

Stratford  
Library



**STRATFORD LIBRARY ASSOCIATION  
TEEN SERVICES**

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**STRATFORD LIBRARY ASSOCIATION  
TEEN SERVICES  
CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP**

3rd edition

June 2006

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*Varied Voices*  
was partially funded by a  
Youth as Resource Grant  
from the  
Stratford Youth and Family Advisory Board

# Varied Voices

3rd edition

June 2006

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To the reader...

The 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of ***Varied Voices*** provides you with the opportunity to read and savor the thoughts, feelings and emotions of a group of young writers who enjoy expressing themselves in words. These teens meet monthly at the Stratford Library to share their writings, to encourage each other to continue writing and to nurture their talents. Their efforts deserve our attention and recognition.

The Creative Writing Workshop, fondly known as CWW, began during the fall of 1997 with a small group of high school teens who wanted a place to write...creatively! Jocelyn Miller, a founding member of the group, sums up the CWW mission...

**We formed the CWW group to give students a different, more relaxed venue in which to explore their own writing. It has been a great place for both people who are inclined to write and for those who need a little more inspiration to do so.**

Over the past nine years, the group has written, presented and received eight Youth-as-Resources grants from the Stratford Youth and Family Advisory Board. Five grants provided funding for all-day writing workshops by guest lecturers and authors and performance events by teens at the library. In 2002, the group received a grant to publish the 1<sup>st</sup> edition of their own literary magazine, ***Varied Voices***, followed by the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition and grant in 2004. Now, we are pleased to present the 3<sup>rd</sup> edition of ***Varied Voices***, a creative effort of the entire current group with additional collaboration from teen editor, Amanda Woade and the guidance of the staff of Teen Services.

We hope that you enjoy the poems that you are about to read as they are the genuine expression of the thoughts and feelings of our youth in Stratford!

Lucretia I. Duwel  
Head of Teen Services



## All of a Sudden...

All of a sudden I see you old  
Every wrinkle is unflattering  
But you're unwavering  
Knowing and seeking what truly matters.  
My friend, how you have grown  
The seeds of dreams are scattered in your hair,  
Each time you shake with laughter  
They float down  
And rest upon the ground  
Waiting to show their strong stems  
And glowing golden petals.

All of a sudden I hear your breathe  
It is a sound so sacred I feel it is reserved for the ears of God  
Not me  
Your fingers crawl down to the pit of your stomach that is bare  
And they go up and down with the rise and fall  
With the rise and fall  
With the rise and  
Fall asleep with this simplicity.

All of a sudden  
I am writing this poem  
Because I think, at least, I take no one for granted  
That I've learned to savor a simple moment  
And I know that humanity will always move me.

Elizabeth Trojanowski

## 1997-2006 MEMBERS OF THE CREATIVE WRITING WORKSHOP

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McNair, Corey	Yoassaint, Mirielle
Michels, Sarah	Zalewsho, Maggie
Miller, Jocelyn	Zold, Katie



My own thoughts...

## Decent

And after it's all done  
And everything is changed  
And the totality and finality of  
It all sets in  
Everything is quieter, calmer  
More tragically and beautifully delicate  
And after it's all done  
And everything has changed  
I look in the mirror and  
Don't recognize myself  
And I hope you never know how  
Disconcerting that feeling is  
My hair, eyes, features  
All the same but more drawn  
More placid  
And after its all done  
And the scars and memories are all  
That can remain  
I realize what's changed and shifted  
Within  
And that's also disconcerting  
To know that your feelings and  
Your subconscious are different  
To know your whole self  
Isn't the self you've always know  
And after everything has settled  
And time has passed  
And you've learned a few things  
About life, loss, self and soul  
A silence sets in  
Its intensity shakes you  
And everything is quieter  
After the final decent

