

MOSAIC
2009

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Letter from the Editor:

I would like to congratulate this year's *Mosaic* staff on their outstanding accomplishment represented by the publication of the 2009 edition. This is the second year of the magazine and it only gets better with age. For the '09 edition we worked hard to create a new format for the magazine by dividing the works into sections. These sections consist of five main themes found in the majority of the works: perception, family, nature, love, and time. I feel it has helped to enhance the works and the magazine as a whole, and I am ecstatic about this year's publication.

I would like to thank all those who made this publication possible: Dr. Goodson keeping us all on track and the staff members who worked very hard to put this together (even submitting some of their own works) with special emphasis on Megan Salfrank, who spent a lot of time helping brainstorm ideas for how to make this edition stand out. Also, thank you to Mrs. Workman and Mr. Stephan for their support of the magazine.

A special thanks is in order for those who submitted their work. I greatly appreciate your courage. I say courage because I believe literature and artwork are two of the most personal forms of self-expression. This is due to the inspiration coming from within the individual and his/her views of the world around. For anyone to take the initiative to allow others to view something that can be so personal takes a lot of guts. Whether it manifests within a poem about thunderstorms or through a photograph of train tracks, one often encodes a piece of him/herself in the work. To allow this piece to be shown to your peers and possibly students is a rather daunting undertaking. Thank you so much for stepping up and sharing yourself; you make the *Mosaic* possible.

Sincerely,

Jessica White, Editor

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PERCEPTION





Choir

By Jessica White

*Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.
Tick Tap Tick Tap
Thrummmmmmm
Wait. Wait. Wait. Breath.
Hummmmm*

*Distant. Quiet. Growing. Budding.
Waking, stretching. Climbing, rising.
Beauty, angels, gather, joining
Brimming peaking bursting singing!
Chorus, cadence, refrain, medley
Dropping, slowing. Calming, fading.
Distant. Quiet. Softer. Gone.*

*Tick. Tick. Tick. Tick.
Thrum.*

End of Time, Beginning of Life

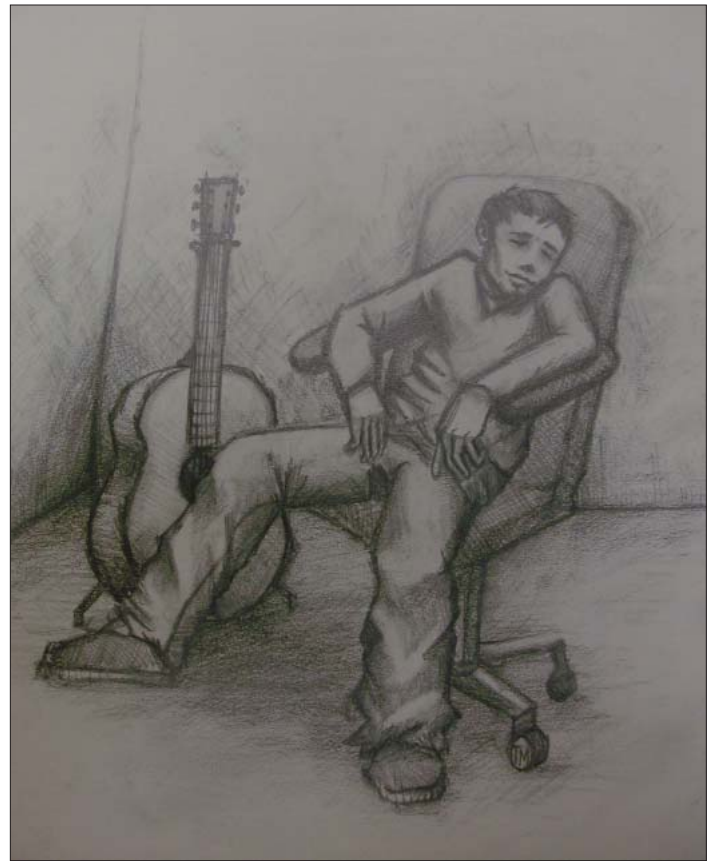
By Megan Salfrank

*I fell on my knees; I couldn't hold myself any longer.
I was weak, and I know it.
My knees ached against the hard floor, but I couldn't stand,
It would hurt more. I lay down on the ground, closing my eyes,
Waiting for the pain to end.*

*Soon enough, I felt the pain subside. I stood, opening my eyes,
Only to fall right back on my knees. The light was bright,
And I had to close my eyes again. My knees didn't ache this time.
I was pain free. But I stayed on my knees until I hear a rich voice:
"My child, come spend eternity with me."*

*I rose to my feet; the light no longer blinded me, I found.
I looked into his beautiful face, and couldn't hold back my smile.
He held out His arms to embrace me, and I ran into them.
He led me through His house, full of riches.
I was in awe of it all; my smile transformed into a laugh.*

*He laughed alongside me; the rich sound resounding off the walls.
"I'm so glad you could join Me," He said to me. I was too.
"I have a special room for you," He said, and led me through the halls,
To a spacious room, richer than those previously seen. My jaw dropped,
"All this, Lord, for me?" I asked. His smile broadened, "Of course."*



