



Bullseye 1993

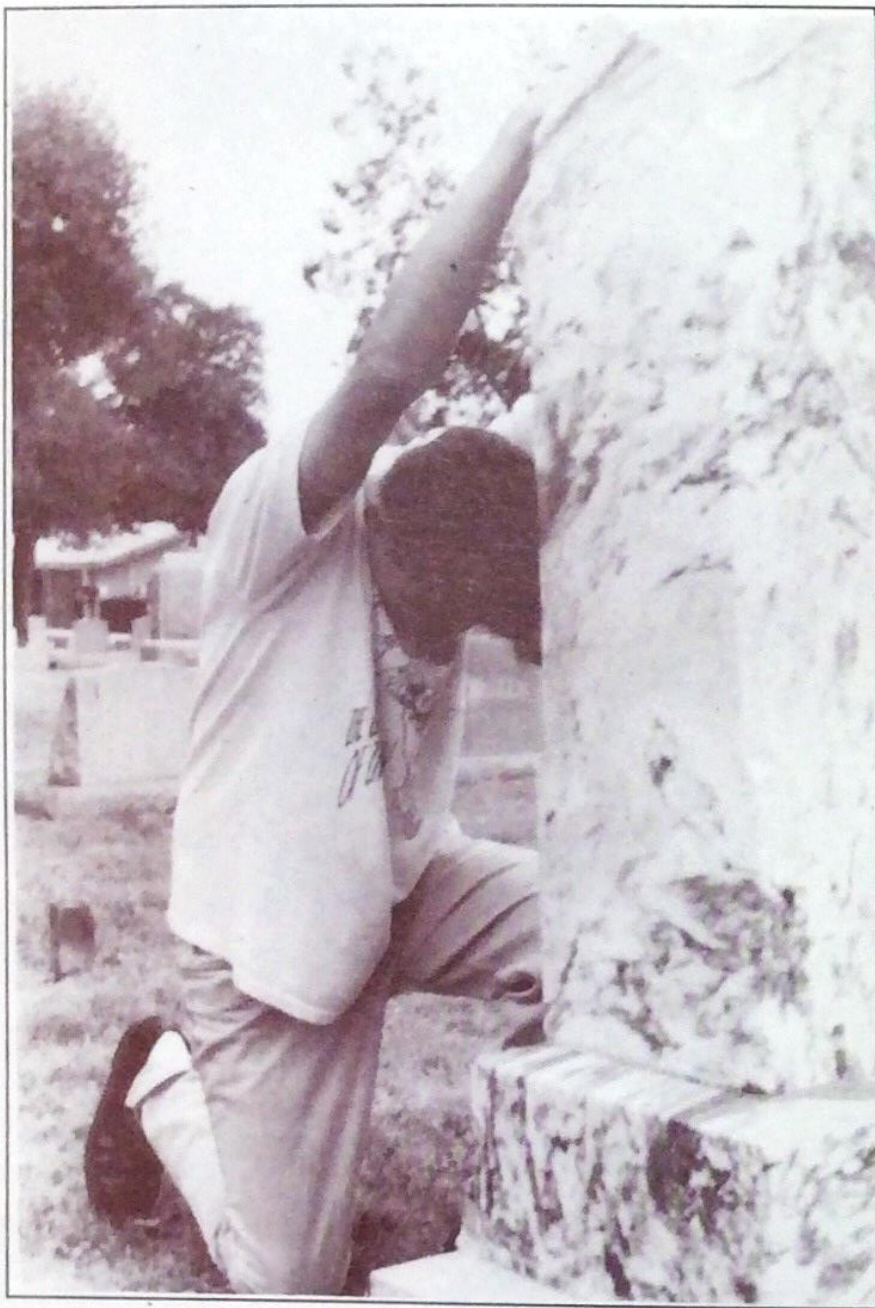
Bullseye 1993
Volume 9
Douglas MacArthur High School
North East Independent School District

arise anxious drifter
declare this
wanderlust
it is written out for you
you have the road maps
in your head
you have lived
and you have lost
this you do
remember
filter all lives
before you
within you
construct it into one
tangible indestructible
force

learn it
know it like the lines
on your palm
there is an ache in you
to move
to throw your arms wide
to say to yourself
"I AM"
to walk the world
to carve it into small
edible blocks
to hold this life
(finally)
in the palm of your hand
and master it
awaken: this journey



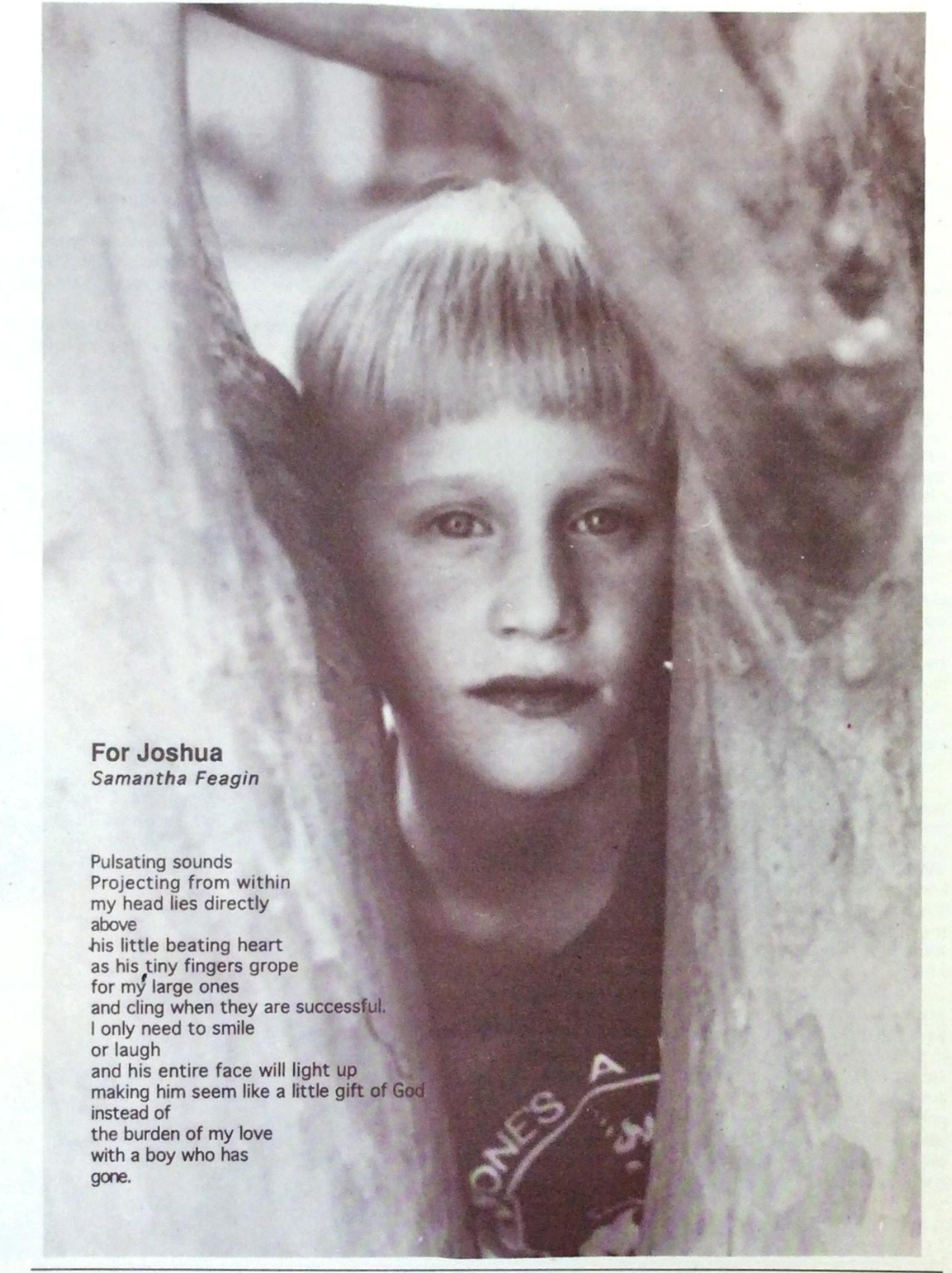
The Kurd
Jeremy Mack



Jessica Cordova

remember

I am feeling carefully
all things
an infant thrust
into mountains of holding
taken back
into this empty nothing
pushed down crashed around
my loss is as alive
as the vision that reminds me
all these reactions smell
of what is
once
was to have
and every turning
tastes as bitter
as a lost grip
I am only a creature
of eyes-of ears-of lips
and I'll **REMEMBER**
the road is the one place
to forget



For Joshua
Samantha Feagin

Pulsating sounds
Projecting from within
my head lies directly
above
his little beating heart
as his tiny fingers grope
for my large ones
and cling when they are successful.
I only need to smile
or laugh
and his entire face will light up
making him seem like a little gift of God
instead of
the burden of my love
with a boy who has
gone.

Wanderings

Mary Taylor

When I met you my head was in the clouds and my toes in the mud, and that was OK because I was young then. I remember gazing into your eyes and seeing myself. I felt your warmth around me and you were my sun. You illuminated my soul and guided me through the darkness. I ran to you as a child would flee the night, yet I was afraid to feel the blister of your burn. But I was young then, and I've had many blisters since.

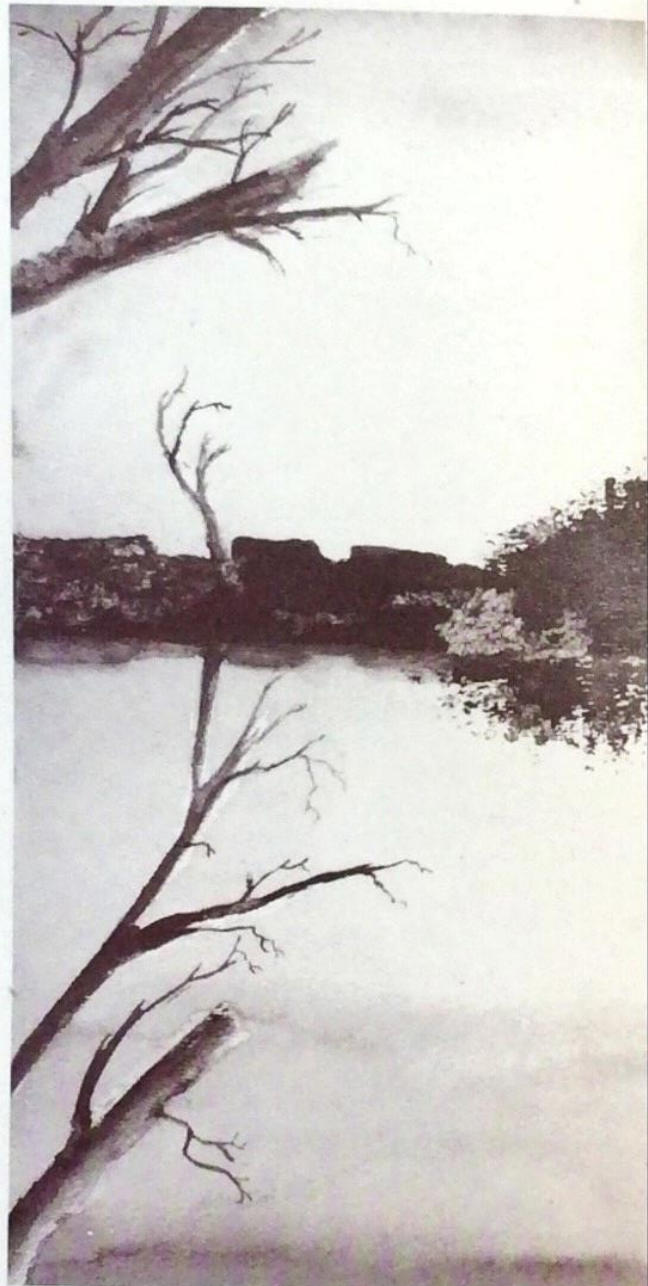
You were my best friend and my greatest love because you shared my adventures and my dreams; you were my co-conspirator. I remember our first walk in the woods together. You showed me your favorite tree and picked flowers for me, and I gathered leaves and wore them in my hair. We discussed the clouds and danced with the breeze, and I knew then that those were the most important things I would ever do. I like to think of those nights when we sat gazing at the stars together and how we talked with the Lady Moon and became friends with Orion, the mighty hunter. They are still two of my closest companions. The time that we lay beneath our tree remains with me. We were face down in the itchy grass, smelling the decaying leaves and breathing October. You looked at me and solemnly took my hand. You told me that you imagined that the grass was a jungle and we were in the middle of it. We were trapped alone in the darkness. I was afraid in the midst of that jungle, but you always led me out. Those were just games.

I liked to play with you because you let me be young and brave, and you never cheated much. Things weren't easy then; I was wild and had a temper that burned like drums of oil. I remember my hatred and the rage that came with being that age. I told you how I dreamed of hopping a train to anywhere, as long as it was the redeye. It was a desperate attempt to keep my eyes from being blue, I suppose. But, you saw through it. You knew I was playing hide-and-seek with you. You always were good at those games.

You set my fierce mind at ease and filled me with peace. It was you that made me strong because you were the only one who would fight me. Our wanderings together gave me a sense of purpose and the spirit of life. I could tell you anything. I remember our discussions about trees and sharing my tree philosophy with you. I told you that we are like trees because our roots determine how well we grow, and provide, and nurture through our lives. Like trees, our arms reach to embrace the sunlight, yet cannot

survive without rain. I told you that we have to take what the world gives us and make something beautiful with it, just as everything that the earth gives to the tree eventually blossoms and flowers. Your eyes sparkled, and you knew just what I meant because I had put your soul into words. You were the only one I could share trees and walks in the rain with, and I thought we'd be young forever.

You knew it was time to grow up. I hated you for that, but I was young then. I have almost finished growing up now, but I still miss those days. I imagine that it would be different if you were here now, and I wonder if the woods have changed.

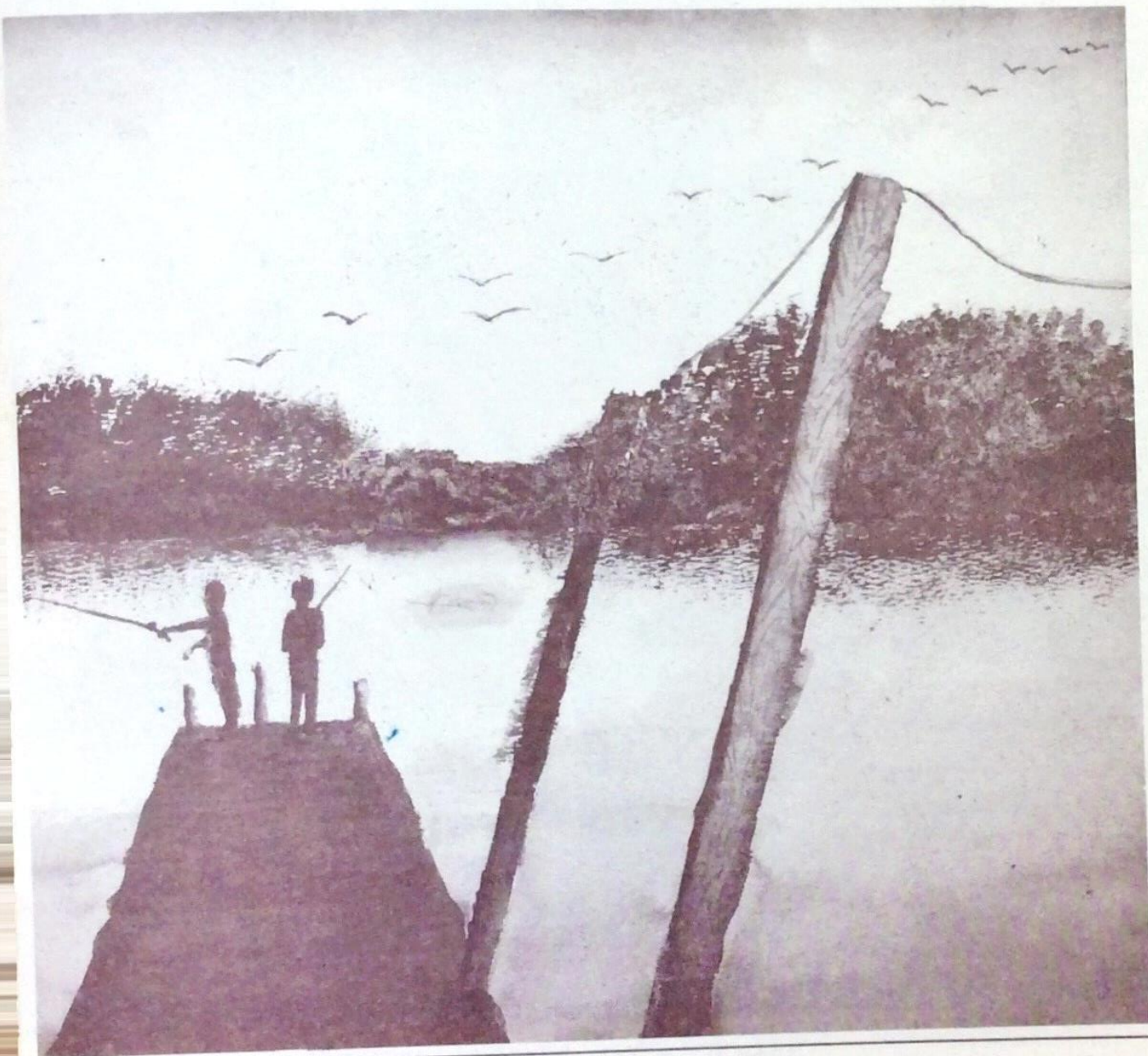


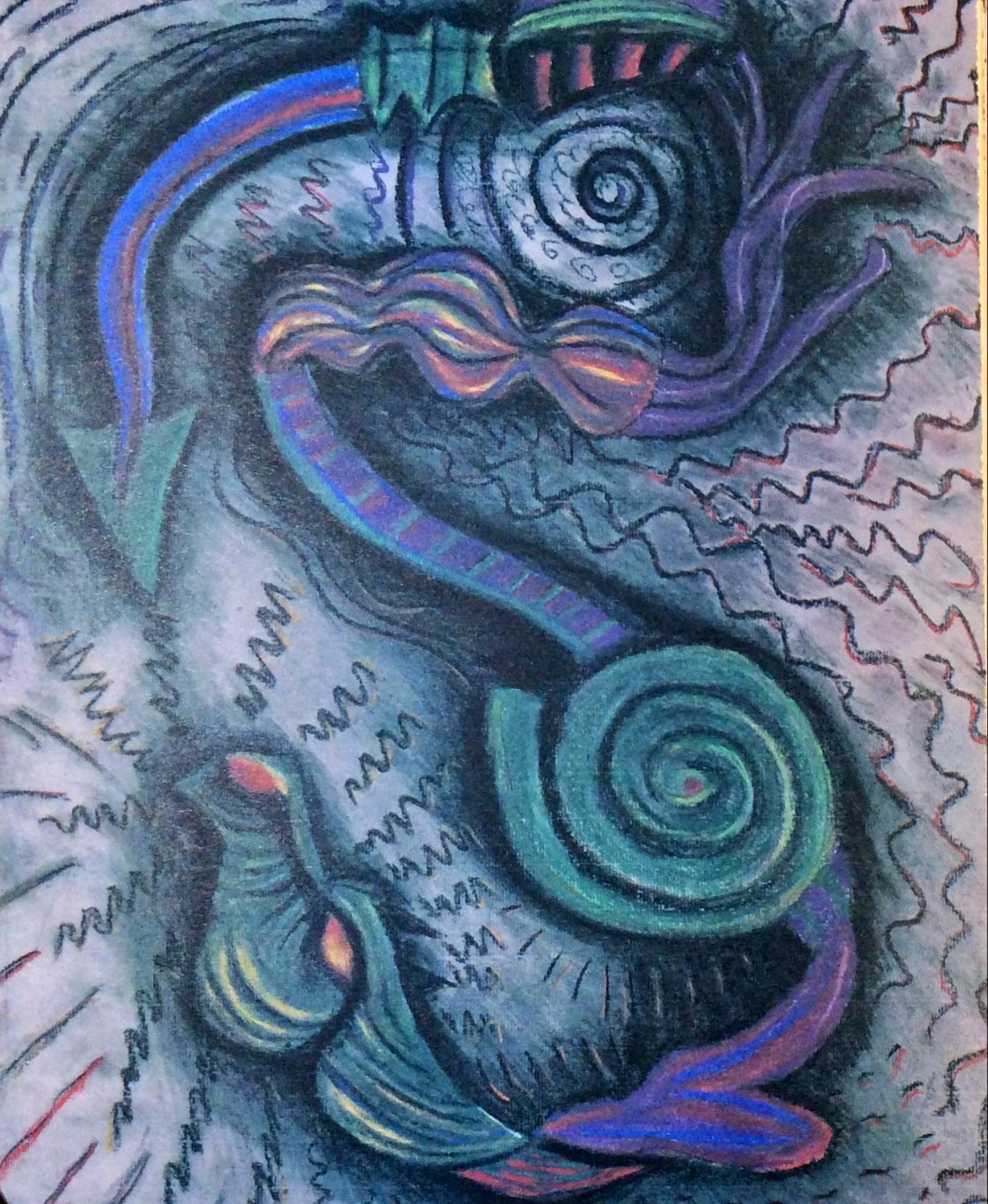
Charlie Fell

five reminders of you

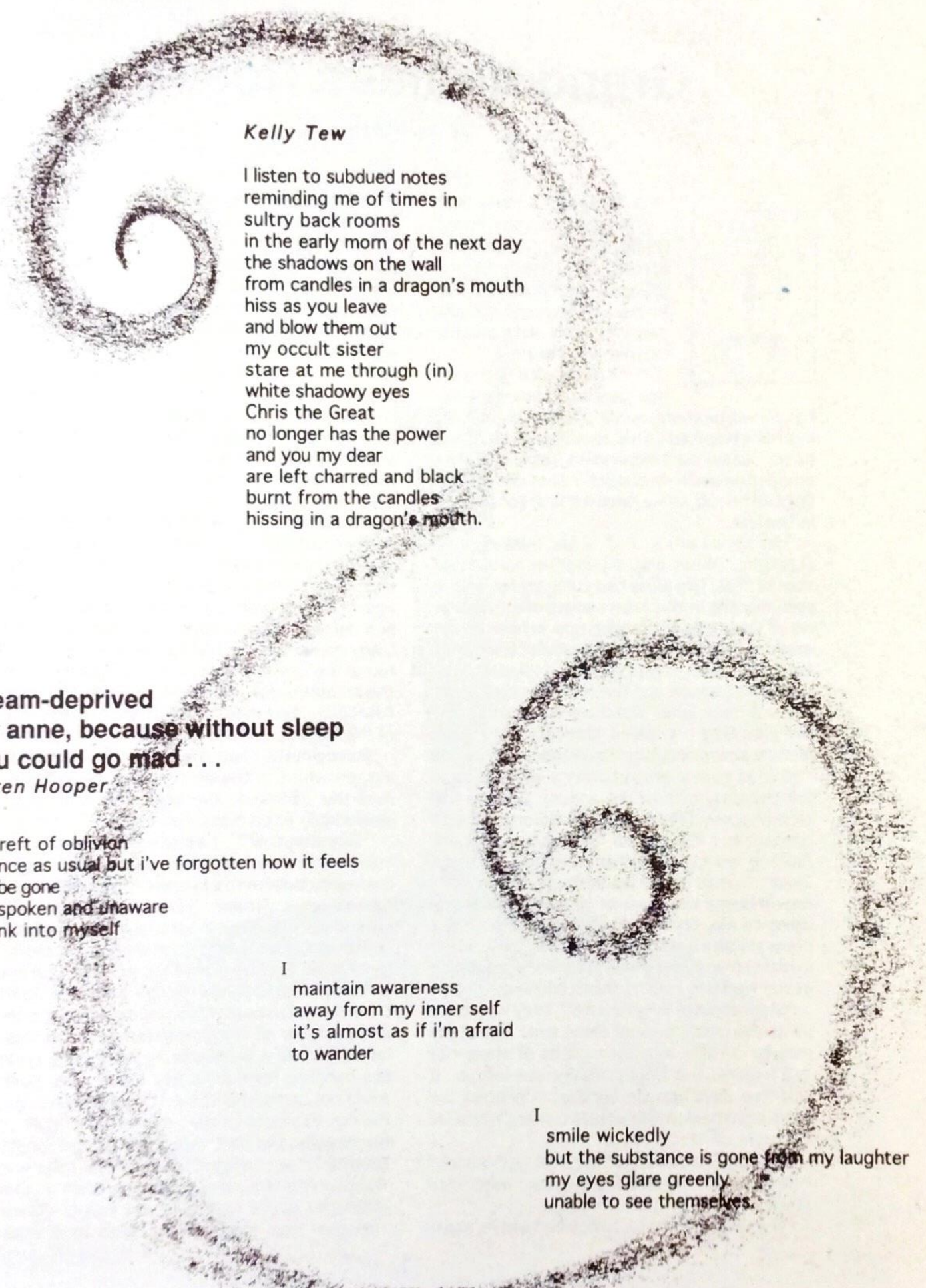
Rebecca Rosser

- i the wispy clouds brush my cheek
and it tickles like the time we
had the pillow fight and all the
pillows burst open
- ii the golden sun warms my skin to
stop the cold from setting in
because you forgot yours and now
it's snowing
- iii the twinkling stars jump out at
me and light up the night reminding
me of how we would lay on our roof
with our eyes turned, looking up we
would watch the fireworks all night
long
- iv the silver moon, gleaming down makes
me want to reach out and touch it
because it glows with a brilliance
that is you
- v and the pale blue sky hurts the most
because all i see is the exact same
tint of blue i saw as you were laid
to rest in your red and white checkered
dress





Dragon Mary Duggan



Kelly Tew

I listen to subdued notes
reminding me of times in
sultry back rooms
in the early morn of the next day
the shadows on the wall
from candles in a dragon's mouth
hiss as you leave
and blow them out
my occult sister
stare at me through (in)
white shadowy eyes
Chris the Great
no longer has the power
and you my dear
are left charred and black
burnt from the candles
hissing in a dragon's mouth.

**dream-deprived
for anne, because without sleep
you could go mad . . .**

Karen Hooper

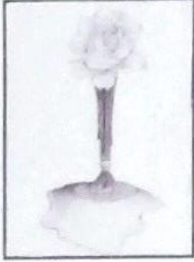
I
bereft of oblivion
dance as usual but i've forgotten how it feels
to be gone
unspoken and unaware
sunk into myself

I
maintain awareness
away from my inner self
it's almost as if i'm afraid
to wander

I
smile wickedly
but the substance is gone from my laughter
my eyes glare greenly
unable to see themselves.

