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of

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BULLSEYE 2001

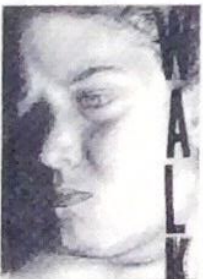
The Blue Sidewalk



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..... 19 - 36



..... 37 - 53

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Divider Text by Joshua Smith
Photographs by Jenna Rasch and Joshua Smith

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Mr. Watson for his patience and listening



Foxfire
the sky is falling
[blue]
worms
undulating
who needs?
intelligence
when your innocent,
and you shudder and shake
like blue ocean



Extra Credit

Jonathan Houston

My English teacher told me
that I must submit and en-try.
Then she'll add a smidge
to my a-ver-age
and I'll get my GED.

ARTS & CRAFTS
PROJECTS

When you are in a hurry, you often find yourself looking for a quick solution. This is a good thing to have in mind when you are working on a project. You want to make sure that you have everything you need before you start. This is especially true when you are working on a project that is time-sensitive. You want to make sure that you have everything you need before you start. This is especially true when you are working on a project that is time-sensitive.



Superman's Cape

Joshua Smith

World of Disillusion

Mo Urias

From this faint view of the outside world
I see nothing but stingy burglars with cellular phones
The ugliness is too blinding
Yet I withstand the bright sun
I see my murderous rage
But I feel the cool dark night
The beauty of the transition
I feel my rolling urethane
The blonde love
The trust and care from the ones
Who are now there where they weren't before
So be gone 'til the next night
For the murderous rage burns my cornea
Now leave me be



Literary Mob Mentality

Jennifer Grojean

Stop it!
Unless you can't help but grapple for constellations—
Words on words on words piled up
For prestige, fighting for rank
Squeeze the words out on a finger
Like toothpaste
Rolling from the bottom up until the tube is dry
So lines are broken and songs are mashed
Like potatoes in a pan
Stop.
Pushing until your dream is fuzzy—
Let
 it
 flow
The words are happy on a stick over a campfire Licking.
Tastes goooood.





Courtney LaGrone

The Angel

Samantha Sierra

I saw an Angel today on my way to school. I smiled at her and when she looked at me, she saw right down to my soul without ever seeing me.

I saw an Angel today at school. I knew she knew me, and she came to me.

I saw an Angel today and she spoke to me. She told me of all the things I would get to see and experience.

I saw an Angel today on my way home and she was crying. When I asked her why she was crying, she just wept more, and when I tried to comfort her, she ran. She was shaking madly, with tears in her eyes and asking to no one, "Why?"

I saw an Angel today on my way home and she asked me to go with her. "If you tell me why you shed such tears," was my reply. Next, I dreamed a beautiful dream which no man could ever dream.

I saw Angel today and I stood next to her, looking down over my crimson-covered brow at crushed and twisted wreckage.

I saw an Angel today and she said to me, "I wept because the world is in need of more people like you."

Who Am I?

Katy Goggio

They asked me to write down my race, and I think and think very seriously. I consider writing the truth and having my answer read, but. . .

Mushroom pizza and tacos play Go Fish in the corner, poppy seed muffins and sweetarts sing to *N Sync's "It's Gonna Be Me" on stage, as chocolate chip cookie dough ice cream and pecan pie keep the ball away from the monkey in the middle. A birthday party is going on "Inside Of Me."

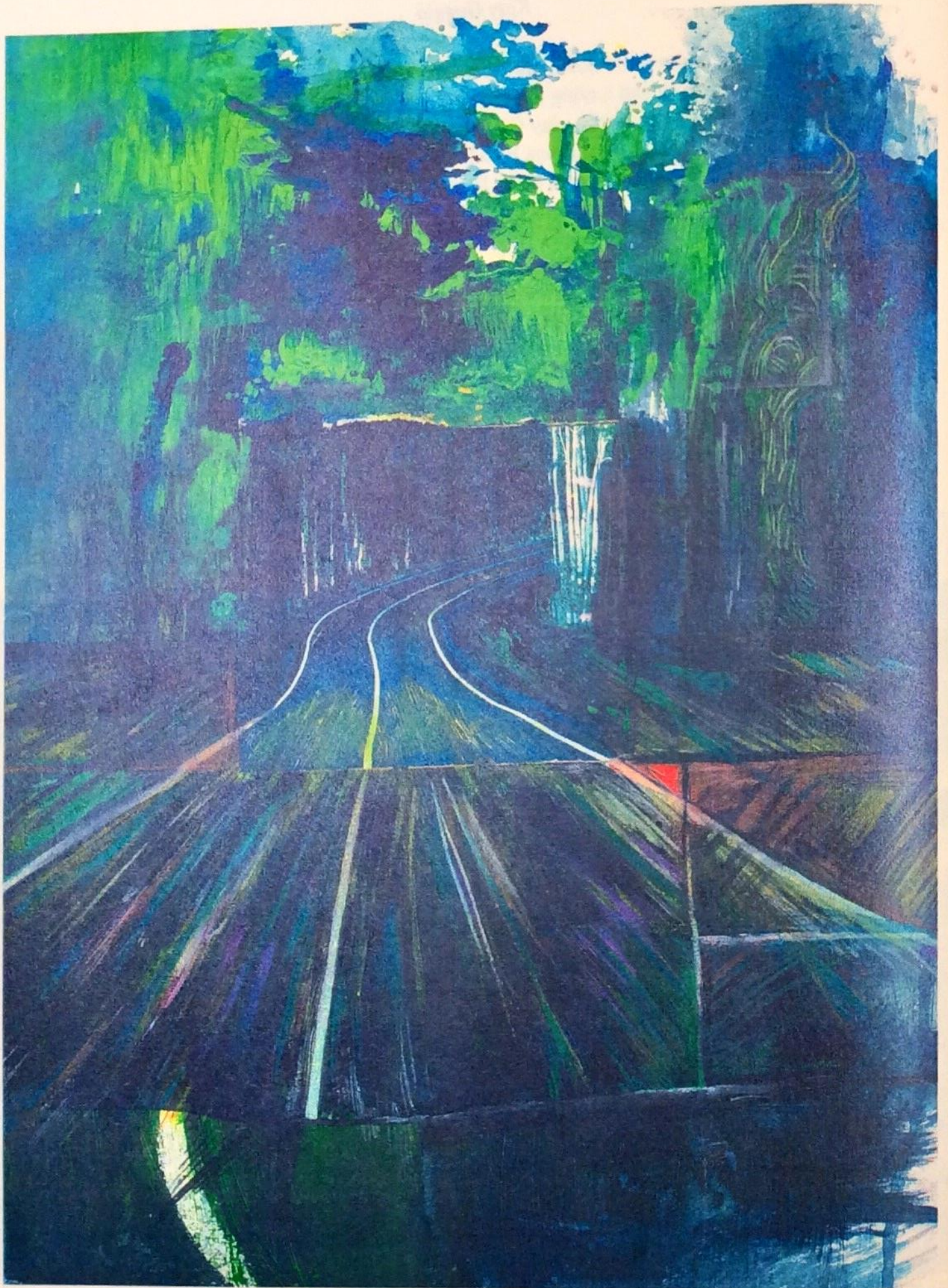
1,2,3 you can't find me, Hide-and-Go-Seek played by three. I spy Lance hiding behind the state line of Mississippi, and there is Tammy speaking Latin to the Italian natives. Last but not least, I spy Chrissie hiding behind the orange trees of Orlando, Florida. A world wide Hide-and-Go-Seek game is going on "Inside Of Me."

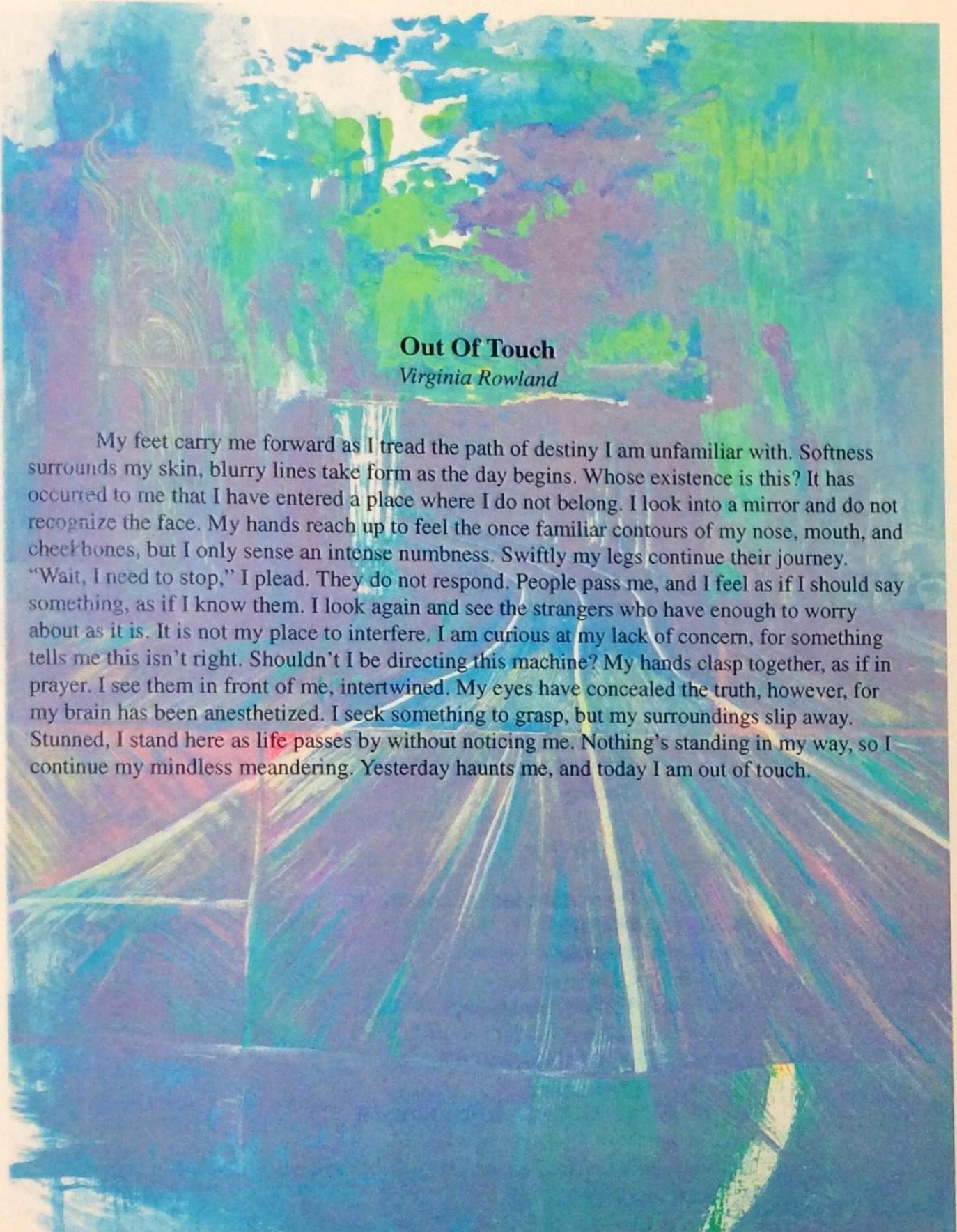
Late at Night when I'm dreaming my dreams, I'm suddenly awakened by—planes roaring over head, ticking cocoo clocks going off, a purring cat sleeping on my head, dogs barking at shades in the dark of night, cars bouncing down the street at high speed, and snoring family members away in dreamland, where I should be. The whole world is alive deep "Inside Of Me."

But I stop and simply write down- A pizza-eater, smells of vanilla, music blasting, *N Sync lovin', Hide-and-Go-Seeker, Blossom Drive homie, cat lover, friendly teenager.



Melissa Crowell





Out Of Touch

Virginia Rowland

My feet carry me forward as I tread the path of destiny I am unfamiliar with. Softness surrounds my skin, blurry lines take form as the day begins. Whose existence is this? It has occurred to me that I have entered a place where I do not belong. I look into a mirror and do not recognize the face. My hands reach up to feel the once familiar contours of my nose, mouth, and cheekbones, but I only sense an intense numbness. Swiftly my legs continue their journey. "Wait, I need to stop," I plead. They do not respond. People pass me, and I feel as if I should say something, as if I know them. I look again and see the strangers who have enough to worry about as it is. It is not my place to interfere. I am curious at my lack of concern, for something tells me this isn't right. Shouldn't I be directing this machine? My hands clasp together, as if in prayer. I see them in front of me, intertwined. My eyes have concealed the truth, however, for my brain has been anesthetized. I seek something to grasp, but my surroundings slip away. Stunned, I stand here as life passes by without noticing me. Nothing's standing in my way, so I continue my mindless meandering. Yesterday haunts me, and today I am out of touch.

Incognito David Ramos

Covetous
Conquering
Divining
Truth

Privacy
Follies
Fiercest Mind

created
Geek
Variable Hell
Betrayal
Cryptic welcoming
Serenity
Luxury
ANXIOUS NAPOLEON.

Cross
Computerized collaboration
Brazen soul
Artificial torchlight
Cancer
Forgiveness
Heroism
FIDELITY
Innate Language
Society.

Tragedy
Hate
Premature leader seducing
~~History~~
REVOLUTION
Guerillas bode
Thy World's legacy
Created.

Reconsider....



Moses Andry

My Gray Utopia

Mo Urias

I lift everyone up to the sky
Above myself to make me higher.
I see Death from the thirst.
I hand Death the glass with my arm on fire.
Deprive myself of what you overlook;
What will it take just to feel some gratitude?
I get less than you know,
Regardless of my constant euphoric attitude.
To see everyone with my frame of mind,
I would down a bottle of ignorance and chase it with some hate.
Still, nobody sees what I do.
My dedication and efforts—will anyone ever appreciate?

