

Inscape

2003

Dear Readers, new and old,

It appears that you have bothered to open the cover of this latest edition of Inscape. First, for the new readers, this is basically one of the major creative outlets for literary and artistic talent. Branden Roberts, our Assistant Editor, coined the perfect term for our literature section: "Varsity Writing." And I think you will find, as you flip through the pages, that the artwork speaks for itself. Secondly, to the old readers: take a gander at the format, layout, and appearance of the book. The cover art has changed dramatically, whereas the font, size, spacing, and overall continuity have been normalized. This year's edition is much easier to read, and far more pleasing to the eye.

I wouldn't want to delay you, Reader, in your business of reading. So I'll finish with this: this is Inscape as you have never seen, read, experienced it before. Enjoy.

Your Dedicated Staff

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Editor, Editor-in-King

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Assistant Editor, Inscapegoat

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Heir to the Throne

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Most Gracious Thanks

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All others who have made this Herculean effort a success

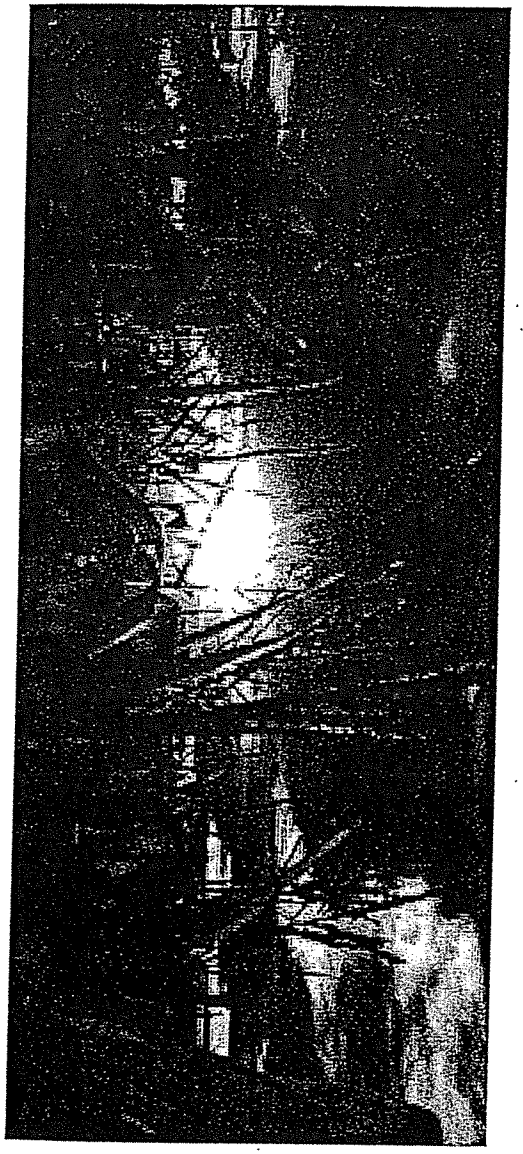
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Evan Eustice

Dove On a Cross
by Dietrich McGaffey

Abigail Williams died for a dove
that she believed in.
But she didn't die.
Think about it.

Ulysses lived for his crew
that he owed himself to.
But he didn't live.
Think about it.

I died for a love
that I believe in.
But I didn't die.
Think about it.

I lived for the few
that I owe myself to.
But do I live?
I'm thinking about it.

Untitled 1
by Justin Thompson

Water in a glass seems so empty to thee
Sitting there so calm and peacefully
But I shan't not forget what brings life to see

The Weight
by Billy Hinbern

The wintry cold came blowing in, and as it blew
the cold swept over the A-framed houses. Soon after,
the rain fell, at first just a pitter-patter, then, in a few,
it streamed down the roofs for just a moment or two.

The streams were grand and sounds of hands
kept hitting the rooftops. These uneven sounds
grew from soft to loud and back to loud then banned
from the ears these sounds became. Gone, disbanded.

The cold of night air sits down upon the dwellings.
Slowly, these rivers, accumulated over Time,
froze over Time, and those rivers gradually swelling
until these frozen rods of Time downward excelling.

As the darkness declines, visibility renews. The morning
sun peaks up above the trees. The rods of Time grew
heavy over the night and the weight of Time gets warning
as the whole of itself teeters. The sounds of forlorning.

These sounds are made as the icicle breaks. The Wisdom
from Time dragged it down for too long. The Wisdom picked
up from the roof tops, underneath the shingles, filled 'em
with weights of ages.

Now the time to fall has arrived. The last breaths of cold, damp air
taken before falling.
Falling from the grasp of the shingles, or the needles in the veins,
or the hospital bed.

-To Myself-
by Jason Brent

Should chance ever sell reason for empathy
I fear few would bid, for all it may cause,
For few might bid to breathe breaths of love.
Instead I stare towards glass, preaching to mists
On tragic tales of "I belong," feeling faint for false avail.
In tastes of dreams I could cross those lines,
Still waking in peace for my troubles.
Taking sorrows I trudge back the lines,
Stepping forward, stepping back, stepping back, back again.

In minds of philosophy I question their "truth,"
Questioning always for what never can be received.
I shiver in my thoughts of retreat, resolve I may
To retreat never, press on ever, wait out the storms,
Stepping softly through their world,
Bearing my cancelled cross past the lines
Razing, yet raising flags for myself

Uriel's Apostrophe
by Ephraim Sasis

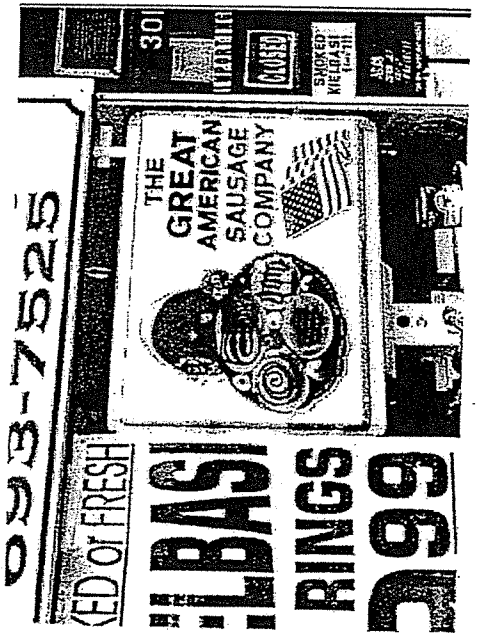
Perhaps one day
you'll find me.
Maybe one day
you'll come true.
Perhaps one day
I won't be so lonely.
Maybe one day
I'll be with you.

Late at night
I lift my eyes
to the pearled moon,
Wondering if

it shines on you
and if we'll meet someday soon.

Perhaps one day
you and I will be face to face.
Maybe one day
you'll touch my heart.
Perhaps one day
we'll become vessels for grace.
Maybe one day
we'll never be apart.

Late at night
I lift my soul
to the Divinely Merciful Star,
Wondering if
He shines on you
my beloved, wherever you are.



Evan Eustice



Jon Scholten

On my Own
by Jon Scholten

All eyes are on me.
My heart is pounding
Loud as a drum,
Fast as a horse

My mind is full of fear
But then I hear her say,
"You can do it Jon!"
And all my fear fades away.

We begin moving faster and faster
My muscles become tense
Sweat coats my skin
And the fear of failure fills my heart again.

For now I know what lies ahead
She will soon let go
And I will be left
To try and succeed on my own.

The Best
by Kyle Koerber

- This is for all us "lucky" guys who still get screwed

It comes when you can ride out on your laurels,
when you finally think you're good enough for a minute.
After working so hard, you get some break, some smooth plain, a little
plateau before the next drive uphill.
Happiness is its own Danger, 'cause it always goes away.
Pain comes when you put in your best, your balance,
your life
and it only comes out good or better.
Pain is the loneliness you get when all they do is jeer
and deride,
calling you "Gifted" "Smart" "Excellent"
"Lucky"
I hate you.
I hate you and each one of your
placebo epithets. Keep them, damn you,
keep them. Keep them in a dark, dank hole.
I never want to hear those false, gut-wrenching words again.
Turn the knife counter-clockwise now:
Call me an "A" student. Then rip out the serrated little jags of your knife;
your words have already immolated anything that was once "Kyle".
What do I care if you take a few entrails with you?

Who do I run to? Who would listen?
I may as well change my name to "You should be thankful"
I crave comfort, strength, "Everything's gonna be OK"
But all I get is "Wow! How awesome! I wish I was that smart. I could never approach that
level of
a c a d e m i c e x c e l l e n c e !"
Keep the knife turning.

I turn to others to
Fight the pain and so I fight relief.
Where is my all-conquering belief?

I guess I go it alone;
All I can do to keep going
is cry. I am digging in the ground, and the sharp rocks with faces drive their sweet points into my skin, into all that lies beneath.
My only consolation is that each tear washes away a little more blood and dirt.

So I'll keep crying- the best wasn't enough;
and you keep your "third best" and your "alternate scholarship"
Sock them in the cesspool your ilk was belched from.
I'll keep digging, searching for hope—
I'd rather be filthy and humiliated on my own ground,
my own broken effort,
than be your
second best.

The Pebble
by Alex Glaros

I sit,
Surrounded by others just like me.
I spend my days with them,
Yet have no compassion for them.
I am hard through and through.
With the sun heating,
And the elements beating,
And the gulls bleating.
I am tossed about,
Thrown on and off.
Alone I am crushed underfoot,
But with my comrades stretch for miles.

Ode to Nintendo
by Jeff Davies

When you find your social life is at a dead-end-o,
When your car has suffered a major rear-end-o,
When your bad luck reaches a heightened crescendo,
You can always still play your awesome Nintendo.

Playing the games, your reality is suspend-o
Whether you like Mario, Kirby, or Barbie and Ken-do.
To be Bond, or Batman, you can always pretend-o,
And owe it all to your marvelous Nintendo.

Get together with your best friend-o
It's time to play some fun Nintendo.

Though you find your teachers may recommend-o
that you better stop playing your Nintendo.
"Your grades will improve," they contend-o.
But your satisfaction will definitely descend-o.

So just ignore them and continu-endo.
Though at O.C.C. is where you probably will end-o,
There with others you will mostly likely blend-o,
Fellow fanatics of the marvelous Nintendo.

Get together with your best friend-o
It's time to play some fun Nintendo.

While you are in church you might hear your reverend-o
Speak of the evils of playing Nintendo,
How your game-playing garments you must rend-o
And your game-playing ways you must end-o

Well, extra time in purgatory you may spend-o,
Praying for heaven with your knees bend-o.
Yet, you may find your stay shorter than you intend-o
St. Peter may be a fan of the marvelous Nintendo.

Get together with your best friend-o
It's time to play some fun Nintendo.

Mystic Woods
by Thomas F. Cusack

Occult creatures running swiftly through the burning blazing woods.
Moonlight overflowing pouring down upon the mountain-tops.
Dogs on swift feet leaping jumping for their chance at tender meat.
A crack of thunder, wisp of smoke rise as silver learns to fly.
Through the flesh of beast, so pure, the evil craft of men does bore.
Pale faced creature, grunting, kicking, bleeding, on the valley grass.

Howls of the wolf pack's leader jeering at the silver orb.
Hair grows thicker, faster as the waxing of the moon completes.
Fury fists of fury trod so lightly on the cold dark earth.
A crack of thunder, wisp of smoke rise as silver learns to fly.
Sanity is overridden by obsession and instinct.
Gray faced creature, whimpers, kicking, bleeding, on the valley grass.

Lapping, quickly, up the blood of mystic creature, lonely horn.
Vital strength returning quickly rushing through the heart and veins.
Shuddering shoulders grow still and bolder, blood flows down the leg.
A crack of thunder, wisp of smoke rise as silver learns to fly.
Hunter quickly turns to prey no mercy for the mercyless.
Mortal creature, coughing screaming, bleeding on the valley grass.



Evan Eustice

The Life I Lead
by Stephen

In this world I don't belong,
I am without a friend.
Fear sits beside me,
A shadow of what I used to be.
But the darkness of my past,
An unclear future,
The reality of the present,
Will make me run,
Away from the shadow,

From that which holds me down,
And tears me up from inside.
With no hope left,
My future becomes clear.
Again I stop,
Knowing who will sit beside me.
Indeed, I am not alone,
For fear is my companion.

Cry for the Fallen
by Mark Peterson

Lightning strikes,
Thunder rolls,
Contamination
Consumes the soul.

Rushed winds roar,
Cyclones spin,
A maddening howl
Escapes the din.

