



EXPRESSIONS
OF
LIFE



COVER ART WORK
BY KEN BRUSILOVSKI

Table of Contents

EXPRESSIONS
OF LIFE

A Collection of
Student Works

Summer of 1993

Upward Bound Program
Wilkes University

Compiled, edited and published by the

Upward Bound 1993

Literary Magazine Staff:

Kelley Ceppa
Cheralee Falls
Diane Kovaleski
David Pall
Chad Sitler
Danielle Tirpak

Instructor: Paul A. Farber

Special thanks to the staff of UB--
Rose McKeown, Barbara Killian, Tom
Thomas, Anne Thomas, and Beth Seris.

Table of Contents

Paul A. Farber	Forward	3
John P. Karpovich	Life	5
John P. Karpovich	Deep	6
Antonio Marcario	Deep Thoughts	6
Anonymous	The Inside Story	7
Joe Gregorowicz	The Time Parable	8
Joe Gregorowicz	At That Point	9
Jaclyn Stoodly	Untitled	9
Eunice Smurfenaff	The Unwritten Poem	10
Kevin Suchocki	Rumors	10
Hilary Adams	Wanderings	11
Bernard Seeman	Fire	12
John P. Karpovich	Inspired	13
Bernard Seeman	What Would You Do?	15
Joe Gregorowicz	In My Mind	16
Frank Stoodley	If Only She Knew	16
Beth Offshack	Ticking Love	17
Joe Gregorowicz	It's Only Me	17
Bernard Seeman	Truth Hurts	18
Bernard Seeman	Why...?	19
Karen Ann Harrington	Good-bye	21
Anonymous	What's Happened	22
Bill DelKanic	If Only	23
Jaclyn Stoodley	Letting Go	23
Kelley Ceppa	Summer's Set Sun	24
Joe Gregorowicz	The Day Will Come	25
Bernard Seeman	Hidden Feelings	26

Chris Pelchar	A Special Memory	28
Bernard Seeman	Beautiful Blue Eyes	29
A. Marcario, B. Seeman	Did You Ever Care?	30
Betty	Hurt	31
Angela Madden	Pride	31
Bernard Seeman	Years End	32
Bernard Seeman	Dreams of Reality	34
Frank Stoodley	Just A Dream	35
Karen Ann Harrington	That Night	36
Bill DelKanic	White Socks	37
Kevin Suchocki	Two Sides	39
David Pall	Harmony	39
Cheralee Falls	Free Yourself	40
Bernard Seeman	Colors	41
Kevin Suchocki	The Beginning	42
Anonymous	The Ink on the Paper	43
Hilary Adams	You Think	43
Joe Gregorowicz	The 13th...	45
Kevin Suchocki	Ode to the Bridgers	45
Bill DelKanic	The Summer of '93	46
Bernard Seeman	What It Is Like...	47
Joe Gregorowicz	The 50th...	48
Bernard Seeman	Camouflage World	49
Joe Gregorowicz	The 21st...	49
Bernard Seeman	Johnny Doe	50
Joe Gregorowicz	The 39th...	51
Joe Gregorowicz	The 52nd...	52
Joe Gregorowicz	The 68th...	52

