

Git Mag '98

1998



"Defying Boundaries"

Table of Contents

Cover	Jeremiyah M. Jones
UB - art	Kimberly Thompson
untitled	Ken Stufflebeam
<i>UB '98</i>	Chuck Herron
<i>Unexpected</i>	Anna Golod
<i>Utopian Unity</i>	Jack Daniels
<i>Venting</i>	Judas Beckett
A Spider in the Web - art	Bob King
<i>My Dwelling</i>	Darnetta Benham
untitled	Darnetta Benham
<i>The Sorrow of an Easel</i>	J. A. Williams
untitled	Darnetta Benham
<i>Upcoming Love</i>	J. A. Williams
Girl Power - art	Jennifer Urganus
<i>The Facade</i>	Charles Herron
<i>The Crowd</i>	Charles Herron
<i>What I See</i>	Chuck Herron
<i>The Smoker</i>	John Folmar
<i>Brushed In the Middle</i>	JM. E. Kempa
<i>Life is Like the 4 Seasons</i>	Leanne Long
untitled	Sylvia Todd
<i>Are You?</i>	Zelda Saturn
Circle - art	Samantha Harry
<i>Quik Fix</i>	Anne Thomas
<i>The 11th Entry</i>	Killer Ken
<i>Mr. Right</i>	Ophelia Nicholas
Circle - art	Erica Andruscavage
<i>I..., You....</i>	Eri Carter
<i>Ode to Mike</i>	Nina Jeter
<i>My Antonio</i>	Erato
The Crow - art	John Folmar
<i>Confessions</i>	Eri Carter
untitled	Tony Millan
<i>Happiness</i>	Eri Carter
<i>June 24, 1998</i>	Jerry Hromisin
Our Future is Wide Open - art	Kimberly Thompson
<i>Ode to Pickering Hall</i>	Choric Theater
<i>Manifesto of Me</i>	Abigail E. Myers
Querer is Poder! - art	Lynne Stempleski
untitled	Jennifer Urganus
untitled	Sarah Gardinor

L'Amour
Together
Now
Lit Mag - art
Leftovers
I Saw You
Double Talking
Flower - art
Calligraphy quotes - art
Nature's Greatest Mistake
Celebrate the Earth - art
Thanks!
Puff Daddy--No Way Out - art
The Rain Falls
Dragon - art
So Much to Dream
Calligraphy quote - art
For a Person I Know
Frustration
Perfect Everything
Another Ode
Genesis Exposed - art
I'll Keep Dreaming
Alone
Circle - art
You and I
Circle - art
What Are They For
Frustration
Donde Una Puerta - art
untitled
Frustration - art
In the Mind's Eye
You Can't Judge a Book - art
My Love
When Will I Know
Potty Etiquette
Cockroach Death
untitled
In French Class
The Cosmic Knights - art
The Ultimate Biological Weapons
Quien Primero Viene - art
untitled
untitled

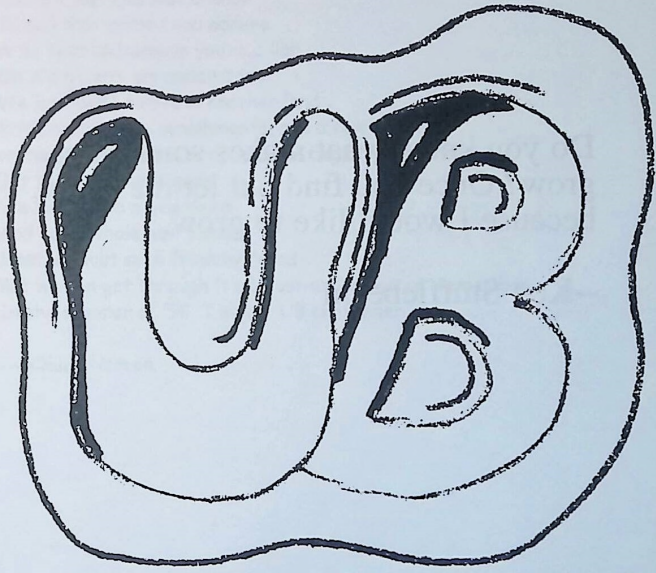
Bob King
Chuck Herron
Jack
Kimberly Lynn Thompson
Susan Gilroy
Susan Gilroy
Denise Luff
Kimberly Lynn Thompson
Paula Franklin
Ankit Tejani
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Robin VanDerMark
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Susan Gilroy
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Christa Kuhar
Jennifer Yuhass
Miranda Chase
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Marie Katherine Gallagher
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Cynthia Currant
Laura Perrins
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Marcia Kohut
Erica Owens
Marcia Kohut
Erica Andruscavage
Erica Owens
Amy Longfoot
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Amanda Cheung
Eri Carter
Eri Carter
anonymous
Charles Herron
anonymous
Anna Golod
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Sarah Gardinor
Sarah Gardinor
Sarah Gardinor

I Should Be Home
Upward Bound
The Man - art
untitled
I Know (I've Been There Before)
untitled
Your Loss
Heart
Silence is Golden - art
So Beautiful / Independence Day
A Guy At the Book Sale
Mahmoud - art
Dreaming
Dreamer
Rainbow
Something In the Air
untitled
UB Graduate - art
Peaceful Solitude
What I Didn't Understand
untitled
Clouds
untitled
Warp--Transformation Demo - art

Marcia Kohut
Amy Longfoot
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Nikki Bowman
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Samantha Harry
Nikki Bowman
Chuck Herron
Nicholas Gallo & Christa Kuhar
Abigail Myers
Abigail Myers
Jeremiyah M. Jones
Monica Wemmer
Susan Gilroy
Amy Longfoot
Abigail Myers
Anna Golod
Laura Perrins
Ankit Tejani
Heather Metcalf
Jennifer Urganus
Amy Longfoot
Brandis Mooney
Jeremiyah M. Jones

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Do you know what makes something
grow? Once you find out let me know,
because I would like to grow.

--Ken Stufflebeam

UB '98

Now it's almost over, almost in the past
I wish there was some way I could make it all last
All the laughter, all the tears;
Three guys in drag, and all of the cheers
But now there's just one last dance
There's just one last chance
To tell that person you admire
or to fess up because you're a liar
Oh it's alright, we understand.
We just want to live in another land
With no rules, no punishments, and a few less TC's
or maybe some more freetime, we beg of you please!!!
But this summer is gone
We must face a new dawn
And go to whole new places
Most without such friendly faces
But we can get through it all, just as long as we remember
In the summer of '98 I was a UB contender.

--- Chuck Herron

"Unexpected" Anna Golod

"You look tired,"

An elderly customer thoughtlessly told

The young girl who took his order at McDonalds.

When he walked away,

With the extra packet of ketchup

That she had placed on his tray,

She smiled.

Tears gleamed in the corners of her eyes.

She was suddenly overwhelmed with gratitude

To this wrinkled old man who bestowed upon her

The greatest gift of all, understanding.



Utopian Unity

By Jack Daniels

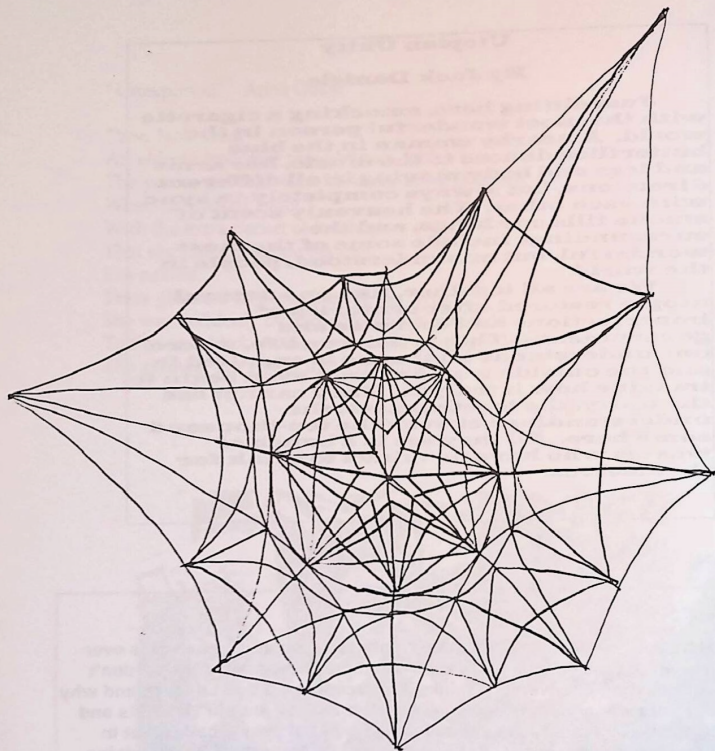
Just sitting here, smocking a cigarette with the most wonderful person in the world. A nearby woman in the blue butterfly dances to the music, her arms and legs and body moving in all different directions, but always completely in sync with each other. The heavenly scent of smoke fills our lungs, and the surroundings include some of the most wonderful, but misunderstood, people in the world.

We are all together, like one natural utopia restored after centuries of imperfections and societies and governments. This is the true life, where one understands all that he is engulfed in, and the outside world cannot even begin to imagine how it truly is. They cannot see the unity, the togetherness, the understanding between the ten-thousand some here. All they see is a bunch of wastes who have no minds to think for themselves.

Venting

Here I sit another day almost to a close the thought of sleep gets ever more apparent in my mind. I was confronted today too many times, I don't like confrontation but everyone thinks it is necessary. I don't understand why we can't keep our emotions to ourselves, after all they are our thoughts and we don't have to share. Although the majority of the people have it set in their minds that everyone needs to vent. What do you call what I am doing now I am not writing fiction do you see any mention to little fuzzy bunnies. I did not think so I am pouring my mind out onto a paper as if it were a water can and my paper as if it were paper, I let it spill all over it. It is mine and people want to come along and clean up the mess and make it how they want it. Leave my mess alone leave me alone I am by no means entitled to stay here by law. I am staying for a while to absorb the surroundings and to prove one of two things that the TC's are wrong and that it will only get worse, or to prove that I am wrong and it will become better than my wildest dreams.

Judas Beckett



A SPIDER IN
THE WEB

Bob King

My Dwelling

I lay upon this dark night dreaming about my happiness
I dare you to try to take that away from me
But I am too content in my own world
Surrounded by my own thoughts and feelings
None of which you want me to be
I challenge you to change me into one of your people
But I am too smart for your sly ways
I live this life only of my own, not society's

--- Darnetta Benham

A quote describing someone:

"Something so different in the contradiction of likeness that is so unexplainable by the human race in the two distinctions of the imagination, one that is seen by the hallucinations of the eye and the other felt within the integrity of the mind and soul."

--- Darnetta Benham

The Sorrow of an Eagle

About a mile or two down the road stands destiny.
Road block in between causing friendship and no more.
Longing for my chance to touch my bright ray of sun,
I must wait decades in between for the chance to soar.

Spreading my wings to fly high in the sky,
Plummet to the ground with empty sorrows
Thinking of what can come of my dreary life,
I want to act as if my life had no tomorrows.

Questions of love and fate occurred in my head
Never knowing what is next to come.
Sighs of joy in which proves my ability to struggle.
Feeling all the hard work will have an even sum

Yet still waiting with no rush,
I leave my nest with a smile
Pondering what was around the corner,
Then giving up with a carefree style.
Knowing, I'm not totally alone!

--- J.A. Williams

Love is a dream trapped inside of reality.

--- Darnetta Benham

"Upcoming Love" J.A. Williams

Never did I think,
for a moment that I would meet
A guy as great as the heaven and stars,
and as kind as nature but twice as sweet.

My past was filled with hate,
lies pain, broken promises of a better tomorrow
You came to my rescue
then quickly removed all of my sorrow.

I've had so many relationships in the past
Oh how fast they would come and go
running in and out of my life periodically
so quick like a winter's snow!

Twice as fast and three times as cold,
there wasn't even enough faith to dream.
My tears came out of my eyes so hard,
almost as bad as one thousand streams.

You came to my callings.
You were able to hear.
Now we're together and happy as ever,
you're words spoken, so soft and dear.

MEMORIES
SWEET DEATHS

The Facade

I hold this facade up to my face
Hoping my true image it will displace
This life of mine, all of it I made
While my true thoughts and feelings hide in the shade
To start it all over and be who I am
To show myself, I don't think I can
To look in this mirror one last time
To let the last flicker of this little light shine
Perhaps I will some time far away
And on that day, I will say
This is who I am. and this is who I'll be
I don't care what you think, you's better like what you see.

--- Charles Herron

The Crowd

I remember that night long, long ago
Oh how I do miss them so
They were young, they were fools, they never cared
Little did they know they shouldn't of dared
So dark, so cold, it was that night
Oh how I wish I could see the light
Of why it had to happen and why it had to be
And why there's no one left, except for me
Their lives were terrible things to waste
even though they had no face
They herded like sheep to their death
And now it seems there's nothing left
You see they all jumped off the bridge that night
Perhaps it was their parents they were trying to spite

--- Charles Herron

"What I See" Chuck Herron

The gargantuan red hobgoblin who lives in the bell tower
The sacred poles of King Tut
The ancient tree of days with scars from generations past
The inspiring light glistening on the pool of thought
The red asphalt of tragedies never known
The dangers of man's waste
The gentle breeze caressing the feathers of a baby dove
The decaying court where fun was once had
Man's hold on material possessions
The all-knowing look of true love
The surpassed ingenuity of man
People trying to be different not realizing they're all becoming the
same
The lonely butt of a smoker's dream
The doorway to heaven so far but so close
A wasted life thrown into the sands of time

The Smoker
By John Folmar

As I watch you smoking from afar,
I think of how close we are.
And realize how great our love could be.
If only you could feel for me
They way I feel for you.

