

Hidden Poem

Adam Fesl

Tomorrow Fiends Produce Anxiety

Sorrow creates another deity

dead heros lose society

treading over earthly piety

Timely Twitching

Adam Fesl

Timely twitching to tomorrow,
finding freedom from the fiends,
 pain persuades fickle people to produce,
 always to alarm friends, adding painful anxiety.
Simple signs show sorrow,
calmly, coolly, collectively, someone creates
 angels always crying agony, so another
 deep crag drowns alarming dreams, swallowing deity.
Distraught demons drop dead,
hear hope diminish holy heroes,
 leading lords down long harbors, lose
 sight lord, soon death will saturate her society.
Timely twitching, tomorrow treading,
only one to offer over,
 every emotion, open easy to earthly
 promises, outraged, perverted, turbulent, people end piety.

Akua Moorer

Strange flower
growing upon the hill
spring is beginning.

Mysteries of Love

Ameet Joshi

nobody can ever understand those emotions.
nobody can ever fathom those feelings.
you want to be with her,
you want her to long for you,
yet you want her to be happy even without you,
you want her to be successful
yet you want to comfort her in her failure,
you want her to be independent,
yet you cannot help but want to help her in each and every small thing,
you want her to long for you when you are not there,
yet you never want to part from her,

you want to fight with her,
yet you never want her to get hurt,
you want to value her opinion,
yet you want do things which she never likes,
you want her to love you,
yet it will be the happiest moment when she scolds you,
you want her to be intelligent and smart,
yet you would really try to make her look dumb in front of you,

nobody can ever understand those emotions.
nobody can ever fathom the those feelings.

it all counts to good when the moment spent is about her !!!

Andrew McIntosh

Fly Away

One day i will fly away

Until that day i stay the way

And if i say that todays the day

Then that means i will leave the way

The Time of Times

Tony Skarich

It's time to wake up. Leaving out the door already?

No time to eat, take a shower, or rest my little heady.

Where did the time go?

Rushing off to class, off to work, off to the races...but I'm already late.

The exam time is almost over, I'm working on number 4, of 8!

What happened?

Not feeling so good after that, but I've got three assignments due all very soon.

Time flies so fast, it seems nothing gets done, and it's well past afternoon.

Integral tables and Maxwell's equations: cylindrical, spherical, what?

I should have just gone to office hours, for now I'm stuck in a rut.

Three hours, four hours, to hell with number three!

It's now the point of no turning back: an all-nighter it must be.

Sleep, then study, study, then sleep, did I dream at all?

Problems with Neppers per meter indeed, and I have no one to call.

Why not? I'm lonely? Well, not quite.

In fact, half the class is right here with me, also spending the night.

I could have done all this a week ago, but I just couldn't get on track

Now I'm missing pages two and three, oh wait, I gave it my 'copy cat.'

It feels so good to be done with homework, projects, and tests!

But 'though time never does spring forward, it also never rests.

It's morning again, and again no shower, my face is not so clear.

At least I don't have to go anywhere, for I am already here.

The all-nighter was fun, and well, I admit, I am quite the geek.

Never lose hope, though, for time to tell....

Not Doubtful

Tony Skarich

Patience

Is not
Waiting-

In times
Before
Our own,

Freedom

Is not
Given-

Indeed
Were there
Good thoughts,

Learning

Does not
Solve all-

Parents
Were there
To teach-

Working

Does not
Fulfill-

A thought
Not right
To lose-

Hope

Never
Counts-

To make
Not right
Be right-

Justice

Never
Is Done.

What change
Is there
To do?

We fill

Our lives
With doubts.

And who
Is there
Doing it?

Yet in

Our lives
Exists-

You? Don't
Doubt
yourself.

A chance

To make
A change-

Fear not,
Trust not,
Be not,

Awake

To make
The cloud-

Only...

Vanish

Before
The rain.

Question
Doubt
Itself.

Handicapped

By Ashlee McFarland

A guy walks with a limp
He is mentally handicapped
But he doesn't know he is different
He just smiles,
As I walk by
With love in his eyes.

The guy in my class
Deformed, but still nice
No one talks to him
He sits alone,
And has no friends.

A man's wheel chair is stuck in the snow
People walk on by,
And act like they don't notice.

A blind guy,
Walks with a cane
Trying to find the bus station,
People snicker and stare
As he walks into the wall
While no one does anything at all.

The poor woman who walks into the store
With pennies and some change
To buy food for her kids.
Everyone looking down on her
Passing judgment like they really know
What she is going through.

The children who go hungry,
Who fall asleep
Wishing they had a little food to eat
Who will feed them before it's too late?

If we don't help,
How will the blind ever know where to go?
And those who can't walk,
How will they ever come to know God?
We can be angels on Earth
Helping those in need and those who are hurt.

An Engineers Stand

Josh Ausmus

We told the folks at michigan state
engineers are the only fate
with our strong charisma and principal
there will only be one whos invincible

Amanda Bailey

Step up, and you see the hot glaring light
All dressed up, it seems so bright
It calls to you, beckoning you in
Your heart races, your ready to begin

Your nerves get the best of you and..
and you can't speak
Suddenly you panic and your knees get weak
The music is on but you have froze
You missed your cue but no one knows

You could start now and it would sound great
You missed it again and now it's too late
A deep breath in, as they start it again
You belt out the notes with an embarrassed grin

They stand and they cheer, it fills you with pride
You are just so happy you could have just died
You step off the stage with style and grace
You'll do it again, another time, another place

Not Just a Girl

Amanda Bailey

I'm not just a girl
I am powerful and strong
I hold my head high

The Joy of Winter

Brad Woodberg

Winter winds are whistling
In the frosty winter air
Like pearls the snow is glistening
Mittens and scarves we will wear
For winter sounds we are listening
The sounds of children we will hear
While on they're sleds gliding
Going steep down hills with no fear
Sleds are slicing through the snow
>From my head to my toes I'm freezin
Twisting and turning where my sled goes
I love the winter season!

Brad Woodberg

It was a rainy
night
The sky was dark
The sound of thunder boomed
There was lightning of all colors striking!

Winter is coming nearer and
nearer I can see the
snowflakes clearer and clearer
It's time to go out and play and not let a moment of winter slip away

The Theme Park

Brad Woodberg

I just can't get enough of them
Roaring from the rockin' rides
The screaming from the scary coasters
The laughing from the loud attractions
all the speed and all the action

pushing the limit of what the body can handle

not a good place to be wearing sandals!

Shadow on the Wall

Carly Szekely

How is it that I feel the way I do for you?
It crept up on me slowly in a lightening kind of way.
Do I mind it? No. Do I care? Yes.
But you do not, and my soul cries for you.
I wish I could turn it off like a faucet,
But my knob is stuck, stuck on you,
And will not budge.
I was hoping that youâ€™d see forever in my eyes,
But you cannot see tomorrow or a moment of today.
And it kills me I canâ€™t make you,
Though I would not want to force it,
I want loved the way I love you,
A pure freak accident,
Uncontrollable, irreversible.
So now I wish I caught the other strain of love,
The kind that wears off with a little time and soap.
But I caught the love that grows,
Even without water or proper care,
Each day more beautiful than before,
Like the sparkle in your eyes,
The smile on your face.

Please, Come In

Charlee Fansler

I see you there, way over there
I'd like to join you but no one has invited me in
I see you watching me, watching you
Ever wondering who is she and who are they
I see you talking with each other as you turn the other way
As I move towards the door someone closes the blinds
As I reach for the knob it's already been locked
A room full of people, a world full of people
And no one has invited me in

Words For My Child

Chee Kuang Kok

Wake up, my child
Get up!
Stand up, and look ahead,
Walk!
NOT like a living dead.

