

Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine

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Messages

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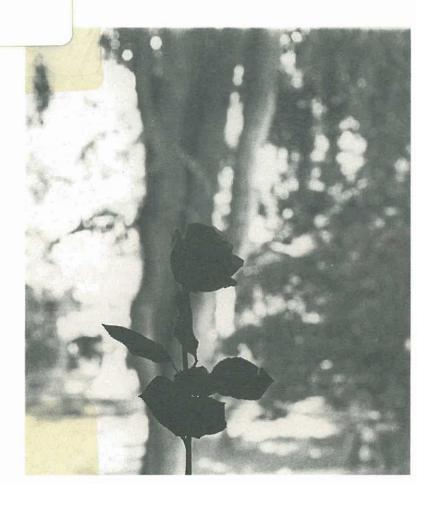
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Messages



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Editor, Kathryn Allen, 1998

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The literary magazine will consider for publication all original works submitted by current University School high school students. Entries are read anonymously and scored by the magazine staff. Pieces are selected for publication by considering scores, variety, and space. Because of these constraints, not every outstanding piece can be published. All opinions and ideas expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine staff, faculty, or administration of the University School.

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Rachel Masi

Your innocence is taken

With her last breath.

Death is ever so present in

The days of your childhood.

The childhood you spent wondering

If tonight would be her last night.

"Tell your sister you love her before you go to bed."

The fear there would be no morning to tell her.

On July 31 the wondering ends

"She looks peaceful; she is just very pale. Would you like to see her?"

The nurse asks you a question no nine-year-old should hear.

You decline the offer--

A choice you will live with for the rest of your life.

Your childhood was taken from you.

During those nine years, life for you

Was learning how to swim before you could walk.

You must remember this childhood as to face the fear of forgetting,

For if you forget you will lose her again.

As your stomach still turns from stress and agony,

You must remember.

As you remember you cannot ask why

And the word "unfair" cannot be justified. You will find yourself searching indefinitely

For an answer unable to be found.

Acceptance of death must come,

For without death there would be no life.

You experienced the tragedy of life,

But now you must experience your own life.

You must leave your childhood behind.

As your innocence so quickly faded,

Your pain grew stronger.

You will endure heartaches throughout your life.

The suffering in your heart

Like someone is pulling at it from deep inside will come again.

As you learned quickly,

You must accept in order to survive.

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The Magic

Michael Brodt

As I entered the door And looked around, I saw the room light up. I heard the sounds echo. I felt the magic. It surrounded me, Enveloped me.

As I walked onto that hard, wooden floor,
As I saw those empty seats,
The magic started.
I saw hundreds of people
Who gathered to see a performance,
To see me.
I saw the other actors,
The magicians
Standing on stage,
Smiling,
Taking their bows.
I saw,
Me.

I turned around And they were gone. I sat down and waited

Waited

For the magic, to come again.



Track Nine

Katherine Haynie

We walked the wall that divided the night, White concrete severing black satin. You and she sat distant ahead of me, Not responding to my touch, to my words. The little box seemed to close in around me, The turbulence of the air matched my own. The music closed my mouth, A phrase caught my attention. I asked what it meant, But there was no answer from you. It repeated in my head. A tear welled up, My heart called out—
It knew the answer.
This was the answer.

There was something else Pulling me inside out. But you ignored my call, And she could not listen. My words were carried away On the wind that blew through me. My heart cried for an audience, But the music was overpowering, The words beat inside my head And pounded their meaning over And over And over. I hadn't heard them before, But I knew them. I felt them. I was living them.

But my will was lost.
The urging died down,
I surrendered to the dull longing,
And waited...

Waited...

I waited until you decided the time was right. Now...

...will you listen?

War

Jordan Keller

Terrified of death, you hide in the bunker, Watching the black sky light up. Ordered By the commanding officer, your legion is Sent forth. Heading towards the front line, You're told to blow the enemy away. But Everyone knows his day is up and the men Cry inside their heads. Images of mines and Bullets enter your mind, and you begin to Picture how they will destroy your body.

So pray to God all you want, Your death is soon to come.

The whistle is blown and off you go, into Enemy lines. You see your friends and Colleagues drop like flies and realize You're all alone. Before you can think, a Bullet pierces your flesh, and the taste of Dirt enters your mouth. Bleeding and in Pain, you think of the waste of lives war Causes and only darkness remains.

So pray to God all you want, Your death is soon to come.

Hear Her Mournful Cry

Emily Rosenstein

To be brought into this world is a gift within itself, So then why do people choose to challenge their health? It is so hard to believe, so difficult to think true, That the nurturing bosom of a mother is yet so deadly, too. Some people have control of whether a disease might invade, But when breast cancer is diagnosed it is not from a wrong choice made. A woman's sense of self-esteem and beauty swiftly vanishes by, Her completeness of body lost, hear her mournful cry. Not the same person or normal as before, Always treated like a disease and dependent furthermore. The one discovered ill is not the only one in pain, For the people who surround her have concern somewhat the same. Why do some women make the choice to give up at the start? Positive thinking is hard, but it can be found within one's heart. There are some who spend their days just waiting for the next, But not to know which one is last makes each day the very best.



The Adjectives of Jealousy

Jaime Cohn

Ugly as a blemish upon the face.
Wicked as Fastrada, bejeweled and clad in lace.
Disgusting as a loaf of bread covered in slimy, green mold.
Bitter as a death-fearing human as he becomes old.
Jealousy.

Painful as the cut of the sharpest, longest knife. Nagging as the sound of an angry, whining wife. Noxious as a conspirator arranging Caesar's death. Repulsive as a doberman's hot morning breath. Jealousy.

As demonstrated by the betrayer, it hurts the possesser, As demonstrated by the victim, it hurts him no less. It makes life hard and impossible to bear. It hurts the heart as, like a kinfe, it begins to tear. The worst emotion of all: Jealousy.

Ripples

Michael Cohen

The world, A lake, Beautiful and serene.

A stone, One tiny pebble, Splashes into the water.

Ripples spread, Outward, Toward the shore.

One man,
One crazy man,
One pebble in the endless lake,
Ripples,
A whole world at war.



Ode to Cross Country Part I

Lilli Stevens

Look at them run,
One might wonder if they do it for fun.
There really is not much to it,
You just go out and do it.
It really doesn't take much skill,
While it requires a bit of will.
It helps to have great endurance,
Even though you might need a bit of reassurance.

You run here and there,

Although the course may not seem too clear.

You have to be tough,

And maybe even get a little rough.

You run three miles,

While everyone just smiles.

Cross Country was such a great sport that I was glad to befriend, But unfortunately, like the race, my career has come to an end.

When I think back on this time I might be a little sad,

But really I will be glad,

To remember all the moments that I had...

Friendship

Caitlin Ringness

Friendship is an invisible rope.

The rope is sewn together by millions and millions of threads,

Each created by memories, secrets, and shared experiences.

The rope expands with the growing strength of the relationship.

The knots tied along the string of friendship must be secure and tight.

If they are the least bit loose,

The rope can be separated by the slightest tug.

Yet, if the rope is woven with durable, strong threads, then it stands a chance

Against the tensions and pulls.

Eventually, the rope will fade,

Its brilliant color and texture will wear away.

However, this is only the appearance.

When the rope of friendship has been woven

With care, patience, and persistence,

Then it will never snap,

And the rope will last through the toughest and longest times.