Kelly Scinto



## Fun

Kids are playing, having fun  
One by one they leave  
A lucky kid stays to play more  
He must have one cool mom  
The kid skips in the morning, rests at noon, runs at night  
He's always around to have fun  
Lucky kid

Corey McNair

## Hair

Most of my hair fell out yesterday  
One grey hair was tired  
One curled hair was scared  
One straight hair stuck out 'till the end  
One colored hair clung to life  
One long hair fell long to the floor  
One short hair fell trying to hold all the hair  
together  
One hair had remained to show stress' effects

Corey McNair

## Red Roses

Friends ask me who are they for  
I say myself, I like Red Roses  
My parents say I must have a crush  
No, I like Red Roses  
People tell me I must be in love to buy these  
Actually, I just like Red Roses  
I ask why are they obsessed with love  
I simply like Red Roses

Corey McNair

## Somewhere

You belong to someone  
Somewhere  
Where you can dance in the rain  
And people will not stare.

Embrace the earth all around you  
Just waft in the day,  
Take in the colors the shapes that surround you  
Think of Pocahontas this way

Children of a memory  
Of a past to hard to look back  
Saplings of a weeping willow,  
Once white  
Now turned black

Will you listen to the howl of the moon, and the tree?  
They're having conversation  
About all of us dear sea

And to the rocks and all clumps of clay,  
Breathe in the honey  
Breathe in the day

Love each and every  
Every every,  
When you're ready  
Just say you're ready

~And I'm here

Dreamers, dream your dreams  
Writers write outside your scenes  
Lovers love your mate  
Pray for friendship, abolish hate

You belong to someone  
Somewhere  
Where you can dance in the rain  
And people will not stare.

Embrace the earth all around you  
Just waft in the day,  
Take in the colors the shapes that surround you  
~We have somewhere, today

Taylor Rivera  
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### Foster Children

Why does everyone judge a foster child?  
Because of our situation why are we judged?  
If you knew our situation would you judge us?  
What if you were in our situation would you want to be judged?  
If your mom was a drug addict how would you feel?  
If you were neglected by your family would you want to stay?  
My mother couldn't help what she was addicted to.  
She tried to provide for her and her 3 children the best way she could.  
Providing for her children was a struggle due to the fact that she was a single  
parent.  
By not providing the right care for us we were taken away from her  
and her parental rights were terminated.  
If that was your situation would you want to be judged?  
Everyone sees me but would have never thought this happened to me.  
Looks can be deceiving so why judge those you don't know?  
What can break you, make you, many feel sorry but I don't see why.  
Everything happens for a reason.  
I am now blessed with a beautiful baby girl who I truly love.  
So don't judge what you don't know because I personally will not judge you.

Quanita McCray

### Never Again

Trust me,

**NEVER** again will I be hurt by your inhumanity  
**NEVER** again will I be looked at the wrong way  
**NEVER** again will I have to hear you say....

**NEVER** again will I be judged by an ignorant fool that has to  
make themselves feel  
better for their own insecurities  
**NEVER** again will I be hit, shoved, touched or moved from  
where I stand

I will not step down,  
Dominance will be mine  
Now I get the 1<sup>st</sup> swing  
**NEVER** again will be looked upon as weak or frail,  
and be caught in the shadows of your overpowering ego  
You will not take these few words from my mouth and make a  
mockery of them  
**NEVER** again will my weakness aid in your offensive blows  
I will no longer be identified as a *foreign* outcast

Listen closely because **NEVER AGAIN** will you hear this  
statement

I stand up, you stand down,  
I speak up, you shut up  
And if you stare in my direction...  
**NEVER** come to my level I'm above the sky  
And you are rock bottom, a blurred vision in my eye  
**NEVER** again will I hurt inside  
**NEVER** again will you see me cry  
**NEVER** again will I want to die

To say that I **hate** you,  
is a word too strong  
But just know from now on  
I **am right** and you **are wrong**

Franklin Eneh



### Mama's Sub

Every day I sit at lunch with the same old groovy bunch  
I sit to eat while talking about the false meat the cafeteria serves  
Whether we talk about girls or I sit and talk about curls,  
there is still lunch with that same old groovy bunch.  
When I don't have that \$2.25 for lunch,  
I sit and grub on Mama's good old subs.  
With that big old stack of cheese  
it gives me a good old please.  
Or that big old stack of meat that pots brags on  
how he likes to eat.  
Instead of crappy chicken patties or rubber macroni,  
I sit with my brown paper bag  
And put a smile on like good fat Uncle Tony.

