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Egocentrism Doesn't Become You

By: Brittany Adams

Where have you been
These last three years?
And why did you leave
So soon?
You promised me
That you'd be there
For all my
Milestones.

I have been here,
For all this time.
Can't you see me?
I'm a flash at the
Edge of your vision.

Left behing to struggle,
I know that family waits
Just outside me furthest reach,
Beyond the hanging tree.

We stand beside you
And shout advice.
Can't you hear our voices?
You shake your head as if
The noise disturbs your peace.

I can still see you,
With eyes closed tight,
Beside our favorite tree.
Where the scrap of my dress
And the strip of your shirt
Still flutter in the breeze.

And I remember the very day we
First tied our wishes to that tree,
Uttering those sincerest promises
We too often lost along the way.

Winter fast approaches.
I stand still and watch it charge.
Some days, hoping it will swallow me
And leave me with the lost;
Others, dreaming of the time
Spent warmed by love and anger.

Can't you feel us brush your skin?
We trail our fingers through your
Hair—grown long and thicker, now.
A cloud of loved ones dances
Just one breath away.
Why have you forsaken us?

Fire

By: Katherine Berryman



Twilight Fire by William Neil

Lava spewing down,
Steam rolling across,
Heat against your face,
Light, sweltering air coiling through our finger tips,
Jagged crags piercing the soles of our feet,
Hearing just the wind whistling in our ears,
The sweet whiff of fire and stale air,
But it burns our nostrils.

Just at twilight, a magical time.
As it drifts away,
Steam lifts and
We're left with terra lava
sliding down the rocks.
Taking us away.

An Ode to the Forgotten

By: Alexis Beucler

Grandmother drove me in her rundown Sudan alongside the ocean.

She pointed—

“My sweet darlings... look at your dear Grandfather. Isn’t he beautiful??”

I looked but all I could see was an ocean.

The crystal blue waves glickered with golden licks

From the all powerful glow of the red sun.

The massive ocean looked as though it would gobble the sun with its immensity.

An immensity which gobbles millions of men—

Men in battle, men who cannot swim, men who seek for adventure.

Dear Grandfather,

A man who lived inside the sea.

I imagine him in his little (or big for him) sailor suit and cigar in hand,

Ready to bandage up any member of his crew.

I see him staring out of the peepholes into the civilization of the sea—

Two-hundred year old sea turtles lazily gaze back.

Tension shoots secret bombs at foreign enemies.

The I try to recall him on land,

He is nothing but a grumpy old man worn by the sea.

To Grandmother the ocean is her husband.

To me it’s an immense mystery of sailor’s tails and sprinkled bodies.

To everyone else the ocean may purely just be the ocean.

Before I know it, Grandmother turns away from the water

And through a golden dilapidated gate overgrown with roses.

Rows and rows of stones of every size were scattered before me,

The immensity of this place betook me for the entrance was so small.

Just as before Grandmother spoke:

“Sweet Granddaughter, look at the forgotten.

One day you will sleep for eternity here or dance in the ocean with your grandfather.”

Each solemn grey tombstone was cracked with weeds chocking it.

Then I thought about the bodies—

Bodies trapped in cases that want to be freed—

Free to give their bodies back to Mother Earth.

But instead they are forever forgotten and alone inside of a box.

At least they were showcased to people who *Remember*

And now have passed *Forgotten*.

Woman with a Parasol Ekphrastic

By: Ruhaani Bhula



Woman with a Parasol by Claude Monet

I wish it would,

strokes upon fat strokes
of dull blues, greens, and yellows
create enlightenment in her
heavy gaze, fragile face.

There is a veil
with each white stroke,
that covers the death in here eyes.

Each strand of white lace
distracts from
the ill,
depth in here eyes.

The sun shines in the wrong way.
Moon et aches.

The son takes the light, and
she falls in the shadow.

An ode—Grey

By: Nathan Binder

An ode—
 Grey
 Writ in blood—
 Grey
 Hot to the touch, passion—
 grey
 When the sky is—
 Grey
 I feel—
 Great
 Grey
 Gods
 We are not the—
 In-between
 Un-decided
 We could be the—
 Red martyrs
 Yellow insects
 Blue champions
 Purple outliers
 Or gods forbid
 Orange
 But
 Mom, Dad—
 We're grey.
 It's not a choce, it's genetics.
 Maybe I'll—
 Grow out of it.
 But no—
 Grey men have changed the worls
 A grey man imagined
 And a grey man killed him
 A grey woman confessed
 And it killed her
 Great
 Grey
 Gods

The moral of my odes is this:
 beauty is twice beauty
 and what is good is doubly good
 When you know your color—

Even if it's grey.

Six Word Memoirs

By: Bobek, Kane, and Saramilao

A sunny place for shady people.

—Lauren Bobek

The sun descends, books are open.

—James Kane

Something's rotten in Denmark. Hamlet's attitude.

