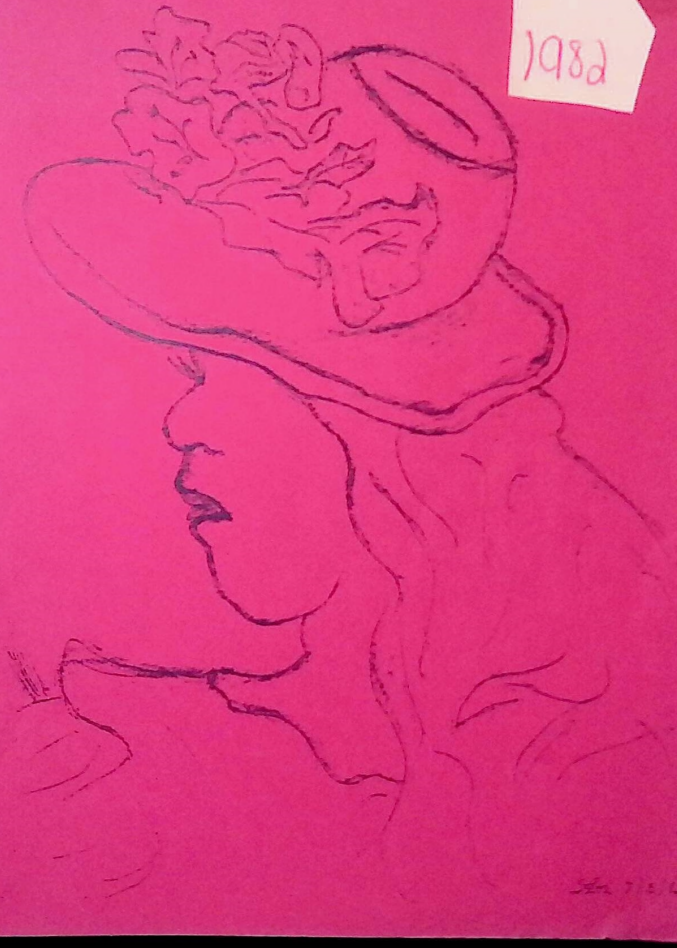
ENLIGHTENING

1982



A New Day Dawning *

A hideway,
far back in the woods,
lush green pines surrounding,
a little patch of moss,
almost making a carpet.

Dew, still in the trees,
as a listless breeze,
cool and soft,
blows languidly,
through the pines.

Calm,
a Morning Dove chants in the distance,
then another and another,
the forest comes alive with dawn.

George Ceaser

* Presented at Talent Night

Man*

What is man if he can not do as he pleases?
What is he if he is not free to shape his own mind,
and choose his own culture?

He is nothing but a robot programmed with no feelings.
He is a helpless baby in the mind and eyes of the superiors.

The true man is just a dust in the wind, free to
be caught up in a gust when all enthusiasm is nothing
but a dwindling fire.

Free to the day when he is caught and blinded by
a menacing terror called Love.

Lynn Sedmina

*Presented at Talent Night

T.V.*

I watch you all the time,
Wanting you with me wherever I go,
You are always on my mind,
No matter what I do.

If you could just talk to me,
Or maybe even smile;
Then I know that even I
Could say hi.

I wish I could
Just come right out and say
How much I respect you,
But what can I do?

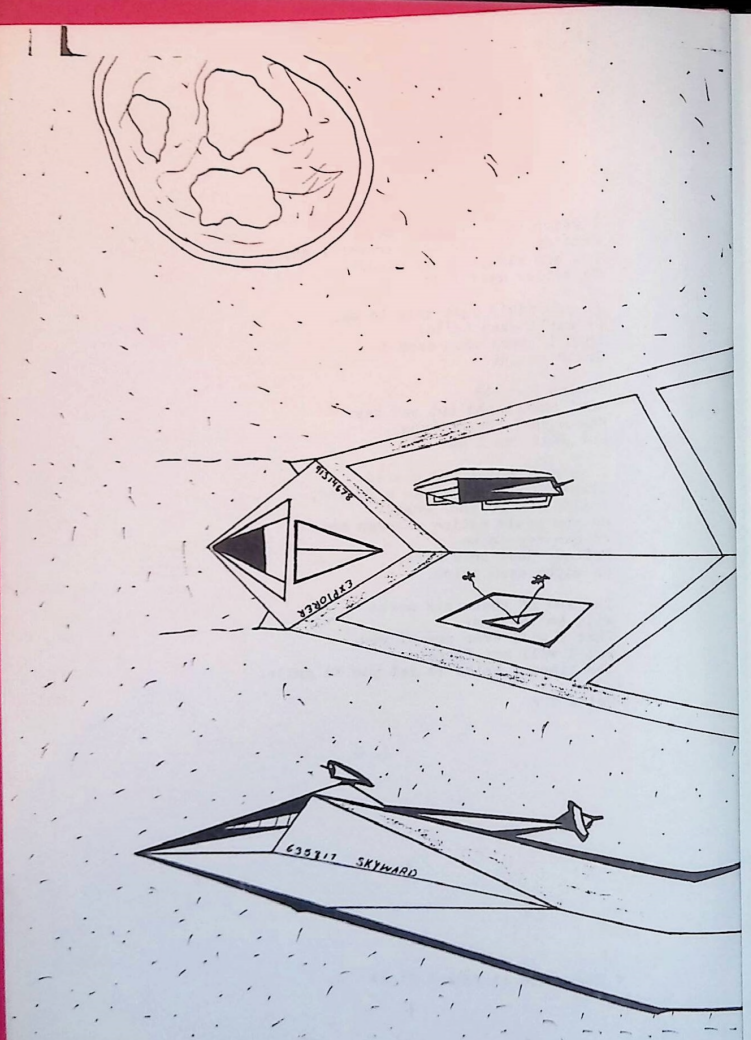
I am shy, quiet and scared,
Although you see me as a friend,
I wish I were your enemy
so you would notice me even more.
We can try to be
Friends just once more,
Or maybe even twice.