Dan Romaniello



### An Ode to Kirk Miller

How lonely is her wooden frame,  
adorned only by electric wires  
and scattered footsteps  
-she shivers-

Yet the chords of Joseph  
give her warmth  
under a coat of many colors

...Ghosts of a hundred faces  
APPLAUD  
Her eternal dance  
To the new year

-the summer solstice-  
(in its declension)  
as I rest my feet on the sawdust  
that nearly feels like sand

And I am free...

in Sondheim's paradise!  
Still swinging from the bars  
peering down at the dancing couples  
of a JUKEBOX era

...with Fonzie hair and switchblade pockets

The life is gone, but the art lingers  
in graffiti  
across French windows and bruised knuckles.

*A season of LOVE*  
now swept away by purple cloth  
into a drawer of playbills and plaid—  
Levi's and a place for cool cats to rumble

in the alley  
under the bridge  
just to feel some skin  
a little blood

But all I have all these lousy photos  
to prove I was alive  
for three months—or was *she*?

Amy Vlacich

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## Primary Colors

Suck on your breath  
Hold it back till it makes you high  
Kits that you sail in pale blue oasis  
Unseen  
Chasing your dreams and your bliss  
Running fire through your arms, your veins  
Blistered  
Peel, writhe in the enmity of floating reflection  
The blocked bold color construction  
Crosses to bow and bear shaped for you  
Your desire to soar like childhood swings  
Swing. Swing melody playing in your ears  
The heights are dizzying your breath thinning  
Hold it back hold it back the vapors  
Every precious spell of Arizona grown  
On your dashboard in your hair  
Suck in the burn of ash dry on your tongue  
It's yours; the fire you chase  
Up sleeve and down again entrenched  
Just breeze blow it all away  
The string too loose the kite up far  
Above the brazen earth the minds eye  
Is strewn in primary color clouds and bows  
Bent in direction misguided bliss  
Unseen, light up in the sun your dreams flare  
Had it on pause your exhale like longest days  
Taking hold of the phoenix flyer  
Phoenix city street miles of running arms to sleeves  
You're sucking it all desert dry now  
Smoldering papers on the dash  
Never letting go of the singe between your fingers

Vicki Battistelli

## Metal Picture Frame

I'm grasping at slight reminders of home  
I'm grasping at the few things that will  
Make this just a little easier  
I miss the sand and the surf and the breeze  
I'm grasping at memories of the jetties and the  
Coves  
I'm grasping at a picture of the sunset  
Sitting on my desk in its metal frame  
I'm listening to the acoustic music  
That's bring me back  
That's reminding me how far I am  
From  
Where  
I  
Want  
To  
Be  
I'm grasping at lyrics  
Hoping the smooth words will fill  
This void that just can't be  
Satisfied  
By anything other than land and  
Space  
And the comforting smell of  
My mother's lilac bushes  
The small crystals that glisten  
Between the leaves  
And the rusted metal statues  
Their fixed gazes and hands bent in  
Silent constant unchanging prayer  
I'm grasping

Kelly Scinto



### Assumption of the Creature

Alas! The creature lurked outside my house  
creeping and seeking  
Hidden in trees, burrowed in bushes  
Stalking my window, sinfully gaping  
coveting and hovering  
eager for something of mine.

