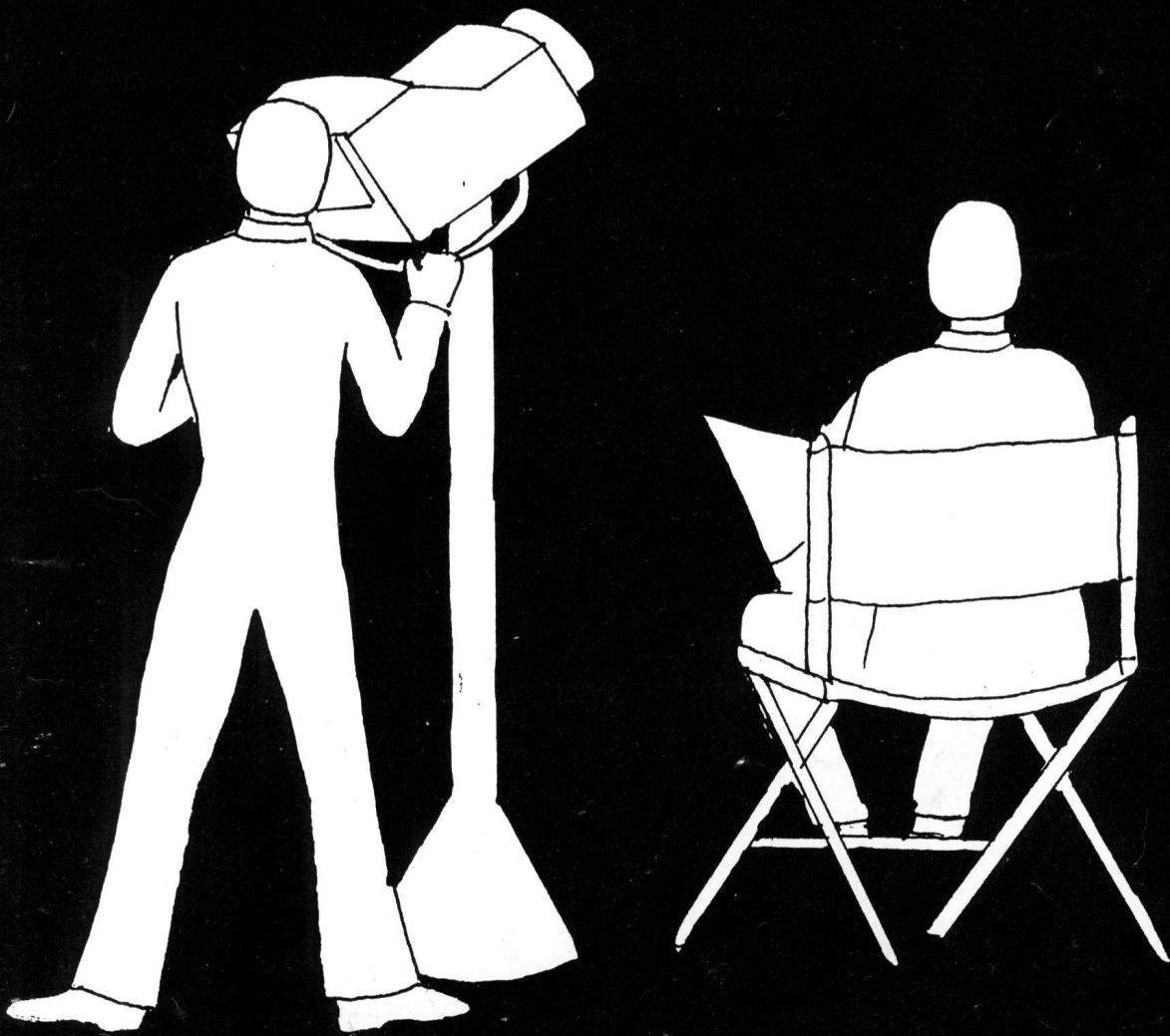
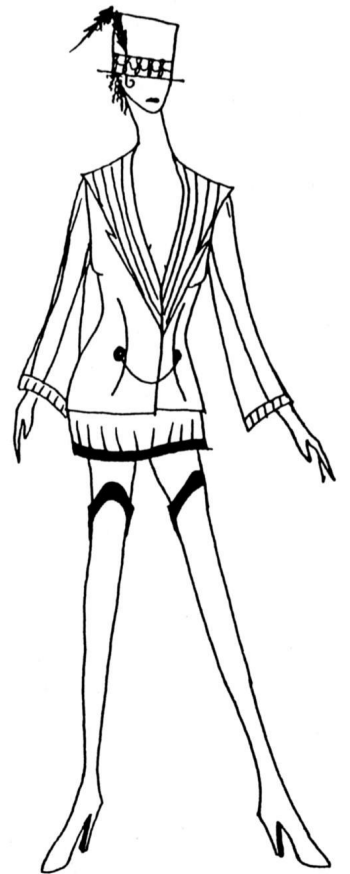
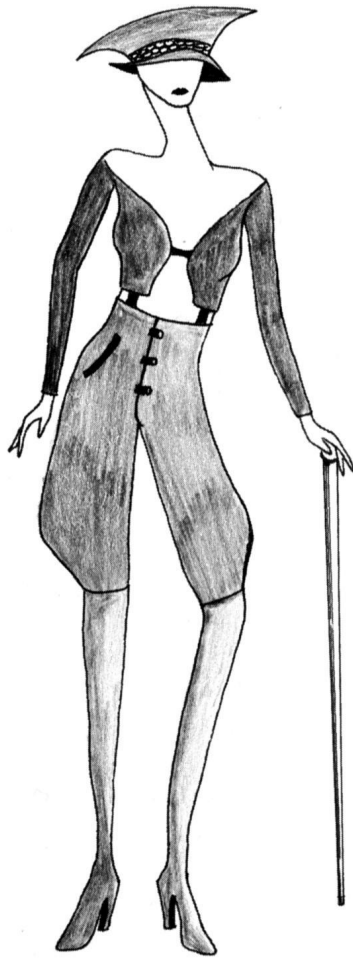


