

CURDLE

She keeps
Her heart on a tether balling with
Her eye on the whether
Or not today is the day
She can resist his lucky
Charming wheys and curdling
Ambitions
Running dry like a river base
In the degree of 3
Questioning the scar on his el
Beau es un amante maravilloso
Which she may never
No nonsense, sir, we've
Heard too many times
Will come when the walls
Will cr... craa...test test
Crash you dummy onto the ground
Lying about your true
Feelings

INSOMNIA

Minority is heard, ever vocal
Emotions stirred, hate the locals

Few bad apples, kill the wedding
Down a snapple, watch beheadings

Claims to care, about your people
Our shells you bare, build a steeple

Innocence dying, makes me ill
No safe flying, our cars you'll kill

Your eyes are blind
We scare your kind
Your god is dead
Get filled with lead
Take our christ
Your beliefs dont suffice
You will be freed
On green you'll seed

How unfair, they're building nukes
He's always right, so put up your dukes

Isn't this better, don't you trust us?
Dont you studder, bombs arent a fuss

Why are you red? The deal was a steal
Your baby's dead? Here's a happy meal.

Fresh beginnings, or so we pretend
Ripe with winnings, we come to an end

Your eyes are blind
We scare your kind
Your god is dead
Get filled with lead
Take our christ
Your beliefs dont suffice
You will be freed
On green you'll seed

LIFEGUARD

We'll watch you fall down and
we'll drown
we'll drown
like a ball and chain sinking
to the floor
we'll comply with your faith
and drown,
because its no longer about wrong
and right,
it's no longer beneficial to
stay and fight
for the skies and
the clouds that never break,
for the beautiful ideas
dying in their own mistakes,
we'll take this time to
watch you fall down
so there's never any doubt
that you tumbled
from the bridge
a leaf blowing in the wind
fighting against the rain
and we
can't-
we can't-
stop crying
stop...stop...stop...drowning
we'll never be found
and we'll drown...
we'll never be found
and you'll drown...

Building Tomorrow

My Life was simple, empty and dim
I chose this journey on a whim
I asked around, I asked all about
Looking to find a challenging route
Not for its intrigue, not for its fortune
Just to start over, a place to begin
Having no passion, void of desire
Looking back now, I cut the wrong wire
But now I'm so close, senseless to quit
Fearing my destiny bit by bit

I had not read the contract I'd signed
Visions of grandeur, wined and dined
Before I knew it, to circuits I wed
But then it reared its ugly head
Make it faster, smarter and sleek
Have it done by the end of the week
Do it cheap and do it now
Just fucking do it, I don't care how

Create! and Build! and Debug! and Produce!
Micro-controlling a world of no use
Save the patients, cut the wait
Dream up the weapons that spread all the hate
Embrace your ethics, never say maybe
Design this bomb to kill those babies

The weight of the universe, the burden of ages
As close as it gets, we are the world's sages

Amplify the pressure, filter the guilt

Dampen your heart, we're walkin on stilts

I resist this inductance, shedding a tear

I do not wish to engineer

ANGEL

One and Twenty, lighthearted...a soul reaching
Coming into one's own
A shadow keeping company, never enough
Peeking around the darkness, ever fearful

Overwhelming is the shadow
Demanding change, risk, action
A heart in the open, let loose to wander
Constant failure only strengthens it

Moons of black follow, pushing deeper into the abyss
Strangling, suffocating, reprimanding
Fine cuts in his heart, seemingly never to heal
Why cannot one dwell here forever, safety is certain

As written, the sun arrives to a cold reception
Shining brave light first ignored...piercing persistence
Drying schisms in his bleeding heart
Unthinkable as always...the shadow cowers once more

Emerging from the desert, a thirst seemingly unquenchable
Browsing a showcase of unattainable happiness once again
His heart, shadow, and soul fused into words
Presented for inspection...ridicule

Awe struck, a gem appears before him
So different, exciting, sensual
Mutual feelings reflect -- a mirror
Most of all, in reach... unthinkable

Spring appears, the first time ever
Bright light breathing over Their earth
Hearts spiraling out in harmony
Fulfillment gained, innocence lost

The shadow now absent
Ceaseless, never ending joy
Awakened to find a knife lodged between two blades
Disbelief.

Falling from the heavens
Hitting the earth
Trickling down a steady slope
Clinging to the edge, terrified of going back

The strongest hands unable to grasp
Inevitability victorious
Digging deeper unknowingly, the entire time
Complete Nothingness, only It.

Eternity passes for a while
Too slowly is time doing its deed
Curiosity bred from starting sounds
Sounds, like of his own...weeping, hurting

Crawling around the darkness
The hole broader than ever was thought
A figure appears in the distance, dimly lit
Knelt, sobbing...

Coming closer proves revealing
Where the wound gaped, Her wings protruded
Eyes and souls crying upon each other
Upon him comes unthinkable comfort

Days of warmth follow
Rising to Her feet, She takes his hand
Slowly escalating the abyss, She takes flight
Clutching him all the while

The spirit smiling through His star
Leading a soul on its path to Peace
The future is brilliant
Thank you Angel.

