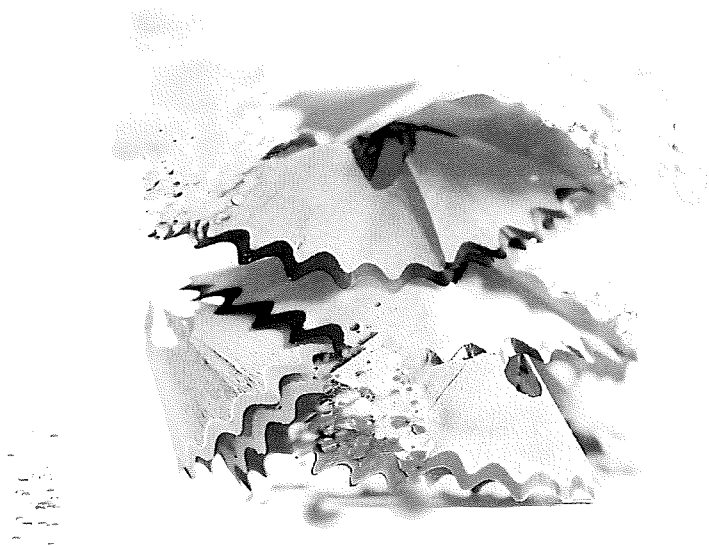


***Write On!***  
***An Anthology of Creativity***



**Third Edition**  
**2017-18**

**Byron P. Steele, II High School**



## Preface

When the idea of this anthology came to mind a few years ago, it was to open another avenue for students to share their ideas and talents with the broader audience of Steele and SCUC. Much to my delight, it has come to include faculty and staff as well.

Each year the number of submissions increase. I am proud of everyone who is willing to take the risk and share their hopes, dreams, fears, joys, and ideas. I hope that students and faculty continue to enjoy this anthology and help it to grow each year.

Any mistakes in names are purely my own. If this has occurred, my deepest apologies. Please know that submissions are printed as they were submitted to me- with all their grammatical or spelling errors- in their original splendor.

ENJOY!

Susan M. Shires  
Editor



Creativity is Contagious.  
Pass it on.

- Albert Einstein





Write On! An Anthology of Creativity  
Third Edition 2018

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## When I'm Big Like You

by Justin Linthicum

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a policeman?"

"Why yes, son. You will be the bravest police officer this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a chef?"

"Why yes, son. You will make the tastiest pepperoni pizza this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a soldier?"

"Why yes, son. You will be the most heroic soldier this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a teacher?"

"Why yes, son. You will be the most inspirational teacher this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a farmer?"

"Why yes, son. You will grow the most fruitful crops the world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a nurse?"

"Why yes, son. You will be the most caring nurse the world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be a builder?"

Linthicum/When I'm Big Like You

"Why yes, son. You will build the tallest buildings this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can I be an artist?"

"Why yes, son. You will paint the most beautiful pictures this world has ever known!"

"Daddy, daddy! When I'm big like you can we still be best friends?"

"Why yes, son. You are the coolest kid this world has ever known!"

"I love you, daddy."

"I love you too, son."

By: Mia Brouillette

## The Friend You Could Have Had

The corps that my soul resides in,  
Is the first category you judge me in.  
When I think of you I cry.  
My friends would ask why  
And I would say it was because you didn't even try.  
I was taught to forgive and forget.  
But all that has done is given me regret.  
I regret the fact that I wasn't even good enough  
For you to look at me without disgust  
Plastered across your face.  
I guess that, that was just you telling me to learn my place.  
But my place is nowhere to you.  
You make that clear,  
By making your words stick like glue  
Into my ear.  
But now I have blocked you  
And you don't have a clue  
That nothing you say gets through.  
I will not let your words seep through my skin.  
And tear me apart from within.  
You are a monster, but I am no longer scared.  
You could have been my friend, but you decided  
You could not have cared.

## **DREAMS ALONG THE BEACH**

I look down at my toes;  
The hot pink nail polish;  
Sink into the sand  
The bubbling cold water was  
So relaxing

The moon tilts for high tide  
Surfers ride the salty waves  
The tans may fade;  
But memories never do

Building a castle,  
Fit for a queen,  
Makes all my dreams within reach

But it didn't last for long  
Once my cousins came with a bucket of water  
And poured it on top of my castle  
And all my dreams came to an end

But at the end of the day  
Dreams come and go  
Like my heart with my happiness  
And my soul like my sadness  
But at the end of the day  
It's like a fairytale never ending



## My Lifestyle On Our Farm

As I awake from my slumber I can hear all kinds of various noises. I say to myself "It looks like another fresh start of a new day." People say getting up is the most dreadful part of the day, but for me it is the best part. Meaning that you have so much time to decide what to do and how. Waking up so early and walking outside feeling the cool wind go through my body, giving me that extra boost of wake up. Every morning I go out on to my old, quiet, peaceful, farmhouse, with my black cat that never leaves my side. I lean against one of my soft white sheep who is sleeping and read a tiny blue book in french. Next thing I know, I hear the rooster howling at me to go get milk from our cow. I watch her eat the dried hay as I milk her and put it into a glass jar. Then I'm off to do the other chores around the farm. Feeding the pigs, chickens, sheep, and goats take up most of the morning. But that micro-sliver of time I have, I ride my yellow bike down our wide twisting dirt road that leads to our home. I put my cat in the front basket and head towards town to buy fresh vibrant fruits and vegetables.

When I return home from my outing I find my parents tending to the knick knack that need the grime scrubbed off, making them shine like the sun on crystal water. At twelve I make turkey sandwiches and garden salads. Even after an hour you can still smell that fresh cut lettuce and fresh bread baked from our open fire pit. And then I will make more home made food like cheese and yogurt from our farm animals after lunch. But getting the the ingredients is not a walk in the park. The goats don't always like to be touched, the chickens won't let you go near their eggs, but the cows are the easiest ones though, they will basically let you do anything to them. Which has me worried that someone might do something to them or take them away. Because if they are desperate I know our short white picket fence won't stop them.

When returning from feeding the animals I care so much for, I go inside to prepare for dinner. I cut the vegetables and make the yeast for the fluffy white bread, which once again makes the kitchen smells like a bakery. I then tell everyone that dinner is ready and we all eat at our small round wooden table. After our plates are all clean we scrub them till they look like sparkling snow from Mt. Everest. As the sun sets I feed the animals for the last time, when you can still see light out, before I put them in our red creaking barn. I then go into my room and close my door, looking around at my white walls that are sort of comforting. And lay under my soft blue covers made from our sheep's wool with blue dye to make it pop, and tucked perfectly into a homemade built in wooden frame. Looking at the ceiling I look back at all the things I did today, wondering what I can change tomorrow. I feel my silky slick black cat nestle beside me, while I wait for my next day in life on our farm.

Maria Angela Flores

*Apples of Gold*, a book given to me by my Aunt Lita, my namesake, my Godmother, in 1975—my 6th birthday. Inscribed words on the inside page that glittered and guided me in life. The matriarch of my father's family; the one who took care of my grandmother, who only spoke Spanish. Mom said she wanted to honor her by naming me after her...for all she did for her family. A salt and pepper crown of hair that remained constant like she is, except in color.

She's the one that knew grandpa the best. She was the one that filled his shoes when he passed away and her mother was left with 7 children. She finished her education and went to work watching her brothers leave to serve our country one by one. Her sister left to marry and have 8 children. She was the one who took in the cousins when they needed a place to go.

She is the keeper of all the memories. Time is closing in on that vault. The seconds stop and even go backwards when I am with her...she can bring daddy back. Her favored brother, the one who painted her walls and put wood on her floors and spent hours spent drinking coffee at the kitchen table with her while my brother and I moved on with our lives and forgot where we came from for awhile. He didn't get to make it back like I did, but he tried.

My half century mark creeps closer, I'm back home, a half mile from my Lita. Novelas and news play on the television as she fights for her independence. A fierce determination to continue to live her days in peace. An unwavering Catholic faith; the best is yet to come.

## *Until we meet again...*

Dear baby brother...  
Since you've been gone,  
It has not been easy  
But I want to say thank you,  
Even though it broke me into  
*A million pieces* when you left,  
I want to say thank you,  
Even Though I miss you everyday..  
I want to say thank you...

Thank you for inspiring me,  
Inspiring me to *face my fears*  
You inspire me to be better,  
And even though doing this without you  
By my side is one of the hardest things  
I've ever had to do..  
I'm doing it.

Looking down from heaven  
My little angel..  
I'm not mad,  
I'm just...in pain.  
But what's the sun without a little rain, right?

I will stay strong and stand tall,  
Cause I know you wouldn't want to see me fall.  
And whatever success I'm celebrating,  
I will think of you first.

The selfish part of me wishes you were still here,  
That you survived  
But if you did you would be in so much pain  
So, the other part of me is glad you went to be with the lord.

Maybe I am the sun,  
And you are the the moon,  
But even they can be seen  
in the same sky sometimes.  
Until we meet again...  
I love you baby brother.

### **My Dad George (written by his daughter Jennifer Regan)**

He was born in Kansas City, Missouri in 1963. He was the son of an Air Force Veteran. He was the youngest of five. He had four older sisters. He had a tough childhood because his father passed away when he was just fifteen years old.

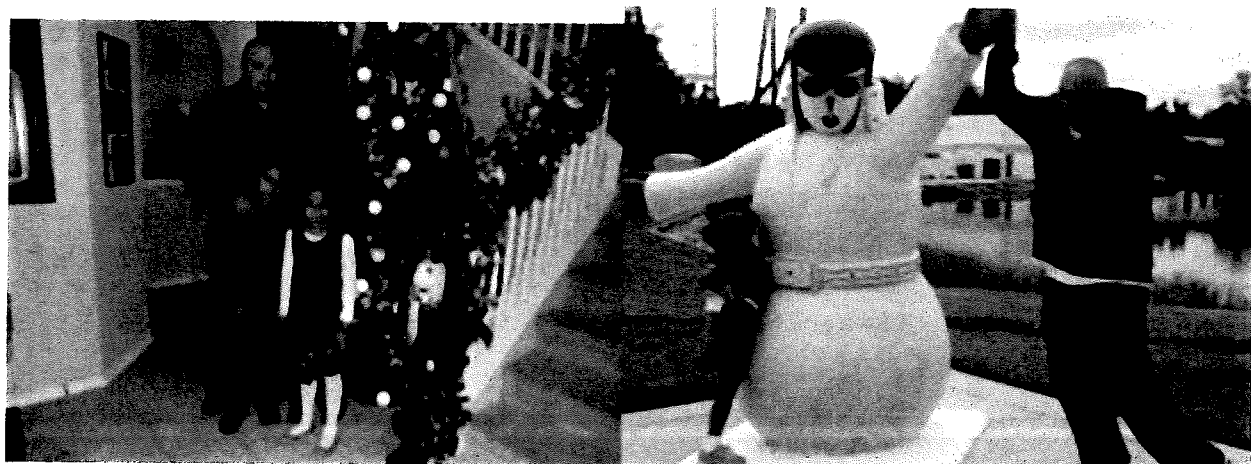
When he was twenty he decided to join the Army. In his career he served almost twenty-five years. He was stationed in various places all around the world. He even served his country in Somalia and Kuwait. He retired from the Army in 2009.