CREATIVITY





José Olguindo

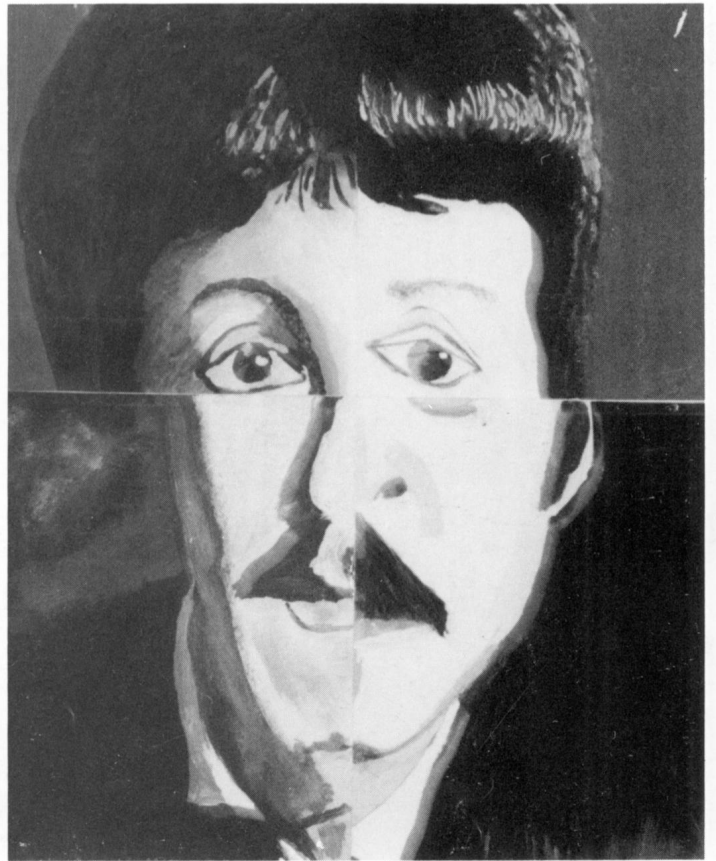
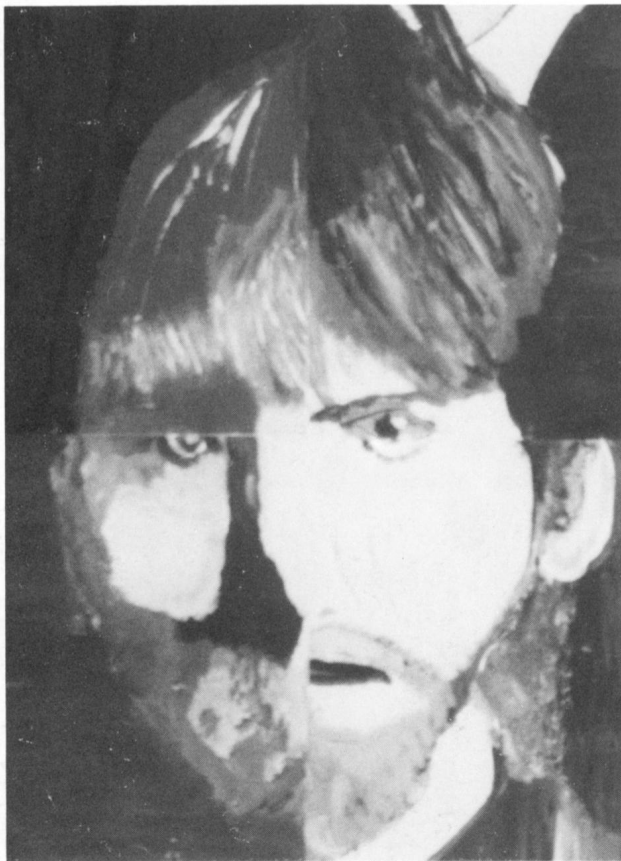
