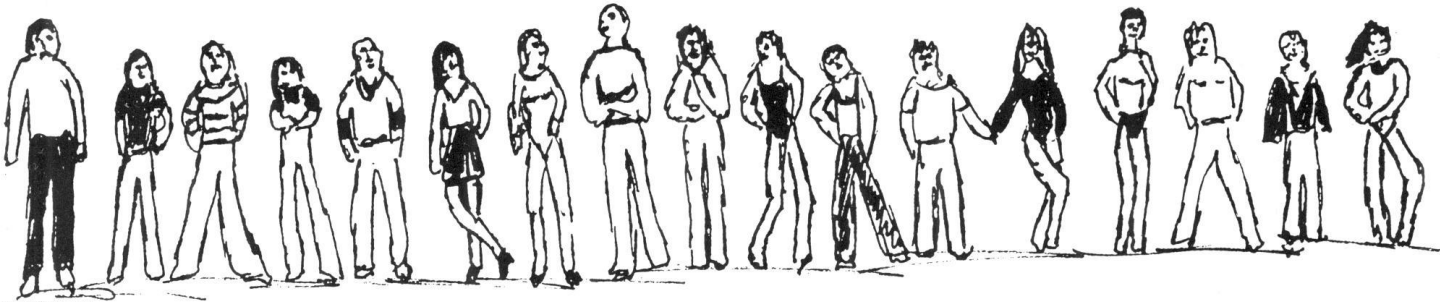


ART + LIT



ART + LIT

ART + LIT

ART + LIT

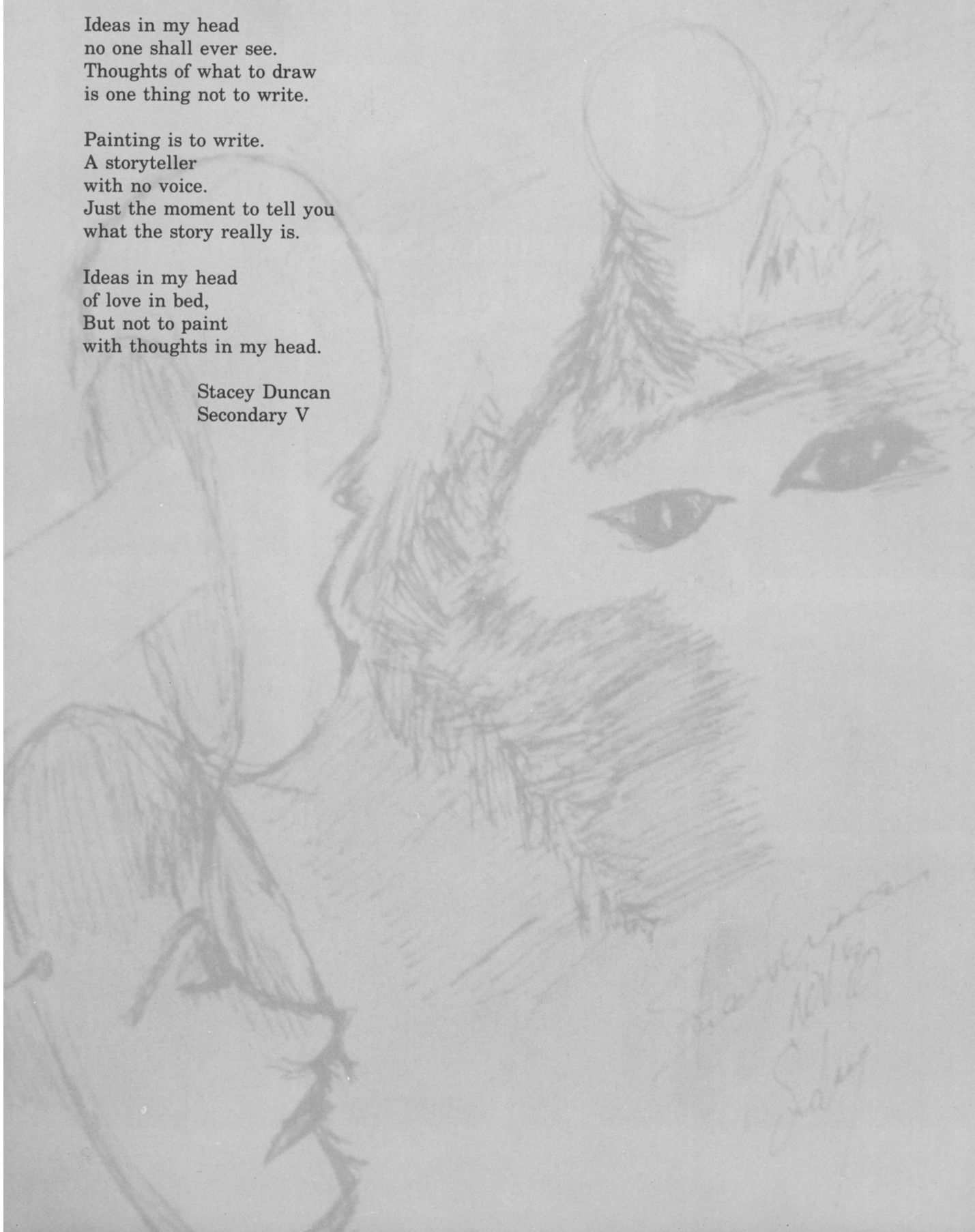
My love is with a brush
in which I can paint.
As the paint
goes to paper,
My heart, it goes aflame.

