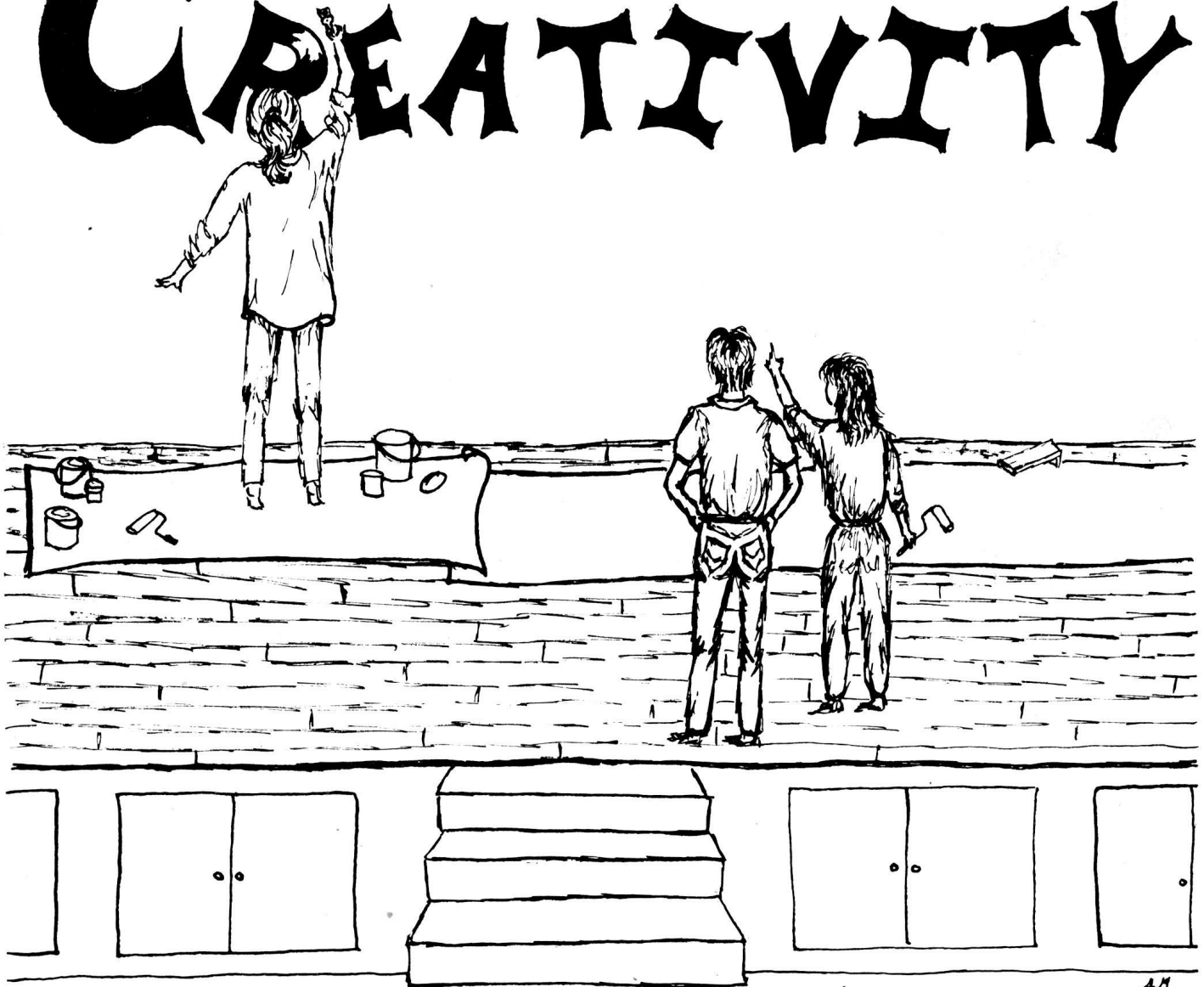