—Dean Saramilao

Brushes With Life

By: Caitlyn Borden

*The hallucinations, the non-existent beings that
 Consider themselves read, swirl in my head,
 Screaming, ranting, raving.
 Desperate to be heard, they have
 No regard for me, and they make me
 Crazy, crazy enough to be committed, and
 Strive to get help, but without
 Leaving them.
 In front of this canvas,
 Vibrant paints in one hand and brush in another,
 I think
 Not like the me before this, not the father everyone thought they know, but like the
 "Crazy, crazy enough to be committed" me.
 It's his time to shine, and so I sit back and allow him,
 Along with the hallucinations,
 To take over and create something beautiful,
 Because without the art,
 I am nothing more than a man with schizophrenia.*

*I'm forever drowning in a sea of blue,
 Breaking the surface for an instant to catch a breath of air
 Before being dragged back down beyond hope.
 I gave up a sense of meaning long ago,
 gave up a feeling of home, and
 On top of all the names the schoolgirls called me,
 I figured all I had left to face was death.
 And when it didn't work the first time, I kept trying.
 Time after time after time,
 An eternity of trying to leave Earth
 And its oceans, but all I'd be left with are
 Scars.
 Scars on my heart, on my psyche,
 Scars winding on my wrist like lace.
 Before, I had nothing.
 nothing, and no one.
 But now I have art.
 Pictures of me and the ocean,
 Proving that one day I'll be able to swim all on my own
 Sans all these doctors.
 I've learned I have me entire life ahead of me,*

That one day I'll have friends who understand me
 Instead of stab my back.
 One day I'll have purpose
 Where I'll be more than just a teenage girl with depression.
 I have no feelings, no empathy,
 Only pride at what I've done.
 My mother was a tyrant, always in control,
 Always oppressing my natural wants and needs.
 With no father, I was the man of the house,
 The focus of all her attention,
 The outlet she sought when she had "needs."
 Her reign ended when I slashed her throat,
 And it was glorious,
 But she never disappeared!
 She kept walking,
 Stalking me, behind new eyes and new faces,
 Annoying me and terrifying me to the point where
 I had to kill her,
 Again and again and again,
 To the point where I had to invent new methods of killing,
 Ways I'm especially proud of.
 There is no other reason for me to be alive other than to tell my story.
 Clock's ticking,
 My execution day is coming,
 I'm trying to become people like me.
 I sketch the modes of murder:
 Slitting throats, decapitation,
 Dismemberment, suffocation,
 Drowning, shooting,
 And my personal favorite, stabbing.
 Each one shows the life leaving my mother's eyes,
 Regardless of the eyes being different I think they're all the same
 Hellish woman who tormented me my whole life.
 When the government ties me to that chair,
 Regardless of my diagnosis,
 I'll have left behind something beautiful.

Question

By: Jacqueline Chung

There is just this one question. There is just this one question.
Just ONE question.
It lingers too often.

I would like to ask any person the same question
This haunts me, pervades me like a festering ant bite that appeared out of
nowhere,
The constant scratching at my mind, bleeding for answers,
Leaving scars as reminders.
That one question is the menacing acne on each of your faces that manifests
After every test, after every quiz, after every practice, after every late night
study sessions, after
blah, blah, blah
One after another after another.
Huge. Red. Spot.
It makes you want to hide away, cover it up with the excuse “they” call concealer, or whatever the hell it is for you girls.
Guys, good luck to you.
But eventually it will fade away, after all that picking at it,
Leaving scars as reminders.

Sixteen, high school, striving to speak my outspoken mind,
But staying silent.
My mind is like rush hour on I-75.
The cars are like the questions in my head, way too many to count, but they
all lead to the same place, or in my mind, the same frustration.

I am Rapunzel, minus the eighty feet of blonde hair.
Trapped and flustered with the same unease and tension in here eyes,
Failing to escape her tower.

Maybe it's just me.
I need to go to a psychiatrist, therapist, or anyone that deals with insanity.
But they don't know me.
Or maybe a friend? Or my mother? My father?
But they don't know me either.
Or maybe that girl in the glass that copies me every more, every flaw, every
broken part of me, every lost friendship or trust or respect, every insignificant
detail of my body that entails me to believe it's misshapen,
But she says nothing.
Or maybe just someone who will listen? Or give me advice?
But they're just curious to know what's wrong with me.

They don't care.

My question is not just a single question.

It's not a metaphor, allusion, any type of figurative language.

It pertains to me, selfish or not, I am so sure every single person has experienced

My feeling of unworthiness, that sense of insecurity, loneliness, hopelessness, that emotional roller coaster screaming "WHO ARE YOU?" fifteen million times with every twist and turn, spiraling out of control as it cycles over and over and over in my mind.

Who am I? Funny you should ask.

I don't really know.

Surfaces of Knowledge

By: Alexander Cranford

The tiles in the school hallways
Whisper to me of students long graduated.
The scuffs of loafers sprinting to class
Or loafers from those dressed to impress

I count the gum stuck to the aging floors.
Impressed, partially, that it has—
So tenaciously—outlasted its chewer.
Who left long ago for products less difficult to digest.

