Conjurings

Literary Magazine of
St. Louis College of Pharmacy

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To call or bring to mind.
To evoke.
    To imagine.
To picture

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Paranoid

By Patrick Harper

The wheels of bureaucracy turn ever so slowly, and this held true now more than ever as Mason Fields sat crossed legged in the waiting area at the DMV. He did his best not to doze off before his number was called, but the excessively warm building and the soft murmur of the wall to wall crowd made the environment very conducive to sleep. Eventually his eyelids must have won out over his brain, because it took the shrill calls of the ancient little government worker behind the counter to jolt him into alertness. He wasn’t sure how long he’d been unresponsive, but the woman’s scowl showed that it had been long enough to severely annoy her, although she struck Mason as the type that was easily irritated. He was pretty sure that lack of patience was a prerequisite for a government job. However, he pushed his distaste aside and approached with a smile to complete his business. All he wanted to do was register his new car and get the hell out of there.

Ah, his new car. Now that was a pleasant thought. In fact, it’s what got him through the miserable encounter with the disgruntled DMV employee. He still couldn’t believe he’d landed such a sweet deal, and on eBay nonetheless. His new black Jag fulfilled his every dream. It had the smooth leather interior, the sexy lines and curves, all the power of performance and the luxury of... well... luxury, not to mention a paint job so clean you could see yourself in it. It was perfect, like the woman he’d always wanted, except that the only baggage in this relationship would be what he packed for a vacation to the beach or the mountains or wherever. Plus, this car cost him a lot less than his ex-girlfriend ever did. He had expected something to be horribly wrong with the vehicle, based on the pittance he paid for it, yet he got the jewel that sat in his complex’s parking garage right now. He couldn’t wait to get back home, put on the new plates, and finally take his baby out on the town. Tonight was all that he could think of as he finally exited the Motor Vehicles building.

Mason was focused on his new plates and his big plans, which is probably why he didn’t see him. In fact, no one really paid attention to him. The man didn’t really stick out in the crowded room. He was sitting quietly in the back, newspaper in hand. His simple black business suit and tie dissolved him into the somber surroundings and his black sunglasses prevented any attention-catching eye contact. He was there, but no one noticed him. No one noticed that he never took a number. No one noticed that he never talked to anyone. No one noticed how he arrived shortly before Mason Fields and left just behind him, without ever doing one lick of business.

Mason peddled down the sidewalk so fast that those around him turned their eyes towards his trail, sure that some horrible force was pursuing the young man. They had no idea that it was what lay ahead, at home, that really pulled him in. He had never looked forward to something so much in his life, except maybe finally getting his law degree. That happened a few months ago though, so now the Jag was his pride and joy. Mason danced with anticipation as he rode the elevator up to his apartment. Once there, he threw his bike inside, grabbed a screwdriver and his new keys, and rushed down to the underground parking garage with his fresh license plates. The stairs screamed by beneath his feet and he almost ate the concrete floor a few times, but he finally made it. He rushed to his spot, deactivated the car’s alarm, and threw back the beige cover with the majesty of a magician unveiling his latest illusion. But this was oh so real. There was his new baby.
Mason immediately set to work, first putting the rear plate on and carefully affixing the registration sticker. Everything had to be perfect. This car deserved no less. He then sat in front of the vehicle and started attaching the front plate. It was then, with his backed turned towards the rest of the garage, that he first felt it. The tiny hairs on the back of his neck rose ever so slightly. It was that feeling everyone gets once in a while. Some call it a sixth sense. Some call it nonsense. Regardless, Mason knew what it meant. Someone was watching him.

He continued to work, attempting to glance around subtly with his peripheral vision or at least catch the reflection of something in his new car. Nothing. He tightened the screws on his license bracket very slowly and quietly, listening carefully to the echoing silence of the garage. Then, something. Were those footsteps that he heard? He couldn’t quite tell. There they were again. Mason kept tightening the screws, but faster now, the screwdriver slipping in his sweaty hands. His senses were on full alert. The soft thuds of steps were getting louder, closer. He just knew it. He could almost feel a presence upon him as he finished the last turn of the tool and then spun quickly around, hand clenched tight on the screwdriver’s handle, ready to defend himself if necessary.

No one was there. The garage was empty. Only his neighbors’ cars looked on. The only sound was the soft dripping of a leaky water pipe in the far corner. Mason softly chuckled at himself. His mind had been toying with him. Boy, he needed to get out more. He was so thirsty for excitement he was imagining things. “Good thing I have this ticket out of ‘Dullsville,’” he thought as he pulled the cover back over his new car. All he had to do was shower, shave, and change. Then it was off to the downtown strip with his new wheels to wine and dine with some old law school friends. He couldn’t wait. So Mason turned the car’s alarm back on with a “beep” and exited the parking garage back into the stairwell, the hairs on his neck still tingling ever so slightly.

“Fields. Mason Fields,” the young man quipped in his best Bond accent as he surveyed himself in the mirror. An hour and a half worth of priming and prepping had definitely paid off. There are some things money can’t buy. Style is not one of those things. He’d chosen this new Armani suit specifically to complement the interior and exterior of his new ride. Was it overkill? Probably. Did he care? Not in the least. Not every law grad landed a prime position in a respected firm just months after graduation. But that’s exactly what had happened to him. He had reason to celebrate. Nothing could bring him down off of this high. Or, so he thought.

He scraped the keys, his cell phone, and his money clip off of the kitchen counter with one fluid motion and tossed them into his pockets. One more quick glance at himself in the hall mirror and it was out the door and off to the evening he had fantasized about for so long. He whistled one of his favorite Sinatra tunes as he descended the stairs to the parking garage, where his chariot awaited. He kind of wished that he had lived back in the days of the Rat Pack. The era had a suaveness about it that he just loved. He knew he would have fit right in. As he continued to whistle and descend, a sour note caught his ear. It wasn’t his tune though, it was something else; something distant sounding, but growing steadily stronger. Then he recognized the distinct blare of his car’s alarm.

The remaining stairs were but a blur beneath Mason’s feet as he flew down the final flights to the garage. He flung the heavy metal door open as if it were weightless and sprinted to his parking spot. The young man’s jaw dropped open at the scene. The satin cover was half pulled off of his new Jag. The car’s horn was blaring, the lights were flashing in alarm mode, and the driver’s side door was wide open. Someone had broken into his car. But, as Mason surveyed the damage he grew even more puzzled, because there was none. There was not a
scratch or broken window anywhere. "How is this possible?" he thought. It actually appeared as if the intruder had a key or was at least a very talented lock pick. Mason leaned into the open door and looked around the car's interior. The console and the glove compartment were both ajar, their contents spread amidst the floorboards. He shuffled through the mess. Nothing seemed to be missing. He just couldn't figure out what was going on.

Then he heard the door to the stairwell open. He shot up over the dashboard just in time to see it slam back closed. Mason jumped out of his car and hurried over to the stairwell. He pulled open the door and peered inside. No one was to be seen, but he could hear the echoing steps of a quickened pace climbing upward. Looking up, he could just see one jacket-clad arm and a man's hand clinging hard to the railing as he ascended. "Stop! Get back here!" he screamed, not sure what he'd do if the mysterious person actually obeyed him. That didn't happen though. The thudding feet trailed away and Mason was alone again. He cautiously returned to his car, plopped down in the driver's seat, and flipped open his cell phone to report the incident through the local police hotline. All he got in return was a busy signal. "Typical," he thought.

After a moment of reflection he finally came to a decision. Although he was still a little rattled, he refused to have his evening spoiled. His car seemed to be fine and nothing, or at least nothing of importance, appeared to be missing. So he got out of the car and pulled the cover completely off. After one final check of the Jag's exterior, Mason got back in the pilot's seat, slammed the door, and started his baby up. The purr of the engine drowned out his anxiety and the euphoria of the first drive took over. He checked himself in the rearview mirror and his smile never shone so bright. "Fields," he quipped, "Mason Fields." Then the young lawyer squealed out of the garage and into the street, roaring through the city streets towards his rendezvous, and never noticing the pair of headlights behind that seemed to mirror his every move.

The night was all that Mason expected it to be. The food was great, the drinks were better, and his friends were knocked off their feet by his newfound success and status. Mission accomplished. The group reminisced of the past and dreamt about the future until the manager of the swanky, downtown club finally had to ask them to leave so he could close at 3 am. They reluctantly said their goodbyes outside, vowing to make this meeting an annual event, and then went their separate ways. Mason was all smiles as he stumbled to the lot across the street where his new car was parked. He was on cloud nine. It was definitely a mix of accomplishment and intoxication, but it still felt great. He unlocked the doors and climbed into the driver's seat, laughing at himself as he tried numerous times to get the key into the ignition. The car was finally started and he was preparing to back up when he got a double dose of sobriety. As he rotated the rearview mirror, a shadowy figure came into focus in his back seat.

Mason jumped and screamed. Then man in the suit and dark glasses wrapped his arm around the seat and held Mason in place with incredible strength. "Hello Mr. Fields," he whispered very calmly into Mason's ear, "it's nice to finally meet face to face." The man's voice was eerily cool and monotone. Mason was sure he didn't recognize it.

"Who are you? What the hell do you want?" the confused young man squeaked.
"I'm going to make this very easy for you son. I don't know what you've done with it, but I want it. Hand it over and you live. It's as simple as that."

"What? I don't know what you're talking about. Give you what?"
“Don’t play dumb with me you little bastard!” the man screamed, showing his first glimpse of emotion. “It was in here when you bought this damn car and now it’s not. That means you’ve taken it somewhere. For your sake, let’s hope you still have it, and the cops don’t.”

Mason was close to tears now. “Listen sir,” he pleaded, “I don’t know what you’re talking about. There was nothing in this car when I bought it except the manual and stuff. I really think you’ve got the wrong guy!”

“Wrong answer kid. I was hoping this wasn’t going to get messy.”

Mason saw the glint of a metal object in the mirror as the dark-suited man brought his hand from beneath his jacket. He didn’t plan on sticking around to find out what it was. He bit down hard on the man’s arm and shot out the door as soon as he was released, sprinting towards nothing in particular, just away from the invading stranger.

Mason had never run this hard in his life. At least, that’s what it felt like now. As he rounded the corner at the end of a block he glanced back over his shoulder to his car and his would be captor. He couldn’t believe it. The burly man was right on his heels, moving with a speed that seemed much too quick for his size and build. Mason had never even heard him get out of the car! Mason swung his head back around, prepared to really pour on the steam, when he was knocked to the cold asphalt by a skull-splitting blow to the head.

The bad had just gotten worse. The brick wall came out of nowhere. Mason was so caught up in the closeness of his pursuer that he hadn’t even noticed that he’d turned down a dead-end alley. The solid wall in front of him and his aching head were both definite indications that he had nowhere left to go but back, towards the threatening man who was hunting him. Movement of any kind was difficult as Mason fought to retain consciousness. He braced himself against a dumpster and got to his feet just in time to catch a kick square to the gut. The suit had caught up to him, and was releasing anger above and beyond what little he had displayed back in the Jag.

“So you don’t have it, huh?!” He booted Mason hard in the ribs. “Well that’s your problem kid. It was definitely there!”

A size thirteen heel landed square on Mason’s left ankle. He heard every bone crack and shatter under the force.

“Maybe next time you should think a little harder before you just buy a car from anyone like that! Why did you think the snake was trying to get rid of it?!”

The man picked Mason up like a sack of old trash and flung him against the wall he’d gotten to know earlier. He struck it hard and his wrist shattered as he tried to protect his head. Mason slumped to the ground, lacking the energy to do anything but stare up at the devilish figure before him through his swollen, bloodied eyes. He couldn’t help but start to cry. “Please mister. Please. I don’t know what you’re talking about. I don’t know what you’re looking for. I don’t have what you’re looking for!”

The man towered over Mason and stared down at him, still through his dark glasses. He reached inside his jacket and his hand reappeared holding a nickel-plated handgun. He pointed it at Mason’s forehead, and for the first time since their meeting in the car the man’s calm, monotone voice returned.

“Well kid... sucks to be you.”

BANG! Mason threw his hands in the air, screamed, and jumped hard. His sharp thud against the tile floor as his chair shot out from under him brought him back to consciousness. As he looked around, everyone in the DMV lobby was staring at him. His clothes were drenched
with sweat and his heart was racing. He scanned his surroundings quickly, but there was no suited man, no gun, no ally, no nothing. The most terrifying thing in the room was the disgruntled DMV worker banging her hand on the desk and yelling, “Number thirteen! Number thirteen please!”

Mason looked down. That was the number he was holding. He must have fallen asleep. What a rude awakening. He wasn’t dead, but this embarrassment was almost worse. He slowly picked himself up off the floor and took the ‘walk of shame’ up to the counter. All he wanted to do was register his new car and get the hell out of here. The little old lady took her sweet time with her paperwork, but once it was stamped and signed he grabbed his new plates and made a beeline for the door. Mason was so intent on leaving that he didn’t even see him. In fact, after Mason’s little performance, no one really paid attention to him. The man didn’t really stick out in the crowded room. He was sitting quietly in the back, newspaper in hand. His simple black business suit and tie dissolved him into the somber surroundings and his black sunglasses prevented any attention-catching eye contact. He was there, but no one noticed him. No one noticed that he never took a number. No one noticed that he never talked to anyone. No one noticed how he arrived shortly before Mason Fields and left just behind him, without ever doing one lick of business.

Upon my porch I sit

Every day I wait for thee
Upon my porch I sit
Wind goes through the willow tree
Upon my porch I sit

It’s nearly noon, and where are you?
I cannot wait much more.
Now my watch says twelve oh two
You’re nowhere near my door

Wherefore art thou man of milk
The king of two percent
You keep from me your drink of silk
Upon my porch I sit

Josh Boudeman
Sky Walking

You pass me by-
All I am to you is just some guy.
-I look into your eyes,
And just to my surprise
By me you walk away
It's just a Typ-ic-al day

And I---, Can see us walk together in the sky,
Deep in your eyes, I see the love that happiness supplies.
And you seem to deny- I'm not a Typ-ic-cal guy.
We can't go on like this forever.

If love arise
I would give you everything in life.
You- Should be with me
I'm begging on my knees
Just give me that one chance
To go through life hand in hand

Chorus
And I---, can see us walk together in the sky,
Deep in your eyes, I see the love that happiness supplies
I wait for that one day
When you won't walk away
You'll take me by the hand
Will you understand?

You pass me by-
I glance at you and sadness hits my eyes,
I turn around to see,
Your eyes looking at me
You reach and take my hand
And now you understand

She said- I---, Can see us walk together in the sky
Deep in your eyes, I see the love that happiness supplies.
For so long I denied, but you're no typical guy
Now I can see us together.
And I---, can see us walk together in the sky,
Deep in your eyes, I see the love that happiness supplies

Dan Roth
Not the Typical Pull Over

I was driving at dark one night
When I saw flashing lights.
“That cannot be right,” I thought as
My body filled with fright.

The policeman walked up shortly
And saw tears in my eyes.
Soon I saw that he could be
The devil in disguise.

“Can I see your ID youngster?”
Were the first words he said.
I just couldn’t find it, making
This moment one to dread.

“That’s okay, ma’am, I know you well;
Your dad’s famous ‘round here.
Actually, just last night I
Had with him a great beer.”

Now I was completely confused.
Why was I pulled over?
“Don’t show how mad you are right now.
Keep it undercover.”

Then the cop did something that I
Really didn’t expect.
He gave me something of my dad’s,
A token of respect.

“This fifty bucks belongs to Jack,
He dropped it at the bar.”
I pocketed it later, and
Knew why he’d stopped my car.

Tracey Hysong

Dealing in Pharmacies

Hypochondriac,
You always think you are sick.
You’re fine. Stop calling.

Krista Fiedler
A day in the life of Pac-Man

Watch out
Here come the ghosts, a
Real pain they are, always in
The way. Trying to swallow the
Magical pills while they follow
Gotta eat the big one, then
The tables turn, blue
Ghosts are here now
And its time for some food
A life in the day of Pacman a
Pill eating yellow circle. Go get the
Banana its extra points. Run a
Ghost is about to trap you!
Cool. High Score.

Jordan Lippmann

Butterfly

I’ve never seen such a butterfly,
A butterfly with such iridescent wings.
See it flying ever so gracefully through the summer skies,
Like a stained glass window circling around in rings.

I’ve always wondered what it’s like to float in the air,
To float and glide under a starlit sky,
To be a shimmer shining everywhere
To follow the path of the river flowing by.

