

Poetry Entries 2003

Amit Goradia

FORGIVENESS

An eye for an eye, a life for a life,
what do we really accomplish?
what are we trying to redress?
what about meeting out justice?

How do we replace a lost love
what about the gravity of the
crime?
what do we accomplish in a court
of law?
is there any repentance in doing
time.

Mere mortals impersonating the
gods
how can we act out this death
dance?
this is a territory we must not
trespass
how about giving forgiveness a
chance.

Andrew Roelant

Picking out the EB Resident

Engineering students are smart,
this we know

So how do you tell them from a
regular Joe?

They may not be wearing thick
glasses or be oddly dressed

Or even sporting pocket protectors
on their chests

It is true that engineering students
may not look like dorks or nerds

Even though they do run with a
similar herd

So how is it that we answer this
query?

Look for the sleep-deprived
student spouting formulas and
theory

Anish Sharan

Reverie

Chasing a dream, the task of a
lifetime,

all froth and bubble, exuberance
and enthusiasm.

To catch up with hope, like
chasing a shadow,

a crooked one, eluding and
tantalising.

Hand stretched to hold onto
dreams

and all you clinch at times is a
vacuum.

A child trying to catch the
mighty

wave in his tiny palm.

The wave touches him and
recedes

but promises to return.

That's all he needs to play his
game,

exuberance undampened by the
ever-eluding success.

Blessed in his ignorance,
unbridled in

his enthusiasm, he keeps trying.

Thus, we hold on for a little
while more.

Grand gestures celebrating our
infinite creativity,

little gestures that sweeten our
lives,

dreams are all that and much
more.

Escaping from mundane realities
that

confine us to a hidebound
existence,

let imagination soar free into

ever widening realms of
discovery.

For that one moment in your
reverie,

revel in the desire to do the
impossible.

Unshackled by conventions and
rules of the game,

we play on, singing our own
song.

The Sheer joy of splaying the
canvas with our

own vibrant colors and painting
our own rainbow.

This is what will lead to the
fabled pot of gold

or then, maybe not.

To dare to aspire and defy to
achieve,

this is why we need to be
dreamers

every once in a while.

To lose ourselves in a bit of
reverie.

colin barry

"Just Warning You..."

A freshman E.E is in for shock,
you're in for trouble
your life's on the block.

You think you're hot stuff,
and that is ok,
but your classes are tough,
and it's only the first day.

Soon you realize you have to
work,
and that if you don't you're out,
that test was unfair, the prof's a
jerk,
quit you can refund without.

You're in the lab from dusk til
dawn,
to get that project in.
Your head hurts, you become
withdrawn
the will to survive must come from
within.

Your roommate won't understand,
being noPref and happy that way.
In ATL he learns to write by hand,
while you are suffering in class all
day.

It's known that we're the hardest
major around,
we're smarter than the rest, big
words expound,
but all those English and psych
majors agree,
that haha engineering's just right
for me.

Carly Szekely

Thoughtfully Confused

About my brain my thoughts
Browse, looking through the
Card Catalog, hoping to find
Dreams worth dreaming and
Everything in order, yet
Finding a jumbled mess, like
Gum strewn through a head of
Hair. Is there nothing
In my wishes but
Jealousy and far off hopes
Kept hidden away and
Locked within my soul? They sing
a
Melancholy tune that drowns the
Night and fills my time,
Opening doors to me that no other
Person will see or encounter.
Quantitatively I count the pieces of
Rubble I store in my head,
Storing for another day,
Telling myself they will be
Useful, for something, maybe.
Voluntarily I allow my mind to
Wander, and find myself
pondering the
Xenophobiac's fate, as in hiding,
his
Youth turns gray, and finally
disappears in the
Zillionth year of eternity.

Carly Szekely

Of Wishes and Dreams

If I had that color crayon,
I would paint the world its hue,
And fill it with the blue desire
I feel when I'm near you.

If I had the wind at my command,
It would carry from the south
A warm and gentle summer breeze
To stop up winter's mouth.

If I had a little extra time
I'd be a great musician,
And fill your mind with all my
thoughts,
Like some magical magician.

If I had a million photographs
Of the time we let slip by,
I'd keep them all inside a book
To view from time to time.

If I had a store of money
I would live beside the sea,
And buy a house for you and I
With just one set of keys.

If I had your heart completely
I would want for nothing else,
And never think of anything
That I might have for myself.

Christopher Craft

Engineering Grades Blues

Grades, Grades, Grades what can I say? You know I pulled an all niter yesterday. I was up till 6 with Mountain Dew by my side, but it doesn't help as you can see it in my eyes. I need to do good on this test, because the first one and the last 4 quizzes were a mess. You get to drop 4, so they say but isn't there an extra assignment due; damn it was turned in yesterday. Aw!! Three more hours till the exam, it is getting hot the lab needs a fan. Okay its not that bad let me stop, hey wait a

minute when is the last day to drop? Well look at it like this engineering is the boom but if it doesn't work out there is always telecom.

Dave Wendland

True Reflections

I am from the wooded yard,
from the imagination that ran
wild.

I am from the dirty sneakers,
and grass stains
the bruises and scabs.

From dinosaur toys, ninja
turtles,
and the rickety swing set...
screeching, cracking, and
splitting.

I am from cousin Ryan's
smooth trampoline,
from nostalgia of laughter and
joy.

I am from music,
from Marv and Mike.
From Fender and frets,
from picks and strings,
sharps and flats.

I am from Grandpa's welcoming
lap,
where stories were told.

From the dreams of our fathers,
expectations, and wasted time.

I am from brotherly love,
from childhood memories,
and aspirations of the future...

From an imagination that once
ran wild.

Dave Wendland

my love is yours to hold forever,
to brighten up your darkest
days.

By Your Side

In your arms is where I want to
be,
for to my heart, only you hold
the key.
Facing each new day with this
empty space,
wanting so dearly to see your
angelic face.
And if the sun decides to set,
I give thanks to my God that we
have met.
For you hold my love, my soul,
my heart...
and by your side I wish to never
part.
Alone I walk through these
autumn leaves,
like footprints of my happiness
– distant memories.
I want nothing more than to be
only yours,
to hold you under the sunset,
watching the waves hit the
shore.
My back to the Earth, I gaze at
the stars,
knowing you are out there,
whether near or far.
I long for many things I once
held close,
but of all that I miss, I miss you
the most.
Your eyes, your smile, your
love, your ways...

Dave Wendland

In My Heart You Will Always
Stay

May you touch their lives the way
you have touched mine,
with your caring heart, so sweet
and divine.

Your outgoing spirit and loving
ways,
have seemed to brighten my
darkest days.

In this dim tunnel, you have been
my light,
the air beneath my wings in flight.
Lost in these woods, you are my
North Star,
dreaming of where in the world
you are.

