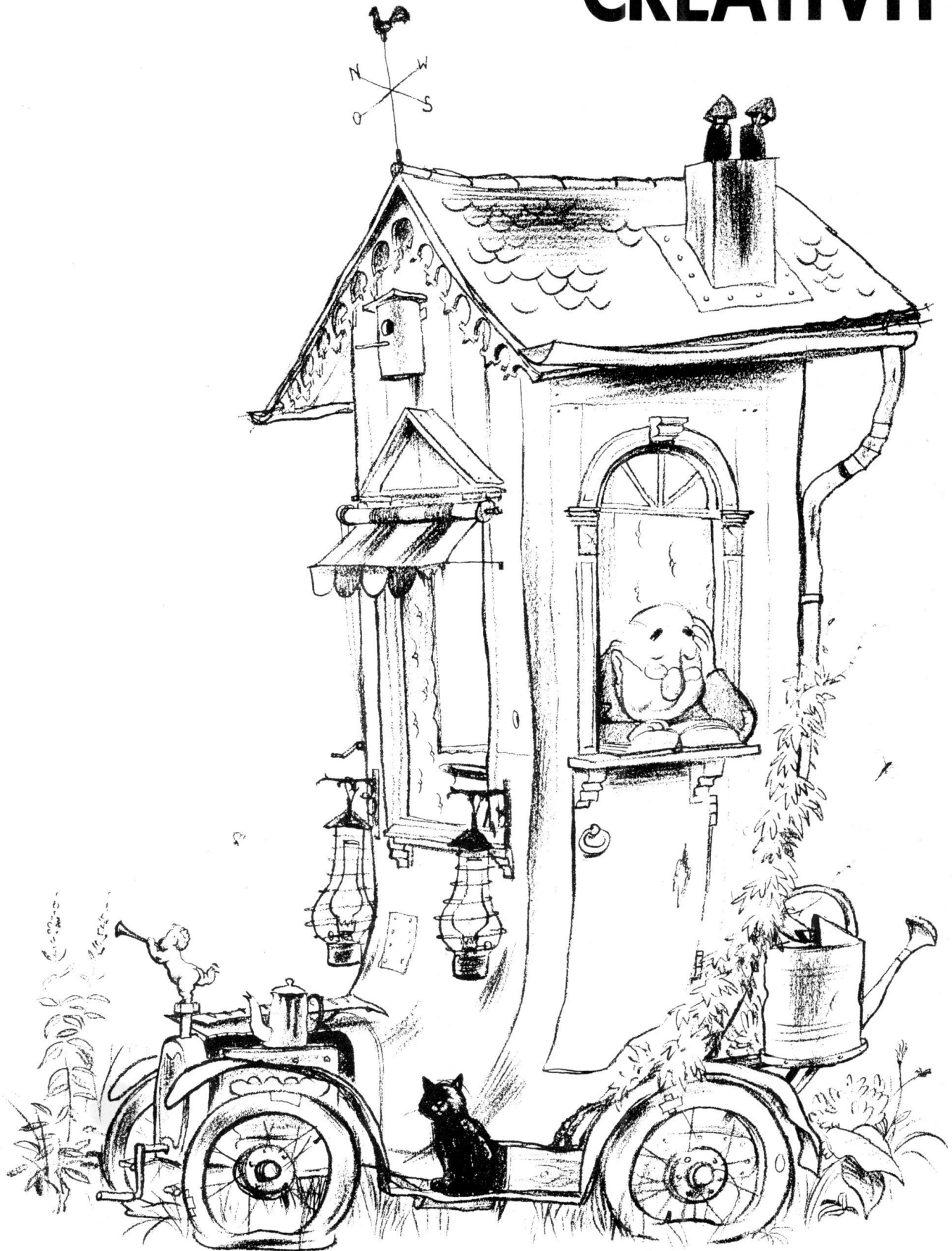




CREATIVITY



A black and white photograph of a room. On the left, a television set is mounted on a stand. Below it, a telephone is visible. In the background, there is a window with blinds. The overall scene is dimly lit.

LTALK

hello

idonthaveverylongtotalktoyou

ionlyhaveasecondtotalktoyou

soicalled

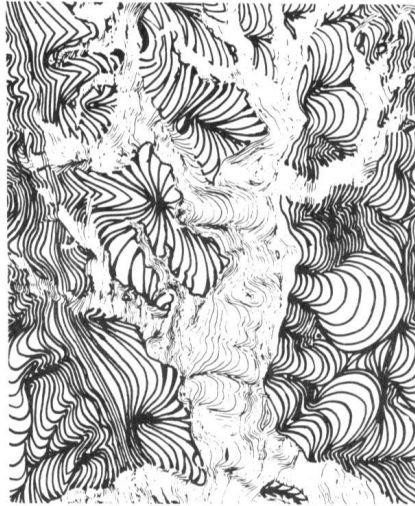
icalledtosaythatiloveyou

okay

okaygoodbye

CRISPY CRITTERS

And so he walked,
Upon the crust of day,
With a pallid frown
Carved upon his face.
At a time when all is pleasant and gay:
When the salad of life mushrooms
in a symphony of moods.
And when the seeds of the newborn,
are kindled.
By the euphoric blaze of morn.
But for him it is only a passing storm,
And his frown remains unchanged.
And he goes within the rapid halls of Caly,
To seek shade from the sun's glaring gaze.
His mind embellished
By the plastic definitions
And chalk symbols
Tattooed upon his brain
By yet another.
Who duplicated a print
from yet another.
Who forged it
from yet another. (etc., etc.)