I’d want to be the one that dazzles in your eye
To fly around with a painted canvas upon my back
Like a beautiful Monet in the velvet sky.
It’s hard to think of all the beauty this world lacks

For all of this may seem a little too extreme,
But to close my eyes, make a wish and catch a dream.

Kailye Hsia


**Peanut Factory**

*By Brian Scholfield*

When I found out I won the million dollars, I was the happiest man alive. That was until they told me of the conditions of receiving the money. I was to tour a peanut factory; how simple, right? Wrong, especially if you’re deathly allergic to peanuts like me. There was no way I was going to lose a million dollars. I had a plan. I went online and had a biohazard suit, complete with an air filter, overnighted to my house. Nothing could touch me inside of it, no evil peanuts. It was nearly a thousand dollars, but what did that matter? I’d be getting a million soon. The tour was tomorrow, so I went to bed knowing that in the morning I’d have to put on a bog suit, just to tour a factory.

I woke up at eight o’clock and got ready. It took me 40 minutes just to get into the biohazard suit; the website failed to mention there was some assembly required. As I was driving to the factory, I received more that my fair share of odd looks. Some kids even cried when they saw me. I arrived at the factory at 11:00 and was escorted inside. Much to my dismay, there were cameramen inside and a reporter. I was terrified. I never thought that my tour would be televised. And worst of all, I looked up and saw a sign reading “Huchington’s Shipping Supplies.” This was a peanut factory alright, a packing peanut factory. The reporter laughed and asked, “Why the suit?” Sheepishly I told her, “I’m deathly allergic to peanuts.” She then proceeded to burst out laughing.

Later that night I was one million dollars richer, and very happy, even though I was the laughing stock of the entire city. Oh well, people will eventually forget. Perhaps I should have researched which peanut factory I was visiting.

**Born Again**

The soft wind, sweeping the fields  
With the sweet smell of fresh daisies,  
Reminds me that spring is here,  
And the buzzing of the bees.  
Everything new to the world around you,  
The flowers that grew now have food to provide.  
To prove that the move of death is no more,  
The ones, who are true, can walk with pride.  
The sins we confess  
Are cleared from our conscience  
Because we confide in Christ,  
Our King, crowned Jesus.  
        Until a cold front comes,  
        We will live forever in his love.

Lindsay Marlo
My Trip to Lemp Mansion

By Steve Mattli

Walking into the front door, you get the feeling of money and amassed wealth. Large rooms with ornate walls, tin ceilings, and tiled flooring with an indoor fountain decorated the mansion. The place was expansive and tended to show its age in the worn flooring and slightly faded wallpaper. Not knowing what to expect, since I was brought here by friends, we started our tour. On Halloween, tours here are not given by guides, but are self-lead. Tour guides call in sick this day of the year. Upon asking why there are minimal workers here, I received an answer I was not prepared to readily accept. Apparently, the place is haunted and no one wants to come in on Halloween. I found that Mr. Lemp committed suicide in the very room we were in. The red wallpaper no longer seemed ornate and beautiful, but instead the color of blood. The death didn’t stop there, though. Mr. Lemp had a son who also committed suicide in the same room, behind the same desk, sitting in the same chair. Is it just my imagination or did the room get a bit darker? It’s probably just the sun being hidden by some clouds. As we were about to leave the room, a newspaper clipping caught my eye. The full story was spelled out in black and white. Mr. Lemp Sr. had a son as well. No need to think about where Junior’s last breath was since I am standing in front of the oak desk that has now been covered in three generations of blood. The room is starting to shrink in on me and I ran back to the main foyer. The walls expand to their usual breadth and I can breathe again.

The expansive walls no longer look beautiful, but dark and foreboding. I nearly jump out of my shins as something brushes against my leg. I don’t want to look, but you know that it is impossible not to. O thank God, it’s just a cat. I reach down to pet its head and something is not quite right. The cat seems to have an aura of light surrounding it. The cat hisses wildly at me, and I jump back. All of a sudden, I hear laughter and look up. My friends are all laughing at me. “What’s so funny,” I asked. They told me I looked like an idiot. I told them I was just petting the cat and they all stopped laughing. “What cat?” I looked down and it was nowhere to be seen. Only a moment ago it was rubbing up against my leg. One of the few Lemp Employees smirked and told me that in due time they would understand. Alarms started to sound in my head and Jiminy Cricket told me to “bug the hell out of this place” but my friends pulled me back in.

We continued the tour upstairs to the living quarters. Someone in another tour was playing the baby grand at the end of the hall. Everyone rushed forward but again something was not quite right. There were no lights or windows at the end of the hall but we could all see the outline of the man... or was it a woman. My stomach knotted knowing this situation could only go downhill. Thank god there were no doors to lock us in. As my friends rushed forward, the playing stopped and the player vanished into thin air. A couple people screamed, some exclaimed that was cool, and others just stood there in stunned silence.

I rushed forward to rejoin them and said, “See I told you there was a cat!” “That would be my wife’s. She keeps all kinds and I just want to shoot every one of them in the head,” said a disembodied voice. Jiminy Cricket is back in my head again asking for a Florida style recount. Three suicidal men, nonexistent cats, and disembodied voices... what else do you need you idiot, RUN! But I couldn’t. I was stuck in a trance. It was like watching something utterly disgusting; you can’t watch but can’t turn away either. So, there we all were in the silence of the hallway when a faucet turned on in the adjacent bedroom.
Everyone’s eyes looked at everyone else’s and I walked over to the door. Scared shitless, and wanting nothing more to leave this house of carnage, my trembling hand turned the knob of the door and opened it. There was a rush of humid air that blew in everyone’s face and the entire room was fogged over. One of my group pushed me into the mist, and immediately upon passing into the room, a blood curdling scream issued forth. I ran out only to be pulled back in by some unknown force. The only saving factor was I grabbed another of our group before being yanked back into the room. At least I wasn’t alone.

Now that the two of us were in the room we could tell there was no faucet running but a shower instead. Thankfully I pulled Jackson in the room with me. “I think I’ve seen this movie before, and the black man always dies first,” said Jackson. We slowly made our way to the bathroom where a soft voice started to call toward us.

Back in the hall, all were still stunned by the quick chain of events that unfurled. There was a stench of body odor in the air. They all watched the door swing silently on its hinges to cut the two in the room off from the rest of the world. Ryan seemed to snap out of this state first, and stopped the door from shutting with his foot. The resistance began to grow and Ryan yelled for them to stick together and everyone get inside. Before anyone could move, the voice came back and yelled, “How dare you challenge me!” And with that a white mist came from the end of the hall and went through Ryan. There was no scream or change in state. Ryan merely fell to the floor, stiff as a board. That was the last time anyone in the group saw Steven and Jackson. The remainder of the group bolted and called the cops. Ryan’s body was found mangled and twisted five feet away from the door he died at. Steven and Jackson’s bodies were never recovered, and there was no evidence they ever entered the house.

Remember

When I spoke to you,
I knew it was true.
My heart told me I was in love with you.
As you talked to me,
My body melted to the ground.
I remembered the day.
I remembered the time.
I remembered the place.
It used to be on my mind all the time.
I had your voice memorized,
I heard it in my dreams.
I wish we were together,
But I guess it wasn’t faith.
All I can say is that I liked you more than words can ever say.

Ami V. Patel
The Mail Lady

By Jayme Wilson

I had just got done eating dinner when I looked out the living room window to see my mailbox as well as all of the neighbors’ mailboxes flying through the air. “Those darn kids!” I can’t keep mailboxes around here. I am going to call the police right now. I picked up the phone to dial when I noticed that the car that had hit the boxes was stopped. It was pitch dark outside, so I could not see the car itself, but I saw the headlights. I dropped the phone to run outside to just make sure that the person in the car was okay. As I approached the car, it looked familiar. I got closer to see. “Mandy!? What in the hell are you doing? Have you been drinking?” I asked her.

“No, Uncle Jim” she said real softly. It was clear that she was shaken up over the matter, so I just made sure she was not hurt. There was no blood and she kept saying she was fine. “Mom is going to kill me,” she just kept saying!

“Well, what in the heck made you run into these six mailboxes?” I asked her. She just sat there a second in embarrassment and then stated that she was in a hurry to get home when she looked in her rear view mirror to see flashing lights. So, she turned around to see what they were, but apparently failed to slow down until she had just run over the mailboxes. “Well, let’s get you home and we will worry about putting up more mailboxes tomorrow in the daylight,” I told her.

We drove her car home with the fender dangling off and a busted windshield to tell her mom what had happened. “I will talk to your mom and explain to her what happened,” I replied, just trying to hold back from laughing. “She can’t get too mad because I remember when she had her first accident too.” So, I explained it to her mother and she told her grandmother, so the whole town knew about the incident by the end of the week. I’m surprised it wasn’t in the newspaper, but needless to say, her nickname from that day forward became “the Mail Lady.”

Red

Anger rising
Higher, higher
Like an evil red balloon
Lightning crashes
And tears erupt
The river flows
Into stillness

Tincy Maroor
Both of Our Rings

He didn't call to tell me,
He would be late again.
I told him to get out and go back,
To wherever he had been.

After a long hour of yelling,
He finally packed up his things.
He walked out and left me,
Holding both of our rings.

I stood in shock as I watched him leave,
I just wanted him back.
I can't believe he left me,
Without even looking back.

I went inside lost in the pain,
Of my heart lying in shards.
The telephone rang followed by,
An officer with his regards.

I felt the air suck out of me,
As he told me the awful news.
He lost control of the car,
Loose gravel is what they accuse.

He asked the officer to report,
He was sorry and he loves me.
Those were his last words,
Now I sit here sad and lonely.

I lay in bed every night,
Thinking lots of things.
But mostly how he left me,
Holding both of our rings.

Cortney Strodtman
The New Room

By Amy Basler

"Bobby."

The boy’s eyes flicked open in an instant. The last visions swimming in his mind faded rapidly as the dark room attempted to come into focus. Though he could see no one in the room with him, except his sleeping little brother, he knew that he had heard someone say his name. He sat up slowly. His sweat soaked pajamas peeled from his former resting place and clung themselves to his skin.

He couldn’t tell whether he was hot because his mother had been cooking on the stove that night or if it was because of the same reason that his eyes darted, currently, back and forth across the room scanning for some glimpse of movement in the dark. Only the rhythmic thudding in his chest gave him some inclination as to the reason. His ears were perked, gathering every sound and analyzing where in the room it came from and what was making it. His nose detected only the faint musty scent of a growing boy’s room. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary upon first glance.

His eyes watered from holding them open so long. They burned and longed to close, but determination kept them from doing what they desired. Bobby slid his legs through the sheets and swung them to the shaggy carpet below, without a sound. Standing up at the side of his bed, he surveyed the room once more.

Bobby’s family had been living in the house for almost two years now, but he had just recently moved into the attic with his smaller brother Larry. His older brother, Sidney, lived in the room upstairs for the first year, but their parents thought they would give the bigger room to the two smaller boys and let Sidney have the room downstairs. There wasn’t any complaining when the switch happened. Whatever Mom and Dad said was law in this house.

The room was perfect for two brothers architecturally. It was “U” shaped with back-to-back wall closets separating the beds and study spaces of the two boys, allowing each boy their own privacy. A small door, to the right of the entrance to the room, in a small alcove, led to a space in the house that had yet to be examined by the family due to what they assumed was a faulty lock of some sort. Bobby had the east side of the room and Larry resided in the western half of the attic. Bobby, being the responsible older brother, would get up with the sun and wake Larry every morning for breakfast. The room functioned well for the family.

Beads of sweat glided down Bobby’s face as he stood in the dark. He thought to himself that it was odd that he was perspiring this much. Here it was the beginning of October and Bobby was more uncomfortable in his sleep than in the heat of the summer months. It was true that recently their area had been experiencing Indian Summer weather, but nothing that would make him this miserable. Looking over to his brother solidified this reasoning. Larry, Bobby could tell, was asleep comfortably on his side of the room.

Bobby’s left eye ignited with a burning sensation from the sweat that he had neglected to wipe from his brow. His hands flew up to his face, he closed his eyes, and he rubbed them furiously attempting to dull the feeling.

His ears picked up a scratching sound coming from the stairs in front of him. A patter of small footsteps could be heard moving with haste from the place of the scratching sound then over to his left. A breath of air caressed Bobby’s leg making him take a step backwards. He stood frozen with his hands seemingly glued to his eyes, no longer moving. The smell of dust
filled his nostrils. He heard an odd creaking sound and overwhelming silence swarmed once more.

"What the hell was that?" Bobby said aloud. Only his mind answered.

"It could have been a number of things. I might have been a toy, a mouse, or a squirrel."

"No mouse is that large and there are no toys that we have in this house that can move on their own or climb up stairs."

"No matter what it is in the room you have to open your eyes sometime. You aren't honestly going to stay in this position 'til morning, and if there is something unexplainable out there, who is to say that it's going to stay where it is?"

"That's a very good point. Whatever it is has been in the room at least once already and it may still be in here. I can't be scared. I swear if there is something in here, when I get done with this, Mom and Dad are not going to hear the end of it."

"Effing liars," Bobby muttered aloud to himself.

Bobby prayed to God that another squirrel had gotten into the attic. Even though the first one had been brought in against its will, he was sure that there were ways in which members of the squirrel population could infiltrate the attic. Bobby cracked an eye open to assure himself that a squirrel was the cause of commotion in the room. His crescent slivered eye traced itself across the room following the path of the noise he had heard moments earlier. Bobby caught his breath abruptly and slowly sat down hugging his knees against his chest. His whole body seemed to have gone cold. His fingers and toes had become adjacent icicles to his body and the chattering of his teeth drowned out the other minor sounds in the room.

The door to the right of the stairs stood ajar. If ever, since he had been startled from his sleep, his heart rate had gone back to normal, he wouldn't have noticed. Large gulps of air entered his lungs, but no amount quenched his need. Most of the door was hidden from sight by Bobby's dresser, but the top of the door and doorway were still visible to the boy. Bobby's knees welcomed the carpet as the boy rolled onto his hands and knees and started crawling toward the queer new sight. As he neared, he saw the top of the door swing open more, beckoning him in.

He was now knelted in front of the recess of the room with the open door meeting his own gaze. The only thing that obstructed the darkness of the new room was a window on the opposite wall. Though that glass was caked in dust, the deafened glow of the moon outside made the square glow faintly. After staring at the portal for an undefined amount of time, Bobby shuffled his way to the entrance. A quick examination of the lock and handle sparked no interest or suspicion. Though the glow of the window was not great enough to make everything visible, Bobby felt confident that there was nothing threatening in the room after a thorough scanning.

He stood at the window. Gathering some shirt in his hand, he started to wipe the glass clean of the muck that was crusted on it. It came off relatively easy and light now entered uninhibited.

Bobby looked out of the window. He bucked up and scooted back on the dusty floor clearing a path back towards the door. He caught himself halfway. A crow stood on the other side of the glass holding a worm in its mouth. When Bobby stirred again, the crow took flight. Returning to the window, Bobby saw that he had an excellent view of the garage and the back fields. The sky was cloudy and the moon's light was being filtered by a patch in front of it, but the way things were moving it would be coming back into view in a few moments. He stared down into his yard and saw the neighbor's cat slinking through the garden. A few squirrels
scampered after one another, playing a game of tag in the midst of their gathering of acorns from the oak tree.

The moon peered out from behind the cloud and things outside were much more visible. Now two small circles of a yellowish tint appeared on the glass in front of him. Bobby tried to wipe them from the surface with his shirt, as he had done with the other coverings but when he pulled the shirt back, it was still there. He pressed his face closer to the glass trying to see what it was that would not come off. His eyes focused on the spots and he knew now that nothing was on the glass. Bobby stared into the foreign yellow eyes reflected on the window from behind him for an instant and then suddenly collapsed. He heard the door to the new room click shut behind him as he fell.

In A Dream

I lie awake
A daze in a world of colors.
The chemical sparking of neuronal synapses
Causing flickering images inside my brain.
   I see a dream
The possibility of a thousand futures
Each a combination of the decisions
I make now, I have made, I have never made.
   I hear a voice
A chorus of voices joined in laughter
In somber tones, in shades of green
And blue and tan, disjointed sounds.
   I taste the air
With fragrance of jasmine and perfume
And spice, and elegant lace in layers of white
And a sigh, bitter rain stains the ground.
   I smell a power
Of possibility, of completion and scuffed off
Skin, of one thousand chances taken
Fears created, feelings trod, agonies wasted.
I lie awake in a dream.