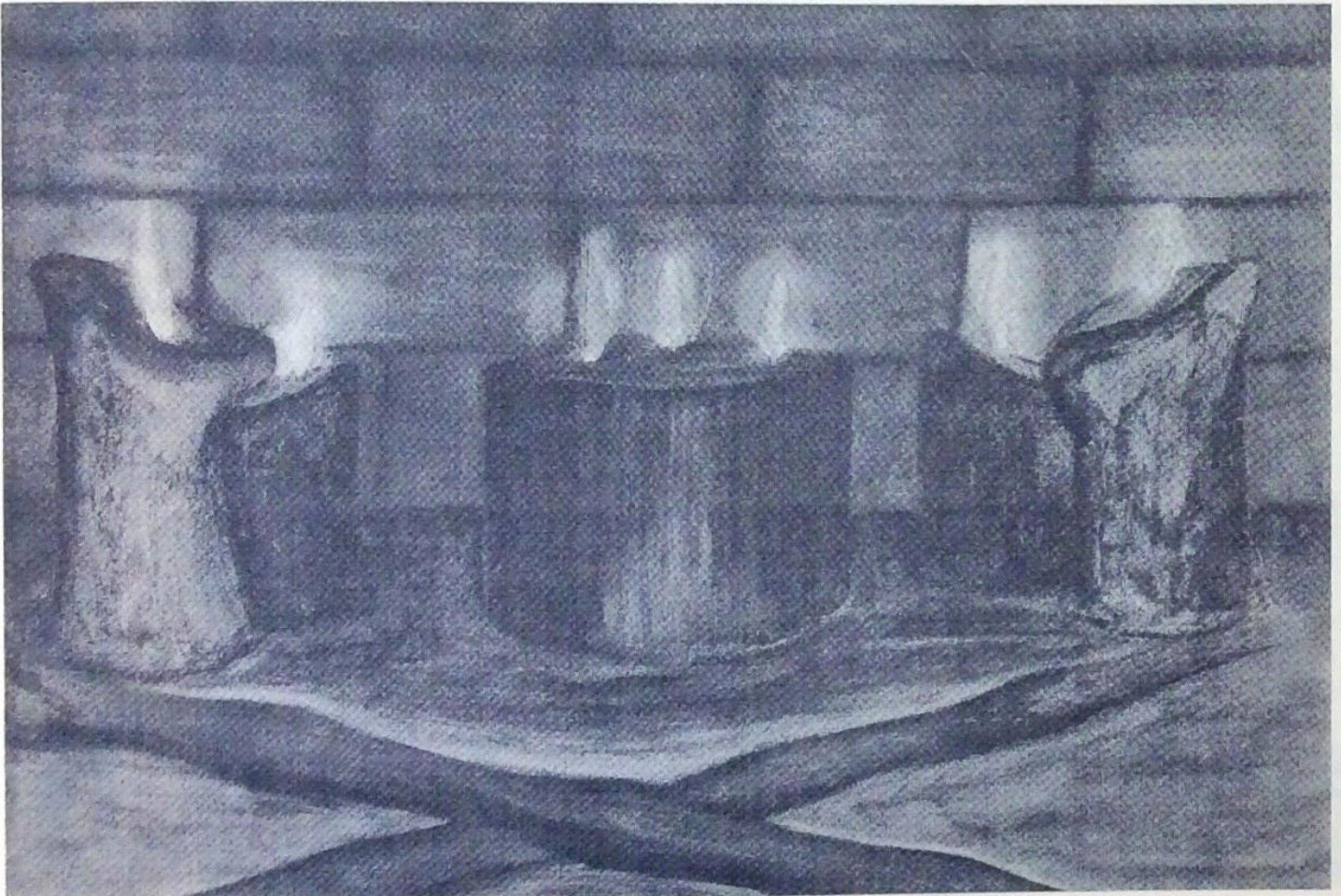
Dividing Happiness Into Hell

Jennifer Brown

Repetitious eyes scan the page as she nervously twirls the pen that is gripped in her sweaty hand. Rows and columns of scratched out, rejected, words and phrases are all that remain to be reflected on in her mind. She dives into the stagnant pool of creativity and swims around trying to find any emotions that haven't been typed-out. Writing about the loves that tormented her fragile being or the words that left her spinning in infinitum cease to calm her unsteady thoughts. No longer eased by the flow of ink, she flings her pen across the void. Her tension had overcome her and the need to find a new outlet for her aggression had possessed her. In an emotional tizzy, she somehow found herself sinking into the fiber-filling of her hardly comforting comforter. Desperate, she grabbed the bottle "sent by God," Advil, and attempted to suffocate all the conflicting inner voices that were battling inside her brain. Taking a deep breath she closed her heavy eyes with an exasperated sigh, then suddenly she had an epiphany.

Abrutely rising she remarked, "I'm just too damn happy!"

She had been struggling with jaded whispers and fatal stingers for so long, that not being emotionally unstable became more taxing than being miserable. Releasing her emotions through the ink encased in her pen helped free her of all her aggravations, but with the safety net of feeling miserable gone, she had nothing to write about. Letting out a dismayed laugh she rested her head in her hands. Releasing her life onto a page was the only way she found solace through the faded passageways; therefore, after the transparent shadows solidified into light, she was left with the wrong pen for the right answer.



Serenity



**E
V
A
P
O
R
A
T
I
O
N**

Dad

Ashton Meade

CHINA
1959

Virgina Rowland

John awoke to the sound of rain pattering softly outside his window. It took him a few minutes to remember why he had to leave his nice warm bed in the first place. It was a Monday, which meant he had to arrive at the grimy Pizza Parlor at 6 am sharp. Mr. Munsen, his boss, was constantly nagging John to be punctual. Sloppily, John threw on his work uniform, along with some dirty socks and holey shoes. He didn't shower or comb his hair because he didn't feel there was anyone to impress. His parents and girlfriend always griped about his slovenly attire. In fact, John's parents usually didn't have many complements for him, their youngest son. His older brothers and sisters were successful, while he was a lowly pizza boy. Shauna, the girlfriend, complained that John didn't have any ambition, until she needed his money.

"I'd be better off without a 'em all," he mumbled as he quietly left the apartment.

Cautiously John crept down the hall so Mrs. Bruster, his landlady, wouldn't hear him. He was at least a month behind in his rent. Oddly enough, the grumpy woman wasn't lurking about yet. The streets were strangely quite, and John walked to work without hearing the usual noise of cars. He didn't think much of it, since it was still early and his head was groggy with sleep. Mr. Munsen hadn't shown up yet, much to John's surprise. "Well there's a first!" thought the disgruntled pizza boy. Since Munsen had the keys, John would have to wait in the rain until his boss arrived. His eyelids were still heavy as the cold, soft rain numbed him to slumber.

Rays of sun reached out like bright hands to awaken John. He looked at his watch; it was almost noon. His puzzled eyes sought signs of life, and found none. There were cars parked along the curb, but the streets were empty. Store windows stared blankly with vacant, glassy eyes. Trembling, John slowly stood to his feet. It was a Monday, not a holiday, nothing special. Why were there not any people, anywhere?

"Has the world just stopped?" John called out desperately.

The streets echoed with a sepulchral silence. John was beginning to panic. He ran to a pay phone and tried to call his boss, his parents, his girlfriend, even his landlady. Each time, the same recording told him that the number was no longer in service.

Hours ago, these people had been irritant to John and his job had been a chore, something to gripe about. Now, there literally was no one to impress. Without anyone to love or hate, John had no world. The young man had nothing to live for, no reason for existence. He too disappeared in the void as rain began to fall softly in whispers.

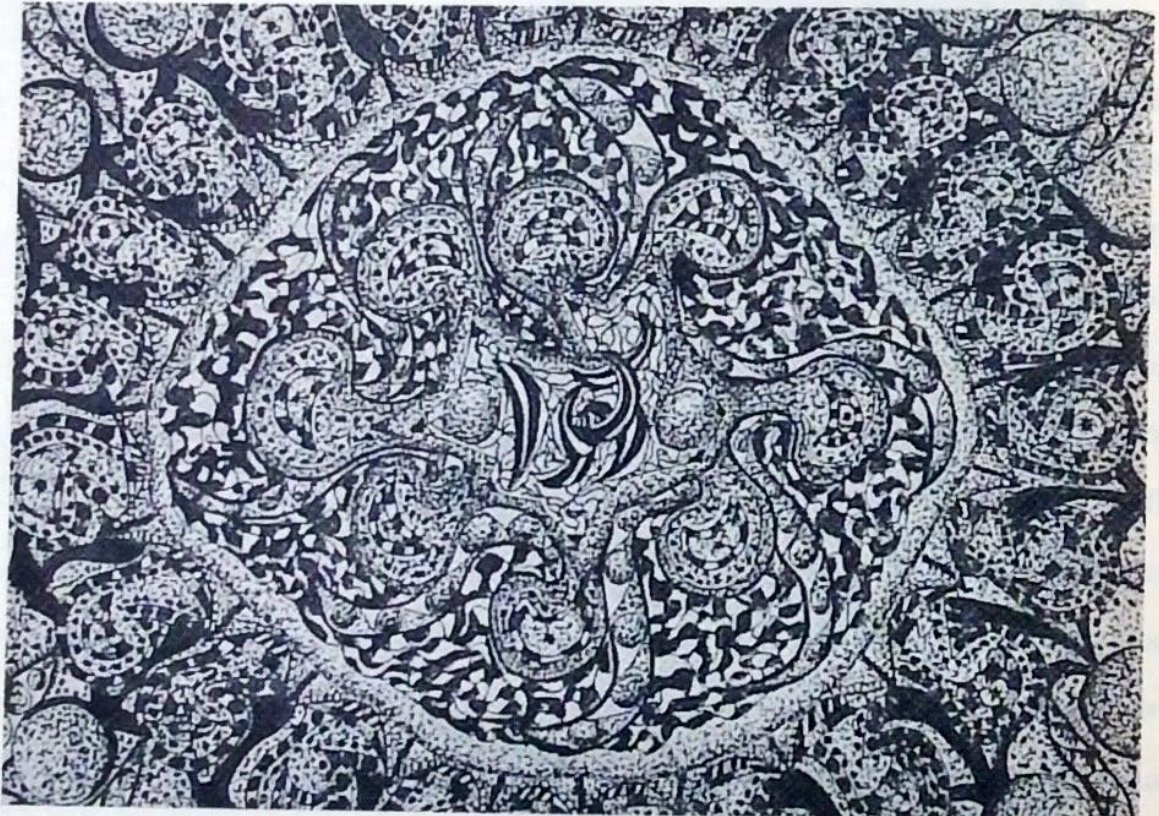
Friend's Cold-Thin Fingers

Joshua Smith

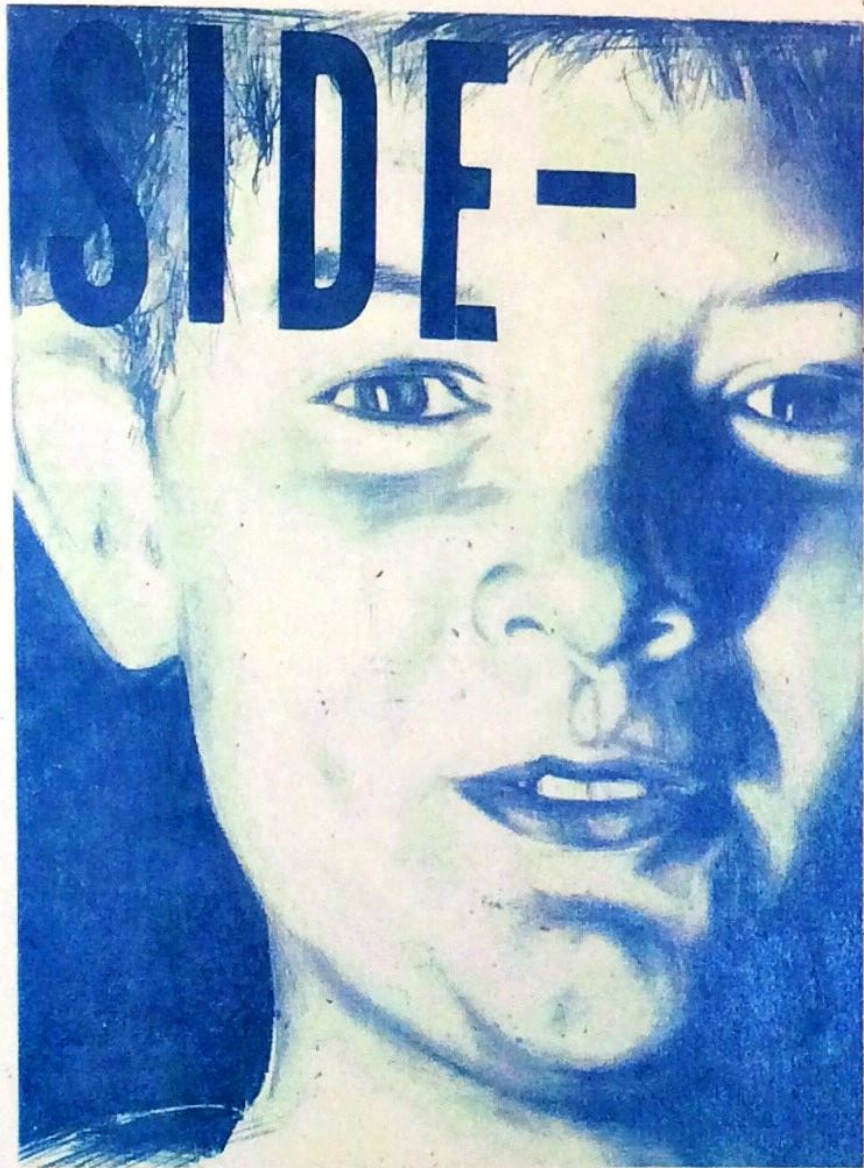
Me, alone, smothering in folds
Flowing feet deep sea pushing
Down a gutted fish-spinning.
Fins first towards Freud's
Primal dream. A wishful gift
I plead pride and

in the charitable
jaws of a
rabid seal
swollen with
Id-remorseful factions of
malignancy.