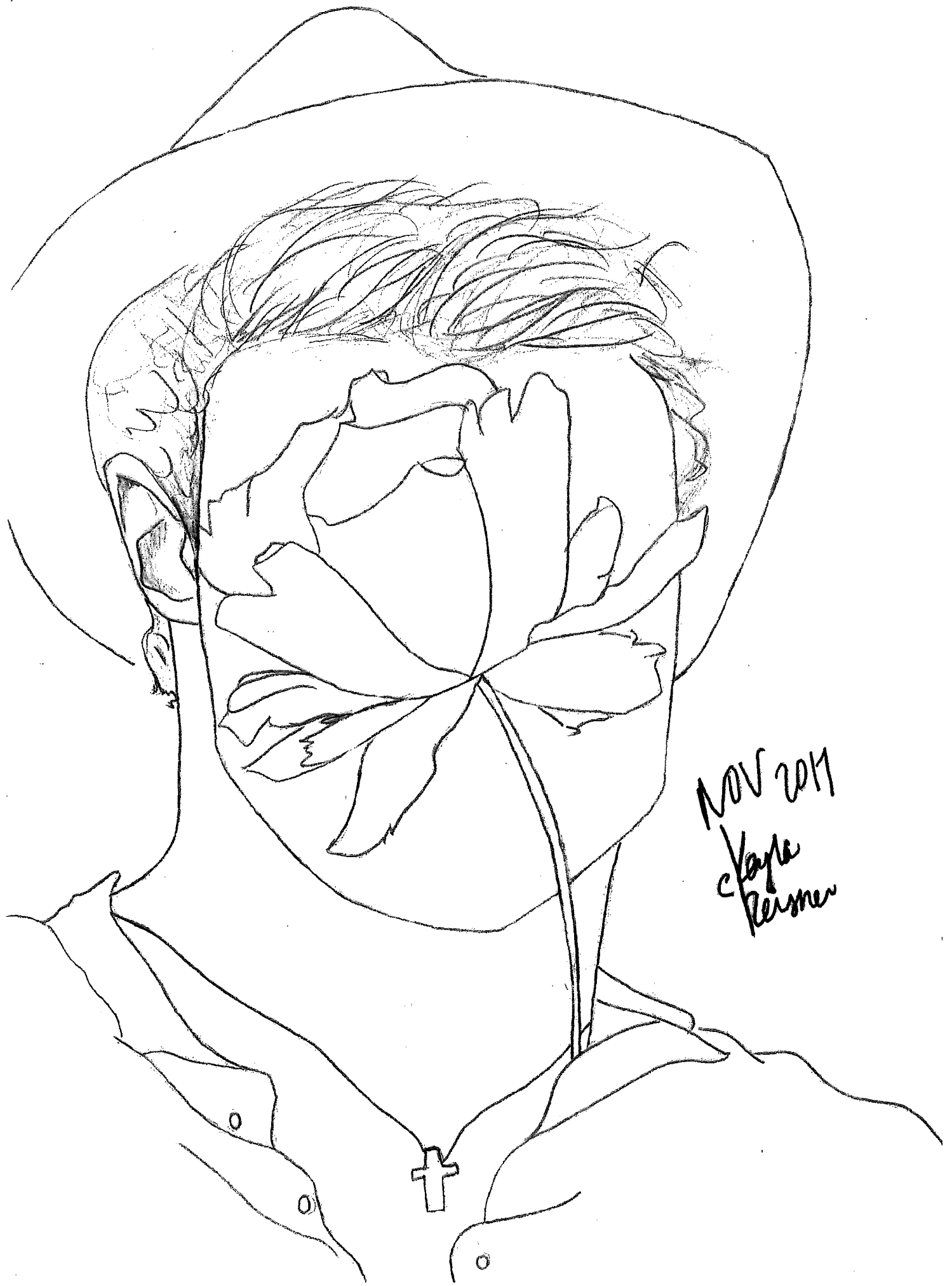
My Dad was a very dedicated soldier. He to this day tries to instill the values of honesty, loyalty and integrity that he learned while in the military. Even though he may not think that I am listening, I understand more about it than he thinks. What he teaches me I will take with me in my future endeavors.

While he was in the Army he met my mother while he was doing the Panama U.S. Army Jungle School. They only saw each other a few times while he was there training. When my father returned to the United States he stayed in contact with my mother by writing letters and an occasional phone call. He knew she was a good woman, and he did not want to lose her.

They believed that it was love at first site and six months later my dad flew back down to Panama City and married my mother. A couple years later they had my big brother Jordan. He is a Junior at Steel High School. I was born two years after him. We were both born in Kansas City, Missouri.

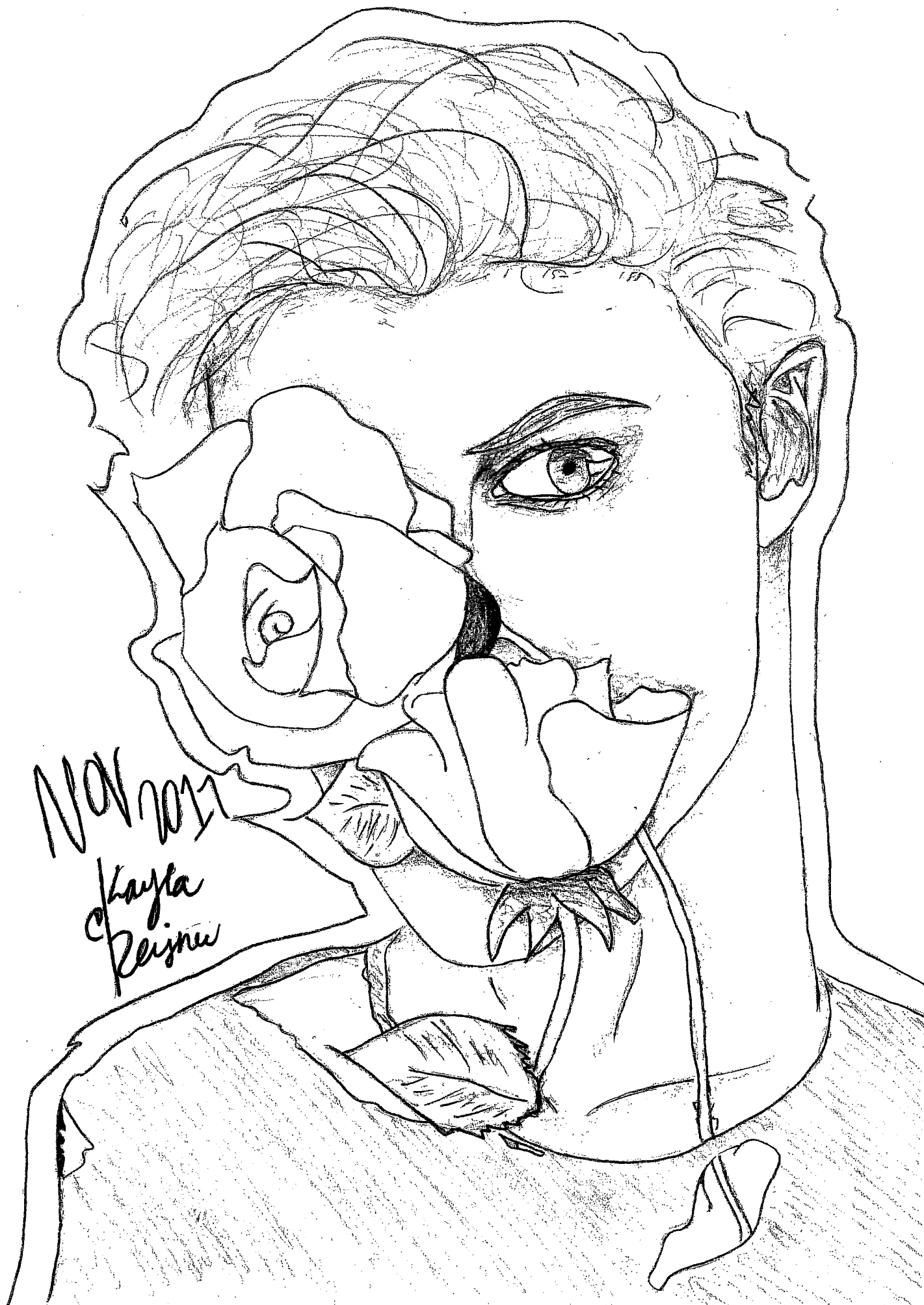
We travel back to Panama every year for us to visit my mother's side of the family. We go back to visit where my parents first met. It is here where my Spanish roots come from. I learned how to speak Spanish at a very young age. I thank my father for being open minded to marrying my mother that was from another race. Not all people are open to doing this. I truly love my family.





NOV 2011  
Kaye  
Permer

"Lucky To Have a Face" series 2011





NOV 2011  
Kayla  
Reine

## "The Elephant story"

By: JR Sieffert

Tubby the elephant had reached his breaking point. He just gave practically his 1000<sup>th</sup> saddle ride to children at a popular zoo, and now he couldn't even take a tiny nap after his shift. The day had been hot and unbearable already, but now this?

Tubby had long ago once been an ordinary elephant living with his family in the wild grasslands of Africa, eating fruits and plants every day. But soon he caught the eye of a seemingly kind man named Timothy, who knew of a zoo back in America which he deemed perfect for Tubby. So Timothy took Tubby back home with him to Wyoming and soon had Tubby giving saddle rides to children. At first, Tubby had no objections; he liked being treated like a celebrity. But later on, Timothy showed off his true nature by being hard, pushy and overbearing to Tubby, causing his confidence and heart to shatter. Tubby didn't deserve to be ridden like a carousel every day (at the cost of his freedom and health) just to make a few hundred bucks a month. As time passed on, Tubby grew more and more resentful of Timothy until the choice was made to end his unnecessary duties once and for all. So Tubby thought of a creative plan and decided to execute it when possible.