Kelsey Jackson
The Library Girl

By Kim Ly

It was a long, cold fall night. I had been at the library working on my world history paper. Of course, I waited until the night before it was due to start working on it. I wouldn’t have it any other way than to procrastinate like I always do. Instead, this time, I was really kicking myself because I had a political science exam the next morning as well. I got to the library around 9pm, and oddly, no one was there. Usually, a college library is full of students, but for some strange reason, I was the only one there. Well, there was the old scary librarian named Bob. He never talked much. As long as I had been a student here at Boston University, rumors had been circulating that he had murdered his wife, but they never found the body so there was no evidence. Whenever students would ask him where the books were, he would grunt and just point to the section. No one has ever had a conversation with him. No, not Bob. I wasn’t scared of Bob. To me, they were just rumors.

I sat at the back table in between the botany sections no one really ever goes to. I’ve always liked to be isolated from everyone else. Although, tonight, it really did not matter since no one was even there. For some reason, I was getting writer’s block. I could not think of sentences to put my facts together for this world history paper. I don’t know if it was the constant ticking of the clock that agitated me or that I could hear Bob constantly tapping his pencil against the table. Tap. Tick. Tap. Tick. Tap. Tick. The sounds just kept amplifying. I really could not think! I looked at the clock. Strange, the clock hadn’t moved since I got there at 9. My watch said it was 10:15. What was that ticking noise? I decided see where it came from so I could stop it. I went to the front to try and get Bob to stop the tapping noise, but once I got to the front desk, Bob was nowhere to be found. The noises kept getting louder. Tap. Tap. Tap. Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick. The lights flickered on and off. This was getting a little strange, I thought to myself. I quickly grabbed my books, stuffed them in my bag, and ran out the door as soon as I could. I walked out of the library as fast as I could and down the halls of the building. I could hear footsteps following me, but when I tuned around, no one was there. The footsteps kept walking faster, as if it was trying to keep up with me. I finally stopped, and so did the footsteps. “Who’s there?” I yelled. My voice echoed through the hallway. Quickly, I ran down the hall, hoping no one was following me this time. Only, I heard the footsteps running after me. I was afraid this time to turn around. I got to the doors and flung them open, quickly ran down the concrete steps, and cut through the grass on the field. I didn’t hear anyone follow me as I cut through the field. The only sounds that I heard were the crunching of the leaves as I quickly walked through them. I stopped for a second to catch my breath and turned around. No one was there. Once I caught my breath, I proceeded to walk again. This time, I heard the noises again—crunching of the leaves made by someone else’s footsteps. I finally got to the concrete steps of my dormitory. I heard the person behind me trip. I turned around and no one was there. Instead, I found a golden locket, but no one was around. I picked it up. It was engraved. It said “Natalie Brunstone, October 11, 1923.”

I looked up, and my roommate, Tom was there. “Hey man, what’s going on? What do you have there?” Tom said.

“Oh, just a locket I found. I thought I heard someone following me.” I said.

Tom leaned over and looked at the locket. “Natalie Brunstone? 1923?” Tom said, “Do you know who this is??!!?!”
“No, why?” I said.
“Wealth Brunstone is the girl who hung herself in the library back in like the 1940’s! There were rumors circulating that she haunts the library to try to find a body to possess. Well, anyway, I’m going out. See ya man.”

Chills ran up my spine. Was it really Natalie that was following me or was it my imagination? I left the locket on the step and continued to walk up the steps. It had been a long night.

Patho Final

Okay, so far
the Final test...
    (“Oh Good.
    Here it comes.”)
You will want
to study,
maybe with a buddy,
on the following chapters
    (“With a buddy?
    Are you kidding?”)
from infectious diseases
all the way to sepsis.
    (“Oh good!
    Only ten packets.”)
Remember this will be included

on our final that will be concluded
    (“No shit! Tell
    me something I don’t know.”)
on Friday
a week from this Friday.
    (“Oh well, at least
    It has come to its end.”)

Maulik Patel
The Four Seasons

The leaves turn red, orange, yellow from green
The days get shorter
And cooler
Now you know fall is here
The leaves fall off the trees
And look bare
The ground is covered with snow
And the animals are hiding
Winter has come
The flowers began to bloom
Red roses and purple lilacs
You see green leaves on the trees
The days are longer and warmer
The birds chirping at dawn
Now spring is here
School is out
The days are hot
Vacation time is here
And the skies are clear
Summer has come

Neha Patel

Reasons why I love you:

Every time I see you, it puts a smile on my face
Simply being next to you makes my heart race

You can always make me laugh
You are my perfect ‘other half’

I love how you kiss me like no one else has ever done
Every minute spent with you is always so much fun

You expand my horizons; you open my eyes
You take me to new places and I never ask why

You never mean to hurt me, you never make me cry
You are always so sweet and thoughtful; I know you would never lie

Not a single second spent with you could ever be a mistake
My feelings and love for you I would never be able to fake

L. Holmes
A Day in the Life of a Street Light

By Anna Johnson

Even though I turn off every morning at approximately 6:00, I never stop watching. I have seen many things take place under my watchful glow, yet the things that people do still surprise me sometimes.

Last night, a drug deal took place beneath my gaze and I saw a man shot. But this morning, people walk beneath me as if it never happened.

What a difference the darkness makes. In light, only a few would do such things. But when day fades, the true nature of people springs forth and the bad ones put on a face of fearlessness. If only people could see what I see. They would know not to strut past me like they are invincible. They would understand that life is short, sometimes shorter than they think, and to enjoy it while they can.

If only they could see what the man at my feet goes through each day. He sits, undaunted by the cruel stares he receives from passersby. He holds his cup in his gnarled hands and looks straight back at everyone with his milky white eyes. Sometimes the clinking of coins alerts him and he smiles at his unseen helper. Yet at night, as he sits, the young boys taunt and tease him. They confuse him with displaced sounds that he cannot comprehend.

The man has not been here as long as I have. When he came, his coat was new, his hair clean, and his face still contained an image of hope. Now the coat hangs in tatters, his hair is long and unkempt, and his beard contains pieces of his last supper, with no ability to see them. Yet he is still hopeful; you can see it in his face. He sits under the light, even though it doesn’t help him see, because those who will help him will only do so if they feel like they are being watched.

Directions to a Bad Day

First, get up a little too late
To find that you missed an important date.
Go to take a hot shower
Look up to find that you have no power.
Walk straight into work
And run into your boss being a jerk.
Stop, just to get chewed out
But make sure to yield to his shout.
Turn right as he calls you a liar
You know you are there when he tells you “You’re fired!”

Jayme Wilson
Axe Warfare

By Derek Palisch

The triggering mechanism consisted of a string, not just any string, but dental floss that stretched from the door handle of the only entrance to the dorm room to a mechanical pencil under a newly made bed. This pencil supported a heavy pile of useless books. Underneath the books rested a can of freshly shaken Axe body spray. The can was fastened securely to one leg of the bed with duct tape. This ensured the can would stay in place after the books fell. The trap was set. It would only be a matter of minutes before my suitmates were back from class, and this would surely settle the Axe war once and for all. As I sat and waited, I thought back to the events that set off this devastating cascade of Axe warfare.

It all started a couple of months into the first semester of this, my freshman year. As a token of their appreciation, the school (STLCOP) decided to give away some kind of survival kit that basically said, “You guys smell like ass, go take a shower.” In the kit there were cans of different varieties of Axe body spray. I had no intentions of using this stinky shit on myself, but quickly learned each of these cans could be turned into an aggravating weapon. The directions on the cans should have read, “Remove cap, tape down nozzle with several layers of tape for continuous flow, place in neighbor’s door, secure door to eliminate escape, listen to horrifying screams, and laugh ass off.” It was only a matter of time before everyone caught on. Walking down the dorm halls led to a blend of smells that can only be compared to mustard gas. Battle after battle raged on for almost a week. Between lifting weights, playing trombones, and delivering Axe bombs, there was no time to shave and no need to shower. My body deteriorated, leaving me weak with an Amish, pubic-hair-like beard that I felt was very attractive. It was this that led to my nickname, pube face.

In one of the final battles leading up to the present ultimate attack, my roommate and I were able to ambush our enemy suitmates from the air. At about 3:00 A.M. on a pitch black and stormy night, an idea came to me as I sat watching the Game Show Network with a beer in one hand and a trombone in the other. My roommate and I knew our suitmates had been in bed for hours and would be fast asleep. All of the noise we created would be canceled out by their high-power fan they turned on every night. We worked slowly and carefully, removing ceiling tiles from the interconnecting bathroom, as well as a small tile from their room. The Axe bomb was tied to dental floss and suspended about half way between the floor and ceiling in their room. The ever so quiet hiss of the bomb releasing its notorious fumes eventually woke one of them up. He struggled to open the bathroom door that he had barricaded earlier by tying floss from the bathroom door to their room door, allowing even more Axe to flow into the room before it was disabled. In his sleepy slumber he said, “Nice idea, shitheads,” and stumbled back to bed. In my monotone robotic voice I replied, “Yeah. That. Is. Right. Bitch.” You could tell he was impressed even though he was pissed.

Now, back to the task at hand, the door began to open and drool began to run down my chin and drip over my unshaven facial pubes. The floss became tense and the pressure became too much; the mechanical pencil flew from underneath the stack of books and hammered the wall. The books fell in a see-saw effect on top of the Axe can. The sweet smell of Axe greeted my nostrils and I knew the suitmates would suffer through hours of wretched stench. I was untouchable and we had won the war. “Boo! Yah!”
LoveConnection.com

By Kaitlin McCosh

I was sitting at home, having a nice quiet dinner, when my sister, Rebecca, barged in on one of her many annoying visits and disrupted everything.

“Look at you. Having dinner by yourself, AGAIN. You are so lonely. You need a man and I know just how to find you one.”

“Excuse me?” Rebecca often went off on tangents in which our brother and I were forced to either ignore her or try our best to follow along. I, stupidly, did the second of the two. “I’m signing you up for an on-line dating service. Don’t argue with me. Consider it a gift. It’s like I’m buying you a life.”

“But I have a life,” I declared.

“Well then consider it a gift for a happier life,” Rebecca said in her “I’m older and know more than you” sisterly tone. “Now I’m leaving all the information on the kitchen counter and I expect you to have a date by the end of the week so that you don’t waste my time or money. Kisses!”

And with that she was gone. “Alone at last,” I thought.

I went through my normal nightly routine. I finished supper, fed the cat, took my shower, and settled in to watch some TV before bed. Just as I was about to go to sleep, I remembered that I had left some leftovers out in the kitchen. If I didn’t go dispose of them now, the cat would get into them and make a mess. With a sigh, I rose to take care of the problem.

The leftovers sat just as I had left them in the kitchen. I scraped them off the plate and down the garbage disposal.

Just as I went to put the plate into the dishwasher, something caught my eye. It was a yellow slip of paper and a brochure for “LoveConnections.com.” I couldn’t help it. I had to look. It was filled with stories of happy couples who never could have found their one true love if they hadn’t signed up at LoveConnections. All of them looked like twenty-something year old models. “Sure,” I thought. “They really have trouble finding dates so they had to go on-line to meet people.”

Still, I couldn’t help but think “what if?” After all, I could always avoid the humiliation of being an on-line dater by blaming it all on my sister.

Without thinking twice, I went to my computer and logged onto the website. Within minutes, I was viewing men’s profiles. I was a little disappointed to find that there were no pictures available. I suppose that was probably a good thing. I would rather have someone pick me because of personality and common interests than because of what I looked like.

Finally, I came across one profile that looked very interesting. This man liked to golf, watch old movies, and his favorite food was Chinese. He sounded great. I’ve been golfing ever since my dad taught me when I was little, I liked old movies, and I love Chinese food.

The profiles are set up so that you do not know the name of the person you are contacting, only their user-name. His user-name was My_Sis’s_Way_of_Matchmaking. Perfect! He would completely understand where I was coming from.

I posted a quick message, telling him that my sister set me up as well, and if he was interested, I would love to meet him at the local driving range, and if things go well, go to a Chinese restaurant afterward.
It took a few days, but he responded back that he would love to. We were to meet at the Franklin County Driving Range on Wednesday at 4:30. We would hit a couple of buckets of balls and then head over to Wong Ho’s House. I would recognize him because he would be wearing the classic Tiger Woods black with white Nike swoosh baseball cap and a blue polo shirt.

When I arrived at the country club on Wednesday, I did a quick mirror check before getting out of my car. No lipstick on my teeth, lips nicely glossed, no mascara smudges, hair looks pretty good… I think I’m ready. I stepped out and retrieved my clubs from the trunk.

It was pretty busy for a Wednesday evening. There were people buzzing back and forth, renting buckets of balls, signing up for lessons, and getting snacks and drinks from the refreshment stand. But out of all the people zipping around, not one had on the Nike cap or the blue polo.

No big deal, I would just go rent my bucket of balls and get set up while I was waiting. The line was about five people long, but was moving pretty quickly. When I reached the front of the line, I paid my money and collected my bucket. As I turned to make my way over to the driving range, a familiar voice called out.

“Hey, sis, what are you doing here?”

I turned to see my brother standing nearby. He was wearing a blue polo shirt and a black Nike cap. I dropped my bucket of balls.

“Sis, what’s wrong with you?”

When I finally was able to form words, I simply muttered, “Are you meeting someone by chance?”

Looking a little confused, he answered with a simple “yeah.”

“So am I,” I replied. “By the way, internet dating is my sis’s way of matchmaking.”

He dropped his bucket of balls, too.

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**Dreams**

Blurry but clear,
Colorful but gray,
Wonderful yet dreary in an odd sort of way.
Words spoken,
Hearts broken,
Fantasies that come true,
Millions of images soaring at you.
Erasing worries,
Freeing the mind,
Enjoying a world not of our kind.
Magical and amazing,
Lands as vast as the sky,
Yet it all disappears with the blink of an eye.

Ami V. Patel

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She Must Have Loved Me

I talked to her of days,
Thinking of the next time we would meet.
I walked many miles,
Wondering if she would ever be fine

She must have liked me.
Why would she talk to me?
Why would she waste her time?

I told her my thoughts,
Thinking that she would share my feelings.
I waited forever for a response,
Wondering if I had made a mistake.

She must have liked me.
Why would she take so long to decide?
What was it that she wasn’t telling me?

She told me that she wanted to be friends.
I was hurt and shocked.
She started to avoid me.
I felt as if I had done something wrong.

She must have hated me.
Why did I have to tell her how I felt?
Why wasn’t I just happy being friends?

She never responded to my phone calls.
I wanted to stop trying.
She continued to ignore my presence.
I felt as if something was wrong with her.

She must have hated me.
Why couldn’t she give me a reason?
Why couldn’t she just be my friend?

She stopped attending my school.
I stopped caring.
She died on December 19.
I found an answer to all my questions.

She must have loved me.

Davin Patel
When It's Over

I'll do a lot more thinkin
And a lot more drinkin
And I'll figure out a way to live with you gone
I'll do a lot less sleepin
And a lot more weepin
When you strap the tape on that final box and you move on
And I'll be half the man I was when I hurt you
And I'll still love you more than words can tell you
When it's over...
Sure I'm fine now
You won't see me cry now
But I'll make a puddle of tears
When you walk away
So just say, "Goodbye" now
Cause I just don't know how
Or what I'll try to do or say to make you stay
I'll be half the man I was when I hurt you
But I'll still love you more than words can tell you
When it's over...

Brandon Eldridge

Talking

By Irene Anthony-Jones

Paul: Hey Jake, what are you looking up over there?
Jake: I'm trying to find a bike for my son, hopefully something he would prefer like a Mountain bike, but...
George: Oh, I just paid almost $400 for my bike; this is my third one. I let my roommates ride the other ones. I’m thinking about getting another one next month, but I don’t want to spend more than $800 on it.

Irene: I’m tired. I should have called in today.
Ella: What did you do last night?
Irene: My husband and I went to the gym and worked out. Then we took the kids out for dinner and bowling. When we got...
George: I’m tired too. I got up at 5 this morning and rode my bike six miles, then came in to work. It is just amazing how fresh the morning air is.
Jake: Paul, did you ever go test drive that car?
Paul: Yeah, it was sweet.
Jake: What kind was it again?
Paul: That new Viper, man it goes fast. When you...
George: That’s nothing, my friend and I were driving a Camaro last month and we outran the police and everything. I was thinking about getting a Fire Bird with T-tops, red.

Chele: Mark, what are you getting Renee for her birthday?
Mark: I haven’t decided just yet.
Chele: Maybe you should give her some jewelry.
Mark: She said something about a bracelet. She...
George: My girlfriend wanted to get married so I bought her an engagement ring that cost me five thousand dollars. Now she wants something bigger.

