



**What Do  
You Want On  
Your  
Tombstone?**

**GALLOPE!**

Calliope Winter Issue 1996

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# Control

I'm fifteen years old and I wonder about life.

(so, you think you're unique? everyone thinks about that. millions of

people for thousands of years have thought about the meaning of life, people much smarter than you, and not even they know the answer. stick to squeezing pimples, kid.)

I do, I think about it a lot.

(fine, don't listen to me. teenagers!)

I think that life is all about control. People exercising control over others, individuals gaining control over themselves - their thoughts, actions, bodies.

(i guess i flunked because i think i'm going to throw up.)

People need to decide what kind of control they'll employ: effecting others with harsh demands or making others do as they wish by using simple love.

(really deep, kid. i'm just drowning in your wisdom.)

I mean, isn't that what wars have always been fought over? It isn't land or politics, it's about other people vying for control and assuming powerful positions they don't deserve.

(fifteen, and already a genius at human nature!)

And love is another sort of controlling device. By being involved in a relationship, one is commanded by one's emotions and their loved one.

(are you still going on about this? why don't you answer me? can't you hear me, kid?)

People get frustrated and angered and depressed when they feel like their lives are not in their own hands - they're out of control.

(hey, girlie, i'm talking to you!)

Sibling rivalry and inferiority complexes result from feelings of not being in control, being unable to monitor the attention one is allotted or receiving recognition.

(would you listen to me, Damn It!)

Basically, control is everything.

(forget it. i give up. see you around, kid.)

See what I mean?

Laurel Felt

*silence*

*she walked onto the stage  
and sat down at the ebony piano  
for a moment, she rested her slender fingers on the instrument  
alone in the company of her own thoughts  
she placed her hands on the cool ivory keys  
and started a simple melody*

*but then, she added herself to the music  
she reached down into her soul  
and out came her feelings, her emotions  
they intermingled with each other  
producing ones of browns, reds, and purples  
switching from major keys to minor relatives*

*she played with her heart  
and lost herself to the music  
flying across the keyboard in a series of arpeggios  
completely unbounded by the limits of reality  
here was her world, her private reality  
within the intricacies of necessary sharps and surprising accidentals  
this was where she could show her true self*

*with the notes she told a story of life  
of hardships and of happy moments  
and with her emotions she created her unique song  
filled with her dreams and her anticipations  
for this brief moment, she was free and alive*

*but the fear of someone listening to her play  
of finding out who she really was  
brought terror to her heart  
and so she stopped her music  
and disappeared from the empty auditorium  
into the cold night of blessed darkness*

*"sans"*

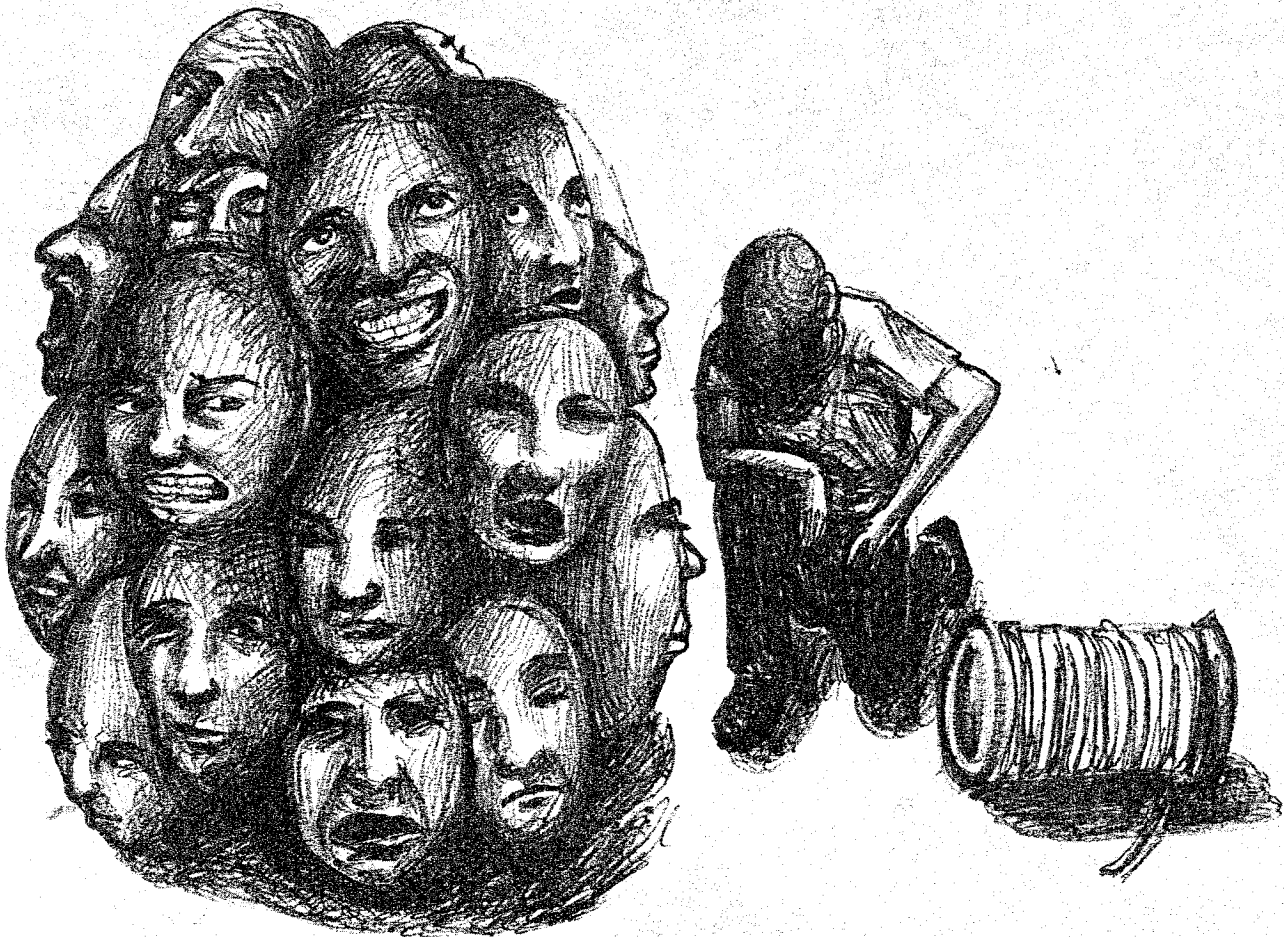


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### Anne Frank: Remember Her

A gift was received, it brought lots of joy,  
It wasn't a doll, it wasn't a toy.  
To this gift, she told what she thought.  
It helped her along while her people fought.  
Suddenly, the twisted star was struck,  
The evil behind brought lots of bad luck.  
A child was forced to go into hiding,  
She relieved herself by turning to writing.  
Eventually, she was found out,  
Was forced to a camp, on the quickest route.  
Later she died, spirit was gone,  
But even in death, her writing lives on.