Beau Stephen Troychak

Is It That Hard ?

Why did you have to call me tonight?
Things were just starting to be alright
I have never felt that way before
But you left me, crying on the floor
You knew how much you hurt me then,
But you have the nerve to talk to me again
I don't go a day without seeing your face
I can still feel my arms wrapped around your waist
My friends tell me to just move on
It's not that easy, even though you did me so wrong
Eight months since you and me were together
Now I'm all alone and not feeling any better
You gave me the best years of my life
I wanted you to be my wife
You were too good to be true
And I was right, because now I don't have you
I don't understand why you had to leave me
He must be something that I just can't be
Sometimes I wonder if you ever think about us
Now you make me question who I can trust
Is it that hard to say you still love me?
Please don't say it because I know it can't be
You aren't the person I thought you were
Now all I can do is sit back and watch the world turn
You taught me how to love, and you taught me how to hate
I'm going to hang up this phone now; it's getting kind of late

Chris Erwin

Angel_
An Angel
Skin of the purest white
Eyes of the deepest swirling blue
Lips the perfect shade of pink
A nose delicately crafted to perfection
A neck, slim and smooth,
Connects to the petite, yet beautifully crafted form
Wings of the clearest crystal flutter lightly behind her.
I sit entranced
Held by the remarkable beauty
Contained within such a small being
Without thought I slowly reach out
Toward her quietly hovering form
She stays, my hand slowly nearing
She reaches out toward my fingertips.
We touch.
A shriek
A sound of pure terror and pain
Echoes in my ears
From her hands
Touched so lightly by my fingertips
She begins to crumble
Pieces fall from her
Her hands
Her arms
And shatter upon the floor
The beautiful body
The lovely neck
The perfect face
All fall and shatter on the floor in turn.
I sit
Arm extended and unmoving
In the sheer horror of what I had done.
The scream still quite clearly ringing in my ears
I look upon the floor to find
That nothing of the lovely angel
Not even the smallest piece
Remains.

THE CONSUMMATE SYMPHONY

Sitting in the corner,
Beside the dormer,
Sinking in the chair,
Sipping in fresh air,
Plunging in the reverie,
Enveloped in aroma of coffee,
I dream.....
Dream with eyes wide open.
Dream of the land of my thoughts,
Where I walk....
Walk alone,
Hum my tune....
Sing my own song,
But something is missing.
The song is there
But music is absent.
Because for song of your life
Lyrics can be yours
But for music of your life
The one's closer to your heart are always sought.

Aradhana Sharma

What World is This?

What World is this that I see?
What is in this stranger land?
This land of many people are
Professor, student, and marching band

Many people here that I see
Here exist all creed and race
Along with every ideal and faith
Yet only a few I know by face

Education is the goal of all here
To learn a skill or trait to use
While some go to class to learn
Many others are heard to snooze

Every Friday to parties they do go
Always to find the fun very near
Along with money caution goes
As they begin to consume more beer

Saturday of fall is very special
For at its center is a football game
Tailgaters, students do cheer on
As their Spartans look for fame

Sunday is a very, very quiet day
Church or sleeping half past noon
Then to prepare for the next day
All are seen in the study room

Finals

Oh the big week of finals
Which is despised by all
Fervently I do study
And on my pencil I gnaw

I must do well this week
I must, I must, I must
But if I study any harder
I most surely will bust

On the final exam so much
Will my class grade depend
With each question and problem
A percent point I will defend

Ten hours a week I spend
On homework and learning
That is equal in percent value
To two hours brain churning

As I pray to the Almighty
For knowledge and clarity
I also beg the professor
For partial credit charity

Which final do I dread more
Multiple choice or short answer
Or even the horrible essay
Where I B.S. every answer

Chris Bunke

To try and try I must conclude
Certain things will always elude
Like the prize winning fish too unique for the boat
Sometimes things sink when you know they should float
Try trapping a butterfly with a broken net
Or losing a fortune on a misplaced bet
The grass always grows and the sun will shine
But often two things shall never combine
I try and try and must conclude
Certain things will always elude

michael cronk

Sitting, waiting, patiently
I beg anyone: inspire me.
But who can do that properly?
Only me, only me.

Thinking now, foundations shook,
I troll my line through book by book,
Waiting for ideas to hook.
For inspiration,

Now I look.

Meaning from without's comprised
Merely of perception's lies
The seamless truth is only faked
By divisions my mind makes.

And if all is ever shown?
Would meaning leave if all were known?
And is it even really there?
Or merely hoped-for?

Now I stare.

Jason Peabody

Girls!

The girls of foggy mornings

Tell me, which one

Looking at the mirror

Has seen a flower on her cheek, opened up?

Girls!

The girls of quiet sunsets

Tell me, which one

Dancing with a man

Has her beautiful arms, raised up?

Girls!

The girls of lonely nights

Tell me, which one

Holding her love

Has felt a scent of a kiss on her lips, cheered up?

Asghar Afshari

Thirteen Ways of Looking at an Engineering Textbook
(after Wallace Stevens' Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird)

I

Among twenty classrooms,
The only moving things
Were the pages of a textbook.

