Reflections

2008

Fifth Anniversary Edition
Celebrating the Voices of Youth

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**Introduction**

The words inside are waiting for you to turn the pages so they can sing. The talent harnessed this year, our fifth year of *Reflections*, is shining bright. There’s something about young voices that speak so richly you have to stagger back to collect yourself.

These young adults are a sunrise starting fresh with endless possibilities. Their ideas are the colors that splash across the sky. Their world is just waking up, and their voices are splaying in every which way, unhindered by former writing rules, as they create their own.

Thank you for supporting these authors. Remember to thank them for having the courage to share. Everyone has a story, but those that take the time to tell it, to really tell it, deserve to be heard.

*Katie Van Winkle*

*April 2008*

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**Special Thanks**

This publication is the result of the myriad talents and energies of countless people. We apologize to all those we missed, but we want to especially acknowledge: Karleigh Booth, Crystal Briggs, Karli Clift, Leanne Haresnape, Beccah Kapelos, Gay Plahn, Chris Robitz, Anna and Jerry Waters, and the SHMS Language Arts Department.

In addition, *Reflections 2008* was made possible by the generous financial support of: Carolyn Forsyth, Becky Lien, Rebecca Rasmussen, Shareen Rawlings, Barbara and Kenneth Sanderson, Matthew Springer, and Matthew Sterner.

Thanks for supporting these amazing young writers.
I Am Poetry

The sound
Of my pen
Hitting the paper
As if my hand is a feather
With the wind
Sweeping away
The scrapes and erases
My mind going off with ideas
Also thoughts and feelings
Biting my lip
As I read it over and over again
My mind filling up with
Love
Hatred
Happiness
Sadness
And more
I feel as if I am in my poems
Diving and dodging the words
As I walk through my forest
Of thoughts and feelings
I find myself standing there
My life before my eyes
How I love poetry so much
It’s just me
And I am poetry
My brother Rocky is nineteen. His nickname is Rockstar. Rocky plays his guitar like no one is there. He comes into my room every morning and makes me listen to the newest song he just learned. He draws as if the wind is sweeping his hands away. He loved to draw until people told him he should become an artist; he just wants to do art for fun, and to him if he became an artist, it would ruin it. He is about six foot three. All I know is he is tall, and literally, I look up to him. He has very kind, golden brown eyes and golden brown long, wavy hair almost to his shoulders. He has so many scars from doing stupid stuff like skateboarding and jumping off cliffs. He always tells us that he is invincible, and he is so well known and loved in St. Helens that whenever we go somewhere someone knows him.

His smile is almost as bright as the sun. As soon as he walks through a door, people’s days are happier. Rocky doesn’t leave until he makes someone laugh. His laugh will make other people crack up. He has no clue how much he means to a lot of people like friends, family, and people who just met him once!

One morning I wake up. I hear my mom crying out in the hall. I get up out of bed, and I look at my floor. Oh dang, I need to clean my room. The floor is covered with clothes. My end table is filled with papers, journals and books. I get on my fuzzy, pink slippers that are pigs. I walk out in the hall and my mom is at the front door, and there is also a policeman there. I know something bad has happened, no doubt about it. I can see the sadness and fear in her eyes.

“What is going on?” I ask wondering why there is a cop by our front door.

Why do I have to go to my room? I want to know what happened. A minute goes by which feels like twenty. Is Chris okay? Is Ryan okay? Did he get shot serving in the Navy?

I walk out in the living room. They are not there and neither is Rocky. He usually sleeps in the living room, but he isn’t there. So I check my mom’s room. No one is there, only the sheets all messed up and clothes on the floor. Thinking they are probably out in the garage, I go out, and there is my mom and the policeman. No sign of Rocky. I ask my mom if she knows where Rocky is. She answers back with a
shaking voice, “You need to sit down.” So I sit, and my mom tells me that Rocky is in the hospital. All she tells me at this point is that he was on his way to ask a girl to marry him, and he didn’t quite make it. He got ran over by a car. Instantly, my eyes fill up with tears like a balloon fills up with air. A tear rolls on my cheek, down my lips and on my sweat shirt. I ask my mom if I could go with her to the hospital.

She replies, “No.”

The policeman says, “You might want to take her and her sister; it might be the last time they get to see him.”

I walk into my older sister Nikki’s room. I shake her and start to break down into tears. I tell her that Rocky is in the hospital.

While she is getting ready and putting her shoes on, Nikki tells me that I need to be strong for Rocky and my mom.

We get to the hospital and walk to the clear glass window where a lady is standing. My mom tells her that she is Rocky Walker’s mother. My mom pulls her ID out and shows the lady in the window her card. She nods her head and speaks through the microphone, “There will be a lady here in a little while, please wait in the waiting room.”

The waiting room only has a few people, but they are old. My mom calls Aunt Brenda and lets her know that we are at the hospital and that she needs to come now. My mom hangs up.

Then there’s an older lady who walks out, and she does a hand sign telling us to come here. She leads us into a tiny room. It feels distant from the world: no life, no people. There are only two little couches and three paintings. My mom sits down on one of the couches, and I sit next to her. Then my sister and Lisa sit down on two chairs right next to each other. We all are patiently waiting for the doctor to come. Finally, a man with a doctor’s hat and shoe covers on comes in and sits on the table in the middle of the room. All I hear coming out of his mouth is, “Blah blah blah,” and then he says, “I’m sorry. He did not make it.” Nikki gets up with watery eyes, a red face and damp cheeks from crying. She runs out of the room into an empty white hallway with only a machine.

I am just sitting there with tears rolling down my face. I feel paralyzed; my mouth is dry, and my throat hurts. My heart feels like it stopped beating, and my automatic reaction is to fall down and cry, hugging my mom to let her know I never want her to go and that I love
Seven and a half months have passed by. I'm not even close to being the same as before Rocky died. For heaven's sake, my brother died. Could anyone get over that? But I still cry almost every night. Sometimes they are happy tears, but most of the time they aren't happy. I don't smile that much, compared to before he died. I miss him more than anything I have missed in my entire life. To me it is so hard to lose someone so close, but he never leaves my mind, not even at school. I sometimes feel guilty for doing something fun. I see his face, good images and bad ones, like I still can smell the spoiled smell from in the room Rocky was when he just died. And then I see his smiling face laughing. I always think: why couldn't he have stayed home that night? I miss when Rocky would always come to my school and walk with me home, or he would catch up with me when I walked to the store alone. I will never be the same as I was before: not until I am with him!

I miss the way he would be there when I wanted him to be. I miss his mean egg sandwiches and omelets. I miss how he was still a kid at heart, and he didn't care about what people thought about him. I miss the way when I was sick he would be so nice to me, and he would help me out!

It isn't like losing a pet dog or cat or any other animal. I know that's sad too, but this is a whole new level. Dealing with grief is not too easy; there are points where I cry so hard for days without sleeping, no eating, sitting and staring at his pictures and crying. At one point, I couldn't sleep in my bedroom because it was his before mine. I felt as if I didn't belong there: it was his. My mom tried telling me that it was my room but I felt as if there's nothing of mine in there. My brother Dalton came into my room while I was crying on my pillow, and I screamed as if he were in the mountains and he would hear me. I know it's weird, but I thought it was Rocky coming into my room. And still to this point, I will ask him to give me a sign. One time, everybody was sleeping. All of a sudden I felt a hand on my cheek. I jumped and looked down, and it looked as if it was Rocky's hand, but it was my sister's. That night I could not go to sleep. I was so upset.

When I grow older, I will tell my daughter and son who Rocky was and tell them the memories of when I was their age. Like when
he pushed me into the pool when I didn’t know how to swim, and he “saved” me. Also, how he had a cap gun I thought was real, and I didn’t want to get shot, so I jumped in the pool without knowing how to swim and Rocky jumped in after me. Or when he stood up for me when I got pushed around. I will tell my nieces and nephews how great he was.

