

YOUNG WRITERS CAMP ANTHOLOGY

SUMMER 2013



Young Writers Camp is proud to present creative work
by the writers in *The Draft Dungeon* and in *Morning Punks Press*.
Both groups produced AMAZING writing in just one week of camp!

Morning Punks Press



The Draft Dungeon



Untitled Poem by Annalise Anderson



The dank smell of perspiring flesh
Trapped in the confines of a cement box
Youth withers and grows between the thin walls
as years pass quicker and quicker
Yet, all time has stopped
News of death has stilled us all
Caught our breaths in our throats
Palpating hearts paused and
For a moment nothing matters
Age, status, beauty, wealth
None of it even matters
Standing, surrounded by the darkness
The soft lights of candles burn
Each life changed, however small
But, memories fade
Candles burn out and
Real life trickles back
into the momentary suspension of serenity
The death of a young girl
So heavy in its newness
Settles into a faint wrinkle on the face of humanity
Simply another victim of fate
Nothing has changed
And Life will go on.

Poem by Victoria Anderson



Crazy

Jumping off the walls,

Around the room,

Down

the

halls

Spinning, singing, Laughing,

Cackling, Whacking, Smacking

Around Around

and

In & out the **Rooms**,

staircase

the

Up

Through The Door

All the time with one Great ROAR

Never slow ing

To think or breathe

To think or breathe
Don't be *Logical*

Don't be *Graceful*
His messy hair is in your Face
I guess you could call it a *Faceful*

This manic person

ever still
Can't sit

OUT the window
Down
He
Falls

CRAZY is inside us ALL

Fiction by Rachel Andreini



The desk in the office boasted of fresh polish as the sun glared at it. It may have been able to pass as a simple beauty, with all its carvings of leaves and flowers, had it not been littered with an assortment of papers. They were scattered all about, in an almost random way. The papers ranged from post-it notes to ledgers, but all screamed of importance. A computer also sat comfortably

upon the desk, asking for a password. To its side, a venus flytrap stood. The desk seemed to be a strange mixture of formal and chaotic.

In the desk's leather chair, which could both roll and spin, sat a young boy who looked about eleven or twelve years in age. His appearance almost seemed to match that of the desk. He wore a white collared shirt that was tucked into black pants and a tie. His shoes were new and expensive. His dark brown hair was neither short nor long, and it was sleeked back with jell. A few curls managed to stray out, however, giving the impression that he couldn't care less about his appearance. This idea was further justified by the fact that his feet were propped on the desk and his tie was nearly over his shoulder. There was a smirk on his face, bringing out a dimple that gave his face a very boyish quality.

Terri observed this scene thoughtfully before clearing her throat. "Time to go, Ayumu," she announced.

Ayumu pouted. He spun around in his chair, whining, "Awww, Terri... I don't wanna."

Terri peered down her nose at him with ill humor. "I'm sure you'll come up with some way to have fun," she said.

The boy's smile morphed into something slightly evil. "True," he acknowledged. The look on his face was enough to tell her that he was recalling the last formal event he'd attended. He had wandered around for all of ten minutes before becoming bored. Determined to have a good time, he'd schooled his face into looking dejected and looked around the lavish room with a sort of miserable panic. A woman walked up to him, assuming that he had lost his parents. When she asked questions in an attempt to help him, he gave her very vague answers. She became frustrated and condescending. When Terri walked up to Ayumu and spoke to him with respect about his work, the woman started to put facts together. Ayumu Odadar was the CEO of a very influential company. It manufactured many goods and had smaller companies under its charge. He was, in short, not someone to offend. Terri and Ayumu had spent the next fifteen minutes listening to her blubber out apologies and excuses for her negative behavior. She ended up going on a wild search to get Ayumu a drink he would like. During that time, Ayumu and Terri left the party.

Ayumu grinned up at his secretary as she sighed. Though she acted otherwise, he largely suspected that she enjoyed his antics more than he did. "Face it," he said cheerfully. "Your life would be dull without me."

Poetry and Prose by Tiara Crites



Real Eyes Realize Real Lies

Little do you often realize the horrors that lurk in your own eyes.
He sat on the lumpy white cot, rocking back and forth with his arms wrapped around the legs that were pulled against his chest. His limp, inky black hair hung in his eyes, hiding the golden crazy that made its home in them. He was trapped in a dungeon made to look like it was an anonymous room in any asylum, had been for God knows how long. He'd grown up, grown skinny on this very bed.

The people who came occasionally to tour or inspect this place though He was crazy, but they didn't know. They didn't know that the 'people' who ran this place weren't people. That they drank blood or ate flesh or fed off of their insistent, unyielding fear. He was visited every single night by a vampire by the name of Thunder--though, due to his blonde hair, icy eyes, and booming personality, most everyone called him Thor--because he struck the vamp's fancy; his blood was AB negative. He never called Thunder anything other than his name, except Leech on His bad days. Every night that blood-sucker came down to talk to him, which just scared Him even more. Why was this sociopath playing with his food?

One night, He just couldn't take it anymore. "Stop playing with me!" He yelled. "Stop trying to get me to trust you and kill me already!"

Thunder looked taken aback. "You mean you don't know?"

"Know what?" He asked, confusion creasing his brows.

"I already have."

He gaped at Thunder. "W-what?" He stuttered brokenly.

"You're a ghost, dearest. Dead to everyone except me."

"B-but how-- Why?"

"Because I killed you. And for some reason, your soul is trapped here." Thunder walked away.

"But... I'm dead?"

Thunder never came back, but He stayed. In the wake of Thunder's absence, His mind snapped and he really did go crazy, yelling sounds into the walls that never quite formed words. He became known as the Wailer.

Even now, walking through the halls of the house above, you can hear the screams of the psychotic, eternally trapped ghost.

You can hear Him.

The Right

You walk up to me, fully intending to insult me,

But before you can--

Because I know what you'll say--

I interrupt, 'You have the right to remain silent.

Because you know they say that you're just insecure if you're a bully.

And I'm not saying that you don't have the right to remain violent,

But I'm saying that you don't have to take it out on me because I'm heavier than you.

I'm saying that I have the right to remain happy,

And it's not your place to take that away.

And you have the right to say what you want,

But you don't have to make me feel bad for being me,

Because I have the right to express myself the way I want to.

And you make me feel like I only have the right to hide.

If I want to be free, I have the right to be me.

And you have the right to get the hell out of my face before I make you,

Because, hell yes, I am bigger than you,

And I have the right to defend myself.

And you don't have the power nor the right to make me anything else.

