

Young Writers Workshop

2010 Anthology

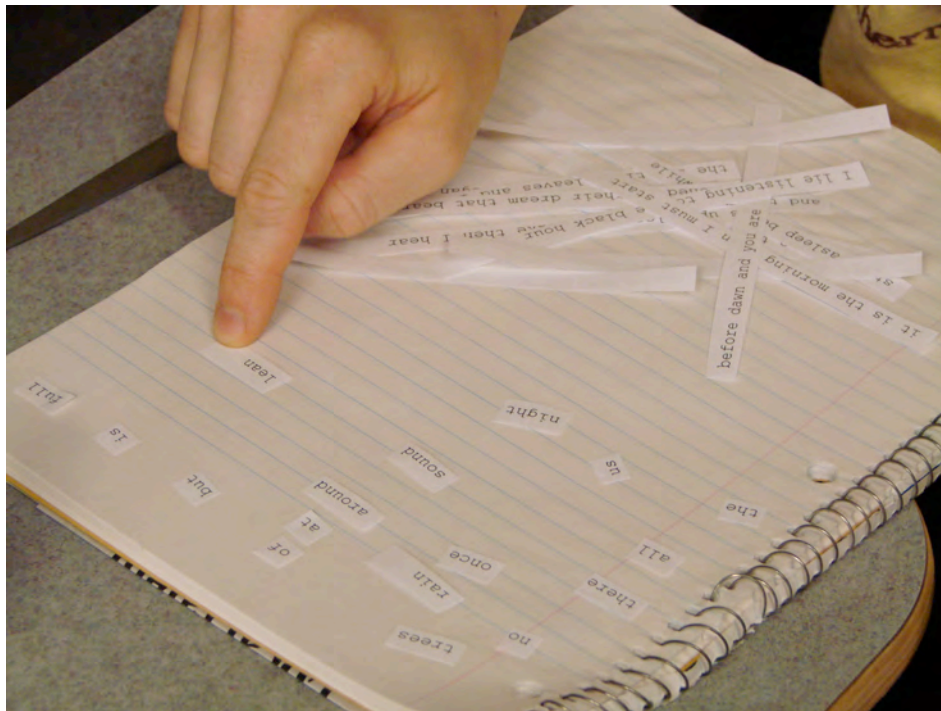


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Special thanks to all the young writers who attended this year's workshop! You made it a wild, crazy, imaginative, word-filled event! Enjoy this collection of your words & keep on writing!

Chapter One: Reality

Alexa Baczak

She twirled her sword, countering the attack that had almost pierced her and shoved her attacker aside hungry for someone else to challenge her.

The battle was fierce with the sky the color of a wildfire, and the music of swords crashing in an endless staccato. The distinctive odor of flames teased her nose, causing her to briefly stop to inhale the fumes. Another soldier took the opportunity to attempt to catch her with her guard down, failing. Before his sword could strike her, she had thrown him down with her shield and placed her sword at his throat. The man stared at her with pleading eyes. Her heart softened and she drew back her sword slowly away from him. She spun around and scanned the blazing battlefield for a fight. Before she could run away, she felt her helmet being pulled back forcefully. Her burgundy hair flew into the air as she herself fell to the ground. She looked at her offender, the man she had recently spared. Growling, she bent her right leg in preparation to jump up, but she was stopped by the other soldier. She watched the ground move beneath her as she tried to concoct a plan to escape.

Acting swiftly, for she knew she had to, she angrily swung her left leg to knock over the man who had stopped her, this time succeeding. She ran towards the hill that was ahead of her. The wind flew past her; she could feel it rushing against her skin and flowing through her hair.

She stepped on the elevating soil and knew she had reached the hill. She rhapsodically began her journey to the top. The sound of the raging fire beneath her seemed to grow louder as she ran further away. She never saw the battle in which she ruled as a warrior.

Then she woke up...

"Zanaire!" shouted a crackling female voice from the first floor. Zanaire opened her eyes, irritated. Why did Anarte always have to wake her up so early? Zanaire let out a breath of aggravated air before slowly forcing herself out of bed.

Last night, her dream had been so vivid and had felt almost tangible. The flames. The pain. The-

"Zanaire!" Anarte shouted even louder than the first time.

"Yes mama, I am coming!" Zanaire sighed at her room, which was dry and tattered. The walls were addling with the question on which color it really was, tan or an olive green. Either way, the paint was beginning to deteriorate. The floor had once been a beautiful mahogany wood, but was now dust covered and beginning to lose its once striking reddish color. A tarnished gold vanity sat patiently waiting in the top right corner of the room. Zanaire's bed rested in the middle of the right wall and reached out to the center of the room. There was also a sunken in hole in the wall that was adopted as a closet.

She groggily went towards the vanity's mirror and saw what curse eighteen years had brought into the world. Her mess of burgundy hair looked near uncontrollable surrounding her fringe, which was coming close to covering her intense green eyes. Her golden tan skin didn't make her look any less mysterious. She ran her fingers through her hair and unsuccessfully attempted to tame it. She retried this a few more times before losing hope.

"Zanaire! What the blaze is taking you so long?" Anarte screamed. Zanaire glared at her door as if she could see through it to her adoptive mother.

"I-will-be-right-there!" Zanaire bellowed back in the most deferential manner possible. She gave one last hopeless glance at the mirror before walking out the room.

Anarte had gray hair with sparkling, matching eyes. Her daughter Malaya was a year older than Zanaire. Zanaire didn't know exactly where she was from; her father dropped her off at the orphanage in the Kingdom of Leaves when she was only a few months old. The only thing she had left from him was his sword. Zanaire was taken from the orphanage when she was two by Anarte and her husband Colore who was beginning to age with Anarte. His light skin was beginning to line while his hair was frosting grey.

The stairs creaked as she trotted down them. Anarte stood next to the small, wood dining table preparing breakfast. Colore was sitting on one of the chairs, reading a lightly browned news scroll.

"Hm" Colore hummed skeptically. "A dead unicorn was found in the Myst Forest. Its body totally scorched" His eyes didn't leave the scroll.

Anarte turned from the pot that was cooking over the fireplace and put a hand on her tiny hip. "A unicorn?" she rolled her eyes. "Set fire? Now I know the news scrolls have been bluffing." She turned back to her respective work cooking breakfast.

"You may be right Anarte, dearest," Colore said sighing before placing the scroll on the table. He lifted his head and grinned, revealing his few missing teeth when he saw Zanaire coming down the staircase.

"Good morn to you! I hope Anarte was not too pushy when waking you up."

Zanaire giggled. "Of course not, it is like every morn." She yawned and stepped off the last of the staircase. "Where is Malaya?"

"Right here" chirped an innocent singsong voice behind her. Zanaire turned to see her adopted sister's face.