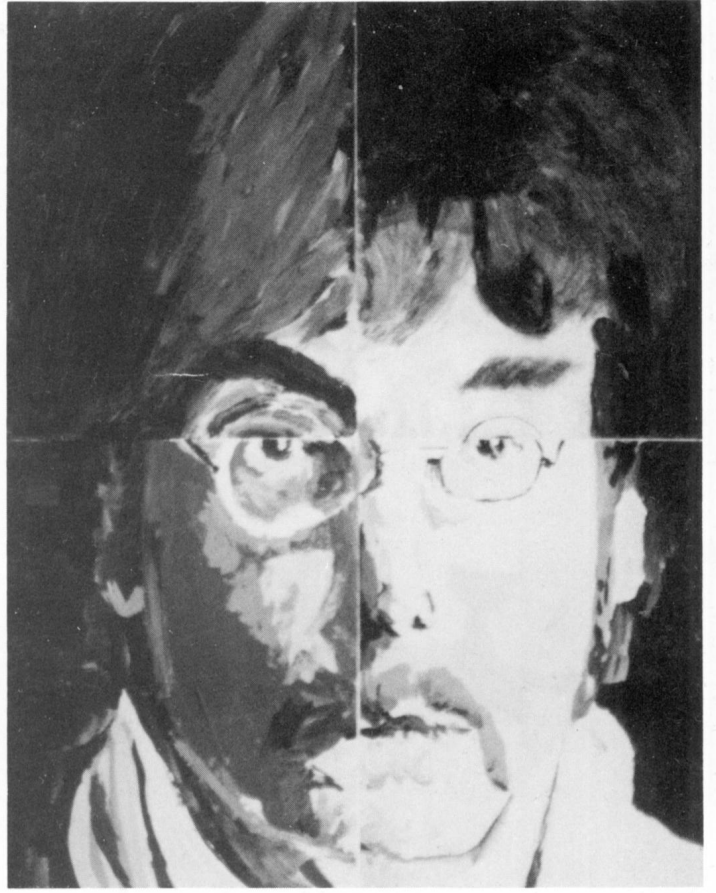
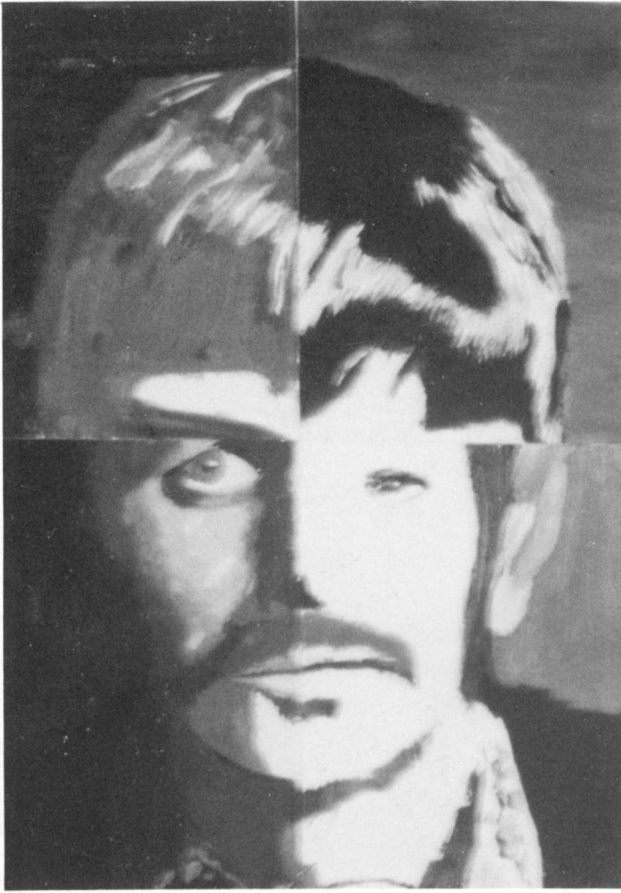


