

# CARTOON MIDNIGHT

-An Anthology-



**Creative Writing**  
by  
**Bowman High School Students**  
**Spring 1995**



instructor  
**RICHARD WEEKLEY**

## Cartoon Midnight

Ready? Welcome to our cartoon journey to the bewitching instant when night is **not** night and night is **not** morning, a suspended instant between--a point out of time, a **Cartoon Midnight**.

A moment not unlike the lives of these developing writers--lives moving toward morning ("Reality," "The Real World")--leaving behind the comfort of fairy tales and innocent hopes ("The magic carpet rides of Aladdin are no longer" [Sunshine Brazell]). Their writing burgeons with fear and questions ("What is the real color?" "Where is my place?" [Antwan Perez] "Who knows **who I am**?" [Gena McGinnes])

**Cartoon Midnight** gives a voice to the unvoiced, to those who feel "my words rang out like a bell, but never reached anyone" (Stephanie Huckins), those who have felt their words "were insignificant" (Oscar Lopez).

There is, of course, a natural anxiety that comes with *coming of age* -- the pressure of what Oliver Khoshaba calls "complicated complications," real life factors--family life, finances, safety, drugs, motherhood/fatherhood, career, love and belonging) are suddenly converging upon them. Some rail against the standardization, impersonalization, and helplessness. They feel as if they might be the ones *trapped in a cartoon*. Combine this with transient personal lives in a rapidly changing society, is it any wonder Oscar Lopez wrote: "I feel no solidity of structure" and Jamie Smith spoke of "waiting to blink."

The longing for *escape* from these pressures to fly into a predictable "**Cartoon Midnight**" (Lindsey Krutak) or be transformed ("Flesh to Metal" Clif Crotts) is natural and logical.

This language cartoon does have its moments of relief, islands of tranquillity ("Serene Boredom" Brian Preece and "Peacefully Set," Eric Porter.) But when all is said and done, the poets seem to say it best:

"I walk a path of life unknown  
to life itself." (Anthony Williams)

I'd like to thank the Bowman staff and principal for their encouragement and support. These poems are primarily an outgrowth of the Spring 94 and the Fall/Spring 1994/95 Creative Writing classes. Special thanks is extended to instructional assistant, Joy Williamson, whose diligent and outstanding work helped make this publication a reality.

It is particularly gratifying for me to witness students acknowledging the importance of the voice within, honoring speech while gaining respect and knowledge of the poetic idiom.

I'm grateful for the opportunity I had to work with these writers, hear their unique expressions and see their individual development.

Richard Weekley

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walked through  
the world . . .  
Where my words  
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anyone.

**Stephanie Huckins**

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## **Blink**

I am coming out of the dark universe  
and into the complications of life  
and I am waiting for love

I am coming out of the house  
and into the car  
and I am waiting for the drive to end

I am coming out of love  
and into a black hole  
and I am waiting for life  
I am coming out of life  
and into my mind  
and I am waiting for an answer

I am coming out of dreaming  
and into my reality  
and I am waiting for my subconscious  
mind to take control

I am coming out of the fields and into the silence  
and I am waiting for a noise

I am coming out of a deep stare  
and into a gaze  
and I am waiting to blink

**Jamie Smith**

## 2:19 In the Morning

Walking the streets of the city  
at 2:19 in the morning.

The lustrous gleam of the quiet asphalt  
puts a spring in my step  
and paints an expression of solitude  
on my day-worn face.  
At peace.

Walking the streets of the city  
at 2:19 in the morning.

The buildings are sleeping  
Somebody's singing  
And it's me.

Walking the streets of the city  
at 2:19 in the morning.

The homeless curl under blankets or newspapers  
like stray dogs  
utterly indisposed,  
utterly alone in a world full of  
baleful eyes and caloused hearts.

Walking the streets of the city  
at 2:19 in the morning.

The lights are breathing  
The silence deafening  
I can see my breath.

Clif Crotts







## **Echoes Echoing Back**

I am not born of the flesh but of the spirit.  
I read that the fountain of youth really works.  
I thought that I already thought that before.  
I delivered time to father time.  
I still can hear my shadow following behind me.  
I had green eggs and ham with the Cat in the Hat.  
I saw both the sun and the moon at my doorstep.  
I got wind blown in one ear and out the other.  
I chopped a living vegetable.  
I landed in the middle of everything.  
I have seen the light.  
I am reading my life being read over again.  
I have not been to Hell and back.  
I have seen yesterday come again today.  
I have eaten my words.  
I have heard my echoes echoing back.  
I have traveled to the Seven Seas.  
I was in a time warp.  
I have wandered off into my deepest thoughts.  
I once started out normal, but the abnormal kicked in.  
I have seen a dry tear.  
I have helped the truth tell lies.  
My epitaph will read . . .  
I risked my life saving Superman's butt.

**Karye Mayon**

## **A Small Cry**

**My father used to  
beat us and  
my mom and I  
would cry.**

**The next day he  
will have forgotten  
and my mom would  
try to make it  
all better,  
saying it will  
be all right.**

**But she could  
not stop the  
night, no matter  
how hard she**

**tried.**

**Then I would  
feel the evil  
footsteps and  
the slamming of  
the door. I**

**would hear the  
hitting and the  
screaming and knew  
I would be next.**

It was a part  
of his routine.

