Gwynedd Mercy University
Student Poetry Anthology – Fall, 2019

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The following poems are the compositions of student poets in Gwynedd Mercy University’s Introduction to Poetry class, Fall, 2019 semester, taught by Albert Fried-Cassorla, Lecturer in English.

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Fall.
The leaves lower to the ground
While the terrific trees stand tall
What a superb scenic sight for all
See crazy captivating colors all around
Listen to the wind's wonderful sounds abound
Feel wind's whimsical woes as it whistles westbound
Where you Leap into the luscious leave's mound
Soon the season of winter will be on its way
When The freezing frost will enter the fray
But at least it isn't here yet, as of today
Fall is when kids return to school
When they leave the pool
And the weather's cool
That
Is
The
Season
Known
To all
As the
Season of
Fall
Apples apples all around
bananas bananas becoming brown
Cats, cars, complete chaos
Dads drink: devolving disaster
Everything, Everyone: Entering Everywhere
Falcons, fireflies flying far
Great Guatemalan groups gobble
Hundred hounds hunt horseradish
James, Jack, Jeff Jubilant
Kitchen? Kettle, kelp, kava
Living-room? Last laborers lax
Mixing Much Magnificent Margarin
No-one nears, new night
Opossum octopus, orangoutangs, ocelot
Powerful Predators Prowl purposefully
Quintessential quilt-weavers quietly quit
Rich, righteous romans resound
Small, sickly, sticks scurry
Tasty tacos, tell tales
Under umbra, unknown, untouchable
Very vast, very vivacious
Whiney whispers, where’s Walt?
Xenon xeroxes xylem, xylophone
Yet Y’all Yell Yes
Zig, zag, zap, zip

At the crazy party
A Single Rose

All I have is a single rose,
when others have fifty-three.
Their's hang in ample red cascades
but my one is good enough for me.
Perfection may -- or may not -- exist in eternity, but it lives here in this moment,
in this singularity.
Some say "perfect" is a terrible notion,
an illusory potion - designed to distract us from what really matters.

They tear at its immediate glory and leave beauty lying there -- in tatters.

But I say heed this! This moment of turquoise blue sky,
and fragrant, dry, cool air - don't miss the catbird singing
on this day so impossibly fair!

My single rose - what can it do for you today?
Just sniff it before you go on your way.
It will give you a moment, snatched from the welter of time --
might spin you around, turn your life on a dime!
So seize the day - I insist you do!
It's time to carpe that diem, before the diem carpes you!
**Darkness** by Nicole Michaels

They say stormy seas can be scary
Not knowing what is in the water
But have you ever seen someone like Carrie?
A mother always protects her daughter
Even during severe thunderstorms at night
It can be such a fright

The sky turns dark and gloomy
You can smell the rain coming
Next thing you know you are locked up with your roomie
The thunder is drumming
The lightning is flashing
The sky is crashing

Gusty winds and heavy rain
Enough to take a shower in
All the water rushing down the drain
The water feels smooth on my skin
Crackle and rumble the skies go
The storm will be over soon, that is all I know

Storms can be calm
However, this one is not
It came out of nowhere like a bomb
This storm has been cooking up in a pot
These trees blowing with the unstable air
This one is rare

Thunder clashing
It sounds like a train
Lightening flashing
It suddenly stopped, the rain
Sun is peeking
The shine is leaking

The sun is out
It is like it never struck
However, there still is a drought
Thank gosh for my luck
No one is hurt
Just covered in dirt
Dad by Nicole Michaels

I remember when you told me to leave the room
As I walked outside, I cried
I felt like I was doomed
I had no one on my side
I cried so hard; my contacts fell out
I could not help but pout

Although the doctor was rude
She delivered some bad news
I was not in the mood
I hoped it was a dream so that I could hit snooze
My dad had cancer she said
Because of this, I knew, I would dread

My dad told me not to worry
I did not want to stay
Everything felt so blurry
It was not going my way

Months went by
I asked myself why
As you got better
Went through your healing
There were changes in the weather
I was kneeling
I prayed for you to be happy
But everything was just crappy

Now a year later
Stronger than ever
You became safer
You never gave up, never
Four years have gone by
And you did not touch the sky
Dear Mom