George: A few months ago I started a new job and school. At school everyone has their own cliques that they hang with, so it’s hard to get to know them. Classes are not that hard this semester, but when I look at everyone with their friends, I feel left out. It is hard getting to know people. In high school, I had no problems finding friends. Hopefully when I get to know the people at work, they will become my friends. It seems that whenever people are talking at work, they shutup when I join in the conversation. Why is that? I’m just trying to be friendly. Now they say I deserve to be locked in a room and have to listen to a tape of myself talking non-stop for two days. Why does everyone dislike me so? Do I really talk that much? I just want to be friends with someone. It is lonely being in a new city with no family around.

A Storm

Rain comes pouring down
The noise of thunder is heard
Lightening streaks the sky

Neha Patel
Yellow

Painted on dancing daisies and dandelions,
blossoming bananas hanging from trees,
Yellow lives.

Threaded through clothing,
swimming in our pee,
Yellow surrounds.

Smoked on teeth,
digging through our fingernails,
Yellow scares.

Coated on chairs and paddle boats,
lining our streets and parking lots,
Yellow warns.

Squirting mustard on warm hotdogs,
lightening our hair with a hint of sun,
Yellow remembers summer.

Bricked roads of Oz,
outlining states on maps,
Yellow shows the way.

Slowing the cars down,
blinding us at night,
Yellow lights the path.

Goldened watches and necklaces,
dressing our wrists and necks,
Yellow makes the wealth.

Brightening days of laughter,
awakening our dull lives,
Yellow turns on happiness.

K. Grace Brenner
Waiting

When I look into the future
You're all my eyes can see
I think about you from time to time
Do you think of me?
I know you're out there waiting
Maybe thinking what I'm saying?
How will I know it's you?
Will you know it's me too?
I'm just searching for the perfect man
Who wants to be my biggest fan
To love forever and say I do
To build a house and a family too
When I find you then I'll know it's true
True love waits
And I'm waiting for you

Hayley Rynders

Forever Green

Standing, watching, waiting.
Forever green it will be.
Never bare unlike others at times
Consistent is this one
Never different
Forever changing.

Samantha Swatek
Existence

In this melancholy stage,  
Only tears of blood of rage,  
Meant to be wasted, not on such a futile thing,  
The bells, to the fullest, they were supposed to always ring,  
More lies beneath that we will never know,  
For dragged, are we, in its continual downpour of snow,  
What triumphs make us content?  
When once achieved, all has derived lament,  
When shall its core be received?  
When its crust is what has deceived,  
Attachment only creating pain,  
As truly, considered only vain,  
Comprehension beneath the surface in enormity,  
Gone passed the coffin, to eternity,  
What is this we must adhere with such strife?  
One may answer, the tragedy called Life.

Is there a remainder of reality forsaken?  
A time to find the part that will reawaken,  
Those confused in a time of questionable convictions,  
Only motivated from the undergoing afflictions,  
Let it be known that there is no such place,  
Where emotions drip freely such as this trace,  
Of where eloquence is nature,  
Where each constituent retains its stature,  
Where inevitability can’t be predicted,  
The surprises and elation have never been restricted,  
Where impetuousness and judgment are only another form of honesty,  
This is the only time of caring, of the best, a mark of a heavenly dynasty.

Sonali Vakharia and Davin Patel
The Kindergarten Teacher

By Alisa Zevlevar

Her strong, powerful eyes, lined with too much eye liner, were all that I remember. The way her fist had struck against their bodies. But she would never touch me; she would make me watch—I stood there feeling all their pains put together and did not know what to think, and what to imagine. Tomorrow, or maybe the next day, or even the day after that; when will it be my turn? My mother always said that children hyperbolize the reality of the situation, but if anything, this was meiosis. She was an evil witch who loved to watch innocent children suffer, not a part of the job description of a kindergarten teacher, or at least one that I was ever aware of. Her voice echoed like thunder in that small room. I was six, not old enough to understand the meaning of fear, and yet I lived in it.

This started as just another ordinary day in my life—the plan was simple: walk to kindergarten, observe her constant mood swings, and then come back home to my family as usual. By the time I walked to my homeroom door, however, I turned to plan B, which was to lie and go to any extreme in order to spend the day away from that hazardous place. I decided to lie about the most common occurrence in kindergartens—not finding my group and concluding that perhaps it is a kindergarten holiday. I walked to the classroom and found it to be empty. I was not surprised; I know exactly where to find what I wasn't looking for. Sometimes if the weather permitted it, our group would meet outside in the back yard for attendance. I did not even peek outside; I turned and went straight back home.

My grandpa's face was confused as he saw me coming from afar. He yelled impatiently, out the window, "Why aren't you in kindergarten?"

"I think it was cancelled today; there was no one there."

"That's impossible; they did not tell us about any special event or a holiday. I'm sure you just did not look in the right place for your group."

"No, I did. I really don't think we have it. Sometimes they don't tell us ahead of time. Can't I just stay home?"

"No—I have to go settle some business matter. You can't stay home alone. I'll take you there myself and help you find your group."

"Can't I come with you? I promise I will be good. I'll behave. You won't even know I'm there."

"Let's go. I'll talk to her—I know she can be hard on you sometimes. She likes to discipline children in a harsh manner. I'll tell her to take it easy on you."

"Please don't," I begged, knowing the verdict she gave for telling. I remembered the smell of her brown dress as the perfume mixed with the sweat forming a shiny film around her neck, her heavy breathing as she waited to carry out the punishment herself. I couldn't bare the thought of what was to happen to me that day. Before, I was determined to keep the secret to myself forever, but now that it was out, I had no choice but to go in there and be brave. What could she possibly do to me, I thought to myself—whatever it was she had to leave me in a conscious condition so that I maintained the ability to come home on time and not have my parents worry. She couldn't kill me—that would take all the fun out of this game she played with such skill. The rules of the game were simple—make us suffer, but keep us conscious enough to live with the pain.
I found myself walking down the same painful road. I was passing a playground on my right and I froze to recall the way things used to be before she entered my life. I tried to breathe in as much air as possible to get it in my system and build up the strength to spend the next few hours in a closed off room filled with polluted air, coming mostly from her nostrils. Those nostrils reminded me of an angry bull about to go up against the bullfighter. These were the longest ten minutes of my life; it seemed like they were my whole life, what was left of it.

I quivered as I entered the classroom door. My grandpa told the teacher that for some reason I didn’t want to come to kindergarten today, and I closed my eyes. I didn’t want to see her face at that moment. She stood there, looking pleased to see me, and only I knew the lie in that sweet smile of hers. She said she was glad to have me and that she would give me her special attention, to make up for all those days I might have felt neglected. Once he left, I knew that was the end. She walked towards me intimidating every nerve in my shaky little body. “How much does he know?” was all that came out of her mouth that day. The rest of the procedure became physical, and this time they all watched, feeling what I felt.

It was unreal to me. I was watching myself from the side, and what I saw stained my mind with a hideous memory. She stood there waiting for the adrenaline to kick in; the only thing separating us at that point was a small bench. She slowly moved towards me, and I instantly started dragging backwards until my back ran up against the smooth surface of the wall. I couldn’t see what exactly was going on behind me; I tried to keep my eyes on her to predict her next move so it wasn’t as frightening for me. She was quiet, but her hand spoke for her.

I didn’t cry or scream. I was motionless, speechless. Lowering my eyes in embarrassment of being watched and criticized by the others, only to find pieces of my hair scattered around the floor, I crossed my hands across my chest. A tear slipped down my cheek, not because I was upset. I was happy—I survived the lesson.

**Thursday Night Laundry**

*By Maulik Patel*

I have been putting off doing laundry for the past week and now the basket is overflowing. I might as well do it tonight since I will be at Mandy’s tomorrow. Man, Oh well, I should just get it done with. I can’t believe it’s already 10:15 PM. Oh, well.

I should’ve really done my laundry earlier. It’s late, and here I am with a basket full of clothes and a packet full of quarters and a huge container of Tide, walking on this dimly lit sidewalk to the laundry room all the way in the corner of this apartment complex. Well, at least it’s not in the ghetto. Georgetown might be a little far from school and a little bit expensive, but it’s worth it living in a nicely kept property that’s quiet in the morning and night. Plus, it’s nowhere near as expensive as apartments in Chicago.

Ah, here we are. I sure hope I still remember the code. 1234...What...it’s open. Oh. I am completely surprised to see someone that is not a college kid doing laundry at 10:30 on a Thursday night. I just want to throw these clothes in and leave. Man, those two old guys sure seem creepy though. Well...that’s it for the clothes, and I am getting the hell outta here.

As I walk back to my apartment through the wooded walkway, I can’t help but think about those two old guys. I think they are twins. What are they doing up this late? They looked freaky. Especially how they were both holding on the portable radio and observing my every

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move. It freaks me out just thinking about it. My heart is racing as I pick up my pace. I feel the cool breeze up against my skin and I feel the hairs on the back of my head stand up straight as if I know someone eerie is watching me. I run the last 30 feet to my apartment and quickly get in. This is what happens when you wait all week to do your laundry at 10:30. That’s it. I am driving over there in 30 minutes to throw the clothes in the dryer. I wonder where Dan is. I can’t believe Zach already went to sleep.

Thirty minutes pass and I grab my keys and drive over to the laundry room. I am nervous: my fingers are shaking with uncertainly as I punch in the code. 1234. What? Where did the two old twins go? They couldn’t have just left their laundry on the table and gone home. Oh well. Who cares? I’ll just throw my clothes into the dryer and get the hell outta here.

As I get back into my car and drive back to the apartment, I can’t help but wonder where those two old guys went. But that’s not really my problem, so I guess now I’ll have to wait until 12:05 to go get my clothes. As I sit on my couch watching ESPN, I can’t help but kind of doze off for a while.

It’s 12:00, so I guess I better drive over and get my clothes. Man, am I tired. As soon as I’m done, I’m going to bed. I punch in the code 1234 and open the door. Oh good, the freaky twins came back. At this point I am so sleepy I don’t even care how freaky they look. I just want to grab my clothes and go. However, as I am leaving, I can’t help but notice the twins looking at me—not just my body, but through me, as if they wanted something. I quickly put the clothes in my car and get in. I turn on my car. As the lights turn on, I see the twins standing in front of my car holding the portable radio together with one hand. My heart starts racing as I feel the quick shot of epinephrine hitting my heart muscle to give it a swift kick. I quickly put the car in reverse. As I back up, I see the twins now standing next to my window. I press my foot on the gas pedal with a sense of urgency as I screech out of there. But for some reason I can’t escape them. Everywhere I look on the side of the road they are there, staring blankly at me. My mind is turned upside down as I am filled with emotions that I have never felt before. I pull into my parking spot with my eyes closed as I am sure to feel the impact of hitting two elderly male bodies as I feel a hand on my shoulder.

“Wake up, Maulik,” Zach says.
“I can’t believe I fell asleep. What time is it?”
“It’s 12:00. Why?”
“Oh, nothing. I just remember I have to go get my laundry,” I tell Zach, as I grab my keys.

Ex-Best Friends
A friendship gone without a trace
Except for your cruel words spit in my face
I don’t want your things in my house
Give back my CD’s, keep the blouse
Time to forget great memories
Be gone, leave, across the seas
Because while good friends always stay
Some friendships sail away

Andrea Basso
Shaped Poetry
By Lann Choi

The
Wind pushes
Me to go on
To strive to the
Finish line until
We see the shore
The once steady beat
Of my life has turned
Wavy. There is no turning
Back. However, many are waiting
My destination has already been set
The
Waves
Have
Gone from high to low, giving me no predictability. The course
That I’m in has its twists and turns. The wind tells me that I
Need to go faster, not to turn back, not to go astray.
The shore I see is ever so close. The finish line is
barely visible. I have made it through this sea
Come sail wi the turbu at I see, feel, come and me.
th me into lent sea, see wh feel what I sail with

The Storm

I quiver as I see it,
hear, feel, and smell it approaching.
Never seen the sky so orange before,
yet this all seems vaguely familiar.
A blinding light pierces my soul,
and then a distant yet all too close rumbling shakes my body.
I know now that it is too late.
Soon the angels will cry,
and the Earth will be plummeted upon by a million tears.
From these tears will blossom the fruit of life,
but first they must get here.
Before pleasure is pain,
and before that is anticipation.
We wait for it, and then we wait some more.
Wait for pain and pleasure to come.
We wait for the storm.

Jonathon Anderson
Better Days

Surely there have been better days than today
And I'm kinda at a loss of what exactly to say
To try to reconcile the way I feel, the way that you've played
But despite the shock I can't say that I feel hurt or betrayed
Instead I say I feel lucky, and very humbled indeed
You've been a gift for me this year, something surprisingly sweet
I've grown to love you, in many different ways.
That both cries of joy and tears of loss were far beyond limit
And I'm pretty choked up right now; it hurts even to write
But I just wanna send a shout out in the midst of the night
And a tiny little prayer, that we stay together
Continuing our journey but why does it matter...
You don’t even have the slightest clue.

Amera Ahmad

The Home of Peace

Sunsets
are beautiful sights
to see, ones with endless
mystery. They can convey
so many things, like love and
calmness and purity. You’re
considered a romantic if you
like sunsets on the beach –
to confident sailors they
seem completely in
reach. In your mind, with what is a sunset linked? Relaxation, love, and serenity you might think. A perfect environment for an evening stroll, tranquil surroundings when in the waves roll, a place of warm air in which you can play, a wonderful end to any kind of day. The ideal setting for a number of things, these are just a few luxuries a sunset brings!!

Tracey Hysong
Accident

The last ten seconds seem to me a blur,
My own weight bearing down upon my chest.
The officer shouts, “hold on tightly, sir,”
As I slip into cardiac arrest.

Daydreaming helps me get outside myself
Like the pattering of summer rain
My fears I discard, my worries I shelf.
To think that this act should become my bane!

The light was red, I think, in retrospect;
But all I saw were faces in the clouds.
I pray no others die from my neglect
My own shall be sufficient burial shrouds.

Slowly feeling the cold of a dark night
I fade away reaching for the good light.

Josh Boudeman

The Tournament

Kicking, punching, and blocking,
the sparring mat is no place for mocking.
If you mock me, you are sure to lose.
It will set me off like a sparkling fuse.
My roundhouse kicks will be jutting towards your face.
Make sure you dodge them at nothing but a fast pace.

But alas, you were too slow,
now an apology is what you owe.
We meet in the middle and give a bow.
You know who the true champ is now.
The first place trophy is finally mine,
in my hands it feels oh so divine.

Adam Sharpe
Phenol

By Jen Sestak

Once upon a time, there was a wicked old witch who lived in a very secluded castle. The wicked witch had one big problem: she hated children. So, she spent most of her days tormenting them. She would often wander in the forest and collect a variety of children. She had big ones, little ones, fat ones, thin ones. Since she was so ugly, most children would not go with her willingly. So she would use needles and stab them with magical potions. After they went into a deep sleep, she would drag them to her evil lair and chain them to desks. When the magical potion wore off, the children would find a piece of paper in front of them, with a strange symbol that the children didn’t understand. If they could not tell her what the symbol meant, the wicked witch would unlock the chains, take a boot, put it on her foot, and kick them out of the castle as hard as she could. This torture was used for the kids who simply shrugged at the answer. For the children who guessed incorrectly, however, she would stick them in the oven and eat them. These two things always happened because no one could ever pass the test.

Eventually, the town people started to believe the booted children when they said that an evil witch was capturing them and making them answer strange questions. The villagers began to fear for their children’s safety. Nobody seemed to have any idea what to do.

There was one man who had a plan, but the villagers always made fun of him. He was a tiny man, who kept mostly to himself. But when I say tiny, I mean he was less than 3 feet tall. He looked like many of the children of the village. Most of the children were very nice to him, and this little man wanted to save them from the wicked witch.

So, the little man set out in the section of the woods that the children had told him the witch liked to capture people at. He waited and waited and waited. Suddenly, all went black for the little man, and when he woke up, sure enough, he was chained to a desk with the legendary piece of paper in front of him. He was very frightened to see the evil witch’s ugly face looking down at him.

“What does this mean?” the evil witch asked jabbing at the paper.
The man looked at it for a moment and laughed to himself.
“Why, that is phenol,” He stated sure of himself.
“Are you sure it is only phenol? Nothing else?” The witch glared at him. Her breath smelled, and her eyes were full of fire.
“Yeah, I’m sure,” the man answered again, smiling.
The evil witch began to scream in agony. She suddenly burst into flame, and the evil witch was never seen again. Phenol became the symbol of torture in the village.
And You Thought You Had a Bad Day

By Courtney Strodman

Tom is the kind of man that is always told about in stories but very few people have actually met him in real life. He stands at 5’6; on a good day, he may top out at 5’6 ½” and he tips the scales at 170. In high school he always wore his hair short and neat, but we all knew that his mother was the reason for this. Now that he is in his middle fifties he has grown his hair out and bought a Harley. Some people may call this a midlife crisis, but not Tom; he calls it cool.