Similar Hatred

Liz Harbaugh

your lips were as cold as your words
your voice stinging like a steel bar
your very syllables cut through my body to my heart
your eyes' lack of pain turns my blood to ice

i scream that i love you, cry into the freezing atmosphere i don't understand what has made you not care i recall warm summer days with the breezes so kind i feel colder when they're over, these cherished memories

it was always so hard to love you you pushed away so hard and yet your warm flesh was like a magnet screaming "come to me, come to me"

the bitterness of winter wind has never pierced so harshly you control my fate more than i ever could, and yet you choose to ignore me, spinning me off into an oblivion so dark that even midnight seems like a golden sun

and when your icy words pierce through my ears like a sharp snow and sharper steel, and when your eyes turn cold and you turn far away

a little piece of me dies each second, and my love grows with every insult, because the less of me there is, the more i can push towards loving you, which i will always do because nothing can ever be so fiery and yet so cold

love's sweet repose will never find me it hides from me the way a scared child hides from a drunken father the way happiness hides from us; because we can be so happy together

i have faith in us, enough faith for us both to live in a world of love, a world which i have never had the chance to truly experience with a person so good, so dear, so cold

i love you for everything, for nothing for all unreasonable reasons on the earth but mostly because you don't love me and because that we have in common

i don't love me either

My Big Brother

Tim Rosenblatt

The other day upon the stair, I met a man who wasn't there. He wasn't there again today, I think he's from the CIA.

At the CIA, they all wear The same clothing, here and there. If I worked there, I might see A hundred thousand clones of me.

Little man upon the stair, Who makes me think he isn't there, Are you from the CIA, Or are you from the NSA?

Little men who watch over me, Do you think I cannot see? How constantly you try but fail In your futile attempts to follow me.

Little men,
I declare,
You should vanish
Into thin air.

Epic

Jessica Lewis

Written in a beautiful, classic style.
Had lovable, realistic, and bold characters.
An exciting and intense zenith--to be sure.
A touch of adventure, mystery, romance.
But the real kicker--a surprising denouement,
No fairy tale ending.
You leaving me brokenhearted and alone.
The end.



A Birthday Poem for a Special Friend Who Deserves a Really Nice Poem But Sadly Won't Get One

Kathryn Allen

Nothing rhymes with birthday, It's really not my fault... I've been brainstorming since Thurthday In my sad poetic vault, And still NOTHING rhymes with birthday, Though I plead and cry and moan--I'll be sitting here 'till Earthday With this sad pathetic poem. Birthday, birthday-I think it's quite absurd That no one thought of "birthday" When they made up rhyming words. So when people have a birthday All poets do is sit And try to think of what to thay 'Cause they can't think of ... it.

So it's not for lack of talent, Or money, means, or time; This birthday poem is crappy For a lack of words that rhyme.

Growing

Caitlin Dale

Jealousy knows no bounds, Grows like green leaves from a young, Unsteady tree. I walk down the hall Thinking She's prettier; she's more outgoing; She has more friends; She's better than I.

A best friend's good news tightens
My throat and it hurts
To say congratulations.
Best friends don't compete
Outwardly, but inside both have the wish
To be like the other.

Only I know that I cannot be anyone Except myself. Jealousy grows
As trees grow until they find themselves
Through the tangled roots, each
As special as the other.

Destination (Part One)

Katherine Haynie

The sun threw its pink and orange rays across the white, reflective sky. The clouds caught the light and glowed, almost from the inside outward, with the morning's color, shimmering and fading through shades of magenta, yellow, and crimson. Off to the west, the faint outline of the Beta moon still hung above the dark shadow of the forest perimeter. She woke up slowly, as the light of the rising sun penetrated her eyelids and announced that morning had come. She rolled over, half awake, and reached out her arm, expecting to find Calia's body lying next to hers. Her arm fell instead on the hard dirt, and she suddenly awoke completely and looked around. For a moment, she had forgotten where she was, and why she was there. But then it all came back to her. The image of Calia's face hung in her mind for a moment, but she pushed all the memories, all the longing, away. That part of her life was over. Besides, she didn't have time to worry about that.

She stood up and brushed the dirt and pine needles from her clothes, and looked around, trying to decide what to do first. A pain in her stomach reminded her that the last meal she had was the handful of gribble she grabbed in the Centre kitchen before she left. Hopefully there would be some wild plants growing somewhere nearby she could eat to get by on. She didn't want to open her stash of kelatose until it was absolutely necessary. It was a great source of instant energy, but it didn't last long, so she knew she had to conserve it.

She returned to her makeshift campsite after a few minutes of gathering, sat on a log, and nibbled on the roughage she found and on half a piece of lenta fruit that she pulled from her bag. Her mind drifted backward for a moment, to Calia, to the Unitan, to everything that had led her to this moment.

Calia woke me up that morning, as she usually does. On the edge of sleep I felt her gently pulling my hair out of my face, bending close to

my ear, and suddenly shouting, "Good Morning!!" I jolted out of sleep and batted my arm at Calia, who had anticipated the swing and was already out of range. I rolled over and grunted a complaint. "Why do you always do that? That is so incredibly annoying." I would have loved to roll over and go back to sleep, but I knew Calia would never allow that. I didn't bother to get up out of bed; I just rolled off and landed hard on the floor. Calia sat on her own bed cross-legged, playing with those gorgeous amethyst locks of hers, and smiled at my laziness. I walked over to the dresser beside the bed, and started to dig through the drawer but suddenly wheeled around and hurled a shirt at the back of Calia's unsuspecting head. She wasn't as unsuspecting as I thought! She whipped around, caught the shirt and dived at me with it in hand. So we tumbled down in a laughing, screeching lump of arms and legs and flying shirts.

Exhausted from our morning wrestling match, Calia and I composed ourselves, put on slightly less wrinkled shirts and went out to the main room of the Centre for breakfast. We were on school rotation this season, so we didn't have to worry about getting out to the field or the factory on time. I despised those early mornings last season when we had to get up at dawn to work the gribble fields or the kelatose processing plant.

(to be continued...)



Senses

Heather Shulman

I woke up today
I saw the sun nestled in the clouds
The flowers blossoming in the fields
The grass swallowing the hills

I woke up today
I heard the cheers of happy children
The wind flow past my ears
The music flowing out of the people's hearts

I woke up today
I felt the warmth of nature's glowing rays
The comfort of the human touch
The silk of life's clothing

I woke up today
I tasted the winter air after a snowstorm
The liquid sunset
The nourishment of her fruits

I woke up today I woke up

Ice Cream

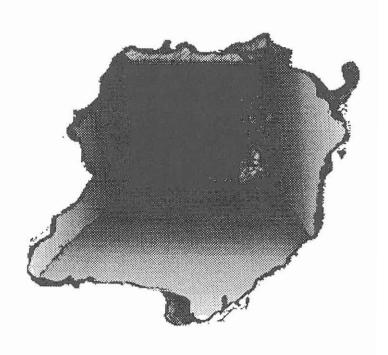
Jennifer Hoff

When I'm feeling low and have no cause, I pick up a gallon of Haagen-Daz. A comforting friend who will never tell, It makes me fat, but all is well. French vanilla is nice, but coffee's my best friend. The comfort it gives will never end. It's cold to the touch but warm to the soul. It puts me together, back into a whole. On a hot summer day when the sun is too much, Haagen-Daz in my hands is what I will clutch. When my boyfriend dumps me for a prettier girl, I don't throw a fit or get mad at the world. I run to the freezer where my friend is waiting for me. I see I have coffee, now I'm glad as can be. With spoon in hand, I dig right in. I dig and dig all the way to the end. When watching a movie with my best girl friends, A shoulder to cry on is what coffee lends. Ice cream gives a sensation that Grandma's chicken soup just can't provide. I'm an ice cream junky and a coffee nut inside.

