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The Edda Literary Magazine of La Jolla High School

is named after a collection of Viking poems and prose. The Vikings of the Scandinavian countries collected their poems and stories in *The Poetic Edda* and *The Prose Edda*. The Vikings of La Jolla High School have collected their poems and stories from this year in *The Edda Literary Magazine*.

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La Jolla High School The Edda Literary Magazine 2009-2010



Sandals and Summer

Some may call them sandals, but I refer to them as a lifeline for my feet. Yes, flip-flops are an essential part of Southern California attire, but to me, they're a lot more than a piece of clothing – they're a symbol of my summer vacation. Basically, summer is the definition of my life – the time when I am both the most active and the most lazy out of the entire year. A time when I can both enjoy and detest the heat of the glowing July sun.

I could not imagine giving up any part of my beach season. Each part is like another piece to my puzzle of summer: the tiny pool a block from my house, those "family vacations" that seem to last a decade, the completely random YouTube videos my friend and I make. And let's not forget the most defining activity of my ultimate summer vacation: relaxing at the local beach.

I do have to admit, though, that the beaches here aren't exactly picture-perfect. I don't remember seeing the masses of tourists sprawled on the shoreline on any San Diego postcard recently. Nor did I see the flocks of seagulls that seem to take great aim at my head – they would surely excel in archery. But both the tourists and the seagulls can be avoided with the right timing and location. You can't avoid, however, those impossibly-tiny black grains of sand that stay stuck to your feet even after you shower. They are what you would call "unavoidables," similar to an essay for English class; there's no possible way to avoid them, yet you can make them easier to manage, by washing your feet or writing a practice essay.

Despite these slight flaws, summer is my favorite season, hands down. The cool, calming atmosphere of the beach combined with the ample amount of free time can only equal one thing: sheer perfection. And what other tangible symbol can reflect this perfection like the oh-so convenient pair of flip-flops? The moment I put on one shoe, I feel like I've just stepped out of the icy-blue water, sun-kissed and refreshed. Needless to say, I wear my flip-flops all year round to remind me of this summertime bliss.

Denise Baumann Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

Randomly Flooded

I was wearing my favorite dress to this thing that my mom was making me go to. She said I looked luscious, whatever that means. We went to watch a really famous symphony. It was like a band or an orchestra, or at least that's what she told me. I was excited after a while because I knew it was going to be elegant. We were ready to go and then my mom stopped. There was water all over the floor coming from inside the bathroom.

My brother, who was supposed to be in his room waiting for the babysitter, had decided to put five toilet paper rolls down the toilet and see if they would flush down. After the water overflowed the toilet he realized they weren't going to flush. He decided to try to take them out but ended up making it worse. The water overflowed the living room. The whole house was getting flooded and the show would start soon. It looked like we weren't going anymore.

It took us about three hours before the plumber came and unplugged the toilet and took out all the paper. Our house wasn't as flooded as before so we just mopped it up and it soaked up the water. That day turned from the most exciting to the most boring and awful day. In the end I lost the chance to see an awesome performance and my brother got grounded for a month with no TV and no allowance for an additional six months, to pay for the plumber. In the end he lost, and I won... well I lost too but at least it wasn't my TV time or my allowance.

Karla Rosas

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

What Best Friends Are For

I see your weakness; I won't use it against you. Our heart is frail; your miseries now mine. Forever and always; I'll be at your side.

We lay in the fields as dawn rises; alone, but together. We go through hell; not together but with others.

Helping each other; we stay put together.

As night falls; you walk me home.

We're now at my door; your look is adoring.

We hug and you say thanks; I look at you and reply.

"That's what best friends are for."

We hug once more, and say our goodbyes.

You walk away slowly, and I shut the door.

It won't be the last time; tears fall from your eyes and I cry myself to sleep.

At night we both think, "Hell, that's what best friends are for."

Brittany Post

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

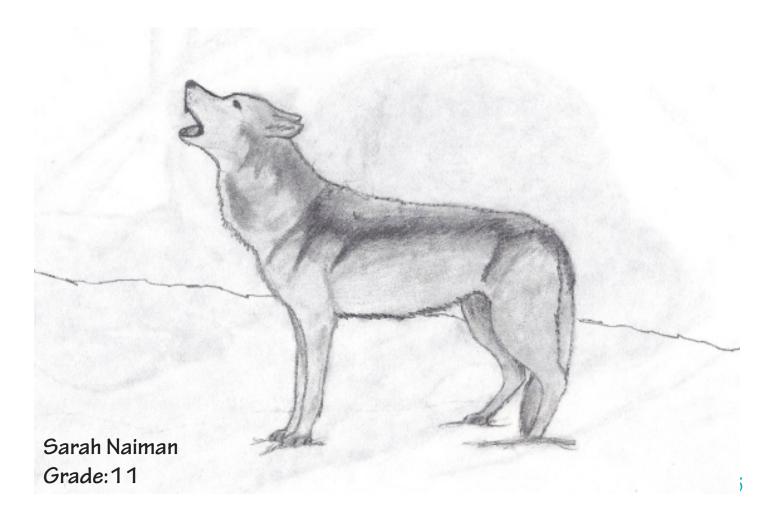
Grade:12

I Am Tired

I think in a whisper. My thoughts speak softly to me and stand at a distance. I call to them but cannot muster the strength to reach them. They stir like rustling leaves, falling from the sky drawn out by not the wind, but of gravity, of heaviness that pulls them away from their whole self, their tree of being. They do not wrestle or race among themselves, but stay still in silence. It is not peach, but a feeling of emptiness. This state offers nothing but a timelessness, where one is lost between reality and space, not of dreams for the mind does not function. A stare that is directed at a single point that spreads into a blur, unfocused, unreal. My eyes look, but don't see. Breath is stolen from me and the air escapes.

Aaron Wang

Teacher: Ms.LeCren



Untitled

She was always a little bit different.

Of course, everyone is a little bit different—she knew that.

Still, she always stood out just a little bit more.

Not at first glance though; most of her differences lay under the skin.

Superficially, she was pretty.

She had wide, kind eyes.

She had smooth, unblemished skin.

She had a bright, genuine smile that she shared with as many people as possible.

She wasn't without flaws; in fact, far from it.

But she looked... nice. And it drew people to her.

Getting to know her was a different story.

Not that her looks gave a false impression.

She was nice. She smiled a lot, laughed a lot.

She was good. Mostly.

But...

She was a liar.

She was horribly, horribly selfish.

She was conceited and arrogant.

Not openly, not obviously—it wasn't a side of her very many people saw.

Still... it was there.

She knew. She was all too aware of her ugly vices. She felt like a Venus flytrap, an unsuspected danger for the "flies" she lured her way. She wanted to shout a warning to the world, "Don't come too close! I'll only hurt you, harm you."

She tried to tell people. They never listened.

They never believed that someone who looked so nice could be such a destructive force.

But she knew. She knew they should have taken heed.

"They'll get hurt," she knew.

They did. She cried.

She was always herself, never prone to putting up a front.

She was an open book, emotionally.

When she was happy, her eyes told you in emerald pools of light.

When she was sad, they told you in trailing tears.

Her anger was plain in the set of her eyebrows;

her frustration, in the set of her lips.

