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Christa Kuhl

Notorious
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Lacoris

Where Do You Fit In?

Upward Bound 1999
Literary Magazine

Bay
Krantz

Steve Valkos

Robin
Sandell

Stephanie
Harris

Samantha
Rae
Keithline

Kelli
Carter
Katie
Eddy

Marie Eddy

Larissa
Gibbs

Megan
Eggen

Monica
Wood

Donna Melton

Rebecca Meyers

Jay

Bolym

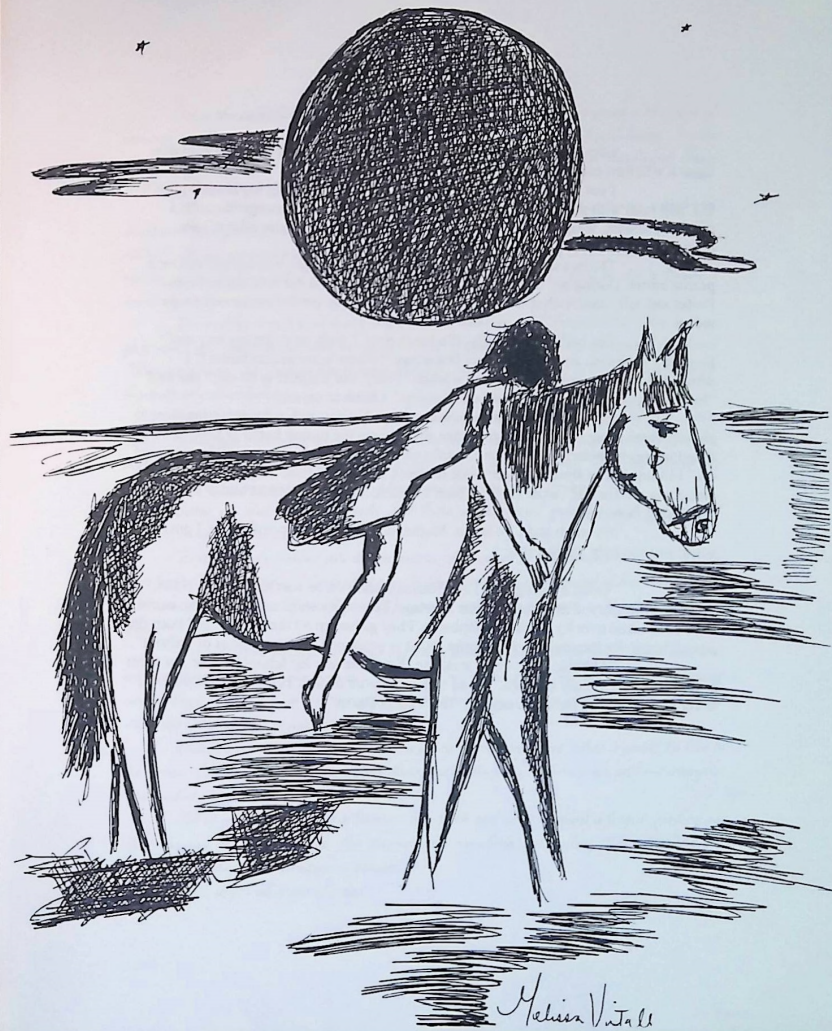
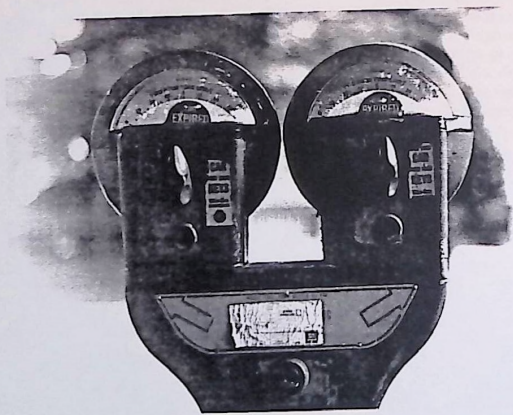
Winter

Unforgiveness
By Robin VanDerMark

*I can hear your sighs from across the room
And can sense the agony you are trying to hide
I know you are loosing your best friend to unforgiving death
I'd like to tell you that I understand
But I can't because I don't.
Maybe someday I will
And I fear that day
The day when I will walk down that hall
And around the corner see a living hell
The so called "life giving" machine
When one tug will take a life
It's senseless
Little chance to survive
And yet prolonging the tears that are already there
And stuck with the choice of when to tug
And wondering if things would have been
Different if you made a different choice
But then it's too late
The choice was made
The "life giving" machine took it back
You not knowing the chances
And the tears coming faster and harder
When will it stop?
We are not immortal
And yet that's what you are trying to make us
Maybe if someone gave you the decision
Maybe the you would understand*

We all came together not knowing a soul.
So afraid, trapped in our own little world's hoping that the weekend
would bring smiles.
Weeks passed and we all became so close.
Now, its all over like a setting sun unable to lift its head.
We never had much to say but we all wished that we could stay just
one more day.
All I have to give is myself,
You just have to follow.
The last week arrives with a tear in every eye.
But the future holds a key for each and every one of us.
After we are all gone and grown-up.
Never forget the greatest memories of your life were held in this little
place which holds the key to every heart.
The past is now gone but the memories live on forever!!

Christa Kuhar



Got Peanut Butter

By

Andrew Bauman

One Monday morning I woke up, and it was like any other school day. Later it will turn out to be the worst day in human history.

I got dressed and came down to breakfast. Excepting my normal glass of O.J. and toast with peanut butter, I was shocked to see toast with margarine only. I inquired, "Mom, where's my peanut butter?" "Sorry sweetie, we're all out," she responded.

The bus ride to school was not as enjoyable today without my morning peanut butter. During my morning classes, all I could think about was lunch. Peanut Butter and Jelly sandwiches and celery sticks with crunchy peanut butter was on the menu.

The bell rings. Finally, it's lunch time. I walk up to get my tray and I found my sandwich and celery peanut butterless. "Where's my peanut butter?" I demanded to know from the cafeteria worker. "Sorry, our supplier is all out," she said "Interesting coincidence; one that I don't enjoy," I think to myself.

My mom picked me up from school that day and we went to the store to pick up some peanut butter. We got to the shelf where the peanut butter is kept, but we found no peanut butter. In its place Neutella chocolate sandwich spread. "What is going on," I shouted! The store manager came to check the commotion. We asked him what was going on. He told us the supplier hasn't been receiving the peanut butter from the processing factories.