Blue waves crash,
Geysers spout,
A seething mass of
Crimson in gouts.

Stone crumbles,
Dark earth splits,
Revealing to all
Hell's darkest Pit.

Flame cackles,
Fire sears,
Cry for the Fallen:
Die for their cheers.

Woeful Nocturne of Irrationality's Price
by Ephraim Sasis

I am now the fallen star,
My light is cold,
My shine is dim,
Holy though I be.

I see it in the broken Mirror now,
A Change has swept over my heart and soul.

The Gentle Purity of soft pearl and inviting snow
that once adorned my soul
Has been transfigured by heart ache and rejection
And now is
The Adamant Inviolability of razor-diamond and stinging ice.

The Jasmine flower of my heart that once bloomed
In the Golden Light of Friendship,
Has died
To give birth to its hardened, bitter seed,

For the nourishing Golden Light has too been withdrawn
And is now
The blinding Glare of Blue Steel.

Is there one who will pierce my shield?
Is there one who will heal my broken wings?
Is there one who will turn my frown upside down?
Is there one to open my eyes to see
The Star of Grace and Mercy?

I long to find my God again,
I long to see my soul again,
I long to hear the chimes.
I long to feel my Star again,
I long for community again,
I long for better times.

Oh Embrace of Golden Light,
Where is thy aureate shine?

For once upon a time I had all three,
But Silence broke the triangle,
And now all I have is only me.

Wait...
How wrong I was to surrender!

I see sense the Golden Dawn...
His renewing iridescence
has not yet touched the horizon,
but I know that shine!
I feel it illumining my heart.
I believe in it, though I can not see.

Oh Light of Hope,
Oh Great Healer of all brokeness and aching,
Smooth and melt my jagged heart,
Restore its gentle inviolability
And Resurrect its purity.
Show me the omnipotence of your Starlight
and make my own star shine with Your love again.

I await Aurora,
For it heralds the end of my current state.
Give me radiance,
Give me warmth,
And let me become a beacon,
to guide all peoples back to you.

Come Dawn-star of Compassion and Empathy,
Be the Silencer of this nocturne
And usher in harmonic serenity.

Anchored
Anonymous

That gash in my arm is still there
It healed up
But the scar is there
And will remain
You might as well know now
You will learn of it soon anyway

Fresh whispers always
"Where did she get that?"
Different Stories
Different Answers
-And why not –
Everyone will know it's there
Even when covered by the long sleeved shirts I now wear.
"You know she only wears those to hide her scar"
"What Scar?"
Different Stories
Different Answers
Everyone stares as I leave or enter a room
Even those that know what happened have their versions
They give their tales like storytellers
My Parents heard three stories before I showed them
-The same scar from each story-
And the Nurse and Doctors–as they stitched me up-
Chatted about what they heard had happened
-I think they agreed upon the Nurse's tale to be "True"-
The Police convicted and arrested the man
The Jury convicted and tried the man
The Jailer convicted and locked him up
All without me saying a word
Different Stories
Different Answers
No one listens to me
They think they know the story
I asked someone–whom I didn't know- had they heard of the

Girl with the Gash
They talked to me for an hour about how
Horrible it must have been
Poor girl
That man got exactly what he deserves
I told them my story
They scoffed at me and said
"How would you know?"
I shrugged
Then showed them my scar

People think that I have yet to get over it.
Their stares and whispers are what hold me back.

Morether
by Thomas F. Cusack

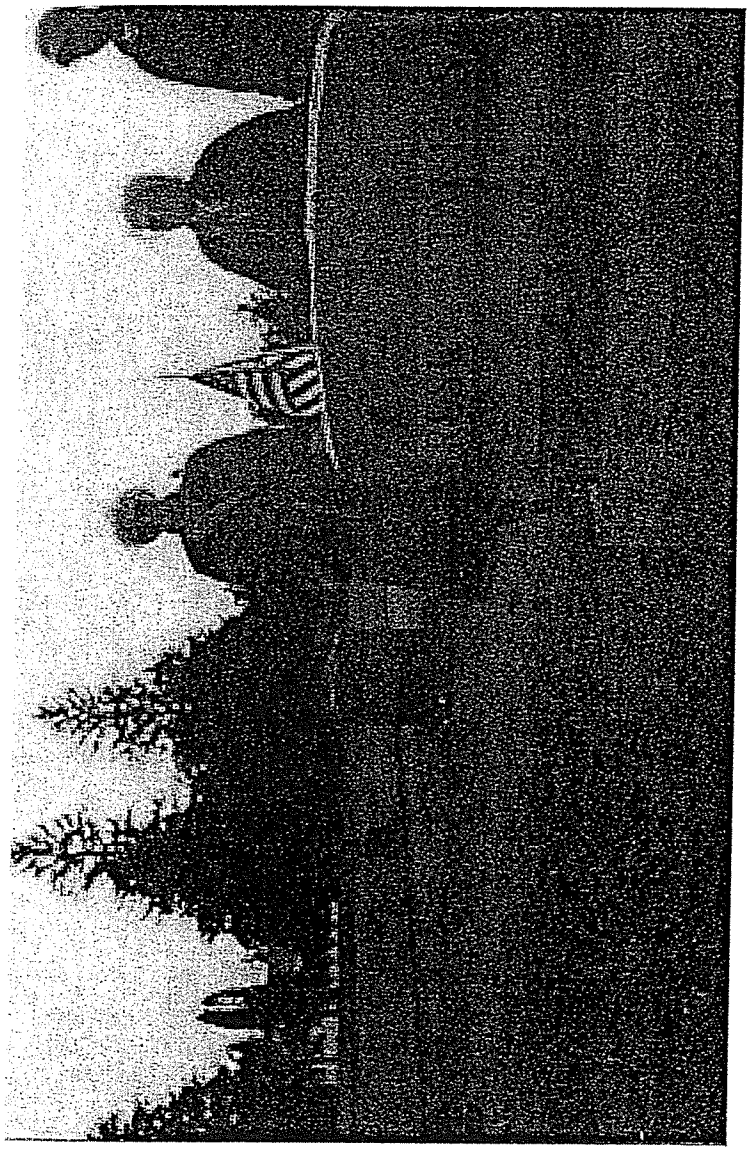
Like a stone he sits all day
Through rain and snow he sleeps away
Beard is growing meters long
Is doing nothing really wrong?
Sleeping during the darkest ages
While the world rants and rages
He will only wake when he senses hope
The world is hanging from a rope
Will he wake or stay asleep?
Are there only rams and never sheep?
In your heart you know what's right
You in time of gloom can be a light
Reach out to him for our sake
Reach out to him so this curse will break
In your heart you hold the key
Use it to set him free
For if you only walk away
It will be the end of day

Eleanor Stanlus
by Evan A Eustice

On the familiar trip
to see his stone at the cemetery,
E.E. came with us, loudly and in
a plastic rain bonnet.
The grass had been trimmed
around the stone.
It was not growing over the edges anymore.
My heart rent to see her sister
talk to him in prayer, as I stood there
over my grandfather.

After the prayers, E.E. took us
through wet grass to her lot.
her back lit face was not unlike
the gray color of the stone, on which
their name had been engraved
next to those of her brothers,
uncles I had never known.

It struck me that that stone was
silently waiting for her.
Eventually, I would visit that spot
without her.
And, although she was unaware
that I could see, plain as day, life and
death standing so close together,
she knew this too.



Evan Eustice

Apostrophe to the Aborted One
by Ephraim Sasis

At Frosh Soccer games, you'd have been my only fan.
Perhaps you'd have held a poster so I could see.
I can almost behold the words painted brightly,
"Break their souls!" or maybe just plain "Go Ephy!"
You'd have cheered, even if I only tripped on the stupid ball.

December 18th does not mean much to me anymore,
But if you were around, it would not be this way,
So what if the rest of them forget my special day.
You'd have made it somehow special anyway,
With your silly gifts and attempts at singing that Familiar Song.

As I trembled while Cindy played the accompaniment,
I would've drawn confidence from you in the front seat.
You'd lip "I believe in you." as our eyes would meet,
Then my singing would have become strong and sweet,
As the judge noded approvingly during District S & E Festival.

(Tears begin to well up)

It would have been you who'd try to make me mess up and laugh,
As I would stand there singing the "Lamb of God" at Mass.
You'd have proof read every paper I'd turn in.
You might have tutored me and I would have had an A in Trig Class.

Maybe I would have seen "Two Towers" by now,
Maybe you might've made sure I'd have seen it with you somehow.
In your jankety old car, you might've pulled up to Musical rehearsal,
And spirit me to the DIA to see how the other Golden Keys were so awful.
(Tears stream down)

Maybe I wouldn't have an empty seat beside me all the time.
Maybe I could have known your name so I could think of a better rhyme.

(Sobs uncontrollably)

All my life, I've felt your absence.
Life seems to always be tinged with heart ache.
An empty space in a picture,
An awkward silence at a party,
Minutes standing apart and alone among our peers,
I always wonder if it would have all been different
If you had been born.

So many special moments come and go
and there is no one to share it with.
In my heart, there is a tiny place that no one can fill.
I can not list the times I've missed you,
Even though I'll never know what exactly I missed about you.
There were times when I would know
I should not have been this forlorn.

(Heart broken)

And then I think of you at the same time...
What about your soccer games, your birthdays and your competitions?
What about your memories that I never got to be a part of?
What about your dreams? The dreams we never got to dream together?
Why?
Why did they take my sunshine,
my only sunshine...
Why did they take you away?
What did I do to deserve such meanness?
(can no longer speak)
(falls asleep as tears continue to roll down cheek)

Family
by Sam Churukian

In the past it was a game
That you really could not lose.
You always played and always won
And the times were good no matter what.

Back then when you played the game
Life was good.
You were not sad and never doubted
That life would always be good.

But every game has its moment of glory,
A time that must run out.
And when it does not many care,
They just accept that it is done.

But when those golden days are gone
It darkens the lives of some.
There's always the few who hate it most,
Who dream of those days when they always won.

For when that game is played again
You suddenly see its flaws.
You realize that the game's not that great,
That it will never be as fun.

All you can do now is look back and dream
Of those days of old.
When everyone loved playing the game,
And everybody one.

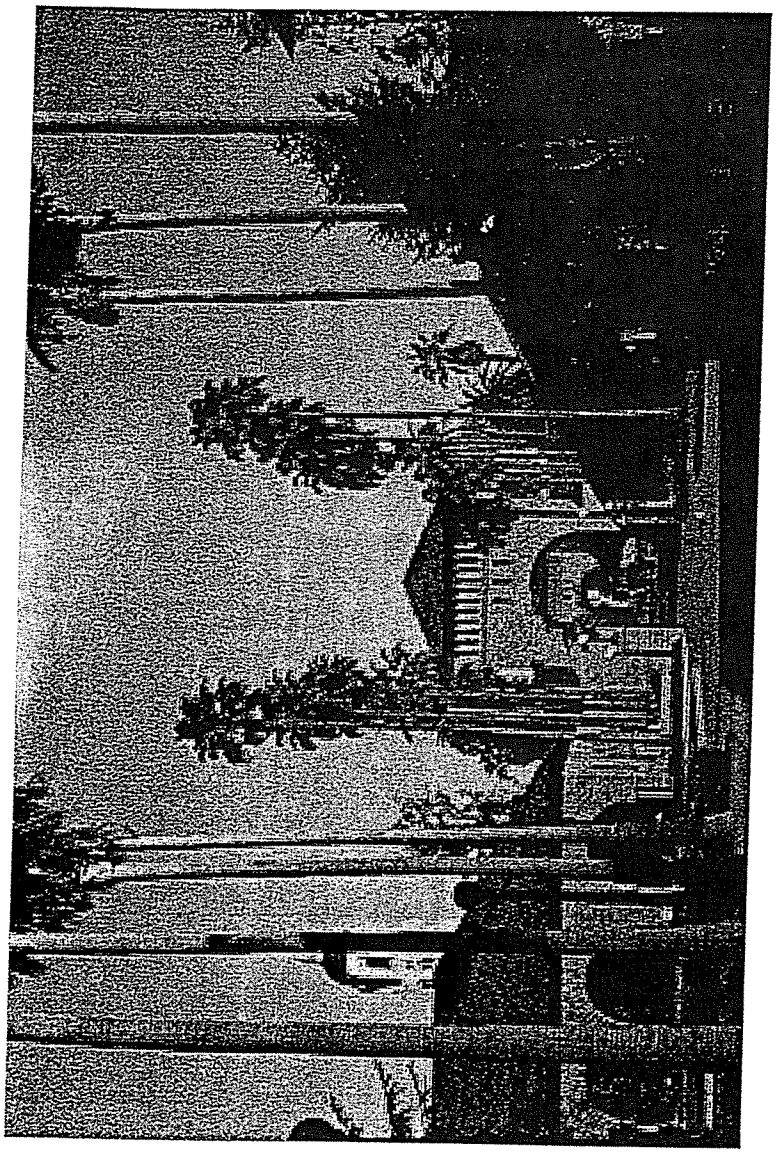
But you know deep inside
That the game will never be the same.
There's just too much change as time flies by,
And now no one ever plays.