Like a rose in a garden I've
beautifully found,
I wonder what will become of me
without you around.
New places to go, new faces to
see,
but nothing can change what you
mean to me.

Blessed that our paths of life have
crossed,
without you here, I would surely
be lost.
No sense of direction, feeling
alone,

saved by your presence – you are
my way home.

Love is found through the people
we meet,
for now I know what it means to
feel complete.

Cherishing this moment, lost in
your eyes,
you've always been there for me,
through smiles and cries.

Embrace each new day with open
arms
and may the good Lord keep you
safe from harm.

Always pursue your wildest
dreams
and never lose sight of what life
really means.

May our paths cross once again
my dearest friend,
for I hold your heart close to mine
until the very end.
May the wind guide you along the
way
and in my heart you will always
stay...

Dave Werndland

My Sundown (Cast No Shadow)

A radiant sun seeks the refuge of
the horizon,
where the last rays of light dance
off the distant water line.
I am at the edge of the Earth,
the World is at my back.
Everything is behind me now.
Cool ocean water moistens the
gritty sand between my toes.
Wispy clouds paint the sky a
palette of colors –
sketching the day's story.
The sea breeze runs through my
hair
and I exhale,
leaving everything behind me...
this is my sundown.
The last of the sun plays off the
whitecaps on the horizon,
leaving streaks of clouds as its
painted footprints.
These gentle giants that line the
horizon
now have a mosaic sky to
themselves.
My legs feel stiff as I stand,
only to examine the indent I have
left in the shoreline:
standing has never felt this good
before.
I take one last glimpse of the ocean
and smile.
Turning to face the World once
again,
I hold my head high,

leaving the only place that makes
sense to me.

The emptiness of nightfall begins
to set in.

Leaving the ocean behind me,
I cast no shadow...
this is my sundown.

Dave Wendland

Take My Hand

Looking into your eyes is when I
become weak,
for I am pleasantly lost and want
no other place to seek.
Holding you in my arms, feeling
your heart beat,
you still my heart and cradle my
soul, making me feel complete.

Love is a flower, treat it gently
indeed,
for everything must begin
somewhere, and love - with a seed.
There is so much I want to give
and so much I want to show,
but above all else, there is one
special thing I want you to know...

My hands are yours to take and to
hold,
to calm your fears and warm your
soul.
My heart is yours to know and
discover,
like the roots of love's flower – to
beautifully uncover.

Along life's path, we find much to
hold close,
but of all I have found, I cherish
your presence the most.
Your heavenly smile reflects your
beautiful ways,
for you are the light that is guiding
me through life's foggy haze.

Lying by your side, holding you
while you sleep,
counting my blessings, thankful
that God let us meet.
Your eyes reflect the sunset as
darkness fills empty space,
and all that remains is the
moonlight, tracing the stars that
fall around your face.

In the dark night you are my
radiant star,
for I know you are out there –
whether near or far.
So take my hand, I want so
desperately for you to see
the World by my side... and all
that you mean to me.

Devin Huber

Are You There Too?

I wish there was something I could
do.
I hope there is something I can
say.
But, deep down I wonder if it is
truly over.

Thoughts often betray me, just as
you did.
Emotions sometime take over me,
leaving me alone.
Just as you did.

The life I lived is gone.
Welcome loneliness, welcome
indeed.
Memories come back and haunt
me.
Memories come back and tease
me.
At least memories won't leave me.

The light is gone.
Will it shine again?
Please shine again.

The life I lived is gone.

Twisted and wrecked.
Sorrowful and sad.
Tore up is me.

Meaning comes in what we
believe.
But, what I believe is gone.
Sorrow comes, please go away.

The light is gone.
Please shine again.
Please shine again.

Innocence where have you been?
God are you there too?
Sight unseen, voice unheard.

Thoughts often betray me just as
you did.
I wish there was something I could
do.
But, the life I lived is gone.

Tore up is me.
Gone is you.
God are you there too?

Don Dwizanowski

Natures Youth

Imagination
Growing within simple minds
To be forgotten

Erik Hakala

I wanted to be an ME,
and integrate dx/dt ,
but it wasn't much fun
failing 361,
so business is what I study.

Patrick Groleau

Now that I have no where to go
and my heart pours out like a
waterfall
I look back and think
What has taught me more?

In these halls we learn and grow
Friends are made and lives are
changed
It isn't until college you begin to
find yourself
Begin to understand what it is you
want

A clique is formed and you travel
your journey
A small high school if you will
within a college
Trust is built and Friday nights are
spent out
Romance pops up and love
develops

Your circle of friends becomes a
family
You live and die for one another
Years go by and you're about to
graduate
Then life changes and you find out
friendship is temporary

Your love is ruined by a trip
Someone in that circle betrayed
your trust
Your friends part sides and the
truth is told
And what do you have but
memories of halls and computer
labs

Timothy Hunter

Alone,

Alone is the only sound to be
heard

Only and only if there are no
words

Words to whom or words for who
Alone still, if there were no words
someone drew for you

Alone is dark, alone is afraid

Alone is the place where no
attention is paid

Solitude from the vast crampedness
of the world

Suffocating in the one home I hold

Lost in empty

Jerry Dunn

The Wøerds of Haiku

Engineer, I am.

I engineer the word werd.

Werd is now a word.

Jerry Dunn

Oops

Another F, another day.

I've never even seen an A.

I'll choke in fear

And shed a tear

I've thrown my mind away.

Jerry Dunn

OCDOCDOCDOC

I read, I read, I think I read.
I read, I read, I think I read.
I read, I read, I think I read.
When done I end with less.
Period, comma, semicolon-
Ever-growing stress.
Up and down and up and down,
Up and down and up and down,
Up and down and up and down,
Back and forth again.
Déjà vu I'm having now.
When will the madness end.
End begins to start anew,
End begins to start anew,
End begins to start anew,
I'm back where I began.
The more I try to stop myself
The less I think I can.
It's not a choice if I should ought
It's not a choice if I should ought
It's not a choice if I should ought
But rather not to not.
When thinking that I thought I
thought
I forget that I forgot.
Nearly finished, far from done,
Nearly finished, far from done,
Nearly finished, far from done,
A task without a rest-
A disorder grown I know to be
Compulsively obsessed.

joe olson

the wizard

he peers into the smoke
figures take shape
moving in and out of existence
infinite in variety
each fragile and fleeting.
he chooses one

when selected the whisp gains
substance
transparent and pliable at first
it is prodded pulled then finally
pounded
looking completely unlike before
finished he speaks to his creation

"I have made you for a reason
you shall withstand mighty forces
and live on without me
to be further refined by others
you will endure as long as your
purpose"

-joe olson

"untitled"

you walk by, you don't see me
perfect hair and skin
expensive clothes
and no smile

who is that smile for
what does it look like
when was the last time saw it
where is it hiding

where are you hiding

Jordan Brown

Meant to Be

Have you ever met someone,
And you just could see
There was a future for you
It was meant to be.

