

Caffeine is my Hero!

Andy Wijaya

Four hours has gone, the annoying alarm keeps buzzing.
It was five feet away from my bed.
It really worked as I intended.
Forced me to crawl after

All the sudden, I am on the sidewalk going to my first class.
Couldn't even recall whether I just had a shower or barely wet by face and hair.
Didn't even bother to pay attention on others.
I kept starrng on the sidewalk as I walk.
Hoping not got hit by any car, as I wasn't paying attention at all.

Here I was in my first class barely keeping my eyes open.
I had no clue at all as to what's going on
Can only hope to understand by reading it later.

I suddenly remember that I forgot to give my Mom a call.
It's been 4 months the last time I did.
I always had an excuse "I am engineering student, Mom"
As I felt guilty about it, I unintentionally and slowly closed my eyes.

I must have been sleeping while last half portion of the lecture proceeded.
The annoying bag-zippering sounds woke me up.
I could only wish that I woke up in Breslin center on May 5th
As I'll hopefully graduate by then.

I went through all four of my classes,
As my body was fueled by only two cans of diet Pepsi.
God bless all the chemists who invented the caffeine
Without it, I probably wouldn't survive in this major.

Lunch was around 3 o'clock.
Quick nap on the couch across from the library till 4.

Like other ChE seniors,
We spend "quality time" together for the rest of the day.
Worked on the endless homeworks and design.

Went back home around 1 in morning.
Took a quick shower
Start replying all those old e-mails, I've been neglected.

It's almost 3, but the effect of caffeine still surviving in my body,
I kept trying to put myself asleep,
While I kept counting on how many hours left before 8.

I put my alarm back to where it should be, 5 feet away from my bed.

Missing You

Barbara Hall

My heart, to you, I freely give
For without your love, how shall one live
Your love, you see, is ever so strong
It stood by me even when I was wrong
For you, my love with the passing time
Grows stronger and stronger and so I find
My love for you will never decay
No matter how long or far away
I can never forget the time we've shared
Nor the ways you showed how much you cared
No other like you is there to find
Your always and forever on my mind
Through good and bad I pray you see
The happiness and joy you've given me
For you, I surely did not the same
But with another chance I wish to reclaim
Your love and trust, though now I've lost
I assure you, my love, I've paid the cost
Of letting go of love too quick
The thought of losing you forever makes me sick
So, if you'd please think on my request
I ask for nothing more and nothing less
I only wish for you to see
That I shall forever love only THEE!

“Regret”

Benjamin Sadbadus

I'm sorry I hurt you
Through the words I threw.
I wish I'd thought twice;
Now pay the price.

Who could've thought
The damage brought,
A heart but broken,
A mind unspoken.

Lord knows I try
He blesses the cry,
Of those who bleed,
Who wish be freed.

Forgive, my friend,
May the fracture mend,
And be it ever stronger
Brothers yet longer.

Tis a blessing to be
Sincerest as He.
Brother, be it true,
I'm sorry I hurt you.

“Unconditional”

Benjamin Sadbadus

Have I been blessed?
Or have I been cursed?
Is this disease?
Or be it reversed?

None are like me,
Not even my brothers!
How foolish I feel,
Estranged from the others.

How be it so?
I blame but one thing:
The heartache and pain
My family did bring.

Why be it so?
To be punished for what I have done?
Or to prepare me for the battle
Yet to be won?

The love you've given,
So wasted to keep.
I love them all!
So much I weep.

To hang on a timber
I shall never know,
But as you carried my burden,
Carry theirs the least I owe.

Be it so bad?
So I've been told!
A result of His love,
More precious than gold.

Untitled

Brian Mucha

Loneliness and Disparity wait patiently
Undetected, unsolicited, unwanted, and unwelcome.

Ever pursuing their targets and prey,
Waiting for one slip, for one mistake
To take advantage of, to exploit it
So that they can consume every last waking breathe of happiness and bliss.

As one, they converge and attack,
Seeking out every single drop of ecstasy and laughter,
Firing at will, destroying on site, shooting to kill,
And soon enough, all joy and pleasure,
All glee and delight,
All satisfaction and contentment,
All that gratifies and amuses is wiped out, exterminated and incinerated.
They cast away all feelings of elation to come back another day.

And so, the helpless victims of this attack,
The unwilling recipients of this rage,
The bitter, the broken, the empty,
After being violated by this threat, we must wait, in hope,
Caught in an eternal and everlasting spiral of sadness,
Until that one day comes once again, when we regain what has been taking
from us
And rise up, with all that is good and pure,
With Happiness and Bliss,
Ecstasy and Laughter,
Joy and Pleasure,
Glee and Delight,
Satisfaction and Contentment,
Gratification and Amusement
And cry out to the world, proclaim our happiness, and once again make
ourselves

TARGETS

To:

Brian Mucha

Loneliness and Sadness,
Grief and Sorrow,
Mourning and Distress,
Unhappiness and Misery,
Depression and Melancholy,
Gloom and Wretchedness,
Woe and Dejection,
Solitude and Despondency,

And allow the cycle of life to continue

"Champion Colors"

Brian Rose

Feelings of a vision
Blending into the spectrum
Yield purity, the symbol...
One half of the pride.
Variety in observance,
Beginning bright in the spring-
Its the color of life,
And the other half of the pride.
Life and purity all 365.
One to the other,
..Unavoidable in site and pride....
Yet a domination of all-
Overflowing with bliss.
What else could this be...?
Of course...! The Green and White!

"The Walk Home"

Brian Rose

The last ink unites to paper,
An armegedon to past stress
All dissapating in a vapor-
Aahhh...God bless this needed rest.

The fresh breath of relief
And the first step outside,
Rays illuminate the heat-
Signs of summer in the sky!

Nod a smile to the faces
Familiar and friendly,
Melting into the paces
Of this new relaxed entity.

One last green and white pass,
All so familiar,
The scent of freshly cut grass
Aids the sanity rebuildder.

Head held high
The fist sight of destinations,
One last goodbye
And a welcome to reclining occupations...!

Anywhere With You

Kirk Vangilder

Of all the girls I've known
And everything they've shown
I've never felt the way I do
When I'm anywhere with you

In the dead of winter
Ice and snow we walk through
I never feel its icy touch
When I'm anywhere with you

Whether out with friends
Or it's just us two
I pray the moment never ends
When I'm anywhere with you

Miles and Miles (Long-Distance Love)

Kirk Vangilder

Miles and miles away from my heart
These miles and miles, they keep us apart
We talk and we talk like two kids in love
Stricken by arrows from up above
You dream and you dream of being with me
And knowing just how perfect it would be
I think and I think about you all the time
And how I wish that you could be mine
But with miles between us, we'll never know
We've got miles and miles and miles to go

Angel Come Home

Kirk Vangilder

This girl that walked away with my heart,
We said our goodbyes and now we're apart,
She told me she'd be back to see me again,
And she said everything would be alright then,
But my angel has gone and left me alone,
Oh, when will my angel come home?

Sculpt Me

Kirk Vangilder

I am but clay without you
No shape, no form, no soul without you
Just earth and mud and debris
But there's so much more that I could be
I need you to give me my life, my being
I need you to give me my everything
You can sculpt me in any way you please
With brawns or with brawn or filled with disease
Because as long as you're with me, there's no need to fear
Since you're all that matters, whenever you're near

What I Want

Kirk Vangilder

Where can I go or what can I do to find her?
Where should I look and how can I discover,
Just what it is that I want in a woman?
Is it looks, am I shallow, do I only love with my eyes?
I do love what I see, but it's what I see is inside.
I want heart, I want soul, I want kindness and caring
I want loyalty and trust with no fear of sharing
Except for sharing of lives and secrets to be told
Sharing of mind, sharing of body and sharing of soul
These are things that I want, NO, that I need
But where can I find my goddess?