Malaya had hair the color of straw and her eyes were clouds after a storm. She always seemed to be smiling and making the large gap between her front teeth seem like a perfection. Her cheeks were constantly a light pink, heavily spotted with freckles that crossed across the young girl's face.

"Good morn, sister." Zanaire replied, smiling.

"Good morn" Malaya grimaced. "What is that awful smell?"

Zanaire inhaled and twisted her face. "I didn't notice that. It smells like eggs...burning, with-"

"Oats!" Anarte shouted from the fireplace. "Eggs and oats." A small black cloud was beginning to emit from the cauldron. Anarte took her oven mitt and quickly grabbed the handle. After placing the pot on the floor, she glanced in it. "A bit burnt, but it will suffice." She turned benevolently to Malaya. "Grab me some bowls and a ladle."

Malaya gave Zanaire a quick, disgusted look before obeying. She brought the requested items to her mother and made a quick glance into the cauldron.

"Mmm, looks---" she stopped and frowned. "Actually, rather repulsive."

"Malaya Strongheart!" Anarte turned to her daughter expecting an apology. Malaya shrugged and walked back to Zanaire's side. Anarte shook her

head and turned back to the pot. As Anarte turned Zanaire could see the slightest hint of a smile.

After the stew was choked down, Anarte sent Zanaire and Malaya out into the farmyard for their daily responsibilities. Malaya obeyed as she always did. Zanaire lay in the shaved cornfield watching the clouds as they moved across the sky and occasionally spotting a dragon.

"Zanaire, you really should work around the house a little bit more often" Malaya stated with a grunt from pulling two full buckets of milk onto her slim shoulders.

"Really?" Zanaire countered playfully before shifting her gaze onto her sister. "And who are you to tell me what to do?"

"Someone who actually cares." She scoffed, annoyed from Zanaire's insouciance.

Zanaire pulled a thread of golden straw from the ground and intertwined it between her long fingers. "I do care, just not about housework," she said dreamily. Her sister simply huffed and went to give meat to the farm harpies. Zanaire watched another dragon fly gracefully through the clouds, beating its great wings in perfect rhythm. She pressed her cheek to the sharp remains of the cornstalks before closing her eyes and entering another world.

"Zanaire..." she felt a harsh nudge on her shoulder and awake to see her sister's harshly aggravated face. "How many times do I have to cover for you?" Malaya vehemently pulled Zanaire off the ground by the arms. "If you are not to do a thing," she sighed. "Well I guess you're pretty much hopeless." Malaya fell against the wooden shed and thoughtfully stared at the sky. "How can you find interest in something so bland?" Zanaire fell beside her.

"I guess you just have to use your imagination."

"I mean it is the same thing every day. Dragons pass, dragons leave. Other than that it is just an insipid blue."

"You have to see it as more than that." After that statement, there was a long silence. Zanaire glanced at her sister, who seemed to be profoundly concentrated on the sky.

"I'm sorry, I can't see it." Malaya stood up and brushed the dirt off of her brown skirt before turning to Zanaire. "If we stay out too long, Mama may get suspicious of us not doing anything. I've already made her angry enough by insulting her porridge or whatever it was."

"You didn't make her angry. I would be astonished if she had not forgotten your comment by now."

As if on cue, Anarte's voice sounded from inside of the cottage calling for Malaya.

"I will return shortly." Malaya meaningfully glared at Zanaire. "And you better have done something productive by the time I do so." With that, Malaya entered the house. Zanaire gazed at the woods across the dirt roads of the village and felt her legs begin to move as if by instinct. Her bare feet moved across the gravel letting the rocks slide between her toes. Eventually, they rocky feeling transformed into a cool, sodden feeling as grass blades took gravel's place. Zanaire closed her eyes as she allowed the shade of the woods succumb her entirely.

The Legend

Alexa Baczak

"My Lord," a small man said bowing to the tall figure in a large throne. "Lady Elenora Valerez has arrived."

The figure nodded his long head. "Bring her forward," he said in a composed voice that usually echoed loudly throughout the room. The servant nodded in compliance before slinking out of the throne room. Not thirty seconds later, a young girl entered.

A cloak covered her tall, slender body. A few brown curls peeked from behind her oversized hood. Passionate green eyes seemed to glow on her fair skin.

"Welcome, Elenora." He said, standing to greet her. "I have heard a great deal about your achievements."

Elenora curtsied before him. "This is the greatest achievement of all, my Lord."

The man held his hand up in front of his face. "My child, you need not bow before me. It is the world that should be worshipping you." He walked off the platform that he was standing on revealing his dark brunette goatee and long face before slowly moving toward her. "I suppose you may be unsure as to why you are here, Elenora."

"It is always an immense honor to be in your presence. I need not question your intentions." Her eyes followed him.

"Very impressive." He stroked his goatee in speculation. "My child, I have seen your records and you are an extremely gifted enchantress." He leisurely glided towards the far side of the room. "You are the only one I have heard of that is equally talented in both Light and Dark Magic." He let his fingers travel along a globe before turning towards her. "I need you to lead both the sides, be the Centre Sorceress." He seemed to demand.

"I am deeply honored for being considered for this occupation." She bent her head down with grace. "I will be pleased to acquiesce, my Lord."

"Excellent!" He strode towards her and grabbed her hand. "I will assure that you will have the finest citadel in the land." He paused. "Go to your quarters and collect all of your possessions, rest tonight, you will be moved in the morning! Farewell until tomorrow, Sorceress." Elenora smiled appreciatively at him.

"I promise that you have chosen the right person for this honor, Lord," she said genuflecting before elegantly gliding out the colossal doors. Seconds later, the man's servant came scampering in. "My Lord, any other requests?"

"Yes, actually" he said, still staring at the door. "We shall have to keep an eye on the Lady Elenora. Something is telling me she may cause a problem in future times." He said this almost to himself before giving his attention to his servant. "Send the finest to move her out of the dormitory tomorrow morning. Make sure they attend to her every request." The small servant stared at his master blankly for any more coming orders. "Well, go!" The man shouted, sending his servant limping hastily out the doors.

Her first thought when she entered the mansion was that it was a dream. The walls were made of white stone while the floor was a swirling cream marble. In the center of the first chamber was a grand cauldron surrounded by aged granite. Deep red curtains of velvet hung off the lengthy windows. Arches that lead to other rooms stood on the distant wall.

She walked forward, awe-struck into the room. The Centre Lord stood in the corner. She started towards him.

"My Lord, I am not sure I can accept this." Elenora outstretched her arm, motioning to the room.

"Please, Elenora dear. Call me Nafik." He kissed her hand. She smiled lightly in response. Then, she heard another pair of footsteps echo through the room. Elenora turned to see who had entered. She did not recognize the intruder, but she could feel her heart beating when she laid her eyes on his face.

"Elenora, this is King Imogen of the Sun Kingdom." Nafik crossed over to Imogen and bowed his head, Imogen did the same. The king continued towards Elenora and deeply bowed before her.

