

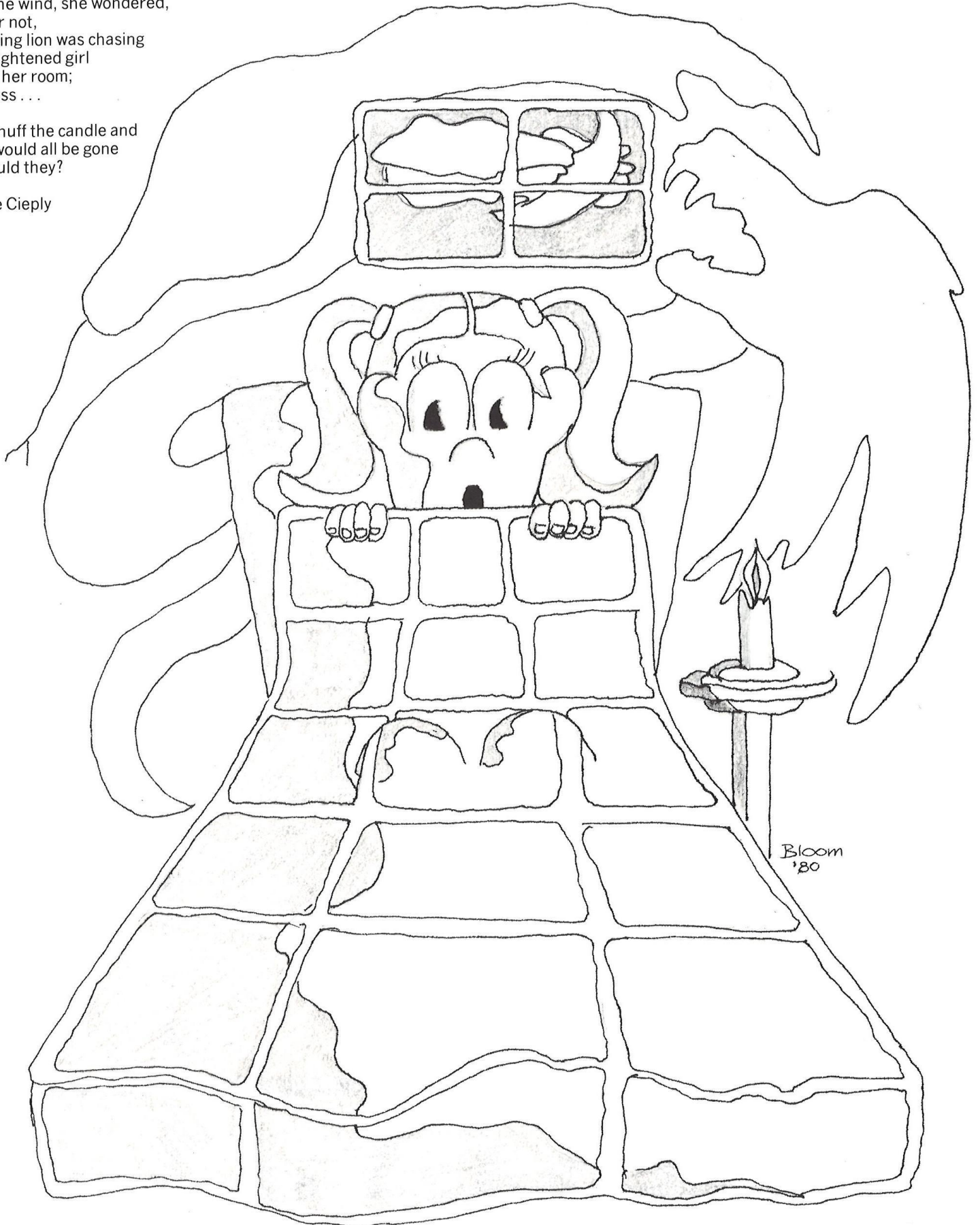
CREATIVITY

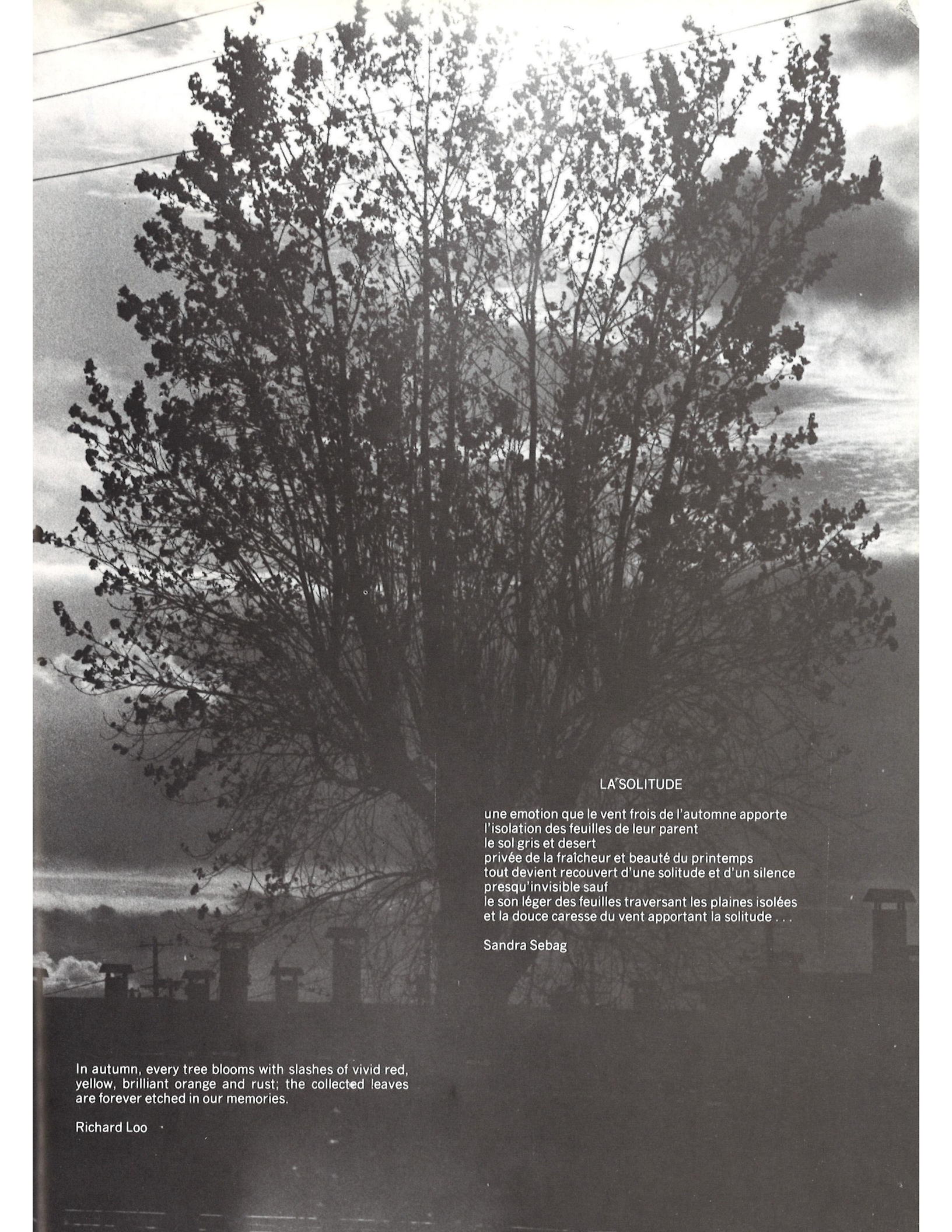
THE CANDLE

The flames made strange shapes
In the child's room.
Was that a bear or
Only the wind, she wondered,
Real or not,
A clawing lion was chasing
The frightened girl
Out of her room;
Helpless . . .

