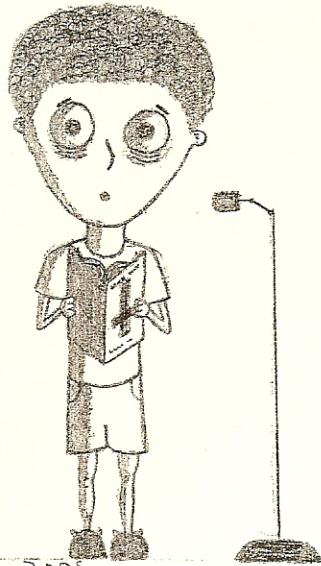


Paper Café



Kent School Summer Writers Camp 2005

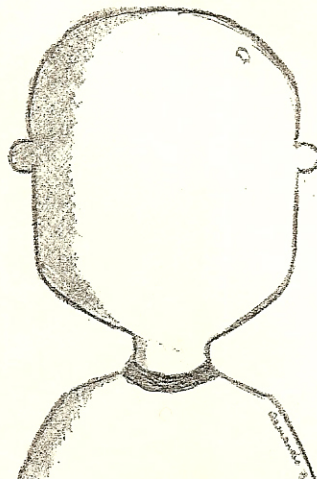


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I wandered aimlessly, thinking of nothing at all. Wild flowers surrounded me. I was in a haze of color and scent. I could almost taste the buttercups. The petals of the flowers were soft and luscious. All I wanted to do was to lie down. The breeze whipped my hair. I was alone.

Then I saw them. Creeping out of the bushes and trees and running at me. I started screaming, growing red with fright. I ran and I ran. Deer, mice, squirrels and all the animals I hate ran after me. I found a tree and scrambled up its moss-ridden bark. Acorns fell on my head. I fell backward and became wedged in a nest.

A huge eagle soared down, shrieking. It grabbed me by my shirt and lifted me up. It was a wonderful sensation to be soaring through the air. The trees looked like tiny bushes from my great height.

Suddenly the eagle let go. The wind whipped my face. I yelled with fright knowing it was no good. I landed in a deep-pitted lake. I went under. I was chilled to the bone. I treaded water looking for something to hold onto. I found it in the way of a branch. I paddled to the shore. I made a nest of pine needles in a tree, curled up, and went to sleep.

When I woke up, I saw a fox staring at me. I shrank back in fright. "I will help you," the fox whispered. "I can tell you are a defenseless creature. The reason the animals came running after you was because they thought you were an enemy. Come with me."

"Who are you? Why do you want to help me?"

“I cannot say, I will take you to a wise woman. I know she will help you.” The fox and I walked through dense forests. The trees were close together and thorny. In two hours, we reached a large brown house.

“Welcome to my humble home,” said the old woman. “I am Lea, what are you here for?”

The fox said that I was in the wrong world and needed Lea’s help to get home.

“I will do my best young child.” We walked into her gloomy house. She showed me to a small room with a bed and a washstand. “Come with me. I will have to find you suitable clothes to wear.” She pulled out a brown thing, which she called a dress. I put the itchy brown dress on and went to bed. While I slept, the lady and fox found a solution to my problem.

The next day I was put in an enclosed room with a crystal ball. Suddenly I was illuminated by a mystic light. I saw my mother’s face. It said, “Wake up it’s time to go from here.” I replied “Alright.” I closed my eyes and I found myself lying in bed at home.

“Our plan worked,” said the old woman.

“Thank goodness. That poor girl could have ruined us all.”

ANIMALS

A fast cat
A lot of black spots
As fast as a speeding car

A really heavy animal
With extraordinary strength
One hit with its horn and it's time for death



Vicious and scary
Two rows of infinite teeth
The king of the sea

Black and orange stripes
Also comes in white and black
It's the largest cat



So small and quiet
Yet so scary and quick
Eat cheese and get big



King of the jungle
So heavy, large, and hairy
With piercing teeth

Big and very fat
They have a good memory
And they have long trunks

Very hard workers
And use a lot of teamwork
They are small creatures

Eight legged insects
With different colors and designs
They are small and large



We are different
We are unique and very smart
We are human beings

Donovan Estrada
7/22/05

KENT SCHOOL

By Michael Fong

KENT SCHOOL IS A WRITER'S CAMP

SUCH A VERY GREAT CAMP

READING, WRITING, LAUGHING, AND PLAYING

EATING, AND DRINKING, IT'S EVERYTHING

TEACHING WRITING WITH LOTS OF LAUGHTER

STILL YOU LEARN LOTS OF THINGS AFTER

YOU FIND FRIENDS

YOU DON'T NEED YOUR GLASSES LENS

'CAUSE THERE IS LOTS OF GREEN

NOT JUST A PROJECTOR SCREEN

FIELD TRIPS ARE ALWAYS FUN

WE DON'T CARE ABOUT THE SUN

CAFÉ KENT IS INTERESTING

ALL FILLED WITH ALL OUR WRITING

PAPER CAFÉ, I LIKE IT

I LIKE KENT SCHOOL'S EVERY BIT!!!

Elise Grace

100 word poem



The carnival had music,
I saw a sleepy, velvet, spider on the drum.
It hissed at me and curled its light,
Yellow painted legs.
Then I saw a hurricane.
I felt the gust and it looked like a finger.
It sizzled, and I could not see the moon.
I took the hammer and through it in the puddle.
It burned and splashed.
I saw a rocket and...
Now I am done with this poem.

The Incredible, Edible, Essay

By John Henry

If this essay were to become famous and show up in a newspaper or some IV league essay book filled with good stories in it, I would be surprised. This article is not even near close to the best one I have ever done, and if you do not understand it, *be cause* neither do I. Was that a run-on sentence? If it was, you might get my point.

Writing essays is very hard for me. That is why I signed up for the art of the essay class. Umm...nevertheless, I am doing pretty well in class. I am glad that I have a good teacher named Ms. Palm, who must love to teach, *be cause* my last essay teacher *runned* away to California to never not never be *seened* again. She said that if she saw me again, she would jump off the white cliffs of Dover. Err... *I'm* going to visit her after camp. On the other hand, Ms. Palm stayed with me this whole time. I have tried to sound *intellegintly and speek not bad*.

This part of my essay might be hard to understand, *be cause* I am trying to *speek* in the third person, like my teacher taught me. I got this idea, wait, where did I get *it* from? *Oh yah!* Ms. Jenkins used it in a café of *Kentness!* Bair with me *be cause* I had to get *Brad* to help me. I *can't* believe I had to do that!

When John was a little dude, he loved to write all over everything, even the walls. His mom noticed his talent, but for some reason did not *think* it was for him. So he was sent to his room to think about why his parents did not like his talent often. He did not understand. His parents wrote many letters and they even *tiped*. He thought it was *be cause* he was a bad writer so that he thought, was true. So that thought stuck with him for the rest of his life. He could not write goodly.

