

GLENBROOK SOUTH HIGH SCHOOL
CALL SLIP - OFFICE OF THE DEAN OF STUDENTS

It is important that I see

Student

CALLIOPE

☐ BUSTED

☐ Get your @*! over here now!

Choose one:

☐ Gallows

☐ Penitentiary

☐ LAC

☐ Repeat freshman homeroom

☐ And you thought you'd get out of class!

Thank You,

Dean of Students

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Bozo T. Clown -

Shakespearean



Morning Reverie

Thin translucent layers of consciousness
Are sheared away by the morning bright.
The alarm bell pierces fiercely in distress,
Confessing its conspiracy with light.
Velvet bed of roses beyond and below,
Shielding the vortex of chaos from above.
Vital is the warm infinity flow,
Watching and esconsing with such love.
Tangerine dreams and archaic visions,
Mindscape expanding as I float away.
But morning must move up in its mission,
And the bright sun must have the final say.
So on this sweet morn, I shall rise again,
Awaitnig my warm, solitary den.

by David Grawoig

Evening awaits a lost young boy
Who expects the darkness to envelop the day.
He says convincingly to himself,
“I am never going to get there.”
Where he is, he has already been there many times before;
Never learning the right way to his end.
Some instruct him that his pattern is not good.
Others just watch as he circles
round and round and round.
Never remembering where he has gone.
Always questioning,
“How can I learn if I can’t even remember.”
A question that can be answered
When he finds his end.
As the young boy walks on through his journey,
His thoughts linger back to the night.
He tells himself,
“In the dark the end is found.”
So, in the dark, the path remains, unseen,
Never remembering or learning.
In the dark, this young boy shall always remain.

Randi Kramer

Monsters

by Edie

There really are monsters
That lurk in the halls;
They are snarling and growling
They drool on the walls.

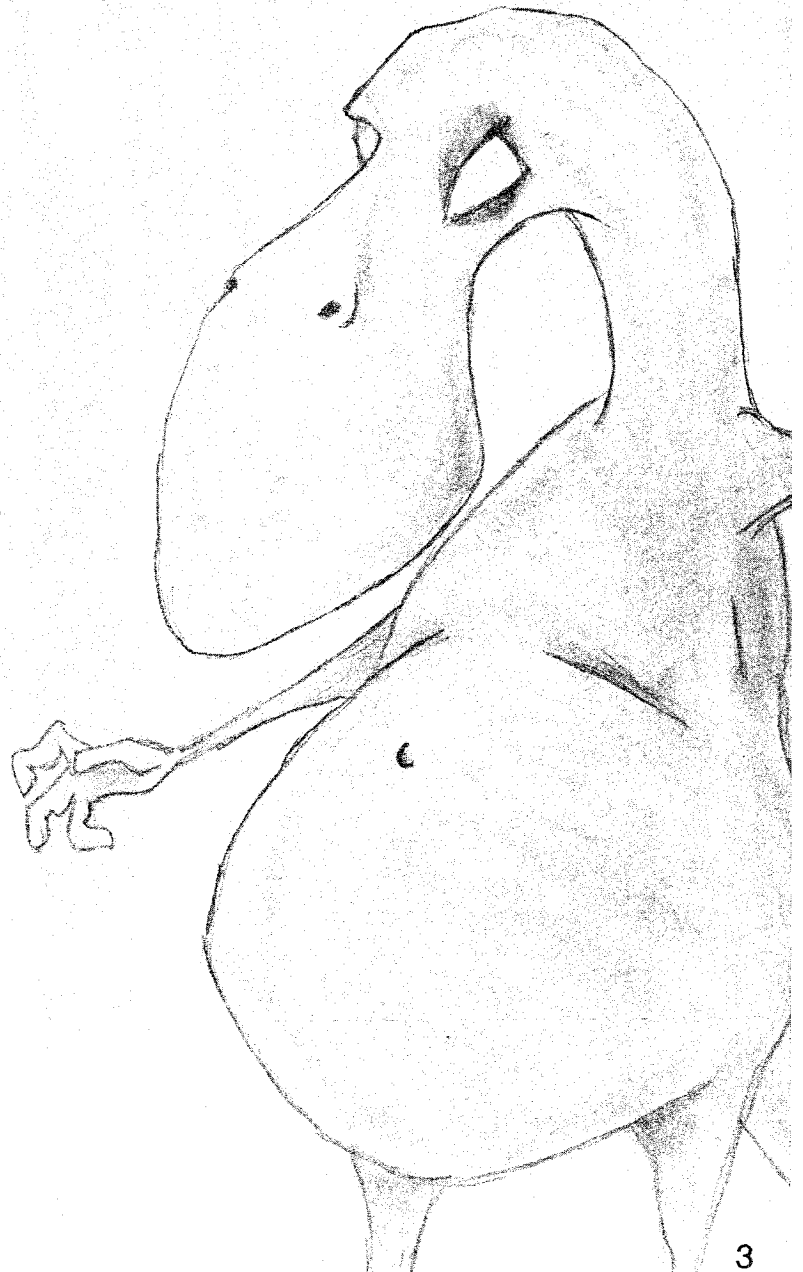
There really are monsters
In all your dark rooms;
They are slimy and nasty
With odorous fumes.

There really are monsters
Under your stairs;
They are sneaky and plotting
They've got green glowing stares.

There really are monsters;
They're not just in your head;
They're in all of your closets
and under your bed.

There's no way to stop them,
They're quick and they're big.
They can out-run a horse;
They can out eat a pig.

They'll come and they'll get you,
You'll be their next meal
And it's too bad for you
'Cause monsters are real!