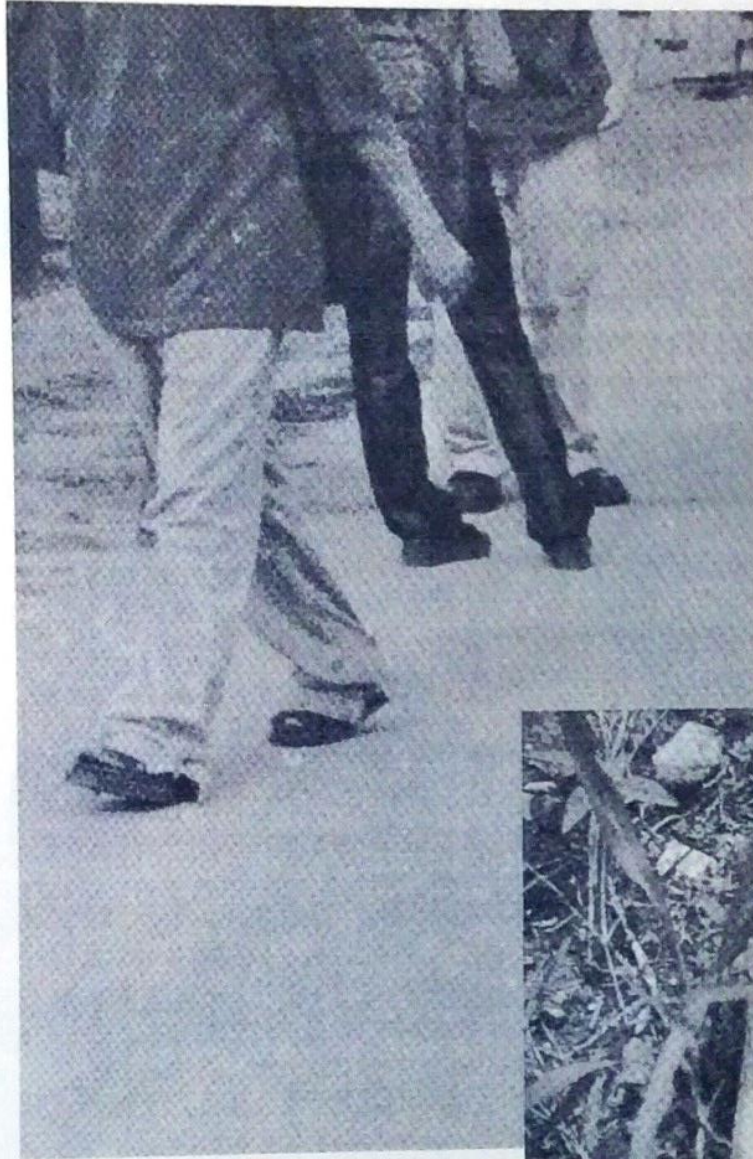
I paid with
shame, sums
Subtle ploy
to gain
Passage through
the rusted
Gates of
Life's Consummation.



Jolly Rodriguez



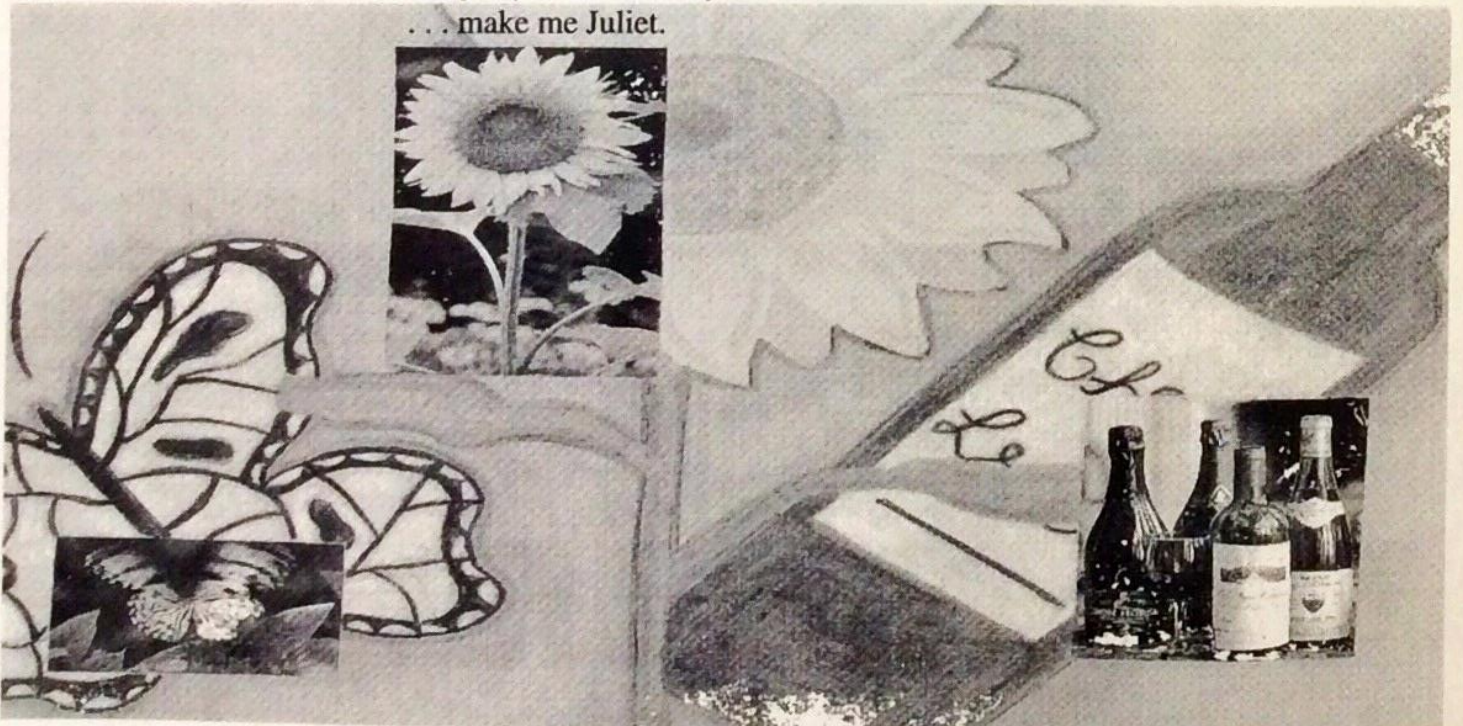
curious hands
scraping
the [side]
drawn link fences,
blissful
anarchy
in an otherwise
detailed plan



Somewhere

Jennifer Covington

Flip the pages of the shiny magazine
Beauty, glamour, fame, love
There is dream . . . somewhere, everywhere
To be a whole other person
Yet it's still me, I create her.
Like drunkenness on New Year's Eve,
I can do anything, and it's okay
Nobody questions you the next day.
Play the music nice and loud
Play from the soul
Dance like a fairy on a summer night
Dance from the spirit
Sing to the sun rays from the east
Sing from the heart
Act—
To express yourself?
To inspire others?
To get away from it all?
No, to live forever; she never gets old
Act with all your being.
Such big dreams for one so humble.
It's too much.
How can I know her when I don't even know myself?
There's no guarantee, security, surety
No promises.
I want all or nothing, more than fifteen minutes.
I know it's . . . somewhere, everywhere.
They say true love only exists in books . . .
. . . make me Juliet.





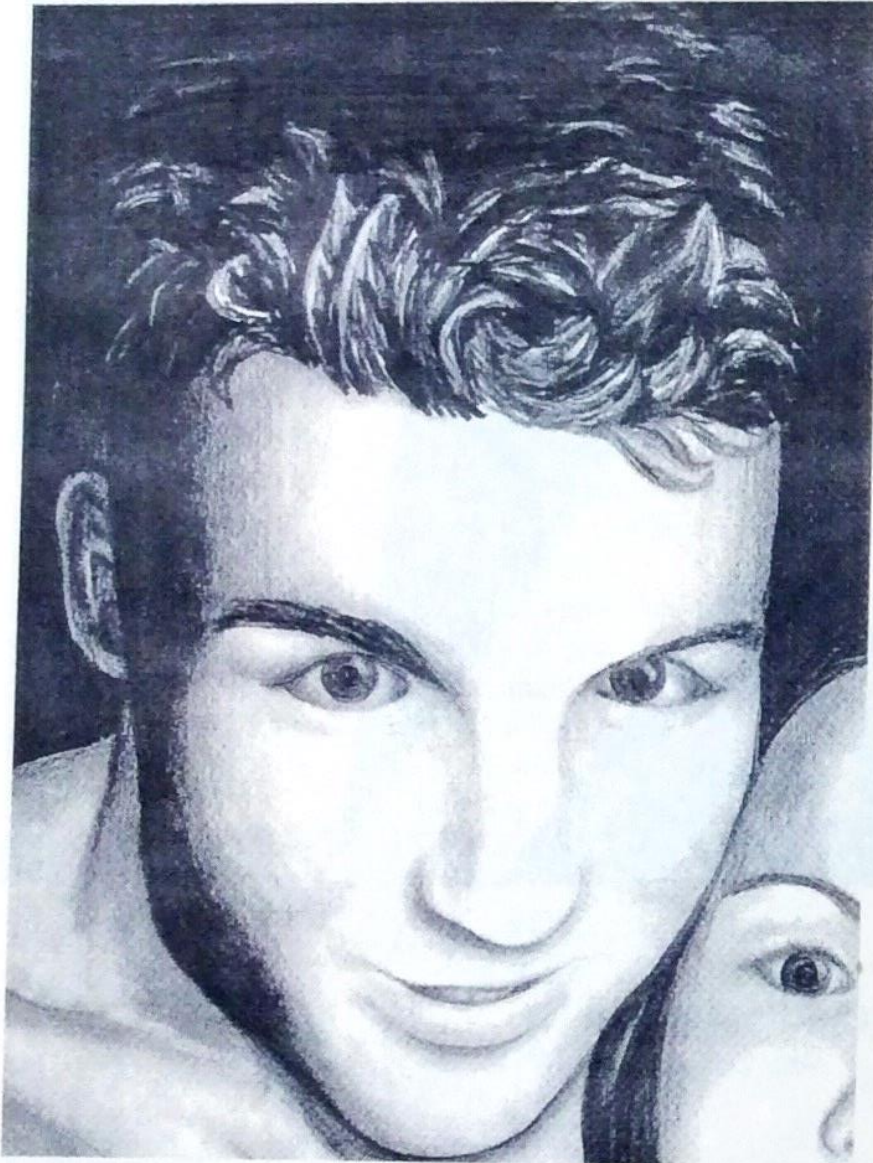
Ferris Wheel Dreams

David Collins

Opposing Winds

Nancy Goggio

We are born suddenly—bursting for the craving for life and everything opposite from which it is. We are mental, physical beings, motion-filled with listen and sound. We move on with our traits and rustle down into characterized situations. We are meant to erupt, swallow down, shine, and have greed for popularity and fame till we are captive then by death. Our souls are worlds bounding—proving right, proving wrong. Unfair describes the planet's society; lived-out wealth or poverty spiraling down. But describing is not made law. I feel picked to my every position, however choosing my lead. Fools create themselves, but ones who head right, create their souls.



Stephanie Rychlic

Lying Tracks

Jennifer Brown

I don't want to let it go.
This constant feeling of
unjustifiable content.
You try to cut me with the shards
of your skin that drip
in between my eyes, unjaded.
Disillusioned I am not.
If anyone is poisoned it's
you and your backward lies.
Tie me to your embezzled
tracks and wear me down with
your steel frame
consciousness.
Try to shake my confidence and
all you will shake is your unjust
observances. Retaining my life
you discard as a lie, I wait
for you to discover that your
accusations are mere reflections
of your own unsung life.

Nail this to the Door

Jeni Peterson

I am never free.
Everywhere I go,
In my face they shove
Religion.

