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Amirul Amirudin

Not So Distant

I have many thoughts as I sit here.
I have many worries and I have many fears.
I think about college and my future career
And all of the knowledge that I have gained this year.

I have lots of work and tons of stress My papers are scattered in a mess on my desk Only one thing is on my mind and I just can't wait To get my diploma and graduate!

My Home

The place to be
The place for me
The place that has my games and t.v.
The place that holds my favorite stuff
Like pizza, pop, and cheesy puffs
The place where I can sit back and relax
A fort that protects me from the weather's attacks
The place where I can get my rest
The place where I can rest my best
The place I think is perfect for me
The perfect place for me to be!

John Capraro

I REMEMBER

I remember warm summer days, Where a soft summer breeze would make the trees sway, Where a walk 'round the block seemed many miles long, Where young hearts and young minds were filled with a song.

I remember cool summer nights, Where the stars shone above and your mind would take flight, With new worlds to conquer, yet not far away, Were loving parents at the end of the day.

I remember chill autumn eves, And the tall and proud trees bereft of their leaves. Red and amber and orange and brown; The colorful carpet they left on the ground.

I remember brisk winter days, No matter how cold, in the snow we would play; With sledding and snowmen, our breath in the air, White snowflakes on tongues, and we hadn't a care.

I remember glorious Springs, The promise of Summer, and birds on the wing; White powder-puff clouds float above in the sky, A song in the wind as it whispers on by.

I remember friends from the past, Times we look back on; how we wished they would last. All the neighbors' backyards in which we would play, And coming back home at the end of the day.

Connie Clifton

You healed my heart

You have put a
Shield
Around my heart
You make me happy
You help me understand
You taught me how
Not to be afraid
You healed my heart
You don't bring tears
To my eyes
You make them open
Wide
I LOVE YOU
You healed my heart!

I Love to be held

I love when you hold

Me tight

All through the night
To have you put your
Arms around me
Shows you care
So I know you will always
Be there
MY DEAR
Hug me once a day
So I know you will never
Go
Away!

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Patrick Franks

HI

You have some good ideas Write them down Let's hear them Do expound Just, as you do Put at least one foot down Nail it to the floor Or Staple it to a coffee table Jamb it, underneath a door With your insight and your wisdom Your head might come too near to the clouds I'm not sarcastic, not making fun of you (It's that if you don't do what you say A perception of you can turn out quite a different wav) All that I mean to say is with your head up in the atmosphere as you go about your rounds -- Even if you sit--Just keep something on the ground!

TWO

I saw two doves today

They sat together And neither flew away

I saw two doves today

It wasn't much

They were not in flight Nor did they play

I just saw two doves today; And thought of you.

The Philosophy of Poetry

It is how it's put
It is how it is said
Little of tongue
Mostly of heart
But
Crafted, a bit
From some sudden muse
Of some sudden start
Of some sudden thought
That seemed to just
Grab hold of your head

Diana Hage

WHAT HAPPENED?

Did all the right things,
Led a moral life,
But What Happened?

Sacrificed for those in need,
Fulfilled my obligations,
Did not dessert my loved ones,
Then what - ?
What Happened?

Life can be so unpredictable,
It lifts you up then drops you down,
And we think, should we keep going?
Or take the high road and not look behind.
So after all is said and done
Upon reflection, did we give too much?
Is it wrong to expect gratitude?
What Happened?

I REMEMBER ...

Many sad times, many happy times,
But more importantly - I remember
My mind is as sharp as a needle
As it plays back into nostalgia
The main characters have left the scene,
And forsaken me, abandoned me
All alone.

But then I look at life as a book
I am writing the final chapters
My legacy will be one of optimism
Carry on my children,
Carry on my tradition
Love, Honesty, Respect
Live life to the hilt!

Amber Heery

True Definition

I can't move you with my voice, or make you see what you don't want to. I can't fill your heart with joy, or tell you what the meaning behind your life is.

