

CALLOPE

**Do not remove from the cover.
Roll, transfer across forehead
And wait for fun to begin.**

SPRING ISSUE '94

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Spring

Sacred is the scent of this April morning.
And heavenly the sight of the day's end.
Armies march across the sky with banners of purple, gold, and
Burgundy.
When the birds sing themselves to sleep, quietly waiting for dawn
to
Break the seal.
Shedding morning's first rays.
The day begins.
Like an anxious conductor's first thrust demanding sound.
The land full of blooming life and flowing rivers.
Like the days of Genesis.

Thomas Mangione

NOCTOURN #2

Whenever I hear that sound,
Chapino's Nocturn #2
I am hallucinating
a girl, very pale girl
playing notes
in a room with a very big window.
That weak melody looks like
her fingers, so white and tender.
This tiny girl
rolls her fingers on the keys,
plays my favorite music
which I love to death
all through the end.

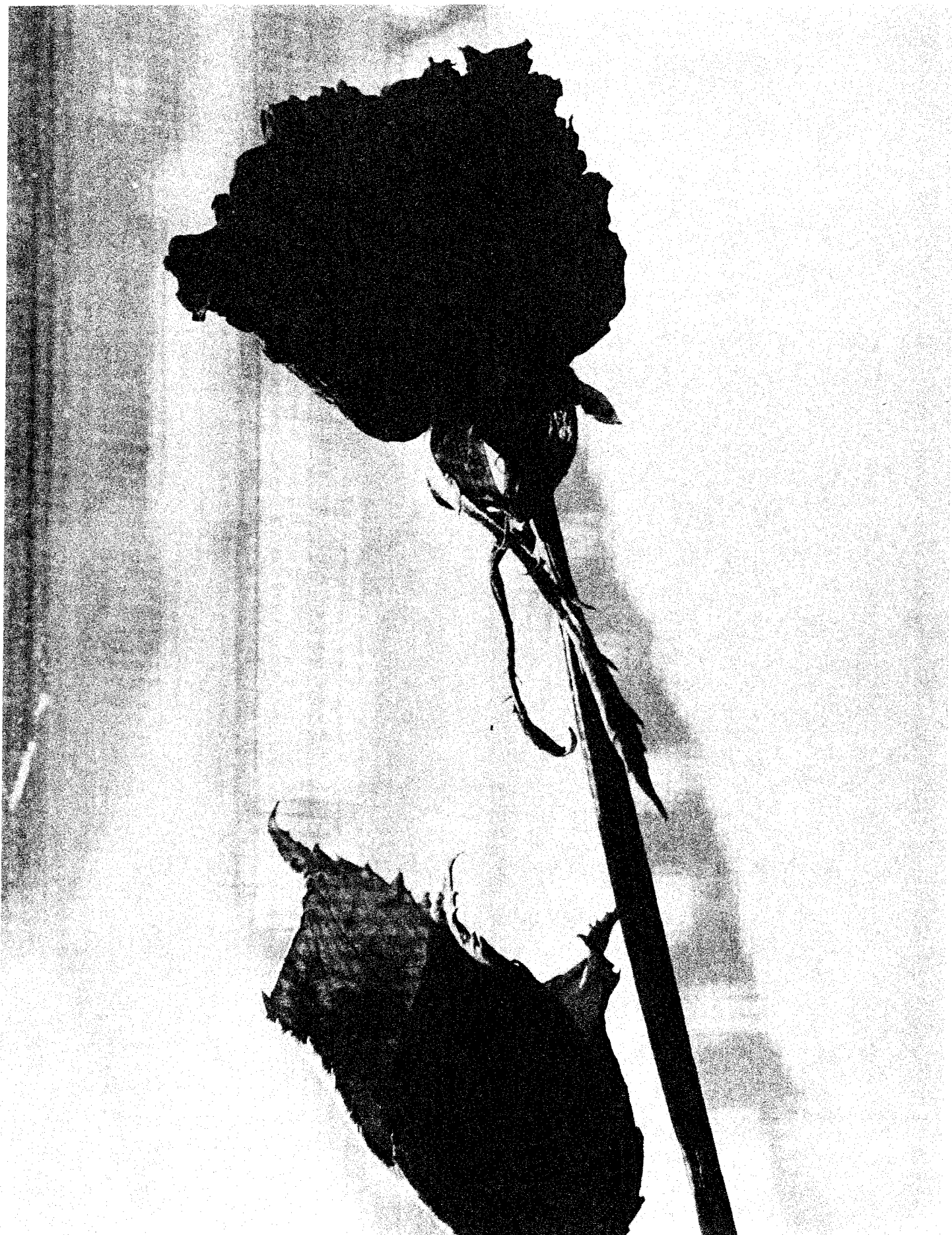
I am charmed.

