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MacArthur High School

BULLSEYE



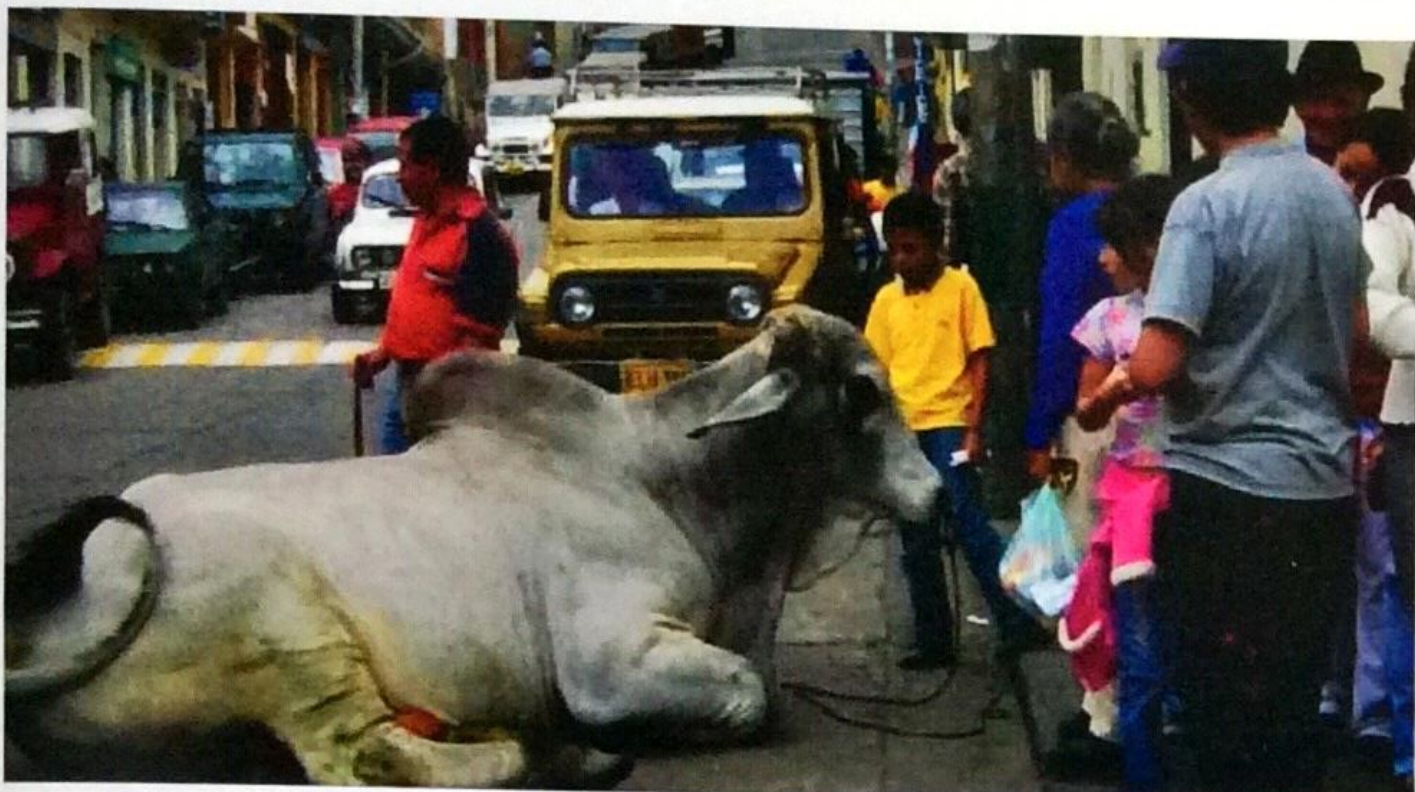
The Literary Magazine Playing Card Co.

MacArthur H.S.

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Sarah Sweeney, photography

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The Bullseye Playing Card Co.



Bullseye 2005

Volume 21

The Literary and Art Magazine
of
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Home of the Brahma

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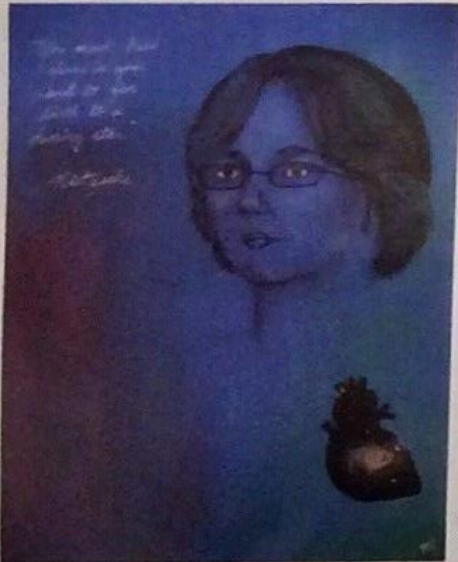
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ing of War Clubs



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Scream Or Be Scene

Steal your sister's jeans!

Why?

Well fashion, of course.

You have to look good while you hear some guy scream about an ex-girlfriend who tainted his feelings when he was your age.

Dark-framed glasses and a button-tattered jacket from an overpriced thrift store
And you're almost ready to start your evening.

Abstract t-shirt and matching shoe ensemble; but there is still one more thing:
Hair, hope you left an hour or so for prep.

Hope you have that Sam's Choice family-size hair spray; you will need quite a lot for the slash.

Now you have the essentials.



Carrie Smith, graphite

Make sure you know the name of the band you are seeing, doesn't really matter if you like them, no one else there appreciates them either.

Your mom will, of course, cover admission, as she did with the majority of your outfit, but make sure no one sees her drop you off; not cool.

Walk into the show and meet people just like you, who have no personality or mind of their own; I'm sure you will get along just fine.

Smoke a cigarette or two you stole from your mom earlier and if you don't smoke, well just stand there with your cool stick and look fashionable.

No one can get addicted if they only smoke on the weekends, so it is all in good fun. Take some slow shutter pictures that, artistically make no sense whatsoever, but look weird.



Rush home so the story of the night is still fresh in your mind, God knows what would happen if you left out one miniscule detail from your Live Journal.

I mean it is your obligation to document every event in your teen life, even if you are the only one who cares.

Communicate without emotion or meaning on AIM with some person who claims to be the lead singer of Norma Jean, but who really is a 3-time child molester, while listening to the music you truly enjoy, Britney Spears.

Tired from moshing your poor wittle heart out all night?

Feel free to crash, you deserve it.

Being a little hard-core kid with a false persona is exhausting.

Who knew fitting out could be so hard?

Wake up when your 30 and realize how foolishly you wasted your teens while you transform into the very thing you rebelled against years before . . .

The 9-5 business executive.

Badger Denehy

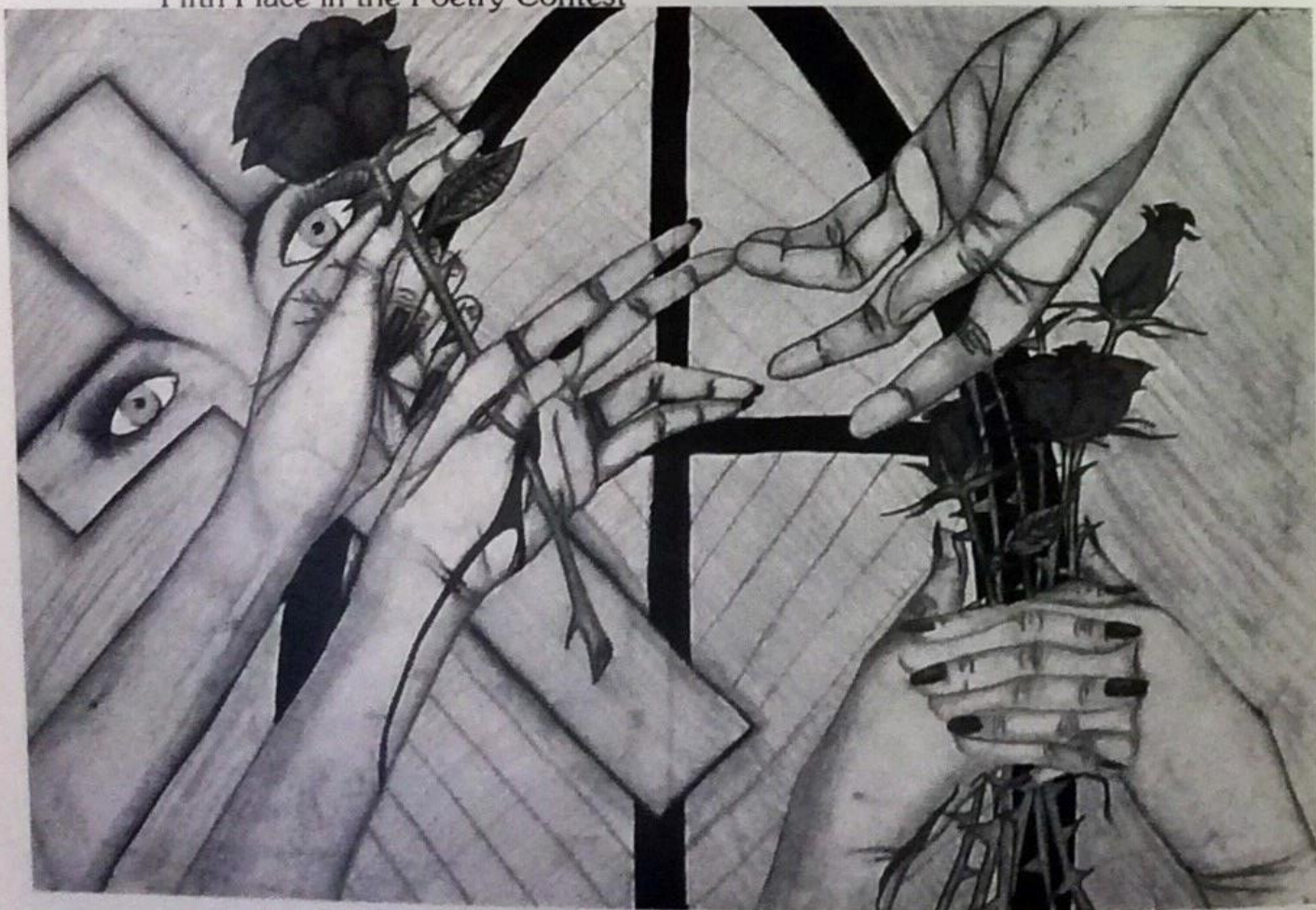
Best Yes Sick

For my friend,
You haven't always been.
It's always been quite nice to see you at my side,
Until you started walking,
And left me there to decide.
Soon I'll be gone.
Soon enough you'll get your shoes back.
Let there be tar/gum/and spit covering them,
For all that you've stepped on.

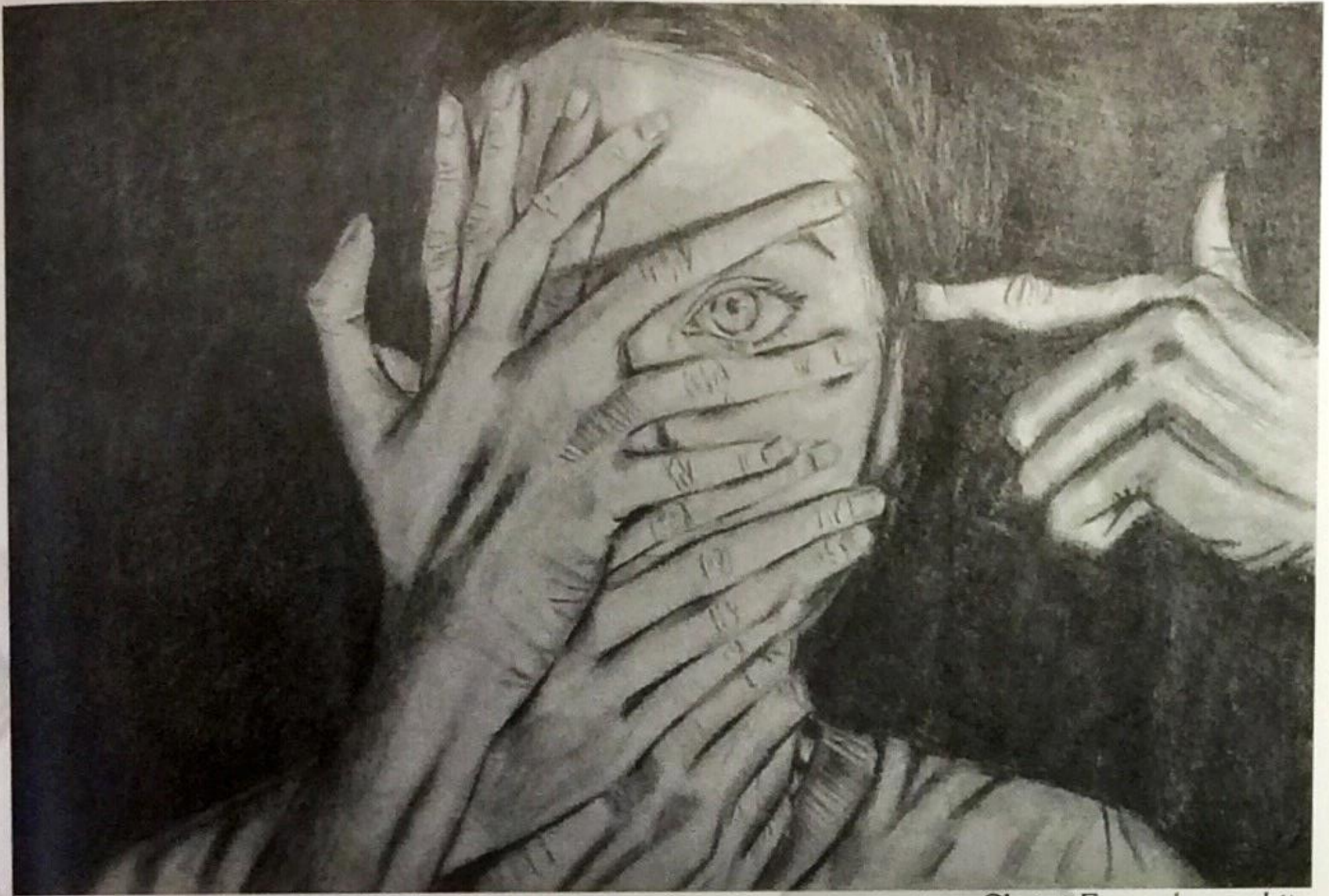
Mysterious disappearance
On a sunny, sky-blue day.
Lying in pools of blood—
crucified on the back of your truck.
Then leave you time to think.
Make your own right.
After all these starless nights,
Your face won't lie next to mine.
Covered up at school.
Only I
Realize a true being.

And I never really liked those faces
Of makeup you'd cake on
To try to hide the beautiful, true you
In which I learned to utterly despise.
Only because of hatred,
A newly acquired taste to what's so fake
INSIDE.

Deanna Cage
Fifth Place in the Poetry Contest



Alix Carlton, color pencil



Christi Fuessel, graphite

Tact

Respect is entitled to everyone but you. A lowly dog such as yourself could never hope to understand, so listen and do what you're told! How dare you talk back. You know you are only to speak when spoken too. Don't bother making excuses. It's better if you were to not even speak, you detestable piece of filth. Your original thoughts are not needed here. Be more like that Williams boy. He knows his place. He knows what he is. Never speaks out, never stands apart, never ever disobeys. What a failure I must be to have been a part of your creation.

Why don't you try death? Even you couldn't mess that up.

Matt McClain

Angst Faerie

"Screw the World"

My alma mater
My boyfriend dumped me
I hate my father
I'm lactose-intolerant
My skin's always dry
I can't cook lasagna
I just want to die

Suicide is popular
(I'm shopping for a shroud)
Can someone spare a razor
To get me in the in-crowd?
I really like that coffin . . .
Can I buy it in bright red?
What thong should I be wearing
When my parents find me dead?

So many choices,
And not enough time
And woe, I have trouble with
Making angst rhyme
If only "life sucks"
Rhymed with "Colt .44"
If only smeared blood
Fit into the décor

This is my culture
Let it be known
The art of constructing
Accounts over-blown
With tales of my misery
My grief-ridden past
My life as a playwright
With you as my cast

I've gone kamikaze
To rouse up a crowd
I'll be in the spotlight
For my final bows

Michelle Jones



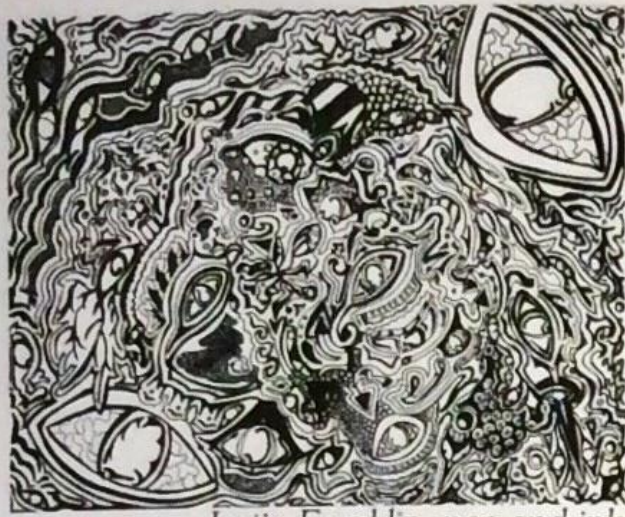
A Philanthropist's Last Thoughts

Celebrate diversity and
What difference do you make?
Breathe.
Oh, and thank you for asking.
Question reality.
Peace be with you.
And oh . . . love comes first.

How does it get any better than this?
LOVE your mother . . . earth that is.
Keep your brain in the fast lane.
Miscalculate your own game.
Enlighten up my friend.
I intend to learn.

Avery Moore
Second Place in the Poetry Contest

Kristen Petit, mixed media



Justin Franklin, pen and ink

Trip to Hell (The Fall of Marselas)

$\bullet = 75$

R . . . D

Straight Sticking

4

6

8

12

4

19

22

3

28

5

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in bass clef with a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 75. The piece is titled 'Trip to Hell (The Fall of Marselas)'. The first staff includes the notes 'R . . . D' and the instruction 'Straight Sticking'. The score is divided into measures, with measure numbers 4, 6, 8, 12, 19, 22, and 28 indicated at the beginning of their respective staves. Some measures contain rests or specific rhythmic markings like '4', '3', and '5'.