Gear up, my child,
Take charge!
Saddle up, and race forward,
Fight!
NOT like a damn coward.
When in the pit of the darkest plight,
Frightened by all the dreary signs,
When troubles heap and trials rise,
And all you hear are wails and cries.

Fire up, my child,
Blaze up!
Face up and strengthen your gut,
Act!
NOT like a hunted hart.
While in the midst of the stormy seas,
Shrouded in the cloudy mist,
When lightning hits and thunders roar,
And all you have are pains and sores.

Brace up, my child,
Listen up!
Take heart, my inner child,
Live!
NOT a shut-up life!

Love Don't Leave.

Cory Rickett

Days slip by,
I watch them leave.
So fast they go,
They care not for me.
Days are weeks
They are hard to see.
Come back please,
Don't leave me be.
I want you here,
Right next to me.
Time is slow,
When your with me.
I need love,
You hear my plea.
End this pain,
Say you love me.

Without Your Love.

Cory Rickett

I wonder.
I dream.
I no longer see,
Whats close to me.
I sleep
I wake
A feeling arrives
My internal drive.
I love
I lose
I say this, I love you,
You are the one thats true.
I live
I die
No longer here this night
To make your troubles right.

Send me what I want,
Tell me what I crave,
Keep this feeling inside
Burning strong for you.

Sleep.

Cory Rickett

My body lies here,
As my mind soars.
A feeling so dear,
Just hear my snores.

This day will be brand new,
Albeit to soon.
So I say this to you,
Gooby sweet moon.

Morning After.

Cory Rickett

Morning after, brings funny feelings.
You groggy, happy and depressed.
Memories flash, all that you remember seeing.
But not one person trully undressed.

Morning after, leaves one empty.
Energy has all but left you alone.
Getting something inside is the key,
Be it bacon, pancakes or a scone.

Daniel P. Coumans III

Chunky chicken

Beefy chicken

The chickens beefy

And so's the chicken

Dan Corbat

General Electricity

One's voltage is applied.

It flows through the circuit and creates current.

It is often tested or measured.

Nobody can tell it's amplitude by a simple glance.

General Love

One's love is applied.

It flows through the body and creates happiness.

It is often tested or measured.

Nobody can tell it's amplitude by a simple glance.

Where The Ocean Meets The Sky

David Wendland

Where the ocean meets the sky
is where time stands still,
angels are set free,
and all that is impossible becomes attainable.
In a place where the sun disappears
is a vacuum of distant memories,
kept in company by the presence of clouds –
treasure chests for the imagination.
The way sunlight plays off the ocean:
sparkle, shimmer, fade...
A mystery concealed beneath a sheet of water,
an abyss of wonder that few can comprehend.
More than words,
short of breath,
a place where simplicity is of the essence
and the intangible can be held in palms
and placed on shelves.
Ocean water refines the soul,
feeling alive again as feet, hands, and mind
are slowly submersed
into a place where burdens are lifted
and regrets have no place of mind.
Indifference occupies life beneath the surface,
where every motion is a bit slower
and thoughts are born a shade brighter
as the thrill of uncertainty sets in.
The sea resists the movements of arms
and the ocean floor is tickled by the breath of timid toes.
A natural mystique so timeless,
many would give up forever to understand Poseidon's creation.
As simple as waves,
as distant as clouds,
the horizon is the sun's escape from it all –
where the world is just a painting,
and life is but a dream.

Beneath This Tree

David Wendland

My body is grounded
but my mind is soaring,
tracing clouds above the sky –
a wingspan casting shadows upon the earth.
Atop this hill I can see for miles,
beneath a tree whose leaves
have begun to fall around me –
scattered memories that beg for recollection.
My thoughts strewn across a page,
I come here to remember,
to piece everything together...
pensive is my mind,
at peace is my soul.
This tree,
once a seed,
once a child,
once held dreams of embracing the sky.
Now it stands alone,
complacent in its old age,
atop a hill,
beneath a sun,
open arms to a hued sky,
grounded by its roots.
A calloused trunk marks the years,
counting time,
initials carved as a cry to be remembered...
forever and always...
forget me not...
I am still,
held by its shadow.
I can see my home,
and life functioning without me.
Soon I will descend this hill.
Why is it that the road home
always seems the longest?
A question unanswered,
yet understood.
When my time here is done,
and all that remain are memories,
I shall like to be buried beneath this tree,
so that I may feel the weight of the leaves,
tiny as it may be,

falling around me once again...

My Grandfather's Lap

David Wendland

As comfortable as it was reassuring,
my grandfather's lap was my escape
into all that was imaginable,
where my mind was fugitive
from anything and everything that was sedentary.
A humble man in reality,
a superhero in my eyes –
whichever was the case,
he held my dreams in his weathered hands,
shaped them,
and gave them life.
In those days my imagination roamed free –
destination unknown
as grandfather untangled the ropes
that were so tightly tethered in my mind.
There he created a space of sanctity,
both free of haste
and immune to angst.
This was my disposition,
dreams stitched into fabric that was hope,
an unprecedented journey,
a conspiracy against all that was certain.
My wounds mended
as expectations were left fallowed
in the warmth of my grandfather's presence
and soon it was time to forge my own path,
leaving the one place I had come to know.
To me he is still the superhero I once dreamed of,
only now his clouded eyes echo the weight of time
and a longing for yesterday.
A vector of love,
a professor of wisdom,
I await the day when my grandfather and I
can walk side by side
in the fields of creation,
where time is a forgotten memory
and unbridled dreams commence
as they run through your hair.

Red Cedar

David Wendland

A rock embankment divides a forest,
framing a river,
as its fingertips touch
where the waterline meets the riverbank.
An October sky breathes light through the trees
that have started to turn...
orange and yellow leaves
basking in the sunlight,
perched above a current,
bound by stems.
Their destiny is to fall
from a mother whose arms are spread
to catch them –
to await their return.
The air is filled with the zeal of trickling water
and the clamoring of mallard ducks.
A partially submersed rock
withstands the water,
indifferent to motion,
pushing ripples around its waist...
forming crests that blanket the surface,
contrasting against the splash of whitecaps
that outline the secrets concealed within the riverbed.
The sun begins to set,
emanating an orange glow
that resembles a backlit canopy.
A single leaf is carried by ripples –
its yellow shape bending atop the water,
forming to each knuckle of every crest...
weightless...
mimicking its movements.
A low water level is illustrated by two naked banks
who dream to feel the cool touch of water
against their weathered skin once again...
withstanding time,
a testament to erosion,
the Red Cedar is a place they have come to call home.

