



## Table of Contents

It is the diversity of our emotions which makes us unique individuals and which binds us together in the human spirit.

### LOVE

1. "WHAT DOES IT TAKE?!"	Poem	Bart Stevens '88
	Illustration	Patty Martinez '89
2. "FIREWORKS"	Short Story	Paul Spencer '88
	Illustration	Leslie Bleamaster '88
3. CUBIST FRUIT	Painting	Young Kim '88
4. I' seen his eyes	Poem	Kristin Duvall '88
	Illustration	Mario Thomas '88
"CHAMELEON"	Poem	Gabrielle Marcus '91
5. I think of you	Poem	Naomi Shapiro '88
	Illustration	Ethan Brantley '89
"REDEFINED"	Poem	Amy Ritthaler '88
6. "YOUR WEB"	Poem	Kit Crawford '89
	Illustration	Tyna Cervantes '91
"HIM"	Poem	Naomi Shapiro '88
7. I used to be enthralled	Poem	Jenny Boring '88
	Illustration	Justine Coppinger '88
8. "TO THE ONE WHOSE DREAMS"	Poem	Carson Klugare '88
	Illustration	Kym Kryngel '88
9. Starlight dances	Poem	Sarah Schubert '91
	Illustration	Mike Friedman '88

### SOLITUDE & LONELINESS

9. Tonight the lake's surface	Poem	Karin Riley '91
10. "JAZZ"	Poem	Jonathan Marcus '88
	Illustration	Tyna Cervantes '91
11. soulful voices	Poem	Emily Forland '91
12. "THE BOX"	Short Story	Steve Paul '88
13. Silence smothers my screams	Poem	Jenny Kuykendall '89
	Illustration	David Roman '89
"TOWN CALLED ALONE"	Poem	Allan Pickering '88
14. It is the middle of winter	Poem	Jenny McLain '89
	Illustration	Ethan Brantley '89

### UNREST & COMPASSION

15. "A SOLDIER'S PRAYER"	Poem	Saja Sokol '89
	Illustration	Mike Friedman '88
16. "NO ANSWER"	Poem	Nicole Dewey '89
	Illustration	Ethan Brantley '89
"INFO"	Poem	Lauren Ornelas '88
17. "RAINDANCE"	Poem	Mike Friedman '88
	Illustration	Tyna Cervantes '91
18. "THE SPELL"	Poem	Amy Ritthaler '88
	Illustration	Ja Lane '90
19. "WALKING"	Poem	M. Shannon Sims '88
	Illustration	David Roman '89

### AGING & DEATH

20. "THE THIRD CANDLE"	Poem	Allan Pickering '88
	Illustration	William Whipple '88
21. Morning	Poem	Debbie Paredez '89
	Illustration	Tyna Cervantes '91
22. "LULLABY"	Short Story	Debbie Paredez '89
	Illustration	Mike Friedman '89
24. Can black be demure	Poem	Jenny McLain '89
25.	Illustration	Mike Friedman '88

### SEARCH FOR IDENTITY

26. "HOLE IN MY POCKET"	Short Story	Jamie Frampton '89
	Illustration	Ja Lane '90
27. "ACCEPTANCE OF AN INTRINSIC EMOTION"	Short Story	Gilbert Ramirez '90
	Illustration	Mike Friedman '88
30. Sunglasses	Poem	Travis Lull '89
	Illustration	Randy Perez '88
I was terrified today	Poem	Jenny Boring '89
31. my bellybutton	Poem	Emily Forland '91
	Illustration	Amy Ritthaler '88
32. FLAMINGOS	Graphic Design	Kris Roden '88

COVER ART ..... William Whipple '88

**WHAT DOES IT TAKE?**

*By Bart Stevens*

I try to step into your life  
And you step on my foot.

I try to shake your hand  
And you crack my knuckles

I then give you a hug  
And you break my back

So I blow you a kiss  
But you close your eyes

I try to tell you, "Hello"  
But you just aren't listening

So I finally give up  
And you ask me what's wrong.



Patty Martinez

## FIREWORKS

By Paul Spencer

**BOOM**

I barely noticed the rush of air conditioned air as I held the door of Lance's Ice Cream Salon for my first date, Laura Stark. I paused at the door to watch her glide effortlessly through the opening, just like she had when she had approached the pencil sharpener in Mr. Gill's math class.

I was eleven; she was twelve, and it was late March of our sixth grade year. It had taken me six months to muster up the courage to really talk to her. Before that, it had always been:

"Hi, Laura!"

"Oh hi, Doug."

"Well, I've got to go to class."

"Me too. Bye!"

"Bye!" followed by a heart-wrenching sigh.

Today was different. Somehow I had managed to ask the cutest girl in all of Edgar Allen Poe Middle School to go to Lance's. She had said yes, and we walked there after school.

As I stood in the doorway, Laura turned to me and said, "Well, are we going to go in?"

Blushing for holding the door an unusually long time, I said, "Yes," and we moved into the service line.

Waiting there, with my head swimming and full of early spring emotion, the babble of customers surrounded me. People were placing orders for ice cream, shouts of anger and victory came from the arcade, and one lady complained loudly that she had ordered pralines n' cream in a cone and not in a cup! Then a smooth, small, and perfectly shaped hand touched me on the arm and Laura asked me, "Are we going to order?"

To my embarrassment, we were already in the front of the line.

"Uh... sure... what would you like?"

Oh gross, I thought to myself, so much for sharing ice cream!

We proceeded to the ice cream counter, and I put my hand in my pocket to retrieve the crumpled five dollar bill that I had mowed the Weinreb's lawn for. The ice cream man leaned underneath

the counter to get the ice cream, and I looked over at Laura. She was looking right at me, not the casual kind of look, but the kind of look that is straight at the eye. We both smiled, shy half-smiles, and quickly turned our eyes away. Then the ice cream man gave us our order. I paid him and we walked away.

"I wonder if that man is Lance?" I ventured.

"No, my friend Susan Sundstrom said that Lance is that guy's son."

"Oh," I said and looked for a table. I located one in the corner underneath a big wicker ceiling fan, and we went toward it.

As we crossed the room, I noticed the same graceful stroll that she always seemed to walk with, light toe-steps with fluid strides and a subtle hip sway. I could have watched her walk all day long.

After a seemingly blissful eternity, we reached the table and sat down. We began to eat our ice cream, and I actually tried her chocolate and peanut butter ripple. It was as bad as I had thought it would be. We began talking about our eighth grade football team, Mr. Gill, her dancing lessons, my pets, and lots of other things. I didn't recall too much afterwards because I was too busy floating in the sea of "crushedness" in which sixth grade boys find themselves at some time.

When she finished her ice cream (I had long since finished mine), she looked up at me and all I saw in that entrancing face was brown hair and deep green eyes. We sat there for a moment until she said with a slight frown, "It's time to take me home."

I looked at the wall clock and realized the afternoon would soon be over. I wondered how we could have passed over an hour and a half in what seemed to be ten minutes.

"Time really flew," I muttered as we walked to the exit.

As I opened the heavy glass door and we stepped outside, Laura said, "I really had a nice time today, Doug."

"I had a, had a, uh, uh, a uh, a really nice time too, Laura." I'm sure she noticed me blush because she did too. "Well, it's time to leave," I said, trying to appear calm.

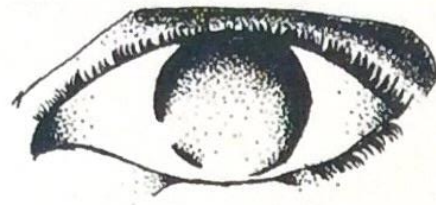
"Uh-huh... let's go," Laura replied, looking up at me.

I stared at her crookedly, wondering what it was that I saw in her eyes at that moment. Then the most wonderful thing happened, overwhelming me like I had just scored five touchdowns in one game. She kissed me. It wasn't a tiny kiss, but the kind of kiss that made me see those fabled fireworks exploding all around us. As the embrace ended and ashes fell glittering to the ground, we turned slowly toward her house and walked away, hand in hand.

**BEST OF SHOW**  
**ART IV**  
*N.E.I.S.D. NIGHT GALLERY*  
*"CUBIST FRUIT"*



**Young Kim**



Mario Thomas

*By Gabrielle Marcus*

I'd seen his eyes before:  
golden orbs within which figures danced  
and loved;  
Eyes which relayed his life,  
revealed his soul,  
unveiled the conscience  
and instinct  
which he did not always  
follow.

I'd seen them before  
They were foreign to him,  
conveying his character  
when he, himself  
could not.  
When they were native,  
he was real  
and I understood him.

They gave him away,  
flashed signals  
telltale signs  
that he was straying  
off  
course.

By watching his eyes,  
I could teach him about himself,  
so he could return  
to his given path.

I tell him they are unique  
I am convinced of their individuality  
and yet,  
in another life,  
another world,  
those eyes were mine.

## CHAMELEON

*By Kristin Duvall*

Your eyes  
Change  
From blue  
to green  
to gray  
Then back  
To blue.

Just like your eyes,  
You change  
From dazzling  
to angry  
to reserved  
Then back to dazzling.

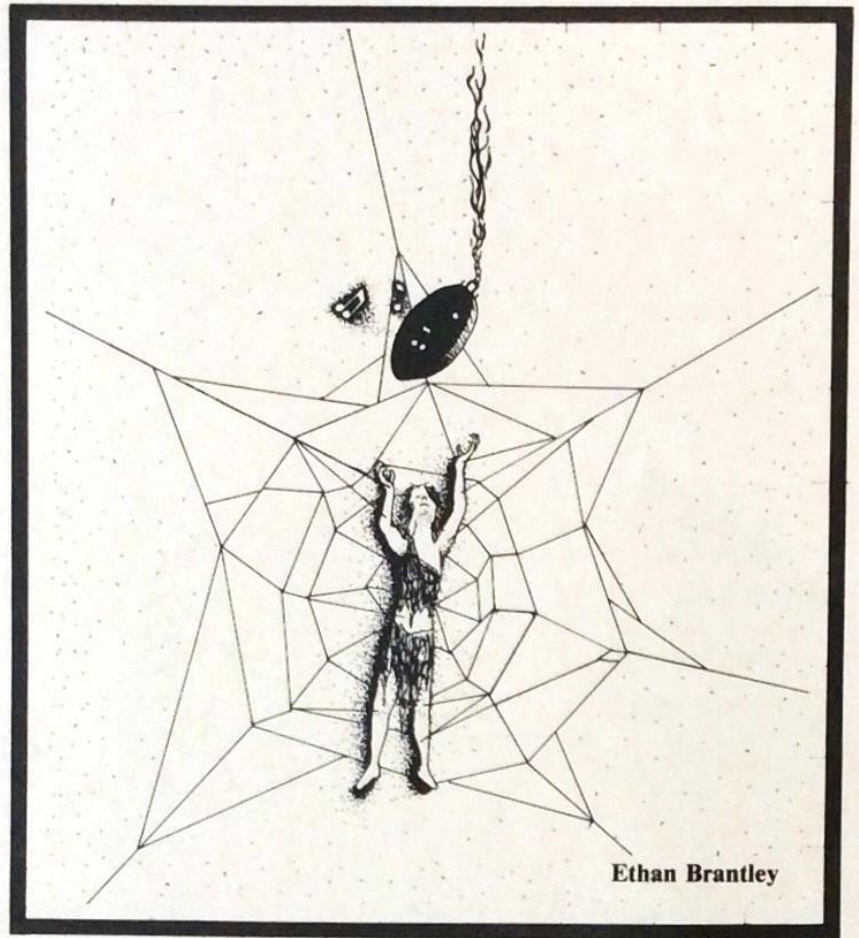
With every blink  
Of my eye,  
You're a different person;  
It makes me dizzy.

