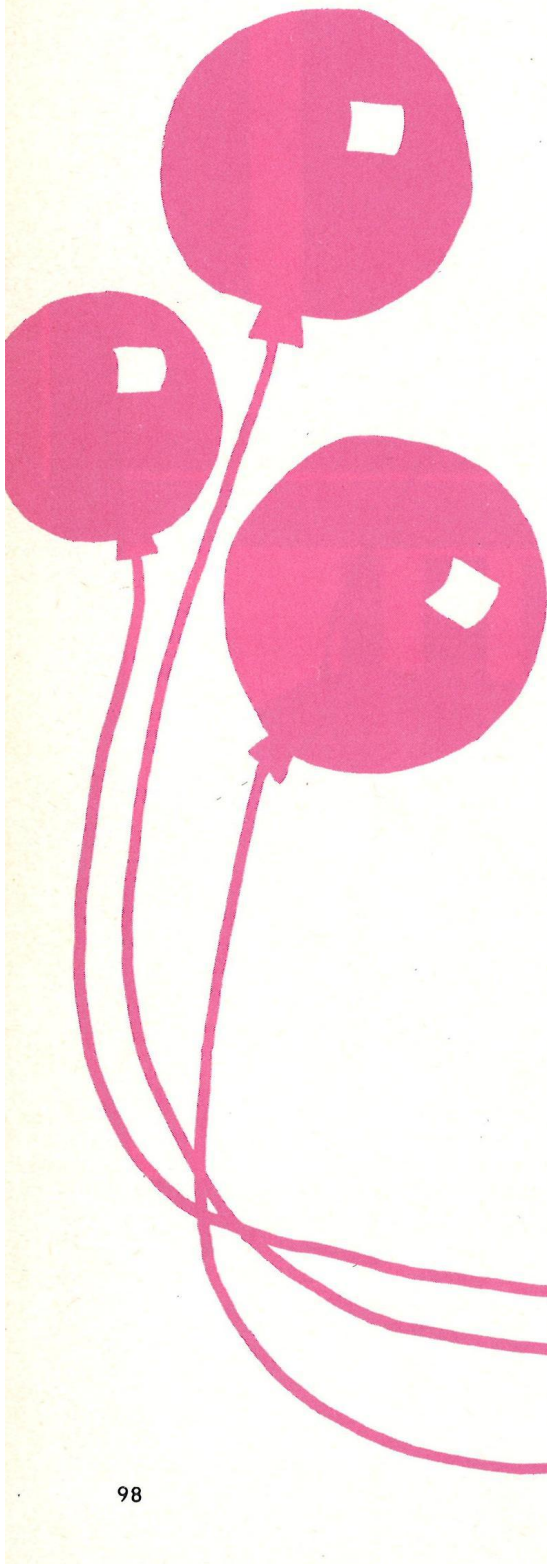


CREATIVITY



THE CLOWN

A polkadot costume with huge floppy shoes
that had bells on the toes
A humorous sight from his bright orange hair
to his painted red nose.
Offstage he stood all alone, hidden from
the crowds in the stands
Pain and sorrow reflected in his eyes,
an open telegram in his hands.
He tilted his head forwards so the tears
wouldn't smudge his painted smile
After all, he had to go on stage
in just a short while!
The cruel, unexpected shock left him
feeling stunned and cold
She who had given him life, and love untold.
Thunderous applause suddenly startled him
and made his insides churn
As he saw the horses prancing away and realized
that it was his turn.
A long shuddering sigh shook his body
as he carefully wiped his eyes
Clenching his fists, he bounced on stage
amidst loud shouts and cries.
The audience chuckled and laughed as he went
through his act that night,
His heart a leaden weight in his chest,
but his smile light
The picture of happiness and fun, his mind
screaming the pain he could not show
A tragic joke, a black comedy that no one
would ever know.