I can't make you understand that not everything can be defined, but I CAN tell you that with life+love, nothing ever really is wrong. I can't make you see the beauty in everyday, but I CAN tell you that it's good to take things slow sometimes. I CAN look forward to the future with an open mind, but to relive my past-i can never. Our hearts and minds need to be left open, but let the eyes close, for it's only our actions that tell others what we are. But, what is the cause behind my actions? Who knows the True Definition of what we believe? What we seek for in our lives for them to be complete? Who knows? For... all i can tell you... is what i can define.

Tick-Tock

Time passes, you can't slow it down.

No matter how hard you try-it will always be around.

So, make every minute count-because each second is priceless.

The most important things in life will make you think, "You could never buy this."

Life is a treasure chest-waiting for you to find the key, of love.

Once it is opened, you will cherish each moment, as if it is your last-and flying away on a dove.

But time passes, it's never slowed down.

And no matter how hard you try- it will always come around.

Linda F. Hicks

Dynamics of Self-Destruction

A hideous green is jealousy-Sickening to the eye Coveting hearts fill with despise Hatred builds Lucifer's enterprise

Healing Process

Hurt Tired Crying over it-Movin' on

Christian Ponderings

O' Keeper of the Sparrow, I ponder,
"Shall I sin and trust in grace, or
Continue to pursue integrity?"
My cheeks are bloody from turning one to the other,
My tongue cleaves to my mouthI am choking on unspoken words
Sensual pleasures I ignore
Daily I take not your revenge

O' Keeper of the Sparrow, Where are you? Tight and narrow is your path Open wide my heart to love your way Send your breath, strengthen me Help me not retreat

John Kelly

A Poem of Impossibilities (Inspired by the movie "Alice In Wonderland")

That pink elephant that you saw the other night after you had too many drinks knocks on your door one day selling Avon cosmetics

The can of green beans sitting on your shelf talks to you and yells, "WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU EATING!!!" when you are eating a Whopper hamburger

When walking on a warm spring night it rains real glittery diamonds and you forget to keep any

Sitting on the edge of a country river on a cool summer's night and a green river frog hops next to you and says, "Got any stock tips?

A thousand daisies bloom brightly and dance the hula in your backyard to celebrate the first day of spring

Following the brightest color of a rainbow and actually finding the end

Julie Moffitt

THE PATH

All the roads that are traveled require COURAGE Having COURAGE helps one weather all of life's storms

And when the soul sings there is HAPPINESS and JOY When there is true JOY it can only birth great LOVE LOVE is a gift that can't be bought but given over and over again

The greatest gift in life is HOPE which is always there

to reach for And HOPE brings FAITH that leads towards a path out of darkness.

WINTER SONG

Shades of gray move across the sky as winter moves in A blanket of snow covers the earth as it sleeps Ice glistens on the branches of trees and shines brightly as a diamond The wind blows and snow swirls creating it's own winter ghost The light of day slowly slips into the dark of night All is quiet as winter sings its song

William H. Murphy

Love Echoes: A Builder's Dream

On these happy hearts I will build my family, And my love will echo through the ages. Love Echoes

Brave first words: Not a baron's hall of stilted hanging portraits,
Instead, a symphony of singing strings.
Vibrations do not echo,
Lovingly, lovely, laughter lets us echo.
Love Echoes

Silt, from the happy heart at flood stage,
Renews, so give them their days of flowered field
They will listen on the valley floor
For the wind of the mountain laurel
And be completed by it.