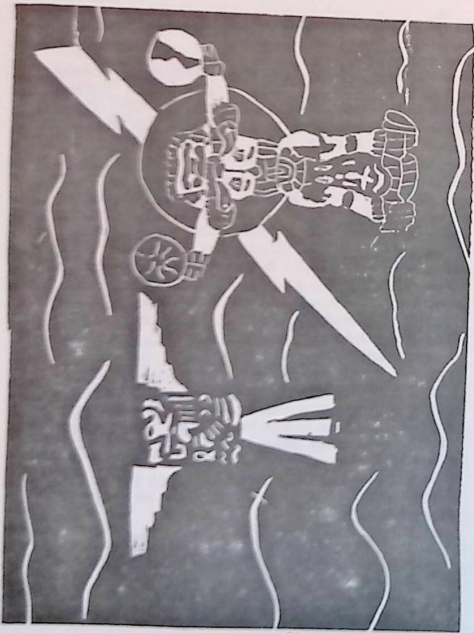


Forward

Expressions of Life contains many poems and works of art that explain how people express themselves to others. Some of us express ourselves through love, others through hate and sadness. Many of the works in this year's magazine comment on how one person is expressing himself or herself to another. In other words, they are trying to convey or express what they are feeling. In this magazine, you will be able to see the many ways in which these writers and artists are expressing their feelings to others. I hope we have provided an interesting work, and that you, as the reader, will see how each author is expressing some feeling or emotion. In class, I was very pleased with how the class worked, and they should be pleased with the work they have produced. I want to thank my class for getting involved with producing this Literary Magazine, and showing a strong interest in producing such a fine product. Finally, I want to thank the Upward Bound Office Staff, residential staff, academic and special interest teachers, and all the students in the summer program. Once again, much praise and thanks to my students for working so diligently this summer.

Paul A. Farber
Instructor

Deep Thoughts



Christopher Andes

Life

In the summer don't delay
 to sit under a tree and daydream for half the day
 Picture yourself on a bird's wing,
 flying through the air as you sing,
 A pleasant thought might be good,
 even if your not doing what they say you should.
 Just blow people off and be trouble free,
 Then you will be as calm and relaxed as me.
 Worrying too much is not good for you,
 And that is one thing that I never do,
 If people make fun of you and your ways,
 It's just because your personality has put them in a
 daze.
 You've got to live life to it's fullest,
 Even if people think your silly and foolish.
 Be an original.

---John Paul Karpovich

Deep

How deep is the deepest thought you know?
 How far down do your roots really go?
 Do you know who or what you must be?
 Trapped in a world where no one is ever totally
 free.
 Do you think you are cool and above all?
 I'll put you down, and laugh as you fall.
 What makes you think that you're so great?
 You'll always be the object of one person's hate.
 Don't let things bother you the slightest bit.
 Wait it out, you'll get over it.
 You tell me, How deep are you?

---John Paul Karpovich

Deep Thoughts

I like imaginary friends because they are always
 there for you and you never have to ask them to be
 quiet or to put on deodorant. Oh sure, maybe they
 don't always pass the salt when you ask them to, but
 hey, no one's perfect.

-Dedicated to John, Jeff and Bob

---Antonio Marcario

The Inside Story

To start off
 We have a man
 So lonely and ugly
 Try as he can
 To be a part
 Of his everyday life
 But he can't understand the pain
 Or all of the strife
 But if you look closer
 You soon see
 A love deep inside
 That you'd never believe
 Inside that
 There is a soul
 And a heart
 With the beat of rock and roll
 If you looked close
 Very close if you dare
 You'd see what's inside of him
 And then you would care.

---Anonymous

The Time Parable

There is a parable
 That explains in detail
 How the evil starts the battle
 And the good will prevail
 Time can be described
 In a thousand different ways
 It's the count of passing minutes
 Or the length of passing days
 Perhaps time is slowly measured
 In thousands of years
 That represents a second
 And all the people's tears
 Or time could be a setting
 An occurrence that was grand
 Or perhaps it was a section
 When you held a friend's hand
 Just remember time is precious
 And there's not much of it
 Take the chance while you have it
 Or you'll end up losing it.

---Joe Gregorowicz



At That Point

I see you
 At a point
 Where our paths cross
 A single point
 One vast Universe
 A new light appears
 In my dismal sky
 How I wish for that star
 To fall to the ground
 Almost like thunder
 I'd find you
 And we'd go on forever
 But at that point
 You rejected me
 I cease to exist.

---Joe Gregorowicz

Untitled

I used to get lonely and scared.
 Especially when I said goodbye
 to someone who cared.
 Sometimes I felt worthless and out of place,
 And I used to wish I still had you here
 to put a smile on my face.
 Sometimes I felt depressed and sad,
 Mostly when I thought
 of everything we had.
 But here at Upward Bound
 I found someone new.
 I found the real me,
 who's always happy and never feeling blue.

