



PAW 2011

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Life is short and sweet.
It can feel like one second,
When you are happy.
It can feel like hours
When you are sad
But always live every second as
your last.

-Javier Andres Richa



Photo by Alejandra Hinojosa

When it comes to life, live it up.

Hate, give it up.

Regret, toss it away.

But always let love stay.

-Ana Paola Barrientos



Photo by: Fernanda Cristobal

Scary Night

Soft paw steps lurch

The sounds of birch

Wood creaking floors

Tapping the doors

Throughout the house

Only a mouse

Could scare you this much at night.

-Paco Ramirez



Photo by: Lucila Valenzuela

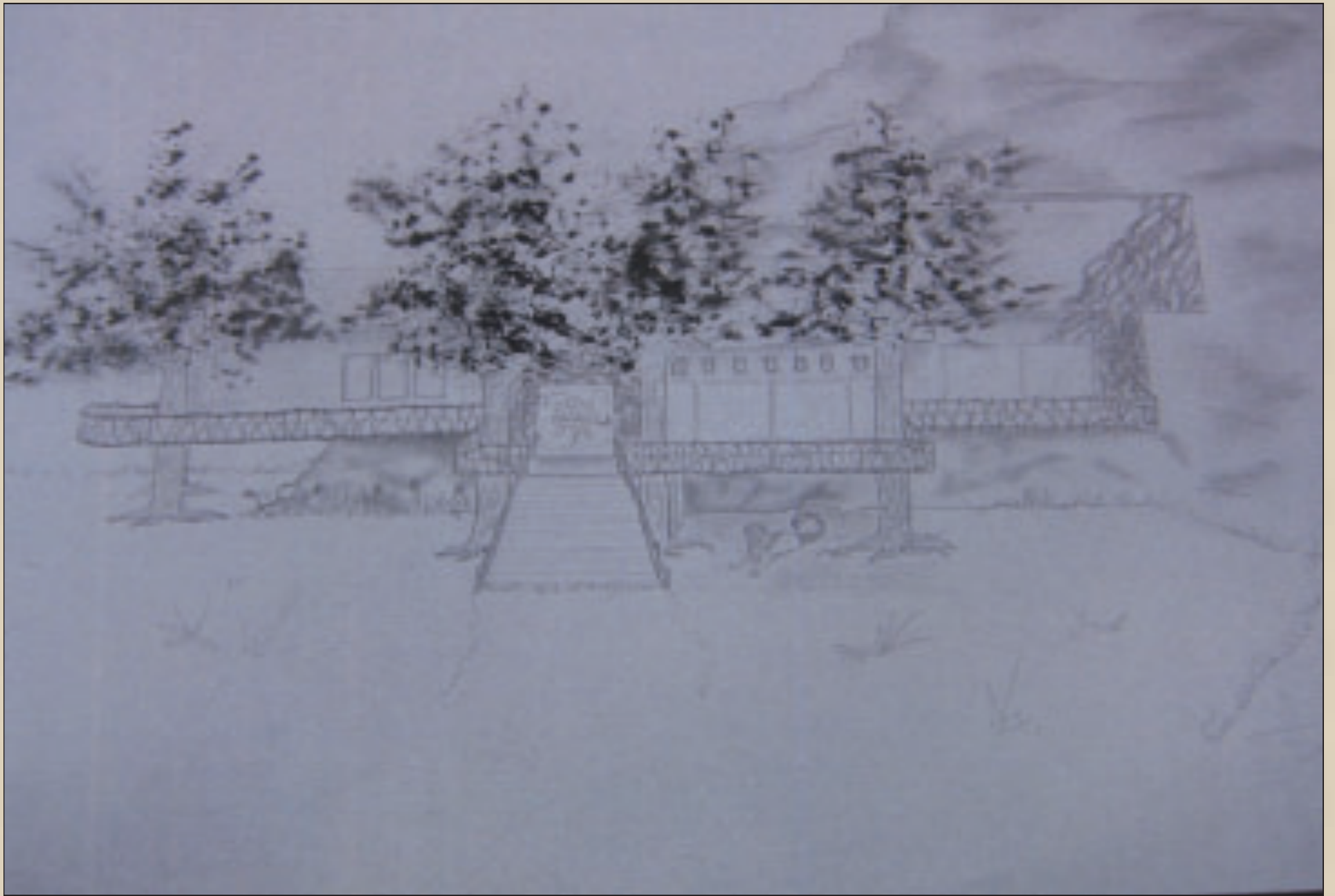
A Song

It can float in the air and bring a smile to many faces,
It's what gets you pumped up before those races.
It's a creation of what people really feel,
And does in fact, help you heal.

It can make you happy,
While other may think it's crappy.
It can help you journey back,
To what today you feel you lack.

It can make people fist pump,
And their feet on the floor thump.
With its every sound,
It can turn a whole day around.