In times of misfortune, the world would know of her plight.

Although her feelings were always apparent, they were not lasting—she was never one to dwell.

There were times where she felt overpowered by the intensity of her feelings but, like the tide, they ebbed after some time, unfailingly.

Even when she tried to hold on to some emotion, tried to remind herself that she had been murderously angry just an hour before—

She could never re-summon the feelings that had tormented her,

or banish the irksome and final sense of release.

She loved easily,

and was loved often.

She cherished her time alone.

She liked to ponder the workings of the world, the endless aspects of life.

She was wise beyond her years,

but she was still just a child,

and she recognized the longevity of the journey ahead of her.

She was afraid a lot of the time.

She knew it would hurt sometimes.

She knew the road would be rocky.

But she embraced the challenge.

She accepted it, welcomed it.

She lived.

Brittany Crowe

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Welcome to the Jungle

Winner of the Edda 2010 Writing Contest

Part 1

Our name is Zed.

And as our mom beats me for the unknown – we dream. We dream of money and horses and snow. And a life with a dad... But it's ok. We know it's all ok because we are alive.

And when we leave these great mysterious slums: we will be alive.

Brick shot a guy, or so we heard. But when we saw the dead body on the street we laughed! Hah! Shot and killed right in the street. Blood! It was fun... We played in the blood. Fire engine noises – Wee-ooh wee-ooh!

And so we laugh. Me and I.

Mommy says we need help. She says we need help, but we have no money to get it. So she stays out late, and comes back early with strange men. And she has sex with these men so we can eat. Sex food I call it! Oh but it does taste good.

And so life is fun. And we like to play with that fun.

Sometimes I like to play dress up. I like to dress up in black and pretend to stab mommy. She says it's scary – but we think it's fun!

And so we laugh. Me and I.

And our emotions drive us. Up and Down. Up and down. Like a roller coaster. But roller coasters are so fun!

And so one night.

Well, to-night-

We shot mommy.

And we laughed – Me and I.

Part 2

I walk down the street. I carry the gun that ended mommy.

This isn't fun anymore. As mommy's pills wear off – this isn't fun anymore.

I can't go back though. You saw the police at mommy's house – where mommy used to live.

I want to run away from here... but where can I go?

Well... at least I still have a bottle of mommy's pills.

Part 3

We are back together now. So we can play again!

We DID have a full bottle of those pills... but they seem to have vanished. Each one disappeared over the hours, like sand in an hour glass.

We started to realize something terrible... as the pills wore off – the idea grew.

What will we do when we are separated again? Where will we go? And as I feel like we are drifting apart slowly, I think. If you go – I go.

So I shot me.

And me shot I.

But it's a good thing we killed ourselves so quickly; because mommy is crying over our dead corpse – holding her shot-up arm. And so now she can play in our blood and make our fire engine noises and have our fun.

So we laugh - Me and I.

Kevin Tear

Teacher: Ms.LeCren



Emily Dinnerman Grade: 9

Superstition

A roar of an engine being kicked to life, the smell of burning gasoline wafting through the air, and the cool breeze mixed with sand is exactly what I needed. When one needs to escape from the hustle and bustle of the city, they travel to the Superstition desert to ride. Well, at least that's what my family does. Since I was about 5 years old, my family has been traveling to Superstition several times a year, every year. We plan the venture weeks in advance, gathering enough food, drinks and gasoline that would make even the Army jealous. We load up our bikes and quads into our trailer, stack gear bags on top, and throw the dog in for good measure (This is often a bad choice, we've had many things eaten or pooped on or both) Once we all pile into my dad's heavy duty F-350, it's a 2 ½ hour drive to the desert. Believe me, being crammed into truck with 6 or more people, tempers tend to flare and by the time we reach the desert, were glad to get out and mount up on our bikes.

During my last trip to Superstition, my friend and I rode to an abandoned building/landmark known lovingly as "The Monkey Swing". The Monkey Swing consists of a large tower mounted on top of an old government building. The legend behind the Monkey Swing states that when NASA was trying to get an Astronaut to the moon during the 60's, they built the structure in order to test g-forces and see if a human could survive the massive force exerted on them during liftoff. In order to test these g-forces, engineers tied monkeys into a harness on the tower and spun them until they exploded from the force. It was a different time, because if you tried to do that today, PETA or some other crazy animal rights activists would bitch at you and say how terrible it is. Terrible? Yes. However, to look at it in another light, those monkeys died in order to put a man on the moon.

The building is in a state of pretty serious disrepair, but the real interesting thing about the building is that the ladder once used to reach the very top of the tower is still intact. This means if you're brave enough to climb over the small wall to get on the extremely fragile and already broken roof, you can climb onto the steel base girders and start your ascension skyward. The first time I did this stunt, I climbed to the very top with a couple cans of spray-paint and wrote my name (and a couple things I'm not allowed to say here). Then, while I was at the top, 70+ feet in the air with paint can in hand, the desert cops showed up. I had to climb all the way back down while the officers watched; I imagine their conversation went something like this: "Goddamn kids climbing this tower, I hate my job. Let's bust this kid then go back to our air-conditioned truck". Well, thankfully they didn't see the paint cans, or I probably would be in juvie right now. I was yelled at, then threatened, and then sent on my way. (This would be the first of many times this has happened to me, the last time I was caught writing "**** the police", but thankfully I managed to run away before they noticed what I was writing)

Alas, the Monkey Swing is now dead and gone. The government got fed up with all the people tagging and climbing over the place, so they brought in a demolition crew and the swing that once proved humans could go to the moon is now nothing dust and echoes. It's tragic that Superstition lost such memorable landmark, but I'm sure monkey's everywhere are overjoyed.

Gary Kuczkowski Teacher: Ms. LeCren

The Perfect Chicken Caesar Salad

The aroma of two plump chicken breasts which were previously in a marinade, pleasantly creeps up my nostrils. The flames kiss the meat softly, and then quickly retract, as if they are a shy, yet romantic lover. The chicken sizzles as it is slowly sears on the piping hot cross-bars of the barbeque. As they further their journey from raw to well done; the chicken turns a vibrant orange on the edges, creating a border for the beautiful golden brown color within. There are also elegant burn marks across each breast, giving each one its own character and personality. Soon their journey is completed, and I carefully take them off the burner. They will not be eaten right away though, I am afraid I must tease them as they cool down on the counter. Their destiny is to become a part of something greater, a chicken caesar salad to be precise. I did not mean to suspend the chickens' addition to the salad on purpose... I came across a complication as I was creating my wondrous meal. No. Tomato.

Now I realize tomato is not necessarily essential, but every other aspect of the salad seemed flawless, so I deemed it a waste of perfection to dine upon the incomplete dish.

These are the ingredients I chose for my salad that made it so perfect:

Avocado- It is so tender, so... unique. I love the texture and consistency of it, as you chew the avocado it slowly melts in your mouth, almost as if it was a vegetables' imitation of chocolate. The color is so pure and beautiful; the lemon-colored center blends so perfectly with the forest-green rim... it almost reminds me of a seasonal tree at autumn, just before the leaves turn tangerine. The avocado is so eager to leave its wrinkly core, a most true example of the saying "Don't judge a book by its cover".

