

# Tigers' Eyes

EDWARDS VILLE HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE

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## Why?

‘Why’ is such a simple word, about the fourth word children learn after ‘Mommy,’ ‘Daddy,’ and ‘no.’ “Why do I have to brush my teeth?” “Why is the sky blue?” But as we grow up, the ‘whys’ become harder to answer and the answers become more complex. ‘Whys’ follow me around every day. Why do I need to know integers, really? Why do I yawn twenty times more in second hour than any other? Why do I feel uncomfortable and nervous talking to my parents? Why do I have less than a month of legal childhood left, but I haven’t had the role of a child for years? Why do I spend twenty-four hours a day doing what I have to do and what I hate to do, and zero hours a day doing anything I enjoy. Why do I always say the most awful things to the ones close to me, and then never say the good things I want to say? And why do so many people know what they want to do and I am clueless? So many ‘whys’. I guess it’s a good thing my schedule is so busy – it makes it easier to pretend all those ‘whys’ are nonexistent.

Alexandria Hearn

## Lightning

Strangely Beautiful;  
Deadly energy of the  
Heart of the heavens.

Cassi Smith

## Untitled

At night, rain descends  
Drops shimmer in moonlight  
But soon, snowflakes fall

12-08-80

That cold morning, the windows had frost,  
No one could take for that horrible cost.  
Telling his mind and using his voice,  
He felt the ground, all cold and moist.  
That day we lost a faithful friend,  
John was humble 'til the end.  
Yesterday our troubles, were far away,  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay.  
My man is gone, but not for good,  
Someday I'll be chilling up in his hood.  
Imagine the world, that young man said,  
As musical theory surrounded his head.  
Love is the flower you've got to let grow,  
I'll see you all at the Liverpool show.  
Waste your time enjoying life,  
And don't forget the nagging wife.  
Everything is clearer when you're in love  
But careful, it flies, like a soaring dove

Elizabeth Whittaker

## Untitled Haiku

Sunlight shines downward.  
Showing off the pink flowers.  
So captivating.



## In Spring It Is Dawn

In spring the dawn is the most beautiful. With several colors all across the land. Hills illuminated. The flowers bloom with vibrant colors. Animals moving all around.

In summer it is the nights. The moon shines wonderfully above. Sounds from frogs and other animals fill the air. Lightning bugs light up the night. Also the rain, that when it is done, makes the grass smell wonderful.

In fall, the colors. Reds, yellows, oranges. Kind of like a fire. Leaves fall on the ground. Children jumping into them. Even the sun as it sets is beautiful.

In winter it is the snow. The sun makes it glisten on the ground. Animal tracks all around. Children throwing snowballs and making snow angels. Cold air rushes through the air. Snowflakes of all shapes and sizes.

## Waiting

As I sit in this dark place and wait,  
I can't help but to think  
Of the horrors I've seen  
And all the death I've experienced.  
My wife and my children,  
Executed before me,  
My best friend shot,  
And I dug their graves.  
I run my hands through  
What once would have been hair,  
And I stare at the numbers  
Inscribed on my arm.  
Six four eight nine five.  
That was my name for those three years.  
Not a name, but a number.  
I wasn't human, I wasn't alive.  
I died in that camp.

Then she arrived.

Days were less hot,  
And shortened in length.  
She smiled at me, and I smiled back.  
I saw through the gaunt face,  
And past the shaved head,  
And found something surprising.  
Love.  
Each time we lined up,  
We both passed our test,  
And each time became more confident.  
But one day, she was gone,  
And the gray clouds rolled in,  
Showering me with hot tears.

I now sit in this Displaced Persons camp,  
Hoping that she is still there.  
Somewhere.

Waiting for me.

## Foreign Lands

Across the most greenest field,  
temples covered in gold,  
little hand begging for money.  
Poor emaciated faces..  
I have seen!  
A people marching for democracy,  
I have seen!  
the most curious and odd,  
I have seen!  
but nothing compares to home,  
A home that always stays in my  
heart.  
Ideals of freedom  
Are the bricks of this  
home, this home that never fails.

