

cantos



jesuit high
2005/2006

alice santos	18	prisoner sarah
ryan lloyd	20	once upon a black moon grim death
alisha noonan	22	entangled in a mystery unheard whisper little lies
chris fallin	24	ode to number theory ode to the search for ... ode to portland
katie link	25	polished stone
hillary frey	27	dad's chair
joey bieza	28	animal senate minutes dare to be different
ben drum	31	a scene
jamie alfieri	33	scratchboard: zebras
sean devlin	34	a new beginning life is not yet home
olivia kingsley	36	nightfall
kirsten reinhart	37	a walk with my fear
mary payne	38	flamingo my worst fear
nick circosta	40	deep blue something
nik bowen	41	photo: footprints in snow
jacque bonciolini	42	painting: cow
emmanuel clark	43	photograph: portland bridge photograph: cobblestone
beth fagan	45	photograph: infinite
fred long	46	painting: house and barn
andrea rosales	47	watercolor: japanese garden
nik bowen	48	photograph: dinner
cait brunetti	49	photograph: tree bark
emmanuel clark	50	photograph: frog on tub
beth fagan	51	photograph: popsicles
emmanuel clark	52	photograph: garden
jessie smith	53	circles ?societal cure? speed thrills
anonymous	57	fairytales untitled

kelsey vanderbergh	58	a gaggle of geese the mood
keaton van beveren	60	he and i when i call irrational goal
jake gardner	62	remembering we
joe leitschuch	63	photograph: pathway
will mehigan	64	responses to mr. beware's...
hannah mooney	66	torn mass production
salam tessema	68	untitled abyssinia
mary payne	70	photograph: woman
andrea rosales	71	grandpa's inner odobenus
mogan woods	73	scratchboard: elephant
katherine bakke	74	seattle an unconventional love poem...
mary payne	77	art class of one photograph: earring
beth fagan	78	the situation
stephen hunter	80	tomorrow
kyuchun youm	81	scratchboard: eagle
alex ward	82	u of o college essay
allison francis	84	between you and me out of focus photographs a reflection on time
maddie semet	85	scratchboard: wolves
maddy bennett	87	piercing blue
jamie alfieri	89	drawing: cell phone in hand
kate rafter	90	strike out
emmanuel clark	91	photograph: football crowd
mallika yavatkar	92	eyes who speak

MADDIE SEMET

Road Trip

You know that familiar scene when you're sitting in the backseat of a beige Honda on your way to Seattle? When your head is resting on your pillow with sheep on it and the feathers are coming out. When there's a cooler filled with turkey sandwiches and some kind of fizzy fruit drink on the seat next to you. When you're listening to John Fogerty sing some all-American tune and you're glad for once to have this skinny slab of road in between the trees. You've kicked off your shoes and allowed the passing pavement to put you in a trance. "I love this song", someone up front says, and then laughs. You lift your heavy lids. Now it's Springsteen's voice coming through the soft speakers singing, "Ride with me underneath the stars, my pony boy." Underneath the rain you ride in the backseat of the beige Honda. The speeding yellow stripes swallow your sadness, dissolve your discomfort. There are no detours of that endless jabber that fills the hours. Just your hands in your lap, your stare out the window. In between Portland and Seattle, there is comfort. On the road there is support.

Judas to Your Own Jesus

We are all hypocrites.
We are all liars.
We love ourselves.
Then we turn around
and hate what we've become.
Jesus is the face.
Judas is the mask.
We parade through the streets
with the mask kissing and caressing the skin.
The mask is smooth, dark, and handsome.
Its kiss is as dangerous as sin.
It betrays the face.
The cheek for the soft hand to stroke.
Which of these ensures life?
Which would you choose;
Your true feathers
or a mask for a few gold coins?

Morning Poem

About 10:50 in the a.m.
Lids lifted
New day determined to start
Hair has tangles
Clothes have wrinkles
Tangles, and wrinkles, and morning breath
About 10:50 in the a.m.
That's what's on my mind.
Love coffee smell, hate coffee taste
Love orange juice, hate pulp
Pulp-free and a cup of tea
Burnt bacon for breakfast
About 10:50 in the a.m.
That's what's on my morning mind
No tests, no teachers
Just comics
No science, no arithmetic
Just yawns
No schedule, no notes to check
Just 10:50 in the a.m.
That's all that's on my morning mind

NIK BOWEN

Enlightenment Enigma

Your role as a sculptor with your marble
Cutting and carving but what shape will it take?
None can truthfully claim till the idea behind it
Has already been discovered.

The future is like many nameless shapes,
Colliding together into each other, pushing and pulling,
Till at last they form as the grand abstraction
That you make of it.

It is as swelling waves of the sea.
The highs shall be high, and the lows low
With balance remaining perfect in balance.
Just right.

Holding such great and many
Chances and opportunities,
As there are stars in the sky that there is just enough
To wish on each and every one.

These six degrees of separation
And infinite possibilities leave room
Only for a quick glimpse before it is all removed,
And the rush of replacements blinks by.

There is no place for austerity or stoical bodies
With such demands to procure eudaimonia
And discover the essence I have disclosed
Of Life.

Changing Beliefs

A child believing in peace
A politician believing in children
A cloud roaming in my home
A superman without any special powers
An ancient world existing in a puddle
A beautiful face hidden in tree
Love spreading by a bee
A hope within that lets me be
A spectrum of light coming through the dark
Dark thoughts hiding in an evil mirror
A duplicated me hiding in a shadow
A shadow hiding in me
A song that puts me to sleep
Rhythm to nature that makes me want to sing
A cat ruling the sky
Loving ex-girlfriends without thinking why

LESLIE MALLORY

My Dream

Attracted to what will never come about,
Imagining my life a fantasy,
Daydreaming each day away with doubt,

The man of my dreams, the perfect spouse,
A burden I hold to a tolerable degree,
Attracted to what will never come about,

The way we would live in our perfect house,
With a white picket fence and afternoon tea,
Daydreaming each day away with doubt,

The perfect children that never pout but,
Stare back in endless glee
I am, attracted to what will never come about,

My bedroom windows I look out
To see a beautiful city that looks back at me,
Daydreaming each day away with doubt,

What will come I cannot figure out,
Curiosity that will end in misery,
Attracted to what will never come about,
Daydreaming each day away with doubt.

Queen of Her Pack

Sitting, waiting, for conflict,
Ready to attack,
Ready to spring forward,
Fierce yet elegant
I watch her,
She starts to walk through the tall grass,
Something catches her eye,
Fast, Fast, Faster,
Every step feels like slow motion,
Chasing her prey
Clawing, slashing into one leg
A mouthful of raw meat,
Slowly taking the animal down
The victory smells like hard-earned
Sweat
A tiger, my mother
What set off this tiger?
Picking apart every aspect of my dignity,
No chance to survive
Against her
She rules the jungle,
No one dare stand up
Against her
Who will be the next
To set her off?
Not I

FRED LONG

Sonorous Music of the Piano that Carries Me

The hands that touch the piano
conduct a soft melody
echoing throughout the house

These tunes bower such beauty
I am aloof to the outside world
imagining myself taken away
to a land that streams so bright

Never before have such songs
in ardor completely blinded me

The softness and elation that
comes from within the piano
enthalls me

The sounds lavish
for they are so peaceful
and serene

Pressure

Throughout my 16 years
All I've wanted is one thing,
To be an equal with all of my peers
But I have one obstacle in my path
Pressure
Pressure to act a specific way
Pressure to dress just like them
Abercrombie, Eagle, and Sway,
Is the only way I can stay.
I know you don't like me for me
But for my Seven jeans you see,
This is what I've always wanted
So on goes my fake smile,
Pop-up my collar
And walk through the runway of a hallway.
All eyes on me,
Looking, thinking, judging
Whispers as I walk by
What could they all be saying?
Nothing like all this anxiety
At least this is all wanted,
Nothing like good old pressure.

Oh, My Dear 6th Grade

All the 6th grade year
We could get away with anything.
The crumbled up paper balls
Were all over the room
From being thrown
From one buffoon
To the rest of them all.
Oh, my dear 6th grade.
A kid named Drew
Brought a toy horse.
With a broom to the back,
Zane gave it a whack
And the horse went ka-splat.
Oh, my dear 6th grade.
Then there was Jake's book,
We took it everyday
And put it on the highest shelf.
The teacher thought it was funny.
Oh, my dear 6th grade.
A sandwich not eaten,
The ham stuck inside.
Greg took the meat
And just let it fly.
We all just died
When splat went the meat
On Caitlin's back.
Oh, my dear 6th grade.

And now here I sit
In this dark and cold office.
I threw a paper ball
And it caused a ruckus.
Nervous I am,
What will happen?
In my dear 6th grade
Nothing will happen,
But this is high school
And I can't get away
With nothing per-se.
Oh my dear 6th grade.

MEAGHAN JONES

More Or Less a Letter

A smile

One last feeble attempt to make everything okay
As you sat on a strange bed, in a strange room.

Sixteen years I've known you
Saw you once a week or more
And yet-
The time I felt most connected to you
Did not contain words at all-

The only time
I felt connected
Was a smile.

For years the thought crossed my mind
That our relationship wasn't the best
And yet I pushed it out of the way.

Building a friendship takes time
I didn't need you
I had plenty of others
But perhaps-
Perhaps you needed me.

I never thought of that.

And as you lay in that bed
I finally understood
That I had lost my chance to know you.
I tell myself that if you were alive now-
I would change.
I would make an effort to.

But that is a lie, and I know it.

It pains me to see what a heartless girl I really am.

I fear that one day I'll forget you ever existed
And forget all I've missed

To me, you were lost to the scenery
A plain, dull backdrop
Which was only noticed when looked at
Directly.

I never saw you until I lost you
And even now I have to remind myself
That anything's missing at all.

I cried, yes.

I cried for everything but you.
Cried for my own stress and confusion.
Cried for my lost plans – plans you ruined.
Cried about my own self-centeredness,

But never once for you.

You were gone, you caused pain
But always indirectly,
So I cried
Because I couldn't cry for you.

Somehow I'd like to offer closure:
To offer you a happy ending,
To offer you dry eyes.

But among the things I cannot give you
That is one.

I now cry for this-
More or less a letter
Which can never do you justice.

But it will try.

LEIGH SCHOMMER

Silent Someone

As I sit alone in silence, I feel another's presence,
The wind is whistling in the moving trees and I witness the thickening
essence
I wonder what is watching me, or maybe rather...who?
As I sitting by a ghost, or is it only you?
With all of these feelings of mysterious volts, I suddenly enjoy this ride,
And now I know that wherever I go, this angel is by my side



klee

magnolia

The Dream

With every face, there's a smile,
With every mind, there's a dream
And whatever you do
To make it come true
Will change the life of whom you redeem

JUDI MAHONY

3

The words blare from the radio speakers:

“Look at this photograph”

My mind shifts to the one resting beside my bed. The image

I wake to. Innocence caught between a shutter and flash.

It lasted forever but ended so fast. I see us then

Hanging from the branches of a tree

Hard to believe we once were three.

But I see you now

Step out of that plane. Face older, wiser

Affected, and changed. Eyes colder, lies detected from far range.

Who are you? Where'd you go? Why'd you leave?

Let me know.

Lately time's passed without my consent. I never agreed

To allow this dent

In my life – this awful hole that steals my youth,
dismembers my soul.

I know I must accept what it's doing to me.

I know I can't live my life forever

At three. It sure would be nice, though, I have to say,

If under that tree we could always stay.

LIZZIE MEIER

Knots of Life

Who knew there could be such friends as these?
Amongst the varied, different types of trees
Within their fruit, a common seed
Which produced a likeness never before received.
Although these trees have unlike roots
Since they've grown up side by side
Shading each other from the sun's glare

In shared soil their roots have burrowed
Their nutrients are drawn from the same dirt.
Both feel the blood winding through their veins, giving their leaves life
Over time, these trees' limbs have grown intertwined, creating a braid
of wood
The intricate braid of friendship that has grown impossible to separate.

