

1

Stone of Affection
by Anonymous

I don't watch the news, it's just not for
me,
And you won't find a sitcom on my TV,
But one show about which I do make a
fuss
Is on VH1; it's called Rock of Love Bus

Ashley is hot, and Mindy is fair,
There are cigarettes, booze, silicone and
fake hair,
Brittania looks as if she's sent from
above,
But I just want Bret Michaels to find his
true love.

The girls all want their 15 minutes of
fame,
But Bret is smart too, he knows the real
game,
When he's had his way, its out the bus
door,
Here comes the next batch for Rock of
Love Four.

The End.

#2

I Love

By Thomas Michalik

I love how you and I first met

The party at my place

I love how we had our first kiss

Really made my heart race

I love how I felt on spring break

The feelings were surreal

I love the way we talked for hours

I knew we were for real

I love that we're still in so deep

It's been over a year

I love how the feeling's growing

The future's crystal clear

I love your smile and those brown eyes

The way you look at me

I love your hair and scrunchy nose

Wow I am so lucky

I love how you laugh at my jokes

Even when they're not great

I love the way you make me smile

I know that we were fate

I love how we fit together

With you I'm so secure

I love you so much you're the one

I've never been so sure

3

an old car made new
past loves the perfect matches
memories can lie

Anonymous

#4

There was a man called Maxwell
Who four equations did once tell.
Why ? No one knows,
But; my graying hair shows,
They've made my life a living hell.

-Naveen Nair

5

there is a new god
born of roasters and grinders
Coffee be Thy name

Anonymous

#6

Yes We Can !

By Anupam Dhyani

He did it,
Yes we can.

Black, white, Hispanic, Asian,
Disabled and Veteran,
Troubled, confused, terrified and
anxious,
Happy, confident, successful and
rambunctious
He did it,
Yes we can!

Resume`s, cover letters, interviews and
rejection,
Molten economy and potential
"depression".
Frozen hiring and jobs declining,
Laid off workers and companies
whining.
Dow crying, NASDAQ dying,
Stocks, debentures, mortgages and loans,
All failing while the public moans.
Foreclosure, bankruptcy, mergers and
Bailouts,
Democrats, republicans and all political
touts.
Trying times for us and all,
Yet should we wait and stand tall?
Hope,
And wait for him to pull our rope?
Well, why not?
He did it
Yes we can!

Uncle Sam, Stars and Stripes,
He the piper and we the pipes.

Huffing, puffing tired and wasted,

8 years of defeat tasted.
Let him catch his breath and run,
We will again witness the fun.
Dow will soar, NASDAQ will rise,
Again leaving us all surprised.
Hold your own, hold it high,
Hold it till the trials go by.
Hold the string, hold it tight,
I Promise it will be worth the fight.
Wait!
Wait, watch and behold,
Wait till the bounties unfold.

He stood, he waited,
And then he ran....
If he did it,
YES WE CAN!

#7

Programmer's Haiku

impenetrable:
until proven otherwise,
input is evil.

Rich Enbody

8

Day By Day
Sam Moser

Day by day, search for time,
clawing sand, fail to climb.

Day by day, scratch and pout,
seeking for an easy out.

Day by day, try to find
answers lost in our mind.

Don't know why we pursue
whatever humans do,
but I do know one day
our bodies come unglued.

When that destined day nears,
I will be free of fears.

Day by day, touch and feel
things we perceive as real.

Day by day, hearts survive,
pump enough, stay alive.

The answers always were

incorrect but so sure.

The impossible stretch-
es creativity.

Don't let the questions drain
your time or your psyche.

Day by day, suck air through
this body our skin glues.

Day by day, hold on tight,
this life keeps burning bright

9

Justify This Death

Sam Moser

You pull me out from a hole you've
carved in this lake.

Slap me on ice confused flailing
helplessly.

Where are all my friends? Why's it hard
to breathe right now?

The blade cuts me deep, feel it rub
against my spine.

Hope you enjoy eating my flesh.

Do I taste good enough to justify this
death?

Sit back and think what you're doing to
me.

What you're doing to me.

I may be different from you but I feel the
same.

Your language I do not speak you don't
know my name.

Gasping for air I imagine you killing me.

Please let me out to sea where I can live
and be free.

Hope you enjoy eating my flesh.

Do I taste good enough to justify this
death?

Sit back and think what you're doing to
me.

What you're doing to me.

#10 Moments Like These

Sam Moser

Pinned on the bottom
of a lake that's long,
staring up I see
something is wrong.

Friends float above me
but they cannot see
I'm dying below,
I cannot breathe.

No eyes watch babies
but they aren't asleep,
they're in the water,
you're smoking weed.

The one who sees me
runs down selflessly,
the raft is lifted,
again I breathe

Moments like these remind
me how lucky we are
to know how to survive,
be anything at all.

Laying in the rain
overcome with pain,
people take shelter,
think I'm insane.

Feel my insides scream,
soaked in gasoline,
waiting for a match
burn thru the seam.

On the drive back home
I'm lost in agony,
everyone quiet,
just let him be.

Collapse on my bed,
I'd feel better dead.
Anesthesia in,
appendix out.

Moments like these remind
me how lucky we are
to know how to survive,
be anything at all.

11

Srirangan Giritharan

A kiss
A peck on the cheek soothes the soul,
No matter the worry,
Or how hard times may seem,
A peck on the cheek to show they care,
Melts the heart and makes life seem fair

#12

A St. Patty's day rhyme,
Just in time,
To dry this ink,
Before a drink,
Isn't that Great?
So don't be late,
To the bat at nine.

-anonymous

#13

Roses are red,
Farrets are hairy,
It's a damn good thing,
I'm not allergic to dairy.

-anonymous

14

Change

I hope I didn't change things

Like a weather vane in the wind

I hope it didn't ruin my chance

Like failing near the end

I hope these feeling get washed away

Like a forgotten pebble on a beach

I hope there is a sign

This change

Wasn't caused

Byme

#15

My Escape

I stayed in bed all day

Underneath the covers

Hiding from reality

And for once the world couldn't
touch me

#16

The Jog

Dedicated to everyone who at least tried.