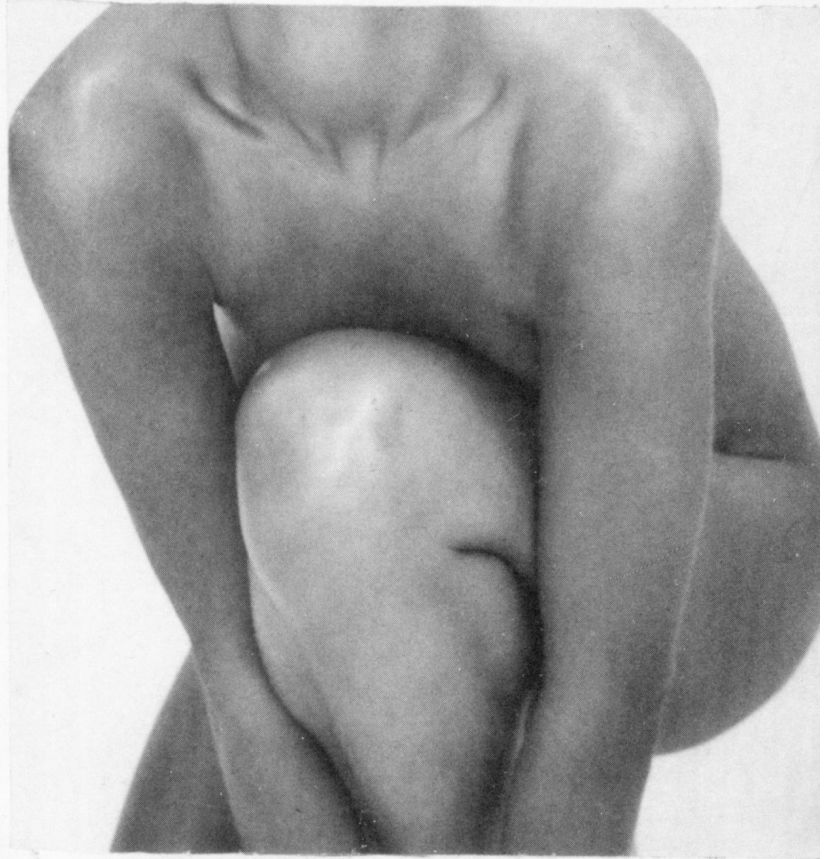
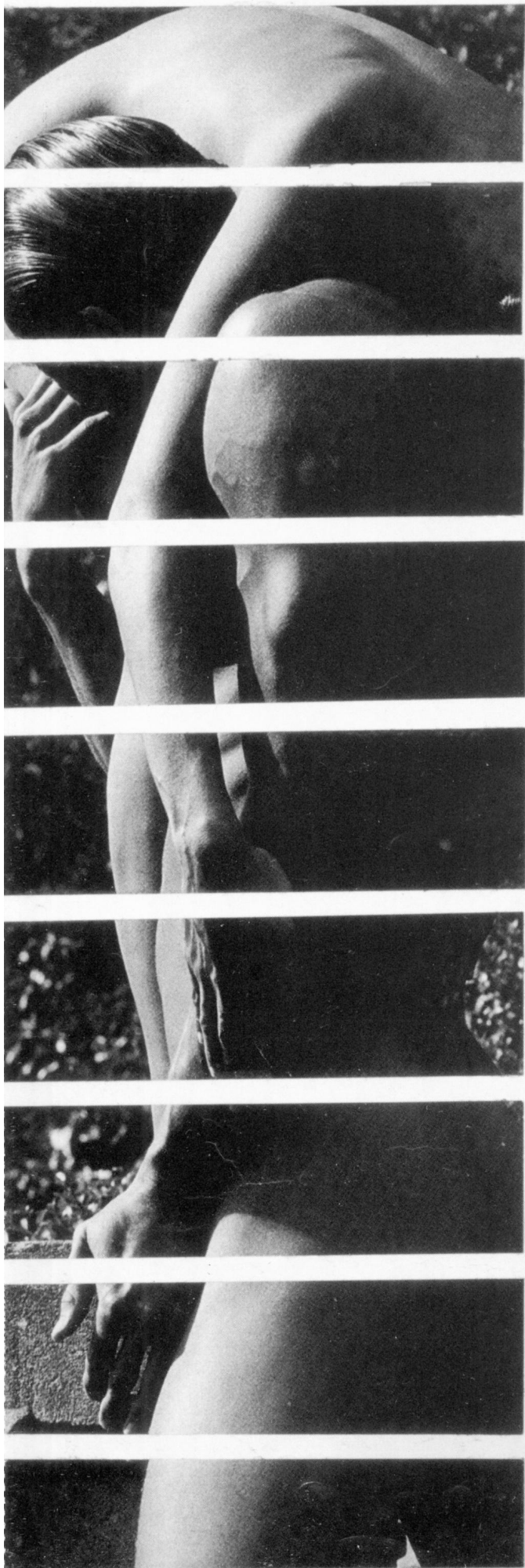
The Genesis Of Friendship