Karen Blicher

SURVIVAL

Secluded in the darkness of a bright environment
Cornered into a speculated position
There's no passage to escape to
Our minds have been captivated and taken into control
The premises have not been indicated
The situation is fatal but still eternal
There is no alternative
So we remain the same.

Heidi Feldman

THE VOICE INSIDE

Do you ever feel
That the world you come from
Is different from everyone else's?
Sometimes I feel so different,
So alone, and my emotions
Overpower me. Tear after tear
My eyes are constantly moist
And with each teardrop
Falls an emotional conquest,
A battle that has yet to be won
By myself, only myself,

Jaclyn Polansky



To my misfortune, I met up with
One of those seemingly-worldly idiots.
He remarked at what a brain I was,
And I, being in a particularly good mood,
Did by no means want to rob him
Of the image of me he had so intelligently concocted.

Why, I always go straight home after school,
And study until near eight o'clock
Whereupon I brush my teeth
With a fluoride paste and go to bed.
Of course, I do take time out
For some shepherd's pie with lima beans
And a glass of whole milk.
Rock music? It rots the brain.
I do enjoy classical compositions, however,
And find Mozart philosophically stimulating.
Weekends? My studying regimen expands
To twelve hours daily, and I often stay up
As late as nine o'clock.
Sometimes I even watch the Love Boat.
And I have rice pudding for dessert.
You really ought to try rice pudding.
It enhances the circulation.

The fool stared at me
As if I were an alien being,
But he was not in the least surprised.
And damned if he didn't believe every word of it.

Susan Mendelsohn

MASSACRE

I awoke that peaceful morning
With all the freedom I've ever known,
Until I sensed the new strange scent
That the wind had blown.

I called out for my family
Yet they were not in sight,
For the first time I was alone
And I began to feel some fright.

Not knowing what to do
I raced down to the shore,
Only to find out
That my parents were alive no more.

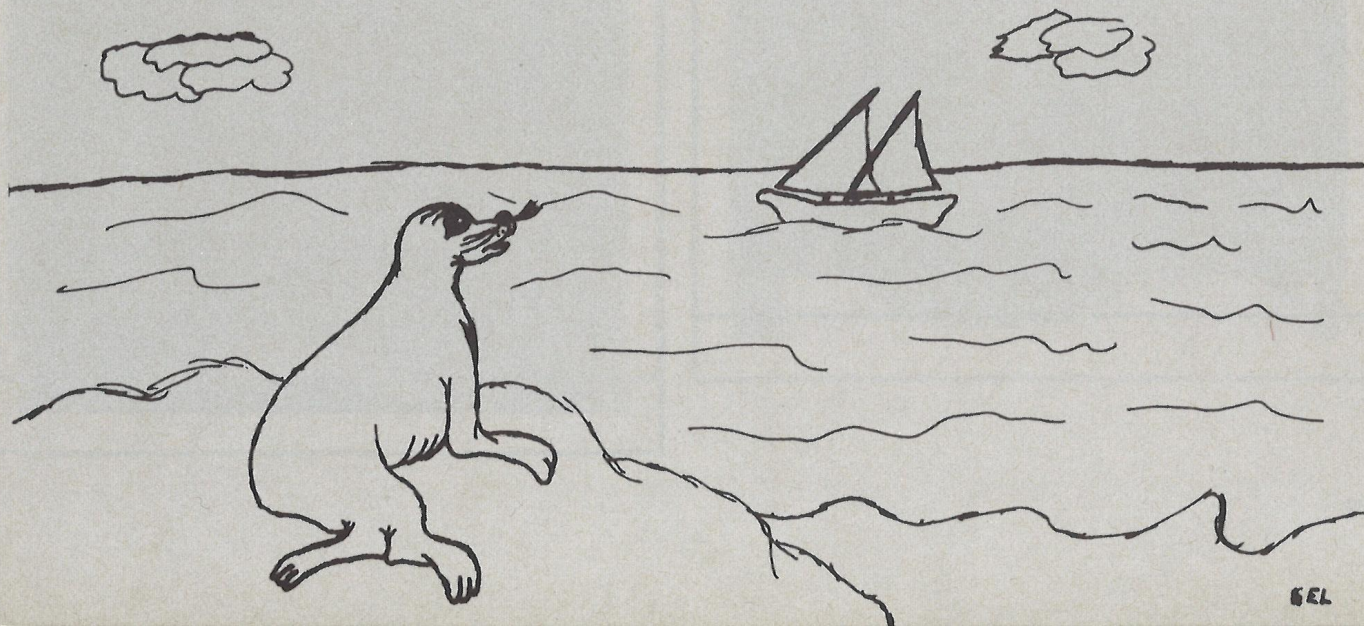
It then hit me what happened
And I realized what had begun,
The hunters were back this year again
To kill us all for their worthless fun.