So I'm saying that you have the right to walk away,

Because I can forgive, but I can't forget,

Because you were the one that taught me that I have the right to be defensive.

And so I'm teaching you,

That you have the right to keep that mouth of yours shut.

Because one of these days, it's going to get you in a lot of trouble,

And you have the right to save yourself from that pain.

I'm telling you that you have the right to check yourself before you wreck yourself,

That you have the right to change yourself before you hang yourself,

You have the right to chill yourself before you kill yourself,
Because no matter how awful you are to me,
I have the right to do the right thing.
And I have the right to save people,
Because sometimes you can't save yourself, even though you have the right to.
So do me a favor and leave me alone.
You have the right to look inside yourself and get to fixing
Long before you have the right to attempt to make me something I'm not.
You have the right to be yourself just like I do,
And if this is you, you have the right to act the way you want,
But hurting me isn't the way to make you feel better about yourself.

Inspiration

Inspiration is the fickle mother of Imagination and his twin Creativity.
Creativity lives in a world ruled over by his mother; sometimes things are plentiful and others it is a desolate wasteland.
He resides in different colors during the different times of wealth and famine, bright for good times and drab for the bad.
He mingles with the citizens of his mother's kingdom more than any other member of the royal family, bringing to them light fun and the ability to create beautiful things.
Creativity finds himself partial to a lighthearted group of fun-loving people that bring positive emotions to all those around him, and he often feels inspired by his personal muses.
However, Creativity is prone to bouts of darkness and that is reflected in his work.
Times like this he finds himself in the dismal underworld with Fear, Guilt, Sadness, and Pain.
He's done all of the artwork in their terrible lair.
Imagination and his brother are known to be driven to insanity once in a blue moon, while they blindly work on as many projects as possible over a short period of time.
Creativity wears many faces for such a young man; he works harder in a day than some do in a lifetime.
The poor boy is perpetually at the mercy of his all-controlling mother.

This Poem Sucks

No matter how hard I try, I can't write poetry.
The rhyme and tempo are just out of my grasp.
As wordy as I am, it just doesn't come to me.
So, I know going in, that this poem will suck.
I just don't understand poetry.
People, how can you do this all day?
I don't get your metaphor and simile.
I do get that this poem sucks.
Poems overuse the cliché.
More abundant than daisies in May.
And I can't tell you why,
But I can tell you that this poem sucks.
Roses are red,
Violets are blue,

Individuality is dead,
And this poem sucks.
The sky is blue, or so I've heard.
Something about light reflecting.
I'm not sure if any of that's true.
But, I do know, that this poem sucks.
My brother's a chatterbox,
He's all that I hear.
And all he can talk about,
Is how this poem sucks.
This is all repetitive and redundant,
But it's to prove my point,
That it doesn't matter how hard I try,
This poem perpetually sucks.
My dad reminds me a lot of a ninja,
Moves between rooms silently, doesn't even try.
I wonder am I frustrating him,
Because this poem sucks?
My mom's really pretty.
She looks a lot like me.
But she can't write poetry either,
So this poem still sucks.
My poems rarely rhyme.
I just can't seem to make it work.
Maybe that's the reason,
That my poems suck.
This poem is is now officially over.
I have nothing left to link, rhyme, or equate.
I'm sure you're all glad because you're probably tired,
Of hearing me talk about how this poem sucked.

Two Poems by Charles Curtis-Beard



For a Reason

A famous man once wrote, “all men are created equal”
But I have a hard time convincing this to the homeless man
Who made one mistake in his life and currently resides in suffering
A famous man once wrote, “all men are created equal”
But I have a hard time convincing this to Kim Kardashian and Paris Hilton
Who sit in society’s highlights sipping ignorance like it’s a necessity
See I can’t believe all men are created equal.
That every man was created equal
Created similar
Created the same
Created to be successful and not stressful
I can’t believe that equal life is equal opportunity
When people don’t even have the opportunity to eat
So give me the life
And give me a chance to change something!
Because beggars beg and money gets to people’s head
And people change their beliefs to money power and greed
Dictators and capitalist rules with lies
That lie inside societies eyes that cry
See I can’t believe that all men were created equal
Says the man who has nothing
The top class doesn’t know what it feels like to be struggling
To get things you can’t afford
And we all can’t afford a ford

But we can afford suffering because the worst things in life are free
And aching remains numb to people who say
“All men are created equal”
But all men are created without the same opportunities
Without the same chances
Without choices
With ignorance to believe that every man was created equal
But I slowly realized that every man was made to suffer
...but together
I don't believe that we were made to be the same
But I do believe we were made to work and strive for what we believe in
And although I don't believe we were created equal
I do believe we were created...
For a reason

Space Dragon's Song

Space dragons listen to music while
Dancing around white stars
They breathe in asteroids staying away from the bumps and blemishes
That is society
But listen closely to Earth's destruction for what it is
And will be
But space dragons don't listen to ke\$ha
Or spell their name with dollar sings instead of “S”s
I'm sure space dragons don't win countless amounts of money
And record songs about the
Second to last day of the week
No
They don't go to crowded places and serve expensive drinks of toxin
And go back home with a nice catch
Promising to call the next morning but never do
I'm sure the don't dance on roofs to the electrifying boom of synths,
But instead they sing.
They sing songs of wisdom and mystery
And dace in harmony
Wrapped around each others bodies
Together
In the energy and shine of the white star
For eternity.

Prose and Poetry by Amantha J. Dickman



Prediction

United States of America, 2035.

I'm surrounded by white.

The anxiety I feel about this fact is rather ridiculous considering that I put myself in this position when I applied for the job in the governments' Human Registration department.

I stare around at the plethora of perfectly shaped white round-cornered desks—complete with white chairs—and matching white computers given to each worker for citizen registration. Each desk is a perfect work station.

What am I doing here?

The thought comes to my mind as I restart the process of turning on my computer—a task which has taken almost four hours of my morning already—another time. In those four hours my stack of new citizens to register had been handed out to other workers who send me wicked looks, as if it is my fault that my computer refuses to upload all the software.

"Still not uploading?"

The bored-looking tech department helper stays sprawled in the white chair (supplied by the department director) with his eyes closed as he lazily spins in ovals.

"No."

He cracks at eye at this; for a second it seems like he's doing it just to say 'why are you such a failure'. I almost tell him that no one in my family had ever been in a position higher than rationing. For years my parents had enjoyed the responsibility of counting out how much of a resource someone got and distributing it to the other people in our section of the city. But I don't.

He sighs and pulls himself up so that he's sitting like a normal person—something I didn't think he was capable of doing—to stare inattentively at the computer screen with a little loading bar green to the ninety-six mark.