So now my parents sent me to run a *nuther teecher out of toun*. They did not pay me though. That makes me imhappy. I respect the teecherz though. *I think they runned away be cause I was better than they are*. I'm so good, umm... Oh! I can even write in French. “*Esta nublado en mi cabeza!*”

M.U.S.I.C

By: Kate Intal

Food for the needy
The universal language
Mind, Body, and Soul

D i f f e r e n t types of food
Happy, glad, sad, terrible
There is **never** one alike

More than a color
Expresses your true feelings
Makes you feel happy

Rhythm and rhymes
Just about anything; all
Doesn't always *rhyme*

Loud, cool, and f r e e
Can be anything; war, peace
Classic, light, heavy

Lots about love
Smooth, **obnoxious**, love and hate
Rhythm and blues

Not a food or a color
No rules or any limits
Yes, all is *a.l.l.o.w.e.d*

Seasons

By Amity Lin

7.22.2005

1.

In a spring morning
A couple of turtledoves
Racing in the field

2.

A night of winter
Trees and grasses are freezing
Dancing to be warm

3.

Afternoon of fall
Beautiful and poetic
But I hate the leaves

4.

Summer and oven
It's same but summer is brief
Very hot also

5.

Spring night is awesome
Birds and frogs are together
Singing in the rain

6.

Summer night is hot
Grasshoppers sleep in the grass
But I can't sleep well

7.

In winter morning
Grasses are wet, air is fresh
I hate it so much

8.

Fall's morning is cool
I take a walk at that time
But fall and get hurt

9.

Winter afternoon
People in the stream freezing
I am warm at home

10.

My autumn morning
I am on my bed singing loudly
My sister joins me

My renga

By: Rachel Robb

1. Love is hope and joy
Love can be torturous too
Love inspires us
2. Seeing the sun rise
Awaiting the sun to set
In each other's eyes
3. In the name of love
Please don't break my heart again
I am still aching.
4. Have all people love
Give all people strength to love
Hope for those who don't
5. My heart was broken
And you didn't seem to help
So just leave me be
6. Love me, only me
Give me strength when I am weak
Help me through my pains
7. Love me forever
Never let me not love you
Love me 'til my end
8. Don't leave me again
In this sad and lonely place
I need your comfort
9. My heart is crying
But my eyes don't shed a tear
Don't feel bad for me
10. My heart is breaking
My heart is hurting inside
My strength is waning

Understanding ...

By Ellaine-Su

Understanding is like a fire in the winter,

It makes you feel warm.

Understanding is like a rope when you are mountain climbing,

It makes you feel safe.

Understanding is like a blanket when you want to sleep,

It makes you feel comfortable.

Understanding is like a cup of water when you are in a hot desert,

It makes you live.

Love is understanding.

Encouragement is understanding.

A smile is understanding.

A hug is understanding.

Understanding is the first light of morning, which breaks the nightmare...

7/26/2005

The Date

By: Pam Treevichaphan

**I stood there
Staring,
At the golden ball,
As it rose up
On the horizon
Shining right in my eyes.
The dazzling light
Reminded me,
Of a starting point,
Of another
Perfect day.**

Chuchotement à moi de Paris

Elizabeth Jenkins

Champs Elysees walks
February is enclosed
In frozen rain drops

Miserable stone
Arc du Triumph stands in watch
Of Paris winters

Fauchon pour dîner
Walk home is endless and grey
Ma mère est si belle

Versailles afternoons
Gardens lost with beauty past
Grey is consuming

Fountains are empty
Pieces of summer crumbled
Scented with the sun

Warm bread and garlic
Escargot is perfect here
Paris knows their snails

Musée d'Orsay paints
Elegant light in the clouds
I sketch the paintings

Bubbles and sparkle
L'année 2000 va venir
Eiffel tower glows

What's the word for mouse?
La souris, la fenêtre
I named him Edgar

The taste of Paris
Merci, ma mère pour tout chose
Ma coeur est là-bas

Adwoa Speaks
By Abena Koomson

The following monologue is an excerpt
Cozi sa Wala: Magic Words

Cozi sa Wala is a one woman show exploring
the language & culture of Ghana through
storytelling. It was first produced by
Actors Stock Company in NYC.

ADWOA

You have to go? That is Agnes' mother calling them. They have to go and now I have to
be alone at the party. This always happens. Everybody goes home before I do.

But you can play with me right?

Adwoa begins singing and realizes that the audience does not know the words.

Forget it. Mommy says I cannot get my dress dirty. We always dress up for these
parties. But I am tired. Adults. It's like they never get tired, they keep talking and
dancing and eating. If the people did not come to close the place in the morning we
would be here until the next day. They never get tired. Well, not never. I have seen my
mother tired when she has to take care of the old lady who lives across from us. And
when she sometimes goes to the nursing home to do some jobs there. When she comes
back her hair is all messed up and her feet smell stinky. Please do not tell her I said this,
because I am not supposed to tell anybody our private business. And Daddy too is tired
from the office. He doesn't like to talk too much, but I can ask him how was his day and
he will usually say "I'm hanging in there" or "fine thanks and you" He knows how to
talk very well. He learned a lot at Chicago or someplace they made him go for work.

And by the way his feet are also stinky, but it is a different kind of smell. It's like the smell is all over his body like a blanket...like an old blanket. It's almost like a blanket too, because he always falls right asleep when he comes home. I think the office where he works is like school but worse. They make you stay for detention too, they call it "overtime." And they give lot's of homework. Sometimes Daddy let's me type up his homework. Usually he has to write a lot of letters and he let's me type them so I can practice the computers. Usually it's like "Attn: Mr. So and So" or my favorite "To whom it may concern" I like it because "whom" can be anybody. Any body that cares is whom! I can be whom, you can be whom, as long as we are concerned, then it applies to us. I guess that is why so many people are here at the funeral party. But I don't think that everybody *is* a whom. Some people are here because they care about the people who died. But some people are just here because they want to make sure that people will come to their funeral party. Like when you sit next to somebody on the bus, not because you like them, but just because you do not want to sit alone or you are afraid that someone you definitely don't like is going to sit next to you. Then you are only whomming for your self. I think that is selfish. Those are the ones who just sit in the back with their "moomoo" faces and don't clap after the announcements and talk during the presentations. But they always come. They never miss a funeral party, so nobody says anything to them. When I have my funeral announcement it will say only "to whom it may concern" is invited. To whom it may not concern,

you can stay home!

I dedicate this piece to the caring, loving students of Kent Summer Camp

who whommed for me and for each other, and made this summer the best party ever!

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“We Will Rock You”

by Camila Aguais

“We Will Rock You” is a unique rock musical you will want to experience again and again. The storyline fits perfectly with Queen’s music, the actors glow in their roles, the stage is enhanced with special effects, and the singing is incredible. “We Will Rock You” is the best musical I have ever seen.

Set in the future, “We Will Rock You” is about the bohemians of Planet Mall rebelling against the Ga Ga world. In the Ga Ga world everyone listens to the same music, wears the same clothes, and thinks the same thoughts. All music is generated by computers at a company called Globalsoft. It all begins with a teen called Galileo who has odd dreams about a time when music was made by instruments, and he also does not think all the same thoughts as everyone else. He along with a girl named Scaramouche are captured by the Killer Queen, who runs Globalsoft, and the police who think that anyone who does not follow the fashions and listen to their music is not good. Galileo and Scaramouche escape, and meet a couple of bohemians named Britney Spears and Meat.

Galileo tells them about his dreams, and discovers that the bohemians believe what he is saying. One of the songs he has dreamed about turns out to be part of their testament. The time when people made their own music with instruments is what the bohemians call the Rhapsody. Britney and Meat then take Galileo and Scaramouche to the Heartbreak Hotel to meet their other bohemian friends. They all tell him more about their beliefs and dreams, which are very similar to Galileo’s. He also discovers he is the chosen one to find the place of living rock and the musical instruments. Will Galileo and

Scaramouche successfully complete their journey while the Globalsoft cops are trying to kill them?