Life

Krystan Anderson

Whoever said life is easy must've been headstarted 365 days.
Because sometimes I feel like I left the cradle as a slave,
And as a slave got my back cracked by a whip
Until my skin cornrowed like a frenchbraid.
People want to know what goes on in my cranium and get angry
'Cuz I can't explain the things that interchange within my brain.
Like I don't know I'm insane, but I can't change,
Still trying to play life like a videogame.
But with the world on my shoulders, it's game over,
Without the extra-lives, continues, or cheat codes,
And the balls of my feet feel like boulders that're about to roll over
And Crush the tips of my toes like orange soda.
But I still stand like a soldier because I'm bolder,
And in lifes game of poker I'll never fold.
And I'll still maintain control because I never get weak,
Even when I'm trapped in the belly of the beast like Jonah.

Terror

Krystan Anderson

I know a terror, a horror, worse than any b-movie.
The most grotesque and evil creation by far.
It sends a chill up your spine, but it's not a ghost or ghoulie,
And it's darker than the universe with no stars.

The mere thought of this..."thing" will make hairs stand on end,
And the sight makes those hairs shave themselves off.
Thus being the predominant reason why the men,
Who interact with this ..."thing" are almost, if not already, bald.

Just for the record, this ..."thing" is man made.
Oh, the evils in the heart of man!
For you are pulled into an infinite spiral once you see its face,
There is NO end once you have began.

This thing is C++, such a fiendish language,
It is much too late once you've noticed it.
And as I hide under my covers, trying to evade it,
I realize I have programmaphobia.

Dreams...

Lisa Colvin

The day is beautiful and oh, so bright.
I look at the sky,
My heart takes flight.
I live in a dream one of hope, one of romance.
I want true love...can I find my match?
Will it ever happen...is there even a chance?

Life is all encompassing,
Dreams can come true.
If this can really happen, why do my thoughts return to you?
Why can't I forget these feelings inside or the time that I spent having you in
my life?

The times we've shared have been precious and shy
But the truth I see, I can no longer deny.
I know now that I love you and always have,
But realistically our lives take two different paths.

I fight so hard everyday to change my heart and to forget chance
 The chance of "us"
 The chance of "love"
 The chance of our "fate"
If what I do is so right, why do my tears sometimes come at night?

Are you the one?
My dream come true.
If this were so what would I do with out you?

Why must things be so unsure?
Why can't we lead our lives and accept one another for who we are?
We are individuals in life briefly traveling the same path...
I love you, my friend. Won't you hold my hand?

Let's not worry for the future and what it might bring.
Nor think about the past and what it might mean.
We'll live in the present with intentions so true.
We'll accept one another.
We'll hold no regrets.

The day is beautiful.

You have touched my life,

I have loved without regret...

Now, I can sleep at night.

Wings Of Life

Lisa Colvin

When I was a child
You watched me grow
With a patience and love
Only a mother could know

You've always been there
To lend a hand when I was small
To catch me when I stumble
Or to pick me up when I fall

You allowed me my own decisions
And encouraged me through them all
You taught me to try
That I could be anything at all...

Your love has given me
A life of my very own
Your strength has made me complete
Even though I'm no longer at home

It's true I've learned to dream
And aspire for the best
But you still the one
Where my admirations rest

To have you as my mother
To know you really care
Is the most wondrous feeling
One I constantly want to share

I have your beliefs and morals
To help me as a guide
You've given me the wings of life
And I believe that I can fly...

Violets

Lisa Colvin

*When I think about the future
And what is meant to be
All I see are violets
To reminisce of you and me*

*Their roots are firmly planted
With faces turned to sunshine
While the wind blows petals softly
Swaying as to rhyme*

*We know our hearts desire
Happiness be the key
But our lives go ever changing
Day to day endlessly*

*Each year the violets bloom
All fresh with life anew
While the rain washes away
All that was stale for blue*

*As our lives grow slowly older
We are given many a chance
To prove to us so special
Our love, no second glance*

*The violets grow together
Side by side in harmony
Just as love was meant to blossom
Each day a melody*

*Although the thunder roars
And the lightning harshly strikes
The returning sun will shine
On the violets with delight*

*As I think about the future
And what is meant to be
All I see are violets*

To reminisce of things to be

Cherish This Day...

Lisa Colvin

We know not what our lives futures hold
And we are given no keys to find out
Life is a bittersweet struggle
And through risks our futures come about

The road of life is long and the toils tremendous
But everyone strives to a goal
For each our wondrous destiny in life
Occurs when we meet the bearers of our souls

When this glorious life event unfolds
We may be to blind to see
But it is better to experience life at it's best
Then to live in ignorance of what could be

We all undergo pain in life
This Mother Nature guarantees
It is a sad, sad thing but despite the pain
Our lives must always continue along

Everyone is forced to make decisions in life
And to this our futures must bend
So in essence we all choose the paths
To which our destinies in life must end

It is best to keep our hearts dreams alive
Then to destroy the life's passion within ourselves
The choices we make about life will follow
The goals we have personally set for ourselves

So despite the trial tribulations and glory of life
We conscientiously choose the best-fit keys
And always despite the live emotions they can cause
We continue along, on what seems like, aimlessly

A past is what defines a life
While the future is roaming free
Life in the past is what was right for that time
But never entails what the future might be...

So cherish the joys, emotions and opportunities that life carefully throws
your way because you'll never know what will happen as future doors
unlock...

So, please, let's just cherish this day...

YOUR ARE AN ANGEL TO ME

Mark Mehta

From the very moment I first saw you,
Life has become special, a feeling very new...

The days seem shorter, the nights longer,
Are you from the heavens, I always wonder...

Think of you, I day and night,
Even with eyes closed, you are in sight...

Wherever I go, wherever I may be,
Your unseen presence, I feel besides me...

What kills me is your celestial smile,
Nothing else to view, I find worthwhile...

That look of innocence on your face,
Adds more beauty to your heavenly grace...

Love I do to hear your laughter,
Your teasing queries, your sweet chatter...

All I crave for is nothing but you,
Please come to me, let my dream come true...

Believe me, I really care for you,
Hold my hand, and see how I take you through...

Mine I want you forever to be,
For, you are an angel to me...

BITTER REALITY

Mark Mehta

I am the blazing sun,
You are my glorious light,

I am the gloomy moon,
You are my romantic shine,

I am the thorny rose,
You are my invigorating fragrance,

I am the teary eye,
You are my innocent flutter,

I am the thirsty lip,
You are my lovely smile,

I am the lost poet,
You are my profound poetry,

Yes, you are an angel, a marble statue,
But without my worship, you hold no virtue...

(untitled)

Michael Griffith

they know it
I can see it in their stares
the way they look
the way they dance around the truth
as it were a fire
they know there is something here
which cannot be captured
or calculated
there is some truth in this.
All will be lifeless,
shallow, and hating
and scratching for money at my door;
and when I leave, I'm sure, I'll be disappointed.

