A literary teen zine published to represent & uplift creative sublime young adults

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What we hoped to create and hope to maintain with this zine, elementia, is a community for young adult writers to share, connect and create in an environment that is both fostering and encouraging . . . a place where their voices, their concerns, their ideas . . . is sublime.

In honor of National Poetry Month, this is issue is compiled solely of poetry.

Just imagine what’s in store . . .

Angel Jewel Dew  
Eriko Akaike-Toste

Disclaimer: Some poems were edited for grammar and clarity purposes.
contents
harrison,  
abby

rising up

The distance between fear and me  
Cannot be measured  
But if it runs across seas  
And blackens what is already dark  
Then it overpowers all of me  
But it cannot touch my faith  
Time will push it away  
Other dimensions will outnumber it  
What I have on my side  
Cannot be defeated  
Nor can I.

the silver lining

In a land of broken promises  
There lives a painter  
This painter only has one eye  
With that eye  
He sees horror  
He sees death  
He sees fire  
But most importantly  
He sees magic
cherry lies

The people in my world are all for free speech
so long as it’s not mine.
Stemmed from a mind of national concern,
it hardly counts as an emergency
when I try to dig my nails into the glass
separating me from the world
and tear them apart.
Waiting for pity or strength to release me
so long as no one knows.
Even you wait for my unmoving enemy
to leave me motionless on the cement floor.
Before, you’ve tried to comfort me.
“If it makes you feel any better,”
you say with a violent smile.
“I baked you a lie.”
Heated to perfection in an easy-bake oven.
I stare through the scratches on my wall,
“Thanks, I guess,” I whisper.
It’s been so long since I’ve heard my voice.
It almost shocks me.
I need you to come in after me.
I can barely move,
much less stand,
or break the glass.
Trapped on the wrong side of guilt,
I hardly care what kind of lie you baked me.
You say it’s cherry, and it suits me so well.
You thought of me, as you made it
and you just had to come by
and give it to me.
You can tell I’m dying in exile,
but ask me to hold that thought for now.
You have to leave.
It just wouldn’t seem right
that you bake cherry lies for girls trapped in glass.
I ask, before you leave,
“Next time you stop to stare at me,
bring something other than a lie crust
ornamented with anything that suits your thoughts,
and break this glass for good
even if I have to eat your lies
and trust your contents
farther than I trust in anything, anymore.”

Instead you laugh internally,
Knowing that even you seem perfect
when I’m in here.
love like a two-dollar bill

when I offered you a heart full of love
you answered,
like this woman in a toy store
when I tried to spend a two-dollar bill
a relative had given me
years ago, when I was young . . .
Keep it. It may be worth something someday.
Stand up if you have a religion
Keep standing if your parents gave it you
Keep standing if you would never consider another
Because you were born and raised this way

Stand up if you think your faith is right
Keep standing if you think the others are wrong
Keep standing if you think you discovered this truth
And you don’t think others feel the same way

Stand up if you’re from the U.S.
Keep standing if you follow Christianity
Keep standing if you were American-born
And of European descent

Stand up if you’re from the Middle East
Keep standing if you were raised Islamic
Keep standing if you believe it to be true
And other faiths to be false

Now stand up if you’re from India
Keep standing if you’re a Hindu
Keep standing if you were raised as a Hindu
And always will be

Once again, rise if you disagreed with your parents
Keep standing if you follow a totally different faith
That your parents never considered
How many of you are there?

Stand up if you follow your parents’ religion
Keep standing if that makes you superior to others
Keep standing if you “love” but don’t tolerate the others
Keep standing if you’re going to argue

If you’ve stood up for following your parents’ beliefs
Keep standing if you’d still have them
If you were raised in a different country
Where something else was preached
peace: a 21st century anachronism

Five dozen shouting.
All mouths open vocalizing hatred for hate –
some to be cool, others to get it out –
shouting loud,
looking left and right for the movement.
Where’s it going?
Never looking from where it came;
Grab a slogan, get to the sidewalks,
Pound your message into the pavement,
The mud of your sentiment,
On the eyes of the blind,
Miracle workers of the 21 century,
Always moving and shaking;
The world is too numb to feel the vibrations
The people too rooted to move;
Like gypsies they’ll scrape on by and by,
Reliving their heydays in moments like this.
What happened to her daughter?
She could have been prettier, smarter, happier, taller, kinder.
Somewhat like herself, but better, anything at all but this.
What would she do with her daughter?
She wanted things to end quite quickly,
Looking at her was faintly sickening.
What if, what if, oh lord, what if.

