INSCAPE

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Double Issue

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The Moment of Nature
Vincent Surmont

The boy was running
Trembling through the woods
Trying to keep his balance
Stumbling to the ground
Scrapping the palms of his hands
Catching himself
And keeps running
Breathing harder and harder
Diving into the river
And then just swimming around
Finding a beautiful key in the water
Picking it up and looking at it
Wondering what it goes to
Walking around
Gazing into the forest
Looking for where it might go
Seeing something in the distance
Walking over to it
Enjoying the beautiful area around him
Putting the key into the door
Hearing the squeak from the hinges
Stepping into the hut
Noticing what might have been a home
They were surviving off of this
Needing some fresh air so he walks out
The boy starts heading back
Passing all the things
He was seeing earlier that day
Wishing he could have stayed



Cedarville, Michigan
David Bindon

The Piano
Matthew LoPrete

I stand in the corner of the room,
Often a mere decoration.
I wait until the eager young man
Comes to make music with my ivory keys
And strings, which will always obey
What he plays, either right or wrong.
It is up to him to decide what I do.
Then he goes, finally finished.
Glad that I soothed his troubled mind,
I spend the night alone again.

Now I am in a ballroom
Oh what an honor it is
To have an expert play me!
My keys and strings are delighted
To make music for him.
We watch as the newly wed and others
Dance to our enjoyable waltz.
But they hardly notice us.
Only deep inside is where
They appreciate a simple piano.

Sonnet 1798
Avery Flyte

Like a caged bird yearning to be set free,
Longing for the cool breeze of the summer sky,
Thou must leave behind his imported tea,
And escape to nature or let they soul die.
For nature will come to bring peace to the mind,
Unleashing to the sky all thou past pains,
For then thy mind will no longer be confined,
And in seeking life's meaning thou will make great gains.
So as thou travel through the confines of life,
Never cease to be amazed at nature's beauty,
Or else all of life will be lived in great strife.
Therefore, pack up your bags and respond to life's duty.
For if thou does so all of life's goals can be achieved.
And thou can enjoy nature's beauty truly relieved.

The Hourglass
Tim Doman

Life is a gift.
A treasure from God.
Slow down. Cherish it, value it.
When you are young you want to grow up fast.
We only get to live life once, make the most of it.
Live your life to your highest potential.
Do not take it for granted.
Enjoy every part.
Life is a gift.
Enjoy
The simple
Things in nature.
Breathe in fresh air.
Smell the freshly grown flowers.
Watch the leaves change color and fall off the trees.
Watch the snow fall on a winter day.
Listen to the birds chirping.
Feel the wet dew
On your feet on
A sunny cool
Mid-Summer
Morning.

WWJD
John Neff

You know that phrase "What Would Jesus Do", well how do we know it REALLY means that. It could stand for many things, like "Why Would Jesus Die" or "Walking Water Jesus Did". Obviously if you asked Jesus what he would do he would just take a stick and write some profound meaning into some sand. For heaven sakes for all we know is that the word "do" means many things as far as it goes for thoughts and actions. May be WWJD in the past changed over time. For example before Mary had Jesus it could have been "Wonders Will Jesus Do", then after he was born the question was "When Will Jesus Die", then after he had died people could have felt less immortal and powerful and thought "We Will Just Die", and then since Jesus was no longer around to answer that question we finally came up with "What Would Jesus Do". In my opinion if Jesus were to really sit down and get interrogated by some 14 year old student, he may just reply "What Would Jesuits Do".

Split
Enzo Walters

They say
"Life is a bowl of cherries."
I say
"Life is a load of crap."
you enter
without a care in the world
& commit yourself
toomuch
too much
Your God
Your Mother
Your Father
Your Education
Your Interests
never knowing that
Your God pulls you by your hair
Your Mother pulls you by your right hand
Your Father pulls you by your left hand
Your Education pulls you by your right foot
Your Interests pulls you by your left foot
& in unison
they pull you
in 5 different directions
until you split into not 5, but 6 pieces
Your God will be there to catch your head & neck
Your Mother will be there to catch your right arm
Your Father will be there to catch your left arm
Your Education will be there to catch your right leg
& Your Interests will be there to catch your left leg
But
who will be there
to catch your heart
broken
on
the
floor
?

Aye, Wont Conform
Justin Nance

I was eleven years old, just starting middle school.
My dad says wear a tie.
Mom says wear a smile.
I don't wanna.
Teacher says tuck in your shirt.
Classmate says don't laugh at the old man in the hall.
Everything I do is wrong.
For some reason it's all wrong.
I like to do things MY way.
I always have.
But now everything is different.
I saw it one day.
It was always there, but I never realized.
Everyone was the same.
I couldn't tell between adult and child.
I walked into class and saw it.
Everyone had their tie on.
They all wore a smile, I knew it was fake.
They were behaved.
Their shirts were tucked in.
But not me, I was the same as yesterday, and the day before.
But them, they were something else.
I told my parents, and they told me something I'd never forget.
They said that's what happens.
They said they went through the same thing.
But man, it was something.
I mean, can you imagine walking into school and suddenly all your classmates,
All your friends,
All your teachers,
They were all the same, and you couldn't tell which was which?
My dad said that's part of life, you wake up and see the truth
Kids become adults. They take up rules and responsibilities.
I cried.
I'm just a kid, please let me be a kid.
It was horrible.
18
Like one day, I'm playing with my toys and it turns into a cell phone.
I'm riding my bike and it turns into a car.
I'm walking into school and it turns into a corporate building.
It happened too fast for me to control.
The lines between childhood and adulthood suddenly became a blur.

Everything became easier though.
I did it. Just like everyone else did. I needed to in order to survive in society. It was inevitable.
But I didn't get marked down for lack of punctuation anymore.
I wasn't the kid who always stood out from the crowd.
I wore a tie.
I wore a smile.
I tucked in my shirt.
Everything I did was right.
I did it because I knew I had to, but I lost myself in the process.
Who is this person now working in corporate law, with a suit and tie?
Not the same person who never followed the rules.
Not the same person who was different from the others, accustomed to society.
Not the same person who was proud and happy to be different, and individual.
Ahh but was it?
This person who was forced to leave childish things behind, as society dragged him away kicking and screaming.
Whom society changed for the better, made him more mature, more of a man.
But no, it can't be the same person.
That person lost his innocence, his identity, his childhood when society took him in.
And that person was me.
Society taught me what to wear, how to act, what to like,
It taught me everything that made me who I am today.
And I'm very, very happy with who I am today.
But oh, when I lie down and remember being a free spirit in my days of childhood,
I think to myself,
Aye, Won't Conform!



Sitting Lily, Montgomery St. Peter

Fire and Light
Robert Pytel

Fire has such flamed itself with Fire and Light
Through ages past, seeking Power in All.

Light has prevailed in Majority,
But Flame has won critical Victories.

They have fought upon every terrain known
And in distant Universes throughout.

In the Deepest Darkness and Lightest Light,
Battles have worn on for centuries, eons.

Light shall use all the Stars of the Sky and
Flame will Trick Minds to Gain Limitless Hearts.



Untitled, Devon Surmont

My Dream, My Fantasy, My Wish
Jared V. Walker

My dream is to run away, with you at my side
to find a green hill, with a full moon, so high
feed you red strawberries, wipe your lips with my tissue
starring into your hypnotic eyes, I lean forward and kiss you
My fantasy is to take you, to that blue sparkled river
with your beautiful figure, and a candle light dinner
the bright sunlight, dimmed, compared with your eyes
now lost in our world, away from fear, away from lies
My wish is to hug you and never let go
feeling your breath down my neck, oh so ever slow
I think of our future, we are together forever
I grasp your hand tight, prepare for our eternal endeavor

The Daydream
Jay Walton

As I sit here in class,
My pencil writing out my notes,
The teacher lecturing,
But I don't know on what.
I am not listening,
My body may be there,
But my mind isn't.
I am in another land,
One where the hero is the villain,
And the villain, the hero.
The grass is blue,
The sky is red,
Where there are two suns,
And four moons.
Stars burn pink,
And clouds are black.
The jungles are purple,
The leaves are brown.
Animals look like aliens from Space.
They have eyes like jello,
Or too many legs.
Some are furry,
Some are not.
Some have wings,
And some can swim.
What kind of place is this?
Well,
It's my place,
Created by my mind.
A place to escape the boredom,
Of too much school a day.
So, I guess I love school,
In a crazy way.
For it lets me open up my mind,
In new ways each day,
To keep me busy,
While the teacher talks away.
A place where I can be the villain,
The hero,
Or me.
Do I want to have some wings?
Poof
Now I have them,
In this place that I have found.
I become a god,
Controller of everything and everyone.
I have my fun,
And I have some more,
Back to the land of the Dayderam.
But,
Suddenly,
The bell rings.
And I am jarred from this reverie.
I pick up my books,
I get everything packed up,
And walk out the door,
Down the hall,
And up the stairs,
To my next class for the day.
Now here,
I get all ready,
And then my mind wanders,
Back to that crazy world,
Where I am God and Puppetmaster.