"UNIVERSITY LIFE"

Michael Sheppard

She sits by a computer,
deep within her mind

Nothing can escape
the escalating bind

Though she only is reading
at three in the morning
All is tired
When suffered from boredom

Nothing can affect
the paper she has to write
though many people may agree
that it's really alright

Staying up late
and procrastinating a bit
Could have lead to an 'A'
Had she started right away

Untitled

Michael Reysman

Get writing, get writing, get writing
That's all that we hear from you,
Perhaps you should start emphasizing
"The prizes are waiting for you"

A Dying Girl

Michele Kimball

As I lay awake, thinking in my bed,
Millions of thoughts go through my head,
But the one that makes my tears flow,
Is about a little girl, who's dying, I know,
She's lost in a world so large and crude,
She stays up all day searching for food,
She doesn't sleep because she has no bed,
But still she's thankful that she's not yet dead,
Her clothes are worn, her face unbearable,
This is poverty, something so terrible,
Her head aches, her wounds are felt,
She has no one but you to help.

An Abandoned Child

Michele Kimball

I could've been your daughter, Dad

I could have had a life.

I'm not sure it was your fault, Dad.

It could have been your wife.

I will not call her Mother, Dad,

For she could have prevented this.

Now to her decision, Dad,

My only chance I'll miss.

I believe God put us here for a reason, Dad

For us to do a certain job.

Yes, I too had a purpose, Dad,

But of it I was robbed.

I might have been a nobody, Dad,

But I'll never know what I'd be.

I could have done something wonderful, Dad,

Maybe that was the purpose for me.

Maybe I would've become famous, Dad,

And had the most beautiful eyes.

Maybe I'd find a cure, Dad,

One that would save so many lives.

You say the world is cruel, Dad,
And that it's so terribly bad.
I'll never get to say that, Dad,
But that's not what I would've said.
I see you don't think this is murder,
And that you're not the one to blame.
Abortion is killing a child,
How is that not the same?
Maybe you had a reason, Dad,
But to me it's just an excuse.
Why wasn't I worth it, Dad?
Why is this what you had to choose?
I'll never have a birthday,
A day to call my own.
I wish I could have a family,
But instead I'm all alone.
I'll never have a childhood, Dad,
And never get to be a teen,
Yes, I will always love you, Dad,
I just wish you would've seen.
I'll never be a parent, Dad,
Or have this decision to make like you,

I would looked out for my children's lives,

I wish you would have for me, too.

"Trees and Weather"

Mike Alberty

it was a windy day for the trees.
they bent to the point of breaking.
it started with a breeze, then a gust.
i heard someone say gail force.
i don't know gail, so i'm not sure.

it was a rainy day for the trees.
i thought they might be drowning.
they are much taller than me, maybe.
but i know they are much older.
do they act there age, i'm not sure.

it was a sunny day for the trees.
i was outside enjoying the weather.
one was swarmed by bees, or hornets.
i couldn't tell from the distance.
do they like company, i'm not sure.

"Summer Child"

Mike Alberty

it rained a lot today.
it kept me inside.
i haven't seen the sun in a long time.

i got a job today.
i'm working inside.
i haven't had any fun in a long time.

but then came one day.
when the clouds gave in.
and the sky turned blue.

summer used to fun.
i still wish it were true.

i was born a summer child.

What winners

Mike Cykowski

Although my country is victorious
My country has not won
My countrymen are laid to rest
That which they fight and love

They chose to fight
I fault them not
They fought and chose to kill
They want their country to achieve
But have no real will

But where are the winners?
Sir, Professor, General
Privates bent over, cleaning the deck
No choices in their life

Born into it

Mike Cykowski

How can you blame a ghetto youth?
Desire that he never had

The fruits for which he worked so hard
That which he wasn't given

Your ignorance is like a whale on a beach
It's heavy, strong and sullen

It takes an army to move it back
To the place from which it's fallen

Underwater it stays, unable to breath
No sun, no light, no others

Only those which you have never known
Encourage it to pass

Ideas that which matter most
Live upon on the surface

Until you crawl upon the sand
You life will never be noticed

His life is dark, his thoughts are few
Like life below the surface

The Game

Mike Cykowski

No losers in this game today
Which adolescent minds are forced to play

Bureaucratic aspirations instilled from birth
Taught to climb before they can walk, their pleasure has no worth

These parents need to feel correct
Children need to be driven

Their children must have respect
For that which they are given

What's that you say?
You do not wish to play this game?

This game is all there is to play
This is how you respect my name

Then you aren't my son, you little brat, how dare you not agree
I hate you dad, I hate your work, my heart will never be free

In this game, there are no winners, a spark without a fire
Children must be made to think, what does my heart desire?

EB

Mike Cykowski

Those faces
Familiar faces
When you walk by
They glare
You see there's no desire

Necessity is the only cause for drudgery
It's what they have to be

They want security
That's why they stay
Commodify the intellect
Prostitute the passion

Get used to those familiar faces
Those who ignore their heart
Get used to those familiar faces
A sight of future misery

Justice

Mike Cykowski

Is killing a man that sick and wrong?

Can the abstract be so dangerous?

Animals do it

Who are we?

To judge another's actions

Parisians had to storm the Bastille in 1789

Starving Russians killed the Czar in 1917

Those men they are not sick or evil

Only hungry, poor and oppressed

Ponder your surroundings

Before you accuse for what may be proper

Prelude to a Dream

Mike Haught

Captivating me with your presence,
hardly noticing my surroundings
you can be dangerous to me, my defenses
are swiftly descending.

My heart beating my nerves receiving,
sensations.
With my eyes wide you step inside,
my body.
You now control me, I am a puppet
used at your disposal my movements
based on a simple proposal.

My hairs stand on end
my tender heart you mend.
My hands sweaty,
twitching,
you are what I have been itching,
for.

You have coerced my tears
touched my fears.
For this I am thankful,
your gifts are plenty.
When you are gone I stagger around
like a fiend,
you have become my,
prelude to a dream.

It is with esteemed pleasure and great joy that I release to you the ORIGINAL version of Dante's Divine comedy. This great work was almost lost due to the great forgery that Most people think is the great work of Dante, but as you shall see, he was a man 800 years ahead of his time. I have taken utmost care in translating this great work. Without further ado, the Divine Comedy.

The Inferno
Nate Thelan
Canto I

As I see myself in reflection,
of the screen to glaring and bright
I stare at long lost code in sad recollection.

Ah, Visual Basic you filthy whore
inelegant atrocity get out of my sight
Thy endless function memorizing makes my head sore

Oh, Virgil, my old boss
Why hast thou done this to me
My old code is as worthless as moss

My old code is the bile of demons and the damned
Any old coot can see
a sin done by a young and naive hand

Canto II

from Virgil, an email just appeared before thy sight
He writes 'If it's too hard rewrite in another language'
Alas, liberation with good coding as my might

Purgatorio
Canto III

Now I sit in limbo and waiting
waiting for the pure language to come my way
The choice of which language is so grating

Ah, Java, you are strong but slow
Thy ease of objects have so much sway
But alas, to you I just can not go

Canto IV

Where canst thou go for the fast and true
a speed unmatched, an interface that rules
That goes down like a smooth brew

Ah, C++, the choice is clear
I will use this against all those fools
That they shalt know who to fear

Paridiso Canto V

My algorithm is elegant
My speed is screaming
They will all ask what greatness hast thou sent

The program is completed
Now to start my scheming
Of asking for a raise without my boss getting heated

Lost

Nathaniel Bacon

Eyes half shut, lost in a grin
Blood receding, turning white, my lips pressed thin
So sweet this smile, and yet so grim

This is no dream
As hard as it may seem
How our relationship continues, is for you to deem

As the cool night air caresses my face
I don't find it hard to be in this place
No matter how it ends, I will win this race

To and fro, my eyes dart
Images drawn from the heart
In a vision is revealed the best part

Whether you choose to reciprocate my feelings and try
something new
Or remain close friends, to whom I will always remain
true
I cannot loose, as long as I have You.