Stephen Candelario, graphite

Musical score for bass clef, common time (C). The score consists of ten staves of music, with measure numbers 4, 7, 10, 14, 18, 21, 24, 29, and 32 indicated at the beginning of their respective staves. The music features a complex rhythmic pattern, primarily consisting of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings. The score concludes with a double bar line at the end of the final staff.

Deanté Mitchell

KILL

Grocery Shopping

A carton of milk, and a machine-gun, please.

Actually . . .

I'll take about 5,000 more.

Oh, I've got a militia to run, we're preparing for war.

No background check? Well! That's pretty nice!

I bet if I were wearing a turban, you'd probably think twice.

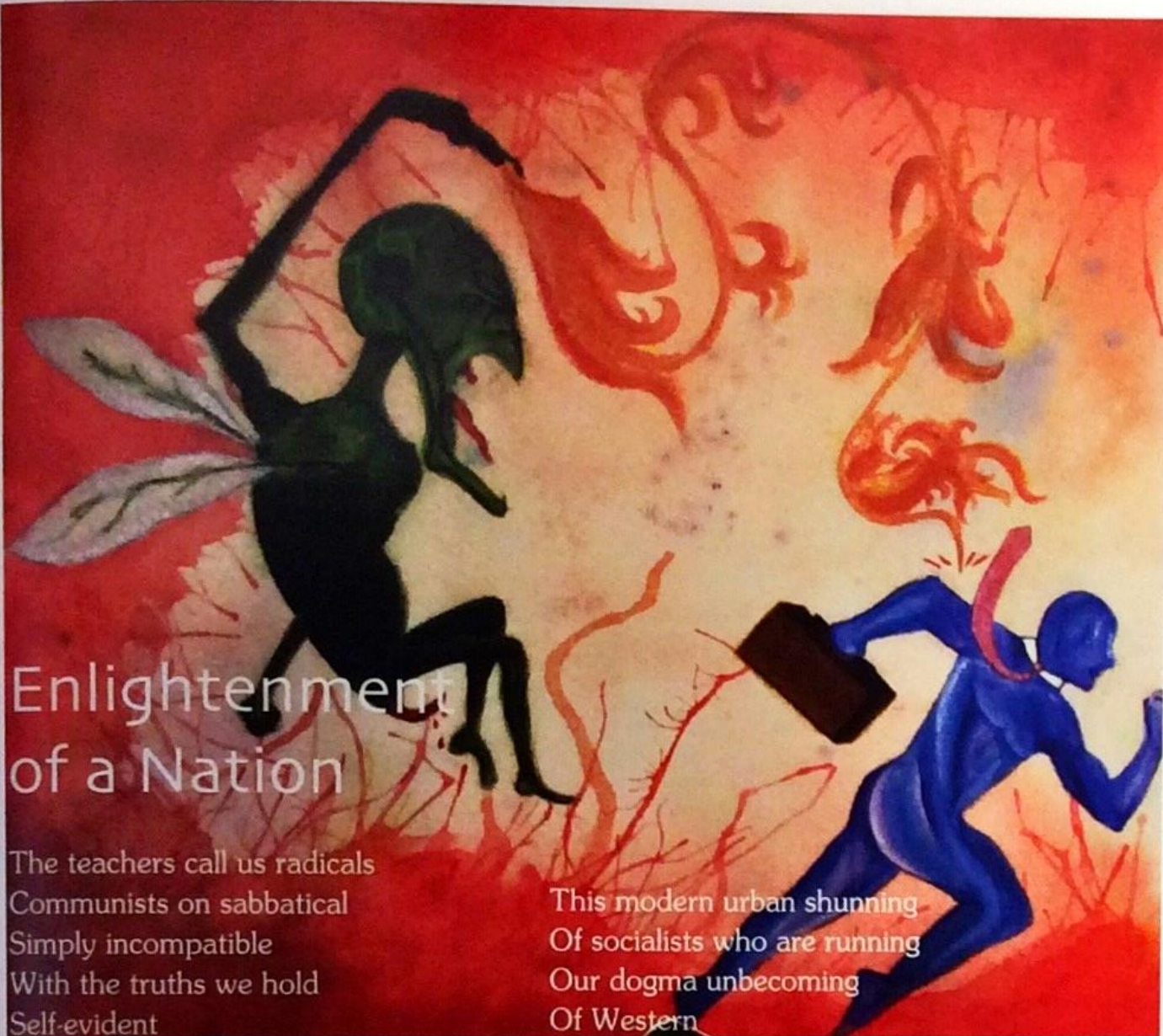
We are organizing in protest of President Shrub,
Because of him, my brother's arm is a nub,
He joined the military so he could pay for college at SAC,
But somehow he fell into the crack of Iraq.
He persisted and nagged; attempted to climb right on out,
But it's tricky when there are machine guns covering each route,
And one happened to greet his entire left wing.
"It's funny," he said, "it didn't even sting."
His officer said, "We'll get that terrorist son, he's living in sin."
My brother said, "That was no terrorist, sir, it was a plain citizen."

So I'm buying machine guns, like a good American should.
And I'll oblige President Shrub, doing what a terrorist would.
You know, the line of a citizen and a terrorist is quite thin.
I mean, what's the point of selling machine guns to begin?

Mike Amendola



Marcos Rodriguez, color pencils



Enlightenment of a Nation

The teachers call us radicals
Communists on sabbatical
Simply incompatible
With the truths we hold
Self-evident

This modern urban shunning
Of socialists who are running
Our dogma unbecoming
Of Western

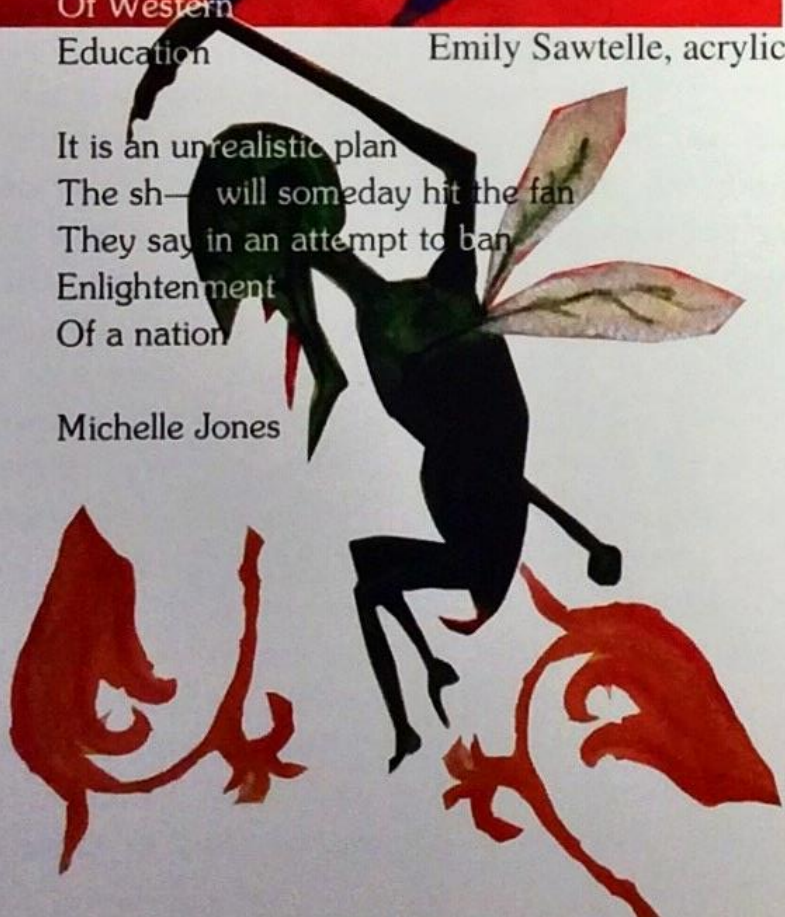
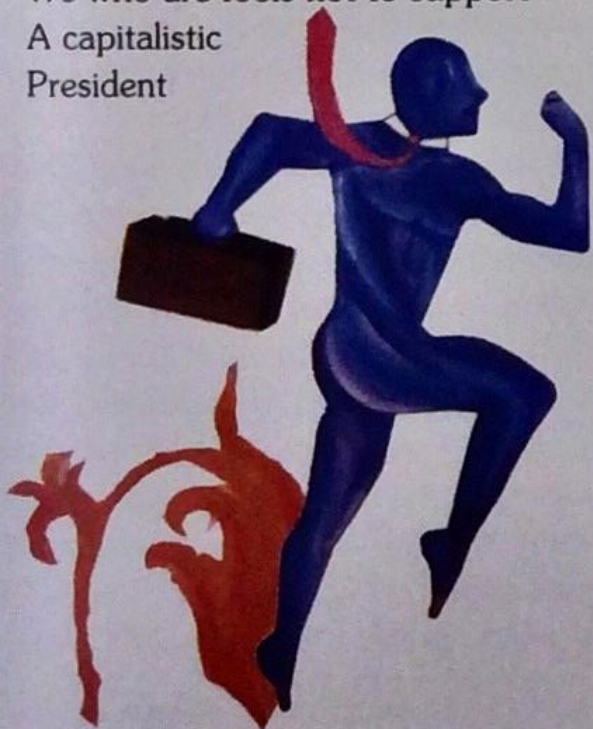
Education

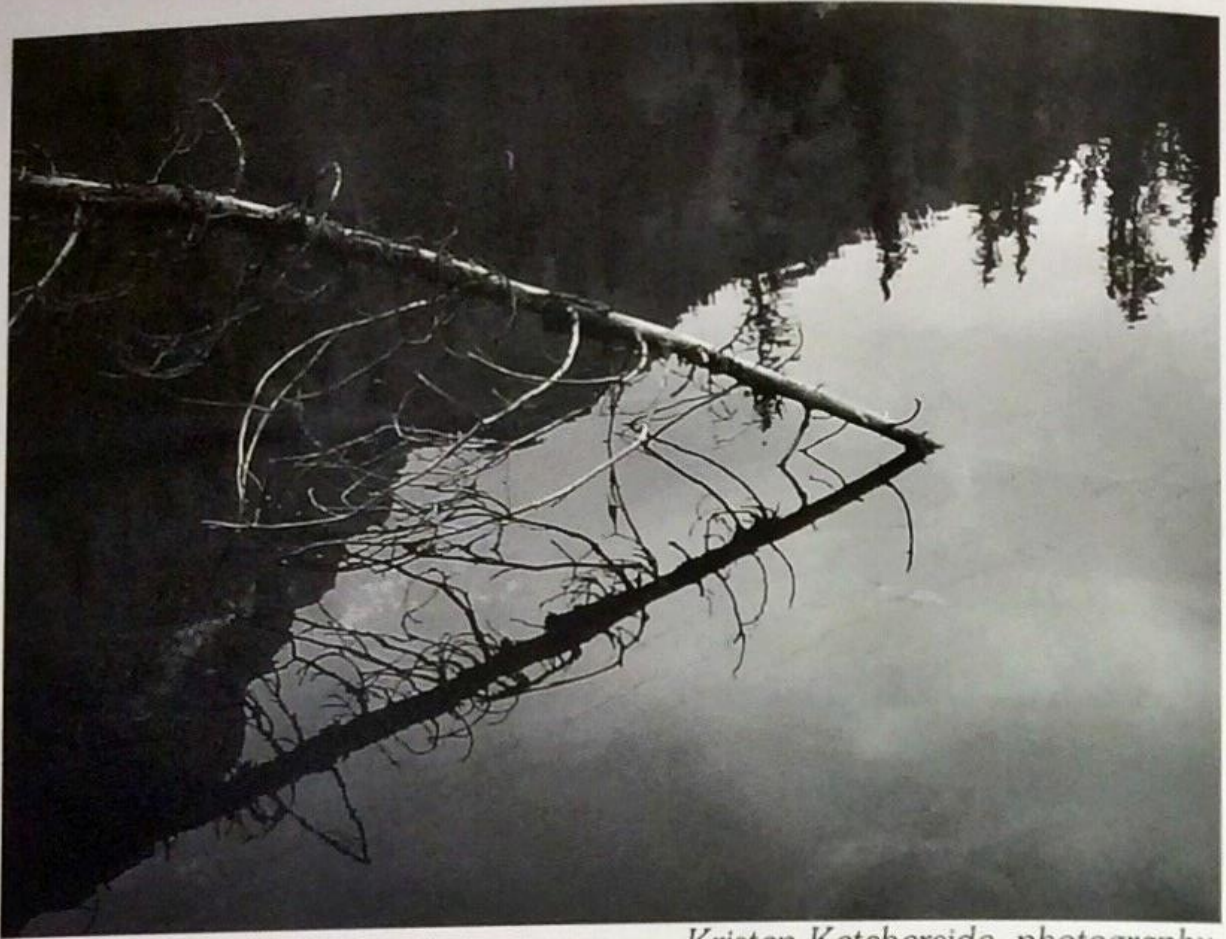
Emily Sawtelle, acrylic

They frown upon those who cavort
With mutinous numskulls of our sort
We who are fools not to support
A capitalistic
President

It is an unrealistic plan
The sh— will someday hit the fan
They say in an attempt to ban
Enlightenment
Of a nation

Michelle Jones





Kristen Ketcherside, photography

A Soldier's Revenge

Your pulse quickens and your grip tightens. You prop your rifle on the remains of a wall and you take three deep breaths. On the third you exhale halfway, hold, gently squeeze off a round, and finish exhaling. Five hundred and twenty six yards away your bullet makes its home in an enemy sniper's head. Your pulse slows, your grip loosens, and you begin turn to move to a different location. Then time begins to slow. You feel numb and your legs feel wet (you think you pissed yourself), so you look down and you see blood gushing from a fatal stomach wound. Time becomes slower as you fall. You're dead before you hit the ground. As your soul floats away you see the sniper that killed you. He takes a bite of a sandwich, a sip of coffee, and then gets back to work.

Back home your son is born. Your wife dies during delivery. Your son grows up and becomes a sniper. He is in battle. His pulse quickens and his grip tightens. He props his rifle on the trunk of a fallen tree and he takes three deep breaths and on the third he exhales halfway, holds, gently squeezes off a round, and finishes exhaling. Five hundred and four yards away the enemy sniper's head explodes with the impact of your son's bullet. Your son sits back, takes a bite of jerky, a sip of soda, and gets back to work, never knowing that he just killed the son of the sniper that killed you.

Even though he has taken his revenge, he will never know it and is still without his parents who love him. War is truly an evil thing that nobody should ever have to experience. Treasure your years with your loved ones. There is only one way to show that you love them and that's to spend as much time as you can with them.

Joseph Woody

Somewhere Along the Line

Somewhere along the line,
America stopped caring.
We stopped daring to be kind.
We failed to rewind and find the time
to put our cigarette in the trash.

Somewhere along the line,
an Alabama native killed a boy
for loving a boy,
and for that he deserved to die?

Some where along the line,
we lost the meaning of "serve and protect"
which soon turned into "kill and reject".
Yet, the pigs died just like you and I.

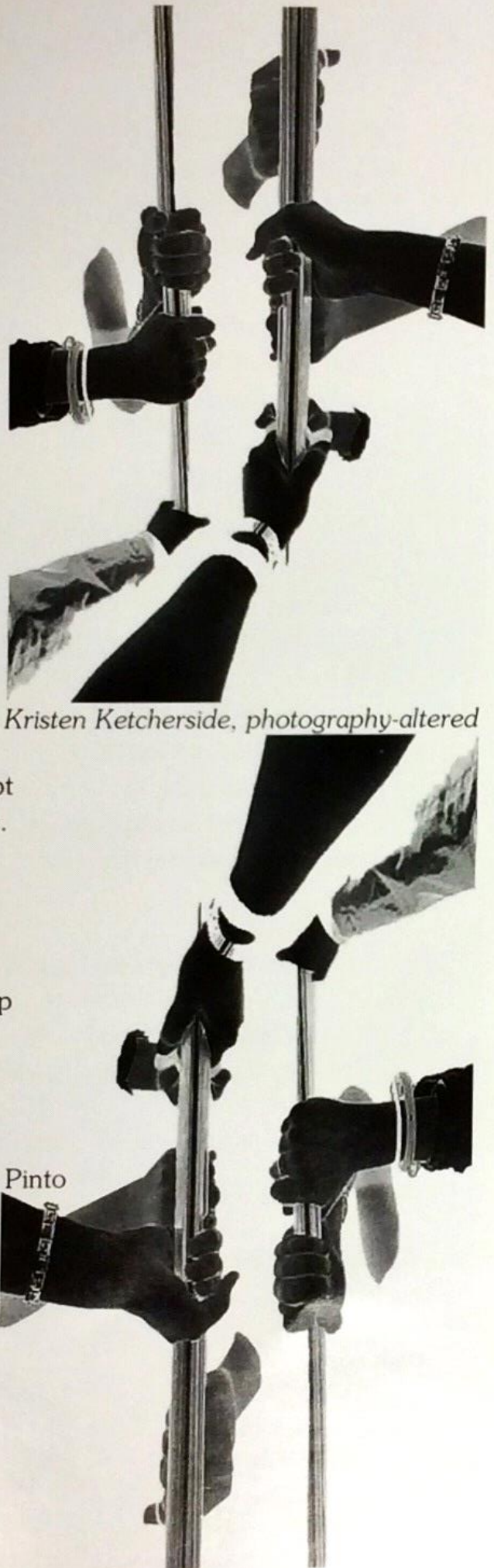
Somewhere along the line,
we allowed a man to beat his wife
until her screams were muffled
by the pool of blood settled in her throat.
But when the woman cut off his penis while he slept
We labeled her a witch and burned her at the stake.

Somewhere along the line,
a man of 25 was thrown in jail
for a crime he didn't commit
because a white woman identified him on the line-up
that conveniently raised the level of crime up.

Some where along the line,
a homeless man asked you for a dollar,
so you rolled up your window and accelerated your Pinto
only to reveal your Jesus fish on the bumper.

Yep.
Somewhere along the line,
America died.

Avery Moore



Kristen Ketcherside, photography-altered

Let Me Tell You About Old Man Lenny

He was as drunk as a skunk,
Who was locked in a trunk,
With a Byzantine monk,
With a Byzantine funk.

He would walk through the town,
With bottle in hand,
Unable to stand,
On even, dry land.

