

Now it's over  
Your feelings have changed  
I blew it all  
And now it's too late  
I regret all your pain,  
That I've ever put you through  
I'm sorry for the hurt  
And all the disappointment too  
I wanted your attention  
Before I leave you alone and go  
Maybe one day you'd forgive me  
I mean it all; I just thought you should know  
Maybe in the future  
All my dreams would come true  
You would forgive me  
And let me love you...

Michelle Muentz 2006

When the game was over, everything said and done,  
The final score was close 24-21  
They needed need all pro Ty Law  
To make the Eagles offence falls.  
But McNabb's a hero says all the Eagle fans,  
He only threw 3 interceptions.  
I don't think he could have played worse  
How many sacks overrated Javon Kears? <sup>1</sup>  
Getting to the big game doesn't mean a thing  
If you can't come home with a super bowl ring.  
Green Bay's polishing trophies while the Eagles sit in shame,  
McNabb played so bad I don't know why he came,  
Such a horrible defense I don't know why to blame,  
The Eagles are such losers they'll never have any fame.  
I thought McNabb got better, but he is still the same,  
So if your team has a ring then throws up your hands,  
Oh what a big surprise I don't see any Eagle fans.  
But do not be upset and please do not cry,  
Just keep singing your little song "Fly Eagles Fly"  
So hey 1<sup>st</sup> place losers, lets celebrate and cheer,  
Hip hip hooray and better luck next year!

## Amazing How Time Goes By

Isn't it amazing how time goes by  
You start in a hospital and open your eyes  
Then crawling happens followed by walking  
Next thing you know you're in school talking  
You start in one school and follow each next  
One after another you're in a new desk  
Elementary to middle school to junior high  
Then graduation to high school tears in parents' eyes  
Then freshman to sophomore still going through time  
Next junior to senior to say goodbye  
Continuing on to go to college  
You now go through with more knowledge  
Partying nights and studying hard  
Next thing you know graduation is not far  
Studying hard for tests for each class  
Guess what you took it and you passed  
You graduate with GED's and many more  
Now you start working right down to the core  
Then you finally go and meet somebody great  
There you find true love and now there's a mate  
Wedding bells ring and people all leap  
As you leave in your car for your honeymoon suite  
Continuing on, time flies by  
You now have kids older than five  
To 10 to 20 to 50 years pass on  
Now your kids have kids playing on the lawn  
Then you sit awhile and think as you rock  
Of all the things that have been unlocked  
Then you look around and gaze at the sky  
Then you smile and think and close your eyes  
Finally a statue stands under a tree  
And on it says here lays thee.

*Nichole McCarraher 2005*

## **The Moment To Live**

Life can be the most confusing thing,  
Sometimes you lose and sometimes you win.  
One day you're happy and everything great,  
While others, there's nothing more you could hate.  
Yet, did you ever take time to stop and think?  
That your life could end as quick as a blink?  
So next time you're about to scream and shout,  
Stop and think what it's all about.  
I'm not here to speak of life's true meaning,  
Or tell you not to waste your life dreaming.  
All I really want to say...  
Is do you ever notice how you spend your day?  
Are you the type who lets it all pass by?  
You miss so much and can't figure out why.  
Or do you take every chance you can possibly make?  
Trying to get a thrill no matter what's at stake.  
This is no way to live your life,  
For it can only end in anger and strife.  
All you need is a bit of caring,  
You'd be surprised what can come from sharing.  
So next time you're about to give a shove,  
Open your arms and show a little love.  
So even if it's hard, try not to worry,  
Don't push ahead in such a hurry,  
Don't think of different choices you should have made,  
Or waste a moment cause you were too afraid.  
Don't dwell in the past, it won't change a thing,  
Just look to the future and what it can bring.  
Don't let your heart become hard and cold,  
Or regret the fact that you're growing old.  
Many are denied that very right,  
Without the chance to put up a fight.  
So, give all the love you've got to give,  
And be grateful that you have a life to live.