- Mauricio Salazar



Drawing by Ana Fer Kauachi

His lips whispered
Words he could never say
His eyes screamed
The pain he failed to show
His hands danced
As they touched hers
His body lingered
As she whimpered
His feet ran
As her heart sang.
-Andrea Vidal



Photo by: Alejandra Hinojosa

Sleepless

I haven't had you for days
We used to clique so easily
With you in my life, my days have no headaches
We used to be together for hours
Now you are here for three hours
Without you I'm in a bad mood
With you I'm perfectly fine
Now I look forward to be night and be in my cozy bed
And hope for you, sweet SLEEP to come and take me
away.

Sandy Almanza



By Ana Fer Kuachi

That Girl

As electric shock, so full of energy
It dances around, completely carefree

A marvellous sight I saw every day
So erratic and strange, beautiful was least to say

Passing from one object to another
Leaving the trail behind her torn asunder

But still I withstand and look
A guppy helpless, caught in a fishhook

Slowly reeled in, my hairs raise
The air around us set ablaze

Closer, closer my heart skips beats
But the line is cut and the process repeats

-Robert Fuentes



Twenty-Odd Cats

Twenty-odd cats, red, sandy, brown
Sit smiling, sweet, sneering or sleeping

There—heads down, over there heads look around
She's texting, he's checking her out
The speaker blasts. No need to SHOUT!

What do we have to do today? Cats pout.
To the fish in the bowl who swims about.

Cats sit bored with the lesson too easy
Others suffer palpitations, queasy
They lack the language to fully succeed
So turn to their neighbors for help with their needs.

And their heads follow each move of the fish
As it flounders flustered indeed.

This is not fair and should not be so!
Cats have other classes, they meow so
You expect too much, we're still kittens you know?
They yawn to the fish in the bowl who treads water.

The bell: cats nonchalantly scamper about
While the fish in the bowl swims about.
Twenty-odd cats take their places at desks
Replete with baggage and issues to feed—
Express their needs to the fish in the bowl.

-Salvatore



Screech

A voice that cries and wings that fiercely beat,
Glide silently though clouds without a sigh,
Through winter chill or searing summer heat,
A dreaming bird in a dark blue midnight sky,

Your life is small; the endless sky is vast
To never lands worth and sacrifice
Better to flee your home than be outcast
The life before you is your paradise,

Now leave behind a life that's closing in,
Fly far from death in evil wars they wage,
All that you want and need is named a sin,
Fly from death in evil wars they wage,

Fly free of summer's burn and winter's bite,
Spread your wide wings to the wild, wild night.

-Andrew Duncan



By Ana Fer Kauachi

Estefania Rodriguez

A life is a flash away
Like a picture it tells a story
Yet its one that is uncertain
Life is put on complete pause
Everything around me stands still
The noise begins to fade away
Yet, no matter how fast you run it still manages
to catch you
No matter how quite it is
No matter that the noise has faded away
It's still in my head
Beating faster than ever
It's beating so fast that I can't even keep up
with it
I try to escape
Go where there is no one but myself
And it even seems impossible to truly go away
So now I'm ready to runaway!

It's all just so suffocating and unbearable
So I've decided what I have to do
Like a picture
I shall stand still
Hold my head up high
And just face the reality
For after that flash I shall continue
I shall run faster than ever
And no one will be able to catch me
I shall be able to block everything and everyone
So take the picture
Get blinded by the flash
Put it on hold and set it all free
My picture shall fade away
Just like you will too one day
My secret shall be put away
That will be the past of yesterday
So now I'm ready to runaway!

-Marissa Gomez



Assembled

a Leaf

a Trunk

a Branch

a Vein

a Root

... every part assembled into one

One part higher than the other

... every part assembled into one

Different functions, all in tune

Different colors

... all assembled into one

One plant

One tree

One life

One World

... where you find

... all assembled into One

-Andrea Marquez



Photo by Ana Fer Kauachi

Beto Vazquez

Running Running from the due date
Knowing there is no escape
That day is waiting at those pearly gates
The day I will lose my shape

Since I remember I've been scared
Trying to ignore my future fate
This is a problem I was destined to bear
I cannot lie, I am full of hate

I have only six more months to live
It is scary just to think
I am now opening my heart to those who give
Watching this boat sink

This 2011 I hope you all see
That college is the place I don't want to be



Photo by: Fernanda Cristobal

Mirror

Why are you staring at me?
What might you be
What do you want?
All I hear is a silent rant

Why are you smiling at me?
Behind those eyes I see mel-
ancholy
What cruel game are you
playing?
Why do you keep on staring?

Why are you glaring at me?
Let's talk it out, shall we?
But you deny!
And you cry!
Are you just a lie?!
And I scream
And you weep
Your lips always sealed
And I crumble
And you mumble...
Muted words I cant fathom

Who are you?...
What do you want me to
do...
Do you want me to die?!
Hell no! you want me to live
But why?!

You coward enemy
Hidden in this irony
And yet I see you
I see you!
And I see me...

You are a mirror!
My horror!
Couldn't you hold the se-
cret?!
Is it too big your hatred?!

I'm not a murderer!
I'm not a murderer!
Stop it!

Stop yelling at me!
Stop staring at me!
Your tears are acid
And yet you are there so placid

No!
I killed not!
Hide the blood!
Hide it! Hide it!

Enough!
I can't take it anymore

Its all my blood
My own crime we mourn

Why mirror
Myself, my judge...
I killed myself, you see?
There's no victim or assassin but me...
Us.

