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MacArthur High School



# Bullseye 1997



## **Bullseye 1997**

Volume 13

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of

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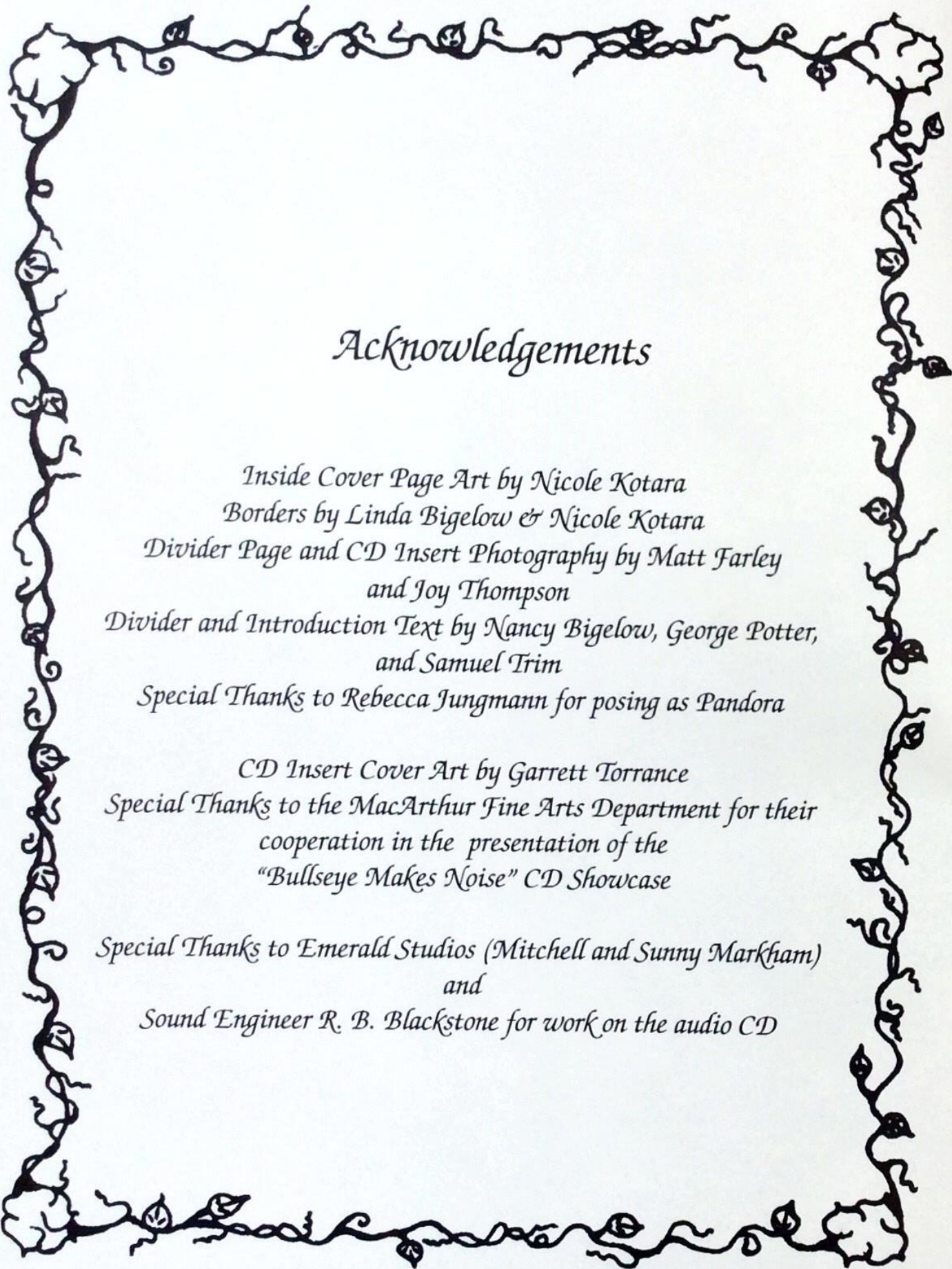
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Pandora's Box



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# Pandora's Box



delicate garden of eden  
solace is useless  
where there is no strife . . . . . 5 - 16



ongoing subliminal civil war  
desire engulfs the soul  
flailing blindly in the overwhelming flood . . . . . 17 - 36



voices in the head  
empowering the rapture of insanity  
until a cosmic void reigns . . . . . 37 - 52



peace is inevitably found  
innocence dies  
but dreams last forever . . . . . 53 - 65

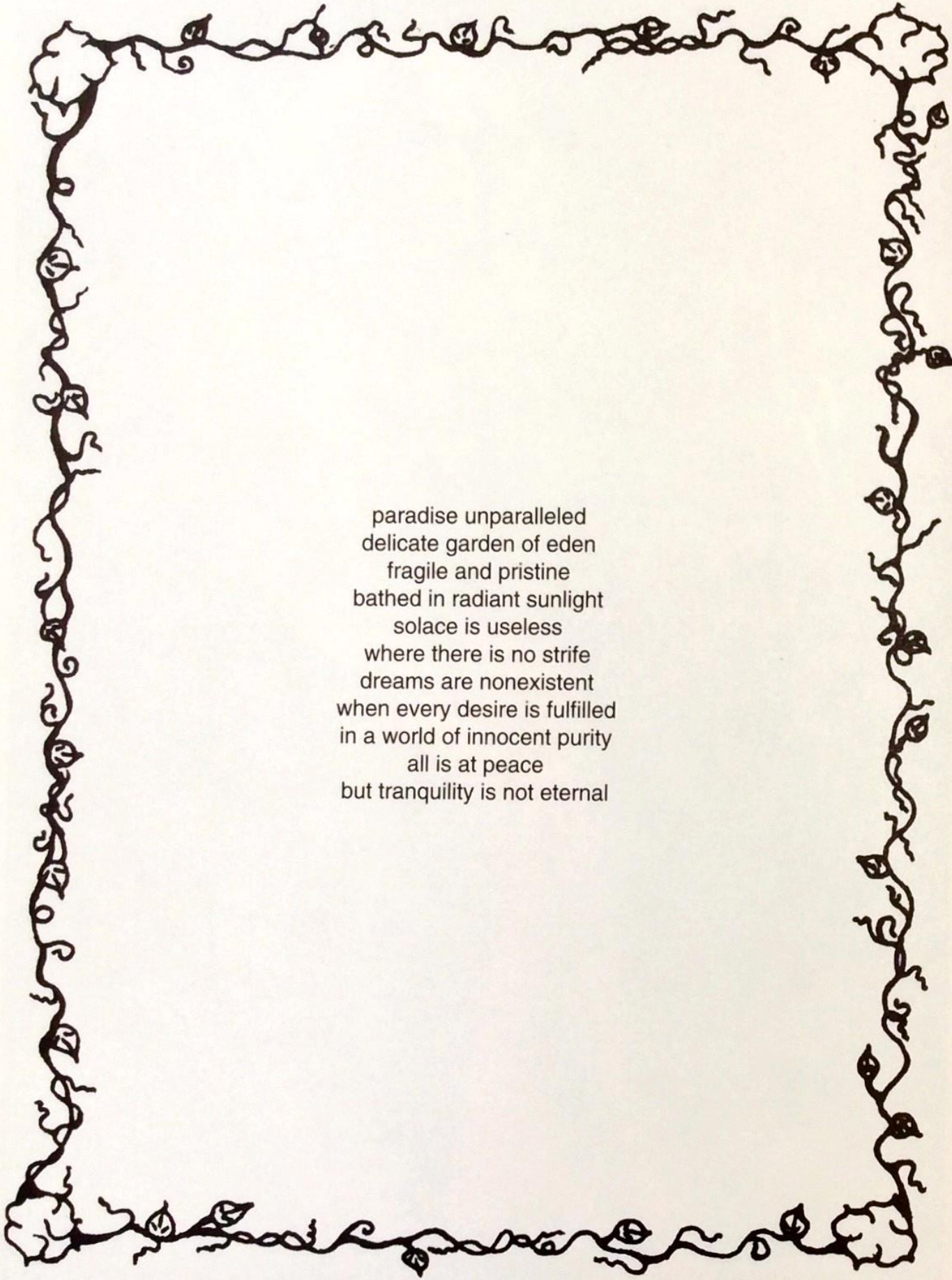
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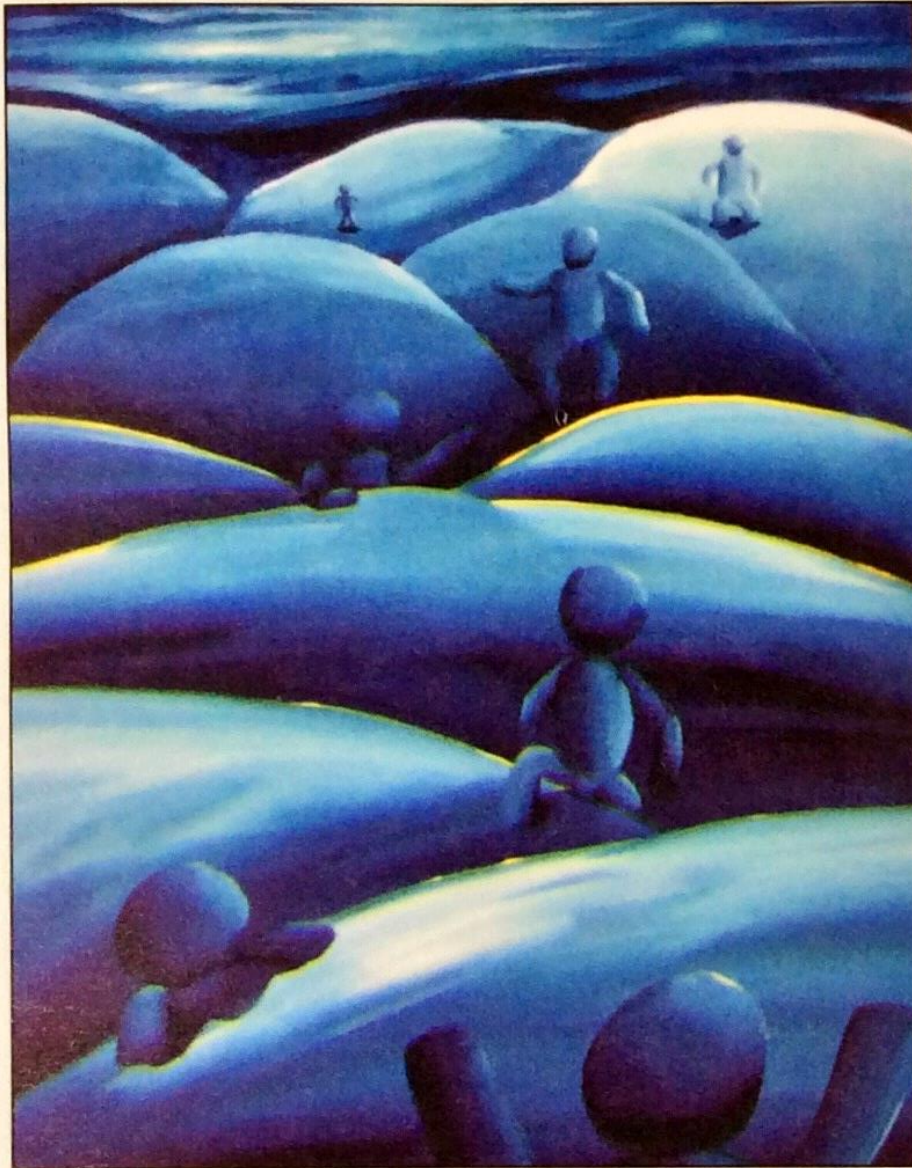
## *Introduction*

- I. Pandora, the first woman,  
in which beauty and charm become one  
a gift wrapped in destiny  
by petty deities  
playing games with their new toys  
but perfection is a theoretical ideal  
her curiosity and intrigue for the secret  
hidden behind the seal  
of a forbidden box  
which brings everlasting change
  
- II. she breaks the seal  
and as the lid swings open  
winds swirl  
darkness surrounds a virgin planet  
purity vanishes  
horrors are unleashed  
evil, greed, jealousy  
now dance among man  
seducing him with misery  
in panic she seals the lid,  
but a ray of light shines through  
a solitary treasure  
hidden in the darkest corner of the box  
security for all those who follow  
hope remains





paradise unparalleled  
delicate garden of eden  
fragile and pristine  
bathed in radiant sunlight  
solace is useless  
where there is no strife  
dreams are nonexistent  
when every desire is fulfilled  
in a world of innocent purity  
all is at peace  
but tranquility is not eternal



*Andy Tschoepe*

**BOB**  
**Teresa Root**

Mighty Bob left for the land of Bobs, a treacherous journey  
Mighty Bob abandoned all at home  
He enjoyed their presence, but they were not Bobs  
He left for a place where Bobs were plentiful and  
You could pick them off trees  
Every little sprout was a Bob  
Bobgolds, Bobonnets and Bobalions grew from all corners  
As Bob wandered through this strange Bob land  
He picked a beautiful bouquet of all the Bobs of the rainbow  
As Bob continued down the Bob path, he felt something missing  
He pondered to himself,  
"I have all the food any Bob could eat,  
I feel no draft, I can see I'm wearing clothes,  
I even have a beautiful Bob bouquet"  
As the Bob years rolled on  
(which is equal in standard time to a few seconds)

Bob continued to try to fill in the void  
Suddenly he had a brainstorm only Bobs could have  
He discovered in the Land of Bobs  
no Bob had a last name  
Bob realized without a last name he couldn't  
get married, collect social security, or even fill out those  
annoying forms that require last names  
So Bob thought long and hard (for a minute)  
Finally he had it  
He would spell his first name, B-O-B,  
backwards  
Bob was pleased  
He was no longer Bob the ordinary guy  
He was Mighty Bob Bob  
(also known as super hero to all Bobs)

# Work, Play, and Other Fun Things to do in Your Spare Time

## Jennifer Gillespie

As the years roll by, we begin to ask ourselves (despite the fact we are feisty young high schoolers) exactly where our lives are going. Sure, we aspire to meet our parents' expectations and even our own, but then comes yet another obstacle to our final destination, and accordingly, we halt. Everyone gets tired of working and slaving to provide ourselves with a secure future. Every once in a while, we stop and enjoy ourselves, then regret it when we repay the time spent. But the point I'm slowly driving at is, despite the occasional grade of eighty instead of ninety, we have to stop kicking ourselves for sometimes leaving our dark (and for some weird reason, damp) rooms.

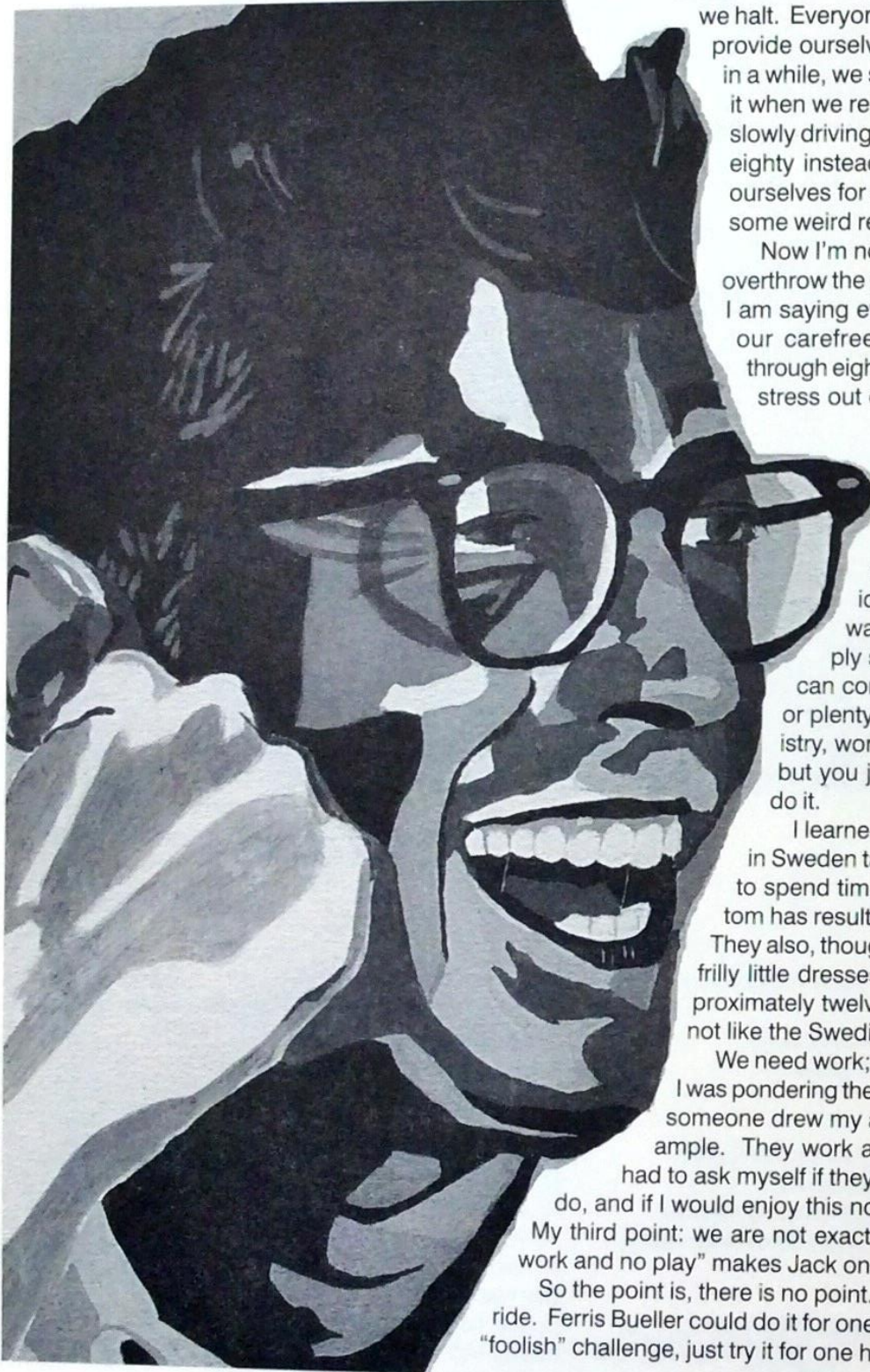
Now I'm not saying let us all kick off our shoes, overthrow the government, and live off the land, but I am saying everyone needs a break. To some of our carefree friends, this break is called first through eighth periods. However, those of us who stress out over a bad grade or not finishing an assignment understand the point I am trying to make.

True, I am a hypocrite, and it will be a snowy day in San Antonio before I finally realize that taking my own advice is sometimes a good idea. Nevertheless, I lay this off-the-wall concept of "fun" on the table simply so the majority of the working world can consider it when there's nothing to do or plenty to do (i.e. calculus, algebra, chemistry, world history, whatever your pleasure), but you just don't have the heart or mind to do it.

I learned the other day that people who live in Sweden take at least two weeks off from work to spend time in their winter cottages. This custom has resulted in a more productive work force. They also, though, take a day out of the year to wear frilly little dresses and dance around a pole for approximately twelve hours. My second point: we are not like the Swedish.

We need work; too much vacation gets boring. So I was pondering the concept of "leisure" one night when someone drew my attention to the Japanese as an example. They work and are extremely productive, but I had to ask myself if they really enjoy their work, which they do, and if I would enjoy this non-stop mentality, which I wouldn't. My third point: we are not exactly like the Japanese. After all, "all work and no play" makes Jack one very dull boy.

So the point is, there is no point. Just sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride. Ferris Bueller could do it for one day, but if you can't handle such a "foolish" challenge, just try it for one hour or even one minute.

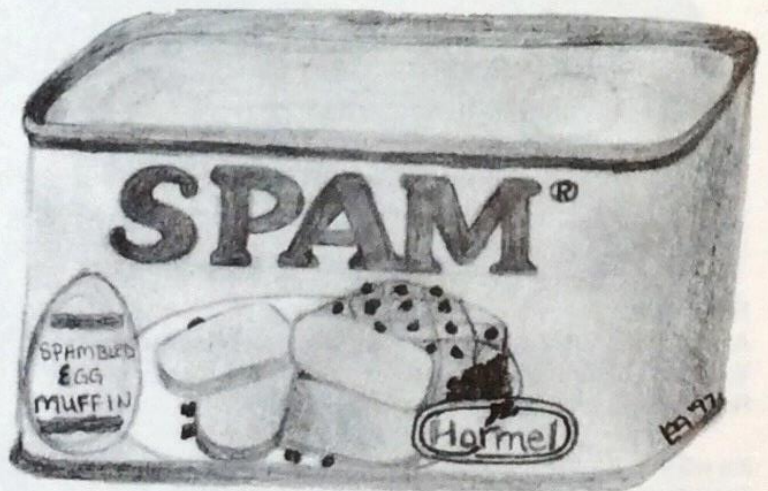


Elana Logsdon

# SPAM®

## Sam Harmer

What in the world is SPAM?  
It's not just any ham,  
But you'll never find out why  
Until you give this food a try.  
First, look at the can,  
It's stronger than any man!  
Pull back the lid real fast  
Your SPAM is here at last.  
Take a whiff of this pink meat;  
It will knock you off your feet!  
Now get ready for some fun  
For you have only JUST begun . . .  
But what is this?  
A gooey mess?  
I do not know,  
I must confess.  
Just scrape it off using a spoon  
Or use a knife like Daniel Boone.  
Now pull the SPAM out of the can  
And plop it out onto a pan.  
(The dark blue can you don't throw out,  
you'll find a use for it, no doubt.)  
Well here's something to do  
Wash your hair with some SPAMpoo!  
Or shape it into one big ball,  
And watch your SPAM stick to the wall!  
If you're a teacher, go to class  
and use some SPAM as a hall pass!  
Or if you lose your car's gas cap,  
Use some SPAM to fill the gap!  
Maybe you're gaining too much weight,  
Put Lite SPAM onto your plate!  
As you can see, there's lots to do  
And by using SPAM, it tastes good too!