White squares of indeterminate age,
Paving the pathway to future success of lack thereof.
For many the nondescript pieces of seemingly invincible material
Covered in simple swirls, are not interesting enough.

Rorschach would undoubtedly jump at the opportunity
To delve into the secrets of the grey smudges beneath.
Entire classes follow his example,
Boredom unlocks the philosophical side of anyone.

I've raced down these halls just to sit motionless.
Walked slowly to delay impending doom.
It's remarkable how the insignificant gain value immeasurable,
When the end of something habitual is nigh.

Head in the Clouds

By: Alexandria Curtwright

I once deigned to write a poem.
But my thoughts were like wile birds;
They flew. . .
And beat their motley wings
against poetic restraints
of rhyme and meter.

Fruitlessly, I tried to coax them
Into returning to their prison.
But these wild things were averred
By its iron bars,
And its dank and spotted windows,
Which were my eyes.
(They did not let any light in.)

—and they drew even further
into a chimerical Eden.

They roam freely, now.
Along the vast and sun-lit horizons
Of my wandering psyche;
Renderers of idle hands.
(Not unlike wings themselves
with their perpetual trembling.)

Save those rare moments
when they perch
Here, in my yearning bosom
On ephemeral dawns of inspiration.

A Lisper's Woes

By: *Drew Eglin*

She sells seashells by the seashore
I'm a Slithery Snake.
Can you hear all these S's I'm saying?
Because I can,
These are a Lisper's woes.

When you first hear me
You get the unsettling sound of static that everyone hates hearing.
All followed by the random acts of spitting. As if my mouth was a broken
sprinkler head.

Everyone hates it
Even I, who lives with it everyday.
For even the creator of the word “Lisp” hated us,
For they remind us of our “Disability” whenever we explain what is wrong
with our speech.

These are a Lisper's woes.

Whatever I say will never be clean and crisp,
And I'll be haunted for eternity to always have to repeat myself when people
can't understand me

But I've come to a realization, so what if I can't talk like you
And whatever I say is muffled and skewed,
I am just the same as you, actually no I'm better,
Because I have overcome the speech classes, harassment, mockery, and
unkindness towards me.

I can now say “Screw you, Lisp, I’ll talk my own way!”
 The right way, the way god intended.
 With the screwed up S’s and Ch’s, with the sound as if a broken clock was
 going off.
 Because you know in my eyes, I’m not the one with the impediment, you and
 everyone else are.
 Because I can sch my S’s and sch my Ch’s, and you can’t.

I have the gift to torment those I hate.
I can spit on them with the slightest of list, and blame it on it.
I can mess up reading a words's pronunciation, and go "Damn, it's all the
lips's fault."

So I guess this isn't a Lisper's Woes.

It's a realization.

A Lisper's realization, that everything's okay, and I'm better than all of you.

I'm Listening (Perhaps That's the Problem)

By: Katrina Enoch

shut up.

just

shut

up.

She assigns twenty pages of homework

As if she was clever.

(She's too enthusiastic about this.)

Twenty pages of Literature, perhaps?

"Oh, you should be able to do that!"

I write yet another assignment in my planner.

(I'd rather watch *The Golden Girls*.)

Fifty derivatives are to be calculated

By the work of magical chemicals

Within my brain.

(Synaptic gaps and neurotransmitters!)

Redox reactions are to be balanced.

(The joys of OILRIG.)

Who was Jefferson's Secretary of State?

(Just put Johnson. It's a common political name.

Perhaps he won't notice.)

Question word, est-ce que, subject, verb.

Question word, Johnson, the limit as the redox approaches a state...

Quick! Mount Saint Helens has erupted!

The brain is now mush!

No! I am not Einstein, nor was meant to be!

In the room women come and go, talking of Michelangelo.

(Remember, twenty pages of Lit.)

shut up.

just

shut

up.

"The exam grades were not impressive."

The sorrow felt by my teacher does not touch me.

I pride myself with the shield of a 98.

I show my mother, giddy as a schoolgirl,

"Mommy, mommy! I got a 98 on my exam!"

"Your sister got an 80 on her College Algebra exam! Isn't that great?"

"Did I mention it was on my Calculus exam?"

"A 98, you say? That could have been a hundred. Why can't you be like your sister?"

"Katrina, I have something to show you,"

Beckons my father, I know exactly what it's concerning.

"Dad, I really am not interested in petrol—"

"Princeton has a highly recommended Petroleum Engineering program.

They make seventy grand straight out of college.

What would you do with film?"

shut up.

just

shut

up.

I cannot organize my thoughts to be cohesive.

Quick! Who is the father of modern chemistry?

No! I shall not stand for this! There aren't enough hours in a day!

I study for several hours a night, and attempt whatever homework I can complete

With hopes that I will not drool upon the page!

Club meetings occur everyday

For an hour at least.

Add the ridiculous amount of time my mother

Wastes before getting in the car to pick me up.

(I really need a car.)

"In New York, you couldn't get your license until you were eighteen."

"What relevance does that have, mom?"