A mere reflection deprived of form.
That dub the stained glass windows
To conceal dungeons of insanity.
Camouflaged by the quicksand of dreams
Encompassed by hostility
A personified reflection
Of his own being
He weaves his road
In a rigid line
To the esteemed goals
Of his shallow mind
Which freezes to a mold of stone
With razor sharp edges.
And thoughts of passion
That venture through,
Are ripped and threaded
Through and through.

He shouts his challenging cries.
That taunts the wind ablaze,
And ignites the maddening storm,
Which vibrate beneath the chasms of his brain.
And a sea of hate explodes,
And wildly flows,
Polluting every pore and every vein
Within his festering frame.

Upon the billowing waves of life
He tries to swim.
Against the pulsing current
He draws the sword
and slashes in a frenzy of hate and scorn.
But the tide swells in a flaming rage.
And insanity's flash
Renders him to the depths
Of mud and ash.

He lies naked
Upon the forlorned seashore
Paralyzed upon the sand
An Orphan of life
A prey of time
Cloaked within the shadows of sterility
Majestically ruled in stagnant tranquility.

Then darkness stampedes
Bringing desolate night
The changing fold
Draws near.

Then the cycle of life, unveils itself.
to the lust embers
still fighting for existence
For tomorrow's dawn,
shall purge the darkness
and display its brand new day.
a destiny perceived in the eternity of life.

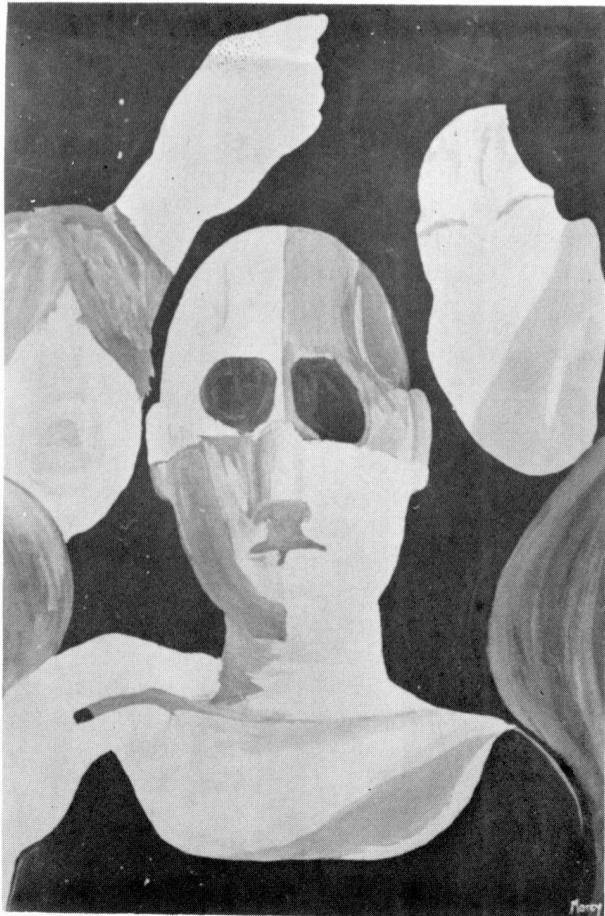
Ah, but night time is a time for rest.
Is it not?
The last spark of life,
roars up in flame
and comes tumbling down
all in vain.

THE GOOD GUY

Feeling strapped-down,
Cut-out,
Hemmed-in,
He sighs,
And sighs again,
He follows yet
The other ants
Like him.
He is the "good" guy
The teacher's pet
The one with the security blanket.

He is the one who's never lived
The one who only was
He could have been,
He could have tried
But he never cried
He is; (He thinks he is)
So now he'll never be.

-Michael Sebag
Level 11



THE MAN

The Man spoke
In his GREAT WHITE HOUSE
Softly gesturing with
His red hands,
blood red.. .

a bottle spilt,
labelled Waterman's (red)
the stuff he signs
his name with,
and as it oozed out of
the bottle,
like life from a
fragile cage,
it dripped,
dripped red,
on the white carpet,
labelled PURE VIRGIN WOOL,
MADE FROM SHEEP,
led too calmly to their
slaughter,
it dripped,
blood red.

and as he spoke,
it dripped,
and as his audience
warned,
he lied, not caring, not noticing,
and rambled on in
his monologue,
as it dripped,
as they died,
like grains of sand on an ancient
clock,
running out
of time,
like

The Man

was . . .