Linda Bigelow



*Marissa Higgins*

### **How to Find Happiness? Jerry Fuentes**

Realize first, that you're one day closer to death.  
And even as you read and breathe, seconds will keep passing.  
You watch them go, your body an hourglass of falling sand.  
Realize your power and the value of life.

It is within everyone around you that something special burns,  
like a dimming candle in the dark wind or the brightest sun.  
Meet these people; take them as they are;  
use your candle to make their sun shine.

Learn to love breathing.  
For a couple of seconds a day, while you're breathing,  
think of the things you'd miss horribly if they were gone tomorrow.

Learn to love loving.  
Sneak it in whenever you can.  
And thank someone for something everyday;  
there is always someone to thank.

Realize last, that you can't find happiness;  
happiness will find you.

## How to Recognize Nature

*Elana Logsdon*

Listen  
and you will Hear

the sound of rain  
clear blue glass stained with cracked wetness  
Colliding into one another  
soft and muted  
are the drips of the drops  
that produce a droning lullaby for nature

Hear  
and you will Remember

the sounds of storms  
black, silver and brittle  
Exploding its emotions  
heavy and intense  
is a heart strangled with rage  
weeping through the shy, frightened sky

Remember  
and you will Dream

of the sharpened light  
chalky white melting in puddles

Piercing the silence  
in luminescent flash  
startled  
you awake to a flickering bolt from behind

Dream  
and you will Create

a field of thoughts  
growing murky colors  
Jetting through your spider web  
entangling through your spine  
grasp to the absurd  
it will sustain your subconscious

Create  
and you will Find

the nest of nature  
pale in hues of green  
Embracing you with arm-like branches  
shading your ideas  
shed watercolor sunlight  
through the trees, folding hands



*Sara McShane*



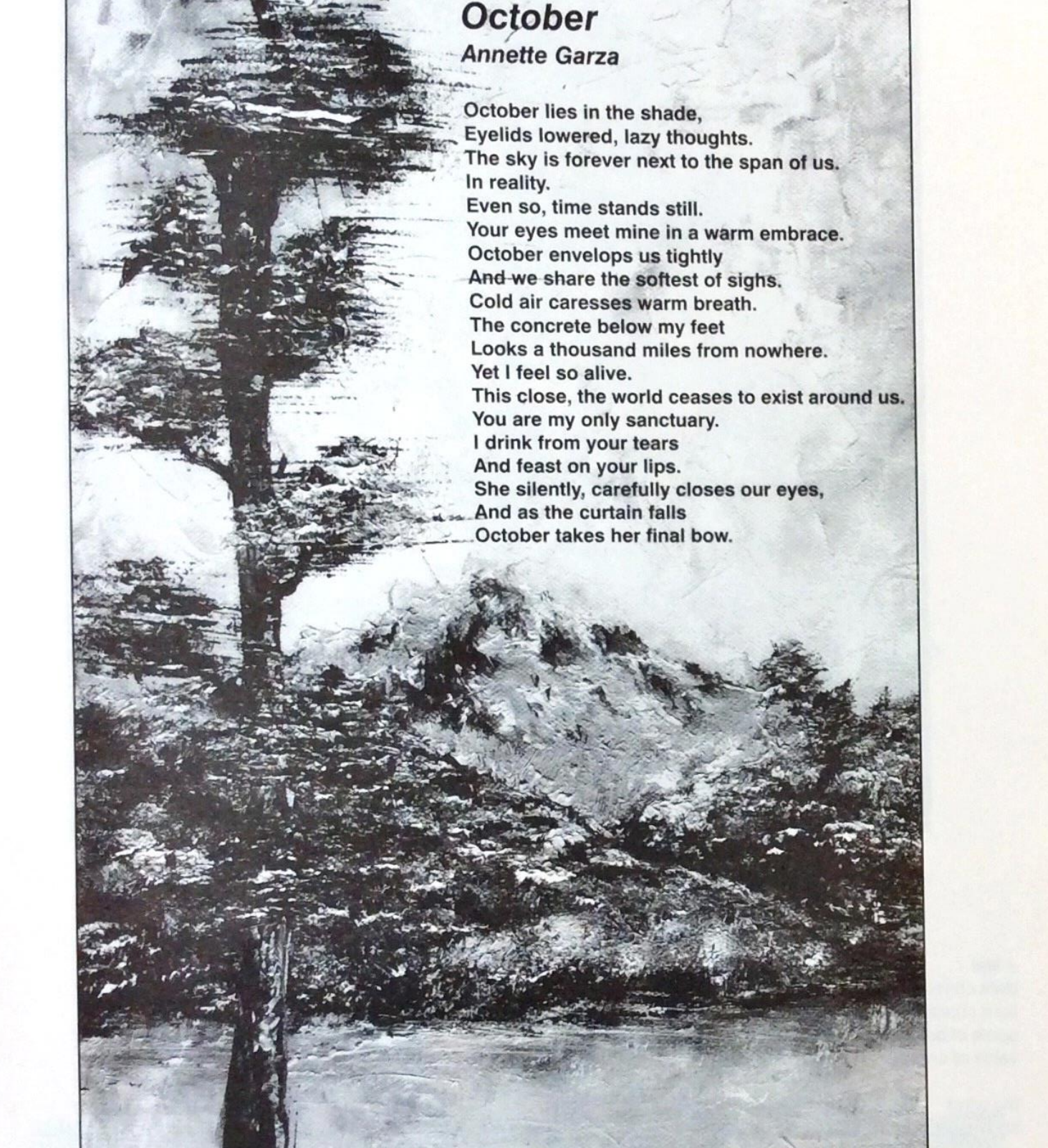
*Isadora Espinosa*

## **Internal Sediment**

*Tiffani Fest*

Words are ignorance  
For their references only bind them  
And offer me meek limitations  
Your words can't touch me  
For my resolutions are consecrations of my mind  
Vague yet unrestrained  
They transcend coherent eloquence  
Questions are formed  
Because uniformed language can't answer them

So your utterances only defy you  
Until your thoughts drown in their lucidity  
Unable to transcend their simplicity  
You are lost in external fraudulence  
As effigy becomes involuntary and self-inflicted  
And silence bears the only truth  
When your spirituality can break free  
And your soul can speak for itself

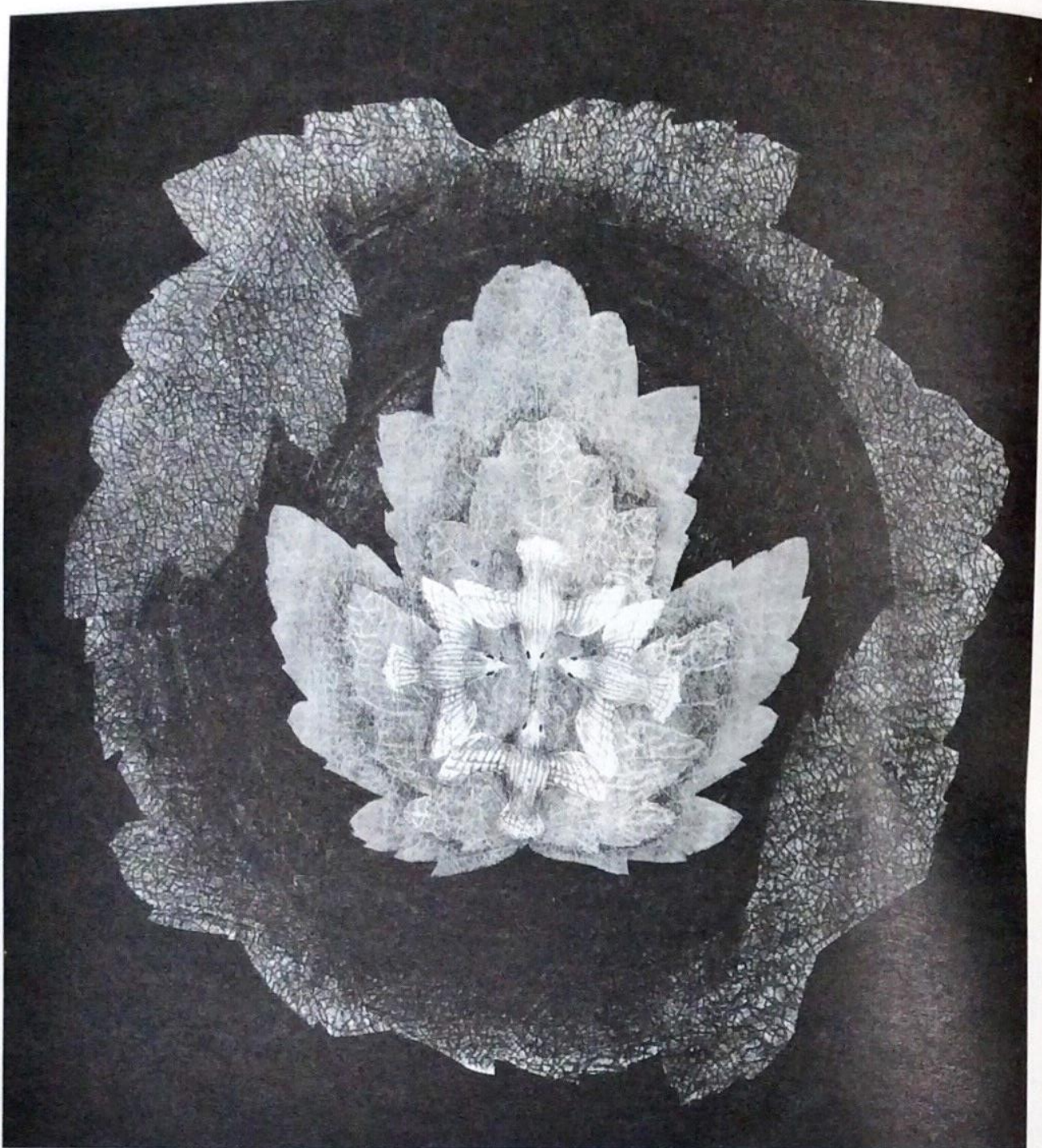


## October

Annette Garza

October lies in the shade,  
Eyelids lowered, lazy thoughts.  
The sky is forever next to the span of us.  
In reality,  
Even so, time stands still.  
Your eyes meet mine in a warm embrace.  
October envelops us tightly  
And we share the softest of sighs.  
Cold air caresses warm breath.  
The concrete below my feet  
Looks a thousand miles from nowhere.  
Yet I feel so alive.  
This close, the world ceases to exist around us.  
You are my only sanctuary.  
I drink from your tears  
And feast on your lips.  
She silently, carefully closes our eyes,  
And as the curtain falls  
October takes her final bow.

Isadora Espinosa



*Iris Hernandez*

**overlooked**  
*elana logsdon*

a leaf  
dark crimson red  
light chartreuse green  
spots of brown  
veins of orange

the wind  
shoves it from the tree

weeping in the whistle  
of the cool air breeze

f  
a  
l  
l  
i  
n  
g  
the dance  
becomes dizzy with the drifts

from the long sways  
through the foggy day  
it lands on someone's shoulder

he  
feels it peering  
in its hidden position  
glancing back with his hand prepared  
the leaf is brushed off

and begins another fall

# Tumbleweeds

*Monet Tacquard*

Days are falling down on me like rain,  
forming rivers, rushing water.  
I could get swept away by my life.

Other times, it's only dust storms, dry air.  
Loose ground being picked up and scattered,  
like tumbleweeds in the South.  
My mouth is a desert, dried out and cracking in the sun.

Sometimes I am so unprepared for my life,  
for everything between setting and rising.  
I trail behind, picking up scraps of minutes and hours,  
gathering lost time  
as if it were something tangible.

I could be anything in my sleep, balancing the horizon  
between too much and nothing at all.  
Awake, I'm just scattered grass drifting by,  
just a rolling tumbleweed.



*Elana Logsdon*

# Unseen

*Linda Bigelow*

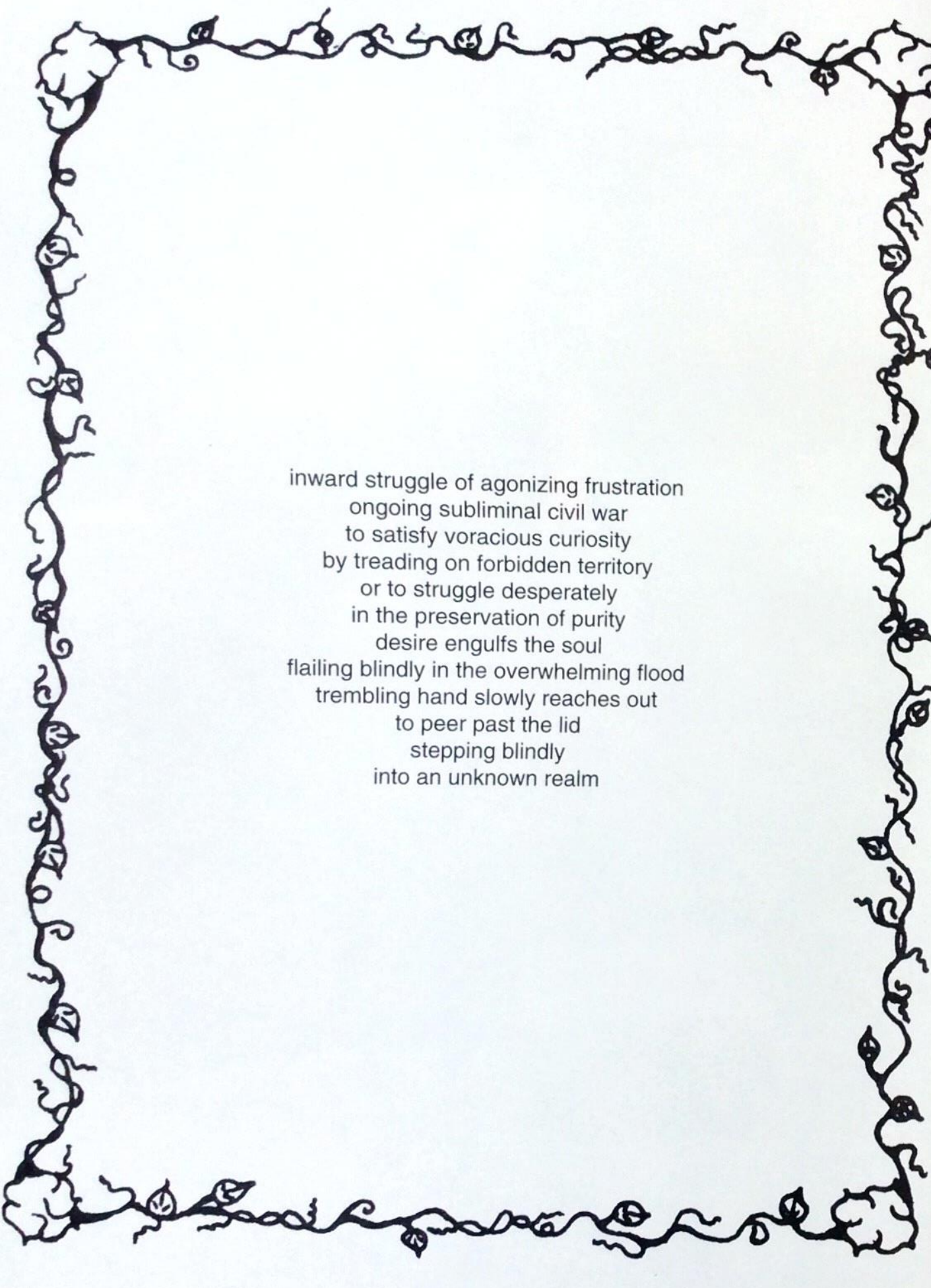
I think I will do nothing for a long time, but listen.  
Perhaps I will lay my head back delicately  
Maybe I will throw my head back forcefully,  
And listen to the dull thud as it hits the luscious, grassy hill.  
Slowly I close my eyes and let nature immerse me in its  
melody.  
My muscles relax and I listen.  
The wind whispers softly in my ear,  
It tells me where it has been and where it is going.  
A bird quietly chirps its song of peace and simplicity.  
I hear the distant buzzing of a bee,  
Anxiously searching for the perfect flower.  
I hear the gentle flutter of a butterfly,  
So quiet it is almost not there.  
I hear it all,  
And yet I see nothing.

*Isadora Espinosa*





*Temptation*



inward struggle of agonizing frustration  
ongoing subliminal civil war  
to satisfy voracious curiosity  
by treading on forbidden territory  
or to struggle desperately  
in the preservation of purity  
desire engulfs the soul  
flailing blindly in the overwhelming flood  
trembling hand slowly reaches out  
to peer past the lid  
stepping blindly  
into an unknown realm



**Big Purple Dinosaur**  
**Jay Bradshaw**

Big purple dinosaur  
on TV  
Tellin' purple lies  
that we just don't see  
dinosaurs are dead  
way beyond extinction  
DNA in amber  
what a bunch of fiction  
men with 15 toes  
lookin' for their history  
see a trapped mosquito  
sucked the blood from you and me  
missing links, add some frogs and toads  
look at those weird human-frogs  
with their ten webbed toes  
Big purple dinosaur on TV  
Quit tellin' lies  
cause Godzilla's gettin' angry!



Parisian Path

Elana Logsdon

# On a Parallel Course

Monet Tacquard

When Jeremiah slipped into the library it was close to midnight. Outside the campus was still and silent, except for the wind whistling through the trees like some old, familiar song he couldn't quite recall and the sound of couples coming in late, laughing softly at some wonderful secret. Jeremiah loved walking around the campus at night alone, once everyone else was asleep or inside. The small school set back in shady Colorado was not a typical American college, full of parties and noisy people all crowded together. It reminded Jeremiah of something more like the trees that surrounded the sleepy town, quiet and dignified, and through the years, gaining a kind of magical wonder. It had plenty of room for breathing, for taking your own breaths. Of course, it had its faults, as everything does, but Jeremiah had long ago developed the ability to illuminate the "good" side of everything. Even though stereotypical student behavior could be found daily in different forms, Jeremiah made himself a space and loved it. There were too many opportunities to sit in his room and live the lonely life of a cynic. Instead, he lived the lonely life of a dreamer.

The library was one of Jeremiah's favorite places, always quiet and fairly empty. With its messy, disorganized, and extremely comfortable atmosphere, the library was a place Jeremiah could "fit in." It did not have hard, cold tables and chairs like standard libraries, just a lot of comfortable, old sofas and worn out recliners. A long time bookworm and lover of literature, he spent a lot of time there. He had a list of authors he hoped to meet someday. But mostly, it was the quiet that he loved, the fact that he could usually get away from everyone. Plus, it was never locked, and he was one of the few to use it at night for reasons not directly related to school. A few people, he had noticed, did seem to want to actually spend time there. So, when he walked in late Thursday night he hadn't expected company, but he wasn't necessarily surprised at whom he saw.

"It's pretty late, 'pretty Fairchild'. What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Going nuts."

Fair was sitting in an old, beat-up, greenish-orangish love seat in the far right corner of the library, the "quiet" corner and Jeremiah's favorite spot. A mountain of papers and books surrounded her.

"I guess there's no chance of getting you out of that chair and letting your favorite nice-guy-who-sits-behind-you-in-English have a seat because he loves that chair more than anything, and he's been looking forward to it all day. I probably shouldn't even ask."

Fair didn't even look up from her mess. She pulled a pencil out from behind her ear and began scribbling on one of the sheets. "No you shouldn't, and by the way, who ever told you that you were a nice guy?"

Jeremiah laughed and shook his head. His laughter echoed off the wall and traveled to a place in Fair's brain that hadn't been reached in a while. She began gathering up papers and stuffing them into her bags.

Jeremiah jumped, "Whoa, wait a second. I was com-

pletely joking, not intending to be taken seriously . . . trying to make you laugh?" Jeremiah's voice trailed with his last feeble attempt at excusing his comment.

Fair swung her bags over her shoulder, pushed her unruly curls from her face, and thrust out her hand, "No hard feelings."

Jeremiah took her hand and bowed down in apology. Fair laughed and quickly broke away before he had a chance to say anything that might make her want to stay. She said goodnight and hurried out the door into another all too familiar cold, Colorado night. Jeremiah shook his head (he was always shaking his head at something or the other) and watched her hurry off as if she thought the walls were going to cave in on her. He had never seen anyone so good at politely ducking out. Jeremiah had often seen her in his chair, absorbed in some crazy book like she was never coming out. Where did she go when she ran like she was running from a fire?

He couldn't remember now why he had come to the library, and once he had shaken himself from his daze, he pushed through the glass doors and stepped out into the cold air. He didn't feel like going up to an empty room, so he drifted down the vacant sidewalks for a while. The streetlights cast a glow that hung softly in the air, like a star that had begun to fade. It reminded him of how he felt sometimes, like he was getting closer to the last phase, right before the sun burns out. He started pretending (it was a reoccurring daydream and he knew it well) that it was a few years from now, and he was working in a bookstore somewhere down in Eden, where all the silly college girls go. He worked all the time to avoid going home to an empty apartment with no more than a bed, a couch, a throw rug, and a couple of chairs. He showed no signs of a personality. Anyway, he was friends with all the stupid girls, including the gorgeous one that he worked with, but no more than that. He would just leave them wondering what he went home to, and no one would know except him; he went home to nothing.