The end of these six weeks
Will be the last
That I will ever see of you.
But I will not forget
The times I tried to get you to smile.

Smile T.V.

J. M.

* Presented at Talent Night



A smuthered ambition
Lies trapped in my hope
With need for recognition
Of the many thoughts I grope.

I struggle with questions
Asked only by me
And find my own answers
Which never could be.

This promising figure
Clouds my shallow sense
But beneath their false exterior
Is a living shade of dense.

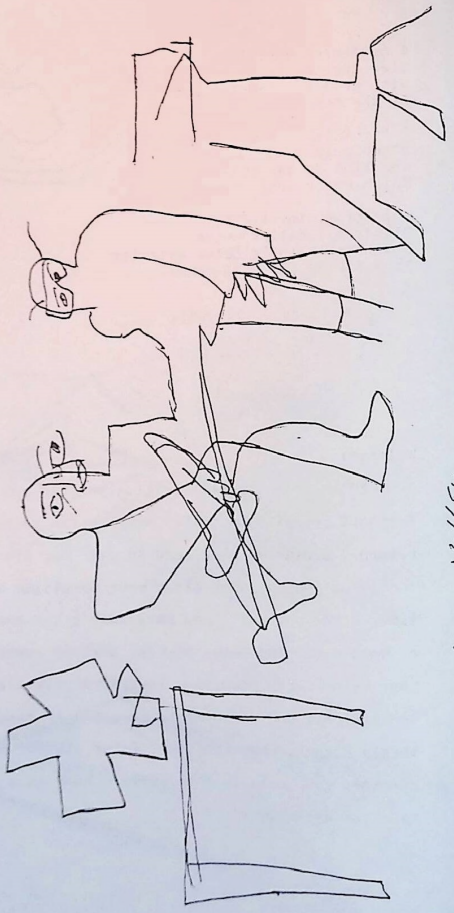
J. Zarrella

Welcome;

Enter into a world of illusion. As you look further, you will be pulled away to the point of no return. Obstacles that seem in your way are only deceiving images which cloud your intuition at this time. Step on, until you have lost sight and memory of what was. Too late to stop, anxiety rushes through your veins. You possess a look of deprivation, uncertainty, and resentment; yet, all of these are merely stages, phases of this false utopia. You must remember your role in this cycle. Know this road to fate is only a world of

illusion.

J. Zarrella



ADVENTURE KELLEY

U- unity
P- paradise
W- wonderful
A- amazing
R- rewarding
D- dedicated

B- beauty
O- outgoing
U- unconditional
N- never a dull moment
D- diversified

Laura Wren

Happiness is . . .

Happiness is your sweet smile,

Stay and talk with me a while.

I really enjoy your company,

But that is the way friends should be.

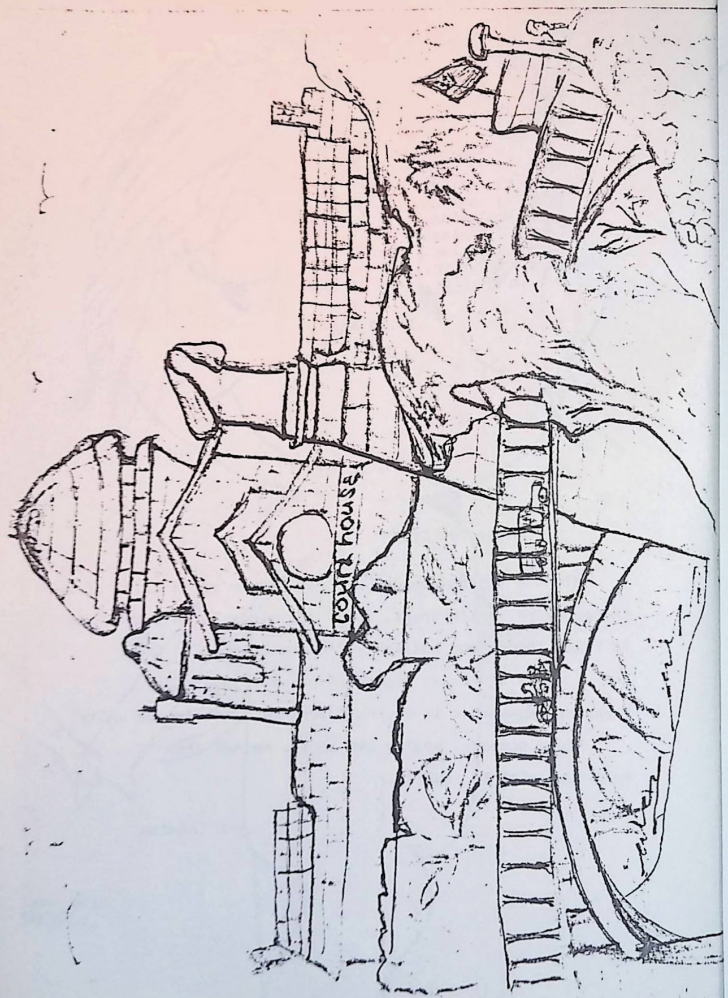
There is a special friend

I have found.