If I were to never  
Close my eyes,  
Would you stay dazzling forever?



*By Naomi Shapiro*

I think of you  
floating  
untied from my own  
mundane reality  
(made so because you  
don't share it with me)  
singing a beautiful,  
beautiful song  
that I don't know the words to  
I hum along  
trying to learn the lyric  
the most melancholy  
petulant  
exuberant  
words I have ever heard  
full of sadness and joy  
You spin your web  
of enchanting self  
and I  
must succumb  
always  
and  
forever.



## **REDEFINED**

*By Amy Ritthaler*

The yellow lamp light  
mingles  
With our shadows  
making them blurry and  
borderless . . .  
They defy the definition of shadow,

Black night  
mingles  
With our lips  
and we are lost within  
each other  
We defy the definition  
of two.

## YOUR WEB

By Kit Crawford

See how it shimmers  
in the moonlight

So beautiful,  
So alluring,  
So deadly.

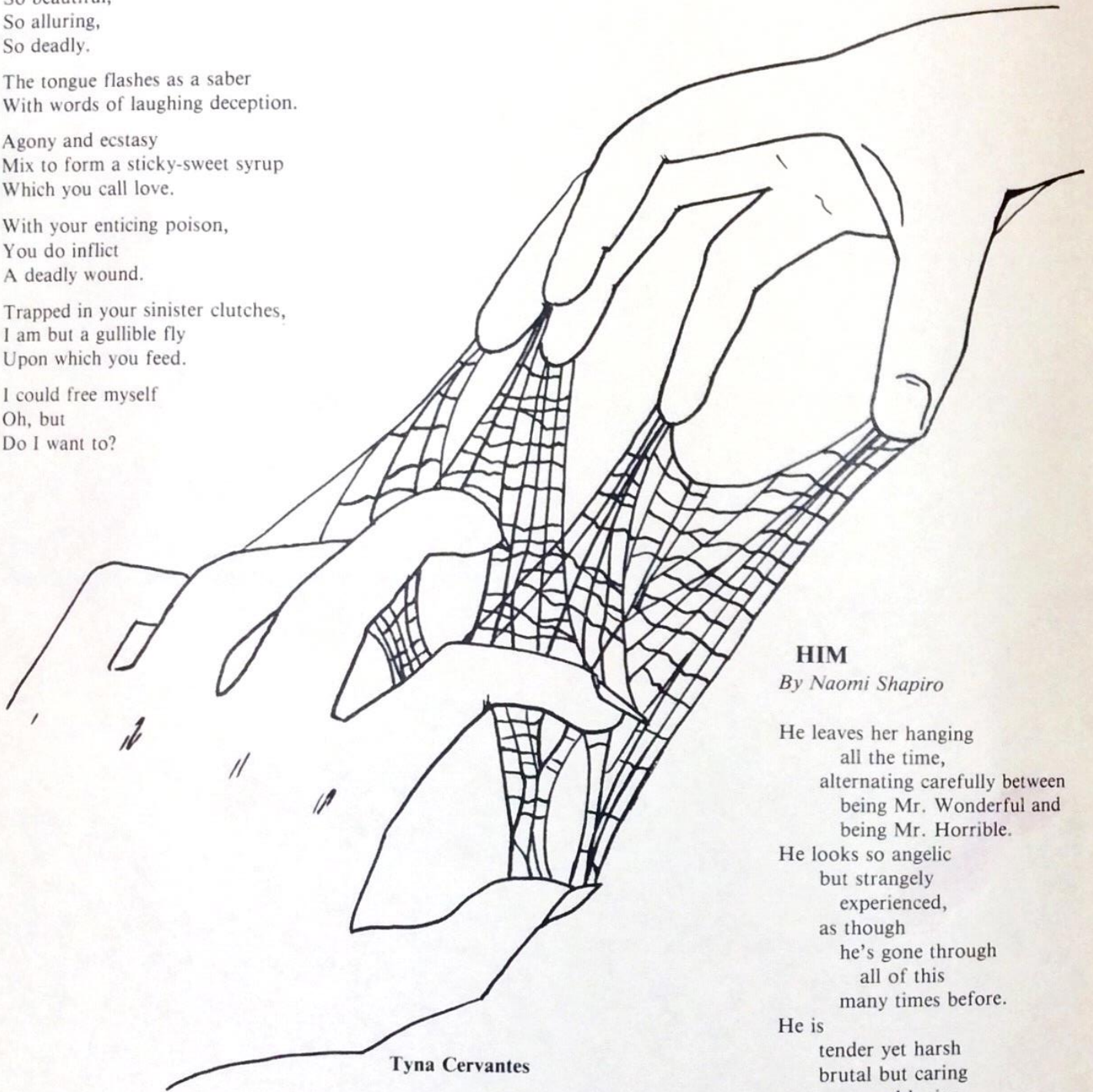
The tongue flashes as a saber  
With words of laughing deception.

Agony and ecstasy  
Mix to form a sticky-sweet syrup  
Which you call love.

With your enticing poison,  
You do inflict  
A deadly wound.

Trapped in your sinister clutches,  
I am but a gullible fly  
Upon which you feed.

I could free myself  
Oh, but  
Do I want to?



Tyna Cervantes

## HIM

By Naomi Shapiro

He leaves her hanging  
all the time,  
alternating carefully between  
being Mr. Wonderful and  
being Mr. Horrible.

He looks so angelic  
but strangely  
experienced,  
as though  
he's gone through  
all of this  
many times before.

He is  
tender yet harsh  
brutal but caring  
open and loving  
but  
heartless and overbearing

And she wonders  
"Why do I subject  
myself  
to this?"  
And she returns  
anyway.



Justine Coppinger

*By Jenny Boring*

I used to be  
enthralled by you-  
like a toy  
gazing out a store window  
at a child she could not have.  
You stole me  
and for a short while  
played your games with me.  
Perhaps I kept your attention  
for a while

and amused you  
with my naïve willingness  
to play by your rules.  
But, like all children do,  
you became bored with me,  
and finally abandoned me.  
I became nothing but an  
idle nuisance to you-  
limp and ragged in my corner,  
meekly inquiring why you won't  
play with me anymore.  
One day I noticed

you had found a new toy,  
taken from a store  
far more garish than my own.  
I wonder if you'll cry  
when you break it?  
At least there's consolation  
in the fact that you  
failed to break me.  
My lucid, glass eyes  
are still intact,  
and see you for what  
you truly are  
an incorrigible thief.

TO THE ONE WHOSE DREAMS

MEET WITH MY OWN

IN MIDFLIGHT

*By Carson Klugare*

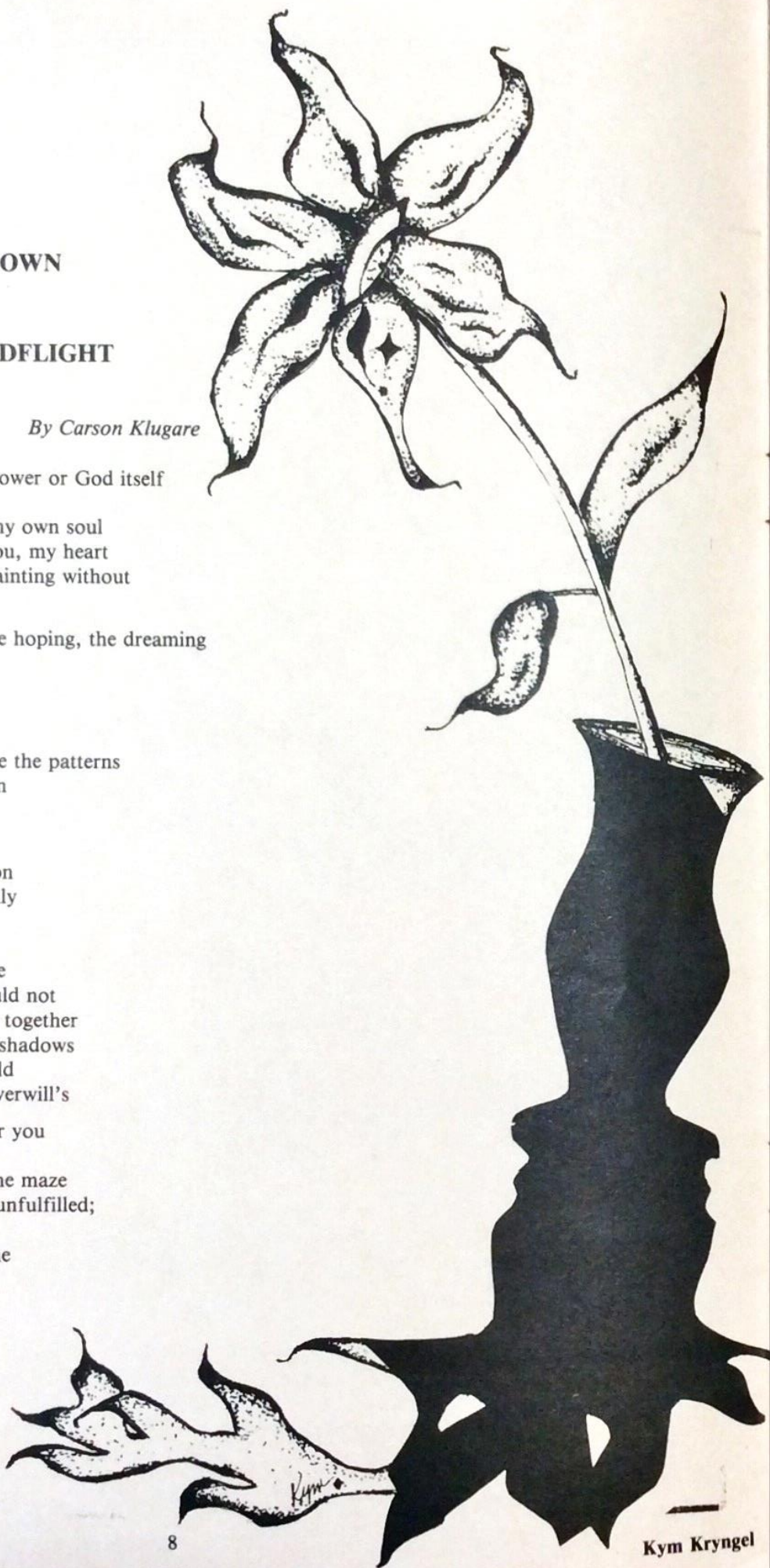
Like the air, the fragrance of a flower or God itself  
you are unknown to my eyes  
yet more dear to my heart than my own soul  
for without the longing of you, my heart  
would be as lifeless as a painting without  
one to view it