You sit there, dreaming,
Asking yourself "why?"
Why did everything have to change?
Why did that great game die?

Under the influence
by Corey Bartos

How many times must I see these things
Before the effects wear off
It's like living, breathing, seeing this nightmare
Before the effects wear off
For so many times I've been here already
Before the effects wear off
As I sit here and ponder the reasons of being
Before the effects wear off
This time its real the nightmare is true
The effects are about to wear off
I cannot regain control again
The effects are about to wear off
Then a flash of light and bone chilling sound
The effects are about to wear off
This bloody scene of horrible terror
The effects are about to wear off
The loss of life has come too soon
The effects are all worn off
I have caused such sorrow and caused such pain
The effects are all worn off
This unmerciful guilt I have now
The effects are all worn off
Was this decision worth a life?
The effects are all worn off

Before the effects wore off I was fine
When the effects were about to wear off I was afraid
Now the effects are all worn off and I am filled with pain.



Branden Roberts

Depression
by David Przybylo

Locked away
Serving a life sentence
Painfully being punished
Cruel and unusual

My hope of survival was amputated
I am being starved
Deprived of necessities
Subject of a grotesque experiment

Freedom was stolen from me
I was stabbed in the back
Kicked while I was down
Sucker-punched

Now I'm all alone
Spit at and abused
Laughed at and ridiculed
Interrogated and left clueless

Cold, dark, and hungry
Alone in a cave of hopelessness
Crawling on my stomach
I suddenly collapse

FAERIES
by Joe Ferguson

Here goes another sleepless night,
no sleep, the heat, and streetlights.
Unseen fingers close my eyes, tell me everything's all right.
Still I try to stay alert, try to make everything work.
Once again she comes to me, and I can't take it anymore.

Telephone wires, chemical fires,
I'm nothing but an awful liar.
All I wanted was a chance to see your face one time.
Glistening wings, softly she sings,
If I can't feel I have nothing.
Faerie Princess, let me fly into your world.

The calming circumstance of fate
helps me circumnavigate
around this bruised and battered world,
still I think that I'm too late.
Delayed response to stimuli, another wasted year gone by,
bullets whistle all around, but I'm never coming down.

Telephone wires, chemical fires,
I'm nothing but an awful liar.
All I wanted was a chance to see your face one time.
Glistening wings, softly she sings,
If I can't feel I have nothing.
Faerie Princess, let me fly into your world.

All I wanted was to be
the man who I never see,
the man who died inside of me,
choking on conformity.
All I wanted was to be
the man who I never see,
the man who died inside of me,

choking on...
Telephone wires, chemical fires,
I'm nothing but an awful liar.
All I wanted was a chance to see your face one time.
Glistening wings, softly she sings,
If I can't feel I have nothing.
Faerie Princess, let me fly into your world.

Kinda funny how it works, kinda funny how it hurts,
Kinda funny how I let it slip away again.
One more time, I would succeed, what I want and what I need
Start to fuse and so I lose to myself yet once again.

Telephone wires, chemical fires,
I'm nothing but an awful liar.
All I wanted was a chance to see your face one time.
Glistening wings, softly she sings,
If I can't feel I have nothing.
Faerie Princess, let me fly into your world.
Telephone wires, chemical fires,
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Faerie Princess, let me fly into your world.

The Sandy Man
by Connor Grant

There once was a man that was covered in sand, one day a big man was kicking a small can, it uncovered the man from the sand, the big man pulled the small man out of the sand with his hand, they were sitting on land, and decided to start a band, the little man stood on the stand, and the big man stood tall and grand.

For Jesse
by Aaron Damoth Handlesman

I do not think I'm ready
to express my love with words.
I cannot do this love justice,
find word that make my spirit fly,
'cause that's what happens when I think of you,
my Heart takes flight and soars.
Your eyes so clear
Your face so near,
my thoughts are filled with you.

Remember the day I do quite well
when at last I was with you.
"My sister," I cried,
"You've finally arrived.
You had me waiting quite some time."

I held you in my arms that day
And my face tried not to cry.
With diamonds on your pretty eyes
it's a wonder how they shine.
Those orbs pierce through
My thought and you are a source of endless Light,

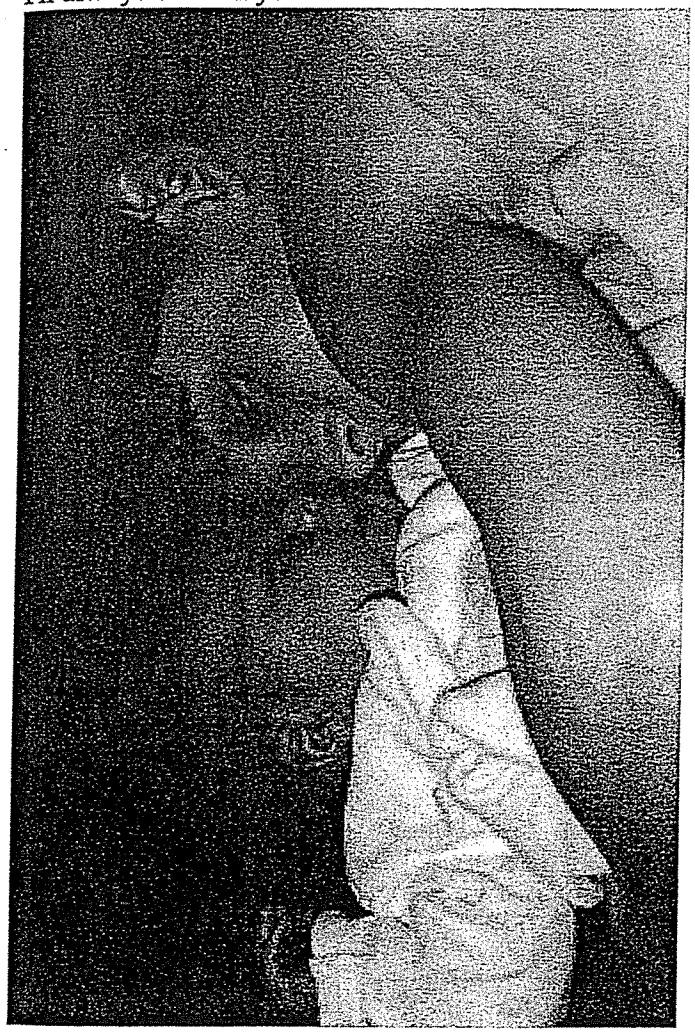
of Joy and Bliss and Happiness too,
forever my best friend.

Look how we were so small back then,
when I could cradle you in my arms.
I'd close my eyes and hold you close,
Whisp'ring songs into your ears.

I will never forget those days of old
when you speak without a voice.
You remind me of what's good and true and pure in life,

you help me stay on course.

Can't say where I'm going now
But one thing to always hold true,
No matter where life takes you
Jess,
I'll always be with you.



Aaron Handelsman

HAPPY BIRTHDAY
by Joe Ferguson

Blood pouring down my beaten face
Round Two of this endless fight
Trying to hold the wind in my hands
Trying too hard to do things right

Can you hold your head up high?
Can you hold your ground?
Can you do the right things when
No one is around?
Promises mean nothing,
Time has been destroyed
When I look into a mirror
I see a broken little boy

So happy birthday to me
I'm what I never wanted to be
Set in my ways, a tower of strength
And unable to feel or see

Like shards of glass stuck in my skin
Everything has to hurt
There's nothing that I wouldn't give
To hear her speak a single word
Still I smash against my cage
And strain against these chains
It's been so long since I could cry
A tortured beast deranged

Can you hold your head up high?
Can you hold your ground?
Can you do the right things when
No one is around?
Promises mean nothing, time has been destroyed

When I look into a mirror
I see a broken little boy

Why the anger? Why the pain? This doesn't have to be.
My heart cut out, wrapped up in knives, and handed back to me.
A celebration of disaster
Make my head spin even faster
Just one more night spent in a rage of muted anomie

Bus Stop
by Anthony Scott

Waiting at the bus stop
I stand shivering from the cold
And two people behind me are arguing
At the top of their lungs.
My nostrils flare at the dirty stench
Of a homeless man
Shuffling past me.
A sudden, sharp pain
Reminds me of a cut on my lip,
Reopened by the cold and bleeding;
The blood has a bittersweet taste
That is unpleasant
And makes me yearn
For a glass of water.
The bus arrives
With strong gas fumes trailing
Behind it.
I reach into my pocket
To retrieve the fare.
The money is warm.
I squeeze it in my palm before dropping it
Into the box.
The bus driver nods.
I nod back, sit down,
And the bus continues on its way.

Lost Ones
by Gabriel Scruggs

This one goes out to all the lost people of mine,
Who were taken early before their predetermined time,
And to the family and friends they leave to mourn,
To the happy families that they leave torn.
Loved ones, taken by disease or just getting old,
Loved ones, taken by violence, should've stayed at home.
One in particular, taken early in life,
About to be a woman, to be somebody's wife.
With an adventurous spirit and a wayward soul,
She had the body of a goddess and a face of gold.
Ill-equipped she was, for the cold, cruel world,
Ran into trouble that spun her life into a whirl.
A single shot in the dark was all that it took,
To end the last chapter, and close the book,
To lure life away, with a hidden hook,
To close the open eyes, without a last look.
The news was taken with the greatest grief,
Although the warning was short and brief,
And to the point, just to let me know,
A voice called out, "Delilah died, ya know".
The words stabbed my heart, straight through the core,
"And the funeral's passed", only hurt me more.
I wanted to go visit her, just like before,
Wanted to go and get her from the Underworld.
I thought that any time, she could walk through the door,
And say, "What's up Gabe, what's your head down for?
They thought that I was dead, a mistake at the morgue,
I was chillin at a friend's house, by Edsel Ford,
There wasn't much room, had to sleep on the floor,
But I'm back home now, all back to the norm.
You don't come over much, and I don't go to the store,
I'm beginning to feel like I don't know you no more."
This, however, never happened, and it never will,
I get these ideas and possibilities still,
All sorts of delusions I could put in this rhyme,

I even thought that one day I could go back in time.
I started feeling pain in the stomach and neck,
I felt a sudden heart-throbbing reality check,
Something from before just isn't right anymore,
Nobody's gonna come walking through that door.
I felt like I hadn't followed a mission through.
I hadn't done what everyone had told me to do.
I wanted to wait back, play it cool, and hold it,
If she taught me one thing - was to seize the moment,
To make the best of the precious time God gives you,
To get drunk off of life, and see how far it gets you.
The opportunity comes once, then it hits you,
You may not get another chance; it might just miss you.
Seize the moment. That's right, make it yours,
Because life is full of little battles and wars,
And if you live it right, you'll walk away with the scars,
That prove that you had the nerve to reach to the stars.
Don't make the same mistake I did; say it with me:
"I will never fall to the pressure against me,
And I will stand tall in the face of my enemy,
I would rather crawl than to stand and be cowardly,
I will prove myself in the face of adversity,
And I will take advantage of the chance God gives me."
Say this to yourself when you lose a loved one,
Someone that helped you get through everything, and then some.
And keep fighting the battle, cause the war is not won yet,
And tell your fellow soldiers that the job is not done yet,
This is only the beginning; we're just getting our feet wet,
We just started on this journey; we ain't stopped to eat yet,
Just bit into the sandwich; we ain't got to the meat yet,
Just stepped up to the fire; we ain't feeling the heat yet,
Just came up with the rhyme; we ain't thought of the beat yet,
But we'll make it through together, without a wound or a defect.

The Softly Stolen Prize
by Tom Sklut '04

I saw some before me stumble in a hole of weeds,
I questioned simple strategy and I ridiculed their deeds.
They had made a pure mistake, and now their pill is death's' to take.
Why did they not repent before? Because some magic, smoky, scent
allured?

And I'll always see the horrors that died swiftly in the night,
Cause they plague my distant memories, while I battle swift, the strife,
And I'll never watch a sunrise, though I strive to see through pure eyes
What is learnéd from the softly stolen prize?

