



*elementia*

volume 1, issue 2



Teen Services

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# elementia

uplift

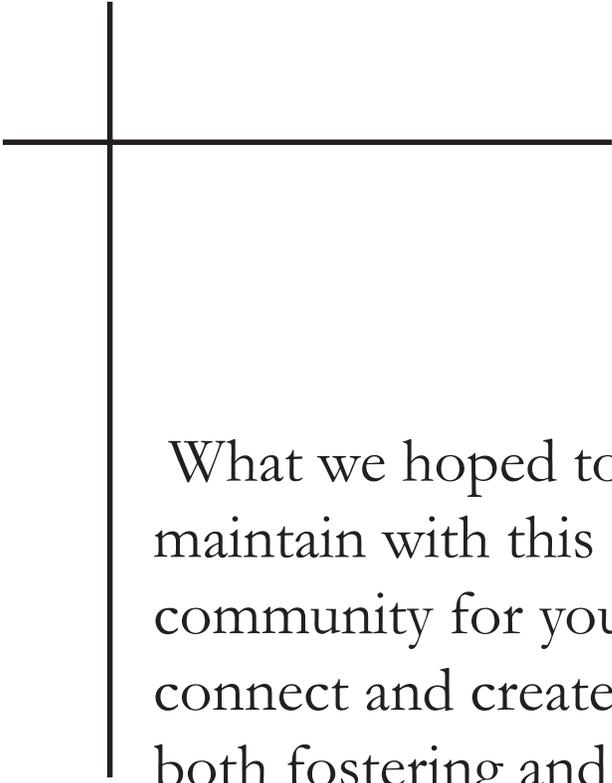
creative

sublime

young

adults

volume 1, issue 2  
spring 2006



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 issue is compiled solely of poetry.

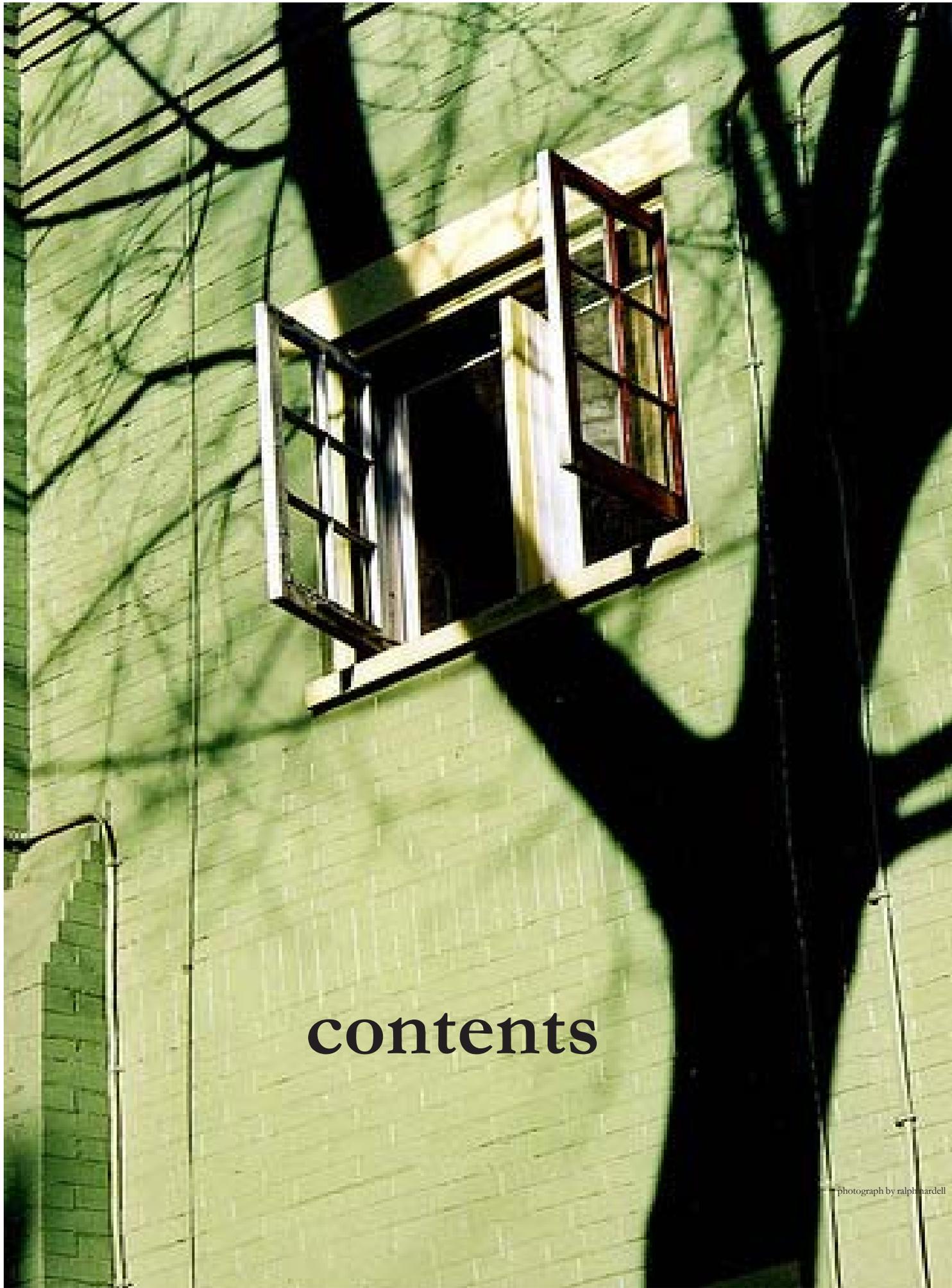
Just imagine what's in store . . .