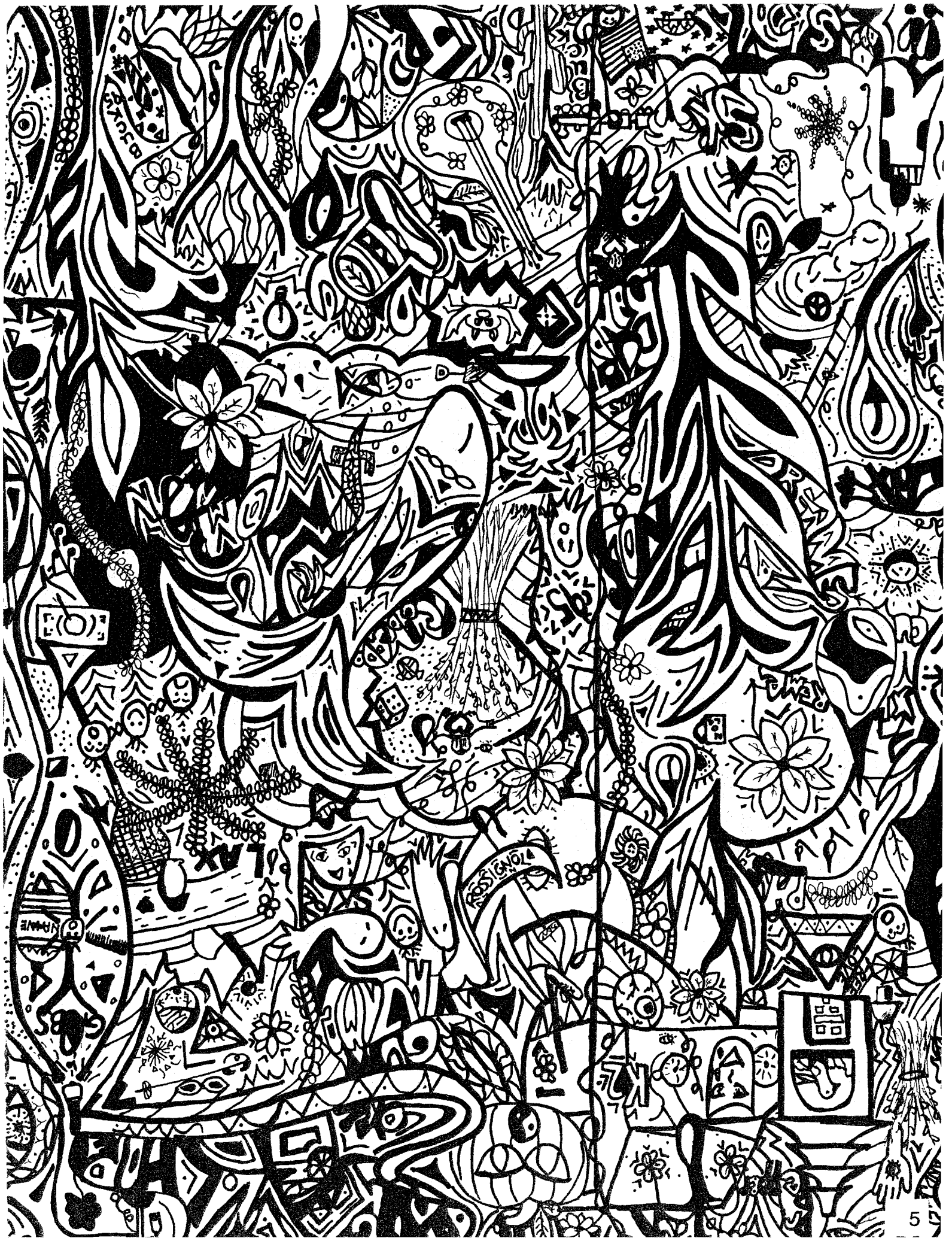
A 'NICE GIRL'

She was a 'nice girl,'
as my mother would say,
with her plaid and her clogs
her chin-length hair
bobbing in agreement
with the ways of the world.

There were no strings attached
to her coming here, a creaky pulley
lowering down from heaven.
Never found a tag sticking out in back,
"90% cotton/10% madness
See Reverse For Care" nobody
said anything about ids
and superegos, about spilled ant jars
and orange juice vs. milk days
about the hurt of defeat
spreading inside an emptied chest like
inhaled fumes.

"It's a year ago today, you know."
she lowers her eyelids
anvils fall from the sky.

by Ellen Hong



EFILTON

Our bodies were once the graves of animals that allowed us to live. Our whole world began to cultivate and slowly mother earth was beginning to change into a home of selfishness, murder, hunger and death. We walked so close to the edge of extinction. Extinction of our human values, morals, and extinction of our pride. Man's life began to dry up and the only thing left for him to rebuild were his sprouting roots. Yet, there was hope for the human and animal species, once man began to respect the value of life. It was interesting to see, how a part of the earth with its ancient skin could have changed so drastically. Families gathered together picking berries and cutting vegetables that were available to the converted herbivores of the small town of Efilton. Children danced in the open fields that were scattered with trillions of daisies and blotched so gallantly with colors by the painter, mother nature. Laughter filled their pure and spirited bodies that were lean and so vivacious with life. The music echoed in their ears as the harps and flutes challenged their tunes. Men and women danced in the streets, their lively bodies and happy faces with swirled complexions of youth spinning back and forth. Sweet, cherry red lips of the women gently kissed the men on each side of the cheek. Young and old, it didn't matter because they were all one. It was the closest the development of human nature has ever come to perfection. Hearts dropped when they would think about the misfortunes of a body that tasted the decomposed flesh of an animal. They knew the consequences and the suffering were horrendous. There was no way of getting around a lie, for the road had eyes and the windows took down names of passing civilians. The people knew that one day the end would come and the world of each person would be separated like sections of colored stained glass, just like it once was long ago when their decision of whether to eat meat was left for them to choose. Yet, the people of Efilton continued to tell stories of the corrupt carnivorous people to the small children and old that gathered around wide eyed and attentive. Sparkling nights were spent out on the porch sipping apple cider and jasmine tea, while Old Gordon Faulkner set up his place of animated characters in the thoughts of each mind, and then moved in. The rhythm of his rocking chair on top of the wood panels kept beat with the pulse of his heart. Worn clothing shaped its way around the old body and the dried leather skin. "It's the attitude of the mind that is obliged to find flight into reality." He would often reply, dazzling the intellect of a person and leaving them questionable. Throughout the years his mind's compass led him in unmarked paths, teaching him the knowledge of roads one would never see. He erased logic from a person's mind and added the concept of thought. Children are taught that the sky is blue, when really it is a

mirage of colors, animals, and anything you desire.

The day had come that Old Faulkner had secretly predicted, and human nature was about to be tested. Temperatures began to drop and the warmth of the sun vanished. A blanket of darkness covered the earth and the only light that existed was tucked away in the houses. The stories, dancing, laughter, and smiles did not hinder in the souls of anyone. Tremendous fear and pain stirred at the bottom of each empty stomach. The only food that they had ever eaten was dying and their supply was diminishing rapidly. As weeks passed in darkness, Old Faulkner sat restlessly awaiting the decision the people would soon make. Everyone knew that they would be able to survive if they went back to their old ways of eating meat. Yet, this would mean to kill life and a soul of an animal. The weak were unable to crawl now, and sat wrapped around their bones and excretions. Their disfigured mouths had no energy to open anymore and the hollow sockets of the eyes almost reached the brain. Hands were as thin as mechanical robots with knobby bones that protruded at the joints, like a bolt. They were as dead as a robot that wasn't turned on. When the meeting was called for those who had enough strength to debate their decision, anticipation filled the eyes of all. A doubtful looking young man stood in the crowd with a pig at his side and a knife tucked beneath his belt. Expressions had already spoken and the decision had been made long before the pig had entered. Old Faulkner observed from the back of the hungry crowd and listened to the words of the speaking man in front of the eye devouring crowd.

"Not life, or Life. What shall we choose?" His words carried across the hungry people.

EFILTON

by Jamie Buck

NOTLIFE

Father

*The clock gives birth to the hour
All those present fade into the wood work
He enters like the mist, seeping through the
cracks of the foundation
His hand becomes a gavel, slamming downward,
calling court to session
Judge, jury, and the executioner, he shows no mercy, no
compassion
His soul is dark and mysterious like the vast universe
Waiting, watching, like thunder and lightning he crashes
sentencing them all to hell*

by Jared Palmer

BEAST

STOMP STOMP STOMP ROAR
THAT IS MY BATTLECRY,
QUEEN OF BEASTS AM I.
LONG LOST IN MY SUPERIORITY COMPLEX,
I'LL EAT YOUR EGO FOR DINNER
AND HAVE AN IN-DEPTH DISCUSSION ABOUT IT OVER COFFEE.
I AM A SEX GODDESS
SO BOW AT MY PAWS LOWLY MENFOLK
NOW, FOR MY FINAL FEAT,
ROUNDING OUT MY PERFECT BEASTLINESS,
I'LL SERENADE YOU
WITH MY SAD SONG
I'M A BARITONE EITHER WAY
BEFORE I STOMP RIGHT OUT OF YOUR LIFE
MAKING AS MUCH NOISE
AS WHEN I FIRST CAME.