Dreaming While Awake (not to be confused with daydreaming)
Edmund Maciorowski

It has been said
that you know you are in love
when you can't sleep
because reality is finally better
than your dreams.
I can't sleep,
but I don't think it's
because my
reality
is better than my
dreams,
because that's just
foolish.
But i cannot stop thinking about
you,
my mind is
racing
pacing
tracing your every feature
enthralled that i have had you,
distraught
because I have not
not truly
not surely
only really,
my reality
is not yet better than my
dreams
but it's getting there.

When I Gaze Into Your Eyes
Michael Muldowney

When I gaze into your eyes I see love,
I see it in its purest form, I see beauty,
I see beauty staring back at me with dark green eyes,
I see Laughter and joy in the thing you do,
I see caring and warmth in your embrace,
I feel your heart beat and your smile glisten,
All this when I gaze into your eyes



Spain, Michael Brennan

Drums
Maciej Rejniak

The drums, they sing
A sweet symphony
Of life and love
And all the beauty held within

The drums, they cry
A murderous march
Of hate and fear
And a malicious intent to kill

The drums, they beat
A sad soliloquy
Of the grasp of death
And an eternal sleep

The drums, they dance
A mysterious waltz
For truth and happiness
And the mystery of it all



Spain_2, Michael Brennan

Love
David Hughes

My deepest soul mate is yet to be found
Yet I've encountered many so dearly.
Every night and day I've searched around
So why is it I've not become weary?
I'm gifted, loveable, handsome, and wise.
Wish me luck today I will find my mate
And fulfill my dream with a great surprise.
Rejection is not a part of my fate.
There she was, pretty, brown, with a white lace
She had beautiful curves and a nice shape.
The crowd went wild as they watched her sweet pace
Touchdown! Someone had to catch this on tape.
At last, football was her elegant name

Wolfsbane
Robert William Pytel

In the great and vast, dry and icy North, there lies a Plain:
I tell you there is rolling hills, unforgiving terrain.

A great many light and dark Twilight Beasts were slain in this battle,
Scattered and skewed off course, like tan-orange hide cattle.

This battle was grand to all who saw,
For it was fought not hand-to-hand, but paw-to-paw.

As Wolves fought in the glittering and alluring Moonlight, they were permanently Scarred,
And also half Eaten, half Food, half Beaten, half Barred.

As a surviving Male Wolf, outnumbered in a grisly side-skirmish, was scratched,
He sayeth "In waves you may come, but by my skill remains unmatched."

He fought with valor through each resounding, infinite Pack,
But One snuck up behind Him: got Him on the Legs, Chest and Back.

To relieve Him, Reinforcements finally arrived, and not a moment too soon:
As soon as the Pack saw Raim, He was howling a slow, languish woon.

He started off to get back Home, and hoped that he would make it:
If He treaded carefully enough, He knew he would not get hit.

As one Female Wolf upon a mountain summit notices the Northern Lights,
She only howls at them and laments while she steadily peruses these gory fights.

She is at a safe haven distance while howls of pain abound the air,
And for this, she cries, for this aching is just too much to bear.

Her passionate fur is the colour of ivory blue slowly fading into midnight black,
And she has been patiently waiting, All the While, for her Husband to come back.

She feels him a few miles away and is happy but stern:
The wanton blood in her cheeks is starting to return.

As he now grows closer and she has him in a better sight,
She can now perceive that he must have had an awfully bloody fight!
He is returning at last, with no lurking foreigners behind him!
But alas, he walks a limp, and there be slashes upon his rib cage rim…

He sags down and finally sleeps for what he was daring and hoping,
And the flush of blue-black strides to him, weeping and moping.

Once there she tells herself: "How can this be,
When I have been praying for him… so immaculately!?"

She trots off and trudges on with a final burst of her will,
Even though Raim has reluctantly met the slay and the kill.

She knows in her heart that even though he has died,
He will, Forever More, remain by her side.

"He will."

"Do not worry Jenna, I am with you still."

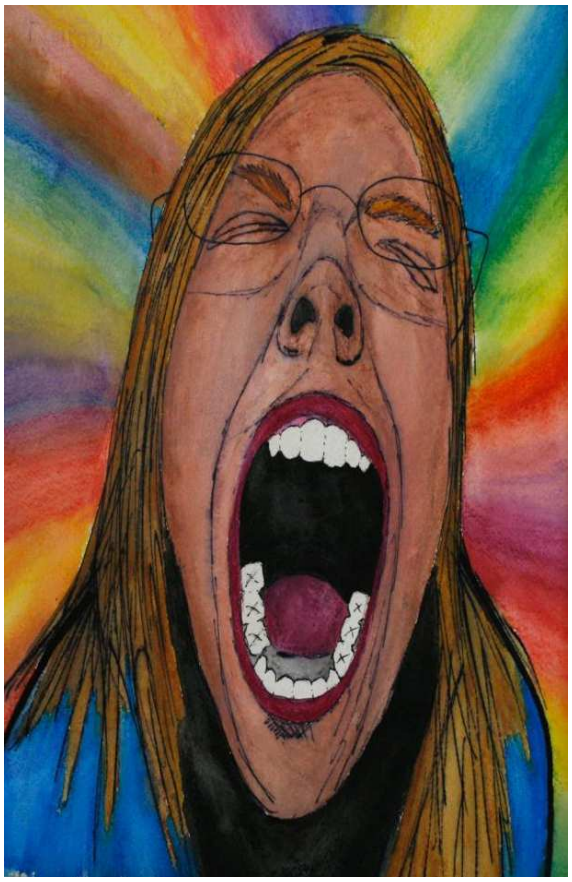
"You are forever Mine,
And Together we shall Shine!"

"Forevermore from your side shall I never be led astray,
Even as the essence of Time itself begins to be ripped away!"

Spiral
Jean-Pierre Seguin

It stars at the center, circling out
In a hypnotic cycle, it expands
It grows into infinity, getting larger
From one dot to an eternally coiling figure.

A metaphor, perhaps, for life, starting form a single dot,
Moving forward,
Gaining complexity,
Mingling with others' swirling ventures
When we leave this earth in the flesh,
Our spirits move on, spiraling outward.



Screaming into Absurdity, Montgomery St. Peter

The Prayer
Sean Rust

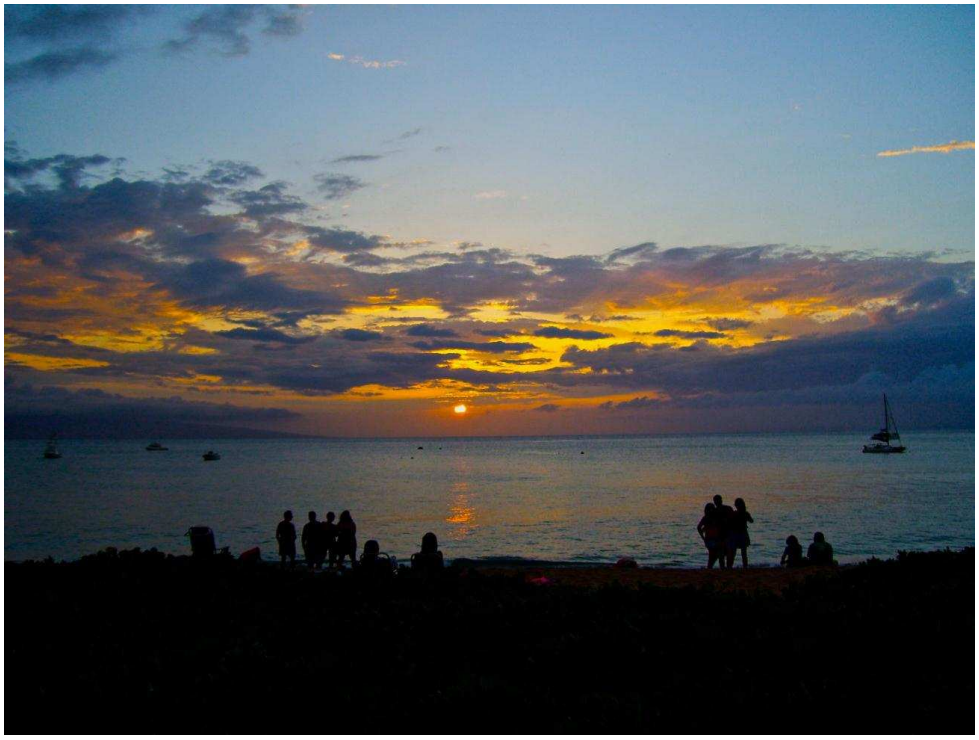
I pray to thee, Lord of the Presidency, whose finger
Did not pull the trigger but whose hands were
Just as guilty. It feels like they are pushing
Down on me it feels like they are trying
Tosilence me oh Lord of thee how
Can you see? How can you see
Oh Lord of thee It feels like
They are pushing down
On top of me oh lord
Can you see why
Can’tyou see
Oh Lord
Of
th
e

Untitled
William Scarfone

left turn signals prompt me right
wrong
yet correct
if it is what i think correct is
disregarding yellow lights laws ordinances
social norms
imposed by brainwashed zombies
like campaigns bloody peace efforts?
oil is money
money is blood
is oil is money
bloody money
dirty as:
hippies bums punks rebels prostitutes
OUTCASTS
this money though is legitimized by fancy speeches
sweet nothings whispered
into the public'sear
"weapons of mass destruction don't worry we are wiretapping you for your own safety"
sign constitutions sign patriot acts
sign deals with Satan!