It starts out innocent enough
You together, laughing and
having fun
And time plays tricks on you
You forget you've only begun.

As you spend more time
together
The barriers begin to fall
As closer and closer you grow
He holds you up
As you taste his warm kiss
Lost in the pleasure of
The sweetness it consists

You stop to smile
As you feel the warm breath on
your face

The more you begin to see
The more you begin to show

It's when they look
Deep into your eyes
You can feel the softness
In between their sighs

As the connection builds
And the intensity grows
You begin to feel him
And the world he knows

As he brushes you hair back
With the touch of his hand
You close your eyes
As you can hardly stand

You begin to wonder where you
are
And if heaven is this place.

As you get a peek
Of the beauty of their soul
You can hear the music of their
heart
The heart that you stole.

Jordan Brown

I Declare

There's a mist over the valley
Matching the one over my heart
Your intentions seem good
But, I have to wonder, what's my part

Everyone's been hurt
Some take it harder than others
I've been hurt
Deep down inside
Down where only a woman
Can inflict so much pain
With a careless heart
And foolish games
I am a man
I don't drink cheap beer
Fantasize about naked women
Who have traded their innocence
Fighting for the centerfold

I am a man
I will pursue a beauty
Who's heart is pure
Who's mind is noble
And who's faith is strong.

I am a man
I have an adventure to live

Looking for a small boost
A fleeting moment of personal gain

I am not a boy toy
I am not a high school flame
I am not your boyfriend,
Or any other spineless wimp
You've wrapped around your fingers

I am a man
I will not play your mind games
As beautiful and seductive as
you may think you are
I am not your servant
My heart is not your toy

A battle to fight
And a beauty to rescue

I am a man
I will find a woman
Who wants to be wanted
Who needs to be fought for
Who desires an adventure to share
And who still has a beauty to unveil.

I am a man
I know what I want
Don't toy with my heart.

Jordan Brown

Connected

There is playfulness in her smile
A twinkle in her eye
As we sit together
Under the darkened sky

There is an understanding between
us
To say the least
A warm connection
A little closer

It's funny how a soothing voice
Or a soft touch
Can reach down inside
And say so much

And when we kiss
That first sweet kiss
Steals your breath

Reminds you that right now

Holding her close
Feeling her warmth
Every breath, every heart beat
Is shared

I whisper softly into her ear
I want her to know I think she is
beautiful
I want her to know that when she
smiles
She warms me, and I melt inside

And I want her to know
That there is much more than that
Much more than a friendship
Much more than just something
more
Much more than just a simple
connection
When I feel like this
When I can feel her inside

There is nothing else important
In the world

Then Here, and now
Then you and me

Eric Keefe

A Dream

I dream a dream that you're with me,
You're everything; you're what I need.
And in this dream, you're holding me,
You unchain my heart and set me free.

There's no more need when you're with me.
You fill my holes, completing me.
You are the dream I've always seen,
But never touched and never breathed.

And now it's true, and I'm with you.
And I love the things that you can do.
But now I fear I'll lose you too,
Like the rest of life—all drowned in truth.

I've dreamt this dream so many times.
Each time I wake, something dies.
But with *you* my dream—the dream I see,
I find my peace; you're reality.

Eric Keefe

Metamorphosis

In the middle of an ocean,
Atop a sky of blue,
I've fallen apart for nothing.
I'm falling away in two.
I wish I'd find a reason.
I wish I knew it's true.
I've fallen straight away from time.
I'm falling straight at you.

In the middle of the mountains,
Like a soul that's gone aware,
I found a way to die and know,
No one will find me and no one cares.
But now I see I made mistakes,
Looking back on past regrets,
I hear the words; they fill my head,
If I die, that's what I get.

I'll hear the lies all coming back,
I'll see my eyes when all is black.
I'll feel the fear tear me apart,
I'm wasted and I've bled my heart.
I'm mistaken now, losing control,
I've lost it all and soon you'll know.
When I find my answer, you will see,
You'll find my skin, but you won't find me.

Eric Keefe

Suicide Letter

I write to you, I don't know why.
I live for you; I'd rather die.
I see inside, but hate it all.
They fight to die, and they will fall.

The sunlight drains, cascading free.
The starlight maims, surrounding me.
I'm in your breath, I ask you why—
I breathe for you; I'd rather die.

It always comes, you never ask.
It's never a goal, but always a task.
The only fear is facing away.
It makes no sense, why won't you stay?

I always fear; I wish I'd cry.
I'll never live before I die.
You always go; you've never stayed.
I see my life; its tainted shades.

And in this eve, I write to you.
I don't know why, but I still do.
In this night, you'll never read
This letter wrote, thrown in the sea.

Eric Keefe

String Cheese

Amidst the masses, these pieces they flee.
Since there is nothing else left to breathe.
Over and over, this life peels away,
Until there is nothing else left to save.

But where does it start, and where does it end?
Through the time I'm awake, it's never sleeping within.
Against all my wishes, I still peel away,
Like the pieces I'm missing—each eaten in shame.

Without all the severance, there is nothing but doubt.
As if screaming in pain, that life thrashes out.
But as another peel is burning again, I see,
Without all the torture, we'd be empty within.

Eric Keefe

Tranquil Fear

I'm standing still in this ill place,
Left with my fears in my disgrace,
I'm left in time; there's no one here,
Where nothing's kind and no one's near.

I've heard it all screamed once before,
To feel no hurt; to feel no more.
I've tried to listen; tried to see.
But something's been here blocking me.

I can't see that which hides my way,
Holds me back and pushed astray.
To feel nothing except this past.
And everything that never lasts.

While picked and peeled, and torn away,
I've burned my hopes in all my hate.
I've learned to see through all your lies.
But then you're gone, you've ran on by.

I'm still right here, and nothing moves.
But I see myself, and *I* seem to.
And once again, I see the way,
Like lit again, I've freed the pain.

Locked deep within me, it will lurk.
Until the next time that I'm hurt.
And once again, I feel defiled.
I fear the faces; I **fear** your smile.

Dong Hyun Kim.

The life.

I can see endless road.
The road looks like go indirectly.
Nobody knows where is start and end.

I am just walking without purpose.
Happen a little bit beads of sweat.
Also, accelerate my breath.

I can see houses, buildings and birds.
People are walking around me fast.

Watching long distance scene.
Suddenly I am running.
The road is my life.

Lawrence Nolen

A Degree to Me

Oh, when will I get my degree
Spending nights awake in the EB
Missed sports on the courts
Writing many lab reports
All to attain a B.S.M.E.

Matt Hayes

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I love engineering
And you should too.