My mom and I go home. Mother does her best to comfort me. I put on the world news to help distract me.

"Good evening. I'm Paul Fennings and you're watching World News. Tonight's top story is the peanut butter shortage. Peanut Butter plants around the world have been taken over by revolting elephants. They gather up all the peanuts and keep the peanut butter for themselves. Any bottle found is auctioned off for millions of dollars!"

"Ahhhhh!" "Sweetie, wake up. You'll be late for school," I hear my mom say. "Phew, it was only a dream." A bad one as a matter of fact. Hopefully one that will never come true and have you saying, "Got Peanut Butter"

Gizmo's Dream

By Susan Bonk

Out in the peaceful town of Lake Eschman, skies are blue and the grass is the color of spinach, a superhero lives. Up on an enormous hill, there is a gigantic, black house. Inside of the house, live the flying superhero, Amanda Pasternak, and her boyfriend, John Tolmar. They have now been going together for nine months.

She is the most famous superhero of our time. Her best trait is flying, which she developed after getting the back of her shoes stepped on one to many times. Amanda can fly, rollerblade, hang out with her friends, and be with her boyfriend all in one day. Only being sixteen and able to do all of this are amazing, but that is not all. She is also a Spanish speaking, cotton-colored gizmo.

Her sudden brush with death came about a week ago in Edwardsville. Her twelve-year-old sister, Jacqueline, stole her favorite pair of rollerblades that were signed by David Silvera of Kora. As soon as her friends told her, she was off, flying to Edwardsville, to get her beloved rollerblades.

Finally, she found her annoying, country singing sister and asked for her skates back. Jacqueline refused to give back the rollerblades and started singing country music, which she knows Amanda doesn't like it at all. After a few minutes, Amanda ripped the rollerblades out of her sister's hands and flew back home to her boyfriend.

Later on that day, Amanda and John rollerbladed quickly back to Upward Bound, to check in for dinner.

As they slowly walked into the cafeteria, she saw all of her friends talking to a lady that look exactly like her. She walked over to her friends, as they looked at her with sudden confusion in their eyes. Amanda finally figured it out it was her look-a-like Sophie Reese Jones.

Amanda then walked out of the cafeteria knowing her friends didn't know who was who, and went up to her dorm room. Sadly, she sat down on her bed and started skimming over college pamphlets on marine biology and oceanology. She slowly drifted off to the chirping of the cricket in her room.

Within a few minutes, she began dreaming of a crazy thing, what it would be like to be a man. She saw herself not doing her hair, not pulling any make-up on, and not worrying about what she was going to wear.

All of a sudden, she felt a burn on her back and woke up with a fright, finding out that she was getting burned in the shower from somebody, not yelling "Hush." She was relieved that the whole thing was a dream.

Well, that's what she thinks.

Unexpected
By: Melissa Vitale

I remember what was done
A lesson was taught
A personal battle was fought,
and won

Who won?
Yes, it was me
you were taught the lesson, as was I
but I fought the battle in small
strides

I was strong to you
stronger than I can ever be,
but so uncontrollably weak to me
I turned you down as crazy as that
maybe, crazy for your blind eyes
to ever see

You lost,
just to clarify
you were wrong, just for you to know
I'm not who you thought I was,
not whom you'd thought I'd be,
Someone you never took the time to
really know

But you wanted something sacred
from me,
less than my soul, less than my heart
but something I wasn't ready to part

'till we meet again
I will forget your mistake,
I will forgive you for playing the
leading role of such a fake

But friends, we are no more
I began to ever wonder if we
really were,
trust is gone, whatever we once had
the damage you have done, can't
be changed, can't be fixed
but can not be dwelled upon
for it's in the part
But friends, we are no more.

I will forgive you though
my once was friend, who I adored

Spare Time
by "Notorious Bill Lacomis"

We all have spare time every now and then. In that time, what do we do? We watch TV or hang out with friends or play a video game or read. Whatever. How about the common man? Firemen, police officers, teachers. What do they do? It really doesn't matter, though. The most important thing to remember is that spare time is the best time for reflection and inner thought. Think about it. Do chemistry teachers ponder their love lives while preaching the importance of Avogadro's number? No. Do surgeons think about their vacation plans during a major operation on a patient? I hope not. The fact is spare time is the time when you do this. Take Ben Franklin. His day to day job was to write pieces for Poor Richard's Almanac. In his spare time, though, he invented some useful things. In conclusion, you can do many things in your spare time. Use it wisely.

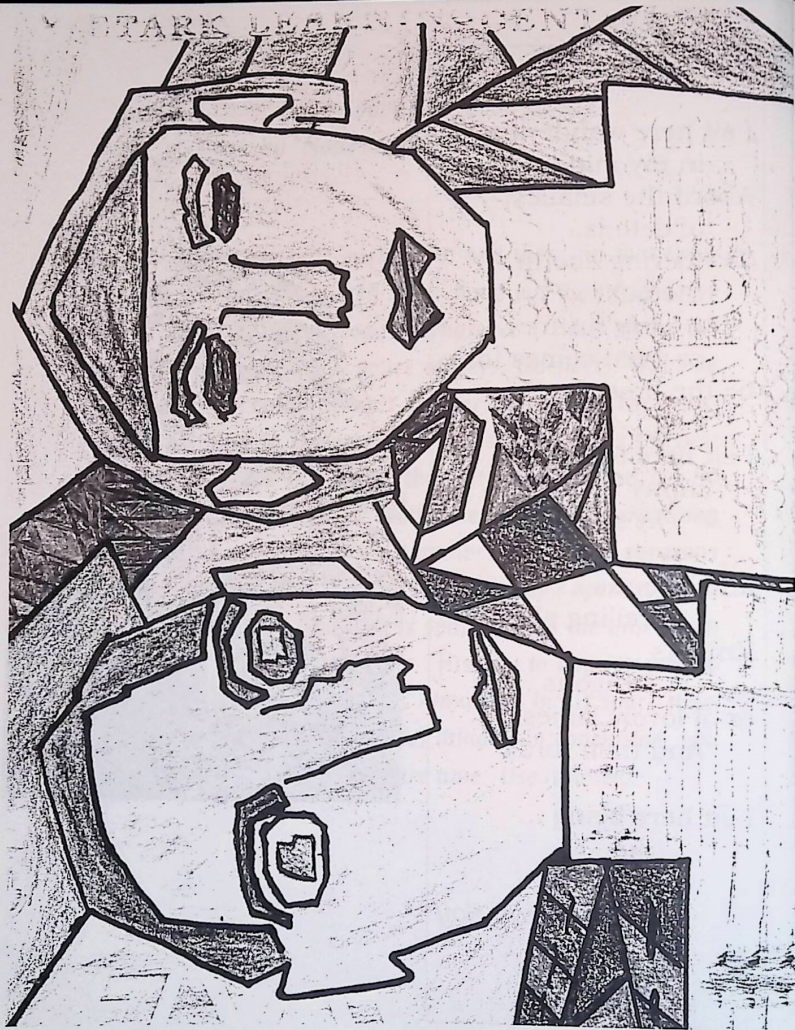
I sit here wandering
in my mind...
About the smallest
of details.
Wondering about...
the past...
my future...
or what comes to
be the present.