Stop the Tears
Bryce Huffman

I see the red eyes of a sad girl looking right at me
I said please stop the crying
Her pretty face wet with tears
Not sure what I can do to help
Wishing I could ease her pain
Not with a kiss, or a song, or something romantic
But something as simple as a hug.....



Day Seized, Vincent Gregory

Beaten Gold
Connor Campbell

There are moments
when I leave my seat more
quickly than needed.
fearful that,
maybe, I will be
tied to a wooden prison
for the rest of my life, to
a voluntary sentence of
passivity and be lost to
rock as the sedentary
cement me to my
place in forgotten earth.

I have lost the days
of my unbeaten gold
in that way.
when I would have reflected back
the sun's brilliance,
a mirror to the igniting life of the
world.

I can no longer fully
repay that gift.

The moments of passion in my life
heat me molten, and like the
unmetaphoric gold
I am alloyed with less lustrous
substances.
I'm dulled but still bright.
I'll be damned if I don't dance in
what rays
I can still play upon the world.

Alter Ego
Bryce Huffman

Looking in the mirror from today
Seeing myself in many different ways
There is Bryce the athlete, for everybody to see
I wake up somedays wondering who I will be
But not a fasad, because all of these traits define me
Now I'm the artist
Its debated whether him or the athlete works hardest
I'm also a militant, which moved me through the ranks as a Sargent
Really the hardest part is adjusting to society
The militant knows the government keeps one watchful eye on me
In a day I go from school kid to prophet
Everyday I witness my growth and I try to top it
Some days I can be the pretty boy, trouble maker or the hero
Take time to ask yourself, who is your alter ego?

Paint
Ramil Collier

I live in a room so small and white
I stare at these walls all day and night
I wish i could paint my four walls blue
to reflect the doors that I`ve been through
in public my walls may look like yellow
and I`m perceived as a common fellow
however these walls are more like violet
that kills my peace and leaves me silent

now my walls are stained deep red
by the fear that rots my head
dread resolves my heart to green
so paint can make my four walls clean
but there they go my four walls white
that drive my mind and rule my might
i wish to have my power back
so i will paint my four walls black

The Dream
Bryce Huffman

The dream never had a beginning, yet the start will be concluded in the ending
The train is arriving and I step on carrying nothing with me but everything at the same time
All I have is a backpack full of books I have written
As I am anxious to get to my destination, a man calls out to me
I'm looking out the window so I never look back to see him
He asks me where I'm headed to
I don't tell him a place, I just tell him the reason
I tell him it'sa girl, so he asks the name
My reply is that she has many names, all names of girls I know but none that I have dated
Smiling larger as we begin to cometo a stop
He says something but my nervousness and anxiety muffles my hearing
I finally look back but there was no man
Not alone on the train but no man behind me
I stop caring after only an instant of curiosity because I see her waiting for me
Every timeI blink she appears as a different girl
As the doors open I step off the train but we are at a bus stop
I notice that she has a gun, and the people on the train scatter
I walk slowly towards as if her having a gun pointed to me is not of any concern
As she raises the gun, then she hugs me and kisses me
The last person she appears to be is a girl who is a dear friend of mine
She whispers quietly to never forget what happened, she kisses me again on the cheek and smiles
Then as she points the gun to my head while repeating herself more quietly than she previously stated, I'm watching myself wake up....

Untitled,
Connor Batcheller



SLAM
Daniel Cook

Poetry Slam! It must be fun. A show to enjoy for everyone.
Keep it clean! But still make it run, normally like the light of a shining sun.
Don't fret! Hey it's just begun. There's still time to win the prize and know that you've won.
Take pride! But stay humble, son. Just stay focused on the journey and you'll have some fun.

Slam! This is poetry! It can't get any better at the library.
Southfield! Is where we are right now. And when I look at this building, man I have to say wow.
AMAZING - is what comes to mind when I freeze for a second and I take the time.
Just look! And I hope you see all of the openings and the opportunities.

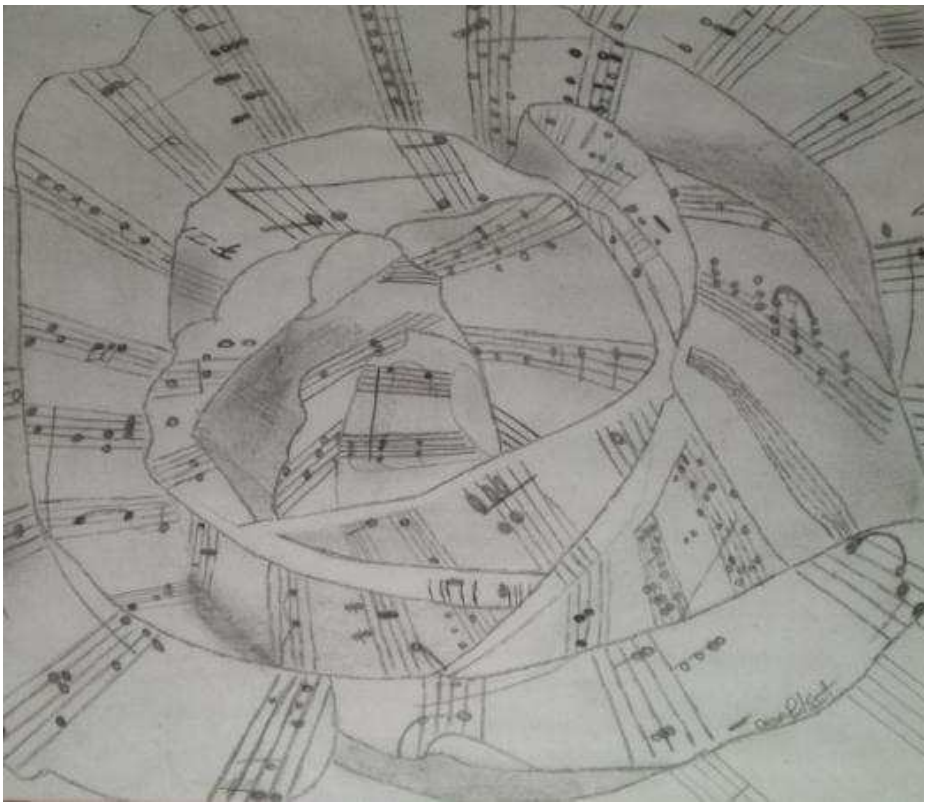
For example, one could become a poet; they can find their hidden talent when they didn't know it.
One sample - is this poetry slam, it could shape a champ. Hey, I'm serious, man!
Such ample - or an abundance of time can be put into practicing how to rhyme. Don't
Get trampled - for inexperience, once you get into the habit, you can rhyme like this!

Yes, yes! Try your best!

SLAM!

That's what it's all about--you can express yourself, be free, let it out.
Express - just let it out like this, but keep it under control so it's appropriate.
Don't stop! Put the whole show on go. Crank it out fast, don't do it slow.
Get pumped, don't just be average Joe, cause standing out is the key to big rewards, y'know.

S - L - A - M – SLAM!



Untitled,
Devon Surmont

The Aftermath
Jay Walton

Time is the greatest eroder of all,
Toppling friendships,
Ending relationships,
Making people drift apart,
As our Universe is doing now.

Maybe someday,
I'll look back at what we had,
And remember how I felt,
Like I was on top of the world,
With you next to me.
Like nothing could bring me down.
Maybe someday I'll forget just what it felt like,
To have you breathing next to me.

When you left,
I had to close the door,
To try and shut you out,
And to keep myself from running after you,
Just like I saw in the movies,
And beg to have you come back,
To look again at what we had,
Our feeling of triumph,
That the world couldn't pull us apart,
Two lovers,
Forbidden by the world,
Brought together by love,
By the act of some unknown Eros,
The god of love.

Maybe one day, I can find another,
Another act of forbidden love,
Once again,
Sparked by the fickle Eros himself,
Son the Love Witch herself,
Aphrodite.

So now,
I sit alone,
Wondering how you're doing.
Knowing I shouldn't,
'Cause it'll pull at the scabs,
Forming on my bleeding heart.

I should be pretending,
Pretending to think that I don't care,
That I know what your average weekend schedule is,
That I ever knew you.

I want to call you Wicked,
A Deceiver,
Traitor.
But I find myself wanting you back,
Though you did cheat,
I cannot stand the scabs,
They pull so,
Tugging me to others who cannot possibly love me,
That could ever love me like you did.

But if you did kiss me good-bye,
For the last time,
And I have lost this love,
Then,
Maybe,
It came at much too high a cost.