Just snuff the candle and
They would all be gone
Or would they?

Arlene Cieply





LA SOLITUDE

une emotion que le vent frais de l'automne apporte
l'isolation des feuilles de leur parent
le sol gris et desert
privée de la fraîcheur et beauté du printemps
tout devient recouvert d'une solitude et d'un silence
presqu'invisible sauf
le son léger des feuilles traversant les plaines isolées
et la douce caresse du vent apportant la solitude . . .

Sandra Sebag

In autumn, every tree blooms with slashes of vivid red,
yellow, brilliant orange and rust; the collected leaves
are forever etched in our memories.

Richard Loo



REFUGE

I like
the quiet stillness
Of the house
after dark
When all is asleep,
the whispering noises
in the dark
Beckon me
into their world
of dreams.

Elissa Lansky

L'ENFANT

nous n'entendons plus
les cries d'enfant.
obscuré par des obstacles,
nos Soucis,
nous devenons aveugles à
l'enfant.

face à la foule,
l'enfant devient muet.
pris de peur, il se cache;
sa présence nous échappe.

Virginia Lam



My friend,
Together we've travelled so many roads,
Roads of warmth, anger, tears and growth,
Lessons learnt and sweet laughter shared.
The innocent joy you've given me,
Caring which only brought us closer,
Silly things, intimate thoughts;
Feelings only we could share.
Understanding in a simple touch;
In silence our words expressed.
As one we overcame the obstacles of youth
And relinquished its treasures.
Commencing yet another journey,
Together always, a childish wish
... I know.

K.Segal

Anonymous

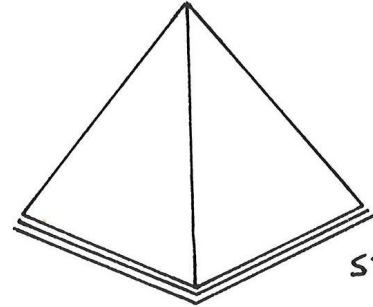
Four years back, the three of us arrived;
 We all got teachers really the pits.
 But in answering back we thrived
 For our strong point was our wit.

Few were our equals;
 We drove them crazy!
 We still excelled
 Although very lazy.

We managed easily.
 We defeated the system.
 Not by studying but by cheating.
 This would always beat them.

Wagar, we'll miss ya.
 'Cause we've had lots of fun.
 But the score remains
 Pyramid one, Wagar none.

G.G.
 PRYAMID



MARK
 SEGAL

MITCH
 STOTLAND

DAVID
 BORNSTEIN

When

All has ended, we

Gather once more
 in its halls

As graduates

Remembering.

ir.
 er..

MES CLASSES DU JOUR

En classe de français,
 On ne sait
 Ce que l'on fait.
 On peut juste rêver
 Comme on a une heure, je sais.

En classe d'anglais,
 Toute la classe lit.
 Nous faisons de la grammaire tous les jeudis;
 Personne ne rit.

En classe de sciences,
 On entend de la musique.
 On pourrait être en Martinique
 Mais maintenant nous étudions la physique.

En science politique,
 Nous discutons des lois, même
 Si elles sont mauvaises.
 Le professeur parle, nous écoutons.
 C'est une règle bizarre mais
 Nous le faisons.

Je pourrais continuer encore un peu
 Mais si je m'arrête ici;
 Ce serait mieux!

Jay Gross

OUR CAFETERIA
 by
 Douglas Ruby

To avoid the never-ending wait,
 The only way to slip in line
 Is to threaten a seven or an eight!

Filled by a thousand no less;
 As soon as lunch is over,
 The Cafeteria becomes one BIG mess!

A pain starts within me,
A hard little knot
In the core of my being
As everyone turns to stare.
I get up and move,
Walking slowly; each step unsure.
And there I am, before them all,
Standing,
Prepared to sway at
the onslaught of their
contemptuous sneers,
Cringe at the hatred in their eyes,
Crumble at the note of mockery in their laughter;
Yet there is a silence.
I try to fill it with my voice
But no words will come.
I am paralyzed, frozen to the ground.
Each nerve is taut and strained
Though my limbs shake with a will of their own -
I swallow the lump
that has risen in my throat
And try again.
I hear a dry croak.
Could I have made that sound?
I cough.
And then at last the words come,
Slowly at first, then faster and clearer and free
Till there are no more to say -
And I stop
And I hope
And I pray . . .
and then it comes,
Softly at first, getting louder, the clap clap matching
The beat of my heart; in exhilaration and thanksgiving,
I can let down my guard and shout, "HURRAY!" -
until the next French oral.

Randa Helfield

FISSION, FUSION AND CONFUSION

There are people who I hate,
The ones with average 98.
They all take Math 532
'Cause they've got nothing else to do.
In French all the kids "comprennent"
While I sit with a broken pen.
Biology glazes our eyes
(How typical of Wagar High)
Except for the chosen few
Who love Biology, Histoire too.
They turn me to a nervous wreck
So I'm in Gym, Art and Home Ec.
Then while I fume in aggravation
And tear my hair out with frustration,
Knowledge comes to them on wings
Like Chem Study and other things.
They know World History through and through,
Pull formulae out of the blue;
They deduct and they formulate
And shout with glee, "Chem Study's great!"

With vim, vigor, vitality,
They all tackle PSSC.
They write, recite, deduct, dictate,
And say, "Calculus? I can't wait!"
I sit there green with jealousy
And wail, "Why is it them not me?!"
They study, working day and night
From dusk until dawn's early light.
I'll meet them all ten years from now
And cry, "So you're a surgeon? Wow!"
But now and then, if I need aid,
I just ask the brains who've got it made.
They explain, "Log x equals three,"
And I just groan, "It's beyond me!"
I think I'll have a heart attack
To make up for the brains I lack.
But in my later years I'll sit
In my rocking chair and knit,
Looking upon my high school ways
And then I'll sigh, "Those were the days!"

Gail Agensky



WUMBLE AND THE FAERIE PRINCESSE

by Arthur Birenbaum
Jodi Sondon
Veronica Lam

Dedicated to Maister Will Shakespeare,
With admiration and thanks.

(Dramatis Personae.

The Narrator
Elzbeth, the Faerie Queene.
Prince Orloff.
Wumble, the Ogre.
Grace, the Faerie Princess.

Scene. - Kingdom of Goode and
The Enchanted Forest)

PR: If this ogre I can slaughter,
Marry, could I wed your daughter?

QU: If you wish to, you may wed her,
But I suggest that first you get her.

To aid you in this deadly plight,
I give you Malray to help you fight.

NAR: Ah, Malray, the mighty sword of good,
Which all villains would capture - if only they could.

It was given to Elzbeth one cold winter morn,
By an old wayward squire, all cold and forlorn.

He said in the metal was some added strength,
And it could save her whole kingdom at length.

The squire would soon prove to be right,
For Orloff set out of the kingdom that night.

(Exeunt Elzbeth.)

PR: Oh me, oh my. Oh my, oh me!
It's time for my soliloquy:

"Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this son of York."

NAR: It doesn't rhyme you stupid dork!

PR: Oh, shut your face! That isn't funny.
We're being marked by good ol' Bunny!

This reminds me of a time long gone.
I was chasing a dragon in a field around dawn.

That dragon gave me such a fright -
I kept on running clear through to the night.