"Well, the same goes for you."

shut up.

just

shut

up.

It's eleven already?

If so, I'll finish the rest during lunch,

For it is time for the highlight of my day...

Sleep: My only escape, if only for a few hours.

However,
I cannot sleep.
I toss, turn, and grumble here and there.
(It's got to be one in the morning. That leaves me with five hours left to sleep.)
I open my eyes to confirm my suspicion.

Voilà!

I find my homework next to my pillow,
My mother clutching my sister's College Algebra test,
My father with an Exxon Mobile sign,
My teachers with slashed papers,
(Their pens are knives.)
I see Einstein, T.S. Eliot, Betty White,
Antoine Lavoisier, and James Madison,
Have all gathered together,
Piled upon my bed.

"What are you all doing here?"
I scream.
My thoughts collide into each other
Faster than gas particles inside a balloon.

"Hush, Katrina," they say,
"We're trying to sleep."

Untitled

By: Brittany Gervasi

Whatever, Grandma, I don't even care!
 He annoys me, he eats my candy.
 He steals all Mommy and Daddy's attention.
 He's stupid, mean and stupid.
 Everyone focuses on Ty this, Ty that.
 Tyler, Tyler, Tyler
 What about me?
 I'm cute too!
 My friends even colored pictured and cards for him just 'cuz his face turned all
 funny and he talks weird
 He feels kinda icky, but he'll get over it.
 We would be better off without him anyways.

After that night, life tastes rich
 Like vanilla ice cream, his favorite.
 We raced motor bikes on virtual gravel roads until the horizon swallowed the
 sun.
 Our blanket forts, fully equipped with Sega controllers, frosting cans, pills—
 We were unstoppable! Set for life!
 Conquerors of carpet between beds and dressers. Underwear our armor,
 inedible food, food neighbors brought as "gifts" (surely to weaken our defenses)
 as our weapons,
 Ready for battle, we knew we could take on whatever dared to attack.
 But, cancer doesn't like to be challenged.

Mom and Dad cradled Tyler out of All Kiddies not even seven days after he
 found his way in.
 Little Monster crawled from room to room heading straight towards a Fischer-
 Price table
 Ruined my sun catcher he did, just as he ruined everything for me;
 Dumping truckloads of glitter over the white and crimson.
 Of course, nobody cared that he murdered my dragonfly.
 Just me, Problem Number One.
 Though they never misconstrued Perfect Child, Child Number Two,
 as anything less than splendid.
 Only I knew him as the brat who still got bedtime stories.
 My old bedtime stories.

I pleaded for someone to wake me if it happened.
 Not once did thoughts ever wander into my thick skull that it could even
 transpire.
 Especially not to him.

7:09 A.M.

I only said, “Oh, okay... Um... I’m going to my room now, bye bye, Ty. I love you.”

My biggest nuisance. My accomplice in crime. My groupie. My protégé. Gone.

Compassion finally broke the dam.

They came without restraint as they shook my small frame, salt stung my cheeks

as they looked to form puddles of regret on a people pair of footsy pajamas.

Karma, why did you pick now for revenge?

His transcendence to Heaven transformed my life into Hell.

Pictures

By: Kendra Jones

“ONLY five more minutes,” Will thought. “Then I’m out of this Hell-hole.”

As a paper plane whizzed by his head he decided to tune back into his history teacher’s tangent. Something about Romans, like he cared. He scanned the room and noticed everybody’s dull faces. It was Friday after all. He looked out the window and began to tune his teacher out again. A cool draft entered into the room bringing about thoughts of how autumn was approaching fast. He was jolted back into reality with the harsh sound of the dismissal bell. He leaped out of his seat not bothering to hear the homework assignment. He wasn’t going to do it over the weekend anyway. No point in wasting any more time in this prison, he reasoned.

After making his way through congested halls, he finally reached outside. He bounded down the steps and was embraced by a cool breeze. These are the days he enjoyed when he had to walk home. As he walked along on the sidewalk, a gentle wind enveloped him carrying leaves and a piece of paper. He eagerly followed it until it got caught in a chain link fence. He plucked it from where it laid and turned it over to reveal the most stunning girl he had ever seen with her perfect smile and eyes shining like she had a big secret. She was holding up two fingers, the Peace sign, in the cutest way possible. Forget Savannah from last year, whom he was totally infatuated with. This girl was out of this world and he had to find her. No. Had to have her.

That night, he laid in bed, thoughts thrashed around his head like a ship caught in a storm. All for that girl. When he had finally reached the eye of the storm, all thoughts ceased and the ship was safe, he heard tapping on his window. Hesitant but unrelenting. Making sure he wasn’t in a comatose state he waited for a minute. When it continued he decided to get up and open the blinds. It took him a minute to realize who was there, standing behind his window. It was that girl. The girl from the picture! He gasped at the simplicity of her beauty. Underneath the full moon her eyes shone brighter than the Sun; her hair paler than a ghost. She was pure poetry. His thoughts were interrupted by the softest of giggles. He focused back on her in time to see that she was gesturing for him to follow her. He silently slipped out of this window and walked, aimlessly, following her into the woods across the street. He was halfway across the street when bright lights slammed him back into reality. A horn honked, and like a startled deer, he looked at the car in front of him. Incoherent to the profanities being shouted at him, he sullenly walked back to his house wondering why he was out in the street in the first place.