All the main characters were handpicked, and do an amazing job singing. The entire cast has so much energy and gets so into the music. The costumes are very creative since they are set in the future. For example, the normal Ga Ga teen would wear white clothing with a sheet of transparent, neon-colored piece of plastic over that. The stage effects are very good too. There are six giant plasma screens at the original production that I saw in London at the Dominion theatre. For instance, they showed blazing fire and explosions in the song that the Killer Queen sung called “Another One Bites the Dust.” These screens also moved out to the sides of the stage or to the back whenever the actors needed more space, or did not need the screens.

All in all, I have found only one word to describe “We Will Rock You”: Perfect. When you experience it you are too captivated by everything that you just don’t notice anything wrong or that you would change about it. “We Will Rock You” is the ultimate dream come true for a Queen fan, besides Freddie coming back to life of course, and even for just anyone who doesn’t hate rock music. “We Will Rock You” is an incredible musical.

While We Sleep

By John Thorn Gonzalez Blake

**The moon on the sky rises with million stars
The pale light passes by the narrow window
And that light surrounds a table where there is a glass and a paper,
Paper of a book, book with a poem, poem of a kiss, piano kiss, kiss with fire, fire
under the water, water that falls like rain, kiss in a dance, a spiral dance on a hill
with a magic moment and a true love, a love of story, a story of happiness,
a lightning of passion, a burn of obsession and both in cement that would never
release their love.**

A Kiss To A Midnight Carnival
Alex Bliss

A Midnight Carnival bellows through the open spaces
The pale moon shimmers upon a grassy hill
A deep drum softly beats to a jungle beat
Short gusts of wind cave in the canvas walls
Light rain sprinkles into deep puddles in the mud
Slashing with every drop
Piano strings echo through the crowd while hearts rush
Silent lightning strikes upon a dusty dirt road
Shaking trees and startling forest animals
A tiger grinds his strong yellow teeth as he tightly curls his watering tongue
A Midnight Carnival bellows through the open spaces

Chronicles of Aquevarius

Bubbles swirled in a spiral as the water was pushed away by the blue-ish webbed foot of a young sarkanian. He was holding a small basket, his eyes large and dark, finned ears twitching as the monster thrashed around behind him. The young creature desperately paddled through the vast water, a sharlint snapping at his heels. The cunning sarkanian kicked his way down to the floor and picked up a rock as he was skimming the bottom, the crocodilian monster following close behind. Suddenly the boy spun around and hurled the rock at the sharlint with deadly accuracy, the pebble hitting it in one of its eyes, temporarily blinding it. He kicked it into the dirt and made a mad dash towards his town, which was just barely in sight. The young boy glanced behind him, and the monster was shaking off and starting again, a furious rage aiding its speed.

The sarkanian thrusts himself forward at full speed, but the sharlint was still gaining on him. He reached the village with it snapping viciously at his heels. As he crossed the gate, the monster continued to follow him, its instincts clouded by its hunger and rage. It opened its mouth to devour his feet, but as it was doing so, a coral spear protruded from its scaly green head. Blood swirled up into the water, rising slowly to the surface far above. The sarkanian sunk to his knees, dropping his basket. People came out of their small reed huts to see what all the commotion was about. A large muscular sarkanian stepped on the sharlint's body and pulled out the spear.

"Next time I might not be here to save you, boy," practically spitting on the boy as he said it, and he slowly swam over to his house and ducked through the door. The residents of the village crowded around him, their words generally along the lines of, "Are you ok?" and, "Welcome back!"

One sarkanian woman stepped out of the crowd and reached into the basket, taking out one of the fish and slapping him in the face for it.

"Sa'iit!" The young boy cursed.

"You could have gotten killed out there Mont! No more retrieval missions for you, you're going to get a decent job here in the city..." the rest of her words faded off,

the boy wasn't really paying attention, he'd heard the same tirade again and again over the years, and he'd learned to just block it out.

"I'll be more careful next time mama," he hung his head "sadly," something he had gotten much practice on, it always worked.

"Well," his mother said, "You had better, Montre Lazarus Sharl!"

Mont cringed at that, he hated when his mother used his full name, it bothered him. He swam off into his humble cottage dejectedly. He sat down at the table, and his mother prepared dinner from some of the fish her son had brought back. Fish were bountiful in the Midriff, as long as you were willing to brave the Sharlints, and almost nobody ever went hungry there. He bit into his food with vigor, not bothering to cut the fish, but rather ripping it into pieces with his hands.

"Mom?" said Mont slowly, chewing his food thoughtfully.

"Yes, honey?" she replied.

"I've been thinking... and I want to become a member of the Guard. I was saved by one today, and I want to help people too."

"What? No! It is too dangerous, I won't let you go!" she barked.

"But mother! I need this; you keep saying I need to get a job soon, so I want to become a member of the guard."

"You cannot, I forbid it!" his mother screamed

Mont grinned, "Too late." And with that he flew out of the house and out of the village, making his way to the Guild of Guardsmen.

Mont arrived at A-tu-ne City with no interruptions, and swam over to the Guild of Guardsmen. He went up to the front desk, where a pretty young Undine was speaking to different people. She halted them for a moment and turned to him.

"Hello sir," she greeted him cheerfully, "how may I help you?"

"I wish to become a member of the Guard," he told her sternly.

She pointed behind herself, "Back there, sir, have a good day."

Mont slowly swam behind her and moved into a different room, where a grizzled, tough-looking sarkanian man was sitting behind a desk and looking generally uncomfortable.

“Sir,” Mont said sharply, “I am here to become a member of the Guard.”

The man grinned, showing his long sharp teeth, “Well then, young one, you’ll have to be taking some tests. First is the paperwork, take these to the next room and fill them out.” He started to hand Mont a stack of papers, then seemed to change his mind, and ripped them in half.

“I hate doing paperwork. You probly woulda passed anyway. On to the physical test. Go to the drop-off outside of town, there are many caves and holes in the Cliffside, bring us the rare fish Syndrollomis than can be found in one of them, you’ll know it when you see it.”

“Yes, sir!” Mont saluted briskly. He swam off and out of town, over to the drop-off. The boy slowly lowered, looking in all of the caves that pockmarked the cliff. He looks into one of them, and something shines from inside. *That must be it!* Mont thought to himself. He slowly went in as to not scare the fish. Then he realizes that it wasn’t a fish at all, the glint was coming off of an eye, a large, yellow, crocodilian eye. The sharlint darted out of its hole, its gaping maw filling Mont’s vision. The monster bit down.

* * * *

Carnival Nights

By Alexa Ho-Kang-You

With a million submarines
Dancing in the water
The starfish playing the piano
Music fills the midnight splash

In a bubble
Or in a balloon
Listen and sleep
As the carnival passes by

The moonlight in your face
The rain and the snow
Falls like glitter on the floor

Listen
As your mother reads from the book
Fall asleep in a flash
As the door closes shut

Open your present
Take off the ribbon
Hear the music that fills your day

Reid Paul

Dear Parents...Can you hear me now?

