



Inscape 2009

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-2009 Inscape Editorial Staff

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Untitled
By Eddie Maciorowski

no more of these
written with ease
in order to please
love poems

it must come from the heart
in order to start
the flow unknown
words are sown
birds have flown
souls are born
they can' t be owned

as easy as this
appears on my lips
It' s just a twist
of words in a lisp
words on a list
how many times
can I
rhyme in this line
in my mind
List?
fist
wrist
is
its
knicks
sick
which knick is sick that I punched with my fist?
and here is the real twist
I just wrote a whole poem
and didn' t say spit

Half and Half
DEVON SERMONT

Reading previous poems
is like cleaning your room
constantly finding old memories
the good
the ugly
but memories none the less
reading a poem
is like reading your life
they are happy
they are sad
some read
my heart isn't broken
my heart is shattered
but as of Tuesday
it inst that way
i was Humpty Dumpty
i was a giant mess
no one could help
but once i met you
my heart went KAPLOO
all you did was smile
and accept me for a while
you are like rubber cement
Humpty can fall
but he wont break
with you i am whole
with you I'm complete
people compete
and cry
and complain
kids annoy
o what a joy
i sleep all night
and dream of a fight
i really don't care
one thing is rite
like flying a kite
i don't know what will happen

I'm not so sure why
but i know something will
this poem
makes no sense
unless you understand
but no one understands
not even me
the good
the bad
the ugly
but is it like that
or is it
the good
the bad
the ugly
the unknown
i don't know much
i don't understand much
i do know one thing
and that is i love you
you amaze me
everyday
every way
everything
your smile puts me in awe
your heart
makes me whole
your arms
keep me whole
you
make me whole
for you
i want to be whole
because my heart
isn't broken
my heart
isn't shattered
but my heart
isn't whole
its split in two
and half
is in you



A Love Story.
By Eddie Maciorowski

I never had a prince charming. There was no knight in shining armor that would come and sweep me of my feet one day. It wasn't that I was pessimistic, or realistic, as the term might be. I just never imagined myself one. I never had any need to. I was content in my friends and family. Although, if I had imagined myself one, he probably would have been very stereotypical. Flowing blond hair, muscles upon muscles, he might even have a funny accent, like something out of Monty Pythons Flying Circus. Although I know I never would have imagined him as the skinny, black-haired kid that I often considered my best friend.

I met Jack Montgomery in fourth grade. He was just as odd and manic then as he is now. Naturally, he got a lot of flak from other kids. And so did I for hanging out with him. But over time, the taunting only seemed to strengthen our relationship. When we were in seventh grade, his personality seemed to project itself even more. His already dry wit became more clever and confusing. Sarcasm dominated almost everything he said. He started to wear black and red a lot. Even his body started to respond to his changes, becoming taller and more sinewy.

Everything he did seemed to screw over one clique or another. He wore black and red to mess with the formal "normies" as he called them. But he kept his attire somewhat formal, as to not become punk or emo. He could be seen studying in the library every day after school, but scoffed at his teachers and made rude remarks to the principal at every chance he got. He never let his hair grow out, but he didn't comb it. His shirts often looked like they had never seen an iron, while his slacks stayed immaculate. He had few friends, and I was glad to consider myself one of them.

When the three-thirty class bell rang, I went to the back of the class to talk to Jack. It had been a rough day and I needed somebody to unload on. The rest of the class was loud with the sound of people packing their bags and chatting amongst themselves. Jack was putting his stuff into his messenger bag when I came and sat on his desk. "Hey."

"Hey" He looked up at me with a sardonic grin. I had the feeling that I was about to get a taste of his odd sense of humour.

"So I heard you and Chas broke up... again."

"Oh Shut up." What made this situation worse was the fact that Jack had warned me about Chas two months ago when we decided to get back together. He said that Chas would cheat on me again, and unfortunately he was right. He would rub it in too.

"So was I right or was I right?" See? Told you.

"Yes you were right!" I spat, Chas' cheating still stung. "Is that everything to you?"

"No but it happens so often that-" He left the sentence there as to not subject me to any more torture. His smile softened a bit. "I'm sorry, that was cruel." Another thing that was significant about this was that I was the only person Jack ever apologized to. Or at least, the only person he apologized to for being a jackass.

"You wanna go home together?" I asked him, me and Jack lived near each other and I often walked home with him.

He leaned back over his chair as if to think. "The music club doesn't meet today so yeah, I just got to put my stuff away."

He stared at the ceiling for a few more moments. He then got up and let out a long sigh. It was as if, he would have been perfectly content sitting there for the rest of his life. Contemplating the small holes that punctured the tiles, or thinking about whatever else went on in his head. I could never figure it out. As long as I had known him a lot of what he did still remained a mystery to me. This thought always made me wonder what other people thought about him. Only I thought about it though. I know he did not care what other people thought of him. So I never voiced my concerns, but I still wanted to know what he thought. I figure if anyone had a right it would be me, sticking with him for this long...

These thoughts ran through my head as I followed him to his locker. He threw his book bag into the locker with a metallic sounding thud and slammed his locker and walked past me without saying a word. I followed him down the hall. "What about your homework?" I called while I tried to catch up with him.

"Finished it." He said as I caught up with him.

"When?"

"In class."

"... You suck"

"I know."

Our banter went back and forth like that for a while as we walked back to our houses. In between the ricocheting insults

and the flying sarcasm, Jack would help me with my math and science. My two worst subjects, and two of is best. Well all of them were his best but he seemed to actually enjoy those two. He stopped at my house to say goodbye, and since it was

Friday we promised to meet up the next day. He said he'd help get my mind off of Chas. I looked forward to it. That night I sat up in my bed thinking about the next day. While I was thinking about it, I realized something. When I was with Jack, I wasn't thinking about Chas. In fact, I didn't think about him once during the walk home except for when Jack mentioned him. At the time, I didn't think much of it. I just thought that it showed how great a friend Jack was. Maybe I did know I liked him then. Some deep side of me buried deep in my heart knew I liked him. I just didn't want to admit it. I didn't want to lose him as a friend.

That day that Jack and I planned out went well. We went to lunch and spent the next few hours in a old movie theater watching Casablanca. It was one of Jacks favorite movies. I was starting to like it too. After that we kicked around the town for a while. We hung out at the usual spots. Did the usual things, and when it was all over, we went to the Usual Hill. The Usual Hill is the best place to watch the sunset over the town. It is about a forty-five minute walk from the city but well worth it. Plus we were the only ones who knew about it. The sight of the sun setting over the city was amazing. All the colors of the rainbow were right there shining in all the brilliance they could muster. It seemed like it was all for us. "Jack?" I asked.

"Yeah?"

"This is our sunset, isn't it?" He looked at me quizzically.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, after everything we go through, every bad thing or good thing that happens to us, we always come back here. Neither of us has ever brought anyone else here, even when you were dating that one girl, what was her name?"

"Cassie."

"Yeah her. You know, I never really thought about it before, but this is our special thing."

He looked at me for a moment. "Of course, stupid." I punched him in the arm laughing. Way to ruin a moment Jack. He stared directly into the brilliance. "We'll always have the sun."

It was a few weeks later when we were having one of our days out again. We were leaning against the side of an ice cream shop in our town. Not saying much, I was too engrossed with my ice cream and Jack was fiddling with a small purple box. It looked like one of those boxes you get from the jewelry store when you buy a ring. Jack stared at it a long time before he put it away. "What was that?" I asked him in between bites of my Dove bar.

"What was what?" He asked me. He looked at me with distracted eyes.

"That box you just put in your pocket."

"Oh, nothin' don't worry about it." he said.

"Yeah it was. What was it?"

"Nothing" He said firmly. I decided to let the matter drop, for now. When I finished my ice cream, Jack and I decided to go to a movie. Jack led the way to the theater, while I plotted my capturing of the little purple box. I decided to go with the old pick-pocketing strategy. I called after Jack and started to rush towards him. He stopped and turned and I bumped into him and tried to stick my hand into his pocket, grab the box, and pull my hand out of it before he noticed. Too slow.

As I pulled my hand out of his pocket he grabbed my wrist. We struggled over the box for a minute before we both dropped it. It opened when it hit the cement. And a small silver coin rolled out of the box. Jack dived after it and scrambled to catch it. When he finally picked it up I felt confused. "All that because of a coin?" I asked him as he brushed the dirt off of his shirt.

"It's not a coin." He said. Not a coin? But I had been sure I saw-

"Then what is it?"

Jack hesitated for a moment before he answered. "It's a ring." He held it up for me to see. It was a beautiful gold silver ring with a gold diamond in the center. Radiating from the stone were silver phalanges. It was the sun. "Dianna." He stared deeply into my eyes. I felt mesmerized by his shining blue retinas. "I have to tell you something."

"Yes?" I spoke but I didn't hear myself. I didn't hear the cars whizzing by us. I didn't hear the chatter of people walking by us. I heard only him.

"For the past few months I have been coming to realize, just how important you are to me, and how much I like you." the words seemed awkward to him, like he had never expressed such an emotion before, and wasn't exactly sure how. I didn't care. They were the words I had wanted to hear for a long time. "I- this ring is for you, and I want to know, will you be my girlfriend?" He put the ring in my hand. I looked at it, taking my eyes away from his for the first time. It glistened in my hand and reflected the midday sun into my eyes. I looked back up at him.

"Silly." I said putting my arms around his neck. I felt his long slender fingers wrap around my waist. "You had to ask?" With

that I kissed him, a long, passionate kiss that allowed me to take in every bit of his perfection.

The next months were perfect. We held hands in the hallway, laughed together in the lunchroom, and kissed in the parking lot. People talked, we didn't care. They've always talked, they probably always would. They didn't know what we did. They

didn't understand our feelings. They could not experience the joy we experienced in each others presence. The sensations, the love, the passion, the just didn't understand. We were on top of the world, climbing the highest mountain, until my rope was cut.

When school was over my parents dropped a bomb on me. We were moving. My dad had gotten transferred to the Texan branch of his company. We would leave in a week. I didn't know how to react. I would be leaving Jack. We had just found each other truly, and now we would be separated. I clutched the ring on my finger, the ring he gave me. I couldn't leave him, not now, not ever, I would stay, no matter what the cost. That night, I left. I ran to the hill, crying the whole way. They couldn't make me leave, they wouldn't.

I had waited at the hill for hours before I heard any noise. It was the chinkling of a wallet chain. It was Jack, I knew it was Jack. My parents called him. He had come for me. The tears were still in my eyes when he sat down next to me. I didn't look at him, but I knew he didn't look at me. We both just stared into the twinkling lights of the town. "Hey." he said. I could see him smiling his warm soft smile, that only I ever saw. "Your parents called. They're worried about you."

I could barely speak through the tears. "Did you tell them where I was?"

"No." He said. "But I knew you'd be here."

I couldn't hold myself back anymore. I threw my arms around him and cried into his shoulder. "Oh Jack, they can't make me leave, they can't! I don't want to go, I don't wanna leave you. I want to stay here."

Jack held me in his arms as I cried into his shoulder. "I know, I know."

I sniffed and looked up into his eyes. "Your going to tell me to go aren't you?"

Jack nodded. "Yes."

I spun from him, pouting. "Why?"

He took a deep breath. "Because, I can't let you ruin your life over me."

I spun back to him. "No I'll be fine I-" He held up his hand to quiet me.

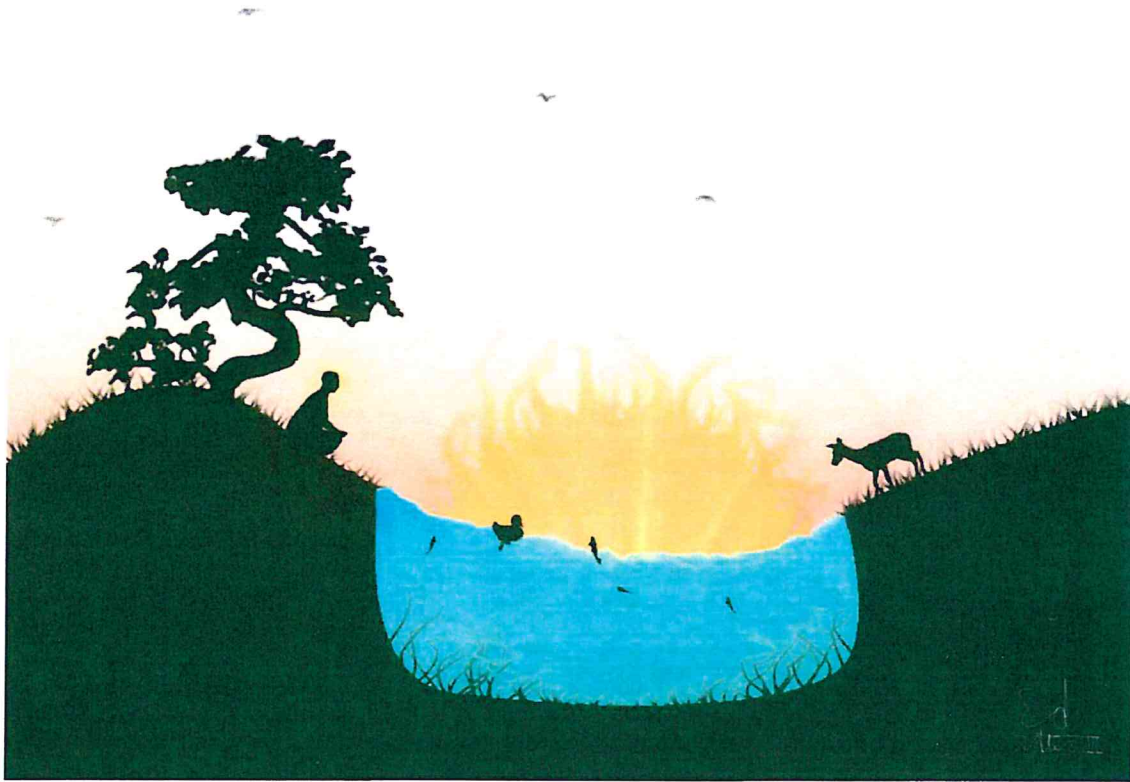
"If you stay, you won't be able to go to school. You'll have no home. No way of earning a living. I can't let you do that to yourself."

