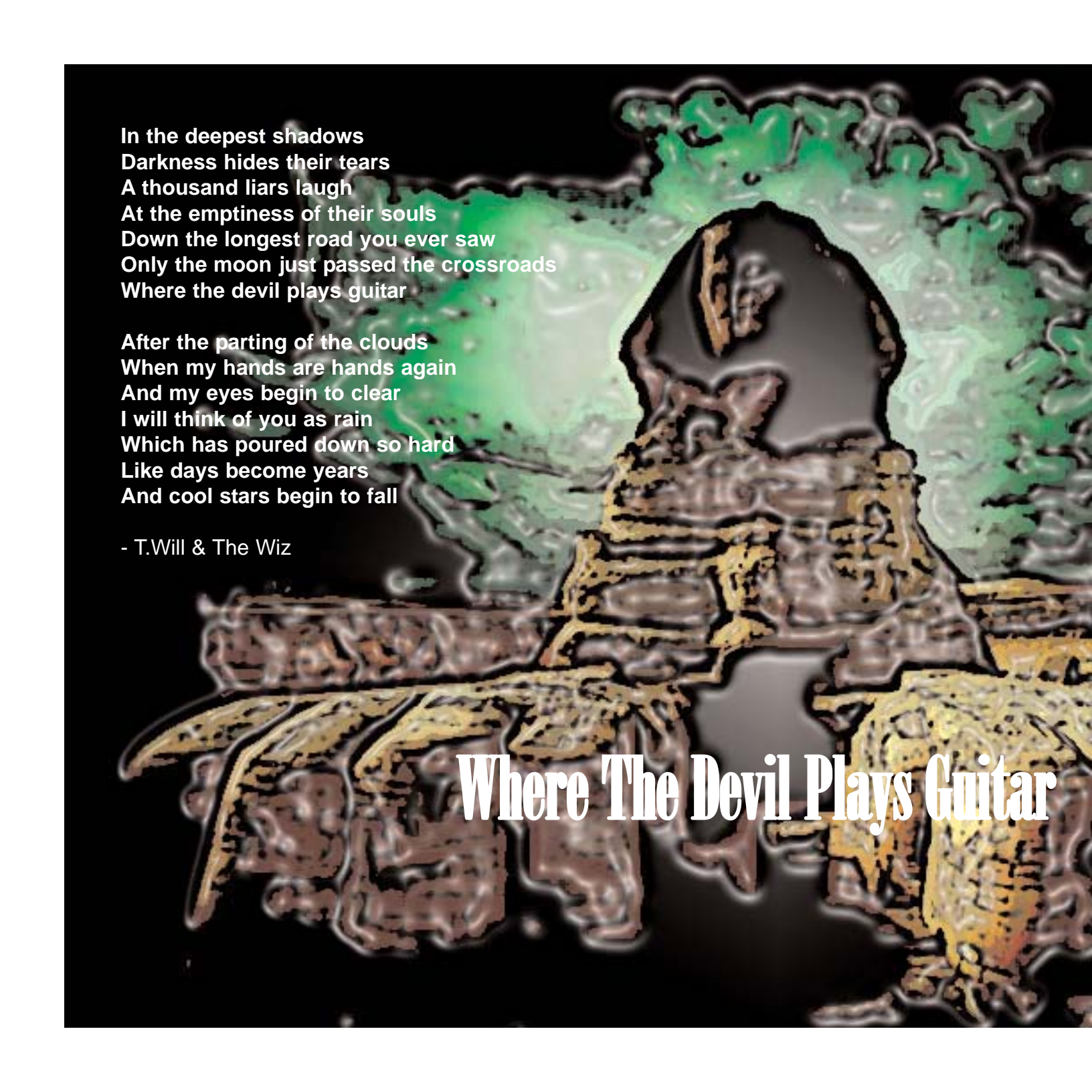


Open the Window

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In the deepest shadows
Darkness hides their tears
A thousand liars laugh
At the emptiness of their souls
Down the longest road you ever saw
Only the moon just passed the crossroads
Where the devil plays guitar

