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For their countless hours of dedication, the staff of the Literary Magazine would like to thank Anne and Tom Thomas and Barbara Killian for their services to Upward Bound. Upward Bound could have never been so successful without you! Thank you for always being there throughout the years. God bless you to many more years of U.B.

Cover Art by Tara Solt

UP AND COMING

A Collection of Student
and Staff Works

Summer of 1995

Upward Bound Program
Wilkes University

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Special thanks to the following people who helped us make this happen:

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This Rose . . .

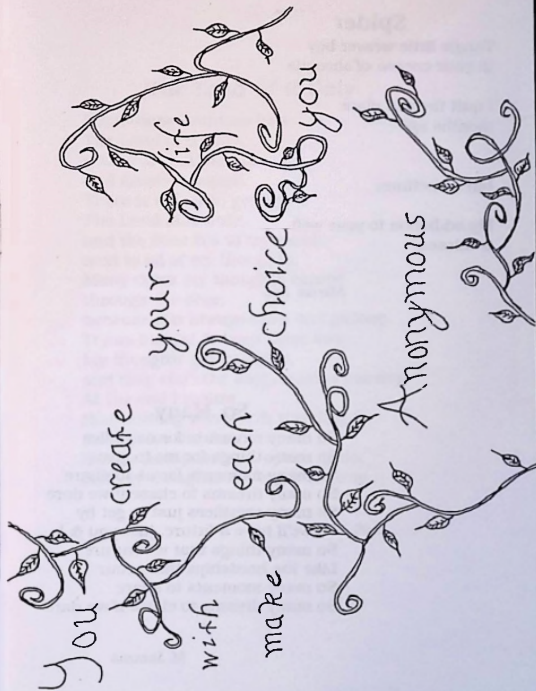
This rose is standing all alone
 in a field of flowers.
 It represents me, the world,
 and all of its cruel powers.
 This rose used to have many roses
 standing by its side,
 But then they went their separate
 ways,
 while this lone rose cried.
 This rose used to be pure,
 a pure innocent white.
 And then it met true red love
 that helped it from its plight.
 This rose was then abandoned,
 its red love began to fade.
 It cried many times & times again
 because of what the red rose gave:
 This rose had a broken heart,
 which anyone could see.
 This rose cried for many days,
 This fading red rose is me.

Lily Korbeil

Help

I feel so alone
Why'd they leave me on my own?
Like a nightmare that's become real,
No one understands the pain I feel.
Empty feeling in my soul.
I'm feeling less than whole.
My body trembles, I feel cold.
I need someone that I can hold
Help me get over feeling so sad.
Find the security I never really had.
With all the things that are wrong in my life,
How can I end the complications, anger, and strife.
So many things are going wrong,
I don't think I can be strong.
I feel so helpless, so very weak.
Help me find the love I seek.

Steve Kester



Spider

Tangle little weaver boy
in your cocoon of shrouds

I quit the sad place
months ago

but sometimes . . .

My addiction to your weft
is missed.

Marisa Rae

So Many

So many moments for us to live
So many things for me to give
So many moments for us to share
So many dreams to chase if we dare
So many sacrifices just to get by
So we'll have a future, just you & I
So many things that we endure
Like the hardships that occur
So many moments to share
So many dreams to chase if we dare

M. Summa

The Land of If Only

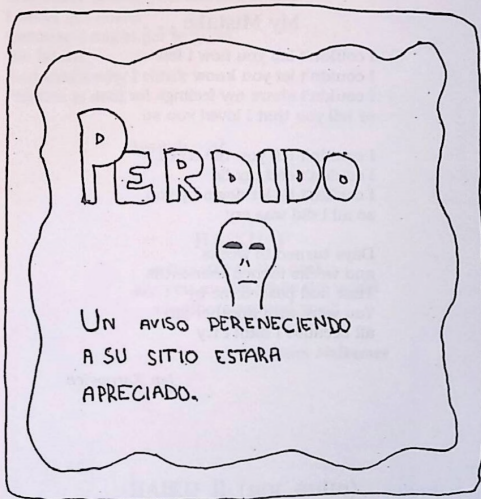
Sometimes I venture into
The Land of If Only,
a land of shattered dreams
and crushed hopes.
There is a door to get into
The Land of If Only,
and the door lies in my mind
next to all of my thoughts.
Many times my thoughts escape
through the door,
because it is always open and pulling.
Try as I might to keep them away,
My thoughts get forced in,
and they start the long, tedious journey.
At the end I realize
that nothing was worth traveling for,
and I close the door.
But as time passes, it opens again,
and my thoughts are eager to stray.

