

My Friend
By: Ben Turrano

When all is dark and dismal,
When night falls lonely and dank
I turn to you, my light,
My friend!

When winter's icy grasp holds me
still,
When snow and ice pound my brow,
I turn to you, my comforter
My friend!

When the burdens of life grows
tiresome
When I feel I can't go further
I turn to you, my vitality,
My friend!

When I stand on the peak of success,
When asked how I survived
I turn to you, my inspiration
My friend!

The Pain
By: Gina Hammond

This pain must end somewhere.
But where, when?
Too many people are hurting because of you.
Too many people will be hurt
If they find out about us.
This pain won't just be theirs, however,
It will also be mine
Because I can't ignore the feelings I have for you.

I feel pain and hurt every time you look at her,
Anytime you're near her.
It doesn't matter to me who she is,
The pain is still and will always be there.

The things we've done together till this point in time,
Such as our walks and talks,
Are special in their own way.
I opened up my soul to you,
And now you treat me like dirt.

Why do you walk past me as if I were dead?
Please, tell me why!
Why are you doing this to me?
Can't you see how much your actions are hurting me?
Do you even care?

Who am I to you, today?
Or should I ask, what?
Every time I see you,
I feel pain In my heart and in my eyes.

No one should be so cruel to another person.
Maybe the pain will end if I cause you pain.
No, I cannot,
Not because of you
But because of me.
I'm not that kind of person;
I'm sorry you are.

The Break Up
By Gina Hammond

An uncontrollable fear over the body
Questions race through the mind
Eyes turn glossy with painful water
The voice is choked and dry
Pain runs up and down the spine.
Motionlessly the body sits
Darkness is seen everywhere
Pain and fear fill the room
The soul is now over taken
The body is paralyzed.

Misconception
By: Erin Ann Keane

Did you hear that?
It sounded like a muffled scream.
It couldn't have been.
We are enveloped in a sea of smiling faces.
Bobbing up and down on the swells of life.
No hint of pain or anguish.
Plastic molds, covering mouths that pull
the lips apart to reveal a row of flashing teeth.
But the lights go out and the smiles turn into grimaces,
stretching across the face like a disease.
These lies.
They infect us and conquer our spirit
so that we can always smile and say, "I'm fine."
Not realizing that the lie is killing us,
sucking our blood dry and leaving us to fester
beneath a blanket of lead that seals us off from any savior.

The Rose
By: Gina Hammond

Black shows on the outside
Saying all that is unsaid
Hiding the love which is sacred within
Red seeps through the black
Releasing what has been said
Our relationship lies within this single rose.

Why?
By: Ben Turrano

Why do I exist?
Why do you exist?
Why are we who we are and not someone else?

Why does the Earth go 'round the sun?
Why does the moon go 'round the Earth?

Why is day warm and night cold?
Why are some people hateful and others loving?

Why are we born?
Why do we love?
Why do we cry?

Like a curious child I often ask why...
Every morning and every night
Always hearing the same reply
...Why not?