Grandmother's Roses

Kristin Johnson



"Two eggs, a cup of flour . . . two eggs, a cup of flour," I kept repeating verbatim to myself as I drove to my grandparents' house. I was on my way to retrieve a few items for a chocolate cake my mother was baking.

"Kristin, are you sure you want to go by yourself—no one will be there, and it's just so soon," my mother whispered to me as I skipped out of the door. I, being the independent, fearless, show-emotion-and-die teenager I thought I was, laughed her off with a sarcastic look and hopped in the car.

"So here I am . . ." I sat thinking at a stoplight. What was my mother so worried about? Yes, Grandma had suffered for seventeen months in this house where she died, but we all knew she was healed now in heaven. So many memories lie in those rooms! Christmas morning when I was eleven, I sipped Irish Cream hot cocoa and felt its warm steam rise into my face while watching my grandfather flip pancakes. I leafed through a decaying picture album on a lazy Thanksgiving day while I listened to my grandmother's smooth voice tell the story of how she and my grandpa had eloped some fifty-two years before. Then I cringed as I thought of the recent ones like feeding my grandmother morphine as sixty-seven pounds of her lay in the hospital bed. I remembered the smell of rotting flesh as she clung to me, crying. Her bitter tears trickled down my arm and onto the floor as she told me in half sentences she was sorry she wouldn't be at my wedding. All of those horrible nights.

"Any minute! Any minute!" they would tell us at the lonely hour of three a.m. That "any minute" turned into six months of sheer hell and misery. But finally, finally, she left us. It was five days ago on Sunday. I gripped the steering wheel, my knuckles turning white, as I thought of her death.

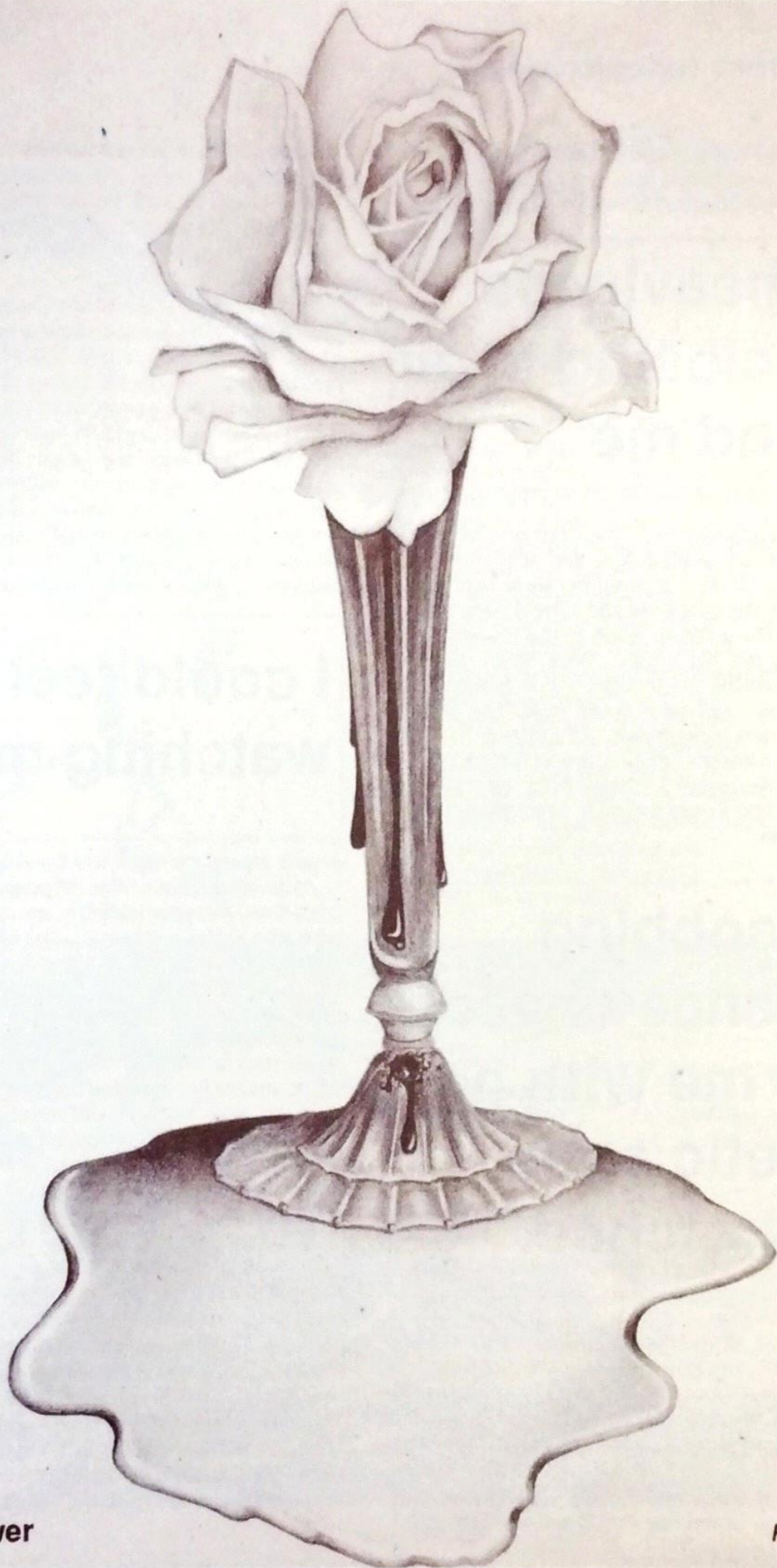
"Please God, don't let me ever get cancer," I thought as I rounded the corner onto their street.

The road, slick with rain, was hard to see in

the darkness, and my defroster did nothing but fog the windshield more. Off the deserted road I finally spotted the familiar driveway. I turned slowly, careful not to run over Grandmother's roses, noticing the strange sense of desertion the house seemed to hold. I turned off the motor and sat, listening to the rhythmic pound of the sharp rain, pondering whether or not I was feeling serenity or fear. After what seemed like hours, I opened the car door and dashed onto the covered porch which was laden with overgrown hanging baskets, clay angels, and wind chimes clanking angrily in the wet wind. The porch light wasn't on, I noticed, which was strange as my grandfather was one big on safety. I fumbled through the keys my mother had given me, searching for the right one. I chuckled to myself as I thought of the fact that I didn't think I would ever be in this house again since my grandpa had found a buyer for it and many of my grandma's belongings. "Too many memories," he had said with a sigh. I had found the key, and was now jerking it wildly in the stubborn lock. With one last jerk, the door flew open. And then, I thoughtlessly made one of the biggest mistakes of my life. I stepped in.

Immediately, I had the sensation of drowning, drowning in the air thick with presence. And the darkness, the darkness was overwhelmingly pitch black and cold.

"Grandmother?" I whispered coarsely as I strained to listen for any sounds that might lead me to believe this presence that I felt could be that of a burglar. However, all that answered me was the monotonous ticking of my grandmother's monstrous mahogany grandfather clock. A rush of cold fear shot through me as I gasped frantically for the light. It flipped on, and the darkness was consumed by the eerie antique glow of my grandmother's porcelain lamp. The glow illuminated a handmade price tag dangling from its dusty shade. My brain could not comprehend the thoughts I was now having: thoughts of my grandmother, part of her anyway, the part that suffered and fought feverishly for one last chance at life. She was trapped in this house, this house that at that moment I hated with all of my heart. These thoughts ran through my mind in a split-



Bleeding Flower

Randy Zingg

Grandmother's Roses (continued)

second, and I instantly blocked them out.

"Just get the eggs and flour and leave," I repeated in my mind. My brain, numb with disbelief, could not

**The heaviness
was closing in all
around me . . .**

comprehend anything now. The heaviness of the air was closing in all around me, and with my heart pounding in my chest, I ordered my weak legs not to run. I grabbed the groceries and turned back toward the so-called living room, when in the corner of my eye, I noticed the old organ. Once again, pleasant memories calmed me as I thought of how grandma and I were the only ones who could strike the organ's yellowed keys and make music. As a little girl, I would sit and listen to her play hymns, and in return, I would recite for her Pachelbel's "Canon in D", her favorite. The organ too had a price tag on it, and I soon realized it had been sold.

**The sobbing
presence chased
after me with her
pathetic arms
outstretched.**

"Just for you, Grandma . . ." I thought as I slowly walked toward it, my feet sinking in the plush carpet. My mind was open now, and for some strange reason reality had left me and this house; and only twisted ideas seemed acceptable. I could almost see my grandmother now; for I could hear her crying. She wanted so earnestly to hold me and feel my youth and love.

"Don't worry, Grandma, . . . I will comfort you."

I flipped on the organ and listened to it hum. Presently, in a trance of shock, I began to play. "Canon in D" screamed out through the darkness as I subconsciously went through the motions. Halfway through, I snapped back to the sound of the hollow grandfather clock striking eleven.

Immediately, I was where I had been earlier. Rigid fear devoured my body and escaped through the trembling I could not control. She was there (I fully realized that now) still trying to quench one last breath of life. Not her ghost or soul, for that was with God, but her pain, anguish, and broken spirit. I flew off the organ bench and began to run. The sobbing presence chased after me with her pathetic arms outstretched. She breathed into the stale air the all too familiar scent of death. She begged me not to leave, wanting me to stay and remind her of life and grandchildren. I, too, was sobbing uncontrollably now; the

**I could feel her
watching me . . .**

events around me were too traumatic to deal with.

After what seemed like an eternity, I could see the front door. As I approached it, my eyes fell upon a large portrait hanging next to it. The same portrait of my grandmother that was propped up on an easel next to her coffin at the funeral. Never had I realized how beautiful she had been with her white china-like skin and sparkling blue eyes. But the look on her face was an earnest plea. Her mouth drew up slightly in a smirk, and her head cocked barely to one side. Her eyes were so alive they looked through me, and I half expected for her to peel right off the canvas and join me in the hallway. I just stared at it one last time and cried out in torment. "I'm sorry, Grandma. God help me. I just can't stay! Oh, God, please forgive me!"

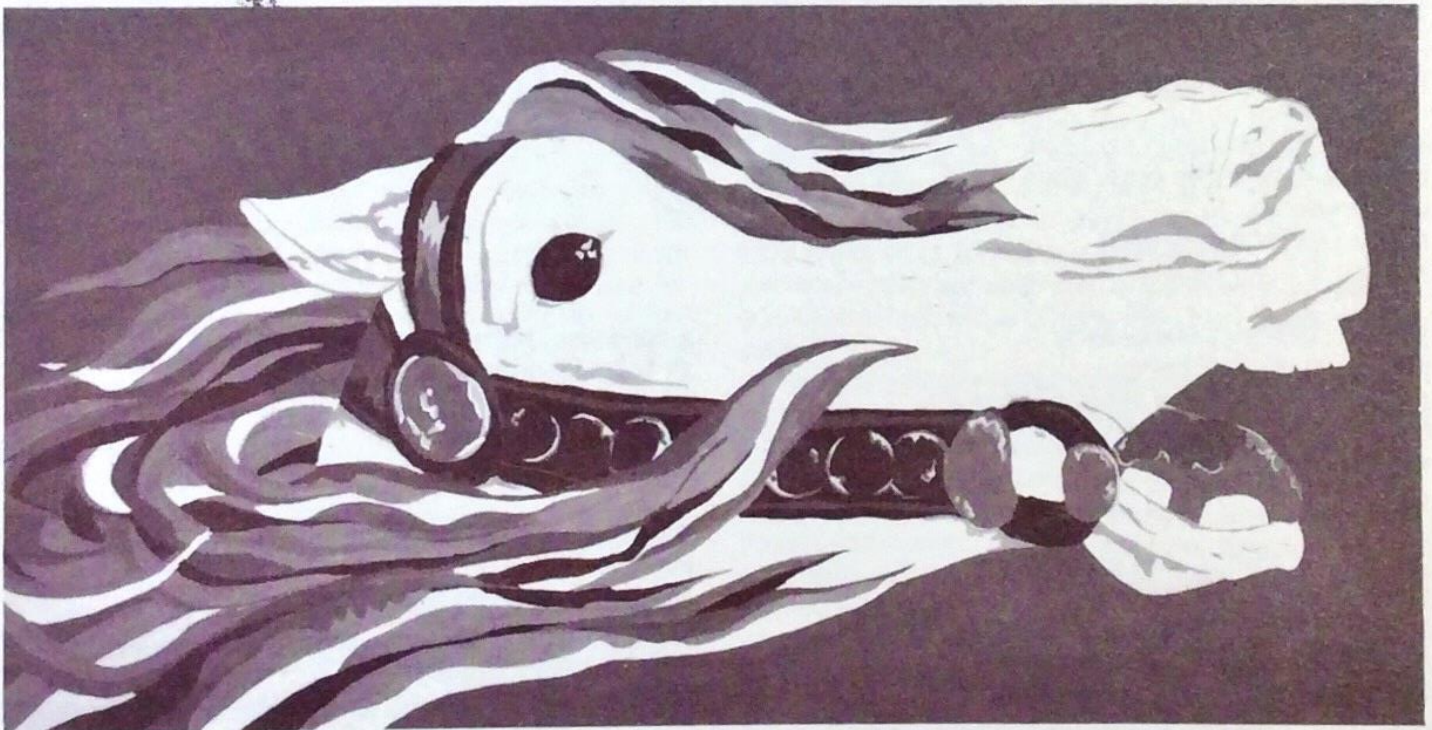
With that, I scrambled out of the house and into the fresh air, slamming the huge door behind me. I turned and began to run toward my car. The rain, still beating hard, mixed with my tears and cooled the fire I felt in my face. I could feel her watching me through the crocheted curtains of the front window, still trapped, refusing to let go of her earthly life - no matter how terrible it might have been. I continued running until I reached my car. As I climbed in, I took one last look at the nightmarish house. Full of memories, I sped off in a panic - never to return again.



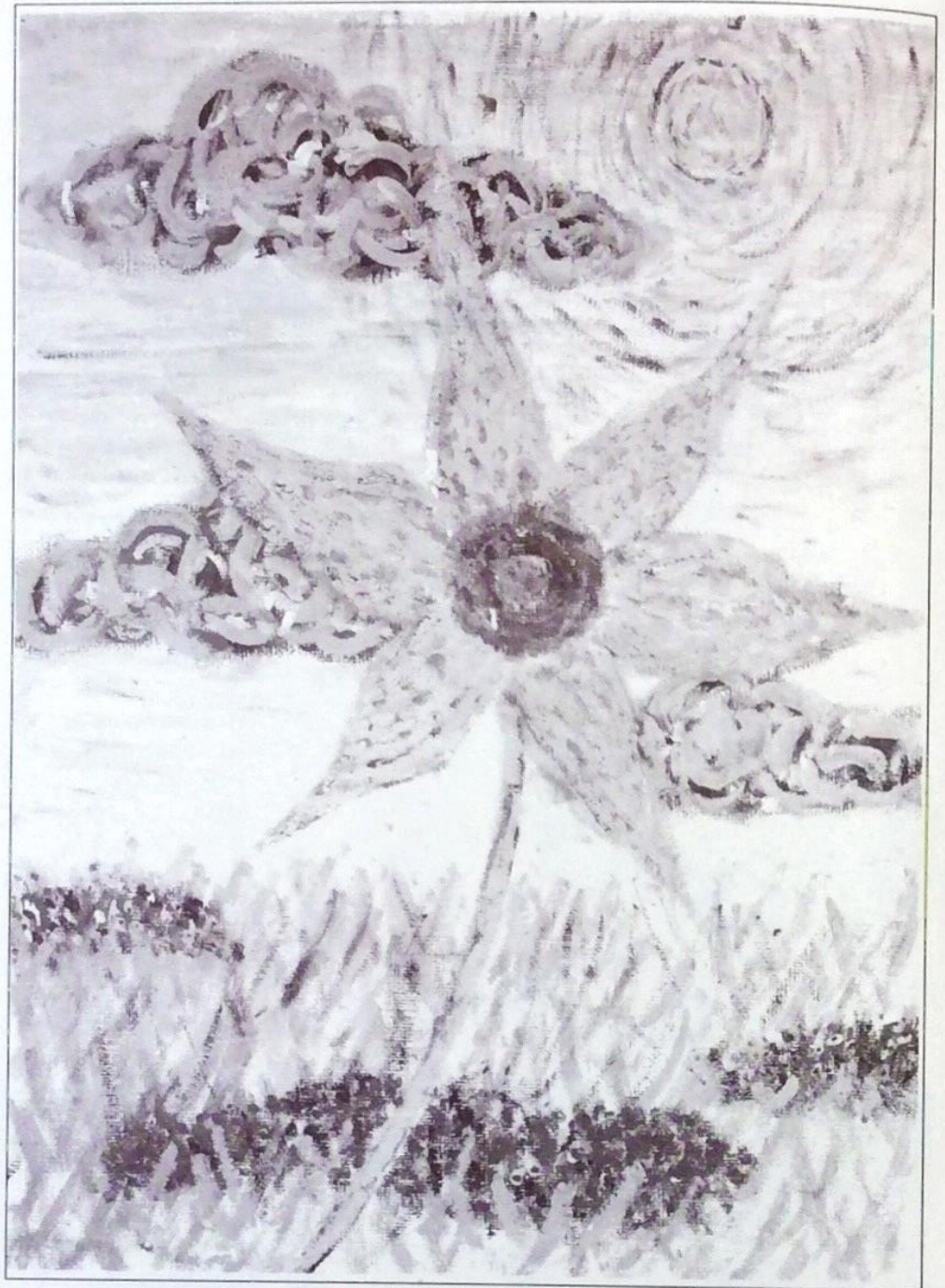
headrush of nostalgia

Rebekah Peebles and Anne-Kathleen Kreger

it all began in the august heat with the wild dance of the happy hopis and beating on drum-stools underneath willow trees except on fridays in mrs. cumming's room with waterfall sounds covering the subliminal messages about speed reading and will's birthday with the mini-microwave cake erin so masterfully created and alex made us be the make-up girls but marshall said thanks for the encouraging words we got in edgewise and companionship we shared on the side and i got to share a seat with matt on course selection day but i got a rose from him at christmas before he got a rose from that significant other then we finished that chapter closed that book and slammed that locker shut with a regretful flying sidekick.



Kelly Stevens



Anne Vega

a wave breaks over my
eyebrows
and laughter echoes in my head
i know what clichés enter your
consciousness
at the time of penetration
once

to look blankly at the ghostly
reflection of your being
and see my pleasures undulate through
the pores of your existence
to possess the power
once

i witnessed that phenomenon
the day you lost all feeling
and i was there the day you felt again
the co-existence of love and hate
when i died and didn't understand
once

a dandelion, found, loved, and nurtured
all for self-worth
which means nothing to you
i watched you grow
once

and once was the time when
you lived
the time when you flourished
in my eyes with guilt
and now will you ever blind me
always

Metamorphosis

Risa Hollingsworth

The party was crazy. Beer cans littered the floor, and bodies were gyrating in every available space. Donna was poised precariously on Earl's shoulders as he paraded her around, introducing her as "sis" to all the unfamiliar faces. But Earl had himself consumed too much alcohol and began to teeter and sway. Donna toppled off her throne and landed on the floor in a crumpled pile of giggles. Earl passed out not far from her, finally letting the drink settle in.

Donna moved to stand, but a hand at the back of her neck enforced gravity on her and held her to the floor. She tossed her long, straight red hair from her eyes and glanced menacingly back at her antagonist. The man she saw was no older than twenty-one with brownish-blond hair down to his waist and a ZZ Top beard hiding the lower half of his face. He was wearing a T-shirt that screamed the message "Hemp for Fuel," and his cut-off jeans were worn through at the pockets, clearly marking where he hooked his thumbs.

"I'm Robert," he said with a quirky questioning smile, which was almost completely concealed by his abundant facial hair.

She smiled back.

He lifted her to her feet and brushed imaginary dust off. He straightened out her shirt while she stood there looking every bit like a child being dressed by a parent. When he seemed content with her appearance, he pulled the last strands of hair out of her mouth, and with his feather-light touch he dragged his thumb across her lip. Her mouth fell slightly open, and he took the opportunity to taste the smoothness of her teeth. He kissed her with such gentle abandon that it was all she could do to keep herself upright.

The kiss was all consuming without time to embrace. He left his thumb on her chin, and neither one of them moved.

He slowed the kiss down and pulled away. She looked at him and said with all the innocence of an adolescent, "I'm Donna."

"I know," he said, smiling his trademark smile. Then he dropped his hand and turned away. She watched his parting form as if he were Jesus carrying the cross. He passed through the door and into the balmy Saturday night air.

Long after he was gone she stood there in awe. Then she gave a funny little giggle-squeal and skipped over to Earl's now listless form. It was a waste of time trying to wake him, but after shaking him a few times, she was convinced he was listening to her.

"I met Robert," she whispered in his ear and sat back on her heels.

Earl smiled and drifted back to whatever realm she had dragged him out of. For the first time, Donna realized how tired she was. For lack of a better place, she curled up next to Earl and slept.

The romance was definitely a whirlwind. Robert showed up at her last class on Monday and asked her to be his wife. She smiled, poked him in the ribs, and skipped off, naive to his intense adoration.

He only asked once. Sometimes he would show up at Earl's house with an iris or a book of philosophy for her. She loved philosophy.

Three months later, Robert arrived at Earl's house with a gift. Donna was in the shower, and he walked into the bathroom, not noticing her naked form behind the steamed up glass.

"Kafka," he said, holding up a book.

"Yes," she answered quietly.

The wedding took place two weeks later in Earl's dilapidated backyard. It was a modest ceremony with fifteen close friends. Donna was adorned in a green velvet mini-dress and no shoes. Robert wore a light blue dress shirt, jeans, and a brown corduroy jacket that showed its age as it rode up on his arms. His yellow and blue tennis shoes peeked out from under frayed cuffs.

They moved into a one-bedroom apartment over a record store. Earl bought them a house-warming gift. He said a dog was the final declaration of their love. Donna named it Riley, and it was her constant shadow.

Over the years, the dog outgrew the house and so did Robert and Donna. They moved from their tiny pad to a three-bedroom, two-and-a-half bath condo on the north end of town. So much had changed. Donna's hair was barely touching her shoulders, and her once earthen wardrobe had given way to bright colors and rayon. Robert had taken a job as an engineer at a small computer firm just starting out. The business grew as

Metamorphosis (continued)

did his position in it. Over the span of fifteen years, he had become Director of Marketing World Wide. Gone were his poem books, locked up next to Donna's philosophies and love beads in a trunk in the garage.

At breakfast Donna called out:

"Come here, Riley."

The dog did not answer. In its place was a girl-child of thirteen. She looked more like her father but was a perfect mimic of her mother.

The imp-like child came into the breakfast nook and took her seat next to her father. Robert quietly acknowledged his daughter and went back to following his stocks.

Donna came in and sat on the other side of her husband. She looked old, less free. Society's shackles had captured her; and she was a slave. Everyday it was something: a tea party here, a Tupperware party there, Bunco on Wednesdays. She was tired, and make-up couldn't cover it. She drank her tea in silence.

Riley was fishing around in her pocket. She pulled out a small, shiny object and held it up as a prize.

"What's this? I found it in your jewelry box, Mom."

Donna looked at it and smiled. It was their old roach clip. The memories flooded back on her. She looked over at her husband still engrossed in his newspaper.

"Robert . . . ?"

Robert looked up distracted and frowned at the object in his daughter's innocent hand.

"Don't take it to school," he said and went back to his paper.

Donna's smile faded from her face, and she looked all of her thirty-four years. She looked at Riley and shook her head "no." Riley's eyes clouded over, and she pushed away from the table. She moved her chair back in and padded from the room, kicking at a cockroach and flipping it on its back to flail for a while.

"Asshole," Donna whispered when Riley was gone.

Robert gave her a long, expressionless look. There was no trademark smile, no unruly beard, no worn jeans. He slowly moved out of his chair and methodically folded his paper. He laid it on the table and moved towards Donna. He stopped in front of her and put his hand on the back of her neck. It wasn't gentle like their first meeting. He kissed her without meaning and walked away without caring. He was no Jesus. He was just a man.

She sat there for a moment, old and not at all naive. She finally got up to put her make-up on. It was Tuesday - bowling day.





Bullseye 1993



Lauren Donohue

construct

I am as receptive
as an empty sponge
I take from
the faces
of my decree
and the lives of this travel
I CONSTRUCT
each exact original cause
naming the reason
I am emphatic
there is theory
in this predestined angst
there is city in this
beautiful world
and I
am the intense
reason
for it all

Navel
Delorita Meno

There is absolutely no sense in having this.
It seems as if it is just there for decoration.
I know without it, I wouldn't be here, but really.
Why must I have a bellybutton?

Then Again . . .

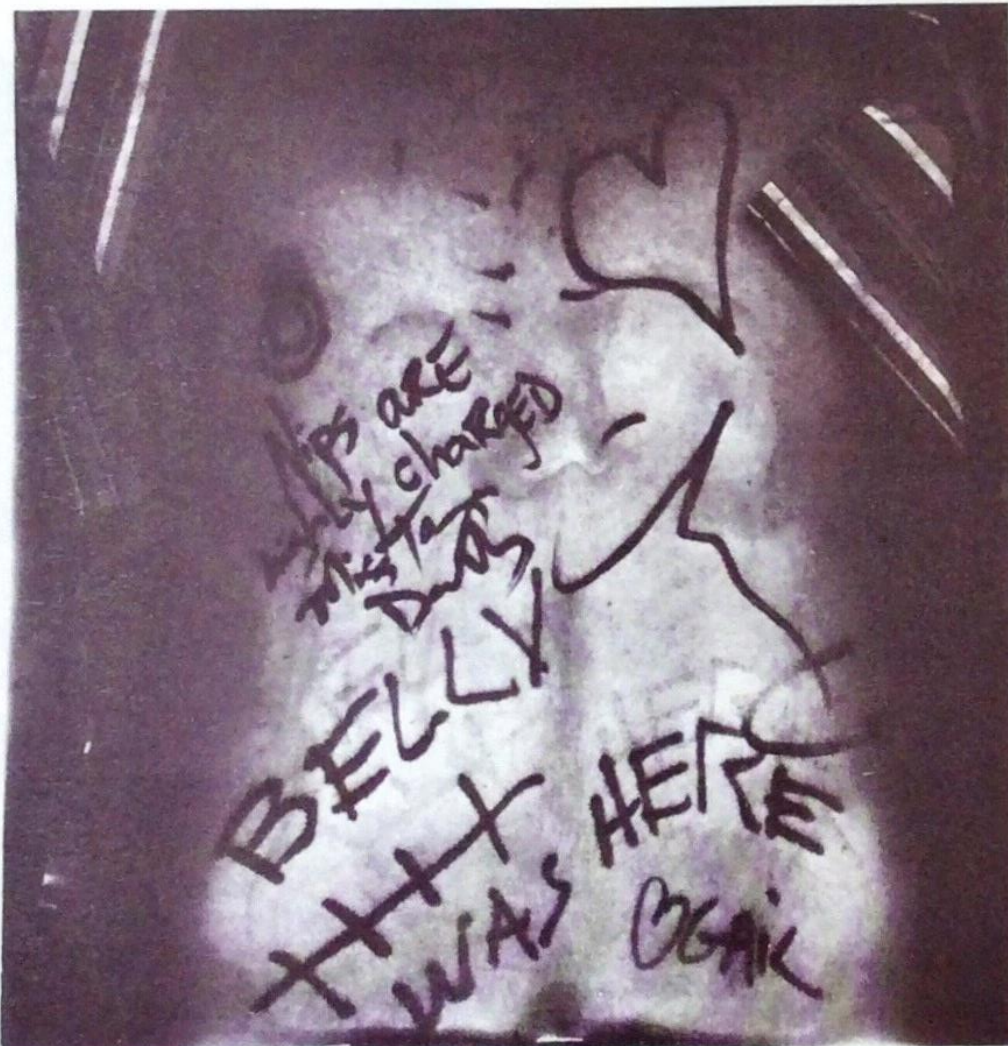
Could you imagine life with no bellybutton?
Then your belly would just be there
An empty space, waiting for something to fill it.
I wonder what it would be like, if it were just sticking out.
A long, dangling tube coming out of your midsection.
I suppose it could be quite fun, at times.
You could hang from a tree with no hands or feet.

