

Bullseye 2003



Summer in Suburbia



A New Beginning

Heather Brown

Bullseye 2003
Volume 19

**The Literary and Art Magazine
of
Douglas MacArthur High School**

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One Summer Day in Surburbia

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You better finish all your chores before you go out!

Get up! Time to mow the lawn!

Ladies and Gentlemen,
Are you ready to live?
I'm starting a religion
Can you believe?
Do you have faith?
Faith in
what's real,
Or faith in reality?
Does anyone see the difference?
It's as clear to me as night and
day,
A vision that
doesn't go away
It makes you wonder
On the power of
thought
The extent of
sight,
The limits of soul,
Spirit
Senses
prolonged for
knowledge
You want truth? So do I
Perception glimmering in my eye
Vision of all
Incomplete manifestation
In mind:
My father is the Lizard
King
My mother is Lady
Montague
A forest focused on
Perception
+
Romance
And in between
Is the truth I've been searching
for

A lightning bolt at any time
Lends me words
To give me voice
A song of love
A letter to reality
I, the ghost of others' hauntings
I, write the truths
That people fear
Labeled atrocious by some
Others see the truth of me:

I am honest in metaphor.

Anthony Michael Campney



In the Hands of God

Dustin Pozan

Single File

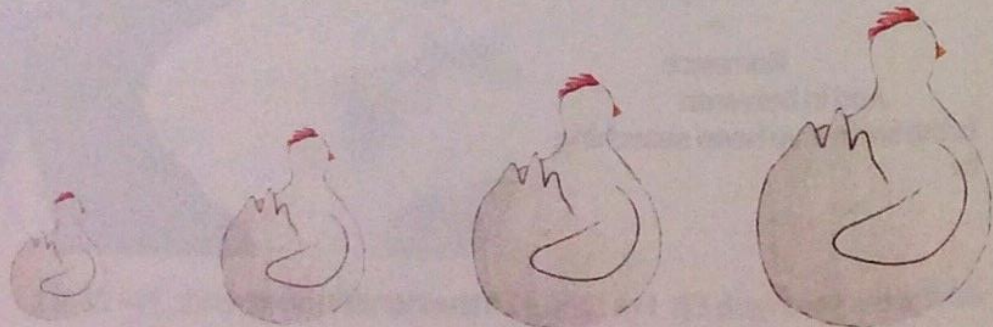
Same faces
Different days
Time suspends and spins them into unconscious
routine
Taught single file line until they reach their teens
Getting driving machines doesn't much change
things
Still in line
Only with that false sense of freedom
But no one's freed them
From their hackneyed hums of
Education is the key to success
Having dreams only occur while they're sleeping
So they settle for less
I'M SO MISERABLE!
But at least I have my money is their motto
Oh No! It's that time of day again where they
Meet up with that ever so familiar intersection
That they know the light is always red
So without thought they open their mouths
Put on their brakes and continue to be spoon fed
They use repetition as a sedative
Because they still don't know where they're going
Only growing older with the same age of thought
Still remembering what they were taught
Instead of thinking for themselves
Slaves to safe, promising prisons
Risk only exists in a drawer next to all
The other board games that never get played
In this day and age being a sage is replaced
With living in an unlocked cage
Unaware of fresh air because
Cubicles are too promising with advantages
Mistaken for comfort.

Matt Dayton



Chickens

Melissa Garza



Rhetoric Lifeline of the Production Line

**Standing down in the production line
Probes and steel shafts closing in from behind
Ripped flesh, a torture conspiracy
Blood on your hands and scabs on your brittle
knees**

Please this disease

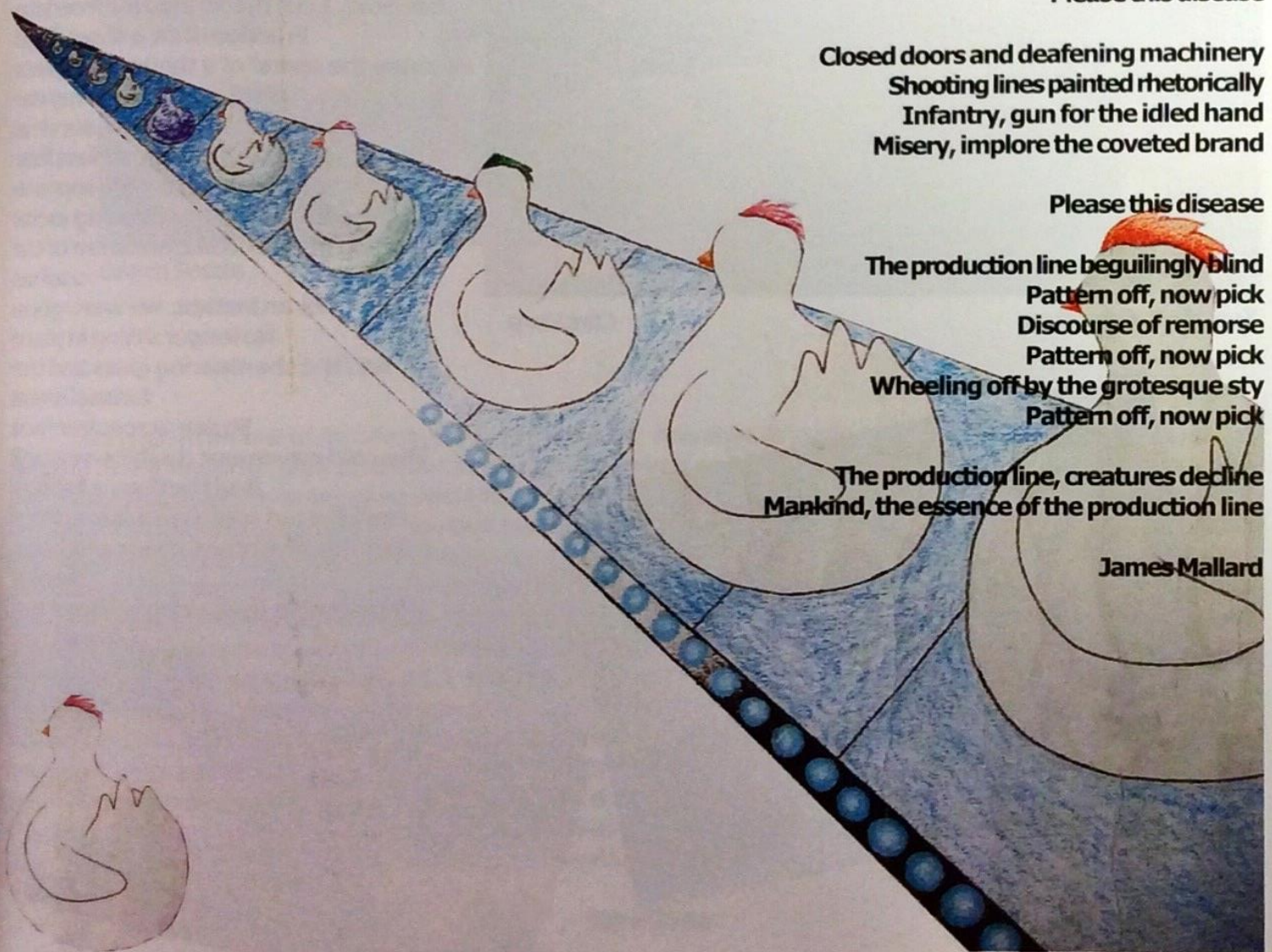
**Closed doors and deafening machinery
Shooting lines painted rhetorically
Infantry, gun for the idled hand
Misery, implore the coveted brand**

Please this disease

**The production line beguilingly blind
Pattern off, now pick
Discourse of remorse
Pattern off, now pick
Wheeling off by the grotesque sty
Pattern off, now pick**

**The production line, creatures decline
Mankind, the essence of the production line**

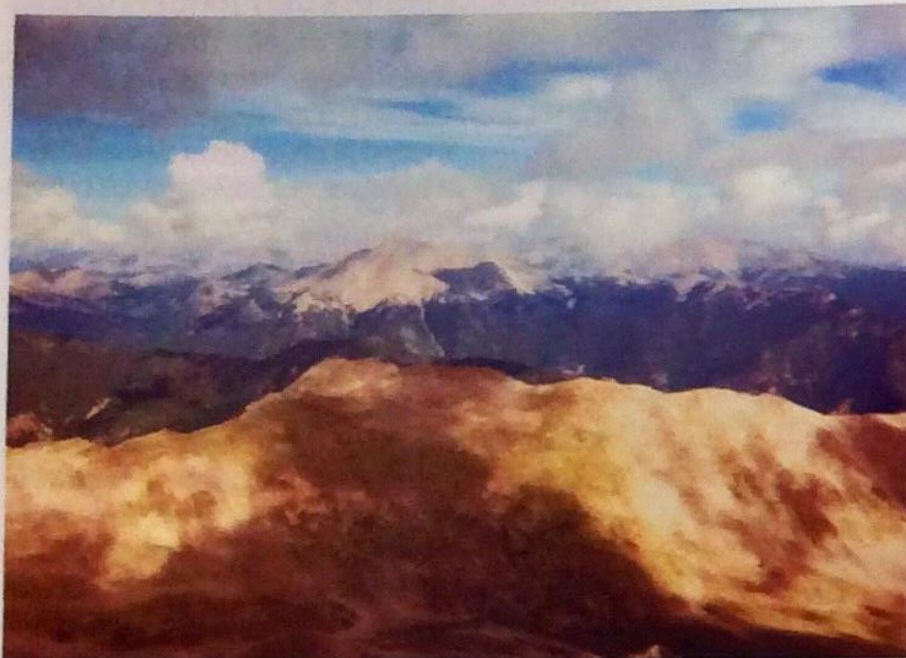
James Mallard



No title

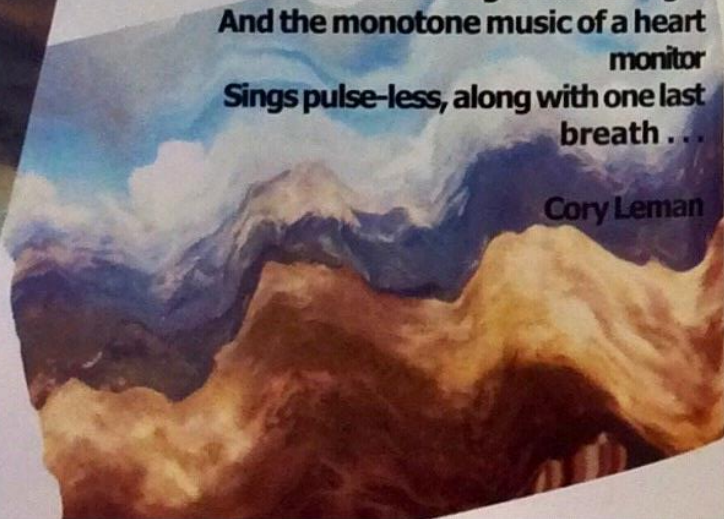
I sit in place
Watching the lines go by
Held fast, but the uncomf^{ort} is
unbearable
I look over and the glaze in her eyes in
numb
The smell of her dad's whisky fresh on
her breath
And having the uncoordination of a
lifetime
But now, I cut the strings for freedom
Freedom that is short-lived
Because the sound of a thousand bullets
Shot-gunned into my ear
Like a crash course in survival
And living in a breathless fear
Screeching tires singing soprano
Piercing above the crushing metal
Flooding my world like an ocean of car
crashes
For an instant, we were gone
No longer sitting in place
And the shimmering glass and the
twisted metal
Stolen across her face
The cold pavement doubles as a bed
And the time is forever
Until the red siren lights shine bright
And the monotone music of a heart
monitor
Sings pulse-less, along with one last
breath . . .

Cory Leman



Top of Mt. Princeton

Clint Harp





Beach Scene

Marianne Bryce

Smile

Guys go in and out of my life but one in particular has always stayed in my memory. This guy was, to me, the finest looking guy I had ever seen. I had a crush on this guy for over four years and not once in those four years did I ever imagine what happened, would ever happen between us. We had always joked around about making out and stuff like that but I never thought in my wildest dreams that he was the least bit serious. But to my amazement one day he turned to me and asked, "You want to make out?" Well since we had been saying that to each other for the last two weeks, I thought he was playing. So, of course, I said yes, not thinking that he might be serious this time. Well, to my surprise, he got up and walked over to me and kissed me. As our lips touched, my heart started to race and my hand started to shake. I darted back unconsciously and wiped my lips off. I had never kissed a guy before and he didn't know that. So, he felt rejected. He apologized and went back to his seat and sat down. I felt bad because I really wanted to stay kissing him but he caught me off guard and it scared me. So, I put all of my fears behind me and went and sat next to him and apologized. Then I reached over and kissed him back. He smiled and I went back to my seat. Maybe it was just something for him to do that day, but for me it was much more than that. We never did get together and eventually he moved; but to this day, whenever I start to miss him, I sit there and think about the bus and the kiss we had shared and I smile.

Nikki Griffis



Tiger

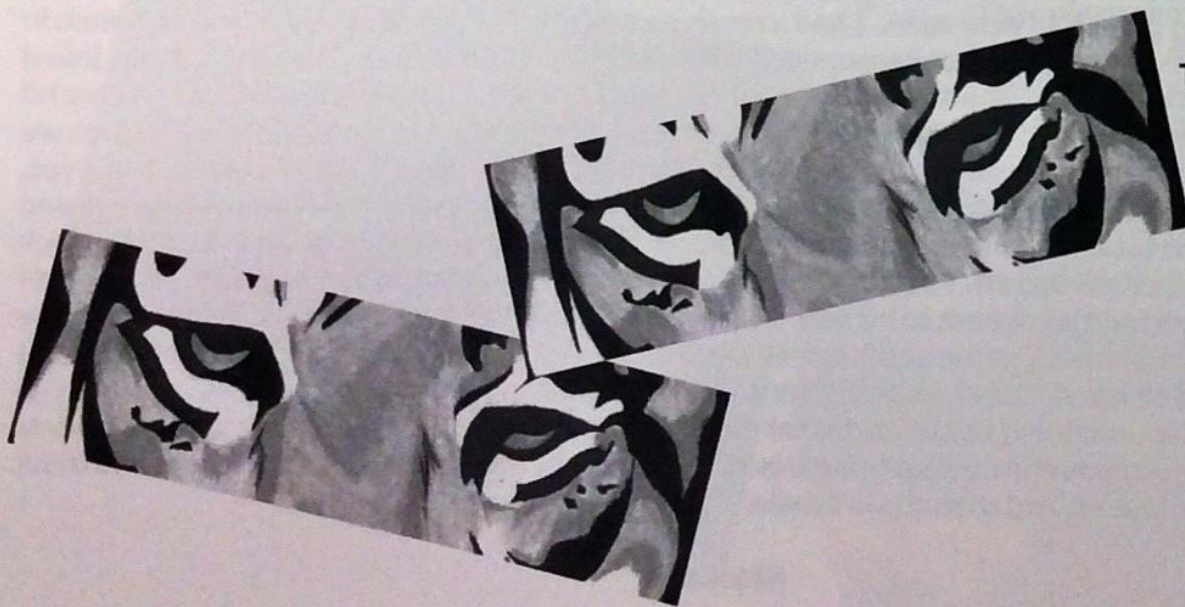
Daniel Vanegas

Victim

A victim is someone
 who I will never be.
 I pull myself up above
 all the destruction and pain.
 Realizing I can never
 look at life the same way.
 Time rewinds to the night,
 when everything was forced to change.
 A holiday that is supposed to cause
 miracles,

tore this girl's soul,
 and broke her heart.
 Too terrified to scream
 I prayed for serenity.
 Feeling only guilt,
 for a hateful crime,
 I lower my head
 and try not to cry.
 I open my eyes
 and look in the mirror.
 not a victim,
 but a survivor is
 whom I shall
 always be.

Heather Sieloff





Eyes520

Jennifer Peterson

Saccharin

Self-Esteem is just a drug that is too hard to find
And doesn't last long enough anyways
If it is not forever, it is not long enough

I'll pop a pill every now and then
But all I can produce are artificial smiles
And she isn't always here to make real ones

Alone is where I lose myself
Or do I find myself
Maybe finding actual self is just too scary
And it is my denial that prolongs the suffering

Alone is where I lose my buzz
Drive into the shallow pool
Crack my skull on the everything that I'm not
And the nothing that I am

Alone is where I think too much
Alone is where I think not enough
Driven blank from thought
R is it lack of thought?
It all rots away eventually
Just wish I could scrounge up one last pill
Until she saves me from drowning in the shallow end
If she ever does.

Mike Amendola

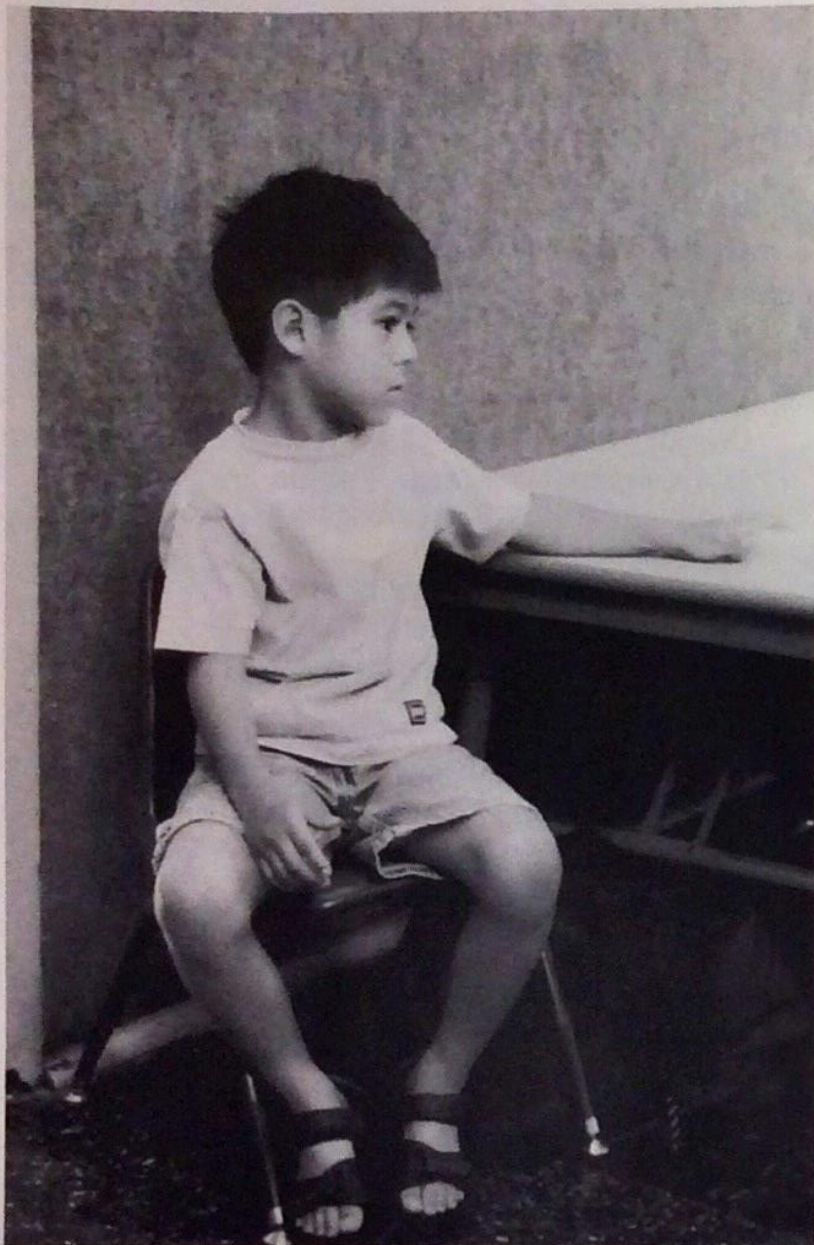


The man in my backyard

2002-11-19 / 1:39 a.m.

If seeing you is believing,
then I don't believe what I am seeing.
If living life is breathing,
then what's it called when I'm left heaving?
I'm all kisses and no hugs,
I can't talk so it's all shrugs.
I guess what I need is a few revisions,
it's all taken care of in my plans and provisions.
I like to think that you can see me.
What if thinking is all I can be?
What if tomorrow is today?
I still won't have anything to say.
I'll end up turning and running away,
just like you did, when I did, yesterday.
I can see your eyes glazing over,
I can see your dreams as they hover.
Chapstick on my lip, makeup under my eye,
I think I hate you with all my love, but I have no idea
why.
Repetition, no real kisses, no real hugs,
Just me again, alone with my shrugs.
I know I need a few revisions,
Just wait for my plans and provisions.

Sophie Covo



Summer Blues

Kat Rullo

Sleeping Reality

Once you thought
 Then you remembered that it is all a dream,
 Never perfect.
 Why can't we all just figure out,
 That once we wish
 We put an end to reality
 And find that we are wishing ourselves to
 sleep.

Cagney Ortiz

Transition

Inspire me
 I require me
 To enter a dream and a trance
 For the tides of change are coming,
 love
 You think it's the same
 Nothing's the same
 A minute is worth a million changes
 Watch the earth's rotation
 Watch us age
 Watch us morph
 From the children we are
 To the people we will become
 Walk the planet's cracks
 Trace the fingers of the continents
 For we leave everything to chance
 Everything has changed
 Everything *will* change.