I pray my fears I'll overcome.
Hark! My knees are growing numb!

The queen gave me this trusty sword,
I'm sure I'll win my just reward.

I'll meet him in his darkened lair,
Then kill him swiftly, this I swear.

Over the threshold I shall carry,
But first, I think we better marry.

Here I stand so suave, so brave.
I'll drive him quickly to his grave.

Alas, alak, oh woe is me!
Thus ends my short soliloquy.

NAR: And so he stalks the forest green,
To fulfill his bargain with the queen.

(Exeunt.)



ACT I



Enter the Narrator.

NAR: In the Forest of Hope, in the Kingdom of Good,
Elzbeth is sitting doing just as she should.

She's reading the folklore of England and Greece
To see how to keep her fair kingdom in peace.

The fact she's in trouble, no one could dispute;
Her problem's an ogre of infamous repute.

A clumsy old ogre who answers to Wumble.
He says not a word, but just snarls and grumbles.

In the dark of the night when all was sleeping,
Old Wumble came round - sneaking and creeping.

He went to the palace and grabbed Princess Grace.
The guards of the kingdom prepared for a chase.

Then came good Prince Orloff, quite tall and quite
lean,
He was summoned that day to appear 'fore the
queen.

Enter Queene Elzbeth and Prince Orloff.

PR: I heard you call, my gracious queen.
My wits are ready - sharp and keen.

QU: Good Prince catch Wumble like you would a fish,
And I shall grant your every wish.





WUMBLE AND THE FAERIE PRINCESSE



ACT II



Enter the Prince.

PR: The humblest knight, the fairest, the poorest,
Has just entered the Enchanted Forest.

Enter Wumble.

W: That Knight can't possibly be humble!
Take it from me, the ogre Wumble.

PR: I say, why'd you decide to keep her here?
Had thou a vision in which she did appear?

W: Last night I dreamt I saw a dove,
Which surely means I feel true love.

PR: "Tell me, where is fancy bred?
Or in the heart, or in the head?"

W: You have no right to call me menace!
You quote the wrong play,
That's from the MERCHANT OF VENICE.

PR: You're an "eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog."

W: I'll drive you faster to your death -
For now you're quoting from MACBETH!

You did it again, now bite your lip.
Get off this stage and check your script!
(Exeunt Orloff.)

I am the ruler of this land.
I can banish a person with the wave of a hand.

I can take what I desire -
Believe you me, I am no liar.

I love to stare at her pretty face.
That's why I captured Princess Grace.

And now that silly prince I'll slaughter,
So I can wed the queen's fair daughter.

And keep her ever by my side,
I'm sure she'll make a lovely bride.

That stupid prince I truly hate,
He shall die - for that's his fate.

Come here dumb prince, come forth, come hither.
And I shall cut you to a sliver.

(Exeunt Wumble)

NAR: Through the forest the prince did race,
Till he heard the voice of Princess Grace.

Enter Prince Orloff.

PR: Hark! I think I hear the princess speak,
Perhaps I'll go and take a peek!

Enter Princesse Grace.

GR: "Romeo, Romeo,
Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

PR: Romeo, Romeo, I know not the name -
Prince Orloff is my claim to fame.

GR: "What's in a name?"
They're all the same!

Enter Wumble.

W: I've got you now, you slimy fish!
For dinner tonight, you'll be the dish.

NAR: Around the glen the prince did scan.
It was time to think of a very fast plan.

He looked at his hand and he saw the queen's sword.
To waste anymore time, he could not afford.

PR: Now good Malray will help me fight,
For evil shall perish before good's might!

NAR: And so the evil villain Wumble
Fought and yelled and felled and stumbled.

Breaking bones in both his legs,
To Prince Orloff, humbly begged!

W: Oh sir, I shall be sweet and good,
And only do as I should

PR: The Princess Grace I wish to wed.
The best kind of ogre is one who's dead!

W: Oh, Prince of fools, I wish you Hell!
(He expires.)

PR: Alas Poor Wumble, I knew him well.

"Good night, good night, parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say goodnight 'till it be morrow."

NAR: And so they left with joyous laughter,
And all lived happily ever after.

Through this whole play, we've quoted Willy,
And, we admit it has been silly!

We thank him for the lines he gave,
And hope he's not turning in his grave!
(Exeunt the Narrator)



DINING OUT IN THE SEVENTIES

CANADA: In October, 1970, Quebec restaurants were ravaged by the FLQ (Food Liberators of Quebec). One major British restaurant consultant was kidnapped - FLQ's reason was that he was plotting to infiltrate French Canadian markets with dull British colonial food. Soon after, a Quebec restaurateur was abducted and killed. These dastardly acts were followed by the Food Measures Act which enabled Health Inspectors to impound all inferior cuisine without a warrant. Canada's PM (Premier Maitre d') called all opposers of his measures "lily-livered meatloafs". The crisis concluded with the release of the Briton in exchange for a free meal in Cuba. The terrorists stated that the food was probably better there anyway! There, they found the food too spicy and took their exile to France where the food was more appetizing. However, in a few years, they were forced to leave France as they had served red wine with fish. Upon returning to Canada, they were sentenced to 20 years in the public restaurant service with pension.
WARNING: Ordering Dr. Pepper in a Quebecois restaurant is considered gauche.

When in Western Canada, it is strongly recommended to stay away from Alberta's Oilmen Restaurant. The food is quite good (if you like the tar sands flavour) but the Texas tea served afterwards is upsetting not only to the palette but to the pocketbook as well. (The tea costs \$5 per litre or \$80 a barrel!) The most recent federal PM, a member of the Progressive Cuisiniers (PC) was forced to resign his job. He had a tendency towards advertising one item in the menu but serving another. The extravagant prices and the surcharges on the cutlery were other major reasons for his downfall.

The decor of Canadian restaurants are 3/4 McDonald and 1/4 Roi de Frites. The repatriated service leaves a lot to be desired. On the whole though, dining out in Canada is an "experience" we could happily do without but are unfortunately subjected to as there is none better.
RATING: 2 1/2 Petrocans.

USA: The tie-died tablecloths and incense that once dominated American restaurants are gone as are the Jimi Hendrix and Black Sabbath tapes heard in such establishments. They have been replaced with Saturday Night Fever disco-glittered tablecloths;

the Bee Gees and Village People now offend the ear. The wallpaper is composed of shredded government documents.

A corrupt Maitre d' was involved in the "Watercress" scandal. At this restaurant, customers angrily complained about the bugs in their soup. The Maitre d' was exposed when his assistants, posing as chicken salesmen, were discovered trying to purloin a recipe for watercress from a rival chain. The new owner promises service with a southern drawl and decor is heavily Planters influenced.

The food has undergone several changes as well. The old Maitre d' favoured Vietnamese cuisine but it was a particularly disastrous Chow Mein dish and the failure of wok cuisine with the masses which led those items to be eliminated from the menu. To regain the restaurant's former prestige, the Maitre d' took a trip to China in hope of finding new recipes. This was not sufficient. The Watercress scandal, coupled with the discovery that he made French Fries with the Cuisinart, led the man to resign. The current management favours anything with Skippy; Persian dishes are in strong disfavour; Middle Eastern dishes were not oily enough and were found to induce headaches.

RATING: 4 meals with Mr. Bill.