One day, after working at the zoo for close to a year, Tubby gave a usual saddle ride to some children from the local school, but then Timothy and his friends pulled up in a Volkswagen and started making mean comments to Tubby. They also pulled out cell phones and took photos of Tubby's buttocks. This completely set him off. Tubby took the children back to their parents, then he started jerking his head around violently until the saddle snapped off. Next, Tubby sprayed water from his trunk directly at the Volkswagen, short-circuiting Timothy and his friends' cell phones. Last, Tubby trumpeted angrily and charged at the Volkswagen with such force that it easily tipped over, injuring the occupants. Police and paramedics later on arrived at the scene, and they took everyone to



the hospital, but soon a fellow zookeeper revealed photos she had secretly taken of Timothy doing cruel and evil things to Tubby. The police then took Timothy away (after his injuries healed) and gave him 20 years in prison, and Tubby's zoo contract was ripped into many pieces.

A few days later, Tubby was finally returned to his home and family back in Africa, and he learned an important lesson in not letting the enemy control you, which Tubby used the rest of his life until 50 years later when he passed away of old age.

The end!

## Today

A flat stomach is required  
Plus size is never ok put it away is what they'll say.  
Body shaming puts people down, we make them feel bad  
and stay in the background. We should let people be comfortable in their  
own skin, if it were up to me I would rate you as a ten.

Bang! The gun goes, the bullet dashing into  
another innocent man's chest. Hands were up with  
nothing but skittles in his bag.  
The ambulance is here, his body is what they drag.  
The next morning I see momma mad, I look at the  
TV it's happened again. Another one of us taken when will it end  
We are just like you why can't you see,  
the trigger habit is what brings them glee.

Crack a white egg, then a brown one, what do you notice?  
Yellow yolk in both, correct? The unnecessary ignorance  
is what I hope you'll get. To tell you the truth we're all  
just like eggs, hopefully now I got it in your head.

Today is not good today is not right I wish I could remove this image  
from my sight. We like to point fingers for who's to blame  
God is looking down with great shame.  
Fix it, change it, make it better, development will go by quicker  
if we work together.

## Moving Changed My Life

Do you know how it feels to move? When you are living all your friends behind, old house, school, and the climate that took you some months to get use too. Well moving can change your life in so many ways. Well, for me I wasn't developing as much but a few things did change and I would like to tell you how it started.

I use to live in a small city called El Paso, it was the place where I was born and raised. I have all my friends, family, and my adventures. When I heard that we were going to move I immediately said, "no thank you." It was counted as a vote between the family and of course I was the only one that said no. I tried my best to convince my parents that we should not move. But it kept going back and forth, therefore my parents had a long talk to decide, once they decided they elected to move to San Antonio, but we found this little city called Cibolo and we moved here.

Once we moved here a ton of things were going through my head, like It was a mistake for us to move here and it turns out I was just talking for myself. I couldn't really make any friends and I wished that we went back to where I came from. I changed because I made some good and bad decisions. First I'm going to tell you my atrocious ones; well I got more depressed and also I started getting lazier through the weeks. Now I will tell you my good ones, I got more responsible than I was back then because I will admit that I was irresponsible back then and I got to make new friends. And many things can still happen.

But I have to move again and hopefully better things will still happen to me. I will not forget about the adventures that I had here. I would like to visit here again and comeback to see my friends and family.

### **The Truth About Doubt**

The villain

Most often

Believes they're the hero

It's something that's not hard to do

It's what we all want

To be the hero of our story

We'll fiercely believe that it's true

But a hero, unwanted

Believes he's the villain

For who alone and unloved

Could be the savior

That his people wait for

His power must be stolen by his sin

A villain

Most often

Believes they're the hero

In fact, they never have any doubt

But to doubt that you're right

Cease to put up a fight

Until you know the battle is right

This is the power that makes a hero

So don't be afraid of your doubts

- Hannah R. Fanning

# Love of Basketball

A basketball can be light  
The court was very bright  
The cheerleaders were proud  
The crowd was screaming to the rooftop it was very loud  
Love of Basketball.

Work hard everyday  
So you can play  
I told them I need wooden floors  
So that we can shoot and score  
Love of Basketball.

I dribbled the lightweight ball  
And I made someone fall  
After that the guy's were clowning  
While the coach was frowning  
Love of Basketball.

We all had became world time greats  
When we didn't take breaks  
The court was soaking wet  
With all the nasty sweat  
Love of Basketball.

When the whistle was blown  
The players madness was shown  
You can be the worse player  
When you don't practice later  
Love of Basketball.

My defender was as very good  
Which he really should  
Repeatedly, the ball hit the wooden floor  
After practice I was really sore  
I always have fun on the court  
Love of Basketball.

MOM.

I AM SURE YOU ALL HAVE USED OR HEARD THIS SINGLE WORD THOUSANDS, EVEN MILLIONS OF TIMES.

THIS SINGLE WORD- HAVING SO MUCH MEANING TO ME.

AS WEIRD AS IT MAY SOUND, I HAVE TWO MOTHERS. ONE IN HEAVEN, AND ANOTHER STANDING  
RIGHT BESIDE ME.  
BOTH I LOVE SO DEARLY.

TODAY, WELL IT ISN'T MOTHER'S DAY, BUT I WANTED TO DEDICATE THIS TO MY MOTHER. TO THE ONE  
IN HEAVEN. TO SAY THE THINGS I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY, AND TALK TO HER.

---

*Dear mom,*

*Hi, how are you? I'm a lot older now. Time has passed and it has done Dad some good. He's even grown a beard! Dad tells me I look just like you. That I have your big curious eyes and beautiful smile. That I am just as stubborn and passionate as you were too. I love it when he tells me stories about you. Makes me feel like I get to be a little closer to you. I know you would have loved me, i get straight "A's" and do community work. You would be so proud of me. I even have a decent job, and do everything I can to help out at home too with the boys.*

*Oh, you must be wondering how dad is. If he happy. And who the boys are.*

*Well, he got remarried to this wonderful women named Jasmine. She is sweet and cares about myself, and gave life to these two adorable twin boys named Charles and Oliver. She treats my father with love and respect, and makes him really happy. Jasmine is a great mom too, she is like the glue that keeps our family together. You can see the twinkle in Dad's eyes again whenever she walks into the room. I'm glad he isn't depressed anymore. It was a rough eleven years before Jasmine came along. But I got to be a flower girl! I was only nine then, but still. It was fun, and I have a lot of new memories. I like Jasmine, she is good for dad... and me too. I am happy she came into our families life, and that he got to meet someone just as great as you were.*

*Whats is it like in heaven? Is it pretty? Do you love me as much dad tells me you would? I can't help but feel like... sometimes if I were never born, you would be here right now. I'm sorry I got you sick.*

*Dad tells me how much you two fought before I was born. How he wanted to get rid of me so you would get better. Though you told him "no", that I was so much more important. You said you would give your life up for your first baby girl. Yet you had no idea your words would be so literal.*

*It makes me cry every time I think about this.*

*That you loved your unborn child so much already, that you would give up your own life to have me prosper instead. No matter how many screaming voices are telling you to give up on me.*

*Dad says you only got to hold me once. That when you did, you smiled and told me how beautiful I was. Even though you were so weak. You said how much you loved me, and that no harm would ever come my way.*

*Then on your last breath, you whispered my name.*

*They say a mother's first touch with their child is the most important and beautiful thing. My dad tell me, in your arms for the first time. I never cried. That I made soft giggling sounds and it looked as if I was smiling at her. He said he had never cried so much, to see his wife and first born little girl smiling ever so lovingly at each other. That he then knew, that moment was given to us by god.*

*Your funeral was held a couple days later. There I didn't cried too. I was given your locket that day, and I have never taken it off since. I wear it everywhere I go, because then I feel like you are always with me.*

*Mom, I might not have any memories of you. Though I think of you everyday. I always feel your presence around me. I want to thank you for giving me life, and hope I would strive on. A reason I should keep moving forward and giving me an opportunity to be in this crazy world, and meet all the wonderful people I know. To have felt all the love and pain I've experienced and gone through. Even if at times I wish I didn't.*

*Yet that's the beauty about life.*

*Thank you.*

*I love you so much.*

*Sincerely,*

*Evelyn*





# 2 AM

## It's Been Raining Lately but I Like the Rain.

you can let  
the rain  
blur your windshield but never blur your eyes from  
the rain  
because  
the rain  
is the only thing here to reassure us and if we block out  
the rain  
then there is nothing to live for. there is nothing to live for but  
The Rain.

## Shave

You call it  
*laziness*  
when I don't shave. I call it  
*lack of caring*  
and maybe the fact that  
*I don't want to*  
look "like a girl".

## Smile and Wave

no  
i'm not sad  
i'm not stressed  
i'm not so low that  
  
i'm scared of myself.

i carry this weight on my shoulders  
for the aesthetics of it.

## Just Do It

I hated feeling so weak that I just wanted to end it all.  
I *hate* feeling so weak.  
It's a never ending cycle. In the beginning, you're fine;  
you're smiling and surrounded by the people you love.  
Then, they leave.  
They always leave and you were only living for them.  
You're stuck in your own head and your own head isn't right

and you *know* that.  
You know.  
And you just want to end it.

My cycle is stuck.  
Just repeating.  
over and  
over and  
over.  
They left.  
Usually, they come back and that's when the cycle starts again.  
It's *supposed* to start there again.  
Anyone can guess where I got stuck.  
I got stuck in my head  
and I got trapped in my mind.

It's dark there.  
I can't see much.  
All I can see is the past.  
The memories. Bad. Good. Bad.  
I just wanted them to go away but they wouldn't.  
They kept reminding me that everything is my fault.  
What I did, what I do, what I will do, caused, causes, will cause this.  
They don't like me. They don't love me.  
They never did and never will.

"Just stop," my mind would say, "You have the power to stop it so why won't you  
*just do it*  
already?"  
They left.

Maybe I will too.

### **Can't Breathe**

Anxiety is always there,  
just like my nails, and my skin  
and my eyes.  
At least it is for me.  
I've become so numb to it  
that there's just a dull turning,  
constantly,  
in my stomach.

