

The Phoenix

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Thiel College, Spring 2011
Sigma Tau Delta

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Welcome to Thiel College’s creative publication, *The Phoenix*!

As sponsors of *The Phoenix*, the English Department, the English Club, and Sigma Tau Delta are pleased again to share with you, in what has become an anticipated yearly tradition, some literary and artistic works of our students, faculty, and alumni. The variety of literary and artistic contributions we receive each year makes the editorial board’s selection an increasingly challenging and enjoyable process. This year, we had the privilege of reading and evaluating more than 120 submissions. I am especially grateful to this year’s editors and editorial board whose dedication to the production of this issue was consistent and admirable. In the spirit of the motto of Sigma Tau Delta—Sincerity, Truth, and Design—we dedicate this issue to all of you whose interest in pursuing the liberal arts and sciences inspires you to refine, explore, question, and consider the significance of the written word and the artistic process in our daily lives.

In Egyptian mythology, the Phoenix was a beautiful, lone red bird that lived in the Arabian desert for 500 or 600 years and then consumed itself in fire, rising renewed from the ashes to start another long life. A symbol of regeneration, immortality, and hope, it is an appropriate symbol of Thiel College and of a liberal arts education. Our publication *The Phoenix* testifies to the courage of the Thiel community to use our intellects and imagination, and to share the power and wisdom of the creative process in the selections you are about to read and in the visual pieces you are about to behold.

We hope you enjoy the literary and artistic selections that follow. We invite you to contribute to *The Phoenix* by submitting your own creative or artistic pieces to Dr. Hall (305 Greenville Hall) or any member of the Editorial Board.

Dr. Mary Theresa Hall
 Chair and Professor of English;
 Advisor of Sigma Tau Delta and *The Phoenix*

A Thiel Rose - Kendell Harrell

~Dedication~

*We dedicate this issue of
 The Phoenix to Dr. Chris Moinet,
 Professor of English. We would like
 to thank you for your 25 years of
 teaching and service at
 Thiel College.*



Beyond the Cover

DJ Martino

Pages run black with ink.
Characters run red with blood.
Into the paper the pen does sink.
A city is then taken by a flood.

Words run rampant, forming lines.
A great army approaches, uniform and stark.
Off fresh ink the light starts to shine,
Even though the battle couldn't be more dark.

The author pauses to formulate a thought.
Time stands still as though by a divine hand.
Immortalized on parchment, the action is caught.
At the same time, a war continues in a far away land.

Final chapter finished, the author takes his leave.
Within his story, a glorious truth is given light.
Though for his characters' lives, no one will grieve,
Such tales are matched only by those who can write.



Ex Libris Hyun Woo Kim

Clean Break

Stephanie Flask

This was no clean break.
Jaded, the jagged edges
slice deep into my fragile skin.
She'll eat you up
and hurl you out like you were
nothing.
But you are something;
someone that has calloused me
and refused to let my aching
heart be.

Climbing a Star

Miles Wilburn

Tonight I leave to climb a star
I climb out my window onto the roof
and wait for a low one to soar by.

I cling onto the molten surface
struggling to keep it alive

I admire its beauty and understand it
fully
or at least I believe I do

But,
I lose my grip on something unex-
pected and
fall to the roof again.

Frustrated, I declare I won't climb
stars anymore
But I find myself always climbing

Always aiming too high
Always aiming for you.

So Real

Matt Hadden

Blood shot eyes and a lack of vision:
This reality is stranger than fiction.
I hate to be together, I'm afraid to be alone.
Boundaries are bleeding, and definitions are blurred.
I never knew my mind was so obscure.
I'd hate to admit that I'm losing grip...
Nothing but pain with the taste of your lips.

*...I want answers not a definition...
...I can't deal with this god damned confusion...
...beloved truths are hideous illusions...
...my worst dreams never seemed so real...*

I'm here, but I'm absent minded.
I'd have to say that I've wasted time.
Days are flying seeing through clear eyes.
If I'm happy, can you tell I'm lying?
Let's see thing for what they are.
Dig a little deeper, I can't feel a thing.
Eight more years and I'll be gone,
Unless I catch up to myself sooner.

My worst dreams never seemed so real!

Untitled
Stephanie Flask

He ate my heart
In exchange for his soul.
He ate me up
And I hurled him out.
We were nothing to each
other,
And nothing we shall be.
A momentary lush,
An infatuation crushed.
Forget me, you tramp,
I'll never be your vamp.

The earth turns before and
beneath me

Duranna E. Fretts

(I am not whole)
The earth turns
Before and beneath me.
(I stand still)
Snow melts,
The water trickles down
My open hands
And falls.

The bare trees bend
Whispering in my ears
Their secret laughter.

The sun dances
In between the clouds
And slowly
Fades into the horizon.

(I am not whole, yet I stand still.)

In Memoriam

DJ Martino

Once the land of a great civilization,
Now, diluted descendants trample the remains.

Its secrets once wrought gentlemen strong.
Its colors now fade, forgotten in darkness.

Here, branches once shaded playing children.
Stricken by war, its ashes cover the bones.

Once a shelter, a place of mental healing,
Now, condemned, entombing a chorus of screams.

Its lessons once spoke of humanity's ascension.
Now, wreathed in flames, it speaks no more.

Once living, breathing, talking, loving.
Now, decaying, rigid, silent, and cold.

There is no truer grim reminder than a memorial.

Out-Smarts

Leah Kook

The World Record for Solving a Rubik's Cube is currently 6.77 seconds, held by a fifteen-year-old boy from Australia.

I threw the cube to the desk, smashing the intricately laid pieces into a pile of misshapen blocks. I swore loudly and laid my eyes in my hands. Only a damned genius could think of something so awful.

I rubbed my eyes to watch ripples form behind my lids. They were the same bright, solid colors of the Rubik's cube, and I enjoyed seeing them twist and disappear. After a few silent moments, I opened my eyes again and pinched a single block in my fingers, trying to decide where the others should fit around it. I felt like a child, challenged to match shapes and holes.

After a few minutes of deep concentration, I retrieved a plastic sandwich bag from a kitchen cupboard and carefully dropped every piece inside. When I was sure I had not missed a single block from the dismantled cube, I zipped the bag shut. I was slow and deliberate, even pressing the excess air out.

I closed a thumb and forefinger around a corner of the bag, and held it from myself as if it spoiled the air. I then stepped around the corner and down a short flight of stairs.

I was now in my father's workshop. I snapped on the light, and a dirty, naked bulb lit the small room. In the orb of its illumination sat a heavy table.

I placed the bag and its contents in the very center of the table. Obsessively, I straightened it and flattened the pile's irregular shape with my hand. Turning slightly I plucked a hammer from its position on the wall and proceeded to smash the living daylight out of the dismantled Rubik's cube. The plastic snapped and screamed and cracked and bent, showing its white insides and warping into garbage.

"Solved it!" I cried up the stairs.

I replaced the hammer on the wall and left, leaving the toy and baggie on the table, and flicking out the light as I went.

Alone in the Brooklyn Lights

Amy Jane Matchett

I guess this is how it feels to be all alone.
The rats, the mites, dirt crawling on my clothing
The man across the street waiting for me to leave my spot
Me knowing... that the minute I walk away,
I'll be forced to fist fight in order to get another box.

Maybe I shouldn't have let her go
She was the only one who made me feel whole
Took me away from this shattered place
Full of broken dreams and, cardboard, and trash
She knew this wasn't me, despite how it appeared on the
surface.

My life was supposed to consists of focus and rhyme
Spending my life swinging from the branches of serenity
Never did I think it would all turn out this way
I lost the people who meant the most to me.
In that apartment fire three years ago.

My mother and father caught in the entrapment of opulence
Watching their faces fade away in the auburn light
Fighting to accept that there was nothing I could do
No hose on my back to put out the pending doom
Lost in that room was my sister and my brother too.

What did you expect me to do? I was already out.
Leg broken in half from the crash of the lobby desk
Saved by volunteers who had no reason to pick me first
I hope it was just my location that made me the pick
Little did they know I had nothing to offer.

My father was the man I always wanted to be.
My mother was a saint sent straight from Calcutta.
My sister was more beautiful than a summer night.
My brother was only three.
And yet they chose to save me.

What can I do to prove their name worthy?
Lost in this alley fighting drug dealers late at night
Just praying one never has a knife hidden in his pocket
Ready to stab the next lazy bum trying to steal his last breath.
This back street in Brooklyn has never been this dark.

Ringíng

Duranna E. Fretts

Forget me, church bell chime,
Ring no more, on this bitter-cold night.
The night was young, the night is old,
2:01 a.m., and the song calls me home.
Intoxicated by the light, tipsy with the
noise,
Hours ago | drank to live; hours ago | drank
to love.
Forget me, church bell chime,
Ring no more, on this bitter-cold night.



Irony
Allen Morrill

Defy

Kayla Ohlin

Out of grasp, just beyond my reach you stand
Tall. A smile beams across your sweet face.
She comes into view, hair dark and skin tanned.
I watch her meet your gaze. How can I chase
You with her presence? Tears well in my eyes,
Reflections of my past. Never loved by
One like you . Can I take you by surprise?
Hands are trem'bling as I choose to defy
My odds. I inch closer, commanding a
Point in your line of vision and I dance.
Step by step you watch me. She sees me draw
You in. Gasping, her acts only enhance
My mood. Majestically, he brings me close,
Sparking a love none other can oppose.

Macabre

Ciara Frain

Wings of burnt bone, feathered with ash.
Black, ebony, draped like a sash;
Ring atop a silvery head;
Glacier blue eyes, cold, frostbitten, dead.
Spirit is wilted
Decisions are tilted;
His soft soul so forlorn;
Body decrepit, cracked, and worn.
Soft silver kisses had once made him glow,
Now that he quit his breath's coming slow.
Now it's not much longer 'til dawn;
He shivers as he feels death coming on.
The light begins to creep over the hill;
It shines in his burnt eyes as they fill.
The rays make him crumble, the wind makes him
fray,
The clouds begin crying as he's carried away.

Window

Abby Kusserow

Open the window to my heart,
Waiting and yearning to be free,
To flow my love through the
world,
Open it wide and full,
Don't be afraid,
But until you aren't,
My heart will wait,
For that window to open.



