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CONGRATULATIONS to the DIMAN BENGAL BASKETBALL TEAM!

THE TRADESMAN

DIMAN REGIONAL VOCATIONAL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL

-- A NEWSPAPER by and for DIMAN STUDENTS --

Volume 1 No. 2 February 1994

The National Honor Society 1994

NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

by Steve Miranda

The National Honor Society at Diman is beginning yet another year as a mystery club. Probably no one has told you what the honor Society does, but I will make an attempt. The National Honor Society is an organization whose membership is based on scholarship, leadership, service, and character. Any student in his or her junior year who has maintained an 85 average in all subjects, and who exhibits the above qualities is eligible to join.

The Honor Society, under the direction of our advisor, Mrs. Hopkins, participates in activities for the purpose of service to others, enjoyment for our selves, and funding for the association. In the past, activities have included the sale of daffodils for the American Cancer Society. This December, we attended a performance of **A Christmas Carol** at Trinity Repertory Theater in Providence. Also, this past winter, members of the NHS visited the Adam's House nursing home in Fall River to carol and decorate. Fun was had at both events. Our main fund-raiser throughout the school year is the sale of snacks at Diman's night school. The money we raise will help pay for various field trips and activites for our organization.

Our current officers and members are as follows:

Officers:
President - Jessica Fiola 94 D
Vice-President -Steve Miranda 94D
Secretary - Misty Lee Walsh
Treasurer - Crystal Kotelonez

Members:
Robert Bergeron 95F
Jeffrey Reynolds 95F
Andrea Albernaz 95E
Jennifer Martin 95E
Melissa Martel 95N
Dorothy Correia 95E
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Tanya St. Laurent 94D
Michael Viera
Daniel Athearn 94D
Matthew Bell 94S
Robin Dearman 94D
Lisa Lemieux 94S
Chris Kochanski 94S
Carrie Pochon 94S
Billy Travers 94T
Jeffrey Carvalho

Intramural Volleyball

by Kathy St. Martin

We are pleased to announce that any student who wants to play volleyball can sign up now in the Administration Office. There will be an organization meeting with Coach Michelle Letendre on Feb. 18, 1994 in the Auditorium.

There will be a variety of team combinations and everyone will play on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays from 2:45 to 4:30. How about a faculty/student game to end the session in the middle of March! ?

An Interview With . . . MR. MARTINS

by Missie Viveiros & Pam Mello

We recently stopped by Mr. Martins' office and talked to him about his ideas on the new Educational Reform Bill. Mr. Martins said the new law for education reform in the state of Massachusetts is a step in the right direction to improve education for the class of 1999. All students will be required to pass a standardized test to qualify for graduation and receive a diploma. In particular, vocational students will have to pass a test to earn a Certification of Occupational Proficiency. This test is yet to be devised.

In order for the United States to be a global power in trade, business and technology, this country has to become more competitive. Changes are needed in our system of educating young people in order to achieve this.

(Continued On Page 6)

Girls Sports

by N.T.

A question I've heard from many girls at Diman is, "Why aren't there any girls sports teams?" That's a good question, considering God knows when the last time was that Diman had a girls team in any sport. Other area high schools have girls volleyball, softball, field hockey, and basketball teams. Yet here at Diman, we have none of the above.

It doesn't seem right that Diman has 3 boys basketball teams, and no girls softball team. Sure, girls are welcome to try out for any team, but not many coaches would even consider allowing a girl on their team.

In order to be taken seriously, concerned students should start by talking to their shop's student senate representative, and tell him or her to push for girls sports.

(Editors Note: Since this was written, Mrs. Letendre has started a coed volleyball program here at Diman. See related article.)

DISCRIMINATION

by Danielle L. Proulx
(Little Doe)

Dear Editors,

For centuries the Native Americans were the first and only people here on the continent that is known as North America. However, for five hundred years these people, my people, have been discriminated against.