"Let me see something real quick."

Keys tap pulling up small document tabs over the loading screen like angry computer gods warning us away from messing with the programs already installed on the computer. The documents spit out a mixture of zeroes and ones—a code long forgotten in the fifty-five years since its invention.

"What? NO!" He hits his head on the edge of my desk—I can see why the round corners were put in to prevent safety hazard—with immense disappointment as the loading screen is replaced with a screen flickering with a warning.

Mikael Harding

Ammi Santiago

Lea Vida

Logan Mansfield

You will die.

My heart stops. *Logan Mansfield, You will die.*

So my new computer is already plotting my death.

Open-mindedly Silent

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of open-mindedness,
where you have the right to remain silent.

As if they can tell me that I have the right to remain silent,
like it's a gift and not a human right,
to shut our mouths and open our minds,
as if that is what they want to remind us,
you have the right to remain silent.

That is what the guidance counselor tells you when you go in,
as if what you tell her has no effect on any of the other kids,
the ones who huddle on the bus in the morning,
silently mourning their misfortune.
You have the right to remain silent.

As if by remaining silent they can pretend,
that these things don't exist in the end,
as if being silent will make it disappear.
As if that could fix everything.
You have the right to remain silent.

With a pregnant pause,
the pregnant girl down the hall
will not go back to her disappointed family
who is quiet as one life begins and hers ends.
You have the right to remain silent.

Like the boy down the hall
who hasn't said a damn word
about the fact that his world crumbles a little everyday

as if the kid who sits behind will stop because of his silent ways.
You have the right to remain silent.

Like the old man down the hall
who has been told all his life that the man he loves is wrong,
making him hide in silence from the daily shame,
like he has some kind of disease that has to be contained.
You have the right to remain silent.

As if silence is going to stop the memories from flood in.
You were given the gift to speak
so that words can choke you with fury,
so you give in to the pain that makes your eyes blurry and let it all go
because you aren't silent anymore.

You have the right to think
since no one learns from silence.

Fiction by Kristen Fougeron



Beyond Stone Walls

He knew, one day he would escape his owners' dungeon and venture into the valley for the first time. He would drag his deprived starved corpse out into the welcoming sun and escape the bitter darkness that made up his stone cage. Several years have passed since he last saw green blades and heard the sweet music of robins and blue jays passing through the trees or felt the glorious sun enrich his frozen wasteland. The broke stone, high above the wall, just a leap away from his grasp had allowed him moments of peace

after the fire. His long knotted fingers, twisted from healed fractures that were never set would push painfully into the dirt through the window. Whiter than bone, the bruises were darker and about as painful looking if not more as they were shown. He'd pull his swollen yet hollow face up to the light, squinting painfully since this was the most light he'd ever experienced in his torturous life.

But the beauty he saw, just feet away from his dark home was more than he'd ever imagine. He would regularly visit the small gap, only big enough for both of his eyes to peek through, after every painful session with his masters. He would find himself longing for what used to be the dreaded times where they would leave him locked up in the room for days on end so he could gaze out into the world. He started to wonder what adventures lie in wait outside and wanted more. And soon after months of watching the outdoors he began to do what they all feared would happen if he were to ever see beyond the dungeon. He began to learn, and began to dream. He was learning that there was more than just whips, chains and pain and he liked that idea. But he also knew that wasn't a life for him, that he was here for a reason they told him and who was he to question them, for they had raised him. So he would daydream about the sun and the wind and the little creatures he would see scurry off into the distance. The more he began to dream the more he began to wonder why. Why was he kept away from the outdoors? Was there something out there he needed protection from? Was the pain practice for the future? He wasn't sure. One thing was for certain though, that the temptation had been revealed. He began to fear the world just as much as he began to admire it.

His questions were never answered for he was caught red handed by the wicked crewmen. He had received thirty lashes by Teacher and four needles by Creator into his risen vein secured tightly by only his stretched skin and buckle restraints. And the gap had been covered by a large stone locking out the frightful yet tempting beautiful world from sight, but not from his memories. He would start to dream again, until one wonderful night he awoke to a horror too much to handle. The faint whispers of four of his masters preparing what they called his dissection. What they spoke to one another in hush outside the hole frightened the young man. They talked about how ripe he had become and once he was only enough for the change to take effect they would scrap each scale off his wings the dismember his limbs.

Now, after many months of observing, planning and crafting he was finally ready to make his escape.

Where Am I?

Pain; white hot, never ending, making you forget everything and want to die kind of pain, like every cell in my body was being pulled apart one by one then set on fire. I could only see black and white specs dance across my vision; nothing else passed my mind at the moment. And as suddenly as it had come it was gone and I was left in a spinning daze. At some point I believed I passed out for the next thing I could comprehend was the rough gravel pillow beneath my cheek. I could hear the blood rushing in my ears increasing the already pounding migraine. Unable to even open my eyes I just laid there fading in and out of consciousness unaware of the pounding rain that surrounds.

By the time I finally came around several things occurred to me. The first thing that came to mind was how dark the area had become. Scanning around there was nothing but darkness, like death had encircled me. But I knew it wasn't death, for seconds into waking the floor jerked and bounced causing me to crash into a moving

wooden floor and walls. Panicking I try flailing my arms in order to catch myself from falling flat on my face, only to realize my hands and arms were securely bound behind my back, tight enough that they had become numb from loss of healthy blood flow. And another realization came to me; everything I had on my person was missing and I was as bare as the day I was born. Shaking from fear and embarrassment I struggled to rise to my knees, attempting to calm my racing mind by breathing slowly. I could faintly hear the gears of unstable wheels turning through the walls and the soft crunch of what I believe to be the hooves of some animal. But that was all I could make out before another wave of panic hit me like a brick wall and I jumped up as fast as my bound ankles could propel me. Slamming my weight into the walls, as hard as my adrenalin figure could push, I prayed for escape more than I prayed for an answer. Alas, nothing but a lot of noise, grunting, falling and bleeding was created in my effort. After an infinite amount of tries I finally gave in falling face first into the bouncy floor sobbing for the first time in years.

A Character Study & Poem by Max Griggs



A Mad Dog Drinking at a Bar

His emaciated frame sat hunched over in his corner booth as he drowned his sight in his half empty brandy. His tongue flicked across his chapped and bloodied lips, trying to find something to quench his terminal thirst.

One hand gripped the handle of a gilded broken blade tight enough that bone scraped against skin like an iceberg scraping the hull of a titanic ship. The other hand gripped and squeezed his skull while he babbled insanely to an unseen guest.

