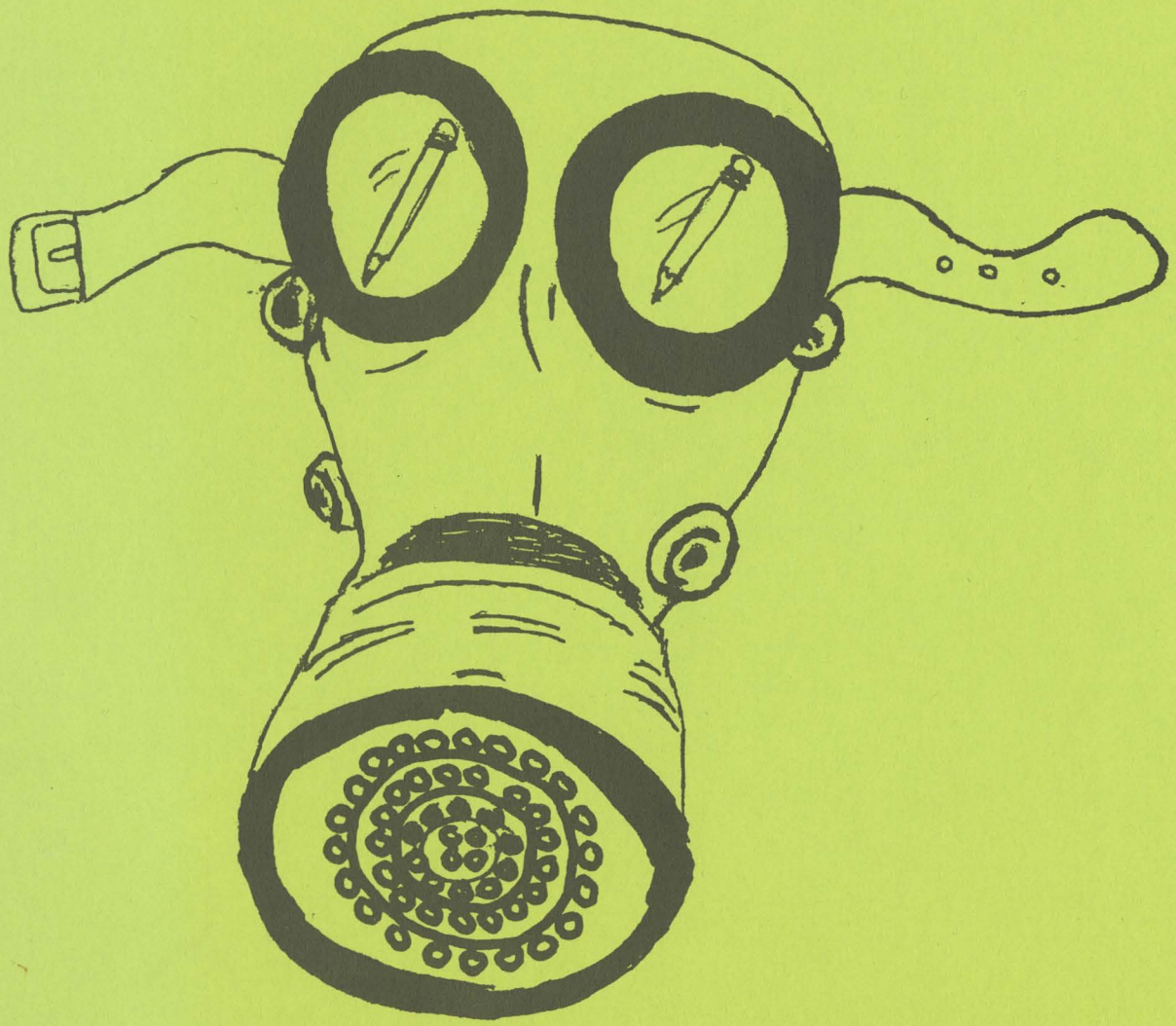
Lead



Poisoning

Leanne Gardner

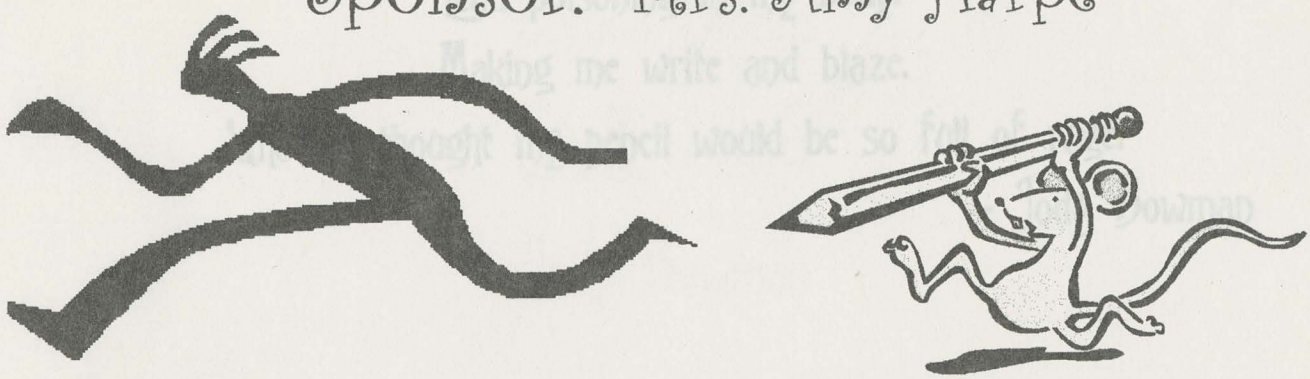
Lead Poisoning

North Surry High School
Mount Airy, North Carolina

Creative Writing 2000

Editor: Ashley Collins
Co-Editor: Casey Wilson
Art Editors: Jody Bowman and Leanne Gardner
Business Editors: Sherri Gwyn and Anya Hildreth

Sponsor: Mrs. Amy Harpe



River of black
Over a tortured soul
Running deep
It cuts and molds
Bleed it down
To a tiny stream
Just over the edge–
Lead Poisoning

- Rachel Smith

Write with my right hand or left?
Summing up the decision in a single breath.
The pencil becoming one with my hand.
The uncontrollable beat of the band.
Running through my veins
Controlling my mind
A pretty rush down the spine.
Lead poisoning in my body.
Making me write and blaze.
Whoever thought my pencil would be so full of rage.

- Jody Bowman

Order of Appearance:

Ashley Collins

Casey Wilson

Sherri Gwyn

Anya Hildreth

Sonny Jessup

Rachel Smith

Billy Morrison

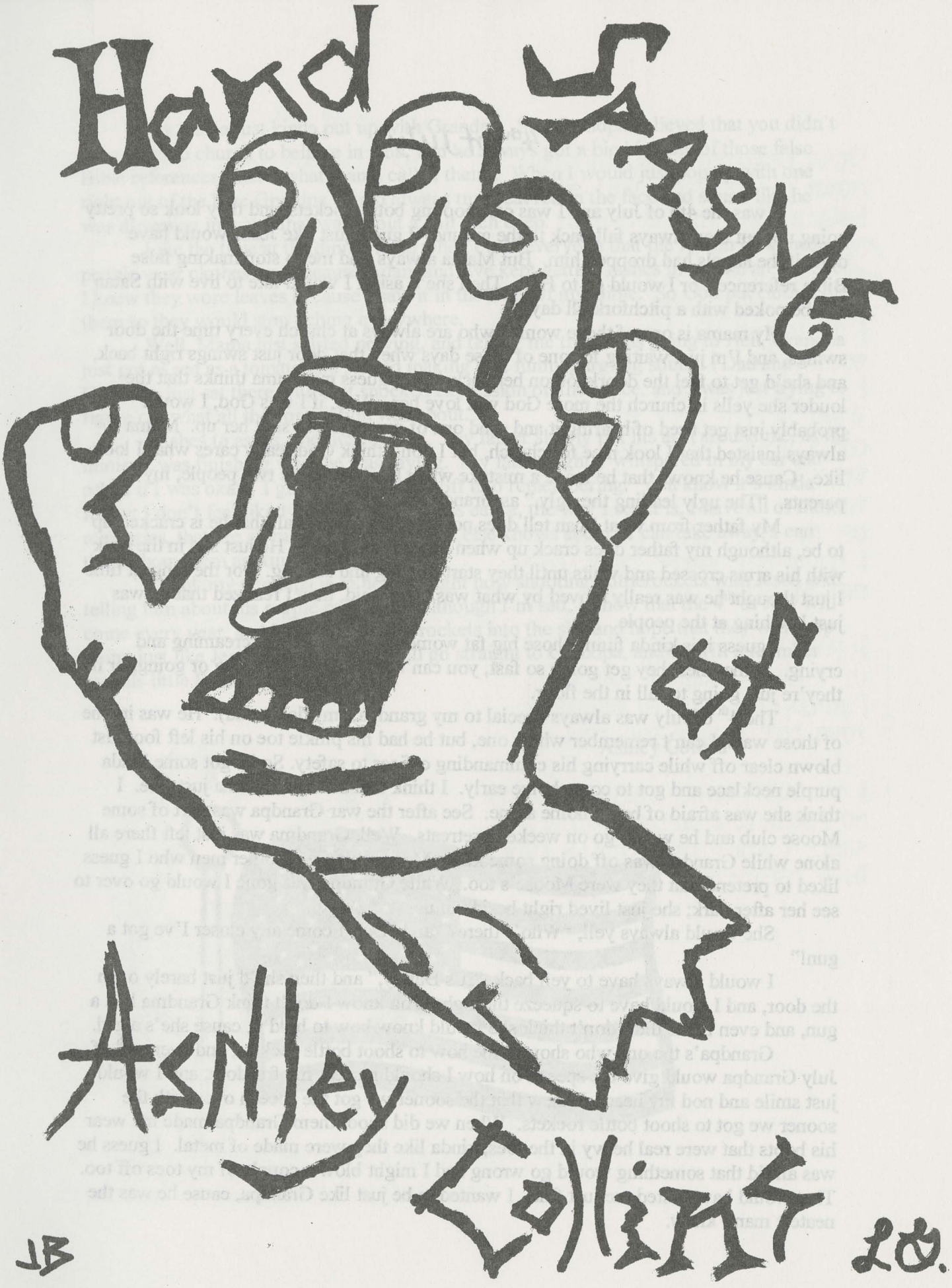
Brian Burkhart

Jennifer Edwards

Brenda Blevins

Leanne Gardner

Jody Bowman


Hard
Ashley
Collins
JB
'20

4th of July

It was the 4th of July and I was off shooting bottle rockets, and they look so pretty going up, but they always fall back to the ground. I guess just like Jesus would have done if the angels had dropped him. But Mama always told me to stop making false Bible references, or I would go to Hell. Then she'd ask if I would like to live with Satan and be poked with a pitchfork all day.