\*\*\*\*\*

Fair was sitting out in the cold on a wooden bench next to the English building, now covered in Christmas lights like everything else. Fair thought Christmas lights were pretty, but they didn't do much for her. Then again, nothing really did, at least not lately. She brushed a leaf from her lap, at the same time attempting to balance her notebook on her knee. A loose sheet of paper escaped and settled itself on the damp ground. Fair looked down at it.

You have my permission to fall apart. Ready? On the count of three- one, two, three. Very good, Fair, you don't have to feel so bad when it happens now. You have your very own permission.

"What a nut you are, crazy Fairchild," she mused quietly under her breath.

She had written that three days ago when Tommy called from Arkansas. He wasn't coming home. That was okay, she guessed. It's not like Tommy was her life.



## On A Parallel Course (continued)

No problem, it would be the same as it always had been, minus Tommy, and, "that's life; get over it, move on." Fair sat there for a while, quietly freezing until she decided to abandon going over (for the hundredth time) the ominous phone conversation she and Tommy had completed the night before. She returned to her apartment, once their apartment.

The walk was short and she reached the building quickly. When she stepped into the elevator, she began to pretend that when the doors opened, she would step out and be someone else. She would be someone who worked late in a small restaurant or inn down in Eden, where all the loud-mouth college kids went for long weekends. She would serve coffee and give free refills to old men who had lost their smiles. She was the last one left, long after all the lights had gone out in the town. She went home to a small house that shouldn't even be called a home (no cats even). The heat worked though. And no one knew, not even one of the big hearted loud-mouths who really meant well when they asked her to join them. How could they know she was a bottle with a secret message someone had thrown to sea?

When the doors opened, she stepped out onto the tan carpet and quietly stuck her key in the lock. As she laid her coat and bags on the kitchen table, she wondered if Jeremiah were still in the library. She thought about all the nights she had walked right past him. Having seen him in her chair, she silently scratched her plans to spend the evening alone reading. It's funny; he seemed strange to her, always smiling right over everyone's heads, like he had some wonderful secret that no one knew and that he wasn't going to share. She wondered what it was that kept him on the edge. Everyone was perfectly willing to get close to him; in fact, many people tried and kept trying. He didn't seem to notice though, or if he did, he didn't seem to care. So what did he dream about when he was sleeping in her chair?

\*\*\*\*\*

Fair was reading in the library about three weeks after the movers came to take away Tommy's stuff. Jeremiah walked in with his eyes closed.

"Outta my way if you don't want to get run into; my eyes are closed 'cause I'm trying to find out how well I know this library."

Fair smiled at how Jeremiah drew such a crowd; all the library chatter-boxes were giggling as he tried to make his way toward her chair.

"I hope there's not anyone in my fa-vo-rite ch-a-a-ir. They're gonna be sorry, squashed bookworms if they don't get u-u-p."

Fair didn't move.

Jeremiah stopped in front of the chair, his eyes still closed and his hands on his hips.

"Fairchild, I know you're there. I can hear you not laughing at me. Please, I'm asking nicely, let me have my chair. I've had a very bad day. I need my chair. I need my chair."

Fair smiled. "Say it's my chair."

"It's my chair."

Fair's smile grew. "N-o-o-o. Say, 'It's Fair's chair.'"

Jeremiah grinned and cupped his hand behind his ear, "What? Sorry, can't hear you. Not only am I blind, I'm deaf. Looks like you're just outta luck and gonna get squashed like a bug . . ."

Fair looked up to see that Jeremiah's eyes were still closed. She held in her laughter and slipped out of her chair without making the slightest sound. As she was walking out, she turned around to see Jeremiah still standing there in his Peter Pan stance.

"Fair, I'm warning you."

Jeremiah's voice drifted out the door behind her.

"Fair, I was wondering what you were doing for dinner. . ."

Jeremiah opened his eyes just in time to see her walking out the door. Yes, he thought, she was strange. He still wanted to take her out to dinner though. He'd ask her when he got back from visiting his parents over Christmas break.

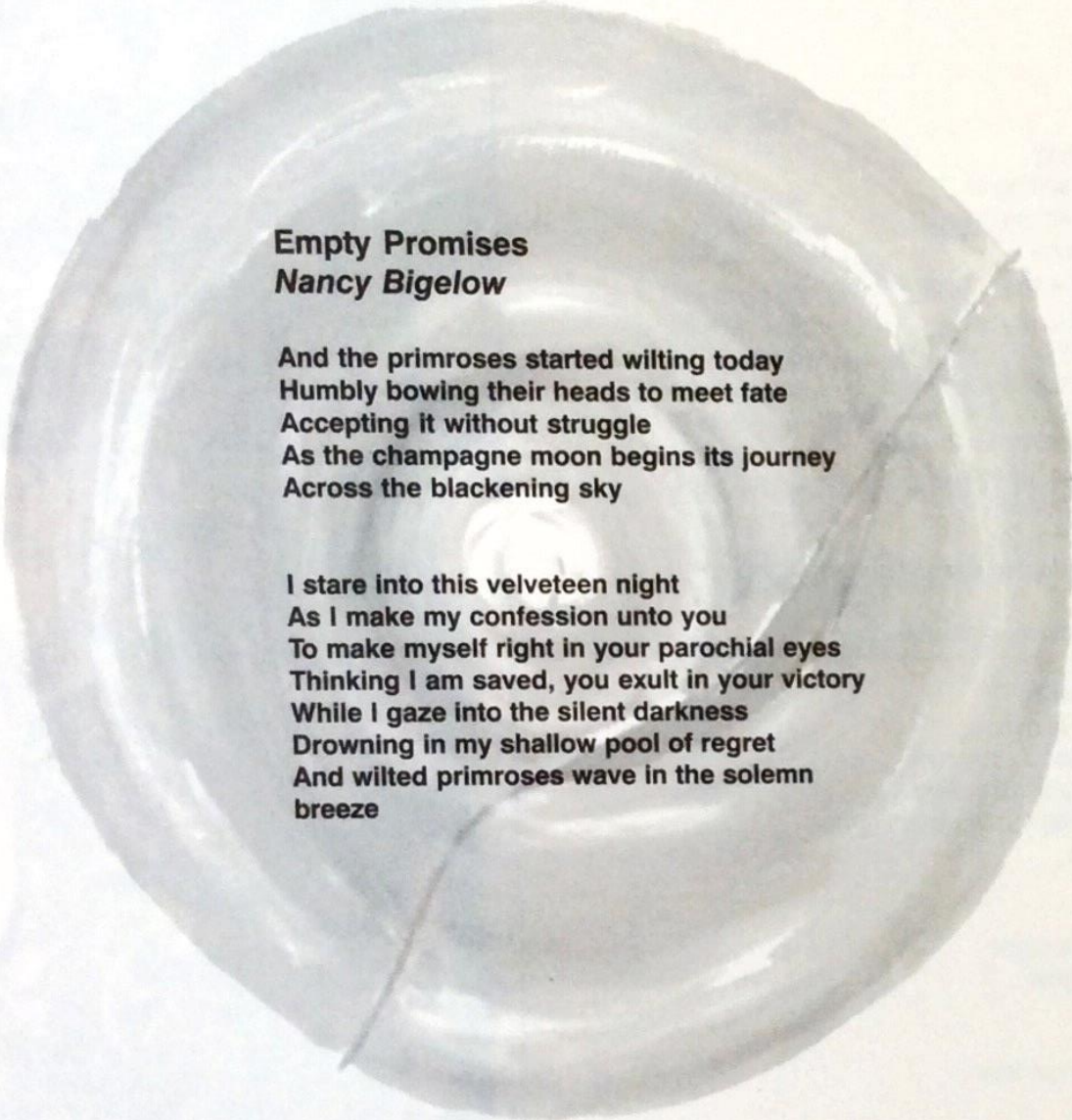
Fair looked through the window at him, looking around. She figured he was probably waiting for one of those giggly girls to come and keep him company. She wondered if she would miss this place when she was gone, only two more weeks before she headed for Chicago. The campus would be quiet when she left; everyone would be home for the holidays. She wasn't sure if transferring and taking that job offer would be much better than her lonely life here, but it was worth the risk of finding out. Besides, what did she have to stay for? What did she have to lose?





Woman Wearing a Hat

Nicole Kotara



**Empty Promises**  
**Nancy Bigelow**

And the primroses started wilting today  
Humbly bowing their heads to meet fate  
Accepting it without struggle  
As the champagne moon begins its journey  
Across the blackening sky

I stare into this velveteen night  
As I make my confession unto you  
To make myself right in your parochial eyes  
Thinking I am saved, you exult in your victory  
While I gaze into the silent darkness  
Drowning in my shallow pool of regret  
And wilted primroses wave in the solemn  
breeze

**Kaye Watts**

the dawn is fading  
and the cold is setting in  
the night won't let me sleep  
my wings are gone,  
and I can feel the blood beneath my skin  
trying to get out  
I can hear my heart in my ears,  
and it's throbbing in my soul  
I feel the rush as the clock ticks by,  
a slash of light just down the hall  
the light could cut my wrists  
I feel him in my bones,  
and in the cold of night  
my bones are straining against my skin fighting  
for their life  
my breathing is slowing to a hush  
if I breathe too loud,  
they may take notice  
and then my life is over  
my fleeing feet across the hall  
don't scream or you just might die  
my mind is running out of places to go  
my soul is stolen  
lost or  
hidden  
somewhere in the night  
release my thoughts  
my mind  
my life  
and let my blood run free



**Brady Russell**



**Numb**  
**Lena So**

She stands  
Immune, fighting, resisting, erasing  
A stab in the heart  
but what can bring her back  
Drugged with burden, head burning, hands in sin  
But if sliced open will she be hollow within?  
Like a tomato, squeeze her, poke her, and  
She will bleed  
passion  
Red with anger, no, white for innocence  
only in season  
Where is her color,  
gone with her hair, dead,  
Pretending or Deceiving,  
she takes her pick  
but no one knows, no one cares  
Rain on her,  
it's not tears  
Sunlight glow,  
she'll cover her eyes  
Does Anyone Care?

# Jack in the Box

Nicolas Gonzales

Summer rolled across the plain like a thundering train; dreadfully slow, but with a heart-set intent to arrive on time. Jack sat in class like the twenty other drones who had been programmed to wake up promptly and be at school by eight every day of their scholastic lives; it had been close to seven years since the inception of this command, and Jack now anxiously awaited the futurity of his summer days. Presently, he sat at his desk stock-still as instructed by his teacher, who had been whisked away by administrative errands. Amidst the silence and immobility that filled the classroom, Jack winced when he heard his name called.

A hushed, forced whisper: "Jack! Jack!"

From the corner of his eye, Jack glowered at the tall box in the corner of the room. Then, fearing his peripheral glance might bring a wicked destiny to him, he softened his eyes and searched for the owner of the voice which called him.

"Jack!" It came again, this time with more urgency.

Jack searched, yearned, to see the caller who voiced his name in a quiet importance. Finally, he found what he was looking for, but could it be true? Jack was rinsed in uncertainty and filled to an excited level with unknown emotions, for Susie Ranger rolled his name from her childish lips. His name. But once again he glanced back at the box and shuddered in a torrential river of fear and dread.

"Should I talk," he pondered, "and risk the chance of an impending doom which will come from uttering words during a teacher's absence? Is it worth it to have her speak to me for an inconsequential amount of time to spend an agonizing eternity in there?" He looked back at the box. The lady or the tiger?

"Come here, Jack, I have something for you," Susie beckoned, and placed a bag of candy on her desk.

Sweat, like rivulets of rain, rolled slowly down his face and his heart was racing, fit to explode in an uncontrollable expression of admiration for Susie. The lady. He got up and quickly raced to Susie's side, knocking his books askew as he went. Jack was not half way there when he heard it: a sound like sharp pistol reports which were none other than Mrs. Simon's heels. Now, all eyes were on the only drone out of his seat, pinpointing him like a deer in headlights. The flood gates that held all his self-control and guarded against panic now broke. He wet himself slightly.

His normal functions now defunct, Jack dashed back to his seat on pure instinct, like the adrenaline that coursed through his veins. He regained his seat, his composure, and his stock-still appearance just in time to see Mrs. Simon stomp into the room.

Upon her entrance, Mrs. Simon noticed the dishevelled array of Jack's books on the floor like an abstract work of forbidden art. "Jack? What is the meaning of this? Why are your books this way?" Her voice rose from "pleasant enough" to "back off" in a hurry, and Jack was near tears. His bladder loosened a little once more.

A sole hand raised into the air, a fragile, delicate reminder that there were others in the room.

"Yes, Susie?" Mrs. Simon called on her.

Susie got to her feet with a deadly intent to lay all the blame on a fellow classmate. Jack's heart raced steadily. All the lights, or so it seemed, dimmed; Jack, Susie, and Mrs. Simon were the only other objects of luminescence in the room. Susie's once sweet face was poisoned with the vitriolic aim to "tattle."

"It was Jack." She waived an innocent finger, like a wand dealing hands of guilt, toward Jack. "He got out of his desk and tried to take my candy." Her voice was gossamer and tinkling, but spewing forth a dreaded truth.

For one gleeful moment, Jack thought Susie might be the one punished, delighting in the fact that Mrs. Simon informed, "Now, Susie, you know candy isn't allowed in school." Then, her voice turned to rage and fire; "And you, Jack, must spend the rest of the day in 'time out!'"

Jack flushed, his entire face glowing white hot with embarrassment like a stove pilot. "Time out" was a feared place, approximately equivalent to HELL. Only in HELL, you had something to do. It was a 4x4 chamber with walls seven feet high and a door so strikingly narrow that only Mrs. Simon's fifth grade students could fit through. Jack let himself be mishandled as the teacher yanked and dragged him to the box. Looking back on it, he realized that this was the only time the lady was the tiger.

As he entered the box and the door was slammed emphatically behind him, he felt like Hansel in the oven. By the light that came in through the top (there was no ceiling), he could see faint marks on the door where someone had desperately tried to get out by using their feet. There was scrawling on the wall, some unintelligible, but most clear. Jack wondered how people could possibly have kept their sanity long enough to write while in the grips of their punishment. He felt the tight hold of claustrophobia, the massive hands of fear, and was lowering himself to the floor when he caught sight of a peculiar thing. It was simple handwriting, the usual style of fifth grade print, partly erased by years of being ignored. But it wasn't the handwriting that drew his attention, it was the message. Plainly, in the center of the door, it read:

SUSIE RANGER

PUT ME HERE

R.J. 2/7/80



*Amy Johnson*

And below that, inscrutable in terms of meaning:

CANDY

That single word, lone and mysterious like the etching on the tree of Roanoke Island, was completely understood by Jack. And the fact that the written and current date did not correspond was not amazing to him at all.

"She's eternal. She must be the devil."

Jack raised a steady hand armed with a pencil from his pocket and scribbled his own message:

SUSIE RANGER

IS THE DEVIL

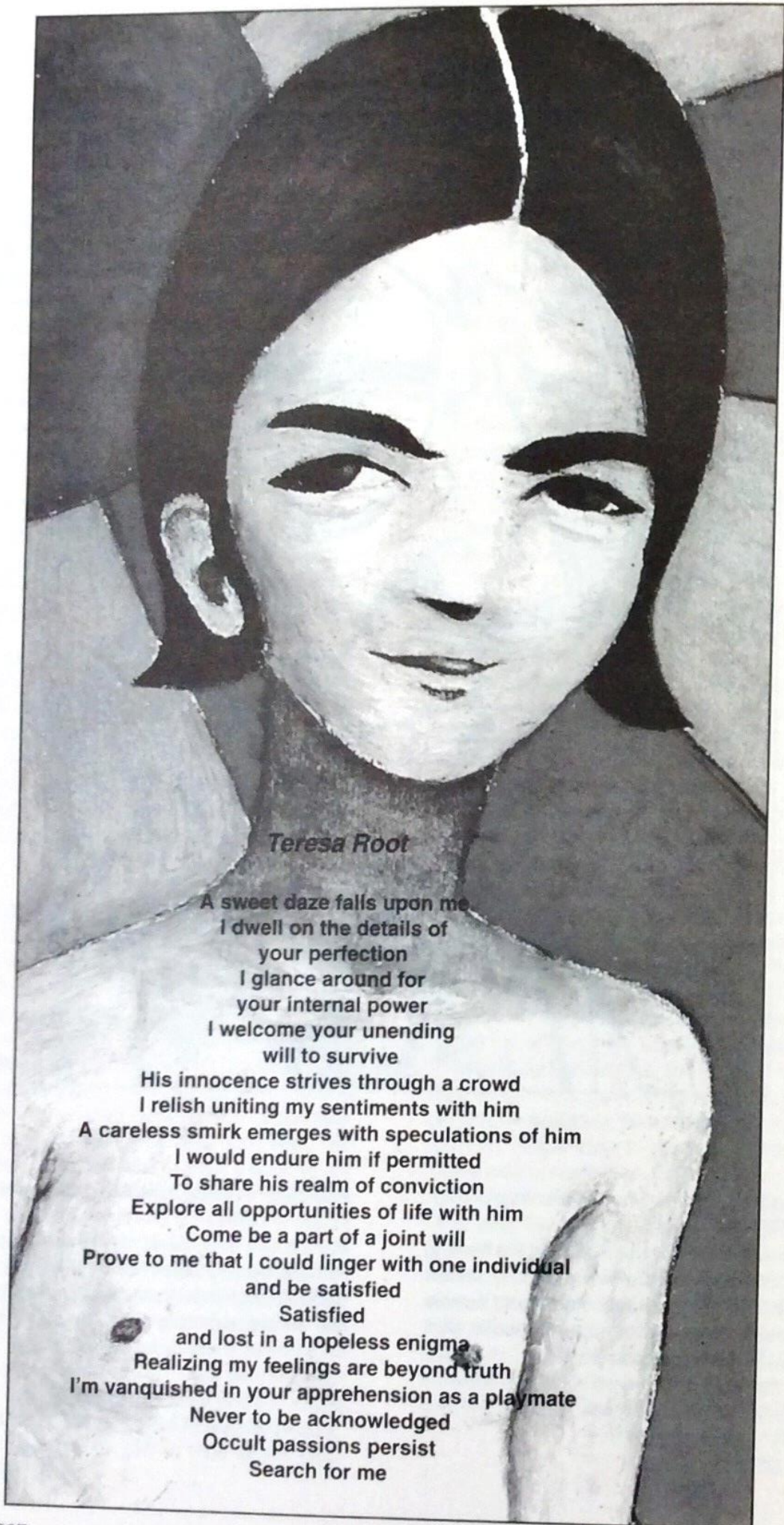
5/8/96

And as a mirroring afterthought, he jotted:

CANDY

So there it was, proof that the time-permeating Susie Ranger was not only eternal, but also the devil. Jack felt good about himself and shrugged off his claustrophobia like an encumbering old overcoat. He promptly started on a newer, more amusing message:

MRS. SIMON'S ASS IS AS  
BIG AS THE PRINCIPAL'S DESK



*Teresa Root*

A sweet daze falls upon me  
I dwell on the details of  
your perfection  
I glance around for  
your internal power  
I welcome your unending  
will to survive

His innocence strives through a crowd  
I relish uniting my sentiments with him  
A careless smirk emerges with speculations of him  
I would endure him if permitted  
To share his realm of conviction  
Explore all opportunities of life with him  
Come be a part of a joint will  
Prove to me that I could linger with one individual  
and be satisfied  
Satisfied

and lost in a hopeless enigma  
Realizing my feelings are beyond truth  
I'm vanquished in your apprehension as a playmate  
Never to be acknowledged  
Occult passions persist  
Search for me

## Sheila Snyder

At night when all is darkened  
I have nightmares even before I close my eyes.  
I visualize red, glowing embers,  
two circular points in space  
right outside my window.  
And I fear that this evil  
will crash through the thin glass  
and lunge at me.  
What else can I do,  
but close my eyes,  
unwillingly relying on what I hear  
as the possible end of time.  
I shut all doors, concealing shadows  
but never erasing the images thrust along the ceiling.  
(More creatures come to haunt me)  
... And I am so frightened ...

A storm is coming ...

My heart and eyes fuse images  
like tears on a freshly painted canvas.  
I become so incoherent  
I forget to search the shadows for danger.

I see only the light of a reflection  
on my soul's mirror.  
And take for being that which isn't there.

Staring in wonder at a wall,  
drab and dreary  
like a dismally rainy day.  
Where, though the cloud  
pours rain over me,  
it cannot wash away the stain  
No escape seems possible.  
I turn on the music as the thun  
calmly disobeying all reason  
for the sweetness of song.

Lights flicker ...  
out.  
Alone, with no light to prove sa  
I hum a tune  
to wipe out the darkness.

Ana Dusek





*Dayne Dozier*

**Vicious Cycle**  
*Nancy Bigelow*

The lurid scene unfolds before me  
No, I don't want to see . . .  
You  
Lying sprawled there on the floor  
And a knife, glinting silver in the pool of bright red  
(You always said it was your favorite color)  
Scarlet gashes cross your wrists  
The look on your face  
Like that of a tormented angel  
Eyes once full of life, now empty  
Staring blankly into oblivion  
I'm too late

The note you left said not to grieve  
That you were in a better place  
Where you would burden me no more  
But I wanted to comfort you  
I would've done anything and more just to see you smile  
I thought you knew that  
Instead you took comfort in the cold hard steel  
And found a solace in shedding your own blood  
Leaving me here  
Alone  
Without you  
Tears fill my eyes as I stare at the small silver dagger  
Perhaps it can comfort me too . . .

# OLYMPIA

Garret Hamann

High atop a mountain, a young couple was having a picnic. Three hundred feet up from their Jeep, a green table cloth adorned with yellow flowers was spread out on top of a large, flat rock. Set out upon it were fruits, candies, cigarettes, and booze. A shopping bag with some other items sat on one corner of the cloth, and three rocks held down the other corners. Hundreds of feet up the mountain was a giant bulge: hot, steaming and ready to blow. On the far side of the blanket sat an old radio.