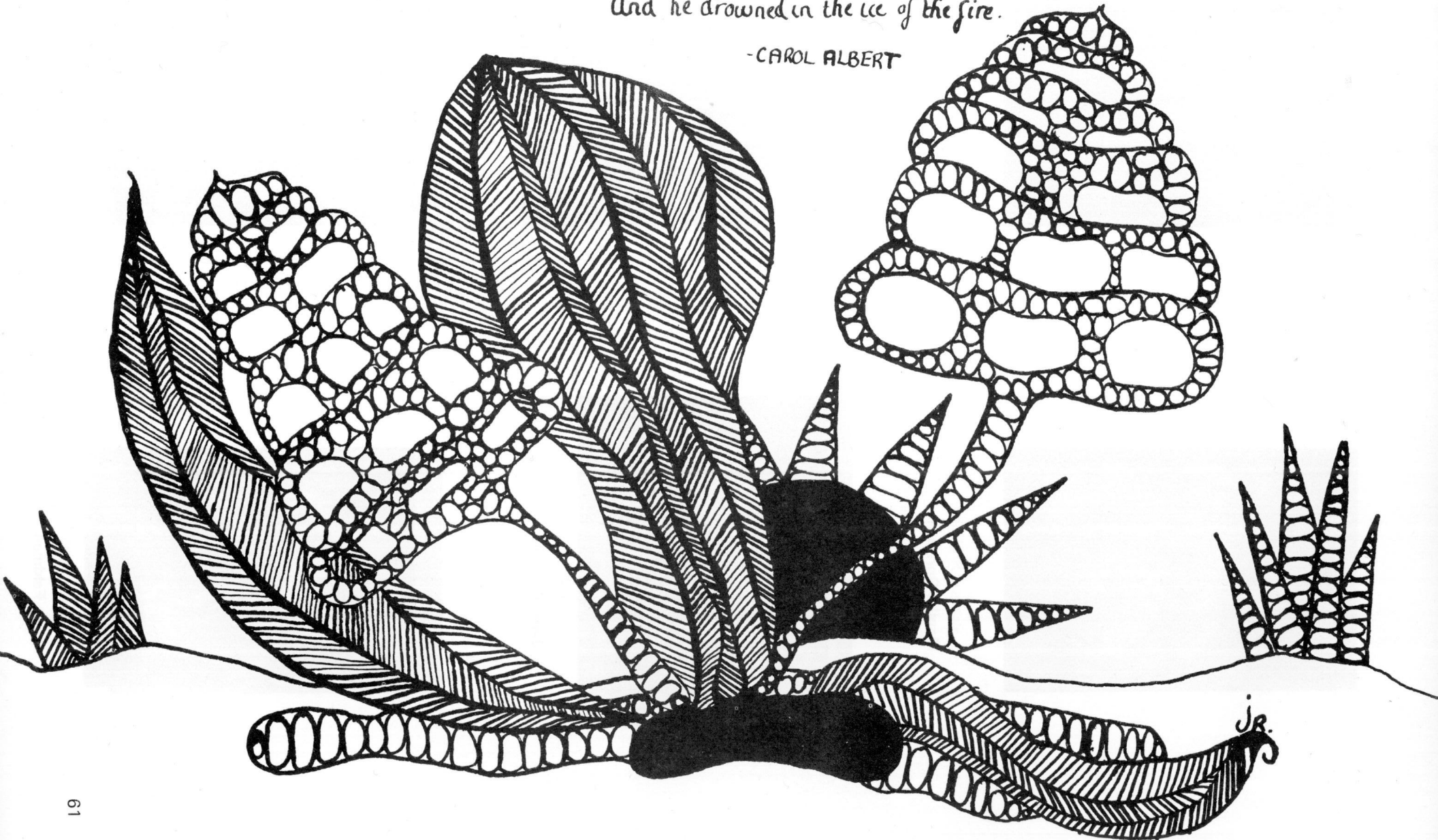
- George Burger
Level 3

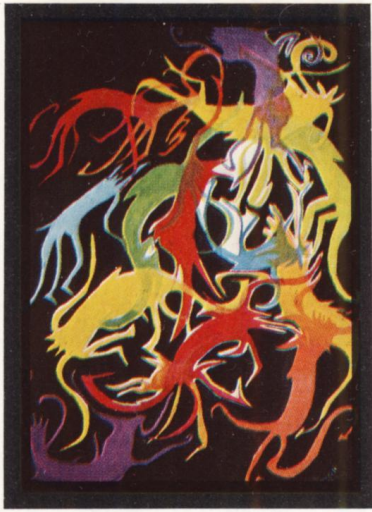
and the child emerged into the burning waters
and cleansed his soul in the mud
and he closed his eyes

and the world was gone
and he heard a flute that wasn't there
and he tasted the love that did not exist

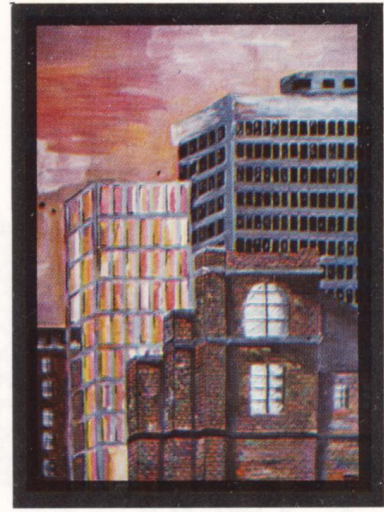
And he drowned in the ice of the fire.