Donald Wu

Morning comes and I arise,
Wipe away my sleepy eyes,
Step outdoors and stretch my thighs,
I forgot my keys inside.

Back to stretching and warming up,
Water? Of course, I had three cups,
Finally time to get rid of my gut,
My socks don't match, just my luck.

Tie the shoes with a hard, firm grip,
Otherwise I could easily trip,
I'm ready now and looking slick,
I just notice my shorts are ripped!

Carpe Diem, this day I shall seize,
"It's okay, I could use the breeze,"
I sit down to extend my knees,
Crack I just broke my MP3.

Just when I thought everything was fine,
My socks and shorts: a fashion crime,
It's probably a cosmic sign,
I'll have to try running another time.

#17

“Light”

Azadeh Sheidaei

Light worship is an old custom
Night in this battle betray its meaning

#18

“Engineering”

Azadeh Sheidaei

Not just math, not just experiment,
something in between

Employs math and make the experience
easier

Understanding its beauty is not
summarized in its appearance

You should understand it with your heart

And then, it would be very joyful for
you

Taking away you with itself to the new
world

You are not yourself anymore

You are a new person!

#19

Azadeh Sheidaei

Sharp eyes

Eager mind

And deep thoughts

All are scientist's characteristics

That never became famous

#20

Like a Woman Scorned
Valentine Nsofar

It must be encoded in a woman's DNA
To constantly forgive him for she always
seems to stay
From the silly games he plays to the
lying everyday
She always seems to stay and he always
gets his way
She prays that he will change, but she
knows it's wishful thinking
His actions only worsen and her hope
continues sinking
It started off with cursing and his
weapons were his words
But now he's more hands-on, even
burned her to the third
Degree, as she pleads, and she begs for
him to cease
Deceased she may be, but she loves him
endlessly
Covets tremendously their pseudo
chemistry
Daily he easily takes her love
relentlessly
She offers him a kiss and he offers her
his fists
She bothers to persist on loving her little
cyst

The final straw was drawn when he beat
her to a pulp
What even made it worse was that he
told her it's her fault
The insults to injury added salts to her
wound
She thought of ways of vengeance, and
brainstormed his doom
See he thought all was smooth so little
he had knew
This man was more naive than an infant
from the womb

This bride shall blow a deadly kiss to her
grimy groom
He didn't know their room would soon
be his tomb
As he slept, she had loomed and crept
over their bed
She mirrored his love and took a
hammer to his head
As he bleed and painfully laid there in
his rest
Using her fingernail she left a trail on his
chest
With his blood she had written, "OUR
LOVE IS TRUE"
As she thought to herself, "this hurts me
more than it hurts you?"
Some say love is blind, but rather love is
blinding
To some women it's blissful, and to
others it's binding
Men should tamper not with the thing
she holds sacred
Heaven has no rage like her love turned
to hatred
In the past and in the present, we have
all been warned
That hell hath no fury like a woman
scorned

#21 All Men are Dogs

Valentine Nsofar

The dogma of many women states that
all men are dogs
If that doctrine holds true then what dog
are you
Are you a Great Dane
A dog, whose noble ways are never
feigned,
And strictly resides by his pride
Or are you a Pit Bull
A dog that takes bull from no one
Everybody knows one,
The possessive dog that's aggressive to
a fault
How about a Greyhound
A dog renowned for being fast and fun
in more ways than one
Or a Cocker Spaniel
A kind canine with no spine that always
finds his position at a woman's feet
A disposition to be scared of other mutts
and is quick to retreat to defeat
But ladies and dames be very aware
When messing with dogs all mayn't be
fair
Be not naïve and inept when you choose
one as a pet
And try not to domesticate him
For you might emasculate him
That would truly be animal cruelty
Truth be told, if the creed upholds,
And all men are dogs, indeed
You should choose one wisely from a
special breed
Therefore, consider yourself lucky
To end up with one,
That son-of-a-gun,
Or you may find yourself stuck with a
puppy

#22

THE BEST LOVE
Valentine Nsofar

Who, what, when, where, and why is
love
A four letter entity that's a remedy
To the hurting hearts of plenty
The love of which I speak is wholly
endless
Many know of a senseless love but this
love is holy
This love is infinity
A love for the Trinity
A mighty love for the Almighty One
A love for the Holy Spirit,
And the Almighty Son
This love goes deeper than the flesh
It replenishes the soul,
It fills the heart's empty hole
And makes life feel whole
His love leads us away from false idols
It's vividly described in the Bible
But one shouldn't stand idle in its
presence
This love's essence deserves to be
praised
It mustn't be priced,
It can't be appraised
It hasn't a guise,
For it's the purest and most precious
The surest of all loves, its nature is
infectious
A sweet love for God is a righteous
confection
Declare it and wear it
And be not afraid to make it your
profession
Take a lesson in this love or risk spiritual
debt
For anyone who does not love remains
in death
When we thirst,
God's love is our replenishment

Put Him first
Perfect love drives out fear, for fear
deals with punishment
So ask me the five questions about love,
I won't shun
I will answer,
For God so loved the world that he gave
his one and only son.

23

My Pillow

Nicholas Ballou

Always there when needed whether it be
night or day
Calmly comforting no matter whether I
be in joy or dismay
Take an undeserved beating when the
times are rough
But always quickly restore to your
comforting fluff
All my harshness and curses you
confidentially keep
Your comforting presence allows me to
easily sleep
Always there when I am in need of
someone to hold
Creating an incredible warming
sensation when I am cold
Raise my head soothingly, so I am at
total ease
Have such importance and meaning
many may fail to see
My pillow is always there for me, never
needing a cue
I am very glad to know that my pillow is
you.

#24

A Senior

Nicholas Ballou

There's no changing of the past, it is
simply too late
No way of being completely prepared
for a future date
You belong in the moment, neither
future nor past
"now" is here only for an instant, it will
not last
Take full advantage of the moment, have
no regrets
Take the time to make memories that
you won't forget

These quick years in school in which we
all have grown
Soon to leave the familiar and meet the
unknown
The time seems to pass at an accelerated
rate
Simple decisions must be made of love
or hate
Mere moments left together and then all
will move on
And then we'll all question where the
time has gone
We'll all say farewell forever the
moment we part
Except for those that remain true to their
heart

25

Messages of the Birds
Vanessa Mitchner

Funny, some of these bird names...
Hairy Woodpecker,
Tufted Titmouse,
Warblers, Cuckoos,
Sapsuckers.