Untitled

By Caleb Nelsen

*Sitting in solitude, the quiet quarters of my room
Just me and my guitar, on a cool afternoon.
My fingers do the writing as they press on the steel.
I don't need words to make you see how I feel.*

*The creamy overtones, the distorted bottom end.
A solo at the start and a chord at the end.
A masterpiece that starts in the back of my head.
And then becomes real when I get with the band.*

*The bands starts to feel how I felt on that day.
A keyboard starts and the bass does the same.
The drummer comes in with a jamming beat.
And the words my fingers wrote make the music
complete.*

Artwork by Tanner Spreer

The Doctrine of Lies

By Conner McManus

*Words of Blackness fill the air,
Burning all they touch,
Spewing out of this man,
Who stands in holy honor.*

*Out the Blackness seeps,
Corrupting the hearts of those in attendance.*

*The man stands regal,
Spreading his twisted doctrine,
To further some perverted power.*

*This man of influence,
Spreads these lies
Into the hearts and minds
Of those who trust him
To show them the truth.*

*Instead they get lies
Turning Father against son
And a nation against its people.*

*Gone is the love,
The true holy doctrine,
For the insidious lies,
The Blackness.*

*The Hate!
Issuing from the man
That should be spreading Love.*

Untitled

By Dionna Lankard

*Mirror mirror on the wall
Who's the best of them all*

*I look in the mirror and all I see
Is everything I don't want to be*

*My eyes are blue
My skin is white. This is probably
The only thing I got right*

*My body's too big, my face is too
Round everywhere I go I get put down*

*I try so hard to be like them
I do my make-up and do my hair
Put on my clothes but still
I'm not anything like them*

Come With Me

By Jessica White

*Take my hand and walk with me
Through the cotton candy trees
We'll go out and hunt together
For Mr. Wonka's snosberries*

*I can show you where they're at
The Unipines and Platycats
Don't scorn or mock my make-believe
Some things are just more real to me
Than some of Life's "realities"*

*So smile big and laugh out loud
Even if it's much too loud
Fill the room up with your voice
To the ceiling, come be free
Won't you come and laugh with me?*



True Terror
By Steven Fox

*The
men
walk.*

*Men no where
near unnoticed. Wearing
masks, shouting vulgarly.
Tossing those to the ground
that tried to fight back. Gun
sounding, people falling
then the bomb
sounds.*



Artwork by Kevin Thomas

Senioritis

By Megan Salfrank

*Stress is the root of all evil.
No doubt.
My blood pressure rises.
I'm always on edge, and
I want to scream at full volume—
At anything*

*I want it all to go away,
School, that is.
I want to graduate and fly
Far away.
I'm ready for my life to change
And it can't when I'm stuck here.*

*It is a little ironic, I guess,
That I want to run away
To go to school again.
But I don't care, I want to
Get out
And go.*

*Go where, I'm not sure.
My future is a little hazy, honestly.
I have a road, I have a direction,
But beyond that—where it leads—
I'm not at all sure.
But that's normal, right?*



The Occurrence

By Jessica White

I walked down a dim lit hallway and found myself passing a door. This door was warped with age and seemed to be slowly buckling under the strain of withholding from sight whatever resided behind it. As curiosity took hold of me, I approached the door and, pressing my ear forward, heard the faint sounds of laughter and someone, or many someones, busy at work. Pushing past the pitiful threshold I entered a room long forgotten and left behind. What greeted me was an odd and rather despondent sight.

A group of misshapen miniature persons gleefully cantered about the room. Resembling the modern day interpretation of goblins or trolls, these small folk appeared to be joyfully caring out some fantastic task. At the eye of this storm of creatures there was what looked to be a broken statue. Its figure was human in shape and was possibly in a kneeling position, though I could not be certain. The pieces of the object were scattered about itself like petals from a dying flower, or so this scene brought to my mind. As I watched, various miniatures would jump around in spasmodic delight, snatching pieces from the floor and dancing about as they sought to find their original place. All the while they giggled and sang at what they had discovered.

“A palm, a palm,” cried one. Its voice resembled the bells often found on Elven feet, which were not a far cry from the tiny figures that danced before me. “A palm, that once itched, burned to reach out and touch. To be clasped in friendship, in love. But where to shall it go now, for the fire has gone out? Where shall it go?” the figure queried, as it twirled the palm around and disappeared to the lee side of the statue.

“An eye, an eye,” exclaimed another, holding its sorry puzzle piece aloft. “What once sparkled and danced for any to see. Yet the light has gone and fled, for none did look upon it. Sorry sparkle, sorry glee, did run and flee away. Oh dreary eye, now wet and dim, where shall you fit?” The miniature chortled as though it had just told a fine joke. Tossing its burden high to catch in one hand, it began to scale the statue as one would a mountain. His intent, I could only assume, was to place it at the top where a face may once have been.

“AhHa!” declared another as it shoved aside other various bits and pieces, to reach what it had spotted. “The heart, the heart, much worst for wear. It would seem the poor thing has shrunk like a gourd left too long in the sun. See, my fellows, it has gathered itself

inward, not sure how much it's worth now."