I sit here telling ...
in my mind ...
A story ...
of myths
and legends ...
Telling about ...
Knights ...
Dragons ...
or of lovely ladies ...
And their lords

I sit here being ...
me.

--Brian Soy

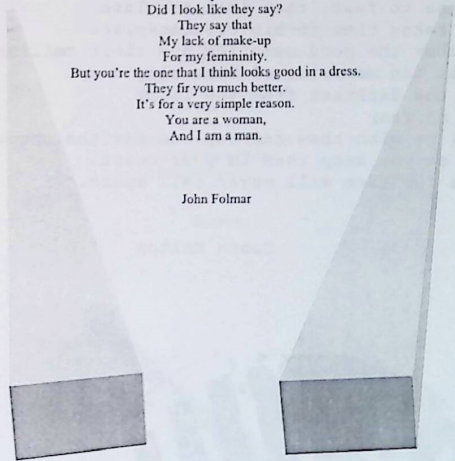




The Drag

As I contemplate my day
I question what they say.
They say I make a good woman.
They say I looked great in that little black dress.
What do you think?
Did I look like they say?
They say that
My lack of make-up
For my femininity.
But you're the one that I think looks good in a dress.
They fir you much better.
It's for a very simple reason.
You are a woman,
And I am a man.

John Folmar



Death

With every turn of the clock, the world loses another life
Whether it be a son, daughter, husband or wife
No one can escape this horrible fate.
It happens to fast, then it's too late.
But God takes them to his resting-place
So remember the good memories and their smiling face
Don't let the memories of them slip away
Through the darkness from the light
So have no fear
You will be with them someday and for the upcoming years.
As long as you keep them in your heart
The love for them will never fall apart.

Donna Melton



He screams and screams and pounds his head.
Surely he feels the pain.
But, of course, he doesn't .
I don't know why.
But I wish I were him.
To not feel pain.
I feel so much pain.
Too much.
There is no solution I can think of.
Only death.
Death eternal.
Then I would feel no pain.
But, is it worth the cost?
The cost of life?
I'm not sure.
There's no way to find out
If I made a mistake.
But, then again. . .

Brandon





Farewell

By Robin VanDerMark

*As I sit here wishing for your shoulder to lean on,
I realize that you're the reason I need a shoulder.
I look back hoping that you are there,
But you're not.*

*Just yesterday we were laughing together
And today I am crying alone.*

*I blame myself for not being there for you
But what could I have done?*

I wish I could switch places with you.

So you can carry on with your life.

But then, you would wish the same for me.

Now I go for walks down the hall of tears

And I hate myself for not crying.

I think to myself, you're just at home.

But I am only raising my hopes

That it's all just a sick joke

And tomorrow you will be laughing with me again.

No, I will still be crying

And you won't be here.

Somehow, I need to realize that you're gone

And go on with my life

Just as I know you would want me to.

So with this, I start my journey

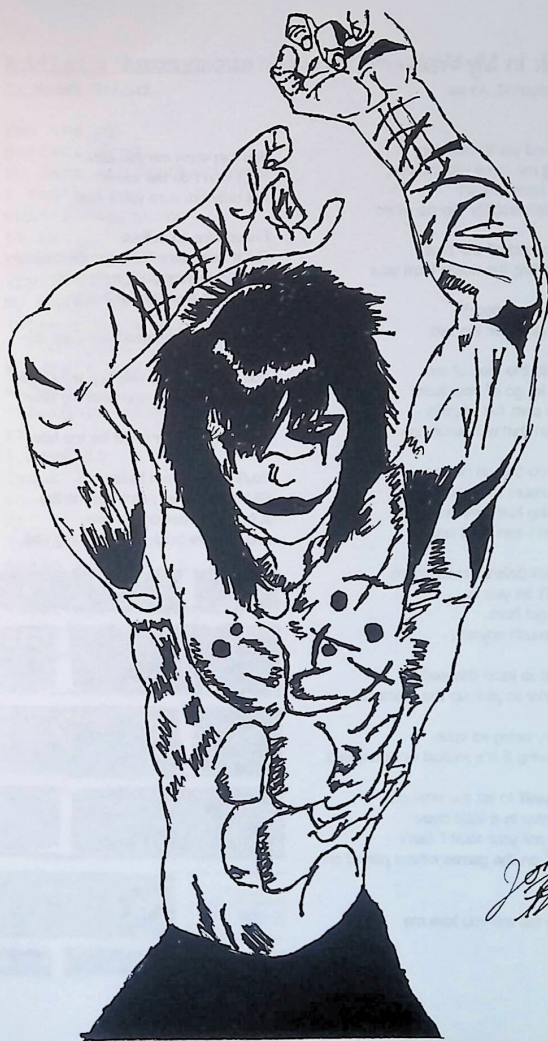
And with my love and understanding

I bid you farewell.

Last Farewell

For there I took the last farewell,
No one shall ever leave me again.
So much pain has been caused,
Farewell atop this hill.
When you said goodbye to me
You left me all alone
Standing here beneath the sun,
Where pain can bury my soul.
And on this hill farewells heard
From brothers gone to war.
On that hill farewells were given
To friends who could not stay.
The last sunset the last farewell
Was given atop that lonely hill.
This time from the man I loved
And wanted for all time.
And now the morning dawns so dim
The sun so bright and harsh.
And as the morning comes
Upon my weeping face
Still there atop the saddened hill
Waiting for you to come back
I turn away my sweet release
The cliff beyond that hill.
The last farewell, my resting place
Just beyond this hill.
My Farewell that he will hear
As I step off to a kinder hell.