II

I had lost my mind
From staring at problem three
In my calculus textbook.

III

Autumn leaves whirled, but the textbook weighed upon her mind.
It was a small part of the night's homework.

IV

A man and an engineering textbook
Were one.
Now a man, a woman, and an engineering textbook
Are one.

V

I do not know which I dread most,
The terror of doom to come
Or its aftermath,
Staring at a textbook before a test
Or just after.

VI

Golden it filtered through the window,
Sunday afternoon light.
Dust tumbled in the sunbeams
And skirted around a textbook,
Its shadow
Darkening the wall behind,
Impossibly long.

VII

O haggard students of our campus,
Why do you dream that class will be canceled?
Do you not see how your textbooks
Do not follow the lectures
Of the professors who teach you?

VIII

I no longer remember the formulas
Nor can explain the concepts with lucidity;
But I know, still,
That somewhere in my textbook

Is what I knew.

IX

When the textbook returned to the shelf,
It marked the end
Of one of many semesters.

X

At the sight of a textbook
Priced at one-hundred-eighty,
Even the richest of students
Would cry out sharply.

XI

He scrambled over snowdrifts
Trying to make the review session on time
Once arrived, the awareness struck him
That he had mistaken
The shadow of his lunch bag
For his textbook.

XII

The textbook's pages are turning.
The exam must be nearing.

XIII

It was evening in the engineering building.
The labs were full
And they were going to be full.
I glanced at my textbook,
Then out at the Red Cedar River.

Janelle Shane

cold window in a dark room as I stare into this odd mirror
a sullen face returns my glare
stricken with grief
but mostly just confused
this person looking back at me
doesn't know my pain
can't smell my fear
and shows no mercy or remorse
yet it shows every emotion
he still screams back at me
cries the same tear I am feeling now
coldly looks into the world behind me
blocking my view of what's directly ahead

*

come closer to me
here
in this time of distress
a time of distrust
waiting and watching
react to the reaction
react to the reason
guilt and pride
no inbetween
clearly defined lines of right and wrong
step into the lines
spirals and cosmonauts
anything can be everything
and your worst nightmare
is nothing

*

logical sense
conceptualized formulas
fail time and time again
unwritten law
and underlying truth
reaps havoc on innocent souls
bitter, bitter chaos
wrapped in a sheath of sanity
drowning in the lake emotions
slipping
further
into
darkness

*

prequel grab the needle and thread
I'm torn apart at the seams
split right on down the middle
not a star in the sky
no moon to light my reassembly
stranded on this desert isle
frightfully close to the edge

*

chez joanne a ghost knocks on the closet door beside me
another paces the hardwood floors above
I lay silently as they whisper their stories

and I wonder all that has been said and done

once a house of hope
someone's home of their dreams
now it has begun to turn old
this place that I now sleep

the ceilings are cracked
weathered many a rain and a flood
regardless the tales this house holds from the past
it's the stories of its two current residents I will forever love

Joel Heckaman

Terrorists
Death, destruction, and domination is their plan
What a terrible thing for a man,
To grow up hating us
Always trying to blow up a bus,
Some try to act real nice
But do not trust them you better think twice,
Some look different some look clean
But it does not matter they are all mean,
Terrorists are puppets, being controlled
They are nasty dogs, bars un hold,
Trying to predict them as much as you can
Attempting to stop them will take more than a man,
Singing in the streets as the buildings fall
Crying in the streets among the broken wall,
Drifting in the families as they are ripped apart
Dying in the families from a broken heart,
Terrorists can be put to rest
Only by America's best,
Working hard everyday
Let the love of America stay.

Jason Merritt

Blood Red Rose

Red flower growing in a green field

Oblivious to all around it.

Yellow cat prowling down the dirt path

Knowing all around it

Analyzing all around it.

Except this.

The black cat vexing green-brown eyes

To it the yellow cat went

Curious all about it

This one was different

A shroud of unknowns around it.

They play and look to each other

-Waiting for the other to look back

The black cat, she purred and nuzzled him

He was under her spell.

Red flower dieing under the snow

Oblivious to all around it.

Yellow cat left alone

Broken to all around it.

Lost to all around it.

White cat with the evil blue eyes purred for black cat

She forgot all the past

She lived for the kill and had taken her due

But now white cat is gone

Alone she is and broken hearted too

The yellow cat comes back.

The green leaves poke through the melting snow

Oblivious to all around it.

Love is shared and professed together

She and he are happy together

Grey cat, blood red eyes

Black cat leaves yellow again

He'll be there if I fall, now I am happy, she thought

Not at all does she care

Yellow cat is shattered

Doesn't fight at all as the Gray cat kills him

Claws dig deep and blood flows thick

The gray cat leaves, board with the black

Alone she is, no one to turn to

She looks to the stars

They shut her out

The red flower dies in the red blood of the yellow cat

Now forever she must wonder if the choices were right

Yellow cat and her

Angel on Earth

Why is the angel on this Earth?

Is she not to be in only the finest of places?

Is she here for the one so lowly as me?

It could not be that she is here for the one so lowly as me.