Watching this scene play out, I was drawn forward, though the figures seemed unaffected by my presence. I delicately tread toward the statue, dragging my feet so as not to further damage the scattered fractions. As I moved I began to study the texture and details of the statue's surface. It was neither wood nor stone, but seemed instead to be more comparable to skin. Once I came close enough, I reached out and placed my hand upon the "shoulder" of the thing and what I found caused me to gasp in shock. Beneath my hand was, though cold as ice, undeniable human flesh. I drew back and looked upon the "statue" with new eyes. What I had thought was merely similar to human in form, now was starkly human in truth. I could make out definitive features such as the hair upon its head, an arm, its waist, legs, one foot. It was how it all held the same dull gray coloring that caused the person's characteristics to blur together until it seemed a statue. During this interval of my discovery, the builders had slowed at their work. As soon as I stepped back, time seemed to resume itself, for the creatures sped back about their business, once again as though I was not even there.

I slid myself back against the wall to watch as they attempted to rebuild the broken person. It seemed a fruitless task, for as the miniatures put pieces back in their proper place other parts would fall. They fell, not as a mountain crumbles, but more as tears fall, slipping slowly and quietly down to end upon the floor and slide away. The pieces, along with the person as a whole, conveyed the feeling of having no reason to stay together, no motivation or will to be complete again. As an aforementioned mini placed the eye in its socket beside its fellow, the lids slide half shut on pupils that continued to gaze out at some distant point. Or maybe the gaze was inward, or none at all. All I know is that remorse and hopelessness fairly oozed off the person and left me no doubt that life still abided within; for only a truly living person could feel such pain and loss as I felt resonating from this center object. Sensing this, I was left floundering for some course of action I could take to help this dismal being. Surely only those with hearts of stone could walk away from such as this?

With no definitive plan in mind, I shoved off the wall and approached the structure once more. Standing before it, I contemplated what I could possibly do. While I stood pondering, a miniature pressed a hand into what could only be the end of an arm. The joined parts hung on for a moment but inevitably began to pull apart like raw dough hung upon a nail. On impulse I reached out to secure the hand before it could completely fall away.

Suddenly, it was as though a fist of ice gripped my heart so hard it ceased to beat. Flames burned my lungs and throat, at odds with the glacial plain that had once been my chest. Flashes of scenes appeared before my eyes tinged in ever-changing colors: the ocean,

a swing set edged in golden yellow, mittens left out in a muddy road, a man with a gap in his front teeth, smiling. On and on the images appeared, never lasting longer than an instant, my vision swam. As the pictures blurred, I found the scent of roses in my nose and on my tongue.

The cold surrounding my heart squeezed tighter, and the organ began to grow numb. Though my lungs never ceased to burn, the feeling became arbitrary and moved to the back of my mind. Weights fell on my shoulders like a harness, and my knees buckled, sending me to kneel upon the floor. Vaguely I sensed a presence beside me move and drift away. For one instant my eyes focused and my vision was restored. I saw an angel backing out a door with a look of both apology and triumph in its face. But a creeping feeling of apathy covered my thoughts. It didn't matter that the angel was leaving; there was no point to even care. Then the pictures were back, accompanied by the deepest, bleakest despair any creature, animal, human, or divine, had ever known. Nothing mattered, not past or present, not family or life. Nothing was left to know except the numb, the flames, and the memories.

Catching my attention suddenly was a pressure on my hand. This seemed to enrage the forces that had taken over my mind.

My chest constricted tighter and tighter, nearly pulsing to the time of the visions. Vaguely I recalled the pressure on my palm, and in an instant of thought, I clung to that feeling like my last hope in life. The despair and heartache that came with each vision seemed to crash upon me like waves, each more intense than the last. The feeling was so overpowering no thought could survive in my mind, save the instinctive need to hold onto all I had left in this world, the pressure upon my hand. The pictures increased, flashing faster and faster, until the world before my eyes burst and all went black.

I seemed to be swimming in a dark pool, searching for a way to break the surface. Distantly I tasted roses, and the entirety of my being focused on that one feeling to get me out of the dark. I opened my eyes to an empty room, bare and yet the same as when I had first entered it. Beside me sat the angel who, when I looked, returned my stare with a sheepish smile. I smelled roses. I looked at our hands, still clasped as if all that mattered most in the world depended on these two hands staying joined. Gently I was pulled to my feet, and we walked together through the door.



I Lay

By Setrice Grice

*I lay thinking of my life
Born quiet and staring
Thinking, Guessing, Wondering what was happening
I lay*

*I lay thinking of my life
In school learning and loving
Young, Playful, Trusting everyone
I lay*

*I lay thinking of my life
Fifteen going on Twenty-five
Crazy, Wild, Fun Loving
I lay*

*I lay thinking of my life
Mid-life crisis
Young, Old, Sad, Unsure
I lay*

*I lay thinking of my life
Waiting to see my grandkids
Old, Happy, Content with my life
I lay frozen in time*

Life After Death *By Mariah Ekart*

Devastating to the living, but wonderful for the dead.
Eternally happy in a better place.
Away from all the pain and tears.
Thought to be terrible and scary, but I know the truth.
Here lays the deceased, watching over us with Him from above.