Alisea Bartoli



Brick in My Wall

By Shaliyah M. Jones

I'm afraid you'll walk away
Leaving me alone with no one,
Only a broken heart
And a vulnerability like no other.

I'm paranoid all the time
Not trusting the words from your
mouth.
Sincerity and deceit -
I can't decipher the two.

I cling to the idea of us.
I can't let go of your hand
Or of a past full of pain.
Let down that will never rise.

I don't do this on purpose.
Living unsure of myself
And loving half heartedly.
I give all I can right now.

It's a self defense mechanism.
If I don't let you in
I won't get hurt.
Not as much anyway.

It's hard to keep this wall up
But harder to pick up the scattered
bricks.
It's scary being so open
Not knowing if it's mutual or unrequited.

I tell myself to let the past go
And let you in a little more
But it's not your fault I can't
Blame it on the games others played on
me.

You can tell me you love me

You can show me you care
But I won't do the same
Not until I'm sure you'll stay.

I need time to believe
But it seems my faith comes too late
As I watch your back walk away
I drown in a pool of self-pity.

If you only understood why I am this
way
You might stay to help me trust again
One day I will tell you what my heart
mean to say
Inevitably, I know it will be too late.

You'll be far from here.
I'll have another name for the list
A few more reasons to give
And one more brick to add to my wall.



Addicts Anonymous (Habitual Heartbreak)

By Susan Gilroy

You are my
perfect drug.
So dark and mysterious,
I don't know
what's happening
to me.

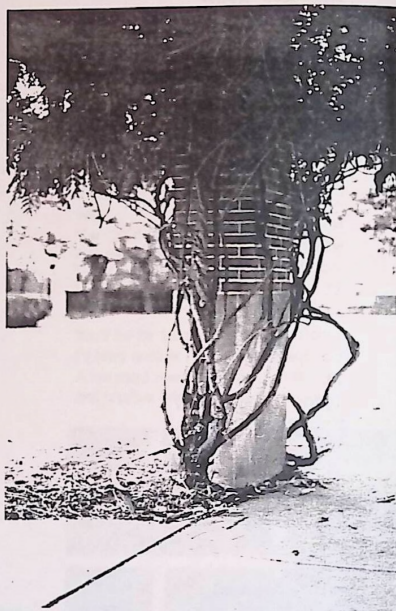
My mind is clouded
(by thoughts of you).
My pulse is quickened
(when you're around)
I can't get through
a single day
without
(thoughts of you)
it.

I need it
(your love)
to get by.
It
(your presence)
makes me high.
(You)
(Your mysteriousness)
(Your darkness)
The perfect drug.

Dark Knight

Dark eyes.
Dark clothes.
Dark heart.
So dark
yet so bright
Black thoughts.
Black hair.
Black soul.
So black
yet so
white.
Kind and gentle
yet diabolical and cruel.
Sweet, yet
angst-ridden.
So hidden.
So mysterious.
Maniacal
and twisted,
yet
I love you.
Homicidal
anarchist.
Brave-hearted
hero.
Evil and dark.
Wonderful man.
Dark Knight.

Raina Silverthorn



Desserts

By Steve "SJ" Perillo

As I eat my dinner
Frozen vegetables are like
sweet desserts
Peas are like cherries,
Carrots like ice-pops,
And beef like chocolate
cake,
For if I find a way to eat
My dinner, I will have my
"sweet desserts"
Whether they be imaginative
or
Imaginative figment,
It is still real to me!!!!

Yesterday

By Steve "SJ" Perillo

If all I know is from
yesterday, should someone
whisper in my ear, "I'll be
O.K." does your gentle
voice keep telling me that
"Help is on the way."
Could someone tell me how
to make it through the day?



All Alone in a Dream

By: Christa Kuhar

*A flower will die and wither with the grass
A star will fall and break your heart with no sympathy at all
A memory will become a time of the past with no chance at all of it ever
returning*

*I have walls against the shadows of my heart
I have built them up with no hope of them ever falling
I prayed that maybe that this dream really did come true and you really did
love me*

*But it was only in my dreams
The petals fell from the rose you gave me because it no longer has the true
meaning that was buried inside of its soft touch*

*If I can sleep tonight
If I can try and get you out of my worried mind if I can raise my hand and
say that I don't love you anymore*

*Then just maybe I would be kidding myself from the beginning
And you would still have a place for me in your heart*

*But maybe we just weren't meant to be
And you will forever remain just a dream.*

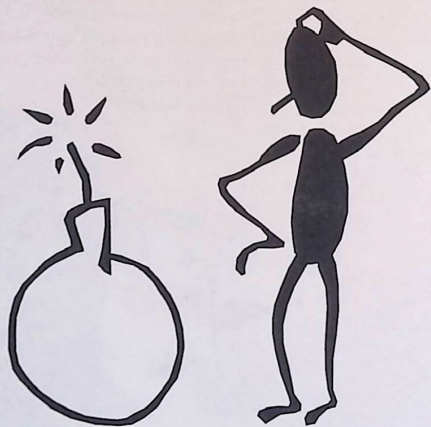


Reflection
By: Donna Melton

Look in the mirror, what do you see?
Are you thinking, "hey, that looks like me?"
Are you astonished of what you've seen?
The person in there is spiteful and mean.

Why don't they care who they hurt?
Why should they care who they treat like dirt?

When you look in the mirror, do you recognize those eyes?
Those are the same eyes, which never blinked while telling those lies.
Did you ever wonder why that person shows no affection?
Ask yourself that because that's you, that's your reflection.



Night has come...
It comes on a winged horse.
Night is not,
afraid...
to set out;
And...
Become the face of
another.

Night has come...
It comes with open-arms.
If not for this,
Brave,
New,
Ever-coming night...
Day would have...
Never changed.

Night has come...
And now,
It shall go...
Astray.

BY: Brian George Soy

Passing Time

I wandered aimlessly through
the humid summer night.
Turning at the sound of a breaking
twig to think anyone was in sight.
The only questions were do I fear the
night, or do I fear myself?
All feelings of love put in a box
called "my heart" in the back of a shelf.

Happiness is not something that
I was able to find.
Pain was the only thing I had kept
in my mind.
All the people I would meet would
scar me.
Make me cry and bring me to
my knee.