My mama is one of those women who are always at church every time the door swings, and I'm just waiting for one of those days when that door just swings right back, and she'd get to feel the doorknob on her backside. I guess my mama thinks that the louder she yells in church the more God will love her. Well, if I was God, I would probably just get tired of hearing it and send one of my angels to shut her up. Mama always insisted that I look nice for church, but I don't think God really cares what I look like. Cause he knows that he made a mistake when he made those two people, my parents. "The ugly leading the ugly," as Grandma always said.

My father from what I can tell does not think that God is all that he is cracked up to be, although my father does crack up when he goes to church. He just sits in the back with his arms crossed and waits until they start praying and singing. For the longest time I just thought he was really moved by what was being said, then I realized that he was just laughing at the people.

I guess it is kinda funny those big fat women rolling around, screaming and crying. Sometimes they get going so fast, you can't tell if they're coming or going, or if they're just going to fall in the floor.

The 4th of July was always special to my grandpa, (my dad's dad). He was in one of those wars, I can't remember which one, but he had his pinkie toe on his left foot just blown clear off while carrying his commanding officer to safety. So he got some kinda purple necklace and got to come home early. I think that suited Grandma just fine. I think she was afraid of being home alone. See after the war Grandpa was part of some Moose club and he would go on weekend retreats. Well, Grandma was just left there all alone while Grandpa was off doing some kinda Moose thing with other men who I guess liked to pretend that they were Moose's too. While Grandpa was gone I would go over to see her after dark; she just lived right beside of us.

She would always yell, "Who's there?" and "Don't come any closer I've got a gun!"

I would always have to yell back, "It's Danny," and then she'd just barely open the door, and I would have to squeeze through. You know I don't think Grandma had a gun, and even if she did I don't think she would know how to hold it, cause she's a girl.

Grandpa's the one who showed me how to shoot bottle rockets, and every 4th of July Grandpa would give the speech on how I should respect my freedom, and I would just smile and nod my head. I knew that the sooner we got the speech over with the sooner we got to shoot bottle rockets. When we did shoot them Grandpa made me wear his boots that were real heavy in the toes, kinda like they were made of metal. I guess he was afraid that something would go wrong and I might blow a couple of my toes off too. That would have suited me just fine. I wanted to be just like Grandpa, cause he was the neatest man I knew.

My mama just kinda put up with Grandpa. See Grandpa believed that you didn't have to go to church to believe in God, and he always got a big kick out of those false Bible references (that's what mama called them). When I would just pop up with one right out of the blue Grandpa would always turn real red in the face and sound like he was drowning in water that was about a half inch deep.

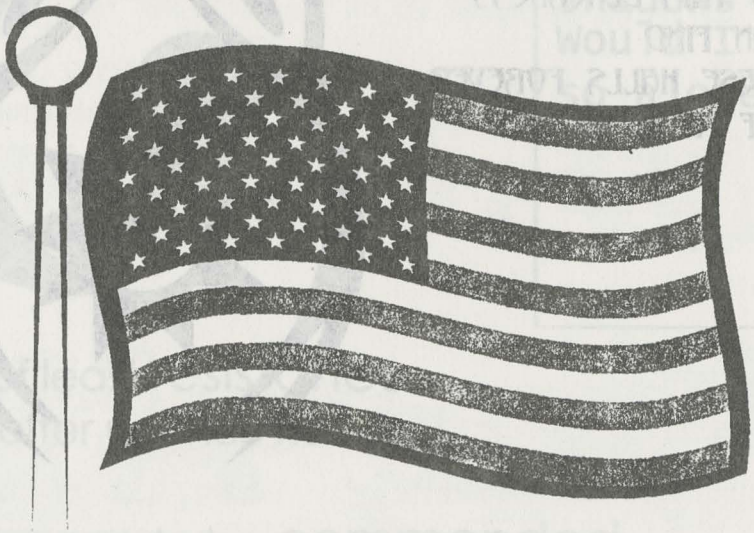
Like the time at the dinner table when I told everyone that the reason God made people wear clothes was because Adam and Eve kept getting rashes in certain areas. See I knew they wore leaves because I saw it in the front of my Bible. So God put clothes on them so they would stop itching everywhere.

Well, Mama just started praying, and telling me that I was going to Hell, Grandpa just got as red as a tomato and started making that funny gurgling sound. Dad and Grandma just sat there with that shocked expression on their face, and I was just trying to figure out what all the commotion was about.

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," my father slowly put his arm around me, as the minister was finishing what he was saying. My father lightly whispered in my ear and asked if I was okay. I guess I had drifted off into remembering. You know it's kinda funny; I don't feel like I have to cry. I guess cause, the way I see it is, I have all of these memories, that are all mine, and that no one else knows about or can take away, I can think about them anytime I want.

I think my Grandpa is in heaven right now shooting bottlerockets with Jesus and telling him about his purple necklace. Although I'm sad, I know that the 4th of July will come every year, and I can shoot bottlerockets into the sky and hope that they will keep going just like Jesus did, and that it will go straight to Grandpa, and he will remember me, his little Buddy Buddy.

Ashley Collins



DEAR DREAMER I AM WALKING
DOWN A BLACKENED HALL ALONE
I WALK INTO THIS CORRIDOR
NO LIGHT IS BARELY SHOWN
TO ME I AM A PRISONER
OF THIS FATAL WAR CALLED LIFE
I WALK FOR ALL I HAVE
BECAUSE ALL I HAVE IS LIFE
I CONTINUE WALKING
WHAT BETTER LEFT TO DO
CAN I WALK TILL I FIND DEATH
WHAT DOOR SHALL I PASS THROUGH
THE ONE OF LEAST RESISTANCE
OR THE ONE THATS LOCKED AND BARRED
I KNOW NOT WHERE THEY LEAD
DID MY STRIDE TAKE THEE TOO FAR

I FEEL I AM A JAILER
OF POOR MISGUIDED SOULS
I HOLD THE KEYS TO HEAVEN
YOUR LIFE IS BUT THE TOLL

I AM LOST WITHIN THIS BLACKNESS
NO SECURITY I CAN FIND
SHALL I WALK THESE HALLS FOREVER
I'M A PRISONER OF MY MIND

Heart of Ebony

Death is my fiancé
In dark proposed to me
In wishing to live forever
Only bliss is left to be.

For true love love always wanted
And to know control is what I need
The darkness is my keeper
The sod a part of me.

The beauty of one flower
Will fade faster than a bunch
For one single flower
Knows the solace of the dust.



If pleasure is the presence
Of all that is unknown
Then knowing is but the failure
Of knowing all along.



So take it as it is
And wish for nothing more
Because wishing is but a figment
Of all that is unsure.

And sleep is but the servant
To the master of the dream
So dream all that you can
Before the servant is set free.

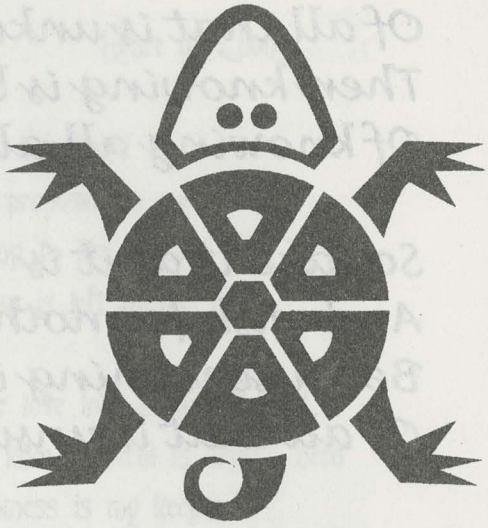
If I could speak to
wind
Would it answer in
human tone?
If I converse with
shadows
Would I then feel
so alone?



The one of least resistance
Shall not offer up their heart

And It's the one to be commended
That lives in spite and in the dark

The kingdom of the shadows
Lives within your head
And they're always playing mind games
As you lie awake in bed
And they slowly creep around you
Taking many forms
They are etched across the walls
And they guard there by the door
But the rays of light do scare them
For when it's light they hide
Cause in the dark they're demons
So to light they bid good-bye



Remorse

Remorse is that thing with daggers
That rips into your soul
It consumes your very being
Your story never told.

It slowly shreds your sanity
From that fragile life you know
It crushes every remnant
Of familiar thoughts, you hold

Savage Peace

To wish for all you have
To wish for nothing more
To wish to live in peace
Thus, that time now run ashore.

To know of all that's wrong
To Know of what to change
To know just what you want
And the bliss we've yet to gain.

And the peace of this
Of that we can control
Because the peace within
Shall that peace we ever hold



Incandescent Blurry Vision

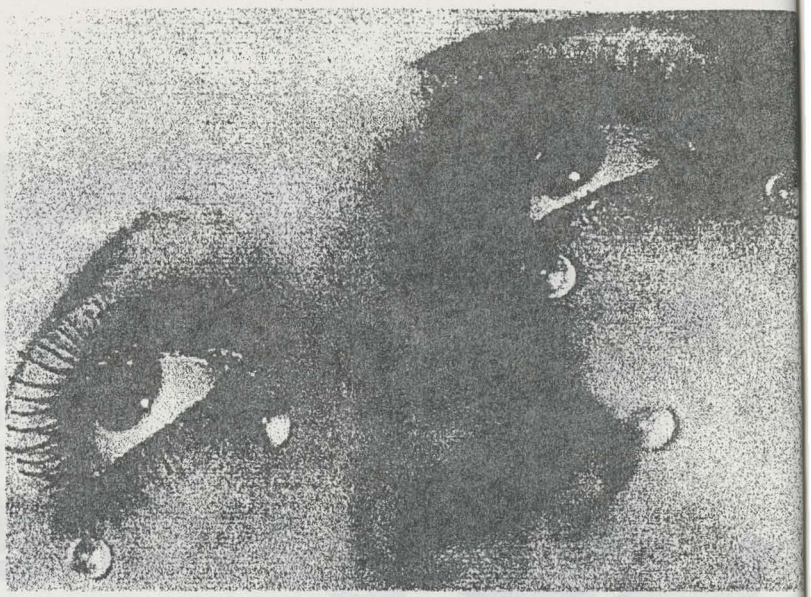
The Ramblings of Casey M. Wilson



Candlelight

The candlelight shines on your face.
The single pillar of wax melts in the glow.
I see the flame reflected in your eyes,
But not covering your obvious love.
The gloom of the night slowly lifts away.
And only you and I are left here on Earth.
A pounding sea caught in our chests,
As words, unspoken, pass between us.
And our hearts'desires spill onto the table,
As the candle lights our hearts,
And the love we feel frees our souls.





MY TORMENT AND SEDUCTION

HE WAS THERE AGAIN LAST NIGHT
HE WAS THERE IN MY DREAMS
HE IS THE ONE, THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN FULFILL MY DARK DESIRES
HE WAS THERE AGAIN LAST NIGHT
HE CAME TO ME, DRESSED IN SHADOW
HE IS MY LIGHT, MY ONLY LIGHT
THOUGH HE LIVES IN INFINITE DARKNESS
HE WAS THERE AGAIN LAST NIGHT
HE HELD ME CLOSELY IN HIS ARMS
HE IS MY TORMENT, HIS LOVING SEDUCTIONS
HE KILLED ME LAST NIGHT, MY DEMON LOVER
AND I WILL BE WITH HIM NOW FOREVER
HAPPILY

"You're quasi-evil. You're semi-evil. You're the margarine of evil. You're the Diet Coke of evil. Just one calorie, not evil enough."