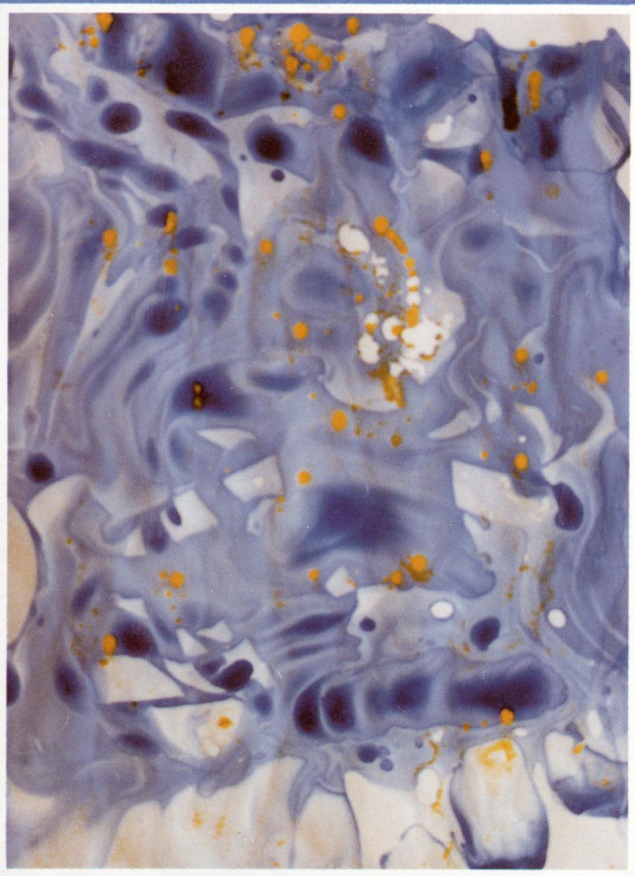
In the afterglow
Of your memory of us,
We hope that
Our presence will stay entangled
In the musical box of your mind
For absent friends
Are like the watchers of the skies
Dancing with the moonlit knights
In the cage of our dreams
Producing unique slumbers
For the sleepers

