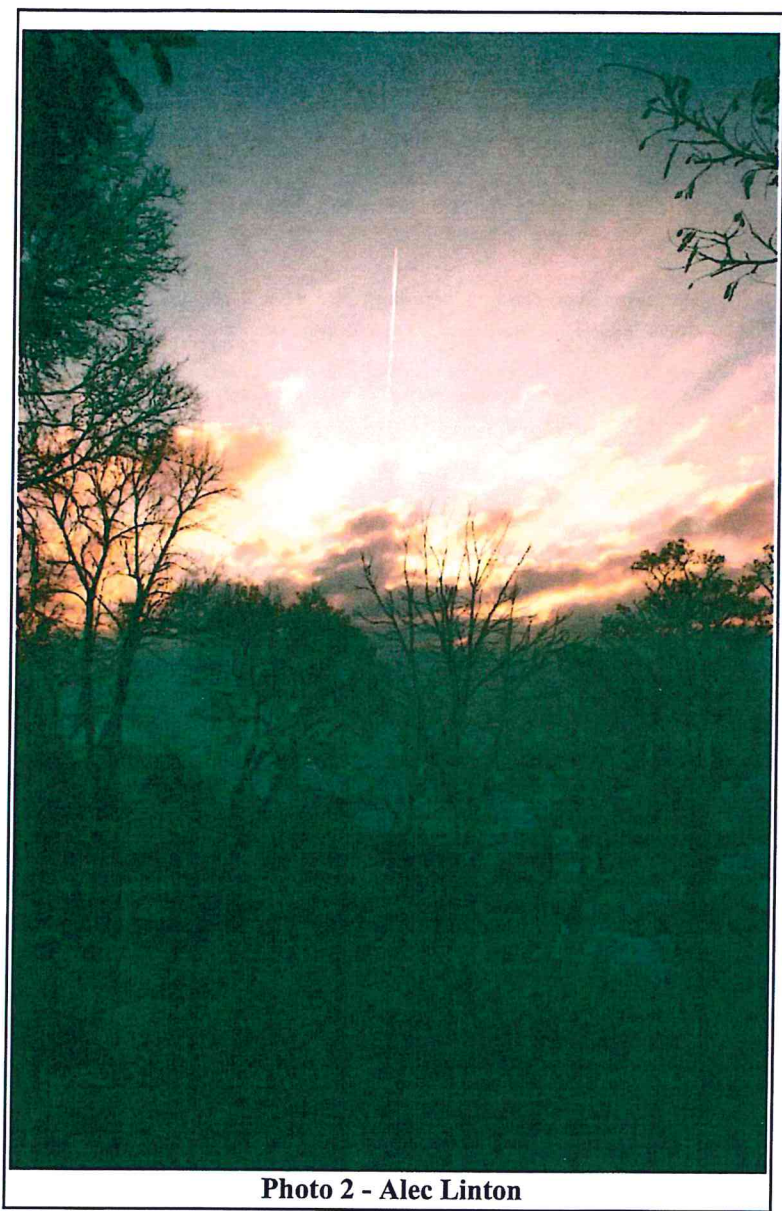


Photo 2 - Alec Linton

The Tale of Hollows

She was always called an outcast, the loner in the school
No clique or group of friends, always called a fool

The last picked out for gym class, always ate alone
No one ever noticed her, if only they had known

Her raven hair down to her waist, her eyes a piercing gray
Some people wondered: if so glum, why ever did she stay?

But the words she spoke, in a quiet voice, sadly wove a story
Of her life, and of her sadness, never feeling glory

Her father left when she was born, her mother died alone
She lived with people she did not know, in a house that was not a home

No one ever noticed her, until she left one day
She just wasn't there; she had gone her own way

They looked and looked, for many days, no clue they found until,
A note was found, in her hand, on a grave on Hollow's Hill

The grave was that of her mother, neglected, sad and worn
The note they found told a tale of loneliness and scorn

The people cried, torn at the seam, when the end was read
"Mother, I'm coming to join you; If someone's reading this, I'm dead."

They buried an empty coffin, a body never found
Alongside her mother's body, on Hollow's Hill's hallowed ground.

Peter Sliwa

Personal Demons

***Broken are we
Both She and Me
Clouded with fear
Our secrets inside us that be
They hide in there
They feed on our despair
They fester distrust
And it's one body we share
But when they leave their host
They turn to ghost
And this works real well
When you share with your lover most
So, baby, don't hide
Sweety, Shed your pride
I Have spilled mine
And I'm still much alive....***

Fletcher Sharpe



Untitled – Troy Rushing

A Single Shakespearean Sonnet

*Thy words they ring in hollow blood-stained ears
With broken hearts and stinging tear-filled eyes.
It is for naught that still with angered gears
That in this time I feel your speech deprives.
The choice was yours to seize with tempered fake.
Untruth I should have seen upon the hour!
That now in this late time you do forsake
A love, bittersweet and oh so sour.
Perhaps in frost, your own to hide and glaze.
What little warmth you have doth make you cringe.
Humanity you lack with evil craze
And madness you beget with darkness binge!
And yet do I in everlasting love
Do care for you my heart's eternal dove!*

Sam Robinson

Friendship

What is friendship? Is it a warm inner glow?
Or is it a manly heat that makes one yell. Ho!
Is companionship found in peace or in battle.
I suspect the latter is so.
Why else would would multitudes let this from their mouths flow?
Thundercats Ho! Forward! Ho! For Asgard Ho!
Like knights, samurai, or a super team your fidelity will grow.
It's fun to sally forth for a solo quest for dough;
To stare down many or few a foe.
Yet when a comrade whose face you know;
Raise his sword with yours to reflect the sun's photo.

James Johnson



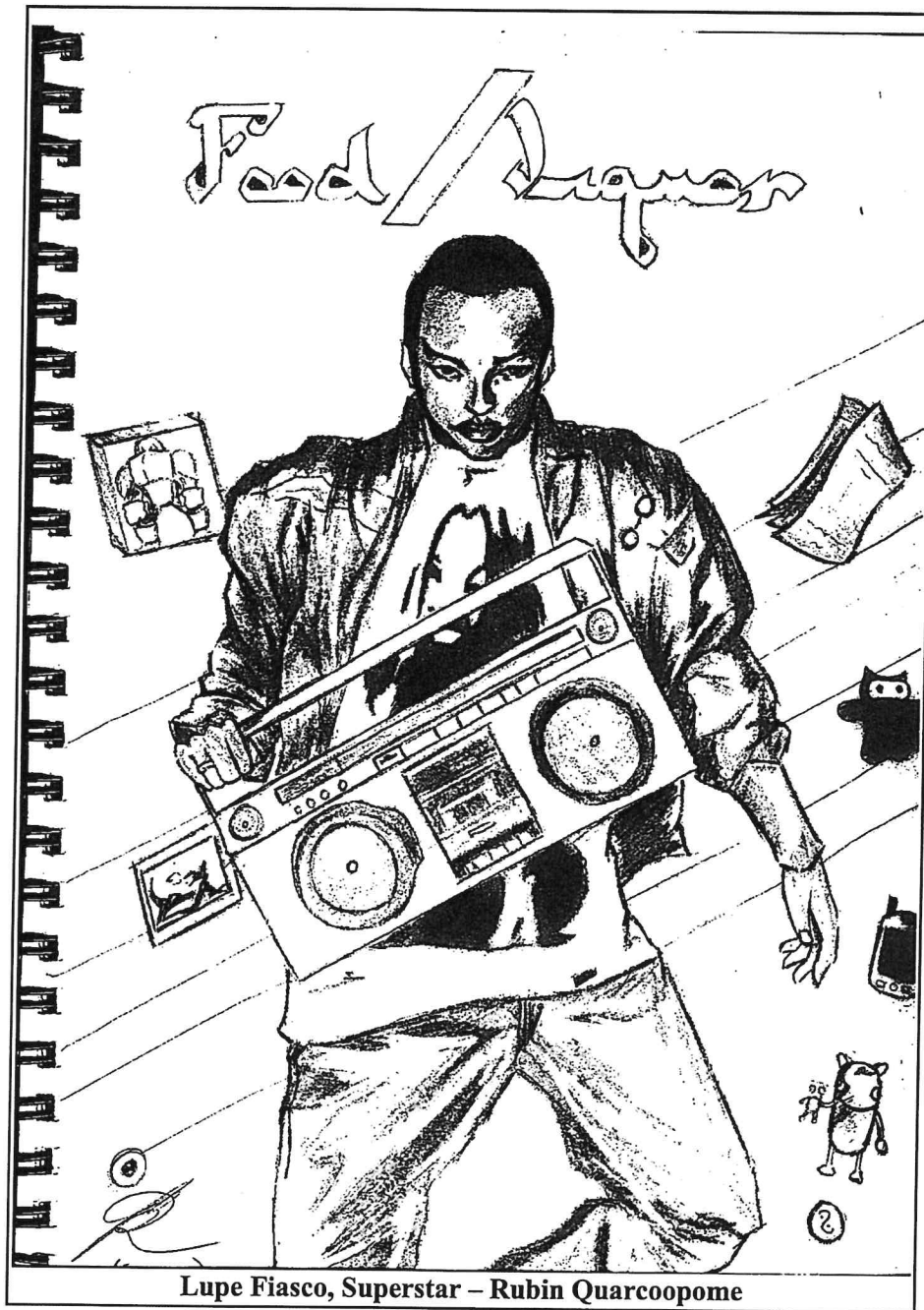


Street Side Sofa - Alec Linton

Run Away

*I want to leave
I want to never say I'm leaving
I want answers
I want no more lies
I want to become free
I want you with me
I want to close the door
I want to open my mind
I want you in my heart.
Lord, only you can do these for me
Only you can always be here
Only you can close the devil's door
I want my heart and mind
To be your home
Please
You are welcome*

Derek Surmont



Lupe Fiasco, Superstar – Rubin Quarcoopome

RipeHeartBeats

boom-bump-boom-bump,
thuds the heart of the kid, shoulders slumped,
walking down the street, his face got a big lump,
'cause 20 minutes ago, face was smashed into a tree stump.
By the bullies who gave him a vicious thump,
because he was in the band, playing the trum-pet,
he was smart, stood out from the dumb-kids,
head feeling pain and vibrations, like a drum-bit

bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum-bum,
beats the heart of Fast Steve, king of the slum,
laying on the porch, dying, making a scene,
holding his stomach, yelling, "Ah, my spleen!"
drabbed in grey with an arm full of holes,
holes that were fed by cocaine dripping nee-dles.
poking in and out, like the Pokemon, Weedle,
using poison sting on skin, like a spring,
deforming his mind, something like a panda or a cubling
tripping on acid, for him was understated
more like living in acid world, no one was any more faded
than lonely Stevie, no family or anyone related
PCP, & LSD came and family, they eradicated
but now, he's on a new drug, realer than life
it's colorful, but pains like laying on a knife
because he is laying on a knife
too high to see the stuff in his real life
tried to escape his problems and strife
made too many wrong decisions, don't see any right
before his brain gives out, on this new high
the old lady across the street can only watch, and sigh

boom...bump...boom...bump...boom
says the cardiac of Louis B, soon an early tomb
laying in his own room, clad only in fruit of the loom
sadly gunned down methodically by a mindless goon
ordered this, was a man not born with silver spoon
but he sure knew how to cook it in a spoon
sadly it was cooked to inject into fools
people with nothing to gain, and little to lose

Louis B, nice boy, troubled, lifeless too soon
nice boy, i say, loved by everyone
like a son of an athletic, popular, wealthy, had an arm like a gun
sadly he bought one, just for fun,
which started him from poster boy to troubled one
fornicated with the powerful's daughter
a whore, she was, but not the point of matter
daddy heard, was furious, sent out a hench
"kill that boy and if she's there, my wench"
unless, miss smith next door puts down her book "Flood"
and looks at the floor to see Louis B's blood
silver spoon boy, lovely contacts, nice brain in head
will be just like Biggie and Tupac.....dead

sitting on the edge as you read
my hopes, you read my writes well, not for speed
for i hope to plant my word seed
in your brain for it to breed
a young and intelligent steed
one impervious to evil and greed
but that's your own decision, you may choose to impede
for it's up to you, to follow your own heartbeat.

Fletcher Sharpe

A Life Abridged From the Right Side

I arrived at the bay

Only to find a lonely stack of hay.

A dark cloud then covered the sky, so I began to pray.

My prayer turned into vision

Vision into fission.

Two sides of a one-sided narration.

The left side being nebulous

The right side being stupendous.

Life is either run-of-the-mill or phenomenally prodigious.

Truth be told I like to be bold.

And take my chances as a mind-blowing marigold.

That's my take at Entity

It's on you now: take Life with tranquility or animosity.

But I warn you, choose the left side and you'll be engulfed in a sea of misery.