As I say this statement
You may think to yourself,
Why should I like engineering?
It does nothing for my health.

To that I say to you
You must not know
The skills of Engineers
And how they help people so

Engineers design a lot of things
From cars to the pencil you are holding now
So don't forget the role of Engineers
Do you know why now?

Michele Murchison

The engineering life,
doesn't leave much time
for fun and games,
and may not leave time
for 8 hours of sleep,
but rest assured,
you always have time
to feel pride and joy
over all the accomplishments
of just one day's events.

Nate Thelan

Creed of the Silicon Warrior

Within this realm of zeros and ones,
There lies the key to the infinite sums.
Within this realm of logic and math,
There lies the gate to nature's path.

I stand in trembling with fear,
For I have in my mind the resolve to solve the most complicated problems to reach my ear.
I have in my hands the tools necessary to process what no human being would come near.

Yet this power can destroy everything I seek.
Viruses and worms, loopholes, and a memory leak,
An a seg fault, an infinite loop, or a function returning null
or even, heaven forbid, an arithmetic overflow.

For I am the creator who takes the digital chaos and molds it,
the conqueror who commands the computer and to my will makes it submit,
the ruler of Processors and Networks, of threads and RAM
the dreamer of truth tables, shell scripting, and a world without spam,
the philosopher who will not tolerate contradiction,
and the scientist whose realm is pure abstraction.
Of these secrets of mind and nature I am the courier,
the tremendous majesty that is the Silicon Warrior.
I have found in a programming language a niche,
reading it is preferable to English,
My digital mimic of reality is so true,
in its exactitude it simply becomes reality, open to view.

So as I bask in the glow of my Unix machine,
I sense what is the center of my being,
In a sense to think and feel something new,
I see the extravagance of a simple CPU.

Nathan Thelen

Look in front of you now,
What can you see?
Can you see the sparkling branches
Of the BSP Tree?
Why don't you get yourself that leafnode,
That is falling on me.
I can ray trace you an empire,
Or mesh you a sea,
I can voxel a mountain,
Or a servant on its knee.
Oh sweet lady let us run together
On the grid of x,y,z.
My lexical analyzer screams at my soul,
I've never seen anything more lovely.
I've seen no class in OOP that can hold,
One so truly holy.
Your tenderness is like a UNIX script,
Your voice like a high quality mp3,
And when you glance my way,
You seg fault my memory.
To my heart you have called chmod.
And to my user password you hold the key.
Remember sweet enchantress, access to the disk space of my soul
I will charge no fee,
But please don't make me parse you,
Any more cheesy poetry.

Nicole Bernadette Birkett

playing slop

Love found me rolling around an eight ball,
trigonometrically inspired
on top a bed of felt.

I was banked and love had the advantage,
ball in hand,
behind the head string.

I began to focus on sines,
tried to derive an angle, scratched,
and had to fight my way free,

from a Love that stuck to my elbow
and pressed against my back,

breathing angles down my neck.

if love followed through
with an unpredicted angle of incidence,
there'd be a clear reflection
and I'll have lost,

shooting for safety,
and only calling the ball,
when Love called the shot.

Nicole Bernadette Birkett

When Smiling Dogs See in Threes

it's midnight on a Wednesday in march,

the weather smacked an old injury,
sent me into a small coma,
and brought me to a dull throbbing,

and all I want is a drink.

ex-lover number one sits at my bar,
sporting a white T-shirt and new girlfriend,
a shiver inspiring ensemble.

I'd really like that drink,

but the bar is almost empty,
there's a premature last call,
and my one beer is carried by ex-something number two,
also wearing a T-shirt,

and though green,
I can still see where shoulder rubs shoulder
before sliding into neck,
a cruel line.

I find it difficult to finish my beer,
too distracted by seams,
and I fail to notice number three
giving me the come-hither-and-converse tilt.

I saw one,
and tossed out a nod of recognition,

I saw number two,
and grimaced,

but when three walked in

I grinned like a dog*.

Nicole Bernadette Birkett

The Olive

Drew leaves the bar,
taking his martini glass with him.
perhaps he'd rather not be alone in the bathroom,
wanting at least an olive for company.

Nicole Bernadette Birkett

A Poem Beginning with a Line from Charles Bukoski's "we've got to communicate."

It's a Beautiful Day in the Neighborhood, a Beautiful Day to Do a Neighbor

"he was a very sensitive man," she told me, "and after he split with Andrea he kept her panties under his pillow and each night he kissed them and cried."

I wondered if he kept a pair of his wife's panties under the pillow too, and maybe dabbed them with his nose, a couple of times a week, just to be fair. because he *was* fair, in fact, he was the King of Fair, and as far as the rest of the Dutch-Protestant community was concerned, Pastor Rogers was no more the harassing-adulterer than the young Pole-Vaulter who had accused him was a decent Catholic, especially since there was no such thing.

and Pastor Rogers' humming knew this, and it also knew that he wasn't a pedophile, not in this state anyway, and that was a good thing, pedophilia might have been the one thing that wouldn't have been hard to make the Neighborhood believe in. and his humming was as familiar with the state's statutory law as it was with the "oh Susanna" that it currently flung around his old office as he filled a cardboard box that now welcomed his counselor's desk plaque and occasional poster motivation, after having done most of its work three weeks before, when all of its thought had been folding in on retirement. and at the time he'd thought it'd crush itself under the weight of files, he refused to leave, names and figures he wished he'd explored further.

but now he'll be able to relax in a shared fifth with his wife, pleasant memories carefully filed away under "escape," with his I-care-more-about-you-than-me beard reclining on a sulfur cardigan above brown corduroys and tennis white shoes.

Nicole Bernadette Birkett
#14

Be wary of Signs

I was walking back to my apartment from the bar,
drunk and hurrying across the street,
when a squirrel cut me off.
I paused,
and the squirrel was pummeled by a semi-
I thought,
wow, must be a sign.

I made it safely back to my room,
ritualistically knocked three times on the door,
opened it,
teetered into the dresser,
and a lottery ticket floated down.
I'd won ten dollars,
and I thought,
Whoa, what luck.

With the night I'd been having,
I thought I might try to finish my novel.
I picked up my laptop,
the battery fell out,
everything was lost,
and I thought,
That was my problem! I needed to start from scratch, thank you God!

I wrote for an hour,
stretched,
stuck the pencil I'd been using behind my ear,
got up to take a piss
and, as I bent to flush the toilet, I thought,
From now on, I'm going to pay attention to signs!

My pencil slipped as I pressed the lever,
was sucked down into bowl with the urine,
and I thought,
I'm drunk, fuck signs.