Anthony Michael Campney

Whispers

Legends of the wind
Evasive whips and whispers
Feeling sunlight and eternity
pumping through my veins
Roots digging deep into dark
brown soil
Digging, rooting; the start of life
at the bottom

Amy Lewis



Powerful Sky

David Olivares

Ceramic Days

Merging into the floor
Creating some kind of stolid equilibrium
between the inanimate and living
It may not speak words
But it relates to me
A mutual kin

14

The cracks in the cold earth tile describe
The valleys of undiscovered self
That are visible
But not yet understood
An explorer stranded at the entrance to a
cave
A 3-inch microcosm
Too deep in the crevices to climb out
Too far gone to find comfort in human
presence

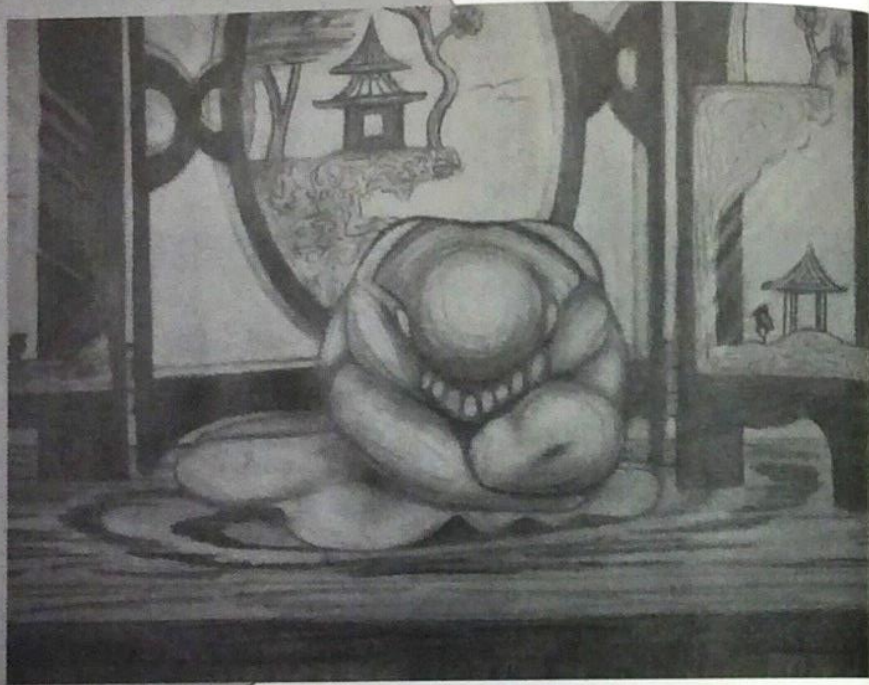
I can hear the echoes of the feet
stomping over me
On me
They scream loud
Proudly reverberating
Until I am deaf
And all I can feel...
Is the silent presence of the bottom of
their pompous shoe

The ignorant don't account for the lives
they've taken
From every being that isn't large enough
To steal attention from their conscience

The crevice is not respected by the
ignorant

But I am content with that

Because there is always the floor
And the loyal security of the tile cracks



Still Life

Ricardo Briones

I can feel the eyes beating down
every so often
Squinting from above
And the waves of confusion,
judgment and prejudice
Raining like a summer storm
And in the refuge of my ceramic
home
I can't ignore their ignorance.

Mike Amendola



Color

Badger Denehy

Let's Get Free

I got a mic' and I'll spit the truth to the youth with this lyrical proof

I got a mic' and a voice that speaks street knowledge
This isn't the education that you get in college
I got vocal chords, which take you to the edge
And disinfect your narrow mind like a can of Pledge

I got steel handcuffs around my wrists
And a cancer for the answer, which grows inside me like cysts

I got a place on this Earth and a fist of minorities with no love for authority
Since my day of birth
I got the burning of the victims in my throat

You think you're learning to defeat me, but you won't
There's an inner struggle for perseverance

You tried to shut my lips and make me incoherent
I know the future and they wanna keep our mouths shut like sutures and stitches
Let's give to the poor and rob from the rich
They think all our generation's good for is to dig ditches
I got a purpose, which can't be seen from the surface
'Cause all I am to you is some wannabe black, played out, whack, white boy
But my thoughts, which I employ aren't the same
'Cause when yo' mind rots and ya' can't see blind spots
That's when you're the one to blame with no way out
And some say doubt is your only hope for tomorrow
But that won't help, except to get ya' sorrow
The pigs turn out ya' head and make yo' light dim
But if we cross the ocean, remember pigs can't swim
When they take me to the gallows for convicted treason
And tie a rope around my neck as I'm internally bleedin'
My freedom-stricken soul will go to carnivores who are feedin'
And the children in Afghanistan still aren't readin'
With the crooked war mongers that keep on leadin'
Remember that I got a voice, a choice, and a microphone
And there's plenty of other revolutionaries, so we're not alone

James Mallard

October

Have you ever had a month you wish had
never happened?
If not a month,
A week,
A day,
Or even a single second?
A month that you couldn't take back
Where one day could change a life
completely.

A time that caused pain,
Confusion.

Like so many others, my time has come.

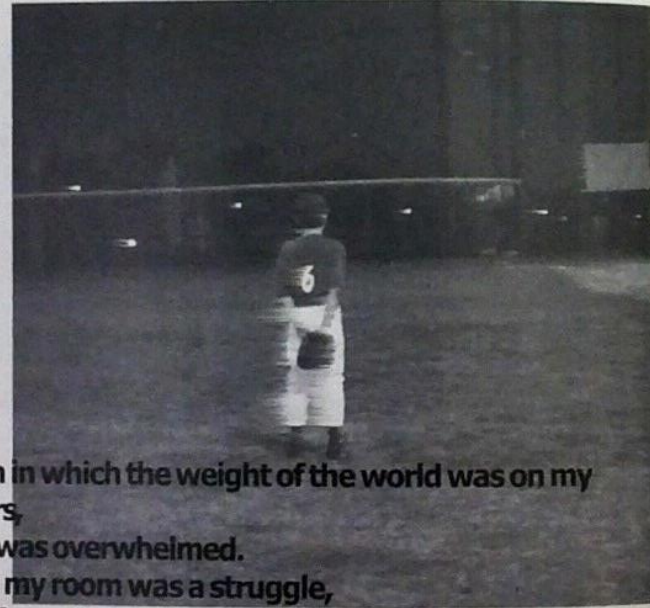


Take One For the Team

Ed Kubiak

A month where my father lost his job
A thought too horrible to imagine,
The possibility that I may have to
leave my home,
Once again.
The place where I am happy,
Settled.

Yet the sands of time disagree,
My time is running out.



A month in which the weight of the world was on my
shoulders,
When I was overwhelmed.
Leaving my room was a struggle,
For the fear of my family,
A family that couldn't agree,
Didn't understand one another
A family that sat behind fake plastered faces,
Letting the rage live on in the privacy of our own home.

The quiet of my room was the only refuge I sought,
The only place where I felt at peace.

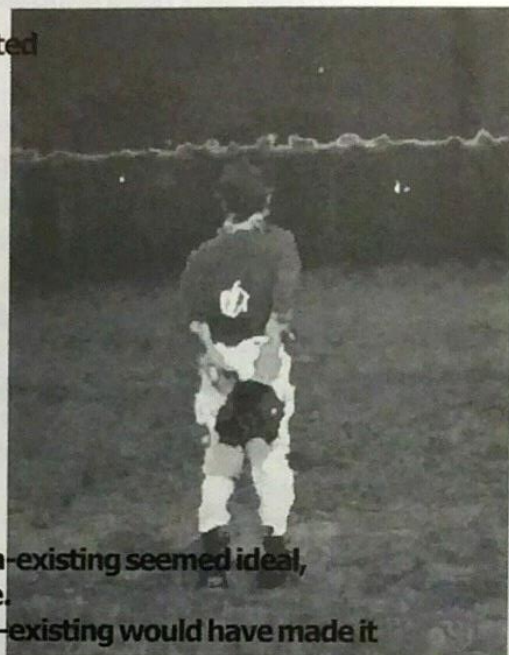


A month where acceptance lacked
 Hearts were lonely
 And goodnight kisses were scarce.
 A month where everything went to hell
 And all my hard work proved useless.

Yet, time went on, in all its self infatuated
 glory.

A month of solitude,
 Loneliness,
 Confusion,
 Longing,
 Anxiety

A month that should never
 have happened.



A month where non-existing seemed ideal,
 A vacation from life.
 But the truth is non-existing would have made it
 worse.

I'd prefer to be remembered by a smiling face,
 Not a tragedy,
 Or a loss.
 Dying now would be a waste.



So come on God, bring on another month,
 I'll take it like a man.
 Ill cry a lonely cry,
 A shy innocent cry, until then.
 For now, time will go on, changing the world, as I know
 it,
 Without any certain direction.

Ed Kubiak

Now I have a chance to make the world better again,
 With November just around the corner.

Ed Kubiak

Addiction

The urge in my bones
Tells me I need another hit of
happiness
All I need is one ounce

Standin' on the corner
Tryin' to make a 20
Just for a fix

Stop in and see Sharon
We have been on a first name
basis for a while
"Hey, what can I gecha?"

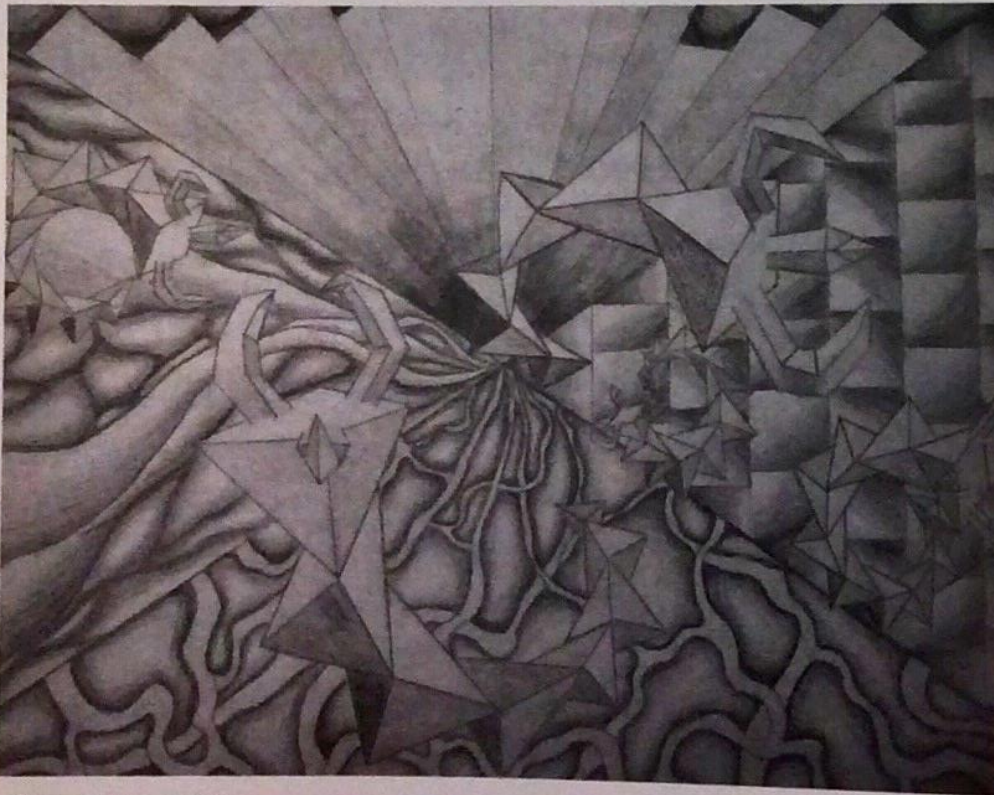
"I've got some great new stuff in.
Check out my menu."

I was always scared to try new stuff
"Nah just the usual."

So it was back to the streets
Tryin' to save up for my next hit

At least now I am warm and happy
If I was smart, I would have never
gone to Sharon the first time
But I heard only good things
And they were all right
Starbucks does have the best latté.

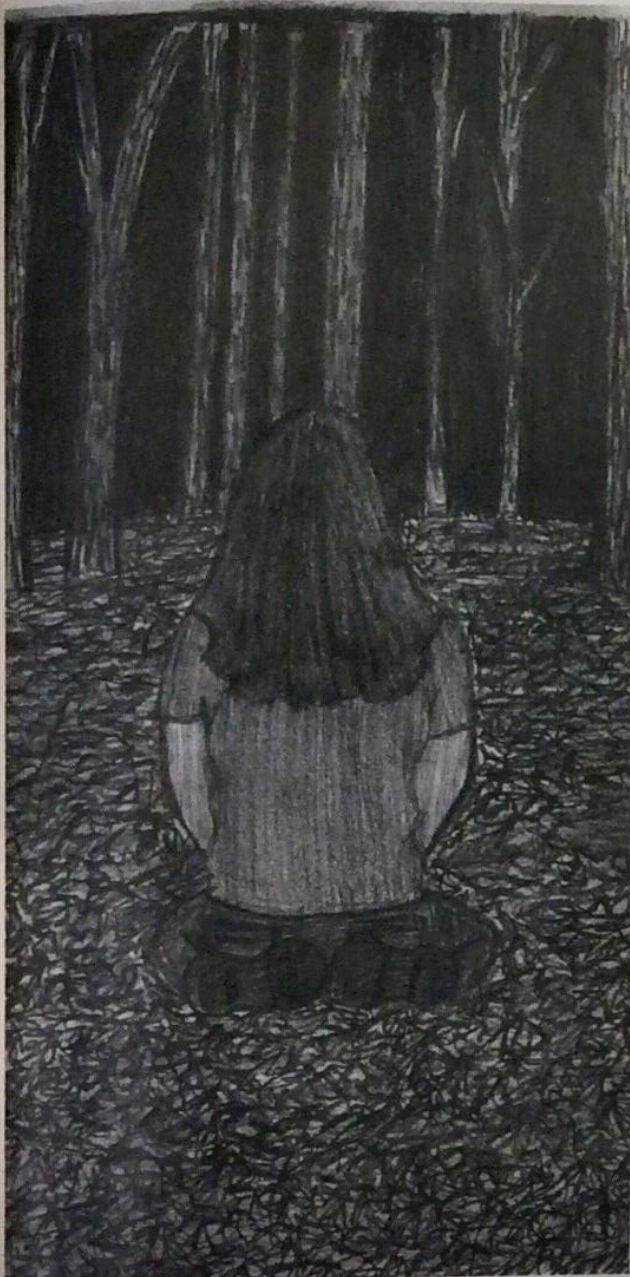
Tim Sekinger



Aaron Arogante



Pencil Chaos



Thinking

Andria Cantu

Pause and Fall Through

As the inexorable floor melts together to form
A fluid medium, willing to drown,
I welcome it with numb limbs
As I float conservatively on the surface

Soon my transparency will bleed through
And force me to meld with my captor
The transition to this diluted state, again,
But stronger now as the ceiling burns
Into the infinitely expanding void

I drift
Buoyant, on my fears, my lack
My inebriation
Slipping down further and further through the liquid lift

I could see myself in your eyes long ago
But now I linger on the inevitable blink
Blind to my concurrent circumstances

Fading from the last tangible reality
My disposition, the only clear image,
This reflection devours and pushes me onward
I don't mind

My fade persists, but smoothly
Soon the cold welcoming floor will set me free
And give my eyes the eternal glaze so longed for
I'll still be here
Waiting on the ground, drifting
With no intention of being found.

David Olson

Night Sky

Stars shine so brightly . . . make a wish
But are they really dreams come true?
So beautiful, glowing in the night sky
Reach out, grasp a handful, touch a few
See your dreams reflected there,
Suddenly gone with whispers of the wind
Look into the palm of your hand
Stars vanish without a trace

Geneviève Chávez



Endless Anticipation

There is a time in life where a person feels infinite
When a person is unstoppable
Forever at peace.

That feeling came to me in the form of a star.
I sat upon the rooftop embraced in my warm blanket
In seemingly endless anticipation for my shooting star to
come.

But it never came.
And in its place, it left a blackened heart and tear-filled eyes.

The world became a hopeless dreary world
And all things innocent were lost.

Yet my life is young
I still have a chance.
Time left to wait
In endless anticipation
For my shooting star to come.

Ed Kubiak





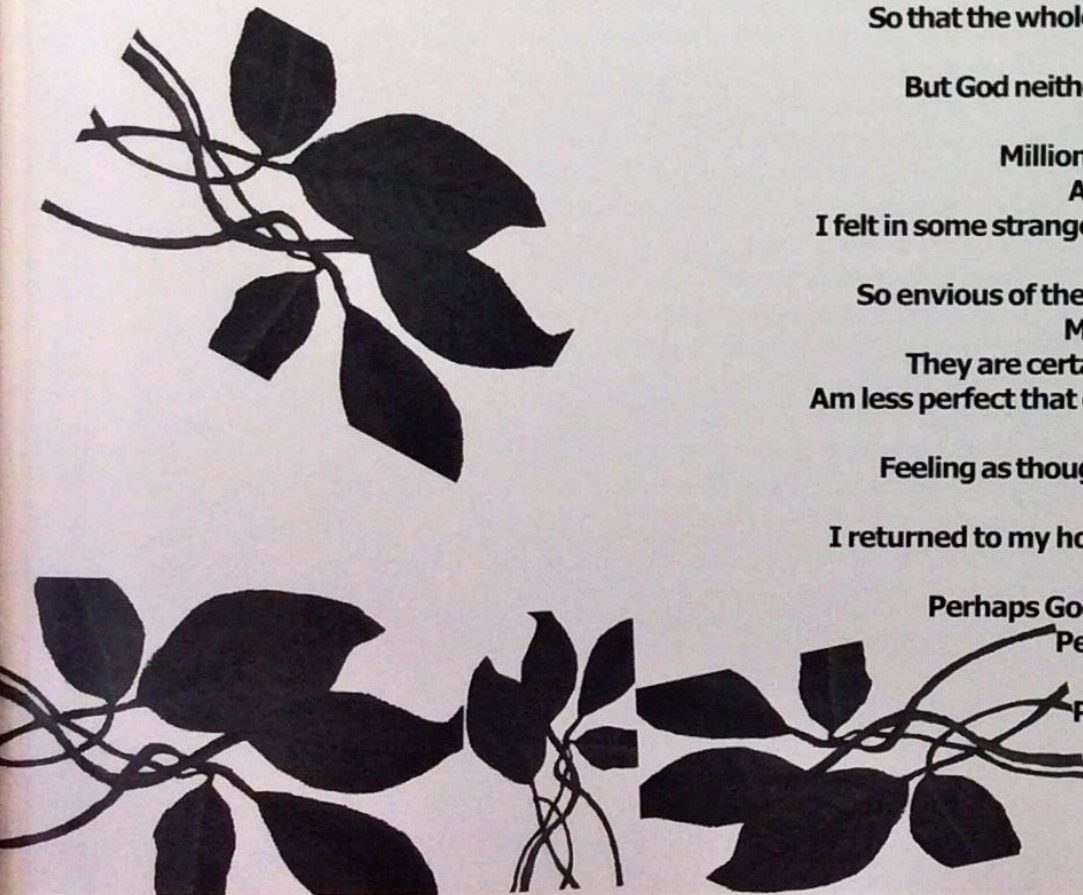
Leaves

Jenna Rasch

Meteor Shower

At four in the morning, awakening,
 And a grumpy, sleepy me
 Wrapped tightly in a wool blanket, and
 Outfitted with Eskimo attire
 I escaped into a mask of darkness outside
 Lying back on the balding lawn, I gazed into
 night's veil
 Thousands of stars hidden by city lights
 And yet, such a great number visible
 An ongoing infinity
 Unsuspecting when the moment arrived
 But zooming by my incapable eye
 Were millions of solitary mirades
 Soft, floating orbs from heaven
 And in my yard, I prayed for God to take me
 To lift me up and make me one of his spectacles
 So that the whole world could look upon me in
 wonder
 But God neither answered nor transformed
 And I was left to watch
 Millions of meteors, or so it seemed
 And one shivering, lonely body
 I felt in some strange way a connection, however
 I only stared
 So envious of the majesty of heavens candles
 Misdirection never befalls them
 They are certain of their destination, and I
 Am less perfect that even the faintest glow of the
 dimmest orb
 Feeling as though something, my guide, was
 missing
 I returned to my home empty, but in some way
 better
 Perhaps God didn't take me for a reason
 Perhaps, I am my own wonder
 My own spectacle
 Perhaps, I am a living meteor
 My own dimming, imperfect
 Mirade.