Blood obviously fell from his nose – plunking drop by drop – and raised his brandy closer to the brim. The other patrons sat as far away from him as possible, for many good reasons. The most obvious one was his scent: Blood and madness reek from his body. The smell slithered and stretched across the bar, meandering its way into the unfortunates' olfactory, pervading the thoughts of those nearby.

Too recently he had come back from out There: A land ruled by madness and chaos, a playground for a temperamental and warmongering Deity. It was a land more befitting of him, with scars dancing across his once fair face, than civilization ever could. After all animals belong in the wild.

A General's Lamentation

Glory to the warlord of old
Who lays buried and deep beneath the stone, cold
A palace dropped that was once his home

Glory to the warlord of old
Whose shrine, I built, lays battered and bold
An empty crypt with an arching dome

Glory to the warlord of old
Whose murdered love caused his dreams to fold
An angry approach from those he reproached

Glory to the warlord of old
Whose trust I never sold
A pact we made that no one could encroach

Glory to the warlord of old
Whose shattered dreams caused my world to fold
A broken mind for a broken man

Glory to the warlord of old
Whose cause still drives me, battered and bold
An old man who still does all he can

Glory to my warlord of old
Who kept my spirit from ever growing cold

Glory to my warlord of old
Who had the gall to rebuild the world.

A Six-Word Memoir by Maija Grinvalds



Sad house different with no sun

Two Poems by Resha Grossman



When My Mother Dies and Comes Back as a Bird

She will twitter at my window around noon,
Just to make sure I'm awake
She will sing off-key
In the tree in my front yard
When I'm cleaning and the
Radio is all the way up
Some days, I'll find her constant chatter endearing
And invite her in for fresh water
Other days, her little birdie brain
Will decide to be irritated
She'll fly at my windows
Her chirps will become incessant shrieks
I'll board up my house to try to keep her out
And after a few days she'll calm down
Some days we won't get along
And she'll flap angrily to her birdhouse
And stay there for hours
Leaving me in a disgruntled silence
Waiting
Sooner or later, she'll reappear
At my window
All is forgiven
She's my mother, after all.

So This is Nebraska

after Ted Kooser

So this is Nebraska
A passionate sea of red and white
An empty gravel road that doesn't feel lonely
Because the ears of corn will always listen
A few brave cities
Surrounded by a rural paradise
So this is Nebraska
Where a yellow traffic light means go faster
And Top Forty stations struggle to compete with country
So this is Nebraska
A place known for being friendly
And rumored to not having indoor plumbing
Or electricity
So this is Nebraska

Prose & Poetry by Becca Human



I Remember

I remember
when life wasn't so caught up in knots
when the world was painted in shades of innocence
and summer days were what they were designed to be.

I remember
the walks through the neighborhood
placing tiny feet in tiny sidewalk potholes
imagining they were made for us.

I remember
the warm sun just *demanding* we take advantage
piling into the car and going - *anywhere*
wind whipping hair and growing smiles.

I remember
the epitome of excitement being the sound of the ice cream truck
and the absolute elation when mom would *actually* let us buy
the overpriced, and ever-elusive, dripping treats.

I remember

chasing down fireflies
tiny sparks of flame cradled in adoring hands
gently letting them escape and disappear in the fabric of night.

I remember
laboring over every word in my latest first-grade book
proudly handing the crinkled printer sheets to my mother
beaming as she exclaimed her praise.

I remember
hot nights stretching even longer than the days
the heat making us pant and grin
as we crouched in only the best hiding spots.

I remember
listening in awe to my father tell me
how he built those tall, flickering, impossible electrical towers -
out of bread and Legos - and I believed him.

I *don't* remember
when I stopped believing.

I don't remember
when things changed
the point where summer days became any other day
the point where I grew up.

I don't remember
why I ever stopped being that kid.
But I remember being her.
And I miss her.

Memories

The fog plumed through the gunshot holes in the train windows like messengers, and she held her life in her own hands like a thing of glass. She could feel it there - broken and shaking and so, so fragile.

Her breath escaped in short puffs as she felt her knees sink slowly into the bitterly frigid snow, finally hitting the unforgiving earth with a jolt. She opened her mouth, but nothing escaped save for another breath, unfurling and dissipating into the air in front of her. Emotions crushed her from all angles as she saw the body - *his* body.

But as her love was to open sky, loathing was to the smallest box - containing and stifling and all-enclosing, all-encompassing. And she felt it envelop her, soaking into her every fibre - loathing. Loathing for the person who had done this.

She closed her eyes, curling into a tight ball as her world spun. Up is down when horrific things happen, and suddenly she wasn't so sure she was truly rooted to the ground. Her breath came in dry sobs now as his last words to her echoed through her ears.

"If I should wake before I die, remember. Remember me."

The opposite was true, though the memories lingered.

The oars on her boat rowed quickly, pushing through the silky black surface of the water as she ran away. She was leaving. As fast as she possibly could, she was leaving.

But she'd never leave the memories.

Untitled Poem by Hayley Kaiser



The man rowed on,
determined
Furiously, like muscles stretched taut
over brittle bones
He howled
No, no, a thousand times no

She was awakened by the memory of his hand,
hostile
Life in her own hands
was just an
object
Nothing more, nothing less

The fog continued
to plume through
the gunshot holes
in the train windows
like a preacher
on a tired Sunday
morning,
tickling her feet
The train tooted on towards
Toronto

The oars on the boat
paddled as if
drowning
He felt the same way
If I should wake before I die
he prayed
bring her back to me

Poetry by Celie Knudsen



Happy

I want
To go to capital S Somewhere.
Somewhere the lights don't blink out at 10:00,
And I can order a margherita pizza in the early hours of the morning when the couch is
too big to hold merely myself and Friends reruns.
I want mimosas at two
And to find a piano bar
To go to each Monday night when 9 to 5 doesn't cut it.
I want to people watch
Watch them hustling across concrete mazes
And into yellow taxis that take flight like bumblebees
And know for a minute I am
Not one of them.
I want to drink good tea and crappy coffee in little cafes
And nurse hangovers in the sunlight.
I want to fall in love
With each and every person that walks by my window,
I will invite them in to share the broken heater and cheap floor pillows.
I want to fill a trunk
Full of notebooks
And waltz to jazz
And eat cherry tomatoes
Until their sweetness burns my tongue,
I want to live happy.