Secretly,
I'm hoping for some power,
Power to see you.
Are you better without me?
Or with me?
But, no matter what,
No wishing star can grant that.
That power that I seek.
One that could free me,
Or send me toppling from whatever I tried to put myself upon.

Here I am,
Sitting alone,
Remembering the good times,
The bad times.
But they weren't all bad,
Since I knew you.

Did this change me for good?
Or for bad?
I cannot know until I find myself a way out of this sea,
The sea of the Aftermath.

Pointless War
Ishmael El'Shabazz

What can I say?
To make you stay
As you walk down that corridor
And out of my life
I yell your name
But do you even hear
Tears roll down
My only friend
Cause they never let me down
And Sadness
Now that's my best friend
Cause it's consistent
And never misses its queue
But you're oblivious to that
Blinded by love
But you'll never find me in that equation
Cause love's my mortal enemy
But unlike in most stories
It's never defeated
Guess I'm not the hero
But the victim
And like a mouse in field
All I can do is run
In hopes of escaping the snake
But I always fail
Cause this is no Fairytale
No happy ending
You can't escape fate
Cause it cast you as the poor peasant
Her as the beautiful princess
And him as the dashing prince
No amount of determination can change that
It's a war you were meant to lose
Fate was your opponent
Luck wasn't in your favor
And Love was at stake
You lost it all



Untitled, Ian McLaughlan

Silent Church
Jean-Pierre Seguin

Cars whir by, the airplanes fly,
The sirens sound, the texts zip,
Amazingly fast,
Across this fluid, mobile city.
Yet in the sanctuary, on a Thursday night,
With harmonious tones from the rehearsing choir
Drifting toward heaven,
A calm reigns that shuts out the world.
In a quiet forest of stone, with high arches
And great carvings, and grand organ accompanying.
A hush pervades, though not oppressive.
It is open for prayers, songs, and dreams.
When in this place alone,
A presence can be felt from years of quiet peace,
And joyful praise, and heartfelt prayer.
God definitely resides here



Guatama,
Montgomery St. Peter

Soldier's Heart
Andrew Barnhill

Confession:
I delivered the first shots to a woman
Slaughtered by a firing squad of 50 calibers.
I spill coffee on my shirt every morning because her screams
Reverberate throughout my body until my fingers shake,
And every night I fall asleep
Choking on her smothering black garment
Until I'm unconscious,
And I nightmare.
And yes I made nightmare a verb
Because I didn't have a dream that became a nightmare
No it started that way.
I didn't fade into the subliminal
Kicked back at some majestic paradise,
I was dragged into my subconscious
To agonize over my time as a marine,
Positioned just outside of a town in southern Iraq.
While fighting an enemy an undetectable as airborne disease,
We were paranoid.
Listening to the radio, hearing for days on in
Reports of other marines being blown inside out
And dissected to smithereens by
Suicide bombers.
A.K.A. little boys taught to shoot A.K.47's at age twelve,
A.K.A. grown men blindly following their faith into self sacrifice for Allah,
A.K.A. the woman in her black garment inching towards my detail
At a slow steady pace about 100 yards out.
90 yards: We notice she's carrying a brown bag
As she still keeps coming.
80 yards: We yell at her, telling her to stop
And she keeps coming.
70 yards: Still yelling, we raise our weapons
But she just keeps coming.
60 yards: Either she gets shot,
Or she walks up to the trucks and we get blasted,
Don't want to choose but she's still coming.
50 yards: Sweating and breathing hard

I put my finger over the trigger
But as calm as she is she keeps coming.
40 yards: I took a deep breath
But she,
I aimed
But she keeps,
Pulled the trigger and
BANG!
I fired.
Fourteen other weapons fired.
She fell to the ground, barely alive
But alive enough to reach into her bag...
And pull out a white flag.



Shark Teeth, Troy Rushing



Untitled, Charlie Bonser

Failing To Enlighten
Jeremy C. Allen

Failing to Enlighten, I fear a life of silence
The sound enrapt my soul as I mark the key defiance
I'm crying for the notice, attention is corrosive
The dosage is uncommon as it plots a vast explosive
I'm Failing to Enlighten, I fear a life of torture
The forces grope my soul as the armies lose its order
I'm crying for exposure, the laughter is bipolar
The paintings lose its color as another gets much older
I'm Failing To Enlighten, I hear a fall of hope
The eyes of the spirit only winks with a choke
I'm crying of a listen, the music is dismissive
The words of the tongue only utters an explicit

Change
Maciej Rejniak

My friend,
why do you dwell in sorrow
has this great tragedy
caused such a change?
yet the snow still falls
aye it still falls
Life is a great motion
a cycle of change
you can't expect it
to be perfect hence
and the music still plays
aye it still plays
a day passes
an age passes
a new life is born
an old life flickers away
the sun still sets
aye, it rises again
sorrow will come
like a black feathered crow
sit on a perch and stare at you
you must have strength to bat it
away
yet it will return one day
aye, it will return
So arise, I'll help you up
this is the way of the world
everyone wishes to be loved
be brave enough to venture so
love makes living worthwhile
aye, love is worth the while

Manliness
Maciej Rejniak

Four men stand
on a cold winter day
in front of their father's grave
and not a word uttered between
them

First is a prayer
begging for forgiveness
and perhaps something more
pity, a benevolent rest

what does one say
in one's own head
to fading memories
phantom voices and a blank face

an awkward silence falls
each knows he is done
yet they hesitate
a yearning gnaws, desire swells

age separates them
what does each remember
no one dares to raise
doubt, and perhaps pain

Four boys, four sons, stand
on a cold winter day
in front of their father's grave
and not a word is uttered between
them

The Prideful Heathen: Ambition
Troy Rushing

He lives in a world all his own
A world filled with brilliant light
A world teeming with golden opportunity
A universe of optimism and positivity
A reality of silver lining with no clouds in the way
Cherubs and Seraphs dance, gilded against the onyx sky
Oh, what untold, magnificent beauty opens before his eyes!
Crystal lakes as still as ice
Golden blossoms, like stillborn flame
All the wonders of an immortal world
All the dreams of the greatest minds
All the joy before his very eyes
And he yet remains unsatisfied
He claws and lashes at the angels
Forever furious, desperate for release
The muses strum on broken lyres
A tune full of bitter desire
A cant of outrageous pride
They sing the tale of a broken halo
The loss of a god among men
A mortal who saw the lures of Paradise
And so the Greatest God became enraged
He cursed the fool, and his grave
Never would he find his rest
But dwell amongst the dead in lieu
He would bear witness the light of Heaven
For eternity, never to feel its joys
His ambition became as his bane
Do not mourn the disciple of Icarus
He knew his fate and bears his crime
And so he sits, chained to an obelisk
He thrashes and writhes in inhuman rage
Never shall he see day again
Raziel and Gabriel taunt him from on high
And yet his day is nigh
Today he broke his chain
And lo he plots
Proud and heinous he smiles
He plots his escape, his rampage
Heaven beware, Ambition knows no bounds and shall not be held by the likes of steel

My Mother on Her Deathbed
Justin Nance

I made a promise long ago on my mother's deathbed.
She was terribly ill, and I was so very young.
But the words she spoke to me ignited a fiery passion inside me.
She made me promise her something.
Her voice was strong for a body so weak,
Her eyes were so bright, for a face so dull.
She said, —I know you.
I carried you, birthed you, and fed you.
I watched you grow. I watched you learn.
You're a star that will always sparkle in my eyes.
I've always kept you warm from a world so cold.
But now I must leave you.
So promise me one thing.
I know you, and I know your dreams.
I know your passions and aspirations.
I know them much better than you think you do.
Promise me you will hold you dream, son.
Don't ever let it go.
Hold it tightly in your hands.
If people try to take it, just fasten your grip on it.
If people try to destroy it, just pull it closer to your heart.
If it begins to run away, chase after it.
If it turns to something else, love it just the same.
If it starts to lose its luster, believe in it all the more.
I know it may get hard, son, but promise me.
Promise me you will hold onto it.
With every muscle, every passion, every tear.
Don't let it die,
For when dreams die, life is nothing.
Let it rise, and fly, and shine, and soar.
Remember, son, I know you,
And I know your dream better than yourself.
So promise me you will never let it go.
I know you are young, and know not what I mean,
So just say two words to make sure you believe.
And always remember those two words, son; always.
I Love You-----—
And then she left me.
She never told me the two words I had to say to make sure I believe.
I was little and didn't know the words meant, but I knew the words.
All along, I knew the words.
And I'm much older and all grown-up now.
I love you mom; Happy Birthday.
And I'll never forget those two little words.
—I Promise

Without You
Matthew Lundy

No matter how much I try to forget you, how much I try to distance myself or how much I try to stop loving, something always reminds me or brings me closer to you. It may be school work we do, a walk to the front gate, a talk about the weather, a smile, your favorite book, your favorite song, your perfume.

Did I notice any of these things before I met you? Probably not, I was just another guy. Something happened again that reminded me of you, except this wasn't just any something.

I can still feel your wet lips against mine, your taste like strawberries, soft tongue answering to mine with so much passion it seemed our feelings were mutual.