Shining eyes reflect- Echoing. Love Echoes

Traceless tears, tracing letters in the trackless sand Ask, do they understand the builder's dream:
Each generation playing tag with the next,
So that mirrored, smiling faces go echoing through the nations.
Love Echoes

Jean Orleans

My Child

I have loved you from the moment of conception As you and I shared each precious breath Our hearts then beat in perfect unison My love for you grew and engulfed my soul So small, so dependent, so vulnerable My special treasure only I could hold Never again to be alone, separate How warm, how fulfilling a joining I felt your tears, I felt your laughter As you felt my most inward feelings Me your protective outward casing You my deepest most secretive creation My surprise to unfold for me to see Your parting time came much too soon My body shed its share of tears Now to hold you in a different way To enjoy the taste and smell of you Someone so new, so fresh, so innocent To share with, my love of life

Echoes

I bring you to my nurturing soft breast For the warmth and comfort of a human touch I let you in to share my contentment Walk softly on the tender ground that lies inside Let yourself rest inside my inward peace A momentary shield against the turmoil of life Each second is like a precious breath Filling us with a sweet refreshing essence Do not look for what is to come Just allow each moment's beauty to unfold A fantasy just barely touched To pack away for a future day When is a private moment A smile may cross a weathered face Listening to the happy echoes of laughter Reflecting from a sharing heart

Rachel Quinn

Forever and Always

As these tears of bitter agony fall down my cheeks, I think of you. I think of all the memories we share, the good and the bad. I think of all the pain, there is a lot of it, some you have caused me and some, I have caused you. But the battles have been fought. Not a white flag in here or there. We are stronger than that or we pretended to be, at least. The bad thing about pretending is that when it comes to war pretending doesn't get you far at all. That is what happened to us. You said and promised you would be here for me forever and always. Well it hasn't been forever so where are you? It hasn't been always, I need you.

For that little bit of time you were my sunshine even when it was raining. Then one day my sun started fading. I thought you were just hiding behind a normal little white fluffy cloud; little did I know that, that little white cloud would turn into a deadly storm. One strong enough to tear down our castle and cause this war. If I would have known I would have run and taken cover to save myself from all the pain it caused. But I am stubborn so I didn't leave even when more warning signs started to appear out of the darkness. The clearer they became the stronger I seemed to stand my land and not move a muscle. I didn't want our happiness to end. I thought you were my forever and always...

Moving On

Once upon a time, you were mine, We agreed to be there for each other, rain or shine, Happiness or pain, All the emotions, even insane. You held me tight when I cried, I loved you when part of you practically died. When the world tore us apart, We both searched tirelessly for a new start. I couldn't tell you if what we had was lust or love, But wherever you seemed to be, I found the dove. You always brought me happiness and joy, Like a child opening a brand new toy. Especially the afternoon on that little hill. When you were sad, I loved you still. We grew farther and farther apart, And I just stood there as it was breaking my heart. All I could do was run and hide. I vowed to never again let anyone inside. It seemed pointless, to go through all this pain, Without even the slightest of gain. Now we have been there through all these points, high and low,

And people have seemed to just come and go, But you stayed by my side,
And I felt like I never needed to hide, on this crazy ride.
The thing is I can't seem to get you out of my mind And you just seem to be leaving me behind.
So after all we have been through,
I need to move on from you.

I found someone new. It wasn't too hard to do. I just opened my eyes, And to my surprise, He was right by my side, Arms outstretched, ready to guide. He has a heart of solid gold While mine is just ice cold. He likes me, for who I am, Looks, personality, humor, and all that jam. With him, I never have to hide, These emotions that happen to lurk inside. This guy deals with me, And he seems to do it happily. I have moved on from you, Can't you see we are through?

My brain seems to be wired
To tell you all I ever desired.
This is bad,
But this new feeling is making me glad.
This proves I can be happy after you,
And all the mounds of crap we have struggled through.
The feelings I have had for you,
Have tirelessly puzzled me through and through,
I am done being hurt,
So I know this is curt,
But this is what has to be done,
So I can again see the sun.

You had me under your spell,
But dear I do wish you well.
I will always be there for you,
I will keep my promise true.
But we are only now friends my dear
Please open your ears so you can hear,
I am moving on.