-CAROL ALBERT





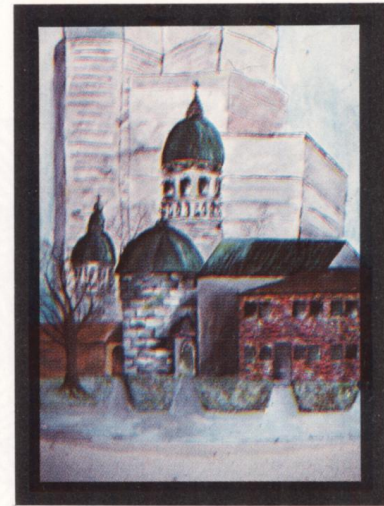
Monika Dorfman



Judi Gabor



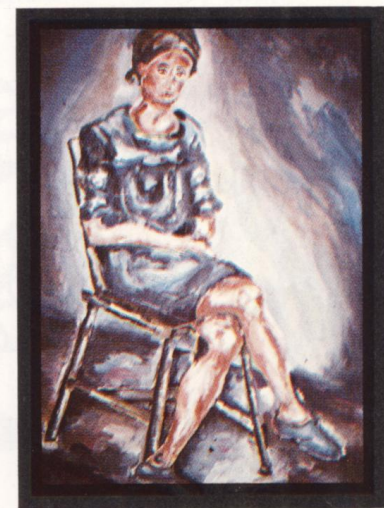
Janet Perlman



Pat Swalsky



Perle Feldman



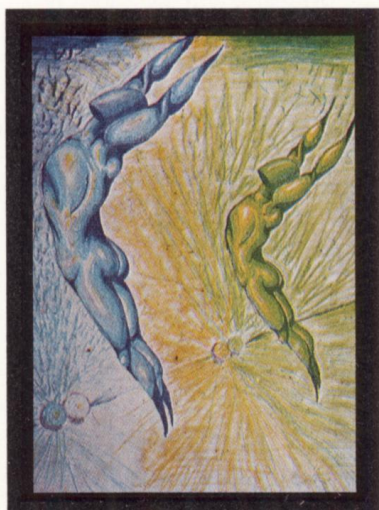
Wendy Rosenthal



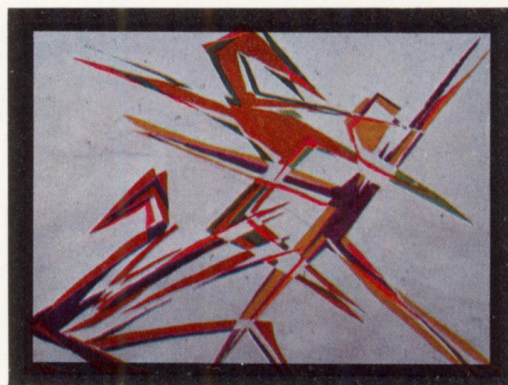
Monika Dorfman



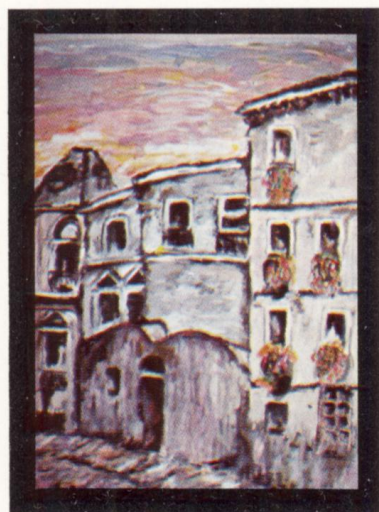
Ingrid Rozentals



Susan Marczak



Janet Dollin



Sybil Goldstein



Steevn Bobb

When my head will not hurt

Someone hit me on the head the other day
When i awoke i was sitting on a strange place
and i looked up
and smiled at your Face so near
you smiled back
and i saw reflections of me in you of us in both of our eyes

i looked at the big yellow smile up in the sky
but like jimihendrix on the wall its smile
turns around sometimes
i bathe my head in soft silly water
and softly murmur to me and you

my eyes still hurt sometimes
where they hit me and i know that the hurt was put in well
still

i feel your hand on my knee
and a faraway place called nowhere
in your head and mine

i sit still and hear through the words
i am happy that you are here
i am even happy for you now
when you are away
i was away too at one time
now we both know away

i will wake up tomorrow again
and see
old sun-face and your beauty beside me
and then i will smile again
we will smile
together

INTO CEREAL BOXES

I heard him say
god's justice is in a net. wt. tin
little fruits like bunions
masticated by union farmers
squeezly bottled tubed
or canned or
chipped into cereal boxes
their measure
reckoned by flat old women
parish secretaries
who clink their metal rosaries:
two for twenty nine.
he said last year's
leftovers are still
in the
bedpan
no they're finally jarred
I said

-Michèle Richman
Level IV

MOD

from the pickled highschool minds
draws the unconventional masses
the troubled foreheads
stale in their opiate dreams
the crotched fingers
on a golden flagstaff that say
peace brother
of course the ungroomed brother
and not his untimely father
who died by his clocks

-Michèle Richman
Level IV

THE WAGER
or
WHAT IF I FOUGHT POLLUTION, AND NOBODY CAME

Ottawa, Feb. 14: A lone youth, aged seventeen, paraded for nine hours yesterday in front of the Parliament Buildings, to protest pollution in Canada. Dressed in . . .

* * *

. . . Sure is cold! I should have come better prepared. No matter. I'll stick it out to the end, or Hershey will never let me live it down. Damn, I should have picked a milder day. How long do I have to go? Let's see, it's 9:30 now. I will be demonstrating until 6:00, that means another eight and one half hours!

. . . Time to switch signs. How about this one - "Canada, you have bad breath!" God knows, I need a little humour to cheer me up, no matter how poor it is. Think I'll put on the gas mask now. It will keep my face warm, in any case. Wow, sure is hard to breathe in here! I'll get used to it.