"Welcome to the Centre Starre, Lady Elenora." He said, raising his head to meet Elenora's eyes with his.

"The Centre Starre?" Elenora inquired, not wanting Imogen's gaze to go off of her.

"The name of your home" Nafik strode between them. "The Citadel of the Centre Sorceress, also known as the Centre Starre" Elenora's lips upturned.

"Why is it called the Centre Starre, Nafik?" Elenora asked, taking her attention off Imogen.

"The highest tower allegedly reaches the stars." Nafik offered his arm to Elenora, which she accepted. "I would be obliged to present it to you." He then proceeded to lead her to the tower, Imogen closely following.

The tower was also enclosed with a white stone. The ceiling was held up by ivory pillars while the rest was a large window. Elenora strode to the ledge and looked down. "It is so frighteningly high, but oddly beautiful." She tilted her head towards the sun and let out a long sigh of pleasure when the rays hit her face.

"You are beautiful as well, sorceress." Imogen stood behind her, staring kindly with his chocolate eyes. Elenora spun around and gazed at him, unable to feel anything else but his eyes.

"My dear Elenora" Nafik wrapped his arms around her. "I hope you are satisfied with your home." He put his large hands on her shoulders and gave her the largest grin possible.

"Satisfied?" Elenora interrogated playfully. "I am elated! Words could not express my gratefulness, Nafik." She shook out of Nafik's arms and turned to face Imogen. "And you helped him?"

"Yes, but he did most of the work." Imogen revealed his imperfect teeth. They had the slightest tint to them while a gold tooth replaced one of his molars.

“Well, I will leave you to your treasures, Elenora. You must have had a long day, and it is still only the morn!” Nafik chanted, laughing. He bowed before beginning the walk down the spiral staircase.

“He is right, Lady Elenora Valerez.” Imogen brushed his hand through his thick hair, which was a few shades darker than his eyes. “I will leave as well.” He began to trail behind Nafik.

A rush of disappointment ran through her body. “Imogen!” she called after him though she did not know why. She rushed behind him before he turned to face her.

“Lady Elenora?” he raised one eyebrow.

“Please do not call me by that silly name” she laughed coming up with an excuse. “It is only an address used by people who are not my friends.”

“So you consider me to be a friend?” Imogen’s eyes filled with slight amusement.

“Of course. Why would I not?” Elenora questioned.

“No reason whatsoever.” He smiled. A moment of unspoken silence passed between the two’s eyes before Imogen spoke again.

“I am afraid I must be leaving. My kingdom needs me.” He bowed to Elenora before following Nafik, leaving Elenora on the balcony. She turned towards the edge and for one of the last times was not wishing that she would fall off.

Sophia Ann

Allison Boyland

I closed my eyes and took in a deep breath, letting the cool November air toss my hair around my face. I opened my eyes, looking at the six-foot hole in the ground. My friend would be buried here tomorrow, not that she knew it. They wouldn't tell her when she was going to die, but I already knew. I saw it when I looked at her. I saw it when they signed another paper or wiped away another tear. She would leave tonight, and I would be left as Sophia Ann the seven-year-old orphan with no more best friend.

Mrs. Chavez, my large Italian foster parent, was calling from the front doors of the hospital. I stepped out of the tiny cemetery and walked slowly over to her. She was red faced from fighting back tears. I looked at her with blank eyes and murmured, "It's ok Mrs. Chavez; she's going to play in the clouds just like she told me she wanted to. I better tell her to bring an umbrella." I knew that she wouldn't need one. But adults need to hear this kind of mushy stuff to make them think we're coping with a false understanding. My friend told me she was going to take the invisible form of a spirit and leave her body behind. Kind of like when gas escapes out of the pot when Mrs. Chavez cooks pasta. I told her wherever she goes she has to tell them that she already has a best friend. Sophia Ann, a spirit still in her box. She promised me she would. I asked a nurse where she thought spirits went. She said they go into the sky to his place called Heaven. Kind of like her body was a weight like the ones they use to keep balloons I guess. When I told her my analogy she agreed with me. So I asked her why everyone doesn't just go there. She got really quiet and said because we are given a life of our own here before we can go be with someone named God, who gave us life in the first place. I told her God must have made a mistake and he's trying to fix it. When she asked me what I meant I told her my best friend is going to be with him, so he must have given her the wrong life. So as an apology, he's letting her come early. But he won't be her best friend, because she already has me. Sophia Ann. Her eyes got all watery and she had to walk away.

I don't see why adults get so mushy about this stuff. It's just a logical thought. That's what my best friend told me. That it's always best to be honest and look at things logically so you can find answers. That's why she doesn't want me to cry when she goes away; so I can find the answer to why. I don't think I need the answer right away but if she wants me to find one, I guess I will. All I really need to know is that she'll always be my best friend. She told me she would. I went back into her room and just sat there, telling her about what I thought was the answer. She was really sleepy so I don't know if she heard me, but I talked anyway. Maybe this God would tell her if she couldn't remember what I said. But I don't think he'll have to. She remembers everything I say. She knows my favorite color, and what makes me happy when I'm sad or angry at some mean kid. I know all about her but sometimes I forget. She says that's ok because she knows enough for both of us. But what will I do when she's not there to remind me when I forget? When I asked her she said I'd always remember because she'd leave a little piece of her spirit inside me and that I had to take good care of it. I

promised her I would. I don't know how to feel about a piece of her being in me, but it made her happier to think there would be so I went along with it. I reached over and touched her hand and thought really hard about who I would let sit next to me now. No one could ever be my best friend, not like the one I have. She asked me if I would ever have another best friend. I told her I'd have friends but no one would be the best. She already was and always would be. Because she'd be leaving a little piece of her in me to keep her spot until I left my box and joined her. I told her as soon as I left my box I'd go to her. She told me she'd look for my parents and they'd all wait for me together and she'd have to look for them. I promised her I would. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, and then all the machines started making funny noises and doctors came in. So now they're going to put her in this tiny box and put it in the hole. I don't understand why. It's just a weight, a box. Mrs. Chavez asked me if I'd miss her, and I told her no. I knew she'd be waiting with my parents, because she promised me she would. We made a lot of promises and she's kept everyone of them so she would keep these ones too. Here I am, seven-year-old Sophia Ann; living until I can see my best friend again.

I Picture, a Dreamer

Allison Boyland

Picture this, a wave crashing on a shore. Picture the wave running up the sand, daring to touch the toes of a sleeping girl before falling back into its place in the sea. Look up to the sleeping girl, her auburn hair sprayed across the sand as if she had just fallen down there and decided to nap. Her face is soft and peaceful, with pale skin and naturally rose painted cheeks. Behind her closed eyelids are caring hazel eyes, the eyes of a curious dreamer.