Maybe she would take her out sometime.
They’d make a stop at an ice cream stand,
look right and left before crossing the street,
and in between long glances across the road,
she would go.

At the aquarium, wide open gum-chewing mouth, staring at eels,
popping her gum and rubbing her nose,
"My aren’t the seals captivating, look Mari, one is waving."

Turn of the heels and dashing out the door,
there she goes.
It was a Wednesday in February, cleaning houses for office parties.
She took her daughter to a small closet,
four by four feet in a bedroom painted white.
Said goodnight and gave her milk and cookies.

Then she looked at her watch and hurried off,
and locked inside the attic loft,
huddled in a corner, waiting for her mother to return,
a little girl of thirty years, nibbling on stale cookie crumbs.

There was an old man who lived down the street,
“Where’s Marguerite?” he asked the lady.
He had no daughter like she had.
He lived alone in a red shingled shanty,
kept his glasses handy; liked to fish for trout.
“Where’s Marguerite?” he asked the lady,
She left him tanning in the shade, and hid a key underneath the dirt and grassy blades.
My parents are fast asleep
I rise upon my feet
walk towards the bedroom door
under the dimming light
a plump young woman fading nightgown
hair down
arms like sausages
lips parted
breathing
out of my comfort zone
kitchen darker than before
cold plastic floor peeling in the corner
heart of hearts beating
is this right?
four white pills in a plastic bottle
full throttle nothing stopping me
do it now
a blue tumbler filled with water
tapping its toes on the counter
waiting
two handfuls of death
the agent and the channel
carrying down my throat
three sour swallows
followed by a silent pause
in bed again
still dark out
there’s nothing but hope
for six full hours
I just might not wake up again
my bones

No one’s here
I’m all smiles and happy outside
But inside I’ve died
Yet I have no fear
Alone and scared
No one’s here
So damn scared
No one’s here
So I am fine
Alone and dead
Thoughts fly in my head
So far from the line
Alone and scared
No one’s here
So damn scared
No one’s here

Never knowing the true story
Scared and alone
Crying through my bones
Looking for honest glory
Alone and scared
No one’s here
So damn scared
No one’s here
So damn scared

No one’s here
Hey baby,
Chill out
And just maybe
We won’t shout
You gotta let go
You gotta freak out
And just maybe
We won’t shout
You ask me to love
I ask you to yell
’cause hey, I ain’t no dove
And trust me, I’ve fell
It ain’t no good
To stay and to think
You really should
Put yourself on the brink

Lay back
Enjoy the ride
’cause what you lack
You’ll find on the flipside
You’ll find on the flipside

Hey, Sweet Kiss
Shut up
Or I’ll miss
What comes up
I’m lovin it
What up?
You tell me you’re alarmed
I tell you to live
Nothing is harmed

God, life’s a seize
All good things are gone
You live in fear
Well maybe I’m wrong
This pain
It should sear

Lay back
Enjoy the ride
’cause what you lack
You’ll find on the flipside
You’ll find on the flipside

So look at the screen
Ready for a ride?
It won’t be obscene
It’s there on the flipside
I’ll be on the flipside
I’ll be on the flipside

Lay back
Enjoy the ride
’cause what you lack
You’ll find on the flipside
You’ll find on the flipside

It’s there on the flipside
It’ll be on the flipside
I’m there on the flipside
I’ll be on the flipside!

FLIP!
Peer pressure,
You always hear,
Those words spoken.
What they don’t know,

Is the pressure of family,
Continually asking,
What happened today?
Your parents wonder,
Why you answered,
Answered nothing.

The reason is simple,
Simple as hell.
You don’t need to know,

It didn’t happen to you,
It happened to me.
Nor was it about you,
It was about me.
I don’t care what you think,

It’s completely irrelevant,
Irrelevant to the situation,
Irrelevant to me.

If it affected you,

You would know.
Maybe you actually care,

But the story is different,
One of those,
You had to be there things.

I trust you,
Remember that.
My emotions matter,
I talk to my friends for a reason.

They were there,
They understand.
If you were there I would tell you,

You would know first.
Instead I confide,
Not in family but friends.