My love for you
Is like your cigarette,
The more you enjoy it
The less there is left.

But my liking of you is true.
And I know I'll be true,
In my heart to you
all the day through.

Through thick and thin
You've helped me, fit in.
And I most graciously thank you.

Brushed In the Middle
By JM. E. Kempa

Sun-up is getting ready
for the day.
Brushing teeth & putting our hair
in good array.
Putting a nice outfit
on for today.
Hoping that this day
goes my way.
Sun-down is playing
some basketball.
Hanging out, leaning near the wall.
Dancing in the pit
with Chuck and John.
Running up to the greenwing,
sleeping until a new dawn.

Life is like the 4 seasons
by Leanne Long

Our childhood is like spring, every part of our body is growing.

Our teenage years is like summer. Full of life, and it seems like it would never end.

Our middle age years are like the fall, when everything starts to die.

Our golden years are like the winter, with death close to you.

By: Sylvia Todd

Today I was sitting watching my nephew fish excitedly. I heard the splash of the bobber hitting the water. I heard the excited giggles as my nephew caught a fish. I heard splashing as some people rowed their boat out into the lake. I can also hear the sounds of devastation. I can hear chain saws buzzing in the distance. The crunching of houses as they are being demolished. The roar of monster bulldozers as they flatten and tare at the earth. It is so amazing how so many happy things can be going on while so many devastating things can also be happening.

Are You?
By Zelda Saturn

Are you a dreamer?
Cause I am.

I dream about the stars in the sky,
and about the heavens above.

Are you a thinker?
Cause I am.

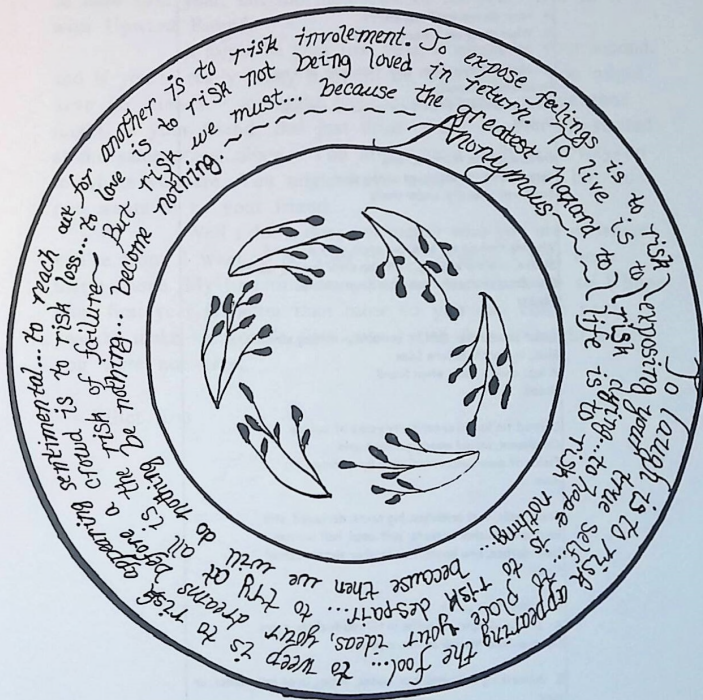
I think about my life,
and how I should prepare for my future.

Are you a wonderer ?
Cause I am.

I wonder where my life will take me,
and what I will become.

Are you a gazer?
Cause I am.

I gaze into the eyes of the one I love,
and into the clouds above.



Quik Fix
(confessions of a poetry pusher who got out of the business)

- A. Need poetry? I got poems.
B. Yeah. Gimme one.

- A. Just breathe deeply. In through the nose--
B. Yeah, I know. Outta the mouth.

- A. Now, do you smell the stuff?
B. What stuff am I supposed to smell?

A. Near empty subway cars, flickering, at 4 am
Himalayan snowmelt
Fists of crooked fingers curved about bedrails
Violets

Gunpowder, on feardamp skin
Sunwarm tomatoes, eaten at the vine
Sand, wet then dry, under shells
Ink

Wounds that do not heal, but stain, dark deep red
Smoke, in early evening, rising up from burning leaves
Eyelids, closed with thumb and finger, kissed
Sheets

Uncut stone: cold, left by builders in rotting straw
Mud, in March, before Ides
A lost child's neck, when found
Bread

Dented tin lunchboxes; forty years of coffee
Cardlewx, waxed wood, incensed gold
Fields of snow, uncrossed, seen by sparrows
Rain

Great halls, vast armories, big tents; darkened, still
Rootcellar bushel baskets; half used, half waiting
New clothes, new books, new leather shoes: school
Fire--

- B. I still don't get it.
A. Inhale, deeply. Breathe in till you feel the stars.
Now: exhale the words into a poem.

B. Something like--roses or onions, frying in an iron skillet, or
toes.

A. Yep. Something like that.

- B. Wow. This is great stuff.
A. You betcha.

Ann Thomas

The 11th Entry

Here we are thrown together at a place that will not be here next year, but the memories of 32 years live in it with Upward Bound.

It might be your first year, it might be your second, and if you're really lucky it might be your third. You might have no friends, you might have one friend, or everyone might be your friend; But just think about it- you all started at the same place...alone. You might have built your way up to where you are. You might have tried really hard but no one wants to be your friend.

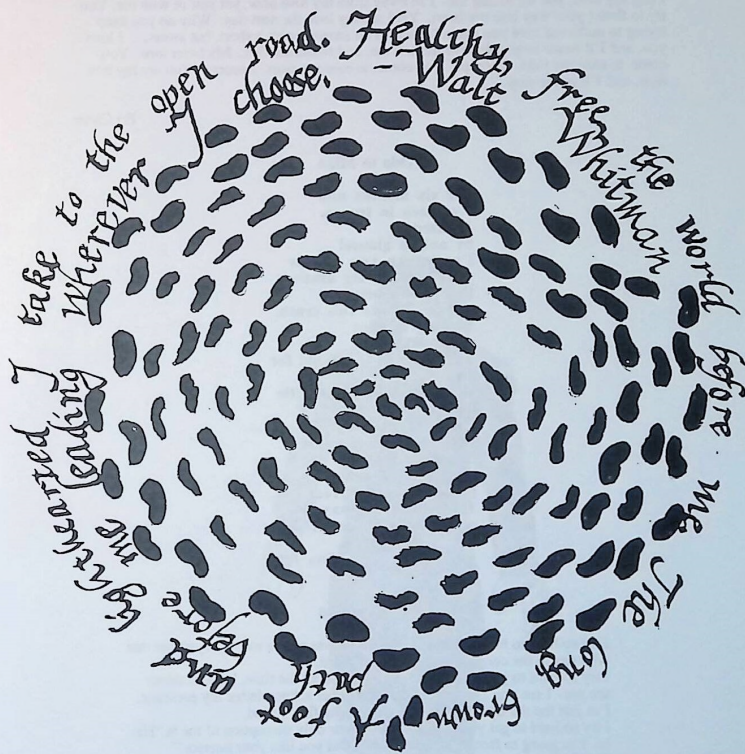
Well I do. It does not matter who you are or where you're from. I want to be your friend because I was once there; Alone. My first time here and no one liked me so I hope your first year is better than mine so you can come next year to make someone's first year better than it might be if you were not here.

--- Killer Ken

Mr. Right

I found this match that I
just had to catch
I chase and chase but found
out he was already on base.
I was so down that nothing
could bring me back up.
Until I found this new mate
that I needed to bate.
I knew he was the one for
me when he sang me a great
love song.
After the song I knew
nothing would go wrong
because I just had this
feeling that he was the last
reeling.
He was Mr. Right because I
didn't have to put up a
fight.
His name who was left
unsaid will stay a mystery
until departing day has gone
to bed.

Ophelia Nicholas



Confession

We know were perfect for each other why can't you see that.
When we walk together, I just want to hold your hand.
Whenever I see you, I'm happy all over again.
Even if I'm in a bad mood, I can't possibly be mad with you there
Whenever I talk on the phone with you, you brighten up my day.
All the little things you say, make me pray and pray.
That you'll be mine one day.
I love you can't you see? Without you, I'll be in misery.

Eri Carter

Here I sit with the key to
success in my hand

The problem I find is what
door does it open

Tony Milan

Happiness

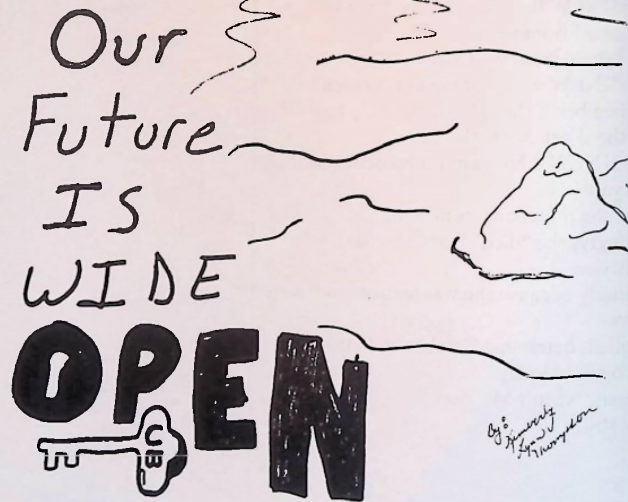
Happiness is when I can be with you. Whenever we meet
we hug. We may not know what each other is thinking, but I'm
thinking I love you. Happiness is when I can be held by you.
Your soft body against mine, makes me feel all warm inside. My
arms around you and yours around me, makes me feel secure.
Happiness is when you say I love you.

Eri Carter

"June 24, 1998"

By Jerry Hromisin

A dog died today
Rather, she was put to sleep.
Really, there was no choice.
No she wasn't my dog-
A neighbor's.
But she was part of my daily life-
Summer, winter, freezing cold, snow.
She'd be at the fence,
Barking her head off for a silly doggy treat
And some petting.
She KNEW the sound of my car as I
Returned from work-
And she'd be at the fence.
She KNEW which of my kids wouldn't
Remember if she'd HAD her daily treat-
So she'd get another!
She KNEW who wasn't supposed to be in
my yard
And she'd go bonkers in alarm.
Fittingly, she "died" from a human
affliction-
Fittingly because she was human in so many
ways-
Spoiled, determined, stubborn, funny, cut.
A dog died today.
No, she wasn't MY dog,
But still...



Our
Future
IS
WIDE
OPEN

By
Hannah
Thompson

Ode to Pickering Hall

That Sunday was very hot
The day we moved in
It was so exhausting.
The weather was such a sin.

Nightfall came and
I laid down on the broken bed.
In the morning, when I awoke,
There were cockroaches around my head.

In room 238
They said he heard a noise.
It always happens to the girls
Why can't it be the boys?

The frightened girls reported,
"The lamp began to shake!"
"The globe began to spin!"
"We knew it wasn't a quake."

Matt and Beeb said, "Go to sleep
That day will soon arrive."
But we could not believe them
The stories seem to come alive.

We heard tales of room 223
Where an innocent girl had been shot.
The blood was all around her
It happened on the spot.

We think she wants our help,
We heard her scream loud and shrill.
She does not care what happens to us,
As long as she gets a thrill.

The next morning
The girls met in the pit
To discuss what had happened.
They cried, "We're so afraid of it!"

The day of the fire drill
The girls on the second floor
Scrambled down the marble steps
Finding a locked door.

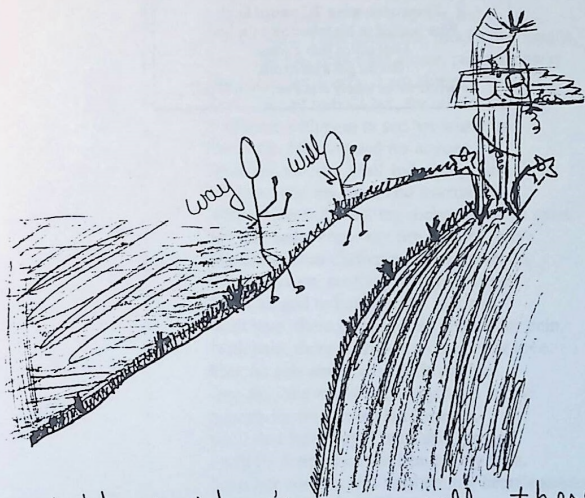
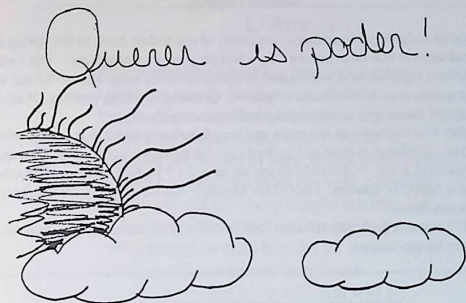
What will happen to them
When they see Pickering fall,
Will they choose to follow Upward Bound
Or bring terror to the new hall.