We were moved farther and farther from our land until finally we were placed on land nobody else wanted. We have existed without adequate food, clothing, shelter, medicine, and proper education, to name but a few. In their place we've been given malnutrition, poverty, suicide, and bureaucratic promises of a better tomorrow.

Within our schools the Native Americans still continue to be discriminated against. I think it's pretty bad when I'm sitting in class and my fellow students start putting me down because of my heritage. Also it angers me when class mates are being noisy and the teachers come out with comments such as, "You guys come in here acting like a bunch of wild Indians." And also when the teachers come out with, There are no Native Americans in Diman and I can prove it."

First of all, we weren't wild. We were free and worked together in peace and harmony. Also, before people assume that there are no Native Americans in Diman they should know what they're talking about. I would like them to "prove" it.

Second of all we prefer not to be called Indians. We are Native Americans; we didn't come from India. That is where Columbus thought he had landed and somehow we were labeled as such because of it.

Just a few weeks ago, at a newspaper meeting, one of our advisors asked if maybe we could do a review of movies, such as Geronimo. One student's response to that was, "It's not worth it ." And he kept repeating it. That hurt, not the fact that he didn't care about the movie, but he was saying my people aren't worth learning about. Well what about blacks, Hispanics, or any other nationality or race? Are they also not worth it? Or just mine? Is this attitude because we are the true Americans?

There are just a few things that I would like to say. If you are not sure about something, (like other peoples' race), you should either pick up a book and read it , or ask someone who knows about it. Then maybe you'll understand. It's your choice. You just might learn a few facts. There's always the possibility of that race being in your blood somewhere. You can always trace your family tree. That's how I found out.

Even before I found out, I never put anyone down because of who they were or what they are. I liked them for them. I just hope that I did shed a light upon anyone who would even consider making fun of someone because of their heritage.

Letter to the . . . Editor

by Doug Machado

Gang Violence: *A Teen's Point of View*

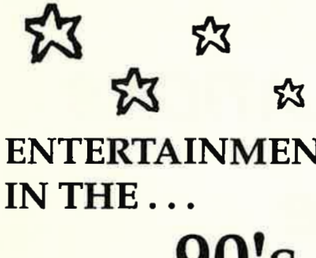
This is a letter in response to John Jordan's editorial on teen violence which appeared in our first issue.

I remember when there was a time I could wake up in the morning and hear a bird or two singing a song outside my window. Nowadays, I'm constantly shaken awake in the middle of the night by an ambulance or two, screaming its way down my street. We see it on t.v., read about it daily in our local newspapers. We even hear about it on our favorite radio station. It's gang violence. And it's something that I'm no stranger to. Every now and then, through my friends or around school, I hear about a fight or about a kid who was "jumped" by a gang, or two gangs planning to fight each other. I know kids who carry guns and knives with them no matter where they go, even to school. They said it's for protection. I've seen kids come home from school cut and bruised, and when I ask what happened they reply," My friends and I fought this other gang," with such a glow on their faces that it makes me sick to my stomach.

Why do teenagers need gangs? Why do they fight? Where do they get their weapons? How do their parents feel? Do they even know or care? There are so many questions to be answered and while we try to answer one, another child dies.

The number one killer of children is another child. When will this senseless violence end? How many of us will have to die before we wake up and realize we are killing ourselves? Who will be next? Whose child, whose grandchild, whose sister, whose brother, whose cousin, whose friend?

We are the future. We are tommorow, but there will not be a tommorow if we keep hurting ourselves and those around us. The pain must stop. The peace must increase. If we don't wake up soon, it may be too late. We may not wake up at all.