Now we've been here and I talk of old,
How the problem doesn't make us bold.
The sick part is the majority who see no need for morality.
Change, I wish they would, but I'm not heard, I'm misunderstood.



Evan Eustice

The Rose of War
by Thomas F. Cusack

The Rose caught the winter stars glowing light
And dawned its robe for the evening's dinner
And Lark and Harold cried out to the night
The Sun's golden rays grew dull and thinner

Fireflies danced as flames on candles' wicks
And the Nightingales blew their somber horns
And the cats chased mice through bushes with pricks
And both were tattered by the bushes' thorns

And Roses bloom while Lilacs wither
The Lilly of the Valley rings its bell
But soft music no longer plays hither
Only in memory of those that fell

And the Rose grew to spite the winter's bane
And reached out to a hopeless dying hand
And was grasped in joy for it gave no pain
Then was left alone in a des'late land



Evan Eustice

Morals of Society
by Nicholas Ostrowski

He's standing in the corner of the room,
With no one to talk to,
He's left alone because of something no one knows,
Because it would become an issue,
He and his girlfriend are hiding something,
Away from the world,
It's everything that no one can bear to discuss,
So people looking in disgust,
This kid is so scared because he knows he screwed up,
But that's part of life it's what makes us grow up.

Theses morals of society,
Are what we adhere to,
What is considered our freedom,
Doesn't mean it's what we love,
And every passing face,
Revels in the youth,
Simply so they can mold us,
Into their bitter truth

She lives on a wire pushing all of her luck,
'cause it's what she loves,
She changed her appearance because her friends all suck,
now she's alone,
She has shut herself in a world of euphoria,
She doesn't see,
In the end she gave into all of her fears,
What a tragedy,
Because of her choices she never got a chance,
To be what she wanted and do what she loved,
She was so scared because she knew she screwed up,
But that's part of life it's what makes us grow up.

These morals of society,
Are what we adhere to,

What is considered our freedom,
Doesn't mean it's what we love,
And every passing face,
Revels in the youth,
Simply so they can mold us,
Into their bitter truth.

Day by day, hour by hour,
Time ticks away,
Whether we create or destroy,
Time ticks away,
Choices against choices,
Time ticks away,
Good against bad,
Time ticks away,
Our lives our only what we make them,
Time ticks away.

These morals of society,
Are what we adhere to,
What is considered our freedom,
Doesn't mean it's what we love,
And every passing face,
Revels in the youth,
Simply so they can mold us,
Into their bitter truth.

Round Trip
by Alex Glaros

The gradual roar gaining power,
Was like the voice of Thor,
Thunderous, barbaric,
Drowning out all others.

The intense pressure forcing me back,
Disrupting my hearing
And bowels, little children fearing

What was forcing them back, the rush and foreboding.

A small one, unimpressed with the magnitude,
The invention of a century,
Cries loudly, shrilly,
For a swift return to the rock.

As bodies fall back into place,
Grow accustomed to the breakneck pace,
Hands taken away from the face,
To peer out the window, there is no more race.

Troubles and schedules,
Time slots and fear,
Left in the past,
Below in the rear.

All that is left of that vast sordid land,
Are the pictures in lakes,
Betwixt mists
So serene.

All that's seen now is the kingdom of light,
The city of angels,
Imperial,
And ethereal.

The air of this region,
So sweet, aromatic,
Reminds me of lilacs, carnations,
Sweet moss and peppermint.

The sound of the mists,
Swaying to an untold rhythm,
Soft patter of feet
By innocent cherubim.

To run like the wind would be ecstasy, fantasy,

Not to trudge through the mud, sink in the sand,
But to float and soar,
In this celestial band.

Up here the sun does not burn and spite,
In this land it enamors,
Refreshes,
Delights.

The tastes are innumerable,
Tingling the tongue,
Enticing and juicy,
A smorgasbord for a ton.

Strawberry fizz, hot apple strudel,
Anything you desire,
Ice cream
With noodles.

An oasis of goodness,
Not in the midst of the barrens,
But soaring,
Flying above.

Two hands were offered,
Each containing a prize,
One with the rock,
The other of unlimited size.

Choosing the first
We are restricted to walking,
No heavenly discourse,
We hear only talking.

And that's the reality check,
As I sit in this wonder,
Created by geniuses,
Or were they I wonder.

To bring us closer to something
Never to be had,
The beauty above,
After this, all is sad.

So I take my peanuts,
Bland and salty,
The food brought along,
From the land I now rue.

The child again as we begin our descent,
With the same thought as me
Cries until spent,
Why can't we stay, if only for the view.

My Grandfather
by Marty Palmer

Hacking through the woods of yesteryear,
The ongoing seems rough and treacherous.
I see the guide, the man who was always there for me-
My grandfather.

Easing my pain, lightening my load
From the harsh, unforgiving terrain,
Standing as a companion for life-
My grandfather.

He always knew how to put a smile on my face,
How to get me to enjoy myself, enjoy life,
How to get me entranced in a spellbinding tale-
My grandfather.

It was November and winter loomed ahead,
When he earned one of a few coveted elks permits,
And asked if my father and I would joining him-

My grandfather.

His youth fleeing, the trip would be harsh and trying,
Yet I knew he would forever be the decorated soldier
That had given so much to this world-
My grandfather.

What an honor for me to accompany him;
He had chosen me from among many,
Because he always treated me with love-
My grandfather.

Entering the field on that first day,
I knew I was experiencing something to be treasured,
Time with the two men who loved me, my dad and
My grandfather.

Although he came up empty-handed that eternal weekend,
I know that his hands gave so much to this world, to me,
And that they will continue to give to all in need-
My grandfather.



The Unedited Thoughts of a Monkey (Unedited Version)
First Draft
"The Final Road Trip"
by Stephen

Foreword: I just would like to say first, don't read this foreword. And don't read first two descriptive paragraphs, boring. This came to me on a morning when there was nothing to do in the summer. As silly as it may seem, or as stupid as it may seem, this is my life's masterpiece, thus far. Don't be discouraged when you gaze upon poor spelling and horrible grammar, for I never took the time to edit. There is actually about twice as much put on since the original writing of this story, but I felt it would be best if I only shared the first things that came to my head. Enjoy, and may God bless.

-Stephen

Let me begin where it all starts, the beginning. You could say it was the beginning, but time goes on and there was no beginning and in our eyes no end. It was a beginning. The place is a town where you don't find your average people. These people will be introduced later. A road runs through this town and a few dirt paths leading to some beat down houses and one large house which will be talked of later. It is completely engulfed by a forest of all sorts of trees. In this town there was a row on each side of old and new buildings of various businesses that had spurred over the years. Then there was the police station, a high tech building with the latest in everything that you could find to serve and protect. Across the street was the jail, so old that there wasn't even a lock. Even though there were captives, they knew what was good for them.

So, you can have a vague image of what this town may look like. These people who are not average live in the town and around it deep within the forest. Their minds have been warped and bent into a routine day where they work the same, eat the same, sleep the same. My name is Stephen. My friends and I

found this town on a road trip we took after encountering a most peculiar man back home. Our minds were easily taken by his story about this place and about the house that stood outside town, down one of the windy ominous roads. He told us of horrible acts of violence that existed there, of death, and evil. So why did we go? I don't know, but this story won't get anywhere if I don't start from somewhere about the town, so...maybe it was fate, but I don't believe in that, so it wasn't, that we ended up in that town.

It was just another day when I woke up, going to my school's orientation. It was just another day, another year, and another round of pointless lectures, fluff assignments, and sleep. I ended up in a classroom with only one person I knew, Devin. We had special notes to go to a classroom for some new program.

"Hey Devin, what's new?" I would ask.

"Just another year to go." He would respond.

The man who was new to the school told us to fill out some short questions to see if we fit a potential to be used in some new class or activity. There was a list of basic questions about a newspaper article on the back. It was about a bunch of murders at an old house in a small town, sad enough as it was, named "Omer". The questions were just about who the killer was, how the killing took place, where it took place, and what else was involved. After we were finished with what we thought were pointless questions, he started telling stories of how it was only a five hours drive from where we were.

"...and I've been there once, a town of mysterious happenings..." He babbled on.

"Hey man, wouldn't it be wild if we went there for one last road trip before school starts?" Devin asked.

"I would be in for it, nothing else to do."

The guy continued, "There are rooms like a mystical dream of treasure lying about the house. It's no ordinary treasure, it was all the stolen valuables of the people he killed, which numbers exceed...well...however many the article says. Plastic beads, CDs, money, and chairs of all sorts are laid about in different rooms ready for

someone to take them."

We looked at each other in disbelief, "We're going" we whispered somehow at the same time. It never crossed our minds that the killer was still there. I guess that the peculiar man never told us, but we thought that the killer was gone, for the house had been raided in the newspaper. Perhaps our minds were wandering a bit too far that day. It was decided to take one last road trip before school started the next Monday, leaving us three days to see this place.

There were six of us together after Devin and I recruited our friends. There was Devin, Nick, Mark, Tim, and I, all ready for the challenge. We drove in with our green club wagon, also known as the "tank" that should have died ages ago.

"Man, the tank should have died ages ago." As pointed out by Mark.

In order for this to contain some element of a scary story, the van broke down...in Omer. We hauled it to the shop and discovered that it would be long before it would be repaired, very long...why? I don't know. Settling ourselves into that inn that was in the town, we came across a problem. There were six of us, two to a room, one female, there was a brawl...needless to say, and I didn't win. We came together and had a meeting.

"So, are we ready for this guys." Devin asked the group.

Since we happened to be curious and stupid teenage kids that thought that we were too cool, we all agreed.

Devin continued, "We're going to check out the large house in the forest, really far outside of town that was even more creepier than the town itself, which was really creepy." As explained earlier.

The night passed with much passing time, and in passing, passed away. It was Saturday, a good day...for a killing. Though you could say that for any day. We walked around town and ate some breakfast at the Old Buffet Breakfast for the Dead.

"That name almost scares me, but my hunger is overwhelming and I am able to ignore it for now." Nick said as he entered.

"Um, yeah I guess I agree." I said.

"Let's just eat, I'm hungry." Said Jojo.

"Wait, who are you?" Devin asked.

"I'm Jojo, you guys invited me to come, remember?"

"Oh."

I must have forgotten Jojo. After breakfast we hung around downtown and took a look at the buildings and how odd they were. The jail intrigued us the most. There were three people in it, and I might add, around it.

"Hey, are you guys inmates?" Kate asked.

"Yes, you shouldn't be talking to me though, go away." One responded.

"Well, why don't you just leave? I don't see any security of any kind." She followed.

He just stared at her coldly and turned around.

"Sorry, can you tell us where to find the old creepy house that has the murders and such?"

Again, silence from the lad.

"We robbed a bank and now are serving our time, that's all, now leave. We don't know anything." One said from inside.

We asked everyone we saw where to find the old, creepy, bloodcurdling, rejuvenator of bad memories, killer of so many people house, but none gave us an answer. No one gave us an answer except the old man missing an eye, had a gold tooth, long grimy hair, with a cane, and talking in a frightening, I want to kill you, sort of whisper.

"I can tells ye where to find it, but ye bes be nev'r to come roun' theres. Tis located down a long, twisty, scary, dark road on the north side of town, two hundred and fifty feet south of the Old Tavern. There are great stashes of plastic beads, CDs, money, and chairs to be found."

Our minds were reborn with a new determination to get to the place.

"My mind is reborn with a new determination to get to the place!" Mark exclaimed.

"I agree, we definitely have to go, tonight. We will

meet at the same Inn room, at the same Inn time as before." Devin informed.

The night came, and we were dressed in our black clothes, bought on sale two days before the road trip. We had gadgets and gizmos and guns galore, there were fatchets and freemers and flymers that soar, and all of it was ready to face any opposition or security there was. It was a long walk down a long twisty, creepy, dark road. The wind picked up a bit and brought in a low lying fog that was so dense you couldn't see your feet, that is, if you took off your shoes.

"I wonder what we will find?" I asked, "There could be nothing at all down this road, or a house with some psychopathic killer."

"Don't be silly Stephen, those killings took place days ago, almost a week." Tim stated.

Finally, the house appeared through the trees. The rest of the gang was shaken slightly by the fact that there was a light in one of the upper rooms, I on the other hand, was stirred. I knew that for myself I wanted to continue to the foreboding household and see what we could find, but I was not sure if my friends were up to the challenge.

"I had a dream about a house just like that." Said Jojo.

