

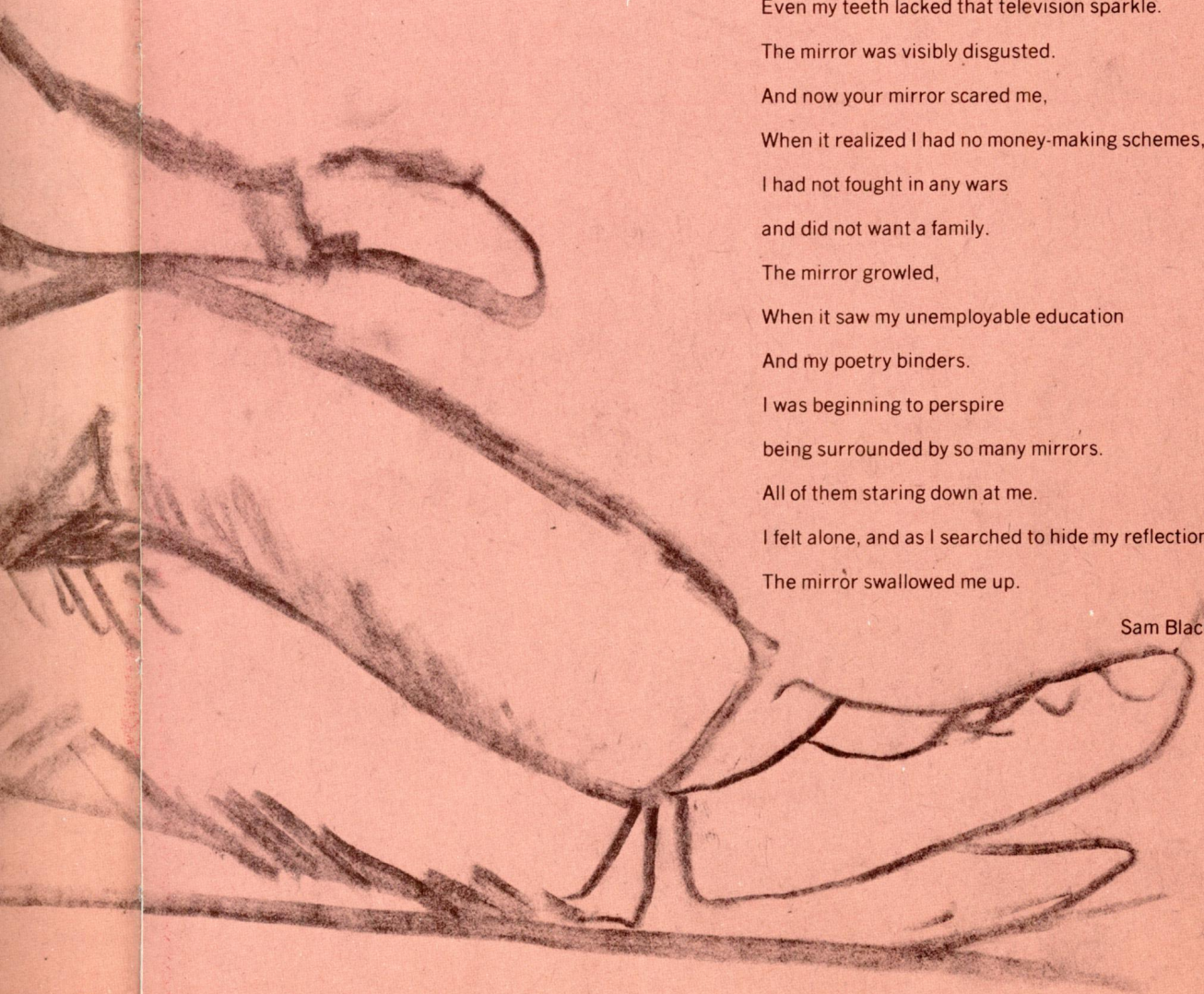
CREATIVITA



ODE TO THE AMERICAN HOSTAGES
by Shelley Flam

Once upon a time in Iran,
A US Diplomat wrote to his wife, "Dear Anne,
I'm afraid that this letter will be difficult to read,
As I'm blindfolded, and these militants refuse to cede.
I've been treated well, and the food is first rate,
But I get indigestion when I contemplate my fate.
Actually we've been entertained very well,
Although we may never live to tell.
Idi Amin dropped by the other day,
We're the first to know he's a celebrated gay.
Trudeau paid a visit on his way back from France,
He said Maggie's finally returned from her trance.
We received a peanut candy-gram from Carter,
For eating those I must really be a martyr!
I haven't been brainwashed, don't worry about that,
And torture is limited, they only use a bat.
I must admit, I have one major complaint
I refuse to visit the outhouse, for fear I may faint.
I must sign off, I know I'll see you some day,
That is if Iraq gets its own way!"