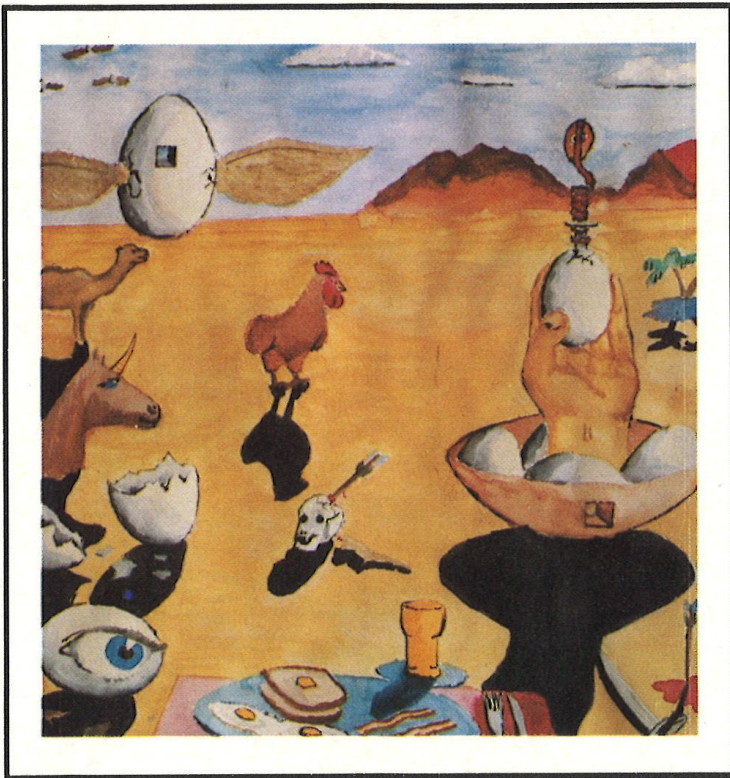
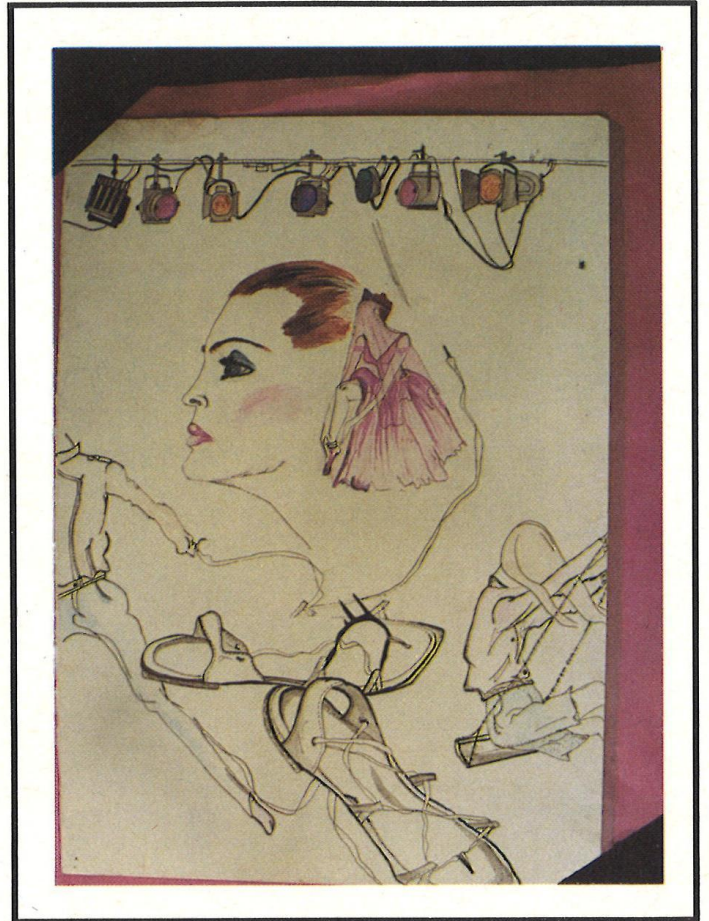
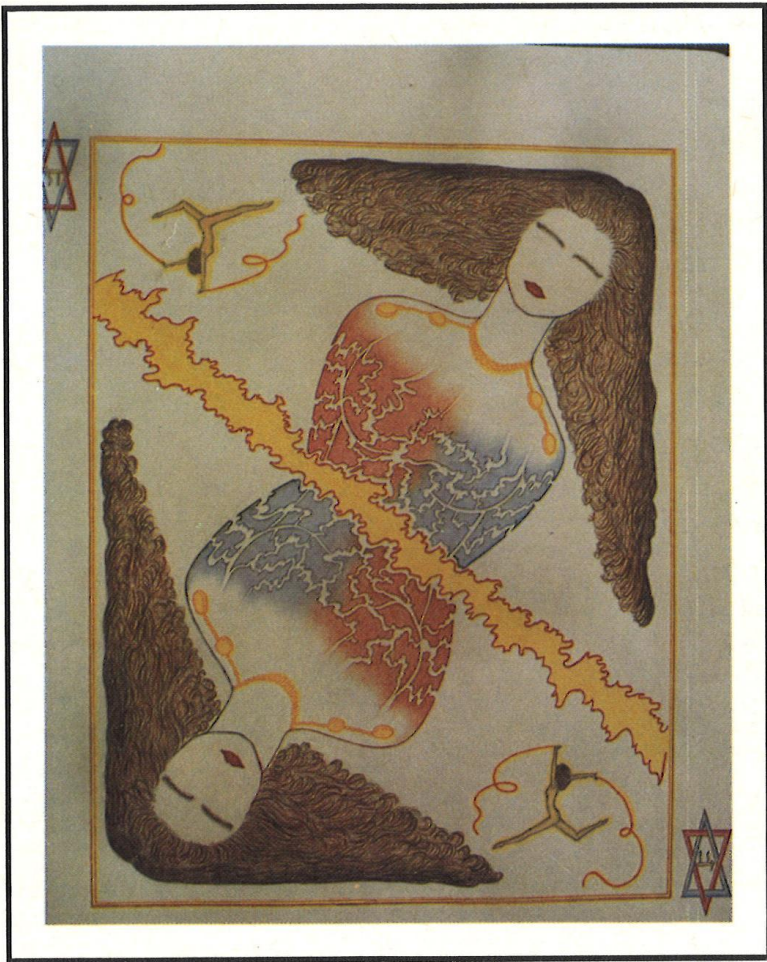
With tears in my eyes
I gazed down at the sand
Noticing how all the seal's bodies
Changed my home to a Deathland.