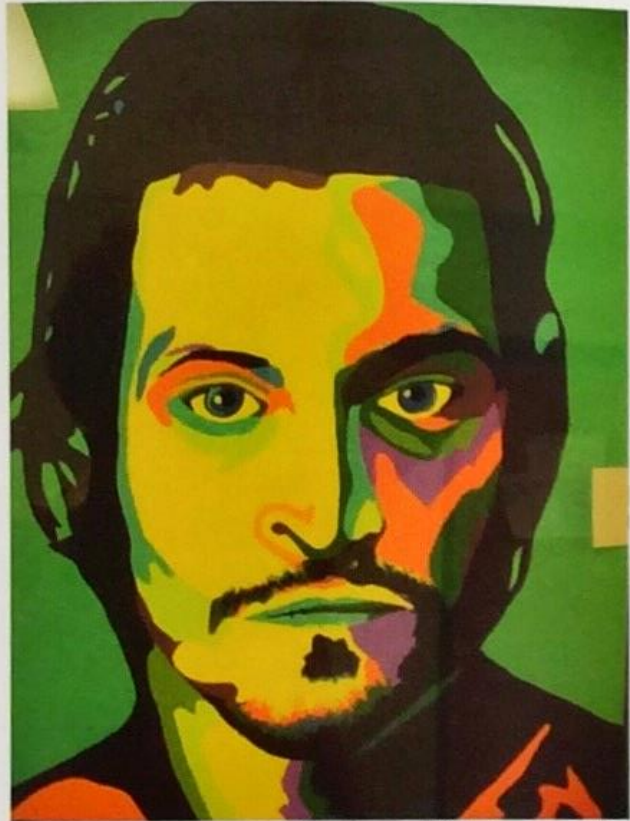
The townsmen would watch,
As he'd fondle his crotch,
The he'd raise it a notch,
And cough up a blotch.

His pants would fall down,
His thing would pop out,
And he'd cry and he'd shout,
And he'd wake up the town.

He was vulgar and mean,
Ate nothing but beans,
Watched nothing but E!
And smelled like cat-pee.

He ate off the floor,
He cuddled with rats,
He'd crap in his drawers,
He'd feed on wombats.

He stumbles through town,
Singing his song,
His underwear brown,
His fingernails long.



Brittany Elliott, acrylic

His stagger unstable,
His fingertips yellow,
A belt made of cables,
And he'd screech an he'd bellow:

"Where are the people when dawn doesn't come!?
When women are silenced and raped in the street?
When blood stains the pillows and bloods stains the sheets?
When light doesn't dawn in the streets?

Where is the justice in being alive?
While people are coughing up red in the road,
While freedom and rights seem arcane and contrived,
While virtue is dead but you are alive?

How can the world be a happier place?
Where love is abolished with natural grace,
Where life is contained inside a briefcase,
Where no one can stir from their place?"

But no one would listen,
And no one would heed,
And people just laughed
At the old man's plead.

He stumbled through town,
Until he was dead.
And for years they'd remember
That on his deathbed,
He lay with a smile,
On his angular head.

Jon West



Solitude

Are you startled by silence?
Can you handle my mood?
Thoughts floating all over.
You want to get away.
Are you trapped in my mistakes?
Can you take a breath?
Open up to truth.
Close your mouth of secrets.
Look straight into my eyes.
Embrace vapid solitude.

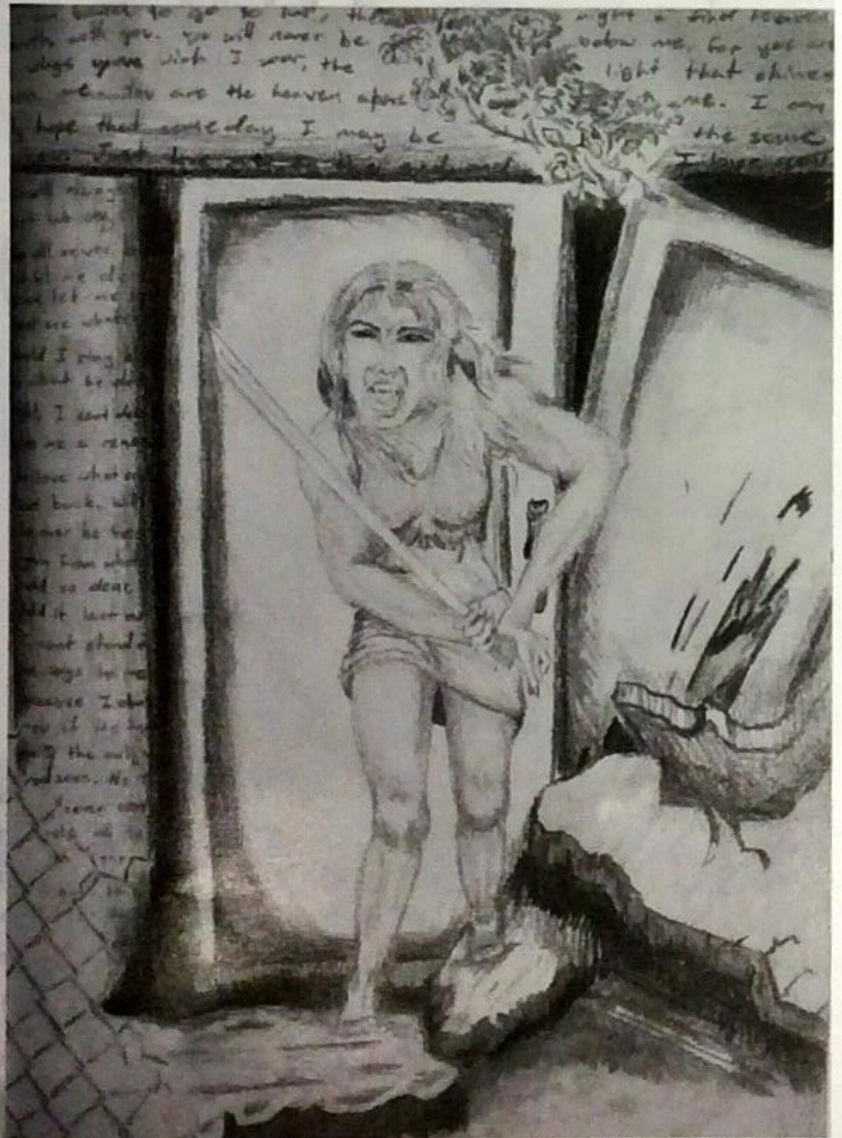
Bené Petty

Brittany Elliott, color pencil

Noise Pollution

I signal to the masses
Pointing my finger
Tip up my glasses
SHUT UP, I cry
The disrespect runs rampant
I've never understood the volume of the man
Who executes our plan only to sabotage it much later
NEVERTHELESS up until now it still drowns out . . .
The sound of their voices
With a firm shake of the hand
They reprimand your crime
Existing still since the dawn of time
All we can do
MOVE UP
Time passes
I pray
I beg
I signal to the masses

Avery Moore
Third Place in the Poetry Contest



Mari Torres, graphite



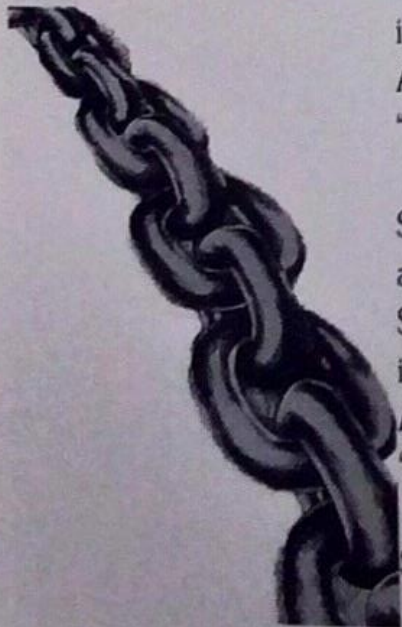
Eunjin Suh, graphite



This Time

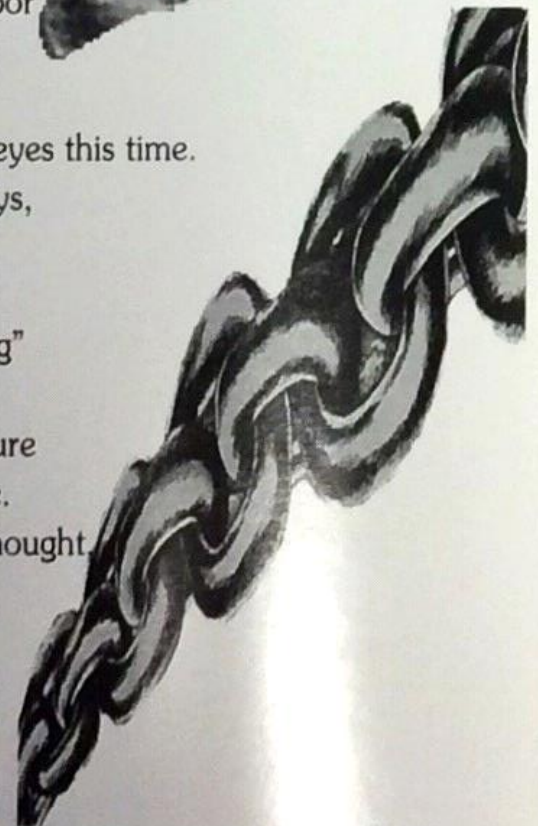


He counts days by bottles on the floor
and X's on the calendar.
He drinks until he's not sure
if tears or alcohol will run from his eyes this time.
And he writes little notes on the days,
"Today, I'm still missing her."



She counts days by "refills remaining"
and what shape she just took.
She downs the pills until she's not sure
if consciousness will return this time.
And she chases each pill with the thought
"This one, I'm still missing him."

Savanah Byrd



Queen of Broken Hearts



Queen of Full Hearts



Brittany Elliott, pen & ink

Dear Missus Mini-Skirt

Dear Missus Mini-Skirt,
as your flipper flapper ripples
drool trickles down my lips.
It's really hard to read *Scarlet Letter*
when my eyes are on your hips.

Dear Missus Mini-Skirt,
why do you taunt me so?
Do you just want to prove to me
that your thigh hair does not grow?
To show me my reflection
off your silky, milky legs?
To crack my IQ, leak it out
And fry it with some eggs?

Dear Missus Mini-Skirt,
I'm now avoiding dairy puns,
and will just describe how warm I feel
when I'm sitting near your buns.
I wouldn't mind to help myself,
and bring a barrel of butter;
my arteries are clogging fast
and my heartbeat starts to stutter.

Dear Missus Mini-Skirt,
your attire is a social plague.
Men's brains are useless
when you prop up a single leg.
Every sway back and forth
feeds the testosterone disease,
but I'll happily kiss my mind goodbye
until the next season of capris.

Mike Amendola

Untitled

"Love" is like a Coke machine.

When you first approach it,
You have
uncertainties.

What do you want from it?

It may take you awhile,
But you decide.

Everything goes fine until . . .

It takes your money
(after raising its prices),
Leaves you hangin'
(begging on your knees).

And then,

Gives what you wanted
To your best friend.

Gina Morando

Peter Boedecker, sculpture

Sunset Epiphany

I had just learned to ride my bike.
We went riding that day.
It was hot, and you let me
drink from your water bottle
when mine was empty.
We rode all day,
so I was tired when my mom told me. . .

You're not my real dad.



I cried and rode my bike
until the sun set.
In those pinks, purples and oranges
I came home.
You were sitting on the curb
waiting
and you were crying too.
I told you I hated you.

You said it was okay. . .

Because you loved me.

Savanah Byrd

Viana Vallejo, photography

Intimacy

Two monsters face each other.
They pause, uncertain of their feelings.
Slowly they unzip their hideous costumes . . .
Again,

they pause,
uncertain of their feelings.
Vulnerability comes to mind, Hurt, oh!
how many times have they been hurt.
Hurt was the individual who bestowed upon
them these costumes.
Promising that they'll never suffer again . . .

But here they are.
One
touches
the
other.

She trembles out of fear but slowly,
Now not so uncertain of her
sentiments anymore, unzips her heart
and
gives
it
to
him.

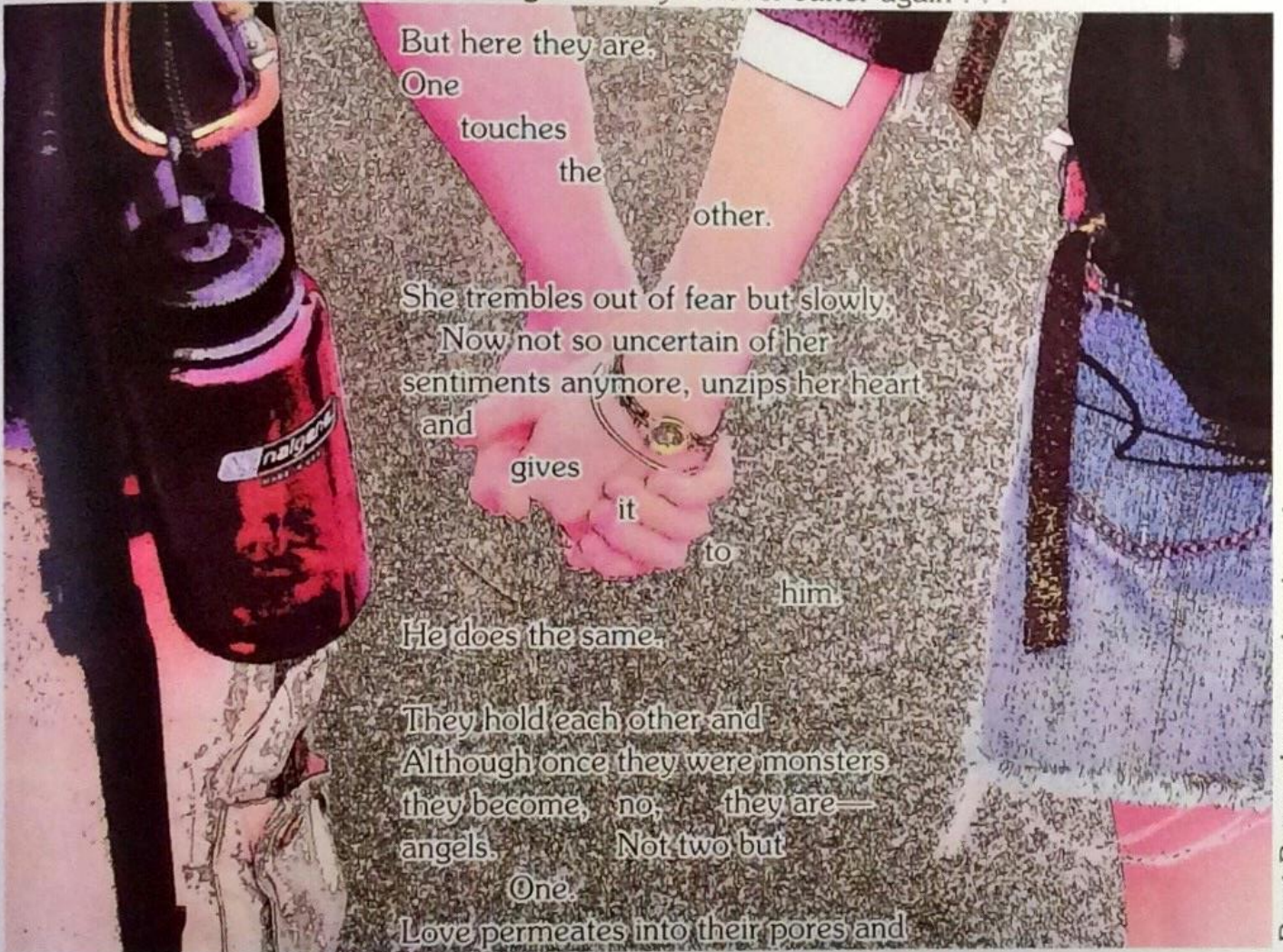
He does the same.

They hold each other and
Although once they were monsters
they become, no, they are—
angels. Not two but

One.
Love permeates into their pores and
They realize— Love
Is all there is to life.

Nothing more.
Nothing less.
Their costumes disintegrate and
They stay this way
For eternity.
Never forgetting who they truly are and can be.

Carolina M. Espinoza-Candelaria
Sixth Place in the Poetry Contest



Bené Petty, photography-altered

Lost To Time

You wipe those warm tears from your blurry eyes as you lift your head from that cold pillow.

And the sheets are on the floor from your restless movement, but you can only remember your dream.

That kiss, that smile, those eyes gazing into your soul and your cold hands shaking in the wind.

And the mirror broke, the glass rained down faster than the sky's tears ever could and you tried to catch them with your tongue.

Cut yourself to pieces like the ribbon that was in your hair that winter morning when you last said goodbye.

And it goes on, recurring nightmare in the daytime.

Oh, where have you run to now?

And you said you wanted someone to hold you.

Who's holding you up these days, besides the sun and moon and that empty picture frame?

I found myself wondering, I found myself dreaming, I'm sorry I was maybe missing being with you.

I changed my contacts so I could see, wiped away the pain of another night and washed the evidence down the drain.