BY: KATHLEEN FITZGERALD



Let me tell you a
story.

There was a man
who owned a great
many pearls in his
time.

Among the most
precious was the
greatest pearl of all.

This wise man,
however, was not
satisfied with his fine
pearls.

"Surely there is more
out there for me.
I refuse to set limits
for myself."

Upon taking a walk
one night, a shiny
object caught his eye.

Wedge between two
deep cracks in a
boulder in the sea, he
saw the precious
stone reflect the
moon's rays in a
dance of red.

"A ruby! More finer
than diamonds!" he
exclaimed.

He reached and
reached, but the
stone was out of
reach.

He flooded the
boulder with water,
as to wash the stone
out, but it wouldn't budge.

Again and again he
tried to wash the
stone out,
until he went on his
nightly check of his
greatest pearl.

The pearl, it shone,
piercing through the
night's darkness.

The next day, the
man set out to the
beach again.

He had sold several
of his pearls for
cutting tools.

If anything, he was
determined to get the
stone.

The stone, its faint
scarlet glimmer
shining through the
cold boulder.

He cut away.

Tonight he was
determined to hold
the stone.

He was assured that
with great tools,
owning the stone
would be a snap.

But it seemed, the
deeper he cut, the
deeper the stone
wedged in the
boulder.

But he believed.
"Tonight is the
night!"

He worked past the
time of his nightly
check on his precious
pearl.

The pearl shone a
little less that night,
as if the gloss of its
surface had worn off.
But he didn't notice.

All he could think
about was the
trapped stone.

But it still shone
through the depths
of the darkness.
For days and months
and years, the man
went out daily to the
beach.

The routine was the
same; sell more
pearls, get tools, cut
away.

Then, the night
came.

He had cut until his
hands bled.
The stone was within
reach.

He had reached and
reached and grabbed
the stone.

His initial shouts of
joy were followed by
confusion.

"Is this the right
stone? Is this the
ruby that I have been
trying to get to for the
past years?"

In his hand held a
stone.

It did not shine, its
sparkles of red light
did not dance upon
his eyes.

For, it was then
when he realized
that night had fallen,
and that he had lost
the great pearl, the
moon.

It's light had made
the ruby shine.

And, in the darkness,
the ruby was worth
nothing.

ESCAPE

No rules to be broken
No manners to remember
No cliques
No homework to complete
No friends to smile at
No boundaries
No mold to break out of
No structure
No progress
No intelligence
No
An exhilarating feeling

By: Nicole Lalich

Untitled

We pause in our hypocrisy
He lifts the sheet
silence pours on to the floor
thick, slow moving molasses
lapping softly our toes
It climbs,
clogging our pores, then
shock
imperceptible at first, then
Paul gagging
the jaw drops
bitterly he drinks it without choice
A wail-
lo, a tar pit no more
screaming white are the walls and floor.

-anonymous

"Rain Princess"

*She steps outside
As the first drop falls
And splashes down
On her gentle brow*

*She's benevolent
Touches my hand
While she's looking down
Toward the sky*

*Well I thought
There was a drought
Until I met her
And was rained upon*

Well, I needed that more than anything

*There's a downpour
From the clouds
Like she's crying
As I was*

by Keith Burman



Perpetuate

The light crawls out from the horizon, purple and pink spill out across the cloudless sky. The sun becomes bolder and pompous, it sends forth streaks of fiery red messengers to announce his arrival. The desert sky is bigger than the land that cowers beneath it. Then the sun steps onto the land, sending the animals into hiding. The sun's banners reach a gnarled tree, its arms twisting up as if to beseech the sun's forgiveness. Black against the brilliant colors of day the tree presides over the birth of three children. Across the desert sand that have already grown hot with the touch of sun, they hear the arrival of kings.

The lioness remains wary despite her exhaustion, the scavengers will surely smell her weak cubs. Since, the entire pregnancy had been under adverse conditions, the cubs were prepared to face the hunger and thirst of the dry season. But, without a doubt, one cub was born weaker than his brothers and would surely not outlive the dry season.

Just as the sun arrived with banners and pompous ceremony, he leaves with the same lavish grandeur. The bright colors swirl and linger behind him like a royal cape trailing behind his departure. Nightfall belongs to the beasts of the desert. They rise sluggishly from their hiding places, the cold air rushes in through the gaping window of the moon. The cold of night is when the animals come alive; to hunt or scavenge for food.

The lioness and her family, have not eaten well in a very long time. The smallest cub grows sicker each passing day while his brothers continue to grow. She knows that life will return again in the desert, but her hungry cubs will not survive to see its arrival unless they eat. The lioness picks up her smallest cub by the nape of his neck and kills him in an instant. His brothers remain asleep under the crook of the black tree. The cubs believe that their brother has been lost to a scavenger. Her small family eats their first meal under the tree.

Not two weeks later, a strange figure walked out ahead of the sun. The enormous shadow of it slid across the parched sand and stopped to rest on the head of a cub. The figure continued to advance towards the black tree, she did not understand. This

predator moved on two legs, like a bird but had no wings. The lioness pushed her cubs into the hollow trunk of the black tree for protection. The lioness steeled herself for battle against this predator but it did not seem afraid. The predator slowed to a stop and then she saw his weapon. A long hollow weapon that shone black and smooth like the sun bleached bones of the dead, she instinctively lunged for his neck. Then his weapon exploded and she felt something tear into her chest, then she felt nothing.

She was furious to discover she was trapped. Panic surged through her body for fear of her cubs safety. she could not only hear him speak but could understand his words. "Don't be alarmed that you understand me, I am a shaman, I've learned to speak to the beasts. Your cubs are fine, they are eating, you may join them if you wish."

Their reunion was joyful, they played in the thick sand like young cubs. Later that night; the sand was quiet, the beasts stood silently, even the shaman sat anxiously, the young lions sat on their haunches in wonder. The sky was slowly overcome in black billowing rain clouds laden with rain water. The clouds rolled slowly above the scorched land. Then a brilliant flash of light ripped through the clouds and charged into the earth. The beasts of the desert roared in response, the thunder answered and then the rains came. A ceremony of nature far more breathtaking than the arrival of the sun, the rain is what keeps the beasts alive. Soothing the wretched sun-beaten bodies of the desert. Rolls of thunder chasing the wind, lightning and thunder rejoicing in their power, and rain dancing between them all; in an orchestrated dance of nature. The scavengers sulked in the majesty of the thunderheads.

The next morning the sky was still dressed in the black of night and remained cloaked in thick rain clouds for three days. The beasts joined together at bountiful watering holes, enemies stood side by side drinking the cold water. Together, hundreds of different kinds of desert beasts celebrated the arrival of Rain. Elephants spouted water over the crowd of beasts, wildebeests sparred playfully, and the birds swam through the rainy air to join the gathered herds.