By: Matthew Fultz

I have for you an admiration like no other
Your white smile shines bright and your brown eyes shine brighter
I really am proud to call you my mother

You stand out in the dark much like a lighter
Through thick and thin, time after time
You raised me strong and showed me life

Without you, life I could not define
If I were stabbed you would remove the knife
I aspire one day to be half the person you are

You made me the person I have become

Even though I am quite afar
Life itself is little to none
You are the person who has made it fun.
Broken Love Creates Strength

By: Matthew Fultz

I recall a time when I was young
I would ride bikes and scream, everlasting fun
Everything smelled new and nothing felt old
But then one day, life became cold
One morning I woke and nothing was the same
A love has died and now forever lame
This broken love moved me miles away
For where love once was, I did not stay
Life restarted and everything felt gray
Struggles and hardships were felt every day
New people in this place far from old home
I felt like a stranger drowning in foam
I cracked jokes and made all else smile
Except for myself, it took me awhile
It took me sometime but I found how to laugh
I would giggle and smile, I found the right path
Sadness was, no longer in sight
My mother and I could now sleep at night
Divorce made depression rain from above
But now all I feel is motherly love.
Oh, nature
You change so frequently
From green, to brown, to orange
The leaves, they turn so easily
One day it is hot, another it is freezing
Oh how I enjoy that lovely wind breezing
Over the coast of the beach
Or in that crisp autumn air
And the colder that it gets, my skin gets more fair
The freedom of summer comes from the texture of the sand
Oh, how lucky are we to share this gorgeous land
The grass grows and that breeze blows
Where does the time go? No one knows.
Is time just a concept we created
Or is it the moments we anticipated
New mom to newborn, it has begun.
A protective look, a trusting glance
Hazel eyes meet blue, a new life’s dance.
Hand in hand, the pace is slow
Learning to walk, learning to let go.
Training wheels, learning to ride
Apprehensive looks, fears cast aside.
From walking to biking
The pace now not slow
Growing in size, learning to let go.
Reading, swimming, everything new
Still not yet time, for the taillight view.
Watching him soar, new heights achieve.
Knowing the time
He would soon have to leave.
Year upon year, like wind the time blows
It is upon her, she now must let go.
Colena Jenkins

I met Nicole Dodd sophomore year of high school,
Both went to Saint Hubert’s High School for Girls,
A fantastic, warmhearted, and caring person,
Funny and outgoing person who has always been a tremendous friend to me,
Became close with her right away,
Always helped me with my depression and my mental disorder,
Saved my life so many times,
Help me with all the struggles in my life,
A shoulder to cry on and person to laugh with,
Graduate together in 2016,
Different colleges, but then finally together at Gwynedd,
Different majors, but always stay close,
Barnes and Noble trips together,
Study and school buddies,
And my best friend for the rest of my life.
Envisioning a Person by Colena Jenkins

Domenico Garofalo was born on July 8th of 1937,

Known as nano to all of his grandchildren,

Nano is the father of my mother,

Calm, loving, and caring,

Colie was my nickname to him,

Pick me up from preschool in his maroon minivan,

Made me pasta and beans,

Nap time with him was the best time.
Loud, funny, and loving person,
Showed me how a man is supposed to treat you and how to run a healthy family,

Independent, family man, dressed well, and a hard worker,

Good listener and gave the best hugs ever,

Wore a handkerchief on his left side of his shirts,

Saw the good in me and was a fantastic cook,

Smelled like good cologne,

Domenic left the precious earth on April 2nd of 2007.
Lucas Gray

**Force of Life**

Water is the essence of all life on Earth.
A force so strong it both gives us life,
But can just as easily take it away.
Raging down-stream no end in sight,
Nothing can stop a waterfall’s might.

Tranquil, inviting, freedom, peace,
Some would say outright magical.
No matter the color,
Whether it be blue, white, green, or brown,
Water will never leave me with a frown.