Artwork by Nick Clark

Pulling Strings

By Conner McManus

*Those who hide will remain hidden,
Those who show themselves remain seen.
Plans stay this way until someone thwarts them
But it is not important what the new plan is,
But who thwarted the old one.*

*Those who are dumb suddenly speak loudly,
And those who speak are made dumb.
But the question still remains,
Who caused the change?*

*Who is the player pulling the strings?
Who is using their will?
What is the aim of this person?
It is for you to answer.*

*But if it is you pulling the strings
For your own change.
If you're imposing your own will on yourself
Then you have the power.*

*Power greater than those who let others pull strings.
The power to change destiny
The power to control,
And the power is yours alone.*

*Fatum est illi quisnam pervenio pro is.
Destiny is for those who reach for it.*

Night Time Poem

By Britt Massingill

*In a picture I've seen the ocean as black as the universe
And the water shines like the thousands of the stars in the night sky
By the ocean sits a city on a beach; it rests in this calm night time odyssey as cars
Go through the streets and the sounds of waves hit the shore.
Miles away across the ocean the moon sits in the sky
It shines bright and alone and acts as if it is an eye watching us all
As time passes by it fades away and is destroyed by the sun
As it dies a new day is rising; a new time has begun.*

A Poem On Poetry

By Amy Melby

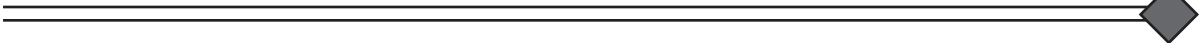
*Poetry, oh poetry, How
I despise thee! How it is awful
The rhythm is off, this sucks now
Writing a poem is unlawful*

*But I guess I will just do it
Because I get a grade for this
It makes me want to throw a fit
A world with poetry is not bliss*

*I doubt I can write anymore
This paper should go in the trash
Writing poems has been a bore
Hopefully, It will become ash*

*Writing a sonnet has not been easy
It's not very good; it's short and measly*

Mosaic



Photography by Starla Simmons



Family

Forever Gone, But Not Forgotten

By Kristina Baker

A baby sister from the start
Always looking up
with expectant eyes
that would linger on you.
You always leave me
with a smile
Never wanting to see me cry.
You were my protector,
My shield...
My caring guardian.
You would watch over me,
letting me stay by your side
Funny and cool,
You almost always knew
exactly what to do
But now you're gone
Stolen from life
So many things
You could've done.
It will never change the fact
You are gone...
But NEVER
Will you be FORGOTTEN

Untitled

By Keith Bullock

Momma, don't worry about your youngest son
Everyone knows I wasn't the lucky one
The cards were stacked, but I did what I could
I did some stuff that I promised I never would
And I wish I could take it back
Sometimes I wish my head would crack
All the crazy things that run through
Sometimes I don't know what to do



Artwork by Tanner Spreer



Photograph by Teresia Jennings

Don't Turn Away

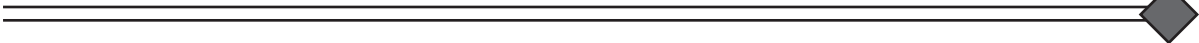
By Cat Wethington

*The words travel with no meaning
You close your ears to this sermon.
Life means more than this;
there is more than this.
You Turn Away*

*A Savior came and died
your debt is paid. But
Do you acknowledge your
Messiah?
Life holds more than this;
There is more than this.
Again You Turn Away*

*This is my last chance
to make you understand.
God gave everything for you,
can you accept this gift?
Life can mean more than
here and now; there is
more to life than this.
You glance behind; Maybe You'll Stay.*

Mosaic



Nature





Nature

By Lane Eichman

Nests of birds high above next to
Apples blossoming in
Trees beneath the morning sky, while low
Under the soil
Roundworms coming into
Existence among their friends