"Any minute now, that thing is gonna blow, and we're gonna be the first ones to see it. Man, am I pumped. I feel the adrenaline running through my veins, man," said the young man in his early twenties to the young woman in her late teens. He smiled broadly and fanatically. He was wearing old jeans with holes in the knees and a worn Pink Floyd "The Wall" T-shirt. His blue eyes were dilated, the whites covered in red veins, and his long, scraggly brown hair deeply wanted a washing. "Man, I can't believe we're here. This event transcends all time and space. This is really the ultimate experience. This is the end." He looked at the girl, dressed in an old yellow and white sundress. Her hair was shoulder length, and her eyes were brown, also very dilated. She had a far off look, something like the curiosity of a child mixed in with the affection of a young mother. She looked worried, and this fact troubled the man.

"Is there some reason you keep staring at that bulge, Sandy?"

"It's gonna blow, isn't it?" She looked him straight in the eye as she asked.

The young man grinned. His grin turned into a set of teeth, and he began to laugh hysterically. He stood and looked up at the bulge in the side of the mountain. "It's getting bigger! C'mon, let's get closer." He stuck his tongue out and stared up into the sky. The sun was almost level with the top of the peak.

Sandy looked at the car glistening in the sun several hundred feet down the mountain. It seemed like a comfortable place to be right now. Maybe they would be safe in the car. She looked back up at her friend, "Hal, it sure is cold up here."

"Yeah, but it'll be warmer when the fires of hell break loose, wouldn't ya say? You know, I always knew I'd die with you in my arms."

Sandy looked at Hal *that way*. "You sure talk about death a lot, lately."

"There's no escaping it. It's there. You can't escape the reaper."

"Hal, talk philosophy to me." Sandy was looking for comfort.

Hal looked up at the sky and then back down, as if he were looking for something on the ground.

"Hal?"

"There's some kind of chaos in the world today; volcanoes and earthquakes, people being shot in their own homes and streets, and Presidents being shot." He stuck his finger out at Sandy with his thumb up in the air. "Bang!" he laughed. Sandy laughed.

Hal held out his hand. "Wanna dance?"

Sandy stood up and brushed off her sundress. "Maybe

it would be safer if we went down the mountainside a few hundred feet."

"Oh, it's too late for that; it's gonna blow any minute now. You don't wanna be stuck in the car when she blows; you won't see the mud slide before it hits you."

Sandy looked down at the picnic blanket. She picked up a banana and began to peel it. She looked down at the banana, opening her mouth to take a bite. Her mouth clamped shut.

"It's rotten!" She threw the banana down the slope, and the two watched it land.

"That banana wasn't rotten," said Hal.

Sandy looked at him and frowned.

"You're rotten," he said and giggled. Sandy smiled, but only because it was expected.

"Turn on the radio," she demanded. "Put it on WARP."

Hal bent over and turned on the radio, and it responded with static. "You know, I bet it comes in pretty clear up here."

"Yeah."

Hal adjusted the knob until he heard music. "Here we go."

"What's this?" she asked.

"Dunno, sounds like Golden Earring."

"No, it sounds more like Johnny Cash. Switch the station."

Hal sat for a moment, trying to concentrate on something. Then he shrugged his shoulders and bent over again. This time he stumbled, knocking over the radio. "Oops!" He watched it tumble a few feet, and then the antenna broke off. Music was still playing, as clearly as ever, clear like the cool Washington air. Hal looked up at Sandy and she was frowning. "Let's frolic," he said.

Sandy was still frowning. She looked worried as she walked down the mountain, picked up the radio, and tuned it to her station. Just music. As she looked up, she noticed Hal up a few feet, picking daisies. "Oh, for me?" she asked. Hal turned around and smiled. All of a sudden, a low rumble seemed to come up from the ground beneath them, and it moved its way up the mountain, up to the bulge on top. The mountain shook. Hal lost his footing and tumbled down the slope, hitting his head on the flat rock where the blanket lay. Then he managed to grab a cleft. "Whoa!" he shouted. He looked over to the side and saw the radio bouncing up and down to the undulating of the earth. He reached over to grab it, and the rumbling slowly faded away. He turned around quickly, flashing a wide grin. He saw Sandy, barely holding on to the side of the mountain. "Did you feel that?"

Sandy looked at him. Hal replied, "DID YOU FEEL THAT?!" It's gonna blow, baby, it's gonna blow."

She was still looking at him. "Give me the keys," she said flatly.

"What?"

"Give me the keys," she repeated, this time more sternly. For once, she was focused.

"The road ends here. We can't take—"

"I'm going down."

"Oh, it's a long way down, Sandy. It's a long way down. You can't run faster than the mountain. The

## Olympia (continued)

reaper's on your tail, baby."

"I'm going down. Give me the keys please, Hal. You should come with me."

"Sandy, we're here," he emphasized, "We're on top of the world. We can't go down; now we're on top of the world."

Sandy approached Hal, pushed him over, and demanded again, "The keys, Hal."

"But you're not the designated driver," said Hal, laughing. He scrambled to his feet and backed up a few steps. "You're not the designated driver, Sandy," he said as he reached into his pocket, and pulled out a set of three keys (one gold and two silver, with a little rubber mushroom attached to the key chain.) He twirled the keys and smiled at her.

"Please." whined Sandy. "Please, please, please?"

Hal twirled the keys and threw them up in the air. He grinned. They landed on the ground behind Sandy. Hal watched as she backed slowly towards the keys. "The choice is yours; you can die in my arms today or you can die by yourself in the Jeep. What's it gonna be, Sandy?" His eyes were wide with excitement. Sandy just stared at him in disbelief.

"Here, this is for you." He reached down and picked up a crumpled daisy. He held it out towards her. "I picked this for you. It's a sign of my love." He was almost sarcastic.

Sandy looked at him, started walking away, then looked back again. She turned around and ran while Hal watched sadly. He looked at the daisy and began picking the petals. "She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me . . ." Sandy dropped the keys and picked them up, this time turning around and looking back at Hal again. She stumbled a few steps and turned around again. "HAL!" she screamed, "HAL! COME DOWN HERE!" She wasn't more than thirty feet below him.

"She loves me, she loves me not, she loves me!" Hal looked up. He slowly began walking down the slope.

"Hal, hurry up!"

All of a sudden Hal thought of something. He picked up the radio and turned it up all the way. "Wait," he screamed. "Before you go, listen to this." There was a voice coming from the radio. "C'mon!" he yelled. "you can still leave if you really want to, but first listen to this. You gotta hear this, Sandy."

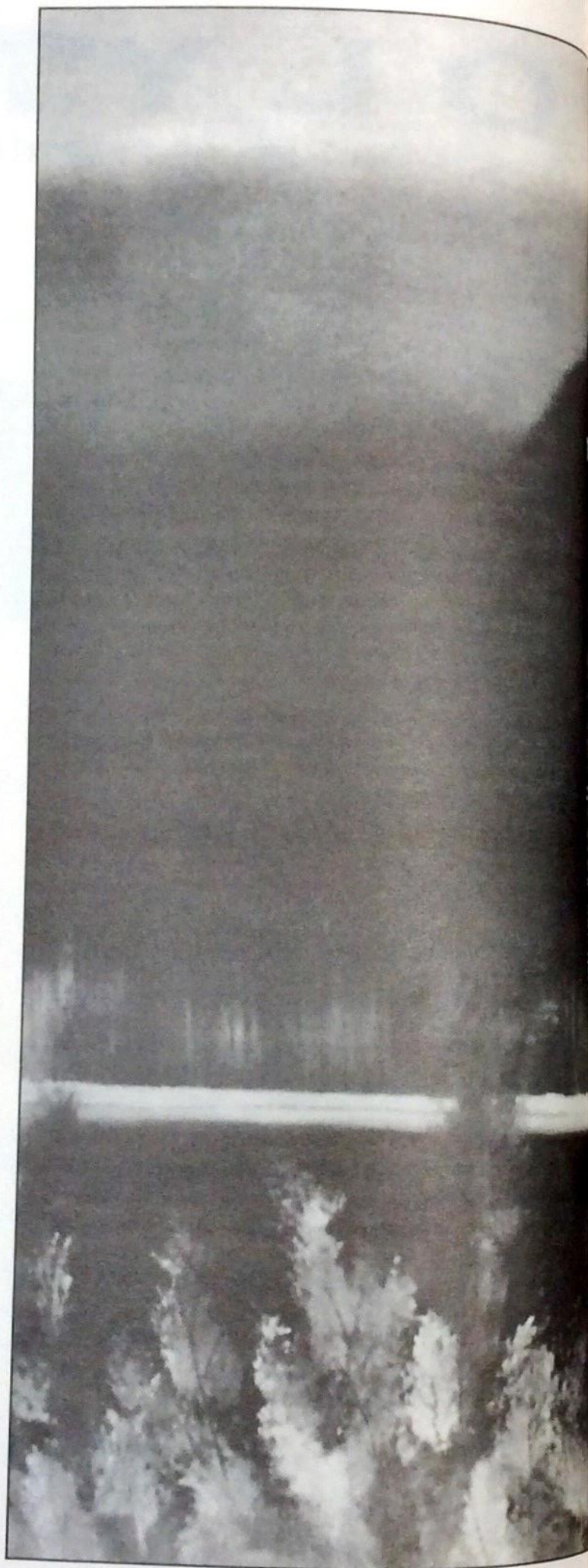
Sandy ran up the hill frantically. "Listen," Hal demanded.

"Hi, this is Fantastic Sam with the Fantastic Sam and Judy Morning Show on WARP, 103.7FM Olympia, and that was Pink Floyd with their smash hit 'Another Brick on the Wall'. I'd just like to remind you folks in the Mount Saint Helens area that it is unsafe to be within thirty miles of the mountain. If you do happen to be in the vicinity, get the hell outta there you stupid, stupid people! There will be helicopters flying around to survey the eruption that is supposed to take place any minute now. Of course, our Ted Zeppelin isn't anywhere near the mountain . . . Ted?"

"I sure am glad I'm not anywhere near—"

Sandy's eyes were wide. Hal switched off the radio. "Did you hear that? It's gonna erupt any minute now! There's no chance of escape."

"We're gonna talk to God, Sandy. I'm gonna talk to God! Here, why don't I carry you up the slope?" Sandy was unresponsive. She had a look of utter dread on her face. Hal suddenly lightened up. He reached into one





*Blake Ewing*

pocket and pulled out a tape. "Listen," he said as he pushed a button on his little radio, also equipped with a tape deck. A little compartment popped out. He slipped in the tape, pushed it in, and pressed "play." "Listen." Sandy held her stance.

"All our times have come  
Here but now they're gone  
Seasons don't fear the reaper  
Nor do the wind, the sun or the rain . . . we can be  
like they are  
Come on baby . . . don't fear the reaper  
Baby take my hand . . . don't fear the reaper  
We'll be able to fly . . . don't fear the reaper  
Baby I'm your man . . ."\*

"Blue Oyster Cult," she said. Hal nodded, grimly. "C'mon baby, take my hand." Hal began to sing along. He reached out to Sandy.

She turned around, looked at Hal, and kissed him on the cheek. Then she took off down the mountain. She ran until she reached the Jeep. She ripped the door open and started the car. Hal could barely see her face look up at him as she slammed the door shut and drove off. He quietly watched her disappear down the mountain road. "I wanted her to die in my arms."

Hal continued to sing along with the song, dreadfully out of key.

"Valentine is done  
Here but now they're gone  
Romeo and Juliet  
Are together in eternity . . . Romeo and Juliet  
40,000 men and women every day . . . Like  
Romeo and Juliet  
40,000 men and women every day . . .  
Redefine happiness.

Another 40,000 coming everyday . . . We can be  
like they are  
Come on, baby . . . don't fear the reaper  
Baby, take my hand . . . don't fear the reaper  
We'll be able to fly . . . don't fear the reaper  
Baby, I'm your man . . . "

"Romeo and Juliet," he thought. "We could have been Romeo and Juliet." Suddenly there was a rumble that started out soft and crawled up the mountain, increasing in intensity. Hal watched the Jeep bounce. Far off in the distance, he could hear a helicopter whirling away. He looked up and saw it. He knew they saw him. There was nothing they could do now, though. He knew they were afraid of him, afraid of what he was going to do. They were afraid of nature and the chaos of it all. Hal's eyes moved back down to Sandy. Apparently the men in the helicopter were talking to her through the megaphone. He watched her veer off the road in a cloud of dust. The jeep took a turn and went straight down the mountain, dust trailing behind it. He watched as the jeep hit a fallen tree. As the rumbling increased it tumbled over its side, and tumbled again. It flipped three times before it hit the tree line. Slowly the dust settled, but the rumble grew greater. As Hal looked at the car overturned on its side, he grew sad that Sandy had died in that lonely, dusty jeep at the tree line of Mount Saint Helens. If only she could have died in his arms, then she could have felt what he felt, the strangeness and beauty of it all. The rumbling

## Olympia (continued)

faded one more time, and Hal pulled out a cigarette. He was feeling very melancholy. He looked up at the approaching helicopter. Men's voices were blaring at him through the megaphone, but he couldn't hear them.

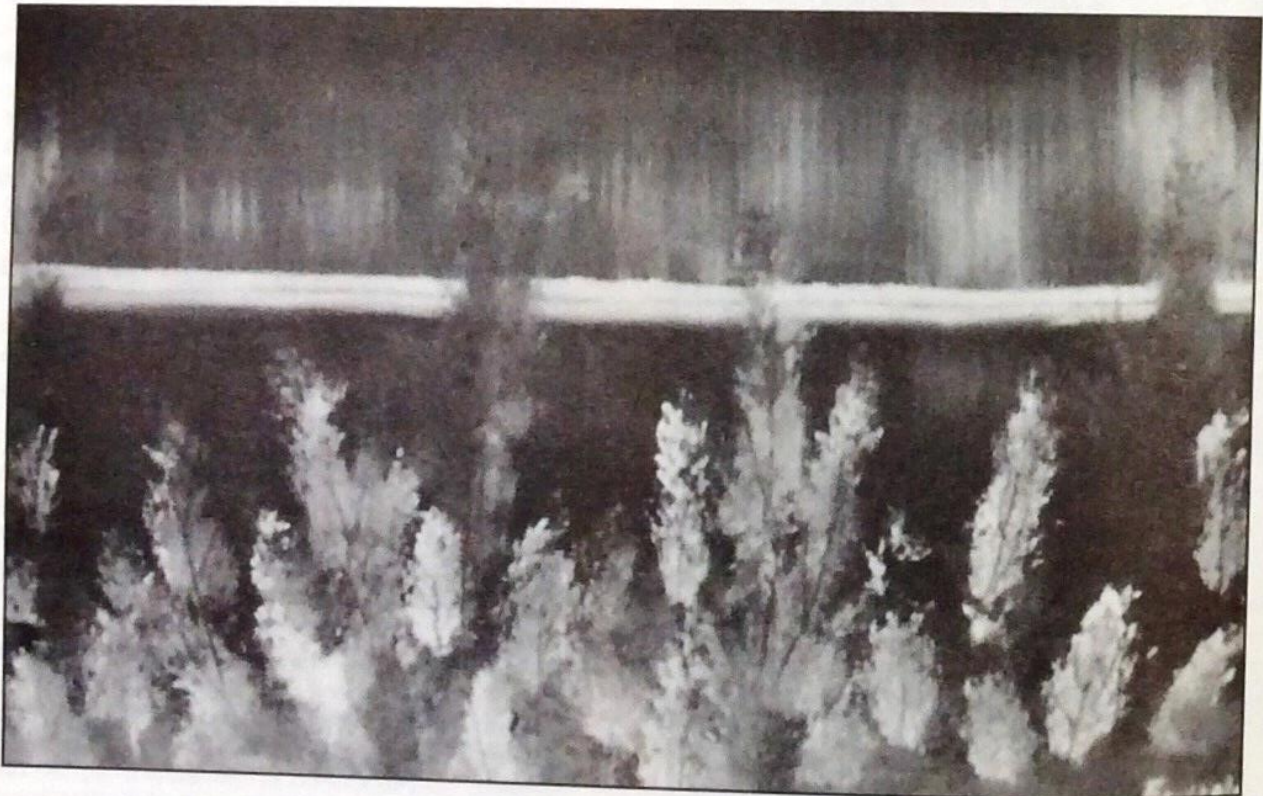
"Sir, can you hear me? Sir? Sir, are you insane? Your behavior is asinine! Get off the mountain. I repeat, get off the mountain!"

The helicopter promptly turned around and flew off into the distance. Hal could feel a faint rumble. As he finished his cigarette, he looked up at the helicopter; it was only a spot in the sky now. He picked up his radio and began trudging up the mountain. "Boy, is it gonna blow," he said to himself. "Boy, is that baby gonna blow."

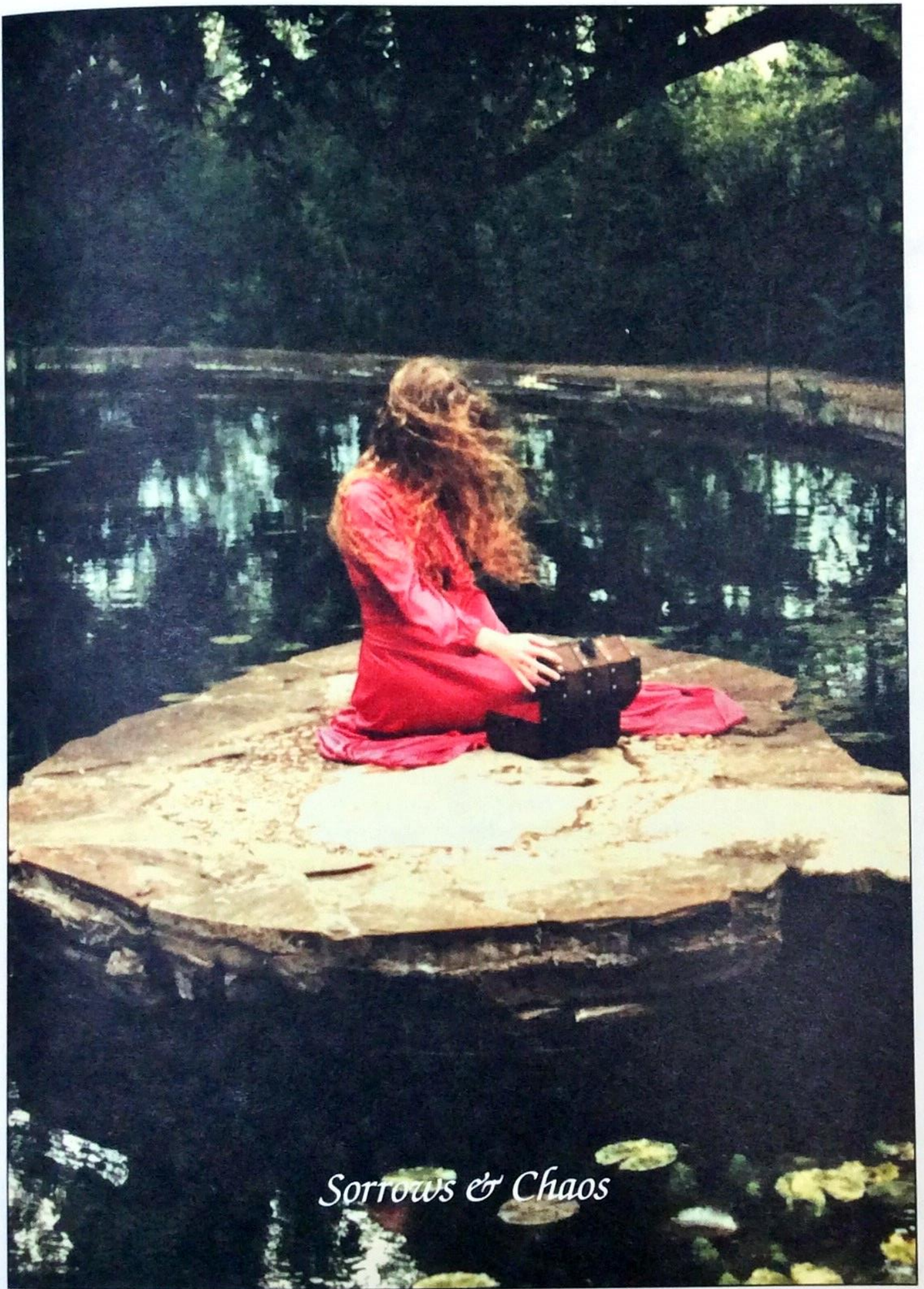
"Love of two is one  
Here but now they're gone  
Came the last night of sadness  
And it was clear that she couldn't go on  
Then the door was open and the wind appeared  
The candles blew then disappeared  
The curtains flew then he appeared . . . saying  
    don't be afraid  
Come on baby . . . and she had no fear  
And she ran to him . . . then they started to fly  
They looked backward and said good-bye . . .  
    she had become like they are  
She had taken his hand . . . she had become like  
    they are  
Come on baby . . . don't fear the reaper!"