REFLECTIONS

I gazed in your mirror

And tears trickled.

I was an ogre;

My belly was unusually large

And my knowledge of fashion petit.

My hair was dishevelled in no particular order,

Even my teeth lacked that television sparkle.

The mirror was visibly disgusted.

And now your mirror scared me,

When it realized I had no money-making schemes,

I had not fought in any wars

and did not want a family.

The mirror growled,

When it saw my unemployable education

And my poetry binders.

I was beginning to perspire

being surrounded by so many mirrors.

All of them staring down at me.

I felt alone, and as I searched to hide my reflection,

The mirror swallowed me up.

Sam Black

WAITING TO SAY HELLO

There was a hole in his life,
Yet he wanted to dig deep.
The pain slashed him like a knife,
And the blood began to seep.

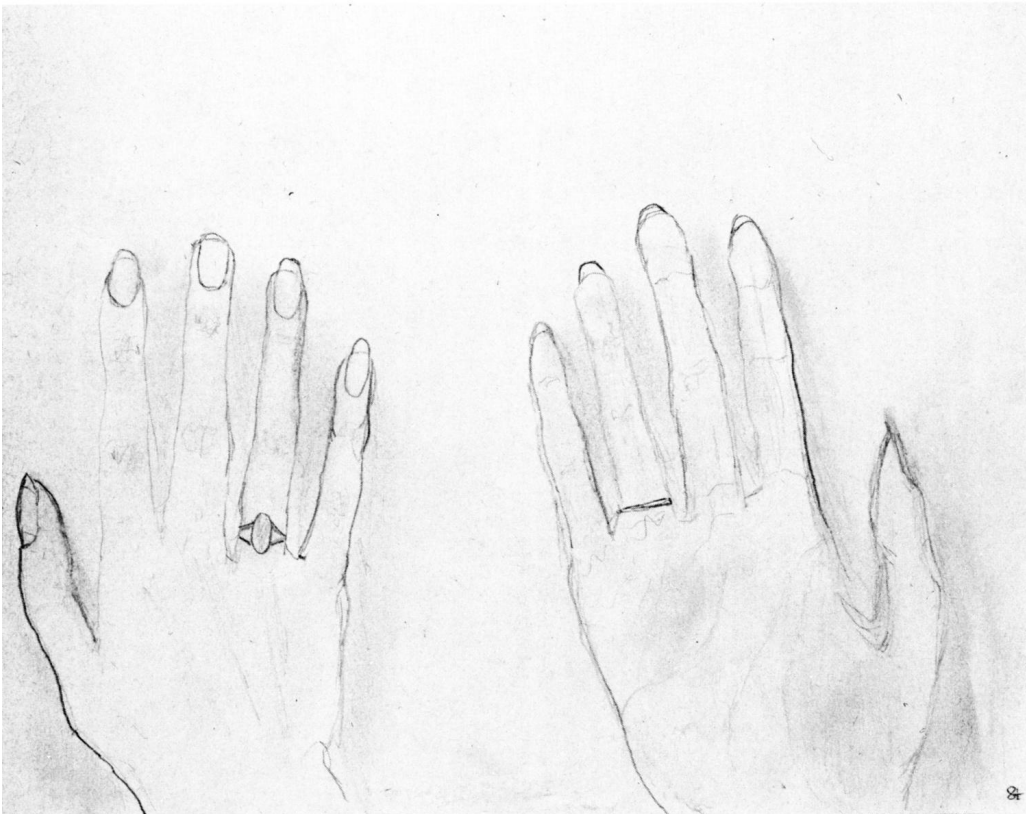
He asked himself where they'd gone,
(They were better off away).
He watched the wild game of con,
That he'd never have to play.