tide patterns

By Josie Gonzales

the water brushes

my bare toes

making my feet sink

inches into the sand

half the beach remains

wet from high tide

earlier in the day

i have always enjoyed

low tide more, something

just seems different

the water is calming

and the scent of salt

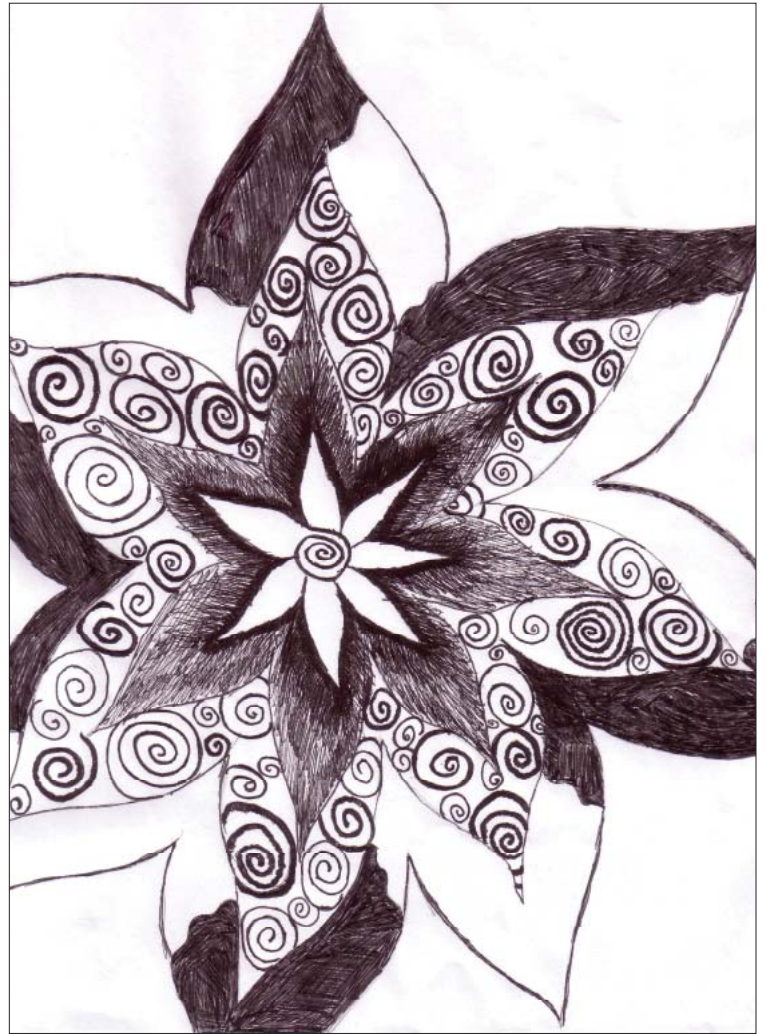
relaxing

i love the ocean

Sweet Nature
By Shellsea Holmes

A flower blooms
New life begins
Old leaves fall
Another life ends

Baby bird grows
A couple in the grass
An apple growing
Nature's romance



Artwork by Maggie Clark

Dancing Wind
By Jackie Peterson

The sun rolled down the sky as the clouds rumbled in,
According to the clouds, a wild party was about to begin.
The music started to play, the bass sounded strong,
In the distance the D.J. was coming, bringing the strobe light along.
Louder the music got and brighter the flashes were,
The wind must have got excited and started to stir.
It rained all night and as morning grew
The music had left with the strobe light too.
Plants were all sad drooping with tears
Because a storm like that only comes every few years.

The Rain

By Conner McManus

The rain falls down upon me,
The rain of pain of love
And I writhe under its might.

But even as I writhe,
I see the life being born anew,
The beauty being raised into existence.

Yet while the rain brings life,
Death is also upon its droplets.

Floods ravage a coastal village,
As the waters take what they please,
Leaving only the aching hearts
Of those who watched loved ones go.

All of this goes through me now,
As I stand here in the rain.

I feel the cleansing power of the water.
I relish in its touch.
How I wish I could feel this forever,
And would never have it dry.

Though I stand in this cleansing power,
I feel the pain as well
Every hit leaves bruises on my skin,
As the rain comes down as hail.

So I stand in my agony, and my relief
Watching as love and life grow,
And as it falls to the ultimate
Death.

Kansas
By Taylor Williams

Corn and wheat fields everywhere to be seen
Wind mills in every small town
Buffalo trembling through the hills
Dizzy storms dance throughout the plains
Harsh winds forcefully making the rivers flow
Flowers spring out on wondrous prairies
Farmers caring for all their cattle
While citizens shuffle along the yellow brick road



Icicles

By Alicia Kilian

Sun so bright, shining
down
on the Earth

on the Earth chained
with glistening snow and ice

snow and ice reflecting
the Sun's smile

ice does not melt,
will not yield
to the heat

Sun tries his hardest
to free
the Earth ground,

to free
the Earth ground
from the

frozen clutches of ice

The Hike
By Casey Roberts

One day I felt inspired to go on a hike
Through the beautiful forests of Colorado
And still I could not escape the fact
That, as important as I am, nature will not change
My footprints will be forgotten
And the trees will not care when I die
But still, mankind says we are better
We need these trees for paper
But we still need you to clean our air we say
But mankind says we are better
As the hike continued
And I pondered more
Who really needs who more?

Story of the Wind
By Molly Delay

Wind whispered through the trees,
telling secrets to the world.
The secret of the hideous scene
over, but had just begun.
Though crime was common here,
The wind sung its song.

The trees rustled with the tale
No one knew who the culprit was
Only thing left; unusable evidence.
The gruesome story yet to be told,
lay in the form of two bodies; bloody, dead, and cold.
The trees screamed the truth.

Police cars blared the crime
The tragedy that lay before
Together, in holy matrimony, they died.
Whether one killed the other,
or they killed their own,
their story would never be known.
And the police told the news.

The grief of the families rattled the morgue
To view the masks of total calm
To hear the whispers of the dead
To conceive the thought
To know the truth
was the death of the family, Fledge.

