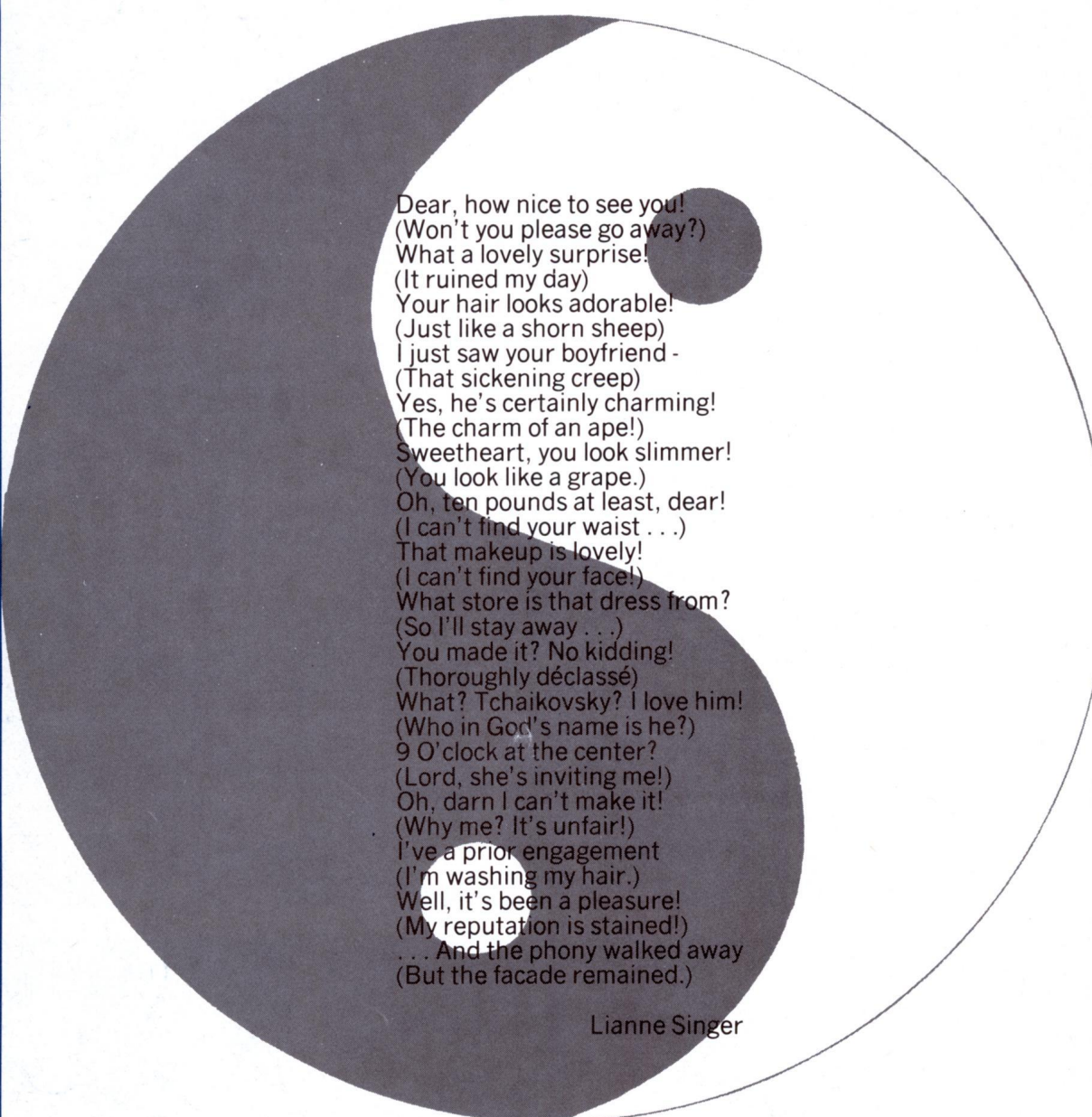


Creativity





Dear, how nice to see you!
(Won't you please go away?)
What a lovely surprise!
(It ruined my day)
Your hair looks adorable!
(Just like a shorn sheep)
I just saw your boyfriend -
(That sickening creep)
Yes, he's certainly charming!
(The charm of an ape!)
Sweetheart, you look slimmer!
(You look like a grape.)
Oh, ten pounds at least, dear!
(I can't find your waist . . .)
That makeup is lovely!
(I can't find your face!)
What store is that dress from?
(So I'll stay away . . .)
You made it? No kidding!
(Thoroughly déclassé)
What? Tchaikovsky? I love him!
(Who in God's name is he?)
9 O'clock at the center?
(Lord, she's inviting me!)
Oh, darn I can't make it!
(Why me? It's unfair!)
I've a prior engagement
(I'm washing my hair.)
Well, it's been a pleasure!
(My reputation is stained!)
. . . And the phony walked away
(But the facade remained.)

Lianne Singer



THE LIMITS OF LIFE

Darkness, listen closely to the music . . . watch the shadows move across the wall, imagine them as people, monsters! You open the lights and there is nothing there, you meet eye to eye with the lonely goldfish who swims in an enclosed world and wonders what surrounds him, protected by the glass wall. Comforted by the silence, with caution, the lights are once again darkened. You roll into a ball cradled by the warmth of your blankets. Thoughts of the new day fill your mind, your eyes begin to close on the old world, and open to a new life of hopes, fantasies, and soaring birds flying fearlessly with no boundaries. Once again, the sadness of being awakened by the sudden sounds of a new day. For the world is like the lonely goldfish protected and limited by the glass wall. For real freedom does not exist . . .