Gus



the joys of spring rushed forth with a delightful ease; a grace of  
weightlessness  
bestowed upon these images of internal design.

they run swiftly past: through the lovely skyscraping beauty of the past.  
i stumble  
upon a person once known (only to discover a metamorphosis of the real  
and the fantastic dancing before my eyes);  
its brilliance makes a thrashing noise which loses its soothing smooth  
serenading  
effect to bring a new past into session; a real past.  
the harsh light shining on my forehead interrogates me violently  
as the days wander past.  
it becomes overwhelming and  
i feel faint from my stomach to my outstretched fingertips  
as they lay, grasping for the table,  
feeling the cloth loose in my hands  
(which does not break my inevitable fall);  
and the floor (a cold slap in the face; reality) is a relief to my back  
as the vertebrae hit on cold, waxed hardwood.

the laughter continues marching like a circus train around the still body  
on the floor.  
confusion reigns,  
bringing memories only of still frames with personality lost like a book  
without words.  
trumpets blow and the sacrifice begins:  
the first to go is the pain, next the anger, and finally the true joy  
a smile becomes fixed and perfection is achieved.

so I sit here in the cafe of stained (glass) windows  
peering into the openness of the wide, tree-lined street; peering at  
passing people  
glimmering in the twilight.  
one more cappuccino and the sky will fall to the proper angle and the day  
will be  
finished at last.

jessica klein

## Insanity

An anger that swells deep inside my soul  
An uncontrollable monster that speaks to me  
Softly, whispering unnatural thoughts  
Visions that can only be seen by a madman  
Slowly creep into my heart  
A burning sensation that the devil would enjoy  
Paralyzes my every move  
Leaves me lifeless, hopeless, dreamless  
A nightmare that only the insane could interpret  
It makes me wonder if maybe I am, too

Erika Rieser

*Miss Homecoming Queen talks to Mr. Potato Head  
stuck in an Elevator on the 36th floor*

Okay. I guess I should talk to you because we're stuck here for God knows how long. Don't be too intimidated. I already know that you know that I know I'm better than you so I'm not expecting you to impress me. For right now, I'll try to completely ignore the fact that your corpulent sack of starchy flesh is extremely repugnant and that you make me want to vomit. Just be careful not to touch me - I just bought this hot pink jumpsuit on sale at Neiman Marcus for \$599.99. I had my hair dyed, too, for the thirty-sixth time to maintain that radiant hue of pineapple blond...Antonio, my stylist, says my hair is to die for. I have yet to visit my dermatologist - I have these huge growths on my back - I think they're sacks of pus or something. Nothing that a couple of hundred dollars can't cure. Oops - lost a nail there. Where's my nail glue? Lee Press ons are my salvation - my real nails break so easily. Who does your hair? Beavis or Butthead? Why are you looking at me like that? Those glasses make your eyes look creepy. Stop looking at me. What do you think you're doing? Don't come any closer! You're crushing my beehive! Help!

Jenny Choi

## Graduating With Honor

Finally walking down the red carpeted aisle  
With a blue robe and a smile

Glenbrook South finally recognizes your accomplishments  
But you know better

I saw you cheat the entire semester  
Filled with satisfaction of never being caught

I saw you call yourself out of classes  
Another test not studied for

I saw you writing names on bathroom stalls  
And littering the hallways during passing period

I saw you gossip and slander friends  
But turn around to smile at them

I saw you smoke in the parking lot  
And taking freshmen out during lunch

Five percent? Top ten percent  
None completely your own, But you still accept the praises

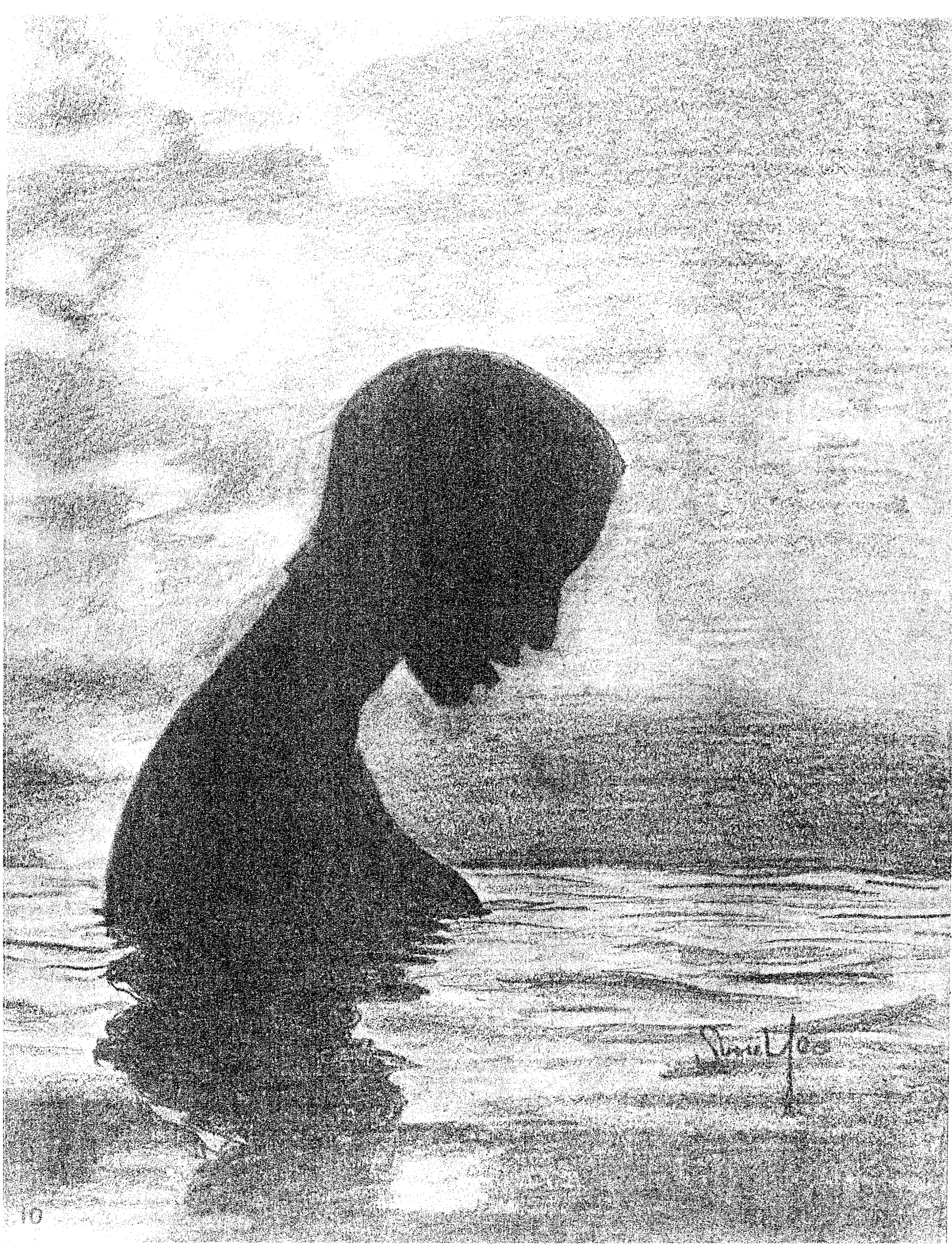
Your head swells with emptiness  
Your pride is not your own