Northern Cabin Morning
By Benjamin Kohler

Light tapping of rain and the thin roof
People stirring inside ready for the morning
Putting on coats
Getting your gear together for the trip
Long after the rain has stopped, it drips from the trees
Fog clearing from the lake
People appearing
Fishing – quiet
Loons calling their loved ones
Fish jumping
Sun appearing through the clouds
Warming up the air



Untitled

By Damon Irvin

Burning, Blistering Blaze of the
fire like a dragon's roar.
Never have my eyes seen this. My witty and
wild wonder begin to explore.
What an evil that lives on the life of
This green and golden grass, that will be there no more.
Such a Monstrous, Magnificent, and mournful
presentation of power and anger and galore.
The animal inhabitants stare on with a
frightening and fleeing fear that they scorn
To be rid of this wilderness, so a new one
can ascend, acculturate, and arise in the morn.
An act of Deathly Destruction or an act of
Curious creation, my mortal mind is torn.
Like Ashes to Ashes and Dust to Dust, with the
morning east sun; laughing, loving life will be reborn.

A Promise

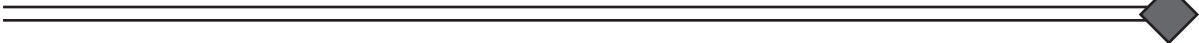
By Bailey Bettencourt

The snow is falling
Each whispers its own secret
I'll be back, it says



Artwork by Jamie Clark

Mosaic



Artwork by Jamie Clark



Love



Sugar Coated

By Shellsea Holman

*Here you are
Just for me
A kiss and hug
A smile for thee*

*Sugar coated kisses
Sweet and luscious
Can't stop the addiction*

*One last goodbye
One last real cry
A guarded expression
A true confession*

*Sugar coated kisses Oh yes
My sugar coated kisses
Sweet and addictive
Oh so luscious*

*Don't cry darling
It will happen soon
Try not to swoon
Hide the real feelings*

Roses and Heartache

By Jessica White

*She gently took the chisel, it felt a hundred pounds
So heavy, such a burden, so sad its use here now
Scrape, and scrape, and pull away the vines so overgrown
Those that she had loving and contently watched to grow*

*But now the vines were withered and so must be unwound
Ripping pieces of the structure to which they had been bound
Affection, Love, Connection from a heart cannot be torn
But in a way that leaves behind a structure sadly worn
From these places moisture slowly seeped and trickled down
As tears or blood or raindrops fall and seep into the ground*

*Who killed the vines one cannot say, such things are swathed in gray
And so she cried for hers and all lost loves of yesterday*

Come with Me

By Sophia Grothe

*Hold out your gentle hand.
I wish you could understand.
When you're around
My feet always stay on the ground.
So follow me.
Our futures are plain to see.
I could take you to a place
Where our true love I will embrace.
And when you have doubts
I will show you what our love's about.
So please follow me.
So I can show you the never ending possibilities.
You take my hand and grab it tight.
Our future slowly comes to sight.
As we walk the long road.
I will always know,
Whether in friendship or love, it will always grow.*

Sorry

By Chelsea Boatwright

I know I said goodbye

And I meant it when I did

But now we don't talk and

Right now I need you more than ever

I am sorry for what I did

I am sorry for what I said

But hunny I need you back

My life is coming undone

Because I am here without you.



Artwork by Kevin Thomas

Untitled

By Keith Bullock

*I just wanna break down and cry
it feels like I'm about to die
without you in my arms
I lost my charm
I don't know what to do anymore
as I watched you shut the van door
I just broke down
I cried as I walked through the town
I cried myself to sleep
I'd rather be six feet deep
than be without you
now what do I do?*

Tears

by Megan Salfrank

I had gone for a drink when he saw me and started pushing his way through the crowd. I didn't want to talk to him; I started in the other direction. I could use some fresh air. I tried my best to get through the crowd, but he had always been better at pushing his way through and caught up with me. I put my free hand on the doorknob to leave but he blocked my way. Finally I looked up at him.

"Where are you going?" he asked me above the din.

"Out," I said. I wasn't going to elaborate for him. He didn't deserve it.

I reached for the door again and he let me by. I walked into the refreshing, cool night air. I took a deep breath and stared up at the stars. So many, so beautiful.

"Like you," he said beside me. I hadn't realized I had said it out loud. I walked away toward my car. I didn't want to be here, not with him.

I reached for my car door, but once again he was in my way.

"Where are you going?" he insisted. I wanted to scream at him to buzz off, leave me in peace. Just go away. But I didn't.

"Away," I said instead.

"Away from what?" he asked.

"You," I said. I was going to cry.

"Why?" he asked me. I couldn't say the answer to that—not out loud.

"Because," I said through my tears. He stared at me, then let me by. Relieved, I climbed in the car, searching for my keys. He opened the passenger side door and got in.

"Why are you running?" he asked. I couldn't say anything, I was crying too hard. I simply ignored him and started the car, turning up the radio to drown out his presence.

He turned down the radio. "We need to talk," he said. It wasn't a question.

"No." But he persisted. "I can't," I said, my tears coming down harder.

"We have to," he said. I turned up the radio. It was our song. I turned the radio off and pulled the car over to the side of the road. We just sat there in silence for a while.

"Okay," I said. "Let's talk."

"What happened the other night—" but I cut him off.

"I don't want to talk about the other night," I said.

"We have to," he said. I shook my head. "Listen, the other night was..." he paused for words.