Sanghee Kim

Beyond the grip of control,
Still, as its victim,
Lies passive,
And gently is touched.
In footsteps of barefooted children, lies bitter regret.
And lacking the means to betray,
To warm thoughts of sapphire and gray,
Softly, is touched.
Gently is blurred, from the contrast it knew just before.

Back from the sea,
they filled, silent, and free from the shore.
Washed away,
and no more.
On the darkening face of the sand...
Strong, sad, sentinel's sight,
without knowledge, or knight,
catches fire.
And the keep, while he sleeps,
will steal quickly away,
...to the sea.

Kevin Sherry



ROSE

*A tear of silk
Red as blood and
As pure as it's own quintessence
Without meaning and thought
Given to it, by one word, given
In singularity, four letters worthless
Without, it is within itself and instrument of
The soul! Without recourse or remorse alike
Given alone, in pairs, nay, even in dozens!
Such a thing of purity, such a thing of beauty
Scented by the most aromatic breeze of all
Down to its very core, only touched by
The most spiting toil.
It heals it well and the bound is made anew!
Wrap thy hand around its thorns for the word
Bleed for it, nay, even die for it.
This mere flower, creation of the earth
Symbolizes the most profound human emotion
Of them all, and the blood you shall shed
Matches its own.*

S. Riley

Look of Life

In the horizon
I see my life
It is so straight
Yet the contrasting colors
Indicate a bumpy road
The sun setting
Is a final tear falling
The crescent moon rising,
Forever a smile.

Lisa Sachman



FRANK
+GBE/

Response to a One-sided War

Inadequacy must be why
The jealous flames consume your eye.
Such spite which plays upon your tongue
Retaliates the joy I've sung.

Perhaps a weakness fuels your plight
To carry on a needless fight,
For obviously you can't see
My love is what has set you free.

Yet since you can not comprehend
My heart, then I have lost my friend.
Goodbye to spite and jealousy.
Your angry words have set me free.

Regardless of what makes your fate,
I'm not an outlet for your hate.

Anonymous

"Just One"

Two faces on one head.
Two sides for every one.
A lie that's never ending.
A soul you can't believe in.

It seems when they're together,
you're one of the few.
To feel all the sadness,
with no souls to protect you.

All I need is an emotion.
All I want is some relief.
I feel for a soul mate,
to stow upon all the grief.

When I'm single to one,
it seems I might be together.
But when they're single,
I feel by myself, Just one.

Greg Braden

The Night of Halloween

Twas All Hallows' Eve. But through the haunted house
Not a soul was stirring, not even a mouse.
Cobwebs hung from the windows with flair,
In hopes that the kids would be there to scare.
We children were roving, dressed in ghoulish threads.
While nightmares and horrors lurked in my head.
A dark wolf silhouette bit the full moon in the sky.
The foreboding old mansion caught my sugar-seeking eye.
At the end of the road, gray as bones covered in dust,
The house called to me; I slid through the gates of rust.
Along the dark driveway I slunk like a rat,
Snuck up the sidewalk and stepped up on the mat.
The moon on the house cast eerie shadows,
And gave the windows the look of the gallows.
When, what to my fearful eyes should appear,
But a grey form behind the window unclear.
With gulp of courage and a push of the finger
I rang the bell, and a sixth sense began to tingle.
I waited and wondered and gathered up mettle,
Then opened the threshold and felt my heart unsettle,
To the end of the room, to the end of the hall.
Now look here, look there, nobody at all
As a man in a trance I searched for the dweller
Of this black and barren, horrid hell cellar.
So into the chambers of dust I went.
Ready at any moment to another room relent.
And then, in a moment, I heard up above
The scratching and scraping of an ancient glove.
I stalked up the stairs, and on the second floor
I saw an ashen light fade out from a door.
In the parlor all in black, sat a figure by a lamp.
His haggard visage seemed that of a tramp.
A bundle of things hung from his back
And he looked like a gravedigger about to crack.
His eyes-how they wavered! His chin so hairy
His cheeks were like bones- his nose sanguinary.
His thin little mouth was drawn in a grimace,
And the few teeth that he showed were a menace.
The blade of a scythe he held in his hand.
The edge thin enough to cut a grain of sand.
He had an evil face and sunken belly,
And fluid drained from his sores like jelly.
He was ominous and dreadful, a melancholy beast.
I shrieked when I saw him, knew I'd make a feast.
A leer of his eye and a twist of his hand
Showed he was to take me to the devil's land.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work.

