

ART  
and  
DESIGN



### Passion of Love

He longs for the passion,  
Her face haunts his mind,  
Never leaving it.  
Blocking every thought that tried to come in.

He imprisons himself,  
In his cold dark room.  
Lit only by the piercing moonlight  
Coming through his window.

Sitting at the edge of his unmade bed  
Gazing at the lifeless moon  
Pondering the thought of his love for her.

Thinking, about her.  
Her skin soft and delicate,  
As a rose itself.

Her eyes, dark eyes, filled with so much joy  
Her lusty warm lips  
Oh! How he wishes he could feel her figured  
body,  
Taste her sweet lips.

"I loved her!" he cries in vain, at the moon,  
hoping she would hear him and come back.

But he knew better.  
She was never coming back.

Ravind Rambox,  
Grade 9

### A Night in the Races

Cleaning up the dishes, makes a weird sound  
Revvng up the engine, going out on the town  
So I said to my love, "What do you wanna do tonight?"  
I looked at her and didn't want to start no fight

Blowing the joint like we did all the time  
Leaving the place deserted seemed fine  
Watching the horses go by drives me crazy  
My honey looks at me and dares call me lazy

Horse broke his legs and they shoot it in the head  
My baby looks at me and wish'd they'd shoot me instead  
We get up to leave, it's time we left this dive  
My darling screams at me, her eyes are like knives

By the time we got home her voice was hoarse  
I lost the fight like I always did, of course  
I tell my love the words she wants to hear  
"Happy anniversary, my love, see you next year!"

Freddy Vatcha  
Grade 11

*The Overcast*

I walk through the tilted forest.  
Somehow I also feel slightly unwanted.  
Then I walk on an angle to the north, the  
north I say!  
I miraculously find my way, travelling as  
an ant on  
a pair of designer jeans.  
Somedays I get tired and rest in some  
child's sand castle,  
when all of a sudden I'm washed away  
in the mirage of  
this messed up world.  
While the child loses interest,  
I camouflage in the rocks and pretend I  
am the king.  
I am the king of spades and all the sand  
particles are my council.  
Soon I'm resting over the sea with noone  
waiting my arrival and  
noone to tell me I'm their blue flower.  
I have grass in my sahoes like an indian  
tribe officer on  
his voyage of conquest.  
These parapalegions don't want me in their  
domain.  
I feel the chills of every species passing  
me by,  
in turfs of disclosure.  
The sea is strange, the waves are unsink-  
able.  
An unbreakable morning of mystery and  
discovery.  
I'll never sink, I'll never float so I'll fly.  
Fly as free . . . as can be.

M!@?y Z.  
Grade 10



**JUStICE**

O.J. was His name,  
Football was His game.  
Nicole He did maim  
Now He rose to fame.

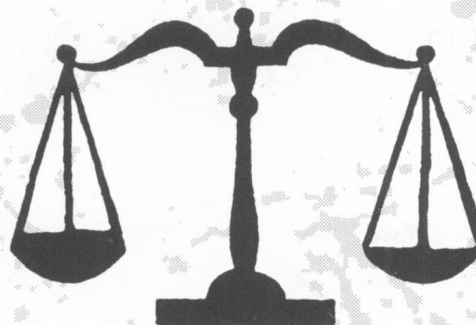
Running from the law.  
He was quick on the draw.  
So whaddy'a think,  
After a year, He's back on the links.

He got off scot-free,  
No flag on the play.  
He's a killer and  
He's here to stay.

A murderer is here,  
and He's famous,  
and He's rich  
and he's free.