- Dr. Evil, Austin Powers II: The Spy Who Shagged Me

Candle Wax

All that I could think about at that very moment was whether or not I should put out the candle that sat on my table and send myself into an absolute depression. It was a short white candle, stuck into a wine bottle with wax dripped all down the sides. It was the kind of candle that takes exactly one hour and seven minutes to burn down, and I had lit a new one immediately upon sitting down. My eyes focused on the flickering candle flame. The bottom, near the wick was an electric blue, and directly above that the flame turned almost translucent, until it blended into pale yellow and then broke off in a jagged edge at the very top. I watched it dance when the slight stir of my breath happened to touch it. I waited from the time that the candle was lit until it sputtered out when it reached the edge of the bottle. As the flame went out, I covered my eyes with my hands. The tears were almost ready to fall, but I refused to allow them to do so.

I had waited for him for too long, and he had promised to come before an hour passed. I had arrived late, and my hour and seven-minute candle had burned out. My mind wandered back to that morning when he had made that promise…

I sat in class, fourth period. Class had not yet started, and I had easily been able to find a seat though there were not enough seats for everyone in the class. I sat amongst my friends and waited for him to arrive. My Michael, my archangel, my life and my savior. The semester before I had been on the verge of suicide, and he alone had been trying to break through my defensive walls of hatred and self-loathing. Yes in fact he broke through, and showed me that life was indeed worth living. Nothing had ever touched my heart before, not in the way that most people say. I had never felt truly loved by anyone. The verbal abuse from my mother, a single mother, was always dragging me deeper and deeper into the darkness that was in my soul. The constant ridicule from teachers who told me that I should be happier. The constant "Are you ok?"s of my classmates. These well-meaning questions and comments were intended to make me happier, but in reality they dragged me down deeper into the pits of despair and pain. Pain was my constant companion in everything that I did. I didn't need friends. I needed my pain.

I had known Michael for a while, but I had never really thought that much about him. I just assumed that he would ask me if I were okay. What is the old saying, "When you assume you make an…" Well, you know the rest. This saying was proven true the day that Michael took it upon himself to speak to me. Instead of asking me if I was okay, he had asked me if I would like to hang out with him on a school fieldtrip the next week. Throughout that week, we called and talked to each other every day, but there was no obvious sexual attraction, I just talked and he just advised. It all came to a climax on the day after the fieldtrip, when I became angry with him. I don't know why, and I really didn't know then. Maybe it was because I was afraid that he would get too close. Now that I look back, that is usually how I kept other people at a distance. I took off after lunch because of some comment that he had made, and I guess he took that as a sign to give me some space. He didn't call anymore, and we barely talked.

The new semester came upon us, and we ended up having one class together. Fourth period. So that brings me back to the events of that day.

I sat there in the class, listening to my friends bickering about which college was better, whether to go to the movies, what movie to see, whom to invite to the movies, and all other frivolous things in the world. I sat facing the door, because I had some kind of problem with having people walking through a door behind my back. I had turned myself to my right so that I could talk to my friends. Michael came into the room. But what was unusual about his entrance on that particular day was that none of his friends were there. It was strange because every time that I had tried to talk to him before, he had been too busy talking to the constant gang of friends who were habitually hovering around him at all moments of the day.

He stepped in slowly, taking his time, much to the annoyance of the freshmen that were behind him trying to get in. Instead of stopping at the other side of the room as he usually did, he only paused at his desk to set down his backpack. My heart pounded in my ears as I realized that he was coming over to our side of the room, crossing the invisible line, if you will. My eyes tried to avoid him, so as to pretend that I was not completely confused by his act of silent rebellion against classroom tradition. He managed to shock me once more when he did not take any of the seats that were surrounding the left side of me, but stood over my desk, trying to catch my eye.

I finally managed to muster up enough courage to look at him. As my head turned up he was suddenly at my side, whispering to me. His breath was warm on my ear as he whispered, "Hey Gatita," (he sometimes referred to me as my nickname in Spanish class) "Come outside with me for a minute, okay?"

My breath caught in my throat but I somehow managed to accept the invitation. I stood slowly, because a feeling of weakness had suddenly overcome my body but disappeared when he placed his hand

on the upper part of my right arm, and led me to the door. Once outside, he led me to a corner next to an old trophy case. The trophy case was filled with plaques and trophies that had been awarded to different people years before for accomplishments that everyone had promptly forgotten about after the ceremony. The two-minute bell rang, and I watched as people started to run, trying to make the four-minute walk across campus in two.

Michael stood in front of me, and put his hands on my forearms. I was thrilled by the simple touch. "We have to hurry, Michael," I said. He nodded but made no noticeable effort to speed up the conversation that followed, but I was not disappointed in the least bit.

"What are you doing tonight?" As he asked, he moved closer to me, and his hands moved up to the top of my arms, near my shoulders.

"Nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Could you meet me?"

"Where?" I suddenly felt like I was playing a game in my Creative Writing class, where two people have to make an entire conversation using nothing but questions.

"At that little restaurant on Main Street. How's that? You know, the one that has the place where you can eat outside?"

I smiled and promptly responded, "Yes. The Italian one?"

"Yeah."

My heart beat so loudly that I was sure that he could hear it, but even if he did, he showed no signs of acknowledging my excitement. "Why do you want to meet me?"

"I just want to… spend some time with you."

"Is this a friendly sort of meeting or something else?"

He smiled, and for the first time, he looked down. I was actually shocked by my open question because I was not prone to asking questions that were that candid.

He looked up a moment afterward, and I noticed that he was blushing. "Well, something else I suppose."

I tried to not show any signs of extreme excitement, but my exterior self would just not allow this excitement to be contained. I felt a fire rise up in my body that I felt could not be contained in a simple handshake. I suddenly found myself with my arms around his neck, much to both of our astonishment. Then the bell for class rang, and the spell broke with the embrace. He grabbed my hand before we walked into the classroom, and whispered, "I'll be there by seven. If I don't get there, just wait for me. I'll be there before eight. I promise…"

So I sat at the restaurant with my hour and seven-minute candle burnt out, knowing that I had arrived there a little late. I felt the tears at the backs of my eyes, but I would not allow them to come out. I would not allow myself to cry. Tears were not for me, I was not for this situation, so therefore tears were not for this situation. A=B, B=C, so therefore A=C. I had my back to the door, and I thought that I would be able to hear him if he came in. The waitress hovered on my left side, asking if I was still waiting and bringing me water.

I was ready to leave, to go home and go to sleep. And never wake up. Then warm hands touched my shoulders and I turned slowly to the right. Michael was there. He leaned down and gently hugged me. As he sat down, I reached for the candle basket near the door. I replaced the candle, this time with one that would burn much longer than one hour and seven minutes. I tried to light the match, but I trembled and was unable to do so. Michael watched me, reached over, and said, "Gatita. Let me do it." I handed him the matches and in moments the candle was lit.

I looked at him, over the short flame that burned the candle so slowly, and whispered, "Yes. You do light it better."

Casey M. Wilson

I MAY DISAGREE WITH WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY, BUT I SHALL DEFEND, TO THE DEATH, YOUR RIGHT TO SAY IT. ~ VOLTAIRE

ARCHANGEL

You are my archangel who keeps me
From traveling into the silent halls
Of utter insanity

You are my archangel who showed me
That love can be discovered even without
Your knowledge

You are my archangel who held me at
The exact moment when I needed the
Perfect embrace

You are my archangel whom I love with
The truest and purest love that I could
Ever feel

You are my archangel who doesn't know
Exactly how I feel and that I want to be
With you forever

You are my archangel who opened my
Soul and helped me find the purity
That was in me

PESSIMISM: Every dark cloud has a silver lining, but lightning kills hundreds of people each year who are trying to find it.

T-Shirt

Drink to me.

Last words of Pablo Picasso



Letter From A Migraine

I'm gonna come into
Your head slowly
And then I'll spread
Myself throughout
I'll make you want
To rip out your eyes
Because the light hurts them
Or rip out your hair
Because the weight hurts you
I will make you SUFFER
With my increasing strength
I'll slowly kill your thoughts
Until you can think no more
And the only way to escape
Is to take the pills and sleep

Dreams

Once I had a dream
And you were there
I reached out for you
And you backed away

Once I had a dream
And you were there
I told you I loved you
And you pushed me away

Once I had a dream
And you were there
I absorbed your pain
And you laughed at me

Once I had a dream
And you were there
You found your love for me
And I died in your arms



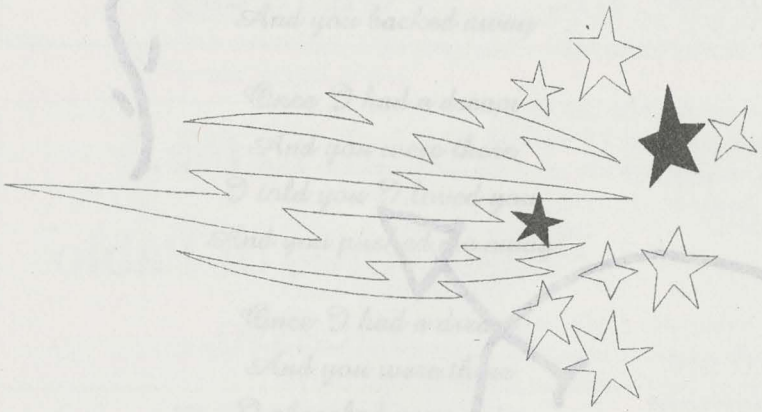
CAN'T SLEEP CLOWNS WILL EAT ME... CAN'T SLEEP CLOWNS WILL EAT ME... CAN'T SLEEP CLOWNS WILL EAT ME... CAN'T SLEEP CLOWNS WILL EAT ME... CAN'T SLEEP CLOWNS WILL EAT ME...

- BART SIMPSON

Song of Fallen Angels

A still picture, a moment only for my eyes
An angel, so different from other visions before
She sat alone, in the gazebo uptown
She sat alone, shivering and naked in the cold
Her arms hugged to her chest
And her legs were tense as if she
Were trying to run, but also remain
Her ebony hair hung before her
Covering her face and shielding her shame
Her wings of black and silver feathers
So gorgeously strong and huge
Wrapped around her, without motion
She has seen the darkness that
Resides in the heart of every man
God torments her and punishes her
With the bitterly sweet thoughts
And yes, I beheld this terrifying but beautiful scene
And yes, I held her in my arms
For only a moment and looked
Into the seductively pain-filled eyes
And I saw what true sickness was
And I know what true sickness is
As I beheld the fallen angel, my darling fallen angel
As I held the fallen angel, and placed her in my heart

Sherri D Gwyn



The Dream Wisher

Throw a dream up
Wish it real high
Hope it comes True
And watch it touch the sky

Free your mind and let your imagination take you to places you have never been before.