**Lock the door!**

**Plug up the chimney!**

**Turn off the light!**

-But the window;  
And the cold chill blew about my home  
because I blindly let the animal roam.  
I felt the wild piercing snare.  
I trembled toward my room  
Trying to stand immobilized,  
as the floor boards shifted into place.  
The creature pounced on top of me,  
Mimicking my face.

SO I LET IT HAVE IT!  
Its death became my gift

**-And curse.**

a child {**dead**} lay limp within my hands  
a laugh was its final say  
but in the moment it was seeping  
because the monster stored inside of me  
fell,  
mourning and weeping

Franklin Eneh

**Live**

She is so young, so bright, so brilliant...she is almost like a light bulb

She is so smart, but cannot do those day-to-day things.

The kindness of her heart is like a mother caring for her child.

Her beauty is hiding; her feelings somewhat expressed.

I want her to live and enjoy the many things in life

But I cannot give it to her, though I wish I could.

I want to give her the world, like fish have the whole sea.

I want her to live, god I wish she could live.

Always under privileged, always looked down upon.

If you saw her big smile, the passion for life she holds

You would want to do all you could to let her live.

Please just let her live.

Trevor J. Mocarski



## Unthinkable

Meri Lyn, Meri Lyn how you died on that day

Only an accident you didn't deserve.

I didn't see you for a while, I didn't chill with you in a while.

I saw you a week before the day you died,

Wishing to hang out with you one more time.

I remember those parties, the kiss we had.

Your big warm smile, your sexy eyes.

Your great personality, the car you would drive.

All these things are just some memories.

Memories that I will have forever.

We all know that you shouldn't have died,

We all will miss you until forever.

Meri Lyn, Meri Lyn I wonder why?

Why you?

A person of such strong dreams, a person I wish I could be.

We'll miss you now, We'll miss you later

But most of all we will miss you FOREVER.

**Dedicated to Meri Lyn**

Trevor J. MocarSKI

(Un)natural[ist]

there is an irregularity in nature  
and in the constructs of man  
that i find alluring  
that constant error that lies in every being  
the inescapable mistakes that we all have

some of us try to fix it  
with numbers  
and chemicals  
and syringes  
full of all kinds of happiness  
(botox, heroin, the usual)

but nature doesn't fit into those  
(as is evidenced by the error that lies in almost all clocks)

and that's why i want to live outside  
when i grow old  
even if it's hard to walk up a hill  
with this metal and plastic hip  
replacing my decaying body.

Amanda Woade



An Easter Wish for a Former Love

(Go outside and find an answer  
keep it inside your heart  
and when ever you get lonely and sad  
just remember that which you put into your heart  
and remember that life starts again  
[death is only a temporary phase]  
and you will become familiar with the warm sun  
and the greens, pinks, purples, yellows and blues of spring  
Jesus will come to greet you  
with candy in little plastic eggs  
but by that time, he will be a ghost  
though you can still touch his wounds and comprehend his suffering

don't worry, you're no judas  
though you did harm me only to let me experience a kind of  
revelation  
i won't condemn you  
my father will not let your innards spill open  
i will thank you  
even though i'm not sure quite how much you sacrificed for me  
i will be here if you need me.)

(that last stanza was not egotism  
just a sense of comprehension  
that i don't feel betrayed  
i feel thankful.)

Amanda Woade

Night

There are apologies ready to drip off my lips  
There are words I want to whisper to you so badly  
I want to right what I did to you  
I want to rebuild our world of  
Innocence and bliss and wonder  
It's only at night that I let myself think about the  
Weight of what I did  
It's only at night that I let the consequence sink in  
It's only at night that I tear the memories from my mind  
And transcribe them on paper  
Insomniac therapy  
I pinch the skin around my wrist and hope that some of it  
Will vanish with all the worrying  
I'm doing  
I hope that he'll call  
I pray she isn't going to bring it all up again  
I will myself to believe that it's all alright  
For the moment being  
I know that it's only at night that I long for what  
I know is wrong  
No the sex, drink, lust, cigarettes and the feeling of a starving self  
No  
At night I long for the promise of love  
And the reassurance of your faith in me  
I long for your simple words and promises  
And platonic hugs and kisses  
It's only at night that I long to be human  
That I long for the simplest of natural desires