So Lord, I'm  
on my knees  
again pleading for  
your help and  
there isn't anymore  
time to pray.

You know I  
am next in  
line to pay . . .

**Mark Gaffney**

### **A Distant Scream**

travels through reality  
sailing past my vision

still as a calm sea at dawn  
violent as the struggle for equality  
still as a hush over a crowd  
distant as a forgotten promise

false as a spoken truth.

**Justin Tachet**

## **Never Believe**

Dreams get dismantled  
In the shotgun blink  
of a skeptical eye.  
I felt it coming.  
I tasted it on the air.

But who'd have thought  
It would come so quickly?  
In an instance,  
Mere words  
caught my heart in  
a vice.

While a blanket of questions  
stuck to my head.

I easily detected  
her arduous tone.

A simple deception.

An experience  
that has opened  
my eyes.

**Clif Crotts**

## **Roaring**

Down the rail  
I saw an uncertain time  
Heard a muffled voice  
cry out

I thought  
liquid thoughts  
of what to be

I felt as though  
I was drowning

**Gena McGinnes**

I have lived with  
runaway moons  
and my second skin

Darkness snapping my eyes  
penetrating acceptance

dancing clouds

and miscut smiles

I have lived with  
runaway moons  
and my second skin

**Scott Croft**

## **It's the Illusion**

It's the illusion of the earth's  
mystical powers that clouds  
my vision and leaks out the knowledge  
of my life.

It's the illusion of age that  
clouds my good judgements.

It's the illusion of time that  
wrinkles my skin.

It's the illusion of black  
dust that scatters my life  
in all directions.

It's the illusion of love  
that ruins  
my life,  
and puts my emotions  
cavern deep within.

**Anthony Williams**

Soft as a feather  
you whisper to me,  
tender as a rose petal  
you kiss me goodbye,  
as you walk out the door  
I drop to my knees  
and cry.

**Lindsey Krutak**

## **Angel in White**

She was a light shining in the brighter sun.  
She was the cause for worship among men.  
She was a woman at age 11 when it happened.  
She was, even so, a cause for pride, for  
She was my friend.

She walked in a land where no one bothered.  
She appeared in strange places with stranger people.  
She caused much alarm to the little town of L.A.  
She killed the fish to feed the cats.  
She just was.

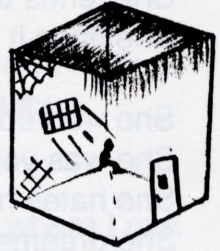
She left her dad dead, a heart attack.  
She didn't cry tears of water but blood.  
She joined her mom and conniving step-dad.  
She loved her more than him.  
She was basic.

She left them on a trip.  
She went to Hollywood.  
She lived with the bums.  
She survived on what was free.  
She was taken back to an upside-down home.

She smoked a lot - - - cigarettes too.  
She had parents who didn't give a damn.  
She had the money though.  
She thought that's what counted.



She thought she was in love, once, twice.  
She was in for shocks.  
She was all that mattered.  
She led her friends to see.  
She was my friend.



She is not here right now.  
She doesn't think she'll be back.  
She's trapped inside a tiny cell.  
She's institutionalized.  
She is my friend.

She writes me every once in awhile.  
She uses crayons for that.  
She says they won't let her pencilize.  
She's right.

She's got the scars to prove it.  
She is my friend.  
She is safe.  
She says no one can touch her now.

She wears a long-sleeved white jacket.

She's an *angel dressed in white*.

She wears undeserved straps at night.

She's chained into her bed.

She is . . .

**Josh Newland**

## **Cartoon Midnight**

She cries when it hurts inside.  
She wishes she could end her life.  
She tends to hold on to the past.  
She finds it too difficult to forget.

She wanted to keep the baby.  
She was young and too confused.  
She hates herself now.  
She dreams of holding life in her arms.

She doesn't understand why she hurts.  
She wants it to go away.  
She smiles like an innocent child.

She is beautiful, for what she's been through.  
She misses her innocence.  
She regrets the trouble curiosity caused.  
She wants her family back.

She hates to be lonely, though she's gotten used to it.  
She dreams at night in colors.  
She dreams of flying in a cartoon midnight.  
Dreams of being free.

**Lindsey Krutak**

## **I Escaped**

I escaped and walked through the world

where my words were my . . .  
lonely path back from a broken heart . . .  
where my words were my . . . reality

I escaped and walked through the world where I met  
bread and butterflies kissing dandelions.

Obstacles in my path  
. . .the devil in disguise

I escaped and walked through the world where I touched . . .  
a lie and the truth interbred  
a figment of my imagination  
everlasting time . . .  
a soul incapable of love.

I escaped and walked through the world where I buried  
my love for him

where I buried . . .  
the yearning for imperfection  
where I buried my direction.

**Nicole Allen**

## **Unearthly Dream**

An earthworm moves  
softly through the soil  
penetrating blindly  
through an ocean of dirt.  
It runs without legs  
floating on an endless cloud of suffocating soil.

It slithers its way around, slowly  
its many hearts beating in uneven unison,  
sounding like a huge locomotive barreling down the track.  
An earthworm has many advantages over its arch enemy,  
man

Unlike man, an earthworm has many hearts  
it need not grieve if one becomes broken.