The world is nothing but what you
make of it.
Let it turn and pass you by as
you sit.
Make the most of it while you still
have youth in the air.
Because you too will regret it and
miss the yesteryear.

June A. Williams

Are We Good Enough

Samantha Keithline

Are we strong enough
Are we tall enough
Are we skinny enough
Are we pretty enough
Are we too short
Are we too weak
Are we too big
Are we too ugly

Maybe some people were not good enough.
But look deep into their hearts and you will see that they really just envy me.



Fallen Asleep by Tears

By: Christa Kuhar

The heart boils inside and withers with the mind
The soul becomes weak with an everlasting sorrow,
You have stole the innocence of a dance and the
meaning of love

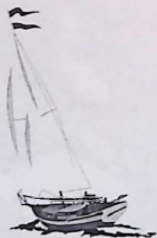
You have treated me like a stem along with the
dying flower

You have trampled all over me like I have no more
worth

Some say to let you fly free because you pierced my
heart into two

No longer will I fall for you
Fallen into a trance unable to come back to reality

As soon as I open the doors I can immediately feel the salty weight of the ocean air and I can hear the waves crashing on the shore as if time were kept by the sound of the water meeting the sand and the shore. I can hear the gulls over the beach calling to one another while flying above the cool waters. Just by these sounds and the feel of the air cool from the salt water and the warm from the rising sun, I can tell that a beautiful calm day is in store for our bay. It's still early so there aren't many people outside yet. Only the fisherman who are preparing for another day on the water. I can hear their shouts along with the calls of the gulls and the waves on the beach. I love the ocean for so many reasons. Today I love the waves. They are peaceful and calm with their daily routines of sound. I love them because they don't stop they continue always. Sometimes they sound angry like they want to break free from the confines of the shores and sometimes it sounds content to be kept where it is. I understand its moods of anger and content because I feel the same moods at times. Every morning for as long as I can remember I walk down the worn path to the beach and I greet the day by breathing in the air and feeling my feet touch the water. I welcomed the morning this way even before I stopped seeing my way to the ocean before my sight gave up on me. I understand the waves because sometimes I want to break free from my confinement and sometimes I feel content with where I am. Now every morning I feel my way to the ocean down the well worn path and sometimes I see more now than I ever did before.



By
Alisea Bartoli

MISS REBO'S 1998 MITSUBISHI ECLIPSE, BUT JOHN'S DREAM CAR
BY: JOHN STONE

GHETTO SUPER CAR. I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE.
YOU REALLY DO GET ME FAR. TOOK ME TO THAT SPECIAL
PLACE. AND WE WILL DRIVE AROUND TOGETHER. YOU WILL
SKIM ACROSS THE SURFACE LIKE A FEATHER. I WILL
TAKE YOU TO THAT TRACK. WHERE I WILL RUN
YOU FROM US AND BACK. WE WILL HAVE A BALL
UNTIL YOU STALL.
YOU WILL GO TO THAT CAR HEAVEN
IN THE SKY. BUT!!! I STILL WILL BE PROUD
OF MAKING YOU MY SPECIAL BUY.



98; (DREW LOOK ALIKE)

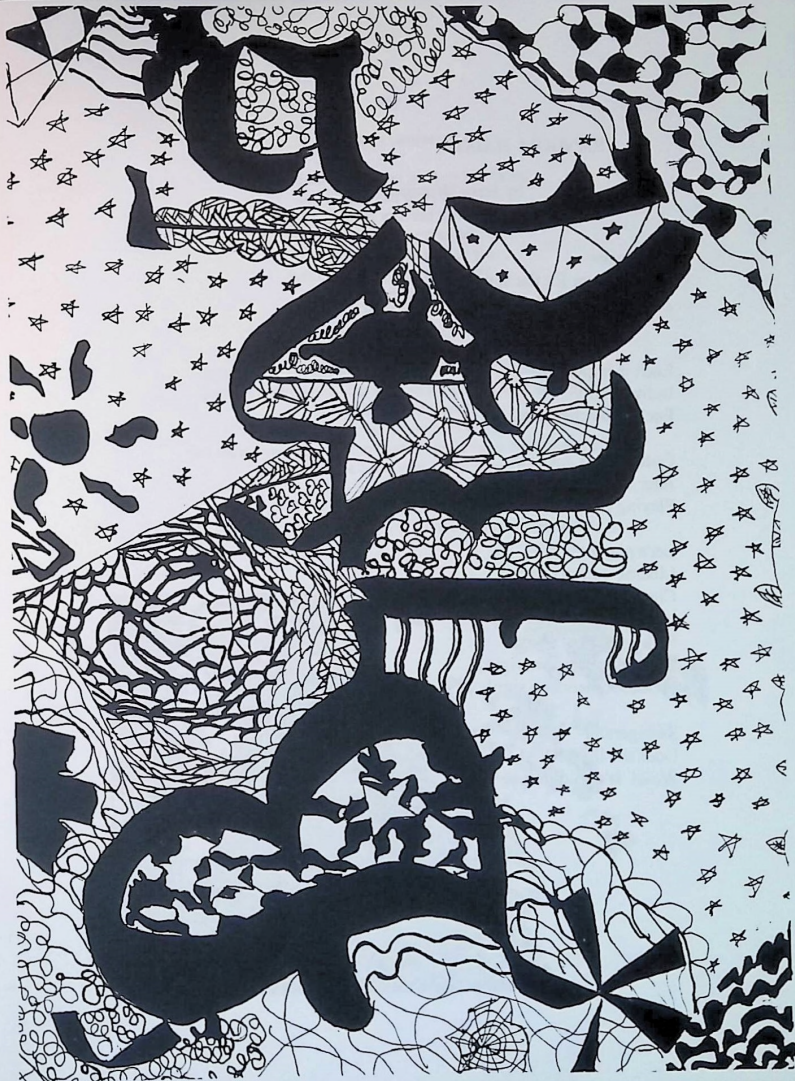
ONE DAY I WAS AT PICKERING HALL.
THEN I FOUND OUT THAT I STUMBLED UPON IT ALL.
THAT I LIKED A BOY BAND CALLED 98; DEGREES.
AS HAPPY, AS I WAS, I WAS SHOOT IN THE SHIRT
WITH SOME FRE BREEZE.
STUDENTS AT UPWARD BOUND SAID I LOOKED LIKE DREW
I SUDDENLY LOOKED AT THEM WITH AN ASTONISHED FACE
AND SAID I DO I LIKE THEIR SONG THE HARDEST THING
SO I GET UP OUT OF MY SEAT AND START TO SING.