Picture this dreamer having come from a wealthy family, the youngest of four siblings. Do you see it? Do you see her sitting on a stool, staring at an empty canvas wondering what to transform it into. See her steady hand guiding a brush across the canvas, sharing her dreams with the world in wordless portraits. The room around her is small and square, two walls made of glass, showing the view of the ocean in all its blue and green glory. The two walls opposite those are filled with sketches and doodles of varying colors and perhaps no colors at all. She sits in the middle with a wide easel standing in front of her, awaiting to hold her creations in all their splendor.

Picture this dreamer, she is grown up now. Her auburn hair is longer and tied in a bun. She wears long skirts and simple flowing shirts. She is beautiful in the most natural way, can you see it? She smiles sweetly and her hazel eyes glow. She is in love and it inspires her work to be larger and better with colors and imagination unseen. She displays her work proudly, she is becoming an active dreamer.

Picture this, the active dreamer as aged again. She has seen much and spoken her parts. Her auburn hair is now a dainty gray. Her soft face is wrinkled and

educated. Her eyes are still bright but she is no longer an active dreamer. She has passed it unto others and now sits happily beside her husband of fifty years. She is no longer an active dreamer but she is still and forever more, a dreamer.

Dana

Kat Geimer

Invincible, absolutely invincible
She and I sit atop the roof of Walmart,
theoretically unseen, at least from the parking lot.
Snow coming down at an unforgettably slow rate,
Christmas only 19 days from here.

I feel free! shouted to darkness,
meant for me from her, my best friend.
Cold air hammering away at our skin, but didn't matter.
Nothing did.

So, you're 16 now she bellowed at me as we maneuvered
the air conditioner like a high beam, our jungle gym.
I, silent, basking in the effervescent glow of my
best friend, mentor.
My little girl's growing up, I can't wait to watch you turn 18
So motherly for just short of 18 herself

You're not going away to college anymore?
Silent, hopeful
I'll be here for a while, kiddo.
Elated. Fuck you, death.

And at least for the last time we were together,
we felt young, in a good way.

Epiphany

Louis Jones

Two boys on a couch
by a window
in a house on the street.
Eyes opened by a spear from heaven
in a storm;
too much life and truth to live
in man's body
or to see in man's eyes.

Never had no love for no corner king
spitting encyclopedias.
Words weigh a happy man down,
too heavy to take lightly.
It's the ones who tote silence,
too ready to pump
too much death and truth
into man's body
or to hear in man's ears.

I was told
don't trust a man who smiles for no purpose
'cause the workin' man only has two days
of happiness:
the day they die
and the day they're not afraid to.

All our paths,
the world's slowest mass train wreck
at the exact same station.
Some days I wish I could gauge out
these disbelievers.
The only thing standing between a man and God;
two kids on their face
that can't bear that much truth.

Concrete

Louis Jones

Words on the page
forever in motion, yet static.
Same ocean, different water.
Free
as a drunk blind man tap dancing in the
French Quarter.
No breathing room
besides the space between words.
Hard for a dreamer
not to go broke over these line breaks.
Students smile when they
finally see the white
in the blackboard.
Like such young children,
we use words to build buildings and walls,
only to populate the city with sad old men,
dying young women
and drug addicts
too in love with the dark to step in the light.

Me, You, We = Us

Louis Jones

Men spitting oil on us birds,
weighing down our wings
when our fly is too heavy.
We quick,
losing in the only race
where the slowest man's the winner.
Hard to think of that bittersweet day
where you cross the finish line;
sad that this is the way you learn
winning isn't everything.

Others' Love

Mandi Jourdan

It's kind of a shame.

You only knew me when I was young,
Too young to know the difference
Between truth and lies, right and wrong.

I'm kind of in pain-

Because now you've gone and left.
I stand on the pavement,
Watching as you drive away, off again.
After all we've been through,
I expected more of you
Than a last glance and a one way ticket.

You didn't understand
That we weren't ready yet
For the things we thought we knew.

You and I were together but separate-
In one piece, but broken-
Watching as those we loved
Went their separate ways;
Pretending not to hear the arguments
Oblivious, yet cognizant
Of the times that we were the strong ones,
While those older than us were weak.
Even now, you seem to be strong,
Even now, when I'm too hurt to speak.

It's kind of a shame.

You only knew me when I was young,
Too young to know the good times
Were all but come and gone.
I'm dying inside,
Because you think you know me-
When the person I used to be
Is just that: a memory.
Now that we're older, we understand.
We break the rules, and watch them bend.
And we know the truth.
While those that are supposed to know better
Fall victim to the wind and weather
Our paths stay straight and true.

But wait.

Now you've let them sway you.
You've let them tell you how you feel.
You've let them tell you what is real.
You let them try to change you.
You move on, I stay behind,
Begging you, one final time:
Remember that what you think
Of me- of the memories we've made-
Was created in a simpler time,
When love had no reason, had no rhyme,
When childhood innocence was bliss.
Those days are gone, but it's alright to miss
The days gone by when we were too young
To know that we were ruled by others' love.

Fallen Apart Together

Mandi Jourdan

We tried too hard to be everything,
But we knew we never could.
We didn't want to give up anything,
Even though we knew we should.
We said we worked too hard for that-
To give up the things we built;
Didn't know the cup was too full,
Until it had finally spilt.
Spent years lying to ourselves-
Not only that, but each other-
And in the end, said we couldn't tell
That we'd fallen apart together.

Alive

Mandi Jourdan

We're a study in contrast, you and me.
You, with your artificially acquired tan, and I with my pallor worthy of a
vampire
Are as dissimilar as is possible for two females of the same species.

Your life is lived on the football field.
You scream your heart out for a team that can barely refrain from dropping the
ball, let alone score a touchdown.

You don't mean the words of encouragement you chant each and every day.
Sure, you wish them well -- none of them has done anything to offend you, at least in the last week.

But you couldn't care less who wins the game.

Your only concern is if the quarterback is looking your way-

If the skirt you're wearing- if it's even enough material to be classified as a skirt- is revealing enough to attract the attention of the object of your affection.

You turn your nose toward the stars, of which you fancy yourself akin, though you've never done anything more impressive than turn a cartwheel or acquire a B- on your algebra final.

You scoff at me.

You say that I have no life, but you will never understand.

My life is lived through the lives of others.

No, not those that physically surround me- they can live for themselves, and make their own choices, defend their own beliefs.

I live through- I live *for*- those that cannot speak a word of their own breath.

I breathe for them, in more than one interpretation of the phrase.

I dream dreams that cannot ever come to pass, for me.

But I see dreams fulfilled- love found, that bliss which waits for us all, finally achieved-

I live this happiness with each waking moment.

I live my fantasies with each word these beings speak- see places that can never exist, and solve problems that I can only hope I will never face in reality.

I make friends, and I make enemies

Both in this perfect world, and in the imperfect one that we share.

Perhaps you will never understand.