How could people be this cruel
To ruthlessly kill us and invade our domain
The humans are seizing the freedom we have
And the truth of it all is so plain.

Just then there was a sound from behind me
And I knew it was my turn to die
But my only hope was that someday soon
Someone will listen to the dying seal's cry . . .

Ellen Lechter and Robert Green







ARTWORK





A TEAR OF SORROW

I've cried too often lately, each tear holding a moment of sorrow.

As one falls, another attempts to form, but I hold it back!

I seem to be getting weaker and weaker and this massive stream of unhappiness breaks through more and more!

I have no self control!

I used to be able to keep it all bottled up inside.

Sometimes I wonder about life and what exactly I'm doing here? What's my purpose?

But I have none.

All my good is thrown back in my face.

And when I think about it another tear begins to form.

Elinor Nadler

I sit and watch the children walking home from school,
laughing and talking with each other
under their brightly coloured umbrellas.
Their smiles twinkle like giant diamonds,
bright lights shining through the gloom.
They splash in the puddles, wet, but happy.
Tiny ducklings first learning to swim.

The rain beats down on my window
like thousands of tiny teardrops
ticking away at my window pane,
clocking the passing time.
As the window fogs over I reach out to clear the cloud.
The pane is a cold sheet of ice stinging my hand.
My vision is blurred, but still
I sit and watch the children playing,
hoping for sunnier days for them
and me.

Joanna Abelson

THE LITTLE MOTHER

The little mother sat at her dresser. She smeared on bright pink lipstick and admired herself in the mirror, turning her head from side to side as though she were a model being photographed from all angles. Pleased with her appearance, she stood shakily.

"Rosie," she said to her child who was sitting on a stool amidst a pile of clothing, "I'm going out now." That was evident, judging from her outfit: elegant straw hat, cotton dress in a floral print, bright high-heeled shoes. She picked up her pocketbook and walked awkwardly to the door. Then she turned.

"Rosie! Are you listening to me?" The child stared into space blankly. "Rosie! You haven't finished your dinner. I worked a long time to make that dinner for you, so you had better eat it. Food costs good money, and Lord knows we haven't much of that. Do you hear me?" The little mother pushed the plate toward the child, who didn't move. "Eat your dinner!" she cried, and pushed the plate so violently that it fell to the floor, and food was spilled all over.

As the child sat dumbly with food dripping down her face, the little mother again headed for the door. In her high heels, she tripped over a belt lying on the floor carelessly. She fell flat. With a furious look on her face, she picked herself up and smoothed out her dress.

"Ooh! That makes me mad, Rosie! That enrages me! I could have hurt myself with that belt lying there. I told you to pick it up!" She flung it angrily across the room. "Clean up this mess! There are clothes and toys all over, and they'll be ruined. Rosie! I've told you over and over to clean up!"

She grabbed the child's hand and dragged her around the room on a mad rampage, picking up socks and shirts and books and throwing them on the unmade bed. She sat the child on the bed, too. "Fold these clothes and put everything away properly. I want this room spotless. Now get to it, Rosie!" But the child just sat still, doing nothing. The little mother raised her hand in the air and brought it down across the child's face. The child toppled to the floor. The little mother continued to slap her, flailing her arms wildly, kicking, screaming, tears streaming down her face.

Just then, the door opened. The interruption brought the little mother back to reality. Her doll lay on the floor, and her mother - the real mother - stood menacingly in the doorway.