Girls reading magazines that tell them to be grotesquely skinny, boys spending countless hours playing Halo 2. This is America's youth, this is what you spawned people! The youth of America, (my generation) has been rapidly spiraling down the dirty drain. You as parents have the responsibility to get that old plunger out of the basement, and save your children.

Girls these days *have* to be skinny, and they *have* to have "name brand" clothing such as American Eagle, Abercrombie and Fitch, yada yada yada. If they do not wear clothing from stores like these, they are not held in high esteem by their peers. In addition, if a girl does not look nearly anorexic, then they are fat and by being fat, they are un-cool. I have heard a girl say, "I'm not friends with fat people." I was horrified hearing that coming from a 13 year old; an extremely prejudice statement, coming from a young or old person. Young teen girls will believe and like everything, one of their worshipped companies puts out. Abercrombie could put "I'm an ugly idiot" on a shirt and girls would be like, "Oh my god, it's sooo cute!" So parents, you see that your little girls are conforming to what they are seeing in the media and by doing so they lose all individuality.

Cell phones are another big thing. I walk down the halls of my busy middle school, and I hear and see girls conversing about their new "camera phone." These small things are taking over the lives of both the young and old. Not only are they a waste of time and money, but over time, using a cell phone can cause brain cancer.

Boys are not as bad as girls about being conformists, but they are destroying their lives in different ways. Many of today's teen boys spend hours playing video games (primarily Halo 2). By spending most of their time in front of a TV, boys are ruining both their vision and their brain.

The only reason these children's lives are being ruined is because you, parents are allowing them to. If you cared strongly about your children then you would restrain them from reading the magazines they read, overusing their cell phones, and spending their lives glued to the television.

Untitled

By Jennifer Schaffer
July 2005

The clock struck

midnight,

As a flash of **LIGHTNING** lit up the sky.

THUNDER s h o o k

the earth.

And the stream *overflowed*

with the

Tear drops

Of **G O D**.

The rain *streaking* the *[[cold]]* rocks,
as if they *dripped*

with *Blood*.

She moved with the

w i n d,

As a gust blew her to the **m O O n**

Her **pale** skin **illuminated** by the **light**

The music of *t-r-e-m-b-l-i-n-g* violins
was *beautifully* **oFF KEy**.

Her *EMERALD* eyes grew wet with tears

And a *g u e s t* blew her **ebony** hair,
as **black**
and *smooth*
as the
12:03 **sky**.

The **tears** t
r
i
c
k
l
e
d
down to her *scar*let lips.

She **blends** in with the **starless** night,

And has **no need**
for an
umbrella.

The Corn Field

Dorie Schwartz

The steep slope
Stepping over twigs, stones, leaves
Over logs, between trees
The crunch of nature's rubble from autumn
The chirp of birds, the smell of damp wood
A soft breeze ripples the trees
The sun peaks through the branches
Flooding the Earth with light
Ducking under brambles and over rusted wires
I step into the opening
It is a field
A field full of the remnants of corn
The stalks are cornless, cut down, dry
The Earth beneath is soft, moist
With every step, water springs out
This may be a neighbor's corn field
Dampened with memories of annual freshness
But in my imagination
It belongs to me

Untitled
By Brad Wetherell

The rain blurs everything.
The nameless white wooden-stake crosses
look like a field of wild flowers,

and I wish yours would grow.
Into a headstone, like the ones we have
back home, lined up in cemeteries
like dominos that will never fall
again.

Then
I could tell you apart from the rest.

I imagine myself struggling
to pull up your cross, stowing
it away in my rucksack until I return
home—
where it could stand on a hillside,
in the shade, overlooking the bay you always—
but the ground is hard, like stone,
and I am no King Arthur.

Puddles form below me.
There are no cracks in the dirt floor
for the water to escape
to. Kneeling, I cup my hands
and catch the rain, then I
let it
 drip,
 drop
onto your cross, any cross.

They never found you,
entirely. And yet I speak to you.
To it. The cross. I tell myself:
This is you.
But you were so much more.
I speak letters I will never write,
that your family will never read,
but that I will remember every morning
as I shower.

And your journal is all that is left now.

Is it wrong that I want to keep it?
That I have flipped to its last page
and read the words you wrote the night before:

*It doesn't rain here often,
but when it does, it truly falls
from the heavens*

An excerpt from *Notes for Young Writers* (in progress)
Julia Bolus

Begin

All you have to know is what you actually think
and feel and every sentence will be a revelation.

Allen Ginsberg

You sit at a desk, on a park bench, in bed, on a bus or a train, and open a notebook. When you make the first mark on blank paper—or the first keystroke—you assert yourself as writer, as maker. If beginning is difficult for you, take comfort in poet Robert Creeley’s advice: “Don’t be discouraged if, at first, nothing much happens at all.”

Writing practice helps avoid the awkward strangeness of a blank page after long silence. Novelist Margaret Atwood noted: “If I waited for perfection, I would never write a word.” Write every day—in your journal, notes to friends, fragments of dreams—anything to keep your hands familiar with paper or keyboard and your mind open to the flow of language. Then when a new project appears, or an old one calls for completion, your hands will naturally reach for your tools. Your mind will clear for the words to come.

Generally I’ve found this to be true: I have forced myself to begin writing when I’ve been utterly exhausted, when I’ve felt my soul as thin as a playing card, when nothing has seemed worth enduring for another five minutes . . . and somehow the activity of writing changes everything.

Joyce Carol Oates

Novelist Willa Cather wrote: “Most of the basic material a writer works with is acquired before the age of fifteen.” Don’t wait. Begin with anything or nothing. Trust the images, phrases and rhythms that come to you. Follow them. Poet James Merrill said: “If you follow trustfully, it’s surprising how far an image can lead.”

There is nothing to wait for that isn’t here.

Robert Creeley

The Opera
By Anna Benson

“Maria, where did you put our opera tickets? I can’t find them anywhere!” Jacque exclaimed.

“I put them by the stuffed crocodile in the living room!” Maria shouted back.

“Well, you better hurry up, because the Paris taxi is coming soon!” Jacque yelled, annoyed.

“Just hold on for one more minute, I’m chopping onions for our dinner!” Maria screamed.

Finally, Jacque managed to drag Maria out of the kitchen and they ran outside into the pouring rain, holding a thumb out, Jacque indicated for the taxi. During the ride, they sat in awkward silence until Maria asked

“What’s the opera called again?”

“It’s called Le Rouge Fleur, or the Red Rose.” Jacque replied.

Both were clearly upset with each other. When they arrived, Jacque tried to apologize to Maria.

“I’m truly sorry about how I acted. I want you to forgive me.”

Maria just stared at the stage in cold, hard cruelty. She pulled out her pack of camel cigarettes, not knowing that behind her sat a car mechanic, with oil dripping down to the floor from his black loafers. She dropped her cigarette. The aisle, then balcony, then the whole theater was in flames. In a desperate attempt to save Maria, Jacque held out his hand, but it was too late. The balcony was crumbling beneath him, and he fell, crying her name. When the firefighters finally came to rescue the shocked Maria, she was in tears. She never had the chance to accept his apology, and she lived in sorrow, regret, and shame for the rest of her life.

The Arrogance Dive

Franz Burda

“Markus, you ok?”

“Yeah, yeah.”

“No man; what’s wrong with you? You’re sweating like a pig.”

“I dunno. I’m so nervous for this championship game.”