For in time
As sure as you will see
Ripples over the horizon
And reality
As sharp as the knife,
Harsh as the cinema show
And yet as dependable
As when supper is ready
Our friendship will never be forgotten
And will always stay
Forever young
As we three
Shall always be.

Jessica Lanyadoo

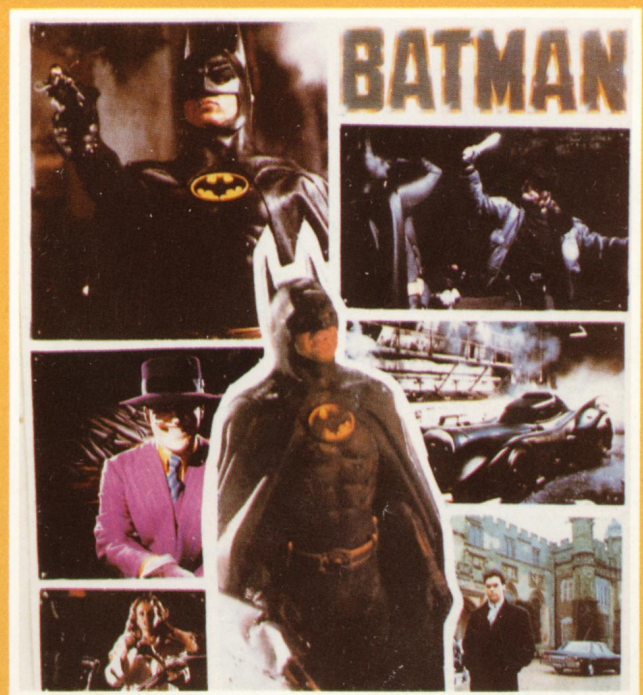








MASS MEDIA





Life Ahead

Adrift on a hand made body
Down the stream of blood
The world crumbles
To the sea of once was love
The wind blows cold
As you sit alone
You think to yourself
This is what I call home.