It may be different,
But to me it’s better.
Better to confide in someone,

Someone who understands,
Then someone,
Someone who cares.
untitled

i am not a poet
i am a girl with too many feelings to hold in
but somehow
with an escape in dreams
reality is a nightmare
too dark to understand
yet just light enough to pass by
i do not write poetry
i write what i see down on paper
i want to be seen
though all i am is an invisible image
to the ones who i want to see me
i don’t fit into the category
that i would like to be placed
but labels are useless
my flaws block me
into a prison of self consciousness
of yes and no
i am not an average teenager
but a soul that has lived
far too many years too properly live
i don’t like playing pretend
because life is a play
though when needed
i stand in
saying my lines
thoughts screaming too loud to be understood
to be sorted out
everything is a mixture
i start one way
i end in another
i make too many errors
to be called human
but play the part so well
so this is my not so poetic poem
of who i am

powell,
ali
The sky sits on the horizon and sighs.
The sun rises, the wind cries.
A raven is flying beyond the trees,
shredding through the breeze
The sky sits on the horizon and sighs.
The sun craves covering, a cloud complies.
From above dim darkness, thunder replies.
Slick black feathers shimmer on the raven’s back.
Petit dejeuner, warmth, and shelter she lacks.
The sky sits on the horizon and sighs.
Clouds drift; the sun shines from high.
Green earth and black feather dries.
She dives unaware of the eagle’s eyes.
Her petit dejeuner becomes her demise.
The sky sits on the horizon and sighs.

petit dejeuner
hemayoun, rabi
I wish I were not so perfect!
    I am so perfect;
when the wind is blowing 100 miles an hour,
    not one hair raises.
My clothes do not have one wrinkle throughout the day.
    (my clothes are as smooth as silk)
I have never spilled anything on me in my entire life,
    and have always used a knife and fork.
    If I wasn’t so perfect,
my life would be great.

I wonder if there is going to be another war
    I wonder why people like me
    I wonder how my uncle died
I wonder what I am going to look like when I’m older
    I wonder why people are mean
    I wonder if I will ever have kids
I wonder why my mom won’t let me race cars
    I wonder if I will pass my drivers test
    I wonder if I will make honor roll this year
I wonder if I will ever become a mortician
    Most of all I wonder if my Dad is okay
If I were a star

If I were a star
I would
touch the
evening sky.
If I were a star I would be brighter than the others.

If I were the moon
I would say good night to you when
you go to sleep at night.
If I were the moon I would shine brighter than the sun.

If I were the sun
I would shine on you in the morning
wrapping my rays around
your body, making you
warm in the winter.
If I were the sun I would brighten up the sky for you.

If I were a bird
I would sing
you a song to make you feel
secure in the day.
If I were a bird I would sing to you in the day and make
the day easier for you.

If I were alive
I would share
my life with you and I would
be by your side each day.
If I were alive I would have my warmth warm you in the
winter.

But I am none of these,
so I will warm you in the winter and I will sing you to
sleep and I will shine your life with my love.
What happens when you’re at a stand still in life? high school seemed to go by fast – and now you’re left with memories.

Whether you were the individualist, the beautiful person, the jock, the punk rocker, or the nerd, in the end you’re not concerned with what the next person said or heard. You’re still trying to understand life and find your worth, unsure of what you’ll become – you gotta press on but you’re at a stand still. But you stay optimistic, so yet in still, you stand, still . . .

Stress is at an all time high, you’re about to venture off into the adult world. Yesterday you were mommy’s little boy or daddy’s little girl. They may not be ready – they gotta press on but they’re at a stand still. They’re afraid to let go, so yet in still, they stand, still . . .

They are always there when no one else will be. They will be there for you when you need to be saved in this world of the unsaved. My parents have made heart incisions and have given timely provisions because of them I know who I am and where I want to be. No longer am I at a stand still. I owe them all I have to give. I will do nothing but give back 100% as long as I shall live. So for them I stand.
lonely life

How many times must we say goodbye?
Too many long and drawn out mornings without you.
After sunrise, I have no one to wake,
No one beside me,
No one to shake.
Hundreds of times we have had to say goodbye,
Too many long and boring days without you.
I am alone in my car,
With an empty seat beside me.
I know that without you, I am not going far.
Again, we must say goodbye.
Too many long and confusing nights without you.
I fall asleep in my own bed,
Without your gorgeous body curled up next to me.
I close my eyes and think of every time you have said,
“I love you,” in your sweet and innocent childish voice.