---Jaclyn Stoodley

The Unwritten Poem

I tried all day and tried all night.
 I searched and searched to find
 something to write.
 I looked and scrounged all around,
 Inspiration could not be found.
 A poem my brain could not create,
 And July the seventh was the due date!
 All this thinking, my head is starting to ache
 It shouldn't be this hard for heaven's sake!
 I think and think but it's not working out,
 I'm so frustrated, I want to shout!
 I guess I'm just too uptight,
 Poetry- I'll never be able to write!
 I try and try but the words just don't fit.
 Oh well, I guess I'll just quit.

---Eunice Smurfenaff

Rumors

Did you hear?
 Yeah, I heard.
 Do you know?
 Yeah, I know.
 Can you believe it?
 No, I can't. Are you sure?
 Yes!!
 That's not what I heard.
 What did you hear?
 I'm not supposed to say.
 I won't say anything!
 Are you sure?
 Yes! Tell me!
 O.k. Here it goes....

---Kevin Suchocki

Wandering

As she wanders
 down a lonely street
 She doesn't look ahead
 she stares at her feet.

Her head hung low
 As if something was wrong
 Instead it should be held high
 and she should be singing a song.

I asked this girl what was
 troubling her.
 She didn't answer
 not even a whisper.

The reason for all of this
 was hard to figure out
 my guess is it was
 some feelings of doubt.

I don't know why
 she had feelings of doubt
 you think about it
 and figure it out.

---Hilary Adams

Fire

The smell of burning wood
 On a cold dark winter night
 The warmth of a fire
 The brightness lights up the sky
 Billions of stars
 As far as the eye could see
 A few clouds are present
 Along with a cool gentle breeze
 The dead leaves move slowly
 Along the cold damp ground
 They make a strange noise
 As they blow all around
 Around and around the smoke blows
 From the glowing fire
 It gets caught in my throat
 It's strangling me like a wire
 Suddenly I realize something
 As my senses are fully alert on this
 cool winter night
 That's my damn house on fire.

---Bernard A. Seeman

Inspired

Inspired by your looks,
 and the way you make me feel.
 Inspired by your friendship,
 cause I know it's not for real.
 Inspired by your mind
 you know that this is true.
 Inspired by your ways,
 You know just what to do.
 Inspired by you,
 That's what I am.

---John Paul Karpovich

Hidden Love



LD

Lena Diamonds

What Would You Do?

What would you do if I wrote you a poem?
 Would you read it?
 Or throw it away?

What would you do if I called you on the phone?
 Would you talk to me?
 Or have nothing to say?

What would you do if I sang you a song?
 Would you listen to it?
 Or turn the radio off?

What would you do if I gave you a cold?
 Would you sneeze?
 Or not even cough?

What would you do if I wrote your name in the sky?
 Would you look up at it?
 Or close your eyes?

What would you do if I told you I love you?
 Would you say that you love me too?
 Or have no reply?

---Bernard A. Seeman

Truth Hurts

Tell me what you feel.
 Tell me what you mean.
 Tell me our love is real.
 Tell me all your dreams.

Tell me we will always be together.
 Tell me what is on your mind.
 Tell me you will love me forever
 Until the end of time.

Tell me what you want in life.
 Tell me what you think.
 Tell me all your worries, bitterness,
 and strife.
 Tell me I'm your lifes missing link.

Don't tell me you hate me.
 Don't tell me you are thinking of goodbye.
 Don't tell me you lost the key
 to my heart.

If you are going to tell me something I
 won't want to hear.

If you are going to tell me something
 I don't like.

If the truth is going to hurt; tell me a lie.