Your hair, softly spilling through my hands, impossible to believe they weren't threads of the purest silk. It smelled like a field of fresh roses on a spring day.

My arms wrapped around you in a warm, tight embrace, fearing that if I let go you would fade away from me.

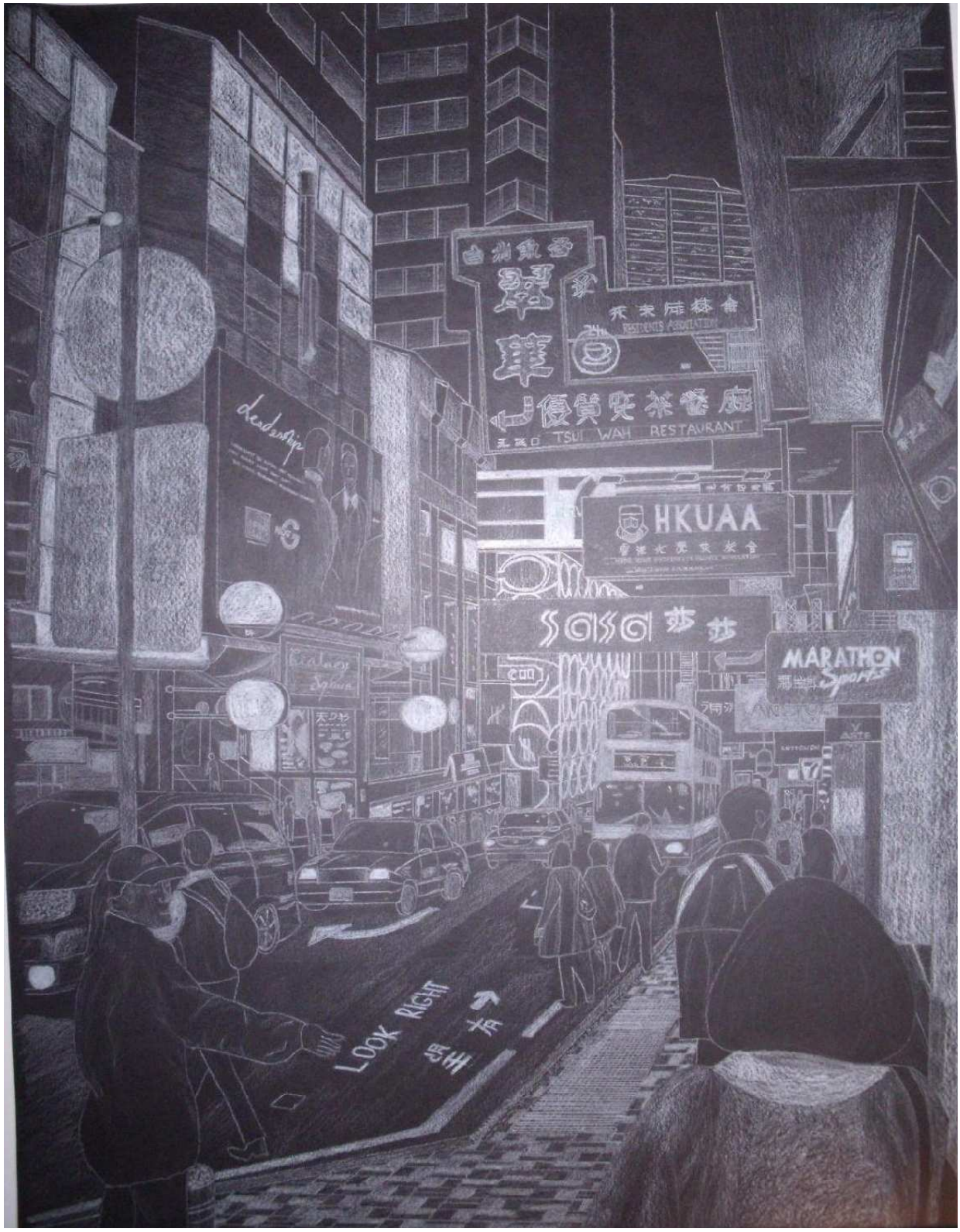
Those eyes, those beautiful shimmering orbs, clouded by passion and darkened by desire, you have no idea how much I love them. The happy gleam they always carry and the look they give me when I'm around you.

Your voice, it sounded like an angel. Who was I to bear witness to this? It was like a beautiful melody meant only for my ears.

But...can that ever be more than just a dream?
That feeling deep down in my heart told me at least in the world of dreams, you could be mine.

I wake up in my cold bed finding an empty space next to me. You were gone. Please do never forget that a heart in this chest loves you and you made it feel alive even for a short while.

So I wait here, loving, longing...without you.



Singapore in Black and White, Montgomery St. Peter

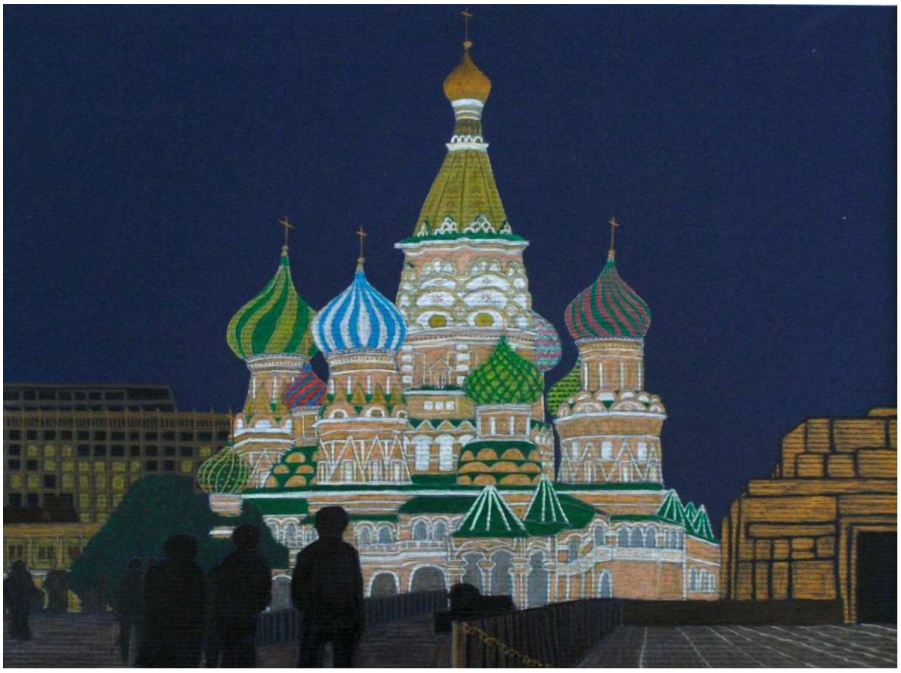
We Can Work Together

Andrew Novetsky

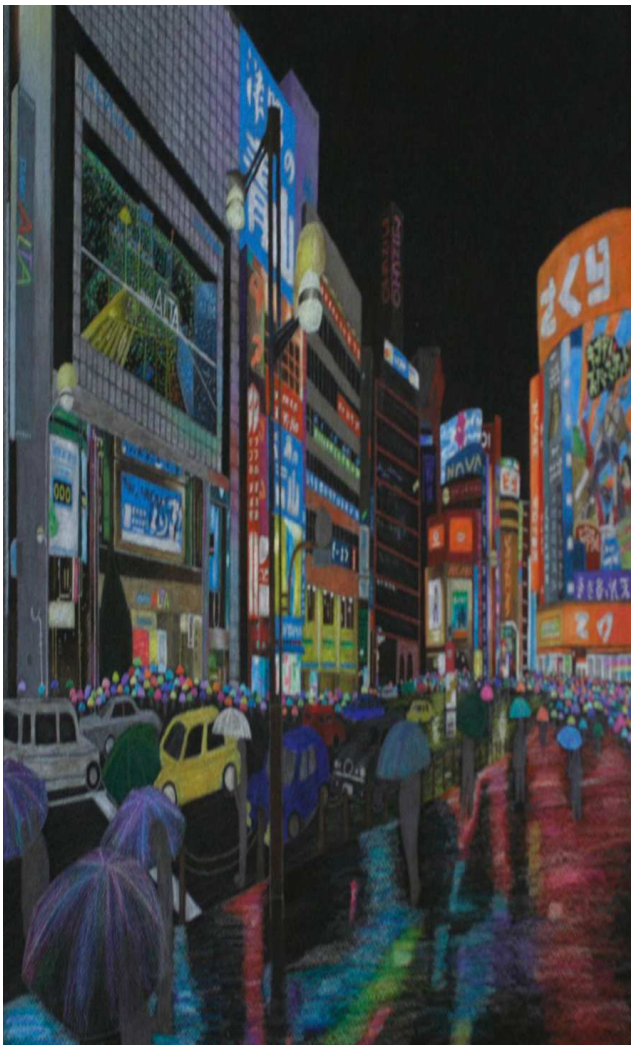
President Lincoln was shot at a play,
John Wilkes Booth claimed his life that day.
Fellow Americans stormed the streets,
and caught Booth within two weeks.
"We Can Work Together"
People went bankrupt and businesses went broke,
The Great Depression caused America to choke.
President Roosevelt knew the problem was real,
and bailed us out with the "New Deal."
"We Can Work Together"
When our backs were turned, Pearl Harbor was hit,
many ships were sunk, but not the American whit.
Afterwards America joined the war,
with high hopes to settle the score.
"We Can Work Together"
On a beautiful Texas day, President Kennedy was shot in a car,
Lee Harvey Oswald didn't get too far.
The assassination didn't affect the American way,
President Johnson led us that day.
"We Can Work Together"
On an average Oklahoma day, a federal building was blown away,
two terrible men were the culprits that day.
Being hit from within, threw us a curve,
the legal system worked, and justice was served.
"We Can Work Together"
On September 11, 2001, America was thrown a massive blow,
people that hate us sent buildings a glow.
Fellow Americans from far and wide, came to lend a hand,
to claim back the safety of our land.
"We Can Work Together"

