

Drops of New

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

-Kevin McAlpine

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

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

jason jurcak

Goodbye

by Lauren Heitzer ME

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

Why do i feel this way

Satish Muthu

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.

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.

-Chelsea Eble

"Linux, Late At Night"

Kernel panicking
The system has crashed
Time for coffee

Kevin J. Smith

Poem #1:

Circuits

Why won't you work right?

Did I get the wires crossed?

Come on light, turn on!

Poem #2:

Valentine's Day

My heart is failing

to recover from it all.

Can you feel my pain?

-Beth Volz

5 poems below.
First 3 are romantic.
Last 2 are reflection.
Matthew L. Hamm
587 W. Wilson
Engineering Non-Pref.
First Year, Sophomore Status.

=====

Winter Romance
by Matthew L. Hamm
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.

Kiss

By Matthew L. Hamm

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.

Driven

By Matthew L. Hamm

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.

The Sun

By Matthew L. Hamm

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.

View To a Mind

By Matthew L. Hamm

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.

“A Mature Seed”

Evan James

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.

Drew Hilleshiem

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

Dark Horizon
David Imach

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.

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.

—
George T.S.
Elliott

Musings of a madman

Madhusudhan Srinivasan

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

- Sath-Chith-Aanandha

(Existence -Consciousness-Bliss)

On religious hatred within the civilized man

Madhusudhan Srinivasan

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

Sath-Chith-Aanadha

(Existence- Consciousness-Bliss)

A Royal Paean

(An Engineer's tale inspired by Ariance Konress and his Sieben Nation Armee)

~as experienced by Rick Thorne, Civil Engineering Senior

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

Poem #1

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

Poem #2

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

Poem #3

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

Poem #4

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

Poem #5:

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

By: Maliha Aizaz
Date: 1-19-06
7th Grade -McDonald Middle School
East Lansing, Michigan

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

THE "EB"

Akua Nkrumah

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

Written By: Timothy Negrón
Topic: 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?

Written By: Timothy Negrón
Topic: The Birthday

Many years ago today
the world was truly blessed
and from that moment on it was plain to see
that life should be caressed

The first day I saw your face
the sun wasn't as bright in its shine
and even when the night was cast
the stars, in their glimmer, didn't seem as divine

I have found a new source of light
the sun has been replaced
cause my day doesn't really start
until I've seen your face

Nothing anymore seems so bright
the sun has lost its power
I won't be looking at the sky tonight
cause in your presence, the stars seem to cower

At night when you fall asleep
the crickets begin to cry
when you awaken, birds rejoice
because you've brightened life one more time

Even when you are away
everything seems as it should
cause 16 years ago today
you came into this world for good

Written By: Timothy Negrón
Topic: The Relationship

Like the consistent transience of the moon
Once conceived, our bond grows from new to full, back to new
The true test of time comes when the night falls
As the times get rough, can love truly conquer all

Like the soft caress of hand to cheek
As, on a hot summer day, the cool breeze speaks
Telling me be blessed by the presence of such a beautiful entity
Your very being is like the heart of my identity

Like the song that seeps through the sirens' lips
Your love has me mesmerized, as the balance beam tips
And my heart believes you are God's chosen one
It seems, throughout all that we've been through, we've only just begun

Like we are living in a world of dreams
We'll cease when we reach where the skies meet the seas
As it flees from our grasp, I've come to trust
It's not that we believe in forever, as forever believes in us

Written By: Timothy Negrón
Topic: The Unhappy Anniversary

You come in my dreams intensifying sleep
Sweat beads soaking through the sheets
Thoughts of being apart making my heart weak
The pain of loss chiseling away my inner peace
Our catalyst was subjected ironically
Though you have come to be a part of me
Incorporated in my priorities
It's the rhetorics manifesting reality
And hopes for tomorrow driven nostalgically
There is something lacking in actuality
There are three words that I yearn to hear you speak
And I know it's not the case now, but it is a necessity
I am now waiting for you to come around, waiting to be complete
The words "I am happy" would mean so much to me...
Smile...Happy Anniversary

Written By: Timothy Negrón
Topic: The Away Message

Falling quickly, silently into the darkest pit of life
My inner strength lay dormant as I struggle with the constant torment of
 confusion and strife
I continue to descend from this state of mind to the next
Suddenly realizing that failure is not an option
The opposition looks on perplexed as my will is awakened
 and I find my way through the conte

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.
Eric James Keefe

Galileo
Tara Franey

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.

Letters v. Numbers

Tara Franey

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.

Appreciate
By: Nichole Pryor

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.

Fall
By: Nichole Pryor

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 each other,
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.

Recollections
By: Nichole Pryor

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.

Loved
By: Nichole Pryor

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.

Stir
By: Nichole Pryor

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.

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.

by George T.S. Elliott

Episiotomy

Nick Vandermolen

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.

Exorcism

Nick Vandermolen

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 buttoles and dirty toilets remain.

Light Covers Sight
Nick Vandermolen

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.

Controlled Sorrow
Nick Vandermolen

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 expect 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.

Poetry: The language of liberals
Nick Vandermolen

“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.

Found and Lost

By Hector Jimenez

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.

Yahvir 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'

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.

By George T.S. 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 T.S.Elliott

A Sweet Affair

By: Alexis Ball, Electrical Engineering

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.