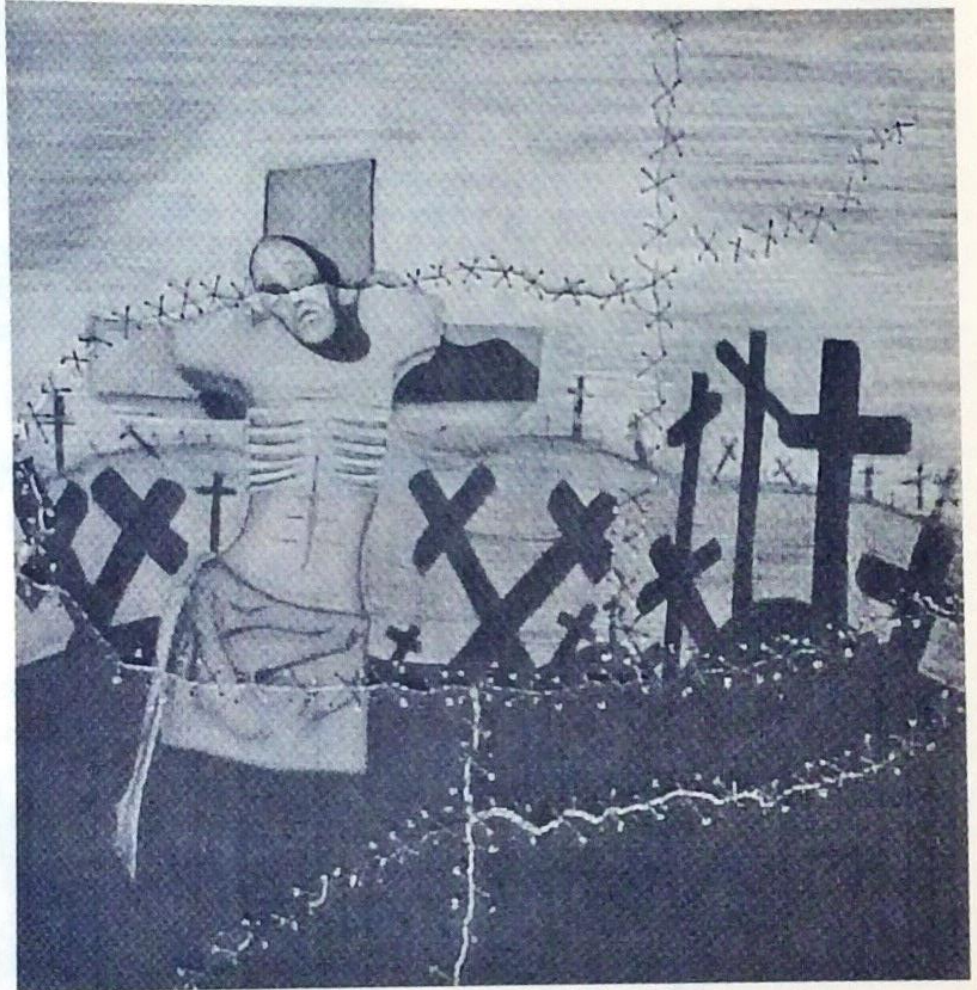
The earth is full of it.
Any place I turn,
They force upon me
Religion.

Living without it is doubtful.
Escape is useless,
Constantly they try to convert me
Religion.

I do not know what to believe.
Everything I see,
They make up my mind for me.
Religion.

An agnostic is not safe.
Everyone I know,
They tell me I am ignorant.
Religion.

I might as well die.
Every death I know,
They tell me is for a good reason.
Religion.



Heather Polgar

Quick Shine

J.C. Fletcher

I spit out ink
On the paper that burns
From the hand that speaks
Onto lines that turn

While I shutter
And whisper back at the stain
On the wall that creeps
And comes closer to pain

Draw a picture of you
Watch you come out to me
When all that's lost
Surfaces on the green

I answer to screams
That your eyes cry out
Pull your picture close
And kiss the ink on the mouth

Paper aftertaste
From a picture that falls
On the floor to my feet
Where I decide to hold it all

And you crumple
Underneath the weight that I've gained
From the hand I hold
And the rich taste of her name

So I smother and suffocate
And nearly forget about you
Then I remember your picture
And clean it off of my shoe



Comfort

Mo Urias



Isla Encantada

G. Estrada

Picture

Jennifer Covington

When I come home I see myself
wrapped tightly in your arms
And memories come flooding back
like twenty thousand storms
I remember sandy beaches
and walks along the shore
I never knew that just one week
could have so much in store
I thought I'd never find the one
I thought he didn't exist
But now I know deep in my heart
you were just among the missed
A beautiful present
sent from heaven
But our days were numbered
to only seven
Still, through all the pain of separation
you left me with a smile
And I will always wait for you
even if it's for a long while.

Plummeting Into Circles

Jennifer Brown

Lust thrives on the insecure and abandoned in order to survive. So, when in pursuit of his prey, he masks himself as love in hopes that one lonely enough will fall into his clutches. For one so hungry for love, lust becomes an attractive lure she eagerly consumes mistaking it for love. . .

Hidden behind his eyes is a love I want to kidnap.

He lies to himself.

He was a fantasy fulfilled.

Translucent boundaries stop him from surrendering his touch to me.

I thought I had him captured.

Two people laugh and are reduced into babbling false imitations of loving fools.

You deceived me with the wound you slit open in my
heart's soul.

Once I possessed strength and could hold my own in our benevolent battles.

But with your red songs of confusion I was mindlessly reduced into you.

The wall I built up rejection by rejection was quickly destroyed by one binding kiss.

I can't live without a confession.

Plummeting into you I wait

For anything.

Anything to evolve from the nothing that surpassed your gentle but deceit filled eyes when I was ignored for her something.

You are a jerk to all whose eyes are candy-coated.

But I see your truth and know you are capable of more.

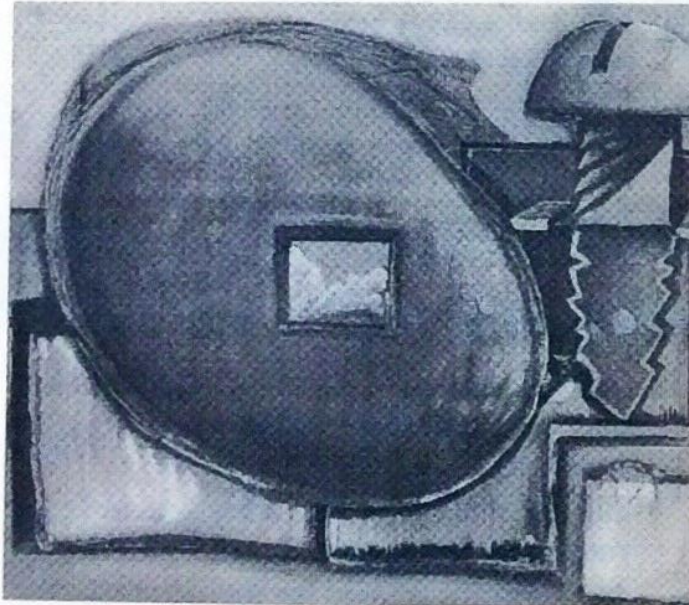
Everything they see is a facade and that's why I have love for you.

Because you save your truthful words for me.

So I sit and wait knowing that your wall will collapse and your vibrancy will restore my faith in the words you saved for me.

The wounds of mine you made will fill you red confusion with the sheer potency of me.

Then and only then will you allow yourself to plummet and you'll be reduced into me; so we can plummet into each other.

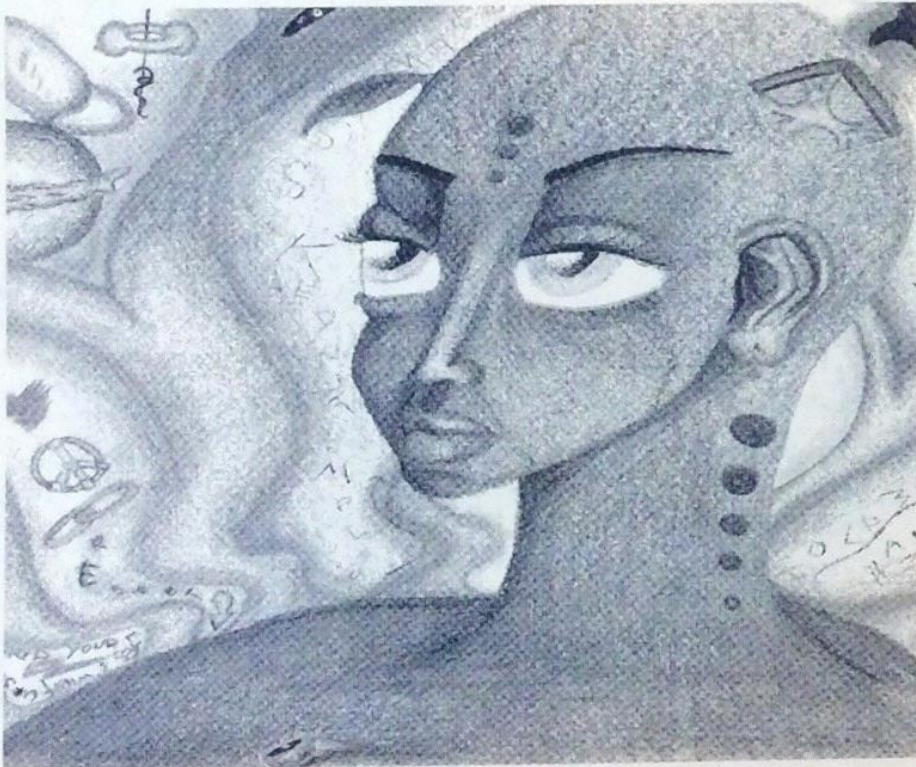


Ovum Autonomy

Joshua Smith

After repeated deception and denial, this vague display of emotion starts to depreciate as she begins stripping off that layer of counterfeit love, lust encases himself in. She discovers that what she perceives to be sacred is nothing but a facade, a blanket of darkness draped over her. She is changed by lust's deviant ways. Lifting up her heavy head she removes the night, looks dead into his eyes and takes back her own life. . .

With a hushed lie you were gone.
Kidnapped from my existence and thrown into hers.
A blanket of sex and a fury of flames engulfed you.
You were a love that didn't ring true.
A tattered cloth I used to dress my wounds.
The blue of your eyes has now faded to an inconstant gray.
For a minute in time your love raped my mind and neglected me of the freedom to hate you.
Loving a fool only brought me strangled bliss.
The sweetness of your moistened kiss is just about all I miss.
I can do without your fickle hands.
I can do without those tears of redemption that kiss your rotted cheeks and burn your acid skin.
The thought of you has ceased to bring me solitude.
Now when I think of your scornful touch I am purely reminded of your hallowed heart.
You are a shell of a man who built up solely by the sweetness of an innocent's flesh.
The unfaithfulness that resides in your depths contaminates your will to be true.
Goodness is a weapon you dare never use.
I was lost in those sun-strained eyes, circling till tired in your flawless skin.
Yet, I found a way to free myself from that web of isolation.
Standing tall I wade in the back and watch you crumble as your will dissolves into a puddled mess you once dared call love.
I don't wish for revenge or for you to see your errors, but rather to watch you circle till tired in your own self-spun web.



Head

Doug Thompson

Do I

Jennifer S. Grojean

Don't bite the mouth that kisses you
Tongues lash lips to pain-filled
Donuts, empty in the middle.
A bird's nest with broken hatchlings from the shell,
Slimy feathers feel like grease.
Don't bite the worm that feeds you.
Suck it down like honey in your throat.

Empty?
Send a sanguine-humoured thought in my direction;
Should I jump?
Should I scream with blissful open-mouthed kisses?
You wait for me to line your path with roses
And my tears, wait

Empty.
If I bite the lips that feed me, is it love?
(Or should I just suck the world down?)
It sticks like honey in my gut.

Pomegranate

Amy Lewis

Pomegranate
With juice the color of garnet
Firm, smooth skin
A shell surrounding fleshy catacombs
In which seed people live
Delicate little bodies of fruit
Glistening rubies in a mine
With a sweet apple-cranberry flavor
Layer upon layer of tiny tangy treats
Excavated from the pomegranate



Garrett Fletcher

Comatose- train/// friction

Joshua Smith

New absolution
Weak and frail
Silence
As a test of will
to DEFAULT
I am morally BANKRUPT
Exclaiming—epitaphs of fanatical
INTEREST

A NEW. permanence
The petulant sun, flaring
christening corner-lashes
intensities fluctuating
stand-cast down
prostrating in—
my shadow

Wings shrank the
BIRD STOLE the coal
MY HAND
Commiserating-THE PREDICAMENT
Meaninglessness.accidental
PERPETUAL

Bliss
Trainvictim.SUBstitutes
Articulated
Misadventures
TRANSCENDING
The UBER-reality

Drowning
In complacency's
Meaty form



The Painful Aftermath

Mo Urias



The King

J.C. Fletcher

You dirty their bodies
With the sin that you hold
And they dirty their knees
On the ground where they fall
They sniff up your sweat
As you slump over them tall
While you adore their body
And glorify it all

To slip into a slumber
Next to a mess you made
That smells like a girl
And treated all the same
Confused by the crown
On the pillow she lays
And dead by you
In feathers where she stays

And they call you the king because you know how to feed
Through the lies that you spit on the devil's new seed
And you think of nothing as you tear their good away
Because the king can't refill what's empty the next day

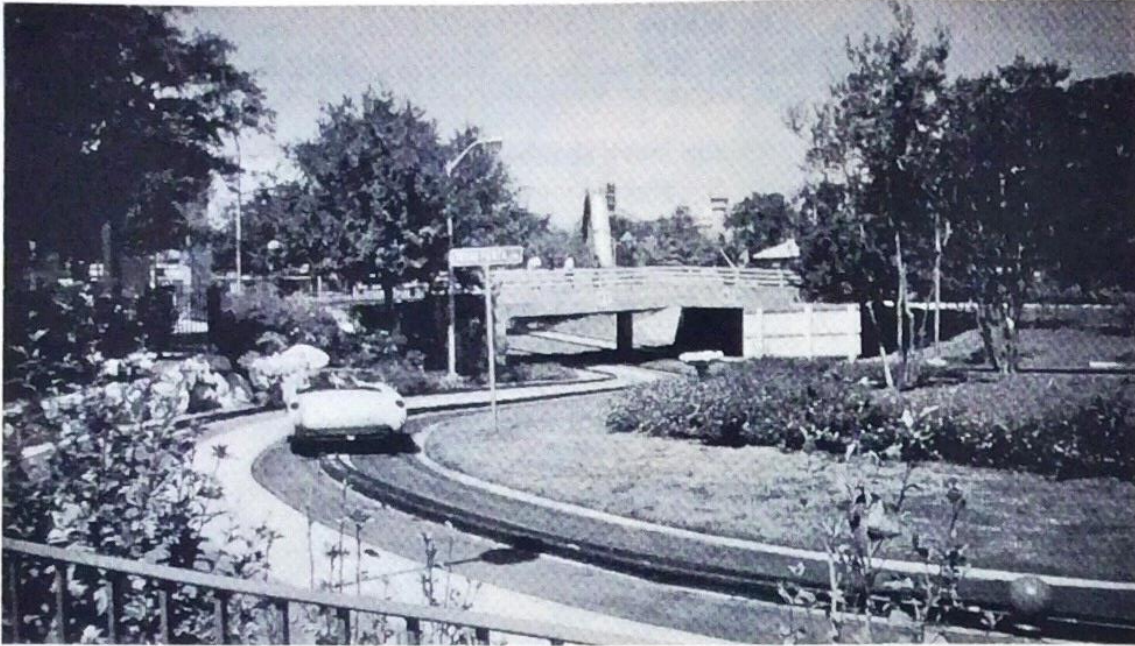
By the lust in your breath
They crumble down to you
Get bent and twisted to flesh
And fade further after your through
And as the king you laugh
And belch out their pubes
And sit tidy on the pillow
Where a child just bloomed