When it gets bad is  
when I feel it more.  
The feeling is physical.  
It travels through my stomach, pushes on my diaphragm, constricts my breathing, and  
wraps itself around  
my heart,  
tightening with every constricted breath;  
its thorns dig in wherever they can.  
I feel the weight on my chest,  
then I can't breathe  
anymore.

**Playlist: Catching All The Feels**

I want to  
talk about it but I don't know what to say.  
There's too much going on to  
figure it out  
and to  
sort through it.  
But sorting through it  
makes it harder  
and the process more difficult  
and it makes me  
*freak!*  
I can't think anymore  
but I'm overthinking at the same time.

It feels like my brain is  
overheating  
and exploding with fireworks but  
not the pretty kind.  
Not the kind that change color  
or make the sprinkling sound  
or the big ones that turn small.  
They're not the kind of fireworks  
that you feel  
when your crush touches you  
or when you *finally* kiss  
the person you've been wanting to kiss for  
so long.  
They're the kind that  
no one likes.  
They're too loud, they're an ugly color.

Or they're the ones that  
fail—they don't quite make it  
and it's money and time  
wasted.

That's how my brain is  
all the time.

No stopping.  
No end.

It just goes on forever;  
wanting to think  
and wanting to say something  
and not knowing what to say first  
because you know,  
*you know*,  
that if you say the  
wrong thing  
you'll mess it all up  
and you'll ruin the happy  
and you'll make it sad  
or angry  
or unstable.  
There's something wrong  
but there's no way to  
figure it out  
because what's wrong is not *really*  
what's wrong.

**Babe. Figure me Out.**

W3 r all  
r1ddl3d  
w/ <3 br3ak in 1 way Or  
an0th3r.

You would rather daydream instead.

**Banana Bread**

you've been falling further down but i only have you by a thread.  
i can wrap the cord around my arms but only until my hands turn red.  
but it's never enough, it will never be enough to save you.

why is she so in love with all the things i hate most about myself?

i'm so in love with all the sounds she makes and when she smiles and, while  
it's a little tough to put acorn shells on ice sheets,  
try doing without breaking through, and flooding the whole town.

i hope you've been alright.  
i don't wanna wake up at night  
cause i quite like the dreams i have of holding your hands.  
it's funny how slow time goes by when my thoughts race all the time.

it's okay to feel a bit of darkness every now and then.  
i know i've said it once but i still tell myself again and again  
that you'll never be enough, but what is enough?  
you've been so selfless.  
isn't that enough?

i'll eat some banana bread  
before i go to bed  
and it will put the bees to sleep.  
otherwise, they'd buzz around and sting my lungs all night,  
inside of me.  
just you wait a little while, you don't cry too much.  
did you know that when you smile, the sun shines more gently?

### **Untitled**

*i didn't lose you*  
*i didn't lose you*  
*i didn't*  
*lose you*

**You. Lost. Me.**

## A Sister's Love

by Katie Butler

I walked over to the crib,  
Where my baby sister lay,  
And thought of how cruel God was,  
For I'd never forget the day.

The day my brother left,  
To join the angels in the sky.  
My family mourned and  
It took everything I had not to cry.

But then she came along,  
And everyone forgot their sorrow,  
Except for me; so I vowed  
To try again tomorrow.

Now I love her,  
Oh so much.  
Her smile, her laugh,  
How soft her touch.

So never again,  
I swore to myself and her,  
Would I lose a sibling  
That I concur.

I would take care of her,  
Every single day.  
And love her forever,  
Come what may.

# MARBELS

THE FIRE PLACE THAT HELD MY COLLECTION  
SO MARVELOUS HAND PICKED-SELECTION  
SO SHINY, STILL, AND QUIET  
WAITING FOR A YOUNG BOY TO CAUSE A RIOT

MEMORIES FLOODING MY MIND  
REMAINING SO DEAR AND KIND  
'CLINK , CLINK' THE MARBLES SAY  
WHEN THEY HUG EACH OTHER WHILE I SIT AND PLAY

FUN DAYS AS I REMEMBER  
PLAYING WITH THEM, I SIT AND SOMBER  
A MARBLE I FLICKED SPEEDING AWAY SO FAST  
I HAD SUCH A BLAST

MY FACE SO YOUNG AND KIND  
WHAT GREAT MEMORIES I LEFT BEHIND  
OH HOW I HAD NO FARDELS  
I JUST SAT AND PLAYED WITH MY MARBLES



## The Journey of Risks

Life...what a amazing journey.  
Never knowing what it has planned for us.  
Never knowing when you will take your last breath.  
Learning from the mistakes we made.  
Paying the price for the ones we didnt take.

Sometimes bad choices make the best stories.  
Go ahead and live everyday like your last.  
Gamble with the risks you once feared.  
Do what you believe will make life interesting.  
Because no one likes a boring ending.

Why choose the flowing road.  
when you can take the rugged one.  
Why be like everyone when you can be you.  
A rose surrounded by weeds.  
A four leaf clover surrounded by three.

At the end it all comes down on you.  
No matter what people say.  
Let your curiosity roam free.  
Curiosity might have killed the cat.  
But don't worry you got eight more lives left.



## What Love Means to Me

Physical attraction isn't love. Cheesy compliments and receiving text messages constantly 24 hours a day isn't love. Hair done, makeup caked on dressed up in a mask all for him. That's not love. That's just what society has made love into. Society is wrong.

Love isn't a one way street, a thing to obsess over, a stab wound that gushes more blood the more you try to stop the bleeding. Love is war. Love is a swinging hammer that knocks you in the chest again and again and each time it gets harder to breathe.

But still you fight. You strap on an oxygen mask called effort and you refuse to let that hammer hit you again not even one more time. Love isn't a stab wound. It is bruises and strained muscles from constantly putting your body through hell because you care.

Truth is... no one knows what true love is. We just imagine

Love is opinions and ideas swirling inside people's brains like a gigantic hurricane and only when it touches land do they let those opinions be known. First loves, ex loves, bad loves, good loves, motherly love, hugs and kisses and slightly awkward first dates. That first time you lock eyes with a person and you realize that this feeling, this want to be better for them, to be the one thing in their life that makes them feel anything except lonely. Love isn't rare, love isn't something that you only get once. Love is a battle and its one you can win. Love is not the blame game. Love is smiles, love is warm blankets and cold shoulders. Footsies under the covers and clasped hands.

Love is hate. Love is ugly. Love is arguing and screaming so fiercely your throat has gone drier than the desert. Love is wanting to quit but you don't. Love is unpredictable and strange and to be honest nobody has a clue how to love. How to beloved. Yet you are capable of love.

We see it every day. It's your mom crying for you because she feels your pain. It's holding the door open for a stranger. It's picking up the lonely pencil on the floor because your fellow student dropped it. It's the laughter you hear when you walk down the hallways at school. Its crazy teenagers making mistakes and eventually figuring out what they did wrong. It's bigger than a high school relationship. It is life.

So try to love. Feel and let your heart free. Love is whatever you want it to be. Love is just your heart trying to find a reason to keep beating. Let it beat.

-K.G.

## Teacher

When my sister decided to be a teacher, she did not do that for just the pride.

She did not do that for the monetary gain, not that anything was going to come out of it.

She did not do it for the fact that she got to flip her hair, walk the ways and issue commands.....in fact she seldom had voice to speak. She did not become an instructor to push along or pull within. She did not have much confidence at all. She remembered the noisy kids in her class and the overtime stays of her teachers. She did not even do it for the long holidays.

But then, she remembered Mr. Noose.

How he had a great impact on her. How he taught without waning and answered with waxing. How overtime stays were his pleasure. At least that was what she thought.

All her childhood dreams of pilotry, engineering, healing and invention. Did they just disappear?

No they did not. She was just inspired to fly the younger generation to the future, engineer them for a revolution, heal their ignorance and illiteracy and invent a new generation of outstanding wit and wills.

"Operative 15C report back to mission control," the robotic voice demands. This is my life. Being bossed around by a robotic voice. Being dictated by a voice, not even a whole person. If someone told me this what my life would be like, I never would've enlisted. I was a 13-year-old kid when I made the decision to enlist. I had an opportunity to command a metal elephant, eagle or whale. Of course I enlisted.

There's three different divisions, the elephants, the eagles, and the whales. Eagles are the eyes in the sky mainly manned by rookies. It's also the safest force to be apart of due to the Eagles being the drones you control in a secured military base. Elephants are the second tier. Half of the task force stays with their elephant once they get promoted to the elephant rank. The other half choose to move up to the Whales. The submarines follow this strange aesthetic that's in place.

If you were to go to school and learn about these ranks and the "Great War", I doubt you'd learn much. Frankly, I don't even know why the war started. Either the countries participating don't want to look weak compared to the others or they're too stubborn to back down first and declare a truce. Both answers are childish and highly likely.

I shuffle to mission control and await my assignment.

"Operative 15C, about time," the Commander chides, "I need you to take the gray tank out back and case the surrounding area."

The Commander, I just call him Commander because I don't know his real name, calls the elephants the gray tanks. He thinks this animal aesthetic is stupid. I can't blame him, most of the times it is a bit much. Either way, taking the elephant out is the best part, the part that makes my jail like schedule bearable.

I approach my tank. I've called him Henry. We don't use our real names here so I decided to give 15C a real name, plus he looks like a Henry. I crawl up Henry's rear right leg ladder and get comfy. Well as comfy you can be in a metal contraption. As I type in my access code, the beast is engulfed with light. I grip my PlayStation steering wheel.

Once you get your tank you pick your make and model. The "make" is the steering wheel. Everyone chooses the wheel that would be the most comfortable for them. As a kid, I'd always play PlayStation games, so when I had to choose my wheel the answer was obvious. The model is the elephant species. I chose the African Elephant and I have no reason for this. I put a couple different species into a hat and then I pulled out one.

I exit the bunker and start my mission. Casing the surrounding is what you first learn when you move up a rank. It's practically child's play to me, a three-year elephant vet.

Everything is going swimmingly, until I hear a faint ticking. It sounds like a pocket watch ticking. At first I brush it off, I'm still worried what that sound is but worrying won't help me finish the mission. Then my steering wheel locks up. The steering wheels only lock up when there's internal damage. Now my worry is kicked into overdrive. I look in the scope and see that Henry is locked on a target, a large building in the distance. The vessel speeds up. Compared to the normal running speed, this elephant is running at the speed of light. I am no longer in control of Henry. It's terrifying having no control over a giant metal elephant, that's hurtling towards a brick building. There's nothing scarier.