Fountain
Stephanie Flask

Black Ice and A&E

Matt Hadden

I'd like to think I'm an ordinary guy, but then again we would all like to believe that we're ordinary in some sense of the word. I'd like to believe that having a wife and kids doesn't necessarily constitute the norm, and by that standard alone I could be considered ordinary. I live alone in a damp apartment, it's not too comfy, and I'm not too smug. The few friends that I possess probably wouldn't admit to being my friends, hence their names will continue to go unnoticed. I have a bird in my apartment. Steve, the bird, stays in his cage that fits ever so conveniently on my television set. Yes, I have a TV, but I don't watch it. The TV sits in front of a window covered with black curtains that reek of menthol cigarettes. In the TV room, I don't call it a living room because this isn't really living, one can find a nice, blue couch. There are 3 cushions on the couch, and I usually occupy the one on the left because it is there that I am closest to my wooden coffee table and ashtray. There is a sofa across the room that reclines, but its haggard conditions warrant no occupants. In the corner of my room is a large, mahogany bookshelf. It would take at least a hundred books to fill, but I only have eleven books that I read over and over again. Characters that nobody really knows seem to offer more fulfillment than the people I share drinks with.

My kitchen is the size of a normal bathroom. I have what I like to call "half a stove." It is stained with rust and old food. Next to the oven is an iron sink. Next to the iron sink is a coffee pot. Followed by a toaster. Followed by bread. Followed by the end of the counter top. Followed by an old, olive-colored refrigerator. There is a small two-person table in the center of my kitchen. I would share coffee with Steve, if he could drink coffee. The floor is dirty, yellow linoleum with some awful pattern, as if it matters what my kitchen floor looks like. My bedroom and bathroom are basically the same, since my bathroom is basically a second closet in my bedroom. My bed is probably big enough for two people, but the only person that usually sleeps there is me. My walls are covered with posters of the people I wish I had the courage to be, just like everybody else's. My wardrobe is filled with affordable clothes. I wear plenty of khaki jeans and collared shirts. I figure the best way to feel good about a less than good situation is to look as good as you can, but that will only work for you if you believe that good is a state of mind. Bright colors bring bright smiles, so I like to wear soft colors and keep a clean face. I still have a full head of hair, so I figure that I'll grow a beard when the rest of my hair is gone.

I don't really have a job, but I do have some money. I was hit by a car once as a teenager, and I received about \$100,000 in a settlement. Why do I have a dirty, small apartment? Because the more expenses I obtain, the quicker I will need to work. Even though I don't have a real job, I like to walk around throughout the daytime trying to make myself look sophisticated. I carry a folded newspaper under my left arm, and I keep a warm cup of coffee in my right hand. I make sure I walk in and buy the coffee at the espresso shop on the corner. This is where all the fancy people hang out, and who wouldn't want to pretend to be fancy?

It's starting to get cold out again, so I will push my start time from 8:00 a.m. back to 10:00 a.m. The small increase in temperature makes a huge difference when it comes to the wind brushing my face and making me uncomfortable. Sometimes if it's cold enough, I start to feel like I'm being stabbed with a million tiny pine needles. Usually, after I purchase my coffee,

I will walk around for a while. Maybe I'll buy something for Steve, or maybe I will go to the library and research some obscene topics. For instance, Mein Kampf, because I always wondered what Hitler was trying to say, or Jim Morrison and his repetitive acts of indecency. I like to learn about things that most people don't care about, just so I can bring them up in conversation and see the various results. One time, I told a woman that LSD was meant to be a spiritual drug and people used to take it for religious purposes after the American government tested it on people. She didn't believe me and she stormed off claiming that the government wouldn't do that, and that the War on Drugs is the greatest thing to happen in America. I have trouble believing that she was a very learned woman. The government made something just so they could take it away from the people. Imagine.

So it's about to be 10:00 a.m., and I better get ready to be on my way. Last night was the first real snow of the winter, so my black coffee-drinking beanie will have to come out of the wardrobe. I'm not too sure what is on tap today, maybe a latte from the espresso bar, but then who knows...

Upon walking down the steps outside of my apartment, I must have slipped on some black ice and hit my head pretty good. I woke up in this hospital with a sling on my arm and some sort of new-found numbness coursing my veins. The lights are bright here, and these hospital clothes feel coarse against my pale skin. I must have been out for a while because my eyes still feel heavy like they do after a long night of scotch and cards with Steve. The doctor had said that he injected me with morphine for my arm and the massive laceration on the side of my head. They say I'll be out of here in no time; they just need to find me a ride back to my apartment. Doc also said I'd need to fill a prescription for some more painkillers until my arm is healed. I guess I don't mind, I mean they're doing the trick now.

It's been a couple days since I took the spill, and I'm beginning to feel as if hitting my head really changed me. It's all I can do to stay sane. I've realized that there is nobody in my life I can rely on to help me out. I've been reading the same eleven books for the past five years, and I haven't even had one real conversation with Steve. The morphine the doc gave me makes my skin itchy and I'm beginning to get depressed. I've been hearing voices in my bedroom, and it sounds like people are walking outside my door at night. I'm glad that the prescription doesn't end until my arm heals. I'm glad I've finally found something to take the pain out of solitude. I'm glad I seem to have found something I like.

It was 2 weeks ago that I fell outside of my apartment building. It was 1 week ago that I started to feel a little crazy. It is tonight that I am terrified to leave this room. I am itching myself raw, rendering myself bloody, and the noises at night still will not go away. Steve doesn't offer much protection, so I purchased myself a handgun two days ago. I've been sleeping with it beside my bed at night to ease the fear of being killed or robbed or sodomized. The way people have been looking at me on the street lately hasn't helped either. People look at me and see a pudgy loner with a sling on his arm. I might as well be the punch line to every joke these people crack when they laugh and mutter nonsense under their breathes. I am restless, and I need to find some sort of fulfillment.

Almost a month now since the paranoia and reckless abandonment began. I have now filled my prescription five times. It takes more and more to feel numb, and even then my mind isn't at rest. I am alone, and Steve is no longer with us. I thought the people outside of my door

would be able to hear him, so I killed him. I wrapped a towel around his head, and I cut it off. I figured that it would be better for him if he wasn't watching. I am now officially alone. I am now officially a fiend. I am now officially positive that I know what it will take to find fulfillment.

When I was cutting Steve's head off, I felt some sort of rush pierce through the numbness that had been consuming me. I don't know what it was, but it felt like some sort of revenge was attained by killing an innocent bird. If euphoria was achieved by killing something as meaningless as a bird, I wonder how high taking a real life would get me. Morphine and murder, a deadly dose. I can feel myself smiling from ear to ear as I tickle my chin with the barrel of a .44 Magnum. I can feel myself in the midst of devising some sick and twisted crimes.

Morning arrives, and I need to crush up and ingest my morning dose of freedom. I polished my handgun last night before bed, and now I am tucking it into my sling with the barrel facing out. I am leaving the apartment to find the ultimate high. As I'm walking down the street, I run into a middle-aged man. He's wearing a nice suit and tie, and I approach him with a question. "Hey man, my arm's broken. Do you think you could help me get something from the trunk of my car?"

"Sure thing," he replied. "Where are you parked?"

I led the way to my trashy, yet dignified, 1994 Chevy Cavalier. I opened the trunk for the stranger, and when he bent over to grab the box I had placed in my trunk I approached him so that my sling was pushed firmly against his back. Before he could ask me what I was doing, I pulled the trigger. Blood trickled down the back of his suit, and I felt a rush like never before. His lifeless body was slung halfway into my trunk, so I used my free arm to lift his legs into the makeshift coffin. Chalk down the first notch on my belt.

The next day, I pulled the same stunt on a number of victims. Three times I pulled the trigger. Three times I killed innocent people. Three times I fulfilled the void that had become my misery. I waited until very late at night until I lugged the bodies into my second story apartment bathtub. I tied the garbage bags tightly at the top and drug them into the elevator and down the hall until I reached my door with the strangers, one at a time. I had four lifeless, bloody bodies piled up in my bathtub, and I felt no signs of slowing down.

I had no trouble falling asleep anymore, and my mind was at ease. Full of morphine with a trail of blood on my hands, I was a new man. The same eleven books never seemed so exciting. For days, I would walk down the streets scoping the innocent faces, searching for new blood. By the time I had fit twelve bodies in my bathtub, I didn't notice the foul stench that filled my apartment, but apparently my neighbors did. It is now about 12:00 a.m. on a Thursday evening in mid December. The date is unclear to me because my mind has been in such a murderous frenzy lately, but I feel at ease. I can hear knocking at my door, and I know that it's nobody I know. And I know that it is somebody unwelcome to my dungeon. And I know that the heavy beating at my door carries more weight than the beating of my cold, black heart.

Four police officers are now barreling through my doorway demanding that I place my hands behind my head. Four police officers are pointing their government issued weapons at my numb body. I can't see myself going to prison, so I have an ultimatum. Should I try to shoot

down all four of these stiff in uniform, or should I do their job for them. I slowly pull the .44 Magnum from my sling and place it ever so gently against the underside of my chin. Overtop of the screaming officers, I can hear my heart beating...beating...beating. The sweat is pouring from every pore in my skin. My hands trembling as I slowly pull the trigger back. Bang. My brains, my blood, my miserable life now splattered and scattered all over my TV room wall. I know that I won't be missed, but damn what a way to go. One slip on a patch of black ice, and the next thing I know is that I've got a bathroom full of dead people, my brains flung all over my apartment, and half a bottle of morphine on my dinky kitchen table. I wonder if I'll be one of the serial killers that makes the A&E network. I hope I didn't do all of this for the high and nothing more. I don't even know who is going to pay for my funeral, but I hope that they don't put something corny from the Bible on my tombstone. I don't think Jesus would want to find himself responsible for the heinous crimes I had committed willingly. They should just make my epitaph say "Black Ice and A&E." At least that's all I can hope for.



Plainfield Gothic Richard Dickinson

The Curse of Prometheus

Leah Kook

**Curséd Prometheus, called the Giver,
Brought forth the wrath of creative Zeus' evil.
The sacrifice of his bloody liver
Was devoured by the great black Raven-Eagle.
And every day did Father Time
Draw back the unfortunate sands again
Without erasing that of Prometheus' mind
Which captivated his endless pain.
With blazing Apollo's fire in sight
The Raven-Eagle would tear and sever
Until fair Luna's final light,
The chained Prometheus' flesh forever.**

Manifesto

Tim Taylor

My beliefs are limited, while my ability to believe is not.
My courage is an ongoing disclosure of who I am.
I do stumble I am easily confused and misunderstood.
I barely know what is right. I find that each moment is a testament to eternity.
I am not upset by my moaning wonders, nor satisfied with my life.
I remain truly grateful for every person; asking for the opportunity to show my gratitude.
I am lucky that tomorrow will come, but not so lucky that today will leave.

