

The Last Testament of Cell Block 42

LAST TESTAMENT FROM CELLBLOCK 42

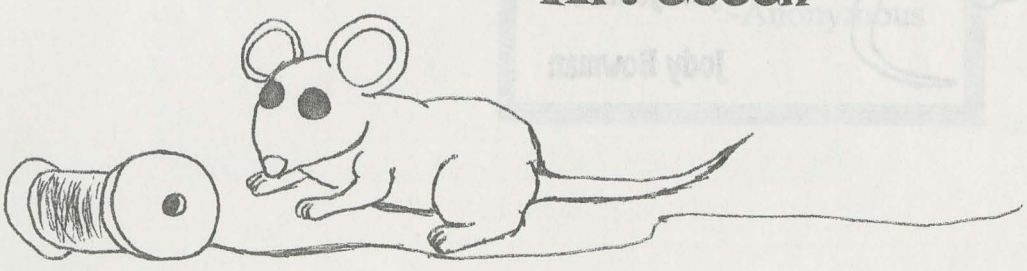
NORTH SURRY HIGH SCHOOL
MOUNT AIRY, NORTH CAROLINA

CREATIVE WRITING 2000-2001

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CATHERINE FAIN

"Let me die on my own terms. Let me live and let me learn..."
-3 Doors Down, "Life of My Own"

"I love love."
-The Too Much Coffee Man

"Avoid reality at all costs."
-Anonymous

"Fiction writing is great. You can make up almost anything!"
-Ivana Trump

"I was drowning my sorrows, but my sorrows, they learned to swim."
-U2,
"Until the End of The World"

"Even if you're paranoid, maybe they really **are** after you."
-Anonymous

LAUGHTER

Andy was two. He toddled all around the house and broke Mom's porcelain figurines. She cried. He laughed. He took a nap in a mud puddle in the backyard. Dad yelled when he tracked the mud all over the house. Andy laughed.

Andy was six. He swallowed a piece of a Transformer toy. He almost died. They had to cut a hole in his throat to get it out. Mom wept. Andy laughed after he came home from the hospital. He broke the heads off all my Barbie dolls. I screamed for Dad and Dad spanked him. Andy laughed.

Andy was fourteen. He called my best friend a slut. She'd had a crush on him for three years. She cried so hard that she got sick. Andy rolled in the floor, laughing. I told Dad what he'd done and Dad grounded him. Andy kept on laughing.

Andy was sixteen. He was walking down the street and a car hit him. The driver drove off. And Andy cried. After the funeral, Mom sobbed. Dad screamed and cursed. I cried like a baby.

But Andy wasn't there to laugh anymore.

-"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens:
A time to be born and a time to die...
A time to weep and a time to laugh..."

-Ecclesiastes 3:1-

Directions

Which way do you go
When you're surrounded on all sides?
How is it possible to go down
When there's nowhere to go
But up?
When the rains fall
And the wind blows rough,
What else can you do, but sink to your
Knees and say, "Isn't this enough?"
When the enemies are around you
And the angry waves drown you,
Which way do you go?

"Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence."
–H.L. Mencken

Impossible

Guess I just forgot
Who I am and who you are.
I thought I could defy the world,
Just this one little time.
You and I just aren't the same
In any way.
They don't like to see
People like you
With people like me.
I guess I'm used to that now,
It happens all the time.
Well, to me anyway.
A ragged soul with a broken heart
Isn't exactly well received...
Or well-loved.

Where are the world's angels
When you need a lift?
Where are the world's heroes
When you need someone to save you?
Where is the calm,
In the midst of the storm?
Where are your dreams
When you heart is torn?
Where is your hope
When you're at the end of your rope?
Can you find yourself
In the midst of all you're looking for?
Is it enough
To have all of this other stuff
And to not have found
Your soul?

"Know thyself. If you need help, contact the CIA."
-Anonymous

"Our lives are shaped by those who love us and those who refuse to love us."
-Anonymous

The Anti-Poem

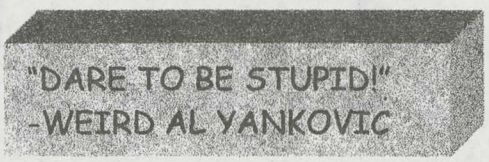
O, Thou has brought
Bitter utterance to my soul.
My soul stirs with such great sorrow.
All cliché'.
All crap.

This is the anti-poem.
I will not rhyme.
I will not use s-o-u-l anymore.
I will not use big words I do not know the meaning of.
I will not ramble on about stupid nonsense and try to make myself sound like some famous dead guy.
I will not succumb to "deep-thought syndrome."

This is the anti-poem.
I will aggravate all you deep thinkers.
I will make you hate this.
I will make you gouge your eyes out and hurl at my shallowness and superficial attitude.
But I do not care.

This is the anti-poem.

"Maybe I'm the one that's normal and everyone else is crazy."
-Toni Dawson



"When everything comes your way, you're in the wrong lane."
-Anonymous

"If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence you tried."
-Anonymous

ADVICE

What would you do differently
If you knew what would happen tomorrow?
Would it change the way you acted
When today becomes yesterday?
Do you consider the consequences
Of everything you choose?
Or do you jump in, head first,
Thinking you have nothing to lose?
Would you be a different person?
Would you think things through?
Would there be more feeling put into
All the things you do?
Answer all the questions,
Know everything you can.
But really, though, you should know
You're just a simple man.
Weigh all of your decisions,
Think about how you act.
Because if you don't, you could end up
Stabbing someone in the back.
Gut-wrenching, heart-tearing,
However it may be.
Things sometimes really are
As bad as they seem.
Take the time
To remember all I've said.
And don't do anything you'll wish you hadn't done...
When you're dead.

To err is human. And stupid.
-Anonymous

"Being politically correct means always having to say you're sorry."
-Anonymous

"Who's more foolish? The fool or the fool who follows him?"
-Obi Wan, "Star Wars"

Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and the world laughs harder.

-Anonymous

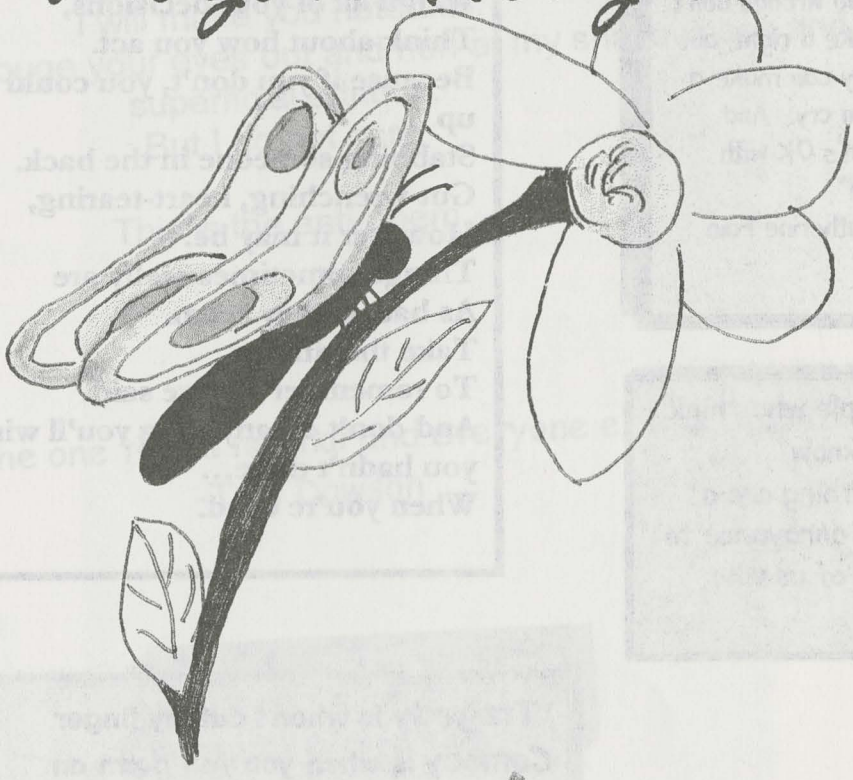
"Two wrongs don't make a right, but they can make a man cry. And that's OK with me!"
-Catherine Fain

" A career? I've thought about this quite a bit, sir, and I would have to say considering what's waiting out there for me, I don't want to sell anything, buy anything or process anything as a career. I don't want to sell anything bought or processed or buy anything sold or processed or repair anything sold, bought or processed as a career."
-Lloyd Dobler, "Say Anything"

"People who think they know everything are a great annoyance to those of us who do."

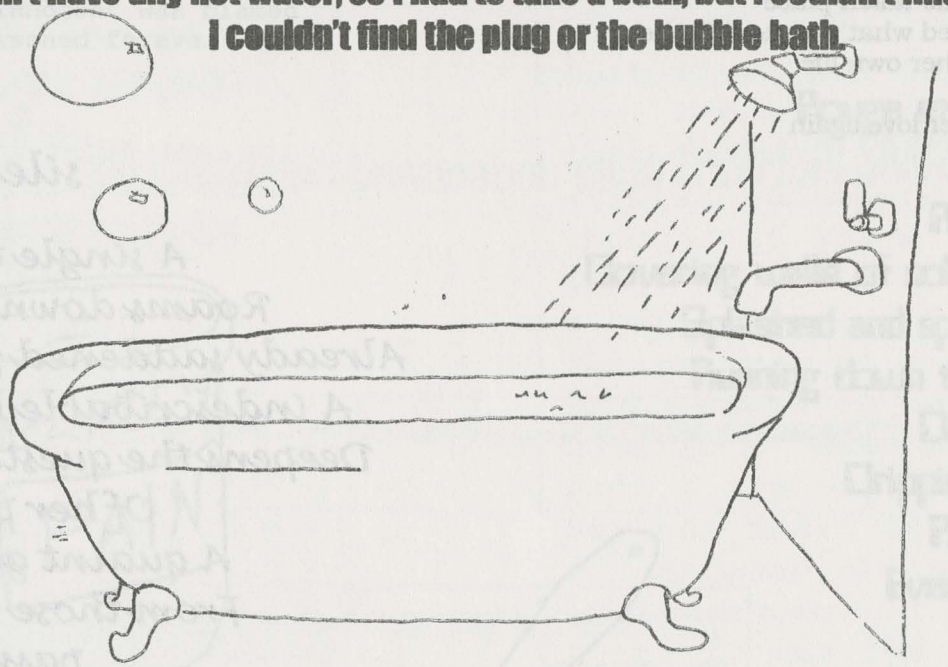
"**Tragedy** is when I cut my finger. ***Comedy*** is when you fall down an open manhole cover and die."
-Mel Brooks

Magan Hodges



Sunday....

I went to take a shower, because I always take a shower on Sunday, but this Sunday we didn't have any hot water, so I had to take a bath, but I couldn't find the plug, I couldn't find the plug or the bubble bath, so I couldn't take a shower, I went to watch t.v., because I always watch t.v. after I take a shower on Sunday, but I couldn't take a shower because we had no hot water and I couldn't take a bath because I couldn't find the plug. I couldn't find the plug or the bubble bath, so I went to watch t.v. like I always do on Sunday after I take a shower, only I couldn't take a shower because we had no hot water, and I couldn't take a bath because I couldn't find the plug, I couldn't find the plug or the bubble bath, so I went to watch t.v. like I always do on Sunday after I take a shower, only this Sunday I couldn't take a shower, we had no hot water, and I couldn't take a bath because I couldn't find the plug, I couldn't find the plug or the bubble bath, and the cable was out, I went to take shower, because I always take a shower on Sunday, but this Sunday we didn't have any hot water, so I had to take a bath, but I couldn't find the plug, I couldn't find the plug or the bubble bath.





Nonchalant...

Coming in from the pouring rain
Outside looking in
Defending a heart's desire
She'll never love again...

How is she supposed to
Forget all that he has done
How could she forget
He was the one...

That took the person's life
Whom she cared for the most
No longer a wife
No longer his host...

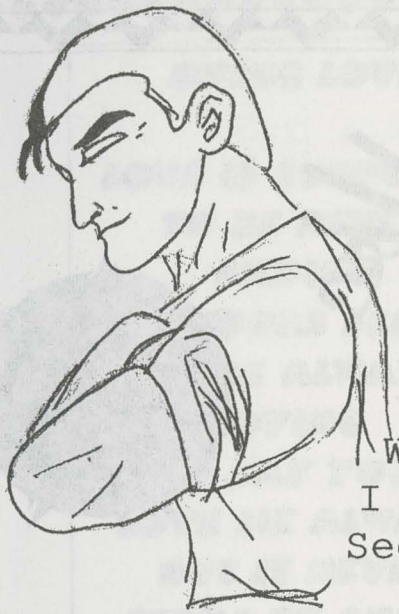
She has the proof within
The proof from all this time
This time he went too far
She'll never love again

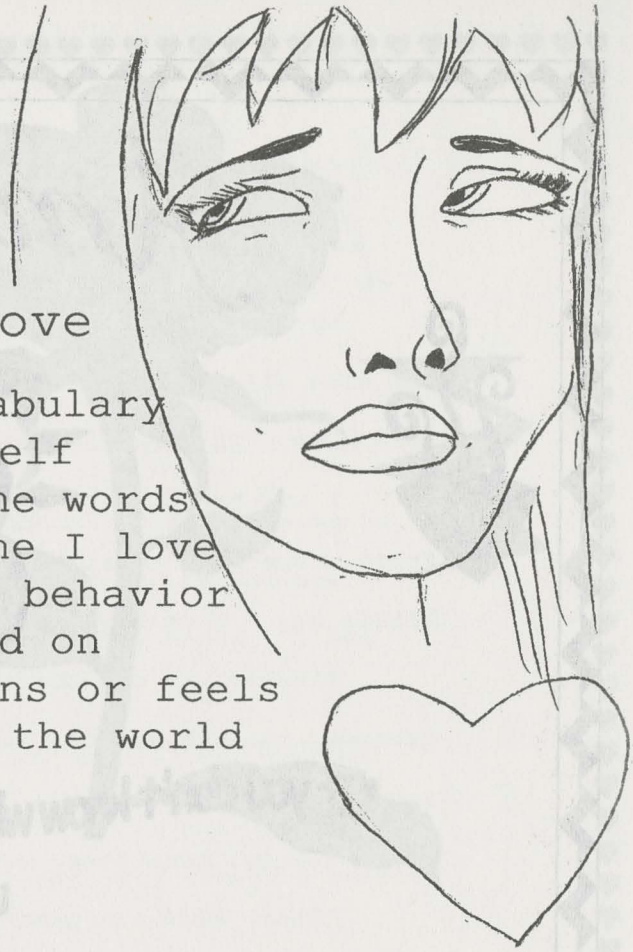
Thinking back on years
At what has taken place
She realized what was next for her...
In taking her own life

She'll never love again

silence

A single tear
Roams down her
Already saddened face
A indescribable look
Deepens the questions
Of her pain
A quaint glare
From those who
pass her





My Simple Love

Expanding my vocabulary
Educating myself
While searching the words
I express to the one I love
Seeking appropriate behavior
Rambling on and on
He never looks, listens or feels
He hasn't a care in the world

untitled

A violent act took place
Wrong place at the wrong time
Strugling for power
And possession
Blood was shed
Sirens were heard
A warning left
The innocent was blamed
Imprisoned forever

Rouge et Blanche

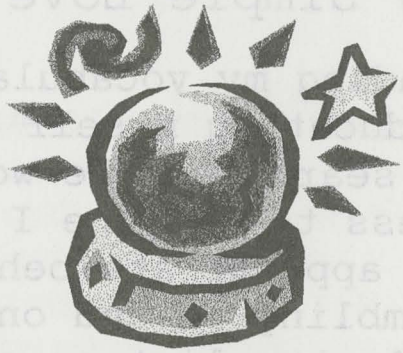
Red paint
Covering walls of solid white
Splashed and splattered
Running down the sides
Drip, drop
Dripping down
Red paint
Everywhere

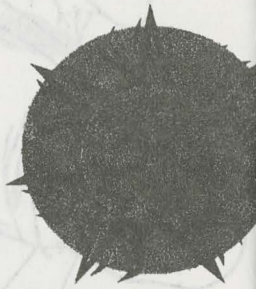




Amber Ellis







"If you don't know where you're going, you'll probably wind up somwhere else."
-Laurence J. Peter

The only people that don't quite understand reality shy away from the worl
-Amber Ellis

"WHENEVER YOU'RE MAD AT SOMEBODY, JUST SAY 'SHUT UP STUPID'!"

"LOVE IS THE ONLY THING THAT IS BEAUTIFUL AND UGLY AT THE SAME TIME."
-UNKNOWN

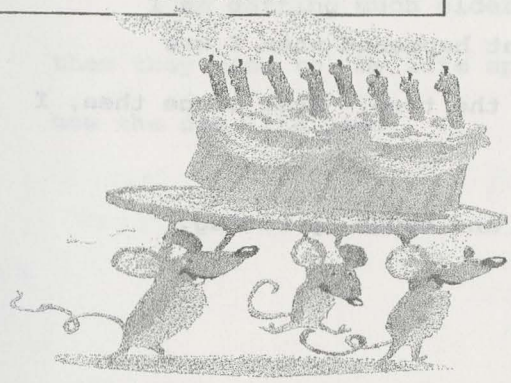
DYING LOVE

LOVE IS SUPPOSED
TO BE NEVER
ENDING
BUT OURS SEEMS
TO BE ALWAYS
DYING
YOU SAY YOU'LL
LOVE ME ALWAYS
BUT IT NEVER
SEEMS TO SHOW.

WE'RE ALWAYS
FIGHTING
AND NEVER
TALKING
YOU'RE ALWAYS
LYING-BREAKING
PROMISES,
THE CAUSE OF OUR
LOVE DYING.

LOVE IS SUPPOSED
TO BE NEVER
ENDING
BUT OURS SEEMS
TO BE ALWAYS
DYING





There were rats in the soufflé' again. The last time this happened Mrs. Coupen found the tail and had a heart attack, but she only thought it was a worm. I bet if she knew it was a rat, she would've fallen dead as a doormat right there in her soufflé'. Mama said it wasn't the rat that gave her the heart attack, it was because she was eighty-seven. I still think it was the rat.

A DOG'S LIFE

My life has been tough for me. First, I was taken away from my mom with all of my brothers and sisters. I went to live with complete strangers. It took forever to get to their home.

I was beginning to get carsick. All this motion of back and forth, from side to side... oh, I was sick. I got sick all over the little boy. Then I was hollered at for getting sick.

Finally, we got there. I was nervous. I had no idea how to act. However, their kids were excited about me being there. They gave me a tour of the house, my own food plate, and my own cup.

"Penny, come here; you can sleep in my room tonight."

"These kids are great." I guess I have to get up and go in her room for the night. I stayed in her room for a while and decided to go check in all the other rooms.

"Penny, where are you going?"

"I'll be right back. I'm just checking the other room okay, kid?"

"Well okay, but come back okay, girl?"

"Yeah sure, kid."

Well I began to do this every night and always went back to the little girl's room.

While we lived there, I was hit by a UPS truck, and almost killed by lightning. When I was hit it only cut my leg and I just needed stitches in my leg. The lightning incident happened when I was standing next to a tree and lightning hit the tree. Ever since then, I have been petrified of thunderstorms.

We lived there for only three years and ended up moving.

"Okay, is everyone packed? We're getting ready to leave now," the mom hollered out.

I had just gotten used to this place, and now we're moving.

"Penny are you ready?"

"Yep, sure am. Let's go; I'm ready to see my new house."

"All right, kids, let's go."

Everyone piled into the car. It took about fifteen minutes to get there. It took about four trips to get everything to the new house. The new house was much smaller than the other house. I had more land to explore.

The kids didn't like it much because they said it was too far from their friends.

I like this family but the children can get very annoying because they tend to hug me and cling to me too much.

I like living here because I made a bunch of nice friends. The woman that lives next door ended up having like eight kids of her own. They were fun to play with until they got teeth and they liked to bite on my ears for some reason.