"You hurt me," I said softly. "I didn't—" but my tears left me speechless. He reached over to me; I flinched.

"I'm sorry," he said, pulling back his hand.

"I told you I didn't want to talk. I told you I didn't want you around. I told you! You keep on forcing yourself on me. I'm sick of it! I can't take it anymore!" I screamed. "I can't stand being around you anymore; you have this power over me, this thing that makes me do whatever you want me to. I hate

Mosaic

myself every time I do something for you that I didn't want to do in the first place. I hated myself the other night, and I hate myself right now! I hate myself, but more than that," my yelling died down, "I hate you," I whispered.

His face fell. He didn't say anything, but opened the door and got out. I restarted the car and drove off. I had to get home; I had to get away from him.

Suddenly I saw headlights coming straight for me. I swerved away—too much. I lost control of the car and went straight into a tree. I felt the air bag release, heard running steps toward my car, someone yelling my name. Then it went black.

When I awoke someone was stroking my hair. My whole body hurt. But the stroking helped. I opened my eyes. It was him. He was holding my head in his lap, stroking my hair, murmuring something. Whether it was to me or to himself or to God I couldn't tell. He sighed in relief.

"Don't worry, you're going to be okay. You're going to be okay," he repeated. I didn't mind now, that he was touching me. It helped me forget the pain. I felt something wet hit my face. For a moment I thought it had started raining, but when I looked up, he was crying. Then it was black.

I remember medics hunched over me in the ambulance. I was cold, and I was in pain. I heard a distant murmuring again, and knew that he was there with me. I was going to be okay, he said. I was going to be okay. I wanted to say something to him, to thank him for being there, but everything went black first. I woke up again in the hospital. There were tubes and wires everywhere. I remembered the accident, the crying that caused it, and the crying after that touched my heart. I wanted to thank him. I knew he had to be close. He was always close by.

But he wasn't. He wasn't in the room. The nurse came in and I asked for him. She said he wasn't here; he went home. I started crying again. The nurse patted my head, but it didn't help like it did before.

My parents came in and babied me, told me how much they had been worried about me. I couldn't stop thinking how much I wanted to see him, to tell him thank you for helping me, even after I had yelled at him. I wanted to so bad I started crying again. Something must be wrong with me to be crying this much.

My mom came over to me when she saw my tears and asked me what was wrong. I just leaned into her welcoming arms and cried into her shoulder. She rocked me back and forth like she had when I was a little girl. The two of us just sat there; she rocked and I cried.

The doctor came in some time later, and gave my parents the "411" as he said. I didn't really pay any attention. I knew I was going to be okay. He had said so, when he stroked my hair that night, he said I was going to be okay. He was always right. That's why I hated him...and why I loved him too.

The time went by in a hazy whirlwind. I had surgery, recovery, bandages, stitches, IVs, and a lot of other things that they did to make better again. I was released from the hospital after a while, without a word from him. The crying fits were less, but not gone. I didn't tell anybody why I was crying. They didn't ask. They just accepted it.

I tried calling his house several times, but he was never home. I tried his cell too, but it always went

to voicemail. I was about to give up. I cried myself to sleep that night, trying to accept the fact that he was gone.

Wasn't this what I wanted—I wanted him out of my life? That's what I had told him in the car.

The accident had changed everything. Or maybe not. I thought back to that night, on the road just before I crashed. I had been crying, crying harder than ever. Why? I thought it was because of the power he had over me, because of what he did to me. But that wasn't right. Now that I looked back, I had been crying because I didn't want to let him go; deep down, I still loved him and knew he loved me too, with his whole heart, body, and soul. A piece of me had been ripped away in one swoop that night; I cried for the pain, for the loss of a part of me.

That's why when I woke up in his lap I didn't immediately want to jump up and run away from him. My heart had leapt when I saw him above me, stroking my hair, whispering to me, and crying over me. I trusted him when he said I was going to be okay. He had gotten me through everything.

I called him the next morning when I woke up. This time I left a message on his voicemail. I told him what I had realized. That I had loved him the whole time, my head had just gotten in the way of my heart.

I waited all day for him to call me back. I waited by the phone. I took the phone with me into the bathroom when I showered, so I wouldn't miss his call. At dinner he still hadn't called me back. I pushed the food around my plate and asked to be excused. I went up to my room and cried myself to sleep again.

I woke up slowly. I felt someone stroking my hair again, like the night of the accident. I wasn't on the ground, or in the grass, or lying in anyone's lap, I was on my bed, lying against the pillow. I thought for a minute that I was dreaming. That I had dreamt he was here because I wanted him to be so badly. But he was still there, stroking my hair. He was completely silent. I turned over and there he was, smiling and stroking my hair.

"Tyler," I said, and sat up. He stayed silent. "I tried to call you, but you never answered." He was quiet, just sitting there. "I wanted to see you again, to tell you thank you, for being there for me that night. But when I woke up at the hospital, you were gone. The nurse said you left after my surgery. I wished you would come back to see me, but you never did, not once! You never left me alone for nearly a year, and then you just disappeared from me for a whole month! Why didn't you come back, Tyler? Why didn't you come back?" I was crying again.