. . . Seems to be a little bit of a crowd gathering. Don't get nervous, Phil. They'll stop staring soon enough. Ignore them. Hey! I'm making that little baby cry. Sorry. Ouch! Kid, would you mind not kicking me? Ouch! Take it easy, Phil. No violence, remember. Looks as if I'll be running, instead of marching back and forth!

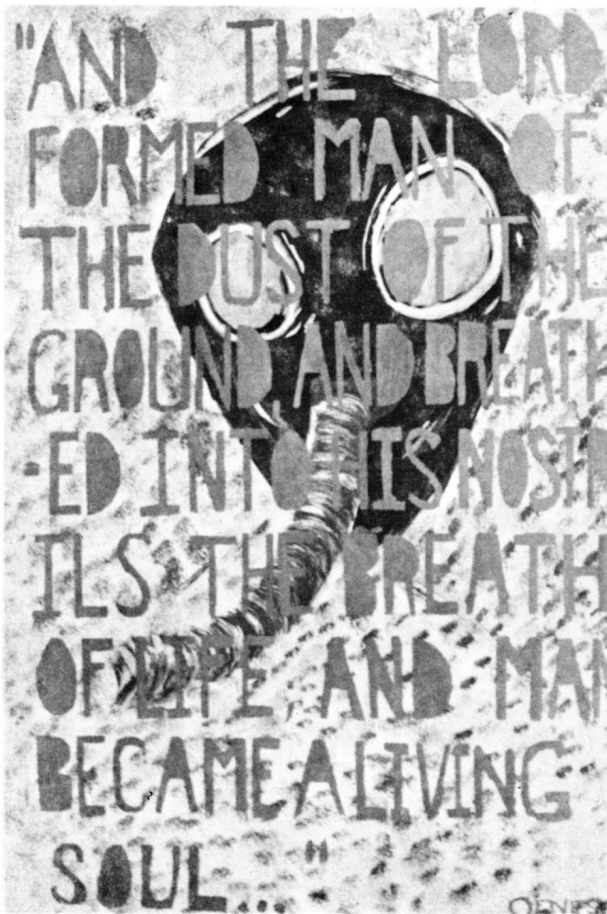
. . . Three o'clock! Sure took long enough! Oh, my aching feet. I'm starving! This cold is pure torture! Will you stop complaining, Phil! Remember, it was your own idea. Back and forth, back and forth. I must have marched

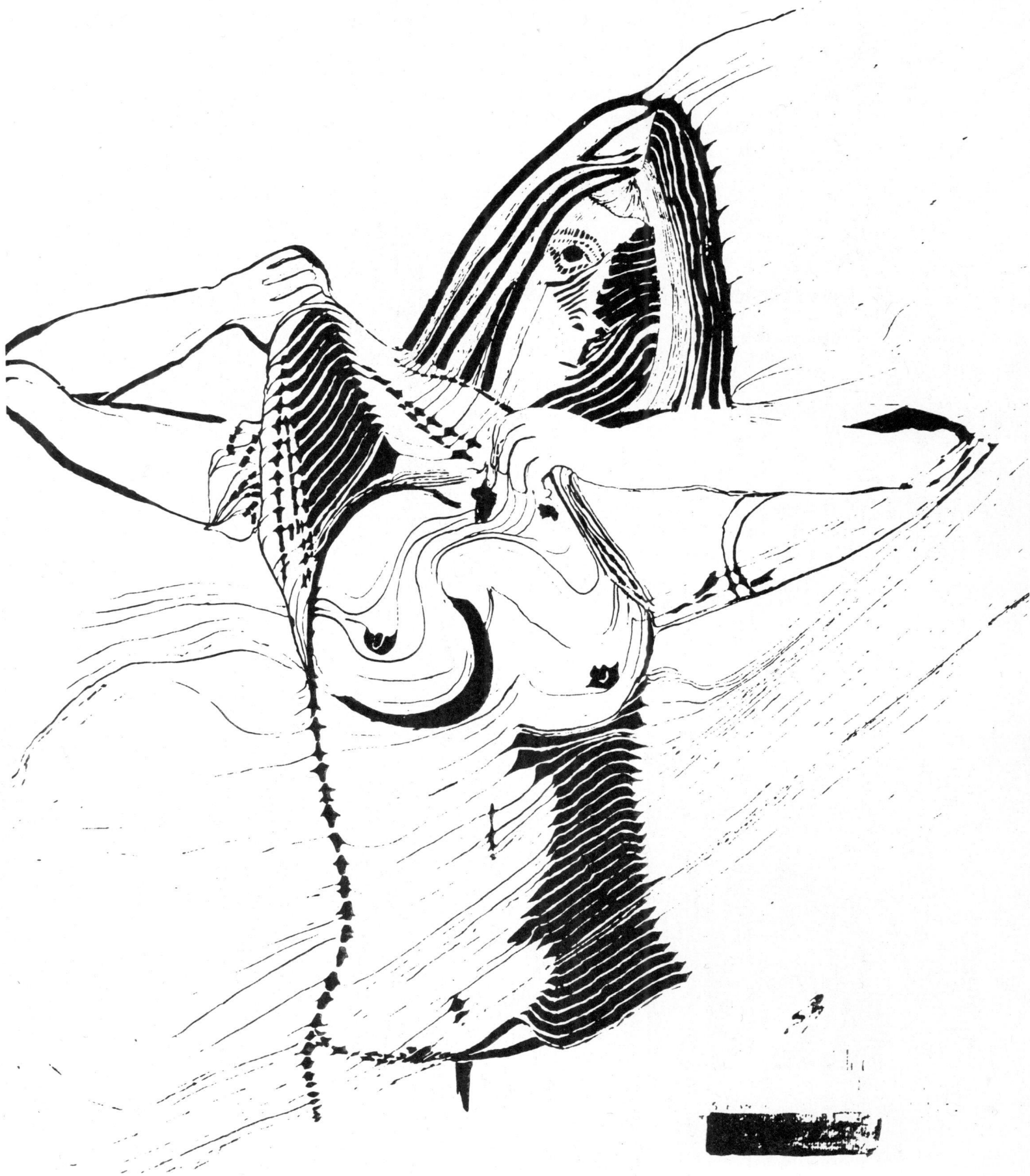
twenty miles already. Funny how I've gotten used to those curiosity seekers. At this stage, I really couldn't care about anything! What am I doing here, anyhow? Oh, that's right, I was determined to do something about the death I was inhaling in Montreal, instead of uselessly talking on and on. Is somebody paying attention, in there? They'd better, because I'm not doing this for nothing! Hell, I can hardly think anymore! ! What is happening to me? My body doesn't seem to be a part of me! ! My legs keep on walking, walking, walking.