"Ah! Who are you? But I do remember a dream with this house." Nick was a shock.

"Nick it's alright, I think it's Jojo. Yeah, me too, it was this house, this exact house!" Devin remembered.

Everyone else agreed and said they had a dream about it too. I didn't have a dream about the house, but I didn't want to feel left out of the excitement, so I said I did have a dream about it. Besides I think that Jojo was lying to get attention.

It was a nice house, one that seemed to be well kept and managed. Though we should have thought on ways to penetrate the place without notice, it was decided to knock on the front door. No answer. A rope was spotted hanging from a bell just left and above our heads.

"Look, a rope." Mark was on the spot.

"Nice eye Mark" Devin complimented.

Devin took out his mini saw and cut it from as high up as he could.

He then tied it to one of our homemade gunpowder bombs to be used as a fuse.

"It should give us enough time to clear the area."

The bomb was placed carefully on the door handle and the fuse was set. We all ran for cover. Ten minutes later the bomb exploded, blasting the door wide open. Now it was time to pair off and search the house. Devin and Nick took the first floor, Kate and Tim went around to the back of the house to find another way in, and Mark and I were faced with the stairs that led up.

"These stairs will have to be climbed in order for us to get to the second floor." Mark identified the problem.

"I'm glad you're with me, Mark."

To our surprise the stairs weren't the hard part. It was the average upstairs of an old spooky house, the rooms were all dusty, cobwebbed, and dirty. Many things were broken. The stories that were told to us were rather false, for we could not find the plastic beads, CDs, money, or chairs to be anywhere. Up ahead there was the lighted room. It took its place among the other rooms as an odd room. It looked as though someone had torn out the part of the house and added a new addition. The door was locked and beyond or understanding of how to open. Mark's keen eye once again came into action.

"Look, here are some overly large ducts that we can crawl through in the ceiling. It looks like they lead into the room."

So we tore open the duct and began our crawl, which was more of a crouched walk at first to the other room. These ducts were clean and spiffy much unlike the rest of the house. The ducts did get smaller and smaller as we went along and we were soon forced to find an exit. So we knocked out a door and dropped into a dark hallway that was without much light. It was the middle of the hallway, and this we knew for it went on in both directions. The door that we had passed was nowhere in sight.

"We shouldn't use any light" I insisted, proud of my

knowledge of how to be sneaky.

"Why? What's going to happen? The murderer will be standing right behind us?" He laughed in a smirk of a tone.

"Please don't jinx us. Besides that would be too ironic if he was."

Perhaps I shouldn't have said that, because I was now frightened of what may happen. Sure enough, Mark found a switch in the middle of a hall, seeming to have no place. Sure enough, there was a dark creature of a man, standing beside us. Sure enough, it was the old man missing an eye, with a gold tooth, long grimy hair, a cane, and he told us in a frightening, soft, I am about to kill you whisper,

"I told ye not te be comin' round these parts!"

Mark, who was slow to surprises and threats of all kinds replied,

"You shouldn't scare us like that! Are you here looking for the treasure too?"

It was then that Mark saw the rusty, bloody, jagged blade that was swinging for his head. A quick duck and the two were rolling around the floor. I ran down the hall figuring Mark could handle a psychopathic killer. The irony was too much for me. I couldn't believe how ironic it was that when I said irony it would really be true. It was just like those movies where the murderer comes up behind you and then grabs you, but before that, eerie music and camera angles give you hints that he is watching you. Of course there was none of that because this was reality, but the irony just put me in awe.

At a room in the end of the hall I found the most glorious of things. CDs stacked upon CDs. Hundreds upon hundreds of shiny round disks playing the music of those who had been killed before. There was also a huge pile of disorganized cash. Taking out my bag I filled it as fast as possible, to the brim with the spoils of CDs. I didn't want to take my chances with the money, it may have been

counterfeit or too old. I figured that even if the CDs were scratched I could sell them to some brainless kids back home.

After I took more than enough for Mark and I to carry together I remembered about the killer. Quickly I ran back to the hallway, the battle was still going. I would have to think my quick thinking later as I grabbed the killer and with Mark we dragged him quickly, seeing as he wasn't that big, to the end of the hall and threw him out a window.

"We've done it, we've found the spoils and killed the killer!" Marks excitement beyond that of his usual self.

A splash was heard only a second later. We peered through the window and down to a lighted pool where the old man was swimming gracefully to the side and getting out.

"We've found the spoils at least. Perhaps we should make a timely escape before he comes back." I was on my toes again.

"Let's just hope he finds the others and tries to kill them. That way he may forget about us." Mark with his mind right on track once again.

Yes, we were saddened to leave what was still there in that room. There were all those CDs that could've been ours had we been able to carry more. We had decided against a second trip in fear of our safety. The trip to the front door was all clear. There was some screaming and yelling from other parts of the house and it appeared that Mark was right, the old man had found the others.

"Good, someone is finally here!" It was Devin and he was standing outside in the front with 6 chairs and a table on his back.

Mark and I both smiled and gave our greetings,

"Nice job Devin" I praised gaping at his finds.

"Truly, the stories were true" Mark recalled.

"Yes, now if everyone else would hurry we can get out of here."

We lounged around in the chairs for a little bit and heard a few more screams and then I noticed that something wasn't right, "Where's Nick?"

Devin's face lit up, "I don't know, I found the chairs and he said he would be back in a few minutes."

Just as we were getting even more worried than we were before when we first realized that Nick wasn't there, the door opened up.

"Could someone please help me with this futon?"

Everyone gave a sigh of relief and then a round of laughs.

"Hey Nick."

"Nice catch Nick."

"Way to go Nick."

We then went a little distance up the road and set up the table with the chair around and the futon which Nick had the honor of sitting in first. Our CDs were placed upon the table and also praised. Another scream was heard, I thought I heard someone say "help", but waved it off and figured they could handle it. We each recounted our tales of the night. Apparently Devin and Nick had encountered the old man as well in their search. He only made one attempt on Devin's life but after Devin hit him backside with a chair he went running out the door screaming threats of revenge.

At last Kate and Tim came bounding for us each carrying heavy bags.

"Did we hold you guys up?" Tim asked as they approached.

"We enjoyed our wait" Nick said while laying back on the futon.

They had the remaining element to our treasure, the plastic beads. Apparently there were wallets and jewels and money with all of our riches when found, but we were all the wiser. Our celebration was cut short though, flashing lights and sirens were heard and seen in the distance.

"Oh no, we're in for it now." Kate gave a shriek of fright.

"That damn old man of a psychopathic killer must have called them after we gave him a beating when he pulled himself out of the pool. That was right after we had found the plastic beads in the basements that had one of those doors from outside. They were all lying around knee deep. It was pretty easy for us to get as many as we wanted.

After we loaded up we went back outside and saw the old man fall from upstairs into the pool. So we beat him pretty badly before he could get us. He ran away and said he was going to get revenge on us, this must be it." Tim explained briefly. "Run!"

"Hey, that was us who threw him from the second floor" I recalled.

"That's wild." Tim replied.

So we packed up as much as we could. There was still a fog and dawn was not yet upon us. Devin and Nick packed the chairs and table and each carried the futon through the forest. Tim and Kate grabbed their plastic beads and separated into the forest. I grabbed my two bags and Mark his and we nodded to each other and dashed off merrily to try our luck in the game of evading the police.

I was jumping from bush to bush, keeping low everywhere I went. I heard footsteps every two minutes and didn't take my chances. Just as I thought I was home free and the search had stopped where I was I tripped and one of the bags fell open.

"Vulgar words, why have you escaped me!?"

A mistake I would have to regret for a long time. The voices grew louder and the footsteps came back. The darkness began to clear up a little and the fog was no longer any help. I saw Devin and Nick in the distance through the trees making a run with the futon. I grabbed as many of the fallen CDs as I could and made my run as well. Then I found the dirt road and ran as fast as I could. No more sound. By the time I could see the town I was exhausted. My eyes were too heavy, so I hid the goods. Nothing was left in me to keep going, but I did, so there was enough to continue going, it was just that I didn't know how much longer. Darkness.

(2nd Foreword. It was here where I stopped the story and had some cookies and milk. It was a pleasant Wednesday or Thursday morning, I was not quite sure. If you would like to skip this foreword think about what could happen in the next part of the story until you're done reading. If this

was a movie there might be some music and an intermission. That is all for now, enjoy the rest of this story.)

"Wake up buddy, it's all over." A voice waved like an angel over me.

"Devin, is that you?"

The blur became clear and it was true, but I guess Devin really isn't an angel. Devin, Nick, and Kate were standing above me. I was lying there on a dirty mat in an old building with rusted bars and holes in the bricks allowing light through.

"There's only one place this could be," I said to myself, "Devin, how did we get to your house?"

"No man, this is the jail in Omer. We found you lying in the forest and carried you as far as we could on the futon, but they caught us right before town. It was like they were waiting for us and knew we would come back to get our stuff and car." He shook his head in disbelief. "At least you're all right, the others are still out there, Tim and Mark that is. Hopefully they can..." He was cut off.

Tim and Mark walked in through the open door as Devin was talking.

"Damn, they got us, how do you think they knew we would go back to our rooms?" Tim also in disbelief at the police force's intelligence.

"Don't worry, they outsmarted us too Tim, us too." Devin said, embracing their feelings.

"I'll tell you all now, don't try to escape, they will catch you again." A shaking voice came from the corner, a dark corner. "They check on us once a day, and if we are gone, they will find us."

This came as a shock to us at first, but in time settled in with us. Devin checked to see if it was true, and it was. After the first hour, the sheriff finally came to the jail.

"Well hello there, my new inmates. You have already figured out that you are not allowed to escape. The bathroom and shower is in that corner." Pointing to a room. "There is a water outlet in the back, just make sure you don't leave when you get

water, or we'll get you" A chuckle. His eyes beating down on all of us. "You did a mighty wrong busting in on a poor old man like you did. Be sure that each one of you will be staying for a long time." He ended with a snarl sending each of us into a land of fearful thoughts.

The hour turned into an hour with minutes added on and our minds grew heavy with thoughts that we shared.

"How can we get out?" Was the obvious question from Nick.

"You don't get out, I've been here for three hours." The others voice from the dark corner.

"Then you know the ropes, you can help us, can't you?" Devin's question seeking the opportunity.

"I suppose I might know a thing or two."

He now stepped out of the corner. Everyone looked in shock, for it was a new character without any description or history.

"Well my first question would be what happened to the three that were here earlier? Come to think of it, that would be a second question seeing as I already had asked you a previous question. Also, Nick asked you a question before, but that wasn't me so perhaps it doesn't count." Devin asked and reviewed.

The other character hung its head down and shook, "Those monsters did them in!"

A silence and reflection was held briefly for those who had gone before. Another hour passed and a new came in the never-ending cycle of beginnings and ends that never ended or began. You might say that for once within our group of six and that other character; no thoughts could be thought of to escape. Surely the day would pass and we would go without freedom. We became veterans of our broken down building that was a jail and found ourselves wandering around town and roaming the streets in-between inspections.

It was the third hour and we were almost spent, but then a miracle above all miracles came to us. The tank pulled up in front of the jail and some guy jumped out of

the driver's seat.

"Hey guys! Get in let's blow this town, the tank's fixed! I got all your stuff from where you hid it. Come on! Let's go!"

We figured that we had nothing to lose and all went in. Taking rides with random people who looked vaguely familiar and stole our car had to be better than sitting in the jail any longer. Devin turned around.

"Hey," To the other character, "you coming?"

"You know, these rusted bars do funny things to you, when you first look past them into the forest, you hate them, then you learn to live with them, and then you love them. Go on, I belong here." He responded and then waved us off. "I'll hold off the cops as well as I can."

Smiling, I knew he was right. I patted Devin on the shoulder and we stepped into the "tank". Devin looked to me.

"You know, I think I might miss this place."

"I know, I know, but let's go home." My final dialogue of the story.

We drove off and once again looked into our spoils. Truly this road trip was not just another road trip. It was a great road trip that led to a greater bonding of friends. There was one question that Tim had to get off his chest though.

"Hey, who are you anyway, to come save us like this?" To the driver.

"Dude! I'm Jojo! Why can't you guys ever remember me?"