The day I failed to be myself
Was the day I relinquished my heart
What a master of mediocre art
That same day
Was the day I murdered myself

And I couldn't fool you, mirror
I couldn't fool myself.



Photos By: Maricarmen Ortega

I Stand

I stand, I ponder, I wonder...

Never did I realize the beauty that lies within a creation,

Never did I believe two spheres can contain the world;

So much raw emotion, so much life,

A series of colors that lead you into darkness,

A journey that lies ahead,

Let it begin...

As I lay back in my chair I begin to wonder what entity has become the catalyst of creating such eruption in my heart. I seek not to understand what I saw because such answer is unattainable though I attempt to describe the emotion. The emotion that awoke the minute our eyes caught, because it was in that instant that I became invested. Sucked in by the dark hole in your eye, I was now struck with a cancerous thought. I found myself incapable, emotionless, numb. Awed by the mystery, baffled one might say. Without consent my spirit now lied within a numb body that believed to withhold the understanding of what your eyes suggested. **My mind bombarded with thoughts and beliefs that I did not understand I found myself in a vacant room left without dream. No longer did I know of a higher beauty. No longer could my tongue speak sufficient words to describe the vision.**

Many have said that the eyes tell no lies, but why was it that her eyes gave me hope. Why? I knew truth fumed from her eyes but what described the truth that was being spoken. As I pondered I realized something without meaning, without description maybe needs no explanation. Instead of deciphering such mystery I allowed it to shape my heart, puzzle pieces began to form and matches were made. The mysterious hand provided invisible answers that had no palpability but still were understood. My heart now had no color, no longer was it just a murky red. Haunted by a mere nuance of her description I realized how fragile I was. My soul now ached to soar with her heart. Suddenly nothing seemed too distant, a glimpse of my new muse obtained everything in life. She remained a mystery that killed curiosity, afraid of finding out the meaning of her oddity. Her eyes now became the perfect vehicle for my heart to travel. It now seemed to me that I was like a rose that sought its sun. I now found myself guided in the depths of any storm, I was now found in the midst of total consternation. Even then the one place I was lost, was in her eyes. Within all this splendour a fear awoke, I realized I would be lost without her. Darkness no longer made me feel alone, for your eyes always rendered me a vision of light and compassion. Tongue tied I sat with my heart in my hands ready for the taking. Risk did not matter, future was in the cards. I was fully invested, because I longed for her to whisper my name. Just to know she saw me, and that I was not stuck in delirium. She became the description of my ecstasy and eyes of my soul. Truly only one word would satiate that which was felt the moment I locked eyes, this word was Love.



Photo by: Alejandra Hinojosa

**I've been down and
I'm wondering why
These little black clouds
Keep walking around
With me
I look around at a beautiful life
I want to swim in the ocean
Want to take my time
And be free.**

-Juan Alberto Reyes



Photo by: Lucila Valenzuela

Once walking down memory lane,
I was thinking of what was longing to teach.
Forgetting the feelings of pain
Keeping doubts out of reach.
Not a storm or cloudy sky in sight
Bring joy from every corner of the lane.
Never looking back on the past fight
Never staying down by pain.
Memories are like dreams, a reflection of the past,
Longing to be revealed, but never making it back.
Walking down memory lane brings no fear very fast,
Fear is not an option, so I should never slack.
Once walking down memory lane,
Never looking back, always looking forward.

-Victoria Sanchez



-Marissa Gomez

The Boy with the Purple Eyes

She sees the kid with the purple eyes
His pants up to his belly button
He has no friends he seems so shy
His social status is sunk in the bottom
The kid with the purple eyes
He reads Shakespeare all day and night
He looks at life outside the box
He doesn't know what rocks and sucks
She hopes to one day see him grow
Into a an that can be prone
To take a stand and be someone
Ten years have passed she lives alone
She walks to her first day of work
She is nervous with no cause
Feels like she was stabbed with a fork
She doesn't know what to expect from the boss
She walks in and big as the sky
Is the boy with the purple eyes.

-Ernesto Hernandez



-Marissa Gomez

A Summer to Remember

By Ana Kauachi

The sun, the fun, friends, vacations, the games, the laughter and joy...all these things come to mind with the mention of a single word: summer. Summer is the season in which you go out with your friends to have fun in the sun, laughter and enjoy life together. Summer also equals vacations, the end of a school year and the promise of a new beginning everyone so eagerly awaits. Everyone expects changes, new experiences, new people, new chances...and so was I.

This summer was going to be great. I was also looking forward to spending my summer vacations with my closest friends because this was going to be our last school vacations before college, and perhaps even our last vacations together because from twelfth grade on, everyone heads in different directions.

And so the changes everyone was expecting started occurring, but not in the way I was expecting them. They came earlier for me. My life gave a sharp turn downhill that was threatening to head into a dangerous and deadly collision for my family. Our hometown was turning into a bloody and dangerous battle field in which guilty and innocent were equally hurt, or worse...murdered. Fear started spreading like a venomous fog that was slowly killing my city's happiness and peaceful way of living. Drug dealers were fighting against each others for the territory at the same time Mexican soldiers were hunting them down, turning every encounter, wherever it was, into a macabre shooting.