He prayed his heroes would return,
And wished that Time would wait.
He hoped that someday Hate would burn,
Maybe Love would dominate.

As he clutched his mind with his heart,
The blood began to flow.
He waited now to come apart;

Little Wing soon'd say hello.

Anonymous



I have felt lonely,
forgotten
Or even left out,
Set apart,
From the world.
I never wanted out,
If anything,
I wanted in.

- Dee Skelton

SHALLOW WATERS

By: Harry Perlman

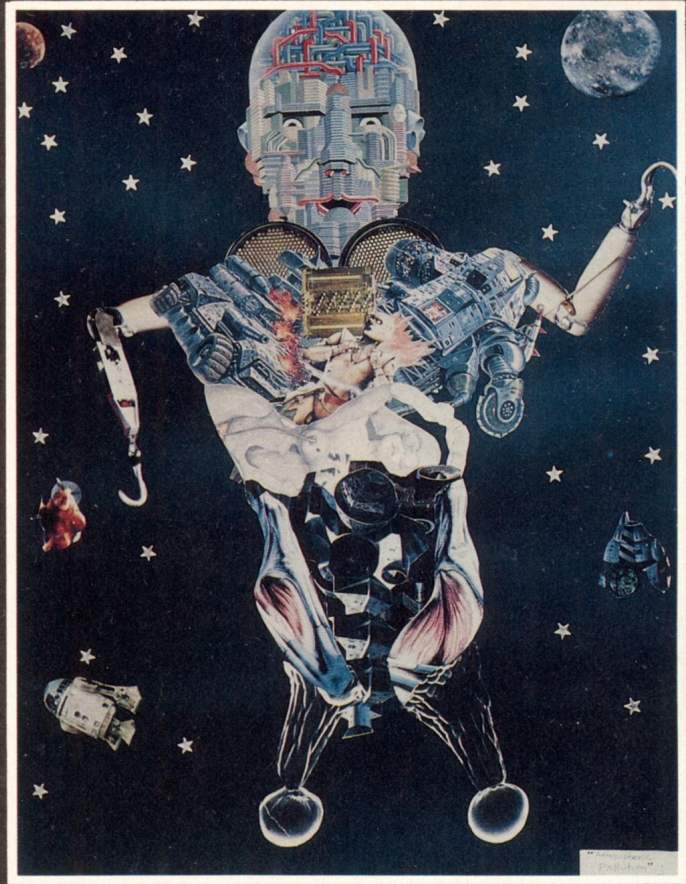
You walk down the halls
Your head hung "high."
Different! sound the calls
You don't understand and you don't even try,
To see within yourself - What is right?
Your future is weary
Something's sad: make light,
Of a situation so dreary
And tomorrow
When you step down from the high chair
The easy chair lead to sorrow
It's time to cry, but still you don't dare . . .
"What will they think of me"
I have my image to protect
Look as far as you can see,
But never beyond your own micro-sect.

You a follower of your four fathers
Religion, School, Father, and Friends,
Remember, you can drown in shallow waters.
The Ends.