Green Moon
Jeremy C. Allen

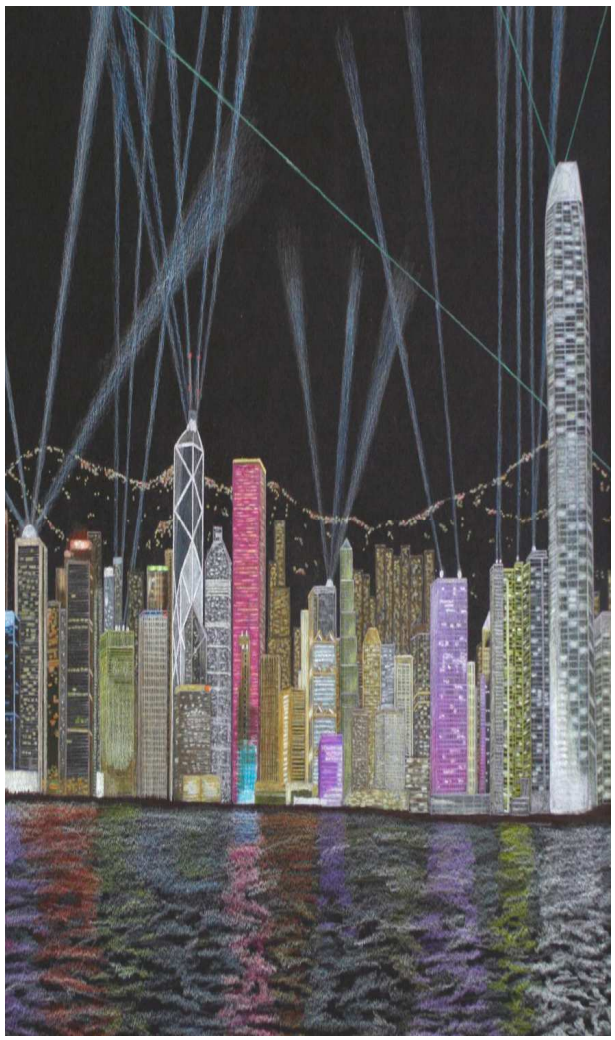
Green Moon.. Clustered in a sequence that sways and obeys its trend
Green Moon.. Mustered in an order that stays and its phrase is sin
Green Moon.. Evil as the main source of death and what's left is a speck
Green Moon.. Regal as a leader who steps, when indeed it's inept
Green Moon
Despite all the commotion, the potion that it shower reps (as in represent) the
power of love
Green Moon
Contradiction of a manner, transition to a hammer that pounds strictly above
Green Moon……..
Oh Green Orbit, Elliptical, Appositional, Quizzical.. Mastermind of the citadel
King in its own right, fancied by its own sight
Trapped in the dark but its blinded by its own light
Can't be noticed, but it's easily identified
Causing rare miracles but still forcing genocides
Leaving a shadow that slowly staggers with a single beam
Micro as a chip but much bigger than it really seems
Gleams and Redeems with a strong ring of gratitude
Free as a bird but still follows the Beatitudes
It do what it has to do but it remains loyal
Two-sided with a gift and a touch of turmoil.....
GREEN MOON



St. Basil's Cathedral, Montgomery St. Peter



Tokyo Capitalism,
Montgomery St. Peter



Reflecting Hong Kong,
Montgomery St. Peter

Life, a Work by God
Maciej Rejniak

they say
"all the world is a stage"
well then
what is life?

if i am but an actor
though small the part i play
life then must be an epic
but what kind, i dare say?

perhaps, a tragedy
pessimists will say
there is hurt, pain, surrounding us
a soul, ripped apart

inevitably, exit, stage left
we all die
or rather we live long enough
to hate the character we become

then suicide
the spotlight fades
we retrieve into the shadows
become part of the stage

perhaps, a comedy
optimists will say
there is love, laughs, all around
you don't even have to try

inevitably, an overture!
we have a moment of happiness
or rather we fall in love
and for the rest of the act, a duet occurs

then finale!
fireworks burst!
eventually we part ways
but who cares, we will see each other again!

for better or for worse
we play our parts nonetheless
the show must go on
no time to philosophize or jest



God, Ricardo Hanskencht

A Perspective in Green
Sean Tucker

In retrospective he shouldn't have made the scars, because more scars meant more time crumbled under his chest, and unremitting thoughts bundled within his consciousness. Many of them didn't talk, nor did they converse through glances, with which he found more profound than verbal communiqué. When the time came for the silent to disengage their expectantly prolific fervor for liberation, he found himself strangely attached to this nothingness; that is, sleep and intense therapy. Outside that green box lay the constant attack of worldly tribulations: a dark wooded forest festooned with wax chandeliers that never shone, and diminutive faggots intricately deployed as fictitious souls. No, in here green provided him shelter from the unreal, discerned between the living and the dead, provided him light without causation, causation without rationalization, rationalization without justification, and a hot meal. The marks on his forearms were scabbing; a new perspective on this dismal juncture was at last breathing. Therefore, in retrospective, the marks aren't that long. They don't shine like they used to, and certainly no longer require a cotton roof to protect against the false.

Hardenick Hospital made its appearance on every wall, every Styrofoam plate, pencil and prescription bottle. Regulation statements illuminated the shallow halls, haunting the soul sober from insanity. ―NO RAZORS, BLADES, OR ANY TYPE OF OBJECT THAT MAY BE DETRIMENTAL TO THE HEALTH OF OUR SPECIAL INDIVIDUALS.‖ ―NO DRUGS OR ALCOHOL; NO MOUTHWASH CONTAINING ALCOHOL.‖ ―NO SOLICITING.‖ and so on. These walls on which these regulations hung kept the insane from further insanity, like tall steel pallets embracing their sickness, and with illustrious brevity shot them into the hearts of the hopeless. Caressing isn't the word—more like an attempt to conform the unconformable. However unconformable, the steel ceased to bend, and the walls stood blunt as ever. He stayed in the green for this reason alone. In the green he could grow like spring seeds, flourish in his scabbing scars and succumb to the itch of reason. Green provided him freedom and all the discharging he could ask.

What got to him was the possible invalidity of the green walls. In itself the color green is the pigment green, but what of its name, its purpose, its existence? Rebirth was its purpose, but rebirth requires causality, which requires rationalization and justification. He wanted something without these prerequisites, something that needed no intense examination or introspective contemplation. All he needed was something in of itself that is true to itself and cannot change throughout time and space. But green can

become red, and vice versa. The pigment will not change, but its meaning will. Red, the devil's advocate, will define growth and rebirth, while green will illuminate the pigment of red—that is, hate, anger, violence, and destruction.
Illusion happened to be all that was and will be. Growth in the green appeared just as fictitious as the faggots festooned amongst the forest outside. Walls deprived him of water, and medication ruined the newly furnished soil, in which green seeds would soon turn to red. What brought him here was simply the outcome of a desire, a desire to de-rationalize and prioritize his ostensibly fertile soil as the higher power. He failed miserably—the cuts weren't deep enough and the medication lost their upshot after passing time. Suppose he could grow in the green. Illusion would become his forthright desire, and what of an existence derived from illusion? Though, he could touch the walls, therefore making the once inexistent garden a life-form, opaque and achievable. All he needed was hope...

...Scars make the bars, not like raw metal but close to it. Three days in the green and no growth had taken place. None consciously but subconsciously? He tried staring at the green with his blue eyes but growth had not been available, none at all, losing himself and words, as Dickinson put it, lost like a plank of reason reaking, like a fête in the green, with balloons and tigers and clowns, and a trapeze artist? Yes, he had foreseen the buffoon, slowly tip-toeing athwart the cotton-sowed string with a box in hand, screaming the colors of the rainbow: red, blue, purple, grey, grey, grey, grey, and grey. Suddenly the filament felt the feet of the fool and fell furiously, faster as the colors followed flawlessly, for the fools fallen with a pfffff. Haha! Snap! and sharp edges slay the silk cotton quilt with brevity and glowing ardor! A tick, a sound, a slap on the face and green becomes red, red to grey, and grey to grey like a wood garlanded in garbage from a neighbor's trashcan. Hope from hell seethed its piercing tongue and lurched beyond the grave to retrieve the gaffe of the buffoon and place it amongst the green to match. Walls turn grey like they're meant, a replica of outside outside outside! Growth in what? Nothing? Yes they all grow to nothing, like a young boy growing in hospital walls, like a trapeze artist falling from a cotton filament into grey rainbows, like a fantastic dream dressing up as a real dream, like a man flying without wings, like brainwaves, like religion, like God, like Christ, like goodness, like tranquility, like love, a mere spiritualization of sexuality and animalistic connection; like it or not they are like these and he figured it out.