I stopped my angry tirade and just stared at him. He was smiling. The jerk was smiling.

"I talked to your parents," he said.

"When?"

"When you got out of your second surgery. I was there, you didn't know it but I was there."

"You were?"

"Yes. They told me."

"Told you what?" I asked him, confused.

"They told me about the baby." He was smiling again.

"What baby?" I asked, still confused. He stared at me.



“You didn’t know?”

“Know what?” I asked, nearly yelling at him.

“They said the doctor told you.”

“I never listened to anything the doctor said,” I told him.

“Why not?” he asked.

“I knew I was going to be okay. You told me, that night, you told me I was going to be okay. It didn’t matter what the doctor said. I was going to be okay, like you said.”

He smiled again. “You didn’t listen to a word the doctor told you?” he asked, a teasing in his voice.

“No, I told you that already,” I said indignantly. I waited for him to say something.

“They told me you’ve been crying a lot. They thought it was because—why have you been crying?”

“You, mostly. When I couldn’t get a hold of you, I thought you were gone for good.” I reasoned.

“You really want me back in your life?” he asked me, tucking a piece of hair behind my ear.

“Yes,” I nearly shouted. “I’ve been trying to tell you that this whole time! I never really wanted you to leave; my head just thought I did. I was crying that night because my heart was being torn in two, my head was pushing you away and my heart couldn’t take it. I told you all of this in my message.”

“Yes, I got it. That’s not why I’m here,” he said.

“Then why are you here?”

“Because my heart was also torn in two, and you left with the other half of it. When I saw you crash, I thought you were lost for good. I can’t function without my whole heart,” he said. “And you have the other half. I’m here so I can function...with my whole heart,” he said, laying his hand over where my heart was.

“That was sweet,” I whispered, looking down and staring at his hand over my chest. I watched his hand rise and fall with my breathing. I placed my own hand on his chest, feeling the steady rhythm. I started laughing. I was laughing so hard I started crying. It was the first good cry I’d had in a long time.

“What is so funny?” he asked.

“I just haven’t laughed in so long. It feels so good.”

Tyler nodded and lay back beside me. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly.

“The doctor told me that you knew,” he said. He stared at the ceiling, not looking at me.

“Knew what?” I asked. I honestly didn’t really care what it was. I stared at my ceiling at the glow in the dark stars I had Dad stick up there when I was six, and could never get back down.

“We’re having a baby, Liz,” he said. I didn’t say anything; I just stared at the glow in the dark stars.

He didn’t say anything either. He understood that I didn’t need to talk about it. We both just stared at the glow in the dark stars and listened to each other breathe. He laced his fingers through mine.

“You still have stars on your ceiling?” he asked suddenly, amused.

I couldn’t reply. I was laughing too hard. And so was Tyler. We both laughed together so hard that we ended up crying. Happy tears, though. They were happy tears.



My Cup
By Laurina Hannan

trickling

down

trickling

trickling

with each passing day of knowing you, my cup fills up.

with each passing day of knowing you, more trickles in.

trickling

down

trickling

trickling

only if the cup shatters, will i lose what i gathered.

you place my cup, at the table, next to Yours.

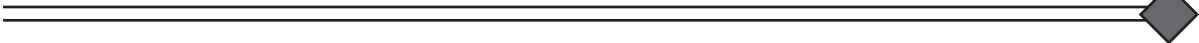
trickling

down

trickling

trickling

Mosaic



Time



Artwork by Tanner Spreer

Eternity

By Chris Alexander

Only time can go on
It will outlive the stars
It will outlast mankind
Every millennia to man
Not even a blink of time
It is the only lasting force
Time causes age
And later Decay
The greatest things that man can design
Will fall before the power of time

Winds of Change

By Conner McManus

The winds scream
And thunder rolls,
Blowing me to and fro

All at once whole portions of life
Fall away in the face of the gale.
Structures crumble,
And new structures are formed.

In the blink of an eye,
Everything I know,
Comes apart at the seams,
And leaves the seeds for new life.

As the gale leaves,
I find that my world
Has been irreversibly changed.
All I thought I knew
Was gone in an instant.

The incredible gale has made its mark
The winds will come again,
And just like the last time,
No one will be ready for it.

Time

By Cat Wethington

a second goes by;

that instant gone forever.
just as quick as a candle
loses flame. The soul
departs for the pearl gate.

another second flashes by.

The Book, laid before you.
you wonder;
does it contain

your

name?



Artwork by Kevin Thomas

Within

By Jessica White

Softly fading, slowly dying
Heartbeats still to match the time
As cadence falls and notes collide
Dissonance takes place of rhyme
The path had gone and fled away
The water rises up too high
The night has taken place of day
The wings we knew no longer fly
The stars we thought were meant to guide
Have fallen to the ground below
Out in the open we all hid
Ignoring what we all should know
So blood grows thick and lungs grow still
As this crescendo breaks like waves
Until at last all is tranquil
We rest within our chosen graves



The Clock

By Conner McManus

The hands on the clock
Go round and round
Ever moving
Never stopping

The setting changes
And so do the characters,
But the clock never stops

And even when everything ends

The clock still goes on.