After the parting of the clouds
When my hands are hands again
And my eyes begin to clear
I will think of you as rain
Which has poured down so hard
Like days become years
And cool stars begin to fall

- T.Will & The Wiz

Where The Devil Plays Guitar

Like A Window Into Her Soul

Gorgeous girl in the corner
No one knows why she is so unhappy
She is smart
She is pretty
Yet she keeps to herself
No one understands the pain
That is running through her veins
If she talks, she seems happy
Everyone loves her
She does not let them in
She is sheltered
Her heart is in a cage
The key has been thrown away
When she walks through the hallway
She can front a smile on her face
But everyone can see through it
Like a window into her soul
The world around her is living
As she just sits in the passenger seat
And watches the world fly past her

- Randi Wozniak



The Dove and the Crow

A lonesome boy walks a deeply trodden path.
One path, one way, only one.

A beautiful and wonderful dove joins the scene,
It twitters and pipes happily about
It's latest flight,
The further annoyances of the world,
Of how loved it is,
Of how it deserves such love and adoration.

It lands gracefully on the boy's shoulder, squeezing it gently as if to claim him.
The boy takes pride in the dove, yet wonders if it's alright to speak of such things
so flippantly.

A wounded crow joins the scene.
It's breath is foul and yet it speaks of,
love,
of family,
of kindness,
of charity.

the boy carries it at arm's length, as to keep it's stench and mishapen form
away from him, yet he takes pity on such a caring bird. It verily has seen the trials of
the world and come out victorious in it's loving tendencies.

At the fork, the dove flies east.

At the fork, the crow tumbles west,

At the fork, the boy stands alone.

Which way. Which way. Which way.

-Grace Candido



Here On Earth

The trees shine with
pride,
Not covering the hatred
of men,
Once needed.
Children roam around
Thirteenth Street
Careless,
Allowing socialization
among all.
Eyes view no difference,
Just hearts inside of bod-
ies,
Ready to love with all
means possible.
Excluding no one from
his or her entourage.
Discrimination is not to
be found--
Unheard of,
Unused.
All are welcome,
Here on earth.
Live your life to perfect it,
For others.

- Michelle Spiller

Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel (One Gangstafied Squirrel)

Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel is the most gangsta squirrel in the entire forest. He sells acorns by day and throws rocks by night. All the other animals run away, when Snoop comes around. And you know when Snoop comes rollin around, because you hear gunshots everywhere. Snoop is wanted by big game hunters, because he is the only squirrel to survive after being shot wit 9 BB s. Legend has it that Snoop was so gangsta that he belonged to both the Buds and the Kips, but this has never been a proven fact.

One day after Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel was selling his illegal acorns, he got busted by the po-lice s sneaky sting operation as he was driving around in his stolen Benzo. He was sent right to The Big Tree House (jail). He was very angry that the forest has not adopted the policy of Due Process yet. All the bad raccoons and stray dogs were locked up with Snoop. Snoop felt way over his head. The raccoons would steal his food all the time, and the stray dogs would try to eat him, but he always survived by a hair. Snoop made one friend in jail. His name was Randal and was a squirrel also. Randal was booked for leaf embezzlement, so he only got a three month sentence. Three weeks later, Randal s time was up, and he left. Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel felt alone once again. The Big Tree House had broken him.

After a year of jail time, Snoop finally scored parole. He found a job in a fur department, but didn t tell his employer he was a convict. Eventually, his manager heard from a friend that this gangsta squirrel was no good, so he fired Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel. Snoop tried to stay legit for so long, but eventually the pressures of life got to him and he became gangstafied again. Selling acorns and throwing rocks was How he be, as he would claim. One day, Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel vanished. Some say that he got himself ran over by a car; a Ford Tempo as the story tells it. But others say it was his old gangsta friends from the Buds or the Kips, or both. Either way, everyone agrees that Snoop Squirrelly Squirrel was the most gangsta squirrel that ever lived.