It makes no difference to the king
Invincible by the dirt you hide in
Their faces muddle and blur
And their memory ranked to ten
By the clouds in your eyes
You rain down on your kingdom sin
And brag to all your followers
About plans to taint kisses again

And they call you the king and they beg for your advice
Beg to know the secret to tasting the sugar and spice
But they don't know about what you hide inside
About the skin that sags on the emptiness you cry

But I know what you are and I see you as nothing
I know about your lies and your attempts to gain anything
I feel your soul grind beneath the filth that you sing
By the good that you eat and the pain the swallow brings

So live in your stench
And thrive on their frowns
You will get yours
And you'll fall so far down
You'll slave to others
Who died in your ghost town
And the girls will haunt you
And smile at your broken crown



Laying next to your memory,
I dream of what we could've been.
All the words you once whispered into my ear
while we were drowning in the corduroy
comfort of your couch, flood my tired, used
up thoughts.
Your hand used to reach into mine,
devouring the road as we watched the
asphalt race the tires beneath us.
Now, my hand is bare as I grip the
wheel with eyes closed and an empty
front seat.
These November memories race through
my regret as my tears roll down my
cheeks and clog my heart with crushed desires.
I try to gather my sanity, but when I
think of your words I can't seem to
regain my composure.
That night on my hanging existence,
you reclaimed your original sin and I
escaped your lips.
These November memories are all I have
to claim.
I know my eyes will get used to this new vision,
but for now all these crossing lines
and lives are blurring my happiness.

Traveling the Backroads of Rejection

Jennifer Brown



The Electric 50's

Jennifer Brown

My Castle in the Sky

Natsu Carmony

There I sat amongst the trees
listening to the gentle breeze
waiting for by dreams to come true.
But then, alas, to my surprise
I suddenly saw a dragon's eyes
And he had plans for me.

No longer could I feel the breeze
And felt as though I might freeze
Within this awful dragon's lair
For I saw within this vile cave
A place unfit to be my grave
Though 'twas not my own choice

Within his eyes filled with fire
Was seen his single desire
To partake of my flesh and bones
He slithered in prospect of his meal
While I could not help but fear the feel
Of being a dish for this beast

Uponst me he looked with open jaws
And placed round me his pointed claws
Thus prepared for a savory feast
But before the beast could bring my doom
A grave shadow in the entry did loom
To save me from my harrowing death

With a fearful look and stubborn chin
There then stood a man set out to win
My beloved existence back for me
Abruptly on the beast he pounced
And with every mortal, conceivable ounce
Defeated his foe with a stab to the heart

He turned to me and lent his smile
For I lay dazed for quite some while
Disbelieving the day's events
but soon after I gained my bearing
and followed a man far more daring
Than any I had venture to meet.

In the sun's warm and brazen glimmer
I saw his smooth black armor shimmer
And give him an almost godly look
Chestnut hair upon his shoulder did lie
And violet eyes that shamed the tender sky
Helped win my heart for him

Never once spoke he a word
But with the calm grace of a bird
He bowed on his knee to me
My heart saw what it needed to see
That this noble knight in front of me
Was the protector of my dreams

He led me to see his wondrous steed
Who brought him to perform his deed
A magnificent night black stallion
This was not a common horse
For after a spell had run its course
He had wings of ebony and gold

Upon this beast we flew that night
And because of this amazing flight
I thought we'd go to my castle in the sky
But soon enough I saw with sadness
My still prone form smiling in gladness
Dreaming on the forest 's floor

Taken back to my sleeping being
I realized all I had been seeing
Were merely my naive fantasies
With a final glance and a single tear
I looked at the knight who seemed so near
As he faded into my castle in the sky

Unto the ground I silently gazed
Feeling free and almost amazed
That I had dreamed those dreams
So then I lay amongst the trees
And listened for the gentle breeze
To tell me my dreams could come true.



Angel

Aaron Miller

I'll show you how it feels to know all you want is what reality can't give
I want to be my own and not have to worry about anything nor anyone

I want you to know how I feel
Every minute by every thought

I want to rip you apart

Through words I can't tell

And I want to write about everything

All that I feel

I want to write screams about the hate in my bones

I want to write about love by the eyes of the girl I hold

I want to write lyrics that make love to you

And leave you trembling for more

And paint pictures for people

Described in my pen

I want to make you feel like I did and do and will

To have everybody understand or at least make them think they do

I want to tell you about me

And about you and your friends

I want to penetrate your soul and twist it around my finger

While I sing you songs I wrote by your faults

I want you to see yourself

From my mind's eye

And make your realize and feel guilty

Just so I can smile

I want to hear you thank me for making you cry

And collect your tears for words on my page

I want you to know

And to feel and to believe

I want you to see your life as a poem that I wrote in a hurry

And I want you to see me as higher

Because I know he speaks through me

So swallow up your sorrow

Because I won't hear it

You listen to me and I'll decide what you need

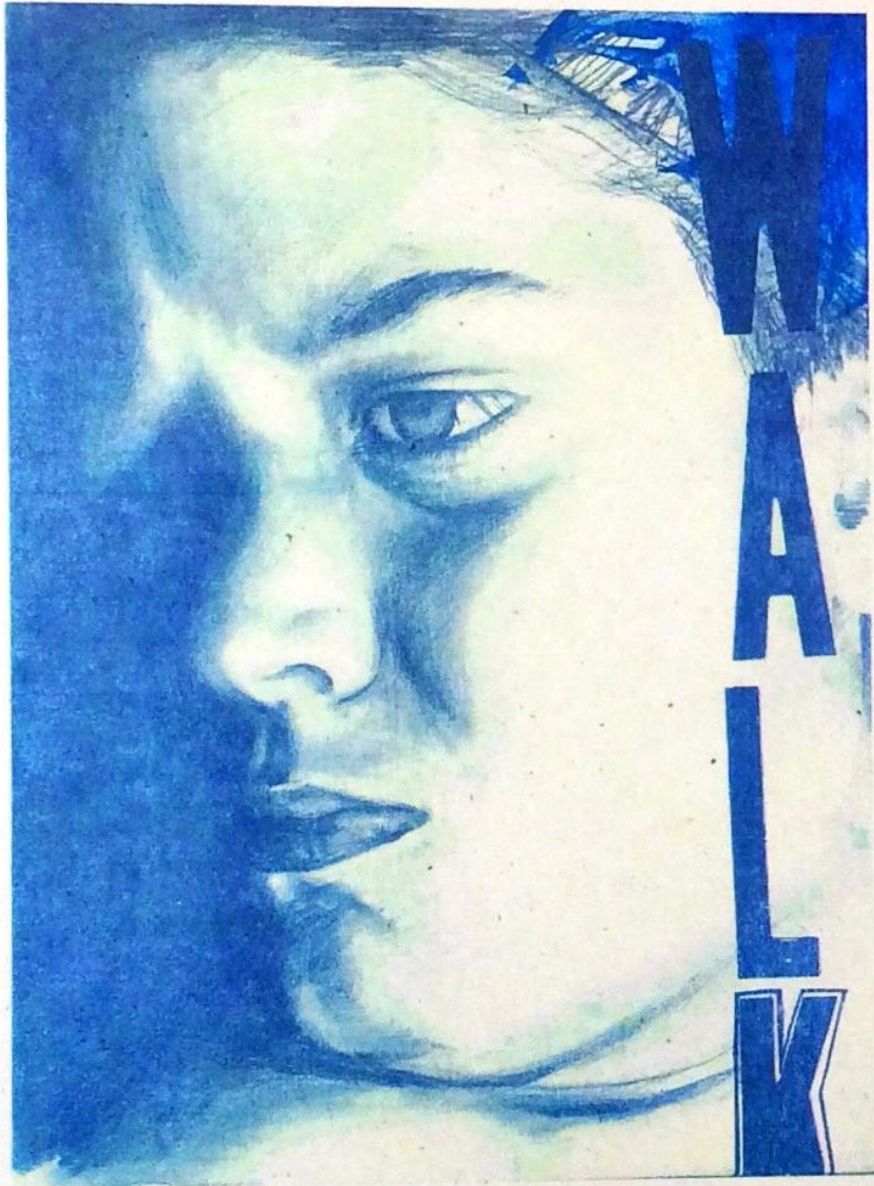
Because my wants are more worthy than any of your necessities

From the fire I live by

And its light that I die by

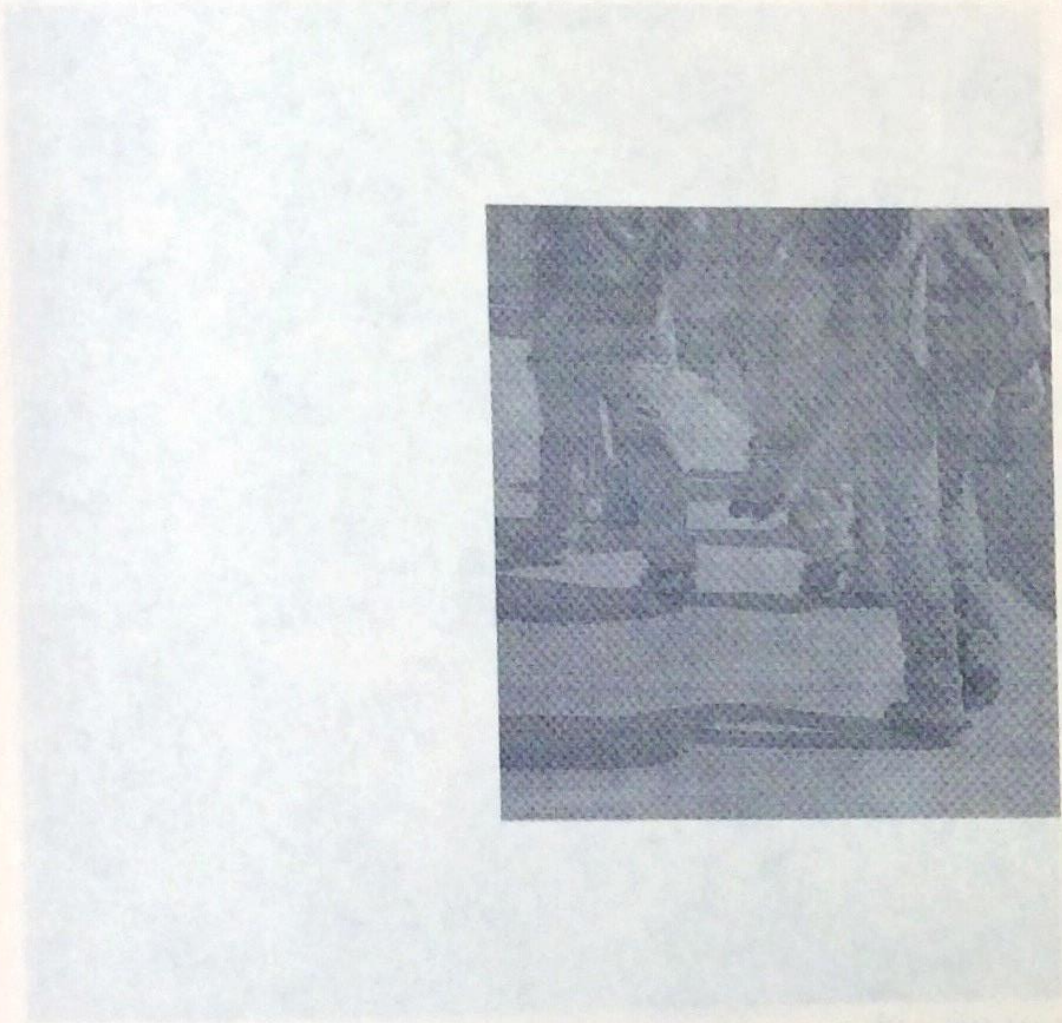
introduction to fire

by J.C. Fletcher



tempted
buy the sky
always
the tightrope [walk]

tethered to infinity
or graduation
or anything new



Right
A dark night

Right side right
This is the way

From the dark night
The dark of the night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

From the dark of night
From the dark of night

Night

Patrick Bogen

Bright starry night
Take me away
Save me now
From the place where I lay

The dark of the day
And dark of night
Burn at my soul
And shut out of the light

I know I must act
But my legs will not move
The sights in my mind
Feared Horrors prove