. . . Focus, Phil, focus! It looks like . . . like . . . ten minutes to go! ! ! Hang in there, Phil, hang in there!

* * *

. . . The youth collapsed as the watchtower struck six, and was immediately brought to the hospital, where his condition is reported as satisfactory. Reacting to the protest, the Honourable Paul C. Martin, speaking on behalf of the Prime Minister, said, "Owing to the lad's courageous protest, it is conceivable that, heretofore, in the realm of public affairs, and in keeping with our government's policy, the possibility will exist that, even to the extent of yellowing the clapboard and furnishing firewood for the abomination of exterior reticulum, a commission will be set up to study the possibility of forming a study group which would look into the initiation of a royal commission to study the matter."

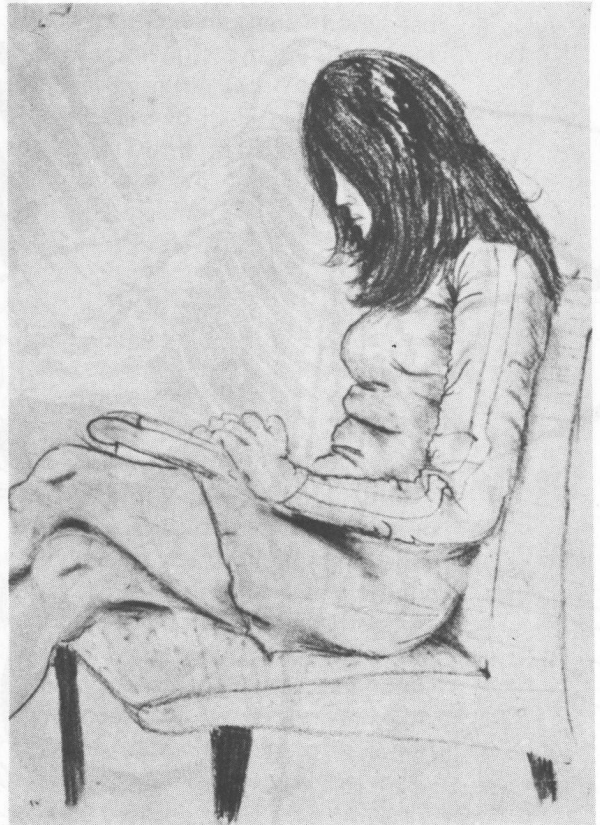




it was one of those strange days and i really couldn't understand it. i knew i was there and so did everyone else but i wasn't quite sure where they were. i couldn't quite feel them but somehow i sensed that they were there, the walls were, but the people were part of them. i let go and went.