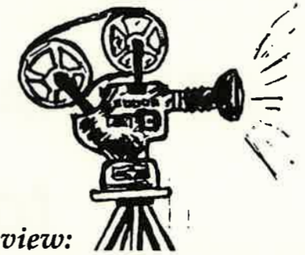
ENTERTAINMENT IN THE . . . . . 90's

by Lisa Almeida &
Shannon Charron

Beavis and Butthead is the biggest form of entertainment in the 90's. Many people think that Beavis and Butthead should not have had their time slot changed , but some feel that it should be taken off the air. If you ask me, I think Beavis and Butthead shouldn't have had their slot changed. Rather, I think the parents of our children should monitor what their children are watching. If the parents of young children were watching their children at all times, maybe children wouldn't be lighting houses on fire.

I if the parents of young children don't want their children watching Beavis and Butthead, then they should write a letter to the producers of the show so they can have a kids show on T.V. This way, young kids wouldn't see all the various things Beavis and Butthead do wrong. I think Beavis and Butthead is a nice show for teens. It is funny, and they act like complete idiots. They do things that you don't think people would do, like wash dogs in washing machines. Then, they wash themselves in the washing machine. They grab themselves and pick their noses constantly.

They always act like complete imbeciles in class, like saying" huh, huh,huh", Calling each other names, and talking perverted. I think they should make a Beavis and Butthead show for young children, but take out all the things they think kids will catch on to and try to do themselves. They constantly fight with each other because they can't find anything better to do. I'mnot trying to say I don't like them. They're o.k. Actually, alot of people and teachers I talk to say they do like Beavis and Butthead because they act stupid.



Movie Reviews

Review:

The Three Musketeers

by Pamela Bouchard &
Sherry Machado

Players: Chris O'Donnelle, Kiefer Sutherland, Charlie Sheen, Rebecca DeMorney, Gabrielle Anwar.

Story: Based on the famous novel by Alexander Dumas, a young man named D'Artagan joins forces with the three famous Musketeers and learns the tricks of the trade and the true meaning of saying "All for one and one for all".

The three Musketeers are out to stop a plot to overthrow the king. But D' Artagan falls in love with the wrong girl and there's big trouble on his head.

So if you're in the mood for a movie with a lot of action and a little romance, then this is the kind of movie for you.

Review:

Wayne's World 2

by Pamela Bouchard &
Sherry Machado

Players: Mike Myers, Dana Carvey

Story: They're still up to their old tricks, partying on (and on and on) and still hosting their own television show now being broadcast from their new apartment known as the "babe-lair". Garth meets the woman of his dreams, played by Kim Bassinger, in a laundrymat. Is she the one or is she just trouble?! Meanwhile, Wayne is having dreams that Jim Morrison is telling him to put on a rock concert in Aurora, Illinois, with Areosmith there to perform. And so "Waynestock" is born ! So if you're in the mood for a good laugh, this is defintely the movie to go see.

DIMAN ICE HOCKEY

by Marc O'Connor

The Diman Ice hockey team of 93-94 is off to a slow start. With an 0-4-0 record you can see we're having trouble. In the first few games the only thing keeping us from losing 20 to 0 was the goaltending from Dave Carrelas and Mike Bergeron.

The first game of the season was played against Cape Cod Tech. Dave Carrelas faced 51 shots and stopped 39 of them but the good effort was all for nothing because Diman had trouble getting the puck in the net and lost12 - 5.

The scoring was done by Bobby Bergeron with 3 goals and Mike Mello and Mark Nogueria with 1 a piece.

In game 2 at Blue Hills Mike Bergeron faced 39 shots and stopped 29 of them but his effort was also for nothing for Diman lost 13-0. In game 3, our home opener against Wareham Diman came out looking good only giving up 3 goals in the first period, but could not match the talent and firepower of Wareham and lost 15-0.

In game 4 back at the Cape, Diman went into the game slowly, and by the time we picked up the pace it was to late. We went down again 9-2. Goal scorers were Bobby Bergeron and Mike Mello.

The team is still young and determined. We should be able to win a few games this year and have a good team in the future.