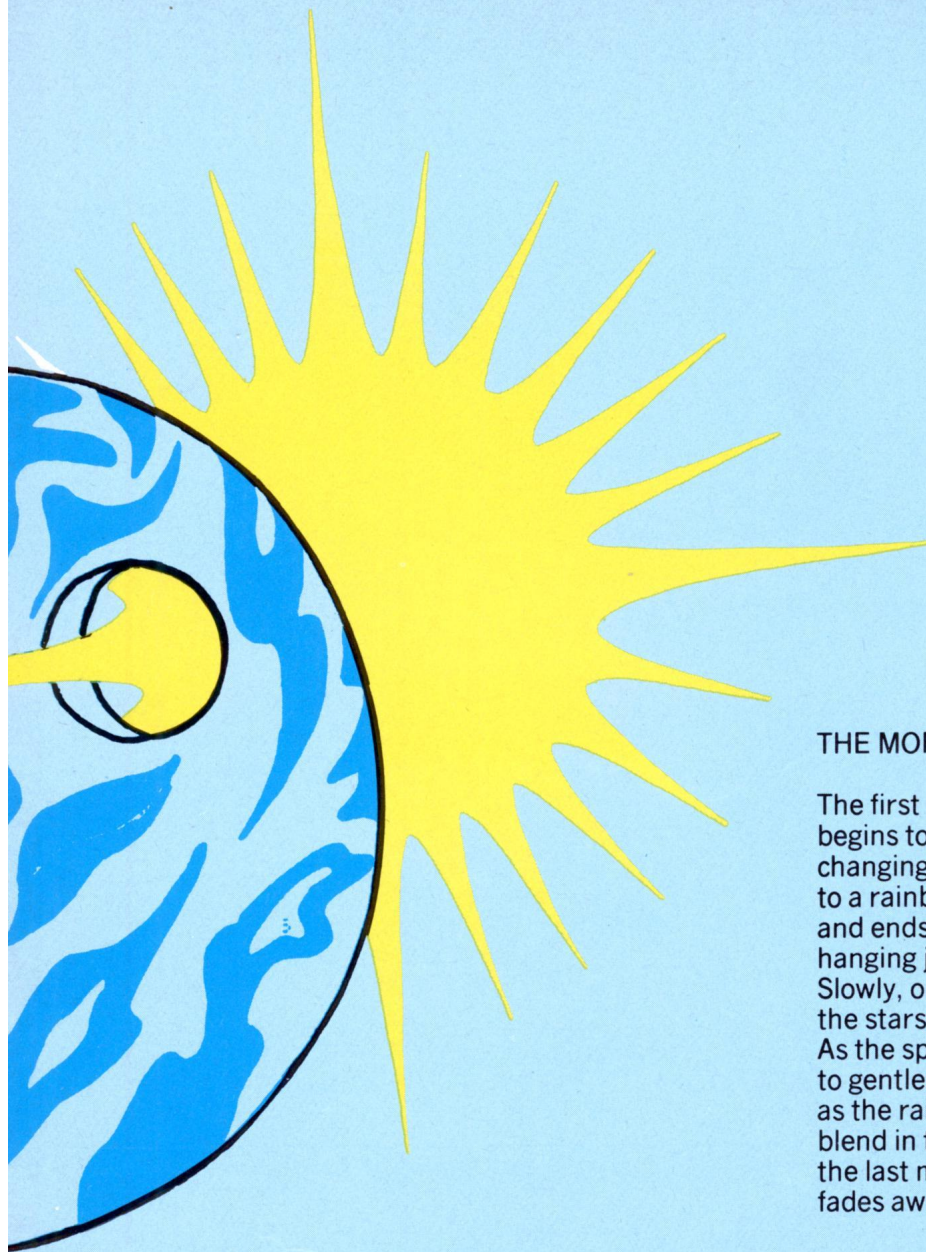
By: Linda Singer

I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER . . .

I'll always remember the time we met
that beautiful autumn day;
The sun shone bright above us,
we had so much to say.
How could I express to you
how much it meant to me
As we held hands in the fresh, sweet air.
it felt as if we were meant to be.
Talking endlessly,
we spent hours on the phone,
we pledged to be as one,
and never be alone.
Arms about each other,
we showed how much we cared,
Such experiences we had,
we cried, we laughed, we shared.
Such perfection did not last as long
as we had thought it could,
We tried to build it up again; but we'd failed,
we never would.
Time is fleeting and the days grow cold.
The months slip past November;
young love we shared; the day we met,
yes, I will always remember.

By: Lisa Helena Joffe





THE MORNING STAR

The first light of dawn
begins to spread across the sky,
changing it from deep black