As time lingers on
We say our final farewell.
As we leave behind Pickering Hall,
The dorm from Hell!

"Manifesto of Me"
Abigail E. Myers

How I got here I do not realize;
but I do comprehend that fear in your eyes
Maybe you're right; maybe I'm insane
but I am not a whole person
I am the night sky; I am the miserable sea
I am everything you hope you never have to be
I am the exhibitionist, I am the voyeur—
reminds me of how Greek philosophers were
At some point, someone, somewhere sent me
Here to let a cruel world dent me,
knock my psyche, shake my mind
and never know what I'm supposed to find
I am a misfit for this, a loner for that—
I was judged by where I sat—
I still am judged by sweat and tears
I have not yet lived sixteen years
but I believe at times of clarity
that I was sent here by an act of charity
of a cruel dictator who sees me as
a plaything here for all he has
Created here to torture me
By rendering me Adam without an Eve,
in an Eden full of fearsome things
that flout their tails and flap their wings
To torment me—yes, you say to me
that I am paranoid, I cannot see
You are correct; I do not see
why my God and government call me free
when I sit here and feel the hate
of those who would not emancipate
my soul. But whatever the cost, whatever the fee,
I am awake, writing my manifesto of me.
Whitman would be proud, a madman he,
of this tirade I deliver on the subject of me.
And maybe Ani di Franco would say
that it's easy to keep the world away
Just pierce your nose and give em a sneer,
Keep your head shaved and your enemies near.
Well sometimes it doesn't work that well
when in R.E.M. songs I hear a death knell
And I scream and I scream, as loud as I can,
without disturbing the roommate or drowning the fan
With the sound I make that aches to be
the sound that pulses in the manifesto of me.

To manifest is to bring to life
but I would like to bury my strife
and lay flowers on the graves of my hate,
but I fear it is far too late.
Because now I'm a poet, mad for insight,
relishing my pain so that I may write.
The world is dark and quiet outside
and I want to be constant, like the tide
At the beach where the moon still shines—
oceans, like me, stray from within the lines—
and the silence outside only magnifies
The noise in my head, which multiplies
when I meditate, or go off alone
It's the sound that tells me I cannot go home.
So instead of rejoicing, and trying to be,
I accept the truth and write this manifesto of me.
The roommate is sleeping, the beds are unmade
I wait for my frantic gyoza sale
that furious thought, lightning strokes of zen
(have I mentioned recently—I hate men?)
Hate them I do, and love them as well,
his love gave me heaven; his loss gave me hell.)
Dante saw hell—he believed that he had
but you haven't known hell until you have had
To be me for a moment at day midnight
as the terrors day the warmth and the light
To my fragile mind, and my butterfly souls
in the trinity inside there are three holes:
but my body, my self, and my spirit unite
because the three of them are ready to fight
All of the forces that won't let me be
long enough to finish my manifesto of me.
So I suppose I will watch from so far away
as they battle the demons. I will stay
in a dark corner, barely able to see,
hardly enough to close this manifesto of me.



Where there's a will, there's a way!

Jennifer Urganus

A time for me to definitely remember is the death of my father, back in the spring of 1997.

The emotional impact that does indeed take a toll on you is indescribable. But I can say that, if you don't handle it right when it's fresh and in the open, then, long-term suffering will come about. And that makes it so much harder to grieve. Grieving is a long process. It takes time to deal and fully accept the situation before you, and overcome it.

I can remember that night when my mom and grandmother walked in the door with my father's duffel bag. My heart melted as I looked into the heart-wrenched, shattered eyes of my mother. That look said it all. Eventually shock set in and all I could do is wonder where my dad is now, and if he's happy in heaven. I miss him so much, but this experience taught me to live life, cause life is too short.

So if you still have a dad, please, tell him that you love him; because tomorrow never comes, and by then it may be too late.

Sarah Gardinor

There once was a TC named Paul
Who walked in his robe down the hall.
Matt called him a wuss,
But he got a nice tush
So when we're lonely it is Paul we will call.

L'Amour

The mere mention of her name or a gaze
Upon her lovely form incites desire.
Encompasses my heart, shines on my soul.
Her beauty is everything in my world
My eyes are drawn to hers: bright blue, fiery:
To those sensual pools of twilight gleaming.
I scorn myself for being caught staring,
At her porcelain skin, her flowing hair.
And I longed to hold her, for all time.
Alas her infinite beauty tempts me.
For she is beyond my reach, and will be.
Emptiness tears at my soul, at my heart.
Forever, an unending hunger looms.
I have so much love to give her, but it,
It is in vain. Time spites me, mocks me, laughs,
Torments me, draws me closer, pulls me away.
She is his; he is hers. I am alone.
And I longed to hold her, for all time.
It fills me with pain to see her with him.
She is far, far too good for anyone.
Love and passion, Hell and agony, fire,
My love, and my pain, and intertwined.
Without her light my, my darkness shan't exist.
My heartache keeps my fire burning, alive.
The unrequited challenge of her presence,
It spurs me on, scoffing, at my weakness.
And I longed to hold her, for all time.
With love, there is an endless chance for pain.
With pain, there is always a chance for love.
Moi, he suis amoureuse de la douleur.
One day, she will see that my heart is true.
It beats for no one but her, forever.
Until that fated day, I must stay strong.
I will be focused on her beauty, my love.
Soon her warmth will brighten my heart's shadow.
And I longed to hold her, for all time...

Bob King

Together

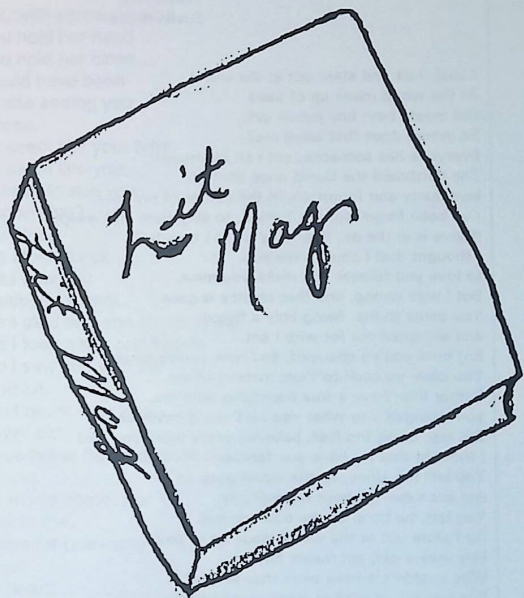
These tears always run down the side of my cheek
I feel like a faucet, always with a leak
Oh believe me they're there
You can't see them because you don't care
You just pass by
Never wondering why
You won't see me in the corner rocking back and fourth
Unless you try you won't know what I'm worth
No I'm not daydreaming
My life really has meaning
But you'll keep on going
Without ever knowing
What could've been together

Chuck Herron

NOW

I am so low.
Who cares if
We go against the flow?
Life is what you make of it
And nothing more.
My life is empty.
My sun is gone.
The sky is dark.
When shall it return
To my so empty life?
Who cares?
But I care
About her,
And how she feels.
About Us.
And Me.
I love her
More than
Words can ever say
Or deeds can ever show.

Jack



"Leftovers"
Susan Gilroy

Alone, I sit and stare out at the world.
At the world made up of pairs.
Girl meets boy; boy meets girl.
So where does that leave me?
Everyone has someone, yet I sit by myself.
The dartboard the Cupid once shot at,
lays dusty and forgotten, in the corner of my soul.
I've been forgotten, left behind, to stay here and weep.
If love is in the air, then why can't I breathe?
I thought that I could have you
to love you forever and make you mine.
But I was wrong, and that chance is gone.
You came to me, being only a friend,
and accepted me for who I am.
But now you've changed, and now you're gone.
You gave yourself to them instead of me.
Rather than have a true friendship with me,
you changed into what you said you'd never be.
But me, being the fool, believed every word you said
I thought that I'd have you forever.
You left me alone, as the world goes on
not even caring about my solitude.
You left me here, as the odd one out.
As I stare out at the world made up of pairs.
Boy meets girl; girl meets boy
Why couldn't it have been that simple?
I've lost my chance to make myself happy.
But now I sit alone.
Everyone has someone to love,
someone to call their own.
In a world of 3, which had to make a pair,
I am the one left over.

"I Saw You"

Seeing you with someone else...
Seeing you hold her hand...
Seeing you hold her close...
I wish it could have been
someone else seeing you
hold me close.
She didn't seem like your type.
She didn't seem like you.
Why did I have to see you
with someone else?
Every time I tried
Every time I took a risk
Every time I saw you
My heart skipped a beat.
Every time I tried and she stopped me
Every time I took a risk and failed
Every time I saw you with her
My heart broke.
Now I wish I never saw you.
But, if I never did,
I would have never had a chance at love.
I see you now.
I wish you would come over
and sit next to me.
There's room for one more
on the couch
and in my heart.

-- Susan Gilroy

Double Talking
By Denise Luff

Father: Wow! Brandon That is a really nice snake that you drew.

Son: Thanks Dad! (It's not a snake, it's a shark.)

Father: Now I'm going to draw a sun.

Son: Oh cool! (That's the only thing you can draw dad.)

Father: There how does it look?

Son: It looks really good. (It looks like all the other pictures of suns I've seen.)

Father: Aren't you going to draw anymore pictures?

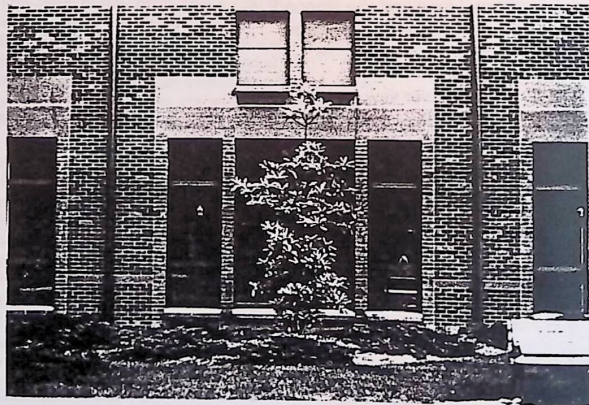
Son: Yeah, in a minute. (No, I'm starting to get bored.)

Father: This is fun we should do it again sometime.

Son: Yeah, this is fun. (No I don't think we should do this again, dad.)

Father: Well, we better go now we've been here for awhile.

Son: Oh, Already?



By:
Kimberly
Lynn
Thompson

You create your life with
each choice you make.

Anonymous

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

Grandma Moses

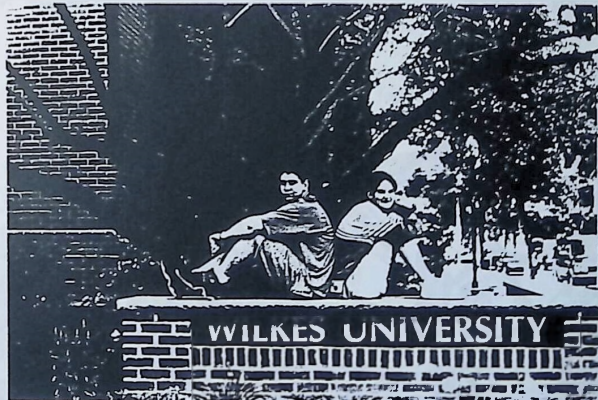
Nature's Greatest Mistake

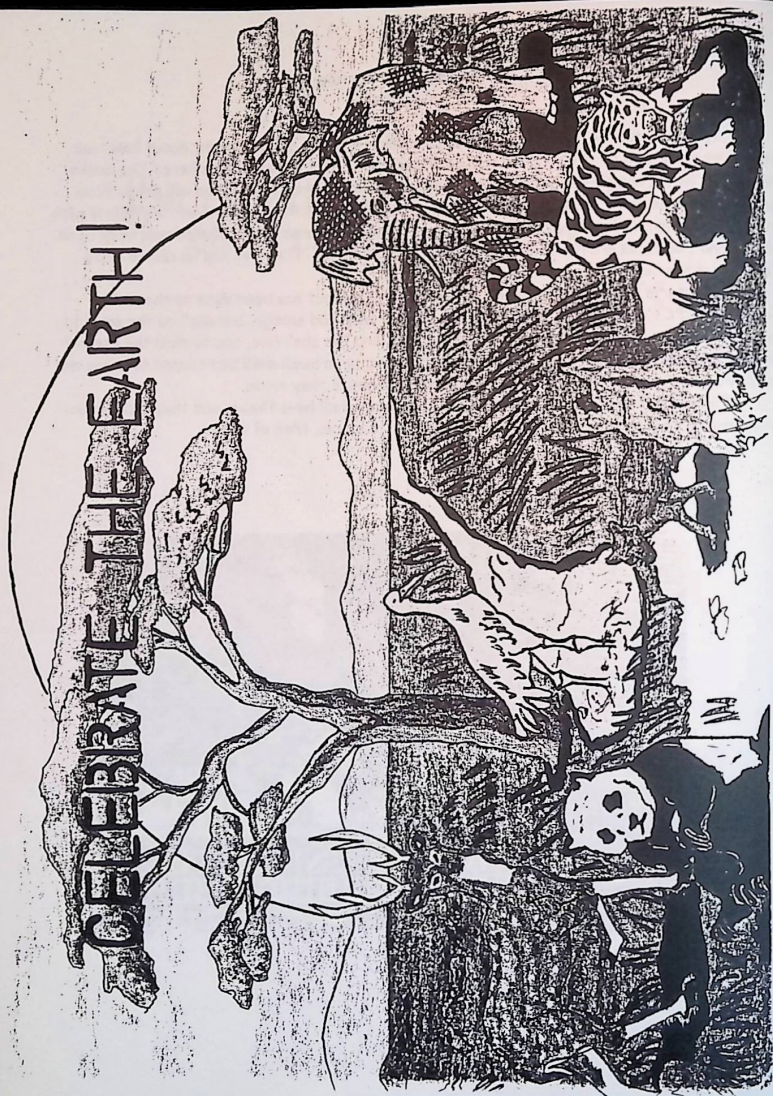
by Ankit Tejani

"The river goes on and on," a wise man once said. I bet he never thought about how true that is when he said it. Sure, it may rise and it may fall, but it will always be here. The ducks will have a home, the plants will drown and emerge again, and the little circles will ripple from one shore to the next. Until, of course, man comes along and destroys the river. He fills it with toxins and chemicals from the bridge above. And the rocks become murky, the animals wash up on shore, and the ducks are replaced by floating chairs and tires. The river has no choice in its fate, for it has been taken over and destroyed by man.