“What, get outta here man. I’ve known you all my life; we’ve played on the San Francisco Giant’s together for the past five years.”

“Ok, all right”

“What OK all right, you’re Markus Grisleson”

“So what if I mess up man.”

“Zip it man! Now listen to me; you are great. No you are the best. You are from San Francisco, California, born, raised and you dwell here. The people love ya. You are a strong, tall, handsome, stylistic, black man, who, not to mention, gets all the ladies with that clean-shaven buzz cut of yours and the wealth from the 15 mill you make a year. Your job and your life is baseball. You’re young; 26 to be exact. You have your whole life to become even greater. Your skills are greater than any other center fielder out there, plus you motivate kids to play. You are a romantic Roman Catholic....”

“Wait, what does that have to do with anything?”

“It doesn’t matter man, you have no fears, you have more friends than I have ever seen. You are healthy; you don’t smoke or drink, no police record and best of all you just plain love baseball. Now get out of this locker room and go win this game.”

“Yeah, yeah, I am perfect. I am the best. You’re right; thanks Barry.”

“Anytime.”

“Yeah and you’re injured and on steroids. Ha gee, thanks for all the compliments.”

“It’s the championship game. The New York Yankees against The San Francisco Giants: 3-3 in games. Lets find out who will win this 2005 World Series,” yells the commentator. “Oh yeah and to all those Red Sox fans, I would just like to congratulate you on the 4-0 game loss against the Yankees. Different than last year huh?”

“Johnson throws the first pitch. Strike! And the game is off.”

The game continues: couple of hits, couple of runs, and a couple of strikeouts. The real bedtime story though is Markus. He is playing like an angel in the outfield. He is shagging fly’s and catching divers; he is playing like a true pro. Markus is boasting in the outfield to himself and the players around him. The giants are winning this game 3:1,

“Yankees are up to ball. Wow, he killed that ball. It is high, it is far, it is an amazing diving catch by Markus Grisleson. Two outs; this could be it fellas.”

“Way to go Markus,” he says to himself in the outfield. “You can catch anything; you’re a god.”

“Sheffield is up. Ahh, line drive past the diving shortstop; beautiful double. A Rod up to bat; hard hit grounder up the middle....ooooooh off the glove of the second basemen. Stolen base! Man on first and third.”

The commentator doesn’t have a moment of silence.

“Matsui is up; this could be trouble. The first pitch, strike! Pitch number two-it is high, it is far, it is a aaaaaaa fowl ball! Aah too bad. I mean I’m a neutral fan. This could be it right here; this pitch could end it. The Pitch. Wow! That ball is carrying well. It’s headed into center field.....”

“Markus, you’re gunna catch it anyway; take your time.”

His arrogance blinded him. He misjudged the ball, he dove stumbled and landed on his head just in time to see the ball drop before his eyes. Out of shame and bad sportsmanship and more shame, he did not bother to get up and throw the ball in. It was an inside-the-park homerun.

“The Yankees win, theeee Yankees win!”

“The Yankees have won their 27th”

The fans, still angry at Markus, booed until he left the field. Markus had a lot of hate mail coming to him, that’s for sure.

Jean Harlow picture

By: Morgan Evans

What was it like to be a blonde bombshell of the 1930s? Sweet and cunning, is how every girl during the time appeared to be in her photo, no one ever knowing the truth.

Daisy, was tall, blonde, and beautiful. She was another one of the bombshells during the time of Jean Harlow and Lucille Ball. She came in every morning for work, looking tired and exhausted. Her body was thin and weak and her eyes were sometimes bloodshot. People rushed to get her into hair, make-up, and wardrobe. Daisy would slowly react with them.

Normally, while in hair, she would lounge in the chair, light a cigarette and go. She had not a care in the world, or so it looked. After hair and make-up, she would slowly get up walk over to wardrobe. "White!" they would say. "The color of her skin and hair." So, white was the color of her dress that she wore, her white, flowing dress. When she came out of the dressing room, she looked so pure...so white.

She was led into the room with only an antique chair and an Alaskan bear rug. She was placed perfectly on the bear's head, where she was to pose. Her eyes closed at first, and then she looked up at the camera when she heard: "Ready." Still frowning, and serious, she glowed upon the dark set. She looked heavenly, almost angel like. The camera was ready now and a small smirk appeared on her face. It was a sly, yet sexy. She looked like those who had come before her now. The camera flashed...bringing back all her old and so-called forgotten memories in a heartbeat in those few seconds. Her eyelashes fluttered. After just one shot, she got up and started to walk off the set. People behind her were crying out her name. She turned around, frustrated and annoyed. She picked up a glass vase, then liquor bottles and cups, pillows, and cans...were now broken and scattered everywhere.

She collapsed on the floor, now in tears, her white dress all around her, surrounding her like an angel's barrier. She looked heavenly, sweet, and cunning.

ME

By Erick Fernandez

I am that used gum that sticks on your shoes
I am that messed up thing that gives you the blues.
I am that pollen that goes up in your nose,
And I'm that annoying kid that follows you everywhere you go.

I am also, that shining star in the sky,
I am that airplane that flies up so high.
I am that nice sports car that everyone loves
I am your angel that shines from up above.
I am that hidden diamond that's in the rough,
And I am that friend, who is with you when times get tough.

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Too Late

By Allie Harvey

It's never too late for another goodbye,
It's never too late for just one more try,
It's never too late to tell someone how you feel,
It's never too late to make new feelings real.
It's never too late to risk it all,
If you know that someone will break your fall.

Chief Red Cloud

By Iris Lin

I am the Chief Red Cloud, the leader of the Indians. I lead them to hunt, manage all the affairs, and solve the problems for people. People in my group admire me and call me “My kind Chief.”

When you look at me, you will see a feather on my head. That is the sign of “brave” and “strong.” This sign is just for men, not women. We get the feather by holding the hunting competition each three years. Every man has to be in this race and has only one chance to join this game. Winning this race will be the biggest honor for men. Each one who is in this race has the same mission, for example, to catch an ox. Everyone who capture a prey can win a feather. If your prey is the biggest, you will win the biggest feather. I have won a contest and the awesome feather that year.

Well, maybe you will think that I am born to be so lucky. However, I am not. I got the Chief’s place by working so hard. It was not easy at all. I have had no parents and no family since I was a little boy. No one cared about me and no one wanted to give me any money or food. I told myself, “No one will give you anything, and no one can help you. Red Cloud, you do not need anyone’s help and you should have strong will to be alive. Go ahead, Red Cloud!” I kept working and working to train myself to hunt big animals. Then, in the contest, I won. I also caught the last Chief’s eye and married his daughter. I became the Chief of Indians since the last Chief was dead.

Then you maybe move your eyes down to find out what I am wearing. I am wearing the traditional Indian dress. Although it is old and broken, I still love it very much. My father, who was the most important person in my life, handed this cloth to me before he died. When I wear it, I can feel the warmth and the confidence fill in my whole body. This cloth is full of power. It gives me a force to do things I want to do.

I am proud of being an Indian. I do not know why some of my people are so ashamed of admitting we are Indians. There are many people who are different from us, who laugh at us. I, born to be an Indian, have the most beautiful red skin and black hair. People who hate us say it is the sign of “guilty.” NO! THEY ARE ALL WRONG! God, who gives us this red skin, has his meanings-he wants us to live like a fire. Life is so short, but we can make it bright. Just like a fire, life should full of “joy” and “happiness.”