Fabienne Michot

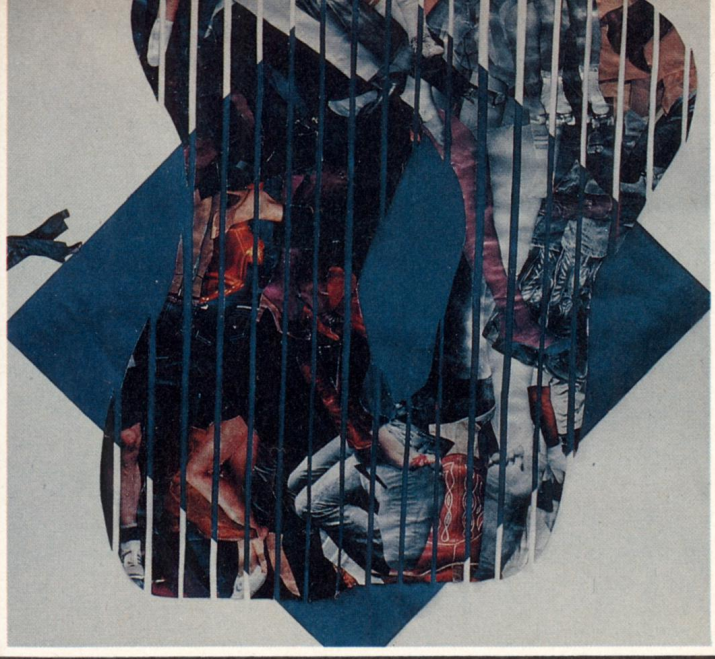


Steven Faigen

ART

Fabienne Michot





Randy Cutler



Rhonda Kurt

Michael Diner



The halls are quiet now; the doors are closed and locked. Exams are finished; I must be the only one here. It's all blurred - I can't see well (Why did they shut the lights?). Everything is overlapped in shadows, tone on tone. But I remember these once-bustling halls, where I walked, and ran, led my life for four years:

The shouts, laughs, titters,
Screams, whispers, snickers,
Crashes, slams, sneezes,
Coughs, dries, hiccups,
Whistles, grunts, sighs;

The bitterness of the arguments,
The light chatter between casual friends,
The stinging insults between enemies,
The intense emotions of thousands of people.

The incessant thumps of basketballs in the gym,
The driving vividness of speeches (people clapping),
Movies and assorted shows in the A-V room,
The booming of the gym speakers with
pop songs, rock, disco, punk and new wave
For the various school dances;

The clicking of a projector in a darkened room.

People in the ticket-wicket
Imploring others to buy
Whatever it was at the moment;
The slap-slap of wet shoes
On damp, rainy days,
The crunch of snow-covered shoes
On crisp, sunny winter days,
The clip-clop of clogs, the tac-tac of pumps;

The fluttering of the blinds on hot, windy days,
The whirring of pencil-sharpeners;

The clanking of plates
And unbearable roar of voices
In the cafeteria,
The soothing quietness in the library,
The grind of saws from the industrial arts room,
And the tapping and ringing from the typing rooms,

The dit-dit-dit-dit of chalk on a clean board;
And the squawk when it wasn't held right;
The clattering or rearranged wooden desks,
And the fog-horn vibrations from the metal ones;

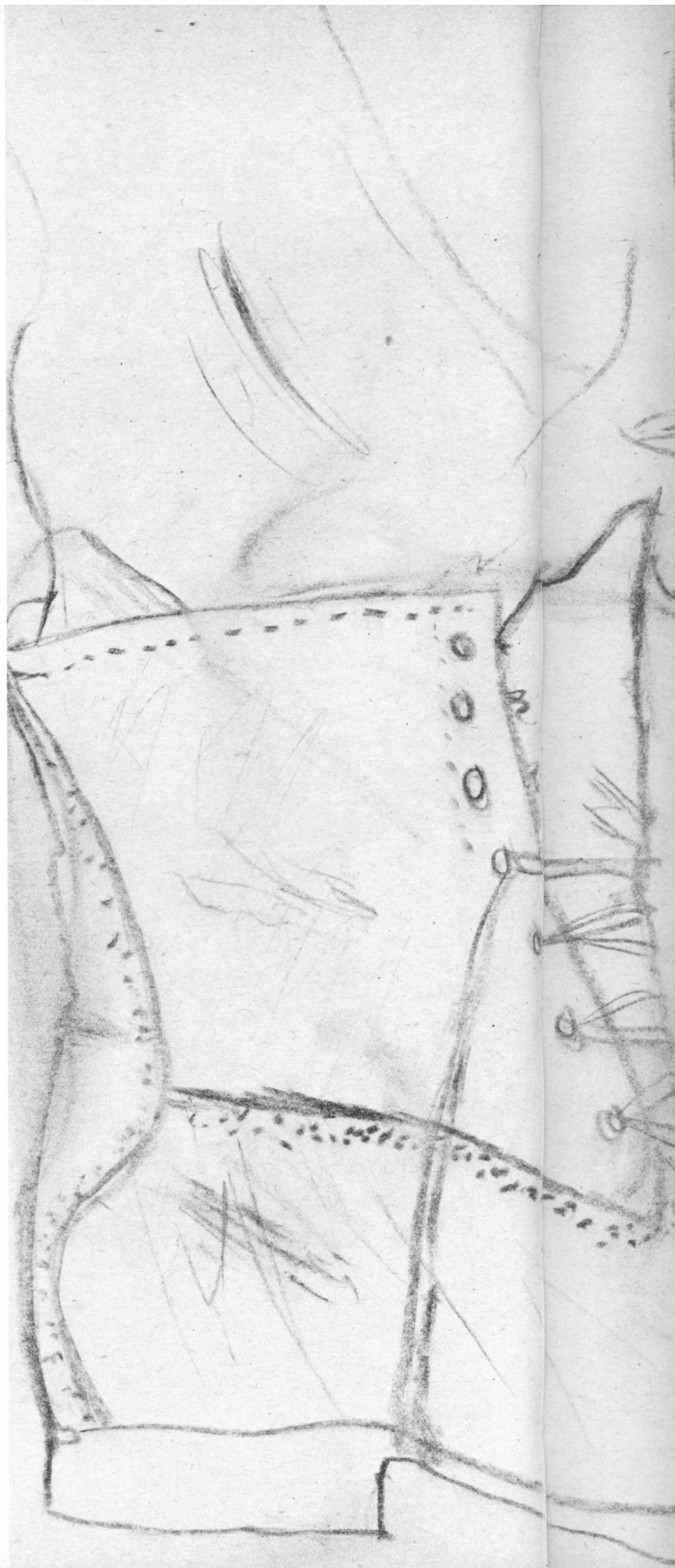
Long rulers banging metal filing cabinets
(Deep drum-roll) for attention.