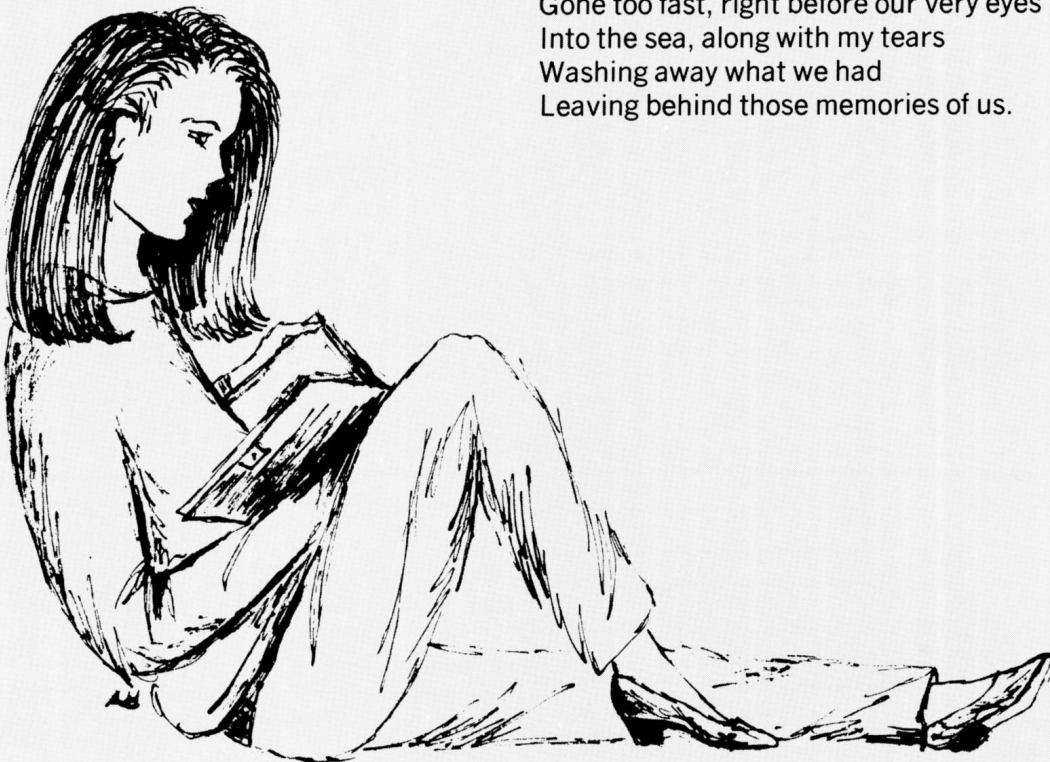
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