You live for the moment, taking everything you want without the slightest thought or care for those more deserving of the prize.

I live in the present, past, and future.

Have you ever wondered who writes the books on your shelves, or the words that your favorite actor speaks on the silver screen?

Do you know- do you even care- whose stories fill your head, when you can't quite seem to shake off the ghost of a feeling inspired by that last, haunting scene?

She is sitting beside you.

So, tell me: which of us is more alive?

A Call from a College Campus

Ariel H. Leyva

The boy reached for the dormitory phone hesitantly. He was nervous, so nervous that his anxiety was an understatement of itself. He was afraid. He knew he had to make the call, but he certainly didn't want to make the call. Just thinking about touching the phone made his knees weak and his palms sweaty. *What am I going to say?* It was so nerve-racking. An awful thought came to mind. *What do I do if they don't even answer?* If he left a message they would call back; and that would be far worse than if he were made to call them. His options were so limited versus the negative outcomes, which in a word were exponential.

Luke was an average college freshman with the average overbearing parents. If he called them they would hit him with the same barrage of questions that any sane parent would when seeking relief. Are you alright? How is your roommate? Do you have enough money? Are you eating alright? They would come fast and unintelligible, however, and Luke would be hard-pressed to answer them all. In his stupefied silence his parents, to be more specific, his mother would find something wrong with him and she would be charging the six-hour drive to campus in his dad's Ford Escalade. She always believed the Ford made her more threatening. She said it was the wheels and the black color with the red stripe along the side.

Yet as a short and rather portly woman, she couldn't be any less intimidating. She stood about five-two, and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. She had cherry red skin from her Irish complexion that baked as she tended to her garden, which was had always been more of a patch of weeds, anyways. The Irish lineage was well pronounced in her hair as well. Mrs. McCreary belonged to a small and otherwise elite group of ginger headed people who could have by now filed with some government agency as an endangered species. Her flowing mane had overgrown her ponytail, and the elastic hair restraint was lost in the tangle of gnarled, root like, locks of hair. It made her look like a short lion when her fury spouted like the steam out of a teapot. Regardless, she would have still looked like an insane dwarf in a booster seat, driving around a poorly waxed pick up truck.

Luke's fingers frolicked over the telephone in his dorm room, as if every time they came close they were blocked by some sort of static. He had very long, thin, and supple fingers. These fingers were nothing like his mother's short and stubby ones. Sometimes he considered the possibility that his mother had once had fingers as long and pliant as his. Her hands must have been digging into the soil so long that they had crunched up nice and tight. As a gardener she would have had plenty of time to plant her fingers deep into mounds of moist, dense dirt. Although she sold herself off as a green thumb, those short stubby appendages were more or less the black plague to many a healthy flower.

As Luke thought about his own fingers he could see how different he really was from his mother. He most certainly took after his father. He was tall with lean muscle that always seemed tense and ready to be ignited. He had inherited that trait from his father. Once, the young Mr. McCreary had been a

blue-collar factory class worker. He aided in the manufacturing of surgical utensils for doctors, coroners, and even veterinarians. His experience with machines later landed him a job as a technician and he eventually raised enough money to start a proper family. His son not only inherited his father's looks, his square-set jaw and olive skin, but his work ethic as well. Mr. McCreary's never-quit attitude had helped him claw his way up the rungs of the scholastic ladder. Now, here he was at the beginning of his final flight of stairs and he was afraid to call his own mother. Obviously, the only thing he must have inherited was his odd bovine nose that just didn't seem to settle onto his face.

He wished his mother could just understand the anguish that he had felt getting to where he was. His heart was set on the sole goal of becoming a doctor. Mrs. McCreary could wiggle her pork chop digits in the mud, he was going to be elbow deep in a complicated surgery that would save someone's life and reap the real green. *Why can't she accept that I'm going to be the first McCreary to attend college?* It was a privilege, not a disappointment. She ought to have been proud of him, not be worried that he had to spend a bit of time on his own. After all it was only a bit of time in comparison to the lifetime of good that it would bring him. He knew that she wanted him home safe as soon as possible, but he simply had to stay. He wouldn't let her have the choice. However he had made a promise that he would call her every day and like a true McCreary he had to keep up his end of the bargain.

As soon as the phone was at his ear and he could hear the tone each number he pressed made, however, the fear started creeping back. He listened to the call tone and fought of the temptation to hang up the phone. *Please*, he prayed, *please let my dad pick up the...* He was cut off by a loud and shrill voice. "Hoooooneeeeeeyy!" The piercing voice of his mother cut into one ear and out the other, making a pinkish-grayish jam out of his brain on its way through. For a moment Luke was as stupefied as he had expected himself to be. Then came the barrage of questions and he struggled to answer them at the same velocity as they came.

"Are you okay!" Her voice could not have been louder; it was as if she were shrieking into the mouthpiece of her phone. He could almost see her crunched up in her corner of the couch, her legs folded up and hugging her knees, putting the phone as close to her mousy face as she could. Her eyes would be bulging and her cheeks puffy and full.

"Yes." His voice came through so quiet, so meek, and so tremulous that he doubted that he had said anything at all and had only heard a rather loud thought.

"How have you been?" *Loud, so very loud.*

"Good," he replied as quietly as before.

"What's your roommate like? Is he a nice person? Does he eat a lot? Does he sleep a lot? He's not older than you, is he? He isn't a she!?" *Loud, loud, loud!*

"He is good," said Luke, his voice still as soft as down.

"Speak up, I can barely hear you! How's the food. God only knows what they must feed you there. You do eat, right? And none of that fast food nonsense either. No, no nonsense at all in this family, not when it comes to eating." She was still loud, but not quite as loud as before.

"The food is decent," Luke replied. Now he was speaking up. Just like his mother had asked. He always did everything that his mother asked, and that was why he absolutely could not let her drag him away from college.

"Are you still having fun?" His mother asked now, the volume of her voice ever dwindling.

"Yes," Luke returned, the strength in his own voice growing. Her weakness became his strength. He had to take advantage of it as quick as he could.

"I miss you," said his mother quietly. It was in a voice that was barely above a whisper. It could hardly count as actual speech. The sound was the type of noise that a puppy makes when it whimpers dejectedly. Her speech was quiet and quavering and it seemed as if the words were going to melt and hang suspended in between the two phones, never to be heard.

"That's fine, I have to go," replied Luke much louder and nonchalantly than he intended.

"Do you not have the time to talk to me?" Her voice was still shaky although now indignant. Luke scoffed and thought up an excuse. He looked around the empty room and then to the bathroom door.

"I have to take a shower before my roommate," Luke lied; he finished with a good, melodramatic effect, "he hogs all the hot water." Before she could even reply he hung up the phone and tossed himself back onto his bed feeling satisfied. He had escaped that crisis. He grabbed his backpack and pulled out his books. *Now the hard part*, he thought to himself, *the actual studying*. Halfway through the dry chapter on anatomy his roommate walked in. A quick discussion led to his roommate taking the shower first, while Luke finished up with his reading. It was all in the name of efficiency. In truth, however, Luke was having a difficult time with the reading.