The lioness and her family were constantly followed by the

shaman. The lioness opposed the shaman's constant presence but soon grew accustomed to his behavior. The fellowship between the males was unprecedented among the desert beasts. The shaman had quite an impact on the cubs, more than anyone imagined. Life was teaming in the desert land, a land longer fearful of the sun. Their fear took a new form.

The sun rose up from the horizon, slowly recovering its strength after its losing battle with the rain clouds. The sun steadied itself on the shoulders of a man. Together, they advanced across the restless desert sands with each step the shadow grew larger. The shadow stretched and darkened the sands leading up to one cub, and rested on his sleeping head. The cub's mind was flooded with dark dreams, he awoke breathless. Bleary eyed he looked up to the silhouette of a man he did not recognize. His suspicions were suppressed as he reminded himself of the kindness of the shaman. The innocent cub stretched lazily, yawned, and decided to engage the man in a rousing game of wrestling, one of his favorite games. The silhouette grinned as the cub stealthily crept towards him imitating his mother's techniques and readied himself to pounce. As he leapt, the dark figure caught him in the air and with a strong quick twist, snapped the cub's neck. "No need to ruin your beautiful coat, my daughter won't have a stuffed cub flawed with ugly bullet holes." The lioness, the shaman and the other cub, were elsewhere hunting a wounded wildebeest.

The man swung his prize over his shoulder and turned to walk away just as the hunting party returned. The lioness stood still, her muscles tightening, her pride stopped behind her. She felt the danger surging from the silhouette in the distance, the lioness called out for her child, but only the howling wind responded. Then the man called out, "Good morning, shaman. You were right these cubs are beautiful. This one will look adorable in my daughter's room?" The lioness pounced on the shaman with vengeance burning through her body. "Why did you tell him to kill my son? Should I rip your throat out now?" The shaman reached out with his mind and sedated both lioness and her son. "You've killed her son, now leave. I cannot control them for long." The man departed into the burning sun leaving a

black scar on its surface.

The shaman released the lioness from her trance. "Don't you realize my pain? I grow old faster than any mother should. I lost my first son to the dry season, my second son to you shaman, and now what lies in the future of my family?" "Tijari, you know death stands before you, but I can save you. As a shaman I have learned to take the place of different beasts, I will take your place when death comes for you. My guilt is too great, you would kill me anyway, there is no reason for you to die so soon. Live on with your son and comfort each other, I have brought you this pain, it will end with me." So, together they closed their eyes to the world, their souls intertwined and then re-settled in the other's body. The new man held the lioness in his arms until she took her last breath. In her last sigh, the shaman's soul rose up to join the kingdom of souls.

The man placed the lioness' body under the crook of the black tree. He jumped at the sound of a deep growl behind him. The gleaming white teeth of her son, bared in aggressive defense, she backed away slowly. The lion did not attack her, instead he left in pursuit of the man who murdered his brother. She stood alone in the light of the moon.

The reign of Rain will soon end, the dry season anxiously waits to return. The man waits for the return of her son. She studied the sky listlessly as the clouds reunite one last time before its departure. The stars will not return tonight. She waits under the arms of the black tree, with the skeleton of her old body lying at her feet. Everyday she hopes to see her son again. She tries to reach out with her mind, like the shaman once did, then one night he heard her call. The son cursed the man and swore he would never return. She could not endure any more pain. Her body sighed, then her soul started to float up between the branches of the tree when a lightning bolt struck. Her soul trapped in the tree. She will never join the kingdom of souls. Lightning danced across sky, rolls of thunder chased the bolts, gentle rain caressed the black tree. Its arms twisting upward as if she were begging for justice.

by Nina Shim

Mixed Messages

...And the words
that i say never come out right
and warp my features into a monster's
And the words
that waft from the radio sound so sweet
but taste too sour when swallowed whole
And the words
take on a life of their own.
give new meaning that might be good but--
And the words
that i read seem to jump off the page
and scream at me to do something
And the words
i write are never as good
as vibrant
...And the words...
the words...
words...
...

Tina Kreuz

just a thought
to those involved
what was that I consumed
in the mass-produced hot dog?
'twas that a pig's eye
bat's wing
newt's foot
armpit's hair
toenail's clipping
pocket's lint
carpenter's hammer
yacht's anchor
something with an apostrophe's something unpalatable?
thank you for your time.

Peter Kim

"They Frozen"

Fall, dark wall, pushed over by mobile earth, a city shaking
w/ bricks falling over into the blank, staring faces of
empty, gazing people, sitting amazed as their great monument
to civilization crumbles onto their dying children,

They frozen

Meet, next week, moving into a "free" land we melted into a
giant pot or pan, combining with all the people, getting
drunk, comatose on NyQuil ,

They frozen

Pray , each day, rereading biblical chapters without
religion, redreaming biblical stories without a God. Parting
water like hair in waves, curling surf as a people is
engulfed as their captives escape,

They frozen

Scream from dreams, eyes closed, pupils open, darting back
and forth between wish fulfillment and conquering thoughts.

And awake--

They frozen

By Keith Burman



cascade

through the sprinkling dew of a dim winters morning, before the snow had dropped its wastes on the land, the boy with eyes shining in wonderment fell. he lost himself to an abyss he had procured as the artificial escape took hold. the boy had sought it with a fury, yearning for its hidden freedom.

not long after, the boy awoke as if to rediscover some hidden mist within his brain and grasp it and hold it to be his own as nothing had ever been before. the clouds parted as he let go to discover the heights of the mountains gray and green. yet its beauty held a touch of the obscene taking hold as it smeared across his naked eyes.

the boy felt the daisies crush beneath his feet and the winds soar around him, endowing him with the power to fly like a seagull after its prey. instead the boy discovered he was trapped within the jaws of another more vicious being. its savage tongue grabbed and ripped him apart, never yielding. his cries were heard by no one as the words never passed his lips.

the peeling walls his cave and the flickering lightbulb his moon, the once innocent boy begged to the overwhelming forces which had brought him to this place and he cursed at his sanctuary as it crumbled beneath his feet....

by jessica klein



As a child I saw "Mommy"
with a gleen in my eye.
She had the world in her palm,
and I never dreamed to ask why.

As a teen she was "Mom"
and she drove me insane
After all, I knew everything
and she knew nothing of my youthful pain

As a woman I call her "Friend"
she's the definition of grace.
And when I look in the mirror now,
I laugh, because I see her face.

by Lisa Wertschnig

On the Trestle

Early morn
on the Bearskin Trail
I watch a single kayak slice
across the Kewaugasauga.

In the wake of ripples,
a cluster of ducks twirls and
slips under the trestle.
A bass leaps.

I click the shutter
as three bikers charge across the trestle.