Nature itself brings me great joy,
But water holds a special place in my heart.
I feel at home in the water,
A feeling that always lingers,
Just a man with water flowing through his fingers.
Nothing to Fear by Lucas Gray

Bermuda, a place filled with such mystique
Sunken ships, missing planes, plenty of stories to go around
A place with stories shrouded with mystery,
Would lead to thoughts and feelings of fear

Those who are fortunate enough to visit know the truth behind this place
There is nothing to fear at all
Beauty as far as the eye can see
Landmarks full of grace
Ships sail from place to place
An ocean that comes and goes leaving no trace
People walking at a snail’s pace

Bermuda has hidden truths that not many get to witness
People, who are grateful for visitors
Food, that is authentic and fresh
An island, home to many creatures

Bermuda has hidden truths that not many get to witness
It has been misunderstood for all of this time
The truth is, that in fact, there is nothing to fear
Nothing at all
Forever in My Heart

Locks of gray hair, the smell of scotch, the crinkling of the newspaper, this is how I remember you.

You spoke your mind and never used a filter; you never let anyone tell you what to do.

You have seen me since birth and left me through death.

An authentic Italian inspiration with a heart so big.

I can still feel your presence to this day, although you are no longer with us today.

The memory of you lives on throughout your daughters and their children.

I will always miss your smile and the twinkle in your eyes, but you will forever live in my memory, especially when I close my eyes.
My Fur baby, Oliver

On the way to pick you up
I could not contain my excitement
Joy overfilled my heart
I was getting my very own puppy
The drive was long
But still felt like forever
Spent the whole day coming for you
My brother at the wheel
As we cruised through farmland
We pull into the driveway
My heart racing with anticipation
There you were with your 3 other brother and sisters

But you caught my eye
Beautiful brown, white and black

Your kisses smelled of puppy breath as you licked all over my face

I held you the whole car ride home
You melted my heart from day one
I love you my little fur baby

Oliver
Nature

Rainbow shines after a rainy day,
Emphasizing all of the showers in May.

Red, the first color of the row,
What a stopping color to start the bow.

Orange, taking each breath away by the minute,
Between red and yellow, there is no limit.

Yellow, shining like the bright burning sun,
Creating long days of summer fun.

Green, grass that blows on a nice spring morning,
Leaves that rustle as the birds start soaring.
Blue, blends in with the bright sky,
Where birds, planes, and people fly.

Indigo, the warm mixture of violet and blue,
Like a deep lake where you paddle your canoe.

Violet, the last color after all the rain,
Last color seen after darkness falls over the window pane.

Rainbows that hold a big pot of gold,
Shine bright beautiful rainbow, you’ll never get old.
February was the month his life changed forever,
Prays that each minute he will get better and better.
Loving father and a caring soul,
Puts on a brave face with a heart filled with gold.
Eagles Enthusiast and bleeds green like no other,
Fearless cousin or son and even a brother.
Billy Joel fan right from the start,
Sings “We Didn’t Start the Fire” and won’t forget one part.
Smile lights up a room and can be quite silly,
Known as Will or William, but never Billy.
Seven months too long and is willing to walk the full mile,
Taking down cancer with that fearless smile.
Where there’s a “Will” there’s a way,
Taking each moment day by day.
Brother by Sarah Bergstresser

Since the day I was born
We were destined to be best friends
We shared the same blood, of course,
So you’d be with me till the end.

At least, that’s what you’d think
Until a few years down the road
The “I hate you’s” started coming
Though the meaning, I did not know

We fought and conspired
Hoping to be anything but together
And then we grew up
And suddenly, things got better
You drove me to school
And we sang songs about life
In just that year alone
We became closer every night

Now that you’re 23
And I just three years less
I look back on those times and think
“Man, I’ve been blessed.”

For having a brother like you
By my side for all those years
Has allowed me to learn
Though laughter, through tears

That hard times will come
And troubles we will face
But your friendship, I can count on
Even if you live in a different place.
In Nature

By Sarah Bergstresser

Another day dawns and the sun shines in
Reflecting off the walls
An untold mystery of opportunity awaits
So I gather my things and with a swift movement out
I leave my worries at the door and begin my journey

Where will it be today?