Until a minivan is en route and I'm nanoseconds away from mutilating it.

As I blink, there's the eardrum shattering crash, but it's not over. Henry is now using the pancake minivan as a shield. I'm nearing the building and I prepare for impact for the second time.

Henry collides with the brick wall. Despite the seatbelt, I go flying to the front of the elephant. I lay as still as possible. I'm in immense pain. My vision is blurry and my head feels as if it's going to explode.

I phase in and out of consciousness. Every bit I'm awake for I see something new. First, it's me being carried out of Henry by God knows who. Next, it's me on a gurney and hearing hushed voices. Last, I'm in an office building strapped to a chair.

"Welcome Sam," I hear, "It's time to learn the truth."

## My Anguish

A word...

That made me feel differently, every person feels it ungently  
Who ever thought I would be so wounded  
Everyone seems to let me down, no wonder I exclude them.

This word...

Fear, Fright, Pain, Poison,  
Depression ,Doctors, Pills, Papers with a small scribble.  
Makes me feel like *I'm standing in the deep dips of hell, burning alive.*

This word...

Being like the Queen bee of the hive  
Crushed all my relationship, made me realize the truth.  
I thought it would ruin my life.

I always wonder why it made me feel miserable.  
It's so clear and completely visual  
When I first felt this, it was like a huge CAPOW  
Sitting alone, wondering why I had to feel this.

Maybe it was the best, what if everyone feels what I feel.  
I realized that it was just all in my mind.  
I can't believe i was so blind.  
Happiness is possible from all this chaos

Agony

# **The Joy of My Life**

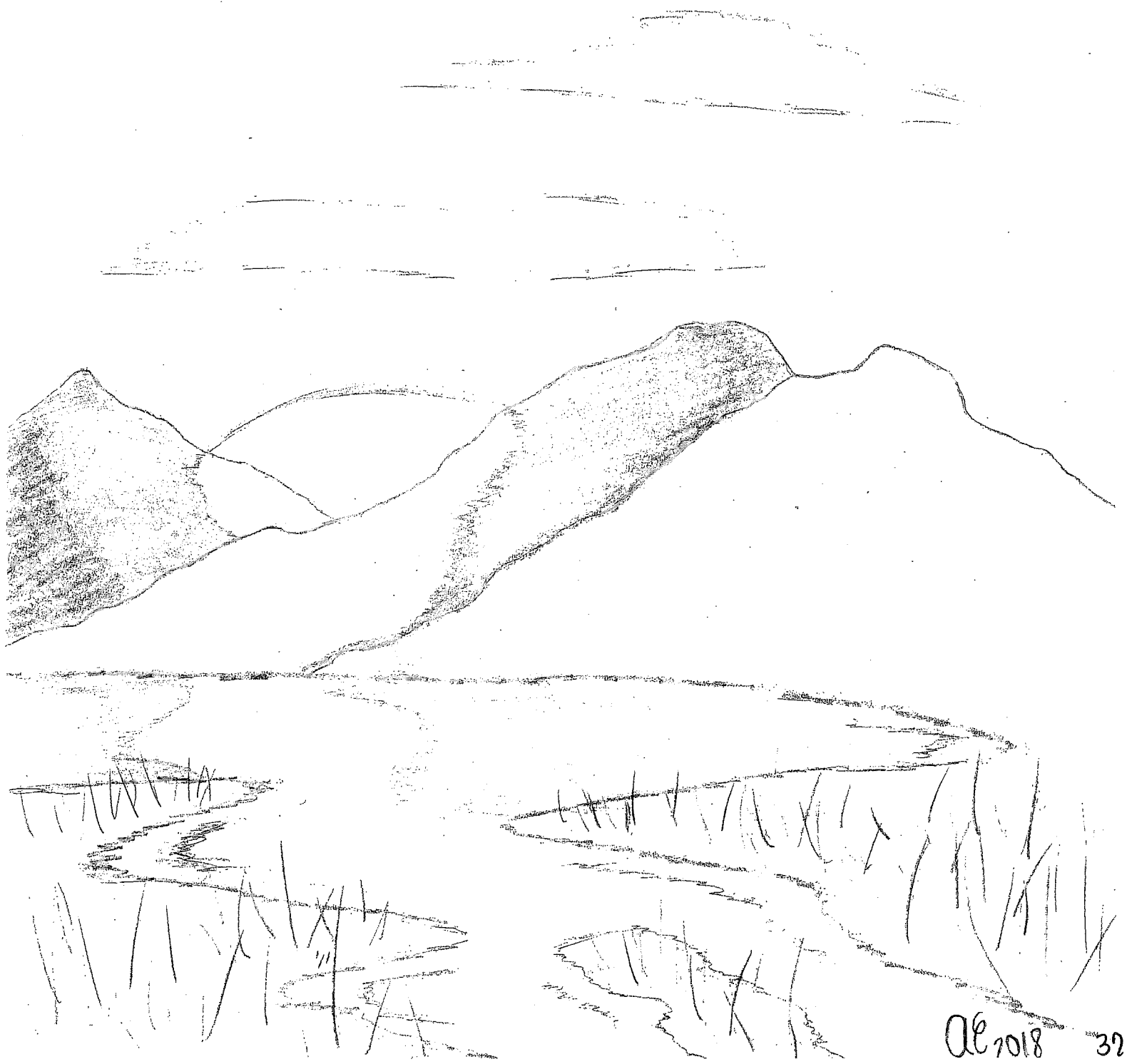
When dawn peaks through and my mind awakes,  
The excitement begins to stir in my head,  
The thoughts of the thrills and chills that await,  
Push me eagerly off the side of my bed.

Oh the joy that flows and captures my life,  
God fills each day and night with delight,  
Even when faced with fear and with strife,  
Beyond the darkness I still see the light.

How is this, you ask, that I am so blessed,  
When in the world today there is such pain,  
It is from God through petition and request,  
That my day and my night these blessings attain.

By what means has this joy come down from above,  
Through His teaching He guided me to a job that I Love.





## Invisible Enemy

A battle against yourself  
You see darkness even when the sun is shining  
Always have a smile slowly crumbling  
Boom

Your smile fades away  
You feel numb to all pain  
I'm poisoned and my body doesn't feel well  
Always in my head under the assumption nobody cares

I don't wanna be alone  
Everyone tell me I'm a damper to their day  
Before I fall please someone save me  
Depression takes over

People depressed over relationships  
When I'm depressed over the breaking of my family  
The whispers of my peers  
Shadow within me  
My soul calling for help

Happiness blooms like a flower  
A burst of light rises upon  
I can finally see clear again  
Peers now tell me I'm the highlight of the day

No more sorrow  
The darkness has overpassed  
Now you can see a rainbow as if it rained  
I see the light of day

### Authors message

this poem is to help people know that you can overcome depression. I wanted to inform people that someone is always fighting for you.

## **Name Without Meaning**

If you were to ask me about how my parents came upon naming me, I wouldn't have much to tell you. This is because whenever I ask my own parents it's like a record player, playing the same story over and over again. It was a compromise they say. A last minute decision type of thing. Truth is, my mom just didn't want my dad to name me. So they just started spitting out names till one of them said mine and they gave each other that look.

That day in the hospital is when I was identified. I was given a way for people to get my attention. I stand by my name, my name doesn't require a meaning behind it. I am the meaning behind my name. There is no back story to learn about or for my family to go on about. I am not named after one of my descendents or a famous idol that one of my parents loved. Though there are lots of people and places that could have helped with the decision of my name.

Of course if you try and search up any definition or past of my name, you'd find assumptions of how I'm supposed to act or look like. Yet no matter how close the theories are to being "right", they aren't. My name is normal to me. I wouldn't change it. Any other name wouldn't fit me the way my name fits me. When you look at me you don't see an Ashley or Emma. You see Bailey or as my friends say, "wakey wakey, eggs and bakey."

by: Cae

the sweet aroma of her sweet interesting

Parfume is unforgettable.

Perhaps,  
this is what I live for  
its better when she with me,  
but that's better left unsaid  
because she's not mine  
just

yet...  
[Sigh] [Long music plays] [Sigh] [Sigh]

it's been a while since we have seen each other -  
I say to myself as I watch her walk on stage  
to my favorite classical  
Mozart.

On the contrary, I can't even hear myself think  
let alone speak.  
Not to mention the fact that the foggy windows  
separating us  
is giving me an utter  
headache.

I just wish she had the  
time  
to give me the time of

day...

## COLORS

*Light reflecting where all eyes can see  
It fills the world, gives creativity  
A red bird flying in the blue sky  
Or bright sizzling fireworks during Fourth of July  
Colors*

*What a shame it'd be to be colorblind  
To have a different, yet dull state of mind  
And everywhere you look & stare  
Maybe you'll see a rainbow right there  
Colors*

*Hues of surroundings all around  
To that red slide on the playground  
We take our vision for granted you could say  
Wish you could see the shades on a midsummer day  
Colors*

*Even Christmas has red and green  
Or the black and orange during Halloween  
Oh what a shame it'd be to be colorblind  
These light reflections are really undefined  
Colors*

*A gift is what the eye can see  
Bring your knowledge to a higher degree  
Expand your comprehension,  
Lead yourself to a whole perception  
Colors*

*Indescribable, a color, a sight  
That girl's dress shining bright  
Use the opportunity that you have  
to elucidate your thoughts freely.*

# TC Titans

The Titans, a team I love  
The team that's a part of me,  
The team I wouldn't change for  
Only team I'll go to war

Been there since I was eight  
All them been my mates  
Taught me to be a man  
“Now i can show mama,who I really am”

Been at war with my brothers  
We stand by each other  
Can't nobody come through us  
We together like dust

We coming back,  
Hitting that hole like a running back  
Try and come at us  
Then we pop you like a bus

They be doubting  
So they should be watching  
Now they know about the titans  
So they should be frightens

## *Gone*

June 19th; a day I know so well,  
How could I forget the day darkness fell?  
She only said a few words and my world fell apart,  
Those few thieving words that stole a piece of my heart.

Sitting in my room, numb with disbelief,  
Thinking over and over, "This has to be a dream,  
Or a cruel nightmare to fill me with terror."  
But in reality, this day would change my life forever.