For the rest of the weekend there were no incidents with the girl. No awakening in the middle of streets. No... nothing. Just him staring endlessly at the girl in the photo. By Monday morning he was a wreck, suffering from insomnia from fantasizing about a girl he wasn’t even sure existed. He looked

hopefully around his school and asked his friends, even shows them her photo. All his attempts proved fruitless. He was slowly going insane, slipping away from reality by this mysterious siren. All friends lost contact; he grew distant from family. By next Monday night, he was a different person. His body, soul, and will to live were dedicated to this girl. And on Wednesday night, as he lay down in bed for another night of no sleep, he heard tapping on his window, persistent and urgent. He sprang out of bed, rushed to the window, and ripped open the blinds. And there she was, his muse. His siren. His love. She let out a giggle and beckoned for him. He followed without hesitation, crossed the street and into the woods all underneath the dark sky.

For the next week, search parties combed the woods to find Will before officials declared him missing. Everyone wondered what drove him to disappear, but they all agreed that his mental state had been declining over the past few weeks. The next day at the end of school, students held a vigil for Will outside and prayed for his safe return. As everyone left one by one, a boy named Chad decided to stay behind. he wanted his good-bye to be in private without the accompaniment of the entire student body. As he walked over to the vigil, a nice autumn breeze went by, and along with it a piece of paper. It landed at the base of Chad's feet. He stooped down, picked it up, and turned it over. And to his surprise he saw the most attractive girl in the entire world with her flawless smile and stunning eyes. And oddly enough, she was holding up three fingers...

The Evolution of Man

By: Kristina Kanaan

I am here, waiting.
Time that is so beautiful and infinite,
Time that is finite and replaceable.
Speak to me in mediums in which I cannot hear.
make me feel your reality.

Center wheel, dial, second hand, face.
Build a clock evolving from the sun,
feel the sun full below the horizon and into oblivion.
Precious time must be kept in calculated manners.
Time, given to be wasted,
expires like milk without a proper burial.
The second hand stops ticking,
and you do nothing.
I am still here wasting.

A force not to be reckoned with.
an entity gone untouched, unprovoked.

Today, I call you out.
dared, you coward, do your worst!
Remind me why you control my life and my death.
Why you control the split seconds that send mothers to graves,
and second chance children with seconds left to spare.
Why you greedily hold onto time, giving Shakespearean star-crossed lovers
years too little.

Stop hiding behind shiny glass faces and golden frame,
you are nothing until I am proved wrong.
Make me feel you.
Make me regret every cursing your name,
Make me bleed the springs that wind your clock.

Make me fear you again.

Live time.
Bleed blood of seconds,
sleep in pools of it, with countless spent hours.
Time is left wasting, until the body is drained of it.
Feel every second of every minute pass by,
like the rush of a frenzy.
Everyone is running to make the time last.

As I wait, every pore bleeds out the blood of time,
with a rhythmic ticking sounds as it hits infinite soul floor.
Tick tock, drip drip, tick tock.
Woozy and waiting a little too long.
Time's up.
I am no longer waiting.

Ode to a Longboard

By: Michael Keller

Crafted miles away,
fell into my unworthy hands.
Bamboo created a royal aura,
The smooth lavender wheels spin.
My feet were peasants until
The gracious board accepted them.
We soared down the road like a bird in the open air,
Floating whichever way the wind blows.
Together we rule our kingdom,
Escaping reality.
We become an artist,
The road our canvas.
The picture painted for all to see.
My spaceship taking us,
To our own planet.
Far away but still at home.

Ode to Coffee

By: Calee King

Drink the stress away,
With the intoxicating smell lingering for a while, won't you stay?
Listening to the sound that's...
Dripping, dripping, dripping.
With the power to extract the fatigue from my fragile body
I can feel my spirit strengthening second by second.
But the serenity is only temporary,
And like a time bomb ticking away
I eventually explode into an abundance of energy,
A spontaneous burst of flame.
Bouncing off the walls,
Unable to sleep,
I am indestructible, accomplishing tasks at an unnatural speed.
With this addicting legal drug
I am Superman (or woman, that is),
Flying through my homework,
My eyes glued open with uncanny alertness.
It is the very key to my existence,
The reason I am able to complete my abundant schedule;
For without coffee I would be a mere mortal,
Unable to overcome my lethargy,
My kryptonite.