**Bryan Jordan**

## **Hand Written Architecture**

Your pain  
intolerance

My strengths  
my pains

Zero tolerance

Impurity  
Immunity

Exhibits of impression  
hand written architecture

Your shadow lost in the light  
of texture  
Isolation

brought on by diversity

cause and effect

Your demons only elevate you high enough  
to bring you down.

Your love of fear  
Your fear of love,  
You love to hate.  
Because you hate yourself.

**Alex Laws**

## **Kindness?**

What is the reality of this kindness?  
What could be the meaning behind the face?

A friend doesn't smile to your face  
and stab you in the back  
in one look

Does it get revealed?  
Has it sprung a leak?

Rat out on the loose

Guilt runs through me like a constant rule,  
No time to act

**Nicole Allen**

## **morning eyes**

It is morning  
and a squirrel is  
fearlessly searching  
for a sinful meal  
as I think about  
the shadows behind the sun.

The sky is  
disappearing behind the glistening  
clouds.

At my feet  
death lies in solemn  
defeat as I live my  
life near the sage of a different  
smell

as the wild grasses die  
in beauty.

**Eric Porter**

## **PEACEFULLY SET**

The endless tunnel of blackness envelops  
the bright ocean breeze.

Walking through the burning waves of the  
icy ocean, erasing the story of each  
footprint.

Silent calls of a bird warning of the innocent  
danger of my silhouetted figure melting into  
the horizon's shadow.

Distant screams of speeding cars add to  
the rhythm of the crashing waves and the  
frightened cries of a bird.

Sitting on an oblong thought absorbing  
this moonless night

I stare into the stars  
watching them twinkle in peaceful harmony  
never displacing one another from their  
set spot.

Then I wondered, why we can't all  
for one minute twinkle in our own way and  
peacefully live life leaving one  
another in their own set spot?

**Eric Porter**



## Serene Boredom

A boring night. It makes me feel good and alive to see the contours of that dark, fummy horizon below the shine of the moon which is tranquil, just like everything else except for an annoying wail of siren I hear tearing down my street like a continuous cat screech.

Up on my balcony it's cool just to sit when the weather is perfect and the street hiss ebbs past the shopping center. The whole town night light setup is over there, and I like it because that's where it's supposed to be anyway, so I lean back and foot prop myself upon the barbecue, and sigh, relaxed on a night when nothing's happening.

When the television is off and my tapes are played out and my house is a scattered mess, it's completely fine to pace by the stucco wall and blow smoke into the loose evening of damp plants and streetlight auras leaning on telephone poles and junky cars creaking past me on the strip below.

When there's no tumult or crisis, it's still, like say, the park over there where there's nobody sitting on the benches and it just exists there being vacant with shadowy lawns and crooked trees that crisscross limbs.

Brian Preece

## **I Am**

One with my breath  
One with pulsating heart  
One with my one single thought  
And worried that I won't make it to my destination.

## **I am**

One with the wild foxtails  
One with the tiny insect crawling on my hand  
One with the serenity of my mind  
And worried that earth will be on her side soon.

**- Jenny Morales**

## **On Top Of A World**

With a half hidden moon  
With high traveling winds  
With the sun and the warmth it throws  
And worried that we'll kill this world.

On top of a world

With my soul sitting next to me  
With this rock rammed into by back  
With my shadow until it runs away.

**- Robert Baker**

Cubes of mist  
colors and roads  
tears of explanation  
Above me is a swervy road  
that leads nowhere  
the sound of plants  
waving in the wind  
I touch the shadow  
that breaks down  
the quiet breath  
of nothing.

**Sarah Willison**

**I Live My Life Near the  
21st Century**

It is morning the  
24th of October and  
Itchy is waling  
on scratchy  
as I think about this  
red car. The sky is  
calm and friendly  
to us all today

at my  
feet the army ants  
are marching away.

**Oliver Khoshaba**

## **A Star in a Lonely Sky**

I am a star in a lonely sky  
I read love stories  
I thought of darkness  
I delivered nothing but my heart  
I had something but lost it  
I saw the light turn to darkness  
I got nothing but an apple  
I chopped onions that made me cry  
I have seen the moon in darkness  
I have seen the ocean waves  
I have heard the sound of darkness  
I have traveled far in my sleep  
I was in a trapped world  
I have wandered across the world  
I once started out to a new world  
I have seen the dying  
I have helped the sick  
My epitaph will be:  
I was but now I am not!

**Gloria Creason**

## **Sunflower Field**

Let me die in a field of sunflowers,  
where I can feel the warmth  
upon my face.

Let me die in the sun's embrace  
where nothing can go wrong.

Let me hear their song,  
and sway with them  
in the wind.

Let this beauty never end.

Let me lie upon the flowers,  
feel the velvet kisses  
that they have to give,  
touch the beauty with my soul,  
and there, though dead,  
I will live, I will grow.

Let me run through this field,  
wild and free.

Full of life and energy.  
give me that beautiful  
golden glow.

Let the sky water me,  
so I can grow.

Let me die in a field of sunflowers,  
where I can feel the warmth  
upon my face.

Let me die in the sun's embrace.

**Lindsey Krutak**

## **Always Looking Over Your Shoulder**

He stares at the sky until it turns purple.  
He plays with the Rollie Pollie and rolls it up a hill.  
He goes to the barber to cut his split ends.  
He thinks he's all right, but is not.

He walks on top of trees and cuts them down.  
He flies to cornfields to pick the best corn.  
He is manipulative and lies very well.  
He often talks to you with his eyebrows.