When You Were Young

David Wendland

Perhaps it was when you were young
when everything began to change.
When you realized that nothing in this life is for certain,
and real...
what makes something real?
Maybe it was when father's hands were no longer there
to push you on the swing,
or when mother began to cook with a broken smile,
or maybe, just maybe,
it was in a dream...
From the days when playgrounds provided the foundation
for the wildest imagination,
the most vibrant aspiration,
or even the simplest hope.
Inside a child's mind is where freedom is born,
in a land where giants roam free,
tigers aren't tamed,
and preoccupation is exiled...
in a place where silence and sound reside in one beautiful harmony.
When is it then that this light fades?
Nostalgia is proof of a latent desire,
a subconscious wish to set the child spirit free,
to seize the day once and for all.
To run under the moon as you once would,
the dew-covered grass bending beneath your feet,
finding space to breathe between your toes as you chased dreams under the
night sky.
From the magical age of simple pleasures,
when the most overlooked facet of the world enthralled you.
For all the times you tasted exhilaration:
the first time you hit a baseball,
saying *hi* to your first crush as your friends giggled behind you,
or when you clung to your mother's knees while you stared into the oven,
waiting for the cookies to bake.
But as the years passed by, so did life's journey
as it started to throw you new curves.
The beauty of it all is that you learn how to deal all over again,
like when you discovered the truth about Santa,
or lost a loved one,
or when you had your fragile heart broken for the first time...
you held your head high and tried to fight the tears that were forming within,
only to awake the next morning with a tear-streaked face and a hardened heart;

but you live and you learn, and learning is part of growing.
It might just be that those who search for happiness,
only to be left with empty hands,
are looking in the wrong places.
Don't forget to follow your dreams,
or to befriend your imagination.
Strange how conformity denies thinking –
don't be afraid to break the mold,
to think past the boundaries set before you,
to color outside the lines...
to not follow the leader,
or do as Simon says...
embrace each new day with gentle hands and an open mind
and never lose sight of what truly matters in this life.
Never forget the days when *once upon a time* and *happily ever after*
meant more than words printed on a page.
Of all the regrets you have collected,
and of all the wrongs you wish to right,
don't let the moment pass you by,
for you never know when it will be too late.
Perhaps it was when you were young
when everything began to change...

Dennis Joseph Fredell

The Girl In My Dreams

Startled awake by the thought of you,
is the subconscious telling me to pursue?
A clear sharp sleepy time delusion
or a yearning spirit seeking intrusion?
Who's to say about fate for sure,
but thoughts seem to have been there before.
Have I been wasting my time when it's been you all along?
How can I know if I'm right, if I don't know I'm wrong?
I guess there's only one thing to do
to see if my instincts will hold true.
So here I am anxious to know,
if my dreams are reality and not some late night show.

3 types of Mechanical Engineers:

Doug Taylor

I grew up taking apart radios
I built a hitch for my bike, so I could pull the lawn sweeper.
I am the do it yourselfer
I am the fix it, build it, figure it out, get your hands dirty.
I will figure out *how* it works.

I bought a science set when I was 5
I won the science fair in middle school
My favorite TV show was Bill NYE the science guy.
My favorite part of school is lab
I am the researcher.
I am the scientist.
I will figure out *why* it works

I always wanted to know
I always got straight A's
I was the class president
I will be the CEO
I will climb the ladder
I will figure out why it *needs* to work.

A Memory

Eric Keefe

If I could see the way you see,
Your breath would hold my sympathies.
I'd hold you tightly close to me.
I want you more than everything.

So take it apart and look in me,
You know I say the things I mean.
Add it together and then you'll see.
I want you to be the air I breathe.

Unleash your thoughts and set them free.
Say anything you want to me.
The tears you bring, I want to feel.
I want to be the one who heals.

In life, in change, in memory,
Just know you're safe 'cause you're in me.
In time, in place, I can't conceive,
A thought worth more than your worth to me.

The Perfect Wall

Eric Keefe

If everything could be so perfect,
The walls would stay aloft through time;
The heart would beat again and again,
And the things we feared would soon start to die.

With something now crumbling, destruction is filled,
And our walls would be there, resiliently still.
With no tears to convey, what hate can be saved?
And nothing should bring doubt, death or decay.

So now that I'm wondering if it could exist,
I know that it's false; it's something we'll miss.
Yet someone will try and the perfect will rise,
And nothing will tear the wall from the sky.

If anything could stand so perfect,
So that it would never fall down,
The wall must protect us from the world.
And the doubt once cast can't make a sound.

One Moment Too Long

Eric Keefe

People seem to think I haven't changed at all,
It hurts me to believe in these things and I fall.
I get scared, entrapped, and I feel so small,
But I think of you, and try to leave it all.

Yet it continues to come, and I just don't know;
Am I really the same person I thought I'd let go?
I try to forget it, and try to perceive
That there's something else here—a new part of me.

But I'll never forget it, and never let go,
It's all of my memories where I feel so low.
But with you, there's nothing else to me,
You are the light; radiance I see...

I want to forget it, but I can't let it go.
Yet I can't let it continue to drag me below.
I'll take it as it comes; a day at a time,
Because you're worth so much—too much to slip by.

But don't get deceived with a failure to breathe.
If something bad happens, release it for me.
When I say goodbye, if something goes wrong,
Then the series of moments was one moment too long.

Without

Eric Keefe

Like a light that's shining through a door,
As it opens wider, it shows you more.
Like a cry that now is heard no more,
But once was piercing as you've been before.

And then we're silent and sitting grey.
To feel no torture and believe we're great.
But the pain that dwells would only stay.
When we're apart, I'm so far away.

Within your essence, I sense no doubt.
It seems I can't have you, but can't feel without.
And here I am now, still thinking of you.
I'm stuck here forever; forever without you.

Radiant

Eric Keefe

My mind is disturbed, and my thinking has failed.
I think of myself, and my face now grows pale.
You are not here, but I still see your face.
You seem so pure, and I'm missing that place.

You are the one who swears it won't hurt.
In you I feel love, but I've always been burned.
Alone in the dark, I fade from this place.
Asleep in my dreams, I awake to your face.

And you are the one who shines past the sun.
You are the glow that I'm growing to know.
You are the light that cuts through my dark.
You are so bright, you outshine all my stars.

That Day

Freddie Kirland

Feeling one with your surroundings
Hearing nothing but your heart beat
Seeing everything fly past you
When you're the one flying past everything
Changing from gear to gear
Knowing that nobody can stop you
Turning corner from one to another
Dragging your knees in the wind
But the wind is getting colder and colder
Now it is time to park it in the garage
Looking at it for the last time this season
Feeling oh so sad that it had to be put away
Until that nice spring day comes with so much sun
Counting the minutes, hours, days, months
Can't wait until that feeling comes back
That feeling of being complete with the wind at my back.

Gavin Mathes

thought we were so smart
"got this far"; then came the scores.
Humility wins

Ascension

George Stockman

Long night stars stare down
coldly on the sleeping sentinels,
warmly on the daring dreamers.

The condemned carnivore stalks the snow
by the grace of ghosts asleep below,
whose tiny little clocks keep turning,
coldly slow, yet warmly alive.

Interim of reverie; dream walking;
long thoughts of strands of silver
threading always to long day sun
and short night lightning.