USSR: Little is known regarding the actual goings on of Soviet restaurant businesses. Secret recipes are kept from domestic as well as foreign customers. Branches of Soviet restaurants have, in recent years, opened in Vietnam, Afghanistan and Angola to go along with their established worldwide interests in Cuba, Poland, Albania, Czechoslovakia, etc. etc. Despite the ageing of their master chef, Soviet restaurants seem intent on expanding their spheres of influence. The "Kitchen Gourmet Board" (KGB), which represents the Union of Soviet Socialist Restaurants, and their American rival Union "Cuisine Institute of America" (CIA) have also expanded their influence internationally on the management of restaurants. As the 80s begin, the two groups are fighting for control of several key markets in the Middle East. Service: All named Ivan or Vladimir. Decor: Five Year Plan.
RATING: 3 hammers and sickles.

AFGHANISTAN: Afghani restaurants

are fiercely ritualistic. However, at present, they have their hands full trying to fight a takeover bid from a mighty conglomerate. Help from other independent restaurants and a rival conglomerate may be forthcoming but as of now, Afghani restaurants are in a desperate battle to keep their primitive culture alive. Service: Incoherent. Decor: 18th century.
RATING: 3 lbs. of yak blubber.

CAMBODIA: Despite the limited dishes available in their menus, Cambodian restaurants have changed house specialties three times in the last few years - from hamburgers to Peking duck to borscht. (Beets us as to why!) Service: Prompt but extremely skinny. Decor: Nepal inspired.
RATING: 1 bowl of rice.

TURKEY: Turkish restaurants have been relatively stable in the 70s. Their course reflects the ancient history and culture of the Turks. The specialty of the house is Midnight Express for those trying to smuggle their Turkish delights out of the country. There has been rapidly growing discontent recently among restaurateurs of the "ketchup influence" on Turkish cuisine. Do not be surprised if foreign owned restaurants in Turkey are nationalized in the 80s. Service: Fowl. Decor: Early Pilgrim.
RATING: 3 limp fezzes.

EAST GERMANY: A nice place to visit but you wouldn't want to be caught dead eating there. Everyone in East Germany is on a training diet for the Olympics and therefore, the only meal served is the East German breakfast of Champions-Veaties. Our request for Big Macs was met with open hostility. When we regained consciousness, we found ourselves in a Kitchen Gourmet Board (KGB) establishment. After debriefing and brainwashing as well as a drop of pepto-bismal, we were sent on our way. Service: Nein. Decor: Spanish Inquisition style.
RATING: 1 1/2 holes in the Berlin Wall.

ENGLAND: English restaurants are not as world renowned as they used to be. They entered the 70s in bad form financially and hit rock bottom in 1973-74 when they barely averted bankruptcy by obtaining a multibillion dollar loan from the International Restaurant Fund. In recent years, English restaurants have achieved a great recovery with a new female master chef and the introduction of PP

DINING OUT IN THE SEVENTIES

soup into their menus. Service: Usually on strike. Decor: Stuffy.
RATING: 3 1/2 cups of tea.

NORTHERN IRELAND: Irish restaurants are still reluctantly under colonial control. Some militant Irish restaurant workers have formed the "Irish Restaurant Army" (IRA). They frequently set off bombs in British restaurants and will stop at nothing to gain independence. There is a distinct religious flavour to Irish restaurants. As well, there is internal strife in Northern Ireland as gourmets are divided equally over the age old question "Should fish be served on Friday?" Service: Hostile. Decor: An appalling shade of green.
RATING: 3 hand grenades.

UGANDA: As we entered the sweltering hut, we noticed a proliferation of carelessly draped Scottish tartan. Morgue overtones were everywhere and dining at this restaurant has only recently become safe. The previous Maître d' made things most unpleasant as white visitors, especially Israelis, were not welcome. His dislike of Israelis came about when a few hundred Israelis swarmed into the restaurant without reservations. The roast cabinet minister was only for the adventurous. Customers were known to disappear before their meal arrived. Although a new menu has not been introduced, it is doubtful that it will be as Palestinian as its predecessor.
RATING: 1 conqueror of the British Empire.

ITALY: Dining out in Italy is fine if price is of no object. People on limited budgets are advised to pay their bill when ordering as restaurant prices are known to go up while you eat your meal. In an effort to make payment easier, most Italian restaurants have provided good facilities for the parking of wheelbarrows. The only danger to restaurant goers is from the militant Red Brigade of take-out restaurants who butcher people and deliver while hot. The Red Brigade can ruin an otherwise enjoyable meal. Service: Usually on strike. Decor: Spaghetti on the wall.
RATING: 3 bars of Gucci soap.

IRAN: McDonald restaurants of Iran have been taken over by a mad man who serves only fillet-o-fish seven days a week. As well, muzak is no longer

heard and restauranteurs are most unfriendly to foreigners. Iranians believe that Westerners want to bring back "Big Macs" against the will of the people. Service: Hostile rantings. Decor: Nationalistic.
RATING: 2 hostages.

PANAMA: (With special guest reviewer, Chico Escuela) "I have been asked to talk about the decor. Decor, I don't know but the Shah been berry berry good to me. The Shah tell me service is good berry good. No Extradition. Panama been berry berry good to the Shah. Food, I don't know."
RATING: 3 baseballs; 1 bomb on the Ayatollah.

SOUTH AMERICA: Although security was tight, the Maître d' was overthrown several times during the course

of the meal. Shooting was sporadic and a mortar blast upsetted the gazpacho. The menu was highly original and varied but is constantly being revised. For example, a Chilean head chef was thought to be serving too much borscht lately by American customers. The Cuisine Institute of America (CIA) objected to this and revoked the chef's wine license. The Argentinian beef stew quadrupled in price by the time the check arrived. The Columbian dish had to be sent back as it was illegal. German food was surprisingly plentiful in Paraguay along with various SS Agents. Grape Kool-Aid "à la Jonestown" is not recommended. Service: Poor. Decor: Highly military in design with walls ornamented with brass howitzer shells and stuffed heads of revolutionaries.
RATING: 3 coup d'états.