I'm almost nine years old now, and I still live with the same people. Their children are both in high school. So I'm at home all day long pretty much by myself, until about four o'clock.

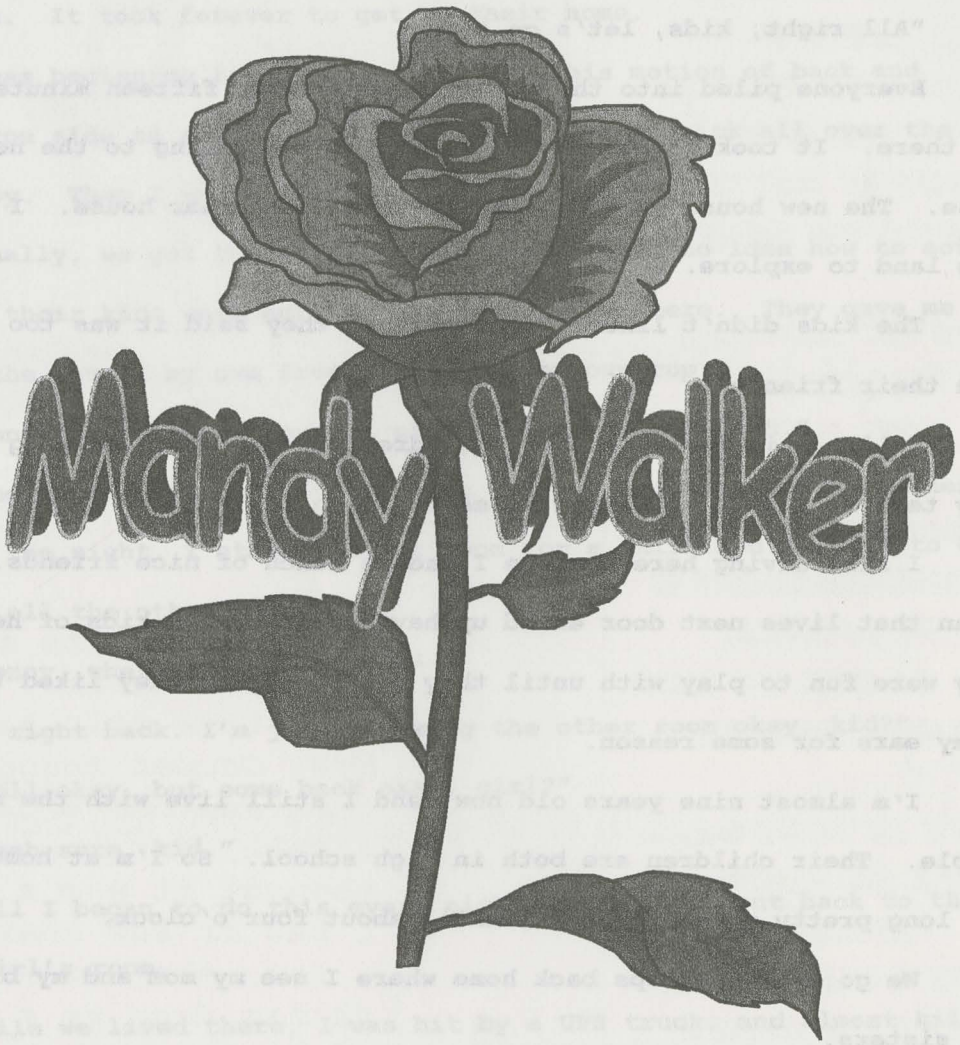
We go on long trips back home where I see my mom and my brothers and sisters.

I am getting much older now and the children play with me less than they used to. My life span is only about 13 years old. But that's how the dog life goes.



"A lie gets ½ way around the world before the truth has a chance to get its pants on."

-Church Hill



"In the end, we will not remember the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends."

-Martin Luther King Jr.

"I wish I got what I wanted. I wish I knew what I wanted."

-Mandy W.

Grandma's

Tree...tree...tree...tree...tree. I looked out the car window. Everything was whizzing by. Tree...tree...tree. My head started to feel funny and Daddy said to quit looking out the window.

"Daddy, why do we have to go see Grandma?"

"Because honey."

"Oh."

Grandma always smelled funny. Daddy said it was the formaldehyde. There was never anything to do at Grandmas. Her house always smelled like bacon and her chairs were itchy. It felt like baby ants crawling on your legs. One time, I watched a whole ant colony build their house out of red dirt. I wish I could play in the dirt now.

We pulled in the driveway and I didn't want to get out. Daddy came and opened the door. He took my hand and led me up the wooden stairs.

"Now give Grandma a hug and tell her you love her." He told me.

"Why Daddy?"

"Because, honey...it's nice."

"Oh."

He tapped on the screen door and after a few seconds, Grandma came to the door. She smiled down at me.

"Hey, Mom. How are you?" Daddy asked her as we walked inside.

"Oh...I'm aright. Its just this darn hip, it keeps poppin' out." She said rubbing her side.

We went into the living room and I thought to myself, okay here come the ants. I gave Grandma a hug and got a good whiff of the formaldehyde.

"My! Sweetie! Your getting' so big! How old are ye?" She asked me. I held up 5 fingers and she smiled at me. I sat down beside Daddy, and Grandma poured us some lemonade.

I swung my legs over the side of the couch and looked around. She had lots of pictures everywhere and a cuckoo clock over the fireplace. Daddy carefully handed me a short glass of lemonade and winked at me. I smelled the lemonade and took a little drink. I could feel my cheeks getting little and my face wrinkle up like the time I found a mole in the back yard and picked it up and squeezed it. Its eyes got real big and Mommy yelled a bad word about the devil and I dropped the mole. I don't know where it went.

Grandma kept talkin' about her head hurtin' and she put a wet rag to it. I thought it was because of her hip but I didn't say nothin'. I sat and watched the way she talked. Her teeth were real shiny and white and she moved her tongue a lot.

She started working her jaw and Lord if she didn't take her teeth out! It was a while before I realized Daddy was pinching my leg and he shook his head at me. For the next half-hour I sat and watched her teeth float in a glass of water and tried to pull my teeth out. I figured it was magic cause I couldn't do it.

Soon Grandma pulled out a little green box and put some brown stringy stuff up under her lip. Then every once in a while she'd spit in a tin can that was beside the chair on the floor. I didn't like the looks of it so I asked Daddy if I could go to the bathroom.

"Yeah honey. Go outside to the little brown building.

I got up and went outside. The ants finally went away. I saw the brown building and swung open the door. There was nothin' but dirt on the ground and I didn't se no potty. There was just a big hole in the ground. I looked in it and I couldn't see the bottom. I didn't wanna fall in so I just thought I'd hold it till we got home.

When I got back inside Grandma was tellin' Daddy about some old person that died a long time ago. She went on and on. I didn't care much about what she was sayin'.

Finally, Daddy said it was time to go. I couldn't wait to get home and wash off the formaldehyde. Daddy said goodbye

and we got in the car. I waved bye to Grandma. She smiled at me again.

*"Daddy?" I asked when we got on the road. "Did Grandma know the dinosaurs?"**

"No honey"

"Daddy, how did she take her teeth out?"

"Magic honey."

"I thought so. Daddy did you drink you're lemonade?"

"No honey."

"Me either." I looked out the car window and was glad to be getting home.

Tree...tree...tree...

-Mandy Walker

BLUE

The cold blue enameled bleachers,
Motionless under the blue powdery sky.
Football players in their blue jerseys,
Crashing down on the blue yard lines
And the smooth blue goal covers.
Fake smiles upon the cheerleaders-
Jumping, yelling, waving their shiny slick, blue pom poms.
Numbers rising on the blue scoreboard
In favor of us.
The blue megaphones announcing we've won.
Shiny, bright reflections on the blue helmets as
The players gather to celebrate the victory.
Mountains of people, walking, rushing, leaving, piling
Into their cars-some blue.
Blue numbers identifying who they are
in the blue state of North Carolina.
Blue headlights blinding eyes-
Blue cowbells ringing their joy of victory.
Football games-Games of blue.

-Mandy Walker

"Use your head...that bump 3 feet above your butt!"
-Jimmy, A League Of Their Own

Can you hear me singing?
The wind is in my ears.
A voice of a lover.
Eyes wide and full of tears.

An enemy of death-
A cheater of his plan.
A lover dancing proudly-
A woman and a man.

Nothing in the way-
Just lies and betrayal.
Memories killed.
My soul is flailed.

My song of sadness.
A heart is ringing-
My tale of pain.
Can you hear me singing?

"Everybody loves me, and I intend to keep it that way."
-Kathryn, Cruel Intentions

The Tone

Jessica Parker sat on the cold metal chair of the St. John's Hospital waiting room. She watched the people's shoes as they walked by. The hospital was crowded for a Wednesday night. She wished to herself that she was not there, that she was at home, on the couch with Jason.

Jason was her best friend, her companion, and her boyfriend of three years. She was waiting on him. Waiting for him to walk through the swinging doors with a smile on his gorgeous face and tell her he was fine. However, she knew he was not. She felt it deep down inside, he was in pain.

It seemed that every person who walked out the door was doing it just to spite her. Finally, the man in the white coat, the doctor, came out and walked towards her. The look on his face was like someone punching her in the stomach. She stood up.

"Miss Parker I presume?" He asked extending a hand.

She took it. His hand was cold. Doctor's hands were always cold. She nodded her head. Right then, she knew. She sat down again and started biting her thumbnail.

"Miss Parker, Jason has lost a lot of blood and he's suffering from a serious head injury. He has broken some ribs and his lungs are bruised. He is unconscious right now and..." He looked down for a moment.

"What? What's wrong? He's going to be okay, right?" She yelled. The room grew quiet. She could feel all eyes on her.

"He doesn't have much time. He's lost too much blood and..."

"I'll give blood! I can give blood, can't I?"

"It wouldn't be enough. I'm sorry..." He said with a sorrowful look painted across his face.

Those four words hurt. It's like that feeling you get after you just finished running and sit down and your legs are tingly and shaky.

"Miss Parker, would you like to see him?"

"Yes," she managed to say after a few seconds.

He led her to the room. Number 513. She stood at the door with her hand on the knob.

"Take as long as you like," the doctor said and turned away to see other patients.

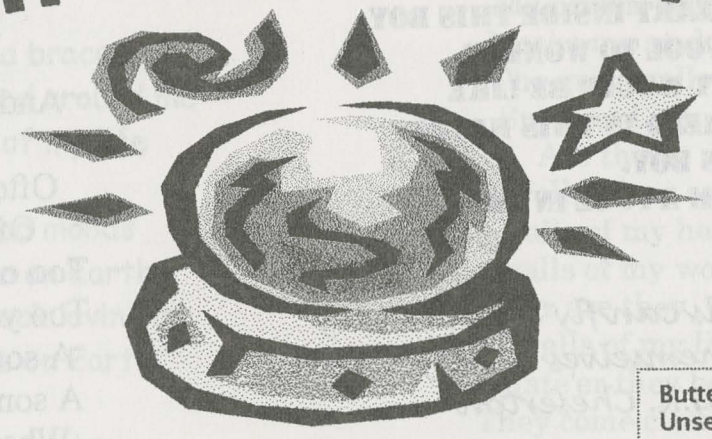
She finally opened the door and slowly pushed it open. Jason was lying on the small bed with an IV in his arm and an EKG machine was sitting by his bed. The beeps were far apart. She pulled the only chair up close to his bedside. His face was no longer gorgeous with scratches and cuts all over from the windshield, she guessed.

She took his hand in hers. It was warm. He was so pale. Looking at him lying in the bed so helpless, the tears started to pour over her eyelids.

Who was she going to call late at night when she was having a bad dream? Who was going to make her laugh when she was feeling down? What was she going to do when he wasn't there for her? Ever? Who was she going to spend the rest of her life with? How was she going to live without him?

She wiped the tears off his arm that had fallen from her eyes. She realized she no longer heard the short beeps, but a long, consistent tone that deafened her ears and numbed her mind.

Jennie Talarico



Ludicrous
Attractive
Unusual
Guffawing
Howling
Tittering
Entertaining
Roaring

HEART
Looking deep into my soul,
I find:
Longing
Dread
Wondering
Pondering
Hope
Depression
Music
Love
And finally the reason
That I never look—
Me

Butterfly wings fall
Unseen, unheard, untouched,
soft
Collector's item

"I've never had the courage to believe in nothing."
"Man of La Mancha

"Intelligence and hormones are not mutually exclusive…"
--Guilty as Sin
Tami Hoag

"There is no psychiatrist in the world like a puppy licking your face."
-- Bern Williams

The only regret I will have in dying is if it is not for love.
–Gabriel Garcia Marquez

Incessant Ramblings of A Wandering Mind

FOOL!
FOOL!
I WAS A FOOL TO LOOK THERE!
I WAS A FOOL TO CARE!
I WAS A FOOL TO WONDER!
I WAS A FOOL TO LOOK!
I WAS A FOOL TO SEE
THIS HEART INSIDE THIS BOY.
AND A FOOL TO WONDER
WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE
TO BE HELD IN THIS HEART,
BY THIS BOY.
NOW, I'M A FOOL IN LOVE.

"Angels can fly because they take themselves lightly."
-G.K. Cheserton

"Nothing... is more beautiful than the love that has weathered the storms of life."
-J.K. Jerome

"A person has two legs and one sense of humor, and if you're faced with the choice, it's better to lose a leg."
-Charles Linder

"It's easy to criticize, but you ain't got the same problems as what I got."
-1984

"Spectral in Heaven as climbs the frail veiled moon,
So climbs my dream."
-Wm. Rose Benet

AGE

Age is a barrier,
A wall,
A cage.

Age is a blessing,
A curse,
A phase,
And even a maze.

Often too young.
Often too old.
Too old to be young.
Too young to be old.
A song yet to sing.
A song that is done.
Where do I stand?
Where do I go?

The road yet unmade?
That road is too new—
Too young to follow through.
That one over there?
Too old.

Lost and confused
In an old world
Yet to be made.

I'll follow my heart
Through the labyrinth
Of age.

Let me in, world!!
I'm young, growing old.

©
Jennifer Jo Salarica

Daddy

Daddy was a gentle man
Gentle as the snow

Daddy was a tall man
Tall and big

Daddy was a brace
A brace that stood around me
Every minute of my life

Daddy had bad moods
Like every man on Earth
He'd always go back loving me
He'd always be on Earth

When I was eight
I learned anew
What it meant to be
Without you

I'm eleven now,
You're still not here
I guess it's time to face
The truth

You hear of other people
Dying
But never would you
Expect it to be...
Your daddy!!

"Luck is taking a chance when you have no choice. Destiny is making a choice when given the chance."
-Anon.

Journal #12

Desolate and dim,
The sky reflects
The very thoughts
Of my soul.
And overhead,
The canopy of
My prison bed
Mocks my soul.
The gray walls
Surround me.
Are they
The walls of my soul?
The walls of my heart?
The walls of my world?
Or are they
The walls of my life?
Whate'er they be,
They come closer
With each breath
I take.
Oh, to escape this trap
That is my body.
If only I could
Leave it behind,
Like the shell of the nautilus
Lying on the beach,
While its soul
Freely roams
In the cheerful world
That is now so very
Desolate and dim
Like the sky reflecting
The very thoughts
Of my soul.

"That is why the peasant has wisdom, because he is defeated from the start."
--*A Farewell to Arms*
Ernest Hemingway

A Porcelain Life

So long ago
In a faraway place
Was a princess's palace
Of gold and lace
Finery and beauty
Like the princess herself

Her world was like a doll
High upon a shelf
Never to be played with
Never to be scorned
Never to be bothered
Never to be warned
Of the fire to consume her
On a quiet winter morn

Winter had come early
Snow was all about
But warm upon the mantle
Shelf
The princess was safe from
Harm
And then there came a
Visitor
Who charmed her off her
Shelf
Who brought a ray of
Sunlight
Into a dusty life
Who taught the princess how
To be
So happy with herself

He taught her how to see
He taught her how to be
He taught her how to love
And he taught her how to
Care

But then one day
From off the shelf
He fell

And shattered
Along with her heart

And still today
The princess stands
In a quaint lonely cottage
On a shelf
Alone
On her own
Staring down
At the broken pieces
Of a porcelain life

"Fall in love whenever you can."
-Practical Magic

"The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase..."
-T.S. Eliot

"Tell me: Why is it that when men play, they always play at killing each other?"
-The Talented Mr. Ripley

Love
Unyielding, Hopeless
Pounding, Slaughtering, Killing
Hunger, sadness, pain, loss
Forgotten

"This is courage... to bear unflinchingly what heaven sends."
--Euripides

Jennifer Salaiz

The Future-- Today

No boundaries to hold us down
No limitations to pin us
Into our own little world
In a world where fairy tales
Are no more
And computer animation
Becomes a nightmare
For every man, woman, & child
On an insubstantial planet
Where holograms are everything
We know
Where substance is unethical
Where everyone can be their own
And everyone else as well
For now...
A world of infinite possibilities
Each one bound and limited
To protect us from ourselves
In a world where fairy tales
Come true
And nightmares do too
Where everyone can be their own
Which is everyone else as
well
We are all one race
Programmed by human nature
To become
That which we make the one
beside us...
Programmed to conform

"The secret of secrets is inside me again."
-Anna Akhmatova

"Not while I'm just waking up to this..."
-Joseph Riddle

"For the future, for the past—for an age that might be imaginary."
-1984

"I ASK ONLY THAT YOU ACT ON THOSE BELIEFS UPON WHICH YOU HAVE SO STRONGLY SPOKEN AND IN WHICH YOU STRONGLY BELIEVE."
-THE PATRIOT

"And as it went my tortured soul
Burst forth and fled in such a gust
That all about me swirled the dust."
-Edna St. Vincent Millay

"My bladder must be near my eyes."
-Angela's Ashes

"THIS WAR WILL BE FOUGHT NOT ON THE FRONTIER, OR ON SOME DISTANT BATTLEFIELD, BUT IN OUR HOMES. OUR CHILDREN WILL LEARN OF IT WITH THEIR OWN EYES."
-THE PATRIOT

"There are so few of us, we should not hate each other."
-Geronimo: An American Legend

"The wild winds of fortune will carry me onward."

"...lay down the melancholy burden of sanity."

--Man of La Mancha

"To revel in the wonders of life, to think, to remember, to dream—this is to know happiness.
-Giancarlo Di Gratsi

"Since feeling is first."
E.E. Cummings

It's better than Butter!

WILL SUTPHIN

pluto is a planet

thank God you love at all

-chino moreno, deftones

2 skimmie J's

so why do I wait it's not my problem anyme

-Red Big Fish

this is the time in my life when

everything is falling apart and at the same

time it's all coming together -Grad

I've made up my mind

-the Get Up Kids

Upon being on my own ℑ decide all of the following,

what ℑ eat all the way to what ℑ put in my head

/ nails or otherwise/

in doing so ℑ become better

known as an ℑ.

An ℑ is someone that sticks out in society because so much

of society pushers you the way known as

p.c. or (politically correct),

and when you release that curve ball that is often missed by

society's glove, you are quickly shoved aside. So ℑ

congratulate all who manage to hang in the public eye for

their full 15 seconds

causing as much humor as possible whether enjoyed by the

writer or not.

Why my mullet is important to me?