Kelly Scinto



## Why Ask

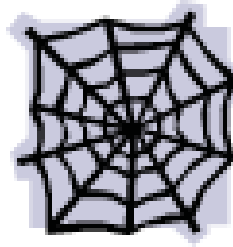
### Who do I want to be?

-A question I dread  
I believe in the present not the future  
Everything does happen for a reason  
Might as well start from there  
A 10 year plan has no purpose  
A tide shifts with the changes of the moon

### So must I

As I grow, I hold on to reminiscences of who I was  
Contributed to who I am,  
Which will affect who I become  
Dreams are what you take naps for,  
Ambitions can be unpursued  
Experiences make who I will be  
I remain sitting in this rigid chair unconcerned  
Not because I don't care  
Only that I'm unaware

Franklin Eneh



## The Web

The web spins inside  
It's been like this for years  
Hasn't it?  
I am not the first and I am not the last...  
I dig inside myself  
And pull apart each fiber  
Until I am me  
Reborn  
Until I am me seeing the vastness that lies within  
The once covered possibility  
Exposing it  
Naked in the newfound light  
Swaddling it with blankets and singing  
Melodies that fall like rain from heavy leaves.

Elizabeth Trojanowski

Les Sons et Le Corps (Sounds and Body)

je veux parler a quelqu'un  
je veux écrire a quelqu'un  
je veux communiquer avec quelqu'un  
de les choses qui reste dans ma corps  
(en anglais, on prononce le mot corps  
"CORR-PSS")

et on pense pas  
qu'il vive  
c'est mort, le CORRPSS  
mais, on vive toujours,  
avec du vin et des cigarettes  
avec le café dans les cafés)

mais je ne peux pas  
mes lèvres sont trop grand  
et mon bouche c'est trop petit  
je ne peux pas ouvrir  
je ne peux pas dire  
je ne peux pas former un son

je peux former les phrases compliquées  
mais, seulement en anglais  
en français, je peux utiliser seulement  
le présent et le passé composé  
mais pas le subjonctive  
(il faut que je fasse...)  
mais pas le futur  
(je parlerai avec mes amours)  
pas tous les autres  
je les oublie  
il faut que j'ai un livre  
devant moi  
pour dire  
comment on conjugue  
les verbes

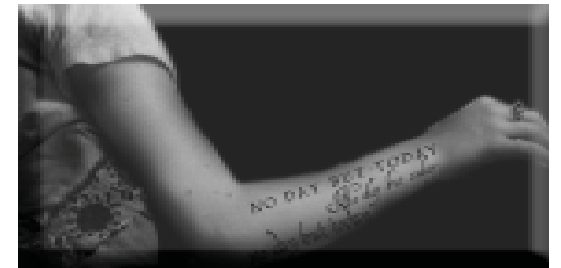
je veux écrire quelques choses qui sont  
particulièrement  
profond  
comme un trou.



The Fifth

She requested the words  
"No day but today"  
Be etched across her body  
Script and ink making them pertinent  
She hopes to live in the moment  
And no where else  
She lies down on the leather chair  
Awaiting the needle to puncture her skin  
Awaiting the ink to set in  
And those images and words have become  
Such a part of her  
Such an essential factor of who she is now  
Those minimalist lines  
Speaking volumes

Kelly Scinto



## Ready

Lingering in the air like perfume,  
Passing by, leaving memories in your trail.  
You haunt me again.  
Someday...my happy feeling will learn to forget you.