Thinking of You,

Nathaniel Bacon

Blond and short with a mind of its own.

Accents

Two stars, blue twins shining in the dark.

Illuminates

A pair of rose pedals, lightly pressed together into a smile.

Glowing

Stunning as moonlight reflecting off of the ocean,
soft elegant features pull it all together.

Forming an image of you until we next meet.

Ode to Matlab

Nicole Aitcheson

Diff-E-Q
ODE
PDE
Help me please!

Analyze
Discretize
M-Files
No Time

FOR this
IF that
WHILE I sit
END flat

Writing code
Columns, rows
Will this flow?
Who knows!

First define.
Then combine.
Works fine?
Nope Refine!

Try Again,
Try Again,
That's the way it is my friend,
Thinking this will never end...

MATLAB

Untitled

Pradeep Kumar Jella

Because of this economic slowdown

We Engineer's have to keep our heads down..
Where ever we go, our face wears a frown..
Not knowing when we'll be thrown down !!!!!!!

Mail from girlfriends have slowed down
We've lost from our heads, the valuable IT crown
Dreams once soared to the height of the moon
Now searching for a job in the hot noon !!!!!!!

New house, new cars, all dreams are shattered
"I knew this would happen" a father-in-law muttered
Our frequent flier miles are badly hit
Foreign visit boasts have gone down a bit !!!!!

Engineer's were once the preferred bridegroom
Now there's no scope for even being a groom
Never forget the days when we used to fly so high
Coz the only thing now left in life is to sigh
!!!!!!!

Don't worry for whatever happened to IT
Now you got a better option not to declare IT*
Drop all the courses from NIIT(institute for IT),
Terrorism, Attacks served as hot tea,
You've a better option now in LTTE(terrorist group).

LOVE

Raena Ingram

Love is a little light,
Small yet bright.
It's never wrong,
It's always right.
Love is always in sight.
You may think it's small,
But it has great might.

You can wear love like a glove,
So warm and soft,
You'll never want to take it off.
Love can come from anywhere.
Love is really just kindness and care.
Love comes from the heart
And if you have it you're really smart.

Same Old, Same Old

Raena Ingram

The beginning of the relationship was great
I was so excited, I just couldn't wait.
It was amazing, I felt so happy and free
Because you cared and loved only me.
But that was just the beginning of your game,
Now everything is different and nothings the same.
I hardly see you
You never call
And now all we do is argue
And that is all.
I know you're cheating
And sleeping around.
I saw you with another girl
Hanging out downtown.
Don't say you weren't
Cause I'm sick of the lies.
You don't have to explain
Or give anymore alibis
I understand
You're just a man.

Forever In Your Debt

Raena Ingram

If I had all the money in the world,
It wouldn't be enough to repay you for the life
Long cherished moments we've had.
The times we spend together are priceless.
I can never repay you for the long talks
Where you listened as I vented all my pains
I can never repay you for the silent moments
We've had
Where it was like had a complete conversation
Without saying words
I can never repay you for the times my mood swings
Had me flip out
But you were there to turn it back around
I can never repay you for the times I felt
Like giving up
But you wouldn't let me cause you knew I could do it
I can never repay you for the times I just didn't
Quite make it
And you were there to console me and up lift me
I can never repay you for the times when I felt
A little lost in the dark
But you were there to led me to he light
I can never repay you for the time you've given
To me
When you probably could have been doing something
More important
You are the definition of a true friend and if
I've never said it I'm saying it now cause
I may never get the chance again so...
"I love you my friend and you are very
important to me."

My Day Has Come

Raena Ingram

My life is over yet will begin again,
Cause I found Jesus and repented for sin.
This is a day I wish no one to cry.
For this is not my final good-bye.
I knew this day would come sometime soon,
But I was praying I would live to look like an old prune.
I pray you feel no sorrow or guilt when I'm gone,
Cause of the way you hurt me or did me wrong.
I hold no grudge, I forgave you along time ago.
In case I did not show it or even let you know.
So be happy, I'm finally free
To live a happy life everlastingly
In a place with no limits or bounds
Where you walk on solid gold grounds,
Where there is no sorrows or any pains,
Where there is happiness even when it rains.
A place where I hope to see you someday
When to your loved ones you'll have this to say,
Until we meet then down that way
Remember me wanting you to be happy and enjoy life everyday.

Is It Possible?

Raena Ingram

How do I start over?
You were my first,
And I thought my last,
But you left. I don't
Know how you started
Over. I barely had the
Strength to watch you leave.
I was yours and you were
Mine, yet someone else took
My place. You said we had
Forever, that we'd have kids.
They'd be a symbol of our
Loves bond. You said you'd
Never leave me, but you did.
You love me and left me.

How can I start over?
I trusted you but you
Deceived me, I loved you
And you left me, I gave
You my all and you took it
And ran, I gave you the
Key to my heart and you
Threw it away, I opened
The door to my heart
And you closed the door
In my face, I let you look
Into my soul and see
What no one has ever seen
And you shrugged it off.

Why would I start over?
After what I thought of you,
Then what you put me through.
Who's to say anyone else
Is better, why try again?!
The pain is too difficult
To bare twice, why

Risk it, is it really
Worth it?!!

“Just a Car”

Richard Kollewehr

Smooth, supple, and symbolic all rolling on four wheels.
It's only a car some say.
I say a car like none other.
This is an image.
This is a persona.
This is a machine with a soul.
Flares in all the right places, nothing sort of industrial perfection.
Looks to woo and power to annihilate,
A package engineered to deliver.
It was built to run.
It was built to please.
It was built by those who I strive to be.
Only a few years away, I will enter the fray.
It's only a car some say,
I say a car like none other.

Untitled

Rob Bell

My dreams let me know what is real
Uncontrolled think, uncontrolled feel
I fly free and never question bliss
Awake, I seek the memory missed
It seems true if only for a flash
Subconscious days in a minute pass
Is it what I want, what I request?
Still I live today like the rest
Maybe in a day
Far away
I'll deja vu
With you

Untitled
Bob Vance

I wanted a job where I taught
but such a job there was naught
I headed down south
with a smile on my mouth
to find people dumber than I thought

Nothing but a Yellow Pepper

Scott Douglas

Once again I have passed on the opportunity to cook
In exchange for valuable time in this place
As I walk down the halls my eyes scan the papers that adorn the walls
They all seem the same
Roommates wanted, car for sale.....but wait
Like a needle in the haystack there lies an interesting proposal
“Come to the meeting for Free pizza”
It immediately draws my attention
My mind races with a million questions
Is this a trap? Who are these sharks luring me in?
Will I survive their Jedi mind tricks to make me join their secret society?
If I go how many slices will I get and will it be worth it?
This is where my engineering skills have prepared me
I grab for my TI-86 and start to calculate
Checking a standard distribution curve I find that the average meeting has 50
slices
Not bad considering the average person consumes 2.4 slices per meeting
Total number in attendance = 12 members + 10 attendees + 1 straggler
After some Venn Diagrams and Eigenvectors I figure I can get 32.99 in²
worth of pizza
My heart begins to race and my mouth waters
I desperately search for a room number on the colored paper
As soon as I see it I am off
I am almost there when I screech to a halt
I haven't taken into account the type of pizza!
Considering this group's taste I figure they will go cheap
I quickly pull out my calculations again and continue
The pizza will be thinner than paper so my consumption volume will be
roughly 8.25 in³
This may not be worth it
After some minutes of decisive thinking it hits me
I quickly draw a Design Matrix and give my problem the appropriate
weighting factors
Highest score wins here so it's all or nothin'
Should I stay or should I go?
With a score of 92.5 to 67 the winner is clear
I run to the meeting and try to sneak in unnoticed

All eyes are on me but I don't care I'm hungry
I walk over to the pizza boxes for my 2.4 slices
I open the top
Nothing but a yellow pepper

Lost Love:
Sean Betolino

I never thought our love would end,
We shared so many precious moments,
All those nights in each others arms

Then one night, you were gone.
And out of my life forever.