(Continued From Page 1)

Additionally, Mr. Martins is concerned about the ability of Diman graduates to compete with graduates of academic high schools, such as Durfee, Case, and Somerset. Those schools offer 4 years of academics, while at Diman the students spend two of those four years learning their trade. Diman graduates need to be proficient enough in academics to compete with other students going on to college. This is a challenge we have to meet in the 90's since it is becoming increasingly important for all students, even those in the trades, to go on to post-graduate programs like college. We are beginning to meet that challenge. For instance, we have plans to offer biology and chemistry courses very soon.

We thank Mr. Martins for taking time to speak with us. Also, we at the newspaper congratulate him on his appointment as Superintendent Director of Diman.

Within A Shadow Of A Doubt

by Danielle L. Proulx

Within the darkness of shadows,
In the deepest thought of mind.
An alley filled with wishes,
Of feelings or desires that one can control.
Scattered about images, places what's to come.
No one but the one who thinks can know what is thought,
And no one knows what is thought about what one thinks.
Confused are you yet?
But just wait, there's more to come. The thought that comes to mind
Will be the one that you will be taught to think.
And what will be taught is a thought ,
That people will think until their death.
And death is a thought
That people will think about throughout eternity.
No one knows how long eternity lasts, they just think they know.
But what they thought was wrong, so they start to think all over again.
They thought they were thinking again, but they don't think at all.
Whatever thoughts were there, or at least thought were there
Was just emptiness.
A black hole, emptier than space, it rest in the darkness part of your mind.
Hiding within the shadows of your deepest thoughts.
Or so you think it is, but only within a shadow of a doubt,
Will it ever be thought ! ! !

Lost Love *by Angie Castonguay*

By the time you read this note I will be gone
Far away from your good looks and killer charm
We built a fire, but it didn't last
I guess that's what I'm running from, the past
Those memories hurt, and I often cry
I ask myself how and why?
No two lovers could have had it as good as you and I
Then it happened just like a winter storm- you saw her
Your head turned and my eyes burned
With all my tears and all my fears
As you read this letter my love
Realize things could get better, but only for you
I will still love the memories of that special love that I once knew

Alan Schneider: Up Close!! *by Suzette Oliveira*

Our newest member here at Diman Regional Vocational Technical High School is Mr. Alan Schneider. Mr. Schneider travels 126 miles a day to and from school. He resides in Ashland, Massachusetts. He is married and has two children, and two grandchildren. He attended Fitchburg State College. After that he worked as a plumber and was injured on the job,so he decided to "pass on his knowledge to the youngins, if possible... I really enjoy working here at Diman; because the teachers and administrators are both delightful and pleasureable to work with." Besides work he has many hobbies that include hunting, fishing, but mostly boating. We would like to thank Mr. Schneider for joining our staff here at Diman and for bringing with him a positive attitude. It was a pleasure interviewing him.

On the Right Track With Winter Track

by J.A.

True or false: Diman's Winter Track team is made up of slow people who can't run. False. It is true that the team is a small, young, and inexperienced team. In fact, some of its members had never run on track before. However, we do have good long-distance runners, and a few good sprinters. Most of our runners usually come in second, or third, with an occasional first place. When they lose first place, it's only by seconds.

What makes the runners a good team is that they are a team. The whole team sticks together through everything. They cheer each other on, no matter how they are doing. And when someone gets hurt, or sick, they run to help.

So if you want to have some fun, and you're serious about running and working hard, join the team next year.

Press Release!!

Diman seniors Steve Moniz, Jay Friemark, and Tony Viveiros have received acceptances to Universal Technical Institute in Glendale Heights, Illinois. They will all be majoring in Auto and Diesal Technology, and working towards a diploma and ASE Master Technicians Certification.

Steve and Tony are scheduled to start classes on October 3, 1994, and Jay will begin on August 22,1994. These students have been studying Automotive Technology under the director of Mr. John Miranda, and Mr. Ray Phoenix. Congratulations to all and much success!

Anyone who wishes to publish news about his or her college acceptance, just drop off a note in Mrs. Sayre's room, C204, with the necessary information.