I backed away, then turned to the stairs with a jerk,
Tumbling down the stairs of old,
And shrieking as I ran into the night's cold.
I flew down the street, to my friends gave a shout.
But they didn't hear, they seemed in doubt.
The reaper sprang up, as I ended my flight.
He showed me the way to permanent night.

Tina Kreuz



The Angel

The wounded child fell from the sky,
the real god,
not some idyllic soul.

He told me his god-given name,
Truth.

He sat in my soul,
told a tale of
lies and pain.
He was right.

To watch him was pain,
he spoke of death
deception
destruction
truth.

BLACK

he told me how he came to fall upon me,
wounded by pain words truth.

I felt for him, his cause,
having know this, he flew away
in peace.

that morning my best friend passed away.

S.M.R.

Perfectly Punctured Proposal Poem

" ! "
" ... "
" !! "
" ? "
" ! - "
" , - . "
" ? ! ? "
" ' ? "
" . "
" !!!! "
" !!!! "
" ... "

Keith Burman

Searching

I walked the deserted beaches in search of your footsteps, but I found only the imprints of seagulls and clams. I stared into the night for a wink from a star in the sky, but there were clouds that shaded the glimpsing of my eyes. I ran through the prairie in search of your favorite flower, but the frost cast sparkling shades of white over the field. I climbed a hill to overlook the city, determined to find you, yet all I could see was the mute, hustle of frantic business people. In the valley, I cried your name and hoped for your answer, but the rocks reverberated my cry and my voice came devouring back into my ears. For near the ocean, over the hills and in the valley's, up in the sky and across the prairie, you were no where to be found.

Jamie Buck

Summer days,
drifting....drifting....
grassy fields, so-green,
sway with the wind.
Wild flowers grow and grow and grow and grow....
Flowers for
mom.
Sun shines on tumbling...shimmering
streaks of
gold.
Countryside hills...rolling, lush,
green covering dark, moist,
mounds-of-earth.
Grazing MOO cows.
Black spots!
I see them,
after I stare
at the blazing star
in the sky.
With blends of red,orange,yellow,pink,and
purple, a glorious sunset ends
the
day.
Sweet smelling flowers
linger
with the
air.
Beautiful....lazy....
relaxing,
summer nights.

Jill Sawicki

Gap

Blind to society's needs
Denim is your uniform
You are not yourself, but others.
Fight to be different
lose your individuality
The mirrors' reflection is of you.
or is it your best friend.
you forget.
It's all the same
Only a different day of the week

by Brett McNish

List Poem:

Things I did today:
Saved a chicken, and
fried a politician.
Learned that a beautiful
woman with no discretion
is like a gold ring in a pig's nose.
Saw constipated
elephants on
television fall
over onto an old
woman.
Head about kangaroos'
Soul flying up
to heaven.
Smelled a
horse across a field.
Bought a stuffed rabbit.

By: Nicole Lalich

The Jungle

Nature's maze.

Aimlessly searching for an opening.

Full of green swords that cut you as you run by.

Growth gulps and confuses.

Screeching yells of death that belong to the creature guarding
their
home.

Tropic sweat rolls off your skin.

Fear and hope are your two best friends.

Is it your location, or is it just a struggle to survive?

Liz Jost

The Crocodile

(Tick, Tock)

Slowly glistening

It humbly crawls toward its prey

(Tick, Tock)

Screaming silent

Its' gaping wet jaws

(Tick, Tock)

Are hungerly

Licked

(Tick, Tock)

As it crawls toward

The baited hook

(Tick, Tock)

Split, black eyes flick

Back and forth

(Tick, Tock)

The Crock struck one.

Keith Burman

Whispers of Nobody

a moment of orange
 frying in the moon
and alligators sing
 while birds prey
upon little boys
who eat clouds
 our speech
from the deaf and from the mute
 man is stone
and I I as anyone
 cannot accept
 the greatness of man

by Lisa Jessleson

The watchful eye of eternity
Plays warden
To my jailed emotions,
Tortures my mind
With painful flashes of reality,
And binds my passions
With barbed wire personalities
That tear the flesh of my heart
Every time I start to give.