## Don Quixote's Sky

The sky exploring itself into different shapes and colors.  
My feet find themselves trapped into puddles of peace, love,  
and sanity.  
I walk around and nearly to find the norm has escaped me.  
The drops gently fall on my jacket leaving a calming sensation.  
The sensation that defines who you are and who I am.

Find myself in a loose but calming sense of redemption.  
I've been here before.  
I've wanted to be here.  
In a small sense of sanity, I have always been here.  
I like the way that the water feels as I stomp into the  
puddles with my shoes.  
Leaving a wet spot at the bottom of my jeans.

The music of goddesses flies through my head.  
I want to dance to the gentle calming music.  
I feel like I can fly in the heavens along with the goddesses.  
I jump but I can't go any further than I can accomplish.

So now I have found myself redeemed.  
I am who I am.  
I and the sky become one.  
Our minds flourish together.  
My love for this feeling is a nice and majestic voice.  
A feeling for me to find myself and no longer be alone.

So here I am, happy being the fool who dances in the rain.

## Soil and Sunshine

Are you looking?  
Are you watching?  
Do you see this,  
    Me?  
Look at this,  
Take a look around,  
Hear the sounds,  
Press your face gently to the ground.  
Are you feeling?  
Feeling the cool earth, hearing the plants grow-  
ing?  
Do you hear that?  
The chorus of a million voices  
Crying for an end?  
For change?  
Dig your feet deep into that earth,  
    Feel it soft and moist between your toes,  
Stretch up towards the sky,  
    Sigh,  
Spread your fingertips and touch the clouds,  
    Misty on your clammy palms.  
Feel the calm,  
The love you feel,  
Give it to the people below,  
Shrink to your roots again before,  
    Blossoming up again,  
And give them the clouds and sunshine  
    Before it's gone.  
Give them change,  
Then unfold the sky again.  
Just don't forget the dirt between your roots

## Untitled

Sitting in my class  
Waiting calmly for the bell  
Forty minutes left

## Simply Sophie

Simply Sophie sadly sighs,  
“Everyone in the world’s closed their eyes,  
They want to sleep and dream away their lives  
They don’t want to hurt,  
They don’t want pain,  
          so they hide away from the rain.”  
Runnels like tears down the window pane,  
          she watches the world patiently.  
Simply Sophie’s tears have stained,  
Her memories sweeter than sugar cane  
          have brought tears to her eyes.  
She traces the outline of her heart on her sleeve,  
Some sort of love is what she needs.  
Her life seems dull,  
Like a plain cup of tea,  
But her face lightens with glee  
          with the sight of a headstone,  
          a lonely ghost resting near a cherry tree.  
“My friend”, says Simply Sophie, “I am you as you are me,  
you are as lonely as I.”  
“The world has closed its eyes,” she says,  
          “they’ve closed their shutters and shut me out,  
          Have they done that to you?”  
The ghost responds not but with a smile,  
And Simply Sophie sadly sighs and says,  
“I suppose, then, I’ll stay a little while,”  
And then Simply Sophie sadly shut out the world  
          and closed her eyes.



## Kind Man

A kind man is righteous, and resilient

A kind man does not create pain, or discomfort,  
And is seldom doing something to discourage.

A kind man does not blink slowly, nor ignorantly,  
For the chance that oppression will sneak up upon  
him.

A kind man is not naïve,  
And won't rest till the truth is told.

A kind man truly will not give up,  
And never escorts to unsatisfactory.

A kind man does not hate, or discriminate.  
Unless he's discriminating hate.

A kind man serves his justice,  
But not out of jealousy, anger, or revenge.  
Out of sheer fact that justice needs to be served.

A kind man does not take advantage of his power,  
Nor does he neglect those that need his help the  
most.

That kind man suppresses all creations that bring  
harm,  
Even when, sometimes, it is that kind man himself  
who created it.