America Is A Coffin

America is a coffin.
The coffin is new and unblemished
Built upon the foundation of principle.
It rests with shining epitaphs
And waits calmly for a tenant.
The coffin is large and
White.
It is pure, pristine
And we must fill it.
Yet we do not
Put wholesome body within,
The bread of hard work and generation
Filled with warm skin
To join the sweet earth.
We shove down its looming throat
Mice
Disguised as ideal
And rats
Disguised as morality.
It is filled with greed
And despair,

Empty of the dreams of strong men.
With not enough,
It's jaw is gaping
Ever widening
It appeals to us for more
dust, to dirty its gleaming walls
With the stain of futility
Obliging we shovel in
The sordid stench of materialism.
Paper soddened by ash
And the fire that burns
Away "America"
And consumes the very stone
We built upon.
Soon the marble is
dank. Dusty.
The white is streaked,
It is sickly in fortitude,
And we have weakened ourselves
With money and power
Hiding behind the American Dream.
Now even the birds must rot.

"The future will figure itself out."

As if the future is
Some sentient creature
With skin and blood and thoughts
And a heart
That cares about my life.
My momma fold me this interesting twist
On the collaboration of a nation
Refusing to believe there wasn't a plan
To achieve
The next great level of greatness
My dad told me too
My grandma, my counselor
And all these other people I didn't think were liars
But have been twisted
By the fire
Of a pretty face.
The fact is the future has no hazel eyes
Or disguise
It's just a direction and
When you don't know how to fetch it
It becomes a crumpled up piece of paper
Within your fingers
A number, a score
But I always want more
And I wanna smell the moon

But the future doesn't promise me that.
Instead it sits behind my ear
A nervous twitch, a mirror
Whispering to me
Watching me
Refuting the pretty lie
"I'll figure myself out."
That keeps people content at night.
I just wanna take flight and
Sail away someday to a place
Where people don't make
The same mistakes
As ten years ago.
The future begs for attention.
It cradles me as I listen to
The repetition
Of too many hazy places
Calling MY name
Like life is some game
And I can be won over by numbers.
I listen and the people I love
Tell me it'll all be all right in the end
But some places it's not
And I don't wanna be those places.
But no, that stamp
Won't magically place itself
On that letter that could make
Your life better if only you'd known to send it.
And the phone can't dial itself
Because the future kisses my bruises
And reminds me of who I am not
It airbrushes my bones
So I can't even remember
Why I started...
Why can't the future just shut up?
I've gotten to say goodbye to my futures
One by one
They leave their hollows
And I watch them go wondering if I should follow
Wondering if I'm missing mine.
Even though the future is my lover
He often breaks me.
I still come back
Because in all actuality
The future is better than death.
The future is better than death.
The question marks of the world follow me
But the future is better than death.

Prose and Memoir by Shevelle Lee



Untitled

Old men that drive nice cars worry me. I mean, I worry about them driving, because while they're out driving around in their Prowlers and Firebirds, you're going to be craning your neck to stare at it. You'll be too busy looking at the nice car, and honestly nobody can blame you, and the old man will be too busy looking at, well, not a lot because his vision is poor. Then, suddenly, you hear a screeching crash and glass shatters. The nice car is totaled and twisted on the street corner, and an ex-boyfriend is trying to make you feel guilty. The cops show up, just like the bruises would if the abuse was more than just words. An ambulance siren screams closer, just like you're screaming on the inside, but nobody has any idea. The EMT's search for a heartbeat in the old man, but all of the pain and scars are on the inside, so they're invisible, and they totally miss it. Everything seems fine, and nobody sees anything wrong, so they let the old man go. He's sent back out to buy another nice car, and you're sent back to the man that is just going to tell you you're not good enough, and you have to wonder if there is a happy medium. Can the old man just give up his license without missing his cars? Can the verbally abusive boy give you up without constantly trying to crush you for leaving? Or is driving and verbal abuse such a habit that there has to be death in order for it to stop? That old man will always want to cruise around in his cars, just like you will always feel guilty for leaving. If it's not this boy saying these horrible things, it's some girl, or another guy.

If it's not this old man in his Corvette, it's another in his Mustang. You just have to wonder whether the cycle will ever really end.

A Small Handful of Six-Word Memoirs

Jumping away from pain, you're here.

Two years later, I'm finally yours.

My favorite fairytale is our forever.

Describing My Favorite Place

I step up into the big, shiny black, Chevrolet pickup that he's still trying to pay for each month. Before my heavy door is even closed, I drop my messy purse onto the dark plastic floor mats. He lifts the center console up, and I slide across the soft fabric next to him. We take off, and the engine rumbles a familiar roar as I search through the IPod for his favorite song, trying not to get my bare feet tangled up in the excess cord as I rest one foot on the black dash and the other out the open window. A warm summer evening wind blows through my toes, while cigarette smoke tumbles around in the cab. He has the blue neon mood lighting on and his big sunburnt arm around me. I laugh as we drive down the highway into Iowa, with a Nebraska sun setting behind us. I look up and his big blue eyes are smiling at me out from underneath his dark brown hair that's almost black. Smells of his hard work, cigarettes, and my fruity Rue21 perfume swirl around, but are often replaced with the smell of summer blowing in through both of our open windows. "Copperhead Road" ends, and I play "Boondocks". Eventually, we turn around and slowly cruise home though, because even if he is some guy with those eyes, and that dark hair, and a tattoo taking me away into the summer night in his big black Chevy, he still doesn't want to get in trouble with my mom. We pull back onto my street and everything is dark in his pickup other than the glowing blue-green numbers on his clock that I don't bother to read, and a little green flashing light on my phone. It's informing me that my mom wanted us home a half an hour ago. He helps me down out of his pickup, and then gives me a pick-a-back ride inside, but I know I'm going to be next to him in the cab of his pickup with the summer wind blowing on me the very next morning, so I don't bother worrying.