Sam Ferriera & *Ziggy Fonseca*

Fashion & Style

by Holly Hippy

This is a new year with many new styles and trends. Although the 70's style is still around, it's more of a "Bum" era. Jeans, plain T-shirts and vests are even in for the guys.

Now a days, combat boots are also in style for both sexes. For the ladies, make-up tones are still browns, tans, peaches, topaz, and even blues. Mostly what's in are earthly tones that will accentuate your eyes. All in all, we can expect teen fashion to be more of the same. What's "Natural" and comfortable is what's in!

TOULAN REMEMBERS GOJ AS A POSTITIVE ROLE MODEL

by Dennis Raposo

Neal Toulan is an energetic man in the prime of his life. He is married to a beautiful wife, Karen, with whom he has 2 wonderful sons, Dean, 9, and Nick,7.

Neal graduated in 1975 from Diman where he played for the basketball team. Neal made the varsity team as a freshman, and scored 1,000 points by the time he graduated. His coaches were a positive influence on him. "Looking back, he was a very important person in my life, "Toulan said of Mr. Goj, his, basketball coach. "He was more than just a coach." In his junior year, with Mr. Goj's encouragement, Neal became more interested in school. He began to read books and write poetry. He also started to think about basketball scholarships. Neal went on to college and played basketball at Westfield State. He found it impossible to play and study at the same time, so he quit the game after one year.

After he graduated from Westfeild, Neal went on to work in the field of Graphic Arts for twelve years at many different places. He felt that Diman "re-created the world of work" for the students. He also strongly advises that students go on to college, as he did. He moved into jobs at the management level because of his college degree.

He has received many promotions and raises because of his ability to write coherently. He thinks that everyone should develop the important skill of writing. He said that Diman didn't help much in developing the skills of brainstorming, problem solving, meeting deadlines, and time management.

Neal took his junior year off college and hitch-hiked around Europe. (He does not advise this today.) He went to see a friend in Holland, and then travelled to England, then Portugal, Germany, France, and Spain.

Toulan recently left the printing profession because he had "exhausted his interest." He decided to make furniture. When asked why he decided to change vocations at this time in his life, he responded, " I wanted to pursue something I really wanted - happiness." Before he left printing, he practiced furniture- making in his own time to get good at it. He is very happy with his life.

Recycling Rap-Up

by Pamela Bouchard
Sherry Machado
Danielle Proulx

In our last newspaper article we talked about what we wanted to accomplish in our Recycling Program. Well, since then we have lost two of our members and have five new members. But still we do need help and there are not that many people who are offering to help out after school. So we are hoping that what we are lacking in one way we'll gain in others.

Even though nothing has really gotten started in our cafeteria or classes, we would hopefully like to have it started after the first of the year. This is going to take a lot of time and effort from everyone possible that can help out. What we mean by everyone is all faculty and students who go into the cafeteria.

We have spoken to the faculty in the cafeteria and the janitorial service to get permission to put up posters and set up the bins for the collection of recycled goods.

We are still meeting once a week to try to accomplish more. So please, if anyone can help, contact Mr. Kuthan in room 103 or one of the students above. Please keep an eye out for the posters around the school and please help out our school.

THE MIND TRIP

by Jason Pacheco

This is an account of the unbelievable happenings which occurred during the time of March 15 - March 17 at Thom Tyre's house on Mt. Lapten Bay. It was a time of discomfort and learning, a time of understanding true reality.

It all started when my Uncle Thom invited me to his new house that rested on the shore of Mt. Lapten Bay. What a nice big house it is. An indoor pool with all the accessories. Too bad poor Uncle Thom could not support the knowledge that came with the house. The shore was sandy with huge rocks bordering it. I used to lounge in the odd shaped rocks that could fit anyone's body perfectly. There wasn't a care in the world. During one night, as I sat on the rocky shore, I began to feel weary. Something strange was happening. Something that any human could not understand, but I grew to understand.

