

Poetry

1st Place

Shut Out

She thinks if she doesn't hear, closes her eyes,
The miserable world will pass her by.
The news from Washington today: all lies
Didn't hear and never wondered why.
The passenger plane that fell from the sky,
If she didn't know, did it really fall?
Can't say if life ever happens at all.

She only reads books about girls in white dresses,
and she quickly takes a peek at the end.
She doesn't like murder, broken hearts, messes,
She wouldn't borrow a book from a friend.
Don't offer if you have a film to lend.
What she doesn't know of a distant land,
Keeps her content: her head's still in the sand.

by Mary Jane Westerhausen

2nd Place

Sonnet 18: Part 2

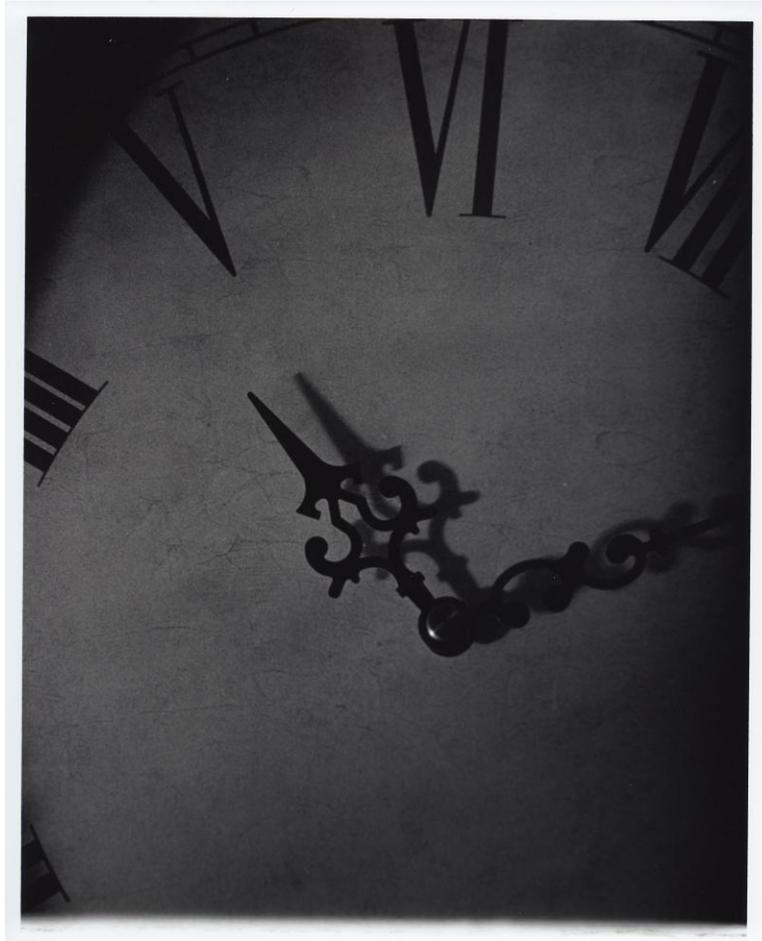
Shall I compare thee to a winter storm?
Thou art more bitter and more deathly cold:
The frost doth cause the icy roads to form,
The heater's warmth my body cannot hold:
Sometimes too bright the sun reflects on snow,
And often makes it far too bright to see;
At times the chills of chills cause life to go,
By chance the freeze might one day capture me;
But thy art far worse than the coldest night
And to thee I will never loose this hate;
And always I doth keep your chill in sight,
When in eternal hell, thee guards the gate:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this brings death to thee.

by Krista Anderson

wants to be old, Wants To Be Young

child
innocent, care-free
running, jumping, climbing
wants to be old, Wants To Be Young
Working, Judging, Supporting
Responsible, Rational
Adult

by *Valerie Schultz*



Hands of Time
Photograph
Andrea Rodlund

In a moment of lucid discord...

I think I know what it feels like to go crazy.
Constantly torn between desire and reality
It's impossible to know which path to follow
And when you think about it too much,
you find yourself standing on the brink of madness.

Self-sabotage and lingering doubt drag you back into the reality of getting by
when what you really want
is to chase your rainbows
before time runs out.

Responsibilities discourage aspirations,
Dreams are shelved to get back to "someday,"
And someday turns to never.
I fight against the possibility of growing old and accomplishing nothing.

Too old to be young, too young to be old;
Wanting to experience everything, focusing on nothing;
Preaching excellence, accepting mediocrity;
This hypocrisy infuriates me, yet I do nothing to change.
My insanity is this reality.

by Amy Tahrán



Frustrated
Oil Pastel
Mindi Paulson

Phone-a-Friend

I fall apart when I think of you
I kill myself and come unglued
All these clouds in my head
Makes it rain every day
No sunlight, just locked in my cage
I try to run away
Find another place to stay
Chase my dreams and follow my heart
Try my hardest not to fall apart

Oh well

So what?
At least then now I know

Try to answer the question why
I kept my hands and washed them twice
To keep this dirt off of me
And make myself appear to be clean
If not today then I'll have to wait
But I warn you now, this is my fate

So what?
At least then now I know

Oh well

by Levi Westerhausen

The Wolf

Running through cold snow
The rich scent of prey excites
The hunger and need

by Mitchell Mackechney

Advice From a Teenager

It starts out as just a small blemish and you say to yourself

It'll go away soon enough; I just have to leave it alone.