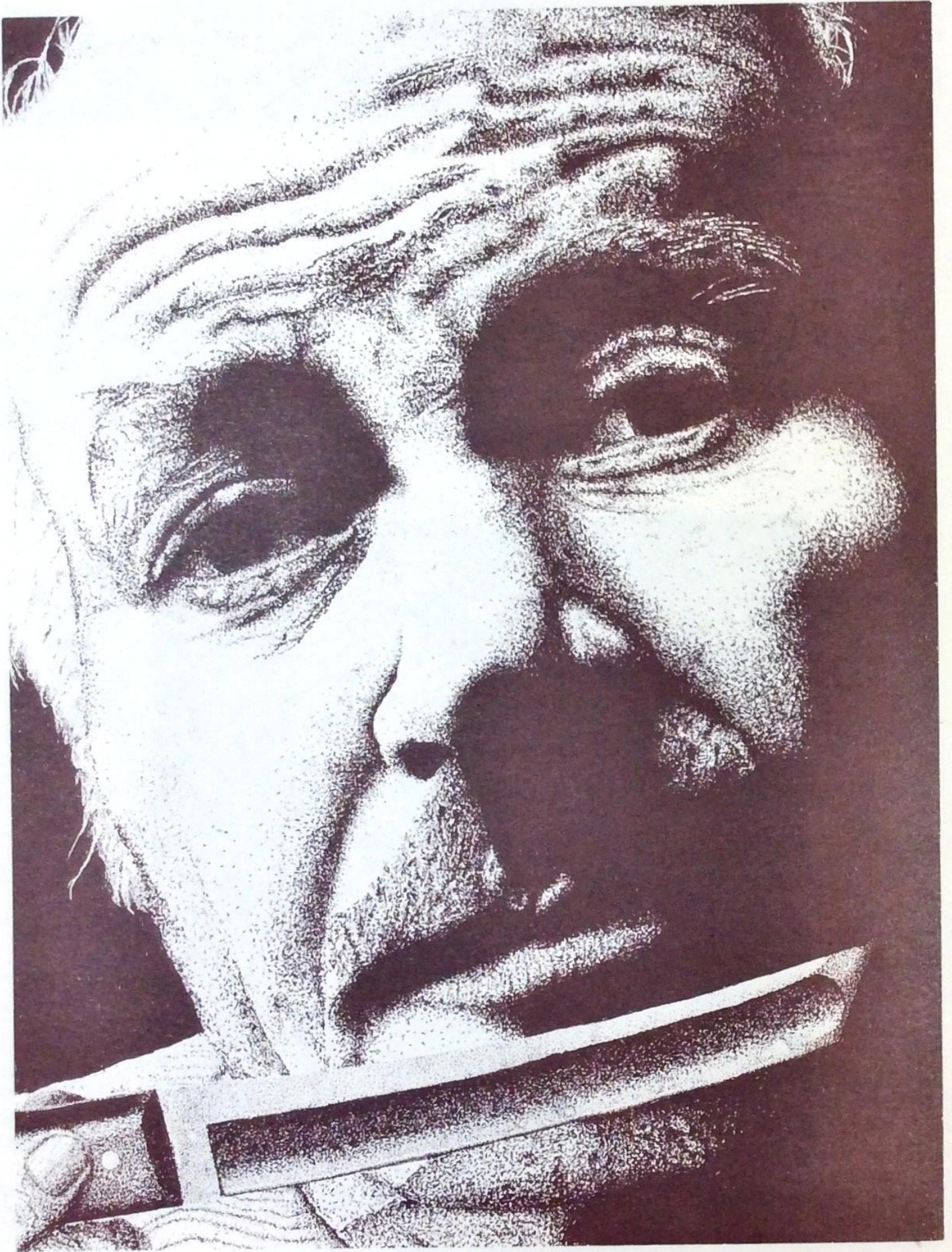
However . . .

Be careful not to get yourself into any trouble.
Instead of execution by injection, you might
have your cord tied around your neck.

Or . . .

Instead of being grounded by mom, she would
tie you to your bed post, to keep you home.





Chubby *James Atkinson*

ANOTHER AND TIME

Bryan Mealer

I Pressing hard, rubbing my face, taking away all the city's depression and sad, sad infinity off in one fingernail capped mountain of a hand - O the peace one finds in a hot cup of spiritual soup and a smile from the pretty girl that sits across the table.

II Wasted away in a low fog of an endless highway outside the window, got something floating in my coffee cup, just sup it down the same to get lost amongst the mashed potatoes of a lost night that rest in my hobo belly, whispering in hidden growls to just go to sleep and let it do its own business.

III Dreaming of high-rises in Manhattan and the dirty streets with spilled stomachs on rambling dark alleys of San Francisco - they have my name engraved in their sweaty pavement in front of skid-row bars that wrinkled up old jazz priests play for hours until daytime, crying with their brass lungs up to the street lights, in a drunken haze that they mistake for the moon.

IV O give me peace, Lord, peace of my mind to stay here another day - I'm carrying big city doldrums on my back and wearing down holes in my shoes.

V O but it is to be continued as time, going on forever, and time is such a dirty word sounding "BOOM" as it rolls off the tongue and onto the paper - it is time that will kill me dead and it is time that will make people forget my stiff corpse and it is time that makes me cry to think of it - ticking, ticking as the stopwatch does that rests at the bottom of my pocket, going to die itself by its own two hands of time when it needs to be wound again.

VI There are many people who occupy my city, my city as I call it because of the taxes and taxes I pay to buy policemen and mayors the big city cars to ride to their racquetball games, passing the hoodlums on Commerce street sidewalks, my friends who smoke marijuana when they can, and as much as they exist, exist to be someone else. And there's the hard-faced bum who has three day stubble and malt liquor breath and thinks that Christmas is such a sad time to think of a man being born in a world such as this one.

VII I take long walks down streets in my city, slums gone good by a slip in the pocket and everything goes green, a putrid color I never looked good in, and everything stays that awful Army drab, never back to the blues and sad greys that you sing soft tunes to yourself under neon street light moons in a country that will never reflect the neutral pastels of your shaded childhood - because the smell of money is stained on your fingers the way it is after being in the arms of an ill-reputed woman of a red-blinking night down in lonely America . . . those are memories some wish to forget . . . and I will never get a chance to leave.

VIII ...and while walking down suburban side roads of rich and fluent CEOs and corporate leaders of out-to-get-you businesses, walking and the feel of the overcast sky is so thick in your head that the only thoughts that seem to escape are the seeping blues of a willow summer turned to fall, falling like sap that flows out of your mouth, down south to your toes, my girlsoul and me goes walkin', through wind, rain, and fire of a desolate night, singing godsent tunes to the top of our lungs and shouting "hallelujah" that we are drifters and are proud of our being, nothing leaves our mouths unless it fills the void in this black eye of nothing. I scream, she screams, and the world goes in another circle, as the new dawn stretches its beaming arms over the black curtain of night, waking up to the tunes of muses - me and a late night dig-chick.

O we travelers amongst
a quarter for a song.



abandoned
Summer Hurst

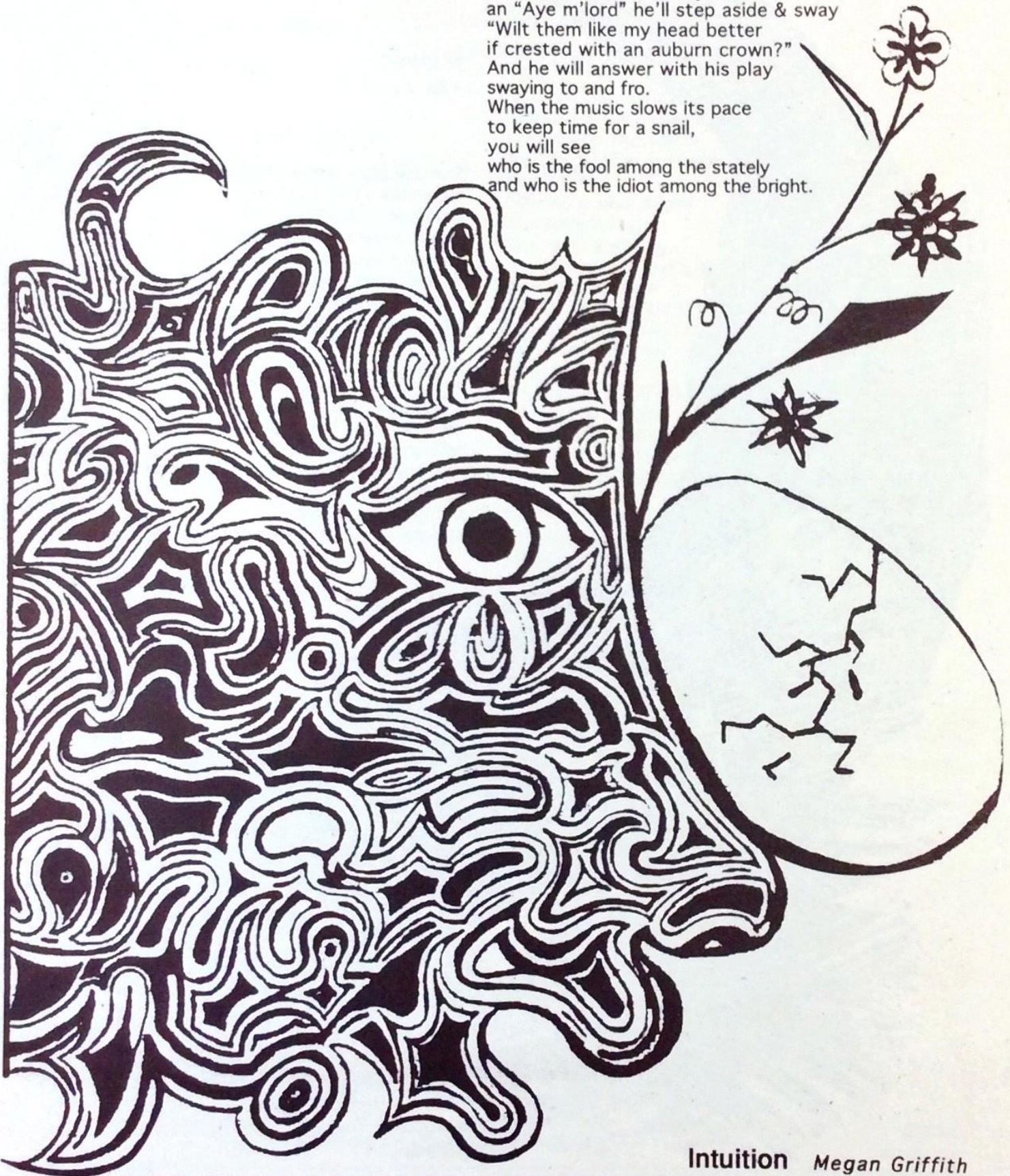
you, child,
nonexistent in the
eyes of the ones
who bore you.
Cry. Let your
tears roll over
the shoes of
the janitor who
finds you in
a ball with
86¢ clenched
in fist and
wet clothes on
your bare flesh.
Your feet bleed
from miles of
lovelessness and
so does my heart.
Sleep and dream
your only escape,
concrete your
only bed.

Child Abuse
Charla Kunkel

Through the mouth of innocence,
Stepped a dreary old man;
Who portrayed his words of wisdom,
Through the palm of his hand.
Torn from the victim flower,
Lay a deadened child's corpse,
Wrought with the hated venom,
Endorsed with his heavy voice.
Dyed the untainted colors,
Of unconditional love;
Only brought his fist down harder,
Upon the snow white dove.

Kelly Tew

The monkey in a shiner's hat
dances in a ring,
He plays upon his magic flute
and at a bold little curtsy &
an "Aye m'lord" he'll step aside & sway
"Wilt them like my head better
if crested with an auburn crown?"
And he will answer with his play
swaying to and fro.
When the music slows its pace
to keep time for a snail,
you will see
who is the fool among the stately
and who is the idiot among the bright.



Intuition Megan Griffith



Market
Kim Beal

Through black watered streets
glazed like a chocolate donut
little men pushing fat melons
in half understandable English
bowing to you in quick jerks
as their shiny headed children
play around their feet
walk across the globe (or to the next table)
where the singing man
bellows back to his wife
as he throws around
his metallic draped chest
with the hairy fringe poking out
selling pasta and fish
(or guns and knives if you know how to ask)
no crisp paper sacks
just dirty cloth bags
who argue over the price of coffee beans

Michele Ward

Ocean

Heather Cathcart

Now I stand here,
Watching waves come from the darkest
depths of the ocean
Pound against the rocky shore.
A volcano explodes
In the distance.
As I turn to watch the florescent liquid fire
Slip down the mountainside,
I become aware of the beauty
Of the moment.
A year passes,
And I am standing here once again,
Listening to the breakers
Crash against the stones.
And like the lava of the year gone by,
I wade into the great waters,
And I find a purpose to live.
For the sea life beneath me,
An array of rainbows,
I had always admired
With deep sincerity.
And I knew by instinct,
I would remain by the shore
Of this ocean
Forever.

Time

Jaclyn Lindig

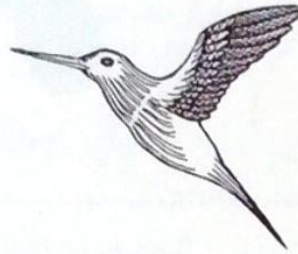
Time is the essence of continuity
Stopping for nothing, no one.
A steady stream of thoughts and
Dreams, just as life should be.
Like a slow bubbling stream
It brings peace and tranquillity.
Like the everlasting current of
The deep blue ocean, it never stops.
Time is a cup of thoughts
Overflowing with ideas.
One cannot stop time with joy
Or sorrow.
The steady pace is kept
With each minute,
Each hour, each day.
Life is the clock trying to
Keep up with time.
But the clock can hasten
And beat time to each second,
Using time that has yet to
occur.
The steadiness of life falters,
But time keeps on.
Time knows no limits,
No boundaries, unlike our lives.
When the clock stops with the
End of a life,
Time will again provide a path,
A continuous beat for another
Clock to follow.



*Blake
Sandberg*

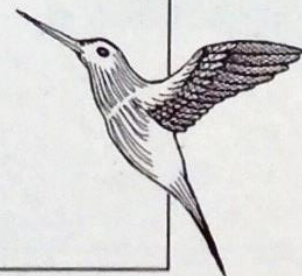
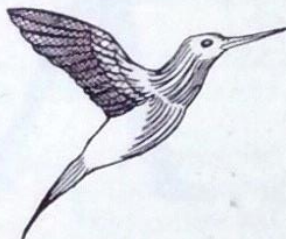
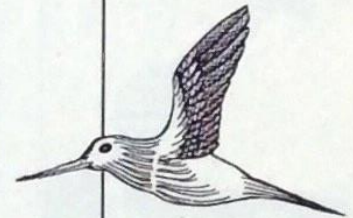
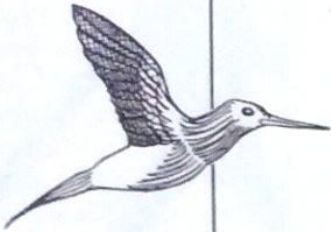


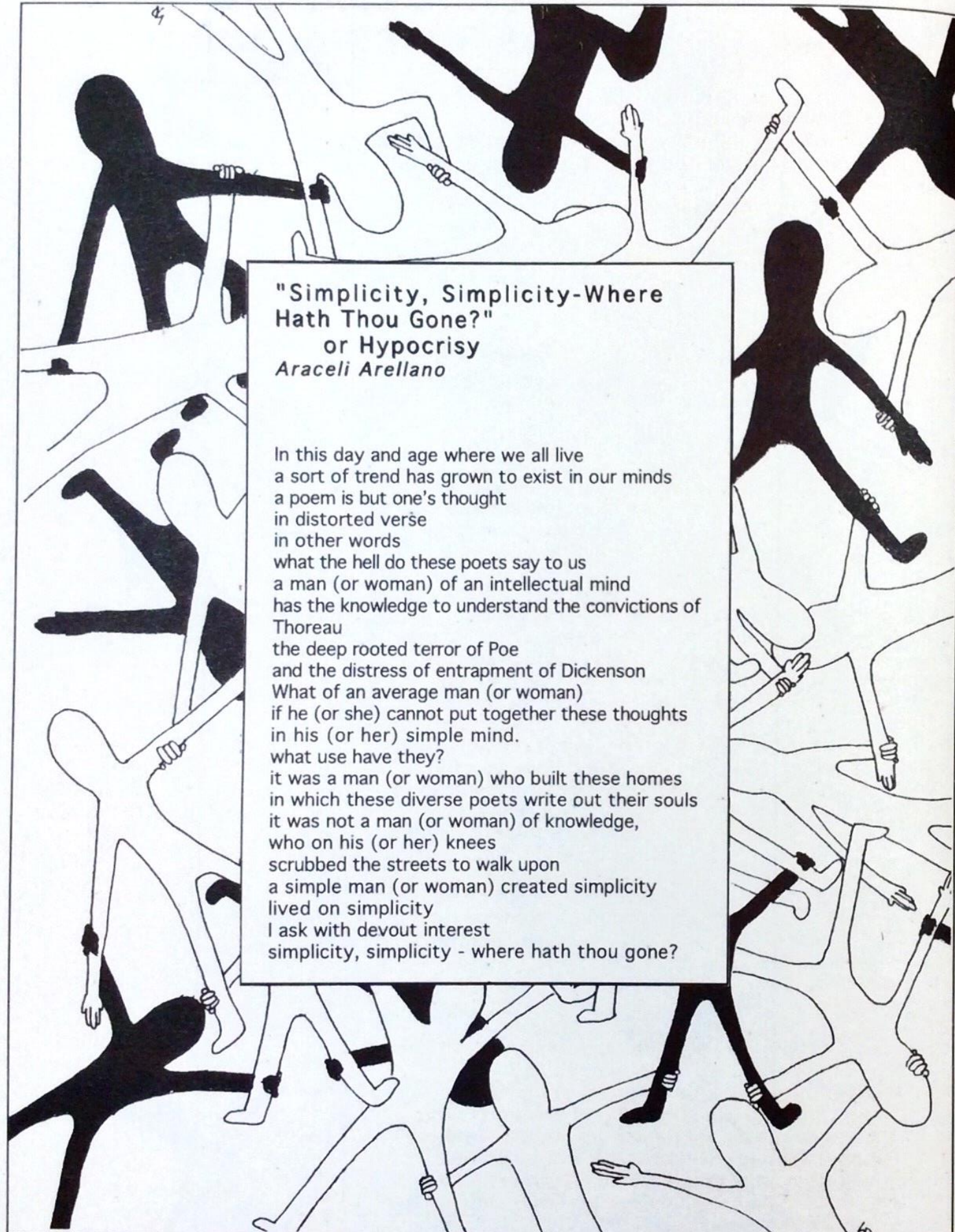
Virgincita Coattaxopeuh Toci de Guadalupe *Linda Arredondo*



Female IV
Leigh Labbo

Moon,
shade,
mother love
play pooh-sticks
in the bathtub.
Plant your pain
in the backyard of your soul,
in time
a wisdom tree will grow.
Be your own soil,
catch the rain
on the branches
of your hair
Let it drip like tears.
Know yourself,
like a blind woman knows
her lover's scent.
Sit in the shade of your beauty.
Sun,
light,
mother tree
touch the mud
and simply be.





"Simplicity, Simplicity-Where
Hath Thou Gone?"

or Hypocrisy

Araceli Arellano

In this day and age where we all live
a sort of trend has grown to exist in our minds
a poem is but one's thought
in distorted verse
in other words
what the hell do these poets say to us
a man (or woman) of an intellectual mind
has the knowledge to understand the convictions of
Thoreau
the deep rooted terror of Poe
and the distress of entrapment of Dickenson
What of an average man (or woman)
if he (or she) cannot put together these thoughts
in his (or her) simple mind.
what use have they?
it was a man (or woman) who built these homes
in which these diverse poets write out their souls
it was not a man (or woman) of knowledge,
who on his (or her) knees
scrubbed the streets to walk upon
a simple man (or woman) created simplicity
lived on simplicity
I ask with devout interest
simplicity, simplicity - where hath thou gone?

Shawn Dodge

Michael's Corner

Christian Garza

And as the child sits idly in his wake,
The lone among the many, the empty classroom echoes of the Others.
The different ones, the unbeloved ones, are those that stand out
the most-
Lost, helpless, yet not hopeless in their grief.
For the children, unknowing in their naiveté, pierce through that
of the different with barbs and lances.

The boy is a hidden soul, quiet in his livelihood;
Yet the head master forces the child out,
Out into the corner of the disturbed.
It is here where the different ones, like Michael, sit and linger
in the cold, callous corner.
O loneliness, O sorrow, greet this boy with a gentle heart.

Still, he viewed an entirely different world, universally intact
from this different vantage of the classroom,
Peering from the shadows of benevolence and our evil.
Those of the commoners sit whispering, tearing remarks about the
child,
But he sits alone in his own sphere of splendor, as a blend of one
into itself.

No one knew of his being - the imaginative strength of the mind;
No one knew of his giving - an undivided love for each of his kind;
No one knew of his father - and what scarred the child at night;
No one knew of his dreamscape - that which creates and molds life,
extraordinary among the commonplace.

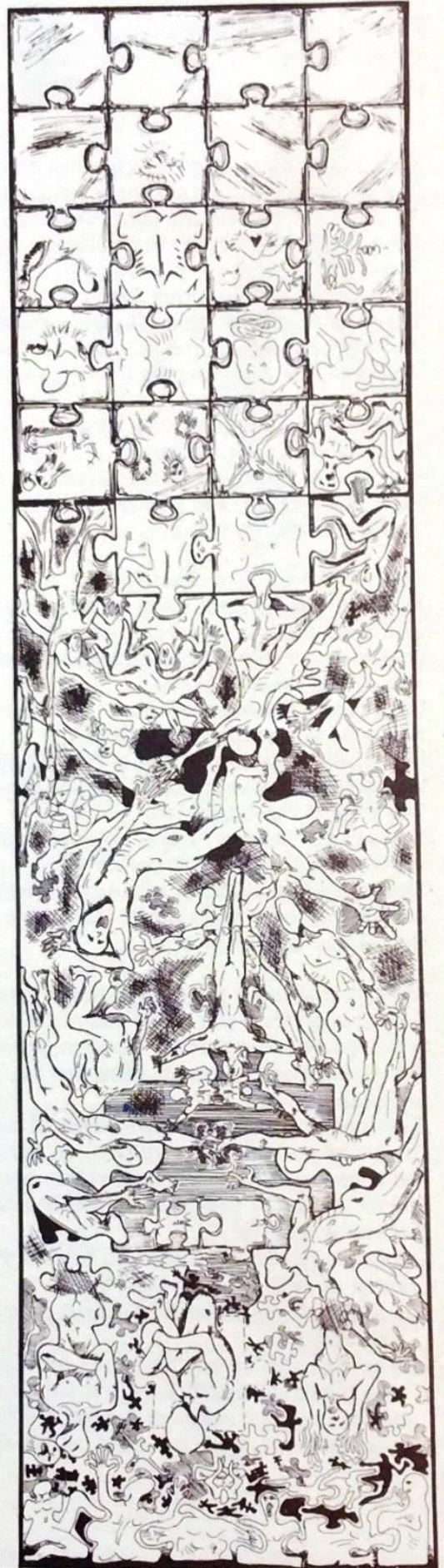
Blackness sheds its strength in the child's skin;
Yet today, the next day, and those after,
When he gathers himself to stand tall in his corner,
Every conceptualization of our reality
Remains scattered, shattered in his head.

Through warm blue eyes of innocence, the child becomes one,
The prince of his world, a world of reality lost
And an euphoria gained in thy heavens and stars.

He is the Enchanter, O captain of the Netherworld,
Flying high above the clouds, then diving into the crystalline
waters of the sea.
Giant among Lilliputians, sorcerer of magic spells,
Michael's world of intense madness becomes tempered in his soul.

Flying, crying into eternity, he is frightened by the height,
And backs away from the light, these lights of the window glass.
The child leaves his corner. Yet it exists for him and him alone,
And though we struggle to understand those that are different,
That which intrigues, stirs curiosity, then a blatant remorse.
Those that remain in the corner, the beautiful ones, shall remain
alone in the light of the shadows.

John Guitron



Smell the Roses

Chris Tehas



Back in the days when things were different,
The dishes were done and the rooms were clean,
At the strike of nine the lights would go out,
Covers pulled down, bodies snuggled inside,
This was the time of no worry.
Life was less competitive then,
Grades just showed that you were enrolled,
Anyone could land a job at the local five-and-dime,
And once the work was done you could relax,
In a time of no worry.
A dear friend lived in those times,
In the land of milk and honey,
Where Joe, Hank, and Willie played on diamonds,
Paul, John, Ringo, and George were the biggest craze,
And there was no worry.



Oh, how things have changed!
Now there is no such thing as no worry,
Life's little pressures just keep piling up,
One atop another, climbing closer and closer to the point we call insane,
This is the time to worry.
Drug pushers and prostitutes roam the streets with rival gangs,
Real jobs are almost unheard of,
Life trudges on day by day in this hypocritical society we call home,
We all remain alive because we've lost our spirit and are afraid to die,
The time is right to worry.
Now grades are our future, no pass no life,
We sit at our desks with coffee IV's,
Slaving over problems, our work never ends, it just piles up,
And as our lives get shorter our brains rot like over-watered roots,
Now is the time to worry.