These two very different trees each produced a fruit
One tree was apple, the other orange
Yet their likeness outweighed their differences
Because although they had different tastes
They were both sweet, tangy, and ripe with life.

ALICE SANTOS

Prisoner

I am a lost soul
Of words unsaid
Only lonely lights I have left to shed
How abandoned I am

I am a prisoner
Of words unsaid
Just lonely feelings
Locked away in my head
I trap myself
When I stay quiet
I should start to speak
But I stop
Stay silent
In trapping myself
Inside a prisoner of words unsaid

I am not a prisoner of words
Like a soldier
I am a fighter
But yet I mostly say what you wanna hear
Could you take it if I came clear?

I search for a piece of myself
For peace in myself
But it'd be easier if you put me in jail
If you just locked me away
I'd as least have someone to blame
I'm a poor, lost prisoner of the worst kind
A prisoner of compromise
Prisoner of compassion
Prisoner of kindness
Prisoner of expectation
And a prisoner of my own youth

Prisoner of age dying to be young
Its cold and its hard
Cause there is nowhere to run

Inside a prison of words unsaid

Sarah

Sarah

Pale as the moon
Something in your eyes
Is tortured and unsatisfied
Something is wrong.
And it hurts me to see it so

Sarah

So light and beautiful
So pure but yet painted
By evils of this world

Sarah

Please don't let them
Crush your petals
And throw you into the wind
Love yourself
From roots deep within

Sarah

Don't dance for the evil one
Who cares nothing
Because you are precious
How tenderly you are needed

Sarah

You are special
You are beautiful
You should be treated gently
Like a soft driven breeze
Like a spring sun

Sarah

Please don't let them
Blow you like the wind
Scattered
Leaving the residue of worthlessness
Forever lost
From what once was within

RYAN LLOYD

Once Upon a Black Moon

Half masked in the sullen twilight,
A drifting hollow,
Silently traversing the black light.
Captivation, so enduringly captivating of the mind and soul
Absorbing the deep surrounding,
Absorbing the absence of the Night.

The perfect body, the perfect mind
Gazing aloft of the white sand, silently flowing beneath ghostly feet
A drifting body.
A locked mind.
Lustful gazing of the black moon,
Lustful gazing from the pure sand.
Basking in delight, rapt in wonder

A Black moon blazing the absence of the Night

Grim Death

Grim death who walks these lonely halls,
Grim death whom I have befriended,
Grim death who stalks my shadows,
Grim death may be intended.

Grim death, his shadow begins to course my veins.

Feeling the curl of the hair on my neck,
Feeling the anxiety within my skin,
Feeling the coil of toes in my boots,
Feeling the time sift my fingers so thin.

Grim death, his midnight cloak engulfs the light.

Stalking through the shadows at night,
Stalking to be the source of fright,
Stalking to raise the dead with flight,
Stalking with eyes blind of sight.

Grim death, he feels the time has come.

Free is the fear that hunts the heart
Free as it spreads within our mind
Free to search our secrets past
Free to feel, a will of its own

Grim death, we start to step in time

I walk these lonely halls all but free
Grim death, who stalks, he has befriended
I cast my shadow, I twirl my cloak
Grim death, we spin the fear with delight

ALISHA NOONAN

Entangled in a Mystery

In the moonlit night
The rose petals bloom,
They open their eyes
To the world around them.
Breathing in the night's sweet life
They sing me a song.

Never before have I heard such a song!
What a song it is,
I sit transfixed,
Nothing else matters
Only to hear the ending of this
Beautiful tragedy.

And so it is,
A tale of
Sorrow and misery
Joys and tears
Beauty and love
Passion and loss.

I await the ending, now
I am dying to hear
How this song ends,
Because we are connected
In this strange dance
Its ending is mine.

Unheard Whisper

In the silence of the night
When the nothings do creep
When the shadows are free from the light;
The wind whispers a song
That no one can hear.

Its beauty untold
Its meaning not understood.

We shall never know what he said
Nor the reason that it was said.
We shall only know that we
Missed something important. For
The whispers of the night make all the difference.

Little Lies

Six feet under
Is where my lover lies.
Beneath us now, I can still see his face,
With a wounded heart and a missed embrace.

Never again shall I hear his laugh,
Nor feel his hand over mine.
And with every passing day, I tell myself the lie
That he will come back to me in time.

You would think that such a lie would make it harder,
But it is what gets me through the day.
It's the little lies that we tell ourselves
That get us through hours, which turn into days.

CHRIS FALLIN

Ode to Number Theory

Immense field of numbers great,
Within thee do I frolic; for no larger pleasure do I wait.
Proofs, built upon thee, mathematicians contemplate;
In logical thought and reason they participate.
Oh, for a universal vision of the numerical foundations I have sought
This pinnacle of thought
Indeed the war is being fought
To bring glory to that cause which is just:
In the omnipotent integers, we must place our trust.

*Ode to the Search for the Perfect Christmas Gift and Subsequent Obtaining of
Aforementioned Perfect Gift in the form of an Ode Commemorating Said Event*

Oh, great sought-after Perfect Gift elusive,
Of thee I have formed an opinion conclusive:
'Tis not novelty nor value nor shininess one seeks
But true appreciation by recipient at which happiness peaks

Of many possible gifts I think,
Caffeinated beverage in hand I drink,
In front of Notepad, on brainstorming I embark;
But, oh woeful lack of ideas: creative mind, completely dark.

Until upon idea I stumbled, vastly great
Oh, the idea's conception my spirits did elate
Idea was this, to create an ode-gift in verse-
And so in a pool of words and phrases I am immersed.

Completion drawing near
Ode-horribleness I do not fear;
My only hope is that this gift ode-greatness preserves
To live up to what recipient deserves.

Ode to Portland

City of Portland, your name I proclaim
In your greatness, you deserve much fame;
From humble beginnings on the Willamette, then pristine,
Your growth exploded massively; yet your beauty still is seen.

Yet, despite size, sensibility at your foundation lies;
Small city blocks, alphabetical street districts- "I am logical!" it all cries.
To the common citizen, I rejoice, you cater;
Public transportation to my destination travels- sooner, rather than later.

Forests, hills, water, and Mt. Hood views do you contain;
World's smallest park- 24 inch diameter- one cannot complain.
Throughout the West Hills on countless journeys have I embarked;
Never, having this, do I wish to depart.

Yet the strange Portland spirit you have given me remains;
Lack of creativity- never! Anything but plain.
Great City, essence of your spirit I have divined:
Independence, initiative, ingenuity have you refined.

Having discovered this within me, I grow elated;
Despite college journeys, forever will City and I be related.
My only hope: endeavors of mine be sufficient
To live up to beautiful Portland, of which I will surely be reminiscent.

KATIE LINK

Polished Stone

Sitting alone on the sand,
Watching the waves come and go.
A rock with rough edges,
Slowly becoming fastened to one place.
Unable to move, unable to let go.

Watching the waves crash all around
Watching the waves crash over her rough edges.

Becoming like polished stone,
Worn away and smooth.
Finally able to break away,
Leaving behind the hurt.

Watching the waves crash all around
Watching her learning to let go.

This rough, ugly stone
After years of work,
Has become like polished glass.
Still a little rough, learning to open up.

The greatest prize inside
Hidden beneath a shell.
A shell so well formed
It took years to break down.

The waves of change have come,
Not planning to leave,
Guiding this thing,
Becoming like polished stone.
Watching the waves carry her through,
Watching the world become new.

A new place, with new faces
All around. Admiring this once
Ugly thing, transformed.
Transformed into polished stone,
Smooth and comforting
A welcome change.

Watching the waves crash all around,
Watching the waves of change
Turning her into polished stone.

In the future the shell is gone,
The waves have worn it away.
The beauty hidden within shines through.
Simple yet unhidden all the same.
This polished stone has been transformed.

HILLARY FREY

Dad's Chair

There's an old, red chair
Planted on a hardwood floor,
Worn by Dad
And his family of four.
It hugs when you sit and squeaks when you move.
Low to the ground, it fits every body in the world,
But together, it and Dad
Are the rulers of the room.

Arms open wide
It sits as deep as the sea.
It swallows me whole,
Yet my mind runs free.
I may learn math at school
Or how to praise God at church,
But nothing compares
To the way that I think
Sitting in that old, red chair.

That chair was my bed
One Christmas night,
When I passed out waiting
For Santa and his flight.
My dreams took me places,
But when I awoke,
I was back in that chair
Like an old trusted friend.

JOEY BIEZE

Animal Senate Minutes

Session of Jan. 16, 1993

Lion calls meeting to order. States itinerary
First order of business re: tree regulation

Cat moves that tree bark be made rougher.

Dog opposes, stating "Yeah, you [Cat] would want that."

Tiger moves that vote be taken re: Dog's expulsion
from Senate. Cheetah seconds motion.

Wolf opposes. Hyena seconds opposition. No vote is taken.

Sloth moves meeting be adjourned due to exhaustion.
Lion denies.

Mouse motions something inaudible. Cat eats Mouse.

Rat motions that vote be taken re: Cat's expulsion
from Senate. Cat eats Rat. No vote is taken.

Polar Bear requests that next order of business
be addressed, and that A/C be turned up. Lion
concedes, moving on to next order of business re:
global warming. Lion declares A/C will remain the same.

Chimpanzee declares global warming a farce, moves
issue be dropped. Polar Bear and Penguin oppose.
Chimpanzee screams, throws feces at Polar Bear, Penguin.

Polar Bear motions vote be taken re: Chimpanzee's
expulsion from Senate. Penguin seconds motion. Vote
is taken. "Aye" 412, "Nay" 2. Lion eats Chimpanzee.
Polar Bear eats Penguin, moves that A/C be raised.

Sloth moves that meeting be adjourned due to extreme
exhaustion. Lion denies.

Polar Bear dies of heat stroke.

Sloth dies of exhaustion

Hyena and Vulture feast on carcasses. Lion reprimands, eats Hyena, Vulture.

Dog moves that meeting be adjourned due to hunger and ready availability of food. Wolf seconds motion.

Lion announces order of business global warming to be addressed next meeting.

Lion adjourns meeting.

Dare to be Different

The life of a turkey
They hatch
They eat, sleep, drink
And grow.
The thoughts of a turkey:
Hunger, thirst, exhaustion.
When they are hungry,
They know to eat.
When they are tired,
They know to sleep.
When it rains,
They know not to look up.
The old turkeys tell the young,
"Do not look up!
It will kill you!"
They do not look up,
But one turkey is different.
He knows the old turkeys are fools
They are out of touch, senile
They are wrong.
This turkey looks up in the rain
And he drowns.

A Scene

The next day, Greg and Sarah went to a movie. It wasn't Greg's idea; needless to say Sarah had guilted Greg into going. It took a few solid "Greg, you never spend time with me" and a few more "Greg, all the other wives I talk to go out on dates with their husbands at least twice a week" and a little more rubbish Sarah had made up on the spot for good measure. Greg knew it wasn't true, knew it wasn't even close to approximating life as an entity, but nonetheless he got tired of being harassed. They were at the theater now, ordering popcorn, low-fat for Greg's reality and Sarah's self image, and a large diet soda, diet for the same reasons. They found the theater and stepped inside. Greg wanted to sit in the back, in the middle. Sarah preferred up front on the sides. Greg's reasoning abilities won over—or perhaps Sarah compromised because she had already won by getting Greg to go. They sat down just as the previews ended—Greg in P17 and Sarah in P16. This was apt: Sarah had complained and did complain now that they were almost late. Greg emphasized the fact that they arrived just in time. It was one of those routine arguments, it happened most times they went on a date that had a timeline attached to it.