Carrots – Not just any carrots — baby carrots. They have been gifted with such a vibrant orange; this color does not stick out like a sore thumb, but rather is complimented by the greens and yellows of the salad. They are so crisp and hydrated. Therefore I decided they would be a perfect addition to my salad for the variety of both texture and taste.

Onion – I swear... it is not the chemicals of the onion that make me cry, but rather the sheer beauty of the infrastructure. Plus, the onion is incredibly versatile, it can compliment so many dishes, either aiding the main flavor or being the main flavor itself.

Tomato – The juiciest item on the menu. For me it was an acquired taste, but I am incredibly thankful for being able to appreciate such a fine food. The color's ability is similar to the carrot, but most definitely its own. The greatest thing about the tomato is when you slice through the center and gaze upon the awe inspiring core, the design of it is incredible. A must have for my salad.

Cheese – Many cheese coinsures may look down upon me for my cheese of choice, but I care not. I have a deep affinity for Mexican blend cheese. It does not matter to me if it may be the cheaper choice, for the taste is one that should be reserved for the most regal of men.

The Chicken – It is the flavor that seems to cover all flavors. So of its own, yet so vague it encompasses too many other dishes to count. Hence the saying "It tastes like chicken". It is a perfect choice to add to my other ingredients for it is a proven compliment of caesar salad.

El Torito's Caesar Dressing – Truly an anomalous blend of ingredients. I have not looked upon or tasted something more original and singular. And the taste is something to die for.

I had the mental image of the perfect caesar salad engraved in my mind. All I had to do was to wait just a little longer. The tomato was coming by way of my mother, a favor I will most earnestly thank her for.

Everything was ready. The salad was tossed and the ingredients mixed. I sat in a chair and began to wait it out, but the salad started to flirt with my eyes. I heard a voice, a voice I deemed the voice of the salad itself. "Eat me, eat me!" it pleaded.

My sympathy for the salad was too great. I took a bite. The chicken was so succulent and the rest was unbelievably tasty as well. As soon as this happened I felt guilty, what have I done?! The tomato will be offended by my heinous actions. But I self-justified my culinary crime. I told myself it was mere foreplay. The main course would be soon. But, I could not resist yet another, delicious fork full of my personal ambrosia. It was clearly getting out of hand, so I had to force it upon myself to leave the room.

The salad was confused, and I could tell would become depressed. It called out "What is wrong?", but I refused to answer. It would all be worth it in the end. The tomato will have its retribution, and I will have the per-

fect chicken caesar salad.

My mother finally comes in carrying various grocery items. She tries to make conversation with me, but I care not of her petty trifles at the moment. I will deal with such frivolous matters after I have had my fill of greatness.

I am careful not to be too hasty with my tomato operation, but am also wary of how lonely my salad is becoming. I wash the tomato and make a clean slice through the center. Half of the tomato will get the job done, I decided. I diced it, making sure not to neglect one section, trying my best to make all pieces equally delectable.

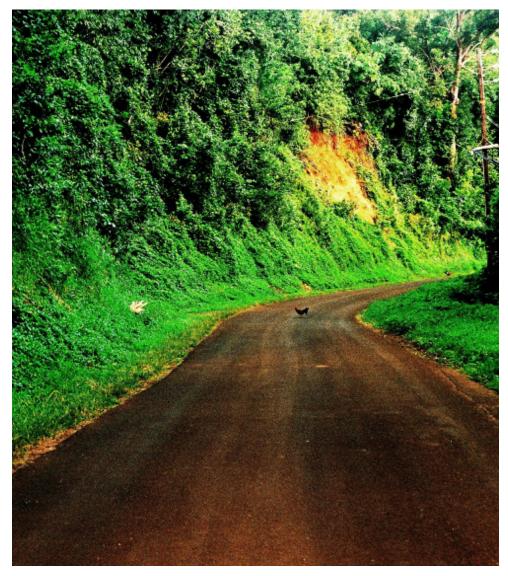
The tomatoes fell upon my salad and I was struck by the instant glory of it all. I had done it. I had created the perfect caesar salad. And so, I ate to my heart's content.

To finish the night off, I decided to treat myself to my favorite cookie of the female scouts, the tagalong. And so the tagalongs pursued my salad, and I was complete.

Stig Baker

Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12



Audre Mowry Grade: 12

Life after Death

For some, death is only the beginning, and after their physical life they are sent to their religious holy land awaiting un-earthly wonders. Others believe in reincarnation in which their soul is transformed into an animal that best reflected your life. Others believe in rebirthing themselves into something like a plant in which they grow as the plant does. Some even believe in nothing and that life on earth is their one and only. I wanted to know what is real and what is myth.

For most men 45 is a prime age; by this time usually you are financially stable, have a wife and kids, a home and you are settling down. I died when I'm 45. It came out of nowhere (literally) I was on my daily job to help control my blood pressure, keep my heart rate good and keep my blood sugars under control. So here's how it happened I was think about my daughter's PTA meeting when out of nowhere a crazy drunk driver hit me by taking a corner to fast. The funny part was he was driving a Ford Focus and he was not focused on the road. As I was waiting for medical attention to arrive I kicked the bucket. It took less than three minutes for my heart to stop working and my body to shut down. This would be the only time I would have wanted to be the Grinch because I wish my heart could have grown three sizes that day. I found out later because of the history of heart problems and impact there was a slim chance I could make it. It took six minutes for the police to arrive and eight for the paramedics.

So dying is pretty similar to how some movies portray it. If you have ever seen the movie Ghost, 6th sense, Beetlejuice, The Haunting, or Field of Dreams, it's like that but a little different you get to go places and roam around but you really can't do anything. On a side note what is different is I don't have to take my medicines anymore and I instantly lost thirty pounds and got my hair back when I died, so you can keep that in mind. I decided the first thing I would do when I died is go haunt a house. I had always wanted to trey and do that but I didn't know that it was so technical. So I instantly teleported to a house or my choosing -because you can do that when you're dead- and I'm stuck here with rules. Then a GCIT (ghost counselor in training) told me all the rules and regulations I had to obey or I couldn't haunt houses. Some examples for instance was no scaring between the hours of 5am to 10pm, all scaring must be accompanied by classical music which emphasizes the actions you have done, all windows, doors, and ceilings must be put back after you have abruptly moved and slammed, all lights must be turned off after you have flickered them for no more two minutes. I mean this list goes on and on and honestly if I wasn't already dead I would have killed myself with all these rules.

Then I was just waiting until the big man upstairs calls my number. Heaven is kind of the DMV in the fact that you should have called and made and appointment or you are just pretty much waiting for what seems like forever for them to call you. My number was H459- b7345 and every time I checked my number tag I felt like they had skipped me, lost my number or it went way too slow. If you ever wondered why old people start reading the bible before they die it is because of the Test. You have to answer two-hundred fifty questions about God and what he did etc., but you can only miss eight questions if you pass then you can go right in and if not you have to wait until you are called. I literally transferred my body into a seed, was planted, grew into a tree, and made an apple and they still didn't call my number. So after what seemed like forever they finally called my number and I got to move up the famous escalator stairs but as luck would have it ten minutes before that someone had caused it to stop working. I will tell you walking up an escalator is one of the weirdest feelings you will ever have dead or alive. So I finally see heaven and it looks pretty awesome and I'm totally excited but first you have to go through heavenly security. I had no idea what that was. After I took off my shoes and remove all metals items and put them in the tray and push through scanning I walked through the metal detector and wondered to myself if the terrorists are in heaven what rooms have the seventy two virgins in them?