*Serena Long 2004*

## **The School Cafeteria: An American Tradition**

I sit innocently in my seat, chatting with my friends. I don't notice the insurrection until no one can stop it. Before anyone realizes it, the unthinkable happens: the steamed carrots sprout legs and attack the chicken nuggets. On other trays throughout the cafeteria, vicious mutinies arise. The chicken nuggets, whose scaly exterior appears armored but provides no protection, soon succumb to the carrots' wrath. According to popular opinion, similar incidents occur on a daily basis in school cafeterias across the country. Famed, fated, and feared, cafeteria food remains one of the most notorious myths of American youth. To an extent, the tales are not unfounded: don't eat in the cafeteria if you want the healthy, diet-friendly meal that so many high schoolers demand. However, if you don't particularly care about ultra-healthy dietary habits and want to participate in an American tradition, head to the cafeteria.

The school cafeteria represents more than food of sometimes questionable origin; it represents American schools. At best, it operates like a well-oiled machine and at worst, it provides every student with peas that may or may not crawl off the plate at any minute. Cafeterias provide common ground for students, serving as locations to finish last-minute homework or to socialize. (Who hasn't made a new friend by saying, "Pardon me, but I believe my macaroni salad just eloped with your asparagus shoot?") Additionally, cafeterias now offer students multiple options for each meal: you can choose the salad bar, the hot lunch, or the "a la carte." Relatively affordable prices and reduced-cost lunch tickets for students from low-income families make the cafeteria an economic place to eat, as well.

Honestly, the cafeteria is a fun place to eat, and despite its reputation, the food isn't horrible, either. So the next time the lunch bell rings, grab your \$1.80, smile at the cafeteria lady, and partake of some American tradition along with the mystery meat she just plunked on your tray.

*Laura Levai 2004*

## **Valhalla is dead.**

the world stopped going around  
the silver birds cried as the bombs fell  
the crumbling concrete and smoldering ashes  
hold our childhood in its ruins  
Everything beautiful is dead and laughing  
Our tears run through the canvas of make-up  
Our laughter screams will ring no more  
The bouncing ball will inevitably cease  
We didn't know our dirty heaven could end  
Until now when to be or not is exactly the question

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## **Hidden**

Can't let them see, can't let them know,  
Can't let the tears and anguish show.  
It's hidden from them, it's hidden for you,  
You'll never know what I'm going through.  
If you really looked, what you would see,  
Is a restless pain inside of me.  
Do you think that I'm over it,  
Do you think that I'm fine?  
Do you know that I constantly wish you were mine?  
But I'll pretend that I'm happy and give you a smile,  
Even though it hurts me all the while.  
My love for your I'll keep inside,  
With everything else that I have to hide.  
Can't ever tell, can't ever say,  
So I guess I'll hide it for another day.

*Serena Long 2004*

## The Grave Keeper

The cemetery hovered in the snowy white breath between snowstorms. Mariana's blue footprints forged a path among the drifts until she reached the wrought-iron fence surrounding the oldest section of graves. Walking through the skeletal archway, Mariana counted her way back to the fifth grave in the fourth row.

She knelt down. Her gloved fingers lightly brushed the snow from the name. Squinting, she struggled to make out the eroded writing.

"Anna Foster." Her breath made dancing crystals in the thin winter air. "1787-1843." She did the math quickly, then nodded. "She was 55." Starting at the headstone for a moment longer, Mariana engraved a copy in her memory.

Upon standing, Mariana felt the snow-laden ground's effect as the wind whipped at her wet jeans. She hurried to the library, where Mrs. Gregor, the librarian, greeted her warmly. "Good morning, Mariana. Been at the graveyard?" she asked, eyeing Mariana's sopping lower legs.

"Yes, I have," Mariana replied, smiling.

"Who is it today?" Mrs. Gregor inquired.

"Anna Foster. 1787-1843."

After their habitual dialogue, Mariana headed over to a cluttered corner of the library's back room of personal records and other town memorabilia.

Mariana was only sixteen, but she'd already appointed herself as the town's official grave keeper. She could recite the names, ages, and general personal information of every person who had lived in town from 1680-1750. She was working her way through the graveyard, memorizing names and data as she went. Since her ninth birthday, she'd learned about at least one new person each week.

Opening to the front of her notebook, Mariana smiled when she read the scrawled, fourth-grade words she'd written at the beginning of her job: "They think I'm crazy. Why would a little girl want to memorize a graveyard? It's not just a graveyard; it's history. It's no different from reading a book."