We knew the teams very well: Soldiers, the ones trying to protect us but not nearly as strong as the other two teams. Next is the CDG, the Gulf Cartel, the good ones supposedly. 'Robin Hoods' trying to eradicate their enemies and protect us too. And last, the Zetas. The main problem was between them and the CDG, problems us civilians don't quite understand and perhaps we don't want to either. All we know is that their problems are claiming more than just money and that are affecting us more than we know. Zetas are dubbed as the bad ones, the ones everyone wants to eliminate for they are the ones who mess with society, the ones who turned my home into war territory. The truth is they are all a living nightmare haunting the city, an unstoppable bad dream we haven't been able to wake up from.

Sadly, human beings adapt and get used to almost everything, so shootings, murders and kidnappings were a regular basis everyone heard of and didn't really mind; they were just grateful they weren't near or involved and that their families weren't affected. The situation was turning us into cold insensitive beings, creatures that didn't care for anything but their very own safety. We weren't any different from animals...and maybe even worse. Animals care for each others in the infinite circle of life, respecting its laws and its limits. Animals kill for what they need, but drug dealers or 'narcos', seem to be a kind of animal that kills for the pleasure of the hunt, a sadistic bloodthirsty animal, nothing better than starving beasts. My city was still infested with that venomous fog of danger, leaving us numb, deaf and blind for no information was being given and we didn't know what was going on in our city. All the information we could collect were rumors, some lies, some truth, living day by day with uncertainty and an unconscious fear. But we were learning to live with it; we weren't letting it affect our daily lives much. But how long were we going to fool ourselves?

As the elections day started coming closer, so were the problems, the violence, the fear and the danger, but not only was it coming closer to that certain day... it was also coming closer to my family. Little by little the fog was surrounding us. At first it started affecting friends, then some relatives, but it was coming closer to the nucleus of my family. We knew it, we could sense it. It was a faint whisper in the air we were maybe denied to hear, to pay attention to its warning. We have instincts too, but we are not quite tuned with them. We were too attached to our normal lives, that weren't normal anymore anyway, too attached to our material possessions, to our city, to our friends, all the things that meant something to us. We were too attached to the realm in which we lived, in which we knew how to survive, play all the games of life, move, dodge, attack and defend. But as much as we wanted it to be our fortress, it was waning. The rules of the game were changing and so was everything around. The walls of our fortress were cracking and the fog was slipping through the cracks.

We didn't hear the warnings; we didn't see the signs that were all pointing at us. We were the next target. It was a deadly viper, slithering through the fog, lithe, swift and silently, with long and sharp venom filled fangs ready to slash out and sink them deep into the heart of our family. We knew the strike was coming, but we were too stubborn to accept it! And it was the worst mistake...

The strike came; it hit the strongest pillar of the fortress and our whole family crumbled down. They had my grandfather. It was a bitter and painful thing to swallow, so we simply couldn't, we were choking on it. These merciless drug dealers were attempting to destroy a family for money. Life, family, values, love and all good and beautiful things in life seem to mean absolutely nothing to them. My family was facing a powerful enemy which cares for nothing but money; everything else means the same as manure. We feared the worst. It was probably the worst night my father has ever experienced, he didn't sleep at all. Although I never saw him cry, I knew he was crying internally, but he was being strong for me. I couldn't show that strength, I couldn't be as strong for him as he was being for me. I did cry and cried a lot. It all meant we were pointed, that these people knew everything about my family now, and that everyone was in danger. We weren't surrounded by that poisonous fog now, we were in it.

Early the next morning, we were told my grandfather escaped and that he flew away with my grandmother. Since that very moment, everything started happening so fast I was barely keeping up with time itself; the clock and the events seemed to go faster than what I could manage to follow. My whole family had to get out of our homeland, we were all at risk. My grandfather broke the rules by escaping; we knew the narcos would be angered and ready to strike back at any given moment. This time we weren't going to wait so we flew away from the fog, away from the territory of the narcos and sheltered with some good friends. On that day when we needed our brothers and sisters to care, they were right there for us. Some say friends are the family members you get to pick, and I know that's right, for they sheltered us beneath their wings like any family member would. They were holding a little light for us, a light of hope to lead us out of the dark of despair. We stayed with them for a while, in a safe place. It was painful to realize what was going on, but we were grateful to God we were all safe and together.

Soon we had to leave, not only our city, but our country. We fled from our home! We fled like criminals being chased when we did nothing wrong. My family has always been good and hard working, of honor and values, faithful in God, justice and all of what's good. My grandfather and father have worked hard day by day to raise a family, to guide them

down the road that leads to God, happiness and success as men and women of good, values, faith, honor and hard work. And what do we get? Oh how unfair life can be. We left our home, all of our possessions, all of what we have all worked so hard to get... We left that fog behind, but that fog, the narcos, they claimed too much of us.

Never would I have thought this could happen, I never thought I would have to leave my home, my city, my other half, my friends, my dogs, everything! All because some men with guns think they rule over everyone and everything just because they can! Because they have the power to and everyone, including us, is scared to face them. And the sad thing is...that no one can face them, brave or not. They can do everything they want because no one has the power to stop them, not even the Mexican government.