Ideas in my head
no one shall ever see.
Thoughts of what to draw
is one thing not to write.

Painting is to write.
A storyteller
with no voice.
Just the moment to tell you
what the story really is.

Ideas in my head
of love in bed,
But not to paint
with thoughts in my head.

Stacey Duncan
Secondary V



*Stacey Duncan
Nov 1999
Stacey*

VICTOR

A star glitters
Below the city,
Under a florescent light
And a decaying ceiling.

The occasional roar
Of a wild, yet controlled
Beast of our times
Is feared, yet anticipated.
This noise brings forth
Mostly ignorers
But the occasional
Penny or nickel.

The star glitters.
From his mouth
Comes words of love,
Hate and sorrow,
Fantasy worlds,
Reality and
Fragments of the past.

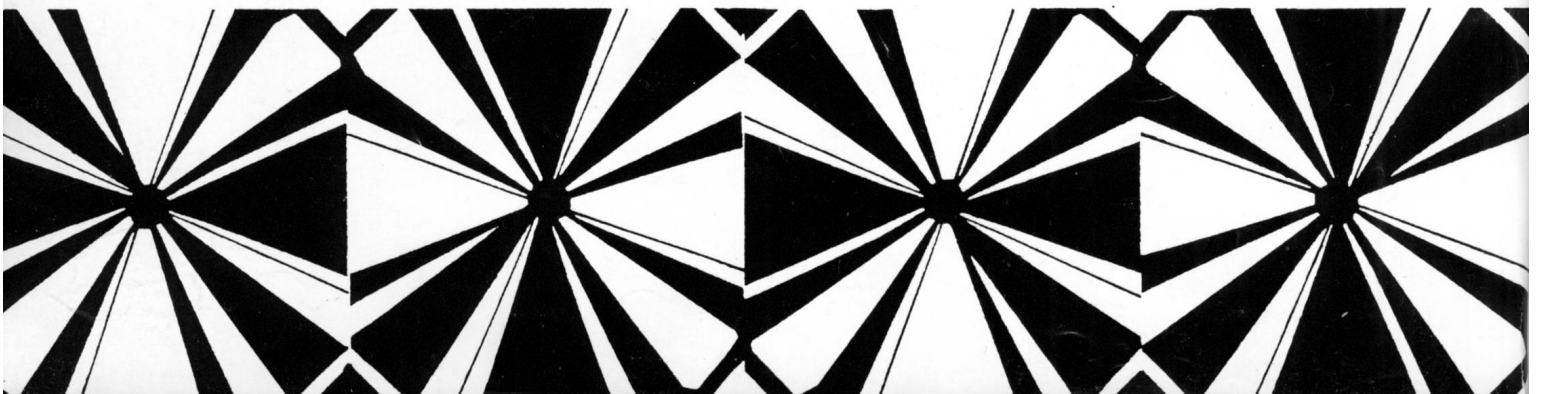
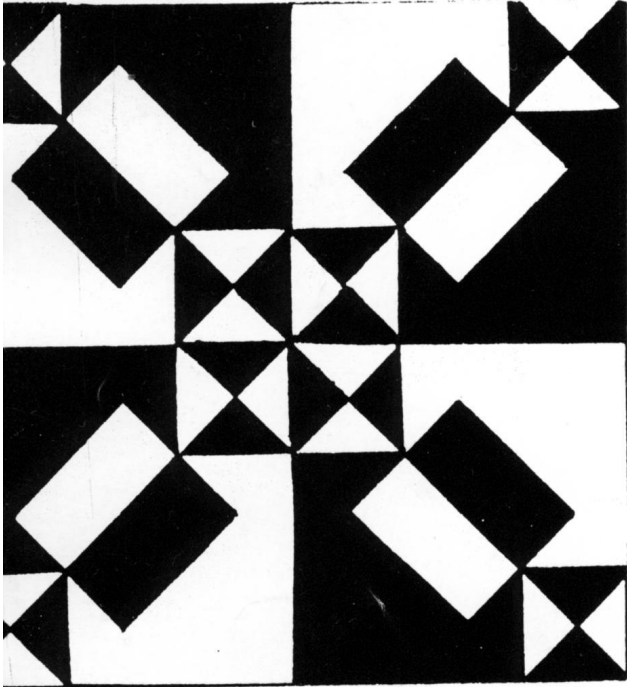
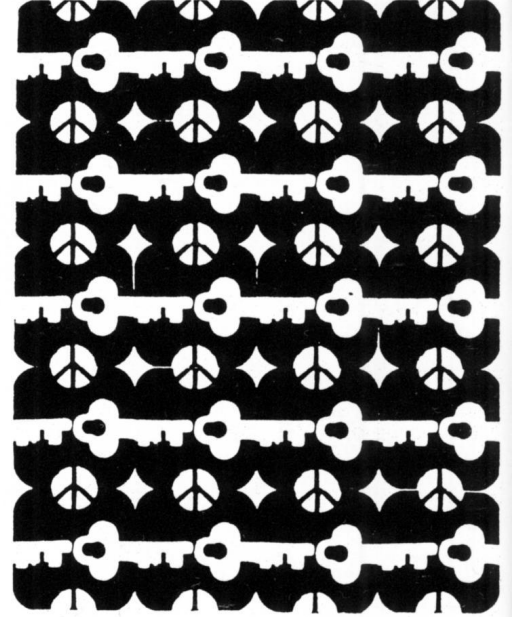
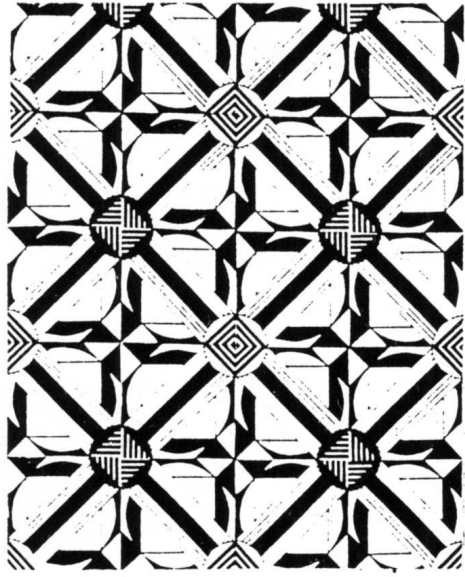
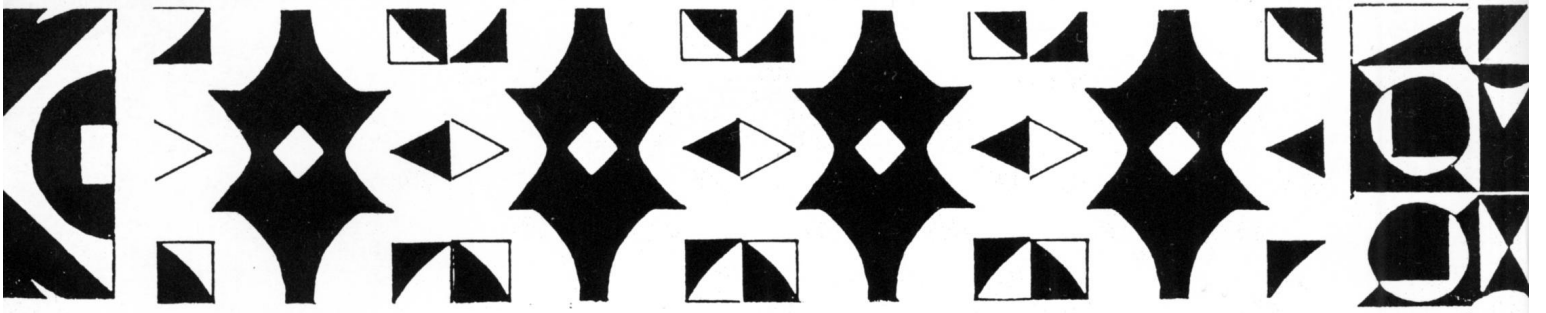
The sweet melody is heard
From passers by,
And into his guitar case
You'll find loose change.
He'll give you a bow
And if you're lucky, a smile.