It wasn't that his reading was difficult. He was a near expert in the field of anatomy. None in his class could or would surpass him. It was the last few words that his mother said that still hung in the air, an echo determined to be heard. The indignant last words, "Do you not have the time to talk to me?" He did, but he had not wanted to. He was afraid of what she would say, he told himself to forget it. The shower came on, but even that noise couldn't dispel the words that now anchored on his conscience. He had even been almost entirely monosyllabic in his answers. He was afraid of what he would say, Luke conceded to himself. Now guilt was crushing heavily on him. It came faster and stronger than the anxiety from before. He could barely stand up to it. Luke tossed his book aside and held his head in his hands. *What am I going to do now?* The answer seemed so simple. It was the only answer to be had. Luke picked up the phone again and started dialing.

The dial tone played and the phone rang. It rang and rang. The chiming of a clock counting down, and with each time the burden of his guilt weighed heavier and heavier upon him, crushing the very life out of him. He felt like an ass, both by bearing the oppressive guilt, and because of how he had treated his mother. She was the woman who had devoted an entire lifetime to caring for him, nurturing him, and helping him up the steps to where he was today. The phone rang and rang. With each ring his heart thumped louder and louder, threatening to jump out of his chest. The terrible thought struck again. *Oh no, what am I going to do if she doesn't pick up.* The potency of the guilt escalated. The pain of his conscience cried out to him. It banished his fear; it wanted him to say what he had always been afraid to say. Then a voice brought him a great sigh of relief. "Hello?" it was a question, but to Luke it was a melody. It rang through his heart, filling in the grooves where he had tried to cut a piece out.

"Hey mom," Luke said, "I miss you too."

Untitled

Kayla McGillem

Try to see beyond the lies
They tell me all the time
We know they are naught but spies
Willing to commit the greatest crime
I was once filled with wonder at the mysteries left untold,
And discovered fevered hunger for the moon I wished to hold
Life is filled with distance, cracks;
Nothing stays the same
Some only wish to go back
Thinking life is just a game
No one ever truly knows what happens at the end
Just as we pretend to know the mysteries we bend
I wonder when the world is gone
If anything will be left
Or if life will simply be done
And the people left bereft?

Untitled

Kayla McGillem

It is so hard for me to smile
When I want to cry
But I cannot let myself
Show what I wish to hide.
There are few who understand about this pain I bear
And few of those do I trust to show them my despair
For people judge everyone
Without a second thought
And they never consider
The damage which they wrought.
The heart is a fragile thing;
Once dead will it come back?
Of my own experience I learned one thing-
I can't take anything back

I always have loved the stars, though now I only see
The lives of light that, as of now, might have ceased to be.
How do we compare to such a brilliant glow
When we are not even sure what it is we know?

Untitled

Kayla McGillem

I would be lying if I said I was fine
But that is what I say
So you will leave me in peace.
I do not wish to show you the scars I made
For only I can see the marks they left.
People always say they want to know your soul
But not the dirty stains which eat you alive, unable to fight back.
How do you move on
 when inside you're staying still?
even if we try our best
nothing
For a person who never moves, time is only a dream.
And so we look outside the glass, a doll who cannot scream.

Poetry

Sara D. Moss

Dear madam or sir,
I surely do ask,
That you rethink your thoughts
About poetry.

Poetry is a wonder, a beauty,
A mystery to be solved.
It holds new worlds
Of which you can explore and embrace.

The words of poetry,
Flow with everlasting rhythm.

Poetry is art,
And poetry is everywhere,
But you must decipher its own meaning
For yourself.
Would you be the one,
Who took the beauty from the world?

A visual artist,
Can put drawings and paint on paper,
But a poet can describe the feeling it brings
And bring out to attention what is being shown into words.

So, if you please,
Give us dear poets a chance,
And we shall be appeased.

War Hero

Sara D. Moss

Her blue eyes widened.
A slight, biting breeze came through a broken windowpane.
Patience.
No one stirred down below in the small courtyard.

He's gotten taller- grown right out of his tunic.
The walls were gilded with the rosy light
That came to the desert in late spring and autumn.
He's to be knighted in a few days.

This was no shadow,
only a nice and helpful boy who had been kind.

The sunlight was on her face,
And she did not have to draw attention to herself by moving.

He had his share of pride in the accomplishment,
His share of love for the harsh land that, testing them,
Had not found them wanting.

(exact lines from "Dragon Prince: Book II (2) -The Star Scroll" by Melanie Rawn)

Fire

Sara D. Moss

The red-orange blaze bounds,
Licking the sticks and logs,
That break and fall away.
The flickering fire whispers unheard words.
Crackle, crackle it says.
The boughs in the bright fire,
Quickly disappear into nothing.
Someone adds another limb,
And the fire flickers and engulfs it,
Burning, burning, burning, evermore.

Roses and Thorns

Jenna Mondry

A girl in a white dress sits,
Picking flowers.
She is young,
But already knows what she is doing.
She picks a white rose,
Off-white to her dress.
She inhales its light scent,
Smiling and cherishing it.
She hears rustling,
And looks up,
To meet the eyes of an elder girl,
With fair hair and beautiful eyes,
Black draped on her frame.
“Come sit,” the young proclaims.
The elder hesitates,
But sits quietly.
The young offers the elder a flower,
The white rose she turned red.
She reaches for it tentatively,
Fearing the thorns.
The young says “Go on!”
As the elder takes the rose.
She smiles, taking a small sniff,
And nods, pleased.
But one petal falls,
Suddenly withered and black.
The elder and young are confused,
As the young snatches the flower back.
It withers, a single petal falling again.
The elder scrunches her nose,
Taking the flower gently.
Two more petals willingly fall off.
“Stop!” says the young,
Fearing for the flower.
The elder shakes her head,
And the young one weeps.
Her flower is hurt.
The elder plucks ripe petals,
One petal, two more.
The young continues to weep.
The elder plucks off every petal,
Withered or not,
As the young one weeps harder.
“Watch,” says the elder,
laying the stem in her hand.

The young obeys,
Wiping her crystal tears.
A light parks from the stem's end,
and a boy in red appears,
In front of the elder and young.
"Told you," says the elder, smirking.
She stands,
and touches the boy's shoulder thoughtfully,
and leaves.

P-trick

Jenna Mondry

A girl in a black dress,
Fiddles with the bracelets on her wrist,
Wondering why time and space exist.
The steady music through the wired buds,
Feet tapping with extended thuds,
Pondered thought shut out,
No need to wonder what life's about.
It's about the music,
That's what's here.
But really, music's everywhere.

Running for Cover

Jenna Mondry

Running.

