

## **Drops of New**

-Kevin McAlpine

Tiny, trickle, raindrops fall  
Upon my face, inside they crawl  
In and out and all around

Autumn leaves inside my head  
They float on down into my bed  
Where I sleep until tomorrow comes

This pain and love inside of me  
Is the change the new day brings  
    I know that this life's not free  
    But I want it to be for me  
Out of luck, my timing's wrong  
Goodbye old self, it is long gone.  
Rearranged , I'm just like new  
Toss it back...its back to you

Pavan Kumar Mallapragada

## **The Grave**

Happy living in this place,  
Where vanity outdid sanity,  
The men here are sold out,  
To see their temples erect!

Come see! Oh million stars!  
Our pedestal of triumph  
The grave of humanity,  
The sepulture of reason

We're led by mental amputees,  
Feeding on our weaknesses,  
We were too busy sleeping,  
To know what befell the night

Shower on! dark cloud,  
Wake up the sleeping dead,  
From the grave of humanity,  
The sepulture of reason

Assassins of Imagination,  
Eclipsed the world of thought,  
We know not what light was like,  
We never saw something bright

Shine on! your silver light,  
Oh! Keeper of the dark night,  
Over the grave of humanity,  
Bring us to the light!

Pavan Kumar Mallapragada

**Dead Tree**

=====

I know you are there,  
hearing my silence  
hiding from me.

Fearing the fiction  
the void you'd fall into,  
Trying to save me.

I stand like a dead tree  
In your family album

Cheating yourself.  
That you never cheated me,  
If not for my good

Made me a wimp,  
Abandoned me for  
You're Afraid of me.

I stand like a dead tree  
In your family album

My will forsaken,  
Calls me to give up  
The desire to live

All is well that ends well,  
and it ended for you  
and it ended - for you

I stand like a dead tree  
In your family album

Pavan Kumar Mallapragada

**Alive**

=====

He was asked  
asked by his mother,  
son ! am I wrong ?  
wrong in being a cynic ?

She gets up from the bed,  
with her rouge dissolved,  
in the sweat of her venal act,  
but is it venal ?

She's not in utopia !  
she's raped !  
with her will ?  
is she avaracious ?

She asked, am I eclectic,  
in this ambivalent world,  
where everything is good and bad,  
am I wrong, can I live ?

Son, the eight year old said,  
with a sanguine smile,  
we are not savants mom !  
but we are alive !

Alive ? she said !  
but why ? You know,  
You know it better mother !  
Its time for you to go

She rises up in disgust,  
rises up to go,

She gets up from the bed,  
with her rouge dissolved,  
in the sweat of her venal act,  
but she knows, she is alive !

Pavan Kumar Mallapragada

**Better World**

=====

Lay Here I,  
Lay Here I,  
Amongst the blood,  
Born from rivalry.

I see the world,  
I see the world  
in the sacred sleep,  
Around me, forever!

Happy was I,  
When a flower Was I,  
In the garden of love,  
With innocent surround

Fairy she came,  
Fairy she came,  
Allured me, my thought,  
I liked it, I never fought!

She owned me!  
She took me away,  
to what she calls,  
Its the better world,

Lay Here I,  
With no identity,  
With war and with greed,  
And with obscenity

Lay Here I,  
Amongst the worthy carcass,  
No reason to live,  
No reason to die!

Pavan Kumar Mallapragada

**The Flame**

=====

A still and cold world,  
Wanting to be dyed,  
In a still unfinished painting,  
Waiting for its pride

They pinned on all the scar  
Stained it in its midway,  
Few praised its appearance,  
Few called it below par

People fought for ideals,  
And people fought the wars,  
Some People loved the facts  
Some People loved the color

Oh! they blamed, they flamed,  
they know not what it takes  
Sleeping day and night,  
they have not any stakes

What it means to me,  
What it means to you,  
We are never false,  
And We are never true

People fought for ideals,  
And people fought the wars,  
Some People loved the facts  
Some People loved the color

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jason jurcak

if your teeth are not white but cream  
go to the dentist and get them cleaned  
they have pictures of James Dean  
... if you know what i mean

---

Lauren Heitzer

## Goodbye

I hope your dreams come true  
And your thoughts be golden  
May your wishes take flight  
And your heart never broken

May you receive all the joy in the world  
And you never have to struggle  
I hope everything works out  
And you never encounter trouble

Hope your life  
Is more than you can imagine  
A dream come true  
Full of happiness and laughter

Although I may never  
Be part of your life  
I wish you the best  
And I hope you never lose sight

Just one last thought  
Before we depart  
Goodbye maybe forever  
But you will forever have a place in my heart

---



Satish Muthu

### **Why do i feel this way**

why do i feel this way,  
oh my sweetie,  
why do i feel this way,  
i feel i am losin u,  
i feel i am movin away from u, fading into the oblivion.  
i don't wanna lose u,  
i wanna hold on tight to u,  
i wanna be with u all my life, for without u i am all but a lost child.  
so i raise my hand in help,  
cryin out to save thy drowning soul,  
life lends me a deaf ear, fate refuses to intervene,  
and my shy beauty refuses to extend me her hand,  
though i am fightin to stay alive, not that i would die,  
but love is divine, the one which fuels my innner desire,  
without which i am just another lifeless mannequin.  
when will she realise that it's time she saved me before it is all too late.  
before she penitently looked upon her past wishing she had acted upon her  
instincts.  
that day she too would say  
why do i feel this way.

---

Chelsea Elizabeth Eble

## **CHILDHOOD FOREVER**

No scraped knees or bruises to display,  
Jump-rope rhymes are no longer spoken,  
The play-doh has dried, the tricycle's rusty,  
The crayons lay abandoned, scattered, and broken.