Sal Rivera

MARIELLE

Can't wait to see you: our beautiful daughter As you're being formed inside your mother We have yet to meet you But we crazy about you I sometimes can't believe you're here The other day: as I held your little socks, in my eyes there were tears Both I and your mom are extremely excited Beyond words: delighted I know you're going to have a lot of hair Your mom's a hairstylist: you're in good hands Kind of like Allstate: no matter your state We'll be there every step of the way At times no words can say How happy we are: you're our superstar Marielle Marissa Rivera We longed for you: quite long In our hearts, there's a new song Truly, it's true: We love you Our sweet babygirl Our precious pearl Can't wait to hold you in my arms Your daddy will protect you from harm: with his charm

I saw your feet, hands and heart
At the ultrasound: I was dumbfounded
Your mom cried: your legs open wide
It's a girl: our Tinkerbell
Marielle

Family: Finally (Thanksgiving 2009)

Finally: a family to call your own
Knowing they have your best interest at heart:
whether you're home or somewhere else
Family is like nothing else

You're a part of me & I'm a part of you

No matter where we go: I'll never part from you
You seen me since I was born
Been there for me when torn

You come in the form of a: mother, father,
sister, brother & so much more
You're in my heart: close to me like pores
To you there's no end: my life long friend
Finally: the epitome of a Family

A bond like no other
They all can leave, but we got each other
The precise enterprise of a family
or should I say familia
This is beyond cultural boundaries
The same is defined in all countries
Like yarn knitted into a beautiful quilt
You all accepted me like your own: so this is
heartfelt

Family
F - father
A - aunt

M - mother
I - me
L - love
Y - you all

Aaron Robertson

Pale Blue Eyes

All I see is your pale blue eyes A sullen whisper, a rumbling groan There you are, in my heart Nothing more, than a song How could you, be so cruel As to see, my heart you rule Do you know, how it feels To see, what is no longer real I cannot, imagine why You would be so damn wry What is it, that makes you sing That song up on the mountain, Heavenly embrace, majestic and suave, Beauty that skips a beat, that makes my heart... grow chilled Let it take you, let it take you Now close your eyes See what you do not Open your ears Hear what is distraught Dance in sunlight, never glance away See what God has done, to take your breath away He gave me you...oh how I love To hear your song, of pale blue eyes Pale and blue, now gone askew A fate so cruel, unearthly to bear

The beats of life, count one, two, three And then you're gone, no more mine Return to the dust, you must for all In the sky, you sing, I hear It rains and my eyes open My ears close and I hear no more I see what I want, I cannot bear A love so strong, words are not well Unite so swift, we cannot tell My ears are closed, and then my eyes My senses yours, my spirit guides Happy once again, my love in sight Your pale blue eyes Once again mine

FLOW

Shining of light, miraculous glare in an abyssal mute A single rasp of breath brings forth perfection and a dulcet melody rings
Timeless quality. The first we have ever known, the last we would willingly refute Creatures of the clouds, the grass, the waves...graceful and fearsome Made fine by the hand of God, corrupt by our own

Progression

Stand mighty in the eyes of man, answer to the Judge of your might
We slay and we slander, yet still we march on
Upright are those in the favor of God. One hand that is to guide you. The other to nurture.
They utter and inquire 'What is the greatest sin?'
There is no such thing If sin is to be great, are we to be defeated? If strife runs over land, are we to care no more?

God is a surrogate. He loves those who cannot find it in themselves
God is a protector. He shields those who cannot fight
God is a shelter. He welcomes those that have no more
God is a musician. Orchestrator of amicable life, conductor of cordial spirit, mellifluous mercy
As I write this poem, I laugh at the injustice of my words
But He hears. You are better to whisper than to unctuously pronounce His name.