IN THE DARK
BY: BRENDA NOGGLE

AN IMAGE IN THE MIRROR
THE EARTH SEEMS SO DARK
I AM JUST SOMEONE WITH A DISGUISE
SCARED TO SHOW MY TRUE SELF.
PEOPLE TO PLEASE WORK TO DO
WHY FOR ONCE CANNOT I JUST ACT LIKE MYSELF
I AM LIKE A FADED ROSE THAT DIES
NO ONE EVER KNOWS THE TRUE ME
IÖVE KEPT TO MANY SECRETS
JUST PLEASE LET ME TAKE THIS FAKE FACE OFF
I ONLY WANT TO SHOW THE REAL ME
JUST FOR ONCE PLEASE.
EVEN IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME YOU DONÖT
YOU ONLY SEE WHAT YOU WANT YOU TO SEE
SO TAKE ME FOR WHO I AM
AND SEE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME

AND SEE EVERYTHING ABOUT ME
SO TAKE ME FOR WHO I AM
YOU ONLY SEE WHAT YOU WANT YOU TO SEE
EVEN IF YOU THINK ME YOU DONÖT
JUST FOR ONCE PLEASE.
I ONLY WANT TO SHOW THE REAL ME
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AN IMAGE IN THE MIRROR
THE EARTH SEEMS SO DARK

IN THE DARK
BY: BRENDA NOGGLE



RANDOM HAIKU

by Jerry Hromisin

UB- oasis-
Nourishment for the spirit-
Also for the mind.

Each is important-
Individuality-
Each to be cherished.

Gotta love Yankees!
Jeter, Cone, Williams, Brosius!
Playing their hearts out.

Let's play politics!
Liberal, conservative-
Choose your own label.

Pick a college- NOW!
Enough indecision, right?
Please, someone, a sign!

Refrigerator-
Does the light REALLY go out?
Wow! It's cold in here!

Shy

Jessica Gardner

You see him when you want to say hello,
But all you can do is blush.
He looks at you and smiles
With his gorgeous dimples,
It's as if he wants to talk to you.
You go and introduce yourself.
But you cannot speak.
Your mind is blank,
And your heart is beating like a drum.

As you finally get up
Enough courage to talk to Mr. Tall, Dark, and Handsome.
You put a smile and your face and then you turn around.
But he has disappeared.

Your dark-eyed stranger is gone.
You must now live knowing that he could have been the one,
He could have been your perfect match.
But now he is gone,
And you'll never know.
Having to wonder is the biggest consequence of being shy.



THE GHOST OF HELL

By Sabrina Plant

*A man came trotting along
singing a jolly song
But suddenly he heard a scream
and he set off at full steam*

*He and his steed were one
how fast they both did run
When rounded a bend he saw
what defied any law*

*For there was a ghost of mist
and in its hand was a list
It looked at the lady it tied
and strode to her with one stride*

*It is time the ghost did say
The woman just crumbled and there she
lay
The man could take it no more
and he lunged at the ghost with an
unmanly roar*

*There was no way the man could miss
for the ghost turned into a huge abyss
He passed through like nothing as there
and all the maid could do was stare*

*Foolish mortal the ghost did say
Then he floated to where she lay
With that it reached down and grabbed
her hand
and pulled her up to make her stand*

*The man looked into the ghosts eyes
which looked like dark and storm skies
Who are you the man then said
In that instant the ground turned red*

*I am the ghost of the underworld he
rumbled
with that the ground beneath it crumbled
It carried the woman down down deep*

and all the man could do was weep

*Then the ghosts voice floated from below
If you tell anyone what you know
I'll chop off your head and string you high
I tell you this, you will surely die*

*The man walked back to his loyal horse
and headed on is given course
To anyone his encounter he did not tell
for he was afraid of the ghost of hell*

Lovely, Darling.

She's painted
a perfect picture
for herself.
(But I wouldn't
call her
an artist.)
Eyes of blazing colors,
the feature looked at
and looked with.
Wispy lashes flutter,
capturing the pulse
of every man
in her path.
Pressing together
two luscious pockets
of gleaming red.
Hair perfectly curled
crawls down her back,
and sways in rhythm
with her hips.

Then I look to the mirror
and stare
at the girl with
cropped hair
and scars
and worn nail polish
and freckles.
And I think
There's not a more beautiful girl
in all the world
--- than me.

Jaime Karpovich



"Shower"

As I stare against my wall,
The shower hears my call.
But the shower has been taken and all
The soap is gone,
The water is cold.
And the boy who hath stolen my shower
I will scold.
For he is Brash and Bold,
And he dare not stare at my wall,
Dare not at my wall!!!

S. J. Perillo

"Us"

Do the birds fly without any school?
Do they know when to leave as winter?
Comes and to return again with all of
The summer rain?
Why cannot we tell what we need to be?
Grade, high, college, all is spent living
And learning.
To live, To love, and to die, But what is
Best is in-between, Our Time
For it is we who have the difference
Of our future, now it is our time, our race,
And our lives.
Who will have control and model "us"?

S. J. Perillo

help wanted
bob king

hello.
missing
something?

lost
anything?

need
anything

find
anything
you
like?

want
something?

can
i
help
you?

my
mind

my
soul

forgiveness

hatred

deliverance?

no

Forget

Meghan Ziegenfuss

Forget

Forget his eyes, his hands
his face.

Forget that unforgettable embrace

Forget the way he held you tight.

Forget the way he made up after

A fight

Forget the times he told you he'd never
leave

Forget the beautiful things he made
you believe

Remember now he has someone new.

He's telling her the same things he told
you

It's hard to do I know I've tried

Just think of the times he made you cry

Forget all the things that made you

love him and think he was great

for now he's with the girl you hate.



THE BETROTHAL

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Oh, come, my lad, or go, my lad,
and love me if you like.
I shall not hear the door shut
Nor the knocker strike

Oh, bring me gifts or beg me gifts,
And wed me if you will.
I'd make a man a good wife,
Sensible and still.

And why should I be cold, my lad,
And why should you repine,
Because I love a dark head
That never will be mine?

I might as well be easing you
As I lie alone in bed
And waste the night in wanting
A cruel dark head.
You might as well be calling yours
What never will be his,
And one of us be happy.
There's few enough as is.