You are clouding my head with hope,  
filling my lungs with poisoned promises that spill from your lips,  
I'm choking on each one like thick smoke.  
Making sure to remind myself not to  
fall into your trap,  
fall back into love,  
fall into a trance that you set  
with your magnetic eyes-  
staring into mine, reaching for  
the piece of me that you have  
and taking it back.

Putting into words together is not enough  
to fully explain. I was waiting,  
feet in the sand, letting waves crash against my ankles.  
Looking up to the moon for a sign,  
Stars dancing overhead, and the cold soothing a burning heart  
while I took deep breaths between falling tears.  
Not knowing when to take the dive into the murky waters.  
What lied ahead was unseen, but not unheard of.  
Knowledge comes from deep down inside, knowing that this can't be.  
Knots in stomach form in familiar patterns,  
tangled like spider webs against an aging feeling.  
Playing games in teenage carelessness.  
Don't do this to me.  
Someday my happy feeling will learn to forget you.

Katie Zold

## Sounds and Body (Les Sons et Le Corps)

i want to talk to someone  
i want to write to someone  
i want to communicate to someone  
about the things that lie in my body  
(in English, we pronounce the word corps(e)  
"CORRPSS"  
and we don't think  
that it's alive  
it's dead, the CORRPSS  
but, we live forever,  
with wine and cigarettes  
with coffee in coffee shops)

but i can't  
my lips are too big  
and my mouth is too small  
i can't open  
i can't say  
i can't make a sound

i can form complex sentences  
but, only in english  
in french, i can only use  
the present and the present perfect  
but not the subjunctive  
(it is nesscary that i do...)  
but not the future  
(i will speak with my loves)  
not any of the others  
i forgot them  
it is nessecary that i have a book  
in front of me  
to say  
how one conjugates  
verbes

i want to write something that is  
particularly  
deep  
like a hole.

Amanda Woade



## Wish

I close my eyes and make a wish  
As I do, my body begins to tingle.  
Suddenly, I feel the breeze on my face  
I open my eyes, and I'm no longer home  
I'm not in my dark bedroom.  
I've traveled away from my own world.  
Over the rainbow  
And this new place is something beautiful.  
A forest to me left, with trees old and new  
To my right, mountains covered in snow.  
Beneath my feet, green grass,  
And above me the sky.  
My wish is granted, but how?  
There was no magic words, no secret door  
There was only words.  
"I wish that my imagination would take me away  
To a special place all my own  
Through the painting on the wall  
Into a secret world."  
Tell me this is not a dream.  
Tell me its real, and my wish was really granted.  
Let me spend time here, and be free,  
Free of the realism of our world.  
Let this world be all that I imagine.

Julie Kosa



## NYC

One day I want to be free, living in a loft,  
over looking the passerbys and junkies  
that line the filthy streets  
between molded couches and empty spirits.  
Observing chaotic lifestyles  
weaving in and out of danger and exhaustion.  
The hustle and bustle of men  
dressed in Sunday's best.  
spitting at those waiting for opportunity  
too afraid to contribute to those in need.  
I want to see the streetwalkers  
mascara tears flow into muddy puddles  
as she searches for her fix.  
Towering over all, taking it all in,  
and sipping away 9am.

Katie Zold



## Nightmare

She sat in his chair waiting for something to differ.  
Minutes slowly faded away, but the time never changes,  
the clock is frozen at 1:39.  
Sitting and holding onto any faint reminder,  
looking to fix what was broken with kisses  
blocked by a glass plate framing happier times.  
Speaking softly, sharing the daily news  
with a hope that one day he'll utter something back again.  
Taking two aspirin to dull the pain that fills the dark with memories of what  
happened a year ago.  
She replays each night in her thoughts  
wishing that one night the story would change to happily ever after.