- Jamie Rosenberg

The Small Things The Night Encased

On a bus with no set course,
At least not one which any of us
Cared about, and
Contained to a specific area,
Forced to share the company of others;
Some slept, some wept, others cheered,
While some cursed
Those most productive with their time
Shared the company of others,
Emotional connections shared.
Fraught with topics of whimsical play
And serious passion for curiosity,
The loss of the night
Was at the conclusion of our journey.
We moved on with our separate lives,
Never taking a look back
On the small things the night encased

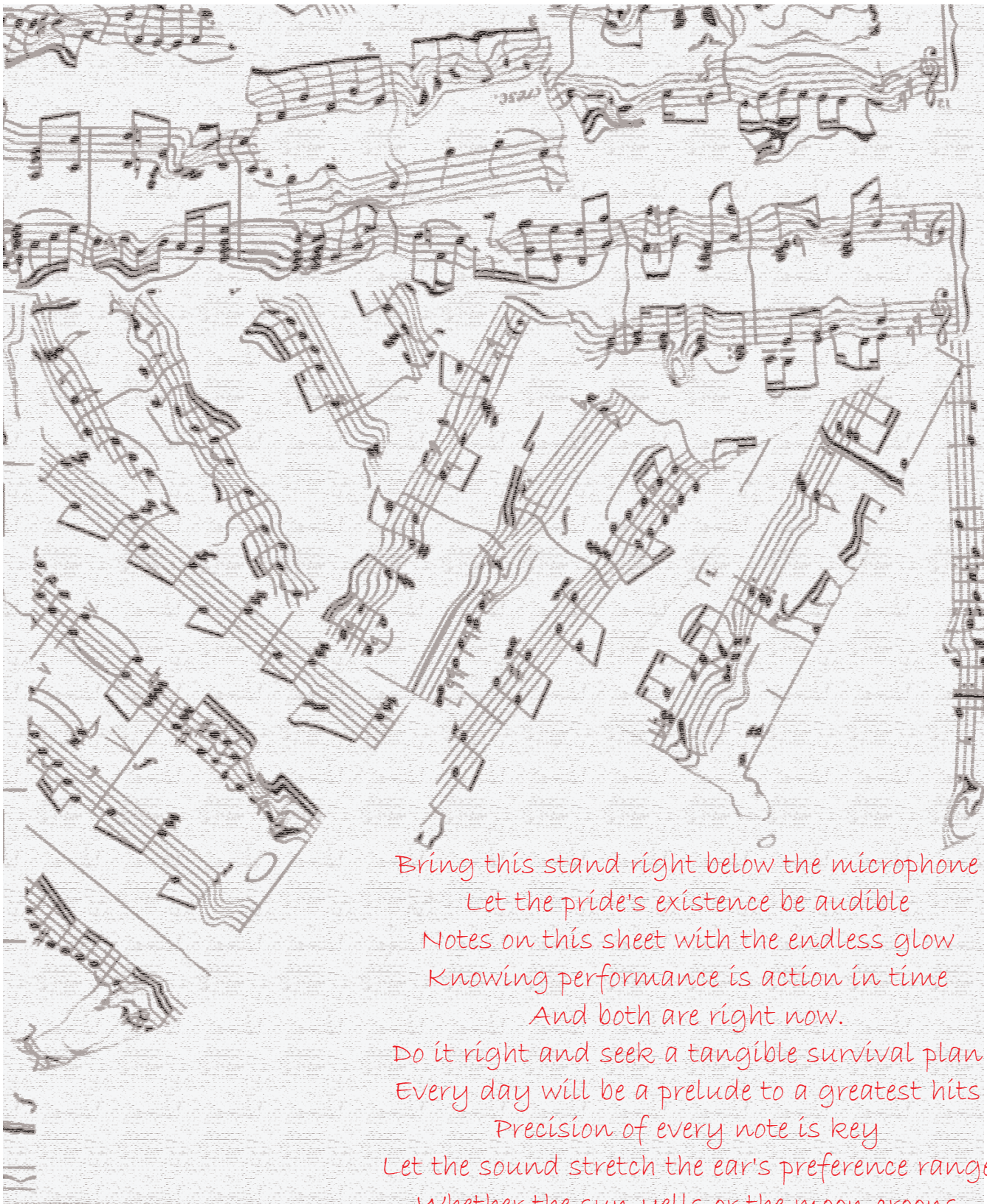
- Adam Verna

The Great Boston Molasses Disaster

January 15, 1919

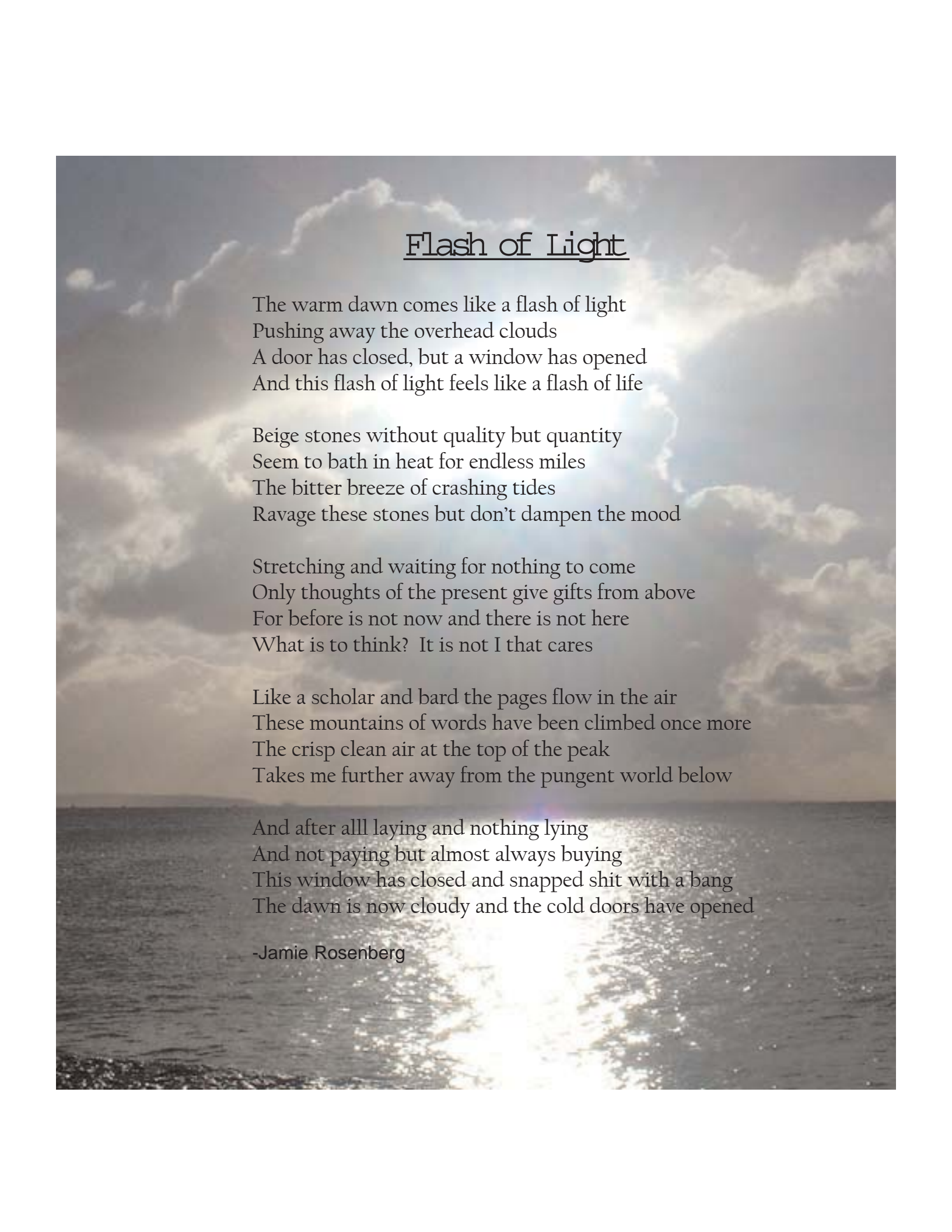
Cracks begin to form in the holding tank looking into the town. Its contents start to ooze out. Our unsuspecting town seethes in the heat. Thus, the Great Molasses Disaster has begun. A loud crack is heard, and all eyes turn to the direction of 529 Commercial Street. The people taken by surprise gasp as well at about nine feet high of 2.3 million gallons of molasses rushing through the town at a stunning thirty miles an hour. Sensing the impending disaster, we all try to flee, but the golden wave follows. Off to my left, an old woman falls and disappears into a carpet of feet. Not far behind me, I hear a great scraping of metal and volume of screams. The crowd stops and turns to see what is causing the noise. I turn just in time to witness a train being knocked on it's side, only to be engulfed seconds later. The reality of the situation once again hits the group mind, and the swarm of people starts to move forward. I keep running to avoid being trampled. My legs burn, and the sweat drips off my nose. The sun pours down on the crowd, running for their lives. The man in front of me falls, having picked up too much speed myself, I topple over as well. The people part around us at first, but we are soon being stepped on as if we, ourselves, were part of the cobblestone street. The battalions of feet make it impossible to stand. I feel other bodies falling around me, and the molasses creeps up my legs. I feel it holding me down, as I scramble to regain my footing. The attempt is useless. I take a deep breath and hold it. The thick ooze engulfs my head. I fight to keep my eyes closed and keep the air in my lungs. A great pressure weighs down on my entire body. The air is gone, and even the sunlight struggles to get through the moving mass. The bodies around me stop moving and squirming. I know soon I will too, as well. The only sound is my heart beating faster and faster, and then nothing. Twenty other people and I died in one of the most embarrassing tragedies in history. All I ask is that I am remembered as I lived--a human, not as I died, as a pancake. Please.