I looked at him. More in love with him with every word he said. "I love you Jack."

"And I love you." He kissed me. I felt electricity in the tips of my fingers. "And don't worry about us, I'll wait for you forever."

I looked at him. "I know."

"And remember: We'll always have the sun."



Luminescent Sunrise- Ed Utter

Love and lust are not blind

Nick Norton

*Man running madly through the streets
Seeing if there is any women to meet
He sees her
She is standing there long and tall*

*He approaches
and instantly feels rejected
not loved
not wanted
not anything*

*He proceeds forward anyway feeling brave not lucky
the latter of his feelings was correct
going completely out of his character
getting angry now
stomps up to her and asks*

*"why? what did I possible do to warrant such quick rejection?"
she purses her lips
"look in a mirror"
he shatters*

*he goes home
follows her advice
sees his disheveled looks
and knows he must change*

*goes out to a saloon
and faces the necessary drastic changes
no more bowl cuts
or unibrows
or anything of the sort
what a stretch*

*Man walking calmly through town
looking for his women to meet
he spots her
she spots him
and she walks madly towards him*

FOR MADDIE, MY LOVE

By Eddie Maciorowski

While I may spend some time away from you
While we are separated by the land
I promise that I will soon take your hand,
Hold you untill we are no longer two.
Yes! I promise I will see you soon
as the midnight crow courts the cormorant
For I will not be able to withstand
the loss of you, my graceful, ever loon

Still grateful for the ever-lasting dace
That chanced upon the ever-lasting night
Still grateful for the ever-lasting chance
That destroyed the ever-lasting white
Now we move, taken by the other's trance
not knowing that our love has taken flight

I stand upon the empty banks

By John Padalis

Of an everlasting shore.
I feel the spray of the sea,
The wind on my face, calling ever more.
Staring on the endless waters, 5
I marvel its simplicity,
But I stand here on parched land,
In sorrowful captivity.
I call to the sea the release my pain
And hear it answer in song, 10
The tides clash, the waves splash,
Pulling me in head long.
Its music fills my ears,
Removing all distraction,
Leaving me in a state of peace, 15
In total satisfaction.
So every time my mind is troubled
To the sea I think,
And in its loving waters,
My heart will never sink.

Your Heart
DEVON SERMONT

*Your heart,
Is the leader of all decisions
Your heart,
Is the smartest thing
Your heart,
Tops out all other feelings
Your heart,
Can feel good or bad
Your heart,
Can yell out or keep silent
Your heart,
Looks for your better being*

Accepting
Nick Glennon
Leaving
leaving
...leaving...

She goes on
to better things
to better herself

Will she be the same?
Will we be the same?

Three weeks
two back
nine gone
and when will I see her again?

My best friend
so close
we will be so far

Where will she go
where will I be
the questions
flood my mind
as the pain sets in

She will be back
I tell myself
I hope it will be the same

But she is leaving
I can only hope
nothing will change

I Can't
Peter Sliwa

*I can't stand
To hear you say
"I love you"
Because
I do too
I just don't know why
You've held me
Hugged me
And pushed me aside
Ripped me up
And left me to die
Then you brought me
Back to life
To do it again
You were tender
And kind
And cruel
And you made me capable
Of hating love
But not you
So please
Don't talk about
My smile
My eyes
Me
Just leave me
Forget me
Let me sink away
Let me go
So I don't bring you down with me.*

The Tale of a Broken Heart
By: John Padalis

He shrank from her eyes, wells of crystalline blue,
Disbelieving that it was all done and through.
He had shared his entire being with her,
And already his heart was embalmed with myrrh. 5
Her piercing gaze shattered all his defenses,
Leaving him drained and without any senses.
The golden haired nymph whom he once dearly loved,
Left him in a numb minded state, feeling drugged.

The wise men say that time heals all,
They never had this far to fall. 10
Look to the sky, release your mind.
The blue calling, will you be mine?
But all ends right where they start,
We just have to play the right part.

He is often now looking back at that time, 15
And he does so with a devil in his mind.
Her beauty was terrible, his love was pure,
And even now the stark lines begin to blur.
His love was an illusion, his pain was real,
But now it's time for one more turn of the wheel. 20
He knows now that all that glitters is not gold,
Much like his broken heart was painfully told.

His heart mends with threads of wisdom;
His life is now his own kingdom.
No longer follows desire, 25
But love that burns with true fire.
He now knows happiness and love
Are feelings that come from above.

Loving Death

Eddie Maciorowski

I welcome you

with open arms

and open heart

and open palms

I've never said

to anyone

that here with you

my life's begun

Yet something good

never lasts

and we were haunted

by my past

you left me

no longer one

and now I wait

for death to come

A darkness

perched

in subtle

suburbs

waiting

for my love

to come

to me

she never

came

and so i am

left

waiting,

perched in the darkness

I am waiting

for the

gods

of death

to give me their

grateful

kiss

and take my soul away

'Down in Flames'
Nick Glennon

Take my hand
because you know we're going
Down in flames

We've lasted so long
we were so pure
but what has happened
on this journey to Hell?

Entangled, I'm trying
but we're being pulled
I'm doing my best
but I'm not sure i can save us alone

The flaming twilight
takes our lives
But isn't this what we wanted?

Don't let go,
because we've gone
Down in flames

Suffering
Nick Glennon

You stand there
unwittingly
unknowingly
destroying me

my pain
you don't know
you cause
you walk

I want it
to go away
but I know
its here to stay

take my pride
reduce me to nothing inside

I am nothing
same as I ever was
same as I ever was

Window View

Peter Sliwa

This sorry soul
Not grand nor mess
Born in rapture
Lived with less
Confined himself
To stop the pain
Will leave his place
Never again
Peers out the window
To look and see
AT things that once

Might have been
Hopeful friendship
Wonders then
Tall and strong
Again, again
Now lay shattered
Broken down
Hollow bastions
And empty sound

He wishes now
To see no more
So down he sinks
To the floor
He holds it in
The pain once felt
Fresh again
Which in him dwelt
But soon enough
He repeats
And climbs again
To his seat

Now a vision
Of burning love
Plagues his mind
From above

Once so fervent
But now through
Trampled out
Away it flew

At this he cries
And falls again
Longing for
Long lost friends
Simple comfort
Knowing smile
Understanding
Soft in style
These dreams in mind
Again he climbs
His trembling hands
Part the blinds

A nightmare now
At last revealed
His wasted soul
Forever peeled
Of joy in life
Of hope and love
Peace of mind
And grace above

These sights abuse him
Night and day
Reminding him
He can't be saved
He screams and cries
At his life's shape
And finds a way
To escape

As he fell
He mocked the rest
From his window
To his death

The Crossing
Nick Glennon

As I cross over
I ponder
to where shall I wander?
To what
do I owe
my life, this sorrow?

But that is over now
I start anew
finding what was untrue.
I know
the truth
what happened in my youth.
Seeing, unreal
the shadows lurk
putting my mind to work.
Thinking again
looking back on past future
tying my life together, a suture.

It doesn't make sense.

This confusion
this lack of direction and comprehension
Will somebody please tell me where I am...

"Many in One"
Nick Glennon

I am many
yet but one
All in my head

Driven to this
trauma of youth
amazing abuse
changed me

the guitarist, the pilot,
the drunk, the chemist
the small youth, the frail elder
I am all

Change with days
What will set me off next?
Light of day, black of night
The sound of a gun?

Because I'm about to snap...

The Call of Cthulhu Part Thulhu

Adapted from the works of H.P. Lovecraft

By Jake Grobbel

During the war, I spent most of my time sitting by my window watching the troops march down the streets. It horrified me. I would just sit and stare, I could not look away. The monster of the Nazi Party was growing and I was doomed to witness it.

Five years before my grandfather was taken away. He was an archaeologist, and the Nazis wanted his knowledge about a project he worked on some twenty years ago. When he left he locked his study, which he let no one enter, handed me a rubber band ball, and said...

"Take care of your mother lad."

That was the last time I would see him. He used to write us letters, but they stopped after a year or so, which frightened me. I took that rubber band ball everywhere I went and tried to hold onto a shred of normality. So there I was, sentenced to live, doomed to sit peering out my window overlooking the streets of Berlin watching the demon of the Nazi army gosestep back and forth.

One day, while I was gazing in horror, there was a heavy knock on the door. My mother rushed to open it. It was a lone Nazi soldier standing at attention.

"Mrs. Schleiman?" The soldier inquired.

My mother simply nodded.

"Your Father has sent word to retrieve a few items from his study." He stated.

"He locked it shut when he left, and we have no key." Replied my mother.

"Where is it? I shall force my way in if necessary." He said as he walked into the room with his heavy boots. My mother turned aside and let him pass. He looked around as if he were following his nose. He stopped and looked at me.

"Where is it? He barked.

I just stood there looking at the floor clutching my rubber band ball.

"Where is it!" He shouted.

I slowly raised my arm and pointed to a door. He ran over to it and tried the knob. It was locked, like always. He became rather frustrated and rammed the door with his shoulder. It gave way, but unbeknownst to him there was a stairway behind it.

My mother and I stood at the top of the stairs looking down. Neither of us had ever been through this door way. At the bottom I noticed a large looking steel door.

The soldier got up, brushed himself off and looked at the door standing in his way. He obviously didn't like what he saw and jolted up the stairs and ran out of the house.

I walked down the stairs to examine the door. It was about seven feet tall, and had no visible hinges and had a single keyhole with no apparent locking mechanism.

I knew my grandfather liked to be secretive, but this was quite elaborate, even for him. I looked around on the floor in case he left any clue behind as to where a key might be hidden. At the foot of the door there was a single rubber band. I picked it up and held it in my hand. I looked between my ball and the single band for quite awhile, trying to make a connection between the two. Nothing came to mind so I decided to add the band to the ball and went back up the stairs.

My mother had moved into the kitchen to tend a pot of soup. I sat down at the table and she set a steaming bowl in front of me. I looked at it for quite awhile, musing on the thought of that single band.

Later that evening, I sat in my chair by the window overlooking the street. No troops were marching that night so I had no distractions from my conundrum. I was touching the newly added band, and decided to remove it. I took it off and held it in my hand.

Then I had an idea. I frantically started pulling the rubber bands off the ball while being careful not to break them apart. After awhile, I got to the center of what used to be my precious rubber band ball. In the center I found what a small slender box. I carefully opened it because it looked quite old.

Just as I thought, there was a key. I ran to the broken door, jumped down the stairs and stood in front of the door. I raised my hand to the keyhole and inserted the key. I tried turning it, amazingly it didn't take much effort. As my hand twisted I could hear the cogs and gears inside the door start to move.

I just stood and watched the door open inwards all by itself. When the door fully opened, a bright light

clicked on. I shielded my eyes because of the sudden brightness of my surroundings. When I was comfortable with the drastic change in lighting, I looked into the newly opened room. There were shelves lining the room, all full of books, a desk strewn with papers, and a single chest. The chest intrigued me the most. It looked heavy, made of oak, with iron fastenings. I walk over to it and look for a lock of some kind. There was an ornate padlock that I thought I could open. I take out my key from the ball and try it in the lock, amazingly it works and the lock drops to the floor. Gently I opened it, I heard the rusty hinges squeak and screech. Gazing at the opened chest, I began to take in its contents. The most striking was a statue, about a cubit in length. the idol was horrid, sculpted from some material unknown to me, it was smooth to the touch and of a dark blackish color. It had a man-like body, the head of an octopus or other cephalopod and the frightening wings of a demon. It sat upon a throne, written all around the base were markings in some horrific tongue. I set it down quickly on the floor where I could not see it because of the uneasy feeling I got holding the damnable carving. I looked around the chest again and saw a large packet of papers that read "Concerning the Statue". I took the papers and sat down at the desk. Thus began my horrific enlightenment...

