

Creative corner

Spring Cleaning Ignored

-Nancy Costa

So there they sit in their velvet robes, gently picking the lint from their sleeves. A little lint has such an effect as to take their concentration and tear it from all else. They've got their brilliant red sashes and other pieces of what they consider regal gala. Though a brilliant mind they've developed, the power of a little lint is amazing.

You can be either a velvet robe or a piece of lint. It's always there, with more power than it can possibly comprehend. Such a simple little thing. Alone, it's just a compact packet of dust that makes your nose itch really bad. But together, lint can be a dry cleaner's pain in the ass. I never did like that man.

Melancholy, night.
Filled with despair and confusion.
Do we dare ask how people lose their way?
Desperately trying to achieve the pinnacle of happiness,
but always slipping at the last moment.
Never to attain the sheer joy and rapture of life.
Shuffling down a dark alley, followed by demons in black
who claim that they have the answers we are looking for.
And we succumb and take up with them.
Knowing that somehow they will make the pain cease.
Not asking how or why, but believing that all will be well.
That we will be able to laugh without crying and smile without screaming.

-Erin Ann Keane

By: Erin Keane

If I were a candle in a sea of thousand other candles, would you be able to recognize me?

I would be able to recognize you. For your flame is special and unique from any others.

It would flicker and flash in the passing wind, and silently laugh your wonderful laugh.

It would gaily dance in only the way that you know how, and smile with love and happiness.

Your candle would shine the brightest.

Escaping

By: Corey Gesford

The stream moved in a rapid current, creating a smooth, tranquil sound, as we lay on the rocks surrounded. The sun casts its glow upon us, the river, and the rocks.

This entire scene, that we found by the grace of fate, as we had failed to find the waterfalls we had initially set out to encounter.

The sound of the rapid stream set us apart from the world. We momentarily escaped the wrath of sociological readings, math equations, and English papers. We were apart from the world, of which so many of us are afraid to think and express ourselves, the world where we fail to venture into the gray areas, but insist on black and white, cut and dry.

Some of us ventured into the creek, challenging the cold, rough waters, and explore its depths with a bravery, or reckless abandon we had given into. Caught up in the fascination, we threw caution to the wind and said to hell with it. We became one with nature without having to concentrate at it and lose our sort of rebellious edge.

With the easing rush of the stream, we were able to enhance the fulfillment of the beautiful sunshine even more. The beer tasted better. Time crept at a pace that enabled us to enjoy every passing minute. At last the time could not be stretched anymore, for the world of rigid regime beckoned us, and we felt obliged to answer its call.

"What is Life?"

What is life, I ask you. What is this thing we call life? Is it our vehicle with which to obtain happiness, love, pleasure & pain. Life is not a gift as it does seem. Rather life to us is loaned. It is given to us at birth, we are expected to enjoy it we are expected to learn from it we are expected to give it back! Why then do we live at all? Perhaps life is a test of merit, of character, of worthiness. A test for yet another life, a trial run for something greater. Life is... Life, a word with many meanings.

Tears

By: Gina Hammond

They are filling up so quickly
Getting higher and higher
Soon they will overflow,

With every second that passes
The pain grows stronger and stronger
The will to hold back
Grows weaker and weaker,

Don't let go
Not just yet
Sit back a moment and let the feeling set,

No longer can this pain be fought
When all the tears run down the face
This pain is gone and now erased.