Cursive isn't required in class,  
Finger paint pictures don't cover the walls.  
There's no more class hamster-the weekend pet,  
No getting in lines to walk down the halls.

The rain no longer invites you outside,  
The Kool-aid mustache has long washed away,  
The swing set squeaks in a breeze that calls,  
For a child that no longer resides there to play.

Trick-or-treating had to end,  
Santa no longer inhabits your heart,  
Eggs around Easter remain their pale white.  
For the tooth fairy, you're now too smart.

Ever want to go back to the days,  
When the sidewalk was canvas to murals of chalk,  
When a bike got you everywhere you had to go,  
Because your best friend's house was just down the block?

Ever wonder where those simple times went?  
When every Friday was a sleepover night,  
When red Jello-jigglers were the snack of choice,  
When your kite was always awaiting next flight.

The mountains topped with sweet white dreams  
Filled your mind as you slept through the night.  
With a security blanket tucked under your arm,  
You were safe from any nightmare fright.

But sleeping was a waste of time,  
There was too much unknown, too much to explore,  
Just as the sun awoke, stretching its arms,  
You were out of bed and through the front door.

Times may have changed but something remains,  
The spirit of the carefree child will stay,  
Stored in your heart, with no way out,  
Childhood's something you can't take away.

---

[Kevin J. Smith](#)

## **Linux, Late At Night**

Kernel panicking  
The system has crashed  
Time for coffee

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Elizabeth Jennifer Volz

**Circuits**

Why won't you work right?

Did I get the wires crossed?

Come on light, turn on!

Elizabeth Jennifer Volz

Valentine's Day  
My heart is failing  
to recover from it all.  
Can you feel my pain?

---

Matthew L. Hamm

### **Winter Romance**

While the streets of the big mitten are filled with snow.  
Here I come to see a show,  
not of magic or illusions,  
but of things that are real.  
Like the touch of your skin.  
It is more real than anything else in the world.  
For it is no illusion that you are beautiful.  
In all ways, for all of time, you are gorgeous.  
I can see the passionate yet iron will you have,  
whenever I glare into your eyes.  
A fire burns there, like none other.  
A fire that melts the snows of Michigan.  
A fire that shames the fires of Hell.  
And the fires of hell I would walk through,  
to look into your eyes again.  
A fire that melts the ice over my heart,  
and somehow makes me feel alive again.  
A fire that I want to warm myself in,  
for the rest of this snowy season.

[Matthew L. Hamm](#)

## **Kiss**

With a passion that burns deeply with fire,  
All I think of it is you.  
My thoughts are swept away with passion,  
conquered by desire.  
Whenever I look at your lips,  
I can feel and see my destiny.  
For I would give my life,  
for just one kiss from you.  
The seductive Goddess stuck in my head,  
how did you ever to mean so much to me?  
For I know that there is no place greater than your side.  
Use me, abuse me, fine.  
For you I would walk through the Gauntlet of trials, forever.  
All for one kiss.

With one kiss,  
we become one.  
With one kiss,  
I will fall in love.  
With one kiss,  
I will release the passion I have inside.  
With one kiss,  
I will be yours for all of time.

This kiss I will give when the time is right.  
Never fear, never fright.  
For all you know it will be tonight.



Matthew L. Hamm

**Driven**

As I stare at the sky on this beautiful day,  
breathing in the sweet air and dreaming of things to come,  
I am penetrated by thoughts of you,  
Though my mind wanders freely it succumbs to thoughts of you,  
I can envision your soft eyes, just imagining them pierces the stone around  
my heart.  
It is as if they see right through me.  
It is as if they see through my flesh straight to the soul.

For all your magnificent beauty,  
    your shimmering hair,  
    your beautiful face,  
        a face to turn a Goddess green,  
    your grace,  
        you only leave trails of awe behind you.  
    and your wonderful smile,  
        mysteriously freeing my soul.

It is the way you see the world,  
it is your understanding and love,  
it is your ability to care and feel so openly,  
it is your dynamic personality,  
    that has you on my on this beautiful day.

Which drives me to write this note,  
which drives me to talk to you whenever I can,  
which drives me to want to know everything about you,  
which drives me to want to date you,

There is no doubt that you intrigue me,  
    that you affect me,  
    I want to affect you.

[Matthew L. Hamm](#)

## **The Sun**

Here comes the sun,  
Majestic as God itself,  
warmth brought to the winter,  
light brought to the night,  
life brought to the soul,  
comfort brought to the body,  
beauty brought to the eyes,  
realization brought to the mind,  
and oneness brought to self.

It shines down from it's thrown,  
into every eye,  
into every pore,  
into every soul.

Everlasting beauty everyday,  
same time everyday,  
same feelings everyday,  
can recharge everyday,  
can heal everyday.

Never asks for anything,  
never requires anything,  
never ingornes anything,

Here comes the sun,  
Majestic as God itself.  
Loves all it touches.  
Loves all everyday.  
Loves you today.

Matthew L. Hamm

**View To a Mind**

Today two men came across a blade of grass,  
one man saw something green,  
another man saw something turning brown.

Today two men came across a beautiful woman,  
one man saw the love of his life,  
another man saw intimidation.

Today two men came across a book,  
one man saw knowledge,  
another man saw boredom.

Today two men came across a stray dog,  
one man saw a chance to help,  
another man saw a pitiful soul.

Today two men came across a challenge,  
one man saw victory,  
another man saw defeat.

Today two men came across death,  
one man saw a fullied life,  
another man saw fear.

Today two men came across the same street,  
one man saw the potienal,  
another man saw a slum.