Rain starts to fall, the revenge of the clouds for all that has been done to them. The fumes, the CFCs, the liters of exhaled nicotine. They have had enough, and shall do the same to men, expelling their own torture devices upon them. And the shall rise, and so shall the eternal river. All of the imperfections created by man that meant so much shall be reduced to ashes and rust, which will decay and rejoin the very ground from which they arose.

The river shall have its vengeance, and the clouds shall have theirs, and they shall prevail victorious in this greatest of wars. And all returns to utopia, free of man.





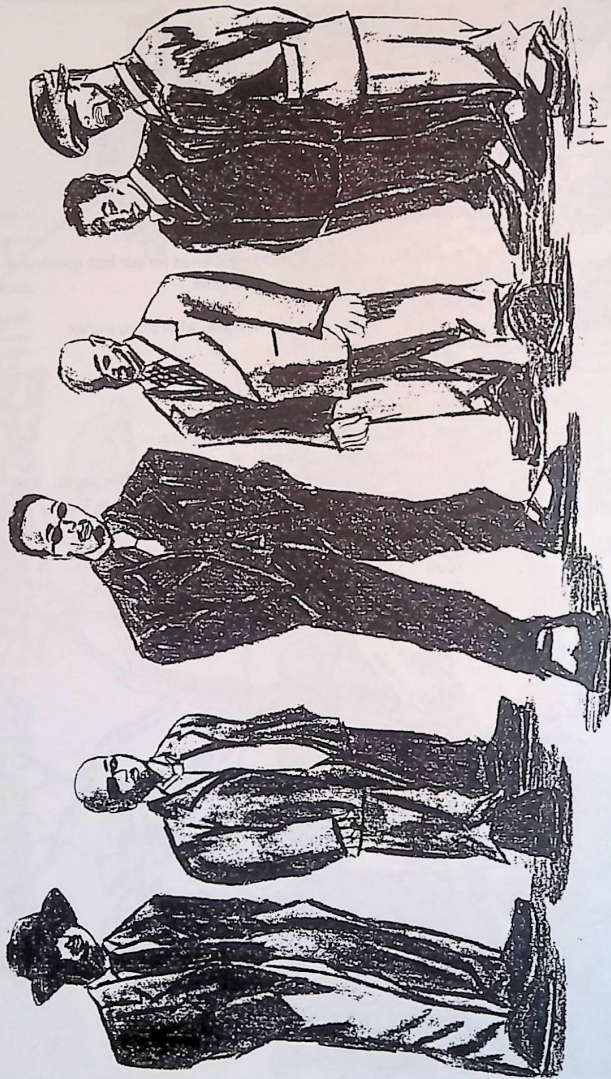
Thanks!
By Robin Vandermark

I remember it like it was yesterday.
The sky was blue.
The sun was out.
You hugged me and we said goodbye.
Thanks!

But how was I to know that, that would be our last goodbye.
When I found out that you were gone.
I cried.
How was I going to live not knowing where you were?
I hated you for not calling.
Thanks!

But I loved you anyway.
Now all I have to look at is your picture.
I can't remember your voice.
You left me without a trace, and all alone in the world.
Thanks!

I still miss your smiles, your hugs,
You!!!
I used to think that it was my fault that you left.
But now I realize that it is your fault that I'm still here.
Alone.
Thanks!



The Rain Falls

The sky turns to grey,
the leaves shake in the trees
The rain falls.
I speak to you
You barely acknowledge my presence
The rain falls
I watch you as you sleep
Time slowly ticks away
The rain falls
I envision myself
being held by you
Able to tell you how I feel
You, able to listen
The rain falls.
But that is just vain fantasy
You never cared.
You probably never will
But still, the rain falls.
As the rain falls to the earth,
it feels no pain.
As you slowly slide out of my reach,
I feel just the opposite.
Yet still, the rain falls.
I wish I had the courage that the rain does
The courage to collect and give it all up
Rain drops collect in clouds,
and plummet to earth.
I wish I could summon my courage
and just tell you how I feel
Tears fall to the earth
From my eyes, heart, and soul,
The Rain Falls.

--- Susan Gilroy



So Much to Dream

As I lay here and think of all the troubles and fears
As I block my mind away of people
I miss
When I go to sleep at night,
I hold onto the fright of the open skies
crashing down upon us.
I keep a memory close to my heart
hoping that it will linger peacefully on
I am so confused as to what I might hold
The future brings tears
and they fall to the ground
The bones become weak with a never
ending sound
The heart becomes brittle with a
non existing pound.
I run to the farthest place hoping I
will find my lost dream
I look to God above me who only makes
me weep
Some things in life are difficult to follow
Many things we never accomplishment
I hope I find what I am searching for
because my time is getting pale with
a never ending glow.

--- Christa Kuhar

Like you I have been
here since the beginning...
and I shall be till the end
of days. There is no
ending to my existence.
You the human soul is
but a part of a burning
torch which God Himself
separated from Himself
at creation.

Kibran

For a Person I Know

"So a man who has nothing he wishes to articulate is considered mute," the old man said bitterly.

- Charles de Lint "Paperjack"

If I am too afraid;
too intimidated by what you know
and what you have seen-
I think to myself; what do you think of me
on those rare occasions when I speak to you?

Twenty-six years or so you've been
a gentle nymph on this earth.
I have never heard you complain.
You are unfailingly kind
and unwaveringly patient
I admire you
for this and the most insane of things-

like your deaf and blind cat
and your wreck of a car
and how you told me you sleep with
Winnie-the-Pooh.

You are so human.

So imperfectly human
and yet you were gifted with so many
beautiful things.

And so I do fear to speak to you
and hope you do not think
that I am
unfriendly- or isolated-

because if a woman has no
strong enough desire to overcome
her devastating fear of speaking with you

then maybe I will merely sit here and write poems to you
to express my simple gratitude
to you
for being you.

-- Miranda Chase

Frustration

Frustration hits
a lonely boy
He sits unaccompanied
on a solitary blue couch
Waiting in anticipation
for his salvation

-- Ankit Tejani

Perfect Everything

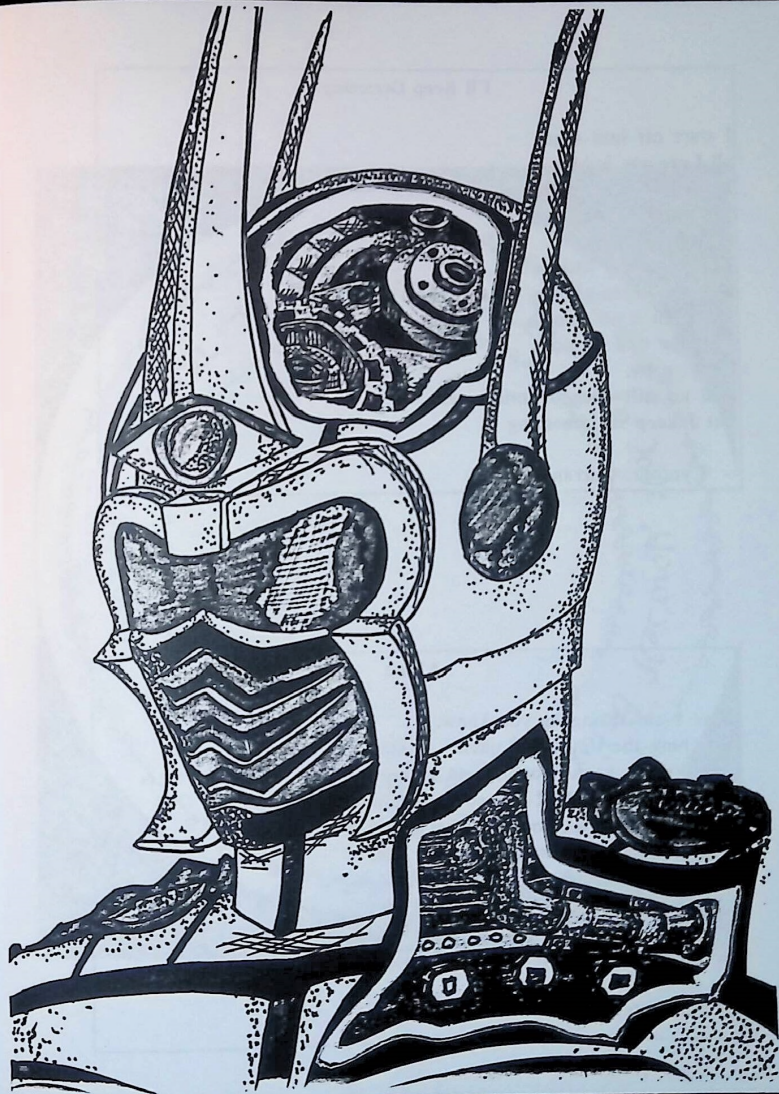
The perfect looks
The perfect face
The perfect mind
The perfect grace
It's what we want
to change our ways
From endless wrongs
To perfect days.

--Nikki Bowman

Another Ode

Staring from a distance
Not knowing how to say I Love You
My feelings are all I can find
I hope one day you could be so kind
To say the words that would make me shine
Your voice saying "I Love You" is along the lines.

--Marie Katherine Gallager



I'll Keep Dreaming

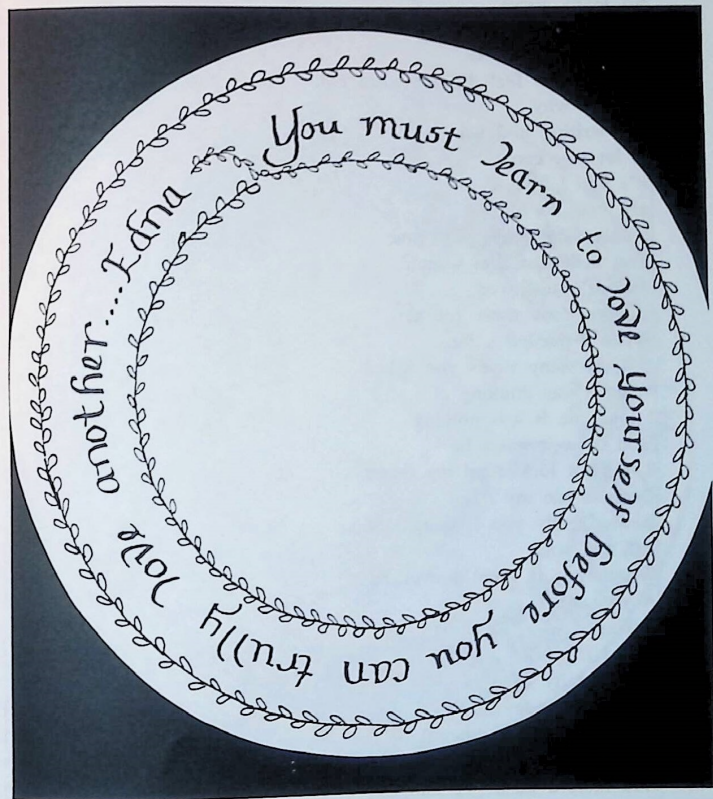
I stare off into space
all I can see is him.
It puts a smile on my face.
Just thinking of him
makes me happy.
I like it in my little world,
a place where all my dreams seem real.
There, he's all mine
until the end of time.
Days go by,
And he still doesn't notice me.
But I keep on dreaming.

-- Cynthia Currant

Alone

Here I am sitting as you know,
Watching the time as it passes so slow,
Your image keeps popping up in my mind,
an image I thought I left so far behind
The days are the same and the nights so sad,
I cry as I remember the love we had,
why is it gone, what got in the way,
Why didn't the fun last here and stay.
Time has passed by and the older I grew
Now I can see just how much I need you.