It is only through the wishing, the hoping, the dreaming  
of you that I can  
truly live  
live to dream again  
live to write again  
live to lie awake and weave the patterns  
of our meeting, and then  
I pray it never happens

For with you I will be complete,  
but the window of my passion  
will be shut, and it would only  
reflect you  
and you again

But without you, my eyes are free  
to look beyond what we would not  
to see what we could not see together  
because of our embracing shadows  
which lie across the world  
of the mightbe's and neverwill's

So I leave you to be lost wherever you  
might be  
and by doing so, lose myself in the maze  
of my only fantasy, forever unfulfilled;  
love  
Kiss me once, as if it were the  
last time,  
For there will never be a  
first time.





*By Sarah Schubert*

Starlight dances on the cool lake,  
and a breeze disrupts  
the sleeping trees.  
The moon traps my eye,  
and will not let go.  
I cut the midnight's silence  
with my footsteps on the  
creaky dock;  
I slice the still water with  
a teardrop  
Reminding me of a night,  
long ago,  
much like this one,  
when I was not so  
alone.

*By Karin Riley*

Tonight the lake's surface  
Was an ashen mirror  
Banded with distinct  
Stripes of pale  
Lamplight.  
The trees were  
Silent, unmoving shadows,  
Refraining from their  
Usual whispering.  
Stars studded the darkened sky,  
Sending cold silver rays  
Into the night.  
Nothing shattered  
The solemn stillness.  
Beauty reached out  
In placidity.

# JAZZ

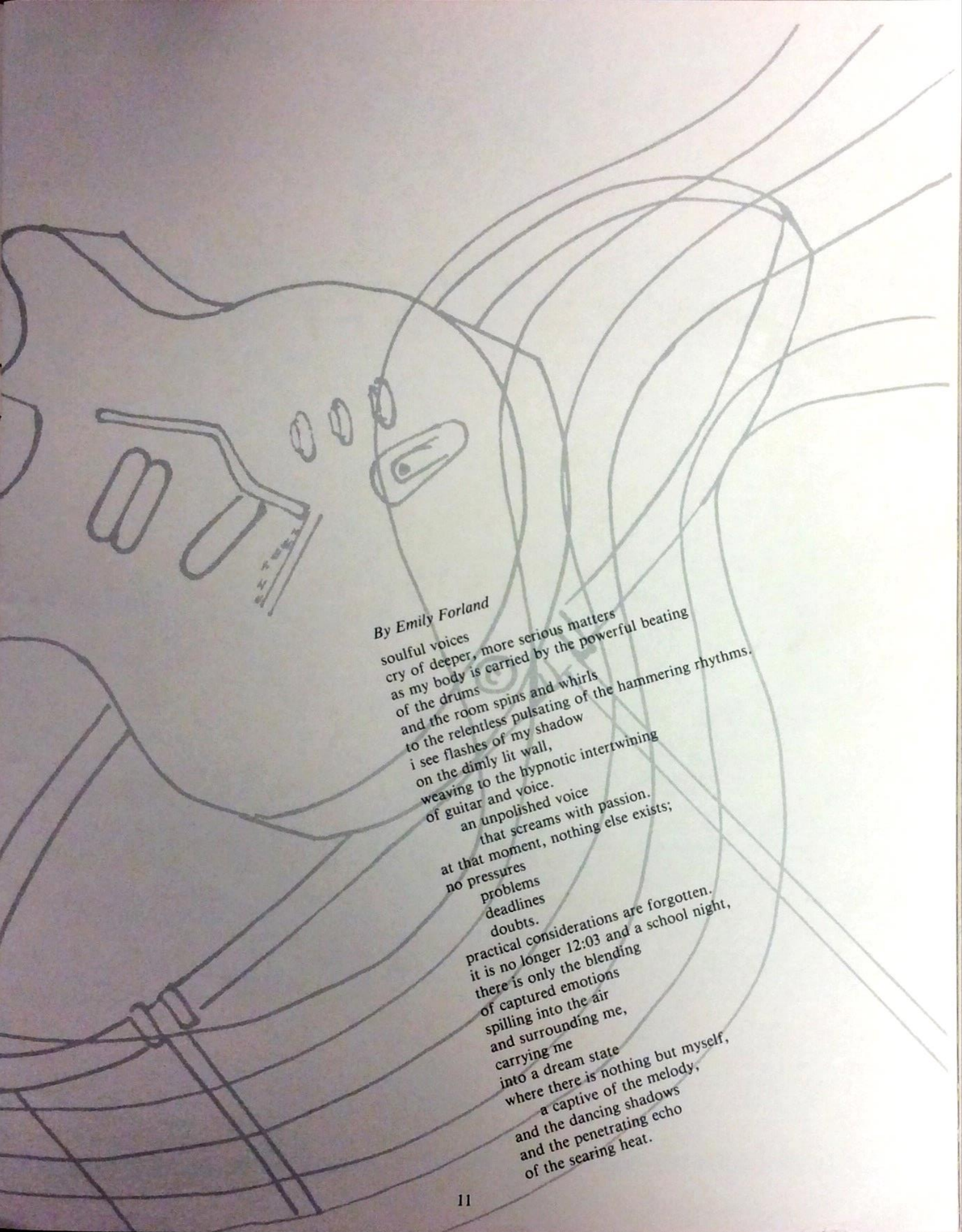
By Jonathan Marcus

The smart crack of snare  
Snapping the players to One  
The low, subtle swing of bass,  
Moaning to the stars.  
Aphrodisiac and anesthetic  
Young lovers lie back  
Entangling their souls with the Music.

The soft dissonance of guitar  
As its master embraces his love  
Flowing through piano chords  
Striking rain in London fog  
Pinging into the night.

They melt  
Joining individually as brothers  
Silk over grass  
Soft, quiet streams cascading over pebbles.

And then...  
A soft, sleazy, sexy sax  
Creeping up behind  
Warm as a woman  
Sending shivers down her spine  
Soaring above, just beyond reach  
Carrying passions and dreams  
To spheres in the heavens  
Caressing, changing, softly slithering  
Only to float away as it had come...



By Emily Forland

soulful voices  
cry of deeper, more serious matters  
as my body is carried by the powerful beating  
of the drums  
and the room spins and whirls  
to the relentless pulsating of the hammering rhythms.  
i see flashes of my shadow  
on the dimly lit wall,  
weaving to the hypnotic intertwining  
of guitar and voice.  
an unpolished voice  
that screams with passion.  
at that moment, nothing else exists;  
no pressures  
problems  
deadlines  
doubts.

practical considerations are forgotten.  
it is no longer 12:03 and a school night,  
there is only the blending  
of captured emotions  
spilling into the air  
and surrounding me,  
carrying me  
into a dream state  
where there is nothing but myself,  
a captive of the melody,  
and the dancing shadows  
and the penetrating echo  
of the searing heat.

The walls were never visible, but they were definitely there. He distinctly felt them around him. The walls kept him safe inside, secluded from the pains he had so often endured before. The box kept the hurt out, the hurt he thought would surely drive him mad. It protected him from the pains that clouded his thoughts and made him feel so empty. Nothing could penetrate the walls of the box; nothing could harm him here.

The friend, he recalled, had tried to pull him out of the box. He had even come close to


succeeding now and then, but he had not pulled hard enough. The friend had stopped trying long ago. As he sat in the damp, dark box, he silently wondered what had happened to the friend, not that he really cared though. He recalled the last time he had seen the friend. He had seen him, from a distance, with a group of friends, and for some odd reason, he had felt a yearning to reach out to him. He struck at the walls frantically, feeling like a caged bird. No, he felt more like a prisoner.

The walls had stood quite firmly, and he watched in dismay as the friend walked off and faded into the distance.

The walls had grown strong, far stronger than he. It was his own fault, he thought to himself; he hadn't noticed how the walls had slowly closed in on him, slowly become thicker and more sturdy. When he finally did notice, it was much too late to do anything about them. They were contracting and would eventually crush him. He had created the box, and he had let it strengthen, feasting on his tangled emotions of fear and insecurity.

He sank down to the floor and leaned against the cool, damp wall. Here he sat, a broken spirit and a prisoner in his own mental fortress.

It was not like this when the friend had first come around, he thought. The walls weren't very strong then. In fact, he could bend the walls back a little if he desired to do so. Back then, he was afraid the walls would never hold. He laughed aloud at the irony.



## THE BOX

*By Steve Paul*

The box had served its original purpose as an emotional shield. It had given him the safety he had wanted, but now he no longer had simple solitude. Now he had complete seclusion. He was trapped. The very instrument he had created to protect him was erasing him from existence.

The box no longer protected him from his fears, but instead, amplified them. It now allowed them to enter freely while he remained helplessly trapped inside.

With everything he had, he struck at the walls. Pure terror raged in his eyes. He beat at the walls until his hands were bleeding, his knuckles cracked and broken. The wall was as strong as stone.

He collapsed in defeat, too exhausted to feel the pain. His mangled hands were dark blue and swollen. Sweat stung his eyes.

He looked up at the imaginary walls. He could see them clearly. The walls were all around him, but they now resembled bars. He felt a chill run down the back of his neck. The box had grown very dark and very cold inside. He knew he could never leave the box now. He knew he would cease to be, destroyed by his own fortress.

By Jenny Kuykendall

Silence smothers my screams  
Unspoken words cling to me in terror  
Can I utter no pleas to thwart despair?  
I simply choke on the frustration.

Everybody in my world shrinks  
While I desperately grasp for time,  
Yet compassion only succumbs to bitterness  
And aspirations fade to black.