David Orris

My Second Home

7:00 pm, I've been here since noon, I am going to be here all night.
It's due tomorrow, we're not half-finished, it is going to be late.
12 midnight and hunger strikes, we'll have to call out for a bite.
Pizza comes and we return to what seems like a clean slate.
6:00 am, chair races begin, this is going to be tight.
Morning comes and we're done, just in time for the due date.
In class I sleep then to my apartment I roam.
The "EB" will always be my second home.

David Orris

Home Sweet Home

It is 10 o'clock

The gate on the lot goes up

Now I'm free to go

Paul Rennick

Life

What's with these ups and downs
No steady stream of good intention
Giving so much yet not enough
I'm caged by my own oppression

A whirlpool of emotion
Besieges my mind
Looking for the answers
Knowing that I'm blind

Tired, sick, and ready for change
But stuck in life's ennui
I find myself forlorn
In constant calamity

I'm burning with frigidity
I'm raging with tranquility
Stupified by my intelligence
I'm fighting my own inner me

Constrained by my own freedom
Troubled by my own bliss
To find the meaning of life
I know I must conquer this

Paul Rennick

More Beautiful

You're more beautiful than
The sun reflecting upon the morning dew
You're more beautiful than
A rainbow glistening with colors of every hue

You're more beautiful than
The stars sparkling across a moonlit sky
You're more beautiful than
The song that brings a tear to your eye

You're more beautiful than
The goddess of beauty herself
If beauty were money
You'd be the only one with wealth

You're more beautiful than
A waterfall misting in the air
You're more beautiful than
The most breathtaking words can declare

Ryan Jagoda

There once was a student named Jagoda,

Couldn't master the engineering coda,

He said, "Nuts to this!"

And took up business

Now he's in Eli Broad-a.

Inspiration

The seed of contemplation has been planted in my brain,
It's been watered, and it's growing, and it's driving me insane.
Sometimes it runs me over like a speeding freight train,
And other times it lifts me up, just like a great airplane.
I really think it's stupid, the way my mind works,
Buried deep inside my body where my motivation lurks.
I know what I need to do, and I know how to do it,
But when the moment rises, I always just say 'screw it'.
Now when I think about my life, I think I really blew it,
And all along deep down inside, I think I always knew it.
But my time is now, the past is gone, and nothing's gonna change it,
I need to start my life again from scratch and rearrange it.
There needs to be some changes made, and I'm the one to make them,
Addictions rule my life right now, and I've just got to shake 'em.
All I know is I love you and you complete me,
I know I'm really weak if I can let this life defeat me.

Chandra Romel

The Goal

*I try so hard to concentrate and focus on one thing,
But it's like I'm trying to balance on a thin and endless string.
I try so hard with all my might to reach the other side,
But all I can accomplish is one sorry little stride.
And with that stride I compensate with two the other way,
This tight ropewalk is in my mind each and every day.
Why do I live my life this way? Why do I let this be?
My mind without the answers is like a lock without a key.
Am I who I think I am, or am I who they say?
The time this contemplation ends will be my life's first day.
It's proving all too clear to me, I do not know myself,
My pockets may be empty now, but in my mind there's wealth.
Do I become this other person who people wish I was?
Should I follow in the beaten path that everybody does?
Or should I be my own person and do just as I please?
I'll wander off into the woods and walk among the trees.
I bet they don't disagree, I bet they get along,
No matter how they change or grow, their chorus forms a song.
And all the trees and all their types may seem like black and white,
But if that tree is good to you, then that tree must be right.
And if some day there comes a time that tree falls to the ground,
If you're not there to witness it, it will not make a sound.
If that tree gives you what you need in desperate times of need,
Or if it's there when your emotions feel the need to bleed,
Then colors are invisible, you choose you kindred soul.
The relentless pursuit of happiness,
Is every lone soul's goal.*

Jermil Sadler

Woes of an Engineer

Computer Engineering will be the death of me,
Many people warned me but I did not believe.
I've been told it's really not that bad,
But as I get deeper in it, I think I've been had.
Why oh why didn't I change majors to something else,
That way I wouldn't be in this library at 2am, going insane, talking to
myself.
But I'm way too far to turn back now,
When I walk into the building, I feel like a cow.
Or a sheep, being led to the green pastures,
so I can learn just enough and be a pawn for my bossmaster.
That's alright because at least I'll have money,
But money can't buy love or happiness, isn't that funny?

Stacey Schroeder

Once he was enraptured as was I,
kindling words, forcing them to falseness./
The chasms of our emotions pooling into one,
roiling and smothering any real sentiment./

The desire to assimilate overwhelms,
slicing the tenuous bonds of love./
The three days between us seems uncrossable,
our failure to amend only drives the pain deeper./

The supposed forging of an eternal bond/
only furthers my dissatisfaction with life./
To be dependent is a loathsome state,
so solitary I stand.

Scott Blust

"Darkness"

Blue iridescence;
poisoned perfection.
The drug that undoes me;
my perfect drug.
Deconstructing my life slowly
in a perfect paradise illusion.
Synthetic pulse hum.
I fall into a trance
and I slip into the static.
I leave in deafening silence
as I fade away into black.

Vilson Nikollaj and Alex Kazarian

NEVER DONE

The project's assigned
The due date is set
Gears in the head start cranking
Young engineers never miss a step
The nights grow long and their spirits grow weak
But these engineers are far from meek
A can of Red Bull or Jolt or both
Will give these kids an adrenaline boost
And then the days start counting down
Five four three two one
It's demonstration time
Time to show all you've done
The project's a success
But as we know an engineer's work is never done
There are presentations and papers and talks to name a few
But I guess that's why we get paid as much as we do

Nathan Wolff

With Open Eyes

Nature's beauty is as pure as gold
The scenes, the sounds, and the world we see
Our homeward landscape is seen, yet still strikingly unfamiliar
This mural of splendor we must hear about instead:
Prairies are great but unrevealed
Mountains only help the picture
Grassy knolls slow the time
While curtains close on a day that's past
A change in weather will lighten the mood
Some light fog, drizzle and even some rain
Now put some clouds in the sky, but not too many
Let the sun shine through our bluest heaven
We'll set it in motion with a little wind
Blades of wild grass are now flowing like water
Birds create more beauty and sound
Butterflies and bees and gophers alike
Will dance along in our land of grace
The clock will change on our world so soon
Night comes in with a clear sky of lights
A dipper or two, and a bright globe overhead
Majestic royalty pierced in our eyes
The moon casts long shadows on our trees
The sun of night awakens our soul
Time goes by slowly as the sky spins our thoughts
Our seasons will change just given some time
Snow will now fall on our mountains and plains
A quiet and slower pace will arise
A desolate planet of cold
Find life hidden within itself
As seasons change so will we
Opening our eyes will help us capture nature's treasure
For it isn't in the picture we create
It's what we feel deep at heart

Paul Yeager

Rm 1340

Once again that empty stomach feeling has come over me
The glorious chamber the devil lured me into last week has vanished
Blasted last minute long form. Stupid concepts.
I hate you Newton. I hate you Routh-Hurwitz. I hate you La Grange.