That special friend is

UPWARD BOUND.

Laura Wren



Imagine

The cliffs, tall, rigid.
The water, splashing against the rocks
. . . thunder.
The wind, blowing fragments of water through the air
. . . mist.
The sand, being moved by the water
. . . ocean.

Diane O'Donnell

Winter

Woolen sweaters keep the chill away
A frozen path leads me into the day
At the end my peaceful journey begins
Gliding on ice, I cut through the wind.
Snowflakes nestle on my cheeks
Contributing to the peace I seek
Breathless beauty brings on a sigh
Relieving the tension as I glide by.

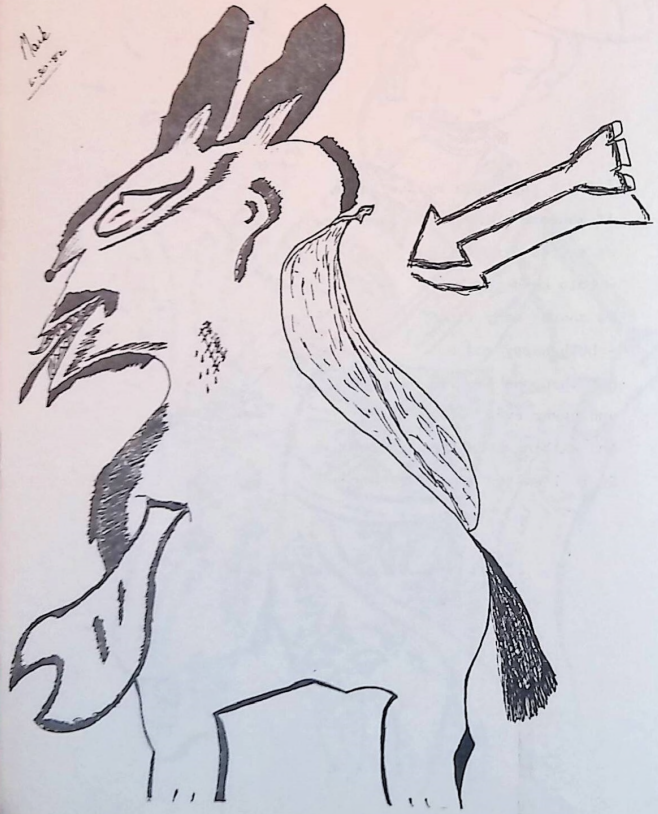
Valerie Wills

Lin 6/29/

The Rose

I saw a rose down by the shore
It made me think of us once more.
We shared many things
- both good and bad.
We shared many times
- both happy and sad.
But then one day you went away
and never ever returned.
And walking away from my Rose,
So to I walked away from you.

Lynn Sedmina



Let me tell you about the time a huge purple bear ate my mom's car. We were sitting on the back porch having a cook out, when we heard this terrible crash. Mom and I got up quickly to see what was happening. When we turned the corner, there was a purple bear sitting on the car chewing a tire.

Boy did mom get mad! She grabbed up a giant garden rake and went after that big bear. She instantly started beating him,but the bear grabbed the rake and started eating that too.

Well, this really got mom mad. The next thing I knew, mom had the purple bear on the ground wrestling it.

For fifteen minutes they rolled around until mom pinned the bear for three minutes.

The bear was so mad; he got up and stomped away taking the antenna with him. This upset mom, so she took out her six-shooter and shot him in the back.

Now we have a fuzzy purple bear skin to put in front of the fireplace.

Marlene Cease

SHORT STORY

Mark

Sally

Sally walks all around,
haunting the girls of Upward Bound.
Although she died years ago,
she still likes to put on a show.
Walking the halls in the middle of the night,
opening doors and closing them tight.
Sally is there, we know for sure,
and she will be here forever more.

Chris Rowlands

Pay Phones

There are three phones for student use.
When one rings,
        There is running through Sturdevant Hall
By someone who is waiting for an important call.
Now the arguments start,
        the girls tear the place apart.
All for the use of the phone on their floor.
Here comes Shirley through the door,
        so now it is lecture time.
Is all this worth a dime?