**A**ngel Jewel Dew

**E**riko Akaike-Toste



photograph by ralph nardell



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harrison,  
abby

rising up

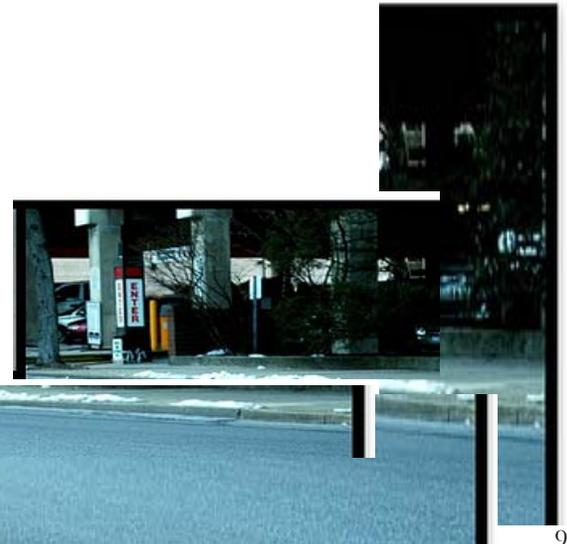
The distance between fear and me  
Cannot be measured  
But if it runs across seas  
And blackens what is already dark  
Then it overpowers all of me  
But it cannot touch my faith  
Time will push it away  
Other dimensions will outnumber it  
What I have on my side  
Cannot be defeated  
Nor can I.



photograph by ralph nardell

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.



christianson,  
zoë

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.*

photograph by ralph nardell

luck of the draw

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



photograph by ralph nardell

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.

dressman,  
alicia



what happened to marguerite?



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.





11:43

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

clem,  
angela

on the flipside

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



photograph by ralph nardell

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!

pressure

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.

morefield,  
matthew





photograph by ralph nardell

powell,  
ali

## 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



petit déjeuner

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 déjeuner, 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 déjeuner becomes her demise.  
The sky sits on the horizon and sighs.

# hemayoun, rabi

photograph by ralph nardell

delightful lies

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 . . .