I cannot believe that it is over,
Why did it have to end?
Why couldn't our love blossom?
Why did it have to end?

Wherever you are,
Wherever you have gone,
We will always have that night,
And the memories of each other.

The Ph.D. Student's Dilemma

Sean Davis

A grad student was running some tests,
the results of which were leaving him vexed.
The thermal diffusivity
of bovine artery
was higher than those cited in texts!

He checked over each boundary condition.
Locating error was his personal mission.
The device was realigned
and the model was redesigned;
still the aorta showed high heat transmission.

Former students and peers were contacted
and suggestions were subsequently enacted.
To account for some heat
transmitted thru the meat
at this rate which is quicker than expected.

Still the data ran a little bit high
The grad student thought he would cry!
No amount of statistics
short of something sadistic
would reduce the error in squared-chi.

What is the cause of this horrible lament
which caused the alpha to ascent?
It was atherosclerosis
which caused tissue necrosis
-- no wonder that cow sported a stent!

Goodnight

Steven Jehl

Grazing the surface, slow, light, barely a whisper of contact
The tingle, the shiver, guessing the unknown, trembling in anticipation
Everywhere, in time, places unknown, undiscovered, waiting for the next
The cold air sweeps across the naked back, temperatures raise, blood
rushing,
Warm breath flows down the neck, teasing the senses, a surreal pleasure,
Total silence, except for the quiet whimpers, it is beyond words
A shearing of body and soul, a worshipping of vulnerability

The Dark

Steven Jehl

The Dark

A blackness that fills the heart,
A cold that freezes the soul,
A silence that stops the blood,
A taste that sours the throat.

The Dark

A hooded face,
A tremble of the spine,
A painful quiet,
A metallic mouth.

The Dark

A lightless void,
A hollow numbness,
A soundless noise,
A bloody tongue

The Dark.

Windows

Steven Jehl

A glaze over eyes too old for their age.
Reflecting a soul of chaos, and callousness.
These eyes stare out into the world,
Tasting lifes bitter images, and hearing its sweet song.

At times they turn inward, and gaze the horror.
A masochistic need to find some understanding.
To check for life, by such a sensation.
So as to not became numb of thought.

Never do they close, and rarely do they look away.
Truth they seek in the bleakness.
Going so deep they loosely grip sanity,
But at the same time they escape insanity.

Do not look into these eyes,
This soul is lost.

The Emptiness

Steven Jehl

The emptiness,
Burns deep into the heart,
It trickles down the spine like a tear.
Feeling it through the numbness.
Fear of the emptiness, changes to panic.
Scanning every direction, looking, searching.
Always the same, no escape.
Moving, shifting ,changing, the emptiness is always there.
Consuming you, digesting our soul, it fills.
Casting you down into the rabbit hole, into solitude.
Alone with no one to share the pain,
with no one who understands.
It mutates you, making you to its will.
It culderizes your wounds so they do not fester.
It takes your pain away, so you do not feel.
So no longer are you alone.
The emptiness is your company, your friend.
And you seek it, you crave it, you need it.
It owns you, and you no longer care.
The burn, the chill down your spine, is your fix.
The emptiness is your drug.

Time

Steven Jehl

The dripping of time, slow but constant
A rhythm to be followed
Dancing, moving, living, for a part
Hearing it in the background, quite
Resting, stopping, floating, for the other part
A cycle which flows, unstoppable
Yet to break it, or rather try
What then? What changes?
The rhythm still slow, but piercing
Moving, living, but not dancing
Losing something, even after it is gone
Filling with pain, or pleasure, wrong
The dripping towards insanity
There is more though, out here
Its Godly, pure, orgasmic
Hidden behind torture
Never reached, never gained, only tasted
For the cycle always bursts from its dam
Gone all of it, the slipping begins.

One Day, One Week

Kate Stolarski

At a time when mediocrity thrives and injustice can encapsulate existence,
When obstacles seem insurmountable and that the darkness only gets darker
I take solace in the black tree in the hazy hues of the horizon.

When ravenous hunger and insomniac woows permeate the skin,
And the aches and pains of existence are amplified into a deafening thunder
I take refuge in Orion's Belt and the stories he has told.

As hardships grow into a murky luster, beginning to reek of anguish
And the nonsensical chattering of mindless harpies fills the air
I take comfort in the clear waters and the sweet perfumed aroma in the air.

As the roaring becomes too great to distinguish as comprehensible,
When the piercing shriek is equal to that of the mind-numbing drone
I sit with, my eyes closed, trying to see what the future holds

The corridor has the emanations of an extinguished human spirit,
Like a tree, the years of angst can be determined
I am at ease knowing that I am the one living this moment, aware it will
never exist again.

Happy?

Kate Stolarski

There was a time,
Long ago,
I didn't know
How to begin.

It wasn't so long ago,
Maybe yesterday,
Maybe last year,
...or maybe four years ago
the hurt began
and the hurt left

even three years ago,
two years ago
one year ago
I was hurt

A look, a car, a memory
I think I'm happier now...
...than I was last summer.
If I go back –
I can be smarter

Sure sometimes I'm sad,
Lonely,
Tired...
But mostly happy

I still know how to smile,
To laugh.
I didn't forget how –
I thought I had.

I still stand tall-
A little taller now
And I smile ...
...And he smiles back.

APPLY THE LOAD

E-motion-

Tham Keng Yew

across the endless sea of imagination
the limit of human perception
physical form gives way to astral projection
the path is paved
walk it.
E-motion.

Celestial-

Tham Keng Yew

Drops of Jupiter,
scattered across Heaven's Constellation,
Sail past the setting Sun,
to take Ophelia's hand.
She guides the Celestial path,
Off the rings of Saturn,
witness Beauty everlasting,
She comes, Venus.

Dreamscape-

Tham Keng Yew

Pray for the oceans,
to part and make way,
the coming of the Light,
gone are the shadows,
the twilight of our lives,
a ray of light,
a drop of Love,
I close my eyes,
I Dream.

ME Trash Talk

Tony Koenigsknecht

Of all the brainy students who walk these hallowed halls,
Mechanicals are the greatest engineers of them all.
You can laugh it off and say we're not until your face is blue,
but in the end you know my friend, all I say is true.

A Chem E walks around, solvent this and solvent that,
and plugs away at datasheets like some hairy white lab rat.
They carry their yellow books, with faces smug and solemn,
I ask them please remember who builds your distillation column.

Computer Science has their own floor, of once or twice I've seen.
I believe that most live up there, it has a smell that's most unclean.
With face pale, eyes glazed over, and hair that's rarely done,
I wonder when was the last they crawled down to see the sun.

Civil Engineers can plan and build their roads and survey all day long,
but still our streets are cracked and split, I wonder what went wrong.
Could it be that instead of class, most choose to frequent bars?
I have to think what job they'd have if we did not build cars.