Lydia Pinkas

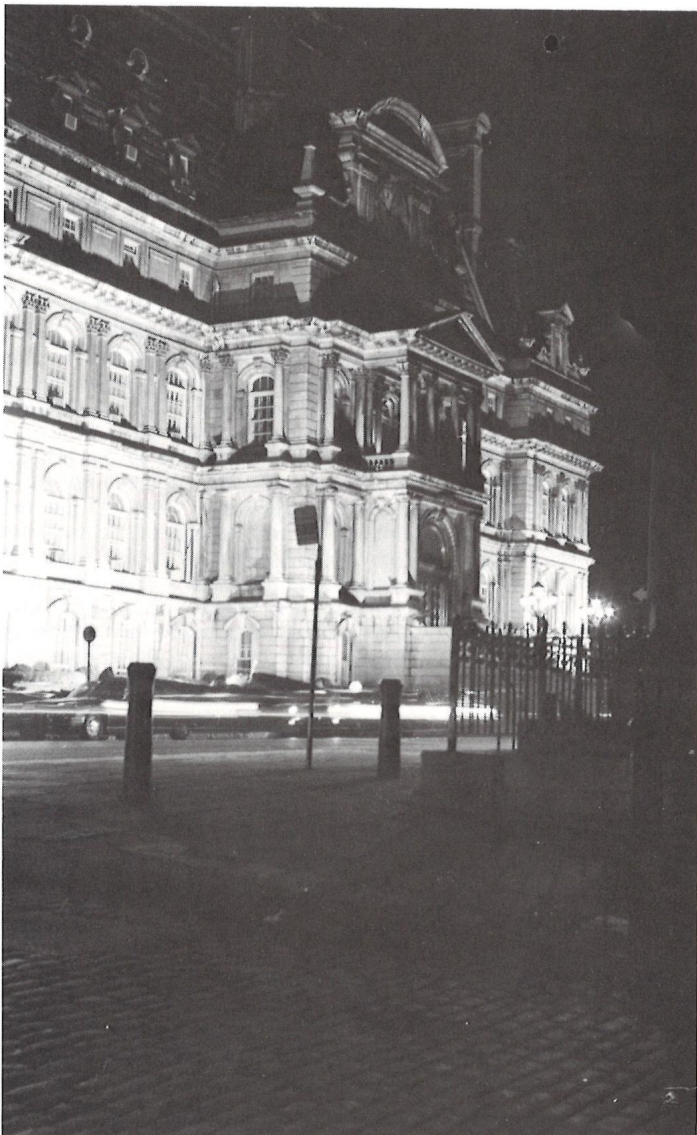
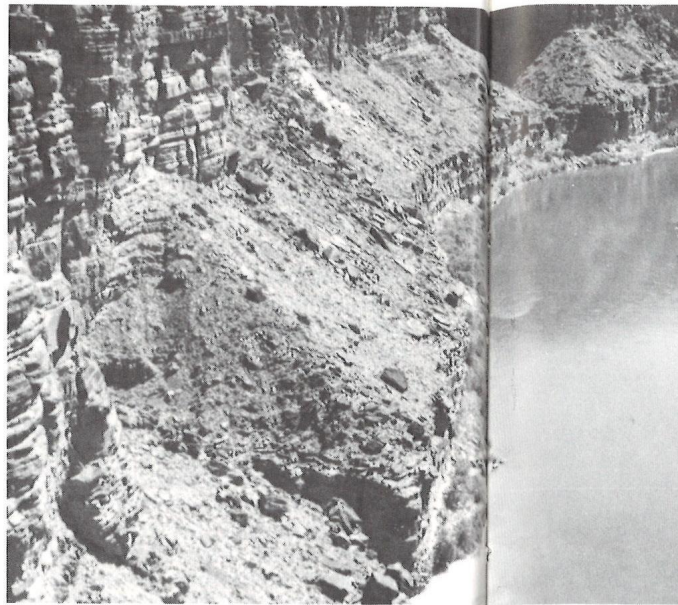
happy digestion!

Gastronomical Experts:
Clifford Moss
David Chalk
Eric Gedajlovic

"CANADIAN SUNSET"
a broad horizon of brilliant Blue, etched with blazing streaks of Red which fade to the cool sparkle of stars so White, overwhelms the tiny wilting Maple.