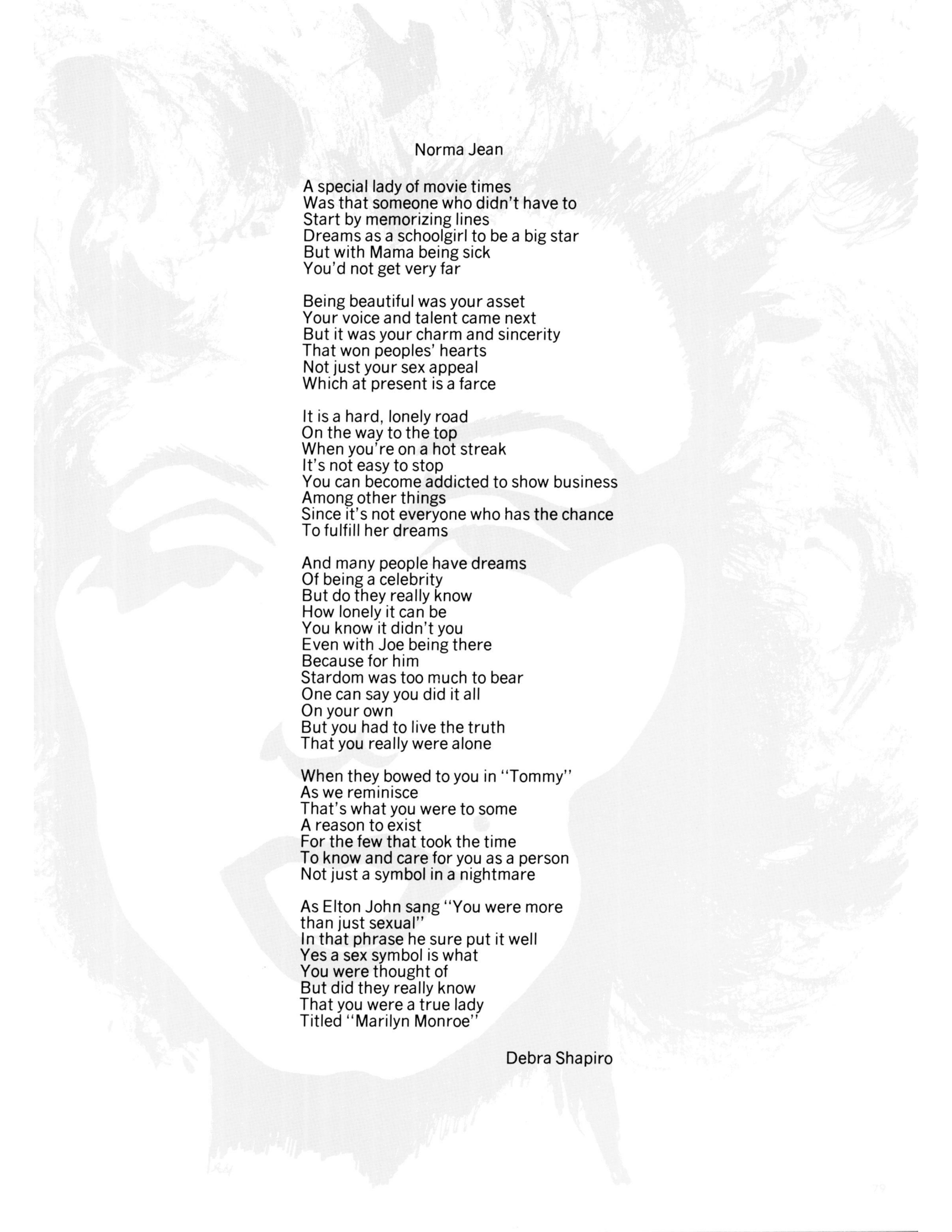