Now that I have introduced you to “I’m a badass and way to cool to get old” Tom, let me introduce you to my husband Tom. They are two totally different men, and I am just waiting for the sweet sensitive guy I married to come out of hiding. The Tom that I married is the kind of guy who is always able to be strong when I need him to be, but the minute he sees a child hurting or sad in anyway, it just tears him apart. He would kill me if I told you this, but he is also known to cry at the occasional movie or TV show.

When Tom told me that he wanted to buy a Harley, I didn’t argue with him because I knew that was just going to cause a lot of unneeded tension in our marriage. Plus I knew that it wasn’t going to break our bank account. The only rules I had about his purchase were that our seventeen year old son was not allowed to drive it, and Tom was not allowed to buy anything that even resembled leather with fringe. As long as he didn’t argue with me on those two things, there would be no problems and he could have his bike.

He went out and picked out the perfect motorcycle, and a little less then a month later the first accident happened with it. It isn’t what you would think, he didn’t get in a wreck, my son didn’t drive it, and it didn’t get stolen. No, none of the normal stuff was a problem; instead Tom ran the motorcycle through the kitchen wall. Sounds strange? That’s because it is. Tom was in the front yard washing his bike, when he saw me in the kitchen fixing dinner. You should probably know that our whole kitchen wall is glass, because that is crucial to this story. So here is what happened. As I said, Tom was washing his bike, but when he saw me, he decided to show off a little bit, so he turned it on and started to rev the engine. Of course this isn’t all that happened; the bike accidentally slipped into gear and shot across the yard, through the glass wall, and drug Tom behind it the whole time.

Tom lay in the kitchen bleeding as I called 911. I ran to the front door to meet the paramedics and show them where they could find my husband. Tom was then strapped on a gurney and taken to the emergency room. Nothing serious ended up being wrong with him other than the cuts, bruises, and a few stitches. As we got out of the car when we returned from the hospital, Tom saw the damage that he had done to his bike and the kitchen wall. He walked into the house and went to the only spot that I allow him to smoke inside, the bathroom. He sat down on the toilet for a cigarette, but little did he know I had wiped up the gas that spilled out of his bike and threw the paper towels in the toilet bowl. As he flicked his butts in the water, it ignited the gas, and he was blown off the toilet and received severe burns on his butt, legs, and groin.

I called the paramedics yet again to come get my husband; sure enough it was the same two guys. They placed him back on the gurney, and asked how this had happened. As Tom explained the situation one of the paramedics started laughing and fell off the front step, causing Tom to be dropped to the ground and breaking his arm. After that whole situation Tom never wanted to see his bike again. We sold it the next day.
Goodbye

Your love was like a treasure
    I have to admit I have never felt such a pleasure!

You were my best friend and my lover and my pride,
    Yet, you drifted away like a tide
Like a broken ship on a difficult ride.

But my dear, this is how it has to be,
    I can’t fix everything, since there is only one of me.

When you toss and turn in bed trying your hardest to forget,
    Just remember my prayers will always be with you.

Never forget that our souls have met,
    So say goodbye, my lost soul mate,
I will miss those times that were great!

While you leave with a goodbye,
    Let me remind you I had to do it this way,
I hope you understand why.

I hope you get all the laughter and love you desire,
    Don’t worry about me... I’ll be fine,
Now I have to accept that you will never be mine.

Dhara Patel

King of the Fairway

(He Finally Meets His Match)

When we last left the king
He was hustling by the numbers
    Taking everybody’s money
Who hit it in the lumbers
Until that day at the public course
Where he though he was playing
Someone who hit it off course
Then at hole 15 he was two strokes off
    It was the inevitable
It had him puzzled
It shows you even the king
Ends up getting hustled

Matt Hon
Nothing More to Do

I sit confused
Wondering who is right.
   My head?
Or my heart?
Pulled in different directions,
   My world seems to blur.

What do I want?
Sometimes I can't tell
If I want anything at all.
But I know deep inside,
   I need you to be there.

Forever a friend
I surrender my heart.
To always care and protect.
   To never give up.
And never let you leave.
   But do you feel that too?

Do I even want to see you?
Of course I do.
But is it what I need?
No, because of all the pain you've put me through.

Come around if you wish.
I cannot wait forever.
   I'm torn up inside,
Starting to think you've decided to walk away,
   And leave me behind.
I've waited too long for you to decide.
Who's loss is it going to be?
   One for you or me?

Kristen Lee

Haiku

As the white falls down
Makes a blanket for the ground
All unique snowflakes

Irene Anthony-Jones
Comrade of Mine

It begins with a smile, a handshake, a wave
a hesitant laugh that breaks the ice.
A breath of fresh air, a light in the cave,
an ace in your hand, a lucky roll of the dice.

The light in the room that brightens the day,
a living, breathing diary where all my secrets go.
Money may buy you love, but for this you can’t pay.
A dollar found, a good grade when you’re low.

It’s a pricey investment in rising stock,
that pat on the back, good luck from afar.
My shadow on those long, pointless walks,
hard to tell who I am, from who we are.

Good service with no want for a tip,
it’s concern, it’s care, it’s the joy of friendship.

Anica Bailey

A Sonnet for my Sweet  Lady StLCOP

The day is done, the end I fear is near.
Catch up, sleep late, study hard, don’t wait.
For school is almost over, one more year
My mind all a daze, take me from this state.

Evaluate, measure up, what the fuck.
Pop some pills and feel the chill, lord it’s late.
In too deep, no matter what, I am stuck.
Never fear, the end is near, set the date.

Morning comes, and once again I feel dumb.
The test begins; I hope I win this one.
The questions dance and prance, my brain goes numb.
Fill in dots, write down letters, soon I’m done.

The grade card comes in the mail,
Hold your breath, I didn’t fail.

Jenna Brinkman
What Brotherhood Means to Me

I once was asked a simple question of what Brotherhood meant to me,
But when I started to speak, nothing came out; it’s harder than that you see.
No words can explain the feelings you feel or the bonds you hold so tight,
The connection you have for all of your brothers, something that just feels so right.
So as I sat there and thought of the perfect things to say emotions filled my mind,
So listen dear friend as my pen fills this pad, ‘cause I’ll only tell you this one time.
Brotherhood is not something you buy, but rewards that you must earn,
A tutor to guide you, a mentor to teach you, a Brother to help you learn
Of all the things that Brotherhood offers, a feeling of genuine love,
A hand reaching out to pull you to safety when the sky is falling down from above.
No matter what happens from this day forward I know I can count on a Brother,
He’s been in my shoes, he’s been where I’m at, he knows “Each needs the help of the other.”
Hard times may come and throw me about and make my spirits seem dim,
But talking to me, being there, showing me he cares is all that I need from him.
Brotherhood is not something that you can hold or can touch or even feel,
It’s not even something that others may consider that immensely big of a deal.
But I tell you the truth and I’m telling you this once, it’s the thing that keeps me going,
For when I’m with my Brothers I find in myself that I as a person keep growing.
Brotherhood is what no words can say, but join us and then you may see
Of all the wonderful things that we offer and the person we can help you to be.
For if one of us falls we go down together, no one is left by himself,
You aren’t just a signature on a piece of paper collecting dust while up on a shelf.
Instead you become something that’s much more important than lying idly by,
You become a Brother of a Great Fraternity known as Phi Delta Chi.

The Brothers of Beta Delta Chapter of Phi Delta Chi Professional Pharmaceutical Fraternity

Recipe for a Hip Hop Video

1 cup of beats
  2 karats
3 chicken heads (cut into small pieces)
  4 oz. butter
A dash of flavor (any kind)

Mix the beats and chicken heads in a bowl. Throw in 2 karats, add a dash of flavor, and all the butter, baby!

Lakita Johnson
Friend

When I don't want to talk and am not in the mood, I know you are there to comfort me.

You are always there to remind me how much I'm worth, when I feel like nothing.

You help me gain self confidence and power and ready to conqueror the world.

You give me happiness and strength when I feel powerless.

You always give me company even when rest of the world turns their back.

One day, I hope to return to you all you have done for me.

I'm not sure what way or form, but one day I promise and you will see.

Through thick and thin, I know I can always count on you for anything.

Forever I will be true to you as you have been to me.

Ami D. Patel

Everything/Nothing

Alone
Looking at the world from above
Not knowing individuals but seeing all
Gazing into areas that dare not be explored
Alone
Thinking about the past
The future
The present
Alone
Unknown about certain upcoming choices
Questioning past ones
Thinking about how much life could have been different
Alone

Chris LaFleur
Crush

Mixed emotions
Piercing stares
The wonder and the mystery
That defines the age
Of lust and love
Loneliness steers the way
Learn slowly
The hallucinations will fade
The dream clears from the mind
Reality sets in
Crushed hopes
The moment came
And quickly passed
Opportunity once again deterred
From holding back
Like a friend
Simple gestures
Glances
Open floodgates
Drowned by dreams
High with hopes
The endorphins
Won’t fade as easy as before
Thinking
Dreaming
Hoping

McKenna Mezera

LIFE in HOMEOSTASIS

Life is like a barren field
If there is just the right amount of love given,
   it’ll be perfect.
If there is just the right amount of fertilizer,
   it’ll be fine.
If there is just the right amount of water,
   it’ll be fine.
But, if there is too much of something,
   or too little of something,
   it’ll be destroyed.

Pratik Patel
Angel Fire

Angel Fire
Tiers Ablaze,
Something approaches
From unknown days.

With retracting lies
And promise of flesh,
He commands his minions
To scour abreast.

From far away
Another army sets forth,
The trumpets Blair
All eyes point north

With a wave of hand
And style of grace,
The battle is won
Without taking place

Angel Fire
Tears of Rage
Something beckons
From ancient days.

Chase Pickering
Willow

Look to.
Branches that droop,
Sadness that casts.
Why do you weep?
Life is within one’s roots, within ones bark.
Beauty is you.
Why dost thou look so unsatisfied?
Foundation is strong and stable
Feet are planted deep.
Growth is healthy.
Uncertainty is within.
Determined and able are your roots.
Are looks not deceiving?
Are you what you appear to be?
Why don’t you look how you feel?
Healthy and peaceful you are
Sick and unsatisfied you appear.
We wear the masks, that lies and grins.

Samantha Swatek

A House in the Woods

A
tiny
house in
the middle of
the woods. There
lived a man that wore
sweatshirts with hoods. He
had no friends, no one did care.
If he lived or died, or cut his red hair.
One day in the woods he
heard a weird noise. It
was the playing of two
little boys. He went out to
find them and try to make
friends. They got scared
and ran so this poem now ends.

Brent Kassel
Apprehensions

Am I still drifting?
Feeling neither here nor there?
3 months flew by then
And
Now I couldn’t tell you what day it is.

I feared the faces of judgment
And now I see the warmth
And friendliness sitting at the front of
Their eyes.
We’re all in this boat, together.

How long has it been?
2-3 weeks could have gone by
And all I can think about is my next class,
The inevitable tests, and my next $5 weekend.
If we are drifting
Then I can surely say that
This feeling is grand and
Beyond compare.

My worries are petty
And meaningless.
The connections I’ve made mean
More and more as each day passes
And I am glad.
My apprehensions are dead and
Conquered.

Kyle Mays

Limerick

I just don’t understand
Why people like this band.
   You can call me a fool
   ‘Cause my music’s “uncool”
But I take a firm stand.

Amy Basler
Little Smokies

By Alexis Divene}

Today seemed like every other day. Nothing out of the ordinary had happened, nor did I expect anything to—I lived in Hamilton, Illinois. Nothing exciting ever happens here. My best friend came over to my house after school, and we were playing on the computer. We got hungry just as we always did. I remembered my mom had the Bunco ladies over last night, so there had to be some good food left over. We went upstairs and found little smokies in the fridge. We loved little smokies, especially the ones smothered in barbeque sauce. We had hit the jackpot! I poured them all into a huge bowl. The bowl was so big, it barely fit in the microwave. My friend went back downstairs to the computer while I heated up our snack.

Ding! Ahh, that was like a sound from heaven. The little smokies were ready to be devoured. I grabbed two forks from the drawer and the very large bowl from the microwave. I sat down and set the forks on the desk. Just then, the phone rang. I jumped up, shoved the bowl of steaming, barbeque-covered smokies toward my friend, let go of the bowl, and started running toward the phone. Oh, no! I had let go of the bowl before my friend had a good grasp on it. The bowl flipped over in mid-air, dumping its contents in my friend’s lap and onto the floor—the newly-carpeted floor—the newly carpeted white floor. Aaagh! The phone was still ringing. I continued my dash and picked up the phone. It was my dad calling to say he’d be home soon. After we hung up his words played over and over in my head—along with the "something bad just happened" sound effects—Dun, dun, dummm!

I raced over to survey the damage and told my friend about the call. She pleaded with me to get the bowl and smokies off her legs, because they were hot. We had to get this cleaned up and fast! She asked what we should do about her pants. Her pants?!?!?!?! Had she seen the huge barbeque stain on our new, white carpet?!! I had to think quickly. I told her to take them off, and we’d put them in the kitchen sink. I told her she could wear a pair of mine and my mom could wash hers later. She thought putting her pants in the kitchen sink was odd, but she went along with it anyway. I took her pants and put them in the sink, added lots of soap, and turned on the water. I knew this was a good idea—the soap suds covered up her pants. She laughed at my "stupid" idea. I locked the doors, so we would know exactly when my dad came home. We grabbed all the cleaning supplies that we thought might help and raced back down the stairs. We got down, sprayed cleaner, and scrubbed. Ding-Dong. Oh, no! That sound was the doorbell—tolling the approach of my death. I ran upstairs, opened the door for my six foot five, giant of a dad, and made a mad dash back to the basement. I had to go the bathroom. I sprinted into the bathroom with my friend at my heels. I had no clue what on Earth she was doing? She told me I was not leaving her alone out there. I told her I had to go to the bathroom, but she insisted on staying in the bathroom with me. She stood in the corner. We heard my dad come down the stairs. We held our breath. We heard him go down into the bottom basement. A minute later we heard him come back up.

"Amberrrrrrrr!!!" he bellowed.
I managed to squeak out a measly "what" for a response.
"Next time you want to use my radio, put it back in my room!"
"O-OK," I stammered.
Phew! My death was delayed for a little longer. After we heard him go upstairs, we quietly crept out of the bathroom, and resumed our scrubbing. A few minutes later my friend realized that her mom would be there soon to pick her up.
"I need my book bag, and it's upstairs in your room," she told me.
"Go get it, and I'll stay here and scrub," I replied.
"I am NOT going by myself," she said very adamantly.
So, I gave in. We sprinted up the first flight of stairs, turned the corner, and sprinted up the next flight of stairs, ran down the hall and into my bedroom. She grabbed her bag, and we darted back down to clean. We couldn't help noticing my dad on the way to get her bag. He was sitting in the living room with all the lights off, the TV off, and his arms folded across his chest. Oh, dear! This was not good at all. A few minutes later we heard him walking down the stairs toward us. We froze. Boom! Boom! Boom! He was standing at the bottom of the stairs with his arms still crossed.
"It must have been pretty funny to see a bunch of wieners bounce across the floor," he said loudly.
We cracked half smiles not sure whether he thought it was kind of funny or if he was just extremely furious. He returned the half smiles, and walked back upstairs. Then, my friend's mom had arrived to pick her up.
"It's ok! He thought it was funny," she told me as she was leaving.
Yea, he thought it was funny while she was here, but I was certain I was going to die after she left.

Great Artist

Everyday a new gallery awaits.
It seems as though the canvas is ever changing.
All colors flow so graceful from His pallet.

The birds singing,
The squirrels running to and fro,
He made them for our eyes to see,
To see the mysterious wonders of his majesty.

This is perhaps the greatest artwork,
A living masterpiece.

Tom Mengwasser
Man of Mystery

A man
to most. But not to
those whose evil plots he
foils time and time again. To
them he is much more. A legend. A
machine. A terror who keeps at their
heels until he is suddenly one step ahead,
waiting in the foggy shadows of the city he so
dutifully defends. Who is this man?
Who is this whose senses are as sharp as
the hound he slew in Baskervilles? Who is
this whose levels of wit and logic seem...
illogical? He is as analytical as the many
experiments he conducts. He is as
in tune as the violin he so loves to
play. He is as mysterious as the shadowy puffs
of smoke that circle his
brain.