Hairy stopped by today,
just as I opened to read
the poetry prompt for the day –
“Animals.”
Well of course, Hairy likes to share a
good story too.
“Tell them the one about handsome
King Hairy...”

He was sitting right there in view,
on the top of a tall piece of driftwood,
almost eye level,
cocked it's head to the left, perhaps,
for a better look, questioning me,
“Well? You gonna write something?”

Titmouse, there were several around
all day,
flitting back and forth, from Cedar
trees to feeders.
Each time, landing on the top of the
metal hook,
sound off it's sweet tune of gratitude,
grab a sunflower seed
and then flit back to the tree again.

“EAGLE! Flying right over top of the
house!”
These woods and rivers, she flies
above them every day,
our messenger of community, and
lately,
so much about healing past
communities,
our ancestors.

Hairy returns, for one more look,
seems to sort of nod,
and then swiftly sails to the top of an
old Oak tree.
He is our drummer, thumping out
messages from the Earth.
If you stop, quiet yourself, and listen
closely,
you will know exactly what he is
saying to you.

#26

When you open to repent
Why do you wait to fire?

Doubt
Paul Suchyta

I am the voice you silence
The whisper when you're young
The barb inside that tears your pride
The tar within your lung
Why can't you see me?

I am the brake that halts
When the road gets rough
The veil that falls when challenge calls
And living proven tough
Why are you surprised by me?

I am the path obscure
The song of mind insane
The snap of bone when senses hone
The cut of hope in twain
Why can't you grasp me?

I am the flash intense
That shakes apart your view
The force unleashed that fortress
breached
The light upon the clue
Why do you fear me?

I am the light concealing
The truth scholar left
The foreign hue of life anew
The rupture order cleft
Why do you run from me?

I am the lance irreverent
That pierced Blessed hide
I bring the flood that takes your blood
To clear the space inside
Why would you be immune?

I am the final bullet
When the chamber is spent
The weapon true that comes to view

#27

Light up Da Chip
Paul Suchyta

You come down here, act like a big man
Your industry move at a snail pace, got
nothin' on our plan
Say you and your crew got the next big
thing
Down where we roll, small is king
Listen son, go back to your lab, 'cause
you got nothing on what we can fab
You got fuel cells, well that's cool, too
bad yo daddy learned that in school!
Payin' for gas man, it's such a chore,
maybe you shoulda ran with Moore!
Doublin' your pleasure, every one point-
five, your next gen on the bench, ours
goin' live!

Your elixir heal the flu, spill out the
pheromone, made that head patch grew
Your conference talk got some sick
special effects,
But we take yo influenza and stuff in
100 Tx!
Monsanto got yo corn down to just six
cent?
That's good, your broke ass might pay
the rent
Yeah, our transistor once cost \$5.52, but
now how does 191 nanobucks sound to
you?
You rollin' in your limo, showin' your
"ice", but we took your rocks and made
'em tight
Just elemental carbon in yo grip, but
doped em with boron, light up the chip,
took our wafer, cut with diamond tip!
Did I lose you? Don't waste my time, I
could cut your hide with just silicon
nitride!
But I just started with my carbon game,
made tubes so small put molecules to
shame!

You say the curve is flat, silicon's done,
betta use that crap for cosmetic rack
But we ain't gonna stop, check the out
the lit, cause architecture is back!
Yo dumb ass vocab got less words than
my RISC,
You bring yo hate in serial, but I parallel
tick,
Got so many cores them monkeys
trippin' on the code!
Yo ol' lab equip can't handle the
instruction load?
We holla back at Ford, send you a pipe,
got them instructions runnin' like they
pants alright!

You got three PhDs? I ain't gonna lie, I
got more intel in an Itanium die!
Yo game is done, better take a hiatus
Cause my chip now got adaptive body
bias!
You try to trip me up, change your
demand,
But I just take your front and send back
the remand,
My chip can take anything you can
throw, it change its VDD while it go!
You say my chip heat up like a nuclear
reactor,
Man, that chip was last year, that shit is
old
I chucked that package in the trash
compactor!
Now I got my circuits blazin' sub-
threshold!
My transistors are stacked
My leakage axed

I break through the power wall like a
Minotaur!
Your power trap don't have me caught,
I'm out processing in nanowatt!

I see you there, mouth agape, don't
know how that silicon shape
You thought we dead at one micron wall

Continue # 27

But we change up the lithography to
break the fall
We make them features smaller than UV
wave,
Bring out the optics, creative chemistry
save,
Got us some phase-shifting glaze
Got me a sputter gun, set the plasma
ablaze
We speed up yo chip, put "A"-“L” on
hold
Make yo contacts otta copper or gold
We press down to point two-five, point
one-eight,
We down to 35 nano even as late!
Should light fail in a year, we got the
path clear
We can rebuild the industry, our tech is
hot
Bring out the E-beam to etch isotrop!

Yeah, you hear about Ampere in yo
physics class,
Man's a baller, but his work is past
We got so small, got Angstrom on edge
Got them electrons tunneling through the
oxide hedge
You say we done, scaling past its prime
But I got high-K to keep them electrons
in line!
Submicron still own GDP, its run was
fun,
But we moving on down and goin'
quantum!
We make the dots, we fill the well,
Dead or alive this cat runs like a bat
outta hell!
Our computation power too much for
you hatas;
We crunchin' them numbers like a
regular Data!
Hinesburg doubt trying to cripple my
style, but we predict electron spin like a
Nostradamus file!

Once we put quantum on the shelf, you
watch for mystery's health
'Cause we solve yo NP-complete while
you go out to eat!