ANNE MARIE KELLEY

The Silent Hero

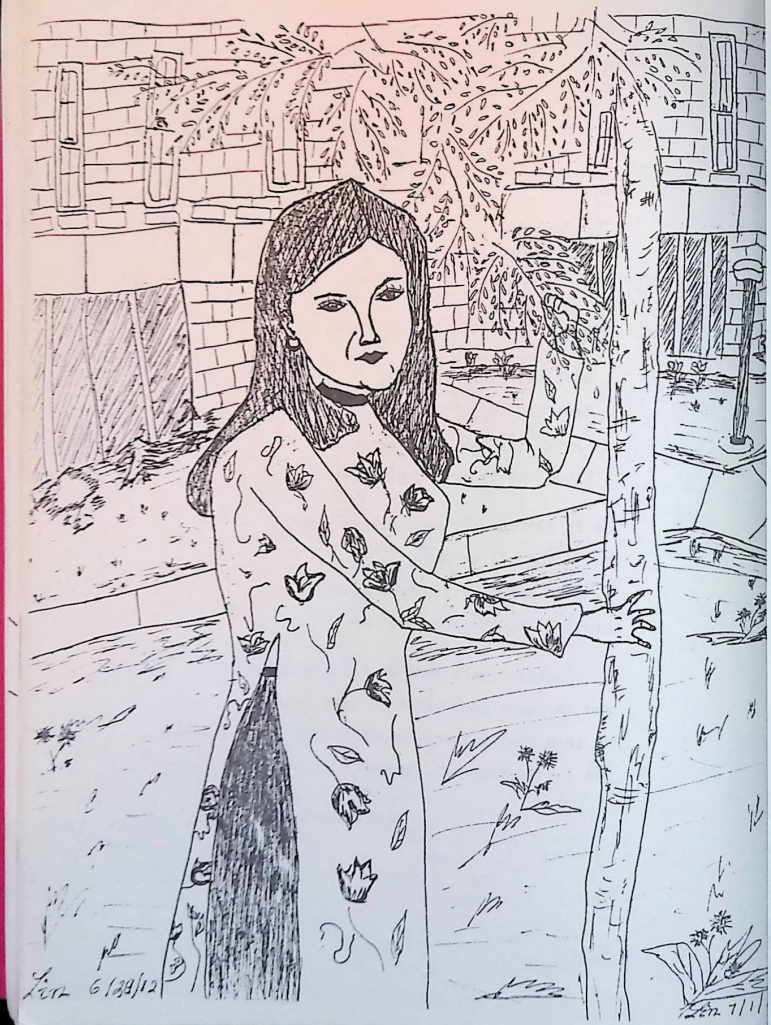
The World's Greatest Hero,
I look at him and stare.
He never said he cared for me,
but the thought was always there.

I meet him every morning,
I know him to a "T,"
he looks the same most every day
although he is acting differently.

He is getting old and turning gray,
but doing all he can.
He does not have to prove himself
since he is the greatest man.

He has been there through thick and thin,
and the many good times we have had.
He is a really special sort of guy
and I love this man, my Dad!!

Harry Dewey



SONNET

The Tree

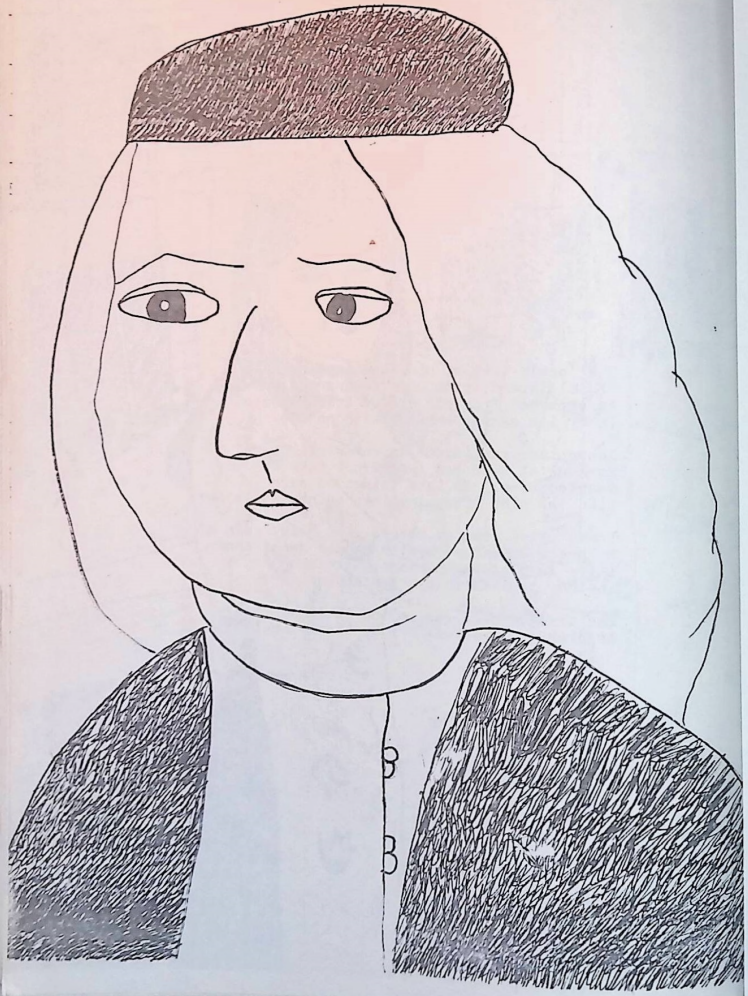
The lonely tree of pine was in the field
Of tall grass, extending toward the sun.
An orphaned tree was off by itself sealed
In by its strong barrier with no one.

Senses are realing my sorrow still there
To look at such beauty and not take for
Granted we all do take things so rare
Like the pine trees in times of now while more

Tears slide down my cheeks like heavy rain on
A lone mountain side with ridged rocks sharp
I try to place my burdens, hate upon
Another soul to take the stabbing dart

The tree of pine was in the field
An orphaned tree was off by itself sealed.