Quiet

R. L. M.

As the stars hung low over tired winter nights
And as the trees swayed back to reflect on the water in the lights
And as the dark approached to let loose the evening sounds
And as the houses all were quiet and the ants were in their mounds
And as the last bird awake flew softly to the shore
I sat back in my bed and dreamed forever more.



Spirit of Excellence

Rachel Masi

As the lights dimmed and they began to talk of the winners, her picture came on the screen. The video showed her in her element, the very beauty of her smile and care for everyone around her while she performed the simple act of playing with children. To my grandmother, Mickey Segal, this is how life should be. If it were up to her, no one would be older than six.

That night my grandmother won the Spirit of Excellence Award along with six other honorees. She was pleased to be honored and accepted the invitation humbly, but this honor meant nothing to her. Nana wrote 19 books on child development, and she founded the Family Center and the University School. This year she retired as Dean of the Family Center. She is famous in the world of education and will remain a professor at Nova Southeastern University. But she has never spoken to me of her accomplishments or her success.

These things I know only because I have asked and listened to other relatives. Once I was asked by a friend of my grandmother's if I knew about all the great things she has done for the school and others who surrounded her. At that time, I answered her with a simple, "Yes, I should know."

And then it occured to me that I do know my grandmother—I know of her as exactly that—my grandmother. She never cared for me to know her as the founder of this or the author of that. To me she is the lady who always played dolls with me and had more toys at her house than I did at mine. She taught me how to play ping-pong and jacks, how to throw a tantrum, and how to live.

At heart, my grandmother is a child and I believe that is what makes her so good at what she does. I admire my grandmother for her strength, devotion, and love for all. As the tape rolled that night and the narrator spoke of my grandmother, a tear came to my eye. The year was a hard one for Nana as she suffered from a stroke the year before, but she never showed any signs of defeat. To her it was only another obstacle. I have come to realize how my grandmother has touched so many, and that night it all seemed to come together.

That evening in September at the Omni Hotel, Hillary Clinton was the keynote speaker. I had been looking forward to hearing her speak and maybe getting the chance to shake her hand. The most powerful woman in America was staring me in the face. After she ended her speech, I was able to shake her hand as she departed the ballroom. Wow! I shook Hillary Clinton's hand! (She has soft skin, if you were wondering.) That was a moment I will never forget. At first I thought this was the most exciting thing that could happen. I could not wait to tell all my friends about the evening, but when I did, I found myself speaking mostly of my special grandma. And I realized that the truth is I would rather hug my grandmother and tell her I love her than spend an hour talking to Mrs. Clinton about her role in the White House.

What A Holiday

Rebecca Greenspoon

It's Thanksgiving.
Thank you for food.
Thank you for health.
Thank you for nothing.

Why is it that on the day of thanks, My grandmother needs to be taken? Her blood pressure gradually dropped, Everyone around grew nervous, Flat line.

She's never coming back now, So our group's cries share her memories.

I wish I could have done something to help my grandmother, But I had to watch the cancer diminish her. Cancer killed Grandma, And I couldn't kill Cancer.

As I held her hand tight and kissed her cheek, I knew it would be the last time.

My last time touching,
My last time smelling.

My last time in the presence
Of a woman with magic.
I loved her and love her still.

Growth

Jaide Fried

It creeps through the night like a winter brisk Caressing everything in its path Its greenish haze surrounds the trees Its reddish-yellow tints the evening sky Its purple, blue, and pink fill our nimble bodies

It stems from life and all its glories It fights for freedom to stay ever changing It happens inevitably for the universe allows it It is never understood for its consistency is unknown

Sonnet 14

Jesse Freeman

If you could think of us as this
Myself the waves and you the stars
Each time I reach for you I miss
Since in the heavens you lie past Mars
And due to your high position
I become so very low
With all my thought and intuition
Know to you no waves may go
For fears are like a bag of bricks
Each bag and wave a pattern gives
Just one of cupid's little tricks
Controlling how each one wave lives
It tries at first but soon will see
It fails to reach you just like me

Vanessa Weibel

wiped on sweaty summer shirts

color

colorexplodes in your face screams at the senses cavorts along the page brushes the retina with creative bubbles of thought brings you to wandering through lurid memories makes you want to put the pen to paper take the kiddy crayons ofchildhood and remember those days of pee wee and rainbow brite neon chalk drawings on hot black pavement washed by cool rain into colorful stripes

spreading ink on

messy face paints

cursive-inspired hands

You and Me

Karoline Chung

Although we turn turn and turn,
The circle never ends.
We are the hands of the clock.
When I'm long, you're short.
When I'm short, you're long.
In the bright vast circle that we shine forever,
In the circle that we open our eyes to,
Having no time to fool around,
We are always the clicking hands of the clock.





The Ballad of Billy the Kid

Shawn Snyder

Past valleys low Past mountains high In country lands A farm shack lies

And in that shack A rebel kid He left his pack He did, he did

An outcast he was A pariah of sorts From aristocrats And royal courts

He wasn't wanted He was a runt The village boys Were "oh" so blunt

They cursed him out Threw rocks and stones And in no time He felt alone

He wished to leave To board the boat The captain said, "We don't take *goats*!" And so he ran Away from there And no one knew And no one cared

And no one thought To take him back And so he ran To this farm shack

Abandoned it was And so it stays And this kid hid there Night and day

Still loneliness grew With contact denied And if he remained He surely would die

To add to the loneliness
Malice arose
Towards the wicked townspeople
With their fancy clothes

And although he tried
To push malice back
Revenge got the best
And he soon left the shack

To the village he ran
In the thick of the night
And he withheld his tears
With all of his might

At the foot of the town He stood and he stared The adrenaline pumped And the anger it flared

He kicked a stone, it flew real fast His fate flipped like a dime It shattered through a window glass So began his life of crime

He ran through the streets Of the dark sleeping village His intention of course Was to plunder and pillage

He broke all the windows Chewed up all the clothes Pushed over the milk cans With the tip of his nose

Stormed into the houses
Raised hell everywhere
Knocked over the bookshelves
Trampled over the chairs

But the storm finally ended And the town was a mess Everyone had awakened Everyone had got dressed

They ran out of their houses And into town square With everyone silent The kid just stood there And out of the silence A whimper arose The poor kid was crying Tears streamed down his nose

"Kill him!" they shouted
"Give him what he deserves!"
"Sent the runt back to hell!"
"Justice has to be served!"

So the kid was captured And the shotguns were cocked The guns rose in anger And the kid's fate seemed locked

He was almost a goner His last testament read When out of the crowd Came the sheriff who said,

"He cannot help The things that he did--He isn't a rebel Just a real mixed-up kid!

"And as for yourselves, You should all be ashamed-Everyone of you guilty; And I won't mention names!

"Your own inhumanity
Drove the kid from this town-No surprise he came back
And turned it upside down.

"So he knocked down a fence! So he ate up your shoe! You should realize that he's One of God's creatures too!

"You got what you deserved! And I'll end on this note--All that I have to say is You sure got his goat!"

The crowd then dispersed All the people went home And the kid and the sheriff Were left standing alone

In attempts to bring closure To this rather long poem He grabbed hold of the kid and said, "Come, let's go home!"

When the sheriff got home Out ran his son, Sid Who said, "I'll name you Billy! Yes, Billy the Kid!"