I long to weave words of wisdom  
To influence others with my desire,  
But the blank page taunts me with emptiness  
As youthful dreams shatter beneath reality.

The night air is cold when  
I come to this town  
The stars are clouded;  
neither of my guiding lights shine.

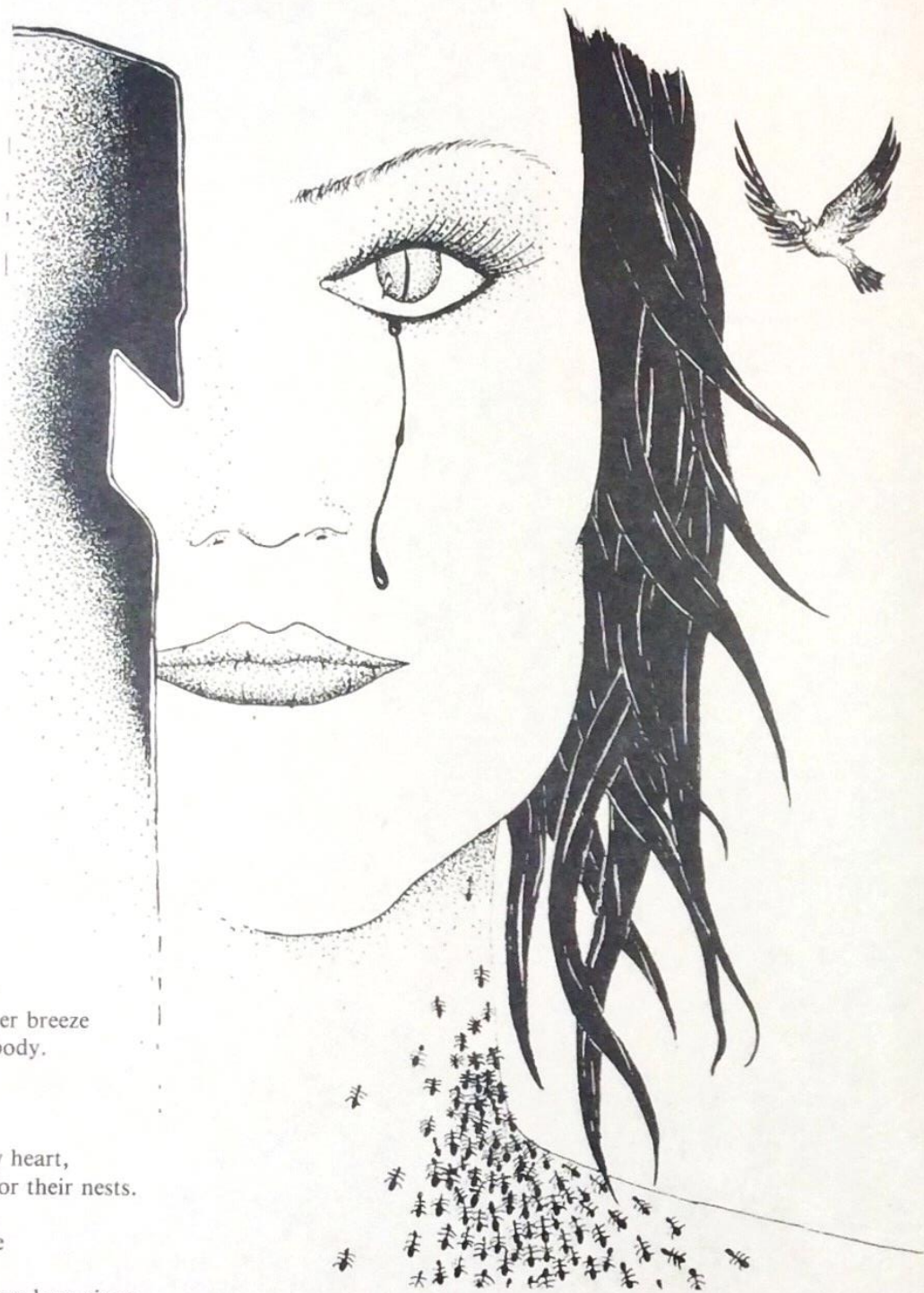
The buildings are dark;  
the chill wind hollows them  
the inhabitants fled.

### TOWN CALLED ALONE

By Allan Pickering

Any windows that could hold my reflection  
lie on the cobble stones,  
shards scattered like stars in the sky,  
sharp knives that slice open my soul;  
I bleed sorrow.

I can see no one, no living thing.  
No star brings me light,  
brings we warmth;  
I am beyond reach  
in my exile  
in this town called Alone.



By Jenny McLain

It is the middle of winter  
and a warm summer breeze  
caresses my dead body.  
I am in a desert  
and the vultures  
pick at me,  
searching for my heart,  
taking my hair for their nests.  
The flies come  
and lay their larvae  
in my eye sockets  
because the ants have long since  
eaten my face away.  
I laugh.  
I wonder if God will recognize me  
when my soul is finally released.  
It's cold again  
and a snake slithers into me  
to hibernate.  
This feeling is orgasmic.  
He is hungry  
and eats the rest of my body.  
Dying is an Art  
And this is my most abstract  
Masterpiece.

Ethan Brantley

## A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

By Saja Sokol

Don't cry, my Lady,  
Accept it well;  
Don't shed a tear for me.  
I lay bloody  
On the fields of Europe  
A pity for you to see.  
I am strewn  
Upon the battlefield,  
A victim of the war.  
I plead with you,  
The Soldier's Saint,  
To let me hurt no more.

I fought bravely;  
I have fought hard;  
I have no more to give.  
My time has come  
To blackened end;  
I'll die; don't let me live.  
End my suffering;  
Kill me now.  
Mercy, I beg of thee;  
Slit my throat  
To save my soul;  
That's all that's left to be.

Let your children  
Run the plains  
To find the men like me.  
May they pick  
In trade for Death,  
A poppy, whose petals plea:  
"What trade is this?  
Leaves for life?  
What kind of Lord have we?  
Perhaps we're to provoke  
The guilt  
Of those who let this be."

Your babes shall race  
Across the fields  
Till every blossom's gone.  
Then put each on  
A paper boat  
To sail on lake till dawn.  
Take my flower,  
Set it afloat  
Across the Newcastle Tyne.  
Light the paper boat aflame,  
As your heart  
Burns wild with mine.

Flames will flicker  
While dancing upon  
Waters that are unstill.  
Winds will blow  
To fan it strong,  
Adding power or crushing at will  
Let the paper burn  
Till ashes are  
All that's left to see.  
May they sink  
Into the waters  
To melt into the sea.

Another life is  
Done and lost,  
Forgotten warriors are we.  
After fighting  
For my country,  
There is no reward for me.  
Only remembered  
Are our numbers,  
Not our faces, nor our names.  
We are victims  
Of destructiveness  
In life's cruel battle game.

Mike Friedman

## NO ANSWER

By Lauren Ornelas

The Lord asked Cain,  
"Where is your brother  
Abel?"

He answered,  
"I don't know. Am I  
supposed to take care  
of my brother?"

A shot vibrates through  
the jungle . . .  
A man falls.

"What is the purpose

Of this all?" a soldier  
screams,

"Why must I kill  
a man who has done  
me no harm?"

The air blows  
through the voiceless  
trees.

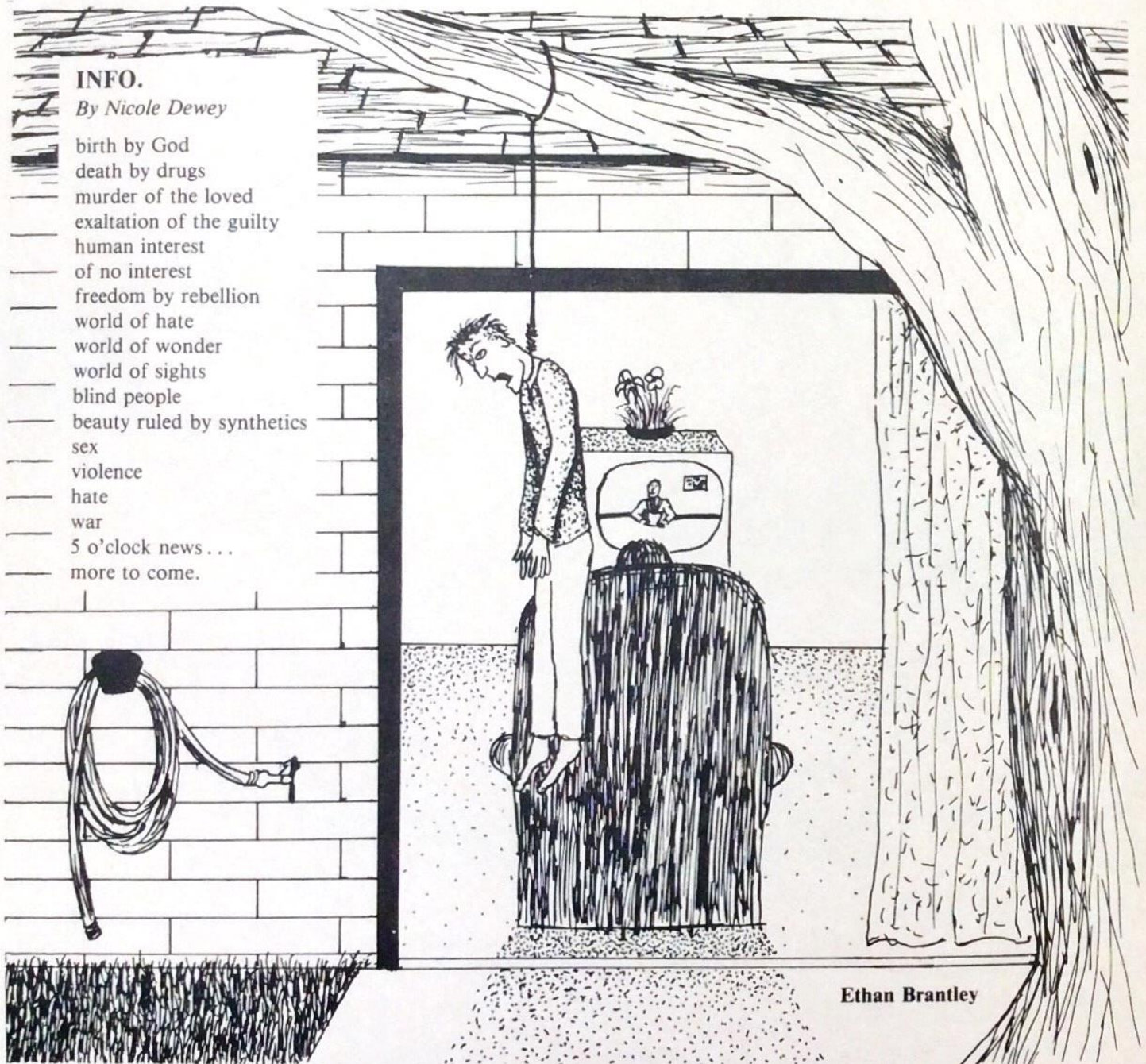
"Are we not to help  
one another?"