Nikki Pace

???WHY???

Why is it I have no one,
No one who can feel?
Why is it that this life
Must be so real?
Why is it I can not abandon
And go so far away?
Why is it I must remain here
To forever more stay?
Why can't I be myself
And be allowed alone?
Why must I stay in this house
That I can't call my own?
Why is it life must be so hard,
So utterly unliveable?
Why is it that all my sins
All come back to me?
Why is it that no one
Takes me seriously?
Why must everyone come to me,
Only to go?
Why is it that I
Shall never know?
Why can't I go somewhere,
Somewhere by myself?
Why is it never safe to
Take my feelings off the shelf?
Why is it that everyone,
Everyone I love,
Must I at one time or another
Turn to find gone?
Why is it I can find no one
Who can really prize me?
Why is it everyone thinks
They must deny me?
I'll ask again:
Why is life so real?
And my answer:
Because no one really feels.

Anne



My Mistake . . .

I couldn't tell you how I felt
I couldn't let you know
I couldn't share my feelings for you
or tell you that I loved you so

I couldn't tell you the truth
I couldn't end my lie
I couldn't be let down by you
so all I did was cry

Days turned to weeks
and weeks turned to months
Time had passed me by
You were with another girl
all because I didn't try

Jen Karpovich

Why I like Physics

Ms. Summa's classes are cool.
She never makes you feel like a fool.
I never get bored
Because I might get to go to
the board
And that's why I think
Physics is cool.

Ryan Stavish

HAIKU I

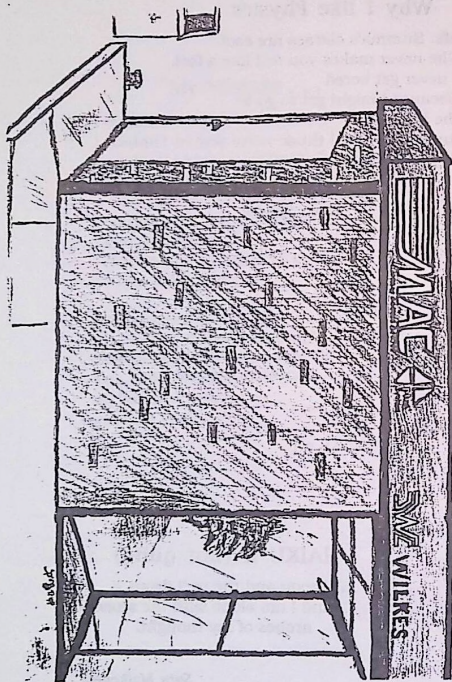
a thought in the dark,
are you awake while the world
slumbers around you?

Sara Malkemes

HAIKU II (not quite)

full moon and the well drops --
and I am alone with the stone
arches of my thought.

Sara Malkemes



Me and You -- US for Jen

I'm sending you a postcard from the moon
Hopefully it will reach you soon
But the postal service here is a little slow
I wonder if you will receive it, if I let it fall
Down, down to the earth
Where you are possibly sleeping, perhaps dreaming
Of me, and you -- us
As I sit here on the moon
I'm also thinking of me and you -- us
Today I took a look around
Guess what I found?
A bunch of stars that look like a heart
I call it constellation love
It will forever remind the world of me and you -- us
I'm sending you a postcard from the moon
Hopefully it will reach you soon
But the postal service here is a little slow
If you don't receive it when I let it fall
Down, down to the earth
Look up, up to the sky on a starry night
For a bunch of stars that look like a heart
I call it constellation love
It will tell you everything I feel about me and you -- us

Bernie Seeman

We want all of the Pubbers to know what it's like to be a Bridger.