None come to help
For none can see
I must save myself
No-one will save me

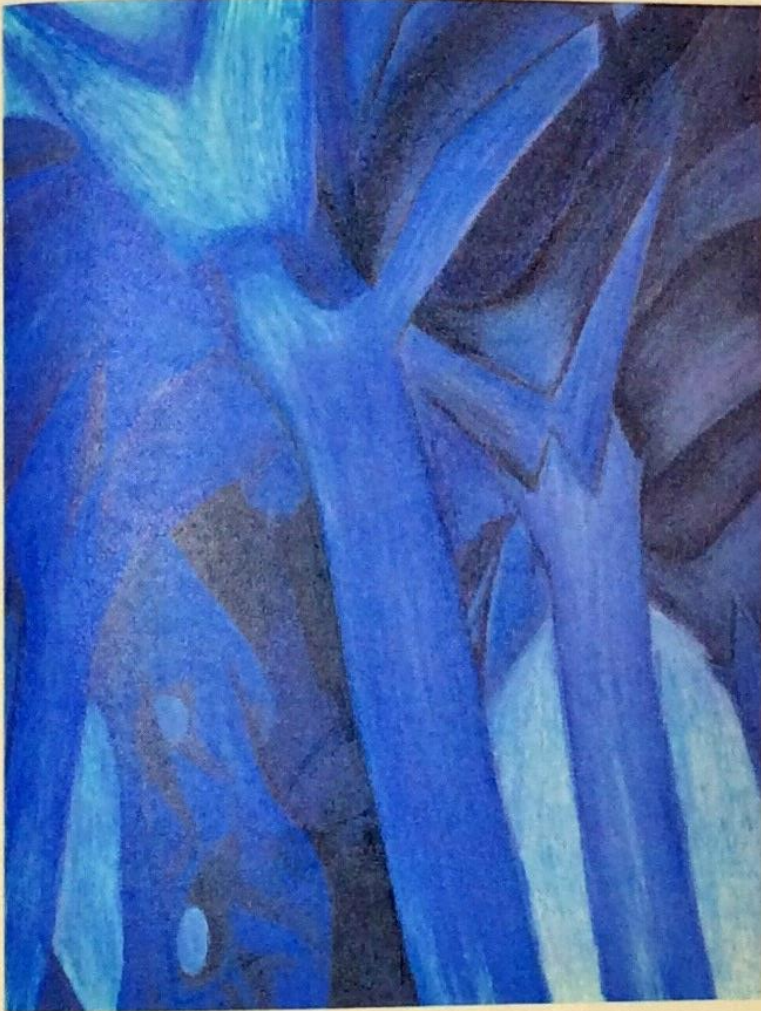
Oh, starry night
Take me away
Away from this life
Away from this day

Oh, merciful night
I cannot stand
The horrors I see
Nor Death's grisly hand.



Laid-Off at 17

Jennifer Brown



Nave of Sagrada Church, Gaudi

Heather Polgar

Untitled

Patrick Bogen

Her skin pale white like icy death,
Yet still she breathes with ragged breath.
Coal black eyes mirror lost amends,
As she waits 'til forever ends.

Clothing old and tattered with wear,
She seeks an end to this macabre affair.
Her soul pale shade of what it'd been,
Though on her lips, a gruesome grin.

Soles of her feet rough and callous,
She wanders through her world of malice.
Forever wanting to be content,
She shall not be, 'ere her life is spent.

Her mind filled by hunger and fear,
But her eyes long unknown to tear.
And never shall her horror cease,
For 'tis not her lot to find release.

Wet Dream

by J.C. Fletcher

And the music plays
And screams out your name
While your vocals grind
To the acoustics behind

You get felt up
And beat down
Lifted high
And moved

You Love
And you hate
And you die
By the monsoon

As your bones break
And your lungs go dead
Your eyes open wide
But your blind instead

And you rock
And you twist
And you bend
And fall down

And the people
They surround you
and smile
at your frown

Then plays the chord
And your forced to your feet
By the music you hear
And the addiction to the beat

Then your mouth opens wide
And your life streams out
As you cry from the pain
In these words that you shout

And they love
And they hate
And they die
And fall dumb

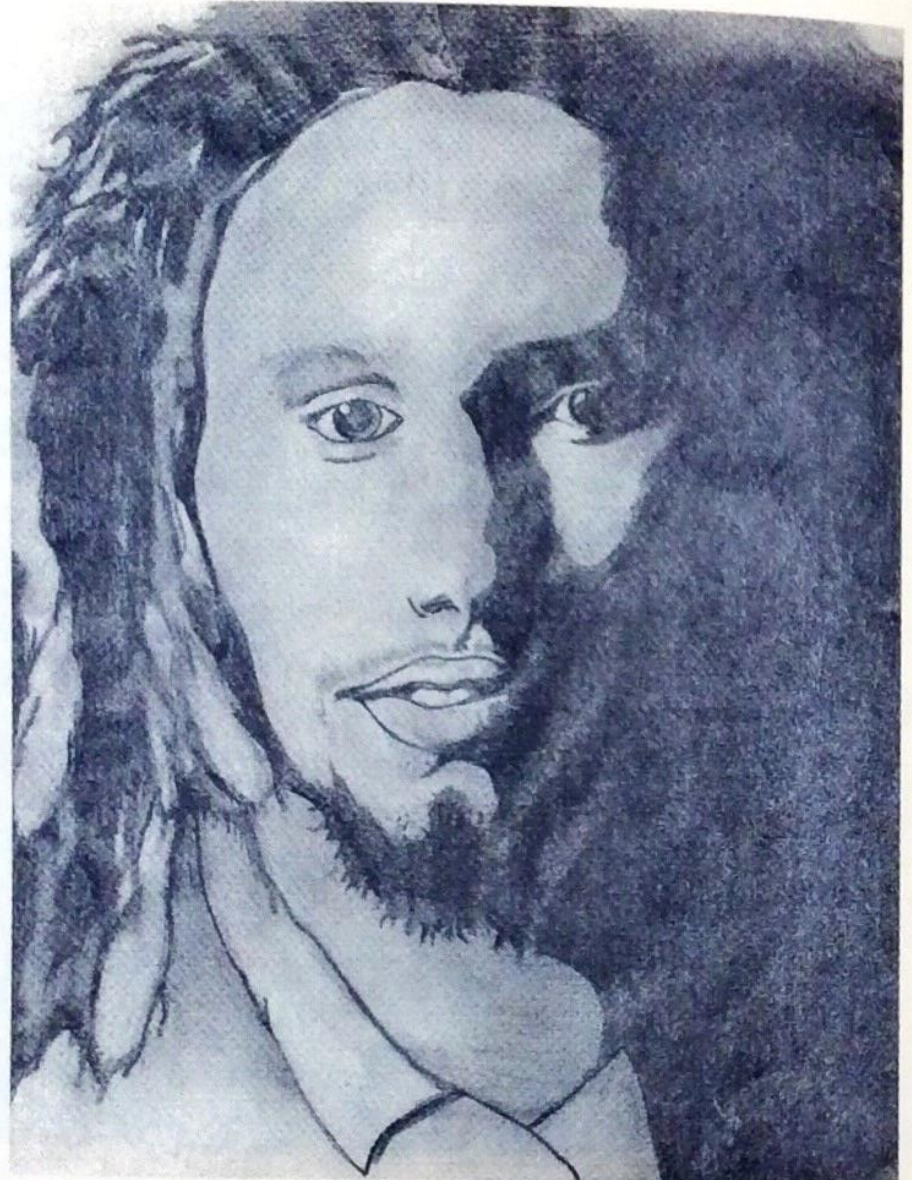
As you live
And you fly
And you float
On their numb

You become king in their eyes
And God in their minds
They fall to their knees
Still you keep with the time

Then it's over and they leave
And you fall back on your sheets
And cry a little more
Just to help you sleep

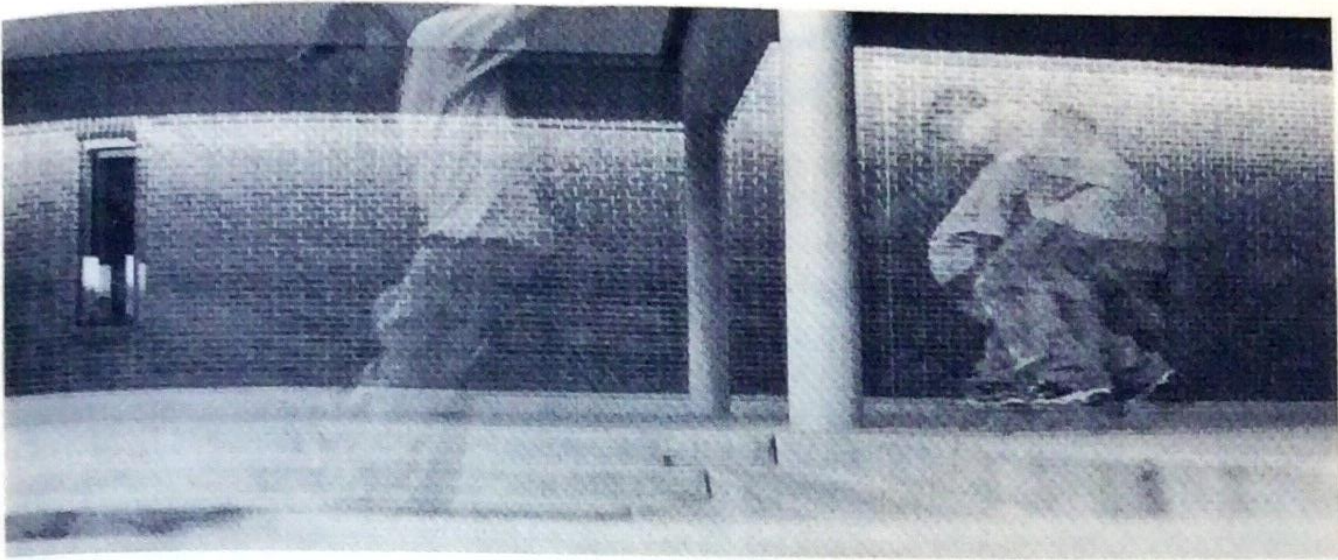
It's the music that takes you
And breaks you away
And the music that kills you
So you can live another day

It means nothing to anyone
But everything to you
And you play out your dream here
Until your dream is finally through



Zach De La Rocha

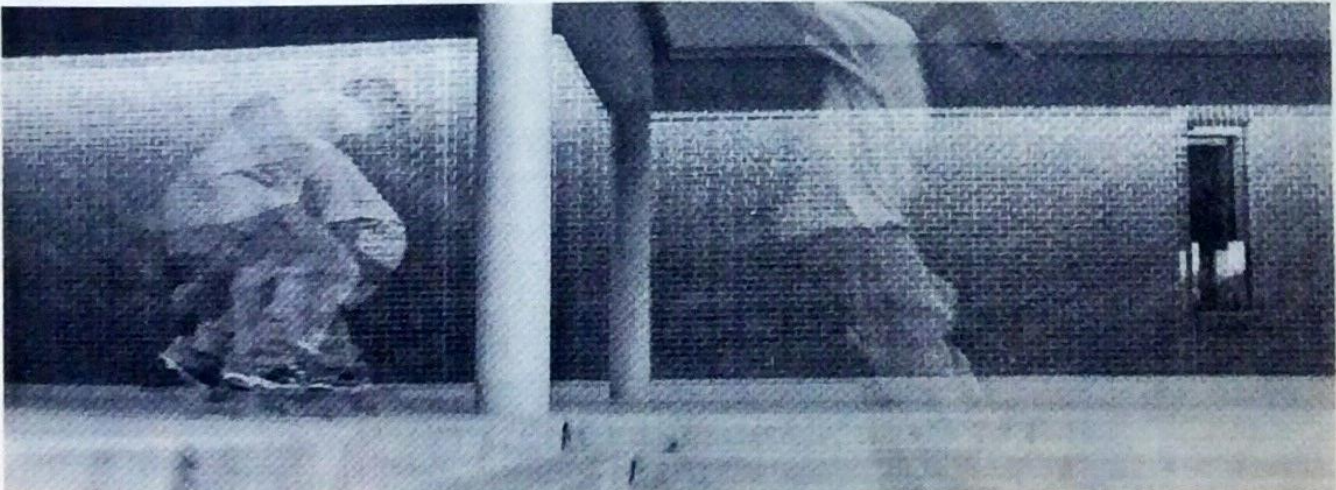
Mario DeSanctis



Bad Boys

Mo Urias

Seventy-eight years ago there lived a colony of pigs. A young man named Stan, who ran a donut shop, owned these pigs. Everyday Stan would wake up at 3:52 am to start making donuts. He would make 75 dozen donuts. He opened his shop at 8:00 am everyday. He would sit in his donut shop and wait for customers, but nobody ever came. Stan didn't know what to do with the extra donuts, so he gave them to his pigs. Day after day, Stan would open his donut shop, sit alone for 12 hours and no one ever came. Every day he would give his pigs 75 dozen donuts. They soon became addicted to the donuts. One day when Stan was at the donut shop he got a customer. This customer absolutely loved Stan's donuts. Soon he started getting more and more customers. The pigs started getting less and less donuts. They grew furious and ran away. With all of their free time, they decided to walk around and find people on skateboards to tell them not to skate. Well, they did this, but no skateboarders took them seriously. Who cares what a pig says? So together the pigs decided that they would get disguises. They would get cars with colorful lights and wear blue suits. They would also need cool sunglasses that you see your reflection in, and a badge with numbers so they would look professional. All day the pigs would drive around and look for skateboarders. When they found them, they would take away their skateboards and tell them to leave. Occasionally, they would catch someone driving too fast or murdering someone, but their main objective was to stop people from skating. So when you see a car with colorful lights, you know what their job is. Every once in a while you might find a pig or two going back to Stan's donut shop in disguise, but don't be fooled, we know who they really are.