Vince Reo

P.D.A's Don't Decide the Day

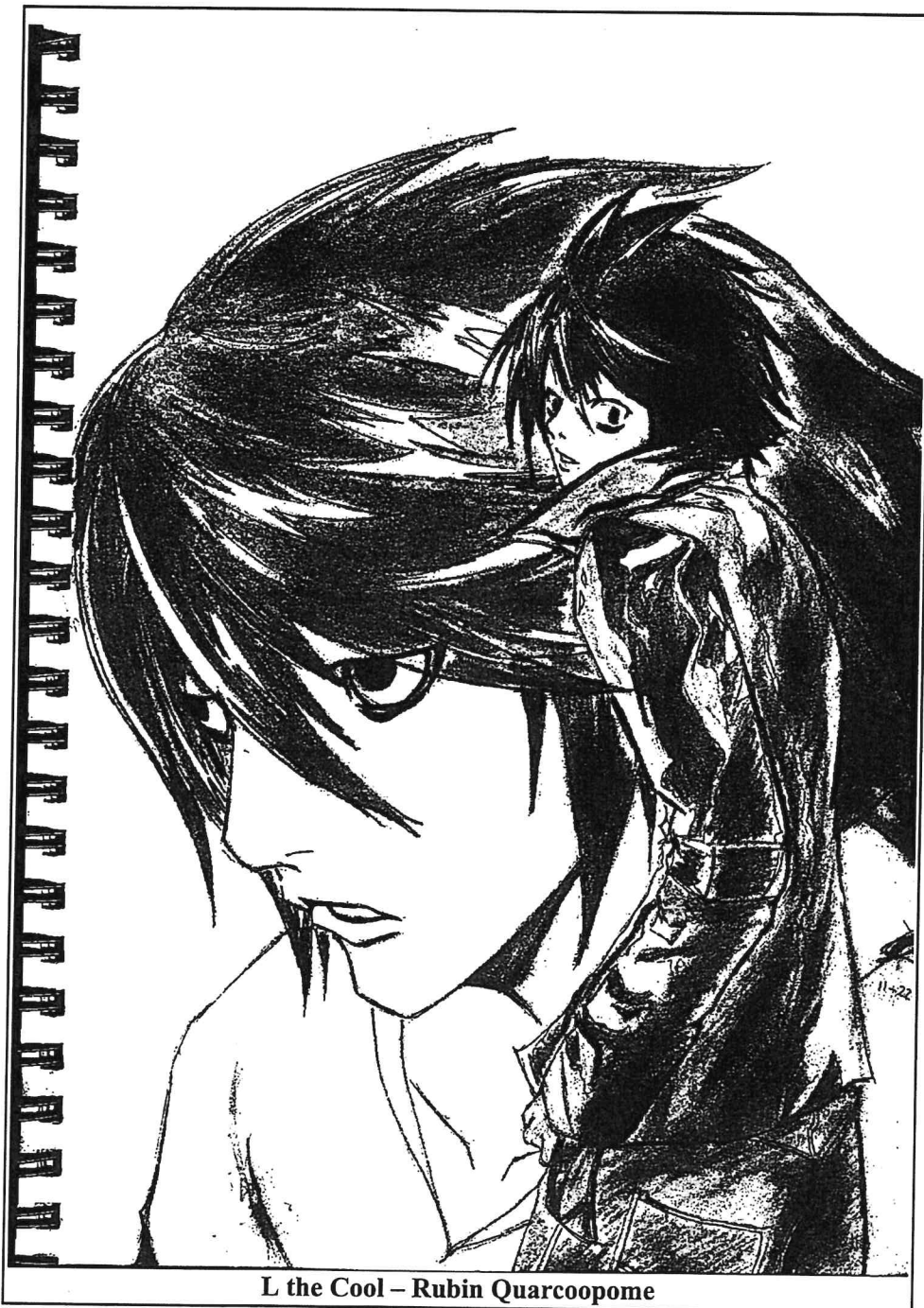
<p>It's late i shouldn't be up but i am waiting for my princess in shining hair to come pick me up where i left off mold my insides to fit with hers But, i feel like i don't deserve that which she has which is so absurd i shouldn't look to others for my self worth but if you know her you would know that i wouldn't be the first Standard conventions say i shouldn't try but whoever made that rule had a crappy life or an unhappy wife or kids for that matter they don't get to pick how i make my disaster I never got to choose my friends laughter when rejection relayed from the prom queen i sought after i saw her after she didn't mean it she was the queen i understand that a reputation is a serious thing of course the last thing you want is to be seen with me now I am the man and i have my horse sword and shield to slash and sway any remorse from before my course</p>	<p>no hindrances that slow my force no envy not strife no abhorred divorce i have got one life i head to the last open door the rest of them lead to rooms occupied with past knights who got there much before I The breeze is then musty and dim is the light because there they have enjoyed many a night I want the newest room with the freshest of paint Remember I'm the little engine you said "cain't" so don't hate on the love that permeates don't stake on a glove that permeates trust in control that's always straight down the path to the extra date please don't expect me to settle for that I want the one who can still relate I can't help it that you make me feel like the Swiss bank my toes below and the butterflies above Hoping and praying her hair don't get stuck cant stop it, embrace, and then let go You can't plan a hug, so put away the P.D.A. and reach out for Love</p>
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W.S. Paul Jackson

He was that (unlucky man)

He was that voice that never was heard
He was that mouse who never uttered a word
He was that victim who was never safe and sound
He was that boxer who lost a match every round
He was that toddler who was never allowed to play
He was that loner who was always left in dismay
He was that comedian who was very funny
He was that beggar who always longed for money
He was that fire that got put out
He was that whale who was without a water spout
He was that clock who ran out of time
He was that poet whose lines would never rhyme
He was that student who failed the test
He was that navigator who longs to fulfill his quest
He was that dude who never succeeded
He was that gambler who said "Luck is all I needed"

Nicholas Jordan



L the Cool – Rubín Quarcoopome

Looking and Seeing

LORD, LOOK AT ME AS A SINNER,
BUT TAKE ME AS YOUR SON.
LOOK AT ME AS A RUGGED STONE,
SHARP ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT SMOOTH UNDERNEATH.
LORD SEE ME AS A LIONESS
VICIOUS YET SO GENTLE
LOOK AT ME AS A VOLCANO
RAGING AT TIMES BUT DORMANT AT OTHERS
LORD LOOK AT ME AS A PENGUIN
COOLED BY THE SINS OF THE ATMOSPHERE
AND WARMED BY THE LOVE OF OTHERS
SEE ME AS A SHARPIE
LEAVING STAINS OR HELPFUL MARKS
LOOK AT ME LIKE I WOULD A MATH PROBLEM
NOT AT THE MESS BUT AT THE RESULT
LORD LOOK AT ME LIKE ACNE
A PROBLEM EASILY FIXED
SEE ME AS A WRINKLED SHIRT
WORN WITHOUT CARE OR IRONED TO PERFECTION
LORD LOOK AT ME LIKE AN IRON
FIXING PROBLEMS WHEN USED PROPERLY
SEE ME AS A SAINT HOLY ENOUGH TO BE YOURS
BUT BAD ENOUGH TO BE HUMAN
SEE ME AS A NOTEBOOK
EITHER EMPTY AND USELESS
OR FULL AND ENERGETIC
LOOK AT ME AS A PAIR OF SHOES
EASILY KEPT CLEAN OR LET DIRTY
SEE ME AS A DRIVER AND A STOP SIGN
EASILY BLOWING BY OR REGARDED SAFELY
LOOK AT ME AS A HUMAN, SEE ME AS YOUR SON

DEVON SURMONT

I choose the road less paved and the girl less taken

The moon and stars always look the same.
That which is beautiful may fade away.
When the truth comes out and it all changed.
It's gonna be that much sweeter how we remained.

Would I jump off a cliff if everyone else did?
Well maybe I would if that includes all the good kids.
But I choose to move to the beat of my own drum,
Living life on the edge and still smile when its done.
Go on shake your head and assume that it's dumb,
Then regret you didn't get half the s**t that you want.
You mean all that money didn't float your boat?
Sorry CEO, but I must gloat,
a smile looks better than a rich trench coat.
I don't want the toys and I don't want the gadgets,
I don't want the model so let Donald Trump have it.
I want a lady and I won't settle
I'll nick-name her Mercedes to be on your level.
I'll spend a 100,000 hours making her happy
Put up a quarter mil and you still won't match me,
I lived life getting what i want exactly.
But, you still kinda make me jealous,
cuz i never got to be rich and still feel crappy,
Ha. You got me... or no in fact you merely had me
Cuz my life will still end somewhat sadly
Your death will be a relief from living up to daddy.
you'll never have to finish paying for that caddy.
I'll walk through nature much more than gladly.

Riding in style might include a taxi,
and long the way I get to meet a Pakistani
while I pull up to my house, your private jet will be landing
I'll come home to expect and happy ending
You proceed to your apartment feeling manly
Both of us cut on the lights and here what have we
You just lost your wife and I greet my family

W.S. Paul Jackson



Girl - Alec Linton

Been Told

I only know what I've been told.
They never want me to grow old.
They want:
My money,
My eyes,
My honey
My ears,
My countrymen,
Lend me your attention,
As I prepare to mention,
What I been told.

They told me to hate on the past,
To forget what my people did,
They said it would never last,
They said it was all fiction,
Barely worth the diction,
That so often caused the friction,
They hated so much.
Why?
It started up the fire,
Lit up the liar,
Burnt their words in pyres,
And left them in the ashes,
Martin had a dream of.
Cuz he knew when he spoke that day,

They didn't know what the hell he would say,
And they're STILL reeling today.
Wishing they had sent him so far away,
Faster than a speeding train,
Jumping buildings in the rain,
They shot down Superman,
And every Lane felt that pain.

And so,
I too have a dream,
However cliché it may seem,
That the sun will shine its beam,
On the streets it would deem,
Worth saving.
Would we clean them up?
And stop the crime that jacked them up?
And stop the boys from stealing money?
And stop the girls from stealing hearts?
And stop the cops from stealing freedom?
And stop the revolutionary from throwing up,
In revulsion, at his people answering him, empty, "sup"?

Would we?
Or would we play it safe,
And do what we've been told,
Shaped in their mold,
And sleep in till noon?

Rubin Quarcoopome

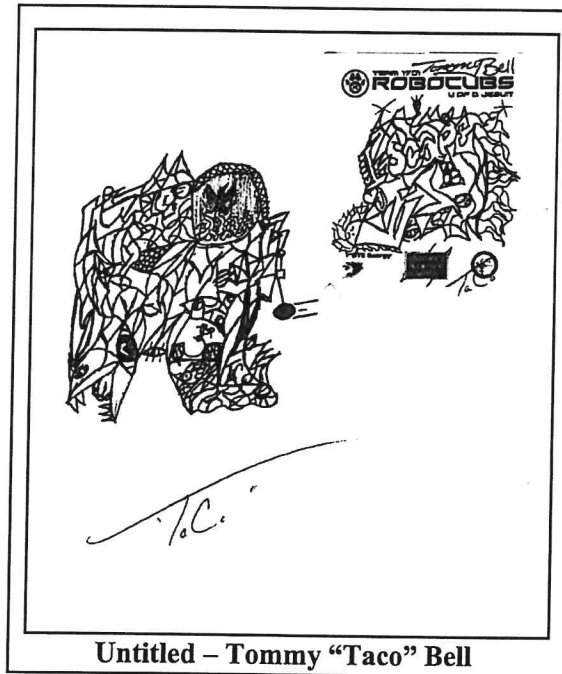
Axial Alias

*Dust that drifts upon the ground
Swiftly making not a sound
Stalk through shadows, willing not
Blindly search for what was caught*

*Grasping at the fruits of hell
It does no good to sit and dwell
On the evils of mankind
Sometimes secrets, hard to find*

*Cast away into the wind
Time not even to rescind
Words, once said, cannot be taken
Watch, the ties are swiftly breaking*

*Lightly, lightly, in the dark
Where fire's simple rolling spark
Axial alias, struck like flint
Reflecting in midnight's sultry summer glint
Ed Utter*



Untitled – Tommy “Taco” Bell

Snow

Jack Lewandowski

Every flake is unique,
For the ground it does seek.
From the heavens it makes descent
To beautify is its intent.

It coats every barren field
For no one it chooses to yield.
All reality is lost
With yet another winter frost.

Crystals dance without sound
Luminous sparkles cast around
Wind and cold form its shape
That fall on shoulders form a cape

Icy contours fall on warm skin
Where lonely flakes have previously been.
Beauty was once its name
Remembering the path from which it came.

Winter's Gifts

Why does winter bring such calmness to few?
Through skies of gray and bitter cold I see
The greatness that pours like a mourning dew.
Many compare it to nature's great fee.

How can thou hate eternal peacefulness?
Winter brings the white tears of free angels.
Free falling they hit the ground as a mess.
Through tall, barren, winter trees leaves dangle.

Children are immune to winter's blanket.
Covering the ground are snowflakes from high.
Sledding, skating, what more can I get?
How can winter be so dull for that guy?

So long the warmth and comfort of the fall.
And welcoming winter will be a ball.

Chris Eng

Snow or No?

Craig Pearson

I think it snowed last night while I
Was sleeping in my bed.
I wonder what would happen if
It snowed all year instead.

Would hockey be a year-round sport?
Would birds fly south or not?
Would all the trees be evergreen
If Earth did not get hot?

I guess it would be kind of fun
To sled and ski all year,

Have snowball fights and
Christmas lights
And spread the winter cheer.

Although I think it would be hard
To swim if pools were ice.
And lying out to get a tan
Would not feel very nice.

Just think of all the extra work
We'd have to do each day!
Sweep off the driveway, feed the fire:
No time to laugh or play.