to a rainbow of pastels,
and ends with a brilliant red sun
hanging just above the horizon.
Slowly, one by one,
the stars begin to blink out.
As the sporadic clouds turn from fiery pink
to gentle white,
as the rainbow colors in the sky
blend in together to form perfect blue,
the last morning star slowly
fades away.

By: Amy Lee



SNOWY MORNING

Wake up,
Look outside and see,
The snow has fallen,
Finally.
Listen closely,
And you might hear,
The peacefulness,
Of a city so dear.
No siren howls,
No blow of horns.
Thus the first day of
winter is born.

By: Lisa Hecht



LONELY DARKNESS

I sit in the lonely darkness
Waiting for a dream
Hoping it will come true
And bring me happiness

A child's laughter echoes in the dark
Bringing back thoughts and memories
Shared between me and him
Not so long ago.

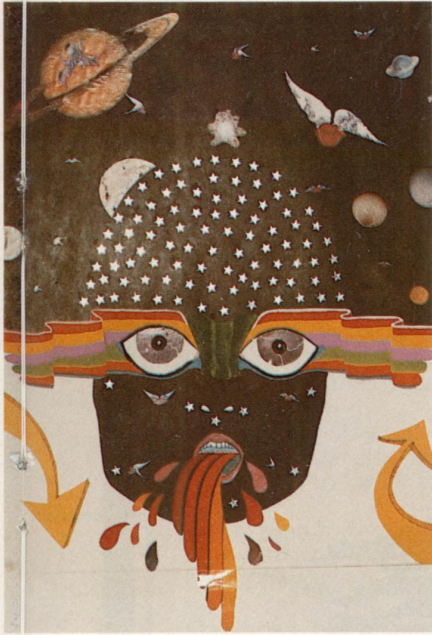
He was here by my side
Bringing me pleasure and happiness
Now loneliness and emptiness take its place
As I sit in the lonely darkness.