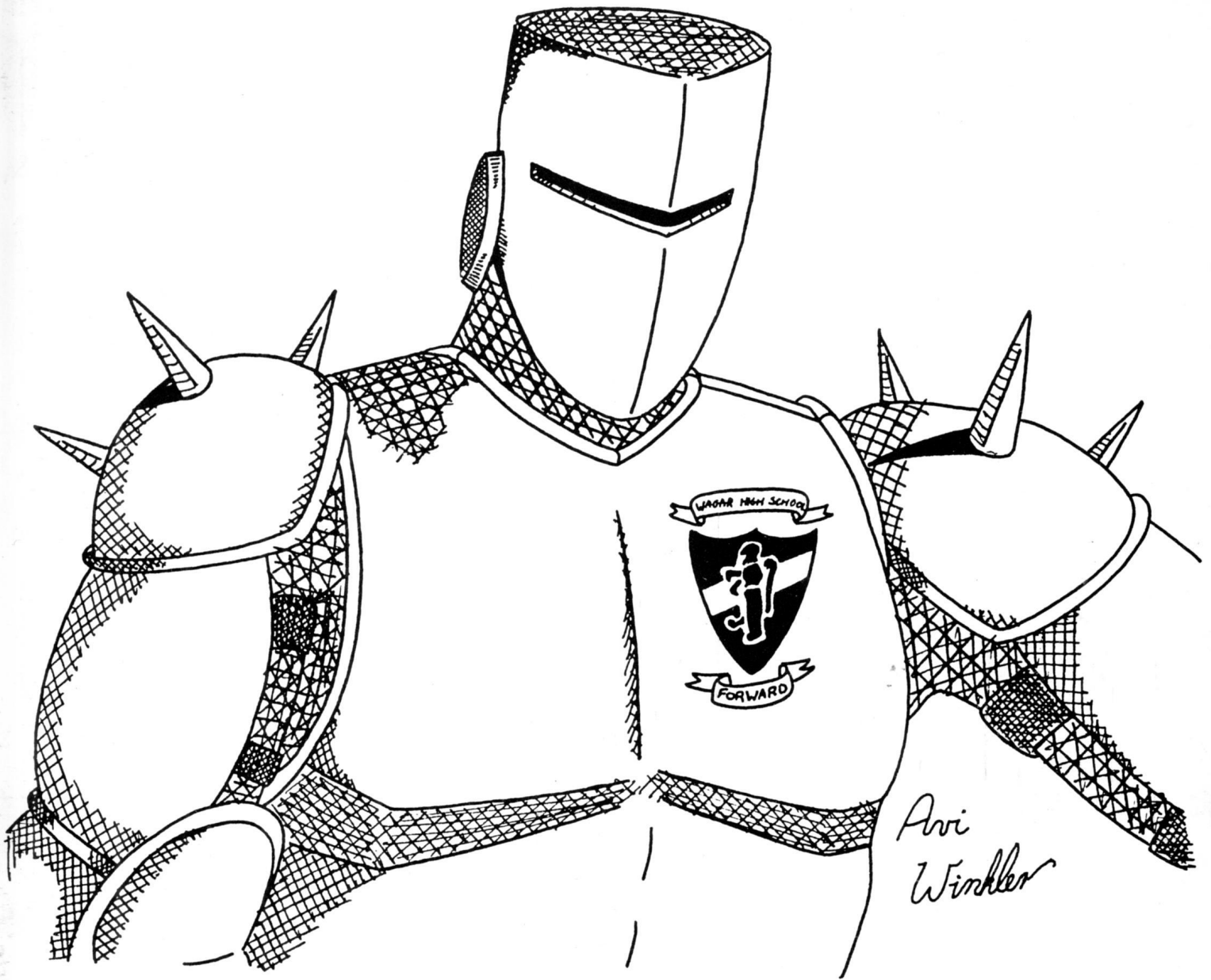
Dara Weiss
Secondary V

A Friend Is . . .

A friend is worth more
than words can say,
They can brighten and lighten
and lift up each day.
When your world seems in ruins
they will comfort and care,
They will listen, advise
or simply be there.
They need no reminders,
responses or reasons;
A true friend is priceless
and a joy for all seasons.

Esther Clerici
Secondary V





THE VICTORY

Two long years we waited,
And finally it came to be;
We beat Bilik's hockey team,
5-0 YES SIR REE!!

It wasn't for the power,
It wasn't for the fun,
It was for Officer Vidal -
The coach that packs a GUN!

A.J. Levine
11/18/91.

DESTINY

The path one choses to walk,
can mean the difference between
black or white,
green or yellow,
red or blue,
pain or joy,
success or failure,
light or darkness,
sickness or health,
life or death,
love,
or to risk never knowing love.
For one's destiny depends solely on the creator,
And the creator is the beholder.