Patrick Harper

Busch Stadium

Baseball season is almost here.
The Cardinals first game is very near.
A new stadium to see,
Means new places to pee,
After drinking lots of beer.

Keith Doehring
Love Story in the Old West

By Danielle Adams

Let me tell ya’ll a story about the Old West and how one woman’s love changed a mean ol’ sheriff’s life forever:

Once upon a time, in the Old West, there was a town called Armadillo. In Armadillo, there was a sheriff. This weren’t just any old sheriff though; this here sheriff was the orneriest, most cold-hearted, ruthless, merciless, and toughest sheriff the Old West had ever seen. His name was Adam, but everyone just called him The Sheriff. He was a wild one too. Wasn’t nobody gonna tell The Sheriff what he could or couldn’t do. He liked hangin’ outlaws, huntin’ down Injuns, and raisin’ hell at the saloons in the evenin’. Yep, there sure weren’t no man could whip The Sheriff, and there weren’t no woman that could tie him down. Or so he thought.

Now it was a hot, dry day in June of 1883, as The Sheriff sit out in front of his jail, justa chewin’ tobacco and spittin’ and cussin’, when the noon-time stage pulled up across the street, in front of the Hotel. A young woman stepped down off the stage. Now you shoulda seen the boys (young and old) break their necks tryin’ to get a look at that gal. As the stage pulled off and the woman stood there in the dusty old street, with her luggage at her side, she turned and looked back at The Sheriff. He tugged at the front of his hat as if to say, “Howdy ma’am” but then quickly looked away. The pretty young woman picked up her luggage and went into the Hotel. That wouldn’t be the last time, though, that the woman would catch The Sheriff’s eye, though, you just wait and see.

That same evenin’, as The Sheriff sit in the same chair, chewin’ the same wad of tobacco, the Hotel owner came runnin’ up from across the street.

“Sheriff, Sheriff!” he cried, “Come quick! There’s a gambler in my Hotel sayin’ he’s been cheated and he’s holdin’ a woman and sayin’ he’s gonna kill ‘er if’n my dealer don’t give ‘im his money.” Without sayin’ a word, The Sheriff got up, tightened his gun belt, and strutted across the street, the Hotel owner right behind him. As he walked into the Hotel, he saw the frustrated gambler and the woman he was holdin’ at gunpoint. It was the very same woman he’d watched get off the stage earlier that day.

“I know’d you’d be comin’ Sheriff!” said the gambler. “I beenAwaitin’ fer ya. I been hearin’ how good y’re with them guns o’ yours. I thought I might try ya out.”

Now The Sheriff was a man of very few words, but when he spoke, folks knew he meant business.

“Well partner, you let the lady go, and c’mon outside so’s I can show ya.”

“Nah,” said the gambler, “if yer so good with them thangs, I believe we’ll have it out just like this!”

“I ain’t shootin’ it out with ya ‘lessin’ you let the woman go.” As The Sheriff said this, he slowly pulled his pistol and raised it high in the air as if to say “I ain’t shootin.” Upon seein’ this, the gambler threw the woman down, jerked his gun and fired all six rounds at The Sheriff. The Sheriff fell backwards, out the swingin’ doors, onto the street.

“Well, so much for the big, bad Sheriff,” said the gambler, his gun still drawn and smokin’. “Turns out he wasn’t so tough after all.”

The crowd of people in the Hotel couldn’t believe what they had just seen. Their Sheriff, the toughest lawman in the West, had been gunned down by a coward-of-a-man hiding behind a woman.
“Now what say we go upstairs, lady, and have a little fun!” said the gambler as he drug the pretty, young woman from the stage to her feet and threw her toward the stairs.

“I’d say you’ve got some unfinished business to tend to first,” said a weak and battered voice from just outside the swingin’ doors. As the gambler turned back to the doors, his eyes widened with fear, The Sheriff staggered though the doors, covered in blood, with his guns ablasin’. The gambler didn’t even have time to draw his gun before The Sheriff had emptied both guns into the gamblers chest, 12 rounds – twice what the gambler had shot into him. The gambler fell to the ground, dead before he hit. The Sheriff hit the ground shortly after the other man, but he wasn’t dead.

When The Sheriff woke the next mornin’, he was bandaged and layin’ in one of the finest beds in the Hotel. The Sheriff looked around the room and was suddenly surprised to see the young woman from the stage seated at his side.

“You were nearly killed last night,” said the young lady, “you were shot once in the neck, three times in the chest, and twice in the belly. And all because of me. I feel just awful.” She began to cry.

In a tired and raspy voice, The Sheriff asked, “What’s your name darlin’?”

“Danielle,” she replied.

“Well Danielle,” he said, “Before yesterday, I never thought I’d say this, but if you’ll have me, I’ll spend the rest of my life protecting you.”

Danielle said yes to The Sheriff’s proposal and after she had nursed him back to health, they built up a little spread just out of town. They had nine children and lived happily ever after. Oh, and by the way, Adam, The Sheriff, is still, to this day known as the toughest sheriff the in the Old West, and Danielle, the pretty girl from the stage, is still said to be the prettiest little thing that ever lived in the town of Armadillo, or the entire Old West for that matter.

3 Haikus

Running is a breeze
Way to set a person free
Fast as anything

Exams are torture
Always on the mind ‘til done
Worry ‘til returned

Hunting wild things
Before the break of daylight
‘Til the sun goes down

Addy Elbl
Love Affair

I wish that I could see you once again,
Although I know that this may never be.
I wish my feelings, in the end, would win,
A deeper love than mine you will not see.

Oh, why’d we have to meet so late in life?
I wanted to be yours so long ago.
I dream of being yours—your lovely wife.
But now we can not let our feelings show.

I know that you do feel the same as I.
Oh, how our fates do taunt us day by day.
I wish we never had to say good bye.
I wish you never had to go away.

I know that you would leave her just for me,
So happy ever after we could be.

Alexsis Diveney

Born to Be Wild

By Anica Bailey

The curtains were closing on the 60s, and everywhere you turned someone was talking about the Revolution. Flower power lingered in the air as The Temptations resonated sweet sounds of love over the air waves with “My Girl,” in response to the soulful pleas of The Supremes. Each night we’d gather around the television, letting Walter Cronkite into our homes. Experiencing the news was similar to a nightmare that you couldn’t wake up from as reported casualties in the war continued to reach horrifying numbers. “There’s a Revolution going on out there,” the youth of America would say, but I needed only to step outside my bedroom door to get a piece of the action. Relations between my father and older sister, Jenna, worsened throughout the year, and with each battle the Vietnam War hit closer to home.

The world was still in mourning over the loss of Dr. King, and there was chatter that we might be in for another summer of love when my sister began her evolution into a child of the Revolution. At first, she simply overhauled her wardrobe and began sporting dashikis. I assumed that the bright colors helped her express her grief better than any shade of black, and frankly, I secretly wanted to be mirrored in her image.

Conversations at the dinner table became more hostile, as our father beamed with pride over our courageous brother who was risking his life to serve his country and represent his family. My sister was determined to refute his every argument with criticism of President Johnson and our intrusive plight in Korea. Each discussion entrenched her beliefs and boiled my
father's blood with disgrace for his beloved daughter. Within weeks, conversing with Jenna amounted to experiencing a recital of the Feminist Manifesto. She symbolically burned her brassiere, changed her name to Blooming Bud, and sounds of Bob Dylan crept into the hall from her bedroom.

The arguments turned into vicious feuds shredding the image of my ideal family with each offensive word. Gradually, Blooming Bud diminished from our family life; her absence at the dinner table, a bitter reminder of the ongoing war. Suburban life finally exploded early one evening after dinner. During one of many horrific arguments, Blooming Bud announced that if she were our brother, she would have burned her draft card in protest, resulting in our father slapping her hard across the face. My mother and I stood in shock, frozen by my sister’s actions and the consequences.

Early the next morning, I awoke to silence; a strange occurrence in comparison to the usual sound of bacon in the frying pan and the sweet stench of waffles. The fact that the noise of Janis Joplin or the Temptations was inaudible as I passed by Jenna’s peace sign decorated door was even stranger. I entered our pale yellow kitchen to find my mother sitting at the breakfast table with her hands clasping her mouth in shock. My father was leaning against the kitchen counter fuming with anger and an underlying sadness. My world was a deafening silence. I looked to my mother, and she reluctantly gestured to a note placed near the toaster. It read that my sister could no longer bare the oppressive environment of our fairy tale suburban hell and that she had to escape the gripping hands of our father’s blinded beliefs, signed Blooming Bud.

Years after the Vietnam War, people continued to debate about its outcome. Some say that the U.S. would have been victorious if we hadn’t pulled our troops out; others say that the victory would have been at too high of a cost. There were several battles waged during the summer of 1968, but my home was a landmine in itself. I was left with the horrible feeling that war settles nothing; that to win a war is as disastrous as to lose one.

Five Times a Day

There is a dreadful feeling that fills me from within as I lower my self-arrogance and take the bowing kneel of sin as I take the kiss of a humble earth upon myself, just a human being. The motions unite in one swift motion, in a subtle irony that stalks, that ticks, and that tocks... as it sits 'round the clock. The times come and go waiting patiently to walk inside me, longing to deride me... daring me to defeat it, and I finally have come to beat it at last. Thus ere the present turn to past, and here to hereafter I deem it best to take time's quickness, turn fast into faster. Lastly, just as before, I lay my forehead upon the ground in humility and let the whispers of my heart take me to a blissful place.

Amera Ahmad
ANEW

It's time to start over, begin the old life, anew.  
It's time to start over, for the first part is through.  
Never thought I'd make it. Figured I'd give up by now.  
I finally made it. Better stand up and bow.

Worked as hard as I could to achieve what I did.  
Make a few wrong turns, then life takes a skid.  
We must come to grips with the decisions we've made.  
The wrong, the right--surely, ten years will fade.

But back to the present, the beginning of the end.  
Better work fast, we have some friendships to mend.  
For tomorrow we all leave for a future unclear.  
Another life to endure, we must work to persevere.

One day we may meet up but it will never be the same.  
Once we've graduated we take our own paths to fame.  
All of us will make it for our beginnings were pure.  
Time to begin; we've got lives to endure.

Brandon Eldridge

School

Madden, Madden, wanna play some Madden  
But instead I’m here at school studying Riboflavin  
It’s so cold outside even at this place of Hell  
Where it’s so dark and suffocating you can’t hear a bell  
The shadows are long and the grounds crew is creepy  
The grass ain’t green and the trees ain’t leafy  
Our life is so busy, filled with our studies  
No time for drinking, not even with buddies.  
Say goodbye to this depressing school  
Cause I refuse to be the school’s tool.

Jeremy Hunt
Flying Alone

I find myself alone
But do not feel its touch

Fear does not find me
Instead I grasp joy
And passion

I fly through the day
On independence’s wings

The day does not stop me
Nights claws do not bring me down

I laugh
I cry
And I live without that old backbone for support

Nothing holds me up
To keep me afloat
Yet I drive faster than before
I find myself alone
But I do not feel its touch

Instead I laugh in its face
For how can I feel alone
With 20,000 others by my side

Neha Patel

Around any Corner Could be a Killer

By Krista Fiedler

As I lay in the hospital bed, I ran the events of that day over in my head. I can’t believe it actually happened to me. Why? I asked myself. What did I ever do to deserve this? Kevin sat next to me on the edge of my bed with his daughter Madalinn. He sat there rubbing my hand with a horrible look on his face. Madalinn was too young to really understand what was going on, so she, like any normal child, sat there playing with her stuffed rabbit. The nurse opened the door and told me the police would like to get a statement from me and asked if I was up to doing so. I slowly nodded my head yes then told Kevin to take Madalinn outside so she didn’t have to hear what I was about to tell the police. “How do you do ma’m,” the officer said in a deep voice as he closed the hospital door behind him. I nodded my head to indicate that I was, for the lack of a better word, okay. Well, I am alive, so I guess that means I’m okay. Since I couldn’t speak
much I asked him for a pad of paper so I could write the answers his questions. “Ok, let’s start from the beginning- where were you when this happened?” I wrote my answer. He asked more questions, there seemed to be a billion of them, but for each one I wrote down my answer including as much detail as I could remember. “Well, this about sums it up. Here’s my card, I will be in touch with you, and again I am so sorry for your loss.” Wow, he said this like he really cared about me and what happened that horrible day. That’s not something you generally see from police officers today.

Kevin came back in the room with Madalinn to visit a bit longer before he had to take her home and get her ready for bed. Kevin told me that my story was on the news and it had happened to someone else again today. I started to cry a little. What kind of monster would be doing such a thing? Kevin wiped away my tears and said he needed to take Madalinn home and he would be back in the morning to be with me while she was at school. I hugged and kissed them both goodbye. They walked out and closed the door. I rang for the nurse and she came in a flash. I was impressed. “I would like to go to sleep now.” I told her with my raspy voice.

“Not until you take your medicine, Mrs. Lewis.” She brought me the pills and a glass of water. After I took them, she laid my bed back and told me to ring if I needed anything.

The next morning I woke up to Kevin sitting in the corner chair reading a magazine. “Good morning beautiful.” I smiled. “The police are coming back today to take some pictures of your wounds. I will be here the whole time.” I nodded my head. Surely enough, they were here within the hour. A female cop was going to take the pictures; that made a bit more comfortable in such a bizarre situation. First she photographed the back of my head, then my neck, my arms, my torso, and finally my legs. She told me that I was very lucky because the woman who was attacked yesterday didn’t live. I guess this was supposed to make me feel better, but it didn’t. She was about to leave when she turned around and asked permission to inspect and photograph my car.

“Yes, anything you need to catch this man.”

“Thank you, ma’am.”

An entire month had passed without us hearing a word from the police or in the news. While eating dinner on a Saturday evening, we were watching the news. We began watching the news every night since the incident. “Oh my god.” I said as I stared at the television. My fork full of spaghetti dropped to the floor. Madalinn and Kevin stopped talking and looked at the television too. He had done it again, but this time he slipped up. The woman he killed this time saw him coming and took a swing at him. They now had a suspect, Mr. Otto Fondmun, a man previously tried, but not convicted of raping and beating women. Strangely enough, they didn’t show a picture of him. Just then, the door bell rang and I shrieked. I was so wrapped up thinking about what that monster had done to me.

Kevin came back to the dinner table, “It was Mrs. Patterson, she was wondering if we had seen her poodle.” The rest of the night I was out of it. Kevin put Madalinn to bed by himself and I went to bed at around ten thirty.

The next morning, I woke up to Kevin stroking my hair. “Good morning.” I said with a yawn. Madalinn was already at school and Kevin had taken the day off to be with me.

“I thought we could spend the day together. Besides, I have a few things around the house I need to do today. Go ahead and take your shower, I’ll have some breakfast ready when you get out.” I smiled and blew him a kiss as he walked out of our room.

After my shower, I sat down to eat pancakes with Kevin. What a treat this was. The phone rang twice before I would get up from the table to answer it. It was the police. They said
they had a few suspects lined up at the station and asked if I would mind taking a look. “I’ll be down in an hour. Thank you and goodbye.” Kevin asked who it was, and I told him everything they had said.

When we arrived at the police station, they showed me into a room. I was thinking to myself the whole way there, I didn’t see anyone and I’m not going to be any help. I sat in the chair and began looking at the men one by one. “Oh my god!” I didn’t remember seeing a man, but when I saw this man’s face, I knew it was him. “Number 8. He’s the man. I know it.”

“You’re absolutely sure ma’am?”

“Yes, who is he?”

“Mr. Fondmun. We’ll probably need you to testify in court, even though I’m pretty sure we can get him on the evidence we have now, but don’t worry we will send you a letter.” I nodded and walked out of the room.

I was silent the whole way home, but talked about it later that evening. No more than five days later, I received the summons. The court date was set for Wednesday- two weeks away. Wow, I thought to myself, they really want to put this man away. I slept better knowing Mr. Fondmun was in custody.

The day I was to appear in court was a miserable, rainy day. Kevin sat in the court room next to me holding my hand. I choked back my tears when they called me to the stand. I was the only victim left alive out of the 43 women he attacked. Pictures of my body and car were shown to the court. I told them the events of my day before he tackled me, beat me, choked me, and then raped me. I told them how an intern at our company was walking into the garage and yelled when he saw all of this happening. He wasn’t here to testify because Mr. Fondmun shot the young intern point blank and ran away. I also told them, my face now full of tears; he had caused me to miscarry mine and Kevin’s first child. I was excused from the stand and the court room because I was shaking and crying so hard. As I walked off the stand, he lunged at me, but was grabbed by the guards. However, he succeeded in spitting at me, calling me impure for marrying a man who was previously married and had children.