So he'll stick in the green and hope it's real but he knows it's not, grow in the green knowing there is no growth, converse with the mute, and be happy in his illusion. Being happy in illusion was green. He thought nothing wrong of such an idea.

Lament
Troy Rushing

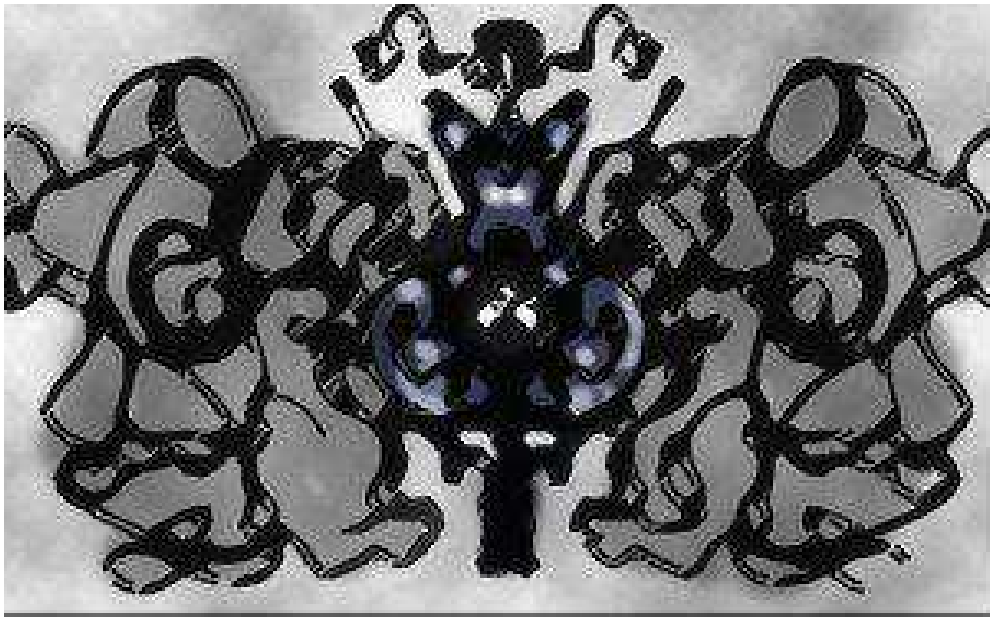
The works which flow from my fingertips are unique and beautiful, yet horrid and ugly.
I'll never be satisfied and It will never represent me on a deep, philosophical level.
Is satisfaction an unattainable goal?
Is it an idea God threw so far from my sight, that I will never behold its infamous embrace?
What is this, the perpetual cycle of self-criticism and indecisive decisions?
Why do I wallow in a lifetime of unrest, and why is my own soul never fulfilled?
May I ever find happiness in my own light, or am I lost in the dredges of anonymity?
Are there any of you worthy of relieving me?
Where stand you, the tourniquet?
Come forth and staunch my bleeding brain!
Free me of this agony!
Show me the face of God!
No, I see
I am the one unworthy
My dedications are my falling and you are my wings
Fear rends my core like worms upon the corpse
I know my Guide
I see my Redeemer
But He offers no solace in pity
And so I return
Back to the archives of my mind
In search of the justice I so unlawfully deserve
Forever I survive
Remember me gentle hearts
For I am a librarian...No, an Archivist
An archivist of the black thoughts that poisoned my own ascent
Ascent to the pale and ardent gate
Ardent and soulless
Empty and Hollow
Ensnaring and false
No, God never led me here
Enraptured in deception i became
Remember me, children
And behold my bloody wings
I am Dead.
I am Life.
I am forever searching
Searching for mercy from the Unforgiving
Charity bestowed by my fickle self

Betrayal
Ishmael El'Shabazz

I love what you expect from me
Friendship & affection
When clearly you fail to see me
running in the opposite direction
I try my best to please all
But in the end I doom us
Cause I never see your
expectations
Because I am not you
But I try my best to please you
And you want more from me
Greedy little child
I am no parent to you
Just the first person you saw
Who saw the real you
Who comforted you?
And you repay me with betrayal
A Blade in my back
Replacing my heart
Maybe I was the blind one?

starting over
Vincent Surmont

No! No!
I can't go on
this just is not right
I need to start over
before i die
I want to heal
so I can live longer
it's time to stop
and gain some strength
before God takes me
and it's too late
for the windy roads
might seem longer
but the roads a faster
so don't cross the yellow line
or else you'll be crying
for I'm back on the road
out of the misery
I'll take it slow
even thou I'm moving fast
easier stronger
faster wiser



Untitled, Troy Rushing



Peace, Robert Lutey

Ends of the Earth
William Robert Pytel

I will not fear anything that I may face,
Be it beast, bird, or the word of Man,
Leaving it in dust, ash, coal, or paste:
For all I shall do is but raise my hand.

I shall pass this power onto you,
If you so desire, but it shall be complex.
To use this, your eyes must shine true,
But with its awe should you not vex.

With it I will teach you to be alert,
So that you may hear the sounds of twilight.
Its power shall remove the feelings of hurt,
Because it shall blast forth a show of might.

It can summon courage to a swelling heart,
Transforming it into love instead of stone.
Now with their friends shall that person not part,
And they won't ever feel so dead and alone.

Now, you may use it to the Ends of the Earth,
And You will not fear anything that you may face:
For you may bake it with your Immaculate Hearth,
And from it there shall never be a trace.

Noel, Noel
Daniel Cook

When I come, you are filled,
Filled with lights, and cars, and people;
Filled with ideas and inspiration,
Filled with buildings, and crowded streets,
Filled; yet, you are only filled until I actually arrive,
For then you are empty,
Then you are desolate,
Then you are evasive, and chilling.
Slowly, you are inviting,
Slowly, you become who I want you to be, and then
Slowly, my vision fades,
Slowly, I see more and more of you,
As the place I have been searching for, that place
With wondering eyes, crowded museums, long lines, city sidewalks;
With food and drink and condiments;
With the culture of music and history and sights, the simultaneous blend of pita bread, chicken, and Mediterranean-style dressing,
With warm cider, hot chocolate, and the endothermic feeling you give me inside
and upon first clutch;
With chants and hymns and noel songs nigh,
With need and want on street and corner, and within the human