I understand that you may not agree, but don't fret my "engin-nerd",
outside these walls ME's get no respect, at least that's what I've heard.
So don't feel so bad if you found yourself the subject of this attack,
I spoke the truth, but we all know the saying, "the pot called the kettle
black."

Untitled

Wan-Lin Su

“Have a nice weekend”

I will not moan,
I will not groan,
It's my fault,
I will admit.

I never thought,
I blundered through,
I was a fool,
I thought me cool.

Oh, oh,
You arrogant fool,
Life's not meant
to be this way.

No play, no joy,
No friends nearby,
An empty hallway,
Of darkest days.

What? What? You cry,
What have you done?
I've sold my soul,
It was too dear.

College life,
That's a breeze,
I've swallowed my words,
Eaten pie.

Exams, tests, and quizzes galore,
Notes strewn from lecture before,
Misery, faithful companion,
Books, I now detest.

Oh, oh,

Professor dears,
Always thoughtful,
kind and sincere.

Three exams,
All in a row,
I almost died,
I couldn't pull through.

“Have a nice weekend”,
You all sent,
Innocent?
I smelt a plot.

I will survive,
I will succeed,
But never again,
Will I commit.

To a friend,...

Wan-Lin Su

To a friend,

who thinks I'm crazy, but still speaks to me...
who always sounds happy, just because she saw me...
who listen to my problems, no matter how trivial...
who put up my bragging, though she was weary...
who never told me "quiet!", even at my most annoying...
who invited me home, despite knowing me for just 3 days...
who tries her best to help, even when I stubbornly refused ...
who shared her life with me, although I didn't deserve it...

I wrote this long ago, when I found I had a friend in you...
I give this now to you, in hope of a friend I haven't lost...

"Problem Solvers..."

Wan-Lin Su

Equilibrium forces - bending, normal, or shear,
Laughing in the face of an undergrad engineer.

Harder and harder, the years go by,
"Finally, I'm in!" But only a portion of the pi.

Sticking to books like adhesion
Dedicated to completion,

Whether dropped off at Shaw and Red Cedar
Or popping coins in a parking meter.

All nighters followed by eight o'clocks
Bags filled heavy like a pile of rocks.

Diploma received - MSU Engineer!
Receive that check...now nothing to fear!

Living For Today

Chris Himburg

Looking out of my bedroom window, hoping grass will grow again.
Hoping all the mistakes I made, I'll be able to mend.
Looking out of my bedroom window, watching as the storm blows past.
I think of all the people I love, and it seems like time is moving too fast.

So what would you think if something you knew changed right before your
eye?

And what are you going to do when the stars fall from the sky?
And when dreams are all we have, we can't just let them die.
So when are you, my friend, going to let your dreams fly?

So follow your heart and things will be alright.
Let it be your candle in the night.
Have the courage to listen to what it has to say.
Because sometimes all we've got is living for today.

Looking out of my bedroom window, searching for what seems to be true.
All the time, straining to see, when I should have been searching for you.
Well, black is black and white is white, but people seem to think in gray.
Yesterdays and tomorrows will come, but I'm just living for today.

Today's Rain

Christie Sampson

Rain crashing on my head
Sooths the soul
The tears I never cried
running down my face

Sitting
Watching it slide over my skin
To the sidewalk below
Pooling in the cracks
Along with the weeds

I lean back against the steps,
Stone against skin
To touch the cold

Shake shiver silently
In the dark night
Opening my arms
to the skies above

I'm terrified not to feel

The numbness seeps in
No fear no sadness
No joy or laughter

Waiting for life to arrive,
Then watching it fly by
The train I never caught

To Fly or Fall

Christie Sampson

I stare at you
Over the rim of my cracked coffee mug
You question my thoughts with a tilt of your head
I lick my lips and answer
“Thank you for making me smile.”

You helped me to find myself
Made me face my fear of life
Let me believe in you
When I couldn't believe in me.

Hours later
I watch you drive away
Away from me
Away from us
And I wonder how I'll sleep
Waking up tomorrow without you
No one to save me from myself

You always frightened me
The things you made me feel
A thousand ideas, and emotions
Came alive

And I remember
How I changed
When I was with you
Or perhaps
How I didn't have to change at all

“You're letting me go”, I had asked
You nodded
And left me with my memories of us
To fly or fall on my own
You said the choice was mine alone

I sit back down and
Trace the crack on the mug

Until it forks

I lift my eyes

And smile

DREAMS

Chris Howell

Stage 1 – The Birth

The bright, early morning sunrise,
Yet I cannot see it, I am tired and bound,
Unfocused, blurry images dance against a black stage,
Silhouettes freely leaping and falling,
Why must it end so suddenly?
Without a clear and perfect ending?

Stage 2 - Adolescence

Too scared to release the information to her physical state,
I saw her, and I saw him, and I saw me,
How little affection she showed towards me,
I watched her and him, and I watched them take center stage,
As the hands crossed and the finger enveloped each other,
I awoke abruptly in a cold sweat.

Stage 3 – Adulthood

The destiny was a late night beach scene,
I stand surrounded by unfamiliar faces,
They laugh, and play, and run through the tide,
Splashing the crystal clear water into space and back again,
Why must it end so early?
Without a clear and perfect ending?

The Politician

Cole Young

A politician is like a poem.
He's the one we look to for answers,
And when we hear what we don't want to,
We interpret it differently.

He says what we want him to say.
Though, he doesn't know it.
He works for us, lives for us,
And lives among us.

So what's he really saying under all that political babble?
Well, it's whatever you think it is.
If you think he's talking to you though, you're wrong.
He's talking to no one; he's talking to himself.

You just happen to be listening

The California Checklist

Cole Young

- 5 lbs. of Animal Crackers
- 3 cases of beer
- 5 gal. of salsa
- 1 Blue '92 Dodge Van with Cadillac hood ornament
- 1 broken radiator so you have to drive with the heat on in the middle of the Mojave Desert.
- 1 starring as extras in a movie with Jeremy's hot sister
- 1 simultaneous sighting of a midget playing tennis and a 3-legged dog
- 1 sleeping in truck stop
- 1 sleeping in parking lot
- 12 nights in the classiest Hilton's in the country
- 1 swim trip in the Great Salt Lake that smells like no other
- 1 trip to dirty Reno to buy cheap porn
- 1 trip through the bustling metropolis of Elko, Nevada to see the giant "E" on the side of their mountain
- 27 trips to Taco Bell in 13 states
- 1 playing of *California Love* as you cross the boarder.
- 1 meeting a pimp and having him take "you nice boys" down to see "his women"
- 1 searching by the California State Fruit Inspector
- 1 night sleeping on the ocean
- 1 trip to OJ's house
- 1 trip to Wayne Newton's house
- 1 trip to fabulous L.A., Hollywood, and of course, Long Beach
- 1 conversation with local surfer smoking a fat one
- 1 prodding of a friend with a shoe polisher
- 2 chicken tacos from Del Taco
- 1 visit to the world's largest thermometer which reads a horrific temperature of 110 degrees
- 1 long trip through Barstow and Baker to Vegas
- 1 show of Penn and Teller where you take own picture with Teller
- 1 ride in a Limo
- 1 flashing by woman in limo
- 1 trip to the hospital
- 1 28 hr. period of excessive drinking, but no eating
- 1 "all you can eat", 3 hr trip, to the buffet after that

1 night where 2 of your friends are “with” some girls in the room and you and your other friend get crazy drunk and gamble for 5 hrs back to the room..... scoop up one of your friends and have the early-bird special at 6:35 am.

