

Art & Lit





Forget Me Not

*My life is filled with dreams
I know will never come true
I try and think of the things
That someday I'll want to do*

*I feel the pressure coming down
I don't know where to turn
People don't seem as they appear
Maybe I can crash and burn*

*I see an ocean far away
I look there and fear the dread
One day I'll be lost in the blue
I've chosen my path, is what they said.*

*The sea animals swim in the dark
The water that they live peacefully in
Is the water that I should live for
Tomorrow, I'll swim with the fish in sin.*

*As the sun shines down
with the ocean so bright
I try to sit and think
My thoughts overcome with fright*

Celia Cobb
Grade 9
四カ
木ロ
リ甲
中音

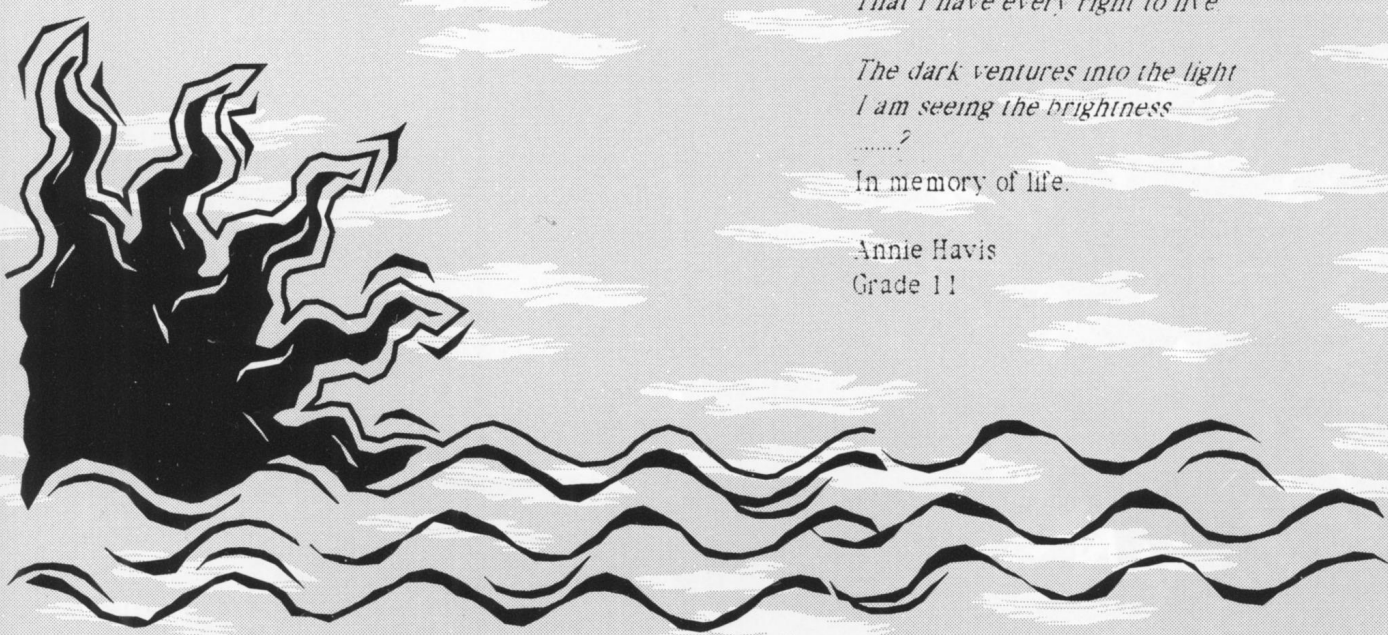
*I'm scared of the life I have yet to live
I'm worried about the friends I have yet to find
I can't survive in this hateful world
Somebody can come to take me away to the blind*

*To drown myself in my sorrow
Would be to give into the cruelty
I have to keep up the life
That I have every right to live*

*The dark ventures into the light
I am seeing the brightness*

.....?
In memory of life.

