



Night

Tiffany Noble, Senior

*When the sunset shuns its warm colors,
It's the beginning of great times.
Look up and see the black sky,
With little white dots as stars.
Lots of times passed stargazing,
Alone or with a close friend.
This is the most peaceful time
Also full of life and energy.
Playing games, sounds of laughter,
Brown bats attacking to scaring each other.
The night ends similar to its start,
With warm colors, with brightness to follow.
The departure is sad but,
It's now the night that will come again.*

Tell You What

By: Tiffany Graham

I'm torn inside
And in great pain
Tears shed from my eyes
I have nothing to gain
It hurts and it feels
Like Hell is on earth
An unwanted guest
Who pulled up in a hearse
Well I'll tell you what
I will not give up
So when you make my sky black
I just wont look up

Calling all Poets
and Writers!
Submit articles to
the Art Room
or to Brian Ocque
to be considered
for the next issue.

Mixed Emotions What is the point?

Temptation

where you are caught in the middle of desires

I think is the hardest part.
Not being able to choose

is destroying my life and breaking my heart.
What's wrong? What's right? What am I feeling?

Is it love, is it lust or

is it something I like based only on sight?
It's something you'll never know

unless you share your thoughts and let what's
truely inside of you begin to show.
This is something I learned the hard way.

I kept my feelings bottled up

never saying what i thought I should say.
How this hurt me I don't know where to start,

but all I can say

is that it ripped a huge hole in my heart.
I don't want this to happen to you.

Life is too short to be wasted

and to sweet not to be tasted.
The best advice I can give to you

while you're feeling mixed emotions

is follow your heart.

It will tell you what to do.

Hillary S.

There are many things that make me happy;
there are many things that make me cry.
I wish I had more of one than the other.
It's tough to live your life,
feeling like everything has to be perfect.
It would be nice just once to be able to say,
the heck with it.
It's good enough.

BUT

I can't.

Everything must be just so,
everything must be the best that I can make it.

What a burden that creates for me.

Oh, sure it's always good
to put your best foot forward.

But does that mean ALWAYS
EVERYDAY?

Oh, to be able to just do what's expected
and not try to be PERFECT.

This isn't a perfect world.

We are not perfect people.

Why do I have to be perfect?

Who's judging me?

Everyone?

Noone?

ME!

I guess there's nothing to do but
be me.

Be content to be me.

Accept me for being me.

And maybe, just maybe
it will all come together perfectly.

*What is the point?
Even when you try, you fall.*

*What is the point
of having a dream you could never fulfill?*

*What is the point
of telling the truth when all you hear are lies?*

*What is the point
of having best friends who never stick with you
to the end?*

*What is the point
of have a life without knowing about the end?*

*What is the point
of pretending to be something you could never
measure up to be?*

*What is the point
of wasting time without knowing about the
ending?*

*What is the point
for I do not know? For if I did, I would have
known
what was the point of writing this poem?*

Alexis Johnson, Junior

Dear reader,

I am a sixteen-year-old in recovery for alcohol abuse. I am currently at a residential rehab center in upstate New York. The reason I wrote these poems is so I can help someone not go through a lot of the stuff that I went through to be where I am today. And when you read these poems, I hope that they help you in some way.

addiction
cold, lonely
ruins life, destroys, traps
a hole that sucks you in
hatred

I Am

I am the sun that keeps on shining
even after I go down

I am an alligator in the mud in the drought
waiting for the water to come

I am sick of people judging me,
so I am going to leave them behind-
farther than behind-
in the beyond

I am who I want to be today
and I am going to keep on fighting
and going on

-Anthony S.

For Anthony

Your pain is clear
but people do care
Only God can judge
And He forgives

Take care, Anthony