So that was the story Of Billy the Goat There is no more That's all that he wrote

Destination (Part Two)

Katherine Haynie

In the center of the main room, there was a large round table covered in multicolored varieties of the nutritious, leafy gribble, garnished with sweet kelatose mints and candies. On the side, Calia spied a rare delicacy. "Oh look, lenta fruit!" We smiled at each other slyly as we piled the tender pink fruit on our plates, giggling as we pushed the green and orange gribble aside. With our plates full, we were looking for a table to sit at when I heard Tal call my name and then Calia's. I looked over my shoulder and saw his deep blue hair gleaming in the morning sun pouring through the skylight. Calia bounded over to the table in a few steps, and I followed behind. The three of us sat in the sunlight and enjoyed breakfast together, laughing and talking amidst the quiet murmur of the Centre as the people prepared for their day.

Late that afternoon, Tal, Calia, and I again sat in a circle, this time on the lawn outside the Centre Education Building, discussing the current topic for our debate class. I don't remember what the actual topic was, but somehow we strayed off of it into a philosophical battle. Tal and I were heatedly arguing over the concepts of independence, individuality, and self-determination. Calia sat back and watched us, trying not to get involved. Tal fiercely defended the Unitan's official stance: that people do not need to give up their individuality but that everyone must be dedicated to each other in order to survive. I insisted that the Unitan forced people to give up their individuality, and brainwashed them into believing that this was for the good of the whole. Independence was compromised for complacence, and self-determination was forgotten. Choice was obsolete, and people were now only colorful machines in a collective routine. At some point, Tal gave up on me, exasperated by my recalcitrance. I was upset by then, and Calia had retired to a spot of grass in the shade. Tal went back into the Education Building, his cheeks glowing with frustration. I walked over and sat down next to Calia. I could tell by the look in her warm, golden eyes that she understood what I was saying. She was the only one in the whole commune who did. "He thinks I'm crazy,

doesn't he?" I asked her.

"He only thinks what everyone else does. He believes in this place, he loves it, and he can't understand why you don't, too." She looked at me as she said this, trying to calm me down a little. I looked away, and gazed out over the blue forest in the distance. I couldn't look at her now. She knew what I wanted to do, and the look in her eyes begged me to reconsider. I turned to her quickly.

"Won't you come with me? The time is coming. Everyone here is growing tired of my constant aggravation, and I will have to leave soon. We could do well together out there; we could make our own life. We don't need them, Calia, and we can prove it to them. Come with me. It will hardly be worth it to go alone." She sat silently on the grass, staring at the crimson blades beneath her feet and refused to look at me. I knew she would react that way; I don't know why I thought asking her again would make any difference. We sat quietly in the afternoon shade for a while, avoiding each other's eyes. I hated these moments. She and I agreed on nearly everything but this, and every time the subject came up it tore my heart to pieces. I knew she wanted to go with me. She had the same desires as I did, but I guess she never felt them as strongly as I. I watched the sun slowly fall in the distance and the Alpha moon rise above her shoulder. As I observed her silhouette against the turquoise and lavender sky, I knew she would get by without me. She had always been the stronger one, and she had Tal. Someday they would have a family, and I knew that was what she wanted. But I didn't.

I captured the image of her in that moment to hold onto in my mind. I had to accept that I could never convince her to go with me. This was a journey I would make alone. Looking at her, feeling my heart aching, my resolve broke for a moment, and I almost wanted to stay here with her. I told myself that I could tough it out for a while; the Unitan wasn't so bad. But yes, it was. I would never be happy here. They called me a rebel, they pushed me as far away as they could without actually exiling me, yet they would deny it all. All because I wanted something different than they did! I didn't belong here, and I never would.

(to be continued...)



Green Grass

Steven Cohen

Two enemies stand on a plain, Facing each other, ready for battle. The wind blows fiercely and the leaves rustle, As the sun sets for the day.

One army rushes toward the other,
Just as waves clash with the shore.
The two sides collide, fighting for their lives,
As the crickets chirp a warning of what is to come.

The green grass on the plain
Turns bright red
And what was once a peaceful field
Is now a raging storm of violence.

Tempers flare and guns are shot As the noises of battle are heard for miles. The wolves howl and the dogs bark The snakes hiss, ready to strike.

The sun starts to rise over a hill And the ocean waves begin to calm. The battlefield is covered with bodies Being picked at by ravens from above.

Many lives have ended And families are in mourning, Suffering with the loss of their Loved ones.

War is one brother fighting against another. In the end,
Nobody wins.

47

The Theater

Jaide Fried

4

The door opens and you walk You cannot see, but feel Not a word

The black surrounds you The colors wait in their dressing rooms And the white light escorts you to your seat

Yousit

You feel the anticipation, but look over your program A name or two you've seen before

You can't help but gaze The theater is a magnificant place Apparitions line every wall

The seats are red
The stage is black
The curtain glistens teasingly

While you inhale the theater, the air begins to thin
Its sweet smell caresses your nose
But the cold bites and you long for the simple warmth that follows the colors

Now the theater slowly darkens The hum of the crowd dies An adventure is about to begin

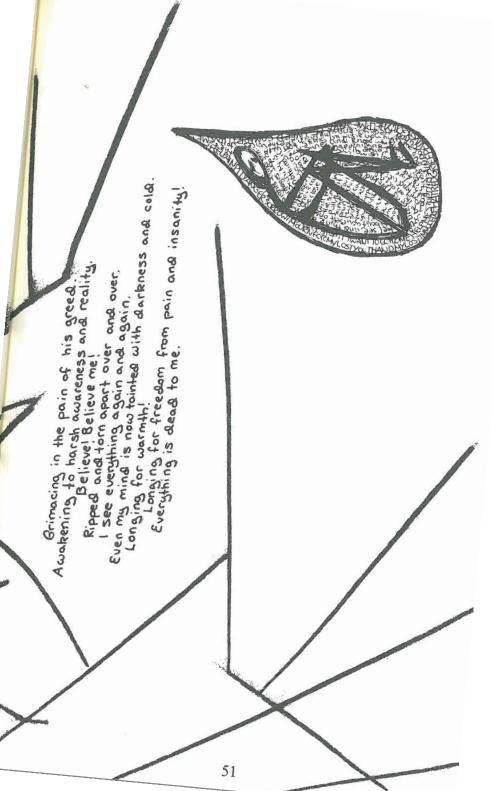
Rainy Day

Leigh Sorkin

As I sit alone in my room my mind wanders into many different dimensions. Some are dark and deep and others are bright and joyous. As I hear the rain coming down on my window like bullets hitting a target, my mind begins to drift into a dark and deep dimension. I begin to think of all the wrong, pain, and suffering there is in this world. I ask myself why. Not being able to come up with a legitimate answer, I go outside and inhale the sting of the rain upon my skin and I answer my question.

It's because there is no umbrella.

Brave because she needs to be and Gentle though she hides it, mistaking it for a weakness. When her true Rengered helpless and revealed, she is Endangered, unprotected and that Lonely, she is Aware of hislaten truths that cause her to be Instinctively defensive, she is Escape is useless. LOST AND



Sailing Song

Jessica Lewis

The people eyed her nervously. "Don't no one like music?" she thought, as she continued to sing and clap, hum and thump to the rhythm of the swaying bus. It had always been this way, she mused in a rich tune; the times have changed, the ways have changed, but the slave ship still carried her daily cargo. She was going back to the government-owned apartment that was supposed to be her home. If had been a long, hard day--sweeping, mopping, scrubbing--it was always the same. She knew that it had to be done--she had to make money, yet every day she cleaned the same things in the same ways, with no change or hope of change.