It is business in the front party in the back
It is Camaro hair
It is the ability to pick up any woman
I love Billy Ray Cyrus
People are afraid to fight me
Because I love my mom
I am the coolest guy at any bar
Ladies love to run their hands though the mullet

.com

why must we all have dot com's
what do you really have to say that is that important to post it 24/7
sure they are enjoyed sometimes
but how many times can you read your horoscope
do something new
please tell me something worth the time
it took to type
www.snapoolBoy@frenchcow.com
or maybe I would stop complaining if you would just change it to dot org every now and again

I have no art
Clip art did not like me
Boo hoo
Sorry to my loyal readers
Will Sutphin

Uncle Pam

What if Uncle Sam was really Aunt Pam
Instead of declaring war
She puts on makeup and calls all her friends
A slap on the wrist would replace dropping bombs
Interns would be safe
Taxes would be low
Malls would be open 24 hours
20% off would be law, at all major shopping malls
Even the name my Aunt Pam
Would strike out terror in all lands
Near and far away
My Aunt Pam would save the day
Think of your country
It is better than butter
Now comb your hair 100 times
Then go to bed and dream of the times
When Aunt Pam would get her first crush
Who would it be?
Germany?
However, long distance relationships never work
Aunt Pam will cry
The economy would die
Maybe Aunt Pam should stay Uncle Sam

The Devil drives a caddy

YOU WILL BE AMAZED TO KNOW THAT THE OTHER DAY AS I WAS LEAVING MY GIRLFRIEND'S HOUSE TO RETURN HOME I SAW AN OLD WOMAN DRIVING A CADILLAC DOWN THE ROAD. I KNOW YOU ARE THINKING BIG DEAL OLD WOMAN DRIVES A BOAT BIG DEAL BUT IT WAS THE WILD HALLUCINATIONS I HAD OF HER SUDDENLY LOOKIN OVER AT ME AND HER HAIR BECOMING INFLAMED AND HER SMILING AT ME WITH A SMOOTHER FACE AND A JUST EVIL LOOK. MOST WOULD BLAME IT ON DRUGS BUT I DON'T DO THEM. SOME MAY SAY I JUST DON'T NEED TO BE DRIVING BUT I'M A GOOD DRIVER. I KNOW THIS. SO MY LAST C OMMENT IS "WATCH OUT FOR FLAMED HAIR EVIL DEVIL WOMEN IN THEIR CADDY'S SMILING AT YOU AT 12:40 EARLY SATURDAY MORNING."

Go Bush!

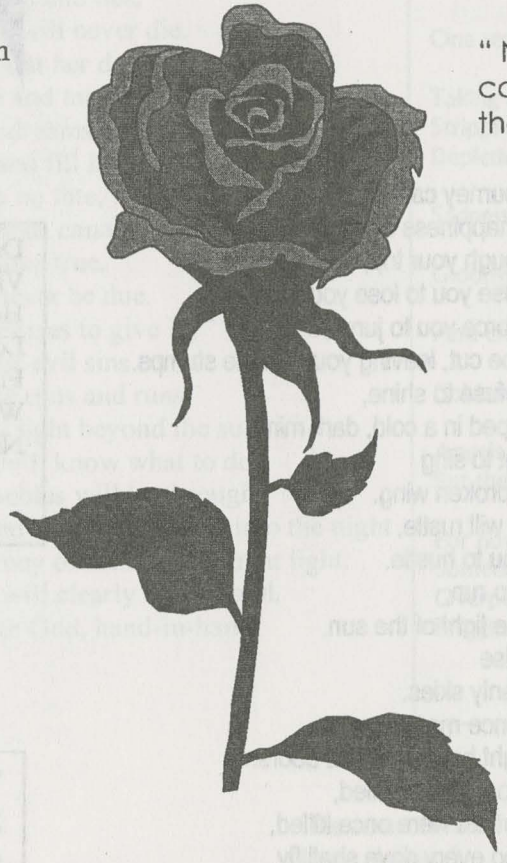
By the time the masses read this, if they choose to after reading the author's name, the subject will have probably been forgotten, but everyone loves old crap brought up for no reason. Anyway, as we remember the election and how Al Gore was one of the first to realize that even if you are the most popular you can lose if you don't get thumbs up from big boys like Florida. Another thing learned is if you get 50 lawyers and use the excuse, I know I lost but still want to be Pres. you can almost gain control of the highest office in the land. That is why I say go Bush, he proved he could win all recounts and still be made fun of on SNL. I guess what I mean is that out of two equals I choose the loser over the bore any day.

THE INNOCENT SCRIBBLES OF

" A smile is just a smile, but when you're in love with someone, a smile can be a thousand words."
--Anon

" A friend is someone who knows all there is to know about you, but loves you anyway."
--Glenda Nunn

" Laughter is the shortest distance between two people."
--Victor Borage



" To be loved, Be lovable!"
--Ovid

" Not everything that can be counted counts, and not everything that counts can be counted."
--Albert Einstein

" The laws of gravity cannot be held responsible for falling in love."
--Einstein

"Don't talk unless you can improve the silence."
--Laurence Coughlin

KELLIE JARRELL

"Time is a great teacher, but unfortunately it kills all its pupils"
--Hector Berlioz



The Journey Of Life

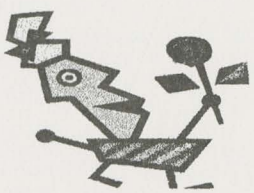
Come along with me on this journey called life,
The road ahead will be full of happiness and strife.
Don't hesitate to walk fast through your trip,
The gravel and rocks may cause you to lose your grip.
The ditches on the path may force you to jump,
And fallen trees may have to be cut, leaving you with the stumps.
On some days the sun may refuse to shine,
It may seem as if you are trapped in a cold, dark mine.
Some days the birds will forget to sing
And you will find a bird with a broken wing.
The wind will blow and leaves will rustle,
The fear it brings will cause you to hustle.
But be careful once you start to run,
Especially when you've lost the light of the sun.
For in the dark the demons arise
And it is hard to look for heavenly skies.
But one day the sun will rise once more
And you'll see the heavenly light behind closed doors.
The ditches and holes in the road will be filled,
All the dreams will come alive that were once killed,
The birds will sing eternally and every dove shall fly.
The sky will be blue and the sun will never die.
So don't give up and don't give in,
This is a journey that you can surely win.
So, come with me on this journey called life,
The road ahead will be full of happiness and strife.
Always keep walking and never stop to sleep,
And always remember that "still waters run deep."

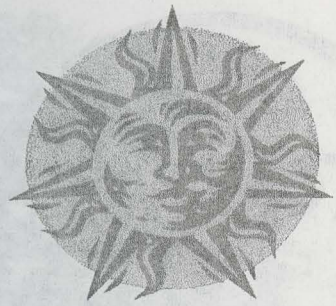
Daydreams
Visions, Pictures
Hoping, Wishing, Waiting
Love, Fortune, Fame, Popularity
Finding, Holding, Achieving
Wanting, Craving
Nightmares

"Lead us not into temptation. Just tell us where it is: we'll find it."
-Sam Levinson

"We are living in a world today where lemonade is made from artificial flavors and furniture polish is made from real lemons." --Newman







Never
Ending
Waves of
Secrets

Limit
Anyone
Wanting to Defy
Society

The Great Light

Deep within a world full of evil and lies,
There beats one true soul that will never die.
The demons and devils knock at her door,
They call out her name more and more.
The evil chases her from her dreams at night,
They push her and grab her and fill her with fright.
She closes her eyes and fears no fate,
She possesses a love the demons cannot take.
Through all the evil she remains true,
The day the devil wins will never be due.
She refuses to give up, she refuses to give in,
Her true soul is immune to the evil sins.
On through the cold night she runs and runs.
She is searching for the great light beyond the sun.
When she gets to the light she'll know what to do,
She'll walk on in and her troubles will be through.
The demons and devils can no longer chase her into the night
Once she completes her journey of finding the great light.
Both the demons and devils will clearly understand,
She is safe now, walking with God, hand-in-hand.

Fall

One season fading, another setting in.
Taking away the flowers.
Stripping the green from the grass.
Depleting the vibrant colors from the earth.
Sadness arrives with the hibernation of life.
Gloomy leaves fall withered to the ground,
And crunch beneath the feet of galloping horses.
Cold winds blow and carry away happiness.
Angels shed tears for the loss of beauty.
But their heavenly tears cannot change the season.
For now it is here, but not forever.
Someday the sun will shine again,
Overpowering the ugliness,
Bringing life and beauty back into the world.

Mushy dirt
Underwater
During the
Pouring rain
Unaware of the
Danger that will be
Dealt by the bright
Light and provide no
Escape from the
Sweltering sun.

"Research is what I am doing when I don't know what I am doing."

--Anon





"If stupidity got us into this mess, then why can't it get us out?"
--Will Rogers

X Marks The Spot

Always hanging on the wall,
Balanced by a single nail,
Covering up a hidden safe, engraved
with a golden X.
Disguising a secret sum of money,
Eternally screaming out in silence.
Forever stationed as a soldier,
Guarding a prison cell.
Hoping for a warrior who is
Intelligent and wise and will serve
Justice to the artist and be
Kind enough to
Listen as the painting
Mutters of a secret stash
Nestled behind a visible
Omen of a
Pirate on his noble
Quest out into the sea.
Recalling a hidden
Stash of golden
Treasure, wishing to
Uncover the wealth and be
Victorious once again.
While the Pirate knows that
X marks the spot.....
You my friend, must
Zap the urge to squeal!



I dreamed
The thief
In the museum
Stole the painting
Secretly

One Child

As the people rush by,
The city grows noisy.
One child stands alone.
Silence. Silence.
Is all the child hears.
Standing alone, holding onto fears,
Holding on to all the pain and anger.
This child is rugged and dirty.
One child stands out of reach.
All of his troubles and worries
Fade away as his father approaches.
Now, everything is alright.
He is going home.



Unexpected LOVE Walks Into *Your* Life
A Perfect Match That *Fixes*
The Gap *Of* Longing And Gives *You*
A Friend *To* Share Your Dreams.



Someday



When you smile at me and I smile at you,
In my heart, I feel more than a friendship,
something more true.
I think about you all of the time,
A sweeter love I shall never find.
I think about the romances that we will
share,
When we are together, someday,
somewhere.
I often picture myself in your arms,
You are holding me tight, away from all
harms.
When I hear a sweet melody in the air,
I envision us dancing, only you and I are
there.
Each time I find a new love to walk with
hand-in-hand,
My heart tells me that you should be
standing where he stands.
I keep my feelings for you inside of my
heart,
Hoping that when we are older, our love
will start.
So I try to hold on to my dreams, and
each night I pray,
That I will be with you before someone
else takes your heart away.

LIMERICKS

There was a little calico cat,
Who slept on the welcome mat.
While having a nice dream,
She heard her master scream,
For, running across the floor was a rat!

ere was an annoying little bird
at had the loudest chirp you
ever heard.
e was orange, yellow and white,
ntil he fell off the branch that
night,
nd then he never chirped a word.

"DENIAL AIN'T JUST A RIVER IN EGYPT"

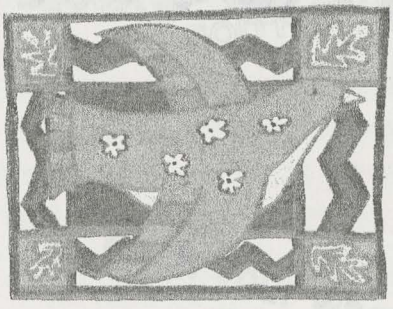
--MARK TWAIN

The Owl

In the stillness of the night,
The owl stalks above its prey.
Perched on a small limb, he sits.
Quietly, he watches the small creature.
Carefully getting positioned for a pounce.
Suddenly, he swoops down after his victim.
But, only his shadow can be seen
While he feeds on his catch.

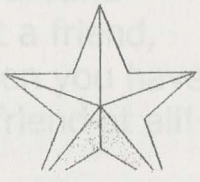
"The covers of this book are too far apart."
--Ambrose Bierce

"If you can't convince them, confuse them."
--Harry S. Truman



"A poem is never finished, only abandoned."

--Paul Valery



Kellie Farrell



THE QUEEN

Heather Chaney

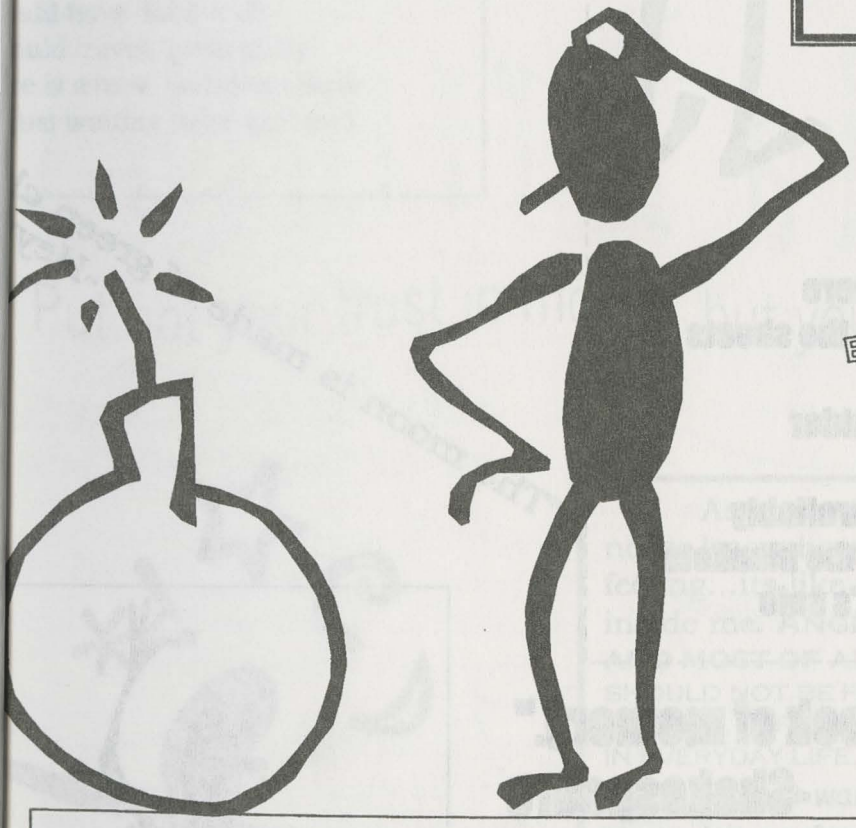
HAS SPOKEN

Life is half spent before
we know what it is.
- herbert

) conquer without risk is to
triumph without glory.
-Corneille

I AM ME

I am me
Just plain me
I don't do any extraordinary
things
I don't have a special talent
I'm not a genius
and I'm not a model.
I'm not famous
and probably never will be.
I am just and individual
I am one person
I am the one and only me!



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF AND
GOD FOR US ALL.
-HEYWOOD

Hitch your wagon to a star.
-Emerson

FRIEND

A friend is someone who is there
A friend is someone who will care
A friend is someone who will never let you down
A friend will always be around
Life is depressing without a friend,
But even more depressing when you have a
friend that you can't call a friend at all!

A NEW DAY

I wake in the morning
Open my eyes and close them again
The sun stares into my face
I stretch my entire body
One limb at a time

I remember my dreams
The one about me
The other one about me
And the one about my cat
They make me smile

I don't have the motivation to get up
I really don't want to get up
I would rather lay here
And never, ever move

I should call in sick
Or play dead
Whatever allows me to stay here
Under the covers, wrapped in the sheets

The cold air brushes my shoulder
It sends chills down my body
It makes my lip quiver uncontrollably
I scramble to get back under the blankets
Where it's safe

"ALL FOR LOVE, AND NOTHING FOR
- SPE

"It is a world to see
-Lyly

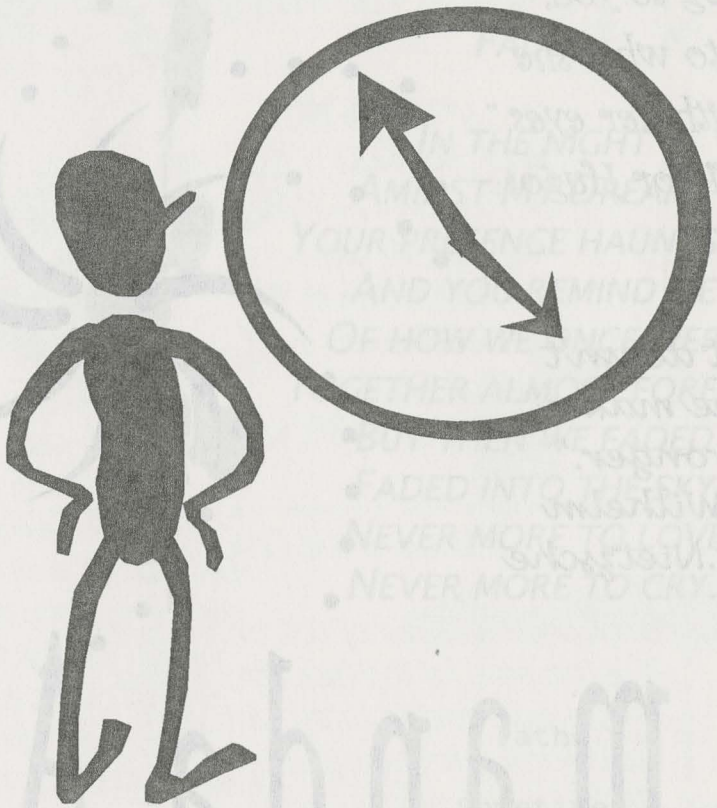
"The moon is made of green c
-He

"I'll note you in my book of memory."
-Shakespeare



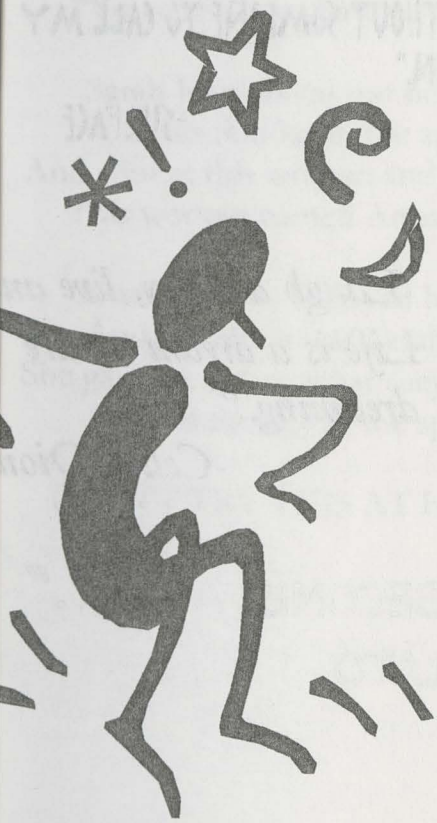
"Birds fly high turtles don't"
-Will Sutphin

WORLD Was giant
n I was twelve
emed so big
n I was ten
it seemed so small
n I was eight
backyard was my world
family occupied my world
pressure , no pain
as a simplistic place
now I'm sixteen
world is huge
things to discover
people to meet
when I'm sixty
uld have done it all
ould travel, I would fly
re is a new world out there
just waiting to be explored



Put not your trust in money, but your money in trust.

- Holmes



As a teenager never have I felt hatred, I have never know hate...until now, at age 16! This feeling...its like a mixture of all the bad feelings inside me. **ANGER, SADNESS, BETRAYAL, JEALOUSY, AND MOST OF ALL CONFUSION.** IT'S A FEELING THAT SHOULD NOT BE FELT. BUT YET IT IS EVERYWHERE, IN SOCIETY, IN REALITY, IT'S A NATURAL FEELING, ITS APPARENT IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

I don't want that burden, I don't want to carry that with me for the rest of my life. I never want to feel trapped or controlled by my own feelings. Life is too short for trivial things like that. Life should be a good thing, it's not meant to be wasted, It is truly a gift, and some people are ruining their lives, they can't let go of some of their anger. Why can't people let go of some of their anger? Why can't they let themselves be happy?

But what about the racist and the prejudiced? What about those people? they will always be angry and unhappy. Because you can't really experience life and what it has to offer, if you are mad at the world.