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.

morillo,  
kelly



photograph by ralph nardell

# frazier, brittany

still stand—stand still

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 . . .

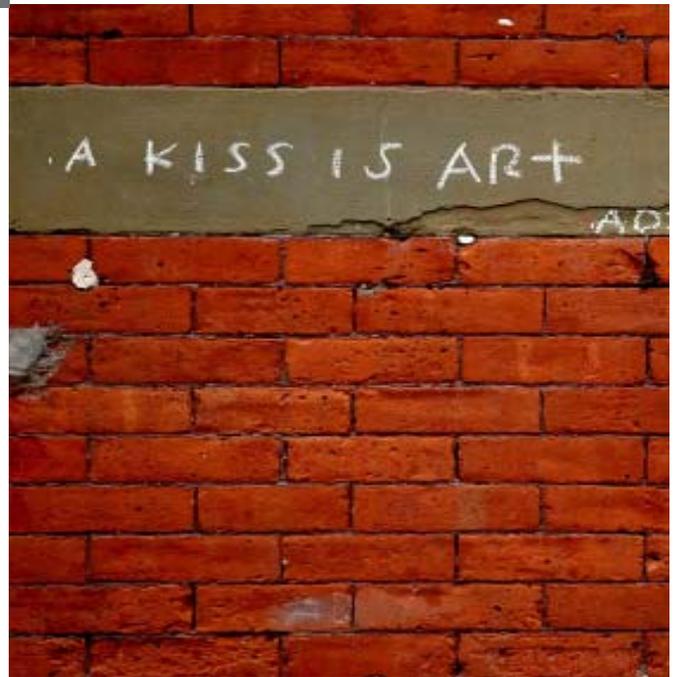
Stress is at an all time high,  
you're about to venture off into the adult world.  
Yesterday you were mommy's little boy or daddy's  
little girl.  
They may not be ready —  
they gotta press on  
but they're at a stand still.  
They're afraid to let go, so yet in still, they stand,  
still . . .

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

# filer, janae



photograph by ralph nardell

untitled

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

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.



photograph by ralph nardell

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.

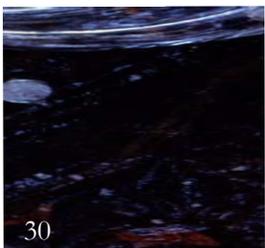
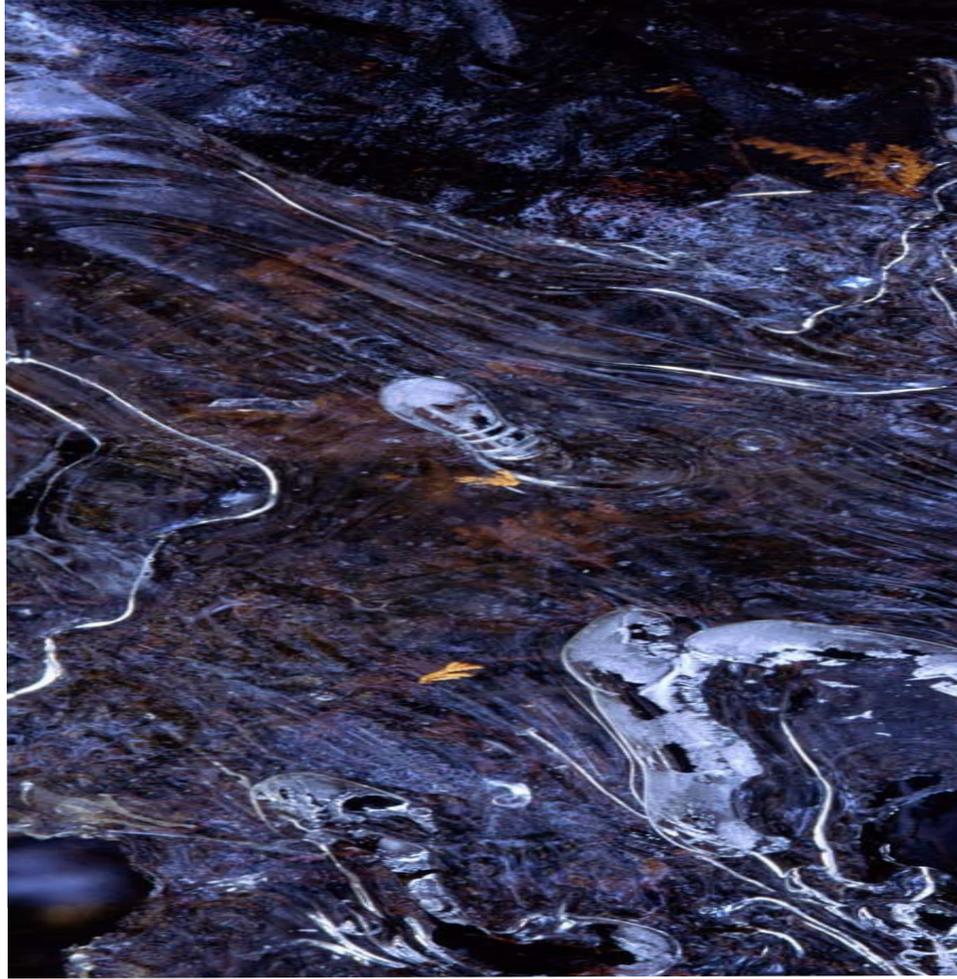
Bitter is what gives you hope and strength and buoyancy.  
It is what turns tomorrow into a piece of honeyed candy,  
bubbling up past the guilt and anger that bitter has built for  
today.