The narcos are stronger than the Mexican government because those few who are men of right can't do anything against all the rest of men with trash in their selfish minds, bitterness in their greedy hearts and rocks for souls. These men work along with the narcos, caring not of the consequences this could bring to Mexico and its inhabitants. They all sicken me. It drives me mad, it poisons my blood with anger, and all I do is intoxicate myself because there's nothing I can do about it. My hands are tied and my lips sealed...how I wish I was blindfolded too, so I couldn't see what's happening.

I hate feeling like this. I'm so tired trying to fight these feelings, but I have to be strong. You never know how strong you are until being strong is the only option you have, and this is one of those times. It has all changed...so suddenly, so radically...that it almost seems surreal, so bizarre. I would wake up from a bad nightmare with a little pinch. However, I'm afraid not even a kick or a slap would wake me up from this. Long has been since I was scared like I am now. Humans don't fear darkness or death, they fear the unknown.

Right now I'm down in darkness, in the unknown and uncertain, blinded by a veil of fear and regrets, deft by the doubts and the uncertainty screaming in my head, and numb... numb by the pressure on my back, by all the changes I'm going through and I wasn't ready to face... I wasn't ready to stare at this to the eye, its glare too much for me to stand. But thinking it over...can someone ever be ready to stare at this in the eye? I am not strong enough right now; I'm weak. I can just lower my gaze.

I'm not supposed to be scared of anything but I am not sure where I am or where I'll be. I wish that I could move and settle somewhere but I'm exhausted and no one understands how I feel but my very own family. Perhaps not even my own family, for every one of us feels different about this situation, everyone worries about different things and different reasons, all valid, all just as important. There's no one here to talk to beside those who share my blood, not my friends or my dogs, no shoulder or fur to cry on, just the pillow of a bed that is not even mine. The pain inside is almost making me numb.

I know I am not really alone, I have my family with me, my friends despise the distance, but in this changes I'm going through inside my head, I got to face them on my own like I've always had. I left the companions that walk this kind of roads with me back at home and I don't know when I'll have them by my side again. I have to start walking on my own. I have to start undergoing a change of mind, accept this like it is coming, and smile at the future because everything happens for a reason. Maybe I do not understand the reasons right now, but I am almost sure I will, someday, somehow. However right now, everything the T.V. says, the sight of dogs, the news, the nerves, the uncertainty, the fear, the angst, the silent words in the eyes of everyone around me, every word, cuts me to the bone. It feels like I've been buried underneath all the weight of the world. I'm blind and shaking, bound and breaking, but in the end I'll make it.

When did I fly

All my colleges are expecting applications
There is so much stuff left to do
Brother only dictates without explanation
So now I'm pressured to finish papers that are soon due
My greatest wish is to go out of state
But my parents want me close to home
I don't want to stay near this city I hate
My fiends were the only ones that brought hope
It might sound cliché but time is flying by
You don't even notice
Next thing you know you are wondering , "When did I fly?"
Senior year every second feels less like a novice
College I will soon attend
So its time now to move on and make amends.

-Sara Garcia

Alejandra Garcia-Moreno

I am flying through the secret garden.
All the raindrops are slowly dancing.
The little flowers whisper in my ear.
They want to tell me what I want to hear.
The birds are talking.
The crickets are shouting.
I think I am asleep.
Is it all a dream?
The raindrops have stopped dancing.
I am not flying through the secret garden.

To speak of love I will today,
A love so free that lacks a shade,
And from this love such fruit will bore,
That from this world ill need no more.

So pure, so white, so strong a sight,
Never have I lived through night,
Whenever we lie far apart,
Our love's connected by one heart.

I pray and dream of glorious times
When you and I were swiftly rhymes
Were like a flute that was in tune
That night and day prayed to the moon.

It played and spoke with tenderness
Of love so rich, so pure, so blessed.

-Sofia De La Garza



Photo by Fernanda Cristobal

The Wind Blows

The wind blows from the North and South
Tree branches move under the clouds
There must be something under the nimbus
That paints the sky and nature within us
A palm by the pond a bee on a leaf
An unexplored world still left to be seen
The power of will the light on the sky
The hope for tomorrow is all in his eyes
Some say he's a human by nature of God
What more can I say it's how we've been taught
I sit on a trunk a pen in my hand
Observing his thoughts become his command
Whether cold or hot, rain or snow
He gives us the grass for humans to mow
Anger becomes thunder tears become rain
Sunshine of joy hale rocks of pain
Some maybe indoor sitting on wooden floors
Missing the beauty of life, the moon and the sky
But there is always something we must know...
There will always be wind blowing on our window.