My homies hear the call, we know
Amdahl,
We gots the goal of trippin' out every
piece of this whole
Our electrons might spin, but yo disk can
wait, we give the HD that goes solid-
state!
Yo portable memory our boys perfect,
We fabbin' yo FLASH with hot-electron
inject!
Yo dreams of USB 3 keep you up at
night, but soon we send yo data with
light!
You pretty proud of that fly Macbook
Air, but we making comps that fit under
yo hair!
You biologists try make your
supersoldiers too,
but watch yo back else our bots turn
your ass to "grey goo"!
We be runnin' yo brain, fixing yo
nerves, using our nanobots to kill viral
surge
You betta get in line, hold yo breath, else
I send yo synapses a Blue Screen of
Death!
Mother Nature runs a pretty sick show,
them brains runs smart and gotta cool
flow
We study her art, make our tech smart,
We sign up the tag team, and split yo
view at the seam!
We changin' the world, nothin'll be the
same, soon you haters will have props
for our game
Though the challenges pile up, we got no
fear
We the engineers, bitches, and the future
is here!

28

Only Human

Paul Suchyta

I remember the day I saw you there, eyes
sparkling like a star,
I changed my step to meet your gaze, but
you looked on afar.
Though I never heard your voice, I knew
the melody of its tune.
A storm turned about the world, but you
found a quiet lagoon.
I breathed the smell of wildflowers, felt
the gentle breeze,
Surely this is where my roots should
settle, all others just a tease.

I've journeyed through the wilderness
and seen every color of the Earth
But here seed floats on air and nurtures
in her hearth,
All this time I had laid down sweat in
toil,
To find the tiny flower that blossomed in
this soil.

You skipped across the bridge and said,
"Nice to meet you there;
I heard the patter of your feet, though
you tried to step with care.
The clearing that I rest in is quiet on
some days;
The sun shines its soft glow and casts off
the morning haze.
The meadow grows slowly, unkempt by
farmer's hand,
Till the weather change, sun descend,
consider it too your land."

I've never seen a smile quite like yours,
though I wish I had,

Those silent curves serene did hang, but
spoke of something sad,
"The planks here have borne many
questing eyes,
But I am only human, and in time they
saw surprise"

Though the highways kept me running, I
slowed when you were near,
I was born with throbbing veins, but
nothing will beat here.
Only the heart does drum when rainfall
come, heralded by misty treat:
The grey sky blanketed inside a perfume
tasting gently sweet.
I looked up at the front amassing, and let
out with a sigh,
"There's beauty all about this place,
when waited change is nigh."

I may have found a treasure here, but no
need to build a fence;
This sky shares all the colors of the
rainbow, even when it's tense.
I looked up to the clouds and sang, "Cast
down your cooling lace,
Your swirling currents bring life to
Earth, and dance with her grace."

You didn't notice my approach this time,
as you shivered in the rain;
Your eyes grew wide and trembled with
your pain.
The light on my face fed the brewing
storms above,
Fauna must take shelter from the storm,
as must love,
Your empty gaze said clear to me, "Why
come in weather black?
The sun has gone for later days: left the
sky to spit its flack."

The storm took a pointed twist, sending
a jolt through your hair:
"Hurry now, don't stay here, death is
hanging in the air:

I love the time that I spend here, but I've
seen the wind spill blood;
I am only human, and I can't endure this
flood"

I grabbed your unsteady hand, and tried
to calm your nerve,
"I've seen you in the rain before, and
seen how it does serve,
To put a feather in your step, and joy
into the dance.
I know you fear the rain this time is
pointed as a lance,
But breathe in its vigor, slow down your
heart:
You'll have a child's smile on your face,
and jump like he does dart"

The city afar may curse the water and
the roads it slicks,
But it soaks the world with life and helps
the cosmos tick,
"You say you're only human, and you
can't escape this strife,
But Mother says your dance is beautiful,
and it sings with all her life"

You look into my eyes and say I don't
understand;
You've seen the water humble earthen
land:
Sweep away the crops laid there, and
drown it in its wake.
"I've seen too much lost in the dark.",
you say, "This chance I cannot take.
I will not let you suffer as they once
have, not while I still live.
I sent them too away to shelter them, in
time you will forgive."

You lower your head to the ground,
embracing of your fate,
"Each day I journey here may be my
final date.
I knew this when I came here; one thing
I know for sure:

I am only human, and this doubt has no
cure"

I put my arm around your shoulder and
whispered in your ear,
"The home I left flooded once, and left
all the fields clear,
But in time the banks did fill with
bounty that fed ev'ry town.
Now I see the straining barriers in your
eyes, the pressure behind your frown;
Too many rivers have dried up in man's
hands: please let your river flow;
Take down those dams that mask your
eyes, and let your whole self show."

Spires of steel and lights immaculate
have led our kin astray:
They forget once all lied on rocks, and
we were forged of clay,
"You say you're only human, well I am
human too;
Your caring heart will lead the start of
others to renew"

You've dwelt in this distant meadow, for
year upon a year,
You say "Few have ever found this
place, thus I can't help but fear,
There is no road left back to the city; no
help will ever come,
Our little homes lie far apart: The hope
of unity is done."
I say I didn't need a road to find you
here, your presence spoke itself
You light the sky from your beauty
inside: from your soul's vibrant health.

You say "Look what this has done to
me, thoughts of time alone,
I have no will to wander for I couldn't
find a home.
I have stumbled on the journey, and cut
into my heel,
I am only human, and I can't help but
feel"

Continue #28

I see the fire burning in your eyes; it too
had struck me blind.
Each blurred visage you gaze upon
seems to glow in kind.
You say, "I've tended this garden ev'ry
year, but never does it bloom,
Perhaps it too is nothing more than
tinder to spark with certain doom.
You cared for me once Mother, and
cradled me at night;
But you bred this stinging rage, and
threw me to this fight!"

You fall upon the ground once you
release your scream,
The tired husk about you smolders as
your eyes with water teem,
"I know you hate the fury of your
forge," I said, "for all the flesh it sears.
But through that very heat will
mountains seat, and flowers rise from
your tears. "

A child, bold in youth, in rubber down
the river sailed,
You couldn't help but look up and smile
while you hailed,
"Take care, young soul, like you I once
saw ev'ry wall,
An adventure in the making, a portal that
would call,
Me onto another world that would dazzle
ev'ry sense"
"You never lost that spark," I said,
"Don't speak in that tense"

I've traveled to many corners of the this
world, and while many flowers I could
find,
Never have I seen one bright as yours,
with scent of peace divine.