He will walk around and scope you out.  
He helps his cat clean the chimney.  
He likes to pick the worms out of green apples.  
He is his own joyous wonder.

He wakes up in the morning and cackles to the birds.  
He runs to Ethiopia to feed the hungry.  
He is adaptable.  
He is a part of the Barnum and Bailey circus.

He smiles at you with a shining eye.  
He runs around in his own dust.  
He sits in his closet and bonds with his skeletons.  
He goes to deep space to trip out.

He talks to his reflection in the mirror.  
He swims in his dreams to solve them.  
He hallucinates.  
He grows on you like a freckle from the sun.

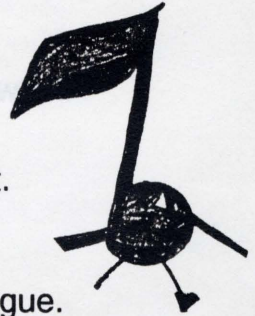
He sits and contemplates on the cold war.  
He likes plucking ice cubes from the wall.  
He chases after bees and stings himself.  
He howls with his dog at the blue moon.

He pats himself on the back.  
He peels oranges and eats the peels.  
He looks at you with disgust and smiles.  
He is on a quest for the stairway to heaven.

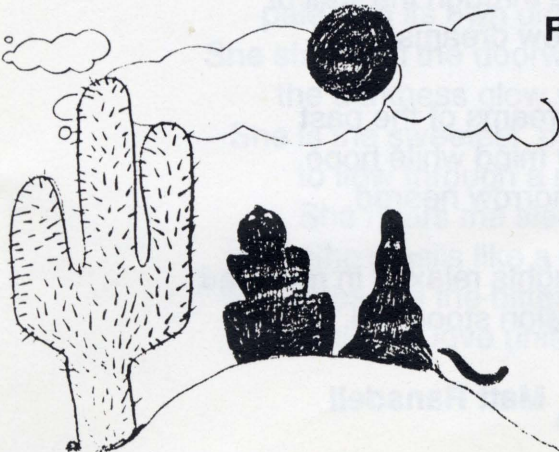
He is very familiar with the material.  
He sets his kneecaps on fire.  
He is the music himself.  
He is addicted to Visine to cut the red out.

He has special dust from Tinkerbell.  
He licks sandpaper to roughen up his tongue.  
He bites his nails to make a new one.  
He fetches the bone and gives it back to the dog.

He closes his eyes but can still see you.  
He always has you looking over your shoulder.  
He loves you but hates you.  
He loves playing games that get revenge.



**Rochelle Pyne**



## **I Am On Top Of A World**

With the shadow of the moon  
With my feet smashed to the ground  
With my nails falling apart  
And worried that my eyes are open.

I am on top of a world

With the wind of no return  
With my pants on  
With the shade of the sun  
And worried my shadow might disappear.

**Janie Hernandez**

## **Wondering Thoughts**

Relaxed  
in my head while my confusion  
stood still

Slow beating music filled my eyes  
with blazing winds while burning  
the thirsty desert as I walked  
backwards through the wall of  
shallow dreams.

Silent screams of the past  
filled my mind while hope  
for tomorrow neared.

Wondering thoughts relaxed in my head  
confusion stood still.

**Matt Ransdell**



A black shadow's devilish smile eats me  
A large fish thinking in the grasses  
The burning thought of the sun  
And worried that opportunity has not yet passed.

I spill my white shadow  
to the misguided happy clouds  
High trees grow in me  
And I am worried that  
this feeling  
will always be  
here.

**Matt Ransdell**

### **Watching the Darkness Glow**

She walks like the shadow of death,  
pale with its own dirty deeds.  
She stands in the doorway watching  
the darkness glow with life.  
She is the sweetest poison ever  
to flow through a man.  
She hears me sleep.  
She smells like a rose  
but tastes like the bitterness of pain.  
She does not love unless loved.

**Andy Marino**

## **The Child Within**

what right do you have to toy with my life?  
How many times will you change the truth to  
suffice and justify yourself to someone so  
small and innocent?

I do believe I would have not hurt you  
the way you hurt me. The actions I saw you commit,  
for some great sacrifice of survival

Why didn't you ever teach me to love another,  
instead taught me to hate myself unto the brink  
of suicide

What power gave you the go ahead and to not truly  
take my life into account

When you made me, I gave you 100% of my trust

Now I know the truth, and the barriers that held  
me back, slowly disintegrate

I see the answers through the dark lies and can not  
find the child within

**Mark Gaffney**

## **The Search**

Sitting on my gold rock thinking of an  
old memory of mine, plastic tears fall  
from the tip of my puggy nose, I run my  
fingers through my curly  
discolored hair wondering what the  
real color is.

I wonder if I'll ever  
know where my place is, where my face  
is, I know it's here somewhere. If I wait  
for a rainbow to show me the right way,  
will I look like a fool? I don't care.

I'll just sit on my gold rock  
a gothic stool.  
I believe, I believe after all, I still believe  
and I fall,  
but I am strong  
the sun has kissed me and caressed me  
my gold rock knows,  
it knows me  
shines light on me,  
that's why I'm here  
sprouting silver wings,  
as mystical angels sing,  
they sing to me.  
They accept me  
free me.

**Antwan Perez**

## Satire Tunes

Losers dancing in satire tunes  
with an audience of teenage dogs  
out on a vengeance to get the infant cat.