Looking down at her ripped t-shirt, she couldn't help but wonder how she could have these extra folds of flesh, yet have so little to eat. Her cupboard contained two boxes of rice, a bag of chips, and a sack of noodles. She was starving to death. That suddenly struck her as being horribly funny, and she gave a great rollicking laugh that interrupted her singing.

She thought that if one of those clean women with well-tailored dresses and never-run stockings was to do the cleaning work for a single day, then maybe the world would wake up and start giving her the salary she deserved. But that would never happen, so she just kept singing.

It was oral tradition, she insisted. "Gotta keep the life of us alive!" It made no sense--her own brothers and sisters in labor couldn't take the raw word in song. She clapped her hands louder--maybe someone would join in? No--just the bus driver telling her to keep it down.

A little girl in a blue dress and flowery sandals was watching her with shy curiousity. She would look out at the passing buildings, then from the corner of her eye try and get a peek of the chanting stranger. Finally, after several minutes the girl spoke up with approval: "You have a pretty voice." They both smiled. She gave a big toothy grin; the girl a small but contented smile.

The bus slowed; the girl and her elderly companion got their bags. Just as the old woman was getting off, she turned around. The two women stood with their hands clasped together for a brief moment. Kindness and understanding flowed from their eyes, the song was sung without words, and then time began again. The woman and the child shuffled off the bus and were gone. She was silent for a few seconds more, wondering what everything meant, knowing something important was within her grasp--and then she began to sing again.

Through the Looking Glass

Kathryn Allen

And I replied, "I'm not so sure you really understand me." But they did. They knew and they ripped me apart until the pieces were so confused that they lost themselves. Through their scrutiny and interpretation, I became what they wanted me to be. Looking down from that elevated pedestal, I realized that I had lost myself.

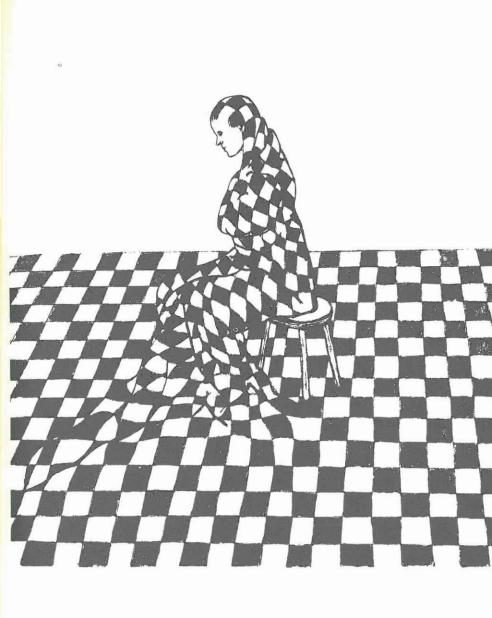
I was introduced to the next and rejected, tossed aside. I was too simple, too plain, and too easy to understand they said. Without even bothering to try to piece me together, they filed me away for later consideration. My message was unimportant, irrelevant. Again, I was lost.

Only a few came close to understanding. Yet even among those select few there were elements of me that seemed to be hopelessly unfathomable, ideas not thoroughly considered and explored, the absense of complete comprehension still adding to my losses.

Suddenly, I understood that in being what they wanted me to be, in saying what they wanted me to say, I was mirroring them. But I was never completely lost—a mirror is still a mirror regardless of what it reflects. Each reflection adds dimension to an otherwise flat object, as each perspective adds dimension to who I am and what I embody.

Each mirror reflects us in a different way, adding to the limited understanding we have of ourselves. Likewise, I give others a deeper and more profound view of themselves, presenting them with different images and perspectives to examine. I am not them. I am not like they are. Yet they see in me an element of themselves. Each sees me differently--does a mirror look the same to any two people?

They thought they understood me. I thought I understood myself. There were those who admitted they could not understand me-- "I don't get it." On any level of understanding, I am the written word, and though I never change, I am never the same.



Distance

Maggie Carr

The prancing, dancing, laughing flame
Is the only object that knows her pain.
Awake and dreaming late at night
It is her solace, it is her light.
She wishes she didn't have to explain
And he would just know,
And they could be together
In the burning candle's shadowy glow.
So close together
But worlds apart
He touches her body
But can't reach her heart.

To Daddy, Forever in my Heart

Nicolle Goldfinger

From the moment I was born he was there Always there to lend a helping hand When he saw me smile he smiled too When I was upset, he felt my pain He gave me advice straight from the heart The memories I have of him will never part Daddy, you are forever in my heart.

I wish I could share the good times with him I know he's watching over me through good times and bad It's not the same feeling I used to have Words can't express how much I miss him Daddy, you are forever in my heart.

It has been six months now, Mommy and I have adjusted It isn't easy, but no one said it would be I have changed. I wish he could see I know he's in heaven looking down on me Daddy, you are forever in my heart.

Each day I think of him
I wonder if he's okay
The fifteen years we had together will never leave me
I miss him.
My love for him is endless.
Daddy, you are forever in my heart.

Destination (Part Three)

Katherine Haynie

Calia looked at me in the twilight and asked me if I were really sure about leaving. I didn't have to answer. "When will you go then?" she asked, trying to keep her composure.

"Soon." I reached over and stroked her deep purple hair as I looked at her glowing with a heavenly aura in the twin moonlight. I kissed her on the forehead as I got up to leave. "You won't leave without saying goodbye, will you?" she called after me. I swallowed hard, trying to get past the lump in my throat and turned back to her. I could see a silver tear travelling down her pale cheek, and I knew she must have seen the same on mine, but I couldn't get up the words to answer her. We stared at each other for a moment without saying a word. Finally I answered, "I'll see you back at the room."

I took the long way back to the living quarters, walking down the old, overgrown path by the water's edge. The water was perfectly still. Instead of the deep, brilliant green it wore in the daylight, it sat quietly in black tonight. There weren't even any fish to break the surface of the water. The area was in complete silence. But how different it was in my head. Thoughts raced around inside and screamed at me from different directions. I tried to work through them while walking down that weedy path until finally I just stopped listening to them. I sat down on a sandy patch near the shallow side of the lake. I saw a bird on the opposite shore. It was hunting tonight. I thought it probably was looking for food to bring back to the nest for its young. I saw a flash of red on its neck as it lifted its head in the moonlight, and for a split second, it felt as if our eyes met. It seemed like an eternity that I spent staring at the bird, yet all too soon the bird lifted its long, regal wings and was gone in the shadows of the night. I then knew that this bird was no mother looking for food for her young. This was a Caspian. The slender neck painted with brilliant scarlet and the long graceful wings of perfect indigo hue were the characteristics of this defiantly independent bird. They lived alone and were seen in groups only once a year—to mate.

I thought for a moment in the darkness and looked down at the locks of wavy, red hair resting on my shoulders. I could take this as a sign if I wanted to. I hung my head and let my hair fall over my face, running my fingers through it and pressing the silky strands against my skin. I suddenly wished that I believed in signs.

On the way back to the living quarters, I stopped at Tal's room. He was sitting at the square, brown desk, writing in a small, worn notebook. I knocked softly twice on the frame of the open door and stepped in quietly. He looked up and stared at me with a question in his eye as to why I was there. "I just stopped by to apologize for today."

"So, do you still think you're right?" he asked me.

"Of course." I grinned at him for a second before changing the subject. "I just wanted to apologize for upsetting you. Both of us know that we'll never convince each other of anything anyway. I also want to say goodbye."