Prose & Poetry by Adrian Martinez



Freya

Nicknamed a goddess that could end one's life with but a glance, Freya gave new meaning to the term deathly beautiful. It's said that one look into her clear hazel eyes was more intimidating than making a deal with the devil, for at least with the devil you could expect betrayal. One could never know if they were to be betrayed by her or not. Her faith and loyalty was not given to any god nor righteous man, she would end them all if they tried to get in her way. Only her subordinates knew safety from her wrath, instead they knew naught but kindness and joy from this caramel skinned huntress. Though even they could not live through intruding into her rooms, even they would meet their end by either the gun under the pillow or the knife she kept safely strapped on her right inner thigh. She had kept them there ever since she first heard the eery voice trying to whisper horrid thoughts into her ear. She had never once let her guard down after hearing it but once, constantly wondering where such a voice had come from. Her only thought was that is was the ghost of the person whose heart she stole so that she may continue living

Questions

These questions that haunt you
These questions that taunt you
These questions that others use to mock us
These questions that you use on yourselves
and maybe you can't see what these questions do to you

or worse you do and it causes you to act even worse because of these questions
Questions that lead to binging
Questions that lead to cutting
Questions that you just want to stop
Because they lead down a road of no return
A road of pills and needles
A road of loaded guns with fingers on the trigger
A road with a tree and in that tree is a noose
That are made of those questions
That are made of hate
That are made of fear
And suddenly, you become breathless
And we fall to your knees
Wondering *why*
and then you realize
you've been unconsciously running
Running from the truth
Running from the pain
Running from the questions
And you just keep running
Because it's easier
It's easier to run
It's easier to fake a smile
when inside you're screaming for help
but you never say it aloud
Because you're afraid
Afraid that when you call out for help
There'll be no one
And you'll be left there
Alone
With no roads left
And nothing but questions

Why

every little kid asks why
why is the sky blue
why is the grass green
why is the sun so blindingly bright
these were not his whys
his were dark like a new moon night
his were deep like an endless abyss of hate
his were something of ruined innocence that had yet to know itself
Why why why
why is mommy beaten and battered
why is sissy hiding and crying
why is daddy so angry and spiteful
why does it feel as though he's the one dying
why why why
this child never knew why

never knew why his daddy had left them
never knew why his mommy was always anxious
never knew why everyone got worried when the boy said he wanted to be like daddy
never knew why his sissy was always so scared when daddy was mentioned
when this boy could never recall the memories they had to suffer through
why why why
the boy had never known why
instead he grew up with them
forced to live constantly questioning his own past
and then that child had been replaced with a young adult
one who gave up on these whys
one who no longer cared why his father had left
one who no longer remembered his mother's bruises
one who no longer thought of his sister's fears or tears throughout all these long years
one who no longer wondered why why why
yet it was only then that he got his answers
he finally knew why
and not for a second did he question the answers that were given to him
for deep down he knew them to be true
this child who longed for a father had always known
he just couldn't face the truths presented to him
this child who yearned for the father that he never had
had always tried to run from these truths
and as the young adult looked at the child he saw just how wrong he was
for this child may have not had his father
but not once was he ever fatherless
this child had two that he could call dad
and as that child became a young adult it went from two to three

his grandfather who was the that that had played with him
chess checkers cribbage
his uncle who toughened him
play wrestling, discipline for actions, bear like hugs squeezing the little boy till he almost popped
his mother's boyfriend who... wasn't any dad
no, this man *was* his dad
this man who taught him
this man who loved him
this man who bettered him
this man who saw the child as his own
this man who answered the question why
no matter how long it took

Two Poems by Lan Portnoy



Daisy Love

Innocent girl
Shiny, silky, precious
Hair, eyes, skin

Fell in love
Love that
Makes her
Giggly
Happy
Mature

She develops confidence, style, herself
In the morning she spends hours
Putting on make-up, choosing the right outfit, making sure she is proper

Devilish Boy
Dark, greedy, tumble weed
Mind, hair, eyes

Fell in love
Love that
Makes him
Immature
Irresponsible
Possessive

He develops crudeness, jealousy of the ex, profanity
In the evening he'd make sure
She was in her room, she was talking to him, she was focused on him

Sweet, innocent, quiet
Mixing with
Rude, childish, sinister

Breakup after heartbreak after breakup
Led to worries, depression, scars
Scars that were permanent as the sun rose every morning
As the sun left paintings in the sky
In her mind where she wore her invisibility cloak
On her wrist where she covered in layers

It led to more
Unforgettable words, a life on hold, no trust
From the past
To the present
For the future

This is not the ordinary love
A fake love as to a fake flower
A daisy
Its daisy love

Things I Could Never Tell My Birth Mom

I'm Young
I miss you
Why am I not with you?
It's been 16 years and counting
Did you really have to let me go?
Look at you now; you are living in a four story house designed by
Your husband
My father
The house is full with my
Biological dad
Older brother
Older sister
Great-grandma
Sister-in-law
Brother-in-law
Nephew
You weren't there for me
You weren't there for my first steps
My first words
My first birthday
My first day of school

I understand you were sick
I understand you were poor
I understand your circumstances
I understand you wanted the best
But you missed my entire childhood
 You missed my giggles
 You missed my laughs
 You missed my tears
I'm lucky if I hear from you a few times a year
 If even that
Do you know what kind of pain I have experienced here?
 Do you really?
There are ignorant people I have encountered
 Many
 To many
 To many to count
 What else have you missed?
You missed my first relationship
 My first date
 My first kiss
 My first break-up
 You missed comforting me
When this stupid boy took advantage of me
 Do you know I stand out from the rest?
 Do you know what I think about?
Do you know how much I think about you?
 If I was I was still with you
 I'd know
 My heritage
 My culture
 My language
 My family background
You didn't even invite me to my own sibling's weddings?
 I missed so much out of your life
 You are missing so much out of mine
I'm only sixteen and I am continuing to grow
 You aren't the one responsible for me
 My wonderful family where is
 I must thank you for that
 You gave me a chance to live
 Be with another
 Loving family
 Welcoming family
 Kind family
 My family
A family who has been there for me
 The ups
 The downs
 Every single second
 Every single minute
 Every single hour

Every single day
Every single week
Every single month
Every single year
They were there for my first bath
 My first haircut
 My first solid food
 My first well everything
No their blood isn't the same
 But they know how to love
 Love with compassion
 Love with trust
 Love with lessons to learn
You put me in a family that cares and loves me
 For me
 Only me
 For my flaws
They will support me
 Through the hardest
 Darkest
 Scariest
 Times
 I hope you don't mind
 But as much as I do love you
 As much as you love me
 As much as you hope
 As much as you dream
That I will make a living in Vietnam
 That isn't going to happen
 You gave me up
 It was your choice
 Not mine
 I'll visit
 I'll make sure your okay
 I'll love you forever
 Always
 I will
 I promise
 Why? We are blood
But after having the thought of transitioning back after 16 years
 16 years of American life
 16 years of freedom
 16 years of living my dream
 16 years of maybe crushing yours
 Cause I'm not living with you
 I want you in my life
 You want me in your life
 But it was your choice
 Your choice to give me away
Now I'm living the way I want to live