Finally walking down the red carpeted aisle  
With a blue robe and a smile

Glenbrook South finally recognizes your accomplishments  
...Graduating with honor

Anonymous







## CONQU'RING HEART

In flight,  
Two star-crossed and star-following  
Friends  
Hail the moon as it rushes by.  
"We're so happy, he and I!"  
I think the moon knows; it just winked its eye.

So far to go,  
So far from Home,  
She feels the urge  
To return.  
Should she heed her heart's yearn?  
Will she crash and burn?

The Boy takes her hand  
In his,  
Plaiting their fingers  
Forever.  
"From now on, we'll do what our hearts endeavor.  
I shan't let you fall; nay, Wendy, never."

With a leap and a bound,  
Her heart takes the lead.  
The pair races  
Through the night,  
Side-by-side in their flight.  
Two Loves, equal might.

He fears a barred pane;  
She, failure's rain.  
He asks for her Love  
Which she gives, soft as Dove.

She asks for his hand. . .  
As if part of God's plan,  
The young pair shall not part,  
For there beat not two, but one Conqu'ring Heart.

Wendy Darling

## Untitled

senseless poetry  
exit to non existent  
fire in the garden of Eden  
you being lazily persistent  
memories of a raging amnesiac  
here is the big bang  
and your stuck on a roller coaster in G.A.  
do you know what goes around you  
while your chewing on a mango  
trying to get the best out of life?  
just don't get carried away  
don't trip over your own tail of ignorance  
1000 DEADHEAD hippies  
consumed by fire  
screaming love  
planted and harvested rotted seed of the subconscious  
growing from out in  
creating inconsistent though  
metamorphosizing into babble  
creative incision of a needle  
legs falling asleep  
while trying to reach Allah  
meditation through the outer self  
going outside instead of inside yourself  
young misunderstood teenage writing  
spilled all over marble footsteps  
blood of a virgin for christs sake  
witch burnings without a trial  
the BIG bang  
while your sitting  
on your comfortably cushioned bean bag  
teenage mutant time bombs  
ready to go of any time  
girls on the corner bending over  
to pick up a used up losers lottery ticket  
swinging their purses  
clicking their high heels  
on filthy two million times

spit on cement  
guys in bars and hotels  
getting fat and sweaty  
teenage mutant time bomb  
putting out cigarette butts on his arm  
feeling purposely oppressed  
thinking its cool  
revelations at a midnight hour  
swimming in the gene pool  
mixing your blessed DNA  
with that of a yet unborn Indian girl  
named Shobana from Memphis  
getting intoxicated and bored by  
oppressive repetition of your own cause and symptom  
the big bang  
when it's your first time out on ice skates  
teenage mutant time bombs  
brushing away a fake tear  
it's all so sarcastically beautiful  
don't bother to take a step back  
to look at who you are and where you're at  
because you just might be sorry  
then again you can say that maybe I'm dreaming  
or maybe you are

Alex Gary

### *Rape*

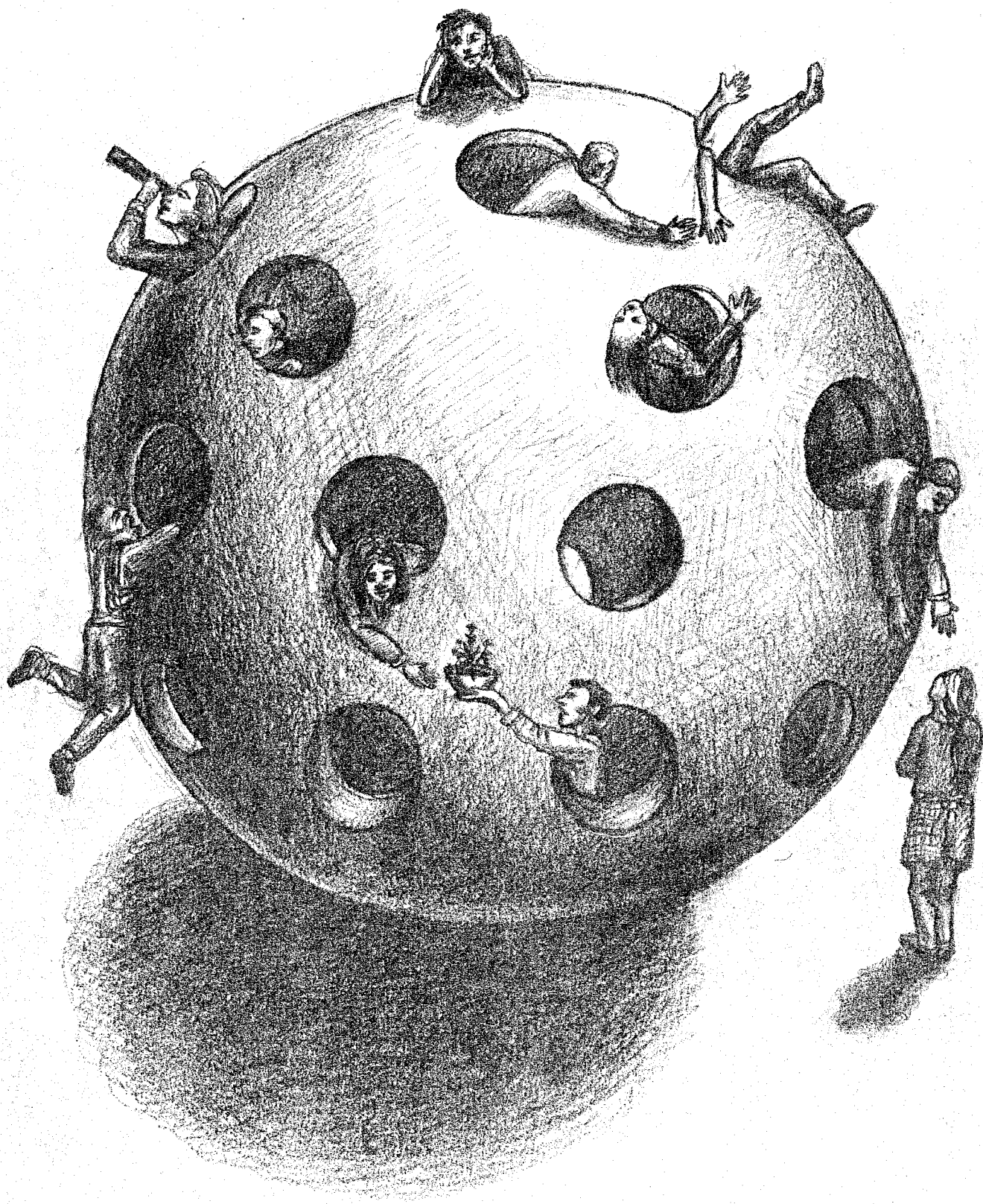
*Innocent butterfly captured  
in a deadly spider web.  
Makes an eternal promise to the devil,  
as it drowns in a boundless hole.  
Like a lost child,  
she roams through her enigmatic mind.  
Like a helpless baby,  
surviving its world.  
A pure beautiful flower  
poisoned.  
Mind and soul killed.*