Yesterday

Page by page as I read my diary
I see my life with you as an ongoing melody
Special times, special feelings that meant so much
Memories of those days filled with laughter and sunshine
And nights filled with coziness and warmth
Together
You and me
Me and you
Two hearts beating as one
In moments of passion and love
You hold me in your arms
I lean back against you and dream
Peacefully
The dawn comes about
I reach out to touch you
But you are no longer there
Leaving me nothing to grasp onto
I see only fog
The imprint you leave
A clear reminder of yesterday
And the love we shared
Yesterday
Slipped away through the sounds of time
Gone too fast, right before our very eyes
Into the sea, along with my tears
Washing away what we had
Leaving behind those memories of us.

Dina Litvack





Norma Jean

A special lady of movie times
Was that someone who didn't have to
Start by memorizing lines
Dreams as a schoolgirl to be a big star
But with Mama being sick
You'd not get very far

Being beautiful was your asset
Your voice and talent came next
But it was your charm and sincerity
That won peoples' hearts
Not just your sex appeal
Which at present is a farce

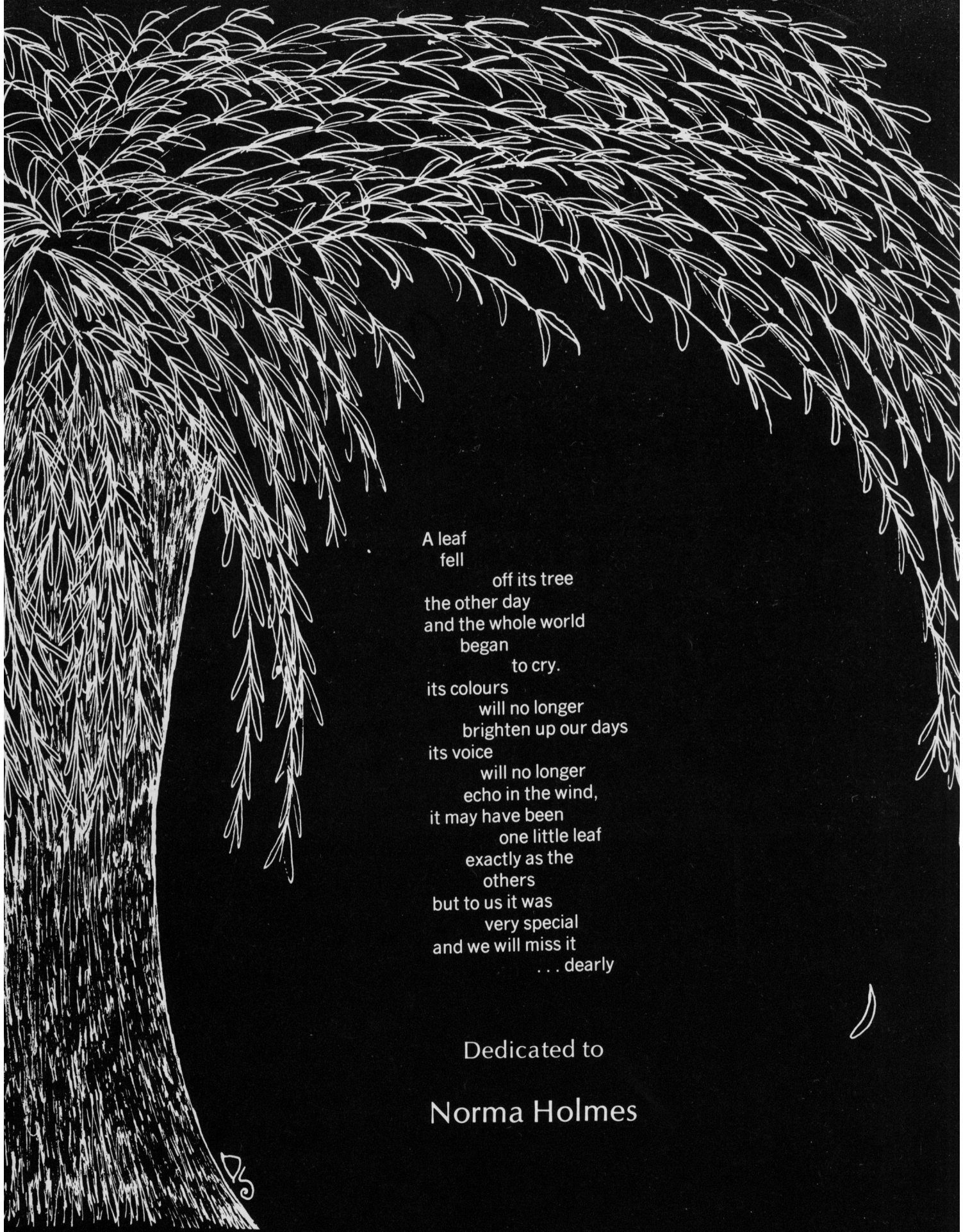
It is a hard, lonely road
On the way to the top
When you're on a hot streak
It's not easy to stop
You can become addicted to show business
Among other things
Since it's not everyone who has the chance
To fulfill her dreams

And many people have dreams
Of being a celebrity
But do they really know
How lonely it can be
You know it didn't you
Even with Joe being there
Because for him
Stardom was too much to bear
One can say you did it all
On your own
But you had to live the truth
That you really were alone

When they bowed to you in "Tommy"
As we reminisce
That's what you were to some
A reason to exist
For the few that took the time
To know and care for you as a person
Not just a symbol in a nightmare