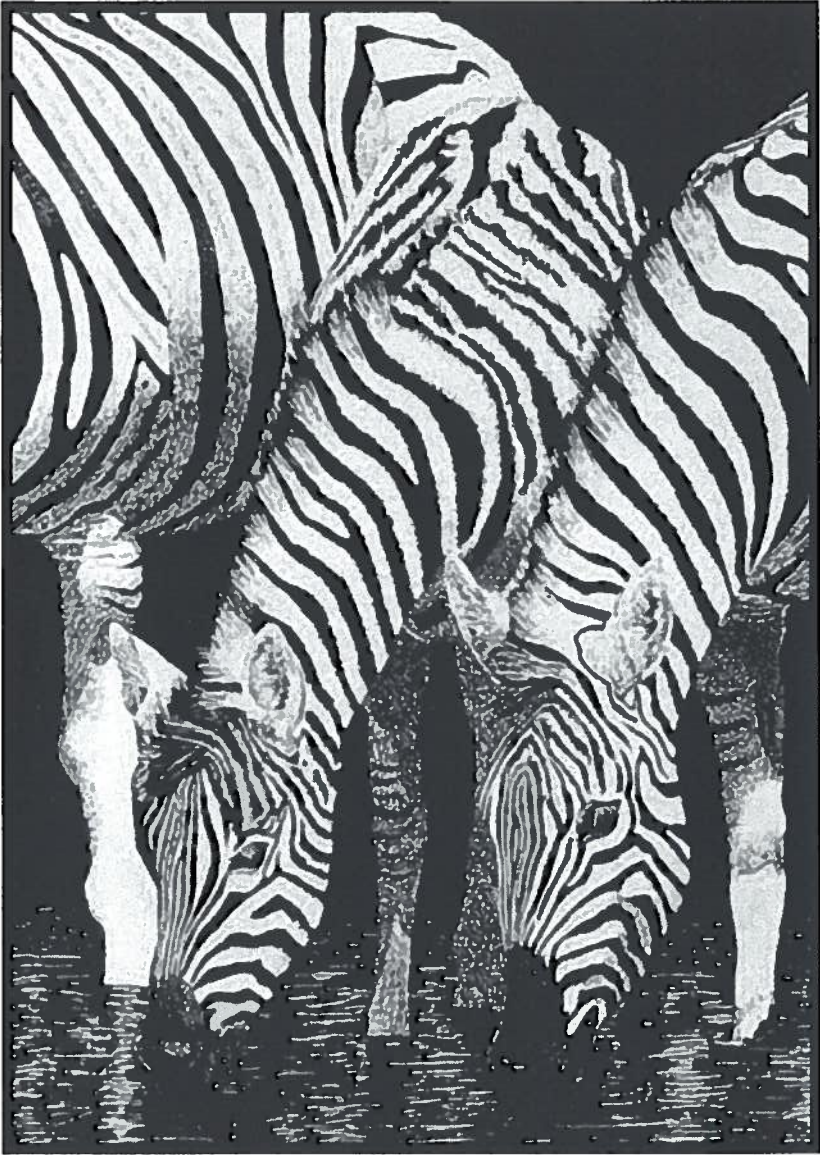
The movie was about a grand theft, with a little bit of murder and sex thrown in. The murder and sex was for the trailer, for the publicity, for the earnest perversity of humanity. The person in the movie was talking now. He was saying this thing and that thing about the scheme, emphasizing that the accomplices were part of a team or something. "We're all in this together" the trite movie went and the trite Sarah elbowed Greg. There was a little "what?" that came out of Greg as the movie went on talking about togetherness. A standard "you know" came out of Sarah and Greg decided not to push his luck. A slow half hour passed, neither really into the movie.

"You never hold me like you used to, you never seem to spend time. It's always about this million-dollar scheme. And you think you're going to have it all, don't you? You're going to rob this bank or this company or whatever the—"

There was more elbowing. The elbow was subdued as Greg moved a seat over. Sarah followed him. "We need to talk about this" was from Sarah and "Not right now" was from Greg and "Then when: you are never able to talk" was from Sarah and "Let's not make a big scene" was from Greg.

The irony is that the big scene was supposed to be on the movie screen. There was a big robbery going on and no one particularly cared. They were too busy looking at the couple in the back, some complaining, others finding it entertaining. The big scene of the movie started and then was cut short due to some trite mistake by one of the team members. Now the whole group of robbers was stuck and the whole group of viewers didn't care. The movie said something about "Get yourself together" and "It can still work out if we—" but that all went unheard over the din of "This was supposed to be a special time" and "Its not my fault we only do this once a year" and "Calm down" and "I have a right mind to walk out of here right now" and "Sarah! No—"

The police sirens were blaring from the sides of the theatre as a lonely woman ran out of the theatre in tears. A lonely man followed, somewhat reluctantly. If they had stayed just a few more minutes, they would have seen that the robbers did pull off the robbery, that the dream did come true, and that all of them were filthy rich. The girl, in a stunning scene that gave the movie the rating of R, got back with the leader of the group because he was filthy rich. The crowd immediately forgot about the leave of the couple in the back and were once again connected to the perversity of humanity.



alfieri

jamie

SEAN DEVLIN

A New Beginning

Life is the ghost of all their fears.

Creeping through the night,
Neither sight nor sound
May find them. Haunting
In the dark, they hide
From life and light.

Lurking in the shadows,
I tried to capture a breath.
Searching for a way
Out of death.
I felt the presence
Of spirits surrounding
Me, I stood still till
Morning
Was around me.

Home

Vrooooooom, vrooooooom. Every day cars zoom by not noticing the beauty behind the houses and roads they drive on. The trees sway from side to side, and the rain drips over your hair. The mud mushes under your feet, and the sky shines into your eyes. The sound of water slowly making its way through the stream reminds you of the wildlife and nature that surrounds this land. Houses lined up side by side, is this a place where I belong?

Tip tap, tip tap, I ran away from my house with my friends, down a lonely, thin path into a forest of darkness, only to find myself alone and abandoned. I called to my friends to tell them I would be there soon. Mother Nature was around me, and I should enjoy her before she is torn apart. The splishing and splashing of the stream, the wishing and washing of the bushes reminded me of home, a place where I belonged. The rain began to fall through the trees, one drop at a time it splashed into the wet mud, making it even more wet and mushy than before. I got on my knees, soaking my already stained jeans with even more brown. I did not flee from the forest, for the rain was what made me feel free, free from hope, sorrow and all that I needed to do. I put on a smile of glee, while watching the stream turn into a river, then into a vast sea. Is this a place where I belong?

I looked up the path I ran down, up to the houses, where I supposedly belonged, and then ran the opposite direction following the same path, to see where it would lead me. I met my friends at a road, a lonely mucky road by the tree house. We climbed slowly up to the top of the tree house and sat down inside of it. The tree house wasn't too nice; it was kind of a pig sty, without a roof, it would never stay dry. We bammed nails into the house, through the tree, with our hammers. We tried to make the house sturdier, an easier place to live in, to make the place our own.

I was only an innocent child,
longing for a place to call home.

OLIVIA KINGSLEY

Nightfall

I moved all my furniture yesterday and my bed ended up where it had been right when we moved here.

Last night I sat in it and relished the strange feeling one gets from being in an unfamiliar familiar place.

I looked across the room and I noticed that the poster that previously had been over my bed (a satellite picture of the sun setting on the western hemisphere entitled *Nightfall*) was now over my bureau. And I wondered what chair I would have to get in order to move it since there was no bed anymore to stand upon.

And I thought about the day when I returned from New York in seventh grade with that poster from the Museum of Natural History. And how excited I was to put it up over my bed. I had sat in the museum store for a good ten minutes trying to figure out if I should get daybreak or nightfall. I decided on nightfall because I could look at it in that brief moment after I had closed my book and before I turned off my light and fell asleep. But I don't really get a chance to read very much anymore, so I don't get to look at it that often.

I remember when I asked Langan to help me hang it up and we both tottered on my bed while trying to stick pushpins in our ceiling. Finally Langan took one of her precious shoes and hammered in the pushpins with the heel. I thought that was so smart.

After I had looked at the poster across the room right after I closed my book, I turned off the light and looked out the window. When we first moved here I cried all night. I missed everything I had in Colorado, especially the skylight over my bed. Every night when I lay in bed I could see the stars and the tops of the pine trees, swaying gently.

One night right after we moved I was sitting sniffing in bed and someone came in. Thinking it was Langan, I quieted immediately. However, the person walked in and sat down on my bed and said, "Olivia." It was my mom.

She said, "Olivia, look out the window."

Grudgingly I turned and looked.

Pine trees. And the stars.

KIRSTEN REINHART

A Walk With My Fear

The unknown is the cat of all my fears.
I shudder in the dark of night.
Wearily, I turn the corner.
What is around it
I do not know.
In the distance
A squeaky door opens slowly.
Children shriek in the dark.
The lamppost that lights my way
Starts to flicker and soon abandons me.
I stumble over something.
What it is
I do not know.
A strong scent of rotten eggs and aged fish
Disturb my mouth.
Through the darkness
An outline of a slinky figure lurks.
This cold shape creeps toward me,
Circles my leg, sizes me up as its back rises.
Mice tickle my spine as breath escapes me.
Its deceiving, silky, fluffy fur is inviting.
But once I get close to the monster,
It strikes at me with warning fangs
And open claws.
Before I know what the cat is going to do next,
I turn and run away.

MARY PAYNE

Flamingo

Flamingo.

Feathers as soft as a baby's bottom,
vibrant pinks fill its body,
long twig legs that leave
forked marks in the wet sand.
Sandpaper legs standing in the
orange and white sand
on a beach in the Caribbean.

A beak with a classic color scheme of black and pink.
She stands in the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea,
the sun penetrating her freshly groomed feathers,
the rest of her family by her side.

She changes legs so fast.

Her stilettos can barely stand it.

I think she might fly into the horizon.

For a while she stands there

eating her whole wheat,

crisp lettuce, Tuscan sun tomato, and crispy black pepper sandwich.

Watching,

waiting,

for the coast to be clear.

She sees her next victim,

there it is sitting on my plate

lost in a field of lettuce and zesty ranch dressing.

Her fork plunges at the speed of light.

Crack!

One plate down, a hundred to go.

Too bad I was too slow!

The flamingo, my aunt,
moving from one activity to the next,
always changing feet.

Wearing her sparkly pink top to every occasion.

Her long athletic legs.

Always something in her mouth.

Crack!

As she cracks open the leg of a king crab,
she switches her crossed leg
at the orange and white table.

My Worst Fear

Pain is the snake of all my fears.
Sounds like a baby's rattle and
looks like a slimy rope.
A long forked black tongue,
beady eyes that hypnotize
my blank, petrified eyes.
Long,
poison filled fangs
that slither their way up to my neck.
My screams,
echo with excruciating pain
that possesses the power
to make the dead feel.

What can I do to stop it?
It's inevitable,
the pain will come.