The creek, the woods, the fields?
Part of the journey is not knowing
Just going
And breathing in all that the world has to offer

Something about nature and the
Calm
Quiet
Peace
Just allows me to be
And learn more about He
Who created it

It isn’t the sun licking the waves
Or the grass dancing with the wind
No, it isn’t the blanket of white across the floor
Or the multicolored paint dabbing the leaves of the trees
Rather, what catches my attention is that tomorrow
When a new adventure arises
Nothing will be the same

So I embrace today as it is
As nature reminds me to do
And remember that like the fields, and the flowers
Tomorrow will be new
Different
And surprising
And so I cling to knowing that in the midst of all my worries today

They will change with the seasons

And leave me feeling calm once again

Just as I do after every adventure outside

In nature
The Lake

By Alex Ritter

Can you meet me by the lake?
By the picnic table with the red torn up cloth
By the big tree that drops crabapples regularly,
By the open field that served as a kickball field,
Can you meet me by the lake?
At the spot that the fireworks are seen best.
At the spot that the waves crash on the sharp rocks.
At the spot the bikers ride through because of the wonderful path it has. Can you meet me by the lake?
The campground that creates the best fire and the most delicious smores. The place where my childhood started.
The place where I met my best friend.
The place where I got into my first fight.
Can you meet me by the lake?
Where the sun sets right overtop of the trees.
Where the stars are endless in the beautiful dark sky.
Where my heart lies.
Can you meet me by the lake?
Halloween

By Alex Ritter

It was the best time of the year October 31st
My mom took pictures of me with her burst
It’s my first year out my with friends
I can’t think of a bad way this could end
My friends and I went to a rich neighborhood for big treats It
was a fool proof plan no defeat.
We went from house to house and King size candy for all We all
had dressed up with face paint and all
We went to this house the holy grail
We had a plan that we didn’t think would fail
The house said take one
We knew what we would do was fun
We took the whole bowl and that was exciting
Until the Michales Myers man came out fighting
He ran out of the house yelling and screaming
On all of your faces were gleaming.
He yelled at us and tell it not to happen again
We all screamed and yelled not till next year friend.
Kenneth McFadden

Life at sea

Riding on my boat feeling the wind in my hair
While I’m standing there smelling the fresh air.
Looking around all I can see
Is fish jumping in the sea.
I look over and see an eagle fly past me.
Crashing into the water looking to feed.
The eagle comes up talons full
Screaming with glee.
As I’m sitting on my boat enjoying the sun beating on me
I can see fish swimming past me
I grab my fishing pole give it a toss
And catch something for my lady and me.
Looking out over the water
While the sun is making it sparkle
The sun is setting make the sky looking on fire
The ruby red lights bouncing off the water
Making a beautiful scene for my lady and me
Hoping one day I find myself back from the sea.
Greatest day ever

Woke up early one morning without no warning

Ready for this Saturday

It was a huge day for my teammates and I ready to go to war.

Going downstairs grabbing my bag and breakfast and heading to my car

Getting outside with the warm breeze blowing

With a spring smell rolling.

Get on the bus with my teammates everyone is silent

Focusing on the mountain ahead.

Arriving to the field my stomach drops

Realizing this is the biggest lacrosse game of my life

Game starts the heat from the sun beating on my skin

Sweating from running with the wind

The game flew by just as fast I was running by

At the end of the game I came to realize

I was a Maryland lacrosse State champion.
Nature Poem

By: Grady Birmelin

As I look up in to the sky
Watching the birds fly by
I see the sky looking so blue
My feet a little wet from the morning dew

Trees standing so tall
With their leaves about to fall
Hearing the crunch of the leaves
Eating some honey left from the bees
Seeing the animals frolic around looking for food
Cozy sweatshirts are always the mood
The temperature getting colder
Another year of us getting older
But soon enough it will be summer
Where I can drive around in my new hummer

I’m getting older as the seasons go by
It’s about ready for me to say goodbye
Story Poem
By: Grady Birmelin

Do you remember a time when you felt alone?
That feeling unhappy with a sad tone

But then you find that friend
That you know will be on your side till the very end

I found my friend playing my favorite sport
On my team running up and down the court