-Ernesto Hernandez



Photo by Paw Staff



Photo by Lucila Valenzuela

7 years old, got his bat in his hand
He's looking for his father and he doesn't understand
Dad's too busy, got some deals on the way
He sits alone as the children play

17 and couldn't wait to move out
His parents wondered what all the rush was about
Only thinking of theirs
They wonder why he doesn't call and why he doesn't care
It's been a year and now he's starting to doubt
Whether all his dreams are just aimless stares
Looking off to some place that isn't there

-Juan Alberto Reyes

Soccer

The ball starts rolling
Players start running
They play as a team
And leave everything on the field
Players scream and laugh
While everyone watches
They aim high
Higher than the sky
To prove everyone that is worth the try

They run, jump and dive
They sacrifice their body, health and time
Day after day
Rain or shine
To accomplish that goal
To run and score a goal.

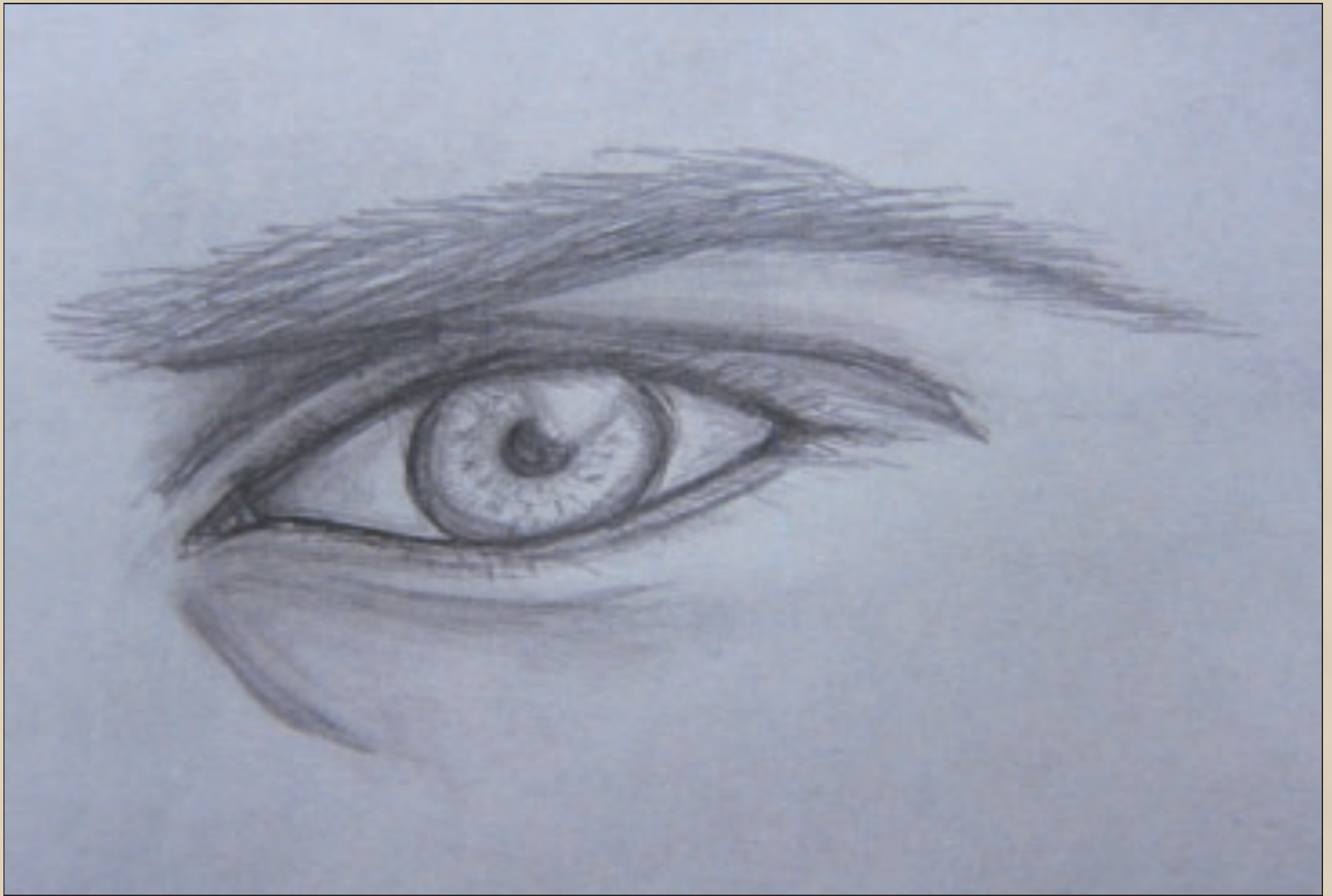
-Sergio Rodriguez

Girl Power

**I've made mistakes before
But I know I'm not perfect
Its okay cause who could ever be
As long as I give my best
It wont matter what no one says
Cause deep down in my heart
I've got the power to make it all
happen
At times I may just feel like
My back is to the wall
I hold my head up high
And keep standing tall
I know that my back is covered
Because we have each other
As we're down for whatever**

-Ivanna Zavala

Photo by: Lucila Valenzuela



-Ana Fer Kauachi

Embarrassment in School

You walk into class and get to your seat
you try to sit down without tripping with your feet.
You try to sit down, trying not to by the class clown.
Then you kiss the floor and say “ Who knocked me down?”

You try to erase this moment in class,
You hurry to ask the teacher for a pass.