Clifford Naiman Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Cursed Gem

There was a mysterious jeweler who obsessed over the color red. He had a house made of red bricks, red furniture to adorn his hallways, and red glasses to match his startlingly red eyes. He prized sparkling red gems above all and found them to be so precious that he would do anything to get his grubby hands on them. One day, he met a little pudgy man, who described himself as a jewel collector, and proceeded to show him his house, not made of red bricks, and with no red furniture to adorn the hallways. What were of interest to the jeweler were the sparkling gems in the ornately carved ivory box with soft velvet on the inside. Although magnificent in color and size, only one gem stood out from the rest; it was a tear-shaped, blood -red ruby the size of a chicken egg. The jeweler's eyes glinted evilly and his outstretched hands reached for the red gem. But the sight of the blood gem was cut off from the abrupt close of the box. The jeweler swiftly glanced up; his eyes went insane for a second, but then he regained his composure and mysteriously smiled. But inside his mind, he wanted to tear apart the little man limb to limb for coming between his newfound treasure. The little man noticed the murderous gaze and quickly hid the box from sight with nervous twitches. The jeweler politely asked him how much the red beauty was and the other man said it was not for sale and that he forgot to take it out before showing him. At those words, the jeweler reached inside his coat and seized a rusty knife and lunged at the poor man. Out of reflex the pudgy man put his hands in front of his face to protect himself, and the impact of the knife smashed against the box of jewels which he still held in his hands. The box fell and smashed on the floor with a cascade of shining gems trailing in its wake -- the red teardrop falling the slowest.

The collector threw out his arm and caught the red rock, but the sharp edges cut deep into his palm, thus drawing out crimson blood, which ran down his arm soaking his snow white sleeve. But he did not let go despite the blood loss and at that, the jeweler let out a blood curdling scream and lunged for the other's neck. The latter being weaker and less reflexive, fell to the more vile and cunning man. Estranged in a brawl, the jeweler throttled the other until his eyes started bulging out of their sockets, face turning shades of magenta, tongue lolling out, and throat gasping for air. At last the collector fell into a deathly silence after a full minute of spasms from the lack of oxygen. Triumphant, the jeweler grabbed the stone with his right hand--which immediately from the sharp edges cut his skin drawing blood making the gem glint gleefully on the contact of blood—from the mutilated corpse, and quickly stuffed the rest of the gems into a leather bag.

Suddenly, his hand twitched violently –like a mind of its own—and lurched toward the gleaming dagger still lying on the cold, marble tiles. "Damn it! This is not supposed to happen! What is this witchcraft?!" he thought as he was thrown forward. Once his right hand got hold of the handle, it slashed at his torso and stabbing anywhere that would put him into a crippling state. He cried out and grabbed the right wrist with his left hand to stop further damage, but the right was faster; lashed out and cut off the left hand leaving only a bloody stump. Only a moment passed as he bewilderingly stared at what was left of his left hand, before a silver flash implanted itself into his neck with a sickening crunch. He fell backwards onto the cold floor and gargled his last bloody breath before his eyes rolled to the top of his head. The stone which had fallen from the jeweler's grasp, shined with one last terrible glint before dissolving into the collector's corrupted pool of crimson.

Jessica Pan

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Clocks

I am looked at everyday. I am very precise. Sometimes it seems like I go fast and sometimes slow.

I can be colorful but most of the time I'm black and white.

I am found in every building in America.

I'm always changing and moving.

People plan their schedules around me.

Sometimes I make people late but sometimes I make people early.

I have two hands, one longer than the other.

If I was never invented your life would be a mess.

Morganne Dodds

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade: 12

Coastal Poem

I am the ocean

and sometimes I wonder if you have met me, really. I hear the echoing of the **whales**, then I see the white foam, and I want to play;

I am the water

even though I pretend to be asleep;

here, I feel omniscient, and I touch

the shore ever so lightly with care, but I worry that I will die of pollution, so I

cry. For the blood that seeps into me from murdered sea creatures, as tainted

I am the waves

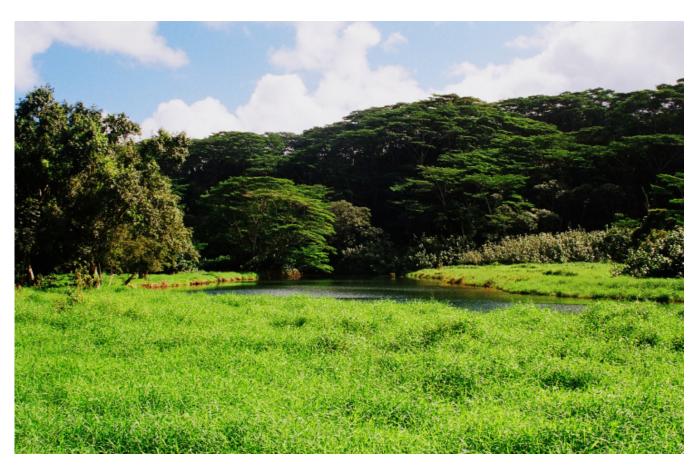
and I understand life's natural rhythm, the pattern, to you, I say om shhh omm shhh, while I dream fantasies and nightmares;

all day all night I try to show you yourself, the world, the future.

and I hope you understand; I am your California ocean.

Ardis Zhong

Teacher: Mrs. Weien



I Am From

I am from the ocean Junior lifeguards every summer, Learning to ride a bike by the bay. Scent of sunscreen and seaweed surrounding me, Noise of birds chirping in the morning.

I am from strawberries as a primary food group,

Spicy curry that my parents make too much. Smoothies always, Any type of pasta, all the time.

I am from Mother and Father, The ultimate sources of support. One friend since age six, the other later on. Tia a second mother, a mentor. Friends and family from Europe, Who are always so much more interesting.

I am from "you're spillin' it!" and "It's five-o-clock somewhere."
"Do the absolute best you can and whatever happens, happens."

And of course, "School in the morning! School in the morning!"

Elizabeth Giles

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade:12

I Am From

I am from summer
Where ocean meets the sand
Flying baseballs in the clear sky
Guitars wailing for screaming fans
Fake guitars wailing for unreal screaming fans
Cooling off in a body of water,
Breaking on through to other states

I am from
My parents creating dishes
With all the traditional,
To some of the extraordinary
There was steak and shrimp,
And there was the combination of the two
The food that was made,
Was from the hands,
Of people that loved their family

I am from
The man upstairs
Where day destroys the night,
The family that takes care of me,
This can be found at America's past time
Where the surf meets the turf
As crazy as my family can become
We are all one

I am from
San Diego super chargers!
The land of the American Dream
Where you can achieve whatever
If you are determined and put the time in.
Please put the dishes away,
Then pursue whatever your heart's desire

Jordan Kirchberg Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade: 12

(at left) Audre Mowry Grade: 12

15

A Hero's Poem

Follow your dreams, And always your heart, Don't completly believe Right at the start.