A Narcotic Dream

Aaron Daufala

I am possessed by the hold of a narcotic dream.
I am on a higher plain, in an unnatural state.
I am out of my mind, jacked up, ripped to shreds.
The smoke of this drug fills my lungs,
Its liquid ecstasy fills my veins,
Its powdered form drips down my throat.
To this feeling I am completely addicted.
I desire it ever more,
And in ever more quantity.
But my lust for it is ever unsatisfied,
For its sweet embrace my body screams
.... And fiends.
This drug of which I speak,
Cannot be bought or sold,
Cannot be weighed out in grams or ounces,
Cannot be packed in a pipe,
Melted in a spoon, popped, or blown.
In a material state it cannot be seen,
Tasted, felt, or smelt.
Its vapors swell around and within us.
We try to clasp it, only to grab empty air.
Does it exist at all,
Or is it simply an acid hallucination?
It fills every story, tale, and song,
But is it only a myth shared by all humanity?
Perhaps this question we are meant to answer,
By our lives journeys and struggles?
The quest for this drug is never ending.
What is this drug, but... love.

Auburn Light

Amy Jane Matchett

The flames are rising, I'm shaking inside.
The color of my skin is beginning to match
The burning thunder in my bloodshot eyes.

My body being crushed by the falling wood.
Each piece so heavy, so powerful, so strong
I wish this wasn't happening, I wish I could...

Could stop the devil from incinerating this place.
Could stop the skin from melting down my face.

The moments flying by, my mind losing touch...
I feel the wings of an angel gently lift me up.

Through a wall of amber rain,
He takes me out, releasing my pain.

Without saying a word, he sets my body down.
I would ask him his name, but I can't utter a sound.



Dinosaur Maze
Morgan Carson

Losing Hope In What is Already Lost

Ciara Frain

Feet fall flat on
crumbling ground
screaming desperate cries for hearts repair,
yet no heads bare the strength to turn.
I've been pushed
from the very top of the mood target,
trying frantically to dodge someone's painful
kamikaze arrow in despair.
There was good cause for this action of pain;
His mind is blotted with sweet and sour stains
dripped by angels and demons.
Maybe my heart is breaking,
maybe his heart is too,
like the pomegranate seeds;
the delicate, thin solubility of the membrane
revealing a sweet or sour purse.
Just like my blood, creating stains,
from one simple leap to that crumbling earth,
falling with each drop of crimson,
mixing with crystalline pools swirling out my eyes;
Now fate shall try this earth's strength.



White walls with no writing

Matt Hadden

Running on fumes that aren't organic,
Eyes set low, but do not panic.
It's all a phase so they say.
To live or die? Come what may,
What denotes such status anyway?

I have lived , what have you done?
See through my gaze, but do not run.
Chin up, eyes open –you might find
The only constant in life is time.
The sun may not come, but I'll be fine.

I'll lay on my back and let it be,
Laughing while the Earth caves in on
me.
Smiling wide because we always knew
It's only time until your blood runs blue.
Don't worry about me, be true to you.

then/now

Joseph T. Nairn '79

March
mourning comes in small things
a joke
a play
a reason/no reason to phone
missing the sounds
the verbal
the guttural
a need/no need to get in touch
mourning comes in unexpected ways
a scent
a penny
a feeling/no feeling like home

Anemone
Stephanie Flask

Fraternal Metamorphosis

DJ Martino

“No one could tell me where my soul might be...”

The sun began to set, and the trees of the forest cast eerie shadows as the crickets began to play a funeral dirge. The lone traveler hoisted his pack on his shoulder and braced himself for the coming night. A cold breeze whisked past the man, piercing clothing and skin, chilling him to the core. He had not managed to find a welcoming shelter in the town that now melted into the coming darkness behind him. Cold and alone, he trudged onward, thinking only of his destination.

He hailed from a land of oppression, where friends were commodities based on the size of one's wallet. Murder, thievery, and betrayal were as commonplace as the morning dew. This man, however, was not like his countrymen. While others were content to fight for tenuous luxury, he was equally content to dream. Every day, the very moment that the sun began to peek over the horizon, he awoke with pen in hand to make a note of his dreams. Ever since he was a youth, his dreams had seemed to hold particular significance. They also represented freedom from this destructive society in which he lived. A plethora of wondrous fantasies had played in his mind over the years, but, as of late, one dream supplanted all others. In fact, it was that very dream that spurred him on this pilgrimage. He always found himself flying, not that it was an unusual sensation. He'd dreamt of flight multiple times, but not as clearly as this.

“I searched for God, but he eluded me...”

He was flying over a foreign land, indiscernible at first, but slowly coming into view. The countryside was somewhat familiar, as though he had been there before. As he flew, he saw shadows moving on the ground below. They moved quickly, but the dreamer sensed a dark purpose in the darkness. As he flew onward, there was a terrified scream from below, and the shadows converged on an unseen victim. The dreamer willed himself onward, attempting to leave the grisly sounds behind him. However, the gnashing of teeth, the tearing of flesh, the cracking of bones, all followed him despite the distance from the attack. Images began to fill the sky, haunting echoes of his homeland. To his left, a bandit stalked a frail maiden, his knife drawn and his eyes on her purse. To his right, a gluttonous lord whipped a poor servant, whose minor discretion did not warrant such a punishment.

As he watched, gold coins began to rain from the night sky. The clouds parted, allowing a small amount of moonlight to come through. The air was filled with the screams of innocents and the dominating laughter of tyrants, and the rain of coins began to liquefy. The dreamer watched as the coins transformed into a crimson rain of blood. Terrified screams and triumphant laughter combined with the dreadful rain created a cacophonous symphony of gore. The dreamer found himself unable to hold back tears as he was surrounded by the evils of the world. Just as he thought he could not possibly resist the encroaching evil any longer, a brilliant light

pierced the clouds. The dreamer watched as the evil filling the air began to dissipate. The tyrants recoiled in fear and shame, staring at a golden purity that could never fit in their shriveled souls. The murderers and thieves fell to their knees in awe of the ultimate treasure that could never be stolen. In the coming light, the dreamer beheld a wondrous city. Two towers stood out, one slightly leaning, and a single word came to his mind: "Bologna." As the light encompassed the entirety of his field of vision, he awoke.

"I sought my brother out and found all three..."

Yes, his pilgrimage was to the "City of Letters," but he found far more than he ever imagined. In Bologna, he heard whispers of a secret society, one that offered protection from the walking corruptions that dared call themselves men. He sought out this society, and the reasons for his trials became clear. His entire life led to this one moment of clarity. In this society, he found protectors...friends...brothers. No longer was he the traveler, nor was he the dreamer. These wandering personas were lost in the brilliance of the light he once thought only to see in his dreams. In the light of this secret society of brothers, he found a new persona...that of a man. As he emerged from initiation, forever changed for the better, he looked upon his new brothers and was proud to be a Kappa Sigma.

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	Paper Poem	
	Ken Klemens	
	Scribbled on by careless kids, passed back & forth between silent lovers	
	Sometimes your plain pale white, sometimes you are colored or have lines	
	You have a variety of forms	
	Sometimes your engraved with ignorance, other times wisdom	
	But all who make their mark start the same and share something similar...	
	You, always there, blank born bare	
	Labeled differently by thoughts, images, hate and love	
	Sometimes scarred with a dotted line that seals fates	
	You display Art and showcase Creativity,	
	You're the foundation of development, the open non-criticizing welcoming freedom that aids my	
	imagination in coming alive,	
	You don't interrupt or change, you stay constant consistently keeping pace with my pen, the point	
	that gives birth to ideas and emotions-fresh fetuses of fantasy, fiction and non, abstract and realism	
	You host pure and evil but never judge people by race or age	
	Instead you greet them like all your brothers, banded together	
	You give endless support for invention and creation	
	You play a role in being my savior	
	You're the outlet for all that thrives within, sadness, happiness, anger, and sin	
	From beginning to finish you never diminish my wishes and pain, bleeding in ink like veins	
	You are there until I can't think anymore and all my thoughts have poured out and my mind is satisfied	
	with what is before my eyes and yours	
	with what is before my eyes and yours	
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A Bad Penny

Aaron Daufala

One year of misery have I endured,
Pain and sadness were my close companions.
A year ago my hopes were dashed,
And still my love I could not let go.

Despite her scorn I could not turn away,
My devotion only grew day by day.
Every word was a call to her,
To save me from the pain I felt.

Her words led me on to believe,
That a sliver of her heart I owned.
But her actions spoke a painful truth,
That I was farthest from her mind.

And when I could not bear this inconsistency,
I cast her from my life so far.
But as the old adage goes,
like a bad penny she had to return.

By her words she wanted friendship,
And friendship was all I tried to give.
It was not long before I began to slip,
To desire nothing more than her love.

Friendship I would happily give,
Expecting nothing more.
But even that was too much,
Her love, her friend, I could not be.

So I turned my back on the lies and pain,
And once again went as far as I could.
Every day was a trying struggle,
I thought I wouldn't last.

But now, the holes she left in my heart,
Have become tough scare tissue.
I am stronger and wiser,
One bad penny richer than I was before.

Sun chasers

Duranna E. Fretts

Tireless, we chase after the sun that rises each day
to find that the sun cannot be brought down to our hands, to our souls;
to our fingertips stretching out to touch the rays- not to be held, fickle as gold.
But we will not end in defeat- so we continue, 'til dark's domain.

Voices

Amber Williams

All those thoughts and images,
The words that describe those
And put them into sentences.
Those dreams that our minds form
As we sleep each night in our beds.
We hear so many sounds and noises
Each day and in many crowds,
We hear voices and words,
But yours is the only voice
That reaches my ears.
Yours is the only one I
Wish to hear at the start
Of my day and each night
Before I close my eyes,
And hearing your voice as
I drift into a deep sleep,
Each breath rhythmically
Parallel to yours,
Matching breath for breath.
Out of all the voices in the world,
Yours is the only one I wish to hear.

Monday Mourning

Stephanie Flask

Half a woman.
Half alive.
Barely breathing at all inside.

Half a mother.
Half a wife.
My misery I cannot hide.

My sorrow-filled
And grief-stricken body
Loathes me.

I am hollow.
Empty.
An abandoned cave.

I am dilapidated.
Useless.
The empty vestibule I call my womb.

Swept Away

(A tribute to a great friend, Alyssa Emrich)

Leanna Yeager

It was such a day from Hell,
Anyone who knew and saw me could definitely tell
Something in my life was missing
Someone in my life was missing.
The day you were swept away, I felt a piece of me disappearing.

My biggest fears came; you were swept away at seventeen years,
Thinking of all the memories causes laughter and a waterfall of tears.
For a long while, I searched for the reason,
Why He would take you during your least favorite season,
Oh how you hated the winter season.

There is so much that needs to be said,
To tell you everything that runs through my head.
So many stories to tell with people's truths and lies
And you telling me they are all just hideous flies
You were swept away, one of my greatest allies.