A week slowly stretched in silence,  
My soul hiding and my emotions showing absence.  
Sorrow surrounded me for so long I was able to adapt,  
But the day when I saw the damage, I immediately snapped.  
There, in a wooden box, laid the piece of my heart,  
Fallen, lifeless, unable to start.

My family now shattered glass,  
Tears forming our golden hearts into rusted brass.  
The piece of my heart laid inanimate,  
Like an oil painting on a canvas,  
Or a polaroid picture capturing this sorrowful moment.  
The lid to the wooden box slowly shut,  
And my knife of sorrow dug deeper, worsened the cut.

I will always cherish the great times we shared,  
(Never thinking this would happen; I was never prepared.)  
Like the time we played basketball down at the park,  
Or the times we'd go camping and gaze at the stars,  
Or the times you told stories I could never remember,  
And so many more memories I will always treasure.

But, now you're gone, never to return,  
That light you had no longer burns.  
Never to return to your arms when I'm in need,  
Never hearing your voice or laugh that made me happy.

## *The Life of Nick*

My name is Nick  
My life is full  
Full of distractions

Everywhere i look  
Everywhere i turn  
Every step i take  
Every breath i breathe

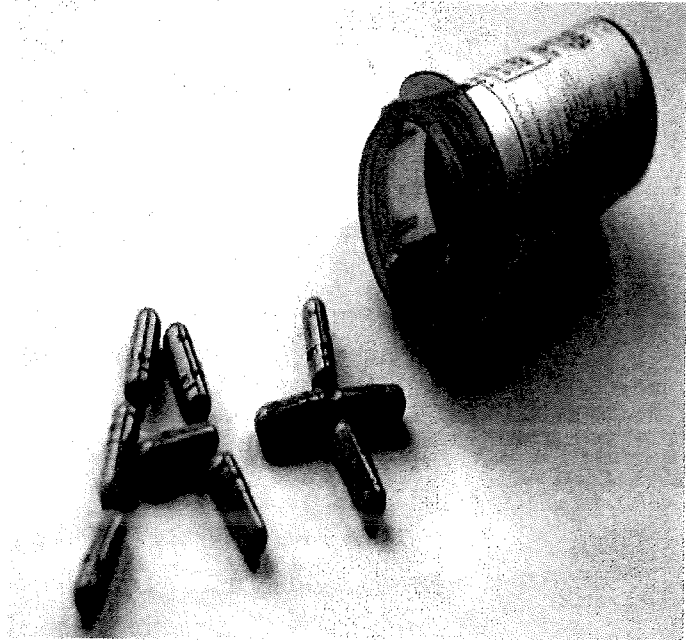
Mom getting mad  
Grades going low  
Take this pill  
Be like everybody else  
Normal...

My grades go up  
Mom gets happy  
But I'm not myself  
I feel like a zombie  
But school is better  
In the end.

### *Author's Message:*

*In the poem "The Life of Nick", I tried to get a create a disconsolate theme from Nick's (my) eyes to express how it is for those that have trouble learning and how the world comes across as distracting. The only way one can get better is to take prescribed pills that "help him focus" but, in reality, it takes away his personality and the world appears black and white...no color.*

*The point is, if your child has trouble learning and he or she is always distracted, maybe you shouldn't just put them on meds; maybe they just need a little more help and time than the other kids and because when they take that pill, your not only taking away their personality, you're also taking what makes them happy and unique.*





## **Stardust!**

*Poetry*

I run my tongue across the seams and think  
Stardust!  
What magical and whimsical awakenings wait for me?  
Ones I have yet to see, indeed  
Power dancing on my fingertips, smile cracking at my lips  
Comets!  
Who holds my breath and my heart, just for me?  
Ones I have yet to need, assured  
Yearning at the back of my mind, beating running out of time  
Nebulas!

Staring out into that ever holding sea, I realize, nay  
But your eyes, it is but your eyes, and I can't help myself  
Fazed and winded  
As I stare deep into that universe you hold, holding, held  
Just as I have for you.

---

## **like a rose.**

*Poetry*

just like a rose  
i pull away every dying petal  
any layer that does not bring beauty  
only the perfect; only those do i keep.

few are wilted  
few are torn  
but no more  
but no more

just like a rose  
i pull away every rotten piece  
any layer that is not good to me  
only the needed; only those do i keep.

just like a rose  
i pull away those soft

until there is no more.

---

**hm**

*Poetry*

hm

i close my eyes and bite my tongue  
which never seems to feel  
as pounding outbursts  
yet you call a first chance  
how many times shall i lie awake  
dreaming of every mistake  
i  
can come up with

who knew what storm can brew  
when all i can think about is the taste  
reaching and calling with every step  
i won't stop until time has met  
it's every last waking child  
you make me so very wild  
in thought and mind  
spindling, i  
try

well try harder

---

## **Behind the Curtain**

*Prose*

It was but a whisper, a small exhale, a last breath that sent him forward. His seemingly skeletal, vein-enriched hand was dripping with some sort of dark liquid—perhaps it was nearly gaseous—as it reached for whatever was past the curtain. It called out to the light that teased him from beyond; some sort of brightness sang sweet nothings. One decrepit finger was so close to touching it, embracing any that surrounds it, the possible feeling that may explode from his digit's central tip. It was like pushing through oceans, never ending, layers and layers of vast nothingness—but through the air instead. Only an inch or so away now, he stretched, neck still bound by the rope around it, which might as well have the

consistency of a hawser, anchoring him down, trying sorely so to contact this awakening within the draperies. His heart screamed and his muscles groaned, refusing to abandon the strengths it had stolen from the rest of his body in order to make this movement.

The moment that his finger made contact, grief washed over his body. He ached and quivered, crying, wanting only to make a sound, any sound, even a whimper. Instead, defeat painted his soul and left him hollow.

A brick wall was all the window had to offer.

He rose with a jolt.

It was but a shout, rapid exhales, and a continuing breath that left him there.

Unknown ♪

## Childhood

The world is full of humorless people  
And crowded with hurtful humans  
Many alleys are filled with criminals  
Others with the home-ridden, hearts with gold

See, many people don't understand  
That the world is full of laughter and good men  
Faithful women and respectful children  
They seem to forget that darkness has not clouded all hearts

The world is soiled in many parts  
Yet light can be found too  
More abundant than you think  
Once we were all a kid, true

That is why we should learn to be innocent  
Laugh and play  
Some may call this ignorance  
But no, let us pray  
Pray that our children grow up strong  
And that we teach our kids to not hit dogs  
Teach them the world is pure  
For only evil men can soil it  
But the Earth is here for all of our bits  
Our evil and our good, our kind and remorseful  
Let us teach our children that not everything is sweet  
Not everything is wholesome  
Let the world teach them yet that there is still goodness

Let the world show them

## Love

A force arcane and natural in every right  
An unseen quality every Human possesses  
A light  
A bright every person is blind to early on

But you see  
We can grow older  
We grow wiser and more intuitive  
We understand that not everyone has something to give  
We express our jealousy  
We call on our emotions  
Our hearts swell into a dark sea

Learning is part of the process  
For love can teach us  
And jealousy expresses our love for the far flung  
The sum out of our grasp  
The mass that controls our lungs  
Love is expressed in many ways only trained eyes understand  
Only weathered souls and seasoned hearts can possibly comprehend

For when our hearts are about to break  
Life leads us to our final mate  
We must have patience and courage  
Before that, seasoned and scourge  
We must not start a clean slate  
But we cannot demurage our hearts to fate

# Monopoly

sweet percolates through the solid ground  
is my coupon ready? no, no,  
it's not eligible, can't be, forever, i'm sorry, sorry,  
not

below the expiration date (the frightened apex  
of a discombobulated weekend) - below it,  
her eyes water  
i cannot see but i can envision it, i can feel the words' connotations  
seeping through the sparkling paper

how do you combat - ?  
how do you combat this, it swept us in  
quicksand, can you feel your ankles?

filed rhetorics, you can see the big question  
emblazoned, polarizing on the paintings... symbolism,  
perhaps BUT  
no, i can see it coming  
from a million miles away

you will not find me  
entangled in the public domain;  
was life harder  
but was i smarter

our antecedents looked through their periscopes  
and they saw our footsteps trampling the  
grasses, and the small pioneers  
couldn't move so they didn't

heart over head  
pianists over algebra  
flawed perfection over truth  
But you are not over me.

## **precociousness and all of his friends**

I think that I'm smarter than almost our entire population. No - I believe, it must be a crucial fact that I am almost smarter than our entire population.

The bittersweet half of me recalls... was it a reprehensible periwinkle? Mauve is, in fact, the color of everyone's nightmares. Or maybe scarlet. I never recalled why people became petrified looking at their own blood. But purple seems like the correct color for nostalgia; green would work, but you should be able to find it everywhere you look. Unless you live in Antarctica.

I think that they are the only people smarter than me - people that had transformed into penguins, adapted to the subzero climate. But I would do that too...

*Let my name be known!*

*Let the fires of my heart quiver through these stage lights; embroider this pedestal with the most opulent decorations and nothing else - do I deserve not to twinkle, to see, see the light of the moon whilst the sun is sleeping?*

*Wow, that was deep.*

There's something arising in the valleys of our phantasmagoria - is it sand? The telltale dust seems to rise over the snowy crests in an attempt to rise. The fine particles of time gesture to something off in the distance - when else to daydream halfheartedly?

But there's something else. It looks akin to a river - it is a river!

Oh. Just a stupid river.

Just a stupid river, willfully weathering the wavering world around it for itself. A stupid river who won't stop, not fighting for anything, but just moves as if no one else cares, or worse, it doesn't, but it knows. The stupid river's only stupid excuse is that it is stupidly deep. We don't understand it, apparently.

It's not deep - it just thinks we're dumber than it is. Either that, or it denies intelligence, because it knows that knowledge is its only weakness, that if I hold my words against it, then it could desiccate in infinite turmoil, without hope of revival - preferably by acupuncture. I know exactly what it means.

*One idiosyncrasy of every good actor is to immerse themselves in a character's life, no matter how ludicrous in execution. It sounds easy. I promise I know, because the first time I tried auditioning for a play I made it in as a pretty face. Somehow I saw that as a favor, and as a pretty face, each action had to feel voluminous. As if, I didn't even need to remove masks*

*from my face to switch personalities on instinct. By some formulaic opinion they could still see the crevasse in between my happiness and excitability.*

*The haters never stop hating.*

I'm safe now. My feet are relaxing on high ground, a viridescent backdrop to a horrible play. I see a whirlpool, a swirling incantation of debris and ignominy. It sucks the verdant quality out of the foliage. It was high definition, through some effeminate eye.