No one can tell me that I need to get over it; that’s really not true. Yeah, I will get better as time goes by, but there is no way I will ever get over my brother Rocky’s death.

Rocky might have died, but he is sure not gone. His body might not be here, yet his soul is. And maybe I will see him again. But till then, all I can do is remember all the happy times with him and all the things he did just to be Rocky.

Running

running through the field
feeling free
running bare foot
the grass between my toes
the wind blows through my hair
as I don’t care
looking at the leaves
looking at the flowers
going as far as I want not knowing or caring
running like there is someone chasing me
but the only thing that’s chasing me is my fear
Happiness

Happiness
A wide grin
Front teeth missing
A young child
Running through sprinklers
Popsicles staining her mouth
An upbeat jazz tune
Playing in the background
Inspiring couples dancing along
Flowers of every color
Like a rainbow on the turf
Sweet tea
Soothing
On a hot southern summer day
A hot turkey dinner
Feeding starving mouths
Happiness
A Good Friend

A good friend
Is a ray of sunshine
On a stormy day

A good friend
Is a red rose
In a field of daisies

A good friend
Is a single blade of grass
On an empty plain

A good friend
Is a twenty dollar bill
You found on the beach

A good friend
Is a single fish
In a giant ocean

A good friend
Is a diary
That you don’t have to write in
Chad Weitzel

Crooked

I saw what you did
you try to hide it
you’re stolen from me
lost in this messed up world

you don’t realize what this is doing
only you, just you
no one else
obsessing in your lies
no more right or wrong
you’re passed that

why can’t you see me
lost in this blur of tears
watching you
slowly fade

diving headfirst into a pool of darkness
the only way out of this crooked place is for you
to open your blinding eyes and swim
straight to the top

I tried to help
I threw you the rope
but it slipped away
out of my tired hands
**Blast**

Intoxicating beats blast from blown speakers  
feet tapping, head moving with the rhythm  
the wonderful sounds pull me in  
and don't let go  
Nothing mainstream  
the same stolen beats with new words  
not for me  
I want more  
Music where they aren't afraid to go there  
music where they show their true selves  
music unique and unheard of  
music that exposes who we really are  
music that shows how unique we are  
Intoxicating beats blast from blown speakers  
revealing the true me  

**Green Paint**

I used to live in Portland. My house was all that I knew. Her peeling green paint seemed to catch your stare and guide you through the front door into her loving arms. Even though she was peeling and saggy, I loved her.  
One day you say the city is getting bad, so we're going to move. St. Helens, come on, a small white trash hick town. All I could imagine were farm animals, beat up old houses, and broken down trucks in the front yards. I was completely wrong.  
My new house is better. She cares for our family. The same shade of green paint had somehow brought a piece of our old house to us, but she is a newer, younger version. Stronger, more stable, her chest swells with pride. A vision of pure light.  
Now, you may ask if I belong here. I’ll say this is my home; this is my place.
Caelish Barham

Goldendale

Sweet light surrounds me
I wake just as dawn breaks
Wrapping me up in a new day’s
Gentle embrace

Groggily I open my eyes
To orange clouds covering the sky
Mist touches my cheek
The sweet smell of spring grass fills the air

Dew has formed on the ground
Songbirds are chirping up high in a tall pine tree
My fingers touch the zipper on my old sleeping bag

I gather my things
And pack them away
A new day is forming
I can’t waste time

Although for a moment, I pause
To think about the memories stored here
How wonderful and sweet

I smile and plan to come back
Very soon
For this truly is
My home
Ode to Shadow

My shadow
What is it?
Just a trick of light?
No heartbeat, so it can’t be alive
Just a presence watching over?

My shadow
Truly my opposite
Yet so much like me
Walking in my footsteps
Somehow connected to me
A friend who comes out on sunny days
My shadow

Ode to Sun

Light shining in my window
Beautiful and bright
All night I’ve waited
Now my wish is fulfilled

Magic light
Wonderful light
Helps me through the day
And when this day has ended
I’ll wait for dawn and smile
Thank you sun
Cari Thompson

Oregon City

I am from
lots of roads
big backyards
acres and acres behind us
lots of neighbors
lots of BBQs
everyone was friendly and would always be outside talking
and then my parents
got a divorce
so that was the end of Oregon City
now I’m out here
in Saint Helens
An Unexpected Twist

I love to play baseball
To feel the threads when I throw
To chuckle at the batters when they strike out
To feel that “thudding” vibrations from the bat
To feel the emotions when I hit
Rounding first, it is ecstatic
Rounding third, is the roar of the crowd
Sliding head first for such a relief

Until I hear the umpire’s screech
“YOU’RE OUT!”
Where I am From

I am from the deer’s home
Within the trees
Under the brush
Deep in the forest where many don’t go
I live here
In mud encrusted trails
In the rocky riverbed
In many branches
On the soft meadows
This is where I belong
This is where I am from
In the forest

The Earth

The earth always moves
she moves silent and swift
like a midnight fox hunting

The earth is a raging storm
having fury and hatred incasing her
yet she has a surrounding calmness
that brings the silence of nature

The earth is many things
but the thing that matters
the most to me
is that she provides
a very loving yet angry world all at once
creating a sense of balance
that I call home
Soaring

Soaring through the shadow,
The cumulus cloud above me
Moves silently.
The pilot tips our wings,
And we are over the
Forest, cutting into Sunriver
From the side.

I see people walking,
Though I don’t.
They are walking to the airpark
To watch me fly my craft.

And I’m still soaring, out
To the meadows,
Past the stables,
Past the airpark,
To the lodge.
I need some chow.
Joel Gutierrez

My People March

Walking down the street
Raising up the flag
Thinking to myself
Why is the world being destroyed?
I stop
I stare at the cops
They look at me intensely
I think to myself
Why stay?
When I could go home
And spend another day

Someday

Someday I’ll die
And I would pay for all my lies
I will be there with my brother
I knew we’d see each other
Cause we’ll be there someday
So rest in peace brother
For you, we all pray
Life

Life is like a video game; it gets harder as you go along.

For some people life is easy; they just work, find friends and know where they belong.

I don’t hate my life; I just wish I could live it again.

If I had the chance to do it, I’d take the time and think where to begin.

I remember when I was young, I used to sit there and start thinking with the demon in my heart.
Found Guilty

Vague shadows grow too bold
telling secrets
turned to stories
never told
whispers drifting
chills arise
throughout your spine
hits like snow
feel the presence of reality

when you stand there all alone
you’re standing in a dream
so it seems
the quiet had never sounded so loud
the abyss of your lies
had left you breathless
on the ground
drowned in your guilt

a murder scene found trackless
you are the shadow that no one knows
an angel forgiven
where the not so innocent go
Tragic, Fretful and Grateful

Sunken sorrows
Hidden lies
Black as death
The sparrow dies
Tucked in memories
Stowed away dreams
Hard to handle
These broken wings
Hold my heart
Handle with care
No more wanting
Abridge the despair
Smother the needy
Help the poor
Depressed is enough
So suffer us no more
I am From

I am from desks, which are cluttered with meaningless papers, and blank, forgotten floppy discs.

I am from the rhythmic tap-tap-tapping of the keyboard as it purrs with pleasure and delight from being noticed.

I am from the almost energizing noise of the mouse clicking with enthusiasm, as it too, is noticed.

I am from the sighs of frustration at the computer (which tries its hardest) for malfunctioning.

I am from pictures, which are soothing and peaceful, of skiers in the air, and of relatives’ cute, white smiles.