"The curtain blew then disappeared," Hal mused as he listened to the song that ruled his life and death. His eyes were fixed on the bulge atop the mountain. Suddenly, there was a great rumble. Hal knew that the time was right. The earth was ready to blow its top. He was knocked off his feet, but quickly, he scrambled up. Arms up in the air, he screamed, "Don't fear the reaper, Baby; don't fear the reaper!" he screamed at the top of his lungs. As the rumbling increased, he was knocked over again. He couldn't see the bulge any more, but he felt something. Rocks and chunks of the mountain hit him. He began to tumble down. He dropped the radio. He felt it now; the million-year-old wrath of St. Helens was upon him. Hal knew that this was the end. He got one last glance at the mud slide and the smoke billowing from atop the mountain as he scrambled to his feet one last time. Seemingly in slow motion, the mud came upon him. The hot mud crawled down the mountain, knocking down trees, kicking rocks out of the way, and wreaking havoc. Smoke billowed and the mud crawled. Hal felt an immense heat. Slowly the mud crept upon him. "Oh God . . ." he was able to whisper, seemingly in a trance. The mud overtook him, knocked him over, and engulfed him. It swept Hal up and carried him away to his soft, deep blue sea.

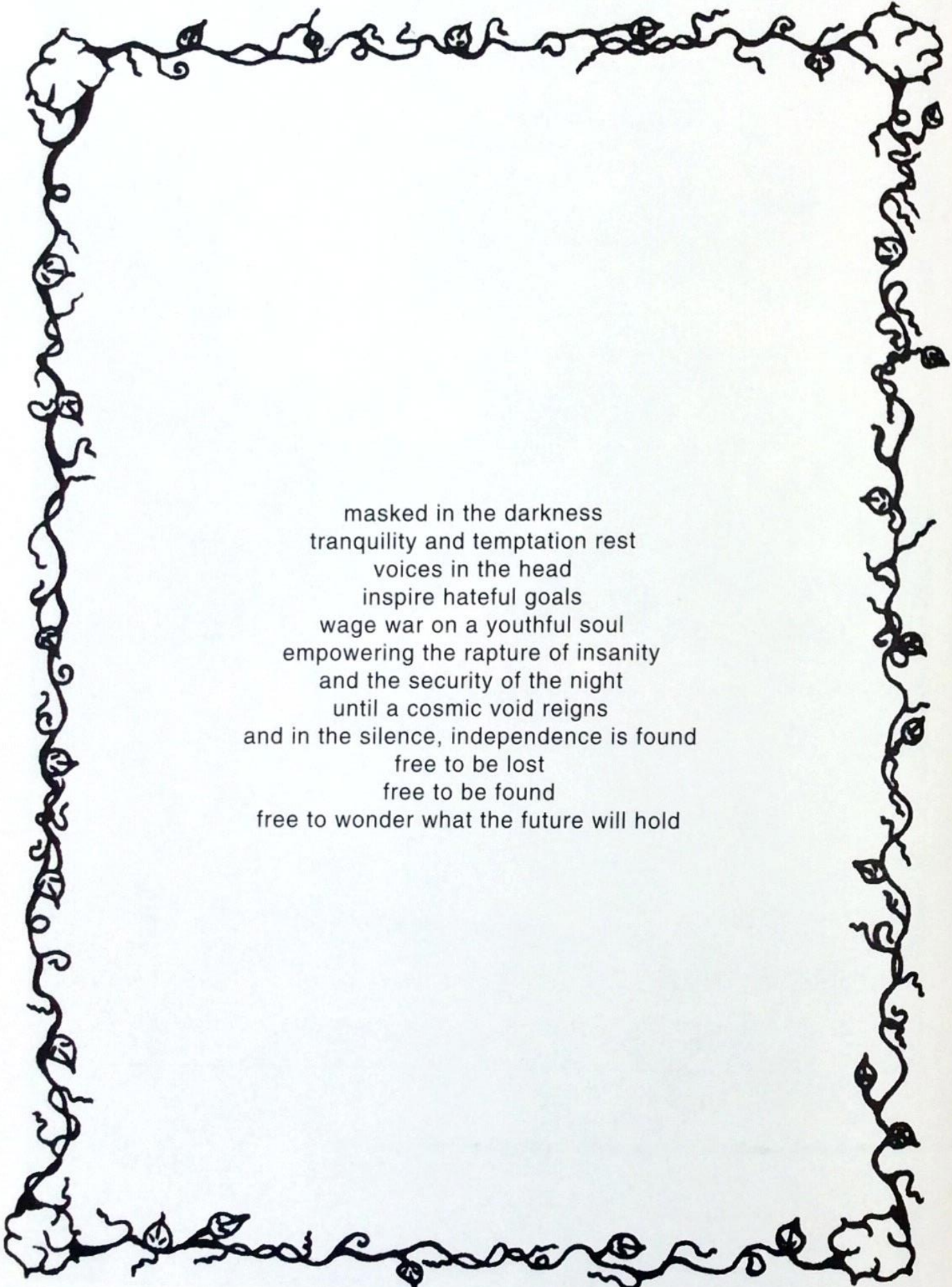
\*Words and music of "The Reaper" are a copyright of Blue Oyster Cult.



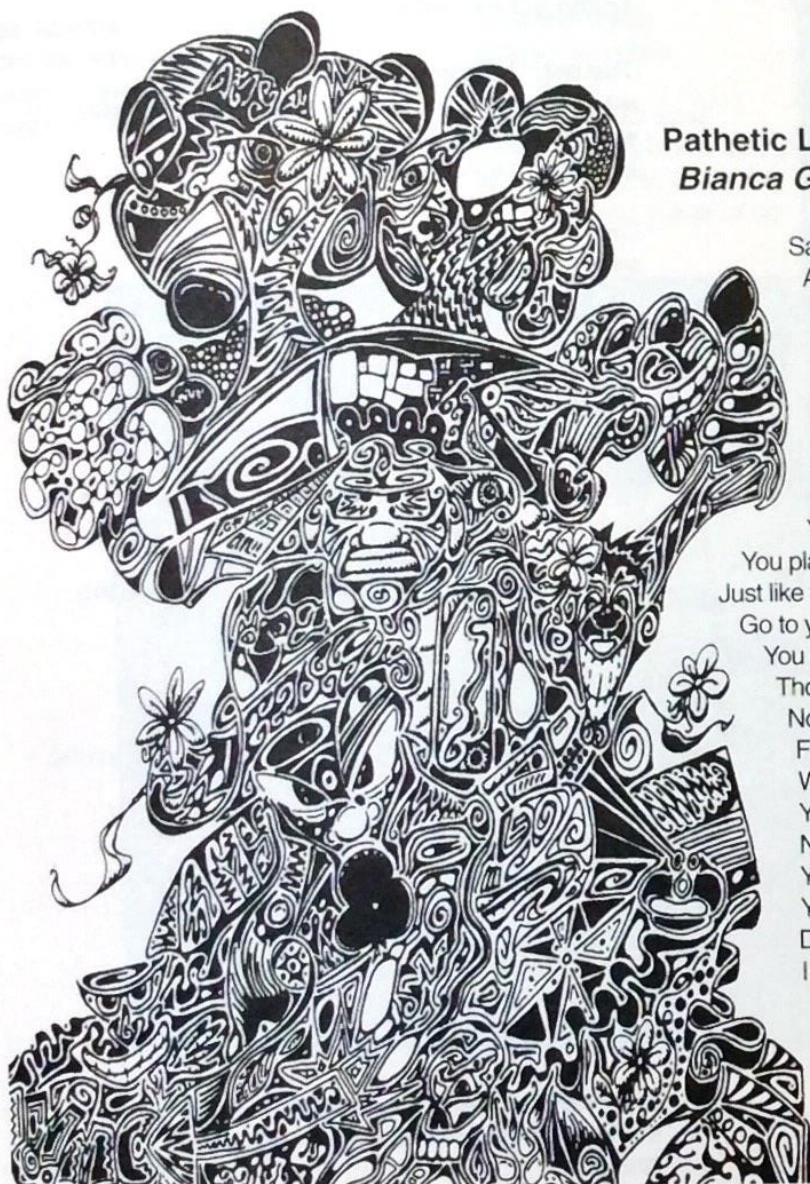
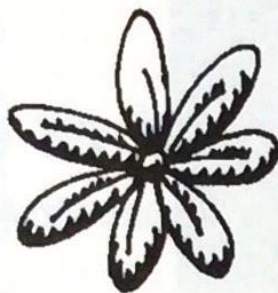
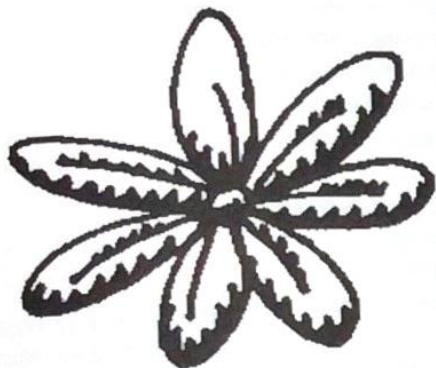
**Blake Ewing**



*Sorrows & Chaos*



masked in the darkness  
tranquility and temptation rest  
voices in the head  
inspire hateful goals  
wage war on a youthful soul  
empowering the rapture of insanity  
and the security of the night  
until a cosmic void reigns  
and in the silence, independence is found  
free to be lost  
free to be found  
free to wonder what the future will hold



**Pathetic Little Me**  
**Bianca Gonzales**

Sad little, pathetic little me  
All because of you  
I don't know maybe it's me  
I sent you letters professing my admiration for you  
Sent you letters as a friend  
You sent back a riddle, and a snide, pompous remark  
How can you be friends with someone you don't see  
You asked me  
I don't know  
You little fool  
You play with my mind,  
Just like you play with your Nintendo  
Go to your arcades, hang with your friends  
You chauvinist pig  
Thought you were different  
No, you're just like them  
For awhile I thought I could reach you  
When I tried, you recoiled back  
You were the one who thought we should be friends  
Not I  
Yet you ignore me when we pass each other  
You don't even say hello  
Don't I deserve that little piece of dignity  
I gave to you  
My mistake  
It went to your head  
Sorry to have interrupted your life



*Raymond Uhlir*

## In the Eyes of Remembrance

*Rick Armstrong*

You probably don't remember me from before  
all of our adventures were left  
abandoned in the tree house  
and it's been a long time  
since I used to live next door

We were able to play together  
a very long time ago  
in enchanted backyards  
and castles made of snow

Behind enemy lines  
and explorations to the moon  
what could have been forever  
fizzled out and left too soon

The only thing that seemed important  
was keeping the ball from invading our squares  
we soon traded it all in  
for each one of our cares

One by one we left to grow things  
and acquire new skills  
some of us kept our motivation  
and others turned away for dollar bills

It seems we've all met up again  
but things are altered now  
and if you can't understand  
it's because the record has taken a whole new spin

Now we're putting on our flaming pants  
and we're making all calls straight from our wires  
it's too clear to see that  
no matter how long the truth sits  
it never expires

Things are now different from when we were young  
toys were friends  
silly songs were sung  
there was nothing to be hung up on  
we could laugh and play and pretend about

Nobody was blamed for their differences  
until things became a reality  
trust was had in every concern  
laughter would dance with a wagon wheel turn

Our enemies now were then best friends  
the words in our vocabularies were never  
"the end"

# Love in Vain

*Jay Whitecotton*

Angels fly in the distance  
Circling victims of a watery past  
Drowned in mixed emotions  
Drowned in mixed pain

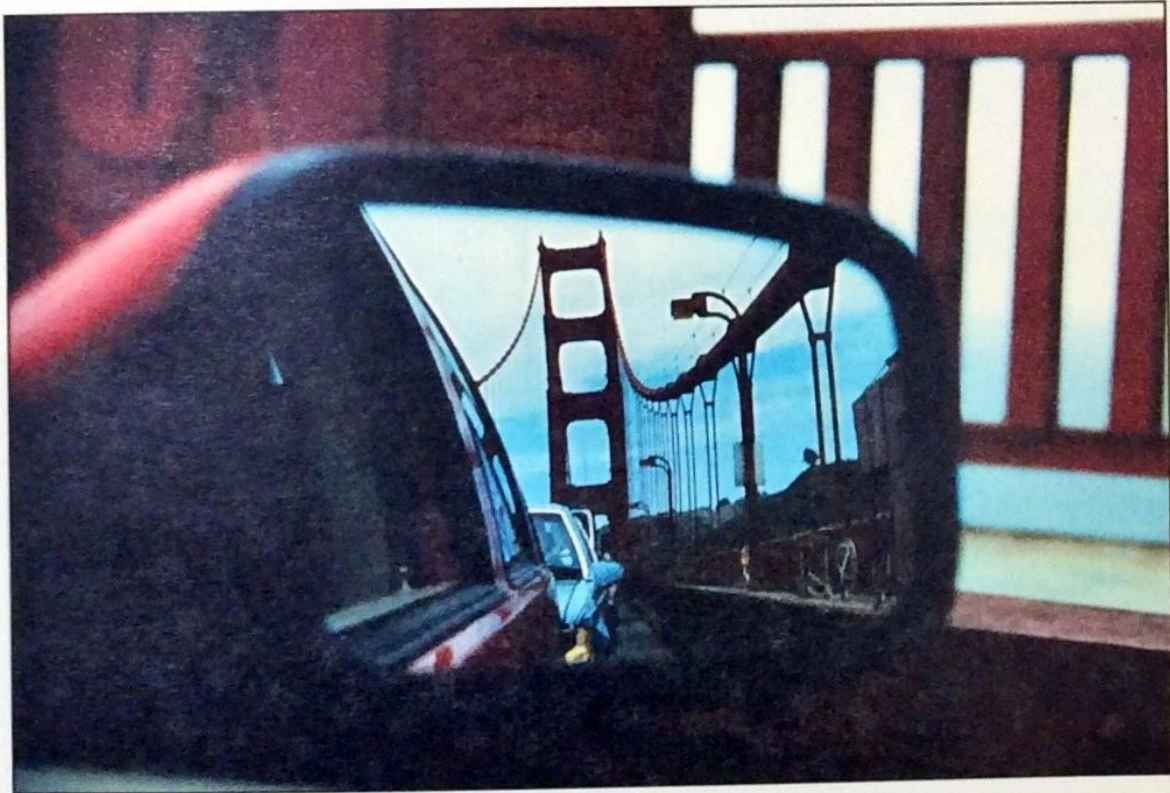
How now the spirits do fright  
Upon my watery eyes  
Caught in disarray  
Caught in their own boundaries

No more paths to cross  
No more bridges to burn  
And yet there is more to learn  
With every beggar's loss  
Love has found a way  
To shove away  
And bring inside

Time made its dust  
When the fire broke and died  
No free wind to let us ride  
On the mirror made of us

Still waters that were crossed  
Bore fishes to the sea  
Locked upon your blank heart  
Locked and thrown away

No good reason to have to say good-bye  
We already went our separate ways  
All my love accepted  
All my love in vain



*Elana Logsdon*

# The Concrete Slab

*Garret Hamann*

Every day.  
We talk to our friends  
And we laugh and we cry  
And those we love  
Live and die

Pity we feel  
For those we can relate  
We comfort our friends  
And make them smile  
Leaving us at happy ends

Allow me to ask  
What do we do . . .  
About the concrete slab  
Which lays beneath our feet  
For us to stomp  
Feeling always the heat

Looking down  
You never see your face  
In the white mixture  
Of rock, mud, and stone  
And nothing looks back  
But skin, eyes, and bone

Never  
Do we wonder what lies beyond  
The anger and sadness within  
Lay buried in rock  
Seemingly unbroken  
A trigger cocked

Morning  
Noon, evening, and night  
Our life goes on  
The more we walk  
The more we stomp  
Too bad concrete can't talk  
And covered in ground  
The concrete is buried  
Its thoughts never found

Inside  
Under three feet thick  
Lies the pain  
White, hard rock, and slosh  
Covers the secret  
That was once mocked

Understanding  
Is not the way  
That we come to know  
About the concrete slab  
only when a cry is heard  
As it tries to grab

Fading  
And falling down

Sucked into the earth  
And covered in ground  
The concrete is buried  
Its thoughts never found



*Michelle Garcia*



*Raymond Uhlir*

## And Silence Answered . . .

*John Penrod*

Solitude and I,  
intimate friends,  
is she all I have,  
my only company?

A friend . . .  
she hears all questions,  
but . . . silence, the only answer?

Yet, her somber assurance  
is that of constant companionship.

Alone with Solitude . . .

Am I alone . . .  
the sole survivor,  
all that remains  
of some long forgotten code,  
allied to the dusty beliefs  
of a dying past?

Am I all that lives  
of an ancient idea  
fighting just to remind  
an oblivious world . . .  
once, it was better?

## Terror

Annette Garza

One man sleeps in terror.  
He struggles wildly, legs kicking  
As his sheets strangle him.  
They march in a line,  
Cold moonlight casting the shadow of bars  
Across his bare chest.  
(In a black vacuum,  
A silent scream echoes for eternity.)  
A tightness that is fear pulls in his chest  
As he examines the others marching  
Silently in the night.  
They have no faces,  
But he can feel the tingle of their  
Nonexistent eyes  
Watching him.  
Caged in a cell,  
In a land far away,  
One woman sits on her bunk,  
Legs pulled up to her chin.  
She rocks quickly back and forth  
Eyes wide and sightless  
As she whistles the national anthem  
To the rats which share her bed.  
And in a small bedroom  
In a town far away,  
One child sits petrified in the dark  
Her eyes riveted on the blackened sky  
Because the man on the moon is dying.





## handcuffed and beaten

*george potter*

i walk down the endless hallways  
this academic prison has become my cell  
the white walls seem to close in on me  
crushing my creativity, my soul, my spirit  
what i dream of no longer matters  
my visions of book jackets, music, love-irrelevant  
all they see are these textbooks  
which have become straight jackets with pretty pictures  
there is no inspiration here  
among these stories which have all been retold  
my brain rots with useless facts  
numbers i can't remember for a week  
won't help for a lifetime  
my instructors, my wardens  
not nightsticks, but late nights have crippled me  
stripped the legs of my being  
only a shell remains  
trashed, torn, terrorized  
an innocent man condemned to death  
for the sins of another  
in the background, familiar voices laugh  
as the system rapes me  
destroying the one gift that i have

*Krissy Lucio*

# I m m o r

The life that we live and the life we leave behind are usually always going to be two different things. Nine times out of ten, we die leaving everyone with a blanket of what we made ourselves out to be. Nobody really knows the voices in our heads that made us tick when it was time to tock. Death preserves this great lie, this facade of life.

The sinners are the only ones who can claim ignorance to this idea. They strip away the heavy blanket of their lives to kill, rape, and pillage. Their own true self is left behind when they die.

Of course, thoughts like these came easy to Drake as he stood upon the ledge. It was a steep fall to an easy death; if only his legs would follow his heart. His life had been hard, too hard

“It was enough  
to make a  
person live.”

to spoil this rich, precious moment upon the ledge. The wind cracked his lips and blew his long brown hair like the wires of a puppeteer, daring him to move on.

A leg trembled and moved, his heart pounded a death march rhythm, and an easy laugh escaped his now forgotten lips.

The plunge! Not as easy as he had expected. His life reeled before his eyes, ruining his flight with the images that had brought him to these circumstances.

Then there was the crack upon the asphalt jungle's marsh, not a mind-freeing experience, but a dull, fluid bounce. He searched to see his position, but his eyes were loosened from their sockets. He strained to hear, but his drums were now broken. His tongue fought to decipher his thought, but was cut by the molars of his own mouth. Drake's body lay upon the street, still alive. Every physical part was in



revolt against his mind's commands. It was enough to make a person live.

Caramel was alone, finally, in her swank Hollywood home. Many thought her as sweet as her name, but

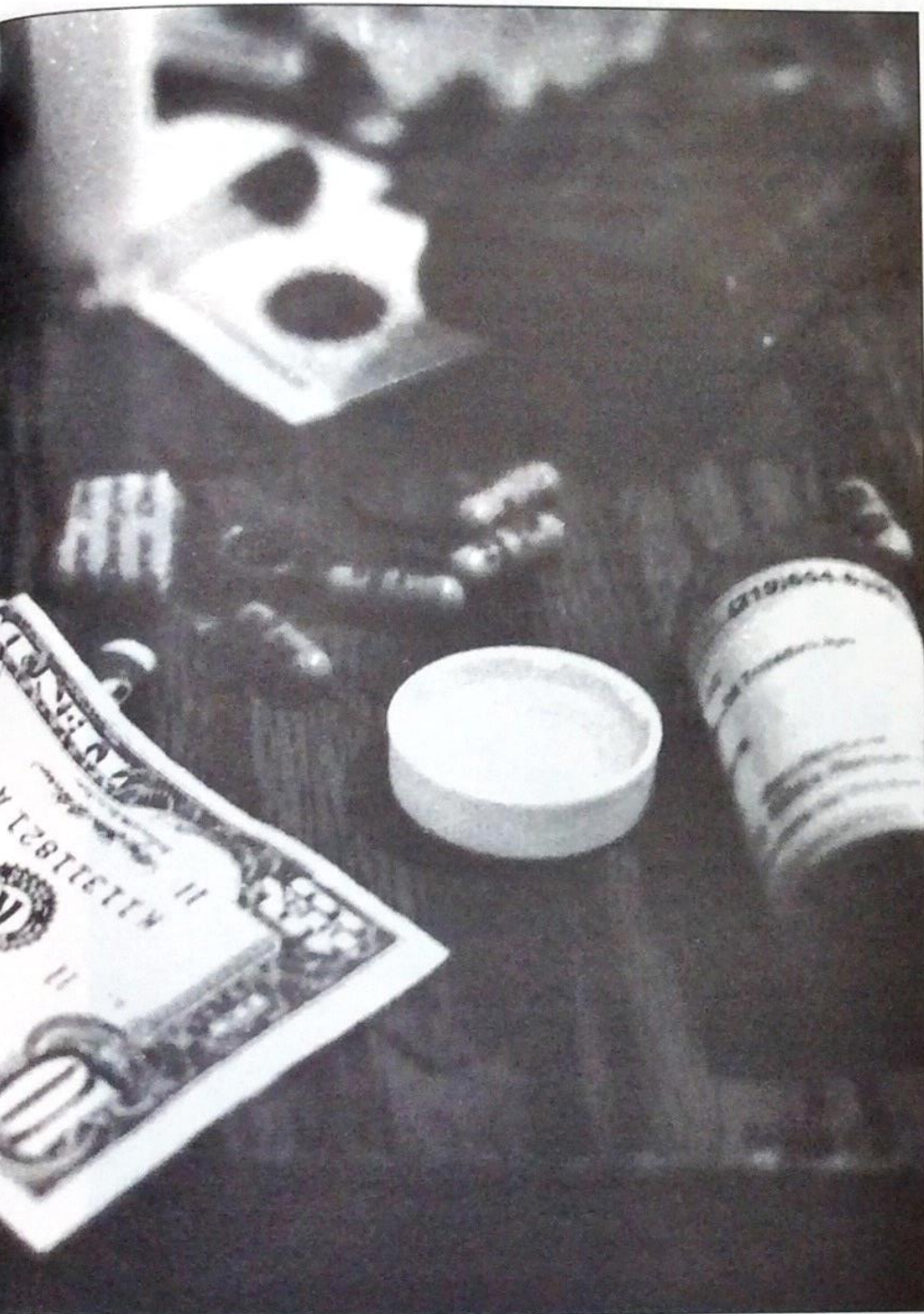
# t a l i t y

working Sunset Boulevard. Yet now, she found herself resting upon a glass coffee table, her life savings before her, cashed in pools of coke and heroin. She hungered for death and feasted upon it through the kilos.