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Four hours later, Mariana sat down across from her best friend, Obadiah, in a booth at Cathy's Luncheonette. The voices of Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Judy Garland, and their counterparts alternately filled the warm air.

“So who was it today, Mariana?” Obadiah asked, reaching across the table to grab Mariana’s worn notebook. He flipped through the pages while she answered.

“Anna Foster. She was Rev. Josiah Foster’s daughter – remember him? I wondered when I’d get to her grave.”

“You ought to write a story about this town, Mari. Really. Like Anne Shirley wrote about Avonlea. You’d make out like a bandit with historical fiction buffs,” he offered, returning her notebook.

Mariana chuckled. “Sure. And then someone’d make it into a movie and I’d move to Hollywood and marry some movie star and be filthy rich.”

“Why not?” Obadiah shrugged.

Mariana shook her head, feigning indignation. “One, I don’t want to live anywhere else but here. It’s so old-fashioned and quaint – a veritable Mayberry, really. But two, there are more important things than money. Is money all you think about, Obadiah?” she scolded.

“Yes,” Obadiah joked, then retracted with, “Wait no, I take it back. I also think about food.”

“And Liv Tyler,” Mariana reminded him, grinning.

“Right. And Liv Tyler.”

Mariana stared out the diner window at the snow that was beginning to fall again. She cupped her chin in her hand and spoke slowly. “Do you ever wish you could live in all ages of history? I mean, in Bible times and in colonial America and in the future all at once?”

Without waiting for a reply, she continued. “I do. That’s why I do what I do, you know. History fascinates me. That’s why I’m the grave keeper. I don’t think everything should just be forgotten when it’s gone if it wasn’t part of some important battle or something. We should remember the ordinary things, too.”

“That’s very admirable, Mari.” Obadiah spoke seriously, but Mariana knew he was teasing her.

She turned from the window and glared at him with playful disdain. “Oh, hush, you!” she exclaimed, and the banter continued.

A few days later, Mariana trekked eagerly to the graveyard for her next lesson. As she brushed the snow from the grave, she wondered if she would be the town’s only

grave keeper, or if, in later years, another would follow her calling. Shrugging, she collected her information and headed for her corner of the library.

\*\*\*\*\*

The cemetery hovered in the snowy white breath between snowstorms. Katie's blue footprints forged a path among the drifts until she reached the wrought-iron fence that surrounded an old section of graves. Walking through the skeletal archway, Katie counted her way back to the thirteenth grave in the third row.

She knelt down. Her gloved fingers lightly brushed the snow from the name. Squinting, she struggled to make out the eroded writing.

"Mariana Winchell." Her breath made dancing crystals in the thin winter air. "1982-2071." She did the math quickly, then smiled. "I found her. She was 89."

*Laura Levai 2004*

## **Dirty Heaven**

Rip a whole in the silence  
Spill its guts on the floor  
This is heaven with bruises  
That we go willingly to  
It's the only way out of hell  
And the only way to mourn  
The dying of youth in ourselves  
It's a way to hold on  
The only way to let go  
It's dirty and loud and crowded and dark  
But it is life and we are on fire  
Blood and teeth and hard feelings  
We come happy and waiting  
Leave looking for a fight  
Always to come back the next time  
With a young grin and fists clenched  
As we pass by and others on  
Our bloody heaven will stand  
Though our circle is jagged  
It will remain and remember  
Those cold nights and warm souls  
Standing slouched yet tall  
Amid the undulating ocean  
Of music, tension, and love  
In that dirty, crowded heaven  
And it's all the show

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## Evening Twilight

Soft fingers of deep blue stretch tentatively into a shimmering amalgam of brilliant colors. As the minutes pass, the fingers grow stronger and begin to grasp at the reds, oranges, pinks, and purples, dimming their vibrancy. From these birth pangs emerges a newborn learning to play with day's colors and walking to blot them. Death encroaches on birth, and the day's departure makes way for night. Observed from an earthly perspective, this newly born but mature handmaiden precedes her mistress, blurring the edges of the sun's harsh glare and preparing each section of her mistress's domain with an aura of romance and calm. Music sounds sweeter under her spell and a child's laughter echoes in the nearly-forgotten summers of her memory. She serves as a skilled, faithful enchantress, mixing birth and death evenly in her aspect and touch. She walks in beauty like the night, but bears a different name. Most call her "Twilight".