8 nights of driving in the night till 5am and hallucinating that the roof is gone

1 realization that Prince “rocks”

1 mad crazy idea of risking your friend’s lives to drive the van off the road to chase a rabbit at 3 in the morning

281 sightings of rednecks

71 encounters with beautiful girls

1 day of driving down the most beautiful coast in the world and realizing what *America* was talking about when they wrote “Ventura Highway”

27 occasions where you think you’re never coming back

1 peace with God

15 days of pure YOU

SomeTimesWhy
Cole Young

Chorus Some...Times I feel I'm goin' nowhere
Why...Do I feel like I'll make it someday
Come...Try and make it better for me
Some...Times Why...

Verse The conversation's lost direction and it can't be ending
The school of mine's been destroyed, take it take it!
Baby...Baby why don't you let me in
Save me...save me from where my thoughts begin

Prechorus But I don't know where the road will take me
And I don't care cause it's all been done

Chorus Some...Times I feel I'm goin' nowhere
Why...Do I feel like I'll make it someday
Come...Try and make it better for me
Some...Times Why...

Breakdown *****

Verse I sent the word and I was desperate but I was not certain
That when they wrote me it's over, it's done it's done!
Color...Color that's what stopped me
Mother...Sweet mother just let it be

Prechorus But now I know that I stand alone
And it's been scripted in a permanent stone
When will I find the place I'll call my home

In this place...IN THIS PLACE, YEAH!

Chorus Some...Times I feel I'm goin' nowhere
Why...Do I feel like I'll make it someday
Come...Try and make it better for me
Some...Times Why...

Solo *****

Slow Verse I wish that my bed could just take me to another day
And wash away the desperation, take it take it
But when the song is done the band goes home and no one stayed
I'll look to you to play the one that no one's played

Prechorus *****

Chorus (Outro) Some...Times I feel I'm goin' nowhere
Why...Do I feel like I'll make it someday
Come...Try and make it better for me
Some...Times Why...

NoWhere ToGo

Cole Young

I say I wanna be a wealthy man
But are my eyes just seeing what my father's can?

I say I know what's cool these days
And in the garden I sleep to be cast away

I say that my tears come from the heart
But when I open my mouth it just falls apart

I say to be open you've got to lie
Not to me, but to what's kept inside

I say what is said should be kept that way
Not written in a book to be sold away

I say that my heart is with my band
Just four of us riding west in the van

I say that in the end we'll make it alright
Let God be the one to calm you tonight

Thinking of You

Cole Young

I'm trying to get my life organized.
Putting my time into a schedule and restricting my fun-
I'm sick of it!
I'm sick of trying to make everyone happy
At the same time.
It just doesn't work.
There's opportunity cost.
You need to decide who's the most important
And who you really want to make happy...

I've got it!
Make yourself happy.
Spend time with you.
Not your mother, or your friends, or your significant other
Yourself
You're the person you have the most in common with.
You're the person you know the most about.
But if you get sick of you...
You're really in trouble.
You'll have no one.
You'll have to find a new you.

Calculus of Life

Dan Roosien

Our lives are but mere line segments—
Or are they rays,
starting at
one point and continuing on and on until infinity?
Existing on the same plane

Rising to new heights over their run,
along the x-factor of time.
the y we'll never know.
some real, but seemingly irrational answer.

A sum of positive and negative experiences,
how we deal with them making all the difference.

Differentiating between right and wrong
Integrating what we've learned
to derive the function of our existence

to try to solve the unknown in the most complex equation
to find the limit of the human mind

With which we'll approach, but never arrive at the solution.

Missed Opportunities

Fred Millett

I wanted to paint this landscape,
While camping with my family one summer.
It was of a beach, overlooking a lake,
And it caught me as very intriguing.
I decided I would paint it the next morning,
Right before we left,
And I would wear this new white shirt
That I had just bought there.
But that night during dinner,
I stained my new white shirt,
So I never painted the landscape.

The Missing Piece of My Puzzle

Fred Millett

My life is like a puzzle,
All complete except for one piece,
But that piece is missing,
Waiting to be found,
Until I met you.

You are the missing piece of the puzzle,
The piece that fell off the table,
Right under my nose the whole time.
I was just too stupid to notice you were there.
Until I opened my eyes.

You are the missing piece of my puzzle,
The piece that fits in perfectly with all the rest.
You've completed my life,
Made it so much more special,
And I'll never forget that.

From Your Arms to My Feet
Lucas Hoard

I'm tired of thinking why,
I'm tired of feeling bad.
It's time to stop leaning so much on you.
I'm strong enough now to be your crutch.

I have finally freed myself from being strangled,
with dark vines grown thick and strong.
It was with your axe that our tools were enough,
where alone my blade would've broken.
I'm prideful when I see the scars from my struggles,
because I'm stronger than I ever would have been.

Never think that my standing alone now,
means the end of us forever.
Never feel that if I'm not reaching for your hand,
that I don't need your embrace.
Never look the other way if you need to cry,
for I looked to you when my eyes were gray.

I smile now when I look to that dark place,
where I was confined for so long.
I smile now when I look upon your caring face,
knowing true friends are forever.
And when I leave this world I'll be smiling,
because you'll still be by my side.

Bookmark
Lucas Hoard

I attempt to read a story with eyes for words.
About something my heart can hardly explain to my mind.
A story that unfolds more for every exploration I make,
And envelops me deeper with each page in its bind.

Each chapter holds new secrets and mysteries to be revealed.
It's a work of art as special as a closest friend.
A tale where time spent hearing it passes within an instant,
And time spent remembering it will never end.

As I grow I am shaped by the expression in those green letters,
For which I cannot keep a look of despair.
And whose fey, gray, characters I seek,
When I have deep scars to share.

My love for this book I express with these words,
Words of comfort, of joy, and of brilliance that tell,
About a girl with a soul so beautiful,
Tis a crime to be held in a mortal shell.

Lustful Wallflower
Lucas Hoard

I've lost all connections to what it was.
All that I thought I was.
Disaster, confusion, these feelings for you are nothing.
Nothing more than desperate pleas,
From a lost soul that desires companionship.

These feelings can't be anything real.
I can't need you the way I feel like I do.
Nothing I have ever wanted was really what I needed.
And still I can't shake this feeling.
I can't shake you.

I just don't want to play the same game anymore.
Can't things be the way they are in fantasy?
Perfect endings, that's what I want.
But I'll never have it.
So why should I waste my time trying with you?

What about you could change anything?
That smile, that laugh, those eyes?
How can I trust this beautiful shell?
I don't know what lies beneath; I can't trust you.
I'm made of too many lies for that.

So instead I walk away.
And leave behind a path of thorns.
And I'll never see the sand and the waves on the other side.
All because I don't have the strength to get through the briars.

So why can't you come to me?
Or is that just wishful thinking from a lonely soul?
One who stands behind the crowd

~Perception~

Lucas Hoard

I come from a place that parallels this world,
I see the truth, always through a mist of deception.
I hear answers to questions that are never asked,
And find familiarity in faces never seen.

Yet I dwell here, in this place of contradictions.
This place of false hopes and meaningless desires.
I live where I am unknown and my rightful place,
Is always beyond my farthest reach.

My deepest truths are beyond dimensions.
And though I know what is real for me,
I could not express it to anyone here,
For a language does not exist to do so.

So I walk here to meet the actors of this sideshow.
So I sleep here to dream the reason for this play.
So I look here to see the colors of rainbows,
And ask why there are seven and not eight.