rydell,
alyssa
You make me so happy
Why can't you see
Just how much I love you
Your best friend

It's so hard for me
Not to tell you how I feel
Even though I know you feel it too
I can see it in your eyes
Every time you're with me
If only you weren't with her
She's changing you

Don't you see
When you were with me
You never had to change a thing
I loved you how you were
I accepted you and all your faults
I loved you no matter what
I wish so much
Things between us were like they were
If I could say just one thing
It would be this
All I want to do is spend my life with you
Why can't you see how much you mean to me
I know we can make it

Just you and me
No matter what anybody else thinks
It's not about them

It's all about us
My love for you will never fade
I'll be here by your side until the day that I die
I feel like I can't breathe
Whenever you're with or next to me
If only you would open your eyes and see
That we were meant to be
But until then I'll be fine just being your friend
Love comes in all sizes both big and small
quite simply, you are a parallel revolution

Life is a never-ending coil
With twists and turns
And you are one thing that I did not count on.

You are the mistake in a waltz.
1
2
3
1
2
3
4
You are the messy footprint on starched carpet,
You are the wrinkle on pressed sheets.

Your entrance was not marked
By a calendar day
Nor a smudge in time

But you.

Quite simply
In this parallel revolution,
You are the earth.

Your smile is the equator.
Your eyes are the horizon.
Your gaze is the orbit.

You are the gravity holding me in place.

You are limitless.
As the sky is to the moon
And the earth to the sun.

And I am your zodiac
In this
Parallel revolution.
bitter is perfect

Bitter is the sound of hearing rejection two weeks before the Prom, of hearing you'll expire within months, of hearing the sickening squeal of tires beneath the floorboards in your car.

It is the metallic taste of blood and bile after you tumble from the pyramid of cheerleaders, and it is the twinge of guilt you get when you cheat on an algebra test.

It is the voice on the other end of the line, calmly whispering, "You're not that pretty. You're not that special."

It is the force that tugs on your heart as you drown your sorrow behind the spray of the shower.

Bitter is the astringent you gladly douse in your wounds, the salt that you rub into your skin when you are called things like stupid or crazy, and it is what you blame when life does not come out how it was planned in your calendar.

It is the fat, heartsick wallow you feel at five years old as your parents drive away on the first day and leave you behind to fend for yourself amongst the throes of grade school.

Bitter is the driving force behind all of your actions and you like how it stings. All the while, a little part of you takes pleasure knowing that if bitter won today, sweet will win tomorrow.

Bitter is what gives you hope and strength and buoyancy. It is what turns tomorrow into a piece of honeyed candy, bubbling up past the guilt and anger that bitter has built for today.

And when all is said and done, you emerge someplace burnt in honesty. All the while, a little part of you takes pleasure knowing that bitter is perfect.

shippee, brooke
slate blue moment (excerpt)
Winter is a soft, cruel sea of acid, swirling and churning into a slate blue moment.
through the blistering cold she falls to her feet
to land in the warmth of your touch
her glass slippers give way to the dancing
but the scent of your voice is too much
the chandeliers hang from the ceiling
the cocktails overflowing with pride
her hair falls in curls down her shoulder
but to her it’s just one place to hide
the orchestra’s playing the romance
and the sound paints a picture of love
gorgeous dresses sing the melody
no more tears fall from above
it’s the essence of beauty
it’s the scent of the night
it’s the sound of her voice
burns the fears to all right
it’s the cocktails and dancing
it’s the tables for two
it’s the scarred girl in her beauty
it’s her eyes framed to you.
it’s the hall that looks perfect
it’s the time freezing still
it’s pure love stricken ballrooms
flowing deep enough to kill

clearing
what do the interrogators expect

(excerpt)

And how are we supposed to get out of this,
after our hope has been washed out and dried,
and the fevers stay burning our foreheads and skulls,
not even cooled by the tears that we’ve cried.