Annie Havis
Grade 11



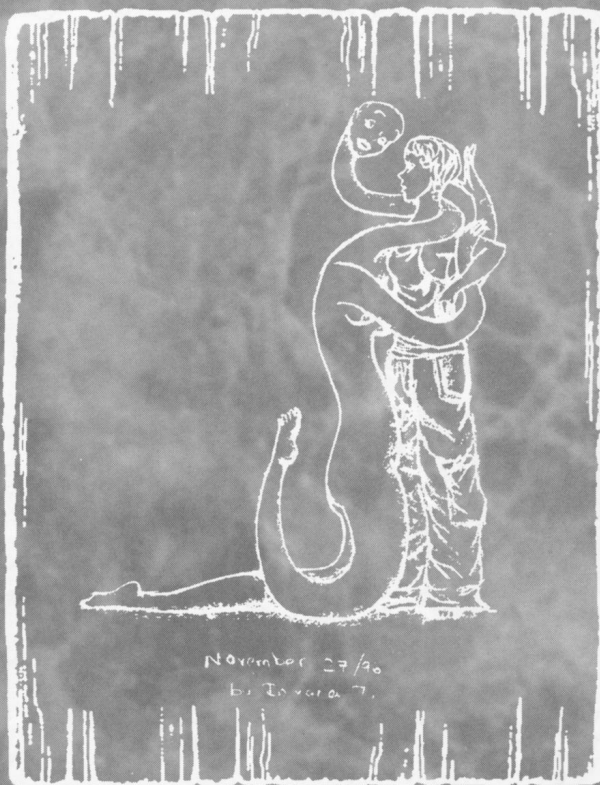
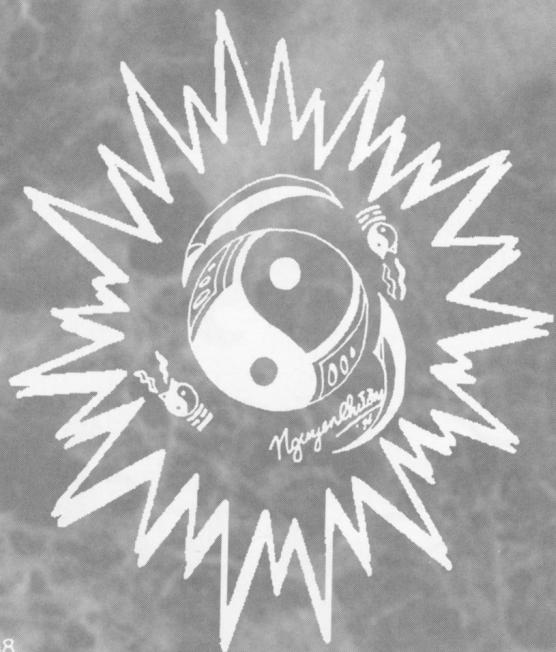
My Conscience

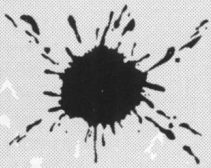
When I was six
I might not have minded,
Seeing my mother,
And not my father.
But my conscience helps me not!

I was eleven
And wise.
I'd rather hear my
Mother's voice,
Than my father's lies.
But my conscience helps me not!

Fifteen I was
And indifferent.
I don't care if
My mother talks
Or my father.
They are like statues,
That just stand there.
But my conscience helps me not.

I'm in my twenties
And I talk to no one.
Not my mother,
Not my father.
Because my conscience
Never helped me!!





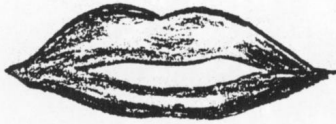
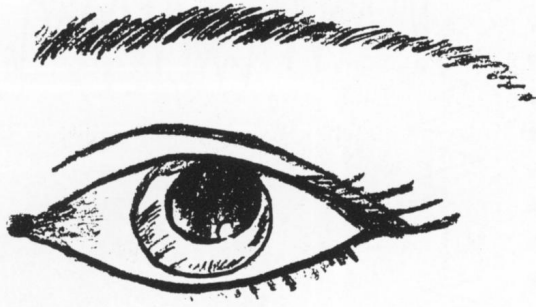
Kamikaze

*This puppeteer by my bedside
 screams till deaf do us part.
 Through lavender rivers of smoke
 Draws your images
 Designing my fate and
 longing to be longed.
 Can you climb as high as I can?
 Take out those skeletons
 self-afflicted gun shot
 Plotting your best friends funeral.
 Think up something surreal
 White horses left me crippled
 in the mindless, directionless, headless.....
 Bleed the black current highway
 Untill deaf do us part....*

Anonymiss
 Grade 11



Robertos
 2005



Best friend

*Thoughts of you
Fill my mind,
I think of you all the time.
Joy and pain,
Days running through the rain.
Times watching T.V.,
even a movie.*

*But all good things must
come to an end,
I wish I never had to
let you go,
You were my best friend.*

*The love of my life,
the shine in my day,
I'd always want you by my side,
I wouldn't want it any other way.*

*But I know that you are gone,
I must learn to be strong.
Sure good things come to an end,
but it doesn't mean they can't start up again.*

*I'd love to tell you to your face,
Just once more,
I miss your kiss and sweet embrace,
but there's no need for me to tell you again.*

*You know I love you,
from beginning to end.
So remember as far as friends go
you were always my best friend.*