The couch was warm

My mind was hot

My feet couldn't move

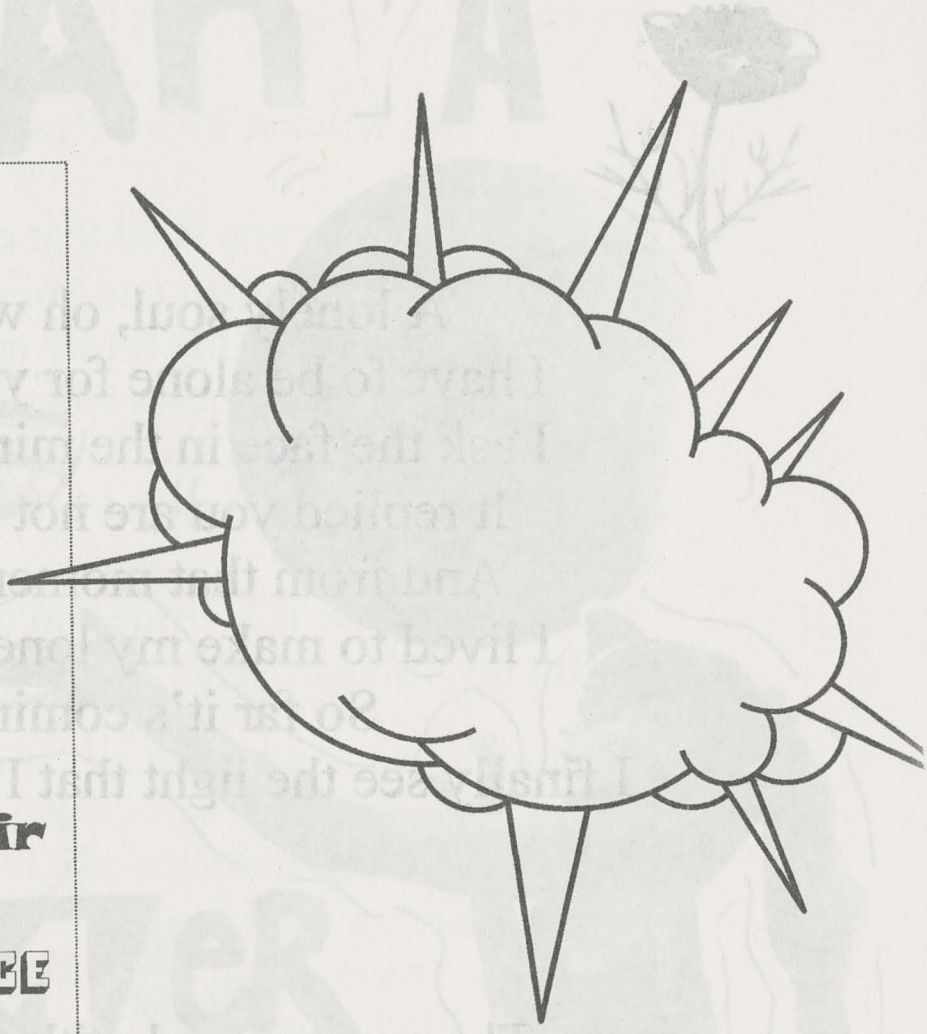
I just laid in the groove

It was much to compare

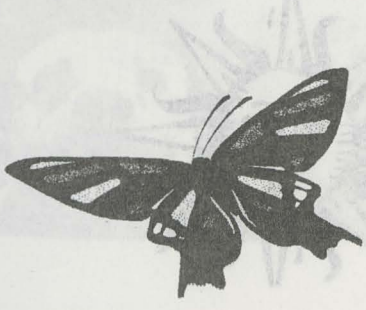
Yet I was in despair

COME TO ME A VOICE SAID

I WOKE UP, BUT I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD



If you love something, then let it go. If it comes back to you, then it's yours.



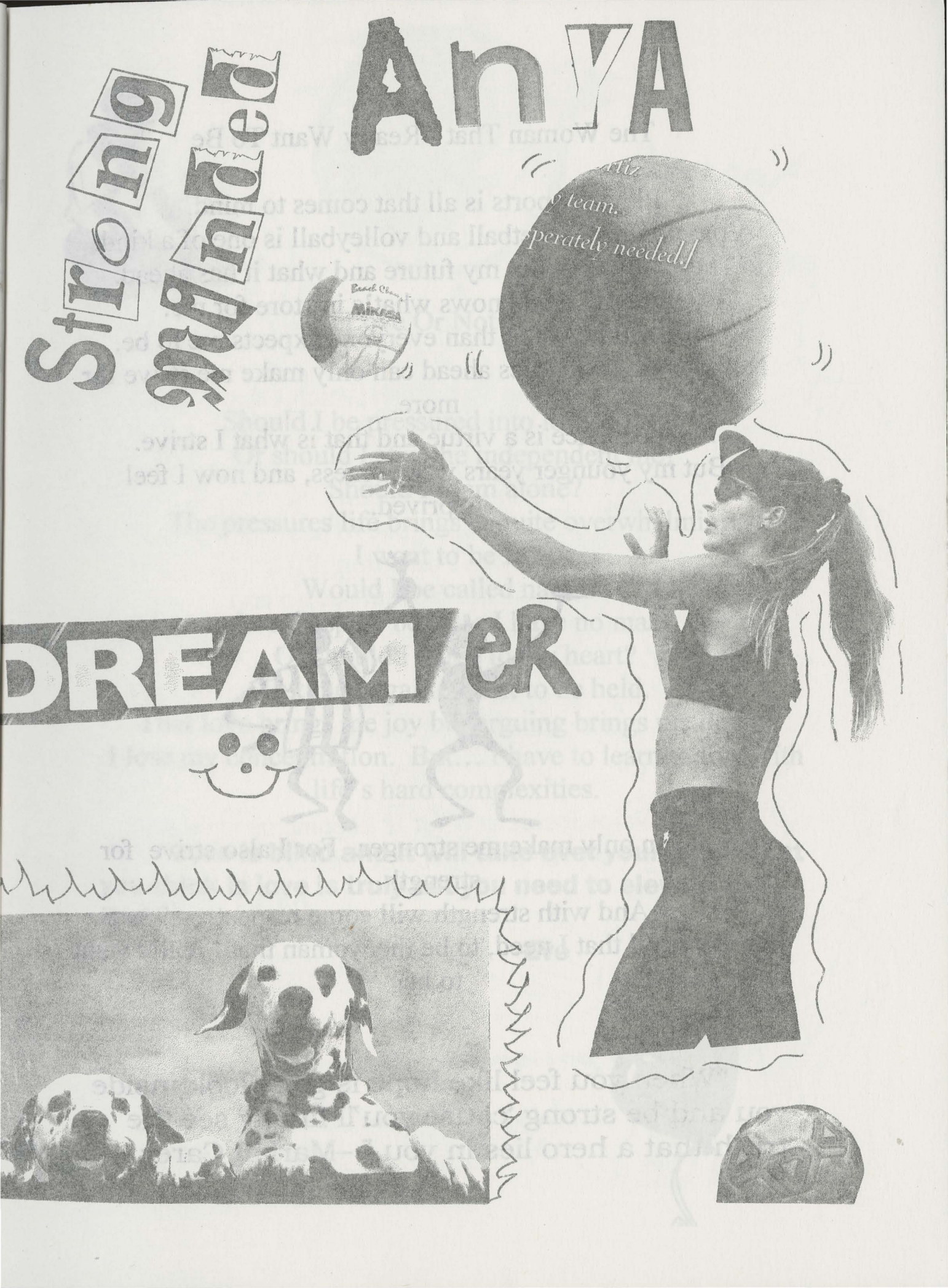


A lonely soul, oh what to do.
I have to be alone for you to love me.
I ask the face in the mirror who am I?
It replied you are not going to die.
And from that moment on I lived.
I lived to make my lonely soul happy.
So far it's coming true.
I finally see the light that I'm going through.

The sun was red with an orange tint.
It was a beautiful thing compared to what I meant.
It was just going down as the mind was going up.
I tried to touch the sky, but I couldn't get that high.
So I'll dream, dream, dream real sweet so
That sun I'll get to meet.



Strong Minded AnYA DREAMER



The Woman That I Really Want To Be

Playing sports is all that comes to mind.
A passion for basketball and volleyball is one of a kind.
Then I think about my future and what it has ahead.
But only God knows what's in store for me.
And I will be better than everyone expects me to be.
Not knowing what lies ahead can only make me strive for more.
Independence is a virtue and that is what I strive.
But my younger years were a mess, and now I feel deprived.



But it can only make me stronger. For I also strive for strength.
And with strength will come respect.
For that is all that I need, to be the woman that I really want to be.

"When you feel like hope is gone look inside you and be strong 'cause you'll finally see the truth that a hero lies in you." –Mariah Carey



To Love Or Not To Love

Should I be pressured into loving thee?
Or should I stay the independent me?
Should I roam alone?
The pressures life brings is quite overwhelming.
I want to be free.
Would I be called names?
Lose respect because I have no man?
Or should I listen to my heart?
But then again I want to be held.
That love brings me joy but arguing brings me down.
I lose my concentration. But… I have to learn to live with life's hard complexities.

"Love is blind and it will take over your mind what you think is love is truly not you need to elevate and find."

-Eve





Flushed

Down down I flow to the end which I don't know
Down down I go.
'til I hit a fluff.
a soft white fluff.
have I died and gone to heaven?
Or am I imagining?
I look beneath me and see no end.
Am I stuck on this cloud of pretend?
I'll soon find out
'cause without a doubt
I'm jumping off this big cloud.

That little voice inside is what is keeping us alive so strive and strive for what you feel inside.

Anya Hildreth

Hay una persona que amo mas que mi vida y el es mi Dios.


Sonny
Jessup

Saving our Heritage

It was so long ago that the earth was new.
When the sky was so very blue.

Now all of the pollution has blackened the beautiful planet.
It is even starting to affect our granite.

Vertebrates, invertebrates, mammals and insects alike are in distress
So we must gather up our forces and clean up our mess.

With each person making a contribution
Then there will always be a chance for a solution.

Spanish

Nosotros bailamos
muchos.
(We dance a lot.)

Nosotros comemos
muchos.
(We eat a lot.)

Nosotros descamos
muchos.
(We sleep a lot.)



Japanese

Nihongo wa amari hanase masen
(I don't speak much Japanese.)

yatto
(At last!)

Kekkoo desu. Tomari masu
(That's fine. I'll take it.)

Doa ga akimasen.
(The door is jammed.)

Kagi o nakushi mashita.
(I've lost my key.)

Chooshoku wa nan-ji desu ka
(What time is breakfast served?)