Boy, I'm tired!
Read three chapters by tomorrow?!!
I'm going in my room to study.
Discipline yourself
Go to sleep at a decent hour (not 4 a.m.)
Enjoy yourself.

If you follow these philosophies when you're in Bridge, you'll go lots of places, starting by going over the Bridge!

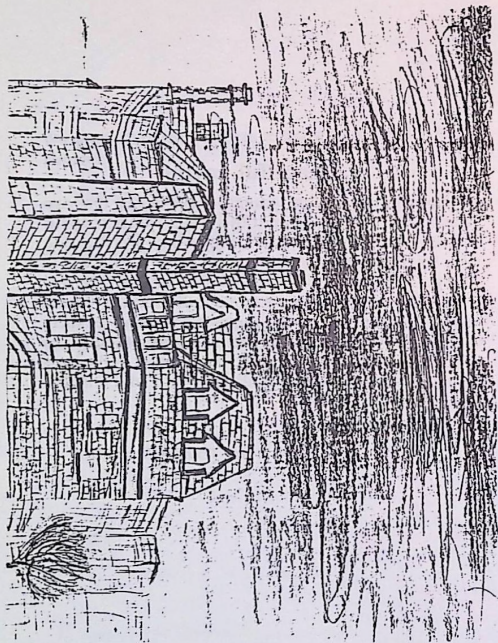
Good Luck.

Angela Madden

A beautiful saying

One person told me this beautiful saying a long time ago when I was sad and it went this way, "Dance without rhythm, love without barriers, live without worries, and you will die without shame." I asked my friend where she got this saying from and she said that when she was sad once one of her friends told her this, and my friend said that whenever you come upon a sad friend tell them this and it will make them better. I haven't found the right time to tell this saying yet, but I keep it in the back of my mind and when I'm sad I think of it and it makes me smile.

Mary Frances Kohnevic



I'm Trapped

I'm trapped inside a love triangle, and I can't get out.
No one heard me when I began to shout.
I struggled and tried to break free,
because I was all alone, and no one was with me.
I'm stuck in a love triangle that can't be broken,
unless the love of my life has finally spoken
the words of wisdom and true love,
that will make me float through the clouds above.
If someday my true love will save me,
I will finally have the power to break free.

Heidi A.M. Gregorowicz

The Battle

Can you understand me, friend
I don't believe you can
Do you have any sanity to lend
I don't believe you do
"Then leave me on my hopeless quest"
I yelled when you ran
As you left me to confront my test
Not a what but a who
It was my own mind I faced
And battled no matter the cost
Is that sweet victory I taste
Or could it be I lost?

Roman Ciufferi

Atomic Love

Chemistry how you change my life,
our chemical bond show they form new things.
so many years it would take
to learn your every change,
to see your reactions & your energy,
you can be liquid or metal hearted.
sometimes it's even on fire.

Tara Solt

Atomic Pie

I spread my wings & fly so high,
i can see my hot atomic pie.
It looks so good, for the eyes a tease,
still I'll count my calories.
and just a note about these wings,
they're made of gold & silver things.

Tara Solt

I saw a blue man. He walked past a window, a translucent window which separated his own personality from mine.

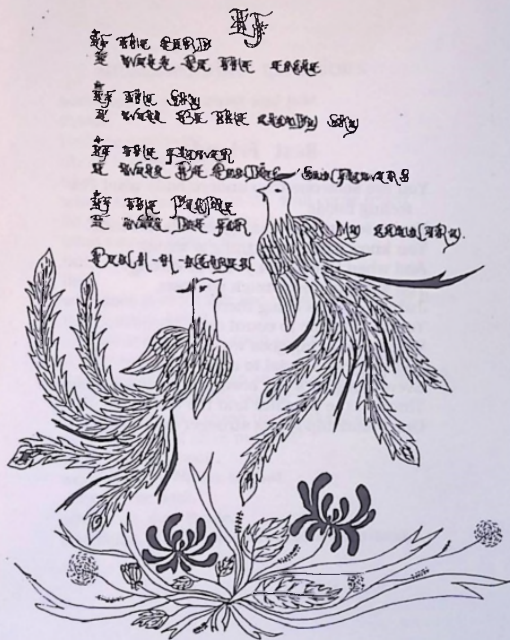
I watched as the window made his truth show in vertical black lines. He became an image, different sized sadness and pain. Lies tinted the window a light gray. The blue man stood trying to see through the window at me but the pane of glass protected my vulnerability. He moved back and forth peering endlessly through the object which distorted his color making him real. It ripped him apart and put him in subliminal truths for my curious eyes to absorb. The lines made themselves in black, then gray; they moved silently showing the darkness.