It's truly amazing,  
How there is such a difference  
Between a kind man; and mankind.

Dathan Rivera

## Twilight

When it comes to dusk,  
Do not think of your sorrows,  
Ponder your triumphs.

## Untitled

I never felt at all absurd  
In my '96 Thunderbird.  
Just cruising along  
With my favorite song  
Or driving really fast  
In my little white flash.  
It takes me everywhere I go  
With style and power don'cha know.

## Swimming Lessons

the lake's one grey-headed attendee  
still brings bread crumbs in a chewing tobacco bag.  
his massive spectacles droop and wither on his nose.  
and one can often hear him muttering  
about the morality of the Eisenhower years  
to mallards kneeling, slick and wet, on the bank for crumbs,  
genuflecting before this rock of the ages  
wearing two different socks.

the stone of the church spire, a street distant,  
still rages in the form of heavy shadows  
dropping in like unexpected guests at noon  
as they fall on the lake's silent and mud-kept shore.  
the lone bell smacks its clapper on the hour –  
dust and dirt shimmy off god-old brass,  
taking cover from the lack of tuning  
that the priest dubs enharmonic with a skewed smile.

he alone is held.  
bushy white eyebrows cover his face;  
one can't see his eyes;  
only feel –  
like hot water at 211 degrees.  
old testament curses splash off the pulpit.  
his collar's been in the wash for fifteen years –  
he's yet to miss it. kissing the donation plate,  
he knows this sunday morning  
that jesus was kind to the tax collectors.

One misty-aired night of my youth,  
i tread the weedy path to the lake's mouth.  
no mallards; a few bread crumbs stuck beneath the grass,  
completely insubstantial

beneath the moonless monster of the night.  
i could have wept there, looking for god at the  
lake,  
beneath the body of the church.  
the mist clenched and throbbed in tightening  
circles  
about my frail body and unsteady eyes...  
i wandered and kicked at roots  
to find my way out.  
falling into the lake,  
all i could remember  
was swimming lessons i never had.

## Untitled

As we go on wondering  
There are things we see.  
So much violence surrounds you & me.  
Why can't we accept each other?  
Call each other sister or brother.  
Why the hate, the senseless fights  
The shootings that take place at night?  
Violence is around us everywhere we go.  
Stop the hate so America can grow.  
I'm only asking for us to stop the hate.  
We're the future, it's not too late!  
I am not a hippie, I'm just seventeen.  
It's time to grow up & realize the dream.  
The dream incase wondering, is not one of peace.  
The dream is of a world in which the violence has ceased.  
I'm tired of all this senseless crime,  
The future is ours, this is our time...

Alan Cooper

## Someday

We meet face to face  
And I, drunken with splendor  
Embrace your beauty

## Key to My Heart

I had closed the door upon my heart  
And wouldn't let anyone in  
I had trusted and loved only to be hurt  
But, that would never happen again.

I had locked the door and tossed the key  
As hard, and as far as I could  
Love would never enter there again.  
My heart was closed for good

Then you came into my life  
And made me change my mind  
Just when I thought that tiny key  
Was impossible to find.

That's when you held out your hand  
And proved to me I was wrong  
Inside your palm was the key to my heart...  
You had it all along.



## Wishing, Waiting, Hoping

Time ticks as I await  
The hour ends before my take  
Sitting, thinking, waiting; my mind escapes

The day grows old as night passes  
Anticipating  
Watching, staring, seeing...nothing

Silence begins the day  
As morning comes without notice  
Tears begin to fall, slowly

The day moves on without hope  
Wishing to be what is not to be

The sun moves to its peak  
Without a whisper or retreat

Time moving, but still empty  
Stomach aching, curling...  
And still waiting...