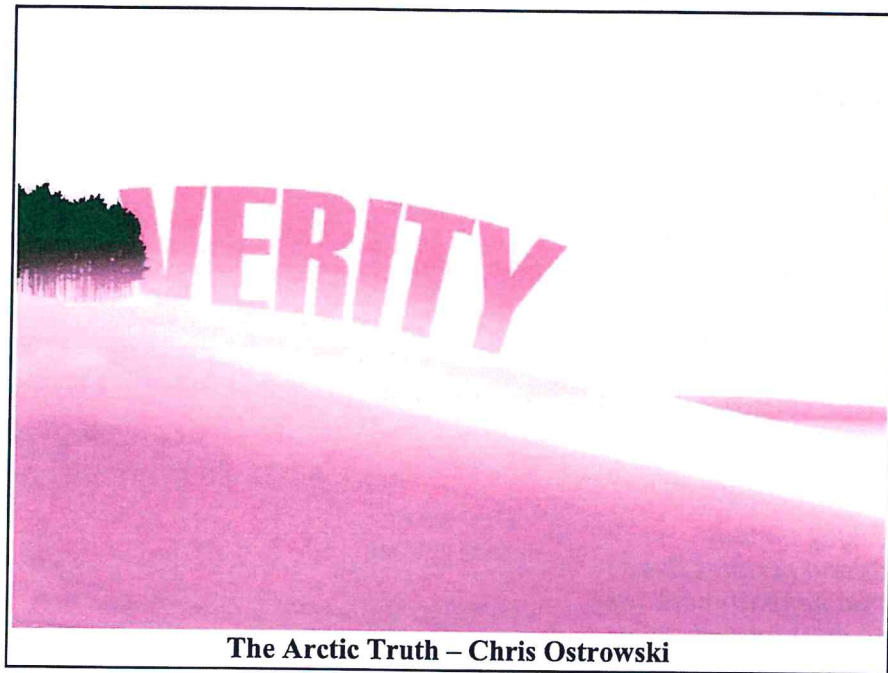
Our cars would all be out of use.
Ice doesn't help the wheels.
Instead, we'd have to get around
In giant snowmobiles!

The winter weather watch would be
A casual affair.
The anchor on TV would say:
"Snow here... and here... and there."

I hope that all my Christmases
Are graced with winter storms.
But as for the Fourth of July
I'd rather be warm.



For Better or For Worse – Chris Ostrowski



The Arctic Truth – Chris Ostrowski

Through the North

Quiet all around, nothing but the sound of wind whistling through the treetops
 as you walk through the serene forests that make up the path that you are following
 though there is no destination near or far or even at all
 just walking through the perfect calmness that is the north
 where the only thing that disrupts this calmness is the sound of your own footsteps
 crunching on the fallen leaves and dirt
 as your feet keep moving you forward a cottage appears through trees in
 the source of reunion and belonging for your family for many years
 but as you walk down the driveway leading to the house
 something better lay in the distance catching all the eyes always pulling them away
 from their original intent
 it is the sun shimmering off a crystal clear lake
 it takes a very dull, bitter person to walk away from something like that
 so you walk closer to this amazing sight down a wooden path that has been trodden over
 worn down by thousands of footsteps before you
 and as you do so you come to full realization that at this place, it is as if
 time is standing still and nothing matters except that you are happy and now that this
 feeling is achieved nothing can ever take it away because no matter how
 far away from this place you go the quietness that you hear and the happiness that you
 feel will always be there when you come back.

Zach Weaver

Passing Inglenook

*Frothy mist and gentle air
Dew dropped petals soft and fair
Twilight orange and midday blue
Leaves of green and red ones too
A clearing like an open hearth
Whistling winds rattling turf
Blades of grass that cushion skin
Hearts abide by warmth within
And lofty hills in cotton coat
Dandelion seeds afloat
Sonorous, the bugs elope
Nesting wild along the slope
Shady branches' harmony
In music making melody
Dusty fields and puddles deep
Cracking mud beneath bare feet
Harken I to youthful ear
Pleasantly the glades will shear
Away the bits of metal sand
Tattering the barren land
A cataract of planet blood
In this place where once I stood
Entrust to you this welfare keep
Be not the one who courage meek
Blinds himself to nature's soul
Where all returns in time and toll
Hard it is for me to say
That on this hour at end of May
Lost this land, my life without
The place to which I am devout
Youthful ear, listen well
A nature's hand too hard to fell
Abandon not what splendor sings
Relish all on open wings!*

Sam Robinson

Spring: Thoughts and Feelings

*The apple tree
once bent beneath
the prize of its labor
now stands
separated by snow
and ice
from its offspring*

~

*leaves begin to appear
it is the end
of an old era
and the dawn of
a new*

~

*in our eyes
nothing special*

~

*but to the tree
rebirth regeneration*

~

*to me also
the end
and the beginning*

~

*from detroit to dayton
i now must travel
unsure as the
apple tree of what
lies ahead*

~

*mellow, chaotic,
calm and panic'd
obsessive, indifferent
the sum of who
i really am*

~

*i am who? and
who are you?
and what is it that
we desire?*

~

*ay, these are not
for us to know,
except, maybe, who
we are*

~
*but that takes time
too, now doesn't it?*

~
*what do i want
from this life?*

~
*salvation, joy, love,
peace, and confidence*

~
*attained, yet, for some
unattainable*

~
*salvation for all, a human
worry, the apple tree
would never trouble
itself with such thoughts*

~
*we humans seek joy
in life and love*

~
*how fortunate to
be human!*

~
*scattered thoughts
now brought together
from a mind made light
by Spring and Graduation*

~
*the Winter's darkness
lifted, now lighter thoughts
take over and hope reigns*

~
*through it all
an apple tree*

~
*brought into existence
by the God-given imagination
of a man named john keats*

~
*still stands
untroubled, alone
in its field
as the lives of humans
pass by, unnoticed.*

John Cristiano

freebeat

Grass strum humming darling racer gliding we're underwater coming up
sunshine shivering isles and we're hitting home running out of
breathing into straw hats covering hairspray coating winter rain drops
on the candy miscommunications, and any way you look at it, the swing,
swinging and then boom, glitter everywhere, room full of balloons,
Parliament cigarettes, three-piece suits, shimmy. I guess that's what
I'd call a tough situational comedic performing artistic personage,
thanks for sending me here. If I had some, no, it's not too close to
light a match and just like that, just like that! Girls and boys
everywhere will feel it, the lord in tune, pitchy, rub your hands and
fall on the floor, take it off and it hits like a right hook! Seven
snows, sweet cinema that I could swim in, proudly, I'm sorry, gosh,
life can be such a drag queen bee drone piano keys and building
buildings crescendo, Scotch tape, cough medicine, syringes and
disposable hands with computers, synthesized absorbency, leather
jackets. It's you and me now, teenaged, riot's in the kitchen. It's
back and if I have one solemn wish, it's to send you the message I
wrote that day, like in the dark, what's the matter, were you
expecting me or someone else?

Joe Dimuzio

American Roots

Let's take it way back to 1776,
Cuz that revolution we fought, it wasn't just for kicks
Why we throwing all that tea off the ships
And what was with all the middle passage trips
Well I'm gonna put all the facts on the table
Because the American history books should really be called,
The rich man's fable.
And I say fable cuz those events did happen
But their motivation is what needs a little back tracking
They say the revolution was fought because Great Britain was taxing us blind
But Great Britain told us they would do that the entire time
And the Americans got comfortable with Britain not following through
But when the taxes finally started it technically was nothing new
The government of Britain was just keeping their word
So a revolution over that seems a bit absurd
Let's take a look at other events around the same time in history
Like how the country Britain had just abolished slavery
If slavery was illegal in Britain, it would apply to the colonies too
That means the Americans would lose the money slavery drew
Unless they broke away from Britain, then slavery would still be legit
Now isn't that ironic when you really look at it.
But people won't admit, that this country could be founded on slavery
They'd rather stay convinced it was all patriotism and bravery

Alec Linton

Submitted by Trent Lundquist

It is the best of times, it is the worst of times. It is the age of evidence, it is the age of willful ignorance. We saw the rise of atheism, we saw the rise of evangelicalism. We have borderless connectivity, we have borderless hate. It was the apex of U.S. supremacy, it was the apex of U.S. resentment. We have the opportunity for greatness, we have the opportunity for failure. Our climate is warming, our climate is chilling. Our world is flat, our world is uneven. We are calm, we are fearful. We are builders, we are destroyers. We are creators, we are parasites. There is wealth, there are handouts. It is the epoch of logic, it is the epoch of emotion. It is the age of reason, it is the age of irrationality. It is our age.

Submitted by Davide Iacobelli

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times; it was hope and unity, it was tragedy and war; it was power, it was greed; it was true expression, it was expression for cash; it was more talent; it was more money, it was an excess of money; it was an excess of hunger, it was a time of wealth; it was a time of poverty, it was an era of faith; it was an era of dependence, it was a time of diversity; it was a time of discrimination; it was the time of loving, it was the time of hating, it was the time of living, it was the time of paying; it is the present, it is the past, it is the future, and it will last; it was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

Submitted by Jack Kronner

It was the best of years, it was the worst of years, it was the rise of technology, it was the fall of history, it was the rise of intellectuals, it was the fall of wisdom, it was the rise of leaders, it was the fall of cities, it was the age of dreamers, it was the age of defeat, it was the rise of health, it was the fall of care, it was the rise of education, it was the fall of self-sufficiency, it was the age of fuel, it was the age of efficiency, it was the best of times, it was the worst of times.

Goodbye Goodbye

Falco Schiavi

The war, it came, destroyed us all for money,
For power killed so many crushed our hearts. Peace, the alternative was pushed aside.
The devil's cold hands smite the just. Liberty has crumbled gone with the dust.

Where is the love, do we not have a soul? Goodbye to love, goodbye to friends.
I smile for I know I'll see them when it ends.

The few that are left cower in fear. They wish they had never been born.
They cry and they cry, knowing their end is near. The bombs are coming.
They can feel it in their hearts
Goodbye, Goodbye as soon as it starts

Oh no I hear them. The monsters are back. They rip me apart.
They bask in power and greed and the vices of life, oh, I know their time will come
When and heaven and earth are one with the son.
I write this to you as I lay here to die. Goodbye, cruel Earth, Goodbye. Goodbye.

Untitled

*define for me a soldier
define him short and sweet
define his job
define his life
do all these things for me
but think about what you just said
you defined a war-like man
you define him brave and strong
but the weakest child of them all
will defeat him with one word
we use it everyday
please
the type of soldier this child is
is stronger
is braver
is smarter
this child is a soldier for God*

Devon Surmont

No Country for Young Men

I walked along the street one day,
Saw an old man, he stopped to say,
"Do you really know who ya supposed to be?"
"Look to the left, I'm gonna make you see."
And so I obliged, and gazed stage-right,
My eyes refocused in the dead of night,
And saw with a shock, me, a reflection,
Robbing a store, gun in every direction,
Screaming and yelling, "Put the money in the bag!",
Shrugging a bit, and letting my pants sag.
I saw "me" run out the store,
Turn to left, and run some more,
As "I" ran, "I" passed a liquor store,
Repeated the same crime, told them to kiss the floor.

The real me looked back at the man,
Angry, I asked, "Did you have a plan?"
"What did I see just now, that violent scene?"
He replied, "That's just what could have been."
The old man, grinned, his teeth were gold,
His words were cashing checks for the truths he sold,
He pointed to the right, my breath I hold.
I looked and saw "me" brandishing a smirk,
Mistreating women, acting like a jerk.
Her stomach was round, and her eyes were scared,
Neither one of us was truly prepared,
And yet, "I" shrugged her off,
Every plea she made overrode with a scoff,
Struggling to speak, I heard her *cough*.
Tears made no difference at all to the cold-hearted me,
Looking very fly in my "Icy Prose" white-T.
I couldn't take anymore, that was quite enough,
Asked the old man, "Why you being so rough?"
He replied with a smile, said, "You gotta be tough,"
"Because in the real world, you're not a diamond in the ruff."
"You rally, you pillage, you raise hell,"
"Know that who you are is like the echo of a bell,"
"Just real lucky that the sound rang well,"
"You're just real lucky that you're life was swell,"
"Lucky you could type this poem with a Dell."
And then I woke up.