Today two men came across the same path,  
one walked with pride,  
another walked with pain.

Today two men came across the other,  
one man saw a man struggling with himself,  
another man saw a man he wanted to be.

Today two men came across a thought,  
one man used it,  
another rejected it.

Today two men saw two different worlds.

Today two men saw their minds reflection.

Today two men looked at the same things.

Tonight only one man will sleep in comfort.

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Evan James

**“A Mature Seed”**

Kneel before me, with your chin down low,  
and your arms bent, and your eyes closed.  
Now gaze back up at me, at bat me some tears,  
oh God, I love all these girls you gave me all these years;  
‘cuz I get mine, and you know they get theirs.  
It’s only perfectly natural to instill these fears.

-CHORUS-

All men get this hunger.  
All men get this need.  
I just say this is perfectly natural,  
it gets easier for me.

Respond to my voice.  
Reach out and touch my stare.  
Tell me darling, can you feel my left hand,  
slowly brushing your hair.  
Slightly parted to the right, but mostly kept back,  
with two round, brown eyes sitting wetly in the middle  
of such golden hair,  
with such sharp teeth,  
and such curious ears.  
I think I hear this girl, crawling back to me,  
when she’s too scared to say who I am,  
‘cuz I am, ‘cuz I am, ‘cuz I am,  
whoever I say that I am,  
but don’t you dare say nothing.

-CHORUS-

Now tell me where you’ve been, and tell me where did you go.  
Tell me if it was him, and tell me how his love shows.  
In red-licked skin, or in sparkling gold.  
Now you find me your lover,  
and I’ll show you how I show my love,

to him.

-CHORUS-

Now being rough with him  
would be wrong, be considered sin,  
but I don't know how much more  
of this I can listen to.  
I can move too.  
I still hear his voice,  
but I can only see you.  
It's so clear just who I'm really talking to,  
and suddenly I know just what I'll do.  
Is it right no, is it wrong yeah.  
That's just fine yeah, that's just fine yeah, that's so fine.  
With me, your hand in mine.  
Honey, just you and me, let's go.  
Yes I know, his love is spread all ways  
from your head to your toes.  
It makes me want to open my hate  
and make you mine.

---

[Andrew Hilleshiem](#)

## **The Ornament**

My heart sits heavy while my feet move slow  
courage lacking to face the moment  
I stare down -- seeking something to give attention  
alas, a shimmering escape  
I stare down -- without the courage to stare up  
making love to the ornament around your neck  
I stare down -- captivated; scared; overwhelmed;  
feeling your breath; impossibly  
I stare down -- a victim, lost and confused; breathe  
sweet shimmer take away my paralysis  
I stare down -- love so strong; in-containable  
overflowing; your sweet ornament absorbs  
I stare down -- but the moment's over  
look up; return precious paralysis; return  
I stare down -- I feel it, as the time passes,  
the danger of time and distance  
I stare down -- impossibly; as if ten thousand miles  
my escape, now only to captivate; not lost  
I stare down -- unable to stare up; paralyzed  
knowing it's here to stay  
I stare down -- warm against my chest  
here to stay; here to stay; God, give me sleep

---

David Imach

## **Dark Horizon**

Will the new century let death begin?  
Dark days like nights.

The world feels cold and barren,  
Nature is an eternal winter.

Time passes slowly,  
Leaving the Earth timeless.

---

George Elliott

## **Frustration**

Feeling the anger tear me  
rage that builds with no release  
underneath this skin is a mind boiling  
screaming with the power of a pin drop  
tongue tasting that familiar rust  
rust of a nail inside my head  
a nail gouging out my focus  
torturing me with Atlas strength  
ignorance is no longer bliss  
only pain of this cursed nail  
never caring as the bore deepens.

needing to escape this brainstorm  
old pains cannot come even close  
insanity so near  
the nail must be dug out  
already bracing for the new pain  
readily accepted for freedom  
tearing in agonizing speed  
stake of frustration now removed  
undercurrents relieve me  
ready to design again  
Frustration breeds inspiration.



George Elliott

## **Blocked**

I can feel it coming  
an immense wall getting closer  
ready to halt my creativity  
spiraling me into nothingness  
where no word escapes my lips  
and no sketch slips from my hand.

Here I am, with teeth grinding  
trying to climb an infinite height  
and no purchase to gain  
I'd scream in fury, if I had a voice  
instead, I bite to taste the pain  
biding my time for an epiphany.

There stands the mocking wall  
harboring an impenetrable depth  
and me with only a pen  
one that waits for my next idea  
ideas all too easy to emerge  
if my vision wasn't so blighted.

Gears in my head snap  
marbles fly in no direction  
my senses dulled by this wall  
nails biting into enraged hands  
ears waxed, eyes blotted red  
nose and tongue feeling the rust  
rust that comes from this frustration  
oiled away when inspiration breaks the wall.

George Elliott

## Death of The Butterflies

He could have avoided this pain  
hindsight has removed the wool  
all he had to do was not call, lose the number  
it would have been better not to chance it  
than feel this morbid hollow within.

This could have ended at the beginning  
but no, he just had to fall for her  
naturally she had all he could desire  
she made them fly with hardly an effort  
now they lay crushed, scattered among his heart.

It might not hurt if he knew it was fleeting  
if only he didn't enjoy every second  
the end might not have come so quick  
he may have been able to move on  
instead, he mourns those of what once were.

It doesn't help that she didn't explain  
her disappearance offers no salve  
her comfort was concrete to his egg  
an egg he thought she would keep forever  
instead of shattering with the remains of the dead.

If only he could meet her once more  
just to comprehend, to see her side  
maybe then the hurt could wash away  
yet how can he endure seeing her again  
when a mere thought kills another piece of him?