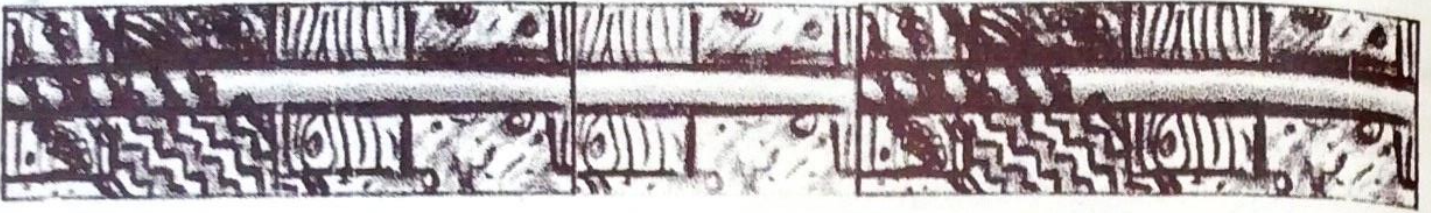


Perhaps that older generation doesn't realize the stresses of today,
Even though they too suffer the blade of life,
Criticized as too smart for our own good,
We try our best to remain calm and live for tomorrow's good and bad,
Are you worried?
A refreshing change would be nice, if only it were allowed,
But in the real world we realize we must be limited,
The lines are drawn by a generation unaware,
And we are bounded to our homes and our insanity,
Are you worried?
So our crazy minds live on and lead us through life,
Leaving us with little to turn to,
And all because we didn't have that precious time that was taken for granted so
long ago,
And as we grow older, our minds grow weaker, the pressures build, we
tear ourselves apart, love and hate make us all crazy, and as we
blaze a path to our own graves, we stop and say, "What, me worry?"
And we lie down, close our eyes, and dream about tomorrow.





Whome? John Gupton *John Gupton*



Lauren Donohue

learn

I am taught survival
through the elements
each one a lesson
unto itself
my trail
I will make apprentice
with each fleeting fantastic
passing
I LEARN
that today is every day
new vein
new heat from the day's arms
it is these threads
that teach me how
to live from the land
respecting each fresh breath
of morning
claiming my new hallelujah



Eskimo *James Atkinson*

Bear

Kevin Walsh

Not three weeks ago to this day, I learned of a Canadian man who had an interesting run in with some wild game. The man's name was Patrick John Jefferson IV. He was the third son of a wealthy stock broker, who in turn was the second son of a man known as "Inspector Number 12."

Patrick was known all over Canada as the best bear hunter in the land. He would set out every morning at 4:30 to start checking his traps. As the animals sensed his approach, they hid in the bushes or left the area altogether to get away from him. Judging by the response of the animals, it was safe to say that the animals did not like him.

It would take Patrick almost seven hours to check every trap he set throughout the Canadian Rockies. He did nothing on his trip but eat bear jerky and shoot at small animals with his elephant gun. After checking all his traps, shooting elk, and leaving their bodies to rot, he would go home eat his lunch before leaving for work.

He worked as the mascot clown at the local fast food restaurant, McJefferson's, known throughout Canada as the home of the greatest bearburger west of Montreal. McJefferson's served such burgers as the BLT (bear, lettuce, tomato), the Big Bear, and the Grizzly Burger. Though Patrick owned McJefferson's, he still dressed up as the clown. (The man who told me this story said it was Patrick's obsession.)

One day Patrick Jefferson IV decided to take a week off from work and go spotlight bear hunting. He woke up early on the first day of his vacation and checked his traps. Then he started off with his 100,000 candle-power laser to stalk bears. When he got to his fifth bear trap, he found a bear writhing in agony. It looked as if it were doing the twist to get free. Chubby Checker would have been proud. His leg was caught in the iron device that was concealed in the fallen leaves. The bear sat down, looked at the sky, and began singing. No, not singing as in howling, but he was singing a tune that vaguely resembled "Louie, Louie." I guess even bears don't know the words.

As Patrick approached, the bear stopped singing and looked at him. Then to Patrick's horror, the bear began saying in a British accent, "Care to free me, old chap?"

Patrick was terrified. He looked around 720 degrees screaming, "I'm on to you Alan Funt! Show me where the camera is."

Only Alan Funt didn't appear, and the bear blurted out, "You enjoy wearing clown suits, don't you?". The bear was right, of course, confirming on the spot that all bears are psychic. Soon after hearing the bear talk, Patrick was grabbed by the arms and drugged.

When he awoke from his drug-induced trance, Patrick found himself surrounded by a group of ten bears. The bears each asked Patrick why he hadn't helped the stranded bear. Patrick was terrified. Five or six bears he could have understood, but ten were too many for him to handle!

The large, furry critters asked again, and Patrick replied, "I didn't let him out because he was a bear, and I was hunting bears."

Each bear simultaneously whispered under his breath, "Lame excuse, buddy."

Little did Patrick know that he was in the middle of a Rocky Mountain Grizzly Bear Court. The bears left Patrick alone for a little while to make their judgment on his sentence. They discussed such sentences as: death by swipe of the claw, death by a Dr. Kavorkian injection, death by poison arrow, death by bludgeoning with boulder, or just a nice juicy apology (but only if he really meant it.)

The bears, not being the militant type, decided that a nice apology would do, but only if Patrick promised never to hunt bears again. Patrick agreed to the terms and shook hands with each of the bears.

It was getting late in the day, so the bears invited Patrick for dinner. Within thirty minutes, they were all sitting at the table eating venison and roots. It was a great meal, but it was soon over because the bears wanted some light entertainment. A few decks of cards were brought out for a little gin along with a couple of bottles of whiskey so that the bears could relax after such a grueling day.

After hours of drinking, card playing, and the usual tomfoolery, Patrick decided to go home. He was walking toward his house as best he could, pitching his cookies on the side of the trail quite often.

All of a sudden he was pinched in the leg. It was one of the bear traps that he had set. He now knew how painful it was to be caught in a trap. I guess he didn't like the feeling that the trap inflicted on his body, so he began to scream for help. He called for the bears (or anybody else that would release him.)

He was there for what seemed like an eternity, plus a few more minutes, when he was spotted by the bear

Hunter

that possessed the strange British accent. The bear came over to Patrick and without asking a question, got the wounded hunter out of the trap and carried him to the town doctor. The bear took Patrick to the doctor's door, left him there, and then went back home.

Patrick was eternally grateful that the bears that didn't kill him. He felt the only way to thank the bears was to close McJefferson's, buy the land that the bears lived on, and give it to them.

After he had shown his gratitude, he decided to follow his lifelong dream. He moved away from Canada and got a job as a juggling clown named Looney at Ringling Brothers.



Linda Arredondo

Revenge

Jennifer Pack

In 1983 when I was seven and Lauren, my little sister, was five, it all began. The weather was just turning cold in the middle of October; it was right before Lauren's birthday.

Lauren and I were outside playing in the front yard. Because we were bored, we decided to make soup. We used a rickety old gray bucket, water, prickly pine needles, brown shriveled leaves, blades of green grass, and puffy white toadstools. I wanted to pick the toadstools, but so did Lauren. Since she threatened to go tell mom, I let her pick them. I wanted to stir the soup with the huge rotten stick we had found earlier; Lauren wanted to stir the soup also. She used the same threat as earlier, so once again I agreed to her conditions. I was getting mad. I thought she was spoiled rotten and that she always got her way. Once we got the soup made, I told Lauren that I wanted to eat it. I was trying to see if she wanted to do that also, but it didn't work. I was still angry with her for stealing my fun, so I was determined to get revenge.

Dad pulled into the driveway and honked twice on the horn of his 1980 emerald green pickup truck. Lauren and I scurried off the driveway and into the grass. Dad parked, opened his door, and stepped out. As he walked toward the front door, he turned to us and said, "There's a surprise in the back of the truck for you girls." Then he went in the house. Lauren and I ran to the back of the truck and pulled down the tailgate. There it was, the most fascinating marble blue and white ball ever created. We stood in awe. Never having seen anything so breathtaking and knowing it was ours, we were amazed to no end. But of course, Lauren had to ruin the wonderful moment by climbing into the back of the truck, taking the ball, and refusing to share. That action brought back all the bitter feelings I had had before dad came home.

As my thoughts wandered, it suddenly occurred to me, this was the perfect opportunity, one I had been longing for. I told Lauren that I would roll the ball and she could chase after it. She thought it was a good idea. The first few times I rolled the ball softly and then it was time to get even with her. I took the ball and rolled it as fast and as hard as I could right toward the truck, knowing Lauren would chase after the speeding ball. She did. The ball sped right under the truck with Lauren hot on its trail. As she chased it she slammed head first into the tailgate and received a clean blow to the mouth. Her screams echoed through the calm winter breeze. At first I thought it was funny. I was sure she was okay or only hurt slightly. Then, to my horror, I saw the bright red blood flowing like a river from her sassy little mouth. As if that were not enough, she began spewing out teeth. At that point I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

Mom and Dad had heard Lauren's screams and rushed outside to see what had happened. I was speechless. We all piled into the bloodstained truck and raced off to the emergency room. I was beginning to feel a little bit guilty when I suddenly realized . . . she is probably going to get a really big pay-off from the tooth fairy. As these thoughts danced in my head, reality soon slapped me in the face. Lauren walked out of the emergency room with twelve stitches in her top gum and three missing teeth.

Looking back, it was a good thing that the teeth she spewed were only baby teeth. Then I asked myself, "Would this nasty little incident stop her from sassing me in the future?" As I pondered these thoughts reality once again hit me as I realized . . . PROBABLY NOT!



Wild Child *Eric Muzquiz*

The Pen and Sword

Jason German

The pen is mightier than the sword.

The pen is...

The pen is...

Darkness clings to pinion,
black satin molding to a lover's form
sighing softly as it peels away and settles to the page.

mightier than...

mightier than...

A soft scratching across a dead wood
(the tramp of warrior feet),
the sharp whisper and snap of creases
(the drawing of sword and dagger),
the drip of wax

(blood from a dead man's jaw).

the sword.

the sword.

Light cleaves to steel.

bright silk on a goddess' cold form
steel singing its freedom as it dances to clothe itself in

liquid

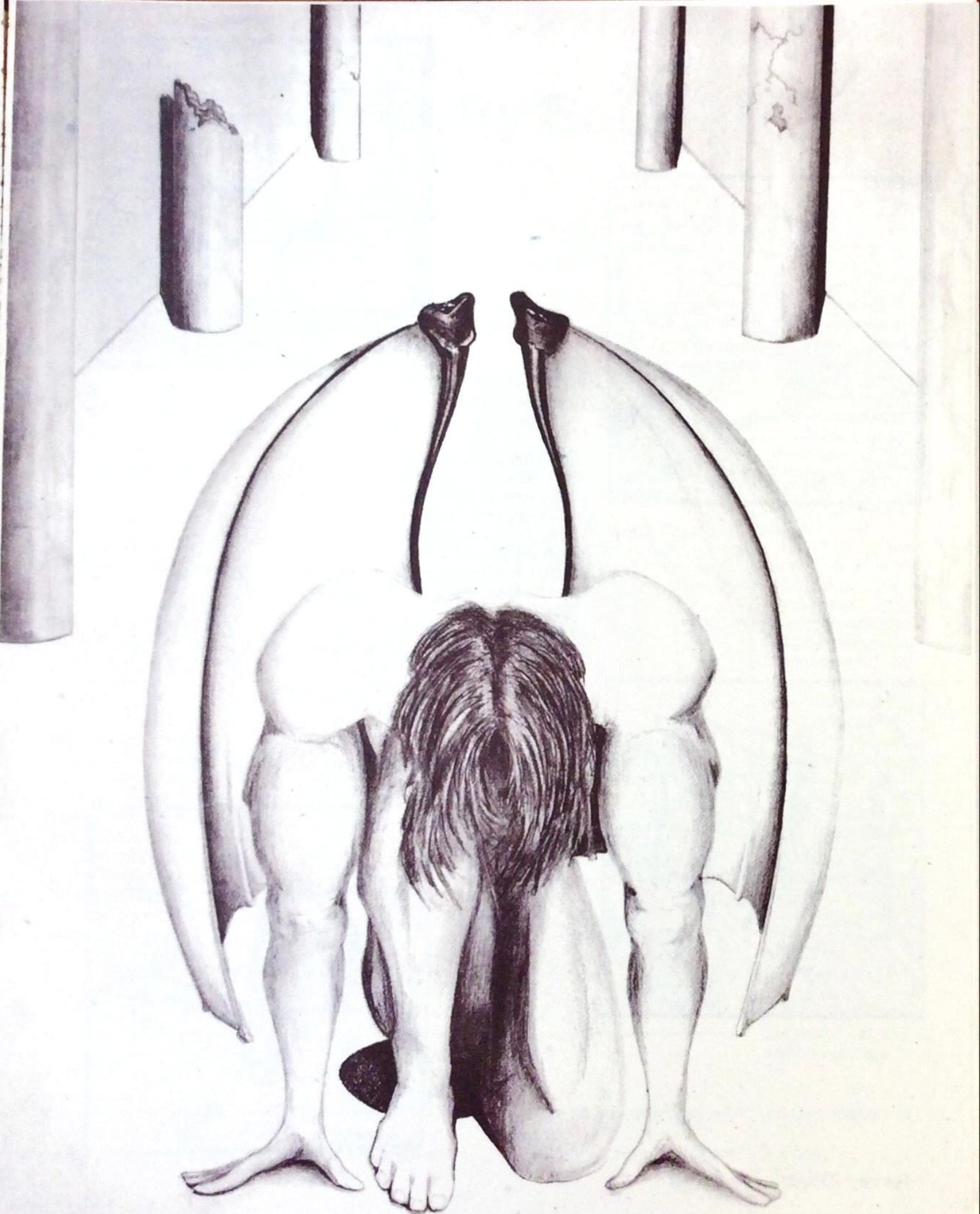
red

velvet.

The pen is mightier than the sword.



Guy with Wings *Randy Zingg*





Bathroom Truths
Georgia Ogle

future prophet's words
are written in jagged black marker
on the back of stall doors...
and i wonder as i wander,
through the empty stalls
of people's lives
that have been diminished to garbled childlike scrawl -
what will become of my generation of toilet stall
poets,
is this all that will be left?
four-letter words etched into paint
like ancient sand script walls -
abandoned reminders of what is to come -
left there to watch over us
by unknown souls.
our crude buildings
jutting into the distant horizon.
temples to our demise.



Tommy Zappe

Trial By Soul

Frank Sheiness

The call of "next" rings through the wall as a momentary flash of light shone through the cracks in the doorway. The next infinite line of souls slowly moves towards the door. In it goes to accept it's fate.

"Any questions?" asks the soul already in the room.

"What do you mean?" comes the reply.

"You are required to know what is about to happen to you before you can proceed."

"I know what will happen, but not why."

"That, too, is necessary. What, specifically do you want to know?"

"What is there to know?"

"I can only tell you so much. You are a soul. You are about to be put on trial."

"With what am I charged?" interrupts the latter.

"This is not a trial in the sense you are familiar with. The sole purpose is to distribute justice."

"Again I must ask, with what am I charged?"

"That is for you to decide."

"What?"

"Please, allow me to continue."

The other nods consent.

"This trial is concerned with discovering your character, not your actions. In it, you will perform

only with the knowledge of your character. Once the trial begins, the rest of your education will be released."

"Then how will I know what to do?"

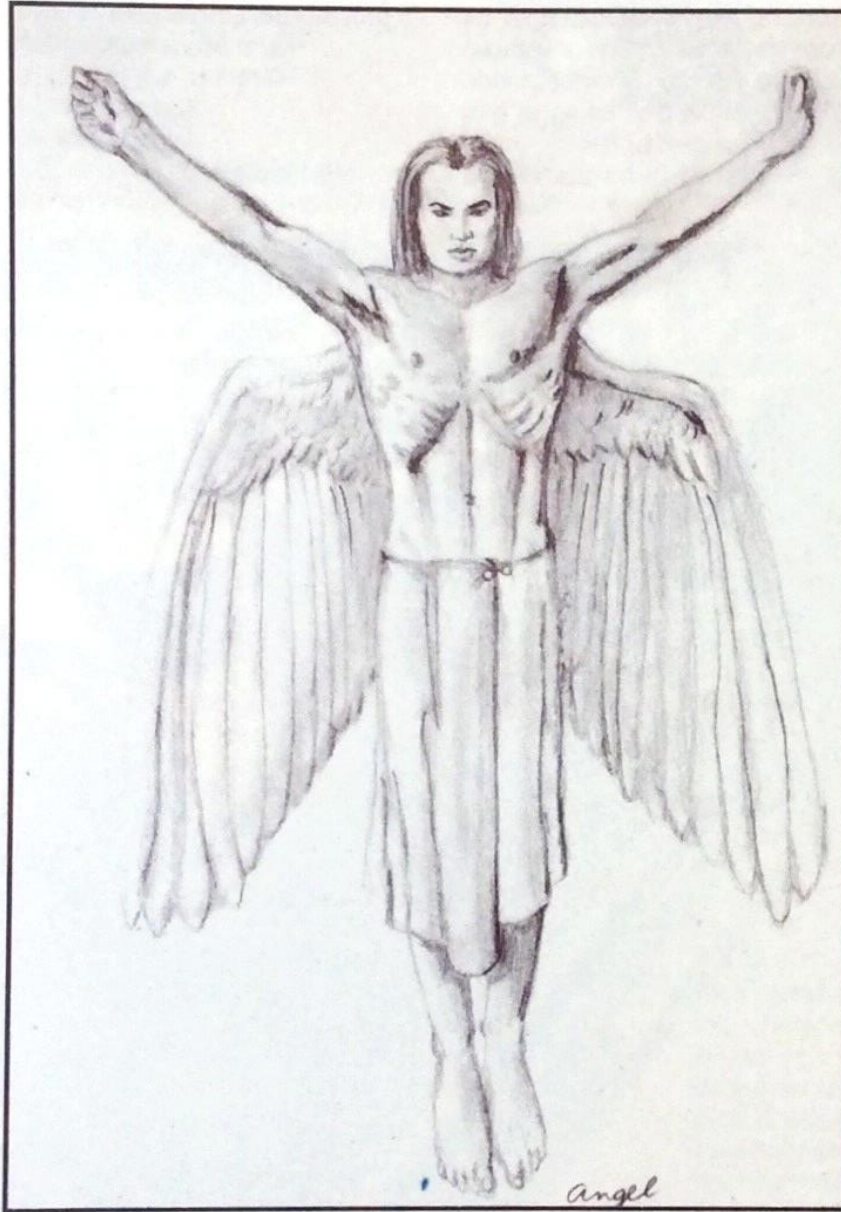
"You will do whatever is inherent to your being. You are not capable of anything else."

"I still do not understand why the trial must be performed in this manner, or even at all."

"This is the one true way to determine your character. Your thoughts will ultimately determine your actions. We, then, can judge your actions. If you don't know you are on trial, you will not hide your true nature. The reason for the trial is simple. As I stated before, it is simply to give you your due. When the trial is over, you will receive justice, the highest end we can seek."

"I understand."

"Then you are ready. Let your trial commence."



Paul McGlotten

The soul disappeared into a brilliant blanket of light.

"Congratulations, ma'am, it's a boy."

Momma Said

Kim Jackson

Momma said it was a crying shame of America to see a man persecuted for something as simple as love. To see a nation destroy his hopes and dreams was a shame. All he wanted was to live a normal life with the person of his choosing. He never meant for us to look and stare or to tell him he was unwanted and uncared for. All he wanted was acceptance and understanding, to know that he wasn't an awful person and condemned to hell.

Momma said she wished her arms were a

nation so she could hold him and tell him he was safe and secure and had no reason for despair. But her arms weren't, and he wasn't safe and secure, and he had reason for despair.

Momma told me the next night they found him murdered in an alley with a note that read:

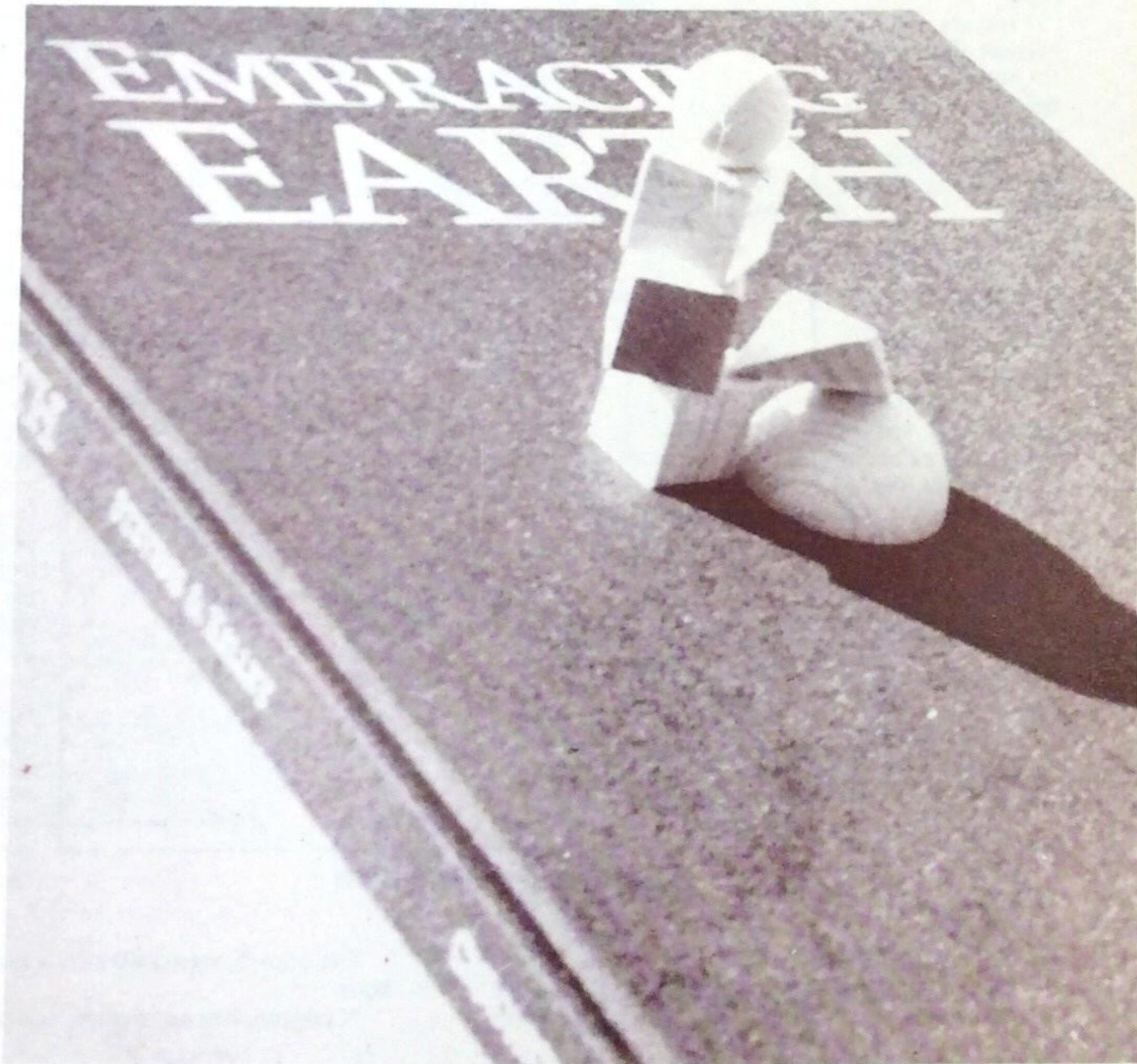
Here lies a man with no meaning

Here lies a Fag,

Signed,

Anonymous

Momma cried!



BLOCKS of Life

Phil Molter

I believe Martin Luther King, Jr. said it best with his "I Have a Dream" speech. He wasn't talking about a perfect society, a utopia where all would be equal. No, he was describing thirty kids who hadn't been born yet, my kindergarten class. We were all sweet and innocent. No segregation, no ethnic differences, nothing disparaging entered our minds. Maybe that's why the favorite activity among us all was clearly the famous stack of colored blocks, with each block a different color and shape and each day of school a new adventure.

It would usually begin with Jamaal's and my building our way skyward, the fluorescent lights our final destination. Then, Sun-yi

would join in, and then Javier, and Swali and Pasquale and Jennifer, all of us with the same goal. We'd build and build, and it didn't matter what color the blocks were or even if they had a color. All we wanted to do was see how tall and how grand we could make the tower.

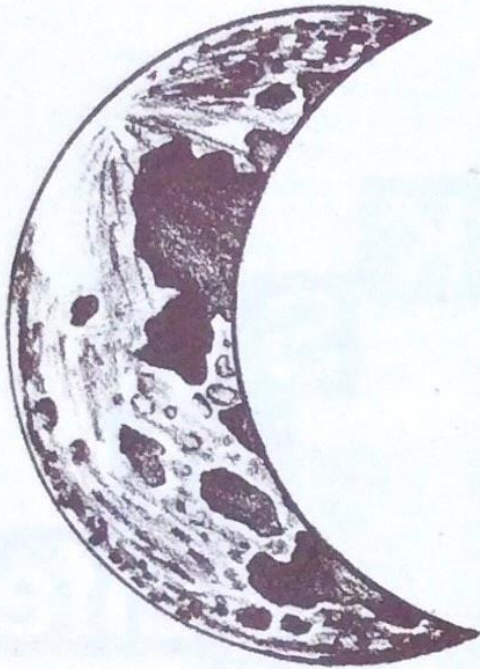
As the time passed, the tower went up and up, and one by one we had to drop out for we couldn't reach the next highest level without bringing the whole thing down. Finally, Swali, the tallest one among us, would put the last block on. Mrs. Rostov would stride over in that special way that none of us could imitate and would commend us on our tall and beautiful structure. The building was left standing for the rest of the day, easily allowing us to marvel at the colors

and the way they came together to form a structure so grand we dare not wreck it. We didn't single out the colors or shapes; we just enjoyed the whole tower. It was not just a tower made of all colors and all shapes, but also a tower that couldn't have been made without each and every color and each and every shape.

It seems amazing to me that we could all just live and believe in life like this, for now all I see is race versus race, ethnic cleansing, Japanese bashing, and the abuse of the disabled that is depicted so often on the news. How nice it would be to build a structure now that was as grand as the one that we built almost every day just a few years ago. We could all marvel at its cohesiveness and strong support, a structure of all colors and a million different shapes, each coming together to form an immense work of art. Where are those colored blocks now?