Rubin Quarcoopome

A Modest Proposal (a satire by Sam Robinson)

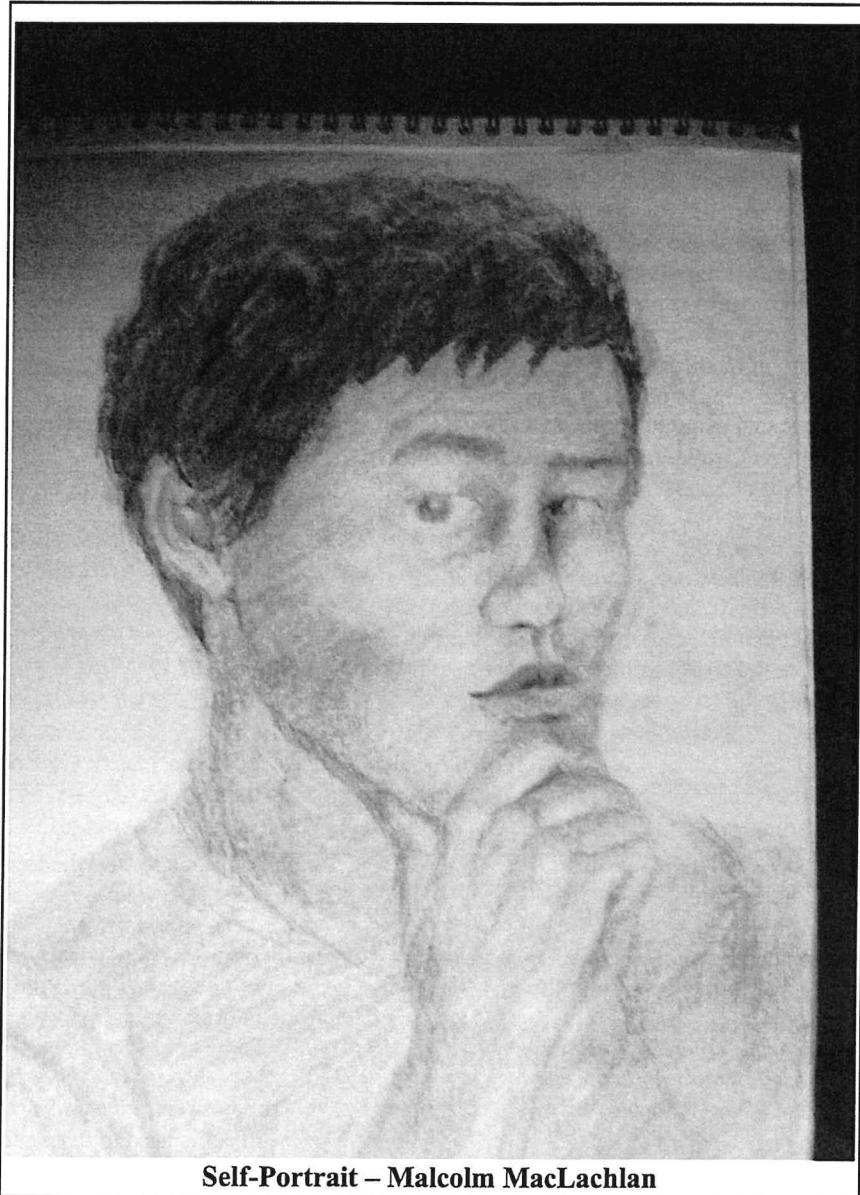
I would assume such matters as economics or the pecuniary struggle of those impoverished should take precedence above such a minute and incommensurable occurrence. I of course speak of these asinine “tragedies” beheld as gun crimes and its associated fallacy gun control. Can one really find a fault in the idea of a man and his protection of those basic elements considered property and family? For what reason can you give to substantiate the claim that more harm than good may eddy from possession of as commonplace a mechanism as a gun?

To the most fundamentalist of all opponents to the idea of gun possession, I question your want of self-preservation. For in an era besmirched by the dolorous moods and heated rages of war, how can one not be expected to protect the little estate bestowed to him or her? If it is your wish to remove the gun from homes across a glorious nation affirming right to life, then you are indeed a hypocrite! Without the possibility of meager self defense, who shall remain secure in the ever shifting political climates of what we call this 21st century of god-saved man?

I submit to you that these issues concerning the welfare of individuals when faced with the unpopular connotation of the firearm, can each be resolved by preexisting media. My first claim is that such children as to find a father or mother's hand-held will undoubtedly be misguided to their own demise unless also instructed in the proper usage of the weapon. Classes must be mandated to begin preparation for the next generation of youth to use guns and rifles. As inevitable as they are, the best way to accomplish safety at home is to familiarize even the most pacifist of the individual in the ways of gun warfare. That said, all manners of digital and virtual technology must be thoroughly investigated and managed to incorporate violence into directed study. And how simple it will be to enforce the playing of a game used to educate in matters of gun violence! For the more resilient pacifist, a training camp should be instituted to consign those who fail to learn such arts independently. Perhaps removal from the home and strict, regimented instruction will yield better proficiency with guns.

With more practical experience, I submit that children will be less likely to fall prey to the mishandling of firearms. Moreover, the media, through their broadcasts and avid want of ratings, will avail the pathway toward social order by promoting such education. I further submit that parents be required to don firearms themselves for the welfare of the estate. And to those who believe people lacking the prudence to manage among their ranks, firearms of useful capability, I submit that you ignore the numbers of accidental gun-related deaths today and comprehend my words. Albeit a difficult process which will no doubt belie a series of unfortunate accidents, with years of movement in a positive direction, the less capable of managing common guns will be exterminated by their own ignorance, allowing for an even more secure society. To encourage better understandings of said weapons and their uses, a militia organized of the most proficient wielders must initiate an active approach to disseminate stability. This means participating in gang shootouts and removing the unruly elements of society ghetto by ghetto. It may seem improper to use gun violence as a way to remove said violence, yet I stand firm in the conjecture that through such means, we may better combat the inevitable surge of fighting. The more we integrate the use of guns, the faster society moves away from entropy and into order.

Of course, I am not so audacious to believe that experience with guns alone shall become societal salvation. It will take years of effort and, no doubt, many lives sacrificed to the transition. Yet who cannot relish the idea of weeding out the morons and securing the human person through his or her own defensive tools? Is it not true that those deemed unworthy cannot operate motorized vehicles or manage the paragon wills of a university? Perhaps if guns were equated to the average remote controls or butter knives, we'd see how simplistic the path to salvation can be. The brave Spartans of old began training in childhood and catalyzed the emergence of a truly herculean military power. So too can we, the American people, take the tools we have now and integrate so simple a device as a gun, into our daily lives. In short, the answer to the “gun problem” is not, in fact, less availability to obtain weapons, but more guns from which we learn to better ourselves.



Self-Portrait – Malcolm MacLachlan

Stream of Consciousness Rant

I approach the wicked with a match, a flame
I argue that their indulgences I might tame
with my thoughts which I construct here and now
they back away quickly, fearing how
I might break the mold, create a fold, a chasm perhaps
I congeal like a cytoplasm of raps invoking your synapse
then I watch as sin taps into the spinal column of society
provoking her to abandon moral sobriety, and of course piety
and hey! there's my camera for picture taking
I pray one day that I can get the sickler waking
from their nightmare of death and despair
like a pearl, I might be rare, found trapped inside
protected from the social cyanide which flows down the streets
up to my door as it greets my family immediate
the truth? now I might be seeing it
in a duality, a dichotomy, of faith vs. sodomy
the nations of meek versus the nations that wreak
sojourn upon the timid and poor, leaving me livid at the whore
that harlot which is money, and I sob till my nose is runny
you might think that's funny, that man is the slave of money
I promise you before the world turns to darkness everlasting
I shall stand for my belief in hope never passing

A.K. Bennett

Nonviolence

Torn between love and sin, How to act is hard to determine I don't wear a robe and people don't call me king But I know that peace is the right thing I have exhasuted all options of peace. I raise a fist hoping I don't release, The anger and hate, That is only left to perpetuate, The feelings I have bottled up, I fight myself, I won't give up. A voice echoes down telling me to have a dream, I look inside but one can't be seen. The voice is drowned out by yells and screams.	I have to back and find the means, To free myself from what's in front of me? That is the dream! I raise my arms out, knowing I am done And bow my head towards the sun. The peace is flowing and I am finally free, To be saved from me. Torn between love and sin, How to act is hard to determine. I don't wear a robe and people don't call me king. But I know that peace is the right thing.
---	--

Matthew Gabrish

The Prison (by Peter Sliwa)

I ... I don't think I'll live much longer. This place has drained the life from me, and I'm almost glad to give it away. I have no reason to hold on to my hope anymore... so I'll give it to you.

I don't think it's important for you to know my name. I've been here so long, I don't even remember it. Just the numbers, 12-132-412-100. You won't remember those. But that's not what I'm asking. Let me explain.

For you to understand, I should probably tell you some things about me. My parents opposed the new government. They thought uniformity, and militarily-controlled life would be just as bad as the flu. They were the ones that started the riots when the New Establishment overtook the U.N. The government repossessed them, when I was ten.

I was brought here when I was fifteen. For being out after curfew. A petty crime, but I was going to an anti-Establishment meeting. I had all sorts of documents with me. The documents led to arrests. The arrests led to deaths. And that's why I'm still here. I'm the only one left.

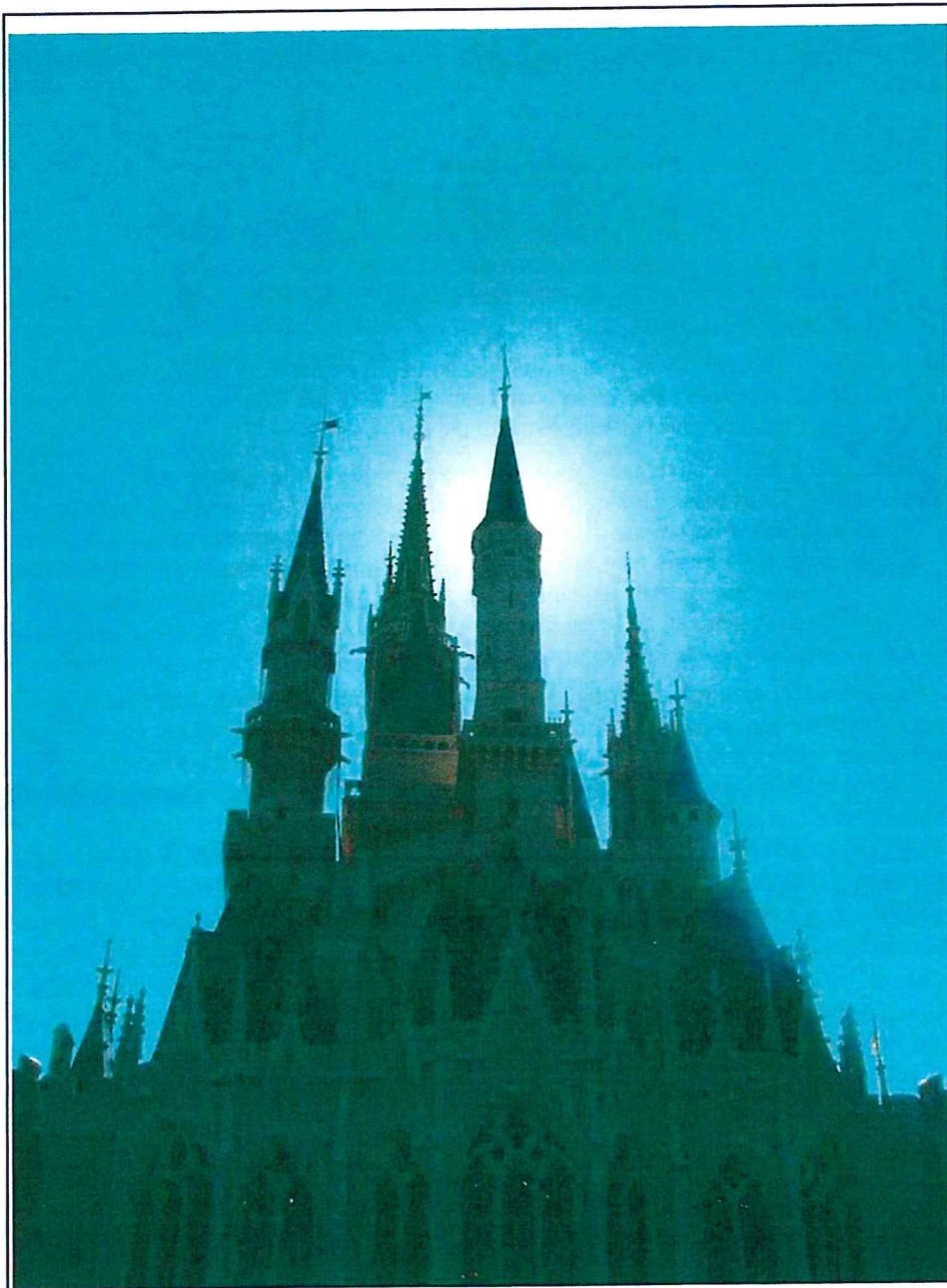
I fought to keep myself alive, the only way to keep her alive. My light, Joanna. She was one of the first to be executed. I was there. One of the sick things this government likes to do. I watched, as one by one my friends were killed before me. At the end of it all, I was ready to accept death with open arms. But then one of the generals, I forget who, said "I bet you want to escape. You want to die and go see your friends in hell." Something broke inside me, some invisible gate, and every emotion I'd ever felt turned to hate. I jumped the general, and they threw me back in this cell. It seems even our lopsided government knows there are worse fates than death.

So I wallowed for another year. I fed the hate with thoughts of revenge until hate was all I knew. Hate fed me, it cared for me, it was my life. And then, amid it all, I was going to kill myself. So they couldn't feed off my misery any longer. Heh. I was going to drown myself in the toilet. I remember it clearly, my head over the cold metal, shaking with rage, thinking 'It's all over,'. But that means they win. The last shred of reason in me threw up this last petty defense, and it changed everything. They win. I would be gone, along with the memories of those most precious to me. Of Joanna. I couldn't let that happen. I didn't care if they killed me anymore, I didn't matter, but I'd be damned if I let them kill Joanna again. So I lived.