Needless to say, the jury made their decision that day. He was to receive the death penalty June 5th for the first degree murder, assault, and rape of 43 women and second degree murder of the intern. The press harassed my family and me almost everyday trying to get answers. I did not attend Mr. Fondmun’s execution, nor did I ever speak with the press. I was just glad everything was over and I could get on with my life without fear or the horrible nightmares of him coming back to finish me off.


Haiku

I’d like to shop now
There is a sale at the mall
but I have lab soon

Kelly Hsia
Humility

I see how small I am now
As I look up at the stars.
You made them each uniquely
Like the sun, the Earth, and Mars.

I look at your creation
At the birds, the trees, the sky,
And wonder at your glory
And at how bumblebees fly.

Then I think, “I am but one
In a world so huge and vast
That to you is but a pebble
That was not meant to last.”

How can I think I’m rich
With the universe your backdoor?
I am but one mere person
And now I realize I am poor.

I am but a grain of sand
And would be washed away,
But you say, “This one’s unique
And I’m taking her today.”

You then toss me in the fire
And polish me up bright

Until I’m new and shining,
A jewel in your sight.

By now I should be humble,
To be chosen, loved by you.
For you spent more time on me
Then when you made creation new.

Kelsey Jackson
Dear Mr. Cutco (epistolary)

Dear Mr. Cutco,
Sir, how do you do?
Top of the morning
And good afternoon.

I just wish to tell you
How pleased that I am
With this item you sold me,
This, God’s gift to ham.

It slices and dices and
Skins and jellies.
It makes ham fit for Christmas
Or thin like the deli.

I cannot remember
The last time my wife
Willingly picked up
A ham and a knife

This knife is different,
There’s something about it
The way that it’s shaped
Or the glow that surrounds it.

I must tell you it’s PERFECT
For what I do.
I’m a serial killer
And I thank you.

Sincerely,
    C. Rio Mourderro

By Josh Boudeman
I pity the foo who goes to my school!

Can I make it through?
This school is so tough.
I don’t have a clue.

What do I need to do?
All of my classes are rough.
Can I make it through?

This place makes me so blue.
I think I have had enough.
I don’t have a clue.

But I am no foo.
There is too much stuff!
Can I make it through?

What I say is true.
Should I be tough?
I don’t have a clue.

Well I bid you adieu.
Should I try to figure out some homework stuff?
Can I make it through?
I don’t have a clue.

Chris LaFleur

Christmas Haikus

Shopping for presents
It’s almost that time of year
Can’t wait ’til it’s here

Ornaments galore
Bright lights hung around the tree
Presents underneath

Kylie Clark
A Worldwide Brook

A babbling brook runs through the woods, rushing by so quietly.
And here I sit along its banks, to take in the tranquility.
And as I stare into the water, crisp and clear as it flows.
I can see all of the places that this little brook will go.
Through the woods of pines and balsams, over plains so wide and vast.
Until it meets a mighty river, rushing by so strong and fast.
Then the waters will see things that were until this time unknown.
Along the banks lie gleaming cities, that people of all kinds call home.
With the waters of the river, this brook crosses the continent.
Then, all of the sudden, there is a strong and salty scent.
The sun is gleaming off the water that stretches out so far and free.
The little brook, inside the river, mixes with the mighty sea.
With a deafening, thunderous crash the ocean's mighty waves unfurl.
Now at the mercy of the powerful currents, this brook is off to see the world.
Down the coasts of Ireland and past the shores of Africa.
This little brook will see the sights that mortals only can dream of.
And though I am only one man, sitting by a bank side tree.
Through the waters of this brook, the whole world I can see.

Patrick Harper
Daydreaming

Far away from here I would like to be,
With finals looming and drawing so near,
I dream of walking the shores of the sea,
On the opposite side of this great sphere.

Or maybe atop a mountain so high,
Whose peaks are covered in billowy white.
I would spread my arms and dream I could fly,
Above the clouds in the sunshine so bright.

Or maybe I’d go to New York City,
And shop all day in the fanciest of stores,
For colorful clothes that look so pretty.
To adorn and fill up all of my drawers.

But no, here at school I am forced to stay,
And keep on studying the day away.

Kaitlin McCosh

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End of the Road Again

Up, again at twilight,
guns gleaming in our hands.
I wish there was no fight to fight,
that I could hold my new daughter’s hand.
Her mother is waiting for me,
just a month left to go.
Then, instead of sand all day
I can taste a bit of Wisconsin snow.

My caravan is leaving,
Some clean up mission for today.
All I thought the army would be
I regret every single day.
Whistling in my ears
Too bad I know the source of that sound.
I wish I was so naïve,
as my body hits the ground.

Let go my worldly spirit
I’ve reached the end of the road
Ends now my fated desert trip
There’s nowhere else to go.

Anna Johnson
Borrowed Time

By Jordan Lippmann

As I walked into the old house, I had no idea what to expect. I was afraid, but I couldn't turn back; I had hit the baseball through its window. Everyone said the house was haunted, but I wasn’t sure if I believed it. The door was boarded up, but we found a window we could pry up. The room was damp and smelled of mold. Light shined faintly through the layers of dust on the windows. I was surprised to see that the house wasn’t empty or ruined. There was a bed with a nightstand, and even a few pictures. The floor was covered in dust and papers. It looked as if whoever once lived here had left in a hurry and never came back. I searched the room, but was unable to find the baseball; it must have rolled out of the room.

I cautiously exited the room. The floor creaked loudly as I walked into the hall. There was nothing in sight, except a dusty newspaper, dated a little over seven years ago. Towards one end of the hall was a staircase and at the other was the living room. I headed to the living room first; I didn’t want to think about going down stairs. The living room was similar to the bedroom, dusty and damp. The furniture was all in place, but strangely, the coffee table only had a little dust on it, unlike the rest of the furniture. It gave me the eerie feeling that someone had been inside recently. After searching the entire floor, it was obvious. I’d have to go into the basement.

I walked down the hall and looked down the stairway. The stairs were fairly steep, and there was no handrail. I was relieved slightly that the ball was sitting in the corner of the doorframe and the wall, but the darkness was almost shining out of the doorway; my stomach didn’t enjoy it. I had to get the ball, my friends were counting on me, but what lay at the bottom of stairs was quite unnerving. The basement looked like it was ready to consume me, and was simply using the baseball as bait. I tried to swallow the bile in my throat as I began to walk down the stairs. The stairs were creaky, and the air was getting unnaturally cool, but I managed to make it to the bottom step. I crept over, picked up the dusty ball, and put it in my pocket. I turned around and immediately I was horrified. I didn’t know what was behind me, but something caused the air to shift and graze my neck. My heart beat leapt up, and I began to sprint up the stairs. It sounded like there were more feet on the stairs than simply my own, but I was too afraid to turn back and confirm it. I tripped on the top step, scraping my shin. I stood up as fast as I could and continued to run for the window. I grabbed onto the doorframe and flung myself into the room. After only two large strides I put out my hands out to stop myself at the window. I climbed out feet first as quickly as I could and ran towards my friends.

My friends stood there just as I had left them. They complimented me on how fast I had retrieved the ball. One of them said it only took me around 30 seconds to get the ball. I looked at him like he was crazy, and told him I was inside for more than five minutes. My friends all disagreed, but I knew that I was inside the house for at least that long. I tried to tell them what happened, but they all thought I was making it up. We continued to play baseball, but I couldn’t concentrate; was there something in the house? Have I been living on 5 minutes of non-existent time, or is it all in my head? As we walked from the field, I looked back towards the house. What I saw made chills run down my spine. The window was closed. I didn’t close it.
Therapeutics Exam

Therapeutics
A time consuming subject
Difficult
Study all day, study all night
Frustrating
One suggested treatment
Useful
For what we may do in the future
24 hours
Therapeutics exam
Mr. Jones
Hard to find
Movie
Have no time
50%
Content
50%
Application
24 hours
Therapeutics exam

Steve Grosch

Bittersweet

Each step was harder to bear
Our weight held down with mud
All of us slipping, with a big thud
The fall I had, gave us all a scare
Excitement turned to anger, saying “I don’t care!”
Beautiful nature around, the flowers begin to bud.
While splinters and blisters begin to shed blood
But stop to see those flowers so rare.

Taking a break at the waterfall
This fleeting joy was such sweet bliss
Water flowing, birds’ call
Bees buzzing, and then a snake’s hiss
‘Twas a moment that I longed to stall
This bittersweet memory that I miss

Lann Choi
To Be Me

If you could be me for just one day
You might just learn a lot
Of what I might do or act or say,
Of what I am and am not.

For just a moment you would see
How different things really are
When you take the place of being me
In a world barren and marred.

Not always am I what I seem to be
So fun and full of life
Contraire, I’m not always that carefree
I’m filled with grief and strife.

If you could be me for just one time
To walk into these shoes
To see things from these eyes of mine
What else could you possibly lose?

Would you take the time to talk
And listen to my woes
To take the keys and to unlock
This pain that holds me so.

Or would you after being me
Just turn and walk away
And not look back and turn and leave
Have nothing more to say

So could you, would you, want to be
Me for just one day
To take the time to talk to me
And not just walk away.

Kim Ly
Out with a Bang

We spent New Year’s Eve dancing, caffeinated,
Tapping our heels on a hardwood floor just south of
Chicago.
We spent it catching eyefuls of ones we wanted,
Armfuls of hair and soft skin,
And it made your eyelids sweat.
At midnight, we counted down, and scrambled to
Open the doors and windows,
We screamed into the darkness, clouds of smoke rising from our faces.
I remember coming home that night,
Smelling like a blanket of people through my bulkiest winter coat.
Dirt in my hair. Dirt on my feet.
I hugged him underneath the archway
As he walked through the kitchen and twirled his keys.
We were never siblings who cuddled.
We did not say “I love you.”
We never shared stories before we slept.
And in the spring, when the petals fell from the trees
And the glitter of the sun danced on the sidewalks,
I left a note in his casket.
Folded it neatly, set it under a ruffle of lace with a shaking hand.
I retreated to the lobby.
Sat on a couch that reeked of heavy hearts and cheap perfume.
My head collapsed in arms I’d known all my life.
I did not want the new year to continue,
I did not want to let the old one go.

Kristian Navickas

Christmas Tree

A
Day of
Fun in the
Snow. When all
Is Colored white, and all
Is radiating with light. I wait
Until tomorrow, tomorrow when I can
Finally open what is underneath my beloved
Christmas
Tree

Maulik Patel
A Mind of Its Own

"Why is my head spinning? 
Am I sick and tired? 
Maybe I’m just bored 
And need to be inspired."

I know what your problem is 
By my secret I’ll keep. 
I’ll watch your eyes fight for light 
And I won’t say a peep.

“Maybe I got up too early 
Or its fear of the week ahead. 
But I just had an egg sandwich; 
Maybe moldy bread.”

It’s nothing physical that means you harm. 
Use me to give you clues. 
I’m overworked and underpaid 
You should know what to do.

“I think that I’ll stop thinking now 
I might just close my eyes. 
I’ll slip into my own fake world. 
It’s so perfect I despise.”

Now you’ve got the right idea. 
A break is what I need. 
A mind at rest is a happy one; 
I hardly had to plead.

Derek Palisch

Night

Never lights your way 
Infested with darkness 
Grows in shadows 
Hides from the sun 
Tests your every fear

Hiral Patel
Exams Suck

The time seems to creep by
Yet I can’t get my brain in gear.
Fifteen minutes left to finish
But by now I cannot hear.

My paper is blank with not a mark
And I can’t even begin to care.
Time is up and she begins to hark
My exam is over, goodbye papa bear

Walking out of the room and down the stairs
Thinking of what I just went through
Taking the steps in pairs
My color starting to return to its normal hue

What’s done is done
There’s no going back
Time to have some fun
Alcohol will help me hit the sack.

Steve Mattli

Perfection or Performance?

Her first performance, now two days away,
Even with much practice, she feels unsure.
Hours on botmonts to strengthen her legs,
For leaps, and lifts, arabesques, and turns.

Correcting her placement, is the instructor,
Demonstrating first, fourth, and fifth position,
He encourages her to try harder.
The amount of effort is her decision.

As the crowd awaits a huge transition,
The ballerina prays while she performs.
God tells her she’ll do fine on one occasion,
If she does her best, He will adorn.

Always try your best, although you may fail,
For this is better than not trying at all.

Lindsay Marlo
Friends

Friends like you are hard to come by,
Friends that will never make you cry.
Friends that can make you smile even in your darkest days,
Friends that care for you in many, many ways.

You are that type of friend,
When my heart is broken,
You’re the only one that can make it truly mend.
I care for you as much as you care for me,
And best friends we’ll always be.

Friends like you are precious in every way,
Friends that are there when the sky has turned grey.
Friends that will always be there,
And friends that will truly care.

You are my best friend,
There are many reasons why.
And our friendship will never end.
Because friends like you are hard to come by.

Dhara Patel

Snowflake’s Day Out

By Kelly Hsia

There once was a puppy named Snowflake. He loved to play by the lake. Snowflake and his owner John loved to take walks around Central park. They would take walks all around the park, over the bridge and to the ice skating rink. Snowflake would run around, sniffing everything in sight. Snowflake loved it when John would throw a ball and he would have to run after it, and then bringing it back to John.

One day, Snowflake and John were playing fetch when the ball rolled right into the pond. Snowflake chased after the ball, but before he could stop, he slid into the pond. Snowflake felt like he had fallen into the ocean. He tried glancing around for the ball, but it was no where in sight. Before he could look around some more, he felt himself rising out of the water and into someone’s arms. He looked up to see himself in John’s arms. John set Snowflake down and he quickly shook the water from his white fur. John smiled as he saw his Snowflake puff up into a cotton ball.

John picked Snowflake up and held him close to his chest, then zipped up his jacket. Snowflake stopped shivering and began to warm up. John looked down at Snowflake and he couldn’t help but to smile. “You’ll be a big boy soon enough, but now let’s get you warmed up buddy.” John, with Snowflake in his jacket, walked back to the apartment. “But I am a big boy,” Snowflake thought.
Secret Life

He slicks his hair straight back
like John Travolta in Grease.
He is, however, covered in grease.
Working on cars after school,
he enjoys laying underneath the vehicles,
repairing transmissions, replacing exhaust pipes, and rebuilding everything in between.
The goatee and mustache perfectly add to the grubby look.
Leaving the cars behind,
he jumps into his jeep and drives home.
Hurriedly showering to get to work on time,
to the pool,
where he teaches little kids to swim,
either holding their backs up so their head doesn't go underwater,
or grabbing the kick board and demonstrating how to flutter kick without bending their knees.
He goes from one lesson to another,
this time for disabled teens
who can barely function on their own.
They are loud and often obnoxious,
excited to just be in the pool.
He waits until they settle down, adjust to the chilling water,
explains his lesson not once but twice, in hopes of reaching one of them.
Some understand, others just laugh,
but he helps each one with the same patience and care as the last.
When he's all done,
he steps out of the pool and puts on his clothes without using a towel to dry off.
He walks into the back room and ties on his tennis shoes.
He clocks out and walks outside into the chilly summer night,
lacking a coat and still wet from the pool.
Surprisingly, he is not cold.
He jumps into his jeep, starts up the engine, and drives home.
He is the gentlest man with the dirtiest hand and the cleanest heart.

K. Grace Brenner
Gone

“Ever feel like your heart is about to leave
Your heart it pounds so hard, at forced speed.
My face grows warm as the lights start to dim.
I can’t believe this is happening with him.

I never did understand why I feel this way.
I would just like to take this opportunity
To say that I had no intention of falling
In love with you, even with all my stalling.

I am not a hopeless romantic, yet here
I stand, helpless, for all these years
I couldn’t even tell you how I feel
Who knew what hand life would have to deal?

I gaze down at your silent form sadly.
How could you leave me this lonely?
They gently lower in the fine casket
Throwing flowers down by the basket.

Don’t leave me my love, not tonight
Can’t stand your face kept from the light
You will always be in my heart
Didn’t make sense until tonight.”

Jen Sestak

Limerick

There was a girl from Missouri
Who was always in a hurry.
  To get things done.
  No time for fun.
All that was left was worry.