"In the Spring of 1925, I had the honor of joining an archaeological team on an expedition to the South Atlantic Ocean to investigate an island. This island had supposedly risen to the surface of the sea recently. We had no prior knowledge about this island, we simply got on a steam boat and set sail. Around mid May, we arrived at the island. At first glance it looked like something that had risen from the depths of Gehenna. The island was surrounded by a ring of eerie green foam. We desired to send a small landing party, we eventually pieced together four brave souls willing to venture out into the unknown. They got in one of our row boats and rowed off to the island. The day grew and then night fell, and our landing party still did not return. We noticed that the foam glowed as if it had some phospholuminescent properties. It was a bad start to an even worse night. I stood at the bulwarks looking at the island for some sign of our lost companions when I heard a distinct noise. It was chanting, the words were of no language I had ever heard. "Ph'nglui mglw'nafh Cthulhu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn." These are the words that pierced the night like a knife and set me a quiver. What foul tongue uttered such noises, I know not. It was at this time we heard screams from the island we all looked and squinted at the glow of the foam for it was the only light in the dark abyss of the sea. After a while, a small dark shadow became visible against the light of the foam. It drifted out to sea and it too started to scream. When the shadow came close enough it appeared to be one of our men holding onto a bit of wood. He was still screaming loudly. We pulled him aboard. He was clutching something. I walked over and put a blanket around him, and investigated what he was holding. It was a statue, a hideous idol he must have found on the island somewhere. He was muttering something incoherent and then all of the sudden he just started screaming "Leave! Go! Now! Leave the island!". His face contorted, and he fell to the deck and the statue rolled out of his arms. I stooped to pick it up and the instant my hand touched the statue, the chanting began again, only this time it was louder and faster. I grabbed the statue and looked at the man lying on the deck. His eyes opened and looked as though he was in a brief moment of sanity. He grabbed at me and said "Get away from this place! The chanting is only the beginning! Leave now!". I looked at him, amazed at what he said, having trouble looking away from him I simply stared at the corpse like man on the deck, then he stirred and I heard his last words, "In his house at R'lyeh dead Cthulhu waits dreaming.". Then he closed his eyes and died. Then I was completely gripped with fear I realized we needed to get away from whatever unspeakable horror that was on the island. The chanting was stronger than ever. I went to the captain and shook him saying "We must leave! Get us away from this place!". I saw him give the command to weigh anchor and he ran off to the helm. In no time we were headed north at full steam. I stood at the stern looking out at the island, I could still see the glow of the foam and hear the chanting. As I gazed in horror at the island a great light opened up against the night sky. The Chanting grew to screams. I stood clutching the statue. The light from the island grew farther away which made me at ease, but I will forever be haunted by that horrid thought. That is my account of what happened and how I received the idol. When I came to my senses I speculated that the surviving member of the landing party's last words had something to do with the chanting. I compared the two and found two common words: Cthulhu and R'lyeh. That's when I realized it was an English translation. Applying the name Cthulhu to my statue, I had made quite the archaeological discovery." I set the paper on the desk and looked away. I had no idea my grandfather was involved in such things. I was afraid to stop reading, so I flipped the page to see what other stories my grandfather had to tell and hastily

started reading.

"I began searching for information about Cthulhu, despite the extreme difficulty I came across a University that specializes in such ancient studies in America. Immediately I disembarked from Berlin to Arkham, Massachusetts.

I arrived at the library in the Arkham University to talk to the head librarian. He was excited to see a foreigner. I showed him the statue and told him my tale. Amazingly he sat and listened without seeming the least bit horrified or surprised by my terrible account. After I was done he got up and retrieved a large ancient looking book. He set it before me and told me to read. I looked at him as if he were insane and he just said, "Read it! It's called the Necronomicon and it might shed some light on your many inquiries.". So there I sat, in the dark decrepit library of an underfunded New England Institute of higher education that specialized in the study of medieval meta-physics until the early morning.

The horrors of that book were worse than I could have expected. I got up to leave in the middle of the night, but I had some strange hellish attachment to the book. I walked back over to the table picked up the book and walked out.

When dawn came I was on a boat back to Berlin. I continued to read the Necronomicon on the trip, by the time I was home in Berlin, I knew much of the ancient horrors that no man should ever be burdened with. This is how I acquired the Necronomicon, and now it shall sit on my shelf for the rest of eternity. Whoever may be reading this, please, I implore you, do not read that ungodly book. You have no idea what it will do to your mind. Take advice from an old man, you do not want to know the unspeakable horrors of the Necronomicon."

After I read this passage, I immediately got up and looked around at the many shelves around the room. I was madly looking for the Necronomicon. I ripped through shelves madly and then I found it. It was on the top shelf. I got the rolling ladder and carefully retrieved the heavy leather bound book. I took it to the desk and contemplated what I was about to do. I looked at the Necronomicon, a great flame up curiosity surged up inside of me and I flipped open the cover.

As my eyes poured over the words, I became engrossed in such treachery that no man should ever have to endure. I was being consumed by the book, I could do nothing except continue reading.

I read until I could no longer bear it. I slammed the book shut and thought, which was even worse than reading. The horrible thoughts raced through my mind.

I learned about the Cult of Cthulhu. Then I thought about that the lone Nazi soldier who entered the house earlier. I found it odd that only one soldier would have come, usually there are a few escorts. And why would he want to get in grandfather's study?

Then it hit me. He was a cultist! A worshiper of the great and terrible Cthulhu! He wanted the Necronomicon and the idol so the cult would continue to remain secretive. I knew no one could ever learn about the information held in this study.

My mind was an explosion of hideous thoughts. Cthulhu sleeping in the depths of R'lyeh who could awake at any moment and turn the world into complete and utter madness. The Crawling Chaos Nyarlathotep walking among us in ever changing forms. The horrific Mi-Go flying through the air on unearthly wings.

I could take it no longer. I stood up, walked over to the heavy steel door. The terrible idol of Cthulhu was under my arm. It was a constant reminder of my unearthly demise. I put my hand on the door, I screamed loudly and slammed the door shut in front of me, never to be opened again. I put my back to the door and slid down to the floor still holding Cthulhu. The light turned off and I uttered the words...

"That which is not dead can eternal lie, and with strange eons even death may die."



Sassafrassquatch- John Griffith

Ode to Sass

By Jake Grobbel

In the forests, dark and deep,
lurks sassafrassquatch wild and free.
Running over field and plain,
scaring travelers as he came.
Jumping over mountain stream,
listening to hiker's girlish screams.
As Sass' Kingdom withered,
he summoned all his beasts hither.
There they had a great meeting,
concerning the forest's depleting.
When together, they fought.
Then Sass had a thought.
"Take out the man,
who fouled up my land.
sounds like a plan Jelly Man!"
They launched their attack,
no city was left intact.
Men were running and fleeing,
whenever Sass started screaming.
The outcome was grand!
Just as Sass planned.
Sass is the protector of the forest,
just as the protector of Texas is Chuck Norris.

Gone Fishing
Chris Caretti

The spirits in heaven will sing of a clear day
For today on the sea of murky blue water
We never could wish it in any other way
As we pay tribute to our dear Mother Nature
With a lure or bait it is all your choice
As we cast our lines into the blue depth unknown
Be silent though, for they can hear your voice
When it comes to this game it is all for their own
Catch and release or mounted on a board
Day or night, these creatures still bite
Rain or shine you can still reap the reward
You make your stand in this tug-of-war fight
With that last pull you finally stand tall
Another trophy to mount on your wall



Stuck in Twilight- Ed Utter

Blame Green

Aaron Rife

The days drag on and I see it here,
But as it lifts it's over there.
Joy is abundant
When it's not around,
But its presence
Seems to bring everybody down.

What's wrong with blue?
Why, what did it do?
To deserve such a harsh disguise,
For the beauty of the oceans
And the splendor of the skies
Revenge the sadness that rims my
eyes!

Why I say blame green!
It made quite a scene,
Prancing and frolicking about,
Sticking to treetops
And covering the dirt,
By George what an atrocious pervert!

For now, brown is not well
We don't treat it so swell
As we trample and stampede it down.
But green is to blame and thus, just
the same,
Brown is away in the clear.

And who can we blame?
Who gave it that name?
It scratches and pummels my ear.
But woe to the grasses
That deceive the young lasses
By hiding the majestic brown deer.

Who will beat green?
That tyrannical fiend
Diluting our once clear blue ponds.

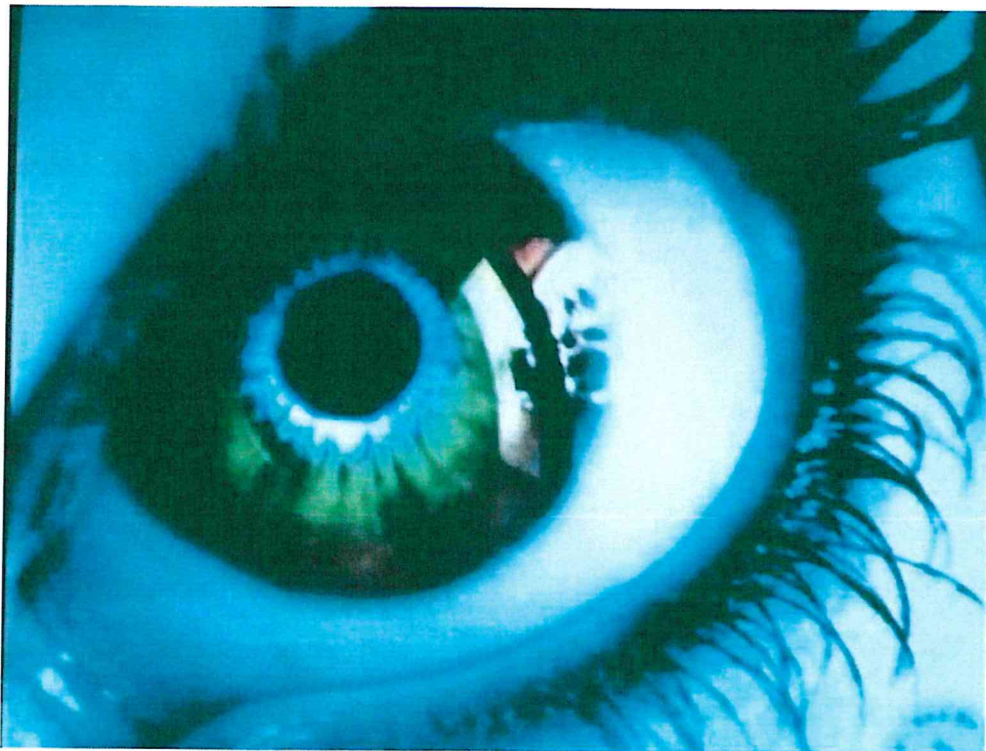
What of our friend red?
Why, he isn't dead,
But dancing and jumping about
Just wait, 'til he finds green
Oh! What a scene,
When from the forest, green is thrown
out.



Color Your World

Jean-Pierre Seguin

Blue is me, though I am not blue
My blue is mellow, easy going
It's near a midnight hue,
Not as obvious as a classic, blue ribbon tone,
Or as mixed up as periwinkle
My blue is dark as a night sky,
Self-confident, with complex layering.
It has energy behind it, partially stored.
Though dark, it's positive, unlike cloaked black.
Like a lake, it stays cool and close to the earth.
It nourishes from its resources,
A deep well of emotion.



Brown Eyes- Derek Surmont

Here's to You

Paul Jackson

here's to you, blue.
yeah you with your head down.
like the sun don't shine and with your face
frowned.
like the birds don't sing. with your
shoulders heavy.
like life just sucks. cuz it does.
but here's to you, cuz your not alone.
here's to us. with us you have a home.

here's to you green.
yes you who wants everything.
like you dont have enough. with your
hands out.
like theres always something better. with
your head up.
like you want. and you should.
cuz theres alot to earn. alot to prove.
your passion like a fire.
here's to your every burning desire.

here's to you red.
yes you with the flame in your chest
like there something worth fighting for.
with your fists clenched.
like causes are not worth crying for yet
dying. with your jaw gritted.
like you're hot. and you are.
here's to you, you blazing star.
here's to those who you fight for.
here's to you, lover of war.

here's to you yellow.
yeah you sitting without a worry in the

world.
like lifes a cakewalk on a golden floor. with
your chair sitting under the sun on the
porch.
like the fights and the brawls are for those
who care. but the chilling is for those who
enjoy fresh air
like you're cool and its true.
oh my beloved friend here's to you.
here's to the fears expelled and the relief
maintain.
here's to wide open skies and living in
picture frames.

my friends. here's to you.
to the hearts that hold you.
to the past you hold.
to the future before you.
for the stories been told.
here's to you.
true. in everyway.
here's to you.
with me everyday.
not black nor white.
not the evil extremes.
but blue and green.
red and yellow.
the spectrum of people who make me love
life.
i want to thank you for every moment.
and with all of my might.
i breath from my gut.
a bellow i produce.
"Here's to you!"

DoodleLoops

Walter Mansky

The man on the box always smiling, jolly

Why is he always so happy? crazy

Maybe he met a great lady? Molly

Always on the box. Nothing but lazy

Everybody touching his box, thats gross

Even kids drawing on his face, just doodles

He has a perfect smile and a pose

What does he like, Dogs, maybe pink poodles?

What are some of the things he likes to see?

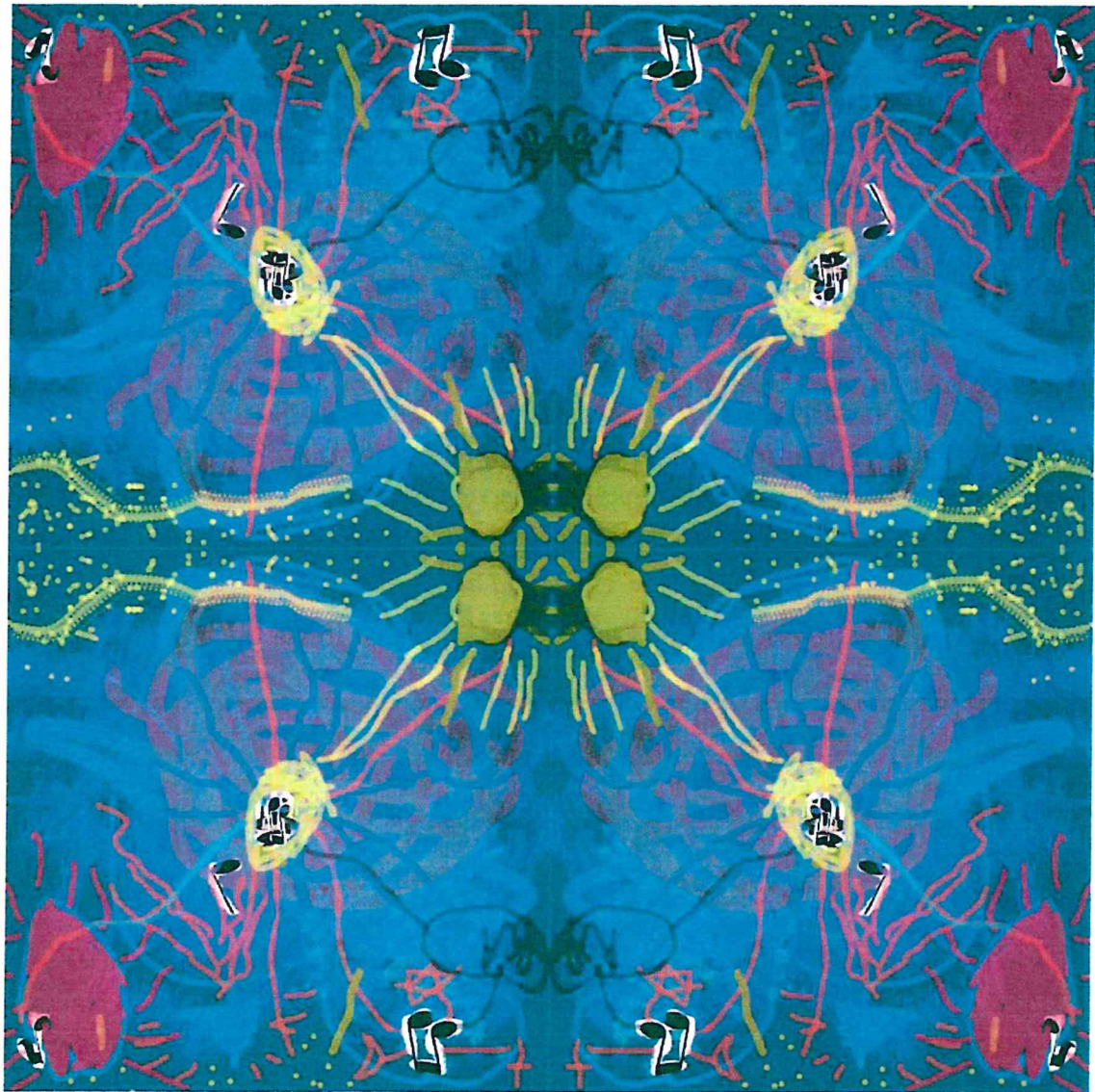
Kids, an empty box, colorful things, what?