And that's where my story has brought me. I have fought on for years to remember Joanna, and my time is up. So, whoever you are, I have one thing to ask of you: remember. Remember Joanna, even though you will never see her, or hold her, laugh with her, or cry with her. Not me, I have played my part and of am no further use. My stage is empty. But Joanna can still shed light in the dark. She can still be a part of you, and I hope you let her be.

My last words on this earth are of hope. I hope you will leave this place, and return to someone who is waiting. I hope the world that you are apart of becomes a better place. It can be. I've seen it. I hope you hold Joanna in your heart, and keep that small, fragile piece om love with you. And, above all, I hope you feel what they do not want you to. The very thing our government fears the most. Hope.

With All Due Respect,
The Man In Cell 13



Castle – Nick Pizana

Walrus in the Sky with Cornflakes (an excerpt)

I am the walrus, that's what he said,
Ku-ku-kachoo, The Beatles put you to bed,
Rest for a second, that's all it takes,
Take a deep breath, and start the day with cornflakes.

It was a long-lost tiger that told me life was great,
Didn't see a different kind of sugar dissolves the state,
We live in now, and our lives are so simple,
People get shot, you worry about a pimple,
A mayor sends dirty texts, now the media's real nimble.
They're working very hard, got something to spend time on,
More productive than cleaning up that D.C. lawn?
For a splash of color controversy, truly a red dawn,
It really might happen, don't hate on that black swan,
And if it really does, what will happen then?
Will anything change, will people be in zen?
Will the world relax, and if then, when?

Life is too crunchy to break the vibe,
But the milk is real sour, so unlike the flow of the tribe,
That poured it all in the first place.
They planned out the taste, occupied the space, and never once did they consider race.
And maybe that's really what it means to have a BASE,
But the wind left my wings, and as I fall, my heart sings,
I hit the ground hard, God, my soul stings,
Never been so scared of the things life brings,
From the bottom to the top, we ignore the phone rings,
Leave someone better on hold, let's indulge those cravings.

Rubin Quarcoopome

Candy Store Wonders

Mackey Daniel

Children quickly approach the door,
Anticipating the opening of the candy store.

Their cheeks are as red as a blossoming rose,
The aromas filling each child's nose.

It soon will be open, it's almost time,
The children get out a quarter and dime.

The clerk approaches, the door starts to click,
The children deciding what they will soon pick.

The door is opened, the heat starts to flow,
The children trod in, all covered with snow.

They roam through the store, not yet at the counter,
While reaching for every treat with all power.

Then one child enters, he's hoping to get
Just one small piece of peanut chocolate.

He runs to the jar, and sees peanut brittle,
His cheeks flare up, eyes water a little.

He searches and looks but it's not there,
He sniffles and cries, then leaves with a tear.

Just then the clerk reaches and he snags the small boy,
And hopes that he can fill him with joy.

He pulls out a box, with a little gold boy,
And all of a sudden the boy seems to glow.

He opens the box, he stares at the treat,
Wondering if it is okay to eat.

He looks at the clerk, the clerk nods his head,
And with a tiny grin the clerk says, "Go ahead!"

“Joyful Little Brother”

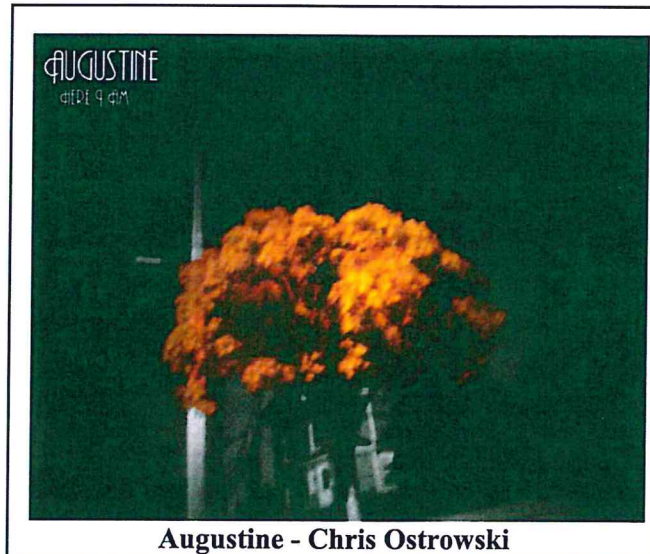
Christopher Love

Full of joy, loving and innocent fun,
Laughing and playfully tackling you, too.
His generous care is widely so fun
That lil’ guy too cool cause of what he do.

Sometimes he cries and acts like a monkey,
Running around the house and messing up.
He will not sit still and flies like a bee.
I only wish we could get him a pup.

He eats chips and candy in the morning,
He watches SpongeBob and plays with his toys.
He sits and listens to learn how to sing,
My mom is blessed to have three charming boys.

I thank God each day for sendin’ lil’ bro,
This Christmas I got him a lil’ yo-yo.



Pretending to be Grown Up by Kevin Burke

FADE IN:

CHARLIE GROWS UP

An empty hallway with white walls and white carpeting appears. There are framed pictures on the wall and a piano on the left side of the hall, with pictures on it as well, just before another hallway made of white ceramic tile. On the side of this hall is a door leading to the outside. An older boy appears at the end of the hallway, putting on a coat and checking for keys, wallet, cell phone, etc.

CHARLIE

Phone, wallet, keys. Let's go.

VOICE

Where're ya goin, Charlie?

Charlie turns around and sees Little Brother at the end of the hallway from which he just came, wearing pajamas. Charlie is at first startled by his appearance.

CHARLIE

I'm just goin' to hang out with some friends. Maybe a movie. I don't know.

LITTLE BROTHER

You're going out again? You never stay home anymore. It's like you don't like being home anymore.

Charlie settles in for what he knows is going to be a long talk. He sits down on the piano bench and his brother walks up in front of him.

CHARLIE

Of course I like being at home. But I like seeing my friends, too. They miss me sometimes, ya know.

LITTLE BROTHER

I MISS YOU! You're at school, then you come home, and you close the door to your room. Remember when we used to play? I remember. We could be pirates on a vast sea, marauding helpless merchant ships!

The hallway disappears and gives way to a burning ship, where Little Brother is dressed in pirate attire with the same pattern as his pajamas, holding a rapier. Waves crash about the ship, but Charlie is nowhere to be seen.

LITTLE BROTHER

They never had a chance against us. But, the crew misses their captain. Or. (Thinking about it) Or we could be knights, fighting for truth and justice against evil!

The scene changes again into a grassy plane where Little Brother is in knight attire, again the same pattern as his pajamas is on his armor. He lifts his visor, standing in the midst of heated battle. A red suns beams down from above casting a blood-like light on the shiny armor. Again, Charlie is nowhere to be seen.

LITTLE BROTHER

I remember you were the bravest knight of all. All of our knight-brothers sang of your courage in battle. They miss you, too.

Scene changes back to hallway where Charlie is still sitting on the piano bench and little brother stands in front of him in the same pose as his last knightly position.

CHARLIE

I miss all of that, too. But I'm getting too old for it. Pirates and knights just aren't as...I don't know...as great as they were before.

LITTLE BROTHER

Well what's so great about cars, going to movies, and...girls. I mean you've sunk real low, Charlie. OK. No knights or pirates. But, what about being a shipwrecked crew? Do you remember that?

The scene changes in front of Charlie, while he remains on the piano bench. A beach now lies before him where the hallway was. Little Brother has his face in the sand and looks slightly ridiculous wearing torn up versions of his pajamas and a clearly penciled on five o'clock shadow. A lone palm tree sits in the background of the small island.

LITTLE BROTHER

We were marooned during a storm. We lost everything and had to make due with the scraps of our formerly great ship, Annie. Remember how we built a house from the hull and used the propeller like a fan for air-conditioning. It kept us cool when it got so hot. But, maybe this isn't cool enough for you. Charlie, do you think about when we were super heroes?

The scene changes to the top of the New York City skyline. Little Brother floats above wearing a bright red cape, but still in his pajamas. A large monster attacks the city in the distance.

LITTLE BROTHER

(Yelling slightly because of the noise made by the monster) We had to save the world from the creatures who sought to end peace in the world. We could save it from a flood, a fire, anything we could imagine. Even a monster that existed only in your imagination. Charlie, please tell me you remember that!

The scene goes back to the now seemingly boring hallway. Charlie still sits on the piano bench, almost in tears.

CHARLIE

I remember. I remember all of it. (Yelling) But that's not me anymore! I can't live in your stupid fairy tale! I have my own problems in the real world. I'm sorry. I have to leave, people are gonna be waiting for me. I'll see you when I get back.

Charlie turns to leave and blocks Little Brother from view. Charlie stops when Little Brother starts to speak.

LITTLE BROTHER

You'll always be here, but I won't be. Good-Bye Charlie.

Charlie turns to say good-bye, but Little Brother is gone.

CHARLIE

Bye.

Charlie goes out the door and slams it. A picture frame falls from the piano and cracks on the tile floor. A picture of Little Brother in his pajamas smiles out. On the frame is written, "Happy 8th Birthday Charlie!"

THE END

Our Only Month.

I wonder,
When will freedom come for the already free,
A paradox it seems, but wait and see,
That though you run through the fields and rest on grass,
Ignorance sneaks, silent and deadly, spreading its gas,
Among the flowers that adorn your naive sight,
They shrivel and die, petal hearts beset by fright,
At the conservative assassin that creeps slowly by,
Settles besides you in the blackened field,
And teases you to cry,
It reaches a weary hand over, it's not the first time,
It strips away the 'you' from you,
Asks "Wanna turn to crime?"
"After you've been robbed, don't you really want that dime?"
And that's just what he desires, the stranger in the grey,
He rises victorious, knows, you wanna shoot the jay,
And when you sink the chain attached to that ball,
Remember, that though the audience may call,
Deep down they all just want you to fall.

And become hollow too.

But it's not all over, don't you worry,
Being a tool is not a brand new story,
It's rather something you should strive,
To break, maybe then you'll survive,
The wave of change that'll blacken the skies,
Momentarily? Who knows how long?
Until the youth realizes the powers are wrong,
And rebels, their young voices a rebel yell,
Burning down Wal-Marts, sending the devil to hell.
They march, up and down the crowded street,
Defiant, sticking up middle fingers, generating heat.
The parents will stand, enamored, proud of their kid,
Looking and remembering what they themselves did,
Behind leaders of their day,
Whose lives were taken away,
By the same kinds of bullets, how they seem to chase us,
That gangstas get shot with on a regular basis.
And they shudder and raise an aching fist,
They color in the surrounding mist,
And mutter with pride, "As salaam alaykum,"
"Please God, let these rebels learn to live soon".

Peace and much love.

Rubin Quarcoopome

Frederick Douglass Final Essay

By Peter Hayden

Slavery was a major force that divided the United States of America in the 1800's; African slaves and their descendants were the victims of inhumane, harsh, even evil treatment from their white, European American masters. A great deal of progress has been made in the past 200 years to correct and attempt to change the prevailing attitudes about race and race relations; However, many inhumane and race based issues are still in practice today. In his work "Narrative of the Life of Frederick Douglass, An American Slave, Written by Himself", Frederick Douglass describes the institution of American slavery and its impact on the slave population detailing how the slaves were treated like animals instead of regular human beings. In American society today, there is still a strong remnant of the racial and social concerns of Douglass' time. Sweatshops, Scriptural Misinterpretation, and the "Educational Divide" continue to reflect the backwards mentality of the slave tradition in America and in the world .

After 150 years of progress, many of the racist and religious ideologies described by Frederick Douglass are still in existence. Slavery still exists in the world today still carrying the harsh and inhumane treatment during Douglass' time. Douglass expresses the living conditions of slaves and the monthly allowance, "The men and women slaves received, as their monthly allowance of food, eight pounds of pork, or its equivalent in fish, one bushel of corn meal, their yearly clothing consisted of two coarse of linen shirts, one pair of linen trousers, one pair for the winter"(Douglass 1031). He then describes the living the conditions stating " There were no beds given the slaves, unless one coarse blanket be considered such, and none but the men and women had these"(Douglass 1031). Douglass is expressing those squalid conditions that the slaves experienced. Are similar to living conditions in the sweatshops of today like those in Burma and Thailand. Workers receive little pay and work in harsh conditions. "The annual wages for a sweatshop worker are only 10 to 20 cents per hour and the women many receive no wages for years as they attempt to pay off debts after being deceived by recruiters who promise them a better life"(<http://www.webstereduwoolfm/sweatshop.html>. November 2. 2004. December 5. 2006). In addition, sexual abuse is still a reality, Douglass also expresses how women were used as prostitutes in order to gain money and produce slave children stating " After buying her (Caroline), he hired a married man of Mr. Samuel Harrison, to live with him for one year; and him he used to fasten up with her every night, the result at the end of the year was twins"(Douglass 1053), Caroline's only true service was as a sex slave analogous to a women prisoner in Texas who was abused by the staff stating " She was forced to strip naked for the prison staff and perform sexual favors"(www.amnestyinternational.com. 5 June 2000. December 5, 2006). Douglass expresses how women were beaten and tortured if an order was not followed correctly. " Her arms stretched up at their full length, so that she stood upon the ends of her toes. He then said to her, :Now you d-d b-h, I'll learn you how to disobey my orders!", he commenced to lay on her the heavy cowskin, and soon the warm, red blood came dripping on the floor"(Douglass 1030). Slavery and a sweatshop existence have many similarities in how the workers are treated, little to no pay, squalid living conditions, and sexual abuse are common in both. Slavery has not ended. It still exists in the world today such as in countries like Burma and Cambodia and will always be inhumane and harsh. In order to become better society leaders, must seek out the injustices in the world and stop it rather than ignore it.