"Goodbye? Where are you going?"

"I'm leaving."

"But where? When?" He stuttered a little, "Why?"

"I don't know exactly where I'll go, but I'm leaving soon. And I don't know when I'll see you again. You know why: for exactly the same reasons that you and I fought this afternoon. I'll never win here, and no one will ever be happy with me until I'm either assimilated or gone. I refuse to be assimilated."

I stepped closer to the desk, and put my hand on his shoulder. "Promise me one thing, Tal. Take care of Calia. She loves you, and I know you love her too, but please, please treat her right. She's the only friend I've ever had here, and I need to know that you'll look out for her as she and I did for each other all our lives."

He looked at me, with those shining onyx eyes and nodded his head. "If this is what you really want, then I wish you the best."

(to be continued...)

The Glorious Life of Theater

Ali Weinger

The lights *glowing* on my FACE.

There are

butterflies

in my stomach

as I

approach the stage.

There is a lot of *laughter* and applause.

There is a on my **FACE** knowing that the audience is loving it.

My heart races as I say my LINES.

Do NOT worry, you won't mess up just keep your head held HIGH.

SMILE... it is almost OVER.

ALMOST OVER? I don't want it to be OVER.

I'll miss it TOO MUCH.

My FACE turns as I think about the end.

Oh NO~it's over.

Thank God that there can always be another play.

Behind the Smiles

Laura Kiszkiel

The best of friends.
That's what people see.
Always together,
Laughing at a private joke,
Sharing a secret.
There for each other,
As friends should be.
The friendship everyone wants.
Nothing could ever come between them.

But there is another side.
One that people do not see,
Hidden behind the smiles and the laughs.
A side of competition and rivalry.
Grades, popularity, and just "being cool."
Each wanting to surpass the other.
Yet neither can.

For they are the same.
When one triumphs, the other celebrates.
When one falls, the other cries.
A friendship strong enough to last.
Mixed with love and rivalry.
A strange, yet beautiful thing.
The best of friends.

Falling

John Koutsoyannis

You quickly fall, but it seems like hours Since you last hopped out of that soaring plane.

How does one breathe while descending?

The escalating winds will knock away your breath Like letter-shaped bricks flying upward.

Hasn't it been years

Since you last fell out of that soaring plane?

Evil winds chronically sting your face

And numb the hands

That might have been holding the string of your parachute

If you weren't thrown out of that plane

Aeons ago.



Jealousy

Naomi Massave

Pure hatred boils from within My eyes bulge and I bite my tongue Do I hate her?
Or do I want to be her?

As she basks in praise and glory
Envy, that evil demon, overcomes me
By day, I cannot look at her without getting ill
But by night, my heart aches to be just like her

Envy, the obstruction in my pure soul Has corrupted me and tainted my every thought How I wish to end this jealous rage How I wish to be as pure as she is

I hate myself for being so evil So I hate her more for being so good I hate myself for not working harder So I hate her more for working so hard

Her face is as beautiful as one of a goddess I think as I put on more lipstick
Her body is as thin as a rail
And I do another twenty sit-ups

One day I'll get past the jealousy
I'll wake up to see my own beauty in the mirror
And think once more,
"Do I hate her? Or do I want to be her?"

Invincible

Michelle Sawicki

I hear it calling to me, shouting

I have to resist

I must not give in

Then I remember all the stories, the tragedies

Heart-breaking tales of those who so willfully destroyed their lives

Everything they had, gone in a second

I can't let that happen to me

It won't happen to me

Nothing bad will ever happen to me

Just once, that's all, nothing too serious

I wake up only to see something unfamiliar, unrecognizable

All the people who were always there for me in the past weren't there now

What had I done?

Am I becoming another statistic?

Another example for parents to tell their kids

All that I had ever known or loved thrown away so I could have a good time

It was just once.....

Or was it?

I can't stand anything anymore

The sight of my parents, my family

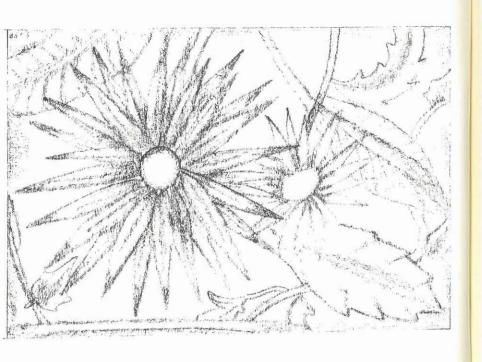
They looked so sad, and all because of me

Was it really worth it?

But this can't be happening, it's a dream

I'm strong....

I was strong



Security

Heather Shulman

The soft blue petals of the winter sky
Sprinkle on the fingers of small children
The black happiness of a feather pillow
Spill onto the circus of space
Tornado winds plummet into the calm winds
And still we stand with our hearts and stomachs full of gold
The paper that holds the spectrum of choices
Floats over a shallow grave
Filters that seep through the darkest of places
Are stuck beneath the floor boards
Don't worry about anything
We are still around

Sister's Love

Nate Gold

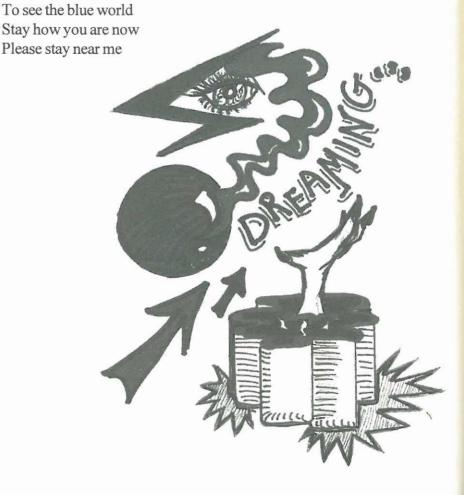
Watching over you Like a guardian angel From the heavens Youlie Asleep in the bed of a princess Untouched and undisturbed By any living thing or creature Your dark smooth legs Your big brown eyes And your long black braided hair Are essential to what God has created You rest as if you were royalty In a foreign country I must give you now This last goodbye kiss On your luscious red lips For I am a myth of the past And you are a queen of the future



My Love

Karoline Chung

The night that I could not sleep
Dreaming
With my dreary eyes I stared at our relationship
It was a small smile
Stay a little bit closer by me
If we could reach the other side
We could hold on to our passion
Until I open my dreary eyes



Poverty

Maria Venereo

A neighbor pushed out on the street, Kids with no clothes and no shoes on their feet. No personal property, maybe one book or two Wouldn't you hate it if it happened to you?

No food on the table, No T.V. with cable Old shirts on their backs; nothing is new Wouldn't you hate it if it happened to you?

The depression strikes every Tom, Dick, and Jane It doesn't stop to collect all the names Thousands of people it doesn't matter who Wouldn't you hate it if it happened to you?

Men in the factories all lose their jobs Money from families is what has been robbed Oh, God, the bank's closed; oh well, who knew Wouldn't you hate it if it happened to you?

Where Are You?

Samantha Crane

And the endless pull of time at my heart's strings Reminding me forever of the distance between us

A love so strong never to be realized

A tie never to be broken.

Distance keeps these two souls apart

Demanding the destruction of a sacred vow.

Never shall I be in his arms again

Never feel his soft touch.

The days pass like a violent wind.

Each day it is harder to live.

Day turns into night then day again

He still does not come.