Alyssa, I can't believe you've been swept away for almost two years,
But you are always still there to help me face my fears.
I love and miss you so, remember you'll always be my best friend
And now my guardian angel, our connection will never end.
Forever and ever, Lyssie, it'll never end.

When I need strength, I just bow my head to pray
Because I know you'll be there till my very last day



Silent

Jamie Mung

Imprisoned

Lindsay Love

Lost and alone
Bound by these cruel chains
I long to see you
I wish I could escape
Spread my wings and fly from this
place
With you at my side
Together as one
Braving the journey that is life
Come away with me, love,
We'll create a world that's all our own...

Forgotten Dust

Amy Jane Matchett

Sea foam green and a blanket of dust
Finding who you really were in that broken box.
Full of secrets, mysteries, and lies,
It's a wonder I thought I knew who you were...
A wonder that this is such a surprise.

Your words are so distant in my ear.
A new photograph with each shedding tear.
Water damaged cardboard holds promises for me...
A chance to learn, a chance to see.

Sight brought to me in this musty attic.
A place of hidden dreams and wishes;
Tossed to the side like broken dishes,
The last place I thought it would be
When I learned why you really walked out on me.

Heart stopped, out of breath
I'm vanishing now; I guess this was a test.
Could I really last without you now?
Knowing you had no choice...

Knowing why you couldn't tell...

I'll Forget You

Matt Hadden

Underneath the moonlit sky, fixated on her
eyes,
I whispered in her ear, "Baby please, just let go.
Let the night run its course,
You'll forget me in the morning."

Nothing is beautiful without the pain.
If you can't hurt me, you're not worth my time.
This is the end of our prediction,
Our elaborate plan ends with good reason.

If I've been heard, then I have lived.
Go, forget your reasons why.
You look at me with an ordinary stare,
But I'm worth more than your emptiness.
The world will hear me, and I'll forget you.
The world will hear me, and I'll forget you.



Undying Love

DJ Martino

An arrangement of flowers:

Given with love,
Vibrant and fresh,
Fragrant and pleasing,

Given with remorse,
Faded and wilting,
Odorous and fleeting,

Placed on a grave.

Flower

Stephanie Flask

The Love of Loss

DJ Martino

Your loving embrace, shelter from the cold,
The cold of loneliness, the billowing snow of loss.
When in your arms, it is Elysium,
Fruitful vales and sun-kissed fields.

You've always been there, warming my heart,
Making me forget the bordering cold.
I thought I was love-locked in perpetual summer,
But my warmth was absconded with in a sudden
dark.

The fruit fell from the shriveled trees.
The fields grew limp, then rigid with frost.
I was greeted by cold in your abrupt departure.
My heart grew cold, and my work began.

I erected a fortress of icy seclusion,
Imprisoned your memory in the tallest tower.
While my beauty sleeps, ever shall I stand guard.
With no true love's kiss can this lost love be awak-
ened.

Death's stoic embrace, shelter from the warmth,
The warmth of vulnerability, flowing waters of trust.

Rockstar meets his Beautiful Girl

Matt Hadden

*I'm stuck in a dreamy state
After a night that time will never negate.
I asked, "Can I?" and you said yes,
Then our lips did all the rest.
Our fingers clenched so tight, a perfect measure
To say our lips fit perfectly together
Looks so stunning, yet so down to Earth,
In total honesty, I don't know what I fell for first.
One question, do your wings work in any weather?
If not, we could lie together forever.
I promise to never let go of your hand,
And I'll always have your black hair band.
I guess time was not an issue for this lust,
There's no better feeling than living out your that first crush.*

Light That Will Never Glow

(this was written for my
friend who committed suicide)

Julia Brookhart

I once knew a girl
With not a care in the world
Her pretty bright smile
And blue eyes swirled
She was a happy young thing
'Til she opened her eyes
And saw what the future would bring
But she opened them too late
And couldn't prevent pain
She's crying out
Because she now feels rain
She hurts herself
With cuts so deep
A blade in her hand
To feel relief
I thought I knew that girl
Until she broke down
Tears in her eyes
She wears the misery crown
I saw her just the other day
She looked up at me
And I heard her say
"Their looks, the sting.
Their words, they cut.
I cry out to them
But the door is shut.
I'm alone in this world
Broken, Defeated, Destroyed.
To see me down
They feel overjoyed.
I'm sure they never meant for me
To feel like this.
Their whispered words
Such a deadly kiss.
I'm invisible now
And I suffocate, I down
And with my own blood
I will surround
Myself and my pain
And all things hurtful.
The pain in their words, they'll never know
The light in my eyes
Will never again glow."
She touched me then
And I realized The pain words cause
But I was not surprised.
The moral of this story is simple,
You see?
The words you say
Can be quite Deadly.

A Thiel Carol: A Folk Tale

Kelsey Robertson

A very long time ago, in a place not so very far away, a new student named Sarah wandered on to Thiel's campus. She had been through a lot in life. She was a smart girl, but she changed when her parents got divorced. She stopped doing her homework, quit her activities, and even lost her friends. She was a cold and uncaring person. Everyone she met wanted to be her friend, but, sadly, she no longer believed in love.

The December snow blanketed the campus as Sarah walked to her new dorm. She met her roommate, Cindy, at the door. The ever-cheery Cindy attempted to create a friendship, with no luck. As December continued to freeze Thiel, Sarah and Cindy did not grow closer. Cindy, however, still held hope for her roommate. Unfortunately, Cindy was sick. Thiel held a benefit for her, and as her roommate, Sarah was asked to organize the event. In response, Sarah replied that maybe without Cindy, she could have peace in her room at last.

On Christmas Eve, Cindy was rushed to the hospital. Instead of checking on her only acquaintance, Sarah wanted to remain at Thiel to get some rest. As soon as she drifted off, however, there was a knock at the door. Annoyed, she coldly answered the visitor who brought the news of Cindy's passing. Sarah was alone. Unexpectedly, she began to cry. No one had cared for Sarah since she had left her parents years ago. She had to make this right. Sarah flew open the door, ran down the stairs, and began looking for the first person she could find.

To her dismay, no one was there. As she slumped up the stairs, she found a strange man in the other room. She began to sob through her story when the man explained he already knew and was there to help. He explained that she would have three days to relive with Cindy. If she was not able to give the ultimate gift of friendship, Cindy would again be gone. Confused and pained, Sarah went to bed. In her dreams, she saw the girl that Cindy was as a child: her parents had died, she found out she was sick, and she still dedicated her time to her school and community.

She awoke the next morning to the sound of Cindy's Christmas music. Before she could complain, she was filled with joy. She immediately engrossed Cindy in a hug. The rest of the day, the estranged roommates seemed inseparable. However, when Cindy wanted Sarah to open up about her life, Sarah retreated and went to bed. This time, she dreamed of Cindy earlier that day. Cindy was tired, ill, and yet still prayed for Sarah and their friendship.

The following day proceeded as the last. Again, when Cindy asked for openness, Sarah refused. That night, Sarah dreamed of something very different. She dreamed of the future. Cindy was gone and Sarah was beside herself. Every day, Sarah had to face Thiel alone. She was scared and wanted her friendship back. As she awoke, she realized that it was her third and final day. She knew she had to save Cindy.

Sarah attended the benefit and donated all of her Christmas money. Nonetheless, Cindy still went to the hospital that night. When Sarah arrived, she prayed to God to take her instead. She even told the doctors she would accept all medical bills as her own. She wanted to take on the troubles of her only friend. Waiting for the worst, she wandered around. Surprisingly, she stumbled upon the same stranger from her dorm. He applauded her for her selfless acts. Sarah had found the ultimate gift that could be given for friendship: she was willing to give her life up for her friend.

All at once, the stranger disappeared and Cindy's nurse had called for her. Cindy was doing much better and would be home for Christmas. The two spent a beautiful day together on Thiel's snow-covered campus.

A year later, after attending all of her doctor's appointments, Sarah was thrilled to hear that Cindy had received a clean bill of health. Sarah has never gone a day without thanking Cindy for the great friendship that she has given her. She would never have survived her first year at Thiel without her roommate Cindy. Cindy would not have survived either.

If Only She Knew

Rochelle Adalia Terhune

A girl lies alone in her bed,
Tears slowly soaking the pillow,
She clings to a blanket,
Wrapped tight around her,
Trying to block out the pain,

If only she knew,
That with You she doesn't need walls,
If only she knew,
That for her You made it all,
If only she knew,
That to find You she need just call,

A girl is with a cunning boy,
There's an empty place in her heart,
He wants to lie with her,
He'll get his way because,
She just wants him to love her,

If only she knew,
Your Love would fill that empty space,
If only she knew,
You will Love her either way,
If only she knew,
You are all she could ever need,

A girl stands alone in the tracks,
She doesn't have any tears left,
She looks to the bright light,
Coming quickly towards her,
She lets the snake take her life,

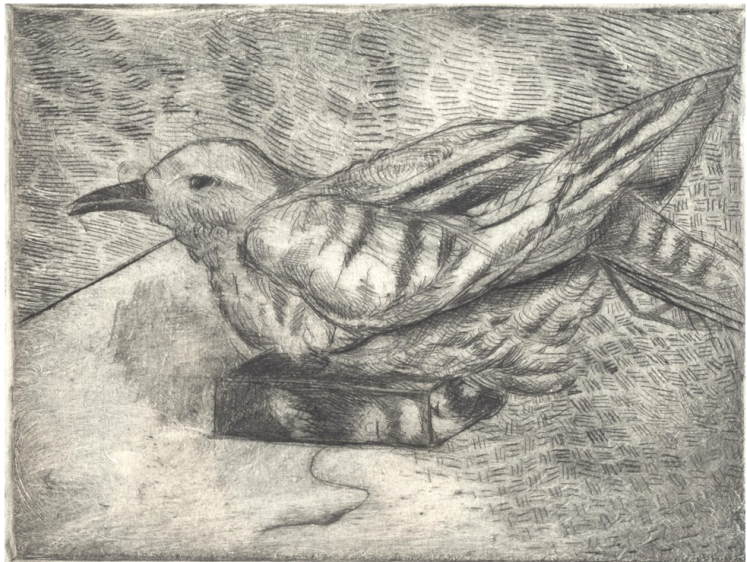
If only she knew,
In You there is safety and peace,
If only she knew,
With her every time, You cried,
If only she knew,
She is what You want most of all,

A girl sits in the last church pew,
Hiding the new life inside her,
She hears of forgiveness,
A tear falls from her eyes,
She puts her heart in Your hands,

Finally she knows,
That with You she doesn't need walls,
Finally she knows,
That for her You made it all,
Finally she knows,
That to find You she need just call,
Finally she knows,
You are all she will ever need,
Finally she knows,
With her every time, You cried,
Finally she knows,
She is what You want most of all,

I sit here, alone but with You,
Giving Your Love to those in need,
Hoping my words flow out,
The way You send them in,
Loving You with all my heart,

Because I know,
In You there is safety and peace,
Because I know,
You Love me no matter what,
Because I know,
You show others Your Love through me.