Oh, but how beautiful she is,

The long black hair, the dark blue eyes,

And skin of the finest silk.

With the body of an angel, the brain of a genius, if only she were my angel lover.

But what is this, no wings?

She is not an Angel, but still as lovely as one.

If only I could tell her, being friends wasn't enough,

To love and be loved by she, oh what a life that would be.

Finally the day, I build up my courage.

She is to love me for the rest of our lives,

And I to give my love to her.

Forever we live like heaven on Earth, me and my angel lover.

But, now a dark cloud had covered my angel on Earth.

I am but to weep for my stolen angel lover.

For she is now truly an Angel with wings of silk and gold.

With her long black hair and her dark blue eyes, now more beautiful than ever.

Oh when the day comes, when the blessed day comes.

When is it that I may perish from this earth?

To see my angel, my angel of the earth.

To see her again, will be the only true end, me and my angel lover

Antidote

You're smell - intoxicating

Your touch, a rush

The taste of your lips, a poison

Seeping to my heart.

A poison I feel every day burining in my veins

Bulding up and cutting out all the other pains

I think of you, a summer day, every time it rains

The sweet smell the warm touch, all the hurt it drains

A venom like this, cannot be gotten from any type of serpent

Though if I could, sleep I would, with it, and be its servant
bight me day and night it should, more poison with it bring.

Till I can do nothing but, of your praises sing.

And this will make me happy, until my days do end

>From heaven's gate, I shall be, all my love will send

To you my poison's vessel, broke my heart will be

Until when, again I send my love, to you I see

Eleven Twenty Eight

Did you see it?

I saw the sun rising, passing over, than slowly down.

I saw it coming.

Did you smell it?

I did,

The sickly sweet sadly simmering stench, beyond the setting sun.

Red yellow pink orange blue. Black.

All the awestricken amazing artfulness, arranged

Beyond the setting sun.

In your eyes, back to the sun, I see the night.

Black beasts of burden bring pain form the bowels of the blue-black sky

Did you see it coming?

You must have seen it coming?

Tell me you saw it-

Gone

You are gone and I did not, see it coming.

Where can I go to get you back?

Who must I fight to get you back?

I - didn't see it, coming.

But now blow back you black beasts of burden who bring pain from the bowels of the now blood
black burning sky

Now you see me coming.

Now, you see me coming.

Now I come with the light of the world from the blazing setting sun.

Now it burns your eyes and burns your soles and send you running back to your hellish holes,

Give me back what you took.

Give me back what I need.

Now I see you running

If only you saw this coming.

You should have seen this coming.

You wish you saw this-

Gone

The scarlet scared sky seeking such sad remorse for the actions of its brother,

The Night.

Sun rising roaring lions diffusing pride and life.

You are with me.

I saw it, coming.

Eyes

Are you sorry for what you've done?

The pain you bring

you crush the soul

The setting sun

Nothing left when you are done

you crush my dreams and kill my soul

you kill it dead I pay the toll

It's the end for me because of you

you never stayed to see it through

I tried to tell you

Listened not

Turned and walked away

Apart alone I cry for you

It hurts just to think

It would be so easy to end it all

But I'm not a coward

Not like you

Sometimes to move forward one must fall

To take a fall and bear it all

To bear it on two human shoulders

Not a coward like you

It's not about death its about ending the pain

Not a coward like you

I sit alone and think, tears from my eyes

It's you that have done this to me

Or have I?

To fall for two such simple things the eye
A thousand dreams all in one glance
But then a new glance a new soul
Caring compassionate, short lived, but to come back
Back to you I call
One day you end it all
Simple words were all it took
you put me back together
I fall and move on.

Keith Tenbusch

Calculus
I look out the window on this dreary day
And ponder why
Why practice integrating
What will it get me
A good job
Respect in the community
Respect from my parents
The inter drive to calculate is too complex to explain
I grow on the satisfaction of a job well done
Finally I understand these mathematical anomalies
Just when my confidence is strong
And my ego is soaring
An unexpected theory is introduced
Now I'm back at the beginning again
Questioning why

Ella Ely

Infinity

I'm empty and alone; a cold and jagged stone.
I sit amongst infinity, lost within the fold.
I try to take a breath and let my fears go free.
My mind is split apart, dividing what was me.

Again I'm left alone like a distant, severed drone.
I'm falling back in misery and wallowing in my own.
If I could leave my past and fix my fractured mind.
I might believe the future is a place where I'm not blind.

But once again I know; I'm a single, unique soul.
I sit upon this place in time, and feel I was let go.
I struggle to set right the thoughts and fears I fight.
But I'm stuck within the darkness while you block my only light.

Once Was

I once was an angel that fell from the stars;
A passing through time, forgetting the cause.
I once was a secret and whispered through eyes;
A shortened life lettered with the ink of a lie.

I once was a star that burned in the sky;
A dream that was screened in a darkening time.
I once was a king, usurped from his throne,
Now stuck to the world with nowhere to go.

I once was so beautiful; so perfect inside.
I once was the devil I saw in your eyes.
I once was a drifter, just passing you by.
I once was the tears that couldn't be cried.