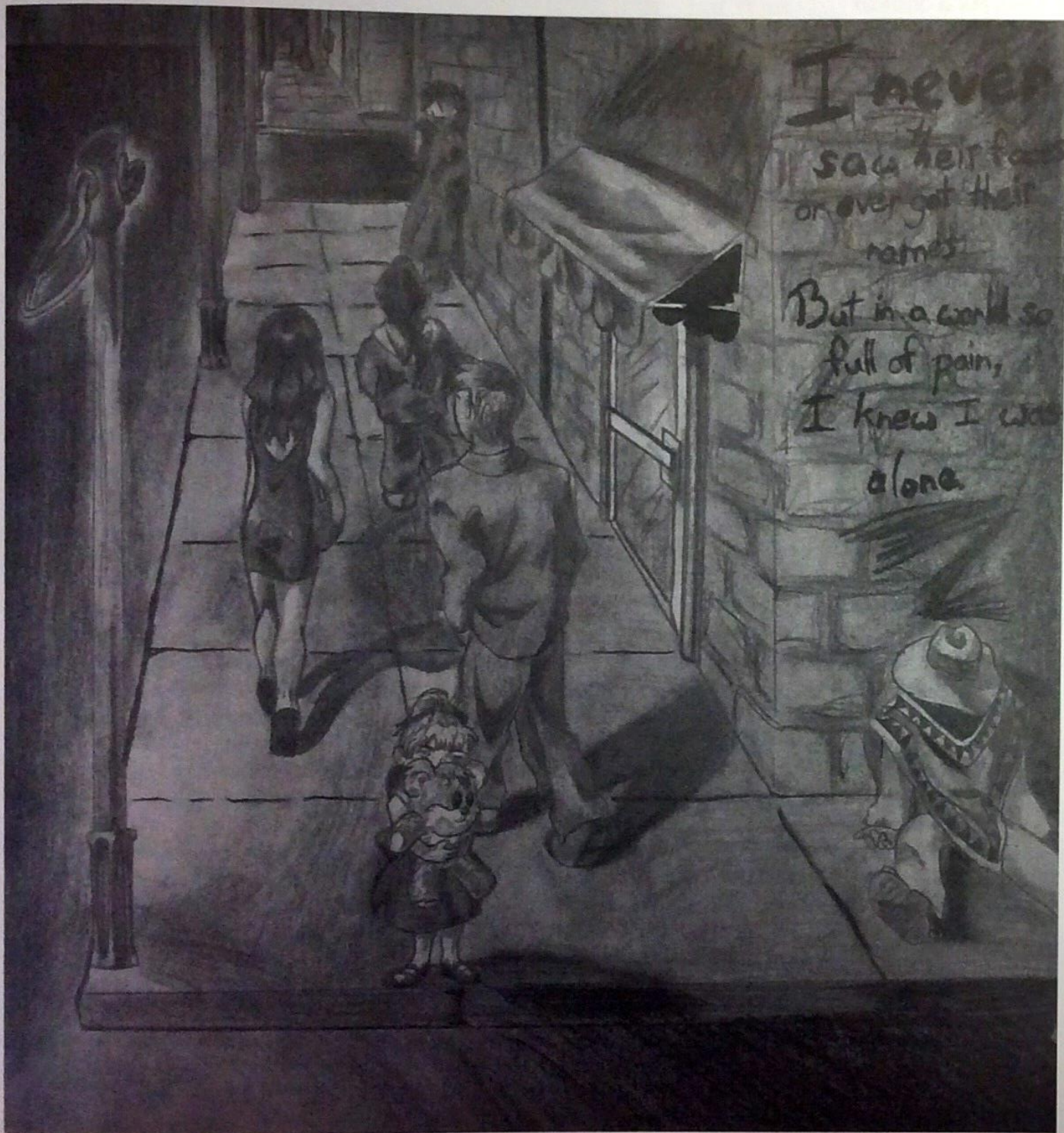
Melissa May



Tragic Irony

**Nonsense goes hand in hand with irony
It's tragic in many ways
Never sure of which way to turn
And commanded by heart and twisted logic
It was like waking from a dream
That was fruitful and beautiful
And finding yourself lost in withdrawal
For loss of a dream
Sent back to the prison of reality
Where everything's in transition
And nothing ever changes
Apologies fall on deaf ears
Ghostly tears fall from hollow eyes
At the thought of harming another soul
With everything I've sworn as my enemy
I found an angel
But she's not mine
I was trapped in so much pain
I needed the drug as fast as I could get it
Like an addict ignoring consequence
Weeks felt like years
The time has come for time to slow
I wake up from my dream and cried
Kill the connection for fear of misery
We'll weep awhile
Then we'll reminisce in anger
And then we'll forget
Nonsense goes hand in hand with irony.**

Anthony Michael Campney



The Street

Tamara Cozby

The Poet As a Seeker

I am writing from windowsills
And skylines painted black
Plucking diamond stars
From a dark-velvet sky
Hearing their stories
And writing them in blood.
At night I am a mass
Of bent angles
And wrinkled sheets
At night I do not sleep.
It is not so bad to not know
What is to come
This is what I have learned
Waiting
In the streets and on porch steps

Amy Lewis



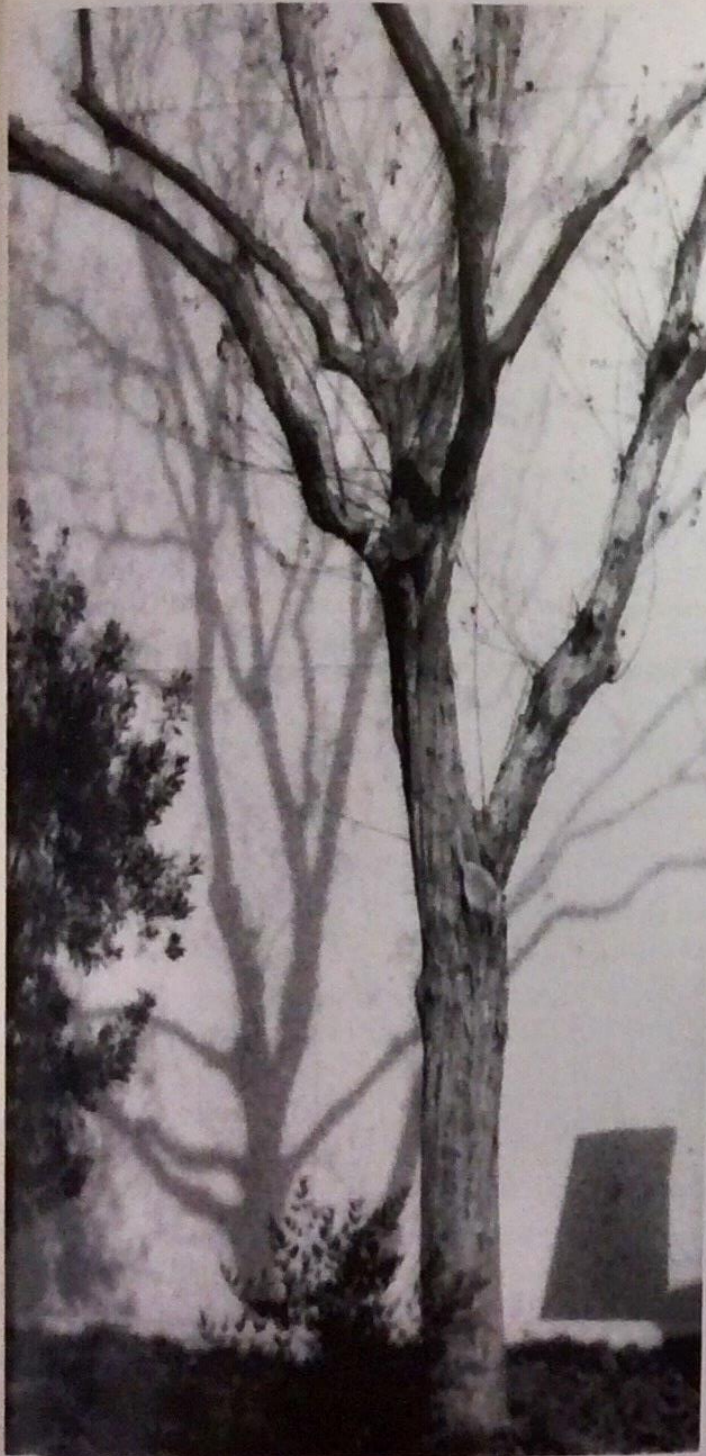
Top of Mt. Princeton in Cloud Cover

Clint Harp

The Gallery

That little girl, she loved so many things, but each could be viewed from a distance, done by herself. She never really learned how to reach out . . . even when she did, she was afraid to hold on. In love she was lonely. A silent façade she gave the world. Never willing to take action—she watched the world, saw the sights—but she never really lived it. And where is she now? She goes to the fair and watches love blossom in others. Dreams of the things she knows will never be. Things she could never hope to be. She watches them all and envies their easy movements—never mind their hard lives—she envies their ability to love. Where is she now? Sitting in her room alone, playing with fancy and hearing the rain. Reading the books of others' lives, reading their novels so full of life. Where is she now? She is in pre-cal, pondering her faults and living no life. She writes of the same things, same problems, same strife, never daring to stop them. Patience, the cards say. "Her life," she says, "is nothing but patience." And for all her frowns, she would have it no other way. That is she, with her faults and quirks. Sometimes people just can't change, sometimes they just have to wait, hold the pain inside. Sometimes they just can't cry. Where does she want to be? In the arms of another, knowing it is only her they want, knowing she lived for that person, stood up to say, "I love you." That is where her heart is. But her mind is in the gallery, seeing all the art she fears she'll never create, the life she'll never live. Heart in the clouds, mind on the ground. It could be no other way. *No other way.*

Natsu Carmony



The Shadows Among Us

Leslie Grundy

Just Wait

A wasteland of lies that were told
The planet left with our mistakes
They sit around wondering why
The smoke still rises and dirt still falls
To quest, to find truth, to find the answer
of the gods
The journey is set, they will go forth to find
Past the runes of the structure of nothingness
with the destruction of time

Fading away
Searching around for a familiar scene
Here to find, still left like that day
Of the explosion that engulfed them all
No pity they took, feeling no remorse

Finding a drink of the gods
To realize what they have seen
Keeping sane and not to weep
To gain power and knowledge to no end
The chair was the key, it told the truth

To turn and see what they have been looking
for all this time
A weak corpse looks out upon the mass decay
of what he has caused
The thoughts of the gods are no more
The answers brought to light by the quest
The truth was found just by one
For now he tells the tales of what he saw
But only a little at a time
Because he found out on his trip that too much
can kill us all

John Moravits

The Death of a Muse

The last images of her noble smile
fade,

It was the last time she'd been
able to smile like that to me,
Last time I'd be able to smile back
Aura of wisdom
That graced her from the strands
of her hair
To her Birkenstocks,
Extinct.
Killed by crass fingertips.

I would write my best
When I thought about the melodic
harmony of her sleep
Barely breathing
Just enough of a murmur to make
my heart melt
And my pen flow
Ineffable
Words could not do it justice
But they tried

A beautiful muse.

However, you cannot touch a
muse.

The last piercing echoes of our
final words
Finally escape my enslaved
eardrums

All harmony of our infatuated
smiles whispered away
As did the painful screeches of our
awkward silence

I would write my best in self-
created misery
The best art comes out of angst
And she was my muse

A beautiful muse.

Looking back...
I must have known she was too
mature for me,
Too tragic,
Too deep,
Something I couldn't touch without
falling into,
And I'd write until I hit the ground

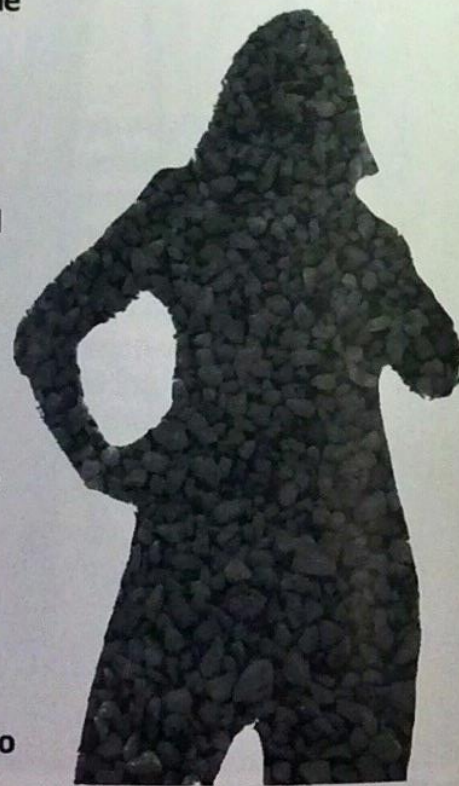
And on the ground presented a
scenic barrage of words
Hopelessly scattered over a broken
body.
But what wonderful words.

I lied there for what seemed like the
longest time,
There would be occasions when I
would try to get up,
But karma ensued
And I'd fall right back down again
A silhouette in a pool of pitiful blood
And a scarred left wrist
That everyone frowned upon.

At some point, there was an
awakening sound,
And I arose,
The bleeding had stopped, and the
tears had dried,
More words were written,
They weren't as beautiful,
But that was all right
Because I had smiled an honest
smile
And that's what I had needed for so
long

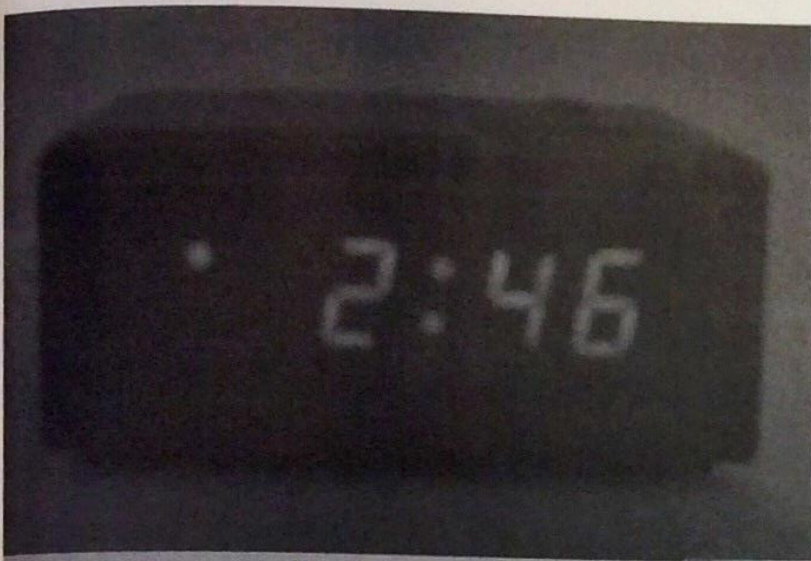
I was able to reproach the muse,
But in my eyes, she was dead,
A deafening song of the death of
a muse is all I heard for a while,
A wise muse,
But in her place,
Was the birth of a friend
And she was intelligent enough to
know
That's what we both needed more
And she was wiser than I could
have realized
And I touched her with a smile
But this time, I did not fall.

Mike Amendola



Shadow

Dione Muzny



28

Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003

Can I go now?!

Ok, be back by dinner!



The First Sign of Spring

Melissa Garza

Stranded

Howling wind slices ceaselessly at my cheeks,
The tainted hue of joyless gray surrounds me as
I step into the barren, lifeless field.
Ice-encrusted weeds cling to my ankles.
Sparse trees loom somberly in the stony distance.
From weary, withered trunks snake
Emaciated, fruitless branches, so thin,
I can see the monotonous gloom right through them.
Freezing marshes wide as the eye can see, deep as
eternity harbor.
Jagged chunks of nostalgic trees of long ago, jutting
Harshly askew--unsheltered, naked in the cold.

A vulture circles soullessly overhead;
The only other creature in the dismal wasteland.
It senses weakness,
As bleak destitution filters through my system and
overtakes my mind.
It sees its chance.
Its body, the perilous shaft of a spear,
Its beak, the arrowhead.

Hugging the frozen ground, the color
Leaving my skin. Feeling nothing but
The cold creeping through my veins.
I stare unblinkingly skyward in search of hope
Only to find steel abandonment as
I slip backwards into the horrid swamps below.

Kayla Mire

These Words

On the day that I die,
Is the day people will sing.
I realize that time will pass, seasons will change, and
tears will fade from liquid to dust.
Yet, if I received one memory to embed in these
vocalists' minds,
It would not be the date of my death,
But on the flipside, the date in which I began to live.
In the short time that I've existed on this massive
planet,

A thought, a single idea, has been gradually in
metamorphosis inside my mind.
The realization that life isn't about one's wealth or
social status.
Nor is it about one's race, religion, or origin.
Sadly, we degrade our minds to the point where
we'd rather drown in a sea of ignorance,
Opposed to swimming to the shore, overlooking the
superficial wastes that pollute our names, worlds,
and families.

It's become disturbing to learn, at times, extremes
must be made, then broken, all for the sake of
realization.

Realization of the imprisonment we choose to live
under.

Just say "FORGET THAT!" and free one's spirit
Free our spirits!

Our eyes and minds are exposed to information
that's never been thought of,
Nor has dare been distributed.

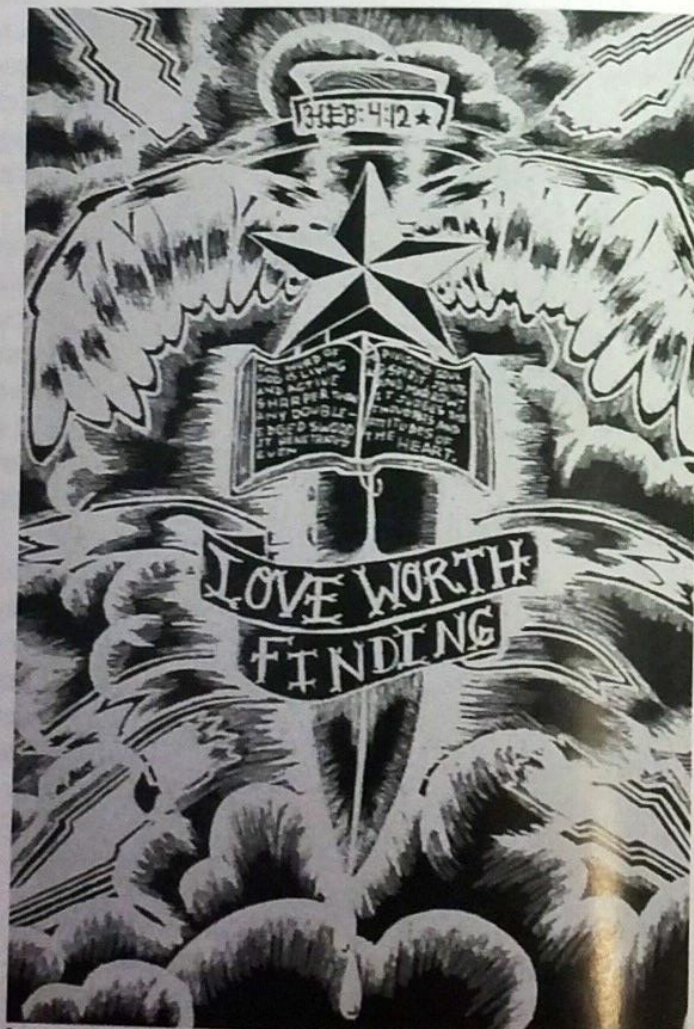
So special and rare that it's hardly given.
Subtract our jobs, money, and possessions.
Strip one's insecurities and endorse faith in the heart
and mind.

What life, along with all of life's components,
amounts to is our ideas, beliefs, and dreams.
Rusted iron shackles, once worn as golden bracelets
of slavery, are finally removed from our hands and
feet.

Yet, we dare not move.
Frozen in fear; a weary, bruised arm struggles to
reach out and the weak, exhausted prisoners cry.
Cry for an answer, cry for a problem, cry because,
finally, they are free and somehow still manage to
remain prisoners of fear.

Life is about the actions we took to take a stand in
our ideas,
And to make our dreams become a reality.

Nancy Clay



Love Worth Finding

Ryan Ropka

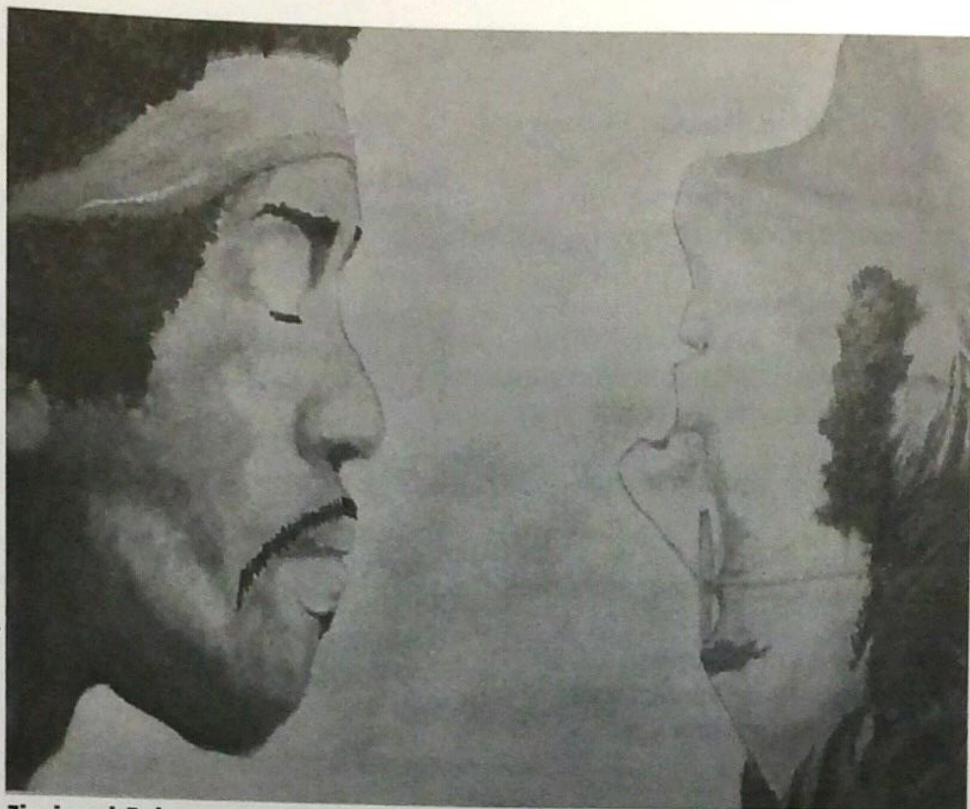
Think of it as Funk

Hey sister...wanna hear a secret?
My life is an outplayed song
I've been dancing too long
I've never felt the cold air rush
between me
And someone else . . .
It's always been hot hot hot
Drawn out too long
I've lived my life like I was told
I tried too hard to be somebody
And now I'm too old
Maybe my mother was right
When she said
"You're no good. You're better off
dead."