To categorize Twilight simply as a period of dusk filling the interim between day and night would demean her. She exists in more than murky shadows, becomes more than day's murderer and night's baby. An active ambassador to the modern times, she represents not only night but also an American ideal, holding an era in her palms. She typifies the spirit of a Norman Rockwell painting. She asserts the familiarity of country folk sitting on their front porches, chatting. She remembers childhood summers of adventure and exploration. Offering brief but regular respite from life's rat race, she embodies old-fashioned values and down-home charm. Her stealthy blue frees the mind from day's bright clutter, and her fragrance hints of first kisses and high school proms. She soothes the modern mind with her balm of sweet memories, blurred fragments of days long gone. She captures earth at its point of greatest vibrancy, mixing the essence of day with the expectancy of night.

*Laura Levai 2004*

## **The Rise and Fall of Man**

The first days of life are innocently spent  
Our minds have not developed much  
We are just taking baby steps  
But power soon comes along  
Its deceitful eyes choosing the worst of characters  
While a coalition is formed in a group to keep peace  
The power hunger grows within and the hunted becomes the hunter  
A man takes his strength and forces down the others  
He lures others to join his corrupt side  
The forces grow and everyone fears the worst  
On one side, hatred and on the other side, hope  
The clash begins and blood is shed  
In only this species would so many lives be lost  
Through their own devices and not by nature  
A final blow, the one to end all life as we know it  
The source that kept us alive disappears  
Night creeps all around, the world turns to ice  
There's no more humans left to control  
It seems that nature has a say after all.

*Trevor Carago 2005*

## The Journey Not Yet Completed

When we are born, we start traveling. Moving towards God knows what, we keep going forward. It's impossible to tell anyone how I've managed to journey this far. It's more difficult to convince myself that I've been able to triumph through violent rains and blistering summers. And it's harder still to believe that I've been traveling for seventeen years, and I'm still not at my destination. Wading through this wasteland has been quite a challenge, but I've managed to find beauty where all seems to be lost.

In my travels, I found a beautiful rose bush, a symbol of great vibrancy and life. This rose bush has been my greatest source of motivation, despite the number of times it has pricked me with a thorn. Unlike others, this plant never wilts. It stands strong in the winter and it thrives on summer nights, when the breeze shakes its fragile petals.

I've found the wind to be another sanctuary. It's not something that I've been able to hold on to, but I love chasing it. I have watched the wind stir the leaves of the ground, and make the trees tremble. It often mocks innocence with its blustery songs, chanting mockeries simply to make the waters of the world rise.

The night has been one of the most peaceful times of my journey. It enjoys violence and its shadows dance at the corners of the earth. I've found myself whispering into the night, trying desperately to be heard. The night responds with shooting stars and the noises of nearby rivers. It knows passion like nothing else.

Thunder has often been my companion. Its beauty is bitter, but it makes me smile. Nothing can hide behind the thunder; it exposes everything and leaves no stone untouched. The thunder is honest, and perhaps that is why it is so cherished by the heavens.

Throughout my seventeen year journey, I've been able to make friends with some of the most beautiful elements that this world possesses. I've cried with them and laughed with them, but soon it will be time to bid them farewell. I must move on to conquer new feats and challenge more evils. But I want the rose bush, the wind, the thunder and the night to know that I will never forget them. They have impacted me like nothing else and I will be forever grateful to them. They are what kept my heart beating, and they've been my strength. I don't want them to cry when I leave them...I want them to realize that my journey is not over, but instead, it has just begun.

*Ashley Klug 2004*

## **Hidden**

Can't let them see, can't let them know,  
Can't let the tears and anguish show.  
It's hidden from them, it's hidden for you,  
You'll never know what I'm going through.  
If you really looked, what you would see,  
Is a restless pain inside of me.  
Do you think that I'm over it,  
Do you think that I'm fine?  
Do you know that I constantly wish you were mine?  
But I'll pretend that I'm happy and give you a smile,  
Even though it hurts me all the while.  
My love for your I'll keep inside,  
With everything else that I have to hide.  
Can't ever tell, can't ever say,  
So I guess I'll hide it for another day.