Jayme Wilson
Forlorn

Shaking my world, he left me hanging on the door
Afraid to fall hard on my face, I hung tightly on the bedroom door
Fear summons my intentions for those delicious kisses
For now never was I going to receive any faithful kisses
My mother’s prediction stung me hard, for it did not prove to be true
“Fear not of thy love, for its tough to split thy love.”
My love shattered the day he chose that eye-catching witch
For him, she made her witch-crafty sandwich,
Full of delicious love potion which made him twitch
For her love, he left me hanging on the door

Priyanka Patel

NATURE

Nature.....
many say it’s beautiful
many say it’s gorgeous
many say it’s useless
many say it’s boring
many enjoy listening to it
many enjoy watching it
many enjoy destroying it
many enjoy knowing it’s there
I say it’s the best on Earth
I enjoy imagining it as if it were perfect
Everyone has a different view.

Pratik Patel
Request

Dear Lord:

The leaves are fading.
My life is longing.
My heart yearneth for thee.

Guide me in my steps.
Raise me from this desolate spot.
My mind longeth to see your plans for me.

Time is running out.
Like the last drop from a flowing spout.
Show me what you want me to be.

My eyes to heaven I raise.
Ever thankful for your gift, I praise.
I stand before you, broken
Trying to ponder what it is you’ve spoken.
Show me, open me, and make me see.

Tom Mengwasser

Tender Affection

My vision in the dim negligent night,
My dreaming in the dear dazzling day.
My heart runs wild in the desiccate bay,
When your impeccable presence gives light.

The cordiality in your deep warm eyes,
Amends my gray darkened soul of glum signs.
To oh so vibrate colors of sunshine.
Like the bright rainbow in the sky that lies.

No words can express my passionate love,
Yet oddly my soul dubiously rings.
My weak heart is like the frail, fragile wings,
Of a tiny little delicate pearl dove.

I’m scared to get close, I feel I can’t win.
You will love me for a while, then set me free.

Hiral Patel
Too Strong

Our love’s too strong
To be broken apart
We’re connected by two strong hearts

Our love’s too strong
To have unfilled holes
We’re connected by our souls

Our love’s too strong
To be lost at sea
We’re connected just you and me

Our love’s too strong
To believe in lies
We’re connected until we die

Tincey Maroor

The North Star

In
the
Dark
A light
Which will
Lead to freedom
A light used by many
To free themselves from their master and to finally
Become a real person. The night sky has
many lights, but this is the one that
was the most important for
explorers and slaves.
The North Star
The map in the sky
Always glowing so bright
And showing the way, this light
Will never be going away
For all to see and
it will always be

Chris LaFleur
Seasons

A heart of ice pumps cold blood, and frozen gazes hurt.
I realize that people don’t like it, And I get some long overdue sun.
Consequently, my spirit blooms, And love blossoms freely as well.
I embrace my new flower, And look in the mirror To see what I see is hot.
My pride definitely gets me burned, It always will.
Wish I would have been smart. I feel it all dying away
My spirit falls, I’m back to being cold, A heart of ice and frozen gazes.

Jonathon Anderson

The Test

I have a test today, I bet it will be hard. Reading through the questions makes my mind retard.
I stayed up all night and didn’t get much sleep.
After tomorrow decent grades I’ll no longer keep. I find it hard to focus and don’t know what to think. What color will it be this time, black? Blue? Pink?
I have three hours before I face two hours of pure hell Then it will take about two weeks to find out that I didn’t do so well.

Derek Palisch
The Ledge

I'm looking down trying hard to explain,
Maybe it's the answer to all my pain.
Looking at the edge, baby can I go on,
Think it would be better if I were gone.
All of this has killed my soul,
and I think I'm about to lose control.

That rooftop ledge--
Is pulling me over the edge---
It reminds me of love we had for so long,
Some love, can you tell me how you ever moved on?

That rooftop ledge----
Is pulling me over the edge---

Dan Roth
Good from Bad

On my way through town
One November night
I pulled up to stop
At an old stop light

I yielded to turn
Behind me did not
A huge jolt I felt
Bumper with a spot

We pulled off the road
At a gas station
To inspect damage
Bad situation

Police took a report
Slowest cop ever
Getting impatient
We laughed however

Exchange of numbers
He was so striking
He gave me a look
Much to my liking

Who’d’ve ever thought
A Friday night date
Arose in this way
Without a debate

Would lead to true love
Perhaps it is just
My true destiny
I know it’s not lust

Krista Fiedler
Thoughts

Left alone here to think of the days that have passed me by
Doubts, stress and anger fill my eyes

I thought I could be the best person in her life
I thought one day that I could accept her as my wife

I look everywhere to find answers to my pain
My life passing me by like an endless train

I thought I could be the best person in her life
I thought one day I could accept her as my wife

The pain and suffering makes lonely nights
An inspirational relationship ending in pointless fights

I thought I could be the best person in her life
I thought one day I could accept her as my wife

The time has come for me to realize that it’s over
It’s time for reflection and time to recover

I thought I could be the best person in her life
I thought and thought........

Chandni Patel

Desire

Lust is a passion that burns deep.
It has many tendencies to sneak and creep.

You must allow a heavenly harness to prevent your fall.
Whenever, shall lust throw out its lonesome call.

Stand fast in your desire for the Savior,
Because he is watching and records all behavior.

Tom Mengwasser
A Spring Break Scare

By Tracey Hysong

Spring Break had finally arrived, and it was time for Ashley and a few of her friends to take their much awaited trip to Cancun. They were ready to get away from the stresses of college life to enjoy a great week on the beach and in the sun. It was Saturday, and they were all packed up and had their luggage loaded in the car. They drove to the airport, anticipating the great trip that was soon to come. After arriving at the airport, they checked in their luggage and boarded the plane. About ten minutes later, the plane was set in motion and their trip was soon to begin. The 747 lifted off and glided through the air smoothly on its path to Mexico.

Ashley took out the book that she wanted to read over Spring Break and began it. After about twenty minutes she was very into it, until a jolt in the plane broke her concentration. It wasn't a minor jolt like she had experienced on a plane before, but it was a strong jerk. The seatbelt sign immediately came on, and a flight attendant gave instructions over the intercom for all passengers to stay seated and buckled in. She explained that the jolt was just a result of strong turbulence, and that there was nothing to worry about. Ashley was now nervous, but tried to ignore her anxiety by reading. She started the book again, and then another strong jerk came. This one was even stronger, and Ashley was becoming terribly worried. After a few more jolts, the passengers were becoming uneasy, and they were whispering to one another that jolts like that couldn't come from turbulence alone. Then Ashley looked out the window, only to see a horrific sight. They were entering a dark storm cloud that looked like a monster ready to eat them up. There was no way around the storm, as the plane was headed straight for it. Ashley was shaking like a leaf now; she hated thunderstorms, even in the comfort of her home on the ground.

As the plane entered the cloud, Ashley just closed her eyes and braced her hands on the armrests of her seat. The turbulence got increasingly stronger, and by now Ashley was deathly afraid that the plane would crash. She would open her eyes for a second now and then only to see flashes of light and dark, dreary surroundings through the window. Then, a huge jolt that was stronger than any of the others came, and it felt as though the plane was dropping in altitude. Ashley could feel the pressure on her body, and the descent was sending a force that pinned her to the seat. She looked around at the other passengers, all of whom had looks of fear in their eyes. She glanced at her friends who were also holding on to their chairs for dear life in the wake of this wicked storm. Then came the biggest jolt of all, one that seemed to send the nose of the plane pointing toward the ground even more. The pressure on Ashley's body was stronger than ever, and it felt as though the plane was plummeting to the earth. Thoughts of her family flashed through Ashley's eyes, and she began to cry. Light tears fell from her eyes as she thought about how she might never see her family again.

Then she felt a gradual decrease in pressure on her chest. It felt as though the plane was leveling off but gaining no altitude. The pilot had regained control of the plane, and despite a few bouts of turbulence, was running the plane over a smooth course. Ashley was feeling less anxiety, and in a few minutes, the 747 was out of the storm cloud and in bright skies again. The plane finally gained the altitude it had lost, and now at ease, Ashley opened her book. She thought about how after that scare, her trip to Cancun would be even better. She began reading and was lost in the story. Her fears were gone, and the ride was smooth sailing from then on.
Happiness

Hilarity
Achievement
Pleasure
Prosperity
Incredible
Nice
Enjoyment
Satisfaction
Success

Ami D. Patel

This Place is Going to Hell

I heard the shouts from the man,
"Get out fast as you can!"
  I didn’t understand
  The urgency.

We asked him why we’d have to go,
  And he said he didn’t know.
With further questioning he said to me:
  “This place has gone to hell”

  “I hate being here.
  I want to make that very clear.
I miss my family, my daughter, my wife,
  But most of all I miss my mind”

It’s times like these I’ve learned to hate,
When these people can think straight.
  As long as dementia’s there
  Ignorance is freedom.

  But as soon as they see clearly
  They’re suffering so dearly,
Why do they deserve this wretched pain?
No wonder why they always act insane.

Jen Sestak
A Child’s Balloon

Big and round
and full of color, I can
make a child smile. A father
hands me to his child, for whom
he would walk a mile. I swell with
pride (and helium filled air) at the love
that the little boy shows. My string
held tight in his hand, for a photo
together we pose. Then sud-
denly, a gust of wind tears
me away. I can only
hope to see him
another day.

Up
Up
Up
Up
Up
Up
Up
Up
Up
Up

Kaitlin McCosh

Don’t Try

You tell me you’re right,
But I’m sure I know the truth
Don’t argue I’ll win.

Derek Palisch
Letting Go

Circuses give the freedom
Of letting adults forget,
About the stresses of their life
And all their money spent.

Takes them back to unicycles
And elephants galore,
Size 50 shoes, cannon shots
Intelligence tossed out the door.

Face Paint replaces
The pills that run my life,
Instead of patients yelling and angry
I'm with my kids and my wife.

The bears and lions roar and growl
And trample the filthy ground,
They shoot water balloons into the crowd
While little kids run around.

Tomorrow morning work will call
And to the pharmacy I will go,
To help all the grouchy people
I have come to know.

Cortney Strodtman

Haikus

Purple haze ignites.
The sky appears green tonight
Will you start a fight?

People lend their hands
To those who need some guidance
Life is defiance.

I want to find peace
My mind is rather confused
Do I feel so used?

Samantha Swatek
Supremely Blessed

Never forget how much I love you
You keep my feet on the ground
And my heart flying high
Never forget...
Neither an endless earthquake
Or a pit of pythons
Could keep me from your side
Never forget...
I would do anything for you
Fly from Mt. Everest
Or walk across the Pacific
Never forget...
Never forget how unique you are
And the impact you have left on me
I try everyday to help you
As you have helped me
I am who I am
Because I have been blessed with you
I thank god for you every day
Never forget...
You are my best friend
And I love you

Neha Patel

Shape Poem

I saw curiosity - - - - of me.
  Curiosity best
  A yearning for the
  knowledge. I saw of
  I gazed integrity - - a need to be reflection
  honest. I saw morality - - a really a
  called want to be virtuous. I saw were
  himself sincerity - - a wish to be see
  my I saw modesty - - could
  mirror - - a desire for... eyes
  Because humility... my
  All these things

Kelly Hsia
The Writer’s Block Ballad

The cursor blinks a mocking beat
And blankness fills my screen.
The words won’t come, and when they do
They’re horribly obscene.

This task should be an easy one
It’s nothing vague or new.
Yet as I try to get it done
I haven’t got a clue.

No subject matter can be found.
Inspiration hides.
I just can’t seem to find my muse
And Lord knows that I’ve tried.

I’ve too much else to study for
There’s physio. and chem.
And I work tonight and all this week
So I can’t do it then.

All this and more clouds up my mind
I just can’t seem to write.
This cursed writer’s block won’t break
No matter how I fight.

All I’ve done is ramble on
And class is almost through.
I need a poem to present
And this crap ain’t gonna do.

But wait a sec’, the meter’s right
The rhyme has perfect form.
Despite my melancholy mood
A ballad has been born.

Patrick Harper
Things Do Change

As the wind blows on,
The time flies by.
Things do change and friendships die.
Learning from mistakes,
We continue to grow.
Now facing the truth,
We try to let go.
Living without the friend
And with the shame,
We try to forget
That it won’t be the same.
But the pain remains,
The tears fall forth,
Now moving on
For all it’s worth.
From losing a friend,
We have gained in return,
Things are bound to change,
And from that we learn.

Ami V Patel

The Earth

I felt the Earth tremble beneath my feet
The world coming to an end
Egos too big for their own good
Their demands no one can meet

I felt the Earth tremble all around
As the people were in uproar
I saw the Earth tremble as I looked down
the bomb hit the ground

I watched the Earth cry as we came together
To repair what we destroyed
I watched the Earth hold hands and cry together
brothers and sisters gone forever.

Brian Scholfield
Who Should Be Sued?

Who should be sued?
Who should be allotted the right to sue?

What is the act of suing?
What is it these people are really pursuing?

They think they are just getting money,
But they are taking my soul.

One little mistake,
I mean, it’s not like I am losing control.

Seriously, everyone screws up every now and then.
Should we sue all of them?

Why not, let’s sue everyone!
Who will that make happy – none not one!

What happened to the old days?
What happened to the old ways?

You know, when people would confront you person to person
Not big company lawyer versus lawyer.

What happened to the Golden Rule?
I don’t like being sued; therefore, I don’t plan on suing anyone.
The least you can do is the same for me.

Tom Mengwasser

Haikus

A dog barks three times
Cars rush by sounding loud horns
The wind howls back

Leaves stir up and down
People walk briskly bundled
A snow flake floats by

Steve Grosch
Carve it up

Carving the snow
Heel, toe, heel, toe
Cold air rushing past my face
Ears and nose numb
I don't care

----NO BLIND JUMPING----
Jump, 180, jump again 270

----SLOW YELLOW JACKETS----
No turns just carve it up
Calves burning
Right shoulder dislocated
Keep going it's only the 22nd run

----SUPER PIPE AHEAD----
"Wanna Race?"

Alisa Zevleveer

George

Swinging through the trees,
George holds onto the big vines,
To see Ursula.

Krista Fiedler

Rhyme Time

Geez, knees, Japanese,
Please, fees, keys, and Portuguese.
What else rhymes with cheese?

Tracey Hysong
The Ring

By Priyanka Patel

During the feudal times, being a peasant was like being a backbone of the market. Due to drought, the landlord forced many families, including ours, to move to another fief, Rowan, to strengthen the market. The ride seemed to last about two fortights; fast packing foods and luggage seemed impossible. Our most authentic treasure was wrapped in white silken bag, for it is a golden ring with white sparkling gems given to my great great-grand mother by King Arthur, for her kindness to feed his troops during one of the greatest wars during the feudal times.

This white silken bag with the heavy load was given to me, the eldest son John, to protect it in case of robbers. I dug deep within my trousers to find some open spot for the white silken bag. Not finding any, I still pushed it deep within the pocket with all those sweets for the journey. My father, who had hired two oxen to carry the load and my younger siblings, loaded the luggage, and with the first sight of dawn, we left with other marching peasants to Rowan. My father asked me if I had safely kept the ring, and without checking I replied that I had it safely secured. Without further inquiry, my father kept on guiding the oxen through the wilderness. The whole day shone away with laughter and merry songs of entire peasant community.

As dusk settled in, most of the peasants began to set up tents to end their day’s journey. As I was helping my mother settle water for cooking, she asked me if I still had the ring. Again without looking, I replied that I had. My mother trustingly took my word. After delicious meal, we all retired to bed. While changing into night clothes, I emptied my pockets for some sweets. Not wanting to share any sweets, I begin counting them. I had twenty-eight of those, and if I ate one every day, they could last more than the journey. Thinking about how delicious it would taste, I suddenly realized that I didn’t encounter the white silken bag when I had emptied my pocket.

Scared out of my mind, I started searching for the bag everywhere. I went to the river bed, where I had early found some water, to the dying fire, where we had early eaten our delicious meal, to the resting site of the oxen with our luggage, went circling outside our tent, and kept on checking my pockets. Now, it was almost dawn, and I still hadn’t found the ring. Wanting to run away, I noticed that my father was awake. I went to him and guiltily told him that I had lost the ring. I begin to cry and told him that he could leave me here in the wilderness until I found the ring.

My father ordered me to calm down and told me that he had the ring. He also told me that while stuffing my pockets, the white bag fell down. He had picked up the bag earlier and kept it securely. He wanted me to realize that when someone gives you the responsibility, one should protect it with respect. I said sorry to him and also said that I would never again say yes until I was sure of it. I hugged my father and he carried me all the way back to the tent.