Progression

The cycle of our existence moves with a flow that transcends time
As we go, as we grasp our prideful smirks and prodigal praises, let us be liaisons of an undying love.
A love that is with us to the marrow of our bones

Progression

Andy Schuck

Artifact, part I

Burning it creates white smoke and a crackly noise Opening it makes a zip sound while it moves from side to side
You might be able to hear a little smack then it makes a huge crack noise
Its light pink tray is about two inches in height When you shake it, the inside makes a rustling noise Sounds like combing nappy hair when you write on i

It too is a rather large magnet It smells like a newspaper They make squeaky sounds It's a hollow sound as with a wooden bat It makes no sound unless you twist it up and hit something without being connected to the oxygen machine It shows it helps it tells it lowers Its clear long tube splits off into two smaller tubes It doesn't make a noise when it's not stretched out It makes a clanking sound when touched This is placed between the legs to help one just use the arms They are for everyone's safety as well as the sake of organization It smells like paper and tastes like it as well It makes people enjoy their food more It is round in shape with iron legs to stand on Children do not get hurt badly if they happen to get hit by one They can make no sounds They can learn colors and words by playing with dinosaurs It also has a little picture of a pumpkin on the top The top has a plug which helps prevent spills It adds to the Halloween festivities It's a big attention getter They pop out from the surface like small hills It feels cool and refreshing, but really there is no taste So many people drink it The front is written out with little yellow stars which makes it easier to move around freely although you cannot see the wood underneath Only the border is circular

John Smolinski

Feet First

Mom's dying spreads like ivy.

Consciousness washes in
and out again.

She requests cremation.

"Do they put you in feet or head first?"

The tide rolls out,
she slips back into trance.

Two o'clock in the morning
hollers my name.

My sister charges, bedside.

Mom unruffled, angelic.
False alarm.

I sit rocking in a chair
beside the death bed,
back and forth, nervous energy,
hold and stroke her hand.
The sullen quiet makes me drowsy,
I doze off.
Fitful dream of an erratic merry-go-round.
Mom opens her eyes, squeezes my hand.
"Hard to be born, hard to die."
I think she's busy unraveling life.

She is present and she's not. It is the inner screen mom watches, invisible program she views. I tell her how Sally, a poet I knew died and floated above her body. Summoned down a dark tunne to the presence of a blinding light,

ecstatic, she was about to enter when a lilting voice whispered, "Return." "Go for the light mom." Her plain expression comes alive. "That's next week."

Hospice says she is in the last stage. "I think your mom predicted accurately." Ties to this realm loosen fast. The phone rings.
Susan tells me our mother has unfolded her wings.

Mom, the funeral home says cremation is feet-first. No-one has ever asked that question before.

> The Myth Of Us (A language tale)

We were the best of enemies Pushing opposable thumbs Into each other's eyes

You were the thirty-first of October
In the dawning of November
Thrust in bone white couture

Leaving no trace to come
Of what would be the end of day
The veniality of grace

Bullets between Eden
And bedlam burning
Witness of the twin flames

And the magic circle At the scent of water she Would pirouette and proclaim

Red meat cures
The devil endures
Riding a coal age horse

I will steal softly
Among everyday people
Offering a false lucent dream

Promise of amber wave Collector of hearts and names Of the dead spoken in ictus

You coldly stalk
The last hint of innocence
With the tenderness of wolves

Our lady of the lost and confounded Not quite a blushing bride as a Jury judging a blind mirror

This is the myth of us: We pushed the rock sideways Over the edge and onto ourselves

Cheryl Vatcher-Martin, M.A.

St. Patrick's Day Fun

Shades of green on display Painted faces enjoy the day Masked in glory, they attend a play A field of leprechaun dreams marching
In the St. Patty's Day Parade, celebrating
One's heritage and perhaps a tall glass
Of beer;
Others prefer the mint green chocolate,
Or the freshly scooped evergreen colored
Vanilla ice-cream.
An Irish holiday, perhaps,
Yet the spirit rises in those who want
To reminisce about the old potato farmers.
Interesting enough, The Ides Of March,
And St. Patrick's Day, nary a couple of days
Apart.