How old is he, twenty two, thirty three?

Doesn't he get bored? Maybe he does not.

What does he do? We may never find out.

He'll always be watching so never pout.



Musical Waves-JP Seguin

Baseball

by Michael Fazzio (2011)

When I stand here
Waiting to take second base
Wiggling the thumbs on my hands
Expecting the pitcher to look over
Anticipating him to start his rocking motion
I watch, slightly inching my way toward second base
With my sharp metal cleats ready to dig into the rough and grainy dirt
Suddenly, the pitcher starts his rocking motion
Confidently, I explode towards second base not worrying if I will get caught short
The ball finally crosses the plate, the catcher jumps out of his crouch position
He fires the ball to the short stop coming over to cover the bag
Adrenaline flowing, I dive to the corner of the base
Hoping not to be caught short of my journey
Not aware of my surroundings I look up and see
The ump put his hands straight across his body
Safe, I had made it
I stand up ready to take third base

At Least I Didn't Mistake You for a Basketball

Alex Shimamura

Every time I arrive at that same gym, I am always reminded of the incident. I was playing a friendly pick-up basketball game when my phone began to ring. When I opened the phone, a sharp jolt rang through my ear as a burst of noise emanated from the speaker. It was the cries and screams of my enraged mother. She was yelling that she had been waiting in her car for fifteen minutes. I had completely lost track of time. I quickly gathered my belongings and rushed outside looking for the familiar, silver Toyota SUV.

I rushed towards the car while holding onto my basketball in one hand. I then quickly opened the back car door and placed my basketball in the seat. After closing the door, I walked to the other side to sit in the front seat. The car, however, began to accelerate and sped off before I could get in the car. At first, I thought this was a malicious prank for my tardiness. I was proved wrong, though, as my mother displayed no signs of slowing down. Immediately, I sprinted after the car, screaming on the top of my lungs to catch my mother's attention. While running, I saw a pile of gray pebbles lying on the side of the street. I took a handful of them and began throwing them at the car. I managed to hit the car multiple times, but the car continued to move. Fatigue began to take its toll since I was already exhausted from playing basketball already. Before I knew it, the car had disappeared into the darkness of the night.

I was stunned at what just occurred. My own mother had mistaken me, her only son, for an orange basketball. Astonished, I slowly walked back to the gym and prayed that my mother would return. About half- an hour later, my mother ran into the gym. She was laughing hysterically and explained to me what happened in the car. When I closed the back seat door, she yelled at the basketball for being late, thinking it was me. Then when she had to stop for a red light, she turned around wondering why I was so quiet. When I was not sitting in the back seat, she thought I was hiding in the spacious trunk. (In our car, one could easily climb into the trunk from the back seat). She yelled again, ordering me to quit hiding. When there was no response for several minutes, she pulled over. She opened the trunk only to find nothing. When the truth of the situation began to sink in, she rushed back to the gym.

To this day, I have never let that story die down. Whenever I have playful arguments with my mother, I always say, "At least I didn't mistake you for a basketball."

Halloween Prank

By Maciej Rejniak

A couple years ago, my cousin had come to the U.S. from Poland. He was staying for a couple of months so he lived with my family. My cousin's goal was to get a laptop for college, and America was the best place to buy a laptop. He had found a job at an office, working the night shift and coming home everyday in the middle of the night.

About halfway through his stay Halloween had arrived, my cousin's first Halloween. In the spirit of the season my brothers and I decided to play a trick on him. During the fall, my mother always puts out a five foot tall plush scarecrow that spends most of its time lying on the couch. My brothers and I decided to give this scarecrow a total makeover. We put a skeleton mask over his head and skeleton hand gloves over his hands. Then, to cover up his body we dressed him in an old Batman costume.

The Batman costume was actually mine from 2nd grade; with its rubber muscles, utility belt, and amazing cape and cowl, I was unstoppable for at least a couple of minutes. The costume fit the scarecrow perfectly and totally transformed its appearance. As a finishing touch my brother added a top hat to the scarecrow's bald head. Finally it was time to play our little trick.

When my cousin left for his night shift, my brothers and I got to work. We tied the scarecrow to a kitchen chair with a fishing line so that it looked like it was sitting in the chair. Then we put it against a wall so that it would be the first thing my cousin would see. We placed the scarecrow's hands on a table and an empty plate with the sign "I'm hungry" between them. We attached a fancy fork and steak knife to the scarecrow's hands with the fishing line. With everything ready, the only thing left to do was to turn the lights off in the kitchen and go to bed.

The next morning I woke up and was tingling with excitement. I wanted to know if our little trick had scared our cousin or simply amuse him. As I made my way into the kitchen I saw my brothers and cousin were sitting at the table with the scarecrow. My cousin looked haggard and sleepy while my brothers all wore a big grin on their faces. I sat down at the table and listened to the story that my cousin

was recalling for probably the fourth time: My cousin got home at about 3 a.m. and tried to silently creep to his room. When he turned on the light in the kitchen he was startled to see the skeleton holding a knife and fork across the table. He could not determine if the thing was breathing so he picked up a knife off the counter and cautiously approached. His first thought was that it was a burglar that had snuck into the house and was just waiting to rob us or that some teenager was just playing a trick to give someone a heart attack. My cousin got close enough to read the sign on the plate but he did not get close enough to see that the scarecrow was a fake. He recalled it as being too scared of getting cut with a knife by a freak to get any closer. When he felt no danger he went to his room but could not fall asleep. The scarecrow crept him out too much and there is still a possibility that it could be a guy, so he kept watch. My cousin paced back and forth, trying to determine the figure's authenticity, then sat on his bed vigilantly keeping watch.

Having lost all track of time he saw that it was 7 a.m. When my eldest brother arrived in the kitchen and confessed to the trick. With relief my cousin regaled us with details of the night's antics. We all fell to the floor laughing, quite pleased with ourselves, while my cousin merely got up, went to his room, and fell on his bed, already half-asleep.

"A Hardheaded Lesson"

Alter Jackson (2011)

When I was a kind my mom always told me that I was hardheaded in the mischievous sense. Being the innocent little devil I was, I thought I had an abnormally hard head. One day my cousin and I were daring each other to do what we thought were harmless dares. They were harmless until he dared me to slide down the stairs in a laundry basket.

As I descended the stairs, I somehow managed to fall out the basket and slide head first into the wall at the bottom. I slammed into the wall so hard that a painting fell down on top of me. I was bawling and could not believe the pain I was in. After all was said and done I asked my mom "why did it hurt so much if I have a hard head?" She chuckled and said "silly I said you are hardheaded."

Pasta Overload

Peter Walle (2011)

When I was a young child, the aromatic aromas from my mother's kitchen fascinated me. They seeped into every corner of the house, tantalizing every sense of the body and teasing it for what was to come. I would hover around the kitchen every night; for I soon discovered that the smells of the kitchen were linked to the sole question that governed my very existence- "Are we having spaghetti for dinner?" Every day on the way home from school I hoped it would be sitting on the kitchen table. I dreamt about it nightly. As I knelt next to my bed to pray each night, I would list all that was important to me - family, friends, my dog...and pasta!

Pasta was more than a simple favored food- it was a way of life. The craving I was faced with was undeniably detrimental to me on more than one occasion. One night, my family was having Veal Parmesan for dinner. I engorged myself without any restraint or holdbacks, and ate serving after serving after serving. The phrase "Please! Just a bit more mom!" must have been heard nearly six times that night. Afterwards, my stomach was bloated and distended, like a lion after a feeding frenzy. I moaned and laid on the couch, not wanting to move, and eventually fell asleep there.

That night, I barely slept. My dreams were haunted by monstrous piles of spaghetti taunting me with their very existence. Worse still, when I awoke, my brothers teased me endlessly. They poked and prodded at me to hear me moan, and nearly cried with laughter at every little noise I produced from my discomfort. After that night, my hunger for pasta was somewhat satisfied. I no longer could tolerate such a large amount of pasta at once. In fact, the thought of eating large amounts of food made me sick. However, to this day, pasta is still my favorite food. I just know now that I must stick to a simple motto- quality before quantity!

Stop That Turkey!

James Peterson

It was Thanksgiving and my family was staying with my grandparents, cousins, aunts, and uncles. This Thanksgiving, like many before it, was being hosted by my grandparents in their house in Manistee. It was a small quaint house on Cherry Street, across from Manistee Golf Course. Traditionally, Thanksgiving dinner in my family is loud and crazy, with children running and screaming, people playing cards, and dogs barking. The kitchen is the focal point of every holiday in my family. A quintessential beehive, with three generations of women buzzing from dish to dish, making sure every facet of the meal was perfect.

On this Thanksgiving Day at ten in the morning, my grandfather and aunt were raised from their slumber to retrieve the turkey from the oven. The bird had been cooked the day earlier for convenience. They were following instructions, but as they lifted the turkey and attempted to transport it from the oven to the counter my grandfather slipped in a puddle of the drippings. The turkey soared out of the pan and skidded across the black and white tiled linoleum floor until it came to rest under the dinner table. They hastily brushed off the turkey, plopped it back into the pan, and cleaned up the mess that they made.

When my grandmother later asked them what had happened to all of the drippings, they both shrugged and denied ever seeing any. It was not until years later, when my aunt and grandfather told the story that anyone but them knew about the incident.

After learning of the fiasco my family dubbed that Thanksgiving as the year the turkey tried to run away.

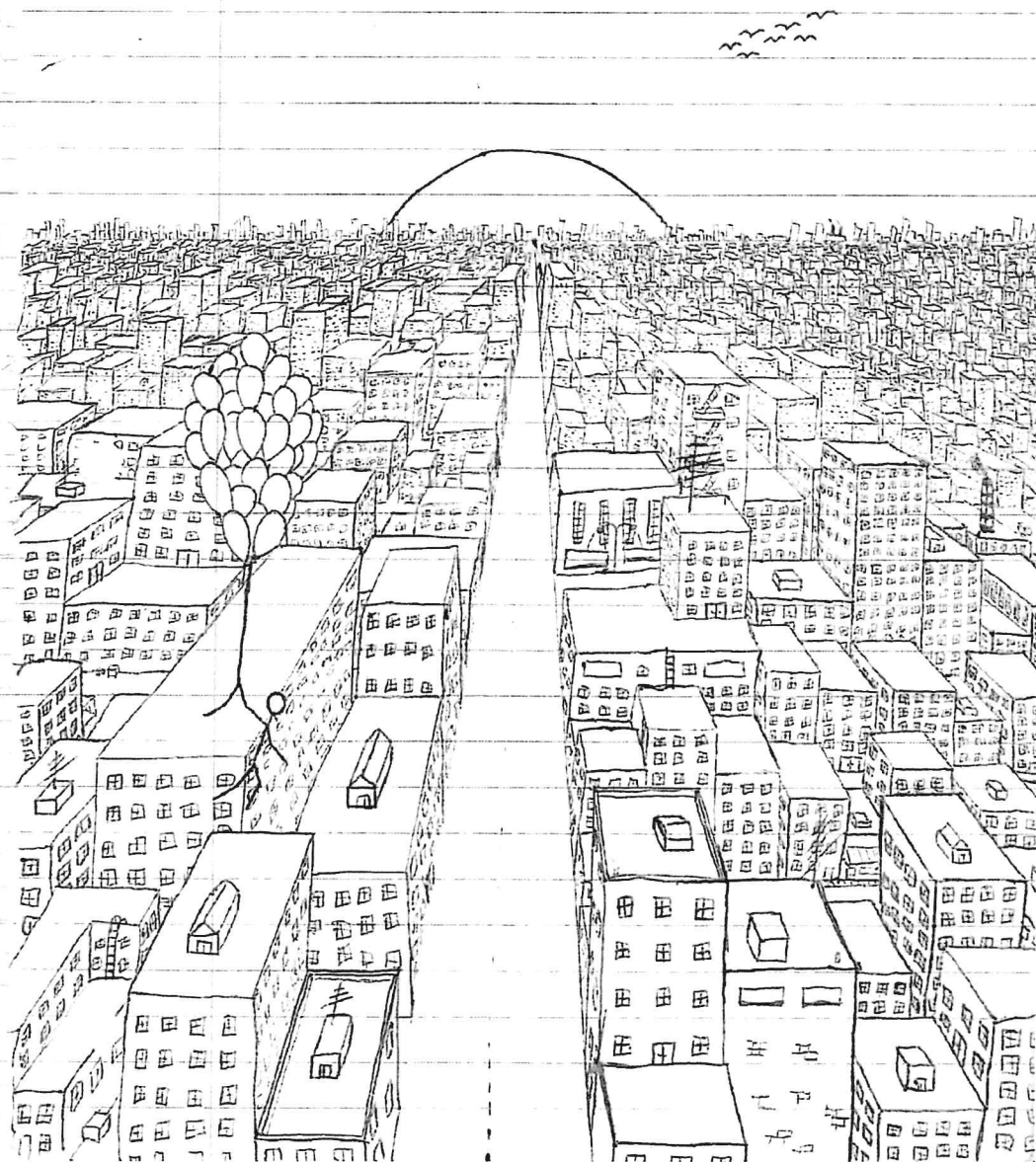
DRIVING WITH A LEGEND

Michael Charboneau (2011)

Learning to drive isn't as easy as it used to be. It's not that cars have become harder to operate, but because the process of learning the rules of the road has become a test of one's patience, stamina, and ability to stay awake through two hour sessions of absolute boredom. This is all thanks to one peculiar piece of legislation: state-mandated Driver's Education.