It was in fourth grade
That is when the friendship was made

We played all the same sports
And we wore some wacky shorts

We talked every day
When I was younger, I went over every weekend to play

And now we are all grown up
And when I see him, I say what’s up
Liam Sullivan

The Mother Who Couldn’t Cook

By: Liam Sullivan

Once there was a mother who couldn’t cook
Every time dinner was called, the family was shook
We put on a smile, and went along
But enough was enough, her food didn’t belong
One day she wanted to make a meatloaf
As it is impossible to mess up a meatloaf
Or so the family believed
But they were about to be deceived
The mother started cooking
Corn and mashed potatoes
The sides were complete
She called us down “Let’s Eat!”
The family set the table
All was left was take the meatloaf out
Next, I heard an “Ohh nooo” Shout
I got up and said “what’s wrong”
    She looked up and said “The oven isn’t on”
    That night we had sides
        And the food barely kept us alive

Months went by, and the mother wanted to give it another try

    The family sighed, trying not to cry
    The family put on a brave face
    Hopefully there will be no mistakes
    Once again she started to cook the meatloaf
    Time went by and she called us down
        We set the table, all around

    The mother opened the oven and said “Ohh noo”
    The family yelled out “Not Again”
        She replied “I forgot to put the meatloaf in”
Love Poem

By: Liam Sullivan

Daniel Jones, O Daniel Jones
You run and throw touchdowns
The savior of our season
Daniel Jones, O Daniel Jones

With quick feet, and a cannon for an arm
You’ll win us games
Relieve us fans from pain
Daniel Jones, O Daniel Jones

We bood you at first
Not knowing what we had
Our losing season, you reversed
Daniel Jones, O Daniel Jones
Once there was a man.
His name was Sam.
Sam played the saxophone in the band.
He took a trip to go to Thailand.
He had an agenda on trip.
Starting with going to the beach and taking a dip.
When he entered the ocean there was a shark waiting to play.
The shark was waiting and waiting all day.
Sam met the fish and was not pleased.
He swam and swam away until he started to wheeze.
Sam couldn’t breathe for he was having an asthma attack.
The shark became happy because he had a mid-day snack.
They were so upset and did not want to believe.
Sam’s family gathered together to grieve.
As Sam entered the ground everyone started to weep.
Then everyone went home and started to sleep.
It was a horrible day in the month of September.
So very horrible that no one wanted to remember.
A poem to an Angel

From the day that we first met until the day you were laid to rest
Makeup and skirts were the way you dressed
The monster came, and the monster went
You were strong, brave and very content
From brunette to bald
You were still the fairest of them all
Seeing you unhappy was very rare
You were always giggly and ready to share
Singing your heart out was what you love
You were a dancing queen that flew around like a dove
Pink and orange ribbons were a reminder of you
Trying not to cry was extremely hard to do
Florida sun raining down,
Just like the love he showed for me.
Morning songs he’d bellow out,
Shuffling with a weakness in his knee.
Riding the golf cart with no fear,
On the lookout for an alligator.
Pressing the pedal to the floor,
We’ll be back later.
Mini golfing for hours on end,
Try to play every one on the bend.
Beach sun on my face,
I may need more shade.
“Never let your skin burn,”
Grandpa would say with a blade.
Impacting my life,
With no real knowing how.

Grandpa taught me the meaning,
Of the life I know now.
No longer with us here,
But always in our hearts.
I’ll see you again one day Grandpa.
Flowers
By: Lauren Waller
Bright and shiny like the sun,
Flowers growing everywhere.
Any shape and any size,
You can win them as a prize.
You can grow them in your back yard,
You can use them as a gift.
Flowers fake and real,
Show their beauty and make you feel.
All over the world,
Flowers follow you wherever you go.
All over the world,
Never making you feel concerned.
Water and sun, are its only necessities,
Never monopolizing all your time.

Many colors they show to us,
Letting our eyes have a special plus.
Flowers will be around inevitably,
Take care of them while we have the pleasure.
Mom

By: Kaitlynn Fabuien

I will always need you.

I will always need to hear your loud voice telling me to wear my seatbelt as I walk out the door.

I will always need your home cooked meals, so warm, so delicious.

You pass many things down to me.

Your looks, your cooking skills, your care for others, your cheerful personality.

I promise to pass these wonderful things down to my kids.

You taught me many important things in life.

To be confident, to be respectful, to be happy, to be loving.

You made me who I am today, I hope you are satisfied.