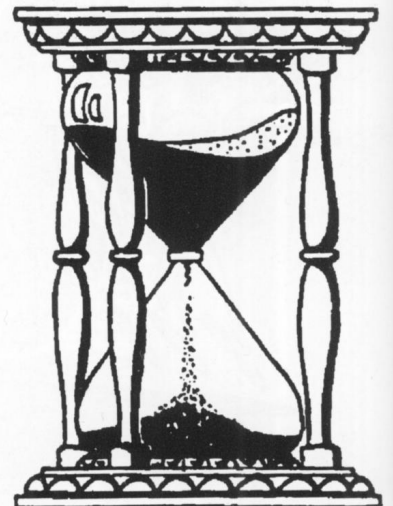
Maria Lovell
Grade 11

*Charles Fy Ys
96*

SLEEP WALKERS

I FIND MYSELF WALKING TOWARDS A HOUSE AFTER A DREAM I HAD. I DID NOT KNOW WHY I WAS GOING THERE, BUT I KNOW I HAD TO. I GET TO THE DOOR. I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE. IT IS HELL. ONE OF THE DEVILS COMES OUT TO GET ME. HE IS WEARING A BLACK ROBE. HE HAS HORNS COMING OUT OF HIS HEAD. HE TAKES ME INTO A ROOM - A BIG ROOM. I CAN FEEL THE EVIL IN THE AIR. ALL THE OTHERS ARE THERE. THERE ARE CANDLES ALL AROUND. THE CANDLES ARE BLACK. THEY ARE DANCING IN A CIRCLE AROUND A TABLE IN THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM. ON THE TABLE THERE IS A SKULL. IT HAS HORNS, AND BLOOD IS POURING OUT OF IT'S EYES, AND A CROW IS STANDING ON IT'S HEAD. THEY ARE CHANTING WORDS, BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THEM. I GET FORCED ONTO THE TABLE, THEY START CHANTING AND DANCING AROUND ME - FASTER AND FASTER... I AM SCARED. I HAVE TO GET OUT. JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO SCREAM, I BECAME CALM AND LOOKED STRAIGHT AHEAD. I DID NOT KNOW WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR. THEN I SAW IT. THE DEVIL REACHES TO THE TABLE, BETWEEN TWO CANDLES HE PICKS UP A SILVER CUP. HE HOLDS IT UP FOR THE OTHERS TO SEE. THEN HE COMES OVER AND POURS BLOOD OVER MY HEAD. HELP ME!!! HELP ME!!! I MUST RUN. THEY WILL KILL ME. THE HEAD DEVIL MOTIONS TO ANOTHER DEVIL WHO BRINGS HIM A KNIFE. THE BIG ONE HOLDS IT OVER HIS HEAD AND SAYS, "HAIL SATAN." HE COMES CLOSER, AND HE PUTS THE KNIFE IN MY HAND. HE PICKS UP THE CUP AND POURS BLOOD OVER IT. ANOTHER DEVIL BRINGS A LITTLE BABY. IT IS CRYING. HE PLACES IT ON THE TABLE AND POURS BLOOD ON IT'S CHEST. THEY ALL LOOK AT ME. THE CHILD'S EYES ARE OPEN, STARRING AT ME. I FEEL NERVOUS AND BEFORE I SCREAM, I PLUNGE THE KNIFE DEEP INTO MY HEART. THE CROW SCREAMS BEFORE I HIT THE GROUND. THE WINDOWS CRASH OPEN. CROWS START FLYING IN THE ROOM. THE CROW ON THE SKULL FLIES DOWN, RIPS OUT MY HEART AND FLIES AWAY WITH IT. JUST BEFORE I DIE, I CAN FEEL THE OTHER CROWS AND DEVILS EATING AWAY AT MY BODY.

**BY : DAVE GREENFIELD
GRADE : ???**





Beyond the Grave Forever My Love

I walk in the shadows with pain
in my heart.
I would come to you faster than
Cupid's dart.
As I lay in my room trying
to sleep,
I think of your beauty and
start to weep.
Now the lust is gone,
I'm all alone.
I might not go to heaven because
my soul is torn
illusions of you by my side
one day,
till we become whole,
unearth I will stay.
Unfortunately for me it's
too late.
Without a heart and soul
I met fate.
Now I heave my pain, death
gave me it's cue.
I turn my back on the world without saying,
I loved you.
But I know one day after suffering my own yath,
I'm sure in a lifetime we'll walk the same path.
Beyond the grave forever my love.

Robert Anderson
Gyattor-selman

Underground Butterfly

Fluttering in the remaining breeze,
Dark and humid, the underground freeze,



Freedom caged in a shadowy hollow,
With nothing but darkness and instinct to follow.
Underground butterfly, taken from life,
her love, a sharp whisper, cuts just like a knife.

Her innocence shattered by hunger and fear,
As she watches the last ray of light disappear.
Fumbling through the mysterious tunnel,
Faster and faster, she twists in the funnel.

All hope is lost, the blank key doesn't fit,
She is exiled from life in this horrible pit.

Underground butterfly, torn wings and all,
She struggles along, trying hard not to fall.
Gasping and breathing, the toxic fumes spin,
The once delicate beauty decides to give in.

Floating down now to the tracks below,
A gust of wind acts as an undertow,
the shocking white heat maims her body with lies,
and while kissing the cold ground, she shudders and dies.

Melanie Halpert
Grade 10