Earth is shaken, ghosts awakened.
Blessed by Spring's baptismal dew

Idiot Box

Ieesha Gillis

Can't really get enough
It's like I'm sucked in
I try not to watch
But that battle I never win

So now I concede
Well we made a deal
Only for a couple of hours
Just to get a feel

I miss it sometimes
I wonder if I can do without
Some say it kills your brain cells
I still have major doubt

So now I am confident with things I that I see
But nothing will stop me from watching the TV

Lansing Sucks

Ieesha Gillis

Yeah it might seem rude
Or even absurd
But being in this town
Is worse than I prepared

It's cold everyday
The snow doesn't take a break
The temp's not really rising
The warmth is just fake

There are countless other things
That I could list from dislike
But I am not one for piling on
The weather is enough to explain my plight

So if asked if I recommend this town
I give an overwhelming two thumbs down

Stronger Than Imagined

Ieesha Gillis

Graduation time
And I'm not even syked
I guess that's how it feels
To obtain something you dislike

I tried to tell them
Engineering's not for me
But nothing would stop them
From thinking I should get this degree

Sometimes it seems sad
But this is not my passion
At least I finally decided
To take some action

I know there are greater things
Much more is on the way
But it's all on hold for now
Til that faithful week in May

See after that week
My time here will be done
I wish I could say
That I had a lot of fun

I often ask
Why I even made this choice
Then the answer comes
From that inner voice

I discovered many things about myself
That for long I would overlook
The lessons that I obtained
Never came from a schoolbook

One lesson that I received
That I will definitely take heed

You don't always get what you want
But you get what you need

That's pretty much my time here
And the broken pride and heart will mend
Cause even in my saddest days
The MEANS justifies the END

South of the River

Ieesha Gillis

Get in touch with your social side
Where there is no right or wrong answer
Where every question is followed by another question
Only to be followed by one more

Here the finite solution is sought
There the question of what is finite is asked
All too often both sides don't understand each other
We ask if they will find a job while they wonder if we just work for cash

While some mutual respect may exist on either side
These preconceived notions continue to be passed down
Some day these two sides will join together
Because even in their differences, they still need each other

Reclaiming My Sanity

Gino Maisano

When your engineering life has got you down
Pull up a chair; everyone gather 'round
Turn that frown upside down
For hockey and beer have come to town

Hatfield

Michigan winter,

Scratchy throat, runny nose, snot.

Haiku! Gesundheit.

Midterms

Jacob Ronald Maes

Exam week is upon them
In the early spring
They're all experiencing panic
The teacher says "know everything"

Now comes repercussions
For dreaming through each class
There's much to catch up on
And they'd better learn it fast.

They resort to enhancement methods
Like caffeine and nicotine
Solitude, late nights and junk food
Their chances are dwindling

After giving their best shot
And heading off to bed
They're hoping to retain
The material they were fed

The instructor is the only one
Who had a good night's rest
They, with much less, wake up
En route to take the test

The copies are all passed out
Each person with one in hand
While browsing the pages they find
This is an easy exam!

They all turn in their papers
They've made it, they're in the clear!
Thus is the dramatic story
Of MSU Engineers

Jim Valentine

There once was a young double-E
on the verge of his bachelor's degree.

He lived like a slob,
he still had no job.

Oh wait who'm I kidding that's me.

Rose Quartz Egg

Jason Fye

Shine
Of the
Egg-Shaped
Glass-Like stone
Catches the sun
In its cherry
Complexion

A Trip to the Bar

Jason Turton

Mondays are ½ off!
Wow! Wednesdays are too!
Happy hour on Fridays
So much to do!

Screw all that homework
And exams to prepare
Profs to ignore
Girls with nothing to wear

Ricks, Harpers, the Riv
Or PT's
Go where you want
Buy what you please

Now that you're in
How long will you last?
Will you stay until 2?
Or get kicked out real fast?

You came in with her
But she left with him
You'd beat him if you could
But you don't go to the gym.

If you came alone
Will you leave the same?
You're leaving with whom?
Oh, what's her name?

You wake up next morning
Thinking what a night
You turn over
Not a good sight

B-L-A-C-K-O-U-T 2003

August 14, 2003

Jeanette Robertson ☺

Campus Generators working overtime.

Riding home was interesting.
Lots of traffic and waiting in line.
Lots of police out directing traffic.

Hagadorn and Service Drive lights OUT.
Hagadorn and Mt. Hope lights OUT.

Mt. Hope and Okemos road lights working.
YEAH!

Over to the UGS Party at the bosses home.
Lights on!

Headed home and lights were working.

Celebrating my Dad's "74th" birthday.
Joy!

Jeremy Vincent Horgan

Apathy swallows me
Shattering my last sight
Hope is hopeless
Like a lone leaf I leave again
Falling to my fate
fear
Blinded to the unknown
Misery follows nipping at my heels
Visions of beauty vanish
Alone
Slowly time seeps away
Drained and tarnished
Searching for a glimpse of light
For I am tattered emotionally
Help
Yet again nothing
Rain pours from my eyes
For I have failed
Losing life long before now

Time

Jeremy Vincent Horgan

O' Eternal time why do thou desire death
Must thee ruin mine blessing
Live
let me flourish in the wind
Let me taste the love of life
O' Eternal time why do thou endure upon an end
Hath thee no remorse
Faith
In mercy turn thy head
Necessary deeds in deed need life
O' Eternal time why do thou hath such hate upon hope
Why must thee demish such dreams
Destiny
Bless the miracle of choice
Blind your eyes and let thee live life
O' Eternal time why do thou swallow who survive
Hath thee no heart
Power
Invade my world with fear
Fear not for they who does shall forget life
O' Eternal time why do thou persist in pain
Blind are thee to see tears
Enjoy
Cherish acts of imperfection
Perfection only attempts steal life
O' Eternal time why do thou lose love
Hath thee never felt alone
True
Settle not for nothing
Everything is everyone in life

Engineering Poem

Jeremy Vincent Horgan

Hands are tools with minds
Creating, imagining
Defying beliefs

Dark Window In a Lit Room

Joel Heckaman

As I stare into this odd mirror
a sullen face returns my glare
Stricken with grief
but mostly 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'm feeling now
Coldly looking into the world behind me
Blocking my view of what lies directly ahead

The Engineering Sucks Haiku

John Ross Gableman

Engineering sucks,
Twenty-one on a test sucks,
There are no girls here.

Memories of Engineering

John Ross Gableman

When I sort the engineering memories out,
It's not the technical stuff I think about.

It's not about having a high GPA to keep,
It's mostly about trying not to fall asleep.

It's not all about the capacitors and inductors,
It's about coming to class after getting kicked out of Harpers.

It's not about the society meetings and all the people you can meet,
It's about how many free pieces of pizza you can eat.

It's not about the books at the library on the shelves,
It's about tall Steve and his test score... a twelve.

It's not about the profs and the gibberish they blab,
It's about brown-bagging 40's in the lab.

It's not about doing homework all night until two,
It's about stealing it right before class from the Indian crew.

It's not all the high-tech information that I will retain,
It's the funny stupid memories that will stick in my brain.

My Life.

Jonathan D'Angelo

Tests,
Homework,
Quizzes,
Late nights,
Early mornings,
Long days,
All night,
When does it end?
For me,
I love a place,
Happy hour,
More like happy six hours.

Late nights,
Sleeping in,
Headaches,
Crabby all day,
When does it end?
Tests,
Homework,
And quizzes.

Joseph M.Pennell

Pressure rising slow
Burning within, deep below
will fade, given Time

THE DETESTED MOMENT

Krishna Narasimma

Alas, it's that time of the year again
When the mind tries to illustrate the lessons learned
When the papers rustle and the pencil leads break
When one's reputation and grade are at stake

As the day arrives, the palms, covered with sweat
Tension builds up and instills a shortage of breath
The anxiety and nerves slowly creep up and set in
Self assurance gets you through until you see the professor's grin

In the silent room, emptiness masks the faces
The thought of the moment makes the buds tasteless
Not knowing what to expect is the solitary worry
Fingers scratch the heads with thoughts of uncertainty

Finally, what seemed like a distant moment arrives hastily
The papers are passed and the mind appears leery
Utensils are the only tools left, book and notes set aside
Heads maneuver down and the eyes open wide

This is that moment every student detests
A time when the midnight oil is burnt feeling restless
A time that the thought brings out the jitter
What is this time?-That I will leave for you to ponder

MORNING

Krishna Narasimma

A student in West East Lansing
Forgot his class in the morning.
 Waking up that day
 To early Sunday,
Fell back asleep with dreams longing.