Dorothy Lam

Bullseye 1993



Perfect Circle

Beth Little

Forever shifting, swirling, creating,
molten rock thickens into heavy lava flows
bursting through layers and mountains of rock to the
surface.

Underground streams unravel the belly of the earth.
Thundering oceans and trickling rivulets
carve the world and lace the surface
with bottomless gullies, mazes of caves-
indentions to be filled with their own being.
Varying with time, shape, and species,
life draws from the water and gives
life to other life,
and...

Cultures clash and mold, people kill and love,
Diversity spreads, society melds,
Civilizations appear and dissolve,
Life is exploited, exemplified,
Minds are confused, clarified,
Ideas discovered and lost and rediscovered.

Vital thoughts trivialized by
time...

Intricate at close examination,
the world is filled with
thousands

of tiny (huge) parts in one minute (infinite) space.

With distance,

the earth boils and dips, turns smooth and ragged

As more distance is spanned,

it becomes muffled by clouds, wind, and time-
softened, muted, muddled,

simplified into one perfect circle.

Night

Holly Ray

Night is a purple pumpkin,
Laced with a silver web,
And the moon a golden spider,
Wandering through the strands.

At dawn the purple pumpkin,
Rolling slowly round,

Leans against the star web,
Moving the spider down.

The silver web slides slowly,
Slowly across the sky.

And the spider moon creeps slowly,
Slowly by.

The twinkling stars cease spinning,
Their skeins of silver gray.

The spider moon

Crawls down the strands,
And night turns into day.

Lines

Duane Pozza

There are lines in the sky
not straight but warping and twisting in a pattern
shaped by surroundings or shapers of will
molding a cloud into a seagull or whale
personifying above with the contour of imagination
the ridges of thought as it is impressed on its
surroundings.

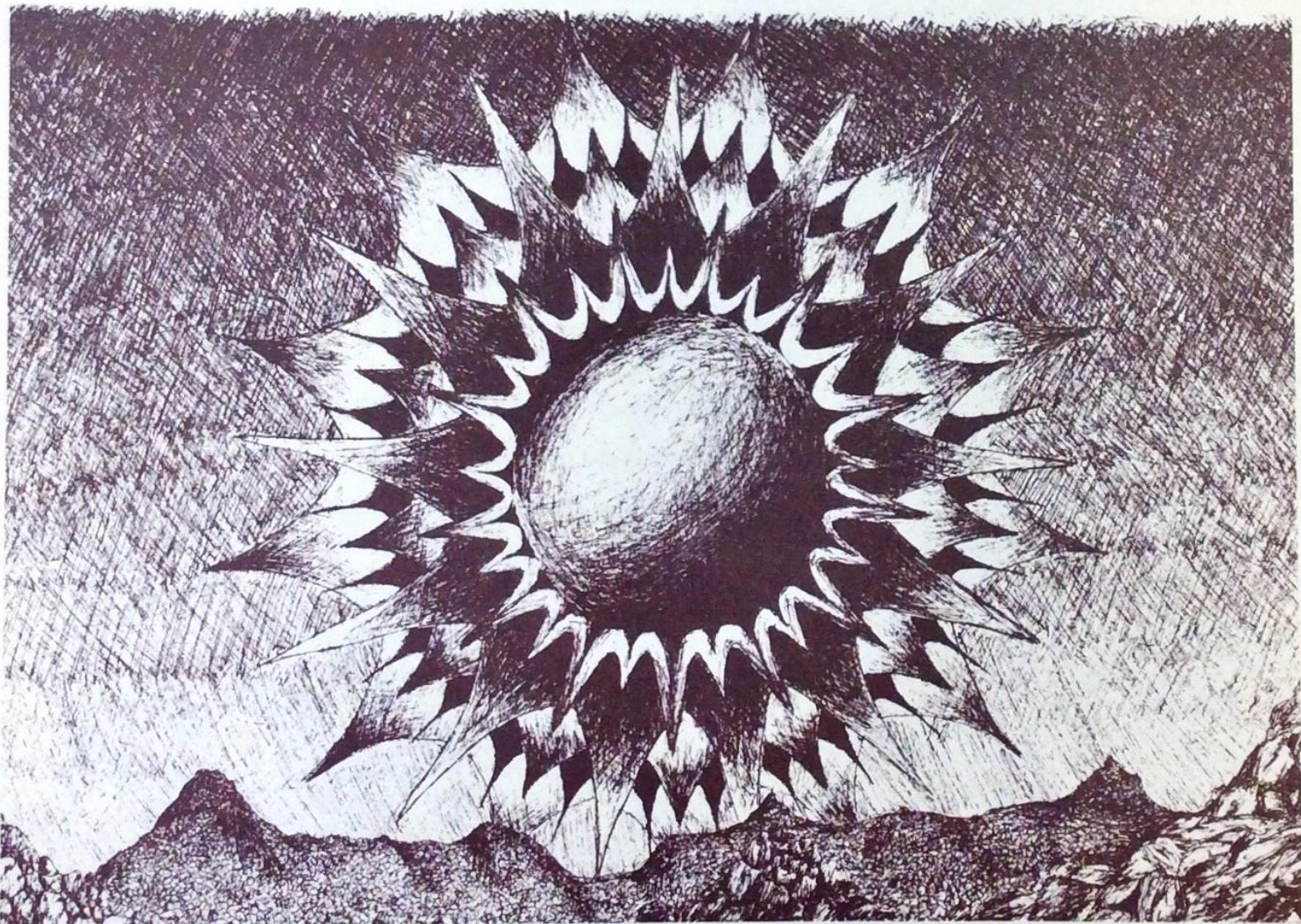
There are holes in the sky
big gaping leaps of faith and mystery
their origins as unknown as the world that created
them
dreamt up in a system of creativity
watch as the sun drifts too close and collapses
leaving the moon weeping in the darkness.

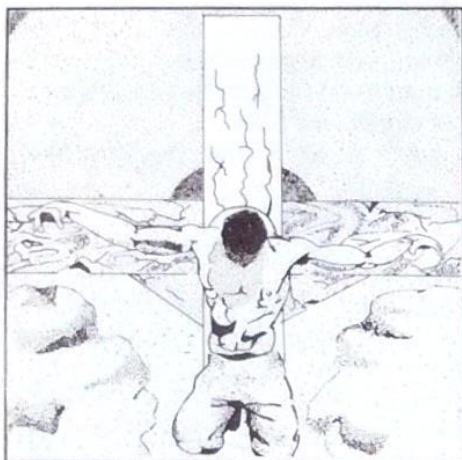
There are colors in the sky
giant paint cans spilled into a whiteness
undaunted pandemonium spewing forth into shapes
pushed by waves of clouds and rain
feel the paint seep into the rain as the canvas of the
earth
reaches closer to the last frontier.

There are gods in the sky
formed by the objects they claim to have formed
given personality of a sky majestic to behold
impartial to beauty or evil or freedom
soaring on the slopes of hills suspended in midair
as the unimaginable color fills their empty hole of
existence.

The sky fades to black
and now there are only
lines.

Dorothy Lam





A Fond Remembrance

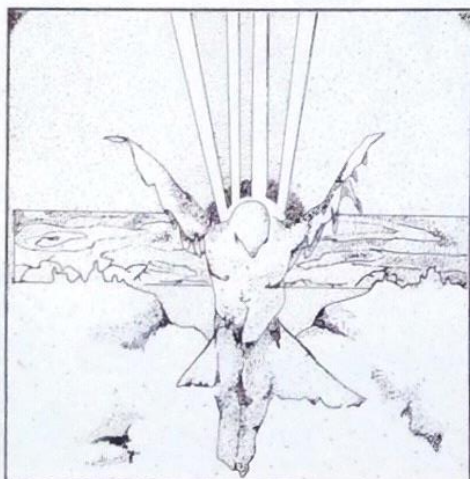
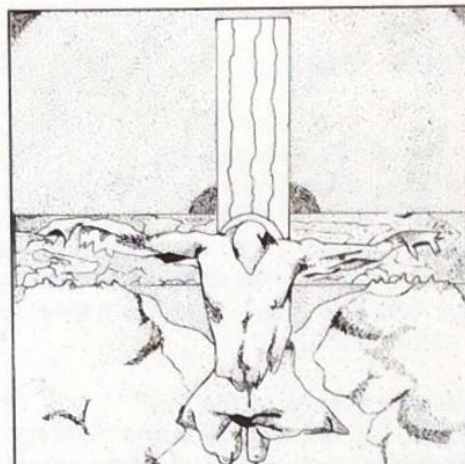
David Blauvelt

Life should not be measured,
It should be treasured.
Whether it lasts a thousand years,
or only a few.
It is what you do,
How you feel,
What you think,
How much you loved.

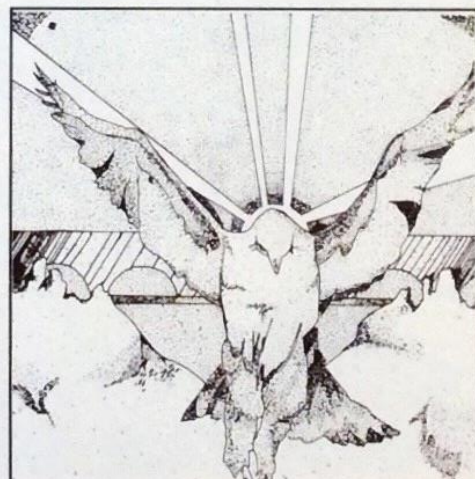
For age is not a time of life,
It is a state of mind.
It is the ability to find
Hidden treasures in all mankind.
Beauty in the song of the wind,
Rhythm in the fall of the rain,
Warmth in the spread of the snow,
Gentleness in the rumble of the thunder.

When black crows spread their wings
And took away our loved one,
Some wanted to cry, others to sing,
I say: "Don't cry, don't shed a tear,
She's not gone, she's just waiting,
Waiting for the thousand seeds she sowed
To spring forth,
Waiting for the thoughts she planted in us
To blossom,
Waiting for the love she gave us
To grow,
Waiting for the kindness she bestowed upon us
To spread."

We'll see her again.



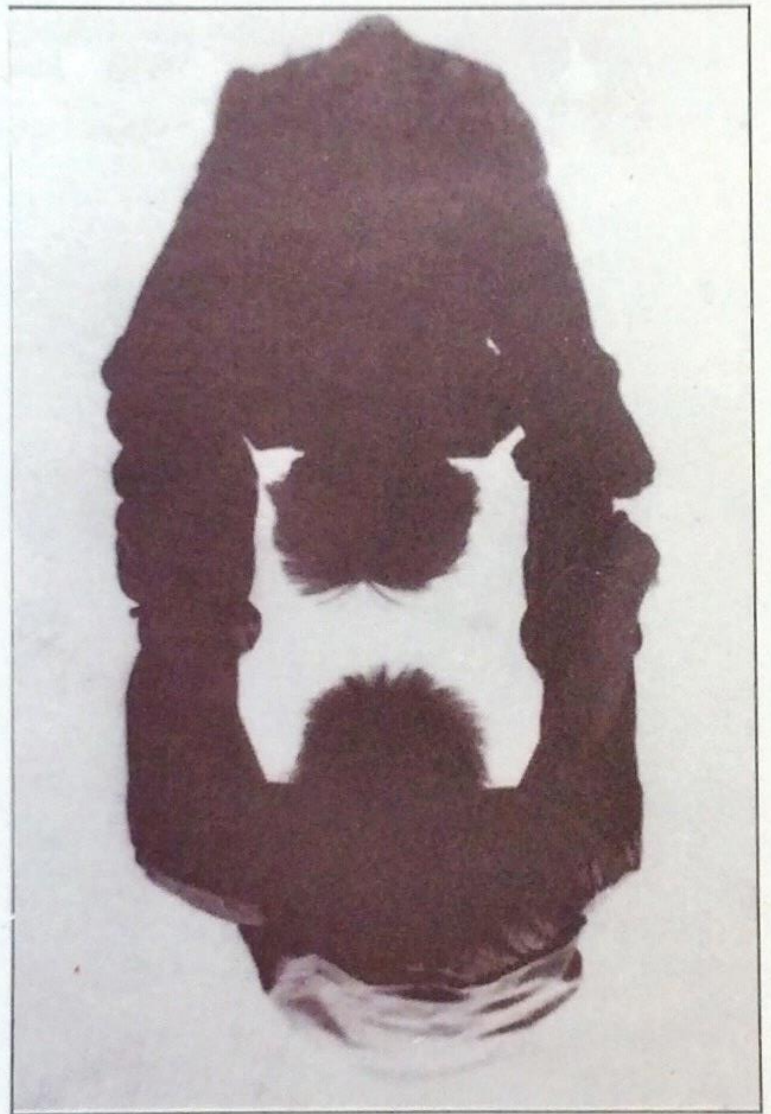
Aleed Ansari





move

I am free wind driven rain
leaving only puddles
on the outskirts
of one imprisoned city
broken free from
the habitual chains
I am dormant motion
moving stillness
time passes out
and the city moves in
like cancer
I am the overwhelming host
I move where the shaman's
breath takes me
-the road-
an invited cell
I break it down to one
prime
sainthood
-this omnipresent distance-
and MOVE on



Jessica Cordova

Insomnia

Lauren Donohue

She lets the smoke spill
from her blackened lips
and balances her chin to all of them —
agreeing that badness isn't
all that bad anyway.
Knowing that the fortunes
spilling from their fingertips
and the holy smokes
resting in their palms
are the only attachment they hold
she can't help but shrug her shoulders
since there isn't much more she
wants now.

She blinks her eyes to them
and feels them turning more gray than blue
as it comes
and she riddles to herself and
she's curling and smoking
and she really
doesn't care what her
mother
would say.

Dialogue

Linda Arredondo

In my bed, under warm covers, we talk idly of the past, the present, and the future. Actually, you talk-not that I mind though because I like to watch your Adam's apple bob up and down-as I listen.

Your words are like flowers, I think, bright and pretty and sometimes dark and bitter like unsweetened chocolate. I've heard these stories before, yet the voice is different in the dark, more real than when I'm looking at you and more personal than your hunger. It's a voice I hear only now, at this time . . . and I stop myself from asking . . . why?

It's cold outside and also in this room because I've opened all the windows and turned the heater off. I press my body against yours, wrapping us in blankets until we're cocooned together. I wonder if we will change into something beautiful.

You say you can look at situations from all sides, and you say that we could never work out if you committed to me because we're too different, too opposite, too etc. I laugh, watching my cigarette smoke rise in a translucent, wispy, white arm, wondering why you can't see it my way.

Your skin is the color of soft cream and mine like peanut shell, only a little darker. Peanut shells and cream, contrasting and competing, my brown against your white. Your skin doesn't smell like cream at all, but like faint earth.

You say you are boring me. I only smile and tell you to keep talking.



The Sweet Face of Providence *Celeste Craven*
Bullseye 1993

Gypsy Soul
Lauren Donohue

it starts between her toes
edging up to her
gypsy soul
climbing up into her
the footfalls of
step-rhythm
seeping in between her toes
and crawling into her spine
like one who can't take enough
and the pulse of the air
and pulse of her skin
sink into one rhyme
and pull in
together
at the bass
of
it
all

Kim Beal

Fever blind, swimmy sick
calypso beat
shakin' my hips
warm wet lights
trickle down
summer skin
oily, brown
rolly dribbles
beading flesh
humid bodies
moist hot breath
hide the eyes
beneath pale skin
pulsing beat
sinking in



Jason German

In the silence of the night a song wends its way through the
straight
arc
of
Order
and
the curving line of Chaos.

It does the lambada with reason and the waltz with madness.

Its mother is the eclipse.
Its children are the sun and the moon.

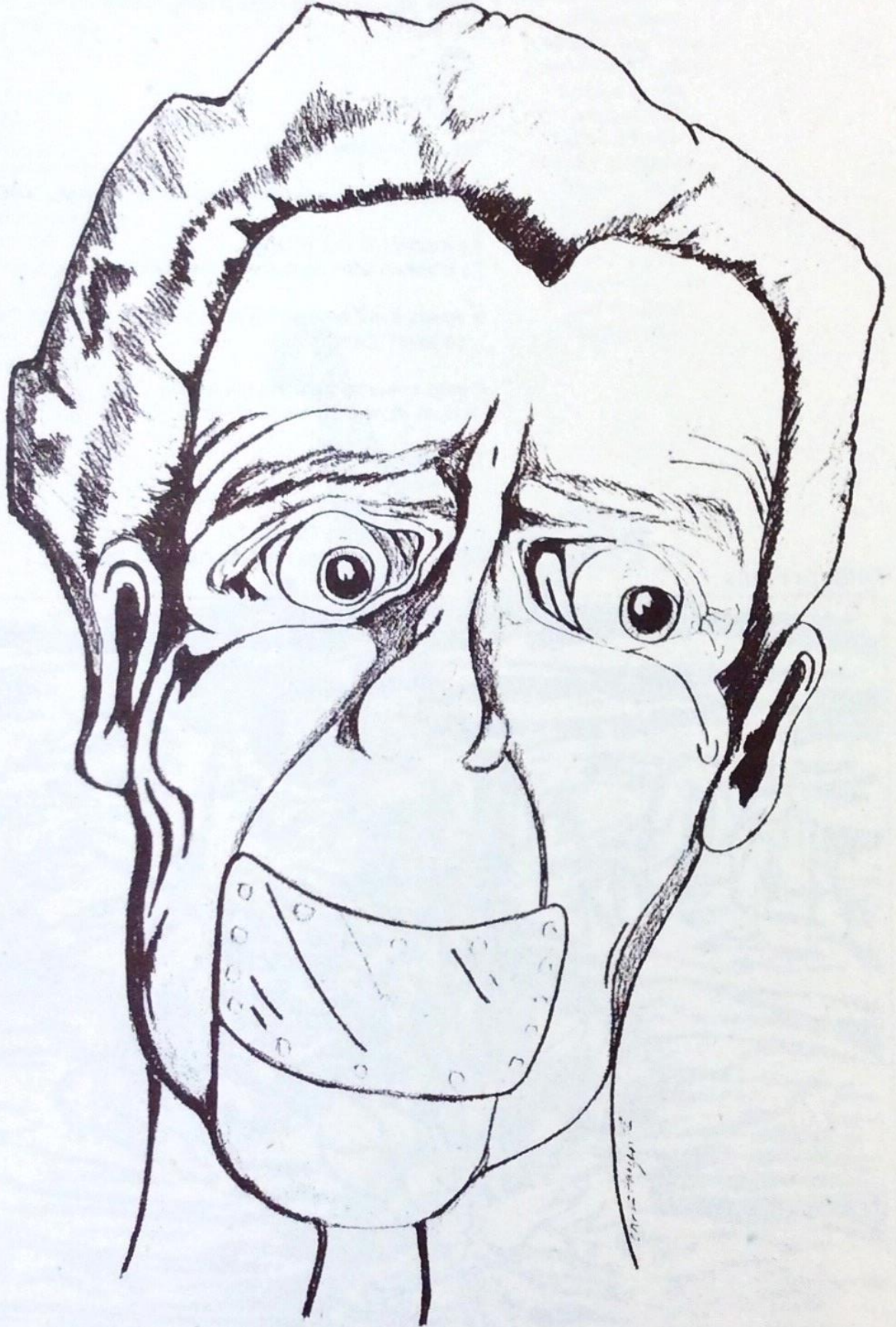
It wraps itself around my blood with a touch of Death
(a lover's embrace)

It sets a humming along my bones
and an itching through my soul.

The winds,
the wild,
wild winds
whip through my heart,
calling me down the restless roads of the song.

Kelly Stevens





Trapped Chris Hagen

The Atrocities of Homework

Lee Brandt

Ritual, grim ritual.
Pointless, mind-bogglingly pointless.
There's no use trying to reason
There's no use trying to escape the homework torture,
for the evil will always be there,
and reason is treason.
I have to go through with it
I'm being made to do it,
performing arbitrary operations against my will,
any escape,
death, if necessary, is better than this hell.

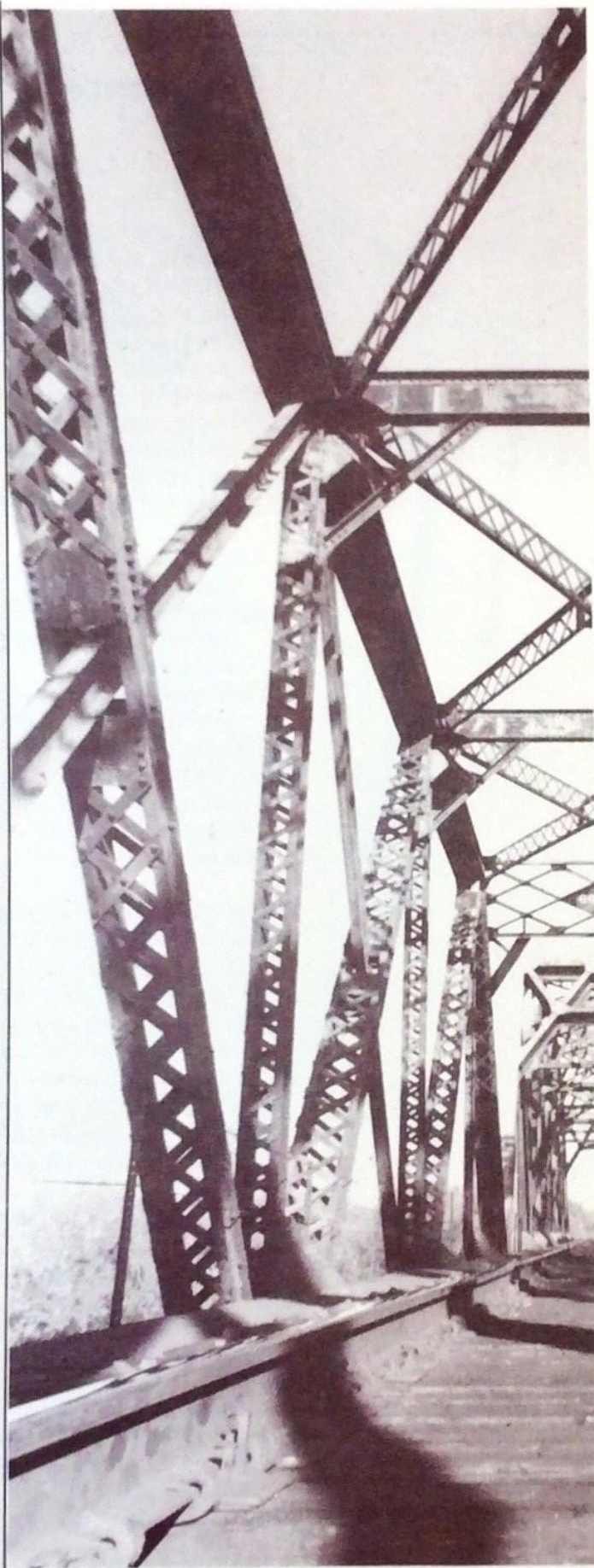
I will try to get away,
again and again,
But they will always catch me,
"Where is the assignment from last Thursday?
Answer me!"
I will never give up escape,
but each time the punishment is greater:
"Maybe a few hours on the rack will break your spirit!
Let's see how willful you are after the water has been
dripping on your forehead all night!
That's two zeros you have now! Ha, Ha, Ha!"
Nooooo!

The more I strain against my assignments
the more the leather thongs cut into my wrists and ankles. . .
Is it really this dark, or can I just not see anymore?
As I lie in the deepest dungeons of algebra
and wail pitifully to myself
I hear the key in the lock, the bolt sliding. . .
"Open your textbooks to page 3,479 and take out the
three hundred problems you were assigned last night. . .
What's this? Lee Brandt, you don't have your homework done?
Get out! To the office with you!"
Nooooo!
As I curl into a fetal position on the cold flagstone floor
of the office,
I pray that I may die,
so that I won't have to feel the heavy boots of the
administrators in my face or on my stomach. . .
As they kick me strongly they command me in loud voices:
"Give! Capitulate! You're mine! You'll never escape!
Make it easy on yourself!"
And I reply that I give, that I capitulate.
But I don't mean it, I will never yield my soul
to homework evils,
as I wait, wait, wait . . .
for graduation.

song for slim

Nicole Pollentier

C G
song for slim
F
who found his soul down in
C
a coffee cup at jim's
G F
spends his time thinkin' 'bout this crazy world
C G
of yours and mine
F C
and makin' rhyme
D F C G
slim says the world is fine
F
and can you spare a dime
C
because a hobo knows
G C
the sun rises in a cup o' joe
G
song for slim
F
who dreams of open roads
C
and chasin' dusty winds
G F
as he sits waitin' for some friends
C G
or for zelda to fill his cup
F C
again
D F C
slim talks about growin' old
G F
how his story will unfold
C
like one mad american night
G C
if he doesn't throw away his life





(improvised guitar chords and harmonica solo)

C G -
song for slim
F
who sighs the road has died
C
that the interstates did it in
G F
where's the land where the hobos roam
C G
livin' on beans and spam
F C
and poetry jams
D F C G
but ol' slim knows that the time
F
when god is rhyme
C
will come again
G F
if he waits long enough at jim's
C
with all his friends
G
song for slim
F
who found his soul down in
C
a coffee cup at jim's
G F
spends his time thinkin' 'bout this crazy world
C G
of yours and mine
F C
and makin' rhyme



Branching

Elizabeth Roen

tree arms everywhere
they hold up the sky with
comfort and kindness
I would like arms beneath me,
a safety net as I walk the
too many tightropes
-paths into sticky situations-

your arms have always fascinated me
with their branching veins
that look like highways
each one a route 66
in different destinations.
your arms would confuse me at night,
so many roads to follow
I wouldn't know which way to turn,
but it might be nice to lose myself
in order to find my way home
to your heart maybe,
or maybe to your toes and off-
in search of someone else's
interstates to follow.