I longed to be like those people I
see
In movies
Making a way in the world today
Living their lives, no pain
All I want to do is be somebody
Love somebody
Try to be like them
Is that so wrong wrong wrong
Maybe I did it in the wrong way

Tell me that secret again...
About the girl who lived too long
But died too young
To make a lasting impression
On the world that needed her
To sing for them
To dance for them
To live for them
She's gone gone gone
Too late to be somebody
Too late to be somebody
Too late to be somebody new

Hey Momma...who's that girl?



Jimi and John

Keith Gefkin

The girl with the long hair
And the small lips
And the almost perfect body?
Oh, she's nobody
Just a person tryin' to be a
somebody
But never got a chance
'Cause she wasn't here
And here is
The right place
At the right moment
With the right person
Telling you what to do
So don't worry about her
Just keep on singin'
Keep on tryin' to be a star
Keep on failin'

Keep on livin'
Keep on, baby...
Just keep on.

Natalie Darrah

Falling up the Rabbit Hole

I guess for anything to go up
It must go down first
And down
 And down
 And down
Because you can't know who you are
Until you know all you're not

Then you can start building.

And you can't heal
Until you've died a thousand times
And yet
They want you to smile...
To emulate their plastic faces
And believe in all their lies.

Please.

On Bridges

Complexities of incompetence
Incompleteness, incongruity
Of lives lived, days done but
not over
Synergistic combustion of
emotions, reactions
And thoughts on bridges.
Standing on top of walls
screaming.

Amy Lewis

Don't build you're truth on lies.
Because when it all comes tumbling
down.

The silence echoes loudly
And the tunnel never ends
The darkness is so blinding...

Break me.

So I can't go back.
I don't want to live like that.
Kill the part of me that's you,
Because you're dying
And I don't want to live like that...

So I'm falling up the rabbit hole,
Into this wonderland
And as I pass you going down,
I'll wave...
Because you won't take my
hand.

Kristen Ketcherside.



Welding

Cory Leman

That's What She Said

2002-11-15 / 3:16 a.m.

in a day that i'm not likely to remember, a day that's grey in a world no more than black and white, he brings me color.

that grain of sand that makes up the whole world, is in his pocket, and i know that if i ask him to, he'll share it with me.

he's 500 miles away, he's sitting at my table, he's real, he doesn't exist, but he's never farther than my fingertips.

i sit and let my thoughts float in maybe creek, but i know that it's likely that he would be the certain rock that i rest on.

no more, no less, it's simplicity. honesty doesn't call for anything further.

in a world where i am insignificant, he makes me feel like more.

Sophie Covo



The Tree

Melissa Garza



Tea Party

Melissa Garza

Dream

The way they look at me...
 Those eyes, with that amber tint.
 A glance, a stare, a blink that takes me away.
 I get lost in them
 And just want to stay and dream with you
 And perhaps, add another line to this endless
 poem we make together.

The way they kiss me . . .
 Those lips, stained with the color of your words
 When you speak of the syllables you drowned in
 And when you gasp for breath, I feel them
 And the heat against my neck, and it takes me
 away
 Then I get lost and just want to stay
 And watch you sleep . . . and dream

The way they touch me . . .
 Those hands.
 They carry my heart and hold my hand,
 They shake my shoulders to see if it's real
 And they make me realize that it is
 And that you are true.

As they wave good-bye
 It makes me lost inside
 Because you are going away
 And I just want to stay . . . and dream
 with you.

Skylar Altman

Electa

Electa can smell him from outside the pub. The sweet sent of young meat had hit her nostrils and invited her to stop in.

Focusing in on the prey, she stalks to a stool at the bar only a few seats from where her future meal sits. Electa slowly eyes the boy and licks the tip of her front teeth. She orders a drink, the same rarity as his, and his attention shifts from the bottom of his misery glass to the bestial panther woman flanking his right arm.

"I've got the same drink," he says, marveling at what he thinks is immediate rapport.

She replies with a strategic lack of interest.

"I do not recall having seen you here before," he begs for another momentary contact with her gorgeous eyes, "What is your name?"

Glancing at him with a bit of a smile, "Electa."

After a long silence he offers, "Can I buy you another?"

"Sure," Electa answers, casually looking him over, feigning interest to the perfect degree.

As he beings to order a second goblet for this new goddess, he notices movement. She is getting up from her chair, and leaving.

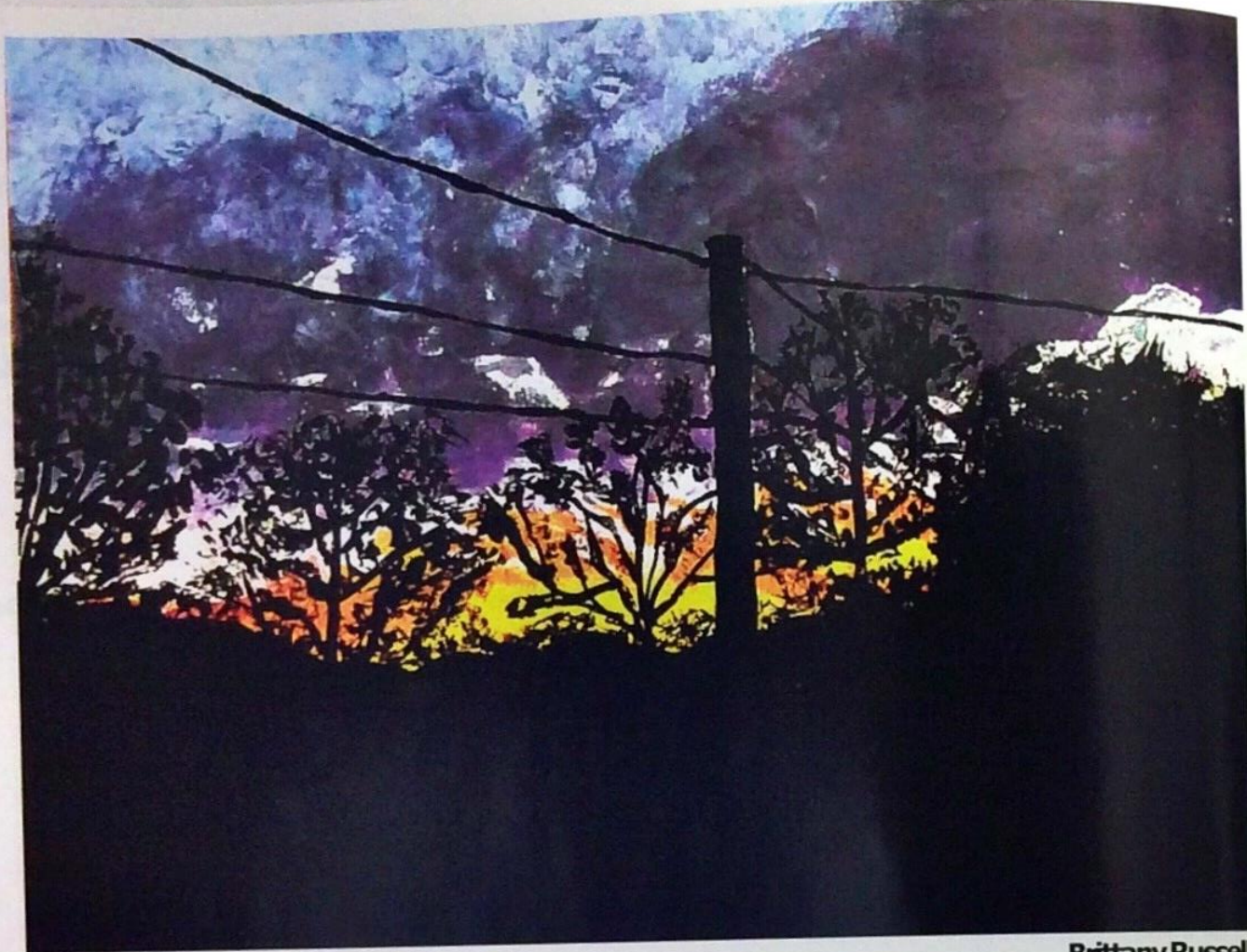
"Wait!" he is calling after her as he glides to catch her. His pleadings seem to work as he sees the dark figure cease to move. Electa turns and takes his hand and pulls him out into the street.

"Where are we g . . ." he begins to question her, only to be silenced by the shock of her moistened lips.

She pulls away from him, still slightly lingering, and responds in a whisper. "Shh. Talking time is over."

From Electa's dimmed bedroom, under obsidian linen sheets, his body lies. His mangled corpse is still warm from the smoldering passion of the previous hours. What remains is simply a burden to Electa, the full and uncaring praying mantis. She simply needs a nap before she gets out from under the blood stained sheets to clean up and prepare for tonight's meal.

Jennifer Peterson



Fence

Brittany Russell

Poem's Dying Wish

The rings around her eyes dig deep
 The afterglow of a night without dreams
 His name etched beautifully in cursive lace
 Foolishly,
 she scratches through the graffiti of ink
 The bittersweet sorrow of parting with the
 remnants of her love
 A broken-hearted journal falls to the floor
 Blue-lined notebook soliloquies
 Crumpled in wads of broken dreams
 Laid to rest in a pauper's grave,
 The trash.

Her empty hands carry the weight of the world
 Holding onto nothing, the hole her dreams left
 behind.

The story of her life,

"Holding onto Nothing"

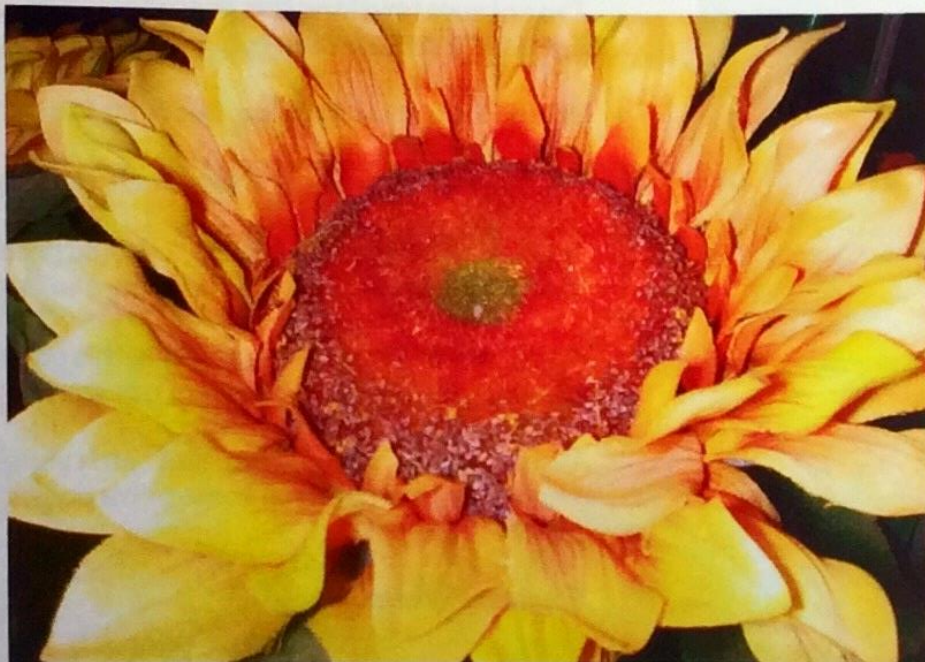
She buries the past
 Abandoned in its wastebasket prison
 Her poems shriek and moan
 Insulted by her tearless funeral
 Breathless, fading, whisper from their deathbed
 "Dream again, love again...write again"
 a poem's dying wish.
 Goodbye, love.

Mandi Woods

Buzz

Sedatives for all the good girls and boys,
So they pay attention and share their toys,
And don't get distracted by all the world's
noise.

Endorphins we give to all the sad thinkers,
So their depressing mode never dares
linger,



Fake Plastic Flower

Ed Kubiak

Why not, it's a perfect waste of wealth.
Many more and many less
Drugs to take to fail the test
But for my choice, it's no contest,
Caffeine is what I love the best.
Keep your coke and poppy seeds,
Hallucinogens and bags of weed,

And force us all to be sporadic drinkers.
Narcotics we give to the hopeless cases,
to keep them on the street and out of our
faces,
Busy tied up in the corner with shoelaces.
And alcohol is for most everyone else,
Partying, forgetting, living in good health,

Depressants and the ecstasy,
Screw all that, it's not for me.
I love caffeine because it's free,
Compliments of great coffee,
But I don't love caffeine you see
Instead, my passion is coffee.

David Olson

My Poem

This is the poem I'm writing for extra credit
It's nothing too great, there I said it.

Whenever I write poems, I like for them to rhyme,
Because then, to me, it lets the reader have a good time.

I'm not sure how long this poem should be.
I guess I'll write as much as I can, and then I'll see.

This poem is about nothing, but what I'm thinking about right
now.

So, if it doesn't excite you too much, don't have a cow.

It's two o'clock in the morning, I should probably go to sleep.
I'm dreading the moment I hear my alarm start to beep.

Tomorrow is a whole new day, and this poem is due.
I'm incredibly sorry if this poem has started to bore you.

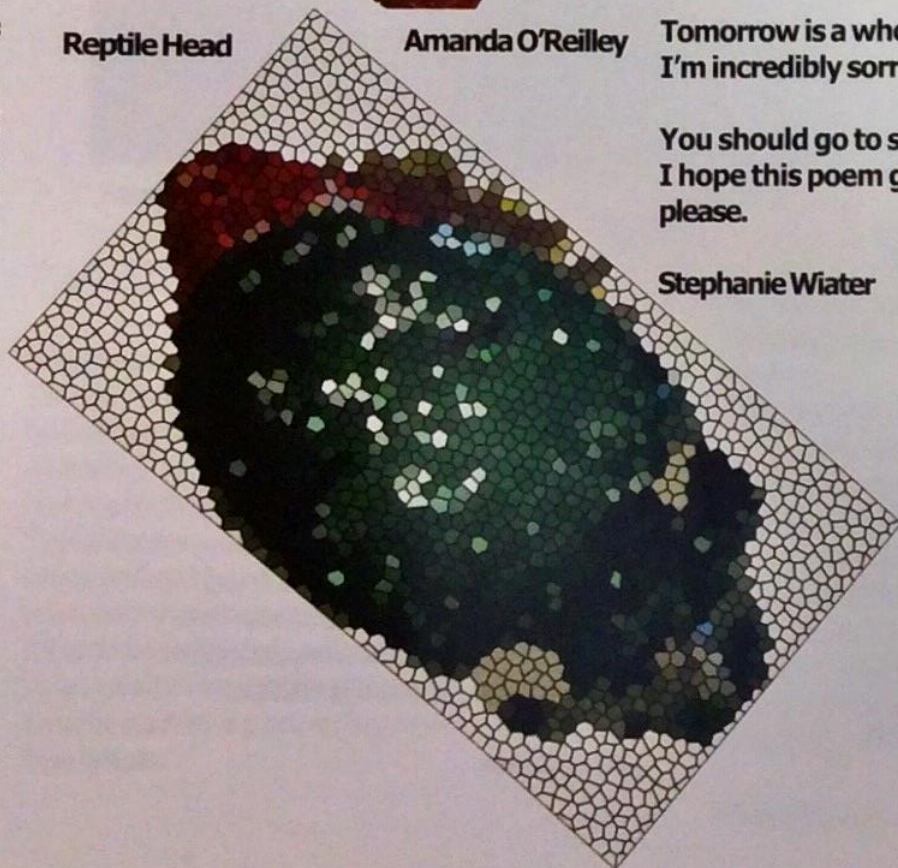
You should go to sleep, too, and catch your Z's.
I hope this poem got me some extra points, please, oh,
please.

Stephanie Wiater



Reptile Head

Amanda O'Reilley

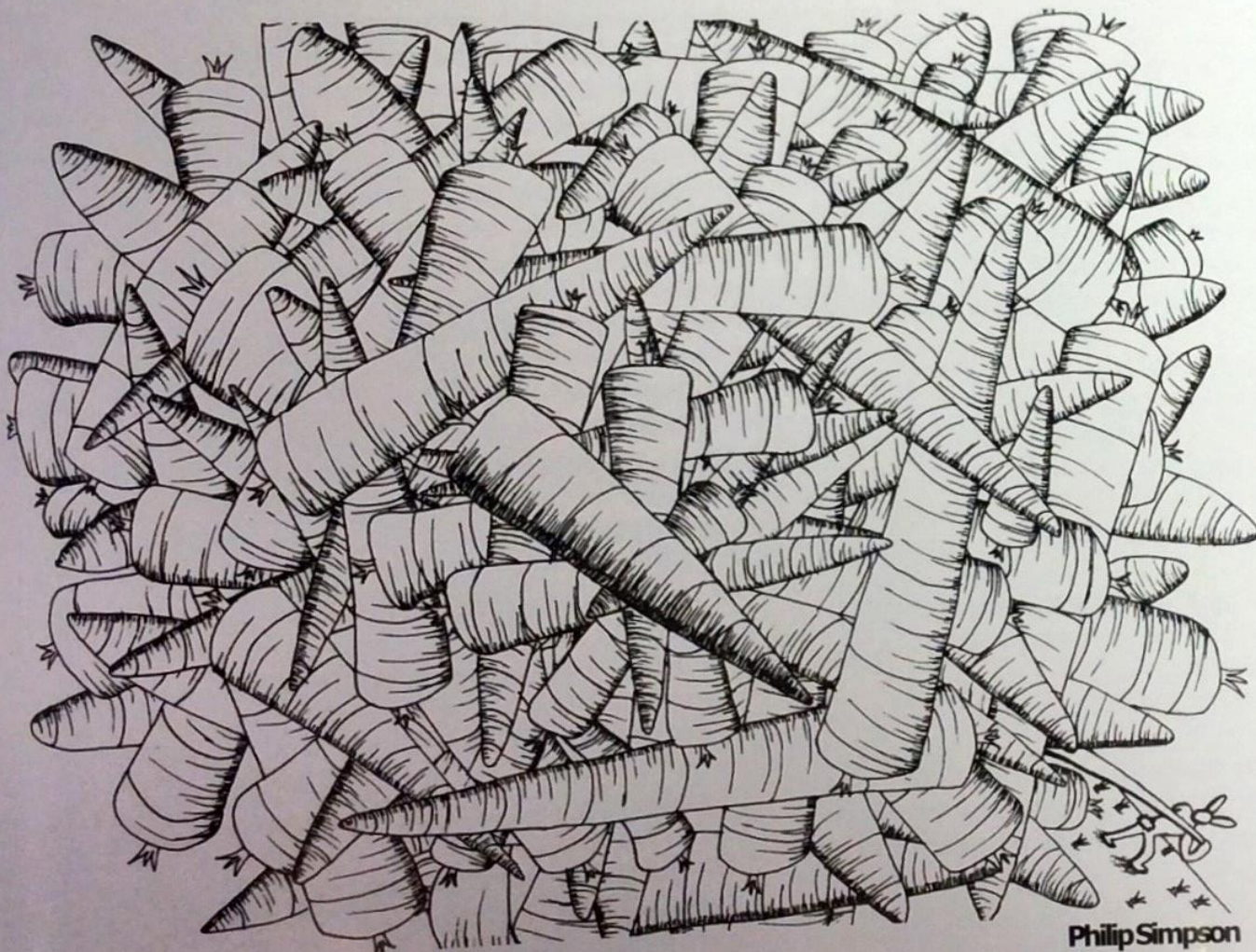


Melting Pot

Welcome to the rainbow
Multi-colored facets of yesterdays and
tomorrows
Racing another race is against the law
Against our beings
We mourn the extinct slaves
And bend the rainbow
But this is not simply a rainbow of color
The coloring derives emotion
Can you see what I'm feeling now?

Love me or hate me?
Yeah, I love you too
Give some love to everyone
Hate a little to get away from madness
Angels, ride the rainbows
Maybe I'll catch you someday
Join the coloring book
Harmony within difference.

Anthony Michael Campney



Carrots

Philip Simpson



Trash

Chris Perde

Pretty Thoughts

Always thinking,
Always confused.
So many thoughts,
So many memories,
So much on my mind
Yet it doesn't flow to the paper like it used to.

Constantly writing.
Song lyrics on my hand,
Random thoughts, every day occurrences in
my journal,
Love letters to imaginary girlfriends,
Yet it all seems useless.

Everything I write doesn't seem pure.
It doesn't come from the heart,
It's a struggle,
Unable to be over come.

So as the pile grows in the trash can,
I wonder if I've ever written anything good.
If anything I've ever said was worth saying.

I wish I could write pretty poems like
I used to.
Poems my mother put in frames,
Always keeping an extra copy handy,
To impress the ladies at the store.

Poems that made me feel special.

This day,
This hour,
Will soon be a memory unable to be
written.
Lost forever in time.

I hope that someday this poem will
be found,
And the world can see what the past
was like,
Know who I was.

I just wish there was some way to fix
what has gone wrong,
So I can write pretty poems once
again.