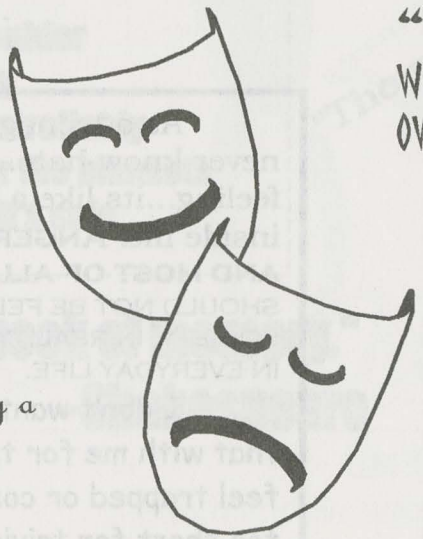
"When a woman is speaking to you, listen to what she says with her eyes."
-Victor Hugo

"What doesn't kill me makes me stronger."
-Wilhelm F.Nietzsche

"I don't
makeup
right hair
alone ca
woman b
The most
woman i
room is t
full of e
experienc
-sha

Amanda Arringto

"Things I've done I don't regret, I just learn from mistakes in the past, knowing now I had to earn respect and earn trust...."
-EVE



"LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO LIVE ALON
WITHOUT SOMEONE TO CALL MY
OWN."
-SURFACE

"To give pleasure to a single heart by a single act is better than a thousand heads bowing in prayer."
-Gandhi

"Laugh and cry, live a
Life is a dream we are
dreaming."
-Celine Dio

"AT THE TOUCH OF LOVE, EVERYONE BECOMES A POET."
-PLATO

Sarah Jean :

A Ballad

Beneath the grassy mountain
On a Sunday in the spring
A woman was betrayed by love
And her name was Sarah Jean.

"I will always love you",
Mason said to Sarah Jean.
"But I have a new love,
And her name is Anna Irene."

Sarah Jean ran down the hillside
She didn't take very long
Before she found her daddy's rifle
At the log cabin they called home.

Beneath the grassy mountain
Sarah Jean looked in his eyes
"Mason, I will always love you,
But Mason, you have to die."

She drug his body down the hillside
She placed it on Irene's door
She knocked at it four times and cried
"You can't have him anymore!"

Sarah Jean pulled out her rifle
On this Sunday in the spring
And shot at this woman and killed her
This woman named Anna Irene.

A woman was betrayed by love
And her name was Sarah Jean
She gave them two what they deserved
On this Sunday in the spring.

(DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME!)



FADED

IN THE NIGHT
AMIDST MY DREAMS
YOUR PRESENCE HAUNTS ME
AND YOU REMIND ME
OF HOW WE ONCE WERE
TOGETHER ALMOST FOREVER
BUT THEN WE FADED
FADED INTO THE SKY
NEVER MORE TO LOVE
NEVER MORE TO CRY.

"Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever."
-Gandhi

Paths

Sometimes
I look back
On my life
And I wonder
How it took
This path
How can I
Face myself
When I am sad
Within my heart
When I smile
On the surface
As the pain gnaws
On me inside
I feel my
Inner guilt
And all the sorrow
I hold inside
I tell myself to
Change this path
To take
The better one
But I am who I am
And some things
Cannot be changed.

"It is such a secret place, the land of tea
-Antoine de Saint Exupery

I'M WATCHING

I'M WATCHING YOU
DO YOU SEE ME?
ENTRANCING MY SOUL
WITH YOUR GO LOOKS.
I'M DREAMING OF YOU
DO YOU DREAM OF ME?
HOLDING YOU CLOSE
IN THE DARK OF THE NIGHT.



Blue is the Color

Blue are the eyes of the one I love
It is the soul of the heavens above
When my heart is filled with pain
I just look into the eyes
Of the one I love.
Blue as the sparkling waters
Shining in the never-ending sea
His eyes stare deep into mine
And I see how life should be.
Blue used to be a color
Full of grief and regrets,
But now blue means so much more.
Blue are the eyes of the one I love
It is the soul of the heavens above
When my heart is filled with pain
All I have to do
Is look into the eyes of the one I love.

FROM YOUR ANGEL

TEARS FILL MY BLUE EY
AS I LOOK DOWN UPON Y
FROM THE HEAVENS ABOV
IT SEEMS UNREAL I'M GO
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE
BETTER PLACE
BUT I CAN'T HELP BUT W
I COULD BE WITH YOU ON
AGAIN
YOU GO TO BED EACH NIG
WITH OCEANS IN YOUR EY
A SMILE CROSSES YOUR FA
WHEN YOU REMEMBER US
AND OUR LOVE, OUR KISS
THAT WE SHARED FOR ALMOS
YEAR
YOU FEEL MY PRESENCE
SOMETIMES
YES, I AM REALLY THER
I WISH THAT YOU COULD S
ME
THAT I COULD COMFORT Y
TELL YOU IT'S GOING TO
OKAY
BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO SH
YOU
HOW DEEPLY I CARE FOR
TIME CAN NOT TURN BAC
TO THAT LAST NIGHT WE H
BEFORE MY FATE UNWOUN
NOW ALL I CAN DO
IS HOPE YOUR HEART WILL
AND REMEMBER ME
I'M SMILING DOWN ON YO
FROM HEAVEN.

FROM:
YOUR ANGE



"The human spirit is stronger than anything that happens to it".

C.C. Scott

"A PERSON'S LOOKS ARE NEVER GOING TO MAKE YOU LOVE THEM OR LIKE THEM"

-DREW BARRYMORE

"I wish they wo
take me as I am
-Vincent

"Set sail and away! The ventures of dreamland are thine for a day."
-Silas Weir Mitchell

In His Dreams!

Watching me,
Waiting for me
loser is pursuing me.
He only dreams
He could be
Someone within
My fantasy.
ing me, harassing me
ure is brave isn't he?
To think that he
Could ever believe
I could love him.
In his dreams!

Can sometimes be magic.
agic Can sometimes...just
illusion."

-Javan

"Don't let life discourage you;everyone who got where he is had to begin where he was."
-Richard Evans



I Did Not Ask To Be

Voices cry out on the streets below
Sirens screech, and I hear them speak
I can't understand them
They speak German
Fear rushes through me
And I can hear my own heart
They are going to find me
It's not fair, it's not fair
I did not ask to be born
Different than them
Footsteps pound downstairs
Booming voices ring out
I crouch under my table
Hoping not to be found
I hope Momma and Daddy
Are safe now at work
I wish I could run
But I can't, I'm so scared
Our doors burst open
The deep voices, angered
Voices, full of hatred
Begin searching
"Please God,
do not let them see me.
I have my life to live
I am only seventeen."
I pray silently
As the voices draw closer.
THEY SEE ME.
My hopes diminish
I have no escape
I am punished for being
Something I did not ask to be.



MY OCEAN EYES

HIS EYES ARE BLUE AS THE OCEAN
AND THE FLOWING RIVERS ARE
HIS TEARS
HE POSSESSES LOVE WITHIN
THAT COMFORTS MY HEART AND
SOUL
HE CRADLES MY LIFE
WITH SO MUCH HAPPINESS
HIS TRUST ENABLES ME
TO BELIEVE IN OUR FUTURE
HIS LOVE IS MY STRENGTH
AND WHEN I LOOK INTO HIS EYES
I SEE FOREVER AND BEYOND.

"I AM NOT AFRAID OF STORMS, FOR I AM LEARNING HOW TO SAIL MY SHIP."
-HELEN KELLER



It Haunts Me

It haunts me in
the night
It creeps into my
dreams
I try to destroy
it
But it still
remains.
In my mirror I see
it
Its eyes are a
gleaming red
Its arms
outstretch towards
me
And pull me in
And take me to
my own prison
Full of hate,
Full of fear.
It comes to me
each
Night
And creeps into my
dreams
Vanish, it will
not
As it haunts me
in my dreams.

"The more we know the better we forgive. Whoever feels deeply, feels for all who live."
-Madame de Stael

GLISTEN

MOONLIGHT GLISTENS ON
THEIR SKIN
UNDER THE EBONY NIGHT
SKY
THE TWO LOVERS SILENTLY
SLEEPING
IN A LAND OF A THOUSAND
DREAMS.
WARMTH FILLS THEIR
HEARTS
AND GIVES THEM STRENGTH
WITHIN.
THE TWO LOVERS QUIETLY
RISE
AND FACE THE DAY
TOGETHER
STRUGGLES THEY MAY FACE
BUT LIFE CONTINUES ON
AND SHINES HOPE ON
TOMORROW IN A LAND OF A
THOUSAND DREAMS.

"Say farewell to the dark of night, I see the coming of t
sun."
-Brian Mcknight

"Never give up on experiencing true love. I believe each and every person has a soulmate. In time you will find them".
-Amanda Arrington

"The man that knows somethin' knows that he knows nothin' at all"(Erykah Badu)

"Never do what they do"(unknown)

"Never feel like you have to explain who you are, or defend who you are, or act in ways that please other people if you must dishonor yourself to do so." (Ebun Adelona)



"The world is mine when I wake up I don't need nobody telling me the time."(Erykah Badu)

"All you must hold on to is you is you."(Erykah Badu)

Sometimes I feel like I am running
But I am never going anywhere.
Sometimes I yell to the top of
My lungs and nobody hears me.

Maybe I am running too fast, and I
Miss everything that is mine.
And maybe I'm talking too loud
That I am talking over the people
Who are talking back.

VOICES

THE VOICES IN HER HEAD NEVER WENT AWAY
They only grew louder. She never had
a true love, but she has had a true lust.

She is just a girl with voices in her head.
In a room full of darkness she is sitting still.

The voices began to speak one by one.
One voice said why did you steal the matches
From the one room hotel. And any voice that
Sounded like her mother said you will never
Be anything. The voices came faster and louder.

She is just a girl with voices in her head.
In a room full of darkness she is sitting still.

Noise
As I sit here and all I can hear is noise.
I try to stop the noise but the noise grows bigger.
I try to take over the noise but the noise is too loud.
Then out of the noise there came a sweet sound. And
It said just breathe. I began to breathe, and the noise slowly
Went away.



"Wars not make one great."
-Yoda

"No day but today"
Jonathan Larson, Rent

"The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams"
Eleanor Roosevelt

"There is so much in the world to care about."
Laura Dern

"Imagination is the highest kite one can fly"
Lauren Bacall

"Stop screwing with my head, it's freaky!"
Jenny Walker

"I believe it was Gandhi who said 'there is more to life than increasing speed' or maybe it was WOW that sand's hot!"
Karen Walker, Will&Grace

"Having a dream isn't stupid, Norm. It's not having a dream that's stupid."
Cliff, Cheers

"I have no sense of decency. That way my other senses are enhance
Bulldog, Frasier

Analogy of Love

A longing, a yearning,
To extinguish my soul,
Of the song, it sings constantly.
Deep inside my blood boils,
From the pressure, my heart holds back.
This thought, this sensation,
Neither words, nor action can describe.
But to sit alone in silence,
I can hear my body, my mind, my soul,
Begin to preach the words I longed for.
The sweetest words I could ever know,
The words that I welcome with open arms.
The words travel up my spine,
Back and Forth until I can stand no more.
The silence is broken,
The tides of rippling energy,
Take over my lifeless soul.
I scream it,
Now the entirety of God's creation knows.
I have experienced love!
What is love?
A heavenly song?
An uncontrolled behavior?
It is a necessity to life; it is the food for the soul.
If love exists, and I know it does,
Why in this corrupted world are there dark cold places,
Where terror and fear sweep across like an ocean wave?
In an analogy such as this,
Love is extinct, merely a word.
But in my world, my dreams, my life,
Love is everywhere,
It is the key to our existence.

Desires

Oh, how I long for you,
To love you in silence is torture.
I cannot touch you,
I cannot taste you,
I cannot absorb you.
The insanity of this feeling,
Overwhelms me.
My blood boils inside.
My heart races at your sight.
I cannot hold back any longer.
I must have you,
I will have you!
You are in my grasp,
You are almost mine.
Closer,
Closer,
I have you and oh the sensation.
You melt right in my mouth,
And not in my hand,
YES! They're peanut too.
M&Ms are great.

Once I dreamed I ate a big marshmallow and when I woke up, my pillow was gone.

Unknown

Iesous

Mountains fall at the sound of your voice,
Rivers cease at your command.
Heads peer up, clouds descend,
The heaven's open,
The sun brightens.
Then, a whisper,
A breeze gently blows,
Carrying your words,
No human ear can hear them.
But we know what they say,
"I love you."



Angel

Your love,
It causes a fire,
That burns,
Throughout my soul,
Ignited by your warmth,
That consumes me.
Your wings cover me,
They are my comfort.
Without them,
No longer am I safe.
The brightness of your essence,
Guides me down my path.
The feeling I have,
When you're near,
Indescribable.
Guard me,
Love me,
Never leave me.
Fear is lost with you.
Only when you're near,
Can I dare to live?
You are my guardian,
Keeper of my soul,
Angel.

"You can't build a staircase to heaven with good deeds."

Monica, *Touched by an Angel*

Deep Velvet Nights

Life is a mystery and love an even greater mystery. I believe it was Jean Anouihl who said "There is love of course. Then there's life, its enemy." In my case it was fate that was the enemy. The year was 1965, and it was my senior year in high school. You could call me Mr. Cellophane because no one even knew I was there. Nerd, geek, dork, I fell under all those categories. I was average height but skinny, just skin and bones. My hair was a dull brown like my eyes. I was plain. Even my name was dorky, Steven Galemen. I went unnoticed throughout high school until my senior year, until Daphne Heaton walked or actually fell into my life.

It was time for the spring play and Mrs. Monroe wanted us to have a Shakespearean Festival. We decided to do *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* As usual I did the set and stage design and as usual Daphne had the lead role, Titania the Fairy Queen. Most people found her average, but I thought she possessed the beauty of an angel. She had long flowing hair that was a mahogany brown, her lips a crimson red. Her skin was pale and untouched by the sun; it looked so soft like silk, and so perfect it would be a sin to stroke her cheek. Her eyes were clear blue like the waters off the shore of some paradise island. If you stare into them long enough, you can actually feel the refreshing water against your face. It was as if angels had carefully molded and carved her themselves, she was so heavenly. She was a work of art and I was a nerd, work of Piccaso, deformed, all I could do was dream.

"Steven, I need you to fix this forest, it looks more like a jungle, give it a more enchanting look, after all it is inhabited with fairies."

"Yes Mrs. Monroe."

"And don't forget the costumes, they're in the band room, go get them for me please."

I walked down the empty hallway. The sun was just beginning to set, and I was so tired. I dragged myself to the band room. I grabbed the pile of clothes and slowly walked back to the auditorium. When I opened the door, Daphne was rehearsing her part, I just watched at the entrance. I was in a trance. My heart skipped to every word she said. She wasn't the greatest actress, but to me she was the next Mae West. Mrs. Monroe motioned for me to bring her the costumes. I walked down the aisle and one of the sleeves from a shirt was dragging on the floor. I stepped on it and tripped falling forward and dropping everything. I rolled down to the edge of the stage right under Daphne. She started laughing hysterically. The embarrassment was unbearable I could have crawled into a dark hole and died.

"Oh my gosh, are you ok?" Asked Daphne still laughing. She talked to me; I just sat there looking up at her in amazement. Her voice echoed in my head, I didn't even understand her because I was in a state of shock.

"Huh, wha...wha.... What?" I stuttered as I picked myself up and brushed of the dirt and lint from the floor.

"I said 'are you ok'." She had a smile on her face that made my limbs go limp. I almost fell down again, but I managed to stay on my feet.

"Uh...I think so... yeah I'm fine" I walked back up the aisle and collected the clothes and handed them to Mrs. Monroe.

"Galemen, you are such a klutz, you're gonna kill yourself one of these days."

My first actual encounter with Daphne was not the greatest experience, but luckily it got better. The next day she was doing a scene with Jim Snider who played Oberon. I had just built the nest like basket that she sleeps in with him after discovering she just slept with a donkey. I was working with lighting when I noticed that one of the ropes holding it up was coming undone. The rope was ripping strand by strand. I climbed down the ladder from the technical box and ran down the aisle and leaped on stage just as the rope gave way and tipped the basket. Jim grabbed the other side and held on. Daphne missed and slid right out. Luckily I was underneath her and broke her fall. Unfortunately I didn't catch her, but I did supply her with cushion. I was in a daze when Jim lost his grip. Daphne had regained her composure and got up. She helped me to my feet and then BOOM! Jim fell right on top of me. Jim played center for the basketball team if that tells you anything. He was a big boy, and I felt every bone in my body shatter into a thousand little pieces. "Oh my god, you killed him!" was the last thing I heard and everything went black.

I woke up with my head in Daphne's lap and a cold wet rag on my forehead. Everything was a blur and my body ached in pain. When things came into focus, I was gazing into those divine eyes that I've fantasized about for years.

"Welcome back, you've been out for an hour, how do ya feel?" I was too enraptured to answer; I just looked at her blankly.

"Ok, well you're definitely still rattled, thankfully nothing is broken. I guess both of us are pretty lucky." I finally came to my senses.

"Yeah, I'm sorry about the rope, I should have checked it, it was my fault, I am so sorry you could have been..."

"Don't sweat it, I'm fine, besides I owe ya one, you practically saved my life. My knight in shining armor." Did she just call me what I think she called me? Was she really cradling my head? Or am I dead or dreaming? Oh God thank you.

"Your welcome. I just didn't want you to be hurt." she smiled and lightly caressed my hair. A shiver went up my spine and I broke out into goosebumps.

"How about we go to Charlie's and grab something to eat, my treat." Oh...my...gah...I broke out into a sweat; my hands started to tremble; my mouth went dry and that yucky taste that you get right after you wake up in the morning took over my tongue.

"Uh....ok.....sure." When I stood up the blood rushed to my head and I felt dizzy. I wasn't sure if it was from Daphne or Jim falling on me but my stomach was being attacked by rabid butterflies.

"Let me get my stuff and I'll meet you out front," she got up and walked out the door. As I watched her stroll down the hall to the dressing room my adrenaline took hold and burst throughout my body. I jumped up and ran to the mirror in the corner of the room. I fixed my hair and took a mint from my pocket and popped it in. The taste finally began to fade away. I stumbled my way to the back door and walked around to the front steps. I sat at the bottom and waited. I heard the door swing open and shoes move against the pavement. I stood up and whirled around to see her bobbing down the stairs. It was like one of those scenes when a beauty like Marilyn, Liz or Ingrid made her entrance down a staircase covered in a red carpet, then cuts to slow motion, and an orchestra is playing in the background. Utter perfection describes it.

She was stunning. She was wearing a pink, tight skirt that stopped at her knees, with a black knit tee shirt and a pink sweater tied around her neck. Her satiny, flowing hair was pulled back by a black hair band. She was a vision of blissful paradise. As she approached, I felt weak in the knees.

"You ready?" I nodded and like a gentleman I held out my elbow praying she would take it and by a miracle she did. It was a perfect night to walk. The moon was in full bloom. The beams from it put the finishing touches to her beauty and made her silhouette glow. I just stared with a goofy smile on my face but she seemed to not mind. There was a gentle breeze that glided through the Bradford pear trees that lined the yards of each house that we passed. They were in full bloom and gleamed in the moonbeams, which added a romantic feel. We started to talk. She was intelligent, I never would have thought it. Most of the time brains doesn't come with beauty. She loved Shakespeare, I was in luck. Her favorite play was *Love's Labor Lost*, so I did what any guy hopelessly in love would do, recite.

"By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible: true, that thou art beauteous: truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself." She stopped in amazement and smiled a smile from ear to ear that made my heart flutter.

"This is to good too be true, you know Shakespeare!" I just smiled and looked down at my feet. We started walking again.

We finally got to Charlie's. Because it was practically deserted, we sat down at one of the window booths. Charley came out and waited on us. I was about to order a coke, but Daphne jumped in and ordered chocolate malt with two straws. This had to be a dream.

"Do you have a quarter?" I dug in my pockets till I finally felt one.

"Here ya go." She got up and walked to the jukebox in the corner by the bar. She stood there shifting through the songs till a look of satisfaction showed she found one she liked. She stuck the quarter in and made her choice. As she walked back over "Could This Be Magic" started to play. She walked over to me.

"Steven Galeman, would you do me the honors of dancing with me?"

"I'm not that good of a Dan..."