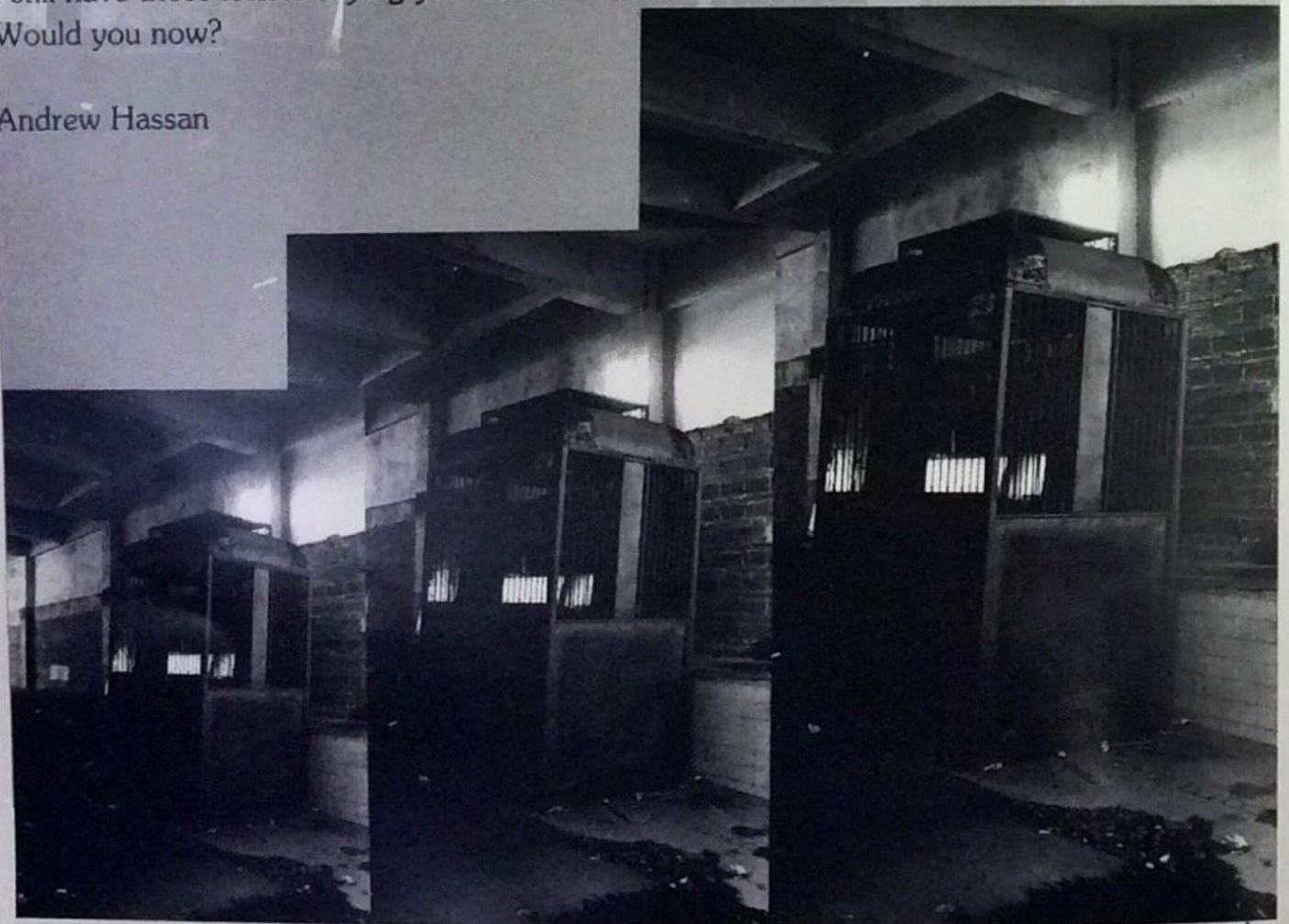
And I was washed out to sea and lost like that dream we used to have.

No, you wouldn't remember.

I still have those letters saying you believed in me.

Would you now?

Andrew Hassan



Viana Vallejo, photography

No Reflection

After a long time the sunset says goodbye without notice.
Memories fade within the picture frame.
Your smile disappears throughout time
And sadness comes up without a trace.

Like a lotus petal in a river,
I have been lost without beauty.
Gazing into the hue waves of blue there is . . .
No reflection.

A mirror that is shattered is not to be looked at.
A marionette without strings is limp, no feeling.
A child without vision cannot play like another.

Like a lotus petal in a river,
I have been lost without beauty.
Gazing into the hue waves of blue there is . . .
No reflection.

Just like your smile, that is gone;
Nothing more than an illusion;
A dream that I cannot reach.

Like a lotus petal in a river,
I have been lost without beauty.
Gazing into the hue waves of blue there is . . .
No reflection.


Carrie Smith
Seventh Place in the Poetry Contest

Memories and Premonitions


The stars did cry the driest tears yesterday
when lachrymose eyes did die
sulking beyond trees' soft touch
searing down as all burns up
malevolent rest in listless clouds . . .

IN THE FOREST.





A boy learned he must grow old today
and cried in his pixie's dying light
Twenty hells in five full moons
Three saving graces who can never get lost
in a dark and twisted forsaken reality
The perfect strong hold of blood-washed walls
conquered by innocence in flowers' white petals




The stars will stream the latest tears tonight
and they will



with a soft and accepting smile
in a world of white petals
and the raindrops' gentle touch



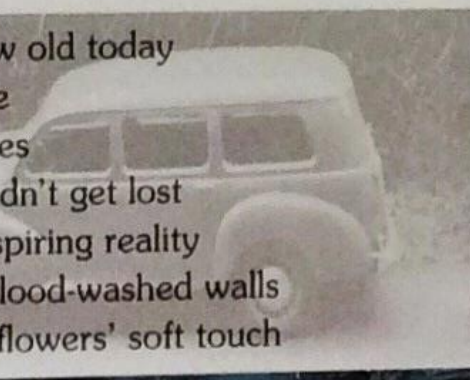
A man remembered his long lost youth now
and shadow puppets from pixie's light
shivering awakenings in brisk laughing springs
every soft sunset from every learned tree top
Memories play with youthful emotions
a heart and soul's smile full of life
nostalgia washes away these poisoned senses



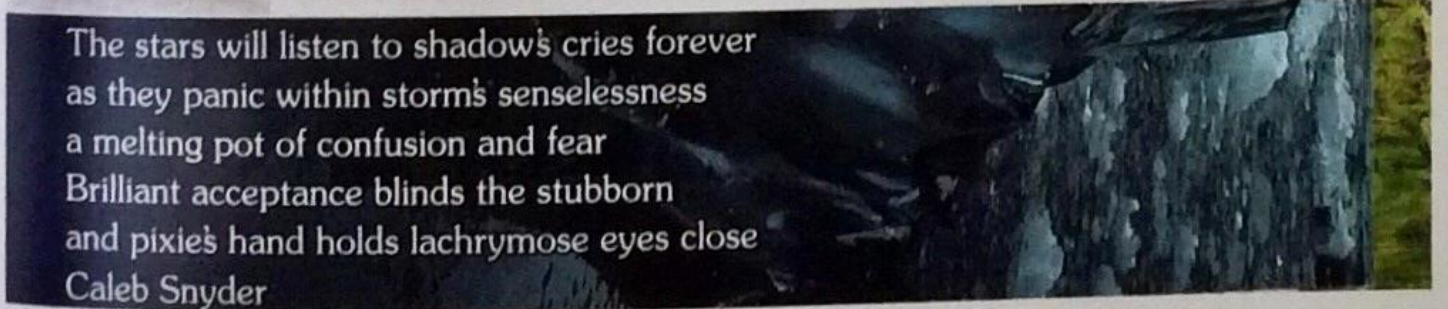
The stars will breathe the deepest sighs tomorrow
A plethora of nonsense was all these storms were
those of us without problems make our own
relishing hugs in a field of flowers
A white petals falling dance that never blew away



A boy learned he must grow old today
and cried at his pixie's grave
Twenty frowns in five lost lies
Three saving graces who didn't get lost
in a shining and glorious inspiring reality
The perfect stronghold of blood-washed walls
conquered by innocence in flowers' soft touch



The stars will listen to shadow's cries forever
as they panic within storm's senselessness
a melting pot of confusion and fear
Brilliant acceptance blinds the stubborn
and pixie's hand holds lachrymose eyes close
Caleb Snyder

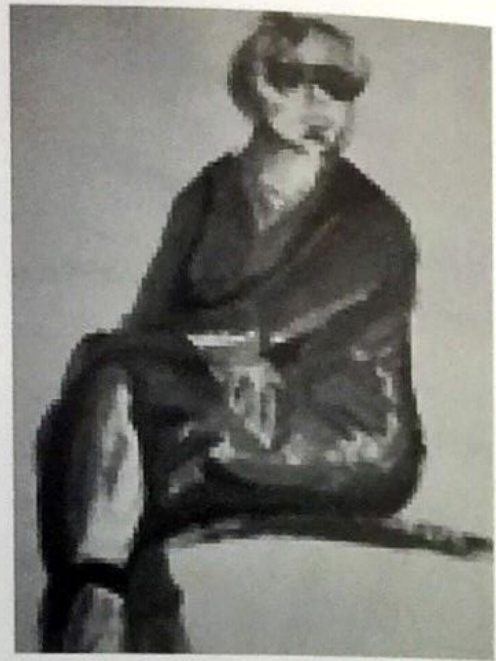


The Feel Of Cotton

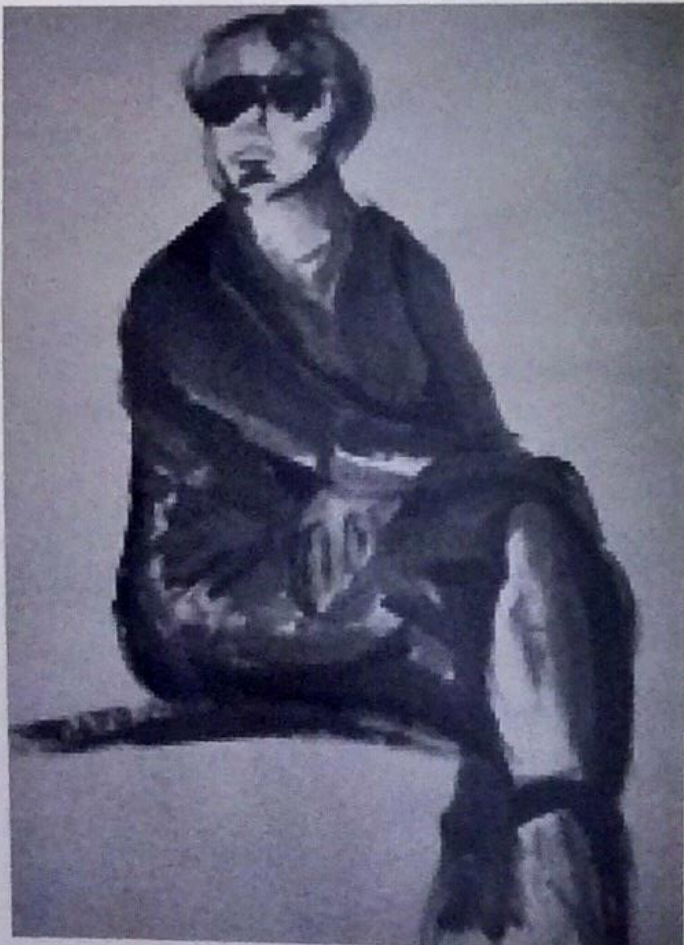
(Inspired by Julio Noboa's poem "Identity")

Let them be silk,
luscious, flowing, smooth,
but trapped within the closet.

I'd rather be cotton.
Not as marvelous,
but even more useful.



To be worn by a jogger,
running down the never ending road,
or by a child,
dangerously sick in bed.



I'd rather see it all,
not just one glorious night,
but all the sunlit mornings
and fun-filled days.

Let them be silk,
beautiful,
but tucked away.
I'd rather be cotton,
Where I can be loved everyday.

Ashley Hill

Jose Fernandez, charcoal



Showers

i say hello to you as I step out of my room
because I know you'll find it weird if I don't
but mostly because

i know that you won't turn around as you say hello back
you're safe from the discovery of my stained cheeks
and bloodshot eyes

it looks as if i've been sleeping anyway
after a long night, what else would you think

i reach for a sun-bleached towel within the shadowy sanctuary of the hall closet
rather than voyage out to the living room

there's brighter lighting there . . . better not take my chances

besides, all I want to do is to step under the persuasive warm waters
and wash the thoughts away

a fresh start

that's all I need

that's all I ever need

strangled insides

never feel so bad with a clean exterior

Kayla Mire



Mari Torres, color pencil



An Eternity of Minutes

My life is everything in the time expanse of nothing.
So many questions, so many feelings:
Happiness, sadness, exuberance for life,
All kept bottled up within the universe.
My mind is a labyrinth of self.
I alone hold the key to unlocking my essence.
The answers are inside me, waiting to be discovered,
But I can only glimpse them for a second.

Watching, waiting,
My expression as blank as the walls around
me.
But I can still see
I am my own window.
The view is different
From the outside looking in.
At first sight I reveal nothing; look again.
Those brave enough to take another glance
See the sun in my eyes,
The music in my mind,
The laughter in my heart.
-Click- The door is locked. I'm off again.
The moment passed just as quickly as it came.

And then there is you.
Curiosity draws you closer.
Captivated by my unspoken words,
You enter my world,
My kindness guiding you through the maze.
You feel,
I feel,
Uncertain.
I am shy; I am scared
And yet, determination drives me.
Dare I chance it?
Yes!
You laugh.
You smile.
In one brief instance my heart takes flight.



Ricky Perez, digital art



Yasmine Pirouz
Fourth Place in the Poetry Contest



Looking Out My Window Always Makes Me Wonder

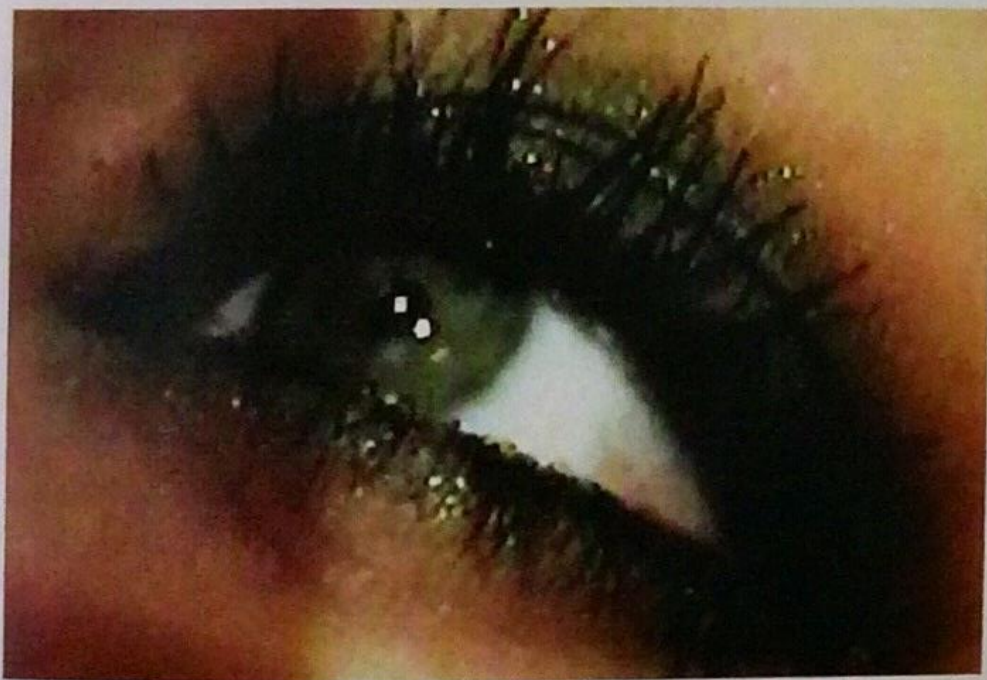
Looking out my window always makes me wonder.
I wonder what that homeless man had to eat today,
Or what went horribly wrong in his life
That led him to his current path.

Looking out my window always makes me wonder.
I wonder if that girl with a bike like mine
Realizes she is envied by every other being
When they yearn to feel the bliss of childhood once more.

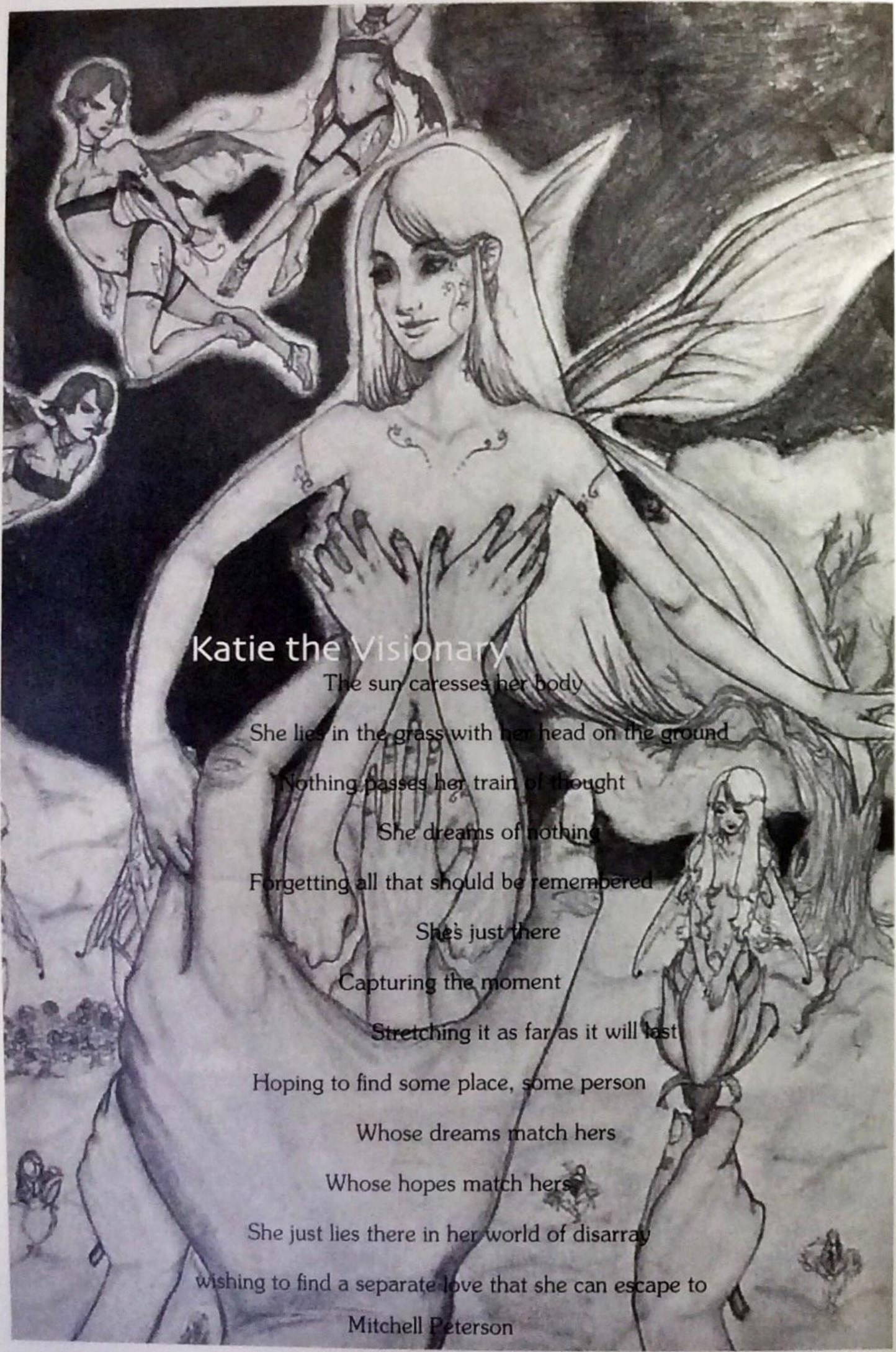
Looking out my window always makes me wonder.
I wonder where that airplane is headed to;
All the unknown places I dream to see, I'm sure.
Perhaps there is another window, like mine, where that plane shall land.