Ed Kubiak



A Blank Page

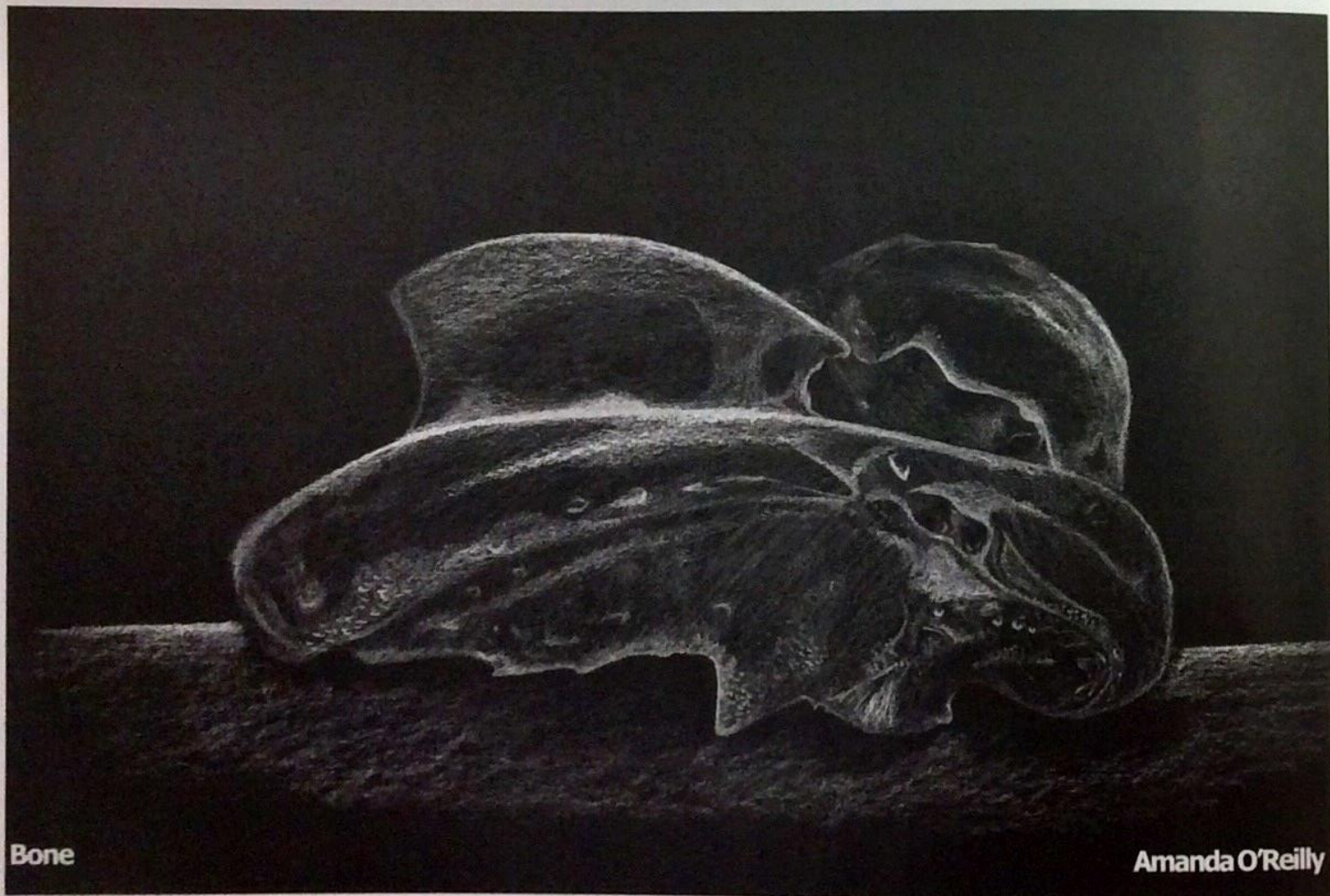
A blank page and a blank mind
I could write of all the problems in the world
Or all the people who try to solve them
I could tell of the horrors of everyday life
And about how they never go away
I could speak of corrupt government officials
And the system still in order
I could write of uncontrollable urges
That make you do the unthinkable
But no matter what I write, it won't help me solve problems,
Fix everyday life, change the system,
And I still won't be able to control urges
It's just poetry
And it doesn't change the world
It only enlightens the mind
Written only on a blank page
With a blank mind

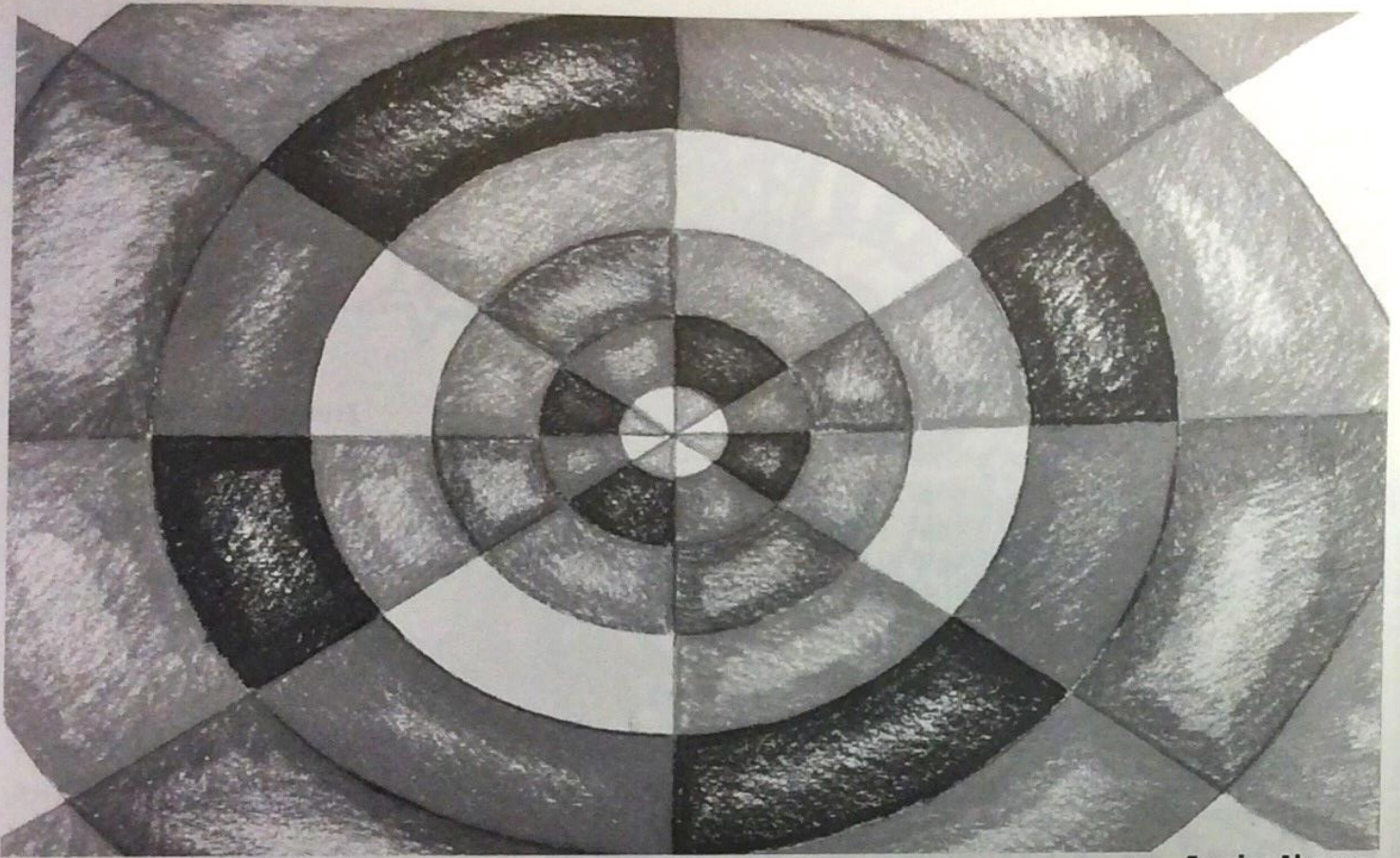
Tim Sekinger

Sepulchre

Four walls confiscate my thoughts. I'm left sitting—the lack of what my legs can give. Too drained from throwing effort at them all, and adjusting to responses in disarray. And I'm afraid that I just may; my last bastion today, could be breached by the fourth crusade. Remnants of a badinage sure to rise, to coincide with tears from my eyes. But the spear in my side willingly reminds that I would have been satisfied if you had only chosen a weapon more affectionately. On return, there can't be embrace, remember the space you made when you let go of my hand because the pain was too great. Left me to vestal tidal wave, only lately I've found my feet dry. I don't require consideration or weapons to my name, yours will do fine.

Jon Roberts





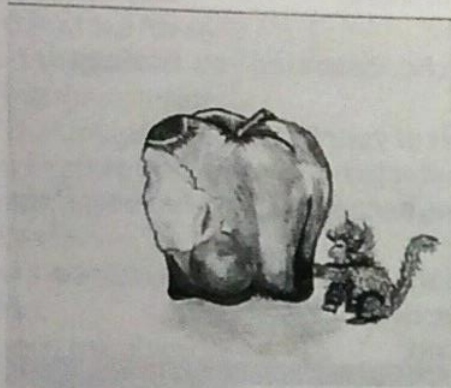
Oblivion

Jessica Alvarez

The Dismal Sky Reminds Them of the Blimp Attacks

The dismal sky reminds them of the blimp attacks.
Tracks of smoke crossed the blue; "Now THIS," the general yelled, "taboo.
Through the air we'll slowly fly, sure we'll die, but what's our mission?!"
"Deep contrition, goin' fishin', dogtail swishin'," said the crew.
"Oho! That's right. We're scurvy men. I'll die again to see this sight."
Softly turning, engines burning, little kids in this presence learning, jagged,
bobbing left and right,
"I do believe we'll die tonight!" The general's words just echoed through the
empty void of the balloon,
Apathetic was the crew – no one cared, seldom do –
Onward flying, aircraft trying, "Stay aloft or there'll be crying!"
Just a general and his men, floating through the air again, waiting for an epic
battle,
Just annoying nearby cattle.

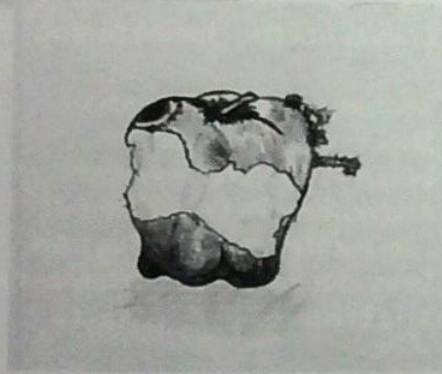
Andrew Patrin



Autumnic Reflection

Every day the leaves grow deeper
Autumn's breath is all but spent
Once a year, for many days
Days' parades pave the way
Sinking in with such depression
Dark and dismal days go by
Lining driveway walks the lie
Walking crumbs and they die.
Melancholy falls of folly
Distance from a callow mind
Leave in ash my new beginnings
For the older and arcane

Andrew Patrin

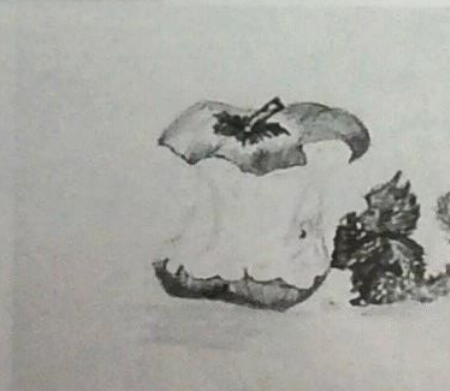


Apple

A Ripple

I wish
That simplicity
Could be the answer to
everything.
That we could live
In the tranquility of
A ripple that passes over a pond,
And a current that sways help
To and fro.
I know
That nothing
Is as simple as we want it to be.
That life is
Grand Central Station,
Busy people rushing to move on
To their next destination
Without a thought of where they
are
To start with.
The question is not
Why, or
Where, or
How, or even who,
Or what.
The question is
Are you living life?

Rachel Sparling



Brittney Williams

Untitled Poem Found in a Drawer (A Working Title)

I never got the chance to sing you to sleep...

The poems seem inappropriate now
They'll die in a drawer
Crying to each other
Pleading for the attention they were promised
Until the ink fades away
And the cries run silent.

I never got the chance to sing you to sleep...

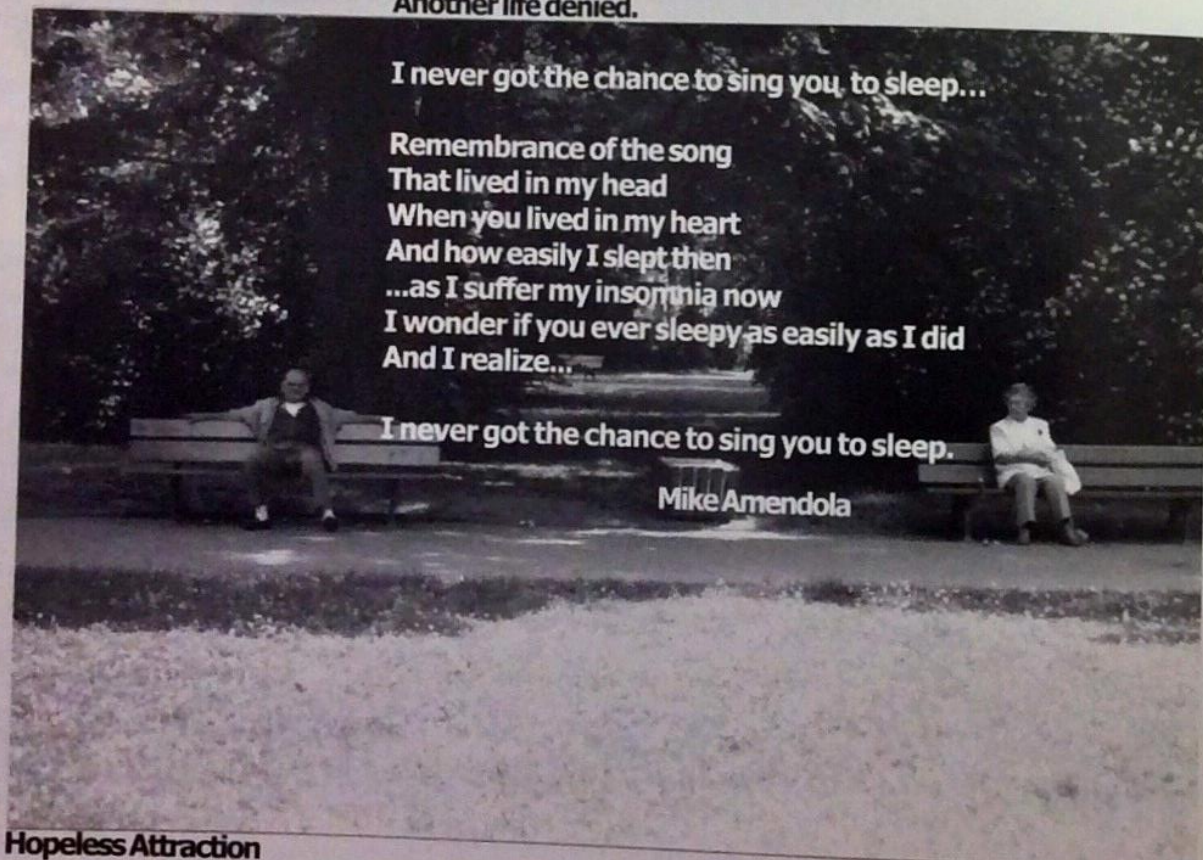
The second draft of your image
That was never started
Curses my name, because I could have started
her before
But died before she was ever given a chance
Another smile deprived
Another life denied.

I never got the chance to sing you to sleep...

Remembrance of the song
That lived in my head
When you lived in my heart
And how easily I slept then
...as I suffer my insomnia now
I wonder if you ever sleep as easily as I did
And I realize...

I never got the chance to sing you to sleep.

Mike Amendola



Hopeless Attraction

Erica Ruiz

Dear Mr. Somebody

What do you have in store for me?
My love has gone away.
My heart is dying off.
It seems as if no one loves me anymore.
What do you have in store for me?
My life is just a blur now.
I don't know what to do.
And all I have is you.
What do you have in store for me?
My loved ones hurt the most.
My friends just bring me comfort.
I just don't seem that loved anymore.
What do you have in store for me?
Where will I be tomorrow?
Who will love me then?
What do you have in store for me?
My life is incomplete.
My meaning has been misplaced.
What will bring me happiness?
What will you have in store for me?
What's in store for me is what I am afraid of.
Not knowing what will hurt me today.
Not knowing what will destroy me.
I'm hurting now so help me, please.
I don't know where I am in life.

Yours for all eternity,
Miss Insignificant

LaRae Canales



Eyes 520



My Skin

I am not like you!
I am not skinny, my face doesn't shine.
I may not be a size 2, or wear a skin-tight dress.
My hair doesn't flow like yours, but does that make me different?
Yeah, that's right, I am different, I'm glad.
You may be a size 2, but an 18 looks great on me.
You might wear makeup, but I am already made up.
I don't need extras to make me beautiful.
I still have something you don't:
Sense of humor, personality,
Inner beauty, but you don't know what that is.
You don't know why I'm different because I choose to be.
I don't want to be like you, no one needs to know my name.
I don't have to fit in.
I'm comfortable in my own skin.
Why aren't you?

Madeline Schurmann



Jennifer Peterson

Heroin

biting into a banana
delicious, sweet
you come up and save me
persevere, is that what i do?
you make me so ANGRY!
don't blow your top, Mom and Pop
laughing at the wall now, are we?
i just need the chance, i just need one more,
i need you
what's wrong with you, you lazy punk?
i'm new age, sir. i'm old school funk
stupid kid, your eyes glaze over at TV
i write you down for the way you look at me
if you could only know
everything's better now i'm making money; i need
money
please help me. i have money; yes, i do, i don't
need to live anymore. i can go to the college
and get a t-shirt that proves it
hit me again

society = burning
churches = destruction
love = nothing
up in arms, kill the dreams, kill me
please

DON'T PUT THAT IN ME
sterile white seething docs
the pain slows
it wasn't my fault, hon
stupid punk
ahh sweet release
i'm back where i started
sucking my embryonic fluids
ten seconds till death

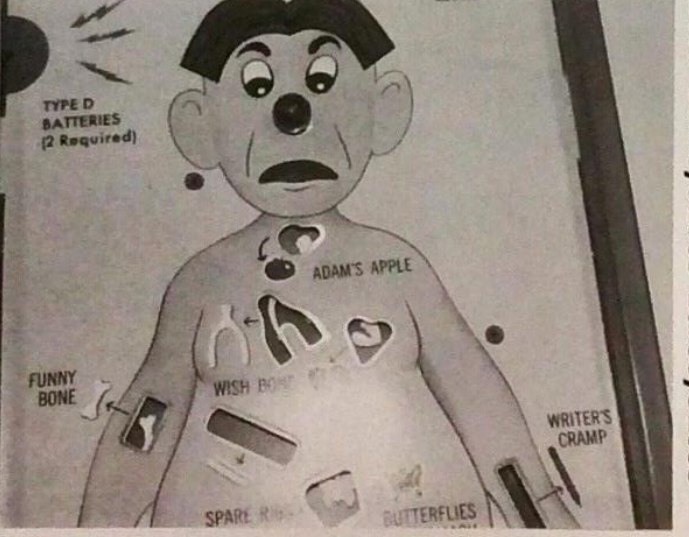
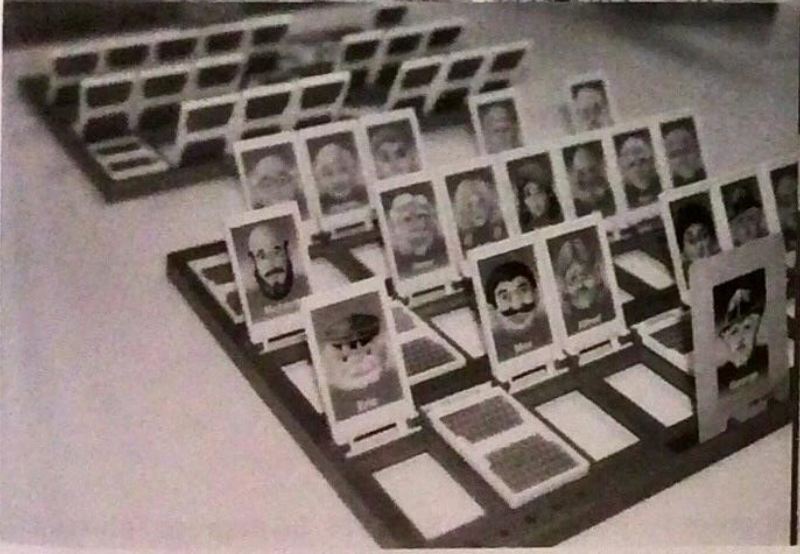
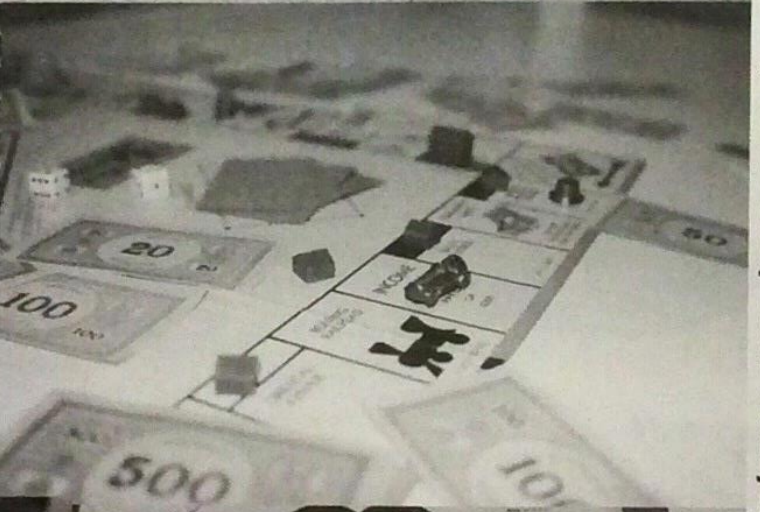
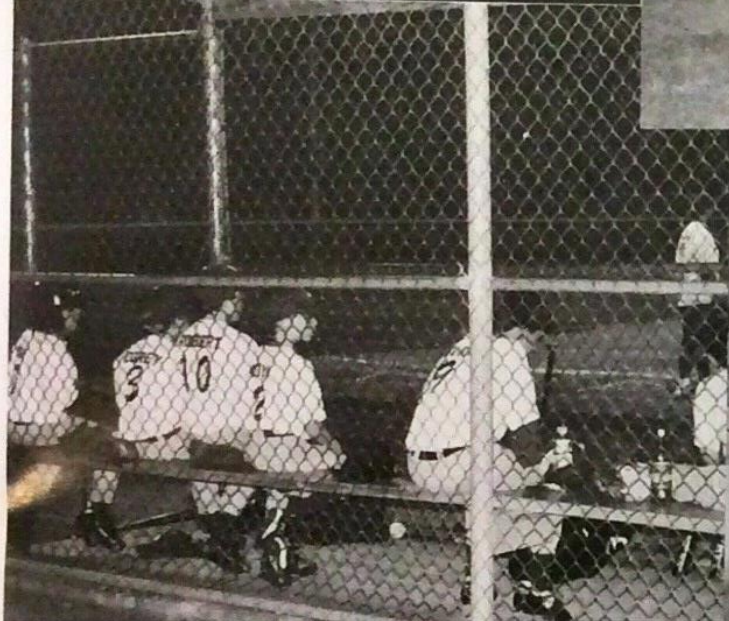
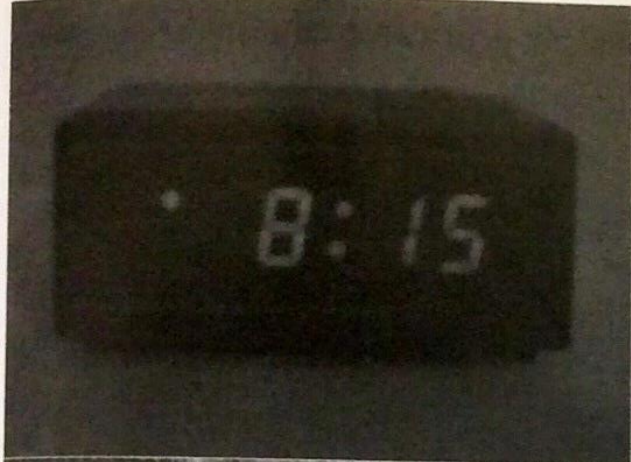


Yeah...