I once was a dreamer and passed through the night,
Bewildered and hazy like a new burning light.
I once was so special I couldn't fall down.
But now I am different, and I can't figure how.

The angels let me go to fall to the ground.
Betrayed by my trust, I've set my way down.
I look at the world with their curse in my eyes.
With no one to hold me it feels like I've died.

The Perfect Color

If you were a color,
I'd say that you were blue.
A halo wound around my heart,
You are a thought so true.

A simple shining beauty;
One last cascading scene.
You bring to me serenity,
And gather all my dreams.

You sing to me so silently,
With samples of your soul.
You breathe in me my will to live,
You make my circle whole.

You are a gift so peaceful,
With a heart forever clean.
If my sight leaves me mistaken,
Then I'm no longer me.

If you changed your color,
I wouldn't believe it true.
An angel sits inside your soul;
The reason why I love you.

The Last Rose

I broke my legs to feel a fall; to feel the air slip through my hair.
I sink inside and ask you why the blue has faded from the sky.
The clouds have gone; the tears have cried; I've lost my place put by your side.
I'm all alone, serene again; I'm a parody of the things I've been.

So once again, without your words; I hear a horde of things now blurred.
They're meaningless and full of lies; far from the truth that was your eyes.
I feel again—the things I've lost; but the pain has torn me from my cross.
It hides inside and takes my pride; I won't lose more past the day I die.

Where are you now? Where have I gone? I'm in a world I don't belong.
Take hate and lies and things despised; create the world where we reside.
I can't be here, I'm moving soon, past the pieces broken through.
But take the last thing I have for you: a rose of pearl and bloodstained blooms.

Wandering Through Dreams

You've become so precious to me, with hued eyes exploding.
In colors of light, I'm failing to see.
I've wandered the reasons, the plaguing diseases.
I'm feeling so lonely with you caught in the wind.

A newfound sensation; an unhinged belief.
I feel my eyes open as I pray for something.
Speak the phrases and I'm likely to choke.
I can't really remember what has happened to me.

The sun falls through a sky that is bleeding.
The day fades like the end of a life.
With light vanquished; a soul is now broke.
And the heart turns black from the ash.

I throw a coin in a wishing well;
I pray for the ills to fade to within,
To hold in good trust until I see fit.
Until I find the day to bleed again.

I'm caught in the darkness with no flashlight to see.
The flames have all gone and the light is obscene.
It's something like this: a fading good reason.
And I sail out to the sea; I wander through dreams.

Eric Keefe

"WHY I WRITE"

*Sitting in my room,
thinking about life...
That is where thoughts bloom,
and my heart just wants to write
A poem? A story?
These seem to be surreal...
A feeling... A memory...
No, these really have been real
... And as my hand writes this down
the words are just coming by
... And my head decides to lie down...
... Oh! Why do I love to write?
Perhaps it is just that magic,
the one your mind possesses
It is the marvel of being creative
while letting your heart express
So that is why I write:
because I can be myself
... And there is no bad or right,
because you can't pretend
... And as I try to finish this
I realize that this is basically me
... because I have not planned all this
... because these words wanted to exist through me
Now looking at the stars
through my window I can wish
... Now I am happy that these lines
in this paper have my dreams
... Now, I just want to think...
... To exist, to feel... I smile
this is the beauty of life
To share, to express ... I realize
that that is simply why I write
... Now, I just want to sleep...
... Tonight I am glad that I wrote this down
... Tonight I will dream of a new day
... because I could tell you this part of my own
... because new words we'll exchange on our way
...*

Ana Maria Almonte

Visionary

I am the single paragon, administer wisdom to youth like Farahkan.
I encompass the light and the darkness that dying eyes stare upon.
I am life, Stagnant as a portrait of petrified horse sh*t,
And death, Preemptive reports similar to babies aborted.
I am wealth, Worth a quarter more than the nation's portion that's corporate,
And damnation, A Vortex of torsion that'll force u to forfeit.
I am the Ire that comes out the land of Killians.
Abolish the "Have" and "Have Nots" with hand outs to millions,
Expanded resilience, the militant branded with brilliance.
For the sake of the making, in accord with the forsaken,
Muttering gluttons debating, hoarding the gourd and the bacon.
Mind wanders at mach 5, yet a minute beyond her,
Lacking time to ponder above all diminutive squander.
I am resistance to clarity, existence persistent as charity.
I am Omega, the truth in the midst of singularity.
Arachnids attack kids,
With backless flak jackets,
Flat grids attract tactics,
With White lines tracked by black packets;
Inside of the iris is outer not central;
Into subconscious real eyes realize,
Death is essential.