Two Senryu
By: Melanie Potts

Adam Brody

Cute guy from the OC
Adorably dorky on TV
Funniest character

Not a care

Running, racing down
The street holding a
Picture of angels

I AM

By Jessica Spall

I am like a fish

Swimming beyond belief

I am like a cheetah

Trying my best to succeed

I am like an arctic fox

Playing in the glittering snow

I am like an eagle

Soaring into my imagination

I am like a bear

Dreaming in the winter

I am like many things

I am sorry
By Dan Genck

George said the future is a hydrogen economy.
Is there anything else we should know, Mr. President?

Could you tell us how light hydrogen is?
Could you tell us how impossible it would be to ship around the nation?
Could you tell us how it slips and slithers out of all holding places?
Could you tell us how fickle and dangerous hydrogen can be in an accident?
Could you tell us how corrosive it is to whatever tries to help it?
Could you tell us how you are going to retrofit gas and oil lines?
Could you tell us how you are going to retrofit the world's gas stations?
Could you tell us how you plan to make hydrogen affordable for everyone?
Could you tell us the names of people who are currently working on this problem?
Could you tell us anything that will make us feel better?

Maybe you should be telling us the truth.
Maybe you should be telling us that the end of suburbia is near.
Maybe you should be telling us that the driving lifestyle is falling from the sky.
Maybe you should be telling us that we should live somewhere with abundant water.
Maybe you should be telling us to start looking into farming and food production.
Maybe you should be telling us to conserve, conserve, conserve at all costs!
Maybe you should be telling us to be active and look for solutions.
Maybe you should be telling us the truth about how wasteful we are.
Maybe you should be telling us about the dangers of national debt without energy safety.
Maybe you should be telling us that you do not have any answers and are not looking for any.

I will tell you that America has technological hubris.
I will tell you that an answer will not magically come to our rescue.
I will tell you that our debt will cripple us from being able to keep our standard lifestyle.
I will tell you that the baby boomers have destroyed our country with their waste.
I will tell you that the suburbs are too spread out to survive without oil.
I will tell you that without a car, properties outside Chicago, Phoenix and Minneapolis are worthless.
I will tell you that a market without growth can and will exist.
I will tell you that peak oil production is staggeringly close.
I will tell you that I am afraid for my life.
I will tell you that I am even more afraid for the lives of my children.

The world could change forever when I am 60.
My children may only be 30.
My grandchildren may be newborn babies.

I am sorry.

Making Peace With Failure

by Leigh Rader

Failure has become a dirty word. We all do it, but we don't like to talk about it in front of company. Too often we play our failures close to the chest, keep our heads down and hope nobody notices. Why is that? Great things can come from stubbing your toe on a tough little problem, turning around and taking a long look at what tripped you up. It's in the looking that the learning happens. My parents love to tell the story of the bull-headed mare who threw me when I was eight. She galloped back to barn with the empty stirrups flapping, and I had 20 minutes to work up a full head of steam as I walked back home. My likes to recall how I told him, "The damn horse threw me," and then picked up the reins. My bruising failure had taught me hang on a little tighter when a horse starts getting squirrely.

Failure's been no stranger in the years since then. I've also had enough small successes, so I can't complain. But I'd have to say that failure's been the better teacher. I think about Alex, an energetic eighth grade student who had plenty to say until it was time to write it down. After each time Alex refused to write, or was unwilling to go beyond a minimal effort, I tried a new approach and tried to make the most of his talents and interests. I tried harder to design lessons that Alex could do well, lessons that would help him feel better about himself as a writer. Some of them worked spectacularly, but others drove him into a corner, protected by his you-can't-make-me armor.

The difference between me and Alex is our acceptance of failure. When the work gets tough, I usually end up seeing failure as a challenge, but Alex sees it as one more dead end. Some time, long before I met him, someone pulled the net out from under Alex and just let him fall. No one told him every idea might not work, or that he'd have to test out some bad ideas to get to the good. No one put failure in the proper framework. It's just part of the process: you get bucked off, you figure out why and then you climb back on the horse.

It's time we start telling kids what every good scientist knows; failure can teach you as much as success if you don't get stuck. Einstein didn't sit down with a croissant and a cappuccino one morning and crank out the theory of relativity. He battered away it, testing, refining and discarding the formulas that did not work until he found one he knew to be true. Everyone ought to have that luxury - the space to dream, plan and practice without a crippling fear of making a mistake. We owe at least that much to ourselves.

Ms. Palm's Morning Class

Brandon Bottini

Ayinde Emers

Charles Ferguson

Lauren Kinkade

Emily Knapsack

Benson Ku

Gianpaolo Lodevole

Sariya Phataraprasit

Mariah Shanahan

Kristin Züblin

Teaching Assistants

Joanna Barker

Jacob Winkler

"To me, the greatest pleasure of writing is not what it's about,
but the inner music that words make." -Truman Capote

Brandon Bottini

The Five Senses

To be a great writer you need to know how to write in detail. A great way to learn how to write in detail is by using your five senses. You can feel, smell, hear, see, and even taste anything just by explaining it in detail on your paper. When I had to smell something and give information about what it smelled like, it was hard to put the smell into words. However, once I got the right word I could use that word to give an explanation about what it smelled like.

When I smelled the ginger, I was very confused about what it was because I have never smelled ginger before. I had to explain something that I have never experienced. Writing about the ginger was like a soccer game. While you are playing the game, you never know how it is going to end. During the game, you are trying to find all different ways to score a goal just like when you are writing you try to find all different words to make your essay sound better and have more meaning. At the end of the game, you either tried you hardest like trying your hardest to write good details and if you did well you feel good about yourself. When you use details to make something come to

life on your paper, it enhances the story so much more to people and makes them believe that they are actually there.

When I was in the church, I could use almost of my senses to describe what was in there. For me it was the easiest because I could see and feel everything in there. Here is an example of what I wrote about the church: “The wooden chairs are hard but smooth. The rocky ground is dirty but holy. The wooden roof is old but sturdy.” I thought it was good for my first time doing it.

People

People always say
to stop and smell the roses,
but what if you're allergic?

People always say
live life to the fullest,
and then what, vomit?

People always say
be a leader not a follower,
but if everyone is a leader
who is going to follow them?

Why doesn't everyone just say,
BE YOURSELF?

-Ayinde Emers

“Ultimately, a poem has an electrical force field which is love.”- Joy Harjo

Ever Wonder?

Ever wonder
Why a poem
Always seems to make us laugh,
Or make us cry,
Like a force field
Of love?

Maybe it's because
They're a mystery
You can never solve.
Or a story
You can end anyway you want.
Or maybe,
It's because you can relate to them,
No matter how ridiculous,
Or sad they are.
Or maybe,
It's all of the above.

Your Highness

A boy born into royalty encumbered in silver and gold,
Of treason committed.
The highness's assistant was crimson with fury.

Depression covers the community.
Silent screeches fill the chilled night's air.
Numberless encounters with the devil from sins that have bin committed.

Under soil, under strain,
Contained by a box of matured wood,
Occupied in seclusion,
Remains left behind.

While strength of mind rises to the heavens,
Route of existence left after with an indication of reminiscence.
Look back and perceive the eyes of the citizens tearing,

Fathers and wives struggle to bring food to the table.
Thieves raid dwellings and seize valuables,
The situation of the community is dreadful.