I began to wonder what am I, if I was, on the other side of the translucent window. What color are my lines, though my outside appears black? Would I be in squares and triangles or are everyone's truths exposed in these odd vertical lines? Perhaps if the blue man is black inside, I am blue inside since I appear black outside. But I didn't know what this powerful frame would do to my thoughts. I couldn't figure out myself for I am not the blue man.

So I looked again at the various black lines and I smiled for I know the blue man now and I had no intentions of telling his secrets. I sat up and I looked in the cracked mirror at my own face and I smiled for some how I knew I had more than the blue man.

Standing, I faced the translucent window and the blue man turned away. He walked away and I smiled.

Spring Tripp



Best Friends

You are someone who understands what I'm
feeling inside
You've learned to take my moods in stride
You know when something is wrong
And when I need you you'll be strong
You show me how much you care
Just by always being there
You're someone to count on
When everything goes wrong
You are very special to me
Even though it's not always that easy to see
Through the laughter and the tears
Our friendship grows stronger every year.

M. Summa

unanswerable questions

sometimes I sit around and just
think
(believe it or not!)
about stupid stuff,
like
where did that spot on the wall come from?
do you think animals go to work?
what causes split ends?
but I think of good stuff, too,
like
why does it seem like there are more cloudy days
than sunny days?
can ostriches talk to each other?
if they can,
do they fight about the same things that we do?
why am I writing this poem?
it's thoughts like these that make me
sit in class and have my eyes
leave the text book,
and instead wander to that
spot on the wall,
where my eyes fixate,
as I think of more unanswerable questions.

Nikki Pace

One day we learned density
The formula was m over v
I thought it was cool
To use as a tool
It was as easy as could be

Then I had a test
The problems were a pest
So I thought for a bit
To calculate it
And found that it was the best

Mark Slatky

One Lonely Heart

One lonely heart
Cries out in the night
One lonely heart
Who gave up the fight

One lonely heart
Sighs in its sleep
One lonely heart
That's too proud to weep

One lonely heart
Closes the door
One lonely heart
Who will love no more

One lonely heart
That beats ever fast
One lonely heart
Knew it was too good
to last

One lonely heart
Who's now all alone
One lonely heart
That a lover disowned

One lonely heart
Whose purpose is gone
One lonely heart
Wondering where it went
wrong

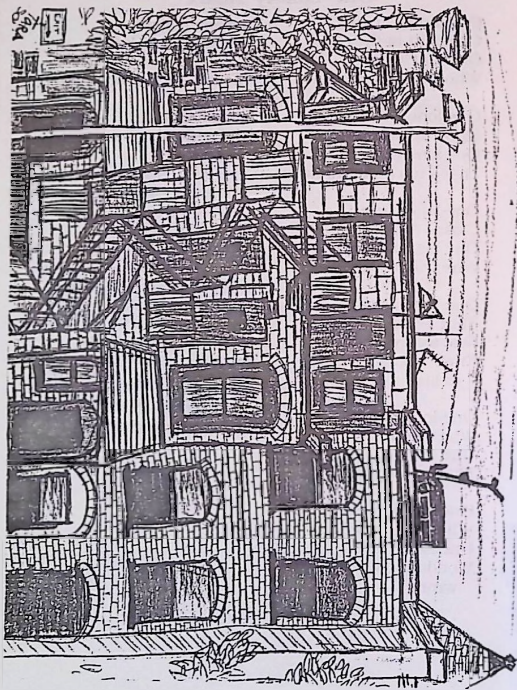
One lonely heart
Wonders if you know
One lonely heart
Who misses you so

One lonely heart
That remembers your
charms
One lonely heart
Who longs for your arms

One lonely heart
Who's aching for you
One lonely heart
That's breaking for you

One lonely heart
Cries out in the night
For you to come back
And turn wrong into right

Pam Schell



Chemistry

What is chemistry?
Don't ask me for I really don't know.
What is a reaction?
An explosion, a fizzle, a pop?
What is chemistry?
Don't ask me for I really don't know.
But wait, it just came to me.
We all have chemistry.
You, me, you and me together.
And we all have reactions,
To love, life, and freedom.