Allow to be carried, Like words on the wind, Allow dreams to be shelved, But never be binned.

Child of the gods, With power to spare, Such of the like Must always take care

Love be your weapon, Loyalty your shield, Lies be the secret To your Achilles heel.

Skywards be looking For dreams after conquest, And always be seeking The next greatest contest.

Should the skies be clouded, The heavens silent, Follow the points Of Poseidons great trident.

The gift of wisdom
Given by Athena
Is the stepping-stone needed
To leave this arena.

Once the seas have been cleansed, And the trident's receded, For the next step ignore, Warnings previously heeded.

The fires of Hades, With flames everlasting, Crossing the Styx Cerberus's roars a-blasting.

Confronting the darkness, Dealing with dead, Hades will put A price on your head. Should the hero be blessed, And the darkness defeated, Head to the place Where great Hercules competed.

The Nemean Lion, A great Manticore, Only the bravest can face The blood and the gore.

The 12 trials passed, Apollos chariot to the west, The hero proves himself Worthy this test.

The burden of Atlas, Keeping the heavens above Never free to cry, Laugh, live, or love.

Accepting the weight
Of the great Titans prison
Is something that only
The kindest can vision.

If our hero can manage, And Atlas return, A last chance at freedom The Titan will yearn.

Trick him back Into holding the weight Something should happen To alter your fate.

The only trial left to face Is that of Aphrodite, Resist her charms and The hero is proven mighty

Be the force behind
The changes on Earth,
Never be held
By the chains of your birth.

Devin Snook Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Diamonds

They come from quite a different land They are prestigious, beautiful, and in high demand

Forever, they will be a trend Forever, they will be a woman's best friend They appeal to ALL Big or small

They come from a place far away

They are passionately searched for every single day

They cause wars, death, and many tears
They cause every small child's fears
They break up many villages and families
Yet we have access to them at such ease
Our people are careless, or maybe unaware
But this doesn't make the situation any more
fair
Beauty is their only function

Beauty is their only function So does Lil' Wayne know he is causing corruption?

Jacqueline Berracasa Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

Star Dust

All of us are somehow connected, made from atoms created in stars. We are the musical compositions of billion-year old memories eroded into dust. Those twinkles in the milky midnight sky are a part of us, and we, a part of them.

Energy is neither created nor destroyed. The warmth which emanates from each and everyone of us goes beyond our physical selves, touching the hearts of others and never ceasing to exist. Our world is illuminated by the center of our universe—light from eight minutes ago traveling to the present to enlighten us all at 186,000 miles per second.

Life is a perpetual cycle—a spiral towards nothing and everything, towards the end and eternity. Towards your rise and your downfall. Between good and evil. Evolution and extinction. Nature and machine. Man and a greater being. Duality then oneness. We all take different paths, but we all end up in the same place and even when we do cease to exist, our energy never dies, rather continues, our ashes left to fertilize the soil which will give life once more.

Loralei Alonzo Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Timeless

It was dark that night. The little strip of land running along the river was well lit by lampposts and store lights. As Lila glanced at the huge clock tower she felt time slipping away. She held David's hand even tighter, afraid that he would disappear. He pulled her close and kissed her forehead. He was trying so hard not to cry. David could hear every chime and tick of the clock and he wished for the millionth time that it would stop.

It was getting close now and as the hand struck ten, Lila closed her eyes and breathed slowly. She wrapped her arms around David and took in his homely scent. She tilted her head so his lips touched her eyes, nose, cheek, and lips. She pulled away to whisper in his ear, "I have to go." David nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Lila kissed his soft lips once more and gently extracted herself from his warm embrace.

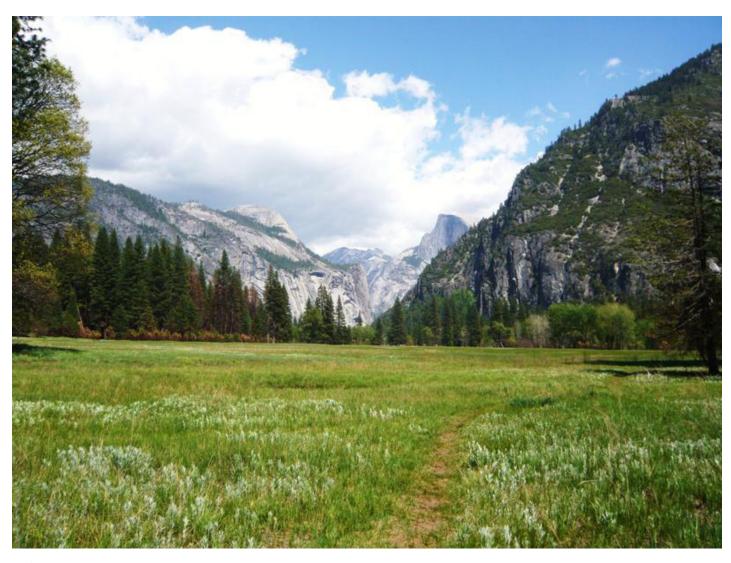
David watched her slowly get in the car and drive away. His fingers touched his lips and he gazed at the tower. He thought to himself, "Damn that clock."

Kathy Lunas

Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

(below)
Emily Dinnerman
Grade: 9



Poem of Betrayal

Masks, a barrier of lies Hiding emotion from sight. Can he be wise? No, the wise have nothing to lie for.

You see a wife, I see a widow. Life is nothing but, deaths beginning.

Nails to claws, Hands to hammers, Words to swords, Slashed, beaten and broken, I lie.

You say betrayal, I say inevitable. Out on the ashes of tears I am misplaced, misbegotten.

A bleak void, gnarled, malformed, slaughtering laughter. Darkness shattering light.

You feel joy, I feel agony. You live in sight, but you're dead at heart.

A silent scream, A blessed massacre. An enigma of emotions. Blind to your glance.

You taste sweet, I taste rot. Love, handing me the venomous wine.

Pages turning, eras fading, words past, bleeding through the mind.

Gabriel Villar Teacher: Grade:

Man's Child

I walked toward man's child Of man-stained soil. Where said the trees are greater And the rivers run with oil.

In the patters of steps I walked a river, clean. But as I drew near man's child The bottom was unseen.

I knew I had arrived, For I met a shedding gray. As leaves of ash fell from bowers And dark it was in day.

The bower grew from center, And shadowed the land beneath. This land of spires, fumes and fires Had made it's burning wreathe.

I walked toward man's child On soil too freshly burned. And as I walked the metal thicket The thought of our mother returned.

Monday, 01 February 2010

Jaco T. Beneduci Teacher: Mrs. Weien



Sole-full Man

Here I sit on my chair, my toes strumming the cords key by key.

I have one goal, to spread love and laughter in my music, for everyone to see.

You ask me, do I feel like a zoo animal? I reply, No I feel I am here for a purpose, just like you and he.

I sing my soul out and play my soles to the beat. I tell you my story because you want to know.

You take my picture, and tell my story to everyone you meet.

I sit here on my chair in a park.

I play here till it gets dark.

I sing here, leaving my mark.

I sit here a man on earth spreading love and smiles.