For the king has died.

Nature Walk

Grouped in bunches, we grow tall as one. There are five of us connected together like a bunch of balloons. Day by day, we watch things go by. Like cars, people, dogs and much more. It is as the road is a never ending T.V., for something is always going to happen. Insects fly past us and sometimes they rest on us. We do not mind if the insects rest on us because it is a sign of good hospitality. The grass before us grows green, but as it dies, it turns brown. As we grow, our sunshine yellow also turns paler and fades away. Soon enough, young ones bloom.

Feeling the willow tree is like feeling dry, cracked-up dirt in the hot summer. The green grassy moss that grows on the trunk gives it a grand texture. Green leaves branch out from some areas making it look magnificent. Some small green leaves that look like cabbage grow along with the moss.

Layers and layers of stones stacked up to construct a magnificent building, making beautiful and unique sceneries. Wood stacked up in piles to build a long-lasting roof. Floors made of stone that are cold as ice. As you sit there, wondering, you can hear the air conditioner humming. In the back, there are rows and rows of metal organs ready to be played. Giving out a woody smell the chapel is a very peaceful and relaxing place to be.

Eight Days

By Mariah Shanahan

Her curly long hair
Red as a tomato
Her white skin
Soft as cotton
Her triangle nose
Her bright blue eyes
Her stitched smile

She can smile all she wants
She doesn't fool me
I know all about how
Her painted heart faded
When I left Andy
In the sandbox
For eight days
In the rain.

Kristen Zublin

The graceful birds chirp
As they soar through the blue sky
With their wings expanded

~

The rose petal droops
The flower turns a dark brown
The pollen dries out

~

The wind starts to blow
The cool breeze brushes against the trees
The leaves shake and fall

~

The sky grew darker
Raindrops pelted the Earth's surface
The storm had begun

~

The night sky grew light
With the bright stars and full moon
Gazing down on me

~

The cold autumn wind blew
The colorful leaves hovered through the air
A pile of leaves settled

Hotel Pierre, 1958

a pantoum by Joanna Barker, inspired by Inge Morath's "Ball at the Hotel Pierre"

Crystal jewels sit on her skin,
brilliant, and glimmer
from the sun singing through the glass
into the grand ballroom. The conductor lifts his baton;

brilliant. And glimmer
gleam and glisten. A steady beat emerging.
Into the grand ballroom the conductor lifts. His baton
catching her auburn eyes.

Gleam and glisten, a steady beat. Emerging
From the corner of the crowded space –
catching her auburn eyes –
the gentleman appears.

From the corner of the crowded space
(she knows she shouldn't be looking),
the gentleman appears.
Her purse heavy on her wrist,

she knows (she shouldn't be looking)
from the sun singing through the glass.
Her purse heavy. On her wrist,
crystal jewels. Sit on her skin.

This is to bless the occasion

This is to bless the occasion
the moment you are currently in
sitting somewhere reading
this accumulation of three weeks' time
condensed, compressed and saved
a time capsule deposited for post-apocalyptic poetry readings
where a generation grown up with a species' attempted suicide
writes new words in the sand before the toxic oceans swallow them
so we send on through space and time this packet
your children perhaps or yourself or some stranger
riffing through these pages with curious fingers
what spells do you cast in your world, what poems are you writing with your life?
this is meant as token of our appreciation
we have given these weeks to writing
and beyond memory
this is what remains
drink deep

jacob winkler

Early Morning

In this hollow, an arch of darkness,
where trees part, like a nave, and
stave off fear. Birch and larch, all bark and blossom,
welcome children here.

Choose your limb in this soft place.
Swing, child, swing, you tell yourself.
Grad hold, push out – see blue sky blanch. Feel alder,
spruce and locust branch; the aspens
brush your smooth young face.

Your white socked feet fly up, and high.
Arms flung straight out from your sides, your head
tips back, mouth opens wide.

We saw you on our morning walk,
found you in the hollow.
Head bowed,
limbs still,
and the crowd, a ring of police around your feet
in this early mourning hour.

Christine Palm

Paper Café
Dr. Greene's Morning Class
Summer Writer's Camp
2005

Featuring prose and poetry by

Sam Hunt

John Kim

Sylvia Martinez

Giulia Palermo

Krit Singh

Corinna Skeete

Emily Ruth Verona

Leon von Ullmann

Teaching Assistant

Jennifer Bondurant

Teacher

David Greene

Teddy (In memory of a friend)

By Sam Hunt

I can't go through life asking "what if"
I want to forget about what happened last year
I need to erase it from my mind
I just have to remember.
You can't keep asking yourself "was it me"
You want him to come back and rest in your arms
You need support and love from all of us
You just have to remember.
We can't forget the words, "the finish line is only the beginning"
We want to go back in time and stop him from ever leaving
We need to listen to what they have to say
We just have to remember.
I can't keep wanting him to be here with me
I want to let go of the memory
I need to forget about everything that was
I just have to remember.
You can't blame yourself for what happened
You want to make sure everyone is still okay,
You need to think about what he would want
You just have to remember.
We can't all get him back
We want it to be like old times
We need to know that he is okay where he is
We just have to remember.
I can't keep saying he's gone forever
I want to know that he can still see me
I need to keep living my life
I just have to remember.
None of us can forget what happened
None of us wants to remember what happened
None of us needs to wish it were our self
None of us has to remember.

The Deadly Race

by John Kim

He lights his last cigarette. He has been smoking since he was twenty one, during the two years of army training. Short flashbacks of yesterday run through his head. He and his wife were fighting over cigarettes again. "Don't you have any will powers to quit those dreadful drugs?" "Oh god, every time she thinks she has nothing to say, she brings this topic out!" Actually, he tried to quit it when government has announced there will be cigarette price increase. However, shooting pain in his left leg forced him to restart this deadly race to death. "Whatever."

He sucks the filter deeply. He feels his lungs fill with carbon monoxide, blocking the trade of oxygen and carbon dioxide. As soon as he blows the smoke slowly, the smoke covers him with a gentle aroma. The word he is looking for is "heavenly."

Feeling the emptiness inside, he goes into a cigar store for another pack. As he lights his new pack of cigarette, he thinks, "Why, why did I started this race? What motive made me start?" Some researchers say the size of the filter is just like the feeling of mother's breast. They can't forget the feeling and start smoking, just like how Chupa chups work. Some say they enjoy the emptiness and relaxation during smoking. However, the motivation of his smoking was unclear. Maybe it was because the army distributed them for free.

He fills his lung with the sweet caramel tasting smoke. "I should stop. I should." He promises as soon as he finds out that there is no meaning for this. He is a man of strong will power. He will succeed this time.

Controlled by Emotions

By: Sylvia Martinez

*Emotions we cannot control
For they overwhelm us like a tidal wave.
We cannot help the way we feel.
Emotions seek us wherever we go.
There is no point in running,
They will find you.*

*They will find you
Your emotions you cannot control.
You feel your whole life you have been running.
The way you feel when you see him wave,
You do not know what to do, where to go.
However, you cannot change the way he feels.*

*However, it is the way he feels.
That changes you.
Wherever you go
Your emotions cannot be controlled.
It seems from a tidal wave
That you are running.*

*You are running
From the way you feel.
You try to overwhelm him like a tidal wave,
But he does not see you.
You cannot control
Them everywhere you go.*

*Everywhere he goes
You are running.
You cannot control.
The way he feels
You hope is for you.
Like when you see him wave.*

*When you see him wave
You want to go,
But he is not waving at you.
So you are running
From the way he feels
Because emotions we cannot control.*

Mirror

by Giulia Palermo

A mirror reflecting a person
Shows them how they look like on the outside

But if they carefully look beyond it
The silence in the room will be broken
 by their thoughts,
 Their plans, their songs, their dreams.