THE BETROTHAL

Shannon Porter

A dark head .
Your eyes speak: love me if you like,
and I do.
As I lie alone in bed
I'm aware
you never will be mine
Go, my lad... (should I call you
that?)
leave me
I shall not ask you to stay
Chase
Your brainless twits
who would be content
to live as your good wife,
sensible and still.
only concerned(?)
with easing you
You ask
why should I be cold
as I am
I wonder as well.
I see hoe I waste the night,
Wanting
a cruel dark head
You'll not miss
What never will be yours.
May one of us be happy.



Recipe Poem: Planting Flowers that do not Die
by: Cristin Marcy

An important item that has no substitute
is that of beautiful flowers
Now here comes the dirty work
Dig the well -nutrition soil
six inches
No more, no less
Soak the plants roots
and fill the hole
with water
Carefully and gently
place the plant in the ground,
but remember don't do it with a frown.
Fill the rest of the hole with dirt.
Sprinkle with more water
careful not to drown
All it needs now is love
With fresh water and sun everyday.



ICE
bob king

The bitter winter
Approaches me.
It remembers me.
I remember my anguish.
I want the cold.
It stops the pain.

Snow, I've forgotten
The simple joy of snow.
I forgot.
I forgot her.
I forgot her love.
The ice seals my fate.

To hell with the world.
The wind.
Let it carry me into the night.
It plucks the strings of death.
The sound of my own heart shattering.
Ice.

Fire
bob king
I am pure and perfect.
I am fire.
I am all consuming.
I devour the darkness, infinite light.
Evil is nothing before the heat of me.
It burns, dying, squalched out.
It withers in fear before me.
Unrelenting heat burns hypocritsy.
I burn myself.
I am a vigilante.
I seek justice.
I scorch without bias.
All shrivel at my touch.
I am your god.
I am your deepest fear.
Blackening, crisping, singeing,
toast.
You, my friend are . . .

Refugee

Run.
From the tears you hide.
From the smiles you fake.
From each and every
Insult
That you shrug off
All the
Enemies
You have made
Simply because
You can not
(Will not)
Comprehend
That you are different
(Unequal)
From (to) them.
Hide.
Bury your head
In the sand.
Ignore your fears.
Escape.
From oppression
From solitude
From everyone
And everything
Everywhere.

Susan Gilroy

My Secret Life as a Glamour Girl



*Hene and I were leaving
the mall one night. I was
wearing a lovely black dress
and silver babydoll shoes,
and my hair looked beautiful.
And I felt so glamorous. Pretty.*

I carried myself different that night.

*Bright eyes and a sweet voice
and a smile not fake in the least.
As we were leaving, we walked
past two cops. They glared at me,
and one of them said just loud
enough for me to hear:*



"My, that's a lot of attitude for such a little girl."

*(Attitude indeed, officer.
Attitude, indeed.)*

Jaime Karpovich ☆

Happy one minute
Sad the next
Confused then
Understanding everything
completely
Unable to trust
Unable to believe
Put on a smiling face ☹
And fool the people
Tell them "Everything's fine"
If only they understood
Everything's not fine
Upset by stupid, little things
Worry too much
No one really knows me
But then again,
How could they know me,
When I don't even know myself?
One person to listen
To understand
To not judge
Is all it would take
To help me
Be able to be more open
And not hide
Everything that I feel
And have bottled up inside

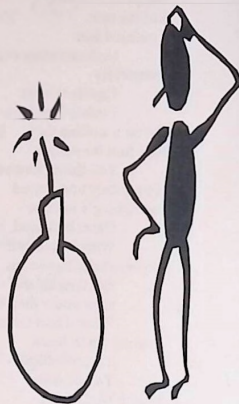
If only they knew
How insecure I am
How afraid and scared
And all the other
So called "bad" emotions
They'd probably see me differently
If only...
But for now
It's the act
I can't tell the people
Because I don't trust
And because of what their
reaction
May be
Also not wanting them to feel down
The act will continue
Cause the show* must go on

*("Show" meaning life, in this case.)

Amanda Johnston



Fingers Stuck in the Jar



My fingers were stuck in the cookie jar.
The problem is I did not stick them in far.
I was just trying to get one cookie out,
so I turned that cumbersome cookie jar all about
I had a great affinity for those yummy treats.
But did I ever tell you I disliked red beats?
As I looked left and I looked right
somebody gave me a fright.
It was Mommy Jenny who came in.
So I told her I have my fingers
stuck in the cookie jar, isn't it a sin.
Mommy Jenny looked pretty mad
therefore she wasn't; she said it
must be a new fad.
Mommy Jenny came over and
counted one, two, three,
popped my fingers out and said
hurray you're free.
Let me give you a piece of advice
If you have big hands don't stick
them in the cookie jar or you will
pay a nominal price

By: John Stone and Mommy Jenny

Too Many Nights
It's been
too many nights
of being with
to now be suddenly
without
~♥~Jewel~♥~

Endless Love

By Christa Kuhar

*I see once that I was happy
Now, a tear falls from my cheek.
Hoping I will overcome the
Pain that lingers on.
I loved you for so long and it's
Hard to say that I still do,
Somewhere along the line.
I hope I will win your heart again.
There's a breath in my heart
That will always be taken
All I have to give is myself
The truth will always be
I wish it could last forever
But now it's all over and I can
Never have you back.
Once, our love was endless
Now it all fell apart
Because of the mind that I unknown
I tried the best I could but
I guess my best wasn't good enough.
Along the way of this hopeless journey
I see a memory of us once together
And it will never have my mind
I love you and I still do
As long as I have
Is as long as I will have a
Place for you in my heart.*

Tribute Poem

My grandpa, he was so free.
He always told me loved me.
My grandpa loved to write
And he always had an insight.
He never let me down.
And didn't like to see us frown.
He loved to give us ice cream
But he didn't want to hear us scream.
We use to sit on his swing
And he liked to hear us sing.
Hot chocolate was a favorite drink
And always washed our cup in the sink.
Birthdays were a great day
But he missed my special day.
I know he saw from heaven
And he was thinking of when I was seven
But he knew I was sixteen now
And he couldn't believe it, wow.
He remembered of when I was a baby
And now he knew I was a grown up lady.
My grandpa didn't like to paint
But he was my saint.
I think about him everyday
And Hess in everything I say.
I will think about him to the day I die
And after that I will be in the big sky
Right by his side.
I loved him so much
The day he died was a crush
Grandpa wasn't a zero
He was my HERO.