A silent echo.

### INFO.

By Nicole Dewey

birth by God  
death by drugs  
murder of the loved  
exaltation of the guilty  
human interest  
of no interest  
freedom by rebellion  
world of hate  
world of wonder  
world of sights  
blind people  
beauty ruled by synthetics  
sex  
violence  
hate  
war  
5 o'clock news . . .  
more to come.



Ethan Brantley



**RAINDANCE**

*By Michael Friedman*

Writhing beneath a blackened sky,  
In their ears a whispering moon;  
Launch their chanting way up high,  
I think the rain will be here soon.

I sense the feeling of the trance,  
Hear the mage's soft little croon;  
I'm caught in the frenzy of the dance,  
I think the rain will be here soon.

I thrive on magic at its height,  
My brain will explode from its case;  
Feel the great God's powerful might,  
The rain beats down upon my face.

Cast a glance toward the fields,  
Hear the call of a wild loon;  
Envy the power our God wields,  
I think the rain will be gone soon.

But somehow, the God is offended,  
I sense his gift turn into hate;  
It seems his anger won't be mended,  
I know the rain will not abate.

## THE SPELL

By Amy Ritthaler

The rain pours down.

Running off rooftops and forming  
puddles in the park where the old man  
sits . . .

On a green wooden bench  
Cold  
Wet  
and hard.

The cold penetrates his bones.  
Old, fragile bones  
Once alive with youth.

The Old Man looks with sadness to the  
deserted and lonely playground.  
The empty swings creak and sway in the  
wind.

He closes his eyes to the harsh reality  
of the bleak and dreary park  
. . . To let his imagination roam freely.

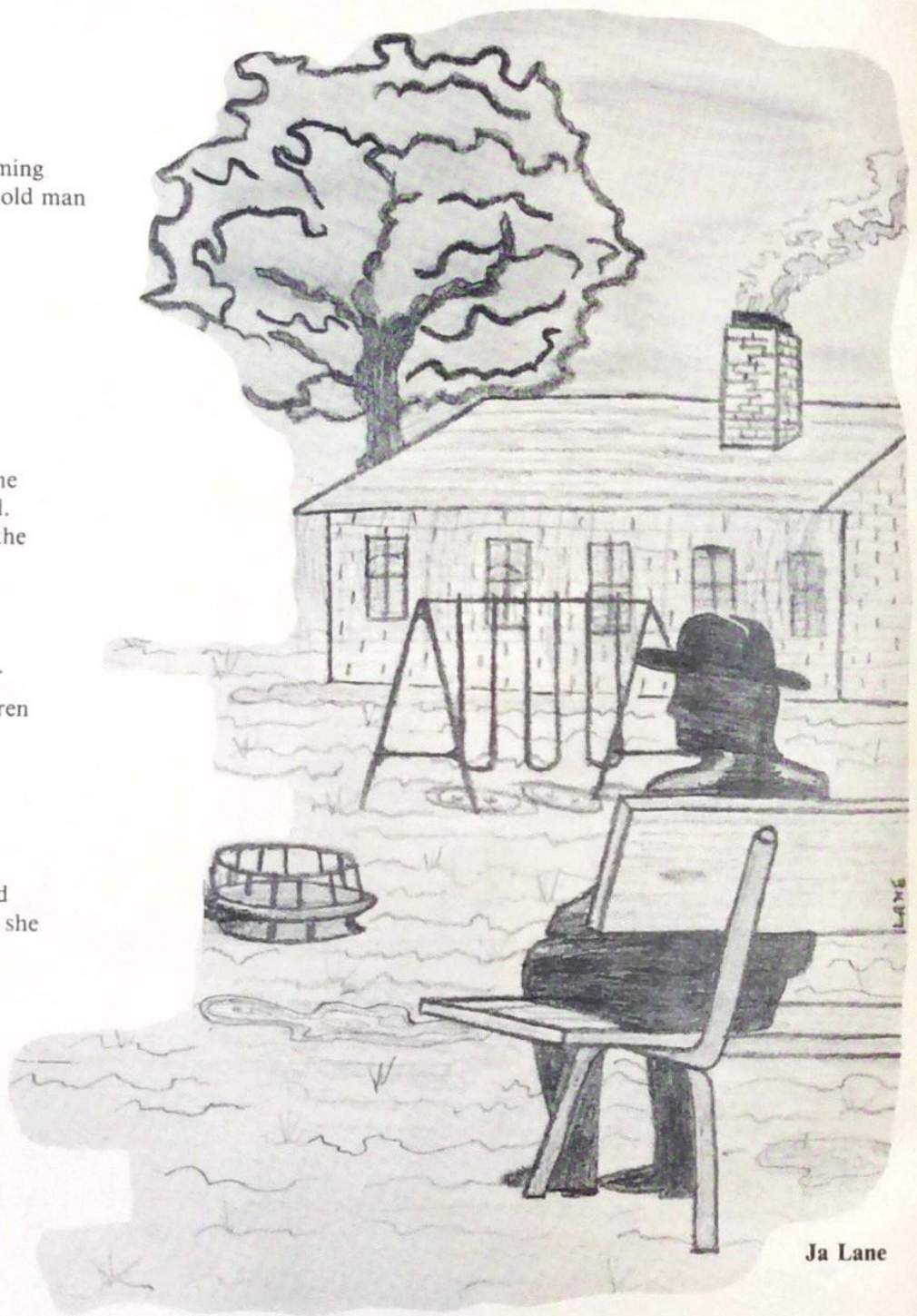
And watches with a smile as the children  
play  
A game of tag to his left  
as the sound fills his ears,  
Happy sounds of children's songs and  
musical laughter.

A smiling girl with blond ponytails and  
rosy cheeks pauses shyly before she  
hops onto the Old Man's lap.  
He hugs her tightly and together they  
watch the children frolic in the  
warm sunlight.

And youth radiates from the girl as  
she warms the Old Man's spirit.  
He is happy.

Then he opens his eyes . . .  
The children are gone.  
The rain pours down.  
The bench is still hard and wet  
The Old Man is alone and lonely.

. . . And the spell is broken.



Ja Lane



David Roman

## WALKING

By M. Shannon Sims

On a crowded city street,  
A suburban wasteland,  
Newspapers were strewn;  
Cars honked noisily.

As much as she wanted to be freed from the street,  
Her home,  
She couldn't.  
So she walked.  
Paced the endless sidewalk,  
Her doorstep.

Her clothes were soiled,  
Her life's possessions in a shopping bag  
Which flashed  
Macy's.  
The bag smelled of irony,  
Emanating a materialistic stench.

As she walked, she noticed,  
Noticed people from  
Richer walks of life.

To Them,  
Money was nothing;  
Yet,  
Their strength.

To Her,  
Money was everything;  
Yet,  
Her weakness.

Her solemn, silent face screamed loudly;  
She wanted to be like Them.

Forced to co-exist  
Separately,  
She walked in a world of double standards,  
Handcuffed.

She wished for only two things:  
To be rich  
Someday,  
Somehow.  
And if not,  
To be blind  
To no longer see Them  
Who owned it all.

On a crowded city street,  
She marked time  
Alone,  
Poor,  
Walking.

## THE THIRD CANDLE

*By Allan Pickering*

the candle's flame burns high  
the young hand struggles with the quill  
    each letter written  
    causes ink to splatter the page  
the flame reflects off the extraneous drops  
the many dreams of a young man  
fleeing as the paper absorbs the liquid

Time . . .

the candle burns low  
the hand is skilled, practiced  
    little ink is wasted on the paper  
the few drops reflect the flame's light  
a grown man,  
he has little time to spare

Time . . .

the candle's flame is to the end of the wick  
the old, arthritic hand shakes  
    ink drops from the quill  
the flame's reflection on the many drops  
is brighter now,  
there are many dreams,  
but little time.

Time relentlessly dries the ink;  
Dry ink reflects no dreams.



William Whipple

By Debbie Paredez

Morning.

The cardinal sings,  
his melody not heard  
by the weakened ears  
of those within.

The verandas are bare-  
save a few empty,  
paint-chipped, wooden  
rocking chairs.

Soon, antique companions  
will occupy these  
tired rockers,  
reflecting upon  
the Cavalry,  
the Great Crash,  
the Charleston.

Morning drifts into . . .



Twilight,  
Stars penetrate;  
illuminating the sky.  
(witnessing through  
spectacled eyes)  
In the deceiving  
light of dusk,  
souls are  
overshadowed by  
crouching silhouettes.  
(swaying, swaying gently  
on tired rockers)

Twilight fades into . . .

Afternoon.

Air is warm; thick.  
(These companions  
struggle for each  
breath.)

Beneath tattered,  
wrinkled shame,  
souls are dancing with  
Animation,  
Vibrance,  
Youth.

(singing as does  
the cardinal.)

Afternoon creeps into . . .

Nightfall.