My experience with this system has been influenced heavily by one of the giants of Driver's Ed: Mr. Koehn. According to his own elephantine memory, he has been teaching people how to drive since the 1960s, a span of over forty years. He is a master of finding unintentionally hilarious videos, and he is known among his students for his mind-numbing ability to ramble on about stories that have almost no relation to driving whatsoever.

When I think of my time spent with Mr. Koehn, one particular incident comes to mind. This was when he told his best story. "It was the year nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-three." Mr. Koehn started out, beginning his story, as usual, by pronouncing every number in the year when it occurred. He told the class that his neighbors had recently gotten kittens, and that they were throwing a party. Mr. Koehn continued, "The party guests arrived and parked their cars in the street, and my neighbor let the kittens out." He grew more wide-eyed as he went on, and his thick glasses made his eyes look even bigger. "The kittens went and hid near the tires of the guest's cars. But when the guests went to their cars to leave, they didn't see the kittens!" exclaimed Mr. Koehn, now fully engrossed in his story. He paused for a moment, his back bent forward toward the class, his eyes wide as saucers. Everyone was silent. Then Mr. Koehn delivered the climax. "So the kittens got run over!" he said, waving his arms in the air. The class was still silent, either asleep or staring off into space. He then told us how he had to help his neighbor scrape the kittens off the street the next morning. The class stirred a bit after he mentioned that little detail. Mr. Koehn certainly had a gift for storytelling. This was his best story, and in ways I cannot even imagine, I am a better driver because of it.



Helium Sunset- Simon Michalik

Limit

Peter Sliwa

Limit is a funny word

For it attempts to chain the world

It sets up walls that won't come down

It makes us feel like we are bound

But something we must recollect

What no one seems to have seen yet

Is that the only limit true

Is the limit you put on you

My Mind
Jean-Pierre Seguin

The land of my mind is where I store

All my secrets in treasure rooms,

Where my thoughts float on the air

This land is guarded

By a high thick wall

So no alien conscience may enter

In this wall, there is only one gate,

Where thoughts are let out, others kept inside

In the land of my mind I have museums of thousands of memories,

Whose sole goal is to give me my identity

The land is my own protected kingdom,

Which gives me my conscience, my being:

It dictates my beliefs, my perceptions, my decisions

For Your Sake

by Brian McLellan (2011)

When I see you
with a cigarette
and watch you take a breath,
I stand up

When I see you
after you've been drinking
and watch you stumble away,
I stand up

When I see you
laugh at others
but I bet you can't laugh at yourself.
I stand up

I stand up, to the things you do,
For your own sake,
I stand up

Truth

By: Dexter Uke

Truth.

The beauty in goodness.

The goodness in beauty.

The eternal fact.

The certain and absolute.

The subject of science.

The gift of revelation.

The purpose of reason.

The belief of faith.

The hope of the ignorant.

The illumination of the mind.

The abhorrence of the liar.

The love of the honest.

The treasure of the philosopher.

The study of the theologian.

The clothing of the saints.

The speech of the angels.

The thought of God.

Truth.

The Beholder
Robert Pollock

Beauty in the eyes,
Of one who beholds,
Trusts none who pry,
His own thoughts he molds,

Born to a world,
Of lies and deceit,
He holds fast to truth,
Through loss and defeat,

His hardships he bears,
A constant attack,
At justice he stares,
With not a glance back,

Though likely it's said,
That he doesn't mind,
At night in his bed,
The truth you will find,

The echo of silence,
He's come to grow fond,
His soul as an expense,
For some kind of bond,

Connection to something,
Not unlike himself,
Through tormented dreams,
And dwindling health,

When all's said and done,
He's shouldered his plight,
He steps through the tunnel,
And into the light,

As he gazes down,
The justice shines clear,
As his pearly whites,
Smiling ear to ear.

There is a Way to be Good Again Cullen McNamara

Check the horror scene
Kid was like 12 or 13
Mom is a drug fiend
Life is bubbling but from the outside
It looks far from ugly
Appears to have pride, but always looks lonely
The reality is doubly troubling
Drugs tugging her from her child
Though she lives wild for her child she has love
But the drugs have a physical hold
For her fix, she pays physical tolls
Her good sense, it literally stole
Wants to repent, but can't resist the pull
It has very nearly seized up her soul
Yet she holds to a goal
Continues to work, won't fold
But soon the excuses get old
The issue is the tissues
They ask "is you, always havin a cold?"
Decisions,
Syringes or Commitments?
Husband has a mistress
How could she miss this?
Witless, witness to a falling business
What next?
How will she get her fix?
I guess sex and fix is the next mix
5 years ago suck a lick
Would seem perverse
But what's worse is the hears Is on the horizon
Now lives with a pimp tyrant
Through her body she spreads death
Like a hydrant spreads water
Death is comin, it's almost caught her
The grim reaper seeks her, but before the
slaughter
On the scene, like out of a dream her daughter
Appears in tears
Fought her fears
Distraught when first taught the use of the
mirror
Mother always loved her
But could never steer her from danger
Like a deer appearing near while in the range
rover
Hope to change her over
To her former self
But for this a poor hand she has been dealt
The Deloris she knows is so much more

Than this ■■■
And this is the premise, kinship and
Ressurectin the remnince of a great woman
Refers her to rehab
But after a week at it
The relapse hit
But the kid won't collapse
In fact she comes back stronger
She brings her back to the old church
Shows her what's a curse
And what's worth first
For a purpose life must be prioritized
So as she peers into the preachers eyes
She promises to not veer, but they all perceive
the lie
Deloris claims to compliance
But its obvious with her demons, lies her
reliance
So they try it all, from solitary confinement
To involuntary hypnotizement
And every time Deloris can't disguise
The demons in her eyes
Her daughter tries to remind Deloris
Of the good old times
What she finds is a colder mind
This time the weight of failure
Hits her like a bolder
Her mother sees her little soldier
And something in her crying eyes
Seems to capture her
She recalls the rapture
Her evolved stature
The height marks on the kitchen door
Girl type trips to the fishin shore
Trips to the beach, bare feet
Lessons meant to teach and keep
Her daughter from becoming a weak woman
Now she's bummin, lettin men cum on her
No honor, its all for the dollar and the drugs
And it is now she begins to consider what she
has become
This slum is no fun
Just last night to her head she put the gun
But now she begins to admire her daughter's
desire
The thought of her strength builds the fire
She's inspired to see the sun
See her daughter son
Become a grandmother
Suddenly she sees a future
Get back with the anti drug tutor
And on the track to pursue he dream
She shall be free



Urban Dreams: Hopes for a Better Future-Daniel Cook

8th Grade Talent Show Rap

Daniel Cook

My name is Daniel Cook and I'm in this talent show.

I'm running in this race and I'm ready to go.

I'm on this stage just lettin' it roll,
so y'all can sit back and listen to my flow.

Bradford Onstage, 2007.

I'm all fired up and my engine's revin.
I've got all my rhymes all straightened out

so you can see what my talent is all about.

I'm 13 years old in the 8th grade.

I'm not doing this 'cuz I'm getting paid.

I'm in this thing so all of you can enjoy
and so the show can be fun for every girl and boy.

There's lots of things many people can do

such as being a referee and calling fouls on you.

I'm acting as a player in the game
and I'm playing it clean so I'm not ashamed.

Then there's the audience or the fans,
who like watch what they see and clap they hands.

Do a dance, travel all the way to France;

see what's more in store - buy a pair of pants.

Right now is my time and I'm ready to shine,

I'm ready to show the world that what I own is mine.

It's not Daniel see and then Daniel do,
'cuz I make my own rhymes so it's all brand new.

Here's a new chorus - it's original.
I'm not being fake or fictional.
I'm actually being quite real, y'know,
Because you can't play around in a talent show.

In whatever you do, always give your best.

If you know in advance, study for that test.

When you give your all, it'll turn out right

If you try real hard, you can win the fight.

For all the parents out there, be good to yo kids.

Don't show 'em how to get angry and blow they lids.

Show them how to live, how to learn,
how to try.

Show them how to grow up and touch the sky.

I hope you remember the importance of these words.

I hope they stick to ya like whey with curds.

Because if you treasure them, use them for good

You're gonna do well just as you should.

That is my advice - value without price
By turning away, you'll be as lost as blind mice.

By seeking out your talent, you can be the best.

If you let the Lord, He will do the rest.
C'mon!

Well that's my rap, I have it on a map,
Humpty Dumpty fell, but he switched to HAP.

That's all you're gonna get from the DVC because

Daniel Vincent Cook is bouncing outta this piece.

PEACE!!

Walking Away"

by Peter Riedy (2011)

When I see what you have done to me
And what I have done to myself,
I become engulfed in depression and anger.

When I look back to what we have
Been through, I ask myself, "Why
Can we not put up with each other
Now?" We have not changed and will
Never change.

When you walked out, you walked
Out forever. You wanted to remain friends, but
I had enough. Maybe time will heal this wound
To my soul or maybe it will not.

All I know is, you butchered me and then wanted
To remain friends. I cannot allow that.
I stand up, and walk away.

Futures Detained

by Jake Kmieciak (2011)

When I see potential
not reached
and discarded like trash
something erupts
part anger, part pity.
I cannot bear to witness
capable people waste
themselves away.
Through loathing or disgust,
I cannot be sure,
I stand up.
To leave it behind,
I stand up.



MOCAD-Michael Williams

Avarice

Troy Rushing, 2011

When I walk in the valley of the shadow of death,
I brighten that black path I chose
I see you I see that so foolish concern
Concern with these things so vile, needless and consuming
The scourge of virtue, pride of malice and epitome of greed
Things that cost the precious monetary wealth earned by labor
The labor not your own, wealth you stole and hoarded so selfishly
The Deceiver, he whispers, tainting nothings to your ears, so naïve
And I hear him; I hear his call, his promise of regime and power, vehemence eternal
Behold his cries fall on ears so deaf, as to silence the lies
Condemned to failure, return to the sanctum, bastion of hope
Plead to the Magister, and grovel for Providence
Forsake those trends so volatile who threaten the sanctity of balance and existence
Pray that the Judge watches in mercy and forgives your trespasses
For the Master harbors the abominations and your ranks He is more merciful than I
I rend the hope and the souls of the violators, those who dare walk in hate
I shall not yield to the pleas for mercy, for mine ears are deaf
My eyes do not see and my lips cannot speak I am the arbiter
Mine name is Judgment, and mine arm is true
Behold now, for the hour of hours is upon us, and the end is near
And hence, pray to the Seer and pray that he sees
For in the midst of War, Pestilence, Famine, and Death, I stand
I stand before these men so lusting and vain
And I foretell of the Tragedy to come
In the face of adversity I stand

Project Arms
By Matthew Lundy

Contract 1: Looking Down a Barrel

Two males stood on a rainy rooftop. They both held guns and looked ready to kill each other. The first male had a .45 Magnum that had a small blade on the bottom of the barrel, and a clip-like slot that had the inscription 'Persephone' on it. He had long blue spiky hair, wearing a long black coat that opened at the waist with a black shirt and black pants. The other male had spiky red hair with a long white coat that was like the other male's, wearing a black shirt and pants. His gun was a simple handgun that was in the color of silver, with a laser sight. Its inscription read Red Drake. "You'll pay!" the blue haired boy said as he shot his gun at the other. The red haired boy dodged the bullet and fired his gun. "Harusadai, you can do better than that," he said. Harusadai dodged the bullet and fired until his clip emptied. "Rintsai, you'll die here!" Harusadai shouted. He unloaded the bullets in the revolving clip of his magnum and threw six bullets into the air and caught them as he ran towards Rintsai. He kept dodging the bullets Rintsai fired until Persephone hit point blank range.

3MONTHS EARLIER

A bell rings indicating that school has ended at Hirijadani High School. Students flood out of the doors but two peculiar students stay at the door, a boy and a girl. The boy had long spiky blue hair, wearing a white short sleeved school uniform shirt and black pants. The girl had long pink hair with bangs that came over her eyes and a ponytail in the back. "Let's go home Miyei," Harusadai said. "Okay then," she replied. They sat on the stairs of the school waiting for the school bus to come out of the parking lot. It finally came and they boarded it sat in different seats with their friends. "Harusadai, where have you been?" Korosagi asked. "I haven't seen you all day." Harusadai wasn't paying attention and looked at the bus seat ahead where one girl sat alone.