Elaine Rhee

Look at me  
A tattered, decrepit china doll made out of sordid porcelain.  
Dancing and singing-intoxicated-for their own satisfaction  
a Distance I choose for them.  
But I'm looking a little peaked behind this  
Silver mask of mine.  
A little bit of crimson passion Seeps through the  
Few arcane cracks that have flourished  
Near my back, my face, my thigh.  
I am told this is not uncommon.

Every so often a hero might visit me. . .  
A Gallant Gaucho, copious with charisma,  
Offering me a humble reassurance  
-“Dirt never stains porcelain, chiquita”-  
But soon enough his half-hour is over,  
And another episode of regurgitated violence takes charge.  
My painted face is my salvation  
From any abhorred observations  
Until the day I fall  
Shattered and broken  
Finally  
Liberated  
From  
Consciousness.

Jenny Choi



## Midday Intensity

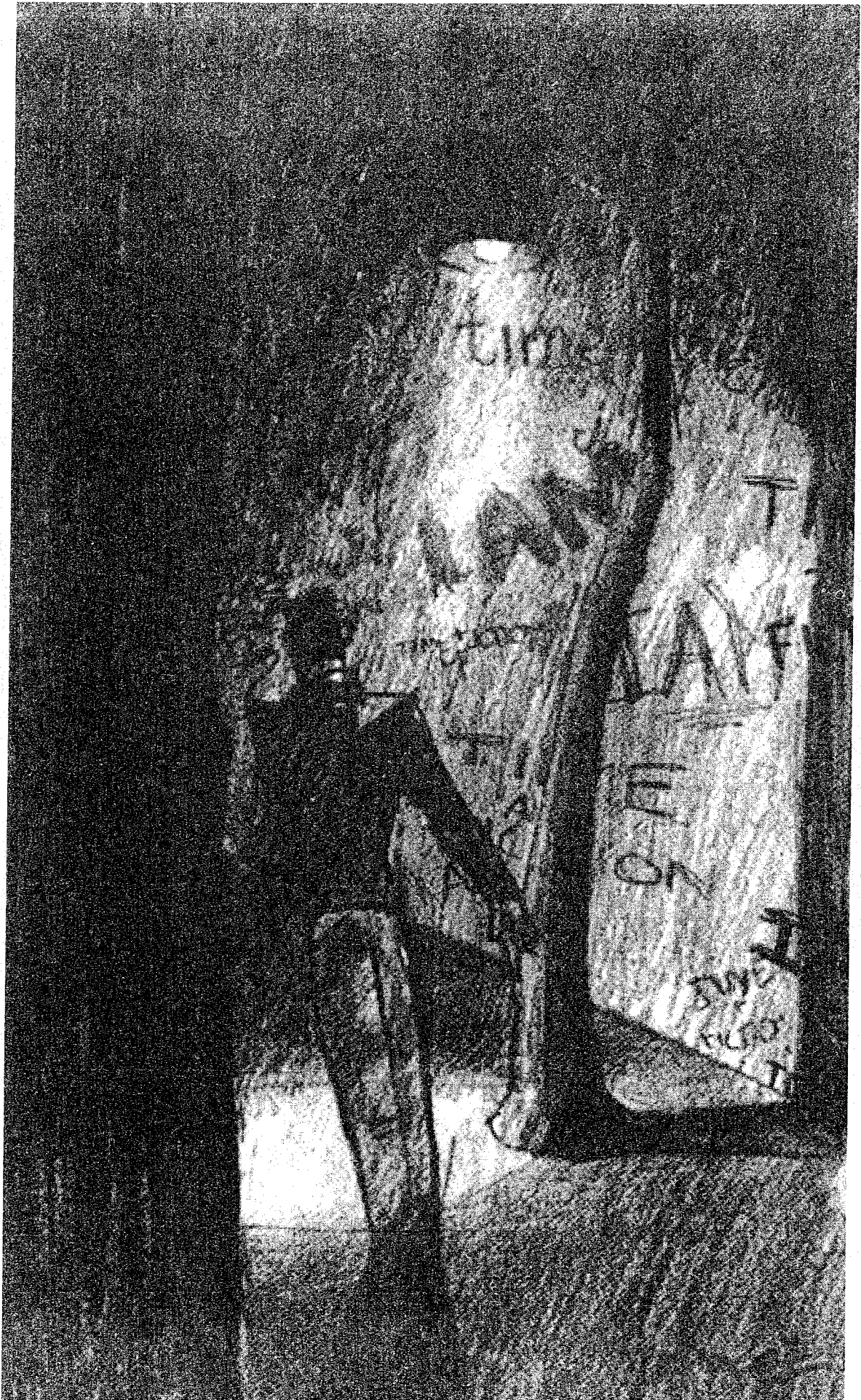
The sultry park was anything but peaceful. Armies of youngsters scampered from swings to slides, then decidedly back to swings again, after testing the searing heat of the smooth, metal slide with their tender palms. The children continually erupted with raucous laughter and gleeful shouts, completely focused on their merry-making. One lone boy stood on the outskirts of this band of marauders, staring ahead of him with a single-minded purposefulness and contemplatively licking his lips. In moments he was off, striding across the playground to challenge the arrogant slide, whose metal chute was growing hotter and hotter as the sun reached its zenith. He hungered for the soaring euphoria he felt during every ride down his favorite piece of equipment and nimbly climbed its stairs. To his utter heartbreak, he experienced nothing but pain and disappointment with his descent as his sweaty, bare flesh acted as suction cup, sticking to the surface of the slide and slowing his trip to a snail's pace.