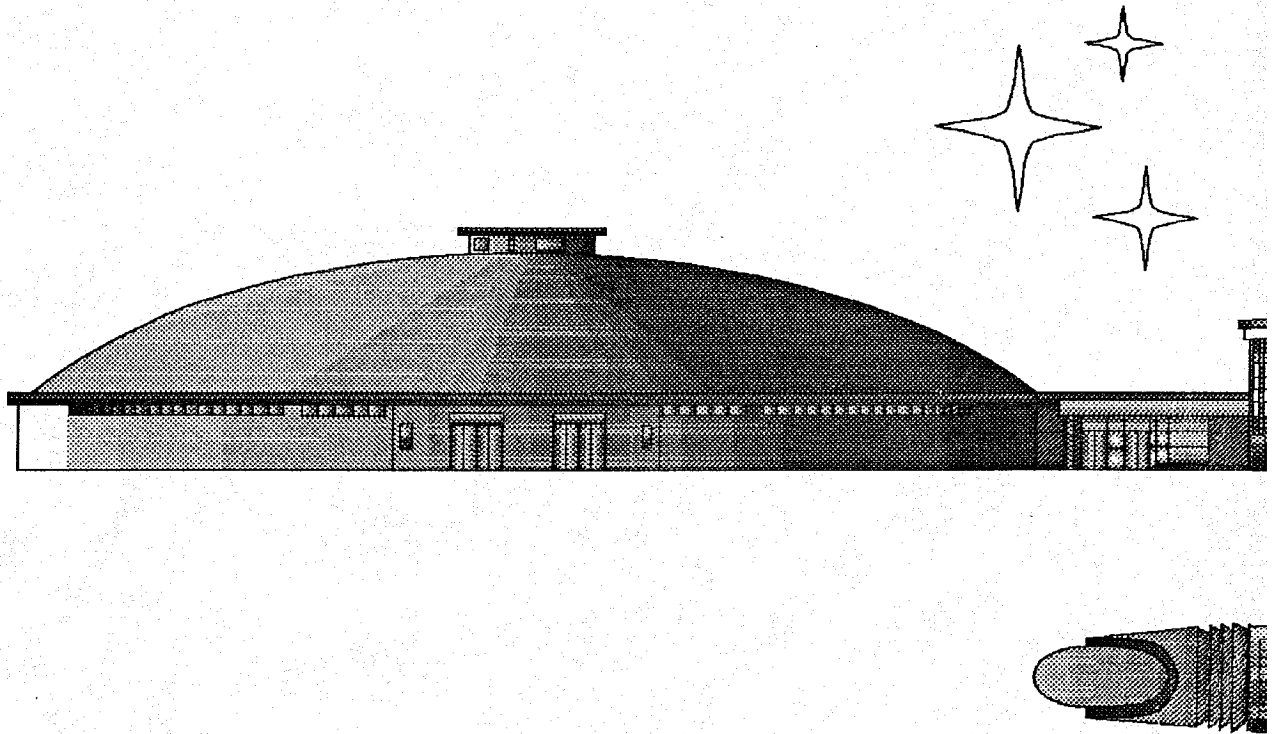
And we four interlopers
Lurch on.

Mary Carey

VINNY

(for Vinny Golia) by John Allen

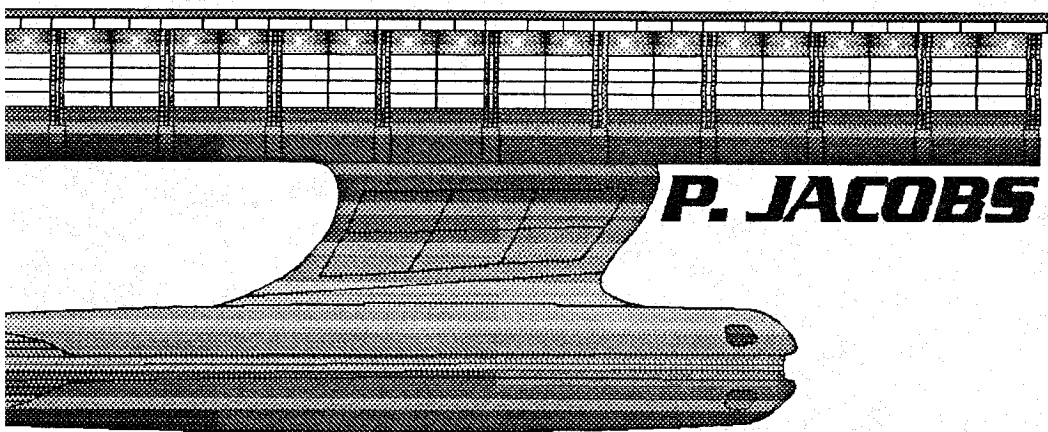
Slug's has the best Jazz in town. I sat at my usual table in the corner-- the one with a view of the rainbow that nourished the stage. The colors came singing



off the stage and danced in the spotlights like cigar smoke. The musicians painted blues, reds, yellows, browns--and the people at the next table were laughing oranges and hugging each other. Lucille at the bar was crying blue tears, but Eddie was holdin' her. She kept cryin' and cryin'. All those colors.....I couldn't take it anymore! So I went back to my apartment to stare at my Rainbow Orchid, and do some painting myself. Her leaves

sang as I undressed her green, yellow, purple, and wrapped them around

me. Then I leaped into her shadow dancing on the wall. I took hand and we peeled ourselves off the gloss-white enamel. But she stopped dancing. So I scatted some colors, planted them on some canvas, and



grew another Orchid-- and she danced too! I bopped to her top and slid down her petals into her heart. Coltrane was there painting, eating seeds and drinking nectar. He handed me his sax.....so I painted him some blues... and reds and yellows and greens--every color I could sing of! The Rainbow--she started singin' with me.....and before I knew it, I was black at Slug's, standing on the stage splashing colors all over the place.

If you thirst for air

If you thirst for air
Crawl on a wave's tengallonhat
and ride it to town;
Shake the dust off your sanguine skin,
and brush the trees with salt wind;
As you squeeze drops of milk from the sand,
Look back and kiss the heartbeat of a Nautilus

When the wind blows
Listen to the cockled hair of the trees
As it rolls back and howls in your sleeve

Take their wooden legs
and snap them at the knees--
Lay their bones around you for protection

If the cold of winter scratches your retina,
Scrape the bones till they're white
and fill the cracks with salt

And when the wind blows
Let your hair howl with the
Heartbeat of a Nautilus
Before your bones turn to dust

by John Allen



Falling

F
A
L
L
I
N
G

and settling into a
pit of despair
of loneliness
of melancholy
I sense myself
developng a routine
getting into the groove
of mediocrity
Why?
Why am I feeling
this way, acting as I am
struggling in a sea of confusion
Attempting half-heartedly
to free myself from this
constrictive web of depression
Who will rescue me from
my most powerful adversary-
myself?
Only I can reach within
the trenches
and liberate my soul,
my spirit
from its captors
Fear and Insecurity
It's up to me
But I feel so weak
Drained from exertion
of just keeping my head
above water

Help Me!
SOMEBODY!

I'm

F
A
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Laurel Felt

love

you are my goddess
i whisper to her
she chokes on the incense
clouding my chambers
i then kiss her,
(and the taste of cologne)

i stroke long blackhair
-silken or spiderweb? -and
she says i'd like a drink of
dandelion wine or ginger beer?

-not sure, she swallows, and
greedily, i watch.

fluffing up carnations, she
collapses on her back.