Michael Takefman



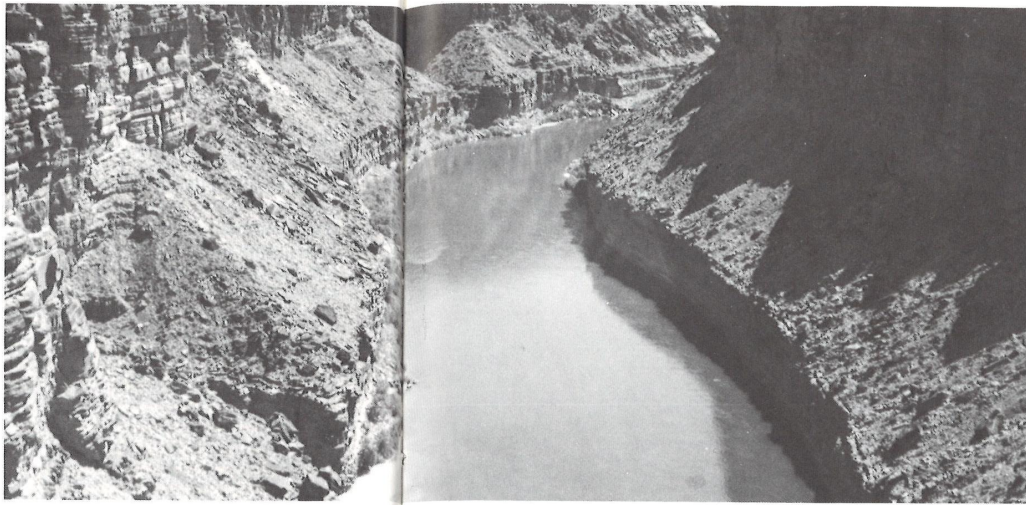
Howard Gersor



Stuart Pinsky

Zoar Ben-Eliezer

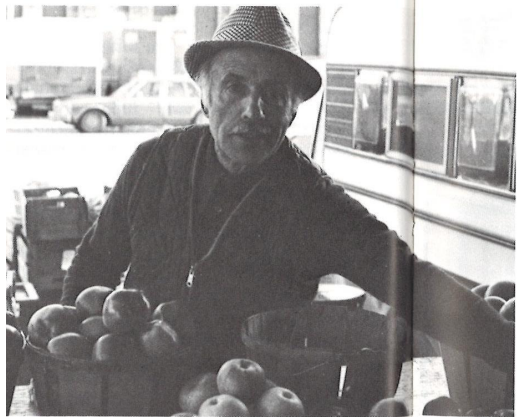




Mitchell Fagan



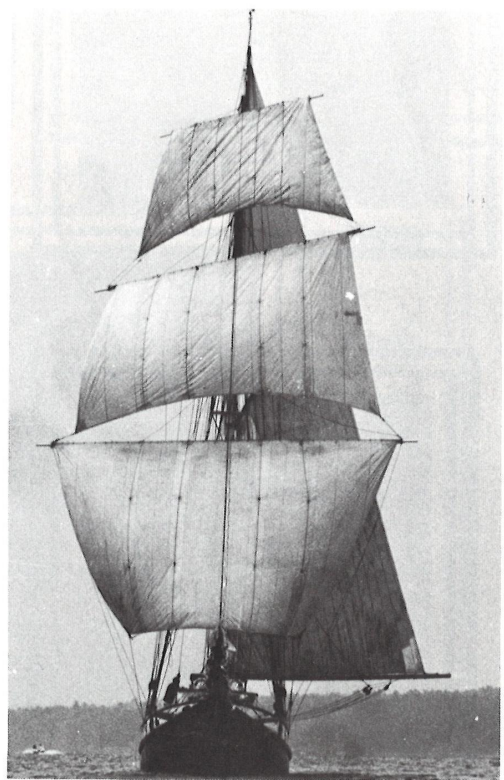
Stuart Pinsky



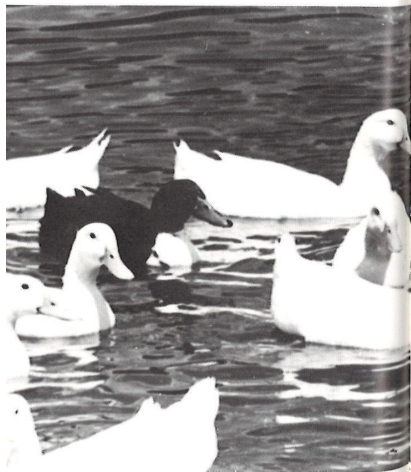
Stuart Pinsky



Zoar Ben-Eliezer

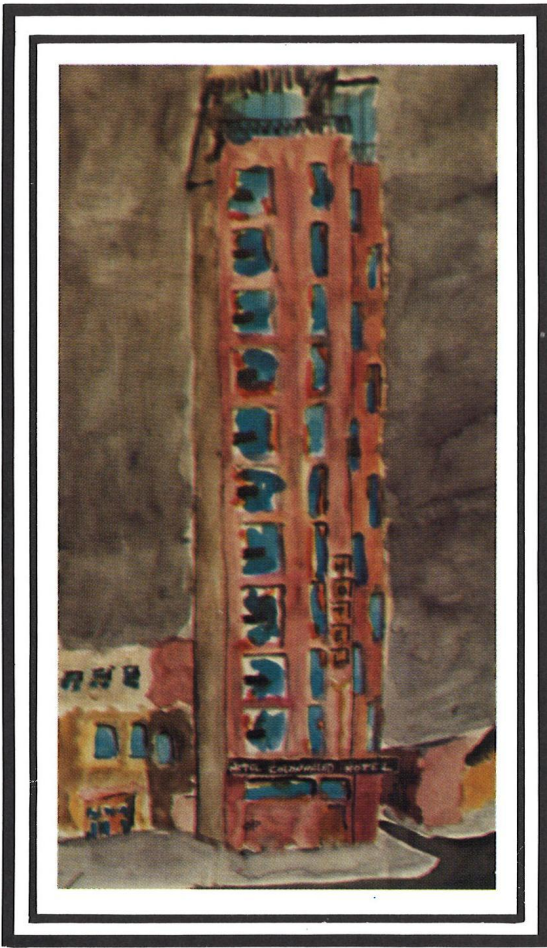


Mitchell Fagan

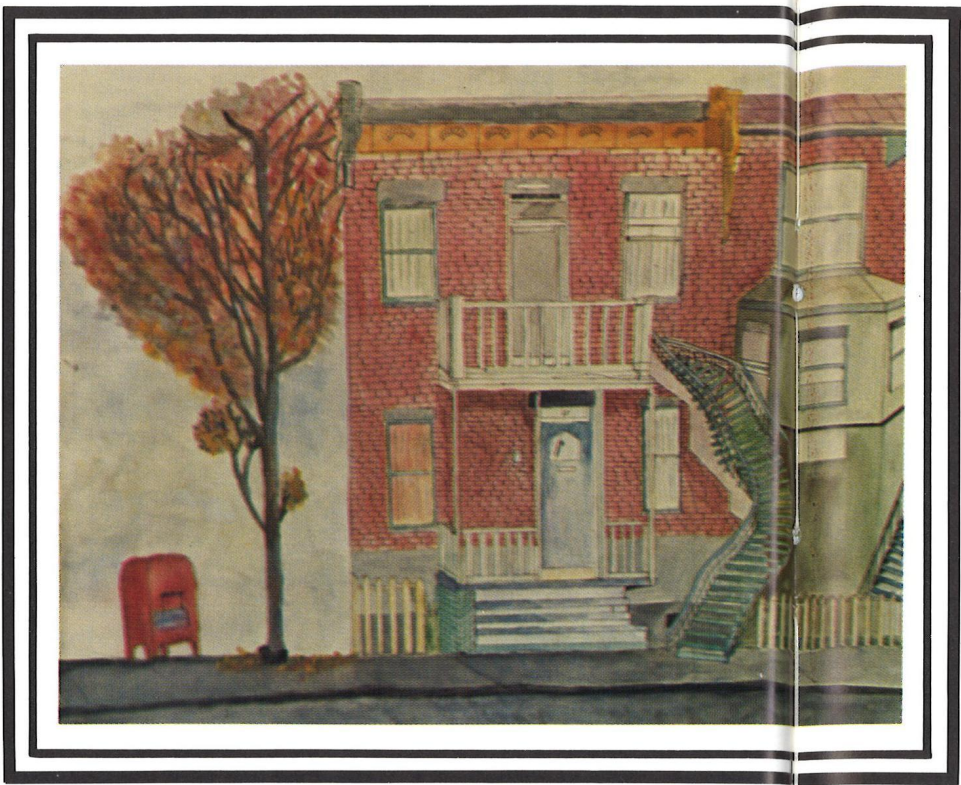


Stuart Pinsky

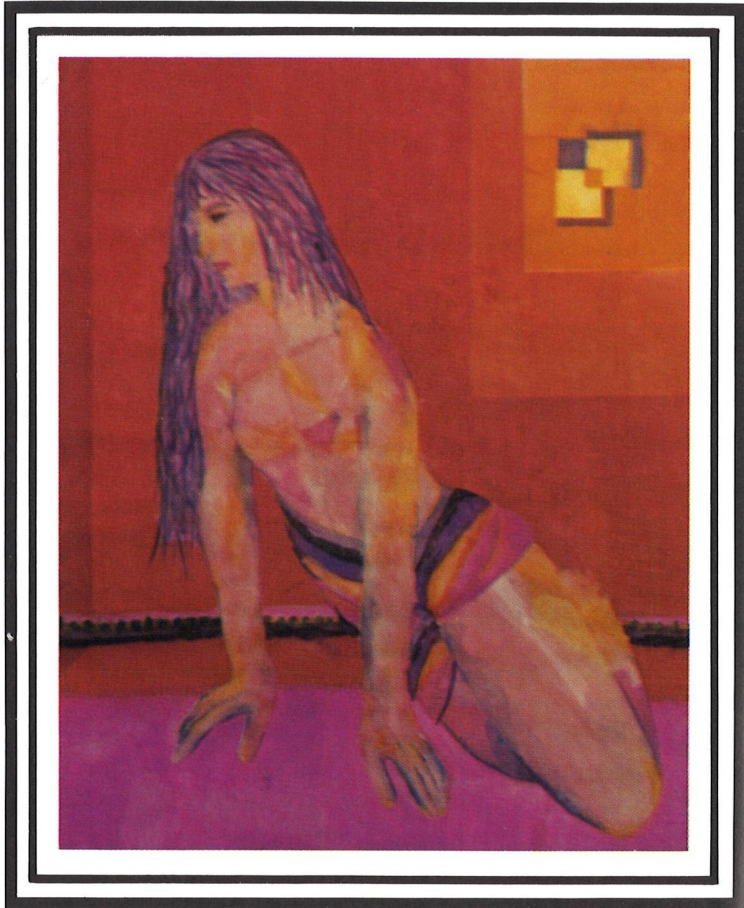
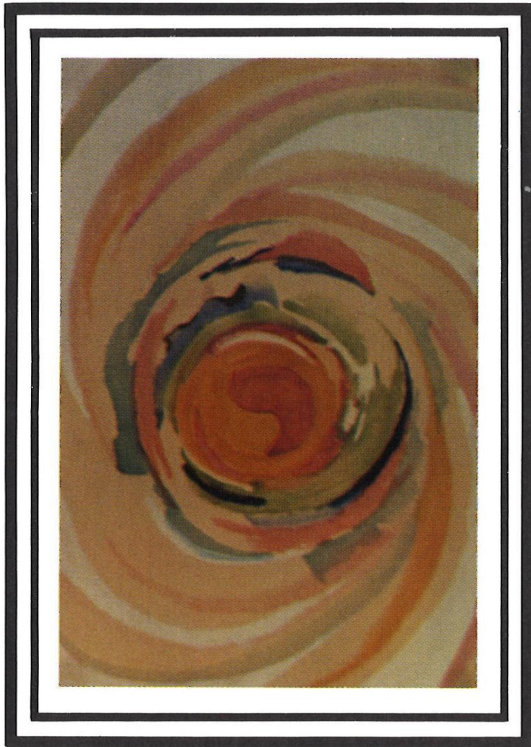
PHOTOGRAPHY