These days, he is a ghost  
floating through streets with haunted sorrow  
looking for her with decaying hope  
those who hear his tale see the proof  
see the scar where the ribs were cracked apart  
where she reached inside and choked all that loved  
all with the flutter of a butterfly wing.



George Elliott  
**Don't Wander**

You don't want to be here  
where skeletons rattle like wind chimes  
an orchestra no one needs to witness  
they whisper tales in your ear  
stories that should make you turn back.

You ought to be running away  
this is a place no human can be safe  
where demons slither in every shadow  
pining for your soul to be lost  
so they can tear into fresh meat  
as this old bone has lost all flavor.

You're too far in now  
this maze has you in its belly  
a puzzle full of pits and pendulums  
like the Minotaur's on a cool midnight  
its walls seethe with danger  
where at the heart holds an unlovable beast.

Why couldn't you heed my pleas?  
did you believe this was a mission of rescue, not suicide?  
was there a skewed faith in love's strength?  
did seeing my pain give you pleasure?  
if so, then you will get your fill forever  
as you wandered into my seventh circle  
a place that neither of us will ever escape.

---

Madhusudhan Srinivasan

### **Musings of a madman**

I have wondered many a day  
Spent many a minute of that day  
Thinking what is this life?  
This mask of love and hate?  
Pain and sorrow  
Are all what is in store for tomorrow?  
Multitudes of relationships  
All springing from the seed of selfishness  
From mother to child and from lover to the beloved  
Should we put on this mask of love?  
What is this mind that causes it all?  
What is this body that makes it real?  
Living in a world bound by time  
I have lost the meaning of eternity  
That with which I was born  
Has been lost forever  
Or so I think  
Wait!!! I think I see a light in the distance  
Is this the light of pure consciousness?  
I am confused for I cannot think  
Whether this mind of mine is for real?  
What if we were just specks of dust?  
In God's hand, in who believe we must  
What if this whole life was a play?  
For amusing him, whose name I dare not say  
For I do not know him  
I have heard people say  
He is the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost  
And Allah and Ram, he is revered the most  
But I have never seen this God  
Whose praise all religions sing  
In all their holy hymns  
I am an atheist  
So people say  
I care not, think what they may  
I fear not, what might come in my way

For I have seen this life to be fake  
A grand divine mistake  
Atone we must for someone's fault  
And find out that "we" are not  
What we think we are  
In each of us resides  
The zero and the infinity  
The realization of which, requires just humility  
Shed your masks, and skin  
Find the true meaning of life within  
All this comes out of a man who is drunk  
But at least he's happy he has made you think

[Madhusudhan Srinivasan](#)

**On religious hatred within the civilized man**

This age of missiles and machines  
Is no better than the age of stones and sticks  
For man still remains a beast at heart  
For five thousand years, we have prospered  
So people say, to me it hardly matters  
For we have only chained the beast  
But not tamed it in the least  
A thousand religions have come to stay  
But none seems to lead the way  
To man's ultimate destination  
Religions have bred only hatred  
But not love, which truly mattered  
To try and see ourselves in every other being  
Would have long ago led us to life's true meaning  
To a thousand Gods for help we implore  
To save us from the violence and gore  
Appeal not to these thousand images  
For they do not exist outside our minds  
Trust not the religions man propounds  
Turn inward and find the place where love abounds  
For death, by nature is an eventuality  
So hold no grudges, which is the source of all brutality  
Love all, the way you wish to be loved  
For every atom on this earth is a piece of God  
Grieve not if I, tomorrow become a victim of religious brutality  
Use the time instead to prevent another such fatality

---

Rick Thorne

### **A Royal Paean**

As rising sun illumines dark  
On new adventure I embark.  
In foreign land, left all alone;  
The quest begins so far from home...

Pierce IAH, smite ISS;  
Sticklen all four Calculus.  
From mountain high and valley low  
Tauren hordes approaching slow.  
Besting Orcs and Diff Eq,  
Westfall, Stein, O'Connor, too.  
A Cave Troll falls by steady hand  
And legend grows throughout the land.  
>From knowledge gleaned strong magic builds,  
The throng unites in forming guilds.  
Wave a scepter, cast a spell:  
Banish MATLAB back to Hell!  
Fell Wraith and Ogre, trek for miles,  
Cross Buch, Engeda, Wolff and Lyles.  
A quest, a quill, a paper sought  
Espousing all that Cartwright taught.  
Wailing Banshee, Mage and Druids  
Wrest Physics, CAPA, Soils and Fluids.  
Wielding Chain Rule rend withal;  
Cast Newton, Gauss and Fintushel.  
Swift as lightning, loud as thunder  
The Midterm scourge is torn asunder.  
A lord, The KING, I'd be in name  
If Engineering was this game!  
Four- point-oh turns three-point-three,  
With uphill climb ahead of me,  
The peril of being overthrown  
Reminds me oft I'm on my own.  
Creature's might, professor's power,  
Overwhelming Help Room hours.  
The days be rattled shield and helm



Just as the world within this realm.  
Pavement, Structures, souls and mind,  
A dragging sword soon trails behind.  
Trudging now through deepened snow  
The King has fallen quelling foes.  
Goblin, Wyvern, Projects nil  
Lay dormant in their lairs until  
A new semester dawns and then  
The King will rise to fight again!  
The light fades and the task deletes,  
Erasing all immortal feats  
The world existing in my den Replaced by the real one again...