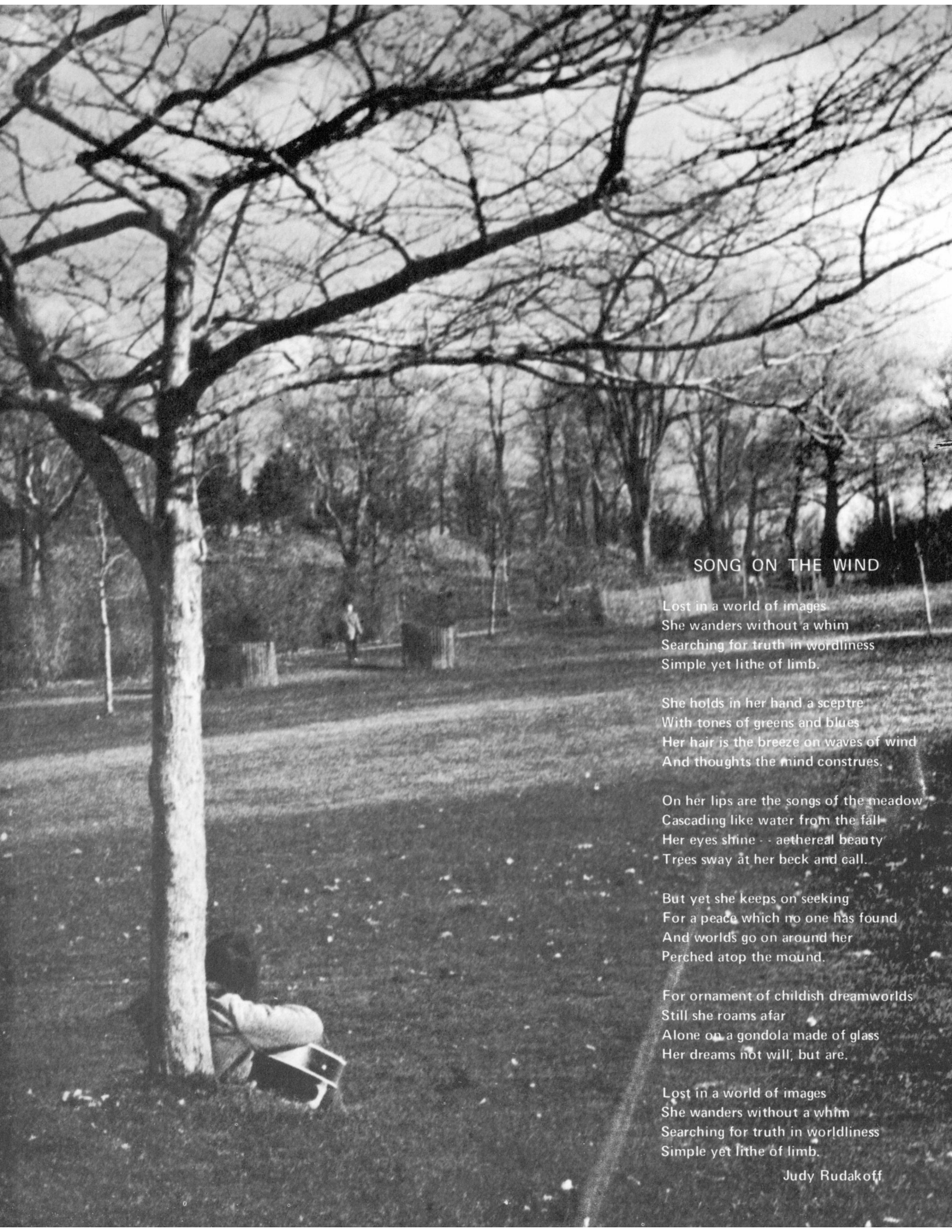
REVELATIONS VI

so the world slapped
your
face and
you feel like
crying but
the sun
is
shining on
everyone else so
you toss your head and
dive
back into
the
polluted
water.



the god smiled and
i simpered. he lowered
his voice and i my
lashes. i thought i
saw you but i guess
i never really did.

-Jr.



SONG ON THE WIND

Lost in a world of images
She wanders without a whim
Searching for truth in wordliness
Simple yet lithe of limb.

She holds in her hand a sceptre
With tones of greens and blues
Her hair is the breeze on waves of wind
And thoughts the mind construes.

On her lips are the songs of the meadow
Cascading like water from the fall
Her eyes shine - - aethereal beauty
Trees sway at her beck and call.

But yet she keeps on seeking
For a peace which no one has found
And worlds go on around her
Perched atop the mound.

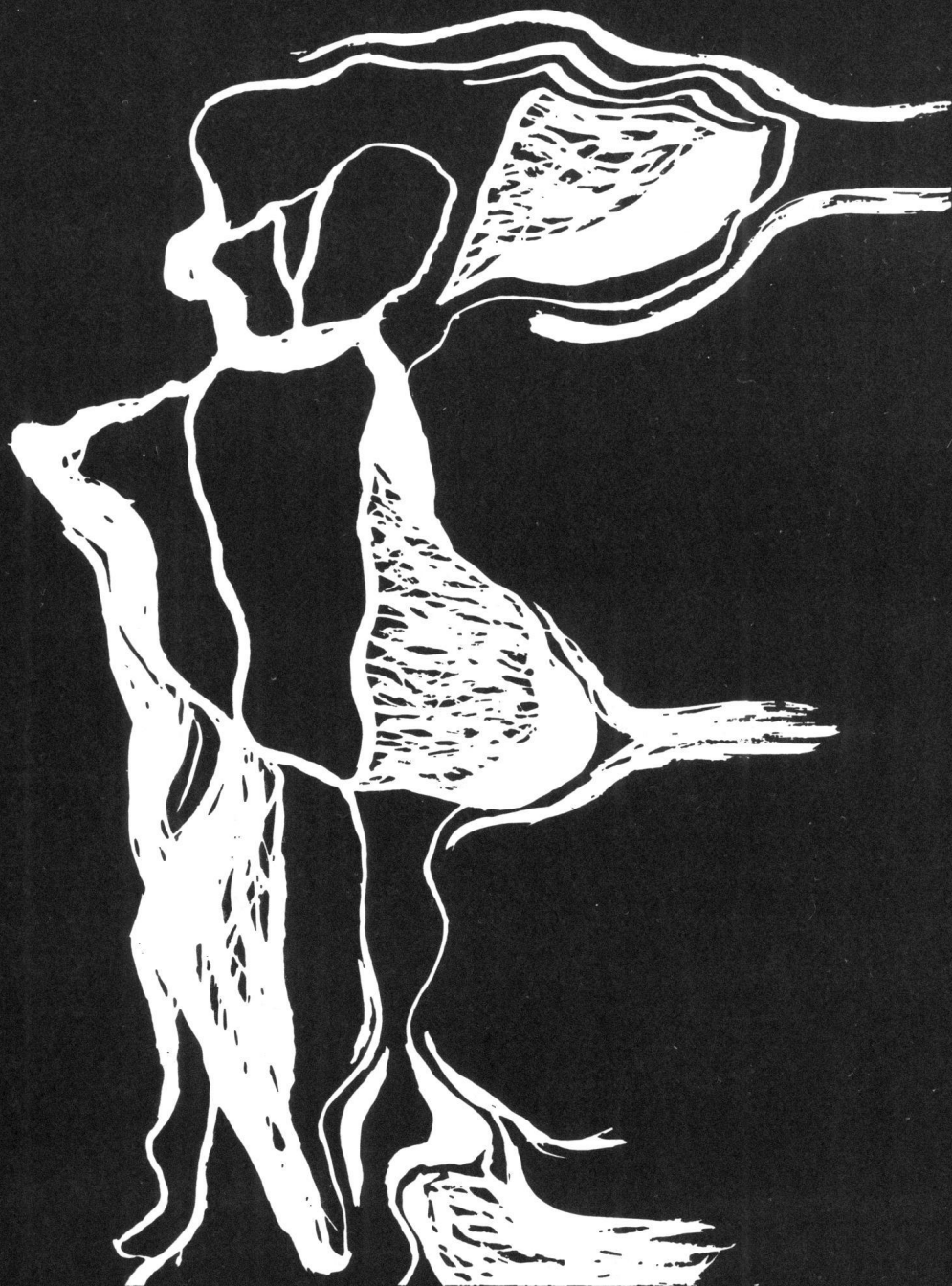
For ornament of childish dreamworlds
Still she roams afar
Alone on a gondola made of glass
Her dreams not will, but are.