Nothing. She blew her time and her wad, but it was all in vain. The high she experienced didn't carry her away to far off lands, it only chained her to the life she had made for herself.

Caramel panicked. Her mind was dull: her taste, her ambitions, her desperation, all dull. Now she was open to seeing her true self, a sight which she had avoided for many years.

A screaming rage of blond fury picked up the cold caliber pistol. The



“She was open to see her true self now.”

sharp lips kissed hers in a mad dance to fit. The trigger pulled and snapped away as the gray matter of her head was thrown open for all to see.

Laying before her couch, Caramel could see her thoughts shatter and dance like bright reflected chrome shrapnel. Her body released, escaping her control forever. Still her thoughts, though broken, thought on. Caramel lived.

All around the world lives were squandered but never free. Dying became living. Battlefields became standstills as the dead fought on for the glory of a nation. Armies were lost along with the wars they fought. There was no more death in which to find glory.

Neighbor fought neighbor, barehandedly ripping each other's dead carcasses. Men searched for the key to eternal death.

For a millennia, mankind had searched for immortality, some way to preserve life; now the hunt was over. Death left the world and left it in a mad, mad state.

those who attended her parties knew her much, much better.

She had led a demoralized life, living in a demoralizing job. Normally upon the hour of eleven, she would be

## THE JOURNEY *Aaron Wheeler*

Each day I rise and wrap myself  
In a cloak of my own darkness.  
The darkness conceals me and protects me  
From the wraiths and fiends I will encounter on my trek.  
With a last look back at my sunlit world,  
I enter the cold, grey light of Dis.  
Now begins the long, cold, lonely walk  
Through a forest, whose trees seem to whisper  
Tales of death and pain,  
After a time, I find myself at the gates of Dis proper,  
A cold building of dead stone,  
unaccountably lacking the inscription  
"Abandon all hope ye who enter here,"  
Carved above its doors.  
Then the torment begins.  
Within the multitude  
Of other tortured souls,  
I shuffle to my fate,  
Down long, cold halls,

Past rooms which echo  
With the sound of human suffering.  
A small group of us, bound by some common vice,  
Are brought together and chained in place.  
It is then that we see our tormentors.  
Terrible beasts with empty eye sockets, and  
Distended, slaving jaws,  
Teeth like ice picks, and serpents for hair.  
Using their demonic powers,  
They pull strands of barbed wire through our minds.  
After a seeming eternity of unbearable pain,  
We are sent to a series of other monsters,  
Each more hideous, more ingenious than the last.  
After time beyond reckoning,  
We are released for a few short hours  
To prepare for  
the next day  
of school.



# Narcoleptic Lactose-intolerant Skater Kid From Iowa

## *Justin Peterson*

Injustice embodies all.  
Injustice is everywhere.  
Ethnic cleansing. Killing the hungry.  
Tormenting the weak. Persecuting the poor.  
All are shrouded in tragedy.  
And with tragedy comes injustice.  
You can hide. But eventually,  
you shall taste that sweet revenge: injustice.  
Yet, perhaps revenge is nothing more  
than a terrible injustice.

Killing a person  
because he killed the one closest to you.  
Hitting because you were hit.  
Becoming an anarchist  
because the government persecuted you  
to the point of insanity.  
You may have been a victim,  
but, by getting revenge,  
aren't you adding fuel to the ever-growing fire of injustice?  
You can run but you can't elude  
the killing, tormenting, and persecuting for long.



*Raymond Uhlir*

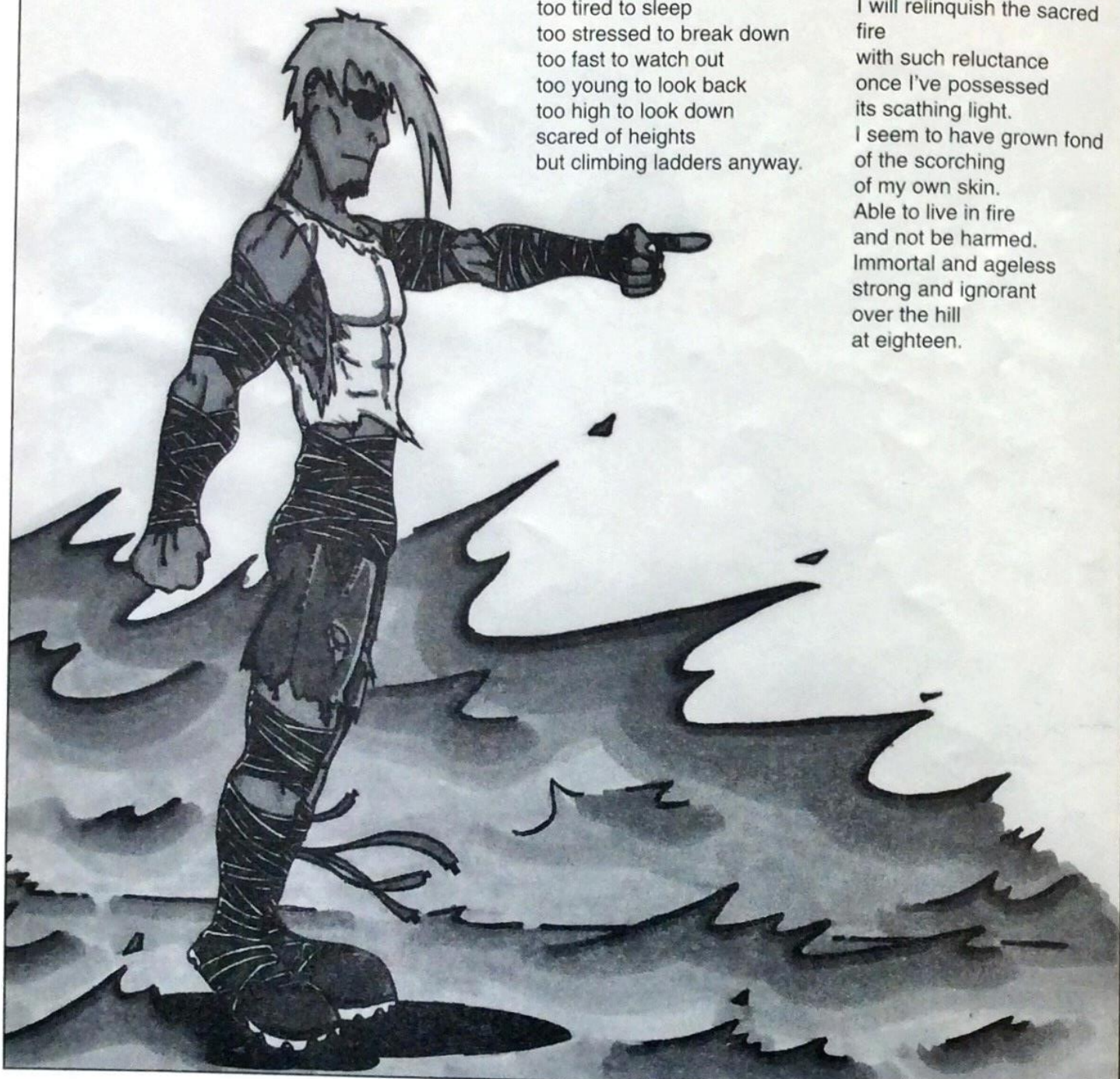
## Eighteen

Joy Thompson

I push  
through crowds  
and weave  
through traffic.  
I scream  
at the train  
blocking my path  
and moving too slow  
for my racing blood.  
I cannot go  
fast enough.

Always searching  
for rush  
speeding past  
and ignoring  
all the lives left  
behind me.  
SLOW DOWN  
I know I should.  
Growing up  
becomes growing old  
an unacceptable option.  
I'm too full of questions  
too hurried to find answers.  
Everything in excess  
too hungry to eat  
too tired to sleep  
too stressed to break down  
too fast to watch out  
too young to look back  
too high to look down  
scared of heights  
but climbing ladders anyway.

No home  
no commonplace  
just a blacktop roadway  
and my four wheels upon it.  
Tearing in circles  
going nowhere.  
Live and die  
is all we do  
my velocity is meaningless.  
Still it's all I've got.  
Slowly killing myself  
to truly live.  
Watch me dance  
within the flames  
of love and life.  
I will relinquish the sacred  
fire  
with such reluctance  
once I've possessed  
its scathing light.  
I seem to have grown fond  
of the scorching  
of my own skin.  
Able to live in fire  
and not be harmed.  
Immortal and ageless  
strong and ignorant  
over the hill  
at eighteen.



# THE DUCKS ARE COMING

Brian McDaniel

Ever wonder what the animals in the world do when we're not around? Do bears really hibernate in the winter? What do the bats do when they sleep during the day? Do ducks really fly south for the winter? Some people think that they know the answers to these questions, but they are completely wrong. How do I know this? I've had a unique experience with ducks. Don't go getting the wrong idea; that's just disgusting. No, I mean a close encounter of the other kind. Everybody tells me that I'm crazy, but ducks will take over the planet sooner than you know it. How do I know this? They told me so. It happened just a few weeks ago while I was on a trip in California.

It was my last day, and I had to fly home the next morning. I decided to go find a park and feed the ducks because I used to do that all the time when I was a little kid. I got my rollerblades and took off down the path. It was a nice day outside. The pond was a long way into the actual park itself so it took me about fifteen minutes to get there. The funny thing was, I had been there the day before, and it had taken me five minutes to get there. Needless to say, I was tired when I arrived. It didn't seem like the same pond; it looked the same, but there were ducks everywhere. I should have brought more food. Sitting down on a bench near the pond, I started feeding the ducks. The ducks just swarmed to me as I threw the food to them. The food disappeared in about two minutes, so when I ran out, I decided to take a short nap.

As I lay down on the bench, I heard someone say my name. I sat up and looked around for the person. I saw nothing but ducks. I thought nothing of it and lay back down. Then, I heard the voice again. Standing up, I looked around. One of the ducks waddled over to me and tapped my foot with his bill. I looked down at the duck, and he looked up at me.

"Bill," he said, "do you have any more food?" I screamed and took off in the other direction. The ducks must have gotten scared because they all took off and flew toward me. I was surrounded by ducks. Taking me hostage, the ducks drug me into the pond. As soon as I hit the water, I blacked out.

I came to in a room which was nicely furnished. I

guessed that I had been taken back to my hotel room. I looked for the shower, but there wasn't one. That's when I saw the bars on the windows. I was in jail, a jail controlled by ducks. I must have been having an acid flashback or something to that effect.

About that time, a duck came to the door and asked me to follow him. We walked outside to the park, but it was not the same park where I had passed out. I was surrounded by the most beautiful forest I had ever seen.

The sky was very blue, as was the water. The grass was neatly trimmed and the garden had flowers that I had never seen before. Then the ducks arrived.

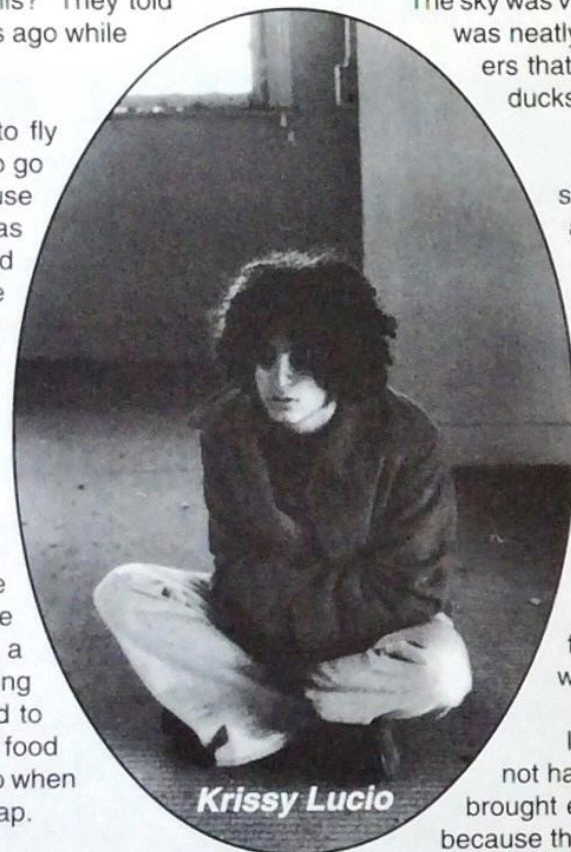
They were everywhere. I had never seen that many ducks in my life. They all settled down (no pun intended) and separated to make a path to the edge of the forest. What I saw at the edge of the path was the largest duck I had ever seen. He waddled down the path and quacked very loudly at me.

He then said in a royal tone, "Why do you not have food for us? We do not ask much of you land dwellers; nothing but your food, or bread crumbs. They are the only way for us to survive in this galaxy before we take over your planet."

I lost it right there. I told him that I did not have any more food because I had not brought enough. That seemed to satisfy him because the next thing I knew, I was sitting next to the pond where I had originally passed out. I quickly got up and ran all the way back to my hotel, totally forgetting about my rollerblades.

I got into a cab, went to the airport, and flew to Washington D.C. They wouldn't let me talk to the President, but they did let me talk to a nice man in a white coat. He told me that I would be safe from the ducks inside my padded room.

If you remember anything, remember this: ducks are not what they seem to be. The next time you tell a duck that you don't have any food, don't be surprised if it speaks and puts you in jail.



Krissy Lucio

**Remember Me**  
**Gabriel Younes**

Visions flutter through my mind  
Of Hitler's spell . . . of Hell.

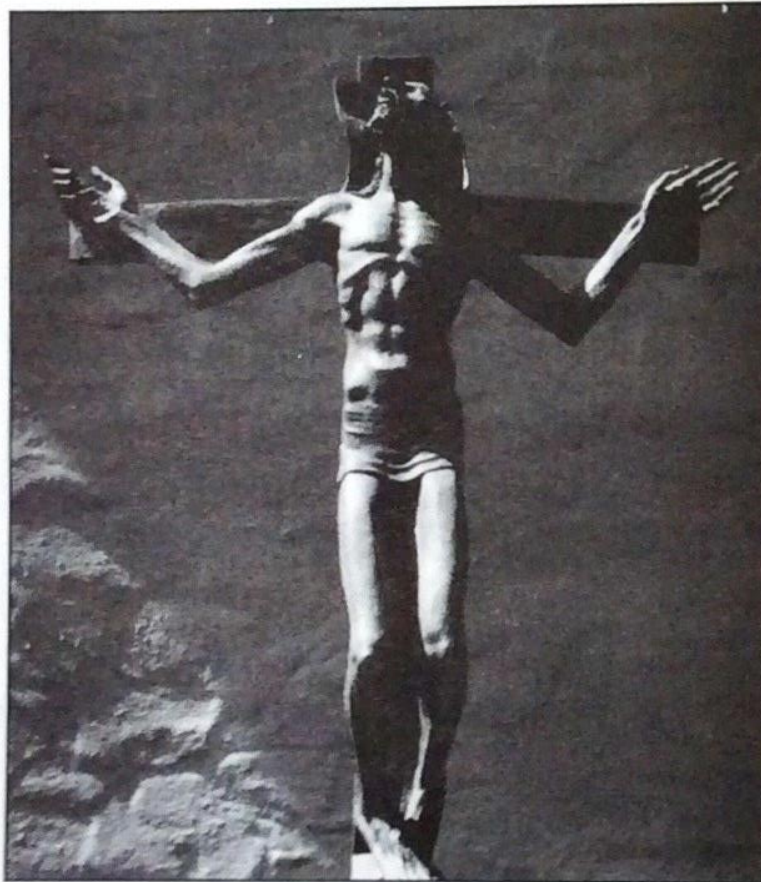
People die,  
People cry,  
Others sigh from exhaustion and hunger.  
More and more just lie, dead.

A shot soars through the air  
As people duck from the scare.  
"Am I alive?"  
A person asks himself  
For today.  
Maybe . . .

Elders, women, children in a line  
With no mind,  
With no mind of what is ahead.  
Are they all being misled? Yes.

A toddler asks why you cry  
"You'll find out," in reply.

No time to say,  
No time to pray,  
What are we coming to?  
Ask the gun . . . in the hand of the big strong man.