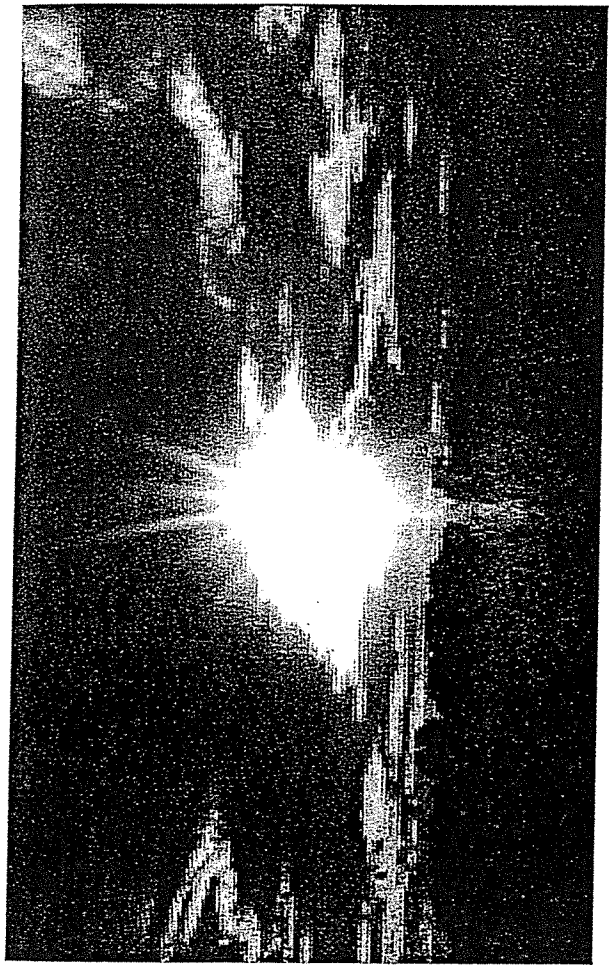
"Oh Jojo! Haha"

We all shared a good laugh to end the story. It was a good ending you might say. Some may say that it was a bad ending, but all in all that is the end. In the next weeks we were back into school and vowed never to tell our story to anyone. Our treasures were kept secret but the plastic beads wove our love for one another together even tighter, the CDs would replay the great moments we had, the chairs would relax us from our day to day jobs and school, and the

table and futon were just a plus. Even the character from the jail building wrote us and told us of how the police spent days baffled to our escape. That road-trip was always talked differently from other road-trips, because it was not just another one of our road trips, it was an adventure!

THE BEGINNING

Note: Corny ending intended, as well as a corny story.
-Stephen



Evan Eustice

The Warning of the Echoes
by Seamus Finnegan

"Think. Who are you?," the echoes beckon.
"Sleep, and we will show you."

My bed falls out from under me
And into green I fall.
"Awake." The voice of St. Stephen greets me,
"Welcome to the greens."
In the distance I hear the soul-caressing quintet:
Melodeon. Pipes. Penny Whistle. Bodhran. Fiddle.
I give my farewell, St. Stephen gives his blessing.
"Never forget," he prays. And I'm off.

In the depths of Merrion Square I hear a colorful laugh
And of love that dare not speak its name
From none other than a pretentious purple man.
"Never forget," he grins.

Sultry Molly Malone begs for aid from Grafton
As gambling chimps on Kildare remind me,
"Never forget," they giggle.

Wandering through Fellows' Square, I hear words
Hardly more audible than a light breeze
"Never forget," illuminated manuscripts whisper.

And as I cross the River Liffey
A man with a tipped hat leans
On the railing, crosses his legs,
And smiles, "Never forget."

Walking up O'Connell Street,
Cuchulainn confronts me with his axe.
The great warrior reminisces
About the sons of Erin who rose
With Christ on that fateful Easter Monday in 1916.

"And," he warns with a boom, "never forget."
Bunk turns to bassinet as boy turns to baby
Pages turn backward in the wind
And stop at the birth of a nation

Back down O'Connell,
Across the Liffey,
To Grafton, Kildare,
Merrion Square,
St. Stephen's Green,
I rise from Eire.

My bed reappears under me,
And the echoes bellow,
"Here you began, so here you are,
Never forget!"

The Waves
by James Wilson

Waves crash.
As he a-walks the silent beach,
Memories,
Toss and tumble with the waves.
Memories of life, of death;
He walks and thinks about his past.
Generations have done the same, walked the same, lived the same.
Summer, Winter, Love and Hate, all toss and tumble in the waves.
People, places,
Turning, churning;
Sunrise, Sunset,
Day after Day.
Time after time he's walked this path,
Thinking, wondering about the waves.

Wasted Years
by Mark Peterson

Little child
Rest your eyes,
And lay within the dust

Sleepyhead,
Go to bed,
Forever if you must.

Life is hell,
And living tells
Naught but how deep we're bound.

And binding lies
In taking sides,
But yours is always wrong.

Death, though, 's a
Releasing,
From pain and fear and hope.

And if you lunge
To take the plunge,
The gods have just the rope.

My advice
To you though,
Is throw the yoke away.

Wasted years
May bring you tears,
Or better things to stay

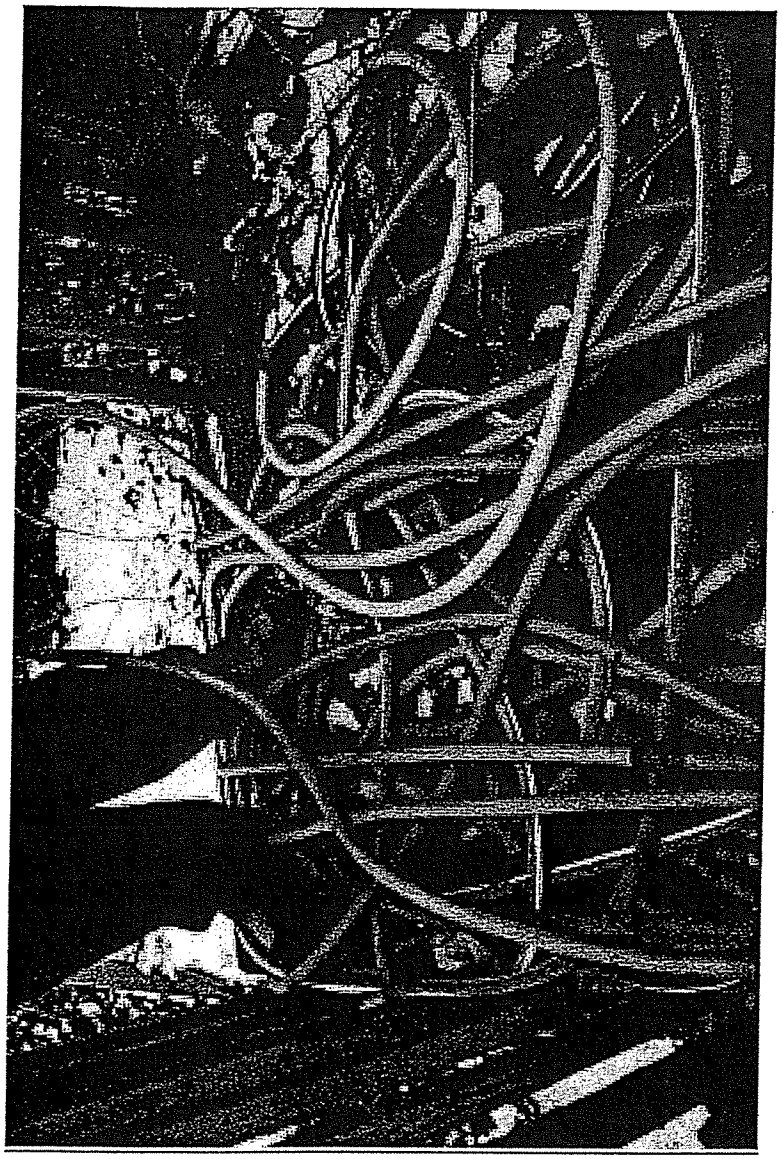
The Hidden
by Thomas F. Cusack

Hidden it stays,
Away from the eyes of mankind,
It is wise to do this,
It knows that if it were to ever show itself it would be ... Hunted.
Yes it knows that man would hunt it and then kill it.
It knows mankind's greed and turmoil.

It can see.
Not like you and I can,
It can see though.
It sees hope, hate, love, anger, yes, yes, emotions.
That is why it stays hidden, it sees our greed and pain.
It knows our pain because it must.

It tastes emotion.
It once wanted to show itself,
Show itself to mankind,
But because it tasted our apathy in polluted water,
It breathed our carelessness in the air, and watched
OH, it watched and cried when we waged war.

It hid afterwards,
After roaming the battlefield.
It felt pains
Great pains of sadness, anger, hatred, greed.
It cried out loud in agony of our death,
But was muffled by the bombs. So it hides.



Evan Eustice

Time Disregardful
by Joe Churukian

Clueless while basking in happiness,
the children smile with joy.
Embraced by the man
with whom not enough time was spent.

Blissful and glad while enjoying the moment;
youth blinds them of the possibilities the future may hold.
Naïve of the sorrow and regret ahead of them;
their inexperienced minds know nothing of such emotions.

Maybe it could have been avoided,
had the kind old man only known of what was yet to come.
The young ones would surely not have understood,
for the delicacy of life can only be realized through loss.

Perhaps their naivetes add to the moment's value.
It is genuine love which flows from the frozen moment in time,
not obligation which brings them together.

Still, in spite of their love, time continues living its life
oblivious of those caught in its path.
The caring man is now gone,
the young boys are grown.

Happiness is now replaced with sorrow.
Love has given way to regret.
Ignorance becomes wisdom.

Barely casting an askew glance,
time simply goes on living.

The Puddle
by Thomas F. Cusack

There is a puddle in my way
From my path I will not stray

There is no bridge to walk across
For what to do I'm at a loss

The puddle measures eight feet deep
It's twenty yards to fat to leap

Do I try my luck and wade
Or do I wait for it to fade

There is no wood on which to float
Nor anything to make a boat

Do I leave or do I stay
Do I come back some other day

I wonder why the puddle is there
Why does it not flow somewhere

It has not rained for many weeks
Yet this puddle's larger than most creeks

Why does the Sun not take its toll
I sit and stare at this water hole

This massive, wretched, maddening lake
That offers no other road to take

There was a puddle in my way
I finally crossed it yesterday

What is Green?
by Alex Glaros

Green is new life in springtime,
It is a lush jungle full of vitality and sound,
It is peace and sanctity,
Green is rolling hills and swaying seaweed,
It is the water in the ocean, sleek and powerful,
It is the trees, sturdy and commanding,
Green is the high moss strewn mountain,
It is the low protected valley,
Green is like the grasshopper, harmonic and agile,
It is the snake, mysterious, treacherous,
Green is the grass, seemingly small and weak, yet it spans the globe,
It is the sparkling emerald, strong and beautiful,
It is the vast and fertile plain,
Green is the inconspicuous and powerful kryptonite,
It is like the flower stem, sturdy and slender,
Green is the carefree macaw soaring through the trees,
Light, calm,
Free.

The Old Boy
by Bob Heberling

When I became able to reason
I found you akin to Merlin in mind
Your great mind was lost, but not to decay
I grew knowing you this way
Never knowing you as yourself
My age was too late to know you first hand
Rather I knew you as the subject of stories
Seeing the ultimate end of the story before me
As you left to join your brother and son
Leaving, to return to your true self

The Onlookers
by James Wilson

Tall, looming,
Ever gloomy,
The trees watch,
Whisper.
Among themselves they speak.

Travelers pass,
Weary and Wary,
Looking back at those who stare.
Those ever gloomy, always looming
tall foreboding objects there.

Their fear they feel,
These silent watchers
of the path that many tread.
In silence, speak they to the others,
of their path so many dread.

Then cometh a traveler,
Weary not,
Traversing path of which they speak.
The fear built up throughout the ages
Melts like snow from a mountain's peak.

This traveler, lone, and more, defenseless,
up against the age old trees.
Has proven that the meek and joyful
Can bring the mighty to their knees

Conscientious Objector
by Tom Sklut

You glare at me, and I at you,
Straight into my eyes.
And even with that fatal stare
Still I say, "not I."
For some are glad, some I know,
Willing to go to you.
But I am different, I am still,
And to myself still-true.
You tango round, our eyes still locked,
Your pressure building, bides.
And even as we dance apart
I keep you by my side.
For I don't delay or recompense.
I stand firmly in the sand.
But plagues will end and go away
Quickly if we band.
You speak to me and I to you
Dishonorable words of price
And even with that deadly thought,
still I repeat, "not I."

Paper Eater
by Joseph Rhoades

In they go but out do not,
Employees' best three point shot.
I'll eat your trash all day long
And I'm found from Paris to Hong Kong.
When I get filled up you'll see,
The janitor will empty me.
Whether lined by bag
Or whether not,
I'll always take your three point shot.