Will anyone feel upon this now? Equivocality - the paradigm of cracked eggshells - it causes me to hear their whispers and wills falter, but return, and falter, like the ouroboros' multifaceted paradox that... renews itself. Will anybody feel upon this?

Will dreams come about this? Will impossible perfection satisfy this?

I changed my mind; I'm not safe. I feel a trickling water dousing the very tips of my shoes, and I don't like it very much.

*Find me. You will find my skin is lief as an onion, eager to be unwrapped. I also know that I won't make it easy. I know that some people will just guess. Someone will guess that I'm like this because, hey, one of my half-relatives died, or becoming an internationally accredited Casanova is on my bucket list.*

*OK, first - does anyone actually realize how insensitive both of these sound - and second of all, isn't it that they tried to look deeper, but they never did? That this whole time, they were peeling themselves and relabeling every 'revelation' in hopes that they could change? Certainly, I hope that once I bowed my head down, that no one asked for my autograph because I sounded extroverted enough to be in a play. That's what everyone wants - someone who doesn't look boring from the tips of their fingernails to their nervous palms.*

*Extrovertedness and companionship will never be the same. I promise that the latter is about as amazing as life gets.*

When I walk around, it hurts. It's a pain to look, look through two oculars (even with myopia) that see nothing. Each piece of foliage rests at a sickly, pale chartreuse, but darker, only slightly more biotic than urine. The sad thing is that everyone could've prevented this.

I could've prevented this. I decided not to, but the crazy thing is that it's not my fault.

I am smarter than everybody on this planet. Maybe I'm not wiser than everyone else, but my intelligence cannot be circumscribed in a small brain.

And truthfully, would anyone have learned to respect the mental differences of people if I just fixed it?

The answer is no. You would say yes, and I would disagree. You could prevent some cacophony by agreeing with me, but create a bigger one when you don't keep your promise. It's inevitable. It seems selfish, but it's fair. It seems ludicrous until it's your fault.



Because to fix the damage, I would have to be a heartless executive who might dwindle on prospects and find out that they're not true. I would have to demand time alone to handle the pressures, but constantly intertwine random pieces of, well, *everything* by working with others. What matters to the world is my heartlessness. Chill, people, I'm saving you all.

I am not heartless.

I am not boring.

I am not unfriendly.

I can prove it because I am him.

*And he is me too.*

To My Ex.... I say

by Eliane Merritt

In the wise words of Bob Ross, "There are no mistakes only happy accidents." I like to think that's what we were, a happy accident. The amount of joy you brought me, I- it's- it's having a scatter brained person find order in the madness that envelopes them. When for a few minutes my brain wasn't running a mile a second, for once there was only one thing on my mind: you. I could focus on the curve of your lips, how pink they were, how mesmerizing your green eyes are, you captivate me, all I want to do is know more and more.

I am stuck in an atemporal relapses of our memories.

No matter how hard I try, I can't seem to stop loving you. But the truth is: I don't want to.

## Final Race

As I put my feet on the blocks  
Flashback, remember getting mocked  
You'll never be the best  
I feel my heart pounding out my chest

Would of never thought I would be here  
Thinking back to myself, man I had a great year  
I put my fingers on the line and waited  
Even though I had butterflies, this moment was the greatest

"Pow!", the gun went off  
Without thinking I accelerated for my last standoff  
I ran as fast as a plane on a runway  
I was running straight just like coach said balancing my weight

I'm in first, I just have to maintain  
I pushed myself to the max past the pain  
I was a train who just got a fresh pile of coal  
With a few meters left I knew I was Confidently in Control

I proved all those people wrong  
I showed them there was something in me all along  
As I passed the finish line in first, the moon looking down on me  
I ran my hardest to show everybody my max speed

## CLUMSY CAT

There was once a kitten  
He was lubberly and had paws softer than mittens  
Yet he was fat  
He often slept on the mat

There was once a cat  
Who was as flexible as a acrobat  
He ate until he went sleep  
He would not make a single beep

When the cat would awake  
He often get into the cake  
When you would talk to the cat  
He will say you are the one that's fat

There was once a old cat  
That was as sneaky as a rat  
He would eat all of the food at night  
And would flee the site

The cat went out to the store  
Maybe he was hungry for more  
When he was done eating again  
He would go back and sleep in the den

## Through My Eyes

Crawling in the dark  
Not knowing where I'm at  
Struggling to find an answer  
The thought killing me like cancer  
School is like a never ending maze

Once you feel like you finally understand  
You hit a wall and have no clue where you stand  
It's not like it used to be  
All the answers are  
But mine are none of the three

School used to be a walk in the park  
Now it's like I'm lost in the dark  
I used to have a voice  
But now I have no choice  
The words on the pages calling me names

Struggling but finally starting to understand  
As long as you try your hardest  
The teachers will help you understand  
Effort will lead to success

Like the nose of a dog leads to a biscuit  
Never give up on work  
One day it will strike you like lightning  
Then you will have no reason to be frightened

# *Time*

*Time will flourish and climb  
Time will end when the climb is done  
Time will soon decline the climb*

*Time is like a climb  
Time is like a rolling dime  
Time is not worth a dime  
Time is more than a dime  
Time can turn on a dime*

*Time goes boom  
Time may go zoom  
Time may bloom  
Time goes boom*

*Time is like a climb  
Time will flourish and climb  
Time will end when the climb is done  
Time will soon decline the climb*

In the poem "Time" I tried to evoke the theme that time can't be wasted because it flies past. People think that it is endless, but soon it would run out of time. They will be wondering what happen. My hope is that people don't waste time and let it run away choose what they want to do.

# Sleeping Is Hard

Sleeping is hard  
When you wake up all you see  
Is a internal darkness  
You could be trapped in  
5 Your own head

Sleeping is hard  
Because you don't know  
The next time you will  
Wake up from your deep sleep  
10 In your own head

Sleeping is hard  
Because you can feel  
Like it is you're only safe place you can go  
Sleeping is scared you might not know  
15 What the day might hold for you .

Sleeping is hard  
You might love it more than a lot of things  
It could be your happy place  
But it could also be a prison  
20 You would have to face alone

Sleeping is hard  
Days you don't feel like  
Getting up from bed you feel like  
A stick in the mud and you feel  
25 Like you're tied to the bed

-DW

### Reign of Thoughts

The drip-drop of water rings in your ears like a rapid current you could get lost in and never come back from. You're stuck between the impulsive need to run, to wake up your body feeling warmth flood through it, and to walk slow letting imagination become reality; allowing your mind to wander--sketching new places and people in your mind, seeing the ghost of a rainbow among the clouds. But you never pick one or the other, you're stuck in between this half-walk half-jog. Speeding up only to slow down again. Racing against an invisible enemy, that once it's found out to be imaginary, leaves.

A monster's eyes open across the street as it rumbles to life. Startled you stop. This was a mistake, you realize seconds too late. Water crashes over your head and nearly knocks you off your feet. Struggling to stand you check to make sure a single five dollar bill isn't soaked. You wonder if that person purposely splashed you or they didn't see you. Either way your bill is fine and you were already cold to the bone anyways so what does it matter? Regret fills you as you make your way down the road, knowing you could have worn boots instead of the old rugged sneakers with holes in them, but you like these shoes so you wear them anyway.

The end goal you've chosen approaches rapidly. It's said life is about the journey not the destination, but your journey is close to ending and you wonder if the destination doesn't matter. Even the gods tried to keep you away with their rain of terror. Only it's not all that scary, quite peaceful and serene pulling you into a secret world that would make most others miserable. True you left not for those reasons--though they make you linger. Out of the corner of your eye you see a lone kid at the park looking at you as you look at him. He isn't there due to sadness or loneliness; he wasn't lost either, just enjoying the clouds crying, as are you.

After hesitating outside you finally turn around open the doors and let yourself in. The warmth from early morning seeps into your being, relaxing you. You smell the fresh baked pastries and let the aroma guide you to the best one. You don't see anyone there probably 'round the back since it's not a busy day. You pull out your five dollars and look at the prices deciding whether to get two \$2.50 chocolate glazed doughnuts or a \$3.00 cinnamon roll. After deciding on the chocolate glazed you ring the bell by the counter. "Coming!" shouts a voice from behind a wall, then a woman who so obviously *didn't* have icing smeared across her face came out. You told her what you wanted and she supplied. You wonder if you should tell her but decide against it. If she was going to be stuck with these hours and nothing to do you aren't going to tell her off.

Looking out the window while eating the first doughnut, you think about the fact that you'd have to go back home and leave the comfort of the quaint bakery. Before when you were outside you were content with that and didn't want to give it up so why is it so hard to go back to that? Stuck between two extremes neither permanent. The bell dings as someone else enters the bakery you hardly notice it, until they pull up a chair next to you. The young boy from earlier stares into your soul. Creepy at first but you understand they're just shy so you offer them a doughnut instead and together you watch the raindrops slide down the glass window. Eating doughnuts and reveling in the peace.



Opening a book transports me  
Like reality doesn't exist  
Words float off the pages to create a new reality  
Hours passing in seconds

Reality drifts away like the flow of a river  
Everything I thought I knew was wrong  
A new set of emotions are revealed  
Brushing threw the pages to be healed

The realization the day has passed  
Pictures begin to pass  
Paths begin to disappear  
Doors begin to close

Words paint the way again  
Things fall into place  
The plot begins to thicken  
Imagination comes into play

This gift will sustain all my years  
Beyond school into my world  
Constantly changing it's landscape and scope  
Escaping with the words

#### Author's Message:

My poem is about the inspiration of reading and the places books can take you. It shows people it's not just about reading it's brightening your horizons and changing your views on life. I'm hoping my poem can change people's views about books they're not just a packet of paper with a cover it's a new adventure at the end of each page.