Sting Knows What I'm Talking About

Jessica Cardenas

A rosebush on barren ground
Unfed, unloved, unadmired

I'm a rosebush all alone
Retaining beauty for none

The nights are cold with hatred
The midsummer days are searing

No glory have I found
The glory a rosebush requires

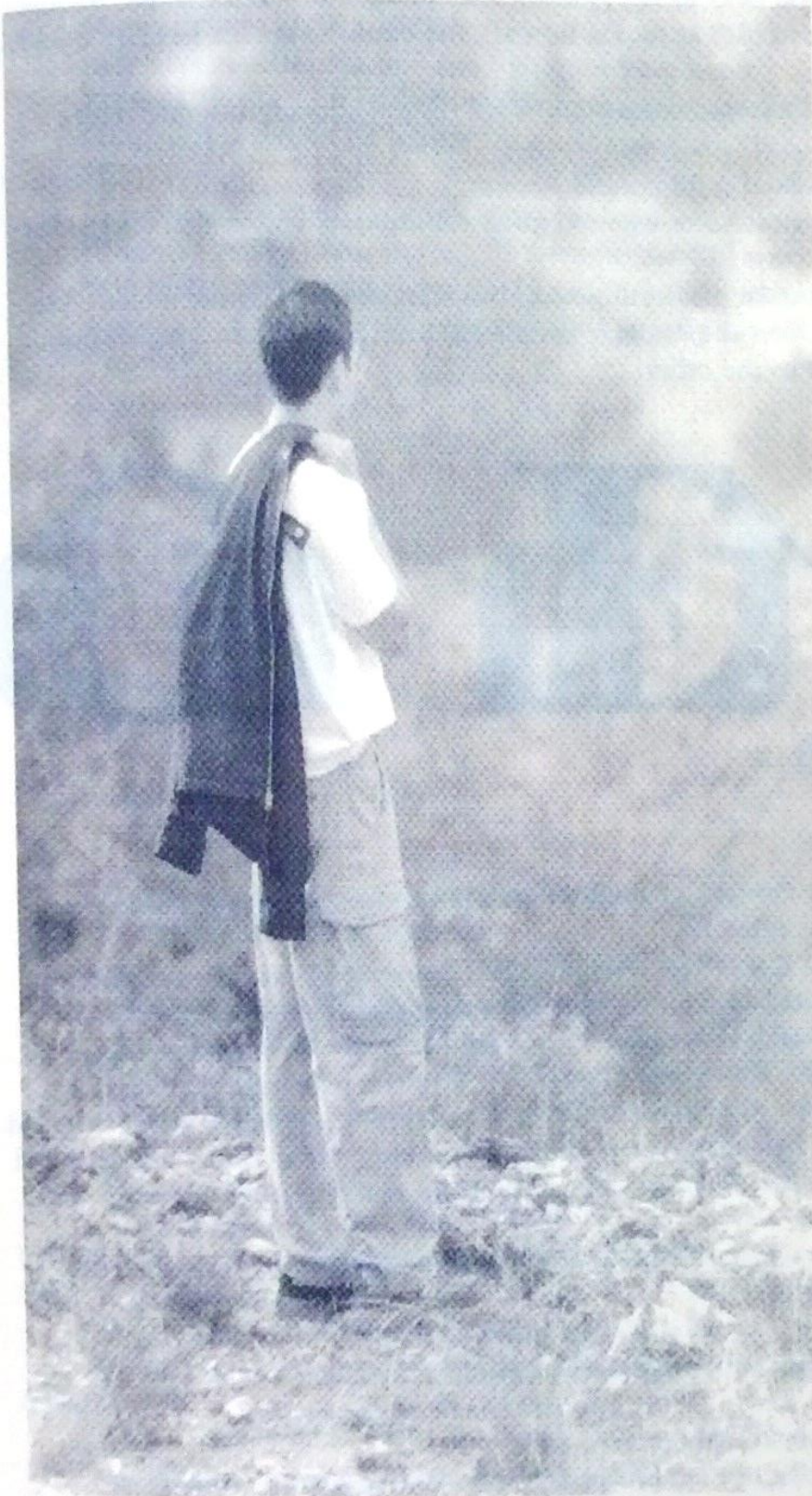
My petals lose their life
And my thoughts only prick me



Stephanie Rychlic

Memories

B.J. McDonald



Should have been yours, should have been mine, should have been ours 'cause were all the same kind. We're all of one spirit, one body, one mind. We fight like a family, we play like a team, to fight for that goal we all hope to achieve. Some people said we couldn't, some said we wouldn't, so we set out to prove them wrong—to rise to the challenge because challenge is the fuel that drives the victors. We had the end in our sights, the prize in our grasp, then defeat hit us like a thunder clap. It knocked us down and shook the earth so we couldn't get up. We tried to shout, but our voices were stuck. We were choking on sorrow, drowning on tears, we had their victorious shouts ringing in our ears. It seemed like our dream was all over, like that was the end, we knew we would never be a team or a family again. We felt shattered, alone, and lost. Even our mentors could not help us defrost from that cold grip of defeat that gripped all our hearts, we were sure that our family was falling apart.

But in the wake of defeat, we realized that we were all tied by our hearts, and that nothing could ever tear us apart.

We will all go on to do other things, some will go to space on man-made wings, others will travel the oceans, or dig in the ground. But we'll never forget the unity we found, while we slaved in the sun and toiled in the cold. In that not-so small city on that empty barren field where our souls are forever bound together for that one common goal, VICTORY. Our mentors retire, our memories fade away. But that bond we formed we'll carry with us till our dying day.

Courtney LaGrone

Eris Harpi's golden hair danced in the wind as she stood waiting. Each flailing tendril whipped and winded in beautiful circles as the wind caressed her face. Her eyes, blue and entrancing, sang the waves of the ocean shore.

It was cold and windy as she stood next to the parking lot bench. She wasn't alone. To her left sat a tall young man. She had noticed him as he sat down. She could sense his hesitation on her skin.

'Not another one,' she thought. *'Another desperate fool.'* She had been through so many encounters she could write a book.

She sighed and lifted a few strands of gold behind her ear.

She knew it and had always known it. She was too good for anyone, and in that she prided herself.

Yes, she was seeing Michael, a handsome, young socialite she could easily command. Yet, she was also seeing Nathaniel the chef, Cort the Artist, Pari the Architect, and Drew the Businessman; all of them as rich and as whipped as the other.

With O

She smiled. *'I am perfection,'* she thought. No man dared refuse her; no woman dared cross her. And if they did, Hell's own fury was released.

It's not like she cared anyway, but it was fun. A game she liked to play, and always won.

Like that nuisance, Penny. That girl had no idea who she was messing with. Penny was too meek, too innocent, too...good. As Michael's sister, she was overly defensive. Wherever Eris looked, she came face to face with Penny. That girl had quickly become a gnat just begging to be squished. The last straw came when Penny attempted to end it all, claiming she knew about Cort and would tell Michael if she didn't confess. Eris quickly annihilated that bug. Now Penny was living in Amsterdam, working as an ex-executive turned waitress in some mom and pop place bound to drift in endless toil.

She glanced to her side. There he was, still sitting there, staring blankly out into the open road.

'What is it with this guy? When's he gonna make his move?'

She sighed loudly, trying to catch his attention. Still nothing.

'Another game?' she thought, smirking, *'Only another check on the board.'*

It was getting darker and still Michael had not arrived.

She sailed her way over to the bench and sat down, her skirt gliding gently, rolling and rippling serenely.

She waited for what seemed like forever and still he said nothing.

'What is this?' she thought.

"Lovely weather, I think," she smirked, a laugh playing on her lips.

"I suppose so," he replied.

More silence.

"My name is Eris Harpi." she tossed out her hand.

"Terry Ulysses," he replied, making no move to take her hand.

Perhaps this would be harder than she thought. "What do you do?" she asked, withdrawing her hand.

"I work at my family's wine refinery. I judge age and flavor, etc, etc. And what do you do?"

"Nothing really," she smiled, "I have no need to work. I get all I need in my own way."

"Oh really," he asked as he stared out into the street, "How?"

She giggled. "I have a few 'friends' who help me out."

"A few?"

en Eyes

Ashton Meade

"I guess you could say I keep my options open," her primrose lips swept up in a smile.

"Or play games," he retorted.

This wasn't going the way she planned.

"Are you married?" she asked.

"No, why? Need a new friend?"

She was nearly red now. "How dare you insinuate...How.... I don't..."

"Why? Isn't that what you were hoping? Couldn't stand going ten minutes without being hit on?"

She blew up.

"You drunken yuppie! How dare you? I am wanted by hundreds upon hundreds of men...men have broken marriages, families apart for me! Why would I want you? I could have anyone.... ANY-ONE! I am more beautiful than any woman! I AM HELEN OF TROY!"

A grim smile fell across his face.

"You're a stuck-up, self absorbed, mindless, unhappy wreck of a woman, aren't you Miss Harpi?"

"HA!" she scoffed, "You don't know me at all! How could you say anything like that?"

He finally turned his head. As her eyes met his, a dawning of sudden weight fell inside her. The cold, empty, gleaming orbs stared blankly back at her.

"It's amazing what you can see when you're blind," he smiled.



Cortney LaGrone

Knowledge

Lora Clark

A quest for understanding,
A need to know
How does the world work?
Why do things happen?
A need to know the past,
A longing to comprehend the present,
A desire to see the future.
Read anything.
Read everything.
Believe some,
Reject more.
Look at things in a whole new light.
See things in a different perspective.
Notice things that are unnoticeable.
Gaze out your window,
See a city
Gaze out your door,
See an ocean.
Bring the world to you.
You needn't walls to hold you in,
For one can look right past them.
No barrier can stop the quest for understanding.

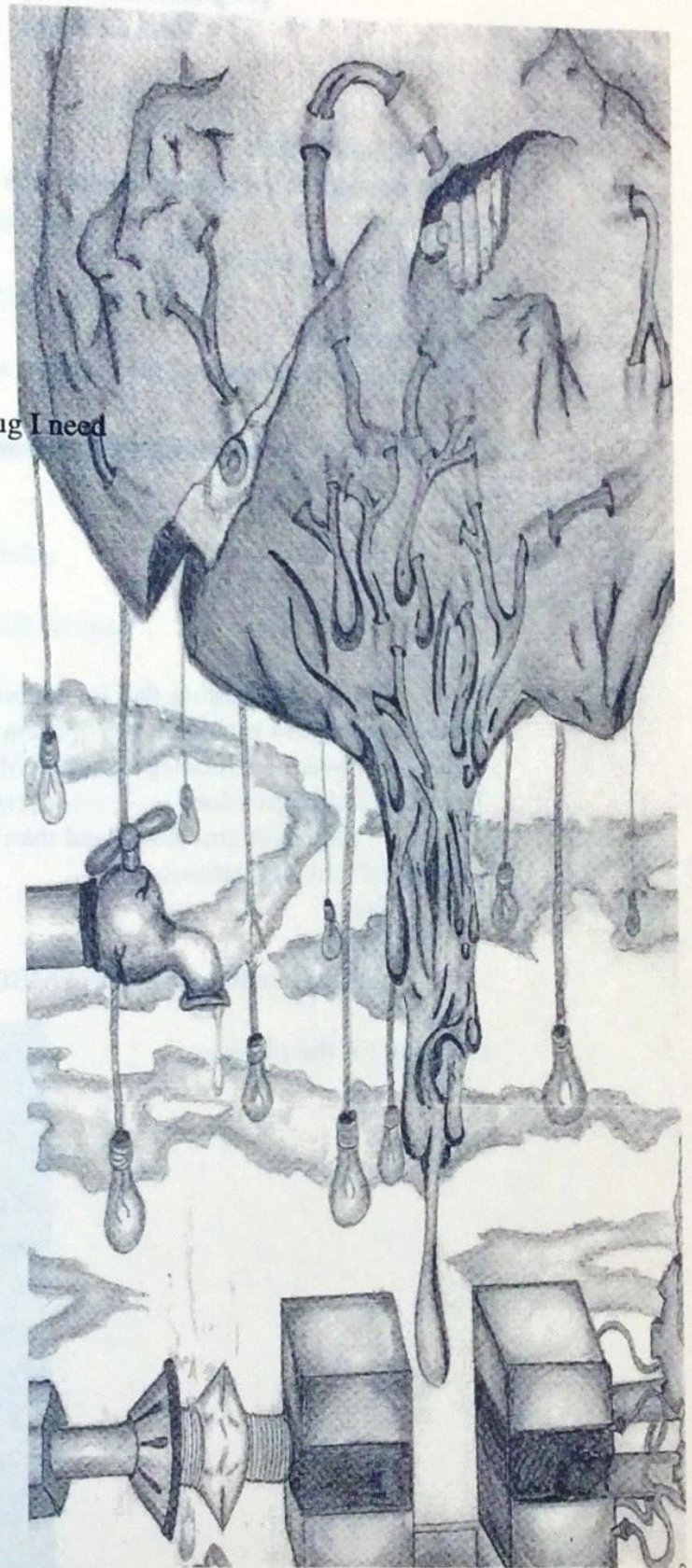
Planet of the Chosen

Mo Urias

Blanket my eyes with lids and what not
I fall into my infinitesimal realm
The small corner in the back of my cranitorium
It's so small yet holds so much capacity
The illiterate event horizon in my head is the only drug I need
Awakened on the other side to an invitation
To change my life if not already done so
On the way up I catch a glimpse
And the frame is stilled from the wrong angle
The glimpse is individually felt
Realizing the intricate detail of the brain
On floors four through two I grab my face
Forgetting where to go next
Step into the room and to my surprise
Many people everywhere ready to relate
Throw the few in a largely small circle
After walking down the way having it be done
I begin to ask all the wrong questions
That's done. The electricity denies me
Power from where
I get sucked down the tubes of familiarity
I know where to turn
Next to the monkeys and giraffes
Cannibalistic urges force a turn to the right
Off the road we park the transporter
The journey now begins just where it ends
From here to where, we go
In the middle of the night
I must slap on some darkness
The fire still melts the glass onto my eye
In just that time I'm back to space
Back to the transition of all the love and hate

Lesson learned:

Learn to ask the wrong questions at the right time



Exemption

Sara Bower

[repentance for]

Joshua Smith

1.
a simpleton's note
hand through /// moistened chain links
glistening
Accidental intentions
Mistaken,
Rationalization
High-tide desiccations of the profane, my apologies

Emasculation

3. Wedding day (conception) ←

Deus ex Machina-mundane melodrama
Out of town-leave a message-tangible desperation
Pay phone transgressions———corrupted inflections
 Adjacent crevice—dead man's cure U-turn
Miseries /// transmutations (of)
 linens
 car sirens
 red-light undertones.NOVEMBER

reaching for the phone—



2.