I am from chairs, which talk to you with their friendly squeaks, chattering to the pictures and books, gaining a reputation as the friendliest chatterboxes in the office.

I am from file cabinets, smothered with magnets, long forgotten in the conversations of the office, begging to be opened, let alone noticed.
I am from physics and calculus books, waiting on the shelf next to *The Onion*.

They converse among themselves, not bothering with the other hardy souls in the office, passing messages through the other books, to the desired receiver (this is why you never hear books talking.)

I am from printers, who eagerly wait for the document to be sent so they may feed off it and joyously print it out, feeling satisfied and full of happiness.

I am from a room that never becomes lonely or gets disturbed. I am from........... the office.
Cannon Beach

Hear the crashing waves against the sand on the seashore
Smell the salty sea water vapor near the edge of the ocean
See all the joyful children running about in the breeze
Relax in awe as you are gazing upon the extravagant sunset
Step into a chilled, vast, never-ending ocean of foreverness
And you will know right away, that you are where you should be
All She Really Needed

She only wants what’s best for the people around her. She needs to know she’s safe. She wants to feel as if someone does care. Sometimes she feels all alone like no one in the world cares for her. She makes people happy to keep the subject off of herself. She needs what’s best for her. She’s not following the path that others chose for her. She’s taking short cuts and wrong turns. She is like a puzzle with missing pieces. When she finds them, the puzzle will be complete. She’s determined to feel safe. She doesn’t want to be alone. She wants to be cared for. All she really needs is someone to help her. When she finds them, you’ll all know. She will smile; she will feel safe; she will find what was best for her; she’ll feel as if she does belong; the expression on her face will be overwhelming. She found the pieces to her puzzle. What she found was a friend.
Why Are You Doing This to Me?

“Why are you doing this to me?” I screamed in utter rage. I was livid. My voice sounded now like a deep guttural growl because I was forcing my words out with such ferocity, and everything I said was full of anger and hate. My madly beating heart was sending bouts of pain into my skull while my pulse and a black blindness were beginning to fog up around my eyes; tears of pure frustration were forced out of me every time I blinked.

I was astounded by myself. I couldn’t stop screaming, something had possessed me. I was simply housing it, watching the disaster unable to do anything but hope it ended soon. My hands clenched and unclenched causing my palms to bleed, but I was oblivious to the pain. I probably wouldn’t have noticed at all if it weren’t for the deep red that caught the corner of my eye. Four thin trails of blood led down to my fingertips, seeping into the creases in my hands along the way.

I was a 60 watt bulb in a 100 watt circuit, too much power was driving me forward. I was going to explode. My heart continued racing so violently I could see my chest rise and fall savagely with each beat. My blind rage was quickly using up the little strength I had left, making my legs weak and my hands shake. A dry saltiness filled my mouth, and my stomach churned; I knew I was going to be sick, and I needed to get out of there, away from the poisonous words being shot around the room like arrows. With one final shriek of fury, puking out my final jumbled words of rage, I stumbled backwards into the hall.

I clumsily ran outside and fell onto my knees, pounding the pavement with my fists as if it was the cause of my problems. I moaned quietly and rested my torso on my legs as I calmed down a bit. I became still and I lost track of how long I laid there silently.

Suddenly, a thought occurred to me. I could go! I could leave! I rose and stared down the street thinking quickly. I needed to find an answer, and I knew it was out there, waiting for me to discover it.
I was a bit apprehensive for a moment, but I had always been the person who follows my heart instead of my head, and the feeling faded. Then at that moment, I knew what I needed to do. I ran. I ran until fatigue tore at my muscles and pain ripped at my lungs. I ran until my body would not move my legs any farther. I ran until I reached the highway then I paused. I bent over, resting my hands on my knees while I gasped for air. I glanced behind me at the path I had just run from. It sneered at me, beckoning me back with well played lies. But I wasn’t falling for it. That path behind me was small and lonely, while the path ahead of me was new and full of potential.

The nauseous feeling in my stomach faded and was replaced with a strange feeling that made me want to laugh. I began to walk slowly, taking in my surroundings. Night has always been a special time for me and not because it is the time for wild parties and rock and roll. More because of the beauty of it. Night is calm and silent, and silence, I have learned, can ring quite loudly in your ears if you learn to listen to it. Lonely street lamps bathed the road with pools of pale yellow light, and the moon covered the rest of the earth with a surreal silver glow.

I lifted my eyes to the sky and couldn’t suppress a small gasp. It was so big and brilliant. A feeling of sublimity washed over me, and my mind stopped. All the thoughts and reruns of the hateful words said earlier faded like ghosts and drifted away with the breeze. Millions of stars covered the sky, sparkling like spilled glitter. It was at that moment I knew I had found my answer.

Some part of me that had been missing was suddenly, and without warning, snapped back into place. I was no longer me; I was nobody. I was someone completely new, with no past to haunt me, and no memories to plague me, only a future to be written. I felt like dancing, breaking spontaneously out into song or doing something rash like jumping off a cliff. What I did do was I flung my arms out wide, challenging the world to give me its best shot, and I spun. With my eyes lifted to the magnificent sky, a wondrous laugh escaped me. I was free. I was free.
My hand was pressed flat against the ice cold car window; the warmth of me made the window fog up because of the difference in temperatures. I gazed past my handprint into downtown Portland. Everywhere I looked, people were walking briskly, bundled up in jackets and gripping steaming cups of coffee. I leaned back in my chair and complained, “Why do I have to go to this stupid bookstore? I hate reading!” My mom, who was driving, just rolled her eyes. She was getting really tired of me complaining.

Our destination was Powell’s Bookstore, dubbed the “City of Books” because of its enormous size. It’s said to be the largest bookstore in the Northwest, but I never really knew for sure. My family, who has always been full of extremely avid book readers, has made it a tradition to make a monthly pilgrimage to Powell’s. I was always lucky in being able to persuade my mom to leave me at home, using the defense that I would be difficult the whole way because I loathed reading so much. My sister and mom thought it was time for me to go with them to Powell’s, no matter how much I didn’t want to.

Finally, the Powell’s sign loomed into view, and after we parked, I gloomily crawled out of the car. I shuffled after my sister to the entrance of the famous store.

When I opened the double doors, a breeze of wind brushed past my face. Along with it the smell of cinnamon bagels, coffee and new books. Now normally, when a person first enters a new area, they rely mostly on sight to clue them in about the place. I think it’s interesting that I noticed the sound first; or more appropriately, the lack of sound: on the streets of Portland you can hear snippets of conversation, cars honking, engines purring and birds chirping. But when I walked into Powell’s, it was almost as if someone had put their hands over my ears. All I could hear was faint whispered conversations and footsteps. When I finally did look around, I saw people sitting here and there, and every person was buried in their book. The rest of the people were either walking and reading at the same time or on a mission to fill their empty hands with a book of their own. I looked to the ceiling where a huge sign hung, detailing what type of books were in which rooms. There were at least nine gigantic room layouts shown on the map, all with
a corresponding color, organization key and listed genre. There was absolutely nowhere you could look where there weren’t rows upon rows of books.

My brain was churning with thoughts of disgust for so much of the thing I hated most surrounding me, but I was also brimming full of curiosity. “Maybe since so many people love it, I should give reading a try,” I thought to myself. My sister was already completely enthralled. She grazed past the shelves, and flashes of dementia crept across her face. I followed her down the steps and let my eyes settle on the first huge bookshelf. The books seemed to be calling my name! There were so many colors and styles, so many subjects and sizes. They screamed at me to pick them, to read them and buy them. I scanned down the shelf, and finally something clicked. I couldn’t stop browsing. A feeling of eagerness was growing in the pit of my stomach. I took a deep breath and walked on.