-Caitlin Herrschaft



Bring this stand right below the microphone
Let the pride's existence be audible
Notes on this sheet with the endless glow
Knowing performance is action in time
And both are right now.
Do it right and seek a tangible survival plan
Every day will be a prelude to a greatest hits
Precision of every note is key
Let the sound stretch the ear's preference range
Whether the sun yells or the moon croons
Or six strings are ties to six stars
Monumental picks strum the galaxies
If only six people hear this song,
we should know when to open our ears anyway.

- schmann schmoseph



Flash of Light

The warm dawn comes like a flash of light
Pushing away the overhead clouds
A door has closed, but a window has opened
And this flash of light feels like a flash of life

Beige stones without quality but quantity
Seem to bath in heat for endless miles
The bitter breeze of crashing tides
Ravage these stones but don't dampen the mood

Stretching and waiting for nothing to come
Only thoughts of the present give gifts from above
For before is not now and there is not here
What is to think? It is not I that cares

Like a scholar and bard the pages flow in the air
These mountains of words have been climbed once more
The crisp clean air at the top of the peak
Takes me further away from the pungent world below

And after all laying and nothing lying
And not paying but almost always buying
This window has closed and snapped shut with a bang
The dawn is now cloudy and the cold doors have opened

-Jamie Rosenberg



Through Your Skin

Envy is cancer seeping through your skin
Spreading throughout your whole body
Starts with a tumor, rumor soon it spreads throughout
Controlling you every move and life, every breath you take.
Not allowing you to find happiness in life just the greenness being
Seen through your eyes
Envy the healthy body
Envy anyone that is not you
A deadly disease is both
The owner does not get to choose if they are diagnosed,
They choose you.

-Michelle Spiller





Sump Pump

Sump Pump

I wish you would work
Every fifteen
I have to drain that pump well
In the corner of my basement
Mom says "No dinner tonight"
Have to stay by the pump.
Wish Dad would get his act together
Go to Sears, get the parts.
Why does this always happen when it rains nonstop?
Why does this agony never end?
Homework must be ignored!
There goes the phone
I'm not answering it.
I think I'll give the Sump a name
Sally, or Gretchen maybe even Beatrice.
As I sit here in the corner of my basement
Every fifteen
Draining
Draining
Draining my life away.

-Sara Wenner

Shall we meet, acquaintance?

words can't put into feeling what she's seen
she wears her emotions on her eyes
sparkling in moonlight like the fire in my heart
it burns the hurt she feels
a pulsating beat of the wind, the earth
a steady metronome to my heart
throat clear, but voiceless air
shall we meet, acquaintance ?

-Adam Verna