"Mirukai's actually here for one day?" he said to himself aloud. "You're staring to creep me out a little bit with you looking at Mirukai," Korosagi said. "You actually think that I like her?" Harusadai asked. Mirukai was a 16 year old sophomore at school that wore the girls' school uniform

which was a tan long sleeved blouse shirt and a tan skirt that ended at the ankles. She had long black hair that came over her eyes in tufts, orange eyes that turned red when light would catch them and a long curvy figure perfect for a girl her age. "But haven't you noticed she's taken a lot of sick days for school?" Korosagi added. "You're probably too late, she's got some other guy. This isn't some TV drama series or anime, you couldn't ask her out and she'd immediately go with you," he continued. "What are you talking about I never said anything about her," Harusadai replied. "I don't even think of her in that way anyway. We're just close friends." The bus slowly groaned and hissed at a small house.

This was Harusadai and Miyei's stop. They exited the bus as they waved to their friends. Harusadai suddenly stopped as if he just remembered something. He had a premonition. He saw someone being beaten and someone at gunpoint. He ignored the vision unaware of the danger that would soon befall them. He and Miyei entered the home. It was very dirty and trashy on the inside. Dirty clothes and papers lay here and there. The father was an ex-marine and a dirty cop. He made dirty deals and other criminal acts. He did drugs and soon the mother became a victim to them after being laid off at her job. Yet the children resisted the temptations of drugs. The parents hadn't been home for over a day. Harusadai went to his room and began the grueling homework from his algebra teacher.

Miyei threw her backpack on a table and sat down on the couch and turned on the TV. She flipped the channels randomly looking for any sitcom that was good. Soon the parents walked in. Miyei quickly rose from the couch and turning the television off. The father had a rugged face that had a small cut over one eye, black eyes, wearing a wife beater t-shirt that had holes, and blue jeans. The mother had long blonde hair, wearing a pink sweater, and black pants. She had hazelnut colored eyes and a tired face with rags under her eyes. They both looked obviously high or drunk. "Why are you running up my electric bill?! Unless you're paying for it?" the father shouted. "I'm sorry father," Miyei said terrified. "I'll go and do my homework." She walked quickly to her backpack and was met with a slap across the face. It hit her so hard that it felled her. The mother stood idly by and walked toward the couch as the father continued to beat their daughter. Miyei was pummeled with kicks and punches.

Harusadai heard the scuffling and the screaming of his sister. He was terrified also, he knew that Dad would never hit anyone as high as he would get. Harusadai looked under his bed for his baseball bat from when he played for the neighborhood team. Harusadai rushed down stairs to the rescue of his sister and smashed Dad in the head. He fell to the ground trying to keep the blood from pouring out of his head. Harusadai raised the bat for another attack when the father pulled a gun. Miyei lay on the floor crying and bleeding and bruised. "Did you forget that I am a cop?" he said.

Harusadai stood there bat in air wondering what to do. Should he attack or wait to be shot? He got on his knees and dropped the bat in fear. Dad pistol whipped Harusadai and it cast him to the ground.

Harusadai froze and sweated profusely at the gun in his face. He shuddered at the thought of his father pulling the trigger and his head being nothing but a bloody stump. "I'm going to blow your head clean off!" Dad screamed. He ■ed the pistol. One thing was sure; Harusadai was looking down a barrel. His aim was shaky and moving. Harusadai closed his eyes as the gun fired. He heard a thud and he quickly looked at Miyei. She was alive and well but the mother was not. She lay slumped on the couch with a hole in her head and blood slowly squirting out. Harusadai got up from the floor as the father ran to the side of the mother crying in anguish. Harusadai picked Miyei off the ground and left the house. "Where are we going?" Miyei asked weakly. "We need to get patched up," Harusadai answered. Miyei curled up in his arms and tried not to go to sleep. He carried her all the way to the hospital where police waited. They received information that two kids had killed their mother.

The next thing Harusadai knew he was sitting in an interrogation room. A detective sat across from him and Miyei and another one in the corner. "Look this can be over quickly if you tell the truth", he said. "Did you really kill your own mother?" "She's not my real mom; I've got nothing to say," Harusadai said. "Shut up and answer the questions," the other detective shouted. Harusadai noticing the pistol in the man's holster calmed down. "No, I didn't kill my mother," he answered. "My dad was completely high; did you check the crime scene?" he continued. "We got other people working on that, until then you're prime suspects; especially you Mr. Takemoto," the detective said pointing at Harusadai. "It's been four years since I last saw you shoplifting and then putting you in that family since your parents died." Harusadai wasn't Miyei's real brother but an adoptive brother; his parents were killed on a plane crash from their vacation in America. Harusadai smiled and said "I'd thought you'd never notice it was me." The door opened and a cop walked in. He whispered into the detective's ear. "Get out of here you're free to go," he said. "They found a gun with your dad's fingerprints all over it and 4 kilos of drugs." He finally took notice of Miyei who was bruised and battered. "What happened to her?" he asked. "Father beat her," Harusadai replied as he picked up Miyei and exited the room.

They were escorted back to the hospital by a police car and their wounds were treated. Miyei lay on a medical stretcher with bandages on her head and arms and Harusadai had a band-aid on his chin from being hit with the gun. "Are you all right Miyei?" he asked. "Yeah," she replied. A nurse walked in. "Mr. Kurogutsi, there is a girl who would like to speak with you," she said. "Who is it?" Harusadai asked. "She says her name is Mirukai

Saruwatari," the nurse replied. What she's here to see me? He thought to himself.

"Harusadai, what happened to you; you look like hell," she said. "Some things happened," he said lying. "I hope you're okay," she said. "I just remembered there was some guy who wanted to meet you", she added. She left the room and Harusadai followed. They left the hospital and got into a limo. It drove away. "Where are we going? Harusadai said. "Harusadai Kurogutsi," a male voice said. "Who's there?" Harusadai asked. The limo was dark and he couldn't see anything. "How do you know my name?" "I'm just a friend," the man replied.

Money's Morality Cullen McNamara

Affluent influence seducing us
Makin a truce with Lucifer like Judas
Beautiful Facades
Hearts ugly like medusa
Producing allusive allures
Few are alludin' to the lack of lucidness in illusions
More belligerent than the husband of Lucy
Dudes are ignorantly assuming
That cats claimed casualties are representative of reality
When in actuality it's a fallacy
Like a Disney Movie
Abused dudes treasuring Nike airs
What they really need is a buzz light year
Cept they don't necessarily need to go infinite and beyond
Jus a mom and some one to make them strong
Only feel a bond with LeBron and gangbangers
Its either ball or bein a human exterminator
Like Arnold Swartzenager
And whats way more major
Is those who have, don't feel an obligation
Nor the common patience
To legislate or educate
So to me what resonates
Is that although they don't discriminate
They create a sin of omission
Permissin problems by persistin on
With daily missions
Forgettin they don't need permission
To act Christian

The Silent Killer
Robert Pollock

Never in the timeline of days of old,
Has there been such an evil to date,
Never a notion of doctors so bold,
As to play with life like a swinging gate,
And as the mother lays down to sleep,
The guilt of the day has hit her full force,
She imagines the kick of her baby's feet,
She imagines the first year parenting course,
And now she hears a distant wail,
And now she feels the child's pain,
And in her bed she kicks and flails,
Never before has she known this shame,
To reassure her conscience she says,
"Surely, I could not raise him well"
But in her heart, there's still no amends,
And her cheap excuse, she cannot sell,
She tries and tries to rationalize,
But she cannot come up with a clue,
Why has she allowed them to feed her lies?
Why can't her conscience, tell what's true?
The doctors, they think it is just a routine,
And the vote getters think it's your choice,
But to choose between life and death, it seems,
"Life!" says any man with a voice.

“Impact”

Peter Walle

“Damn!” swore the man as the taxi ahead of him abruptly stopped. His old car struggled to slow down, but it managed to screech to a halt just in time. He rolled down his window and peered around the taxi to see what had caused the confusion, and immediately saw that a car ahead had overheated. The man groaned, thinking of the odds of a car stalling in the middle of a blizzard. He reached for his keys and turned off the car in order to save precious fuel, for he had always been extremely frugal. When the car stopped running, the windshield wipers did too, allowing the ever-increasing snowfall to slowly cover his view of the outside world. The snowflakes grew steadily larger, quickly and efficiently melding together on the ground to form piles up to a foot deep. Enthralled, he turned his head to see the blizzard from the passenger window...only to notice a gigantic semi-truck bearing down upon the cars in the intersection, its horn roaring like an enraged beast, and lights glowing like an avenging demon from hell. Panicking, the man honked his horn and tried to restart his car, but the worn out machine would not budge, almost as if his fate had already been predetermined by a malignant force set against him. Screaming and swearing at the top of his lungs, he tried to unfasten his seatbelt, but it was jammed. Seconds from ending his life, the semi’s thunderous engine and horn overwhelmed all noise...inches from hitting, it blotted out the sun...and at the moment of impact, time itself ceased to exist.

Darkness engulfed the man’s mind, as if a menacing black shroud was draped over his entire body. He could not think, smell, see, touch, or hear, for his entire world was reduced to one simple and yet overwhelming force; Pain. The pain ripped through every fiber of his being, unrelenting and without consideration. It did not barter, or seek for a compromise. Instead, it dominated him. The man attempted to fight the sensation using every inch of will he had in his body, but the pain would not be vanquished. Slowly, it broke through the barricades of the man’s sanity, until there was nothing left in his mind. Utterly exhausted from fighting for what seemed to be an eternity, the man began to succumb. He wanted it to be over. All that he had accomplished in his life now seemed meaningless when stood next to the horrendous onslaught he faced. Hope faded, and any thought of redemption was slowly crushed. Suddenly though, there was a new sensation floating at the back of his mind. Weak, and seemingly powerless, but there nevertheless. It was a blinding light, slowly driving back the walls of darkness and pain that threatened to obliterate his sanity. The man felt his strength returning, and a strange new power floated through his veins. He fought on, and with the help of the light, drove the pain out of his mind, until it was just a dull throbbing sensation, merely an afterthought. The dark shroud arose from his mind, and finally, he awoke. Before even having a chance to open his eyes, the man’s senses were overwhelmed by the horrendous aftermath of the crash. The first thing he felt was unbearable cold. Violent shivers racked through the entire length of his body, almost as if he were having a seizure. “I’m laying in snow”, he realized. Then, he smelled the burning wreckage of his own car, along with the fumes of multiple cars around him. Screams of women and the crying voices of young children rent through the air, instantly filling him with a sense of foreboding. For a minute, he contemplated simply rolling over and sleeping again, not wanting to face the terrible scene that awaited him. He knew, though, that he could not hide forever. Slowly, he opened his eyes, struggling to come into focus due to the blinding police spotlights all around

him. Soon though, he was able to see the night sky clearly. He slowly and gingerly lifted his body into a sitting position to try to make sense of where he was, but immediately, his vision spun and blurred as the pain ripped through his body mercilessly. Grimacing, the man did not submit, and eventually the torrential wave elapsed, leaving him free to assess the situation. He was laying in a large snow drift nearly three feet deep on the side of the road, which was the reason he had not already been found by the paramedics. There were cars sprawled throughout the intersection, horrendously twisted and mutilated in various ways. Families were huddled together by the wreckage of their vehicles, some praying, some crying, and some just blankly staring into the night sky, trying desperately to make sense of the carnage. Multiple police and firefighter cruisers were stationed around the intersection, blocking off the crash scene from the anxious crowds. By far though, the worst part of the accident was the wreckage of his own vehicle. It had been tossed like a twig nearly 30 feet by the impact of the semi truck. What was once his car was now a heap of smoking metal. He tasted bile in his throat, and immediately keeled onto his side and heaved. This brought his stunned form back to reality, and with it his own physical state. The man looked down at his body, and immediately realized how horrifying his own situation was. His shirt was torn, and there was a long gash across his chest, where multiple bruises were beginning to form around his ribs. With growing shock, he realized his legs were both twisted into inhumane positions, and one was bleeding from what looked like a compound fracture along his calf. He heaved again.

At this point, the man was desperate for aid. Although he was only fifty feet away from the accident scene, no one had noticed him due to their preoccupation with the rest of the carnage. Reluctantly, he began to drag himself towards the middle of the intersection, hoarsely shouting and trying to be heard over the roar of the helicopter circling overhead. He struggled through the thick snow for what seemed like an eternity, making his way painfully inch by inch. His breath grew ragged, and the pain in his chest unbearable. Terrified of a return to the darkness he had so recently escaped, he furiously tore at the snow as if chased by demons. Finally though, when he was within ten feet of a wrecked car, a woman noticed him and let out an earsplitting scream. As his vision blurred and darkened, the last thing he saw was three paramedics rushing towards him with a stretcher.

Silence...endless silence. There was no longer joy, happiness, pain, suffering, light, or darkness. There were only shades of grey. His world was ...nothing. He lived in an endless abyss of...nothing. Both good and evil deeds he had accomplished in his life were...nothing. His personal identity was...nothing. Indescribable meaninglessness filled his soul, for he was...nothing.

He was in a coma for weeks, for the extent of his injuries were far greater than he had ever perceived. He broke 11 bones, two of which were compound fractures. He had a punctured lung and multiple broken ribs. Worst of all was his fractured skull, the reason for the coma. It was a long time before the doctors were able to identify him and locate his family, because his wallet was lost in the crash. After two weeks though, they came.

