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, it's out the bus door,
Here comes the next batch for Rock of Love Four.

The End.
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 they 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
there is a new god
born of roasters and grinders
Coffee be Thy name

Anonymous
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,
Programmer's Haiku

impenetrable:
until proven otherwise,
input is evil.

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

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

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.
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
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

By ……me
My Escape

I stayed in bed all day
Underneath the covers
Hiding from reality
And for once the world couldn’t touch me
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.
“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
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
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.
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.
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
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.
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

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

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!
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”
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.
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;
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,
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,
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,
# 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.
January River
Frank Hatfield

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.
我是美国人，
可是我知道中文。
大家得学语。
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.
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
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 radiant against the white snow,
And their golden beaks and tangerine toes
Blatantly contrast the ground below.
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?
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
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
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 jealously 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.
The Middle
Anonymous

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
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 drowned
There we sow the seeds in the aspiration town
And there you pass on the legacy of the graduate crown
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!
Edward Olsen

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

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