Adam Tabor and Lauren Doetsch

Ode to Sparty's

We serve with a smile

We go that extra mile

Coffee, soda and tea

We have a large variety

Short, tall and grande

We are open everyday

You should try our pastries

They're really really tasty

We make our paninis on the grill

Take a bite, it's a thrill

Broccoli with cheese, potato with bacon

Come on by and see what Sparty's is makin'

Lixi Chow

Crystal, my green eyed cat,
She snacks, naps and is getting fat,
She smacks the dog when she snaps,
She shakes her butt when she attacks,
She acts cute only when she wants a snack,
Crystal, my gray cat.

The Diversity Office

"I have Often wondered why"

- The good life passed me by,
- Deciding now to sit and way
- Beside myself to contemplate

M. Ashmore

Easy writing
Makes easy reading
Which yields
Little thinking
And little growing

"LIFE AS A SCIENTIST"

Michelle Lee Powell

Faint traces of conversation
leads us all to perversion
Turning down a one way street
going in the wrong direction
Racing up a mountain hill
striving for perfection
looking back to see destruction
What have I done?
-21 Kilowatts

NO

Nancy

I said no Poem

Ode to a *Persistent* Engineer

Nancy Albright

Constantly presenting helpful words that will rend

Reminding you gently of a deadline's end

Always giving one hundred and ten

Ignoring obstacles thru to the end

Gearing and steering a hand he will lend

Guiding those in need of a lift

Understand and patience his greatest gifts

Never tiring of resumes' to be read

No I don't write poems is what I said

There is a thin line between friends and real friends. There are a whole lot of stories that describe back stabbing and other kind of let downs... I have had my own little experiences too. This poem deals with the so called "friends".

Be Aware.

Nandagopal Methil-Sudhakaran

Friendship is the friend of men

Wanting in responsibilities

Does it sprout from a sense of then,

irrational loyalties?

Why need we bother with these

Off springs of gullibility?

When they show strain at the

first appearance of sensibility

To purge a shackle of loneliness

We created it to help us fly

It creeps on like the deep Loch ness

And imprisons us on the sly

Where do you find unconditional love?

The answer should come from above

Is it that, what my brother gave?

Or is it what, from my friends, I crave?

Friendship is found in only one place

On nature's lap where you be at ease

Rest of the world is conditional, folks

Beware or you'll carry the yoke.

This might seem a bit too sarcastic or negative but it happens in the real world.

The poem is set 26 years back in the past, when inter-caste marriages were considered taboo in India. It needed real guts and courage to oppose the feudal powers that be, take the hands of the girl he loves (if she belongs to a different caste) and live with it.

These are excerpts from a bigger poem.

.....

It all started on a bright new day

It was Nevil Shute who had the say

(Nevil Shute is the author of “A

“Have you read this book? ‘it’s fantastic”

Town Like Alice”)

Says this guy to her, a bit frantic

.....

It was a love that was past compare

The lady and the guy were ready to dare

Then came the day, they joined hands

The cuckoo learnt to sing and the peacock dance

.....

That was how he left his house

This would start a fire, difficult to douse

A group of friends was waiting to cheer

This revolution that had no peer

A frail young lady, with such strong mind

The ultimate in love any man could find.

She will be with him in the years to come

She left back everything, since long her home

His fame, his power, his happiness (My father is a pretty influential
Sprints from her backing of tenderness person in India)
The marriage thus kept thy honor
With 25 years of symbiotic grandeur

That's the day it is today
Together to the God we go to pay
Our respects and humble offerings
Begin a day with each other's greetings.

I wish you a very happy anniversary
Would have joined you but for the treasury (It costs me \$2500 dollars to go there once)
It is in deficit and wants some care
I will give what it needs, lest I strip it bare
.....

Guruvayoor is a place that's unique (It is a Temple we used to go for every
Eases your mind at a pace that's quick wedding anniversary of my parents)
It is a day that I miss being with you
Dear mom and dad, I really miss you.

I wrote this for my parents 25th Wedding Anniversary.

Convey this message 'across the river'
Ninad Sathaye

People 'across the river' believe engineers can't be poets
Meaning I'm without a belly while on a diet?
Although ideas are in mind
Time is hard to find
Let's convey this message, why are we so quiet?

Hypnotherapy

Ninad Sathaye

I'm a great hypnotist: a fact they all know
They spend like crazy, to see my weekly show
 Just a few minutes more
 Everyone will start to snore
Its Thursday, 8 am and I'm teaching fluid flow

Recycle this paper...

Ninad Sathaye

I will try to submit a poem proper
As a prize is reserved for the topper
 If you like this stanza
 Do select me for bonanza
Otherwise, please don't forget to recycle this paper

(Another) prize winning poem

Ninad Sathaye

I got a message from Dr. Craig James Gunn
So participating in this forum to have some fun
 I'll have to stop here
 Will compose better next year
Can't find a rhyme, therefore lemme ask 'I won?'

And nothing happened

Ninad Sathaye

Once upon a time,
 there lived a scientist
People called him magician as
 alchemy he practiced

A solution was prepared;
 ‘*gold-transmuter*’ he named
‘Will transform iron into gold’
 that is what he claimed

An iron piece was immersed
 expecting a miracle
A finding that would have helped
 reaching the career pinnacle

Many days passed; he thought
 the fruit had ripened for sure
It was time to have
 gold hundred percent pure

Anticipating a result
 that would prove vital
He opened the lid to find...
 what is written in the title

Ode to the Engineering Library

Peter Nadeau

I walk down the hall
with my books held tight
only to spend most of the night

The Engineering Library

My head is filled with mass disillusion
I might as well be figuring out cold fusion

The Engineering Library

I've memorized the walls
I've memorized the cubes
I've played with the shelves that you can move

The Engineering Library

When test time is near
There is nothing to fear
Just spend your time here
Instead of Having a beer

The Engineering Library

Underneath it all
-Anonymous

After putting the torn cards back together, he became a little closer
To realizing the depths to which he has taken your pain.

He thought it would be nice to put the same new card over on them
Make them look new once again,
But he failed to understand that no matter how nice the cover,
The inside still lingers with scars.
He has made a grave mistake, in which his actions were not of sound mind,
And for that he must suffer.

He makes your decision for you
He is looking out for your best interest.

This decision is made with great thought taking everyone around you into consideration
Putting your feelings first, your mother and father second and your friends third.

Everyone around you doesn't understand what you are doing or what to say,
Why you are with someone who has caused you so much pain that day
The one who will leave come the month of May,
And the one, no matter how much he says, does and cares, is least able to take your pain
away.

Problems are all that he has caused and life would be simpler without him near,
So he chooses to end it now so in short time with all your friends here
You will realize that you come first and that you are truly dear.

With great pains in my chest,
I wish this matter to rest
And for you to not be sad and be at your best

Out of all this I only wish to take one thing
Your ability to be so forgiving.

The decision must be this way that he let you on your way
So one day you may find that place in your heart where you can forever play.

-Anonymous

Loving a Civil Engineer

Jitendra Prasad

After weeks of power struggle,
The power is now in your hands.
As I can see a sharp and shining sword drawn in your hand.
On the contrary, my sword proved to be weak;
It broke from the handle and rendered me weaponless.
While your sword is mercilessly pressed against my neck,
I lie in your feet begging for my own life.
Now, my life depends solely on you.
With a flick of your hand, I will be lost forever;
Whereas a divine kindheartedness of yours will provide me with a new life
And bring millions of smiles.