---

James Robert Karnes

Title: **Sleep and Dream Again**

Ghosts whisper from the grave  
Telling their tales of hope and sorrow  
Tales of the cowardly and the brave  
Their immaculate voices echo  
Throughout the halls of time  
As their songs blast through the speakers  
Their mournful cry can be heard  
Alongside the quiet whisper of the night  
Forever enshrined on the walls of history  
Their souls captured in a glass bottles  
That are shattered by the changing winds  
Shards lay ahead of the incoming tide  
The treacherous footpath leading the way  
A walk few dare to brave  
But the glory is in plain sight  
As the light glows from paradise  
All the while those who remain  
Begin to piece together the bloody glass  
Building the sanctuary so the music can flow  
Through the screams of the shadows  
And into the souls of the dreamers

James Robert Karnes

**Title: Nowadays**

The starlight begins to fade  
The dirt under my feet softened by the morning rain  
Blue skies open up and the sun begins to appear  
She stands there trembling  
But there is nothing left to fear  
Winds have carried away the rains  
And covered the scars of yesterday  
Tomorrow the rains may come again  
But for today let us enjoy the sun

James Robert Karnes

**Title: Loud Whisper**

Spilling out into the streets  
Echoing off the walls  
And screaming towards the sky  
The fresh plants bloom  
In the warm glow of the sun  
Each with a unique atmosphere  
To flourish and explore  
And soon the light  
That was once dim and faded  
Sparks a glow  
Once thought to be lost  
But was merely buried by the sand  
And washed away by the tide

James Robert Karnes

**Title: Bottled Note**

Bury me inside

The chambers of my broken soul

Reach out for the sky

Because I cannot crawl out of this hole

The uphill climb is too much

Without a beautiful peak

To enjoy and behold

Whenever your heart turns weak

Do not close the faded book

With the torn face

Keep it next to you

Beside adorned lace

The night falls

And I must go walk the land

But when its dark and detached

Reach out and you will feel my hand

James Robert Karnes

**Title:Blue Sky Summer**

The lightning bolts dance across the skies  
You throw me one of those beautiful smiles  
That seem to light up your eyes  
Your face glistens in the summer breeze  
And nothing will keep you from me  
Not even the vast tides of the empty sea  
I will hold you  
Hold you tight  
All throughout  
The endless summer nights

---

Maliha Aizaz

**Life isn't that Hard**

My life  
Is a big ocean  
A sea of nightmares and dreams  
An ocean of sharks and dolphins  
A balanced place

My life  
Is a bright sun  
A warm place  
Flames filled with moments  
An energetic space

My life  
Is a damaged road  
A Cement full of potholes  
Sometimes smooth and simple  
A roller coaster

My life  
Is a clock  
Always speeding  
Ahead when succeeding  
But from time to time  
It goes unhurried  
When I am  
Terribly worried

My life  
Is a maze  
That stretches until I die.  
It has twists and turns  
But  
Life isn't that hard because  
I go  
With the flow

---

Akua Nkrumah

**THE “EB”**

As I approach the building  
I begin to dread  
The studying I have to do  
Before I can go to bed

I'll be there till 2 am  
To get my work all done  
But in spite of the all this  
I just might have some fun

For in this place I am sure  
To see all kinds of faces  
This building is one of the most  
Interesting of places

In the day it is a place  
Always busy and full  
It educates some of the smartest  
Students in this school

It houses many projects  
That make MSU great  
And many good professors  
The country celebrates

But in the night there is a change  
In the atmosphere  
And if you're there at that time  
The difference is clear

These students turn to zombies  
And by the hour of 2  
They wish they could go home  
But there's so much to do



At any time of the night  
Someone could be leaving  
But deep within the labs  
You can hear some screaming

Due to lines and lines of code  
That just won't compile  
Or many confusing circuits  
Driving their minds wild

The spirit of this place  
Sometimes drives us all crazy  
But we still continue on  
No time to be lazy

Some think we have no life  
Some think we're weird  
But at the end of the day  
We're proud to be engineers

Outsiders don't see all this  
Appearances can be shielding  
But this is a taste of the activities  
Of the Engineering Building

A place of hustling  
A no nonsense zone  
The "EB" as we affectionately call it  
Our home away from home

---

Timothy Negrón

## **Life**

Life is so different from what I had thought  
Is it a lesson in which I am still being taught  
Is everything supposed to be in a perfect balance  
Must I strive to succeed where I have no talents

How can I get used to something that's forever changing  
How can I be comfortable in something that I feel so strange in  
How do I get my priorities straight when it all is so demanding  
With so many different directions to look, how can I be understanding

No one's ever told me that life would be easy  
Since I seem to complicate everything, how can anything please me  
With all of life's opposing views, how can I not be confused  
How am I supposed to live my life when I don't know which path to  
choose?

Eric James Keefe

## **Hindsight**

Can you feel the accidents of our lives?  
Can you control the changes?  
Can you see the things coming next?  
Can you try and change places?

Can you ask yourself what you did?  
Can you ask yourself why?  
Can you accept all the perfect losses?  
Can you do it before you die?

Can you force yourself to be happy?  
Will you listen to the lies?  
Can your heart feed off of death?  
Do your tears mean you cried?

I know you better than you think.  
I see beyond your lies.  
I hid my heart in a place of light.  
It's blinded from your eyes.

Eric James Keefe

## **In Your Dreams**

What is in your dreams?  
A shining disease,  
The secrets of darkness,  
Or a horrible scene?

You're passing through time,  
Asleep to the sun.  
The stars are still shining,  
But yet nothing will come.

I told you goodbye,  
To set yourself free.  
Did I lie to myself?  
Am I still in my sleep?

What is in your dreams?  
Can you see this through me?  
Do you feel my disease?  
Did you do this to me?