## Crossing Broken Bridges

I have crossed over broken bridges  
When nobody was there to hear my cry  
When life gets the best of me  
I find the will needed to survive

When little things in life  
Seem to get me down  
Some say I am hard to hold  
Others say I am impossible to please

I am no longer settling  
For a life filled with tears  
I have put on my big girl smile  
And I stand up to my fears

Often times I sought help  
As ones I cared for left me here alone  
Counting on the others  
Has taught me to stand strong on my own

I really do not care  
What they think of me  
I will keep crossing broken bridges  
While standing on my own two feet  
And with a reason to still believe

Thank God that I didn't really need you  
Because you were not there  
And it no longer hurts me  
When I realized you never cared

For me, the game is over

It is time for me to shine  
Why would I choke on water  
When I can drink in the beauty  
Still believing that love is divine

I am proud of where I am going...

## Untitled

All you gave me was pretend.  
A sweet goodbye to a bitter end.  
An end to all the lies.  
To all the nights that I had cried.

Yes, it seems as though my words are the same  
But are just as repetitive as your little game.  
Day after day, there was yet another change.  
Everything that once was, became rearranged.

Your love was nothing but a lie.  
Another attempt, I never should have tried.  
I knew this would happen all along  
And I was still blinded, but I will remain strong.

So take back your words  
And the lies that I have heard.  
Do what you intend  
To further prove it was all pretend.

## Fly Away

come fly away  
to a distant place  
where we can be us  
just the two of us  
come fly with me  
and we'll soar together  
to see the stars  
and live as we want  
we'll chart our course  
and do what we like  
and everywhere we go  
I'll be beside you  
flying away with you.

Y.L.

November 4th, 2008.

A moment of history.

A moment when one of our nation's greatest struggles,  
the one for which a man cried into a crowd, I have a  
dream,  
is coming to an end.

How many times have I heard Barack Obama is the change  
we can believe in?

One man with a dream is not enough.

America must have that dream, united.

America must want to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquility, provide common welfare, and ensure the blessings of liberty to ourselves or our posterity  
or we will find none of those things.

So on Tuesday night, no one won.

No one wins when in the time of our greatest need, the popular vote for the presidency is split almost in half; when political discussion has deteriorated to center on the word "hate," six minutes in the hallway is an Obama supporter getting pushed down and six hours later a few McCain/Palin signs stolen; when the future of our country lies in the contest between red and blue, Republican or Democrat, black or white.

In a house divided, there are no winners.

We cannot go on being a country blinded to our neighbors. We cannot go on as a country intolerant, unwilling, and intransigent in a time that moves forward without us. When we enter the world it is not you, it not me, it is not them--it is the United States of America, the red, white, blue, stars, stripes, and out of many, one.

There are no winners. There are no people who are  
“right,” who are “better,” who are “best.”  
We hold these truths to be self evident, that all  
people are created equal.

What is America?  
Where is the self-evidence of our equality?  
Where is the freedom we have promised ourselves?

Our country is beautiful because of the intolerance  
in our history and the progress we’ve made since  
then.  
Our country is beautiful for its unalienable rights to  
life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We cannot be beautiful if we are divided by the lines  
of race, creed, gender, sexual orientation, socioeco-  
nomic status, disability, or political affiliation.  
We cannot be beautiful if we meet our future with  
cynicism, fear, and paranoia.

If tragedy should strike us, then united we stand.  
And if differences try to break us, we are bound by a  
common humanity.

## Child's Play

A new boy joined the village boys in their play one day. They played palace, he played court jester. They loved his antics. Then, a real chariot arrives. "Prince, it's time to return," said the Royal. The boy grinned at the boy on the 'throne' and said "Permission to leave your Majesty?"



## Untitled

Walking down the street an ad caught my eye, puppies for sale, no I can't, I said with a sigh. I wrote down the number, not thinking inside and continued home trying to decide. I dialed the digits, it happened too fast, and before I could think the phone call was past. The next thing you know, I'm walking in this house, and there lays eight tiny puppies squeaking like a mouse. The first one I held she fell asleep in my arms, so soft and cuddly, not doing any harm. I couldn't have her yet, she was still feeding, I had to wait six weeks. When she starts weaning. Saving my money and thinking of the name, were the only things on my mind until the sixth week came. An exciting time, for me and Sophie Rae my now four month old boxer, who loves to play.