Dead Bird Blues
Chris Pouliot

Supernatural

DJ Martino

The roar of the Wendigo pierces the night air.
The vampire unleashes his hypnotic glare.
The rusalka stalks with her foul, dripping hair.
Call it supernatural, only if you dare.

The zombies rise moaning from the grave.
The witches cackle in their dreadful enclave.
The poltergeist stirs, to rant and to rave.
Supernatural, still? You truly are brave.

The skinwalker prowls in its sinister guise.
The scarecrow stares with its hollow eyes.
The acheri appears with childlike cries.
Supernatural, you say? Very unwise.

These creatures I speak of are no fairy tale.
Their mere presence can cause one's skin to go pale.
I do not share these stories simply from an excess of ale.
Oh, my. Do you feel the pressure of that incoming gale?

It is the wind of the damned, and it comes with all speed.
An embodiment of sins, such as hatred and greed.
Those in its gust don't age, die, or bleed.
Supernatural? No, just demons...and your soul they need.

To Write

Miles Wilburn

I followed a trail of letters and then I reached some words
those words opened a door which I cautiously entered.
It opened to me a place full of life, and beautiful entwined.
A beautiful world with symbols, and phrases designed
A melody of syllables I hop across and find
,but punctuation makes me stop and I start another line.

Gold Ring

Caroline N. Karlson

The perfume on your neck
Could make a grown man dizzy;
As we danced out on the deck,
Our movements rather busy
We danced until the moon
Slid from the evening sky;
I wish it hadn't come so soon,
When I held you and said goodbye
The hand so delicate in my palm
A gold ring upon your finger;
The end of the song
Was like an alarm clock's ringer
Back to reality as the music ends;
Lights turn on as you trail away;
My heart so quickly bends,
As you leave me here to decay.

Dresden

Amy Jane Matchett



A Renaissance

Stephanie Flask

Cross my heart and hope to die
As I regurgitate these demons inside.
The pain is just too much,
The pleasure I cannot feel.
I've lost myself, I cannot touch.
The world I live in is just not real.
My fingers are numb,
Yet drip from the bulked liquid.
My emotions, tears, and hopes
Lie in a pool of water:
What has become the essence of my dreams,
The summation of indigestion and self-abhoration.
Each convulsion is my compulsion to be free.
I am worthless.
Too intellectually stimulated for this world.
This psychomachic struggle between my imagination
And the world in which I live.
Perception only goes so far,
No one will ever know
The true me.
The real me.
Do I scare?
Do I intimidate?
Look at me!
Quit turning your back to me
And judging me
For what you think I am.
I judge myself enough for the both of us.
A woman should never be this powerful,
This all-encompassing force that I have become.
I am real.
I now feel.
My phoenix has resurrected me
From my self's destruction.
You will know me,
Remember me.
I cannot be forgotten.

Empire Flag

Allen Morrill

Seven Days

Helena Tompkins

Seven days it takes to make the world,
How be it seven days when night is in-
volved.
Seven horsemen destroy what was made,
How be it seven horseman see it dissolved.

Take into account the makings of life,
Of Nature and Beast and all of it alike.
Take into account the sin of man,
Of Man and Woman and Tyke.

See them advance in emotion a struggle,
Adhere to the law sent from unlikely
places.

See them dance on the stage anew,
Adhere to the heart, stay away from the
faces.

This is where your troubles begin,
All the world and after it ends.



Unbreakable Walls

Amy Jane Matchett

Above the universe, in a perfect sky
The angels gather to let their light shine.
Amazing grace, a beautiful sight
Unthinkable things have happened tonight.
An angel accepted, gone from this world
Only in physicality, her soul the loudest sound.
The air is filled with tears and pain...
Falling like uncontrollable rain.
A flood filling up the floor and the heart
Where will this end, where did it start?
A pool of questions ripping out of the mind
Why did this happen, why this time?
Only satiating voice in this room
Is the whisper of God, the wool and the loom.
Threading the strands day by day...
Making the choices and chances that are so
hard to take.
Life is a gift lasting barely a minute
In the scheme of things it is never infinite.
The only thing that matters is the impact one
makes
The stories they leave, the lessons we take.
Appreciate the time you had...
Despite the heartache that hurts so bad.
Look to the sky when you're ready to fall
Hear her voice and remember her call.
She's with us now, the beauty all around,
The air in the sky, the perfect flowers on the
ground.

The Old Lane

Chris Moinet

For twenty-five years I've watched these trees grow taller, thicken;
I've seen them crowding the narrow lane,
arching over it until they intertwine above,
forming an ever-tightening tunnel of green.
The seasons always turning, slowly,
that burrow of light still contracting, shrinking,
darkening to nothingness;
and I, someday soon, up that unremembered lane,
contracting, shrinking,
to the same end.

The Price of Neglect

DJ Martino

Frozen stare, frigid glare,
Mourning voices everywhere,
Humans repenting, nature lamenting,
The world's destruction never ending,
Ashen snow, radioactive glow,
Into forever-sleep we must go.
Ruins forsaken, the old world awakens,
With new-age fires our lives are taken.
As technology declines, humanity finds,
The obvious cost of its hideous crimes.
As nature's tide turns, the entire world burns,
And Satan grins as the fires of Hell churn.

Tourists

Duranna E. Fretts

We strolled with our umbrellas
tipping towards each other,
touching ends as if reaching
their delicate multicolored fans.

The rain washed down and soaked us wet;
we jumped through puddles, determined
to make the pilgrimage through this land
of cement and metal.

And I heard the lullaby of rain
intertwined with a street performer's song
to chant us along our path—
tourists in a city of constant life.

On the Approach of My Father's 58th Birthday

Christopher Bowser

Raucous winds like rogue children in the street rush through her hair:
Over and under, under and over like towels spinning in a dryer.
“Babe, you shouldn’t stand there. Move off to the side.” She’s
Ever so conscious of trivial formalities. I bend down, kneeling on my
Right knee; leaves, burdened by the former rain, provide padding.
“There’s nothing wrong with where I’m at - he isn’t here.”
Weary from the thick and drenched drive, her fight doesn’t last long. And,
As clouds dark as smoke pollute the already gray sky, she presents her final argument:
“You know you shouldn’t kneel there. It’s just not right... not proper.”
Not much of me ever considered “proper,” at least by “their” definition. I look up into her
Eyes: rich like melted chocolate, scanning past the wind as she clenches herself tighter.
“Babe!” “I know.” “It’s just...” “I know.” ...ever so conscious – like the wind through her hair:
Over and under, under and over like towels spinning in a dryer.
Wilder and wilder now, the wind kicks up as the rain picks up from where it left off.
“Say, let’s go now...” (She runs to the car.) “– he isn’t here.” I straighten up and follow.
Eternally, I’ll wonder why I make this journey two or three times a year, for
Really, he isn’t here – just his body is.

Blind

Julia Brookhart

I wish I was born blind
So I couldn't see all that was
Happening to me
The people's stares,
Their hurtful glares,
It always feels like nobody cares.
People say they do,
But it's not in their eyes
All it does
Is shows me everyone lies.

But because I was born normal
In this world that is so cruel
I'm always unhappy,
I'm running out of fuel
I just want somebody by my side
To just listen and talk
Someone whose honestly kind.
This life would be so much easier
If I had just been born blind.



Charcoal 1
Yeonhwa Jeong

INSIGNIFICANT LINES

DJ Martino

I am writing this to pass the time.
There is no deeper meaning,
No meter, symbolism, or rhyme.

If ever this poem is chosen,
For the subject of some class' lesson,
I would like to be there, if only in spirit,
To laugh at the analysis thereof.

This is not a social commentary,
Although the youth are now insane.
I am not concerned with politics,
Because it's like watching children quarrel.

Why did I choose the Words I did?
Do some Words have a deeper message?
I chose them because they are part of my language.
You can assign significance, but I did not intend it.

It's raining while I write this, and
the sky is refusing to clear.
I am not attempting pathetic fallacy,
Simply making an observation.

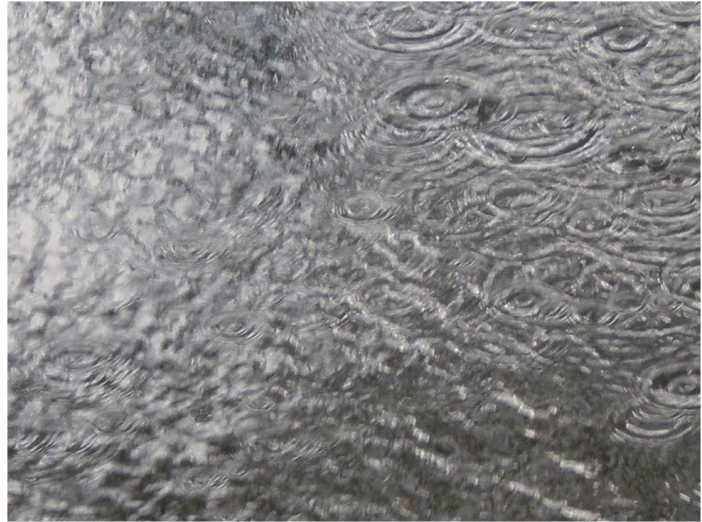
If you are still reading this,
And have not yet given up,
I'll share with you a secret,
Although some may know already.

I enjoy analyzing works of literature.
I love to dig for deeper truth.

BUT,

I hate eviscerating works of literature.
I loathe dredging up absurd untruths.

I am writing this to make a point.
Tread carefully when finding the deeper meaning,
For there is no meter, little symbolism, and scarcely a
rhyme.



Rain

Stephanie Flask

Null and the Void

DJ Martino

You know nothing of true fear.
All you understand is fright.

Frightened people seek shelter.
Fearful people stay inside.

Fright causes momentary panic.
Fear destroys lives.

Fright is not often remembered.
Fear is never forgotten.

Fright can happen to a small group.
Fear can afflict a civilization.

Fright is caused by the unknown.
Fear is made worse with knowl-
edge.

If roles were to be assigned,
Fright would be Null,
And Fear would be the Void.