Air is cool; sharp.  
(buttoning their  
worn cardigans)

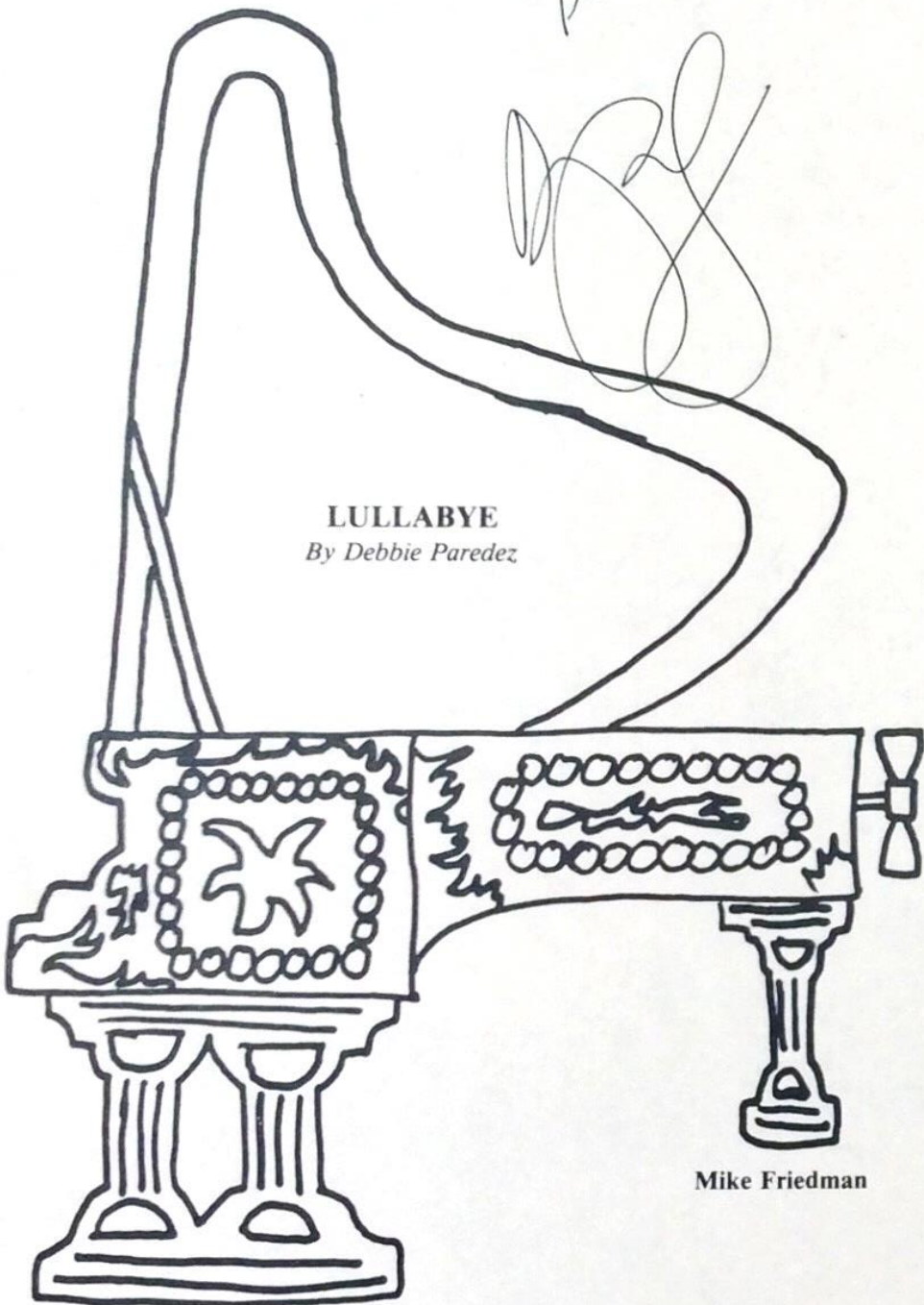
Souls are  
hidden,  
entrapped within  
decrepit bodies.  
(longing, longing for  
Morning)

The cardinal sings.

Dec 102



**LULLABYE**  
*By Debbie Paredes*



Mike Friedman

I almost walk past her room. The doorways all look the same; pale sepia with cold chrome edges. Her room is on the third floor—a room just like all of the others belonging to an impersonal hallway where the only sounds are static voices speaking indifferent syllables.

I have been making this weekly ascension to see her for almost three years now. Unfortunately, this journey is one of those duties that just doesn't become easier with the passing of time.

As I push open the trauma-laden door, I see her withered body crumpled on a steel bed. Her hair is too long; she always wore it short and curly. When I was younger, I would help her brush her thick, raven tresses every evening before bedtime.

The walls and furniture surrounding her are glaring and colorless. In an attempt to quell the deafening whiteness encompassing the room, I cross to the square-shaped picture window on the other side of her bed and lift the closed shade. Sunset. The room becomes blanketed with luminous gold and magenta.

On her nightstand are birthday cards she cannot read; roses she cannot smell. I lay my purse down on the floor and begin rearranging the flowers, rereading the cards, anything to keep my mind occupied.

My perfunctory motions are soon interrupted by a smiling nurse whose starched white uniform blends with the sterile silence of the room. This is the same nurse who gave me pamphlets on Alzheimer's Disease when Great-grandma was first diagnosed. The pamphlets described the disease as a deterioration of the brain—or is it the soul? The nurse speaks to the body even though it will not respond.

"Well, Virginia, how are we feeling today? . . . Your great-granddaughter is here to see you . . . Isn't that wonderful?"

After a few more smiling sentences, she exits, still smiling, as if to comfort me.

I sit on the worn, vinyl recliner beside her. I stare at this foreigner resting on the steel bed. She lies in this whitewashed cubicle, a stranger to me. I want her to slip into a perpetual slumber, free of

her silent existence; I hope God can forgive me.

Maybe I should speak to her; maybe, just maybe, she will respond.

"Great-grandma, how are you? It's me." She does not hear. "It's me . . . your favorite." She does not remember.

I remember. Even though the dull ache of my visits has muffled some of my recollections, memories of her still continue to flood my mind like the notes of Mozart's Requiem. I recall the feisty, no-nonsense woman who once managed the general store on the corner; the gentle spirit who would painstakingly sew me ugly, polyester jump-suits.

Her hands; I look down and study these hands. Her hands used to crochet multi-colored blankets. Her hands once made the ivory keys of her player piano resound with music that will always play on within me. How she loved music. Now her fingers are knotted, wrinkled; hers are hands twisted with disease.

I turn my face away and look beyond the square window. The sky has smeared into a gray twilight.

I reach to the night table, grab a brush, and begin stroking her thinning hair, just one last time before I go. I have decided this will be my final visit; I need to remember only the woman who lived, not the body which merely exists.

I set the brush down and pick up my purse. From within it, I pull out a small, fragile package. Inside is a piano-shaped music box. Examining the treasure, I smile for the first time. After winding it ("Gently," she would have told me), I place the music box amidst the sea of birthday cards and roses. My lasting payment of respect.

I leave her. As the chrome-trimmed door closes behind me, I still hear the music . . . faintly.

I walk down the indifferent hallway, past the impersonal doorways, past the smiling nurse, past thoughts of the stranger in the steel bed.

Outside darkness has fallen; a clear evening comforts, soothes me. Walking to the car, I hum the music box's melody. Only one lyric lingers: GOOD NIGHT, DEAR VIRGINIA. SWEET DREAMS.

*By Jenny McLain*

Can black be demure?  
I stand here  
staring at you  
calm, serene  
at last at peace...  
You said you felt you didn't belong  
Now, you never will.

I hate you  
I whisper to God.

Why can't I cry?  
I stand here  
watching your father  
and wish that he had  
shown the affection  
before now.  
You never knew much about your father  
Now, you never will.

I hate you  
I whisper to God.

Would they be mad if I unbuttoned your top button?  
How strangled you used to feel when it was fastened.  
I stand here  
watching your best friend  
Sweetheart, from where you are—can you see him?  
He's weeping  
I was there when he heard  
He was broken, he lost a brother and the ultimate friend.  
You two never had that talk  
that both of you wanted so much  
Now, you never will.

I hate you  
I whisper to God.

Is there music in afterlife?  
I stand here  
watching your mom.  
She looks beautiful,  
delicate and so mournfully alone.  
I always knew how much she loved you.  
you never saw her concern and care.  
Now you never will.

I hate you  
I whisper to God.

Why can't I cry?  
I stand here  
watching your sister.  
She's giving a short eulogy  
Can you hear it?  
It's so poetic, so sad, so true  
You were a good, beautiful, giving person.  
You cared about her, I could see it  
You never got old enough to tell her

Now, you never will.

I hate you

I whisper to God.

Why did it take this for all of them to show how they feel?

I stand here

Scanning the mass sea of faces  
with sad eyes

They all left school to come say  
a final good-bye.

She's here

I always told you  
she knew you existed.

I hate you

I whisper to God.

I stand here searching your face  
for familiar signs.

Your beautiful mysterious eyes,  
Your busy mouth constantly filled with gum.

I look at your hands  
and remember the warmth  
they once had.

I hate you

I whisper to God.

I stand here looking at your body  
and know how disgusted you'd feel  
if you could see yourself in a suit.

But you're not here  
so it doesn't matter.

If only I had given more  
If only I had said the right things  
You never understood how or why  
I felt the way I did about you  
And now, you never will.

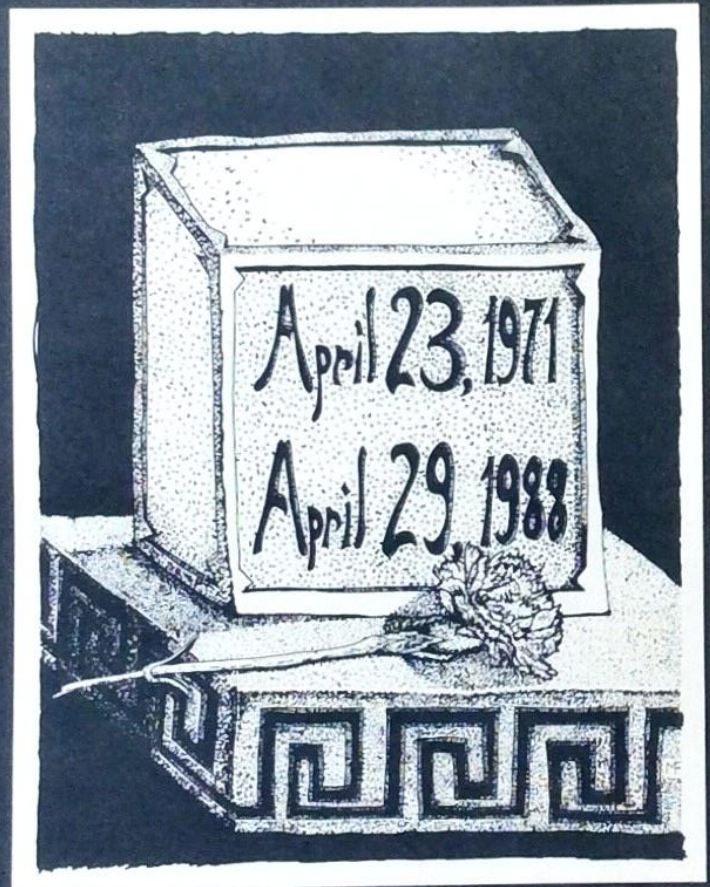
I lay my flower  
(a pink and white carnation)  
across your chest.

I hate you

I whisper to myself

Finally

My tears.



Mike Friedman

## HOLE IN MY POCKET

By Jamie Frampton

I found the hole in the pocket of my pants while I was walking my cocker spaniel and smoking a cigarette. I sat down on the curb. It was fairly late, 11:23 (I checked my watch), and the stars weren't completely obliterated by the light pollution. I could see the Little Dipper, and it seemed very important at the time. Some stability, I suppose.

It had been an awful day, which was the culmination of an awful week. I had just been in a fight with my father, Mr. Unfaithful Alcoholic. I hated him. His affairs and his drinking sickened me.