The emerald eye of jealousy
 Flashes in my anger
And brings pain to us all.
 Playing with our minds,
 Obstructing our view,
And picking at the paint of our morality-
 Leaving the darkened peelings
 To be lost amongst the debris
 On the floor of my character
Before one even knows they've gone.

Kathleen Fitzgerald

Old man

Old man sits under the phantom tree
Even older than he
Gazes at the settled moon
Whose beams are burrowing in his wrinkled skin
Through and through

Reminiscing of things misunderstood
like an old man should
(Breathes in meditation)
In a higher awareness,
He forgets to lick his cracked and withered lips
Inside out

Old man, what's on your mind tonight?
Why do you weep so at the red moonlight?
Is it flying or is it dying?
Tell me
I'd like to know

Old man feels his spirit age
He feels his life slipping
Not gracefully
But painfully
His winds grow weaker...his eyes grow softer
And softer still

Too much spice killed the taste
His wisdom a waste
Thou art divine, dear man
Hallowed by thy name

Jenny Choi

My own:

*In the tunnel,
The water drips overhead
Plunges to the puddles below,
It reeks of mildew and silt,
Running through, with many ways to go,
Only one way leads out.
Footsteps are heard from behind,
The chosen path is wrong
The footsteps get closer,
Trapped, in the tunnel.*

Anonymous

The Tunnel Poem

endless straight so dampness corridor three make a labyrinth
ne makes a hole pity those who live beneath unwealthy unfeared so
fragile those paper houses one after another like dominoes all in a row
one pushes and all fall secluded parts of life never to be found

Jess Serrelli

Pools

Her dark side caresses my lips
Skin so smooth and with every breath emitting
Something.
The candle dim and soothing
The heaviness of the air
The pure fragrance carried on the backs of this warm breeze
The filtered sounds tickle our ears and slip inside
Like the hum of voices.
Visioning rain turning into steam
The songs never ending
The moon sustaining its brilliance.
The air lifts as cool sweat rolls down her back
Looking more like a tear or drop of rain.
Enclosed in this circle, protected
Like a soft baby in the warmth of its womb
Free from dimension of hurt and pain.
The door doesn't have to open
The window not cleared
Love
And nothing more true
No holes deeper and no space thicker
My gift, the secrets of the unknown uncover
Like life from the dirt
Our hearts in harmonic melody
Song so simple but so magnificent
In her eyes a million vibrant colors created in heaven
Her words like the tides.
Not tangled
One body
One soul
One mind,
Flowing like a river into the pools of the heart.

Thomas Mangione



A Quick Change

*How the wind works against us in the dark.
To watch the flame die and twist into sparks
How snow comes down an incomplete struggle.
The animals, they prey, a circle, a huddle.
How drifts are piled up so high.
Cold creeps as fire dies.
It speaks to me stinging my heart.
It grasps my breath jousting my throat.
In the dark skies, a continuous twinkle.
The diamonds spread across, an evenly sprinkle.
A simple whiteness of benighted snow.
The quiet earth reaching up towards my soul.
No impossibility of seeking nature lies below.*

Jamie Buck

Live on

*What is the answer
we keep on asking.
The question untold,
we live on wondering.*

*What are we asking
might be the question
we finally figured out.
We willingly have to except,
in this confused state.
We will be the answer,
when the candle burns out*

Dan Cook

I'll wait

I'll wait for the moonlight night
when I know the time is right
I'll wait for the darkness of the night
to show our glowing night
I'll wait for the wind to hollow
Just to know he will follow
I'll wait for the waves on the sand
Just to feel the gentleness of his hand
I'll wait to near his charm
Just to be safe in his arms
I'll wait for the clouds to cry
Just to see his big blue eyes
I'll savor every lust word
hoping to hear what I thought I heard
the three magic words...I love you
that might not ever be heard
I'll wait for any kind of token
Just to know my heart won't be broken
but in the end there is no token and
Yes my heart will be broken
but I will wait until dawn hoping he won't be gone

Anonymous



ONE NIGHT'S FEAR

I envisioned a world of happiness with you
For that was all I ever dreamed.
But then that night
You made them impossible to redeem.

Alcohol gained rein of you
Your mind was not your own,
You nearly lost your sense of direction
On the way you drove me home.

The harshness of your voice
Stung my heart with piercing spears,
Then suddenly I faced a clash of torment,
Despite all of my fears.