*Serena Long 2004*

## **The Storm's Anatomy**

The storm comes with its violent rain  
But she knows there's beauty in violence  
She knows imperfections are beautiful  
She receives the storm and it quenches her thirst

The sounds of the storm have become her passion  
She recites the melody of the rain perfectly  
She knows where each tiny drop lands and resides  
The path of the wind and her path collide

She'll listen to the thunder until her ears bleed  
Her shadow is present in the darkest corners of the storm  
The soul, like a typhoon, swallows the storm whole  
The storm is her orange and red horizon

*Ashley Klug 2004*

## **None Other Than Love**

I've found the one, who brightens my day,  
Who makes the darkness go away.  
I had no idea I would love him this much,  
But he can change my life with the simplest touch.  
He's won my heart, and opened my eyes.  
And every minute with him full of surprise  
Somehow he can make everything become ok,  
So I guess this is what I really want to say...  
I've fallen hard, now I'm head over heels.  
When it happens to you, you'll know how it feels.  
It becomes so much harder to sleep at night,  
You can't eat, you can't think, you know something's not right.  
From the time that they first enter your heart,  
'Till the day death finally tears you apart,  
They'll be the essence of your every wish.  
Your entire life will be based on their kiss.  
When the summer breeze is their breath upon your face,  
And you can feel their presence no matter time or place.  
When their tears are rain falling down from the skies,  
And when you look at the stars all you see is their eyes.  
When they're everywhere you go and everything you see,  
There's no doubt in your mind, you know it's meant to be.  
There's nothing to change it, don't even try.  
You'll just waste your time trying to figure out why.  
So don't ask questions and you'll be perfectly fine.  
And maybe one day you'll find a love as great as mine.  
This isn't a fairy tale or a myth you're thinking of,  
It's here, and it's real...it's none other than love.

*Serena Long 2004*

## **Candle's Call**

A candle flickered in the dark,  
Wavering at will,  
While summer breeze and solemn night  
Brushed the windowsill.

She sat in silence by the flame.  
Its reflection filled her eyes.  
She searched the land for his return-  
Saw only night's disguise.

They'd traveled far to find this land.  
Together, its ground they'd tilled.  
Then errand sent him journeying,  
Although against his will.

Now night and fear posed separation;  
Danger lurked at hand.  
Prayers for safety crossed her lips  
To empty prairie-land.

The days and nights continued thus,  
The candle duly lit,  
Wishing Godspeed his return-  
Soon by her side he'd sit.

His journey passed, but far too slow  
For either one to bear,  
And at its end, he found her waiting  
With the candle by her chair.

“Alas, my love, the days were years  
I spent away from you.  
But now it's past;  
Thank candle's light for guiding me so true.”

*Laura Levai 2004*

## **Life**

Sometimes I don't know  
What to think about life.

Sometimes it is great and  
Sometimes it is not.

Life is what you make it out  
to be.

You shape your future by the  
decisions you make and the deeds that  
you do.

Life is very hard to understand  
sometimes.

But, if you ever succeed in  
Understanding everything about life  
call me.

*Dutz Bonus 2005*

## **Jealousy**

My anger shields my body from trust  
and makes me unfaithful, in dreams of lust.  
Because I asked you to listen  
and you had not heard a word.  
But if this was her the world would stop.  
You say you never loved,  
then how do you explain that.  
Maybe I'm just suspicious,  
but I believe your feelings still wander.  
So don't tease with words of love  
don't tell me lies no more, but words of song.  
I opened my heart and cherished your words,  
did they even have significance?  
My heart is torn with jealousy of your love.

*Nikki McGranaghan*

## **Emptiness**

Emptiness is a fear that everyone has  
It makes people upset and feel all mad  
When you're alone there's no way to talk  
Unless in your head to yourself in a walk  
There's no one to express your feelings to when you're mad  
That's what makes you grumpy and sad  
That's why they probably invented the phone  
So you don't have to sit in your house all alone  
So next time you feel empty inside  
Tell someone, don't be afraid and hide.