Going to Calculus then to the computer room,
You are late to class because you need to go to the bathroom.
For the rest of the day you are gloomy and grey
You are mad because you can't explain such a horrible day.

You go to your room and cry all night away,
But the next day you laugh for what happened that day.

-Jose Andres Herrera



by Fernanda Cristobal

This song means good bye

I woke up today looked at my clock
Four years have come four years are gone
Looking back at all our days
Double thinking what ill say
Friday nights felt like more than weekends
You and your long brown hair
Me and my checkered vans
We were never scared of
Taking the wrong step
Tripping over and over
I was there to pick you up
We were both falling
A thousand miles away
Your letters I'll take
Runaway, runaway
Runaway from you
Runaway, runaway
Runaway from me
Summer is gone now can't you see
We'll be both living our dreams
Run away, Run away

-Ernesto Hernandez



by Ana Fer Kauachi

Lady Nature

Sitting down on her green dress
Looking at her beautiful blue eyes
I hate to see that mess
That people disguise and call high tech
Just as a woman uses makeup
Men are doing the same with her
Why the need to build so much
When the beautiful things are already there
I see so many houses and buildings
I don't see that many tress; I don't see that many flowers
I don't see all the things God designed
But I feel the wind blowing on my spine
So somehow I know, that nature is waiting for us
So I ask you to help me keep beautiful lady alive.

-Mario Castillon



Photo by: Ana Fer Kauachi

GRAY

Grey means sadness?
Well that's nonsense
Quite madness
Gray is Essence

Life is sometimes white
Even though you must not understand it quite
White is pure light
Each and every color oh so bright

When it is white is all good
Always in a mirthful mood
Smiles and laughter are your heart's food
Always happy no matter what you do

Life is sometimes black
You find yourself lost in the dark
Suddenly you don't speak but bark
Darkness is the absence of light

When it is black is all bad
You might be angry or sad
Wanting to be away from every lad
Because you are in despair you are mad

But you have ever wondered
If this is all a lie?
It is! It is!
Life is not black nor is it white

Life is gray!
I dare day
It is not to be mean
But realize it is in between

You can't to a side lean
There's nothing to lead
Just your own will
To happily live

Life is not black
Or light would it lack
Nor is it white
For it is not always bright
There's an important thing to
learn
That you can't everything earn
And getting the best of what
you got
Is the secret to most consum-
mate joy

Life is gray!
I dare to say
It's not to be mean
But realize it is in between

Atna Fer Kauachi



Photo by: Lucila Valenzuela

The Dangers of Technology

When the clamor of the car horn
Is what you awake to every morn,
It is difficult not to say
“If only I could go away...
If only for a day.”
As you stumble upon a giant glacier
In the serenity of awesome nature
Or watch the trees sway
As you’re sailing through the bay,
Can’t help but be thankful for such a gorgeous day.