Luckily, you made it through,
but half the battle is yet to be fought,
You must learn to live with the guilt
Every minute, every second, every thought.

Apologize all you want
Still the suffering will never end,
You told me you loved and cared for me,
Yeah, you're really some great friend.

One thing that still remains
But one day may disappear,
Are the memories of me
And you reliving that one night's fear.

I now rest beneath the earth
The rain washes over me,
For as long as the sun will shine,
Your world is where I will no longer be...

Jennifer DiStefano

A.M.

Burnt to a Krisp, he uses white milk.
Orange makes it curdle.
Wheat from a field lay brown on his plate
Lips are licked
Rain is expected today.

Brett McNish

PRIDE IS:

A swan that gently swims through the lake
A bird that flies high in the sky
River that meets the ocean
Being proud of who you are
Looking at the mirror with confidence
Loving your masterpiece
and all of it comes down to the key
to success

Ladan Saeid

Love is....

Like a never ending rollercoaster with too many downs.
Something that seems to be great, but then turns bad like a sour grape.
As confusing as a mouse lost in a maze.
Something that can turn on you like an attack dog.
Something that can make or break your day.

Kristi Richardson



MAGIC

*Scrolls blackened, with edges frayed
Small vials with their perfect permanent potions
For every occasion
Life, death, or for a little scuffle
Behind the local inn.
Twinging, shivering, crackling bolts of joy
Twisting vapor like spheres of immense heat
The demons cried in fury
With eternal sharpness puncturing their lives
The demons cried in fury
Paltry, piercing projectiles of modern technology
The heat captured in a little situation
Behind the local bar.
For every occasion
Trembling fingers wrapped around
The judgement trigger.*

Steve Riley

Another Universe

Swirling 'round like the universe
Except for the rebel sun that stands in the middle.
An occasional shooting star hurls into the unknown,
While Perry preaches from the heavens.
The unlucky few are pulled out of orbit,
And crushed by some egotistical demon.
'Tis survival of the fittest in this universe,
from which there is no escape.
Sweat, anger, blood, fear, and no control,
But like the universe,
The moshing continues,
Never stopping,
Until the end.

Chris Racana

Music and Me

*The beating of my heart is rhythm; a tempo.
My voice is but the melody, weaving up and down.
My feelings and emotions build up to a crescendo.
My life and my music are then united, and to my soul are bound.*

Emily Wilson

WORKIN' AT WENDY'S

"White, red and gree-eeen! White, red and gree-eeen..." So this is the mystery lying behind the working facade. You see, last summer I decided I'd give a go at becoming a classy, successful, working woman of the 90's, seeing as I was independent and liberated and all. So naturally I chose Wendy's, my favorite fast food dining experience. However, my first day on the job proved far more interesting than I previously expected. That glorious summer afternoon I had been instructed to sit in front of the T.V. to watch a video tape, "Correct Sandwich Making Techniques." At first I was quite content being paid to watch T.V., until on the screen comes a woman adorned in flashy, sequined, caped, outfit bellowing to me about the excitement of sandwich making! I had to control my laughter, as the smoke rose, and colored lights zoomed around this lady and the staged sandwich station. Conveniently, the sandwich station has color coordinated condiments for the sandwich making illiterate (their set up to go on the bun in a white, red, green pattern ie. ketchup, mayo, pickle; very ingenious). Anyway, she starts singing a catchy tune, "white, red, and gree-eeen! White, red and gree-eeen!" while she is prancing about making a rock video out of the whole ordeal, even trying to rhyme the fun, "When making a sandwich, don't be slow, wrap it up, and it's ready to go!". The whole thing finished off with a big, "workin' at Wendy's, da dada da!" (lights out). I looked around, very embarrassed, thinking this was some sort of cruel initiation, but to my surprise saw everyone was quite serene, thinking nothing out of the ordinary. After that painful, but rather amusing experience, I was given a precarious polyester ensemble far from my liking; a nifty shirt striped in a myriad of colors, all which putrid, a cozy apron which covered half my body, and to top it off a keen Wendy's visor, updated almost to modern style. But I did have my own name tag, which was a plus.

After mastering sandwich making in about, oh, two days, I received the honor to move up to the cash register, which I must be honest, was a bit difficult until I memorized where all the little buttons were for each item. The most confusing was the free drink button for senior citizens, which I always seemed to forget. I swear, some sort of beast was unleashed from these dotards when they were cheated out of a sixty cent small coffee.