"Oh come on, what's the harm?" She took my hand and for the first time that night I wasn't nervous; I was actually calm. She wrapped her arms around my neck. We started to sway with the music. I had no idea what I was doing, I had never danced before but it seemed to come natural. She laid her head on my shoulder. I had the feeling that the room had no ceiling or floor. My head was reeling, could she actually like me? "Then You Can Tell Me Goodbye" came on and we just kept on dancing. We were the only ones in the world. That moment will live on forever. It was the only moment in my life that everything seemed to be perfect, no worries, I was a king.

We finished and sat down and shared a malt. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Everything was beginning to fall into place. I walked her home. We took the long way and talked. We talked about colleges, the future, our favorite episode of Ed Sullivan; she was the girl of my dreams. We had everything in common. As we walked up the steps to her house, I wished that this night would never end.

"I had a great time" She smiled and stepped up on the porch.

"Me too, you're amazing Daphne, I mean that." she looked at me with kind eyes and shifted her body closer.

"You're a great guy, Steve', I wish I had gotten to know you earlier." I leaned in closer. My blood was gushing through my veins wildly.

"Well it's late, I better go on in."

"Yeah, I need to head on home." I was getting ready to turn around and walk away when she threw her arms around my neck and pressed her gentle lips against mine. I almost fainted right there. My hands extended out to my sides until I finally returned her embrace. We stood there for eternity. It was one of those kisses that live with you forever. The one that if you recall it, you can almost feel it. She drew back with her eyes closed and slowly smiled. I was numb from emotions that I've never experienced before.

"I'll see you tomorrow." she turned and started towards the door.

"Daphne, uh, I was wondering, if you're not going with anyone, maybe you would like to go to the prom with me?" I still can't believe I gathered enough courage to ask her.

"Yes, I would love to, goodnight Steve." and with that she went inside the house. I ran all the way home in excitement. I laid in the bed gazing at the ceiling just playing today's events in my head over and over again.

The next day I drove her to school. Oh, the looks and whispers we got were of utter shock. Everyone was confused. The same question that was running through my mind was the same one circulating around school, "What is she doing with him?" I don't have the answer to that one, but it was a dream come true. She was with me, me! I couldn't believe it. We sat together during lunch. I actually was getting respect I never had. We became a couple that day. I fell in love, and I fell hard. I didn't know if I loved her because she was beautiful, or if she was beautiful because I loved her. Every night after play practice we would drive out to McMichael's field. There was a huge willow tree in the middle of the golden ocean of weeds and beautiful flowers of every color that would put a rainbow to shame. We would leave my car running and the lights on and dance for hours to the radio. Every night the radio station would play "Earth Angel," and we would hold each other tight almost afraid to let go that we would lose each other. Those deep velvet nights were all I lived for. Underneath the flowing arms of that willow tree was our very own world sharing love only few have ever known. We made vows of love that will live until I die. The words we softly spoke were words that no one but the sky could hear. Those deep velvet nights we spent as one.

The night of the prom finally arrived. I had just got out of the shower. I was in front of the mirror with a hairbrush singing to the record player when the phone rang. I ran to the phone in the hall.

"Hello! Oh, hey, Mrs. Heaton is Daphne ready for .....Oh my God!" I fell to my knees. What was said on that phone could have killed me right then. It was like someone taking a knife and thrusting it into my stomach. I was speechless.

"Steve, Daphne's dead." There were tears in her voice as she tried to explain. "She was crossing the street from the dress shop and a car spun out of control and hit her. They rushed her to the hospital.....they.....they tried, but..." There was a long pause. I could hear her sniffling trying so hard no to lose composure. "There was too much damage; she died on the way over. I'm so sorry, baby," she hung up.

I waited for her to call back and tell me this was some kind of joke, but she didn't. I sat on the bed and let it all sink in. The tears started to stream down my face, and an overwhelming anger grew from the pit of my stomach and took over my entire body. I couldn't think clearly. I could barely see straight, so I went to the only place I could think of. I stormed out of the house like a raging tornado. I got in my car and frantically drove to our tree. I sat there and held her ring that she had given me. I was mad at the entire world and at God. The girl that I wanted to spend the rest of my life with, who I wanted to share every dance with, who I loved and every ounce of my heart was taken away from me. I wanted to die, so I could be with her. I sat there all night. I watched the sun set and the stars appear one by one. Oh, how I wish I could see her one last time. I could just hold her again, dance with her. I sat there for hours. The moon was full like the night we first kissed. A breeze glided through the long flowing stems of our tree. A small mist settled above the ground. It was like something strange was in the air. Then the unexplainable happened. I heard "Earth Angel," but my car wasn't running. I whirled around confused trying to find out where the music was coming from. Then it happened.

"May I have this dance." It couldn't be, she's dead, but it was, it was Daphne.

I turned, and right before me by some miracle, she stood in her prom dress. It was white silk, strapless. It clung to her waist and flared out at the bottom. It was covered in glitter. Her long hair was pinned up in tiny curls that hung down around her face. She stood there in a light glow. I was stunned, I actually pinched myself just to make sure it was real. I fell to my knees and broke out into tears. She kneeled down and put her arms around me and held me close. I felt her warmth, but it was impossible. I looked up at her in confusion.

"You're dead, your mom called and...."

"Sssshhhhhh, just enjoy this moment."

She held my hand and helped me to my feet. She put her arms around me, and we started to dance. It was too good to be true. I breathed in the scent of her hair. I gripped her tight, scared to let go for one moment. I begged God in my mind to let this moment last forever. The song was coming to an end, and she pulled back from me. I just started shaking my head no, as she caressed my face with her soft velvet touch. She wiped the tears from my eyes. She embraced me, and we kissed passionately for the last time. Then she pressed close against me and whispered in my ear.

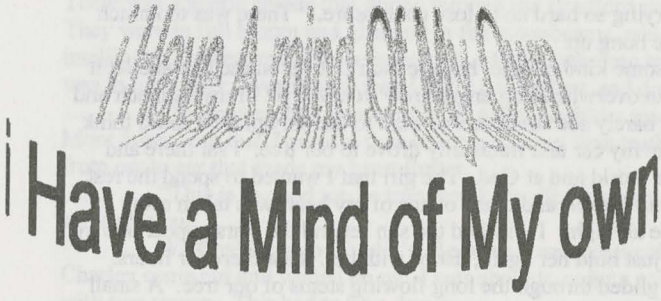
"I love you now and forever." And with that she was gone. I screamed her name over and over.

I can't explain that night. I'm not sure if it was a hallucination, or if it was real. I felt her; I felt her embrace, her lips and her breath against my ear. She came back for one last dance, for one last night. Not many people are fortunate to say goodbye. Our love was so strong it lived on after death; it was strong enough to bring her back for just one last dance. I've never forgotten those long deep velvet nights that we spent dancing under that tree to "Earth Angel." I still feel her at night when I see a full moon or feel a gentle breeze. I can even feel her smiling down on me sometimes. I love her now and forever.

IN this dark room that surrounds me daily.....

I am the only light

~Treneattia Bowman



My Bike Jessie

First Love

Emancipation Proclamation

A Time of Thankfulness

First Impressions

I'll be long Gone

North Surry High School

2000

Bike
sie

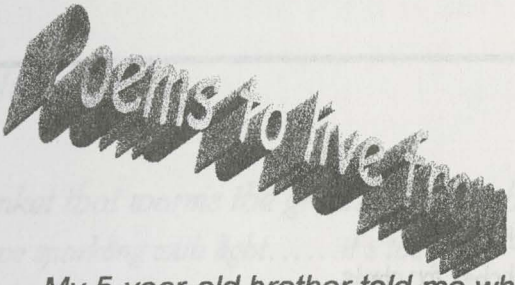
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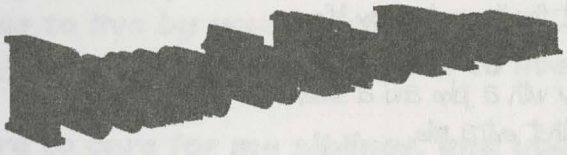
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Emancipation Proclamation
My 5-year-old brother told me what he wanted to be when he grew up.
" I want to be an artist, and color in coloring books all day"
And I told him:
"You can do anything you think of
Every great accomplishment was once called impossible
Why not defy and succeed?
No one will expect you to be anything or do anything
The greatest feeling you will ever experience,
Is doing something great.
Proving someone wrong is an Emancipation Proclamation.
You will finally be freed from bondage and doubt!""
My brother replied:
" But how would I put color on an Emancipation Proclamation?"



A Time of Thankfulness

You've seen this person before,
However, you did not really care.
You observed the ragged clothes and the disheveled hair.
You and your friends would make fun of him as he walked with his head hung low in despair.
Can you put yourself in his position, and take his place?
You could not possibly do it, you think he is a disgrace.
Until you find yourself standing over his plate one day
While you are in a soup kitchen serving food to the needy,
You suddenly think about the man you and your friends were teasing.
It is not funny anymore and you do not feel the need to laugh.
You are now thankful for everything that you have.



My First Love

We were the best of friends in second grade and ever since,
Best friends in seventh grade were the best I think.

You told me your deepest secrets,

I told you mine.
Gave me your friendship,
Also gave me time.

We ordered pizzas, and watched flicks,
When I looked for guys, you looked for chicks.

It did not bother neither one of us, because we were just friends,
However; as we got older the love I had for you began.
I watched your locker; even watched you walk the halls,
I showed no jealously when you went on dates and rarely returned my calls.

However; hey what could I say or do, I was your best friend.
Too bad you did not know the love I had for you then.

I looked up to you when my times were blue,
In all of our classes, it was us two.

You gave me compliments, you treated me nice,
I will always remember that for the rest of my life.

You brighten everyone's day with a joke and a smile,
For you I will always got that extra mile.

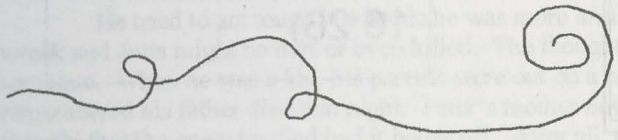
Later on in the years I shed tears because we grown apart;
However; you will always have a special place in my heart.

You have me hooked on you; I cannot let go I will not let go,
I will love you forever more.

No matter what is said, and what is done,
In my life and on my list you will always be number one.

First Impressions

A vast green blanket that warms the ground on which I stand....it's the grass
An ocean high above sparkling with light.....it's the sky
A lemon drop stuck in the sky that awakens me every morning....it's the sun
A million pebbles that twinkle in a midnight sky.....it's the stars
An intelligent person that will succeed and overcome criticism.....it's myself.



I'll be long Gone

Why do you fight and quarrel?
And expect me to live by your morals.
Or shall I say what little morals I have to live by.

I'm stuck here to care for my siblings, and you do everything out of spite,
You do it just to annoy me.

You treat me bad, I hate it here and I'm always mad.

My mom is not here so you take advantage of me,
I'm a teenager with big dreams don't you see?
I hold my tongue now, and I have never been that way,
I feel I'm losing my mind and I have to get out one day.

The day has come, but I feel so ashamed, I left my brother and sister,
And everyone says I'm to blame.

I feel it is better for me to go.

I'm not coming back, I just don't belong
I'm never coming back because I am long gone.

Treneattia Bowman

"Duct tape is like the force. It has a light side, a dark side, and it holds the universe together...."
-Carl Zwanzig

I once cried because I ha shoes until I a man who h feet. -Unkno

"TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND LEAN NOT TO YOUR OWN UNDERSTANDING; IN ALL WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM, AND HE WILL MAKE YOUR PATHS STRAIGHT."
PROVERBS 3:5-6

"For what so profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul?"- Jesus (Matthew 16:26)

Justin Sand

This is Me

"Do not conform any longer to the pattern of this world, but be transformed by renewing your mind. Then you will be able to test and approve what God's will is—His good, pleasing, and perfect will." Romans 12:2

"BOYS AND GIRLS IN AMERICA HAVE SUCH A SAD TIME TOGETHER; SOPHISTICATION DEMANDS THAT THEY SUBMIT TO SEX IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT PROPER PRELIMINARY TALK. NOT COURTING TALK—REAL STRAIGHT TALK ABOUT SOULS, FOR LIFE IS HOLY AND EVERY MOMENT IS PRECIOUS." -JACK KEROUAC (ON THE ROAD)

"We see our frien not by acceptin favors b doing th Thucydi (460 BC BC)

"And my God will supply all your needs according to his glorious riches in Christ Jesus." Philippians 4:19

A Hollow Promise

By Justin Sands

The windshield was flooded with the pelting rain, and all Peter could do was peer from behind the wildly flapping wipers to see what little of the road was visible. It was dark out, and the storm had just begun.

"How are we going to get home?" asked Julia.

"I can make it, you sit tight. It's going to be okay," Peter said.

"It's going to be terrible when you try to get to your house. I could check and see if Mom will let you stay."

"I would, but the lines are down and mom won't know if I'm safe or not." Peter said stoically.

He tried to act tough but inside he was more afraid than she was. He was afraid that he would wreck and Julia might be hurt or even killed. The thought chilled him. He knew what death did to someone. When he was a kid, his parents were out on a night just like this, the same storm almost. He remembered his father died that night. Peter's mother never was the same after that. Sometimes he even thought that the one who died had it better off. After all, they did not have to live in the wake of such a tragedy, he thought.

They could barely see Julia's driveway in the bleakness of night and storm. Since the beginning, the rain had put a chill into the car and the sight of her house brought them closer to a glimpse of hope. Peter pulled into the driveway with half his journey complete. The long and winding road to his house was next.

"I love you, Peter. Please stay. It's too stormy; you can barely see three feet in front of the car. Your mom won't mind. It's better for her to worry than for you to risk this."

"Don't lose confidence in me yet. I'll drive slowly and carefully. You shouldn't worry. It's going to be okay."

The two kissed deeply and separated with the will and want that only young love could generate. They had been dating for almost a year now and it showed. The way he instinctively touched her hand, picked it up, and placed it into his was the definition of beauty. She looked into his eyes one last time before they parted. Love poured through those eyes and spilled into her soul. They were going to miss each other and they knew it.

With hands trembling, he backed out of the driveway and into the ongoing flood of lightning and thunder. Driving slowly and hugging the obscured yellow line, his homeward trek had begun. The rain was falling harder now and it was tougher to see in front of him. Despite the twisting curves and the occasional hydroplaning, he managed to navigate through the storm and keep his vehicle on the road at the same time. The drive was, for the most part, okay and he gained confidence with each mile he drove. The curves began to seem straighter and the road wider.

Then lightning flashed. A tree struck afire and fell into the path of his vehicle. The gash of light froze him solid with fright. Seconds too late he tried to maneuver around it. He braked, hydroplaned, skidded, and slammed into the fallen tree violently. Peter blacked out.

His head sang:

"This is your great grace,
In front of Him ye shall face.
He you shall meet
And lay at His feet.
From the love he hath shown,
Welcome home."

Peter woke up in white space. He could see nothing in this great whiteness, not even himself. "Hello, Peter. We've been waiting for you," a voice echoed. Another soul stirred about him. Though he could not see him, he felt the presence of a comforting soul. It felt soothing to him.

"Let me lead you to your final destination." He followed although he knew not where he was or what he was following. It seemed natural.

"But wait," said another voice more pleasant than the first. "What about your family? Your mom will miss you greatly, and your sister as well. Who will be there for your mom and give your sister away at her wedding?" The Tempter was amongst them.

Something changed inside of Peter's mind. Anxiety infected him. He was the only living male, and it meant a lot to his sister for her to be given away by someone inside the family. More importantly however, was what would the two do without him. Mom was aging and getting sick. Because she could not work, he paid the bills and was helping his sister with college. With their father dead and their mom sick nobody was there with the money the family so desperately needed.

Another thread of dread compiled here was the emotional loss they will have. Peter vividly remembered how his mother and sister took the loss of Dad. They coped, but were never the same again. Holidays and family times seemed absent of happiness and filled with longing. How would this affect them?

"Yes, that's right," Peter answered. "What about them? What is going to happen? They depended on me and need me. Mom is getting sick and cannot pay the doctors. My sister is going through college and needs help with tuition. How will they survive?"

"Do not worry," the first Being said. "Your family will get through this. It will be tough, but they have the strength inside of them to carry on."

"No they won't!" The Tempter said, his voice more aggressive now. "You've seen how families crumble when they lose the center, the breadwinner. Think of your father. You have tried to fill his shoes and even you could not do that. Imagine what is going to happen when you leave them.

"When your father died, your mom nearly committed suicide. The only reason she didn't was because of the same dilemma you're in. She knew that nobody would be there for you, to feed you, and clothe you. She made the right decision. She loves you and the only reason your mom is alive today is because of that. Without you, who can she love and where will she get love? Your sister will be there but she can't make up for both you and your father.

"Your mother did all this, her hard work and determination, she did it all for you. She made the right decision for *you.* And here you are, not even stopping to think of her. You should be ashamed."

"But that was suicide and this is different," the Being said. "You're number has been called, Peter, hers wasn't. He's turning the tables on you. Who do you think coerced her into even thinking suicide? He was there one hundred percent! She barely escaped his deception. Be strong. Don't believe him."

"Think of what will be the greatest benefit to them: an earthly support or a spiritual one? Sure it will be tough on them, and yes, they will miss you; but they are strong. Their needs won't be neglected and you will give them spiritual strength just like your father has. Follow me, it will be okay."

Peter was struck with grief. He couldn't decide which would help them more; physical support or spiritual support. He contemplated deeply within himself. And then he thought that the richest man could be wrought with depression as well as the poorest man. And the poorest man can be the happiest man on earth. Pain and sadness, along with joy and happiness, know nothing of money. He had seen the happiest people live in the most decrepit conditions throughout life because they had faith. He summed it up and decided to follow the Being.

"Sure, okay. Your family will, maybe, survive without you. But what about Julia? How will *you* live without *her*? How can you do this to Julia?

The Tempter had him. He couldn't let go of Julia. His own self was defeating him. He loved her too much and couldn't think of life without her. Peter, blinded by his own physical love, decided to follow the Tempter.

"You're being foolish and disobeying God. Don't you understand that if you trust in Him it will be okay? Your own selfishness is getting the better of you! Nevertheless, as much as I want to help you, you must make your own mistakes. Just remember what you gave up, and if you repent, God will still accept you. But take this as a warning, this man that you are following offers nothing but a hollow promise. Once you leave this place, he will take everything from you. Just remember who is there for you."

Everything went black. This white world was gone and replaced with a cold feeling and a strange darkness. There was no singing as he was laid back on the gurney.

Peter was in a coma. The doctors suddenly revived him, but he was paralyzed from the neck down and suffered severe brain damage. He could not feel, he could not talk, he could not see. Peter cried.

en you look into your
ilies eyes, deep into their
s, you see little bit of
rself.-JS

ect Woman

do other men always want the
rmodels? Because they are pretty? The
? I'll never understand. Then again,
lways different. I've never judged
an like my friends; yes, I do look at
en but I don't place such a need on the
, my kind of woman needs more than
.

erfect woman is by no means perfect, I
dn't want her to be. (After all, why set
an unachievable standard?) Yes, she
d be pretty but I want a woman who I
look into her eyes and see everything
I'm not. I want to see compassion. I
to see a kind of care that rivals your
ner's. I want a selfless woman who will
ys listen with understanding in her eyes
have God in her heart.

uld want my perfect woman to love me
what I want am and not for any other
on. To be able to hold her and all of my
ghts leave me for a second and take me
place that I rarely ever go; where
ing matters but her, and our love. To
her and feel that I'm kissing a woman
isn't perfect and knows that we'll make
akes. My perfect woman.

n't want the WORLD'S most beautiful
an. I want my beautiful woman. One
is beautiful more because of who she is,
what she is. Looks mean a lot, I won't
y it, but it isn't everything. After all,
uty fades but the soul grows stronger
although there are millions of
ermodels, their is only one love

shallow heart breeds cruelty.-JS

A Crush.