Looking out my window always makes me wonder,
Sometimes to the point of insanity.
If it is possible to contemplate oneself to death,
My final days await at the foot of my magnifying glass,
That amplifies all the mysteries of this world.

Megan Gibbons



Isabelle Mcgrath, photography



Katie the Visionary

The sun caresses her body
She lies in the grass with her head on the ground
Nothing passes her train of thought
She dreams of nothing
Forgetting all that should be remembered
She's just there
Capturing the moment
Stretching it as far as it will last
Hoping to find some place, some person
Whose dreams match hers
Whose hopes match hers
She just lies there in her world of disarray
wishing to find a separate love that she can escape to

Mitchell Peterson

Amanda Burgess, graphite

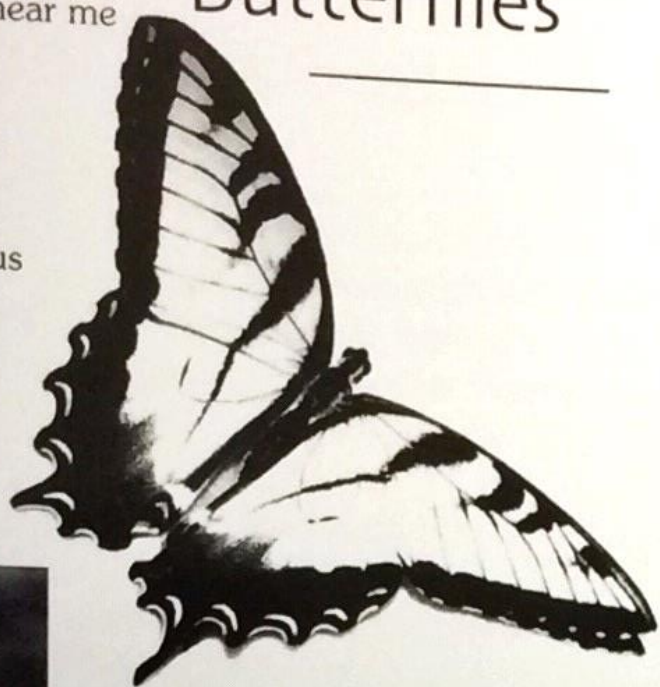
I get butterflies in my stomach whenever you're near me
I can feel them dancing around
I wonder if they are doing the can-can
or maybe a butterfly rendition of *Stomp*
Whatever they're doing
they sure do know how to make me nervous

I wonder what color they are
Maybe they are green and brown
like your eyes
Oh man
you have the greatest eyes



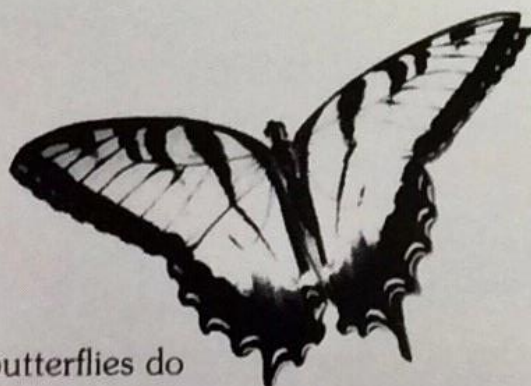
Emily Sawtelle, photography

Butterflies



Or they could be blue-ish gray
like the sky when it's cold outside
and the only warm thing around
is your hand
and it's holding mine

Oh, I bet they are orange
like the sun
bright and shining
like in the summer time
when I first realized I loved you



I wonder what those butterflies do
when you're not around me
I guess they just sit and wait
I mean
you're the only one that gives them something to do



I guess that means they love you too

Chelsea Postell

My Little Rain Cloud

tick

It's hard to find purpose tock
 in this grey-scale life tick
It's hard to voice those perfect words tock
 that sleep behind

tick

those beautiful

tock

eyes . . .

tick

tock

The life clock

tick

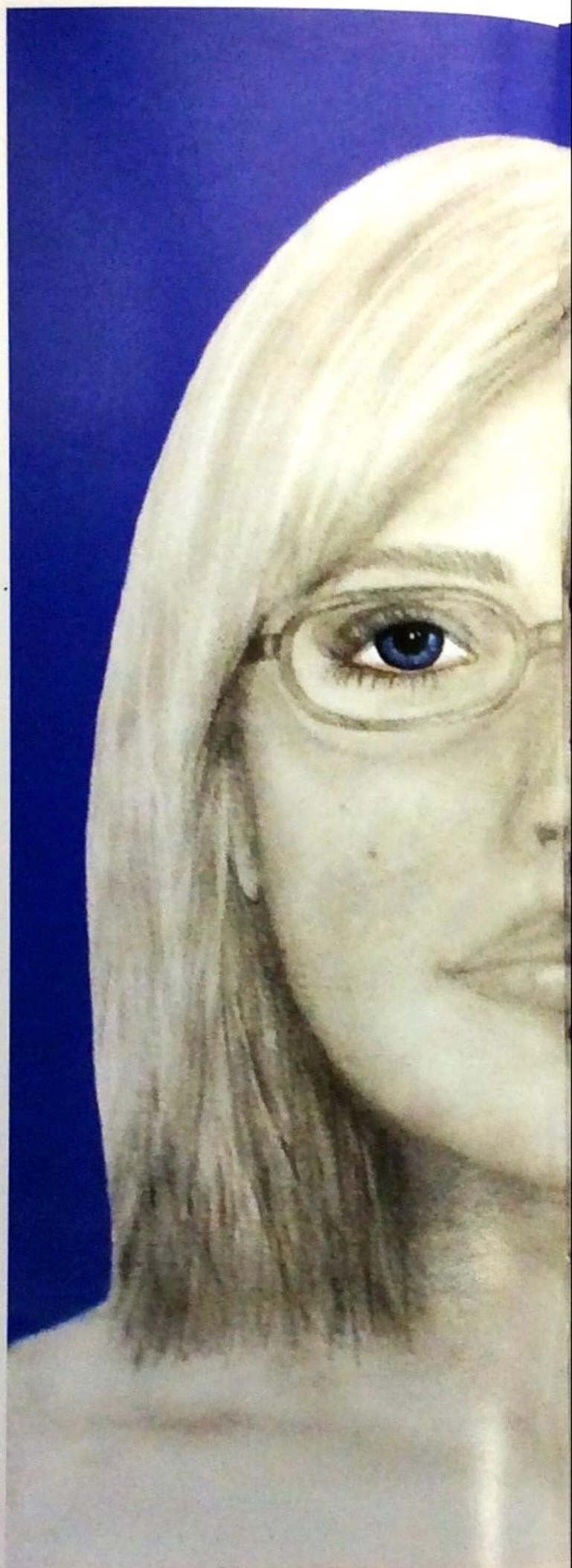
stops

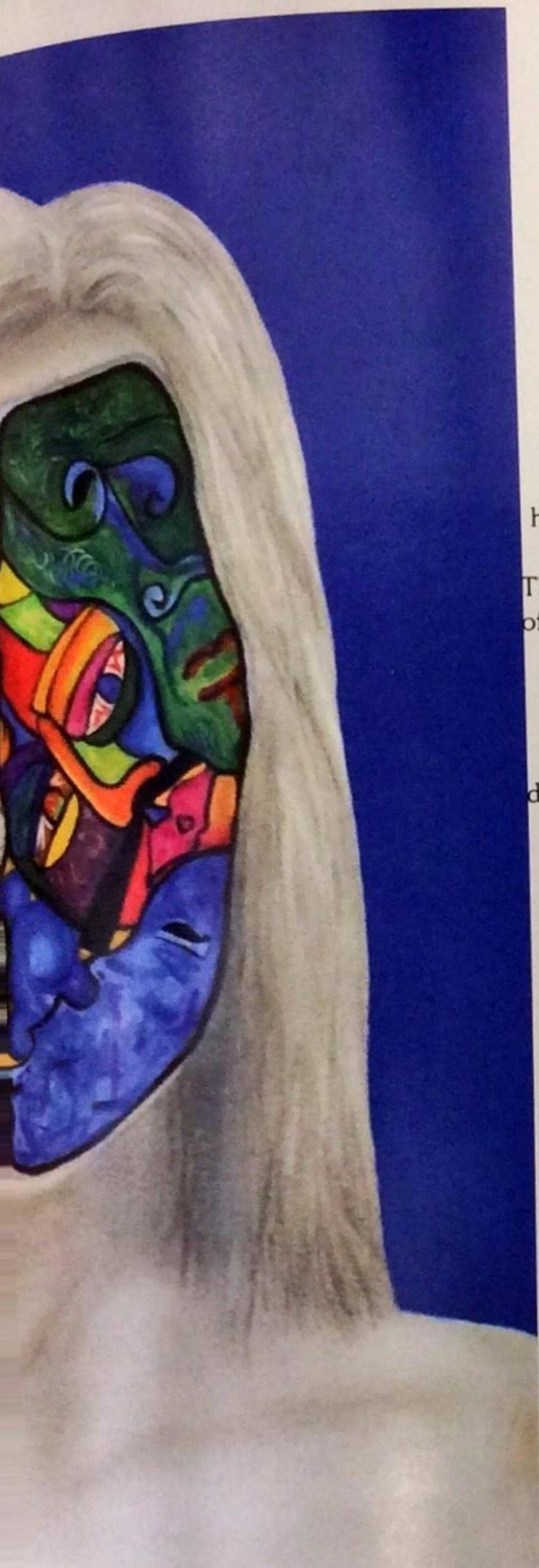
tock

On this rainy night
And once the casual departure,
 now commencing,
 now commenced,

Has fallen off the ways
There's a lying in my leaving
 in every
 step

 away from
my little rain cloud's door;





Emily Sawtelle, watercolor

I never really wanted to leave
from the night's downpour
It would have been my heart's content
to sit and talk some more

I never really wanted to leave
to go out from the rain
And damasked by your beautiful eyes
have created, on tomorrow, yet another pain

That rain was a night
of smile and such

and there was much

for laughing

drip

that beautiful laugh

drop

drip

drop

It's hard to find purpose
in this grey-scale life

drip

drop

It's hard to voice those perfect words
that sleep behind

drip

drop

those beautiful

drip

eyes...

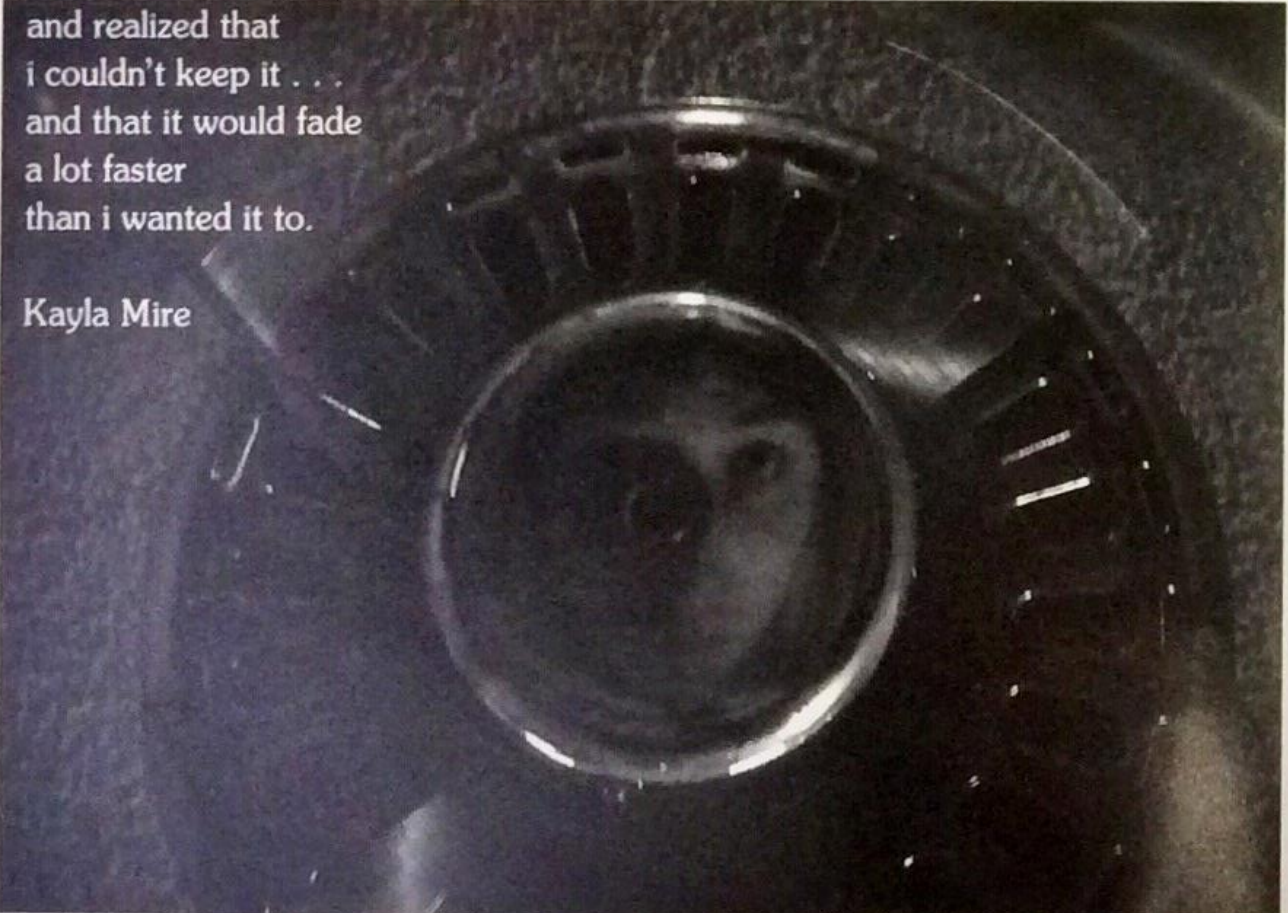
Caleb Snyder



Christopher

i held the shirt in trembling hands,
the white one with the little black squares.
i remember it so well; a stain in my memory
back when it was part of him,
when it meant something,
something good anyway . . .
i held it to my nose and inhaled,
then pressed it desperately to my face.
i wanted to fill my lungs with it,
to layer myself with
the residue of the last elusive hugs
that somehow escaped me in the end
no matter how hard i tried to hold my breath,

But i think the saddest part
was when i smelled *his* scent.
the meshing of cologne, soap and skin,



and realized that
i couldn't keep it . . .
and that it would fade
a lot faster
than i wanted it to.

Kayla Mire

Mike Amendola, photography

J
ack of Diamonds and Rubies



J
ack of Shiny Trinkets

The Little Nader That Couldn't

Nader, Nader, dressed in green,
Planting his way into the political scene.
Marijuana leaf in one hand, olive branch in the other,
He speaks to the crowd,
every man is his brother.
He'll trade away bombs for smiles and tomatoes,
Run electricity out of tooth-picked potatoes.

Not a Republican, so he isn't looking for war,
Not a Democrat, so he won't give your money to the poor,
He's not Ross Perot or a Cali-Terminator,
He is always the other guy, he's good ol' Ralph Nader.

He keeps on campaigning
Even with only 10 votes,
But at least he beat the independent
Who likes to date goats.

He's now up to 100 votes,
Because he's getting the crowd
With anti-everything stickers
Who turn their music up loud.

He's like a wrinkly version
Of the little engine that could.
Maybe he'll retire one day
And play it in Hollywood.

But for now he runs his green flag
Until his last donation is spent.
And when Election Day comes,
He'll have one percent.

Mike Amendola
First Place in the Poetry Contest

Marianna Trevino, mixed media

Viewing Still-Frames on Immortality

It's when the insides of your elbows are sticky
from the hot vanilla ice cream melting down your arm
as you run full- speed.

But you don't care.

Cuz you're smack-dab in the middle of that sweet-like, foggy smell,
the smell of freshly cut grass with undertones of hot asphalt
that steals all the air

and crowds up the day with possibilities.

And as each new wave of heat from the sun passes through
the busy humming of plump, fuzzy bees,
you can feel the weight of summer on your shoulders.

And it feels good.

Oh yeah, it feels good.

Making shapes out of clouds,
climbing trees,

hanging upside down 'till you can't breathe,

cartwheels ending on your knees,

spinning in circles,

hoola hoops and sprinklers,

waiting to peel the scabs off

to match the fresh pink skin with your slightly sunburned nose and cheeks.


It's like giving childhood wings.

Yeah, it's kinda like that.

Kayla Mire



Amanda Munster, photography




Breaking the Norm

The Plan

My folkway is on one of the most controversial issues: sexuality. So why this one? Well, I wanted to really mess with people, and my first twelve ideas turned out to be illegal, and I didn't want to get anyone in trouble.

The common understanding in society is that sexuality is kept private and discreet, that it is something to be ashamed of. My mission was to go as much against this as possible without actually having sex in public (for the assignment anyway). So obviously, I had to ask my dad to buy me condoms, and watch the reaction of the innocent clerk.

The script in my head went something like this: I ask my dad for condoms as if it was nothing, an impulse buy, an everyday activity. My dad reacts the same way. We watch the clerk and laugh about it later.




The Set Up

My plan went into action in the car on the way home. I asked my mom if she would help me with my school project (My original plan had featured her at the store because I thought it was even worse socially.). She asked what she needed to do. I said "Buy me condoms." She freaked out like I never saw.

Personally, I feel my initial failure was a perfect example of how people react to breaking social norms. I mean, she should be happy I asked her, but she was so thrown off by the statement that she actually began to scream and hit me, while driving. After talking her down awhile, she eventually stopped hitting me and simply said she could never go through with it.

Step two, ask my dad. So this part happened on the way to the grocery store one day. I figured if we were already heading there, it'd be harder to say no. Without mentioning the project, I simply asked my dad if he would buy me a pack of condoms at the grocery store. Without a second thought or fluctuation in his voice, I got a "sure."

Horrified with his reaction, I felt compelled to tell him it was a school assignment about breaking social norms, but he really didn't care. How little I know my father. Anyway, we're at the store now.



Showtime

We go about shopping for bread and milk and stupid stuff like that. We get some buffalo meat for dinner and head to the register. I ask my dad if we can go back to the hygiene section to get the "thing". He casually mentions that they're right by the door. Gross! My dad knows where the condoms are!