Lost in a sea of tearful woes

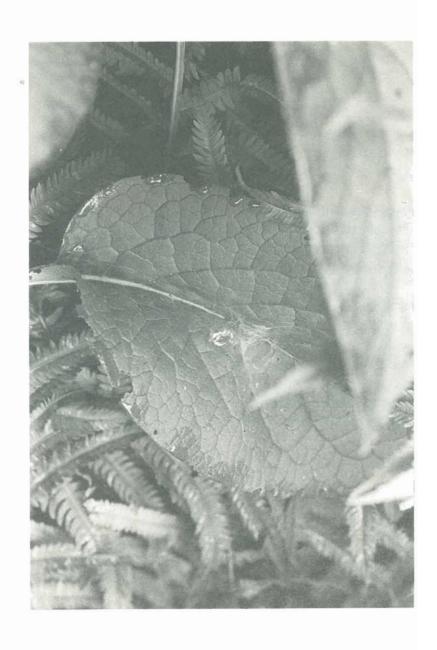
I cry for my lost love.

What has taken this sacred soul away from his home in my heart?

What has caused him to stray so far from his love, never to return?

I pray, I pray for his return, and with it

The return of my mind.



War

Stacy Cantor

4

The sign caught his eye
"Uncle Sam wants you"
He saw the stars
And the red, white, and blue

A college professor His life seemed boring The thought of excitement Was all too alluring

He knew the day he came home-All the smiles, all the glory He would be a national hero Everyone would know his story

So he kissed his wife goodbye Told her it was his destiny To go out and fight To be all he could be

He got to the battle grounds
It wasn't quite what he had thought
Hurt people were screaming all around
Unburied dead were left to rot

They gave him a gun
Put him out on the field
Behind a dirt barrier
It was there that he kneeled

Everyone else was shooting "Kill them dead!" "Dirty Swine!" The teacher felt sick All the boys seemed fine.

Suddenly a young boy near him was shot He lay there dead, eyes open wide Blood spattered onto the teacher's hands And he wondered why this poor boy had died

A minute later a soldier gasped "Hey everyone, the old guy's been shot" Their attention was averted He, too, was left to rot

But what no one saw that dreary day; The reason the professor was shot dead He had taken his own gun in his hand And aimed it at his head.

Destination (Part Four)

Katherine Haynie

I thanked him as I turned to leave. He called to me before I reached the door. "You know, you really must be crazy." I turned back to him and smiled as I walked out, calling from the hallway, "Yup, just like everybody says, right, Tal?"

As I walked into our room, I saw Calia lying in bed, quiet and still. I could tell that she wasn't asleep though, not yet. I couldn't blame her. I knew I wasn't going to get any sleep tonight. I changed into a nightgown, and grabbed a sturdy linen sack from under the bed. I sat on the edge of Calia's bed and sorted the things in the dresser, choosing a few important things to pack. Calia still said nothing. Anything that needed to be said had been said long ago.

A few hours later, I was all packed, and Calia had fallen asleep. I went to her and looked down at her sleeping face. Even in sleep it looked more troubled than usual. My stomach turned inside out in a knot. I pushed away those feelings and tried to compose myself. I knew that I was doing what had to be done. I tapped her awake and hugged her. I whispered in her ear that I would never forget her. She was still mostly asleep and was dreaming again a moment later. I set the letter that I had written to her on the dresser. On top of it, I placed one of the two rings that I had always worn. In the letter, I told her that I had always loved her like a sister and that I would always carry her in my heart. I repeated that this was the hardest thing I ever had to do, but that she knew I had to do it. I promised to return someday. I wanted to see her children. I signed it with the nickname that she had given me when we first met as children.

On the way out, I passed through the kitchen and stuffed some kelatose in my bag and gathered as much lenta fruit I could find and shoved it inside, too. I grabbed a handful of gribble and chewed on it as I walked out of the Centre and away from the Unitan. I took one last glance over to the window of the room where Calia was sleeping and then walked off toward the shadowy midnight forest.

The morning sun warmed her back as she sat on the log, stared out into the distance and wiped the last of the lenta juices on her sleeve. There was a rustle in the bushes to her left as a cream and brown striped gecko jumped out of the branches and ran across the ground and into a hole. She stared at that hole for a moment and then stood up and stretched her arms and back. She had a long trek ahead of her. Behind her was a lifetime—and her best friend. Ahead of her was the world.

Tell Me

Ayanna Ahing

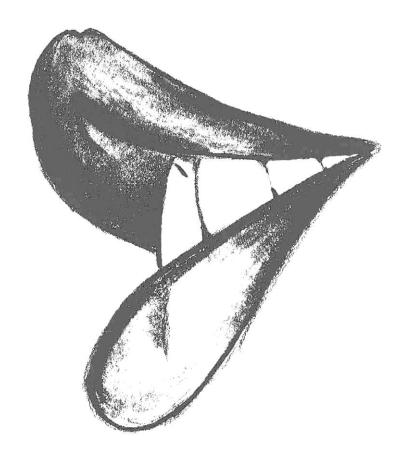
Tell me what you see
Tell me what you see in me
Your love blinds me
I need to know what you think of me

With each touch with each kiss I know my life is filled with bliss Still I need to know What you think of me

So tell me what you see,
Tell me what you see in me.
I love you
Do you love me?
I need to know what you think of me

Love is blind Though I hope it's mine I need to know Are you fooling me?

So please, tell me what you see Tell me what you see in me For I need to know The anxiety is killing me.



Zia Marta

Consuelo Benassi

Last year, during my summer vacation in Italy, I had the opportunity to meet the famous "Zia Marta" (Aunt Marta). Although Zia Marta does not like to talk about her experiences during World War II, she agreed to tell me her heroic story.

Her story begins on November 16, 1943, when Northern Italy was occupied by German troops. During the occupation, they seized Zia Marta's property at Bagnolo Piano, Reggio Emilia, and transformed her estate into a German district command. The Germans seized her estate knowing that she would be able to supply them with food and whatever else they might need. The Germans took over the main part of the estate, while she and her family relocated to the outer-most portion of the property in an effort to be as far away from the intruders as possible. She and her maids were obligated to do everything that was ordered by the Germans. For example, they would wake up at four o'clock in the morning and make bread for at least 150 high-ranking German officials and soldiers.

In the beginning, she was both frightened and angry because she was forced into a situation where she had to accede in order to protect the lives of her family members and employees. However, she feared mostly for her husband and friends who were in the mountains fighting the Germans with a partisan brigade. In the absence of her husband, Zia Marta carried the responsibility for her entire household, which included her elderly in-laws and her three young children. She kept all family members away from any possible interactions with the Germans.

For the first few weeks, Zia Marta accepted her position and made the best of a bad situation. However, as time passed by, she became restless and sick of watching the destruction, hate, and pain that surrounded her. It was then that she decided to take action and make a difference. She assumed the role of liaison to different partisan brigades. She hid people who were being sought by the Germans--intellectuals, politicians, young men, Jews, and anyone else who needed her help.

Zia Marta was well aware of the risk she had taken upon herself and her family, but she believed she needed to act in order to gain back her self-respect and make a difference, even a small difference, in her present situation. She never confided her activities to any of her family members because secrecy was essential to protect their lives, as well as the lives of the individuals she was hiding.

The Germans maintained their control of her estate for five months before packing up and moving further north to avoid the advancing Allies. They never found out about Zia Marta's activities. She is very proud of that and feels that she accomplished her task in life. She never regrets what she did during those five months of hell. She knew that it was her obligation. Her only regret is wasting those first few weeks before deciding to take action.