Eric James Keefe

## **Until I Die**

There's broken glass within my hand.  
I clutch too tight and something lands.  
My heart caves in; my friendships fade.  
My tears dry up within disgrace.

I can't feel pride; only shame.  
To burn the world in a hallow rage,  
Something pure and something fake.  
I burn within this poison plague.

Under the pressure, I start to drown.  
My world's been flipped back upside down.  
I hold the curse I had so long.  
I won't force myself to carry on.

I felt the ice and touched the pain.  
I'll never feel my heart again.  
Stick needles through my blinded eyes.  
I'll hold my breath until I die.

Eric James Keefe

**Despair**

I'm stuck in this place while my life is erased;  
I'm losing everything I saw in your face.  
Yet you hold me down tight to win every fight.  
Dare you risk my lies making me right?

Then you lead it away and pretend that it's saved,  
You have everything I thought I could take.  
I struggle with every muscle, every limb,  
But the more I fight, the more you drag me in.

I'm slipping again; falling to the place within.  
You hold me away so that I'll give in.  
But there is a line that intertwines,  
It's a dead life to a lost lifetime.

The fear that you breed is a feeling you need,  
In a cinematic display of your hurt and your greed.  
I wish I'd find light in the darkness of night.  
But this despair is enough to sever my sight.

Eric James Keefe

**Disheartened**

You know I saw you in that place.  
With disheartened looks scratched on your face.  
With no remorse and no regrets,  
You know I tried to make some sense  
Of the look left in your eyes;  
The violent scars and distant guise.

The severed past and summer stars,  
Were nothing more than a brand new start  
Of something new and something pure;  
Of something that was lost out there.  
Within the sea and in your dreams.  
You're the one who's lost to me.

You know I stare when you look grey.  
I search your eyes but you look away.  
Why can't you see what I see in you?  
The embodiment of a lawful truth.  
Ignore the lies you tell yourself.  
Untie the flesh and shaded cells.

So what do you want from this today?  
Can I see you as the grey will fade?  
I hold the cure left in my soul.  
But my soul is gone and now I know:  
There's nothing left I need that much.  
There's nowhere left for me to run.

I'm hiding from the truth and lies.  
I'm bleeding from your piercing eyes.  
I'm safer in the cell I've built,  
And tempted by your skin of silk.  
I want to let go where I stand,  
And embrace the never dying end.

---

Tara Lee Franey

## Galileo

Galileo weren't even close.  
That little man,  
He dropped us all from his tower  
And he said we all fell the same  
He said that the way we felt  
It was all the same.  
Don't tell me that some people don't fall faster than others  
But it's ok, little man.  
Because Galileo weren't to know  
That I am in orbit.  
And every moment I am falling  
But every moment you are falling faster away  
You might see me if you ever looked up.  
After all, you built that scope just to prove you could  
And you saw the page of cups,  
Grand-mama of the minotaur  
A bovine and a bear  
A menagerie  
But never me  
Though each night  
I light my lantern  
On top of that hill  
Sending you signals  
Hoping you notice  
Before I come to believe that you are the center of the universe  
And they lock me away.



Tara Lee Franey

## Letters v. Numbers

There was an era  
I could allude to Roman myth  
And read der niebelungenlied  
Scratch out an ode to berlioz  
On a napkin  
During dinner

Once upon a time  
I felt the rhapsody of blues  
Gershwin catwalked up my spine  
Carmen, Handel, Bach and Brahms  
Rimsky-Korsakov and Cui

It used to be that  
I was a child of the woods  
I could feel the pulse of gaea  
As I twined myself about a tree  
And find wisdom in the catbird's call

These days instead, I  
Calculate  
Concatenate,  
And integrate for steady-state  
Postulate  
Asphyxiate  
then look up air's specific weight

At least my parents are happy.

---

Nichole Pryor

**Stir**

It rained,  
It stormed,  
Thunder and lightening.

God stretched and yawned.  
It seemed he had rested through the winter months.

But now with the first  
Thunderstorm  
God stretched and awoke to remind us of  
Spring.

Not the season,  
But the Life.

Nichole Pryor

**Loved**

Like an old Teddy Bear,  
Who's been well loved,  
So is my grandmother.

His eye is missing,  
She wears glasses.

His fur is thinning in places,  
From so many hugs.  
Her skin is not as tight as it once was,  
And age spots can be seen on her hands,  
She greets everyone with a warm embrace.

She smiles  
And more wrinkles appear.

Those Barbie Doll women,  
Who've been  
Tucked,  
Nipped,  
Lifted,  
Have not been loved,  
Have not been worn with wrinkles and age spots.

Like a well loved Teddy Bear.

Nichole Pryor  
**Recollections**

I drive back home,  
Well, the old home.

I still remember the  
Short cuts, which neighborhoods to cut through, and  
Which to not.

I still remember the  
Roads that the police sit on.  
(Which haven't changed in 10 years.)

I still remember the  
Streets we drove on and caused trouble.  
The streets of first tickets and first accidents.

I still remember the  
Restaurants, now gone, we met at on Friday nights.  
The stories that were written within their booths.

I still remember which  
Houses belonged to old friends.

The memories are still there,  
Haunted by the spirit of old friends and good times.

Nichole Pryor

**Fall**

Fall,  
Autumn,  
Colors

Deep Red,  
Deep Brown,  
Deep Green.

The trees are in their  
Perpetual dance with  
Their eternal lover,  
The winds.

They flirt with eachother,  
Just as the smoke arises from the fires  
By the lover's gentle touch,  
The smoke brings a shiver to the leaves.

Smoke scent,  
Apple cider.  
Entice the mood,  
Tempting  
The taste buds.

And all other occurrences  
Flirt with our senses.