But it never does, and the next morning you wake up,
look into the mirror and . . .

BLA-BLAM!!!!

It's there . . . again.

It always seems like a good idea at the time, doesn't it?

I mean, people will tell you not to pop it

but do you ever listen? And you probably never will.

So you're still standing in front of the mirror

poking it; looking for an angle of approach.

It's a tender one, so you give it a little test squeeze and the top swells up,
like a balloon filled with shaving cream.

Ok . . .

So, you've got your fingers on either side of it,

nails dug in and ready for lift off

and as you're squeezing, passing the pain threshold and making that tell-tale grimace . . .

SPLAT!

And it's supposed to feel better, but it doesn't.

It hurts more.

But it always seems like a good idea at the time
doesn't it.

by **Stephen Kyle Roelfsema**



Creepy Clown

Photograph

Beth Leinen

If Axl Rose Grew a Nose

Shameless friends and endless enemies
Incessantly erasing all our memories
It's fit to the particulars of idiots
Left alone we're all at risk

Confront your lies
Maybe not this time
Your fantasy world
Is enough
To entertain our "small" minds

Your lack of tact makes me laugh
But then again, I guess I'm writing back
Crap,
I guess I never thought of that
That damn kettle calling the pot black

I used to keep count
But
I lost track
We'll call it even

(If you don't write back)

by Levi Westerhausen

Mute

I have heard people say,
When I'm out of the way:
"Her voice grates."
Or words to that effect,
Doesn't matter which they select,
It still chafes.

I think if I could sing,
I could forget the whole thing.
Live with it.
While I never sang like birds,
Singing is more than words.
When vocals quit.

by Mary Jane Westerhausen

Jim

Times have come and gone,
always knowing you're not the one.
Always smiling half at ease,
wasting time as you please.
Never seeing the end nearby,
coming faster than one can fly.

So live life like you're about to die,
always be happy, and never cry.
For chances come but once,
let them pass, regret for months.
So do your best to have some fun,
never worry about what was done.

Your family was there when you were born,
now they are here and are to mourn.
Having family all about,
never having any doubt.
Knowing you were loved a lot,
knowing you cannot be forgot.

The time for you has come,
there is no use to try and run.
So let the passing be so fast,
to re-live the memories that will last.
So go on now, live in peace,
may your spirit never cease.

by Joseph Cecil



Untitled Photograph
Amanda Dekrey

While napping

with my son, his complex length stretched and finite
beside me, it's hard to imagine he will be different.

The summer hesitates, too, the trees and leaves dancing
in place, the wind a breathing in and out.

Afternoon and July in the freeness of its blue.
August will be more dear. June was too new.

Nothing can hurt us now, in our drifting sleep,
lifting an eyelid now and then, just to take him all in.

by Lee Kruger

Moon's Eye

High up and watching
The pearl gaze set and fixed
Never blinking or shut

by Mitchell Mackechney

Dark Wood

Shadows abound it
Eyes hidden and staring out
Watchful and wary

by Mitchell Mackechney

Smoking Can be Hazardous (Questions for my father)

Bladder cancer, colon cancer and now
the doctor says you have a mass on your liver.
Guess those Surgeon General warnings were true.

You chose to believe for fifty-two years that they weren't.
I can't believe you didn't care, whether your life was shortened.
Why wouldn't you heed the warning?

You must have wanted to see us grow,
Despite your not appearing to notice that we had.
I know you cared, about us, about life, about posterity.

Okay, so you made it past three quarters of a century.
Maybe that's far enough, maybe you've seen all you needed to.
But why couldn't you have listened when all of us pleaded?
Your wife,
 your children,
 your grandchildren,
 the Surgeon General?

by Mary Jane Westerhausen

Injured on the Field

Catch the ball that's how it all will start
He runs holding on thinking, 'this one's mine'
The skinny man he jumps, and dives and darts.
Only to stop short the fifty yard line.
Poor little man with the busted up knee
Wheeling him off the field on a go cart.
I hope he has a good doctor to see.
Next Monday night he may not even start.
The game rushes on as a weekly tradition.
No memory of this man of no fear.
Later we will hear of his poor condition.
It's not looking good they say, oh my dear.
So it is said on the Monday broadcast
Don't place your bets, things can change oh so fast.

by Krista Anderson

Death Wish

Hurling down the highway on a frosty morning,
Shadows on the road, rising sun in my eyes
movement in the grass, blasting out a warning
swerving to miss the deer in my lights.

Roaring down the gravel on a wintry evening
keeping an eye out, where the corn is standing
suddenly appears a deer in my path, leaving
me to wrestle the car to a landing.

Why do they run to my clamoring racket?
Can't they hear me coming from miles away?
Seems something in nature must be lacking
when the deer all want to throw their lives away.

by *Mary Jane Westerhausen*



Underneath
Drawing
Virginia Ritzke