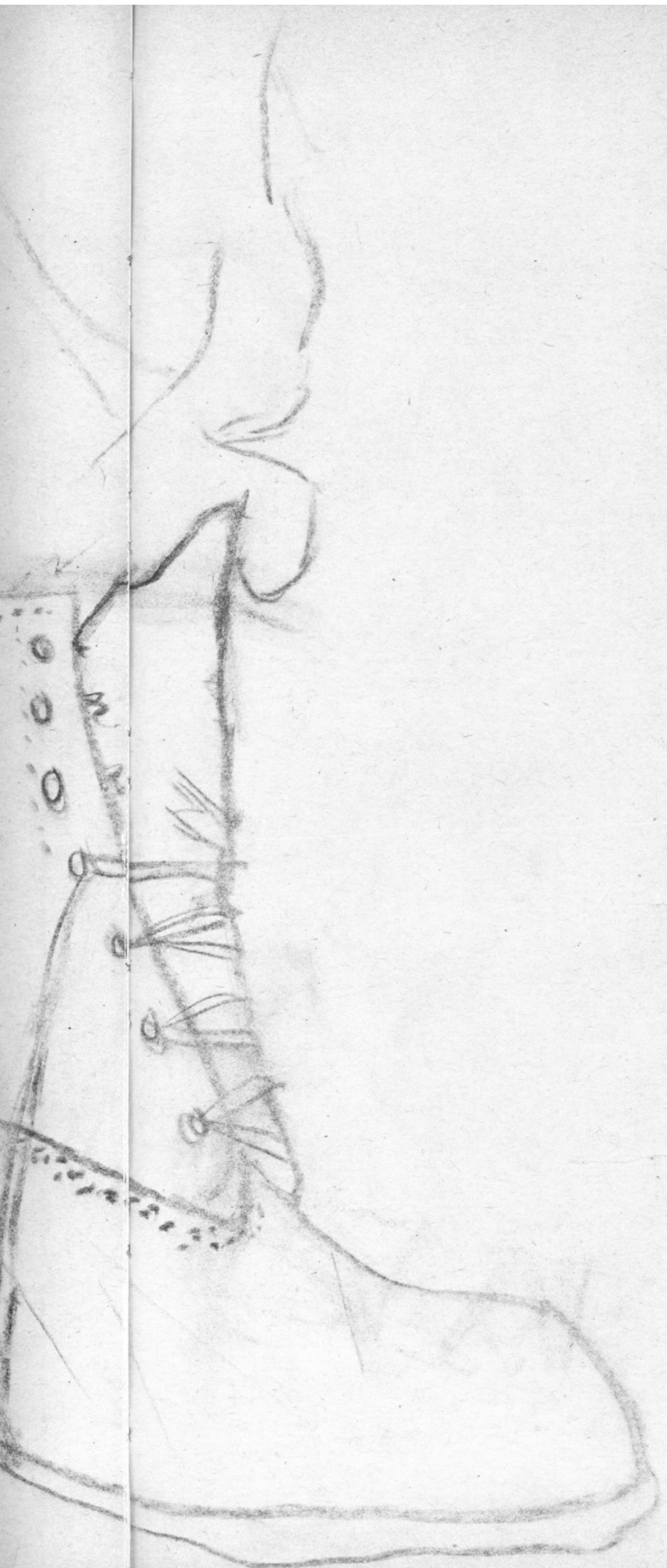
A lone instrument in the music room.
The nasal buzzer of the janitor,
The measured clang of the fire alarm,
And of course the dismissal and return bells;