You may be only human, with the
tethers that may entail,
But the thorns you harbor beside your
rose can't help but pale.

I remember back to days long ago, when
all the world was white,
The flowers lied down to sleep through
the long, frigid night.
Though the chill was felt in ev'ry bone,
and turned ev'ry pink cheek blue,
The Earth's long rest was not a test to
the steady beat in you.
You jumped up from your slumber, and
with a fog proclaimed,
"All creation born endured this scorn,
and I too will see it tamed."

Our Mother like ev'ry light among the
stars does wax and wane,
Though even they dim in time, to leave a
galaxy in flame.
You may be only human, but your spirit
cannot give in;
You greet the storms with angelic forms,
and sculpting charcoal grin.

The torrent rolls through and lines with
dew the field where we stand,
The sun softly paints the sky with pink
as we walk hand in hand.
Upon the meadow a silence fell, save a
cheery avian tune.
Your gentle warmth thaws hearts like
March, and nurtures life like June;
Your smile colors the sky around you
like a setting October sun;
I want to walk in those April springs,
and through that winter snow run

We're only human, and in that we can be
proud,
We carry the spark of Einstein mind and
the voice of Seraph's laud,
Your heart harbors Spartan courage and
a mother's boundless love,

Your dance echoes the hummingbird's
pulse and the grace of quiet dove,

Our helices turn with the weight of
heroes' strength and the rhythm of
conductor's score,
You like me are only human, and I
couldn't dream of more.

29

Reach Ever Farther
Paul Suchytap

I recall that night long ago, when all the world was calm.
Not a sound was made in that silent void, no current to call the storm,
No voice to give it birth, or restless heart to tame:
But I was there in that empty place, awake on that first morn;
I arose to light the world from a pebble to a flame,
From the spark, my love, you arose, though you were still asleep:
The blanket of time would hide your eyes; your light was mine to keep.

A wind you had never known blew all my seeds from me,
I was there in those early hours, when the storm first turned:
The specs swum in that endless sea throughout the frigid night;
I pulled their weight to me, and taught them what they learned:
That together they would turn worlds, and set the sky alight.
I saw, like you, they had fire deep inside, though this they could not know,
I set the spark that turned the dark, and tied you in their tow.

The depths above flared with love, though the blanket held you still,
Your veil thinned as they turned and gave birth to forms their own,
But that veil that masked your eyes seemed to but fade one thread a year.
The clouds that filled the sky parted, and in their wake left bone.
No water lined your garden, nor even formed a tear.
Those fibers I bore would line your skin, and cradle your sleepy head,

My glowing smile knew all the while that the sky would not stay dead.

I dwelled with you for countless breaths, as your home took form.
The garden I laid down lay cracked and burning smoke,
It would not green before fire clean, and the clouds boil:
Though the builder never tired, and gladly took the yoke,
His spirit endured the blasting heat, bore the scars in toil,
'Till he pulled those stubborn bricks, and spun them in forms anew:
He took the strife that sparked new life, all in hope of you.

In time you wrote of glory, and the spark divine you bore;
But you kin's first breath drew from goo a wound outpoured,
Your whole world bloomed from a tiny push I sent,
That rammed those tiny strings to form that chain adored.
These chains did not bind, but rather freedom lent:
Freed you from my gentle hand, and left you to the mire,
But that grand dream would make water teem, and quiet the garden's fire.

In those infant years, your eyes were still closed tight.
You had climbed out from the pit, but around the fire still glared,
I painted each child with the strokes of plan anew:
So that though death would claim you, it would not leave your kin impaired:
The legacy you left would keep you steady, and keep you walking true,
Towards the great dream you had, where you could feel my grace;

Continue # 29

That tapestry I drew spun slow and grew
'till all could see your face.

The sky belt sounds throughout the
years, and meld you with a roar,
Finally your eyes were opened, and
filled the sky with song;
Though you could not know me, with all
the questions in your mind.
Finally my children walked the land and
had hearts that could long,
To live, to grow, to see my work in the
beauty they could find,
The might that they could see, and the
mysteries that held their tongue,
Though it took countless days to set the
stage, the journey had begun.

You strolled throughout the garden, and
gave every sight a name;
Ran with my other children, and saw the
sky you share;
Reached out to your kin and saw within
their eyes
A special light that sparkled unlike the
others there.
In life and death the garden fed you, and
showed you some surprise,
In the movement of the lights above you,
and the fire its spark lit:
You came to hold the fires of old that
forged the role you fit.

Though each mind was but an instant, a
fickle speck in time,
Your neighbors spread out their arms
and let a destiny unfold.
You tilled the land that cradled you, and
bent it to your will,
Reaped what I had planted, riches far
more precious than gold:
Forged extensions for your hands, and
ate my bounty to your fill.

I marveled at your spirit, at the creations
you laid out,
But I saw you stall after your crawl, and
in your pride evil tout.

Though but an ant in my meadow, you
were giants of your plane,
You took the blessings I had given you
and with them spilled your blood;
Collected the power of your wit and will,
and built up cities strong,
Wandered round sands and seas and
settled in a cyclic flood.
Though wood and stone you hewed, you
couldn't help but long,
To learn the spirits that drove the stars,
and the story of your birth,
Your questing sages sought the pages of
the book beyond your hearth.

Your future filled with color as you
gazed through the kaleidoscope in your
mind,
You took up the pen and sword, the
hammer and the flute,
Drew lines across the parchment you
held that spoke of distant shores,
Swore oaths to kings that kept you
strong, and gods that kept you mute.
You prayed for blessings you already
had, and knowledge you adored,
Ascribed to them the changing flows and
ebbs that blew across your homes.
Though you tried to gaze through truth's
thick haze, blanks filled your scribbled
tomes.

As you moved forward in your quest,
you stumbled long the way:
Your neighbors around distant fires I had
painted in beauty all their own;
You saw their lives, and heard their
creeds, and questioned of their power:
Feared the light outside your door, the
rebel spirit flown,

Continue # 29

Away from the law that held you firm,
and the wisdom of the hour;
Your legions conquered foreign hands,
and to them iron shackles gave.
At the start I trained your heart, but still
you called him slave.