Poetry by Marlene Rashidi



Until They Banish Us

Let's be hipsters
Rule breakers
Let's be rockstars
Or bank bank robbers
The night is young and we're in control
Lets forget that the authority is watching our every move
Why live on one's expectation? Why be overtaken?
They expect us to be perfect, smart, and understanding
What for?
They limit us with choices in life, as if we're walls, or as if we're invisible
These are the days of our lives where mistakes is all we do and learn from
The days of our lives we say *screw what mom wants us to wear just to not embarrass her friends*
Screw how big or small of a fish we catch as we fish with our father and his friends
Screw how sinless our preachers wants our lives to be
Screw how intelligent our society expect us to be
Screw the moment our parents say, "Honey, sweet pie....you have no choice"
Hell yes we have a choice on whether we want to be doctors, lawyers, or some major case detectives. What if we want to be magicians or some wizards
We can't always be what they want us to be,
we can't all turn water into wine, we can't all solve

a math equation.
Why can't we listen to whatever we want? Dress whatever pleases us?
The rules are there to be broken, so let's break em
Let's stand out bravely for our teenage years before they turn them into their old age
Let's party till they banish us
Let's speak against their laws till they banish us
The old man starts a war and let's the young ones finish it
Screw that, let's live our lives till they banish us
Like a disease; we are to them
Like the mini Hitlers, let them distaste us
For only those who are hated speak of the truth
Let them banish us, we'll just be around the corner
Coming with words flaming like a lit cigarette thrown into petroleum
Let them see us vomit reality for it's sickening
Why does our reputation have to represent them?
Let them banish us, but then their lives are controlled by the hour glass
Their breaths are getting sucked in by their existence
I'm done peace out!

Dare To Be A Dreamer

Dream reality
Dream with dignity
Dream for humanity
Dream for prosperity
Dream for a change
Don't dream with second chances
For dreaming isn't a duty
Don't dream a dream full of pity
Dream to inspire
Be your own empire
Be the master of your dreams
Dream a dream you can claim

Rewind

Telling the untold story of my childhood
Rewinding the despicable memories that withdraws me from fully happiness
To me when I was a little girl
peace meant war
and joy meant agony, because it came with sacrifices
Rewind.....
Back to the time when I would sell cassava leaves
and pounded maize just to help my family
I wondered where I'd get money to buy medicine
for my beloved mother and late brother as they were diagnosed with tuberculosis
Rewind.....
Back to the time when my dreams were filled with nothing
but dust and less hope
When I'd just sit on porch with bricks unpainted and cracked
just waiting for our landlord to kick my family out of a one roomed shelter

It's all gone now, but engraved in my heart
Rewind.....
To the time when my sick yet strong mother kept telling me to put a smile
on my face, because all these sufferings aren't meant for us
"Smile dear, smile. Fill the whole house with laughter." she'd say
And all I could think of is how to raise on my feet and scream
"Mother, mother stop. we can't shut out anguish, it's with us
mother, stop pretending that it is all well."
The struggle was there, I just wanted to scream, shout, and spit words
that'll make your blood boil like lava, but then my voice was sucked in by that anguish
You could hear my mother's heart ache
You could hear it's theme song
As it sings praises like we were it's appraisal
Rewind.....
Back to the time when I thought that the heaven has caged in all their blessing
where I thought that the Lord has forsaken his own, I began to deny my salvation
back to the time when instead of tears of joy, like when a barren woman gives birth
falling down my face, tears of pain did
How I wish I could save all those tears that flowed like rivers
so that my distress can drown in them in slow motion
Life isn't perfect, it's like an endless movie all about bittersweet
and a little fast to the sweet part could've saved lives.
Rewind.....
It's all gone now. I can't remember a single thing.

Two Poems by Amanda Stewart



I Pledge Allegiance

I pledge allegiance to the kids who don't know,
What it's like to have a father.
To the mothers and brothers who have nothing but the love they offer.
I pledge allegiance to the young girls who want to go.
To flow with the others

To be free like their so called mothers with no way to get any numbers
Funds for the things needed to keep the life at home undercover.
I pledge allegiance to the kids who have no way of knowing
If it was something they did.
If it was because they hid under the beds.
If it was because they didn't know what it was like to be a real kid.
To show what they could do.
I pledge allegiance to the ones who say they weren't enough.
How hard it is to stay tough when you know that
What you are doing could end up in cuffs.
STOP!
Breathe...
Let it all... go.

What they did in the past wasn't meant to last.
The spells they cast, on you to be their now have been lifted and broken.
The curtains are now wide open.
Now you are just left standing, hoping.
They have been burned.
They don't need to provide a reactant to set off
This radioactive waste pit.
They are the fire to light your fuel.

So that is why I pledge allegiance.

I pledge allegiance to never give up.
Because these kids have finally,
Had enough!
These kids, could not give a moment
Because there is not a moment to give!
We are through with your lies.
We have finished wetting out eyes,
And letting the salt invading tears
Leak out onto our red cheeks.
We are our own people, yes.
It is unbelievable.
But
You can be able to believe if you just be, free.
I pledge allegiance to the hearts that have been broken
Even the unspoken have a book to be open.
A story to be read.
A burn to mend from the fires kept deep inside
What our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters don't understand
Is that we are not rubber.
We are not iron.
We are not unbreakable.
We are the unspeakable creations of your fire.
We are the kids that have been forgotten.
We are the writers of the future that you will look up to.
We are your future.
And so, I pledge allegiance.

Girl with the Shadow

Sleeping under the moonlit sky,
my mind begins to wonder.
Is there someone out there?
Is there someone in me?
My body is overtaken by a foreign being.
She is shy.
She is *weak*.
nothing like me.
I am strong like an Ox.
I am smart like a Bear.
I am graceful like a Lynx.
I am brave like a Lioness.
She shows someone fragile.
shy.
delicate.
impaired.
unsure.
I am none of those.
but...
I am all of those.
How could that be?
That I am two people in one body?
How is it possible that I cannot break through this mask.
This cloak.
These shadows.
how is it that the real me, the true me, is hidden and not her?
maybe...
 I am not as strong as i thought.
maybe...
 I was just self taught.
maybe...
 she is the real me.
maybe...
 she is who i should be.
blend in with the crowd they say.
never able to be truly proud of me.

She is in control now.
Me? Well...
I am the shadow now.
I am the mask.
I am the cloak.
I am the shadow.
I am the fake that you wanted me to be.
I am the girl with the shadow.