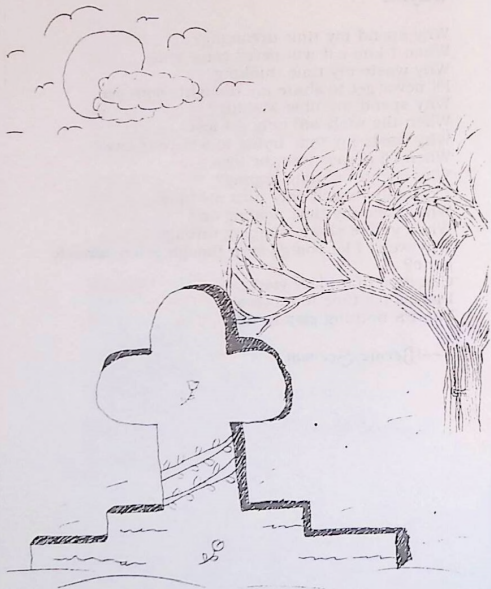
---Bernard A. Secman

Why...?

Why spend my time dreaming?
 When I know it will never come true.
 Why waste my time thinking?
 I'll never get to share my thoughts with you.
 Why spend my time wishing?
 When the wish will only get lost.
 Why waste my time trying to win your love?
 When I'll always lose the toss.
 Why spend my time hoping?
 Expectations will only turn me blue.
 Why waste my time holding on?
 When you're slowly slipping through.
 Why won't I let you go even though you're already
 gone?
 Can it be that I love you?
 I guess it's time to move on.
 There's nothing else to do.

---Bernie Secman

Remembering Love



Laura Segarra

Good-Bye

As I watch you walk away,

I start to think...

No, come back.

Please, let me take back those hateful, hurtful,
terrible words.

Let me make things all better.

Let me say, "I'm sorry."

Please...

I still love you.

As I watch you walk away,

I start to think...

No, come back.

Think of all the good times we've had.

Think of all the smiles,

The tears.

The pain.

The joy.

The love.

Think of me, how I love you,

How I care.

How I'm so...

Sorry.

As I watch you walk away,

I start to think.

Of your beautiful face,

Of your strong arms,

Of your soft touch,

Of your gentle love held in your baby blue eyes.

So clear.

So perfect.

Oh...

Why?

I'm sorry.

As I watch you walk away,

I start to cry.

---Karen Ann Harrington

What's Happened

What's happened to the way hearts were.
 Hearts were unbreakable and strong.
 Hearts were built to last.
 Hearts lasted as long as a life is long.
 Two souls joined by the heart
 Shared fun, sadness, and love.
 Seldom is this the case anymore
 What are we trying to prove.
 People say "I love you".
 But what do they mean
 They may have ulterior motives
 They aren't what they seem.
 Love is too precious
 To let waste away
 It takes too long to nurture
 And work on every day
 Maybe we should revert back to the days of old
 Then we wouldn't have hearts of stone
 But we'll have hearts of gold.

---Anonymous

If Only

If only I had said it a little louder,
 She wouldn't have made jokes and laughter.
 If only I had made it look a little better,
 She would have told me to try a bit harder.
 If only I had pleased her a little more,
 Our relationship wouldn't have been such a bore.
 If only I could turn back time.

---Bill Del Kanic

Letting Go

I can't let go of what we had,
 Seeing you with her makes me sad.
 I'm losing my mind from this hollow in my heart,
 Being away from you I'm falling apart.
 Do you even realize the sorrow I have inside?
 Do you even know the way it feels,
 When all you've had just dies?
 What happened to the life we'd planned?
 Please talk to me, this is so out of hand.
 As I still think of you, memories clutter my head.
 Helplessly and bitterly, I face the end.

---Jaclyn Stoodley

Hidden Feelings

Time.

Time is ticking away
as he sits and stares out the window each day.

It is as if he was not alive.

There is no telling

what is going on inside his mind.

Is he thinking of the future?

Or perhaps reminiscing about the past?

What is haunting this man?

There is no telling

how long it will last.

Time.

Time is wasting away

as he stares quietly at the world.

Does he grieve over the loss of a loved one?

Perhaps that loved one is a special girl.