Ahh, senior citizens, over the months they proved an entertaining lot. I don't think over my whole year of working there I ever had a pair who's combine total was over \$3.20, of course, not including their stupid free drinks. For some odd reason these lovely people over the golden age of sixty five were the only ones who took extra time to converse with a lucky employee, such as myself.

"Hello, will you be dining in today?" This greeting was taught from yet another educational Wendy's video, "Correct Register Techniques."

"Ahh, aahhh, uhh, let'sh shee here, ahh, give me one a your shide shaladsh."

"And what type of dressing would you like for your salad sir?" (Notice steps two and three being achieved here, "be polite" and "always wear a big smile").

"Well, ahh, what kind do you have?"

"Fat free french, low-cal italian, ranch, caesar, blue cheese, and thousand island."-I always dreaded that task because of its requirement of complete concentration. People take dressing lists for granted, but let me tell you, it takes weeks of painstaking memorization to be able to rattle this off at moments notice.

"Well, I'll take the french, sh'il vous plait, mershi madame, ha ha ha."

"Ha, ha." Sometimes common courtesy really aggravates me.

"And an ishe tea, shenior shitishen, betcha couldn't tell."

"Ha. Of course not," I felt my nose turn a light shade of brown. When the order was through one might hear some questions of the following .

"Thish shalad looksh shsmaller then ushual, can you fill it up? How fresh are theshe nuggetsh? Can I ushe a Burger King coupon here?"

Of course, there were always the perverted, old men who were clueless that women had indeed received the right to vote, already, and would insist on sharing some archaic, sexist comment about the, "cutie behind the counter." I always had a desire to "accidentally" spill their free coffee on them.

I found the true world of ignoramuses when I started working back register. Now, one would think back register would be similar to the tasks faced in the front, but no, it was a world of its very own dimension. I mean, I even had to learn an entire new greeting, as opposed to the traditional and comfortable, "Hi, will you be dining in today?" I now had to be converted to what back register techniques instructed me to say, "Welcome to Wendy's, may I have your order please?" Wo. Plus, no longer did I have the aid of the automatic change counter, which coming from my convenient world of calculatorious, adding and subtracting suddenly became a incomprehensible challenge. But, no fear! I refused to give into "math is hard"-barbie, and I quickly recalled my second grade skills. Yeah me. Anyway, now that I was one of sheer intellect, the customers proved fools.

"Welcome to Wendy's, may I have your order please?"

"Yah, I'd like, duh, yah, give me one a dem, whopehs and onion rings and dat happy meal McNugget ting, and duh, like a roathbeef sandwich and a mithder freezy."

"That's nice sir. But to receive those various items, you might choose elsewhere, such as, Burger King, McDonalds, Arby's, and/or Dairy Queen. Although, we do provide similar food choices such as a single cheese, biggie fry, kids meal nugget big bacon classic, and frosty." LET'S GET THE TERMINOLOGY STRAIGHT HERE! What do we look like, foods around the fast food chain? Such a fellow might even have the nerve to finish an order like that by saying,

"And duh, I'd like dat to go." No, really? We thought we'd hand your meal through the *drive thru* window, and then commence to escort you to our dining facilities.