-Nancy Nunez

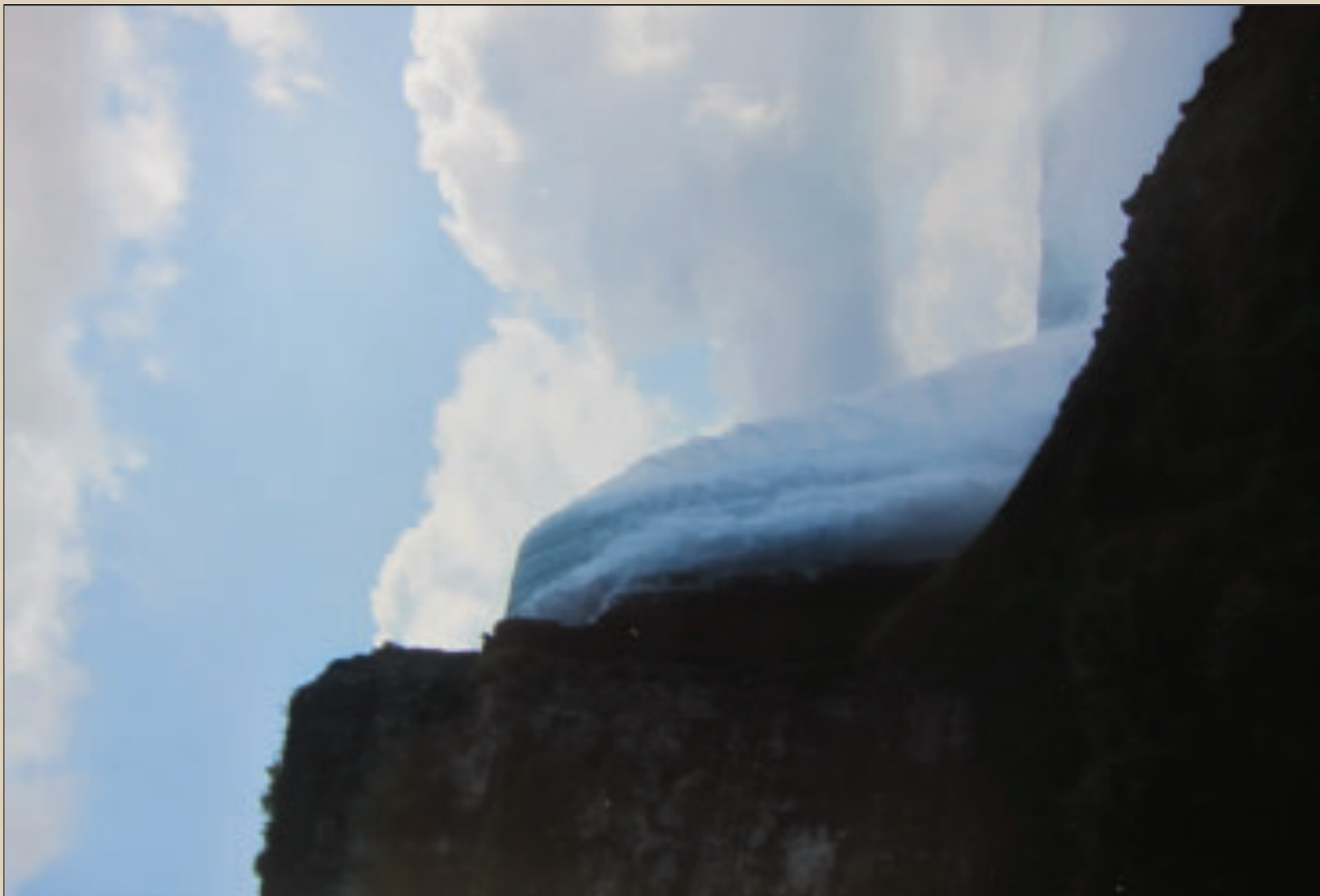


Photo by Paw Staff

Imagination Makes Creation of Nature

I try to observe nature,
What I see is a puzzled picture.
As my hair brushes against my face
The wind and trees flow at the same pace
It communicates and whistles in my ear,
Everything I want to hear.
Dreams seem so near
I take a glimpse at the sky
Goals don't seem so high.
Although the palm trees are in my way,
Nature won't stop me to what I have to say.
Imagination is what you create nature to be
To something you want to see.
What you see isn't what you get
There is more to nature to that I can bet
It's the creativity that has to be set.

-Alejandra Valdez



-Marissa Gomez

Life

The world twirls
Always keeps its swirls
Some try and stop time
But fail, like a talking mime.

Make moments last forever
Receive them whenever
A key found only in our hearts
In our memory is where it starts

Few have found it, not even me
Look deep enough and you will see
The wonders of the world
In the palm of your hand

Every little grain of sand
Conquer the world with just one look
Make your life an open book
Let others in and others out
Live your life without a doubt.

-Ivana Huacuja



Photo by: Paw Staff

Claudio Ramirez

I am probably somewhere next to god
I'm so fly when I speak,
just like down at my feet,
and you see nothing is beneath,
haven't met one that could compete,
ever since I was a kid on Sycamore street,
now I'm the beast, of his leash, here to kill a beat,
cause I'm unstoppable ain't no way I'm forgettable,
and when i hit the floor you see my shinning glow, yes I blow...
the competition up, without contrition, yes I'm raps nutrition,
nas says hip-hop is dead, well it has just been resuscitated by the one on top,
the one you just can't stop, I'm like a plague, I murder those in my way,
give you nowhere to hide, eat away your pride,
you might think you a shinning light but I be darker than the dark Night.



-Marissa Gomez

The Clock

I hear the ticks.
I hear the tocks.
They pass on fast.
But what's their rush?
As time goes by,
And life goes on,
I feel I'm stuck.
As if time could stop,
But as the clock talks,
It screams to me.
Their ricks and tocks
Makes me feel weak.
I try to run
But I don't move
What's going on?
What can I do?
I realize now it's not the clock
It's me who thinks that it can talk
It's not the time that's ticking
It's me wasting time thinking it ticks.

-Maricarmen Ortega



-Andrea Marquez

Take the Risk

How many times have you hesitated,

Of taking the risk life has created?

How many times have you lost,

For the simple fear of the cost?

Fear of taking the risk is why most people fail.

Had they been brave, with glory they would prevail.

We all want that glory, success and feeling of content,

But without risk, there is only sadness and lament

Which is why I tell you, take every chance you get

Because if you don't , you will only experience regret

You will never know until you try

A no, is easy to get by.



Photo by: Lucila Valenzuela

- *Mauricio Salazar*

Jordan Garcia & Ricardo Marquez

My mind, blocked by these walls that surround me
My creativity, stopped at the door
I wish I had some more, room to grow
Can't you see bro; life there is endless Its beauty is so flawless; crack
I'm out the window and I won't be back

The supernatural hit me like a train
Inspiration, falling down like rain
Puddles and puddles form on the scene
All you need to do is be keen
Let nature do its thing and take control
Then you will see our rhymes begin to flow

I feel this euphoria all around me
Step out of that room to be set free
We're carried by this wind of opportunity
The sound, the swish, brings clarity
Conformity can't hold me down
Now that it's over, I wear my own crown
King of my nation, no tyranny
Staying in that classroom is sheer blasphemy
We used to hear, breath pure fantasies
now they are all our realities.



Photo by: Ana Marcela Gonzalez



The End

Photo by Lucila Valenzuela