- V. Ferguson



Guilt by Innocence

Persecution by right–
  because I'm wrong
    without evidence of what I am
So I testify–
  Until I realize–
There is no jury
And I stop–
  to hear my own confession–
    then I cry
and the tears
become my fate
I'm sentenced by confusion
  to be stripped
    of all emotion
And die a death of vengeance–
  before my accusors

J. Zarrella

Cool Brook

Water stumbles over the rocks
Cool as dripping icicles
Leafy rafts going off to sea.
Ripples whirling around my ankles.

Pine scent fills me,
Acorns shaken by the wind
My puppy stretches
Breathing peacefully in the shade.

Marlene Cease

Light Creeps up on the silence of the country,
forming as if by magic, life.

The dew on the leaves withers away,
leaving only the fresh refurbished greenery of the earth.

The cool breezes wisk away the impurities
left by the night.

The fine work of art done by the dawning of the sun
makes each morning in the country a masterpiece.

J. [illegible]ery

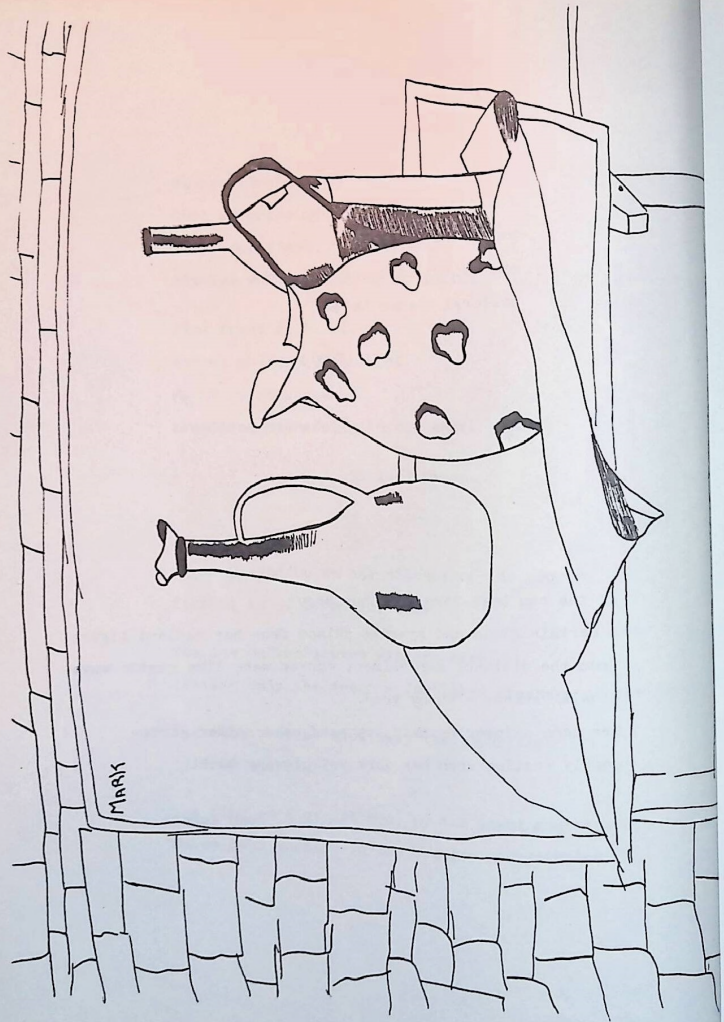
The soaring eagle rose
among the lofty snowy peaks
and majestically surveyed the
pastoral scenes below.

Chris Rowlands

K.C.

As the sun beat down upon her body
A certain gleam and sparkle shined from her radiant figure.
From the distance her eminent curves were like gentle waves
Flowing across a sunny pond.
Her long shimmering hair appeared as a golden garden
Gently resting upon her dark yet glowing back.

John Kubera



It's Over

I told you it was over
and asked if we could be friends.
You smiled and said yes,
but you couldn't have really understood
'cause here you come again.

Lynn Sedmina

The Untied Knot

Young love at thirteen,
Sung to the tune of "You're Sixteen."
Singing together through the drive-ins
Soothing our minds with red hot discs.

Music was the double knot,
Album after album.
On the phone, in our dreams,
Love seemed a melody.

Best of friends at fifteen,
He sang to the Beatles;
I to Donna Summer.
The knot loosened.

Strangers at sixteen,
Our song has come,
But our time has gone.
The knot is broken.

Marlene C ase

Accompaniment

Tossing a ball,
Having it returned.

Sitting under a chestnut tree,
But not alone.

Sleeping in bed,
But still accompanied.

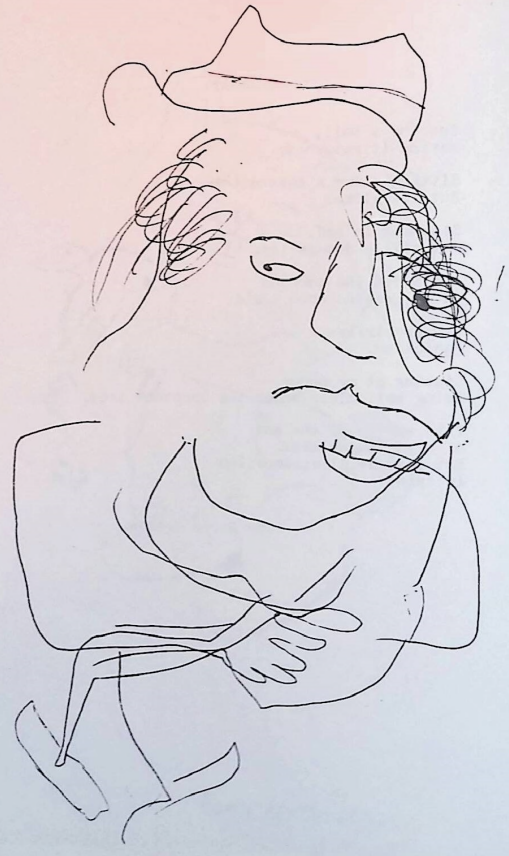
Rising in the morning
To be greeted once again.