Prose and Fiction by Jacy Webster



At the Cancer Clinic

Here I sit in the quite of this empty room, magazines shuffle and the breathing of the others is the only thing to be heard. The sudden creak of an opening of a door is the first to break the silence. A woman, one so beautiful yet is apparent that she is weakening. Her eyes filled with tears hold back the pain that her fragile body carries. A woman on each side of her shattered body, help carry her to the next room over. Each having such pain obvious on their young faces, it is clear to me that though their appearance is young, their eyes tell a story of a thousand years. The broken and weak woman looks up to an incoming nurse and shows her such a brave smile. Scratching the stubble of prickled hair on her balding head she made sure to show beauty and grace of true strength. A withered woman, one so pale and sick, puts up a brave front to face her fears. With this I can say, I have never met a more graceful and beautiful woman, to this very day. The metallic doors shut; crying was to be heard as it echoed through the strangers ears. I glanced around at the others faces, scanning each and every one of them who had immediately turned their attention to back to their magazines and phones, as if nothing had happening in front of them at all. With the woman gone, I sat there twiddling my thumbs. Only to yet again be left with the lonely sounds of shuffling magazines.

Free From Insanity

A single stone falls from the rocks high above and into the watery depths of the oceans abyss. The cliff seems to elongate the darker the night sky has become. The once pink sky was now beginning to contort into an everlasting night. At the top sat a girl,

swinging her legs slightly as the wind caused her midnight black hair to sway in it, just barely blowing it past her shoulder. The obscure strands draped her back, forming to her small yet sturdy frame. Staring down at the waters below her, she was ready. Standing up gracefully, she felt the coldness of the wet grass, freshly covered in a late night dew, brush her bare feet as she leaned over, hoping to catch a glimpse of the ocean below. Taking one last look behind her she saw the asylum up in flames, each one flickering its tongue at the crackles and pops screech out like a small child calling out for help. A smile crossed her blood stained face as she continued to hug herself in the tightening straight jacket, restraining her everlasting joy. *Dead. They were all finally dead.* She thought as tears of joy sprang to her icy blue eyes. Backing up to the edge her back faced the water as her front absorbed the warmth of the burning fire continuing to watch the flames rise higher. Looking down at her bruised and dirt covered toes she let out a light giggle. Pointing her head towards the night sky, showing the gleaming stars and outer space her face, she spoke calmly.

"I knew it I wasn't insane." Within an instant she began falling. Her life flashed right before her eyes as she hummed a sweet tune of her departure. Blood, murder, love, family, hatred, it all filled her thoughts as her grin widened, regretting nothing. Crashing into the waves she closed her eyes and made impact. Finally free from her own insanity.

Character Idiosyncratic

Upon the overcast horizon the young woman sits in an aged creaking chair, rocking the slim frame back and forth as she sings a sweet tune for the wilderness to hear. Her auburn hair wisps past her shoulders being gently carried away in the wind. With her warmed tea placed upon the hand woven blanket, she remained content and gazed off into the dark abyss of the night. Her eyes gleamed a light orphan blue while her voice was shaky as she tried her best to hit the notes on each and every word in the melody. Finishing with a smile she glanced over at her dear friend who stood next to her, silently stroking her ivory skin and planting his lips ever so slightly on her hand. He tilted his head causing his silvered hair to drape part of his face, making him smile in the most delicate of ways. With a sad frown the man, no the creature beside her spoke

"Can I hear one last song before I go?" he asked in a tired, raspy, scratched voice that came from the bottom of his arid throat. She shook her head giving his a sad smile as she cupped his cheek carefully and caringly.

"I'm sorry Ripper. I have to take them before it's too late for the night." Placing her hand in the warmth of her pocket as she pulled out a petite container of colored pills. Sliding her delicate fingers across the lid as she popped it open , letting two fall into her palm she glanced up at the one she cared most for and smiled.

"We can sing some more tomorrow Ripper." Knowing her was the only one who would listen. Nodding her watched as she took the pills. He began walking towards the woods off of her patio then stopped turning to her.

"Just remember Rosaline, I'm not real." And with that he left, disappearing into the woods and trees.

Prose & Poetry by Aaliyah Wells

The Room

As the clouds moved away from the sun and light pierced through the window, I looked up from my spot on the tile floor, and saw the way the light bounced off of the freshly painted walls like a dancer taking their first steps onto a freshly lit stage, like all my favorite things put together to make the most beautiful thing I have ever seen.

More clouds drift away as the sun begins to engulf more of the tiny room, reaching the long weekend project shelf, projecting light now on trinkets and nick-nacks until reaching the glasses I wore in fifth grade because I wanted to look cool. The thin black frames and the now smudged lens seem so small and fragile now that I'm older, like they would break if I tried to put them on. As I stand up off of the now chilling tile flooring and start to slowly walk out of the room I look back and think about the room, the clouds now shadowing over the sun, and look at the glasses and the walls and the nick-nacks and the trinkets and not quite understand yet how much I going to miss it.

Anne Robinson

Anne Robinson. Anne Robinson. The name sounded different when she said it outloud. Like the name belonged to someone else, someone who did great things like write poetry
bake the best cherry pies
someone who was successful
had friends
The name did not sound like it belonged to herself, the
freckle faced girl
who's pinky toe was just a little too small
the girl who ran down the stream and hid under a thorn bush just so she didn't have to do the dishes
it wasn't the name of a girl who always forgot to wash her hands after gardening
who never liked to wear dresses her mother picked out
Anne Robinson was not that girl, and really, she didn't want to be either.

Two Poems by Quinten Wells



If it Brings Me to My Knees, It's a Bad Religion

If it brings me to my knees
It's a bad religion
Christian mission to
convert all who are missing
well the hipster in me
says it's too popular
it's too common to be on
your knees and worship
what you can't see
and I'm the type who needs
to see to believe
I won't give up control
to something I can't hold
and my knees won't bend
in hopes of being forgiven
because that is too scary
my parents rarely see me
pray at the dinner table
while I'm still able
to put my hands together
and be thankful
I thank THEM for having jobs
I thank THEM for being odd enough
to be seen
in a world where all we need
is invisible beings

Love At First Sauce

I met this girl
in a spicy Italian restaurant
she slipped into my life
as I slipped onto some dropped spaghetti
even as I took the long
spaghetti filled trail
I was in space
head in the stars
heart on Jupiter
as I glided to my love at first sight
on the floor
I now realized I had lost any
stealthy prowess I previously had
not everyone can play it cool
when they meet their first love of course
she was a bomb dropped in my world
and my army with all of its machine guns
could not stop it
rolling to the floor like a hamster ball down a flight of stairs
I heard her gasp at the sight she saw
"she's worried about me" I thought
"how cute"
with the thought of her
unintended affection
that cold hard floor felt like grass
and for a moment I was in dreamland
where wild white equus roamed
and fish fly only to be carried away by the wind
as I traveled to dreamland
she was on her way to see if I was okay
like a scene out of a Hollywood movie
I was clumsy Justin Timberlake
and she was my Mila Kunis