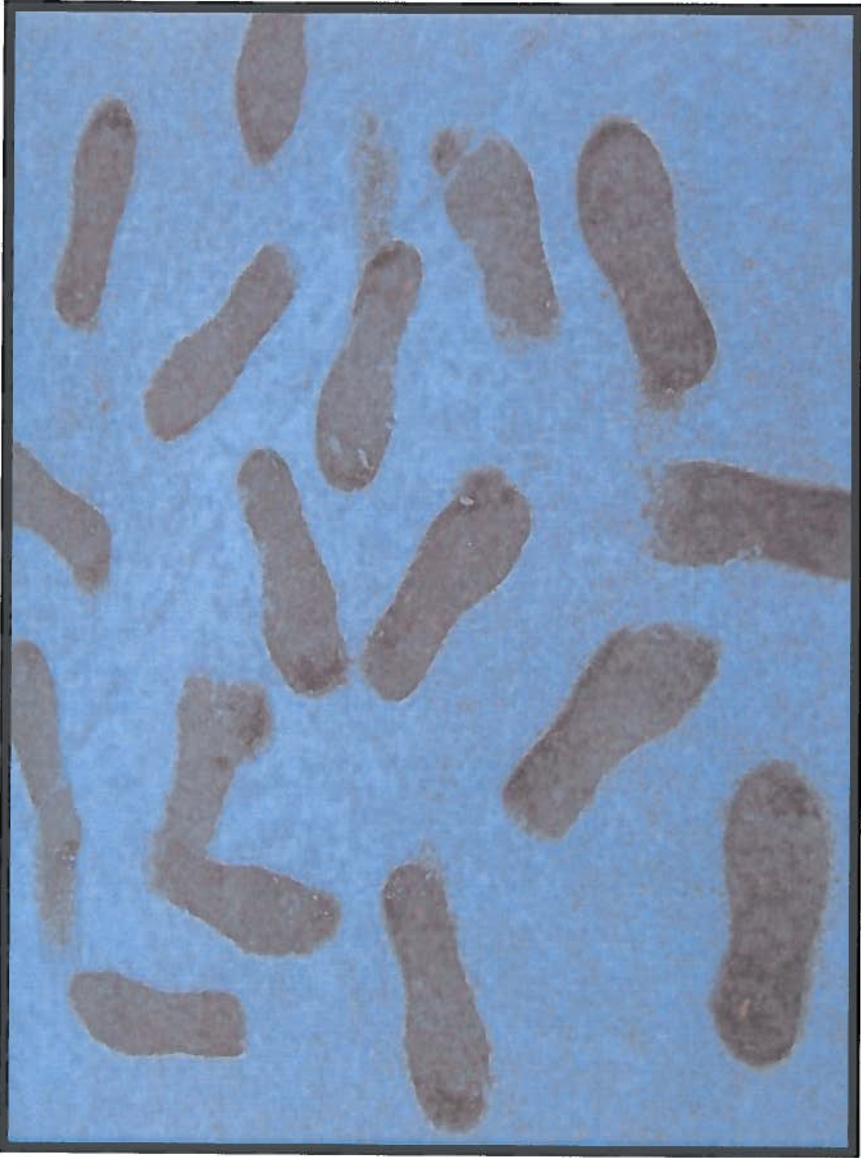
NICK CIRCOSTA

Deep Blue Something

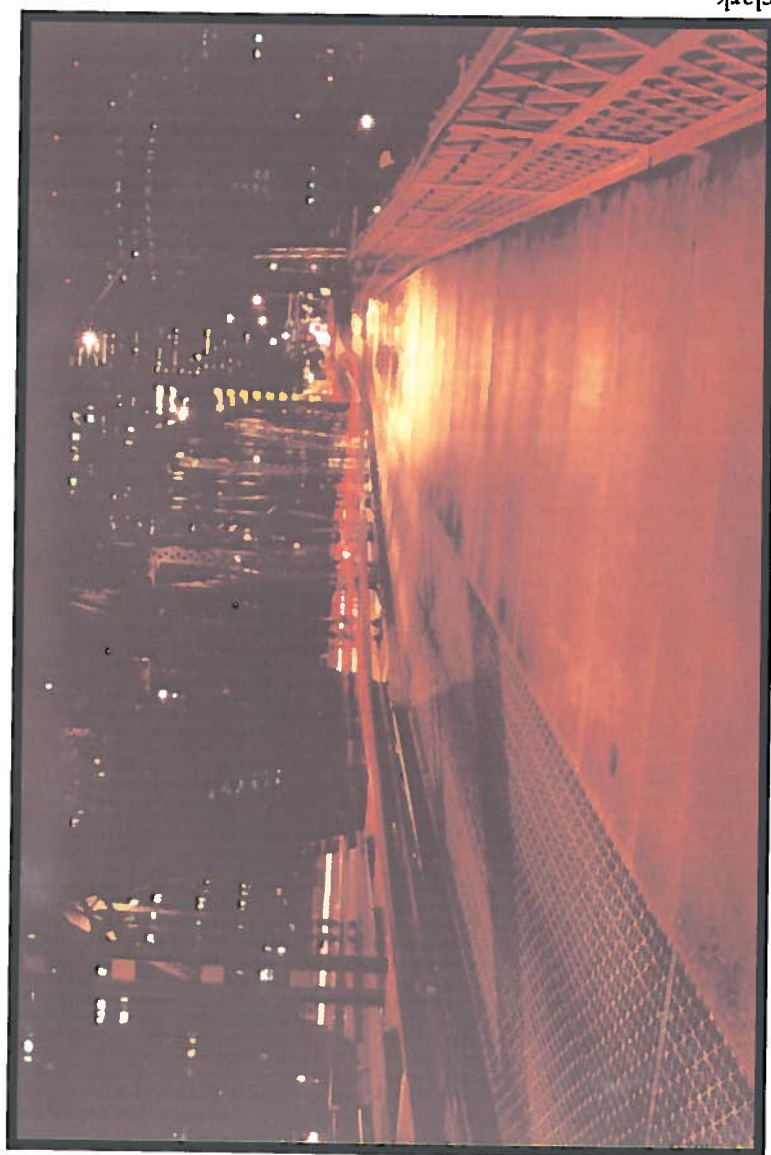
Many talk about
The Wild Blue Yonder
But we shall tell you about
The Deep Blue Something
No one truly knows
What it's like to be one
With the blue.
The warm waves,
The rhythmic tide,
So full of life and
Overwhelming power.
All this and more
In the watery embrace of
The Deep Blue Something
No one cares
But we do
We care
We protect
The Deep Blue Something
And she protects us.