Melissa Blake

the mind
is a surreal land
scorched by the fiery footsteps
of memories
. . . walking
. . . walking
back and forth,
to
and
fro,
between the

wastelands of the unconscious
and the CITIES of the
Conscious.

Things aren't necessarily what they seem.

Sara Malkemes

I'm not planning,
I'm not waiting,
only quietly
anticipating.
All my pain
and all my sorrow
will be gone soon:
on the morrow.
No more hurting
on my own.
No more sharing
when all alone.
No more sleeping,
no more hurt.
No dismissals,
cold and curt.
I have found
my paradise.
I am no more
filled with cries.
I have found
my true release:
I am finally
truly at peace.

Lily Korbeil

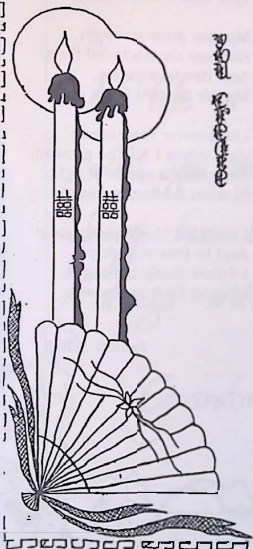
I dreamed Levi's and Skittles
 could fuse together like advertising
 martians and run a moon series
 of Banamelberline Relaxed Fit.
 Who am I to say what the
 dude should do about his lost
 O.J. Simpson guest home? I know
 a girl who could use it to test
 her glad-lock bags and I bet
 Barney wouldn't have to drink so
 much if he could get his claws on
 All-Sport

Neon could probably use
 Hooked-On-Phonics since all
 it reads is hello, not like
 the blonde chick who can't
 get over the babe eating
 Frosted Flakes, after all if Lexus
 can excel, Saturn should
 be able to make a recycled car,
 Even while Woodstock's Pigen
 and Sunflower drink Pepsi
 with a competitive elephant
 that swims.

If I could join the Burger King
 Kid's Club I might drink
 Sunny Delight unless I had
 to trust my gut and drink Sprite.
 I hope if I ever buy milk
 because I like the taste
 (sure I do)

it won't be so good I might
 Need someone to guard it.

Spring Tripp



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നവം ൧൧൦൦

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I stare into the darkness
To search for a light.
But I cannot see it
It's nowhere in sight.

I travel on farther,
Through a tunnel that
winds.
Is it never ending --
Or is it all in my mind?

I stumble along,
A few times I fall.
I get on my feet,
To search for a wall.

The path is still winding.
How far must I go?
To find the light --
It's there, I know.

The tunnel goes upward,
I struggle & climb.
It's getting much harder,
Where is the answer to this
puzzling rhyme?

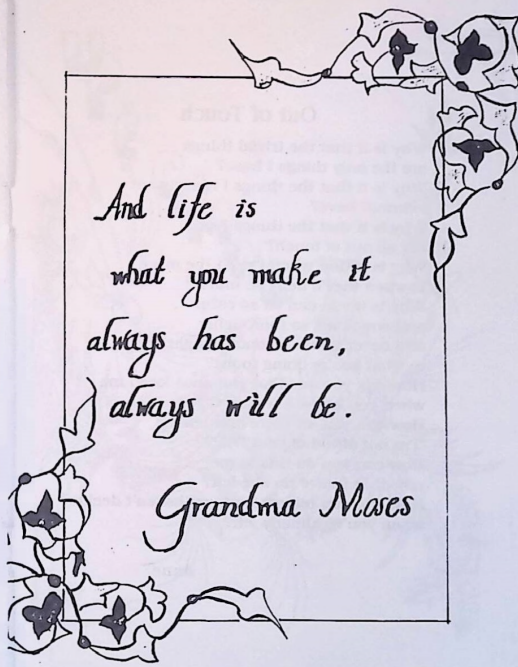
I must have reached the top.
I found my first clue --
When I fell faster downward.
Yes, that's when I knew.