Three hours later, my sister and I finally found the checkout stand. Books were overflowing from both our baskets. Turns out, I enjoyed this place. Books were now a special part of me. My mind was exhausted. Sorting through that much of a good thing is actually pretty hard to do. My sister paid, and we walked out the front doors. Immediately, the sounds of Portland turned on again. We met up with my mom, who had been doing some other shopping down the street. My sister turned to me. A sickeningly smug grin was etched on her face. “What?” I asked.

“I told you so,” she replied.
Fire

Fire
with its flames
burning bright
the warmth of them
seeps into your skin
like food coloring in water.
The crackling of it
reminds me of fireworks
exploding in the black of night.
Red like spice,
yellow like calm,
and orange like strength,
combine to make a magical thing.

Fire
with its entrancing fingers
that claw
when you get too close.
Fire with its smoky smell
that is a foggy day.
Fire with its heat
that is safety
in a world of danger.
And color,
like deadly beauty;
something that can comfort
and kill.
Oncoming Winter

It was the middle of November
The air outside was blowing with goose bumps wind
Sarah was raking the fallen leaves beneath the trees
For the trees now looking bare
Had gently let the wind take their elegant leaves
Until spring would again arrive

Yellow, red, orange and brown leaves
All scooped up by her rake
She could smell the rain of the night before on the wet ground
Whisks of wind nipped at her nose and cheeks
As she shoveled leaves into the colorful pile

She heard the call for supper
Slowly, crunching beneath her feet
She headed for the small house
Puffs of smoke came from the chimney
The warmth of the home was comforting

As she helped to prepare the meal
Out the window she saw leafless trees dancing in the chilly winds
A wolf howled and an owl hooted
Ash colored clouds darkened the sky
Winter was coming and it wasn't too far away
Ode to Modern Plumbing

You are the links that connect all our homes,
Made of damp, smelly sewers where many rats roam.
The dark side of hygiene, you rid us of waste.
Without you, the world would be a real gross place.
Your underground network extends round the Earth.
Your crisscrossing pipes surrounding its girth.
Hidden away, you keep everything running,
Which is why I’m writing this ode to modern plumbing.
I’m Invisible

I wish people would see me
It’s like I’m glass, unseen, not there
It feels like I’m invisible, not wanted

I say hi but they just keep walking
I walk into my classroom nobody says hi, I
Might be a ghost I’m starting to feel lost
I am lost
Why

Do you enjoy hurting him
You keep doing this and it’s not
Fair
He gave you his heart and
You threw it away
He was there for you when
No one else cared
Without him you’d be nothing
Without him you’d be dead
My Words to Him

When I'm in front of you,
I'm wearing a mask that conceals me from the rest of the world.
I hide my pain and sorrow
And pretend everything is okay.
I stand strong for my friends and say everything is perfect.
It's all fake.
At night I try my best not to cry.
I push my feelings deep inside so I forget.
All my secrets,
All my feelings,
Everything is hidden away.
Now all I'm trying to do is let them out.
Except I don't succeed;
I fail miserably.
Nobody will truly know how I feel,
Not even you.
You push me away
Then pull me tight against you.
I'm alone then I suffocate.
I'm hurting, and you don't seem to care.
You might say you do, but in the end,
I'll be falling too fast for your closed eyes to see.
A Snow Day

The ground is covered with white powder
The silence is peaceful
Step outside and let the musical rhythm of the light
Fluffy snowflakes flow through your ears
Hear the children frolic in the snow
Feel the cold nip at your nose
Make snow angles in the fluffy frosting
Taste the flavor of the snow on your tongue
Snow Day...
These Red Tears

These red tears
are not made of blood

They consist of
and are pursued by
rage, hate and anger

I never bleed
only gasping for air

Awaiting my savior
to another life

A passage
a bright light

To blind the
darkness of my past
evil in my future
and possessed of my present
Once Upon a Time

1. Baby’s First Step
Once upon a time there was a little baby girl
Who had tiny wavy curls with teeth so white
And eyes so bright they put the sun to shame
Anxious and ready her feet still unsteady
She takes her very first step
Does she dare?

2. First Day of School
Once upon a time there was a little girl
She’s been walking longer and her
Body’s stronger; she’s waited for this day
She clutches a hand; feet are like sand
Curious and more, she walks through the door
Does she dare?

3. Teen
Once upon a time there is a
Teenage girl, she shops till she drops
Talks and won’t stop; she still likes school
But might break a rule
Her mood often changes
In many ranges things just aren’t the
Same and neither is The Game
Soon enough she’ll be grown up
Live all alone and be on her own
Does she dare?
Stay beautiful, but
don't stay up too long.
Please don't turn into a
pigeon or a dove. Come
down to the ground
under the trees. Come
down from the mountain top,
for I want to wonder about you.
Don't forget to see me.
What’s On the Other Side of the Looking Glass

who is on the other side of the looking glass?
is there even anybody there?
or
is it just a door or maybe
a gateway
filled with infinite possibilities like
a jewel
sparkling like a beacon of light
shining onto the greater good
or perhaps nothing more than a grain of sand
excluded from time
sad and lonely like a victim of a midsummer’s night dream
everybody opens their own door to infinite possibilities
anything from an ocean of tears
to a valley of fire
nobody knows but at some point everybody asks
a great question that could not possibly be answered
not what is the meaning of life
but a greater question
one with more meaning
more mystery
more possibility
more hope
the question is simply
what’s on the other side of the looking glass?
Cherry Trees

His glorious cherry trees, the ones he climbed to a special height, are no longer there to say good night. His leaves of hope and roots of love were burned to the ground, one by one. His heart was broken, for he could no longer climb his glorious trees and peer down from his throne and see all of the people looking up at him.
I would speak of an ocean, deep and dark, yet so alive and full of color. Wonders unknown and yet so vast it takes an eternity to explore. That is my love for you.

I would speak of a forest filled with trees tall and strong. Even when they fall, mighty tough they are. Life springs forth from them, and they go on giving to the world. That is my love for you.

I would speak of the sun, Brilliant yet blinding, Beautiful and radiant; its light brightens the world, Expelled the darkness night for as long as can be remembered, And for long into the future, it will shine its light upon us. It warms our souls and enlightens our minds into life’s eternal cycle. That is my love for you.

Eventually, the sun will die and day will turn to night. My love for you will still shine bright, and night will never come into our lives. That is my promise to you.
To Fly

In the darkest part of the night,
I lay in my bed and wish you were by my side.
I get so lonely because I feel so blue.
I'm laying here wishing I was there with you.
With you in the quiet, with you in the dark,
Not a sound in the room but our two beating hearts.
Your arms around me, holding me close,
And there I am where I want to be most.
But no,
I'm here all alone.
In my empty bedroom, I sigh, moan, and groan.
Music was a comfort that is no longer mine.
It points out those feelings I can no longer hide.
I'm lost and I'm scared,
How could I be this unprepared?
Your voice is an echo within every sound.
I feel you presence as if in the ground.
What can I do?
What can I say?
I'm trapped in these feelings and they won't go away.
I've locked them inside me for years without end.
And then they run rampant the very moment I bend.
Here I lay wishing, from here I call,
Here I lay hoping, wanting it all.
But there are all those doubts inside me
That you'll laugh or deride me.
A dream so beautiful,
Can't possibly come true.
You could never really feel the way I do.
It feels like I'm falling into a dark pit forever.
To have something you wouldn't give a feather.
To fly away,
To fly.
To fly away,
To fly.
Icy Cold

It seems I remember this place
The coldness
Ice crystals forming all around me
This place haunted me all my life
I know this place like the back of my hand
It’s Hell
My version of Hell
Not fire and brimstone
No
It’s cold
100 degrees below zero
The wind whipping
Sending ice flying like shards of glass
Piercing and slicing my body
And even as my blood runs, it turns to ice
I long for Heaven
Wait for Heaven
I will know heaven
It’s like only a matter of when
Through the ice storm
I trudge onward
Make it through I will
I know this
I will make it through
The Schwa Was Here