Lost Dog

Bryan Mealer

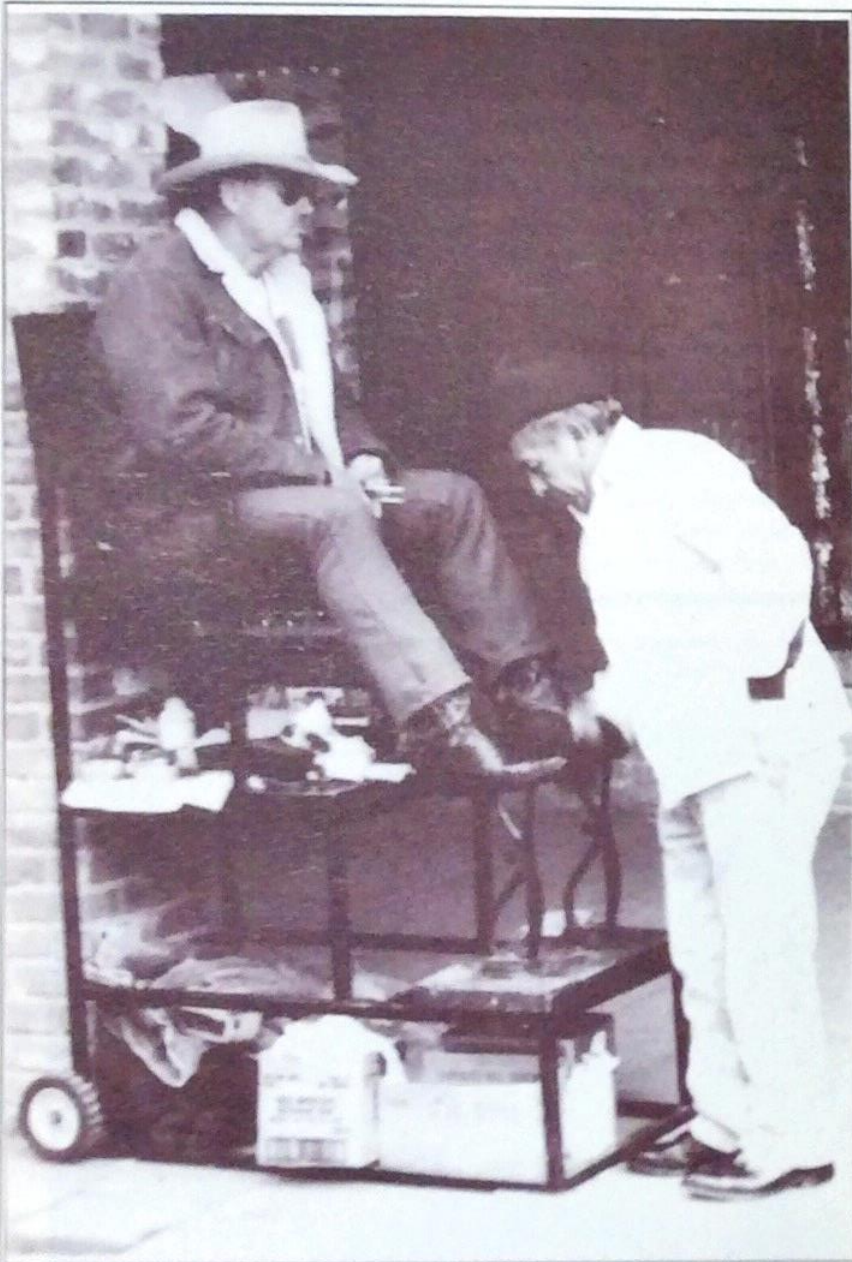
I see you, "Lost Dog", posted on a street light
askin' people who really don't care to give a damn,
and you walk the lonely streets of this rank city
diggin' in garbage cans—weepin' to yourself in a little
moon song that you howl, I hear you cry.
Me, sympathizing with a beautiful beast of God
who pees on tires and sums up his life by sayin' "WOOF."

"Lost Dog", saw a sign again for you,
this time just lyin' in a gutter all old and yellow.
I don't think you're lost, just sick of shaking hands with
five-year olds and fetchin' sticks, thinkin' the road would
be your friend, and salvation would come in the shape of a new
sun peekin' over the city, and you would think to your
free-souled self, that "this is the life, and I want no master."
But a little red-haired boy with a snotty nose shot you in the
leg with a BB gun and the garbage sacks that you went to great
extremes to rip open, "O' Heaven sent Food," they were just
filled with rotten banana peels.

But I say to you, "Ode to the wandering dog, who finds
freedom in sore paws" No one respects this re-incarnate
Buddha, there will be a full moon tomorrow with
a North Star at its hip to make a pilgrimage.



Mary Duggan



Jessica Cordova

am

I am as real
as a lunar pull
as sure as the sun
adheres me
to my earth
this is the spin
inside me
this is the revolution of
- I AM -
the physical keeps me alive
and the experience
keeps me dancing
the sun the moon the earth
they define
I am invincible for only
a moment
I am many times living
in the burn of my shoulders
midday
the skin of the road
midnight
denied by the together
I am sanctified
as one

Thought

Kelly Gaines

she sits with her hand
waiting patiently for the
wind to blow her pencil
around in the shape of words
that can dance around in proper
form around the inside border
of the delicate pages
she bought for herself
to openly remind her that she was
a writer
in love with words not people
despite the love
she felt for her completer
who often held her hands in
gentle fashion so as to
show his feelings through
performance art
which was his medium,
and they sat staring at one another
over coffee he refused to drink,
even though she hadn't made it
and smiled at each other like lovers
who wish for nothing else but to be
together in a crowded restaurant
where old men sit and watch
through the stale cigarette smoke
they've been smoking since
the time their children
still remembered to call on their
anniversary
and they clasped their hands together
cautiously across the table so as not
to dump over the ashtray
or blow away the sugar packets
used to sweeten the tart drink
that more often
than not reminded them of their own
lives.



Paul McGlotten



Fire in the Sky *Lonnie Jett*



The Lights of the City

Jeremy Wagener

I see the lights of the city
pulsing, moving, buzzing
(like bees in a hive)
and in the night air I see the moon
(oh! moon!)
its fire rays of dust-speckled light
filling me with mystic energies
(are there Inca's here?)
and I dream of some
faraway land consumed
by emerald spheres of
jaded perfection
(Inca's, here?)
that roll and bounce and pummel
my thoughts, my soul, my . . .
self
so I fly and scream to get away,
but the madness,
(oh madness, sweet sweet madness)
a delirium in itself,
consumes me as I scramble at my rapid
f
a
l
l
i
n
g
thoughts
(INCA'S?!?!?!?)
and I SHuTTeR . . .
(moon-exit stage right)
at the lights.



Reflections of Rebecca *Kathryn Woody*



**origami rabbits and
secret suns**

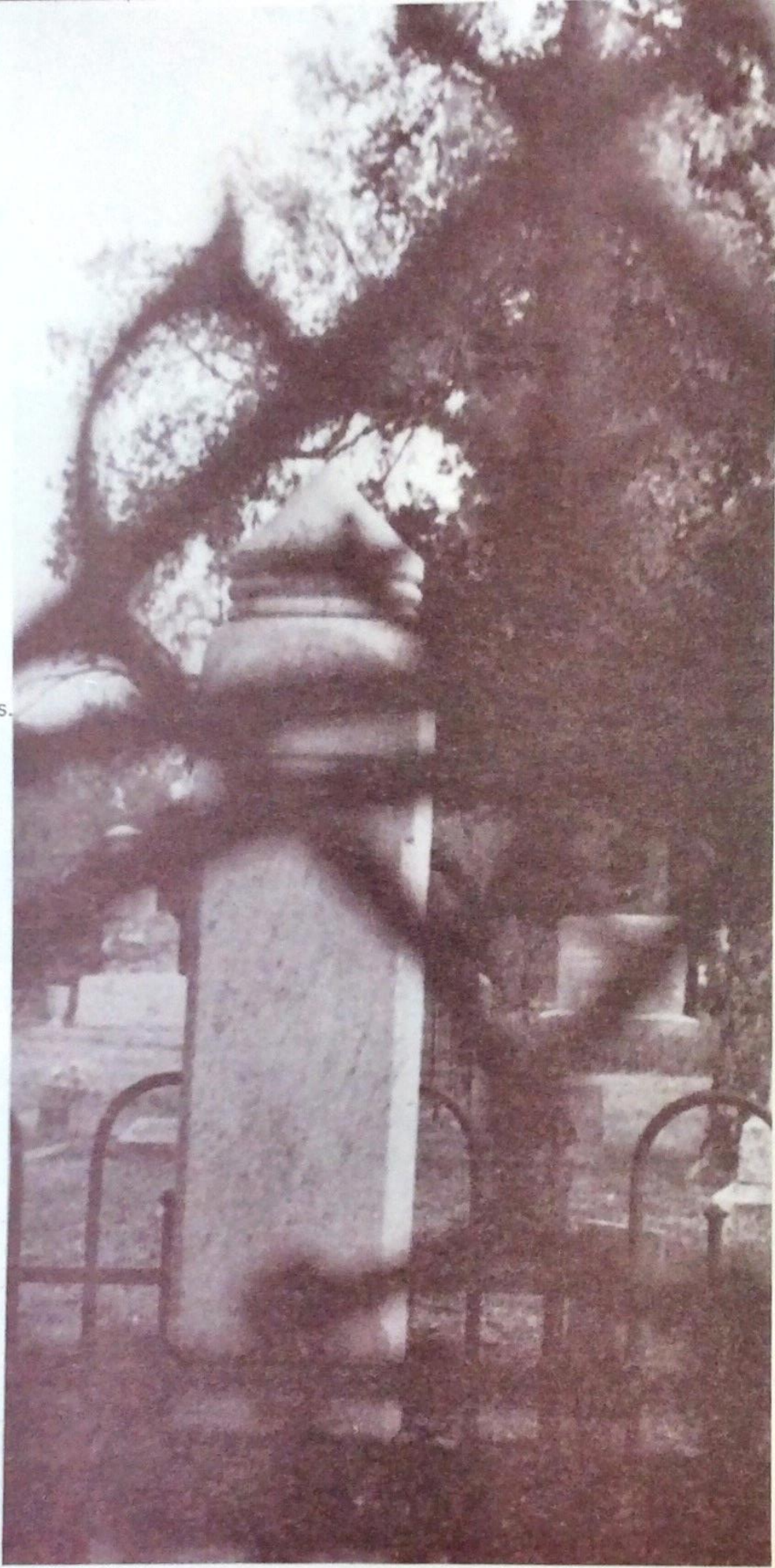
Nicole Pollentier

life just folds
back into itself
like an origami rabbit
given to me by a small
quiet man
whose skin glowed like he had
swallowed a secret sun
his eyes were like
warm copper pennies
and his hair was straight and sleek
as the side of a puma
i watched his fingers bend
and crease the colored paper and
he watched them too
with careful anticipation
we thought
this is a small scale model
of what it's like to be god
a flat yellow square
suddenly became a crane
can you teach me? i asked
but i wanted to know more
than cranes and rabbits
i wanted to know if you eat a sun
for breakfast or for dinner
and how do you fit it
all in your mouth
but mostly
i wanted to know what it is to
live life
in a world where
every day is a new piece of paper
every problem
just an animal unfolded

La Passant (She Who Passes Through)

Leigh Labbo

And there was this graveyard
that was spread behind a church.
My boysoul and I hopped the fence
and heard our footsteps echo out
beyond the stars.
We were young and full of curiosities.
Thinking we knew everything,
wishing for wisdom,
playing like
he was Jack Kerouac
and I was his road.
So we found a summer bench
and he got his cigarette lit.
We felt the universe orbit
around our simple souls and I
let the crickets sing out . . .
I heard its song,
we both knew it too well.
So my fella planted a kiss
on my chapped lips and spilled
his breath in my ear.
And for a good 25 seconds
I was immortal.
The song stopped,
a tree bent to the wind,
the earth yawned to release a flower.
He was Kerouac and we both knew
that I was his road.



Imprisoned *Jessica Cordova*

POSTCARD TOWN

Iva Burmeister

He sits up writing lists of their warehouse games - where to live and love and play. Candles and paintings from all four corners. Huge windows close to the mornings.

"Oooo..." he whispers. "Flannel for the winter."

"Mmm..." she coos. "Feather pillows."

* * *

She thinks believes if he touches her she will explode into the flight of birds, the fusion of distance and movement, the sun against the sky. She was a single burning phoenix eager to rise up in his touch. She wished to conduct him like a current. His every movement was a moment of his coming or going and she bled through to her feet with the sight of his back. But with a breath and a kiss he was gone. She closed her eyes and pooled down into a reflection of his absence.

* * *

From the next room:

"David, honey?"

David's mother was a lovely woman, though slightly senile. David loved his mother because she faithfully made him breakfasts capable of sending small children into orbit.

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Your ladyfriend called. She sounds very nice. When do I get to meet her?"

David smiled the same way he smiled when his mother called him

her "darling recluse" in front of company.

"I told you, Mom. I'm queer."

* * *

They walked hand in hand through the heavy black metal gate.

"Sarah..." David said nervously.

She gripped his hand with the strength in her long fingers.

"Don't worry, beautiful. I know he'll like you. No doubt," she reassured him. Her strides got longer and longer as they walked through the morning sun.

They arrived as easily as standing at the door of one's own room.

"Hi Daddy. This is David."

They stood for a moment. Then she guided him gently to the cool green grass surrounding the mausoleum wall. They sat in the sun like kids in the summer. From her large wicker purse, Sarah pulled two still cool beers. She handed one to David and they sat for awhile in silence. Sarah smiled at the name:

MICHAEL WHEELER

1921-1987

"See, I told you he'd love you. Cigar?"

* * *

He laughed. Then quiet.

"Are you afraid?" he said softly.

"Like hell."

More quiet.

"It's just that-" she began.

"Shhh"

She lay against him tightly.

1993

Kristin Johnson

I had a moral once
but then they were out
along with friendship pins
and jelly shoes
then casual promises were in
along with AIDS
and abortions
oh well
maybe next season-
you know, I heard full skirts were coming back
let's do lunch
and shop for those new full skirts
but don't hold me to that . . .
casual promises are in, you know.

Love From Birth

Patti Neff

"I had seen birth and death,
But had thought they were different; this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death."
"Journey of the Magi" by T.S. Eliot

A woman of breasts and womb swells with motherhood
A child carried inside; body in body; flesh within flesh
Their heartbeats in chorus sound
Tiny feet kick in a prenatal dance
Hands caress smooth stomach stretched taut over growing
innocent
A mother's private pregnant thoughts swell into pregnant
dreams of childhood perfection
Everything within her is shared
Knowledge for two, love for two
Her voice is a lullaby to the changing child
The term is complete and it is time
A birth like death with cries and blood
Tears streak down joyful faces
The shrill cry a hosanna for unto us a child is born
Curl up the small soul in visionary nirvana

THEIR

Rabi Shook

The blue door opened. The road passed beneath me. The bridge fell away, and off into the air I soared once again. As I ran over the rocks, I saw not what lay beneath me but what lay ahead. Everyone poised like armies ready to strike a fatal blow against each other. Pictures formed in the water, on the rocks and in the clear sky through the trees.

Now away from the rocks, we were engulfed by the forest. A gray canopy ate the sun. Making jokes about a barrel of toxic waste on the shore, I ate the meat. I took in crisp breaths, feeling the sacred magic of this place. The great trees surrounded us in silence. I felt small and insignificant as I entered the heart of the woods.

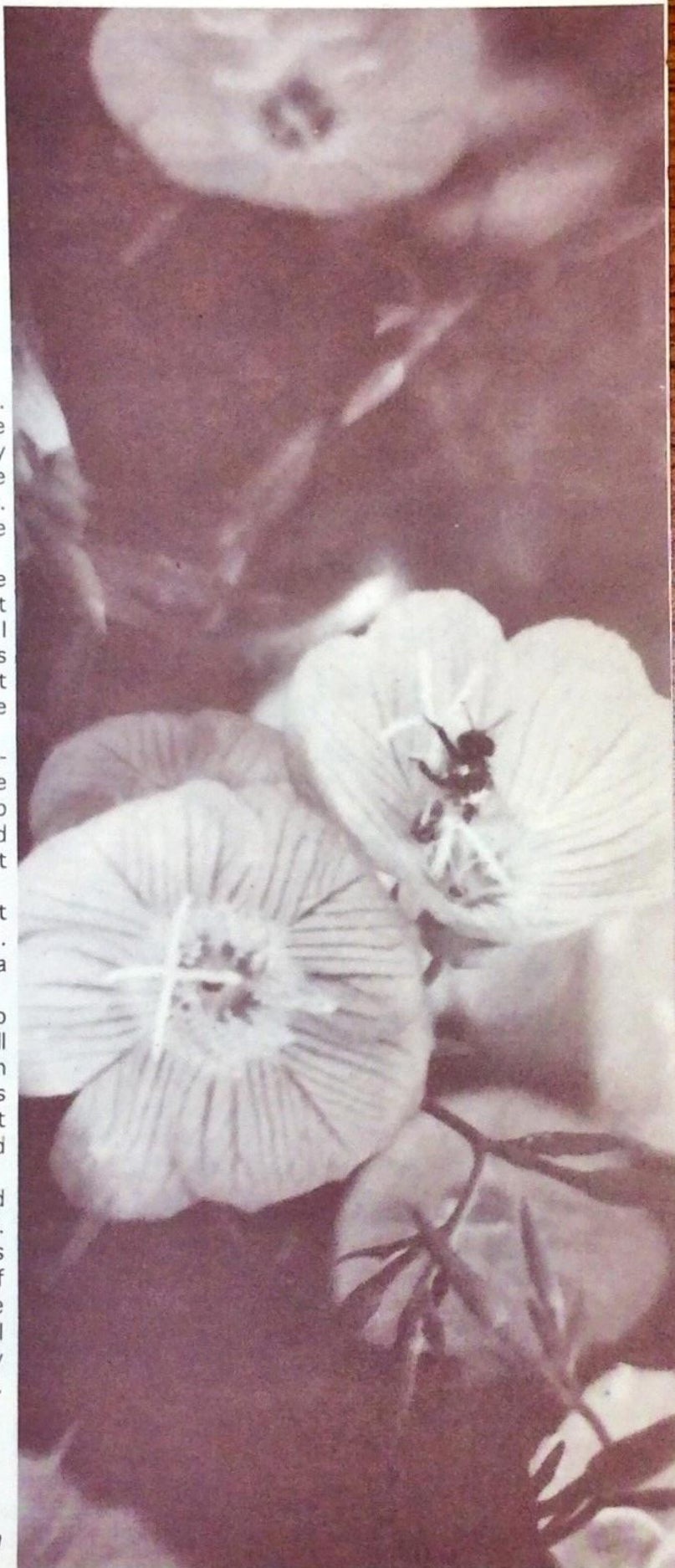
We scurried about like small children, finding sanctuary from a great fear as we looked for a place to be finally captured. For me, it was the old mangled stump of a dead oak. Josh poised on a low branch as Christ, and Wes found his home on a woodpile. Jon simply sat smoking and asking why.

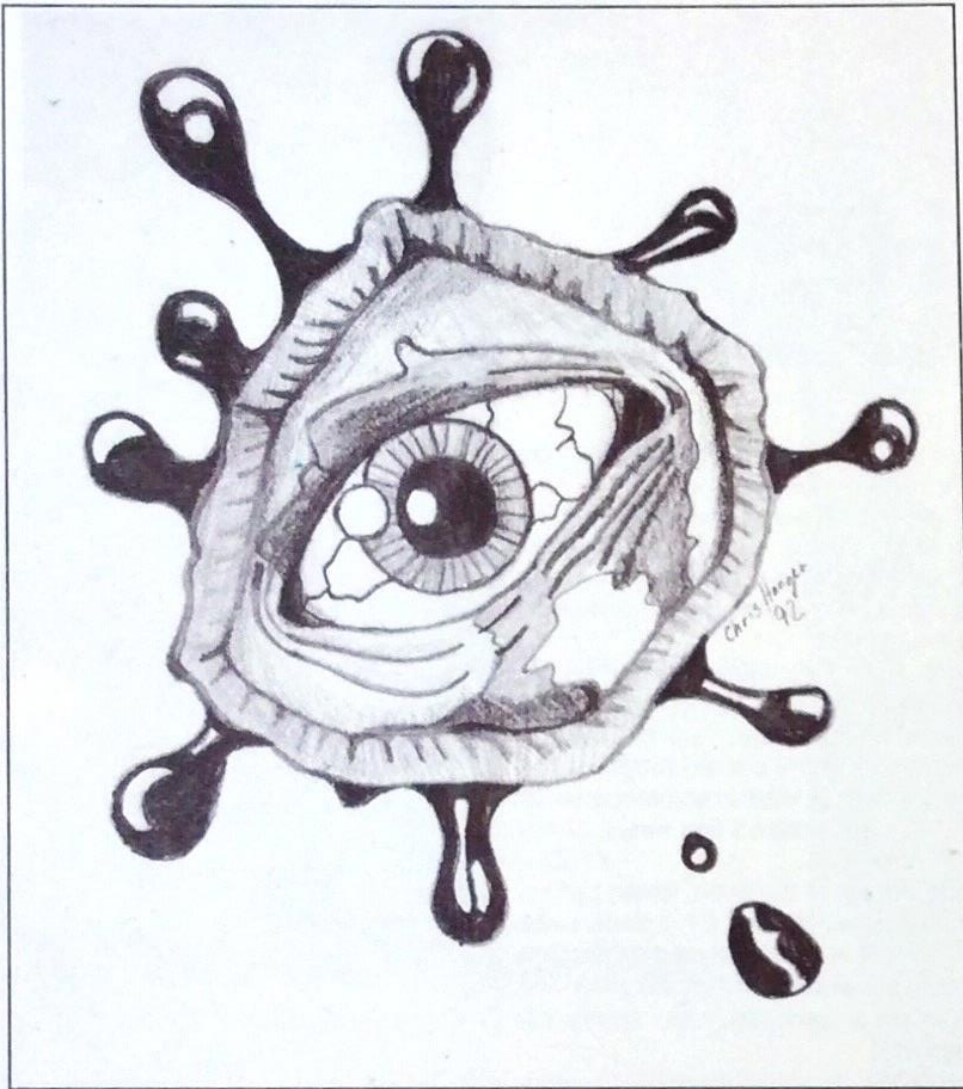
We then gathered as if in some meeting of great chieftains discussing matters of eternity and death. Around the Great Tree we stood like we really made a difference there with our presence.

Clinging to the old grayed bark, we ascended to the top of the Great Tree. We climbed, hoping we would not fall and lose our sense of immortality. In a tangled crown of limbs, we sat among the dead leaves of yesterdays long past. A brief shower of silver rain felt like a gift from Someone who really knew what friendship and love and magic meant.

As we sat, covered by our unimportance in the grand scheme of things, the pale outline of the full moon rose. We howled in unison, thinking to scare off the spirits who had long ago passed from our little realm of knowledge. Past the point of everyday truth, we realized that it was time to descend from the tower. I jumped from a lower limb as Josh climbed carefully to the muddy, leaf-covered ground. Then it was done. No more propaganda.

Courtney Gosdin





Endless Storm

Jeremy Wagener

It's pouring rain inside my heart, (or is it blood)
hard rain,
pelting, surging, endless . . .
(enter moon: stage left)
rain. Within my soul the torrent never ceases,
bathing and surrounding me in its (moonbeams of??)
depressing effervescence . . . consuming my every thought,
my every emotion,
my heart's single solitary plea for
acceptance, by you, the one for whom my heart does pour,
does flow,
does rain . . . (and wind of the rain)
endlessly . . .
forever . . .
and a day . . . (when)
in a dream of love and joy, (am i really asleep??)
a dream of you,
YOU . . . for whom the rain in my heart does pour. (and the bell doth toll)
Endlessly. (Mindlessly)

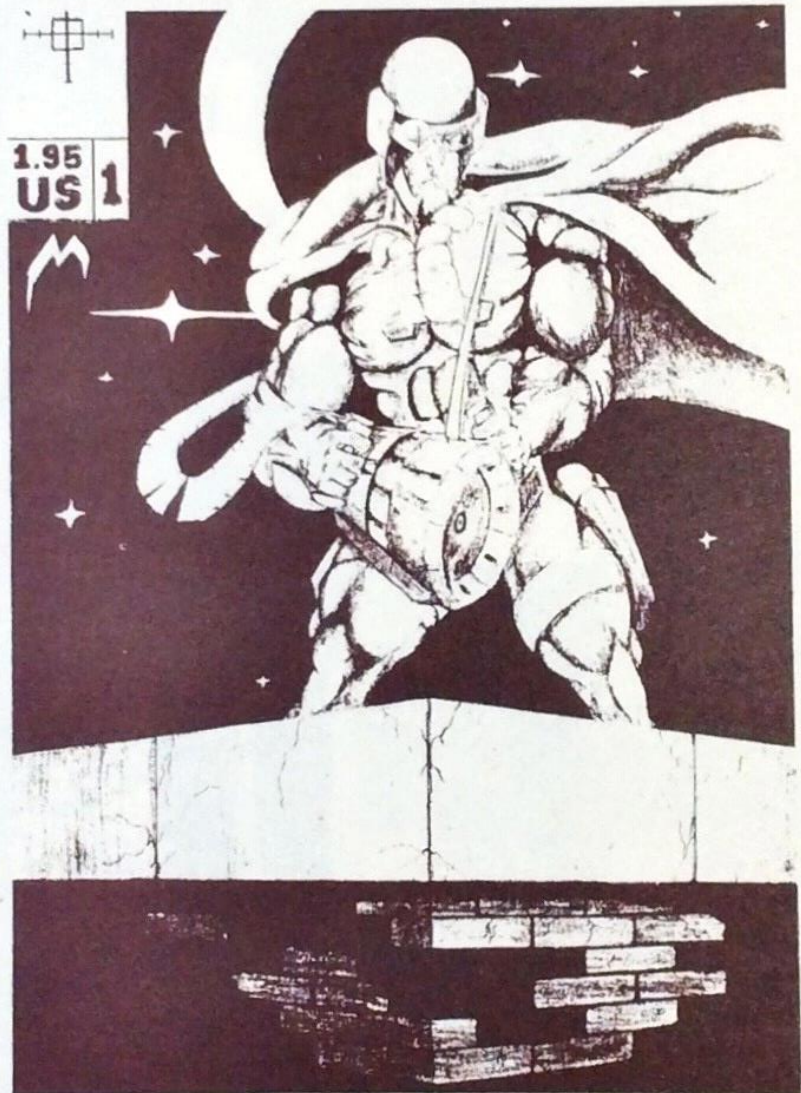
**OI - body bags piled 6 high on the curb, blood in the gutters,
yellow ribbons and garbage blowing in the street**

Georgia Ogle

i can't remember anything
beyond blistered battered
brain blather burnt beyond
the last evaporated traces
of some sullen summer's
midnight morning snow
the irradiant glow
of blood on linoleum.

he punched out all the windows
in the back French door —
small circles of bright red blood
all over the floor
smeared
and running down
the broken glass

i can't remember anything
beyond blistered battered
brain blather burnt beyond
the last evaporated traces
of some sullen summer's
midnight morning snow
the irradiant glow
of blood on broken hands.