I had blessed you with a gift, to see
beyond your eyes,
Throughout the ages brave souls arose
who strained to hear my voice,
In my whispers they learned the letters,
the lyrics of my verse,
Channeled the song into numbers, and
presented you the choice:
To let go of the legends to which you
clung, the wisdom you held first,
To see the dignity of ev'ry soul, and the
unity in ev'ry force,
To set your wisdom best to the test, and
harness fully your discourse.

Though the song is complicated, and you
lack the ears to hear,
Your tireless toil to learn the notes and
try your own to compose;
Bore fruit in understanding, and built the
foundation on which you laid,
Cities that stretched towards the sky, and
machines that would impose,
Your strength upon your cradle and
would make the night fade.
Your brethren traveled all around my
garden, until they ended where they
began,
Your newfound might now put in sight
all the wonders you could plan.

You poked and prodded ev'ry thing
around you, and with some bruises
learned,
The numbers that told the stars to move,
and the baby child to grow,

The tiny grains within you that wrote the
secret tale,
That built ev'ry rock and tree, and new
wonders you would show,
Would make the mysteries you once
revered only seem to pale.
That great surge that sent you fire long
ago, you would channel in part,
To give you heat and be the beat of
industry's pounding heart.

You peered into depths beyond your
limiting gaze,
Reached for wisdom beyond the stars
and in every space confined;
Though you thought you had the
answers, and had just the constants left,
Experience spoke and with a shock
replied,
Told you off all you had left to discover,
that you had not even cleft
The tip of that wondrous iceberg, the
depth of all I've seen,
Each atom core holds much more than
you could ever dream.

Just as life must come from death, and
day give way to night,
You found the song you learned could
also choose to sear:
The forces that bind all mass whole
would tear cities in twain.
I saw the mushroom paint that sky and
let from my eyes a tear,
But in time you found that fire could be
harnessed other than in pain:
You cleaned the sky with charcoal
scrubs, and let the atom light,
Its power in toil made water boil, and
grew your hopes in height.

Your intrepid spirit ventured to the
world above your Earth:
You dreamed of man beyond his cradle,
and meeting life like him,

Continue # 29

From the horrors of war you built the
tower that legends once foretold,
With a burst of fire you reached to the
stars, and for a time the world forgot sin,
With one small step, you left your cradle
and ventured into the cold:
Into a depth so vast it boggled the mind,
with features enchanting and wild:
In the quiet of space you touched my
face, and I embraced my child.

You explored too the galaxy in your
hand, and the one beneath the sea,
You flipped the switch between two
digits, and changed the world you saw;
With computer tick and rodent click, you
made the round world flat:
Distant brothers met and spoke without
even moving of the jaw.
Now you gaze into the future, and
wonder what's next to bat:
You hold the key to change the song,
and to move the stage,
But heed with care your power there, lest
you turn life to phage.

Though your quest is ever humbled, and
your pride will often burn;
You trudged on and with a longing
yearned,
To build a future safe and secure, one
which would employ,
All the efforts of your fathers, the
lessons they had learned,
The failings they have endured, the
times that gave them joy,
And bring a time when all are fed, are
loved and live to help you stand:
Each member small will find his call, to
be greater than he planned.

Though you try to learn it all, and master
all you see,

The fields I laid have countless wonders,
and are infinite in scope,
The space beyond stretches faster than
light you send to meet.
Though sometimes your mind will falter,
and your will cannot cope:
You will find the journey is the goal:
there is no finish line to greet.
Though you breathe but a second, and
wonder why you live,
Each act you make for human sake will
hope the future give.

What lays before you, child, I could
never know,
You have delighted me in every age, and
each time brought a script anew,
The stage is there for you to dance upon:
care for it as you see fit;
Remember that though your ancestors
struggled, they didn't quit but grew,
Added to the song another note, and ever
hoped to get,
Just one inch closer to the heavens,
closer to my face,
Reach forever and forget never this most
sacred place.

30

Untitled.

Mignonne Natasha Silva

Truth makes me
Listen to you
Dance and Play
With You
Dream and Love
too.

31

Mignonne Natasha Silva

Ask

Be

Being with you

Choose

Choosing You

Dream

Dreams for you

Love

Loving you

I do.

#32

January River
Frank Hatfiled

Trees pause their slow rhythm,
posing naked save for tutus - crystal and
fluff,
festive gifts of December's flood, since
passed.

The river is oblivious:
no image forms on milky lens,
rigid ripples offer no applause, and
dancers fallen from the stage are not
borne away.

Clutching this blue-white strobe flash in
eternity,
I am reluctant to move, to breathe,
denying time.

#33

Edward Olsen

我是美国人，
可是我知道中文。
大家得学语。

#34

I Once Was a Writer

Logan Larson

1 – I Was Born

This world was birthed a writer,
Which it is I'm sure abundant,
As I was born unhappy,
As much as I am now redundant.

2 – The Cursed Gift

It's not to say writing makes one
depressed
Or that depression makes one write,
It's much the opposite I do attest,
They feed off each other's plight.
See, it is the best way to absolve despair
To possess this poetry as if it were
prayer,
And it is the easiest way to fill an inkless
pen
To simply be miserable deep within.

3 – Indulge the Demons

With each new poem I'd plead and plead
With all my plea to pardon my evil deed.
But I'd write and write
With all my might,
As if with these words, I'd be freed.

4 – A Scenic Cynic

A menacing mope,
A sinful cope,
And a bitter, gelid heart.
Through this scope
I told no hope,
From which, I stood apart.

5 - Sovereignty through Cynicism

It truly was the lonely liaison
Between giving up and manic
desperation.

But all the same, it is to this life I'd give
This one pessimistic gift for which I'd
live.

6 – An Abrupt Halt

My mind was once ablaze
With this cursed writer's craze,
But now I'm in a dangerous daze,
A sort of... poetic malaise.

7 – Reasons for Writer's Block

I will never have a tranquil mind,
It's to be peregrine by sin,
But with that behind
It is amusing to find
That now, I am, the most happy of
melancholy men.

8 – A Realization

So perhaps with a hoping hurrah
It is this writer's hors de combat.