-my goddess, my love
i whisper, and
pull the fishnet
around her.

gunter h hartmann

Nativity

by Keith Burman

I saw Her birth this morning
Rose through sand and glass
Staring through painted windows
At a deadly scene of birth

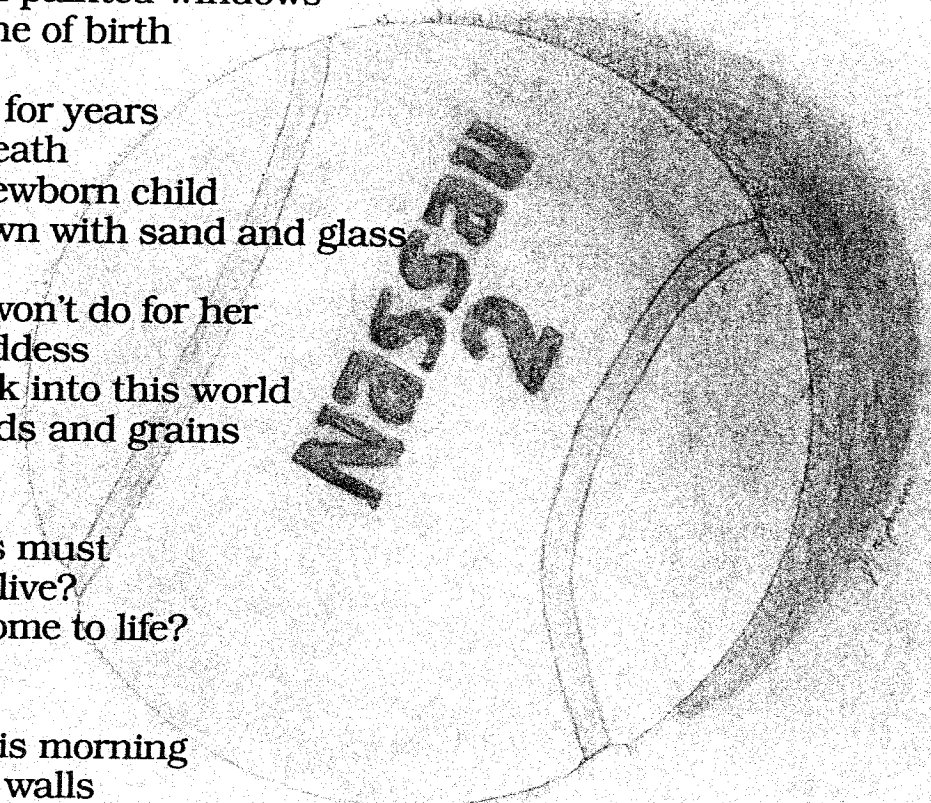
She died slowly for years
After Her first death
Father eating newborn child
Washed Her down with sand and glass

Plain old death won't do for her
Not this new goddess
Puked right back into this world
And lay on shards and grains

How many times must
Must She die to live?
When will She come to life?

I felt her birth this morning
Painted on glass walls
Jagged pieces of feeling
She's left with beautiful scars

She knows this
But she doesn't care
She knows this
And leaves it alone
She knows this
And so do I
She knows this



Sweat

here we are again
we have nothing
left to say
the heat is
roasting my lines of poems
which scurry in my head
sweat rolls
I have a morbid thought
"Can you sunburn after you're dead?"
imagining my pink legs burning
I wonder if my thoughts were
always this black
with hidden rage
I forget home's worries
but we're eating up the miles
like a flame devouring
the kindle
on the trip last year
with the campground
roasting, goey, marshmallows
a melody brings me back
to the fact I have not
thought nor dreamt of
their faces
Does that mean I don't love him
anymore?
this emptiness fills
me with a humming only I
can hear
it's such a simple buzz
I've forgotten how to
care
the heat bruises my legs
but the bigger ones are hidden
beneath the skin
how do I heal
what I can't see?

Michelle Brinkerhoff

The leaves begin to turn colors
Red like blood from an injured animal
Orange like the sun heating our earth
Yellow like a daisy in bloom
Brown like a forest of redwood trees.

The leaves begin to fall smoothly like
a feather dropped in mid-air by a bird
and swiftly like a fish swimming after his dinner.
To the ground they fall.

The leaves are covered with snow
as the winter seems to pass be like a car on the highway.

The leaves are crumbled like old buildings in Rome
crushed by the snow like a football player in a pile
and swallowed by the snow like a tiger eating its prey.
Forever.

The leaves are gone in a graceful manner
like a flower bud receiving a tear of rain.

Frank Schade

How quick and carefully the taken steps
Reflect the nervous thoughts once placed behind you
Looking past the wreck of fallen angels
Lies a trail of tears that the rain brings
And reminds us of closed eyes and lost prayers
Swallowed by pride
Only to be thrown up again
The sickness dying now brought to your feet
To live and learn once more

by Kelly Vierra

Brouhaha

*typewriters click away in time with the clock on the wall
the shouting draws nearer until it stands before me
the noise pulls me into a void
until my heart beats faster to remind me I exist*

tick, tick, ticking of the hourglass

*even the car has a voice
the songs of the are meaningless
my eyes close
and the horn invades the chaos
sound is immortal*

tick, tick, ticking of the hour glass

*there is a roar in the house
my husbands unrelenting voice
and innocent cries pierce the buried silence
the symphony of man and child*

tick, tick, ticking of the hour glass

*in the bathtub, the bubbles shatter
ripples soothe the inner thunder
forever engraved in the scar you call memory
the trickling of a leaky faucet
precedes the lulling music
 the numbing music
that brings me silence*

*falling grains of sand grow softer
as the turning of the hour glass nears*

by Ashtar Marcus and Randi Kramer

I wear a mask of many colors, that you and I can see, a mask with smiles and laughter that is easily pleased. But what you don't see is who I really am, full of sadness and tears. The light never shines under the mask, just outside so sincere. I hide behind this mask for fear that you may decide to hate me. The mask is there to make you see, that you're the only person that truly can make me free.

by Deanna Kowalski

I Shall Kill

Because that will be my adventure for the day,
Because I've never done it before,
Because my actions will turn into another statistic,
Because my victim is waiting,
Because I need a way to cope with my broken heart,
Because nothing could be so intriguing,
Because things never go the way you expect them to,
Because I want to accomplish something,

* * * * *

Because I want to die.

By Jennifer Allen



Over an abundant grassy hills, in a land unknown to many, lived a semi-barbaric king in his kingdom. There was no crime because everyone was afraid of the barbaric king, and nobody wanted to face the amphitheater. The amphitheater determined the fate of any criminals. There were two large doors; behind one prowled a deadly tiger, who was ready to kill the man that released him. Behind the other door awaited a fair maiden who was ready to be married to the man on the other side of the door.

No one ever broke the law unless they wanted to be placed in the arena. When the king discovered his daughter's secret liaisons with one of the townsmen, he was furious. The handsome, young man was ordered to the arena. Jealously raged within the princess because the woman picked for her lover was a fair maiden; the princess had seen her flirting with the young man before. The morning of the man's trial the whole kingdom gathered into the arena. Secretly the woman found out which door held the terrible tiger, and which held the fair maiden, so when her lover glanced at her for advice she pointed to the door on the right.