Some say that he’s fake,
That he’s a legend, a myth,
Not real,
But I have seen him.
His eyes are the overhanging sky;
His clothes the wall behind him.
Day and night people pass him by
Without the slightest notion he was there.
They say that he’s fake –
That he’s a legend, a myth,
Not real.
But I have seen him with my own eyes.
I have seen him move, heard him speak.
I have heard him speak loud and clear.
They call me crazy; you might too.
I’ve told you before that he was real,
Yet you have no clue.
They say that he’s fake –
That he’s a legend, a myth,
Not real.
And now he’s gone.
Life goes on,
And nobody remembers him.
Nobody remembers.
Nobody but me.
Remembered only by me?
I couldn’t have that!
I took my marker, came to a wall
And wrote bold and clear
THE SCHWA WAS HERE
These Front Steps

I open the door
Going out
Into the open
Wishing
At the moment
It was easier
I was happy
But these front
Tomato red steps
Are a symbol
Of my weakness
Sadness
Depression
And anger
Not joy
Nor excitement
And also wishing
On the stars I see
With my gemstone
Eyes
I could be alone
In this world
Just one day
Sitting on my
Tomato red
Steps
With my frozen
Teardrops
Falling off
My face
Ode to Rain

You are a light mist sprinkling overhead during midnight walks to clear my thoughts. You are simplistic beauty.

You are the deep pounding on my roof at night before my sleep. You bring me peace.

You are the calming silence that I see out the window, falling like the tears down my face.

As I walk down my favorite country lane, it starts to rain, and I feel happy. You are my rain.
How Could They

They call her emo,  
but they don’t know  
the whole story,  
just because her parents  
hurt her and she tries  
to hide it, but  
can’t any longer.

Her clothes were  
worn out, and she  
had to wear a tank top  
to school.  
So there was  
no way to cover  
her wrists.

They made fun  
of her and  
started rumors,  
and she only  
wished  
they knew the whole story.

In the middle of class,  
she was called to  
the counselor. He wanted  
to know, but she didn’t feel  
comfortable telling  
him this. He went and  
got another woman,  
and it was her friend’s mom,
Judy. She told her about her parents, and what they did to her.

They went to court, and Judy got custody of the girl who loved it because she didn’t have to bottle up her emotions anymore.
If Only

Twenty-one years ago it happened
I wasn’t born nor thought of yet
She was seven months pregnant
Peaceful and smooth they drove
BAM!!
Glass flies everywhere like a nightmare you can’t escape
Blood comes from her face like a waterfall
She hears an ambulance faintly in the distance
Things would be different
If only he had lived
Ode to Snow

The whitest white
As beautiful as the angels
So calm and quiet
Peaceful yet loud and joyful
The most silent noise
An animal’s playground
Every child’s heaven
A bus driver’s biggest problem
A teacher’s most loved time of all
Snow, a blanket for the world
But making our world frozen
And still
The Library is My Sanctuary

The library is my sanctuary.
It’s so full of knowledge!
The library is peaceful and quiet.
It’s where I can go to escape this cold, mean, awful world.
Instead, I can escape to a
Fantasy world
Full of wondrous things such as
Mermaids and their glitter green tails,
Dragons and their warm smelly breath,
Fairies and their sparkly magical pixie dust.
Or maybe a good murder mystery.
Did she do it?
He’s lying!
Who killed them?
She helped him the whole time!?!?
Sometimes I like Sci-fi.
Or learning something is fun, too!
So like I said before,
I love the library,
And it’s a fun place to be.
**Dreams**

Dreams,
They are like a window
That you sneak out of at night.
Dreams,
They are the bottom of the
Bottle, telling you “no more.”
Dreams,
They are a sanctuary,
A place to go when the end is done.
Dreams,
Are in the land of nod.

**Ode to Love**

Love,
What is this 4 letter word?
It’s the reason you
Are here.
Love,
It’s like two fawns
Playing and laughing
All day without a care
In the world.
Love,
It’s like rain drops left
On a rose.
Love,
I think it’s the reason
We live.
Love,
Everyone wants it.
Normal

truth to be told
I’m short
I’m a brainiac
and a geek
so what if I’m different
what’s wrong with just me

do I have to have that to be normal
or this to be that
do I need all those things to be who I am

so call me what you want
a geek
that short kid
but I’ll remember I am what I am

Crayons

a box of crayons sits on a shelf
constantly noticed
not always standing out
shifting positions
shifting spots
no one ever cared
no one gave a thought
a small pool of water
is a big place for life

if you have muddy eyes
you can only see the
dark colored minnows in the pool,
the small fry

my eyes are clear and clean
like the pool of water

I see the sleek silver lines of the tuna,
king of the pond

I see murky details and
turn them around to transparent mirrors

that mosquito and that snake
are gentle pieces of this picture

this picture
is part of an
art museum

this museum is simply
another picture, another world
Time Will Tell

Amy means love
Adora means adoration
Names of grandmothers
Names to help face my fears
That come throughout the years
Wise as owls
Been thousands of miles

Wanting to be
Like them one day
If I’m not that’s okay
I’ll have to find a different way

Sometimes it’s confusing though
Choosing the right way to go
I don’t know how to live up to my name
That is what is driving me insane

Time will tell

From me to you
My name’s okay
My name is me

It’s bright, bold, but not new
My name is me
If I had to choose a new name
It would be something like
Isabella or Esme
Names I’ve read along the way
When you say my name
It sings to me
A canary flying free

Yes my name is past its time
But to me it's fine
It's mine
My name is me
Amy
Beyond the Sealed Door

I search for more
I’m afraid of being scared
Education I see
With lots of dinero
Beyond the border
Car searches to spare
To go beyond the fence
New celebrations and trabajos
A better vida I see
Beyond the sealed door
I search for more
I am From

I am from oceans and trees
Snow and sleet
I am from hills and mountains
Valleys and gorges

I once lived in a state of excruciating heat
Where lightning storms were plenty
I once lived in a place so desolate
I never want to go back again

I am from dreary weather
Forests and flowers
I am from beaches and rivers
A place I am proud to call home
Dream

As the moon rises
high enough to glisten
off the new fallen leaves,

I lay in slumber with
exotic dreams, wonderful
adventurous dreams.

I dream of a quest for buried
treasure with pirates, ships, and
ancient curses.

It’s all fun and games until
they make me walk the plank.
I wake with a fright and
realize: it was just a dream.
As I run,
I feel the soft wind
Blowing through my hair.
I feel the cool ground
Beneath my feet,
The cold rocky mud
Between my toes.
I feel like I’m forgetting something,
Something important
I can’t remember.
I look to my right to see my mother.
I look to my other side, and I see my father.
They are both holding onto me.
I look behind me, and I see
The soldiers
Tripping people,
Hurting people.
I remember what I have forgotten,
My doll.
I must go back to get it.
I turn back,
But I can’t go. My parents are holding too tightly
To my wrists.
I tell them at the top of my lungs
That I have forgotten my doll.
My mother tells me to run and forget her.
She tells me I’ll get a new one
After the war.
What is the Point?

What would be the point,
Of taking something so good
And putting others in pain?

Like the way they took my
Friend and wouldn’t give him back.
Sometimes I wonder if he looks
And helps me through

A great world of pain. To handle
The pain of death is like going
Through a tidal wave and back.

The way you cry alone will
Make you feel like going crazy,
But you’ve got to hang on and
Ride the bull for eight seconds.