Terror strikes.
Panicking.

Staring at my puppy
Lying motionless under the chestnut tree.

This was to be the end
of my accompaniment.
But I am still accompanied
In spirt.

Anne Marie Kelley



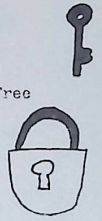
limerick

There once was a man his name was Ted.
Who always stayed home
And slept in bed.
He ate a pie and got a stye,
And was poisoned by some lead.

M. Balberchak

Money is the master of many,
Holding the key to freedom.
One must fight for the right to be free
In order to release the reins.

J. Mowery



Modern Woman

I ran to the bank with my deposit slip,
To put my money in, so I could take it
back out with my MAC.
I turned on my radio as I got in the car,
Lit up a cigarette and took a few drags,
Went up to the mall, to pick some new clothes.
Saw the latest flick.
Stopped at McDonalds and had a
BIG MAC.
When I got home I sat in front
of the tube.
What today? Atari or "Happy Days"
25¢ was the big winner on Pepsi
Frozen pizza and chips was a late night dinner.
Maybe a quick swim in the pool.
A bubble bath,
Turn on the radio,
And went to bed.

Marlene Cease

Colors

I wish there was no sadness . . .
the black wouldn't be so dark.

I wish there was always happiness . . .
then yellow could be its brightest.

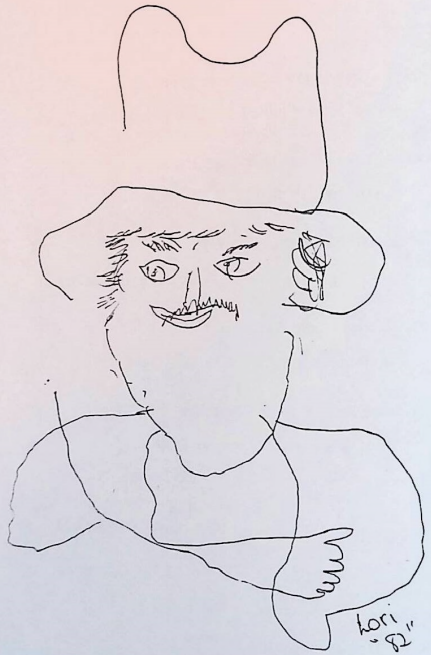
I wish there was less anger . . .
then red wouldn't burn so hot.

I wish there was less confusion . . .
then blue could be even more peaceful.

I wish there was less hate . . .
then gray wouldn't be so gloomy.

I wish this was a more colorful world . . .
then life would be one giant
Rainbow.

Diane O'Donnell



Bubbles McGraw Walking Through Love

We are one,
Brought together through
time and experiences.
We used to be apart
fighting each other.
I thought one thing
You did another.

You embarrased me,
You got me into trouble.

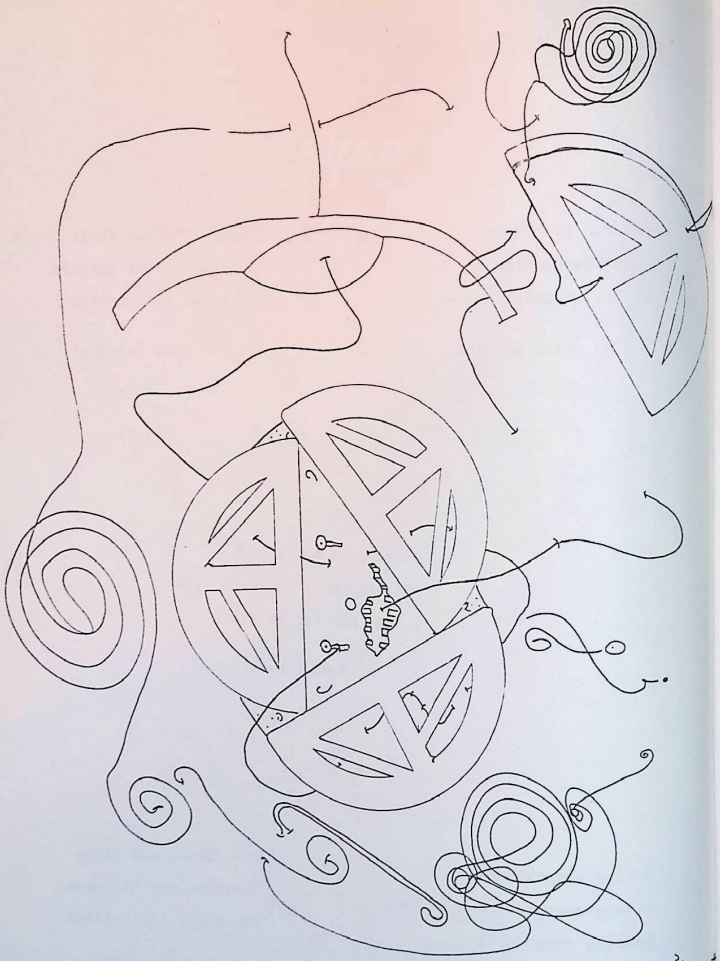
Before that we didn't know each other.
We didn't want to.
At least I didn't.