All I remember is running. Sweat so thick it coated my neck, my hands, my bare feet. Why were they bare? Where were my shoes? All I could remember was the ratty t-shirt, the worn shorts that covered my body. I didn't know where I was running. I had forgotten whom I was running from. Blurry street signs flew by, but I had tunnel vision. A fence. A single piece of white picket fence. I knew it was my only chance.

How?

I'm not sure. But I saw it. From three miles away, I could see it. I would get so close I could touch it. And I would blink, and there I was again, back three miles away. Farther, probably. My jaw clenched as I kept my arms close to my sides, like they teach you in soccer so you can elbow people without the refs noticing.

I should mention I hate running before I continue this. So this was some godforsaken dream Satan sent me as I wheezed heavily, dry, scorching air forcing itself down my throat and into my lungs. The sweat weighted my whole body down, making my legs stick together so badly I was running slower. The salty sweat stung my eyes and it was nearly impossible to keep them open.

So I stopped. Just stopped. I was panting like a Saint Bernard in a sauna. I feel to my knees, clutching my abdomen. I was dizzy. My vision was spotted red and black. I collapsed forward, my face meeting the dirt road. I reached a hand forward. God damn it I'll crawl. A chilling breeze swept over me, stinging my bald head.

Bald?

Where was my hair? The long black hair they loved. It was gone. "SCREW THIS!" I bellowed, using every ounce of strength I had to push myself off the ground and sprint like hell towards that god damned fence. I was sprinting, sprinting faster than anyone had in the world. I knew I couldn't stop.

I wouldn't.

I couldn't.

I couldn't let them down again.

Wait, them? Who is "them"? I don't remember anyone making me run...

I forced my eyes to stay open, ripping my shirt off, finding the driest part and wiping my forehead dry. My legs pumped faster and faster. Everything was a blur.

And I made it.

To the fence, I made it. I leaped over, sprinting even faster. I hit something. Something big and furry and black and soft. I stumbled back, falling, falling in a deep abyss, keeping my eyes shut painfully. I couldn't get myself to open them, I was too scared. I landed with a soft thud. I blinked my eyes open. I wasn't sweating anymore. I wasn't hot. I was cold. I was in a suit. A black suit, with a white shirt and a black tie. I stood up, feeling my head. My hair was there. And I looked up, and they sat there.

Them.

Gone

Henry Ward

Gone, the ululating cries of hawk vendors
Vanished, the strange, the mutants and the fools
Wired wires of electric glee silenced
Prematurely buried under leaden curtain, the carnival rests.

Ferris wheels lonely creak until the back burned generator
Filled with purple, beige, magenta flame of creation
Re-kindles the soul of love, of truth
Re-lights the vigor of dead imagination

Breaking the Ars Poetica

Henry Ward

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As an ocean engulfed by
Burning flame-beams of Sun,

This page is blank.

As an air-eater turbine is
In the dead calm of dead silence,

This page is blank.

Truth is a lie, sparkling with whitewash
Belabored with silver veils of beauty that scream

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But I digress.

This page...

(Is filled)

Ruby of the Sea (a work in progress)

Matthew Wheat

He stands at the wheel, stoic and strong, with a face that looks tired but resolved. He is a tall man of around 30 years, but with an air of sophistication, even when dressed in the stained and torn attire of a landless pirate. I remember the first time I met him.

“Rosaline,” called the maid from my ten year-old memory.

“Yes!” I called excitedly, rushing down from my room where I had been reading.

As I turned the corner at the foot of the stairs, I saw Father standing with a handsome young man. I gasped and covered my mouth with my hand. The two looked down at me and I blushed at my own blatant informality. The young man smiled.

“You will have to excuse her, my friend,” Father said, turning to him calling back his attention. “She’s quite a bundle of unfocused energy, a quality I hope you might be able to help tame in the coming years.”

The man nodded and looked back to me. I blushed even harder, holding my hands tight before my waist and dropping my gaze to the floor.

“Rosaline,” Father said, gesturing to the man. “This is Monsieur Mathieu Nicolas.

“Bonjour,” I curtsied.

He bowed slightly to me.

“He is going to be your tutor.”

At this I looked up at him with a smile. He held my gaze for just a second then looked away sharply. For just the tiniest instant, I thought I saw him blush.

It is hard to compare that *proper gentleman* to the man before me now. So much has changed. I miss that civilized Mathieu, the one with a sure salary and relying heavily on books and civil reasoning.

I watch him change the wheel’s degree the smallest amount. I realize that I do not know when he learned how to do these things. Steer a ship, dress and act like a fierce pirate, lead. He has always been helping me learn, helping me lead.

I remember, back at home, when I found –by accident– his fencing equipment. I was snooping through his stuff and it just happened to open itself right in front of me. Father would never have allowed me to pursue such an unladylike interest, but –that afternoon during study– I mentioned how interested I was. He resisted, but finally I pressured him to teach me. It was the first of many so-called unladylike endeavors I pressured him into teaching me.

We still covered the important things Father wanted me to learn. Yes, I learned piano. Yes, I learned table etiquette. Yes, I learned five different languages. I performed so very admirably for Father. Like the other delicate little bunnies he sired but hardly held a respectable, parental relationship with. The lessons I preferred most though were the ones, which as a young woman, I was not technically allowed to learn.

Being the third in a line of five beautiful French maidens and a younger brother, I was often forgotten. I was not the oldest, not the youngest, not the heir. I was a bargaining chip, expected to be the perfect mantelpiece with flawless white skin and bright smile. Outdoor life was to be experienced under bonnets and parasols, laughter at every contrived joke.

Mathieu's teaching brought me away from all of this; made me feel distinct, separate and individual. I had never felt so human in my life. For once, I had the attention. Someone knew my name. My sisters had this luxury too, but they had no clue as to the freedom I felt with Monsieur Nicolas.

I lived this quiet rebellion for six years, the brightest picture of perfection in the light and the mistress of imperfection in the dark. I would go to balls with my sisters, dance and converse congenially like a pure angel; then at home in my room play with swords under the watch of my gentle teacher.

It was on my sixteenth birthday, after softly opening my new dresses and petticoats with a false sense of excitement, that my father called me to him.

It was an event that had never happened before. Father, such a public figure, bending to the level of parent and bestowing his wise words upon a little daughter. I did not know what to think as I sat in perfect posture beside him on the hard couch.

"My dear Rosaline," he had exclaimed as if our relationship had any merit to give such an endearment.

"Yes Father?" I asked him like I really cared. My voice rising with the question to imply real wonderment.

"My dear," he repeated. "It is such a lucky day! Monsieur Pickett, a man with a large estate in _____ has asked for your hand in marriage. He offers you a wonderful home and a more than modest living, as good or better than your life here. I have accepted his offer. He wishes to speak with you more before we hold the ceremony sometime in the following months."