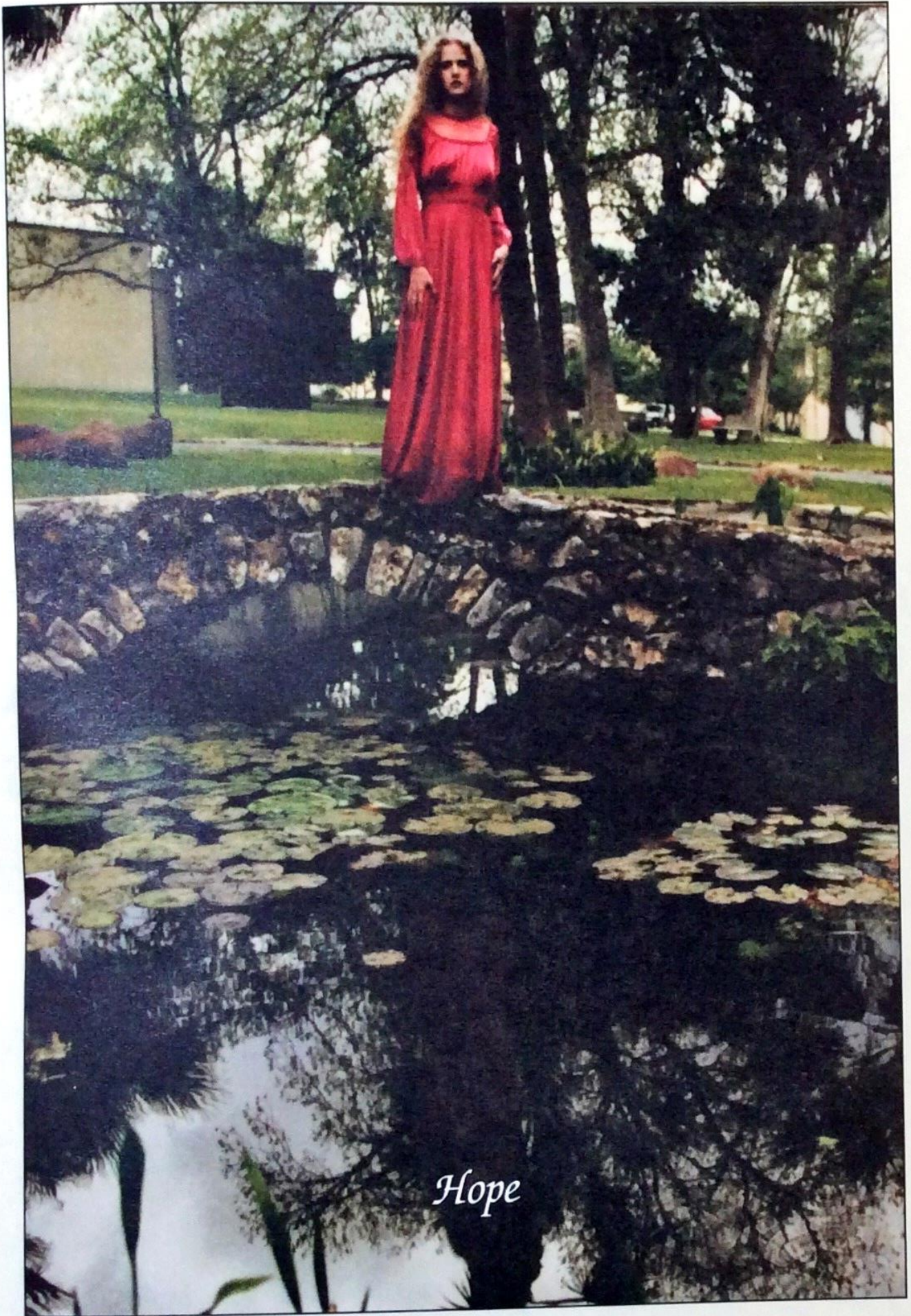


**Sara McShane**

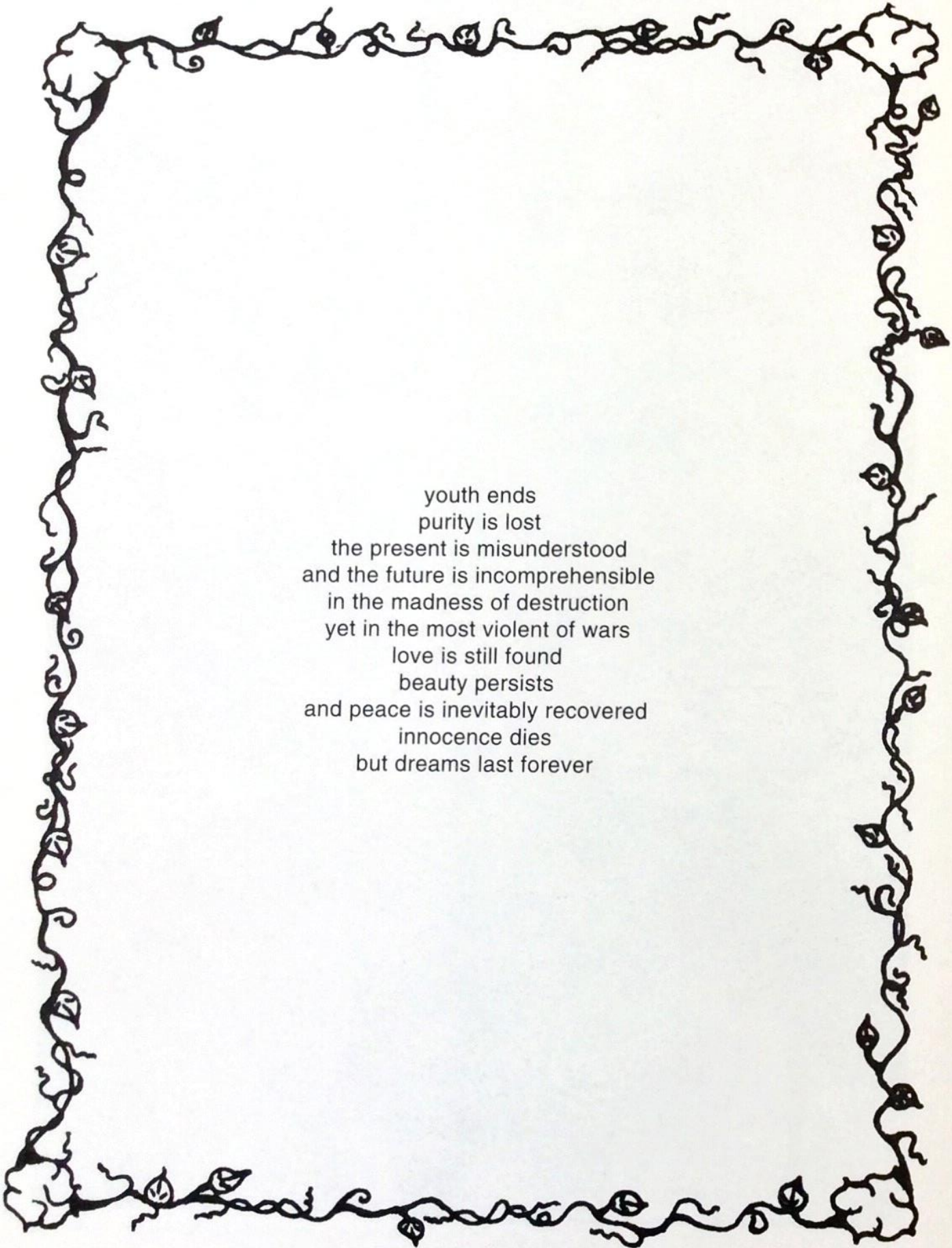
Groups meet,  
Some eat,  
Others wonder at the thunder  
They feel in their body  
Is that me? Trapped?  
The thunder of my heart beating  
Or is that my mind beating?  
Are we all dead?  
Or is this some sick illusion . . . sorry.  
Sorry, a word not spoken in the woken, dead.  
Is it too much to ask?  
Ask . . . Yes.

Remember the days in the sun,  
Not the harsh Ghettos  
What to say, instead I just lay here dead.  
When you are dead, are you happy?  
Or do you get to relive your life?  
No matter what you went through?

Is hope the only thing left?  
Yes.  
No.  
Maybe.



*Hope*



youth ends  
purity is lost  
the present is misunderstood  
and the future is incomprehensible  
in the madness of destruction  
yet in the most violent of wars  
love is still found  
beauty persists  
and peace is inevitably recovered  
innocence dies  
but dreams last forever

# The High School Dilemma

*Jerry Fuentes*



*Andy Tscheope*

"...Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.--Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took to the flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

-Emerson



*Andy Tscheope*

## The High School Dilemma (*continued*)

If someone were to come up to you and ask, "Who are you?" how would you answer? People usually don't give much thought to who they are. How often have you thought about your life, who you are, and where you're going? Stop for one second and ask yourself these questions. Where would you like to be? How are you going to get there? What are you doing now? Your life could end tomorrow for no reason, so why not take a risk.

All too often people fall into a pit that I like to call the "grey area". This is where you can play it safe since you have developed a nest, a comfort zone, and acceptance. Your consistency has always brought food to your nest and kept you warm. Why do you stay there? Because it's easy. Human nature is to go with the easy because the difficult takes strength. Your weakness is fear. You know that if you stand outside the "area," you will be forced to stand alone. So instead you stand among everyone else, following them and their opinion of you. If so, you've lost yourself; it's the blind leading the blind. Yet, to abandon this cushion, you must have courage and the guts to use it. Will you stand tall for what you believe, even if you stand alone?

Imagine life as a shopping basket, and each one of us has just won a shopping spree. For a limited amount of time, you have the opportunity to put whatever you want into your basket: memories, experiences, big things, little things, real things or fake things. So what will you put into your basket, and how long will it last? Will you envy someone else's basket and imitate what they put in theirs? Or, will you give your basket away and leave it stranded in the middle of the isle? Remember that your basket is unique and powerful in its own right, and if you don't push your basket, who else will?

Now, this brings me to the core of what I'm trying to say. Granted, it is much easier said than done; yet to be a true individual, one must abandon all shades of grey. You must believe in something. You must love something. You must put all your hope into your thoughts and beliefs and live by them, regardless of what people say or think about you. Most importantly, feel with your heart; know what it is you believe; follow it and base your actions upon it; never be misguided. Instead of walking

down a beaten path, walk amongst tall grass and weeds; let yourself be the one to pave the way of a new path in the forest of society. The next time you find yourself in the midst of a "good idea," don't just whisper it under your breath. It will do no one any good, and you're just wasting your time. Scream it to the world so that you may move mountains and shake the seas.

However, you must know that greatness will try to weed you out. Moreover, with this freedom, you should know that believing and following something will leave you exposed. It reminds me of a story I heard about a certain plant. Amongst fields of grasses and shrubs lies this plant that everyone refers to as a weed. Its petals are not of the normal stature, and its colors wouldn't necessarily grab acclaim. Basically, it isn't pretty; and as many know, what isn't attractive isn't liked. The simple green stem supports a simple bud, which, by appearance, breeds modesty. I am talking about the dandelion. Within these colonies of rough grass and dry, nearly dead shrubs, it stands like a tower, a flower soaring above the crowd. Unlike the other colorful flowers that people smash their noses into and call beautiful, the dandelion surpasses all flowers. For a tulip or rose grows on its own, and it grows in an area sensitive to these precious flowers. Yet the dandelion grows among hordes of weeds and receives no sympathy from its fellow beautiful flowers. Still, the dandelion contains a greatness that not even the most colorful flower can match; it is a self-reliant flower. It is this flower that we make a point to find and pick, casting our deepest wishes upon its seeds as we blow them away. Seeds will be taken by the wind and planted somewhere else among other weeds to grow again and again and again. As Robert Fulghum said, "Some weed!"

You will be ridiculed for what you believe, or you might even be commended. You will have left the "grey area," and you will stand alone. You will be an individual. People will mock you for your thoughts because you are no longer a follower, but stand tall. Become a dandelion in the face of weeds. And yes, above all, for doing so, "... you shall be sure to be misunderstood . . . but to be great is to be misunderstood . . ."

# Unending War

*George Potter*

Withered beaten torn  
Shackled stripped and worn  
I stand alone in a crowded room  
Waiting for the struggle that comes soon  
For I will fight bravely until my death  
Rage against the wrong with my last breath  
There are terrors which must end  
Shall we make a new norm transcend  
And although my soul already bleeds  
And although no one seems to take heed

I shall speak against the killers  
The bigots, the wars, and the freedom stealers  
The thieves, the bombs, the polluters, and the corrupt  
Can never win if we don't give up  
On my knees I cry over the violence  
My only answer, a deafening silence  
I will not go gently to my grave  
I will struggle and conquer each wave  
The increasing onslaughts of the afraid  
Who try to prevent change from being made  
'Cause in my mind I still see  
A future that is right for those like me



*Amy  
Johnson*

## against the world

*sarah smith*

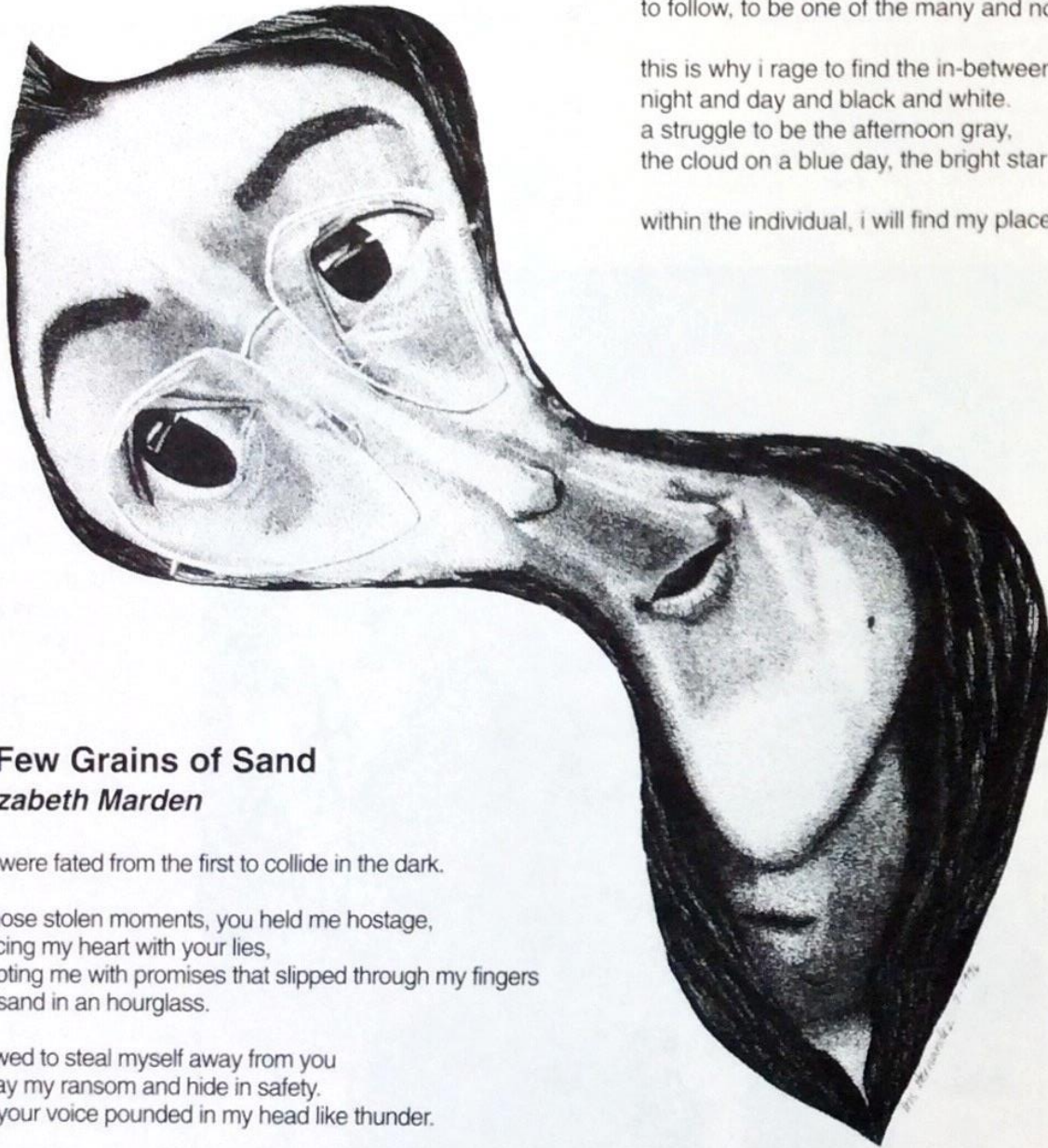
an everlasting battle on this ever circling earth  
a fight for independence, for us, what it may be worth

to each his own piece of the complicated puzzle  
that every curve and corner may fit that very spot  
in time saved for the individual

though years it may take to find, i am searching  
but the stereotypical masterpiece is tempting us  
to follow, to be one of the many and not one with ourselves

this is why i rage to find the in-between, in a world that is  
night and day and black and white.  
a struggle to be the afternoon gray,  
the cloud on a blue day, the bright star in a black sky

within the individual, i will find my place



## A Few Grains of Sand

*Elizabeth Marden*

We were fated from the first to collide in the dark.

In those stolen moments, you held me hostage,  
piercing my heart with your lies,  
tempting me with promises that slipped through my fingers  
like sand in an hourglass.

I vowed to steal myself away from you  
to pay my ransom and hide in safety.  
But your voice pounded in my head like thunder.

I screamed into the night for an end, begging for my freedom.  
I remained in darkness.

In a dream, He came to me, held me close and dried my tears.  
I awoke from your hell.

The hourglass was smashed, and with it, your lies.  
all that remains of you is a few grains of sand, a shard of glass.

*Iris Hernandez*

# The Vacant Stare in my Mirror

*Rebecca Jungmann*

My reflection  
is no longer bright  
the jagged mirror  
reveals the silent gaze  
of a stranger  
I do not wish to know

yet her shadow  
is a nuisance  
her happiness  
is false  
the image she  
dwells within  
is slowly snatching my  
identity

she effortlessly portrays  
the part  
they want me to play

my eyes mist over  
as I am forced  
to watch her  
prance about adoringly  
within their view

someday  
in a moment  
of great decadence and  
beauty  
I shall shrewdly shed  
her skin from my  
claustrophobic body  
for all to see  
someday



*Lari Whitford*



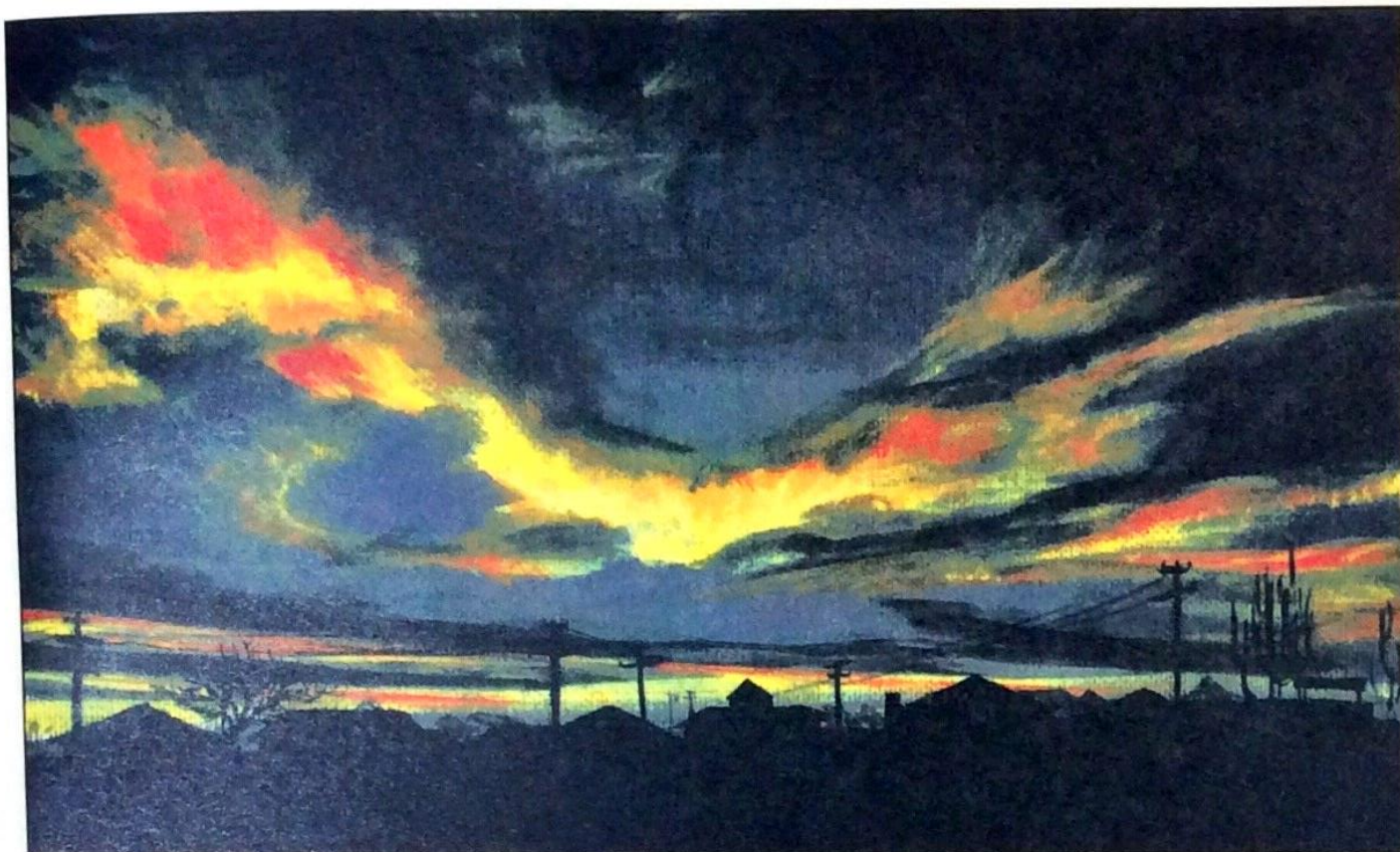
*Anastasia Toom*

## September Rain

*Bronwyn Wingo*

September rain pour down on me  
And from this world do set me free  
Of ties that bind and bond me here  
The chains that cause my heart to fear  
Please send me to your homeland sky  
And in your cloudy heart to lie  
No longer in this world of pain  
But to the place from which you came  
Take me to your dwelling place

Where I shall feel your warm embrace  
Your gentle kiss and loving touch  
With strength to heal me of so much  
Whispers you speak into my ears  
Shall comfort me throughout the years  
Press your face into my own  
To give the smile your sun once shown  
September rain answer this cry  
And heed this word, please don't deny.



*Anastasia Toom*

## **A Day In The Life Of Victor J. Tasm**

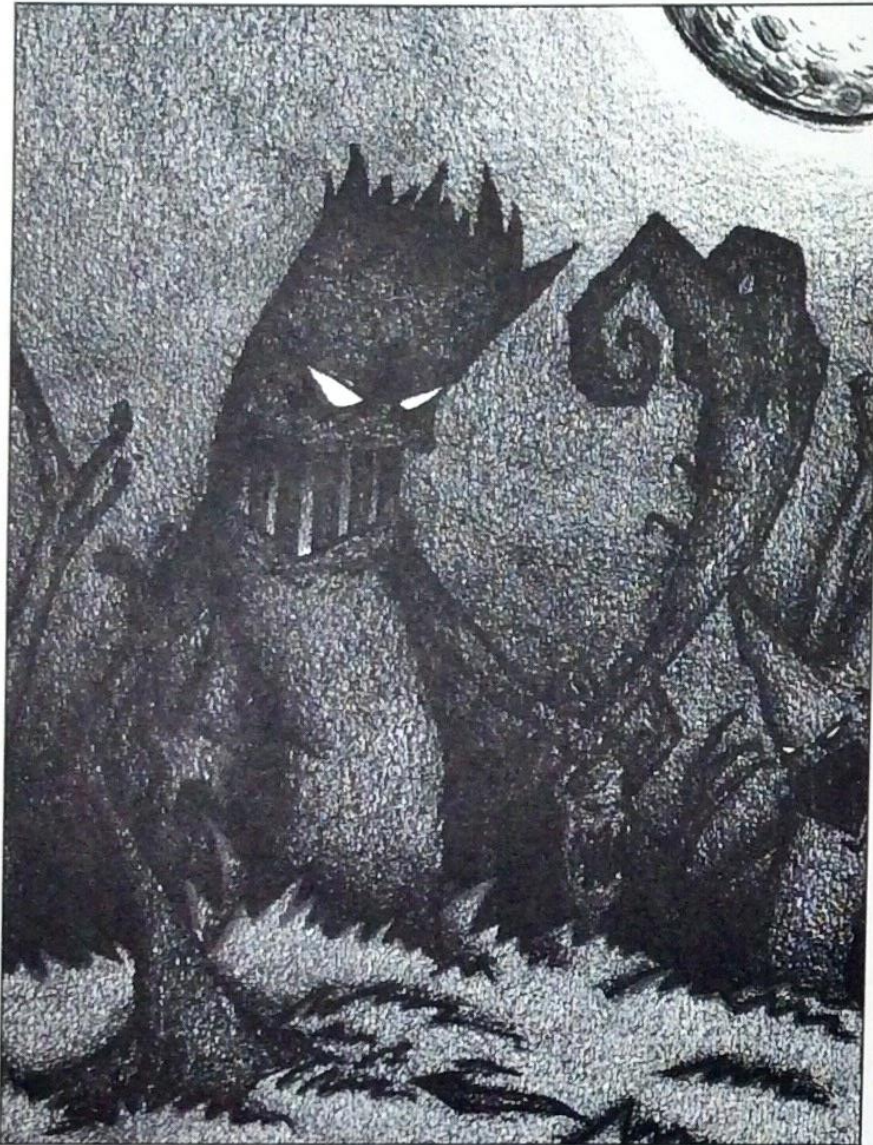
***Mark Raymo***

I slowly walked through the old playground  
as the sun left its crimson stain on the sky.  
The scene remained silent,  
coaxing me to lose myself in my scattered thoughts.  
Suddenly I looked up to see the silhouettes  
of children running and laughing together.  
They frantically scurried around looking  
for the best hiding place in their last game of "Hide and Go Seek."  
With only a few minutes until the street lights would come on,  
They ran as fast as they could.  
Tears filled my eyes  
I remembered those careless days;  
I remembered the joy.  
And then I looked down at the three piece suit I wore  
and realized that I had lost sight of the real American dream.  
The sun hid itself behind the horizon and the silhouettes disappeared,  
returning the playground to me and my scattered thoughts.