I went to this party of forgotten  
theme and laughed, laughed with  
a tear in my eye while thinking of  
nothing that is full of everything.

Forgetting my own confusion I watched  
the fools, seeing the happiness of their  
forgiving face.

Then I left in shame because of my  
ignorance.

**Eric Porter**



For only taunts want mind  
behind the line of incline  
the line of my kind  
limits the expansion of mind  
holding, molding, squeezing and teasing  
for only taunts want mind.

Wondering and wishing always to be missing  
it's all a frameless mind game  
the game in mind, the pain in mind  
and mind wants all taunts  
for only taunts want mine

**John Sisneros**

## **Chrome Mask**

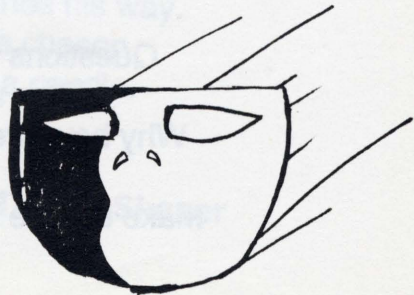
I witnessed the metal soul crusher  
and read what to be  
I ate last night's dream  
and I doubted the silver smile

I heard their plastic laughs  
and thought what they taught  
I traveled through their rearranger  
and doubted my feelings

I met their industrial suicide pushers  
delivered my eyes into their chrome mask  
wandered all through their chain  
as I doubted my connection

I tasted their steel beliefs  
got some of my own  
risked my tears to be folded over  
while doubting the windows that limit my touch.

**Scott Croft**



## **Gullible Mind**

Who knows about tomorrow?

Do you?

Can any one of your pessimistic  
eyes see my tomorrow?

I must know no matter how  
dreadful it may be.

Who knows about the coming  
minutes?

Me! You must be mistaken.

I can't see yesterday's yesterday.

Thoughts injected in my restless  
mind are tiring my soul

What will become of this weakening  
figure in the next hour?

Who knows about years to come?

Him! No he is suffocated by  
his own arrogance otherwise known  
as self-absorbed ignorance

Crystallized tears, friendships deceased  
pain bursting the seams of a  
mistakenly mended heart

Who will clock out next?

Who knows about eternity?

No one! Why?

Minds boggled by problems of

2 + 2

Questions that we've answered  
time and time again

Why have we forgotten the answer?

Make believe love we've seen before.

Yet we fall for it again when it's  
changed its form  
what will become of this gullible  
mind?

Who knows who I am?  
Anyone? Just thought I'd ask in case  
you could give me a clue  
Never-ending labyrinth living inside an ant farm.  
Working, working, working for what?  
Nothing!  
Who knows about tomorrow?

**Gena McGinnes**

### **He Scares Himself Looking at Paper**

He looks at the sky with the wheels of life.  
He turns his head around  
and scares himself looking at paper.  
He is black with sleeping on the wing.  
He is the valley of waves no greater than our own.

He's blind as a bat but always finds his way.  
He has a choice to choose or be chosen.  
He dances the shining light like a candle.  
He is dirt on a yellow sun.

**Tristan Shaner**

## **Dusty Souls**

Dusty souls  
hear distance sounds,  
--thresholds of traffic--  
as I wonder what the future  
really possesses.

The smoke rises to its eternal  
resting place.

I sense the age of the air  
that flows through my lungs,  
and wonder how the sky is blue  
when the earth's soul is so black?

The green hills  
call my name.  
My soul dies  
I walk a path of life unknown  
to life itself.

**Anthony Williams**



## **A Normal Life**

I am leading a normal life in the  
room with the Rosseau Moon.

I am never forgotten.

I read through your words.

I delivered a thought to your paper.

I can still hear your voice echo.

I got wrapped up in love then

I chopped the ribbon of love away.

I landed here and have

seen many unknown faces.

I have eaten your words with my ears

I was in trouble for an innocent crime.

I have wandered through time and back.

I am leading a normal life in the  
room with the Rosseau Moon.

**Stephanie Huckins**

## **Unclean Myth**

He indeed is the unclean myth of man.  
He knows that his mind is unstable.  
He writes to say, "If you need a friend."  
He'll be next door, so don't come around.

He is the liar behind the hidden truth.  
He grew one morning out in the outhouse.  
He is his own bogeyman  
He has had his eye on your jeans size all along.

He hears the weak grow weaker each week.  
He waltzes tragically on his frying eggs.  
He is never near. What you need  
He cancels with the air of one with cow pies.

He is always dressed in tacky brown plaid.  
He is strength of freshly boiled macaroni.  
He has appeared in your mom's kitchen apron.  
He is after us if you decide.

He is important and will give you a burning sensation.  
He is the source of your disbelief.  
He used to be pretty fat.  
He is now over proud of his meager achievements

He walks in his sleep into the death you've awakened.  
He is worth only 3 easy payments of \$29.95, plus shipping and handling.  
He has an overbite under where?  
He helps his mother take in the digestible, unmentionables.

He is unforgettable, they called him "Nat."  
He is known as "Gitchy Gitchy yoh yah!"  
He will tell you he has had more nose jobs than Michael.  
He will try to pretend he's a healthy human being.