I stay here because I can.

I am the sole-full man.

Audre Mowry

Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

Peter

You stand there, staring, no hair.
Only once are we graced to live without a care,
Under our parents' wing doing anything we dare.
Though time passes, and I'll become a man,
Half of me will never grow up, Mr. Pan.

Taylor Davis

Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Untitled

In the box that holds the mail, Is home to a butterfly, not a snail. Everyday his home is shaken, Because the mail in the box is taken.

Those two-legged creatures come and go, The one with the funny hat comes first you know. Then the little one with doll in hand, She walks the length of her land.

She stands on her tiptoes, reaches into the box, As her hand touches paper, the wind whips her locks. Her face lights with joy as she reaches her hand deeper,

But little did she know of the small mail's keeper.

The girl fumbles and starts to lose balance, But the little butterfly had acquired some talents. He knew the girl couldn't resist the sight, So he flew out of the box like a kite taking flight.

The bright yellow, orange, and blue quickly caught her eye,

The girl wished and wondered why she couldn't fly. She followed the colors all the way to her house, Then slipped into her room just as quiet as a mouse.

She sat down on her bed and let out a soft cry, She couldn't help but wonder why. That in the box that holds the mail, Is home to a butterfly, not a snail.

Madeline Lee

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade:12

Dork!

Pinpoint, I found you Stop hiding from me I see you You're caught Come closer I don't bite. But you do I understand I am one too! You said it yourself I am yours ha! No turning back Its okay I won't tell But honestly I would've never predicted it. Yes that's you And it's definitely me Now things make sense! Let's start acting Like we're supposed to be.

Norma "Bibis" Ramos Teacher: Mrs. Conway Grade: 10

Oz

I can hear the rain falling on an abandoned roof. It houses the Tin Man who traded his heart for a can of oil. I pocketed the Lion's pennyroyal advice and left him looking for his courage in the dog-guarded city of night. I savored the sweet serendipities of history against the Scarecrow. (he kept himself to his pipe) I received Dorothy's letter yesterday and couldn't think of anything more than her anti-monogomous maroon mary-jane shoes. Could Toto keep out of his fur-lined basket he would speak like you.

Sydney Colvard

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade: 12

Void

Black, unseen, lost Drift between worlds no ground for feet, nor air to breath.

What is gained, must be lost; unable to recover all that has vanished.

Explanation cannot be given. Logic has no home. Voice of reason lost its tongue.

Happiness to sanity, easily shattered. Sadness to riddle, easily solved.

Step forward. Wield darkness as light. Blaze a trail into the unknown.

Another tear that falls from the flower. Thorns impale happiness; hope burns away the pain.

The sun guiding my path showing my dream from nights past. Blinded by pain, crippled by agony Drift onward, endlessly into the void.

Face those walls, so black, so horrid. Rays of light, now shatters the dark Let the sun burn forth.

Illuminate my dream once more.

Gabriel Villar

Teacher: Mrs. Collins

When I Was Younger

When I was younger, I used to pretend I was living in a world filled with Greek mythology -- only now am I starting to see relevance in such a childish design. My dad would commonly be depicted as Clio, the muse of history (although my mother would always tell me he was better suited for the muse of tragedy), and my mother fit the mold of Thalia, the muse of comedy. My dad, knowing eight languages fluently and possessing an affinity towards world history and conflicts, always struck me as a historian. My mother, on the other hand, was always laid back and could make anyone laugh regardless of the scenario we were in. My parents always emphasized that the most important thing we must cultivate in life is intelligence and artistic ability because those two things are "something invaluable that [one] can never loose."

My parents agreed that the worldlier I was, the more successful I'd be in life. Because of this belief, I found myself embarking on breathtaking adventures in almost every year of my life -- from living in Tuscany for several months in junior high school to doing community service in the cloud forests of Ecuador during freshman year.

Recently, I have labeled myself "Erato", the muse of lyric and love poetry, because I have realized how fortunate I am to have had an education not from textbooks and classrooms, but one I have acquired from traveling all over the world. The lyric I speak of is the word of mouth (be it English, Spanish, or French) that has taught me so much, wherever I've ventured; the love poetry, the artistry I've developed as I've jumped in and out of other cultures. Having to choose what kind of world I come from, I look to the places I've explored and the people I've met who taught me so much. Knowing pieces of the world, I've shaped my own world -- a world of intellectual and cultural awareness.

Leny Behar

Teacher: Ms.LeCren

Grade:12

Nightfall

On a day's end of a night's beginning From dawn to dusk as the eve is thinning. Till the moon spreads its light in silver dust A deep wind comes by as a dancing gust.

The sapphire sky forever day-shy Awakens its spirits to flutter and fly. The time of the falls from the celestial streams Calls to the passed and enters our dreams.

The tattered clouds walk the moon's mystical way What was cotton is now silk; what was white is now grey. Each star is a diamond; each light is a soul, The trees come to life, and all shadows are coal.

The night has many songs of the fair and the foul, From the nightingale's flute to the ominous owl. As spirits shall fly like wings of a moth When the warm summer breeze drifts aloft.

The fireflies come with whispering light And dance in the trees as the gold of the night. Crickets and toads chatter and croak The symphonies sound the sighs of an oak.

The spiders in love with the beauty of night Weave into their webs their nocturnal sights. Inspired by the songs that the night so sings, Bats have offered their eyes for ears and wings.

11/30/08 Sunday

Jaco T. Beneduci

Teacher: Mrs. Weien

Message in a Bottle

Every year my dad and a group of his friends get together and plan an elaborate sailing trip in the Caribbean. A few years ago, they organized a trip to the Tobago Keys in the Caribbean and I was fortunate enough to go with them.

During one of our island hikes, we came to a beach that was littered with ropes and trash. As we walked along the beach we could not decide whether the scattered ropes and debris were supposed to be modern art or if it was just litter. (Which says a lot about modern art in my personal opinion.) Finally, we realized that the artfully arranged refuse was the result of a hurricane that had recently hit the island and had apparently left behind a tangle of ocean garbage.

After realizing this, we began to scour the beach for treasures, finding interesting trinkets and shells. As I bent down to pick up a shell, something caught my eye. I went closer and saw that it was an old looking bottle. I picked it up and saw that there was something inside. At this point I realized that I had found a message in a bottle.

Excited, I called my dad over to look at it. Instead of opening it on the beach, we decided to wait until we were back aboard our boat. Upon reaching our boat, we tried to break the seal on the top of the bottle, but this didn't work so in the end we had to resort to smashing the bottle. The letter had two sides, one in English and one in Polish. The letter was from almost 50 years ago, from a young man in the Polish army who had thrown the letter in the bottle out to sea off the coast of Africa. In the letter, the man described his life in detail, and even included diagrams of the naval ship he was on and their route.

This is one of my favorite traveling artifacts because it was so exciting for me to find a real message in a bottle. The message didn't contain a treasure map, or an S.O.S. message, but it was still very interesting and lucky that I would stumble across such an object. My dad and I keep the letter in a folder in our living room, and I recently took it out again to look at. This letter has inspired me to write my own message in a bottle, but I have yet to hear back from someone saying they have received it.