*Marc Erb 2005*

## **Graduation 2004**

The pain I feel lasts so long, I never knew I  
    could feel so strong.  
The tears burn and my mind is fluttered.  
    No concentration, only a feeling of loss.  
I never thought he'd steal my heart.  
I want to move on, forget my best friend,  
My mind and soul are at a dead end.  
Who thought 10 years ago, the feeling existed  
    maybe I would have known if I had kissed him.  
Now I'm changing and growing, learning to  
    live, making plans to be more without him.  
I would have never guessed this boy could hurt me,  
I don't know what I did, I don't know what to  
    think or see.  
So all I live on is dreams, hope to overcome,  
    and the will to forget.  
I wish to understand and comprehend.  
In which case, I say goodbye and let this  
    one heartbreak pass by.  
Fear consumes me when  
I know it won't be the last time I encounter pain.  
Although I realize strength I will soon gain.

*April-Rose Muentz 2004*

## **The Day My River of Life Ran Dry**

“This used to be my playground  
This used to be my childhood dream  
This used to be the place I ran to  
Whenever I was in need of a friend  
This used to be the place we ran to  
That no one in the world could dare destroy”  
But now out of nowhere  
Time has stopped  
No rhyme or reason  
No explanation  
What are we left with?  
Blurred dark pictures  
Crumpled photocopied flyers  
And small battle scars  
That tell our stories  
Of those cold nights  
When however somehow  
We were hottest of all  
That’s what  
Over time however  
All of these things  
Along with our memories  
Will fade away  
No one could ever understand  
How much this meant  
It was where we went to let go  
Where legends began  
One hour spent in that  
Filthy, crowded heaven  
Was better than a year in this  
Fake, misleading hell  
My one escape has been ripped away  
I can’t believe it’s over  
Why did it have to end?  
Where will I find my salvation now?

*Angela DeFrancisco 2004*

## **The Prairie Church**

Time echoes sweetly in these walls  
And creeps about these panes,  
Reminiscing silence  
In the pounding drive of rain.

A building long deserted,  
Accumulating dust  
While winds of age and soothing rain  
Turn iron into rust.

No footsteps clatter softly  
Along the wooded floor.  
People, time---yes, all have passed;  
Old doors are breached no more.

Perhaps a ghost yet lingers here,  
Out of time and place –  
A fallen mem'ry, tossed, contrived;  
A picture lacking face.

Whispers here yet slumber  
In the summer rain.  
Time is not yet finished;  
The building still remains.

A swollen framework, still it stands  
Simply done and made,  
Contrived from ageless echoes  
Of Time's steady parade.

*Laura Levai 2004*

## **The Show**

We've waited all week for this night to come  
To hear the music that makes our ears numb  
It starts at 6 but we're there way too early  
And park in our special spot behind the tree  
As we wait, we fix our make-up, and check our hair  
And one of us says, "I don't even care"  
Finally, it's time to head on in  
It's dark, quiet, and the ceiling fans spin  
We walk to the table in the back of the hall  
And sit down with our backs toward the wall  
Then all of a sudden out of the corner of my eye  
I see that boy across the room and let out a sigh  
I check out his rolled pants and also his hair  
His lip ring, his belt; but wait I can't let myself stare  
Finally, the guys finish setting up all their stuff  
They begin to play and things get rough  
Kids start moshing, someone's nose gets broke  
Believe you me, this is no joke  
We stand on the table then, for a better view  
To watch them play a song that they say is brand new  
They finish their set and they were okay  
But up next is the best and everyone screams "yeah!"  
The boy from earlier, for the band, he plays bass  
But he always keeps his back to the crowd so I can't see his face  
When they start to play, the place gets crazier than before  
But I can't take my eyes off the bass player as he jumps and rolls on the floor  
Unfortunately, the night has to come to an end  
And we pile into the car of a friend  
When I get home, I empty my pockets of my remaining dough  
Crawl into bed, drift off to sleep, and dream of the show.

**Angela DeFransisco 2004**

## **Forsaken Winter**

Forsaken lands filled with a forgotten wish,  
Icy arctic wind, like winter's cruel kiss.  
Lost, absorbed in curtains of white,  
Empty, cold, no one in sight.  
I walk all alone longing for spring,  
Yearning for the warmth and freedom it will bring.  
Yet here I remain, wandering in these skies,  
Left all alone with winter's harsh eyes.  
They see right through me, I've no where to hide,  
So trapped inside I am forced to reside,  
Still longing for spring's gentle caress,  
To release all the tension, dispose of the stress.  
But the blizzard returns, destroying the peace.  
Oh, when will this winter finally cease?