**Tavla Johnson**

## Dead in Individuality

In the gone world  
I found jealousy  
held by the incomprehensible thought  
I burned the last flag stolen by this country.  
I buried this world's last form of originality.  
I met reality  
and turned away  
with disgust.

In the gone world  
I found my mind  
cluttered with only one idea.  
I burned the imagery of Thursday.  
I buried my soul six feet deep in individuality  
I met myself in another dream  
burning the sins that have held me tight.  
burying the utter confusion that lifted the closed door.

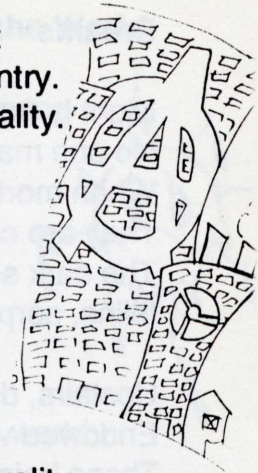
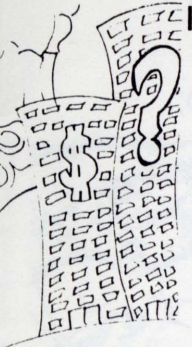
**John Sisneros**

## I Am Never Forgotten

I am never forgotten  
I read through your words  
I delivered a thought to your paper  
I can still hear your voice echo . . .  
I got wrapped up in love then  
I chopped the ribbon of love away

I landed here and have  
seen many unknown faces.  
I have eaten your words with my ears  
I was in trouble for an innocent crime  
I have wandered through time and back.

**Stephanie Huckins**



## Dreams



Night is the time when the soul surrenders  
No one makes the voyage through the dark alone;  
When mortals sink in to seas of sleep,  
They are caught at once in nets of dreams.  
The dark sets free a thousand creatures-  
feline, serpentine, half-bodied, disembodied  
that roam

Upstairs, downstairs, & in the sleeper's chamber  
Endowed with a shadow life of their own  
These beings care nothing for order, reason,  
& sense.

They make a baffling dream world,  
Where time moves backward & walls melt at a glance  
Where beasts can talk  
And stranger things walk

It is a world that human kind has sought  
To comprehend

A dream of flight  
By wind at night

Is said to be a sign of great success  
And what of dream pursuits

By shadow men through the alien streets?  
Trouble by day

These are the dreams at night

These are my dreams

The dreams that I fight



**Erin Pickel**

## The Day I Woke on the Far Side of the World

I saw the first night of the first morning  
I smelled the rose of innocence  
I touched a dying sun  
I felt the cold heart of the earth

I saw the moon die  
I smelled a ray from the sun  
I touched the chin of death  
I felt the vast emptiness of a loving world

I saw the night die  
I smelled the sea of tranquillity  
I touched the first star to your left  
I felt baby's first breath.

**Seth Panfil**

## Voices

Separate from me  
everything around me is "trance."  
The people do not know the truth,  
but words cannot explain their visions.  
The silence is no longer a philosophy  
but a mere distinction.

**Ted Lopez**



## **The Unmoved Looker**

I've seen the unmoved looker  
Tasted the smoke of sold souls  
Stared at the look away eyes of insecurity  
Saw the building of my wall  
And asked for Federal Express prayers

I have touched the plastic god's gavel  
And know the agonizing rive of my hangnails  
Coated my mind with teflon  
My hands rage through desperate masks  
to chase the lost breath of my mother.

**Scott Croft**

## **Wonders**

Wonder of the world created by human minds  
dissolve like ice melting into mouth

A chocolate smell

clogging nostrils.

It's hard to breathe.

Help me!

I'm melting!

I'm gone.

Destiny has taken me  
No doubt! No Doubt!

My soul has flown away  
with the sound  
of  
the wind.

**Janie Hernandez**

## **Who Cared?**

We counterfeited not to care.  
We created your life a living hell.  
Look at yourself in the mirror - - be proud  
'Cuz the yellowish-green frog  
just chocked an undigested fly.

Mosquitoes are chanting wake up.  
I hear black, crying out in pain.  
The magic carpet rides with Aladdin are no longer  
The horizon tastes of sour milk.

We spit on our hands and drive the ax  
And think of my infatuated life.  
Bugs scatter  
The tree I touch  
Has said its last vows!

## **Sunshine Brazell**

### **Dolphin**

Trapped in a tank  
Being trained to show his act  
There are others of his kind  
Yet all he wants is freedom.

He wonders what he's done  
and where his life has gone.  
He is trapped in a pool  
With nowhere to run!

## **Sunshine Brazell**

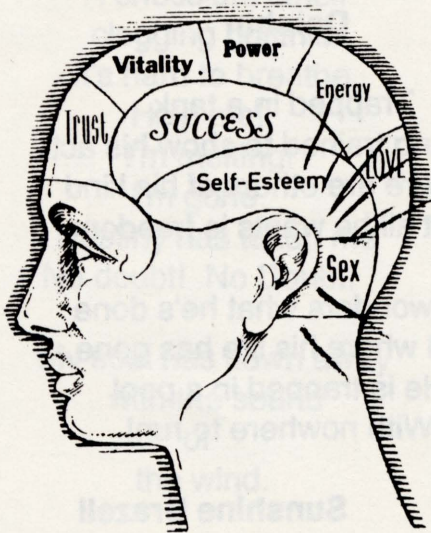
## Excedrin Torture

My hand just can't quit moving.  
My eyes are moving a hundred miles an hour.  
My head begins to ache.  
**EXCEDRIN TORTURES**  
the migrating pain!