Is he thinking of the good times they had?

Or trying to forget about the sad?

What is wrong with this man?

There is no telling

how he feels inside.

As he sits, his feelings hide.

Time.

Time is fading away

as he stares in an endless daze.

Suddenly, a single tear runs down his cheek.

He starts to cry--but why?

After years of pain and silence,

years of sitting and staring,

He finally has realized that his loved one has died.

---Bernard A. Seeman

Current Affairs of the Heart



Donna Phillips

Did You Ever Care?

Look into my eyes, and you will see a fire
that burns deep within my soul.

A fire that burns brighter and brighter
because of you.

A fire that is slowly killing me because of your
desire to go.

As the flames turn to cinders, to ashes,
the tears that run down my face
make sure that the fire will never be rekindled,
because it causes too much pain.

Pain that tears me up inside
like a small child
reaching out for a rose so naively
and only receiving a handful of thorns
to cry over.

Yet just to hold the flower,
I would bear the pain
and that of a thousand more thorns
being driven into my heart.

All I want to know is this.....

Did you ever care?

---Antonio Marcario & Bernie Seeman

Hurt

I am hurt by the words
Those words you spit out carelessly
I thought you didn't know me
But you say those words like you do
I hate you for who you are
You hate me for who you think I am
I thought you were my friend
I guess, I was wrong.

---Betty

Pride

I think of all the times we've spent
laughing, crying, sighing.
All the things that were not meant
and left us both good bying.
The times I have been with you
these few days that we've had
All the memories will never due
if you're hurt and sad.
Be glad and be happy you buttercup
and you'll find yourself a mister.
I'll tell you once so listen up
I'm proud to be your sister!

---Angela Madden

Years End, Loves End

Our love started out as two flowers blooming in
spring,
Never knowing what the fortune would bring.
Our love was beautiful when summer arrived,
Our colors did shine bright together,
We hoped our love would last forever.
But as fall approached something happened, our
love started to die.
As our beautiful colors faded so did our love,
Our love disappeared little by little, just as our
pedals
disappeared one by one.
As fall ended and winter began, our love struggled
to hang on.
The harsh winds froze the warmth of our love.
The dreams of being together forever were
dampened by the
snow that fell from above.
As the harsh winds blow the flowers away,
I realize our love can't go on another day.
The end of the year has finally arrived,
Our love, the love between you and I
has died.

---Bernard A. Secman

Fantasy



Tony Traglia

Dreams of Reality

Sometimes I dream of holding you
 But then I awake to reality
 I know it's something I will never do
 I loved you more, more than I liked you
 I wanted to be more than friends
 Friends were the only thing you wanted us to be

I dreamt the other night that we were dining in
 a fancy restaurant
 You ordered what you wanted, but that's not the
 only thing you got
 I asked you to marry me
 Your reply was "Yes."
 But I awoke before I was able to put the ring on your
 finger and pay for the check

I dreamt the other night that we were walking
 down the aisle
 Both of us were happy--I could tell by our smiles
 Both of us said our vows, but I awoke before I got my
 wish
 I awoke before we married
 I awoke before we kissed

I dreamt the other night that you were holding me
 in your arms
 You were crying because I was dying, dying of a
 broken heart
 A broken heart in many pieces because of you
 But I know it was something you never intended
 to do

If only my dreams were reality
 My life would be complete
 I have everything but you
 You are the only thing I need.

---Bernard A. Seeman

Just A Dream

Why did it land right on my wall,
 When it could have went elsewhere, like, in the
 hall?

But there it was, in front of me, above my head.
 "Feed me. Feed me," I thought it said.

When I looked at my watch it was after four.
 So I got up to get the light and shut the door.

And then it started to run around the room.
 Quickly I flew to get the broom.

As I swung with all my might, I heard it yell.
 And then on the rug it tripped and fell.

As the battle raged on, my head began to spin.
 The bug acted brave and raised up its chin.

It had me trapped near the lamp and bright light,
 What was I to do? I was losing my sight.