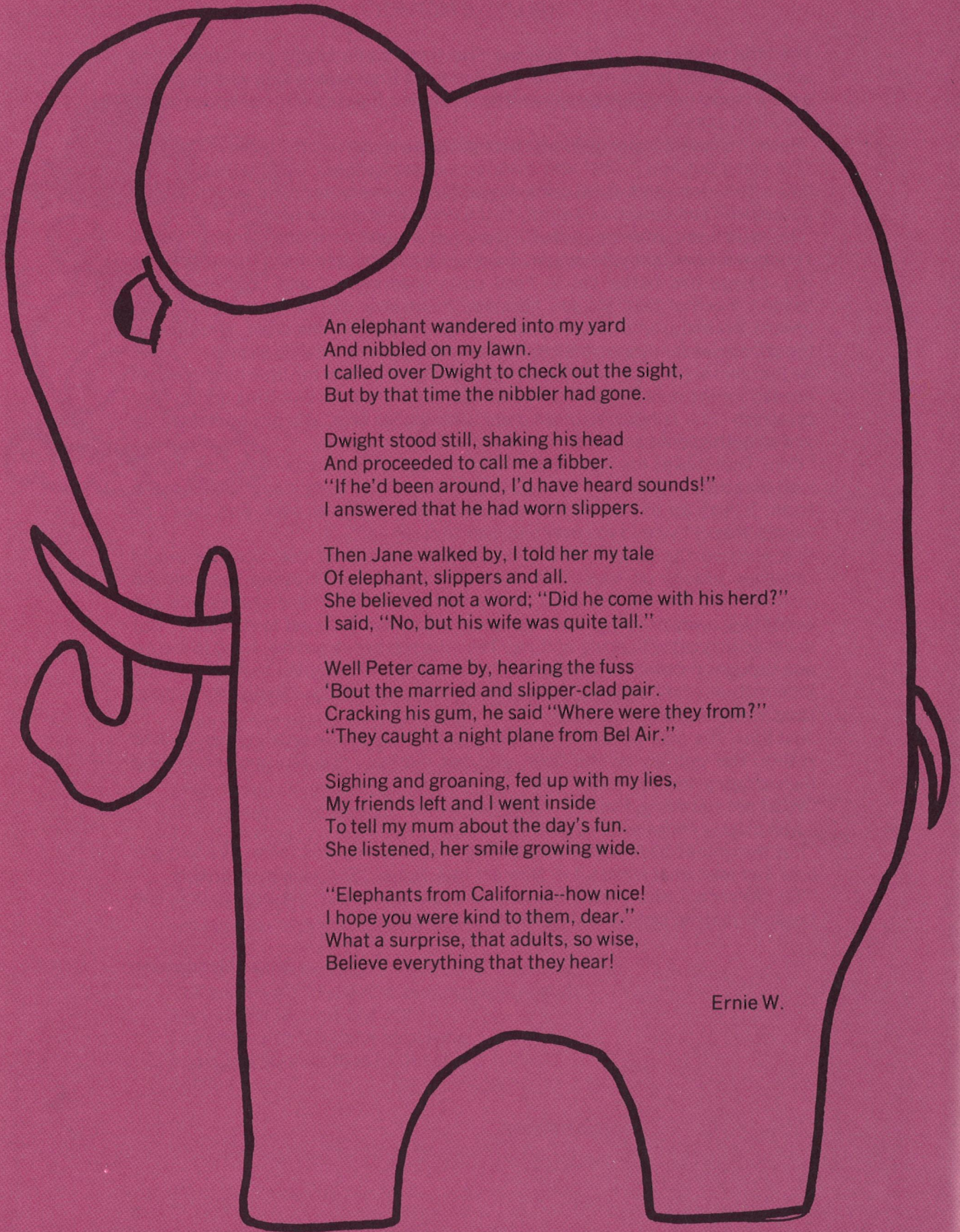
"What are you doing, Rosie?" she demanded.

"Just playing house with my doll, Mommy."

"Put my clothes back where they belong, and clean up this room. I've told you over and over what a mess it is. Now get to it, Rosie!" She walked off briskly.

"Yes, Mommy," she whispered. And to avoid the fate of the beaten doll, she began to fold her clothes and put them away neatly.

Susan Mendelsohn



An elephant wandered into my yard
And nibbled on my lawn.
I called over Dwight to check out the sight,
But by that time the nibbler had gone.

Dwight stood still, shaking his head
And proceeded to call me a fibber.
"If he'd been around, I'd have heard sounds!"
I answered that he had worn slippers.

Then Jane walked by, I told her my tale
Of elephant, slippers and all.
She believed not a word; "Did he come with his herd?"
I said, "No, but his wife was quite tall."