I will always need you to take care of me, until the day when you’re old and you need me to take care of you.
**Story Poem**

I met you, my love, so unexpectedly.

You pushed for me, even though I kept pushing you away.

I feared you would not be honest, kind, and loyal.

You made me fall for you, you made me believe I could trust you.

You were right because you are doing everything right.

Your honest, kind, loyal, and you show love to me every day.

I now crave your love. I need your love.

It now terrifies me to think of how life would be if I had pushed you too far away.

But we are here now, so please, promise you will always stay.
Tom and Ginger

I was patrolling around the outdoor
When I came across a slanted tree
I am so happy we did not buy y’all in a store
I saw an animal, thankful it wasn’t a bee

When I climbed up in the tree I found a cat
I decided to carry it home
On the way back I gave it a pat
I put him in my house to roam

I sadly had to let him go latter on
He returned with his sister the next day
We decided to name her Ginger and him Tom
Thankfully for them we didn’t have to pay
Nature Poem

The most beautiful thing ever is nature
Looking at her is just utterly jaw dropping
My thoughts and feelings are always held capture
Walking through her brings me to a stopping

When I am with her she always has my attention
Her touch is so amazingly delicate and gentle
I am crazily intrigued just by her mention
When I am with her I feel transcendental

The maple tree standing so broad and strong
Everyone loves her, she truly is a commonplace
To spend my whole life in nature is a dream I long
There is nothing more powerful than her amazing grace
Once upon a time, is how it always goes

But these two princesses are less than royal

My sister, my friend, my right hand

Less than a year apart and not even separation can pull us away

The same age for nine days, years ago, nobody could tell us apart

Blood sisters, scientifically and literally our jeans (genes) are shared

But those who are too similar are bound to struggle

Bickering and fighting are what siblings ought to do

Together for eighteen years under the same roof

Sharing was imbedded in our morals but sharing our clothing was hardest of them all

As we grow old college

became our demise that began

this new chapter in our lives

Gwynedd Mercy and The

University of South Carolina

were our new homes,

Separated for months kept us
in contact by phone
Two semesters later her calling
was home
Together alas my best friend
for life
Under the same roof again for
these short summer nights
She will stay here in PA and
follow in my footsteps
Gwynedd Mercy University is
where we will stay
20 years later, and only one year separated
My sister, my friend, my right hand

Claudia.
When we grow up…

By: Lauriel and Lex

Together: When we grow up…
Lauriel: We want to be successful
Lex: Although with age we may be forgetful
Together: When we grow up…
Lex: Schooling will be no more
Lauriel: And debt will begin to come in
Together: When we grow up…
Lauriel: Nobody will yell at us and tell us what to do
Lex: We will now get ridiculed for making our own decisions
Together: When we grow up…
Lex: We will be happy and free
Lauriel: While obeying law otherwise be face a charge that no longer of a mi-
nor
Together: We don’t want to grow up…
Lauriel: Our friends will move on
Lex: We will be the ones now on our own
Together: Whoever said growing up was fun was…… WRONG!
Lex: parties on Saturday nights will diminish
Lauriel: and living with your closest best friends will come to a finish
Together: But as we grow up
Lauriel: and college is no more

Lex: we will remember

Together: That life is the best party we will ever be invited to!
While walking along the street this morning and crunching the dried leaves at my feet,
For reasons unknown an old question came to mind,
If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around, does it make a sound?
I did not know, but other thoughts then came to mind,
What of the child who cries alone in the dark,
Or the homeless one who sleeps in the park,
Do they make a sound?
What of the poor worker whose labor is used,
Or the spouse whose left crying and bruised,
Do they make a sound?
What of the one who’s been told go back where you belong, your color is all wrong,
Or the one who’s heard go away we won’t serve you, your gay,
Do they make a sound?
What of the old one who sits by the phone, dying inside
from being alone,
Or the one who endured the sexual assault, to hear from
the others you drank too much, it must be your fault.
Do they make a sound?

When a tree falls and it hits the ground, perhaps if we
listen, we will hear that sound.
CHAPTER 2

Student Artwork
If you like, draw something wonderful below!
You, like, drew something wonderful here!

WILL

Kristen Denker

riders in the storm

fighting the wind!

Nicole M.