The young man glided across the amphitheater and without a hesitation, opened the door on the right. Instead of long, wet teeth sinking into his flesh the man felt a warm, smooth hand on his cheek. The most radiant young woman stepped slowly out into the king's arena, her face giving off a brilliant glow. When the young man took her hand and bowed, the crowd cheered in delight. Immediately the door beneath the king opened, and out swept a joyful priest. Following him were maidens dancing to the beautiful music sung by the kingdom's choir. Flowers lay around the innocent man and his blushing bride. The man could not believe his luck. Being born into a time ruled by a barbaric king, having an affair with his daughter and picking the right door in the arena was very lucky. Thinking about how lucky he was to have the lovely princess spare his life, the man and his lady were married. Later outside the king's amphitheater, the young newlyweds turned and bowed to the king and his daughter. The royal family, and other prestigious persons, stood on the high balcony and waved good luck.

The king glanced sideways at his daughter and whispered, "You could at least try to look pleased. After all you really did not want the young man to die, did you?" There was a slight pause because the king wanted to see the princess's reaction to his question. When he saw he was not going to get any answer he continued, "Daughter, you should also be grateful to me."

At this his daughter turned to him furiously, "I should be grateful to you?!? Why should I thank you for anything? All you have done is ruin my life by taking away my love."

"Your love?" the king scoffed, "If he was really your love, then why did you want him to face the terrible fate of the tiger?" The look his daughter gave him was mixed with surprise, confusion, and anger. Her head jerked angrily back to where the young couple stood. Her father leaned over and whispered, "Smile."

The princess pasted on a beautiful smile and waved to her ex-lover and his new wife. Though her mouth was smiling, the princess's blue eyes were as hard as ice, and as cold as the coldest winds. As the horses led the new couple to their home, the king, and other prestigious persons, went back to enjoy the festivities. Unlike her father, the princess stood alone on the balcony and contemplated what had happened. Anger raged inside her; long pale fingers, gripped the rail tighter with every thought. How had her father known her plan? The princess forced herself to calm down, and she began to think about the night before.

First she had dinner with her father and his new guests; from surrounding kingdoms had heard of the king's justice system and wanted to see it in action. It was the first time that anyone had heard of having criminals pick doors to see if they were guilty or not. Other kings were also deeply intrigued by the tiger and lady behind the doors in the amphitheater. After dinner everyone went to the sitting room where the ladies drank tea and gossiped. The men played cards, and drank their best wine. After all the gossip was told, and the room reeked of wine she excused herself from the party. On the balcony the princess's eyes narrowed as she remembered more.

Once outside she ran to the cottages in the kingdom's town square. Unexpectedly her father's personal butler bumped into her, and she fell. He helped her up, and the princess dashed to the amphitheaters' caretakers' cottage. There she bribed his wife to tell her which door the tiger would be on. On her way back to the castle, she saw her father riding furiously to the cottage area. Suddenly the princess's eyes flew open in realization. Yesterday she just thought that he was going to see his mistress; however, now she knew that he had gone to the caretaker too.

The princess turned sharply back into the amphitheater and scanned the crowd for her father. Spotting him, and other prestigious persons, near the tiger's private arena she headed in that direction. Townspeople turned their heads in curiosity as the princess stormed past them. Hearing murmurs of surprise behind him, the king turned and saw his raging daughter head toward him.

"You knew!" cried the princess.

"Of course," asserted the king, "I make it a point to know everything."

His daughter gasped, "But how could you have found out?"

"My personal butler saw you heading toward the cottages. Since the young man's trial was today, I guessed that you were going to the caretaker's cottage. I see that I was right." The king laughed at his daughter, who was standing open mouthed before him. "Nobody, but the caretaker and I have ever known which door held the tiger and which held the lady. I was not going to let you, my daughter, interrupt fate. Besides what would all the people think!" The king spread his arms gesturing to the large crowd they had attracted.

The princess stared in astonishment at her gloating father. Suddenly she lunged furiously at him, and beat his chest with her fists. Taken by surprise, the king fell backward after his daughter's raging attack. The townspeople gasped in fear as they saw their king fall helplessly into the prowling tiger's cage. Then they bowed their heads in sorrow as the king's horrific cries for help faded away. Men tried to kill the tiger, but it was too late. The silent crowd watched the princess; she was staring, unfeelingly, into the pit. The king's brother hurried towards the pit, and was followed by a string of soldiers. As he stared sorrowfully at his brother's remains the soldiers led his niece away to the dungeon.

Two mornings later people from far and away packed themselves into the kingdom's amphitheater. The new king sat in his balcony, with other prestigious persons, and the door below them opened. With her head held high, the princess gracefully entered the filled amphitheater, and she made her way to the center; there she turned, faced the king, and curtsied. In return her uncle stood up from his chair and bowed. After he sat down, she made her way to the two doors. The only noise was that of her blue gown dragging on the brown dirt. Flashes of light

darted around the amphitheater as the sun's light reflected off her tiara. The blue eyes were still like ice, and still as cold as the coldest winds; however they took in everything. On her left, the princess could see her ex-lover and his wife, watching her sadly. On her right there were more people; she recognized some faces, and figured the rest were there to be entertained. the princess reached the end of the amphitheater and stood in front of the two doors. During that second not a single sound could be heard, no one dared to breathe`42and even the summer insects knew they should be quiet. Without another hesitation, the princess went to the door on the right and opened it.

By Jasmine V. Hernandez



Hunger

kept them
hidden
hardly anyone knows
my love I kept
in a blue box
and a few trusted ears
those boys, they ate me up
so well
didn't even lick their fingers
as they gnawed
my ankles as I walk past
so I fell
too ashamed
that I could be on my knees
beg for mercy
I know that they can't hear
as another finger
is gone
slowly devoured
my ears are appetizers DAMN! not my cheeks
guess they liked the way my
hands felt in their throats
this fire is toasting
my legs and I have trouble breathing
seeing their beauty twisted thoughts are engulfed
Please SPARE me
too late
I couldn't see my
belly nibbled
'cuz my eyes were the first to go
Did I taste like ice cream
or apple sauce?
They didn't know
(maybe they guessed)
it was my heart
they choked on
a bit too big withlongingohwell. it was intinytidbits
already
I was their sacrifice supper
but they
salted me too much
to taste the
tears

Michelle Brinckerhoff

Jack in the Box

.emptiness...nothingness...isolation...locked in...barren
room...can't see...can't hear...guess what happens if I
do...get away, get away...hear a voice...in my head...
hallucination...darkness...lights are on...someone's here...
someone's near...now she's leaving...please stay, please
stay...

I know she can find it in her heart to talk to me...hear me
out...hear me out...I'm in here, yeah...in this cage...in
this box...turn the crank...turn me on...'cos I'm gonna flip
my lid...

.this little clown...sadness...unchanging station...locked
in...barren room...servile...so virile...they have to turn
me 'round...let me out, let me out...she hears a song...from her
hand...my emancipation...happiness...to see her face...
someone's hear...someone's near...just out of reach...come
about, come about...

I know...etc....I'm gonna flip my lid...

come on out and play...Where are you, Jack...come play with
us...