Alixandria Foster Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

The Paragon Paradox

The horror from above.
The celestial from the depths.
To grab the helping hand,
to be helped for the fall.

Look now, the sun is vanashing from sight. But still, the nightsky is burning bright black.

Behold the sphinx, questions asking. Insanity shattered, and yet, the truth before you, unmasking. Such as the rising tide, they met.

Look now, the sun is vanishing from sight. But still, the daylight is burning bright white.

Let it be known unto you being, Fate's verdict is kalidoscopic. More thought would be less gravity. Is your path what you are viewing?

Look now, the sun is vanishing from sight. But still, the night sky is burning bright white.

Gabriel Villar Teacher: Mrs. Collins

Shadows

What are these shadows that I see drifting, so constantly cast Over the peaks of beautiful green mountains, Within the crest of every peaceful valley, Amongst the softness of the swell of the trees, In the ever-changing perfection of the deep forests, Beneath the sweetly shimmering blue waters lie The dark shadowy depths of silence and hatred Eternally waiting...

Growing narrow from fear and contorting my body, I slip within the inertia of the shadows, Tasting them, the sorrow and disappointment Which burn so brightly amongst the darkness, Seeming to illuminate the shadows with light, But a still, dim light, silently fleeting; The shadows survive and continue, Eternally waiting...

In the cavernous, deepening intents of human beings,
Amongst the consciousness of their conditions
Lie the shadows, deep beneath their skin
And the broken bones of their heart-cages,
The blackened entities that are their souls,
Filled with silent, hidden darkness,
Rarely seen, constantly held beneath, where they should be,
Eternally waiting...

Within love and affection these shadows are cast, But Truth can cast them asunder, can destroy them, Truth can make them disappear into the caverns From which they came, their hollow chambers, Where they reside, drifting within the psyche Of my imperious longing, my everlasting Love, Which is truthful, full of light, this illumination, Eternally waiting...

Silently... the shadows are perpetually silent,
As if they do not want to be heard,
As if they want to slowly annihilate light, love, and beauty,
Quietly unnoticed, that wicked shroud
Encompassing everything, like a woolen blanket
In summertime, unwanted, unnecessary, and yet
Still it intercedes, seemingly impenetrable,
Eternally waiting...

But then She gives herself to me, her beautiful Self, And I am fulfilled, and the shadows, the dark shadows, The inertia is obliterated in the flux of rebirth And I can breathe once again, I can function once again, I can feel her and taste her and breathe once again, I am fulfilled, I can continue on, but now not in the shadows And I will continue on, I will breathe, far from the shadows, Eternally waiting...

Dale Bass Teacher: Ms. Wira

1993

1993: I woke up as usual getting out of bed facing my Kurt Cobain poster and my Billy Corgan autographed CD. My ten year old body could never wake up that easily, so I turned on the radio and Pearl Jam's "Even Flow" was playing. I had liked Pearl Jam and all the other bands that were out at the time. I put on some shorts and my favorite shirt, a Nirvana on Tour '92 t-shirt. My mother worked at Geffen Records so she got the tickets for me and my friends to the show in Los Angeles, where I lived. I put on my Reeboks because I was going on a run, which I did to get exercise. I went over to my closet past my Bart Simpson doll and Lego sets to get my lucky headband that was given to me by Michael Jordan. As I went downstairs, my dad tells me that my best friend had called to tell me about his new NES game, Mortal Kombat. I told my dad I'd call him back after my run. I took my dad's Walkman filled with Beatles and the Rolling Stones songs and left the house.

As I was on my run, my Walkman was in my pocket and it was starting to bounce around as it always did. I jogged past by my friend's house and for some reason; he was standing at the front door. He came out of the house and said hello to me. He started talking about his new video game and how fun it was. My friend Timmy was a video game freak. I, on the other hand, was athletic and played with Lego sets. I told him we can talk later at school, so I continued on my run. After I encountered Timmy, I finished up my run and went into the house. The time was 7:25 am. School started in an hour, so I had to change because I was hot and sweaty. I went upstairs and threw my Nirvana t-shirt in the hamper and got a Guns N' Roses Appetite for Destruction t-shirt. I took off my Reeboks and my headband off my blonde mop of hair and threw it on the floor. I then went down to get some waffles for breakfast. I had to eat a little quickly because my dad told me we didn't have much time. So I went as I was; ready for another day in the 4th grade. My dad started his Ford Taurus up and told me to get in. We were off to school.

As the bell rang for school, I knew it was going to be a long day. We were learning about California history and today we learned about some guy named Junipero Serra and why he created missions the length of California. It was a very, very, long day, but lunch and recess finally came.

My friends and I would usually play two-hand touch football on the field. I was always chosen as the wide receiver because I ran like Michael Irvin but had the hands like Jerry Rice. I was also known for putting pressure on the quarterback as a linebacker on defense. My friends usually would compare me to Junior Seau and Bruce Smith when I was a linebacker. That day after gobbling down my lunch, I scored the only touchdown of the game in a 7-0 victory.

After the second bell rang, I went to my home room teacher, Mr. Chapman, classroom. He was a 20-something guy who would usually wear Sonic Youth or R.E.M. t-shirts with jeans as his attire for teaching. I don't know why, but he was pretty cool with it. His attitude was pretty laid back too which made most of the kids like him.

Finally, at 2:30pm, the bell rang and school was over. My mom was there waiting in her black Mercedes 190E sedan. I took the back seat of the car and threw my backpack in. My mother didn't have to go back to her office at Geffen Records since she had just come from a meeting where she was trying to sign on a new band called Weezer. My mom wasn't sure they weren't interested though. We then made a right turn on to my long street; I knew that I was almost home.

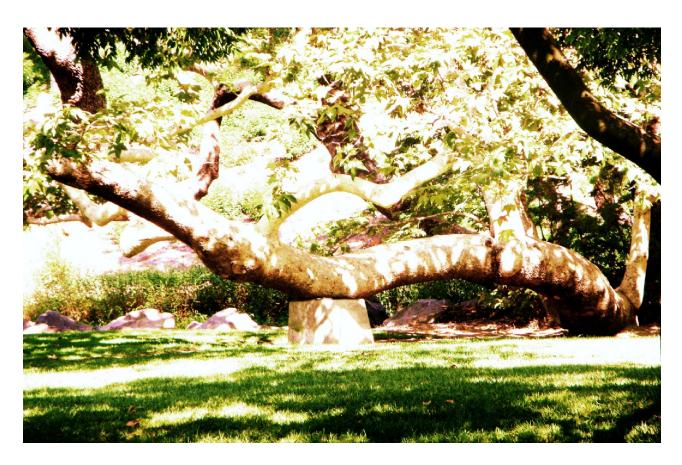
After I got in the door I sat on the couch and watched MTV to see if any good videos had come out. There weren't any good ones that day, so I channel surfed and found the show Doug and then I watched Ren and Stimpy. After watching so much TV, I knew that I had to get some work done. I would usually do my homework upstairs in my room and then after I was done, I would go outside and play with my neighbors just like any other kid. Dinner would usually be ready by six and was always something good.