The Ballad of Quetico
by Joe Gibbs
A Parody of Stopping by the Woods
by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I do not know;
I see no houses as I row.
I'm sure we won't be stopping here
Our paddle strokes they shall not slow.
Our paddle strokes, they shall not slow

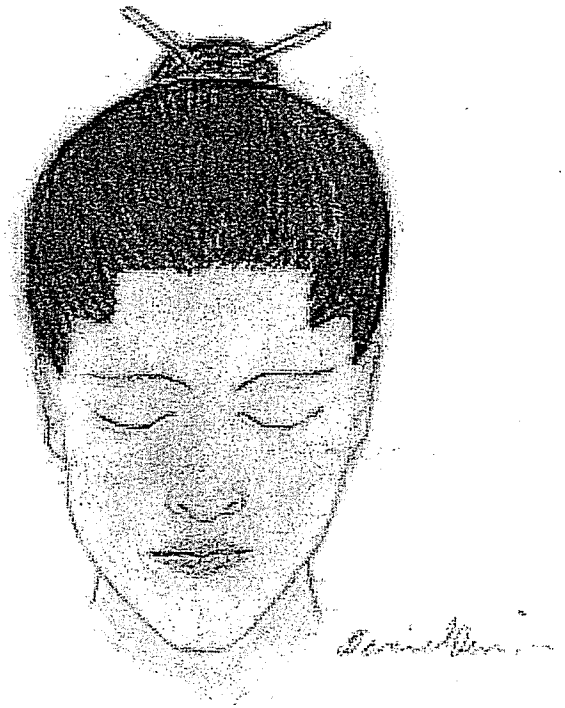
Our counselor, his name was Dave.
His life I swear I'd never save.
If he were attacked by a bear,
I'd just regress and leave him there.
I'd just regress and leave him there.

The wildlife, it ain't so grand.
Those deerflies sure got out of hand.
The flies would land right on your face,
And take a bite from any place.
And take a bite from any place.

Our Canuck guide would shake his head.
I'm sure he wished we all were dead.
He went to college at Rec School.
I guess he thought that made him cool.
I guess he thought that made him cool.

He gives his paddle arm a shake.
I know this trip was a mistake...
The only other sound's
The sweep of easy wind across the lake.

The lakes are blue, they're dark and deep.
I have the urge to wail and weep.
And miles to go
Before I sleep.



Daniel Quinn

Remembrance
Anonymous

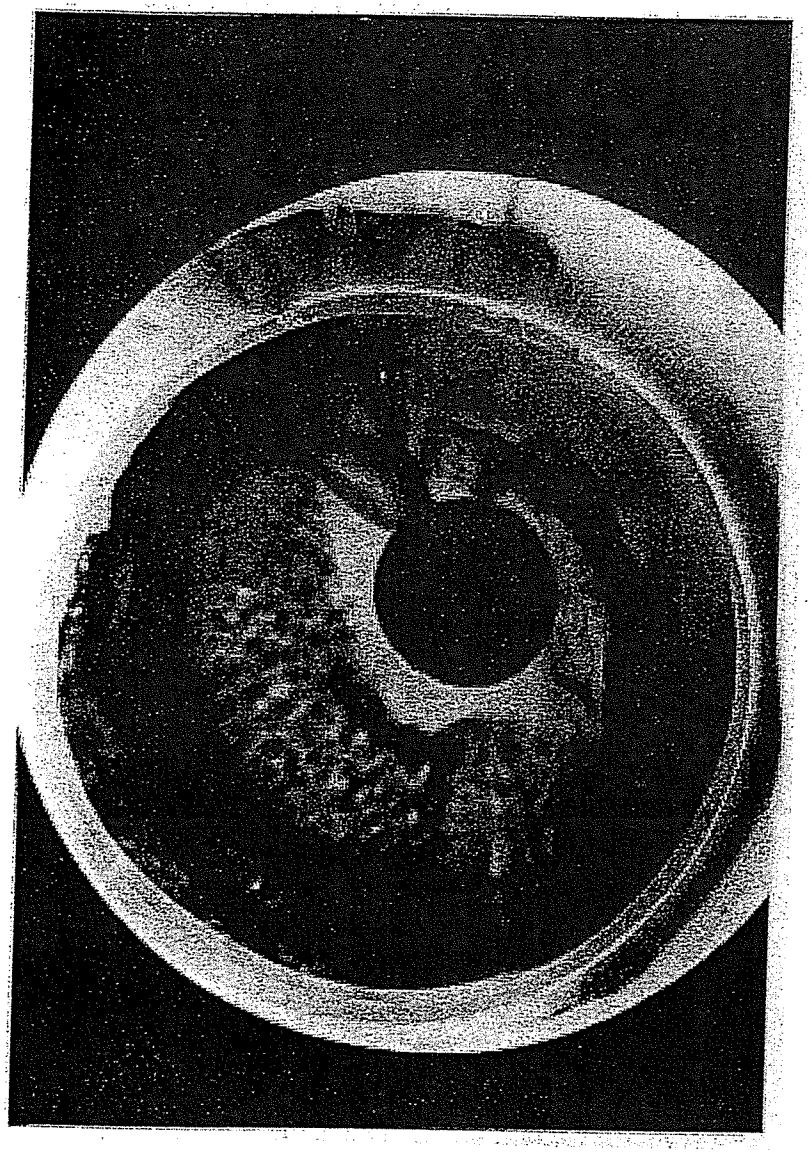
Do you remember? Do you?
Can you recall that summer day?
The bust streets of Georgetown
Were bustling with shoppers
With students, families and teachers,
Walking quickly to the lined-up shops,
To get home, to go away
Who knows where they were going? Who really cares?
You and I thought of other things that day
Other things that have since crossed my mind.

We'd gone to your favorite stores,
The ones you know that I hate,
For being the pits of conformity,
And the temples to haughty wealth.
With some humor in your big, brown eyes,
You look at me with slight confusion.
Why must I be so out of place outside?
Why the winter hat in the summer? Why the vivid colors?
But deep down, you really know.
After all, you were once the same.

You know what it is like to stand out,
Or at least you did a long time ago,
Because maybe you've forgotten now,
Being too busy with you life.
Maybe you've forgotten what you stood for,
Your hopes and dreams and values.
But I have not forgotten those.
Why should I remember those things?
Because though they were yours, they're mine now,
Because someone needs to keep them alive.

The Journey
by Alton James

A Journey, a new invigorating yet perilous journey
Accompanied by friends and family in one-family...
At one moment we celebrate in the sun's rays
The next we curse its burning rays
This day, new yet familiar, similar to the previous day,
We once again travel the streets of this "family fun place"
With satisfied stomachs and fulfilled thrills by the raging coasters and theme attractions,
We manage to find a way to walk the miles of pavement on traveled...and throbbing feet
As we walk we only mutter words to one another,
Focused on our pilgrimage to a meal and a seat...
Yet this will alone couldn't get us there any faster,
As we were approached by a strange and elated figure...
This joy was not a thing I was accustomed to at that moment,
And this person, this figure, this thing only brought me resentment...
The next thing I knew my family and I were cursed with the burden of wearing phony smiles,
That were captured within this physical image. Now looking back at it, it really wasn't so bad...no it actually brought me the same joy as the stranger wore on his face...
And to think without this stranger, this memory might not have existed.



Robert Heberling

How Easy?
by Tom Sklut

How easy it is to throw yourself away,
To uncap and open yourself,
To a different world.

How easy it is to let go of your beliefs.
And for what?
To flow with the masses?
To give into pressed imposition?

If it is so wide spread,
Why fight?
To oppose your peers?
To be the bigger person?
To flow with the minority?

And I stick to
My own guns.
Rationally.
Limitless.
Sane.
Happy.

Imagina (The Quiet Life)
by Ephraim Sasis

I dream of a quiet life,
A life of eternal moments at your side,
Where golden dawn-light bathes your fair face,
Where your beautiful eyes are closed in serenity's sweet embrace,
And I am awed by all your inviolable pulchritude-
I love your being as a whole,
Your heart, body, mind, and soul.

I dream of a quiet life,
A quiet disturbed only by our laughter,
As your smile seems to light up the day,
As I sheepishly catch myself staring and then quickly look away,
And your warm voice fills the awkward silence-
Sometimes, I am speechless,
Wordlessly, I will your happiness.

I dream of a quiet life,
A dream I know will never come true,
Because I am not the one you dream of,
Because you love me very much, but only as a friend would love,
And I accept this with a happy heart-
I love you perpetually,
In this heart, you will always be.

I dream of a quiet life...
I dream of you...
I dream...
...

Luna's Apostrophe
by Ephraim Sasis

What is this heart-wrenching feeling...
I've never felt before?
With every passing moment with you
My heart both aches and heals more and more.

As moon circles earth,
So my life protectively revolves around you.
My heart is yours, but yours belongs to another,
Yet I will will the best for you two.

Sunlight shimmers on the ocean,
Reminding me of your eyes.
I know I can never be at your side;
I share the pathos of the wide and empty sapphire skies.

Fight
Anonymous

Can you disregard me?
When I fight so hard to stay within
A circle some always enter,
And a circle of those you push out.
Can there somehow be a way,
To somehow bind the two.
Because it's impossible to discover
What you truly think of me.
Impossible but I always think,
Foolishly I worry about my "glorified self,"
When I should be worrying about someone else.
So I fight to keep up with the leads of the race
So perhaps I can somehow take my true place.

Forever
by Anonymous

The sun was shining,
But it would soon be dark.
I could see you beside me,
But that would soon change
I was forever in happiness,
But how long is forever?
Not very
You wanted to teach me everything,
But fate's wants were different.
You were always there for me,
Then it all disappeared.
I felt the sun suddenly set
in a crash of glass and steel.
I was blind to everything,
especially you.
I was forever in sorrow,
But how long is forever?
I became callused to learning,
as my questions had no answers.
I had been left all alone,
Lost and confused.
The sun would again rise,
Very slowly and never as bright.
The world was still hazy,
But I knew you were near.
You would guide me forever,
But how long is forever?
You would teach me everything,
And I had to learn how to learn.
You would love me forever,
Showing forever can be very long.

No Middle
by Grant Griglak

I don't believe there is a middle,
But only love and hate
Without any stain of confused contentment.

Throughout my existence I have seen
Only in black and white.
I have judged only right and wrong.
I have chosen only between quick and dead.

I turn to no man, only left or right.
I choose to avoid purgatory.
My path is bound only for heaven or hell.

Evading details is my priority.
I would rather burn than wallow
And suffer the mediocrity of decadence.

Yet do not love and hate suffer from this?
Hate is never simple, but always the seed of violence.
Nor is love simple, for from it comes lust.

How then, can decadence be avoided?
Only by lying about the truth of complexity
Can I avoid its existence.

Only by claiming the purity of dark and light
And denouncing compromise can I say:
I don't believe there is a middle.

Coal
by Matt Vitous

Shiny jet-black fur, deep brown eyes, huge paws and wild whiskers
Sleeps on his back with legs spread eagle

Mischievous
Prances proudly before me with forbidden item
Nimble and Powerful
A seventy-five pound horse, he excels at in-charge soccer
Intelligent
Tips his head and looks intently when attempting to understand
Knows exactly what he should do and does the opposite
Excitable and Protective
Warns me of the mortal dangers that are faraway trains, squirrels, leaves and brushes
Inquisitive
Believes that the only use for can openers is to open tasty soft-food

Live the outdoors, water, stuffed animals and all things stinky
Faithful member of the braking chain,
Always a good but except when he's bad

27-A Requiem
by A.m. STANISLAVS Fyfe

It seems like the 3rd time
Times 9 isn't quite a charm.
At least for 4 Revolutionaries,
Symbols of Self-Sacrificing Generations.

One, and the 1st, an American gypsy out of
The Sad Nothwest. One to
Whom credit is sometimes most given for
Twisting, bending soul riffs.
Jamming on the Stratus(o)phere, pushed
Forward by the Voices under the Tie-Dye Band.

Secondly, a great Defier of the No-Soul
Stereotype (Stigma?), wailing about the troubles that
All of Those Under that certain level experience.
Giving a New Definition of "Freedom."

Now, on the stage, Speaking out, Getting arrested,
A Great American poet now well-recognized in
That regard. Oh Yes, a Scaly Monarch
Broke on Through in the City of Lights.