My fear grew stronger,
And my stomach did flips.
And like in a movie,
My life flashed by in clips.

I can never remember,
Just when I hit the ground.
Only that a speck of light,
Is what I'd finally found.

I traveled slowly towards it
And to this very day,
I follow closely behing it
Hoping I'll find my way.

Pamela Schell



*And life is
what you make it
always has been,
always will be.*

Grandma Moses

Out of Touch

Why is it that the trivial things
are the only things I have?
Why is it that the things I really want
I cannot have?
Why is it that the things I need
are all out of touch?
Why is it that when I need the most
is when they'll deny so much?
Why is it you can sit so calm
and wreck me so thoroughly
and never give a second thought
to what you're doing to me?
How can you say that you once loved me
when you know it wasn't true?
How can you sit there and tell me
"I'm not afraid of you!"?!?!!??
How can you do this to me
now that I have no one left?
How can you tell me that you haven't decided
when you've already left?

Anne



This heart was white, all
Pure and innocent.
But then it saw hope
Dawning on the horizon.
It needed love,
And someone true.
And when it needed the most,
It found you.
You gave it what it needed,
You introduced your heart.
And now mine knows
It doesn't ever want to part.
Two hearts together
In total happiness.
That is what my heart wants,
And who wouldn't want this?
So now, my love, I think you know
Just how much I don't want you to go.
So please don't leave, I'm asking you.
Let my love continue to flow for you.

Lily Korbeil

Walls

I think I do this to myself
all this craziness
I think and wonder and hope and
start dreaming and chasing those dreams
trying to catch onto their ethereal wisps
only to find that
I was trying to gather clouds and
all that I have are soggy hands and
a pocketful of nothing.
I feel poetry in my heart only to find
that its object is a ghost
I love only to find that my heart aches for
an image in a pool of water.

nothing is concrete!
help!

I want to cry but don't want to commit myself.
I want to rage but not to protest.
I want to revolt but not shake things up.
I want to speak but I don't want anyone to hear
me.

I want happiness without pain --
Is that too much to ask?!
I want to fall in love without losing myself.

There is not enough strength in all the
world for this . . .
or is there?

Sara Malkemes



We are your Overlords
his shirt said
and I thought
that's pretty cool.
His helmet had paintings on it
and I thought
that's pretty cool.
He had a cigarette while I waited
and I thought
that's pretty cool.
I wanted to be like him
because I thought
he's pretty cool.
Then he got drunk
and drove
and he died on a Saturday.
Some people say
my brother died cool.
But he's dead
and I don't think
that's cool at all.

Spring Tripp

The Conflict

Do I really love him,
Sometimes I'm not so sure.
Could he just be a distraction
From the one I loved before?

Do I really need him,
Or is it in my mind?
Could I really still be in love
With the one I left behind?

Do I wish it is another
That I could be with?
Could I still be regretting the decision
I now have to forever live with?

No, I could never love him.
For I know that deep within my heart,
Lies a very special, well-hidden memory
Of the only one to ever capture my heart.

Pam Schell

Up & Coming



Upward Bound es muy bueno para los estudiantes en el programa. Es una gran experiencia. Todos son amigos y todos son simpáticos. La clase de español es el mejor. Los TCs son muy buenos. Barb, Tom, y Anne son los directores y son muy simpáticos.

Upward Bound is very good for the students in the program. It is a great experience. All are friends and all are nice. Spanish class is the best. The TCs are very good. Barb, Tom, and Anne are the directors and are very nice.

Heather Keithline

Los Arboles

Los arboles dan muchas cosas diferentes. Ellos dan refugio para los animales. Tambien ellos nos dan aire para respirar. Ellos cominzan muy pequenos y se hacen muy grandes. Los arboles son similares a los humanos. Ellos necesitan para ayudar los a crecer. ?Pero quien nos dan ayuda? Hay una respuesta. "UPWARD BOUND!"