Well Peter came by, hearing the fuss
'Bout the married and slipper-clad pair.
Cracking his gum, he said "Where were they from?"
"They caught a night plane from Bel Air."

Sighing and groaning, fed up with my lies,
My friends left and I went inside
To tell my mum about the day's fun.
She listened, her smile growing wide.

"Elephants from California--how nice!
I hope you were kind to them, dear."
What a surprise, that adults, so wise,
Believe everything that they hear!

Ernie W.



EL

ALONE

The little protected girl,
secure with disgust,
Intimidated by most,
An eccentric fallacy.
“Bad little girl; you broke the rules!”
Alone she cries in her desolate room
torn from ecstasy.
Like the tattered doll hidden in the corner,
she must sit and cry and fall apart,
Her seams irreparable.
The abandoned feathers catch a breeze and elude
for as never to bring chatter again.
Her sorrow is frozen, her thoughts dispersed.
The decision has come to run, not crawl,
to intensify their delight as she grasps
the rope, never letting go . . .
A very special good-bye to all.

Edith Tittleman

to a Close Special friend

ME AND YOU

Strange how only you and I
Understand the way I feel
About life and death and love
And other things not so real.

The two of us see eye to eye
We never disagree
We can sit and talk for hours
The best of friends, you and me.

I can tell you what's gone wrong,
And all about what went right,
About the things that make me cry
Or make my day extra bright.

You could've brought your woes to me,
And I would've tried to understand.
When one of us was feeling down,
The other was there to take our hand.

We spoke of fairy tales and charms
We talked about mystic lands where life is good
I'll meet you there someday,
Oh, if only I could.

We talked so long, we didn't realize
The lights have gone out everywhere,
We're the only ones awake now,
Me, my sweet teddy bear, and you.
I miss you and love you so much.

Tammy Feder

PRAVKA

There was a little village,
And little that it was,
There was a church on the hillside,
Where in back, hornets would buzz,
But at that time in Russia,
Where this little village stood,
A revolution East of Prussia,
Destroyed its motherhood,
And so the people scattered,
Lives were saved but a few,
And most bodies were tattered,
Most of them Jews.
For all this silly battling,
Reds and Whites would strive,
But never did I think, that as a Jew,
I would stay alive.

Mayer Yosef Trotsky Raizlar

THE DARKNESS

The darkness, so far away,
Lives in all our hearts,
As does the thought of winding roads,
Which we all must face.
For it's man's destiny, unchangeable,
And yet, the darkness lives on,
Only to return after day's end,
The darkness lingers,
It never leaves, it rests always,
In me, you, and all the people,
Who have experienced the discontentment.
The loss.

Johnnie Reislter

AGED BUT NOT CHANGED

In front of the convalescent home he sits,
he used to stand.
His weight has dropped so very much and what
used to be a tight suit is now a jacket sagging
over a wrinkled frame.
As he looks up the smile he once had is no
longer there.
He sees me and looks down in shame.
His bright happy eyes are now reddened and sad.
With effort he picks up his weak hand, rubs one
and then the other gently.
Wasn't it just yesterday he was at the corner
when I came home from school, always ready with
a candy to sweeten my day.
Bashfully I would give him a kiss and a big hug,
we'd talk about the weather, school, and I'd be
on my way.
But that was ten years ago.
I've grown up since then and exciting bicycle
rides with girls have turned into tires and
sundaes with boys.
I look up at him and want to reach out my hand
to comfort him because my ten years seems to
have aged him twenty.
I try to reach out my hand and it won't move.
And then I see an orderly come up to him and
ask him something I couldn't quite hear.
With much effort he mumbled some sounds which to
me had no meaning, and then I saw the orderly
walking my way. I peered up at this strong man
baffled and then he spoke those trite words to me.
He said, "Our friend wants to know if you want
a candy."
And I smiled.

Elinor Nadler