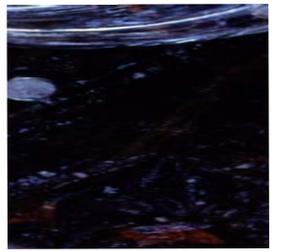
And when all is said and done,  
you emerge someplace burnt in honesty.  
All the while,  
a little part of you takes pleasure knowing that  
bitter  
is perfect.

shippee,  
brooke



slate blue moment (excerpt)





Winter is a soft,  
cruel sea of acid,  
swirling and churning  
into a  
slate  
blue  
moment.



## pure love stricken ballroom

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

peda,



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?

becky

---

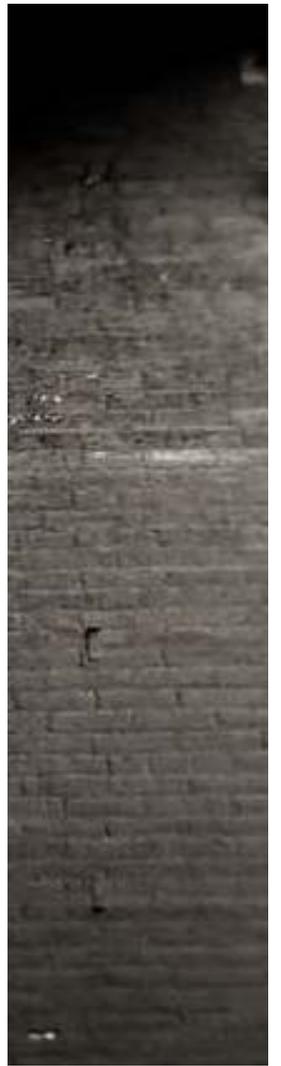
be aware:  
it happens everyday

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"

cannon,



hailey



---

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.

shaffer,  
morgan

---

pain and hate

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



photograph by ralph nardell

separately meant to be

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.  
She wouldn't have to give herself  
to everyone she sees.  
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.

---

anonymous

---



photograph by ralph nardell



# carter, eric

## fall stalker

In the fall you notice leaves  
that are hanging on the trees,  
noisily 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.