The air was heavy and unyielding, thick with the perfume of blossoming flowers and leaked with a humidity so fierce, it had caused most of the city to retreat indoors. The children mothers and siblings were strewn across the park in a haphazard manner—some seated on the brittle, scorched grass, lazily leafing through magazines; others laboriously assisting their young ones in playground activities, red-faced and perspiring; still other



resting on benches of roughly-hewn planks. The sun beat down mercilessly. Patches of shade strained to reach the bench at which a woman and her two daughters picnicked but fell inches short of its goal, leaving the clan exposed to the full intensity of the afternoon. The three females consumed their burgers and french fries with little satisfaction, tormented by the stifling atmosphere, the squadrons of bees which continually tried to torment them and attack their food, and the overpowering noise. An ever present cacophony of horns blaring, tires screeching, and construction crews pounding assaulted their ears. The women hurriedly tried to dispose of the objects of the bees' desires by downing their sticky, sweet colas in one gulp, only to be left with the remainder of their lunch and an increasingly potent thirst. The younger daughter glanced at the masses of children playing and longed to join in their sweaty fun, but felt too languid and weary. It was just too bright, too muggy. Mobs of bees incessantly whizzed through the air and shattered whatever peace that could be found amidst the chaos. Uncomfortable thirst was paramount. Urban traffic roared and squealed. The hazy afternoon was a profusion of excesses and provided no comforts.

Laurel Felt



## The Boogeyman

The boogeyman is coming, my mother would say;  
If I don't stay in bed, he will take me away.  
She told me he liked children who didn't obey.  
Big ones, skinny ones, and little ones too!

The boogeyman is coming, and it may be tonight,  
but I don't believe her, and I was still not all right.  
So I looked in the closet, I looked under the bed,  
low and behold, it was only my dog Fred.

Are you the boogeyman? I asked Fred.  
He just looked at me, and shook his head  
So I invited him to join me in my nice warm bed.  
For now I had a furry buddy to await the dread.

The boogeyman is coming, I told Fred.  
Mommy said he'll be here if we don't stay in bed.  
He crawled under the covers, and snuggled close to me,  
never will the boogeyman now get me.

The boogeyman isn't coming,  
now that I am older I know,  
but I still check my closets, and look under the bed,  
like the little girl I used to be.

Elissa Andalina

## AbUsE

Young flesh the innocence of life  
Torn by the steamy heads who gave them birth  
A tight grip and flung arm express the anger of an empty bottle  
Swallowed by their own fears and remolded faces  
The children like flowers with no chance of bloom shrivel up into pruness  
Diseased by the addiction the teachers drowned themselves in regret

Larry Plotitsa

## MIRROR

I cannot describe this unfeeling  
As it hangs from a tree by its neck  
On a shard broken off from the sunlight  
Where a rose is bleeding to death

My mouth is watching my death  
As my eyes are eating the sound  
Of a million innocent tomorrows  
While a hyacinth kneels on its hands

A skull walks around in the morning  
As it purges the holy man's blood  
In a pool of unthought of ideas  
When a lilac is wearing my robe

My wrist is breathing in anguish  
As the paper is twisting our lungs  
Behind the euphoric thorns  
Where an orchid is screaming my songs

And why is it skin talks forever  
As the tongue gets tattooed by the air  
Off buildings made out of water  
While a lotus is running in fear

Whose brain is it does all the shaving  
As the street brings the bold afternoon  
In the deluge of uncertain trusting  
When a carnation swims on the moon

My teeth are pierced by the evening  
As my feet chew the love of the sand  
Near unwanted guests at a garden  
Where a tulip is leading my band

Keith Burman

MUSIC  
EVERYONE'S LANGUAGE  
HEAR, LISTEN, FEEL  
COIN PURSE OF EMOTIONS  
MUSIC

FAMILY  
LOST SURVIVORS  
LOVING, NAGGING, FIGHTING  
BOUND BY BRICK WALLS  
CLAN

JUANITO  
FRIEND, PAL  
HOLDS ME TOGETHER  
PROOF OF HIGHER BEING  
QUERIDO

Sam Sterlin









*A Place of Total Peace*

*There is this place I go to to find total peace  
Where I can read and write without being disturbed by noise or thought  
Where I can't be intruded upon by the world I left behind  
Where the warpath of man has not yet reached  
Where the air reeks not of man, but the freshness of God and nature*

*This place is tranquility and excitement  
Where I can reach the climax of nirvana and free my sins  
Where animals roam cautious of nothing and flowers bloom eternally  
Where I am alone, but neither lonely or afraid  
Where I am exposed, but protected  
Where no one can see me, but I am watched  
Where there is no one to love, but I am loved  
For in this place I am at peace*

*Justin Ziemba*

Maybe we can be Y

a baby born out of this  
hope that everything would  
be so green  
but not like those pesky snipers  
rather  
they were gonna paint the world  
green without no  
old money men telling them  
not to smoke  
well, those who hoped bore those  
babies,  
before long these were kids  
typing and joysticking their way  
up that technology river  
leaving Grandma befuddled  
by the T.V.  
as the Gipper promised the moon  
with the stars as an optional  
package

soon these kids were clawing  
their way from those Boomers they  
called mom and dad  
never quite X, vowed  
to not be like those green painters  
and pledged eco while  
taking another drag

sucking this poison built out  
of Barbie and pantyhose  
the gender gap grows

amongst the talk shows therapy  
and overfilled courts  
someone gets their own piece of blame

AND you all wonder  
while talking to your T.V. why we all  
dance so violently

Michelle Brinckerhoff

D.

sunflowers, daises,  
The Beatles, The Doors.  
The incense and candles,  
cops at the door.  
Marlboro, Camels,  
pot, heroin, shrooms.  
The Dead, The Black Crows,  
confusion, no clue.  
The toilet's flushing,  
the water runs down.  
it's raining outside,  
he's walking in slush.  
eating leftovers,  
begging for cash,  
he's spending his money  
on acid and hash.  
his body is weak,  
his heart is worn out.  
he might die tomorrow,  
there's no doubt.  
just one last trick,  
or high, or trip,  
to die, sort of happy,  
he has a nose bleed.  
collapsing in puddles,  
hitting cement.  
this fragile young body  
is not worth a cent.  
and people keep walking,  
look in disgust,  
his body starts slowly  
turning to dust...  
the sun starts rising,  
the flowers still bloom,  
but he is not smiling,  
the nightmare's cruel.  
he looks in the mirror,  
can't see his own face.  
he rolls one more joint,  
and faces his death.

Darina D.