He was still lost in a sea of desolation. The endless silence filled his being with longing for something greater, although he did not know what it was, for he was... nothing? The body that trapped him told him he was nothing, but his soul told his mind there was more to life; more than the endless chasm in which he lived; more than his world devoid of thought or reason; more than nothing! He just needed a connection, some sort of valid proof for his mind to accept as substantiation of a

greater form of existence in life. Weeks passed by while he strove to find the answer.

Something was different. There was a voice. It sounded familiar, but every time he tried to envision the face it was from, he saw only grey. The whispered words of the voice soothed his aching heart, and where they passed there was no longer shades of grey. Everything was instead made logical. Slowly but steadily, his mind became more alert and active, feeling the oncoming breakthrough pulsing through his body like rays of sunshine. Suddenly, it came. A wave of light filled his mind, clarifying the pieces of the puzzle. There was more! There was a world. There was a shining sun and a glowing moon. There were blue skies, and dark nights. There were glistening blue oceans stretching for miles on end. There were wondrous forests, gigantic mountains, and endless plains. And there was his wife: the woman he loved with his heart, mind, body, and soul. And there were his children, whose unconditional love warmed his heart daily. Finally, he knew he existed in this world. He had a place carved out for him that would not disappear. His life, everything he did, had a purpose in the world in which he lived. Armed with this knowledge, he shattered the walls of desolation within his mind and immediately awoke.

The Poor Young Boy

by Joe Kolpasky (2011)

When I talk to you in the state of Mississippi
With all the coppers chasing those hippies
I see you walking down the streets
Listening to all your songs with sweet beats
I know that you have been having trouble
So I needed to get to you on the double
As I approach you, I notice something
I could not believe that you have done this dumb thing

I know that your mother gave up on you before
But no one will leave you nevermore
I try to comment on what you have done
But you speak to me first, without intending the pun
I talk about the cigarette in you mouth and the tattoo on your skin
Thinking that I will win
You put up a tough defense
But I try to knock in some sense

Where others have failed, I will try
Even if I just barely get by
I will be right by your side
Trying to be a good guide
I stand up while you sit down
This makes me frown
But through these tough times
Even if I do run out of rhymes
I will fill the cup
I stand up

Angels

by Ian MacLachlan

when we see you
like little ants
walking and worrying
about little things
we laugh.

we are always there
watching over you
consumed by your poison
you run from us
you push us away and forget

we march on
and when you need us
you will feel our cold embrace
and you will see
darkness
nothingness

I am the general
I lead the army of the angels of death
you are the ants
small creatures incapable of understanding

you run and run
we stand up
we march on
crushing you with each step
I stand up

I Am Here.....

by Richie Cozzolino (2011)

When I
Look around
and see them again
that person
in
the halls
Walking all alone again
Sitting by themselves at the lunch table
not talking at all during lunch
I wonder and concern for them
realize that they need somebody too
when they get pushed in the halls
I stand up and tell them
that I'm
here and
they don't
need to fear
I stand up.

Guardian Angel

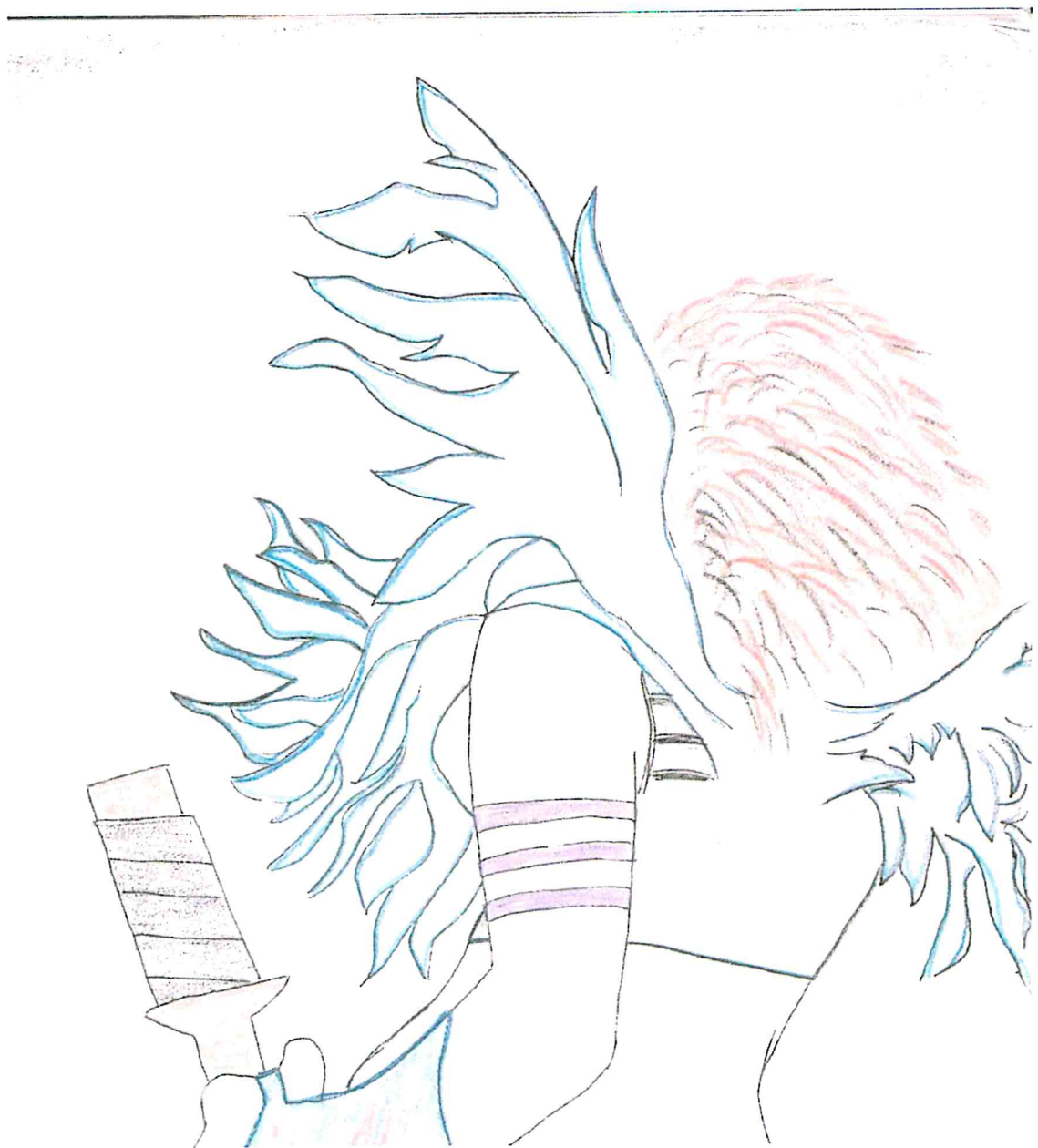
by Patrick Dine (2011)

When I eat
You eat
When I laugh
You joke

When I get hurt
You pick me up
When I get angry
You settle me down
As I argue
You listen

When I get hit
You hit back
When I fall
You fall with me
When you sit down
I stand up.





Broken Angel-Derek Surmont

An Angel

Vincent Surmont

There must have been an angel,
For I can tell
There is one falling
Straight from the heavens
There are more and more
Now the spirits are going into the soul
The spirit is washing out their souls
One by one we are taken up
For every soul there is an angel
For every angel there is a soul
On every angel the rays of the Holy Spirit shines
The rays shine on everyone and everything
The angels' spirits are so strong
You can feel the spirit flowing into you
They can help you even at the worst times
But there was an angel
For we all know
Standing on either side of God's throne
The ladder leading to heaven straight to God's throne
With thousands of angels for every step of the way
One by one they help you get to the heavens
More and more souls on the ladder
With more angels
The Lord is getting happier
Blessing one after another

Falling Diamonds

Vincent Surmont

Looking out the window,
Rain falling so fast they ring,
The sun peaks through the clouds,
Looking like diamonds,
Rainbows forming everywhere,
With children in the light,
With you and me looking out the window,
Gazing to the light,
The children dancing happily,
With all their soul and might,
You and I are together,
Dancing with love in the air,
Only if they were really diamonds,
But instead we are dancing in the rain,
Like two soul mates,
Enjoying the time while it lasts,
Sounding like soothing music,
Singing to the music,
Then it stops rapidly,
The sun comes out,
With a rainbow filling the entire sky,
Still we danced remembering this moment,
With the sun squeezing it's way through the clouds,
The rays of the sun, shines on us,
With a white dove comes right through the clouds,
Circling above up,
Singing like no bird can sing,
Trying to tell us something,
Praising the Lord for what we see,

Untitled

By Eddie Maciorowski

whoever is here:
I do not do drugs,
I am not suicidal
im not a murderer
I do not look for death
though sometimes
it looks for me
I am not afraid of it
but I do not welcome it
dont throw me in
with the gloomy lunatics
who cut themselves
or beat themselves
or others
its just a poem
and if you don't like it
bite me

H.H.W.O.L. [Hip-Hop Who Or Life]
Kristopher Johnson

Few for the cause, more for earthly treasures.
Alternative be the unique species;
Many semantics don't have same measure.
Distraught by thee fear, thee Diverse Pieces.
No body agrees; whole body seeing,
Philosophers of thee same reason. By
Claiming fact, No view of theirs are creeping
Into minds. Perhaps not low-key sin? Nigh

The past makes future, all unique knowledge
Can of course be commonly accepted.
Complex vocals, simple wants pay homage
The latter's dominance not intended.
Thee epitomes... Thee same objective?
Awareness and Mind's Eye push most to live.

The Rich and the Rest

by Matt Nelson (2011)

When I walk through the streets,
I will see those
With plenty if money
That they can show.

They show off their pride
As though they are the best,
But they are not perfect,
For they don't see the rest.

Those with young to care for
But with not much to work,
Or those who live nowhere.
It is all so berserk.

How do some have excess
And others just starve?
It isn't society,
It's just how humans are.

I will help the poor,
And put change in their cup.
To this goal and this roll,
I stand up.

Keep Trying

by Jovan Kelley-Butler (2011)

When I look in your eyes
I can see all the cries
All your hurt, all that dirt
In your face
After that long race
After your suffering
After that crushing
You're defeated
But you competed
And you tried
Even though you cried
At least you tried
Keep fighting
Stop dying
Get up and fight
With all your might
And this is why
I try, and this is why
I stand up

CORRUPTION: SPIRALING OUT OF CONTROL

by Lance Foster (2011)

-When I think about politicians...

Rage- the first things that come to mind
A group of idiots pigging out on my dime?
Do they not know that the people hold the power?
The power to have all their political careers devoured

-When I think about politicians...

I think they feel
That corruption must rule every deal

-When I think about politicians...

I don't think about a certain ethnicity
I just see how these people ruin our cities
I don't look at the money they make
But at all the damage they create

-When I think about politicians...

I think about all those who have served our country faithfully
To them I stand up
I think about those who have fought corruption and tried to live by law
To them I stand up

UNTITLED

Daniel Eggert (2011)

When I saw the paved acres of yellow and black,
And the fields and plains littered with trash,
I tried to stop all of the persons involved,
But there were too many to count.

Each more careless than the last,
Destroying everything around them for short-term pleasure,
With delicate machinery they produce their demise,
Until they suddenly became aware.

With this information they did nothing,
Sitting in armchairs putting their evidence to the curb,
Some spread the word while others closed their doors,
With a solemn turn of the lock.

Others mindless opposition to movements of change flared,
For when I stand up, others clutch their seats,
And when I speak, they all cover their ears,
But regardless, I stand up.

When I Will Stand Up

Justin Nance, 2011

When I see you being teased
And acting defenseless. Just sitting
And listening to people make fun
Of you, I want to hate you.

When I notice your weird-looking
Clothes, your huge head sitting atop your
Non-proportionate short and small body,
I see your despair.

When I hear the weird random things
You say, the high annoying and monotonous
Pitch of your voice. Or your ugly sarcastic grin
And your hideous, facetious, bug-like eyes,
I see your potential.

You can be anything. You are
Determined to make a name for yourself,
And be someone in this world. Most others
Can't see this determination, but oh it's there.

For that I stand up.
Through your humiliation,
I stand up.

THAT MAN

By Eddie Maciorowski

that man
that fat, egotistical, stupid
man.
he barred me from my
dream
gave it to him
him whom I am better than
I am stronger, quicker,
I swing harder,
throw harder,
play harder.
I'll never play again,
I have already moved on
but what I play
is not competitive,
my blood does not boil
my muscles do not strain
my heart does not beat
my lungs do not breath
and it is all because
of that
man

Gettysburg

By Eddie Maciorowski

A glint of steal
a flash of smoke
and out from elm
and pine and oak
charged forth the Confederates

past the cannons
and smoky fog
into watery grave they walk
yet not a single man did balk
and charged forth the Confederates

cannons thundered
and bullets flew
and every single soldier knew
that only would return a few
and thus were the Confederates

towards the trees of leafy grove
'for Virginia!' the call they bode
towards the high water mark they rode
and every man who came would know,
that here charged the Confederates

Charge of the Sophalanche

By Maciej Rejniak

1.

Half a basketball court, half a basketball court,
Half a basketball court onward,
All at the end of the hall
pushed the two hundred.
"Forward, the Sophalanche!
"Charge for the lockers!" he said:
Into the hall of the New Wing
pushed the two hundred.

2.

"Forward, the Sophalanche!"
Was there a student dismayed?
Not tho' the sophomores knew
Someone had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and get juggled:
Into the hall of the New Wing
Pushed the two hundred.

3.

Freshmen to the right of them,
Teachers to the left of them,
Juniors in front of them
Pushed and thundered;
Stormed at with pencil and pen,
Boldly they pushed and well,
Into the New Wing,
Into the mouth of Hell
Pushed the two hundred.

4.