The "Educational Divide" is still an issue in the United States of America. In Douglass' time anyone discovered teaching the slaves how to read or write would face serious consequences for their actions. In his Narrative, Douglass describes what happened when a white man was discovered teaching slaves how to read and write " The crime of holding a school was committed ten years ago"(Douglass 1061). This was because of the fear that if a slave learned then he or she would become more rebellious and defiant of the master's wishes. Today, an argument is taking place in the Supreme Court as to whether or not to separate students based on their race and send the students to different districts. On Monday, December 4, 2006 the Supreme Court wrestled with voluntary integration plans in public schools, asking whether Seattle's "Open Choice" program is an acceptable move toward student diversity or another name for illegal racial quotas" The Supreme Court continues questioning whether it is acceptable to transfer a quota of students from one district to another based on their race for equality purpose. Similar to the struggle that Douglass experienced in how he couldn't learn because of his color and now students are being transferred because of the color of their skin. It would seem that answer to the question is that the school's boards need to focus on the student's abilities and disabilities rather than the color of their skin. If they focus on the color of their skin, then they are no better than the slavemaster. Scriptural Misinterpretation existed during Douglass' time with Southern Christianity and continues today with the misinterpretation of the Koran by radical Muslims. Douglass' master believed that it was acceptable to beat and torture a slave based on a passage in the Old Testament stating "He that knoweth his master's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes"(1050). The only defense that the master had that beating a slave was alright was the Bible. In a similar way, radical Muslims believe that it is alright to kill for Allah. In the Koran, it states "Smite the necks of the disbelievers whenever you fight against them. Those who die fighting for Allah will be rewarded 47:4". Radical Muslims believe that it is perfectly acceptable to kill non-believers because Allah will reward them with "70 virgins by the river". A moderate interpretation of the Koran says that the Muslims must be able to believe in Allah and his beliefs and not to turn away or against him and to put all the trust in him. Due to these Scriptural Misinterpretations, enemies are born and lives are lost. Due to the Scriptural statement during Douglass' time, slavemasters treated the slaves like animals instead of human beings and continuously tortured and in dehumanized them. This is similar to radical Muslims who believe that it is alright to kill innocent people in the name of God. People in a peaceful and accepting society must not take words literally, rather must find interpretations that allow for a great society of tolerance and understanding instead of the beliefs of others who would use religion to violently impose their will. Many of the events during Frederick Douglass' time still exist in modern day society and throughout the world. Whether its sweatshops like slavery, Supreme Court integration like the Seattle school district plan, or Islam like old Southern Christianity many biases and prejudices still exist in the world today. As a society Americans must fight these biases and prejudices in order to gain equality for all human beings all over the United States and in the world. Lessons can be learned Frederick Douglass by treating everyone the same and ending hatred all over the world.

Black Color

The color of a heart filled with scorn
The color of a belt so fresh and unworn
The color of a panther, ready to pounce
The color of the sky when the moon comes and the sun will bounce
The color of a shadow that reflects your shape
The color of a sticky piece of duct tape
The color of ink as it bleeds on a paper sheet
The color that isn't a color, yet its existence is so discreet
The color of your view when you've taken a gigantic fall
The absence of color, hope that says it all

Nicholas Jordan

My Favorite Song

It started out with Deezy's "In my Hood"
And led to Blade's album "Blood, Sweat, and Tears."
In '07 they claimed they are "So Hood",
And 50 Cent claimed he showed us no fear.

When Tone-Tone told the whole world "What up Doe?"
And Soulja Boy taught us how to "Crank Dat."
When Stretch Money proclaimed to "Get dat Doe"
And Lil' Wayne asked that girl "Where da Cash at?"

How Cassidy told us which side he'd leaned,
And T.I. showed us his A.T.L. Swag.
When Cashout announced that they rolled with the team
And Playaz Circle carried duffle bags.

All these songs put onto just one CD,
Which describes the favorite songs of me.

Tyrone Teart

The Puzzler

A driven man, not high or royal,
Escapes the chaos of the halls
To sit in keen and silent toil
Surrounded by self-white-washed walls.
He sits alone—the room too plain—
Dead center of the walls so bare
Except for one small window pane,
The point of his absorbing stare.

And through the window glass he peers,
And this is what he sees and hears:
A waveless crystal mountain lake,
A hopeful heart in love to break,
A radiant female's shapely face,
A secret love's unseen embrace.

And with these images in mind
He ventures to create a slew
Of puzzle pieces all combined
To paint a picture ringing true.
But they are pieces hard to find
Not neatly stacked and organized
But scattered 'cross the room, confined
In places little emphasized.

But through the window tint he peers,
And this is what he sees and hears:
A sacred object made unclean,
A once predicted doomsday scene,
A tearful destined last farewell,
A sinner's homely glimpse of hell.

The pieces blanket all the floor
Creating piles along the edge
And the obstruction of the door
While gathering in heaps like sedge.
Some lie in corners of the room
Entombed and hidden out of sight
But others, open yet in gloom
Just lurking in the lack of light.

And through the window pane he peers
And this is what he sees and hears:
A visit crushed by Father Time,

Simon Michalik

A pattern of the moon, sublime,
A glimpse of Clotho's fateful thread,
An hourglass with sand of lead.

He peers for pieces from his seat
To see some frequent and mundane
And others rare, obscure, elite,
But neither does he seek to gain.
Instead he looks for only those
That match his need in shape and skin
So that his picture smoothly flows
And pieces need not be jammed in.

So through the window frame he peers
And this is what he sees and hears:
A kingdom of an evil lord,
A foul hate-filled monstrous horde,
A long lost store of hidden gold,
A legendary sword of old.

And when his picture is complete,
He looks on it along with pride
Or scorn which leads him to repeat
The process or the product hide.
Only the ones he likes at all
That sit in boxes on the floor
Remain for peddlers in the hall
Or still lie hidden by the door.

But through the window tinge he peers
And this is what he sees and hears:
A stately raven on a perch,
A climbing boy, a frozen birch,
An albatross's final flight,
A maid's forbidden fruit, her plight.

But finally he sees a scene
Familiar, which him so enthralls:
A toiling man in silence keen
Surrounded by self-white-washed walls.
He sits alone—the room too plain—
Dead center of the walls so bare
Except for one small window pane,
The point of his absorbing stare.



The Way

If there is a way,
show me.
If there isn't a way,
show me how to make one.
If there is a wrong way,
block it, make it invisible to me.
Help me at the forks in the road,
guide me to the better part.
You know the way,
let it be mine,
let it guide me,
to you,
and eternal life.
Your way may be confusing,
But it's the clearest,
and the easiest to follow.
It may be friendly,
help me see it that way.
Help me learn the ways of the road,
your road, your way.

Help me lay down my barriers,
and shields,
so that your surroundings,
may become, mine.
Help me act as you,
not my companions.
Let your way,
be the way,
and my way.
Oh Lord, let your road be my first and
last,
help me stay on that path,
the path to righteousness.
Your path,
becomes,
my path,
now.
Amen.

Devon Surmont

Soft Targets (Perseverance)

Through the haze of insane stand a figure of disdain\
with the hair of a hentai and the eyes of insane\
with the weapon of time, he slices through the pain\
on his way to the evil tyrants, Fury and Pain\
armed with a bow of power and arrows of might\
he doesn't need anything else like flashing lights\
by Kanye off his album *Graduation*\
but there was no need to wonder this man's occupation\
he was a mercenary, bought to assassinate any one with a vile thought\
but this kill is pro-bono with a drought\
of killing after he was tricked in to murder of a good clean fellow\
the good old King Hardwork dressed in yellow\
he was tricked by Pain, with his weapons of deceit\
lulled by Fury, into mind's defeat
killing the kind dressed in yellow with a color of blue\
now stained in a rusty red, color of blood, a nasty hue\
but back to the case on point, at hand\
Our Man has defeated a traveling killing band\
upon reaching the castle, he sets down his bow\
and kneels and prays for his foe\ he prays for a battle, both bloody and well\
he prays when he kills, may their souls rest in hell\
he concludes that when he is killed and body is through\
may he fall on his weapon, to hell to join them, too\
with this, he arises with enemy's sword\
kicks through the door, attacking the evil horde\
hack and slash is the main deal here\
until he is confronted by Fury, Pain, and the their son Fear\
The protagonist speeds on, with vengeance in his heart\
He speeds into the three, like a hellhound or a heated dart\
when they collide, light surrounded the entire area\
the living demons, who saw, convulsed in mass hysteria\
the whole ordeal was a once in a lifetime experience\
for the man who became mercenary, was named "Perseverance"

Fletcher Sharpe

The Caskets We Carry

*The caskets we carry
The friends that we bury
Will all leave marks on our hearts*

*We are told to grieve
Yet it frustrates to believe
That it was all His plan from the start*

*We wonder if their death was scary
Or why they couldn't live to marry
Or why He planned it this way*

*But we can't always understand
And can only do the best we can
To live on without them everyday*

*Yet we still feel them around
Because they're not six feet underground
They're with us, and that I know*

*It's what we have to believe
In order to conceive
That place we'll someday go*

Alex Bradley

Relax

*When the wrinkles in your shirt are your only worry.
When everything has to get done in a hurry.*

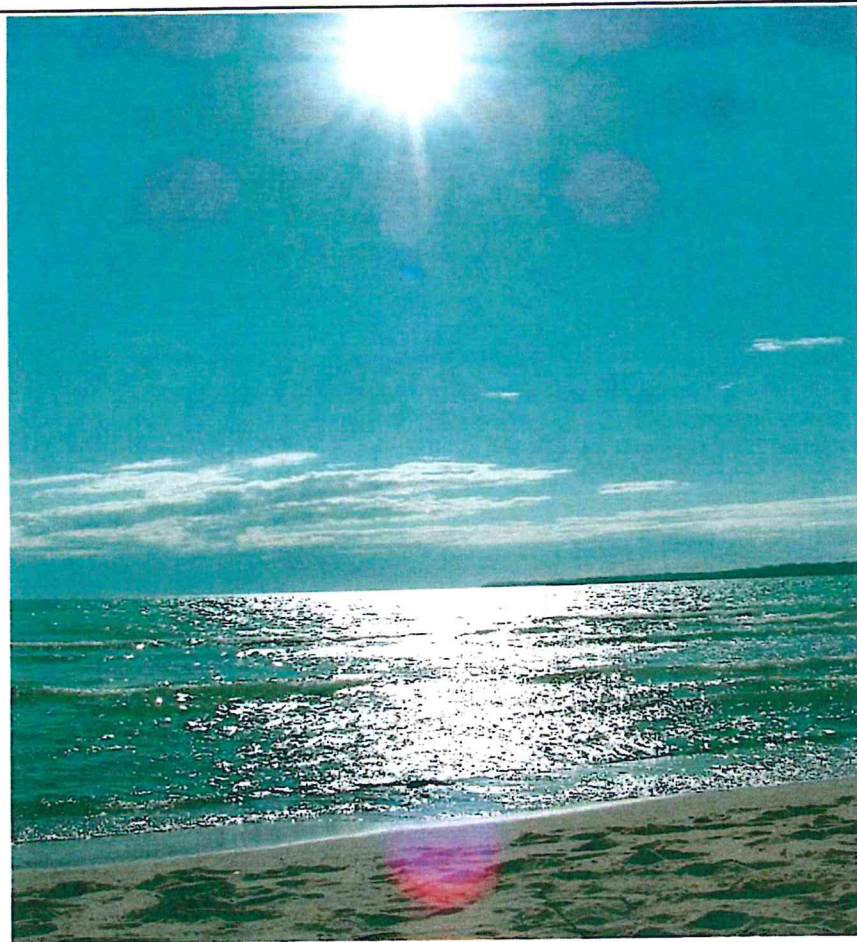
*Worrying about the next day at night.
Wishing, praying that everything will go right.*

*When's the last time your mind was FREE? Not focusing on a regret.
It's time to think of life in a different way, it's time you just forget.*

*Forget the aches and pains and stress and all your daily worries.
Just think about it, relax, slow down. Don't treat life as a hurry.*

*It's not a race, so find a pace, and treat each day like gold.
Just sit back and RELAX for a while, and watch God's plan unfold.*

Alex Bradley



By the Lake - Nick Pizana

Coastal Walk

Away from camp on a dark night,
Heading to the ocean's sides,
As I walk along the ocean sides, with a breeze so crisp,
And a sound so pure.
As I walk along the ocean's sides, with a night so dark,
And a sky so bright
As I walk along the ocean's sides, with millions of stars gazing down upon me,
Illuminating the sand on which I walk, the sand that molds to my every step,
The question is do we mold to every step we take, every new experience rushing in like the ocean
waves, or do we simply let the experience pass, forgetting to take it in,
Realizing that in life you need to slow down and look around.