The scribbling of last-minute work,
The thud of dropped books,
The echoed slam of shut lockers,
The clicks of combination locks.

The cries of seagulls in the parking lot
On a late autumn afternoon, and
The beeps of cars driving students home
After a long day . . .

All of these, so much a part of me,
And I leave them behind.



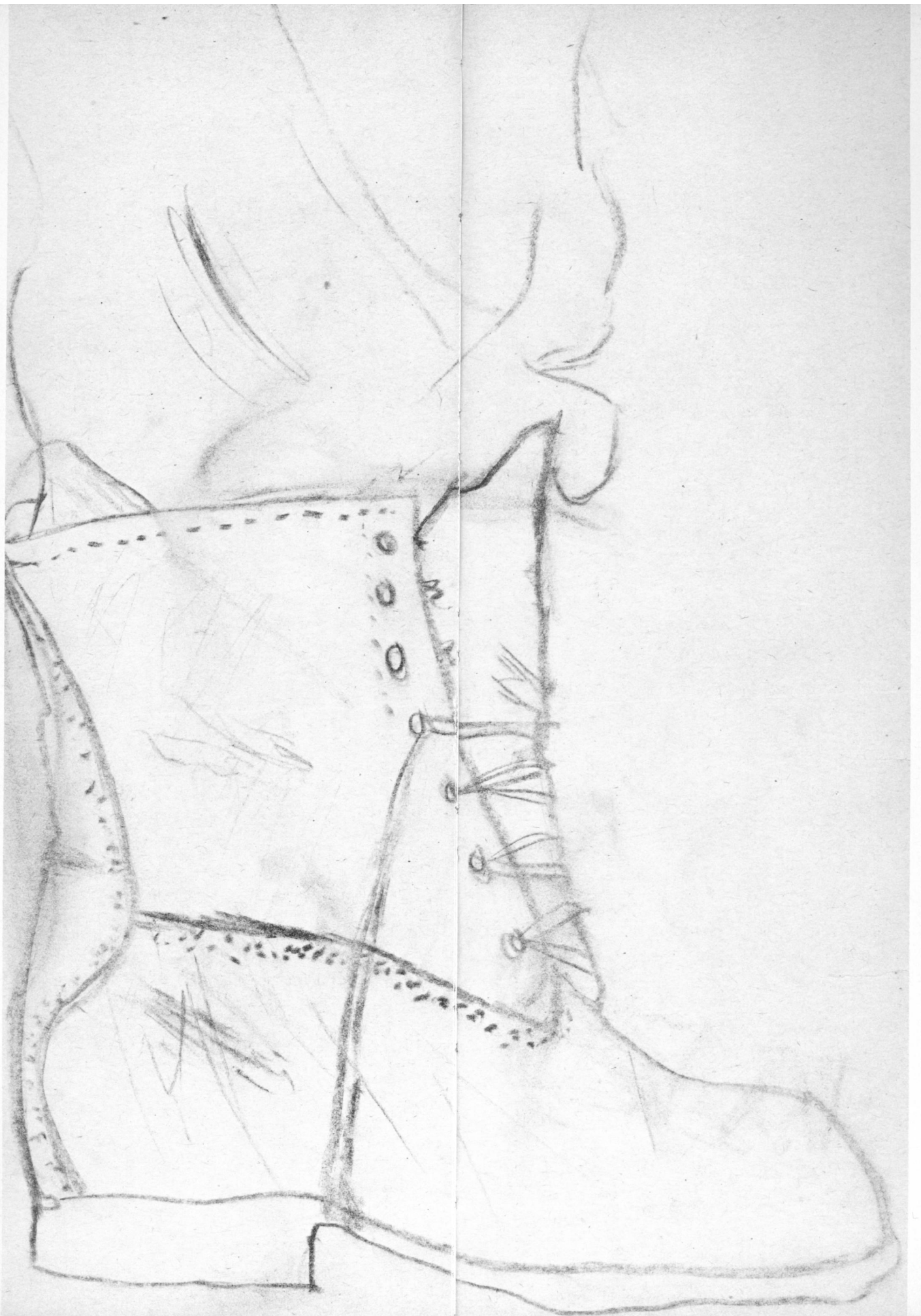


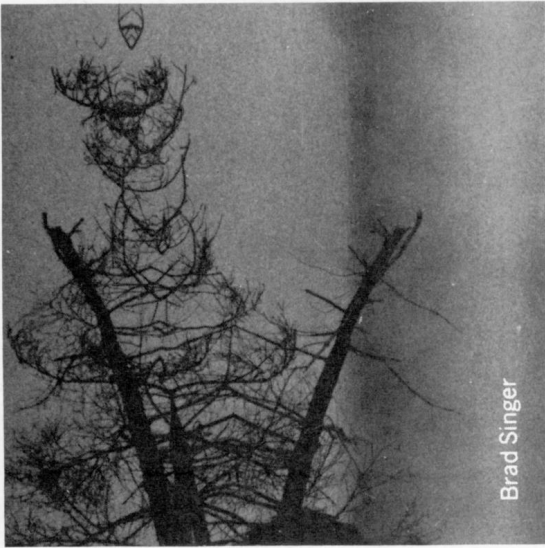
THE CONVERSATION

Our friendship started with the play,
It was also on my birthday,
From then until last week we said hi,
Last Thursday I borrowed your bike, which was fun,