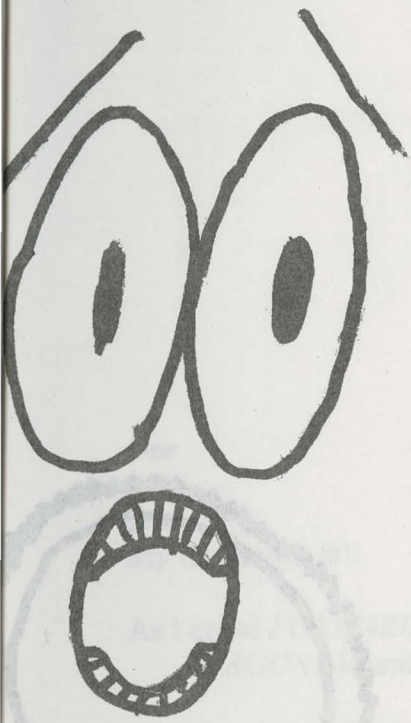
Perfect

Oh how I yearn for self-preservation,
I long for a total consistency; to continue my legacy.

Despite that, I know it is not possible,
I must keep trying in order to make it true.

Oh how I would like to see no poverty,
Without regret, I can live in peace.

Although I know I'm not perfect
It is very nice to think so!



Fear

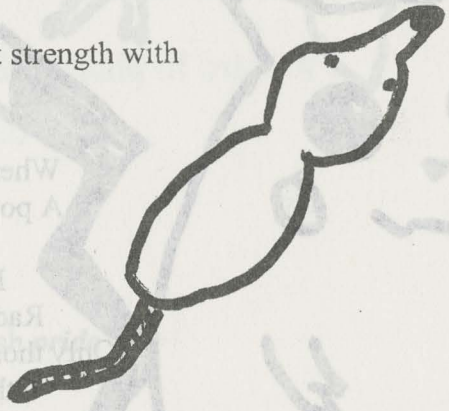
It is running through my body
Quickly

It is grabbing my soul with great strength with
Pain

I try to escape but to no avail
Capture

As I await my ominous fate
Crash

I come back to reality
Unscathed



Beware

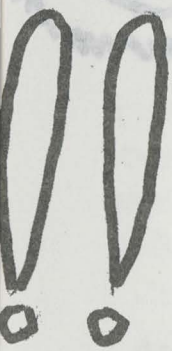
Do not open that door!
For danger lies behind it!



Stop! Don't strike that match!
A forest is at stake!

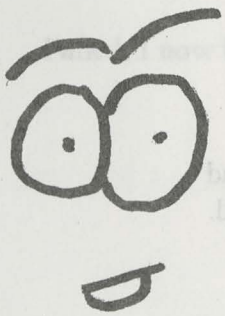
No! Don't pinch my bread!
We are going to eat that!

Beware! Follow the straight path.
The others are full of holes!



Endless Happiness

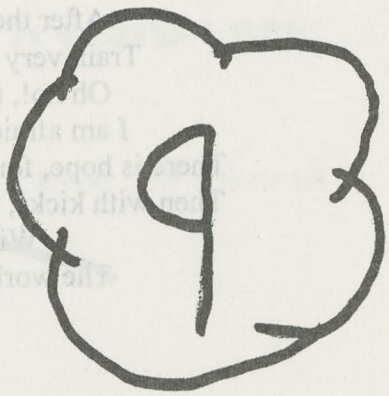
Looking;
To see an endless paradise.

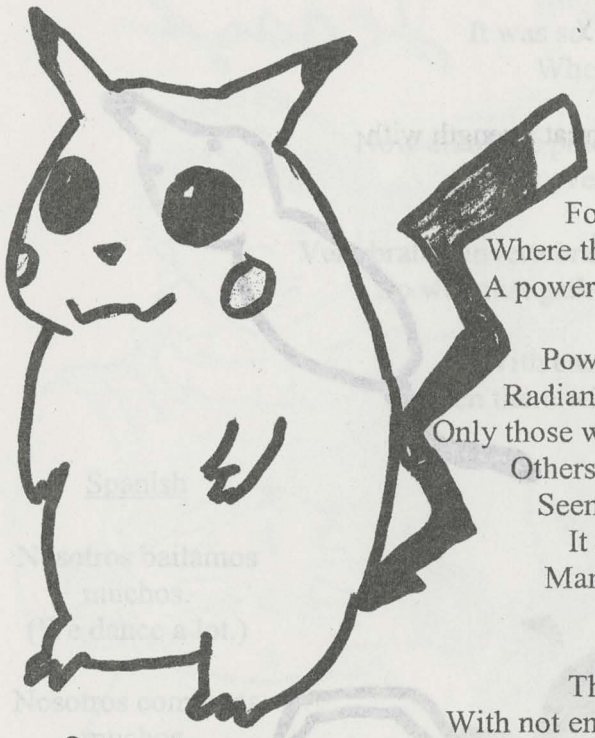


Hoping;
That no evil shall break its contents.

Trying;
To be the very best at everything.

Living;
Life to its fullest extent.





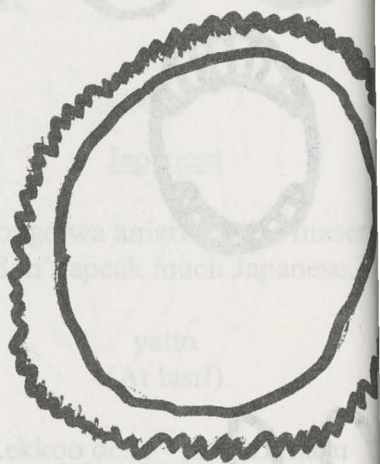
Pikachu #25
Type: Electric
Mouse Pokemon
Length: 1'4"
Weight: 13 lbs.

Power

The power of life
Is so full of mystery
Precautiously, we go,
Forward, onto new heights
Where the only pain we know is defeat
A power so pushy it can kill the strong.

Power is abundant amongst us
Radiantly flowing through the Earth
Only those with pep and desire shall know of it
Others will only perish at its mercy
Seemingly unknown to parents
It can corrupt the precious
Manipulate the heart of a soul
And abuse it.

This is not a tool for those
With not enough reason to squander it pettily
It is only for those
Who can run it with pride and peace
As to its future may bring
Satisfaction at last!



Dusty Trail

There is a road in Texas, which curves and winds,
It only exists, to those pure of heart and mind.
The journey is long and very, very unclear,
So, go now if you dare, and I hope to see you in a year.
As time flows on, evil passes throughout the land,
Perseverance and determination are the keys at hand.
After the road has been finished, you must train,
Train very hard, with all of your power in your veins.
Oh no!, time is up and our hero has not returned,
I am afraid that evil will plunder, pillage, and burn!
There is hope, for the next day he came back down the dusty road
Then with kicks, punches and throws he defeated the swiney toad.
With the renewal of faith in one man,
The world is safe…and that was his eternal plan.



Death of a Prince

One
by
One
My Comrades fall

I feel the sense of foolish ***pride***

As I crawl *FORWARD,*
AGONY is amiss!

I see a widow, HELPless
She tells of a sword of ***LIGHT***

Before she **dies,**
I VOW, TO PUT THIS DEMON
IN

HELL!

As I go through the dirt

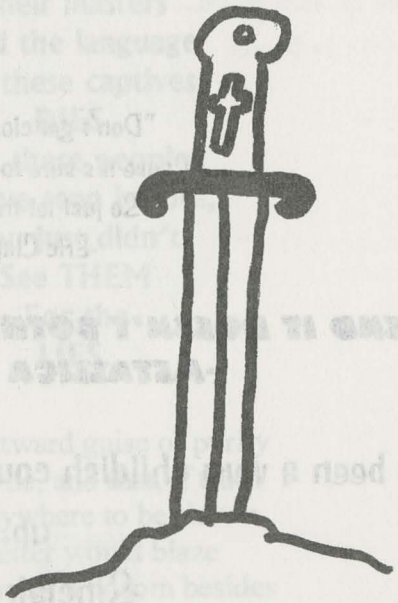
BANG!

I am h-h-hit!

Curse the evil monster, I have

Failed, I now know sorrow and…

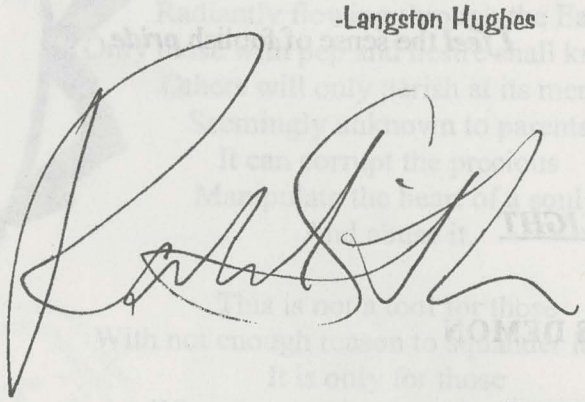
DEFEAT…



WHY DO WE KILL PEOPLE WHO KILL PEOPLE TO SHOW THAT KILLING PEOPLE IS WRONG?
-ANONYMOUS

"I'm hard to please when I'm medicated."
-Tee

"You do not think I suffer after
I have held my pain so long?"
-Langston Hughes



"...the symbol of your country cannot just be a flag. The symbol also has to be one of its citizens exercising his right to burn that flag in protest."
-"The American President"

"Don't get close to me,
'Cause it's sure to end in tears,
So just let me be..."
-Eric Clapton

"YOU PRETEND IT DOESN'T BOTHER YOU..."
-METALLICA

America has been a very childish country. It is now beginning to grow up.
-Sinclair Lewis



"There's more to it than you know, and you don't need to know it all."

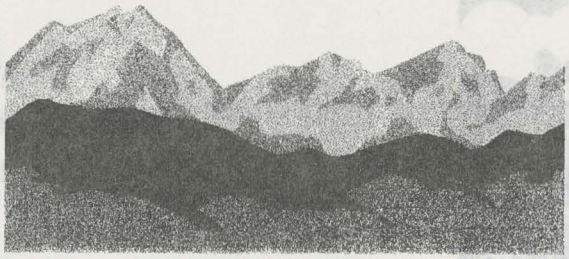
-Carris

Guilty

Little ladies sitting
Quietly
Morals lashing out
Of the front
Doors,
So that nothing
Leaves
And nobody
Loves.
This late Confession
Lingers and
Longs for a pardon
From the Guardian
Of the
Gates.
Limber bodies
Fail
Their masters
And the language
Of these captives
DIES.
All these people
You've seen before,
You just didn't
See THEM
For the
LIES.

"...the outward guise of purity was but a lie, and that, if truth were everywhere to be shown, a scarlet letter would blaze forth on many a bosom besides Hester Prynne's."

-The Scarlet Letter



Paradise Island

What's your dream?
Doesn't matter much
cause it can happen here
No matter what you Dream
This abyss of eternal happiness
Of shear joy
Of lulling comfort
Of inviting contentedness
Will keep it alive...
Even if you aren't.

"When dreamin' I'm guided to another world time and time again. At sunrise I fight to stay asleep 'cause I don't wanna leave the comfort of this place..."
-Creed

Australia
Hot, Naked
Freeing, Catching, Breathing
Sun, Sand, Cities, Sin
Liberating, Relieving, Forgetting
Lost, Gone
Siberia



Rules

Everybody has their rules. She learned hers early. Don't let anybody see you cry. Sometimes the pain just isn't worth it. When people ask how you're doing, it's just a formality. Don't depend on anyone and you'll never be disappointed. Needing people isn't worth the trouble. If you decide to uncage your heart, be picky about who plays with it. Having it drop-kicked can be nauseating. And the last: going through life without feeling a thing can be just as bad as feeling everything.