Mona Rosenblum



CLOCKWISE FROM
UPPER LEFT:
Philip Fogel
Jeffrey Kirshner
Ignacio Donoso
Jeffrey Kirshner
Lianne Singer
Steven Bouzaglou





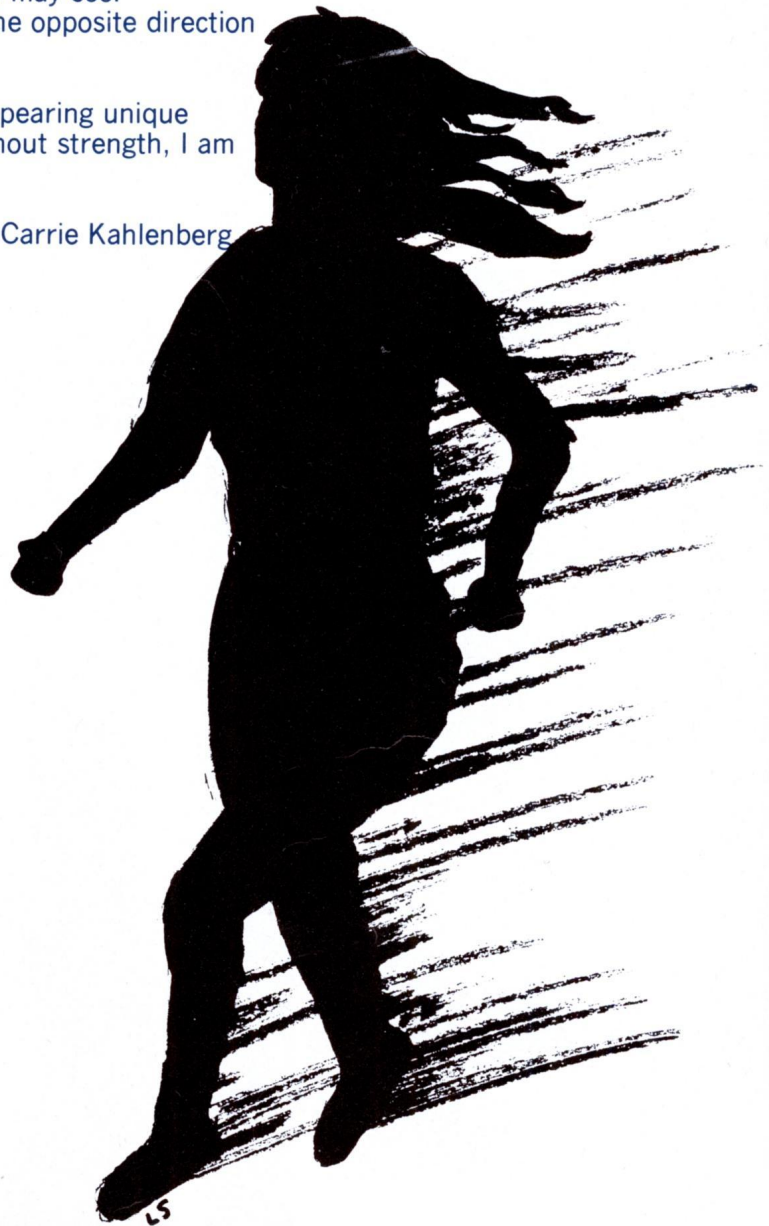
ONLY TO RUN

Living in a world of mistrust and lost imagination
we sit here and ponder over God's creation
Not really understanding where we've come from or
what lies
 ahead
the lack of appreciation realised only after ones dead

We observe and then we analyse,
What are the truths and what are the lies,
Questions are answered dreams fade or come true,
but there I lay in the dark with a mixed up point of view.