So what is the point of taking
Someone away and not letting you
Say goodbye or at least an
I love you!
A Good Friend

A good friend is
A chocolate candy bar
They are sweet
A good friend is
Your personal diary
They know all your secrets
A good friend is
A warm fuzzy blanket
They stay with you for awhile

A good friend is
Someone who calls you
Just to say hi
A good friend is
Someone who you can go to
When something is wrong

A good friend is
A good book that
You won't let go of

A good friend is
Someone you can trust

Friends make my life worth living
Games

It doesn’t matter
Everyone knows
You’re the one who’s killing her inside

So you better run
You better hide
She will find you
Make you cry
Still it doesn’t matter how hard you try

People whisper
People giggle
She will find you

You’ve done it again
You’ve lost the game
You can’t restart now
It’s all coming to an end
Morning Horse

First time I saw him
Beautiful as a sunrise
The horse of my dreams
When I am at the beach standing at the top of the sand dunes, nothing can touch me.

Even though I am standing on ocean water, life around me still happens.

Standing there waiting for my life to be real again, I know I am standing on the top of the world.
Everything Happens For a Reason

Going through life with that empty feeling
Not knowing when he comes and when he goes
Wishing and hoping everything’s okay
Knowing what he’s doing
Afraid to say anything
Till the day he goes away

Looking back now
I remember good and bad things
Sitting with him on the weekend mornings watching the races
Him holding me like there is no tomorrow
Then the alcohol appears
He’s a different man now
The one I didn’t wish to see

Blocking it out of my mind
Wishing it was back to normal
Thoughts of what it would have been like if he stayed
Knowing it’s better he didn’t
Just thinking about it makes me wonder
Then I know that everything happens for a reason
Freedom

Freedom is not just a word
But a state of mind, a way of life
It is not for some but for all
Denying
That is not our job
Providing
That is not our job
All of mankind is born to be free
So open your mind
And let freedom flow
The Shadows

Shadows are our past, our present and our future.

Every shadow has a story to tell, and listening is the biggest part.

You can hear your childhood and the day your grandmother died.

If you listen to your shadow, it can lead you down the right path.

But sadly, if you neglect your shadow, it will leave you to die, alone.

Shadows are like angels, almost in every way.

Angels are one step ahead, and shadows take two steps back.

Every time the sun shines on us, we see them.

God is reminding us that he loves us, and he shows us through his hidden angels.

The Shadows.
Steamy, black air gently blowing on my wet cheekbones. Sultry palm trees slapping me like wind. I’m dropping down the hill with steps made of mud. The hazel-black sky exploding, while stars land in my eyes. Mosquitoes tickle my bald ankles like feathers. Locals, like mice, walk with the sounds of coins jingling off fingertips. Voices sinking into the silent sea begging for more and more. I’m still tumbling.
While

I sit out on the
greasy grass with the clouds
who have eyes, the sun
who speaks, and the sky
like the ocean. The butterfly
who hears my voice when
no one else can. Her gold
wings thick like doves’ feathers
rested upon a powdered pink tulip.
I take my camera and
snap her. I feel the
flash rubbing through my
eyes. She floats away into
the forest tall as giants.
The cap, laying on the lens,
frozen as my heart,
while the world goes blind.
I was a needle lost in a haystack. I was curled with my dreary face buried between my knees. I was hiding in my dark closet, surrounded by questions, but no answers. Why would someone so close to me have cancer too advanced to cure?

I went with Grandpa up to the hilltop covered with murky green, Douglas fir trees with the scent of the dense woods covering me. With the rustic, red four-wheeler getting caught on a rotten stump and me gently losing my touch, I was waiting for him to come and rescue me. Instead, he just sat there staring at me. The only thing moving was the wind brushing side to side on his grayish-black mustache. Without any words, he was telling me I could do it. I pressed the handle bar until I could feel the blisters swelling with clear liquid. Before I knew it, I was out of the mess, and he was smiling. It was simple as that. He took me up to a small path where I was overlooking the highway of fast cars with no sound, old barn houses living in the waves of fields, and horses nibbling on the moist grass. For a moment, I felt as if the world was on the tip of my finger, and I was sitting on my grandpa's shoulders, swinging my legs.

It's funny how one minute I'm living my life, and the next, Mom is telling me Grandpa has only six months to live. My grandpa has esophageal cancer. I wish I could say it was just a bad dream when my mom told me. I could feel the red puffiness of tears flowing and the mascara running, painted on her face. I was silent, and when my cries came out, they sounded like whispers. With my sour tears stinging my face, at least he came. His eyes were lonely and needed shelter; his skin was split and needed healing; and his heart was down and needed love. As quick as I could, I hugged him. It was the first time I had seen him cry. But I didn't care. I just wished we could hold each other forever, but forever was only six months.

I can still see his smile hidden under his mustache. Sometimes there was no mustache depending how chemotherapy treated him. He had the strongest spirit amongst his whole family, including his sister in-laws and their husbands, their children and their grand-children. I think it was going to church and being around the ones he cared about that helped. He continued being ecstatic about trips with "Love" and
his grandchildren.

Even when he was fighting for his life, he went on fishing trips to Alaska and Canada, camping trips to the windy Oregon beaches, and an Alaskan cruise. He even went all that way to the warm beaches of Jamaica.

Twenty-three months and one day after the heartbreaking diagnosis, my grandpa passed away peacefully in a room surrounded by his beloved family. The experience made me wonder about him, if he was scared to die or if he heard our cries. It’s just, even today, his passing is still a mystery to me. It was as if he never left; he was still here, holding my hand. Just giving me...happiness He was the one who made life, life.
Room

The room filled with sins and despair. Dark is the room, and cold is the heart. I’m trapped with bars so chilly and rusty. My face is dark and sinister.

I’m sitting in the wet, dark corner that is the darkest of them all. When I turn on the light, my thoughts spring out of my soul. I am joyful and happy although some stare at me in anguish.

I now have a pure heart, and no one can judge me. The room is a place where dreams come true, and where imaginations coil around a creative mind.
Connections

Grass waves at the sun
Tilting back and forth
Riding the cool spring breeze
Only as far as its roots will allow.
Roots hold grass into the earth,
Securing a safe a place in the universe.
The grass stays in place
Because it belongs there,
Rooted into the rich soil
Of a crop of corn
Or barely holding on
To the rocky soil
At the end of a gravel back road.

People are like grass,
Rooted into their places,
Moving when necessary
But keeping connections.
A person has roots
To keep from falling,
Falling down into darkness
Forever.
Without roots,
A person cannot survive.
Why You Should Keep Going

In this world there are choices
Choices
Ignored by some people
They're critical to what kind of person we will be
There are also choices made by other people that affect us
A father who beats you
A mother who neglects you
A brother that shows you death
A sister that wishes you never existed
And then you lay in your bed crying about your life
How much it sucks
How much you wish that Death would come for you
No matter what
That you could join the friends that committed suicide
The friends that said that they would be with you no matter what
Those bastards took the easy way out
That don't care anymore
So why do you keep going
You keep going because life is too damn sweet
Because you know that there's someone waiting for you
To give you what you have always wanted
Something that will make those days in Hell worth it
Love
Katie Swanson

Panic

My heart pounds
Faster and faster
The world closes in on itself
Fear consumes me
I am a prisoner
In my own skin
Screams echo through eternity
I am losing control
Losing my grip on reality
I am falling
And I can’t stop
Falling into the depths
Of madness
Panic is all I know
Panic is all I am
Who Am I?