boven

nik

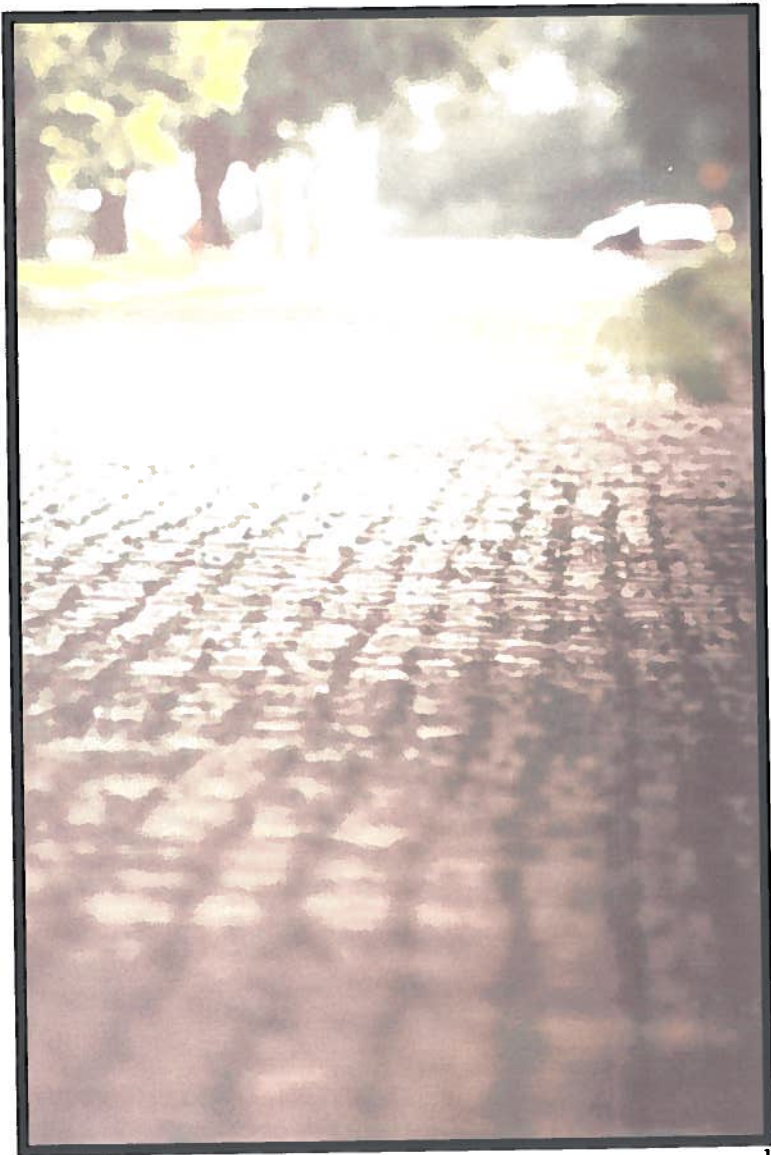




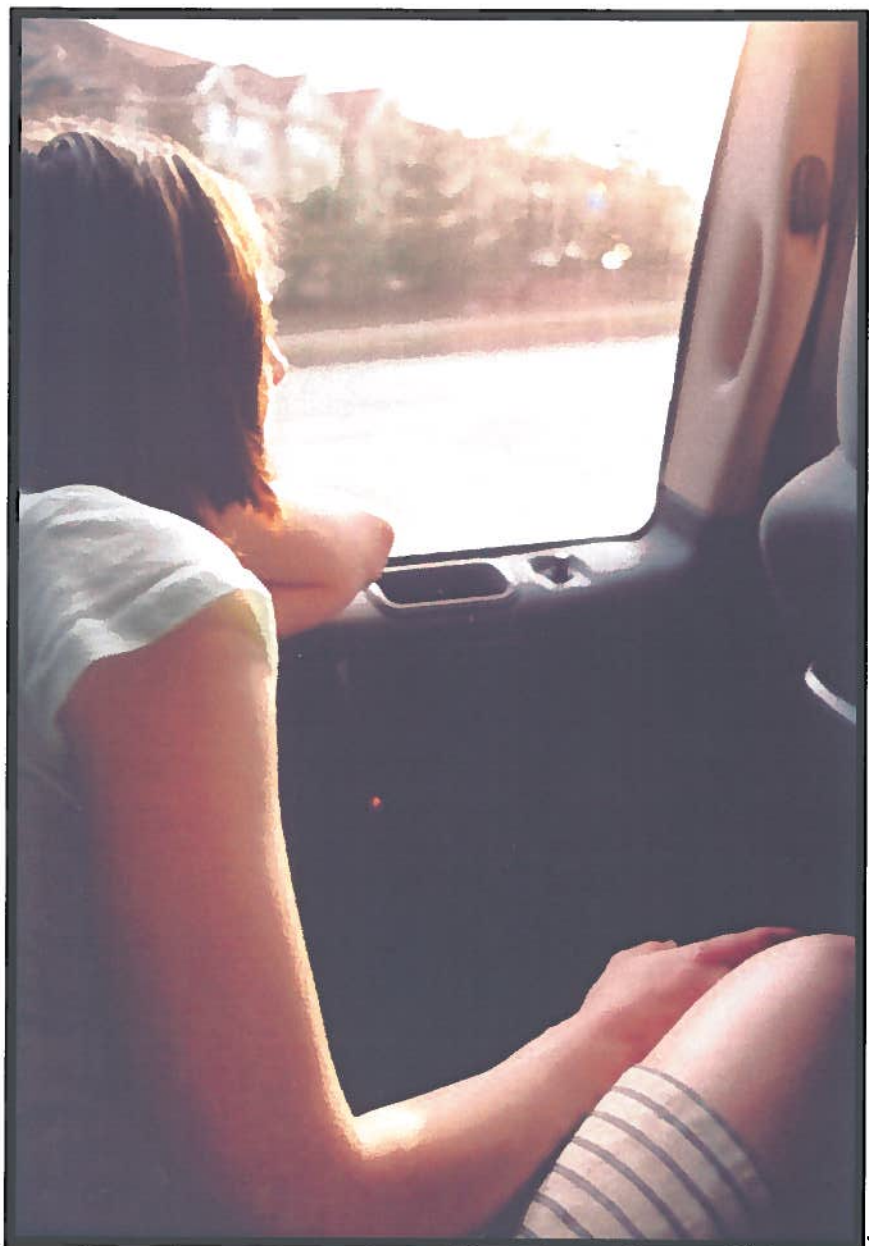


clark

emmanuel

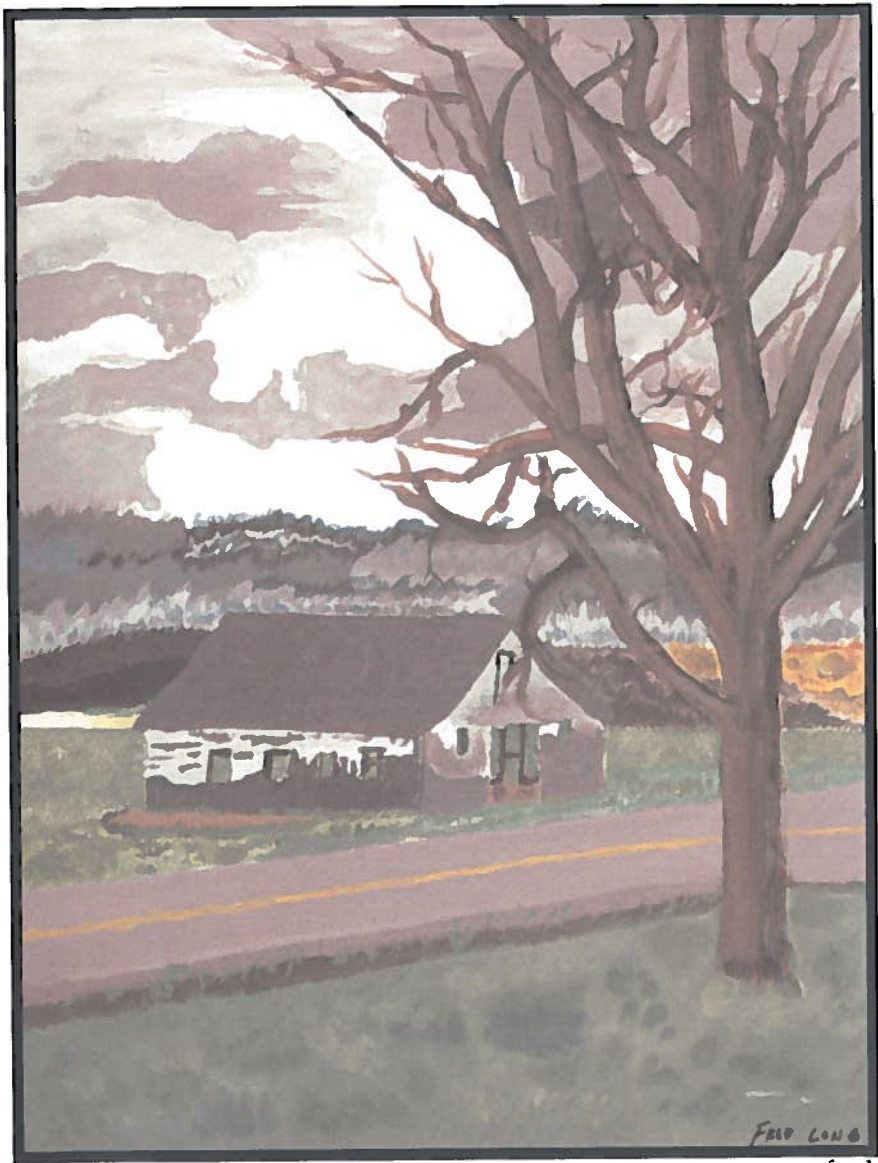


emmanuel
clark



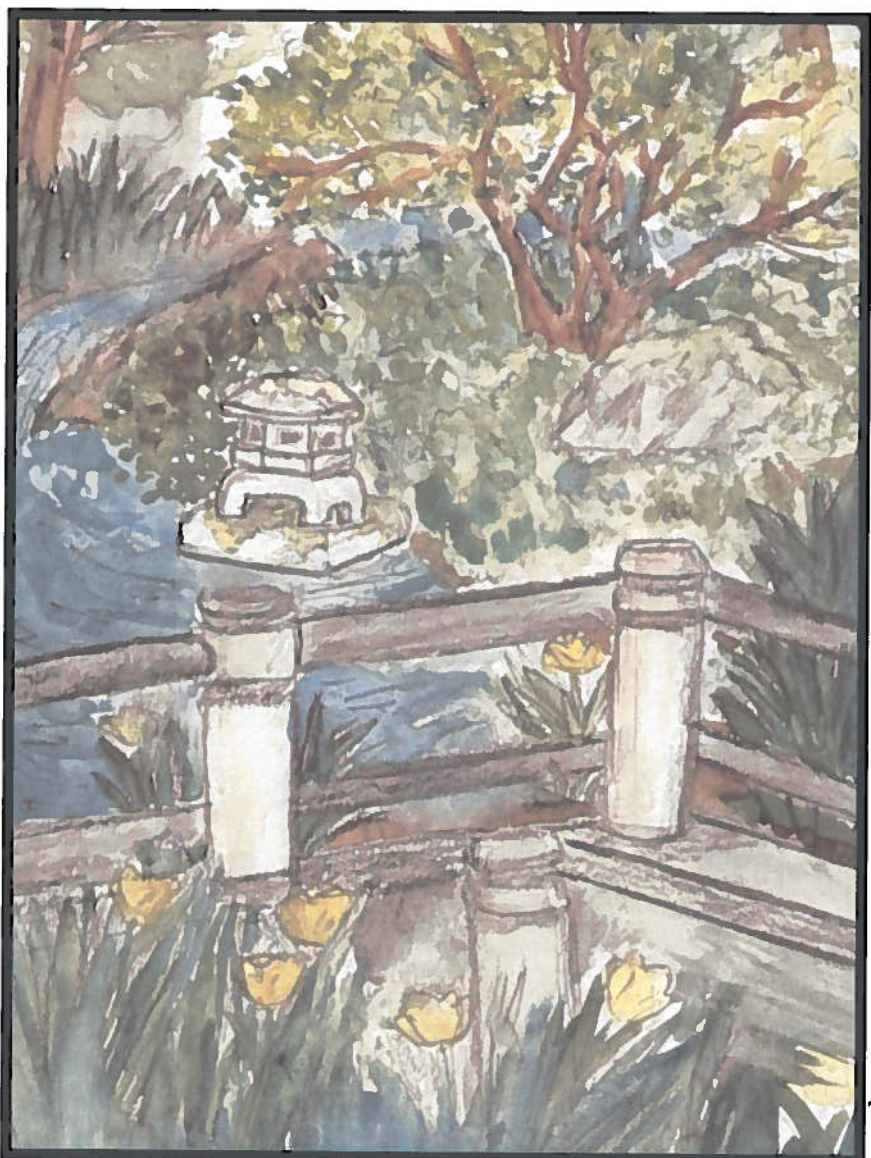
fagan

beth



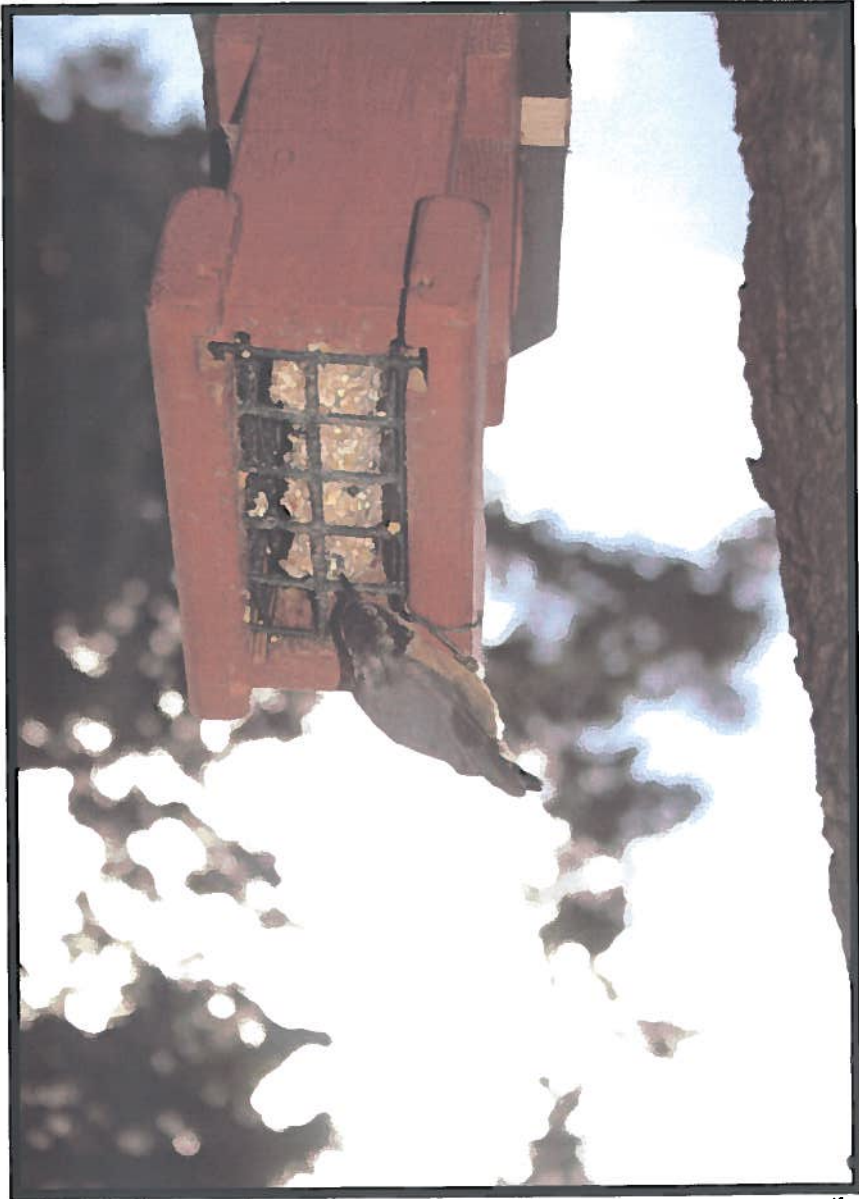
long

fred



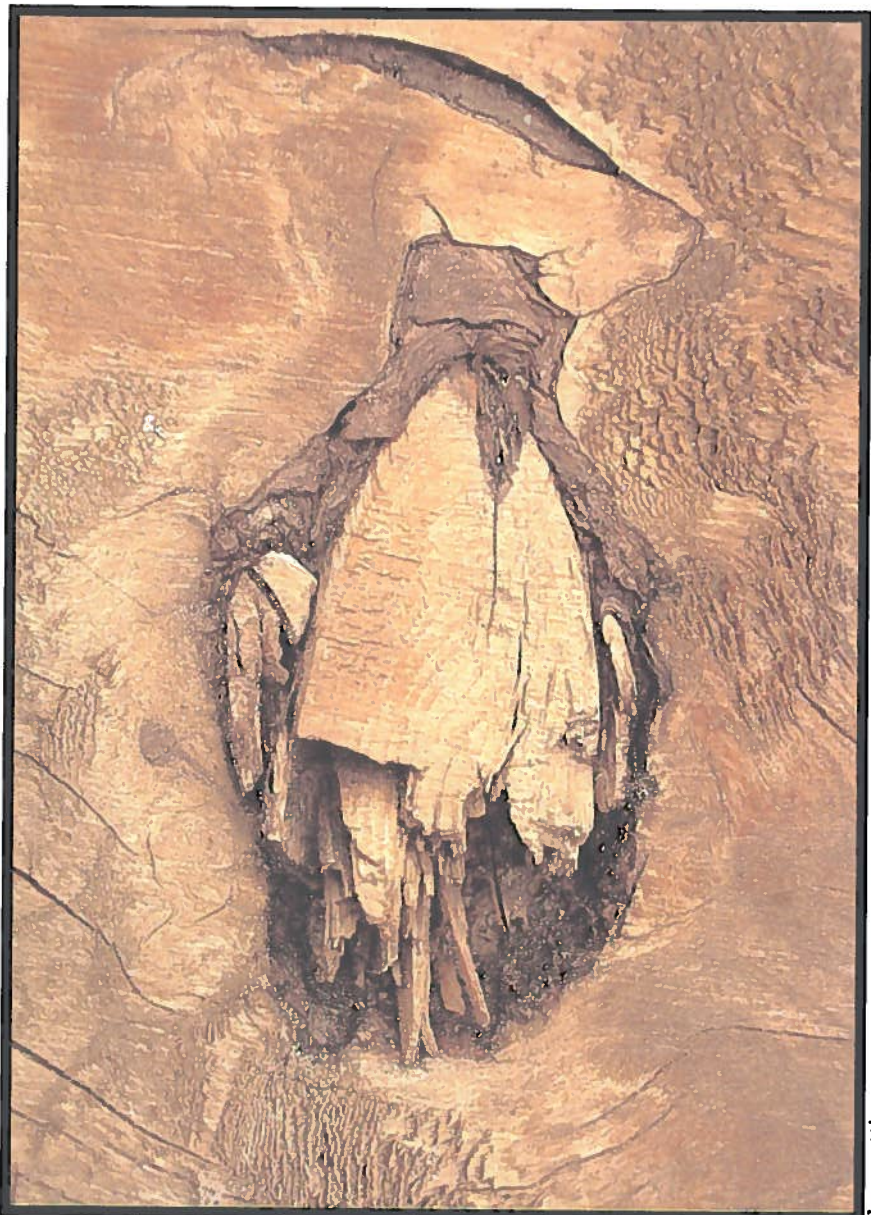
rosales

andrea



bowen

nik



brunetti

cait

clark

emmanuel





clark

emmanuel



JESSIE SMITH

Circles

Please just tell me,
What's the point
We run around in circles
Without ever stopping to think
Because if we halt our mundane marathon
Reality can catch up with us
It overtakes and overwhelms our minds
We can't move
Can't breathe
Just drowning in the sorrows of what went wrong
So we must press forward
Chasing our shadow
Try to stay ahead of our own sad, sorry thoughts
Because if we stop we can never start
Never continue to chase the void
That same one that runs behind us

?Societal Cure?

Inevitably, inexorably
You'll return and then you'll become
Another one, just another one
An endless cycle of pain
Experienced again and again
The circle of night and sin
Life's just so foreseeable
Boring and predictable
Like reliving history
Another link in the chain
Another soul to drain
Useless and faceless
At best a statistic
Oh, so sadistic
At such a young age
An animal in a cage
Bars made of all the dreams
Of those who were before
Might have been broken
But not anymore
We're locked in
Just another face
In the endless stream
Of all the mirror people
I just want to scream
Conformists make me ill
Is there a pill
A cure for society
Don't want to be one of them
The minions and millions
Who can let life pass them by
And see how all the real people try
We cry and we bleed
Some of us smoke weed
Others get smoked and burned
By the higher ups
All the corporate hockey pucks
Who somehow have all control
Yah and we all are
Just another face

In the endless stream
Of all the mirror people
I just want to scream
Conformists make me ill
Is there a pill
A cure for society
For the insanity
For the desperation
For the capitalist nation
For the good people
Suffering humiliation
To ease the pain for the duration
Of the whole generation
For me?

Speed Thrills

The wheel gripped tightly in my hands, I press my bare feet down hard on to the cool edge of the accelerator. Twisting at dangerous speeds around the sharp corners leading up the steep incline, the headlights barely have time to reveal the path as I whip around the bend. The radio blasts German metal as the gas pedal finds the floor, lurching the car forward and pressing my back into the leather seat. The grayed colors of the night blend into complete singularity before me, nothing exists save the wheel and the road. The light ahead is orange from twenty and red as I cross the line. Sirens blare into existence in a half-hearted attempt to ruin the perfect stillness of the night. Though the harmony of driving is temporarily broken I will not stop; I will not slow. I will never halt my pursuit of the edge. More red and blue lights and screaming horns blind my senses as I shift gears again, skidding around the final corner. All the flashing lights and crying horns fade away and it's just me again. The wheel gripped tightly in my hands, I press my bare feet down hard on to the cool edge of the accelerator...

Fairytales

I'm a princess, beautiful, graceful, without a thought in my head. I'm waiting for some guy named Charming or Valiant to come and rescue me. I don't know why I need saving in the first place, but it seems only proper. Anyways, when he saves me, we're going to be married! I've never met him before, but I know he's going to be cute, strong, and rich, what else matters in a man? We'll go far, far away, leaving everything and everyone we care about behind and live happily ever after. It's taking him a long time to get here; I wish he'd hurry up! I'm so bored. Sometimes I wonder, where exactly is far, far away and what is happily ever after? These thoughts are fleeting like most and I soon forget them. I don't really know all that much. I'll just wait here like I was told until he shows up. In the meantime I'll do what it is I am so good at, I'll make myself look even more pretty with makeup and gowns and other such frills. That's what I'm here for anyways. I've never seen the world outside these walls. All I really know is that if I'm patient and pretty my Prince will come, someday.

ANONYMOUS

Untitled

I sat before the gray wall and let my head slide against its unnatural smoothness until my eyes met the sky. Raindrops washed over my face like pieces of metal and soaked my clothing until it pulled my body down. But I was so much freer than when I was surrounded by the suffocating white walls and functional red and beige furniture. The men and women in white coats, so immune to what was happening around them, had wrapped their sticky, gloved hands around my throat whenever I closed my eyes.

My legs felt like something heavy; rocks, maybe. They forced me to stand, and I walked to my car, all the while watching the exterior paint fade from white to dark gray as I approached. I turned the ignition key and gave the wheel free reign. It guided me to backroads, away from the blinding neon signs, ugly cement streets, and annoying Easter egg decorations I wanted to pull off of doors. I found myself on gravel roads, the small stones beneath the tires black from rain, and the car matching the deep green firs.

In a moment, all was one: without endings or beginnings, with every loss countered by a gain.

And then it shattered, as the music from my headphones was interrupted by heavy feet, and bright lights revealed the disparities between machine and creature, and I recognized the futility in the single dream. As I glared at the shining white uniforms and dull blue scrubs, both washed of any tribute to the fates of yesterday, I wished that every other set of eyes in the ugly room could watch my naïve dream unfold, too.