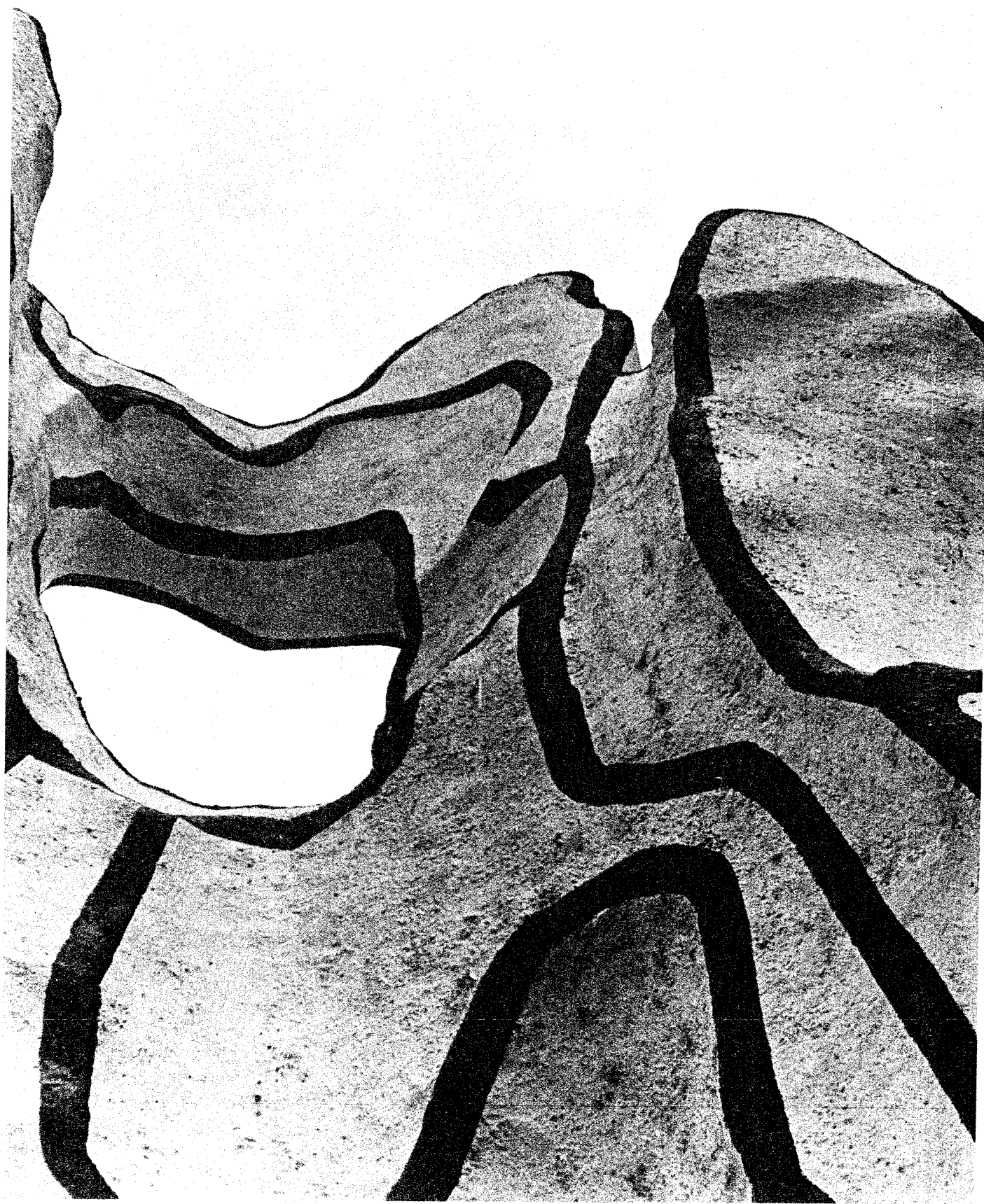
Another joyous job allotted to us laborers during slow business hours was the nasty chore of cooking bacon. This reminded me of some ancient tribunal tradition of roasting a pig over the skillet after a successful hunt, (or in this case a profitable lunch hour). I guess it also didn't help that I am a vegetarian,

and consider cooking ten pans of bacon *every* day a brutal and sadistic plot against the good of the world. Since this was a summer job, I can remember long hours of sizzling bacon grease luminating from the 350 degree stove in the summer when it was about eighty seven percent humidity, ninety five degrees outside, hundred and five inside the kitchen (while the customers, I might add, were sitting comfortably in the cool of luxurious air conditioning), draped in, now, soaking wet, black, jeans and the rest of the north pole gear, required, Wendy's attire.

Now on to bosses and managers and such, of which Wendy's contained a curious lot. The ones that had been around for a while, or that were at the top of the hierarchy, were surprisingly, very efficient and pleasant. I even had many an enlightening chat with them. But the chaos came as the new managers came in to learn their aspiring trade. Some of them, if I may be frank, were the biggest bumbling idiots to walk. I mean, where did they get these people, and why were they in a higher position then I? These people should not hold the power of authority, if you ask me. One man, Dirk, had obviously not gained the same educational experience, as had I, from the spanish speaking folk that also held employment at our fine establishment. Since many of them still had difficulty with english, other employees and managers would assist them with the little spanish they did know. Dirk, on the other hand did not seem to comprehend this, and instead would say english words with his so-called spanish accent. Such as fries, which in spanish are papas fritas, Dirk would say "frdrries", as if rolling the 'r' would suddenly make it all clear to them. And I would like to share the fact that I had learned within one day how to say "hamburgeausa con casa y papas fritas por favor", who needs Sesame Street? Dirk, by the way, was the very same manager who was rushed to the hospital for slicing himself not with a massive, hair-splitting sharp cleaver, as one would imagine, no; Dirky boy cut himself with the edge of a handi-wrap box.