What do the interrogators expect of us next?
What exactly do their ears bleed to hear?
Why must they dig into veins of pure love,
just to smell the sweet breath of our fear?
she cuts and bleeds to fell the pain
she cuts and bleeds, it leaves a stain
she cuts and bleeds everyday
she cuts and bleeds because she cannot say
say what she needs, what she wants
if she does it will cost
cost a price too high to pay
all because she cannot say
what she wants
she doesn’t want to pay
if you’re wondering about the price
it is her soul, her dignity,
everything she holds
people will laugh
what will they think?
“let’s send her to a shrink”
they will say
no, that can’t happen
so she cuts away
cuts away her dreams
cuts away her fears
cuts away everything
no more tears
come from her eyes
you want to know why?
because she died
died from the pain
it drove her insane
died from you, died from me
died from everything she couldn’t be
died from the laughter of all those kids
died because she didn’t “fit in”
untitled

Wrist sewn.
Heart torn.
Attempted suicide.
Her gun was cocked.
Her bullets locked.
Suicide’s not so easy without bullets.
Especially when you’re ready to cock and pull it.
In sudden panic she reached for her razor.
Who would have known her mom would have
been there to save her.
She rushes, as it gushes, to the hospital.
Lifeless bleeding.
She was a luckier one.
A new life, cold and silent.
One without abusive violence.
She was stuck in the hospital.
Counting her fingers and toes.
Her scars still show,
The things that no one knew.
The reason why she wanted to go.
Was something of a sort you’ll never know.

taxed

My Soul yells at me
I’m dying inside
wishing that I felt no pain
but It keeps coming
I take the pills
of pain and hate
to wish it all away
when the pills
wear off
I slit
my wrist
to see the blood run down my arm
I let people feed off my pain
blood sucking demons
wishing someone would come to my rescue
I see no one
but the demons
that used to be my friends
using my pain and hate
as a way to leave theirs behind

powell, bethanie

shaffer, morgan
For the first time, in her selective memory
she lies in bed, alone
without a light or heartbeat to keep her company.
Her heart beats, in rhythm with her thoughts.
She barely knows the way to her own door
yet she knows the feeling of being a stranger
in her own body,
living out a fellow stranger's fantasy.

Today,
she is a stranger in the life she claims to lead
and has spent her life escaping.
I watch her, in my mind
and focus on the eyes
that no one has ever noticed.
I watch her look up
without the coy, seductive glance
that melts you at her feet,
immune to all but your screaming heart.
Her simple, child's play touches
suppressing your mind
in wordless ecstasy.

Instead, she stares blankly ahead
with human eyes, devoid of charcoal outlines,
from a world she vaguely remembers belonging to,
My world
of loneliness and purity;
where morals override everything she lives for,
while I do the same
from the world she left me
that I can't quite escape.

Ideally, we'd switch roles
and reclaim our lives.

She would wait forever for me to find her,
wherever she is
she saves me, just to find a simple answer.
We save each other just to feel justified,
fighting our separate realities.

I wouldn't have to hide myself
from everyone that looks.

But what I feel somehow doesn't measure up to love.
I have a feeling that tonight is the first night
she's ever been alone with her thoughts,
and the first night I've known I would survive
if she never thought of me again.
In the fall you notice leaves
that are hanging on the trees,
oisily moving in the gentle breeze.
All the leaves hang lowly
through the night
as if they’re poisoned,
the leaves and trees alike.
They are dying slowly,
yet as if they were imprisoned,
and have the need to fight.

Now as you sit there,
you look outside and see
that I’m watching you closely,
you know not what I’m thinking,
you know nothing of my pride.
It all happens so naturally,
you need to run and hide.

The ten story castle
Was not built for battle
But instead was the town
That did nothing but frown
And all the time they are training
The lords and ladies are waiting
To be ready for a war
Bigger than ever before.
my house

i’ve been to a whole lot of towns in my life
from monterey bay to atlanta
to find the dream house i’ve wanted so long
i don’t have to wait until santa

i’m fine with the house that i live in
i’d never move to another
i treat this house with extremely good care
as well as i’d treat a brother

my house has floors and ceilings
my house has walls and tables
my house even has a chimney
like other ones in fables

my house makes me feel at home like no other i’ve been
to before
a basement, pantry, attic, and the first and second floor
and all the homely furnishings all other ones should use
this house, above all others, is the only one i choose

you may ask why this house is important
well, i decorated it, you see
i put things in here i’ve collected so far
that are most appealing to me
snow

as the snow flies around me
i wonder why
this cold winter day brings back memories
maybe it was the hot chocolate
or the holiday cheer
or maybe
just maybe
it was the snow
the snow
laying on the ground
melting into the earth
was there when i was small
and making snowmen
and i was laughing
it was there
when i was throwing snowballs
at my friends
and we were laughing

it was there
when it was christmas
and my family
was laughing
but it was there
when we buried my dog
in the hard frozen earth
and i was crying
it was there
when my grandfather died
and I was crying
it was there
when my brother went off to college
and I was alone
and I was crying
and i wonder why
the days and years fly
and the people die
and why I dream
of snow

sutter, jessica
what is music?