Josh Rudloff



Jessica Cordova

walk

I am skin I am bones
I am more than this
I am footprint after footprint
I WALK
on the road where it takes me
I am swallowed by the moon
as just another star
I am infinitely large and small
I am as old
as the days are long
it is hunger that makes me
think I'll die
it is hunger that says point blank
I am alive
this in my gut
points northward
this and day ends
night begins
I carve out these miles
I carve out shallow graves
this with a fierce sun
bursting in my chest



by Linda Arredondo

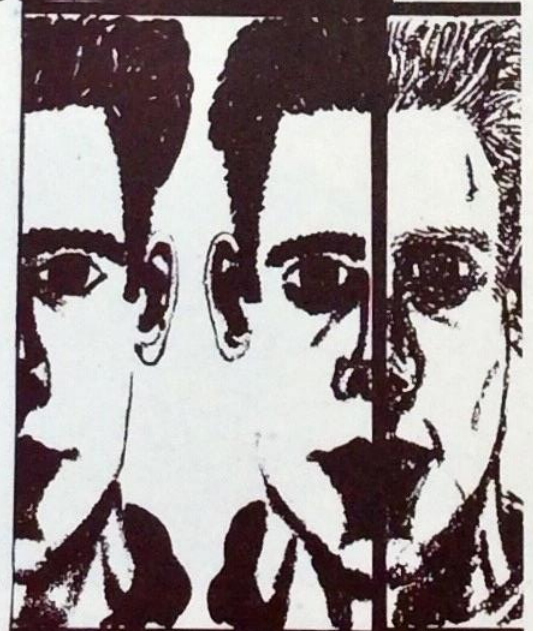
He is like a book
sitting
on the top-shelf
unused,
untouched,
unread,
and
out of my reach.

His cover
is simple enough,
containing
a certain appeal
for those
who care

to notice
such things.
But
it is the pages
I wish
to see
so rich
and
full of
him.

I want
to relish
every savory sentence
to the last apostrophe.

He is a book
and
I am
illiterate.





Face of a Woman *Kelly Stevens*

The Lady
Connie Hall

Broken string
trying
to sew up
the hole that
was formed
and I need
her
and she holds my soul
to the moon
pronouncing love
wrapped in
white silk
Love that is lost
with me between
streets that have
no names and
she makes them up
to find me
and when she does
her lips touch
my forehead
to praise my
existence
and we dance,

god do we dance
scorching the
verdant earth
holding hands
that twist and
turn
meeting eyes, those eyes,
those big brown eyes
that reflect her and
her essence
and I swallow it up
(gone)
placing it in a hole
named my heart
and because of her
it is now filled
and she is my sun,
my moon,
my rising that awakes
me at dawn
my god
she is
my friend.

Gift of the GODS
Ken Reinertson

Piercing sight she-wields as an expert,
Understanding sight a thing she knows better than anyone,
Kind sight a power she was born with, and
Beauty so great as if from the Gods.

Like two diamonds among piles of stones,
Like two sapphires in the night,
Like twin moons of a faraway land, and
Beauty so great as if from the Gods.

Her eyes so soothing, clear, and soft,
Free from guilt and filled with love,
Such eyes are hard to find, as well as
Beauty so great as if from the Gods.

So if the Gods listen to me only once,
May they listen to me at this moment,
May she be free from harm so as she may keep her
Beauty so great as if from the Gods.

Mother

Kelly Gaines

she floats around the house
on a cloud of her own shrieks
when she arrives
home late from work
and someone's burned dinner again
so she sits down at the dinner
table with a carton of Cartons
and a cold beer disguised in that
Bill Miller cup she seems to take
everywhere

to take away the guilt she feels
for screaming in the first place
and she takes her hair that must
be shrouded in a cast of
micro-diffused hair spray to work
and molds it into a more fashionable
coif that perfectly compliments the
chiffon dress she claims she
can still wear,
even though she's lost the
weight she once had
so that now the dress lays in folds
it wasn't meant to have against
her frail form and her
face has that spectral look in
its eyes again
despite the make-up
she cleverly applies in the mornings
to cover her sunken cheekbones.

the girl,
she sits on the
mahogany table that fits in the
humble corner of the room
she shares with her mother
between the Grandfather's room
and the kitchen
and the candles are lit
while the cold Chinese exercise
balls light up her hand
and they roll to catch the flaming shafts
thrown, unwanted, from the burning wax sticks
yet the music plays loud
and she's prostrate on the floor
trying to feel like a Jesus she doesn't
believe in

while the family knocks on the door
to see if she's okay when
everyone knows that she'd be fine
if they would just let her
think while she writes in the big
book that her mother can't understand
and this girl is quick to judge
and harsh in punishing,
especially her mother who
wants the girl to dance in the party dresses
of the mother's youth
and feel at home in heels and hose
when this girl feels fine in dollar jeans
and sandals.

the mother sits on the sofa
while the girl sulks in the dark corner
of the add-on everybody calls a porch
and they try to understand one another
because it's hard living apart
so the mother yells so the daughter can hear
but the daughter has learned to tune out the
irate screaming of an insane woman
who has no one to count on now that the daughter
is gone and a bit more self-reliant
than the mother is comfortable with
so they stare blankly at one another
each one knowing what to say to destroy
the other when one feels stupid and the other pointless
so her daughter reverts to her mind where life
is perfect and mothers aren't cruel
and the mother reverts to childhood where
self-pity is okay under the circumstances.

the daughter, hearing the whine creep back into her voice
saunters to the bathroom where the pink linoleum
is cold and comforting and
real despite the fact that reality isn't really the way
she deals with things
and the mother stands in the hall
jabbering about a loss of love
in a childhood a daughter couldn't
possibly have seen
and this woman hurls pain at this girl because
it is the only thing she knows.



Stamina *Jessica Cordova*

Bullseye 1993



What I Want to Hear

Iva Burmeister

you, old man heart, damn angled
monster, you
thin as a board
are newly returned
and now I see that you are blackwinged
such as I have been
dislocated
such as I have been
boiled through to a memory
such as I have been

this is what I want to hear;
in that love too long in living
too long in dying
bitter and torn, bloody til Sunday
you became the author of my bedlam
my handsome lad
my haughty princess
"I'm sorry but you're so pathetic"
you said
me thinking, even then how beautiful-
and this is what I want to hear
that your pain flies again like
a prayer thrown into a mirror
that every time you speak
you are picking bits of your soul
off strangers
that every time you look at me
you are burning hotter than the sun
that furious eyeball,
seeing only me
this is what I want to hear,
that you see no virgin wound
but some silky glory fish.



sometimes
tnasis

sometimes
the sky pulls in gentle wind
like an absence
or a vacuum
this is your breath
against my palm
this is the night air

“hold me”

the way a night
holds her moon
across her neck
like an amulet
the way a flower
holds her leaves
this is how i hold you
one arm beneath your head
the other across your chest
my knee pushing against
your side pushing against
the ruffled sheets

“do you love me”

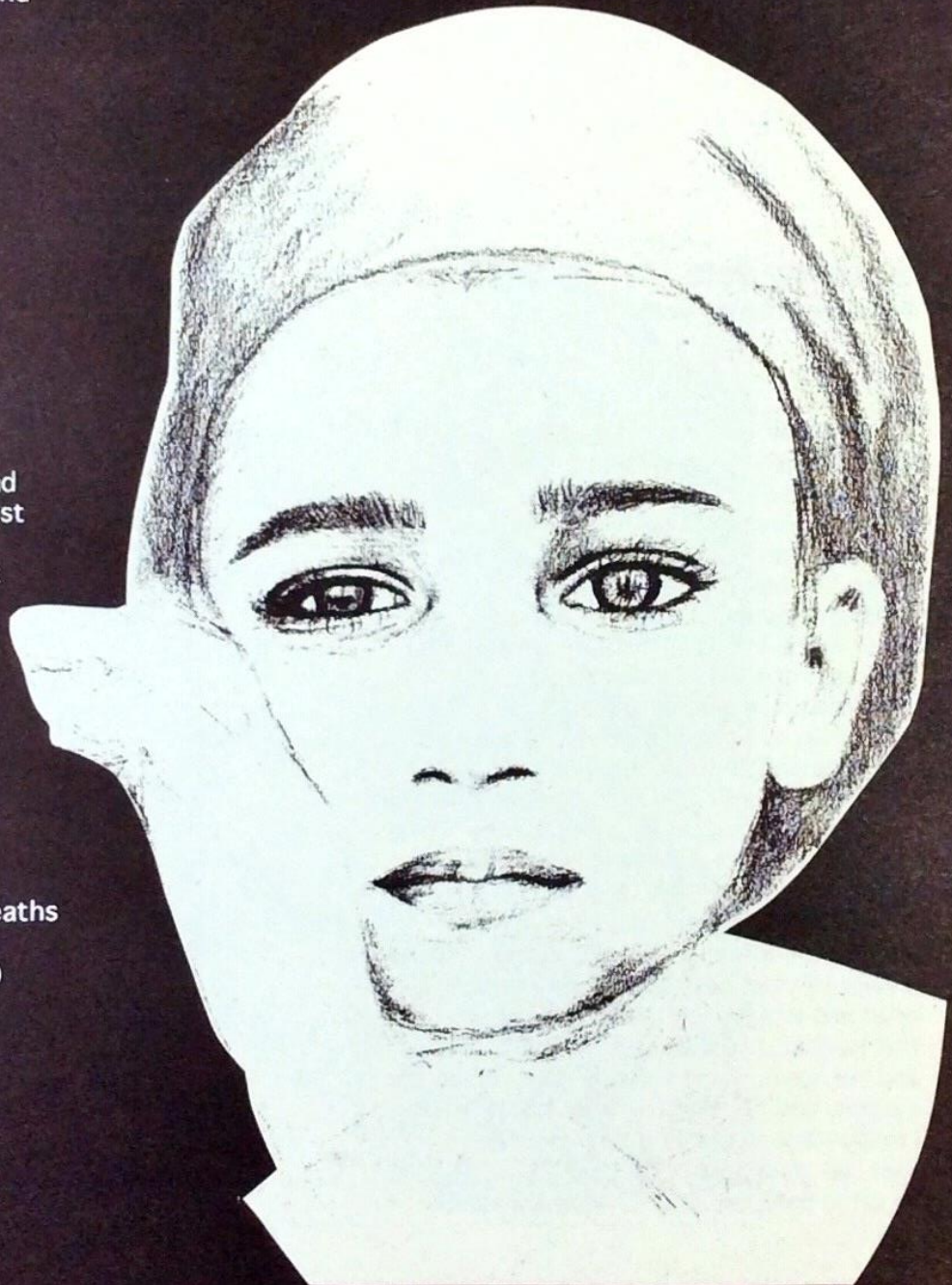
the gentlest of nods
the movement of pillow

god yes
yes

when i stir even little breaths
you pull me closer
(oh - so this is the trick)
i breathe again
deep as the sound
of crickets

do you love me

i watch you shake away
your hair from my arm
and i breathe again
the soft sift
of your neck

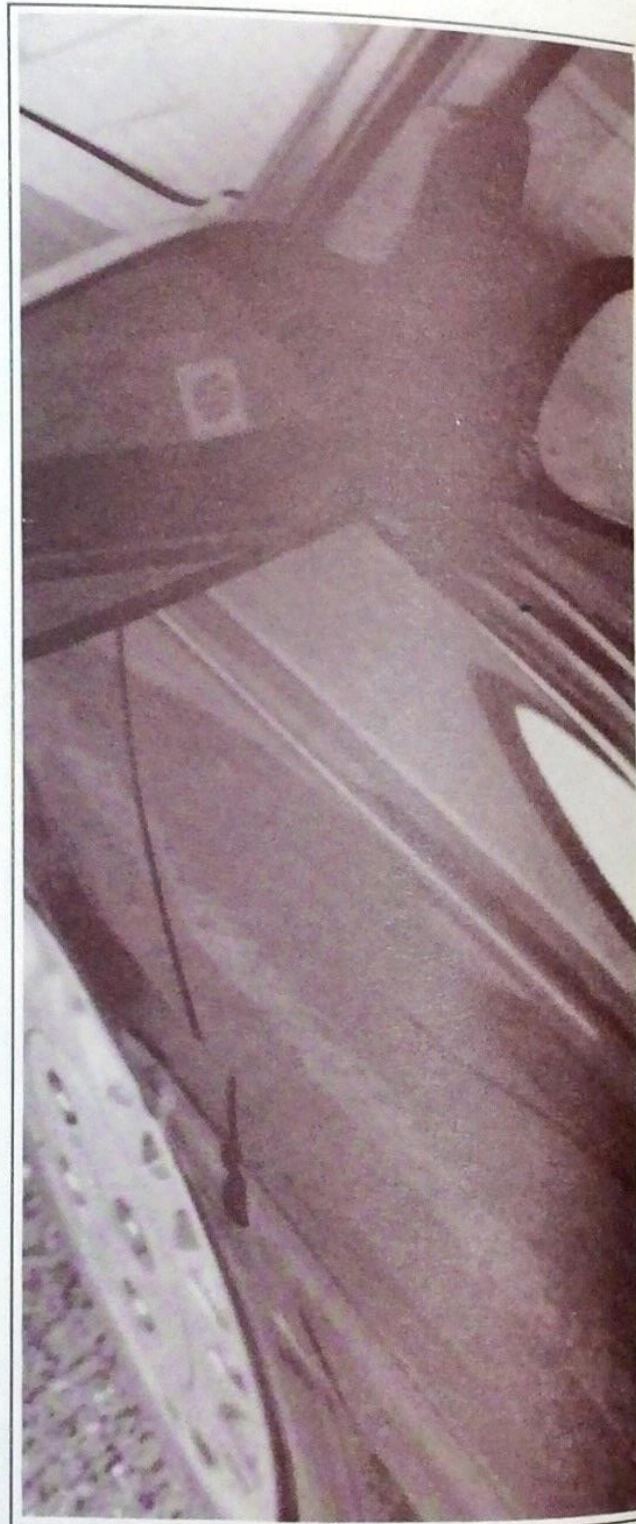


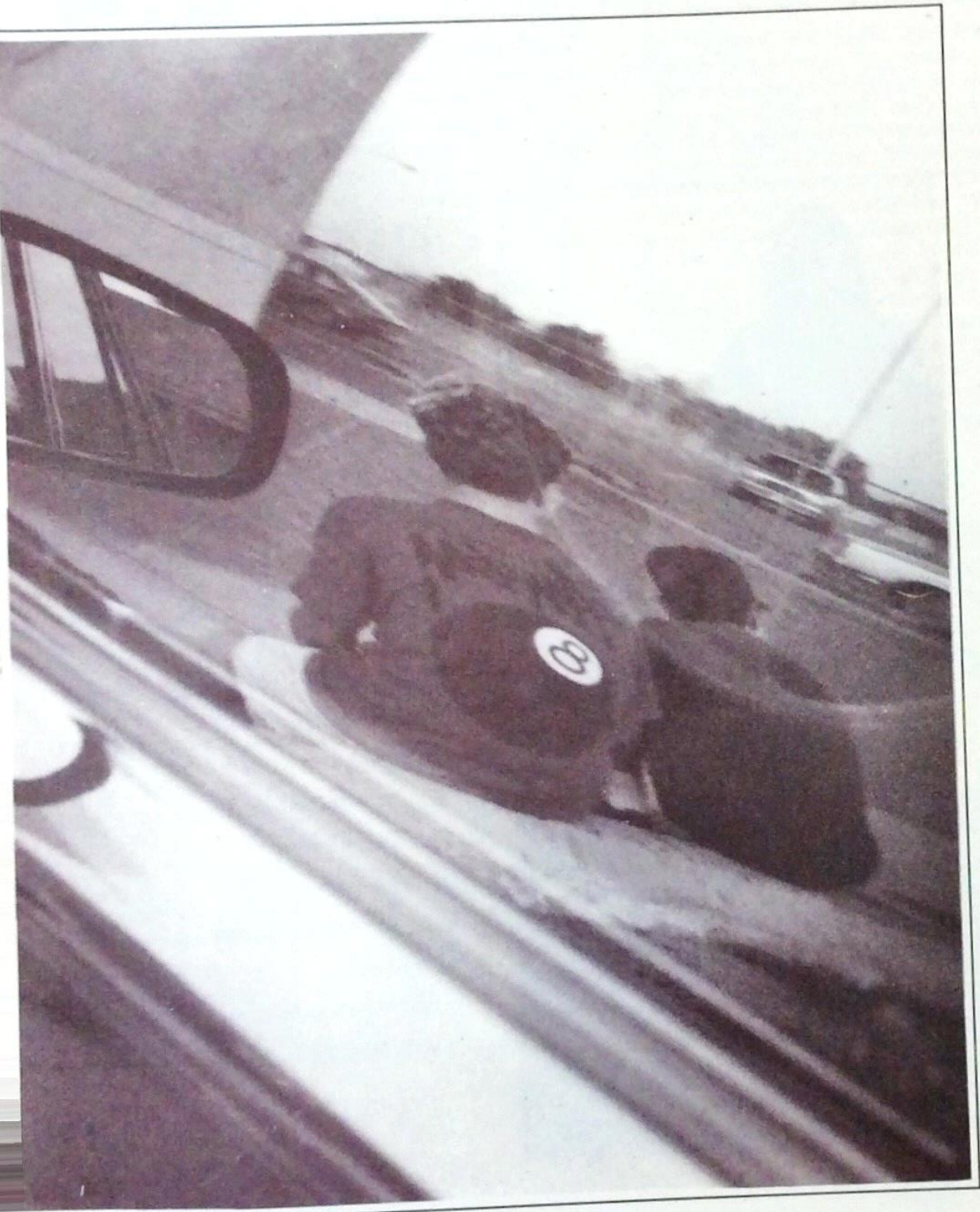
Mirei Midoricawa

driveway date

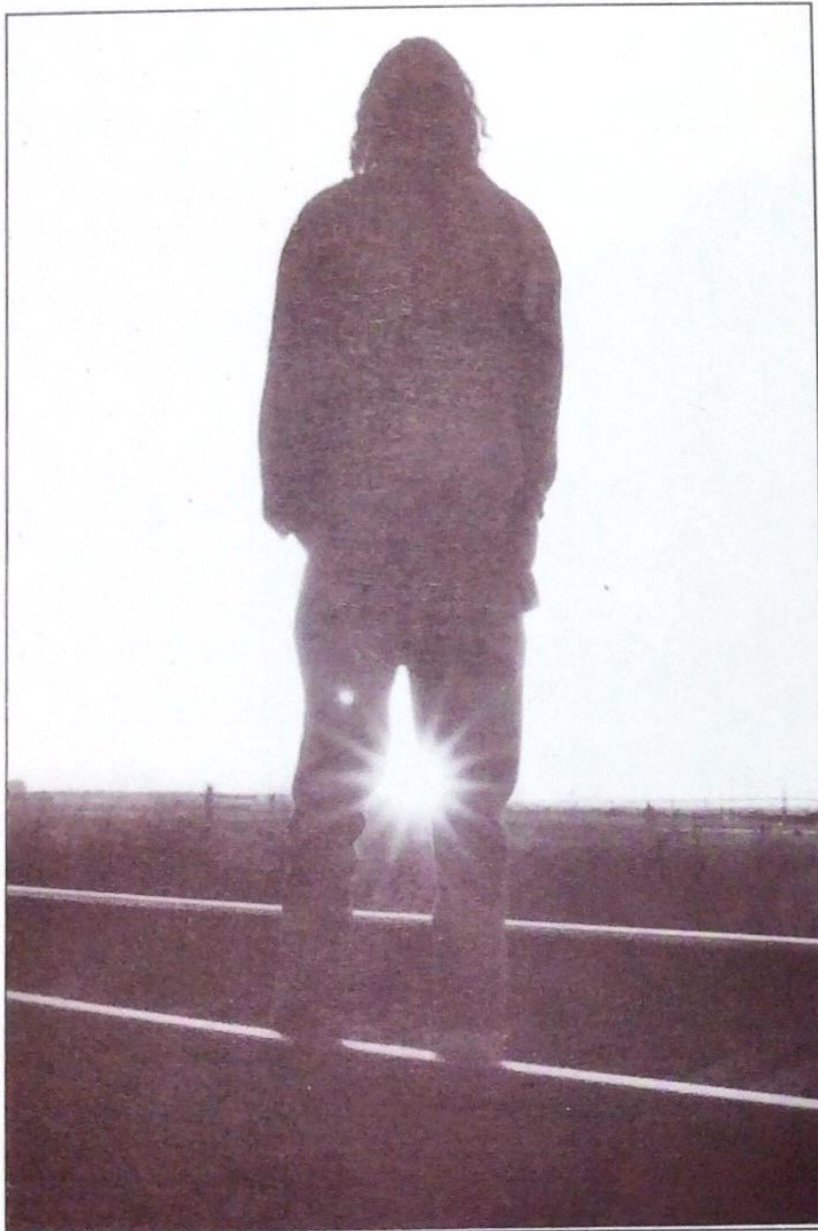
Risa Hollingsworth

We are sitting in my car and I'm crying and he's asking me why and I'm telling him it's because I'm not sure if I still love him in the same way and with the same intensity that I used to, and he says love is like life and it all evolves to different levels, but I think it's an all-or-none situation and I'm telling him that I don't know what to do and what does he want me to do, and he is curling up in a ball and punching the seat and groaning and sniffing and he's telling me that he wants me to be happy but that he's selfish and he just wants me, and he's finally looking up at me but now his face is all wet and his nose is running and we are hugging and snotting all over each other and the windows are fogging up and we pass a salty kiss between us and we keep our eyes open and locked on the other's face and neither of us try to take it any farther and we are hugging so hard that it's like one person, and I'm thinking about how much I really do love him and how even though I told him to go away, I'm glad he came back.





Reflecting on Life *Eric Muzquiz*



Lauren Donohue

master

I am hungry and wanting
I have need
and I provide
it is face after incensed face
taken in like a ripe melon
this is my green earth
this is the way I am
I devour the destiny
sinking in the scenery
solidly I crunch
the travel
in the pit of my palm
I take it and meld it
and make it mine
once the road is kneeling
before me
night held solemnly in its hands
I will MASTER

Society

Jacki Lindig

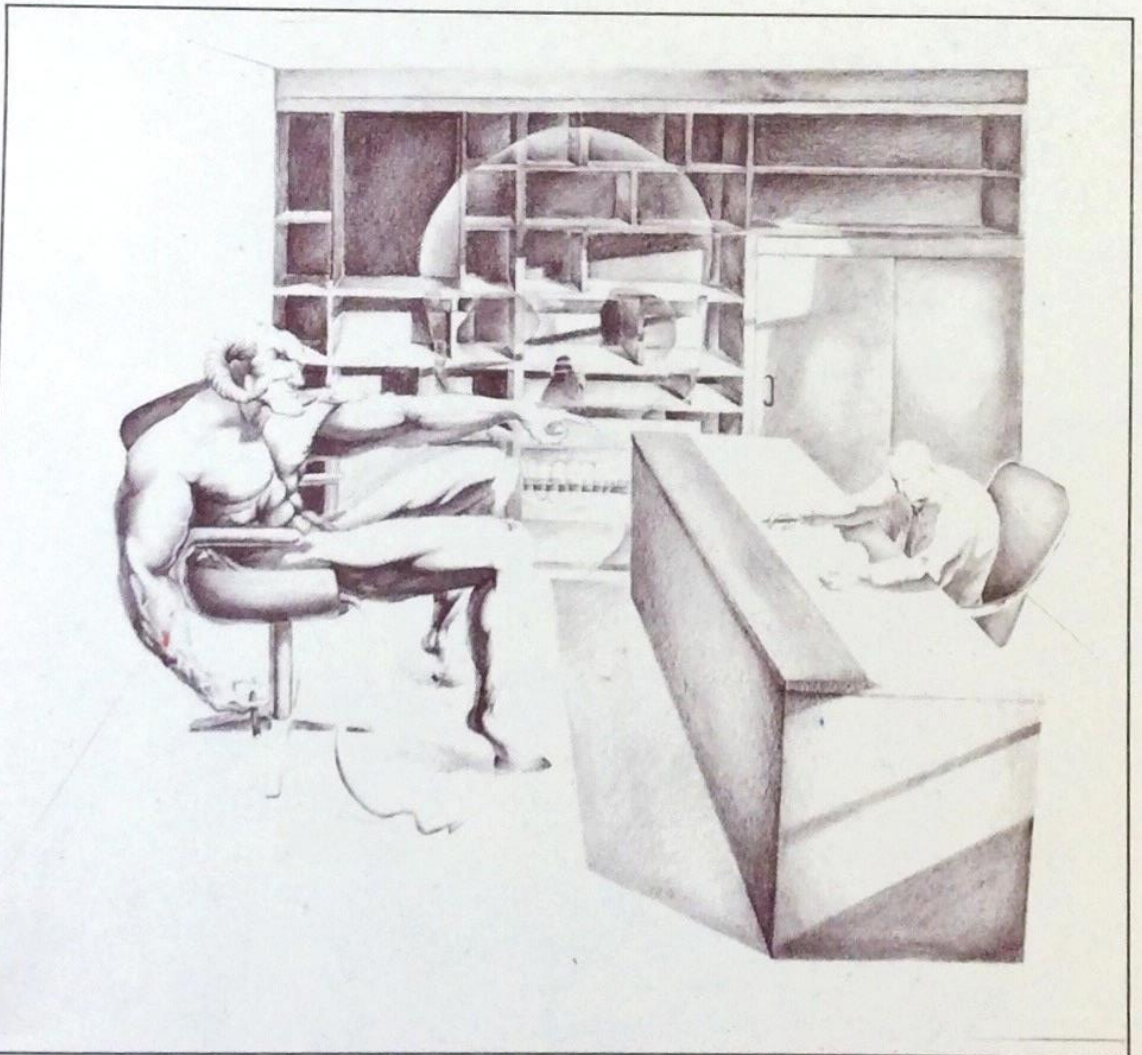
I have come to the conclusion that life is too full of clichés and foolish ideals that we have come to accept as correct. Ultimately, they become the bases upon which we make our decisions and judgments. It seems unfair that one must mold oneself into the stereotypically correct person true to arbitrary standards deemed as tradition from the past. Many times we find ourselves looking for a way out of the mold that has been created by our environment: our lifestyle, our parents, and their values. Most of the time, the facade of the person we are on the outside hinders our growth, our development, and our adaptability. We want to be individuals, but the majority of the time we are made to feel as though being unique makes us a social outcast. Individualism is shunned today and uniqueness is called non-conformity, but society as a whole has come to make the individual naked of rights as a person.

We are brain-washed from birth into thinking that there is a right way to live and that there is a wrong way to live. All too often we fail to question the logic of it all. We accept it as is because that is all we know. We are not allowed to think for ourselves in a way that makes us each individual people with individual thoughts. Now more than ever, people are starting to make a completely different way of life from that of others.

One has the fundamental right, starting at birth, to do what one pleases with his life. If he chooses to deviate

from the norm and go his own way, it should be perfectly acceptable. The problem today is that people are constantly being told what is right and what is wrong, and that they are lacking in values. Who is society to dictate what is acceptable?