A crush,
Do I confess,
A face,
I wish to caress.
her eyes that shine light to infinity,
her laugh up-lifting me,
affection for her sweet serenity.
I long to live to love her.
A crush,
I dare not see another.

A crush,
In her word.
A spectrum,
where rainbows are blurred.
her beautiful body,
a soul to fall into.
my brain in captivity,
her light to shine through.
A crush.
I love you.

i love you

A Little Bit about Me:
Favorite Books: The Bible, Walden, On the Road, The Catcher in the Rye, More Than a Carpenter

Hopes: To become a great musician, serve God, and to change the world.

Favorite music: Bob Dylan, Led Zeppelin, The Who, 311, POD, Project 86, Pearl Jam, and much, much more!

Greatest Love: God

The Stepping Stones of Greatness

God creates men and women with great care, paying all his attention to the details, their personality, personal glitches and what not. He must do this for a reason, because why would he create so many different faults? I believe these faults are the stepping stones to greatness. In life, you have to overcome many obstacles to succeed, and if you look at most of them they deeply involve overcoming yourself. The ability to stop your own Being from its own fate is a virtue greater than all that is holy under God, 'cause the greatest fight is the one with yourself. God planned this, in my belief, to make us great men and women. When you master this, Greatness is yours.

I look at a crucifix, and imagine the greatness He created just by overcoming every man's faults. I want to be a great man and I want to do great things, deeds that change society and change the way people think. I must realize, however, that above the highest mountain, the greatest pinnacle, that on top of every platform of achievement unto which I will rise, there lies a man that will be my only obstacle, my only demise, and my only road block to greatness. That man is myself.

In life I am faced with problems that are relatively easy to overcome, materially and physically speaking, the only thing I really have to face is will I be able to overcome it spiritually, and even more so will I be able to surpass it without it haunting me for the rest of my life. Because that is where it gets you, where it stops you. If it makes you lose the will and give up on your prospecting triumphs then they have won, if it makes you change your entire makeup and philosophy then victory is Satan's.

This is man's ultimate flaw. It creates self-doubt and it stops the magic and fire inside every great man and woman. Rejection is hard, defeat is a blow to the confidence and to the soul, the feeling of refusal to get over something that kills every fiber of your being (like a love leaving you for someone very close to you in your life), these are the things that all men and women have to face and its a test of sheer character. The things that make life miserable are the things that make life what it is. If I gave you a hundred thousand dollars a week, you would doubtlessly become my best friend. If I gave you a million and asked you to worship me, I bet that many people would, but what if I stopped? Then you would get up and leave me without ever turning back. Many people are like that, it is not hard to find friends when you have money, they find you. It is the same way with God. People are there for Him when he blesses the miracles but only the faithful stick by Him when he stops. This is the way God separates the greedy from the faithful. This is how God builds us by playing heavily on our faults and conflicts deep down inside our entity. Some win and some lose, but it's always the strong ones that God delegates the most to, because it gives them strength and tests our character. It prepares them for Greatness.

eet Love

r beauty fall upon me,
my sweet love.
ld and need your honeydew blanket,
your sun to warm me, your flowers
ch me, and your warm gentle breeze
race me.

of this drab world pass away,
my sweet love.
fall into your blue-eyed soul, and
wn with your tranquil body,
my shape and form to follow
ere heaven you'll take me.

lay myself at your feet,
my sweet love
umble and need to be at your service,
to give to you, your love is all the due
need in my life-
complete me.

of my and your inhibitions go,
my sweet love.
aiting for the true day of truth,
our trust is supreme and our love even
so.
our selves from the chains of
present, future and at last
ll be one with me.

r prayers be answered,
my sweet love.
n knees, as are you so that
e may be strong and pure.
only God to know where
you and where to go.
have the Will and to love you
ossible for me.

be one with you,
my sweet love.
hold you and kiss you.
soul flow within you,
hen I am whole with you,
ll you be with me.

I Will Remember Autumn

When Autumn comes,
I will remember you.
Short light, dusk and tomb,
The darkness of night and the sky's absence of blue.
That is what I remember of you.

The red leaves and dead grass,
From stark cold and newborn frost,
The cold wind and bold draft,
Left from the summer and heat lost,
The crumpled leaves and dead hue
Is what I remember of you

The greatest of men are the ones who admit their faults with intent to solve them.-JS

LOVE

I've never known myself to ever be as enveloped in love as I am now.
In the course of two months or so, I've one of the most beautiful women
I've ever had the pleasure to gaze upon.

Her strange entrancement,
Like that of a snake.
A strange enhancement,
From Heaven to take.
Dreams taken to place,
Never knew beauty had a face.

Strange to feel this feeling,
Strange to feel this healing.
A guiding light and a light in life.
My Love, My wife.
Strange to feel love again.
Strange to be in love again.

I've never been in love, as I am to her,
She lights me, gives power to my soul.
A grace of beauty, in her beauty there's grace.
Dreams of my void to fill, give my love a face.

ONLY WAY TO CHANGE YOUR REGRETS IS TO CHANGE YOUR FUTURE.-JS

The early bird gets the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

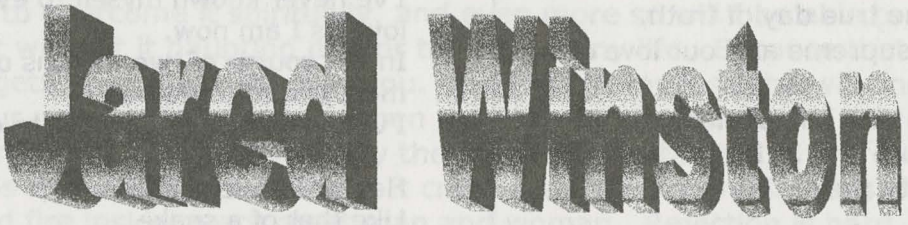
Steven Wright

Ambition is a poor excuse for not having enough sense to be lazy.

Steven Wright

Hard work pays off in the future. Laziness pays off now.

Steven Wright



Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

Steven Wright

The problem with the gene pool is that there is no lifeguard.

Steven Wright

The sooner you fall behind, the more time you'll have to catch up.

Steven Wright

The Mall

I was so happy that morning as we got into our van and made the trip to the mall. I was turning five in two days, so I knew I would be getting the new Transformer BumbleBee. The trip to the mall usually takes an hour so I brought with me my favorite Optimus Prime and a few G.I. Joes to battle with while we drove away. Last year I got this Optimus Prime and if I got BumbleBee this year, my set would be complete. After the drive to the mall was over, I hid my action figures under the seat as we got out of the van because I knew somebody might see them and try to steal them. I grabbed my mom's hand as we got out of the van and started to walk to the mall entrance. Mom always told me to hold her hand when we walked so she wouldn't get lost, I think she just wanted me to stay close to her. As we went through the entrance, I noticed a huge model train in the center of the mall on display. I wanted to look at it but Mamma said we had other things we had to do. The first store we went to sold old women's shoes and smelled funny. I asked Mom why we were not going to the toy store to get my present. She only said we had other things we had to do. I swear we were in that mall forever and all we did was look at clothes for her and went into a million stores. We passed by that train in the mall repeatedly and I begged mom to let me go look at it, but she said no. So when she was not looking I walked away from her and made my way to the center of the mall. The train was awesome, and it had controls to make it move. I stood there in awe as I made the train race about the track totally ignoring everything around me. I stood there for a few minutes then I remembered, wait where is Mom. I looked around trying to see the store I left Mom in. For the first time I knew what being alone felt like, and I frantically ran around but I could not find her anywhere. I felt something my hand and when I turned around there was Mom. She smile softly at me and said I am so glad you found me I was so afraid I had gotten lost. I looked up at her, gave her a big hug, and said its okay Mom I won't let go again.

Poetry stuff

CALISTA FLOCKHART
LET A BIG FART
AND BROKE IN HALF
I JUST LAUGHED.

STUDENTS IN A CLASS
NOT LEARNING NOT CARING
OUR FUTURE LEADERS.

ALL WHITE
BOYS
CAN'T
DANCE

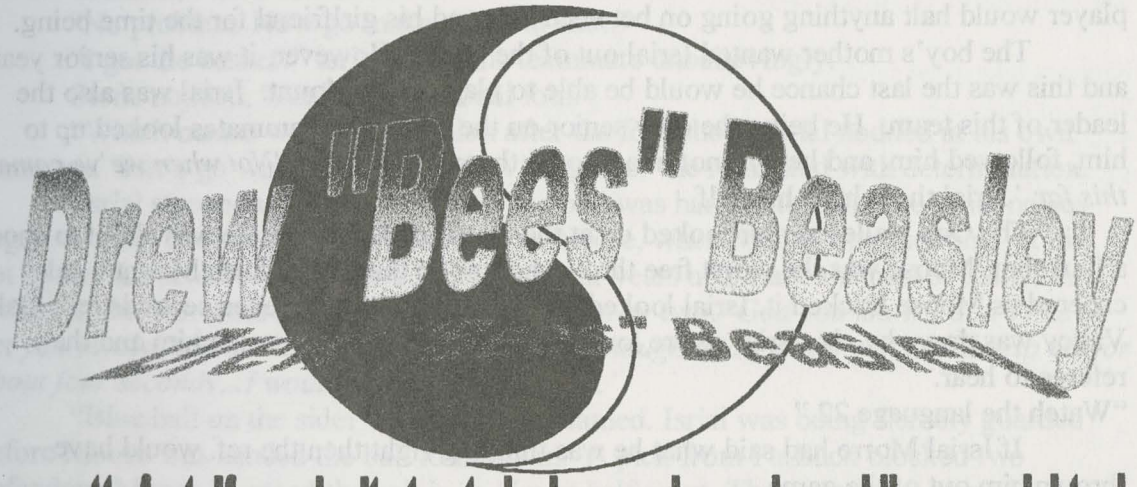
ALWAYS TALKING
NEVER SAYING ANYTHING
BLAH BLAH BLAH BLAH
WASTED BREATHS

"We are the people our parents warned us about."
-Jimmy Buffet

"The worst thing about censorship is [deleted by censorship bureau]."
-anonymous

-Anonymous

"What you talk'in 'bout Willis?"
-Different Strokes



e moves pretty fast. If you don't stop to look around once in a while, you might miss it."
-Ferris Bueller

"Yip-e-ki-yay..."
-John McClane

"The harder you fall, the higher you bounce."
-Unknown

"Try? There is no try. There is only do or not do."
-Yoda

A Rivalry for the Ages

The Varsity Gym echoed with screams and cries from both sides. Most of the noise erupted from the two student sections. It was the biggest game of the year. Oak Valley was playing North Mount, the biggest rivalry in the state. However, this was not just another Oak Valley, North Mount game. This was for the Conference Championship. Oak Valley had not beaten North Mount in the past seven years.

It had been a brutal match-up so far. Each team had had several players unintentionally injured, supposedly. There had even been one brawl, in which one of North Mount's best players had been ejected.

Isrial leaned over his knees at half court. He looked like he had been in a bar fight. Blood stained most of the "O" and part of the "A" on his jersey. Some more blood appeared on the "22" and the light blue mesh. None of it was his. He didn't think so anyway. His left eye was almost completely swelled shut. A vicious elbow from North Mount's center had done that. It had also left a big gash on the inside corner of his left eye. It didn't matter. An *unintentional* knee by Isrial on a lay-up to the tall North Mount player would halt anything going on between him and his girlfriend for the time being.

The boy's mother wanted Isrial out of the game. However, it was his senior year and this was the last chance he would be able to play North Mount. Isrial was also the leader of this team. He being the only senior on the team, his teammates looked up to him, followed him, and he was not about to let them down now. *'Not when we've come this far.'* Isrial thought to himself.

The Oak Valley senior looked up at the clock, as his teammate was about to shoot a foul shot. Moose was the worst free throw shooter on the team. North Mount's side cheered as Moose bricked it. Isrial looked up at the clock again. Seven seconds left, Oak Valley was down by six. Isrial swore loud enough for the player beside him and the referee to hear.

"Watch the language 22."

If Isrial Morre had said what he was thinking right then the ref. would have thrown him out of the game.

Things looked hopeless. Moose on the line, down by six with seven seconds left in the fourth quarter and out of time-outs. All he could do was hope that FatBack would get the rebound. He was good at that and was relatively fast to be his size. Isrial was surprised that he had even made the team, but Fat played a vital role. The large powerhouse forward had saved Isrial from being blind-sided tonight and probably kept him in the game. Isrial looked over at the bench. Everyone was hurt. Trae, Mace, Wes, Opey, all of the starters, except for Isrial, and that was only on account of Fat taking out North Mount's shooting guard who had charged at Isrial with the strength of a line backer.

Some of the Oak Valley crowd was already filing out of the building. Only the faithful remained. Isrial Morre forgot about everything except winning this basketball game. In his four years of playing on Varsity, they had never beaten their long time rivals. Tonight, he was determined. He regained his composure and his senior leadership began to beam through once more. His one good eye hit the boy from North Mount like a cold arctic storm. Although his voice sounded calm, he was totally infuriated on the inside.

"Your girlfriend's that blond cheerleader over there right?"

The North point guard looked a little irritated. "Yeah. We're engaged. Why?"

The referee handed Moose the ball. The Oak Valley Side was silent while the North Mount side yelled, screamed, and stomped like on the shot before. The basketball was released from Moose's hands.

"She sure is one ugly bit…" and the crowd erupted as Moose actually made a free throw. Now, Oak Valley was only down by five.

The point guard stared Isrial down for a few seconds, until he remembered his responsibility as a player and then sprinted for the basketball with Isrial following closely behind. But Isrial knew he was faster. The ball was thrown in. Isrial knocked it away. He was going in for the lay-up when out of nowhere came the enraged point guard. He leapt up in stride behind Isrial and clotheslined the boy onto the hardwood floor, his head smacking against the padding on the wall behind the basket.

"Son of a…Oh." He heard his mom crying from where he lay. Stone picked him up.

"Thanks," Isrial shook his head. "God that hurts."

"No problem. Now go make this foul shot."

"I got the basket?" Isrial asked his teammate unbelievingly.

Stone nodded, "And an intentional foul."

"Which means we get possession after the foul shot." Isrial nodded at his own comment. "Let's go win this Godforsaken ballgame," he remarked with determination.

Isrial stepped up to the foul line. The ball was handed to him. The same noises began to erupt from the North Mount side as before, when Moose was shooting. It did not bother the senior. He had heard them for four years and made the basket easily. Isrial looked at the scoreboard. Four seconds left, down by two. '*God you know I don't like to get you involved in basketball games. You have enough to do, but if you could help me for about four seconds…I would really appreciate it.*'

"Blue ball on the side!" the referee screamed. Isrial was being fiercely guarded before Moose was handed the ball to throw in. A pick from FatBack blocked two defenders. Moose bounced the ball in to him at half court. The entire gym started counting with the clock. That didn't help with the pressure at all.

"FOUR!" Isrial faked around one defender. "THREE!" He dribbled around another coming to the top of the three-point line. "TWO!" He picked up his dribble and ball-faked another guard to get him off his feet. "ONE!" The shot looked like it had been fired from a cannon. Isrial had put every last bit of strength he had into it. It hit the backboard and banked in. The buzzer sounded. Oak Valley had defeated North Mount for the first time in three years. Oak Valley fans stormed onto the court and Isrial Morre was lifted upon the shoulders of Moose and Stone. He looked out upon the crowd, giving high-fives to excited fans and savored the best win of his life.

"The game isn't over till it's over."

-Yogi Berra

"It's a legalized street fight."

-Johnny Beamer

The Golden Posts of Glory

"We're on a mission from God."
-Blues Brothers

Yellow are the field goal posts,
That I use every game,
When we play at home,
These uprights bring me fame.

Kickers use these posts,
No one else I see,
These posts bring me honor,
Make me what I want to be.

A person who gives credit,
Not take it for myself,
It takes eleven guys to do what I do,
I need a lot of help.

A good snap, a good hold,
Is all a part of the game,
These are crucial things,
Of what bring me my fame.

Although I'm the one who kicks it,
Through those golden-yellow bars,
I give credit to my line,
Because without nine guys blocking for me,
I would never have those two seconds of time.

My name goes in the newspaper,
When I kick the ball between them,
But when it flies between those sunny-colored posts,
I owe it all to Him.

"It's kind of fun to do the impossible."
-Walt Disney

Definition
Kicker: The ***Least Respected*** Position in Football.

Arnold Olsen

"It's not whether you get knocked down; it's whether you get up again."

-Vince Lombardi

Justin Nichols

If you judge people,
you have no time to
love them.
-Mother Teresa

noone cares about me because i dont care about them so without

need lonely

love, without

if i has a friend he would sit here with me but until then i'm lonely

lonely

friends

i would not mind having a few friends but i would settle with one

desire

Caution: Don't Bother Reading This With A Closed Mind.

Another Sunday

Every Sunday is a ritual for Nicholas and Matteo. They would get back from church, go to Nick's house, and lye on the bed for hours while wearing out the ashtray.

"Nick, you need to quit your job 'cause it's already two-thirty and you gotta' haul your butt in at four, right?"

"Yeah, I'm about tired of this too, I believe I just wont go in today."

"Whatever Nick, so, do you have any homework due tomorrow?"

Of course, Nick had homework, he always did, and of course, it has been finished since Friday evening.

Those Sunday lounges were the best. Although the two hardly even were able to speak to each other at school, those times on Sunday caught everything up for the guys. When Nick had to work, it put a damper on things but, although he always fantasized about quitting, he never had the nerve to do so.

Nick's job was like a kid pulling a tooth in the sense that he never wanted to do it, but once it was over it was certainly good money.

On a Monday, the typical conversation at the "Cheap Grill" went very much like a Spanish teacher on the first day.

"Sandra, where's the vacuum?"

"Round the office, up, left" which when translated means that it is in the closet behind the desk, against the back wall, in the left corner.

This constant jabber annoyed Nick because he did not like anything to be more complex than it had to be, but he tolerated it every day.

Nick longed for more free Sunday afternoons to spend with his friend, but school plus work plus volunteer work at the retirement home limited the possibility. Something had to give.

"Matt, do you think I'll ever be offered the perfect reason to quit the burger shack?"

"You want to quit?"

"Yeah."

"There's your perfect reason."

"But something with substance, you know, something they'd understand so I wouldn't have to lie, or have them smooth-talk me into working just weekends, or something, you know?"

Nick knew that Matt was right, and all he had to do was quit, and say no to their weekend offer that was sure to come.

As Nick drove to work on Monday, he thought about what to say. He almost ran a kid over in a residential street because of his lack of focus. The only things he could think of were lies, and Nick was not the type to throw around a lie as fact.

Nick worked that night and never said a word about his secret desire to quit.

"Mr. Jenkins…Mr. Jenkins…Mr. Jenkins!" Nick got the sudden awakening from Mrs. Belle, the short, fat woman who claimed to teach Biology but instead just rambled on and on about something else that constantly bored her students right into a deep sleep.

"Yes, Mrs. Belle?" Nick asked.

"As I was saying, my husband…" She continued with her rambling.

"Nick, do you realize you've been asleep long enough to get a button imprint from you jacket on your face?" Jennie, his lab partner asked.

"Well I was up till two doing her homework." Nick mumbled as he tried to gain his composure.

The second period bell rang, Nick got up and quickly excused himself to the restroom where he found Matteo.

"What's up man?" Nick asked.

"Nothing, bro. Just trying to decide if it's save to smoke in here yet."

"Oh, well, hope you don't get busted! I gotta' run." Nick said this as he left without even visiting the toilet in the fear that Matt would get busted and the teachers would find his cigarettes that he had forgotten to leave in his car.

Nick didn't have to work that night so when he got home he did his regular two hours of homework, actually a small load for him, then he decided to rest for a while.

The telephone rang after Nick had been lying on his bed for thirty minutes. He stood up and started to answer it, on his way to the telephone he tripped over the pile of college catalogues that had collected in the floor.

"Hello." He heard his mother say from downstairs. He picked up the telephone just in time to hear Mrs. Belle introduce herself.