The synapses are really firing now,
Like a thousand caged bats set free in the night
I cannot avoid the ambush,
Only pray

You fool! One shouts. You'll never learn! Another screams.
15% down- can you do the math?! Several taunt.

Okay, Okay! I answer
Concluding thoughts
10 minutes
I was just trying to check the specs on the rotor...Dammit! Concentrate
5 minutes
Final insight...Fuck, I got nothin
3 minutes
Print

Oh no, not now. No ink!
God, no, don't teach me the lesson now! I swear I'll start earlier next time

As my mind races for a solution I realize the obvious
Rm 1340. That's my only chance
Unfortunately another voice answers back, one that I can't ignore
This one shoots images at me I've dreadfully seen before

Not even 15% can grab my attention
The awful memories linger too strong I say
But then a voice fires back
And I decide it is right

Like a determined soldier I select 1340 with my mouse
You can do it, get in and get out

I pace out of Rm1320 and walk down the main hall with my game face on
1 min
As I approach the room I call upon my objective thoughts to carry me through
Take a deep breath; it's only a sulfur compound
Oh god, what is that?
That's just what you smell when people don't shower

And that?

That's a cloud of recycled Gorditas
Few, 10 feet to go, help me stay focused
Think Old Spice, you may need it for the way back

Oh, the torture, thank god though I am just about there
30 seconds is plenty of time to make lab
Printer, just give me the long form okay!
Or use RM 1320 printers why don't you say.

W.K.Green

Uncertainty

With every new decision more questions arise
What kind of engineer would I like to be?
Do I want to become an engineer at all?
If not, what is the way for me?

I would not walk down a road simply because it is easy to do so
Looking within myself, the answer I shall find
Where my heart truly lies, is the way I head
Regardless of the difficulties that may pave this path

Into the wilderness I go
Where I head, I do not know
I must hope for the best
I continue along on my quest

W.K.Green

What Evil Lurks on Such a Night as This?

Whiling away my days
Acting as if in a daze
Awake am I, during the depths of the night
Staring into my monitor, glowing bright

Surfing the web
No reason why
Finding anything that will hold my interest
Looking at things I'll likely never buy

Chatting with friends
More comfortable speaking with my fingers
Conversing with those I could see in an instant
Of my meeting with any of the others doubt lingers

Listening to music
Headphones on
Tapping my foot along with my favorite songs
Volume turned up, to me the rest of the world is gone

Leaning back in my chair
Into the monitor I still stare
It's been too long since I've read
Why does my mind and body not tell me to go to bed?

W.K.Green

That Which Shall Remain Without Title

The light breaks through
Shining in my eyes
Casting my shadow
Illuminating the skies

I venture out into thee
Hoping for the best
Holding my breath
Daring not to rest

W.K.Green

Onwards

Lying there
Not wanting to move
I can hear, but not speak
I can feel, but not touch

The pain recedes
The memories live on
Feeling deprived
Feeling deprived

Forever shall I feel it
No longer do I need it
Moving on
Moving on

W.K.Green

A Questioning Mind

Who's to say what is right?
Or what is wrong for that matter?
Are we not all thinking creatures?
Can we not make such determinations on our own?

Are the "accepted" ways truly so special?
Is the way it has always been always best?
Would it be crazy to challenge the norm?
Must the unfamiliar always be feared?

Is being different grounds for persecution?
Is thinking different reason to be shunned?
Why must we lose sight of all there is?
Why must we be so narrow-minded?

Alexis Massera

SONNET (The Hunger)

As mourning birds will sing their woeful tears
When winter's cold hand leaves the sad earth bare,
And their one love has gone, their every fear.
So I do also cry, I now don't care.

For food and drink maintain a healthy life,
But what can keep a starving soul from need?
My soul feels hunger pains sharp as a knife
That takes love all away and doesn't feed.

Like an old empty ornate chest once filled,
Or oyster shells just stripped clean of their cores,
My body lives, but my soul has been killed.
There's nothing left for me to go on for.

Except someday hope might smile upon me
And soon back with my one love I will be.

Craig W. Somerton

How Algebra Killed the Engineering Student

If video killed the radio star,
Then surely
Algebra killed the engineering student.

A dropped minus sign here,
The variable in the numerator
Rather than in the denominator there,

One point off,
Five points off,
Ten points off,
They all add up,
And the grade goes down.
Better the grade
Than the bridge.

If video killed the radio star,
Then surely
Algebra killed the engineering student.
But the lesson learned
Helped the engineer keep people alive.

Garth Motschenbacher

Study the Spartans

We are ROSES

Co-op choices, classes and majors

Our Go Green engineers are awesome!

Garth Motschenbacher

*We engineers study abroad
The awesome choice
Involving friends, study, and you
MSU*

Garth Motschenbacher

You Spartans

You Co-ops

You Majors

You Awesome Engineers

I study my choice

And support MSU

Garth Motschenbacher

Go green ROSES
Involve the engineers
Diversify your classes
Study your choices
And we are MSU

George Stockman

Environmental Engineer

The river works its fingers into great mountains
and scratches out valleys,
sifts the tiny grains of sand
that run with the hours of earth.

Greg Staskowski

“Those I would have liked to meet”

I would dearly have liked to speak with Einstein
I doubt we would have spoken on Physics but perhaps
on being a patent clerk.

Mahatma Gandhi I would have liked a meeting with
If only to ask which was his favorite baseball team?
Though he strikes me as more a soccer fan.

I would pay handsomely to take lunch with Malcolm X
I would like his opinion on the question of race in 21st century
America.

And certainly Eleanor Roosevelt, if I might
Just have a moment of time to see how she really felt about all
those stupid cracks about her teeth.

I would gratefully introduce Theodore Roosevelt to Kendo,
if he would perhaps consent to taking a hike and we might discuss
manifest destiny.

And reviewing the campaigns of Napoleon with Patton
over a fine cigar and perhaps cognac would I think
be a pleasure.

And George Washington I think I would consult
over our present difficulties in the middle east
I think.

I would enjoy swapping lies with Samuel Clemens
and I would ask how difficult it truly was to keep those
white suits of his clean.

Kipling I would find an appropriate venue
for a hearty meal sparing no expense and we might discuss
the Boer War.

In fact, arranging a banquet for my personal literary favorites
From Holmes to Dickinson, to Conan-Doyle, I don't think anyone
might begrudge me.

Though I imagine Dickinson might be difficult to draw out in conversation
Perhaps I would let her say grace and that might break the ice with the
remainder of the company?

Perhaps she and Poe would be quite compatible, though
I wouldn't be interfering if there is one thing I can't stand is a host who won't leave the
introverts alone.