And after we sat and talked until we were done!
We played frisbee and went for a ride,
And I found out all about your good side.
A lot happened on those two days,
Remember, we also talked about gays,
Now the school year has come to an end,
And I hope that we will still remain friends.
You live across the street, so I know we'll keep in touch,
But I just thought you should know,
I cherish your friendship
very much.

Anonymous

ked. Exams
red - I can't
overlapped
ce-bustling





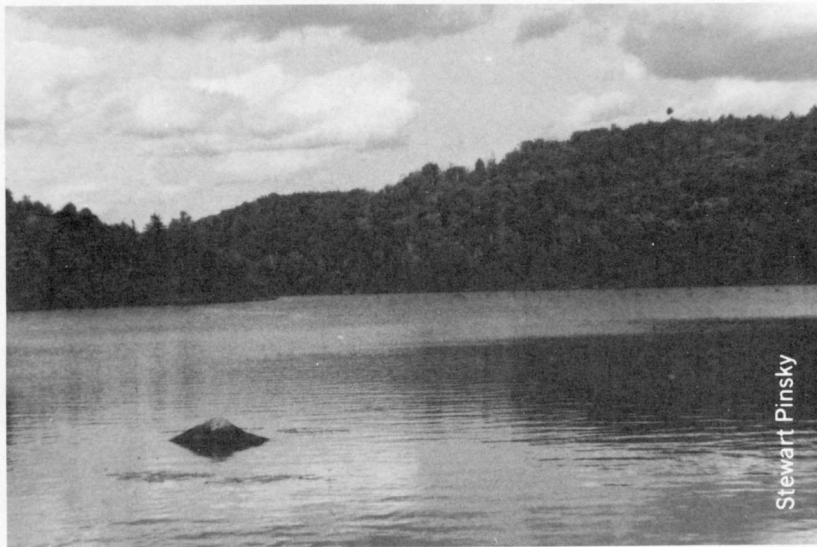
Brad Singer



Stewart Pinsky



Stewart Pinsky



Stewart Pinsky

PHOTOGRAPHY