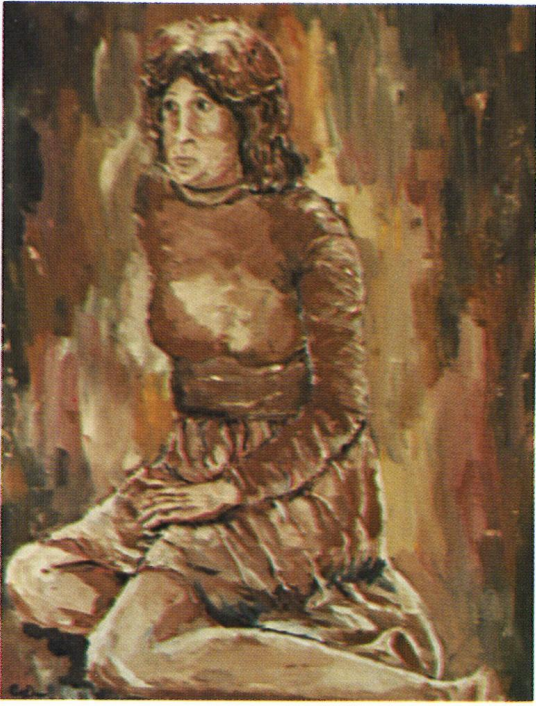


KEVIN SEGAL
BILLY BLOOM

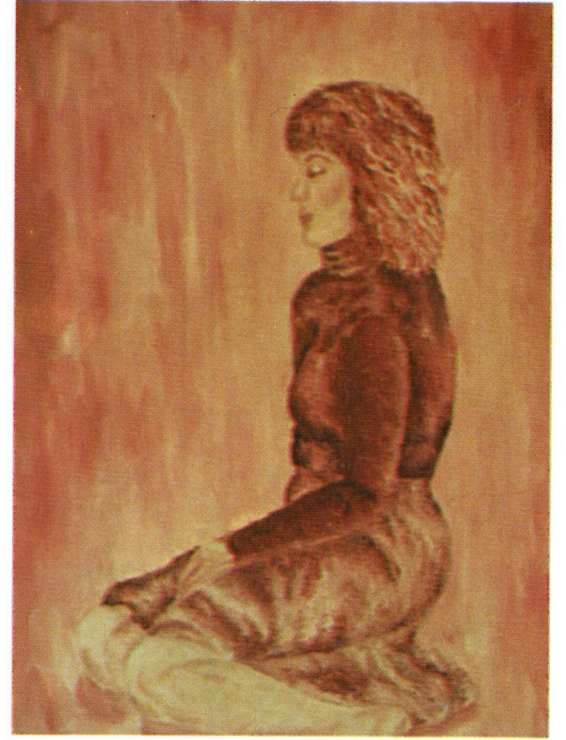


JULIA WAKS
VERONICA LAM

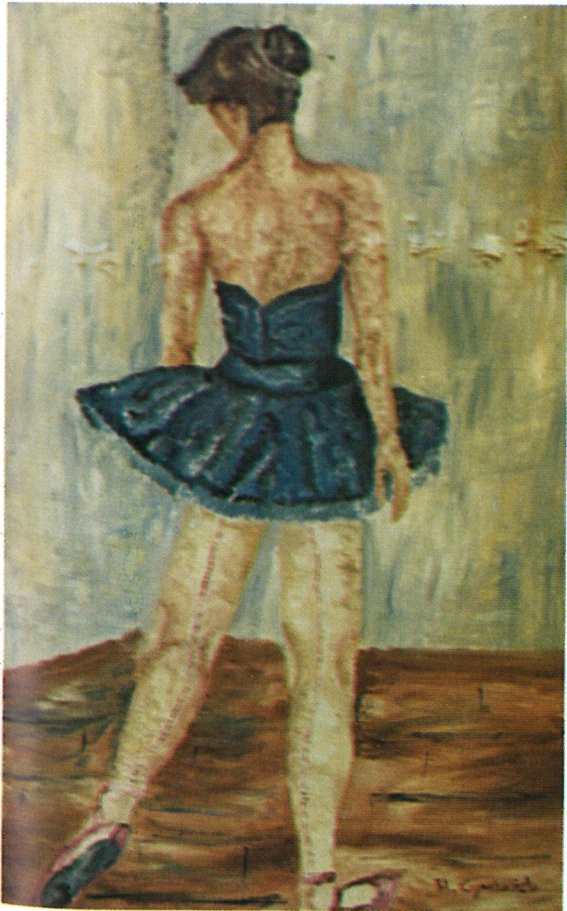




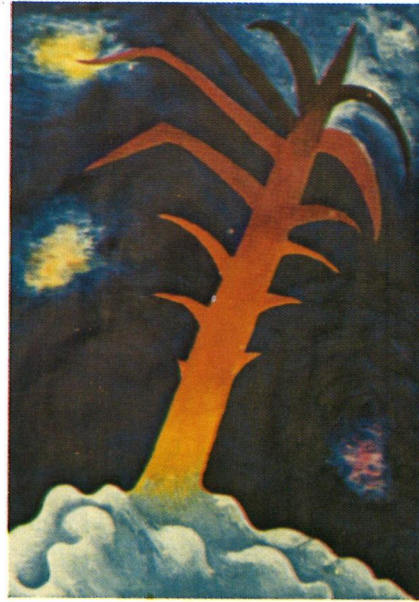
MICHAEL
DINER



SANDRA SEBAG



GAIL AGENSKY



HANNA
CYMBALISTA

1980 ART

ART

LA FAISAN

Le faisan s'élance à tire d'aile
Dans les cieus bleus et calmes.
Il éclate de couleurs vivantes.
Il s'étire' il voltige;
Il plane, il pique.
Il est libre, il me rend heureuse.
Il est innocent et je l'envie.
Mais un coup de feu interrompt le silence
Et brise la ronde du faisan.
L'oiseau n'est plus libre.
Il appartient, désormais, au chasseur.

Nathalie Castiel



CHAMPS PERDU

Perdu
Dans l'espace où
Le temps est perdu
Dans les ages
Quand le monde est grand
Extravagant miraculeux
Le soleil
Partant de la lumière
Brillante
Vie
Autour de moi
Le Champs . . .
Qui est Perdu?

Barry Goodman

REFLECTIONS

cry . . .
cry your infinite pools of
tears
that reflect your
dreams and memories -
tears
of a broken love affair
that fall silently
onto your heart
where they eventually

freeze.

Jo-dee Brandman

Sentimental fool that I am,
I cannot let go of the past.
Perhaps my clutching
to the things long gone
Is but a sham,
Hiding my fears of the present
And of destiny already cast.

Virginia Lam



VERONICA LAM

VICTORY

We were together
And were promised
Victory.

Each day, victory was pressed on us;
We became conceited and vain,
It sounded good,
Victory.

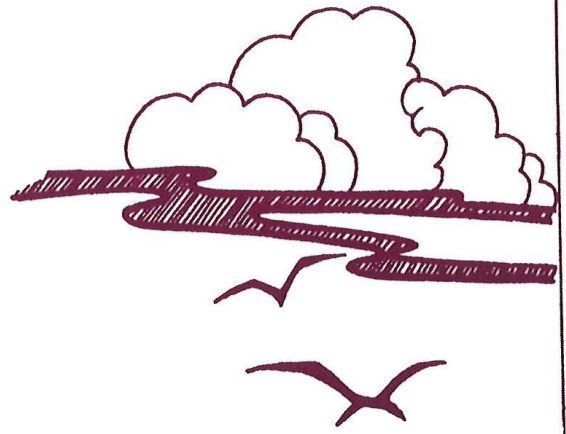
It gave us a sense of power,
One simple word,
Victory.