As Elton John sang "You were more
than just sexual"
In that phrase he sure put it well
Yes a sex symbol is what
You were thought of
But did they really know
That you were a true lady
Titled "Marilyn Monroe"

Debra Shapiro



A leaf
fell
 off its tree
the other day
and the whole world
 began
 to cry.
its colours
 will no longer
 brighten up our days
its voice
 will no longer
 echo in the wind,
it may have been
 one little leaf
 exactly as the
 others
but to us it was
 very special
and we will miss it
 ... dearly

Dedicated to

Norma Holmes

the bright lightning kills the tree
ignoring the swallow
which sleeps within

Evan Albert

playful is the cat
rolling in the leaves
not knowing that the dog looms near

Evan Albert



the reflection of her face
in the pond is shattered
by a teardrop

Evan Albert



The Wall

And now the four years have come to an end
A lifetime filled with dreams and experiences
and many broken hearts to mend
Now, all the bricks tumble off the wall
There isn't a world in which we can hide
We must break through to the other side . . .

Lisa Cohen



The Studs

Just by looking at them
You'll know them as "The Studs"
Cool, smooth, and proud
They set many a hearts a flutter,
They go out only with girls whose morals are in the gutter.
They stalk their prey together,
And one after one,
Should the first find it to his liking,
They all take part in the feast, one after the other
Like birds of a feather.
The Studs find power in numbers,
The number rarely diminishes
They're so cool
They can't survive without the other.
Actually rejected by their peers
You could see through their layer of veneer.
They prance among the younger and more foolish
Who are more easily swayed.
Too immature to handle people their own age,
Too stupid to try -
"The Studs" and their image
Will not fade away -
The Studs and their image
Will simply die.

Suzanne Tissenbaum

CONFESSIONS OF A PARANOID ME

I wish that I could say I was one of those sickeningly cheerful people, who float through life in a foggy mist, unaware of the evil influences planning their lives. Unfortunately for both me and the poor souls who must put up with my constant griping, I'm not. Paranoia is the story of my life.

The FATES hate me. They're a group of fat little angels up in heaven who have devoted their after-lives to making my present one miserable. I can just imagine them sitting at their tiny conference table, planning the next injustice in my life, all the while peering down at me through the clouds, and saying: "Oh looky! Things are going well for her! We'll fix THAT!!"

They haven't failed yet.

The FATES were there when I was born. They looked into my incubator, and immediately put me on their "who-to-get" list. They have driven me to my present state of paranoia.

One trait all paranoia people share is an ego problem. We're absolutely positive that we are so fascinating, all other people can do is stare at and discuss us. In fact, we're the topic of their every conversation. Being paranoid isn't something I'm proud of, but it sure beats facing the truth. Nobody really cares if I trip while skipping down the street. They have better things to look at than the hole in my pants, and contrary to my own popular belief; their lives do not revolve around me.

A few years ago, when my bedroom walls were decorated with 8 by 10's of my latest Hollywood heart-throb, I was forced to dress in the closet. The FATES had me convinced that one of those pictures was equipped with a highly-scientifically advanced hidden camera, and that somewhere in Los Angelos, Scott Baio was watching me change into my doctor dentons!

Where would I be without my darling little angels? It's a miracle they ever got their wings.

Chris Langanopoulos

All Forgotten

It was a dark and empty place
No one could be seen.
He remembered the stadium well
Too well, that was the problem.
Nobody remembered who he was
Or what he had ever done.

Once a basketball superstar
With headline after every game.
But when he got in trouble with the law
There was no one there to help him.

He was a figure of the forgotten past.
A hero left for history
No one remembered where he went, who he was
And his story was just another mystery.

Steve Williams

Her Hand

Tiny wrinkles that you can't see,
It's dry and soft
With many different curves.
It's jointed together,
And has clear spots on the tips.
It's romantic
And warm.
It's One of Two
Which is always in use.
It can't tell a story
Or play dead.
But sometimes it's lovely
Without another from somewhere else.
So it gets tired and falls asleep.

Renée Levitan

Joni Mortimer '83