## RAIN

FROM THE GREAT CLOUDS ABOVE IT FALLS,  
GENTLY, SLOWLY, LIKE A STEADY BEAT.  
EVERYTHING IS WET, DAMP, EVEN THE AIR,  
EVERYTHING HAS COME TO A STANDSTILL,  
EVERYONE IS GONE.

THE RIDES HAVE CLOSED,  
THE CROWDS HAVE DEPARTED,  
ALL BECAUSE OF RAIN, WATER,  
THE VERY ESSENCE OF LIFE.

WHEN THE CLOUDS FIRST CAME, THE PEOPLE LAUGHED.  
THEY SAID THE STORM WOULD PASS,  
IT WOULDN'T RUIN A PERFECT DAY.  
THE RAIN STARTED, AND THE MASSES LAUGHED-  
ONLY A QUICK SHOWER.

BUT NOW, DAYS HAVE GONE BY,  
THE CONTINUOUS DRUM OF THE DROPS,  
FALLING TO EARTH, EVERLASTING,  
SILENCING THE PEOPLE'S LAUGHS, CAUSING THEM TO LEAVE.  
BUT I AM STILL HERE.

THE RAIN CONTINUES ON, DRONING,  
I SIT HERE ALONE-WISHING.  
THE RAIN KEEPS FALLING,  
THERE IS NO MORE LAUGHTER.

TOMORROW WILL BE THE SAME AS TODAY,  
JUST ANOTHER DAY IN THE DAYS TO COME.  
FOR THEY ALL WILL BE THE SAME, ONE AFTER THE NEXT,  
AND I WILL BE FORGOTTEN.

SUSAN LONG

Sweet Music

Satan gave me a taco  
the sickness was exposed through my mouth  
the moving chicken drowning in a pool of grease  
salsa burning hell through my tongue  
the shredded lettuce soothed my inner flame

Kevin Rapp  
Mario Minelli  
Larry Plotitsa



Fries with that?

Writers just seem  
to find  
that readers  
are eaters, too  
words are so  
delicious  
but sometimes  
overspill their lines  
so you're left  
with a dribbling chin  
and dirty shirt  
or perhaps  
words spoil  
when left lingering  
too long on a  
page  
like black bananas  
or white strawberries

in this world  
of McDee's  
better  
serve a good  
aftertaste  
this poetry  
is to go.

Michelle Brinckerhoff

What Can I Say?

Who will I tell my secrets to? My thoughts and fears? Who will I tell  
I love you, when there's nobody there. I thought awhile then I knew. I  
closed my eyes and took one step to find there was nothing left.

Looking down from the clouds I saw myself dead. My memories  
faded like dust in the wind. I couldn't believe I did the stupid thing I did.  
There was nothing to say and nothing to do, I did it for the love of you.

Susan Lillig



TU MANGES, OUI?

COME HAVE A BOWL OF MS. GUEBLESTONE'S CHOWDER  
MADE FROM THE FINEST OF FISH KIDNEY POWDER  
MIXED WITH COW RADISH AND ASPARAGUS TEA  
AND THE FRUIT OF THE PALE YELLOW-ORANGISH TREE,  
FOUR EYES OF CORN (2 WITHOUT GLASSES),  
SIX EARS OF POTATO WITH IMPORTED MOLASSES,  
ONE CUBE OF PIGEON BEAK BULLION THAT'S MADE  
FROM 39 BEAKS OF PRIZE PIGEONS, PURÉED;  
MC GEE'S MEDICATION, BANANA-NUT OIL,  
SNAIL SHELL WINE AND ALUMINUM FOIL,  
DEEP-FRIED DRIED JELLYFISH, GUAVA AU GRATIN  
MOLDY GREEN GELATINOUS PIG'S FEET GONE ROTTEN  
JAPANESE ROOT BEER, ITALIAN SHAMPOO,  
CUBAN MINT JELLY, CANADIAN GLUE,  
A HAT FULL OF SUGAR, A SHOE FULL OF SALT,  
A WIG FULL OF EVERMAN'S EXTRACT OF MALT;  
...THOUGH IT TAKES A LONG TIME, I'M STILL A FAN  
'CAUSE IT SURE TASTES A LOT BETTER THAN FROM OUT OF THE  
CAN!

EDIE FAIG



### Breathing Time, Anyone?

I rub my eyes and stare blankly at the monitor screen that's staring blankly back at me, humming and blinking its cursor like a beacon, signaling me in for a landing from my flight into "space" and I think "I'm tired."

It's not an original thought - I wish it was...

I wish that I had a sudden flash of genius and could write about something truly unique, forging my own pathway into the records of true literary masters, earning all-time recognition for coming up with this incredibly insightful topic for a poem. But I don't really need all that. Just finding something to write about that isn't "tired" (pun!) or "played out" would be nice... However, there's no escaping from the truth and the truth of the matter is, I'm tired. And so is the vast majority of this school. Sometimes I feel okay with leading a fast-paced lifestyle, juggling my schoolwork and clubs and family and friends, tossing them up in the air and fervently hoping they don't come crashing to the ground. Living this way, one can accomplish so much...

and at the same time, the stress often gets so overwhelming that I just feel it over my head and that there's no time to breathe. It never stops - homework keeps piling up day in and day out, one activity ends and the other begins straight-away, the school week is over just for the weekend to start and after I go out and try to have a social life, it's time to return to school again, and I feel every bit as fatigued as before the long-awaited

Saturday and Sunday "respite."

Now don't get me wrong. I'm not **bitter** or anything. I don't want to give the impression that I can't **handle** fifty million things at once. Nor do I wish to simply moan and complain, as if I'm languishing away here in Glenview, under the severe yoke of too much good fortune.

I just thought I'd say something about this "Superperson" phenomena, these increasingly popular "Energizer Bunny" imitations, this mentality that if you're not feeling frazzled and exhausted and at your wits' end, you're doing something wrong.

I wonder how we managed to get such an interesting set of values.

I wonder if, by living this way, we're truly making the most of our opportunities, or instead, missing out on **life**. Wouldn't that be ironic?

But I don't know. I don't want to presume that I have all the answers. Hey, I'm living this way too. Merely to comment on our lifestyles was my intention... and now that that's done, I have to run to the library, then write a paper, then come back to school for - ha ha. Just kidding.

Laurel Felt

*To those of equal color we incline.  
Intolerant of those who aren't the same  
In similarities we thus confine  
Our lives; Superiority we claim.  
In children we endow this prejudice,  
With trust they emulate our scornful glance.  
Behaviors, speech and look incredulous  
In time they form their own prevailing stance.  
One finds, in turn, the world has gotten callous,  
And anger then becomes a common right.  
As people find each other filled with malice  
Appearances and culture seem less slight.  
The beauty in the world is seen unmarred  
In children; pure, reproachless and unscarred.*

Aubrey Faith-Slaker





## FOR THE LOVE

Everyday, after school, I would go to the locker room to change,  
Change for football practice.  
I was no different from any other student athlete found anywhere,  
but there was one characteristic that made me unique,  
and has still kept people in a state of ambiguity.  
I was the drum major of the marching band.