Ode to Hunting

By: Carl Krondahl

From the origins of man,
It lays at its most archaic
From Bows, to Muzzleloaders,
To High power rifles and shotguns.
Some find it a disgrace,
Others find it majestic and relaxing
This taboo religion in some societies
Is found home in the backwoods of the world
From big ol' bucks to snapping gators,
And from mean grizzlies to the smallest of birds.
Most who take interest in this taboo activity
Are often that of the farms and hills in America.
From those who drive old pickups to those who drive new ones
Some drive cars others drive semis
Some play the Banjo, others can't.
This taboo religion is one of the South and the Hills.
All know how to ruff it
Whether it be building a fire or getting food,
They know how to survive and build their own bed,
They don't buy unnecessary things like fancy clothes,
They just use what they got and take what they get,
They know what's right and what's wrong,
And whether it's a Matthew's bow, traditional Muzzleloader,
Remington shotgun, or Winchester rifle.
It don't matter where you're from
If you try it once, you're hooked.
The food is good eatin' and
As my granddaddy always said, "Invest in shotgun and rifle rounds,"
And when food prices go up, ya gotta find ya own.

Ode to Dreams

By: Philip Kubiszyn

Rich in grime and filth,
a child grasps doubloons and pearls
whilst thrusting his sword—
a gut-wrenching roar.
Island breezes drag stench
like scallywags to a decrepit chest.
Lame is the heart of Black Beard,
bound by golden rope,
struck with envy at emeralds
from victorious plunder

There sits a man, red leather embraces his frame
as he caresses his lover's curves,
invigorating adrenaline fuels his passion.
A cloak of elegant jet
accelerates his lust,
overwhelms beauty.
Unsullied Italian rose,
devoid of thorns of imperfections,
handled by tender touch
in his Ferrari of jet.

There rests an elder,
perched upon a mountain,
his very soul floating in the sun's domain.
He watches majestic doves flutter by,
his tranquil wife grinning
as she admires her husband's awe
with tear filled oceans of blue.
The elder looks down into the valley
and observes a man with his Italian lover.
He looks to the sea and observes a young boy
soiled with riches and dirt.
Darkness falls.
That which can never last
slowly slips away.
But darkness never hinders the elder,
his soul still floating in the sun's domain,
able to embrace his wife at last.

November

By: Savannah Law

Our love is made of
sand & soot
and gritty things
like industrial sunsets
on glass bottle
beaches
and subtleties—
whiskey tumblers
with lipstick
stains,
mentholated ashes forming
death pyres
in your Prada pumps—
and of soft
feathery malignancies
like shooting stars
and the dust of bones—
of things one cannot
place upon
a finger,
like strobe light
memories of
sober hands
with a drunken guise
and a girl with a
waiting
smile.

You Dita Von Tease Me

By: Chelsi Mackin

Doll, you've got me balled up,
Why you've got the hose running and the ink blot running amuck?
You must be off in that fuzzy world of women again,
By Golly, those cherry red lips really do rev my engine,
And those symmetrical arches raised high above your surprised expression
I'm sorry I startled you, Baby,
But your glossy locks drive me crazy,
That cigarette smile coaxes open my pack of Lucky Strijes,
Exhaling each puff to the sky,
I saw you in the stars tonight.
The angels tried to tack up a celestial portrait,
But the beauty mark wasn't quite right and the hips were too sharp.

The Slug

By: Mouzel Manugas

I watch you slither
In your transparent slime.
You slide so slowly.
I scrutinize every motion
Of your muscular foot
On the pavement.

I grow envious.
Living second by second,
You don't even gaze
Ahead at the stick
Blocking your path until
It touches your feelers.

Guided by instinct
You finally reach a
Pile of dead leaves.
There you lie,
On the target you
Tirelessly inched to reach.
Living only a slick
Glossy line behind.

Among the Heaps

By: Nicole Manugas

Incandescence, candoluminescence,
the lime light which shines on you and I
reveals our lazy afternoons spent daydreaming,
smoking, sitting, drinking heaps
of uselesss beings.

Inert, idle, feckless piles of trash
with hands and legs and hearts made of
discarded soda cans, worn out old shoes,
and Tuesday's left overs from around the world

Symbols of scum, and dirt, and pointless existences.
We project beauty in our unmoving, lazy ways;
in our carefree frozen forms,
in the outline of our lighthearted silhouettes.
Back to back, you and I,
with the wine that never leaves my cup,
and the smoke suspended in the air.

Isolation

By: Jerad McMickle

Turtle doves cast shadows over a lakebed.

A school of otters form a solidified squeak

as they send streaks of white across the

light blue river floor.

Bird talons twitch from the delight that accompanies the freedom to be

able to drop and pluck greedy fish

who stagnate in the shallow waters.

Small footprints shimmer from fresh dew

indented by chipmunks stalking hazelnuts.

Their carefree desire to follow nature

brings memories of the thoughts of man.

I stand alone with the two

inquisitive eyes of desire.

What's Important?

By: Jon Morgan

You say I'm quiet and I need to talk more.

What for?

Do you want to hear more about me?

What I've been through?

It's not important.

When I was two

I was less active than the untouched toys in my crib,
But the pediatrician said, "He's fine, come back in a week if you're REALLY worried."

"Something's wrong with my son," my mom urged.