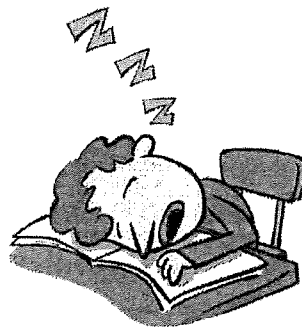
## School Days

Most peculiar years of life  
Bad grades like a knife  
Stabbing until you make them up  
The next test makes you want to throw up  
School Days

Every individual, so diverse  
Monday morning bus is a hearse  
UH OH! The bell rings to shriek I'm late  
I'm late I'm late I mumble as I sprint to my fate  
School days

We might seem dramatic  
But we are also ecstatic  
So much going on  
So much time to bond  
School days

After school; homework  
And after homework: chores  
School is a job that brings opportunity later  
It hopes to bring us a future bigger than a crater  
School days



## Growing up

New life a new soul  
A whole life is ahead  
Take your time  
Explore the world

You're older now little baby  
Learning new things  
Going to school  
Being a wild child

You're older now little baby  
You started high school  
Don't worry  
You will do just fine

You're older now little baby  
Adulthood is near  
Don't fear  
Do what is right

You're older now little baby  
Get involved  
Make a difference  
Many adventures in store

### Goddess Tears

From blame and hate,  
And at the swift drop of his hat,  
He vanished.  
He merged with the embers,  
Those little luminescent apricot flecks  
That travel like pollen to the east.  
The people roared like lions,  
Tossing their hats in a thunderous victory,  
Or so it seemed.

With his final words,  
As his tongue pressed to his lips,  
The crowd fell attentively,  
Though unexpectedly,  
Silent.  
Silent as to hear the crackling of the fire  
And the swirling spit as the elder spoke,  
His rhythmic words forewarning:  
*Only with the goddess' crimson tears,  
Only by the purest of hearts,  
May humanity be cleansed,  
And may the chosen survive the calamity.*

His body went limp,  
The fire having finally eaten through,  
His skin torn like an inexpensive cloth,  
And his heart,  
As if it were a feather,  
Dropped without notice.

As the words foretold,  
A curse swept the nation,  
The people dropping like flies.  
The goddess shouted,  
And with each shout  
Another life vanished.  
And the king,  
In his quarantined throne,  
Without shifting a muscle,  
Sat without word,  
Watching the world burn.

The king's daughter passed,  
Guilt and shame swirling,  
Her gut dropping from the pain.  
With a 'click' and a swift motion,  
Her blades fell to the ground,  
Swaddled in garnet ooze and the king's hair.

The goddess wept,  
A single tear dropping,  
Rippling like waves through the nation,  
Purifying.

*(This poem is about a fortune teller of whom was wrongly accused of the queen's murder using witchcraft. He was sentenced to be burned at a witch trial, and this wrongful accusation angered the goddess. The goddess plagued the nation for their crimes, and the only way to save the nation is to dispose of the royal family. The king's daughter realizes this and takes matters into her own hands.)*

## Alone

Sometimes i'm alone.  
Not like "nobody likes me"  
Kind of alone.  
Just a "quiet time"  
Kind of alone.

When i'm in this alone  
My brain gets creative,  
A "5 year old creating their future life"  
Kind of creative.  
It creates a universe where  
I get excellent grades, a universe where  
My dad never left, a universe where  
My brain didn't get so creative.

I like to believe these  
"Creative urges"  
Even if they scare me.  
I want to see how  
Far i go  
Or can go,  
When i'm in bed  
In complete darkness.

Sometimes im alone  
Not like "i have no friends"  
Kind of alone  
Just a "getting myself together"  
Kind of alone.

- H.P.

## Anxiety

Sirens blaring panic all around  
Cars driving away from the sound  
"Get in the closet everything is gonna be okay."  
As i try to remember a sunny day  
Anxiety

Stomach turning, feeling scared  
Sisters wanting their teddy bears  
A big boom room was silent  
Looked outside everything was violent  
Anxiety

As people look in disbelief  
Families looked in a sigh of grief  
As i finally new what happened to this day  
o' that terrible may  
Anxiety

As we leave the place  
I look on mommas face  
Tears coming down  
As we leave the town  
Anxiety

# **THE MORTAL MAN**

**Minds evolve while ethics & morals change.  
Now living forever, hundreds of years.  
Emotion & its meaning forever altered.  
The world lacks competition & progress.  
Nature is no longer the mother of death,  
For man has become the killer of itself.**

**Humankind used to cherish & relish life.  
Worshipping gods, ideals, and religion.  
Mortal Man felt agony brought by grief  
A yearning for connection subsisted.  
Mortal Kind would strive for success.  
Mortal Man used to castigate butchery.**

**Immortal Kind lacks faith in higher powers.  
Immortal Man feels no emotion or connection.  
Immortal Kind needs not success nor a future.  
Immortal Man honors those who slaughter.  
Immortality obliterated what made us human.**

**This poem is based off of a book called, "Scythe" by Neal Shusterman. In the book humans have the job of killing to keep the population in check, because people don't die anymore. I've highlighted what I felt society had become, due to a lack of death.**

## Smile

The smile I cannot see  
But someday we will meet  
In the shadows I stay  
Somewhere very far away

May the darkness climb  
Maybe till the end of time  
I cannot see  
It is sure a guarantee

Like flowers drifting through my head  
They lay silent in a bed  
I stare laying too  
Waiting for the move

But I can't leave  
Not even a plea  
For the darkness that stays  
I will stay far away

Oh how the smile is a jewel  
Brighter than a spark of fuel  
My heart weighs a ton  
Knowing I cannot see none

To the smile that was once seen  
For sure we may never meet  
But I have the memory  
And that's all I can see



# Hidden

I'm no longer the old me  
Caged in like a bird  
Without wings or eyes to see  
I managed to grow wings  
And flew to an unknown place Full of jubilance  
Building futures by bringing out our best  
Putting my past problems to rest

Resurrection  
My resurrection  
Our resurrection  
We *both* unite  
As one

A more perfect union  
In a city like ours  
With a love like ours  
We stand free  
Uncaged  
Unafraid  
We are Love birds  
We are the queens of our sky

## Life of a Child of a Working Man

I was young, that didn't matter  
I couldn't even remember the chatters  
We didn't know what was happening  
They turned the page to the next chapter  
He was a working man

I shined in these people's eyes  
I miss these "left behinds"  
We call it our home away from many  
They still had plans  
This man was working like a horse

I tried to be considerate, everyone still noticed, hate  
I couldn't ignore ignorant inhabitants, hate  
People thought I wasn't hurt, by blabbing mouths, hate  
People had me dodging flattening words, hate  
But we were examining how to get out, no more hate  
This workplace was a murderer, it hurt this man

I was finally free  
For me chirp-chirp was heard  
We made new beginnings  
It was a new inning  
They knew this was going to be a long chapter  
This man was the happiest person on Earth

# **Thoughts and Wonders**

I'm sitting here wondering about anything  
The next minute  
The next hour  
The next day even

But I feel like an author writing in pen on paper  
The saying heard over and over and over again  
But do you hear my cry louder than the crack of thunder  
But will you try to hear my cry or will you go on living your life  
But life sucks from the start that's why you come out your mama  
crying

America is a rich man's vision but a poor man's prison  
If there is a God where is he my best friend died right next to me  
But I have to swear to God if I could swear to God  
But kids don't play and God don't pray

But as this paper hear I wrote  
I might tattoo the cross on my chest for all the words I just  
spoke  
So I teach don't do anything you not suppose to  
Only speak when spoken to  
But these words are just words

15 years ago the mother of my life gave me life  
13 years ago she left my life  
Left me and my dad to cry  
Day after day  
I stand and battle the waves of depression and faith  
But think to myself is this an ocean worth drowning in

But while I think that  
I think the truth  
The truth is reality  
Reality is seeing  
Seeing is believing

But beLIEve has a lie in it  
So is life a lie  
But the truth hurts  
But words are just words  
So a good person is hard to find

But a hard person is good to find  
But sit with the thoughts  
Sitting with all the pieces of mind  
Trying to find a piece of mind  
But to get that piece of mind

All I have to do is give a piece of mind  
The piece to put mind to rest  
Rest the loudest thoughts in mind  
Don't worry this is goodbye  
I'll be in the sky

Grasping a piece of mind

# Slipping

1 tequila, 2 tequila, 3 tequila, floor  
Why is it you laying by the door?  
hearts pounding and popping out of chests  
What in the world is going to happen next?

snow in your hand while you talk your nonsense  
What is wrong with you? Do you not have a conscience?  
hurting everyone around you while you have your 'fun'  
You know what? One day your life is going to be done

Please stop and go get some help  
Have you thought about how anyone else felt?  
going to family parties with powder on your face  
What did you just do? Bake a cake?

drinks in one hand, who know what in the other  
family trying to prevent you from getting another  
You slur your words and act insane  
It really is such a shame

it is your body and you can do whatever  
But don't say we were there for you never

i am often surprised at the power of a single word. a single word that can change your entire life. a word that holds so much power in it that people are afraid to hear it and often take the chance to go on without knowledge versus the possibility of hearing that single word.

Cancer is one of these words. a word that has become a part of my everyday vocabulary.

Cancer took my mom from me this year. she was a woman that ignored the chance of hearing the word and that choice in the end cost us all. i have no regrets, i have no hard feelings. she lived her life the way she wanted to live it. she raised two daughters that have both gone on to become educators and parents. two daughters that learned the hard way that the decisions we make have consequences both good and bad. we learned from the good and we learned from the bad. we grew closer in our struggle during the last few months of mom's life. now we have already planned summer get togethers, make frequent checks on the other, and have made the past the past and look forward to a future together as family.

Cancer was the word given to my great niece at only 11 years old. how do you tell a child that they have Cancer? how? we simply just did. i will tell you that superheroes do exist in real life and Kennedie is one of them. she has yet to let Cancer knock her down. she has fought through the hair loss, the weight loss, the fact that she is doing the 6th grade from home and not with her friends, and she has fought every step of the way with a smile on her face and a heart that says "I WILL WIN!" she is winning. she has gained all the weight back, she will grow her hair back, she sees two treatments left out of the 56 scheduled. she has become a medical superstar, interviewed, videoed, and so much more. we cry only happy tears when we see and talk about her because of the superhero she has become.

Cancer is the word given to the love of my life. those tears ran deep, those tears burned, and those tears have turned to smiles and a refocusing of life. together we have seen that it is the people and not the stuff in life. together we have spent more time in deep conversation and laughter. together we care more about a simple trip to the grocery store together than what would have saved time doing it apart. together we will beat this monster and live a long and happy life. because ....

because there is another word out there with so much more power that it is the driving force in our lives. this word is the word that we all need to live by and focus on, strive for and fight for, it is the word that our world needs so much more of...LOVE.

LOVE is the best word out there. LOVE your family and your friends. build your family from those in your life. LOVE is not a blood connected action, LOVE is a choice and i chose LOVE.