Christine Minet

Fall

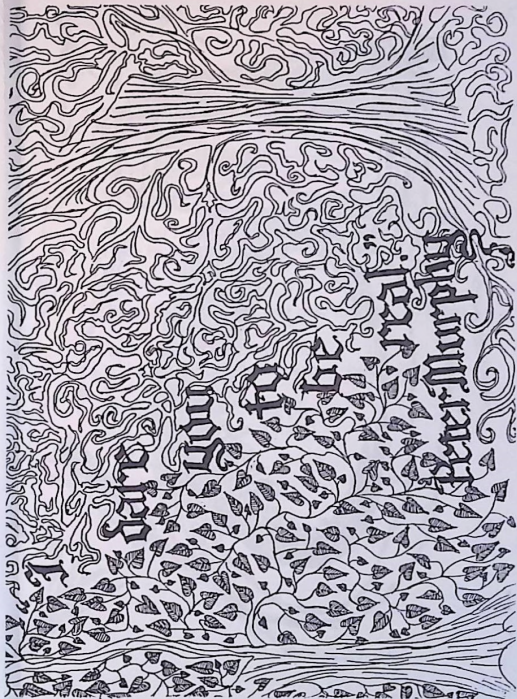
I

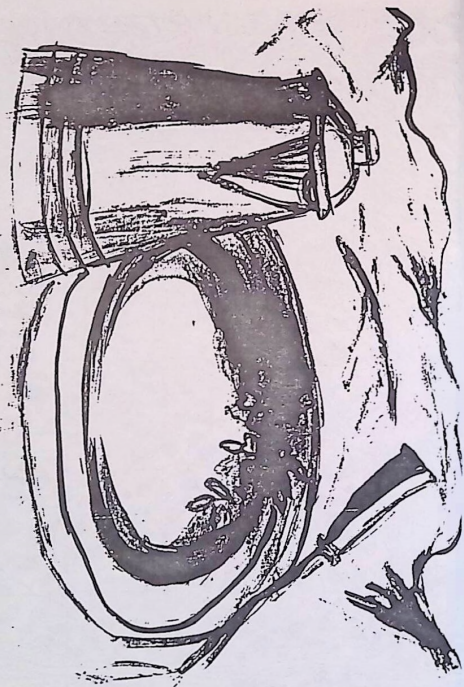
swirl of leaves dancing
I leap into the winds ballet
I rejoice in the second's sweet eternity
not for the world's immensity
but for honest love and simple birds.

II

face of moon weeping
I let tears role back to ears
gentle solemn quiet surrounds
with fur-footed soft sounds
shadows hug a darkness warm.

Sara Malkemes





Physics

The science which encompasses all
Which forces us to remember

Everything

All the sciences and mathematics
Of countless past years are needed

Again

Pages of information we've forgotten
Have to be all retaught

And

After we've done all that

There's an avalanche of new material to learn

Then

All the brave little students

Must remember their lessons, but still

Some

Of these hard-working pupils

Will just never understand.