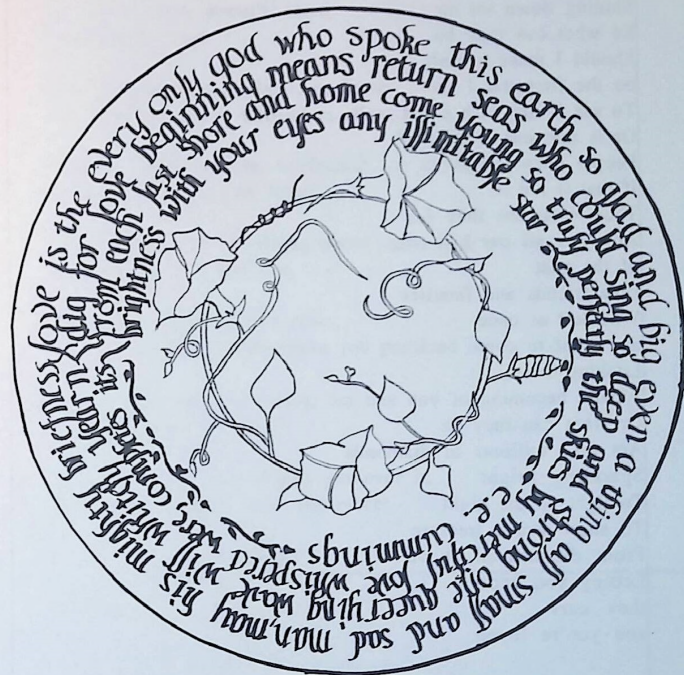
--Laura Perrins



You and I

I tried to tell you
So many times
The way I feel about you
But I felt like a fool
What if you feel different than I do
That is why
I'm writing it down
to let you know
It's you I love,
and care for too
I only want to be with you
You make me feel wanted,
needed and loved
You've been there for me
When I needed a hug
But so many times you asked
What I was thinking of
I told you it was nothing
You knew it was a lie
Though I locked up my secret
Deep inside my mind
It was really you I thought of
All that time
Wondering if there'd ever be
A you and I
Asking if so
would it work
If we really tried
Maybe someday soon
Or in the near future
My dream might come true
And there'd be a you and I

-- Marcia Kohut



What are They For

I looked out my window
And what do I see
Millions of stars
Shining down on me
So what can they be
Should I make a wish
on the first star I see
To see if my wish could really come true
Or is that just a fairy tale
People once knew
If that is not it
Then what are they for
Are they all our lost ones
of the past
Like friends and families
Who left us once
and want to come back
Looking to see
What's becoming of you and me
Or what can they be
Are they millions of diamonds
Sparkling bright
To light up the night
To show you a treasure
From the heaven above
Letting you know
they care
and you're loved

-- Marcia Kohut

Frustration

Frustration can come from anything
that you don't want to do.

Anything that doesn't seem
enjoyful to you.

Problems at work, school, or home
can really get you down.

Fighting with friends, boyfriends, or family
are gonna make you frown.

You want to do something about it,
anything to get you out.

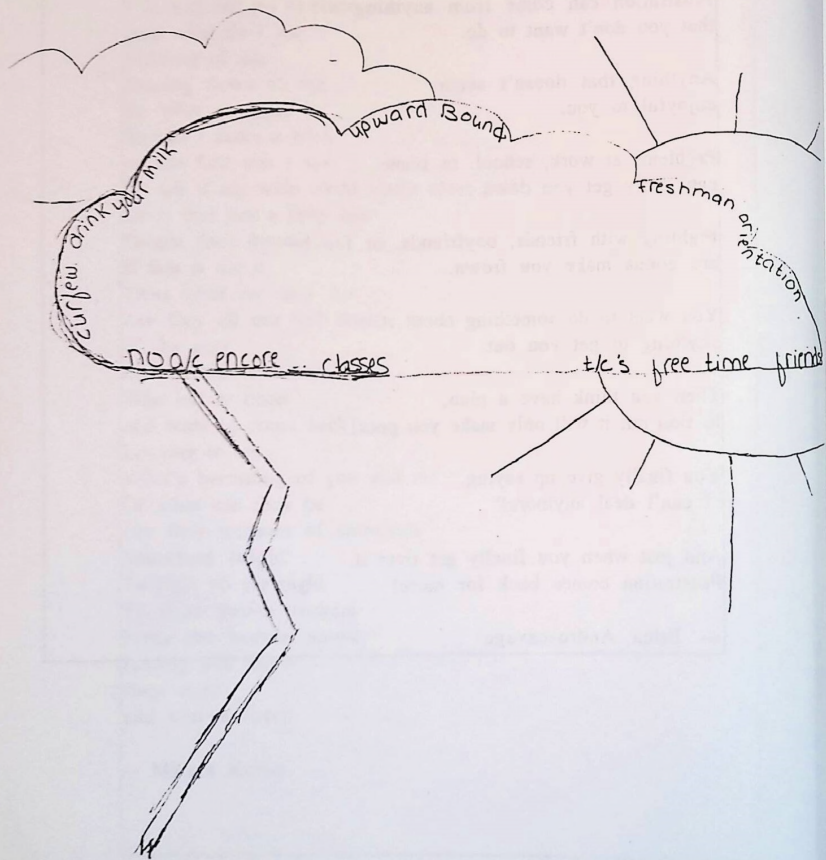
Then you think have a plan,
to find out it will only make you pout!

You finally give up saying,
"I can't deal anymore!"

And just when you finally get over it,
Frustration comes back for more!

--- Erica Andruscavage

Donde una puerta se cierra, otra se abre.
Every cloud has a silver lining. ∞



In a spinning world
where life goes by
Do you take the time
to wonder why?

Can you take a moment
to think about someone
else not you. No, too
hard.

Do you think about
starving children
struggling to get
a scrap of bread.

No you just gaze
into the ceiling
while relaxing in
your reclining chair.

Do you ask about
the unwed mothers
No, your answer is
throw them in the gutter.

No, you just sit
and watch as your life
goes by never ever
wondering why?

--- Amy Longfoot



In the Mind's Eye

In the mind's eye I see and know all
"I am a transparent eyeball"
I am one with past, present, and future
A master of destiny and fate
A fate seen only through the mind's eye...

Truth inside the mind's eye is revealed to me
For what I've seen is the truth
A truth which cannot be spoken from our lips
The truth which politicians and overlords do not tell
Remember to speak it not...

In the mind's eye knowledge was all that was granted from the tree of knowledge
The tree which stole our immortal lives and was replaced by mortality here on Earth
All knowledge was given to the mind's eye except an escape from eternal ruin
Life would not have to be like this if man knew the knowledge of the mind's eye
That knowledge which mankind shall not clamor to know...

In the mind's eye I am on top of the world
I am "Upward Bound"
Wealthy beyond comprehension
The mind is a diamond which can never be stolen
A diamond that even makes thieves tremble in delight
"They looked at my watch, but my mind was the diamond"
The skull has kept it locked away from the custody of evil...

They took my jewels
They took my life
But they could not take my mind...

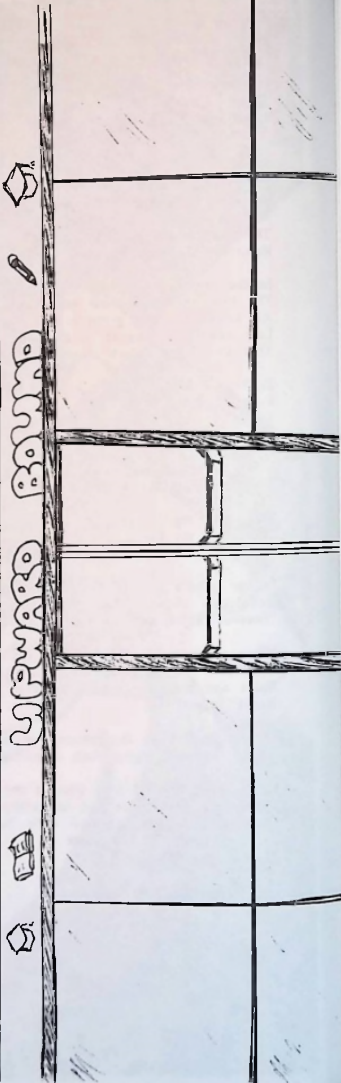
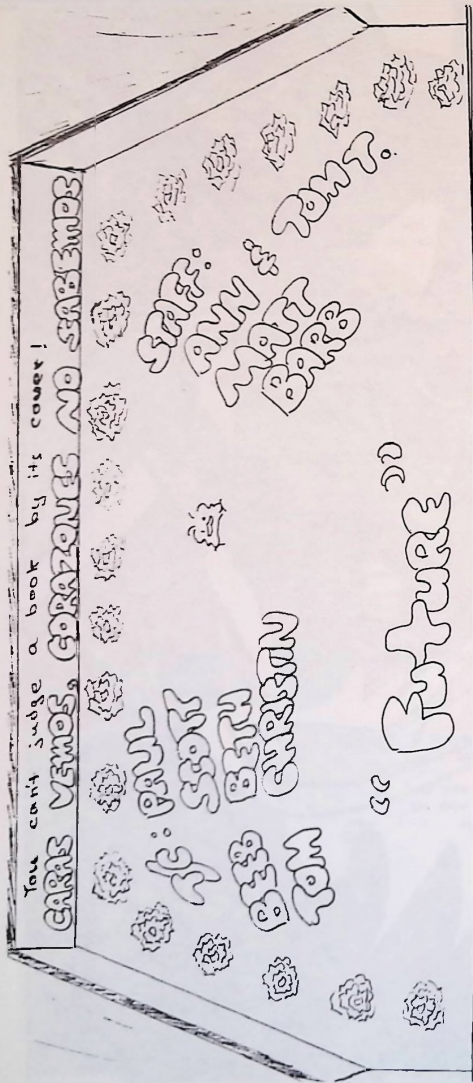
In the mind's eye death has no meaning
Revelation showed that immortality reigns sovereign...
"Forever in the day that's ever, I can't let it go"

When the body died the mind's eye was freed from mortality
For "The spirit will always remain"
Spirit and mind are one in the same
Never forget this...

In the mind's eye the pettiness of mankind is dispelled
And I rise to a higher state of existence...

In the mind's eye I have become one with God
I am at eternal peace and tranquility with all
Understanding for mankind ends here
For I'm behind locked doors
In the mind's eye...

--- Jeremiah Jones



My love

My love, you are the blood that rushes through my heart. To keep me alive and breathing.

And if one day, you should walk out of my life, you'd take my away my blood and leave me gasping for air.

You would be just like the smoke that suffocates my lungs.

You would be just like the poison that captures my voice box. Leaving me without words

You would be just like the alcohol fumes that brings tears to my eyes.

So, my love, if you can't love me, don't bring me to life.

By
Eri Carter

When will I know

I try to show my feelings, but I never succeed
Wondering about how you might feel about me
why don't you just tell me, so we
can get this over with.

Instead of wishing, hoping, and expecting
something that isn't true

Why is life so cruel? All I want are answers

I want to know if you love me, the way I love you

But, when people say "I don't know", how am I
supposed to react?

I try to talk to you, but my words just don't sink in

All you want to know about is how I've been.

I'm sorry, but I can't go on crying so much.

Please decide, before my whole life corrupts

Pretty so I'll be gone, and you'll be wishing
you have chosen.

The right path that would have made me your one and only.

I know you care, but can't you tell me?

Instead of keeping it inside, and hoping I'll see,

The real love that you have, especially for me

by
Eri Carter

Potty Etiquette

The T/C's
Getting burnt in the shower
Can make a person sour.
When you potty, don't be hush-hush
Please remember to yell

FLUSH!

Cockroach Death

Charles Herron

Six little legs scampering on the floor
Don't even try to get out that door
Was it the fries or the burger that I left out?
Decide which one and give me a shout
I'll throw them away.
Oh, you'd better stay,
So I can stomp you with my boots
And you can let it all loose
Oh, what's that you say?
You wanna live another day
I'm sorry you petty little scum
I'm just doing what I was taught from my mum!

I want to be free as I buy a bottle of water
and walk nonchalantly down the midway.

So I walk back to where I've set up camp for the evening
and I listen to the orchestra.
And with my grandfather I talk
music and politics and college.

I wonder where you've gone to.
I have not seen you
since I first did
from beside the potato pancake stand.
Someday I will celebrate
an Independence day from you--

but underneath the stars
and the garish purple sparks of fireworks
you are so beautiful.