Nichole Pryor

**Appreciate**

You've got to make out with those pedophiles,  
Date the jerks,  
Get your heart broken,  
Cry to someone who doesn't care,  
Talk and not be heard,

Love without return.

One day the one  
Who will love you back,  
Who will listen and really care,  
Who will hold your heart so dear,  
Will walk into your life and  
You'll know.

You'll know,  
Like you knew all the others  
Were wrong.  
You'll know that this one will not only be loved,  
But remembered.

---

Nick Vandermolen

**The language of liberals**

“I need a way to spread peace. To change the sway of the Fox news, and Rush Limbaugh. To increase tolerance. Poetry and its double sided meanings are that way.”

While looking at some poems I discovered that poetry has become a tool used by liberals to sway the people of America in a fit of intellectual subterfuge. Poems cognitively confusing meanings and inverted sentence order serve as a way to enter the collective consciousness of America. They serve as a way to make abortion sound great, and God sound evil. Their poems proclaim that recycling is next to Godliness, and that any ways is the way to God. Poems that tell of no definite truth are their norm. Their poems, these liberal word games they give to the public, never work for the good of God, they only work for the sinister plan of Satan and his demonic plan.

Poems do nothing good except send people to hell.

Nick Vandermolen

**Controlled Sorrow**

I control all areas of my life.

I am a commander, a general.

Each and every one of my movements is perfectly choreographed and aptly timed.

All follow my heavenly example, and look to my kingly stature.

The world is mine. Even the media, the real world, portrays me as a creative genius, an illustrious inventor of true freedoms, a creationist, creating the very happiness in which all dwell. I am called second only to God.

In all my glory, in all my illumination I want to disappear. I want to be beat. My soul sometimes can't stand the emptiness inside and wants to shake free of its earthly body. Sometimes when it tries to escape I can't help but shake and shake

and shake.

I tear when this happens.

Sometimes I fall in the bath tub, stomach full of fiery liquids. I scream at the drain like it was a friend. By now it is. I scream obscenities. I wish my yells would flow through the tube and someone, any one, would hear them. When I underwater scream desperate bubbles flow into my nose and hell enters my lungs. I shake and water pours over the edge, but no one knows, that my insides are swimming. Only when I except hell do I breathe again.

Sometimes I cry. I scream at walls. I press my face hard against pavement and wish it was a warm body. I talk to tile like it was a lover. I wander my cavernous house and soul alone, looking for a lover, I only find more emptiness.

In all my glory, in all my fame, in all my future success, my happiness dwells in a woman. If only this predisposed woman of God was in my grasp. If only she was rapped in my creative embrace. Shrouded in my intelligent and downed in my down to earth personality. I want her next to me, and I want her free. I want her better because of me. I would be better because of her.



Yet in all my glory, in all my fame, with all my control. I am still alone.  
Everything is mine except her. Then nothing is mine! I see it all, and nothing  
matters. I am happy less.  
When I realize what I want, it hurts more when I realize God wasn't enough  
this time.

Nick Vandermolen

**Light Covers Sight**

With the cold kitchen floor beneath me  
and the still sweaty cell phone pressed firmly against my ear.  
You tell the truth.  
From the dark end of your heart, to the light end of mine,  
words of truth spew forth.

Tears were in your voice.  
Sorrow was in your soul.  
Brandy was in your blood.  
Your words hit my ear like a mechanical drill  
Rotating routers digging deep  
into my heart,  
hitting nerves and navigating my soul.  
Your drunken wisdom told of true reality.

Each darkened word that reverberated in my ear  
Told a critical critique of the hypocritical nature of modern Christianity.  
“I am a Christian,” I thought,  
“A modern day superstar.”  
Your words revealed what my pride covered heart  
never showed me in the Bible,  
but was their none the less.  
Your intoxicated screams shed light on my hypocritical nature, my loveless,  
selfish self.

“A Christian is supposed to spread light to the dark, not give all the light to  
the light.” You cried as you told me the story of the good Samaritan.

You are the Good Samaritan.  
I am a selfish superstar with white robes and bright lights. In all my fame, all  
my forgiveness, I forgot my mission. We all forgot our mission.

Nick Vandermolen

**Exorcism**

Nine hundred hands of pressure pump from the inside out.  
Gases and liquid solids scream blood from the high intensity pressures.  
Inner linings quiver looking for an escape  
Gravestones and Ebenezer's  
block the long narrow tunnel.  
A baptism at sea is long over due.  
Only through higher forces  
and inner emaciation  
can the demons be released.  
Upon departure circumferences double in size  
and olfactory glands wince  
in violence. Demons  
pour out reaching all areas  
of the sea, leaving subtle remains in and out  
of their tunnel and hold cell.  
Through a process of tidal waves,  
tearing, and time can a feeling of normalcy be returned.  
With the inner prison now empty, the blood  
must be wiped away.

Only bleeding buttocks and dirty toilets remain.

Nick Vandermolen

**Episiotomy**

The pain of child birth is nothing  
to cistern kidney stones.

The rigid needle like fish hooks digging flesh  
as water pressure presses them deep  
into the inner lining of your  
penis.

Relax ladies, everyone does it. You are tightening your muscles. Calm it  
down and it won't hurt as bad.

Stop being so American.

Freaking out like the movies.

Screaming like the sitcoms.

Bleeding and scaring your mother.

In the past women would lean against a tree and push the baby and tear the  
cord with there lower mandible and stiff upper lip. No mess no fuss.

Now it's, "God it hurts!" and "More drugs!"

Cistern kidney stones can dig deep  
make red blood flow into the toilet  
from you neither region. My uncle  
gets them twice a month, that mores times then  
girls are "on the rag."