I was stunned, speechless. Marriage?! Such a vile idea had never entered me and to be sold off like a slave to a man I hardly know. It was absurd!

Father must have taken my silence as an ascent; he stood up and said, "Good. It's settled then; he'll be here in the next week or two. I know you will find happiness in such a contract."

"But father!" I cried a little more loudly than I expected to. I grabbed his cuff with both hands as if to bring him and my old life back to me.

"Yes darling?" It was strained.

"I do not believe I know this man," I tried to pass it off as indifference but my eyes must have been full of fear.

"You should," his eyes softened, "you danced oft with him at the last few balls. He has commonly reported to me his like of your gentle attitude and appearance."

"But none of my sisters have married, should not he rightfully choose the eldest? Should not you have offered one of their hands over mine?"

"Aye," answered with almost a question, "but he did not ask for **one** of my daughters. He asked for you."

"Can Monsieur Nicolas come with and teach me?" I was speaking quickly.

"No my dear, the time for learning has passed. You will soon become a Madame and soon after a mother. Leave your childhood here. I understand

that many young women feel fear when first confronted with the prospect of marriage. Please calm yourself and accept the life you were always *meant* to live.”

“But father!” I started.

“Stop it Rose!” he curtly replied. “Stop it!” His tone was drawing the stares of my siblings and mother in the other room.

“I will not have you disrespect me in my own house. I thought you a modest and refined woman and you meet me as a scarred and immature child. I will not have this. Come to my room with an apology and acceptance tonight or expect never to have the privilege of marriage in this life while in my house. If you want to become an old hag by all means sulk in your childish delusions.”

I ran crying up to my room, leaving him standing there, the look on his face one of both surprised and disgust. I didn’t care. How could he do this to me?

I spent the rest of that day with tears pouring from me, my pillow soaked clean through and my once immaculate dress in crumples and disarray. I did not even want to think about my hair. I heard someone come in and simply dropped something off by my door. Still in my world of sorrow, I didn’t dare look up to watch them do so. I heard the door close itself again and assumed the intruder had left.

Sniffing and coughing I lifted myself up into a sitting position. In front of the closed door stood Mathieu. Serious and strong he watched me with a look that can only be pain. I gasped in surprise at his presence.

“I’m sorry,” I said, covering my face and turning away. “I’m in no state to present myself.”

“Rose,” he said. No sound of emotion but she felt it buried there.

“I...I don’t know what to do. I don’t know... I...”

“Rose,” he said again, the same tone. “It’s the way of society. A young woman must grow and build herself up as a perfect wife, a perfect mother. Then, an offer is made to the father and she must fulfill that obligation.”

“Why are you saying this?” I yelled. “How can you, of all people, expect me to follow through? I’m only sixteen! My sisters are older, more prepared for such a... a... thing.” I couldn’t even comprehend the life I was *meant* to live.

“Rose,” he answered so calmly. “You fight this now and the option will be ended forever for you. I know you... don’t want that to happen. You cannot risk your life for the idea of confined freedom; you can’t give away your future for a few more years of youth. Take *this*! It is an opportunity not a curse.”

He stood there like that for a few more minutes, staring at me as I flustered in silence, trying in vain to find a rebuttal that just did not exist. Then he moved towards the door.

“I wish you luck. It is my greatest hope that you find happiness in this prospect.” He stepped out of the room bringing the door closed behind him.

Before it was completely shut I whispered, “Can I ask you a question?”

He stopped, only a hand visible through the crack.

“Did my father send you?”

“Goodbye Rosaline.”

Childhood Friend

Madeline Wierzal

Memories echo around in a jar
I pull out the nearest one
And hold it close enough to kiss.
I see child me
Lean up and talk to a tree.
My youthful eyes
See the leaves and branches
Nod in answer to my question and
Respond with wooden creaks.
I find these conversations
More engaging than the kids
Tackling each other on the slide
Right there on the Playground.
Her branches: outstretched hands
More alive than the kid
Who cries for his skinned knee
On the gravel behind me.
Looking up I let the leaves
Hold all my little secrets and thoughts.
But now I'm back, years later.
All that's left of her
Is a sawed off long dead stump
My childhood secrets, dreams,
Lay broken and scattered
Around my dead friend.

Sorry

Madeline Wierzal

Sorry...

Tastes like
sipping orange juice
Just after brushing your teeth.
Something once sweet tastes wrong
And you know it's your fault.

Smells like
Right after it rains
Now that anger's storm is gone,
It no longer blinds you.

And you Try to start anew.

Sounds like
A child learning to play a violin
Not always pretty or soothing to the ears
But completely earnest

Look's like
A child woken up from a nightmare
Seeking a hug and kiss from mother.
Only love; forgiveness can show her
Everything is going to be alright.

Feels like
A finger pricking a rose
A kind gesture mixed
With guilty pain
But just say "Here, the roses."
"I'm sorry."

Love You Always – George

Hannah Wilson

Most boys live for heartbreak
They want to hurt your feelings
And make you cry the first chance they take
But there's one boy who takes no part in this
Because George Harrison will love you always
If a boy makes you cry
George will be there for you
Whenever George needs someone to love
He will always have you
You're the one he'll be thinking of
If you should ever feel unlovable
George will just say that it's not true
He knows that you're beautiful
And he will always love you
He'll be there for you in the day
And he'll be there for you in the night
George will be there to sing you to sleep
Promising you when you wake
The sun will come and everything will be all right
Maybe others have hurt you in the past
Making you think that love is bad
George doesn't want you to think this way
He'll do anything to make you change your mind
He would sit next to you with his guitar and say
"There's something in the way you know"
"And all I have to do is think of you."
Something about you that the other boys miss
Attracts him like no other love
Listen to what George has to say
And not those silly boys
Because George loves you
And he will love you always

Untitled

Hannah Wilson

Whenever I'm feeling sad or alone
I just take out my Pocket-Sized Davy Jones
Davy hides in my desk
So the teachers won't see
I hide Davy in my locker
Where he waits patiently for me
My friends are all jealous

They all wish they had a Pocket-Sized Davy Jones
They love watching me bring him out
I set him down with a tiny pair of maracas
And watch as he works his magic
I lean in to listen closely
Closely as he sings about coffee flavored kisses
And how he's too busy singing to put anyone down
As soon as a frown can be seen
Out comes Pocket-Sized Davy
Armed with his little tambourine
At the end of the day
Pocket-sized Davy curls up to sleep
Tucked inside a sock somewhere he snoozed away
Back inside my pocket he goes
Ready if I need him
As soon as tears try to show
Davy comes right out again
I love my little Pocket-Sized Davy Jones
My little travel-ready friend
He hides inside my lunch box
Ready to surprise me again
I lose Davy sometimes
I worry when I forget which pocket he's hiding in
Where could he be?
"Here's your Pocket-Sized Davy Jones."
My sister says,
"I stepped on him."