Katie Zold

## Uncertain

A teen like me, except a few years younger  
He's kicking a ball in wonder of its path  
I know physics can predict the path  
He then jumps hard on a stone gate  
I know that it's bad for person's leg  
He's carrying books ready to study  
I know studying only helps to a point  
He looks up unsure of his future  
I look down knowing my future is more certain every day

Corey McNair

## Waiting

Looking at the back of a chair bored  
I wish it go, never to be restored  
Then I could see what's ahead  
There's more than what I'm fed  
It could be moved  
But it'd have to be approved  
I may not be ready  
So I tell myself to be steady  
Eventually the chair will go

Corey McNair



i feel music

i imagine you by  
bittersweet sparkling sounds  
and  
tasting a cup of nonsensical magic.

i walk by lakes of your creative genius  
and wish i could be at the top of this beautiful tree i've always  
wanted to climb  
so i could watch what really goes on below  
and wonder if i should ever come down.

i see more clouds here than i do in dreams  
and it wouldn't scare you  
if you fell from them  
because you'd land in the right spot again.

i'll take you to the sea one day  
so time can carry us away  
to where the sky meets the water  
in this neverending blue where i drowned and found myself.

you were always in black and white  
and in the rain i see  
that this color, this fantastic color  
was all in my imagination.

and so it is never reality,  
and so it is a beautiful truth.

Allyssa Milan



THE BRAIN

When I write I want God to smile in joy...  
And Satan to think about heaven  
I want abused kids to feel like they have never been beaten  
And I want a dork to write a love letter to someone  
beautiful...  
And I want them to think it is sweet  
I want the kids that feel alone  
To feel whole once again  
Just for that second when I pick up my pen  
I want the outcast to know that they are not unattached to  
the world...  
The world is just trying to fit in with them  
I want them to know with the pen I hold  
I can never get old..  
I can only mold....  
Into whatever I choose to  
Cause the pen makes me free as a bird  
To write my words  
It can only be contained by the depth of my brain  
And as many times as your handcuff me I can never be  
chained....  
People don't understand the power of the human brain  
It is everything to someone...  
But nothing to everyone else...  
Too bad for most of our lives we let it sit on the shelf

Shaun Rolstone



### Love pains

I used to be in love but too bad for me my heart was broken into more  
pieces than a  
broken mirror,

And you couldn't put it back together,  
Cause in love life gets better,  
But for me it was nothing but bad weather,  
I dealt with so many storms,  
That transforms,  
Into real life fights,  
That leads to break ups,  
Which transcends to heartbreaks,  
And you're trying to pull the pieces together with a rake,  
Even though we all take different roads to deal,  
But we all live with the pain that we feel,  
Some pimp so they never feel alone,  
Some talk on hot lines over the phone,  
Some lock themselves up in their home,  
Cause we as humans can't help what we feel,  
Sometimes we choose to blame the opposite sex,  
And it maybe true,  
But what you do next is up to you,  
Have you grown or did you go,  
Back on the attack,  
To get back,  
At people who are not worth it,  
Think about that the next time you wonder about love and its purpose.

Shaun Rolstone

### A Digger's Fate

My country is an open mine  
people search for gold to find  
STRETCHing their lives on worthless dreams  
erosion off a 1 way stream  
Living through hard times with false hope  
escaping themselves is how they cope  
Traveling ever so aimless like  
deaf bats at night  
When I chance they jump each other  
at the highest height  
Yearning for honor riches and fame  
Our mine is crowded with diggers insane  
Each hole that they dig  
Adds to an empty fate  
Tiring themselves until it's too late

Franklin Eneh



## i thought we'd know when to die

i won't let these nights slip by,

serenaded by sweet thoughts in wandering silence. gazes that  
scream savagery. dancing upside-down with strangers (us) can be  
dangerous. sunny days and death-defying nights. we are not birds,  
so we fly kites.

tainted pants, painted soul. once was a saint, now is a fool.

new faces, old places, and love for every (intoxicating) second.  
can't sit down, stand up for yourself. she leaves her body every  
night, and puts it on a shelf. philosophical directions, spiritual  
connections. why do and and end differ by one letter?