To You

What do I mean to you?
Just another girl on your list
Or something more?
Is it nothing,
And what do I feel?
I need to know
How you are
And what you see
And who I am to you.



"Love is suicide..."

-Smashing Pumpkins

Flag Day

Snow, cold and wet, stung my face as I rushed through the knee-deep snow that blanketed Moscow. From the street, I could see Vladimir hanging out his laundry in the Kremlin's sunroom.

As I got to the front door and began to beat the snow off my Rockports, one of the maids opened the "giant oak gates," as Vladimir called them, and said, "Mr. Lenin would like to see you, miss." For some ungodly reason, she was speaking a dialect of English that belonged somewhere in the Mississippi Delta.

As I walked back the halls of the residence to find Valdi, I began to hear a horrible ringing...

I awoke to the ear-splitting, high-pitched ring of my alarm clock and, since it had a habit of making me particularly angry at 5:30 in the morning, I slapped it. I beat the demon-possessed little heathen mercilessly and threw it across the room. With my luck, it would still work tomorrow morning.

I rolled out of bed, occupied the bathroom for a sufficient amount of time (so as to aggravate my only sibling) and returned to my bedroom. I put in a Metallica CD and adjusted the volume. My music did not bother my parents, not even at 5 a.m. My clothes did not bother my parents, mainly because I'm not of the body composition required to wear anything all that eye-popping. I also feel that covering oneself decently is kindness to the eyes of the rest of mankind. And it helped that I had not developed the affinity for cotton splashed with four-letter words that my high school colleagues had. No, my parents and I didn't fight over clothes or music or hair or guys. We disagreed about politics and the ACLU and vigilante violence.

Dressed and wearing the new sandals that my mother had lovingly deemed 'beautifully ugly', I made my sleepy appearance in our kitchen. My mother stood at the stove, cooking bacon.

"Good morning, Sunshine."

I made some kind of grunting noise in acknowledgment and looked at the table, half-hoping to see a bowl of corn flakes with milk and a spoon and everything. Needless to say, I was disappointed.

As I walked to the cereal cabinet, Mama spoke. "Where were you yesterday afternoon?"

I stepped cautiously. "At the library, like I said I'd be. Why?"

She magically produced the morning paper from some crevice and placed it on the table in front of me. There I was on the front steps of the public library, an American flag blazing with a hundred protesters behind it, open-mouthed and angry.

"Burning a flag, Kate?"

"Mama, have you got any idea what our government is doing in South Africa? And the New York marathon. For a country where everybody's equal, discrimination doesn't seem to burden the minds of too many public officials. And Al Gore's completely lost his mind." I was practically yelling, assuming she wouldn't understand any of my defense.

"Listen to yourself. 'Our government' and 'officials' and 'Al Gore.' The country is still a great place to live. The ideals are still there; the flag has done nothing to you. You said yourself, it's the government that screwing things up."

I shook my head and poured milk on my cereal. "If the first amendment and freedom of expression covered flags and politicians alike, believe me, stakes would be erected and matches bought."

"You can't bad-mouth the same country that---"

"Freedom of speech."

"Let me finish. You live in the greatest nation in the world. You've got more freedom than anyone else in any other country, including the right to protest the government. One would think you could appreciate that and stop acting like a Berkeley freshman from 1971."

"Just because we have the freedom to protest the government, that doesn't mean we should be so grateful that we sit by and let this wonderful establishment screw us over." I took a breath, regrouped and realized that if I didn't control my mouth, I wouldn't be protesting anything but the amount of time I'd be grounded. "Sorry." I sat heavily in a kitchen chair and stared at my breakfast. Somehow it didn't appeal to me anymore.

"Daddy's upset about it. He never dreamed you'd do something like this."

I rubbed me eyes with my right thumb and forefinger.

"I realize-as do the other inhabitants of this union-that this government is not perfect. That's no reason for you to march around burning up flags. At least here, you can. In China, you'd be dead by now." She took one deep breath that always meant , 'This discussion is just about over, whether you like it or not,' and gave me one last thing to think about. "This is not 1970, Vietnam was over 30 years ago and you're one of the luckiest 17-year-olds in the world, so instead of criticizing this place, why don't you consider how lucky you are to be here?"

Final words of wisdom. Of course, at the time I only considered them final words. They didn't change my mind or weaken me resolve.

My stubbornness comes from my mother.

"Americans can no longer afford to pretend they live in a great society."

-"The American President"



Along the Way

Along the way I found you
Love became true
That was then, this is now
I lost you love and I don't know how





Black Heart

Running around in circles
Thinking about the truth
Memories enter my heart
my cold black heart

Hating the sound of joy
Feeling lonely, feeling sad
All the pain begins to start
in my cold black heart

Everyday is my enemy
I have nothing to give
But tales that I can remark
from my cold black heart

Thoughtful Times

With every thought that crosses my mind,
with all the choices I leave behind,
The memory of you will be
with me for all time

The Unknown

The unknown leaves mystery to our boring little lives

The unknown brings hope to our wildest dreams

The unknown is what I wonder about based on what I know

There is a little spirit in
All of us but sometimes
It takes some motivation
To make it shine



Sometimes love just is not enough

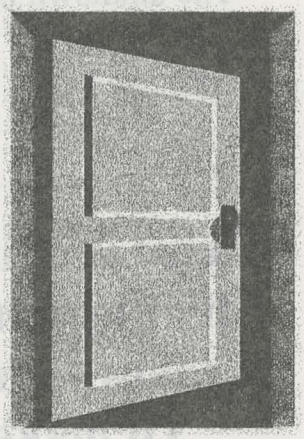
Sometimes love just is not enough
When times are hard and times are tough
Move on, Move on

It is not the end of the world
Life comes and takes you for a whirl
Move on, Move on

Within the depths of my mind

Within the depths of my mind
I see time slowly unwind
Aging to beauty is so unkind

THE DOOR OF CHANCE IS OPEN



Alone in the World

I feel alone in the world
This feeling is lonely indeed
The pain I feel, as my heart will bleed

Why Me?

I was born in a world where evil
Surrounds me why me?

I was born in a world where hatred
Becomes me why me?

I was born in a world in which
I will die just to forget me why me?

Words of little meaning

I speak words of little meaning
I just blur them out without any thought
I hurt some, more than I ought

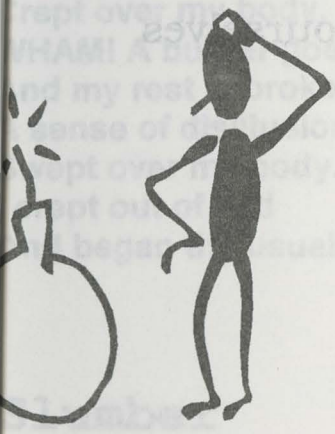
I speak words of little meaning
That I make up on my way
Words that don't say what I want to say

WRITING FOR THE CREATIVELY CHALLENGED

"WHEREVER YOU GO, THERE YOU ARE!"

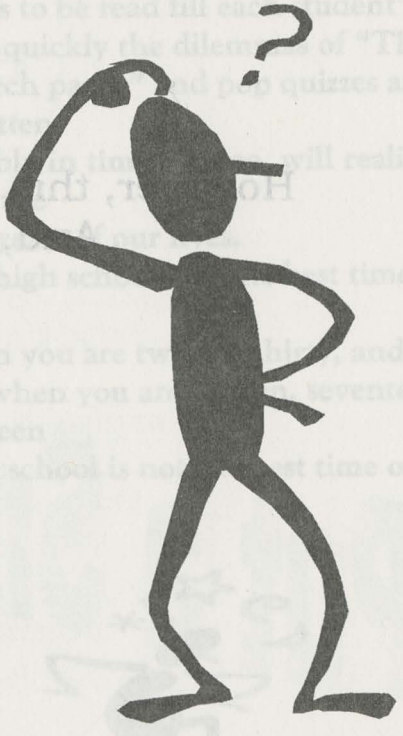
--Mike Brady
"The Brady Bunch"

Most people say there's no "I" in team, but I say you cannot spell team without "ME."



Brian Burkhart

On May 27, I will be graduating from high school, or, as I like to think of it, I will be getting out of jail.



FEAR

The feeling of fear
Exists in us
First faintly and
Dimly like a flickering light
However, it follows us slowly and faithfully until it
Absorbs us entirely, we fight the feeling
With hope and happiness
Yet, we are only foolishly
Hiding from an unwelcome friend, we find ourselves
Wishing to flee this feeling
But unable to go anywhere
Yes, the feeling of fear
Exists in us, all of us
It flows through us
Like raging water through a river
If we fight, we lose
If we flee it finds us
So, face the fear
Accept it
However, this time welcome it as a friend, not a foe
And, this time, its departure will
Soon follow its arrival





A Typical Night

was lying in darkness,
nd I was completely happy.
felt a warm sense of comfort
ome over my weary body.
he feeling of rest and relaxation
ecame a part of my spirit.
lifeless dream world existed,
ut only as a dark, uneventful
ingdom.
y rest was unbroken,
nd I felt a sense of relief.
hen, as the warm subtle ideas
rept over my body,
HAM! A buzzer goes off
nd my rest is broken.
sense of disillusionment
wept over my body.
crept out of bed
nd began the usual routine.

Slumber

At a long day's end
A slumber takes you
You want comfort and rest
Yet, you find fear and despair
Haunting night visions
Surround your thoughts
A sense of running and screaming
Takes over your dream images
Face to face with your mortal enemy
You feel courage and strength
Suddenly your slumber is broken
And all is gone
Your villain, setting, and fight
They all are gone
Yet, your fear remains
To haunt and tease you!

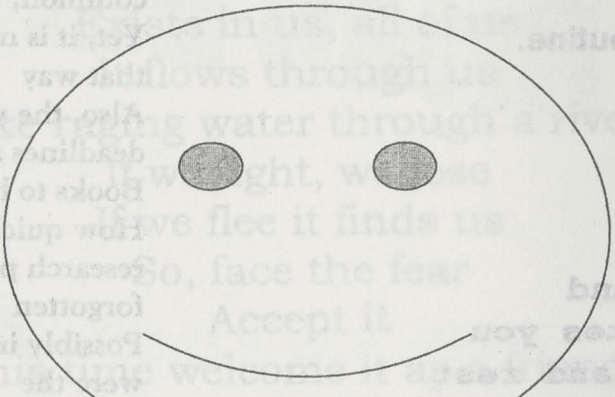


The Best Time of Your Life

Yes, high school is the best time of your life
The best time of your life
Choosing a future, friends, a new love, a life,
And everything else that comes to mind.
Deciding where to go and what to do,
I have soon realized is not so fun.
Leaving your old life to discover a new one
And becoming completely independent
Wondering if each choice is the right one, and
Constantly being reminded of how each decision will affect your life
Then the trivial matters of a cap and gown, your diploma, your tassel, and invitations can consume you
Not knowing where to go or what to do is common,
Yet, it is not common to those who feel that way
Also, the worries of homework and deadlines and
Books to be read fill each student's mind
How quickly the dilemmas of "The research paper" and pop quizzes are forgotten
Possibly in time, we too, will realize these were the
Best years of our lives.
Yes, high school was the best time of your life
When you are twenty, thirty, and forty
But when you are sixteen, seventeen and eighteen
High school is not the best time of your life.