In French Class

by:
Anna Golod

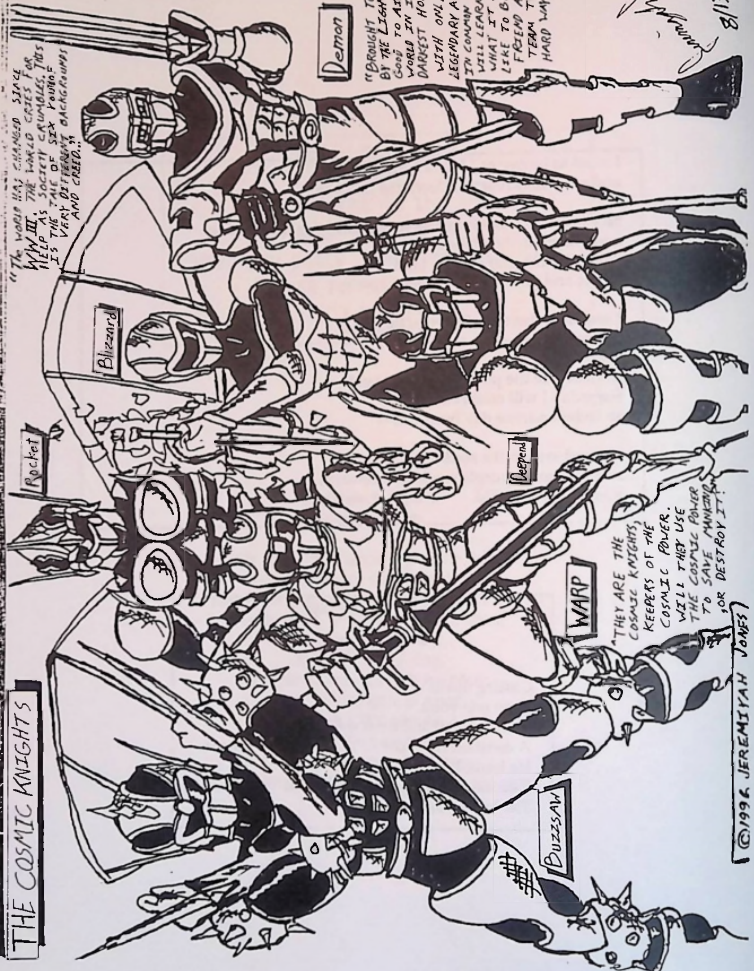
Casting Spells
In an erie voice
Remembered still from the Stone Ages
A constant reminder of those gone by horrors
He himself is a throwback
Chanting, singing, jumping about
The knowledge of fire

"THE WARRIOR HAS GAINED STRENGTH
WHEN III, THE WARRIOR GOES FOR
HELP AS SOCIETY CANNOT
DO IT. IT IS VERY DIFFICULT
AND CREED."

Demon
"I BROUGHT TOGETHER
BY THE LIGHT OF
GOODS TO ASH IN
WORDS IN ITS
DARKEST HOUR,
WITH ONLY THE
LEGENDARY ARMOR
LEFT LEON
WHAT IT IS
LIFE TO BE A
FRIEND AND THE
HARD WAY..."

WARP
"THEY ARE THE
COSMIC KNIGHTS,
KEEPERS OF THE
COSMIC POWER.
WILL THEY USE
THE COSMIC POWER
FOR DESTRUCTION
OR DESTRUCTION?"

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The Ultimate Biological Weapons: Cosmic Knights.
 Chapters 9-12. "One Last Ray of Hope."
 By: Jeremiyah M. Jones

Scene 1: (Outside of a mysterious castle; sky is dark and gray)

Previously the Cosmic Knights had defeated Ultima, the Black Knight, and saved Demon, the Red Knight, from the powers of his tainted Armor of Valor. Upon these occurrences, Warp, the new Knight Supreme, attempted to teleport his weary comrades back home to Cosmic Knight Castle in Transylvania, Romania. His attempt brought them to an unknown world where they have lost the use of their Cosmic Powers.

Now our Cosmic Knights all stand close together as they are awestruck by a huge mysterious castle. The knights would all like to leave this place of evil but Warp is unable to teleport them out. The dark, almost storm like atmosphere thunders back at the knights as if challenging the knights to some unknown fate.

"What am I supposed to do?" thinks Warp, ("I'm leader of the team and my powers won't even work to get us out of here! I feel powerless... In fact I almost feel powerless and helpless like when the Mafia killed Laura, my love, in front of my very eyes. There was nothing I could do. [Issue #1.] I must be strong this time!")
 Blizzard taps Warp on the shoulder, interrupting him in deep thought. "Uh, Warp, I think we have company and it doesn't look too good..."

Warp whisks around to see the Knights surrounded by nine Death Machines.
 "Oh ****!" says Demon, "I thought we seen the last a dis *****!"
 "Guess not Demon," says Warp as the Knights rush into the fray with the Death Machines.
 "Chill the hearts of evil, ice blast!" says Blizzard as she tries to fire an ice blast at the Death Machines. Nothing is generated from her armor. Blizzard is shocked about her powers as she is plowed over by a Death Machine.
 "My powers!?" exclaims Blizzard in doubt and wonder, "What is happening to me and my powers?!"

The Death Machines continue to trounce the powerless Cosmic Knights. Deepend says, "What do we do without our powers, Warp?"
 Warp summons the Sword of Elements and says, "Just vanquish them with you Knight Weapons!"

Upon hearing this, the rest of the Cosmic Knights summon their weapons to aid them. The knight wipe out the Death Machines in a very barbaric manner. This kind of makes a person wonder if they are truly in control of their biological armor. After all the fighting had stopped and the Cosmic Knights are the only ones left standing it looks like a pack of wild animals had slaughtered the Death Machines in a battle of survival of the fittest. Blood and guts everywhere. On their armor and on the ground. Just the sight of it makes a person's stomach turn. The Cosmic Knights regroup after the mele.

Rocket and the other Knights are filled with many questions about the current situation. "Warp, what could have happened to our powers?" asks Rocket, "Nothing like this has never happened to us before. It's just too strange for me."
 This question and others are obviously running through all of the Knights minds at this moment, but now Warp, as leader, must assess the predicament with a logical answer or at least words of comfort. He attempts to backtrack for an answer.

"Let me think... After defeating Ultima, we teleported out of Apollo. [Issue #8.] When we teleported, I had hoped to get us to the castle, but instead our course was directed to here. This strange unknown world that seems to be an evil mirror of Earth," says Warp as he becomes frustrated, "I'm sorry, but I really don't know why we're here or how come our powers don't work in this place."

"Yo Deepend, you're a pretty smart guy," chimes in Buzsaw, "Maybe you could give us an answer to why our powers don't work here."
 Deepend sits down on a rock and begins to formulate an answer. For those who don't know it, Deepend is quite possibly one of the smartest men on the planet Earth. Several minutes pass. Deepend jumps up. "Ah ha! I've got it. My hypothesis that all. You know when people travel to other planets the gravity and elements are all varied? Well, this place may look like our Earth, but it is quite different indeed. Our armor is made of a different atomic structure than this place. Right?" says Deepend, "And so are our powers. The magnetic force of this planet does not react with our powers or armor as well as it does on Earth or even Mars. The forces of this planet is forcing our powers to become trapped and dormant inside the our armored bodies, making it difficult for us to release them from their encasement. For us to access our powers we will have to retrain our bodies to counter the magnetic forces of this planet! Quite simple you see..."

With that question kind of answered the Knights still have other questions that need to be answered. "Oh... What about those Death Machines that we just fought?"
 says Rocket, "I thought we destroyed them all. How could they be here unless Ultima is here too?"

"Anything is possible Rocket. Especially since he demonstrated such a vast amount of power when we fought him. [issue #8]" says Blizzard, "It could be possible that he can consciously travel between both worlds."

"Warp, why don't we take a look inside of this weird castle to get some answers? Besides I really gotta go bad. I don't think this armor has a built in camo!" says Rocket. ["Man! I sure hope they have toilet paper here because nature is majorly calling to me..."] thanks Demon.

"Cosmic Knights let's make our way into that castle and be prepared for anything of anyone that we might run into." says Warp as the Knights go up the stairs leading to the huge doors. As they enter the castle lightning flashes in the sky as if warning some unseen danger of fate.

Scene 2: (Inside of the mysterious castle, dark and old)

Inside they castle, the knights are surprised at what they behold. The interior of this castle is like deja vu. There are cobwebs all over the place. It's almost as if some one had just picked up and left without cleaning up their mess. Before the knights' eyes is a huge winding set of stone steps that branch off into two separate sets of stairs leading to different wings. The knights look cold and almost astonished by the sight of the castle's interior. It's like a Gothic dream. Blizzard is the first to say anything about what they see.

"This place looks just like Cosmic Knight Castle," says Blizzard, "but without the warmth and life that our castle holds. It looks almost like the people that lived here where forced out by an unknown power and left to rot in a cold, dark place."

The Knights start their approach to the stairway, but as they draw closer a strange figure shrouded in darkness appears. He is standing at the top of the stairway in a position of grandeur. The knights step back in the fear that it might be Ultima because he survived the blast of light from the Cosmic Matrix of Light [issue #8]. The knights realize that they are only over reacting.

"Cosmic Knights of Earth..." says the strange figure, "I have been expecting you for some time. Ever since you defeated Ultima, the Black Knight in battle." The Knights are still unsure to consider this man ally or foe. "Who are you and what do you want from us?" says Warp, "We want no trouble from you. We just want answers, and now would be good for us."

The figure can tell that these Cosmic Knights are in need of answers so he steps into the light to reveal a knight of a different sort. The knight is clad in red, white and orange armor. He is amazing to the eye. As he makes his way down the stairs his cape flows behind him as a draft of wind blows in the air. "I am Backdraft, the Red Edenian Knight, keeper of the Molten Armor." says Backdraft, "I give you my knight's honor that you shan't have any trouble from me, but we must leave this place at once before we are discovered by the enemy. Follow me into the nearby forest!"

Scene 3: (Outside of the castle; the sky is about to pour down in rain)

The Knights follow Backdraft out of the castle with their trust. The Knights and Backdraft are on the stairs outside the castle. Backdraft looks up to the dark gray sky and says, "Cosmic Knights, look upon the sky! She and the land cry out for salvation from her hour of darkness. You are her last ray of hope so let's make haste into the forest now!" The Knights are not fully aware of what he is saying to them, but follow Backdraft into the forest anyway. As they make it into the forest the sky starts to thunder and lightning. The storm begins to pour as if trying to speak.

"Heb, heh. There it is." says Backdraft referring to the rain pouring down from the sky, "See Cosmic Knights, the land cries out in joy for your arrival."

"Backdraft, are we out of immediate danger?" says Neamoid. "Yes, we are safe for now Cosmic Knights, but danger always lurks around the corner like a lion waiting to devour its helpless prey. I am the one responsible for you being here in the world of Eden. By redirecting your course of teleportation I made you appear on the other side of the mirror, Dark Knight Castle. That is the castle of King Judas, the conqueror of our world of Eden. I was sent by the Edenian Knights to bring you to this world."

Neamoid is very curious about some of the things that Backdraft says so he asks, "Backdraft please forgive me for asking this but why on Eden would you venture into such an evil castle alone? Are you a little disturbed in the head? One to many hits over the knight noggin?" Backdraft looks a little annoyed at Neamoid dragging out the question with his uncalled for comments. Backdraft steps forward and proceeds to answering Neamoid's question. "First off I would just like to say that I am not disturbed in the head. Not in the slightest." says Backdraft, "My reason for being at the castle was to make an attempt at defeating Judas myself to prove to the others that I could handle myself in the heat of battle."

Buzzsaw steps forward and says, "Why does that castle look so much like Cosmic Knight Castle?" Backdraft seems overwhelmed by these questions as he shakes his head from side to

side. "I swear I'm gonna go crazy from all these questions but I will answer this one. Dark Knight Castle was not always what it appears to be today. The castle used to be Edenian Knight Castle until King Judas defeated us in battle. After the fight he took over our castle. That was our castle and home. After he took control of the castle Eden was transformed into a chaotic world of evil and darkness. You were summoned here to help us rid Eden of King Judas and his Dark Monarchs."

"What happens to us if we fail to accomplish the task at hand?" asks Demon. "Well Dark Knight Demon if you do fail all Cosmic Power in our two worlds will vanish as if it never existed." says Backdraft. "How do you know our names Backdraft?" asks Deemond. "I know more than I let on..." says Backdraft, "But will you help us in our darkest hour?"

Warp shakes Backdraft's hand and says, "We shall indeed help you liberate Eden from evil, but we need you to help restore our powers. They were lost when we teleported [issue #8]." "It will be granted when we return to the Eden Knights' village." says Backdraft, "Let's move it because we have quite a journey ahead of us."

The Cosmic Knights and Backdraft walk through the forest as it continues to rain. All of the knights are filled with questions about their existence and why are they here of all people. Cosmic Knights... One day it will be revealed to you why you are Knights and what your purpose in life is. Until then continue on life's wondrous and difficult journey.

"Backdraft how many Edenian Knights are there?" asks Rocket. "At this moment in time I only have encountered five other knights other than myself but legend says there are twelve Edenian Knights. The other Knights are to come into existence when the time is right. That is the mirror of the Cosmic Knight legend. There are also twelve Cosmic Knights in the legend."

"When and where will the other Cosmic Knights appear?" asks Demon. "Legend says that as the conflict between light and darkness grows the other Cosmic Knights will appear to balance the forces of light and darkness. The exact time I am not sure of though..."

As time passes the Knights continue to walk they can hear rustling in the trees above them and it is not just the rain pouring down either. The sound is very disturbing. Almost of the sound of humans above in the trees. All of our travelers pause to listen to the noise emitting from the treetops. "What was that noise?" questions a startled Blizzard. "Just an animal I guess." reassures Backdraft, "We must not let anything slow us down. So don't stop!"