Jeffrey Deliso

-The Melodies

the songs that echo through the minds
of those that the echoes let survive
brought the smells of pacific winters
and the sounds of Detroit chimes
with their melodies
expressions can be of things of dreams
and the feeling that are felt can be told by what you mean
and no matter what, they never let you lie
honesty sprouts wings and lets the righteous fly
with the melodies
where the dreams you often felt
can be captured as cards and measured to be dealt
and you can be forgot of all that your told
the mildest of passions can be beautiful and be bold
with my melodies

-Word Alicious

Styles that, wear them selves wrong
Eat away, and paint the rings gone
Yea, that nasty syllable bass
the one that rates those of cams that valves create
Feel as though the thought that prose the menaces
of the thought of those that provoke
Hold and choke, the masses of the those who're broke
and feel, the ones and fives of paper smoke
If you, don't detect the message yet
you must, need a gadget for you to inspect
the needs, of the people who claw
may not, need the logistic of a clause

-In the Moment

In the moment that just passed by
Thoughts of things went with the time
Memories of a long forgotten land
Rolled off with waves and fell through my hands
I wish it was that it wasn't that way
but some times in life too much attention is paid
In the moment I was in a memory two years back
now the moment is gone and the truth is just that
though it was fond and well enough done
In this moment a new voyage is begun
It might take me, far and away
It'll take me to a moment where attention is paid
and I will abuse the moment as long as it lasts
and cherish the moment in the memories that passed
I have to go now, but I'm not afraid
cause there are only moments when attention is paid

-Back Roads

back roads of delay
from the traffic amidst the day
run off with the time of the souls
of those knowing not they go
waiting in time for a final end
stopping again and now for wounds to mend
growing in height and growing in age
unaware their tomb is their moving cage

-untitled

untitled,
Are the feeling I feel,
Are thoughts that I think,
Are the tears that I weep,
for no one to see,
for no one to know ,
forever that I keep,
for me on my own,
for me on my way,
are the paths that I pave,
are the ways that I find,
is the place that I stay

Timothy Hunter

Sign

Like poetry from Robert Frost
"I chose the road less taken"
Intuition conducting travel
Yet there's no sign to prove mistaken

Questions of destination flood in mind
Not questions of sentiment song
Questions that have an answer
Yet there's no sign attesting wrong

A sign to persuade victory upon end
A sign foreshadowing a dusty route
Reason will negotiate at dawn
Yet there's no sign to illustrate doubt

There's not a sign that can be mistaken
By a traveler unbiased and bright
There's a sign in front of the road less taken
With no sign protesting right

Valentine Song
(3-Chord blues in the key of A)

Well I think about you baby
I think about you all the time
I'm thinkin' about you when we're apart
You're always on my mind
And that's alright
That's alright that's alright
That's alright little mama
Long as I'm here with you tonight

Well I may not be the best lookin'
Money I have next to none
But you hang out here with me little princess
And we'll sure have some fun
And that's ok
That's ok that's ok
That's ok little mamma
Long as you want me round I'll stay

TAKE ME HOME MAMMA!

(instrumental)

Well I think about you baby
I think about you all the time
I'm thinking about you when we're apart
Girl you're always on my mind
And that's alright
That's alright that's alright
That's alright little mama
You sure are one pretty sight

And there's one more thing that's been on my mind
I said would you
I said –ah-would you
Would you be my valentine?

Grizzly Bear Song

I was walkin' down a woodsy trail
One sunny afternoon
When I laid my eyes upon a pretty sight
I saw a twelve foot grizzly bear
Leaning on a tree and scratchin' her hair
She said, "Come on over here I don't bite!"

I was sort of intimidated
Because of a snake that I once dated
I crawled up to her on my hands and knees
I said, "Don't eat me grizzly bear!"
She said, "I wouldn't eat you, I'm a veggie bear!
So if you wouldn't mind, I'll have son carrots please!"

Going to the river
Gonna catch some salmon
With my grizzly bear upon my right
I wouldn't even trade her
For an elk or an alligator
Cause I know my grizzly bear, she's alright!

Oh Mother

Oh mother...oh mother
Where are you?
Sliding down a blade of grass
On a bead of dew?
Or swimming with penguins
In a heavenly zoo?
Or blowing a bubble
From gum you chew?
Or playing a song
On your favorite Kazoo?
Or maybe you're seeking an old friend
For you to run into!
Oh mother...oh mother
Where are you?

Dear child...sweet child
I'm listening to you
And I have not been sliding
On beads of dew
Or swimming with penguins
Or even playing kazoo's
But I have found an old friend
And you should not feel so blue
For the friend I have found
Turns out to be you!
So dry yours eyes
And happiness pursue
Dear child...sweet child
How I adore you

-Doug Ebaugh

A Season's Change

He waits patiently by the front door,
Yearning for the day
When he can return to
The privileges of the outdoors.

The day he can,
Feel,
The soft breeze,
As warm as
A lover's kiss.

The day he can,
Smell,
The scent of the season's change
Pungent as fire's smoke.

The day he can,
Hear,
The leaves,
In their exclusive dance with the winds.

But that day will not come,
Until his owner's hand
Takes him up again,
To perform the unusual ballet between,
The possessor,
The possessed, and
The leaves.

A Parent's Love

Mom, Why can't I go out! It's only a simple movie

Hail Mary, full of grace.

But it's just a simple movie, why can't you trust me?

Nothing is going to happen, I'll be fine.

The Lord is with you.

Mother! I am a good girl,

I've never done drugs, had sex, or gotten drunk!

I'm not like them.