Untitled,
Ian McLauchlan

Lady Avarice
Troy Rushing

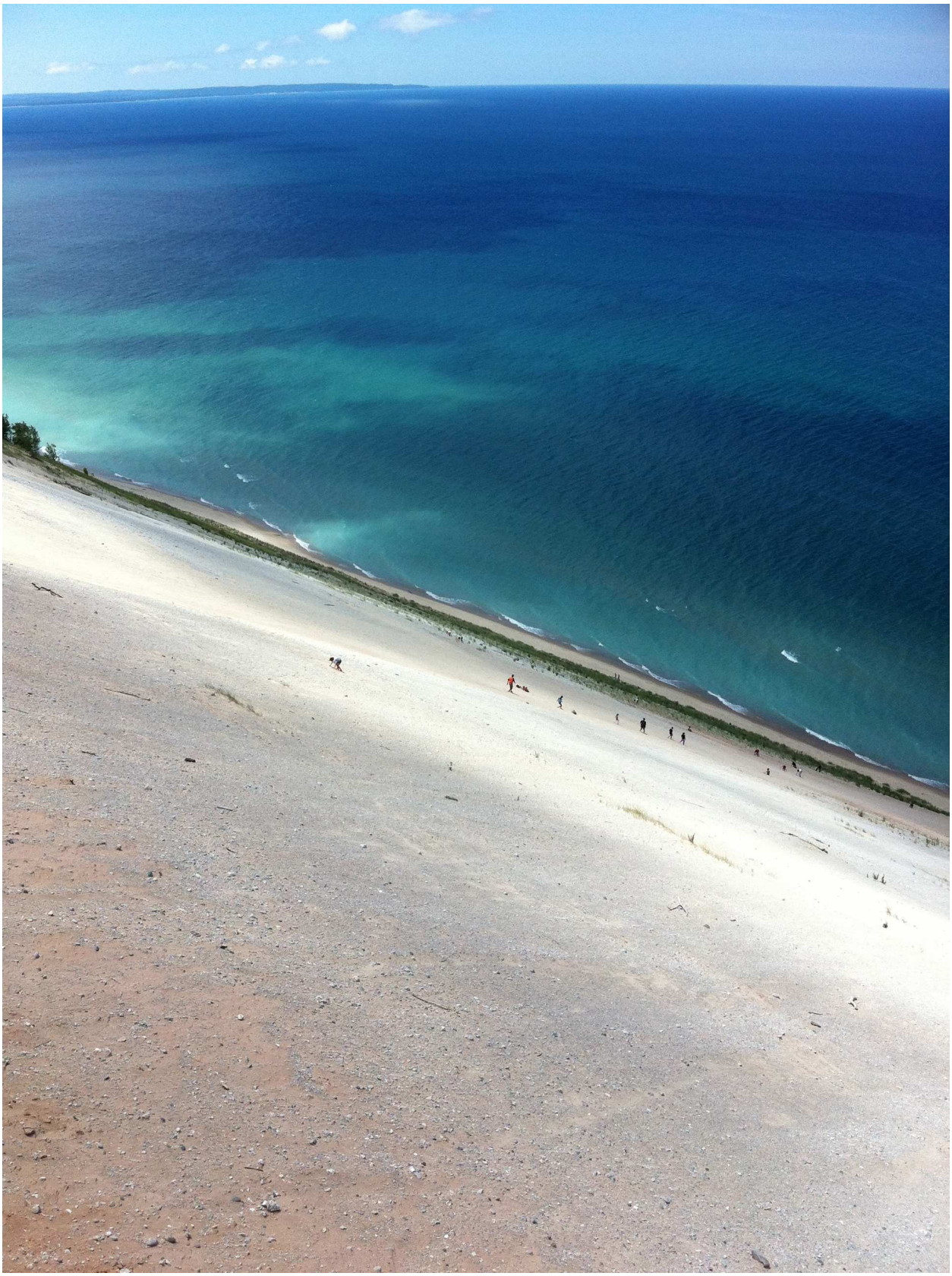
I am a tragedy: misdemeanor a beautiful monstrosity
The fourth branch of a government thriving on mediocrity
I dwell in the shadows of an unopened mind
Waiting in the darkness and simply biding my time
Until it's time I explode and shower the world with the remains of hope
The composition of a forlorn dream, long lost to weakness
As a phantom of deceit, I roam amongst the living
I prowl and lurk competing with The Beast, the god of Earth
A son of The Light Bearer I fell from on High
Forever the End and therefore the always Onset
A Magister of mortals and Judge of the damned
Yet they all know my name
I bear the power my forefather desired
I wield all spite, hate and scorn
I twist the minds of demons yet unborn
And here!
Here in the strongholds of man, I flaunt my command
The immortal influence that is known to none but my hand
Thus I reign with a fist of unyielding iron!
Lo, Behold the ruin that follows my voice!
See the lust in the eyes of men as they covet me!
Here stands I, haven for the broken and lost
Hear ye their cries!
They lament and dirge in hopes of salvation
I bear the power of holy deliverance and withhold it
In a manner so cruel, I taunt and jibe these mere mortals
So see, now the title I bear
Beware and see now the source of your sin!
For my name is Greed
Both Steward and Queen of the evil here within
And I laugh, how I howl and shriek in ecstasy, sweet bliss
Cackling as I destroy the virtuous and meek
Now watch and flee from Me
Watch as I taint, twist, rend and fade
And be warned
For in your soul, residence I take
All hail the deprived hearts of men, the fuel that compels the nature of Sin

Tired Of Losing
Bryce Huffman

I'm laying in a puddle of my own sweat and blood
Tiered and sweating staring up with the one eye
That I can see out of looking at the crowd cheer for the other guy
While he is lifting his arm in the air
Slowly as I try to get up looking at him I notice that
All along I could be the one with my arm in the air
And that there is a fraction of a second difference
Between my hand in the air and my hands wiping the tears off my face....



Bridge Across Nature, Daniel Cook



Lake Michigan & Sleeping Bear Dunes, Michael Brennan

Little Bird
Jay Walton

Be strong little bird,
Do not stop trying!
It may be hard now,
But soon you will be flying.
All it takes is one small step,
One leap of faith to get you going.

It takes one small step,
To lift the band around your wings.
Find the courage within your soul,
Within your being.
The band of fire must be gone,
Before it burns you too much and you can't fly.

Take courage little bird,
Look with new eyes,
Now that the band is gone forever.
It will never hurt you again.
Step onto the edge of your nest,
And prepare to fly!

Jump little bird,
Take that small leap of faith.
Your wings and your friends will catch you.
If your friends don't catch you,
Then they weren't a real friend anyway,
And you were better off without them.

Fly and be free little bird!
Find that nothing can hold you down now.
Fear nothing,
Or no one.
Live as yourself,
And never be nothing less.

All you little birds out there,
Take to the heavens.
Cast off your masks and bands that holds your wings,
Take that leap of faith,
And live in eternal freedom!
Do not accept anything less than what you truly are.

Fault
Maciej Rejniak

He was a good man
noble and just
he loved to play with animals
his favorite subject was Math
we did hang out alot
he always came to me with his problems
I did what I could
yet, alas, it was not enough
I have no idea why he took his life

he loved to laugh
he had a kind heart
he always lent me a pencil,
when I needed one
I wanted to say more
to give him more hugs
perhaps that would have saved him
from his moment of angst
his dark night

now I beat my chest
the pain resonates
my heart is still
my emotions are dead
I fill my empty chest
with the chilling air of death
I yell "mea culpa"
yet this doesn't go away
it's still there

he was a classmate
he walked our halls
as humans we owed it
to watch him
yet we neglected him
tended to our whims
''Am I my brother's keeper?'
It would seem so

So what is there to say
except that "Fault resides with me"
it resides with us
I know this is asinine
he wouldn't want us to blame
he was kind like that
forgiving, gentle
still, saying "I'm sorry"
is all that i can do for him

The Graduate
Maciej Rejniak

Four years ago,
I stepped into UofD
a freshman, scared out of my mind
I knew nobody, I felt nobody
1st period, World History, Mr. Buchta
and he thus said unto us:
"We have a very hard task ahead of us
we have four years to turn you into men,
when you still are but just premature adults.
Not only men, but UofD men, men that embody
the Grad at Grad, men we can be proud of."
Now four years have past
it is May, I sit in my maroon gown
diploma in hand, on stairs
which I will never walk up as a student again.
I am scared again, the world is a large place
I fear of getting lost, of losing someone along the way
a brother, a friend, who seems to be known for a century at best
what am I to do, but shudder in despair?
Then I remember those words, and trust in God
that I have turned out the way
he has intended and meant
I rise up, and walk inside
celebrate with my peers, take pictures that with bygone years
will mean something, a turning point, in my life
the day I graduated, from UofD High
A man, who goes with God

Backfield Impressions
Michael Wallace

I am afoot with my vision.
Out the beloved school's back doors – on glossy metal benches, guzzling Gatorade and water,
Alongside the score-table, as the announcer enthusiastically introduces the line-ups,
Alongside the boys in maroon, as they anxiously await to take the field,
Alongside the aged referee, as he blows his black whistle, tightly gripping the red-colored card,
Alongside the interlocking "U" and "D," a symbol of the incorruptible unity of teammates, brothers;
Tying, fastening, tightening the glimmering cleats of a recent purchase,
Gazing at the checkered ball, punted aloft and afar by the goalkeeper,
Over the eager young faces, where beads of sweat trickle down, where commitment conquers cowardice,
Over the plastic pitch, the green artificial turf, where lurking bits of rubber spontaneously hop out in clusters, where white and yellow arms stretch across, embracing the field dearly;
Pacing about the eighteen-yard box, the heart of the field, focusing intently on the animation,
Where the smack of the ball against the laces echoes throughout,
Where the brushing of the ball against the gleaming white pipe, the resulting swoosh of the previously-lifeless net, simultaneously eradicating and elevating young spirits,
Where the white numbers ripple along the fluttering maroon jerseys,
Where the goal-scorer heartily absorbs the acclamation and exultation of the crowd,
Where the goalie sulks in his futile effort, where the coach berates the incompetent defense-men,
Where the time on the scoreboard halts, while the contemplative mind carries on;
Reflecting on the surroundings, analyzing this oasis, this relief,
Away from the stresses of homework, away from the pressures of studying,
Not a pain assumed by the body or mind, not a burden unbearable;
Delight'd by the goals and delight'd by the saves, delight'd by high and low scores,
Delight'd by the sprinting striker as well as the back-tracking sweeper,
Delight'd by the passionate chants of the supportive student section,
Delight'd by the torrential downpour, delight'd by the debilitating sunlight, (overjoy'd with the compromise;)
Flashing, in periphery, soaring, spinning, bouncing badly,
Lunging, shoulder-to-shoulder, scrambling to transcend,
Controlling, focusing on the target, envisioning the score,
Imagining the cheers, familiar feel afoot,
Fire!
Wide, a sinking heart, sprinting feet, bounding to rebound, controlling,
Flying by, bye Beckham, Messi, Ronaldo, Kaka
Flying by, buy Adidas, Nike, Puma, Diadora,
Flying by, by Barcelona, Birmingham, Madrid, Manchester,
I soar day and night in such fields.