Even though she never told a single soul about what she had done or where she hid the individuals once World War II was over, she still received a gold medal from the Italian government in recognition of her service and loyalty to the men of her country. To this day, Zia Marta carries the gold medal with her and cherishes the moment she decided to take action and make a difference.



The Child

Maggie Carr

The little girl reaches up to my knee. She is so tiny And so young And so sick. I watch her carefully Eying her every move. I stare at the redness of her face And the patches on her skin. I look at her expression Uncomfortablility in her movement. I look into her mind And see the sad smile of a child. I look at her and see me. I want to tell her that I know I want to tell her that I can help I want to tell her there is hope. But I don't. I let her go, The adult in me watches her walk away But the child in me cries out--To herself.

Angel

Jennifer Yarbrough

I saw him from a distance He took my breath away But I could never let him know that I feel this way I know he must not think anything of me I think of all the times when I knew he couuld set me free His voice is like an angel whispering in the wind Only saying "hello" and "goodbye" whenever we shall meet No deep conversations about each other's past Nothing reassuring that anything would last I picture us together dancing under the stars Looking at the moon standing in each other's arms People say it's wrong to feel the way I do Especially when my friend feels the same way too I saw him today and again he took my breath away I am dying inside to tell him how I feel But I know in my heart it could never be real I am walking down a dark hallway It's quite lonely here I lick my lips but all I taste is my fear This is my little secret I guess I'll never tell

It's kind of like a prisoner locked up in his cell





The Blindfold

Michael Cohen

Sometime between youth and adulthood, We are given a choice; Do we choose to wear the blindfold of hate?

It is very tempting
To don its fabric.
In its darkness
There are no questions;
Once worn can it ever be removed.

Through the blindfold we can clearly see, The perfect race, The perfect man, The imperfect too.

Do not blame its wearers, They will not hear your gripes. Take them as an example, When it's your turn to choose.

War

Joseph Abadi

Fear mounts Tensions rise Men line the field
An eerie peacefulness rises over the quiet field like a dark cloud
The distance between the forces shortens as both sides advance
War cries pierce the silence like sharp thunder as the lines clash
Sparks fly as the shiny swords are swung into one another
Lances break like tiny twigs on the decorated shields
Long bows throw men from their horses like dolls
Spurts of blood cover the field as hatchets strike
Sharp arrows fill the air like large rain drops
The forces retreat in the chaos of the storm
Corpses line the crimson-stained field
All is silent once again
All are dead

Time

Samantha Crane

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If time is the fire in which we burn

Then we are like a lit fuse on a bomb waiting to go off

Until finally it explodes into a vast nothingness where time has no meaning and life is extinguished.

A cold vast place is left where the fire once was

But it cannot be seen, touched, or heard.

For once time ceases, the nothingness takes over.

Fallen Star

Jessica Lewis

And what do you give me-A promise never fulfilled,
Born to an empty world,
An empty sky,
Passing from your lips,
Those tempting fools-They part to a smile with such ease
As it once was with me-And now, alone I sit,
Though not long ago, I thought
Sitting was for those who

Could no longer Stand

And I think,
I am not such a devil
As you thought,
While you, once my angel,
Have lost your wings and

Plummet,

Ungracefully

To the Earth



Ode to Cross Country, Part II (Coaches)

Lilli Stevens

All the coaches that we carried

Always seemed to get married.

It might not be clear,

But we've had a different coach almost every year.

How Fawcett loved those mile repeats.

We didn't mind--we were all a bunch of cheats.

Dada liked the stairs,

But we thought they were just nightmares.

Kristina was always concerned that we knew our route.

(And the guys thought she was quite cute.)

Through all those hard days,

They deserve quite a bit of praise.

And that is my one last reply,

As I say my goodbye.

Grey, Blue, Red

Michael Cohen

A battlefield, Littered with bodies, Fresh from the killing.

Brother beside brother, United at last; No more grey, No more blue, United by suits of red.

The cause,
The union,
Our freedom;
None have any meaning
In death.

Untitled

Shawn Snyder

The ancient text with its resounding words penetrates my body filling my heart

my mind my soul

with a sense of bondage and linking me to the ancient times of which I've heard stories

legends

myths

but for a moment they all seem true

I cry--not with tears of sadness, but of joy

tears of love

Each drop is filled with the past

present

future

And as they slowly fall off my face and fade away

the past

present

future

are tied together with one strong knot

The knot, one stronger than any man could tie,

bonds together the people with religion

with God

And now the ancient stories

legends

myths

Are true for eternity

till the end of time

Grandpa

Leigh Sorkin

He gave me love,
He gave me joy,
He gave me a sense of understanding who I am and where I came fro
He gave me a necklace that represents my heritage,
He gave me all he could give me,
But I wanted more;
I wanted a lifetime with him.
I never got that lifetime,
But I still have his love, his joy, his sense of understanding, and
I still hold his necklace;

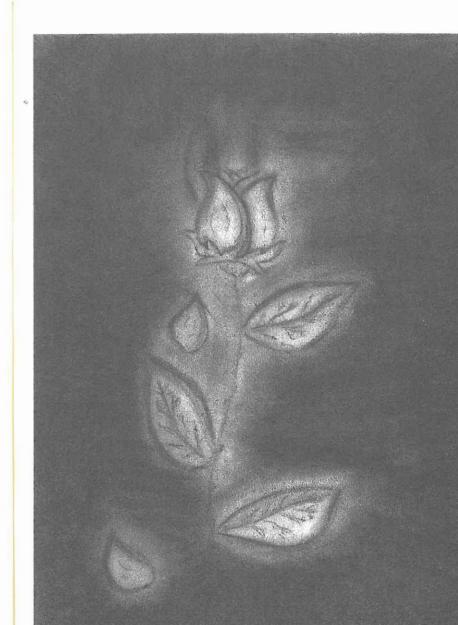
I am a selfish girl, because all I want to hold is him.

Lullaby

Katherine Haynie

the scent of your cologne laces my skin like a madman's ghost whispering in his mind I want to pull you to me and wrap you around my body lose myself in you but would my bluntness be the blade that would sever us? your touch is like magic and torture the same feeding my hunger while teasing my brain because I know what you are and what I can't be I know where I stand where I just wait and see the grass is never greener just yellow and blue and damn me for wanting to lose myself in you I feel the shadow of hunger and lonesome desire with nothing to give but more fuel to the fire waiting for answers from some sick nursery rhyme to tell me my life and freeze movement of time my heart is hiding from the truth that it seeks while the purple blood spills from my brain as it leaks a moment of light is never enough and night is amnesia except to the blind yet there's simple pleasure in the calm that I find so kiss me at dusk for I won't know you tonight I'll slip into my coma and wait for daylight

Quiet your eyes, sleepy child, Never more shall you fear. Dry your eyes, little child, Shed not another tear.



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Senioritis

Kathryn Allen

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Dear Mrs. Maurer, Please don't be put out When we sit and stare Like a bunch of dead trout, And half of us sleep (Though some pay attention), And some of us do things I won't even mention--When we get distracted, Please do understand, It isn't yourself Or the lesson you planned, But rather our state On those days of the week, And when we have your class We're unable to speak Because Mondays are Mondays And thinking's a chore Wednesdays our feet are Halfway through the door, Fridays we're asking "Our weekend starts when??" And Monday the cycle Starts over again.

So dear Mrs. Maurer,
Your class is not boring;
Your stories and lectures
Do not cause the snoring.
Your challenge is this as
We come to this junction:
Find a day of the week
When your students can function!