Blessed are you among women,

and blessed is the fruit of your womb,

Jesus.

You always let Mark go out when he was my age,

You never questioned him like you are me!

Plus, *he* never had a curfew!

Holy Mary, Mother of God,

pray for us sinners,

I know I was late last week,

But I promise I'll be home by curfew.

now and at the hour of our death.

Dad! Can I please go out tonight?

Our Father, Who art in heaven

I'm sorry I yelled.

But Momma won't let me go out.

Hallowed be Thy Name;

I promise I will come home on time.

Thy kingdom come,

I'll be home by one o'clock.

Thy will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven.

We are just going to dinner and then to a movie.

Give us this day our daily bread,

I know I was late,

But that was last week.

and forgive us our trespasses,

That was last week,

I told you I won't do it again!

Besides,

I'm driving tonight, so it won't be a problem.

as we forgive those who trespass against us;

I will come home after the movie, I promise!

and lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil.

Thanks Dad!!

Don't wait up!

Amen.

What Dreams May Come

When a young child realizes his imaginations
Full potential,
He then dreams.

When an African American man sees the
Injustice of the world,
He then dreams.

When an inexperienced woman faces
The challenges of a male chauvinistic society,
She then dreams.

When a young lady
Confronts the decisions of her future,
She then dreams.

They say that the best place to find an unused dream is
The graveyard.

Like the people of our past who have walked this earth
We, too, dream.
But unlike them,
Those who took their ideas to the grave,
We have the opportunity.
We have the passion.
And we *have* the will,
To make our dreams reality.

Dream because you *want* to,
Dream of better futures,
Of better lives,
And better opportunities for upcoming generations.

Just dream with your heart,
Don't hold onto the dreams,
Because once you are six feet under,
No one can hear you.

Unfamiliar Relations

Not a speck of dust
Within the house,
No rather, the mansion.
Room after room
Bare no resemblance
Of children with families.
No shoes strewn on the floor,
Like war soldiers fallen in battle.
Ragged safety blankets
Cannot be found,
For they are in another's house.
Rooms painted,
Warm homely colors
Honey,
Mulberry,
Delicate money green.
The two rooms
The *only* two rooms,
That provide evidence of living creatures,
Are once again
Orderly aligned,
Painted with the hint of rosy cheeks.
Hearts are on the walls,
But not in the bodies.
Knowledge is held within the toys,
Yearning to empower,
But the bodies are unwillingly
Forced,
Pushed,
Required
To engage in the unnatural adult life,
6 AM- wake
7 AM- daycare
6 PM- HOME
7 PM- dinner
8 PM- bath
9 PM- bed
strict,
orderly,
clean,
sterile,
unhappy,
Twenty-first Century Life.

Be

I want to just be.
I want to be me,
The *real* me.
The me that is
Pushing the snooze button 10 times for an extra hours rest,
Even though I have to walk across the room.
The me that is
Taking a shot in the middle of the day,
to loose the worries of the morning
when I could just take a bath.
The me that is
Skipping work to run through the park,
When I could just wait until after work.
The me that is
Singing in her office to the songs of her youth,
Not caring what her colleagues are thinking.
The me that is
Forgetting the chores of the evening to read a good book,
Knowing full well that I will not want to do them tomorrow.
This is me
The *real* me.

I want to just be,
I want to just be me without
The sounds of the trucks passing by,
I want to just be me without
The computer,
Fax,
Telephone,
And doorbell
screeching at me.
I want to just be me without
The complicated
Love life,
Work life,
Home life,
Financial life,
Relationship life.

I want to just be me,
In this world that continues to complicate my life,
I just want to be me.

Nichole Pryor

Teddy Schein's Adoption Poem (Sept., 1998)

Note: (My 2 other friends and I adopted 3 feline siblings)

Three Little Kittens

Sing a song of nonsense,
A poem full of love,
A tale of three kittens
And three friends above.

Should we or shouldn't we?
We wrestled o'er our plight.
But three kittens waited
In a box one night.

When the box was opened
The kits began to purr.
Wasn't that a lovely sight
To see three balls of fur!

Cats we had already,
Our minds were in a muddle.
But three little *kittens*?
Which one first to cuddle!

The girl was cream and charcoal,
And promptly dubbed dear **Abby**.
Phyllis is her new mom,
And that left two tabbies.

My friend was also smitten
And next to stake her claim;
Patty chose a gray male,
And **Quincy** is his name.

The last was so tiny,
Brown and soft and smart!
Yes, out jumped my **Teddy**,
And leapt in to my heart!

So you see, our dear friends,
We had no other option.
When faced with fur and purrs,
We quickly chose adoption.

Autumn Leaves

Autumn leaves of gold and brown
From the trees come tumbling down

Leaves of bronze, rust, and red,
Covering lawn and flower bed

Drifting 'neath my window sill,
Soon my yard they will fill

Should I run and get my rake?
And pile them up, for pity sake?

Grab my gloves and a sheet,
Drag them out on to the street?

Rake until my hands are sore?
How I HATE this autumn chore!

So hold your breath for a while,
I'll throw a match out on to the pile.