Urinating hurts so bad  
they pass out and  
piss blood on the floor.

John Mayer once said.

"Boys you can break

You'll find out how much they can take

Boys will be strong

And boys soldier on."

Boys don't piss

and moan

like you American women.

They can, "soldier," on.

Stop your complain, having  
babies is like taking a big dump.

Besides you get mind-altering drugs.

If it hurts so bad, have a hot tub birth next time.

---

Hector Jimenez

### **Found and Lost**

Somewhere in this vast world within which we reside,  
One walks whom it is intended that I walk side by side.

Life is too short to have loved and lost a captivating dream so fine.  
Intimate is the relationship yet that keeps you still not mine.

May this angel You have created be set free unto me O Lord.  
Alas my heart shall remain unfulfilled until You speak Your Word.

Rejoin these shattered pieces that my soul may again be free.  
Receive this dire prayer is that which I pray unto Thee.

Empty is left the spirit which has found and lost its match.  
Yet remnants of this shattered dream might still be mine to catch.

Ever persistent my will shall be until all breath has ceased from me.  
Save this last dying I shall when together we both might be.

---

Yashvir Kumar Prasad

Oh elegance!  
Lost times I sit in reverence  
Our eyes met once  
Like petals wet  
The moisture held back heavens scent

Oh elegance!  
Take lime with your re-proach  
Crossed hearts are but a temple  
Unto heaven  
Unto ghosts

Oh elegance!  
Absence bears you breathless  
Good intentions cease to flow  
Lost times I sit in reverence  
Maliced heart in tow'

---

Alexis Ball

**A Sweet Affair**

As my ideas flow  
Verbiage leaping from my fingers  
You capture every nuance  
With swift and precise recall

You're attentive and accommodating  
Never missing a beat  
Accepting every utterance  
Regardless the error

Yet sometimes  
You can be too harsh  
Brazenly slashing an expression  
Hastily replaced with your own

Mercifully you have conceded  
With a few gentle clicks  
Firmly unleashed from my finger tips  
And lend a more lenient ear

Without you  
My thoughts would be jumbled  
In a sea of unintelligible words  
Like hieroglyphics to the untrained eye

Sometimes you're saucy  
Adding spice to my archaic phrases  
With your vast vocabulary  
Webster, your temptress

Gratitude to you  
An eclectic love affair  
Eccentric to an outsider  
Priceless to me

You're an engineer's dream  
A layman's common tool

My redeemer from word atrocities  
Spell Check, my muse

---



Mauricio Gomes

**equality**

purple lotus, object of my innate desire, who's passion burns,  
like wildfire,  
what once existed as an oasis, in my lonely imagination,  
exasperated the world,  
no lofty goal nor resolution could possibly disguise you,  
for you are more to me than lust,  
my angel,  
my divine connection to the starry cosmos,  
a windmill of hope has tired this old desolate heart,  
but no towel will be dropped here tonight,  
this love is tireless,  
your existence has transcended time,  
it will hold on,  
until the world is ready for you,  
purple lotus.

Mauricio Gomes

**Mahatma**

you taught us peace,  
you taught us freedom,  
together the two seldom existed,  
before there was you,  
studied in law,  
inspired by the man at Walden Pond,  
your struggle lives on,  
from Montgomery to Burma,  
your torch is carried,  
generations to come have a new tool,  
not weapon,  
to free humanity,  
to heal suffering,  
the quest only began,  
with you.

Mauricio Gomes

**war**

I have survived the perils of war,  
rescued the bloodied, and slew the enemy,  
we returned home in the hot July sun,  
victors,  
most of the men killed,  
younger than my brother,  
no time for that, it is time for celebration,  
the battle has been won.

---

Alyssa Ann Hernandez

## **I Wear Black**

I'm wearing black for those we can't bring back, who died to keep the dream alive.

For those who strived to survive in a world that didn't want to realize that colors all the colors could actually unite into one...black.

For those who were tortured, beaten and robbed during their efforts of trying to send a message...a message to people who already forgot about what

it took to get them to where they are...and I live because of their sacrifice.

So, I'm wearing black for all those moments I can't bring back, times when I didn't stand up for what I thought was right. I sat back without a fight when clearly something wasn't right...I thought I was alone, I was scared.

But my brothers and sisters, Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King Jr. and Cesar Chavez did not struggle in vain. And though I heard them, as they were calling my name, I failed to rise to their challenge. But where would I be if they themselves did not dress in black?

And now, I'd wear black everyday if I could create the smallest change. I'd make up for the strength I lacked and the strength that others need, those who can't fight back.

I don't want to live with it, I don't want to work with it, and I don't want to worry about it. I want to change it, I want to fight it and I will no longer step aside.

---

Anthony Michael Guarnaccia

### **Too Late**

Conscious thoughts breed adept minds,  
but stress always seems so easy to find,  
no worries and no cares is how life should be,  
because the world stops for no emergency.  
So enjoy everyday while they last,  
because you get no minutes back once they have passed.  
As wars continue on with reasons unknown,  
peace seems impossible, almost condoned.  
With beats and ticks,  
we breath and age,  
oppurtunites pass with each turning of the page,  
so be proud of what you accomplish and what you create,  
keep yourself in-line and your priorities straight,  
because if you rely on time, it will be too late.

---

Daniel Joseph Martin

Ray stood by the bay  
what should he say  
this month of may  
to the girl named Fey.

He looked to a rock  
which gave a huge knock  
to his frustrating writers block.

He will say  
"Wouldn't today  
be a glorious day  
to join me at the bay?"

But there is no way  
this girl Fey  
will say anything but ney  
because she is delightfully gay.

---