Slammed all their bookbags bare,
Slammed as they flipped in air,
Pushing the freshmen there,
Charging a whole grade, while
All the school wondered:
Plunged in the calculator-smoke
Right through the line they broke;
Freshmen and Junior
Pressed from the bookbag stroke
Shattere'd and sundered.
Then they went to the lockers but not
Not the two hundred.

5.

Juniors to right of them,
Freshmen to left of them,
Teachers behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with pencil and pen,
While football player and track star fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the hall of the New Wing
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of two hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the school wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Sophalanche,
Noble two hundred

To Be Chased Back

by Simon Michalik

Oh yes, it happens to us all
We struck by Cupid's arrow fall
And while the arrow still
protrudes
Out from the heart, all
thought eludes
The brain save that to do with
love
Or the recipient thereof.

And some say love is best to
feel
Of all emotions. And they kneel
And worship its magnificence,
Embracing all concupiscence.
The passion so engulfs their
mind

That only it they wish to find.
Yes, great it feels in love to
fall
But greater still and best of
all
Occurs when chase a nymph you do
As wild as playful Pan he flew
To conquer Syrinx who still
fled,
But your nymph flees to you
instead.

This feeling so surpasses all
To know that chasing, you are
chased
And not because you're big or
small
Instead 'cause you can't be
replaced.

Mysterious Place

By: Matthew Kowalski

Imagine that you get up from the ground and when you look around you see something very strange. So strange is this thing that it is actually not a thing, but nothing at all. You look around and there is only blank white space going out in every direction, forever. Immediately questions jump into your mind. Where am I? What is this place? Why am I here? Then suddenly you see a tiny, miniscule, almost imaginary, black dot standing out against all the white.

But this is not your story; this is the story of a boy named Myron. Prior to ending up in this mysterious place Myron had been riding his bike. All he remembers was that there was a great flash and then he must have fallen. When he got up all he could see was the white, excluding his bike next to him.

With nothing else to do and all the time in the world to spare, Myron started to ride his bike towards the tiny dot in the distance. When he began to pedal, it suddenly disappeared right from under him and he fell. Fate would not let him have it too easy. Time passed and Myron was still walking, with the dot never seeming to come any closer. While he was walking, he began to create theories to explain his situation. He wondered if the world had been destroyed and because of some blip in the universe, he was the only human left. He hypothesized that all that was left after the end of the world was the place he was in. Continuing with that idea he thought about what the world would be like if he started it. He thought of ruling great empires and of an impossible world of fun and enjoyment. He pondered in detail the idea as he walked along. After an extremely long walk through nothing, the dot was finally getting closer.

At that moment, Myron felt such a joyous feeling that sent him sprinting towards this location as fast as he could. When he was nearing the spot he could depict an immense, decorated door, and then that feeling left him immediately. The door looked nice from far away but when Myron came up to it he saw in detail gruesome designs of people burning in eternal fires and suffering every possible extreme torment that could be thought of. He then saw on the door an image opposite the first. Many people were forever cheerful and joyous as they enjoyed paradise. The last image that Myron saw was a familiar one; normal people continuing their ordinary lives. Those three groups were engraved on the door and each had their own space. However, another engraved picture had its own little spot, right in the middle of the three images. It was a young boy holding his bike next to him; it was Myron.

Although he could not figure out what this place was, Myron knew that it and he were important. As he was pondering that thought, his ideas making his own world came back to him. Wondering if there was a connection between these two contemplations he looked back at this odd place one more time before heading through the door. Instead of seeing the endless white, he saw the worlds he desired to live in. The worlds that he had created in his mind were right there behind him.

But when he tried to run and live in this world of pleasure he was not going anywhere. His dream world of delight had become a nightmare. As he turned around to see what was holding him he saw that the door had opened and two ghostly arms had found their way around him and were pulling him into a giant swirling wall of darkness that was destroying the world Myron had created. Myron tried with all of his soul to stay in his made up world, but resisting was no use. He stopped struggling and glided into the misty unknown to save his new world.

As he plunged into darkness, Myron was not scared anymore. The door had closed behind him and there was nothing else to lose. Even as he was freefalling, he was not scared. He actually was enjoying himself for a moment. Then as Myron sensed the ground getting closer his muscles violently contracted as he closed his eyes for the impact. But there was no crash.

When he opened his eyes, he could tell there was light and as his eyes focused he could tell he was in a room. It was like no other room he had ever seen. It was a basic cube shape and had no extra decorations except for a plaque on the opposite wall facing Myron. It read, "Let your spirit guide you." With no entrance or exit, the only other objects in this strange place were an elevator door, a regular wooden door, and a staircase that just kept going up. The staircase looked old, and badly built, for the steps were uneven and looked difficult to climb. The elevator, on the other hand, was a first-class machine that was packed with all the material goods a human could want. The door was in the middle of the two extremes. It was a plain, wooden door that Myron had seen lots of before. Since he had just experienced the how doors work in this world he knew that he had to choose wisely.

As the plaque read he, "let his spirit guide him" and chose the wooden door since that was what he was most familiar with. This door, however, did not have the same effect as the previous one. Inside was a small closet area where there was a free-standing binocular viewer. So Myron walked up and looked into this oddly placed viewer. But when he looked inside he saw his mother and father and brother and sister looking down at him with concerned faces. Myron continued to look around until he figured out that the scene was located in a hospital. Confused at why he could see these images from within a closet he

tried to pull his head away. But when he did Myron realized that he was not in a closet, but that he was in a hospital room with his family all around him.

Then he continued on to tell them his amazing story and they were astonished at hearing it. Of course, they did not believe him, they had seen the truck knock him off his bike. But the next time someone sees that immense decorated door, they will see the young boy holding his bike right next to those people continuing their ordinary lives. That is where Myron ended up after all.



Homophobic Microphonists

Cullen McNamara

This is an ode to my fellow
microphonists

Why are the components of our
poems so homophobic?

The floes and the way we sew em'
are proponents

Of prejudice

The sentiment that fagit is an
adjective

To describe what's negative

Is a lie, designed to deliver a
vibe

That bigotry in rhymes and in
these times is no crime

So I, deliberately don't
subscribe

I flatly refuse the slice from
the devils pie

I chose to rebel, and this is my
battle cry

Imma reach for the heavens sky

Ignore the reverends lies

All this, despite my own
friend's

Decisions to comply with
societies lies

There decisions I try not to
criticize

Cus this society supplies lies

Like a syringe supplies highs

Each injection laced with lethal
hate

And brings us closer to our
peoples fate

Of self destruction

"Love the person hate the sin"

Cursin this statements purpose

When applied to a gay person

It is so worthless

Just search below the surface

And anyone can see contradiction

Positions is backed by a gospel
written

With perspective of outdated
traditions

With respect to hate, we have an
addiction

And I'm not exception, Ill be in
rehab with thum

CITY OF LIGHTS
By Eddie Maciorowski

Ah Paris!
as I look towards thee
your light,
your sounds,
that graceful spire,
which perches
itself
on your skylight
I lost my
love
here, where
the wine flows
like a river.
bloody
river.
Let your dark lights
plague me
no more

The Special Home Of Little Girl
Peter Sliwa

*Outside this world
In her place
A little girl
With radiant face
Dances 'round
And sings, and sings
In her house
Of different things*

*She hums a tune
Up the halls
And warbles rifts
To loving walls
Some like her place
Most think she's strange
But she loves
Being deranged*

*Her favorite dress
Looks like a bat
She has her own
Pet Giant Rat
She sings and sings
And dances 'round
Guided by
Her ethereal sound*

*Few people visit
She doesn't mind
She likes to play
With her own kind
So when she plays
She goes down to
Her Hall of Cages
To play with you!*

*Upon what game
Will she decide?
Torture the guest
To suicide?
Or Iron Maiden
Knives and chains?
Or pendulum?
So many games!*

*I hope you know
It's an honor
To be chosen
For this horror
She only picks
Selected few
To be subjected
Lucky you!*

*Don't worry friend
You won't likely die
She'll try to keep you
Quite alive
For what fun
Are the dead?
Apart from they
Won't miss their head!*

*So have some fun
With this girl
As she sings
And spins and twirls
Enjoy your time
With her and games
You'll be playing
'Till your end of days...*

With The Wind

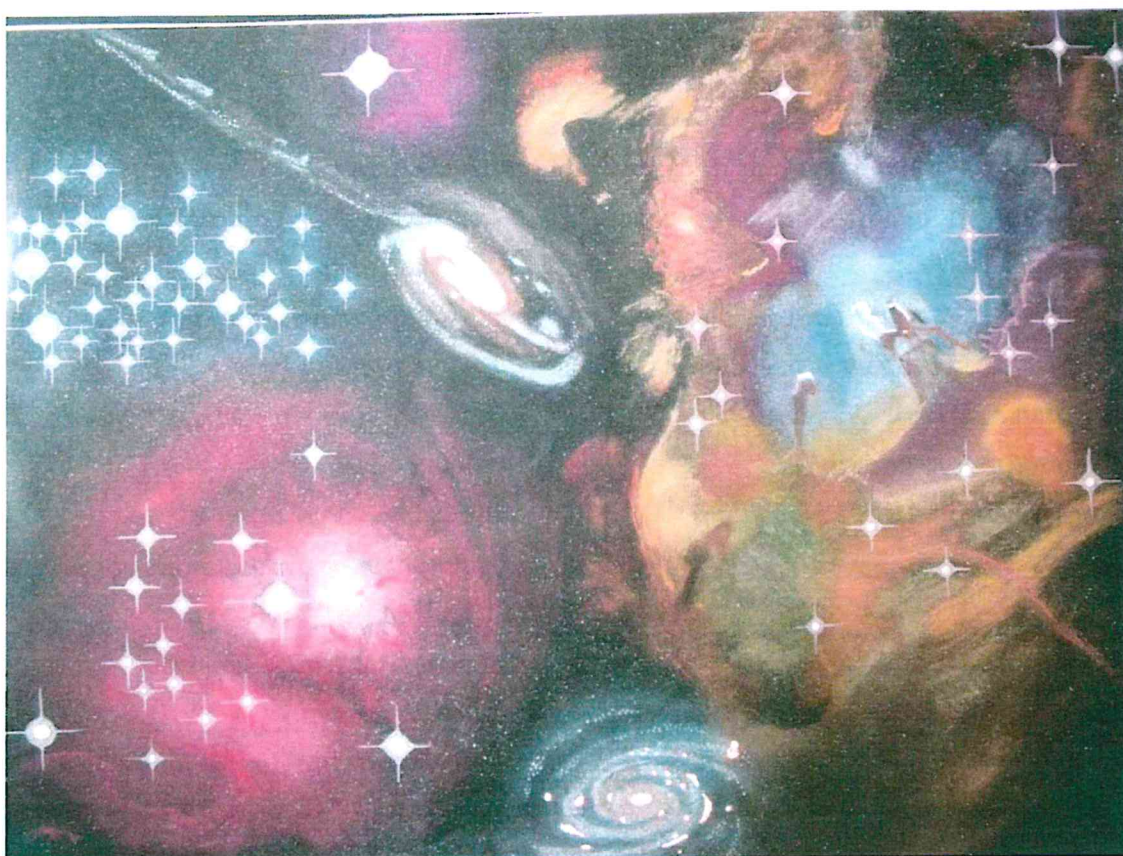
Paul Jackson

*i think of your beauty
and i think about how you make me
love life
i think of all of my trials and duties
but seeing you once doesnt make me
think twice
because it is you and your name
that made my prayers propechy
your name
my flesh no longer maimed.
darkness extinguished by a flame.*

*rain washes my face
just as tears release the pain
your name
my spirit no longer tamed
and the wind carries away
those love letters tear stained*

*well i looked to the heavens
and called your name
in me burns the passionate flame
the winds and rain, now clear the
plain*

*the worries of yesterdays
with the wind
sins of wayward ways
with the rain
shots of scotch to swallow the shame
with the wind
all because i called your name
tears washed with rain
fears conquered like armies
with the wind
kamikaze, only my fortress remains
to you i call
and i bellow your name
in your shrine for the promise you kept
to dwell within
now no more crying for you
for you are within
no more trying to die for you
with the wind
no more sad songs
with the wind
everything that troubled me
with the wind, im strong
and everything wrong
is gone
with the wind*



Beyond Mankind- Montgomery St.Peter

Life Poem

By Paul Jackson

summer's gone.
that means leaves are dead
and the sunlight strikes the earth at
such a fine angle
that it's heat heats us up insufficiently
so the weather's cold
the wind blows
and it takes with it those dead and
dry, brittle leaves
uniting them with the dust of the earth
and maintaining, sustaining, that chilly
feeling
so my shiver grows
and my barren exposition, and warm-
blooded predisposition
leads me to believe through intuition,
that i'm not just cold
i'm alone
my friends are gone, and i've been
without focused,
unitarian, monogamous, romance all
along
so its the same sad song, that refrains
spring flings, and summer lovin' are so
far away
all i have to look forward to is my
family...
look back at the past,
the friends been had,
the friends now missed.
the life which seemed to spring
eternal
and summer, somewhere, brings light
so bright
and constant that it confuses the

nocturnal
I sure had a blast,
i look past the fun things that lie
ahead and seek only that which I had
i'm stuck in a rut, i'm caught in the
muck
bring your cousins, bring your
friends...
come back to life, you leaves again,
shine new light, the moon does not
suffice,
the fact that it reflects the real rays of
the sun
means that the day is only ridiculously
mocked by the night
alright
im cold, if i say this just 65 times
according to aarp i'll be old
and according to research survey's
85 times and i'll be ready to die
but the summer past made me feel so
alive
death is not an option
because through some odd connection
and how leaves fertilize the earth
and the trees signify turning, ring ring
around the core...
rebirth new life and years of
revitalized life worth...
not even leaves die
cuz in 6 months time
with a little sunshine
they revive.
i'm alive.

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