# CRACK MONSTERS

## Joy Thompson

I started out an accident.  
I was born nine years  
after my second sister  
so I was forced  
to grow up fast  
and still be everybody's baby.  
We lived around the world sometimes  
and others just at home.  
My daddy was a Russian spy;  
or so I thought  
'cause everything he did at work  
was top secret.  
My imagination was a little wild,  
I was also real gullible.  
When I was little  
my sisters told me stories  
of the CRACK MONSTERS . . .  
little mean ugly guys  
that lived in the crack  
between the wall and my bed.  
They said they'd eat me alive  
in my sleep  
if I ever put a body part  
in the crack.  
I blamed the monsters for the destruction  
of my favorite blanket.  
Who would want  
to tell their little sibling  
such a horrible thing?  
I've a friend who thought monsters  
would steal her socks.  
They took years convincing me  
it was false.  
My whole life  
has been laced with monsters,  
from crack monsters  
to politicians  
and worse.  
I'm sticking to the edge of my seat  
like maybe I sat  
in gum or glue.  
I can't move back from the brink  
and I can't go over it.  
But I like it there  
the edge is where the wind blows hardest  
and speed reaches new dimensions.  
I started out an accident  
but I'm not gonna end as one.



## Amy Johnson

# The History of "Nobody," An Introduction

Ed Lerma

You (the reader) probably do not know it, but it is very likely that even at this very moment, you are secretly pining away for absolutely "Nobody." I'll explain. "Nobody" is actually the somebody you hope is floating around somewhere in the vast universe, and that you just have not been lucky enough to find yet. Or maybe you have found him or her, and that is just great. Good for you; you do not need to be reading this. Anyway, "Nobody" is our perfect match, our soul mate. (Yes, I am aware the soul mate concept is cheesy, but hey, I can dream.) This "Nobody" is someone molded just for you. "Nobody" originated in the minds of a couple of goofy kids who had been on a bus far too long and were equally frustrated with their lack of a somebody. NOBODY loved them. And then it started, the play on words was too tempting, and slowly "Nobody" became famous. We put together a list, a kind of character sketch, for "Nobody" which grew into something way too long to keep track of. Some parts of "Nobody's" personality probably should not even be repeated. However, it seems like others might easily, and appropriately relate to them. These traits of "Nobody" are what a bus full of tired, drained kids, who had not slept in a while, came up with, so we understand if they contrast with your, the reader's, own personal view. Hopefully though, you will read and understand what we were thinking when we recorded them. Keep in mind the double meaning and enjoy.

## 105 Things Nobody Does: (really just 24 but who's counting?)

### GREAT THINGS ABOUT NOBODY:

Nobody loves you  
Nobody cares about you  
Nobody misses you when you are gone  
Nobody remembers your birthday  
Nobody appreciates you  
Nobody makes a great pillow  
Nobody values your opinion  
Nobody is honest, always  
Nobody is a great dancer  
Nobody thinks the Macarena is a dumb dance  
Nobody puts the cap on the toothpaste, always  
Nobody is your best friend  
Nobody is perfect

### GREAT THINGS NOBODY WILL DO FOR YOU:

Nobody kills the cockroach in the kitchen for you  
Nobody listens to all your dumb stories  
Nobody will give you their jacket when it is cold  
Nobody makes you smile  
Nobody agrees with you

### GREAT THINGS NOBODY THINKS OF YOU:

Nobody thinks you are beautiful  
Nobody likes your new haircut  
Nobody thinks you have pretty feet  
Nobody likes how you look in the morning  
Nobody thinks it is cute that you snort when you laugh  
Nobody believes in you

And remember . . . NOBODY LOVES YOU!



Eric Uhler

**One Last Moment**  
**John Penrod**

A gentle glance,  
fleeting touch,  
heartfelt words,  
signs of such.

Feelings buried,  
emotions hidden,  
within our eyes  
arise unbidden.

Moments pass,  
hours flee,  
place and time  
cease to be.

And in that moment  
two dwell alone,  
our hopes, our dreams,  
in one are sewn.

But soon it ends,  
time returns,  
of parting sorrow  
two hearts burn.

In one last moment,  
our fingers trace  
a tender line  
from face to face.

Eyes closed,  
hands to guide  
our lips embrace  
to bid good-bye.

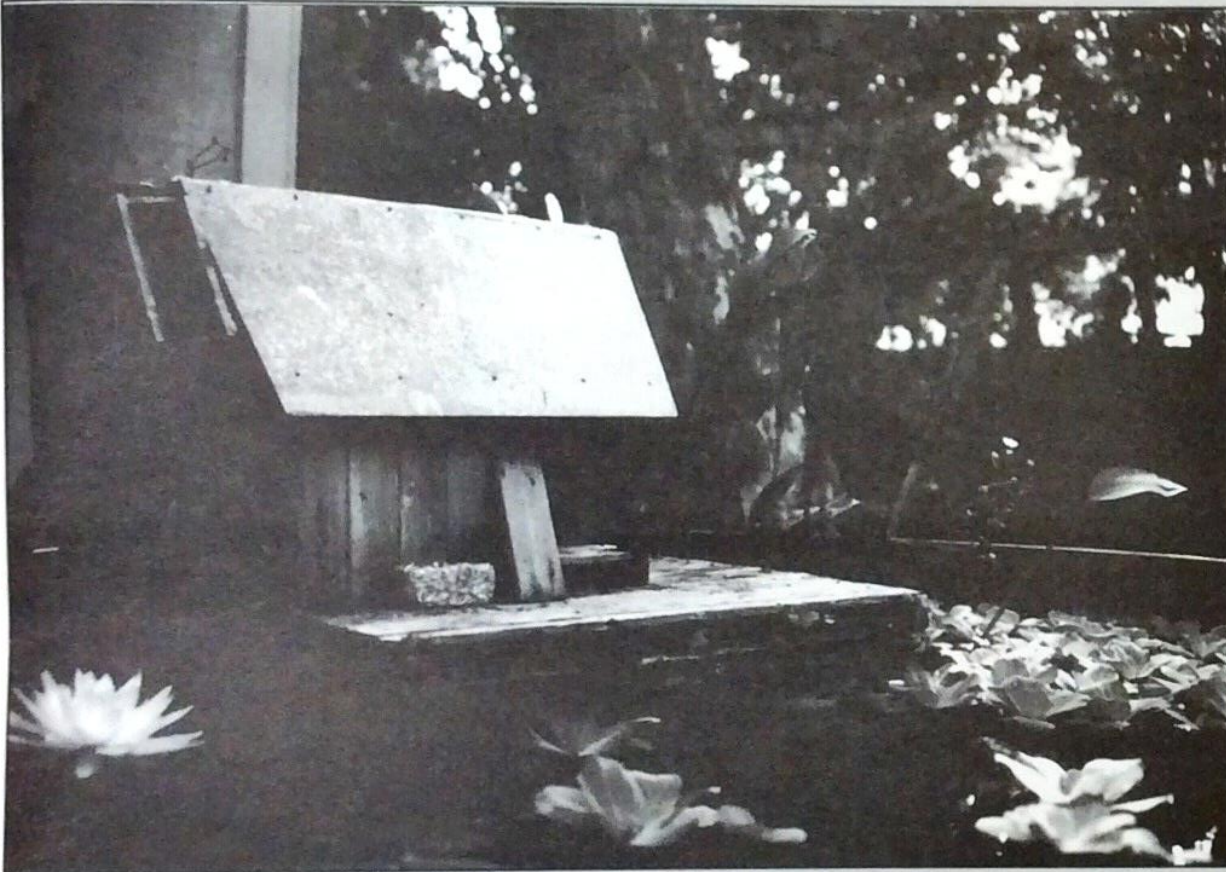
And in that moment  
two become one  
one hope, one dream  
a promise begun.

**Nicole Kotara**



**You Learn**  
**Rebecca Cowart**

After a while you learn the slight difference  
Between holding a hand and binding a soul,  
And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning  
And company doesn't mean security,  
And you begin to understand that kisses  
Aren't contracts and presents aren't promises,  
And you begin to accept your defeats  
With your head held high and your eyes open wide,  
With the grace of a woman, not the sorrow of a child.



**Dayne Dozier**

You learn to build your paths on today, because  
Tomorrow's ground is too uncertain to plan  
And futures have a way of falling down in mid-flight.

After a while, you learn that even sunshine  
Burns if you get too much,  
So you sow your own garden, and adorn your own  
soul,  
Instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers,  
And you learn that you really can endure,  
That you really are strong,  
And you really do have worth.

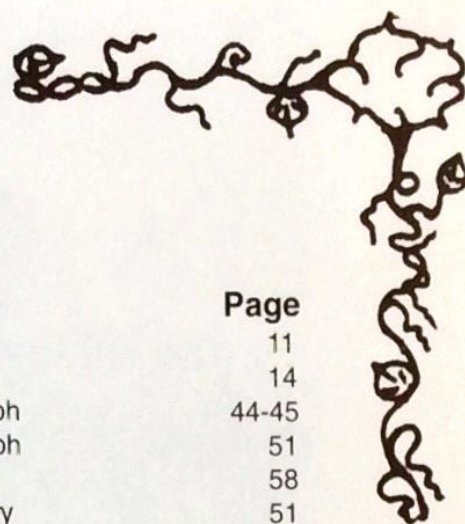
And you learn and learn, and you learn.

With every good-bye, you learn.

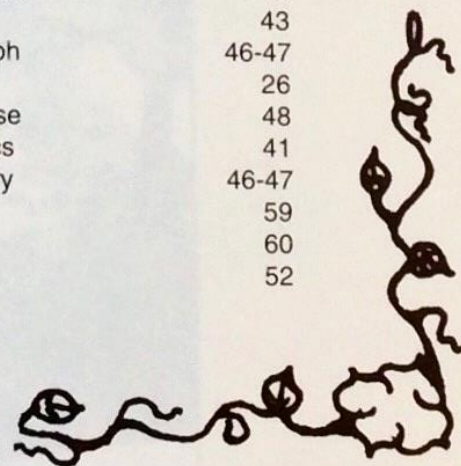
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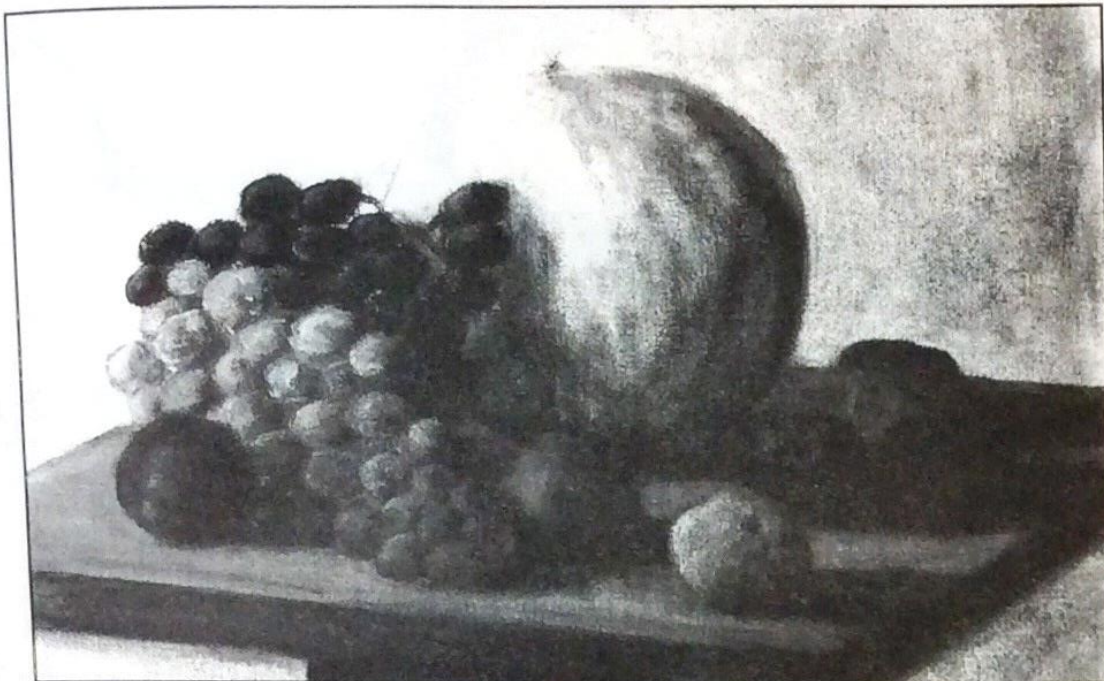
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We found a boy . . . to take into the forest



*Anastasia Toom*



*Anastasia Toom*

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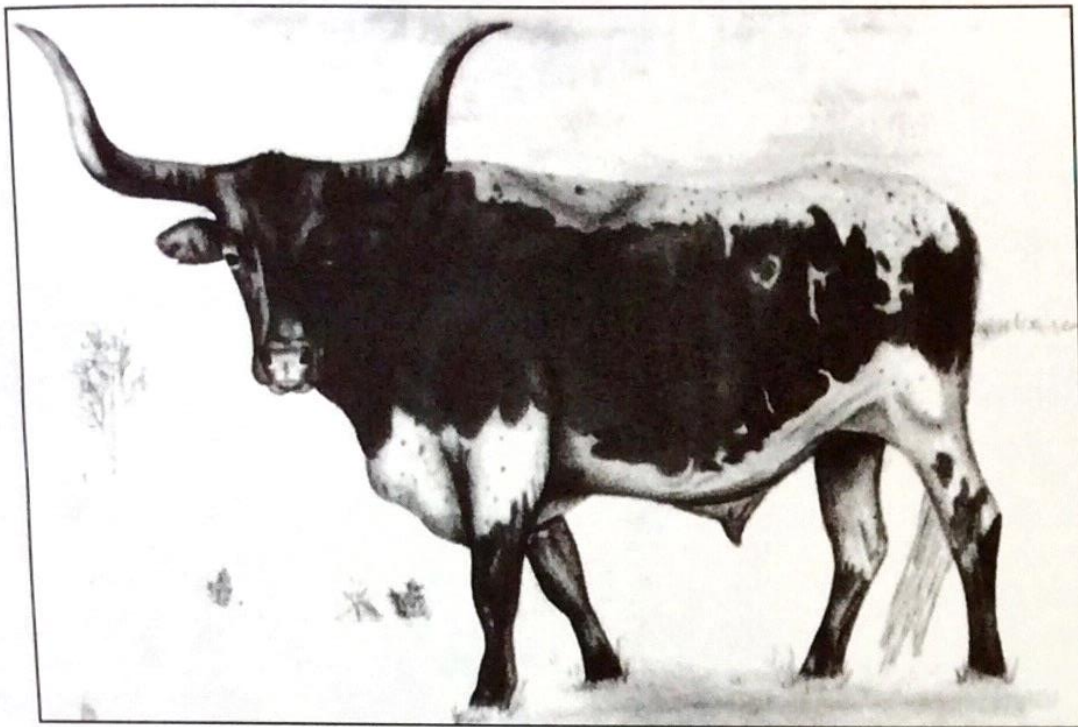
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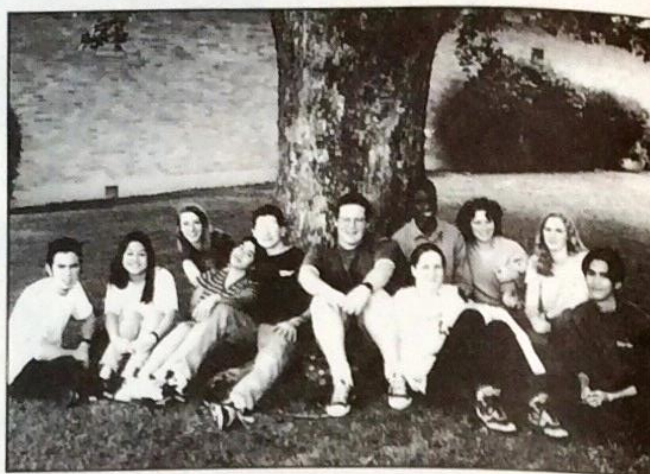
Columbia Scholastic Press Association: First Place 1990, 1993, 1994; Silver Medalist 1995; All Columbian Award for Concept 1990, 1992, 1995; All Columbian Award for Creativity 1990, 1992, 1995; All Columbian Award for Design 1992, 1995; Silver Crown Award 1991; Gold Crown Award 1992

National Council of Teachers of English: Excellent Rating 1990, 1995; Superior Rating 1989, 1994; Highest Award 1991-1993

# Bullseye 1997

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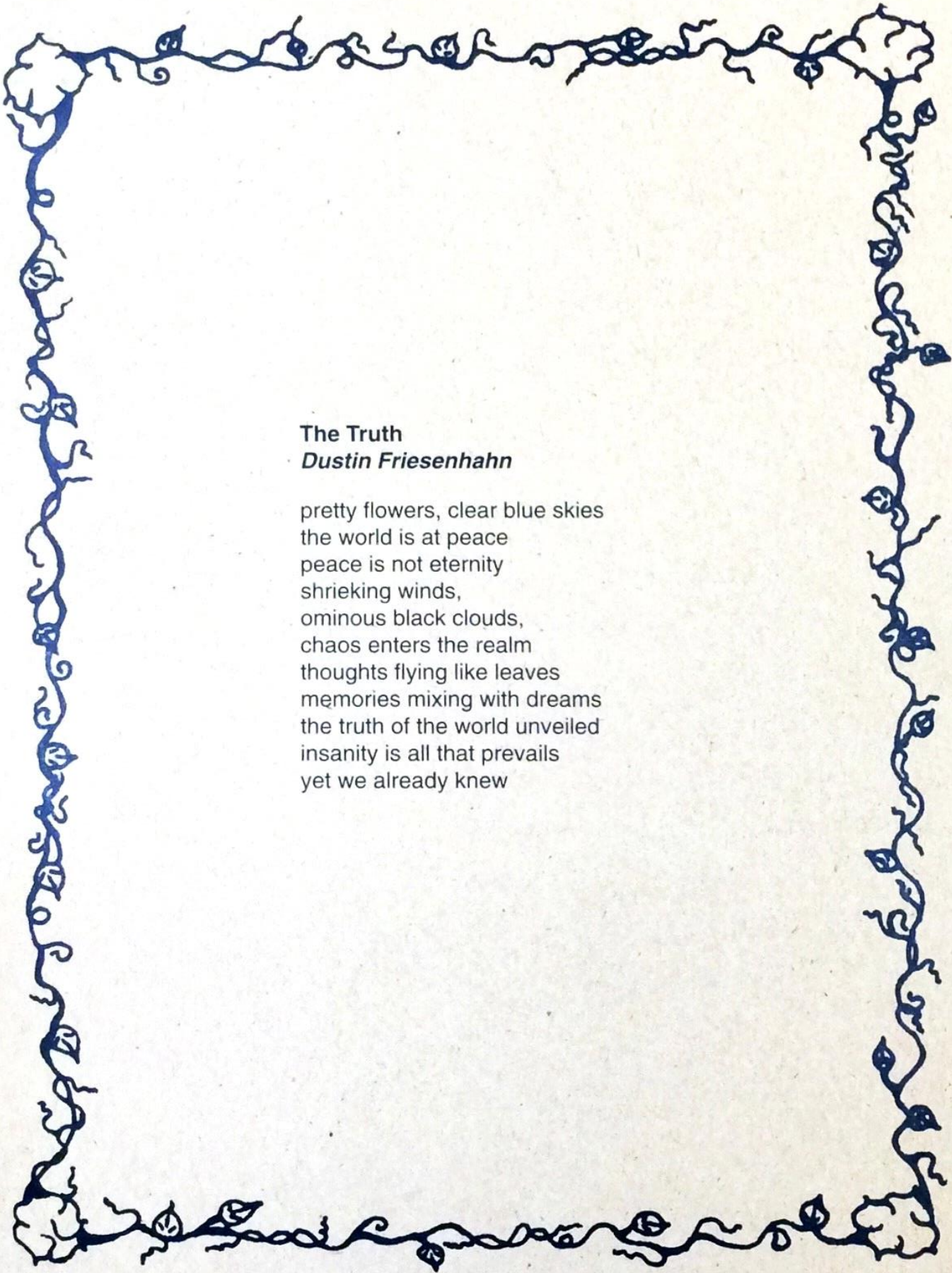
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**The Truth**  
***Dustin Friesenhahn***

pretty flowers, clear blue skies  
the world is at peace  
peace is not eternity  
shrieking winds,  
ominous black clouds,  
chaos enters the realm  
thoughts flying like leaves  
memories mixing with dreams  
the truth of the world unveiled  
insanity is all that prevails  
yet we already knew