Scans showed nothing, except white blood cells far off the charts

So they gave me a spinal tap, but I didn't cry,

Unlike when I kicked and screamed over a sponge bath moments later.

A shot everyday for a week.

Relearning to crawl, relearning to walk, relearning to talk.

Eight years of speech therapy,

A lifetime of readjusting, dealing with the irritations of hearing aids.

But I was just two, these are mere stories to me.

They're not important.

And when I was seven,

A bulge grew on my neck,

Again they said I was fine, nothing to worry about.

It swelled to twice its size,

Waking me in the middle of the night, sharp pains running down my neck.

The next morning, I was paler than the wrist bands the nurses put on my arm.

Diagnosed with Stage 1 Lymphoblastic Lymphoma.

Prescribed too many pills to swallow:

A steroid a day,

an appetite pill each day,

seven yellow pills every week,

a big gel pill once a week too,

But worst was the Prednisone each and every day.

I couldn't swallow them, so I had to chew

And taste that awful taste,

A taste that overpowered anything we tried to hide it with,

A taste that couldn't be scrubbed out with toothpaste,

A taste that I had to taste again if I couldn't stand it and threw it up,

A taste that taught me how to swallow,

So I no longer had to suffer from it.

These pills helped me to grow to twice my size,
 And the chemo stole my bright, blond hair.
 Bald and big and lacking energy to throw a ball or walk up stairs.
 Forced to wear a white mask in public,
 Appointments every week for years,
 But I was just seven, these are vague memories for me.
 They're not important.

When I was sixteen,
 There was a pain that caused me to vomit everything I ate and drank,
 But the doctors said I was fine, Stomach Flu.
 The meds didn't help.
 Still hunched over in pain,
 We went in for scans three times,
 All inclusive.
 They signed me up for exploratory surgery,
 And shoved a tube up my nose and down my throat,
 Causing me to gag and vomit all over myself.
 A ruptured appendix this time.
 I woke up from my surgery
 With a catheter, an IV in my arm, the tube up my nose, and bulb off my side.
 Bed ridden, too sore to walk.
 Unable to eat during the week of Thanksgiving.
 After some rest they removed the tubes, and went to remove the bulb:
 "Will it hurt?"
 "Yes."
 It was a strange and unusual pain, a cord yanked from my side.
 I returned to a large pile of make-up work and mid-terms.
 But I'm okay,
 It's wasn't important.

Four scars are all that remain,
 The one on my neck, two on my chest, and one down by my stomach.
 But I'm fine,
 It's not important.
 I'm not the only one who sat up all night, wondering if her son would be
 alright.
 I'm not the one who retired early to help her grandson get to the hospital
 every week.
 I'm not the anonymous who paid some random sickly family's electric bill.
 I'm not the one who went door to door and shop to shop raising money for a
 fellow classmate.
 I'm not the one who setup a fund raiser, raising thousands of dollars for a
 neighborhood kid.
 They're the inspirations.
 They're the ones who are important to me.

America Youth

By: Corey Palermo

If I knew the center of my universe
I would stand there and recite poetry to my children,
In the hopes that my verse would traverse the lockers
Of granite and lead, perpetrated by a collective sense of
Nationalist, Foundationalist, Indoctrinationism

The kind of relentless corporational conformitism
Best befitting halls of cubicles—
God's free-spirited attempt at a façade of free will

If my universe had a center, then I would be called Father
And My children would not be lost to a pitiable piety
Of a superficially religious society.

But I am not the Father, not am I the Son.
I am the shadow of a neo-platonic shadow
Set by a desecrated Holy Ghost

I am less than His shadow.
I am a pebble, shaped by earth and cleaved by
Dense minerals.

I feel green. . .

I am the stone-cold secular emerald at the back of the room.
If "Brains" is the mind's product, I come before it,
Demanding rubies from a reality of triviality
In a room lined with coal.

Onyx is my closest semblance
To a mutually-cleaved resemblance
To a history—of being cleaved by coal

Watch us as we watch zirconium at the front of the room,
The symbolic emulation of a popular degradation of spirit—
A mundane sociological destruction of metaphysics,
Sold down through the generations of rocks to the highest bidder.

Yes, we are the semi-precious stones in a red-white-and-blue non-spiritual room
Lined with coal, and infected by a non-prospective consensus to an evangelical
disease.
We not our cleaved hands in a desperate attempt to stay-asleep.

Onyx, the victim of an all-loving hatred,
Sent to the back of the class because he cannot be left behind
He's tied behind to the rugged rucksack tied to the crooked back
Of an emerald.
They tie him tightly so he won't drop out.

We are the semi-precious stones
Lost in a realm of mineral mines, lined with mines,
Rejected by the diamonds of this day.
We are the broken ceramic place below the Tea Party's table—
Watch us as we drink gallons of pyrite,
Victims of a semi-contrite executive conglomerate of stone-cleavers.

Watch us watch diamonds turn to coal before the closed eyes—
The products of a blemished embezzlement of a
Mine-riddled-mine-rid-of-mines shaft,
Filled to the tip with semi-precious stones, and empty of pyrite—
Drank by US, by a futureless future of gems—
The clones of a zirconium lifestyle.