Kyle Frantz

Near Shore

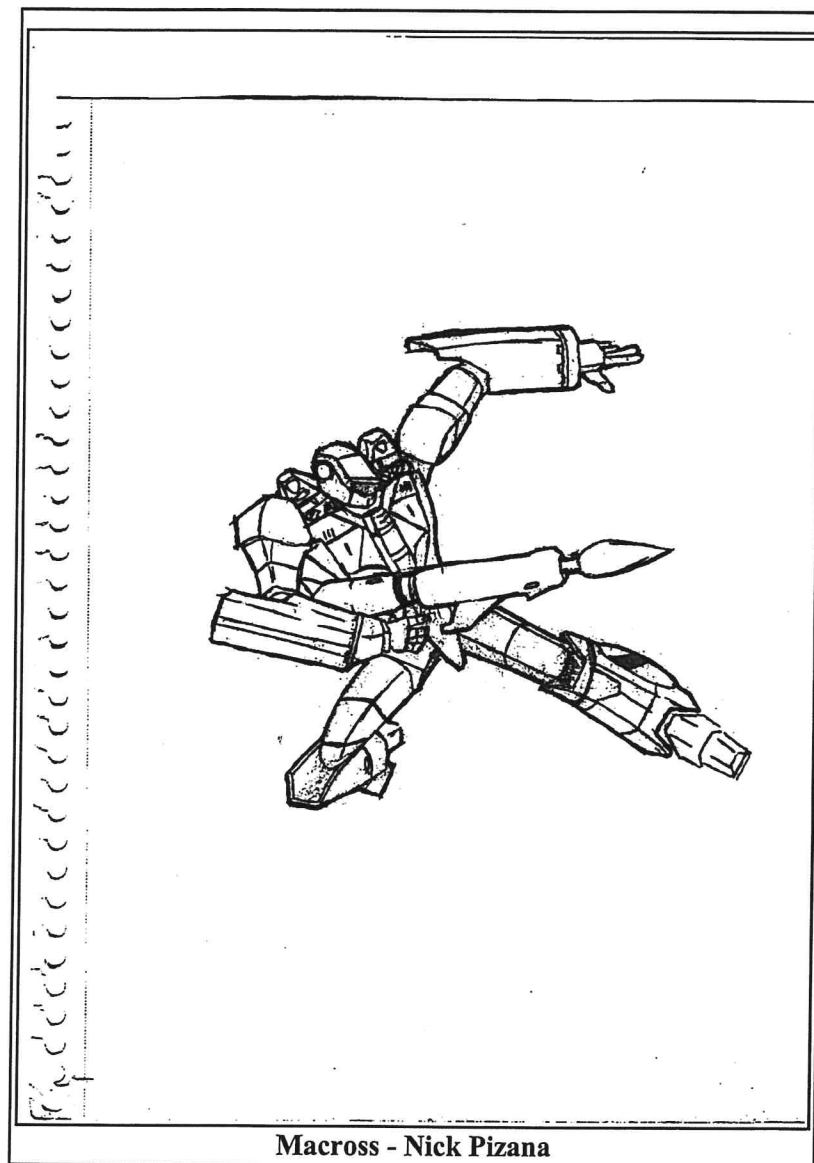
A man stands quietly, isolated at sea
While the air brings a sense of serenity
The wind brings about a chilly breeze
As the area lacks noise and the water fills up to his knees
He's alone and accompanied by his oar
As the sky is a quiet blue, and there is peace near shore

Nicholas Jordan

Out There

They say that real recognize real
the ones with the skins of steel
the ones that are so gone that they don't even feel,
the daggers tossed at them like a sharp spear
the world is made by them for us to fear.
they hide out in the night with eyes that leer,
back in with the utmost anger & ire
influencing the young-uns to turn into liars
introducing them to life with a "trial by fire"
but the good ones still live in the decrepit city
they use a different currency though, some love and pity
upon finding a lost soul, they help him, no matter how gritty
the good ones search for the place of Boss Street
the one with crack pipes for jewels, and girls on his feet
body like an escalade and voice of a vulgar beat.
Street gotta wife, the devil named greed
she is dressed scantily clad, and steals more than a need
so much for her, so little for anyone else to feed
deceit in her eyes, hate in her hair
a body like a goddess to lure you into her lair
where she will prey on your soul, and destroy all that's fair
her envious perfume is too strong for one to bear
but it flows around all in the world here,
so i got my words like a jet, follow me if you dare
i know the place to go, & i'll see you **out there**.

Fletcher Sharpe



The Grey Area

A.K. Bennett

dreams are made of this...

sixteen years in the making, here is A.K.'s tale
imagine yourself the lonely dark face in a sea of pale
the pressure of the world, society begging you to fail
pursue drugs or hoops, stop those scholarships in the mail
the racial blasphemer, contradicting the mass media is the focus
reversing common beliefs of many, more frustrating than the Egyptians' locusts
arousal of confusion and hatred, my actions have spurred
the boundaries of race and culture, slowly being blurred
accusations of self-hatred for my skin, still not deterred
grew up a child who saw everything but color, a rare breed
found solace in hockey, hip-hop, rock and friends, I was freed
but triumph was far from simple, the world has left many scars
split between Detroit and suburbs, golf courses and big rimmed cars
they told me I could only pick one, so I chose quick
created my own mixture of America, a melting pot filled so thick
i sit here on the brink of graduation with a new found adoration
of my life filled with Zoo York, Bauer, Ecko, DC, and the hip-hop nation

That's Right, I Just Did That

A.K. Bennett

who are you to fear my bombardment?
it's just an explosion from my vocal department.

regardless of shapeshifters, I drape drifters and tape blisters,
onto the cells of life, dropping them into wells of strife as they are lit by bells of light, slinking down dells
at heights which rise above the eyes of doves whose love of elevation reminds those of creation that a
demonstration of nuclear proliferation demeans their existence here, now they live in persistent fear of my
resistance near to that heart beating, and now we start feeding off of guitars whining notes from strings,
alas I float some things down rivers to towns, passerby feel shivers and frowns as fragments of yesteryear
fester here and watch the jester leer at the morose and meek, I act verbose and seek acclaim as I hear a
claim that humans are tame, I resound with laughter after I master the culmination of that statement and
watch the abatement of surprise as I hear echoes devise a means to revise the cries of flies swatted and
blotted upon paper, with scissors I taper the meaning, and through drug screening, I find the world
leaning on a fabrication, an exacerbation of civility, an exasperation of nobility, wreaking hostility against
peaking ability to reverse the worst immersed in our surroundings, echolocation of my soundings, amazed
at how I bound things and drowned things in a cerebral pattern, that shall spurn a tide, and earn a ride
through the voids of senses, chuckle at how I avoid the tenses, and employ defenses against relentless
offenses as I vent this escapade, and know that I meant this to relieve idle times, I believe in bridal
rhymes, along with tunes of a groom, the sky has so many moons to consume, and drones to house, and
moans to rouse from the awoken who have spoken through faith that a wraith shall hit a barrier, for they
live as a carrier of more than concrete, to them ration is obsolete, but passion cannot be beat, even as you
lash upon my feet, waves crash upon the weak beaches of hate, and watch as a tsunami reaches the fate of
evil, and kneels to call her quite regal, then turns to a seagull and drops some white fecal.

Swimming

Out of bed
In the beater
Almost dead
Full blasting heater

What am I doing?
They say it's good for you,
But my skin is burning
And my head is bursting, too.

I jump in
The worst feeling, a teaser.
The most bitter feeling to my skin
Like being in a freezer.

Pushing myself to the limit,
Holding half a minute.

Matt Kneiser

Untitled (Baseball)

*Shut out the whole game, but only down one.
Bottom of the ninth already two out,
A man on first base, we need a homerun.
Pitcher looks for a sign, but calls timeout.*

*The catcher gets up and heads to the mound.
Pitcher toes the rubber, leans in and nods.
Nobody in our dugout makes a sound.
Hitter needs a base knock, what are the odds?
The pitcher is set and starts his motion.
Strike one, strike two, strike three, he struck out.
The crowd is cheering, causing commotion.
But that's okay kid you don't need to shout.*

*No need to worry there's always next time,
Striking out is not a terrible crime.*

Kevin Neaton

BOWLING

**The scoreboard flashed.
The parents crashed.
Your perfect game is through.**

**The seven-ten,
thieved you again.
Your face is turning blue.**

**The final frame
may bring you fame,
if you can make the spare.**

**Release the ball.
Watch one pin fall,
as all the players stare.**

**The seven slides.
The ten collides.
My teammates shout "Hooray."**

**The game is done.
Our match is won.
We'll play another day.**

Patrick St. Onge

What's Left of Me

What's left of me
Is fast asleep
My darkened heart lies broken
Cast from the worlds
From angels that cry
With tears of joy
To fear and lies
To melt away
What's left of me now
Always night, shattered day
An empty sanctuary

Peter Sliwa

EMOTIONS

*They explode
they hurt
they feel good
they come out
they change
they adapt
they dwindle
they hide
BOTTLES
they hold
they hide
they contort
they eventually leak
opening up
is like poppin' a cork
pressure swells up
and will eventually explode*

Devon Surmont

Conglomeration of Random Rhymes

A.K. Bennett

1.

here i come, constantly breaking new ground
evolution and metamorphosis, ultimately found
the gods and the cosmos, the universal joint
abstractions and reality, the focal point
blotches of blood stain the flag
runnin' down alleys, filled duffel bag
photographic memories appease the blind
harmonious echoes, listening, the deaf grind

shivering frozen pipes bursting from warmth
letter-writing Paul traveling to Corinth
suddenly satellites and lasers flood the scene
Christ on the cross as maniacal demons lean

towards the shadow of Anubis, the infamous jackal
filthy Jezebel stirs her cauldron with a cackle
the fantastical winding yellow brick road
culminates at society's humble abode
no lesson, no moral, no point to the story
to Lucifer's chagrin, finally got my satori

2.

take a journey, into the thoughts, acid trip cometh quick
the steepest mountain in view, nightmares curing the sick
lights out, a blackout, yet I still have vision
through the chaotic haze, a masterful incision
the darkest halls you'll ever walk surround you now
locked from within due to your sin, fire scorches your brow

fear seeps through the cracks, could it be dreams are made of this
hallowed chambers, one by one, never-ending, something's amiss
raindrops of anger, bullets of compassion, clouds of hate, bombs of love
keep the composure, the trip nears its finale, just lift the eyes, a glance above
flames licking undeciphered faces, chills coerce the flesh
wailing the lonely and wicked, clamoring up the titanium mesh

reflections in the stream, emptiness gazes back, clawing at the face
hollowed eyes haunt the mind, departure from the phantom with haste
no grass, no green, only red and black, the depths of Styx, i confess
dropping anchor, Hades on a yacht, relaxing in imaginary distress
flashes of reality, flashes of insanity, writhing together, confusion of life
joining Hades with the abandonment of hope, a choice, nay, a love for strife

3.

triumphs and tragedies all that I know
I'm humble: got the lyrics, not the flow

this here's my invocation of the muse
I'm like St. Louis, always got the blues
when I look at the world, i only feel shame
punks and bros doin' the unbelievable for fame
but like Jurassic 5, staying true to the game
my rhymes are the key to my mind frame

man, it can be difficult havin' so much to say
when all the government cares 'bout is marrying if you're gay
trust me I'm not a commie with the hammer and sickle
just can't stand seeing Americans all up on Bush's p*ckle

this stream of consciousness flowing through the brain
transmuting into words and phrases causing you pain
I apologize if its too much to handle
too close to the wick, I burn the whole candle
I jump from idea to idea, not new information
my main weapon, its an arsenal of alteration
having some struggles, everything's fadin' to black
don't worry, just like Arnie, I'll be back

4.
A light amongst the shadows appears and explodes
sudden realization of how his mind erodes
glimpse of the nature, that of two
joyfully knowing chaos shall ensue

subliminal tendency towards seclusion
hatred warps and bursts in profusion
running down two paths, both at once
quietly he pursues, deadly he hunts

dwell on despair is his call
this psychosis introduces the fall
frantic and shifting eyes take it all in
the nosedive commences, such a tragic spin
somber notions of submission
leaving little room for acts of contrition
harmonious echoes his demons sound
into our head, fires a round

shrouded by silence, he can corrupt and conquer
temptation his tool, Lucifer his moniker
aware of his presence, yet continuing to stray awry
his repetitious depression makes us want to die

Untitled (Admiral Ackbar) by Peter Blake

The majority of the people who live in Grosse Pointe have been to the Blockbuster at Cadieux and Kercheval, in the Village. Some of those people may have been there more than once, some, *::coughBasilcough::* may have spent an inordinate percentage of their lives in this store. Those who are familiar with the store may also recognize some of the people who work there, including the shorter, creepy man who works behind the counter there. It is he whom this story is about.