Reality I run from scared of what I may see.
I may become brave and turn in the opposite direction
where
 will I be
There amongst a crowd I stand appearing unique
although only a cover for I am without strength, I am
meek.

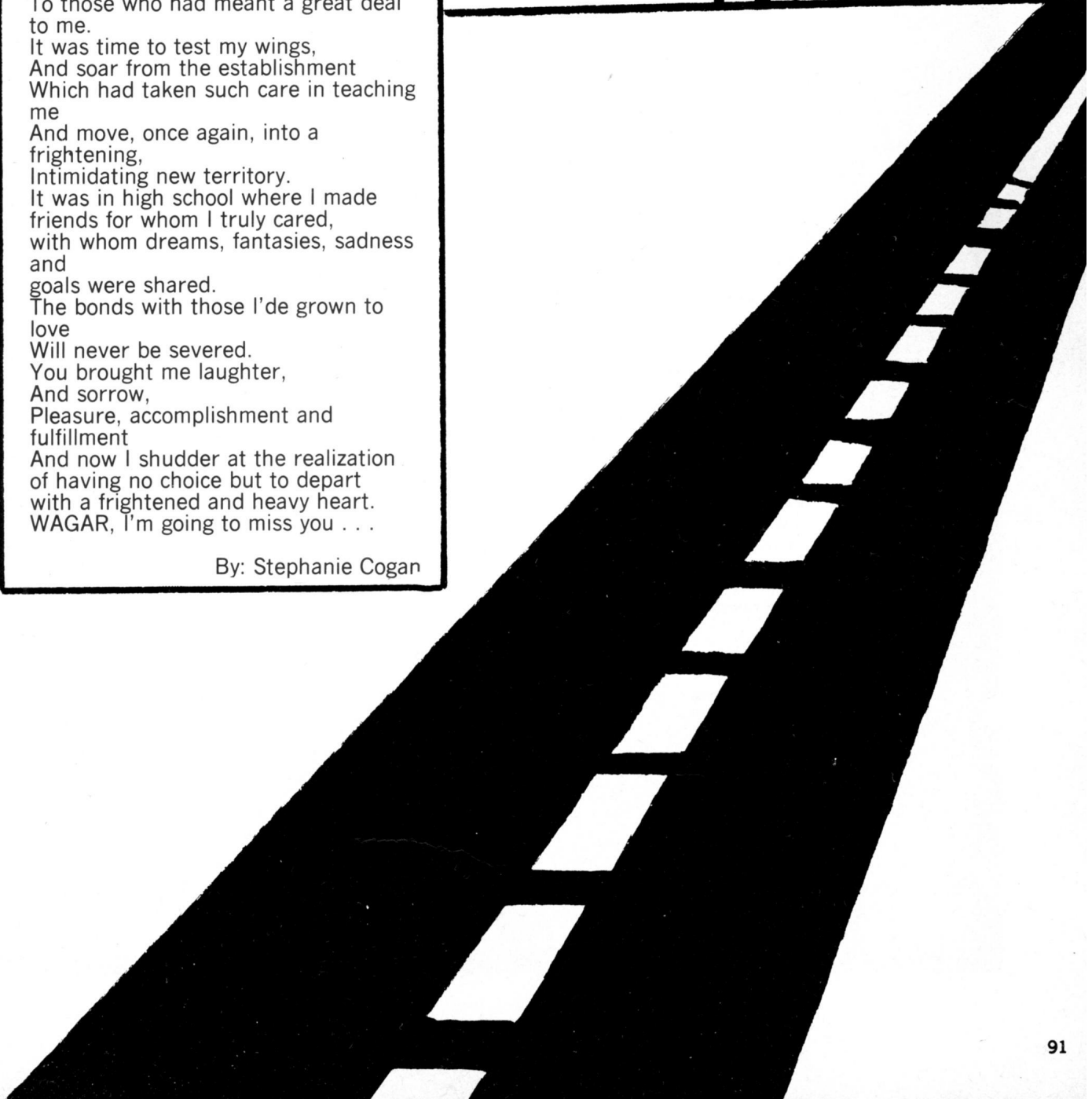
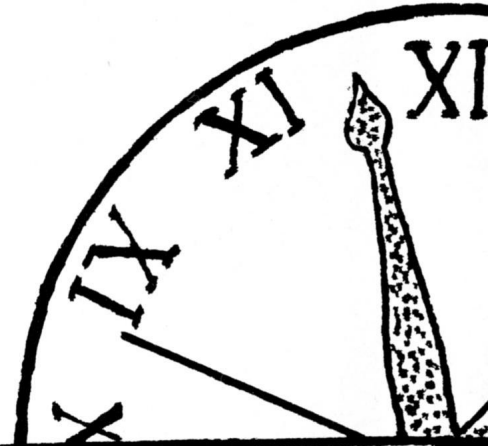
Carrie Kahlenberg