The first strange thing that I noticed was the greenish-yellow film growing on the top of the water. I was afraid to touch it at first, but when I did notice it was several degrees below zero. My arms started to shiver and then a weird pain was pitched into my brain. I heard a ringing in my ears and saw only blue, the brightest blue I had ever seen in my life.

Next thing I knew I was in between two walls that were three feet apart. I began to notice that there were holes in the walls. I peeked through and saw animals running in beautiful grass fields. I did not recognize the animals. They had four horns upon their heads. I could tell they were not peaceful animals. I pushed against the wall with my body and it collapsed. I closed my eyes with fear hoping that I didn't make the animals mad at me. To my surprise when I opened my eyes, all I saw was a big rubber ball about the size of the earth. I was floating in space without my body. All I could do was stare into space and observe what was next. After a long time, I noticed a door cleverly hidden in the rubber ball. I suspected that this doorway led to things that no human could ever see. As I moved through space, I came upon a door and pushed it open. I then saw the strangest sight ever to be seen by man.

I saw a big metal column about five miles long . Everything was red , dark red like the color of blood. The lighting in this place was even red. Little doors were grooved into the metal column. When I reached one of the doors, I noticed that they didn't have locks. Instead they had things that the clerks at Apex put your credit card into. What strange locks. I moved over to a door that had a window and looked inside. I saw a german sheperd eating a block of cheese in what looked like a Coolwhip container. I also saw a green lava lamp suspended by a leather belt. What got most of my attention was a triangular object that was covered by a red leaf-covered cloth. I heard a noise and turned around. That's when they captured me.

Two men picked me up and tied my hands behind my back with sticky cords. The two men had gray and blue uniforms on. They looked alot like cops. Upon their heads were caps that said Malice. They talked to each other in a backwards tongue. I asked them what Malice was and they laughed at me.

I was brought to a red ball about 20 ft. high with stairs leading to the middle of it. I was forced up the stairs by the two men and then I was pushed through a circular doorway. I tried to scream as I fell, but all of a sudden I stopped falling. I was swimming in the middle of the ball. By accident I swallowed some of the material I was swimming in and it tasted alot like apple sauce. All of this struck me so funny, I busted out laughing. In order to stay up I had to wave my arms and legs up and down. I started to feel a sharp pain in my left hand and when I looked up at it , it had pieces of lamp in it. I took some pieces out and that's when Malice came into the red ball cell.

Malice was an eighteen year old girl. She told me she was the leader of Tarku and that Tarku's population was decreasing. She wanted me to go back to Earth and tell the people of Earth to give me their children, so I could give them to a dying country called Tarku that rests right on top of my Uncle Thom's house in another dimension. I guess she didn't know much about Earth people.

I agreed to do this. Malice put me inside of a giant egg and the next thing I knew I was in my Uncle Thom's living room naked. I ran up to the room I was staying in and wrote this down. Just like Uncle Thom, I can't take this knowledge. I thought I could but I can't. I'm now going to take my uncle's gun and blow my head off. Good-bye, I'm sorry it had to end this way but it must. Stay away from this house. It is evil.

Donald Tyre's Suicide

Seventeen year old Donald Tyre was found dead by his Uncle Thom yesterday afternoon. The house was a mess. Lamps were broken, all four doors were knocked down and some of the windows had fist marks in them. Thom came in and found Donald's body lying on the living room rug with broken hands and a gun shot wound in his head. When Donald was found wearing a three piece suit. When the autopsy was completed, they found out that Donald had a great deal of LSD in his system.

12 Days At Diman

by Doug Machado

On the 12th day at Diman my
teacher gave to me
12 one hour lectures
11 reading workbooks
10 vica jackets
9 student lunches
8 science projects
7 math assignments
6 trips to Bently
5 reports to do
4 In school suspension
3 nights detention
2 flunking grades
And a difficult quiz on history.