We go through the condom aisle and my observations begin. As I'm looking through the endless boxes of condoms, all the other men in the aisle begin to feel VERY uncomfortable. I get no eye contact and everyone tries to pretend no one is there but him. It's funny how much they pretend they're not really doing what they're doing, because you know they do it a lot. If they didn't, there wouldn't be fifty freaking kinds of kinky condoms. I mean, I saw ribbed, studded, flavored, glow in the dark, Magnum, wet and wild, ruff rider, extra tight, fun animal shapes, and even a her-pleasure kind that was shaped like a penis to

make the guy seem bigger because he's already wearing a penis on his penis. Not to mention the warming liquid and pregnancy tests. So back to the point, we decide on a plan and my dad goes to the register.

We get a very happy, social woman about my mom's age who begins to ask us how our day's been and "How are ya'll feeling tonight?" I wander away from the register and go to the condom aisle where a kid my age turns pink and walks away. I choose the weirdest ones I could find, Trojan Twisted Pleasure, which is a lime green condom with a corkscrew shape molded into the head. I run to the register and put on my most exaggerated little kid voice.

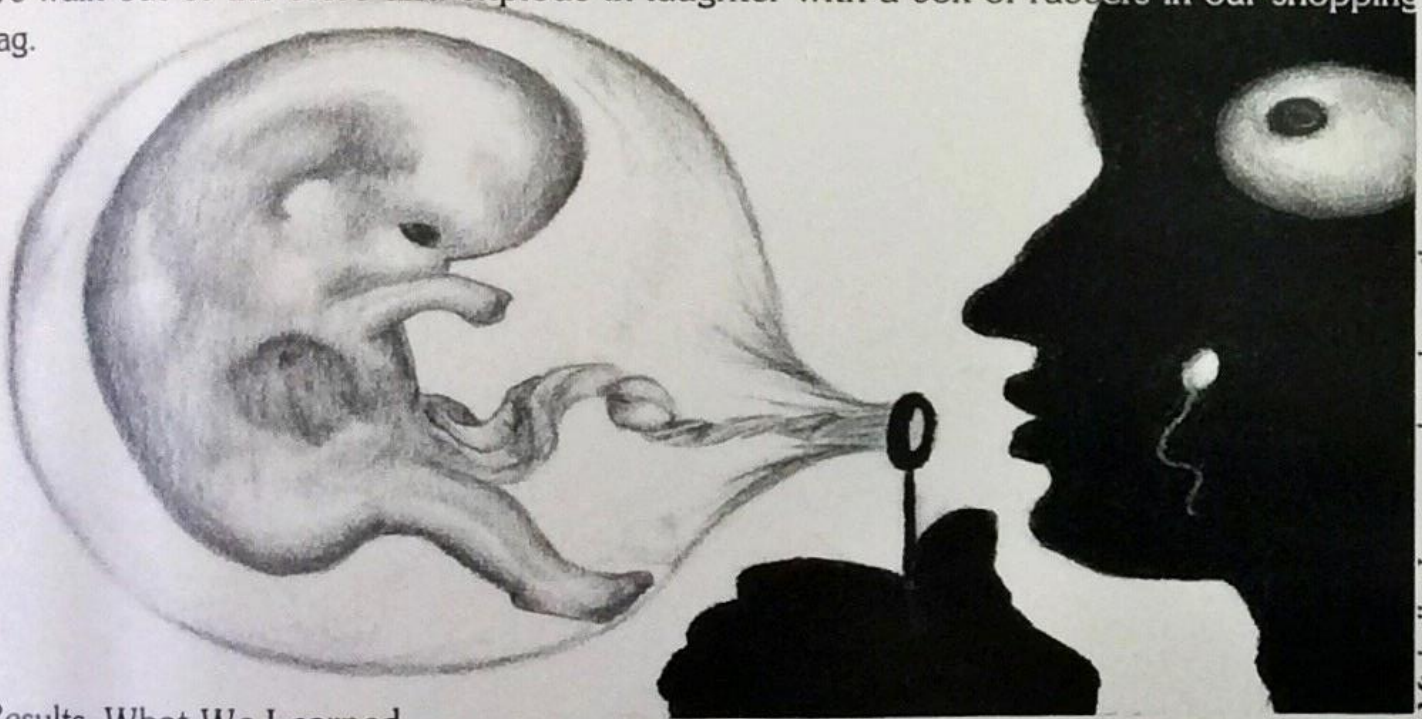
"Daddy! Daddy! Can I have these? Pleeeeease!"

My father looks at the box, which is tilted so the register girl can see, and says, "These are too expensive, go get the generic brand."

At this point, conversation stops. Suddenly, the register girl does not care how "Ya'll are doin'" and she pretends we're not there. Eye contact is completely done.

I pout as much as I can and say "Fine," like a seven year old. I shuffle back to the aisle, where the teenager is back. He turns pink and walks away, and I trade my Trojans for Lifestyles Multicolored Fun Pack. I bring these back to the register and say "There, I got the cheap ones."

He hands the now dead woman the box and she scans it like it's a gallon of milk. We walk out of the store and explode in laughter with a box of rubbers in our shopping bag.



Results--What We Learned

So the only real consequence was finding out that my dad doesn't care if I have sex, my mom screams and hits me with the mention of sex, and I've possibly scarred a teenage boy and a grocery store clerk at HEB Central Market.

I also learned a bit about the role of the mother and father, masculine and feminine, in child rearing. Simply the fact of how they felt about me having sex shined a lot of light on their roles in society. All of which are too obvious to say out loud and not feel stupid, but basically dad = "That-a-boy, play the field!", mom = "My baby! You don't have genitals!" All in all, I feel I've learned, I've grown and I'm all set for some multicolored fun.

Vincent Ridenour

Hector

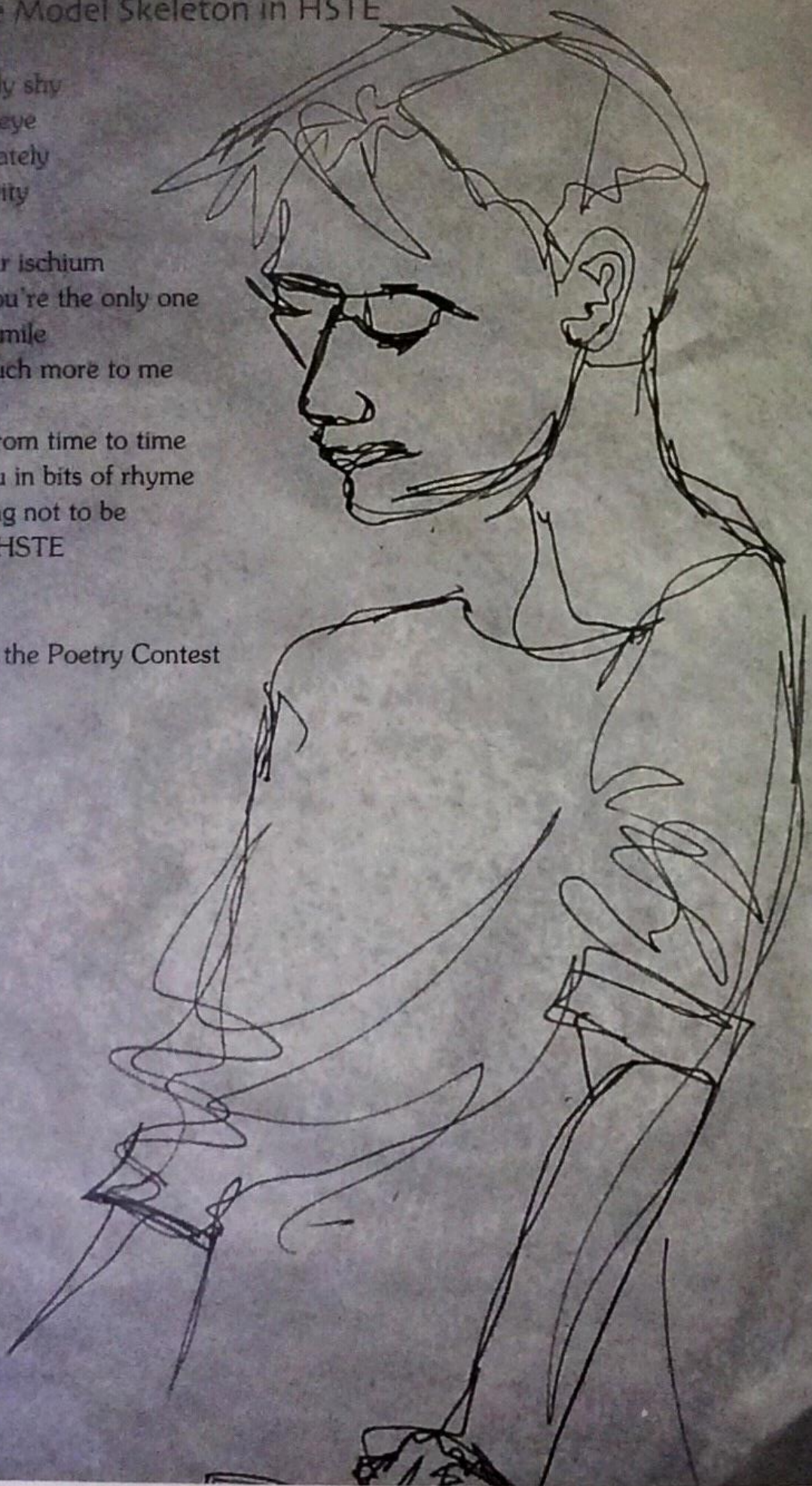
Ode to the Model Skeleton in HSTE

Contemplatively shy
Giving me the eye
Or more accurately
The orbital cavity

Others see your ischium
And tell you you're the only one
A skeletal facsimile
But your so much more to me

I stare at you from time to time
Composing you in bits of rhyme
O Hector, failing not to be
The delight of HSTE

Michelle Jones
Eighth Place in the Poetry Contest



Brittany Quintero, pen and ink

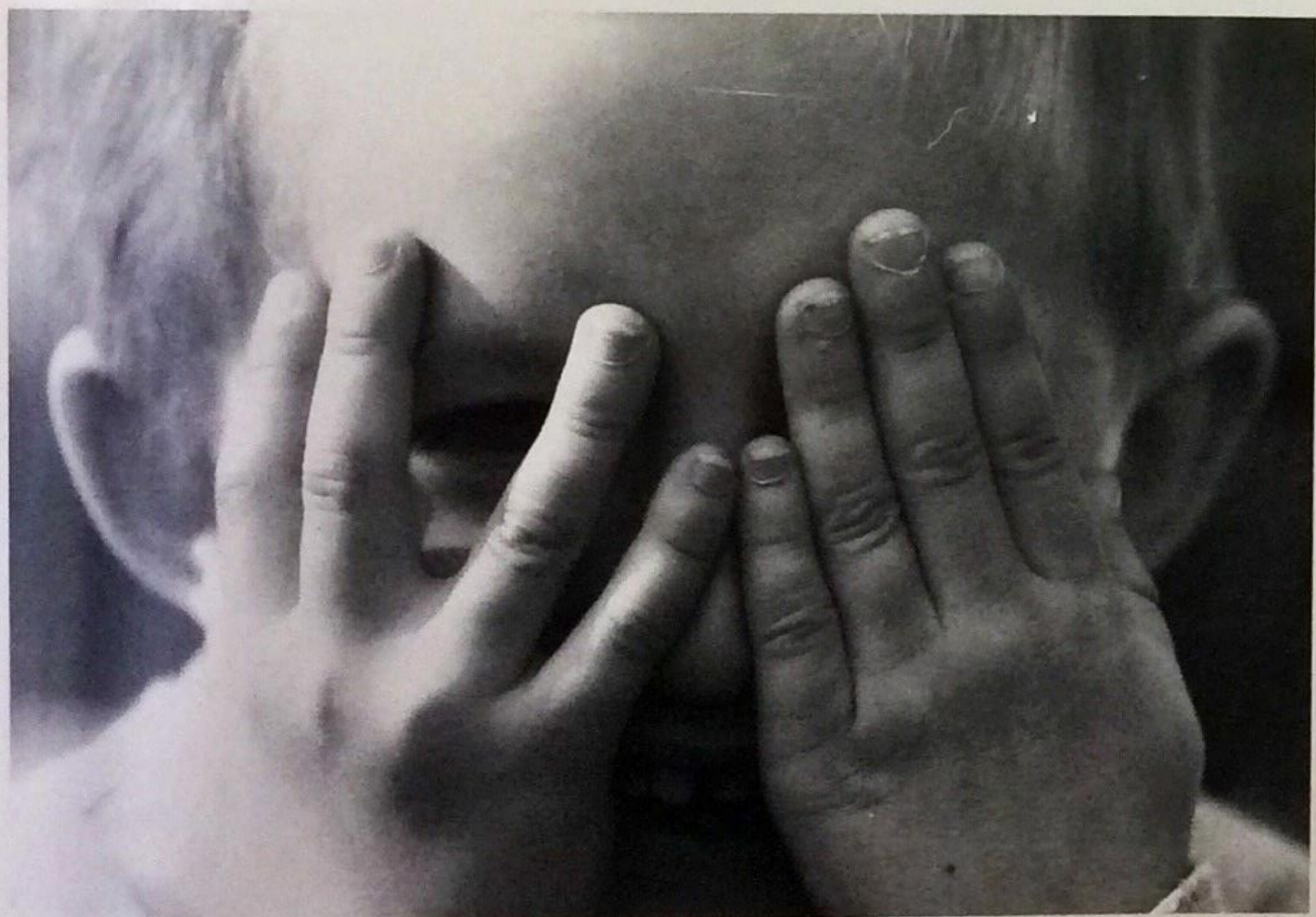
You're-In Trouble

I HAVE TO GO!
NOT LATER! NO WAY! NO HOW!
I HAVE TO MOVE ON!
DON'T YOU GET IT?
GET OUT OF MY WAY, MA'AM. NOW!

CLEAR THE AISLES!
I'M ON A ROLL!
IF I STOP, THEN WE'RE ALL SCREWED!
THIS ENTIRE SITUATION WILL GET WORSE QUITE QUICKLY,
I SWEAR I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE!

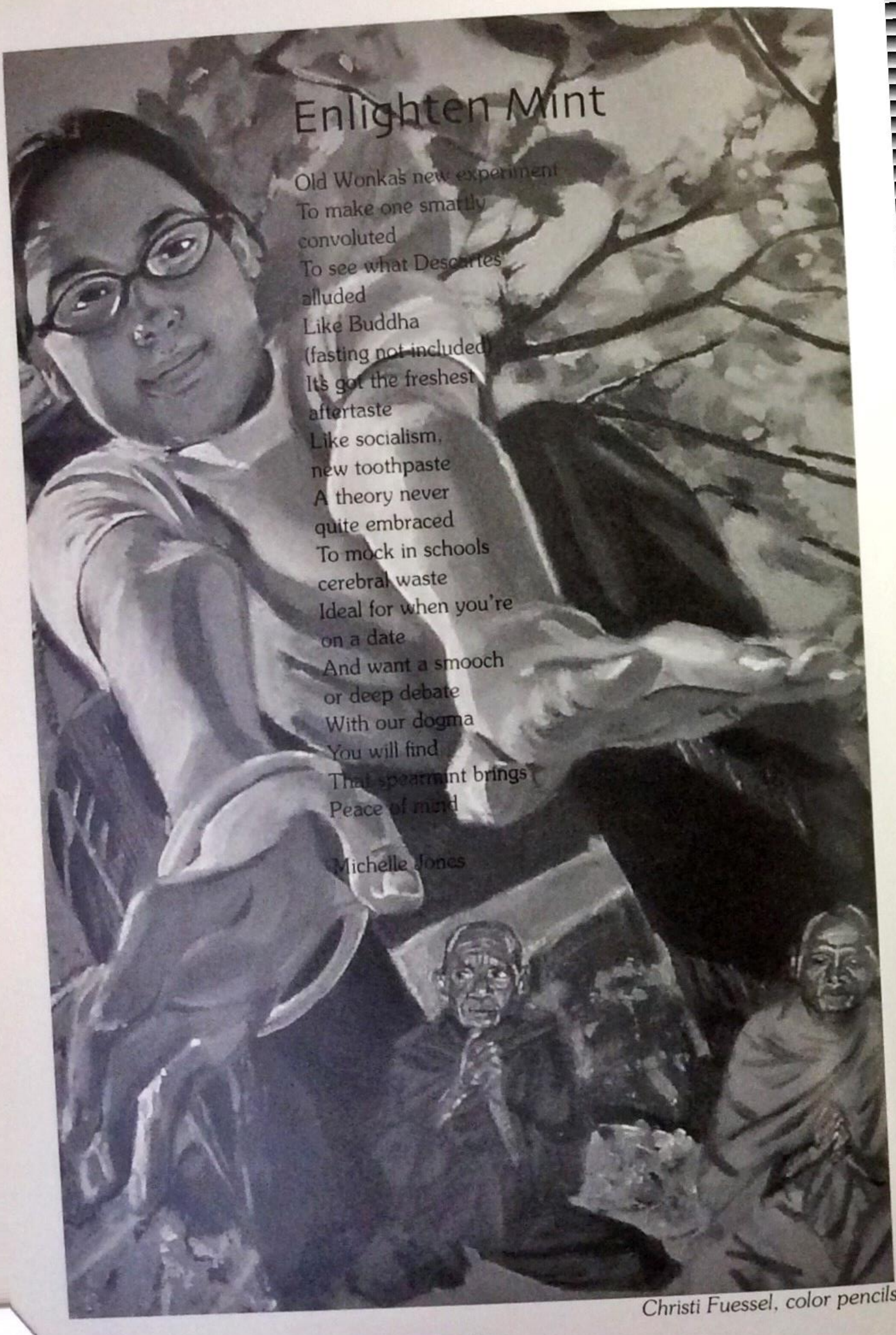
NO . . . THIS ISN'T NUCLEAR WAR, MA'AM . . .
BUT IT'S JUST AS TRIVIAL, YOU SEE!
THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS I CAN'T HOLD MY BLAD . . .
Err . . . does baking soda get out pee?