Jacob Kahn once said that people can only rebel against or change a mastered tradition. This idea focuses on those who choose to follow the societal norms, to mold themselves into clones who are the only acceptable people in society. It doesn't allow for creativity without first acknowledging traditional standards set in a time that is infinitely different from today. That is the problem with people today. They are filled to the brim with ideas that have already been thought, dreams that have already been dreamt. Nothing is unique to the self, and no one is allowed to discover his true potential in life.



Matt Norris

Man at the door

Josh Batschelet

There's a man at the door,
He's exiting life.
Out of the ghettos,
Out of his strife.
Away from the bullets,
Away from the fear.
Come into heaven,
Come into here.
Be one of our angels,
Come and take peace.
Leave all your worries,
Leave all your griefs.
Come through the barrier,
Come into the core.
Enter the light,
Come in through the door.

Clarence Garcia



Piece of the Moon's Bride

Rabi Shook

The imperious moon peered over the trees at me as I
climbed her

hair

Up through the clouds past the feasting giants and gods
Who but me knows what has happened, why I flee this
dimension?

It seems the dark of night is my only love and the gray
slivers

of rain pierce my memory

In a division of heaven they stole my name and ran off
laughing

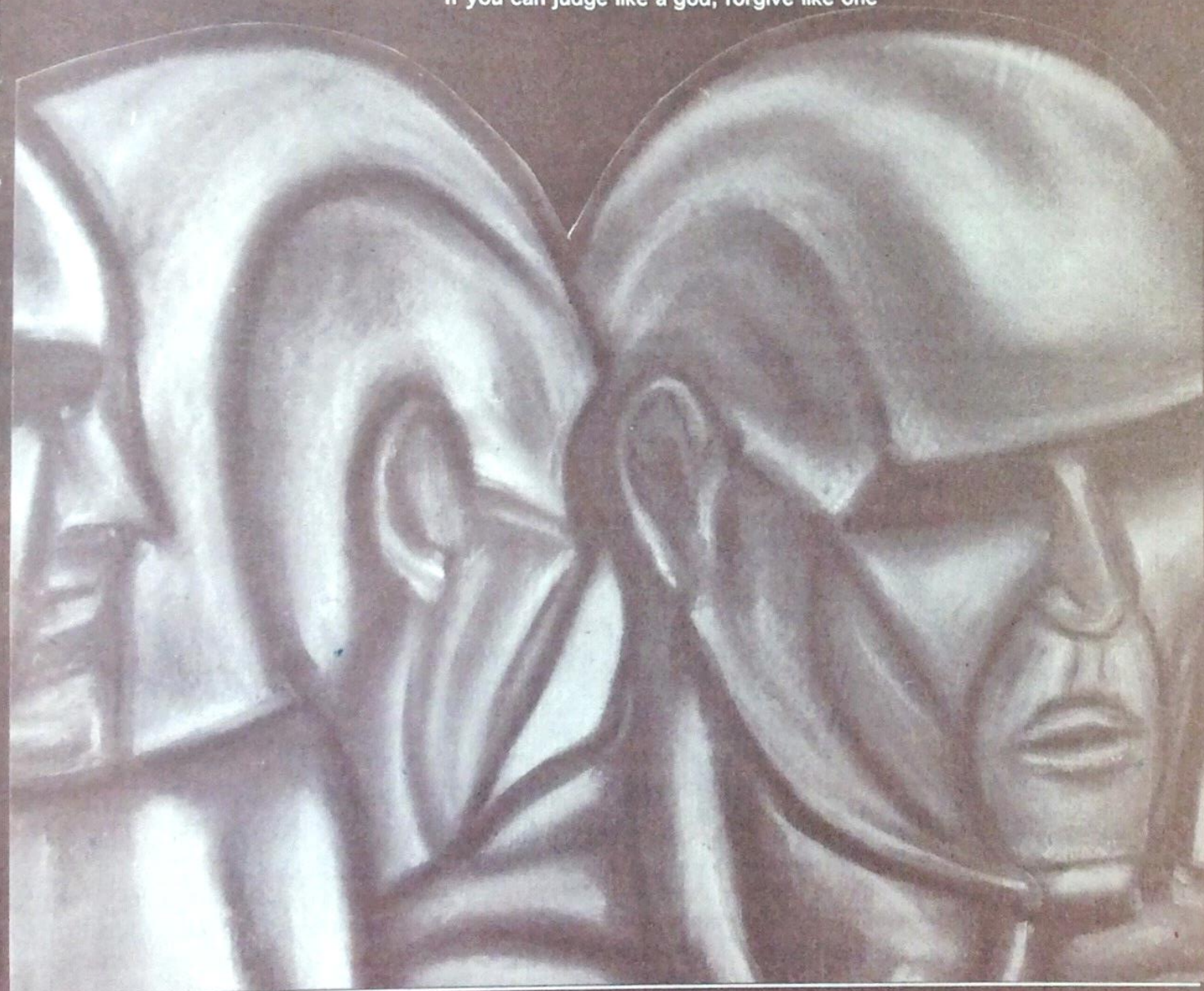
Barbarians they called my people

I know tomorrow as you know yesterday

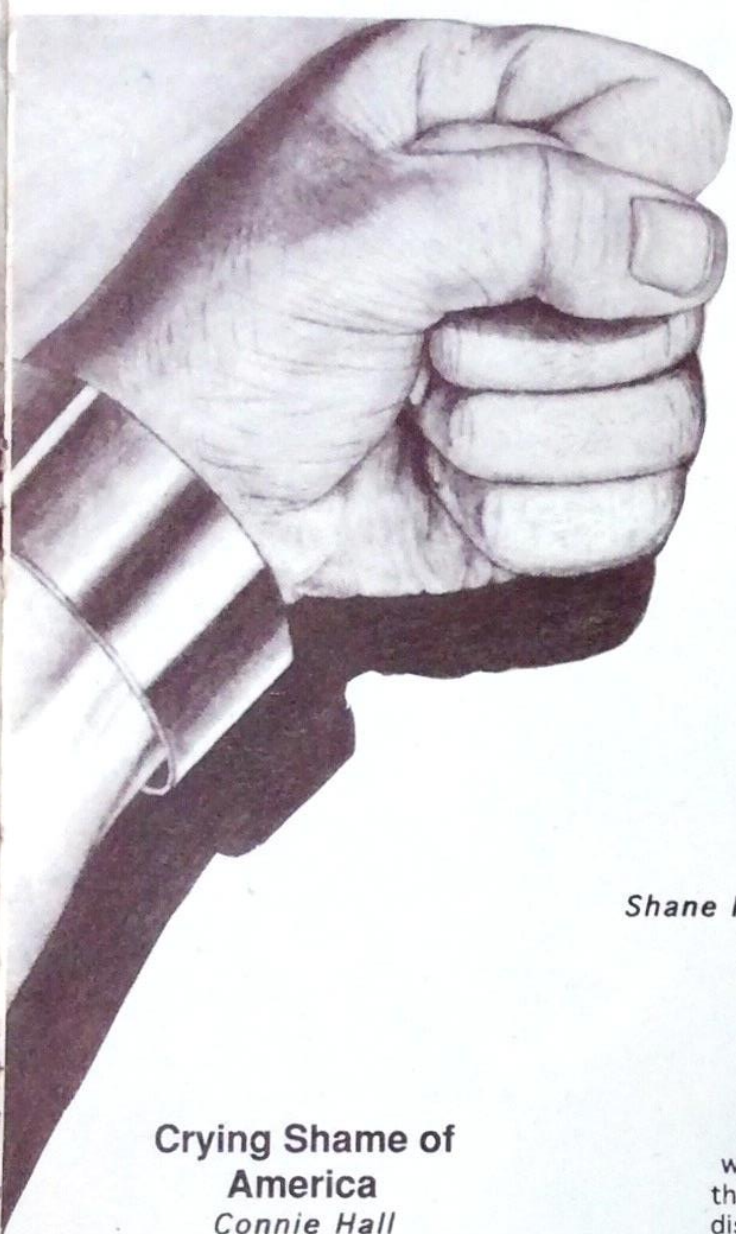
For who lives as a boy for eternity without a name?

Pick the first fool who jests about you and trade
bodies with him

If you can judge like a god, forgive like one







From a Lonely Extrovert

Adam Gorelick

The Sea, my pretty, the Seal
You want to know what God is
And I shall tell of Hell!
The Sea - rushing and confused,
Conflicting waves crashing
Malevolent and pleasant,
Moonlight, water, storm, and cold,
Yes, cold, my love, for emotions do
Fly tonight!
Don't tell me how to feel,
And what you mean to me,
Me of the Sea,
Dancing violence, turbulent pounding,
The thunder - my music,
like Wagner, like power!
Move me, change me, love me, or hate me -
As long as you
See me, because
I need to be a gregarious man
Made dizzy by the Seal!
Violence or Happiness -
Either I'll choose over Indifference.
I'll sing, my sweet,
I'll live and die amongst the rage of this water,
Because I'll be damned if I am not noticed,
And I'll be dead if I
have
not
lived!

Shane Park

Crying Shame of America

Connie Hall

I
don't want to hear
how she came to this
country to be
free
and that she lives
in a vermin infested
shack
not suitable for any
human being
or how she is beaten
by sore eyes when
her shabbily clothed
body walks down the
street in search
of food or how her
callused hands
long to be filled with
loose pocket change from
any caring stranger
but instead are slapped away
to bleed.

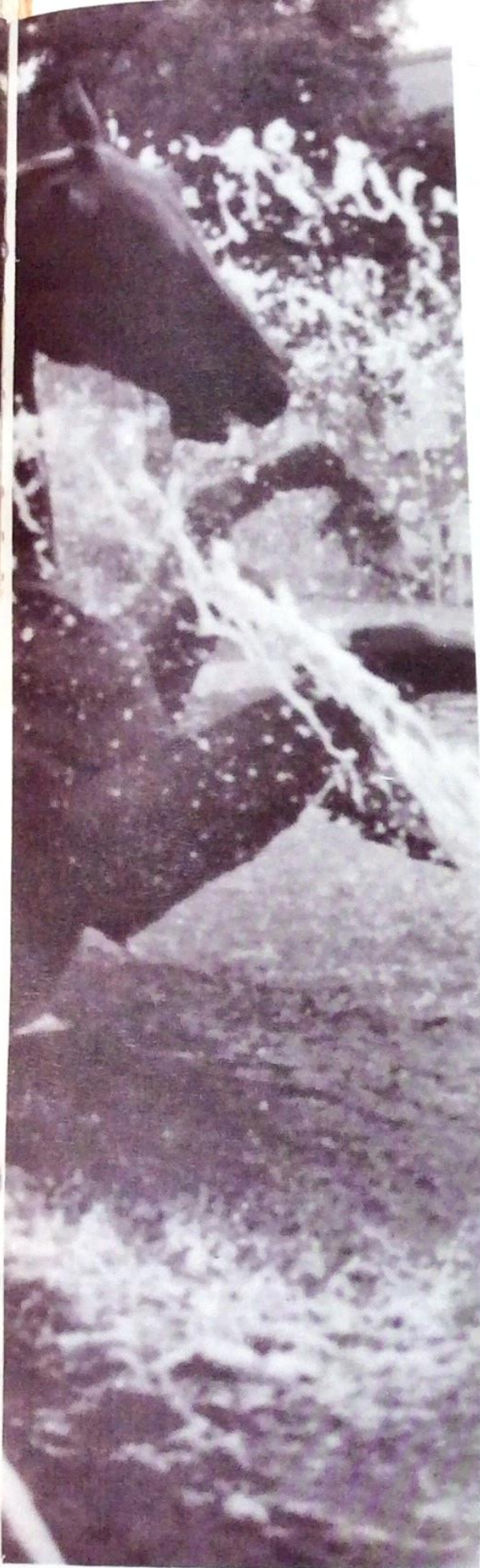
I
want to hear
the reason for
discrimination
and the reason why
racism is O.K.
and why everyone thinks
the word
"nigger"
applies to her
and how they can
casually use it to
describe
this lost,
sick, young girl.

I
also want to hear
why the government
spends billions of dollars
on nuclear weapons
to fight and
kill
and why they say they
can't
help starving children
to survive, to find homes,

and to find
real
meanings of
the words
justice,
free,
and I can
I
can make a difference.
Damn them
Damn the ones that
can pass by
her
on streets when it's
only her
9th birthday and
they can't give her
a tissue when she cries
because
her tears are not
physical
but god
please help her
help her wipe the tears
away.



Chivalry Tides *Jessica Cordova*



Sea(e)scape

Patti Neff

The moonlight reflected off the mirror-like waves
The damp sand under my feet, between my toes
A sense of ancient power in this immense sea
I lost sight and feel of myself to the rhythm of the waves
Yet I still felt the wind whipping my face
But I had become that wind
I flew on the cool night air, skimming the surface of the black
 silk ocean
I left V-shapes in my fingers' wakes
I sank down into the wet sand
The dampness soaked through my clothes
The moon glinted off of the waves as if off a shiny dagger
This dagger of water stabbed its icy blade into my toes
Unflinching, I endured the attack
Soon I was immersed in the black water
I lay back and let my body ebb and flow with the tide
Strands of hair plastered themselves to my face
I gasped, taking in mouthfuls of dense air and water
The sea entered my mouth like a salty elixir, numbing my tongue
My nose tingled from the slightly offensive odor of unseen sea
 creatures
Far off I heard the mournful cry of a gull
My head became heavy
The waves beat time to the gull's lullaby
My eyes closed
The sea twisted around my limbs like a serpent, blinding me to
 the beach
The waves no longer assaulted, but embraced me
The spray kissed my slack lips
Triton trumpeted my arrival
And Poseidon welcomed me as his own

car poem
tnasis

i think we find ourselves in our cars
i think we find we are exactly the same
i have seen cars which groan and shout
out and demand the road's attention cars
that hug the asphalt beneath them cars
that dart between other cars cars that
hit themselves and cry my car has been
every one of these.

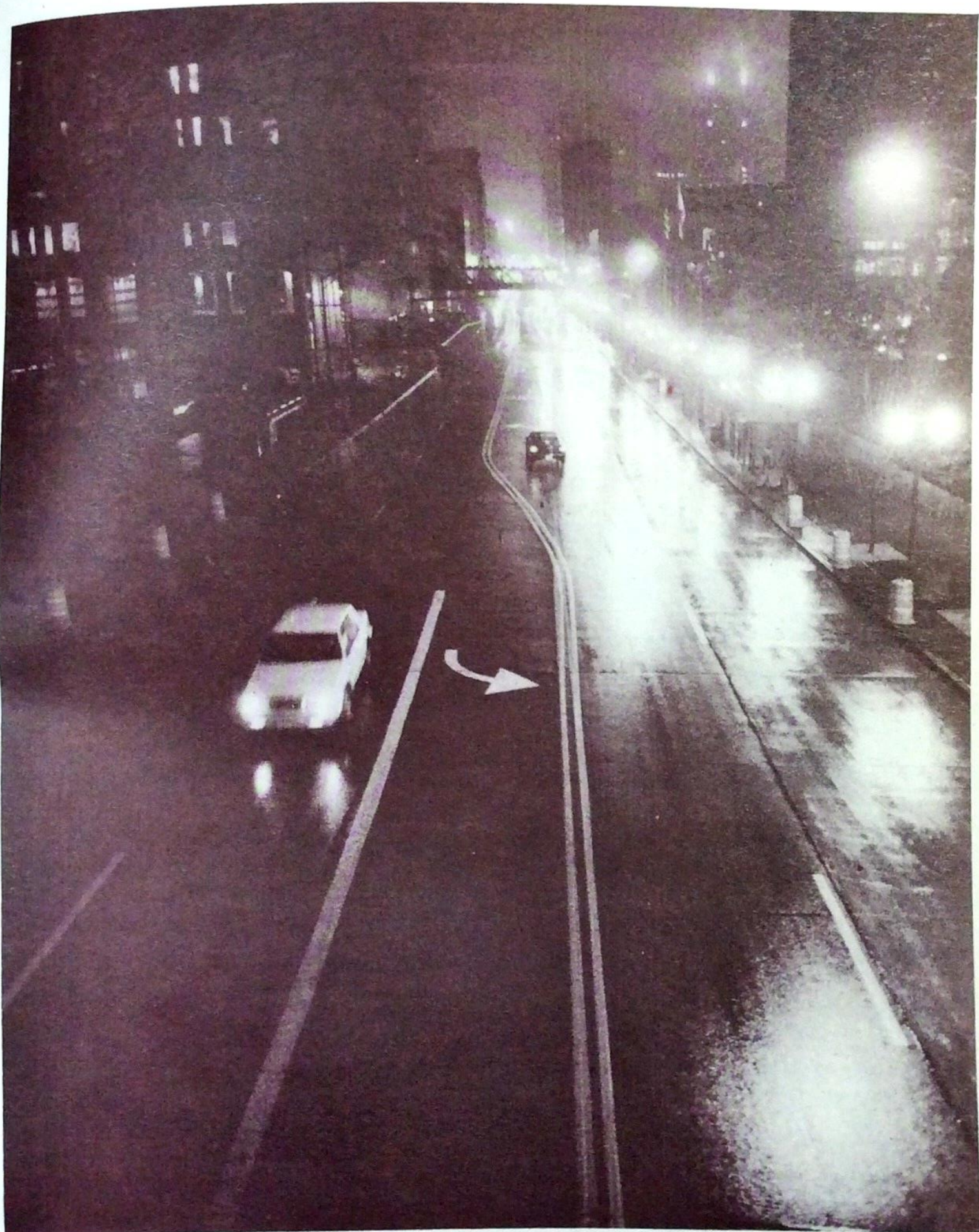
it is human nature to want to feel
contained our bodies hold us together
our clothes are the same the car we drive
is one more shell what if we all let go
let free what if we all really knew what
everything was about what if we never
found our way back in what if we could fly?

once when i was very small too small
to drive i crept into my mother's car
and turned the key i sat alive to the
hum and knew instinctively that this
was all i really wanted to do i can
sit car in limbo i can sit very still
and continue to respect myself i do not
have to be anywhere anytime soon this
place is only a waiting room this place
does not count against you.

imagine this: the car beside yours sits
like a knife on the road the one beside
it is exactly the same you know your own
car and the others around sit in exactly
this way they are silver and exact and
they all are cutting machines doesn't
anyone know how scary this sounds
doesn't anyone know how scary this
sounds doesn't anyone know how scary this sounds?

i drive in radical spurts of stop and
go i learned the acceleration is on the
right the brake is on the left you
drive on the right side of the road
you can make a right turn on red and some
left turns are protected it is a metaphysical
belief that the right side of
a body releases energy and the left
side draws it all in this makes sense.

there are the roads which curve into
other roads and there are the ones
that stretch so flat out and reach
without one glance back these are the
roads i like to drive i want to drive
foot on the gas drive with my right
foot on the right pedal drive until
i break through the gentle green skin
of the earth because then i will be flying.



Columbus Raining *Lauren Donohue*



feed

Shaka Paul McGlotten

Twin trails of crimson speed to the floor with
disturbing symmetry.
They travel down your body, becoming rivers of
your soul.

Pools form in the hollows of your body; you are
a sea and I am drowning in the immensity of its
life.

Your pumping, thumping heart fills my senses as
I become a purpose-lust/thirst/desire.

feed

You sigh and slip to the floor.
Kneeling, I lick at a drop of your blood left
poised at the edge of the wound.
The blood is singing to my lips; I close my eyes
and let the life/ecstasy fill me.

You are reduced.

You are my thing, my well of life and light.
I make a promise - this rape will never end.
I know you are glad.



My Earthly Star *Celeste Craven*

Author/Artist	Title	Type	Page
Ansari, Aleed Arellano, Araceli Arredondo, Linda	Freedom	Pen/Ink	44
	Simplicity, Simplicity . . .	Poetry	26
	Virgincita . . .	Graphite	24
	Bear	Pen/Ink	33
	Dialogue	Prosetry	46
	He is like a book	Poetry	69
	Chubby	Pen/Ink	18
	Eskimo	Scratchboard	31
	Egyptian Scene	Watercolor	92-93
	Belly	Photocopy	17
Atkinson, James	Man at the Door	Poetry	80
	Fever blind	Poetry	48
Baird, Gilbert	Market	Poetry	22
	A Fond Remembrance	Poetry	44
Batschelet, Josh	The Atrocities of Homework	Poetry	51
	Division Pages	Poetry	2, 16, 30, 45, 56, 68, 78
Beal, Kim	Postcard Town	Short Essay	63
	What I Want to Hear	Poetry	74
Blauvelt, David Brandt, Lee Burmeister, Iva	Ocean	Poetry	23
	Bob	Photo	3
	Chivalry Tides	Photo	84
	Division Pages	Photos	2, 45, 56, 68
	Imprisoned	Photo	62-63
	Stamina	Photo	73
	Sweet Face of Providence	Mixed Media	47
	My Earthly Star	Mixed Media	88-89
	Family Reunion	Mixed Media	26
	Division Pages	Photo	16, 30, 78
Cathcart, Heather Cordova, Jessica	Insomnia	Poetry	46
	Gypsy Soul	Poetry	48
	Suicide	Photo	52-53
	Rail Rider	Photo	54
	Columbus Raining	Photo	87
	Dragon	Pastel	6
	Wolf	Pastel	55
	For Joshua	Poetry	3
	Kids Fishin'	Watercolor	4-5
	Mother	Poetry	72
Craven, Celeste	Thought	Poetry	57
	Heads	Pastel	80-81
	Michael's Corner	Poetry	27
	The Pen and Sword	Poetry	36
	In the Silence	Poetry	49
	Sad	Watercolor	12
	From a Lonely Extrovert	Poetry	83
	Buttercups and Bluebonnets	Photo	64
	Buttercups and Bee	Photo	65
	Intuition	Pen/Ink	20-21
Dodge, Shawn Donohue, Lauren	Times They are a Changin'	Pen/Ink	27
	Whome?	Graphite	29
Duggan, Mary	The Lady	Poetry	71
	Crying Shame of America	Poetry	83
Feagin, Samantha Fell, Charlie Gaines, Kelly	Eye Drop	Graphite	14-15
	Eye Drop	Graphite	66
	Trapped	Graphite	50
Garcia, Clarence Garza, Christian German, Jason	driveway date	Short Prose	76
	Metamorphosis	Short Story	13-14
	dream-deprived	Poetry	7
Gorelick, Adam	abandoned	Poetry	20
	Momma Said	Short Prose	40
	Fire in the Sky	Photo	58
Gosdin, Courtney	Grandmother's Roses	Personal Essay	8,10
	1993	Poetry	64
	Headrush of Nostalgia	Poetry	11
Griffith, Megan Guitron, John	Child Abuse	Poetry	20
	Female IV	Poetry	25
	La Passant	Poetry	62
Hall, Connie	Building Blocks	Photo	40-41
	Burning Son	Pen/Ink	43
Hangen, Chris			
Hollingsworth, Risa			
Hooper, Karen Hurst, Summer			
Jackson, Kim Jett, Lonnie Johnson, Kristin			
Kreger, Anne-Kathleen Kunkel, Charla Labbo, Leigh			
Lam, Dorothy			

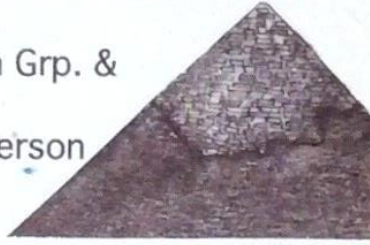
Author/Artist	Title	Type	Page
Lindig, Jacki	Time	Poetry	23
	Society	Essay	79
Little, Beth	Perfect Circle	Poetry	42
Mack, Jeremy	The Kurd	Pen/Ink	1
McGlotten, Paul	Carousel	Graphite	11
	Angel	Graphite	39
	Downcast	Scratchboard	57
	feed	Poetry	88
McGlotten, Shaka Paul	Division Pages	Poetry	2, 16, 30, 45, 56, 68, 78
Mealer, Bryan	Another and Time	Short Prose	19
	Lost Dog	Poetry	55
	Navel	Poetry	17
Meno, Delorita	Vogue	Graphite	74-75
Midoricawa, Mirei	Blocks of Life	Essay	41
Molter, Phil	Wild Child	Photo	35
Muzquiz, Eric	Reflecting on Life	Photo	76-77
	Love From Birth	Poetry	64
Neff, Patti	Sea(e)scape	Poetry	85
	Business	Graphite	79
Norris, Matt	Bathroom Truths	Poetry	38
Ogle, Georgia	Ol-body bags . . .	Poetry	67
	Revenge	Personal Incident	34
	Break Free	Graphite	82-83
			92
	Headrush of Nostalgia	Poetry	11
	Division Pages	Poetry	2, 16, 30, 45, 56, 68, 78
	origami rabbits & secret suns	Poetry	61
	song for slim	Poetry	52-53
	Lines	Poetry	43
Pozza, Duane	Night	Poetry	42
Ray, Holly	Gift of the GODS	Poetry	71
Reinertson, Ken	Branching	Poetry	54
Roen, Elizabeth	five reminders of you	Poetry	5
Rosser, Rebecca	Road Kill	Graphite	67
Rudloff, Josh	Cover Design	Print	Cover
Sandberg, Blake	Spring Runoff	Watercolor	23
	Moon	Graphite	42
	Me (to the tenth power)	Mixed Media	69
Sheiness, Frank	Trial By Soul	Short Prose	39
Shook, Rabi	Their	Personal Essay	65
	Piece of the Moon's Bride	Poetry	81
			93
Staff Credits	I REMEMBER-Loss	Poetry	2
Staff	I CONSTRUCT-Philosophical	Poetry	16
	I LEARN-Lesson	Poetry	30
	I MOVE-Free	Poetry	45
	I AM-Real	Poetry	56
	I WALK-Passion	Poetry	68
	I MASTER-Soverign	Poetry	78
Stevens, Kelly	Carousel Horse	Acrylic	11
	Fire Dance	Print	48, 49
	Face of a Woman	Acrylic	70
Taylor, Mary	Wanderings	Personal Incident	4
Tehas, Chris	Smell the Roses	Poetry	28
Tew, Kelly	I listen	Poetry	7
	The Monkey	Poetry	21
tnasis	car poem	Poetry	86
	Division Pages	Poetry	2, 16, 30, 45, 56, 68, 78
	sometimes	Poetry	75
Vega, Anne	A wave breaks	Poetry	12
Wagener, Jeremy	The Lights of the City	Poetry	59
	Endless Storm	Poetry	66
	Bear Hunter	Short Story	32-33
Walsh, Kevin	Fish	Scratchboard	22
Ward, Michele	Reflections of Rebecca	Mixed Media	60-61
Woody, Kathryn	Drink of Death	Pen/Ink	38
Zappe, Tommy	Bleeding Flower	Graphite	8, 9
Zingg, Randy	Guy With Wings	Graphite	36-37

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Faculty Advisors

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Mrs. Marti Stephens

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