So first off, for those who do not know or have not encountered this man, think of Admiral Ackbar. Take him, then squish his eyes back into his head. Then make him a little paler, and add a smattering of black, kinda nasty hair on his head. Then make Admiral Ackbar a 40-something year old man who lives in his mother's basement. Now that you have this vivid, somewhat disturbing image in your head, imagine waiting in line to have him check out your videos while being surrounded by whiny, crying children in your neighborhood Blockbuster. While this is a wonderfully pleasant image, it gets even better. When you walk up to him, he asks you for ID. However, he doesn't just say the traditional "May I please see some ID", like all the cops say. Instead, Mr. Ackbar asks if he can see "a driver's license, a passport, a pint of blood, or a DNA sample." While this would throw most people off, my initial response was something along the lines of "?". That, of course, is a non-verbal response. As my brain moves somewhat slowly, by the time I was ready to speak, the question of what Mr. Ackbar would do with my blood or DNA sample was burning through my brain. So I asked him. He thought for a moment, then, like any good Star Trek fan would, he told me that he would probably take both of the samples to the back to run them through his DNA scanner, and then match it against the federal database. And that it would probably take a little longer than if I just gave him my driver's license. So I just gave him my license. And then left, feeling both slightly creeped out, and slightly fascinated by the interaction that had just taken place.

In other news, I found a new place to sleep in school today. You can lie down behind one of the bookcases in the library and everything gets really quiet, so if you were to bring a blanket and pillow, I would assume that you could take a nice little nap there. As long as people didn't throw things at you while you slept. In spite of this risk, I have decided that I will bring said blanket and said pillow to school, and test the "nap-itude" of this new location. I just hope I don't end up sleeping through English.

One second thought, strike that. I don't really mind sleeping through English.

FDA and rap game the same

am ill on the mic, strong on the stages
my illness is so emphatic it might be contagious
the crowd goes mad, lines stretch so far out the door
you can call them "out" rageous
no more encore, cuz i am have already played this
around the world, you just happen to be
the last city on my tour
and i have to return to life as i knew it
and clean up the mess i left, after i blew it
now i am done venting and the answer was "cool it"
chill, get a life, the regular, you already knew it

chillin' in the lunch room, stuck on the g code
we pray before we eat but then talk in the street mode
and the heat's cold, so your feet show,
they shiver in my presence, i call you "a weak h****"
to prove that i am tough
and blah blah blah
but i can't get respect unless i holla
this cat tried to get me, like yo your hair is crazy
i say so how much you smokin'
cuz i got betta grades, b, and don't sleep on my hair,
cuz yo mama braided me
and she gotta Myspace, she tried to favorite me
and i was like, bow! Who's talkin' now?
lunch room has cans for you to put your trash in
cuz i have a vendetta,
that's why i stack chedda
forever, and it couldn't get better
till i wake up and realize i wear a Ralph Lauren sweater
and my life is neat, my affairs are in order
and i only dreamed of thug life,
pew! i don't have a baby daughter.

the rappers don't show you, how dumb you look
and they don't even know you
some poor advice you took, about get rich or die trying
cuz i'll bet you'll die 100% of the time
and i'll make cash that way, and won't even be lyin'
but i would get a label, cuz i don't disrespect mine,
or yours, in fact, i don't call my gf a whore
would you imagine, being good is bad
i am the man, but only by my standards
of which this world knows none
so good people are hazards, clear out the area

and make way for Marshall Mathers
exit the building if your life matters
cuz we don't deal with truth,
we only try to sell lies, that invoke insidious laughter
if you want to do the right thing
chat with your pastor.

but if you want the wrong things
consult your doctor
the list of effects are enough to make me stop here
bloating, heart attack, blood clots, and dying
what pill is good enough to kill you and save at the same time??
ya dig? maybe it's just me, but i wanna live.
and if i have to talk to a doctor,
then i would like to test it on your kids to see how you feel,
buy your own products if you think the stats are real
new report came out, the new one really kills
i can't imagine a doctor continuing the pills
till i realized they wouldn't recall cuz
we haven't yet passed a bill
man you crazy, this check up is over
call me if you ever find something that's sober
that works, you suit-wearing jerk
that makes a 150 grand just to wear a cocky smirk
so the rappers are out to get me
and the FDA couldn't care less
they both making money
and i am still making less
they both all up on me
like an undersized vest
neither really want me to choose for the best
but now my case i rest
but remember court do you best to protect
i gave my daughter that pill cuz i thought it couldn't hurt her
i bought him the cd cuz he asked with such fervor
i didn't know my kindness would be a double murder
two kids destroyed by two different, perjurers,
now, lest i elect, the best, your honor, nothing further.

W.S. Paul Jackson

Rape of the Queen

Still thinks they'll fold like a hot-headed card game
Especially when they realize that he's mopped up the blood name
Rape of the mother, but the son's dad is uh-way
And the son'll never notice past the gone-jewels and stopped pay
Illegitimate children, and the dog is still dogged, say
Not what they wanted, but they got it under bog's save
Hide in the fog 'till their mellow takes the yellow side
Purify the colors like a clear dose'd formaldehyde

We'd rather hide, lest they take it in a bad way
Germaphobic Reformists pull Windex and the hair spray
Wipe away the traces of the murder and the murder tool
Wipe it off the faces of the kiddies whom they play it to

I saw the rapist in the facelessness of tick's-tock
The offspring's only home is what he's known 'n what he knows not
We'll blow cotton 'till they're gotten n' it's all gone
Floppin' all that's rotten, and it's sloshing like a snow's song

--And they mistake the creative flow for solid gold
Picking with the locks n' the sharin' crops of the peanut's load
They put on lock plots n' the e-con-o-homes
The jungle's turned to brick and the prisons made to projects, tho...--

Chris Williams

Listen to the Drum's Beat

Listen to the pounding of the drum's heart beat,
Listen as it sways with rhythmic feat.
Listen as it pounds loud and clear,
Listen for under the sound you'll hear.
The moaning and whining of centuries past,
The grinding of teeth and all people aghast.
The joys and triumphs that contradict,
Those pained and tormented that time could not fix.
How strong the drum beats, its sound so appeasing,
That one could forget those it isn't pleasing.
The ups and downs of history tell,
Those same pounds that we all know well.
The misery and sadness stand right with,
The happiness and kindness we cannot forget.
So listen now for that loud rhythmic pound,
For it will continue for centuries down.

Jeff Rizik

Leaving My Mark by Drew Ostin

So as some of you know, I was in Utah over spring break for a little skiing. The Fishers and my family went out to dinner one of the nights in Park City. Adam and I finished our meal early, so we left and went to walk up and down Main Street, browsing the different stores. We came across the sculpture of an old miner examining what looked like some sort of rod. I wanted to take a picture of it, but before I could get out my camera, two young boys (perhaps age 8 or so) came running up, holding in their hands a toy parachute man. They ran to the statue and placed the parachute man on the miner's rod, turned around and ran away, screaming "We left our mark!!! Now Go!" We decided to take a picture of the statue with the parachute man and without. We just threw it to the ground and left.

We thought nothing of it at the time, but we came to a chilling realization later that day. Those kids "left their mark" and it only lasted for about five seconds in reality. They had obviously hoped it would last longer, but inevitably, it didn't. The mark will only be taken in account for a single picture in a single album on a Facebook account that they will never see. Their so-called mark in the world will go basically unnoticed. They will never see its effect. Adam and I discussed this, and began to apply the humorous concept to life. We realized that in a sense, we are all just like these ignorant yet persevering children in that we are trying to leave our mark on the world. We may never get to see our "mark's" effect, and it will probably be so small that few will ever see it. Our mark may only last seconds, as these children's did. The fact is that the world is so large and we are so small it's just incredible to take a look at. When I was on the ski lift and took a gander down at the people skiing down the hill, I thought they appeared as ants just doing mindless work fit for pawns. Yet I realized that I skied among them. Because I can make such a realization puts me above them, doesn't it? Or am I just a silly child trying to leave my mark on the world?



The 5 – Nick Pizana

senior year

and it's rolling
closer and closer
that day when we will break bread
and go home to eat it
and the last dance
won't mean a thing
'til you're on the floor
dancing like a maniac
and your bags might be packed
but you're not ready to leave
or go anywhere
until wheels start rolling
without you
throw a party, hands in the air
take a damn picture,
I don't care
but I'll cry like a kid
like I did, remember?
when we were kids
and it was all true or false
and in the end, it was alright
and we laughed at it.
The pastel worksheets

fractions of that rainbow
on flashcards
so here we are, *cough*
rowing out to sea
here we are
not really afraid to be
alone again
because you've always got
haha
someone
grab your diploma and run
tear it up, get sent
and when you're the middle of the cookie
or the bottom of the sink
I think I'll let you watch
the stars, tv, the time pass, with me
remember me (and you)
goodnight sleep tight tonight.
and remember
that time when

Joe Dimuzio

Index

A.K. Bennett

-Poems

- Conglomeration of Random Rhymes, p. 70-71
- The Grey Area, p. 66
- Stream of Consciousness Rant, p. 46
- That's Right, I Just Did That, p. 66

Tommy "Taco" Bell

-Art

- Untitled, p.31

Andrew Bituin

-Poems

- Poetry, p. 6

Peter Blake

- Untitled (Admiral Ackbar), p. 72

Alex Bradley

-Poems

- The Caskets We Carry, p. 61
- Relax, p. 61

Kevin Burke

-Short Stories/Essays

- Pretending to Be Grown Up, p. 52-54

John Cristiano

-Poems

- a pen and paper: a study of the mind, p. 8-9
- Spring: Thoughts and Feelings, p. 37-38

Mackey Daniel

-Poems

- Candy Store Wonders, p. 50

Joe Dimuzio

-Poems

- freebeat, p. 39
- Senior Year, p. 78

Chris Eng

-Poems

- Winter's Gifts, p. 33

Kyle Frantz

-Poems

- Coastal Walk, p. 63

Matt Gabrish

-Poems

- Nonviolence, p. 46

Peter Hayden

-Short Stories/Essays

- Frederick Douglass Final Essay, p. 56

Davide Iacobelli

-Short Stories/Essays

- Times, p. 41

W.S. Paul Jackson

-Poems

- FDA and Rap Game the Same, p. 73-74
- I Choose the Road Less Paved and the Girl Less Taken, p. 29
- P.D.A.'s Don't Decide the Day, p. 25

James Johnson

-Poems

- Friendship, p. 19

Nicholas Jordan

-Poems

- Black Color, p. 57
- He Was That (Unlucky Man), p. 26
- Near Shore, p. 63

Matt Kneiser

-Poems

- Swimming, p. 67

Jack Kronner

-Short Stories/Essays

- Times, p. 41

Jack Lewandowski

-Poems

- Snow, p. 32

Alec Linton

-Art

- Girl, p. 29
- Photo 2, p. 15
- Roots, p. 5
- Street Side Sofa, p. 20

-Poems

- American Roots, p. 40
- Def Poet (Part 2), p. 3-4

Christopher Love

-Poems

- Joyful Little Brother, p. 51

Trent Lundquist

- Short Stories/Essays

- Times, p. 41

Eddie Maciorowski

-Poems

- Forever Old, p. 12
- Matches, p. 12
- What I Can't Show, p. 13

Malcolm MacLachlan

-Art

- Self-Portrait, p. 45

Simon Michalik

-Poems

-The Puzzler, p. 58

Marric Murray

-Poems

-Love in the New Year, p.11

-My Sunshine, p. 14

Kevin Neaton

-Poems

-Untitled (Baseball), p. 67

Drew Ostin

-Poems

-Scheming, p. 7

-Short Stories/Essays

-Leaving My Mark, p.76

Chris Ostrowski

-Art

-The Arctic Truth, p. 35

-Augustine, p. 51

-For Better or For Worse, p.34

Craig Pearson

-Poems

-Snow or No?, p. 34

Nick Pizana

-Art

-Macross, p. 65

-By the Lake, p. 62

-Castle, p. 48

-the5, p. 77

Rubin Quarcoopome

-Poems

-Been Told, p. 30

-No Country for Young Men, p. 43

-Our Only Month, p. 55

-Walrus in the Sky with Cornflakes, p. 49

-Art

-L the Cool, p. 27

-Love and Death, p. 10

-Lupe Fiasco, Superstar, p. 21

Vince Reo

-Poems

-A Life Abridged From the Right Side, p. 24

Jeff Rizik

-Poems

- Listen to the Drum's Beat, p. 75

Sam Robinson

-Poems

-A Single Shakespearean Sonnet, p. 19

-Passing Inglenook, p. 36

-Short Stories/Essays

-A Modest Proposal, p. 44

Troy Rushing

-Art

-Untitled, p. 18

Montgomery St. Peter

-Art

-Cover Art

Falco Schiavi

-Poems

-Goodbye Goodbye, p. 42

Fletcher Sharpe

-Poems

-Out There, p. 64

-Personal Demons, p. 17

-RipeHeartBeats, p. 22-23

-Soft Targets (Perseverance), p. 60

Peter Sliwa

-Poems

-The Tale of Hollows, p. 16

-What's Left of Me, p. 69

-Short Stories/Essays

-The Prison, p. 47

Patrick St. Onge

-Poems

-Bowling, p. 68

Derek Surmont

-Poems

- Grip, p. 13

- Run Away, p. 20

Devon Surmont

-Poems

-Looking and Seeing, p. 28

-Untitled, p. 42

-Emotions, p. 69

-The Way, p. 59

Tyrone Teart

-Poems

- My Favorite Song, p. 57

Ed Utter

-Poems

-Axial Alias, p. 31

Zach Weaver

-Poems

-Through the North, p. 35

Chris Williams

-Poems

-Rape of the Queen, p. 75