I am a yellow tulip surrounded by red roses or
I am the brightest star in the night sky
I want to stand out, more than anyone else

I pretend to be a ukulele small but loud
I cry when I feel like a stringless guitar wondering what to do
I feel like a palm tree swaying back and forth
Listening to the sounds that surround me

I try to be a blue jay spreading its radiant feathers
I see an orchestra standing before me
It's my dream; it's my life; it's me
A Quiet Place

A quiet place, a place I call home. A place I could look up to when I’m feeling blue. My home is not just a home or a she or a he. It is its own personal thing. I don’t just live in it; I’m somehow related to it. Surrounded by peace and quiet, the only thing around are fields. Fields that never stop, fields of long grassy hay that never get cut. No fences there to keep me from flying free.

When I’m sad, I run to feed the horse next door. He listens to me. I know for sure because his ears face towards me. And he talks back but not out loud; he whispers to my heart.

This is what I’ll have until I move. I didn’t want to, but it was time for someone else to take care of my quiet place. So I have to share.

Someday I will visit and see this place once again. This place will be standing there waiting for me to come back. My home will talk to me and I will listen. I’m sorry I have to leave. I will miss my quiet place. Goodbye! My quiet place. Goodbye!
Josiah Thurston

Dreams

In my dreams I am free
To soar as an eagle
Or swim like a fish
I am free
To escape from real life
Live a fantasy
In my dreams...
I can do what I want
Escape from the worries, hassles and frights
In my dreams I am free
Jon Tibbetts

Murloc
Stefan Vaerewyck

Sleep

Sleep is glorious
Hours and hours
Making things feel right
An amazing medicine
Curing a bad day
A temporary eraser
Of mistakes

A world of peace
Where an imagination
Takes over
Where mere minutes
Feel like days
Where the line between
Reality
And Fantasy
Disappears
Making Mistakes is Painful

You start to think
You know what you did was wrong.

You wish you could
Change it,
Get rid of it,
Pretend it never happened,

Scare it away,
Light it on fire,
Murder it…
Anything to get it to go away!

But then you realize
It was a simple mistake,
A mistake that will never
Go away.
A Day Dream

For children it’s a place
A place that they dream
Where they see happiness and joy
A day dream that never gets old

The teens can see a different thing
Their place is there for them
To get away
To be alone
A place to be comfortable in
Where loudness erupts
Or silence roams
A day dream that some never get to hold

Adults can see the same
But they don’t say it’s lame
They don’t understand a child’s way
Or a teen’s special place to stay
They’ve lost their day dream
And know it’s not real
But it was a day dream
Just made of love, peace, and joy
A day dream that some sold
Long ago
A Good Grandma

A good grandma makes
You cookies and gives
You candy every
Time you come over

A good grandma is
Always there when
You need her the most
My grandma is the
BEST!
Trust

when you can trust someone with one secret you can tell them all of your secrets

when you can trust someone you can love them

when you can trust someone you know that they will always be there for you
Four-Wheeling

When I put
on my helmet
and start up my
four-wheeler I
get so excited

When I start
riding and go
up to the top
of the hill I
stop and feel
like I’m on
top of the world

When I ride
up and down
the beach I
feel like I’m
going the speed
of light

When the day
is coming to
an end I
sit on my
four-wheeler
watching the
sunset on the
beach
Who am I?

I don’t know who I am
I’m whiter than milk
With long brown hair
That’s always pulled back
And only sometimes down
Framing my dark green eyes
Almost brown
But green if you look
Though people rarely take the time

I have a lanky skinny body
My arms look too long
And my ribs stick out at a funny angle
People used to say
I was going to grow to the sky
But no one has for awhile
I’ve grown into my feet
And I don’t trip anymore
Maybe I’ve grown out of my clumsiness

I’m on my own
I never let people into my head
Or boss me around
I don’t like to display my feelings
But people who are my friends
The ones that know me well
I let them know
Exactly how I feel
And where I am in life
I’m bubbly and free
My style changes from day to day
I’m never the same two days in a row
I’m not settling down
I’ll always be free
Changing my life everyday
I don’t know who I am
But I’ll find out someday
And then
The world won’t know
What hit it
New Subject

what if I had been there…
what if I had been more of a daughter…
what if I had never been the lone one…
what would have happened…

would we still be a family…
would everything be happy…
would the sky not have fallen…
would nothing have happened…

what if…

would we…

ever mind
it still would have happened
I just missed the pressure building
like I said…
I wasn’t there
I was on my island
I was sort of…
gone I guess

but what if…

would…

nevermind

new subject
Fear

Hello everyone I am the one that you fear
Come my child your time is near
Come my baby I’ll take your fear
Hello everyone you don’t want me here
So when I call you your time is near
Don’t fear
I will be the one that you hold dear
So wipe your tears
Or I am the one you shall not fear
Conscious Wondering

Do I compare
to quiet whispers
of your heart

Am I what you think of
your hidden beauty
your internal art

Why didn't you let go
what kept you holding on
were you putting on a show
was I your neutral long

Conscious wonder
headaches thunder
heartbreaks like earthquakes

Overlooked glow
power to know
truth

Here I am
clinging on
to what I know as youth

Being weighed down
by your own creations

My ignorance coming
from stories’ variations
Yet I still wonder
of true from false

Yet I still wonder
hidden from it all

Look back
to your past

Find yourself
being you

Smile while
you were true

To an act
I’ll Get There Anyway

The words I speak
Can be defined
Yet they have no meaning

The views I seek
Seem out of reach
Yet I’m slowly grasping

I’m pulling through
Finding my way
The errors never lasting

The beginning of a new

On a different day
With a brand new way

I have a goal to reach

Knock me down
Pick me up

Test my strength
Make me stronger

I’ll get there anyway
Contributors

Payton Albertson plays softball, and she sees herself as one of the leaders on the team. She’s been in softball for eight years now. She has also been riding four wheelers for eight years in the sand and the mud.

Annika Barnett is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She loves writing and reading and makes them a part of her everyday life. She would like to thank all her friends for picking her up when she falls.

Caelish Barham is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She loves hanging out with her friends and talking to her best friend Megan.

Karleigh Booth is thirteen years old. She says her friends describe her as an outgoing tom-boy. She loves to get down and dirty. “Just have fun is what I always say.”

Tavin Boynton is twelve and in the 7th grade. He really loves to write and play his percussion instruments.

Amelia Burbank is in the 8th grade. She is a devoted, fun loving Christian. She is also very outgoing.

Ryan Byrd is fourteen years old; his birthday is in February. He loves rock music and racing 4x4 trucks. In his spare time, he rides his four-wheeler and plays on the computer.

Brittany Camberg is fourteen years old and is an 8th grade girl. She loves sports such as softball, basketball and sometimes volleyball. In her spare time she is usually found on the computer or the phone. “Live your life to the fullest, and everything in life happens for a reason is what I always say.”

Cole Charbonneau is thirteen, in the 8th grade and enjoys playing soccer which he has played since 1st grade. He has a twin, and they both play the French horn. He likes acting and playing the drums, just not seriously. This is his first time in the literary journal, and he hopes you like his poem.

Will Charbonneau is a twin and has an older brother. Soccer is his favorite sport, and reading his favorite pastime. Music is also a big part of his life; He plays the French horn and trumpet as well as the piano. He likes to write stories, but this is one of the first poems he’s ever written. He doesn’t like writing “deep” poems or free verse, so he rhymes instead.

Bairon Chrest says, “I enjoy riding my dirt bike at my house. In my spare time, I like to sometimes write poems with my cousin. I prefer rap music but my family doesn’t.”
Doug Crafton is a brilliant writer who uses a load of sensory imagery in his poems. He enjoys listening to music, playing video games, and most of all, skating. But when he's not doing that, he's usually hanging out with friends or family.

Kelsey Cule is fourteen and loves listening to music, writing and reading.

Jackie Dana is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She enjoys playing World of Warcraft and walking. In her spare time, she draws and writes.

Amanda Dugdale is thirteen and in the 8th grade. She loves to read and write and couldn't live without her friends and family.