What is music?  
Music is calm, soft,  
like fresh grass I lay on in the spring,  
like the gentle breeze that plays its symphony.  
That’s what music means to me.

What is music?  
Music is sad,  
like a bird without wings,  
like the death of a loved one,  
like the scars on my heart,  
That’s what music means to me.

What is music?  
Music is fierce,  
like the pounding of war drums from a savage tribe,  
like a wild child running in the fields,  
and hiding in the trees.  
That’s what music means to me.

But most importantly music is freedom!
untitled

The sea shimmers as if
a child,
has poured glitter in its
soft blue path.
Mountains linger over such water
and are outlined
by a china blue sky.
The sun dances across the water,
casting this magical scene.
A fisherman casts his line
in
various shades
of orange and red.

*Clap*
Water collides with the
warm and golden sand.
The wind
rockets the tree leaves
back and forth –
clinking like swordsmen
in battle.
The wind strengthens
and the waves become
a serpent,
weaving its way expertly
beneath the water.

The wind caresses your hair
with its invisible fingers –
salty sea tickles your lips.
You feel joy,
but you won't find it
behind the
towering mountain or in the
fierce sea.
Neither will you find it
beside the restless trees,
or underneath the grainy sand.

Where you can find it
is in
your
heart.
Vert émeraude est ton œil
Et son reflet dans ce lac de glace
Où miroitent tes émotions
Si calmes.

Rouge sang est ta griffe
Et son ombre avant qu’elle ne tombe
Pour s’ancrer dans la chair
De tes ennemis.

Longue est ta mélodie
Et ses notes de cristal
Qui résonnent à travers les ages
Sans fin.

Emerald green is your eye
And its reflection in this lake of ice
Where shimmer your emotions
So calm.

Blood red is your claw
And its shadow before it falls
To plunge into the tender flesh
Of your enemies.

Long is your melody
And its crystal notes
Which echo throughout the ages
Neverending.
Bony hands,  
What do they do?  
They play at dice  
And with whom?  
A promoted demon  
Who wants my soul  
And they tell him,  
Bony hands,  
He can have it all!
anonymous
(initials p.k.)

photograph by ralph nardell
It was a mild day in the middle of the summer, not the type that glued your shirt to your back, but the type where the soft spoken wind whistled easy, breezy tunes if you weren't too busy to listen. Me, being a kid, I was never busy. I had all the time in the world to listen to the music and watch snow white cotton candy like mythical creatures dance creatively and harmoniously.

* * *

When our cable got turned off, that's when I started watching the clouds. There was something the clouds had that Nickelodeon didn’t. You couldn't feel the sun or breeze watching T.V. The sky was unpredictable. The clouds moved elegantly, so realistically, while T.V. was so fictional. Unpredictable is what I wanted life to be for me. I sat watching clouds twisting and turning, imagining artificial heroic moments that would make everybody want to be my friend. I remember daydreaming about what I’d do if an intruder came into our school and tried to attack my teacher. I pictured myself standing behind him, mocking a bulldog’s madness with a chair raised up high. I imagined that he wouldn’t pay much attention to me because I was just a kid. Then I’d swing the chair at his head as hard as 10 year old muscles could manage, which in my imagination was stronger than Superman himself.

There was no limit to the possibilities. I could be climbing the highest mountain or taking a hiking trail through hell. It was like reading a book without reading. I created a story of my own, a gift to myself, as I explored, journeyed, without walking. The clouds and sun brought out the cardboard colored squirrels, sweet sounding birds, bright red roses, fresh blue rain, and everything beautiful. They taught me imagination, revealed creativity and were the keys to opening my mind. Without the sky, clouds and sun, there’d be no valleys of fresh trees or an eternal green Earth, just as without imagination, there would be no dreams to be followed, no goals to be set, no success to be achieved, no ambition to strive for and no life to live . . . what would I be without the sky?
Many thanks . . .
Thank You

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Colophon

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