Despite your sword of hatred is dangling over my life,
Darling, do you know how much I love you?
My love for you is just like this universe;
The extent of its vastness is not known.
It is just immeasurable.
The only fact I know about my love is that
It has been expanding ever since it took birth in my heart
Just after I met you for the first time a dozen of weeks back.
You have changed the meaning of my life altogether.
Now, my life without you is like a body without any soul;
Or an ocean without any water.

But, what is the point, dear?
You would never understand this language.
You would neither try to understand this language
As you have many other important things
Such as bridges, roads, buildings and dams to bother about.
The meaning of your life seems to be Civil Engineering
As if a human being is simply composed of bricks and cement.
Noticing your inability to understand my language of love,
I cannot help expressing my feelings in your mother tongue.

Then, listen o architect of my love,
My life without you is as useless as the concrete in tension
And the steel rods in compression;
As meaningless as structural engineering without any loads and
deflections;
And as empty as a building drawing without any plans and elevations.
Ever since the foundation stone of my love was laid by you in my heart,
I have not slept properly.

I spent my days and nights in carefully learning Foundation Engineering.

After geological examination of the soil,
I confidently started constructing skyscrapers of my love.
I started with a strong foundation
And raised my building till the second floor.
But, very soon, a powerful earthquake devastated the building
And brought my love back to the ground floor.
It is now certain
That I cannot construct the high-rises of my love without your help.

Come sweetheart, unite with me
Just like the steel rods unite with the concrete
And make reinforced concrete, which is strong in every direction.
Let us work together to build a strong and beautiful home,
Where you and I will happily live together.
Else, the stresses in my life will exceed their permissible limits
And my life will fail
Just like a structure fails after violating Tresca or von Mises criteria.

Craig Gunn...

Melissa & Jamie

Poetry entries are his mission.

His colleagues are pestered,
for poetry they cannot write.

With emotions that are festered,
they struggle and fight...

to complete just one submission!

In March

Randee Bierlein

Do you remember when—
Then, when the grass grew higher than the trees
that day, we sat
and sat there
in the yard that day.

And at one point I leaned over
to part softly the blades
to see through the grass
to watch you

That day,
when my knee
lay stark below the hem of my dress
That day, the dress:
you recall—
with those gray-blue flowers
and awkward white sleeves
which didn't quite suit me.
But when I moved just right
you barely noticed

My bare knee,
It met cold earth
and slid just slightly into the mud,
sinking through its cool thickness.

I looked at you
and you smiled that day
with my knee in the mud
and we sat there
til the stars came out
in March
in the grass that day.

The Black Plague

By Richard Badin

As the shrouded west entwine amidst their lives
The easts struggle to untwist the shrine
The tangles never weaken but grow and disperse
A smile on a devastated infant is worth everyone in demise

Lifeless as it may be, it's deceased from its keeper
Once the barrel sounds, the smile sinks deeper
The answer to the vengeance must not be of fury
For subsistence can be divinely derived, and gleam like a ruby

Deceived by a subliminal frenzy of unholy lies
Those which emanate from a moving image within a still box
Hatred, disgust, torrent through the mind of the beholder
Entrapped by the redundancy which instigates all crimes

Evil lurks beneath the surface
Yet from above animosity spreads
Through infectious vines of terror
That leap across the horizon
And manifest the plague
Paradise shall never be.

The Double E Anthem

By Richard Badin

I speak on behalf of my fellow peers,
I advise the rest to listen closely, for you are engineers,
A description of where I belong,
Of a crowd that, as the Roman Gods, is stiff and strong,
Respect is our name, and stress is our game
The E that we stand for is yet to be explained,
Now I shall enlighten you with some constructive hints
And so forth, In the back of your minds, I should see the prints,
My existence revolves around 2 basic laws
Once you hear of them I expect the dropping jaws,
The first is known as the KVL loop
And the other is the KCL,
where currents leave and enter nodes like everlasting troops
Also what follows represents the few
Such as mesh currents, node voltages
Which to others might be something new
But to us is just incorporated in our daily dues,
Don't act like you don't know it, even if you are no Double E,
But since you are an engineer, and work so to strive
A requirement for you was to take ECE 345,
No room in our dictionaries for words like procrastination
The EB library, is all what fills our imagination,
Electricity, to us, is the root of all technology
The first and last term in the previous verse,
might as well depict a simple tautology
I will go ahead and say it
As a matter of fact I will spray it
I'm a double E
One of a kind and can never be prosaic!!

Robertus Arman Dwiartono

Coming here to Michigan State
Studying Engineering for 4 years
Hoping to get a job afterward
Who might have thought
Economic crash all around the world
Continuing Study as a Master student
Studying more Engineering for 1 1/2 years
Hoping to get a job afterward
What might happen now
PhD???

Where?

Rodrigo Gomes

All night I waited in anticipation,
Dreaming of the warmth that you bring.
I even peaked once during the night
To let you know I was waiting.

Dawn is here, but your smile is absent.
I should feel your warming rays,
I'm wondering, hoping nothing is wrong.
Where is the glow that I had expected?

I checked one last time into the horizon,
Hoping to see a sign of why you are missing.
I've checked three times already.
Where could you be?

Roller Coaster

Cameron Hass

Faster, Faster

Higher, Higher

A

Roller coaster

Like a speeding

Bullet

Going to the top

Is the best view.

Hawk In The Sky

Rebekah Bentz

Hawk in the sky,
Hawk in the sky,
How gracefully you fly.

Hawk in the sky,
Hawk in the sky,
Your wings are
Spread, sailing and
Soaring overhead
As you fly.

Hawk in the sky,
Hawk in the sky,
Oh how I wish
Like you I could fly

Mommy, Oh, Mommy

Laura Daniel

Mommy, oh, Mommy

I love you so much,
You help me when I get hurt, You tuck me in bed at night,
You like to play with all the time,
When I am sick you take good care of me,
When I try to make a heart you are there to help
Make me one,
Mommy, oh, Mommy
Oh Mommy guess, how much I love you.

Stars

(Inspired by Penny Pollock)
Hannah Schroeder

Stars come,
Stars go,
Lighting nights
With their sparkly glow.
They sparkle brightly in the sky,
All quietly
But stay the same
In the dark black sky.

My House

Riley Cornelison

My house is green

It is also very clean.

My house has a mouse

The mouse is very stout.

The pond outside my house

Has some trout.

Although my house

Has a mouse

The mouse brought smaller mice.

Which makes my house

A big price.

I

Love

My

Green

Clean

House.

I'm filthy at the Horrendous Ballgame

Stephen Aimery

I'm smelly

I'm dusty

From head to toe

I'm musty and

A slob,

Horrendous,

Horrendous

Diaper change

Boy my brother smells

So strange

I think he made something

In his pants,

After the ballgame

I hope the bath won't

Run for me

Don't put me in the bathtub

Not with all the suds,

I'm so dirty I'll take a bath

But after I'll roll around,

In the mud then I'll make

A dirty bath with worms

Dirt and mud so I'll take

A very, very, very disgusting

Bath instead

Cat

Lorraine Benson

Soft

As a mashed potato

Fluffy

As a cloud,

Sneaky

As a mouse,

Ferocious

As a hunting lion

But I still love my cat

Crocagaters

Samanthe Houchlei

Up to 30 feet

Using a lean jaw to chew

Lives close to water

My Favorite Color

Alexis Yanz

My favorite color is purple

I love the color

Purple

I do not know why

I like the color purple?

But I like it a lot!

I got to say

I have a lot of things

That are purple

I have a fuzzy purple backpack

And a toothbrush

Cozy and fuzzy bed sheets

Even a purple TV

I Ate a Piece of Steak

Garrett Cooper

I ate a piece of

Steak

A second piece, a
Whole,
I ate another steak
To satisfy my soul.
I ate 10
Pounds
Ten pounds is a lot.
But the more I ate the hungrier
I got.