So I cried.

And then I realized, I mean really admitted to myself, that I didn't believe in God, that I couldn't believe in God.

So, sitting on that curb with a dying cigarette in my hand, I thought back and remembered that I never really believed in God at all. Going to church and believing in God were just things that my parents told me to do. I considered church a good event because I could put a pound note (that I had eagerly retrieved from my small, six-year old's beaded purse) into the collection plate at the Church of England. God never meant anything.

That's why it was so disconcerting to find that hole. That pocket was my life. My life had a hole in it, and I couldn't believe in anything that might fill it up. I was actually afraid to fill that pocket. What if whatever was placed in it was lost forever? That hole was always there, even when I couldn't see it.

I suppose that leading an unstable life full of country-to-country moves, intense family fighting, my father's affairs, suffering the indirect effects of alcoholism, and my mother's cancer, may have caused me to feel this way—like the rug was constantly being pulled out from under me, leaving me standing barefoot on the cold, hard floor.

I hate the feeling, but the concept of God is just too illogical for me to grasp. Science is better. Science explains. Science tells the truth. The Old Man in the Sky who is supposed to forgive me for having too much fun in the back seat and or smoking too many cigarettes just doesn't make sense to me. The Old Man in the Sky doesn't use logic; he relies on blind fate that I can't accept or understand.

When I was younger, I viewed God as something that people used to keep them from themselves, not an outside force, but a practiced concept which has passed through the years. Now I see God as a person's conscience, something that each person creates for himself. In turn, that means that each person must rely on himself, not on some imaginary figure that history and myth have created.

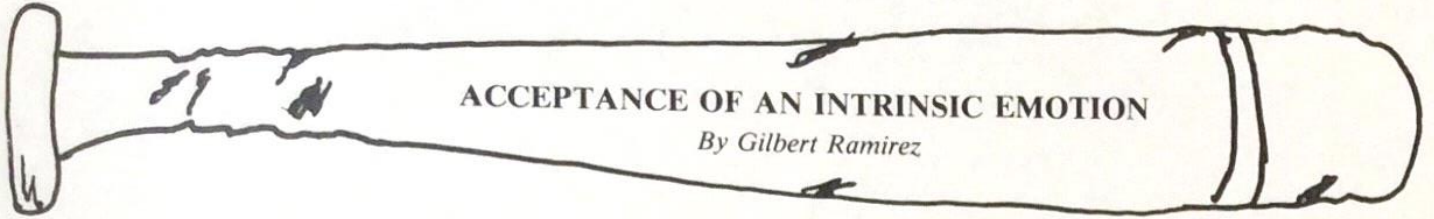
I've hurt my parents. They believe that they have raised me wrong, that they should have forced me to go to church. Just the fact that they feel religion is something that must be forced on a person is unsettling. My parents see church as some type of thought control, as it has been throughout the ages, and they believe this control is just what I need. This is what they want, but I can't practice their beliefs without betraying myself.

I need to be able to rely on myself, not on something that I can't see or feel or believe. I need something concrete, something that I know will always be there, something I can accept, something from within myself.

I'm going to mend the hole in my pocket. If the thread isn't strong enough, I'll find some that is. I will be able to fill my pocket again.



Ja Lane



## ACCEPTANCE OF AN INTRINSIC EMOTION

By Gilbert Ramirez

As I banged on the wall I yelled, "Haven't you played your clarinet enough? You've already practiced today. Now let me concentrate on my reading." The noise of the clarinet continued, barely, but noticeably louder. I strode briskly out of my room and entered my sister's. As she looked up at me, I grabbed the clarinet away from her mouth. "Stop it, Katy! Mom told you to practice at a certain time, and you did. Now stop it and let me concentrate."

"Give me my clarinet," she said.

"Stop playing it."

"Give me my clarinet."

"Stop playing it."

"Give it to me... Mom!"

Katy ran to the study where Mom was talking on the telephone. I followed in order to defend my case; I knew I would lose because my sister was the plaintiff; her side of the balance was weighted whenever Mom was the judge.

Mom looked toward us in a disgruntled manner. She demanded, "What is it?"

"Richard won't let me play my clarinet. He held it so hard it almost broke!"

"Why did you do that?! You know better!" Mom said.

"Holding a clarinet is much different than breaking it. You told her to practice before supper and she did. Now, after supper, she keeps on practicing, and I am trying to read."

"She can practice whenever she wants to. Now don't bother me. Get out of here, both of you!"

Thus, I receded to my room and read. I had been reading for quite a while when suddenly...

SQUIRT SQUIRT

Katy had burst into my room and doused me with her water gun. I leaped off my bed, grabbed my baseball bat and ran after her menacingly through the hallway. We arrived at her door, and she slammed the door after entering. Luckily, I had stuck the bat into the doorway so that the door almost, but did not, close. After retrieving her permanent marker, Katy marked up my bat. I pulled the bat out, and the black marker rubbed

onto her white door frame.

She chased me to my room and tried to pull me down. Being much taller and stronger than she, I forced her onto the floor and pushed her face into the rug like a dog. She started to cry. I left her in the hallway and continued reading in my room.

A little later, I got up from my chair to go to the bathroom. Katy was in the hallway, so I said, "Move. I'm going to the bathroom." She ran into the bathroom and locked the door so I couldn't get in. So I went to her room and disassembled her clarinet. The I retired to my bedroom to read. I had needed a recompense.

"WHAT THE HELL WAS ALL THAT RACKET GOING ON BACK THERE!!!" Mom exclaimed from across the house.

Katy was quick to answer, "He messed up my door and took apart my clarinet," she said as if she were innocent.

A brief pause followed as Mom inspected the door frame.

"RICHARD! GET OVER HERE, NOW!!!" her voice boomed. This was going to be tough to win. I had decided on my tactics—patience and waiting.

"Did you do this?" she demanded.

"Yes," I replied in a monotone voice and indifferent manner.

"Why?"

"The baseball bat was partially in the doorway and the pressure applied..."

"Why did you do such a STUPID thing?"

"You interrupted what I was saying," I raised my volume to override what she was saying, "can I finish my response to your previous question?"

"Can you?" she sarcastically barked. I detested her sarcasm.

"If I may proceed with my answer..."

"Go ahead."

"You interrupted me again. If I may answer, then..."

"You keep saying I interrupted you; tell me why you did such a stupid thing. There's absolutely no reason why you had to be so infantile."

This was getting absolutely nowhere; but I didn't mind because I was being very patient, and Mom's patience was beginning to wear thin. "The baseball bat was in the doorway, and the pressure applied to it from the slamming of the door by your beloved daughter was sufficient to dent the wall. Katherine then proceeded to use a permanent marker on my bat, so I pulled it out, and it marked the door frame," I stated in courtroom manner.

"He turned the bat on purpose to get the marker on the frame. I saw him," Katy interjected.

"Well, why did you have to mark up his bat?" Mom suddenly questioned Katy.

"He stuck it in here!"

"Now Richard, there's no reason why you had to stick the bat in her doorway."

I patiently responded, "I was reading in my room and not bothering anyone. She then violently attacked me with a loaded water gun, and I chased her into her room so she would no longer disturb me."

Mom interrogated further, "Katy, why did you squirt him?"

"I don't know. After that, though, he took apart my clarinet!" She threw that fact into the caucis in order to revive Mom's malign spirits.

"You took apart her clarinet! That's a four-hundred-dollar instrument. Why? Tell me why!"

"I had announced to her, as I was walking through the hall, that I was going to the bathroom. She then ran into the bathroom, locked the door, and would not let me in to use it." I showed absolutely no emotion; the tactic was beginning to take its toll on the weary judge.

"Now come on, Katy. That was not necessary. Both of you are at fault. You will both be punished." I walked off to my room and went to bed. I could hear Mom through the wall, "You'll be restricted from your telephone until you can start acting your age." Katy's telephone was her life.

I could hear sobs coming from my sister, "Richard's not getting his phone taken away."

Mom answered, "You'll both be restricted from your phones."

Hah! I don't even use my telephone, I thought; what can she restrict me from?

"Both of your allowances will be taken away."

Katy's bedroom door closed, and I could hear Mom walking to my door. With my tactic still at work, I readied myself.

She exploded into my unlockable bedroom. "Why do you have to act like a three-year-old? You're fifteen years old; why don't you act your age?"

Isn't that how teenagers act? I continued silently staring at one point, never visually acknowledging Mom's presence.

She continued, "And why did you take apart her four-hundred-dollar clarinet? That's an expensive instrument. If you broke it, you'll buy her a new one."

"She wants to play the piano!" I exploded. Oops. My patience was slipping. I must concentrate on the tactic at hand—to defeat the hated enemy.

"Do you even know how to take it apart?"

"I have not read the instructions and have not been schooled in that area," I stated, once again under control.

Her patience was dwindling, and my triumph appeared over the horizon.

In a last effort, Mom said, "Your allowance is gone, young man." There was an awkward silence afterward, as she could no longer defend herself from my patience. She left my bedroom with a slam of the door. I rested in total blackness, except for a speck of light coming in from under the door, and I thought to myself.

My idea worked. My patience finally defeated her rage; whoever said "patience is a virtue" was right. I wonder why Mom gets so enraged like that? At least I can control myself. And Katy, she's such a cry baby. They both have much to learn.

I wonder why I can control myself so well? Maybe I'm superhuman. Probably not. "A thought that sometimes makes me hazy; am I, or are the others, crazy?" Who said that? I don't know. I could be normal, or Mom and Katy could be. Why do Katy and I fight like that? The experts would probably say for attention. We need to know that we're loved.

Why does Mom get so angry? Something must be wrong with her. She needs lessons on being a mom. The way she burst into my room—I need to be able to have privacy in my room. Tomorrow, I'll buy a lock after school. They can't cost that much. I'll come home from school and lock myself in my room and only come out for food and the bathroom. Then she'll be sorry.

BAM! Another explosion of light, but this time the open door let in a burst of cold air. The silhouette of Mom contrasted against the rectangle

of light. "You know, sometimes I'm amazed at how infantile you behave. You stuck that bat in her doorway, and it's all dented up and black. I just painted that door. And for what? So you can ruin it. Now, I'll have to repaint it. What could you possibly gain from such behavior?"

My left brain quickly sifted through my recent thoughts and picked out the one word that answered her question. I said, "Attention."

"Attention? Is that what you want, attention? I give you attention; the other night I took you to the library when you needed to go and also to the store to get those school supplies you needed. What do you mean, you want attention?"

"Nothing." And she left, again with her trademark of a slammed door.