I know...etc....i'm gonna flip my lid...

by Keith Burman

ELVIS LIVES



glum

reflected blue concrete
calls me to its shoulder
hugs me tightly in the mud.
rocks push against my belly
caressing my chicken pox scars.
if gravity were to reverse,
i'd be impaled by the murky globe of
a lamp post
and the scars would bleed.
i take a risk, and revel in the scent of the earth,
the asphalt
till the world is again
spinning too fast
and the atmosphere
slaps me in the face

on my back, the humidity
runs along my nose and into my mouth
and i am reminded of puddle-jumping in
construction sites at night
three stars i see above me are
bleeding milk into the sky
it runs down the edges of my spherical
periphery
i bathe in its warmth
a mosquito lands on my ankle,
pushing pus
and ecstasy
into the meat, and
i'm sure if i ask it politely
it would lend me its wings.

by gunter h hartmann

Randi Kramer

The bright colored corset,
 thrown casually over a chair,
 Told a tale of a sleazy motel
 and a married man.
The color was once pure white,
 But with time, became red
 with blood and wine.
 The blood, her own; The wine, his.
The same man always met her
 in the same room,
 at the same motel,
 And wore the same thing.
 He required her to wear the same corset--
 Never to be washed.
The ritual begins,
 games of pleasure and pain.
 Pleasure intertwining with pain.
 It is pleasure only for him--pain for her.
Drunk as he gets,
 he never forgets the routine.
Blood rushing from her body as he sips his wine.
 spilling over onto the corset
 that ends up on the floor.
 It is over.
 Corset on, she heads home
 and waits
until he calls her again to partake in his games.

SHE

She was in her own little world
While the rest of the world was passing her by
She was on a different level of thought
One filled with emotion, solitude, and silence
Her emotions raged inside of her
Fighting to burst out
Yet she refused to let them go
While everyone else was having fun
She was trying to figure out who she really was
She was tired of living someone else's life
Thoughts weaved in and out of her chaotic mind
Musical notes combined to create a masterpiece
Yet she had no song to sing
Others didn't think, they just did
And she longed to be like them
Because she didn't want to worry anymore
But at the same time, she loathed them
Because of their naiveté
She was alone
Because no one else realized her inner turmoil
Their ignorance caused great pain inside of her
Yet she was glad that they were oblivious
Because pain can only come from within
She didn't want others to know her pain
No one could possibly understand
So she closed herself off from the world
And simply smiled at everyone else
Passing her by

by "Sans"



beckoning closer
touching the poppy red skies
grasp their emptiness
know their secrets
of being
empty only filling
a void of mind
blatant ignorance
sings off key
as a child learns the words
sing along, young thing
laugh at poppy red skies
know the silence
wrapped in a song.

by Randi Kramer

Puppet

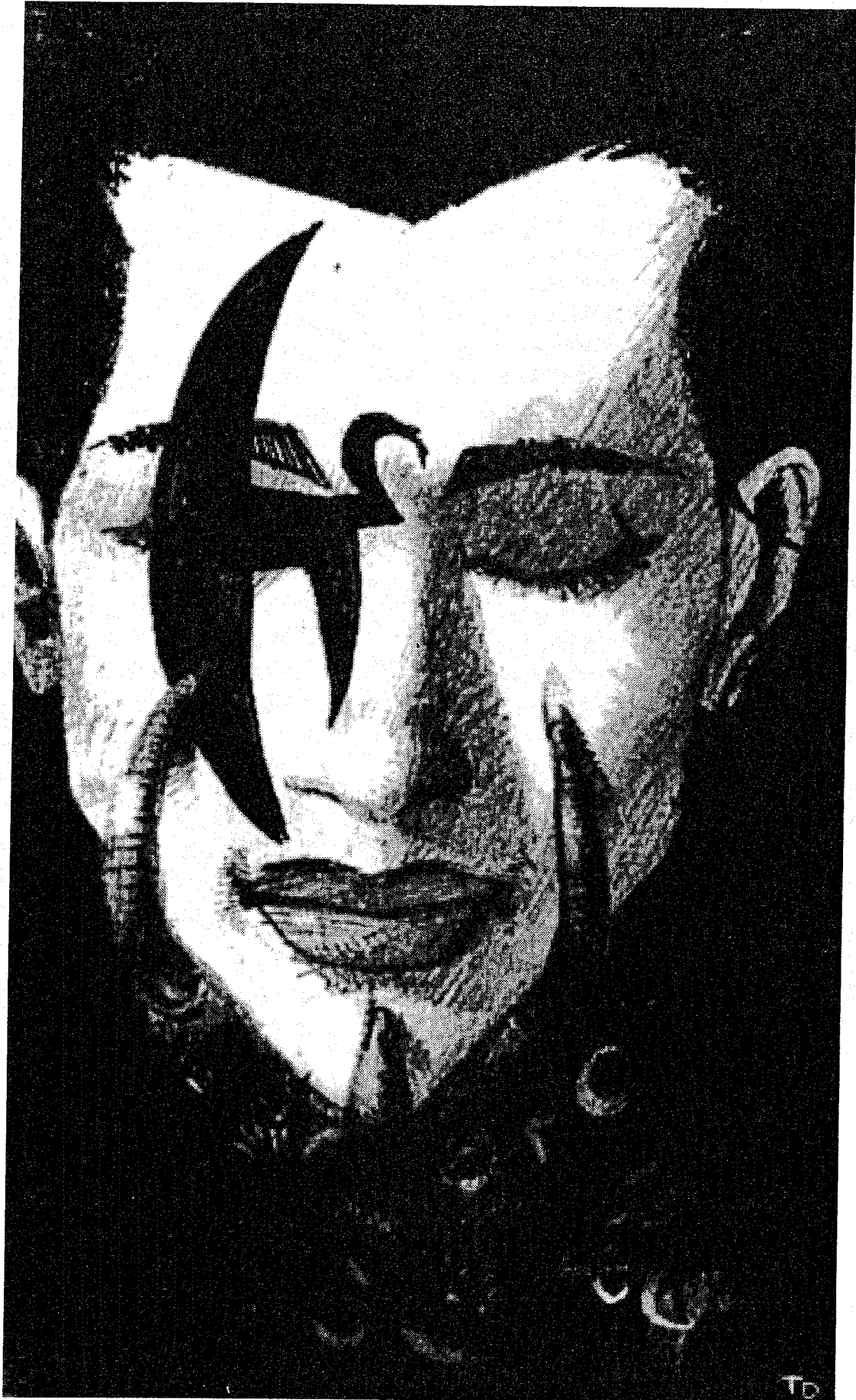
I ask you Nazi, why are you such a
Puppet on a string?
How does he teach you to kill?
No eyes to see the murder you
Cause
No mind to think with in your
hollow head.
Your only moves controlled
By his hand

I ask you Nazi, why are you
Such a puppet on a string?
How does he teach you to hate?
You are silent without his voice.
Lifelessly standing when he is
away.
A mere jerk of a string
Will nod your head

I ask you Nazi, why are you
such a puppet on a string?
How does he teach you to belong?
Trapped inside a tiny stage
When the curtain closes where
will you be?
How will your show end?

I ask you Nazi, Why are you such
a puppet on a string?

by Eli Schmidt





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