Samatha Keithline

- In loving memory
of my grandpa Lawson-

Because you have died forever,
Like all the dead of the Earth,
Like all those who are forgotten in a heap of lifeless dogs.
I sit by your grave, with tear filled eyes and think of you.
You were my best friend, lover, and husband.
I'm so thankful to have raised two beautiful children
With you and to be able to grow old with you.
We are so fortunate to have lived a happy, full life.
Even though you're no longer here, you'll always
Live in my heart.

By: Ivy Priest



Fallen Asleep by Tears
By: Christa Kuhar

The heart boils inside and withers with the mind
The soul becomes weak with an everlasting sorrow
meaning of love
You have treated me like a stem along with the
dying flower
You have trampled all over me like I have no more
worth
Some say to let you fly free because you pierced my
heart into two
No longer will I fall for you
Fallen into a trance unable to come back to reality

Lost in Love
By: Christa Kuhar

Someone haunts a togetherness of love
He tries to pry the two apart to steal his desire
One's heart now falls to the other who wishes full honor
But the other hides angry jealousy from within his power
The one who tries so hard falls to the ground
He falls so ashamed and I forgive his sorrowful soul
In the beginning words were fully present
Now a hole sits deep at the bottom of my heart to
Fall asleep until the end shall come near
All is silent and no more shall be heard

I had a soul
By
John Folmar

I had a soul.
I sold it.
I sold it for a love, a love that
deserted
Me for another without a soul.
She said I wasn't good enough,
That I was too simple-minded.
I kept asking, Might I have my soul
back?
Or at least my heart...
The heart I laid at your feet?
The only answer was the wind.

Grandpa
By
Samantha Keithline

-In loving memory of my grandpa
Lawson

My grandpa, he was so free.
He always told me loved me.
My grandpa loved to write
And he always had an insight.
He never let me down.
And didn't like to see us frown.
He loved to give us ice cream
But he didn't want to hear us scream.
We use to sit on his swing
And he liked to hear us sing.
Hot chocolate was a favorite drink
And always washed our cup in the
sink.
Birthdays were a great day
But he missed my special day.
I know he saw from heaven
And he was thinking of when I was
seven
But he knew I was sixteen now
And he couldn't believe it, wow.
He remembered of when I was a baby
And now he knew I was a grown up
lady.
My grandpa didn't like to paint
But he was my saint.
I think about him everyday
And Hess in everything I say.
I will think about him to the day I
die
And after that I will be in the big
sky
Right by his side.
I loved him so much
The day he died was a crush
Grandpa wasn't a zero
He was my HERO.

Addiction
bob king

*Her love is a drug.
She courses through my veins.
I can feel her.
I'm addicted to her.
She's poisoning me.
I can't quit her.
I die a bit when I'm with her.
I die a bit when I'm away from her.
Her lips, so bitter.
So sweet.
One kiss, the last kiss, please.
I thought once I'd quit her.
But I can't stop.
I use her.
She uses me.
She used the excuse to leave.
She is the worst fix.
One hit, one touch.
I'm hers forever.
My friends say terrible things about her.
They say, "Quit her."
They say they're here for me.
I know they mean well.
But they don't understand.
I can't eat.
I can't sleep.
I want her too badly.
The last time she left,
I nearly died.
I thought I recovered.
I saw her, needed her too badly.
Her love is a drug.*

Just a Game
By Shaliyah M. Jones

*Am I just an object to you?
Something to add to your collection.
Or were you the prize that I won
In the fight for your affection?*

*The battle has been fought
But this war is not over yet.
Do you want to throw in more chips,
Or maybe make another bet?*

*Well, count me out this time.
I won't go another round.
I've lost my strength and dignity.
Thanks to you, it can't be found.*

*I've sacrificed my morals
For a measly month of happiness.
I don't want to see you anymore.
I really think it's for the best.*

*I don't want to see a tear shed.
I won't listen to you cry.
You had your chance to tell me
But instead you chose to lie.*

*What's this, your game has soured?
In fact, you're almost beat.
Now it's my turn to flip the coin.
You're exposed, admit defeat.*

Weathering the Storm

My skies had been gray for quite some time.
My clouds poured so often
They were almost dry.
I tried to keep my bad weather a secret.
I secluded myself from the sun,
Scared to let it shine again.
One day I left my shelter,
Laughing at the thunder
Each crash making me hysterical.
And I walked through the storm.
Enjoying the drops of rain
As each one pelted off my body.
I realized I wasn't scared anymore.
The storm I created for myself
Could no longer seclude me.
I found my sun again.
I let it shine brighter than before –
Unashamed, unchanged, undying.
Each day it rains a little
With my tears of happiness.
Tears I've waited so long to cry.
And now that I've found my sun
We battle each storm together,
Knowing there'll always be a rainbow in the end. ☺

Shaliyah M. Jones

One Last Word

*It's almost time to go now
To leave this world in tears
So as you exhale one last time
I'd like to sooth your fears
I'd like for you to know someday
My tears are going to dry
My heart is going to heal
And my love for you will shine
To show my love and gratitude
I have just one last word
To let you know how I feel
I hope that I am heard
It might be hard for me to say
And you might ask me why
But as you close yours eyes to sleep
My word for you?
Goodbye.*

By Robin VanDerMark

Literary Magazine Staff

No matter what happens don't trust anyone and believe in yourself. I call
Jenny Kuhas

"To the world you may be one person, but to one person you may be the world"
-Anonymous
Sarah Gray

Jaime Karpovich

Becky

Always try new things.

"Notorious"
Bill
Lacomis

Both god and the devil
have dibs on my soul!
Becky Meyers

Keep your life
simple and
always put
on a smile!!
Love, Gary
Kowitz

John's + Mono's quote of the summer:
Always drink your O.J. !! ☘

Lisa Radwin



Ser Focka

Jason Zundell

Beth Fehr

Clare Fano

Drew Kaum

Sara

Pat Kelly

Marcie Harmon

Wendy

Christina

Shirley Pastorek

John Fisher

Barbara H. Gyle

John Singer

Rikki M. Lawrence

Kristi Satterton

John Kings

Travis Smith

Paul

Paul

Melissa Vitale

Rosemary Sallera

Amber Washko

Missy Bartol

Wendy

Philot

Vassula

Plakas

Melissa

Susan Gilroy

Jennifer Chapak

Eric Priest