**Brent Cook
Sec. 5**

Oblivion

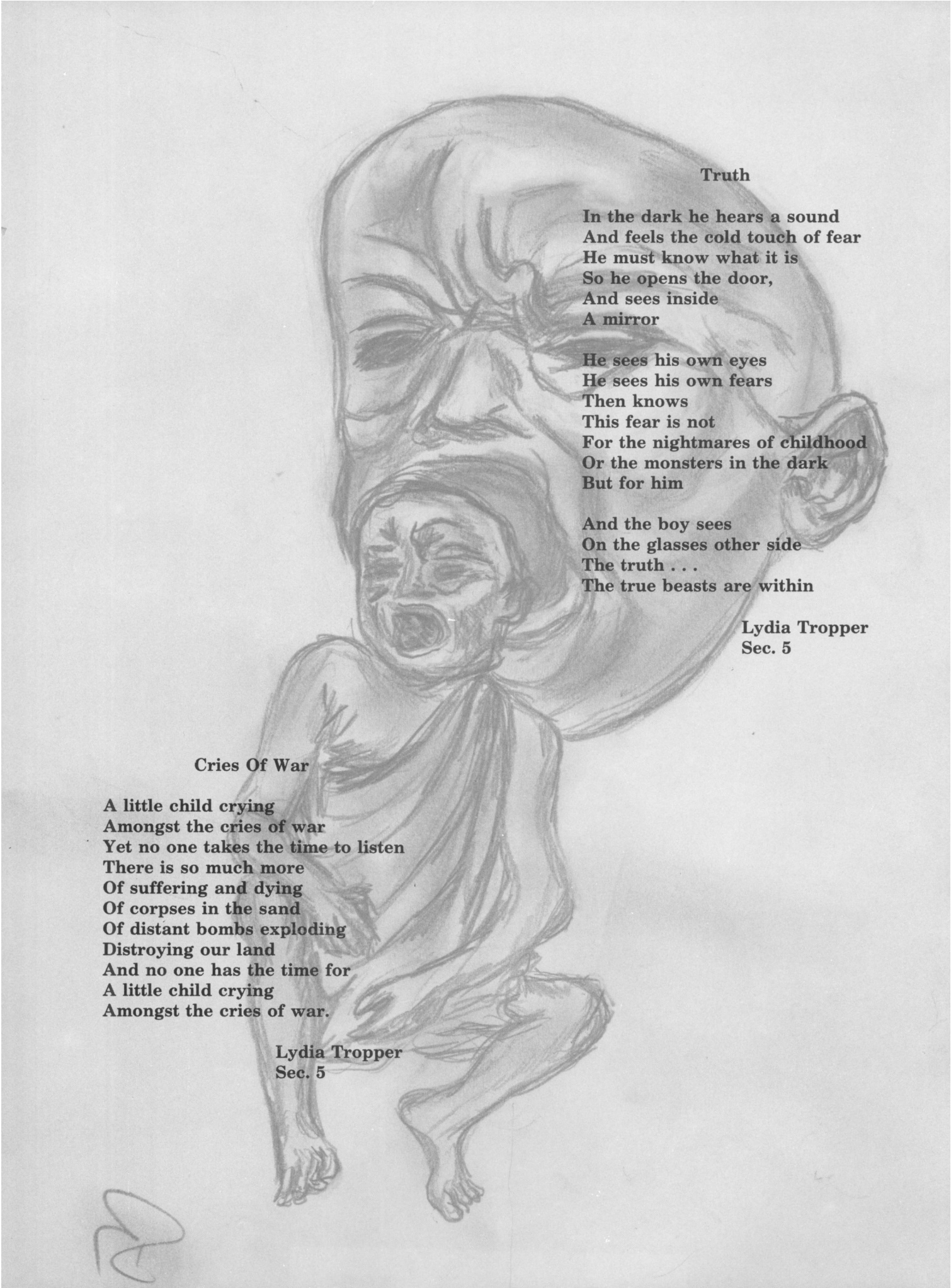
Darkness haunts me,
And it scares me,
Yet I use it as a shield,
A hiding place, a weapon
Against the harsh Daylights glare

When I show no fear,
When I don't draw back,
Darkness reaches out
And takes me in.
She wraps her sombre cloak around me,
She shelters me,
She takes me home.

In the glare of Daylight,
Nothing can hide.
Every corner,
Every angle,
Turns up sharply,
The world opens,
To show it's beauty
And it's ugliness too.

**Lydia Tropper
Sec. 5**





Truth

In the dark he hears a sound
And feels the cold touch of fear
He must know what it is
So he opens the door,
And sees inside
A mirror

He sees his own eyes
He sees his own fears
Then knows
This fear is not
For the nightmares of childhood
Or the monsters in the dark
But for him

And the boy sees
On the glasses other side
The truth . . .
The true beasts are within

Lydia Tropper
Sec. 5

Cries Of War

A little child crying
Amongst the cries of war
Yet no one takes the time to listen
There is so much more
Of suffering and dying
Of corpses in the sand
Of distant bombs exploding
Destroying our land
And no one has the time for
A little child crying
Amongst the cries of war.


Lydia Tropper
Sec. 5



SKY

A striking powerful blue begins it all,
Pungent,
Everlasting;


A stream of swirls, blue,
Very pale
And whites hang beneath;



This is a painting, a dash here,
A dash there,
Wait, lets throw some cotton in,
For texture and effect;

Map - Like shapes remain,
Unmoving beneath,
Deep dark green braded with shadows,
and light.

And I am a bird, flying,
Carefree,
I, clad in flowing black,
And shades of blue,
I see all,
And am thankful and content to do so.