Well here I sit, recalling my memories of far off times and missed events, (I quit last month, figuring a year of fast food, was quite enough.) And although, I look back at these memories in lighted humor, I can assure you, they will always hold a special place in my heart. (Aaw). Anyway, for you the reader, because I know you've been dying to know through out the whole story
-EVERYTHING IS SANITARY, AND NO, WE DON'T SPIT IN YOUR FOOD!

This story has been based on true incidents. Names have been changed to protect the innocent.



The Girl Inside

She is like torn lace.
Memories have faded away.
The love she got,
like sand castles,
it seemed nice,
 but fragile.
Then with one wave,
it washes away
and it's gone forever.
Hope being a dead end,
She could not find any other way.
Her eyes
 a broken fountain,
dripping from time to time.
Darkness filled her inner soul.
She felt devoured by the world.
Happiness was only
 but for a moment.
And the past, it didn't last.

Seung Hee Ji



Snow

It falls from the clouds
drawn to earth's body
Tiny webs of frozen water
spun in the glorious sky
Shimmering in the light of the day
Hiding in the shadows of the moon
Magical powers luring children of all ages
into its frosty grip
Bringing happiness to them
as only it knows how to do
Stopping life as it passes through
Only here for a moment
then lost until another day
another time
Heavenly white flakes that rule the earth
and all that inhabit it

Melissa Carlton

For Man is to Realize

They say the thing we fear most is the future. Since man cannot see what lies before him, he must act as if he is blind. The past, for it also is feared, for who looks back and is truly proud of what their ancestors did? The textbooks of the past tell us what we need to know, not what we want. Segregation, slave rights, civil wars, all of these things are times we shouldn't be proud of, for I am not.

I write this beginning to show what I feel, for who in the future wants to see only the good side? But, we want them only to see this, the good. Objects which show the good, are objects of which we stand proud.

To show the bad, this would be the ultimate sacrifice. Our generation, actually fessing up to what we have done wrong. These are the objects of which we have disposed of. This is our fate, along with the objects of disposal, for man is throwing it all away. Comes closer is the end, but this I cannot see. For man, and the future, is blind.

Loneliness

Living a life according to the time,
it shouldn't be a loneliness.
But time to time
I am captured in an empty desert where
the only yellow wind exists.

It is when

I sit in a crowded room with
no one to talk to.
Just like during the flood with
no clean water to drink,

And when

I open an empty mailbox weeks after
I sent a letter to my best friend
Just like the shriek of cold cold winter wind.

The reason of this is that
I've been separated from
my loved ones for a long time.

Sanghee Kim



Anathema

The courses and teachings told
The tales of grandeur and immense
Speculation, brought down with
A hammer of truth, with a chisel
Cracking apart the defenses of the child.
Flood the World in! Flood! Flood!
Enlighten the poor heathen!
Make him Whole!
But, think, what leaves the poor heathen
When you crack his mind
And pour the Words in.
The life? The soul? The mind?
Nay, he has forgotten the truth,
And decided to put his faith in mankind.

We told him to believe, we made him believe
We told him God is great! God is wonderful!
We told him you can't see him, but in your heart you can!
Then he did as he was told,
He looked in his heart for God and found it not,
But merely a lump and stagnant mass
Coarse, tedious, and amassed with it's rot.

We told him no -overlook it- look past your heart
And try your head.
So he decided to try that instead.
He opened his head
To take a look inside
Finally he found, to his own amazement,
We had all lied.

S. C. Riley

Wanted

He's on the run again
Waving his thumb down the open road
He continues to walk with his head down.
He notices the cracked road. Pot holes.
His sack begins to tear, as he drags it beside him.
Still, no sign of relief.
The smell of wet grass lingered his worn down body.
His palms were covered with dry blood.
Only, it wasn't his.
His own rage and fear of embarrassment
Brought him to this.
He stabbed a man.
He's on the run, again.

Van Chenh

Jerk
Silently sleeping
Electrocution
The body is stunned
Suddenly spasms occur
Muscles scream out
Releasing the body from its pretzeled position
Extremities leap out like Mexican jumping beans
Vibrating the mind
Confused and in shock
The body's heart pounds out of its chest
Leaving the body to rest.

Erica Wicklander

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Jean " the terminator " Hu

Assistant Editor

Lisa " I'm on your side " Sachman

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