KELSEY VANDEBERGH

A Gaggle of Geese

Every time I went to my grandparents' house
It seemed like a new experience. I loved
Hearing the pitter patter of rain hitting
The gray tin roof, seeing the dewy grass
In mid-afternoon, going fishing in the murky pond,
And Grandma asking if we were going to stay
For supper. There were lots of animals:
Chickens, cows, cats, dogs, ducks,
And geese with little beady eyes,
Orange beaks, and waddling webbed feet.
I loved picking up gray and white feathers
And fluffy down on the ground.
Every so often I would get an idea
In my head, to chase the gaggle of geese.
They would waddle to the lake
With hellish honking and hissing that drowned out the chirping
Of the birds. There would be a flurry of feathers
Falling to the floor as they flapped
Their flightless wings. They landed in the pond
With splashes where I would leave them,
Racing back to the house in sheer joy.

Then one day, I could not find the gaggle of geese
Anywhere. I looked high and low and then
Decided to go look up by the pond.
And there they were along the bank,
Waiting and watching me like a cat
Does its prey. I saw in their beady eyes a look of aggression
And revenge. A loud honk and some sharp hisses
And with a wide embrace of wings,
They chased me past the tire swings.
I ran into the house gasping for breath and looked
Out the window. And I saw that they were there.
Kings and queens of the grassy green.
That was the last day that I chased the geese.

The Mood

The mood is fiery and you are to descend
Into a world full of hate and pride
To where you shall stay until the very end.

This world is a place from which you cannot defend.
Nor can you escape or try to hide.
The mood is gloomy and you are to descend

Into this world where you have no friend.
In this world everything spoken is lied,
To where you shall stay until the very end.

The world calls you with a loud howling wind,
And the water calls with its lonely tide.
The mood is deadly and you are to descend

Into this world where you lay end-to-end
With other poor souls that have died
To where you shall stay until the very end.

But if you try with all your heart to amend
You may be found sinless when tried.
The mood is lovely and you are to ascend
To where you shall stay until the very end.

JAKE GARDNER

Remembering We

We ran,
We played,
We chased,
We laughed,
We had fun,
We changed...

They thought it was "lame",
They thought it was immature,
They thought it was a waste of time.
They laughed at Tag.
Yet, we still remembered,
It was fun

The mind changes,
Molds to new shapes,
Those things we once found golden,
They grow to hate.
Laughing, playing, and running about.
Acting "cool" is what they are now worried about.
We played tag with each other...
They played with life and social status...
They want to destroy,
What we hold dearest to us.

We must build,
To they,
Sadly,
Why we wanted to be them,
No one knows.
They want to forget the times with we,
The times with tag.
It was fun...
It can still be fun...
If they decide to come play tag with we.



leitschuh

joe

WILL MEHIGAN

Responses to Mr. Benware's Writing Prompts

"What was your favorite Super Bowl commercial?"

Well, I can't say that I watched the Super Bowl. I guess I could, but then I would be a liar. I don't think that I could lie about something like that. I'd feel guilty about the lie, and I'd keep it a secret, all the way up to my guilt-ridden death. "Come here," I'd say to my family on my death bed. "There's something I need to tell you about the 2006 Super Bo-" and at that moment I die. When I get to heaven, Santa asks me if I had sinned during my life, I'll think about that life and say, "umm..." then Santa will say, "Hesitation is the greatest sin of all!" And he'll send me to an eternity of burning, suffering, bloodthirsty locusts, "Matlock" reruns, and other pains, in hell. I might as well tell you right now that I didn't watch the Super Bowl.

"Where are you when you're at bat?"

When I'm at bat, in the Little League World Series, the other team's coach yells, "He can't be in the little league, he's too old!" "Uh, no I'm not," I say, worried that the coach is catching on to my fiendish scheme. "He's one of twice the age of the rest of the players!" At this time, I know something bad is going to happen, so I decide to make my daring escape. With a loud whistle, I call André the Dragon, and the two of us fly away to Yugoslavia never to be seen again by the Little League Baseball Association. Or so I thought...

"What do Grandmothers see?"

Grandmothers see me strolling down the streets of Yugoslavia with André the Dragon. They look at us suspiciously, and I can tell that these old ladies are spies for the Little League! They're hunting me down, I knew they would! Fortunately, a man riding a dragon can outrun and generally outfly a group of old women. So now I'm safe, but for how long?

"What is the worst sound you've ever heard?"

The worst sound I ever heard was André the Dragon's screams of death. Once the Little League found out about our underground hideout, they

snuck in and set it on fire. André was engulfed in flames and could not escape. I heard his cries for help, but by the time I arrived, it was too late, André was reduced to a pile of ashes. I'll never forget you, André. I'll remember you whenever I hear a dragon screaming while catching on fire.

"What have you lost?"

I've lost André the Dragon, and so has the world. But have we really lost André? No. André lives in the imagination of children all around the world. He lives in the hearts of children who still have imaginations. But more accurately, André lives in an underground cave somewhere in Russia. He's hiding there with Tupac and Elvis. You see, his ashes rearranged to create a full dragon, and his survival must be kept a secret. When the time is right, he'll return to America to finally end the unjust Little League Baseball Association.

"I wore the scariest mask I own today."