You embarrased me,
You got me into trouble.

People told me about you,
Told me you'd leave,
But you never did.

You're here inside of me,
But now you're my friend.
They know you come back once in a while,
But now you help and guide me
You are my friend.

Marlene Cease



Tints and Moods

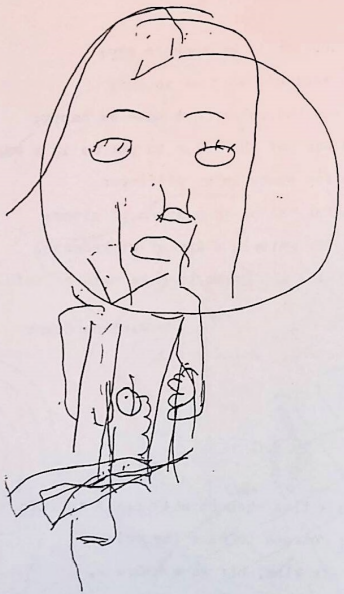
I wish happiness could be apurple sky;
I wish green wouldn't make me so sad;
I wish blue was the color that made me happy;
I wish brown was not the color to put me in a rage.
I never wish for black in my silliness;
I never wish for yellow in a storm of gloom;
I never wish for white in a day of wickedness.
I wish the winter was green to make nature joyful.

Marlene Cease

Rain, . . .

There will be a time when it will begin to rain.
You just need someone to ease the pain;
You remember his kiss, his warm embrace,
Then you see his wanton face.
The rain begins to fall.

Laura Wren



Midnight,

Sis came in.
She warned us, then left.

Not worrying, we kept busy.

He then appeared, stood in the doorway.
He then disappeared.

Not worrying, we kept busy.

He came again, time after time.
Sis came and took us away.

Worrying, we fell asleep.

Diane O'Donnell

Christmas Miracle

This is a story in which two people who are alone find each other.

It all started on December 25, 1981 in an old apartment building in New York City.

An old lady is heard talking on the phone: "I understand, but can't you even make it for a little bit? . . . Oh, I see. Well, see you next week." The old lady, almost in tears, hangs up the phone and slowly walks into the bathroom. She opens up the medicine chest and takes out some pills. Still sniffling, she sets them down on the sink and walks into the kitchen. She pours herself a cup of coffee.

A door is heard slamming, and then footsteps running down the hall. She slowly opens the door and sees a girl crying on the steps. "Hello," said the old lady slowly walking toward the girl. "Hello," said the little girl, still sniffling a bit. "How come you're crying?" asked the old lady. "My mommy has her boyfriend here, and she told me to leave and not come back until eight o'clock," replied the little girl starting to sob again. "She didn't even give me supper, and it's Christmas."

After sitting and talking for awhile the old lady asked the girl if she would like supper. "Yes, that would be nice," said the little girl smiling.

"It just so happens that I was expecting company and they never came."

The little girl walks into the living room and instantly starts playing with the doll that was on the couch.

"So, you like dolls?" asked the old lady.

"Yes." answers the little girl.

The old lady then walks into the bathroom, and dumps the contents of the bottles down the drain and walks away.

"How about that supper?" asked the old lady.

George Ceaser.

Me

Did you ever stop to think awhile
About the way I feel?
Why do you think I'm just a child
And not a person for real?

I have feelings too ya know;
I can laugh and cry.
Why don't you give me room to grow
And trust me for awhile.

Do you understand me now?
Please don't get me wrong.
To be like you, I don't know how
And I just can't last too long.

I won't shame you in anyway,
So let me go be free.
Only one thing I'd like to say:
All I want is to just be Me!

(P.W. to T.V.)

-Be the music-
take me by surprise
find me
touch what no one sees

Be the melody-
the mix that draws
and feeds my emotions
Risk your feelings-
don't be mislead
follow your own lyrics

Know me-
as I know you
Be my friend-
Write my song

J. Marrella

Tonight

A completely different world

. . . moss covered floor,

. . . flowering trees,

. . . rising moon,

. . . shining stars,

. . . hooting owls,

An unforgetable night.

Valerie Wills

Reminder in the Rain

The rain falls outside my window
softly dancing off the pane.
In the drops I see your face, smiling once again.

To feel you near, what delight that would be.
To be lying in your arms—heaven.

The sound of your voice would be music of the spheres.
Music lovlier than the symphony outside.

The tears slowly drop and mix with the rain.
I miss you so.