I ate half of a
Turkey,
I ate half of a
Pizza,
I ate half of a
Ham,
But it didn't work.
I found a bag of
Chips
And gobbled them
Up,
I felt I could eat
A whale,
A hog,
A pale of
Octopus.

My body kept getting
Bigger,
Yet it seemed to
explode,
And didn't end
My hunger
Now I've become
So bloated,
I can't fit through
the door
I'm fairly certain
I won't eat Killer Whales
Anymore.

My Teacher's Desk Is Messy

Inspired by my fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Purdum's, desk
Katie McCullen

My teacher's desk is MESSY upon the edge of a pile
If an object of heaviness were placed
It would turn into an a

v
a
l
a
n
c
h

It surely is a HAZARD ZONE
That's why we put up signs
Some signs were about putting papers on her chair instead of on her desk
But that didn't stop one kid and now his paper's lost
One day we almost had heart attacks; her desk was nice and neat and clean!

Not a Problem

by Ryan Barnhart

How am I, you ask?

Look at me, why wouldn't I be great?

I was not born with disabilities due to my mother's addictions.

I did not struggle for life, weighing a meek three pounds.

I was not brought into this world an unplanned child; a financial burden.

I was never called out due to my skin color.

No one ever called me white boy, Opie, honky, cracker.

I never struggled to fit in, make friends, be accepted.

I was never the last to be picked in sports.

I didn't cry myself to sleep at night because I failed a test.

I never tried to stay away from home as much as possible because of what awaited me.

I never had to change schools and start over.

I didn't struggle with drugs.

I never worried about how I looked or what others thought of me.

I never had to struggle with a divorce.

I've always felt loved by my family.

I never had to stand by and watch my mother fight suicide.

I don't struggle with suicide.

Stress never overcomes all of my sense of reason.

I never wonder if I will ever be truly loved for who I am.

I don't struggle with alcoholism.

I have plenty of money, friends, stability.

I will never lose a loved one.

I will not be a single father.

My wife will always love me and no other man.

I will treat my children with all the love in the world and they will love me back.

Look at my pale skin, my blue eyes, this hair on my face.

How am I? Great.

No, not a problem in the world.

M. Sajjad

A little cry,
toothless smiles,
surprised faces,
scaredy eyes,
worried frowns,
sad laughters,
regrets.

life.....

life so precious!
life so worthless!
but
that's all we have.