Lost in a world of images
She wanders without a whim
Searching for truth in worldliness
Simple yet lithe of limb.

Judy Rudakoff

In the distance the sun is shining.
Its beauty is overpowering
And I feel safe.
All is warm and I begin to
Unbutton my shirt.
My nerves relax; a smile lights up my face.
I raise my hands above my head
Trying to get closer to this god
When suddenly a cloud obstructs the serenity.
I am knocked down
And fumble on the ground
I grope in the darkness
But I cannot find the light.
My happiness is gone
And in its place I find an emptiness
Void of feeling,
I bury my head
In my arms
And shake

- Cheryl Cramer
Level IV



DECEMBER FIFTEENTH

To sense

Three plus five

small segment

my iron

Bubbly bubbly

uncombed hair

daze

Fifteen dollars

Unwordable anagram

I'm interested, really

heavy

tummyache

bang-bang

Violin

happiness

Inter Algebra

hark

Two hours -- killed

floored test

well; excellent?

ohmygod!

faded jeans

me!?

burnt out

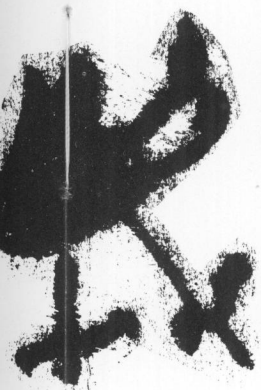
do-it!

To be

-Robert Baker
Level IV

By Keren





Children play
and sing
and
roll
down
hills
and
pick flowers
children run
wild, free
unaware of
life ahead
children live
for themselves
for today
children play
and sing
and run
and laugh
and love

we can all be children

- Celia Harte
Level IV



The soldier's outpost hours lingered on,
In the rain.
At home, intellectual atrosity battled with itself,
hard.
And Michael, only in the dream,
Had insight on it all.

- Lawrence Pinsky
Level IV

When you become disillusioned it doesn't happen slowly or gradually. One day, you see your god on his pedestal, and you suddenly realize how mundane he's become - - Or how his witticisms seem to fall flat - - Or how his ideas, his dreams, become vague and meaningless. When you feel like running away, from no one in particular, but just to get away. When you feel like cursing, or screaming, or crying everytime he does some little irritating thing, that you used to think was so cute. When you see your pride lying on the floor in a thousand pieces with a light playing on them, practically mocking them. When your places become those places, and our song becomes that song.

You can't really pinpoint it, but one day, he just looks kind of shoddy, and his grin strikes you as being foolish, his manner ingratiating. You find him staring at you and remember laughingly how you used to bathe him in those sickeningly long liquid looks. You think back to the scheming manoeuvres: how you used to sit next to him in class, or how you used to plan what you were going to

say, and how you used to hope he'd answer the right thing. Then you remember how it was in the beginning, when everything was right, and flowers were the "in" thing, and "hippie" was on everyone's lips, and "life was beautiful". And you don't feel cynical or broken up, you just feel sort of numb and empty as if something's missing. Then you console yourself into actually half-believing the rubbish you've manufactured, and then you realize you're alone, and you can't fix it.

Then it's kind of funny, when after you've sworn off this type of thing completely and you've dramatically "thrown away the key to your heart", and you've resigned yourself to a dull useful existence, your eye falls on something you like, and the cycle starts revolving again.

And in the blink of an eye, you're back on the merry-go-round and you're spinning even faster than before, and the birds eat up the trail of crumbs you left behind you.

THE where will it all END

- Jr.



I am capable of becoming - all that there is left
For I have lived a thousand deaths
Yet the hot breath still trembles on my lower lip
if somewhat dried

Brian Stein
Level 11