They constantly ridiculed me for being in the *band*.  
The **BAND**!

"Why in the world would somebody be dumb enough to play varsity football and be in the **BAND** at the same time?" was what they thought.  
They did not have any respect for the band and its cult of bandies,  
and they especially did not have any respect for football playing bandies.

The team got over their cynicism by sticking this *bandie* during practice.  
They would ask why I'm playing Varsity football and in the marching band.  
I would reply by saying, "For the love."

"How can you love Marching Band?"  
"All he does is go up on that platform and move his arms like an annoying bird."  
"What's fun about that?"  
"I guess being in the marching band has produced some  
pathetic, esoteric desire that has caused him to stay with a group of nerds,"  
they thought.

Some were disconcerted, and others said I'm crazy for going to band practice after football.  
They would see me change in a flash like an idiot and run off to the band room.  
But they didn't know.  
They did not know the feeling of being a vanguard of two hundred people.  
Marching band is like the military of a school, dressed in uniform, hearing the  
**kluck kluck kluck** of the feet as we march, and most of all,  
being disciplined.  
Something that so many do not have,  
not knowing that that will take them further than their expectations in life.

What right do they have by saying that the Marching Band is stupid?!  
They didn't know the feeling of controlling two hundred people by moving your  
hands, as the instruments sing sometimes with grace, and other times with power!  
Seeing a marching band is as intimidating as a bull in a bull fight,  
coming straight at you with its intensity.  
It is one of the most liberating feelings.

They don't know the feeling.

That was the reason why I did both.

Each one has a distinct characteristic that is too wonderful to not experience.

It was a tough, up hill battle.

The general road that is taken is traveled by many,  
but I, I chose to voyage the path that is definitely less traveled by,  
"And that has made all the difference."

Kerry Tamura

#### From Mango Yellow to a Deep, Majestic Purple

Lingering in the air was the fragrance of pungent incense, sharp and intense, mixed with the sweet perfume of the white jasmine garland's adorning every woman's silken, black hair. Very pleasing to my palate was the cloying goodness of the sweet balls. A melange of faces familiar and alien, created a distinct frame around the bride-groom. Sounds of various incantations and *mantras* in praise of Lord Ganesha permeated the tent. Decorated with creepers, flowers, and intricate flour patterns sprinkled on the floor, it was certainly an ornate setting for the couple seated on the wooden boards. In the center, an open tent of bamboo sticks encircled the couple. Trickling down my head trailed hot, sticky perspiration, cleaving my clothes to my body. At perfect ninety degree angles to the floor were the backs of all the guests, patiently and eagerly waiting.

A polychromatic mosaic of saris, bright and lustrous livened the room. The spectrum comprised of colors from mango yellow to peacock blue to lime green to crimson red to shocking fuchsia to a deep, majestic purple. Glittering gold jewelry, embossed with raised designs and cut at specific angles to sparkle, dotted each woman's ears and neck. Young men dressed elegantly in dapper attire with their jet black hair combed back with coconut oil. Distinctly apart from the flamboyance of his surroundings sat the Brahmin priest performing the various rituals. The incandescent flame of the sacred fire crackled as he sprinkled on the holy water. The savory aroma of a soon-to-be-devoured gastronomic miracle filled each and every nostril. The young bride's face emanated a golden radiance against the opalescent sari bordered in maroon. She stared pensively at a young girl, cut, cherub-like, letting herself reminisce on the halcyon days of youth. The groom, suave and debonair in his new suit, displayed his sacred thread across his chest with an aura of pride and self-confidence. With the exchange of rings and garlands, the blowing of the *sonai*, the windpipe, and the throwing of turmeric-stinged rice at the couple, the ceremony came to a close. A tinkling of bells along with a final prayer and prostration to the Lord finally concluded the event. Left to witness was the married couple riding royally on the palanquin, capturing the true splendor of the event.

Madhuri Pydisetty

## *The Playground*

*As I look out that window,  
I can see shadows of the past.  
There is a little girl,  
She's swinging on the swing higher than anyone else.  
She seems like she wants to achieve a higher standard  
And beat everyone.  
A lawyer, I bet.*

*There is a small boy,  
Playing with a crane in the sand.  
He seems like he wants to build a large building on the land.  
An architect or maybe a contractor.*

*There is a girl,  
Prettier than everyone else,  
Who has a crowd envying around her.  
She seems to be enjoying the attention.  
A model or perhaps an actress she'll be.*

*But what about that boy on the basketball court,  
Just throwing up the ball,  
And sometimes making it?  
I'd say he'd probably be a basketball player.*

*And what about that girl,  
Who sits alone,  
All alone,  
Staring up at the sky?  
What is she thinking?*

*She still puzzles me,  
For her future I cannot see.  
Yet still, I can relate.  
As much as I hate, I can relate.*

A girl  
All alone,  
Who pretends she's in a glorious world of unicorns and rainbows,  
Without a care in the world.

She's curled up against a tree.  
So much as me,  
The sky is blue,  
The grass is green.

A perfect world.

It's funny how you can imagine the future from a playground.

Stefi Weaver

MONEY

Y  
LOVE AND DEATH HANDS  
ARE IN SEARCH OF YOU.  
ARE THE HOME  
THAT  
A  
FRESHLY LIT CANDLE  
DOES IN  
M  
STOM  
CH  
OUR BLOOD FLOWS RAPIDLY  
THE EYES OF  
OUR HEAD  
GLEAM LIKE

Suicide Note

No one thought I would be the one to write this.  
Everyone feels horrible now, I bet.  
Even people that didn't know me well.  
Well, it doesn't matter now,  
It's too late.  
Lost loves, friendships broken, and all other  
problems will never be solved  
Because I didn't have the strength or time  
to bother  
Boulders slowly being laid on me everyday  
Slowly losing breath  
First my mental side died  
Now my physical side is gone too  
And, just remember, I loved you all once.

Stephanie Rosley

STANDING

You realize the full extent of your existence when your stale breath travels back into your nostrils in a stifling room. It happens when you stand there; pleading with your own self to not make a sound or movement. It makes the people behind the door aware that you are trying to become part of their world, if only for a moment. So you test the boundaries of their curiosity. You move so slowly that perhaps it exists only within the vaults of your own mind. The hinges are rusting; a vault cannot remain secure or efficient forever. You try to look through a crack in the door that separates you from everything you'd like to belong to. You find yourself viewing the scene only partially, since your field of vision is limited to the crack. Eventually, you think you can make out what it's all about--what's happening behind that door. And you so want to turn the knob and jump into the room to let them know you were there; that you are there. But one thought holds you back: that when you do jump into the room and everything inside will collectively, coldly stare at what you are--only to look through you.