I began thinking again. Library? Store? Yes Mom, those sure are signs of love. Hah! Has she shown any signs of love toward me? When was the last time that she told me that she loved me? Hmm. At least two years. Maybe she doesn't love me anymore. Tears fell across my cheek as the emotional side of me took over. No, I've got to keep from crying. I clenched my fists so I wouldn't cry, but my nose began to sniffle. I brought out my weights and exercised to use up all my energy so I wouldn't cry. It worked. I am like a machine. I have the ability to suppress any emotion—sadness, anger, love, any emotion. Ahh, but my right brain is still minimally active; I did begin to cry.

I have two modes of operation: an extremely logical mode of operation, which I am usually in, and an extremely emotional mode, which I rarely use. Maybe I'm mildly schizophrenic. Insanity would explain why I can suppress my emotions. "A thought that sometimes makes me hazy; am I, or are the others, crazy?"

Maybe I am crazy. I would then need counseling. I don't trust psychiatrists. Who could I talk to? My friends. Yes, of course, my friends. My imagination took over:

It would be after school with my good friend Rachael. "Rachael, I have a problem. Can I talk to you about it?"

"Sure," she said. She had a pretty mouth; I liked it. In fact, I liked all of her.

"I have always thought of myself as a logical person, an extremely logical person. I believe I have lost the ability to love, and thus, I am not loved."

"Sure, you're loved. I love you. The kind of love where ..."

"I know the kind of love you are talking about. I love you, too." I did not tell her that I loved her in two ways. "So I have the ability to love a little. In fact, I love a few people. I love you and maybe around four others. Not my parents, and definitely not myself."

"You are a beautiful person. You are loved. You should love yourself."

"I have forgotten how to love," I wept.

Rachael laid my head across her motherly bosom, and I was comforted by her warmth and radiation of love. I stood and helped her up. I kissed her lips, showing the other side of my love for her. Her mouth was also warm and radiated love. Our hearts were revealed to each other by this port, and she did, in fact, love me and I her. I had regained the forgotten ability of love, love of the heart.

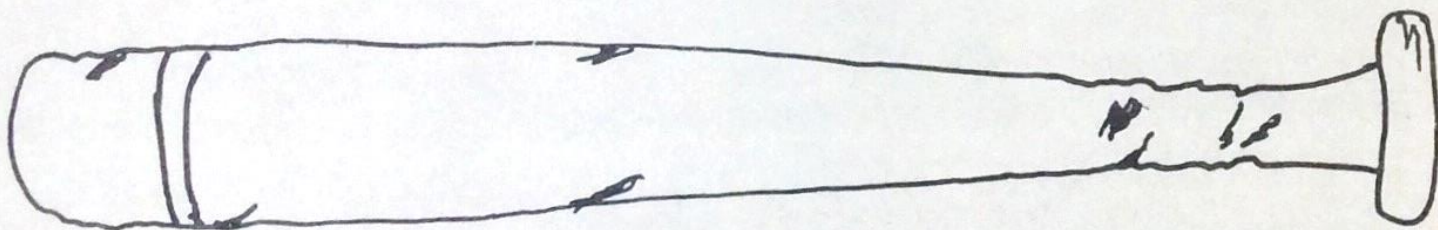
Okay, okay. It wouldn't happen like that. But maybe I did love a few people. I did. But, what about Mom? I still did not love her. Why not? Because she did not love me.

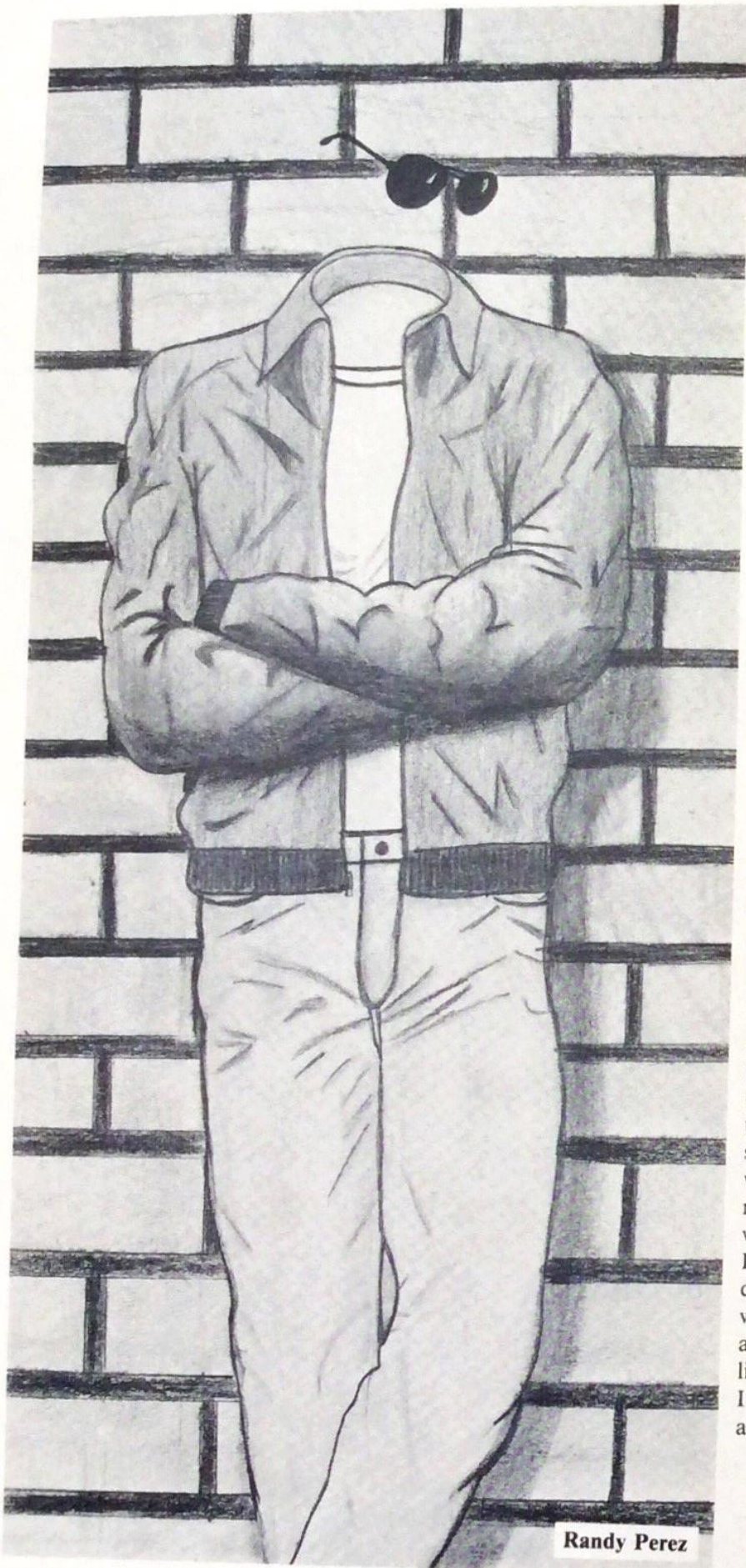
There was, of course, a biological attraction of her to her son, but it was not love. Maybe I needed to love her more.

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," right? Mom could love once more, as I had again learned to love.

Maybe she did love me. She did. She had never not loved me. She has always been there when I needed her. I had a new-found love for my mom; I was no longer a machine, but a human. I love my mother! I won't buy that lock for my door after all.

My mother was stirring in the hall. I could hear her going to bed. She turned out all the lights, and my room was in total blackness. But the dark was not cold. Heat had grown in my room and crept up on me, clung to me, and would not let go.





**Randy Perez**

*By Travis Lull*

Sunglasses  
Save my eyes from the sun so bright  
and the world so dark.  
Hide me from myself  
and from others who do not know me.  
Their calm, expressionless gaze  
extends to all that I might see  
or that might see me.  
So subtle in daylight that one might not notice  
their quiet statement  
about me, and the way I am.  
For I am me, and I will stand out  
in the light of their darkness.

*By Jenny Boring*

I was terrified today—  
not by any tangible monster,  
but of myself.  
I was trapped  
among people  
and I could not speak;  
I was afraid  
something incomprehensible  
would fall out  
before I could grab it.  
I heard them  
thinking  
“Please don’t be stupid.”  
—Like it’s something I could help.  
So I ran as fast as I  
could  
to the familiarity and  
stability of my paper and pen  
where I felt I could marvel  
myself  
with my introspective thoughts.  
I remained there for hours—  
diverting my fear  
with witty little epigrams,  
and the monster subsided  
listening to my jocular conversation.  
I am  
an extroverted recluse.

*By Emily Forland*

my bellybutton  
is  
an enigmatic  
mysterious place  
filled with dark secrets  
ideas  
images  
and wonder.  
it is

the closed off gateway  
to the unsuspected depths  
of my hidden soul,  
the ultimate source and gathering pool  
of my words and thoughts.

the alternative pipeline  
from my brain  
which  
spontaneously spills forth  
surprising yet sought-after expressions  
which,  
after falling in a disorderly heap,  
eventually arrange themselves  
on my paper.

the home of all cherished sentences and phrases,  
lone verbs, adjectives, and nouns,  
which come tumbling out  
when one might least expect  
one on top of another  
as they swirl into the air  
and are tossed out,  
after being utilized  
in this never-ending process.

when sometimes i trip  
carelessly through a conversation,  
i pause,  
then look down in embarrassment.  
“pardon me,” i say,  
“there seems  
to be a problem  
with my navel.  
it must be clogged.”

as  
you  
might suspect  
they  
almost always  
understand.  
shakespeare would.

Amy Ritthaler

**BEST OF SHOW  
ART III**  
N.E.I.S.D. NIGHT GALLERY  
"FLAMINGOS"



**“Youth can only assert itself through the conviction that its ventures surpass all others and resemble nothing.”**

—**Jean Cocteau**  
*The Difficulty of Being*

*Editors*

Jenny McLain '89 ..... Operations/Marketing  
Nathan Jones '88 ..... Operations/Marketing  
Naomi Shapiro '88 ..... Text  
Debbie Paredes '89 ..... Text  
Kit Crawford '89 ..... Layout  
Mike Friedman '88 ..... Art

*Staff*

Marie Coleman '89  
Nicole Dewey '89  
William Whipple '88  
Diane Perritano '89  
Allan Pickering '88  
Gabrielle Marcus '91  
Tyna Cervantes '91

*Faculty Sponsors*

D'Ann Johnson  
Marti Stephens

**Douglas MacArthur High School**

North East Independent School District  
San Antonio, Texas  
Ron Kyle, Principal

*“ . . . and yet the imp tantalizes me still . . . ”*

Allan Pickering '88