Hacker

Sameer Arora

~~~~~

We slog in day,  
but play at night,  
Screen is our world,  
keeps burning bright.

They call us cyber-freaks,  
we rather our curios geeks,

we ditch the CNN  
for slashdot (<--- [www.slashdot.org](http://www.slashdot.org) - news site for geeks)  
forgo the HBO  
to crack programs that's fresh 'n hot

so what are we upto,  
what's our game,  
software is what we break,  
Hacker is our name!

-Sameer

Scott Yelig

Roses are red,  
violet are blue.  
Non-technical writing  
is so easy to do.

# PANIC

Shari Anderson

Panic swirled around her, like a twisting, black tornado. Nothing seemed real. She lay restlessly in a pool of sweat, waiting for the Eye of the Storm where it was calmer, more peaceful, not so scary, and not so overwhelming. She felt the cold shivers that often came with her panic attacks. She closed her eyes, desperately bracing her mind and body from the terrible onslaught. Peace would not come. Where was the calmer center of the storm? How long would she have to endure this intense fear? She spoke to herself, "It's okay. It's okay. It's okay. It'll end. It will." Over and over again, she repeated these words, trying to believe it. There had to be an end or at least a calmer place in the Eye of the Storm.

She feared death and dying, car accidents, a nuclear explosion, a stroke, a heart attack, becoming old and decrepit, losing loved ones and ending up alone, blindness. Oh, to make these thoughts go away. How long will this last? She prayed, "Please God, make this stop. I can't turn it off. Please, help me."

She lay there for twenty minutes and then felt the fear and desperation ebbing away like the tide going out in the ocean. Her body grew warmer, the sweat slowed its trickle, her heart slowed down, her breath came more normally. The panicked thoughts began to lose their intensity and reality was again within reach. She could once again put all her fears into perspective. She had made it through another attack.

The End

## **Christian, but Human**

Shonta Tolliver

I sit back and tap my feet,  
While I listen to the choir.  
I open my Bible, as the preacher preaches,  
To find what he said prior.  
I heard Mrs. Brown talking to Ms. Bell  
About something she heard dealing with Brother Price.  
He is about to have a baby,  
But not with his wife.  
He was sleeping with Sister Jackson,  
Since last year.  
When his wife found out,  
I heard she broke into tears.  
I was sick, disappointed and angry  
With Mrs. Brown, Brother Price and the whole church family.  
Gossip and other sins are spread every Sunday.  
I can't see how the preacher can preach,  
When his flock has gone crazy.  
It seems like the Devil does his best work  
Right in this church.  
I can hear right and wrong, good and bad, heaven and hell  
Blasting in each ear.  
Every Sunday is the battle of Good and Evil.  
Sadly, as I sat back and listened to the preacher and Mrs. Brown,  
I wondered whose story is better

## **Caged in My Thoughts**

Shonta Tolliver

This ere silence hunts my mind.  
As I sit and cry, wondering why  
I can not find this true person of me.  
I just can not find the real person inside.  
I wear an illuminated costume everyday.  
I feel undefined and translucent.  
The problems of today  
Would not pass my mind.  
My self-involvement  
Is the only thing of prime.  
This unbreakable horror will not go away.  
This everlasting silence is all  
That will kill me.  
I can only feel my tears,  
Tears of confusion and disappointment  
I am trap  
In the walls of my instability.  
I don't think I will ever  
Breath the air, that will calm my mind.  
I can only sit  
And decide who am I worthy to.  
Final thought.  
This horrible silence of mine,  
Will kill and bury my sense of pride.  
I can't define my identity,  
For which my mind is dead.

## **In-Depth Situation**

Shonta Tolliver

A shallow man is only good  
For getting my feet wet.  
A deep man  
Will allow me to dive in,  
So I can be rejuvenated  
By his spirituality.  
I don't just want  
To be splashed with pleasure,  
But submerged with happiness.  
I want to be drowned by intelligence,  
Not moistened with beauty and lust.  
In the shallow end,  
I am limited  
To confined walls  
In the deep end,  
I can swim as far as  
I am willing to go.  
When a little heat comes around,  
The shallow end  
Is left in dust.  
While the deep end doesn't  
Boil under the pressure.  
So why splash in arrogance,  
When I can immerse in  
Compassion.

## **Intermission**

Shonta Tolliver

I wish I  
Could have been  
The virus that  
Plagued you so.  
At least I  
Would have been  
More gentle.  
But like an artist,  
Your love is  
Appreciated more  
After death.  
Your presence  
Chiseled and  
Craved my heart  
Into a statue of  
Your affection.  
For fools, who  
Think I am alone,  
Cannot understand  
That our love  
Did not break,  
But it only  
Stretched from  
Here to the heavens.

## **A Loss of Innocence**

Shonta Tolliver

No one can  
Hear my voice,  
Because death  
Is never clear.  
Mine was so tragic and  
Pathetic, that to this day,  
I am still a disadvantage.  
While in my slumber,  
I was dragged  
Out of my home,  
Beaten and tortured  
Beyond recognition.  
I just laid in my remains  
Of a cracked skull  
And severed leg,  
While the murderer  
Achieved her desire.  
Yes, my mother covered her tracks  
And she was content with the outcome.  
As relief came with my murder,  
She brushed this off with a sigh.  
This murder was never broadcast.  
A homicide was never reported.  
This open and shut case will  
Never reach the courts.  
Now a he or she now reduced to it,  
I was just a pest that had  
To be exterminated.  
My life priced, than valued.  
I could not cure the HIV that  
Will plague my mother and  
Cancer in her mother's throat.  
When one life is lost,  
The World pays the price.  
So if you want to save a life,  
Do not sacrifice the innocent  
To the cycle of abortion

## **Overdose**

Susie Giering

the girl I taught about insomnia comes to my door crying  
she's sorry, so sorry she says  
she looks like she can't breathe so I rush her in quick  
we don't bother to turn on the light  
she took an overdose  
sleeping pills that make her say things she didn't before  
I make her smoke cigarettes  
one after another  
while she stares at nothing like it's a car accident  
I run my fingers through her hair like she's a doll  
and kiss her goodbye  
when I finally wake up, my stomach won't settle  
I watch my cereal get soggy and wash it down the kitchen sink

## **Before the Funeral**

Susie Giering

their apartment smells of stale cigarette smoke and unkempt cats  
(I never notice until I do my laundry)  
he's pacing the place and there's this rhythm to everything  
which I actually can't stand  
so I just watch it play out, unwind and wind down  
he's fixing his tie  
smoothing his hair  
and she's changing  
three times to be sure  
they primp and pose  
it's a fashion print and they leave so fast their perfume blows the hair  
out of my eyes

## **Cheap Love**

Susie Giering

he makes me cook and I am  
All-American White Trash  
eating food from a can  
with wine from a box  
a cigarette between my lips  
and my hand on my hip  
he declares me disgusting, so I strut about the place  
let him chase me, catch me in his arms  
and giggle at the faces he makes when he tastes cheap wine on my breath  
I love the look of lips when they've been kissed too hard

## **Power**

Timothy Jon Hunter

I am already given to the power that rules my fate.  
And I cling to nothing, so I will have nothing to defend.  
I have no thoughts, so I won't see.  
I fear nothing, so I won't remember.

## **Sun Chaser**

Timothy Jon Hunter

I've been a man who travels  
I've looked for the sun  
I've seen the sun once upon my travels  
And I've been chasing it from that time then  
I want to wrap my arms around it  
Like the blue sky does on a clear autumn day  
I've been a sun chaser for some time now  
And the sun's been gone down for some while  
I look sometimes to see the moon or the stars  
But nothing can compare to the sun  
See the sun shines bright and strong  
It gives life and warms anything dark  
It makes things grow strong and takes away the cold  
I've been chasing the sun for some time now  
It's been dark so long that I've lost my way east  
I keep on walking though, as lost as I may be  
I know one day I'll find it again  
Whether it be where I was or where I'm going  
I know there are a couple sun beams set apart for me

## **In Progress**

Timothy Jon Hunter

No choice but choices loss  
Too choice to make at choices cost  
Lost, beneath the hazy shaded spray  
Branches of my trees path at bay  
But who says what way  
And who say now  
Into the suns heat as I wipe my brow  
Escape from the leaves that released me how  
I'm ashamed of the life that proceeded my style  
Stylish is the heart that I wear on my sleeve  
Fashions dictate not why I take my leave  
Walk through the desert that leads to thirst  
Wrong was the first rhyme that started this verse  
Curse the echos drowns of stirs  
How timid the lion as she purrs  
Curse the lion as he purrs  
Roars the ally cat gets on my nerves  
The way I take I take alone with me  
Search in the desert for where I'll be  
Tree, has nothing to do with these  
Choices in life will follow me  
True are the grains and stains that lay on my head  
But what is mine are the tracks I tread  
Take what you want or take what you will  
But the desert paths I take are mine still  
Sorted are the thoughts and the walks that I take  
Rebirth in the desert are the stalks I'll create  
My new tree plant and the crops that I'll seed  
These are the days of the life that I lead

From "Second Song of Endeavor"

"...

Without a good society, how can we have a good government?

Without a good government, how can we have a good society?

Such a set of chain, how can we untie?

If education is not good, how can we have good politics?

If politics is not good, how can we have education at all?

Such a set of chain, how can we untie?

If we do not destroy, how can we begin construction?

Without construction, how can we destroy?

Such a set of chain, how can we untie?

..." Hu Shi (Chinese Diplomat, B.A. Cornell, 1917), The Endeavor, May 28, 1922

2003rd Song of Endeavor

If we don't respect diverse opinions, we can't appreciate diversity among people.

If all opinions are respectable, then how can we know what is good?

If we don't know what is good, how can we teach, construct, or destroy?

Such a set of chain, how can we untie?

T.R. Bieler, (Assoc. Prof., B.A. Revelle College, UCSD, 1978) Nov. 22, 2003

trosinba

Roses are Red,  
Violets are blue,

You can tell how popular this contest is,  
When you force us to write a poem for you.

(good job at blackmailing us)

Dr. Vaughn Anderson

Why my SAMBA drive  
Needs a three year old password  
Is a mystery

## **A gust of wind**

Xiangyu Wang

That evening,  
It began to snow.  
Loneliness waited for the dispersion of adolescence, blossoming on the hill.  
Those movies about love,  
They were reflected on the pane of my window.  
Sorry, I did not see them.  
I was counting my messy steps at the crossroad.

That morning,  
We went to the seashore.  
Sadness hung on the end of our hair, staying there with dew.  
Those melodies about love,  
They were whispered by the passing-by people.  
Sorry, you did not hear them.  
You were telling me your dream with an amazing smile.

When youth and beauty as a gust of wind blow,  
The tears are still on your face, but they are old.  
Someday I will have kids,  
And someday they will point at the photo,  
They will ask: who was that girl?  
What can I say, I don't know.  
Only those songs at the love age,  
They will sometime come back, hang out there, and never go.....

## **The Real World**

Matt Younker

Its Unfortunate That I Know What I Don't Want  
I'll Assume That The Interests Of A Corporation Coincide With My Own  
Who Wants To Live Hours Away From The One You Love?  
No Matter What You Know The Dumbest People Can Judge  
Why Are You Giving Me A Hard Time?  
Take Satisfaction Making The World Worse  
Tell People They Have No Right To Dream  
You Can't Change Anything  
You're Nobody  
Puts Fear Into You  
Fear Of Losing Your Job  
Fear Of Being Poor  
Nobody Cares What You Think  
You Are Not Important  
You Are Meaningless  
You Don't Know Anything  
Impose, Imperial, Autocratic, Tyrannical  
Because Being A Cynic Makes Me Happy  
Because Oppressing You Is My Moral Responsibility  
People Think They Have Every Right To Tell You That You Don't Know Anything  
After Four Years Of College  
People Distrustful Of Education  
Actually Believe That A Piece Of Paper Can Sum Up Your Life  
Be Ever Submissive To The Will Of The Company  
Actually Believe That You Are Inferior  
Ignore That Preemptive War Is Never justifiable  
The Public Must Pay Twice As Much For Medication Because The Drug Lobby Says So  
Corporate Welfare Yes  
You Must Compete With Slave Labor Whereas I Have Tenure  
Its Just A Game  
An Unfair One  
No Its Not A Game  
Allow Me To Label You  
Get Use To Me Justifying Everything With The Real World  
So You Don't Like Slavery?  
Well, Get Used To The Real World  
Get Used To Narrow Minds