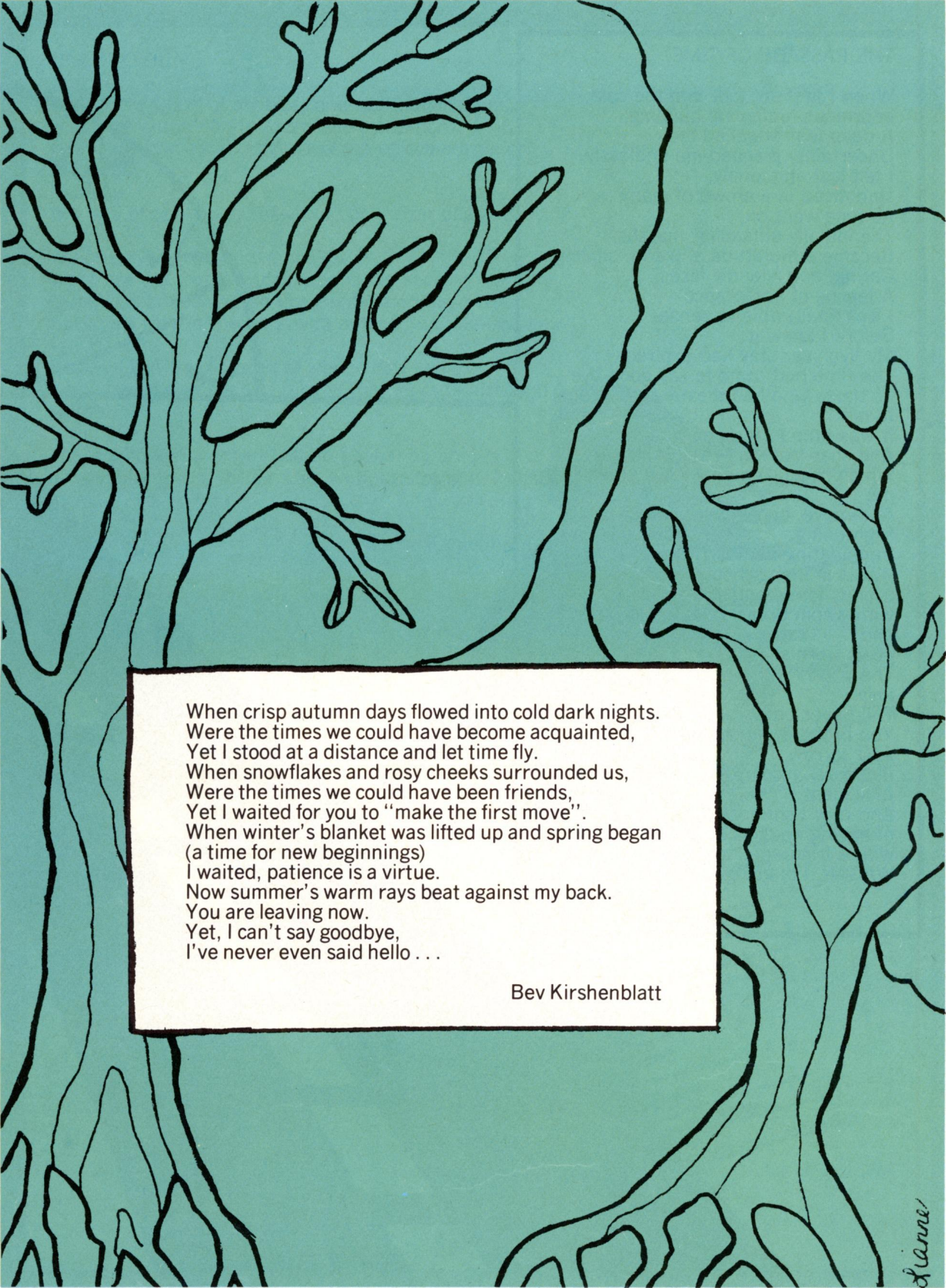


THE PASSAGE OF TIME

When I first set foot into the cold,
enormous, unfeeling building,
A deep fear engulfed me,
Uncertainty plagued me endlessly.
I felt lost and lonely,
Unnoticed in a crowd of many.
As time went on,
The initially unfamiliar masses
Became a multitude of warm, smiling,
Caring, and friendly faces
A feeling of acceptance
I was finally able to sense.
Before I knew it,
My five year stay had expired,
The time had come to say good-bye
To those who had meant a great deal
to me.
It was time to test my wings,
And soar from the establishment
Which had taken such care in teaching
me
And move, once again, into a
frightening,
Intimidating new territory.
It was in high school where I made
friends for whom I truly cared,
with whom dreams, fantasies, sadness
and
goals were shared.
The bonds with those I'd grown to
love
Will never be severed.
You brought me laughter,
And sorrow,
Pleasure, accomplishment and
fulfillment
And now I shudder at the realization
of having no choice but to depart
with a frightened and heavy heart.
WAGAR, I'm going to miss you . . .

By: Stephanie Cogan





When crisp autumn days flowed into cold dark nights.
Were the times we could have become acquainted,
Yet I stood at a distance and let time fly.
When snowflakes and rosy cheeks surrounded us,
Were the times we could have been friends,
Yet I waited for you to "make the first move".
When winter's blanket was lifted up and spring began
(a time for new beginnings)
I waited, patience is a virtue.
Now summer's warm rays beat against my back.
You are leaving now.
Yet, I can't say goodbye,
I've never even said hello . . .