Haiku

eternal love lasts forever and a day now wishful thinking for most

Haiku

love poems don't rhyme Valentine's inspiration magical releas

Shari Welch

Elevator

Why is it when people are in the elevator they all look up

Conversation is taboo --- no one takes the time to speak.

Illuminating numbers moving up top is what we seek.

Ring ring floor 2 --- doors open --- straight ahead

Time to go. Filing out in order and not a word to be said.

People exiting through the door and some coming on board.

Doors close---in motion---moving upward to the next floor.

Some people look down at their toes, checking out the latest footwear.

Anything to avoid eye contact or conversation. Oh no we don't dare.

Looking up- looking down- keeping our personal space intact.

Just like this small elevator, everything is overwhelmingly compact.

Ring ring floor 3- doors open and the same ritual takes place.

This elevator does absolutely nothing for the human race.

Wrong Way

Going down this road is not the right one.

A dark cloud seems to be looming along this run.

These eerie, illogical events take place without a warning.

As if the clouds decided to open up --- letting out it's storming.

A coincidence of déjà vu --- we have been here before.

Let's learn from this foggy experience before leaving out of this door.

Going the wrong way is obvious at this point in time.

Taking the road less traveled may just bring some peace of mind.

Tamika Wilson

Reality

What is it?

Is it waking up every day?

Is it the birth of a child?

No one really knows.

Reality is seen through the eyes of the beholder.

But it can become blurred.

Reality is one person's myth of one's truth.

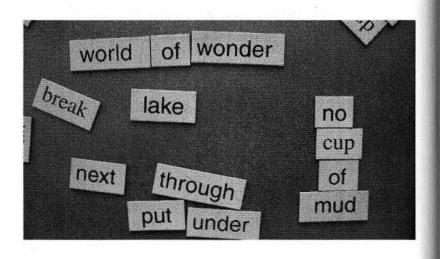
College Life

Michael Sikes
Had classes on Monday,
Ran nude of Tuesday,
Coughed on Wednesday,
Felt worse on Thursday,
Green slime oozed out of his body on Friday,
Prayed for death on Saturday,
Took medicine on Sunday,
This was the week
For Michael Sikes.

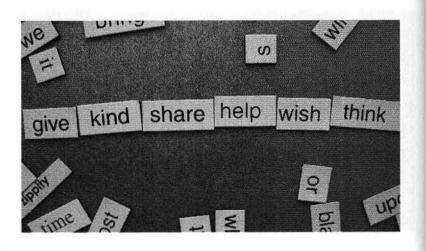
Magnetic Poetry from

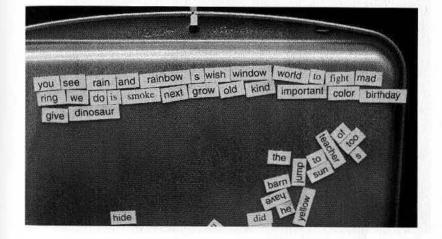
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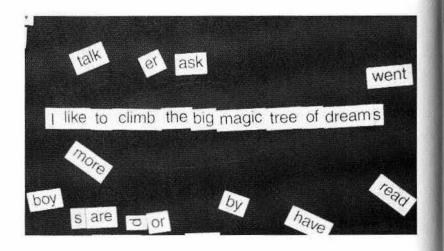
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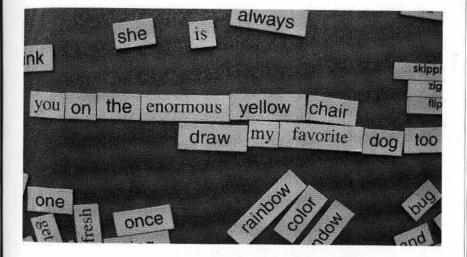












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