Instinctively I slapped him right in the face.
 He backed off. He gave me some space.

The broom was still in my hand. I held it tight.
 I opened the window and pointed into the
 night.

What was it? I really couldn't say.
 And then it smiled and flew away.

---Frank Stodley

That Night

3:12 a.m.
 Awakened, why?
 Oh, the pain!
 Go away, you're not real, you don't exist.
 Yes, I'm real!
 No, this is a bad dream.
 Oh, go away!
 I fight and fight the pain.
 Yes, I'm real!
 No, this can't happen.
 Yet, as I lay and see, the image is all too real in my
 mind and heart.
 Yes, I'm real!
 The pain is unbearable.
 I turn to my side.
 Go away!
 No!
 I fight.
 Sleep.
 3:52 a.m.
 Awakened, why?
 It's here again.
 I sit up.
 Stand.
 Walk.
 The window.
 Open.
 I stare out at the darkness surrounding the house,
 see the trees bend in the breeze, feel it cool
 on my face.
 I stop.
 It starts to rain.
 Hard.
 And the thunder rolls.
 And the lightning strikes.
 Fire.
 I cry, softly at first.
 Please go away!
 You're not real.

No!
 But I knew.
 4:09 a.m.
 The phone rings and rings.
 I never answered.
 For I knew.
 He's dead.

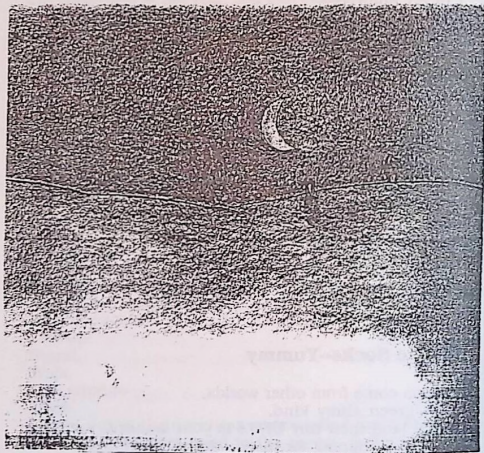
---Karen Ann Harrington

White Socks--Yummy

Aliens come from other worlds,
 The green slimy kind,
 They land their tiny UFO's in your laundry.
 And go shopping for tasty white socks,
 Green, and blue, and black socks are good,
 But not nearly as good as your white ones,
 When they find your yummy white socks,
 They ZAP them with shrinking guns,
 Then they fly your white socks to their worlds,
 And they eat them with really hot, hot sauce.

---Bill Del Kanic

Equality



Laura Segarra

Two Sides to One Point

I heard... you heard
I saw... you saw
I know... you know
I watched... you watched

There's no "we," and there probably should be.
I guess that's our problem, there never was.
Sooner or later one of us has to break down,
Each of us as stubborn as the other.
Neither of us wants to burst an ego and say
"I'm sorry".
So it comes down to a choice, friends or
enemies?
The point is, who's going to make the decision?

---Kevin Suchocki

Harmony

Why? Why? Why?
Their blood is red;
Their hair is groomed.
What does skin color have to do with it?
Why must they face the horrors of our time?
Are they freaks of nature?
Do they make us do such horrible things?
No. I don't think so.
Why can't harmony be the way?
Ebony and Ivory are perfect on a piano.
Why not in our society?

---David Pall

Free Yourself, My Sisters

Free yourself, my sisters.
Free yourself from the chains of sexism.
These ties that choke us as we struggle
to throw off the yoke of domesticity.

Raise your arms to the sky!
Reach for that star, and know it is your right.
Lift your voices in prayer and song and rejoice!
The time is upon us to achieve our highest goals.

Every time we give in and subject ourselves to
Discrimination, we lose.
By not refusing to bow down,
you hinder the cause's steps.

No longer will we let jeers, taunts, and threats go.
Proving to the world that we are aware,
is our mission.

We're not going to take it, anymore!