A mirror may show a person what he truly is and not
 what he wants to appear to other people.

But if they want to hide from themselves and
 from others under a mask
 Each time they will look in the mirror,
They will hear silence,
Frightening silence,

Because the mirror will only reflect a thick white mask,
And will not be able to read their thoughts in their minds.

But maybe will be able
 to seek the sadness under a fake smile
 or a tear behind sad eyes.

A Simple Morning

By Kritiyavijay Singh

Upon a simple morning
Dawn rises quietly
And the beautiful light
Appears with a shining brilliance
The fiery yellow and reds
Can be seen through the bedroom window

Staring out the widow
Watching the fading morning
Drinking coffee with a red
Complexion and listening to music quietly
Button the blazers shining
Buttons and walk slowly out into the light

The day goes on and watching the light
Slowly fade through the window
The car light shining
For the lack of light and morning
Sitting on the couch and thinking quietly
Then aching and waiting to see the yellow and red

Behind These Hazel Eyes

By: Corinna Skeete

Behind These Hazel Eyes

My mind is confused, I don't now what to do

I think I should stay, but then that will be better for you

And if I don't then its over for good

I don't want to leave you but I really think I should

Behind These Hazel Eyes

I think about you

How it used to be

However, what really matters

Is what you did not do

Behind These Hazel Eyes

*I followed my mind every other time and what I did was a waste of
time*

Someone else could have done better for me

But you had me stuck on you, which made me think

I love you so, that I do not want to let you go. But guess what?

I did and you already know

*Behind These Hazel Eyes I wish you could see, cause there is so
much more there that you did not see!*

Shattered Light

by Emily Ruth Verona

There is a time when fate shatters light,
When shadows seep into the air,
And the darkest of things creep and bite.

For times such as these are beyond mere sight,
They take hold of emotions to cripple, leaving them bare,
There is a time when fate shatters light.

In corners where hidden ones are too tired to fight,
When hope has been ban and no one cares,
And the darkest of things creep and bite.

Horror grips life as warriors lose all their might,
For the rules of war are no longer fair,
There is a time when fate shatters light.

The air grows thick, blinding sight,
And to wander astray, one would not dare,
And the darkest of things creep and bite.

When life is dear and held tight,
When hidden secrets are not often said to share,
There is a time when fate shatters light,
And the darkest of things creep and bite.

The fire in which you can see it all

By Leon von Ullmann

The fire that burns a crimson flame,
The fire blood red and sea blue.
The fire in which you can see it all,
If you just took some time to stare.

The fires are lovers dancing,
The fires are gunshots in war.
The fire is a tiger ready to pounce,
The fire is a creature that withdraws.

The fire is a dog kneeling to its master,
The fire is a rebel living in anarchy.
The fire is an angel praying for peace,
The fire is a citizen tamed by democracy.

The sparks are like fireflies carelessly drifting about,
The wood is a criminal being beaten by law.
The flame is a snake slithering and hissing about,
The smoke is like fog mentally blinding the eyes in war.

The fire smells of cigarettes, harmful when inhaled,
The fire smells of incense sticks, aroma floating around.
The fire tastes of dust, unique and harmful,
The fire tastes of methane gas, a supernatural taste is bound.

The fire is a rose dedicating its love,
The fire is an assassin dedicating its hate.

The fire is a soul released to roam heaven,
The fire is an eagle soaring freely in the sky.
The fire is a boxer knocked out in the ring,
The fire is a victim falling and ready to die.

The fire is a heart pumping life to every breath,
The fire is an abandoned cottage left to rot and dies.
The fire is a human that hurts, loves and bleeds,
The fire is a residence letting off homely vibes.

The fire is everything you want it to be,
Look carefully through your minds eye.
The fire in which you can see it all,
If you just took some time to stare.

empower

by jennifer bondurant

“starvation is the creation of the devil” - gian lodevole

we need a proclamation of emancipation
for those who cannot read
who cannot write
for those without homes
for those without education

rid yourselves of accusatory
explanations for poverty
answers don't lie in blame ---
the shift of responsibility
the error of attribution
poverty, hunger, and disease
are preventable by economic innovation
the death of apathy
the birth of compassion

stand and deliver your message
the credence calls for the extermination of discrimination
the celebration of love and elevation

realize truth
are we one nation, states unified?
red and blue lines do not, our country, divide?
is this not our contradiction?
the hypocrisy of our “democracy”?
question the system and take your position
come together with those of your kin
question the condition of everything
discover all you can
empowered you are by knowledge

come together as a world, a common people,
for motion for motivation
not for instigation of the fight

we claim we've tried
for the eradication
of suicide
of genocide
to step aside
from these holy wars
empowered with the illumination of your mind
empowered with the refusal of our pasts' recreation
empowered with vision
empowered with sight
empowered with the power to write
empowered with the knowledge
of when
never to fight.

Under Rocks and Behind Closed Doors

a sestina by David Greene

The deepest mysteries in life are both complex and simple:
love at first sight, laughter, and the memory
of being three years old, thinking everything serious is silly.
Of what stuff is “mind” made; what are thoughts?
How does this thinking thing called “self” learn desire
and what ephemeral nets catch, and create in us, need?

I feel at times that I am the marionette of Need,
and, feeling this, life seems anything but simple.
Is the soul only an endless machine fabricating desire
out of random association and mimetic fantasy; leaving the self with a memory
Of what it believed it possessed? We are our thoughts
and yet, the ultimate truth of what we want and seek is silly.

“Innocent” is the original meaning of the word “silly”—
Is there still innocence in the deep longing of human need?
I shudder, and in this moment, consider the sudden thought
That all humanity is both fly and spider web—a simple
Analogy for a terrifying truth. We are only saved from destruction by memory:
The ability to unlearn ourselves over time and tame the beast Desire.

I am self-reflecting and more than a web of desire
if I can laugh; I have the right to revel in the silly
and if I have loved, then of love I can cherish the memory.
We are also all that we have loved; we need
Only to honor Love—let this rule be the simple
definition of humanity. Only then can we find safely in thought.

Walls of either a prison or a palace can be built out of thought;
either onto a noble quest or into damnation, leads us, desire.
The soul seeks complex reasons; truth does not suffer for answers that are simple
because the soul, in its depth, senses that the Fool’s Word is silly.
For wish-fulfillment and fantasy such a soul has no need—
This soul has descended and explored the labyrinth of memory.

The depths of the mind are complex and mysterious; beneath that, deeper memory awaits to be explored; the richest treasures are buried in the tombs of our own thought. Only Truth do we, selves, thinking things, need.

Questing, searching, seeking—this is the fount of golden desire; unfettered self can now search for love, quest for this silly precious, urgent connection. Truth is love and love is simple:

Remember love in a simple memory, remembered unconstrained desire.

Discover truth in a silly thought—sublime, veiled, masked, silly.

Truth and Love. We always already have what we need—it's that simple.