I think you must have known and felt the same
because here you come walking up the drive.
And look! The sun is beginning to shine!

lynn Sedmina

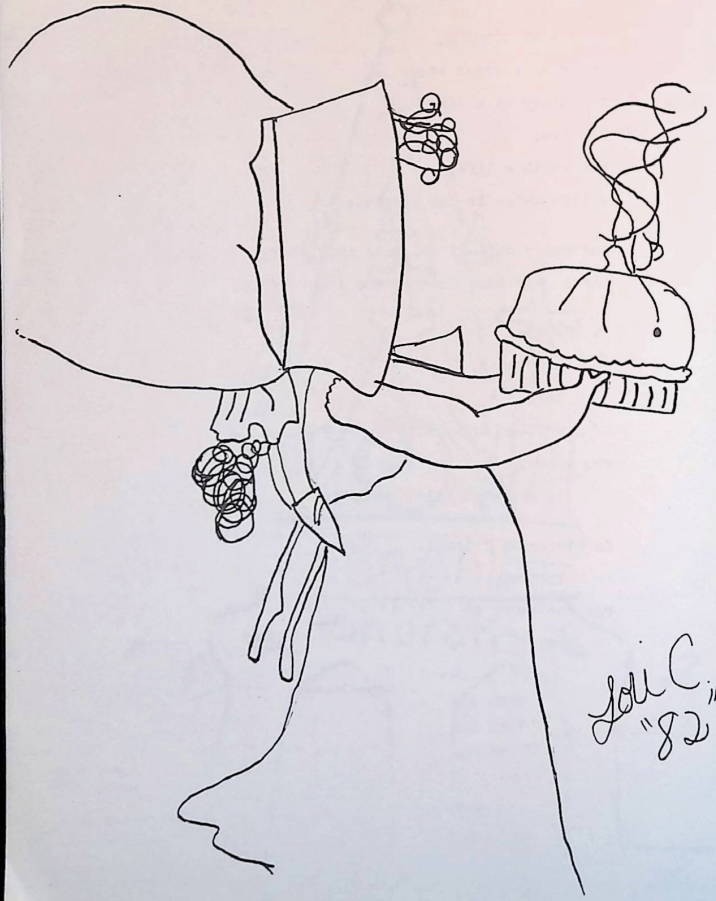
A tree,
with wind blowing,
tells an endless story,
the story of a life,
not its,
but another life,
a life which it saw progress.

And why should it not tell this story,
for it has been changed the least by it.

It saw the:
happiness,
love,
and war of a life.
Who knows,
It may even hold the future.

So listen my friends,
listen,
for the story it tells is of
man.

George Ceaser



Forever

I look at moonlit skies and think of you—
Of times long gone but spent as one, together.
Of your eyes, so sincere and so blue—
Believing the promise of forever.

That infamous promise of forever.
Unknowing, unsure of time yet to come,
we spoke like it would never end—never.
But now lips are sealed, what have we become?

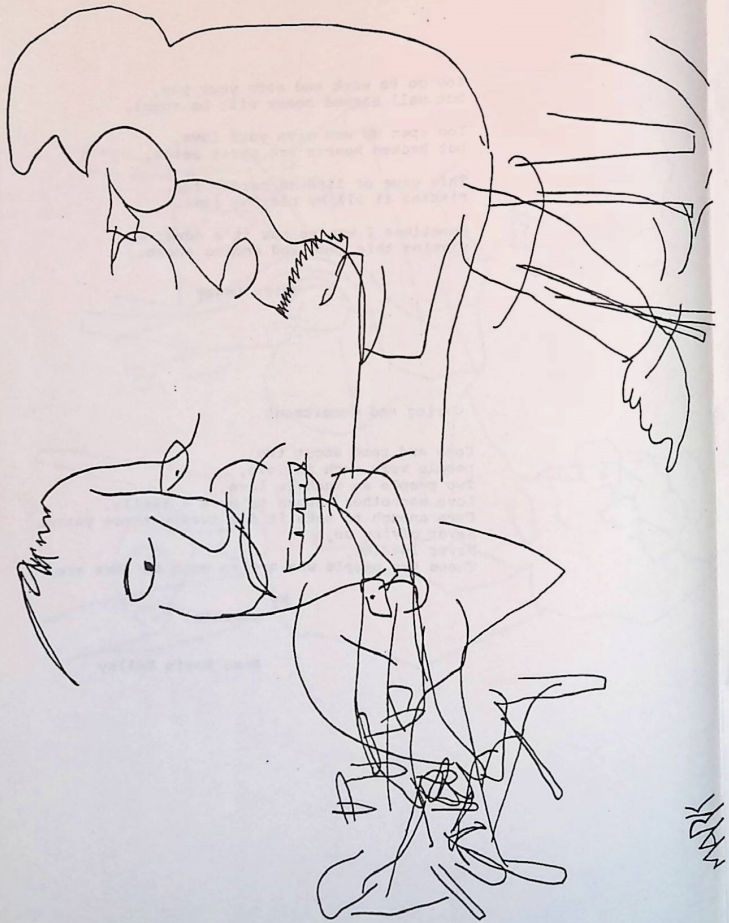
The end—that cruel, sudden, hearts breaking end;
it always breaks the promise of forever—
A crashing loneliness becomes my friend:
No longer one—no longer together.

Our hearts and our souls forever parted;
leaving one alone and brokenhearted.

Jeanine Bolinski

My life is one big memory
That's fed by constant growth
I see
I think
I try to be what I fear
Yet be
And go on
Not caing/sharing
Loving/hating
I promise—
And vow to change my ways
But always end up
Breaking my own heart—
Through memories
Unwanted, cherished memories.

J. Zarrella



AUTOGRAPHS

UPWARD BOUND '82

Literary / Arts Magazine

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