In any case, I truly would have liked to meet these people,
that must be obvious, not that there aren't plenty of interesting people out there
with a pulse.

Greg J. Staskowski

“Charlie Brown the Engineer”

(This poem is dedicated to Dr. Charles Sheffield. Dr. Sheffield was a writer, physicist; innovator, and friend of a family member. We who knew him, honor him. He would have made a fine Civil Engineer. And also to all the others we have lost recently.)

We gathered at his funeral
to mourn the gentle man
Kind father, husband and
etc.

Now we'll dash for the pub
and drown our sorrows in ale
as Charlie would have done
etc.

Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
All you poor sods give a cheer!
For Charlie, good old Charlie
ever-lovin Charlie the
Engineer!

Old Charlie was a Midwest boy
Spent his childhood on the farm
Charlie loved the countryside
And apple pie baked by Marm

He dug his share of post-holes
And worked the wheat fields late
And when it came for college
Charlie went to State

Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
All you bloody fools give a cheer!
For Charlie, good old Charlie
God-fearing Charlie the
Engineer!

Charlie's parents wanted a veterinary
But to that he said “No.”
He studied steel and concrete

And concrete canoes he rowed

A Civil Engineer was his choice
Though never first in his class
Charlie, he was the best of us
A straight arrow, never crass

Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
All you old farts give a cheer!
For Charlie, good old Charlie
Strong-arm, stout-heart Charlie the
Engineer!

Charlie worked for MDOT
Charlie worked the roads
Charlie surveyed the markers
And tested the asphalt loads

He married a sweet Illinois girl
And always paid his rent
And when his time had come
No complaining, off he went!

Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
All you raving loonies give a cheer!
For Charlie, good old Charlie
Resolute, proud Charlie the
Engineer!

I can see the old boy now
our Professor these last years
He's working heavens highways
Come lads, raise your beers!

If there's any heavenly justice
If they know their business there

Old Charlie's running the project
Building highways in the air.

"We'll make concrete out of cumulus!"
Will be his pronunciation.
And on inspecting the gates of heaven
"What damn fool poured this
foundation!?"

So raise your glass and tankard

So raise them once for all
We'll be heard in heaven
For Charlie, say Hurrah!!

Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!
All you Dons and students give a cheer!
For Charlie, good old Charlie
Brave and gentle, Charlie
Kind and loving, Charlie
Father and Husband, Charlie
Charlie Brown, the Engineer!

David Moser

Loss of Blood flow

Oh how purple
My finger is. My roommate
With elastic bands

Brad Mullins

Roommate's sleeping patterns

Must stay...(thud)awake (snore)

Sprawled on the floor. Face sliding down desk

Can't miss breakfast again

David Moser

Questionable Ethics
Large corporation
Unique accounting scheme
Corruption ...failure

Bill Lansing

Highlife

The highlife is now
Wake up early, in bed late
One day at a time

Bill Lansing

Sailing

What could be better
Than to sail around the world
Who knows where you'll go

Bill Lansing

“Choo Choo”

Chug chug damn train
Every hour, all night long
Waking me, shaking me
Pissing me off
Chug (huge damn train
Shut up and let me be
It's midnight, please
What is it they say,
“Just let sleeping dogs be.”

Bill Lansing

Problems

There are huge problems
All around the world today
Least of all is hate.

Ashley Hufnagel

Cruising down the highway, observing all the signs
Please keep this in mind, many people work there
So, please slow down to help keep them alive.

Bill Lansing

Tonight

There are things that can only be dreamed of
For anything more might destroy them all together
Tonight let us dream of things we wish could be
Pray to god that one day in heaven our dreams may come true
So many wants too selfish to be realized or even attempted
Fear, love, joy, pain, hope, need, lust, and pride some good some bad
These things are there, so our dreams may not be
At least not here, tonight, not now, perhaps never

Geoff Bolak

I've laid my memories and dreams
Upon those wings
Live them now and see what the new year brings

In your dearest memories
Do you remember befriending me?
Though you're gone I still believe
That you can call out my name

A voice from our past, joining yours and mine
Filling us with hope, and comforting
Now I know we'll carry on
Lullabies of amity, up into heaven where I
Know you're safe, forever and beyond

Shelly Buech

Dreams

Through the shiny white clouds
The hand of God comes
Pushes us up and carries us
Towards the heavens
Towards the freedom
Away from the gripes of the earth
To leap from cloud to cloud
To soar with the birds
To race Mercury across the sky
To visit the man in the moon
Enough to taste and love freedom
To never want to stop
Our good luck let's us experience this
But our luck is about to change
Downwards we fall towards the earth
Tumbling lower and lower
Realizing the freedom is ending
That somebody just wanted a laugh
They let us taste the freedom
And let us dream of more
Then they kicked us out and sentenced us
To the prison-like planet below

Shelly Buech

Flight

Like whales with wings
They sit and wait
Preparing for a journey
Their engines begin to whine
It begins to creep forward
Preparing to leap through the air
The engines spin faster
Everyone beware
The beast is coming
Don't get in the way
Now she's running down the runway
Beginning to pick up speed
She's begging to jump up
To leap off the ground
A little faster they push her
Closer to target speed
A few more seconds on the ground
Then they let her go
Into the air she leaps
Hurrying towards the skyway
Racing the wind into the sky
Seeing who can reach the clouds
Rising, diving, banking, soaring
On a roller without rails
No guides to follow, you're on your own
It's real freedom you can feel
Choose where to go and what to do
You're the captain; it's up to you
Time to go down, it's your time to shine
The landing is what it's all about
Lower and lower the plane sails
The airport is just ahead
Check your tray tables
And seat backs are up
Seconds left until it happens
10...9...8...7..almost down
6...5...4...3...2...1...
Touchdown. It's all over now
The freedom's gone
The guards are back
We are the prisoners of gravity,
Once again

Shelly Buede

The 747

Lumbering giant up above
Waiting to get up and soar
To dance across the sky
Upon your graceful silver wings

Lumbering giant up above
Dwarfing those scurrying below
Dashing under your enormous body
Preparing to go to Tokyo

Lumbering giant up above
How can you fly?
You are so large, so huge
How can you dance across the sky?

Lumbering giant up above
Preparing to go away
To dance across the heavens
To go someplace great

Lumbering giant up above
Please take me with you
I want to dance across the heavens
I want to go someplace great.

Lumbering giant up above
You're starting to leave me now
Your running down the runway
Starting to race the wind.

Lumbering giant up above
Off you go into the sky
To soar the heavens above
Goodbye giant, goodbye.

Shelly Buech

Dreams

Through the shiny white clouds
The hand of God comes
Pushes us and carries us
Towards the heavens
Towards the freedom
Away from the gripes of the earth
To leap from cloud to cloud
To soar with the birds
To race Mercury across the sky
To visit the man in the moon
Enough to taste and love freedom
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Downwards we fall toward the earth
Tumbling lower and lower
Realizing the freedom is ending
That somebody just wanted a laugh
They let us taste the freedom
And let us dream of more
Then they kicked us out and sentenced us
To the prison-like planet below.