Pam Schell

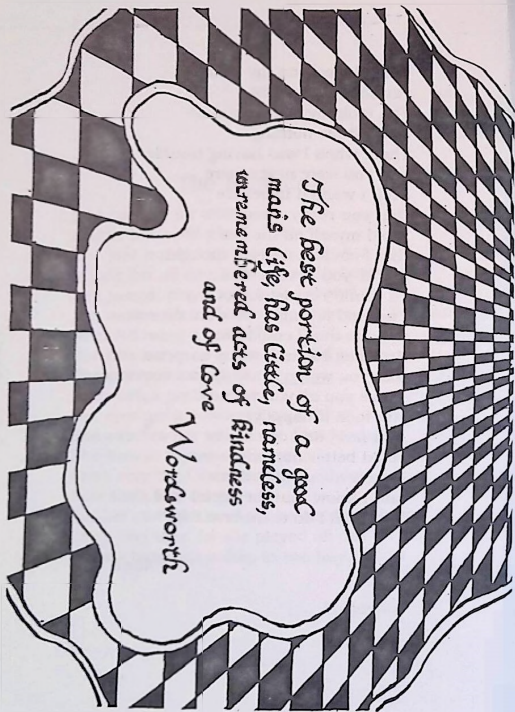
The Baby Colt

In a pasture far away
A little baby colt plays all day
She just learned how to stand on her feet
It took her all day, so she's really beat.
She jumps, plays, and runs around
Her mother looks for her, but she can't be found.
After following a butterfly,
She lifts her head to hear a child's cry.
She's brown and white
And such a pretty sight
Her eyes are a powdered baby blue
She swishes her tail for the flies to show.
She lives in a pasture far away
She's very tired for she played all day.
Now she's fast asleep
For her strength is what she needs to keep
She's very tired for she played all day
She's a baby colt asleep in the hay.

M. Summa

When I gave you my heart,
you took everything.
You took my body and soul
and left me nothing.
Then, when I was having trouble,
and you were never there
Still, I wanted to believe
that you really cared.
I told myself all the lies
that I could have ever thought,
and if you never called,
I'd think "He just forgot."
I wanted to think you were the one,
the one that I could love.
But then I found, to my surprise
that you weren't that special someone.
I gave you all you wanted,
you took it happily.
And now, all I can say is
you'd better not leave me.
I know about the others
and I know that they're all true.
What did I do to deserve this?

Anne



I love who?
Nobody, I guess.
I'm alone.
But it's my fault.
I kept him away.
I didn't tell him the truth.
I knew I should have.
But I was afraid.
I wanted him to stay.
My lies ruined us.
He found out one day
He asked me for truth
He only got lies.
It was too late for me.
I had no idea
He already knew.
My fear came to be . . .
That day, he left me . . .

I love who?
Him, still, again.
But I'm alone.
It's my fault.
I didn't tell him the truth . . .
I'm sorry . . .

Lily Korbeil

Did you ever really love someone and
feel he didn't love you?
Did you ever feel like crying, but what
good would it do?

Did you ever look in his eyes and say
a little prayer?
Did you ever look in his heart and find
you were not there?

If you fall in love, my friend, you'll find
it doesn't pay.
All it causes is a broken heart, it
happens every day.

When I say don't fall in love because
it's so untrue, believe me, I
ought to know. I fell in love with
you!

Kristen Kubasko

The Deadline

Deadlines
Questions, no answers
Appointments, interviews
Be prompt!
Remember details.
What?
The deadline?
I know I forgot something.
What am I missing?
I know, I know --
The deadline.
I have the information
What did I forget?
Shut up! I know about the deadline
That's no problem
What was I doing?
Yeah, I'll get it later . . .
Tapes, notes . . .
Damn it -- I forgot to write the article!
Uh, how about an extension?

Pam Schell

Last Day in Upward Bound

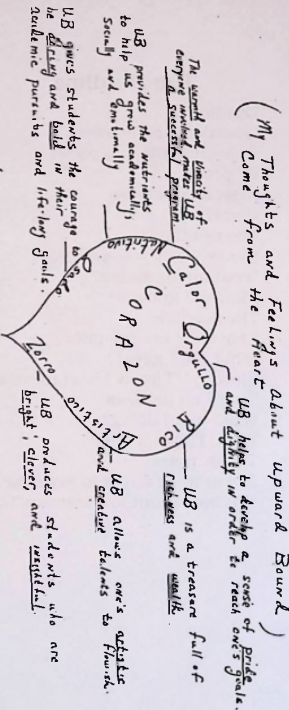
Today is the last day in Upward Bound. Everyone wants to come to class earlier than usual so we can talk and share all our memories of the fun we had. The bell rings and everyone sits in their chairs. Then the teacher comes into the class and looks at everybody. She said today is the last in school, next year you will have different teachers and so I want to say thank you to all of you. Everybody feels sad. One student stands up and says we will never forget you or Upward Bound. You have taught us how to take care of ourselves; I will keep all my memories of this summer. The bell rings and everybody stands up and says goodbye and good luck.

Binh Nguyen

Mis Pensamientos y Sentimientos de Upward Bound.

Viewen del Corazon

(My Thoughts and Feelings About Upward Bound)



¡ VIVA UPWARD BOUND !
 (Long live UPWARD BOUND !)

Scor: C. Hahn. Wynn '95

Autographs