## lords & ladies

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.





photograph by ralph nardell



# widmer, robert

## 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



photograph by ralph nardell

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!



ferguson,  
loren

rekab,  
sarah



photograph by ralph nardell

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  
rocks 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.

# pancarte, yolene

## dragon au centre du chaos

Vert émeraude est ton œil  
Et son reflet dans ce lac de glace  
Où miroitent tes émotions  
Si calmes.

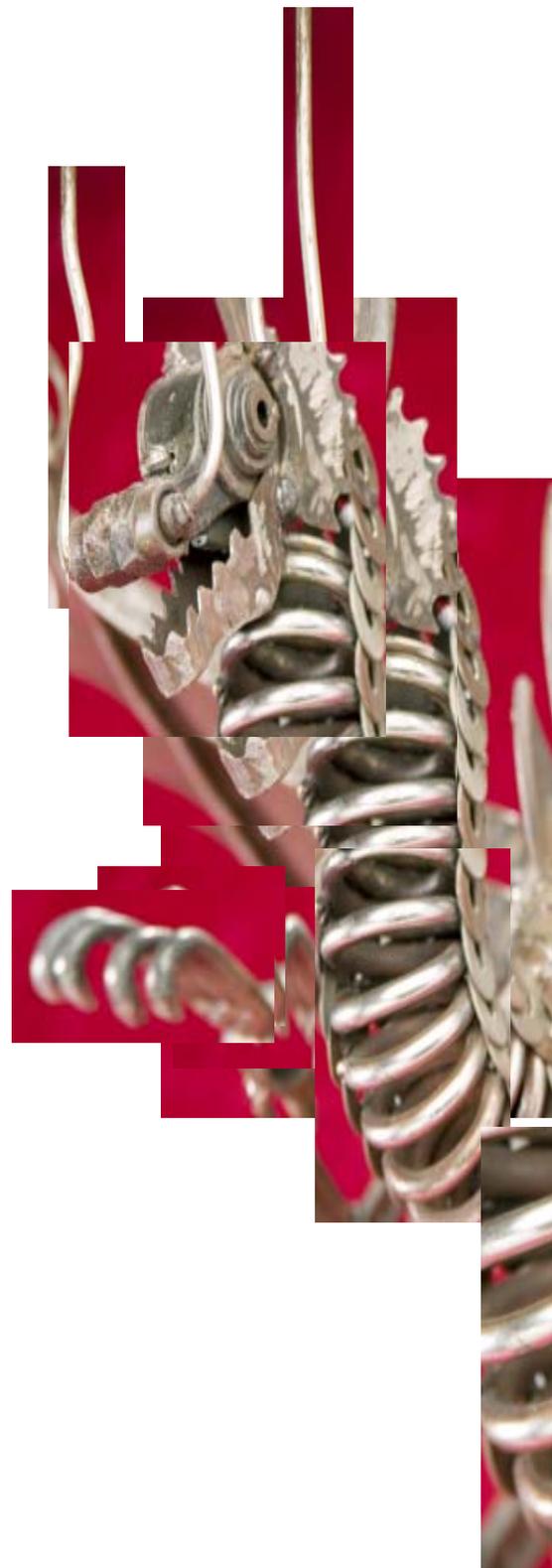
Rouge sang est ta griffe  
Et son ombre avant qu'elle ne tombe  
Pour s'ancrer dans la chair  
De tes ennemis.

Longue est ta mélodie  
Et ses notes de cristal  
Qui résonnent à travers les âges  
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.



dragon's heart

Of melted glass  
And broken waters  
A dragon's eye  
And burning fire.

Of icy crystal  
And howling wind  
A dragon's claws  
And beating wings.

Of rosy quartz  
And hematite  
A dragon's heart  
And lasting night.