Mike Amendola



Jenny Jaeckle, photography

Jack of Diamonds, Rubies, and Shiny Trinkets 49



Enlighten Mint

Old Wonka's new experiment
To make one smartly
convoluted
To see what Descartes
alluded
Like Buddha
(fasting not included)
It's got the freshest
aftertaste
Like socialism,
new toothpaste
A theory never
quite embraced
To mock in schools
cerebral waste
Ideal for when you're
on a date
And want a smooch
or deep debate
With our dogma
You will find
That spearmint brings
Peace of mind

Michelle Jones

Christi Fuessel, color pencils

Is It So Wrong for a Man to Love His Cat

"You must have a dog!" are the words that cut like a knife.
"A real man has a hound to aid him through life."
"No man has a cat," They consistently say.
"But it's simply not true!" I tell them to this very day.

~~~A Tribute

A real man isn't afraid of a companion who can live on its own,  
A companion who makes you earn its love in its heart to be sewn.  
A companion who loves you with quiet dignity,  
Rather than a big hunk of dog to drool on me.



I am man and I have a cat.

Marideth Shea, photography

So what does society think about that?

They think I can't have one simply because they're self-doubting.

"But I'm afraid!" I can be heard shouting.

Our numbers are rising as we come out from the shadows of shame.

A revolution is pending. "For we will hide no longer!" We proudly exclaim!

All it took was a first speaker, a leader of hidden masses and crowds,

And Mr. Arnatt, here, took up the sword and uncovered the shroud.

So I plead to all of you brave souls out there,

Hold up that feline with love and care.

Stand up and announce to the world you exist,

And join the revolution of the cat activist.

Vincent Ridenour

# Litanies, Lyrics, and, Yeah, My Train of Thought



Sad clowns and faces blue  
Catching all the foul-balls  
And popping all the cherries  
Eating all their chocolates  
And canceling their checks  
Credit cards out the window  
Crystal clear reception  
From the makers of  
The village idiot

For the amazing price of just \$19.95  
Brown bags at the ready  
And at-risk kids

Too many tests for your own good  
Not enough for everyone  
It's not good-bye old chap  
Income taxes in the mail

State penitentiaries  
With their cold gray floors  
Just like in ships and museums  
Always keep the safety on

And your gun pointed in a safe direction  
But remember, not enough to go around  
If I've told you once, then not again

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury  
Take that you fascist pig!

The LZ is clear

Excuse me sir, where's your passport  
Serial format and internal documentation  
Littering and? Littering and? Littering and?

Smokin' a Reefer

And if you don't

So don't ever let me catch you again

Déjà vu

And fake metal painted on

Clean bedspreads

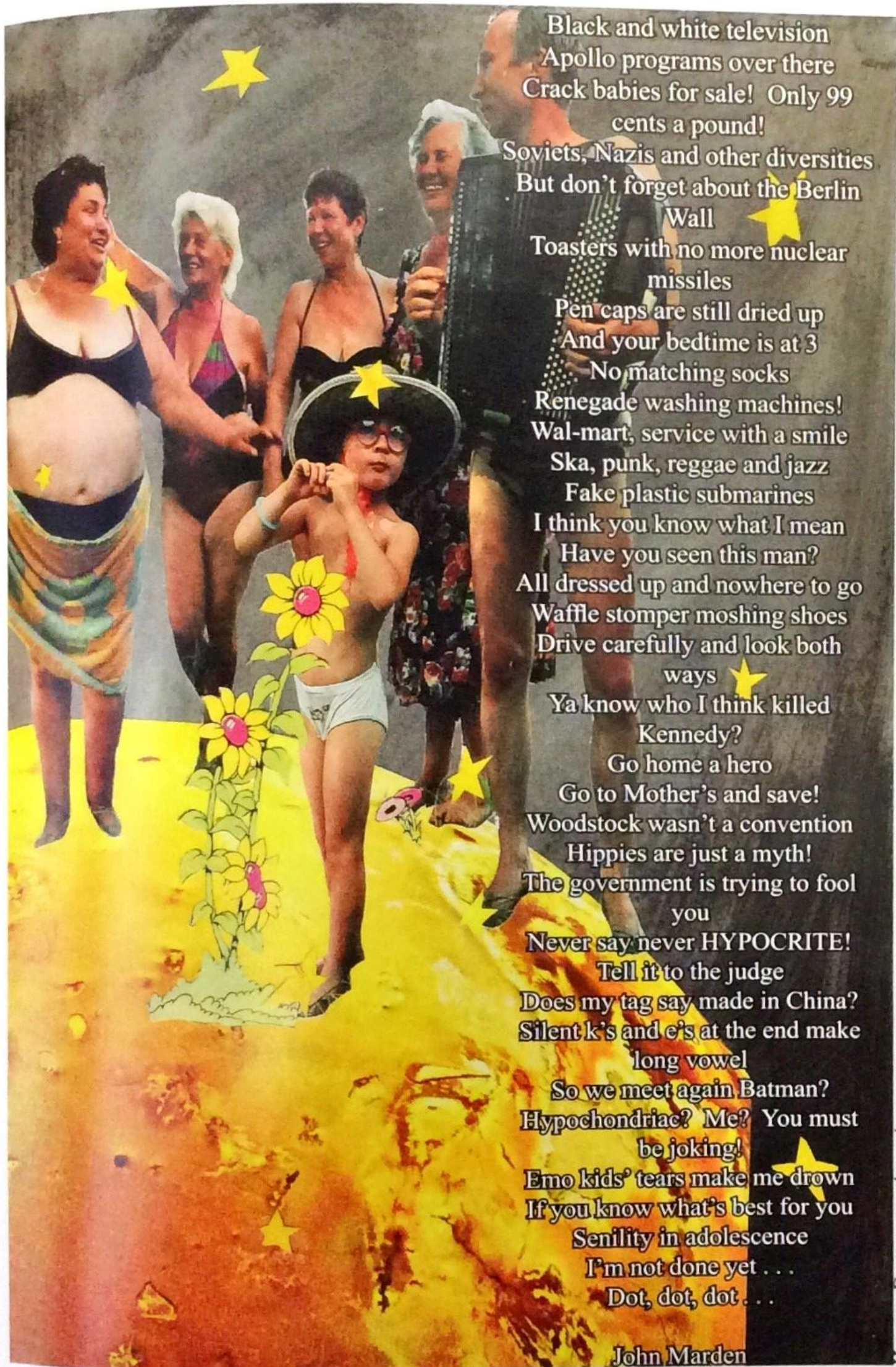
Shut up the game is on

And no more numbers left on the remote  
control

Except of course, those in the corner

With their glowing faces

And their chubby little hands



Black and white television  
Apollo programs over there  
Crack babies for sale! Only 99  
cents a pound!

Soviets, Nazis and other diversities  
But don't forget about the Berlin  
Wall

Toasters with no more nuclear  
missiles

Pen caps are still dried up  
And your bedtime is at 3

No matching socks

Renegade washing machines!

Wal-mart, service with a smile

Ska, punk, reggae and jazz

Fake plastic submarines

I think you know what I mean

Have you seen this man?

All dressed up and nowhere to go

Waffle stomper moshing shoes

Drive carefully and look both

ways

Ya know who I think killed  
Kennedy?

Go home a hero

Go to Mother's and save!

Woodstock wasn't a convention

Hippies are just a myth!

The government is trying to fool  
you

Never say never HYPOCRITE!

Tell it to the judge

Does my tag say made in China?

Silent k's and e's at the end make  
long vowel

So we meet again Batman?

Hypochondriac? Me? You must  
be joking!

Emo kids' tears make me drown

If you know what's best for you

Senility in adolescence

I'm not done yet . . .

Dot, dot, dot . . .

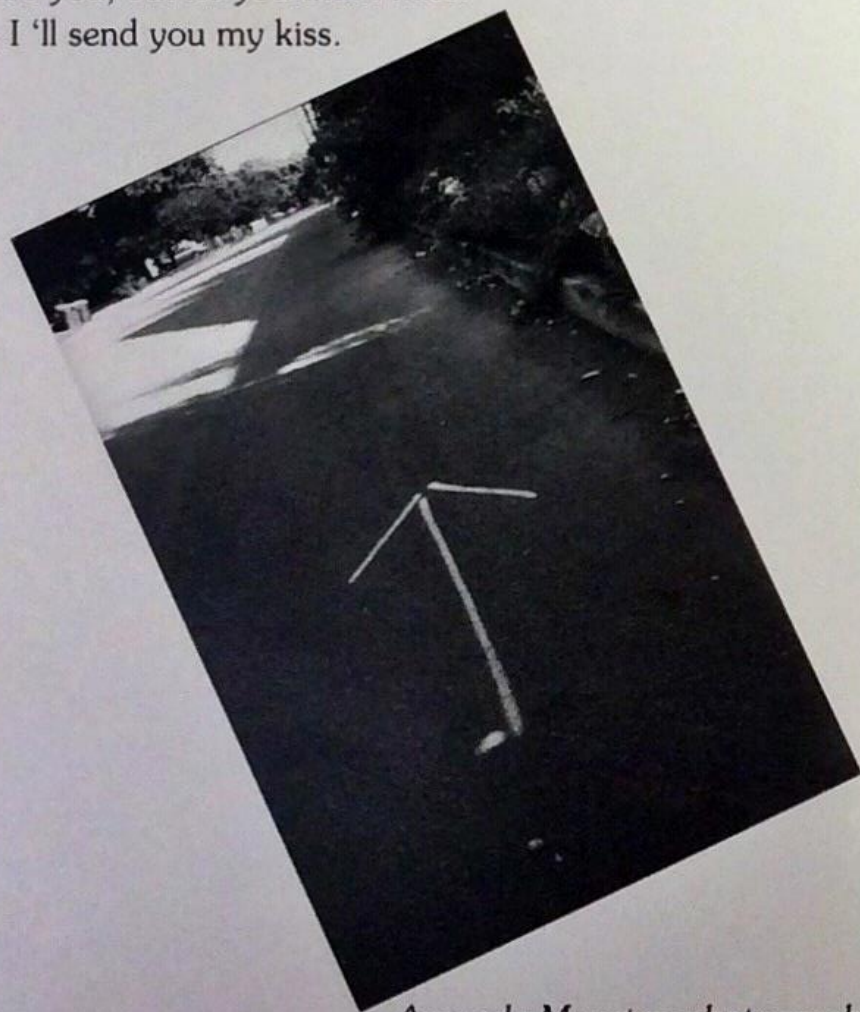
John Marden

# I Remember

Back in the times when I was just three,  
I loved you, and I'm sure you loved me.  
Every day our routine was the same—  
I'd walk in 'round one and call out your name.  
You'd smile, hug me, and give me your love,  
Arms enfolding like the wings of a dove.  
I'd eat some chicken, some mac 'n cheese,  
I could have as much food as I please.  
After lunch, we'd go for a walk.  
We'd stroll down the streets, and also we'd talk.  
We'd sit at your pool and I'd dangle my feet.  
You'd play with my hair as we sat in the heat.

But now that's all over, now I've moved on.  
Now that's all over, now that you're gone.  
Up you've gone, to a place so much fun,  
And in my opinion, we all have won.  
We now have to share you, but it's you that I miss.  
I love you Grandpa, I 'll send you my kiss.

Kelly Bratusek



*Amanda Munster, photography*



*Erin Walsh, photography*

## Vocab Mnemonics

Ambient—completely surrounding; encircling

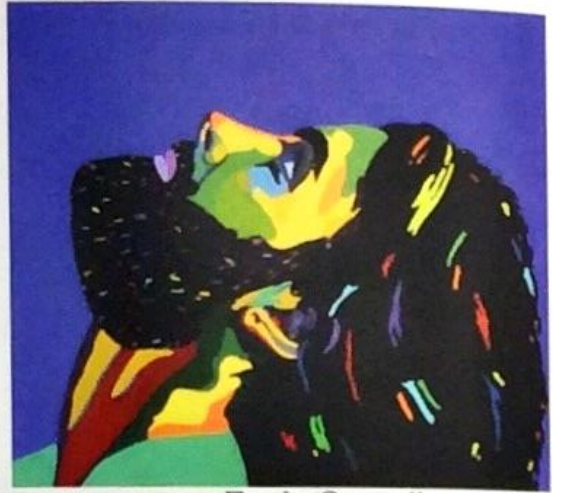
Hambient is not a word.

But if it were, it would mean something is surrounded by ham.

Ambient is a word, and it can be related to jam.

Ex. The pectin (gooey stuff) is ambient to the fruit!

Vincent Ridenour



*Emily Sawtelle, acrylic*

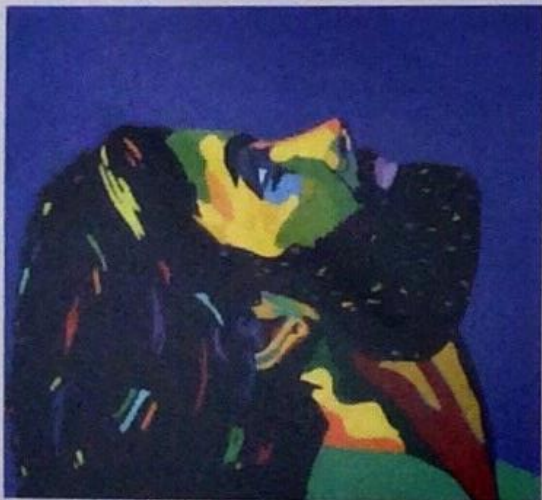
## Kitchen Floor Dance

At least once a day,  
I get called crazy.  
I'm afraid I'm a tad confused.  
Who defined normal and crazy?

Saying something "strange" just for reaction,  
is that crazy?  
A cheesy joke to make someone laugh,  
perhaps that's crazy.

I weep for you.  
You who call yourself "normal".  
You must care a lot about what others think of you.  
Those who won't do a "crazy" dance 'cross the kitchen  
for absolutely no reason at all,  
will never really live life.

Shannon Parker





*Yasmine Pirouz, oil pastel*

## Ways to Have Your Cake and Eat It Too



1. Make two cakes.
2. Eat your cake.  
Throw it up.
3. Eat your cake.  
Know that your stomach is  
Your own.
4. Believe in quantum superposition.
5. There is no cake.

Kristen Ketcherside

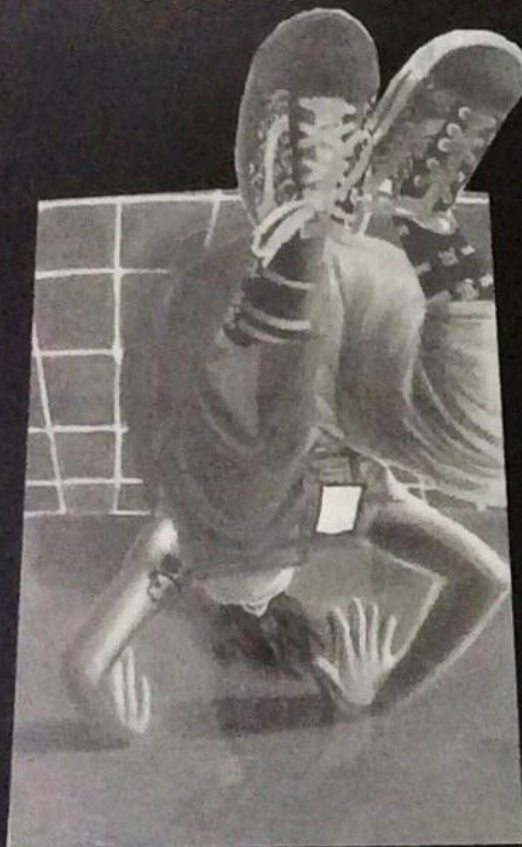


# Female Shoe Purchase: Hobby or Chemical Addiction?

Once upon a yester-year there was a hairy Neanderthal draped in a toga-esque rag strolling through a field of jagged rocks. Halfway through this expedition, he notices his feet are bleeding profusely and painting the ground a shade of amber. He sits down on the most rotund jagged rock available. He regards this situation as an unnecessary annoyance despite the fact that he just indirectly discovered painting. A counterpart of his flops by and grunts to him in recognition as he sprawls out, bleeding quite horribly as well. Neanderthal A, then discovers a patch of thick grass popping our between two rocks, he yonks it, wraps it around his feet, and barking to Neanderthal

Thus, the creator of shoes. Neanderthal A goes into B (who is well liked in and an obvious public market for these shoes. company, "Neanderthal changed to "New expanded the franchise community.

Several million humans' footwear Now, hardly concerned jagged rocks, the feet with style rather some point during this becomes introduced to



*Stefani Lackey, color pencils*

heads on out, victoriously B. Neanderthal A became Twelve moons pass, and business with Neanderthal the Neanderthal community relations major) to create a They decide to call their Brothers" which was later Balance" when they outside of the Neanderthal