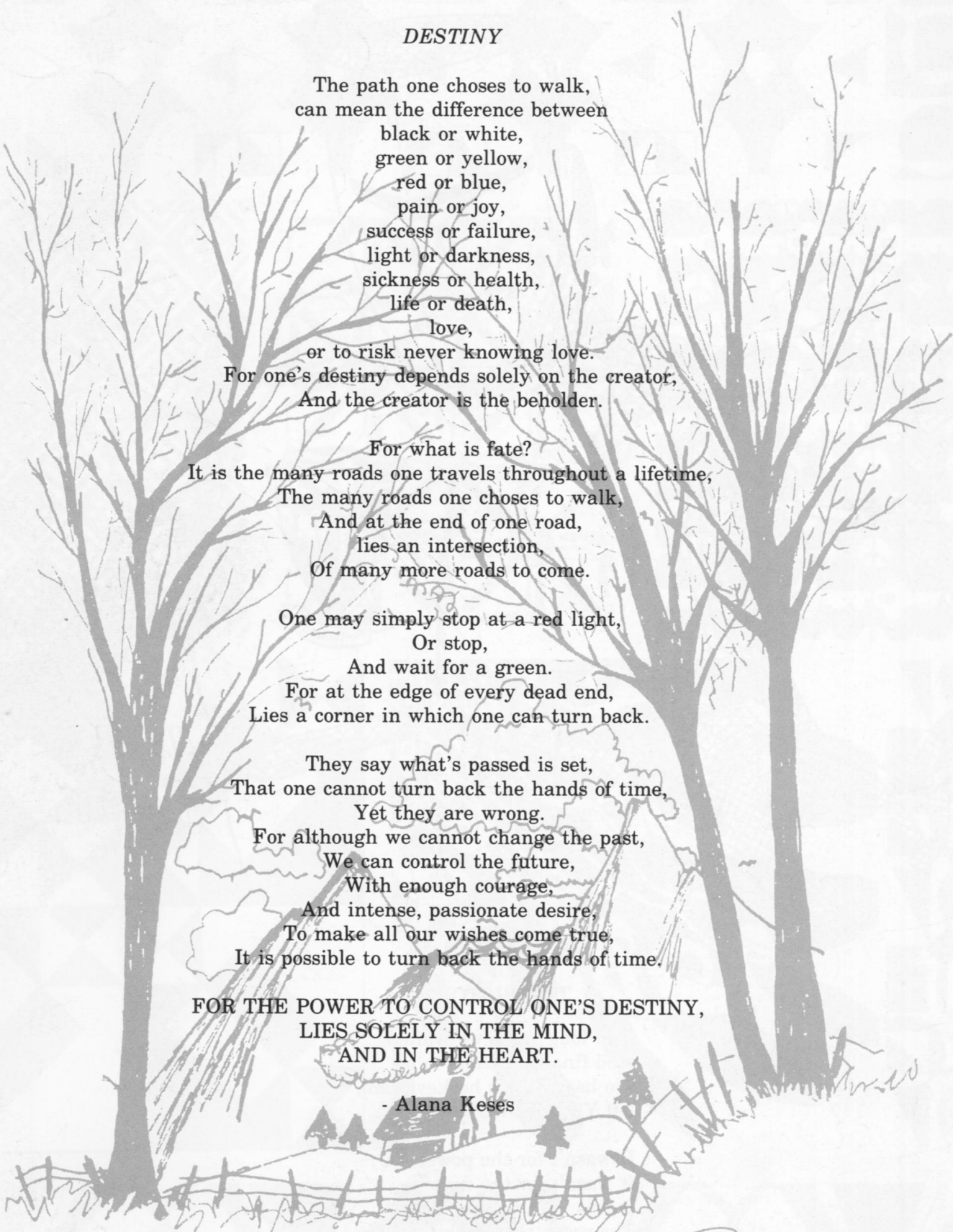
For what is fate?
It is the many roads one travels throughout a lifetime,
The many roads one choses to walk,
And at the end of one road,
lies an intersection,
Of many more roads to come.

One may simply stop at a red light,
Or stop,
And wait for a green.
For at the edge of every dead end,
Lies a corner in which one can turn back.

They say what's passed is set,
That one cannot turn back the hands of time,
Yet they are wrong.
For although we cannot change the past,
We can control the future,
With enough courage,
And intense, passionate desire,
To make all our wishes come true,
It is possible to turn back the hands of time.

**FOR THE POWER TO CONTROL ONE'S DESTINY,
LIES SOLELY IN THE MIND,
AND IN THE HEART.**

- Alana Keses



Alana Keses
911