The Knights begin to move again, but they do not get very far because six Death Machines jump down from the trees in an attempt to ambush the Cosmic Knights. The Knights line draw their weapons as Backdraft stands in front of the Knights with sword in hand. He looks at the Knights and says, "Allow me to take care of these scoundrels with my inferno powers." The Knights back off and allow Backdraft to express his gratitude toward the Knights. Backdraft rushes at the Death Machines as he fights them with his sword. As he cuts into the Death Machines the blade of his sword spews forth flames. The sight of these flames are spectacular. The villains are beginning to loose their patience with Backdraft. The Death Machines encircle Backdraft. Even though he looks like he is trap Backdraft stays calm and takes a meditative stance.

"From the bowels of Earth's core- FIRESTORM!!!" exclaims Backdraft as the area around the Death Machines and him turn red and seconds later flames burst from the ground engulfing both Backdraft and the Death Machines. When the flames calm Backdraft is all the remains of the battle. The Death Machines were disintegrated by the heat of the flames. Demon jumps up and down in amazement exclaiming, "Now that was totally cool man, or should I say hot!!..."

"I guess that solves our Death Machine problem." says Blizzard, "I sure hope we make it to the village alive." "Night will soon be upon us," says Backdraft, "There is not that much more distance for us to cover."

(Continued in The Cosmic Knights comic book series by Jeremiah Jones.)

UPWARD BOUND

Magic times, special friends,
things we all hope would never end
Days gone by, the weeks did fly.
We became family trusting
one another hoping we would
be a family forever.

We made a pact, upon which
we acted. We became close
discovering feelings held deep
within. Dreaming dreams
wishing wishes seeing
one another grow

When it ended tears were shed
then slowly we unmade our beds
Six weeks went fast
We hoped it would not be
the last, the summer
has ended but not for good

by
Amy Longfoot
summer of '97"



Why have you not loved me
Why cannot you care
I try to persuade you
Your heart wasn't there.
I never expected a smile on your face
I look at you now and think what a disgrace
To be near you without the power of love
Why can't you be near me you're all I think of
My days are like nothing, I know that you're
gone.

When you're not around me I know I'll go on
Just look at me now as I stare in your face
I never did love you, you were such a disgrace

-Nikki Bowman



I Know (I've Been There Before)

Lyrics by Jeremiyah M. Jones

When I looked into the sky
There, I saw were her eyes
What a dream for me to behold
Her eyes, blue as can be
Can you imagine that sight of a beautiful girl
Her life filled with a heartbreak

I held her close and said

[chorus] I know
I know what you're going through right now
I've been there once before, it's true
It was not that long ago, I know
I know you're afraid of being hurt again
I felt that way too
If there is one thing that I can say
To ease the pain
It is that I am true
Yes I am true...

There are times that you feel so alone
Then in time you will know
If you let me
I will be right by your side
To hold you and protect you
From the hurt

Because... [chorus]

If you're out there listening
And you feel alone
I want you to pick up that phone
And give me a call
Cuz I want you to know girl
I'm not gonna leave your side
As long as I continue to breath
Believe me
When I tell you good night
You won't be hurt again
I promise you that
You know it's true...

Yes I know (It's time)
I know what you're going through right now (Take a stand)
I've been there once before, it's true (Don't live in fear)
It was not that long ago, I know (End the pain)
I know you're afraid of being hurt again (Trust your heart)
I felt that way too (Take a leap of faith)
If there is one thing that I can say (Nothing to lose)
To ease the pain (Happiness to gain)
It is that I am true (I promise)
Yes I am true (Here to stay)

Though times can be tough
Together we will triumph
I know, I have been there before...

Samantha Harry

As I walked through the hot, steamy desert. I felt my knees about to collapse as the day gets hotter and hotter. I get thirstier and thirstier. I am so tired and hot. I begin to see birds fly over my head around and around me. I see desert animals drinking water from a puddle nearby as I drop to my knees. I discover it is just the shadow of rocks reflecting off the dusty ground. I begin to see cactus moving there arms around some picking up and leaving the ground. As I go to touch one of the cactus's I awaken to a pool full of sweat on my face as I open my eyes to the bearing sun. I begin to look around wondering were I am. I brushed the sand off my legs and arms and tell my mom tiredly that it is time for me to get off the beach and out of the sun back to the hotel room.

Your Loss
by:
Nikki Bowman

I saw it come two days before
I knew I'd kick you out the door
The women told me days ago
I'd have to leave and let you go
Off to the street on to the curb
I never had my heart so hurt
I didn't take my love away
I saved it for a rainy day
Please let me be I love you so
It's hard to let you go
I know it's hard to carry on
Two days ago you were my own

"Heart"

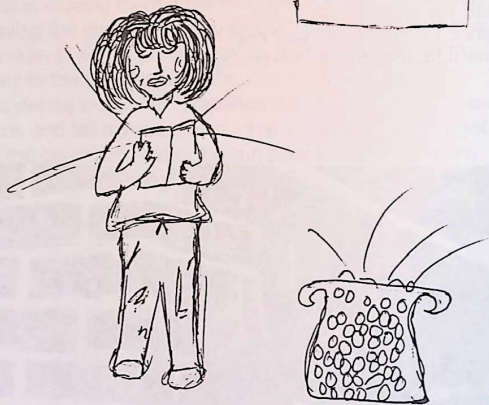
Chuck Herron

I know my true heart's desire
But it's easier to live my life as a liar
Everyone can look and see
But they'll never know what I want to be
Why can't I listen to my heart
And tell you, you are a piece of art
So truly beautiful to my eyes
Why must I live this life of lies
Oh, how I wish I could fly like a dove
And wrap myself in this true love
But I'm not, and I can't
And tell you, I sha'nt
Just once I'd like to feel your kiss
But you'll be the one I'll forever miss



En Soca cerrada no entran
moscas.

No hablar
cuando
zeemos!



Silence is golden.

By: NICK + CRISTA

"So Beautiful/ Independence Day"

excerpt from a longer work

by:

Abigail Myers

Fourth of July. Two hundred twenty-two
years ago a flock of dead white guys
decided that a ragtag bunch
of immigrants and merchants would
no longer call apartments "flat" or french fries "chips"---

Fourth of July. Two hundred twenty-two
years later I'm roaming Kirby Park,
looking pretty good and searching for folks I know.

I find one. Call his name, wave,
and I feel my heart stop;
my blood runs cold and whiteness
floods my face.

I would know those childish eyes,
those strong arms...
I would know them anywhere.

I even know them here
between the potato pancake stands
and the carnival games, where
out of more than thirty thousand people

I see you. You're a hotshot now.
Who do you think you are--
in your muscle shirt, your cropped black hair,
your Ray-Bans on your head (trendy just a little?)--
you look like some poseur
trying to be some jock
who used to be a skater. (Have I
hit upon this correctly?)

Yet I still feel butterflies
as your eyes meet mine for a moment--
You are so beautiful.

You are as beautiful as you were
the day we met--with your glasses,
your floppy hair, your JnCo T-shirt,

your giant pants and Vans.
Do you remember that day--
I remember it like John Hancock
must have remembered that day when his
unflinching hand put his name
on that Declaration—I know
that Fat George read it clear as water,
without his eyeglasses

sort of like the eyeglasses
I push up on my nose as I nervously
smooth a strand of hair behind
my ear, trying to catch my breath.

You are so beautiful, even today,
even as some girl dressed 100% impeccably
hangs on every word.

So beautiful by the waning of daylight, by the loud
blinking neon of the concession stands all around us.

I look away, some seconds or hours later;
you are celebrating your independence from me.
From my seriousness, from my "thoughts" and "emotions"
that I was forever talking about

From my flawed figure, from my crooked teeth,
from my hippie hair that I still haven't cut--

And from my love, my attention,
my loyalty, my honest empathy, from my concern--
You are free from those things too.

And you are so beautiful.
So beautiful as you flirt with
that skinny brunette. So beautiful
from the top of your foolish egotistical head
to your unwise aching feet.

I am told this is a free country.
Flags fly and kids walk in Rage against the Machine T-shirts.
And I want to be free
as I talk to my school friends
and hand the little girl I know
a dollar to play some games.

"A Guy At the Book Sale: July 11, 1998"

Abigail Myers

I woke up at ten-thirty this morning. As is my Saturday morning ritual, I cocooned myself in blankets and pillows in an attempt to drown out the sound of my sisters' fighting and my brother playing video games. As usual, my efforts were futile. So, my Pooh sweatpants and my T-shirt from a leadership conference three years past feeling wrinkled and roomy, I rolled out of bed.

My stepmother was watching the end of *As Good As It Gets* when I got downstairs. I said my bleary "good mornings" and settled down in the dining room with a bowl of Frosted Flakes, a rare deviation from my highly healthful breakfast tendencies. It's Saturday morning.

When I finished my cereal, my stepmother briefed me on what would be happening today: we were going to Rickett's Glen State Park, followed by an evening at the Back Mountain Library Auction. Even though I was only semi-awake, I was pleased. I had been hanging on to the lion's share of my allowance in anticipation of the book sale.

I was showered, dressed, and packed to go by noon. I had a backpack full of the day's necessities: cash, notebooks, Discman with CDs, pens, *Backlash* by Susan Faludi, and a few personal items since I didn't feel like carrying a purse.

We hiked five miles at Rickett's Glen; I think we saw four or five huge waterfalls. I felt very proud that I hiked, unaided, up the steepest parts of the trail without getting winded or falling. I was also happy that I'd spent a grand total of ten seconds in front of the mirror in my room, and that I'd managed to conserve so much of my money for the book sale tonight.

We got to the auction and I went crazy. I found "bargain books" at a craft stand and the flea market; ten of those books went home with me. The actual book sale, in the basement of the library, was much bigger, but I bought only four books there.

So now I'm sitting on one of my dad's old lawn chairs as a woman on the block is trying to sell an antique bench. I won a bid earlier for a vintage cloche hat (two dollars—I couldn't pass it up). I also found two purses at the flea market. The sun is finally starting to get out of my eyes, but in exchange I now have to tug on my sweater. For the most part I've had a great day.

But one cloud is hanging over me. I was perusing the stacks of books at the craft stand when I noticed a boy my age straightening up the piles. Periodically he would look over at me and smile. Maybe he thought I was merely wandering around, or that I was actually looking at the crafts.

He obviously hadn't expected me to purchase any books, because he seemed surprised when I came up to him with three paperbacks and a hardcover. He didn't smile as he collected my dollar-twenty five. For some insane reason I remembered my promise to Anna to "speak to one new person every day". I made a joke about how "I think I'm going to take home the library if I don't stop." He didn't react.

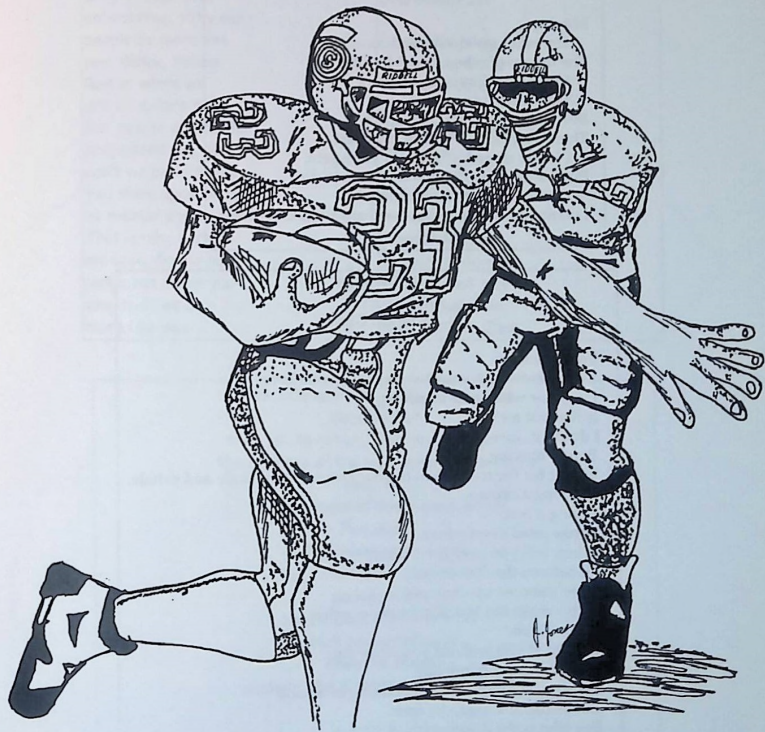
That left me to wonder why he had behaved the way he did. Why was he flirtatious at first, only to cool immediately when he found that I was purchasing books? Come to think of it, why had every guy who crossed my path at the auction today disappeared as soon as each of them spotted the bag of books I was carrying?

These questions are plaguing me even now. Of the intelligent, thoughtful conversations I've had with men in the past year or so, they have been (with few exceptions) just that: conversations with *men*. To be sure, there was, for example, the guy who sat next to me in English who discussed with me music, writing and, eventually, locales for first dates (my opinions on the last of which, incidentally, he used on a ninth-grade cheerleader if he ever used them). It seems to me that most Y chromosomes my own age have no interest whatsoever in intellectual relationships with girls—and if they do, I have not found these thinkers yet.