---Cherace Falls

Colors (A poem about racism)

Red, yellow, orange, green
I watch the wind carry the leaves from the trees
Slowly, silently, freely they glide
There is no telling where they will land
Grass, stream, mud, lake
There is no telling what direction they will take
North, south, east, west
Which leaf is better, which leaf is best
Red, yellow, orange, green
What are the chances of them landing in the
same place
Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty percent
I patiently watch the colorful leaves land
Here, there, everywhere
Different color leaves in the same place
Red, yellow, orange, green
How peacefully they lie
Not bothering one another
Living on the ground peacefully and colorful
side by side
Red, yellow, orange, green
If life was only that easy
If life was only that easy.

---Bernard A. Seeman

The Beginning

In the beginning, there was life.
Life which had freedom;
Life which was eluded.

In the beginning there was love.
Love which had heart;
Love which was free.

In the beginning there was happiness.
Happiness which had life;
happiness which was a beginning.

Many things will come and go.
But in the end you will always know.
There will always be another beginning.

---Kevin Suchocki

The Ink on the Paper

The ink of a pen
No matter it's color
Is just the same
As any other
It may be made
Of steel or gold
It may be new
It may be old
It may be fire
It may be bold
It may be hot
It may be cold
Just read this poem
When prejudice comes
And hope for the people
To become one.

---Anonymous

You Think

You think you're great
Yet you're really not
Your freezing cold
That's far from hot.

You think you're a king
Maybe even a god
That's not the truth
You're more like a fraud!

I know the truth
But others don't see
They're gullible and dumb
they're just naive.

---Hilary Adams

Prose, etc.



The Thirteenth Shortest Story in the East

A short and wicked-looking man stood just two blocks from a natural disaster machine.... a tornado. He was sucked into the funnel and spun around like the washer's spin cycle. He was then shot up a hundred and fifty feet in the air and landed on his feet. He continued walking and reading the paper with no signs of injury.

Moral: Play it safe: Wear Air Jordan's.

---Joe Gregorowicz

Ode to the Bridgers

Swang it!

Thunderwear!

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Shut up!

Don't ever talk to me again!

I'm throwing the game!

-You ain't seen nuthin' yet!

Friends forever?

-Swear!

What's the number for 911?

I didn't know she was going to act that way!

I am so sure!

Leave me alone!!

I guess what I'm trying to say is

-Thanks guys!!

You really mean a lot to me!

YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

---Kevin Suchocki

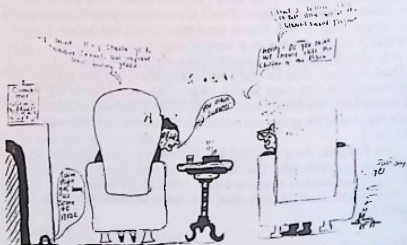
The Fiftieth Shortest Story in the East

A kid walked up the street. To every person he met, he'd say, "Your shoe lace is untied!" They would look, and he would laugh. One day, someone told him that his shoelaces were untied. He said, "What do you think I am, a complete idiot!" He tripped on his laces and fell into a mine and died.

Moral: Watch where you're going!

Dedicated to Mr. Paul Farber for his humor.
Thanks!

---Joe Gregorowicz



Camouflage World

He sat there in the store, attracting people of all ages. Little ones sat on his lap and told him what they wanted for Christmas, while old people reminisced about their Christmas memories from long ago. He could make the most frightened child feel secure and bring a tear of happiness to those feeling sad. His white beard looked like a giant, fluffy cloud. His rosy red cheeks looked like hot, humid summer sunsets. His fat belly looked like a punching bag, while his red suit clashed with the brown chair he sat on. He loved being Santa because everyone loved him then. It was a part-time job he took every Christmas holiday season. This man that everyone admired, noticed, and felt secure around was the same man who was both laughed and spit at (if noticed at all), and who made even the adults afraid. Under that bright red suit, he wore old, torn clothes. When he wasn't Santa in the store during the holidays, he was a bum in front of the store during the remainder of the year. What a camouflage world we live in!