Rachel Edwards is in the 8th grade. She loves to write imaginary fictional stories. She has two brothers and sisters and loves playing with them. She loves playing basketball and drawing. Rachel always enjoys taking on any challenges. She loves making goals and succeeding.

Christina Fleming loves art and music to the extreme. She is one unique girl.

Elisa Frost is thirteen and in the 8th grade. In her spare time, she reads and dances.

Rachael Fuson is thirteen and in the 8th grade. She plays soccer, and she also is in track. In her spare time, she likes to hang out with her friends, talk on the phone and play on the computer. Also, she likes to draw and write poetry.

Sheylinn Gano enjoys reading and writing in her spare time. She also loves to shop and hang out with her friends.

Caleb Gunn says he likes to hunt, fish, and he wants to be a helicopter pilot.

Joel Gutierrez is fourteen years old. He grew up in Mexico and five years in South Central Los Angeles. He says he appreciates underground hip hop culture.

Hunter Hamman is in the 7th grade. She likes writing, reading and listening to music, mostly rock and alternative. She likes football and basketball. She also loves hanging out with my friends and family.

Abbie Hanson is fourteen and loves playing sports and hanging out with her family and friends.

Anthony Hooker says he does nothing but read and write in his spare time.

Maggie Jahnes-Rodgers loves writing short stories and poetry. Her inspirations are her family and friends. In her spare time, she draws and listens to music.
Nathaniel Jamieson is thirteen years old and in the 7th Grade at St. Helens Middle School. His favorite subject in school is science. He likes to play video games at home. His goal is to finish school and work for a toy manufacturing company that tests toys for them to market.

Cassidy Jones is in the 8th grade. She enjoys lots of things, especially the rain. She listens to most types of music, with the exception of terrible polka and tacky country. In her spare time, she hangs out with friends and enjoys all aspects of theater, and the arts. She studies forensic science, dances and is a mediocre photographer.

Kendall Judkins is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She loves to sing. In her spare time, she likes to write new stories, or poetry.

Beccah Kapelos says, “I’d rather be out there being all I can be even if in your eyes I’m still just me.”

Amanda Katz is a thirteen year-old 8th grade student of St. Helens Middle School. She enjoys hanging with her friends and watching Disney Classic movies. She spends her free time playing soccer, acting in drama productions, writing, and photography.

Jazmine Lakey is thirteen years old. She loves to read and she only listens to rock except for Avril Lavigne. She also plays the violin!

Alexi Malmedal is twelve and in the 7th grade. She enjoys reading and scrapbooking. She likes to watch movies or hang with her family.

Stephanie Martinez comes from a big family. She loves friends and riding horses. She enjoys going camping at the beach. She travels to Mexico almost every summer.

Amy Masoni is thirteen and in the 8th grade. She enjoys drawing and reading. She listens to all different types of music. In her spare time, she likes to hang out with her friends.

Brandon Morrison a fourteen and likes to play video games, read and play basketball.

Wyatt Mosley is a twelve year-old. He loves basketball, football, hunting and other outdoor activities. His favorite style is Mexican, but his favorite food is steak. He is not good at typing. He is good at sports and he is kind too. He has a mom, a dad, two brothers, and two dogs.

Michaela Munger is thirteen and in the 8th grade. She enjoys riding her bike with her family and running. In her extra time, Michaela can often be found reading a book.
Hannah Neal loves riding horses. She writes poetry when she feels like it, and she's very creative. She loves just about any fruit, and she hates pizza. She is very accident prone and travels a lot. In her spare time, she baby sits and hangs out with her friends along with playing basketball. She tries her hardest in school, and most of the time, she succeeds.

Brea Nelson is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She LOVES to read and play on the computer. In her spare time, she plays the piano, reads, and tap dance. She listens to basically any kind of music.

Kaylee Niemi enjoys playing basketball and hanging with friends. She listens to a lot of different music, so she can't really narrow it down.

Emily Nodland is fourteen and in the 8th grade. She enjoys riding horses and spending time in her barn. She listens to all music. In her spare time, she enjoys playing her clarinet.

Kayleen Pense likes to go outside and shoot hoops or kick around a soccer ball with her neighbors. She likes hip-hop, country and sometimes she will listen to rock and roll, but that rarely happens.

Laura Perron is in the 8th grade and she is thirteen. Her favorite thing to do is make people laugh. She says she is VERY outgoing. She loves to meet new people. She also said, "I am very unique and I guarantee there is no one else that is like me."

Dalten Pilkington loves to write poetry. He writes to express himself.

Sierra Sanders is fourteen years old and loves to going to her Dad's grave at the cemetery. She also loves her friends and family.

Kaela Schober is thirteen. She enjoys swimming and drawing. She loves classical music and in her spare time she reads or writes. Her best friend is her dog Cloe.

Monique Smiley is fourteen, and she started writing poetry in 5th grade. When she gets older, she wants to take photography and write articles for magazines. Her favorite food is Thai, and she has been to Jamaica five times.

Amy Smith is a 7th grader who enjoys playing guitar and softball. Her favorite kind of music is punk rock and her favorite band is Hawk Nelson. Also, she likes comedy and shows that teach life lessons.

Olivia Sorensen is an 8th grader who loves to write. She is in Drama Club, A.C.T, and is the secretary of the Builders Club. She has been twirling baton for three years, and she plays the alto saxophone in the advanced band.
Ashley Stanley is fourteen years young and finally in the 8th grade. Her life is her friend’s family and the computer. In her spare time, she writes and draws. She says she will publish her own book one day.

Tyler Stewart is also known as Stewy or Stewbear. He plays football and baseball. He loves video games and reading, as well as spending time with his friends on and off the field. He started writing poems in 7th grade and was hooked ever since. He gets his inspiration from books and real events. He hopes you enjoy his work.

Katie Swanson is thirteen and in the 7th grade. She also enjoys playing sports and writing.

Alysha Takara is thirteen and in the 8th grade. She enjoys playing Hawaiian music on the ukulele. She also enjoys learning how to play the flute. In her spare time, she loves to draw, or write a story. She also enjoys poetry, and sports.

Candice Thompson is thirteen years old and in the 8th grade. The sports she plays are volleyball, basketball, softball and track. An instrument she plays is the violin. She said she has been playing for about two years now. She said she has always wanted to play and now she finally does.

Cari Thompson is fourteen and likes to talk on the phone and go on the computer. She also likes to hang out with her best friends, Rachel Fuson and Gabby Patrick.

Josiah Thurston enjoys reading and building Legos. He is often also found listening to show tunes and classical music.

Jon Tibbetts is thirteen and he is in the 7th grade. He enjoys drawing and rollerblading. He listens to rock and alternative. In his spare time, he likes to draw, play games or practice his trumpet.

Brandon Underwood is thirteen years old and in the 8th grade. He enjoys sports such as football, baseball and basketball. He only listens to hip hop with the exception of a little rock and country. He loves to swim and hang out with his friends.

Stefan Vaerewyck is fourteen and plays X-Box 360 with his friends. He also enjoys reading and writing in his free time.

Karen Vang enjoys talking and hanging out with her family. She has a dog and listens to different types of music.

Jessica Van Ortwick is out going yet shy and has strong feelings for helping people. Jessica says, “This is a poem that is true about someone that I met, and I wish I hadn’t.”
Corina Walker is an 8th grade girl who likes to write, be with her family and listen to her brother play his guitar. In her spare time, she writes or gets on the computer. She also loves to cook.

Chad Weitzel likes to hang out with friends and listen to his IPOD. He listens to almost every kind of music, except country and mainstream rap/pop. He’s very random and exciting.
To every young person who has the courage to tell their story. And to all the rest, we know your voice is worth sharing too.