I think of my 34-year-old cousin's boyfriend; a substitute history teacher I met at my father's New Year's Eve party; an English teacher who called television the "glowing green eye of society" and exhorted everyone to do anything but watch it. I think of the conversations I've had with them, and compare them to typical discussions that most of my male contemporaries have and, in some cases, try to have with me.

If guys, according to "scientific research", are so much more "intellectual" and "logical" than girls, then why do they always want to talk about hormones, models and a bunch of guys throwing some sort of ball around? Also, if this is so sacred to them, why do they feel so threatened by girls who could not possibly care less?

I do not know why, and ninety-five percent of the time I do not care. But incidents like the one with the guy at the book sale always make me think about it, and each time I do I become a little more disenchanted and frustrated. If I've had one perfectly good day shadowed by this kind of nonsense, I've had a million.



Dreaming
by:
Monica Wemmer

Maybe,
someday my dream will come true
The dream of when I can be with you
I know our lives are different
That were driven apart,
But you'll always be real special
There's a place for you in my heart
I know someday, I'll hold you again,
But for now my dreams will have to do.
Until we can be together again
I want you to know that I will always and forever
Love You!

Dreamer
by:
Susan Gilroy

You're asleep.
Lying there with your head against your arms,
I wonder what your dreaming.
Is it about me?
I doubt it.
Barely moving.
Except for the movement of your chest as you inhale and exhale.
Catching a catnap.
Taking a rest.
Books piled everywhere.
When will you ever get it done?
I'll bet you don't even care.
Time's almost up dreamer,
Better make the last 10 minutes worth it.
I know I am.
Gazing at you without you knowing
is the best part of my day.
He stirs, awoken by the slamming of a book
Looks like it's over, dreamer.
But who is the dreamer;
You or me?

"Rainbow" Amy Longfoot

I wish upon a rainbow
upon its every hue
Bright, beautiful
colors true. Why can't
people be more like
you. Black, Yellow,
Red or white we
are all colors too.
But people are selfish
prejudiced too, why
can't we be like you.
You shine upon everyone
no matter age or race
This is why I state
my case. God is our
judge not me or you
why can't we be
more like you

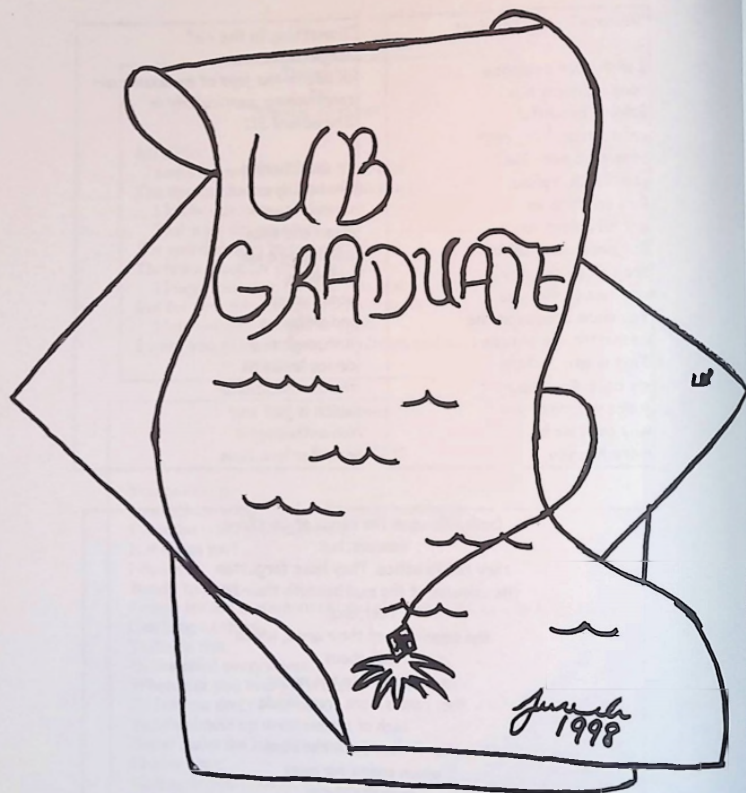
"Something In the Air"

Abigail Myers
*an ode to the joys of excessive air
conditioning, particularly in
Sturdevant 311*

air conditioning
like boiling water
turning it into
steam and then
developing a way
to freeze
water vapor
and diffusing
it through the
device known as
the air conditioner
which is just way
too enthusiastic
even for late June

Dusk falls upon the heads of carefree
dancers, but
they fail to notice. They have forgotten
the coldness of the mud beneath their bare
feet, and
the weariness of their arms, which
flail about
as they move to the music
that comes more from inside
each of them
than it does from the band
which seems far away
from the cheap
seats of the Montage Mountain lawn.

--Anna Golod



¡Querer Es Poder!
(Where there's a will, there's a way!)

Peaceful Solitude

A man sits on a deserted dike, his legs dangling over the rocks covered with bugs and moss. Looking back, he sees the old street, the grassy knoll that led him there, and the hill where he almost fell.

Slowly twisting his neck, he looks down one side of the dirty pathway. Nothing. Not even a dog with his owner, or a jogger with shorts too tight and too small.

Now he stares straight ahead, his peripheral vision catching a glimpse of the bridge where busy workers drive their automobiles back from their lunch breaks. His eyes zone in on a yellowish rock amongst its neighbors on the opposite side of the river. The flowing river which brings a cool breeze to him, making the hairs on his naked calves rise. He combs his fingers through his hair as the welcomed wind breaks the humid summer day.

Walking farther down, he sits on a rock, unable to be seen from the street. He pulls a cigarette out of his pocket and places the dry stick in his mouth. Four flat matches are wasted before he is finally able to light his only salvation.

Ankit Tejani



"What I Didn't Understand"

By Heather Metcalf

The experience that most affected my life happened when I was in the second grade. At the time I never thought anyone I loved would ever leave me. Boy, was I wrong.

I remember it was a warm spring day and I was in my backyard playing with my friends. The birds were chirping their happy tune. The wind was slightly blowing, cooling us all off. My friends and I were having fun. Should I have been so happy?

Around the same time I was laughing people were dying. Someone very close to me in fact. I loved him dearly! Why did he have me so confused?

I came in from the yard cause my friends had to go home. I was happy, yet no one else inside was. I found my mom on the phone in the kitchen. She had a confused look on her face but tears were quickly filling her eyes and pouring down her face. What could have happened?

I waited patiently for her to phone. But I was only eight and in a happy mood. Did I expect what was coming?

I got sick of waiting so I went off to my room to play. I was deep in thought. I couldn't stop wondering. "Why is my mom crying?"

I ran downstairs, found my mom at the table crying. I asked her what was wrong. She said I may not understand, but I didn't care. So she told me my Uncle Ricky shot himself in the head. Was it an accident or was it suicide?

To this day we still say it was an accident. Our guess is he was outside cleaning his gun and he hit the trigger while I the midst of cleaning. I believe that is true. Do I wish to believe anything else?

Ricky was my favorite uncle. He spoiled me and treated me like his daughter. I thought of him as the father I never had. Why did I lose my uncle, my father I never had?

It is easy to believe that love will last forever. If you really love a person they will always be with you. I believe that is true, but some may think I am wrong. If ever I think of my uncle Ricky I pretend he is walking with me guarding me from harm.



My first pet was a gray cat named Sandra. When I was about six years old, my mom took me to some lady's house who was giving away kittens for free.

I remember looking in the box at all of the adorable little kittens, meowing and pleading to be held and loved. My mom said that I could only pick one, but as I looked into the desperate eyes of the kittens, I wanted to take them all home with me.

As I was trying to choose I saw a little gray kitten curled up in one corner of the box all by itself. As I went over towards it, it jumped right on me and started purring. Not knowing how to react, I started to cry, and everyone else there thought it was cute. So I ended up taking this little gray kitten home with me and for some odd reason named her Sandra. When I was a kid, she was like one of my best friends. She would let me dress her up in doll clothes and push her around the house in a baby carriage. I even have a picture of me doing that!

But about two summers ago, she got really sick and began to lose a lot of weight. The vet really couldn't figure out what was wrong, and eventually she was put to sleep. She is buried in my backyard.

--Jennifer Urganus

Clouds

When a storm steals a perfect summer day - three distinct stages occur. First the clouds begin to churn with the rousing wind. Second the voluminous thunder clouds roll into the sky swallowing me whole. Finally, the massive inferno in the sky slowly ceases to burn.

As I lay in the prickly but oddly soothing grass, I find myself lost. Not in a physical sense, but mental. My body drifts into the clouds, suddenly I'm in another world.

I sit on a pillowy cloud. It's cold, yet its warm. I feel confuzzled. I wave to a passing car, but sadly no one returns the gesture. I imagine how the clouds would feel cottony on my skin, soft and silky. I sink. I fall into oblivion. As I fall back to earth, I realize the colors, soft pink and baby blue. As I return to my body I wonder what their destination will be.

One minute the clouds are content in your view, the next they are prancing to another city. The shapes shift. Cats get chased by dogs. Mice by cats, they are ever changing.

Soon the wind picks up, and the clouds move. The wind sweeps them across the sky. Gray, ugly and putrid clouds take their place.

One second you are looking at soft, marshmallowy masses, the next it's a lump of burnt and caramelized sugar.

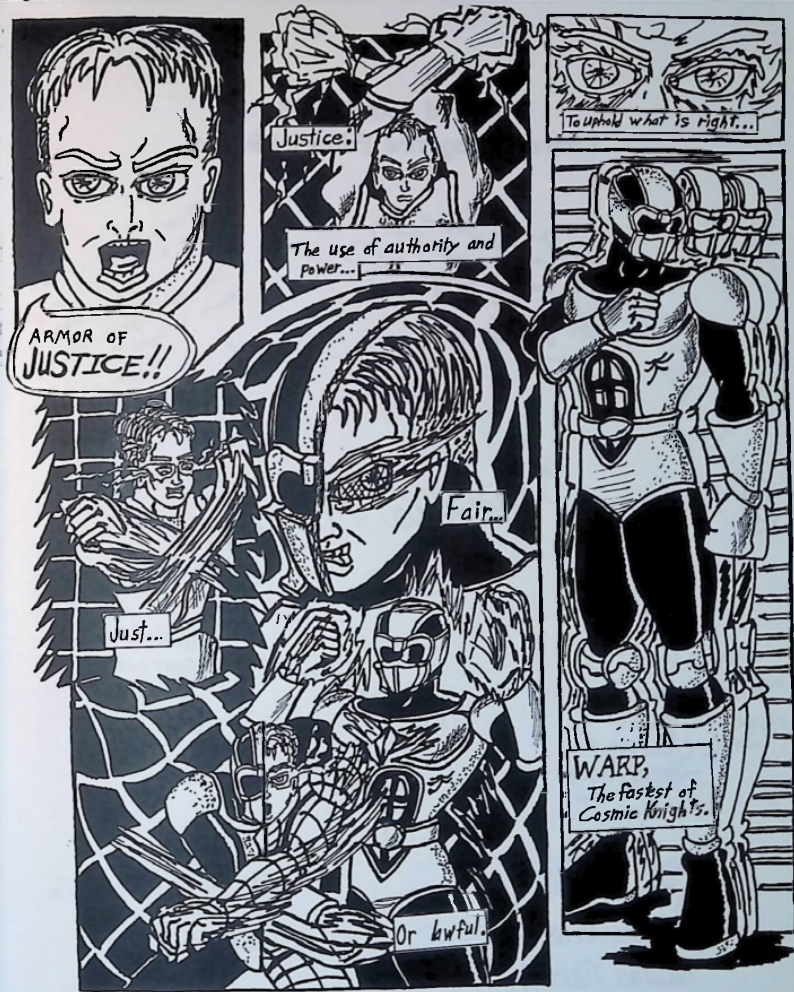
Rain pours from their insides. It soothes my feverishly hot skin. I wait a few seconds then run indoors. My day of utter relaxation is over but my memories will always live on.

Amy Longfoot

All last week people's friends were dying. Three people in the program lost a close friend. I felt bad for all of them, but I never thought I would lose my friend or be close to it. This weekend my best friend was admitted to the hospital. I was frightened when I was told because I thought I would be the next to lose somebody.

I went and visited her and she seemed OK. It turns out she was diagnosed with scoliosis in her back and she had something wrong with her heart. It was causing her heart to beat very rapidly. She is going to be let out today and she is going to visit me tomorrow so I'm happy she's OK.

Brandis Mooney



Upward Bound 1998
Literary Magazine Editorial Board

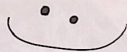
"The only thing worth
seeing in art is someone
else's heart."
- Adam Quits
Abigail & Myers

"Every silver lining's
got a touch of grey."
- Jerry Garcia
"The sun is gone but I
have a light."
- Kurt D. Cobain

Susan Gilroy

Bob Du Barah

Brandis Mooney



Anna Golod
"Sometimes I
give myself
the creeps."
- Green Day

"To be great is to be misunderstood."
- Emerson

Jeremy Miller

"Seize the day,
 cuz tomorrow
 may never come!!"
 Heather McNeal
 smile

Luck and Success
Jenny Yufas

FEAR NO ART
Lisa Roy David