more moons pass, and evolves and multiplies. with crossing fields of human being adorns the than practicality. At venture . . . the FEMALE the "shoe", and a love affair

developed. Actually, "love affair" doesn't even describe the capacity of desire female has for shoe. It is more along the lines of chemical addiction.

Nowadays, society greatly concerns itself with teenagers becoming addicts to such substances as marijuana, alcohol, and cigarettes. But one thing that is greatly overlooked is female's shoe addiction.

Female's hard-earned money (or their daddy's hard-earned money) that could be going towards practicalities such as nice biology textbooks, umbrellas and Bibles is being thrown away carelessly on footwear!

I know from personal experience not to ever go shopping with females because they will immediately drag you to the nearest shoe store and not leave for hours. They find the need to try on every shoe in the store even when they are obviously at least five sizes too small.

Female A: "Oooh! Aren't these shoes cute? I want them."

Female B: "They so are! Get them! Tap that!"

Female A's Hopeless Boyfriend: "We've been looking at shoes in the toddler section for two hours now! Those shoes would fit my three-year-old sister . . . Don't you think this is a little stupid, Darling?"

Female A: "Ummm . . . I think I'm going to buy them anyway, I'll go on another diet and maybe I can fit into them. The little bow is too cute!"

Female B: "That's hot! Get them! Tap that!"

(Female A's Hopeless  
the floor. The females do

And be warned,  
is quite hazardous to the  
but other people around  
how many times my leg  
those ridiculously pointy  
on buying this year! I  
gauze with me everyday  
going to step on my foot  
trendy witch shoes are  
my toes.

I catch females  
streets in the shadows of  
footwear fix. Their eyes  
their feet are twitching  
a new sensation to sink

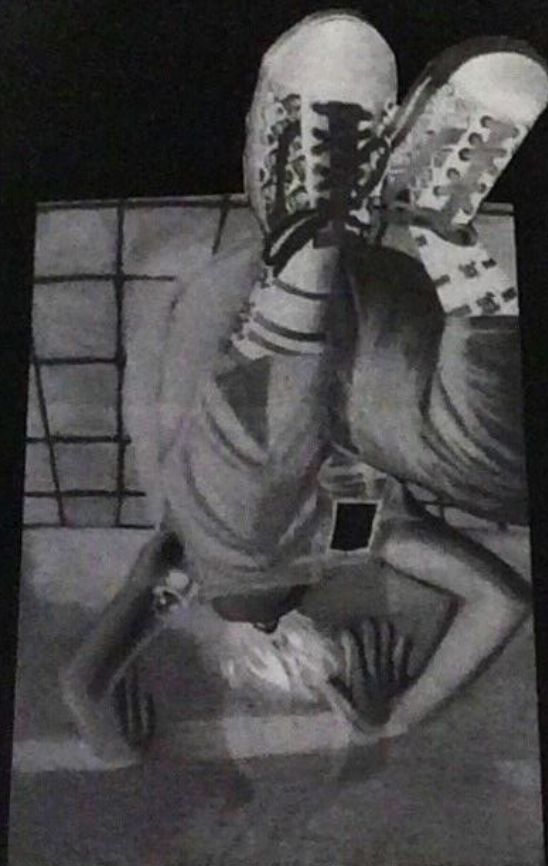
marketers scalp the latest Pumas straight out of Austin, exclusive tap shoes from the 1920s  
and Birkenstocks worn by real emphysemic hippies in the 1960s.

These girls don't know what they are up against. They think, "No, it's not a  
problem. I can stop anytime. I'm not an addict. I haven't bought a shoe in at least four  
days." Oh, keep swimming in denial, baby. Take a look at your mother's shoe closet.  
Middle age is just around the corner, ladies, and the shoe craze doesn't stop. Except then .  
. . . the shoes are a lot uglier.

Ladies, the moral to this story simply is . . . BUY BRAHMA TALES-BRAND  
SHOES! ON SALE IN THE SCHOOL STORE THIS UPCOMING MONDAY! They are  
excessively pointy, uncomfortable and completely irrational. Just how you like them.

(Please note: There are actually no Brahma Tales shoes being sold at this point in  
time, at least. Thank you.)

Michael Amendola



Boyfriend passes out on  
not notice.)

a majority of this footwear  
health, not only to yourself,  
you as well. I don't know  
has been punctured by  
shoes the females insist  
bring three containers of  
because I know some girl is  
in the stairway, and her  
going to decapitate one of

all the time, out on the  
night, looking for a quick  
are in a bloodshot melee,  
and stuttering, aching for  
their corns into. Black-

# Fluke

Creepy and mysterious  
Kooky and delirious  
Not so much to carry us  
Throughout the next few days



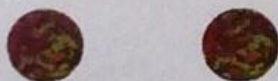
Waiting and commiserating  
Running and exhilarating  
Try to stop obliterating  
This deep and dapper craze



*Brittany Elliott, mixed media*



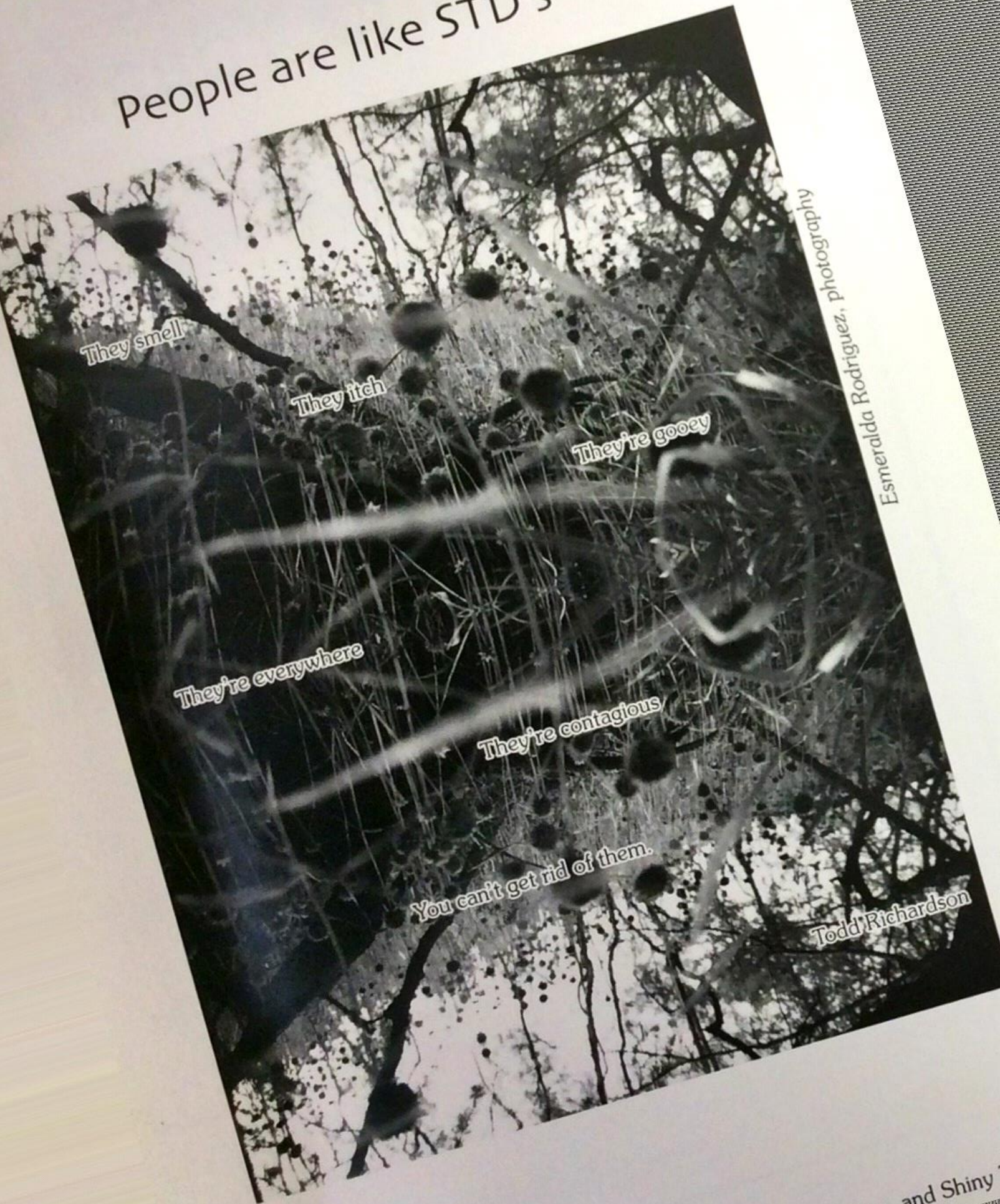
Ceasing all the fad and fashion  
Life without a standard ration  
Thereof absence lacking passion  
Drab concealment of the two



Noise and collaboration  
Make way for the condensation  
Waiting for the co-creation  
Down beneath the dark and blue

Jaime Mire

# people are like STD's



They smell

They itch

They're gooey

They're everywhere

They're contagious

You can't get rid of them.

Todd Richardson

Esmeralda Rodriguez, photography

Jack of Diamonds, Rubies, and Shiny

# Build Your Own

Inside  
Includes:

A charismatic “every-  
man”, born into  
immeasurable wealth,  
educated in thy Ivy  
League

A team of expert  
publicists (horny  
teenage boys) to  
concoct vile yet witty  
campaign slogans

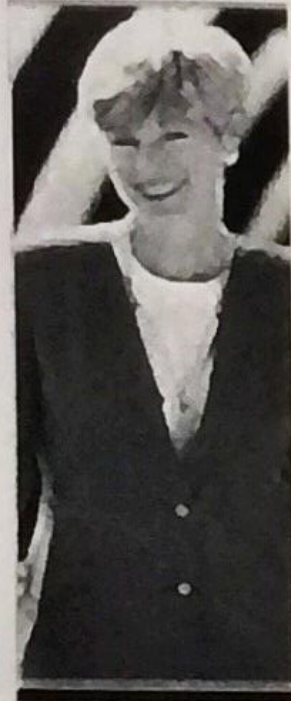
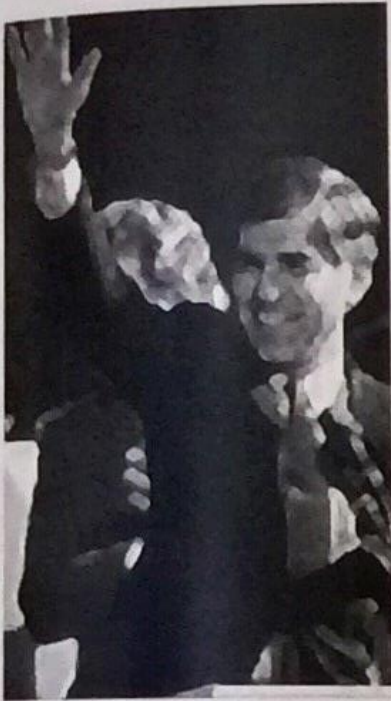
Several slaveringly  
vindictive tabloid  
journalists to expose  
your opponent’s every  
fault

A team of lawyers to  
devise clever half-truths  
to legally decieve the  
American people



— — — — —  
| WARNING: choking hazard.  
| Small parts (such as the  
| conscience of your party). Keep  
| away from small children and  
| those with enough mental brevity  
| to point you out as deceivers. May  
| be toxic to American well-being.  
| Do not swallow. If accidentally  
L — — — — —

# Political Party Kit



A few washed-up celebrities willing to spout their opinions over catatonically idiotic crowds

A martial arts instructor to tutor the candidate on how to dodge dangerous questions like “How will you improve the war in Iraq?”

One Martha Stuart clone, the sugary wife who owns only starched business suits (and maybe one black sports bra for the men out there)

ingested, call Poison Control immediately and induce vomiting. This product is not meant for the actual governing of a nation. Improper use of this product may lead to immature bipartisan politics and severe skin rash.

Michelle Jones



*Sarah Sweeney, photography*

## Austin Blonde

imaginary games  
that you play with  
friendly bumble-bees and menacing wasps  
i drag you across enemy lines  
feet dangling between my knees  
dragging on the floor  
scraping noises are like laughter  
i've never heard

Avery Moore

# Humynphony

Drum with the pounding beads of sweat  
Timpani of hinging marrow  
Fused by the taut sinewy grind of red  
Lyrics laid by quickening paces  
of pulse.

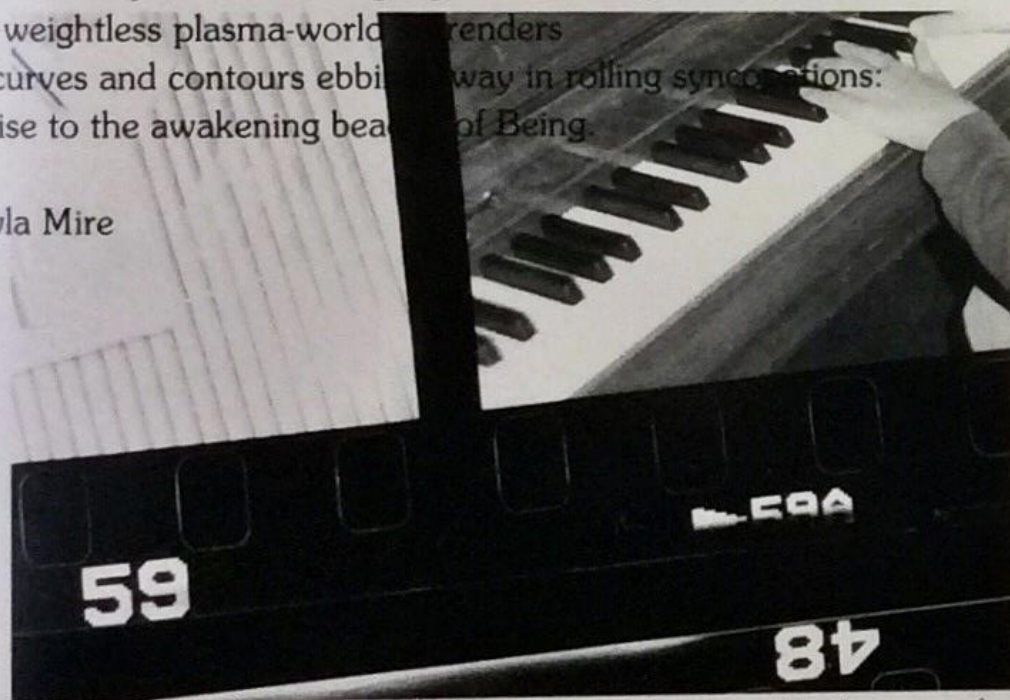
The crescendos of pearly white verve and motion  
singing to each fiber from toe to temple  
Crimson floods lead trembling synapses  
In graceful lightning arcs  
up the boiling, blissful flow of spine  
The gray throbbing maze, in hungry anticipation  
thrusts open the floodgates  
to be impregnated by genius.

A sudden rush of electricity ignites exploding thought,  
the cross-breed of knowledge and imagination harmonize in a flurry of  
sparks

And the fiery forte swells in awe  
before  
dwindling away

in  
pianissimo reverence  
to the beauty born in a fledgling seed of Enlightenment  
the weightless plasma-world renders  
its curves and contours ebbing away in rolling syncopations:  
Praise to the awakening beauty of Being.

Kayla Mire



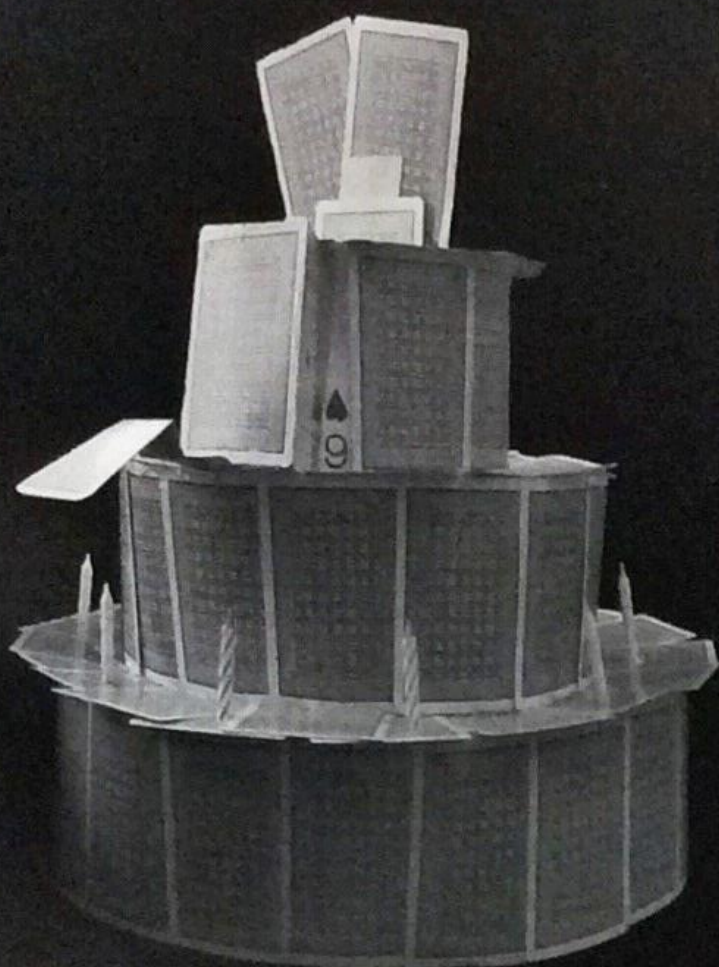
Laura Firebaugh, photography

*Alyssa Nicole Keener, mixed media*

*Jennyfer Marchand, mixed media*

*Casey Galloway, mixed media*

*Casey Galloway, mixed media*



*Elissa De La Garza, mixed media*



*Erin Martin, mixed media*

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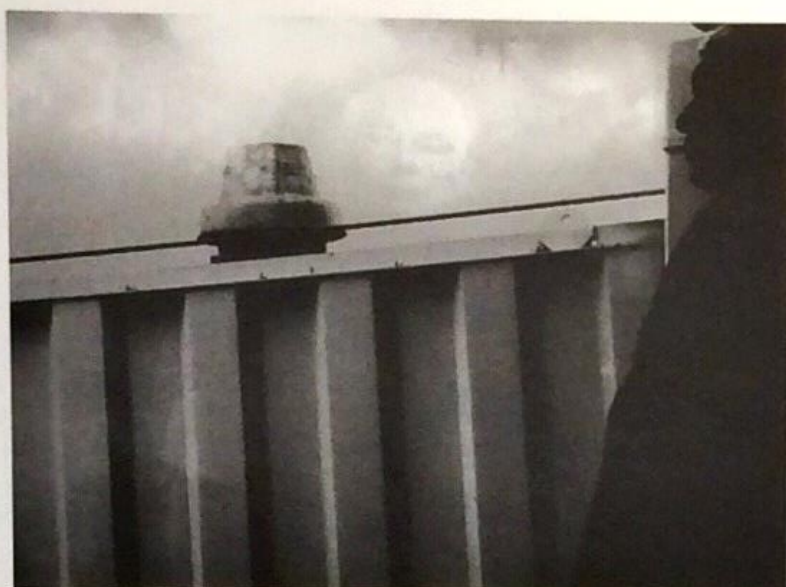
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*Marideth Shea, photography*



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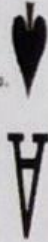
*Justin Franklin, digital art*



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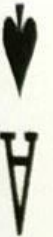
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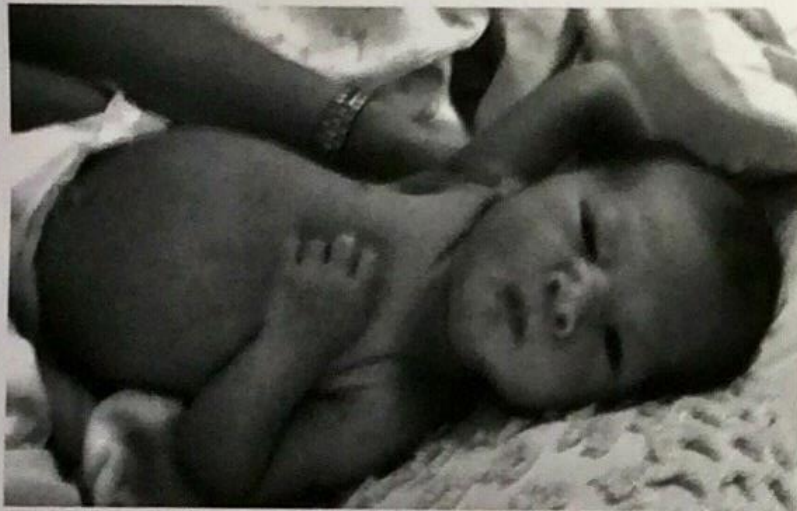
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