Mike Haka

Shattered Illusions

A shield of lies to salve my pride
The sword of truth to break it.
Erasing images twisted by time.
And tracing that which I wish to hide.

Images, embarrassing, of failures and lacking I.Q.
Shine through muddy memories, like quarters in the dirt.
They demonstrate my lack of faith, my cowardice and fear,
Forever driving me to prove that I am true.

The truth will soon drive me insane,
I am marked for all to see.
To save my ego I'll build a wall,
And bind the memories with chain.

To the world I'll prove my worth,
I'm as good as all the rest.
My skill is not measured by my looks,
Who really cares about my girth?

Geoff Bolak

A Friend's Song

Standing around in darkness
Searching for pieces of friendship lost
Trying to loom together what pieces I can find
Into lullabies of amity, friendship's lost refrain

Our paths in life crossed like two winding roads
We met, we laughed, we had some fun,
And then we said goodbye.
And who'll hear the remnants of stories never told.
Let them sound out loud, 'till they unfold.

In my most treasure memories
I see you befriending me.
Was it fate that took you away?
And leaves me here to cry.

A voice from our past joining yours and mine
Filling us with hope, and comforting
Now I know we'll carry on
Lullabies of amity, up into heaven where I know
You're safe, forever and beyond

So high in the sky, see the eagle as he flies by,
Gliding on the winds fellowships that carry
Him where he may go.

Megan Walsh/Lauren Sailing/Stacy Steinhauser/Kamela Webster

Mourning Classes

Perpetually battling – light and dark
Preferring darkness
Especially when a Simmons' Beauty rest got my back
Unfortunately that luxury exists not here
Replaced with, instead, a support less void
With a sinking middle
If luck should have it
That dark evades the void
The blaring scream of a tracked transportation device
Reigns hourly
A victory for light
Disturbing the sense of darkness
More disturbing yet
The constant submission to light
With the final scream
Of the self-set torture box
Light won, darkness conquered
Regardless of whether or not
I opt for the snooze button
And so drearily I make my way here
Fluttering in and out of darkness
But I am here nonetheless
These morning classes will be the death of me
Chalk up another win for the light side.

Brad Mullins

Nerd Convention

Coke bottle glasses

Gentlemen start your organs!

Nerds converge – Quizoff

Sweaty polo shirt

Happiest day of my life

I am super Geek.

-ROD TAYLOR

A Second Look

I AM A ROCK IN SHALLOW WATER
THE SAILOR'S WORST ENEMY
I AM EVERYONE ELSE
GRABBING THE LIFE FROM THEIR SMILES
I SEE THE POWER IN HAVING DIFFERENCES
MAKING MY MIND STRONGER
I SEE THE NATURAL FLOW OF LIFE
BUT ONLY WITH A PATIENT EYE
I FIND THE REASONS TO BE HERE
FOR TOMORROW WILL SOMEHOW FOLLOW TODAY
I FIND THE HIDDEN BEAUTY IN YOU
FORCING MYSELF TO LET YOU RECOGNIZE THESE QUALITIES

Thomas Munchbach

Engineers

The cold January snowmen begin to melt.

Who are you going to call?

Tacoma Narrows Bridge fell in February.

Who are you going to call?

Major League Baseball begins to crack baseball bats.

Who are you going to call?

Fireworks mishap in July.

Who are you going to call?

People like thrills of roller coasters in August.

Who are you going to call?

Twin Towers fall in September.

Who are you going to call?

Rapid weather changes spearheads the Midwest.

Who are you going to call?

When Santa's sled breaks in December,

Who do you call?

You call the Engineers.

Bill Lansing

"Second Place is First Loser"

Twinkle twinkle in the night
Cause your eyes shine so bright
Memorizing shades of blue
Mon Cherie you know its true
Trembling, fearful by yourself
Wishing for your prince to help
All the while your Romeo is with you
Not in shadows but amidst you
He always listens to your whining
Of the guys you've been surprising
He always tells you to "quit stressin'
Just notice with whose heart you're messin'
Take a moment look around
Keep your head above ground
Because you see you've just been missin'
The guy's lips you really should be kissin'

There's no question
He loves you, ...
The only question's
Do you too?

Simon Wong

Nothing to Live For

The room spins 'round and 'round as I lie on the floor
Several shouts of my name are called behind the door
A shade of crimson flows along the shore
My boat is seen, bloody, battered, and having no ore
Divers search for my body all day since four
They claim I cannot be found no more
For I have sunken deeper and deeper to the ocean floor
Covered by the ocean's cold blanket to heal the sore
Then I am awakened by jolts shocking my body more and more
I choke as I am drowning in a pool of my own red liquor
My body does not resist the darkness for I have nothing to live for
I fall into a deep, dark sleep as my heartbeat will be heard
nevermore...

Simon Wong

Winter Dreams

Winter is a time of beautiful snow
Roads of all kinds have a glistening glow
Old Man Winter lets the heavy wind blow
Feed the hungry flames with dark, black coal.

Familiar sights are covered by ice
Children create magical snowmen
Every goes in, even the mice
Mother fox brings her cubs into the den

This is the time for Christmas holiday
Stockings are prepared for wonderful toys
During this time, everyone gets some pay
Santa brings wishes to all gals and boys.

This season begins to thaw into spring
And they can't wait to see what next year brings

Mark Anthony Rockwell

What a Ride!

In
Buckle
Bar
"Blah Blah Blah"
Then
Out
& up
UP
UP
Cluck-chink
Slow
Up again
FewH!
Almost there
Held breath
Not yet
Almost
Close
Down
Down
Scream
Ahhh!
Down
Fast
Down
Fast
Omygod
UP
Verticle
Yikes
Woah
Down
Steep
Turn
Can't see
Scared to breathe
Up again
In
Out
In
Around

G force
Out and down
Up
Dark
Down
Up
Down
UP
Down
UP
Down
UP
Down
(Not Again)
UP
Down
Now
Can't
See
Scream
The
Bottom
Just
Disappeared
This
Is
Intense
Still
too
scared
to
breathe
Oh my God
Please
Help
Flashy
Light
Out
Of
The
Dark
Brake
Around
Stop
Wait
In

Unbuckle
Unbar
Out
Never again
Should someone place?
Themselves

In
Such
Peril
Walk
Down
Almost
Straight
Picture: \$8.50
Nigh!!
Back
To normal
(Whatever)
Turn
Know what Johnny?
What? (Johnny)
Let's do it again!!
Yeah Let's!
Magnum rocks!!
Yeah
Cedar Point rocks!!