9 – A Final Farewell

So I wrote these poems and this sincere
story
Never for fortune or fame, nor glory.
If it's true that this is to be my final spat
Then it's been an astounding allegory,
And with that—

10 – I Once Was a Writer

I implore,
I put down my hollowed pen
And wrote no more.
But until we meet again,
Farewell my most faithful friend.

35

By **Logan Larson**

Don't ask me if you're living,
Do you fulfill me or not?
And if you do, run in grace,
And be happy.

I am light
But without me what is darkness?
I am one of two essential ideals:
Both utter opposites
Twiddling through the world
Like long lost twins.

I'm supposed to be
Beautiful and benevolent,
But too often I'm the subject
Of despair and hopelessness.

Through me you will
Learn of love, and feel rejection.
Through me you'll hear
Honesties and deceits;
Happiness and sorrows;
Laughs and tears;
Prayers and pleads.
Through me you'll see
Persistence and conceding;
Hopes and hates;
Dreams and nightmares.

I'm tired of saying sorry.

I hate my job.

Some will love me,
Some will forsake me,
For some I'm the grain,
For others I'm the splinter.
But either way:
This may not be your day
But this is your life.

Forever in your duty,
Life

Don't ask me if you're dying.
Do you see me or not?
And if you do, run like hell,
Not towards it.

I am darkness
But without me what is light?
I am one of two essential ideals:
Both utter opposites
Twiddling through the world
Like long lost twins.

I am supposed to be
Despairing and hopeless
But too often I am the subject
Of beauty and benevolence.

Through me you will
Learn of love, and feel rejection.
Through me you'll hear
Honesties and deceits;
Happiness and sorrows;
Laughs and tears;
Prayers and pleads.
Through me you'll see
Persistence and conceding;
Hopes and hates;
Dreams and nightmares.

I'm tired of saying sorry.

I hate my job.

Some will love me,
Some will forsake me,
For some I'm the grain,
For others I'm the splinter.
But either way:
This may not be your day
But this is your life.

Forever in your duty,
Death

36

Ducks on Ice
Logan Larson

The spring brings the birds back
By air, punctuating the slate sky,
Finding homes in the warming waters,
Scattering upon the lakes like seeds of
rye.

The heat keeps them keen on sandy
beaches
With the summer breeze and blissful
rays,
They play all day like kids in a bath;
The rafts of ducks set the sea ablaze.

Then their luminous feathers strike
bright
In the sun above the golden autumn
leaves,
They withdraw back to their content
climate,
They escape their once northern retreat.

The winter is silent, not one bird is heard
In the harsh, blistering blizzards that
come,
And their blissfulness goes away with
them,
And the blissfulness within keeps mum.

Then, finally, the spring brings them
back,
Their glorious return a triumphant
parade,
But what if this were not so, but what if
They never left, but just stayed?

Their charcoal and emerald feathers
Shine radiantly against the white snow,
And their golden beaks and tangerine
toes
Blatantly contrast the ground below.

The cold winter winds frost their
feathers
And their nearly naked faces all but
freeze,
But they are happy, they are happy
indeed,
Waddling back to the waters of the
unfrozen seas.

How can something so simple,
Yet so stunning, seem so wrong?
Because sometimes the most beautiful
Blossoms from what doesn't belong.

#38

The Blizzard
Logan Larson

The powerful thrusts of frozen gusts
Push into my mighty gasps.
Each step I step through snow and still
More snow until I lose my grasp.

Snow six feet deep of derelict doom,
Digs up and up like a drifting dune,
My face faced down to conceal myself.
The end is near. I'll be there soon.

And still I step, and still step again,
As if each step I stem a gain.
I press harder the farther I press my way
And hope still holds it's not in vain.

The deadening clouds embark the dark,
Each ice that strikes: a poison dart,
My façade is frozen, my feet feel cold,
But this narcotic can't numb my heart.

At last I've past the pass but still
The gusts still push with a shrieking
shrill,
The ice filled river: part frozen but
flowing,
If I fall in, what have I fulfilled?

And if I don't? If I cross the creaky
bridge
Of old oak in a malaise melee,
Will I encounter upon this concluding
cross,
A doom and death that wait waylaid?

Until I, myself, am old and broken.
My feet but shuffle, each a tremendous
trudge.
My long brimmed hat pulled down deep,
With cane in hand; only I can judge.

But still I step, my face faced down

Until at last my journey is done.
And as solemn tears come to my eyes,
In my demise, I see I'm not the only one.

Because in my shallow shadows
I see my footprints disappear.

...

Was I even ever really here?

39

Look to the Sky

Logan Larson

Feet deep in sand,
I look to the sky
Looking down,
And think of home.

Tell me, do you ever
Look to the stars, like grains of sand
Flung across the charcoal sky?
Each a pearl when in peril,
Each a guide when seeking peace.
Tell me, do you ever
Look to the stars, looking down
To me, as they do to you?

Feet deep in snow,
I look to the sky
Looking down,
And think of home.

Tell me, do you ever
Look to the moon, like a great mask
Placed atop her charcoal face?
Such a diamond to meet the demons,
Such a guide when seeking love.
Tell me, do you ever
Look to the moon, looking down
To me, as it does to you?

Lost deep in thought,
I look to the sky
Looking down,
And I'm home,

And I'm with you.

40

Brian Goldberg

Remember

Through the year

We would smile

You were here

In the winter

In the snow

By the fire

With hot cocoa

In the spring

We'd walk outside

The sun returned

To our lives

Birds chirped

Flowers bloomed

You loved me

And I loved you

Summertime

At the beach

Salty air

Cool breeze

Dark nights

Starry skies

I was lost

In your eyes

Fall arrived

We would yell

I was too

Into my self

You were always

Good to me

It just took

Some time to see

Oh baby, please come home

I really need you tonight

We can start a new

I'm gonna make things right

41

Derwin Parker

We drift...refreshing all night

Eyes crusty; don't even turn on the light

We're seemingly more social in life

Or is it just voyeurism? Insecurity rife...

My train of thought gets interrupted, it's
a notification

My friend tells me he's bored: he's
going to the gas station

Do I want to come? Now that's a hell of
a question...