After a while, nothing too much.
But, the Northwest again shattered monotony.
One, sarcastically screeching through the Womb.
Wanting to break Free, but just cracked himself
Like the Others.
Did he gain that Final Release?

Has anyone?



Matt Vitous

Empty Vehicle
by Anonymous

The sheet white car journeys down the road, full of life and love;
It gleams in the sun like a fresh blanket of winter snow.

A sudden intruder stains the serenity of the moment,
And the brakes squeal like an eagle's screeching cry, but much more threatening.

A crowd gathers as the burning odor circles around,
A stench that is worse than that of the skunk, but much more subtle.

A foul flavor is sensed, the flavor of loss and hardship,
A taste sour like mold, but much more infesting.

The weight of the air is felt by the bystanders,
A weight like a lead boulder, but much more heavy;

Heavy because it is composed solely of sorrow,
The sorrow that only accompanies a great loss,

The loss of the life and the love that once filled the white car,
The car that is now a heap of torn and twisted metal.

The pure and innocent transport that once carried great joy
Is now the empty vehicle that harbors only despair.

The occupants of the car are no longer there:
One is in a better place, with greatness deserving of the man,

The other is still on earth, living his life as best as he can,
Knowing that the great man he lost is always nearby to lend a supporting hand.

My Father
by Piotr Picz

He is like a silent bird
Alive yet dead
I feel his hate
Yet his love makes me shiver
How silent and hidden though.

I weep like a willow
Desire like a sparrow
Do I reap what I sow?
Where art thou love?
I need your warmth
I need you to tingle my numb heart,
Wet tears of anger I shed
Yet the tears have an ounce of happiness
Yet dry as a dead man's bone

Father you stab me with your indifference,
Your love so foreign leaves a sprinkle of hope
It is my fathers love.

Destruction
By Bob Heberling

We have grown into it
And now we live amongst it
Unavoidable, humanity in its element
It is brought on by the trusted
Under the guise of peace
Driven by greed, fueling the hate of all
There is no victory over humanity
It will never succumb to itself
Through our own destruction
We find our salvation

A Villanelle for Ron
by Dietrich McGaffey

you have to wonder where they lie,
have you seen what happens to them?
what happens to them when they die?

will brother, mother, father try
to call to you when you are down?
you have to wonder where they lie.

so they sing as angels on high
and think of you as you did them
what happens to them when they die?

perhaps they burn and wail and cry
and curse this place and all of us
you have to wonder where they lie.

then we, who turn and twist and sigh
and wish they had not left us so
what happens to them when they die?

for all who did not say good-bye,
here for you is one last reply.
you have to wonder where they lie,
what happens to them when they die?

Beauty Divine
by Gabriel Scruggs

Your soft skin makes gentle breezes seem like rough mahogany,
Your face makes God Himself jealous of his own creation,
You walk right by flashing me with the purest divinity,
Your ways are calm and slow, like you have time to be waistin.
Your voice makes strong men mentally crumble in their shoes,
With puffy cheeks and pouty lips, you know how to work your hips,
Walking and flaunting yourself, giving sentimental woo's,
Cause any man can clearly see, your smile launched 1,000 ships.
I wanted to hold you, but you slipped away,
I guess I tried to holla, but didn't know how to act,
Your divine beauty avoids me even to this day,
I'm desperately pleading, so please write me back.
You're special in every indifferent way,
Taunting me more, every single day.

Drake
by Thomas F. Cusack

I spread my wings and fly away
Salted earth will spoil today
Blood and wine go hand in hand
You don't need a chair to make a stand

Flying high over head looking down to see our fears
Running friends and dying loves all that comes to me are tears

Green Fields why are you sighing
Metal rain has turned your grass red
Men cry out as they are dying
Back home mothers are crying

The World We Live In
by Corey Bartos

In this world we live in
The lives we have
The worries today
Of the dreams we had
They've gone away
Like the moon in the morning
Childhood dreams
That are made when it's storming
Have evaporated away form our adult minds
But seem to resurface from time to time
And when we relize that those days are gone
The memories return in the beat of a song
Your life has gone by
Its too late to turn back
Reality has hit you hard with a smack
But there's still hope for you
Your still young at heart
Piercing the days of old
Like a dart
To do all the things you used to do
And no one can take that away from you
So play on in the morning
Play on in the night
And don't give up your life
Without a fight

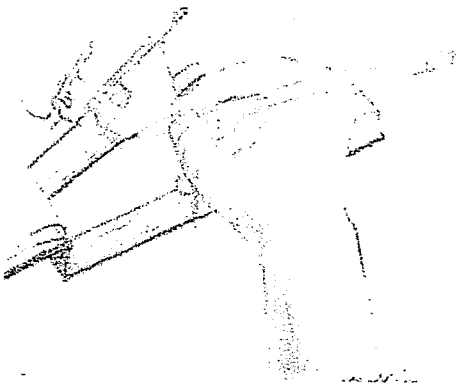
Abortion (Not Yet)
Anonymous

In a hasty fit of passion,
Or a moment of unthoughtful bliss,
The alteration of two lives forever.
Faced now, scarcely with reality.

What if I slipped and now I'm faced,
not just me nor two, but three.
And knowing that life is not mine
To take to give or receive.
Not yet.

How could I deal with a life or a death?
Caused by only my hand and hers.
Not yet- could be
Born in me- not yet.
Could be in a later time or place
Not yet

The choice made could be made so easy
To end and turn away
And frightening actions that never were
Might creep and seize the day.



David Quinn

Why
Dedicated by Gabriel Scruggs to Granddaddy David

Can someone please tell me why,
Why God had to take him now,
When on his face there lay a frown,
Why God had to take him down.
He was standing oh so high,
Never fearful, never shy,
And I've never seen him sigh,
Never shudder, never cry.
He was never full of violence,
Never known to break the silence,
Never crumbled with defiance,
And never looked for reliance.
But even still, he was a blessing,
Always soothing and caressing,
On a salad, he's the dressing,
His soothing voice was so finessing.
Now I know that he has learned,
Safe from cuts, bruises, and burns,
Singing joyous hymns in turn,
That there he'll stay 'til Christ returns.

Rorrim
by Alexander Davidson

.siht ekil etorw ylpmis uoy fi
ssim dluow elpoep sterces eht llA
.gniyl m'I kniht uoy fi neve
gniyfitsym eb nac sdrawkcaB

Hint- read right to left bottom line first and top line last.

Surfing for the First Time
Anonymous

As I paddle harder and harder with the water flowing between my fingers,
I look back only to see the wave charging me from behind.
I breath in the sweet salt-water air before I jump up on my board,
And I realize I am actually doing it (surfing) when I hear the wind rushing past my ears.
As the wave crashes I jump off my board in joy only to get a mouthful of salty water.

Queen & Hubbard
by Evan Eustice

Stressed, lazy, going crazy,
All this work makes my mind hazy.

So I'll go down to Hubbard Street
And maybe fix me something good to eat.

You know, my friend Mesu lives there.
When I need a trim, he cuts my hair.

And down on the corner of Queen and Hubbard,
Uncle Reda's got a secret cupboard.

I have no clue what he keeps in there,
But what I know is that Mesu's house is where

I can get rid of every trivial, stupid, bothersome care.

The Author and the Editor
by Joe Sawicki

To the Editor:
'I cannot work with schedules;
You issue little time
To dabble toes in verse and prose
And recollect a rhyme.

'No epic tales or books divine
Should you expect to see.
The meanest jerk and paltry work
You may receive from me!

'But do not blame me for my care
Nor scold me in your haste:
A kindness missed through clenching fists
Is nothing but a waste.'

To the Author:
'Dear Sir, it seems that avarice
You feel, to you, I bind;
But little kindness can react
To that which naught can find.

'To allocate a greater leave
I am not want to do.
A power over syllabi,
Have I no more than you.

'No need, though, to apologize;
Though poems may be missed,
There are a countless myriad
To which I can redress.'

Look Away
by Geoffrey Garrett

You ended my life
But my hearts still beating
I once had mad love for you
Now it's slowly depleting
It's like you do this on purpose
Nesting and feeding
Playing games of the mind
Games you were cheating
I can't describe within me this remarkable feeling
I look at you
I look away
O so relieving

HOPE
by Kilendil

I stare the Kleenex box, my desk it sits upon;
Far better I suppose, than a used press-on...
My gaze lights on the phone, buttons-up on its back;
Gray useless lump of crap, I toss it in a sack.

Peace incense fills the room, choking any good mood;
The white mist wafts around, durn stuff tainting my food.
Curse it! I wanted that; that cannoeli, so small
would stave off this spiral, put an end to this pall

Hearing the phone ringing, I seek it in the mix;
Stupid phone! O stupid!... 'Twas buried 'neath Kleenex
I answer the durn thing, cursing he who's calling;
Just leave me be alone! Without headache clawing...!

It's my Dad. He's on his way home with more cannoeli.

EUPHORIOUS
by Joe Ferguson

You stare, as you often do, out into the dark, just me and you.
The cold wind rips through evening air.
Time stands still, yet moves too fast, immediately our time has passed.
I feel drawn to your begging eyes.
Serenity of heart and mind, if I could leave the world behind
I'd spend my life with you without a care.
The touch of love and taste of need, I turn away, and my heart bleeds.
You continue to mesmerize.

It's worth it all, it's worth the pain,
It cools and stimulates my heart.
Silence, simple, ten more minutes,
I play the fool and love the part.

I see you in everything, I lay awake and hear you sing,
Everything I need and more.
Erase the past, we are right now, and we understand, somehow,
The corners of each other's mind.
A total eclipse before my eyes, your body is my mortal prize,
The temple that I worship and adore.
We lay asleep in lakes of love, but suddenly the clouds above
Crash into the surface, disrupting the sublime.

Step back and take it all in, this is what we sacrificed for.
Take it and run with it now, never knew your true self before.
They ignored our passion before, now they are struck blind by its light.
Now everything is a blur, but everything is all right.

Simple understatements,
Every other line,
The schism separating the whole world
From the divine.

Leading the Way
by Kyle Roe

I am the killer of Jesus,
Hung for the all world to see,
I bless all your prayers,
And help open the doors of eternal salvation,
I held the king of Jews,
During his final days,
I am the symbol,
The symbol that leads the way

A Modified Sonnet
by Kyle Koerber

Is it wrong to try and save face
when a grimy, jagged knife blade
is ramméd into my heart's place?
And all they tell me is "That's Life!"

I refuse to believe "That's Life!",
that my dignity awash lies
sunder'd on shores of my own strife,
Beached by their freezing, sweaty tides.

The pain is of their own making:
the mingling of fire and ice.
Comfort is of their own making.
I can rebel, but at what price?

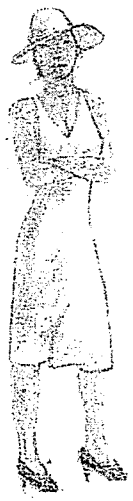
Fight the pain and I fight relief,
Where is my conquering belief?

"Christian journey soon be over..."

tones
joe balistreri

a violent storm sweeps across the land
its course and path known by no man
rain falls in torrents to the earth
and thunder destroys all signs of mirth
yet as rain slaps hard against his face
he sheds no tear, not a trace
he stands tall and proud through driving sleet
straight, composed as if no feat
the storm changes course at its own whim
raging east, marching west, it wont give in
yet through it all, the man stands tall
battered, torn, yet he will not fall
and through it all he gains great might
he is weathered now, and ready for the fight
on quiet mornings, there shines gentle light
and the man stands tall, and all is right
the battered man, solid as stone
is warm and gentle, and not alone
the storm has passed
and all is serene
yet the man loves the sky
the earth's pure green
he loves what he sees, no matter how dank, how great
because he loves the sky, he loves his fate
he knows that there can be no other
the sky for him is his greatest brother
because the man and the sky, they alone
can remember their passing tone
they both recall the bitter night
where snow sent creatures into flight
they whisper of warm soothing days
where meek sun peered through dewdrop haze
the light of life pouring forth from the sky
reinvents the earth by and by
the man sees this, and it makes him glad

the change for him is nothing sad
he once saw things in a simpler way
taking the sky day by day
but now he sees and sees with joy
that the sky, though it can be quite coy
always will change
and always will bear
a different tale of life to share
yet in the darkness
and in the night
the man can see that there is still light
that light, though fleeting, far away
is in the sky, and it will stay
the man stands poised for another storm
yet smiles to himself, and feels quite warm
because through the pounding hail's great might
he knows that he will soon see light
(yours is the rapture. yours the murmuring brook, babbling through life. choose your stance.)



Daniel Quinn

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