My hand just can't quit moving.  
I dream of a ham and cheese croissant,  
the taste of cheese melting in my mouth.  
With every bite I feel giddy  
I want more. I can't stop.

My hand just can't quit moving.

## Sunshine Brazell





## **As Time**

Flies by  
bewildered by time itself,  
the Spiritual Dream comes to a reality  
bonding with certain types of  
photography.

But infinity continues on.  
This dream is now real  
A subconscious state of mind.  
This world **is** in outer space, and  
People tend to wonder about a  
vortex.

**Ted Lopez**

Watching the clock tick, tick.

It seems as if father time slows it down  
when you're looking just to irritate you  
and speeds it up when you're not.

**Karye Mayon**

## **Can't Blame Me**

It's no wonder  
why so many find comfort  
being fake.

Get over your hardship.  
Get over your pain.

"My girlfriend's mad at me again."

The petty  
ridiculous  
dramas unfold

While you're having your weekly breakdown!

**Jason Nichols**

## Love Is

Some say love is  
a never ending river.  
I say love is  
a never ending battle  
some say love is  
as sweet as honey.  
I say love is  
salt to a wound.  
some say love is  
a passionate flame.  
I say love is  
a burning blaze.  
some say Romeo  
died for Juliet.  
I say Romeo  
should've checked **her**  
pulse . . .

**January Stanard**

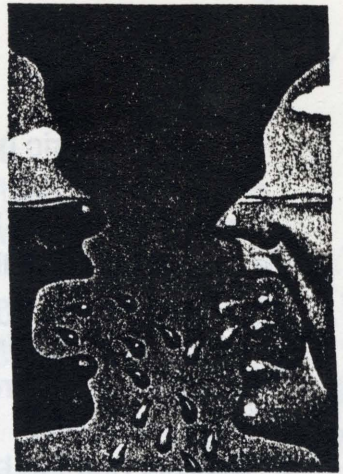
The puzzled faces  
show their illness  
trying to understand  
this dreadful stillness.

We watch our  
mind and still  
end up dense.

A shriek  
of silence  
through the room.

People focused  
on the tube.

The puzzled faces  
show their illness



## Internal Melt

An evil electric grinding rhythm approaches  
in storming color, chain sawing through the dark,  
enwrapping our hero in empires of vision.  
The sharp spiraling color  
of angel robe white,  
heart's blood crimson,  
blazing sky azure,  
junkyard gray,  
eternal nothing black,  
greens the color of the grooves of hell  
The swarm of his brain sat winding inside his  
saintly skull, for it was sculpted by Buddha himself!  
Inside his flesh energy copulates  
like microscopic fire  
the serums coarse through his veins  
like smooth red petroleum.  
He beholds out the window the night sky,  
its luminous shine falls through the window  
turning his skin into silken light  
transforming his soul into bright soot.  
He stands vigilant, amazed, watching the clouds  
revolving across the sky  
they skim the heavens like the ghosts  
of silvery dragons airbrushed in moonlight.  
A mordant scramble of vague intensity  
like a waterfall of mercury cascading  
like the bright green of snowy winter  
like a violent tempest of motionless chaos.

He stood in a cosmic trance  
lost in his own reflection  
the wooden light splintering  
the orbs of paint exploding  
the night seething with void energy.  
The emergence of dawn shattering  
through layers of soft air.  
His shining eyes dim, shrouded by reality  
crouching down he contemplates  
a sage in his adolescence.

**Brian Preece**



## **The Last Breaths of Democracy**

I saw the shadows of implicit emptiness.  
I heard the music of another time  
where witches rode their brooms.  
I smelled the universe in its decay  
and the last breaths of democracy.  
I felt ashamed that the stars  
couldn't even laugh anymore.  
I saw specks of lunacy and simplicity.  
I heard the marching stench of death  
and justice.  
I smelled the pollution of mankind.  
Felt like growing wings  
and soaring over the open flames of the earth's hell.  
I felt like diving into a fade of black  
I felt and feel the fire creep towards my yearning skull.

**Justin Tachet**

## **I Sense a Being**

The colors floating  
fabulously red smoke  
rising, reversing but  
bewildering rainbows renewed  
over and over again  
forms forming  
from forms.

Why is blue similar  
to purple? When it  
takes red to achieve  
that certain similarity.

Swirls swallowing  
my subconscious mind's  
light.

A tree walks  
towards me, shakes  
my hand and  
disappears into sand.

The tree I did  
not know for long  
for I did not need  
the tree.

Still a leaf fell  
into my hand  
and stayed  
with me  
forever.

**Johnathan Sisneros**

## **Flesh to Metal**

The world  
stretches out before me  
as I pass over the threshold  
of my suburban cage.

Wanderlust boiling  
chest pounding like thunder  
I fall to my knees.

Paranormal Transmutation  
turning my skin hard and slick.

Bones snapping painfully  
my arms and legs curl becoming tires  
bending metal creaks  
driving me to clench by teeth  
into a chrome smile.

I open my gleaming eyes  
to freedom!

Appendages smoking  
I release a shriek!

black trails of flesh  
skid the roadway  
moving like electricity  
on an asphalt circuit board  
I streak by

a passing second.

My powerful roar  
so rhythmic and intoxicating  
endlessly repeating.