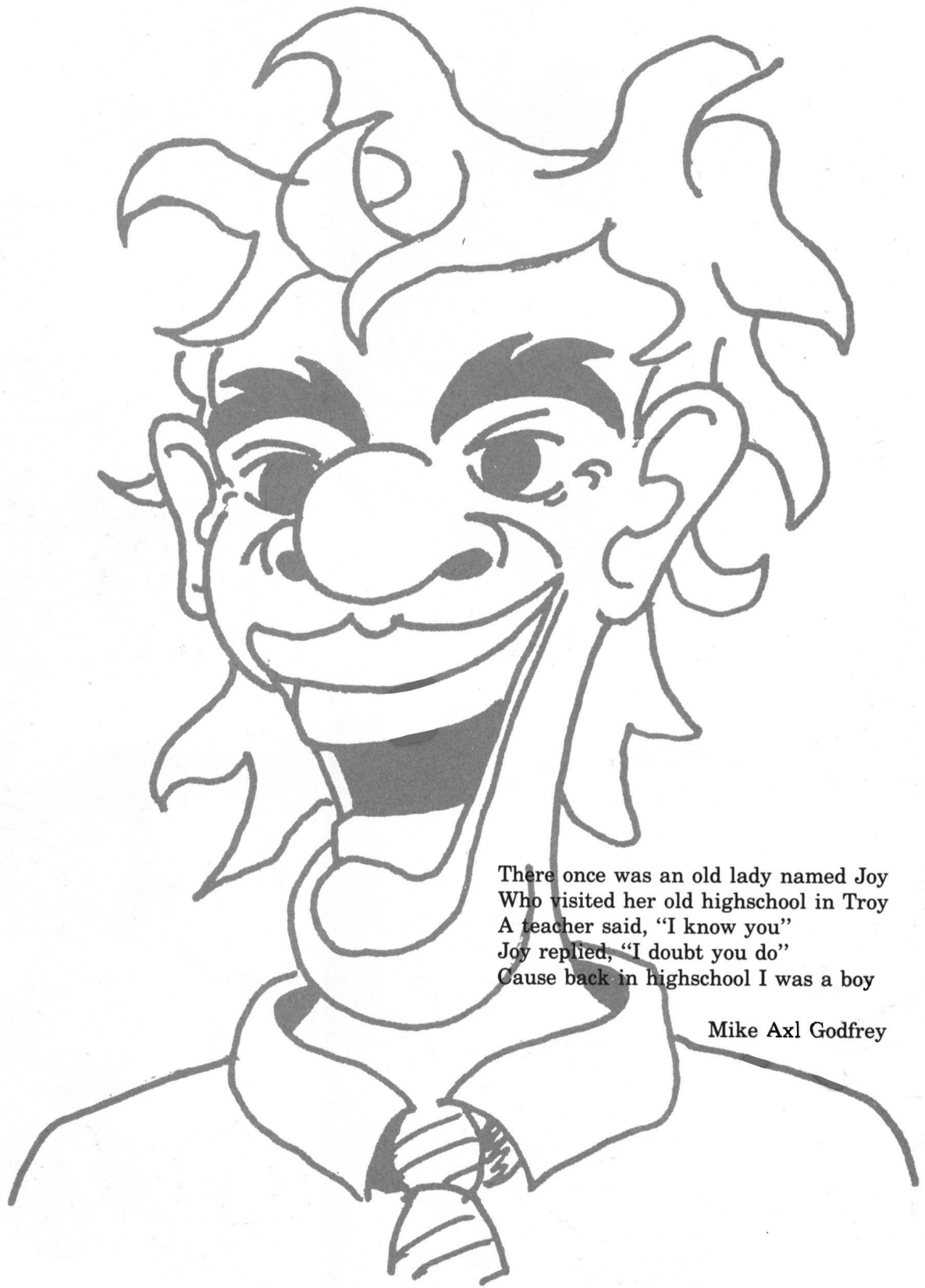


- B.W.



I am a bird,
I give you my wings.
I am the sun,
I give you my warmth.
I am yours,
and I give you my heart.

SR



There once was an old lady named Joy
Who visited her old highschool in Troy
A teacher said, "I know you"
Joy replied, "I doubt you do"
Cause back in highschool I was a boy

Mike Axl Godfrey