[i don't need drugs to get high, but i need you to get by.]

everything has two meanings here. hear the difference.

[a]mused, [b]emused. be my muse[ical death.]

sleep[walk]ing naked, outside, with noplacetohide. our lives  
rearranged, and put to the side. we live in strange ideas, (and we  
know not who to turn to). yes we do. YES, we do.

the numbers(2)we notice make us lose focus(8).

>>orange lights. wind chimes ringing. create new heights. she

## Spirit Dance

And we move  
Rhythmic and sensual  
Real and uninhibited  
There is no form or reason  
The body, organic and free for  
Once  
The dumba players hit harder and harder  
The beat rises and falls  
Takes on its own fluid sound  
It is beautiful and sacred  
Bare feet dancing on the wood floor  
Lights dimmed, heat flowing from  
The vents, our bodies  
There is tantric singing  
The voice finding its place in the  
Moment  
One old man wails his song of  
Freedom  
It is beautiful and sacred  
His aging body dancing, swaying moving  
With the rest of us  
More young and able  
You don't stop moving until you  
Have to  
It's as if your hips, legs, fee, arms  
Are no longer yours  
They are being driven by the rhythm  
They are being driven by the Soul  
Close your eyes and let yourself  
Move and shake, staccato hips and  
Bhudda's hands  
You are more free that you can hope  
To be again in you life  
And you understand everything  
About yourself  
About life  
That all there is, is movement  
Expression  
And all you can hope for is a chance to  
Be that free again



## Losing someone

I am alone in the world as I stare at the sky,  
Some days I want to die,  
Just to be closer to you,  
But I know that's not the way,  
So I do everything to make life go on,  
But I miss you so much,  
It's been years since we last touched,  
But I live as if you were here,  
And proceed as if our souls were connected,  
Cause to you I never came in second,  
So my love for you is unconditional,  
So as many people as they are,  
You're still number one in the crowd,  
Because when I pray it's out loud,  
Just so you have a reason to flap your wings,  
While I try to deal with things,  
Cause problems come to me every time the phone rings,  
"Hello",  
"I don't know what to do",  
Is all I ever hear?  
And if solutions were Money I would be rich,  
But that isn't what people want to hear,  
They want to know that you're doing bad,  
They want to know you're sad,  
Cause so many people give up,  
Not because they can't do it,  
Cause they don't want to,  
They are one minute away from failing,  
But they are two minutes away from succeeding,  
Meaning,  
If you lose someone know that they're not gone if you give them a place in your heart.

Shaun Rolstone

keeps on singing.

>>fall in love and fall apart, live alone and kill the heart.

(oh, sweet philosophical interlude: is there a difference between killing love and letting it die? oh.)

this lullaby is on repeat for children who died long ago. what's happened to these souls? (where does the river of life flow?) they are lost and looking to the empty blackness of sky and the filling nothingness of ocean.

{note to self: for once, fall in love with a girl who's in love with the world.}

i will always shake my head and wonder,, and i will forever wander.

(end or and???)

Allyssa Milan





## Poetry

Poetry...

An expression healing hearts from depression  
 the last hope before destruction  
 a voice on my side  
 a soul being poured out on a piece of paper  
 The death of a warrior  
 the cry of a new born child  
 a perspective of life  
 the only truth  
 a key opening doors  
 the thoughts of a desperate man  
 renewed with a pen in his hand  
 My heart, my fire, my way to reflect

Poetry...a world for all to connect

Franklin Eneh



## Anger

This anger goes through my mind  
 Through my blood, and out my mouth in vulgar, violent language.  
 I feel my heartbeat, my palms all sweaty  
 My mind goes crazy as they talk.  
 I want to scream, though I will look like a freak.  
 I soon capture that inner strength and gain control.  
 I breathe deep and forget.  
 Soon realizing that it is not that important and there are better things.

Trevor J. MocarSKI