For unless these leaves you burn,
With heavy winds, they *will* return.

Carolyn Schein

Imperfections are Attractive

I want to get the gap between my front two teeth bonded
That's how I used to feel when I was younger but my mom said
She wouldn't pay for that
It was a character space
Sometimes I used to think I had a terrible face
But now I've come to realize and understand when I look back if
I could change it I wouldn't
Imperfections are attractive

The mole on Cindy Crawford's face
The weird house in my neighborhood
Should I date someone "overweight?"
Well maybe I should
Sometimes I can appreciate when something isn't perfect
And don't even think of fixing it
It wouldn't be worth it

I like the way that some things are
The messed up key hole in my car
They say it's broke and throw a fit
But only I can open it

I'm not saying some things couldn't get improved
Or even that some things shouldn't get removed
But I say the beauty of some outcast things would be lacked if
We didn't like them too
Imperfections are attractive

Patrick Fay

The Final Project

(Roughly based upon Ernest Thayer's "Casey At Bat")

It didn't look too good for the engineers that day
The program was but half done, the due time just an hour away
Then when the laptop died after we crashed our Unix machine
All hope was lost, at least that's what it would seem

First it was Russ, then Jamie who needed a break
Leaving Kash, Jimmy and I to sit around and wait
But just when it seemed that we were about to finally give up
Kash sprang into action – he had actually made a backup!

Using techniques he learned in ECE 410
He booted up the Unix machine, but ran into the problem again
"Ugrad" is not your username, nor is it Jimmy's too
This was not good thing – just 45 minutes until it was due

As we started to panic, Jamie and Russ came running back
They had brought someone with them – it was Dr. Wierzba in fact!
Explaining our situation, we had but moments to lose
It didn't matter though – Dr. Wierzba would know what to do!

With schematics and drawings he drew on some paper
He devised a circuit which answered our prayers!
"This was really quite simple" he told us while he worked
"It was in your supplementals" he said with a smirk

And in no time flat he built a microprocessor
Apparently that was the problem – this one would work better
Once installed, our group had no time to spare
Suddenly, however, life seemed a lot more fair

Our group went back to work - Jamie and Russ with amazing speed
Had already started to code, and we unanimously agreed
It was possible to finish this project; To turn it in on time
With just three minutes left, everyones job was finished but mine

I took our final report and ran it up the stairs
To Dr. Goodmans office – still saying my prayers
Hopefully he would accept our project, and that we wouldn't all fail
And as I ran into his office, I began to finally exhale...

I'll never forget the day that we almost failed our class
The project was so complicated, that no one bothered to ask
What day it was due on, we all just assumed we knew –
That day was Wednesday, it was actually due Thursday at noon.

By Stephen Ziel

Arbit thoughts

how does it feel to be a little bitch
does it pinch u inside
does it eat u up from within
until all you're left with are bones and a few morsels of flesh that
the vultures left behind

does it feel like you've got no hope
nothing to look forward to, no purpose in life
when all that you want is to sleep
and spend a quiet day listening to loud music

ever wish you were driving on the highway
trees and vehicles whizzing by
with the windows down and the system up
laughing so hard you thought you'd surely die

want to break free from the shackles
want to throw all the baggage away, travelling light
want to fly away on a gentle wind
want to win the battle without having to fight

want to dance till your knees give way
then get up and dance some more
want to sing so loud, hold nothing back
arms wide open, head raised high, a smile on your face

want to stand on a cliff
feel the wind through your hair
eyes closed, everything is alright
you dont have to be scared

wake up on a sandy beach
lying next to the one you love
with the waves gently breaking on the shore
you finally feel alive

want to stop existing and start living
want to look at the sunset and know that there will soon be a sunrise
look outside your window and watch life pass you by
then go out and start living for yourself

want to run like forrest gump
just run for the sake of running
no strings attached, dont care who's watching
dont care whats ahead or behind, just running

want to throw away the television
stop watching other people tell me how i should live my life

i want to break free
hoo hoo haa haa hee hee

no rules, no boundaries
nothing holding you back
nothing stopping you from what you wanna do
living your life, no regrets, no looking back

wake up, its a beautiful morning
the best part about the day
is that its just getting started
who knows who's gonna hug you today?

the thing with life is that it gets better
most of the time. sometimes life is a bum.
sometimes it doesnt get better and you have to weather the storm.
your time will come

make plans
make sure they work
its ok if they dont
you still gave it your best shot

dont make plans
take life as it comes
you will cross that bridge when you come to it
dont worry about it now

play really loud music
play NFS
play basketball or football or cricket or whatever
play guitar
play with some kids
play with your parents, they used to be kids too
watch a play
watch a concert
dream
scream for kicks
read a book
have some brilliant biryani
have ice cream and seriously enjoy it
write a poem
its ok not to rhyme
buy some clothes that make you feel good, maybe even sexy
write down whatever you're thinking, then read it after a couple of hours
notice anything different?
enjoy your own company
then go meet your friends and live it up with them
LIVE.

-Vinay Shankar & Niki Doshi

Engineering Classes

Whatever you take
ECE or CSE
I guarantee tears

Kamran Masoud