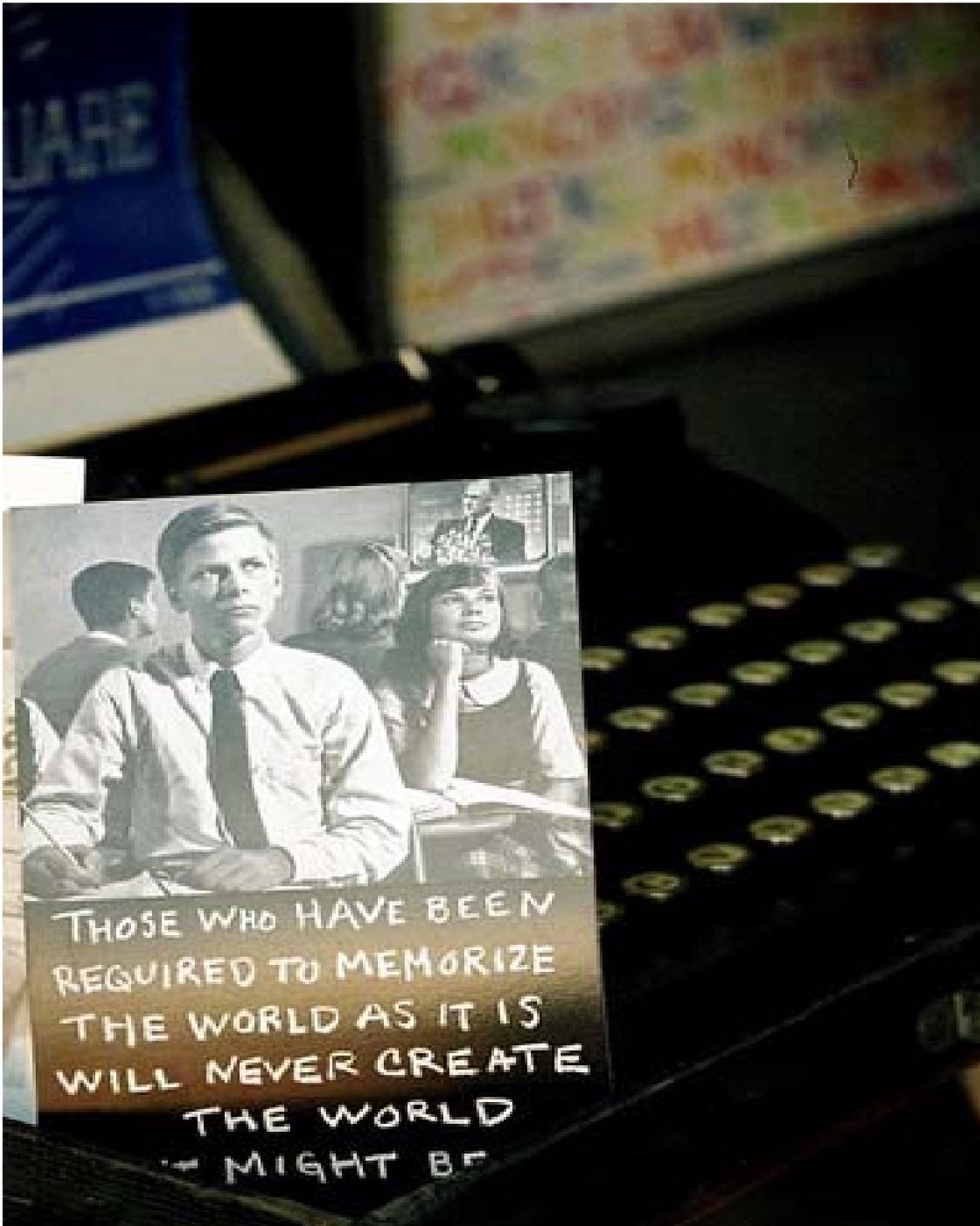
Of fantasy  
And faeries' lands  
To hold a dragon  
In my hand.

soul to pick

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





## autobiographic incident

\* \* \*

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 . . .



---

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