Jennifer Edwards



Put a Smile on your face!!!

Apart from you

Being apart from you brings tears to my eyes.
I often sit and wonder why?

Being apart from you puts a lonesome feeling down inside me.
I ask you how can this be?

I thought we were close, and I thought you did too.
How can I stand being apart from you?





Do you see the sun's light?

Do you see the sun shining so bright?
Do you see its rays of light shining from the sky?
A cheerful ray of light,
That gives us strength.
Yeah, that's the sun's ray of light.

If I Changed

If I change my name or even change my ways
It really does not matter what people say.

If I change my looks or if I change my size
Some people could not be satisfied.

If I change the friends I have, or change my life
Then some people would say that's not right.

If I change the color of my hair or the color of my eyes
Then everyone would be surprised.

I like things better the way they are, no matter what people have to say because God made me this way.

Well, how do you like my new look... (ha)?



It is better to Give than to Receive!!!

Give to the poor, for they have no money.
Give to the starving people, for they have no food.
Give to the homeless for they have no place to go.
Be kind and gentle to the unfortunate, because they feel
Bad enough without having people make fun of them.

People nowadays do not have a clue about the importance of these things, but if you were in this situation, or if one of your friends were then you would understand. Maybe if you had to go without food, or money to buy food or shelter then you would know how it feels to be turned away, like these kinds of people are everyday.

What would you do if...

You had no money.

You had no food.

You had no shelter.

You had no one who cared about you.

Everyone laughed at you because you were unfortunate.

I know what most of you would do. You would GIVE UP!

What would you do if you were in this situation? NOTHING!

"CORNBREAD, AIN'T NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT!"
-CHRIS ROCK-

"NIPPY NIPPY NIP NIP"
-LABYRINTH-

"THE ONLY THING YOU COME INTO THIS WORLD WITH IS YOUR NAME AND THE ONLY THING YOU LEAVE WITH IS YOUR NAME. THE REST IS UP TO YOU."
-UNKNOWN-

"MY MOMMA SAID LIFE IS LIKE A BOX OF CHOCOLATES, YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOUR GONNA GET."
-FORREST GUMP-



"DREAMS CAN BE DECEIVING LIKE FACES ARE TO HEARTS"
-FIONA APPLE-

MR. SANDMAN:
AS I LAY MY HEAD ON A PILLOW
MR. SANDMAN COMES FLOATING THROUGH MY WINDOW
HE LOOKS AT ME WITH HIS COLD BLOODSHOT EYES
AND WITH HIS MAGIC WAND
HE MADE ME DREAM
AND WHEN I DREAMED I WOKE UP SCREAMING
AND HE IS GONE
FOR I DON'T GET TO SEE HIM UNTIL NIGHTFALL



Hello lads and lassies! My name is William James Bartholomew the third and I am going to tell you about my strange journey in America for you see I'm Scottish.

I arrived in America on a boat at five o' clock that evening on the dockside of Virginia. There I stepped off the boat and looked around. I had to use the restroom really bad so I went. After I did, I walked around not knowing where I was going. Later I heard two teenage lads snickering behind me. I stopped and turned around.

"Excuse me lads but why are you snickering at me?" I said.

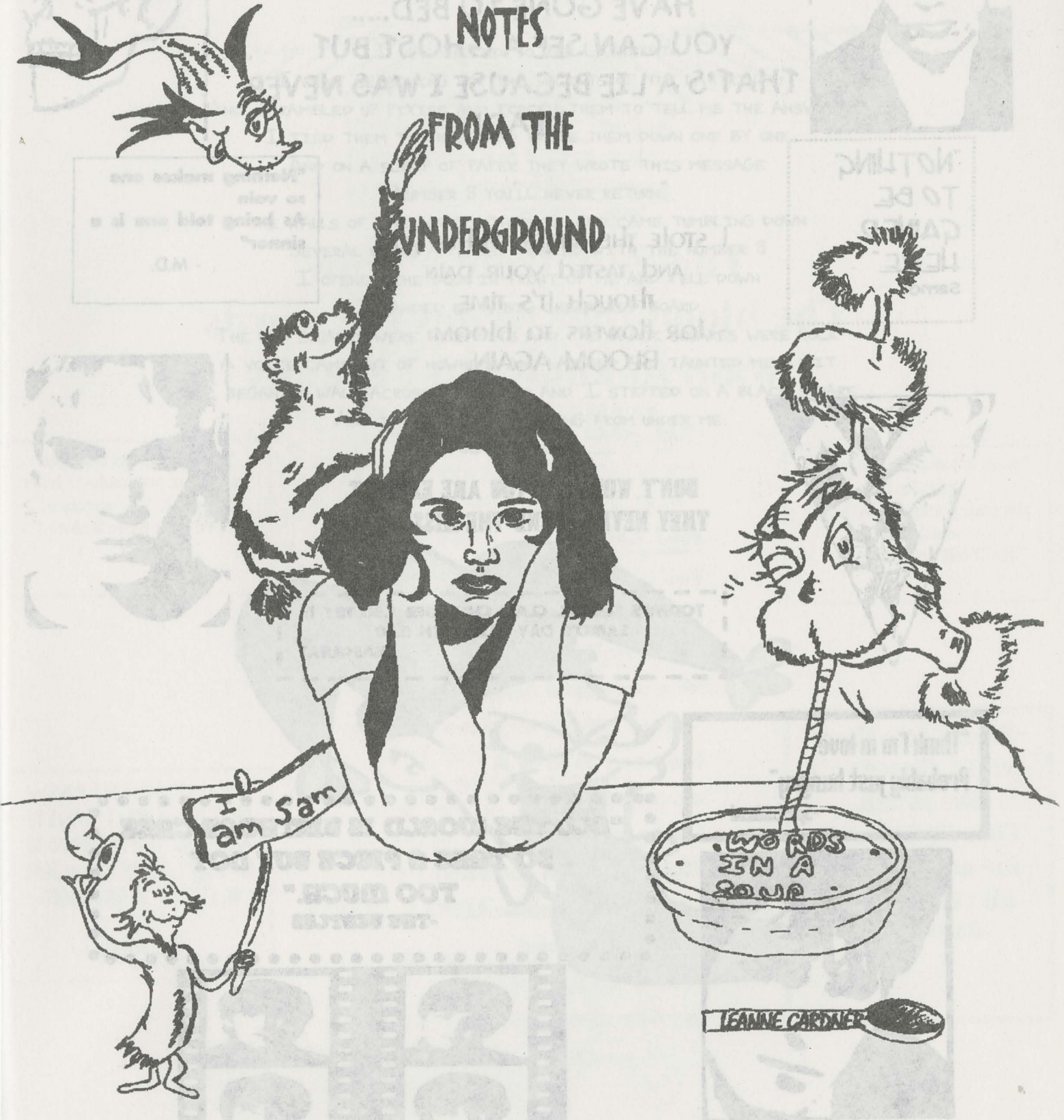
"Oh nothing." Said one of the boys still snickering."Go ahead with your walk."

I told the two lads to have a nice day and walked on. I kept on walking until a lass came up to me.
"Sir, you have a piece of toilet paper on your shoe. I thought that I should tell you before you get embarrassed."

I looked down and there it was. A long stream of toilet paper on my foot! I took it off and calmly put it in the trashcan. Oh well lads and lasses. The moral of the story is that you need to check your shoe before you leave the restroom. Otherwise, you will be humiliated in front of lots of people! Have a nice day!

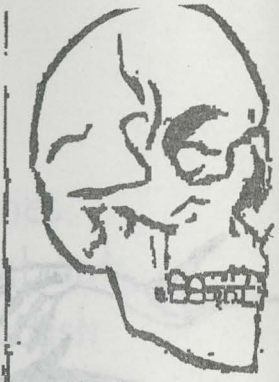
Leanne's

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND





PEOPLE SAY THAT WHEN THE MOON IS FULL AND ALL THE STARS HAVE GONE TO BED..... YOU CAN SEE A GHOST BUT THAT'S A LIE BECAUSE I WAS NEVER DEAD!



"NOTHING TO BE GAINED HERE"
Samo

"Nothing makes one so vain
As being told one is a sinner"
- M.D.

I STOLE THE ANGER WITHIN YOU
AND TASTED YOUR PAIN
THOUGH IT'S TIME
FOR FLOWERS TO BLOOM
BLOOM AGAIN.





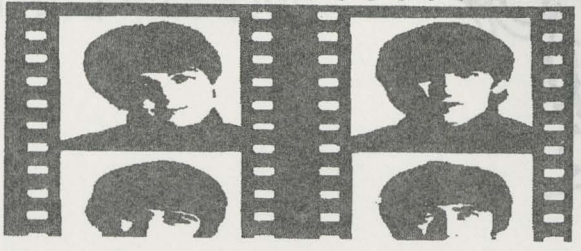
DON'T WORRY IF YOU ARE EXTINCT
THEY NEVER FOUND THE MISSING LINK

TODAY'S SPECIAL CLAM CHOWDER 1.50 TRY IT
SAMO'S DAY OLD TEETH 5.10
-BASQUIAT

"Think I'm in love
Probably just hungry"
-Spiritualized

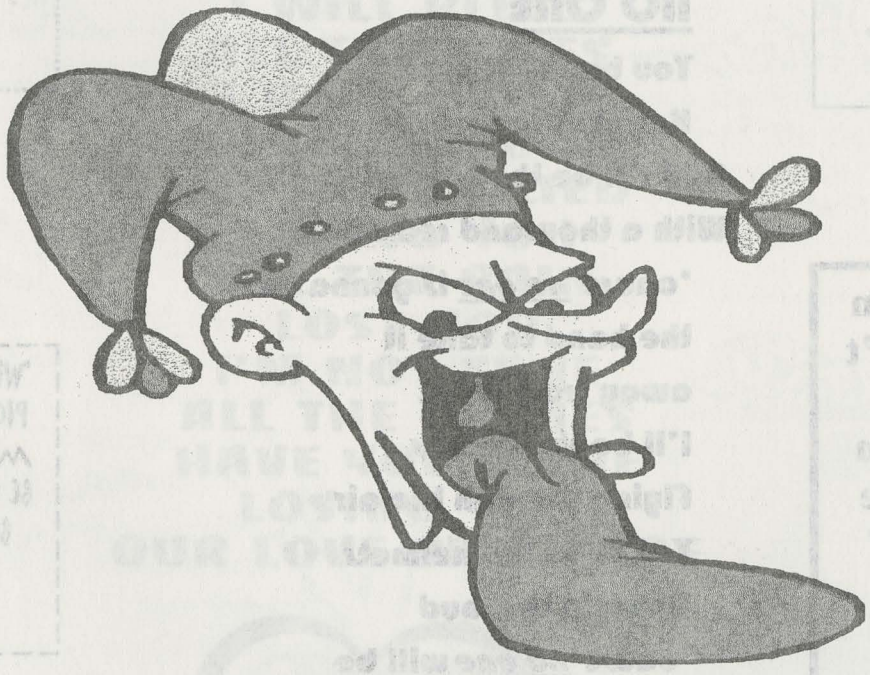


"ALL THE WORLD IS BIRTHDAY CAKE
SO TAKE A PIECE BUT NOT
TOO MUCH."
-THE BEATLES



The Riddler

I was called to the Labyrinth
I went searching for the secrets of the Labyrinth
And I rambled up pixies and forced them to tell me the answers
I tied them to trees and broke them down one by one
And on a scrap of paper they wrote this message
"Number 8 you'll never return"
The walls of the Labyrinth shook and came tumbling down
Several doors appeared marked with the number 8
I opened the door in front of me and fell down
I landed on a big checkered board
The red squares were fire pits and the black squares were rock
A voice came out of nowhere and laughed and taunted me a bit
I began to walk across the board and I stepped on a black square
And it started crumbling from under me
And I awoke.....