Ed Kubiak

you idiots
that's all i say
you WATCH
i'm back where i started
clean thought
i have money
i have problems
i have stupid friends
i have a hole in my arm
i have a sickness
i am a junkie
and now i'm fine
i'm clean, i'm fine.
i can get a real life now, right, Mommy
right, son.

Natalie Darrah



You didn't pay your rent on Park Place!

It's too late now, you should have said something earlier.

Salem Nazi Hate

Burning

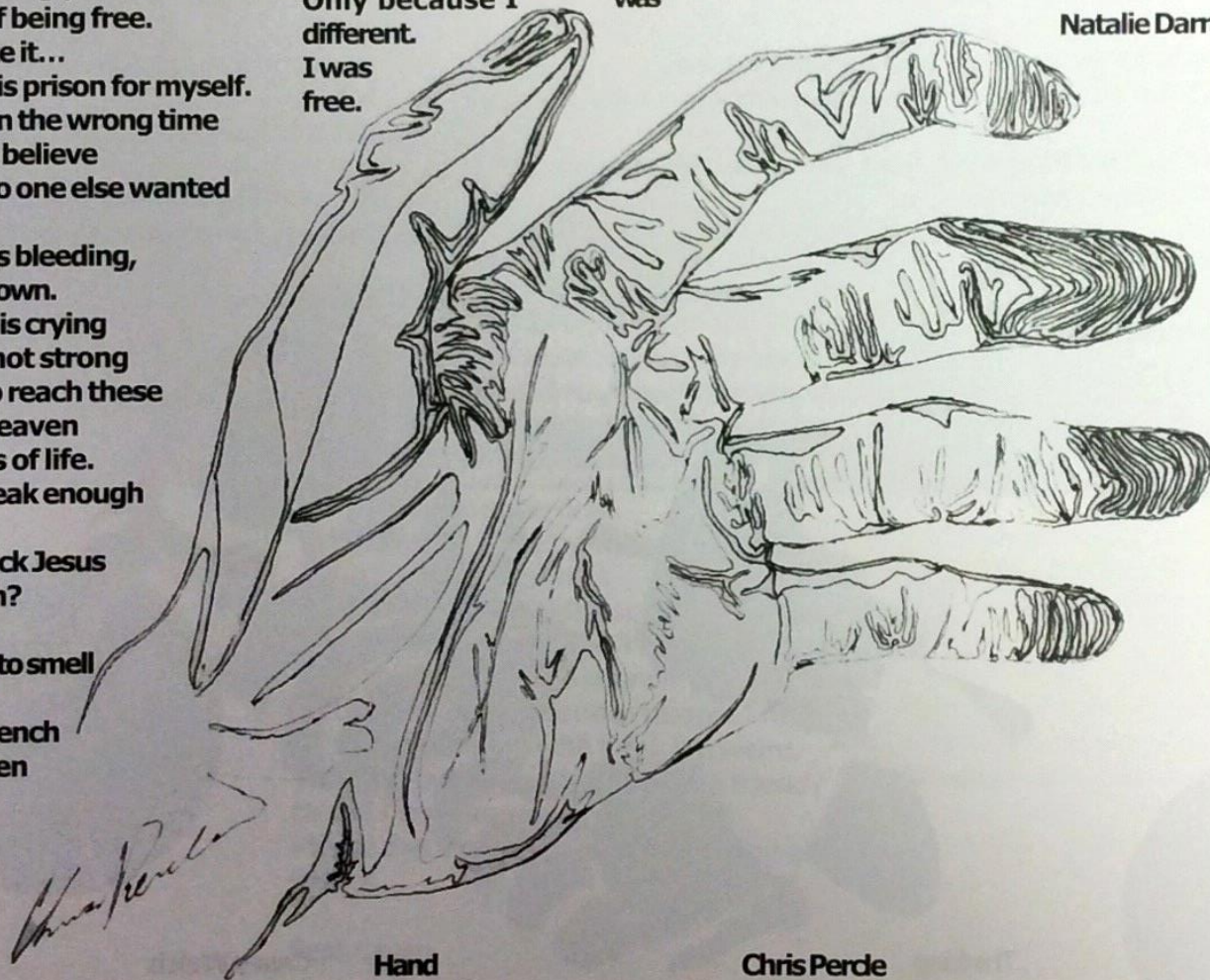
My flesh is burning
Wrongly accused
Of hate that I could never
possess.
I watch
I listen
As my skin turns black.
Humanity smells of rotten
trash
This is what they've become
They choose to make
themselves ugly
Instead of being free.
I can't take it...
I made this prison for myself.
A person in the wrong time
I dared to believe
In what no one else wanted
to.
My heart is bleeding,
Running down.
My family is crying
But I am not strong
enough to reach these
faces of heaven
The givers of life.
I'm not weak enough
yet.
Would I pick Jesus
or Jehovah?
The air is
beginning to smell
now
Like the stench
of my rotten
carcass.

My human being.
I think I'm ready now.
I'm beginning to see the light.
How I was correct
When they persecuted
innocents.
They remove my ashes,
And throw them in the dirt.
For people to walk on,
All over again.
Never will I understand
The cruelty I had to face.
The pain these humans
harbored
And paid to me,
Only because I
different.
I was
free.

was

Natalie Darrah

Until they shackled me to my equals.
Now, I am simply a memory.
A burning memory in the minds of
those that supported.
A helpless memory to the ones that
helped.
And an unknown memory to the
children.
For when they ask their elders
"Why did this happen? What did they
do?"
They will answer
"They didn't listen to us."
But don't worry, I'm sure they will find
something to burn you for.



Hand

Chris Perde

Why is it?

Why is it that you can break all your promises
but I always forgive you?

Why is it that you can lie to me constantly
but when I look into your eyes I believe everything you say?

Why is it that I can be so furious with you
but once you embrace me I melt in your arms?

Why is it that you can cause me to cry myself to sleep
but when I talk to you the next morning, everything is ok again?

Why is it the you seem to always hurt me so badly
but I can never stay mad at you?

Why is it that you can not call me for a week
but I can't help thinking about you every second of the day?

Why is it that after everything you've put me through
I will always love you?

Why is it?

Stephanie Waiter

God hates me because...

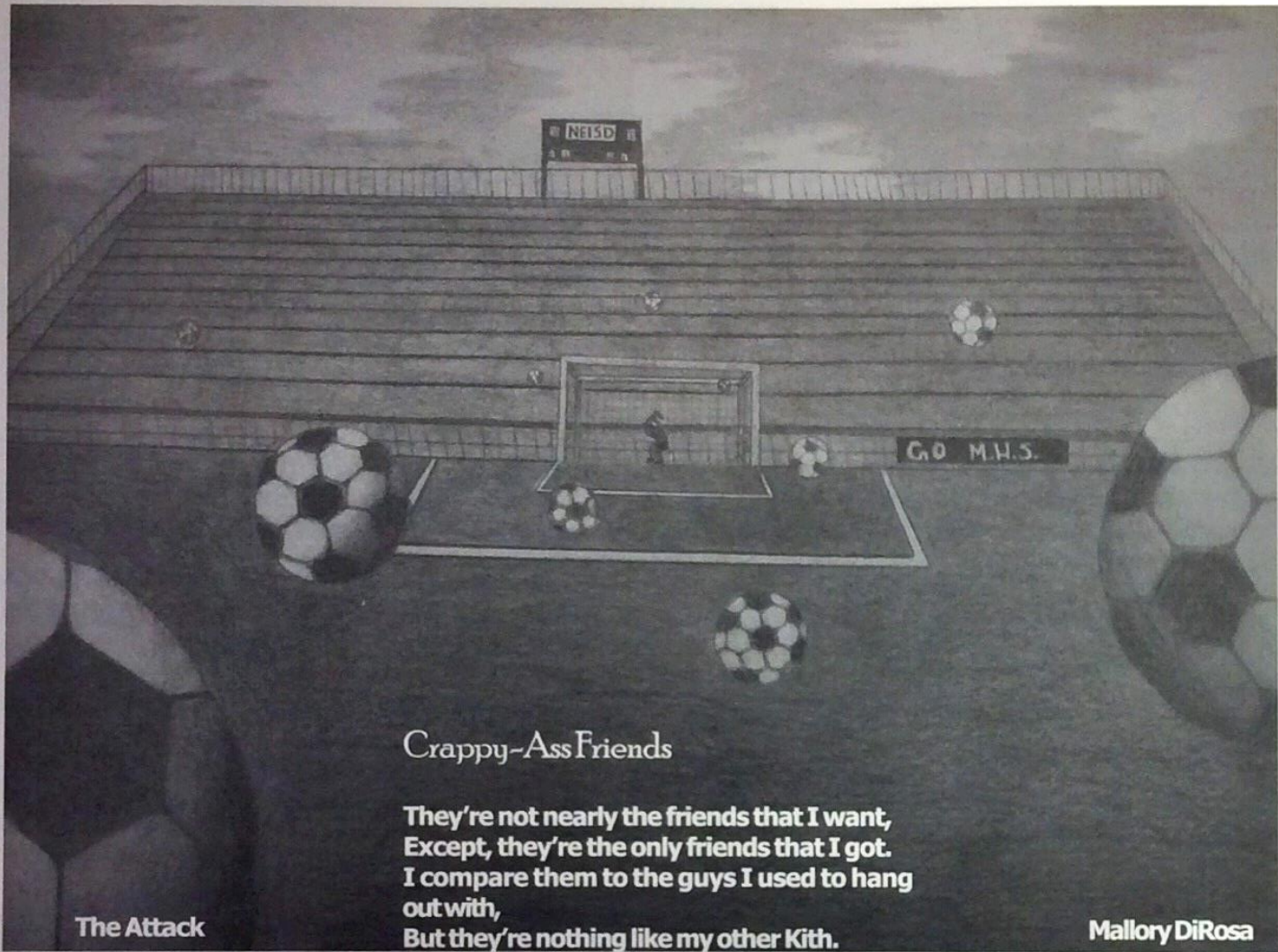
I don't like to go to church
And listen to some holy lurch
Yell emphatically from the pulpit perch
Hey you, with the sad disposition
Here comes the Spanish Inquisition
To put you in a more Godly positive
position
I don't care
For rehearsed prayer
Or the masses vacant, brainwashed
stare
I don't like a world with no control
Religion is just a vacuous hole
That sucks up money, the weak-minded
as well
And condemns people like me straight to
hell
But there's nothing more that I want to
say
About the evils in the church today
Oh well, I don't go to church anyway.

David Olson



Thinking

Casey Welch



Crappy-Ass Friends

**They're not nearly the friends that I want,
Except, they're the only friends that I got.
I compare them to the guys I used to hang
out with,
But they're nothing like my other Kith.**

The Attack

Mallory DiRosa

**They're all too superficial.
I wish I could leave by my own self-will.
I don't want to be pitied,
I just want the friends I so desperately need.
An artsy intellect shouldn't be amid idiots.
I deserve people who share my interests.
All the perfect friends have disappeared,
All the ones I hang with think I'm weird.
Will not anyone heed my call for a friend?
Or will I be alone until the end?
Please don't leave me with my crappy-ass
friends.**

Seps Cantu

Driving

On the streets of Fresno I drove him to insanity in my Volvo C70 Coupe. Winding through the infrequently traveled lanes to build my adrenaline, weaving in and out of traffic on the busy freeways to garner the anger, I cackled with bloodthirsty glee.

I would never have been in this situation if not for those legs. Long and curvaceous, smooth, pale, milk flesh so perfectly shaped into the thighs that haunt men's nighttime fantasies. She wore obsidian heels, the ideal accessory to those endless limbs, heels just meant for male manipulation.

As the speedometer quickly approached ninety-five miles per hour, I noticed out of the right corner of my eye the growing discomfort of my passenger. Biting his lower lip and tugging on the cuff of his shirtsleeve, he seemed worried. That was easily fixed of course, as I moved my left leg slowly farther from my right, and, while complaining of the heat, took away another of those pesky blouse buttons, then pressed the accelerator again, reaching a hundred.

I gazed at the speedometer to see how far over the speed limit we were traveling. It was little surprise to learn our velocity was ninety-five miles per hour, but I remained frightened at her jerking turns and the occasional jolting brake.

As I began to see burnt and scratched images of my childhood in the windshield, I glanced over at her again, and watched the movement of those legs. She would draw up the left one and then slowly put it back down, allowing it to lingeringly rub against the right. I saw her tug on the second button of her form-fitting velour blouse, only slightly struggling to get it undone with one hand as she remarked how dreadfully warm it was that night.

We reached the outskirts of the city and found ourselves on a two-lane highway, poorly lit and only populated by the rare presence of a car going the opposite direction. The needle on the meter forced itself to work harder as I pumped the accelerator, taking us to speeds I could only ever imagine experiencing. The ecstasy I felt, the power that generated inside of me, the raw pleasure that I could feel speeding through my bloodstream, breathing in and out the feeling of supreme control. I ceased to notice my passenger, until I felt a moist palm on my lower thigh.

When I saw the Fresno City limit sign, I wondered how long I had been captive in her seductive hold. We traveled in silence, after my few attempts to make conversation failed, due largely in part to her being detached from the situation, and my concentrated fixation on the weak but luxurious fabric of her blouse, the buttons always ready to pop right around her bust line, her voluptuous curves risking the sudden exposure I dreamt of.

Her hair, a delicious mix of strawberries, golden thread, and chestnuts, blew untamed in the wind of that dark evening.

“I would never have been in this situation if not for those legs.”

She had a radio installed in the classic auto, and it echoed into the sky deep rhythms of techno drumbeats and synthesizers. The hair flapped and flickered to the time of the drums, and one of her hands on the steering wheel rapped along intently with the music. The rest of her was the embodiment of stillness. I gazed at her, animal and princess fused into one, the body of a goddess, the face of a Hollywood starlet of old. She seemed innocent and wild, untapped and untamed, I was drawn to her; I had to touch her. With all the nervousness of a boy on his first date, I reached out, sweaty hands shaking, and placed my palm on her thigh, low enough so as not to offend her, but just high enough above the knee to show her I was interested.

After a few seconds that lagged on for what seemed like several minutes, I got a reaction. I must say, however, that I was completely shocked when she pulled off the road.

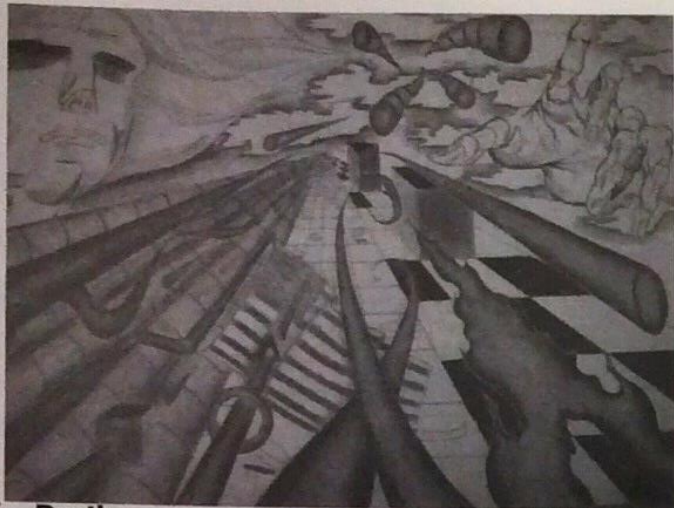
The presence of his sweaty paw jerked me quickly back into reality. I thought only for a short moment before I ran the car off the highway, slammed on the brakes, and turned off the lights and the engine. Deciding that my passion for the road had been satisfied perfectly for the evening, I turned my attention to the pathetic boy taking up residence in my passenger seat.

Dinner with him was little more than a blur. I remembered having a good time. He was nice and respectful. I had suggested we go for a drive, and there we were, more than an hour later.

I turned to him, trying to recognize his face from earlier in the evening. His dark eyes seemed foreign to me, but I remembered looking into them over the dinner conversation. He wore his brown hair parted on one side and then gelled toward the back, the cheesy style of a sex-seeking blind date participant.

I studied his countenance for a minute, decided he was attractive enough, and smiled at him.

Jennifer Peterson



56 **Depth**

Daniel Vanegas

Black Smoke

Far away an explosion,
Frozen in history forever.
What was once there,
Is now unseen.
Hidden,
In the black smoke that fills the sky.

The cruel word reaches you,
And you run to the reassurance,
Of your home,
And the realization hits you
With its bitter cold wrath
It's all gone . . .
But how can it be?

You creep into a corner,
Waiting . . . wanting the phone to ring,
Yet dreading what might be said.
*Were they trapped in the wounded
building?
Were they in there when it crumbled?*

Will a stranger break the news hard,
Hang up,
and continue down the list?