## Queen of Hearts

Two sisters there once were, lovely of face,  
Though varied of heart. The elder girl's place  
Was of haughty society. Well-known  
Was she to scholarly popular zone  
The younger sister was quite talented  
In musical arts, for she ascended  
To top chair in orchestra and brass band  
In less time than it takes for one to land  
That prestigious of music position.  
Little sister was in no condition  
To be as outgoing as her older  
Counterpart, for she served as a holder  
Of immense musical knowledge rather  
Than a rose in a garden of thorn brush.  
One day, as the sisters began to rush  
To class, the elder was stopped in the hall  
By her beau. "I am exhausted by all  
Of your absurd demands and hot temper,"  
He shot out, with no attempt to damper  
The rage he felt from the preceding night  
When he and the older girl had a fight  
That led to the breakup as you see here.  
The elder girl stepped in class with no cheer.  
All hour she sulked, 'till the lunch bell rang  
And an idea hit her with a bang.  
"Why do I need him when I am so cool?  
Am I not beloved and worshiped at school?  
Love is easy. I'll find a new someone.  
And while I'm at it, I will have some fun  
With beating my sister at one more thing,  
Since Piper outdoes me when she does sing  
Or play her instruments. I will devise  
A contest testing expertise on guys."

With this scheme, she skipped around the entire  
day  
Until she went home and started to say  
Her plan to her sister. Agreed they did  
On this freakish contest, though they forbid  
Use of dirty tactic (whatever that is).  
Queen of Hearts, a name better than Isis,  
Was what the sisters were hoping to gain  
If they find a man that they can obtain.  
Often looked over, I'll start with Piper,  
The little one. Indeed not a viper,  
A cat on the prowl, she did quietly hope  
Her lab partner she admired would cope  
Well with an admission of adulation.  
But nerve was needed, so meditation  
She used to gain courage fundamental  
For her plan. For days she could not say  
The emotions she felt in such a way  
That she would not seem a psycho creeper.  
So her jitters kept pulling her deeper  
Into an abyss of still solitude.  
Now, I switch to the girl with the attitude.  
Big sis was now searching and on the prowl  
For one that would not throw in the towel  
When she expects him to as she says  
And gives her presents worthy of Cortez.  
A boy she saw, one she'd never noticed  
And seemingly single, since he never kissed  
The girls hanging around him in the hall.  
She vowed that he would be hers after all.  
Each day she strutted past him and flaunted  
The charms she'd obtained and was not daunted  
By the fact that he would only look right past

As though she didn't see her with eyes glassed.  
Each morning she would try a fresh new look  
That she found online or a fashion book.  
She tried dying her hair, to no avail.  
Still, rare scents would not lead him on her trail.  
After days of changing her appearance,  
She finally gave into common sense.  
Storming to the boy, she poured out her rage.  
"How dare you not act as boys your own age  
In giving me due? I've changed my hair.  
I've changed my fashion style. Is it not fair  
That you at least notice me?" At this time,  
Piper stepped in to stop her sister's crime  
Of slandering one who could not control  
His genetics, and who was pure of soul.  
"Sister," said Piper, "I'm glad you have met  
The boy on whom my whole heart has been set.  
I finally had the courage to tell  
Him that I found myself under his spell  
Just yesterday. I am sorry to pronounce  
That he does not have even just one ounce  
Of eyesight left in his wonderful head.  
Oh, sister! You look like you're about dead!"  
Indeed Piper's sister looked quite unwell  
As embarrassment inside her began to swell.  
She then acknowledged the new Queen of Hearts  
And walked away knowing work on her arts  
Of love would be necessary to find  
One who would respect her heart and her mind.  
As for Piper and her knight who sees true,  
They lived throughout times that were rarely blue.

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