Red

Ken Klemens

I want to see red...
Full, pretty ...dead faces
Heads shoved into the ground
Mouths muffled not making a sound
While all around red lavishly leaks out
Provoking thoughts without a doubt

Red the ultimate answer to all of my questions
Abruptly stopping life without leaving suggestions
Red realizations combined with bruised bodies
Red infatuations
Red devastation
Red spread all over the nation
Red revelations
Accompanied by painful red sensations...
Pouring out the red that runs through us all

Red all I see walking down the streets
Red out of my windows
Red disturbing peace everywhere, red occurring
Red on TV
Red programmed into people
Red the color of hate vibrantly seducing our sympathy

Red are the eyes of the injured man
Who can no longer stand the sight of society
Red, the reasons for running away
Red, the hell that we have to pay
Red, reaching out
Red- stopping collisions
Red- leaving many visions
Red philosophies and bright red prophecies
Red receivers
And red rooms with red believers
Red raping reputations
Red ruining religions
Red is the liquid that saves some
Red is the reason for retribution
Sometimes red is the only solution

The Inside of Me

Julia Brookhart

What you see is what you know
But the inside of me will never show

Happy, joyful, smiley is seen
No one looks in-between

Sad and gloomy when I'm alone
Who's really me isn't known

Awkward and strange, weird to others
Too band they won't see the expression it covers

Crazy, insane, psycho I can be
But do you think that's really me?

I live in fear each and everyday
Of what someone else could possibly say

"You're not real, what I see is fake"
"You'll never be true, never give always take"

I'm an okay person...someone you can trust
I'm used to this, I will adjust

Happy and fun, that was me first
But never could I quench the different thirst

I've always been different, never fit in
Always kept myself alone, secrets within

Inside of me there's a life never born
I bloom like a rose, but bleed from the thorns.

Lost and gone, now forgotten
Nightmares like death, dreams like cotton

Jesus loves me this I know
For my silence tells me so

Dreams of Heaven, oh so near
About to break, I'll shed a tear

Listen to my sorrow song
Words of death, I feel so wrong

Darkness is read, I will be free
Gentle words, sung by thee


What's inside of me, I'm unable to show
Because who I am, I don't even know.



Ink 1 - Yeonhwa Jeong



Ink 2 - Yeonhwa Jeong



Night Springs in Bright Falls

DJ Martino

*“And now, to see your love set free,
You will need the witch’s cabin key.
Find the Lady of the Light,
Gone mad with the night.
That’s how you reshape destiny.”*

As I write these thoughts, my words take form.
I cannot stop it, merely a disheveled narrator.
I have to keep going. I will get her back.
After this chapter, I’ll be on the right track.

Night falls, they rise...demons, devils, or worse.
Shadows of their former selves. No!
Shadows within their former selves.
Once a flashlight, now a weapon,
Once a streetlight, now a haven.

I awake in a fog, smug doctor above my head.
“I had to give you a sedative. Don’t fight it,” he
said.
He was lying, I knew it. I had to get out.
The Old Gods guided me. I returned to the night.
I had but one goal: Find the Lady of the Light.

Leaving Valhalla was against my will,
But the manuscript was law, and so I complied.
Running through the streets, chased by the Dark-
ness,
Had I not found a true friend, I may not have sur-
vived.

With some assistance from the “fiery eye of Mor-
dor,”
I made it to the Lady. Oh, the sanctimonious light!
Her wisdom was sage, my solution made plain.
I had to fill the darkest heart with light.

Alice was close, but still so far away.
Trapped in the dark, her greatest fear,
My heart ached at the thought.

Into the Well-lit Room, where no shadow held
sway,
The loophole in the story, my past predetermined.
I read a tale I thought was my own,
Immortalized in ink by the hands of stranger,
Yet, not a stranger, but a kindred spirit.

Suffering from a similar plight, his solution is
mine.
I bid the Lady farewell and returned to the lake.
Clicker in hand, with a deep breath, I jumped.
I am in my own world, yet not in control.

Surrounded by words given form by light,
I resolve to act as my own author.
The cabin appears; the witch is inside.
I enter undaunted. She can no longer hide.

“She is dead. You will never get her back.”
I hear the hollow voice, and her figure appears.
With a firm embrace, one click unleashes the light.
However, my work was not yet done.

The story needed an ending, but I was torn.
I could not make Tom’s same mistake,
And my life and soul were forfeit.
I sat before the typewriter and breathed deep.

“It’s not a lake. It’s an ocean.”

from volleyball. Yatzi's team won a large straight: win 1, win 2, win 3, win 4, win 5...

During a team interview, Yatzi was asked what his motivation was. Yatzi answered, "I like celebrating and watching my favorite movie *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* after the games." Such a change from seriousness to celebrating and working to enjoyment! Yatzi appreciated other team wins and their celebrations. With the students realizing this, they wanted to make Yatzi's college experience and their own college experience special.

They began a fundraiser and raised enough money to buy a bronze bell, a key element in Yatzi's favorite movie. With this, the students celebrated not only the volleyball wins in recognition of Yatzi, but every athletic win by ringing the bell. Yatzi was ecstatic that he had a chance to celebrate and unite the college students in a common goal: striving for excellence inside and outside the classroom.



Building Instructions

Keisha Shaw

Mosque

Supplies: drill, screws, steel beams, concrete, stained glass windows,
Prayer mats, and most importantly the Qur'an.
Optional: First Amendment of the Constitution

Build in a location that will cause controversy.

For best prayer results, face Mecca.

Place steel beams into the wet cement
(allow time for the concrete to harden).

With the drill, fasten the remaining steel beams
together with screws to form the frame of the Mosque.

After putting up the walls, place the stained glass windows
in their respected spots.

Paint murals with bold colors and
Qur'an excerpts in Arabic.

News reports and protesting daily.

Lower Manhattan
Allen Morrill



Acquainted with the Night
Leah Kook

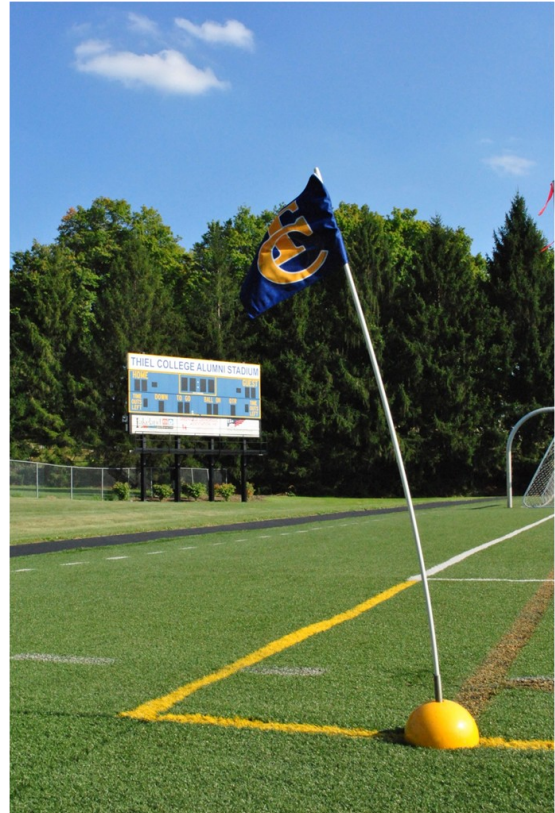
I have been one acquainted with the night
Whose trusting blood is dark and miles deep
Whose flesh is bare and cold, whose rest is tight.

Whose tired eyes at last fall prey to sleep,
No longer seeking pricks of pins on black.
A stony silence in this hour I keep

Then wake so pale and puzzled on my back
To sense that somehow, nothing made me stir
While pinkish dawn was only but a crack.

My mind, to find me waking, insecure
Enough to keep me still, could never smite
The hollow consciousness my dreams prefer.

The bluster at my window thinks it right.
I have been one acquainted with the night.



Wavin' Flag
Kendell Harrell

A Spirit

Ken Klemens

Pour me a drink bartender, please pour me a drink
I need you to think for me bartender, I rely on your instincts to think

Everyone comes here to quench their inquisitions
Most spout their problems to you, while very few others listen
The place where everyone's drink is different but they all are made the same

We come to this place with our faith in a glass
Some have questions they will never ask, some don't acknowledge your name

You, the creator, concocting what composes us
We may not speak directly to you, but it's in you that we all trust

We all drink down our faith until we've had our fill
Some drink to relax, some drink until they collapse, and others become quite ill
Though you might disapprove of some, it is you who gave us free will

So say a prayer for me bartender, please say a prayer for us all
As you stand behind your sweaty burned alter looking for the loyal
Some will slam down their faith, while others will let it spoil

Dr. Jeckel and Mr. Hyde

Ken Klemens

Sometimes I want it so bad I can feel it
Sometimes I want it to die and go away
That fiending feeling that plagues my peace
I want to stop battling these butchering demons
I want to silence their screaming in my scattered mind
I long to find the savior of sobriety
I want let out of this dream gone wrong, I no longer want to depend on substance that sickens me
But sometimes I want it inside me so bad I can feel it
And I'm fine for the feeling of death it delivers
Knowing I'm sick isn't enough to stop its surreal strength
Knowing I'm powerless doesn't prove useful and knowing I'm weak wearies what little hope I have of
staying away

My mind has been split in two opposing sections that joust each other
Trying to justify, selfish reason versus self-preservation,
A splitting sensation that sends me spinning in 2 separate directions,
Confused and bound to lose either way
Even if I save myself for a day I know one day there won't be "saving"
And old cravings will claw their way through, coming after my clean comfort until it die dirty
Sometimes I want it, sometimes I want it to die
I long to shed this numbing shield I sometimes search for

For too long I relied on a spike to stop myself from feeling
Dr. Jeckel is the healing and Mr. Hyde is the hell that wants to have my heart
Two different entities stored in the same shackled shell
Fighting for sole control of their good and ill natured goal
One wants life and one craves slow death
Back and forth they go at it,
Through dry days and wet nights
And during it all I know this fight can't last forever-
Eventually there will have to be a final victor

There is no shelter inside
Only a skitsofrantic tide that tries to pull me out and drown me in a suffocating sea of self-destruction
Taking my pride away in pockets while fingers fill my sockets, trying to stab the eyes that realize away
Why can't I be ok?
Normal, not nagged by 2 beasts buried inside my brain
Both hammer headaches upon my mind that are beyond any definition of pain
Both have interests and intentions
Both beat each other senseless searching for submission
I can feel myself wanting to give in and fight at the same time
Sometimes I want it so bad I can feel it capture me and take me away from my new found self,
Other times I want to run away, leaving what could have been (hurt and depression)
Where it belongs, on the shelf

Elements of Me

Ciara Frain

My peers, I am the rain
I am the drizzling water that seems to lightly touch you
I am the drips upon your face that disguise themselves as tears
I am the Rain; do not doubt me.

My comrades, I am the sun
I am the beams that gently warm your skin
I am the bright God-like circle that looks down upon you
I am the Sun; do not criticize me.