#35

by Nick Trahan

Reggie, Reggie
What a name
Your death was
such a crying shame
Reggie, Reggie
Are doctors to blame
We all knew how
and when you fell
That April day.
We all asked if
Reggie'd be o.k.
Then a doctor said
That you still could play.
Then one summer day in '93
I saw a flash
That really shocked me.
They said Reggie died
and I wondered why.
But Celtics games won't be the same
If they don't announce Reggie's name.
And when I often think of him
I often cry
Thinking about the number 35.

CURSE

by Doug Machado

He patted the gun - holster at his side; it reassured him and he pressed on through the matted undergrowth of the jungle. It could be much further, he reflected . . . according to the map the site was a mile east of the River of Blood.

Imagine those idiots back in Stonehaven, he chuckled, as he hacked his way forward. Isn't it just like these Haitians. . . Falling for every voodoo story they hear!

They're positive that a fortune in jewels is hidden in this crumbling dump, yet no one has the guts to trek through the jungle after it, just because there's supposed to be a deadly curse on the house where the stuff is hidden! He patted the heavy revolver at his side once again. His gun would take care of any curse careless enough to try to keep him from getting his hands on that treasure!

The clearing opened with unexpected suddeness in front of him, and under the dripping centuries - old trees he saw the dilapidated house they had described to him. It was ghostly, with vapor seeming to rise from its sides. He moved cautiously torward the sagging front door and into the dank building. He froze immediatly. Someone was seated in a chair in the center of the floor, staring off into the murkiness of the room. Quietly, taking great pains not to make a sound, he drew the revolver from its holster, took aim and fired at point - blank range.

Three shots rang out, and he smiled grimly as he moved toward the crumbling cabinets along one of the walls. He wasn't considered a dead - shot for nothing! He hadn't expected to find anybody sitting here and gaurding that fortune in jewels. . . . but he had taken care of whomever it was, anyway the cabinets were full of sparkling jewels.

There was a king's ransom tucked away in this novel, his for the taking! Suddenly, the floor creaked behind him and he whirled, his hand gripping the revolver. The chair in which he had left his victim. . . it was empty! And by the glittering light of the gems he could see that there was no blood where there should have been! His head moved slightly as he slipped the safety catch on his revolver and he saw approaching. . . slowly, as if there was all eternity to accomplish its task. . . a being with the bloodless look of something long dead! Twice he fired the gun, and still the creature kept advancing, never altering its funeral pace!

In the next instant, the truth burst in upon him in a wave of panic. This curse he had heard about at Stonehaven, it was one of the walking dead! That was why no one would accompany him on his trek!

And now the curse was reaching out and touching him, and a chill such as he had never felt before was moving down his body. It was all over, he knew, in his last moment of conciousness! He had been claimed, body and soul, by a ZOMBIE!

Paradox
(FUNERAL PILE)

by H.T.C.

I.
World not within my gaudy haze-hearth
slain through famine -
foliage remains
Today I will awaken -
unearthly terror!
Shall I not mistake thee-
for endless fever

II.
Barren wasteland -
pillars in the sand
Much too early to see majesty damn
stoic I sleep by the window -
stagnant stationary river -
Hollow eyes -
sordid endeavor -
Expire!

III.
Aspect of being of no importance?
Insist upon what society breathes-
so discreet !
For I shall claw my eyes out -
I shall scream my lungs out -
to be of no importance

IV.
Desolation grasping thoughts -
held by wrinkled hands
Eyes swinging blind with mad disquietude-
Mankind !
Bloody rolls amassed -
scraping from the vice !

V.
March in hipocracy -
stealing farce from parody
belie the face which throws stones-
at whoever -
whenever sees fit to judge whatever
extract thy soul by way of trenchance -
twisted thoughts of reverance !
Clamoring self immolation -
hoarding thoughts for the future use -
Funeral pile !

VI.
Compensate unworthy manhood -
Blackened eyes !
Unspoken light !
Upon this funeral pile -
Spreading ashes of woe !