*Serena Long 2004*

## **South For The Winter**

Can't fall asleep with you staring at me  
I know what you're thinking and feeling  
With small talk and uncomfortable looks  
We dissemble ourselves and cover our thoughts  
The things we think with our eyes  
Are different from what we think with our lips  
I feel like we're deceiving ourselves when  
It's really each other we're lying to  
Come rescue me with your lips, painted with heaven  
I long to be yours, to have and to hold  
But a wall I built two years ago looms  
It's invisible but won't be brought down.

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## **Nirvana**

Unwind your mind  
Try to find the gold  
In the depths of the  
River of your unconscious  
If you are still  
You will find the power  
Find the knowledge  
Find the meaning  
You have been standing  
On a whale  
Fishing for minnows,  
Dumb and alone  
But don't be afraid  
The truth comes hard  
But it is sun on your face  
The world will make sense  
If only you can be still  
Don't count blessings,  
Numbers, or mistakes,  
It'll only make it harder

## **Whitney Garrison 2004**

### **Loneliness**

Loneliness is having no one you can trust  
When all your friends are losers, but stay with them you must  
Loneliness is hiding all your thoughts deep within  
And knowing all the pressure we will never ever think  
Loneliness is wanting everything that you're denied  
You don't see all the great things that you hold inside  
Loneliness is a feeling of great weight upon your chest  
And telling not a soul, while the weight grows, you got depressed  
Loneliness is one thing you don't deserve to know  
It is a fight within yourself, a continuous blow  
You cannot run from loneliness, and if you try, you'll lose  
But you can turn around and face it, overcome it,  
you must choose.

*Natasha New 2005*

## **Dangle the Girl**

A girl with no eyes  
Wanting to be free  
Feeling like a puppet  
She has no means  
Hurting in ways  
No one knows

Pitying every grain and rose  
Stuck to the ground, are blades of grass  
They cannot sing, they cannot dance  
Sometimes when you're planted you cannot grow  
Wandering the vast empty alone

Bleeding and cut are desolate sparrows  
Watch their beak, they bite and mangle  
Tear and rip you all to shreds  
Dangling with eyes so red  
Freed is the worm that eats the bread  
Bread is the beginning and the end

*Crystal A Salmon 2005*

## **Just One Step Behind**

It may seem I'm gone forever  
But I'm closer now than before  
It may seem I'm missing from your life  
But I'm present even more  
For all the times I've missed out  
On seeing you as you shine  
I can be there watching over you  
Just one step behind

*Natasha New 2005*

## **You're on Fire**

You are the object of my desire  
And yet you fuel my loathing fire  
In midst of my fire your soul burns  
Darkening slowly and my hear yearns  
For just one touch, just one kiss  
From your soft hands or sweeter lips  
You seem so hot but I feel you're cold  
Even my fire cannot be so bold  
To scorch your skin and melt the ice  
No number of words can break the vice  
That holds your heart in relentless grip  
And as hard as I try I still seem to slip  
Right through your hands and to the floor  
Where you walk on me then slam the door  
The road to your love grows ever longer  
This fire just keeps getting stronger  
Although this hate will never falter  
This fire refuses to get any hotter.

*Allison Whitbeck 2005*

## **Good-Bye**

It's a long, long way to heaven  
When stars won't say good-bye  
And the man on the moon lives on the sun  
Cause your dreams all start to die.

The rolling seas are no longer blue  
But black from souls despair  
The purest tears no longer fall  
Cause no one ever cared.

Angels guard your path with prayer  
The winds whisper good-bye  
Listen while you still have time  
The animals can cry.

And all the words from all the earth  
Will gather by your side  
To lull you back to sleep again  
Until the end of time.