The quill from a crow
The blood that writes the words
I want to know am I the sky
or all the birds?

"Man is least himself when
he talks in
His own person, Give him a
mask and
He'll tell you the truth."
-M.D.

"The world has changed
'cause you are made of ivory
and gold. The curves of
your lips rewrite history."
-C.W.

NO ONE

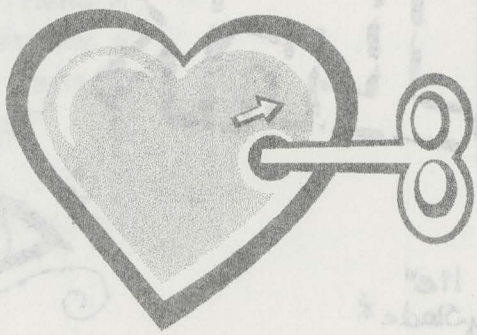
You be the rope
Hanging in the tree
And I'll be the ground
With a thousand red swords
'cause *no one* is gonna be
the hand to take it
away from thee.
I'll be the bombs
flying through the air
You'll be the helmets
Stuck in the mud
'cause *no one* will be
the one who doesn't
CARE.

"Please trip them gently, they don't like to fall. There's no room for anger, we're all very small."
-David Bowie

"WHEN YOU FIRST SEE A NEW PICTURE, YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THE BOAT YOU HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL YOU MIGHT BE STARING AT VAN GOGH'S EAR."
-UNKNOWN

LOVE POEM

MANY TEARS
HAVE I LOST
BECAUSE OF YOU
THERE IS A COST
BECAUSE OF YOU
I NEED A REST
BECAUSE IT'S YOU
I'LL SET THE TEST
MANY HEARTS
HAVE I CROSSED
BECAUSE OF YOU
LOVE IS TOSSED
BECAUSE OF YOU
THE MOON IS CREST
BECAUSE IT'S YOU
I WILL BLESS
ALL THE TIMES
I HAVE CRIED
LOSING YOU
WHEN YOU LIED
LOSING YOU
ALL THE PAIN
LOST YOU
I'M NOT SANE
ALL THE CRIMES
HAVE YOU MADE
LOSING YOU
OUR LOVE WILL FADE



"I guess I'm some kinda freak cause they all sit and stare with their eyes."
No Doubt





Drowning

"This is who I am, what I do, and what I say if you like it, let it be, if you don't, please do the same."
Ani Difranco





"Violently happy because I love you."
Björk

"Thou shall not fear"
Gerard Melmann



In honor of LTG



Disappearing



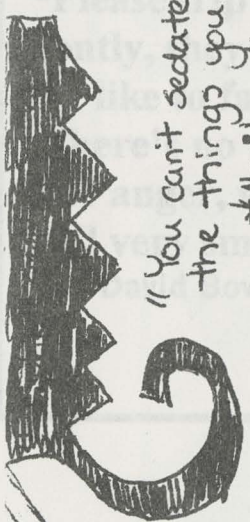
"Boy, I'm such a prince."
Rufus Wainwright

"All I every wanted was a little love to take the pain away."
Spiritualized

"You can't sedate all the things you hate."
Marilyn Manson

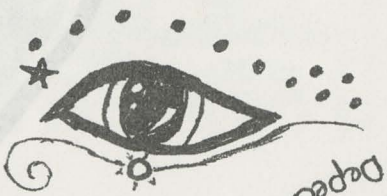


"I wish I was like you, easily amused."
Kurt Cobain



FUCK





The Rocky Horror Picture Show

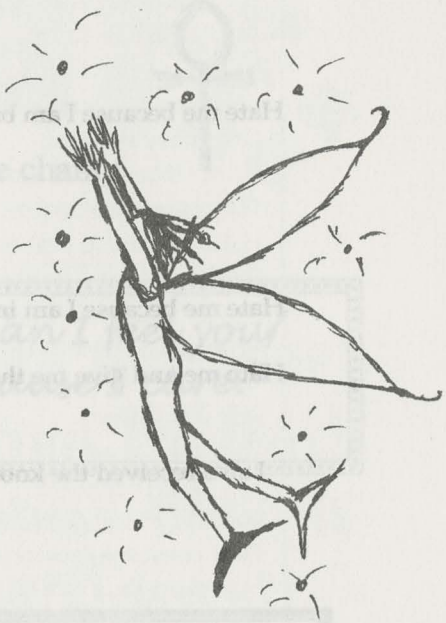
"Smiles lie"
Mandy Slade
Velvet Goldmine

"Whatever spoken here deserve death."
Depeche Mode



Velvet

Fresh rose petals lying on the floor.
Frail little faeries dying by the door.
Charming baby pixies crying.
Crying.
Dancing by the moonlight were the bitter salamanders.
Bright color filling the wondrous plain.
Small dreams floating into the ears of a
Sleeping angel's brain.
Crawling around upon the leaves
Are tiny wishes and needs.
Preparing for the day's work
Is so hard indeed.
Velvet counters are always
Smooth in the middle of the night.
For no one ever sees
What is not there in the light.

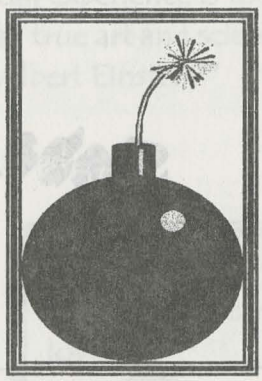


Ever have the hots for Fairuza Balk?

Mr. Shinny Pants

Me and Annie saw him at the mall
He was @ Hecht's
He had some black vinyl pants
A Marilyn Manson shirt
Black combat boots
Brown hair
Average height
Tried to impress Annie but
Had to walk away with his friend
All we heard him say was,
"Hurry up!!"

"I'll ..I'll give you some strawberry cake, don't act like there is no tomorrow."
****SugarcubeS****



Hate me because I am different.

Hate me because I am making my mark.

Hate me because I am breaking free.

Hate me

Hate me because I do not hate you.

Hate me because I am in pain.

Hate me because you are all the same.

Hate me and give me the best gift I have ever received.

I received the knowledge to be me.

But guess what?

I also received the knowledge that no matter how hard you try you will never get a thing from me.

NECTAR

ROMEO IS DEAD.
GONE FOREVER INTO THE INFINITE NIGHT.
COLD. LOST.
LYING ON THE ROUGH CONCRETE CLOUD.
FLOATING SO HIGH TO DRAG THE GROUND
ESCAPING INTO THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE GROTESQUE HEART.
DASHING OVER THE ICY NECTAR OF LIFE,
DRINKING IT, SINKING INTO THE ECSTASY,
AND THE POINT BEYOND OF RAZOR BLADE SCREAM.
WRAPPED IN THE LOVING ARMS OF KILLING FATE.
THE EMPTY CRAVING FILLED FOR THE STAR-CROSSED LOVER,
JULIET, BLOOD-STAINED IN THE SILENT DAWN AND
LIVING OFF OF SAVAGE, DEADLY LUST.

She's a lot like you...the dangerous type.
Letters to Cleo

To be great is to be misunderstood.
Emerson

DIS-MOI, QU'EST-CE QUE TU CHERCHES?
**ENIGMA*




We are the people, we are the power, we are the change.
Silver Ravenwolf

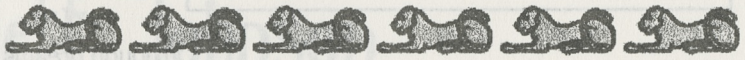
"Crying cause I need you./Crying can I feel you/ Crying cause I need you/ Crying cause I care."
Björk

Absent

I am not absent
I am not lost in
the crowd.
I stare off into
another place.
Alpha takes me
away.
Not conscious.
Absent.
Only Absent.
No one notices.
But I do not
care.
Puzzle pieces
lost
And I shed no
tears
I am absent.
Gone and no
burns.
Only absent.
Lost in my mind.

Youth

All the youth have gone away.
None are left and none have stayed.
No more wishes upon a star.
No way to make new scars.
Waterfalls of tears have drowned them all.
And secretly hide their ghastly fall.



"The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science."
Albert Einstein

Think I'm alive
Probably just breathing.
Spiritualized



Hail to the Guardians on the Watchtowers of the East. Powers of air and invention. Hear me.
Fairuza Balk

"Full is not heavy as empty, not nearly my love."



Fiona Apple

Heaven

With halos of brilliant gold,
They go and judge those,
Who need not be judged.
Godly wisdom endowed upon them
Or so they thought.
Holier than thou is no more.
They hate individuality.
Halos are not so beautiful now.
Diabolical in this new light.
Pewter halos were what they had.
With gold-plated fakes
They decide to make the
Rest feel shame.
They cannot get past
The gates themselves.
More sinister than the rest,
They consume ignorance and
Make you pay.
Look at them with this new light
And know that heaven is only a dance away.
In the palm of your hand heaven awaits.
Not in their head.
Do not judge them just dissolve the urge
And take flight.
Do not let them hold you back.
Pushing you against the tree.
Break free from the angels.
As they fall with melted wings
And disappear leaving nothing,
But pewter halos of blind crucifixion.

Untitled

This is the place of rotting dreams,
Where dreams come to die.
This is the land of half past two,
Where nothing ever happens.
Shouting whispers and acid tears.
So many lost thoughts thrown away.
Pay no attention to the person
Trying to make the world a better place.
Imagine a world pure.
Sorry...not yet.
Keep dreaming.
Dream those rotting dreams that
Will never happen for you.
Lose your thoughts and close your eyes.
This is the place where innocence dies.



"Though dreams can be deceiving like faces are to heart
they serve for sweet relieving when fantasy and reality lie too far apart."
Fiona Apple

"And I still find it so
hard to say what I
need to say
but I am



quite sure
that you will tell me
just how
I should feel today."

Orgy















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