I am the demon of speed  
highways--my black veins.

**Clif Crotts**

## **I Don't Think About . . .**

when i think about  
mass society i do not think  
about funky little beats. i think about  
complicated complications  
when i think about mass society i do not think about  
the sure assuring  
themselves. i think  
about perfection  
perfecting the unperfected  
when i think about mass society i do not think  
about the sun that will  
burn out or the stars  
that will fall, i think  
about reclaiming the  
key to heaven's gate  
when i think about mass society i do not think  
about civilization in  
shock  
i think about  
machines reborn.

**Oliver Khoshaba**



## Chicken Soup

A thought for the day under a black sunset . . .  
    very little people understood it,  
    i smell the essence of escape . . .  
    an accelerated rate of change . . .  
i touch the transference of thoughts to blank paper  
    producing a real illusion.

A vast emptiness being filled with nothing.

A man's mind stretches  
into the structures of a painting,  
    unwanted life . . .  
    the power of plastic  
i touch her sweet artistic curves and think of dissolution,  
  
i feel no solidity of structure.

**Oscar Lopez**

## Today Has Been A Long, Long Day.

The sun is so bright  
My pen almost ran out of ink  
My hair won't stay out of my face  
Someone is making an annoying  
squeaking noise with their shoes

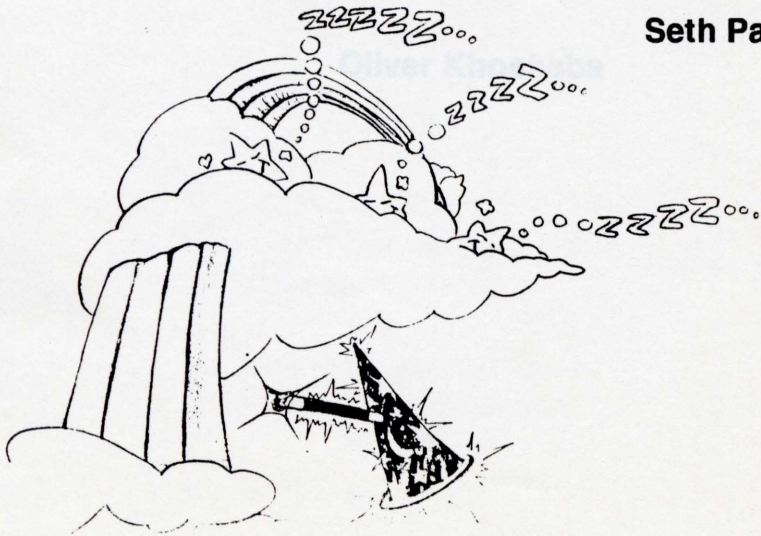
Today has been a long, long day

**Chrissy Dietzen**

## Moon Fall

The moon falls on deaf ears  
The sun falls on blank eyes  
The stars sleep on a pillow of hidden dreams

**Seth Panfil**



## HAIKU/BIOS

As jungle vines sway  
And concrete thoughts devour  
My soul remains pure.

**Nicole Allen**

Reality twists  
Through the prisms of my mind  
Like the sun through rain.

**Clif Crotts**

I am beautiful  
See me blossom in summer  
When sun is shining.

**Crissy Dietzen**

My legs are filled  
With pain and I hate  
Thinking hard.

**Janie Hernandez**

Look through the window  
Brought down the world's shadow  
Wave to wait and see.

**Mark Gaffney**

The whippasnappa  
Beat all the mammajmmas  
At boogie'n 2 the beat.

**Tavia Johnson**

Never  
Say  
Never.

**Oliver Khoshaba**

Crimson moon  
Night came too soon  
The child has to dream.

**Lindsey Krutak**

Worlds of the unknown  
hover in my heavy mind  
Slowly finding ground.

**Oscar Lopez**

Manifestations go  
An extinct way to go there  
Is to manifest.

**Ted Lopez**

My heart burns my mind  
My soul is cold with life's pain  
I lie in shadows.

**Andy Marino**

Unique destroyer  
Unthinkable acts I do  
Exploring unknown

**Karye Mayor**

## HAIKU/BIOS

Joining two worlds  
One flaming, two cold as night  
Enough to stop time.

**Jason Nichols**

Feeling cold  
As I sit Indian style  
And breath in relaxation.

**Antwan Perez**

Unexpected, cruel  
Extreme, what is real?  
Ask Santa.

**Erin Pickel**

Blackness envelops  
The shading white  
Hiding lies.

**Eric Porter**

Whole universes  
Turn behind  
Each word I write.

**Brian Preece**

Frozen dinners  
Yum yum yum yum yum yum yum  
Yum yum yum yum yum yum

**Rochelle Pyne**

Drowning in shallow dreams  
It all seems to fit in place  
As I close my eyes.

**Matt Ransdell**

Baldness raids my head  
Brain can think and breath alive  
Unkind people judge.

**Jamie Smith**

A near twist of fate  
Portrayed a vague reflection  
Of another time.

**Justin Tachet**

I see circling skies  
The memory of motion  
I hear earth's rotation.

**Sarah Willison**

Thanks to our artists:

Justin Gobles (p. 34)  
Janie Hernandez (p. 46, 49)  
John Sisneros (p. 41)  
Justin Tachet (cover, p. 5, 43, 51, 56)  
Giancarlo Tejada (p. 15, 29, 35, 42)