*Auna Garrison 2005*

## A Sorry Mother

The candle grows dim in the mother's eye  
She took the step and chain  
She could not bare to say good-bye  
She could not bare the pain

A sorry mother has lost her path, her dreams shall fade away

She holds the picture in her hand  
The family shall not know  
She sees the faces fade like sand  
She sees the hate she'd sow

A sorry mother has lost her path, her dreams shall fade away

She lost her child, the blade did fall  
What future could be bright  
She saw the light and threw off her shawl  
What has she done, what stole her sight

A sorry mother has lost her path, her dreams shall fade away

She covered the cold body, shed a tear for its face  
Turned back to the cracked pane and walked  
The glass flew open as she quickened her pace  
To the end of the sill and rocked

A sorry mother has lost her path, her dreams shall fade away

The darkness took her and wrapped her body  
As the street came close and wide  
Broken she lay upon the road bloody  
A sorry mother she is not

A sorry mother has found an end, her dreams have run away.

*Joseph Oswald 2005*

## **A Kiss From My Heart**

Sitting here next to you makes me feel so very true.  
The times we kiss, I have never felt this way before.  
I love you so much I hope you can tell.  
When I am with you my mind goes blank, my heart beats fast.  
I can't think about anything else except you holding me tight.  
Please don't let go of what we have, I know I never will.  
I don't care about what people say.  
There's a big place in my heart just for you.  
A kiss from you makes all my dreams come true.

*Jamie Budd 2006*

## **No Such Thing as Normal**

You look at me and you see rebellion  
You look at me and you see a freak  
You look at me and you see body piercing and tattoos  
You look at me and you see someone normal

All of what you see is true  
I do have piercing and tattoos  
I do wear a lot of black  
My hair is imaginatively dyed  
But the only difference between what you see  
And what I see is  
You see freak  
I see me

You look at me and see someone strange  
You look at me and see someone unusual  
You look at me and see someone different  
You look at me and say I'm not normal  
But then again, no one is.

*Brittany Wehner 2007*

## **Release**

Blow up the gates and make time stop  
Just for once, unclothe yourself  
Give answers, not questions  
And tell no lies  
And then lift me up in the truth  
You will waste away from nothing  
You won't have a space or a cover  
I look at the clock and the memories  
They are stone still as I speed by  
At the end I will hit a brick wall  
And nothing but those stones will surround me

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## **Dreams of Desire**

Every minute of every day I spend thinking of you,  
Hoping and wondering if you miss me too.  
So long it's been since I've seen your face,  
Or felt the bliss of your warm embrace.  
I wonder if you're ok, or who you're with,  
And much longer I must wait for your kiss.

Each night I dream I am back in your arms  
Lost in your love and protected from harm  
In my realm of dreams all is right.  
We remain together one more heavenly night.  
The world is ablaze with a colorful fire  
For it knows the passion of our unspoken desire.  
Here we'll remain lingering in our love,  
Drifting with pleasure in the heavens above.  
Then I awaken and know that you're gone,  
Nothing is perfect and everything's wrong  
My world is bleak, tainted with sorrow  
Knowing you'll be gone today and tomorrow  
I can't wait for the day you'll be home at last.  
Then all this pain can be put in the past.  
Until then, I'll lay here dreaming of you,  
As I pray for the day that our wishes will come true.

*Serena Lang 2004*

## Number 12, Green

The ice surrounds me outside  
But my car wraps me in warmth  
I can't stand the cold for ten minutes  
But I love that I'm here, watching you  
I'm anxious, excited, and trying too hard  
I don't know if you notice or if you care  
But I keep digging for gold or a heart  
I hope I find one soon because  
This is tearing me apart, watching you  
You are sweet candy on my tongue  
Yet, this is not enough, just watching you.

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## Him

A battle goes on inside, forever and ever long  
With clashing hooves and roaring claws  
Tear apart the life of innocence  
And make way for nothing  
One can't see the black of spreading evil  
Or feel the slipping and falling of love  
One can't help but feel like dying  
The blood drips down into the throat  
As you stare at the ignorant beautiful light

*Whitney Garrison 2004*

## Angel

I had a mother  
And she was very sweet  
During those fun times she always tickled my feet.  
I get upset that she is not here so I lay down  
And curl up in a ball.  
And that always makes my tears fall.  
Thursday morning I sat outside  
Praying to God for my mother to watch over me  
And if she was to send me a sign,  
Not more than a few minutes later had butterflies flew by.  
Now that she is gone  
I will always look for that orange butterfly I saw  
And will say that God has sent me an angel from heaven.  
Everyone knows her as Moe or Maureen,  
She's My Guardian Angel  
My Mother  
And  
My friend.

*Jessica Plumley 2005*