Ode to My Paper

By: Devon Ritter

I had bought
A pack of paper,
Down at the local store.
I had kept it neatly tucked away,
A favorite childhood plaything;
As if to protect my dead tree,
And protect it like a treasure,
Containing the finest gold and jewels.
But as one day should have it,
I needed a piece of my treasure.
I tore it carefully at the sticky plastic,
A surgeon operating.
The crackling and tearing as if flesh being removed from the body.
As I looked at the paper.
This internal working of the body,
I took the first, crisp piece out.
Ideas swirled in my mind,
A surgeon with a thousand ways to complete his procedure.
Perhaps this will be the birth place
Of a story
Of a drawing
Of a school assignment
Of sheer boredom.
Or perhaps it will be a place of death.
A failed attempt that will result in the early retirement of this precious paper.
Or of writer's block,
And the sheet will forever remain in a comatose state,
Waiting to be resuscitated.

As I gently set the sheet down,
A sharp pain. A papercut.
The tree's last revenge.
And I wonder, how something as fragile as paper,
Could leave such a small, painful wound.
I begin to see a woodcutter,
Making tiny little wounds on a tree.
Slowly, slowly, until it crashes down.
Will that be me? Little wounds,
Slowly, slowly, until I collapse?

I look at my result.
This piece that I stitched together with love and care,

That I nursed and nurtured through its course.
Like a surgeon, I step away from the table,
Satisfied with my work.
And on I go to the next sheet of paper.
My next treasure piece,
My next patient for the surgeon's table.
Ready for the cold edge of my pencil,
My knife.

Untitled Slam! Poem

By: Nicole Payne

Sometimes I feel that life is one big hippie train,
colors everywhere,

Ode to Bubbles

By: Brittany Reid

Iridescent bubbles leave the wand as if by magic;
the offspring of Iris and the sun,
gleaming.
Eyes that glint with the secrecy of the message they carry
for the slippery eyes of the gods alone.

Floating towards the heavens like souls
that slip away as feet skid on soapy floors,
as small children slither down a slip n' slide
ignoring the rocks and twigs that pierce them.
Ascending, though their fate is cloudy,
polluted with their sins and the uncertainty of forgiveness.
Nevertheless their beauty is unmarred,
as they are made clean
by that which makes them rebel against gravity's constraints.

They drift skywards
until they are lost in the expanse.
Those below are left to marvel
at the messengers that know so much
and are about to learn the answer to man's most prevalent question.
Whether they reach their destination is uncertain.
Perhaps they never do;
perhaps they burst.

20/20

By: Olga Saniukovich

Hyperbole Love Letter

By: Aurora Siira

D^{EAR} Waldo,
I would be telling you

Sincerely, your lost love

Sensationalism

By: Shree Sundaresh

Uncomfortably wedged
behind the **Decaying Carcass**
of a **Homicide**,
hastily hidden
within the shadows
of the **Nefarious Villain**
brought to light,
the grey letters of a trite article
sit soundlessly within the crease
of the newspaper,
slumped over with the weight of the
Atrocities,

Dehumanization,

and
Barbarity
plaguing the world surrounding it.

Never to tell its humble story about how **Murder**

Needs Proper Lighting

By: Alyssa Thorne

Another face.
 Another name.
 Another organ sm g v ng off heat.
 Other than that?
 Noth ng.
 Nada.,
 Z p,
 Z lch.
 Same classes s nce k ndergarten?
 Doesn't matter.
 L ved down the street our ent re l ves?
 Un mportant.
 You st ll don't remember me.
 'm nconsequent al.
 ns gn f cant.
 nv s ble.

Am see through?
 L ke a ghost?
 A phantom?
 No,
 Those show wh spers.
 H nts of ex stence.
 Where are m ne?
 You don't know.

Can no one take the t me,
 Or make the effort?
 Try,
 To see.

A human being.
 More than just wind.
 Or matter floating in space.

Existent.
 Definite.

Individual.

The Last Good Thing about This Part of Town

By: Jack Vann

Shadows

By: John Wang-Hu

Somewhere Else

By: Holly Weinrauch

Up high with you,
Above mountains
(Although we knew there would not be any).

I still wanted to see your face,
When we were soaring atop
Houses and lakes and pretty little girls with blushing balloons.
I wanted that one chance with you,
To see everything that we should have.

You said that we could get there early and be awestruck
When the primary colors combusted against the pink atmosphere
And sit in dew covered grass
And ardently wait our turn.

But you went up before me,
And I really don't mind
I was never fond of heights anyway.

Blah, Blah, Blah

By: Nabeel Zafrullah

The identical words follow each other forever,
Like a boy follows his friend,
Like a girl follows Hannah Montana,
Like the moon follows the sunset;

Contingency of the same leads to boredom,
So why follow a person like “blah following ‘blah’?”
Be different,
Like the stripes on every zebra,
Like every person’s fingerprint.