Lyndon Zvonek

American Flame

My heart bleeds tonight
For those who burned out of sight
And the heartache that I feel
Is incomparable to what is real

A sudden burst of flame
That desecrated our name
An avalanche of steel
And now, our country reels

A five-faced nerve control
Went tumbling down the hole
As its sides were reduced to four
Our innocence was no more

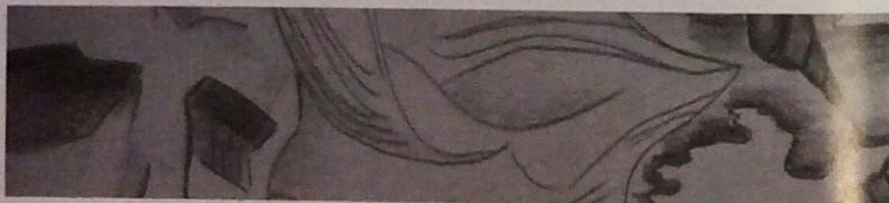
And now the people cry
The violators must die
They left the world no sense
And stole our innocence

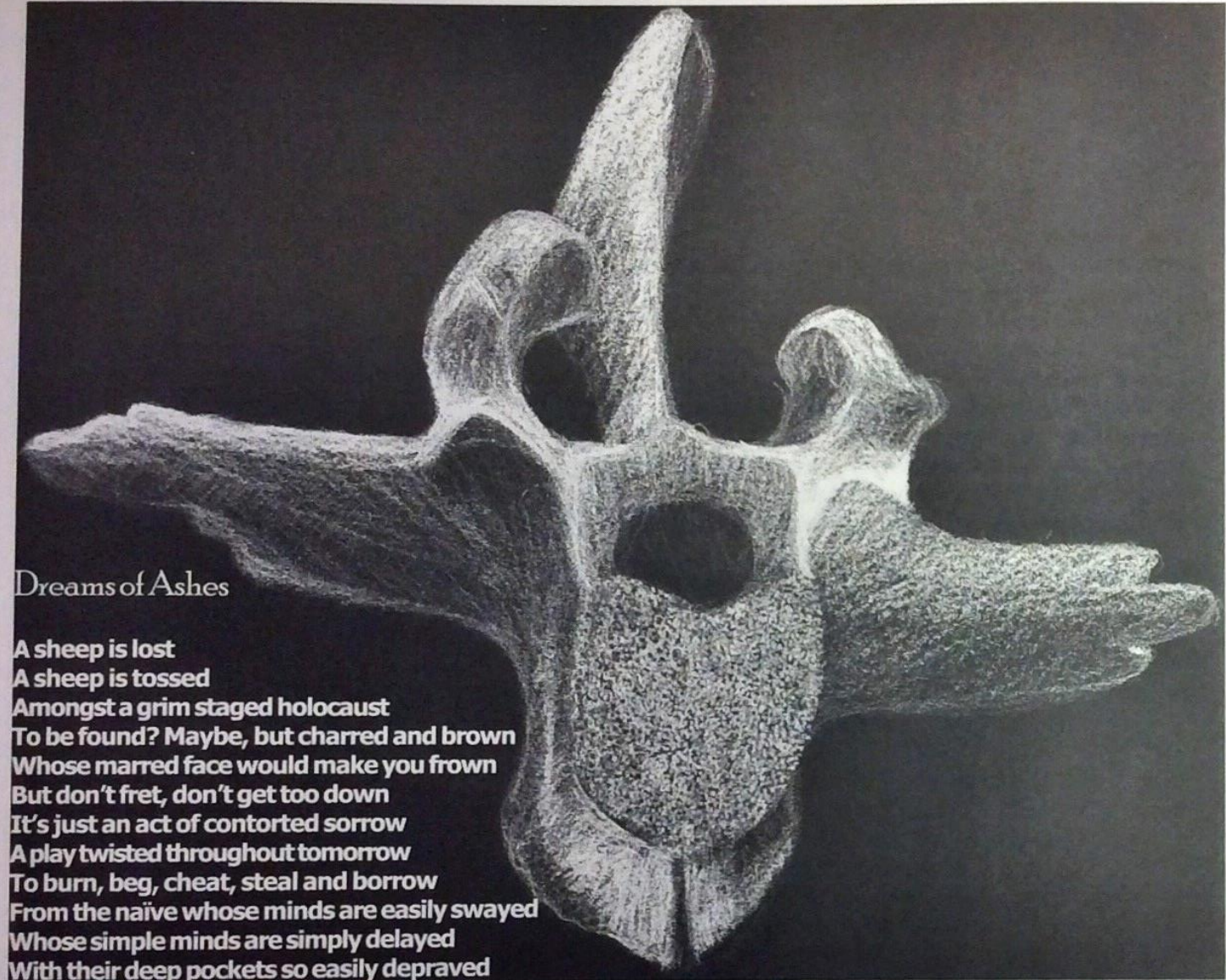
The tragedy that struck
Outweighs the world's hard luck
Now enemies become one
To see that justice is done

Against enemies disliked
We'll make a fearless strike
But what will be the cost?
We will all still feel lost

So, now, in a world gone wrong
I present to you this song
To remind this is not a game
We all light the American Flame.

Anthony Michael Campney





Dreams of Ashes

A sheep is lost
A sheep is tossed
Amongst a grim staged holocaust
To be found? Maybe, but charred and brown
Whose marred face would make you frown
But don't fret, don't get too down
It's just an act of contorted sorrow
A play twisted throughout tomorrow
To burn, beg, cheat, steal and borrow
From the naïve whose minds are easily swayed
Whose simple minds are simply delayed
With their deep pockets so easily deprived
Perfect, sheep, to fuel their fiery grave
So who then is the director, the keep of this show
Does he sit on Jesus' knee or perhaps the one below?
I am not the one to ask I'm just a crack in the road
I am but a vessel to the scripiter of this ode
Who is that you may ask, or perhaps you will scream
Maybe the answer will be clear when you wake from this rhetorical
dream...

David Olson

Deep in my Bones

Tara Aquiles

Emcee battle: Old School Edition

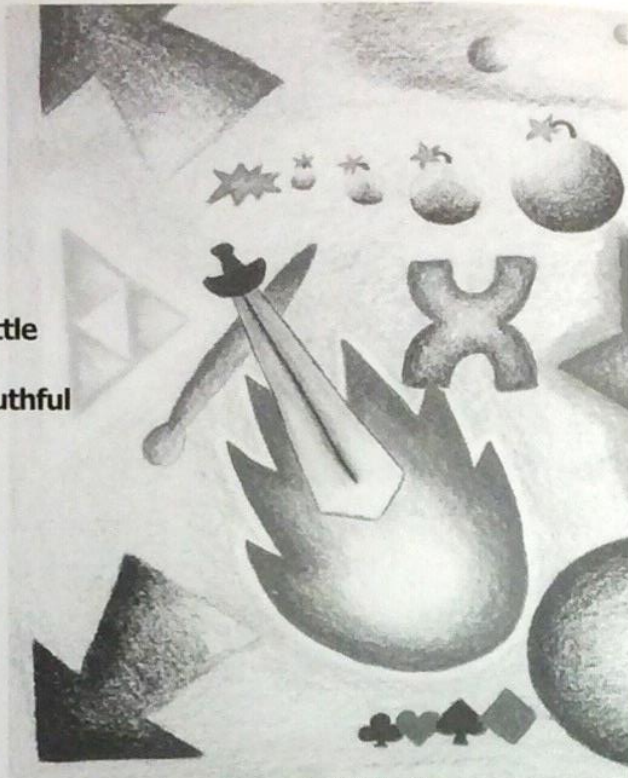
Round 1

You wanna battle?
They call me Emcee Vicious 'cause I'll make your head rattle
Is your goatee red, because your bashful?
Take this spoon of rhymes but watch out 'cause it's a mouthful
I know you wanna
My def' poetry will heat you up like a sauna
Why don't you justify your style like Madonna?
I know the key to your success
When I spit rhymes in session, you know who's the best
So go back to Emcee school and ace that test
I'll throw your rhymes in the trash with the rest

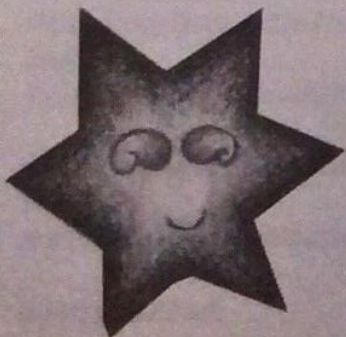
Round 2

Well, it's time to get it straight up dissed
Your rhymes are soft like a cup of Swiss Miss
This one will hit you as hard as if you were on MTV's Dismissed
In your case your ignorance is bliss
Well. Bow down and give the king's feet a kiss
What's that running down your leg, oh it's piss!
Wearing some fresh kicks contributes nothing to my rhymes
I could hit you off with something dope, like a million times
And quit running your mouth about my afro' roots
Who's to judge, when you're just a sucka' in a raver's suit?
Can you even understand or can you not compute?
All your property is about hard drugs or acid trips

The only time you tripped was over your feet to your bust your lips
You may walk onstage and be the Coffeehouse host
But in the hip hop world you've got no room to boast
And your style is crusty like a batch of burnt toast
You claim to know so much about what's up my nose
Go back to your model thing, 'cause all you can do is pose.

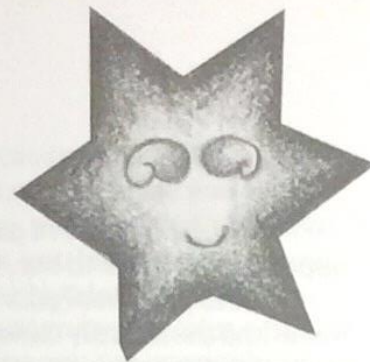


Little Star





Andrea Charles



Round 3

'cause my rhymes flow faster and longer than the Nile River
My words are so bone chilling, they'll make you shiver
And you could call me Dominos, 'cause I'm about to deliver
You a sick hit, that'll make your side split
And need stitches from the doctor, 'cause my lyrics are a shocker
And no one knows the keys to my recipes like Betty Crocker
My words are giving Emcees nightmares, making them think they're in dark lairs
When I come with harsh stares, but we're two players in a game of chess
So king and I'll pawn you, now I know your boys are impressed
I'm just like holy water, 'cause I'm blessed
Stop mocking me bird and fly back to your nest
Don't diss me in class or I'll meet you and defeat you at 3:30 in the playground
'cause you know how we do it here in SA town
My style will make you take a leave of absence on a Greyhound
I'll humiliate you like if you were the class room clown
I'll trap you in this rap too
You heard the word on the streets, I'm absurd on these beats and I snap screws
I'll scar you with lyrics like tattoos
Hear it come from my renegade voice
Your daddy bought you that style like he bought you that Rolls Royce
Make a choice, 'cause this is an Emcee election
We ain't playing games, this ain't no Pop! Goes Perfection
When I battle Emcees I dissect their flows in sections



Walking In A Mental Wonderland

You know you're gaining independence when one of your best friends call and you turn down an opportunity to talk to her, to go for a walk, even though you haven't seen or talked to her in days.

And you know your independent when all is revealed through the oh so very thin waxing crescent moon and the steadily darkening violet sky, holding in place all the feeble stars shining delicately through the leafless trees, telling you that now that you have the sky above you, and the earth below you, you are real, whole, and clean.

Somehow you know that all is in its place, because the streetlights cover very little of the ground you tread upon, seeming to say, "*Here you are, and the influence of men does not yet control you and your path.*"

A telephone rings in a house across the street, you can pick out exactly which one it is coming from and you can hear how many times it rings, because the absence of air-conditioning and walls makes you more aware, awake. And the wind whispers a cold and practiced, "*Hello?*" in your ear, because that's what everyone says, and that's what they're saying right now, because that's what's expected and the caller would wonder if you didn't say it like that.

A cat stares at you from underneath the truck sitting in the approaching driveway, its green eyes huge in what little light is present. It's a gray cat, and its coat is soft, likewise its disposition; all this you can tell by just glancing at it, as you pass, on your journey. And the cat wonders, its head follows you as you walk by, you do not see this but you know it is happening, because your intuition tells you.

So you continue on, walking and thinking, and running over all your problems in you mind, problems that somehow don't seem so overbearing in the fading light, because here is something greater and more comforting, because this is how its supposed to be.

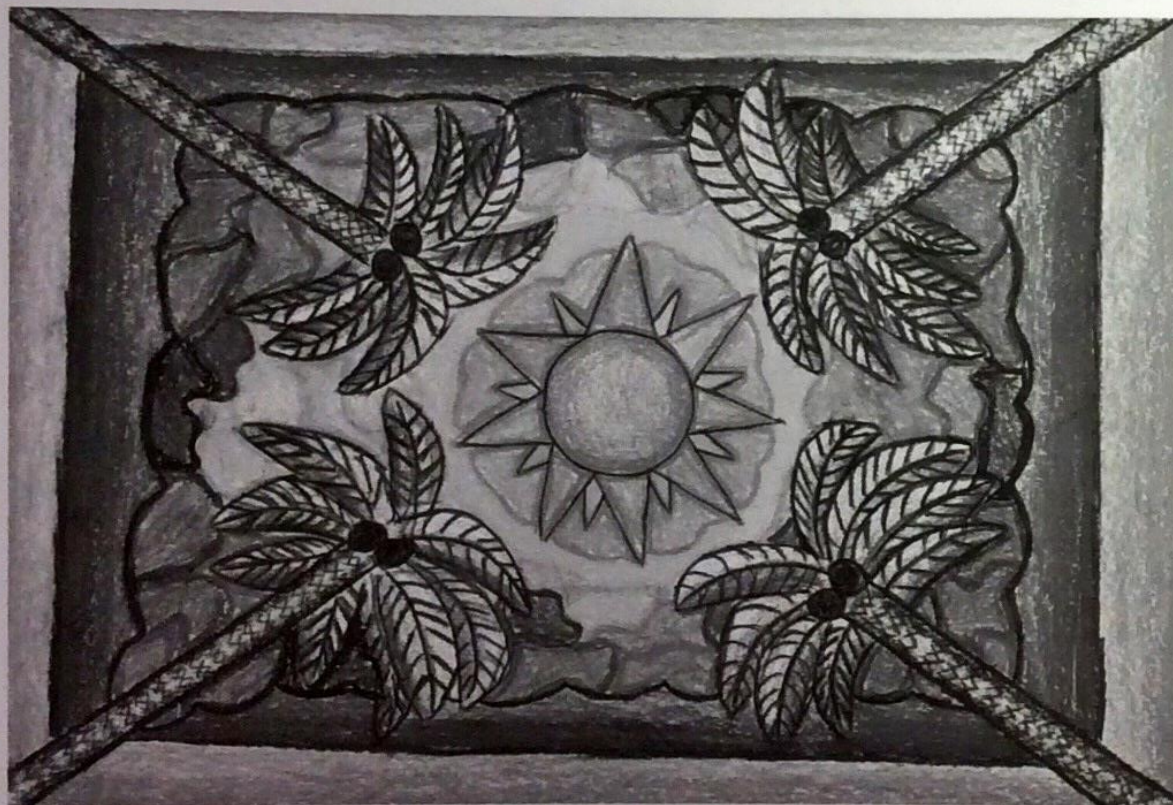
You walk up the hill, your house grows steadily nearer and nearer, you don't want it to be... but it's time to go home, so you pull the key out of your pocket as you walk up the path. And you open the door, and everything is just the way you left it: lights off, piano open, and you feel a sense of peace and refreshment.

You walk up the stairs to your room, lay down on your bed and gaze happily up, gentle forms creeping from the mass of confusion of the little bumps (why are they there anyway?) on the ceiling, the fan moving silently beside them, attempting to match the soothing temperature of the outside air you just experienced. And this is contentment to you; this is what you want to hold onto forever; this is what you wish you could have while being jostled in the crowd at school or while breaking a sweat at the sight of the first problem on your math test. This is the way things should be, and somehow you know, deep down, *this* is what everyone wants.

And you are happy, contemplating and relaxed...and the garage door opens slowly and mechanically below you and doors suddenly slam, and bags are dropped, and voices call you, to see if you are home or not. Your little sister whistles dissonantly and inexpertly trying to match the shrill and quick tunes of her father, and in the process, sending a multitude of spears through your so perfectly molded silence. And you sigh, you sigh as you resolve once again to try to hold on to this, try to keep it in the midst of everything, try to keep this part of you from slipping away when it contacts the images of you—carried by others you know, and expected by all who think they know you.

This has happened before, but you hope and pray that you will succeed, because you need it, and perhaps, perhaps, your need will keep it in place. Then you know you will succeed, because you *know* that anything you know is true. You have the power to make your life happen, and now that you have this knowledge and this picture so recently painted right before your very eyes, you know that this time you will hold onto it. This time, it is ours, and the only one who has the power to take it away is you. And you smile as they yell before you, as your phone rings and as the dogs bark and your sister whistles and dishes clatter--you smile, because that is nothing. That is nothing, because you are everything, and now you have everything. Because now you have everything.

Kristen Ketcherside



Palm Trees

Kristen Knott

Details

Red seedless grapes,
Checkered drapes,
Monkey poop, and rowdy apes,

Hardcore screams,
Erotic dreams,
Other things that rhyme with "eames,"

Lightning scented deodorant bars,
Crappy, dented, spray painted cars,

These are the things that make life worth it all.
Details make up for society's fall.

Frosting à la can,
Partide man,
Making fun of dishes named "flan,"

Jumping in a thick, jolly bush
Glimpse at a fine female tush,

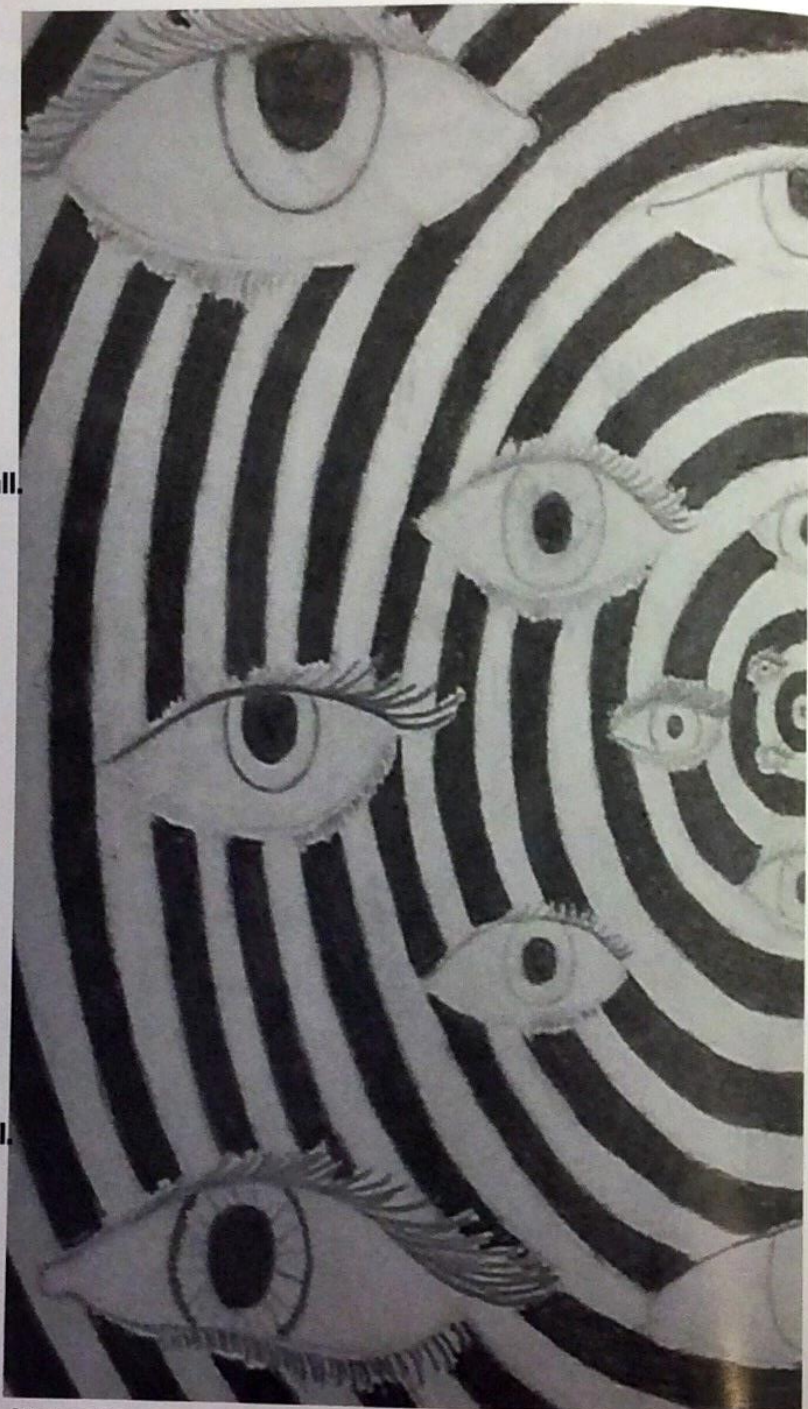
Pits of mosh,
Jibberish-hog-wash,
Smashing pumpkins,
And stabbing squash,

Nummy fried rice,
Ninja Turtles on ice,
Finally killing off the last head lice,

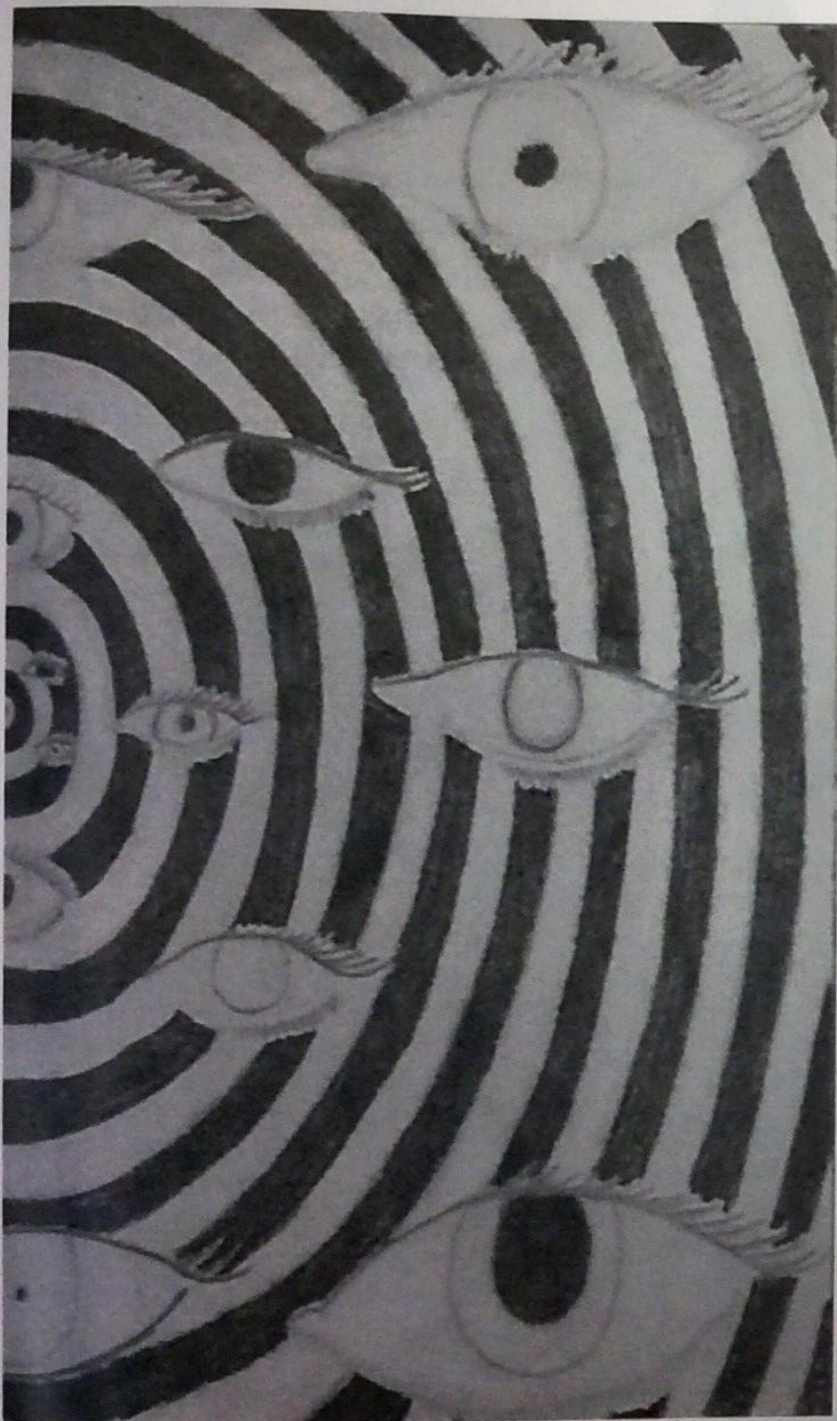
These are the things that make life worth it all.
Details make up for society's fall.