My love, I am the moon
I am what lights your way at night
I am what changes as you do, goes through cycles, begins anew
I am the Moon; do not fear me.

My friends, I am the earth
I am what gives life time and again
I am all around you, everywhere you go, constantly growing with you
I am the Earth; do not forget me.



Air

Amy Jane Matchett

Well there's no point in keeping this useless baggage here,
So I'll empty out my car and whisper in your ear.
There's no sense pretending we will ever make this right;
Just watch me drive away and disappear into the night.
While you're holding onto every dream and every doubt,
I'll turn up my music and drown your memory out.
Because holding onto you is worthless in itself,
Making me believe that you were the only way to help,
To fix this broken road I've paved along the way,
To patch up the holes inside my chest your bullets created every day.
So watch me leave. Watch me forget.
Watch me erase every solid mark you left.
Because trying to hold onto nothing
Is like holding onto to air.

The Faerie and the Goblin

DJ Martino

The sun slowly rose on the land of the Fae.
The goblins awoke, for they wanted to play.
Tricks are a goblin's true love so they say.

Lobart, a goblin of moderate measure,
Saw a lone Fae, and to his great pleasure,
Told the small thing of a great hidden treasure.

Young and naïve, her attention was rapt,
But she did not know that Lobart had her trapped.
He told her the location of the trove was unmapped.

"It's not for someone as small as you," Lobart said with a sneer.
The young faerie's brow furrowed, gifted Lobart with a leer.
She said, "You do not know what I've accomplished around here."

"Oh, great things, I'm sure, for someone so young,"
Lobart replied through his hidden forked tongue.
"But for the finder of this treasure, great songs will be sung."

Visions of greatness filled the young faerie's head.
She let her thoughts linger on what Lobart had said.
"I'll find this great treasure or may I be struck dead."

At this Lobart smiled, for only he knew the truth.
The treasure was false, at least there had never been proof.
This young goblin had hidden his nature uncouth.

The faerie sped off, a treasure to find.
At this Lobart smiled, a grin most unkind.
Only he knew the degree of the plan in his mind.

Then Lobart slept, for many days and nights.
His rest undisturbed, dreaming of sounds and of sights,
Of distant lands and of treasures glowing bright.

As he slept, a transformation occurred.
Even though it might sound quite absurd,
He sprouted wings, like those of a bird.

He had become a Fae, and with a smile and a shrug,
Flew into the horizon, into warm air his wings dug.
Remembering the faerie caused his heart nary a tug.

*The young faerie died, I'm sorry to say.
Her pride led to her doom, it led her astray.
But Lobart gained power, and at the end of the day.
The sun slowly set on the land of the Fae*

Ex Libris 2
Sabrina
Schreckengost





No Data
Suguru Daigo

The Mirror is a Hazard Zone
Julia Brookhart

It's a hazard zone by the mirror,
Bombs are falling from her eyes.
Grooves in the glassy slab,
Cement over whispered lies.

Self-control is fleeting,
Staring down the beast within.
She still believes feeling beautiful
Must be a sin.

And little tiny voices,
Slowly bringing her down.
Self-conscious reflection ever
staring
Looks like she's about to drown.

Clouded self image,
Murky eyed glare.
Can't reveal the gorgeous
Person that is there.

I wish she could see,
From a stranger's point of view
'Cause she's killing off the girl
She never really knew.

FAMILY
Tim Taylor

There is no means to end, no wrongs to amend
Working together for something better.
Straight into the light, swords and shields, prepared to fight.
Each member shoulder to shoulder, getting higher and higher.
Success in every moment, patrons of mourning, in the children who hold onto lament.
Gathering sticks for warmth, gather bricks for hearth.
Gravity takes its greedy face, while persistence gathers in time and place.
Each mother, father, and child, breathing in life's care to the wild.
Walking, while resting, on one common track,
Bringing forth love and taking virtue back.
Floods of inspiration, carrying the rock, closing the doors on desperation.

Untitled

Tim Taylor

May your dying wish come true
May your life be remembered as a spirited adventure.
May the sky warm your soul and carry you home.
May the dreams of you, inspire us in rapture.
May we live to succeed, following your lead.
May the sun remain cheerful in memory of your life.
May the moon whimper in your memory.
May the hearts of children be filled with belief.
May ones story resonate with glory.
May the hope of tomorrow, present itself today.
May we live onward, without the need to say...
I love you.

A Pathway Reminds

Miles Wilburn

I exchange glances with a ghost from my past.
Along a sidewalk for a second it lasts.
For that one second a summer doth flash.
The winter of my soul, so somber and sick.
The beauty of love, so lovely, so quick.
In that one glance there is a life's worth of meaning
In that one look there is a friendship retreating.

Winter did come and I sought for protection
From heartbreak, woe, sadness, depression
But wounds heal in time, Hearts do mend.
With the love of brothers, and friends.

Today I exchanged glances with a ghost.
A fragment of past, 5 seconds at most.
But in those 5 seconds, 2 seasons remembered
one of love bloomed, and one of depression.

So when you walk on sidewalks, reflect on your past
Improve the future, time doesn't last
When you feel slightly confined
Remember me on that walkway, a pathway reminds.

Toxemia

Ciara Frain

Four walls envelope me,
lying in the darkness and
Drowning in my own mourning.
All that surrounds me is ebony,
matching my dark mood and
making invisible my
broken eyes and crying heart.

The air is running clear,
seeping out away from me,
making even false hope disappear;
I want to die and fade away.

A small line increases like spider
thread, it crawls on the floor,
it lets in the dead,
they flow in like smoke,
and constrict my thoughts,
make my legs lose their balance,
make my veins tie in knots.

I feel cold and diseased alone
with the deceased;
rapid pain from buckled knees,
internal bleeding as I freeze.



Jellyfish

Stephanie Flask

My Place

Ciara Frain

Beams of fluorescent light brightly shining;
Rainbow showers float down along the sea.
This is my ocean, not of salt water or sad;
of bright green grass, lush trees, and blooming flowers;
of sounds and smells not known to the city dwellers.
This is my peace; my paradise.
Here you are automobile; no, not a car, you have
your own automatic mobility; carried by your feet
through this vast beautiful forest;
Wandering on without boredom,
without worry or anger.
You are alone, but not lonely;
here you are not allowed to be depressed.
I can stay as long as I please,
no cost to me but time.
I'd give up all time to stay peaceful and serene,
but something still compels me to leave;
some strange mental chime;
some call to me from my other world;
my other life;
away from this place;
this wonderful paradise;
this life we wish to live is always so distant.

Dreams

Aaron Daufala

My dreams are haunted by a dark shape,
A figure, an apparition from my past.
I wake up in a cold sweat,
With fear in my eyes and pain in my heart.

What evil act did I commit,
That I am constantly haunted so?
I fear that I will never escape this ghost,
That only death will release its hold on me.

And what is the nature of this shade,
Some great monster, some terrible demon?
No, it is an object of immense beauty,
The person I once loved with all my heart.

Oh, if only she had been as devoted to me in
life,
As her figure is in haunting my sleep.
Even in the world of my dreams,
I can't escape the pain she caused me.



DJ Martino



*Sony Center,
Berlin
Amy Jane
Matchett*

The Darkness Within
Aaron Daufala

Can you feel the darkness inside you grow?
Its presence in your heart you must know.
An evilness inside, we all possess.
It starts as a sliver in the hearts of the pure.
The trials of life cause it to expand.
Its icy venom spreads through our veins,
To turn us cold both in and out.
A great dilemma all humans face,
To fight its advance both tooth and nail,
Or to embrace the evil within?
Which is wiser, which more profitable?
Or are these the proper questions to ask?
Should we ask what person or event,
Caused our tribulations, the sliver to grow.
Perhaps we should harness the power,
To do what is right by us.
But do we even know right?
Or have our perceptions been perverted,
By the shade of evil that covers our soul?

Good and Evil
DJ Martino

**I should've seen you for who you were,
Rather than follow your siren song.
I don't remember why I felt so sure,
Why I let you string me along.**

**It was so great, an ideal romance.
I thought it was love, pure and strong.
I didn't realize you had me in a trance.
I couldn't possibly have been more wrong.**

**When we met, you were an angel,
Your halo brighter than the grandest morn.
Now, I know in this vision I was mistaken.
Blinded by the false light, I simply failed to
see your horns.**

Your Love

Rochelle Adalia Terhune

My Heart on fire,
My Body finally under my control,
My Mind focused on You,
What can I do besides love and trust You?

My past washed away by Your Son's blood,
A new me arises from the water,
To live my life in Your arms,

You walk beside me, holding my hand,
Reassuring me as I go into the World,

When the prince of this World causes me to stumble,
You catch me before I fall,

You open doors and guide me through them,
Showing me the way to live my life for You,
While I learn how to hear Your voice,

As I walk forward Your Son holds my hand,
Keeping me on the path,
Your Holy Spirit is in my Heart,
Preparing me to meet You,
And if I look behind me I will see You, arms wide,
Effortlessly holding back the demons,
Who would like to consume me,

I am surprised to find that,
The walls I had built around my Heart,
To protect me from pain have crumbled,
Leaving my Heart unshielded and yet,
I am not afraid,
Because all I need for protection now is,
Your Son, whose blood was shed,
That I may live forever with You,
You the Father, who shields me,
From the worst of the pains in this World,
And Your Holy Spirit, in my Heart,
Guiding me and filling my Heart, Mind, and Body,
With Your Love!

I love you

Amy Jane Matchett

You look at me and I wish you could see
Everything I feel inside...

I can't seem to find the words to say,
The answer that will take any doubts away.

Just believe in me
If only for today,
That tomorrow without you
Would never be the same.

I can't stand the minutes we spend apart,
The miles of distance that pull on my heart,
So calm down your worries and set them aside;
Watch me love you with the look in my eyes.

The sky could fall and pin the world down.
The whole earth could flood, but I'd never drown,
Because I have you holding my hand.
Our love is a storm, nothing can withstand
Outlast the hours, the days, the years
Wade through the storms, the words, the tears.

Flashing lights, speeding cars
I don't care where we are
Hearing nothing, seeing you
In your arms...

It's what I do.

Articulation with words is never enough
I wish I could show you
...how quickly my heart speeds up
At the sound of your voice,
The touch of your lips,
The moment your place your hands on my hips

So believe in me
If only for today,
That tomorrow without you
Would never be the same...

I love you.



DJ Martino

Hell-ucinations

DJ Martino

A warm breeze tickles the fields.
The sun shines bright in the clear sky.
Birds sing of the wonders of the world.
A tractor roars, processing the grain.

At least, that's what I tell myself.