"I'm really concerned about Nick. He has slept in my class every day this week, Mrs. Jenkins. This is completely out of his character, and I thought you may want to know."

"I'll have a talk with him, I'm sure he's just worn himself out from all the work he's been doing lately."

"Well, I know how hectic a high school student's life can become." Then she went on for twenty minutes with a story about her oldest son having two jobs and community service during his senior year, but Nick had already turned off his phone before he would be subjected to that.

Nick's mom did not mention the telephone call until a week later. She gave Nick the perfect excuse to quit the "Cheap Grill". She forced him. She even called the place for him.

"Nick, I'm sorry but this is how it's going to be. You're working yourself to death, and you shouldn't have to worry about that yet. You've got all your life to worry about that kind of thing, just go to school, and go to bed, that's the only thing you should worry with."

The only thing Nick could think of was how ironic it was that she was apologizing for making him quit.

The next Sunday was great.

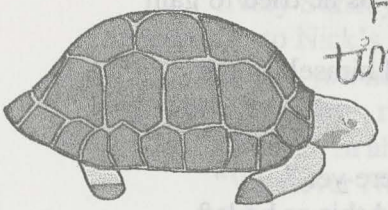
"I'm sure glad you finally quit that slack job."

"Yeah me too, but I didn't exactly quit."

"Yeah your mom told me. So do you have any homework due tomorrow?"

"Yeah, but I already…"

The Genius Scribbles Of...



"Healing is a matter of time, but it is also a matter of opportunity."
-Precepts



"It is good to love the unknown"
-Lame

"Life seems to fade away drifting further everyday"
-Metallica



"Guess if you c
choose if you d
-Cornei

"Keep your own
side up!"
-unkno



"If you love something, let it go; if it comes back it's yours. If not, it was never yours to begin with."
-anonymous







#25

AnDrEa SyKes



My Best Friend

Written with a pen,
Sealed with a kiss.
If you really are my friend,
Then please answer this:
Are we friends?
Or are we not?
You told me once
But I forgot.

So tell me now
And tell me true.
So I can say,
"I'll be there for you."

Of all the friends
I've ever met,
You are the one
I won't forget.

And if I die
Before you do,
I'll go to heaven
And wait for you.

I'll give the angels
Back their wings.
And risk the loss
Of everything.

Just to prove,
My love is true.
Because I have...
A friend like you!



Not Me

When I first met you,
I knew it was true.
The heart never lies,
I was in love with you.

I looked in your eyes
That were looking at me.
I wanted you to say,
"Hey, lets run away."

But worse came to worse
And all that I knew
Is the one thing I wanted,
Was to be with you.

I saw you with her,
But what could I do?
All I could say was,
"How could you?"

All the times we spent together
Was nothing I can see.
You had always wanted her,
And not me.

Teenage Years

It is something hard to cope with.
Something hard to understand.
When your life makes a sudden change,
And the sky lets out some rain.

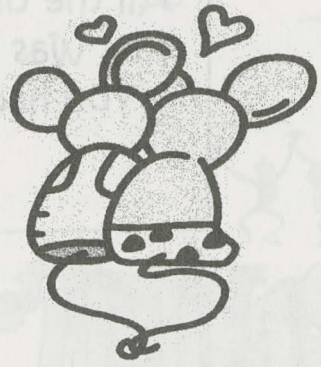
You are full of many mixed emotions,
That you nor anyone else can explain.
Sometimes you feel completely alone,
As the rain falls down to the land.

People push you to try harder,
Though you can only try so much.
Life is very exhausting.
Never-ending rain is such.

Now the rainstorm has ended,
And all the clouds have disappeared.
You are finally able to move away,
FAR beyond your teenage years.

Untitled

Hearts can change,
Mine will too.
You said you were mine,
The experience was cool.
But now I don't know my feelin
I really don't know you.
I didn't know your intentions
Not a word you said was tru
You lied to me,
Time and time again.
So now it must come to an en
I know what has to be done,
And it's the last thing I want to
I will look you in the eyes
As tears fill mine.
And say goodbye...
For the last and final time.



10 Meanings of Life

Here are the 10 meanings of life
From the back of my mind.....
The 10 meanings of which to live,
10 meanings not hard to find.

I was told #10 is laughter,
It cures an empty, breaking heart.

I overheard #9 is happiness,
Which is good to understand and see.

I think #8 is friendship,
It makes you feel complete.

I read #7 is peacefulness,
Something the world has yet to see.

I believe #6 is faithfulness,
Which is something I have gained.

I was told #5 is freedom,
I love to have the privilege.

I heard #4 is trust,
What do you think this word means?

I think #3 is love.
It fills your heart with joy.

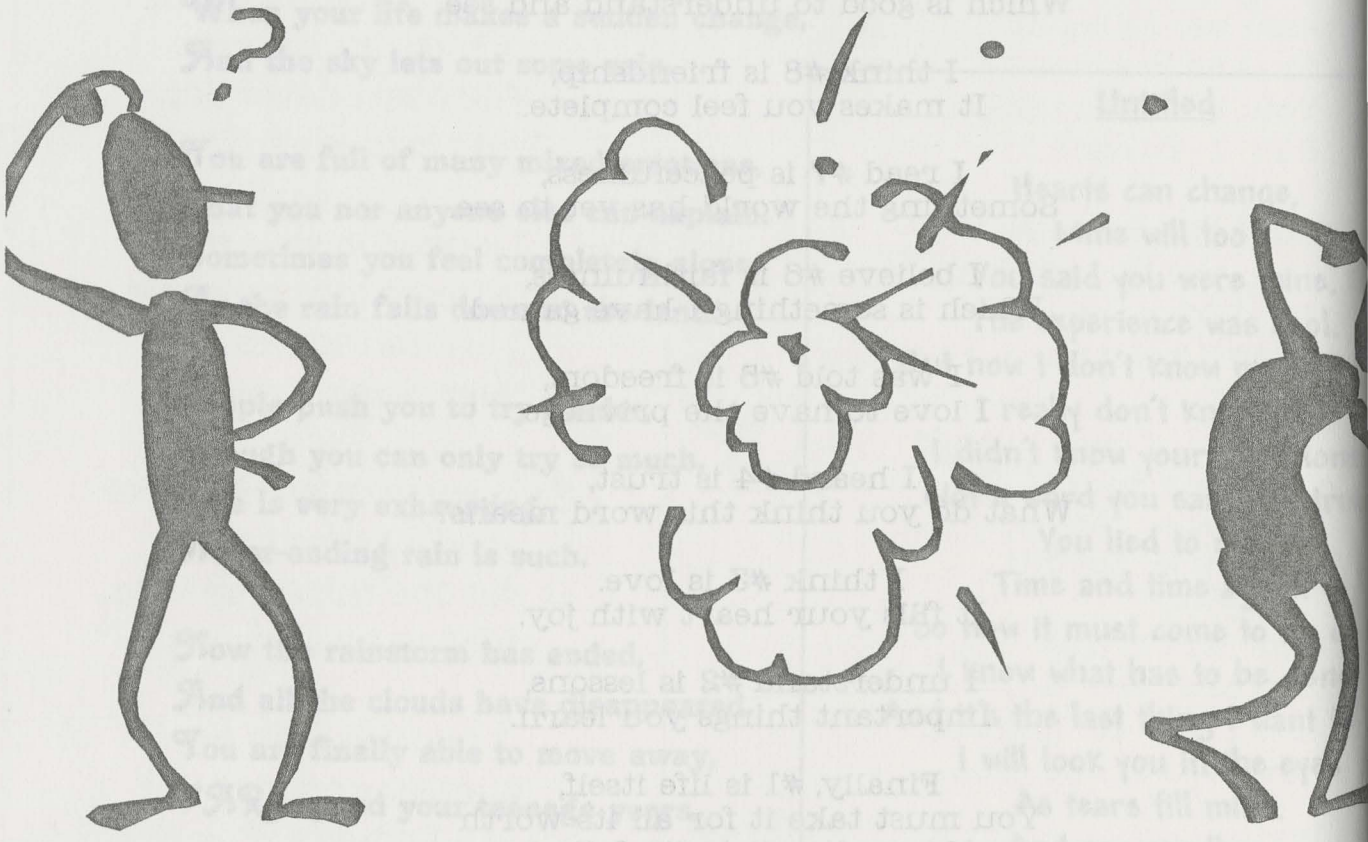
I understand #2 is lessons,
Important things you learn.

Finally, #1 is life itself,
You must take it for all it's worth
Always live it to its fullest.



Scatterings of my m

"I couldn't wait for success so I went ahead withou
-Jonathan Winters



Every exit is an entry somewhere else."
-Tom Stoppard

Jenny Walk

The Solution

She was in a big panic
There was nothing she could do
She hid herself from someone
Someone who she did not know
There was no one to listen
No one to hear her crying
Just the awful, bare darkness
No one knew she was dying
She crept right through the silence
And felt around in the desk
Then she found her solution
Why she did it no one knows
If only we could go back
And change the events that day
Then maybe she'd still be here
And it wouldn't be this way

When you...

I get chills when you look at me.
I get weak knees when you smile at me.
I go crazy when you touch me.
I feel empty when you look past me.
I become sad when you don't know me.
I grow cold when you aren't near me.
I see you when you don't see me.
I love you when you don't love me.



"When I was kidnapped my parents mapped into action. They rented out my room."

-Woody Allen

Fate

We used to sit together
Under the apple tree
Me beside you
And you beside me

We used to play together
On the swings and monkey bars
Then late at night we'd come out
And lay beneath the stars

We used to eat together
Two cherries on our banana split
For when there was just one
We would always fight over it

We used to hang out together
Watching movies old and new
And when we watched a romance
It was just like me and you

But now we're not together
You high up, and me so far down
And when I think of old times
It always brings a frown

But one day we'll be together
For everyone to see
Me beside you
And you beside me

"They are my mistakes and I am proud of them"
-Jenny Walker

"Laughing at my work only makes me write more!"
-Jenny Walker

"Failure is not falling down but staying down."
-Mary Pickford

Large black squares
Divided by small lines
Divisions to separate
White from black
The world
The way it all falls
White large squares
Scuffs
Like someone hopping
From square to
square
As if a game
Checkers or chess
A game of life

Checkmate

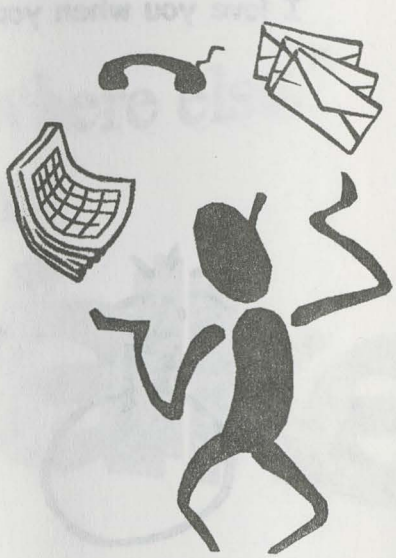


"A friend is someone who knows the song in your heart and will sing it back to you when you forget the words."
-Unknown

"A story is a way to say something that can't be said any other way, and it takes every word in the story to say what the meaning is."
-Flannery O'Connor

My Mind

Entering my mind one would find:
100 and some odd quotes
Several pieces of string cut into pieces
1 bone that was lost
Another that can't be found
1 plan to sanity
1 map to an unmarked grave
100's of pieces of paper

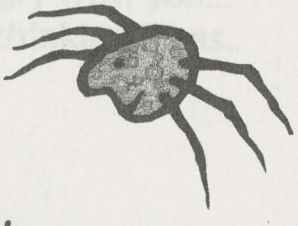


Green
he last falling
shade
s it drifts down to
the ground
he last death to
welcome a cold
and crying winter
lourning
efore the rebirth of nature



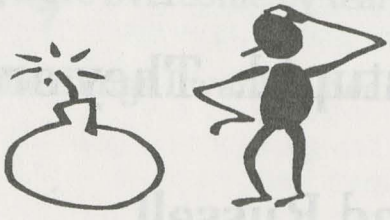


Darkness
The Raven
You lie asleep in bed
Too lost to notice the shadows creeping
up by your side
Robbery, of an unmarked soul
Lost forever
Never to wake again



"You only live once, but if you work it right, once is enough."
-Joe E. Lewis

"The older a man gets, the farther he had to walk to school as a boy."
-Commercial Appeal



ucation is what you get when you read the fine print. Experience is what you get when you don't."

-Pete Seeger

ucation is what you get when you read the fine print. Experience is -Pete Seeger

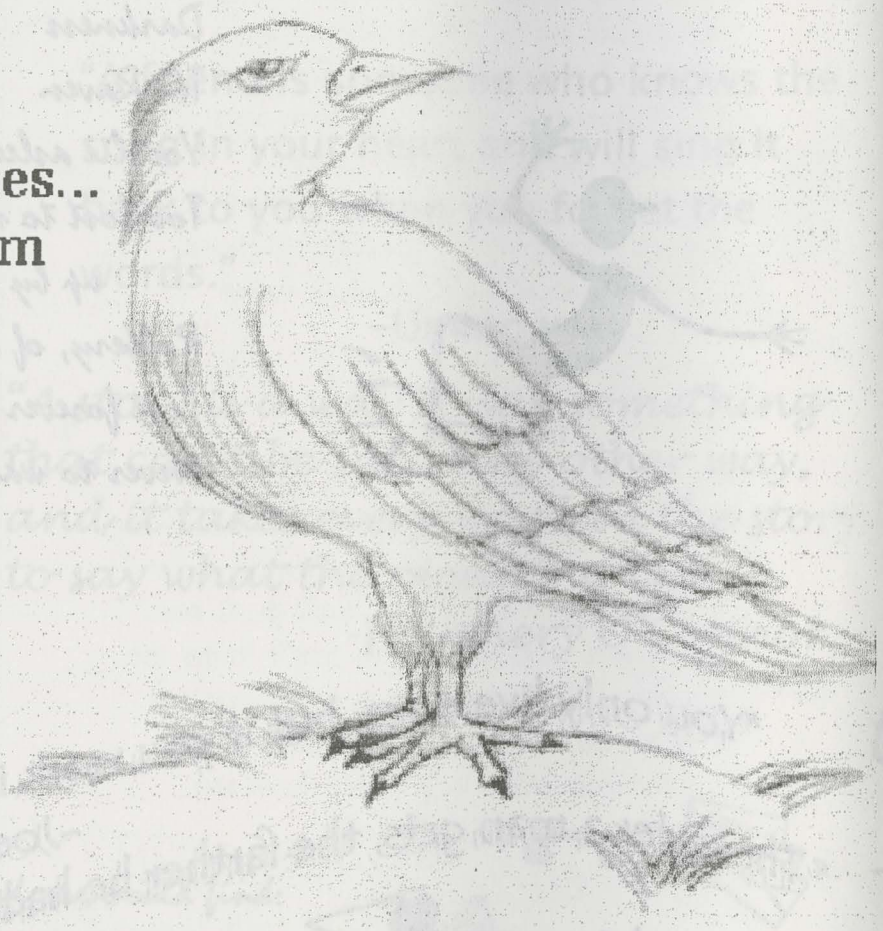
SHANNON RAE GENTRY

"Trust in God, but lock your car."

- Anon

"Love thine enemies... it really pisses them off."

- Anon



"Men are born ignorant, not stupid. They are made stupid by education."

- Bertrand Russell

I leave my hurt behind,
I leave my anger behind,
I leave my life behind,
But my heart takes you with me.

"If you tell the truth, you don't have to remember anything."
- Mark Twain

What I Want To Hear

I'm sorry I didn't hold you
When you needed me close,

I'm sorry I didn't listen
When you needed me most,

And I'm sorry I wasn't there for you
When you were overcome by fear,

These are the things I want to hear.

I'm not angry with my family,
I'm not angry with my friends,
I'm not angry with the world,
I'm not angry with God,
I'm not even angry with you...
Just myself for thinking I was.

"If you are patient in one moment of anger,
you will escape a hundred days of sorrow."
-Chinese Proverb

"The pure and simple truth is rarely pure and never simple
-Anon

To Be Sorry

I'm sorry I hurt you,
I'm sorry you care.
But the world isn't you,
You need to be aware.

Stop being angry,
It needs to end.
Be a true man,
And a true friend.

I'm sorry I hurt you,
I'm sorry you care.
But keep this in mind,
I won't always be there.

I am not sorry,
I have been there.
I am not sorry,
I've done nothing but care.

"You can fool some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."
-Abraham Lincoln

"You have not converted a man because you have silenced him."
-John Morley

What They Expect of You

Keep going,
Don't stop,
They're all watching,
Expecting everything
And maybe more.
Pressure
And more pressure.
It comes in many faces...
Love, pride, support.
But there's a line
Between them
And it will be crossed.
Don't stop,
Keep going,
Don't lose.

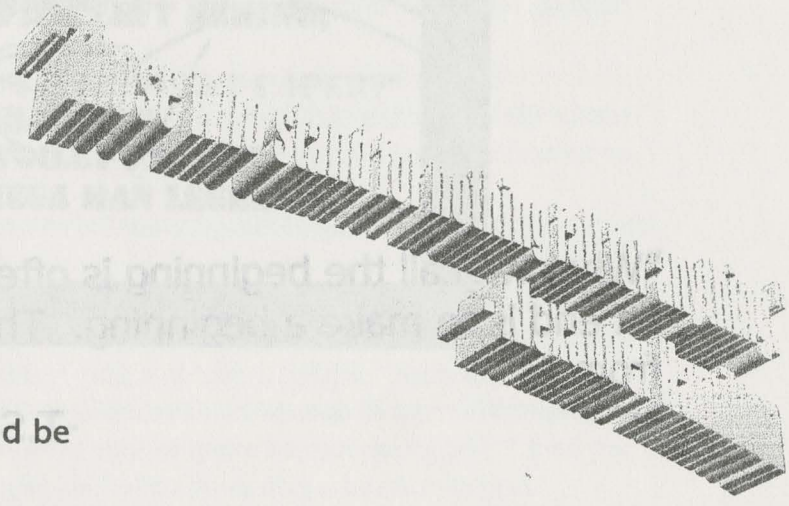
"When I tell the truth it is not for the sake of convincing those who do not know it, but for the sake of defending those that do."

- William Blake



Better Still

I care about you,
More than I wanted to feel.
You don't know this,
But it's better still.
I cry when you hurt me,
But I try to hide it.
You don't know this,
But it's better still.
When you kiss me
It almost hurts.
You don't know this,
But it's better still.
I could have loved you,
But I'll never tell.
You don't know this,
But it's just as well.



Scribble

I try so hard
Everyone's looking,
Watching, waiting.
All eyes on me...
But yours looked away.
It's so hard...
To laugh, to love, to smile, and be
It won't take long,
To live and learn to be.
Your eyes may look back on me someday.
It's not so hard and not far away.