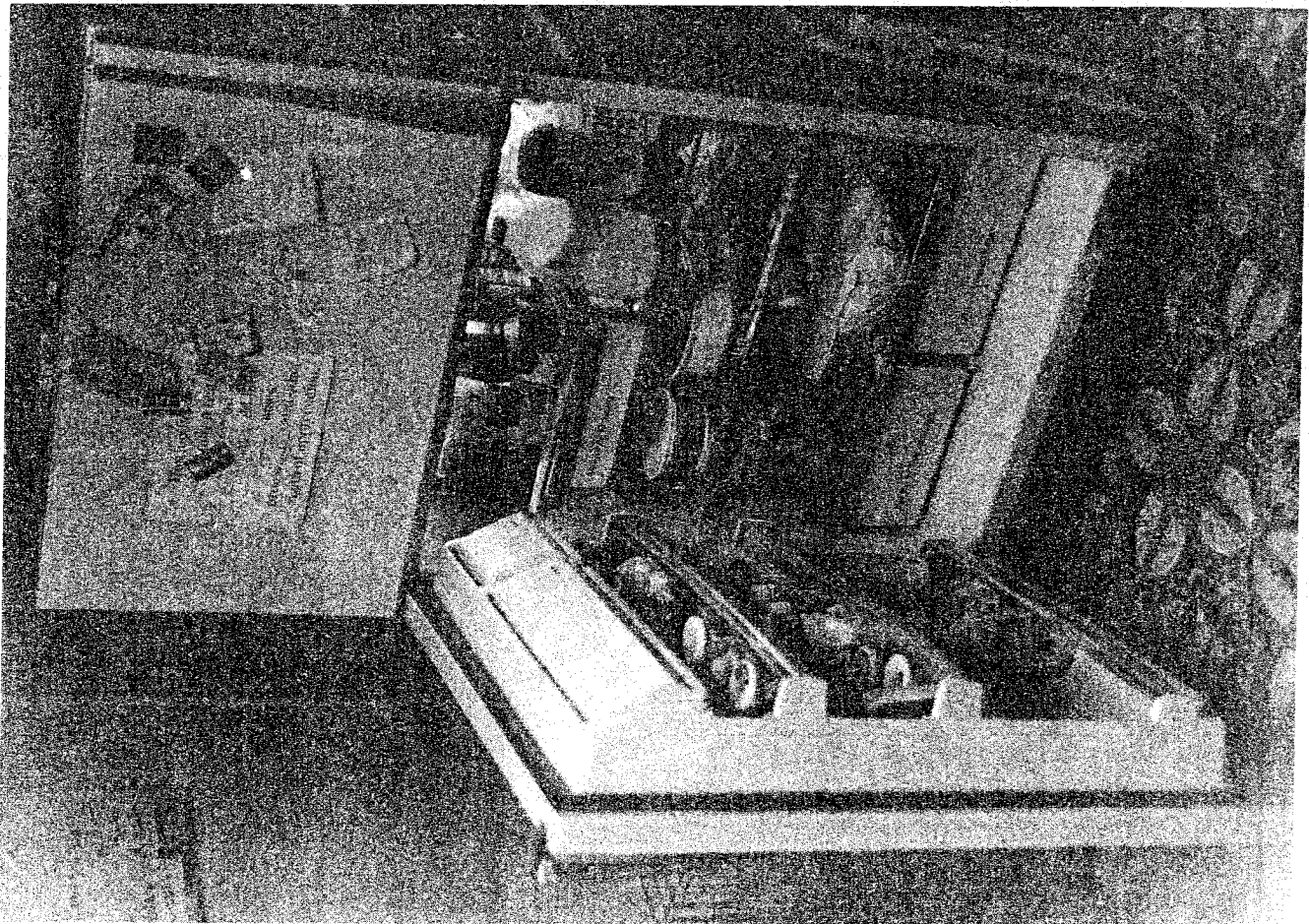
Nicole Lalich



### Why We Eat Vegetables

At night when I am fast asleep, some thoughts come to my head,  
That make me glad that I am home, tucked safely in my bed.  
My grandpa once did tell me that, when you lay to rest,  
Monsters crawl in through your ears, 'cause that's what they do best.  
He said that monsters are the ones, that make all the bad dreams,  
Waking up your parents with tears and many screams.  
The monsters all are made of things, which are really bad,  
They whine and yell and try to make you feel very sad.  
Their looks are also not the best; it's rather nauseating,  
A chance to grab you in your sleep, is for what they are waiting.  
My grandpa told me not to fret, 'cause one thing monsters fear,  
Are doses of some vegetables, so always keep them near.  
I'm no so sure that I believe those things that Grandpa said,  
I think he just made those things up, from inside his head.  
But Grandpa wouldn't lie to me; this tale could have some merit,  
And just in case it is for real, might I have a carrot?

Spiffy Biff



## Salvation In Uncertainty

A collective flow of tears  
From eyes of Certainty  
Drowned a doubter's conscience:  
A treasure lost at sea

"He brings the gift of glory  
and submission Binds the free"  
But what is there in company  
That alone I can not be

Now I walk the marble field  
And Wonder what they see  
"Answer friends if it is true  
That wonder's damning me."

As I stand I still can't hear  
The voices of eternity  
And so I'll chose to end this day  
With salvation in Uncertainty

Vaughn

## The Fake

I know a world not far from here  
A world where strangeness does appear  
All the people are in masks  
And true emotion is a task.

And in this world people exist  
Right and wrong are on two lists  
Ideas and goals are all the same  
In this world where no one is sane.

And in this world you don't need cover  
To say one thing and do the other  
And if you ever catch an error  
To see them apologize is even rarer.

But it's not rare to see them scold  
One who changes when she's not told  
And does not think the way they do  
Or tries to act like others too.

Why are there such worlds like mine  
Where people are so stupid and blind  
Change is evil and it's a sin  
I'd like to leave this world I'm in.

-Anonymous

## Calliope

You told us you'd appreciate our entries.  
They were submitted for months and nearly centuries.

I was informed there is even a committee.  
Those are the people who I pity.

To read stories and poems lacking rhyme and reason;  
all for Mr. Mullaly and it won't even please him.

Posters and banners for the halls were created.  
Songs and skits during the announcements were stated.

None of these tricks worked for me but one.  
When you offered money it sounded like fun.

At first I didn't know where to begin.  
Now all I can think about is how to win.

I worked long and hard, day and night.  
I just won't give up until I win the fight.

As I write my poem I anticipate what might be.  
I won the magnificent talent contest of Calliope.

Kelly Thomas

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