Formed:

loosened nets opening into rain smeared sills
padded, reflecting///manipulated
Breathes of stone-stances.slip in the condensation

Averted glances- flinching games

the wind kicked up/ gleaning fallow fields
Rosen panic.
Kingdoms of the lanky wall climbers-ill dressed

Slept on the edge
ledge.slippers-stone crashed-the flat liner brides
honesties like a bruised (apple)
a lottery of disjointed securities
20-watt



Jennifer Grojean

The Seduction

Jennifer Grojean

Your writing touches me
When there is no one in the room
Fingers playing with my skin; they are your thoughts
Shivering with a blood-felt chill—
When my lungs are too full to inhale
The air is seeping out my pores
Onto your fingers playing on my life.
Your thoughts
They make me wonder
It breaks through my soft box—You tear
Through my walls of comfort to run along my mind
And make me see
Do I want to know you?
I always feel too much, but it is never enough for me.

My pen shakes with trepidation in my viens
Coursing
Shivering do I want to know
Or do I want to stay young?
A child eats toast
You feed me weeds
Weeds with beautiful flowers that look like me
You know their taste and press them against my lips.



Megan Feeley

Reflection

Vicki Craig

Not a day goes by
When someone fails to say
I wish I were somebody else
It would be really strange
If we were not free to be ourselves
If nobody had an advantage
If nobody thought of themselves
If nobody had opinions.

It would be really strange if
We all looked alike
A universal mirror
Moving as one identical figure
Lacking personality or character
Part of the gigantic mass
One fish in a school of thousands
Many pairs of eyes molded into one.

It would be really strange if
We all thought alike
No variety or spice of life
Well thought out jokes or stories
Ruined by the fact that
Everyone already knows the end
One robot among thousands
Many minds molded into one.

It would be really strange if
We all sounded alike
A chorus of monotony
No expression crossing ones lips
No emphasis in ones words
You already know the words
One record among thousands
Many voices molded into one.

It would be really strange if
We all felt alike
One group emotion
No chance to better yourself
To take pride in yourself
You have no identity
One stone among thousands
Many hearts molded into one.

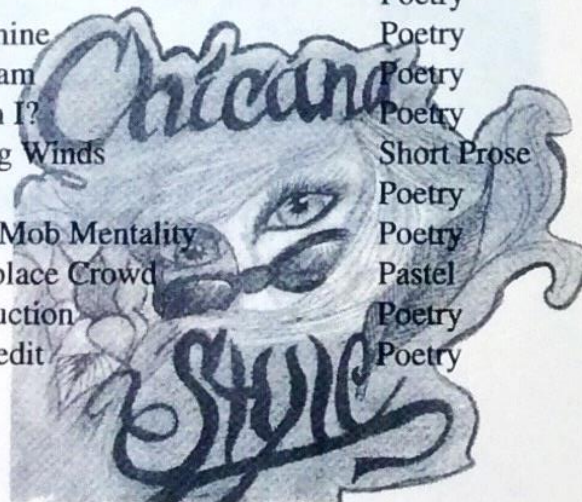
Not a day should go by
When someone fails to say
I am glad that I am myself
It would be really strange
If we were not free to be ourselves
If nobody had an advantage
If nobody thought for themselves
If nobody had opinions.



Sarah McDougal

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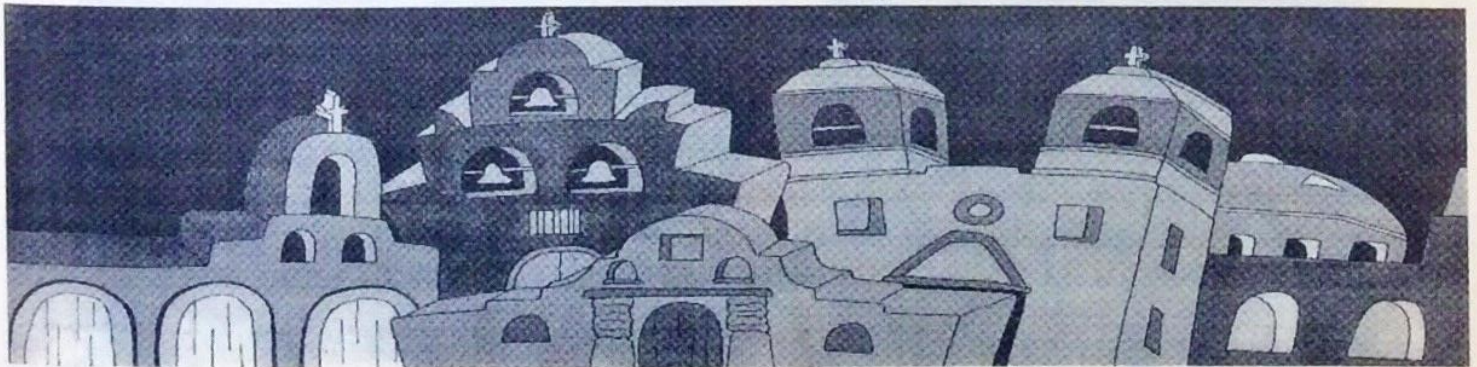
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Art to the Fullest

Sarah McDougal

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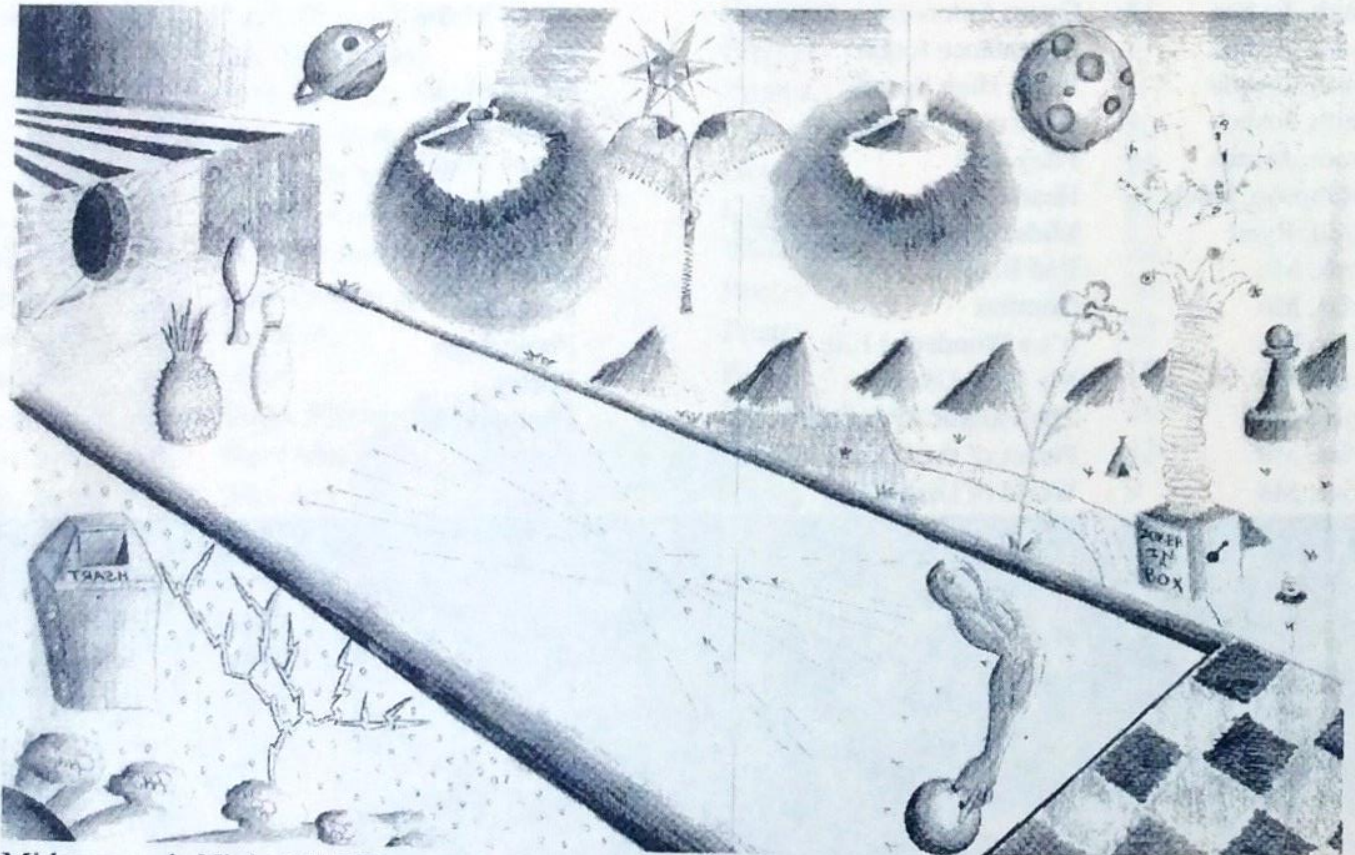
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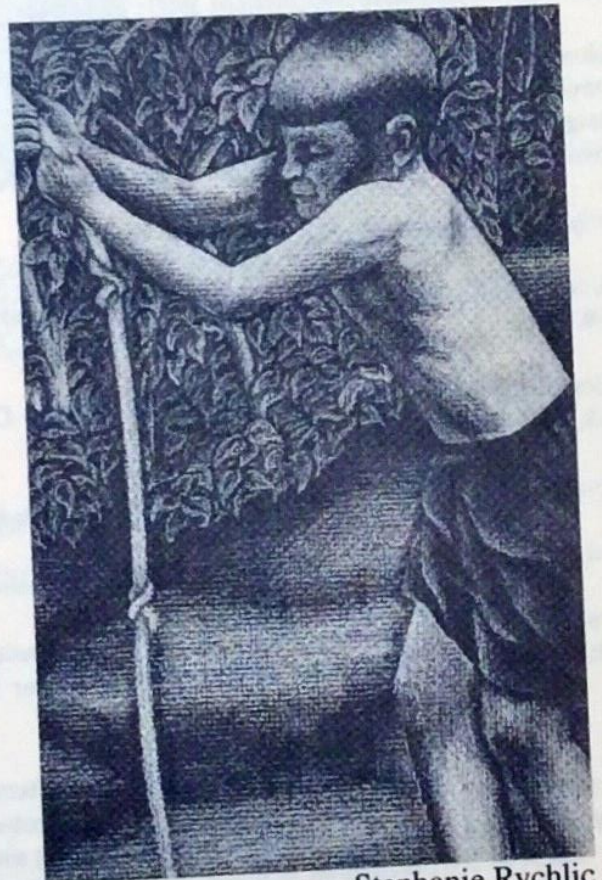
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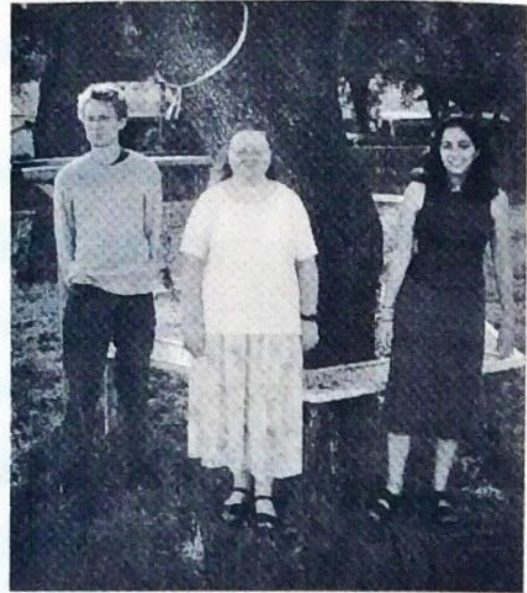
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Awards and Memberships

American Scholastic Press Association: **First Place with Special Merit (Highest Award) 1991-1995, 1997; Most Outstanding High School Literary Magazine of 1992; Perfect Rating 1,000/1,000 points 1992-1993; Outstanding Overall Art 1990, 1993; Most Innovative Supplement 1997; First Place 1998**

Columbia Scholastic Press Association: **First Place 1990, 1993, 1994; Silver Medalist 1995; All Columbian Award for Concept 1990, 1992, 1995, 1997; All Columbian Award for Creativity 1990, 1992, 1995, 1997; All Columbian Award for Design 1992, 1995, 1997; All Columbian Award for Content 1997; Gold Medalist 1997; Silver Crown Award 1991; Gold Crown Award 1992; Silver Medalist 1998; Bronze Medalist 2000**

Merlyn's Pen: **Bronze Medal 1993-1995, 1997**

National Council of Teachers of English: **Highest Award 1991-1993; Superior Rating 1989, 1994 2000; Excellent Rating 1990, 1995;**

National High School Press Association: **Best of Show Competition 1991-1994; 2nd in Nation 1991-1992; 4th in Nation 1993; 6th in Nation 1994**

National Scholastic Press Association: **First Class with three Marks of Distinction 2000**

Texas Association of Journalism Educators: **Best of Show 1997**

Texas High School Press Association: **Texas Honor Rating 1989; State Champion 1990-1992; Reserves State Champion 1994; Honor Roll of Excellence 1992-1995; Best Cover 1993; 2nd Place in State 1995; Mark of Distinction 1997**

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Walter L. Howard III

September 8, 1942 - February 17, 2001

In remembrance of Walter Howard, III

Principal of MacArthur for 8 years.