It is a mask of Bono from U2. I'm using it to sneak into the last game of the Little League World Series with André. I walked into the dugout, because the real Bono was scheduled to sing the national anthem, but he was tied to a chair in my basement. With the real Bono kidnapped, I could sneak in as the fake Bono and unleash André's wrath upon the unexpected spectators. By the time I got there, it was already the second inning. I walked to the pitcher's mound and said with a fake Irish accent, "Sorry I'm late, I was busy feeding the hungry and saving the world with the power of Rock 'n Roll." I began to sing and all was going well until some guy shouted, "Hey, that's not Bono, that's Will Mehigan!" With that, I unleashed André and ran off the field. At that point...ah, this has gone on long enough now. This story is going nowhere.

The End, I guess.

HANNAH MOONEY

Torn

If I left right now, you would claim you know where to
Find me.
But I doubt it.
You say you know me well enough to know
When I am lying through my teeth
While I'm smiling through my tears.
But I doubt it.

I lie when we say we're friends, and you believe me,
And you think you know me well enough to know
"Everything" about me.

You break my heart,
Not my fall,
And I smile through those tears, and you believe me.
"Everything" is less than you think.

And you try and call my bluff with every lie
Just to say you know me better than they do.
And you try and call my phone just to say "I'm sorry"
But you don't mean it.
You never mean it.
And you never meant it.

And if I left today and never came back, you would not know
Where to find me.
But if you knew me well *enough*,
You'd know that you could find me
Anywhere but
Here.
With anyone but
You.

And you call my phone just to say "I'm sorry"
But you don't mean it.

The only difference between you and I,
Is that this has never been hard for you,
And it has never been easy for me.

Mass Production

The mass production of society
No true beauty found in sobriety
Trying to be someone you'll never be
So much for individuality.

The mass production of your errored ways
blinds you falsely with every passing day.
Too bad you never stopped to think what part it plays.
Caught up in artificial aspects of your being,
while the truest part of you eventually rots away.

And then, I ask, where is the glory?
Your life has become a fictitious story.
Too bad you look like everyone else.
Too bad you can't be happy with yourself.
The by-products of our society
is something we will never be
because there's only one you
and only one me,
and we were and always will be,
the only original copies.

SALAM TESSEMA

Untitled

Everyday they watch me—how I speak, what I say
They recognize me—because I'm one of a kind
But I don't fit into the mold
Of how they think I should be
They wonder about me—because I'm different
Than all the others.

Everyday they watch us—how we speak, but not what we say
They categorize us—because we aren't like them
And we let ourselves fit into the mold
Of what they think we are
They think they know us—because they've owned us
And we are all the same to them.

Everyday I watch us—why we speak and why we say it
I glorify us—because I want us to matter
I want us to shatter the mold
Of what we've let ourselves become!

Abyssinia

Abyssinia is in my hips
Her spirit comes alive as I dance
Igniting a trail of fire that
Goes up my spine and into my eyes.
And I become a spirit, a ghost, a symbol
Of those who danced before me.

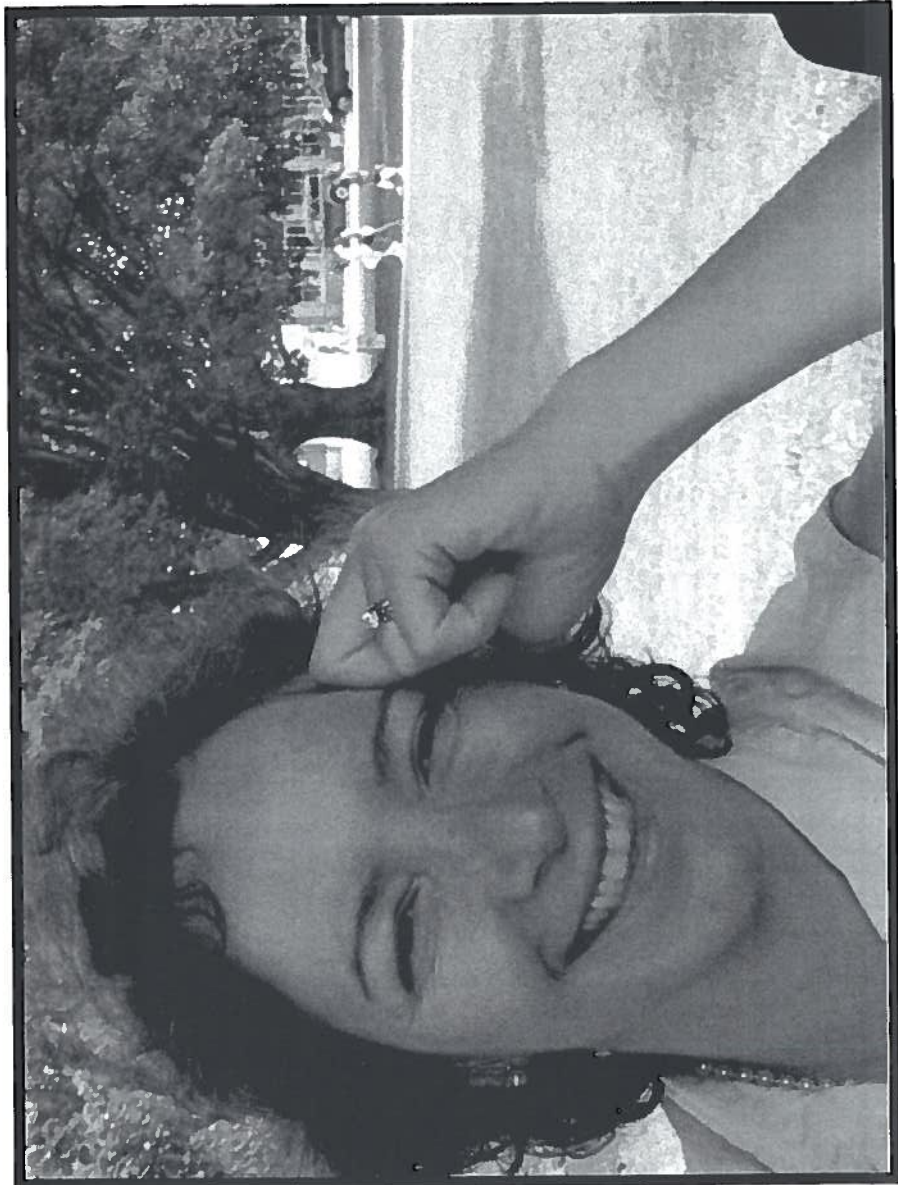
My feet are lightning, proud and powerful
I thunder in the hope that
My ancestors will hear my call and
Bequeath to me their magic.
Their souls take me, transform me
Into their spirits dancing on earth.

My hands become the summons
To all of her children
Abyssinia beckons to us.
The essence of our ancestors draws us in
For they live in her domain of eternal peace.
The dance of Abyssinia calls to us.

I am a child of Abyssinia
She is in my soul,
In my hands and feet.
I see with her eyes.
She is in the center of my being
Abyssinia is in my hips.

payne

mary



ANDREA ROSALES

Grandpa's Inner Odobenus

I can see the wobbling walrus
Far off in the distance, coming closer
Coming to relax.
I notice he's got many things
In tow with him. Such things as
A towel, a picnic basket and an umbrella.
Slowly wobbling and hobbling closer to the shore
Wearing an oversized Hawaiian luau shirt,
Sunglasses perched on his nose,
His many items parked down on the floor
He stretches out his towel and plants the umbrella
Into the ground, straight up to block the sizzling sun.

I can hear him now
He oorts as he yawns, and belches as he stretches,
He's not very lazy as you might think,
For there are many fish that he catches.
He waddles around on his towel and lies down.
Just as he's about to sleep, his whiskers begin to twitch
Rolling to the other side his skin begins to itch.
Oafishly he reaches for his bag,
Flippers flapping around for the sunscreen
Attempting to apply it under the umbrella.
Clumsily he slaps and slathers the lotion
And does so in an awkward motion
On his blubbery, wrinkled, leathery flesh.

I can smell that scent,
Of a smell specifically meant
To keep your nose at a distance.
That fishy breath along with the smell of the sea
Is an odor familiar to me.
While he keeps slapping his sunscreen, he tires
That whiskery leather face is red and puffy now.
He is tired and thirsty, so I bring him a drink
He'll now sit and think
And nap under his umbrella

My grandpa is a walrus.
His characteristics are a perfect match
Just like the walrus who relaxes on the beach
With his tubes of sunscreen
So far out of reach.



KATHERINE BAKKE

Seattle

The low whispers of the compartment give way to steam and whistles
and excited eyes

The greeting of a sister and the line of people lead to a yellow taxicab

The hushed conversation and sporadic bursts of laughter stop at 12th
and Columbia

Introductions in the lobby blur into a first taste of college life,

After a five-floor elevator ride taken in quiet anticipation.

A long gray corridor of doors that look the same passes into a small
room

With a burst of color, bags hit the floor and conversation begins

So here it is, your new home.

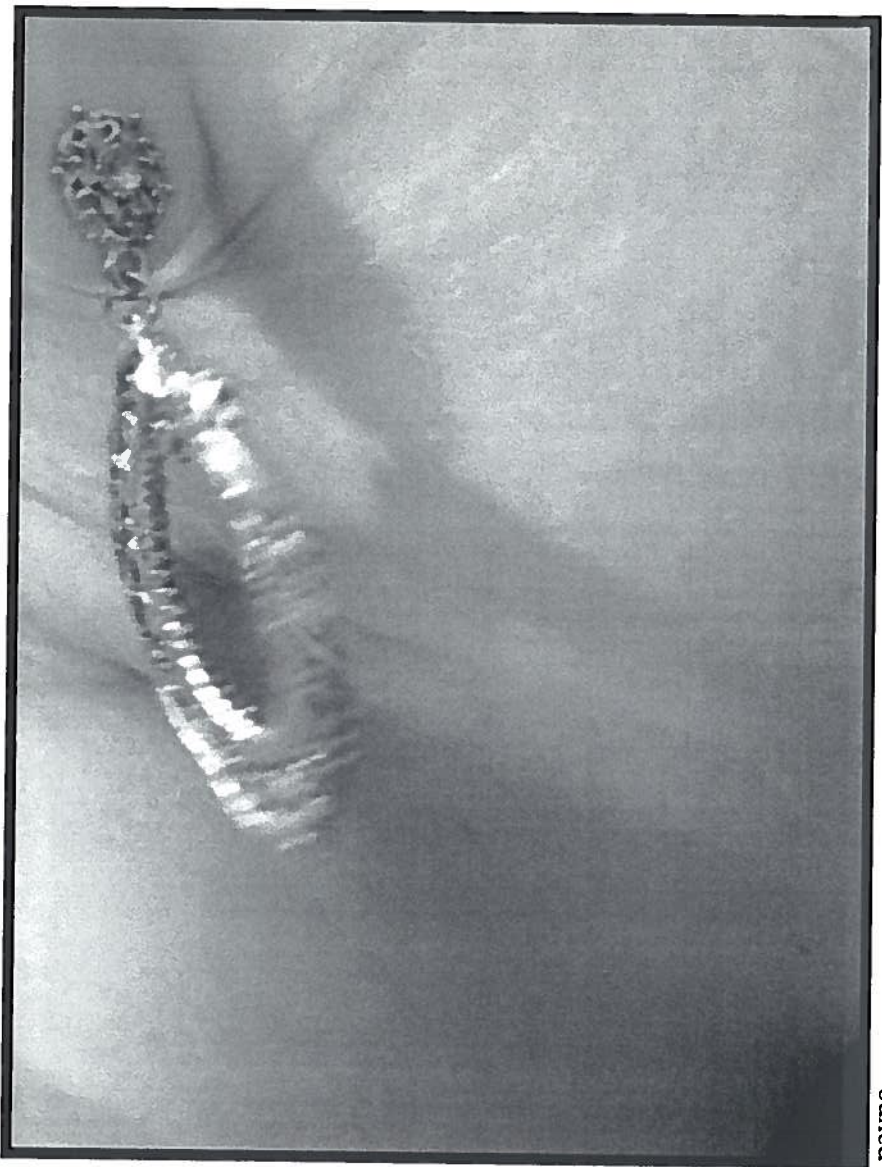
An Unconventional Love Poem for Sam

I just don't get it
Does it come about as a mutual agreement,
Or is it sudden and spontaneous?
You don't get it either
We had this conversation
Maybe that's why we're getting nowhere.
Together we don't get it
Together we're confused
Together we watch our friends get it,
Unravel the curtain that hides the answer.
They aren't groping for clues
But together we are misled,
By books and movies
With sunset kisses and confessionals in the rain
And together we are unsure
And confused
And frustrated
Together we don't care too much
About being separate, but at least
We're together in all of this
Maybe we're getting one step closer to getting it.