---Bernard A. Seeman

The Twenty First Shortest Story in the East

A man was flying a plane over Kansas. He was flying a load of parachutes to the Army base in Arizona. Suddenly, he had engine trouble. The plane went into an uncontrollable dive. He spun out of control! He crashed and burned.

Moral: Jump!

---Joe Gregorowicz

Johnny Doe

Put me in coach, I am ready to play.
 Sorry kid, not today.
 But coach, I could turn this game around.
 Sorry kid, please sit down.
 Coach, I have what it takes to make these fans root.
 Can you pass? Dribble? How about shoot?
 Coach, I could do more than that, I can fly.
 Kid, I won't believe you until I see it with my own eyes.
 Please coach, give me a shot.
 Okay, kid, you're all I got.
 Coach, now you will have a chance to see my show begin
 Kid, you're five foot five, you're lucky if you get rim.

Johnny Doe was this scrawny athlete's name
 When coach put him in, everyone thought he was insane.
 When Johnny Doe entered the game, they were down by thirty.
 Two minutes later, they were down by forty.
 It was nearing the end of the third quarter,
 and everyone wondered

What the crazy coach had done.
 The other team was on a twenty to nothing run
 Coach thought about taking Johnny Doe out before the fourth
 quarter was about to begin.

But for some reason he didn't, he had faith in him.
 Johnny Doe missed an easy lay-up, then a free throw,
 then a three pointer, then he thought
 I'm too close to the basket, I'll try a half court shot
 Johnny Doe threw the ball with all his might
 He watched it bounce off the backboard and roll
 round, and round the rim

Then he jumped up and yelled, "Yes!"
 To his surprise, the ball went in
 The whole stadium fell to their knees
 As they watched Johnny Doe sink half-court shot by shot
 with ease

There were twenty seconds left and they were down by one.
 Coach yelled, "Pass it to Johnny Doe, he will get
 the job done!"

The defense crowded around Johnny Doe in a line
 Johnny Doe looked up at them and laughed,
 "Don't you guys know I can fly?"
 His teammate passed him the ball and Johnny Doe began to soar
 He put the ball in at the buzzer and the fans began to roar
 Coach ran over to Johnny Doe and said, "Johnny, I don't know
 what to say."

Johnny replied, "Just promise me I can play in tomorrow's
 game."

As Johnny Doe left the stadium, he yelled to the crowd, "Michael
 Jordan might know Nike, Gatorade, Coca-Cola, and Hanes
 But when it comes to basketball, Johnny Doe knows that game."

---Bernard A. Secman



The Thirty-Ninth Shortest Story in the East

A man jumps off a cliff for no apparent reason
 known to man. Scientists, Geologists, and Stock
 Brokers are all pondering over why this could
 possibly happen.

Moral: Never do something, "just because it is
 there."

Dedicated to Bill Del Kanic

---Joe Gregorowicz

The Fifty-Second Shortest Story in the East

A man was in love with flying. He loved airplanes and helicopters, but he wanted to fly himself. He opened his arms and jumped the Grand Canyon. He embraced the wind like a man and a woman embrace. He was never seen again, although rumor has it that on some nights you can see him flying across the moon with the wind goddess. It's just a rumor.

Moral: Don't try this at home.

---Joe Gregorowicz

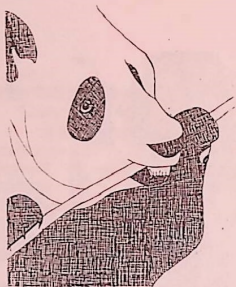
The Sixty Eighth Shortest Story In The East

There once was a crew of 20 at sea in a yacht.
When they dropped anchor, only 19 remained.

Moral: It's not safe to accessorize.
-Dedicated to Kevin

---Joe Gregorowicz





Note: Art work on page 44 is by Bryan Wolfe.

1993

EXPRESSIONS
OF
LIFE