Bev Kirshenblatt

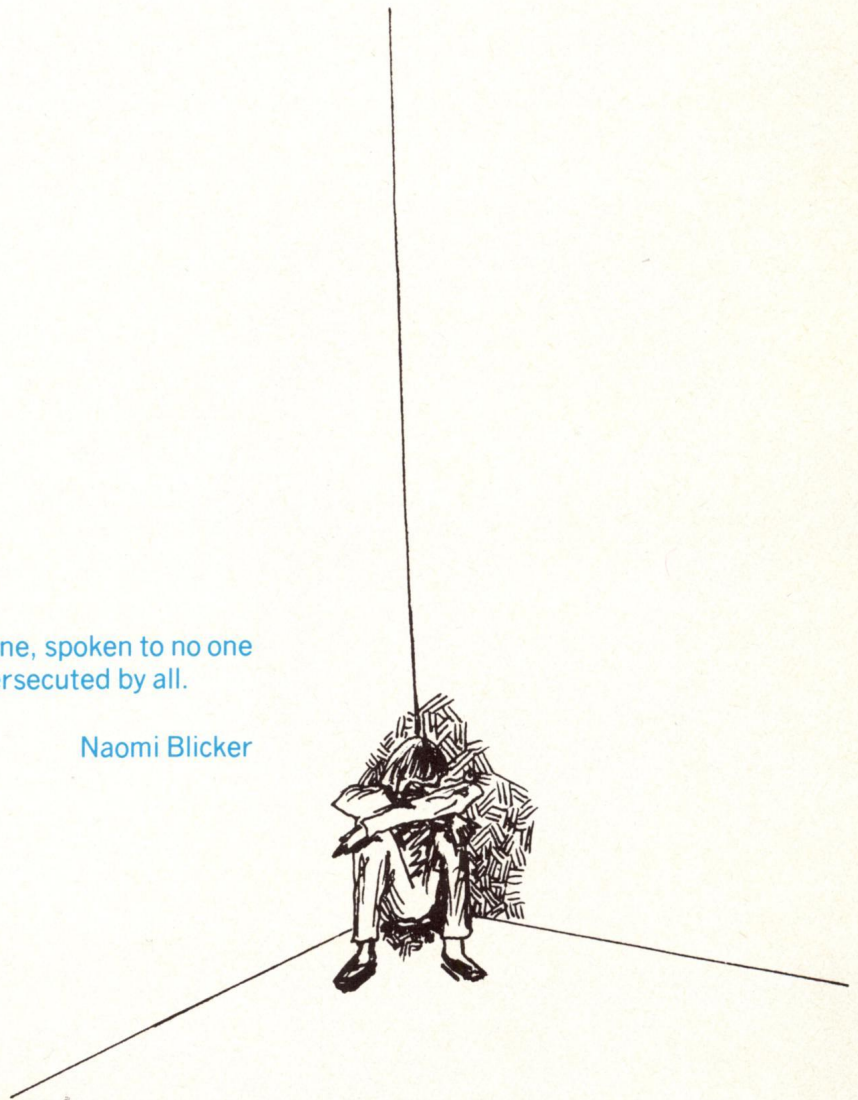
Dianna

Outsider Looking In

Eyes,
Looking at me
Eyes,
Staring at me
Eyes,
Examining me
Eyes,
Taking me apart.
Voices,
Talking at me,
Voices,
Questioning me,
Voices,
Yelling at me,
Voices,
Ordering me.
Hands,
Touching me,
Hands,
Pulling me
Hands,
Dragging me
Hands,
Hitting me
People,
Pointing at me
People,
Screaming at me
People,
Spitting at me
People,
Hating me.

I have done nothing, looked at no one, spoken to no one
and touched no one, and yet I'm persecuted by all.

Naomi Blicher



A Friend

So far, so close so distant.
So loved, cared for but hurt.
Slowly . . .
Patterns changing, spread apart.
Conflict of ideas occur.
Slowly . . .
Minds meet, thoughts connect,
Patterns once again coincide.
Slowly . . .
A friendship is rebuilt.

Sharon Singer

C'est quoi, un ami?

Un ami, c'est quelqu'un
Qui t'inclus dans ses loisirs,
Autant que dans sa peine.

Un ami, c'est quelqu'un
Qui t'aime pour ce que tu as
Et non pas pour ce que tu fais

Un ami, c'est quelqu'un
Qui n'est pas jaloux de tes victoires,
Mais qui est là pour t'aider à les célébrer

Un ami, c'est quelqu'un
En qui tu peux faire confiance:
Il ne dira jamais tes secrets.

Un ami, c'est quelqu'un
Qui est toujours là pour te parler
Même quand tu n'es pas là pour lui.

By: Belinda-Jo Solomon

HATE

I hate people

I hate lunch

I hate missiles

and Cap'n Crunch

Richard Heft