Nope. Not leaving my technological safe
haven

42

My Life a Love of Engineering
Andrew Siefert

If not for you then I would never forget,
Time well spent feels heaven sent,
Research reapers gazing ever fearing,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never see,
People at work fulfilling world need,
Our seers prospect somewhat nearing,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never dream,
About past loves shot and peened,
Misplaced jealousy hear them jeering,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never smile,
Learning from failure requires a style,
Saturday night passersby are leering,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never sigh,
Living drawn out only feels alive,
Learning beyond simplistic mirroring,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never drown,
In beauty of voice a sweet surround,
Ears and mind forever searing,
My life a love of engineering.

If not for you then I would never laugh,
All this time you've paved a path,
Impassioned life with quill endearing,
My life a love of engineering.

43

The Middle

Anonymous

I can't go wrong I'll just re-edit

Until my reader knows I meant it!

I sit down to write this quip

But starting out is not my shtick

The middle's where I like to start

The middle's where I find its heart

The ending's where I'd like to go

But where I start I shall not know

Until I find the reason why

I started this feint diatribe

The middle tells me what is what

The middle is my gold ingot

I'll open like this

I'll close like that

But without purpose my tale wont hack

The trick I find to end this struggle

Is to just start writing not to buckle

It doesn't matter wrong or right

Just that it starts with all my might

GRADUATE CROWN

Anchita Monga

Post under graduation, there is still
unspent joule
That's when you unroll the plans on
the dream spool
Extension of student life seems so cool
Exploring courses and universities
from the option pool
Finally you end up enrolling for
graduate school

When homework, midterms, group
meetings are the trend
Then coffee, red bull, energy bar are
your best friend(s)
800s, 900s, advisor, committee are a
confusing blend
Pursuing research in a domain that has
no end
With proposals, papers, reports and
thesis to amend

Inability to distinguish between dawn
and twilight
For a master's degree, it's a two year
sight
If it is doctorate, it becomes a longer
plight
But in the longer run, future will be
bright
So, put in the efforts with all your
might

On the convocation, among the crowd
Shining like a bright star in the cloud
The faces of your parents beaming
with proud
And cheers of friends you can hear
aloud
Will glorify the graduate life you
vowed

When companies will start their hunt
pursuit
Perseverance will be your strongest
attribute
Then you will be their best recruit
All the hardships will bear their fruit
MS, PhD with your name will perfectly
suit

Later in your life, say 10 years down
The picture in your hall with the
graduation gown
Will inspire someone whose hopes were
drown(ed)
There we sow the seeds in the
aspiration town
And there you pass on the legacy of the
graduate crown

45

**How I became a Decs
Employee
Raghav Sundar**

Come Come one and all,
From the Breslin center to the meridian
mall,

Here is the story for one and all to see
The story of how I became a DECS
employee

There I was; an international student,
Slightly shy, but extremely prudent,

Full of hope I landed in MSU,
Dreaming the dream of the red white
and blue

But Alas! The assistantships were
nowhere,
My only hope was to get a job
somewhere!

And so began an exceedingly long job
hunt,
And my bank balance bore the brunt.

And finally when I could no longer cope,
A flyer in the EB came as a ray of hope

Someone wanted a web designer,
With a penchant for being a team player

“Hey! I could do that! ,” I thought aloud,
To get that job, to myself I vowed.

After a long process of review,
Soon I was called for an interview.

The job came as a big savior!
Did I tell you about the tuition waiver?

Well, that was the story for one and all
to see,
The story of how I became a Decs
employee!

46

Edward Olsen

I am American,
but I know Chinese.
Everyone should study languages.

#47

Wings of Tragedy

Amol Patki

“Don’t ask me why as I can’t answer
that” he said,
but the nation needs you to kill as if your
mind’s twisted.

I don’t know if I’ll ever see you alive
again,
but you have to be up there as if you are
insane.

These are the coordinates of the city that
won’t be,
after you boys hit it with a whole lot of
G.

After saying all this he pointed towards
me,

I have heard you are the best on these
wings of tragedy.

As we left the room I gazed at this guy,
and just to my wonder I saw a tear in his
eye.

I thought about it, “ why would he cry?”
Maybe because he just gave orders for
millions to die,
or maybe he knew that for us the sky
wasn’t safe where the stared hawk would
fly.

Here I was all geared up and ready,
to kill someone who I didn’t even know.
But I knew I would do it or else would
be,
a defenseless target for him to blow.

When you’re sitting in there and
breathing pure air
and looking at all the people outside,
wishing for you to come back safe
with a slight glow of pride on your face,
feeling the sudden rush in your brain
not of fear but of hatred and pain.
I speak in the phone “ hey you guys,

It’s a honor for me to fight by your
side”.

With a final signal we were up against
the air,
cutting through the blues at speeds that
we could hardly bear.

It had to happen and something went by,
“Hey guys I think its time to say hi” .
as we had to split and try to fly,
in the dire straits of the fiery sky.

The feeling of being chased freaked me
out,

I dived to my left but was hit without a
doubt.

That’s when I used the oldest trick in the
book,

Braked short as he flew by, locked the
target and that’s all it took.

I fled the space and cruised for a while
till I was away from the mark just by a
mile.

Without wasting any time I armed the
missile,
and with absolute cold blood left a
nation in exile.

With the job done I drew back from the
place,
but the glow of pride never even touched
my face.

For the rest of my life I would live with
the fact,
that actually I was just a homicidal
maniac.

On my way back I was made to pay,
as one of the hawks happened to cross
my way.

I reached for the hook behind my seat,
and before pulling it I skipped a
heartbeat.

Watching the jet explode in my face,
I was scared to death,” how far was my
base?”

As I touched the ground I could feel the
sand,
terrified as I was caught in No-Mans-
Land.
The only thing I could do was try and
hide,
to protect myself from the enemy tide.

There I was filled with malice and
antipathy,
searching for a pleasant memory,
to free me from this state of misery.
Till then I never knew how weak I
would be,
without the safety of those wings of
tragedy.

#48

Derwin Parker

We drift...refreshing all night

Eyes crusty; don't even turn on the light

We're seemingly more social in life

Or is it just voyeurism? Insecurity rife...

My train of thought gets interrupted, it's
a notification

My friend tells me he's bored: he's
going to the gas station

Do I want to come? Now that's a hell of
a question...

Nope. Not leaving my technological safe
haven