After dinner, I would normally sit in my room and play with my Lego sets, Hot Wheels or maybe just lie on my bed and listen to the radio. One evening, I remember looking at my Red Hot Chili Peppers poster right on the other side of my room. As I looked at it, besides seeing Anthony Kiedis and Flea on the poster, I realized that the year I was living in was really just perfect. I loved the music, that period in television; I loved my school and playing football after lunch.

Today, I look back at the 90's and I wish they had never ended, but time goes on. Sometimes I get so depressed about the era of pop culture we live in today when MTV stopped playing videos and the music was all terrible after 2003. The casual, fun afternoons of my past are over. Is this a joke, or am I just overreacting? Whatever the case, for me, my memories of the 90's were the best memories of my life.

(at left) Nicolas Micheletti Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12



Just A Bump On A Log

Prevailing robust as an intrepid solider, indubitably pursuing and attaining the impossible, you are spreading your branches to your fullest potential.

Living a self-assured and triumphant lifestyle and only considering those who you may profit from. Succeeding an accomplishment one after another; tearing down all obstacles; roots which pilfer nutrients from your growth.

Becoming so egotistical, and unappreciative, faulting to recognize having been raised in the same soil in which all seeds sprout from

A disastrous rain may come upon you and slash your last bit of survival...

Although there may be one very compassionate individual who may empathize and support you after your immense plummet even after the repugnant and atrocious conduct you had them endure. From that day you realize that in stretching your branches you must acknowledge each seed in helping you develop into that sturdy beauteous work of Mother Nature that you have become.

Andrea Nathan

Teacher: Ms. Visconti

*G*rade: 11 27

Tatwassa: The Fissure

There the air is greying, Childish winds are playing Black are its feathered spirit drones That watch the sacred stones.

Before it was a river, Made by the purest giver Of life that longed too far, Till lashed a blaring scar.

Never did the river sleep, It runs a' bottom now so deep Till mountains made around, Where they wash their toes at the river found.

Mountains are dressed in ribs of ages, For they are the nature sages Made are their gowns of cloven clay, Painted in burns of shadowless days.

Boundless whispers weave by, Carving grooves with every lie, To which our natures tend And ancient bends with all amends.

Mountains around the fissure are duned, Both to weather and winds attuned, But not to man to make his den Nor level the barrows of giant men.

Sunday, January 3, 2010 8:17 pm

Note to reader: Tatwassa is also Tatauwassa I made the name from tattoo and wasser. It has a meaning, it means Tattoo-wasser or "mark of water"

Jaco T. Beneduci

Teacher: Mrs. Weien

I Am Vivacious and Persistent

I am vivacious and persistent
I wonder if one life can really change the world
I hear the thumping of a thousand hearts as the
mountain yawns at sunset
I see the world through rose colored sunglasses
I want to flutter over the ocean while my toes
skim the water
I am vivacious and persistent

I pretend to be a famous singer
I feel a champagne bubble bath with puffy cloud sponges
I touch the Lord's fingertips
I worry that I'm not enough
I cry when angels fall
I am vivacious and persistent

I understand that people make bad decisions
I say the boogie man can't get me
I fear the day the boogie man consumes me
I try my hardest to be a good person
I hope to change the world
I am vivacious and persistent

I am empowered by the sunrise
I remember that each day is a new beginning
I explore hearts and morality
I won't let the black demons guzzle my shadow
I discover that good prevails over evil
I am vivacious and persistent

Desiree Bagby Teacher: Mrs. LeCren

Grade: 12

King

So you say every day's a blessing, But you spend each one confessin'. You got no time for restin' Because what's building up is stress man. You spend each hour prayin' When I am busy playin'. You're too gone talking to God, To realize your girlfriend's gone. Better wave to her "So long", Try to tell her whatcha doin' 'aint wrong. But the truth of the matter is that It doesn't really matter. Cause' your time was spent forgivin' sins, When you could've been helping other men. We're humans: we all make mistakes, But the worst is sitting and regrettin' the day. When you got fu**ed up, you fu**ed up, And that girl, she really loved va. But now she's gone and you're here but you're not No 5-0, but boy, you've been caught. So get off your knees and quit makin' a scene, Make something happen, Find another Queen to release that inner being, And reveal to your throne who will sit as king.

Vincent Gumina

Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12 29

Wherever the Road Takes Me

Stewart was unhappy he felt that he was destined for great things but maybe not in the true sense of the word. Great things to him meant traveling and not having a place to go but just seeing where his feet would take him. Once he found a place away from people and society he would truly be happy. He wanted to find a place in nature where he could hunt, fish, and live off the land without a care about his future or past.

For right now Stewart felt trapped by his school, his parents, and society's notion to make something of himself. Stewart's parents were the worst they would ask him questions like

"Stewart what do you plan to do with your life'. Stewart did not and never would understand this question. Stewart was not interested in doing Stewart in being. Stewart did not understand why everyone in society had to do something he wondered why some people could not just be.

Finally Stewart understood that the only way to be free was to leave his old life behind and start a new one. He packed up a bag of things that were most important to him. He started walking down the road with his thumb out to his side. Finally a car stopped and the man inside said "Where you heading, boy?" I said with the first true feeling of joy that I had in a long time. "Wherever the road takes me."

Alain Signoret Teacher: Ms. LeCren

Grade: 12

Cobblestone Streets

I tore through the wet grass of the courtyard
The night was clear and stained with stars
I hailed a cab on a busy street
How the people so chaotically stomped their feet...
Looking into the horses' black eyes,
I payed the driver up front, we went for a ride

He knew who I was, he said not a word
The carriage plowed through cobblestone streets, unheard
The horses used not their eyes to pull us down winding roads
They closed their black beads tightly, they knew which way to
go...

And they drifted into some sort of sleep, a trance The horses' dreams began to scream and dance

I felt the soft upholstery beneath my fingertips
I felt the universe slowly secrete life, and then slip
Past the windowpanes, the colors of the night melting
Into a sort of haze, the moonlight floated in tiny rings...
But soon we arrived, and the driver awoke me from my state
Of momentary illusion. I departed from the cab and arrived at
my favorite place

I waited outside on a crystalline bench Atop mountains and galaxies and common sense And great walls, as I sat, as my vision faded Lost within the divine regions of inebriation... Until out of my peripheral vision I saw a delicate frame The beauty of which immersed me in shame

This delicate frame, which belonged to my Love Outshined the incessant light from the moon and stars above Also brightened were my eyes by her golden hair And the yellow streaks fermenting my mind, which was already impaired...

And as this delicate frame trodded along the cobblestone streets

I followed closely behind, controlled only by my feet

Not my mind, which lagged slowly behind, lost within itself, But my soul was still aware of the Love that it felt And I followed the delicate frame and golden hair Through cobblestone streets, although she was unaware Of my presence, as she almost always is I followed her to her door, I felt remissed...

Dale Bass

Teacher: Ms. Wira

Pathway Steps

We are on a journey though the wilds
There are stepping-stones
Along the way
While we travel
Step-by-step, I walk
Skip, job, run, jump, and stroll with you.
And you with me
I take each step cautiously
Now I see there is no need to do so.
I can run everything by you
I jump ahead
And you'd be there behind me
I am without fear of losing you.

Norma "Bibis" Ramos; Teacher: Mrs. Conway



Emily Dinnerman *Grade:* 9