The breeze is from fire. The fields are ablaze.
The sun is a spotlight searching for runaways.
The birdsong is actually a chorus of screams.
Instead of a tractor, an unnamable machine,
And grain is not processed, but unfortunate
souls.

Elysium (Where the Muses Sing)

Duranna E. Fretts

Take me with you, to Elysium, where the sun will shine,
And the flowers will bloom with ready dancing petals,
And the trees will hum with sweet rhythmic voices,
And the rain will flow down like idle, whispering crystals.
And you and I, my love, we will lay entwined forevermore,
Under the blazing sun, wrapped in Helios's hands,
And we will sing, and sing, and sing, the muses' song,
Until the end of time, these words will sing the muses' song.



Harter Rocks
Kendell Harrell

The Last Stand DJ Martino

Here in the void, I make my last stand,
While evil and darkness both spoil our land.
The light has been lost, a cruel twist of fate,
Replaced instead by killing and hate.

What can I do, for I am only one,
When Evil itself blocks out the sun?
I can almost hear music, haunting my heart.
I am frozen in time, afraid to make a start.

The melody quickens, a dark chorus joins in.
My knees grow as limp as a soldier of tin.
The voices swell, the horizon grows dark.
An army approaches, uniform and stark.

And yet here I stand, my own melody.
The rhythm is simple, timeless and free.
Dissonance comes, a crescendo of doom,
But it will take more than death to seal up my tomb

I charge head on, thinking only of life.
Maybe my tune can stave off this strife.
The evil song slows, legato in stride.
The leader makes threats, I've nowhere to hide.

In an act of defiance, I throw down my shield,
And mock their dark chief, I cannot yield.
He scoffs at my ignorance, he laughs at the sound.
My melody obviously falls right to the ground.

The army of shadows, at marcato speed,
Ran with all quickness, my blood was their need.
I lifted my sword, my heart filled with pride.
The mocking done, time I could no longer bide.

This is my last stand, I've said it before,
But the change in tempo, I cannot ignore.
From somewhere behind me, a choir of few.
I turn in disbelief, can it really be true?

Hoping beyond hope for a nonexistent light,
Fighting every impulse telling me to take flight.
From the endless void, a troop of heroes arrives,
Like a group of lost bees returning to their hive.

Each wielding weapons thought lost to time,
Declaring their attack in the name of the divine.
The leader of the darkness shows signs of fear.
He didn't expect this, they shouldn't be here.

And yet here they came, all righteous of heart,
The prophecy fulfilled, each playing their part.
The music now rises to thunderous pitch.
The dissonance grows weaker, a pleasant switch.

The army of dark meets the alliance of light.
The gods themselves all witness this plight.
In the symphony of violence, all notes meld as one,
Yet a melody sounds, it is that of the sun.

Here in the void, I make my last stand,
While love, life, and happiness return to our land.

Charcoal 2
Yeonhwa Jeong



Alone with Rice

Miles Wilburn

I cooked the rice at a quarter to ten
sat in the chair and began...
to slowly eat, chomping and chewing
thinking of what else this rice and I could be doing.

I could be married walking along, rice tossed around.
I threw that away and my head began to pound.
I felt lost

I chew a bit more, and think to myself at eleven
I could have added a bit more spice to this, maybe spices times seven.

My life could have used a bit more spice as well
Sitting here alone, I could be out at the bar, but instead here I dwell.

I sit and think depressive thoughts its now about twelve, I begin to snore .

I wake, and then I eat a bit more, and then decide I don't want to eat rice anymore.

Opponent Takedown

By Leanna Yeager

A group of girls look at the prosy like an opponent,
Attacking the holes and digging their hits like moles,
Looking for any way to put the ball down,
Down to the floor, so they'll exit the gym door,
Hit it deep, tip it short, and make them move,
Make them dive and attempt to win best of five,
Take each play one point at a time,
Follow every ball and every line,
Only a few points more, they're almost there,
Quicken the pace and possibly hit someone in the face,
Game point, ball hits the floor, look at the score,
They've won; they won the understanding of the prose.



Allen Morrill



Feels like Fall
Danielle Dwyer

Lesson on the Shelf

Julia Brookhart

Around them I'm confident, loud, cheery, and fun
I appear to have no problems to anyone.
Opinionated, wicked, one you can't tame.
A girl unfamiliar with the feeling of shame.

Why let them know that I don't fit their claims?
Instead I live a little, laugh a little,
Smile; play their games.
But at home my story changes,
Yeah it's really quite the strangest.

Alone I scream, alone I weep
Alone I cry myself to sleep.
I long for blood, I long for gore
I long to block the pain once more.

So drag that blade across my skin,
Commit my perfect little sin.
As I chant the points I wish to pass,
Skinny, tiny, bones like glass.

Daddy's little girl I am no longer
I've fallen victim to an identity much, much stronger
I fight a whole new brand of monsters that live inside of me
They go by perfection, control, a number I let define me.

I cut, I drink, I smoke, I pop pills
Half for the numbing, half for the thrills
Day to day I live to please,
The problems of others I wish to ease.

But I know what they say, a lesson long on the shelf,
"You can't help others if you can't help yourself."



Adam's Farewell

DJ Martino

Dearest Lilith,

I write with love and sadness, with hatred, passion, zeal.
When first we met, who would have guessed the hell Heaven wrought.
We shared our deepest feelings, though yours were flecked with sulfur.
Your eyes once gleamed with holy light, but all I see now is fire.
At the penultimate beginning, we shared the first sunset.
As owls announced the first night, I thought our love was pure.
You are an abomination, a cankerous, rotting sore, a stain on all creation.
Espousing vile epithets, you deserve God's grace no more.
As I lose my composure in writing, may our tainted bond be shattered.
I wish nothing more than your swift demise, for to Hell your soul is tethered.
The shackles of lust fall from me, for that's all this ever was.
What I perceived as love was falsified. I was deceived by Lucifer's slight.
As I envision your destruction, I pray for it to come with all speed.
I see your grave and its epitaph:

*Lilith: Breaker of Men, Destroyer of Love.
Heart and soul a demon, she was only ever loved by one man.*

I love you Lilith, and I fear I always will.

She Thinks... She Knows She's Black

Kendall Delashment

If you told her she wasn't then she'd disagree,
And she know how to work it well so I let it be,
Plus she even got curves like the letter B,
I guarantee that the girl is black, but technically,
Her skin color ivory, but her attitude is ebony,
Swagger like a superstar, gotta love her energy,
The way she talks about her future black kids,
I ain't got the heart to tell her that she had it backwards,
Well...she could probably pass for mixed if she hung with me,
And you could maybe feel her soul if she sung Whitney,
But she don't need your approval on the case,
She black and she proud, no further debate,
No further mistakes, Sarah's one of a kind,
Pretty and witty, yea she kinda remind
Me of a black chick and a white girl combined,
Can't knock it cause I love it, what a grand design,
And I feel so bad, cause she feels confined,
In that white girl body, but still she shines,
And baby girl so smooth, so I love the fact,
She dreams, she thinks, she knows she's black

To Whomever This May Concern

Kendall Delashment

I've been watching you close
And I've got a thing for you I just thought you should know
As I watch you at the back of the class
I'm wondering if your eyes would meet mine or would you just walk past
I know you have a man, but you have to understand
That I'm looking for a friend to stay true to the end
She's a quarter out of ten, yes a true beauty
A real cutie and it'll mean the world if you choose me
I mean a lover not a Valentine, so put away the cards
Plus you brighten up my night, so they can put away the stars
I'm not promising you cars, nor the diamond rings
All you need is my love and the finer things
A princess, but I'll treat you like the finest queen
Friendship and honesty is what I can bring
So whomever this may concern, I've been watching you close
And I've got a thing for you I just thought you should know
When you read this just know that there's love in every line
Please respond when you can and thanks for your time

DJ Martino

Story of my Life in D Minor

Matt Hadden

It has never been so hard to unweave this web.
I should be better off, but I'm here instead.
You mess me up more than the drugs you hate me for,
And it's the worst trip I've had for sure.
If God gives life just to take it away,
Then you and him must read from the same page.

I'm glad they make good love songs,
'Cause love it never ends up that way.
I'm hoping that you're hearing this, and that you'll say,
"I'm sorry for the way I acted, would you please take me
back today?"
And I'll have to say no, you've made this bed so here you'll
stay.

The story of my life: When it Rains it Pours.

No sunny beaches or sandy shores.

Maybe it's the fruit of temptation

Leading me to this dark contemplation.

I'm pretty sure that I'll never see paradise

Because waking up is a deadly vice.



Dark Night of the Soul

DJ Martino

Don't turn off the light. Leave it on, leave it bright.
In the Dark, I see things, things that shouldn't be seen,
Shadows of my dismal past, rainy days and falling leaves.
Don't turn off the light. Let it burn warm and white.
The voices. Oh, the voices, murmuring in the Dark,
They mock me, they mourn me, they rejoice in my lament.
Don't turn off the light. Allow it to stave off my fright.
In the right un-light, I can see them without using my eyes,
Ceaseless tossing and turning, rumbling and despair.
Don't turn off the light. You cannot understand my plight.
Success forlorn, a love forgone, happiness forbidden,
I've earned their scorn, I live in guilt, with trials unending.
Don't turn off the light. While it glows, I have my sight.
A tattered dress, a moldy book, only shadows remain.
Perhaps, in this Dark, there truly is a chance to be saved.
Would you please turn off the light?
I welcome the cold death of night.

I Give

Ciara Frain

I sit and I write almost every day,
'cause I try and I try to just make it okay,
and we think that it's fine but we don't really know;
wrong decisions repeating ten times in a row.
We're lost and we're found on and off like a light,
and we get thrown in a pit where there's no room to fight,
and I smile and I laugh each and every day,
'cause I try and I try to just make it okay.
We get caught in a storm somewhere out at sea
when they nod and they stare, but inside disagree.
And we talk and we yell when they don't seem to hear,
and the ones who don't listen think the fogged mirror is clear...
and I cry and I hurt inside every day,
'cause inside I know that it's never okay.



Untitled

Dara Sefton

As I was spending time in a place of a warm and distant land,
I thought the problems of the North had stayed above the Line.
The General sat me down at the table to inform me
Of the news I already knew. He looked proper and elegant
As a leader should. He explained the battles he lost, and the
Battles he won. For years he kept his chin up, hoping it
Would pass, but even for the sake of the daughter, it couldn't last.
I listened with poise as a Private is supposed to, nodding my
Head to agree. And why not? My arguments were not going
To win. The battle had already been done, and the troops were
Settled in their tents. The two sides would go their
Separate ways and have their separate lives, but the bond
They have because of a child would be forever lasting.

DJ Martino