

CREATIVE WRITING

TRYING TO REACH THE STARS

When I was born,
I was taught with a discipline.
I was taught different values,
My self-esteem was developed
To heights beyond heights.
I was educated by the world,
Only to be given a chance to succeed
in life or
Reach My Stars
Where are my stars?
Who put them there? Was it I?
No, it was those who reached the peak
of life,
Those who succeeded beyond suc-
cess.
I have only yet to see where the Lord
will lead me.
What is to become of me? Is it
success?
I have only yet to find out.
Searching, grabbing, and dreaming of
success.
Only to make me work that much
harder and wait that much longer.
When is it to come?
I will fly to my stars!
But no, I must follow their paths.
Schooling
Knowledge
Dreams
Perhaps my stars are simply dreams,
A mere thought.
Perhaps success is a dream
A mere thought,
Or an impossible
Only time will tell.
So when you see my studying,
Thinking, or even daydreaming,
Please
Don't bother me.
I'm merely Trying to Reach Their
Stars

Carmen Simmons

COULD IT BE GRAY?

Looking out 2wards the dawn
Watching the Gray Sunrise
In my mind I'm flying high
Over a royal purple sky
Of this world I'm just a dream
And if U disbelieve U're a lie
Have U ever had serious contem-
plations
Over things that had no rela-
tions
2 this space, world or time
Take U're time think about it
If U do U won't doubt it
And no longer will this place
only exist in U're mind
Close u're eyes and look 4 the
light
Believe what U perceive
When doing this the unthinkable
is now in Sight
And the lord is in the air U
Breathe

Jaymes Henegan

MEETING

Dawn Finally came and
the two would meet at last.
A joke; A smile; and conversation
A glimmer from the past.

Knowing in my heart, I
have passionately longed for
her.
A vision of what could be
is such a scarry blur.

A Hug and Kiss,
could I possibly fall into this
trap again
I can't see it happening
I must endure with the Lord
till the end.

Jerome Penn

Joy and Tribulation

GOD; FAITH; HOPE; PEACE; JOY;
AND MARY
ARE ALL WORDS ON MY HEART
Sitting here wondering can all of this
come together on the same accord
Relax just have Faith
and give all the praise unto the
Lord

My Heart is being pulled to and fro;
It's like I'm at a stand still
My spirit and flesh fighting for a
way to go.

God has been patiently teaching
faith instead of Hope
If I asked her that crucial question
Would she turn and say nope?

God has given me peace and Joy
knowing that giving me a woman
of my own heart I wouldn't destroy

I'm Praying to God To Change
all her wicked ways
That she must turn to God in Spirit
and Truth
in these endless perilous Days

I'm Really in tears as I write this letter
only Faith in God can change things
For the better

These feelings in my heart
did, are, and will occur.
I can't seemingly find out
how I still love her

I KNOW IT IS THE FLESH
WITH GOD'S LOVE I KNOW I
CAN PAST THE TEST

Jerome Penn

Misty Hollow Suicides

I catch nips of conversatioin,
just like others catch a cold
In the soul-freezing air
of Misty Hollow. . .

"I hear there are ghosts
In some of the older houses
Down in Misty Hollow,"
One man whispered to his
Half-interested date,
As they stepped daintily down
The cobble-cracked streets
Of Misty Hollow.

Well there were some once.
I know, I know for sure.
Nice people they were,
Kind of quiet,
Kind of sad.

There was one, I must admit
I knew him rather well.
His name was Brandon James.
They found him hanging from
the rafters

In one of those tattered old
houses

Down in Misty Hollow.
And he's been there ever since.

You should have known him
when he was alive,
So he's often told me.

Moved out last week, though,
Said Misty Hollow houses were
Always too drafty.

I've always liked those tattered
old houses

Down in Misty Hollow.
I wonder how strong the rafters
are.

E. A. Schilling

SAY NO TO DRUGS!

LOVE YOUR FELLOW MAN

Social Differences
have caused world disasters.
Tell you what it is, it's power that
they're after.
My only preference is
To spread love, joy, and laughter.
The world shouldn't be full of war.
Cause that's not what we're all here
for.

Macho images all are just a front
They're only children playing soldier
with real guns
No one wants to die, but it's the only
way;
To find out that life is no big game
After death they'll never be the same.

In our world many people just don't
understand,
That we are here to live and love our
fellow man.
In our world there is limited land
So try to love your fellow man.
Please try to love your fellow man.
Just try to love your fellow man.

Guy Schultz

AN IDENTITY CRISIS?

No. . . . Yeah. . . . No. . . . Yeah. . . .

I'm, crazy, yes I'm crazy.

What do you get when you mix organization, love, values,
success, confusion and the rest of me? CRAZY! I'm lost.
Where am I? You know what? This is not funny. This is
serious, and I am scared. I feel something flushing over the
front of my body, much like I feel when I sink into deep
water, which is horrible because I can't swim. Things are
changing as bluntly as night and day. Why? Because human
beings go through this process; I don't know why I expected
to get around it, but instead I fell head first in it. "Who am
I?"

"I am a well-grounded, guarded person ruled by my emo-
tions."

I got an A+ on my paper for saying that. But this is what got
me into this mess. Can you help me? I can be found in the
White House. I'll be surrounded by jelly beans.

Carmen Simmons