They Say
Lucas Hoard

They say that time heals all wounds,
yet all my scratches have become festering sores.
They say when you're on the bottom the only way is up,
but everyday I wake to find I've slipped deeper still.
They say that people watch over you when they die,
but all I can feel is a chill wind shadowed by dark clouds.
They say tomorrow is always a new day,
And each new dawn has become darker than before.
They say a lot of things,
but I know if you drink too much seawater you'll die,
and all I can taste are salty tears.

while on a subway-
Gary Gosciak

traveling in a hole
a mole
sticking out upon wrinkled skin
darkness surrounds
catacombs
the dead walk this way
along electrified lines
from which nothingness
there are the shrines
the temples, dojos, and synagogues
breaking through to the light
the dead have the sight
walking alive
past socialized eyes
above the dome
where there is no throne
the king, queen, and their court
kneel and contort
the kingdom is gone
the night of light everlasting
close your eyes
listen to the cries
the wheels are spinning
along electrified lines

sitting on a bench-timeline

Gary Gosciak

great beasts roam the earth today
over paved ways
do they travel
but some go where not
first thought to go
caged animals hidden
under hoods of disguise
growl and hiss and even humm
vibration over shocked travel
suspension suspended suspense
over ground
in the distance
time has found
there is a lack of sound
no modern day chariots
or ripped horses packed
in muscle toiling against
friction

a coffee shop view

Gary Gosciak

yellow is nice
31st street is nice
cabs are yellow
and so is vienna beef
pearson and state
and the man you'd like to hate
school busses are yellow too
and so are coffee stained teeth
and smoking with yellow shirts
passing the time
sitting on the corner
of pearson and state
not all cabs are yellow
broomsticks and italian skin
and the coke head on the corner
he has some crack, crank
ask him and he will show you
where his neighborhood is
its just across the street
under your own two feet
the world that you walk
no time to talk
the pitcher has balked

Quantum Sight

Gary Gosciak

are u there
the night
fallen
the lake is cold
crisp
and the sky and water
a horizon
the little waves dance
along the rolling
the sky and water
talking silently whispering
wind through bones
spontaneous dreaming
mermaids dancing with angels
the undines and the silfs
no reason or rhyme
no tradition or belief
please please please please please
thankyou thankyou thankyou thankyou
in there
the prayer the kneeling
on the sand
listening to the waves
rolling, along wet particles colliding
string of one with all
just a memory looking back
the wind imprint
mind not seeing
living for living
death for death
the waves keep rolling
time to go strolling
along physics bounds
are you here

Engineered to be Mind

Gary Gosciak

When is It told
With out your soul being sold
And when is It said
Without being dead
And how does the mind
Go about to find

The places outside of its own conscious
Then there will be needed tools
Adventures within
Outside the minds home
Traveling across bone
Exploring new synopsis
All within that is without bounds
The Cosmic lands of unfound space
Taking nurture to Nature
To find Union with Eternal now told
For new additions to the minds home
In engineering to unfold

Eating Newtons Apple on an and Stream

Gary Gosciak

I do find the place to eat my snacks and
look out into my skull as it opens its jaws to enjoy
the treat of being the black hole and taking away that
which existed with light and find that place far away
hidden in the universe an unescapable black hole too
dangerous for other person types and the gravity the
danger of peeling off the flesh and exposing the
mystery hidden under that layer of viewable flesh
presented to eager eyes through hubble vision and bubble
vision expanding away from the grasp of space and
times realities cognition.

That is the place found
eating an apple
to the core
inspect the seeds
and even to no more.

A song for my wife

Greg Staskowski

Lullaby, Lullaby, Lullaby, love
My friend, my refuge, my angel above
In your winter blankets immersed warmly deep
Sleep softly, sleep softly, sleep softly, sleep.

I watch and I wonder, "What dreams in her head?"
Before there were nightmares, some best left unsaid
But now, All is well, All is well, I'm content.
Her quilt slowly rises with each warm, sweet breath.

Perhaps my chief pleasure, this time of the day
When winter clouds hover and the sky is gray
Our labors done now, my strong lady rests
I watch and I listen, in our quiet nest.

No tears and no laughter, the next day can wait
No trials nor cruel whim of capricious fate
So simple, so peaceful, I caress her hair
Just simply my lady most kind and most fair

What journey beckons you, through sun dappled halls?
Where do you voyage, far beyond bedroom walls?
Do I await you there, chasing you as you fly?
Perhaps we sit and talk, beneath far away sky.

So many moments, yet one of the best
When wind whispers softly, no sun in the west
And the one I love most lies so softly asleep
And my heart warmly fills and stirs as if to leap.

“College of Engineering Rap”

Greg Staskowski

(I want to apologize to Chuck D, Run DMC, Public Enemy and the Beastie Boys for this ridiculous and utterly trivial attempt aimed at defending my undisputed heavy weight title in the College of Engineering poetry contest. I also realized that on our forward-thinking, progressive, ethnically diverse campus someone is going to be offended by this, and therefore I apologize in advance.)

No fun, no games, no sir, that's me!
Working night and day for an engineering degree
Just a lone engineering college Emcee.
No time for your ultimate, Frisbee!

Hit campus real early, 8 in the AM!
Back to the grind, got to start all over again.
Gotta long day gettin my research on!
Got my thesis on Ceramics, cause its da bomb!

See my homie Eldon C. for the four-eleven!
Gotta sinter specimens at Kelvin 917!
Watch the porosity, got to get it down!
Gotta lecture at 9, I be runnin around.

(refrain)

No fun, no games, no sir, that's me!
Working night and day for an engineering degree
Just a lone engineering college Emcee.
No time for your ultimate, Frisbee!

I be on the road again, like the Easy Ridah.
MSM class chillin with the hard insiders.
Where all the fine ladies wear jeans not skirts
They down with K.N. Mony and his colorful shirts!

I be keepin it real, got a lot to do,
Stayin level wit my homies in the MSM Krew!
Mony say he got a question for us undergrad fools

“What alloy would you use to manufacture these tools?”

(refrain)

No fun, no games, no sir, that’s me!

Working night and day for an engineering degree

Just a lone engineering college Emcee.

No time for your ultimate, Frisbee!

Working late on the variable separation

Take the stress entered in Hooke’s equation

I’m down with Fourier, Laplace and Integration.

Got the mad, phat, skillz with force summation!

Say, “compute the crimp angle of the collagen!”

Better differentiate between the elastin.

Be at Anibal Smith, finals week be chillin

3rd rank stress tensor be the one most illin.

(refrain)

No fun, no games, no sir, that’s me!

Working night and day for an engineering degree

Just a lone engineering college Emcee.

No time for your ultimate, Frisbee!

Aww, yeah!

Wanna shout out to all y’all in MSM!

Peace!

Everything Changes

Katie Adams

Teardrops splatter and
pictures fade away.
Memories grow dim,
love switches names.
Everything changes
as life passes by.
Candles flicker
in the face of time.

Another Day

Katie Adams

Another day has come and gone
Another twilight follows the dawn
Another heart begins to break
Somewhere out in time and space
Another life slowly comes to an end
Another soul loses a dear friend
Another puddle gathers up tears
As the days turn into years

Uncaring World

Katie Adams

I sit here alone
nursing my pain
and the world goes on
as if nothing has changed
My room offers sanctuary
from the constant monotony
of the mumbling voices that say
nothing of relevance to me
The world continues on its
bustling course not giving
so much as a glance
at my naked figure
alone in the dark corner
I shrink back into the
recesses of my
blissful fantasies and depart
eagerly from the cold
clammy grasp of reality