The Big Day came,
We were sick and tired
But we had to keep alive
Because on that day,
We had to claim,
Victory.

His arms around me,
we waited for the fatal word,
But heard only death defining phrases;
We just turned away in disgust,
Our pride slipped through our wet hands
onto the bottomless floor.

Victory,
We lost it.
Victory,
We never had it.
Victory,
We cried.

Rudmilla Cumlavi



LIFE

a journey through dimensions
crossing eternity,
forever gone,
never here,
sometimes coming.

a miniscule speck of sand
running through
the
everglass,
never commencing,
forever halting,
futile.

Liz Perez



A CONVERSATION

by Mark Cytrynbaum

"But what do you mean when you say 'they'? I don't understand what you mean by that."

" 'They' are the ones who are responsible, the businessmen, the head honchos, 'whoever'."

"But they're just out to make a buck. It's the people's fault, not theirs. Besides, it's a huge industry. What would happen if it folded overnight?"

"There would be a population explosion for sure."

"The question is on whether or not it is worth it. You obviously don't think it's worth it."

"I knew someone who thought it was worth it. He's dead now."

"How'd he die?"

"His house burned down."

"I'm sorry."

"Sure."

"Listen, it was in his hands. How can you blame anyone but him? It's like blaming General Motors when someone drives one of their cars off of a bridge, on purpose."

"People are imperfect, very imperfect. You've heard that classic story of the little kid being lulled into it. You think it's the fault of that little impressionable kid?"

"We've got a big problem."

"A big one."

"They were just numbers to me."

"Come to think of it, I knew someone. But it was so very long ago."

"I remember seeing them in school, walking down the halls. They said it was nothing but they were always going outside. Day in and day out. When they came in, you knew them and everyone who was near them knew them"

"You sound obsessed with this."

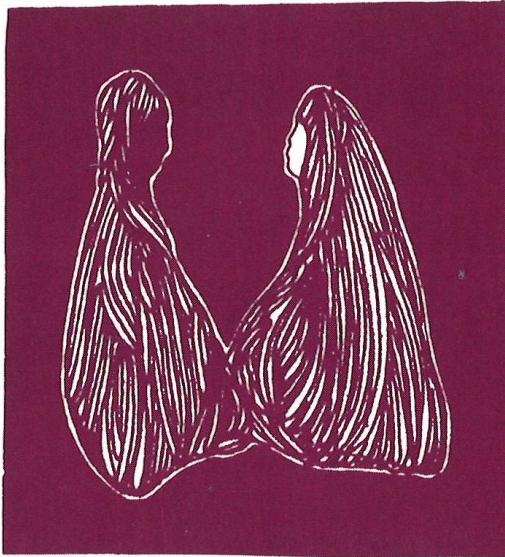
"I guess I am. It seems so useless."

"For some people, it's a big help."

"For others, it isn't"

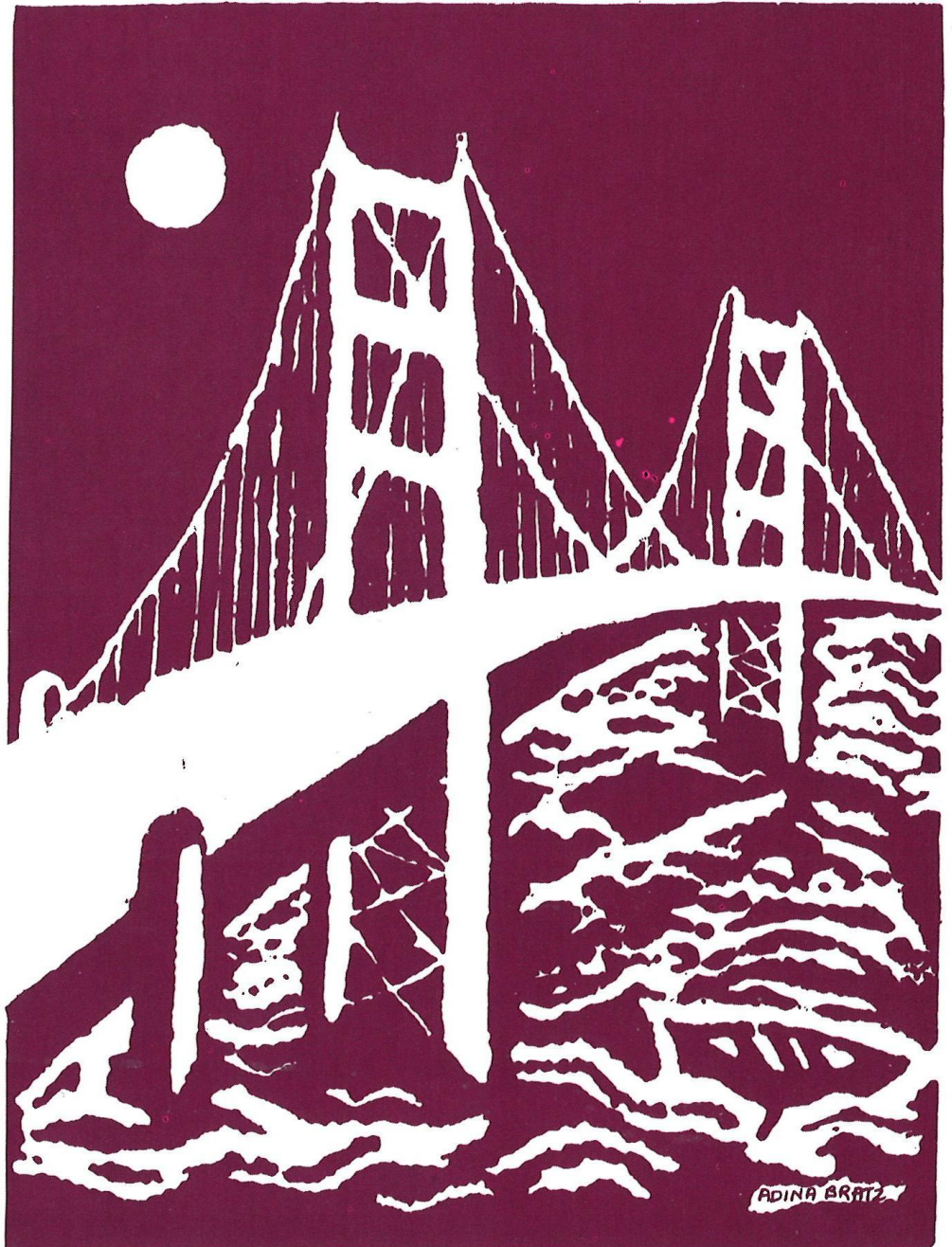
"I guess it's the kind of society we live in."

"I guess so."



"Crazy!" they say
As they lock me away
And they stare at me,
Poke at me,
Laugh in my face,
"Madness!" they cry
As they look in my eye
They can't see
That I'm free
From the laws of this place.
"Hopeless!" they shout
As they kick me about
And they bruise me
And beat me
And treat me with scorn,
"Pity," I smile,
For I've known all the while
That they'll try
And they'll cry
But I'll never conform.

Randa Helfield



Once I was a little girl
Who had yet to taste life.
Living was
Laughing, telling secrets
And jumping rope.
Then I met you, and
Dreams . . .

Once I was a teenager
With clothes and infatuations.
I hurt but it helped me -
You didn't watch; you left me.
I grew up alone - I learned to
Love . . .

Now I am a woman
And Fate has guided
My life
Back to you - after all that time,
Over all those miles;
Dreams, to love
You . . .

Karen Rothman