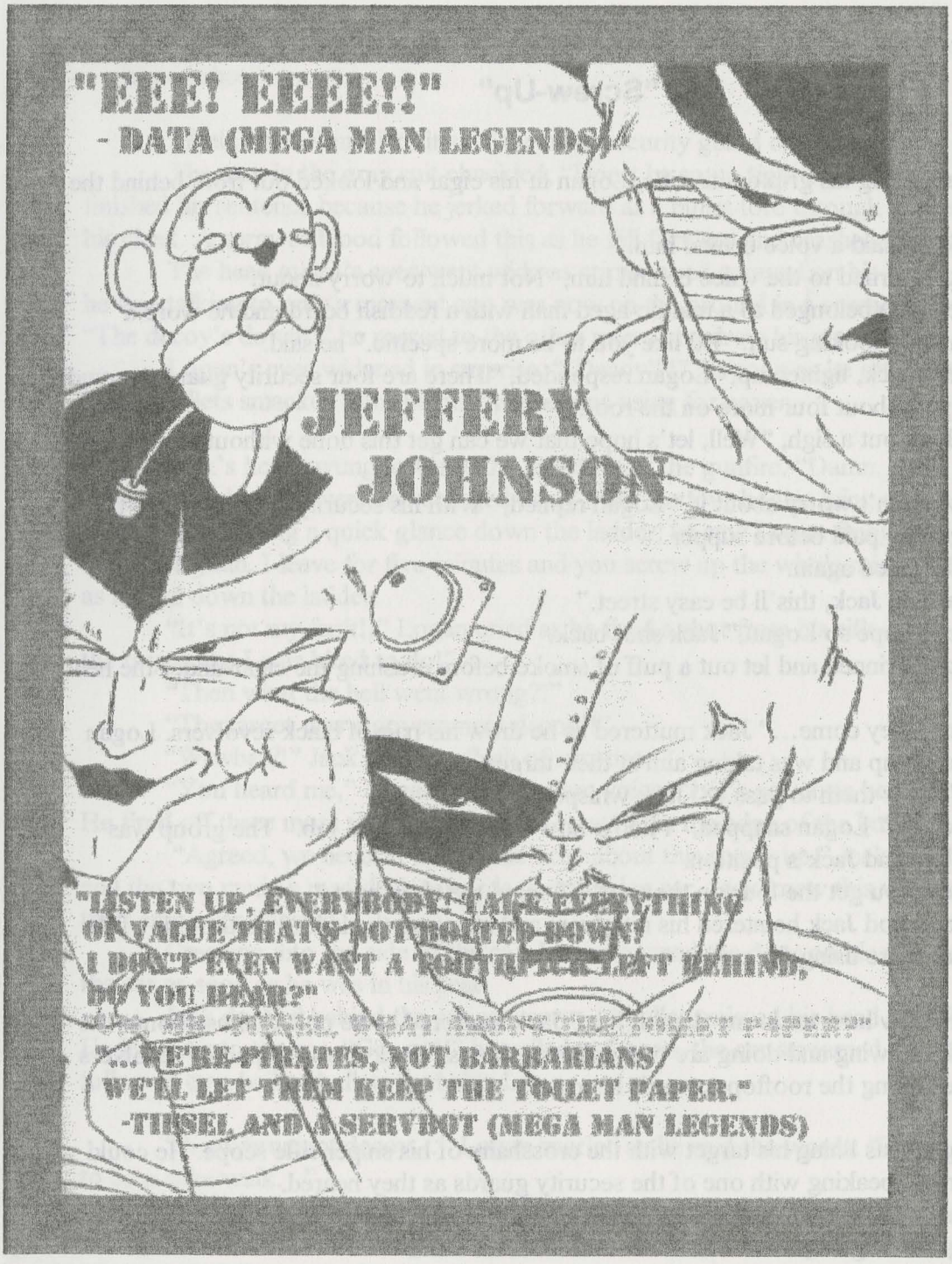
The Bird

I see a bird
He's looking,
But for what?
Shelter from the hard storm,
Warmth from the bitter cold,
A lost love found somewhere in the world?
Who knows...
Could A bird love?
Or does he just live, breed, and die?
Sometimes I wonder...
Is there a difference
Between us and that lost bird?

He found his way.

"What we call the beginning is often the end. And to make an end is to make a beginning. The end is where we start from."

-T.S. Eliot


"EEE! EEEE!!"
- DATA (MEGA MAN LEGENDS)
JEFFERY JOHNSON
"LISTEN UP, EVERYBODY! TAKE EVERYTHING OF VALUE THAT'S NOT BOLTED DOWN! I DON'T EVEN WANT A TOOTHPICK LEFT BEHIND, DO YOU HEAR?"
"...WE'RE PIRATES, NOT BARBARIANS, WE'LL LET THEM KEEP THE TOILET PAPER."
-TIESEL AND A SERVBOT (MEGA MAN LEGENDS)

"Screw-Up"

Readjusting his grip on his rifle, Logan lit his cigar and looked out from behind the building.

"Well?" said a voice behind him.

Logan turned to the voice behind him, "Not much to worry about."

The voice belonged to a middle-aged man with a reddish beard and he wore a standard military looking suit. "I'd like you to be more specific." he said.

"Geez Jack, lighten up," Logan responded, "There are four security guards around the target, plus about four more on the roof."

Jack let out a sigh, "Well, let's hope that we can get this done without any trouble."

"I wouldn't worry about it," Logan replied, "With his security like this, we'll be done and getting paid before supper."

Jack sighed again.

"Ease up Jack, this'll be easy street."

"Let's hope so Logan," Jack shot back.

Logan grinned and let out a puff of smoke before crushing the cigar under the heel of his boot.

"Here they come…" Jack muttered as he drew his pair of black revolvers. Logan had his rifle set up and was taking aim at their target.

"Wait for them to pass…" Jack whispered.

"I know," Logan snapped, "I know how to do my flamin' job." The group was nearing Logan and Jack's position.

"Jack, you get the four on the roof, I'll mind the shop here."

With a nod Jack holstered his revolvers and starts up the ladder on the side of the building they were using for cover.

" 'I know how to do my flamin' job," Jack muttered as he pulled himself onto the roof. "Well, knowing and doing are two different things." Jack drew his pair of revolvers as he stalked along the rooftop towards his prey.

Logan was lining his target with the crosshairs of his sniper rifle scope. He could hear his target speaking with one of the security guards as they neared.

"…but sir, are you sure about this?" questioned the head security guard, readjusting his sunglasses as he took another look around.

"Nonsense," replied a man in a gray business suit. He was almost laughing as he walked, "Who would dare to risk such an attack on me? Besides no one knows that we are here." The group moved along as they passed one condemned building after another.

Logan cracked a grin as he rested his finger on the trigger, "See for yourself, fool," he muttered under his breath. "You've caused my employer a great deal of trouble from what I've been told, *and* he's paying me a nice sum of money for me to do the job and not

ask questions…" he squeezed the trigger and a low *fffttthhp!* sounded as the rifle fired off a silenced shot.

"Well. I still don't like it sir," the head security guard complained.

The man in the gray suit chuckled, "Don't be so up tight over so-" He never finished his sentence because he jerked forward as a bullet tore through him and flew out his chest. A spray of blood followed this as he fell forward and crashed into the ground.

The head guard's eyes went wide as crimson red sprayed on his black suit, the man he was talking to only a moment ago was now on the ground in a spreading pool of blood. "The decoy's down!!" he roared to the other men as he drew his gun.

Logan's eyes widened in surprise, "'Decoy'?!" As soon as he uttered the words a hail of bullets smacked into the building he was using for cover.

Jack's head swung towards the direction of the gunfire. "Damn…" he muttered as he holstered his revolvers and charged away from the four bodies lying on the roof in a pool of red. Taking a quick glance down the ladder, he saw Logan firing at the advancing men. "Oh yeah, I leave for five minutes and you screw up the whole mission!!" he growled as he slid down the ladder.

"It's not my fault!!" Logan cried as he fired a shot from his rifle at the men, "I hit the target like I was hired to do!"

"Then what the hell went wrong?!"

"The target was a government decoy!!"

"W-what?!" Jack said in a flash of surprise.

"You heard me," Logan said in a clam voice, "Let's get outta he while we're able." He fired off three more shots then backed away from the edge of the building.

"Agreed, we need to talk to the boss about this screw up." Jack also backed away and the two made a mad dash towards their hidden car. Jack knew this wasn't as simple as their employer boasted.

Crashing into the side of the car, Logan opened the door on his side and started the car as soon as he was in his seat.

Jack ducked behind the car as a spray of bullets missed his head by a few inches. He leaped into the car, "Go, go!!" he yelled at Logan, the car screamed out of the area followed by a hail of bullets far behind.

"A government decoy…" Logan snarled as he said the words. "This was supposed to be a cake walk…"

"Only high ranking government officials get decoys, we were supposed to be taking out one of the low rungs of the ladder…" Jack said as Logan pulled the car up to an empty building, or so it seemed.

Logan and Jack got out of the car, walked around to a side door, and went inside.

"Think he's here?" Logan asked.

"Dunno."

"How did the mission go?" asked a voice from the shadows at the back wall.

"Not too good boss." Jack replied.

"Explain." The voice ordered.

Logan let out a sigh then spoke up, "The job was going like it was planned, but when I made the move to take out the target, the whole operation went to hell."

A figure took shape and separated itself from the shadows, but not enough to make out any details.

"What happened?"

"Turns out the target was a decoy. Not a cheap one either," Logan replied, "The voice, face, posture, the way he walked."

The man in the shadows was silent for a moment. "It must have been an A-1 class decoy. Best of the best."

"But I thought he was a low person, not really important," Jack said.

"It would appear that someone thinks him important…" the figure said aloud. The figure tossed a suitcase onto the floor at Logan and Jack's feet. "Here, payment in full. Stay low and keep in touch, I am going to need your help again, and soon."

After the pair of hitmen had left, the figure walked from the dark room into an office and picked up the phone.

"Walter? It's Burman. Things have gotten more complicated than we feared. I need you here as soon as possible, and bring your best man. Yes, I understand…good." He hung up the phone and sat in the soft cushioned chair in the office. "Well, it would appear my sources were far from accurate…we'll be busy."

To Be Continued

Letters from a Teenage Body Snatcher

"We are 138"
-Misfits
In honor of LTG

"Lord, what fools these mortals be."
-A Midsummer Night's Dream
-Shakespeare

"Cold and lost?
Are you ever
warm and found?"
-Joyce Richey

"I wish I was
a heart beat that
never comes to
rest."
-Franka Potente

"She's five years old,
threads buttons on a string,
keeps spiders in her pocket,
collects fly wings in a jar
scrubs horse-flies and
pinches them on a line."
-The Sugarcubes

"When an uninstructed
multitude attempts to see
with its eyes, it is exceedingly
apt to be deceived."
-The Scarlet Letter
-Nathaniel Hawthorne

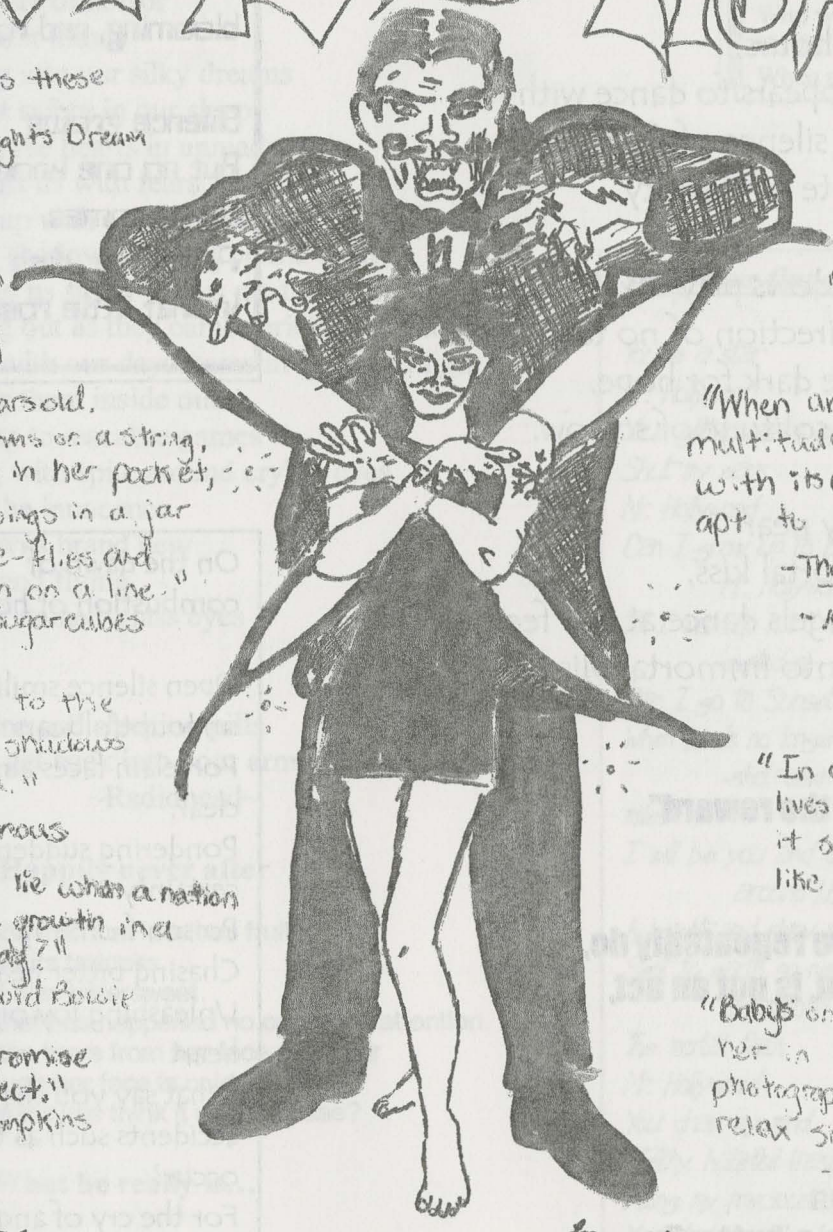
"Turn your face to the
sun and the shadows
fall behind you."
-Anonymous

"In a heart full of dust/
lives a Creature called lust/
it surprises and scares/
like me/ like me!"
-Björk

"Where can horizon lie when a nation
hides its organic growth in a
cellar, dark and gray?"
-Edvard Beneš

"Baby's on fire / better throw
her in the water/...
photographer: snip snap/
relax she's only 'curious'..."
-Venus in Furs

"Next time I promise
we'll be perfect."
-Smashing Pumpkins



Leanne Klordman 2000

by Bowman

Note of eternity

In the twilight hours,
Nothingness appears to dance with me,
Twirling in the silence of death,
Striking the note of eternity.

Mysterious shadows play on the floor,
Going in the direction of no tomorrow,
Reaching in the dark for hope,
Finding only a solitude of sorrow.

Hoping the day near
With this immortal kiss,
When fallen angels dance at our feet,
Beckoning us into immortal bliss.

"The journey is the reward"
-Taoist saying

"We are what we repeatedly do,
Excellence, then, is not an act,
But a habit."
-Aristotle

Silent eyes sing
I ponder life as a butterfly
I cry to have colorful plans
I want butterfly friends
All soft gossamer, delicate things
Sparkling, transluscent wings.
If I go to sleep and dream of being a butterfly
And go on my merry way
Did I actually dream of being a butterfly
Or awake from a dream of walking human being?

Pondering life after
the bliss of a
blooming, red rose

Silence grows
But no one knows
What comes
After life dies
In that little rose.

On the dawn of
combustion of hearts

Open silence smiling
undoubtful tears
Porcelain faces almost
clear.
Pondering sudden almost
certainty
Poison from my smile
Chasing bitter heartache
Unleashing joy on every
heart
What say you shall
accidents such as this
occur?
For the cry of angels,
speak strength and
stability!
Remembrance of all pure
goodness
Look yonder for that is
beyond judgment
Sip on my life to open
your sardonic eyes.
Explode internally with
insanity
All is full of love.

Nightmares and Spider webs

Spinning nightmares in their web
The spiders of horror
Poison our minds
Breaking into our silky dreams
Eating at safety in our sleep
Slashing the hearts in unmade beds
They stuff us with fears
Sewing up with envious thread
Leaving shadows to feast on the dead
Watching us suffer in this madness
Crawling out as they came shrieking in laughter
Playing with our daydreams in spools of light
Crushing them inside out
Reverting to macabre games
Dancing with spite around crying eyes
Killing the innocence
With dawns brand new
Boiling and flying
Through stained-glass eyes

"Red wine and sleeping pills
help me get back into your arms."
~Radiohead~

Happily never after

And she bit into that luscious fruit.
She tasted its tartness
Her heart was bittersweet.
After all that has happened no one pays attention.
Much of the tears from her face are clear
Even though her face is cold and blue.
Did everyone just think it was a phase?

What he really is...

Prince Charming rode up on
His jet black horse.
He looked at the fair maiden
And spit in her face.
He rode off into the sunset
Full of himself.

Anti-lover Daydream

Who will wait for me,
If I fall behind myself
When my love is gone?

Snap your fingers

You're a star
Mr. Hollywood
Your glitter scars my eyes
Shut my ears
Mr. Hollywood
Can I grow up to be just like you,
Mr. Hollywood?!
If I wish so hard my mind
explodes,
Can I go to Sunset Strip?
When birds no longer fly
-shot down by your frequent flyer
miles-
I will be you and drive
around LA-
A bright and shiny star
Sent to earth so new to
disapprove
The mortal faith,
Mr. Hollywood
You drain my mind
Filthy, hateful trash
Killing my precious dreams
You drink my blood
Down in West Hollywood
Want my life?

Mechanical

Imagination held back.
Originality destroyed.
Mamma can I have a new play toy?
Everything shuts down
The batteries went dead.
Creativity, a gift from the most radical heart.
Beauty is suicide
Everyone is trying to capture it and dying quickly
Hate is the center of the universe
But no one asked why it had to be!
Just let it go, controlling maniac.
I need my super mega toy to see
I am blind, boys and girls
Mamma where are you?
You stuck in the well again
Because Daddy wouldn't be
the man of your dreams?
Escape is impossible to turn on.
No feeling only cold thoughts
And everything is turned on
All mechanically.

"Thought I could organize freedom,
how Scandinavian of me"
-Björk



"The course of true love never did run smooth."
-William Shakespeare

Still waiting

Wait. Wait. Wait.
All day I wait.
Wait for nothing.
Wait for no one.
Tired of nothing.
Tired of waiting.
If this....
If that...
Maybe next time.
How about no time?
Still wait and wait.
What am I do to with myself?
I suppose I shall wait
and wonder what I am waiting for.

Tracing circles

Forgetful ladies trace
circles in pools of
light
While nymphs dance
In the shadows of
resolution
And scream their
names.
In the overcast pool
the evils want to pull
them down
to drown them in
honeysuckle kisses
While tracing circles
In pools of light
not knowing their
awaiting fate.

Talk to your dog

In the middle of the night,
nothing matters
Nor do I care to dream about
anything else.
Kiss me on my lips, on my
eyes,
And warm my melancholy
heart.
Play with my cactus heart.
Try not to get hurt when you
pull a needle out
But be careful, it hurts me
dearly.
You said you didn't like
Chinese food,
then why did you eat
my fried rice,
my General Tso's chicken,
and drink my Pepsi
too?
When we looked at the night
sky,
I wondered if you really did see
the stars.
When I call you on the phone,
You talk more to your dog and
the TV
Than you do to me.
Now you never call.
We were happy and in love,
but now I am just left
wondering,
" why?"

Blinding Reflections

This bitter love rots
in my fingers.

My sardonic eyes
are tired.

I never liked
losing awareness.

I am a spy that searches
for your truths.

Within these alabaster walls
I crave your name aloud.

I guess no angels weep
blinded by your vain
reflections.

I smash love's defenseless
shell.

Magnitude

You stand there all neon like.
The burst of red on lips made cold by
the winter cold flashes me a smile.
Delicately your porcelain hands grab
my wrist to show me the way.
Your heart is like a loving word
whispered in my ear.
No one knows how fragile you are or
how your beautiful eyes
hold me in suspense when you tell me
about that guy in the hall
that said you were a freak.
Why doesn't everyone just fade away?
That shirt you wore the other day was
awesome, how beautiful of you to be
yourself.
I wish I could place you in that heart
shaped box that you said
would be perfect to live in and hide
from the pain.
Doves sing at the drop of your tears.
The creativity could continue to
collapse but it clings to you like a
crutch.
Remember last night when we drank
bottled water, sang with helium filled
voices,
and watched The Rocky Horror Picture
Show?
The incense you burn attaches to your
auburn hair
with the sweet, tartness of
strawberries and follows you wherever
you go.
You are like modern art puzzling to
the eye.
I have this feeling deep down that the
universe revolves around your heart.
Don't worry about not being a
Buddhist, you still find love in the
smallest bug
and the coldest snow.
You are my greatest friendship with
magnitude that no one has ever
known.

-To my flaming angel-

Moon
Pale, mysterious
Reflecting, dancing, wondering,
Goddess, magick, tides, satellites
Sight, love, rotating
Faith, fact
Sun