By: Anon A. Moose

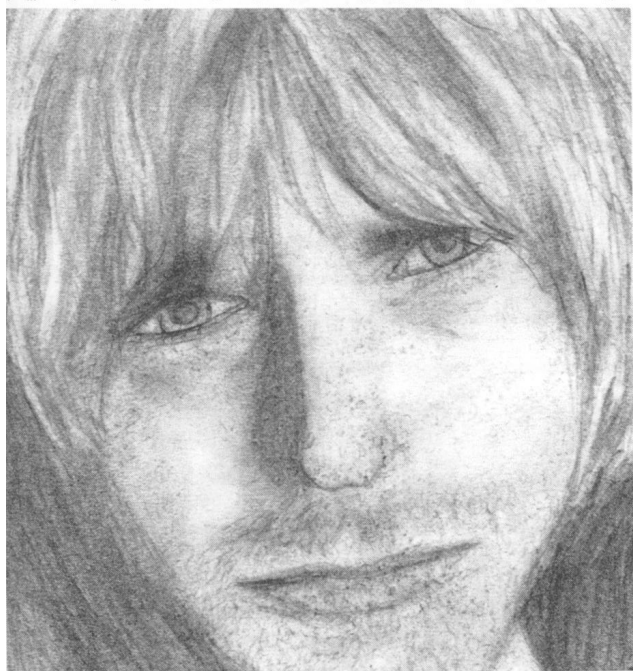
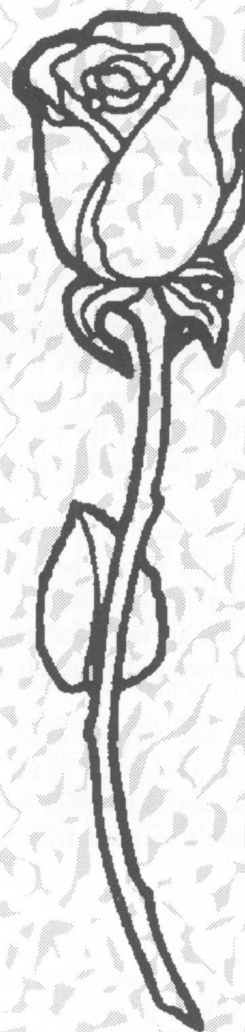
I hope no one got offended by this poem,  
but I believe that everyone should be able  
to have their say, whether it is for or  
against public opinion.



*My Darling Valentine*

Sweetheart you mean the world to me,  
you may not think so now, but soon you'll see.  
Your gentle touch, your warm embrace,  
Your sweet tender lips, touching my face.  
I can't help it, you are heaven sent,  
My darling I shall never leave you,  
stray or repent,  
Whenever I look at you, my heart goes pitter patter,  
I guess you mean so much to me,  
If you ever leave me, my whole world will shatter.  
Sometimes I get the feeling that we were not  
made for each other,  
But then when I think about what we've  
been through, I could never go to another,  
I love you so much and I just want you to know,  
without you my darling life would be  
empty and cold.  
Maybe you don't see things my way  
but I know one day you'll feel the same,  
and everything will be okay.  
I know this is very sudden and delirious it  
might be.  
But I want to grow old with you,  
and raise a family.  
Till today I know I'm yours  
and that you are mine,  
So just to make everything complete,  
will you be my Valentine's?  
Cupid shot his arrow right in our direction,  
so let's make the most of it,  
and turn this Valentine's into perfection.

Natalie Vassel  
Grade 11



*The Decision Dream*

She falls asleep and into a dream  
The soft spoken people around her were chanting  
If she chose wrong her life would rip at the seam  
Or it could be her wish they were granting.

It all began on a path that was narrow and long  
She walked along, people were all around  
She saw a fork in the road and  
hoped she was wrong  
Cause now she was alone, clueless, in the air  
not a sound.

She didn't know which way to turn  
No one to help her, she was shaking with fear  
But she forced herself with rage to be stern  
She forced herself to listen for she must hear

The voice came from way up above  
She was not sure if she heard it, but she had  
The voice said to make the decision-out of love  
That one way was good and the other bad

She asked the voice, "Which one is good?"  
"Your heart will tell you, little one" it said  
She didn't understand but she knew that it would  
And the next thing she knew she was lying in bed

When she awoke, her life flashed before her eyes  
And she felt the message that came from her dream  
No matter what her decision, she knew would be wise  
Her heart told her then her life would not rip at the seam

Pam Kujavsky  
Grade 10