62

Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003 Bullseye 2003



Hypnosis



Tara Aquiles

Scars on her wrist,
A fatal twist,
Genocides,
Led by fascist fist,
Propaganda machines,
Destroying young dreams,
Bloody camouflage,
Life's final screams,
Bombed parks,
a nuclear pit,
Finding Mommy's bloody oven mitt,
note left,
soggy with cries,
Lack of help leads to another demise,
Peace shot,
Nobody cares,
Screaming at nothing,
Lurking in lairs,
Drowning babies,
In pools of ink,
Blinding us all,
Unable to think,
Prejudice, greed,
Running in place,
Walls everywhere,
No freedom of space,
Cries and pain on every street,
Only Fiction saviors left to meet,
Loss of hope,
Loss of care,
Loss of peace,
No pride or shame,
Loss of a dream,
Death to all esteem.

These are the things that make life hell.
If only details were all that dwell.

Mike Amendola

Retinal Perception of a Media Childhood

I looked into the eyes of the innocent ones
Corrupted with money and bombarded by
guns

We used to laugh and play with a smile
How could they make a killer out of a
child?

They put me in church and I
wondered why

I never saw anyone watching
from the sky

Down on my knees, they
made me submit

No answers to my
questions, no pieces that
fit

Black eyes and curiosity
I don't want to be what they want me to
be

No worries, I was happy and free
Until they took that away from me

I looked at the visions on the
television screen

Violence and persuasion, what
does it all mean?

I sat on the grass and let
the breeze hit my face



Joe Sorren Collage

Too young to know of the ignorant human race
Mommy and Daddy, would you protect me from harm?
Questions never answered, just a confusing swarm
No more living as a carefree, gentle child
Thinking back, I can't remember when my innocence was
eviled

James Mallard

Amber Ochoa



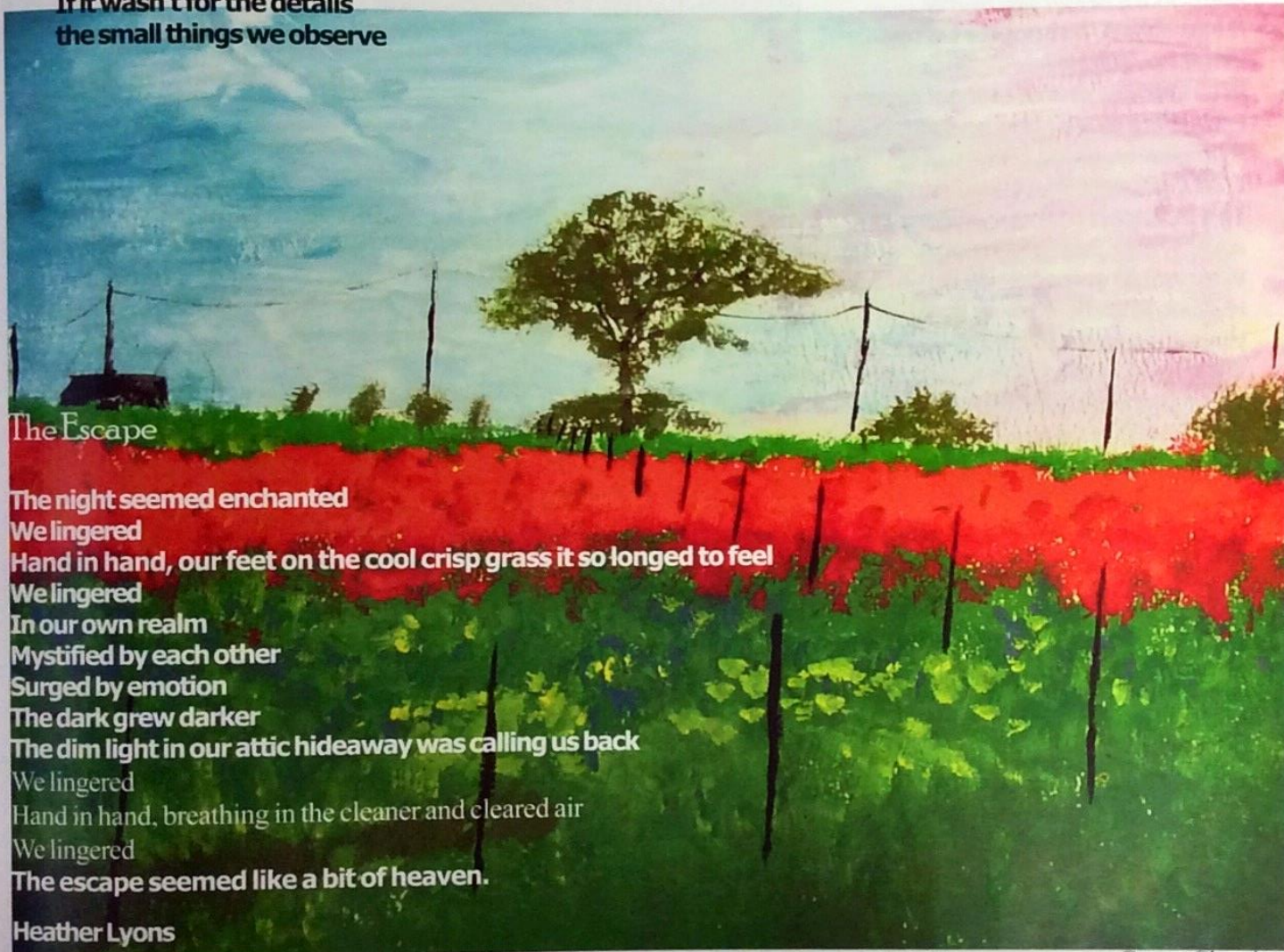
Farewell Dear Friend, I'm Sorry

It's the last flight to Kentucky,
It's the key to your front door,
It's the glimmer in your eyes
That I will see no more.
It's the backseat of your Chevy
It's the icing on your cake

It's the subtle sound of laughter
You tried so hard to fake.
If it wasn't for the details
the small things we observe

Maybe, then, just maybe,
I wouldn't feel so damned absurd.
So Darling, don't stay angry
at the bad things I have done,
'cause all bad things, they fade away
along with the setting sun.

Preston Deanda



The Escape

The night seemed enchanted
We lingered
Hand in hand, our feet on the cool crisp grass it so longed to feel
We lingered
In our own realm
Mystified by each other
Surged by emotion
The dark grew darker
The dim light in our attic hideaway was calling us back
We lingered
Hand in hand, breathing in the cleaner and cleared air
We lingered
The escape seemed like a bit of heaven.

Heather Lyons

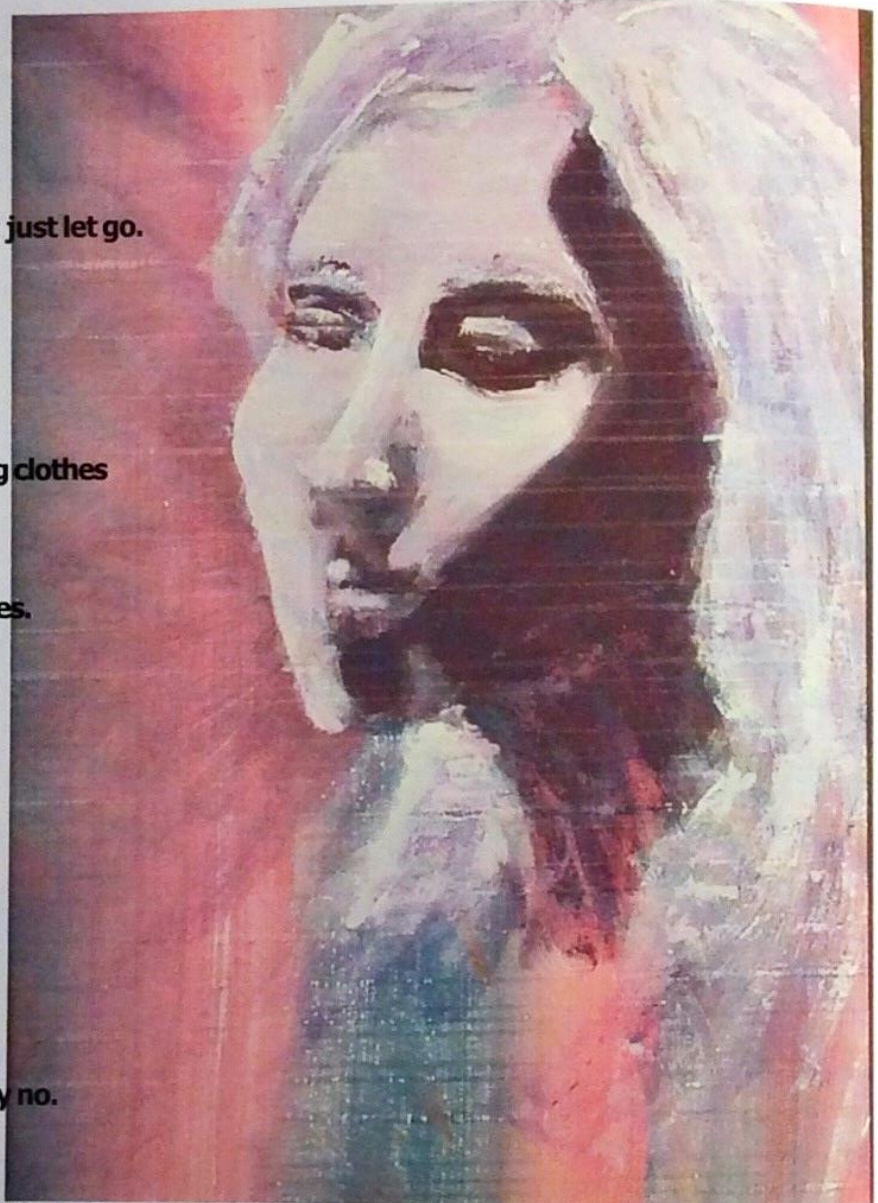
Red Flowers

Casey Chretien

Trash

And this one?
Sadly no.
Too late?
If only it were so,
As soon as it was out, the poor thing just let go.
Was it deep?
A little more effort than a throw.
And?
A pile above, but not far below.
What now, then?
We take this one of eternal repose
Out of the plastic bag and smothering clothes
And gently, place on one of its toes.
This marker so the world can know
The evil done to this innocent soul
And swiftly seek justice against its foes.
Why would someone do this?
Heaven knows,
How anyone could bestow
Their child in the trash and know
That death came next in the flow?
How could anyone be so cold?
Their child only moments old,
Thrown away to rot and mold.
How could anyone be so bold?
Against theirs to have and hold,
To the little life they just sold
For their own convenience;
How do they rest, these guilty souls?
Heaven knows, but for this one, sadly no.

David Olson



Memory

Roxanne Kenney

A home,
What every human being
needs.
His Fortress,
His castle,
His place so secure,
Where he raises his children,
And watches them mature.
BEWARE OF DOG,
BRINKS HOME SECURITY,
Ways of protecting his home,
From the world's impurities.
Home is where the heart is,
Where the roots lie,

A place to grow up in,
And then say goodbye.
A place to relax,
A place to cool down,
A shelter from the obstacles
Of the world around.
For some it's a war zone,
For others a street, and yet even for
some,
Just two shoes on their feet.
A place to spend Thanksgiving,
Or watch the Big Game,

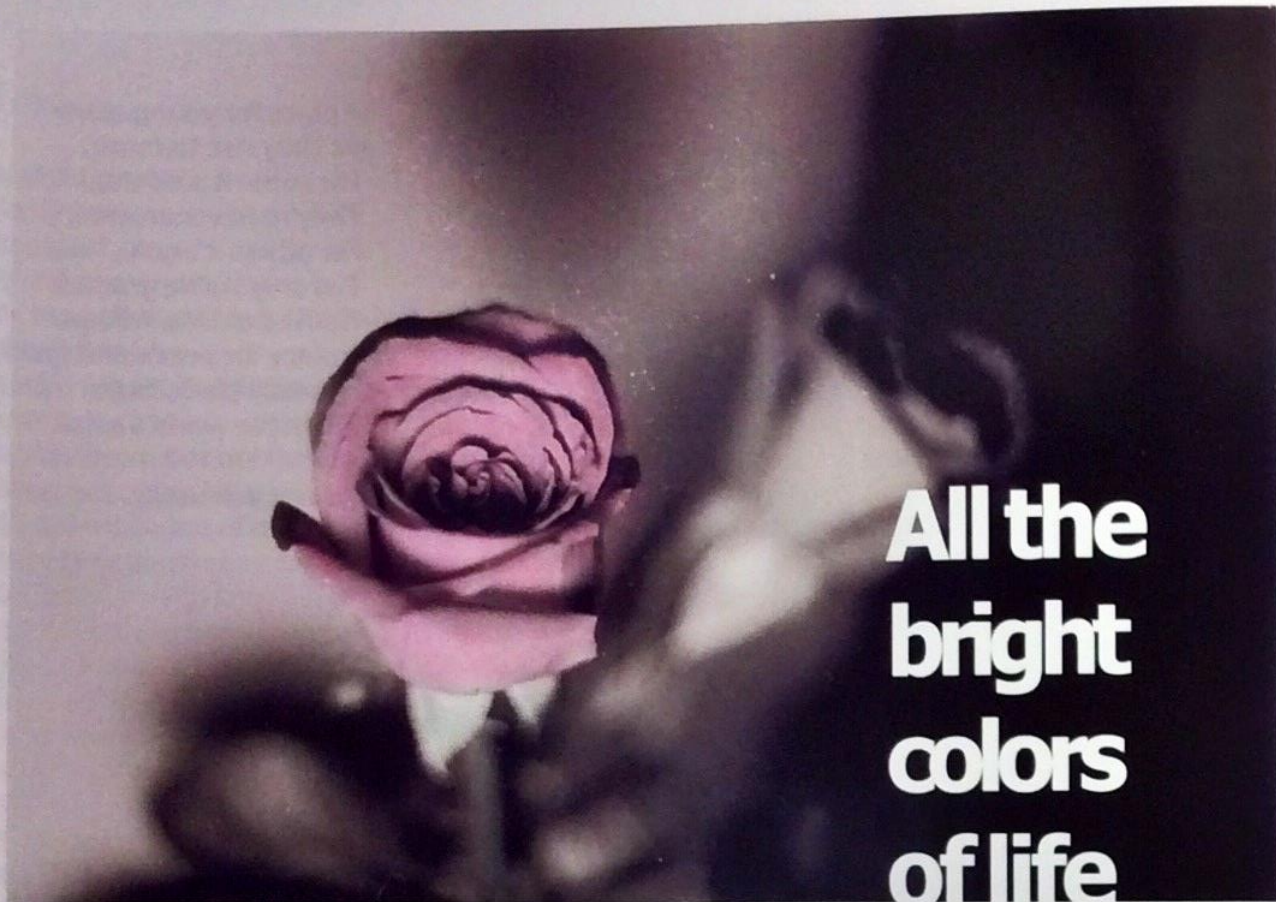
A place for young stars
As they rise to fame.
For some it's no use,
They're never around,
For others it's gold,
The only stable ground.
Home can be a refuge,
A place for peace and quiet,
The only place to go,
When the world's a riot.

Garrett Velasquez



Loyalty

Matt Dayton



Tinted Rose

Andrew Jones

**All the
bright
colors
of life
fade to
gray**

Death

What frightening call do I hear?
A drop of blood, a single tear.
Nearer and nearer draws death in time,
And fills the joy of life with reason and rhyme.
All the bright colors of life fade to gray,
Though the memories of them will forever stay.
Down comes an angel from the heavenly gate,
To finalize, complete, and finish my fate.

The sight of its wings eases my pain,
And enlightens me with all I have gained.
My legacy will continue forevermore,
Unstoppable like the waves upon a shore
I thought it was the end, but it's just the start,
With future in mind, and past at heart.

Michele Gill

Love

Is love patient?
It is kind?
Why does it hurt and mess with your mind?
Some say in trials it proves true.
But true to what and true to who?

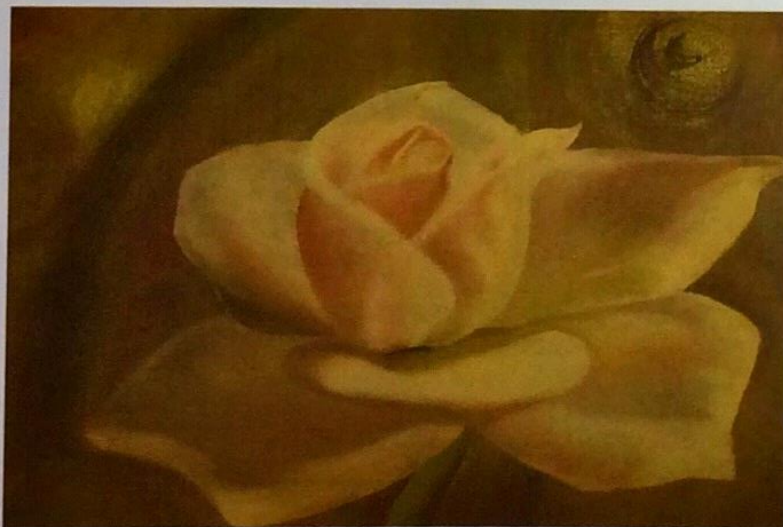
Love grasps and holds,
It teaches, consumes and even molds.
But molds to what?
From my heart and soul it does cut,
Cut into pieces and spread into the black night sky.
It makes me question, makes me fall down and
cry.
Cry tears of joy, tears of pain,
Tears trickle down as rain.
So what is love and could it be near?
Once again it will hurt me, I fear.
So from love do I dare run away?
Should I run from this love
That haunts me day by day?
How do I run and where do I go?
Can love catch me?
Is it fast or is it slow?

Love surrounds me like a burning fire.
It speaks truth out of a liar.
It holds me close, it holds me near.
It fills my heart and makes it hear,
Hear the sweet songs love sings.
Like a beautiful melody love rings,
Rings through the silence and consumes the
air.

So love calls me, answer it, do I dare?
So I jump, so I leap
Into love's arms,
Into love's endless sea,
I am consumed deep.
Love, here I am.
Take me into your gentle arms once
again.

- *Dedicated to Mom*

Paula Reynoso



A Rose

Shawna Seward



Mosaic

Amanda O'Reilly

Fragments

Fragments
broken jagged shards
of reality
on the floor
Throwing prismatic colours
on the ceiling

Amy Lewis



Inspired

I hear your guitar melodies
Through the receiver
I grin and sigh as my heart grows wings.
I wish I could be there,
Wrapped in your melodies
With my head next to yours,
Floating on pink clouds of wishful thinking
And dreaming of a bright Sunday.
No words have to be said;
Notes and sighs say it all,
As we come to a mutual understanding.

The night is filled with fairy dust
And as words return and "Goodnight"
Is whispered,
I hold a silent gratification in my soul,
For the receiver sighs and melodies
Have left me inspired.
Nothing more, nothing less.
Just inspired.

Nicole Edwards



Yellow Flower

Unknown

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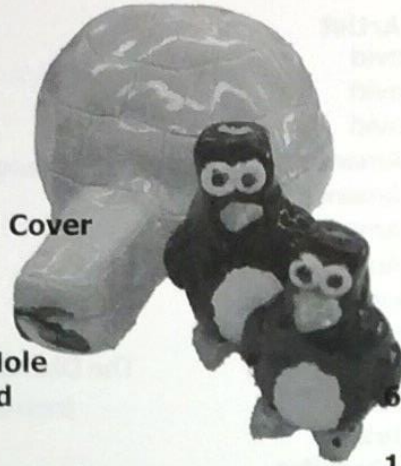
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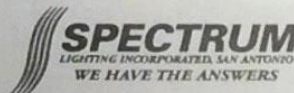


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American Scholastic Press Association: First place with Special Merit (Highest Award) 1991-1995, 1997; Most Outstanding High School Literary Magazine of 1992; Perfect Rating 1,000/ 1,000 points 1992-1993; Outstanding Overall Art 1990, 1993; Most innovative Supplement 1997; First Place 1998, 2002.

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National Scholastic Press Association: First Class with three Marks of Distinction 2000, 2002.

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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