August 1, 2004

I took a drawing class this summer. I learned how to draw a naked woman, quickly in charcoal, with meaningless lines that formed shapes like a guitar. She would form almost effortlessly from my instructor's hands, sprawling across the page as if she were born there. I didn't have his quickness or talent, but she would come alive nonetheless.

After the class ended, I remember standing naked in front of a mirror. I had just showered, and was dressing for the hot, July summer day. I simply stood and looked at myself. I noticed all the curves, the bumps and lumps, the connecting lines from my shoulders to my thighs that completed me. I stuck out my chest, lifted my hands over my head, posing for my art class of one. I saw for the first time how my body was shaped, the way my elbows pointed out, the sucked-in-ness of my waist, and the full coming out of my hips. I studied the way I presented myself to the world. My knees were knocked slightly, my torso was long, and my ribs stuck out a little. I saw all the imperfections in myself. But I saw their worth, the way these funny aspects made me who I am. I had lived with knocked knees for 15 years of my life. They were a part of me. I looked at myself in the mirror, in my most vulnerable physical state, and I was happy. With my newly acquired artist's eye, I saw something new.



mary
payne

BETH FAGAN

The Situation

With my writing pen
I set out to write.

My lampshade is ripped.
Perhaps today I will write about how I patched the rip.
But...since I haven't patched the rip in my lampshade
And I don't intend on patching my lampshade
Any time today, I cannot write about
Patching the rip in my lampshade while still maintaining my integrity.
You see, I make a point of writing only from direct experience.

Perhaps I will write in the stream of consciousness style—
That man is eating a hamburger
And the sky is blue.

Something like that, anyways.
This is all only a rough draft, you see.

If only I could forget my thoughts and leave the words behind me
instead of them
Stretching endlessly before me.
Maybe then I could understand WHY
That man is eating a hamburger
And how the sky came to be blue.
For now, however, all I can do is write
A languorously descriptive narrative
In an effort to exhaust all of my superlatives and finally
Help you understand the situation.

But here I am with my writing pen and still haven't written a word.
With the snow falling past a window, let me try to capture its poetry:
White silence falling past through the dark
Covering the world's dirt
Eventually to let it bathe clean in fresh sunlight.

Oh, what's the use?
All I can focus on is
The day I'll undoubtedly have tomorrow
Filled with coffee and hair rollers.
My only option left (If I am to write at all today)

Is to write you a letter.
This letter will be honest at last-
I will finally tell you how I think of
The curve of your lip and the deepness of your voice
Even more than I think of
The day I'll undoubtedly have tomorrow.

But of course, I won't write the letter.
I never write the letter.
And why should today be any different?

If I had wanted to write, I should have stuck to
That man eating the hamburger
And the blue sky and superlatives
And hair rollers and coffee and your voice.
Then perhaps I could have helped you understand the situation.

STEPHEN HUNTER

Tomorrow

He sits up wheezing and gasps for some air.
He calls out a name but there's no body there.
He looks out his window and sees from his room
Darkness the bride, sadness her groom.
Deep shades of purple dance with the black
Another loved one is lost to night's silent attack.
His spine starts to tingle,
Hair stands up on his head.
A familiar presence is there
With him in bed.
Of an old friend past, so loved and so near
Who freed him from sadness, depression, and fear.
He chokes on his tears,
There is fluid in his lungs,
When he thinks of his love's bitter-sweet plunge.
Six feet down so graceful and slow,
He'll never know why, but she wanted to go.
She left not a note, no reason, no trace,
Just a look of relief on her porcelain face.
Four years ago on that very night
Is when the love of his life stepped out of the light.
She left him behind to wallow in sorrow
To know for all time he won't see her tomorrow.



youm

kyuchun

ALEX WARD

U of O College Application Essay

Moving a mountain is a gargantuan task, yet I believe it is entirely possible. All it takes is an education from the University of Oregon with a degree in chemical engineering. Armed with this knowledge, I will boldly set forth on the journey of moving a mountain.

The first task is finding the perfect mountain. Preferably, it will be small in size to allow for more efficient transportation. Even better is a mountain that has previously erupted and lost a portion of its original mass, such as Mt. St. Helens in Washington. The mountain must be free of ski resorts or any other permanent location so that I won't anger a large amount of people when they find out their favorite mountain has been moved. The fewer people opposed to my mountain-moving campaign, the better. The mountain cannot be in a wildlife preserve or national park because I am a firm believer in containing and protecting our nation's wilderness. After such a mountain has been located and cleared for transportation, the real work begins.

Thanks to my unmatched education in the field of chemical engineering, I will go to work designing the most supreme non-lethal explosive the world has ever laid eyes upon. Engineers worldwide will flock to view the scientific mastery of my "Mountain Mover 3000" device. It is an entirely harmless gadget, designed specifically for the purpose of removing large quantities of soil and rock from the ground. By a stroke of genius, I discover a chemical that allows the removal of dirt without affecting plant and animal life whatsoever. As a result of this groundbreaking innovation, any and all environmental groups will turn in favor of my mountain moving campaign, as it harms none of the Earth's beautiful organisms. Just for fun, I install an mp3 player and soda dispenser in the device, and make it water resistant in depths up to fifty meters. This inevitably makes my gadget a hot item in the consumer goods market that year.

My scientific genius causes hundreds of awestruck engineers to gather at my side and assist in my project. Thanks to this generous devotion, I am able to tackle monumental tasks with ease. After rigging several of my "Mountain Mover 3000" devices to the base of the mountain, I set the charges and watch my invention work its wonder. Needless to say, it functions with perfection, and my success is immediately broadcast to

millions. My team of four thousand engineers collects the soil in hundreds of semi-trucks, drives them one mile down the road, and deposits it onto the ground. The mountain is rebuilt, and I walk away to the cheers and applause of millions who believed such a feat was impossible. My actions will inspire people worldwide to examine what they can truly achieve when they put their minds to work. My job is finished.

However, my work of moving mountains can begin only one way: going to college.

ALLISON FRANCIS

Between Me and You

You claim your fear of death is selfless
yet you cling desperately to life, and with blindness
you attempt to grow as if it's natural to choke
on nothing and the unknown, when they're not the same and when
you know nothing save for what you see and touch and feel
and cannot accept anything beyond

what I know: nothing at all. But I see
flesh in knots, wings in shining light; if it's not real
I will still see and hear the truth without being able to believe
In a world where good hearts stop beating, all too soon or not soon
enough
With inevitability I will believe in everything and be left hopeless

Sad with experience and more willingness to bear the pain
what is it, and once I find out, is it worth it?
What is it. And is this worth it.
Trapped in a predictable cycle of life and death and those who breathe
resigned by fear, hurt, but never apathy

I was not born cynical. We have this in common.

Out of Focus Photographs

Off centered, the slideshow beings
A teenage girl, pretty and young
Unaware that her harshest beauty
lies in her fading innocence
Concealing her fear with eyeliner
to face a mirror, her judgment
Leaving home, she leads us into the dark.

Time passes, drinks vanish, smiles flash and smear
Hectic frames clouded with smoke
Rarely are her eyes open,
and they're not as blue as they once were
Capturing bitter tragedy in the stains from her lips.

Becoming witness to ravenous boys touching her all over
convinces me I'm failing,
because these are the moments I could save her
instead of stepping back to take this picture.



semet

maddie

A Reflection on Time

Time is not, has never been, and never will be measurable. At least, not in the traditional seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks months, years, etcetera. The true measure of time should be a personally established system for each individual, involving many subjective and abstract aspects. For me, time is plotted out in songs—burnt and mixed in the light and dark, evocative enough to unearth memories and inspire hopes—the longing for a certain person. Time also involves thumbing through my old notebooks and reading your name, even on the pages I've left black, coming to understand that I will never fully understand. Knowing your heart because I have become so close; loving, objectively and otherwise, but being able to explain myself less than before because all of my stories have nursed themselves to life. And every time you touch me with your words, voice, hands, and heart, I nearly cry because what is good is now REAL. The manifestation of all one could hope for is beside me, and not by accident. But I digress: time is getting over the fact that you are perfect and bracing myself for losing you. Then being forced to accept it because there's a change in routine. Time stops when I write to you because my nose always runs when I get emotional (which I've never admitted before; how embarrassing) and I'm emotional because perhaps I haven't yet learned all about time; I haven't quite been ready to accept it but I know better than to blame the smoke slowly filling the room and its just occurred to me that maybe we could also measure time in the number of poems I'll write before you're gone?

MADDY BENNETT

Piercing Blue

a baby girl with Pierce blue eyes opened those eyes and the world was found

her pureness drank the world and
ate the sky and
drowned the ocean and her
Pierce blue eyes were open

her truth undressed nature
and stripped the mountains
and peeled the tress and her
Pierce blue eyes were real

her innocence danced with life and
tangoed with turtles and
salsaed with the sunrise and her
Pierce blue eyes were alive

her curiosity questioned fear and
swam in silence and
lived in laughter and her
Pierce blue eyes were happy

But soon the baby girl grew up and her pierce blue eyes were muddied

her purity met desire and
stormed the ocean and
burned the trees and her
Pierce blue eyes were angry

her curiosity questioned love and
tears turned to silence and
silence fear and her
Pierce blue eyes were alone

her truth tussled with life and
dogma beat dream and
love lost to lies and her
Pierce blue eyes were uncertain

her innocence was scared to dance and
the turtles were idle and the
sunrise was dull and her
Pierce blue eyes were still

a baby girl with pierce blue eyes closed those eyes and the world was
lost



alfieri

jamie

KATE RAFTER

Strike Out

Strike out, step up, be a man for the masses
Channel the system, defy your classes.
Be a biological battery, be a time bomb
Be a naked man in a static storm.
We lost our fathers in the study in the mansion.
Chivalry is next in line for the cannon.
Our parents will outlive us, their production was survival,
When generations are nominal, mortality is a marvel.
Staving extinction to starving recreation-
I'm not my ancestor; I have changed the
station.



clark

emmanuel

MALLIKA YAVATKAR

Eyes Who Speak

Diagonally in front of me
A man
 Gave me that look
I have seen it before
 A look of pleasure
But not in a good way
 Twinkle in the eye
Lazy smile
 Sends shivers down my spine
Fall into the cracks of the park bench
Disappear into the grayness of the cement
 I want to hide
Creaking of bolts
 Bus stop
In company of nickels and dimes
 Doors close loudly
Through the hazy window
 Blurring past
A man standing alone
 In the cold

So much unsaid, unheard
 Rather seen
The way hands twist like a knot
Wanting to say more
 Uncontrollable feet
Vibrate the carpet
Shoulders tilt with awkwardness
Searching for an answer
An innocent yawn of boredom echoes
Through hallways of time
Just a moment
A flicker of light
Eyes meet
Something happens
From one to the other
Just look
They tell all
Hide nothing
And give everything

back cover photograph by caitlin brunetti



portland, or 97225

jesuit high school 9000 sw beaverton-hillsdale highway